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Worth Their Salt Too

Colleen Whitley

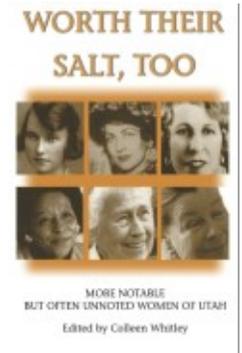
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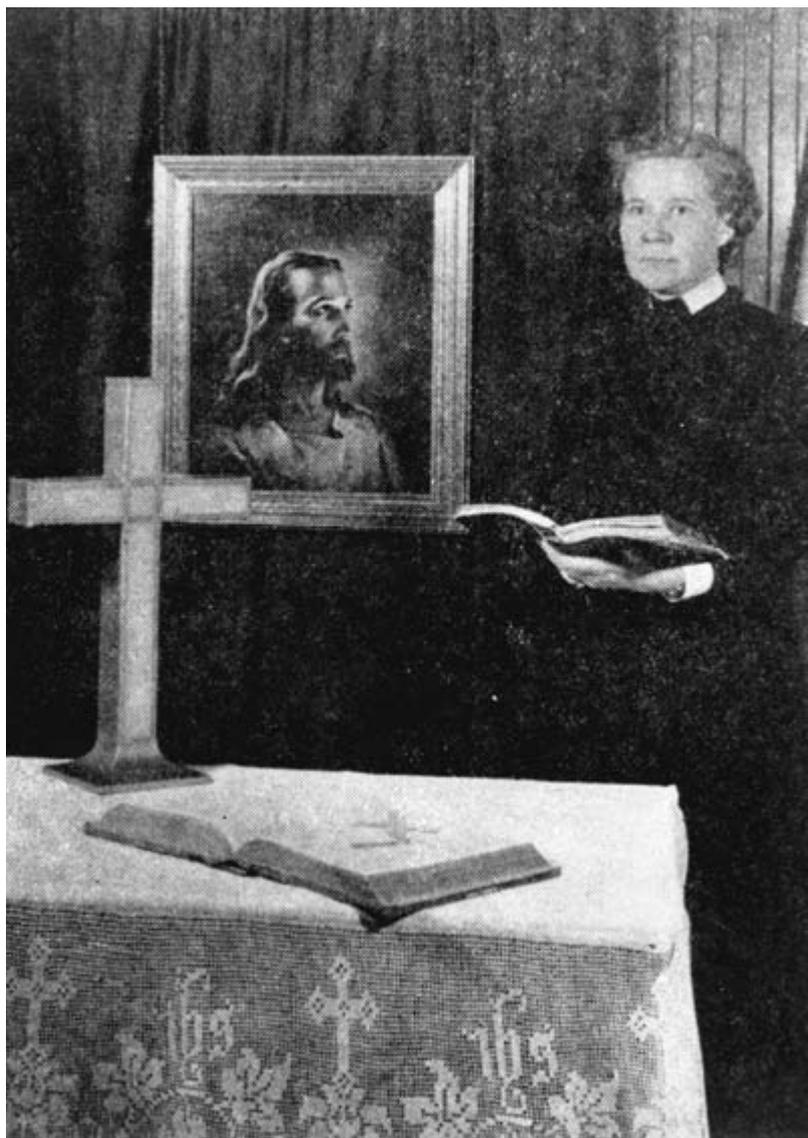
ADA DUHIGG

Angel of Bingham Canyon

Floralie Millsaps

Floralie King Millsaps was born in New York City, the daughter of a professor at New York University. She grew up on Long Island and went to college at Middlebury, Vermont, where she fell in love with psychology and American literature. She worked as a psychiatric aide at Hartford's Institute for Living and New York's Neurological Institute, and in the personnel departments of Sears and Bouleva Watch, in New York City. Then she took off on a three-month fling in Europe "to spend all my savings." She returned and went to work for the American Smelting and Refining Company, where she met her husband, Frank. Together they have lived in numerous remote mining camps from Saudi Arabia to Crested Butte, Colorado, raising three children along the way. Their twentieth move brought them to Salt Lake City in 1973. Since then she has worked and volunteered in various places—University Hospital, Newcomers' Club, Elderhostels, the Utah Heritage Foundation, and Utah State Historical Society. She has presented more than one hundred lectures for the UHF, some on outstanding Utah women, including Ada Duhigg. In the course of preparing for those lectures, she has interviewed many people who came under Duhigg's care in Bingham Canyon, and she transmits their respect and concern for Reverend Duhigg in this biography.

Ada Duhigg came to Utah for her first time on 9 August 1932, in the depth of the Depression, traveling by train from the Midwest to Salt Lake City. From there a small bus trundled her west across the wide valley to the sharp rise of the Oquirrh Mountains, where its steep barrier was pierced by the mouth of the Bingham Canyon. It was a forbidding



“Miss Duhigg prepares to give the Sunday evening message to the children, young people and adults who gather for church services in the large assembly room of the Community House.” From *Methodist World Outlook*.

day of low-hanging fog and rain, obscuring her vision of her surroundings as the bus lumbered up the seven miles of narrow, steep, shoe-string road that formed the stem of the Y of the canyon layout. The road forked, and the bus driver chose the right arm of the Y to toil on up for another three miles and a sharp climb of one thousand feet until the conveyance arrived at the cluster of buildings clinging to the sides of the steep slopes. She had arrived at the mining community of Highland Boy, at an elevation of 7000 feet. What thoughts coursed through the head of this twenty-seven-year-old new Methodist deaconess as she peered out the windows, trying to determine what lay on either side? She could hardly have dreamed that here she would find fulfillment for the next twenty-eight years, meeting the needs and shaping the lives of what would become her family. It was a diverse population of seven hundred, dominated by immigrant Slavs, Greeks, and Italians but also including Mexicans, Indians, and other newcomers to the United States.

The "Angel of Bingham Canyon," Ada Beatrice Duhigg, was born on 1 March 1905 in the western Iowa town of Missouri Valley, just east of the Missouri River. She was the older of two girls born to a high school teacher, Mr. Duhigg, and his wife, Linnie.¹ Ada's father hungered for new opportunities farther west. When the governor of South Dakota opened up some Indian country to homesteading around the turn of the century, Duhigg filed his claim and traveled to his allotment to build a sod house, shed, and barn before sending for his family. Linnie and the two babies followed aboard an open railway freight car, jostled and crowded by all their possessions, on a day-long ordeal that was noisy, hot, and dusty. Once in their new home, the parents, bolstered by the large, protective family dog, had to keep a careful watch on the little girls to guard them from the rattlesnakes that infested the land. Just a few years later, when Ada was five, her parents decided their daughters must have a proper education, which meant uprooting and traveling east by covered wagon to the plains town of Huron, South Dakota. In this lively growing community, Ada began her formal schooling. In 1922, at age seventeen, she graduated from Huron High School and was qualified to teach in rural schools. The one-room schoolhouse situations gave her good training in handling students of all ages. Some eighteen-year-olds were unwilling attendees, forced by law to be there until they completed the eighth grade. They often were

her stickiest challenges. But her teaching paid for intermittent attendance at Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa, where she ultimately achieved teaching certification for both Iowa and South Dakota.²

However, even in her high school days Ada felt a call from God to enter missionary work, and by putting aside whatever she could save, by 1931 she was able to enroll at the Kansas City National Training School for Christian Workers in Kansas City, Missouri. The school is now the prestigious St. Paul Theological School. It was a wrenching decision because her father, an unwavering Roman Catholic, had pronounced that if she chose the Protestant faith, she would never again find a welcome at home. From then on she recognized that she would have to lean on God for her assurance and comfort. When she graduated a year later as a Methodist deaconess, Ada would join the roster of six hundred deaconesses sent out to serve in five hundred communities. Her appointment was made by the Women's Home Missionary Society and confirmed by Methodist Bishop Ralph Cushman at conference: She was assigned the role of superintendent of the Highland Boy Community House (HBCH) in Bingham Canyon, Utah. The building had been dedicated only five years earlier as a missionary project by the Methodist Church and a neighborhood house for all races and creeds.

So a few weeks later she found herself jolting up the narrow canyon. While the bus unloaded Ada's belongings, her curious gaze took in her new home. Built on a mine dump on the site of the earlier Methodist church that had been wiped out in the infamous snowslide of 1926, Highland Boy was a three-story structure of three parts, white board ends framing a wide, brown-shingled center section. It faced the road and backed up against the mountain with the words "Highland Boy Community House" stenciled across the facade below the large second-story windows.

Comfortable quarters for Ada and staff members were on the third floor. Their numbers would vary over the years from four to six women, their stays averaging six to eight years. Among them was Ada's younger sister, "Miss Vera," who served as community nurse and home matron until her death of a brain tumor in 1946 at LDS Hospital. Vera took special delight in the little female Pomeranian Spitz they kept for some years in their upstairs quarters. Ada's mother, Linnie, known as "Mother Duhigg," came in 1943 after her husband's death and served

as housemother, nursery attendant, and in various other ways until 1956. It was of great comfort to Linnie that Ada had come home on word of her father's impending death, and peace between father and daughter had been won before it was too late. Linnie was then released to join Ada and Vera in a new career for the older woman.

Alice Brown, one of the early staff members, was killed in a car accident while she, Ada, and Mother Duhigg were on a speaking trip in California. Ada and her mother were severely injured and help was agonizingly slow in coming in the ferocious desert heat. Alice's successor, Mildred May, of Danville, Kentucky, another deaconess, came in 1948. She was acknowledged as Ada's sidekick over the eighteen years they served together. Mildred and Ada were both happy, confident, can-do types who would tackle anything, from tarring the roof to leading a climb to the top of the mountain. Mabel Hopkinson was for some time home visitor and in charge of the juniors. Others remembered were Mary Cone, kindergartner and minister of music; Margaret Simpson, nurse; Lily Stokes; Grace Weaver; Ruth Pierce; Mother Gallbraith; Harriet Chapin; Ruth Savin; and Miss Button.

Janie Montoya, who had come from Mexico to Dinkyville in Bingham Canyon as a small child, learned to count on Miss Duhigg after she moved to Highland Boy as a young married woman. She knew Miss Duhigg as light haired, tall, straight, and slim, with a warm smile. Perhaps because Ada often dressed in dark clerical clothes with a close white collar, Janie's son, Mike, as a five-year-old, likened Miss Duhigg as "being in the presence of the Pope." They looked to Ada for guidance, understanding, and assistance. "She made you feel important, she always listened, and her message seemed honest and true. In her sermons she appeared to speak right to me."³

Ada's creed was the deaconess motto: "I serve neither for reward nor gratitude, but from love and gratitude. My reward is that I may serve," and "I am challenged to love them all, wicked, selfish, unappreciative, others thoughtful and kind." All children were her children. Sophia Piedmont recalled, "Ada stood out from the rest of the religious leaders. She came to our homes, often up steep grades high on the canyon walls, to find out first hand our problems and concerns." Sophia's Serbian father, Stevan "Pete" Lovrich, had come in 1906 and after his wife's death was raising six children at Highland Boy. He especially appreciated what Miss Duhigg was doing for his family.⁴

The lower floor of the Highland Boy Community House consisted of a washroom, furnace room, craft, club, and classrooms. On the second floor was a home-economics-style kitchen and a spacious gym that also served as the sanctuary for church services. A switch over could be made in a half hour from a hotly contested hoop game or noisy roller-skating rink to the gathering place for a house of worship. There was a library of fifteen hundred books with popular story hours and available guidance in reading programs, many for those who only knew English as a second language. The versatile rooms were filled with activity seven days a week, including worship services, church school and vacation church school activities, missionary clubs, and Bible study. There were parties of all kinds, sewing, arts, crafts, and cooking classes. There were meetings for leadership training, for Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts, Brownies and Girl Scouts, even Campfire Girls. Every child was taught to swim. Training was provided in first aid, Red Cross skills, and nursing. There were well-baby clinics and tonsillectomy clinics that included impromptu use of the kitchen as an operating room—"tonsil parties," with as many as thirty children benefitting. Kindergarten was important: "Here the little ones learned sharing . . . in His school of love."⁵

"Children were safe and there was always something to do."⁶ Every activity increased abilities. But best of all, Janie Montoya recalled, "It was always warm, with plenty of light." And Indians, Puerto Ricans, Yugoslavians, all shared equally. Milka Smilovich, Sophia's sister, helped with citizenship classes for Italians, Yugoslavians, and Greeks. Miss Duhigg would take the Mexican children to sing at St. Paul's Methodist Church in Copperton, in a move to heal the alienation between the Anglos and the Hispanics.

Summer school at the Community House involved learning household skills: how to cook on electric stoves and how to use washing machines and sewing machines. Boys took woodworking shop and learned to use tools. Acquiring good manners and respect for family and those who deserved it were part of every activity. Summer also brought camping trips. Janie Montoya recognizes now that they were some of the happiest days of her life. Even though she was a nursing mother with her new baby along, it was complete joy, helping Ada with the children, hiking, singing, always singing, and loving Jesus and the freedom of the outdoors.⁷

It's not surprising that there was very little juvenile delinquency in Highland Boy. Between school and the multitude of activities offered at HBCH, there was little time or energy left over for mischief. Teachers and mission house personnel worked with families. "In tragedies and in the ordinary incidents of everyday life, Miss Duhigg was indispensable. She was the intermediary between us at the school and the children's parents. No one did more to unite the immigrants and the native Americans and make Bingham a closely knit community than Miss Duhigg."⁸

Although the Fourth of July and Columbus Day were major landmarks in the Bingham Canyon year, Christmas was the most special of all holidays for the children. A play would be presented and a wide repertoire of carols sung and broadcast over an outdoor amplifying system to reach out to all the residents up and down the canyon. Outside the Community House, twinkling lights on a large, fresh-cut tree beckoned. Inside Santa presided, and there was a Christmas box for every family and a wrapped present for every child, often along with an orange and candy. No one was left out; everyone was welcome. Gifts and clothing were donated from around the country, and the staff spent many evenings sorting and wrapping the right size clothing and toys for each child. Two women from distant areas each sent one hundred pairs of knitted mittens every year. If a family was unable to attend because of illness, a box would be carried to them.

The office was a place of service, too. Here a mother comes for help concerning a problem child; a father wants a letter written to his wife, urging her to come home to her family. The same father wants to know what size dresses to buy for his little daughters. Another desires us to call the doctor for his sick child. A young girl and her husband want to know what to buy for a layette. A second couple wants to work for a layette that their coming baby may be welcomed properly. Others claim our influence to obtain employment or our assistance in making a gymsuit, a boy's shirt, or a party dress for the high school formal. Conferences with PTA presidents, committees, relief workers and deputy sheriffs take place here, too. Many tears have been shed within its tiny walls, many friendships made for Jesus and many prayers voiced and

answered. Thank God for these four women willing to be used by Him!⁹

These “angels” used their talents to the limits, but they were always expanding possibilities. There were twenty-seven nationalities and fifteen denominations among Highland Boy’s seven hundred residents, the work force for the ever-expanding mining operation of the Utah Copper Company, later to become the Kennecott Copper Company. With Ada’s leadership they would come together and draw strength from each other to meet the challenges of economic downturns, strikes and layoffs, mine disasters, and the gamut of natural disasters: fires, avalanches, mud slides, and rockfalls. With the power of faith, the tools of learning, and their cooperative efforts, she would lead them to their better selves, and their children to a new level of achievement and self-respect. She opened the doors to a new vision of life. She shared their burdens of sorrow, illnesses, and deaths of loved mates and innocent children. And she was also there for their weddings and spiritual joys, their triumphs, and their disasters.

On 9 September 1932, less than a month after Ada’s arrival in Highland Boy, a spark flamed up in the abandoned Princess Theater, and fire swept down the canyon for a third of a mile on both sides of the road, destroying seventy-five buildings and making 323 persons from nearly one hundred families homeless.¹⁰ Sophia Piedmont’s father lost all the eight houses he had thriftily acquired, and he and his children were roofless.¹¹ A relief station was set up at the HBCH under the direction of Deaconess Ada Duhigg. Ada and her staff were bonded with the community on a new level as the building served as a nerve center and distribution point for the displaced and distressed. A family of ten found refuge at the center for more than a week; others filled additional classrooms for as long as they needed. Meals were brought in by the Red Cross and community. Furniture and clothing were collected and distributed for the displaced. “Many fathers for the first time looked at the Community House as a source of comfort and help as well as a place to play and learn.”¹²

A few years later another kind of disaster struck.

The snow slide of 1939 caused six deaths (two members of the Thomas family, the mother and little ten-year old Helen). Miss

Duhigg worked all night with the rescue team and first aid groups. She held the joint funeral in the high school auditorium down at Copperton, at the opening of the canyon. We couldn't find Duchie Thomas until morning, and then found him safe in his bed under a sheltering leaning wall. He laughingly told Miss Duhigg that he thought God had saved his life for a purpose. As of now—many years later—he has served hundreds of high school young people as their teacher. Eleven months later, the oldest brother, Nick was killed in a horrible mine accident. Again, it was Miss Duhigg's painful task to take the death message to the little family and to hold the funeral a few days later.¹³

Ada sat beside the dying, comforted the sick and sorrowing, and held the funerals for most of the deaths.

"The work at the House was always varied. Because the Depression was in full swing and people didn't always have the money to travel to Salt Lake City to look for work or go to a hospital, the staff at the community house was often called into service to get people into town. Rose Abreu recalled the night her daughter was born Miss Duhigg took her into St. Mark's Hospital (SLC) through a blizzard which left travel almost impossible. That night she gave birth to a [two-month] premature daughter, who is now a teacher and has a daughter of her own."¹⁴

When Ada received her expanded deacon's orders and then her elder's orders in 1944 and 1955, she was the only fully ordained minister in the area authorized to preside at mixed faith marriages and funerals. This was forbidden to the Roman Catholic priesthood. Ada was the only one willing "to marry or bury" members of a family of mixed faiths. As love blossomed between young men and women regardless, Ada saw no barriers. This expanded her role considerably. Presiding at many baptisms gave Ada deep satisfaction in her mission call.

There was little mention of Ada in the local social news. She was too busy with the Community House activities and was also reluctant to accept home hospitality when homemade wines flowed freely in the Old World custom of plenteous food and drink for every major occasion, including weddings and funerals. "Prohibition was never practiced in the canyon."¹⁵ Many houses had a still within their walls; it

was an integral part of European customs the immigrants brought with them. "When children showed up on school grounds with feet stained purple it was known they were crushing fruit at Highland Boy."¹⁶ Ada's religion did not permit alcohol, and her belief was reinforced by dealing with the results of overindulgence—wife beatings, misspent wages, lost jobs, and acute alcoholism. Bars represented each ethnic group and were the social clubs of the day for the men. Drinking was heavy and a major part of life. It also resulted in street violence, shootings, and stabbings that must have been in dramatic contrast to life on the streets of the quiet farm community of Huron, South Dakota.

In the midst of all this, The Highland Boy Community House was widely known as the House of Joy, putting Jesus first, others second, yourself last. Its mission was to bring direction to abundant life through Jesus's fourfold teachings in mental, physical, social, and spiritual development. Ada often used the four-armed Maltese cross as a motif to reinforce the lessons. Tillie Tsinnie, a Navajo Indian who lived in the canyon as a child, recalls that her mother learned to crochet and embroider and cook Anglo meals. She said of Ada Duhigg, "Your gospel teaching, your works, acts of kindness, encouragement, your kind of guidance of Christian living, had an influence on my life. Not until we left the canyon did I realize there are cold, cruel persons. I cannot remember a sad time in the House of Joy."¹⁷ That remembrance of joy permeated many of the letters Ada Duhigg received after her retirement. She lived joyously and her joy was contagious, a special gift of her own being and the beliefs that infused her life.

Funding for the HBCH was largely through the National Organization of the Women's Home Missionary Society, supplemented in token amounts by the Bingham Canyon Community Chest, and supported by the people with what they could spare. In the Depression years the budget was very tight. The community was suffering real poverty. But the "angel" always found a way to go forward. On the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Highland Boy Community House on 2 October 1952, when asked why she did not leave for the better opportunities that constantly came her way, Ada replied, "Because the challenge here is too great!"¹⁸

On 14 August 1945 Japan surrendered and World War II came to an end. Two hours after receiving the announcement, Ada Duhigg held a prayer service at Highland Boy Community House. Seven hundred

sixty-one Bingham Canyon men and women served in World War II; fifteen were lost forever. Among Ada's flock in Highland Boy were families needing comfort.

As the behemoth copper company's expansion of the mine pit gobbled up more and more of the mountain, communities were given notice that they were in the path of progress and would have to move. Residents began packing up and leaving, often across miles of Salt Lake Valley floor, to find new homes. The houses they left behind were demolished almost immediately. Even Ada's team had to say goodbye to the House of Joy and move their community action program three miles down the canyon to headquarters at the older Methodist church in Bingham, at the fork of the canyon's Y. Small quarters and a fast-diminishing population crimped the program. In another three years the Bingham Methodist Church too succumbed to the giant pit's appetite. By the early 1950s, Ada's flock was scattered, and it was time for her to consider the next step.

During these seasons of change, Ada had presided at both the Bingham and Copperton Methodist churches as their minister. There were very few women in the pulpit, and the congregations' acceptance of Miss Duhigg as their teacher and minister was verification of the place she had earned with her sermons and demonstrated works. Reverend Duhigg and Deaconess Mildred May spent a short time living in the newly provided parsonage in Copperton, formerly the home of Dr. Jenkins, while preaching and serving St. Paul's Methodist Church. Then the Women's Division of Christian Service called them to a much larger task: to survey the needs of the church's scattered people, spread out over 195,000 square miles in the western United States.

The two women developed a traveling ministry in a big house trailer, set up for both living and church services, crisscrossing rural Utah and lapping over into the edges of Idaho and Colorado, even Nevada. There would be Protestant services for as few as five or six church members stranded in a community of Mormons. The women worked this way for six years, until Mildred May was called away by her mother's final illness. Then their house trailer found a home on a plot in Midvale donated by Charlie and Lillian Dumas. Midvale, a town across Salt Lake Valley to the east, was the final destination for many former Bingham Canyon residents. The Dumas family knew Ada well

from Highland Boy days and was delighted to be able to return some of the good she had brought to their lives. Ada carried on alone for two more years, driving long days, reaching out to the lonely, organizing churches, training leaders. She planned vacation church schools that welcomed all children—Mormon, Catholic, and Protestant. Rarely was there a moment unfilled by her wonder works.

But the load was very heavy, and eventually the doctor advised Ada that her heart was weakening under the strain. With feelings of guilt, she took early retirement at age sixty-three and withdrew in August of 1968 to the church-supported Frasier Meadows Manor outside Boulder, Colorado. For another year she met the needs of two small churches at Matheson and Simla in eastern Colorado, traveling and preaching on a very strenuous schedule until they obtained full-time pastors. Ada's life then evolved into keeping in touch with her flock and church communities by extensive letter writing, encouraging participation in Christian works, and assembling the story of her life. Testimonial letters were gathered that recalled the shared experiences and the roles she had played in others' lives.

She cited a poem from Grace Noll Crowell, "A Pastor to his People," as "my prayer year after year for 38 years as I was reappointed your pastor. Today, my only service to you can be a prayer—may this poem still express my concerns and hopes." In part, the poem reads, "You are my people, . . . To serve, to shepherd through the days ahead; . . . I am glad that I was led. To come to you, . . . to work . . . to serve . . . Each hungry soul . . . And I would honor with my every work The blessed Savior, Jesus Christ our Lord . . . may we be Builders together for Eternity."

In 1976, at the traditional Fourth of July Lion's Club Breakfast, where ex-Binghamites gather for reunion and remembrance, twenty-two hundred people were present as Ada Duhigg accepted a plaque engraved with "To Ada Duhigg—a testimonial of sincere appreciation of distinguished and unselfish service."¹⁹

Ada spent her final years in Frasier Meadows, but her Utah friends remembered her. After Miss Duhigg left Utah, Janie Montoya felt compelled to visit her at least once a year for spiritual renewal, "to be refreshed, for there was the Grace of God for you and me," even though Reverend Duhigg always stressed she was only the messenger—"don't love me, but love the Lord."²⁰



“Miss Ada Duhigg, deaconess at Highland Boy Community House, and a licensed local preacher visits a neighboring family. All these children and a baby sister, were baptized by Miss Duhigg.” From *Methodist World Outlook*.

She anticipated her death without fear, as revealed in a letter written during a serious illness two years before her final day. In it she reviewed some of the funeral sermons she had given over the years:

Death . . . was an important subject in Bingham, as it is everywhere. I had as many, on the average, of three funerals a month. Causes were ore dust, miner's con, mine accidents, dynamite accidents, high altitude, one cowboy's horse running away dragging him to death, one crib death "believed caused" by Protestant baptism when part of the family was Catholic, several snowslide victims, again believed "caused by Protestantism." The Mormons assigned we Protestants to the lowest of five heavens as their servants. Funerals were frequently on Tuesdays, which canceled the sewing classes. One little girl in one of the classes grudgingly asked "Are funerals ALWAYS on Tuesdays?" Being the only Protestant minister in the canyon most of these twenty-nine years, I had the larger number of the funerals. I was the only one willing to marry or bury a member of a family of mixed faiths. . . . As I leafed through those three notebooks, memories flooded. Some had feared death for themselves—what was going to happen to them or to their loved one? Many questions as to why miner's con, why accidents, why babies died, why did sufferers seemed obliged to live long years in suffering with miner's con? God gave me a simple faith for each one—simple and sufficient for myself. In spite of differences in theology, I was invited to preach in many Mormon services. One Mormon physician often kidded me after such a service by saying "You took our dead bodies away from us again today!" . . . A God-Creator great enough to create a world such as this (granted millions of years in creation) has an answer to desires for life after death. He will meet our needs. No, I'm not afraid of death, I'm looking forward to being in the hereafter and being with Christ and with loved ones gone a while. We'll know and be known. Praise God from Whom all blessings flow! See you over there! Spiritual guide for many of you, teacher for some and friend of all!²¹

Ada ascended into that next life during her sleep on 22 June 1992, at age eighty-seven, at the Frasier Meadows Health Care Center, confident that she was going where she had always wanted to be.

She was memorialized at three services, the first on 30 June at Frasier Meadows Phillips Chapel in Boulder. Janie Montoya flew over with Charlie and Lillian Dumas, who were married by Miss Duhigg, as was their daughter. Miss Duhigg's story was shared with those who had only known her in later life. The second service was at the First United Methodist Church in Salt Lake City at Second East and Second South at 7:30 P.M. the same day. The third was on Sunday, 19 July, at 4 P.M. at the St. Paul's United Methodist Church in Copperton, Utah, where a collection was taken for the Ada Duhigg Memorial Scholarship Fund for needy Methodist seminarians. Lillian Dumas gave the prelude, Janie Montoya was master of ceremonies, directing the singing and remembrances, and Ron Yengich, Salt Lake City criminal defense attorney who participated in Highland Boy Community House activities for three years as a child, gave a life history. "She was a true Christian in the basic sense of that word," declared Yengich. "Her ministry cut across all denominational lines. The mine eliminated the town, but the heart of the people remains. And she touched the hearts of a lot of people."²² The *Salt Lake Tribune* reported, "The Rev. Duhigg served 28 years as a deaconess and minister in the Methodist Church, becoming 'like a mother' to the canyon residents."²³ Perhaps Mildred May said it best, "A missionary is a millionaire in friends."²⁴

But the tributes did not end with her death, and not all were formal. During his final days at the hospital, Sophia Piedmont's younger brother, Mike Lovrich, kept in his nightstand the pocket-size Bible Ada had given him as a child, his last precious possession. The far-reaching consequences of Ada Duhigg's teachings and actions are beyond calculation. The lives she affected and changed are like the ripples on the pond after the splash of a pebble; they go on beyond the limits of our knowing.



Ella Peacock's studio in her Spring City home, like her paintings, bore her direct style and the colors of Sanpete County. Photo by and courtesy of Paul A. Allred.