

Notes for Edna Helen Burton

Father Charles Bum Burton

Mother Ellen Winter Amidan

Spouse Reed Wayment Stewart on 26 May 1937 at Salt Lake Temple

1. Marriott Ward record.
2. Family record of Edna Stewart.
3. Obituaries in my possession.
4. Ogden City Cemetery record.

Life History of Edna Helen Burton Stewart (Written sometime in 1963)

I was the third daughter of Charles Bum Burton and Ellen Winter Amidan. I was born on a nice hot day the 15th of July in the year 1913. In the Family home on 12th Street. The house originally belong to my grand- parents. William Amidan and his wife Isabell Stanger. I was blessed by John Powell. I always remember my mother telling me that the reason she named me Helen as a middle name was that she had a boss who used to call Helen instead Ellen. She always like the way she pronounce it, so she named me Helen for that reason.

When I was eight years old I was baptized August 7, 1921 by Elder Henry G. Allred and confirmed the same day by Lawrence Ritchie who was Bishop. I was sealed to my mother and father on June 16, 1921 at the Logan Temple. Kathryn, took sick Mother did not want to go when this happen but the neighbors said it was the powder of the devil working to go and do this work and the Lord would bless them. So they finally got ready and went. By the time they got to the temple Kathryn was very sick In the nursery people would come in and see her laying there so still and say "She certainly is very sick. It looks like they should have waited until she was better to come. She may die coming all that way Kathryn laid like this until she had been sealed to her parents. Then when she got back to the nursery some Elders came and administered to her. It seemed like they almost could see her get better right then. On the way out of the temple she asked her father for some ice cream and from then on she was well again. Mother always said she was glad she took the advice of her good friends and went and had her family sealed to her and her husband. She knew it was the power of the devil working against them and not heeding to the devil went and received the blessing of the Lord.

While attending school at the Mound Fort Junior High School I had a kind old teacher who had taught my father when he was a little boy. This teacher often told me how bright my father was when he was in Arithmetic, and hoped I was like him. This kind old teacher taught every one of my sisters in arithmetic. Her name was Donna Kirkpatrick. She had the reputation of giving a good foundation of Arithmetic to all her students.

I went later to Ogden Senior High School and graduated from it on June 5, 1931. My very best girl friend Orel Bingham, who I loved very much. Many secrets were kept and many good times were spent with her. It was often said were you saw one you saw the other. While attending Ogden Senior High School I belong to the Club by the name of Gregg's Artist. To belong to this Club -one had to have "A" in typing and short hand. We had uniforms we wore were plain black silk skirts, green blouses and black silk jacket. In the spring we wore cream Color dresses button all the way down the front with bright red buttons and bow tie. After school once a week we met to practice our short hand. We had a lot of fun and practices too.

In 1932 I started working at the Ogden, Utah Knitting Mills as a seamstress and continued working there for five years and two Half months. In the year also of 1932 my father began to fail in health and in April he went to the Dee Hospital to be operated on for a cancer of the Intestine. He died at 5 o'clock on Tuesday April 24, 1934. I with members of the families had dash to the hospital just after I got off work. We had come home and just got in the house when we got called back to the hospital saying he had passed away. His funeral was held in the Marriott Ward Chapel on the 29th of April. He

was buried in the Ogden City Cemetery.

I loved to dance. My girls friends and I went to the White City Ball room it was my dear, old dad who always met us after the dance and brought us home I have often thought since I have grown and married how good my dad was to me. I remember after I started to work at the Ogden Knitting Mills they had two shifts. I was working on the early shift that started at 6:30 in the morning. There were not street cars running so m); father would start out with me and we would walk up the railroads track to 22nd street. Then up the street to the Knitting mills. He would watch until I went into the building. I often think of this and I am really thankful for my wonderful father who watch and protected me from all the harm he could. Who could of had a better father.

In 1935 one day after work I met some of my boy friends down town who asked me to go for a ride. While riding they started to tease me about marrying a young man who had just came home from California on his vacation. They even took me to the court house trying to get me to marry him. Of course it was after 5 o'clock and I knew it was closed. none of us thinking that a year later we would become engaged. The young man's was Reed Wayment Stewart. We were married on May 26, 1937 in the Salt Lake Temple, by Joseph Christenson. This was Reed's birthday. Some friends, Lila Berret and Everet Wayment, were married with us. It was Everet birthday also that day.

I continued to work at the Ogden Knitting Mills for about a year later. Then in 1938 a son was born to me at the Ogden Dee Memorial Hospital, on September 27, 1938. This day I will remember all my life. That day my husband was having his hay seed thrashed. I was sick when we got up in the morning with pains. About ten o'clock in the morning it was decided I had better be rush to the hospital. Because Reed was working in the hay seed, his mother had to take me. We didn't know what we were going to do about getting dinner for the workers a good neighbor was called-and Mother Stewart rushed me to the Hospital. I was very obliging. Because our son was born one hour after I left home. Mother Stewart was able to go home and get her dinner for the thrashers. I remember the joy that was mine the day I held my son in my arms. I don't believe I have any joys that have been equal as the joy being a mother.

Another son was born to me on October 26,1942. He was later named Bryce Burton Stewart. My neighbor, Ethel Skeen was expecting at this time. Her son was born on the 31 October the day I came home from the Hospital. These two boys were very good friends all their life until Bryant died from the injuries he received from an auto and truck accident in Burley, Idaho. He was rushed by plane from Idaho and had a brain operation but they couldn't save him.

I have loved working in the church. The church of Latter-Day Saints. Before I was married I taught Sunday School and also was a teacher in Primary in the Lark Class until I got my job at the Ogden Knitting Mills. Since my marriage I have taught in the Junior Genealogy Class. Been a Second Councilor in the M. I. A. President of the Children's Primary Assn., and I also taught as a teacher. I was a teacher for about 20 years in the Primary. I was President of the Primary from Sept 1946 to October 26, 1947. I had to quit to help take care of my mother who had broken her hip. Then I became Second Counselor in the Relief Society. It was only a few weeks when I was released from the Primary presidency. I will always remember, my president of Relief Society say she would take me for a Councilor even if I could only come every three months. I was sustain assistant to Sister Skeen in the Relief Society on October 26, 1947, and released on January 12, 1952. Have also served in the capacity of a magazine representative, and a visiting teacher. I became a member of the North Weber Relief Society Board on October 25,1955 to January 1960. I was visiting Teacher message leader, then advance to the Theology, and taught the Book of Mormon and Doc and Cov. Since my marriage I have also taught in the Sunday School about 25 years. I am still teaching in the Sunday School organization. I am the MIA Maids teacher in Mutual, and a visiting teachers, and also the magazine representative. This is the year 1963.

I have love teaching and have had many wonderful experiences to strengthen my testimony. I believe

the incidents in my life which helped me to realize. that this wonderful church is true, was this incident, which happen one day when it was very Windy. We had a good East Wind blowing about 60 miles and hour. I just got in the house from school. I was attending the Ogden High School. At this time Mother said, sister Butler who lived next door, came over and said, "Sister Burton something has been telling me all day not to have Primary today". They were having Primary in the old house where I was born because it was too far the children who lived in the East Bench of the Marriott Ward to go down to the Church to Primary. Mother told her if that was true why didn't she meet the bus at our road way and tell the children to all go home. This she did. At about 3 minutes to 4 o'clock the wind blew the roof off the Primary house causing the walls to fall in on the benches. She firmly believe it was the Holy Ghost which prompted her that day. I remember hearing the noise and looking out the window as the roof went flying threw the air for about a half a block. I believe it was the Holy Ghost that was prompting sister Butler that day, and have always greatly admired her. It was quite a thrill to me to work with her on the North Weber Relief Society Board. Until she died. Since that day I believe that the Holy Ghost does watch over us and guide us if we will but listen. If it hadn't been for the that good sister listening to the prompting of the Holy Ghost I know that many of the Primary children would of been hurt that day.

I have always been proud of my two son, Kent who has a wonderful mind, who is a quick thinker, and nice personality. In fact, we are in debt to him for helping save the life of his brother Bryce. We were hauling hay in the month of August when, Bryce was around 12 years of age. Because we were having trouble with the truck starting if it stopped; they took the tractor out to the field to pull it back to the barn. On the way from the field Kent drove the truck and Bryce came with the tractor. Kent came in with the truck couldn't see Bryce got grandma cars to go back and see where he was. Well Bryce must of looked up at the sky, while coming along side of the drain, and went over in the drain with the tractor on top of him Kent found him drove quickly back for his dad, honk the horn at the neighbors, they came a running, they all went back; and they were able to lift the tractor just enough to pull Bryce out. It almost tore Bryce's ear off. and they thought he fractured his head near his ear. He spent several days in the Hospital. I know if it hadn't been for the quick thinking of Kent we might not have our son Bryce with us. I guess the Lord needed him to go serve a mission in England, and to help further his work here on earth. He is now serving a mission in the British Isles. He is serving in the British Mission. We are proud of the wonderful work he is doing, and that he has the privilege to go on a mission to the land of his grandparents. Bryce has always had the ability to make friends. We always had a house, of fine young boys in the house. Sometimes there were around eight. The door bell and the telephone were constantly ringing when he was around I am truly thankful to the Lord who gave me two fine sons. My hobbies are reading, sewing, and gardening, I love to read and read about 4 books a week on top of the lesson I study for Sunday School, M. I. A. I make quiet a few of my own clothes. Like to make pretty cake and decorate them.