

## Ethelwynne Stringham Collett

By her daughter Edna Collett Raines

Mother always wanted the best for her children. She was born in Salt Lake City and received her schooling there - so a good education was what she desired for each.

Howard got married to Fern Walkup, just after he had been released from the C.C.C. Camp, in 1935.

After I graduated from high school in 1934, I found out that as a widows daughter, I could go to B.Y.U. and work for my tuition - So mother went with me out to Provo, where I found a family by the name of Sheets - I could work as a Nanny and care for their daughter Eleanor. So I worked for my board and room and also my tuition that year.

Then in 1935-'36, I went to New York City to work in the mission home for President Don B. Colton and his wife Grace - who was my mother's sister. I had completed my freshman year at B.Y.U. I planned to stay just a year, but stayed two years in New York City.

In 1936, Mother moved to Provo with Edith and Carl. Edith was a freshman at B.Y.U. Carl was beginning in high school. Mother was a worker - she took every kind of job she could get working in home, ironing, scrubbing, tending children, getting 25 cents per hours. So that they could stay in Provo. It was a hard year but they made it.

The next year, 1936-37, I came home. Now there was 3 of us in School. She tried having six boys come and eat dinner with us at noon - but they ate us out of house and home, so this lasted about six weeks.

Then we moved into a basement, which was a little larger and David Hall came and spent the winter with us. He brought 5 gallons of honey with him, which we ate. By now, Edith and I both had finished two years at B.Y.U.

Carl did not like Provo and was not doing that well in school - so the next year - 1938-39 Edith and I went to Provo alone and lived together, graduating in 1939 from B.Y.U. with a normal degree in education. Yes, mother sacrificed a lot for us to get our education. Carl graduated that year from Uintah High School.

Mother was very proud. One Christmas Eve - there was a knock on the door and when Mother opened the door - There was a Christmas basket there. (I especially remember the hard-tack candy.) She made such a fuss about us not being that poor to have charity - that none of the food in that basket tasted very good.

So it was with her life - we as a family tried to help her by each child giving \$10 each month to help her. Sometimes one of us didn't do it, and that month she suffered.

Finally, I went crying to Uncle Bry Stringham and asked him what we could do to take care of her? So he worked it out by getting her on Social Security - for the rest of her life. I think it was about \$125.00 a month - which she was able to live quite comfortably.

Mother was what they considered as a mid-wife. She especially assisted Dr. Homer Rich deliver the babies. Aunt Ella Stringham said that mother helped deliver her eight children. "Don't know what I would have done without her" - She would say. There were many throughout the Valley that she assisted, charging nothing for her services.

Mother liked music - she loved to sing. She led the music in Sunday School. She sang duets and in the choir. She had a beautiful voice.

She loved to do Temple Work, especially in her later years. She would go to the Mesa Temple - then several years in the St. George Temple.

Everyone knew her as "Aunt Winnie Collett." She was loved by all that knew her. Young as well as old.

She only had cold water in the house and a rickety outside toilet - - until 1941 - when she got \$1000 inheritance from her Father, Phillip Stringham.

She had the pantry in her house made into a bathroom and a kitchen sink put into the kitchen. Now she finally had hot and cold water to use.

All of her brothers and sisters loved her and were always giving gifts of money and things to make her life better. Aunt Bea gave her the first used electric refrigerator she had.

Mother was afraid to sit in the front seat of a car - I know I was not too patient with her when I had a two door Pontiac. She was crippled from a hip disorder (now they would replace the hip). It was so painful for her to get into the back seat of the car to go any place. Usually the front seat was empty. When that car was sold, I said, "I will never have a two door car again. It must have four doors." So be it!!

Mother loved her Grandchildren and was so happy to have one of them stay all night with her.

She walked up to my place every day for exercise - she'd say! When she didn't do this, I knew she was ill. She died at 86 years old. Her family was her life.