

SOME  
CHRISTENSENS  
WHO CAME FROM THY

A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF  
OUR  
CHERISHED DANISH EMIGRANT PIONEERS  
  
THEIR HOMELAND  
AND  
DESCENDANTS

AS INTERPRETED BY  
VIRGINIA CHRISTENSEN KEELER

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I desire to record my appreciation to a few of the numbers of people on whom I have depended for information and inspiration in the writing of this book, without whose assistance it might never have been accomplished. MANY THANKS. . . .  
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## PREFACE

The record of forty years has been inscribed on the Scroll of Time since I first became interested in the history of our Christensen family. As I look back now it seems to be inevitable that I should write this history. I was driven to it by urgings beyond my own. Several experiences, three of which I relate here, have highlighted my interest and spurred me on.

Shortly after the death of Grandfather Laurs Christensen, his and Else K. Christensen's joint Temple Record Book came unexpectedly into my keeping. From time to time I thumbed through its well recorded pages noting the lists of dates, names and places. Vital statistics about unfamiliar people can seem dead and uninteresting; yet, to me, each browse through the record spiced my enthusiasm. I experienced a growing awareness that I was somehow deeply involved in those strange Danish names and places. Being a frequent procrastinator, however, I put the book aside during lengthy intervals. But that tenacious feeling of involvement and responsibility persisted.

Another experience affected me profoundly. I described it in an entry in my journal dated July 7, 1933: "Today has been a glorious day for me! At 9:00 a.m. I entered the LDS Church Historian's office in Salt Lake City in hopes of contacting Assistant Church Historian, Andrew Jenson. I had been told he had been a passenger on the same ship that carried my Christensen grandparents and great-grandparents from Denmark to America in 1866. Upon learning of my mission, Brother Jenson, then in his 82nd year, greeted me cordially and said that he remembered my Danish ancestors well. (He had been fifteen years old when he and they had come to America together.) He had kept a day-by-day account of the voyage and had recently translated it from Danish to English. Although he was very busy on this day, Brother Jenson turned

the translation over to me and, seating me at his desk, allowed me to make a copy of that portion of his diary pertaining to the voyage. He said that I would be the first to do so. Brother Jenson produced large maps of Denmark and pointed out places of interest to me. I thanked him and began to copy.

Feverishly I wrote. Boundaries between the past and present seemed to disappear. Day by day, across the great Atlantic. I experienced with my precious forebearers all the newness, excitement, anxieties and sorrows of that difficult and memorable journey. This was one of the most thrilling genealogical experiences I had encountered. Only those who have known the exhilaration of discovery can appreciate my feelings at being thus "caught up". I was astonished when they announced it was 4:30 p.m. and closing time.

Again, in the spring of 1958, a little over a year after father's death (Albert H. Christensen), the telephone rang. Aunt Myrtle, my dear "second mother" was on the line. She had been cleaning out the basement of the old home in Orem preparatory to offering the house for sale. Midst the clutter and trash, the coal dust and spider webs, she had found an old dilapidated brown satchel. Apparently, upon Grandfather Laurs Christensen's death, some 30 years before, the satchel had been entrusted to father's care, but very soon found its way into basement storage and was forgotten. Its contents were musty and dirty. Aunt Myrtle picked up the bag gingerly, took it out into the backyard intending to consign it to the flames of a bonfire already consuming other discarded rubbish. But something stayed her hand. She put the satchel on the back porch. The next morning she made a cursory examination of its contents but found nothing of interest to her. At that point she was prompted to call me and ask if I wanted the dirty old thing. Did I!

Recessed in its cracked, musty interior were small journals, old letters in a foreign language, and precious documents of the past, glimpses into

the lives and activities of loved ones long departed.  
Preserved by the kind hand of Providence.

Several weeks later, when eighty-seven year old Aunt Elsie Bartholomew came to visit, I placed the satchel on the rug in front of her without a word of explanation. "Why my goodness," she exclaimed excitedly, "that's mother's old kit! I haven't seen it for sixty years. That's the kit mother used to keep her medical instruments in. It sat by her bedroom door day and night for years and years, always packed and ready at a moment's notice whenever a call came for her to go tend the sick or dying, or to bring another baby into the world."

When I received the "kit" it contained no medical instruments, but things far more precious to me. Apparently, after Grandmother's doctoring days were over, the "kit" had become the depository for her treasures. There were old Danish letters, some over seventy years old, from Grandmother's three sisters, one brother, and others of her relatives in Denmark.

I want it thoroughly understood that the second part of this book is the story of Grandmother Else's childhood and youth, of which we have known so little; for while she could have told it herself we were not listening. I have taken the liberty to put it into dramatic form, interweaving fact with fiction - binding fiction together with many facts. The Danish letters helped so much with this. I feel that Grandmother Else K. was a great character and we will probably remember her best if we bring her to life during this period of her existence. To my knowledge I have not altered the truth in any degree. The historical background can be well documented. The characters are real. If I have offended any I hope to have the opportunity to apologize.

I cannot claim that there are no errors in this book. The writing itself has taken me over two-and-a-half years. Some writers have been censured for overlooking unconsciously or intentionally the darker dissonances of their subjects. I have tried to present both sides.

Those of us who are living today are witnessing the birth of a new era. A far different era than the one our parents and grandparents knew. The era into which we were born is about to pass away. I recall the words of the educator, Max Rafferty: "Today the hammer of accelerating time is beating on the great anvil of the world with ever increasing brashness and insistence. Sparks are flying from the whole surface. The point of no return is past."

We are indeed approaching a very new and different world - a challenging world - a wonderful world - a frightening world; and in this new world the Christensens who are left have a great heritage as well as a significant responsibility. As I have assembled material for this book my appreciation and love for my cousins, relatives and Christensen progenitors has increased an hundred fold. If I were to dedicate this book, however, it would be to my children and grandchildren with deepest affection. I am proud and grateful to have been able to contribute a few measures of understanding to the lives of those who are to follow. We must all go forward with firm resolve, devotion and courage to make this a better world.

Virginia Christensen Keeler

Provo, Utah  
November 1969

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Little Denmark like a small neck and head  
of land in the jaws of a big dragon

## PART ONE

### DENMARK--NOW AND LONG AGO

"Let me rejoice that Danish blood  
Within my veins doth flow"

--Ancient Holstein Bard

#### 1. THERE IS A LOVELY LAND

The title for this chapter, about the birth-land of our cherished progenitors, was borrowed from the pen of Adam Ochlenachlager, Denmark's National Poet, who wrote one of this country's national anthems and called it by that name.

DENMARK--A sea-washed kingdom of some 500 green islands (483 to be exact) 100 of them inhabited the others not; and thrown in for good measure, a ragged-coasted head-and-neck of land jutting northward from Germany, called the Jutlandic Peninsula, or "Jutland". (It was in Denmark's Jutland, the most northwestern part sometimes called Thyland or "Thy", that our Danish Christensens were born.) Denmark, the smallest of the Scandinavian countries and Europe's smallest kingdom, is often called "Little Denmark". Her total land area is 16, 576 square miles--about twice the size of our State of Massachusetts. There is nothing particularly spectacular about the land itself except for some dazzlingly white chalk cliffs, the so-green of its ever-green islands, and the unusual sculpturing of its varying coastline, 4,620 miles in length. The terrain is mostly gently rolling with some woods and hilly areas, particularly in Jutland, where the highest point, "Heaven Mountain", reaches upward about 600 feet; which may seem insignificant to "Rocky Mountain folks" but is undoubtedly quite impressive to low-land Danes when viewed from a valley two feet below sea level. The country is

totally surrounded by sea, except where Jutland's broad neck joins Germany, and broken apart by numerous water courses the three largest being the "Sound", "Great Belt" and "Little Belt". As if these weren't enough, the surface is so studded with lakes, coves, bays, canals and fjords that one wonders how any land has been able to survive at all amidst all that water! But the pleasant land is there nevertheless, holding up its proud head above the ever-lapping of the hungry sea.

Denmark, primarily a farming kingdom, devotes 75% of the land to agriculture and 9% to forestry, while 8% is occupied by moors and dunes, with most of the remainder being built up into villages and cities, large cities being comparatively few in number. There is no mineral wealth but the soil is fertile and, as reported in 1950, produces three times as much grain per acre as is grown in the U. S. A. The climate is a study in extremes, with the long snows of its dark winters and the "shimmering half-light-at-midnight" of its short but bright summers. There is always wind, particularly in northwestern Jutland, fierce off the cruel North Sea in winters, caressing in summers--but wind enough to turn a mill or lift a sail any day. But it is not the formation nor the performance of the land that beckons and invites one to these far-away shores. The great charm of the "Little Kingdom of Denmark" lies in the people who possess her: their character, their customs, the manner in which they have dressed the land; and also--and perhaps to an even greater extent--to the colorful history of her past, reminders of which can be seen all around the land today.

The Danish people, subjects of a constitutional monarchy since 1849, are at present about 4,500,000 in number. In the neighborhood of 26% of these live by agriculture, 32% by industry, and a good part of the remainder by fishing, shipping, handicrafts and tourist service (this latter growing each year). This was not so in earlier Denmark, when most everyone lived by farming and fishing and a few by trade. Even the richest nobles maintained close contact with the soil, as well as with shipping. The country is far more commercialized today, although

agriculture is still the backbone of its economy. Though the Danes export many products, such as porcelain, linen, glassware, silver, furniture, fish, etc., their milk, butter, cheese, ham and eggs, all products of their specialized agriculture, are the most important. They help to feed Europe and some even find their way into American kitchens. Even though they export the best of their dairy products, the Danes eat well and are likely the best fed European peoples today. They are not wealthy (there are comparatively few millionaires in Denmark) but they attain comfort if they fall short of riches. These people are fairly well educated, since Denmark is one of Europe's best instructed countries; there is no illiteracy there. Compulsory education, introduced in 1814, was reinforced thirty years later by Bishop Grundtvig's famous "Folk High Schools", which still exist. These aim to train adult students in the literature, history, geography and culture of their own land, and also in the art of living. Many Danes can speak English (or think they can).

On the far east coast of the island of Zealand lies the city of Copenhagen, or "Kobenhavn", meaning merchants-haven. It was a small fishing and trading village until 1536, when it became capitol of the realm. Now one of Europe's loveliest capitols and a center of culture for all Scandinavian peoples, it is also Denmark's largest city by far, housing nearly one-fourth of her entire population, including the present Danish King Frederick IX and the royal family. Copenhagen is situated on a beautiful harbor, over which presides Denmark's finest bronze statue, "The Little Mermaid" sitting on her rock, a docking place for multitudes of great and small ships and crafts of all kinds, bringing in products from all over the world. But Copenhagen, despite her growing cosmopolitan leanings and her accumulation of much that is geared to the tastes of ultra modern sophisticates, is still very much of a Danish city, with her old spires, towers, statues, palaces, churches, bridges, and harbor canals--some dating to the Renaissance. With typical Danish ingenuity the Danes have managed to maintain here, as elsewhere in their land, the image of "Old Denmark".

Danish men and Danish women are not easily swayed or changed; they seldom lose their identity or their moorings. This seems to be one of their outstanding characteristics. They go about their business with cool-headed confidence in themselves and their country. They give the impression that they know where they are going and how to get there! Obviously, Danes are not all alike; but though there are numerous classifications and varieties, there seems to be only one name-brand: "Deep Down Danes". They cling to their land, their homes and families, their friends, their purposes and traditions with a steadfastness that is gratifying in this fly-by-night age. However, it would be a mistake to think of them as a somber peoples--they are anything but that. They are best known for their gaiety and hospitality. Any harshness of their lives is well cushioned with that rare Danish humor for which they are so famous. It is easier to think of the Danes as one big family rather than a nation; for of all the European peoples they seem to be the most domestic, friendly and uncommonly happy - and especially so out in the countryside.

And how the Danish people, one and all, love to celebrate! Every holiday or special occasion calls for a "festival"; their lives are literally punctuated with them: family festivals, village festivals, State festivals; festivals for birthdays, confirmations, gold and silver wedding anniversaries, etc., as well as house-warmings. Not only is there a festival when the new house is first occupied but even before, when the rafters are raised and the roof newly placed, they fly a Danish flag from tip-top, put a wreath around its pole and "raise the roof and rafters" all over again! Each family party includes everyone from Grandma to baby. With each new festival out come the flags, the garlands, the open-faced sandwiches, the coffee and pastries, as well as plenty of good old Danish beer. People make verses, songs and toasts to the celebrated and there is as much good cheer passed around as refreshments. What matters if present day celebrations are not as meaningful as those of yore, as long as there are festivals? The Danes' summers are brief and they

enjoy them to the hilt; everyone moves outside. The land itself takes on the appearance of a gigantic festival, with flags flying, bands playing, and flowers blossoming everywhere: heather on the moors of Jutland; tulips, vari-colored, on the island of Funen; potted plants in cottage windows; cemeteries, hedged all around, purple with pansies; flowers massed brilliantly in parks and gardens; balconies bright with blooms on city dwellings; wreaths and garlands twined everywhere at the least provocation; red poppies in the fields of Slesvig and, mingled gaily with all, the flowered caps of girls. It would be hard to think of Denmark without flowers or flags and it would be equally difficult to think of her without bells. So often there have been bells ringing in Denmark from spires and towers: carillons, bells to mark the hours and to call the congregations to worship; happy peel of bells for weddings, mournful toll of bells for dyings; clang of bells calling her sons to battle--Denmark has had her share of wars. Flowers are for summers, but bells and flags are for all seasons in this lovely land of the Danes.

The Danish citizens are patriotic too, displaying their national banner at every conceivable opportunity and standing, heads uncovered, in city squares; singing with gusto as bands play "King Christian", "Lovely Land", or others of their country's songs; but it goes far beyond that. The Danes seem to have sincere affection for their homeland and a deep sense of national pride, especially in the storied achievements of Denmark's venerable past. They are proud of their descent from the bold Vikings of old who roamed the seas a thousand years ago, though they themselves are as peaceable as those marauding pirates of the sea were fierce. How well these Danish people know the legends and sagas of their native land, passed down for generations and told them in their youth. Who know or cares where fact takes flight and fantasy begins? Have you heard them tell how their land got its name? Denmark, or "Danmark" as the Danes have it, means Dan's Field and was so named about 900 A.D. after the mythical Danish champion Hoger Dansker--"who has been seated asleep for age after age, till the day of fate

awakens him, but whose beard has continued to grow until it has grown right through the board (table) where he sits". (There is a statue of him and his whiskers in Copenhagen.) Or perhaps you have heard some tell of Denmark's flag, "Danne-brog", meaning Danes-piece-of-cloth--"blood-red with cross of white, it came dropping out of heaven 20 June 1219, when the elderly Danish Archbishop, Anders Sunesen, fell on his knees on a hill during the Battle of Lyndanisse and prayed for victory--just the way Moses had done." They speak of the "Three Year War" a century ago, to save Jutland's neck, Slesvig, from the German Holsteiners and of the miracle that happened down there on the blood-drenched fields; of how every spring then the red poppies bloomed with white crosses. Such tales are a rich part of Denmark's heritage, as are the stories and folk-ballads of her kings and queens, nobles and peasantry, wars, fleets, and of the land itself, that reach back-back-back, for Denmark counts her years in thousands instead of hundreds.

There is magic in recalling the dignified glory of her past, as told in song and stone artifacts, myths and sagas; especially if one's roots were sprouted and nurtured on her soil for generations, when the spark of one's own life was even then within the veins of her ancient peoples. Surely the liveliest interest and the most human should be awakened in us of Danish descent, in this tie of blood and place--this small corner of the earth to which chance brought our ancestors. Someday, if one were fortunate enough to find himself contemplating the story of Denmark's ancient towns, fields and peoples spread out before his very eyes--in ramparts of long-idle fortresses; settlements of stone age men; Viking graveyards and remains of "long ships" in which these fierce ones raided; picturesque old castles, monasteries and cathedrals where storks have built their nests for ages; magnificent palaces dating to 1600 and beyond, containing royal tombs, crown jewels and treasures of ancient kings; low-thatched and timbered cottages, the like of which inspired the fairy tales of that famous story teller, Hans Christensen Andersen, --cottages to which the atmosphere of fairyland still clings;

or if one were to find himself standing in the ancient city of Nyborg beside Denmark's last surviving Royal Medieval Castle, where her "Magna Charta" (Royal Charter) was drawn up and proclaimed in 1282--might not one, with surge of deep emotion, be led to exclaim in wonderment: "Were my kinsmen here?"

## 2. WHENCE CAME THIS LAND AND ITS PEOPLE?

Many thousands of years ago there was no land where Denmark now lies, only sea. But then time was one with eternity and there was no man to count the years. Denmark's biography is shrouded in myth, as is that of other lands. It was once supposed by early scientists that, out of the vast sea which covered all, land and mountains sprang up like veritable "jacks-in-the-boxes". Modern scientists tell us that the birth of the land was much more gradual; in fact that it took eons of time. Future geologists may come up with other theories, since they are still "digging" for the truth. However, as of now, we are led to believe that at the bottom of the sea, where Denmark's land later emerged, the shells of myriads of sea creatures piled up during the course of time, their small white skeletons sinking like a continuously moving veil and causing layers of resulting chalk-slime on the sea bed to grow and become hundreds of feet thick. Thus a massive layer of chalk-like substance became the foundation of the new land that rose up beneath the present areas of Denmark and her closest land neighbors. Indications of this can be seen today in the "White Cliffs of Dover" in England, the "Chalk Downs" in France, on the Island of Riigen, and in several places in Denmark, particularly the "White Cliffs" on the Isle of Møen in the Baltic Sea.

As the great land masses arose the sea retreated. Then time brought the "Ice Age" and great glaciers moved over the northland and locked it in their frigid clutches. No man can tell how often the ice melted and receded, only to return and grip the land again, dragging icy fingers over its surface, clawing out islets, rivers, lakes and

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ridges--to lie long under the ancient stars with no man to name them. When the great ice melted for the last time, enormous bodies of clay and gravel were deposited all along the line of its retreat. But it was ages before the land was finally liberated and left out to dry in the sunshine. However, the land was not even then as it is today, for there was one continuous stretch of it connecting most of the European continent. Only in the northernmost part of the present North Sea area was there any water. All south was land except for a couple of large rivers flowing northward where the "Belts" have since appeared. As the atmosphere became milder this extensive land became covered with dense coniferous forests, interspersed with rivers, lakes and swamps, where roamed wild animals, including reindeer and the mighty Aurochs, long extinct.

Now a glacier can weigh upwards of 125 tons per square foot, and when the millions of tons of pressure was finally released from the crust of the earth the land began to sink and the sea, fed by the melting ice, began rising and eating its way into the land. Then began a great struggle for supremacy between land and sea. Century upon century the glutinous sea flung itself in among the trees, overflowing streams and lakes, washing away whole areas and sending all creatures fleeing, panic stricken. Catastrophic storm floods lashed and beat upon mountains and ridges and descended in torrents upon valleys and shores, till much of the land gave way and was lost beneath the roaring waters. The surface that remained was scarred and totally changed. Out of the great travail of this land, Denmark was born, - Jütland and her 500 green islands.

\* \* \* \* \*

The story of prehistoric man is also founded only in myth. It is supposed that the first humans to come to this area were reindeer hunters from central Europe, following the reindeer north as they followed the retreating glaciers. Then there came to live throughout the "Nordland" other hunters from the south, with their families, who sought their food in the great forests and in lakes

and streams. Undoubtedly life and death to those primitive peoples depended upon the success of their hunting and fishing--and the caprice of the elements. As the land was broken apart and grew smaller and much of the forest was washed into the sea, animals became scarcer and the age of the early hunter was over. The inhabitants, forced to seek their food mainly in the sea, lived on oysters, fish and seal meat, etc. Filtering down through the dimness of the past comes evidence that there were such fishermen living on Denmark's ragged shores a few thousand years before Christ. Remains of hundreds of the settlements of these early oyster-eating inhabitants have been found along her coasts. The timing may be wrong but the existence of such people is a certainty. Whether they were descendants of earlier hunters or whether they were newcomers is not known.

As waves of the sea had swept in over this land called Denmark, altering its contour bit by bit and age by age, so waves of culture swept in over its people, molding their lives as they climbed the great ladder of progress from savagery to civilization, rung upon rung. About 3000 to 2000 B. C., it is believed, tribes from the south infiltrated the domains of the oyster-eaters and brought with them a new form of survival--agriculture! They taught these people how to raise their food and domesticate animals, and they carried with them implements of stone, including stone axes that meant life to Denmark's first farmers but death to her remaining forests. Life there took on new meaning: the sound of axes rang, trees crashed and new clearings appeared. To this day flintstone axe blades can be found buried in the soil all over Denmark and they say there are not many farms in the country without a few specimens lying around. In fact, we are told they have been found in the tens-of-thousands, some complete with wooden handles. Magnificent great stone axes and daggers have been found preserved in bogs and beside corpses in burial tombs of that "stone age" period. Since it is sincerely believed and most probable that the majority of present day Danes are direct descendants of those stone age people of Jutland and her islands, is it not also

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probable that we too have some stone axe swingers on our family tree?

About 2000-1000 B.C. there must have come another wave of immigration to Denmark whose leaders wielded huge battle axes of pure copper. Likely only the better class peasants could afford to keep up with the copper axe Joneses since this costly metal had to be imported from Italy, whose merchant ships were even then trading along Denmark's shores. It was during this so-called "Bronze Age" that the Danes built trading vessels of their own and went abroad. They had something more precious to trade than copper, bronze or gold--a wonderful substance, "sea gold".

For a long, long time the Danes have been able to pick up from their beaches this stuff they call "sea gold", but we call "amber". A golden resin, originating from the ancient coniferous forests of the area, it gets washed out of the soil of Germany and into the sea, whereafter it drifts ashore on Danish coasts. Some gets washed up from the bottom of the sea and comes to rest on the west coast of Jutland. In ancient days girls wore this Danish sea gold in the form of colossal multiple chains with large center pieces and for belts, ear rings and other types of ornaments. In early tombs were found enormous ornaments consisting of hundreds of amber beads. Danes began using amber and soon other countries were clamoring for it. Even the graves were robbed of their "sea gold" and it was sold to people of the Mediterranean. Denmark became famous for this beautiful substance and early sea captains found their way to the Baltic and took away this treasure from "Amber-Land" (Basileia) as the Greeks called Denmark. When Danish ships started trading they carried furs, fish, flint, and perhaps cattle and slaves, but first and foremost - amber! During the bronze age Denmark apparently engaged in brisk and steady trading, even as far as Egypt, and became a rich land. Then this seeming paradise was suddenly shattered by the coming of the Celts to Europe.

The Celts, a brave war-like people from Asia Minor fond of ornaments and fine armor,

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came in their chariots, led by Druid priests and, over-running Greece, Rome and Gaul (France) landed in the British Isles. They became masters of vast regions but they never managed to force their way into the north countries. However, they formed a barrier between Denmark and the south and west and put quite a "crimp" in her trade. Though the Celts never came to Denmark, except perhaps a few to trade or as prisoners of war, the things they brought with them came - disease and war. But the Celts also brought "iron" to Europe in the form of weapons, instruments, chariots and wares. More durable than stone, cheaper and more available than copper, the Danes soon learned to make good use of iron. By more or less the time of Christ the glory of the "Celtic Iron Age" had faded, Denmark had resumed her brisk trading, and Rome set out to conquer the civilized world.

Caesar's legions marched through Gaul and into the British Isles, and the "Nordland" trembled. But though the Roman conquerors made England theirs for 400 years they were never able to penetrate far into German territory nor up to Denmark at all. This is one reason why the subsequent history of the Scandinavian countries and western Europe is entirely different. True, Rome's merchant ships continued to sail to Denmark to trade, but her warriors nor the glory of her great metropolitan culture never reached there. No stone houses were built in Denmark during this "Roman Age"; no Roman roads, bridges, theaters, churches, or Roman baths, as in other parts of Europe. Though not a poor country at the time, Denmark's people looked very poverty stricken in comparison. Their homes were low, dark, windowless huts with holes in the purlins to let the smoke out. The floors were of earth and the huts were divided into two parts--one for cattle and horses, the other for human beings. "Only the upper classes wore fine clothes, brooches and jewelry; ordinary Danes went about in simple woolen garments or animal hides - sheepskins for instance.

Finally the Great Roman Empire crumbled and great troubles descended on the British Isles.

Fierce and cruel Anglo and Saxon tribes from Denmark's Jutland and Germany moved upon her shores (450-500 A.D.). These famising barbarians took over the country and struck a blow that nearly wiped out the civilization so painstakingly built up by early monks and scholars there. This was the beginning of the period, so marked with turbulence and intellectual stagnation, known as the "Dark Ages" or the early "Middle Ages".

Denmark was having her troubles too at the time. The Roman emperor, Constantine, transferred his capitol from Rome to Constantinople, thus dislocating Europe's entire trading system. Since the real money was in Roman trade, Denmark had traded in the south for centuries, but all of a sudden she found that she was no longer in a favorable position for trade. Trade lines, heretofore moving from north to south, now started to move from west to east through the Baltic Sea and thence, via Russian rivers, to the new hub of the Mediterranean. This led to trouble in Denmark's waters as her islands became trading stations enroute and plundering targets for pirates. A competitive battle began between Denmark and Sweden, the Swedes being particularly determined to gain control along Russia's river courses. Trouble also started for Denmark on her south Jutland border as hostile Germanic tribes gained control of some of her territory there. No longer were Danish tribes permitted to wander at will down through the continent of Europe by way of Jutland's neck, as heretofore. A population surplus developed in the land. Trade cut off and migration stymied, it seemed that the Danes' only great hope was to take to the sea - and this they did en masse, together with other Scandinavians, with the most unusual consequences! The next few hundred years produced the strangest chapter in Scandinavian history.

### 3. VIKINGS WERE THEY

In the eighth century something formidable began to stir in the north countries - the curtain was going up on that dynamic drama, the "Age of

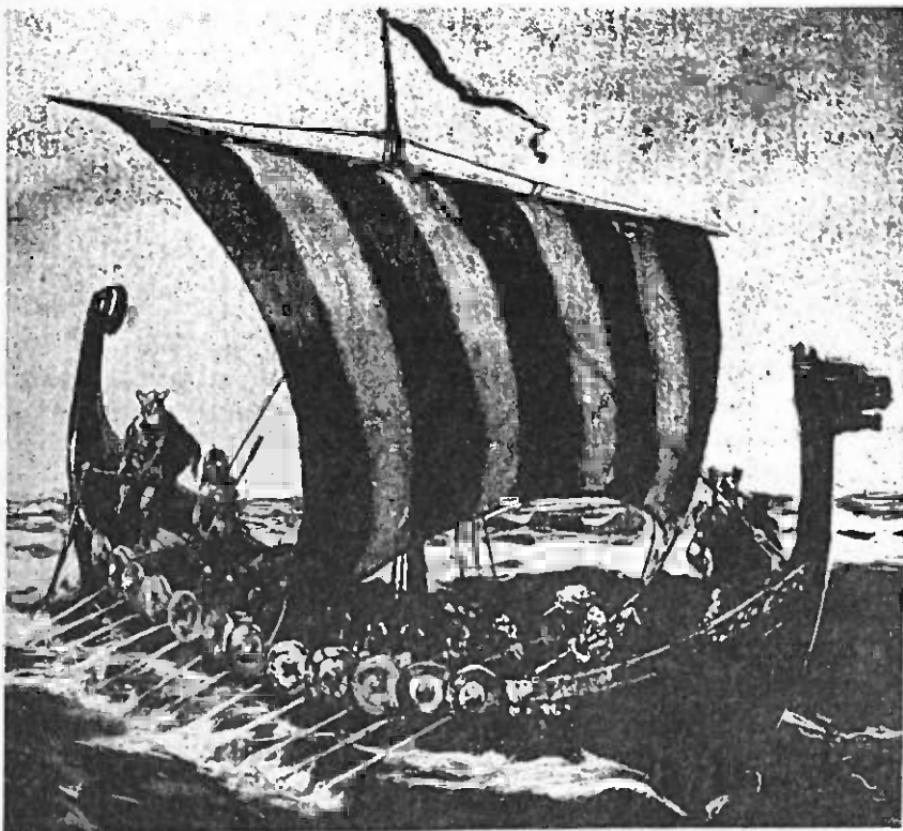
the Vikings". Bursting upon the scene almost like spontaneous combustion, raiders in tall-masted "long ships" shoved off from the coasts of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, their aim not so much war as plunder. The concurrent scenes enacted by these barbarians (let's face it) were backed by no concerted plan and no strategic political aims. Everything just erupted in some overwhelming fashion. "Suddenly the Swedes, in a current of marauding vigor, struck southward through Russian rivers to Constantinople". Dano-Norwegians sailed from Norway to the Mediterranean and harried the shores of this inland sea. Norwegian buccaneers, in a far-ranging impulse, sailed to Ireland, Iceland, and presently across the Atlantic to Greenland, with Leif Ericksson, son of Eric the Red, and on to the American continent (long before Columbus), which they called "Vinland", meaning Wineland. Danish Vikings rowed along the coasts and up the rivers of France and England and, leaping ashore without warning, plundered and burned villages, farms, estates and convents, taking off again before word could get around. Like destructive tornadoes these Vikings swept in all directions, bearing terror and death, and none could stay them. "From the rage of the Norsemen deliver us, O Lord" was the prayer that rose up from far and near.

What the word "Viking" really means nobody knows; probably the "men from the fjords", since Vik in Danish (Vig in Norwegian) means a little fjord. Danes and Norwegians often joined in their raids, it was difficult to distinguish between them. The Viking Age is said to have generally begun with the attack on Lindisfarne, on the northeast coast of England, 8 June 793. "This was by no means the first raid on a French or English coast, but on this occasion the plunderers' attack was on a famous English convent, Episcopal residence and well known seat of learning. Its holy inmates were killed or dragged off as slaves by these barbarians". The report sped down through western Europe and everybody was shocked and horrified - but this was only a start! In 835 the Viking storm broke with all its fury; whole fleets, of sometimes 300-400 vessels at a time, launched wholesale attacks,

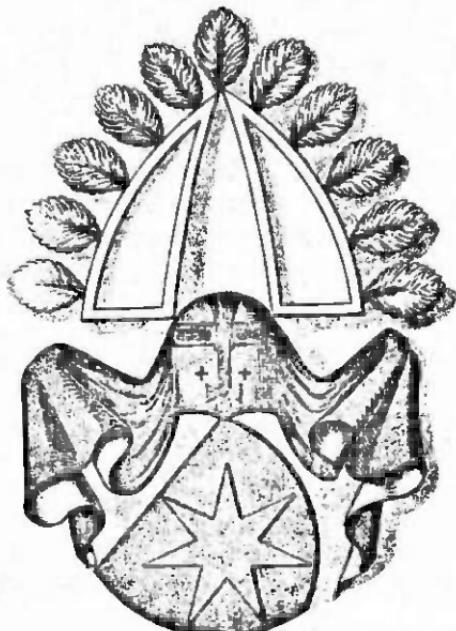
taking spoils and prisoners. These Vikings seemed to be completely fearless and without pity, sacrificing their prisoners to their Nordic gods or selling them as slaves. War was their chief occupation and slaves their chief trade during those convulsive decades.

One of the most renowned Vikings of all times was Ragnar Lodbrok, or "Hairy Breeches", born in Norway but a member of the ruling family of Denmark. This hero sailed up the Seine in 845, with 120 ships, ravaging Paris and the country on both sides of the river. The French King Charles, who challenged him, was forced to take refuge in a convent. Charles finally bought him off with 7,000 lbs. of silver ("Danegeld") and Ragnar sailed home. Next this Viking turned against England's Northumbria, where he was finally captured by the King there and cast into a snake pit to die amid a coiling mass of loathsome adders. Ragnar had four sons, and as he drew his last breath he muttered this potent threat: "The little pigs would grunt now if they knew how it fares with the old boar". The old Norse legend tells how his sons received the news: "Ironside gripped his spear shaft so hard that the print of his fingers remained stamped upon it. Hvitserk was playing chess but he clenched his fingers upon his pawn so tightly that the blood started from under his nails. Sigurd Snake-eye was trimming his nails with a knife and kept on paring until he cut into the bone; but the fourth son was the one who counted. Ivar-the-Boneless demanded to know the precise details of his father's death and his face became red, blue and pale by turns and his skin appeared puffed up by anger".

Ivar was a warrior of command and guile and he sought bloody revenge. He was the mastermind behind the Scandinavian invasion of England in 866-67. His powerful Danish Sea army brought a near end to the Kingdom of Northumbria and a horrible death to her king; destroying her dwellings, churches, and monasteries with fire and sword and with them masterpieces of Angelican art and the culture of Bede, Alcium and Caedmon. Nothing was left but roofless walls. Northumbria never



Danish Viking ships plied the Limfjord  
one thousand years ago



Hvide Coat-Of-Arms

again acquired any sign of her former greatness. But Ivar's army didn't stop there - it marched on, taking East Anglia and into Mercia. "The Vikings, with their brightly painted shields and banners, their finery and golden bracelets, made the Saxons seem modest by comparison. As they slowly approached their foes they clashed their shields and weapons and raised long, repeated war cries as their missiles began to fly".

Other Viking armies returned again and again. No one knew when or where they would strike; the English kings and their armies could not be everywhere at once. Then the Danes began staying longer each year and soon they brought their families and began taking over the land. During that century the Danish Vikings literally streamed into England, until the whole areas of northern and eastern England and the Midlands became one large peasant community called "Danelagh". The raids and the settling kept up until more than a fourth of England's inhabitants were Danes - or descended from them. The threat to England became deadly earnest.

Other Vikings went to France and their chiefs became rulers of sizable areas of Flanders. In fact, they were on French coasts every single year and the French king's only resort was to buy them off with "Danegeld" - but they always returned. In desperation, in 911, the king granted a Danish chieftain, Rolf (Rollo in French), Normandy as a fief on condition that he would protect France from other Viking invasions. He promised but took it lightly and Danes continued to raid and settle as he did. Rolf retained Normandy and his grandson became the Duke of Normandy, later known as William the Conqueror, who crossed the channel and took over England in 1066.

The real soul of the Vikings lay in the "long ships". The Scandinavian peoples had succeeded in creating a craft that for its day was undoubtedly the finest in Europe. Every detail was the result of thousands of years spent on the sea. Models of such ships have been dug up almost intact, the most famous in Gokstad, Norway in 1880. "It is 76 ft. 6 inches from stem to stern; 17 ft. 9 inches

amidship; clinker built of solid oak planks fastened with tree-nails and iron bolts and caulked with cord of plaited animal hair; with sixteen oars per side, varying in length between 17 and 19 ft. and beautifully shaped with the mast 40 ft. high. It could carry a smaller boat or 'dinghy', a crew of fifty, and if necessary another thirty warriors or captives, in all weathers, and could ride out the fiercest storms of the Atlantic Ocean. Such were the vessels which in many different sizes bore the Vikings to the plunder of the civilized world, to the assault of Constantinople, the siege of Paris, the foundation of Dublin, Ireland, as well as many parts of England and the discovery of America". Their pictures rise before us vivid and bright: their finely carved dragon-shaped prows; their high curving sterns; their long rows of shields, black and yellow, alternately ranging along their sides - the gleam of steel, the scent of murder. Yet these super instruments of sea power would have been useless without the men who handled them; all were volunteer leaders of marked ability and as good at the helms or oars as they were with their swords. We are told that men between 16-60 were chosen but none without a trial of ability and strength.

And then one came who was able to halt the on-rushing might of these overwhelming Danish Vikings, or at least to temper it. Had it not been so all England would have been put under the yoke of these plundering settlers. That one was Alfred, a Saxon king called "The Great", partly because of his ability to challenge these warriors and sometimes win. All through the years of his reign King Alfred's armies and those of the Danish Vikings waged deadly war, with little to show on either side much of the time but scars and corpses. Though it was more than a century after his death before the Age of the Vikings came to a close, yet he showed that they could be stopped and pointed the way whereby his descendants took up the successful challenge.

Sir Winston Churchill, in his chapter on the Vikings, found in his "History of the English Speaking Peoples" (Vol. 1) - from which much of this

material on the Vikings has been gleaned - writes: "When we reflect upon the brutal vices of these saltwater bandits, pirates as shameful as any whom the sea has borne, or recoil from their villainous destruction and cruel deeds, we must also remember the discipline, the fortitude, the comradeship and martial virtues which made them at this period, beyond all challenge, the most formidable and daring race in the world. . . From Yorkshire to Norfolk this sturdy, upstanding stock took root and thus the bloodstream of these vigorous individualists, proud and successful men of the sword, mingled henceforward in the English race, a vivifying, potent, lasting and resurgent quality".

There is no denying the terror let loose by the Vikings in western Europe and elsewhere. Thousands of people were killed or forced into slavery. Thousands of widows all over Europe had reason to curse the Vikings of Scandinavia. But naturally these bloodthirsty expeditions claimed thousands of Danish lives too, either slain or drowned; and despite the fact that these dead had nobody to blame but themselves, the events as seen from Denmark's side on the home-front were often dismal enough. And there were widows in Denmark too, standing along the beaches every autumn, staring vainly out to sea as ships returned home - or did not return. Many tombstones were raised in Denmark for Danes who never returned with their ships. Kipling caught the picture in his "Harp Song of the Dane Women":

"What is a woman that you forsake her  
and the hearth-fire and the home-acre  
to go with the old grey widow-maker?"

Denmark's adventure of a thousand years ago may appear as a brief, confused episode to the descendants of that country called the British Isles; peopled by ancient Britons, invaded by Celts, then conquered and occupied by the Romans for 400 years, then invaded and conquered by Angles and Saxons, then by Danish Vikings, and finally by Norman Knights under William the Conqueror, their origin is so tangled that they can scarcely be blamed if they are not excited

about where they came from and how. Yet on the other hand, Danes and their descendants represent one of the few peoples in Europe that have never suffered from large-scale invasions or population transfers. They can really claim, for the most part, to be descendants of the Danes of the Stone Age. They can point with pride to the ancient Vikings, knowing full well that generation after generation their Danish ancestors have called Jutland and her islands home! They know they are of the blood of Vikings and that the romantic days of the "long ships" were perhaps among their progenitors' brightest. Perhaps Danes dream of their great - grandsires "Anders the Ploughman" and "Christian Red Whiskers" standing at the prows of high masted ships or rowing at them, streaking toward Normandy or the British Isles. Or do they think of their many, many great-grandmothers, "Karen Lauritzdatter" and "Maren Christiansdatter" standing on Jutland's beaches as days begin to chill, gazing out hopefully for signs of sails? Cannot we too meditate and dream of these, since we are of the blood of Vikings? Is it not necessary to know who one really is?

#### 4. PEASANTS - NOBLES - KINGS

The basic processes of life go on much the same in all ages - man lives and loves and mates, his children are born and he buries his dead. But oh, how varied is the breadth and depths of living, how contrasted the quality and color, as each man seeks his place under the everlasting stars. Living can be as different as black and white, rough and smooth, songs of birds, and butterflies wings. No peoples have actually been the same - no places, no ages - nor have the influences that have affected them. Though historians have grouped and catalogued them, individuals must have always been quite different, even in Old Denmark. Surely there were those who led; the in-betweens and on-the-fences; the aggressive - the rebels - the weak. But whether richmen, poormen, stone age-men, peasants, nobles or kings, people as well as nations have had to learn to get along with each other if they wished

to succeed, or even to survive; thus, during the seemingly endless process, various forms of government have evolved.

In ancient Denmark a freedom-inspired, communal sort of living was the vogue. Independent farming settlements or tribes were the governing bodies and individual peasant families the units. ("Peasant" referred to one who worked with the land, so all "Danes" were peasants to begin with.) Each settlement had its own tribal councils, called "Thing" meetings, where decrees were recited from heart by the "lawman" and peasants discussed matters and made decisions. All major projects were on a cooperative basis and each man had his say and, though some undoubtedly spoke louder than others, liberty was very much alive! As the country became more populated men came to think that "war" was the way to succeed. Settlement chieftains began fighting each other for desirable tracts of land that gradually grew into small kingdoms. The successful war lords were the forerunners of the Danish nobility. Before the time of the Vikings Denmark was pretty well divided into separate kingdoms, and the greater land holders had gained the status of "nobles" - there were likely even those who had set themselves up as "kings". Nevertheless, the peasants were still largely in control - they were a stubborn lot and hard to suppress. Freedom was their heart-throb from the start!

We have called this land "Denmark" from the beginning but it really had no special name until about 900 A. D., at the time it was first united into one kingdom. A Viking sea king, who became more interested in his own land than in others', fought and brought all of the Danish area under his rule and for a time was also king of Norway. King Harold Bluetooth (app. 935-985), son of King Gorm and Queen Thyra, began to be in favor of peace and of staying home and building up his kingdom; but the war-minded nobles, who couldn't forget the fun of being Vikings, felt differently. The King's son, Sweyn Forkbeard, was their leader and the opposing forces fought. The king was slain and Sweyn became king

(app. 985-1014). He called the nobles and peasants together and with his main chieftains, "Torkil the Tall" and "Oluv the Fat", sailed to England and harassed her king, "Ethelred the Unready", until he subdued him and became king of England too. His triumph was short however, for the very next year this "Caesar of the North" fell off his horse and died. (The English contend St. Edmond slew him.) Canute the Great (1018-1035) fought and added part of Sweden to this fantastic North Sea Empire, and though he was a good and mighty monarch he died young. Sad to say, under the reigns of his incompetent sons, Harold Harefoot (1035-1040) and Hardicanute (1035-1042), the great empire toppled and England slipped through the fingers of future Danish kings. King Sweyn Estridson (1047-1074) tried to regain his famous Uncle Canute's vast English holdings and sent Viking fleets there to defeat William the Conqueror, but was unsuccessful. From then on the two countries more or less turned their backs on each other. Though they sometimes fought, cultural and commercial bonds were severed and each went their own way and wrote their own histories for about the next eight hundred years. As long as the Viking fleets were free and manned by volunteer peasant raiders, and as long as there were settlement chieftains to organize them on their own initiative, the Danish Vikings continued to be a terrifying threat to their western targets; but when the Kings took over and forced the issue, that business of raiding simply petered out. Denmark never again reverted back to what she had been before and Christianity began to take root there.

Since kings are only people and since people are different, so were the Danish kings and their performances, as a brief commentary on some who ruled during the early Middle Ages tends to indicate. Canute the Holy (1080-1086) introduced a tax for the benefit of the Church (10% of all harvested corn) and imposed heavy fines on the peasants who rebelled in North Jutland, from whence he was forced to flee to a cathedral where they slew him. Because famine followed his death--and miracles are said to have happened at

his tomb--he became Denmark's Patron Saint. Oluf Hunger (1086-1095) ruled through nine years of famine. Eric Egode meaning "the only good one" (1095-1103) so named because the crops began to grow again in his reign, wasn't really good. So he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land as a penance and became the first European King to do so, though he died enroute. Since it took so long to get word back to his subjects, he ruled Denmark for nearly a year after his death--believe it or not. King Niels (1104-1134) sat peaceably upon his throne, steadily attending to the affairs of State like some ancient Scandinavian nobleman farmer. But he bored the modern knights and nobles, who forced him into battle over Slesvig (South Jutland) in his declining years. Eric Emune (1134-1137), hard, brutal and generally loathed, was condemned at a "Thing" meeting and slain by a Jutlandic noble, "Black Plough". Eric Lamb (1137-1146) the inadequate, almost let the kingdom fall apart, since each peasant settlement began governing itself as it had before the country was united. In practice, the person of the Danish king still meant so little that the peasants had small difficulty having things their way.

"The Great Period of the Valdemars" (1146-1241) began with the "War of the Princes", wherein three royal contenders fought bitterly for the throne. They divided Denmark into three parts, one for each; but at a banquet to celebrate the peace, Canute was slain, Valdemar wounded, and Swen Grathe blamed. He fled but in his flight was killed by a Jutlandic peasant, who "split his skull with an axe". King Valdemar the Great (1157-1182), whose mother was Russian, reunited the Kingdom and became the first of three successful kings to rule during one of the most progressive and prosperous times in Danish history. The last of these, Valdemar the Victorious (1202-1241) won much territory for the Crown, especially from Germany. (It was in his reign that the great battle took place at which the Dane's flag "Dannebrog" supposedly floated down from heaven as a "sign from God.") But just when things were looking wonderful for the country, the king was taken prisoner and held for years while the Germans regained Holstein.

When released, Valdemar fought again to win back the land but was victorious no more--he lost the battle, one eye and a son in the fray. Shortly before his death he drew up a set of national laws, for up to this time Denmark had no uniform or written ones. Since rules and regulations were not always remembered alike by the "lawmen" of the various settlements, there were often problems. This "Jutlandic Law" proved most successful in solving these.

King Eric "Ploughpenny" (1241-1250), so called because he instigated a plough tax, had trouble with the Church. Eric Clipping (1259-1286) made peace with the Church but had trouble with the nobles. They felt the time had come to curb the king's powers and made him sign an agreement to that extent. (Royal Charter of 1282) This gave the nobility much more say in the Danish government but it didn't bring peace. One terribly stormy night the King, who was hunting in Jutland, was forced to take refuge in a village barn. A band of nobles fought their way in and attacked him, leaving him dead with 56 wounds. Legal action was taken, under terms of the new Charter, and nine of the country's leading nobles were found guilty, among them the Lord High Constable Stig Andersen Hvide (most likely one of our grandmother's distant relatives, and ours). He was banished and retired to an island in the Kattegat where he lived like an ancient Viking - raiding the Danish coasts.

Two kings in succession nearly wrecked Denmark. Eric Menved (1286-1319) and Christopher II (1320-1326 & 1330-1332) mortgaged most of the country to pay for their extravagances, until not one single square foot of land remained in Dane's possession. Denmark was without a king for nearly eight years and the king was without a kingdom, while her wealthy German masters built their castles all over, levied crippling taxes on her peasants to pay for them, and sent ruthless German soldiers to collect the money. By 1340 the country seemed doomed; rebellion was seething throughout the land, but especially in Jutland. A powerful Count, "Gert the Baldheaded" of Holstein, marched up into the peninsula with an army of 11,000 men,

intent on quelling the trouble at its source. But on the night of April 1st a Jutlandic Squire, Niels Ebbesen, crept in and slew the great Count in his bed chamber. The news sped swiftly all around Jutland and her peasants geared for battle. In the face of it all the invading Germans lost their courage and retreated south without fighting. Denmark was saved! Niels Ebbesen became a national hero. (There is a statue of him in Randers.)

King Valdemar "Atterdag", sometimes called "the evil" (1340-1375), won little affection in Denmark but he won back the land, bit by bit, all except south Slesvig. He was on his way to confiscate that when he suddenly died "of an unfortunate remedy for curing gout." (During his kingship the terrible bubonic plague [Black Death] struck, claiming almost half the Danish population.) Though he had no scruples he was one of Denmark's most noteworthy kings, for what he accomplished was short of miraculous. At his death his daughter Margaret (1387-1397) wormed her way in and had the nobles proclaim her, not as queen but as "Dame of our Kingdoms, Master of our Houses, Mighty Guardian". She united the three Scandinavian countries under one ruler, to be elected jointly, and this union lasted, on and off, with Sweden for 126 years, but Denmark and Norway remained united for 434 years (until 1814). With Margaret, the familiar intimacy of nicknaming Danish kings ceased, then heraldic names were used and later numbers.

Sitting astride the "Sound", Denmark had controlled this entrance to the Baltic Sea, one of Europe's busiest channels, since ancient times. Her king, Eric of Pomerania (1397-1438), antagonized all the seafaring nations by introducing "Sound dues". He decreed that all who passed through there should pay toll, and to make sure he built huge fortified castles on either side. For 428 years the ships of all nations were obliged to dip their flags, strike their topsails, and pay "dues" when passing Elsinore (where Hamlet's ghost once walked). This brought immense sums of money to Denmark but endless political misery as well. This king is described as having been

very handsome, with "a beautiful physique, golden-yellow hair, a ruddy complexion and a long, slender neck which he covered with a linen cloth fastened with a golden brooch. He would leap into the saddle without the help of stirrups, and all women were drawn to him". The peasants finally rebelled at his autocratic rule and the nobles followed. Tiring of it all he abdicated, hied himself to an island and pensioned himself off as a pirate. His nephew and successor, Christopher of Bavaria (1439-1448) joined with the nobles against the peasants, whom they tried to subjugate entirely. When the peasants rebelled in northern Jutland the King went in person at the head of an army and dealt them a bloody defeat.

So the self-willed Barons, Counts and Knights of Denmark were having their day. It had become a tradition to award all the highest ecclesiastical posts in the Danish Catholic Church to the Danish nobles as political plums. Under these aristocratic leaders the Church took over a great deal of the good land and became rich and powerful. Too, assemblies of nobles and high churchmen (Rigsraads) had largely taken over control of the government, under the kings whom they elected.

## 5. THE WAY OF WAR

"The ladies stood in Highloft  
their lord's return to see  
But every steed with blood was red,  
and empty each saddle-tree.  
The Knights bore out their shields  
and then must many weep."

--Ancient Danish folk ballad

Time was when Danes thought the only honorable death was a violent one. Denmark has had a terrible record of wars:--peasants uprising against nobles or kings and vice versa; nobles up-in-arms at the kings or the clergy; the Crown fighting the nobility or the Church. Then, if Danes were not scrapping among themselves they were warring with their neighbors--and no wonder. For the

greater part of a thousand years Denmark had to maintain a two-front position involving constant threats from Sweden on her northeast and Germany on her southwest, with Russia always looking through the window. It was as though a pair of grasping pinchers had been suspended over the little Kingdom. Time and time again she has fought Sweden for the supremacy of Scandinavia and the Baltic, and so often she has been at war with powerful, dynamic Germany over the provinces of Holstein and Slesvig (Schleswig in German) which have been batted back and forth since the days of the Vikings.

The small Kingdom has been ruled by "Christians" and "Fredericks", with one King Hans thrown in, for the past 520 years. Forty-four years before Columbus came to America the first King Christian ascended the Danish throne--and the fighting went on as usual. Christian I (1448-1481) went to Sweden to settle matters there and his fleet won at sea, but it is said that as the two land armies advanced upon one another each leader prayed to St. George (of dragon fame) for victory. As the Swedes could pray in Latin and Christian only knew how in German, the Danes lost. The Dane's king was more fortunate in the south however, for he united Slesvig and Holstein under his rule. He established the first Danish University also. King Hans went to war and united Sweden with Denmark and Norway again, but had to give all their nobles much greater power. He built the Danes' first proper navy (ships especially for war) and established their first naval base.

Christian II (1513-1523), a dynamic, violent king with a big, red beard, loved beauty and culture, and he loved the Danish peasants too. He enacted measures which benefited them and curbed the powers of the nobles. This caused a terrible breach between them. He occasionally fell back on an ancient legal practice and called in twelve peasants from a village and had them pass judgment on a wayward noble, according to ancient Nordic custom, which they usually did with these words: "Not we but his deeds do judge him". Christian II went into exile but was captured and

held prisoner in his own land for 36 years, at the command of his two successors, both of whom he outlived. The peasants fought to free him and make him king again, which brought on "The Counts War", a great internal struggle involving tremendous bitterness and bloodshed.

Frederick I (1523-1533) had to win the crown by force and maintain his position in the same way, for the peasants wanted the old king back. When Christian III (1535-1559) was throned, the peasants in north Jutland really rebelled; they marched against a well-armed force of Knights sent to quell them and inflicted a crushing defeat--then marched south, setting castles and manor-houses ablaze. Then the new King sent his army after them under his cruel Holstein general, Rantzau. The peasants retreated north and made a stand at Aalborg but Rantzau's troops took the town by storm, plundered it thoroughly, slaughtered its inhabitants plus 2,000 other peasants who stood their ground there. Soon entire north Jutland was subdued and its peasants either executed or deprived of their "freeman" privileges. These forces then turned to Copenhagen, whose citizens were for the old king, and laid siege there. For more than a year her people held out--famine struck and they ate every cat and rat and even chewed the grass growing on the ramparts, while their dead piled up everywhere and they were forced to surrender. Christian III did away with the Catholic Church and installed Lutheranism in its stead. He made the convents and monasteries fiefs of the Crown and confiscated all Church property, which was considerable. From then on there has been no separation between Church and State in Denmark.

The lack of education of Frederick II (1559-1588) was appalling but his times were scholarly. (Denmark then had one of the finest scientific institutions of the day.) He fought a "Seven Year War" with Sweden, with no gain. Nor could he conquer his own appetites--he loved wine and drinking cut short his life. His son, Christian IV (1588-1648) became Denmark's most renowned king, the one the Danes know best and for whom the national song, "King Christian", was written.

He was a worker and a builder and founded towns and made improvements from one end of his realm to the other. He was jovial and his court was gay; loved music and fostered organ building; spoke several languages, founded colonies in India and elsewhere--and in fact he simply popped his nose into everything! But he made a mistake when he tried to aid certain German factions in their own thirty-year religious struggle--and Denmark's Jutland paid the price. She was terribly ravaged by Germans, who destroyed her towns and pillaged her manors. Then the Swedes followed the Germans in and ransacked Jutland all over again. Christian IV became battle weary, disappointed and impoverished. His second wife divorced him, his friends deserted him, his many children took sides against him, and he had trouble with his sons-in-law. Lonely, bitter and practically forgotten he died, after having ruled Denmark longer than any other king (60 years), during which time Queen Elizabeth, James I and Charles I sat on the throne of England, in turn; the Puritans and Pilgrims sailed in droves to New England for religious freedom and the Atlantic Ocean replaced the Baltic and Mediterranean seas as monarch of the trading routes.

Germany and Sweden continued on the war-path during the rule of Frederick III (1648-1670) and each marched again into Jutland--there wasn't much left of her! The whole of south Jutland was paralyzed and very nearly depopulated, and it looked as if the Danes' land was at last to be divided up between her two perennial enemies. Denmark saved her neck, fortunately, but was forced to sign the most expensive peace treaty of her life, giving Sweden a third of all her property--in fact, all of her territory east of the Sound, which included the valuable Scanian provinces. This was the most serious territorial loss she ever sustained. Then the Swedish king decided he might as well have all of Denmark while he was about it, so he sailed back and fell on Copenhagen unexpectedly. He laid seige to the city and, despite the fact that practically the whole of the rest of Denmark was in Swedish hands, her citizens decided to fight. Everybody got into the

act: the King pitched his tent on the ramparts in defiance; a friendly Holland fleet fought its way through to help; women, children, students and citizens worked side by side and civilians and troops trained for battle. It was six months before the city was stormed (10 Feb. 1659) but the Danes were ready! While the men fought, women and children loaded muskets, dragged wooden beams and huge stones to be heaved down on the heads of the enemy and heated lye and water to boiling, to pour down if they tried to clamber up. Hour after hour and attack after attack the Danes fought tenaciously until the Swedes finally had enough. At least 3,000 of the invaders died but only 20 Danes. Copenhagen was free, Denmark was saved--but the prevailing mood was one of deepest gloom because of the destitute, crippled and reduced condition of the nation. The nobles were blamed for it all but were too enfeebled to rise up against anybody. So the King considered this an excellent time to have his full say and, after astute negotiations, proclaimed himself "Absolute Monarch" of Denmark and Norway. It was very unusual but there was no bloody revolution at all.

About this time the nobles were required to take definite surnames to be retained by succeeding generations of their posterity, in lieu of the patronymic pattern of surnaming then in common use in Denmark; ex. --the addition of the suffix "sen" to the given name of one's father, if a male, and "datter" if a female. This new order of naming was designed to more fully identify the nobilities and their descendants from the commoners. Kings had been similarly set apart by nicknames, heraldic titles or numbers since the beginning. Peasants were not required by law to discard the patronymic form until 1828 in most cities and 1856 in general.

Christian V (1670-1699) built up the Kingdom and gave it a Statute Book of new laws by which he ruled honestly and well. One of the bloodiest battles ever fought in all of Scandinavia took place during his administration, when he and his army crossed over into Scania to try and win her back

from the Swedes. The main battle started off the dark winter morning of 4th Dec. 1676 with the cavalry forces of both armies rushing against each other. It lasted all day, and that evening, as rain drizzled down and darkness fell, almost 9,000 Danish and Swedish corpses lay stretched out in the muddy fields. It was a war of senseless havoc and destruction and the Scanian provinces were completely devastated. (These people were of the Danes own.) The Danes won at sea as usual but lost on land, and Sweden retained Scania. (Would the Danes then never learn?) Legend has it that from that day on Christian V had the windows of Kronborg Castle in Elsinor, which faced Scania, blocked up; he was unable to bear looking out across the water toward the green coast of the Danes' lost land.

When the American colonies wrote their Declaration of Independence and started the American Revolution, Christian VII (1766-1808) had been on the Danish throne for ten years, but he was quite incapable of ruling. Less than seventeen when he took the crown, he was slight of build and it soon became apparent that he was slightly mad too. (It is said that his chamberlain was no doubt largely to blame--he believed in using a firm hand and had cowed the young Prince by beating him.) His personal physician moved himself up in the government, post by post, until he gained absolute power and held the King in the hollow of his hand, as it were. But the doctor was finally condemned to death by popular demand. At this time the Dano-Norwegian fleet was strong and trading excellent. Slesvig and Holstein were under Danish control, but relations with England were at low ebb and war with Russia was threatening. Denmark's industry was awakening and the famous Royal Copenhagen Porcelain factory was founded. Intellectual life unfolded; art, painting, drama, poetry, all came to the fore. Danes re-discovered the beauty of their ancient Nordic past and wrote of gods and goddesses and of love of their country. A spirit of nationalism grew and blossomed. One of the popular songs of the day was written by a Holstein bard:- "Let me rejoice that Danish blood within my veins doth flow"--and Danes everywhere

took up the refrain.

But the Danish peasants then, unfortunately, had little to sing about. They had been largely deprived of their ancient freedoms. Most of their "Thing" meeting privileges had been taken away and they could no longer own land. Though they continued to live closely side by side in small villages and cooperated in cultivating the community-owned property as in ancient times, they were forced to rent their individual farming land from the nobility or the Crown. For the use of these lands they paid "manorial dues", a good part of which had to be worked off on the estates of the owners. The power these aristocratic bosses and their overseers wielded over the peasants was considerable. These often had to leave their own plantings and harvests to work endless hours taking care of those of their masters. Little these cared if the peasants' crops failed from forced neglect and they were thus unable to pay the balance of their "dues"--they could work those off too (or take a beating in the bargain). Many were compelled to forfeit their fields and were reduced to little more than slaves. Others made out quite well and obtained a "copyhold" on the farms they rented, so that their sons could take them over from them at their deaths (though a land owner might transfer a son from a good farm to one that was neglected). Then, from the time of Christian VI (1730-1746), peasants had been "bound to the soil". This meant that all men in the rural areas were bound to remain living on the same estates or in the same villages or districts for the entire period in which they were liable for military service, at which time they were forced to fight in the King's armies. Though peasants moved very little anyway, they felt that they were really being pushed around!

Frederick VI (1808-1839), who governed for his ill father as Crown Prince before he became King, served the Danish people for a total of fifty-five years. He set about early to improve agricultural conditions and to give the peasants of his land a new lease on life. He decreed that they could now own their own land, consolidate their various

fields, and decide for themselves how hard they toiled. If they continued to work for the nobles, from necessity or choice, their hours of labor were limited by law to give each peasant some time for his own fields or affairs. This was a great reform, and in gratitude for it a monument, "Liberty Obelisk", was erected to the "liberation of the peasants" and stands today in the center of Copenhagen. It wasn't long until the old communal villages were abolished and the more progressive peasant-Danes moved onto their own farms or into neighboring small towns.

Since the middle of the 18th century the most common flag seen on the Seven Seas, after the British, was that of the Dano-Norwegian merchant navy. The latter part of that century England had lost the American Revolution and was now involved with the French. She began casting her eyes on Denmark and Norway (after generations of ignoring them) in hopes of embroiling them in this fight as allies. But the twin countries managed to keep themselves free of entanglements for a time and enjoyed a period of tremendous prosperity in shipping and trade. England demanded that their ships cease calling at French ports, and in order to enforce this, started seizing Dano-Norwegian merchant vessels. The Scandinavians joined with Russia in an armed neutrality pact, their motto was, "Free ships, free cargo!" The situation became critical. Early in 1801 England sent a fleet into Danish waters under Admirals Parker and Nelson. It was a most strategic time since Denmark's allies' ships (Russia's) were ice-bound and her own fleet was in winter quarters, dismantled and crews demobilized. After bombing Elsinore the English sailed straight for Copenhagen with 35 ships, 1,192 guns, 14 cannons and 8,885 experienced men against a hurriedly gathered Danish force of 630 guns and 5,234 men, mostly volunteers. After five hours of violent lopsided fighting (though the Danes fought bravely) the Danish forces were defeated, over half being wounded and hundreds killed. But the Danes spirits were not defeated--their spunk was up, and they continued their trade and tried to steer clear of the flames of war. The French Revolution ended with the founding of

Napoleon's Empire and his starting to do just about as he pleased with all of Europe. Then Denmark and Norway, with the second largest fleet in the world, decided to join with England, in spite of her earlier attacks on the Danes; since to go against this world's greatest maritime power would be catastrophic for them.

Denmark enjoyed six more peaceful years, with trade as usual, but apparently forgot to convince England that she was on her side, because on the last of August 1807 Crown Prince Frederick was visited by an English envoy who demanded that Denmark enter into an alliance with his country and hand her over the entire Dano-Norwegian navy in pawn for the duration of the "present situation." Now Frederick was down on Jutland's Neck with most of his army, preparing for battle with Napoleon's forces who were marching towards the Danish border. He couldn't believe the English were serious (after all, they were now friends!) He said he would "think it over", then hurried to Copenhagen to see what was going on, and arrived just as a huge English fleet with 30,000 men, was casting anchor in the Sound. He made meager preparations for an attack there, still doubting it would come, and rushed back to Jutland to await Napoleon. The English delivered a final notice and then, as the Danes were silent, prepared to bomb Copenhagen from all sides. Indignant, to say the least, its citizens got ready for battle, as they had 150 years ago with the Swedish. There were some 100,000 inhabitants crowded behind the old ramparts of the city but only 12,000 men able to fight. For three days the bombs reigned down upon them--they hadn't a chance and had to give in. This time the fleet was to be war booty, not a pawn. Two days after, flames were still crackling in the houses and smoke still pouring through the streets, while approximately 2,000 corpses still laid unburied and more than 1,000 people lay wounded, wherever space could be found. The English seized the royal dockyard and all the storehouses and occupied the harbor. All ships were made ready for sea; those they could not take were hacked to pieces. Every single thing was stuffed on board, even to the last chart and telescope;

whereafter the entire Dano-Norwegian fleet then stationed there, was hauled out of the harbor for the last time. There went the pride and joy of two kingdoms gliding out to sea. "The beaches were black with people watching in deadly silence as their beloved vessels slid slowly past--and Danish naval officers wept." The whole affair seemed so absurd. There was no proof whatsoever of any hostile intentions on Denmark's part or of the necessity of attacking Copenhagen at all. (We can't take anything away from the English though, for they were gentlemen all the way--they left commissioners behind to pay for their board and room and gallantly left a pleasure frigate that had been presented as a gift to the Crown Prince by his uncle, the King of England.) There were complaints in many quarters outside Denmark, including some of the members of England's own House of Lords.

Denmark was sucked into the European whirlpool, there could be no doubt now where she must stand. She joined with Napoleon and, though for seven years England controlled her territorial waters, waged a gunboat war against her. Norway was the hardest hit, as her coasts were blockaded till famine came, and in the midst of it Sweden took her over. This terminated the 439 year union between the twin kingdoms, Norway and Denmark. Denmark's days of prosperity were over. The war with England had completely destroyed her maritime trade. Her tiny distant colonies were cut off and her national economy was bankrupt. She had nothing left outside her poor, beaten country except Greenland, the world's largest island (mostly a cake of ice), the Virgin Islands (which she later sold), the Faroe Islands in the northern Atlantic, and Iceland. (Incidentally, Iceland and Denmark had been united under the same kings for 564 years, when Iceland took advantage and dissolved this union abruptly, as Denmark struggled for her very existence under the occupation of the Germans during Herr Hitler's rampage of 1939-1944. This Icelandic treatment was a last straw; it was like kicking a pal when he is down. )

Things looked pretty black, but Frederick VI still sat on his throne with his dearly beloved family about him; "he was father to his people and their contact with the past, which seemed to be collapsing so unmercifully". But the country still existed-- Denmark had survived another catastrophe. She had often been involved in the political strife of Europe, often ravaged by foreign troops or written off as an independent State by her neighbors; but she had never been completely conquered or subjected to foreign dominion-- somehow she had always managed to pull through. Oh yes, she had had her days and her moments, but the country was too small to stay "great". Slowly trade started again and shipbuilding, poetry-making and painting. (Danes then mostly painted ships-- great men-o'-war with billowing white sails ploughing through the water, in and out among the bright green islands.)

When the old King died in 1839 he was generally mourned. With him a whole era passed to the grave-- a Denmark that would never return. It was an era of reverses and deep disappointments, and perhaps mistakes, "but after all it was asking quite a lot to be able to steer a Ship of State unscathed through the typhoon that Napoleon loosed over Europe." Danish peasants carried the King's coffin along the last part of the road from Copenhagen to the cathedral in Roskilde, where Denmark's royal heads are buried. He had truly been their friend.

Christian VIII (1839-1848), the old king's cousin, was bitter and disappointed; for though Danish ships were sailing again, things were not the same. It was much too obvious that Denmark's position among nations had sunk so low that she hardly counted anymore. There was sarcastic criticism of the old autocratic form of government in many Danish circles, and when King Christian VIII died, after nine years of rule, the crisis came to a head. His son, Frederick VII (1848-1863), was neither loved nor admired. There was unrest all over Europe. Shots were ringing out in the streets of Berlin and Paris. "In Denmark feelings mounted to such extraordinary heights that a number

of honest citizens donned their top hats and frock coats and went to see the King and told him they wanted a free constitution. They got it!" (Revolutions in Denmark always took place in a special Dane's-way.) A constitutional assembly began drawing up a new constitution, and then an uprising broke out in Holstein and Denmark went to war again to save Jutland's neck, this time against Holstein rebels. After three summers of fighting, in which Prussia joined against the Danes, the matter was straightened out and Slesvig and Holstein remained in Danish hands. In the meantime the new constitution was signed (5 June 1849) and Denmark's Absolute Monarchy was overthrown after 190 years. She was now to be governed by an assembly consisting of two chambers, "Folketing" or Lower House and Landsting" or Upper House. The King's rights were laid down constitutionally and all Danish men, aged 30 and above, were granted the right to vote--"one man, one vote". Without the Danes ancient and inspired love of freedom and their tradition of self-governing settlements as a background, their new "Democracy" might have failed, but as it was, the never-ending cry for "Liberty" was heard and answered again!

The London Protocol dated 2 Aug. 1850, and signed by Denmark and all other important European powers, pledged to uphold the integrity and unity of Denmark's new Constitutional Monarchy. A later treaty set and approved the royal succession of Danish rulers and supposedly settled, once and for all, the thorny question of Slesvig and Holstein by giving them to Denmark with an international blessing. Still a later treaty (1857) did away with Denmark's "sound dues", for which she was promised the equivalent of some 2,000,000 pounds. In turn, Denmark agreed to continue to police the "Sound" and set up additional lighthouses all around her ragged coasts. Danish waters were feared by seafaring folk, especially off west Jutland where, year after year, ships went aground and were reduced to matchwood by the merciless waves of the cruel North Sea. The new government got off to a good start and Denmark began to find her way again.

Since Frederick VII had no sons the Danish crown passed, as per treaty, to Christian IX of the House of Glucksburg (1863-1906). Both he and his queen belonged to the old Danish Royal House. It has remained with him and his direct descendants for the past 104 years, or to the present. The old headache of Slesvig and Holstein came up again and war with Prussia and Austria resulted--they came and took away the two provinces, so Denmark was reduced again. Frederick VIII served for only six years (1906-1912), but his son, Christian X, ruled 35 years (1912-1947) and had the two great World Wars to worry him. World War I was not so bad, as Denmark tried to stay aloof, but 100 of her ships were hit by German submarines, with no consideration at all. Two good things came of it however: Danish women got the right to vote and the League of Nations gave Slesvig the right to vote too on where she wished to be, and only north Slesvig subjects chose Denmark, and so Jutland's neck was finally divided up and thus it remained.

The small-land-Danes have actually only lost 28 miles of their original territory to big, husky Germany over the centuries they have been fighting for it. But they nearly lost all of Denmark in World War II, when Hitler's Germans moved in on them. Had it not been for the efforts of their "Freedom Council", who engaged in a saboteur's war, aided, and directed in the end, by radio from England, they could have. Denmark fought from within and the whole thing was a nightmare! A noble effort was made in behalf of the Danish Jews, 8,000 strong. The Gestapo had their eyes on them and, after nearly four years of occupying their country, decided on the "High Holy Days" to tend to their extermination. But it never happened, for the Danish risked everything they had to save their fellow Danes, the Jews. In brilliant feats of courage on all sides, those of the underground helped the Israelites to escape to Sweden and safety; few were lost. There have been no race riots in Denmark--only wars.

When it was announced that Hitler was dead, and the Danes realized the war was nearly over, it was feared that the final battle would be fought in

Jutland and Denmark braced herself for the attack as, hour after hour, the fighting front came closer. The final phase of World War II was enacted, literally, on the Danish border. When word finally got around that the Nazis had capitulated, Danish resistance groups began settling accounts and taking care of a few matters, and the Germans and the Danish traitors couldn't get out of the country fast enough! In Denmark there was the biggest festival of all:--cheering, laughing, dancing in the streets, and Danish flags flapping all over. She was saved again.

In the thousand years in which history has accounted for the royal heads of Denmark, there have been over a half hundred ruling there--good kings, bad kings, a dead one and a mad one, and one uncrowned queen. By far the majority of these have been sober-minded, sensible people. It seems that there has always existed in Denmark an ancient, unfailing ability to choose, more or less, the right leaders. Frederick IX is ruling there now and has been for the past 22 years (1947- ). Greenland has been made a Country instead of a Colony, one house of the Danish Parliament has been abolished, "Landsting", and women lately have at last been given equal rights to become Danish rulers, just as men. Since Frederick IX has no sons, his daughter Margrethe is heir apparent and will likely become Denmark's first crowned queen. The feeling still persists that in Denmark, in spite of the blackest days, things can never go really wrong; for she has always pulled through in the past. But--her position at the gates of the Baltic is still vulnerable, as always, and one cannot help but think that Russia (the Great Bear) has her eyes on her and is mightily interested in seeing how she handles herself and that gateway. Then, during the last few decades, Denmark's government has leaned heavily toward Socialism. One cannot help wondering if freedom once again is gasping for breath in that lovely land of the green islands. War is not always the way.

## 6. OTHER DIMENSIONS

Far back in the history of Denmark, its people must have felt that there was something greater, stronger and more glorious than themselves--something they ought to fear, reverence or worship. Surely this feeling, this belief, this upward urge was a part of the makeup of our first Danes, as it was with other prehistoric peoples, and as it is with us. Of course there would have been the doubting Thomases, the self-sufficient--or shall we call them skeptics--who live by the rule of the known dimensions and never take stock in anything they cannot see, hear, smell, touch, taste, or perhaps heft. These there will always be: the individuals, through whose well-walled thinking "the intangibles" never filter nor do they leave any mark upon the conduct of their lives.

Palle Lauring, in his book "A History of the Kingdom of Denmark" (from which so much of the information about this country was taken) has this to say about the Danes first--shall we call it religion? "Among prehistoric Danes, apparently whether anything went right or wrong, was a question of fate. The powers-that-be decided one's luck and thus one had to pacify them, protect oneself against them and, if possible, be on good terms with them. There was hardly a question yet of real gods. Spirits lived in streams and marshes, and offerings to them were made everywhere. The woodland lakes were black and dangerous, so earthenware vessels containing food and amber pearls were lowered into the bogs and marsh ponds; magnificent great stone axes were consigned to the streams; meat was deposited on sacred stones; and in spring and autumn, the all-important periods when all matters were decided, it is likely that sacrificial feasts were arranged."

"... At the same time there was some thinking being done about the dead. They should be allowed to take what was theirs along with them when they were buried, for in the next life they might need their things. Nobody wanted the dead to come back in order to claim their property--the dead were dangerous. So weapons and jewelry,

etc., were buried with corpses. . . When the farmer replaced the hunter there was a new type of thinking, or what we might call a 'new religion'. To plough the earth was to cause it pain, to clear the forest was to offend it; therefore, sacrifices had to be made to trees and stones and you had to be friends with the sun. (Nothing was known of the chemistry of the soil or of the sprouting of seeds or plant diseases.) Whenever anything went right or wrong, it was fate!"

Nordic mythology was the only religion of the Scandinavians for ten centuries. This form of believing followed the "fate" period among these norsemen. When the Danes and their colleagues began to feel a little better acquainted with the vast unknown, the spirits, whom they feared or worshiped, took the forms of legendary people, gods and goddesses and demigods galore, to whom they paid their respects. Some of the days of the week were named after various of these; for example, Wednesday was for Wodin or Odin, who ruled in the heavens, the great all-father god of these early Danes. They thought he lived in a palace made of gold and silver, called Valhalla. Two ravens stood on his shoulders and he sent them to fly around the earth to give him news of all they saw and heard. Round him stood maidens with helmets, spears and shields, called Valkyries, who were sent down to earth to bring the souls of heroes slain in battle to feast forever with Odin in his great hall Valhalla. When the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, in the course of a wild storm, Danes would say, eyeing the sky, "There goes the mighty Odin and his warriors riding into battle in their great carts, lashing their steeds." Thursday got its name from Thor, the strongest of Nordic gods, who had a great hammer which no man could lift, a pair of powerful gloves and a belt which, when fastened round him, doubled his strength. Sometimes when the thunder roared it was not Odin riding, but "Thor banging his huge hammer". Friday was named for Frigga, wife of Odin and goddess of marriage, supreme among all the Danes' goddesses. The rainbow in the sky was the bridge by which the gods rode to their home, Asgard.

Early Christian monks were said to have visited Denmark, but with no success. During the course of the Viking raids on England, the Danes were often "exposed" to the influence of Christianity but it was more or less like "casting pearls before swine". It is said some Vikings even permitted themselves to be "marked with the sign of the cross", prior to baptism, when they were in foreign climes but that when they came back home they "washed off the baptism" and once more paid their respects to Odin and Thor. "It was not because their souls were false but simply because they regarded Christ as God in western Europe and therefore it was as well to be on good terms with him while in his countries. But at home in Scandinavia, Thor and Odin were still gods and naturally one couldn't fail them."

Denmark's king, Harold Bluetooth, personally became converted to the Christian faith and tore down his father's old pagan altar at Jelling and built a church. He tried to convert his people to Christianity but it was impossible to convert a whole nation of tradition-bound pagans all at once and he had little success. Canute the Great became a devout Christian. His greatest triumph, outside of the establishing of his fantastic North Sea Empire, was when, on Easter Sunday 1027, "he strolled up the aisle of St. Peters in Rome beside Conrad (who was that day crowned Emperor), as his guest of honor and witness".

But the Danes were still heathens, worshiping their pagan gods, for almost a thousand years after the first solid Christian churches were established by the early monks in western Europe. It wasn't until King Sweyn Estridson took a hand that the Danes began to be Christians to any great extent. Under him the Danish Catholic bishoprics became firmly established, the churches became extraordinarily numerous and the area divided up into ecclesiastical parishes. Stone church buildings appeared everywhere (the first ones had been of wood). These were mostly austere, stern and simple, like the old Anglo-Saxon ones in England; but in Funen and Jutland they were ornamented with a ponderous type of primitive sculpture, among

the most impressive created in Europe at that time.

One of the most prominent Middle-Age Christians in Denmark was Archbishop Absalom, who served during the Great Period of the Valdemars. He wrote the Danish chronicals from which have been gleaned so much of Denmark's early history and folklore. Then, the Danish Christian church was ruled under the direction of the Pope at Rome. Of the more than 1,700 parish churches existing in Denmark today, roughly 1,500 date from the Valdemar period or before. Big cathedrals grew more numerous then also; but, though there were churches a plenty, they were not able to eradicate the Danes ancient thinking about many things. Their verses still contained tales of mermaids and water sprites and stories of the dead returning to haunt the living; maidens flying to their loves in suits of feathers (transformed into birds); men having raven-spells and flying by night; and fairies dancing in the meadows and dwelling in ancient grave mounds and, if they invited a young swain to come to them and he resisted and fled, they took most fearful revenge!

"There is dancing in the churchyard  
Dancing girls with flowing hair".

Trouble between Church and State had been going on in much of Europe for ages but it really didn't begin in Denmark till around 1250 and from then on, for the next two-and-a-half centuries, there was trouble between Danish rulers and the bishops. Good terms between these two forces were re-established about 1500, when it became the custom to award most of the high posts in the church to Danish noblemen who supported the Crown. The Danish Catholic Church then became very rich, especially in real estate, and its chief activity took on more the nature of grandiose estate management than religious service. All churches, both large and small, were lavishly decorated with expensive murals in glowing colors, art and woodcarvings, mostly imported, golden altar pieces of beaten gilded copper. The monasteries were prospering too. But among the peasants, ancient pagan beliefs refused to disappear and

relics of their old heathen cults were still to be observed for, after all, "Rome was far away". On "Wakeful Nights" the young men and girls of the villages went to the churches, taking their beer casks with them, and danced and made merry. Night life in the churches was not exactly Christian, "but to avoid offending the images of the pious saints on such occasions, their pictures were turned with their faces to the wall". Thus, though there was no longer a gap between Church and State in Denmark, there was a big one between the Church and its congregations. An extensive feeling of unrest in religious matters was felt as the Danish Catholic Church's hold upon the population slackened.

So there was not much to stop the new religious doctrines of the reformer, Martin Luther, which were then being formulated in Germany, from seeping into Denmark and the existing church there was unable to strangle them. Fanaticism and mass excitement in religious movements were uncommon in the Dane's history, for there was usually cool sobriety among them where religion was concerned. Then, too, at this time the Danes had the "Counts War" to think about--war was another thing! When the bloodshed was finally over, the death knell of the Catholic Church in Denmark was sounded. King Christian III proclaimed Lutheranism as the religion in his land and all who opposed him were forced to give in. Though all Catholic bishops were imprisoned in one swoop, they were released on condition that they get out of the country or join the Lutheran Church. Most of them stayed and changed over. Acts of violence were few and the struggle was nearly over. Now all these new Lutheran clergy were required to do was to perform their religious duties and keep their noses out of other matters--no more land grabbing or politics! Thus the Reformation was carried out rather simply in Denmark.

When absolute monarchy was introduced in 1660 the Danish churches became the property of the State and Lutheranism became the national religion of the kingdom. All Danish subjects

were required to belong to this State Church and baptism was compulsory. This law was rigidly in effect for the next 189 years. On 5 June 1849 an assembly of great significance to the people of Denmark was held in Copenhagen, for it was then that their new constitution was signed. Among this document's stipulations was one regarding religious tolerance. The Danes had taken a great step toward freedom once again! It had taken a long, long time to prepare the land of Denmark and her people for the coming of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ to her shores.

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Four months later another assembly of great importance to the Danes was being held thousands of miles to the west. It was harvest time in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, but in that two-year-old community on the American frontier the main interest of its inhabitants was not in the fields of golden grain but in the October Conference then in session in the completely filled Bowery. Here on this late autumn day, 7 October 1849, the emphasis turned to missionary work. A passage from the Bible (Rev. 14:6) was read:-- "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." This prophesy, believed to be the destiny of the new church whose members were gathered there, could be fulfilled only if more foreign missionaries were sent out. The Latter-Day Saint church had opened the British Mission in 1837 and the South Pacific Island Mission in 1843, but this had been only a start. It was felt that now was the time to expand the program. Members in attendance held their breaths, so to speak, as name after name was read out as having been selected to go on a foreign mission--to France, Italy, Great Britain, the Society Islands--and Elders John E. Forsgren to Sweden and Erastus Snow and Peter O. Hansen to Denmark.

Since winter was about to close in and wagon trails east would be treacherous, if not impassable, the group were given but twelve days to prepare

themselves and their families for the long separation. The company was organized for traveling and on 19 Oct. 1849 left the Salt Lake Valley, numbering 35 men, 12 wagons, 1 carriage, and 42 horses and mules. This was the first company of missionaries sent from the Rocky Mountains. The journey proved long, tiring, and at times even dangerous. On Monday Nov. 12th the group was attacked by about two hundred Cheyenne warriors, on the Platte River, but escaped unhurt. On Friday, Dec. 7th, after two months, during which time an over-ruling Providence was clearly made manifest in their behalf, the missionaries arrived at Ft. Kearney on the Missouri River. It took another five months before Elder Peter O. Hansen arrived in Copenhagen (11 May 1850) the first L. D. S. missionary to ever set foot on Danish soil. A native of Denmark, he hoped to convert his own people and some of his friends, but they would have none of it. On 14 June he was joined by Elders George P. Dykes, John E. Forsgren and Erastus Snow, the latter to serve as president of the infant mission, with Elder Hansen as interpreter. The four humble missionaries immediately shut themselves up in the upper room of a hotel in Copenhagen, where they offered a prayer of thanksgiving for their safe arrival and dedicated themselves to the service of the Lord; while ribald carousers held forth in a bar directly below far into the night. At that time Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Iceland and Finland were placed under the "Scandinavian Mission" with headquarters in Denmark's capitol city, and remained so until divided in 1905 and the "Copenhagen Branch" was organized, with headquarters in Copenhagen.

So the gospel seed was sown in Denmark, for better or for worse, and on 12 August 1850 the harvest of souls began. On this date the first Danish LDS baptisms in this dispensation took place when 15 candidates, mostly Baptists, entered the clear waters of Oresund, immediately outside Copenhagen, and received this important ordinance. In writing to the First Presidency, August 17th, Elder Snow said, "The Lord has visited the believers with many visions and dreams and manifestations of the Holy Spirit. They have

drawn out of us, by their faith, everything pertaining to the gathering, the redemption of the dead, etc., and drink it in as an ox drinketh up water. . ." Later he told how some of the early investigators there had seen the Elders in vision and knew them on arrival. And again, reporting to the authorities in Zion he wrote, "As far as my experience and observation extends, the Danes are a kind, hospitable people, especially the middle classes, and higher tone or morality pervades here than exists in corresponding classes in England and America; and if I mistake not my feelings, the Lord has many people among them." On the 25th Nov., a second Danish branch of the Restored Church was organized, the "Aalborg Branch" in northern Jutland, with headquarters in the city of Aalborg. (This has been in continued existence ever since and is still one of the largest and best branches of the LDS Church in the Scandinavian countries.) By the close of the year 1850 there were about 135 members of the new church in Denmark and things seemed to be going pretty well for them and their church there.

But opposing forces were stirring and preparing for battle. It seemed certain that the same unhallowed persecutions which followed the preaching of the gospel in ancient days would become an integral part of the experience of these nineteenth century disciples, even here among the liberty-loving Danes. The Clergy of Denmark's State Church brought all the anti-Mormon falsehoods that they could find from America and England and after inventing a few of their own, inveigled the Danish press to join in the campaign against these so-called "Mormons". Even the Bishop of Zealand, ranking Bishop of the Lutheran Church in Denmark, issued a pamphlet which catalogued the usual filth against them. Here is a quotation from an article which appeared at the time on the front page of "The Tidende", one of the most popular and respected Danish newspapers in Copenhagen, claimed to be reprinted from a paper in Paris which had printed it straight from a paper in London:--"It is reported on good authority that missionaries from a church which calls itself by the grandiose title of the "Church of Jesus Christ

of Latter-Day Saints" (known as Mormons from the title of a so-called new Bible they call the Book of Mormon) is now sending representatives to proselytize in Denmark. For the past dozen years these Mormons, who style themselves also Saints, have been preaching with good success among the lower classes of England. We feel it our duty to issue warnings to our brothers in the north countries, having discovered for ourselves the nefarious purposes to which these men have put their religious teachings. They are recruiting whatever members of the European working and peasant classes they can find, who are ignorant enough to listen and be influenced, taking them to American West where they are treated as indentured servants.

" . . . Some thirty-five thousand converts in thirteen years have been made in England, of which more than five thousand have emigrated already to a barren wilderness they have the affrontery to call 'Zion', as if the wandering children of God were being taken home according to the prophecies in the Old Testament. . . We need hardly to point out that this is a most lucrative business for the so-called Authorities in America. They have now begun to charter whole ships, which sail out of Liverpool, their agents profiting from ship and railroad rebates, as well as excess baggage charges, while they fleece the poor and ignorant emigrants at every step. But this is only the beginning of the profit, of course, for the priesthood on the other side of the Atlantic, and we are appalled to consider the possibilities, once these poor people are forced to labor as they are told or die in the wilderness. Assistance is given them to leave their homes, but none to return.

"This is an appalling story, a church that dares to give itself a Christian name, proposing to take the poor of the earth into an earthly heaven and then, for unquestionable obedience, to eternal rewards. Instead, the faces of the emigrants are ground into the earth, 'tithes of time and toil' are exacted from them, and their labor is exploited, while they struggle to repay their debt to the agents who persuaded them to the enterprise.

"There are well-founded rumors here that not only are the poor exploited in Utah--called the 'Promised Land' by these erstwhile missionaries even now preaching on our streets--but that young women are especially susceptible to their ideas (as young women will forever be when men are good looking and unscrupulous, with money in their pockets) and are later forced, by poverty and desperation, when they are once in America, into illegal marriages with the so-called 'Apostles' of the Mormon Church."

Blasts against the infant church continued coming from press and pulpit. The Elders in Denmark decided not to answer these charges openly but to go on quietly holding their meetings, improving themselves in the language, and aiding Elder Hansen in the Danish translation of the Book of Mormon (whose sheets finally came off the press 22 May 1951). They did not advertise their meetings but they continued to be filled at the appointed hours, not only with faithful members and sincere seekers of the truth, but with ruffians and others who were there for no good purpose at all. The opposing clergy labored with students of church-sponsored schools to join apprentices and the rough-necks who attended the Mormon services, to break up the meetings, and this they often did; but that isn't all they broke up, as the following quotes from "History of the Scandinavian Mission", by Andrew Jenson, indicate:--"While visiting with a few Saints in Vendsyssel, Elder Dykes, who had been having great success in the Aalborg Conference, was met by a mob, who beat him and threatened his life. The ruffians broke all the windows in the house in which he was visiting and the tile came crashing from the roof as the house was generally demolished. But with the aid of some friendly women he escaped through the back way and returned to Aalborg. Attacks of this kind were not unusual against all the brethren but these men were not easily discouraged and they found many of the honest in heart for whom they were seeking, in spite of all the angry rumblings."

Sunday, 22 June 1851, "Elder Hans Peter Jensen and his missionary brethren announced a

public baptismal service to take place in the open waters of the Limfjord, near Aalborg. A great number of people gathered to witness the event. Before proceeding with the ceremony, Elders Jensen and Christian J. Larsen spoke to the assembled multitude, advising them to flee from "the Church of the Devil", intimating that the Lutheran Clergy represented that church. Bedlam broke loose and the Elders were dragged by the mob before a prominent clergyman of the city. The mob went to the Saints meeting house, broke all the windows and tore the doors down. Soldiers were ordered out that night to restore a semblance of order, but before their arrival a severe thunder-storm broke, the likes of which had seldom been seen in Aalborg, and the mob scattered. . . For six nights more the depredations were repeated, with the mob intent on almost any crime; but a check on all missionaries and members later disclosed that, while there were bruises and tales of narrow escapes by the missionaries who had been at their wits end, all had escaped serious personal harm."

Nov. 1851--"A mob, fanned to white heat by their own fanaticism, burned the home of Jacob Bohn, chanting 'Let's baptise the Mormon Priest in his own blood' soon after it was discovered that he had joined the LDS church as the first convert in Randers. But Brother Bohn came back after the fire and praised God that his journal, containing about fifty hymns he had written, had not been destroyed."

On Sunday, 14th Dec. 1851, four of the brethren held a meeting at Brondbooster, a suburb of Copenhagen, and many of the Saints had come out from the Capitol City to attend the services. ". . . As soon as the meeting was dismissed and the visitors began to disperse and start on their return trip to Copenhagen, they were greeted with a shower of stones, potatoes and other missiles, from a crowd which lay in ambush waiting for them. After proceeding a little farther, someone gave a signal that the Saints were coming, and when they came within the firing line they received another salvo of

potatoes and stones. Still farther on, men and women, who had posted themselves along the hedges and in trenches, came out to take an active part in the unequal battle between the Saints and sinners. Some of the assailants were armed with heavy sticks and clubs, and stones and dirt flew thick and fast. Some of the women carried missiles in their aprons with which to supply their male companions, while they, in a blasphemous manner, cried out, 'Now call on your God to defend you!' Some of the brethren were knocked down and rolled in the muddy road and beaten with sticks and fists; their coats were torn to pieces in several instances and even one of the Sisters was abused and handled very roughly. For more than half a mile the mob pursued the Saints in this manner, and when they at last came to a farm house by the roadside and sought shelter within, they were not safe there either and fled across the fields in the darkness, still pursued by their "Christian" friends, until they reached another farmhouse where they also sought shelter. But its occupants refused; however, a friendly-disposed girl kindly showed them a way out through the garden into the fields, and they finally escaped from their pursuers." One of the sufferers said of this occasion, --"For three quarters of an hour we were seemingly in the hands of the devil, but while God permitted him to have power over our flesh, our spirits rejoiced, for we knew we suffered for the cause of truth. One cannot describe the suffering we passed through, but for a short time it certainly looked as if none of us would escape with our lives." The missionaries and Saints in Denmark never fought back to save their lives, but were advised to follow the admonitions of the Savior, who said, --"When they persecute you in one City, flee to another".

As the membership of the new church grew, so did the persecutions--everywhere in Denmark. The Elders appealed to the Mayors of the cities and to the police, but received little satisfaction. The ruling authorities, though claiming to be in favor of religious freedom as a principle, could not agree as far as the Mormons were concerned; and though the new Danish Constitution guaranteed

the right of freedom of religion, it was not backed up by the collateral laws nor by the moral force of the country. Since street meetings were prohibited by law, and public meetings curtailed or broken up, the Saints had to hold their gatherings in private and often in secret. (It was worse in Norway and Sweden where there were no laws at all aimed at religious liberty.) Sometimes the meetings were held in people's barns. Numerous ones were started when ordinary citizens were asleep, and not until the call of the nightingale heralded the coming of dawn did the meetings close. If missionaries were accused of infractions, such as holding meetings when forbidden, preaching the gospel, baptising or what have you, they were taken before the various authorities and fined for the crimes of practicing their beliefs. If they didn't or couldn't pay the fines they were jailed in lieu of these, and fed on bread and water; then they were just as apt to hold meetings in the jails as not. After being released they would immediately start preaching again and continue until re-arrested on the same charges. Sometimes mob action became so violent, seemingly with police consent, that meetings had to be discontinued entirely for periods of months; but the Saints went steadily on, praying in their own homes; the missionaries went quietly on associating with and preaching to the members in their homes; and the mobs, made up mostly of men and boys, continued to meet in greater numbers for a time, but had to be content to spend their fury on themselves and the rented meetinghouses.

In some parts of the countryside in the mission, citizens joined in a conspiracy not to sell anything to Mormons or to hire anyone who was known to have been baptised. Children of Mormons were mocked and mistreated in school and the Lutheran Clergy advertised the names of new Mormon converts so that they could be shunned and hated by their fellowmen. Anti-Mormon pamphlets, filled with misrepresentations and falsehoods, were continually being published and caused considerable opposition to the work of the Lord in Denmark. There was much hostility toward the Saints in most places. But despite the seemingly untiring efforts of all opposing forces combined,

the LDS church continued to grow and prosper in Denmark.

At the General Conference of the new church, held in Copenhagen in April 1853, it was announced that membership in the Scandinavian Mission then numbered 1,331, of which 1,133 were Danish, 88 Norwegian and 110 Swedish. Baptisms of members were well over a thousand for each of the years 1856, 1857, 1858. At the close of the year 1859 the Mission contained 3,934 baptised members of the Restored Church, 2,512 in Denmark. These were over and above the over 2,000 who had emigrated to Zion, the 460 who had "lost the faith" and been excommunicated, and a number who had passed on. Even members of the national governing bodies themselves began to be alarmed because of the progress of the new church in their midst, and well they might have been. "The local brethren were as apt to hear of the Restored Gospel one day, be baptised on the next, and on the third be called, as likely as not, as 'traveling Elders', every man to warn his neighbor."

Why were conversions so easily made in the Scandinavian Mission? Who can deny that part of the seed of Israel had been scattered in that land of the Norsemen and that the sheep knew the voice of the shepherd? The homeland of these people had been the homeland, as we know, of the early Vikings. It was a more or less common occurrence for the people to find here old battle shields, large stones or other objects with ancient runic writings on them, in the fields or on the sea coasts. These "finds" were often sent to educational institutions where men of higher learning translated them and published the findings. Was it not then simple enough and logical also for many Scandinavian people to believe the stories that the missionaries told of golden and brass plates found in a hillside in distant America? And when found by a young Prophet, was it not perfectly natural that he should translate the writings found thereon and have them published? And so they believed!

## 7. EMIGRATION CAN BE A MAGIC WORD

"The courage and devotion of the Saints who had their roots in Denmark, and other of the Scandinavian countries, and whose lives were modified by the Gospel, have been seldom equaled. The posterity of the thousands of these Latter-day Saints, who left their homes in that bright land for the sake of the Gospel, should remember them with fervent gratitude and thanksgiving!" (So wrote Doyle L. Green in 1950, Managing Editor of the Improvement Era.)

"Gathering to Zion" was not stressed among the Scandinavian members of the Restored Church until 1852; but when it was, it was found that the Danish people were ready and eager. The incessant persecutions, in nearly all parts of the Mission, increased their desire to emigrate. Accounts of the growth of the Church, in the tops of the beautiful mountains far away to the west, were often relayed to the Northland, urging the Brothers and Sisters there to "come to Zion and help build up the kingdom!" The scriptures were searched and it was pointed out that those who answered this call would surely be assisting in the fulfillment of prophecy; for was it not written in the Holy Bible about such things? They read from Micah 4:1-2: "But in the last days it shall come to pass that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it. And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for the law shall go forth of Zion and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

The Saints of the mission were counseled by the Elders to do all in their power to practice thrift and save to emigrate to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. Though some 17 Danish Saints had emigrated independently in 1850, the first organized emigration from the Scandinavian Mission, under Church direction, took place 11 Mar. 1852, when 28 members, mostly Danes,

sailed from Liverpool, England in the ship "Italy", bound for America and "Zion". (Ole Ulrick Christian Mønster, a former Baptist and one of the very first LDS converts in Denmark, was in charge of this group.) In 1855 quite a group of Saints from Iceland were among those emigrating to Utah. They settled in Spanish Fork among a thriving group of Danish Saints there. By the end of 1857 upwards of 2,000 Scandinavians, mostly Danish, had left the mission bound for Zion's headquarters in America. That fall, all foreign missionaries of the Church were called home because of the coming of Johnson's Army to Utah, which threatened war. This supposed "Utah War" never took place however, but Mormon conversions in Denmark were lowered because of shortage of missionaries, and emigration for the year was reduced to 70.

In Utah a Church Immigration Fund had been set up to help the incoming Saints and from which they could borrow for their passage to Zion. Church wagon trains were often sent to the Missouri and Mississippi River junctions to meet companies of the poorer Saints and bring them on west across the plains. At the close of 1860 part of the tithing collected in the foreign missions, heretofore used for the expenses of the missions, branches and conferences in those areas, was made available for the emigration of the poor, of whom there were many. From then on the Danish missionaries, as well as those in other foreign missions, had to sustain themselves, while funds for the maintenance of branches and conferences were raised by the free-will offerings of the local Saints. Thus these members were tried and tested; but it seemed that the added sacrifices and efforts brought manifold blessings in their wake. A great spirit of brotherhood grew in that northern mission. It was as if a magic wand had been waved over the heads of all its members, with the accompanying command of "Let there be charity among you!" It is heart-warming to learn of the love and sacrifices of these people for each other and the gallant generosity of the more prosperous in behalf of the less fortunate of their associates. For

example, --"Brent Nielsen was so free in outfitting his brethren and preparing their passage that he was warned by the missionaries that some might accept the money and then apostatize. To Jacob Bohn, the hymn writer, he said: 'You need never repay me because you labor for God's Kingdom'; . . . "Jens Andersen of Veddern, Aalborg County, assisted no fewer than sixty of his fellow converts to immigrate; but, like Moses of old, he was never permitted to set foot on the promised land, as he died enroute on the North Sea in 1862, soon after leaving his native Denmark"; . . . "Andrew Eliason, a well-to-do Swedish land owner, sold his estate and paid the passage for a hundred of his Brothers and Sisters in the Gospel to start out for Zion." In 1862, in New York, it was discovered that many of the poorer Saints lacked funds to continue west. The financially able Scandinavian emigrants immediately donated money to assist their less fortunate friends west to Florence, Nebraska, where they were met by Church trains with supplies and means to take them on to Zion. "A Danish brother, Lars Petersen, about 30 years of age, who had assisted about twenty poor Saints to emigrate, was accidentally drowned in the 'Weeping Water', a stream near Wyoming, Nebraska, where he, together with others, went to bathe. He was buried June 28th with much expression of sorrow by the sympathizing Saints." These compassionate desires of the more wealthy of the brethren to help those in need often made it possible for friends and neighbors to go to Zion together.

The price of emigration seemed high and far above the reach of many of those who desired to go. It was announced that for each adult the cost was 150 Rigsdaler (\$75.00) provided one walked across the plains; but if one wished to share a wagon with seven other adults it would cost 200 Rigsdaler (\$100.00) each. Those expecting to emigrate under the above terms were to send their money, names, ages, occupations, dates of birth, etc., to their respective Conference presidents, advancing at the same time 40 Rigsdaler for each handcart emigrant or 80 Rigsdaler for each one planning to go by wagon. This money was forwarded to America

for the purchase of equipment for the journey across the plains, such as handcarts, wagons, oxen and provisions. In 1865, due to the inflation brought on by the Civil War in America, the price of everything was higher there. A wagon that year, at the outfitting places, was about \$200.00 in greenbacks or \$100.00 in gold, and a team of oxen sold for about \$150.00 on the average.

An amusing story is told of a group of Danish emigrants of 1853, on the American Plains near Keokuk, Iowa, where they had received their oxen and wagons for the journey westward:--"Some of the Danishmen, disliking the American way of driving oxen in yokes, hitched up their beasts of burden in regular Danish fashion. But they had forgotten one thing--the oxen were American. The poor beasts were half frightened to death and started out in a wild run. A council meeting was called in which it was decided that it would be easier for the emigrants to learn American ways than it would for the oxen to work with Danish harnesses. Too many of the oxen had never been hitched up before and this, coupled with many inexperienced drivers, soon added up to many upset wagons in gullies and ditches."

Indeed, all was not roses! Though anti-Mormon opposition died down in Denmark for a few years, in 1860/61 it again rode high in some parts of that country, especially in northern Jutland. It became impossible once again for the Saints to hold public meetings there. Fuel was added to the flame of hostility when it became known that a group of Scandinavian emigrants had apostatized, in 1862, near Omaha, Nebraska, on their way to Zion. They wrote many false reports back and numbers of their letters were printed in Danish newspapers with relish. Some of the sectarian priests reprinted the letters in tract form, adding their embellishments, and feelings against the Mormons raged. Elders and Saints alike were mistreated because of these malicious reports. The renewed rantings against the Restored Church however only accelerated its successes; baptisms increased in the Mission and so did emigration. Who wanted to remain in Denmark and be treated

like dirt-under-feet, not only by ruffians but by neighbors, former friends, and sometimes even one's very own flesh and blood as well? And this, merely because one desired to worship as he chose. So emigrate one must, if only to assuage one's pride; but mostly to find peace and security for oneself and family among people of good will. Even though the mortality rate of some of the companies crossing to Zion was high, particularly when the dreaded disease of cholera attacked, that was a chance one had to take. "Zion" was for the persecuted, and the promise of it beckoned like a great light to the Scandinavian Saints and thousands of them decided to "follow the gleam" there.

By 1860 there were 4,416 members in that northern mission; 1,107 were new that year and 240 had gone over to Zion. In 1861 baptisms rose to 1,954 and around 1,000 emigrated; 1,977 souls were baptised in 1862 and no less than 1,556 in four different companies left for the "Valley of the Mountains". During 1863 new converts totaled 1,587 and emigration was set at 1,458. The branches and conferences of the LDS church in Denmark, and her sister kingdoms, were being impoverished by the emigration of these stalwart members, while the little kingdom of Denmark was being drained of some of her finest blood.

In the beginning of 1864 war, which had been threatening for some time between Denmark on one side and Prussia and Austria on the other, broke out and on Feb. 1st the armies of those two powerful German States crossed the Danish border into Jutland and the war was on over the age-old controversy about Slesvig and Holstein. It was an unhappy experience for the Saints in Jutland and elsewhere in Denmark too. Among the Danish brethren subject to military duty were a number of young LDS missionaries who were immediately forced to take up arms in the fight; a few, however, were able to hurriedly emigrate before they were drafted. Thus many of the best native Elders were torn from their fields of labor and the work of the few others who remained was suspended in some measure. In the Island of Fyen (Funen) the American missionaries had a hard time because

Danish troops stationed there took them prisoners, tried them as spies and imprisoned them for a time. The retreating Danish forces, fleeing through Jutland in May 1864, and the victorious Prussians who followed them, caused havoc and all kinds of trouble for the few missionaries who remained there. They overran the whole Jutlandic peninsula, some even going north as far as Skagen (Jutland's nose). In Aalborg the German troops took possession of the Saints' meeting hall, thus preventing the holding of meetings in the area. The increase in Church membership in Denmark, understandably, was not as great that year, nor was emigration; but in Sweden and Norway both proceeded about as usual. However, the determination to "go up to Zion" was just as great, for emigration was a goal becoming more and more desirable to the Scandinavian members. In reporting on the mission at the close of that year, President Carl Widerburg wrote: "The spirit of gathering is great among the Saints, and those who can are preparing to emigrate next season. Would we had means enough to emigrate the poor, honest and faithful souls who are struggling here in poverty, hardly able to support themselves, work being scarce and wages low."

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There was war going on in the United States of America then too. It was a bloody Civil War in which her President, Abraham Lincoln, sought to preserve the Union as well as set the black slaves of the country free. While Denmark's war then only lasted about six months, America's lasted well over three years and was still going on in the early part of 1865. Since things there were so unsettled, prices so high and things in general in more or less confusion, the church authorities in Utah decided not to send wagon trains east that year; so only those who could afford to outfit themselves for the plains crossing were advised to emigrate. One company of Saints, numbering 557, left Copenhagen 4th May that year however, bound for Zion; and with the exception of one single days storm the weather was most fair and favorable during its entire voyage. But this was

not always the condition of things on board; for beside the Scandinavian Saints, a number of other emigrants crossed the Atlantic on that trip. Elder Christoffer J. Kempe wrote of this:--"While peace and good will reigned among the Saints, the others, who were Lutherans, Baptists and Methodists, lived more like cats and dogs together; some had disputes and engaged in fights, others played cards and swore, while some preached; altogether there was real pandemonium." Three adults died on the way and twenty-five children succumbed from measles and scarlet fever. One day a fire started on board and created quite a panic before it was doused. Meeting a ship coming from America, the west-going emigrants were informed that the Civil War there was over and the Union had won. All were ordered on deck where they gave many rousing cheers for the Red, White and Blue! It took this company of emigrants 190 days to complete their journey to Zion; namely, 42 days from Copenhagen to New York, 12 days from New York to Wyoming, Nebraska, 36 days preparing for the journey across the plains (since no church wagons awaited them), and 100 days travel from Wyoming to Salt Lake City. The journey across the plains was not without danger as the Indians were on the warpath and the "Black Hawk War" was raging in the state of Deseret (Utah). At Fort Laramie this company, in 45 ox-drawn wagons, was halted and warned by U. S. officers there not to go any farther west because of the hostility of the Indians. Free passage was offered to them to any other part of the United States they wished to go. A meeting of the Saints was called where the brethren decided to reject this offer and take their chances on reaching Zion; so they went on. Elder Peter A. Nielsen, one of these 1865 emigrants, gave this account of what followed: "About three days out from Laramie (at a place called Wood Hollow, where we camped for noon), while the men were driving the teams to a watering place about three quarters of a mile from camp, about a dozen and a half well armed Indians sprang from their ambush in the woods and tried to drive off our oxen. We opened fire and this frightened the oxen and they ran back to camp, but seven of the brethren were badly

wounded. John Swenson had two arrows in his left arm and Peter "Doctor" had one in his cheek and one clear through his neck. A Swedish brother came into camp with an arrow in the small of his back and was not able to walk again on the journey. All we could do to relieve the sufferers was to let them sit down on a wagon hub with their backs against the spokes while we, using as surgical instruments common blacksmith's pincers or nippers, extracted the arrows from all except Peter "Doctor". The arrow in his neck could not be moved until we found a pair of extra long-handled pincers. Then, laying the man upon the ground with his head resting upon an ox-yoke, two men sat upon him while another, with one strong jerk, pulled the arrow out. Brother Holmgreen was shot by a bullet and taken up for dead, but recovered. A man by the name of Andersen was shot by a bullet, which took off a bit of his cheek and a chunk of his nose. Brother Frederick Gruntvig came into camp with an arrow fastened into his right hip; his wife had been carried off by the Indians and no more has been seen of her."

Snow overtook these weary people before they reached their destination the fore part of November. Had they not been helped in at last by relief mule-teams and provisions they might never have made it. Emigrating, even at its best, was no easy matter; but the Scandinavian emigration kept up.

1866 was the last year that the emigrants traveled all the way across the plains by handcarts or covered wagons, as the transcontinental Union Pacific Railroad reached Omaha, Nebraska, by 1867. Also in 1867 some of the Saints crossed the Atlantic by steamships, but the cost proved so high that sailing ships were again pressed into service for awhile. On 10th May 1869 the railroad reached Utah and the days of sailing-ship and ox-team travel were ended for LDS emigrants. The journey then, by steamship and railroad, could be made from Denmark to New York in 13 days and on west to Utah in another 14. From Copenhagen to Utah in 27 days was quite a feat, considering that it sometimes took all of six months the old

way. The Saints jogged along in fine style on those early railroad trains at between 12 to 15 miles per hour. Omaha to San Francisco was \$40.00 by train, "emigrant class". These emigrant cars were usually attached to freight trains. Yes, emigration was like magic when one traveled in a modern all-the-way-to-Zion-in-comfort company!

By the end of that century some 30,000 Scandinavian Saints had migrated to the Rocky Mountains, and they continued to "cross over", hardy people of high character and dependability with splendid reserve power. By far the majority of these were from the little kingdom of Denmark. It is a somewhat startling fact that just one hundred years after the flame of the Gospel was first kindled along the shores of the North Sea, 45% of the total membership of the Latter-day Saint Church was made up of Scandinavians and their descendants. These plucky, sturdy people have been adding their strength to this church now for the last one hundred and eighteen years; strength of numbers yes, but strength of character and works as well. No other strain or race has contributed more to the upbuilding of the great western section of the United States than the Danish and their fellow northlanders.

God has led a chosen people out of many "Babylons" by the mouths of his Prophets. Exodus in the Bible, one of our earliest accounts of a religious migration, tells how the children of Israel wandered with Moses for 40 years in the wilderness before they reached their "Promised Land". The Book of Mormon gives a history of the migration of another favored people who sailed with Father Lehi across the great Pacific to distant shores, seen by him in vision. The Puritans and Pilgrims of the 1620s traveled in ships like the Mayflower, to the rock-bound coasts of New England to escape religious persecutions; and the Mormon Pioneers of 1847, vanguards of thousands who followed, crossed the great American plains in search of a place where they too might worship in freedom. The massive emigration of Scandinavian Saints who traveled equally long distances, both by land and sea, to join the pioneers in Zion, is just as great a movement as any of these. When

the departing Danes took a long, last look at the "Lovely Land" and sailed away, they were leaving behind the country that had cradled their kinfolk for a thousand years and the forces which had woven each everlasting fibre into the tapestry of their very beings. They crossed more than an ocean and a continent when they said goodby to Jutland and her world of green islands; they crossed latitudes of blood and longitudes of the mind. Things would never be the same for them again as they turned their faces west and set sail toward their "Promised Land".

## PART TWO

### JUTLAND--NOT SO LONG AGO

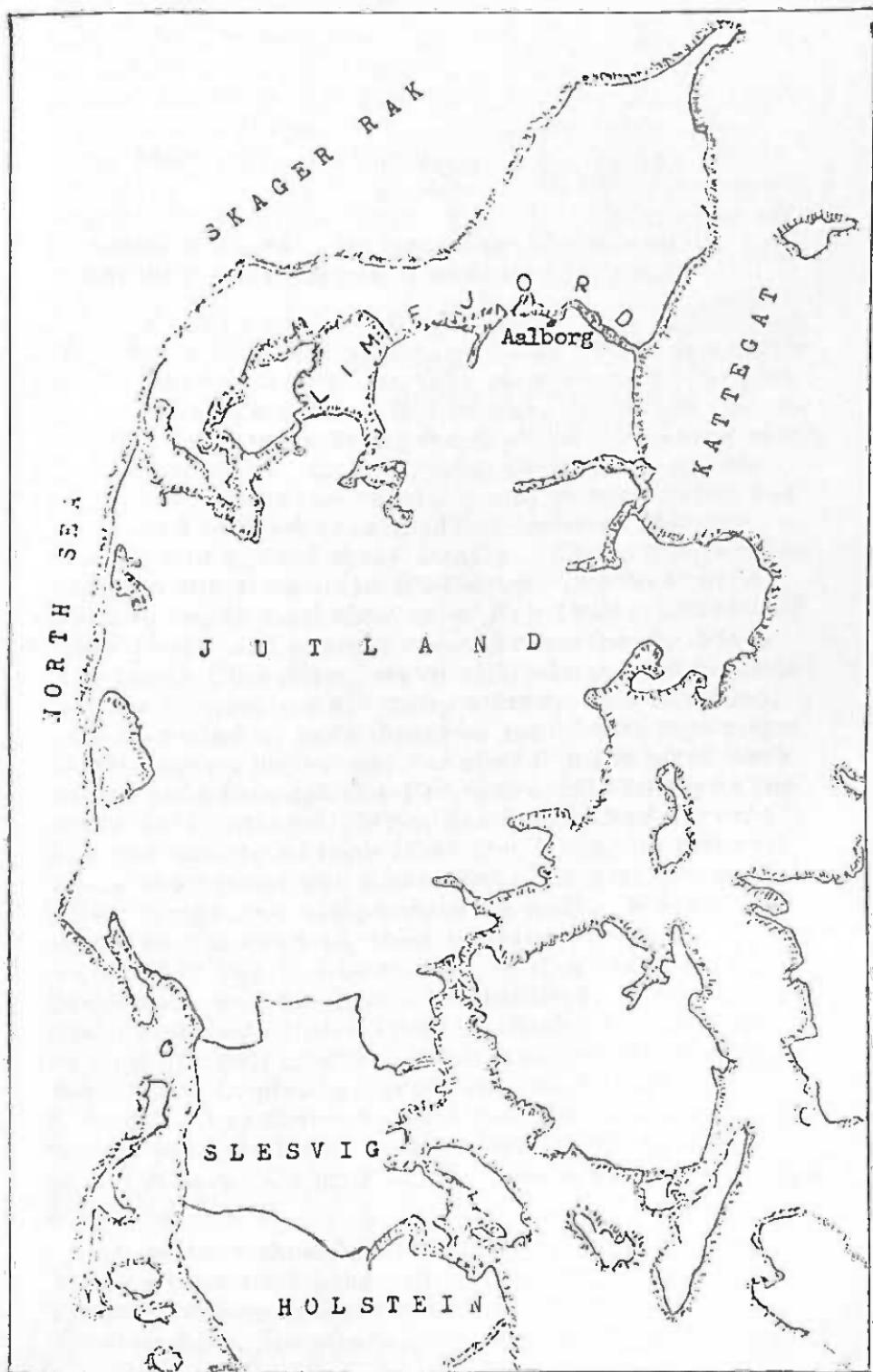
"The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principal. Words, money, all else are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practices it is plain that in that truth, whatever it may be, he is sincere."

--James Russell Lowell

#### 1. KJALLERUP . . . 1847-1852

The mind does strange things in the quiet of the night. It is as if I were not here in Utah's Zion, writing, this February 1969 but in the small village of Kjallerup in northwestern Jutland, Denmark, one hundred and twenty-two years ago. . . . Autumn . . . Summer. . . . Spring. . . . the seasons and the years roll back and the breath of another winter comes over the North Sea licking its hoarfrost and spreading snow over the land like an ermine blanket to shroud the death of summer. It is the forepart of February 1847. Days are shortened and folks lean forward over the work in their hands. Lanterns are hung in the barns for both milkings and women run errands with their shawls clutched over their heads. The wind howls and the bitterness of ice is in the air. The mail coach comes but seldom now, but when it comes it comes with a great stir, horn a-blowing and bells a-jangling through the snowy dusk, as hoofs of horses clatter on the frozen ground.

In the warm thatched cottage of Anders, son of Christen, things are in a hustle. Bedstemøder Karen is trying to hush and settle the little ones, wee Karen and Mads, while her son Anders is hurrying to pull on his great boots as his wife



Jutland

Mette, from her couch, face wreathed in pain, urges him to be gone. It's a harsh night to be out in but he must hitch the wagon and fetch the mid-wife. Donning his sheepskin coat he chides eight year old Christen - "Now mind the log fire for your Mor", and as Mette cries out again, adds quickly: "Ja, Ja - I go now". Pulling his fur cap low he turns to the door, bracing himself for the weather outside. He hopes this baby will be another boy - a man can use sons on a farm.

Anders himself had been born in this small farming village of Kjallerup forty years ago come April, and had lived on this very farm as long as he could remember. His father, Christen Christensen, had come from the town of Vestervig south and his mother, Karen Andersdatter, from the village of Jannerup north, some years before his birth and settled here midway between the two places and raised their family. Five children had blessed their union in Kjallerup. Anders' older sister, Inger Cathrine, now Fru Peder Larsen of Hvidbjerg, and his two younger brothers, Niels and Niels Christian, were still about, but he could hardly remember his baby sister, Ane Kirstine, who had died at less than two months of age some thirty-seven years ago. Anders' mind went back as he rode through the February cold towards the midwife's cottage. When his father had become old and unable to look after the farm, he himself being the oldest son had taken over and looked after things and his parents as well. When the aged man passed on when nearing 78 years, 13 Feb. 1838, he had continued to live there on the farm and care for it and his mother. The two of them had lived there alone until she kept at him to find himself a wife, which was no easy matter for a hard to please "ungkarl" (bachelor) like himself. But then he had found the comely Mette, whose parents lived in the small farming village of Svindborg, Orum Parish, southwest a few miles from Kjallerup.

Anders thought of their marriage, 5 Dec. 1843, which took place at Hvidbjerg, Vestes Aa Kirke (Hvidbjerg Parish Church of the West) Thisted Amt, Denmark, not far from their home

in Kjallerup. The Priest who performed the ceremony also recorded it in the Parish Church records, putting Anders down as "Brudgommen - Ungkarl og girdmand, 36 ar gammel" (Bridegroom - bachelor, farmer, 36 years of age) and putting Metta down as "Bruden Pige, 32 ar gammel" (Bride - an unwed maid, 32 years of age). Anders also remembered that when Mette had come to live with him and his seventy year old mother Karen she had brought her young son Christen with her. The child was then nearly four years old, having been born to Mette out of wedlock, 14 Mar. 1839, at Lyngholm Mark, Hvidbjerg Parish.

Mette herself had been born 3 Apr. 1811 in the village of Svindborg, Orum Parish, Denmark, the daughter of "girdmand Christen Hviid og fru af Svindborg". (farmer Christen Hviid and wife of Svindborg). Little was known, apparently, of her mother, Else Andersdatter, except that she had given her husband seven children, three sons and four daughters, Mette herself being the youngest of these. On the other hand much more was known of her father, Christen Jensen Hviid (Hviid meaning White in English), he having descended way back from a Danish nobleman family - of which he never forgot to be proud. Some people are like that and carry the importance of their forebearers to the point that they set themselves above speaking to common folk and hold themselves aloof, though they themselves are practically nothing. Not that Mette and her parents and kinfolk weren't fine people - on the contrary; yet Mette, like her father, was perhaps overly proud of her heritage and was often "lifted high" by the nobility in her blood. At times she seemed to feel it more than others, thought Anders, and then she'd put on airs - but after all!

Anders had learned to live with this although he himself took little stock in such things. His own progenitors had been simple country Danes, Jutlandic peasants living there in Thy at least as far back as the time when Christian IV took over the Danish about the end of the sixteenth century. There was a record of his direct line at least that far back but his kin were certain that their

ancestors had even been there on the peninsula at the time of the Vikings and before, fighting away to keep their lands and freedoms on this fringe of northwestern Jutland. Anders had no complaint with life. Hadn't Mette given him a daughter right away and then a son of his own? Two fine children in three years and now a third was on its way. This thought brought him back to the present with a start. How his mind had skipped around and busied itself as he had jogged along, his breath frosty on the air, forgetting the cold in the warmth of his memories.

He hurries the horses. There is no time for thinking his own thoughts once the chatty midwife has bundled herself into the wagon beside him, or back at the cottage either where Mette lies crying out in pain. Had it not been so biting cold Anders would have stayed outside with the livestock and left the women to it. As it is, however, he brings in more logs and feeds the fire since young Christen, despite his chiding, has let it grow low and gone off to sleep. That boy is poor to heed! Anders replenishes the kettle and gets the water to boiling, for use of the midwife, and then turns his hands to odds and ends of other small tasks while he waits patiently for a glimpse of his second own son. But it was not a son but a healthy baby daughter that Mette presents to Anders on that 9th day of February 1847 in their thatched cottage in Kjallerup, Thisted, Denmark. . . .

The scene in Kjallerup fades and I am back at my writing here in Provo, Utah this February of 1969, thankful for the warmth of my gas heated home with its electric lights and hot and cold running water, as well as all the other comforts afforded me in this day and age. Rather regrettably my mind comes back to now for there is work to do here. Before me on the table are many written details pertaining to the lives of our Danish progenitors - notes, journals, old letters, maps - jottings from the memories of their children and grandchildren assembled and sorted long after the events they describe are one with the years. I pick up some of these and read them

over - yes, these I must include in this history, but where and how? Yet I cannot keep my thoughts from returning to the area of Jutland, Denmark and the Danish peasants who lived and loved and walked the earth there so many years ago. And I know I must go back there, as imagination dictates, and follow this newly born baby girl and her associates throughout the remainder of her life and tell her story as I see it; for she is my Danish grandmother and very precious to me indeed!

That they should name this second daughter of theirs for Mette's mother, Else, was natural since their first girl had been named for Anders' mother, Karen, who lived there with them. Anders may have thought that she should have the name of his only living sister, Inger Cathrine, also, since Danes often gave their children a whole string of names. Mette probably objected to Inger but consented to add the Cathrine - so Else Cathrine was the name agreed upon. The Lutheran or State Church to which they belonged prescribed that a first sprinkling could be done in the home as soon after a birth as possible lest the child "die uncleansed and be damned forever". This home baptism could be done by any male if the Priest were not on hand, such as the landlord, gardner, etc., or even by the father himself. Then as soon thereafter as could be arranged, weather permitting, the family needs must travel to the Parish church to register the birth and "Hjemmendobt" (home baptism) of the infant, show it off as evidence to the congregation, have the whole affair officially recorded by the Priest and likely pay him a goodly fee in the bargain for his trouble in taking care of the "Fremstillingen i Kirken" (official recognition in the church).

Baby Else's home baptism was taken care of the very day after her birth but it was not until 14 Mar. 1847 that the members of her family, attired in their best, drove with her in the wagon a mile-and-a-bit down the country road to the Parish church in the neighboring village of Hvidbjerg and had her naming and sprinkling duly acclaimed and recorded by the Lutheran Priest there. A copy of her "Fødsels - og dabrattest" (birth and baptism)

certificate reads as follows: "Andersen, Else Cathrine; Kjallerup, Hvidbjerg sogn, Hassing herred, Thisted Amt; 1847-9, februar; Hvidbjerg kirke; Hjemmedøbt 1847- 10 februar; fremstillet i kirken 1847 - 14 marts; Gardmand Anders Christjan Christensen og hustru Mette Kirstine Christensdatter." The English interpretation gives us the following information: Else Cathrine Andersen, born 9 Feb. 1847 in Kjallerup, Hvidbjerg Parish, Hassing District, Thisted county (Denmark), baptized at home <sup>Feb.</sup> 10 Mar. 1847; official recognition and recording of birth and baptism at the Hvidbjerg Parish church 14 Mar. 1847; Parents - Farmer Christen Christensen and wife, Mette Kirstine Christensdatter. (G5 053, 080 item 2) Book 5, p 48)

Who was there to know at this recording that a hundred and twenty-two years hence, thousands of miles away, one of the descendants of this same Else Cathrine Andersen would be eagerly searching a copy of this self-same record for the very information which was written down there by the Priest of that small parish church in Denmark on 14 Mar. 1847? Indeed, who was there to know or even dream then of things to come, much less of the significant destiny of that little child? The Great Maker of destinies must have marked it well, however, and then turned attention to goings-on in other parts of the world.

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It was bitter weather also on the western American frontier that February 1847. In the territory of Nebraska at a place known as Winter Quarters, which was situated on the west bank of the Missouri River opposite Kanesville, Iowa, were gathered some 3,500 peculiar people calling themselves "Latter-day Saints", popularly referred to as "Mormons". Poorly sheltered from the weather in hurriedly built log or sod houses, they were the vanguards of some 20,000 "Saints" who had been much persecuted and driven from their comfortable homes. In the bleak cold of the previous winter, these Mormons had crossed the ice-bound Mississippi in a body and traveled north-westerly across Iowa in a continuous procession, carrying along with them, in mournful wagon trains,

their sick and dying, wounded, lame and blind, and tarrying in various small settlements along the way. At the top of every hill they stopped and looked back towards their once proud city of Nauvoo with its beautiful temple. The "Saints" had been so driven from many fair cities and cozy homes:--from Ohio - to Missouri - to Illinois - to Iowa in few more than a dozen years. Cruel mobs who had threatened and driven them from their last abodes were now the owners of their beautiful city and the smiling countryside around. These were the mobs who had stopped their ploughs, silenced their hammers, their axes, who had put out their fires, eaten their food for which they now hungered, spoiled their orchards, and trampled underfoot their thousands of acres of unharvested grain; these were now the keepers of their comfortable homes and the carousers in their holy temple, whose drunken riots insulted the ears and polluted the very air there. The last company of the driven Saints, the old, unable and destitute, or the remnants of the people, who it was hoped could stay on there unmolested until wagons returned to take them, turned, when on the opposite shore, and beheld a sight sorrowful to their eyes indeed; they saw all the struggles, sweat, toil, dreams and sacrifices of the past six years go up in flames; for lastly, the mobsters burned their glorious Nauvoo temple. So here in Winter Quarters, Nebraska, the vanguard of these once-again homeless people were camped that winter of 1847; there were many widows and sick among them and burials were frequent. All were poor in earthly goods, but the poorer were helped by the better off. Come Spring they intended to move on west across the great American plains in search of a new home. Though they had lost their great Prophet, their city, their temple and their homes, and were shivering and hungry in temporary shelters in Indian territory, it seemed they could not be defeated in their purposes; for they still had their God, and through their trust in him they rose above every discouragement.

At the same time, Christian VIII was King in Denmark; it was the last full year of his reign. The country was making brave effort to get on its

feet again after having lost its ponderous navy. The peasants were making agricultural progress but behind the atmosphere of modest demands and thriftiness there was a sort of paralyzing bitterness. The Danish people, it appeared, could not fully get over the grave shocks and losses their country had suffered, despite the white sails that could once more be seen tacking in and out between the five hundred green islands. Even so, as often during periods of discouragement and reflection, new ideas, evaluations, and intellectual movements were dawning there too. It was during this time that Denmark's great writer of fairy tales, Hans Christian Andersen, wandered around the streets of his homeland and wrote the stories that were to gain him world renown. It was then and there that Soren Kierkegaard, the theological philosopher, and Grundtvig, the spiritual revivalist, both strolled and thought, and here that Adam Oehlenschlager, Denmark's national poet, both lived and wrote. Yes, writers wrote and people read, but no matter how idyllic everything appeared, in the old Danes' hearts was still the memory of how things had been before. Sarcastic criticism of the old autocratic system of government, which it was felt was responsible for the catastrophe, could be heard in many circles, and even some youths in the Capitol enthusiastically demonstrated for "liberty". Too, there was a growing spirit of "German nationalism" in the Danish provinces of Holstein and South Slesvig, which the Danish people in general viewed with concern; but which no one seemed able to do much about, leastwise King Christian VIII. The restlessness there was obviously becoming more critical by the hour when this melancholic, disappointed King died and his son, Frederick VII, became the country's Absolute Monarch.

But this new king, who took over in 1848, was neither loved nor admired; there was much gossip about him in the Kingdom, since "he had already wrecked two marriages, and was vague and moody and not even considered reliable. . ." So the Danes decided this was the time to do something about a few things! A number of leading citizens formed a delegation and called upon

Frederick VII and suggested to him that the Danish people were somewhat "fed up" and were pretty well set on having more say in matters of State. Now Danes are apt to call a spade a spade or an axe an axe any day; they seldom beat-around-the-bush or mince words, even with Kings; so it is supposed that they more or less demanded a new form of government and struck a blow for "freedom" then and there. At least the new King must have known what they meant, for he acquiesced, and Absolute Monarchy toppled in Denmark that year of 1848. A number of meetings were held in the Capitol and a "constituent assembly" gathered in order to draw up the plans for a new constitutional democracy. Almost at the same time, however, the uprising that had been simmering for some time down in the province of Holstein came to a full boil! A certain member of German royalty took advantage of things and informed the people down there that the citizens of Copenhagen had risen in rebellion and were threatening the King. The Holsteiners were not interested in the freedom of the country but only in their own. So, while the King was engaged in other business, they considered this a good time to pull out. Thus the Prince of Noer was able to assume power in the south and gathered a revolutionary army composed of Holsteiners and volunteers who streamed in from other German States to help. They said, if not in so many words, "Now we Holsteiners are leaving you, Denmark, and going over to Germany where our sympathies are, and we're going to take the whole of Slesvig with us!" And the Danes apparently believed them and went to war to save Slesvig. The first battles were won by the Danish, but when Prussia came in against them Denmark was terribly upset. The war lasted three years but there was only fighting during the summer; every time the sun came out the battles started again. Finally Prussia withdrew and the Holsteiners retreated and the Danes were victorious. The end came 25 July 1850 and Slesvig and Holstein remained with Denmark. During the course of the war the "Constituent Assembly" had completed its work and on 5 June 1849 the new constitution was signed. Many Danes began

scratching their heads and talking over this and that, since all men thirty or past could now vote and had a greater say in matters.

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But the child Else knew naught of these things; she was growing happily and healthily under the loving care of Mor Mette and the proud, watchful eyes of Far Anders. Truly she was after their hearts! Before her second spring it was well known in this Danish household that still another child was on the way; and the father ploughed and sowed and dreamed of many sons. The golden harvest was over and the threshing nearly done when, on the 12th of Oct. 1848, another daughter came to that home on the farm in Kjallerup. They named this one Ane, after Ander's dead sister, with her second name Kirstine, the same as Mette's, but they always called her "Stine". She was the fairest of little ones but less robust than the others. Now Anders loved his children, but mayhaps he considered a majority of females on a farm a poor arrangement. Possibly he mentioned to his wife that henceforth they should sleep with an axe under their bed; the old Scandinavians wagered this was a sure way to get a boy. But whether or not he did, or they did, nothing came of it; for on 23 Jan. 1850 another daughter arrived at their cottage. She was tiny and sickly, so they had her sprinkling right away and gave her the name of Edel Marie Andersen. She died a day past three weeks, 14 Feb. 1850. (Did Anders feel this to be a punishment for his undue yearnings for a son?) Later, on a bitter winter day, they took the little corpse to the churchyard at Hvidbjerg to be buried, and the Priest recorded her birth, christening and death at one and the same time. If Else knew of her wee sister's passing she soon forgot; for though she was extremely apt and quick to learn she was, after all, only just past three when they laid Edel in her grave.

As Else grew older there were short trips in the wagon to think of; especially did she enjoy going to church on Sundays at Hvidbjerg, in her best frock, starched petticoats and cap (one always wore the head covered in church) and little high-

buttoned shoes over hand-knit stockings, always black. The church was cold and dark inside, both summer and winter, even with candles burning; but the walls and ceilings were bright with pictures of Saints and Angels and garlands of leaves and flowers, if one could see. The Priest (or Pastor) in his dark long full robes, with a white ruff at his chin and a great cross hanging at his back, stood up in front and drolled out the long prayers and sermons, which were seldom if ever understood. There was somebody pumping the organ as it was being played for hymns. (When she was confirmed she could have her very own hymn book with her name on.) On the outside there was the white church with the cross on top and the big bell ringing in the tower, the Priest's house or Parsonage, and the garden of white tombs, some with little stone-lambs, where Edel lay;-- Ja, these she would never forget! Sometimes the family went to Oveso (Ove Lake); they could walk there since it was less than a half mile east and a bit north of their cottage. One of the largest lakes in Thisted Amt, it ran diagonally from southeast to northwest a distance of about five miles through the very center of the county. There it lay, glittering in a frame of beech woods, where starlings made choirs in the trees, and sometimes one saw a great stork fly up. In summers, fishing boats with white sails were always drifting there, and Far Anders often fished there; but usually it was a family festival that took the rest of them to the water.

In the day-dark of winter, month after month, when even the old Danes sometimes wondered if spring would ever come, the lake was usually frozen over. The winters in Jutland seemed weary and long, especially to one as active and eager as Else. They were always so damp and cold, with much fog; snow piled higher than a child could see over, and frost biting nose and fingers. Then there was always the chill of the rough wind which came streaking across from the North Sea. The Andersens lived only about three miles in from that restless treacherous sea; sometimes they could hear it moan, as its waves crashed and broke upon the shore to the west. But still, in winters

there were lessons to be had, for Mette was determined that her children were to be well-taught, as befitted descendants of noblemen! Young Christen, of course, had been attending school at the Church school since he was eight, for this had been the law of the land since Anders and Mette were children. But he was not always at Kjallerup, for sometimes he went to live with Mette's mother, bedstemøder Else, in Orum Parish, for she had raised him when he was small and he was at home there. The four younger children had wonderful times together playing the learning games Mette had for them. Else liked best the one where you held up your hand and crooked each finger in turn, while repeating, "Tommeltot (the thumb), Slikkepot (pointer) Langemand (middle finger) Guldbrand (ring finger) and Lille Peder Spillemand (little finger)." So, old Guldbrand got to wear the rings! Mette told her children that many important Danishmen in the big cities, and even on the better farms, wore rings on several fingers, and high silk hats, coats with polished buttons, and embroidered waist-coats, while their womenfolk wore flowered bonnets and elegant shawls. Someday, if they worked and studied hard, they too would be important!

In spring the wind went on and on, never seeming to run out of breath, like an old gossip; which was perhaps necessary, in the case of the wind, especially in Jutland, to dry up the land so farmers could start their ploughing. But very early in the spring of 1852, when the trees were still twiggy before the leaves came, Anders didn't start his ploughing, as he was wont, but went instead to the police in the nearest place to Kjallerup, where they were, to secure authorized government permission to move his family elsewhere. This was the Danish law then. Each adult Dane possessed a "little Black Book" which had to be officially marked, or stamped, when consent was given for a change of residence, and rechecked when residence was taken up in another place. In this manner the Kingdom kept track of her people as they moved around; especially the men of military age, who had much difficulty in changing their areas of abode. Anders wished to sell the farm in Kjallerup, no doubt, and had perhaps found a good

buyer. He planned to move his family north a few miles to the somewhat larger town of Norhaa, closer to the place where his mother was born and where a number of her kinsfolk dwelt. The old Karen was longing to be nearer her own people. Whether the lack of more sons to help on the farm had anything to do with this is hard to tell, or perhaps Mette had visions of a finer cottage in which to raise her children and give birth to her next child, which was expected. Permission to move was granted and what a hustle and bustle and packing of things there must have been. Goodbys had to be said to neighbors and friends, and Mette's people in the Parish south had to be visited. Certainly they must have gone for the blessing of the Priest upon their move and his recommendation to their new Parish; and did they not stop to shed a tear beside Edel's little mound?

When the wagon was loaded to the hilt they set out west a quarter of a mile and then turned onto the wagon road leading northeast a couple of miles to the village of Istrup, and from thence around the west tip of Oveso, then skirting the small village of Legind they followed the muddy wagon road northwest another two miles until it joined with the main traveled road at Freskilde, where they turned and followed this new road west another mile-and-a-bit to Norhaa, where the church could be seen all shining white there.

## 2. NORHAA . . . 1852-1862

The Priest in the Parish and town of Norhaa welcomed farmer Anders Christensen and his family and entered them on the records, 29 March 1852, in the following Danish words: Familien er 29 Marts 1852 flyttet til Norhaa Sogn. Her er nævnt: Girdmand Anders Christensen 43 ar. gl., hans Kone Mette Kristine Christensdatter 40 ar. gl., Aftags-kone Karen Andersdatter 78 ar. gl. Deres born: Karen Andersen 8 ar. gl., Mads Christian Andersen 7 ar. gl., Else Cathrine Andersen 5 ar. gl., Ane Kirstine Andersen 3 ar. gl. So Else's family moved to a better farm in Norhaa when she was just a month and three weeks past five. Her sister Karen

had just turned eight the 18th of March that year and Mads had his seventh festival just ten days before, on the 19th of March, the day after Karen's birthday. Their old grandmother Karen, now 78, was with them but their half-brother Christen was not. He perhaps remained in Kjallerup working for someone, since he was then just turned 13, or he may have been with Mette's parents down in Svindborg. Anders had come to their new farm before the planting season was over, so he would plough after all that spring; and Mette was in her nicer cottage in plenty of good time to welcome the new baby there in Norhaa, 22 Aug. 1852. And guess what -- it was a bouncing, plump baby girl whom they christened Sidsel Marie and called Marie. Her hjemmedobt (home baptism) was recorded as 24 Aug. 1852 and her fremstillingen i Kirken (recognition of the same in the church) 10 Oct. 1852, all in their new Parish church in Norhaa.

Young Karen, dark haired and small of stature, started school for the first time the late fall of 1852, in the schoolhouse close to the white church at Norhaa, for she was now eight years old. The young students who went clogging along in their wooden shoes through mud and snow, removed them upon entering the school room and placed them in individual cubby-holes, assigned to each for that purpose, before donning soft handmade slippers instead. The school classes in these farming towns and villages usually lasted for about six months each year, from after-harvest in October to before-planting in April; children were needed on the farms between times. One teacher for each two grades was the general rule, with a supervisor, and a sort of school council or board made up of citizens. Of course the Parish Priest was the general supervisor, over all, and often looked in and listened in at the school, questioning the pupils, especially at examination times. Here in these free Church and State schools young Danes learned to read and write and were tutored in the literature, history and geography of their own land. Girls were instructed in the home-making arts and learned to hand-sew, embroider, knit and crochet; while boys were given training in agriculture, care of

farm animals, etc., and also sports competition. The Danes in general were great admirers of athletic ability and both boys and girls were given gymnastic training. Religious study was had too, and catechisms were a regular part of the school program. Each Danish child was to attend school until age 12 or 14 unless circumstances dictated otherwise, which was sometimes the case among the poorer peasant families. The winter nearest to a child's fourteenth birthday (before or after) he or she was sent twice a week, for the full six months to the Priest's house or Parsonage near the school, to be taught the fundamentals of the Lutheran Church by the Priest himself. This was in preparation for his or her first communion and confirmation. These important occasions were nearly always held at the close of the school year in April and looked forward to with great anticipation by every Danish child; for after Confirmation one was considered to be an "adult", as it were, and allowed adult privileges. Young Christen had joined his mother's family in time for school that fall, for he would be 14 the following March and in line for confirmation in April.

Old Karen was feeble now and had taken to her bed, but Mette cared for Ander's mother tenderly, in spite of the new baby and all. This was an obligation willingly assumed by all upright Danes; to care well for their aged progenitors and show them love and give them thanks while there yet remained the time for giving -- thanks for the fact that through them they themselves now lived and knew the boundless joy there was in living! This one characteristic alone set the Danish above people of many other lands; kinship and heredity were sacred and important to them. January 26th 1853 old Karen passed on, she would have had her 80th festival in less than two more months, for she was born 12 April 1773. Her grandchildren were sad at the loss of dear Bedstemøder, for she was kind to them and had been in the home from their first memories. Anders was sorely grieved, though perhaps it was better than a long suffering; but he knew so little of what was held out for her on the other side of the grave. Would he ever see her again? He longed to take her corpse to the

Hvidbjerg churchyard to lay down by his father, old Christen, but because of the winter weather and bad roads it seemed impossible. So arrangements were made with the Priest in the Parish there at Norhaa for her funeral and proper burial or "dirt casting" (jordpakastelsen). The Priest preached a good funeral sermon over the old one as her casket lay in front of him near the pulpit of the white church and then, as they carried her coffin outside, the large bell in the belfry began to toll for her and continued until her casket had been lowered into the grave-hole. Then the Priest took his place beside the hole and cast in a little of the sacred dirt (which he had blessed) which made a sad little thud upon the wooden casket down below as he raised his hand to heaven with the words, "From earth you came; to earth you return; and from earth you shall come again -- Amen", and this benediction was the signal for the plain dirt to be shoveled into the gaping hole, while the black clothed and hatted mourners stood weeping all around. No sound could be happier than bells, yet no sound could be sadder. And thus Karen Anders-datter went to her rest and her reward, and it was said by some that there was a hovering of all her ancestors over the land then; for so it was believed to be when one of the old Danes died.

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Young Christen did receive his confirmation at the Parish church in Norhaa that spring of 1853, for so the record there proclaims. It is likely that he received his Little Black Book (Skudsmaalsbod) about the same time also, but it would be difficult for him to move around much anyway till he was 39, because he was of military age now soon and must be available if the King wanted him in his army. He could give Anders some help on the new farm. Young Mads started school that late autumn, 1853. He had been a great help to his father, gathering and carrying in wood, and water from the well; taking the cows to the meadow pasture, with the aid of his little, yapping dog; feeding the pigs and other farm animals; and with planting, weeding and harvesting. One never had to worry about watering the crops in Jutland for the "Great

"Provider" took care of that there, as he did elsewhere in Denmark; the concern was for enough dry days. God put the sun in the heavens, sent the rain and provided the earth, but peasants had to plant and sow - ja! Yes, even a child's ten fingers could be a great help on a farm and in a house.

Else too was a fine, strong child with a willingness to serve. She could gather eggs, carry small pails of grain to feed chickens and geese, bring in vegetables from the garden, pick clean the wool her father sheared and her mother corded for quilts or spun into yarn for knitting or loom weaving, and numbers of other small tasks both in and out the cottage. Mette sought her second daughter's help often, because of her cheerfulness and ability, for she herself was crowded with work from early morning until after nightfall. Else wondered at her mother's magic touch with butter and cheese, red-mush, sweet-soup, frikadeller, bed med log, little fried and sugared apple cakes (ableskiver) Danish soup and dumplings and Danish homemade beer, etc. Some-day she herself would learn to cook like Mor, and spin and weave and knit stockings of all sizes and mittens, and make high feather beds. Right now she liked to tend her baby sister most of all; when the older children were in school she had Marie mostly to herself and this pleased her and Mor too. Marie was rolly-polly and slow to learn but Else loved her just the same as she did her other young sister, Stine, who was so often sick in winter. In truth, Else loved all her family, her kith and kin and everybody, for she was a happy, generous, loveable person. Though not as pretty as dainty Karen or fragile Stine, or yet in fact as plump Marie, still she was well put together and very intelligent looking, with a high forehead, well proportioned nose and other excellent features, but she had the most beautiful hair of all! It fell to her waist in heavy cascades the color of dark burnished amber, as if it had been freshly dipped in liquid Danish "sea-gold". Many of their kins-folk had "red hair"; even Mads' and Stine's was turned toward that shade; but Else's hair could not be called red, or yet brown -- it was more the color of shining "Danish amber", so let it go at

that! Mostly she wore her lovely tresses in two full, round braids hanging down her back. When she became confirmed she could wear them as she chose; perhaps she would wind them into a braided crown upon her head, like Mor's.

Most likely Else Cathrine started to school the October before she was 8, as was often the practice if parents desired it. Mette was especially concerned for the education of her children and would most probably have seen to it. Else herself must have been anxious and proud to clomp along to the schoolhouse in her wooden shoes that winter of 1854/55, along with Karen and Mads. As a caution against the cold she would have worn besides, long hand knitted woolen stockings well up over her knees, and a half-sleeved shimmy and flannel-lined bloomers under a heavy, long-sleeved wool dress, with coat, cap, mittens and a shawl. One had to bundle up in winters in Jutland. That this child's interests in school ran to the reading, writing and language skills and other academic pursuits rather than to handicrafts, can be easily imagined; although she must have learned all that was necessary of the homemaking arts as well. Karen was just the opposite; she liked the sewing and other home arts best, while Mads was inclined more like his younger sister; he wanted to become a teacher. That Else gained favor with students, teachers and the Priest because of her friendly, eager and industrious nature is also easy to believe. And who can doubt, having known her, but that she gathered friends and admirers, as flowers, along the path which led to her womanhood - friends in whom she delighted!

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Christmastime was like a bright diamond laid in the center of winter. No one went to school then. Preparations began long before the time, especially where the gathering of supplies and cooking were concerned. The holiday itself lasted twelve good days and everybody wanted to be in on it. Even the shops were opened but half days for part of the time only, since nobody wanted to be spending time buying then - nej! There were the Holy days and the half-Holy days; food in

abundance, presents, and much celebrating and merriment all around, as well as worshiping in the church, with many candles lit. There were lanterns hung at every cottage door in welcome, garlands of scented boughs hung round inside and vines of potted house plants traveling over windows and walls; with the Yule log set to burning on the hearthstone. The eve before Christmas was the happiest time of the whole Yuletide, but especially for the young ones. At 4 p.m. on Dec. 24th, all businesses and shops closed in the villages and everybody went home from there. Farm laborers and house servants were sent home, if they had homes; otherwise they gathered with the families of their employers. Then came the big Yule feast in every cottage, which had been made ready beforehand. Roasted goose stuffed with apples and prunes was the favorite, but duck or pork and sausage might be had instead. There were always potatoes, yellow-root (carrots) sweet-and-sour red cabbage, coffee, tea, beer and all; besides the "rice mush" or pudding, with an almond hidden in it - anyone getting the almond won a prize. A bowl of this was always set out on the doorstep for the Yule Missen (Christmas elves) who brought the presents. Then there were platters of Danish pastries and other goodies and a wonderful wreath-cake, to remind one of the crown of thorns.

Afterwards there was the large Yule tree in the very center of the biggest room, with everything hung on it; strings and strings of small paper flags, little bags of nuts, miniature cookies and homemade candy of almond paste - one could hardly name all that was put on. Then came reading from the Holy Bible about the Christ Child and the manger-crib, and children thought of all the little lambs and friendly animals about. Next came the circling of the tree, with all the family, young and old, joining hands and singing Yuletide hymns. Finally all danced around the tree and ended with a funny song for the little ones, and that was the signal to break-hands. Then what a cry went up until the cottage almost shook with children's voices:--"Presents Mor - presents - presents - where are the Yule Missen gifts?" And Mor would hurry out and then bring in a big

bag of presents from the doorstep, where the Christmas elves had left it, in place of the rice-mush. There were always presents for everyone in Ander's household. When the children were small there were tops, dolls and little boxes carved from wood and always a carved figure of a "Hvid Knight" for Mads. Perhaps there was a brooch carved from amber for Mor and a watch chain woven from human hair for Far. As the children added years there might be amber brooches for the girls too, and beads and little amber drops for their pierced ears. Then there was always something to store away in each girl's "brides-chest", besides books for Else and the others; for had they not hoped for the latest of Hans Christian Andersen's tales?

From then until Twelfth Night each day had its celebration. Christmas Day was the first "Holy-day" and everybody went to the church, as they did on the following or second Holy-day. Others were only half-Holy-days, and so on those days Danes alternated between church, visiting and entertaining. If the snow fell on and on, slowly and steadily, folks didn't go very far but kept to their own neighborhoods; but if the weather permitted they usually visited at every farmhouse for miles around, sharing in the festivals of all. When company came, or even if it didn't, there was celebrating enough to do at home; games to be played and prizes for the winners, with Far, smoking his big pipe, looking on, and dancing, singing, joke-making and food again! Always there were open-faced sandwiches and more pastries with plenty of coffee, tea and beer to wash them down; but better still, for Else at least, were the clouds of fragrance from bowls of Danish soup steaming between islands of dumplings. For the full twelve days of Yuletide, Danes ate and ate, then it was easy to forget the wind and cold outside; but the wonderful days of Christmas one could never forget - Glaedlig Yul! On Twelfth Night girls in their teens or even older ones might well remember the old ritual old Danes told about. They said if a maiden wished to know whom she would marry, then on that night, carrying a shoe in her right hand and

walking backwards to her bed, she should throw the shoe over her left shoulder, saying at the same time to the three Holy Kings in a whisper:

"Show me the very one  
Whose bed I must spread  
Whose name I must bear  
Whose bride I must be."

Then the man of whom she dreamed that Twelfth Night was her bridegroom-to-be; but if she lay dreamless, a future spinster was she! Certainly Mette's daughters at least thought of such things as the piles in their brides-chests grew and grew.

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It was easy to forget the harshness of winter when days began to lengthen and the land came out in holiday attire. In Jutland's countryside summer was blue sky with patches of grey-blue and pure white summer clouds over breathless silhouettes: men at work in the fields; cattle grazing in meadows of wild hay (a thousand years ago these same meadows were navigable waterways haunted by sea rovers); beautiful lakes and fjords and some gently rolling hills in places; moorlands and dunes and lovely sand beaches; large and small farms, stick fences, windmills, white churches, gentle thatched cottages, and goose-girls with their buckets of grain; birds flying over the rooftops; and on the coasts the flying shapes of ships - how could one ever forget all these? In summers Else often went with her father in the wagon or buggy, on his various trips about the countryside. Anders loved this capable and willing daughter and, next to Mads, she was the apple of his eye. On such occasions she jumped up at the first cockcrow and was all goose-pimples at the thoughts of it; she loved the outdoors and she adored being with her father. Sometimes they'd stay out almost an entire day. When she was young Far let her hold the reins, but now she was almost to be confirmed he taught her to handle the team and she "spelled him off" with the driving - she had strong hands and arms. Else had long since learned the gentleness, yet firmness, with which horses were to be used, for she sometimes rode horseback too. The

love of the countryside was in the blood of both father and daughter, and as they drove along the taste of salt was in the air and the smell of it in their nostrils. They lived only a few meters, or miles, due west from the seacoast, although they had to pass over two or three miles of sand dunes to get there.

The bracing, briny wind streaking across Denmark came from the North Sea. It had sculptured Jutland's west coastline with wonderful sand dunes. The sea was always eating away at the land and casting the chewed-up part back upon the coast in the shape of shining white sand. And so the coastline not far west from Else's home was covered with miles and miles of restless waves of sand, which, if not tied down with plantings, would move in upon the people, since the wind was always there willing to carry them. In the past, the high dunes had moved like an untamed sea of sand, wave upon wave, across the cultivated fields. Years ago a sandstorm had half buried the old Skagen Church on Jutland's nose and it had always been a hard battle to secure a few fishing ports along the west coast. Though bathing beaches closely dotted many parts of both the east and west coasts of the peninsula, this was not so along their coastal area; there were no good bathing beaches close to them. But the many large and small "pot-holes" among the high dunes of sand nearby made fine places to picnic away from sun and wind. For vacationers, wishing a tan, there was no better place on earth than these sunbaked dunes; here they too could get sunbaked and somewhat salt-cured as well.

Now the Danish government was talking about planting forests all along Jutland's west coastline, inland a few miles between the dunes and the mainland. Another of the farmers enemies, Far said, was the heathland with its accompanying heather, which also grabbed away at the land. It had already started spreading like a blanket over the old peasant settlements of Denmark. Large stretches of this were to be broken up, the soil cleared and crops sown; this would shrink the moors of Jutland and give the farmers back some

of their good land. A start was to be made also on drying up the bogs all over the country, as well as the marshlands, and damming up shallow bays and inlets so that large areas of land could be reclaimed; this was good, Ja!

The waves of the North Sea itself were rough and dangerous. There was little peace on the water there. That very year (1860) during a fierce storm 14 ships had run aground, all within a comparatively short stretch of Jutland's coastline; and Far recalled the old Danes talking about the biggest wreck in the history of the west coast of Jutland. It happened on Christmas night of the very year Mor was born (1811) during the war against England, when the H. M. S. "St. George" and H. M. S. "Defense" were cast upon the sand-bars. Of the combined crews of the two ships only 11 men were saved - 1,600 were drowned. To Else, the sea was nothing - let the fish have it; it was the land she loved!

When they stopped to pass the time of day over the fences by the neighboring farms, the talking was of other, more pertinent things: "The Holsteiners are at it again, still threatening to take away Slesvig and just looking for an excuse" - "There's a dirty lot praying with their hats off; criticizing the State Church right on the streets" - "Nej, Nej; we've trouble enough with those Holsteiners without having religious fanatics sent in" - "If any of these Mormon preachers come within sight or sound of our Parish 'twill be the devil to pay - they'd better stay clear of our daughters - - !" Then one of the farmers looked up and caught Else's eyes upon him and leaned closer towards Anders and whispered something she could not hear, crossing himself with one hand while he shook his timber axe with the other, and Anders swore a curse out loud and whispered something back. Then the farmer continued on in louder tones, "They are in Aalborg now these past ten years, but only the poor and ignorant peasants there listen - - ." And so the talk went on at every farm in the same guttural voices, words spewed out in harsh grunt-like sounds, as if the speakers mouths were full of potatoes; for so they spoke in

all of Thyland; they had a special Danish of their own. All seemed to work themselves up to lathers as they spoke and Else wondered, as she sat holding the reins, "Was it then so bad?" She had heard a bit of talk before about these people; the Priest had mentioned them one day in school, with much scorn, but she had thought not much of it before. Anders said more of it as they drove along home and though he was naturally a quiet-spoken man, he was much exercised about these so-called "Mormons" and took it out on the unsuspecting horses: "If they ever come here I'll -- 'Crack' -- he brought his whip down on the innocent beasts, and in the jolting and bumping that followed, Else failed to hear what he planned to do then, and she never found out until years later.

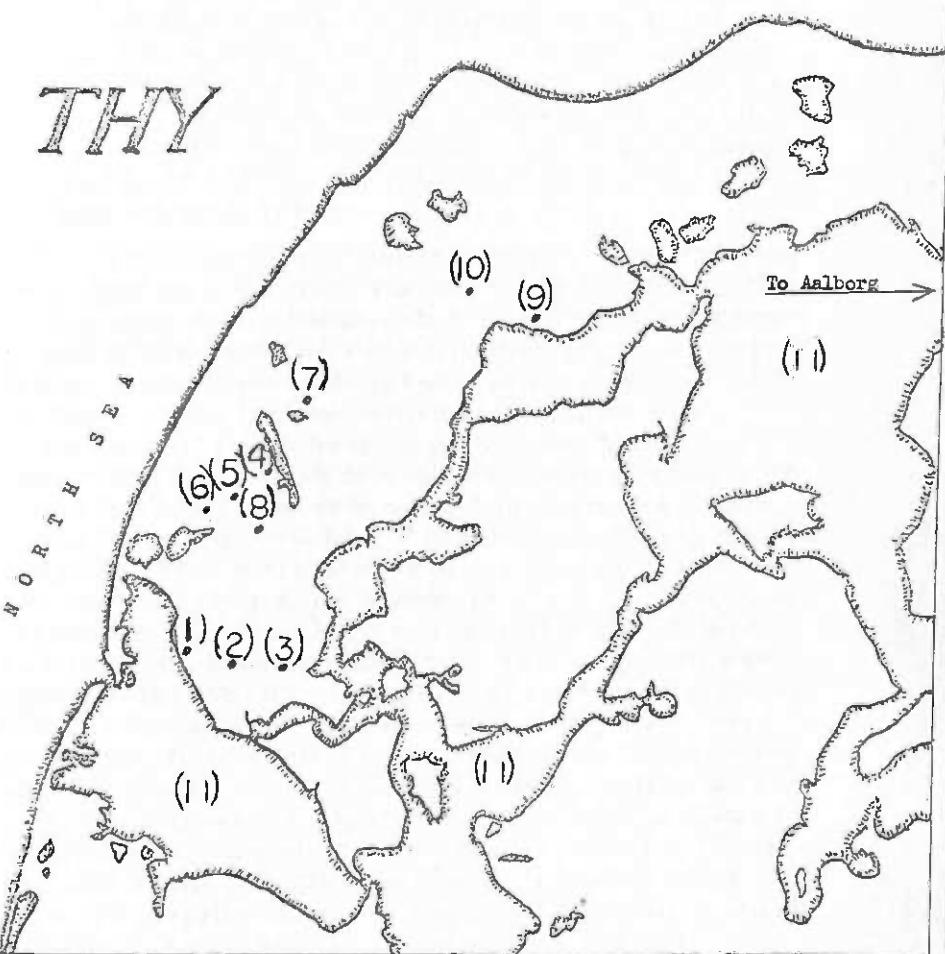
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Else Cathrine Andersen's confirmation took place the following April (1861) two months after her fourteenth festival. It was a fine affair, almost as wonderful as a wedding perhaps; and she could say with all her heart that her parents had spared nothing, for Mette certainly knew the importance of the occasion and had seen to it that her second daughter was fitted out for the splendid affair in the very best manner they could afford. She had a long white dress over full, stiffly starched underskirts, white stockings, white linen buttoned shoes, white ribbon bows on her two long amber braids, and a white embroidered shawl for her shoulders afterwards, and a flowered bonnet as well. Mors never forgot anything! There was a new hymn book all her own with her own name on it in gilt and a sweet little "Dagmar Cross" on a chain for her neck. Else had heard that some peasants even mortgaged their farms to give their daughters proper confirmations, and perhaps encourage better marriages for them; but Anders was happy to be able to afford these things for Else, for he had prospered in Norhaa. Of all his daughters, Else was the most liked, and even the Priest had said it. He thought she had a future in the schoolroom, should she so desire, and mentioned that he would be pleased to recommend her. Else thought she had never been happier or felt so

loved and blessed.

Several years before (1857) a law had been made in Denmark requiring all present Danes to change their surnames and take the same one as their fathers. This meant that the Andersen children should now go by the surname of Christensen, as Anders did. But Danes were slow to change, especially Jutlanders, and this had taken some thinking about and in Thisted it was not too well enforced, as yet. Young Christen had never gone by the name Andersen, but Christensen, as he was christened, so he had no problem. Mads, on the other hand, decided on a big change and soon after his confirmation began using the surname Hvid (the modern spelling of Hviid, from his mother's father's side). Mette must have been happy about this, thinking that it gave her second son some distinction to be called by a nobleman's name - so Mads Christian Hvid his name remained from that time on. The Andersen sisters decided against the surname change for the present, at least; it would be time enough to change when they were married! Else Cathrine however, a little bolder than the rest and now fully confirmed, decided to compromise and changed the spelling of her middle name instead, from Cathrine, as she was christened, to Kathrine, with a K, the more popular way then; 'twas something she had long kept in her mind.

The northern summer is almost like a paradise on earth, especially for one whose eyes are open to the beauties of nature, so sublime and grand, and whose ears are attune to the trills of the skylark, the charming tones of the nightingale and other singing birds. One cannot help but inhale the invigorating summer breezes and enjoy the aroma that flows from flora's bosom. And so it was in Denmark, where the temperature varied between 60-80°. The long, mild days, never too hot, in which one could read a newspaper by daylight up to 10 o'clock at night, were all too few for Else. In midsummer there were frequently 15 hours of sunshine daily, and one could hear happy children playing in the streets, having their hours of romping often until nearly midnight. The parks and city boulevards were filled with promenaders



- (1) Kobberod.
- (2) Getstrup
- (3) Flarup
- (4) Kjallerup
- (5) Hvidbjerg Western Parish
- (6) Svinborg
- (7) Norhaa
- (8) Bested
- (9) Thisted
- (10) Torsted
- (11) The Limfjord

until long after that and small groups of men and women could be seen chatting together, while love-sick couples strolled hand in hand or seated themselves on comfortable benches in the parks or by cottage doors. The nights were short and light, but somewhat cool. On a clear night one could sometimes catch a glimpse of the "Northern Lights". Pleasure boats cruised on lakes and fjords and in bays and harbors and huge sailing vessels, at half speed, glided in and out of the larger water ways.

In Norhaa the Andersen girls often sat long together on the bench outside their doorstep, the older ones doing handwork for their brides-chest, while Mads squatted near by whittling away with a knife. They joked, laughed and chatted and told of their plans for the future. Karen was now employed in an embroidery shop but hoped to attend the Folk High School the coming winter, to learn more of fine sewing and to spin and weave. Mads for sure would be a teacher, but first he must do farm work and save his money, then he too would attend High School in winter. Else was undecided, the restless current of Viking blood in her veins kept her uneasy. She longed to see more of the world. They had never been to a city of any size at all, none of them, but only a few miles north or south to visit relatives or east and west for brief excursions with their father, or oh picnics somewhere together. What was it like in Kobenhaven? Neither Far or Mor had ever been that far away, as peasant Danes traveled little then, especially those so removed from the center of things in northwest Jutland, even the better class ones. Sometimes in summer, between planting and harvest, relatives from both sides came to see them. Else's godmother, Aunt Inger Cathrine Christensdatter and her husband, Peter Larsen, came that year. Their oldest son had died that past winter but they brought their seven other children with them. The two older girls were spinsters and sorry for it, but Ann Margrete was just Else's age and such good company. Onkel Peter had a big black moustache that tickled when he kissed her; he always insisted on kissing

all his nieces no matter how big they had grown.

Friends from school and the neighboring farm cottages came too, to sit, or walk and talk with the Andersen youths, but there were few young men among them. Mette had her eyes peeled for marriageable males for her daughters; she had four of them to worry about and Karen now was of the age, and soon Else. Mor sometimes spoke of marriage to them and dwelt on the importance of being wed to someone from the better class; -- "for when you choose your life's mate", she counseled, "it is the whole future of your own blood that you are choosing." To Else this, for her, seemed far in the future.

### 3. BESTED . . . 1862-1865

It so happened that the late autumn of 1862 found Else enrolling in the Folk High School at Bested (sometimes written as Bedsted), one of the larger places in Thisted Amt, though not a big one as cities go. Though it was only four or so miles due south of Norhaa, across Oveso and down, one had to travel there around the lake some twelve miles east past Snedstrup, then turning south at Stagstrup on southwest past several small farm villages to the town of Hassing, and from there still a bit farther west. Anders took her in the wagon, for she had so many things, and gave her the fee for her registration. She was to live at the school with the other students and assist in the cooking, cleaning, or anything else required of her, for this was the custom then at those schools. Though she hoped to spend Yule vacation at home, there were tears when Else bid her father goodby - how she would miss him! She had brought along her little identification book with the official seal upon it; 'twas the first time she had found occasion to use it since receiving it soon after her confirmation. She was really an adult now, away on her own at boarding school in a city of some size, with her very own roommates. But after all she was soon sixteen - many Danish girls were married by that age.

The Folk High Schools of Denmark had been

first organized the year 1844 by the Lutheran Bishop N. F. S. Grundtvig, spiritual revivalist of the Danish people. There were only a few of these schools to begin with but their popularity had grown until they were becoming nation wide. (Later on practically all young people in the rural areas, who could afford it, attended for additional post-school education, and these old high schools are still in existence in Denmark and have recently enjoyed a revival of their popularity all over the Kingdom.) This movement brought about a tremendous, enthusiastic elevation of the intellectual standards, even in Else's time. There were still few enough of these schools in the year 1862, and fewer still in far northern Jutland. The city of Bested was fortunate to have one. Here Else found gay young women learning to spin, weave and sew; others simply improving their general knowledge; and still others, like herself, hoping to specialize in education, literature, history, etc., in order to qualify as teachers in the various Parish schools. Young men too, and even older ones, were there learning more of practical farming and, when farm work was slack, they too studied literature, geography, etc. So here in Bested was one of these peasant "schools of life", and Else Kathrine Andersen was one of the fortunate ones to be learning there.

But she could scarcely wait for the Christmas vacation. Never had she been so long away from those she loved. The day before Christmas Eve, since the weather was mild for winter, Far came to bring her home for the celebrations. "What are we having for the Yule feast - roast goose?" There were so many questions to be asked and answered on both sides as father and daughter rode along towards Norhaa. Did Karen have a suitor yet? "Nej." "Was Stine looking well to her studies for her confirmation next spring?" "Ja." -- but she has been sick and missed some." Then it was Ander's turn for the questions. "Have you seen ought of those 'Mormon Dippers' there in Bested?" (This was something that had been worrying him.) "Nej." But Else had heard from her roommates that some were holding meetings near by. Then Far changed the

subject: "Are there nice young men at the High School then?" "Ja, ja," she said, blushing some, "But for these I have no concern!" Her father clucked his tongue and shook his head. "Nej, nej, are our daughters now to be all spinsters?" Then he smiled from the corner of his eye and winked at her, "There's plenty time yet".

"Welcome, welcome" was Mette's greeting as she hugged her second daughter to her. There was such excitement at her homecoming! What a warm, friendly, merry household was here. This turned out to be the gayest Yuletide of all. The girls could scarcely get through one mess of dishes and turn around till another group of company came. Many relatives and all Else's old friends called in, seeming happy to bid her welcome home again, if only for Yule. She was a favorite with young and old for she was not as shy as the generous, warm-hearted Karen or yet as the sweet, courageous Stine. Little Marie was more outgoing and conversant, like her, but somewhat flighty. Else's happiest hours of all were the quieter ones, there with her family all about her. How she loved them! One had to get away sometimes to view ones blessings in a clearer light. Surely she had lived as rich a youth as was granted only a few!

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As Else listened to the preaching of the famous Bishop Grundtvig, when he came to talk to them there at the school in Bested that mid-winter, her blood was stirred with an urgency to achieve. He talked of faith but said that work too was important. Danish youths must improve their minds and skills if they were to save the future of Denmark. Praying was important and necessary, but not enough. Other lecturers came to the school occasionally and sometimes the older male students stood up and told of their experiences. The Pastor or Priest of the Parish church there at Bested was often there to preach. One time he chided the younger students for not attending the services in the church and urged them to attend, lest their souls should be lost. Else was guilty, as were most of the others; the services were so dull it was scarce worth their time to go. There were

many Danes, even old ones, who never stepped inside the churches except for special occasions such as baptisms, weddings, funerals and burials, and of course, Confirmations. Since the new constitution some twelve years before, baptism in the Lutheran church was no longer compulsory - but children must be washed of their sins before death! To be legally married one had to go to the Priest and one couldn't dream of having his loved ones buried elsewhere than in the churchyard. All Danish boys and girls wanted to be confirmed, this too was important; yes, these things most Danes attended to, otherwise they let the church just stand there. (In Denmark, even at the present time, the average attendance at the Lutheran Church is less than 2% of its membership; yet ~~old~~ 90% of the people come to obtain their confirmations.)

One morning, a few Sabbaths after the Priest's scolding, Else and some of her room-mates attended the meeting at his church. There were a number of the other young students there also, for the Priest's talk had roused them. Now this "holy man" took good advantage of his young, captive audience that morning to unleash a torrential, verbal blast against the intrusion of some of the "devil's advocates" into their peaceful Parish. He urged his listeners to "go forward, armed with righteousness and break up the gatherings of these vile blasphemors who dared to call themselves 'Saints'. Drive them from our midst and let these 'godless Mormons' know that there is no place for them here among Christians!" Then the Priest read from a recent Kobenhaven newspaper what the press there had to say of them and it was bad indeed. Else thought she had never heard such rantings and goings-on from any pulpit before, even against the "evil one" himself. A group of young men gathered around the Priest afterwards, but Else and her friends hurried back to the high school, talking excitedly together. One of the older girls whom they respected put in a good word for the accused Mormons; saying these had every right to worship as they chose, the new constitution guaranteed them that. Though public meetings had been banned for them in some places

heretofore, it was not so in Bested; the Mormons had bothered few here. It was no longer American preachers only who led these people, for many good Danes were now among them. Else had seen some of these and they were not evil looking or speaking, but fine appearing, upright young men. Besides, one could not always believe what the Priests said for they could not agree but fought among themselves as to what was right or what was wrong to preach. The older girl begged the others to say naught, at school or elsewhere, of her remarks and swore them to secrecy - there was no need to stir things up. But there was plenty of talk at the school the next day about "those Mormons" regardless. It seemed that some rough fellows had broken into their meeting place there on the outskirts of Bested the night before and attacked their two preachers. These were mocked and beaten and their coats torn from their backs. It was a good thing that the police finally came to stop it or all the congregation of them would have gotten the same treatment; 'twas doubtful that any Mormon trash would ever come back there to pray and preach. Some of the attacking mob had been jailed overnight and then released, but others got away. It was suspicioned that some of the latter might have been young students from the High School and there was talk of an investigation, but no one thought in the least that there would be one, nor was there. "Indeed?" Else looked at the young men she had seen with the Priest at the church last morning and held her tongue, but her thoughts said it for her, "Is this then so Christian?"

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Winter slid into spring, then all the north came blooming into summer and Else had good news when she returned home then. They were pleased with her at the school and said if she would return there the following winter term they would be happy to recommend her to the children's school in Bested for a position the following year. Far and Mor were well pleased at the word and proud too. They had many fine dreams they had dreamed for their children. But too, Else had some things perplexing her in her heart, of which she dared not

speak. But these were soon mostly forgotten in the joy of being home again with her beloved family. All were there this summer except Christen, who had gone in the army. He was a roamer anyway and seldom at Norhaa of late, for he had taken up with rough men. Karen was still working in the embroidery shop there and Stine was fully confirmed now, though she was not at all well. She had an asthmatic condition but was better some in summers and so courageous and patient withal. Northwest Jutland was bad for asthma sufferers and there were plenty of them there. Mads, eighteen now, might have to go in the army too, if there was any unrest in the country; but now he was helping Far on the farm and with the cattle, and things had gone well with those. Marie, bless her heart, would soon have her eleventh festival, they would all celebrate it with her; she was the only summer-born member of the entire family.

Else rode with her father again and there was talk over the fences of "those awful Mormons - thousands of them there were now in the country"; but there was greater talk of Holstein and Slesvig this summer in Norhaa. Everyone was sick of that question - it was time the government did something about it! She discussed this problem with her father but of the things that trembled hardest on her lips she dared not speak. She sat near her mother, as Mette fetched the butter churn from the closet and then bore in some pans of milk and skimmed them, and while she churned they talked of many things, did other tasks like spinning or weaving or sewing carpet rags. There was always something to put ones hands to. She too could do these things now and cook well too and help with the milking; but for fine sewing she cared little. Mette did most of the talking and gave much advice, when they were together; Else wished she could speak to her of what was in her heart. She walked and talked and sat and sang with her sisters and Mads, and they even practiced dancing together, like they did at the school, and gymnastics. Would they ever be so carefree again? And so the summer flew away and it was harvest time and the threshers came; they no longer had to thresh their grain with flails in the

barn, as before, but they still gathered the fresh straw for bed tickings and to place under the newly woven carpet. Soon it was time to leave for school again and Else had not yet opened her heart fully to anyone at home.

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The constant headache was the Slesvig question. The German Confederation (of which Holstein was a member) was constantly interfering with Denmark's relationship with her two southern provinces, Slesvig and Holstein. This problem had been supposedly settled more than ten years before, by international treaty, but the Germans wouldn't let things alone and kept trying to draw Slesvig into the Confederation too, in order to take both the provinces away from Denmark's rule eventually. There was constant trouble down there and finally the Danish government's patience was exhausted. It was decided to settle the question once and for all, radically, by incorporating Slesvig definitely into Denmark as a State instead of a Province. This was a dangerous step, for it meant that Denmark would be breaking the peace treaty that had been honored for some more than 400 years, since the time the Danish King, Christian I, proclaimed that Slesvig and Holstein should be "forever undivided". Naturally the government realized this situation was a serious one but, in spite of it, an act to this effect was passed by the Danish parliament Friday evening 13 Nov. 1863. It needed only the King's signature to make it into law. Two days later, Sunday 15 Nov., King Frederick VII died at Glucksburg Castle, before having had time to sign the act.

Everyone realized the situation was acute and there was talk in every city and village. "When the news reached Kobenhaven by telegram on Sunday evening, all theatres stopped their performances, guns on the coastal fortresses thundered out a mourning salute for the last King of the old Royal House, and tens of thousands of people filled the streets leading in towards Christianborg Palace, where the Prime Minister, Hall, with the traditional cry of, "The King is dead, long live the King!" proclaimed Prince

Christian of Glucksburg, Christian IX, King of Denmark"; according to the provisions for the succession agreed upon by international treaty at London, England 8 May 1852. The new King was faced with the immediate problem and it took him three days to decide to sign this act, known as the "November Constitution".

But there was no dilly-dallying down in Germany; here the effect was immediate and Denmark was presented with a carefully calculated ultimatum right away demanding that the new act be repealed. Opinions in the country were sharply divided; the government resigned in anger and a new one was formed. The regular Danish army, stationed in Holstein, was withdrawn from there back to the southern border of Slesvig, to demonstrate that Denmark had no intention of retaining Holstein any longer - Germany could have the trouble maker! But the act was not repealed and the Danes army took up its position at Danevirke, the 1,000 year old border defense embankment on Slesvig's south border. The troops were requested to hold this position until spring. Danes usually only fought in summers and had no idea there would be much doing before that.

Preparedness simply wasn't one of the Danes' strong points, especially where war was concerned. One sometimes had the feeling that the Danish outlook had never developed beyond the idea that, in time of war, one took his rusty battle axe down from the wall or went to try and find it in the woodshed where it had been serving a useful purpose, and sharpened it on a grindstone. It was difficult to make these people realize, in peacetime, that newer forms of war required materials and preparations which could not be produced when the enemy suddenly appeared in your paddock. The Danes were too tied up with everyday life and too busy enjoying it, and blessed with too great a sense of humor to be eternally on guard.

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Christmas that year in Norhaa was hardly noticed by the majority, except that people met in

the church on Holy days and sang hymns about the "Fatherland" under silent bells, and prayed for peace and the safety of their soldiers. So many of the young men from the town and surrounding villages were in the army now for it had been built up, in case. Christen was down at Danevirke. Mads wanted to go, but Mor clung on to him and wept; he was not the age yet until spring; perhaps there would be no war or it would be over before then and he would "draw a pass". But Mette was not all tears; in truth she was rather excited about a family of old acquaintances of hers who had recently moved to Norhaa. A good family, of the better class, trades-people and of the nobility too, way back -- besides, they had a marriageable son! He was a little older and well-traveled, and had not long since returned from Kobenhaven. (Mor had it from the neighbors that he was "looking" and would fain have himself a wife from Norhaa. She was anxious that he should meet her daughters and had invited his family to tea at mid-Yule.)

Else would have spared herself and gone elsewhere when Mors' old friends came; she was not in the marriage market and had no mind to be stared at, up and down, by any wife-hunter! But Mor kept her eye on her the live long day. Luckily the talked-of-son didn't come with his parents to tea, but Else was stared at nevertheless, and asked many questions by the visitors, as was her sister Karen, who blushed and stammered some at each; and Else knew they questioned Mor too, on the side. All the rest of Yuletide her mother kept buttering-up the not-so-young man in her presence, at every opportunity, till she grew sick of his very name, could she remember it. On the twelfth day of Yuletide however, the son himself called, unexpectedly, to pay his respects to the family and ask their pardon for not coming before. Else tried to withdraw but was not quick enough; she hoped he would set his eyes on Karen, for she was so willing for a suitor. She could tell Mads liked him right away. He turned out to be well educated, by his conversation, and witty and pleasant too. True, he was a bachelor, but not as old as some, and he was rather good looking, in the Danish way, and taller than Mads and taller than her too. Mette

fussed over their visitor, smiling all the time, and you could see right away that she had her heart set on something. As the visit drew to a close, Else thought that she could like this fellow, but when he pressed her hand in goodby she knew she could indeed! But whether she threw her shoe over her left shoulder that Twelfth Night or dreamed of anyone, only she herself knew--likely she dreamed of war.

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Then it was no longer just a rumor but became known for sure that Otto von Bismark, who had just become Prussia's Minister of State, had readied his newly built-up army, joined forces with Austria, and was preparing to back up the Holsteiners and march against the Danes army at Danekirke, winter or not. He wanted war, and the chance to try out his new troops and impress the Prussian King and the Prussian people themselves and show just what this new army of his was worth. The excitement in Denmark became so great at the thought that one could imagine hearing swords clashing in the sky! But that was only the beginning, for when it was announced that the Holsteiners had freed a thousand convicts to march against Jutland, everybody eligible there joined up. Suddenly men and boys were marching on every road and Mads was with them; Mette had no longer been able to restrain him. People came running on every road too, to tell the latest news, and hurried to the towns and stood around on the squares while the bands played under flying flags. In every house girls picked lint, not knowing for what purpose exactly, except that it had something to do with the firing of guns. Farm hands helped make cartridges at the school houses and practiced shooting, day after day, and the most ordinary peasants spoke passionately of dying willingly for Denmark, shaking their shovels and pitchforks and calling back and forth over their fields. Yes, war was all drums and flags and passion at first, but after that came the killing!

To Danish minds "Danevirke" was a myth surrounded by historical romanticism; for actually the embankment was useless. In most places it

had long since collapsed or been washed away. Originally, only the eastern boundary had required defending, for the country to the west was all bog and marshland. But now it had dried up considerably, and furthermore the meadows and marshes froze over and thereby became as firm as the rest of the land. Here then at Danevirke were gathered 40,000 Danish men, hoping to hold a front some 60 miles long, if and when the enemy attacked.

General de Meza, who had the full confidence of his troops and the reputation of being fearless, was a "cool commander". He spent his time at his headquarters setting French sonnets to music or designing ivory handles for his broom. He was meticulously careful about his health and fussed endlessly over his uniform and his white gloves, "even though war was at his very tent door and the enemy was taking its position near by to prove it! One morning, after taking his regular ride around his defense lines he wrote in his diary, "I was shot at! I do not understand what they think they are doing."

Feb. 1st, 1864, the combined Austro-Prussian army of 60,000 crossed the Holstein border and marched northward. It would have been impossible for General de Meza's outnumbered forces to hold Danevirke against them, and he knew it. He called a retreat of his troops and in the middle of the night of Feb. 5th, the whole Danish army crept stealthily away toward the north, over iced-up roads and with a fierce snow storm blowing full in the faces of its endless, trudging columns. After hours and hours of weary marching the Danes set up their new defenses at Dybboel Hill, where there was a chain of ten rather small earthworks. Their enemy had noticed nothing till next morning, but then immediately took up the pursuit.

Throughout all Denmark the news of the Danes withdrawal from Danevirke, their ancient defense line, glamorized by tradition, gave the Danish subjects a jolt and the shock was almost more than they could bear. A great howl went up, and the people wept and wrung their hands and mourned as they had not done for generations. The government, fearful of the blame, hurriedly

made a scapegoat of General de Meza and had him dismissed. (Some said he was a traitor !) This was an unpopular political move, grievously unjust and gravely unwise; but that was not all. The fact began to sink in that Denmark's present allies, England, Russia, Norway and Sweden, had no intention of coming to her aid, as the Danes had fully expected them to do, but simply stood by and let her go-it-alone against ambitious, war-thirsty Austria and Prussia (who within a few decades were to consolidate into the powerful German Empire).

As these forces gathered against the greatly outnumbered Danish troops, they were also better trained and better equipped with infinitely superior arms, having breech-loading rifles capable of firing off a dozen or more rounds for every one fired by the Danes' old muzzle loaders, as well as being much more accurate and far-shooting. Their artillery too was far superior, which was to prove catastrophic for the Danish positions at Dybboel. The Germans dug themselves into zig-zag trenches a few hundred yards from the hill, across a wide fjord, and kept firing away until they had completely destroyed the earthworks there. But still the Danish clung to it, week after week, while day after day their soldiers marched up the highway and relieved each other in the shattered redoubts, or lay encamped on the muddy winter fields, and let themselves be shot at.

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Else Katherine sat in her room at the High School in Bested, with her Bible before her. Mads' letter lay there too where she had dropped it. "The news from the front is not good", he had written, "all this marching, marching in the mud and snow, with nothing but hardtack and three shillings a day. The soldiers all set up in front to be shot at while the officers ride safe behind". He had made light of it but she knew it must be frightful in all that cold and shooting. Christen, he had said, was among those missing at Dybboel Hill. (She had wept silently at this, for she was fond of her half brother in spite of his rough ways, and her heart ached for Mette too -- he was her

first-born.) Mads said he had seen their visitor of last Twelfth-Day, the tradesman's son, during the retreat from Danevirke, and he had asked about her. (So he was in it also!) So far, Mads himself was unscathed, but only heaven knew how long that would be so, for hundreds were wounded and dead already. (She had prayed nightly for Mads safety, and the rest.) Her thoughts ran back and forth continually. How frightened she had been recently, the nights of Feb. 13th and 14th to be exact, when that terrible wind visited Jutland, blowing down houses and uprooting trees everywhere in a wild fury, as if heaven itself was in on it! The very schoolhouse had seemed to rock to and fro like a drunken man, and she had wondered then if the great judgment was about to come upon them.

Else drew a sheet of paper from between the pages of her Bible, as she sat, and casting her eyes furtively here and there to make certain she was unobserved, unfolded it and read what was printed for the dozenth time or more: "A Voice of Warning! The day is at hand when kingdoms, governments, thrones, are falling; plagues, pestilence, famine are walking abroad; whirlwinds, earthquakes, wars, proclaim the truth of prophecy. . ." It was foolish to chance being caught with such writings - she must tuck the Mormon tract back into the Holy Book again. As she reached for the Bible to do so, a certain line of type, where it lay open, held her gaze: "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kingdom and tongue and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come. . ." Ja, Ja, this was the very passage of scripture Elder Hansen had referred to at their last meeting.

There were only girl students at the High School now and they spent most of their time doing war work, inquiring after their fathers, brothers or sweethearts at the front, or discussing excitedly all the news and rumors which came their way. Their young voices shook with emotion when they

talked of the foe shooting its way up into North Jutland. Should these Germans gain a great victory in the end Little Denmark might even be obliterated, or at least divided up between the German states and other powers. Ja, Jutland would go to Germany, for was it not well known that "what the German Eagle got its claws into it never relinquished"? There was much said among them also about a hired maid at the school, who had been sharply dismissed recently from her position there, although she had no place else to go to earn a living. It was whispered that she had been "taken in by those Mormons" and was even planning to be "doubt" in their church. A pity it was and a disgrace for all her kindred! The whole affair was supposed to have been kept under cover, of course, lest the school officials be accused of over-lenency. Then there was talk of what the Priest had said when he had come to the High School the past week and delivered a scathing discourse on the evils and perils of joining-up with "that sorry lot of blasphemous sinners!" Then everybody there had been as fired up and in arms against "those Mormons" as they were against "those Germans" and still were: -- well almost everybody there, that was. How little most of them knew after all.

There were no L. D. S. cottage meetings being held then in Bested for the Danish Elders who had been there conducting them had emigrated to Zion Land quickly, when the war looked eminent, or had been forced into the army. Elder Lars Hansen was among the latter; Else supposed he too had been fighting at Dybboel with the rest. She had first met him at a Mormon meeting early the past spring, where she had gone, at the invitation of her last years roommate, to see and hear the Mormons for herself. Her whole way of believing had been changed from that time on as she had marveled at each new gospel message given. This winter she had been present at many more Mormon meetings and her heart and soul burned with the truthfulness of the things she had heard. Her great desire was that her precious family should also hear and believe these wonderful new doctrines.

At sea, the Danish fleet remained superior, as usual, and kept the German ships from coming in to help, but the German troops needed no help from anybody. They took Dybboel Hill from the Danes, who had hung onto it desperately for eight weeks against the great odds. A terrific bombardment, 18 Apr. 1864, drove out the last of the brave defenders, who pushed north to Fredericia, last remaining fortress in Jutland, and from thence evacuated the peninsula and scattered to the various islands, leaving the whole of it in the hands of the Germans, who by now outnumbered the Danish soldiers by perhaps ten to one. The Danes had lost upwards of 5,000 dead, wounded or prisoners, while the ever increasing enemy's losses were set at about 1,200. The victors soon took possession of both North and South Jutland and oppressed the people by collecting one war tax after another in rapid succession, though they never crossed over to the Islands. They won what they were after, for the discouraged Danes gave up at last, and the Peace Treaty, 1 Aug. 1864, gave the Austro-Prussian Germans all of Holstein, Laurenburg and almost all of Slesvig (Schlesvig). The final terms were not ratified until 30 Oct., at which time Denmark was required to give back all the German warships her navy had captured, besides. So for a time the hated enemy reigned supreme in North and South Jutland, and forced the Danish officials there to collect their taxes. Peace being finally restored, the hostile armies vacated, having nearly ruined the land by heavy taxations and general depression of business, which was the unavoidable consequence of the war.

In the meantime the reduced family of farmer Anders C. Christensen went about its own business as much as possible and attempted to right itself, after the upset to the country, and carry on in Norhaa. There were no male helpers at home, or to hire, so Anders sought the aid of his daughters. Else, having returned from High School and being the most skilled at outdoor things, worked side-by-side with her father, planting, milking, and even shearing the sheep they kept for their own use. She could shear a sheep or drive a team as good

as any man. She was now of slightly more than medium stature, strong, straight and well-proportioned; a capable, gifted young woman from the Vikings way back in a straight line, and from the nobles too, on her mother's father's side. Next winter she would be a full fledged teacher and work with children in a school in Bested.

But there was one thought foremost in the mind of Else Katherine Andersen as she worked and planned ahead. One day she said to her father, -- "Are you never afraid of the day when you must stand before God's judgment?" Looking sideways at her he answered, "'Twill be time enough when the old bell tolls for me!" She had hoped to engage him in serious conversation about the life hereafter but never could seem to. He was not a religious man. Mette too was hard to approach on these matters, for her mind was so well occupied with material things, besides being intent on keeping a home of refinement befitting descendants of noblemen; also, it seemed, there was that never ending question of husbands for her daughters. So many country girls never had proper chances to marry and now so many young Dianishmen were losing their lives in the war.

With the beginning of August the Danish soldiers began trickling home. One happy day Mads returned to Norhaa and he was well and whole; it was not like this with all who were mustered out. There was joy in the household of Anders and Mette then, and they put out flags to show it! Else threw her arms around her brother in embrace and exclaimed, "We must thank the gracious Lord for sending you back safely to us." But Mads laughed, "Nej, it is those Germans we should thank for being such poor shots." Then Mette chipped in, -- "Ja, we are all such weak people, and since we can do nothing for ourselves all is spoiled for us; everything must be given us from above by the Great God Father." "But we are not puppets", Else had cried, "to be moved around by strings. Ja, we are weak but we can be strong -- so much in the end depends on us ourselves. Don't you see that God expects us to strive and sacrifice for

his blessings; to work out our own salvations and earn our own places in his kingdom?" She was sobbing then, but with the rest there was silence, and each one looked at her in some strange way. Presently Far shook his head, "It is the bitterness of this war and the future of our kingdom that worries us all and makes us think strange thoughts. Our Else has been working too hard, but now that Mads has come it will be eased for her." And that was the end of that.

Christen didn't come then; perhaps he was a prisoner, since there had been no word of him among the thousands dead and wounded. It was the prisoners who would come last. Word had it that the tradesman's son had returned home and nothing would do but that Mette should send Mads over there right away to invite him and his family to a celebration for the return of their sons. Else seemed to forget all her worries about Christen in the possibilities of it. It is probable that the invited family came, but that their son came and came again and again was surely so; for Rudolph, the tradesman's son, had set his heart and mind on Else Andersen when first he saw her. (We shall call him Rudolph, for lack of a better name having been told us.)

Those were happy days for Else then, in spite of the battling of her thoughts. It was more often Rudolph now who sat with her on the bench by the cottage door, listening to the nightingales cry, or walked hand in hand with her in the fragrant autumn evenings, as they talked and came to know each other better. He listened attentively to her when she spoke of her new-found wisdom, which was more than her family seemed to do, to any good purpose. But she dared not tell him yet half of what she was thinking. He agreed with her on many subjects, but on religious matters he was most often silent, although once he said, following some comment of hers, "Strange as it may seem, here on the earth there are numbers of religious groups with different philosophies, many of which think that they alone are God's true disciples. But the center of them all is Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior, and he, with his Almighty grace, will

have us all gathered home to himself when that great harvest day comes." What could she say to that? Elder Hansen would have known the answer right away!

When Else asked Mads what he really thought of her admirer he replied, "Ja, he's good enough for some girls but not good enough for you." A typical brother-answer, but she knew Mads liked him. Mor plied her with questions about him night and day; it was easy to see which way the wind blew with her. Her dear sisters, Karen and Stine, not fortunate enough yet to have suitors of their own, volunteered eagerly to do sewing for her brides-chest; while twelve year old Marie, happy and gay, was always hanging on Rudolph in her flighty way, whenever the chance came, showing off. Far said little about him in her presence, but looked on with seeming approval, though she knew the time would surely come when he would feel obliged to speak to her sweetheart and ask him of his intentions with his second daughter. Else began to spend more and more time in Rudolph's company and regard his opinions more highly also; but just how, when or where she first fell in love with him only she herself could divulge.

Customs have differed in various lands and the marriage custom is no exception. In Denmark, an engagement was considered fully as binding as a wedding. A hopeful couple's intentions were supposed to be announced by the Priest from the church pulpit for three successive Sundays, and each of the parties involved were expected to be present on all three occasions. Then, to bind the engagement bargain, the groom-to-be would give the bride-to-be a gold band for her finger, at which time it was considered that henceforth the maid belonged to him and they could begin living together if they so chose -- and most chose. The wedding itself, whether it followed soon or later, as a matter of choice or convenience, was more or less a formality after that, with a merry festival thrown in of course.

Before the late autumn had waned, Else and her sweetheart were betrothed, but whether she

consented to the Parish Priest having a part in it we have strong doubts. However, be that as it may, their plans were made. Rudolph would begin raising a cottage for her, while she returned to Bested to teach young children reading, writing and Bible stories, for the Bible was used as a text then in many Danish schools. Come spring again she would return home to prepare for her wedding, but she wished to have a try at teaching for which she had prepared so diligently. She hoped to be a good teacher -- and after that, a good wife. But there was another hope which she dared not voice but for which she prayed silently with all her heart, night and day. Oh that her people and her love might be guided to a knowledge of the true and everlasting gospel; this was the import of her prayers. She knew this was a large request -- but miracles were happening in Denmark every day, and Else believed in miracles.

The families on both sides were well pleased with the engagement, but Mette herself was overjoyed and proud at the prospects of getting so fine a son-in-law -- Ja, and from the nobility too, way back! She planned a bright wedding festival for spring; it would be her first opportunity. With difficulty she turned her thoughts to other, more mundane, things. Helping Else get prepared and off for teaching took attention, as did sewing and fixing for Stine who would leave home for the first time to enroll in Thisted City Folk High School. Next year she would take her apprenticeship in a lace making establishment, for that was what she desired. Karen was still working in the embroidery shop, and now Marie put up a fuss to go to work also. She wanted no more of school for she planned to be a housemaid or a cook, and Mor could teach her that. Most Danish peasant girls started working at twelve, she said, to help out. It took some doing to get her back to the schoolhouse, but Mette was set on "deres børn" getting as much education as possible. Far was doing well now with his rents and his daughters needn't go to find employment so young. Besides the farm and cottage, he owned an extra building or two in town, did "householder" Anders. Then Christen had come back from the war and he was gloomy,

quickly upset, and he coughed a lot; anyone could see he was not quite well, inside or out. Work was scarce and wages low and he had not yet established himself. Besides, he was a bachelor still and this worried Mette considerably. He was restless and gone from there a lot, days at a time, and none of them knew for what. It might be wise if he, and all of them together, were to attend the revival soon to be held at the church there in Norhaa, since the great Lutheran Bishop, N. F. S. Grundtvig himself, would be present. The Bishop was traveling all about the kingdom, lecturing at churches and high schools, trying to rally the Danish people from the discouragement, bitterness and lethargy caused by the war and the loss of so much of their land; for now they were the smallest in Europe.

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Else lived again at the Folk High School, where she took a few classes and listened to lectures by old men, as she could; but her day-time hours were mostly spent in teaching at another school in the City. She had freedom to go and come, for which she was thankful, as it gave her opportunities to attend meetings without unpleasant explanations. The Elders had returned to Bested too, following disruptions, and cottage meetings had been resumed there. It was not yet considered safe again to hold public meetings in Jutland, because of a new flare-up of mobbings and violence, kindled by the aftermath and frustrations of a lost war. Danish youths, many with nothing much to do but roam the streets at nights, seemed to make a serious sport of persecuting and heckling the Saints. The police now mostly ignored this situation, or blinked at it, but the Danish Priests were still very much in on the "urging" of it, for they saw their congregations dwindling because of this new religion, which thousands of Danes all over the kingdom had joined during the past fourteen years.

Elder Lars Hansen was back again, with a new companion. Else had such confidence in him for he had taught her the gospel first of all. No Danish Priest had ever touched her soul as he had,

not even the great Grundtvig. She had been a most ardent investigator before, but now she had come to believe in the Restored Church with all her being. The Elders had told her she was fully ready to be baptised and had urged her to do so, yet she hesitated; there was something of which she must be assured first. Was it not possible, if she waited awhile, that she and her loved ones might be all "doubt" in together? The Elders' advice to her had been, -- 'Ja, but don't wait too long; the devil himself has many tricks for the wavering!' But they encouraged her to continue to be faithful and prayerful, but in the meantime to use all her powers to bring her people to an understanding of the truth. Perhaps she herself was to be God's instrument in this, if it was his will that they be led to the light.

Else considered their words, but she had little faith in herself where her loved ones were concerned. Hers was not what one could call a religious family. True, they spoke of God often and most freely, as did many Danes; but their hearts seemed somewhat turned from him and set on other things. It was as if they but parroted the Priest, though they seldom attended his masses, except when necessity took them there, and on Holy Days of Yule, for excitement. But Rudolph now -- she had strange and far-off feelings about him, and stranger dreams; precious little she knew about her lover after all. Her letters home were many and full of affection, as well as of all the carefully worded new religious ideas she dared to put in them. The answers back, however, were far from satisfying; perhaps they thought her just a ranting child. Rudolph wrote only of love and his impatience for their marriage, and of course about the cottage he was building. Her family too avoided any religious discussions, but wrote of home things and the local gossip, although they were as friendly as always and usually ended every letter with, "A thousand loving greetings from us all!" Else felt she was getting no place with them about the things nearest her heart -- no place at all.

Yuletide came in such a hurry that year --

long before she was ready for it. There was plenty of snow, though not too much cold, so that Rudolph could come for her in his sleigh, with bells a-jingling, to bring her home. Her heart gave a leap to be near him, but there was a feeling of restraint also. It was like black and white. It was the same when she came to the cottage too; she wanted to be gay, yet she was sad. It was all so confusing, for her emotions kept fighting themselves back and forth the live-long time. She noted no change in the others. This should have been her brightest Yule. Her betrothed was most often there, attentive and possessive, and she liked it -- yet she liked it not. Mette had gone to such great pains with the cooking. The Yule gifts for her brides-chest were elegant and many:- newly made quilts, freshly downed pillows, embroidered cases, sheets and underthings - the chest was now so full she had to sit on it to shut it.

Strangely, the talk then was much about religion and of how the famous Grundtvig had said this-and-that and such-and-such. Had Else heard him? Yes she had, several times. Well? She smiled and passed it off; had she told them her thoughts they'd have scarce agreed. Every discussion eventually got back to "those Mormons!" They talked of recent mobbings and Far said, "'Tis not good to run with mobs - let the devil take care of his own." Christen did not agree; - "The devil could do with a little help there", he said. He was most vicious in his attack on the "Saints" as he denounced them in no uncertain terms. Poor fellow, thought Else, the war had left him mixed up indeed. Then Mads, always trying to make peace, said it was peoples right to worship as they pleased, under the new constitution; then his eyes twinkled, "But perhaps these Mormons have some good in them after all!" My what a howl went up as everybody got into the discussing. Else almost swallowed her tongue holding back the words which were fighting to come out of her. As the heated tirade against the "Saints" ran on it took turns that she dared not try to check, though her cheeks burned with indignation as she listened, eyes cast down.

There was no use. She felt the tower of words she had built up so high and long to say, crumble and fall about her in a useless heap - and her great hope toppled with it! So she sat silent, as if condemned, but forced a smile to cover up her heartbreak. It was the Great Almighty himself then who would have to produce the miracle with them, if miracle there was to be, for Else knew now full well that she herself could not.

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Life moved along into the new year and the weather held good, for a time. Letters went back and forth as before, but the days and miles seemed farther apart for Else K. She wrote no more to her loved ones of religion however, but of school and family affairs in the main. She asked about the house Rudolph was building -- were the rafters raised yet? She spoke of everyday things, but rarely did she mention her coming wedding. From Mor she inquired of Far, the girls, Mads, and had Christen found himself work yet - or perhaps a wife? How were all their kinsfolk - Tante Inger, Onkel Peter and the cousins, and those north in Jannerup and Hundborg, and the rest? "Ja, Ja" Mor had replied; everyone was well and mostly happy and she herself was busy, busy! Her sister Dorthe and husband Anders Simonsen and family, and her brother Jens Hvid of Swindborg, had all sent greetings and said to tell her "hello"; they were all coming sure for the wedding. Even Bedstemøder Karen's sister, great aunt Maren of Hundborg, hoped she lived till then, though she was feeble. "And receive the most loving greetings from all of us here at home" she had ended. Else supposed she had told everyone, had Mette, but she herself had shut her mind on her wedding; she had far more pressing things to use it for.

Those were weeks of anxiety and indecision then; never had she felt so lost and alone. People all around, chattering here and there, seemed so free from care -- was she then the only distressed one? Her mind was like a great swing of good and evil going back and forth so fast it almost took her breath away. Else thought sometimes that it was with her as it was with the old Danish saying, --

"The good things I intend to do I do not, but the evil I didn't intend to do, I do." She wanted to do the right thing, but how was one to know always? One thing she did know for sure -- she wanted to be baptised more than anything! But what of her family? It would be impossible for her to face them, after. She couldn't simply walk out of their lives and never come back, could she? Then she recalled the maid at the school -- she had almost forgotten those at the High School. What would they do? She had heard that men lost their jobs and that their children were mistreated at school because of joining the Mormons. (Perhaps it was she herself she was thinking of more than her family, as girls her age were apt to do.) She remembered some lines she had learned from Shakespeare's "Hamlet Prince of Denmark":-- "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them though we may." What were her ends to be - her destiny? The Elders had said so many threw away their destinies for lack of courage. "Ja, we are all weak, but we can be strong!!" She heard herself saying those words, as she had said them to her mother, months ago. So her thinking and her days and nights worried on, tormenting her until she felt at times that she could hardly hold on to their endings.

Then it was announced by the brethren that a special baptismal service was to be held the latter part of the month and President Soren Jensen of the Aalborg District was to visit Bested for that occasion. Several investigators from there and the surrounding villages were ready to be baptised, and of course "the Lord is depending on Sister Else to be ready too." Sometimes God's ways are so mysterious it is hard for one to understand them; but again sometimes they are so plain to those who are sincerely seeking. At that moment all Else Katherine's old, accumulated worries flew away, for a time, and she was at peace. "Why of course" - if the messengers of the Lord said he was depending on her she would certainly be baptised! No doubt she felt then somewhat as Nephi, that great character from the Book of Mormon, had felt when he said, "I will go and do the things which the Lord has commanded, for I

know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them."

Public meetings then in Denmark were protected, under the constitution--if they were orderly. The authorities were supposed to be notified a week in advance if any were planned. So the Elders went to the police in Bested, telling them they had engaged a hall for the evening of January 25th, where they would hold a meeting for members, investigators and any of the interested public who cared to attend, with President Soren Jensen as the speaker. The baptismal service would be held earlier that day, but they did not mention that detail to the authorities. They located a sheltered bend in a lazy river meandering northwest through the edge of the city, then turning in a big loop, picking its way southwest again towards Orum Sound, into which it finally emptied. The weather was cold and streams were frozen over, but Jutlandic winters were ever like this; one could not always choose summer to be baptised.

Just before dusk crept down and closed the gates of day, the late afternoon of Wednesday January 25th, 1865, the ice was broken through in the place they had decided on and the baptisms began, followed by the confirmations. There were only a few present but Else Kathrine Andersen was among them. It is strange how warm cold can seem sometimes, especially when one is heated from within by the spirit. Else, clothed all in white, as were the others, hardly shivered at all in the icy water as Elder Lars Hansen "doubt" her, or right after that either as Elder Soren Jensen confirmed the baptism assisted by Elder Hansen and conferred on her the Holy Ghost. Then it was over for her and she knew she would never be alone again, if she kept faithful. She was a Latter-day Saint - a Mormon - and she felt wonderful--so full of peace and contentment! The wet ones changed into dry clothes behind the quilts others held up, brought for that purpose, and then bundled in heavy coats, boots, warm shawls for the women

and caps for the men, they all walked together a mile or so through snowy lanes to the meeting hall, close to the outskirts of the city. Others were present there when they arrived, but they were few in numbers and mostly women.

They sang a hymn and someone opened with prayer and then, following the Sacrament, names of the newly baptised members were announced and each stood up. Elder Hansen was in charge and introduced the speaker, Elder Soren Jensen, President of the Aalborg District, "an obedient and faithful servant of the Lord and a great missionary" he called him. Elder Jensen smiled, stood up and, opening his Book of Mormon, started reading from Alma 5:37-40: "O ye workers of iniquity: Ye that are puffed up in the vain things of the world" (he skipped around some) -- "if ye are not the sheep of the good shepherd, of what fold are ye? Behold I say unto you, that the devil is your shepherd, and ye of his fold; and now, who can deny this?" -- "For I say unto you that whatsoever is good cometh from God, and whatsoever is evil cometh from the devil."

Then, of a sudden, there was such commotion and clamoring outside it was as if the war had broken loose again -- shouting, swearing, and pounding of things; nothing could be heard above the din of it! Elder Jensen held up his hand to stay the congregation, who would have jumped from their seats. A rock came crashing through a window, then another. The door at the back of the worshipers was flung open and lights from torches leaped at the ceiling behind. Were they to be baptised in fire now? thought Else. Now they were frozen to their seats with fright. Stones began to fly, someone pounded as if to knock the hall to pieces, and all the time the yelling and cursing went on! Else thought suddenly of the young male students at the school and their threats she had heard so recently; could they have followed her? She clutched her shawl more closely about her face; -- dared she look behind? Windows were being smashed again and it sounded as if everything loose back there was being hacked up and flung out into the gutter. The

devil himself was loose in Bested that night! There was deep silence for a tenth of a minute; terrible, stiffening silence. Then a voice close in back of Else thundered out a horrible oath. She knew that voice! Quickly she turned -- and gazed straight into the face of Christen! She cried out his name, then weeping came on her. It had all happened so fast. At the cry of her voice, the havocking mobbers hesitated, then turned and rushed from the hall as suddenly as they had come, Christen in the lead, and dissolved into the night, taking their torches with them; while Elder Jensen still stood there at the speakers table, like a Danish statue, his hand raised as if in benediction. Who could have dreamed that a miracle would happen that night?

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In the last part of January, a terrifically hard winter had set in, with snowstorms and frigid temperatures in all the Scandinavian countries, "freezing the Baltic and the Belts, breaking off all steamboat communications, as well as stopping the railroad trains for several days. This made the sending of mails and traveling not only inconvenient but very irregular, on account of the great depths of the ice and snow." In Thisted Amt, where there were no trains then, public coaches were delayed or stopped entirely for a period; children were kept home from school; church meetings were discontinued temporarily; farmers were hard pressed for the safety of their livestock; and all people who could manage it stayed indoors till the worst subsided. It was most unusual, even for Denmark; hardly anyone had ever remembered so bitter a winter.

As the stagecoach, bound for Norhaa, jolted along the snow-clogged road at the pace of a snail, Else reviewed the events of the past two weeks. Her busy mind kept throwing itself back to unpleasant happenings, those she cared least to recall: -- that dreadful night of January 25th; the uproar at the High School a few days later; her dismissal from her teaching position, when the "Lensman" had shouted at her some vile accusation, which burned her cheeks even now as she remembered it;

the trudging through the piles of wet snow with her little identification book which needed to be stamped against her leaving, and the impudent questions of the police at the time; her hurried packing right after, and the utter loneliness she had felt at having all her bridges burned around her in Bested.

There was no one else in the north-going coach for her to speak to, except the old coachman, who was busy with his pipe and his own thinking, as well as with the oft-stumbling horses ahead. Else pulled her coat and shawl more snugly to her in the drafty vehicle, settled the robes closer around her legs and placed her booted feet more firmly on the heated stones again. Nothing could keep out the chill of this Jutlandic winter, she thought, and surely only desperate people like herself would be traveling in it. Though exhausted, she couldn't sleep, for the choppy movement of the coach kept throwing her back and forth; and besides, her feelings were all mixed up inside her. She feared the worst at Norhaa, for she had received no letters from there since her baptism, even from Rudolph; though she had thought she would faint with expectation. What had Christen told them, if anything?

Else was going home now to ease her mind, one way or another -- but supposing she were unwelcome there? Her lips quivered at the thought. She had given up her hopes of the family joining the Restored Church, there was too much bitterness in them against it. Neither would Rudolph join, she felt now, for he was narrow-minded like the rest; nor did she suppose he would hold her to their wedding bargain, once he knew, for he was proud too, like her mother. She was surprised at being able to banish him from her future so lightly, but marriage now held little charm for her, especially with a non-member. At first she had considered emigrating, if worst came at home, but this took lots of money, she had heard, and she had little enough, having been unable to collect the last due her at the school because of leaving her position "on such short notice and for such bad reason", the authorities there had said. How quickly she had grown from

girlhood to womanhood in the past few months.

Else ate her cold lunch as she rode along, and turned her mind back again to Bested and her last few days there. In her anxiety at losing her position and all, she had sought out Elder Hansen for comfort and advice. He had taken her to the humble cottage of some friendly converts, where she had found lodging, till she knew what next to do. They had talked then of her problems, for she had needed to talk to someone with sympathy and understanding, more than anything. She had spoken of her uncertainty of things at home, her present unhappiness with her marriage bargain, and even of emigration - but her lack of money for it. She wanted to do the right and wisest thing, she had stated, but above all she wished to do the things her Heavenly Father desired of her, no matter how difficult or sad, though the thoughts of grieving her family and being forced to separate from them in harshness, if so 'twas proved, would be hard indeed for her to bear. Other employment she must have, and soon; she was willing to work at anything, she confessed, but where in this terrible weather would one go to find something?

The good and kind Elder had listened patiently all the while, as she had talked herself through in a constant flow of words interspersed with tears; then had drawn something from his pocket and shown it to her. She herself had received no letters lately, but Elder Hansen had; and one in particular in which he thought she might be interested. It was from an old friend of his whom he hadn't seen since the war, Elder Lars Christian Myrup. He and his missionary companion were then laboring in the most southern part of Thisted Amt, at the village of Kobberod, near the water. Here they were teaching a fine family of investigators, a well-to-do farmer and his sickly wife, together with six children, three of them very young daughters who were in much need of a governess, their last one having left in haste when they let the Mormon missionaries into their home. The Elder said he had a great desire to help those good people find someone for their little girls, particularly since he found himself in the awkward position of being

the "mischief-maker", having been one of the Mormons they let in. It would be the greatest and most friendly favor, he had written, should Elder Hansen find someone responsible in his area who could qualify. An intelligent, personable, capable Mormon sister would be most desirable, since this would not only solve his immediate problem but might also be the means of hastening the baptisms of these family members. He was especially set on these baptisms, Elder Myrup had confided, since he had his eyes on the eldest daughter. Then he added a P. S. -- "The farmer can afford to pay well but the applicant must be able to furnish proper references, of course."

"Of course!" -- Else remembered how her hopes had tumbled at this last, but up until then she had been listening with mounting eagerness to the letter recital. She had thought, Who now would give "proper" references to a runaway Mormon convert? Most of her few pleasant memories lately had been thus sprinkled with bitterness, like black pepper. Elder Hansen had spoken then, as if in answer to her thinking, -- "I will vouch for you myself, Sister Andersen, if you desire the position; and I promise you, in full faith, that you shall obtain it, if this be so!" Then, since she was silent, considering, he continued, "Who can say but that if you are frugal and diligent you may be able to emigrate in the spring? Elder Jensen, myself and others of my family from Jutland, are leaving for Zion in early May on a ship the church has secured. There is much chance of employment in the valley of the mountains and I have friends there who would help you." All of a sudden she had blurted out, before she could stop the words, -- "Are you a bachelor then?" And Elder Hansen had smiled and answered, "Nej - I have a sweet wife and new-born son in Aalborg. I haven't seen the wee one yet but they say he favors me." After a pause, and rather raspy then, as if her throat were dry, she had gotten out the words, -- "I will take the position - and be most thankful for it - but first I must go home to Norhaa and bid goodby." Elder Hansen himself had bid goodby then, after having promised to write his friend Lars in Kobberod and make all

arrangements for the position for her, and let her have word of it in Norhaa as soon as a letter came back. He had taken the address of her parents to reassure her. Else herself had stayed on a few more days at the humble cottage and then boarded the first available stagecoach going north. She remembered again, as the horses tugged and strained at the coach in the deep snow under the fitful prodding of the coachman's whip, the lines she loved from "Hamlet", -- "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them though we may." What will be will be, she thought. She had done the best she knew - what came now was up to heaven. But it would be so good to be home again.

It was past dark when they arrived at her parents' cottage. There was no one standing at the door to greet her for she was not expected. The coachman's sharp commands to the flagging animals, the flash of swinging lanterns, and the grinding of coach wheels to a stop, however, brought a pull-back of a curtain at the front window and then a loud calling inside -- "Far, Mor, it is Else!" Then the door was flung wide and Karen was there on the stoop in one and the same breath nearly. At the same moment giggling Marie flew out from the kitchen, and there were kisses all around as her sisters helped her carry in her valises and boxes. Her father stood up smiling from his chair, putting his pipe away, reaching out as she ran to him and almost smothered him in her embrace. "Else, my Else", he almost sang it; "to think you should have come back to us on your eighteenth festival!" She had forgotten her own birthday. "February 9th, eighteen years ago," Far continued; "how well I remember - it was almost such a night as this when you first came to us. We were expecting someone then - a boy I had hoped", and he winked at her in the old way. Then all was well here afterall, Else thought; but where was her mother? She went then and stooped to plant a kiss on the pale cheek of the ailing Stine, for she was sitting by the fire, propped up in a big chair, smelling of mustard plasters and other remedies for her old complaint. She'd been brought from the school at Thisted, she said, for the damp and cold had set her breathing queezily again. Else

seated herself by the fire then and her father insisted on pulling off her boots and shoes and chaffing her feet, as he used to when she was a little girl -- but there was still no sign of Mor. Karen poured a cup of coffee and brought it steaming to her where she sat, and just then Mads stomped in from outside, clearing his boots and shaking his great coat and, in his surprise, would have taken her in a bear-hug, coffee and all, had she not saved herself. Christen was the only one absent now, they said. Else was glad for that, but kept worrying about her mother, for it was so unlike Mette to stay out of things. She wanted to ask about her but something held her tongue; perhaps she feared to shatter the sweet contentment of those moments.

Then they put her to the table with Danish soup and dumplings, ladled out piping hot from the kettle; the rest had eaten, they said. Else thought she would founder -- no one could make soup and dumplings like her mother! Having thought of her again she needs must ask then, "Is Mor ill?" Karen leaned to her quickly and whispered, -- "She has been so distraught about you since she heard, but she will see now that it isn't true and feel well again." So, thought Else, her premonitions were not unfounded. Then her father cleared his throat and added quietly, "There have been some rather ugly rumors here about you daughter, and Mor has taken them rather badly. She is a proud woman, as you are aware, and has had many high hopes for you. Go in to your mother dear and tell her all is right with you." "But of what am I accused then?" Else asked, sparring for time and words in which to tell them the worst, though she had rehearsed this moment and the words a hundred times over in her mind. She longed to be spared the ordeal till morning at least, for she was so weary. But Mads said, looking straight at her, "Christen says you meet and pray with Mormons, for he has seen you at it! I fear he has said the same all over Norhaa and elsewhere, by now."<sup>of</sup> Then Rudolph knew also, she thought quickly; but yet she hesitated. Still, what had she hoped to face here afterall but this? At last she said, rising, "I will go in and speak to Mor." But of a

sudden Mette stood in the doorway of her bed-chamber, disheveled, with eyes red from weeping. "I will save you the bother," she said in as cold a voice as Else had ever had from her. "Tell us" she half commanded, "we are all here but Christen; tell us - Can you deny these things that have brought us all down to disgrace in our homeland?"

There was no other way out then for Else, so she turned and faced her family squarely, almost as if at bay, expecting the worst, and told them in as gentle a manner as she could: -- "Ja, Christen did not lie; all he said is true - and more. I am a Mormon now. I was baptized the very day of the night he saw me. I have been dismissed from my position at the school too, because of it, so have come home to you. Is there else you would have me go in this weather? Is there anything wicked in believing a better way or living a better life?" Her voice quivered to a halt then; she had been surprised at her own courage but more still that they all stayed to listen, even Mette; although she started speaking again the minute Else had ceased. "What of Rudolph then - have you no feelings for his pride? Do you expect to hold him to his wedding bargain?" Else sensed a faint flicker of hope in her mother's voice at that last question, but answered, "Nej -- I could not put him to such great test of his love. Though I still regard him fondly as ever, I could never marry a non-Mormon now; so I shall pray him to free me from the bargain." Then she took the gold band Rudolph had given her from her finger and laid it gently on the table by her, asking Mads if he would take it to him and beg him to come there to the cottage that she might ask his forgiveness.

At this Mette flung herself back into her bed-chamber and onto her pillow, with noisy weeping and wailing. Then Stine was seized with such a coughing and wheezing spell that both Karen and Else rushed to her and moved her arms up and down and pounded lightly on her back, until she was relieved; and then Karen helped her to her room to bed. Marie would have stayed there with her ears wide, had not Far sent her to her bed also. Without a word, Mads had picked up the

ring and readied himself for outdoors again, looking less than happy about it though. Soon only Else and Anders were left standing there by the fire and Else turned and threw her arms about her father, sobbing, "Far, I love you!" But Anders put her gently off and sank into a chair, head in hands. She hurried then and knelt down by him, for she still had much to say; yet when he turned his face to her at last, the words stuck in her mouth at the sight of his unhappiness; and it was he who spoke first then, but it seemed painful for him for his voice shook with emotion. "Else", he said, "Your whole life we have tried to do nothing but good for you. I remember when you were a tot, how you rode on my shoulder and hung on my hair till it hurt, but the pulling-hurt was sheer joy because I loved you so much! Ever since then you have been hanging onto my heart-strings and pulling at them, as have all the rest of my offspring, but your clasp has seemed firmest and strongest, somehow. Now this terrible thing has come on us and it seems as if those strings must snap in two. Why didn't some one warn us that our child was in danger?" He paused for a moment, then went on: "True, you are a woman now, but to your mother and me you are still just a child grown dearer. Can't you give up this foolish nonsense daughter and be one with us again?"

Then Else considered thoughtfully for awhile and at last spoke, -- "Would you have me deny the great truths the Lord himself has planted in my heart? Would you have me throw away a glorious salvation?" He cut her off sharply then -- "Salvation, salvation" he almost shouted. "All those rantings and goings-on about salvation. I should have had my wits about, last summer, before it was too late! Do you think the 'All Father' is pleased that you have humiliated us before our townsmen, friends, kinsfolk and the very Priest himself? Is he pleased that you should put your mother to her sickbed with grief? Why would so great a one give us such a wonderful daughter and then take her away thus? Nej, nej, Else; 'tis the very devil himself has done this to you - and to us! They are of the devil, those Mormons, and

it is better that you were dead than be one of them. No other Mormon shall ever set foot in this cottage, I vow it!" Karen, who had returned to her sewing place meantime, could no longer pretend not to be listening, so quietly plunging her needle in and out, and spoke to her wrought up father, -- "You can't mean what you are saying, Far dear; surely all is not so bad and Else will come to her senses by and by." Then she turned to her sister in kindness, -- "You may sleep with me in my bed as you used to."

Silence grew heavy in the room as all three sat where they were for a time. Then Anders blew his nose furiously, stood up, put more wood on the waning fire, and went into his bedchamber without another word or back glance. Karen too got up, saying she would warm the bed first, and taking Else's night valise from the corner went into her bedroom. Else still sat there on the floor, utterly dejected, hoping Mads would come soon. It was too late now to expect Rudolph. Likely he would come tomorrow. She doubted that she could sleep for she was sure her thoughts would never lie down and be quiet after all that had been said to her, though there was a numbness about her as if she herself were past thinking and feeling. Finally Mads returned and came and sat in the chair by her. He was gentler than she had expected and she broke down and cried some. He patted her arm as it lay on the chair's arm, and told her the outcome of his errand. "Ja, just a liquid promise that ran off so quickly", Rudolph had said as he took the ring back gladly enough, "A bargain I am well pleased to be rid of, with one who prefers 'Mormon Elders' to my company. Else need not worry about forgiveness or more about me either, as I'll be off in the next coach for Kobenhaven again. The Danish girls are prettier there!" This flippancy in Else's former suitor had put her brother on the defense in her behalf, although they both knew the unkind words spoken were only slaps-backs for hurt feelings or injured pride - who could tell which?

Then Else told Mads how their father had spoken to her, and wept again in the process. She said she could not bear to stay there much longer in the face of it and Mor's unhappiness too. She

would only wait now until she had a letter from the Mormon Elder in Bested, assuring her of her new position. If that didn't arrive -- well, she just couldn't bear to think of what then would become of her. "Nej," she answered at his questioning, she could never give up the new church and its teachings, even if it meant giving up her beloved family, which she now feared might be required of her. She prayed for them all constantly, she told him, that they also might be converted to the truth and come to the same understanding that had brought her such joy and hope for the future. Go from Norhaa she must though, one way or another. She had faith that the Heavenly Father would direct her in the path she should take. Mads shied from the religious side of things but told Else that if she needed money he had some saved from his war pay which she was most welcome to. She shed a few more tears at his thoughtfulness. Then he told her something he had never spoken of before at home; how he had fought side by side with a Mormon Elder in the war and was beholding to him for saving his life at Dybboel Hill. "All on our side were brothers in that war" he said, and Else answered, "All are brothers and sisters every day, everywhere, for are we not all God's children?" So they sat there softly talking, as friendly as ever they had been. Not until the sound of sobbing had long been overcome by snoring in their parents' bedchamber had they said goodnight and retired.

On the surface the following few days and night passed somewhat as usual in the cottage, with things never again getting completely out of hand as they had that first night of Else's homecoming. Here was a family of no ordinary peasant upbringing and its members generally knew how to behave and did it, all except Christen that is. Else was treated with courtesy, for the most part, and her needs were well taken care of. But there was an underlying strain between Else and her parents, neither of them caring nor daring to speak more to her of what was between them, or she to them, lest the tension explode again into bitterness as before. Mette had ceased her weeping, in the main, but ignored or avoided her

daughter; engaging herself instead with sundry things in her bedchamber when she was not cooking some of the things Else relished most, in the kitchen, as if to remind her what she would be missing once she left there again. If the two did meet, at meals and the like, the older woman was silent with high head and evasive eyes; though truly there was a certain dignity in the way she put it over. Only once in those days did she forget herself and speak impulsively before she could check it. "Any natural mother would try to keep her child from walking into a fire" she said, as if in self defense. And Else thought, "So, it is burning she fears for me now!" But once started her mother had gone on passionately: "Do you realize what you have done to yourself? Anyone who leaves the State Church is not able to marry legally or have their children christened or their dead buried. Have you thought of that? Do you realize what you have done to us besides?" As she stopped for breath, Else put in sincerely, -- "Forgive me Mor; I love you dearly, in spite of our differences and would give anything to be able to heal your sorrow." Instead of offering the embrace Else ached for then, her mother had flung herself into her bedchamber again and thrown back over her shoulder the words, "You should have thought of that when you gave your family up to run with Mormons!" Nothing short of her leaving would satisfy Mor now, Else thought; then an idea had filtered through her unhappy mind:--It was not her mother's heart but her pride that was shattered; not only her plans but her love too, that had been forced aside. How her mother seemed to have changed towards her.

Change had come over her father too. A Danishman is king in his own household, and so it had always been with Anders, in spite of a "husfru" like Mette. His own children adored him, for he had been a splendid father. Else had never known him to rule with anything but love and gentleness before. This man who mostly now sat so glum and brooding, when not busy outdoors with his livestock, was a stranger to her. There was no merry twinkle in his eye, no sharpness of wit and humor, no enthusiasm for her accomplishments, no fond

embraces. Yet he had not been unkind to her since that first night nor had he spoken ought of scorn or blame, or avoided her. But their infrequent conversations now were small talk, unimportant, impersonal; for in those days after her eighteenth birthday, Far never again spoke to her of deep-down things he felt sincerely or the matters she longed so desperately to hear about--understanding--forgiveness--love! She sensed behind the words that remained unsaid, the little things he might have said and didn't, the firm unbending of his will--like a stone. Still she herself felt little change in her love and respect for Far, or Mor either; it was deep hurt she felt.

The frost held on outside, and inside the cottage as well, as far as Else and her parents were concerned at least. But there were some pleasant hours for her, mixed in with the gloom, whenever the undercurrent of unhappiness was lulled awhile in the company of Mads and her sisters. There seemed little change in their friendship for her, although the girls were more restrained. Mads was like an anchor in a storm and she clung to the security of his concern for her and cherished each few moments they had been able to be alone together. Karen had helped her clean and mend her clothes and select the ones most useful to her should she go to be a governess. Else wondered if it were less for the pleasure of being of service or more for the chance of reindoctrinating her into her former faith, that she helped; for Karen was by far the most devout Lutheran of them all. Especially when they were together in bed at nights would she say things, such as, -- "Just believe and live as you choose Else, but be a Lutheran, not a Mormon." It was as simple as that to the sweet Karen, for she seemed unable to grasp the difference between faiths. Stine now, like Mads, had been as loving as ever. Else had spent much of her time talking to this ailing sister and tending to her. "You have more of a way of making me comfortable and less ill than the others have," Stine had said, when she rubbed her; "Such wonderful hands to ease pain!" Marie was still home all day for it was yet too cold and snowy for school. She had hung on Else

a lot and seemed to think she was something to be viewed with wide eyes now. "Are you really truly a Mormon?" This question her thirteen year old sister had asked many times over in those seven days; for now a week had passed since Else came home.

Else had prayed constantly and fervently in her heart that the letter would come from Bested soon, bringing her relief from the fix she was in. She could not bear to stay on and grieve her parents longer, nor could she go without a place to go. Day after day she had watched for the mailcoach in vain. None had come to the cottage, whether on errands or to call or visit, although word must have gotten around that she was home. Even Christen hadn't come, and for this she thanked heaven. It couldn't all be blamed on the weather. Else couldn't help but suspect somehow, in the face of it all, that besides Christen, the neighbors, her kindsfolk, and even her dearest friends and girlhood companions, were speaking evil of her now. It was strange too, but she imagined that the likenesses of her very ancestors, in their old frames on the walls, were looking down on her sternly. In other days, long gone by, she was sure they had smiled when she chanced to look up at them. Yes, Else was in a fix all right and only heaven knew the end of it.

But on the eighth day the horn of the mailcoach came blowing at the cottage door. Marie ran out quickly and came back bearing a letter for Else. It was from Elder Hansen in Bested and held wonderful news. The well-to-do farmer in Kobberod, Christen Christensen by name (the same as their half brother's) had sent the price of her coach fare, plus a request that the young lady come at the earliest moment, since they were in much need of her there. Then it must needs be that Else should ascertain the leaving time of the very next stagecoach and make arrangements to travel south on it, as well as go to the police in Norhaa for the signing of her little book. Mads accompanied her, lest she come to some harm in the town through which she must walk. After that came the packing, she could manage nothing

but the necessary things. There were all the things in her brides-chest to consider, all the treasures her mother had saved up from her babyhood and put in. She went to it by herself and opened it, almost reverently, to have a last look. She had room for none of those lovely things; she would come back for them sometime. Yet nestled on top was a small wooden box Rudolph had carved and given her. In it were her amber things, beads, ear-drops, brooch - and the Dagmar Cross from her other confirmation. Ja, she would take those to remember by, they would take so little space in her valise.

By pre-arrangement, the coach came by for Else next day at noon. She went at once to the door of her mother's bedchamber to say farewell, but it was shut fast. There was no answer when she called 'Goodby Mor' through the wood, though she stood there hoping for a moment. The rest all came outside to see her leave, even her father. Mads put in her valise and boxes and the lunch Karen had prepared, plus a little jug of hot coffee and some warmed rocks for her feet. She kissed each one goodby, one by one, and embraced them fondly, even her father, though she had only slight response from him in return. But then he said quietly, as if to her ears alone, "If you ever reconsider and change your mind daughter, you will be welcomed back". Those were his last words to her, for then he went inside fast and closed the door, as if afraid of himself; but Else's heart was cheered some. As she boarded the coach then and sat down, turning to wave farewell to the others, she saw her mother's face at the front window, looking. That was the last she ever saw of her.

#### 4. KOBBEROD . . . 1865-1866.

The old coachman had no more wit than heaven was pleased to grant him, which was little, Else thought, as he immediately started a harangue about things he had got wind of in the town. Some of it concerned her, though he knew it not, and Else's face reddened at what was being said of her

there. "If I were this ... wayward girl's parents I'd ... plenty soon kick her out in the street and shut the ... door in her face, snow or no!" He dismissed that subject thus, though his exact words were more highly embellished. Else thought disgustedly, "My parents did not kick me out nor shut the door in my face!" Then she recalled Mor's shut door--but passed it off. She had left voluntarily to save them added embarrassment and grief - but she would return under happier circumstances someday, she hoped. She still longed for a miracle for her family. "How far to Kobberod?" she asked. "About 28 kilometers, or more than 32 American miles, but shorter as the bird flies," the coachman answered.

Else was relieved when they stopped at Stagstrup and picked up another passenger; it gave the coachman other ears to talk into. She had dreaded so many miles of loose chatter in her direction. They were traveling slowly too, for it was poor road, snow and ice mixed with mud, and many deep ruts to pull through. The two Danishmen smoked and exchanged gossip and coarse jokes, punctuated with guffaws--some about "Mormons". This conversation Else ignored as best she could. She was not priggish, but there was a manner of unmistakable dignity about her which, after a time, made the others unconsciously shut their mouths on the vulgar words and begin talking of more respectable, though to them humdrum affairs. Righteousness is a shield against many things! Meanwhile, Else pulled her wrappings up closer about her and pretended to be dozing as she busied herself with her own musings. She could have wept from homesickness then and there had she been alone, strange as it was. Courage was something she was growing into slowly. She had never traveled this far away, though she had longed to without seriously thinking. It was just that this particular going-away seemed to have such a finality about it somehow, for it was surely not very far as distances went. When next would she be going back to her parents' cottage, she wondered, and what lay ahead of her now? What would she find of happiness or sorrow in Kobberod? It is easier to look back on things, for then one sees

the beginning and the end at almost one and the same minute.

Time was drawing well on into the late afternoon when they pulled up at the coach barn in Visby, about half way, to change teams. It was bitter cold! Else ate her lunch then, and recalled an old Scandinavian proverb which went something like this:-- "When the days begin to lengthen, the weather begins to strengthen." So too does the Jutland wind, she thought; for they were now close to the Limfjord and the wind was stiff and still rising. The time of travel had seemed long but she contented herself with the knowledge that all things must draw to a close, both good and bad. They continued on from Visby for another hour or so, following the main thoroughfare going south, then turned west at Ydby and followed a lesser highway some distance to the town of Gettrup. Here the other passenger alighted, and he seemed to take much of the little warmth that had been in the coach with him. Else was thoroughly chilled and dark was gathering. They drove past a white Parish church and on west from the town a spell, then turned onto a farm road swinging southwest towards the water again. She could see nothing outside now, except where the coach lights cast their gleam, but it was only two more miles before they began passing straggling farm houses, with lanterns hung out and dogs barking warnings against their coming. They were approaching Kobberod, the driver said, and Else straightened her shawl and bonnet and began getting her baggage in order. Then the long winter's ride ended for her as the coachman pulled up right at the Christensen's very door and dropped her.

Helped in hurridly out of the wind and cold, midst most friendly greetings, Else was escorted to a comfortable sitting room and soon seated by a big open fire, which would have warmed her thoroughly had not the cheery welcome of the delightful family done it first. Here it seemed then to her was the best she had ever had in all her dreaming of it. As introductions were made she marked the name of each, as well as the appearance and manner. A well-bred, tidy and

comely family they were withal. Christen Christensen, the "husmand", an upstanding Dane of some forty-eight years, was rather tall and somewhat stern looking, but she took to him right away nevertheless. His frail wife, Karen, younger than he by more than nine years, was dark haired and attractive, and to Else seemed as loving, gentle and gracious a mistress as one could ever wish for. The two sons, Christen and Laurs, looked about her very age, but when she inquired of it she found she was in between them. Christen, the taller and heavier one, would soon be nineteen while Laurs, a bit shorter but with curly hair and far more handsome, was but seven months past seventeen. Maren, the eldest daughter, had barely turned sixteen. She was small of stature and very pretty, but seemed to take herself somewhat seriously. Pouline, almost ten, was the plainest of the four girls and she was shy and prim.

Petrine, called "Trina", who would have her sixth birthday in less than two weeks, was the daintiest, most loving and adorable little miss Else had ever seen, and seemed like the gentle Karen in so many ways. Sena, just past two-and-a-half years, clung to her mother and hid her face till it was hard to judge her. Then there were the two servants who seemed pleasant enough--a lady cook and a house-maid, with whom Else was to share quarters.

When Mr. Christensen asked her about herself and she told him somewhat of how she had been forced to seek employment, they all seemed to wonder, and his wife clucked her tongue and said, "O Ja, --think you any of us would have done it?" Then the son Laurs spoke up, "Nej, --this was no small thing it seems to me," and they all nodded -- all except young Christen. Ja, she was among friends!

Theirs was a rambling farmhouse and there was plenty room for much happiness there. It had been intended for many children, but the gentle Karen had suffered the mishaps of losing four little ones, three of them one after another from the cradle as it were. Had all lived there would have been ten children living in the home now, all of them having been born there in Kobberod in the Parish of Getrup. There were Christen, born

24 April 1846 (named for his father); Lauritz Mathias Christian, called Laurs, born 22 July 1847 (just two days before the first band of Mormon Pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley) and who was named for his mother's father, Lauritz Jeppesen. Maren (later called Mary) born 14 Feb. 1849; Ane Marie (named after two of her father's sisters) who was born 2 March 1850 and died in August the same year at five months; Peder Christen, born 5 July 1851 and died at three years eight months, 9 Mar. 1855 (named for his father's brother who died young); Niels Christian, born 25 Apr. 1853, who died right away; Pouline (anglized to Pauline) born 20 Mar. 1855, just eleven days after her little brother Peder died (named for her mother's maternal grandmother, Pouline Kasgard); the first Petrine, born 4 May 1857 and died 13 Mar. 1858, when ten months nine days old (named so in memory of little dead Peder); the second Petrine, called "Trina" (named for the first, as was a Scandinavian custom) born 28 Feb. 1859, just a year lacking two weeks from the day the first one died; and the last child, born 15 June 1862, called "Sena" but whose full name was Nielsine Christiana (in remembrance of her brother Niels Christian who died soon after birth).

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Christen Christensen himself had been born 29 July 1817 in the small scattered farm village of Flarup, known earlier as Flarupgaard ("gaard" meaning farm in Danish). It is situated a few miles east of the town of Getstrup, midway between there and the larger town of Ydby, just over the line into Ydby Parish. His father had been born in the same village, as had his father's father and mother also; in fact, all of his progenitors, at least back to the year 1592, both male and female, had been born within a radius of not more than ten miles from Flarup (Ydby, Dover, Getstrup, Helligso, Kobberod, etc.), or in Flarupgaard itself. Christen felt pretty certain, however, that all of his forerunners had lived in that selfsame area since before the time of the Vikings, even from the beginning of habitation there.

The aforementioned small villages and towns

are all nestled in the southern part of that region often referred to as Thyland, or "Thy", the lower half and most western part of far North Jutland, which is cut off from the rest of it by the beautiful Limfjord, that unexpectedly meandering, lengthy fjord which runs diagonally across the peninsula east and west, from the Kattegat to the North Sea. Carved out during the Ice Age, when the receding glaciers formed the landscapes, this largest of Denmark's numerous fjords which enhances the graceful smiling and more fertile part of Thy, is so studded with inlets, coves, bays and sister fjords, into which its blue water enters, as to be almost unbelievable! The fjord itself is framed in picturesque bluffs and flats, although the scenery around it is varied, and its shores harbor many cozy smaller towns, as well as Thisted, the largest of those in Thy, also the large city of Aalborg, some distance northeast of this region. The waters of the Limfjord also surround Mors, a good-sized green island of scenic beauty which contains some of the loveliest scenery in Denmark; containing also many pleasant towns and villages, particularly the ancient historical city of Nykobing and the town of Feggeklit, the place where Prince Hamlet, the Danish legend says, killed his uncle King Fegge, in revenge for the murder of his father, Horvendil.

Thy is mostly a flat region of wide horizons and great contrasts. Very near Flarup and west of Hurup is the highest point in the entire region, 300 ft. above sea level, offering a beautiful view of the area. Giant chalk formations are found in some areas, especially in the most northwestern part at Hanstholm, where is also one of the strongest lighthouses in the world, overlooking the North Sea, and built during Christen's time in 1842. Some of the slopes along the Limfjord are rich with moler, a clay found hardly anywhere else in the world. It is best seen south of Thisted, where many layers of volcanic ashes are visible in the clay. From this clay, light, porous bricks for insulation are made and exported to many countries. To the west and north, Thy is bordered by the cruel North Sea, which has been eating away at the land for centuries, carving out and swallowing well-off farms and even whole villages, or covering

them over with sand. In their places now is either the ever-hungry sea or stretches of dunes and moors where nothing good grows, and populated only by birds and a few animals. Sand drifts have covered much of the once fertile area northwest from Kobberod. And still farther north and west from there, near the town of Agger, entire villages have disappeared over the last three centuries. Agger Church was demolished and a new one raised more north in 1838, and soon after that the first breakwaters were built there to control the North Sea, both in Christen's time. (Recently, large dikes have been constructed for the same purpose.) On the east and south of Thy is the so-different Limfjord and its bays. On its safe shores, Danes have been settled from way back, including the Viking Age, as witnessed by thousand-year old, boat-shaped burial places which cover large areas, and excavations from whence Vikings set forth on their raids across the North Sea. Here just a few miles east, as well as south from the village of Flarup, in the peaceful bays of this lovely fjord, the fleets of those fierce sailing warriors had gathered for their expeditions to England, France and the Mediterranean, a thousand years before.

But long before that there were people in this area. One or two thousand years before the birth of Christ, during the so-called Stone Age and the later Bronze Age, this was a comparatively well populated part of the country. There is a Bronze Age graveyard at Ydby Moor, very close to Flarup, with more than 50 mounds. In fact, several thousand of these mounds are scattered all over Thy, and in its museums are relics, original or in copy, of finds telling of those bygone cultures, such as the famous Gold Boats from Nors and the amber axes at Thisted museum. At Lundehej, about ten or so miles east of Flarup, is one of the most impressive megalithic tombs in the whole country, purported to be about 5,000 years old, and at Hørдум Church, a few miles southeast from Norhaa, is kept the only known stone hewn to the Nordic war-god, Thor. It depicts his fight with the legendary Midgaard Serpent. Very near Kobberod, northwest, is Vestervig Church, once a cathedral. It was

erected around 1100 A.D., as a part of a big Augustine monastery. North of the church is Linden Kirstin's grave. According to legend, Prince Buris (Henriksson) and Linden Kirstin, the half sister of King Valdemar I, were buried here after a tragic end to their love affair.

Yes indeed, Thy was a region where the past was speaking and Christen Christensen of Flarup believed his progenitors had been there when the ancient history of the area was made. Surely they must have gathered on the bays of the Limfjord and struck out to sea in long-ships with the early Vikings. Most likely they fought under King Harold Bluetooth or Sweyn Forkbeard. Perhaps some watched on the blood-drenched battlefield of Lyndanisse, 20 June 1219, when the Danes' first flag "Dannebrog" supposedly floated down from heaven, blood red with cross of white. Certainly some of his forefathers had been involved when, in 1340, the peasants of North Jutland rebelled, and the powerful baldheaded Count Gert marched up from Holstein with an army of 11,000 to quell them but was slain by a Jutlandic squire, thus saving the Danes from the German rule they so much dreaded. And when the North Jutland peasants rebelled again in 1535, at the crowning of King Christen III, some of his great-great-grandfathers must have joined them and stood up bravely to fight for what they believed to be right, and must have suffered also when the new King's army slaughtered most of the citizens in Aalborg, as well as over 2,000 Jutland peasants who had rallied to make a last stand there. Jutland peasants clung and died together, for there had always been great fellowship among them through the ages. There was little doubt in his mind either but that various of his ancestors, over a period of almost a thousand years, had fought nobly time and time again, when calls came, in war after war to save Jutland's neck, Slesvig, from the covetous Germans. (Christen's own son, young Christen, had gone to battle in the recent war for this selfsame reason -- 'twas a pity the Danes lost that one !) Comparatively few in numbers, and never rich, the Danish have waged, with desperate bravery, wars far beyond their strength. Though they have

often lost, yet they have given stronger nations the impression that it was best to leave them alone. Yes, Christen the elder was mighty proud of his forebearers, those stalwart peasant Danes from Thy. He was grateful too for the part they had played in building and preserving the kingdom.

It would have been easy to have failed in the era and circumstances into which Christen found himself plunged at birth, which was just three years following the close of Napoleon's great rampage in Europe, that left so many of the countries there upset. The Danish Kingdom herself had been thrown into a state of discouragement. She was bankrupt and had lost the control of Norway besides; but above all she had lost her great Dano-Norwegian merchant fleet, second largest in the world, next to England's. In fact, the country was then regarded as being utterly impoverished and on the verge of disintegration. It was in this austere national atmosphere of disappointment and soberness then that he grew up. Reconstruction proceeded but slowly at first, general conditions were extremely poor and throughout the land things seemed to be at a standstill.

The Absolute Monarch, Frederick II, was ruling in Denmark at this time. He had likely made many wrong decisions, for he was not genius enough to be able to keep on top of things during that Napoleonic whirlwind, but his integrity was beyond question and besides he was dearly beloved, particularly by the peasants of his kingdom, for the reforms he had brought about in the earlier years of his reign in their behalf. At the age of 15, each Danishman became liable for military service and could be called to serve in the King's army or navy anytime between ages 15 and 39. If there was war in Denmark no physically able male in this age bracket got out of it, unless perhaps he could hire someone to fight for him. In peacetime one might "draw a pass" when there was no great demand for soldiers. The law still remained that all males be placed on the military levying rolls at birth (at least until 1850), but Frederick VI did away with the "bound-to-the-soil" law and from that time forth peasants could live anywhere they

liked. At the same time it was decreed by him that peasants could once again buy and own their own farms and land. (This was a great step forward, for they had been deprived of this freeman privilege of owning property since the days of King Christian III, having been forced since that time to either rent their lands and pay manorial dues in money, crops and labor to the nobles, church or State, or labor entirely on the large estates of these great landowners.) Agriculture was given a lift in the country through the introduction of improved methods of cultivation, new farm implements and better ploughs.

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Christen Christensen, the father of the family, had good reasons to be proud in his own right, aside from the accomplishments of his ancestors; for he himself was no ordinary fellow. He had been brought up in the era "after Napoleon" in a Danish household of modest demands and thriftiness. Likely he attended school at the parish town of Ydby in winters, from age eight to twelve inclusive, walking to and fro for that purpose in all sorts of weather. In summers he must have helped on the farm his father had been able to take over from his father. When he was two months short of his fifteenth birthday and the "age of fighting", so to speak, his father, also named Christen Christensen, had passed away nine days following his forty-third birthday (1832) and, being the eldest child, Christen had taken over the family farm, as well as the support of his mother Maren and the younger children:-- Karen, age eleven; Jens Christian, eight and a half; Marie, age six; and Anne, just past three years four months. Anne's twin, Maren, had died soon after birth, January 1829, and the boy Peder at age eleven, 1830, there having been seven children in the family in all.

It is doubtful if Christen himself was called into military service, either in his teens or twenties, the country being at peace during those years and the king being anxious to build up Danish farms and agriculture again. He must have grieved with other Danish peasants when old Frederick VI died, in 1839, and been somewhat dubious as well

when the old king's cousin became King Christian VIII, for he was middle-aged and had little foresight. Christen apparently hadn't thought much about marriage, or at least hadn't done anything about it, until sometime after his twenty-seventh birthday. But then he courted and won the hand of the lovely Karen Lauritzen, youngest daughter of the widow Marianne Jeppesen of the town of Gettrup nearby. On 25 March 1845, when he lacked four months of being twenty-eight and Karen was eighteen and a half, the two were married in the Parish Church at Gettrup, soon after their engagement intentions had been duly advertised by the Pastor there. Christen must have sold or given up the family farm to his younger and only living brother, Jens Christian, then or soon after, for he took his bride to live in the village of Kobberod, some five miles from Flarup and half of that from Gettrup. Jens stayed on in Flarup and likely ran the family farm and kept a home for his mother and sisters, and subsequently married a widow lady there. Christen and Karen both had relatives in Kobberod and so he bought a farm there and settled. He had built that farm until it had become one of the richest and best in the whole area and he was considered one of the most successful farmers around. He employed a number of laborers, both on the farm and in the house. Aside from this he manufactured farm implements on his place, for which he had good market. He was a lover of thoroughbred horses and owned a number, as well as his own up-to-date and impressive carriage. He loved sports and was a fine wrestler and jumper, as well as being clever at horseshoes. He had numerous friends and relatives in South Thy, being well known and well respected withal. Yes, Christen Christensen was a well-to-do, successful, selfmade man, one might say, and besides had fathered ten children and provided well for his household.

The gentle Karen herself was a woman of high intelligence and refinement, with a deep spiritual nature. She had been born in Gettrup, 8 Sept. 1826, the youngest of the three children, all daughters, born to Lauritz Jeppesen

(anglicized to Laurs Jepsen) and Marianne Elizabeth Kristensen Eskov (anglicized to Mariane Christensen). (Eskov was the name of the place from whence her great-great paternal grandfather, Peder Sorensen, had originated, having been born there around 1678.) Her father's progenitors had lived right there in the area of Gettrup for more than two centuries at least, for there was a record of them back to her fourth great-grandparents, Eric Nielsen and his wife Mette Jensen Nielsen, who were each born in Kobberdgaard about 1604 and 1610 respectively. So Karen too must have descended from the early Vikings of Thy and their predecessors there. But Karen's mother's fore-runners had not come from Thy, as far back as they knew, but from across the Limfjord east and south, where its waters had pushed themselves in to form several smaller fjords and bays, including Skive Fjord. It was here on the shores of Skive Fjord in the large city of Skive that her mother had been born, the youngest of the four daughters of Kristen Kristensen (Eschou) and Pouline Kasgaard. Kristen's people were from Selde, some ten miles or so north from there but had originally come from the village of Escou (Eskou or Eskuer) midway between Selde and Skive. Pouline Kasgaard may have been from Skive, in Skive Parish, but there is reason to believe she was from much farther south, in Viborg, since the first three of her four daughters had been born there, only the fourth, Karen's mother Marianne, having been born in Skive. It was from the cathedral city of Viborg, that ancient cultural center in mid-Jutland, that Jutland's royal army had ridden, from time immemorial, southward by horse and cart, to Denmark's ancient border near Danevirke to fight off the Germans. (Where the modern highway has not replaced the old road, cart tracks dating back several centuries may still be traced in the heather and near the fjords.)

On 8 Dec. 1843, when Karen was just two months past her seventeenth birthday, her father died at age sixty-five years nine months, leaving her mother, herself and her two older sisters, Maren, just a week past twenty-one and Ane, nineteen and a half. In less than a year-and-a-half

after his death all three of the girls had married:-- Maren, 20 Oct. 1844 to Niels Thomsen; Ane, 2 Mar. 1845 to Poul Jensen; and Karen, two and-a-half weeks after Ane, 25 Mar. 1845 to Christen Christensen of Flarup. All three couples were married in the Parish Church in Gettrup and, strange as it may seem, all took up their first residence in Kobberod, although Ane and her husband later moved to Hellerslev, nearby. The girls' mother more than likely moved to Kobberod too and took turns living with her daughters, although she must have spent most of her time with her youngest, Karen, because she needed her the most. Maren only had one son, young Christen's age, while Ane had two girls and two boys but lost the first girl soon after birth.

Karen's mother must have been with her when her first five babies were born, and also there to give aid and comfort when wee Ane Marie had died, the first child to leave the nest. Bedstemøder Marianne herself had been the next one to go, passing away just seven months after her tiny granddaughter, 25 Mar. 1852, which happened to be Karen's and Christen's seventh wedding anniversary. They had the church bell tolled for her, and the funeral and the "dirt casting", and laid her beside her husband Lauritz in the churchyard at Gettrup where they had so recently placed little Ane Marie to rest. There were so many of their kindred at rest there in that Gettrup Parish churchyard, and more to come. It was Karen's uncle, the widower Peder Jeppesen, a brother of her father, who had taken his place there next, having died just a month after Marianne. Then one by one, within the next few years, three more of Karen's babies had been buried in that same burial ground. It wasn't long before the newer graves had hedges growing all around, with flowers blooming inside in summers like all the others; mute evidence that love, birth and death, the tapestry of life, is little altered, in the main, no matter when or where its threads are woven. But death had seemed to strike so often there then. It was small comfort that the churchyards were sometimes far more beautiful than parks, with their white churches hovering

above the flower-grown graves, their bell towers always facing west toward the setting sun; for what hope did these churches and their priests offer the bereaved? "From dirt thou camest and to dirt thou returnest" were the words spoken by those who cast the "holy dirt" into the tombs.

This Christensen family had always attended the Parish church at Gettrup, the gentle Karen having been very particular about church going, as her mother Marianne had been before her. The births and baptisms of each of her children had been duly acknowledged and registered by the Priest there, all except little Niels Christian who had died in his sins right away before there had been time to have him "doubt". This had been a canker-ing sorrow to the family ever since, but especially to the gentle Karen whose grief at the time had been pitiful indeed. They had done everything they could to make amends for this neglect. The little dead ones had all been buried in the churchyard there, as mentioned, and the three older ones, Christen, Laurs and Maren, had each received their confirmations in the church there, in their turns, as had Karen and her sisters done in theirs. The family as a whole had been very faithful in the church attendance on "Holy Days" at Easters and Christmases and even regular services and masses. Christen himself had contributed consistently to the upkeep of the Parish, as well as the salary of the priest. Karen read and studied her Bible often and had become somewhat acquainted with the scriptures. The church congregations in Gettrup were usually made up mostly of the Christensen's relatives and friends, but few were as religious as they, especially as Karen, for she herself was a most devout Lutheran.

The education of the Christensen children had not been neglected either. Christen, Laurs and Maren had each attended the free church-sponsored school provided in their area, from ages eight through twelve as the law required. Their father, a self-made man himself, had likely considered that enough formal education for them, believing more in the value of practical experience and honest toil as an educator. Although he often

employed farm hands and maidservants, especially in later years, yet he had insisted on the boys working on the farm and Maren in the house. Karen had sincerely tried to teach her children something of the great art of living she herself had learned so well:--courtesy, refinement, mastery of self and the means of life about them, enjoyment of simple things and appreciation for all that was good.

The daughter Pouline had also started school when she was eight but dropped out the forepart of her second year, at Yuletide. Now Danish officials were determined that there would be no illiteracy in the country, yet it was permissible for children to remain away from school if good enough reasons could be found. If a child were sickly, or needed by the parents in the home, or if the distance were too far to school or the weather too rough, one could remain at home during the school term provided arrangements could be made for him or her to be properly taught in the home. What excuse the Christensens gave for Pouline's absence from the school is uncertain; perhaps it was the weather, or again it may have been the fact that there was already a governess employed in the home. However, the real *crux* of the matter was that they had removed their daughter from the State school to save her from possible embarrassment or harsh treatment there, since it had lately been rumored about the area that the Christensens were "Mormon lovers".

It had all started to happen when the gentle Karen, in her sweet way, had opened the door to two Mormon missionaries and let them in out of the cold. That they had been kinder to her than she to them that day she had scarcely realized, yet they had warmed her heart with the beauty of the Restored Gospel. Being much impressed with their words she had invited the Elders to return. Meantime she had taken to studying her Bible more in order to determine if the words they had spoken were true. She told Christen about their visit, insisting that what the Mormon missionaries had said agreed with the scriptures yet disagreed with what the priest had told his congregations.

Her husband had taken little stock in the affair to begin with, but made no objection to the Elders coming if she wished it, though he knew somewhat of the reputation of the Mormons. He was one to pamper his wife, and besides he trusted Karen's judgment.

On their next visit the Elders brought with them the "new Bible" or Book of Mormon, and left it with her. She had started to read then and hardly put the book down for days until she had read it through. Her soul burned with a knowledge of the truth of it, as she poured over its pages, and she rejoiced. There was one section in the last of the book that astonished her perhaps more than any other and she re-read it carefully, over and over:-- Moroni 8:11-21 "...little children need no repentance, neither baptism..." (She skipped some here and there.) "Behold I say unto you, that he that supposeth that little children need baptism is in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity... For awful is the wickedness to suppose that God saveth one child because of baptism, and the other must perish because he has no baptism. Little children cannot repent... And he that saith that little children need baptism denieth the mercies of Christ... Woe unto such, for they are in danger of death, hell and an endless torment. I speak it boldly; God hath commanded me -- listen -- and give heed..." As Karen read these things she cried out with happiness, "Our little Niels -- the priest was wrong - wrong!!" And she knew it fully then.

It had taken only a few more visits and discussions with the Elders until Karen had known she was ready for baptism by immersion, as the Lord had commanded. However, though she pressed them for it then eagerly, the missionaries had no desire to break up that lovely family with a lone baptism; so, as the weeks passed, they began more and more to involve the whole Christensen family in their cottage meetings, with Karen's help. All except the son Christen finally came around to listen and discuss, but he would have nothing at all to do with any "Mormons!!" The daughter Maren soon became deeply impressed

also, but whether it was so much with Mormonism as with the handsome missionary, Elder Myrup, was not quite clear, even to the young lady herself. One could see that the son Laurs was somewhat moved by it all, yet was being held back by his older brother's opinions. It is hard to stand against ridicule when one is seventeen! Christen the father seemed to have a lot of thinking to do about the whole thing. Most Scandinavians who were embracing the gospel in those days were poor or meek, but this Dane was neither. The little girls went about their own small affairs knowing naught of the magnitude of the decisions being made then in the home.

The Christensens had been without a governess for a number of weeks, their former one having left in a huff when the Mormon missionaries had begun to call at the farmhouse. Seemingly a Mormon-hater, she had soon started some unkind rumors about them in the village; doubtless falling back on gossiping to seem important, having so little in and of herself in the world with which to put that point over, like so many of her kind. The word that her recent employers were "Mormon sympathizers" brought no immediate violence to the offenders, as she had likely anticipated. Certainly it was not like it had been in the area, and not so long ago either, when quiet, hard-working, honest farm families could be meeting with friends and neighbors, singing and praying one minute and the next facing a howling mob seemingly intent on their extermination. The reaction then, in the midst of that bitter winter, had more or less taken on the form of vehement talking "behind backs", as it were. The usual rabble-rousers used up their energy in virile, abusive words against them, telling what they would do "come spring" perhaps. Some others of their friends and neighbors scowled at them or shunned them, and a number of their relatives who lived close by ran right over to see what it was all about, and when they learned, commenced to call them "fools". 'Twas said the priest himself had plenty bad to say of them. Perhaps he was worried about his pocket money, since the family no longer joined his congregations. Christen senior couldn't have cared

less what people said or how they reacted, though he was somewhat surprised at the bigotry of some of the best of them. But if there was bitterness on any side it could not hold a candle to the bitterness of the weather, which continued to beat, bite and bruise any flesh forced to be out in it for long. And so matters had stood in Kobberod when the new governess arrived.

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The weather continued so through the rest of February and all of March that winter of 1865. Notwithstanding, the two Mormon Elders continued to labor faithfully with the Christensens and other farm families in the area, visiting them often and usually wading through heavy snow and enduring severe cold to do so. They now had quite a number of sincere investigators and a few others, like Karen and Maren, who were ready for baptism. The importance and influence of the Christensens had been quite a factor in bringing in investigators who were pleased to follow their example and who often came to meetings in their home. Baptisms in the open were impossible then, as the weather stood, but the missionaries were looking forward to spring when they hoped for quite a "harvest of souls" in Gettrup Parish. Though they had received no commitments from either Laurs Christensen or his father, they felt they were making progress, especially with the younger man. The new Mormon governess there seemed to be having quite an influence on his thinking.

Else Katherine Andersen was happy in the Christensen home, at least as happy as one could be under the circumstances of feeling quite forgotten by her own family. These people with whom she now resided had treated her most kindly; in fact she had been led to feel more like a member of the family than a servant. She had learned to love the gentle Karen like a second mother. They had much in common in their love for the gospel and often studied and talked of it together. Else's special charges, the three younger daughters, were her delight. She had learned to love them with all her heart. The shy Pouline had come to trust her for she had done so much to encourage

the young girl in her special abilities. Trina had been no problem from the first; she knew they would be friends forever. The little one, Sena, had to be weaned somewhat from her mother's skirts and Else fell back on the stories of her childhood to do this, for Sena loved stories and jingles. "Tommeltot fell in the water; Slikkepot fished him out; Langemand carried him home; Guldbrand put him to bed, and Lille Peder Spillemand sat in the corner and tattled." This one the small girl learned to say, pulling at her own fingers the while. When it was time for bed the story about "Ole Lukoie" was what Sena coaxed for and she usually got it, since nothing else would quiet her. "Ole Lukoie comes up the stairs in his stocking feet, opens the door noiselessly --- and st! --- squirts a small, small stream of sweet milk in the childrens' eyes to prevent them from staying open. . . He creeps among them and blows softly upon their necks. . . He doesn't hurt them, for Ole is very fond of the children; he only wants them to be quiet. . ." By this time Sena was most always sound asleep. As Else tended and entertained the children, and as she taught them their lessons, she also taught them about the gospel, as her mistress, the gentle Karen, had suggested. Someday they would be baptised like she had been, in the deep water.

March passed and April came; these were the months for birthdays in Norhaa -- Mors, Fars, Christens, Karens and Mads. Mads had turned twenty now. Else longed to hear from her family but had received no word since coming to Kobberod, although she had written right away to send her address and tell of her circumstances. There had been plenty of time in spite of delayed mails. She hid her disappointment deep and went ahead with her work. The weather was warming at last and the Christensen men were preparing for their planting. Mr. Christensen she greatly admired, he was a man of strong character. Else trusted him and felt he did so with her. The son Laurs she had grown fond of for he was so full of wit and humor and such good company; besides he was becoming continually more sympathetic with the gospel teachings, as they discussed them. In all

but that he seemed much like her brother Mads. The older daughter, Maren, had kept her distance, as she could, seeming to be jealous of the apparent friendliness between Else and the missionaries, especially Elder Myrup. But had he not been the one to get Else this position? She kept well her secret that she knew about Elder Myrup and his hopes for Maren, as mentioned in his letter to Elder Hansen. The antagonistic son Christen bothered her, yet she pitied him -- perhaps the war had made him that way; he had been young to go a-fighting - just like Mads. This one had so much happiness within his grasp but wouldn't see it. He constantly complained of everything, including the farm work. He wished to try his hand at a craft or trade, 'twas far better than working on a farm for a miserable salary, he said. He was handy at the making of farm implements, like his father, but disliked that too. He wanted to be off, that was the truth of it. There were many traveling craftsmen, tradesmen and salesmen in the area, and when the sun shone they came out like houseflies, plying their crafts and trades and making tolerable good businesses at them too. There were watchmakers, carpenters, shoemakers, harness and wagon makers, roof thatchers, salesmen of tin goods and lithographs, mechanics, etc., and even dressmakers and tailors, going from house to house and door to door peddling their wares and services.

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Kobberod was situated near the meandering Limfjord, where an arm of it came twining itself through the land there in south Thy, reaching out northwesterly towards the sea and carressing green or sandy shores of bays, coves, inlets and smaller fjords on its way. On the fjord's east bank, midway between the waters of Fjordgrund and Kirk Vig, the village itself lay looking across ten miles or so to Thyboron Harbor, or south to Nissum Bay in the distance. Here in this large and beautiful bay, Viking fleets and their fearless crews had gathered from north, south and east ten centuries before to await their devastating raids west across the North Sea. And farther northwest

from Kobberod, on past Kirk Vig to the shores of this rough sea, near Aggerborg, can still be seen excavations from whence those early sea-kings once set forth in their long-ships. A fjord town or village on the shores of the Limfjord, such as Kobberod, was a lovely place to be in the spring-time. Picture looking out towards Nissum Bay and seeing the sky reflected in enchanting pastel colors in its blue waters, while crafts of all descriptions glide to and fro upon its surface, from small open fishing boats being rowed along to large sailing vessels with their giant white sails spread and their blur of red and white flags flapping in the brisk breeze. Imagine herring nets billowing against the blue sky between weatherbeaten posts of silver grey, flights of birds wheeling, dipping and circling in a water ballet, and far off on the very brink of heaven, flocks of plump little fleecy white clouds, like lambs grazing.

Here were smokehouses dotted along the green sloping shores. Danes were fond of smoked herring. In fact, most Danes were fond of fish of any kind, fish having fed their ancestors since the beginning - far longer than farms had. There were numerous fishermen in the vicinity of Kobberod and many there who loved the sea. It was often said, jokingly, that the children in this area were born with oars in their hands. Not all here, however, were sea-going Danes, for there were some, like the Christenses, who were proverbially reluctant to sail out farther than they could row back. For though they loved the water and had been raised to the rhythmic sound of its splashing, yet they much preferred having their feet firmly planted on solid ground, being land-Danes, as it were.

Many farms were scattered about, for Kobberod was primarily a village of farms, varying in size. A Danish farmyard could be a very picturesque place. The house and accompanying farm buildings were usually built around a courtyard in a sort of U shape, in the center of which would likely be a tall flagpole, watering trough, water pump, and possibly a windmill. Barn, pigpen, chicken coop, outhouse, granery,

smokehouse, corral and sheds, as well as the dwelling itself, would all be built in the country's own products -- grey stone, clay, forest wood and straw. The half-timbered farmhouse itself might boast a modern red tile roof, but the other buildings would all be thatched with straw. The individual farm largely supplied the food requirements of the family, outside of fish, salt, coffee, tea and some fruits. Cereal, root crops, potatoes, oats, barley and wheat were raised in abundance, as well as garden vegetables, berries, currants, prunes, rhubarb, etc. Some Danes even grew trees whose leaves were edible, such as the Bøgetrae whose branches were picked in the spring and placed in vases in the homes. Cattle, pigs, sheep, chickens, ducks and geese and the like, provided meat aplenty, as well as eggs, lard, bacon, cheese and butter. A favorite with some Danes was clabber milk, or "thick milk" as they called it. Good cooks were the rule in most farm homes and farmers and their families, like most other Danes, were generally well fed. Some of the materials for clothing, such as leather and wool, were raised on the farm also and most everything the family wore was made there, with the aid of traveling shoemakers, dressmakers, tailors, etc. Danish peasants or farm people were always well clothed, if not fashionably, but they could dress up as gaily as the best, in their "national costumes" if the occasion required it.

The Danes themselves were a fine race, usually tall and athletically trained. In the country districts, such as Thy, they were kind and hospitable with an easy independence of bearing. The natives of Thy, perhaps the harshest part of Denmark, were possibly more hardy and vigorous, in the main, because of the process of natural selection, the weaker ones dying off young. Jutland in general was sometimes referred to as the "dark continent", particularly by Danes of the Island cities. This was probably because of the seeming backwardness of its people, the country manner and country dress, including wooden shoes, but more especially because of the peculiar Danish brogue spoken in parts such as Thy -- "Danish words all chewed up and swallowed and then spit

out of the throat", and sounding almost as harsh as the land was itself. But in spite of it all, the blood of Israel, and some of the finest blood in the kingdom of Denmark, flowed in the veins of the farming Jutlanders of Thy. Among these, and surely not the least of them, were the Christen Christensens of Kobberod. In fact, to many of the people of this area Christen Christensen himself was known as "the great man of the north".

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News from other parts of the world came to Kobberod through the Danish newspapers, letters from emigrants and other world travelers, and from returning seamen. It must have been noted with interest there, as elsewhere in Europe, that the great American Civil War--a terrible internal struggle--which had been raging for more than three years had been finally brought to a close. On 9th April, that spring of 1865, the Confederate General Robert E. Lee surrendered to the Union forces under General Ulysses S. Grant. With this the famous American President, Abraham Lincoln, had not only freed the black slaves of his country but had preserved the Union as well. There was genuine rejoicing at this, not only in the United States but in other countries, including Denmark. However, five days later, the night of April 14th, in the midst of the joyful celebrations in the American capitol city of Washington, D. C., while Lincoln was attending the theatre there, he was shot and killed by an assassin, John Wilkes Booth. The happiness of the world at this outstanding man's successes turned as suddenly to sorrow at his death. Robert Ingersoll wrote of the great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln:-- "He was the courage, the hope and the nobility of a nation. He knew no fear except the fear of wrong doing. Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe this divine - this loving man. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it except on the side of mercy." The famous story teller of Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen, was a contemporary of Abraham Lincoln and so was Christen Christensen of Kobberod. All lived at a time when great things

were happening in the world and important decisions were being made.

Seventeen days following the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, while the world still mourned his passing, an event took place near Kobberod, Denmark, which was to change the lives of many people. On May 1st, 1865 a small group of Danish people wended their way down a green sloping bank to a cove of water which had stolen away from the main body of the Limfjord into a nook of the land there. Here it lay, sheltered from the wind and prying eyes, sunning itself. Among the group who came to disturb its placid waters that beautiful spring day were all of the members of the Christensen family of Kobberod, except the eldest son Christen, their governess, Else K. Andersen, the missionary Lars N. C. Myrup and his companion, and several others who had come, like the rest, either as spectators or for baptism. Two of the Christensen family were prepared to enter the waters of baptism that day: the mother, Karen Lauritzen Christensen and the eldest daughter Maren. Karen was eager to be first for she had waited so long for that precious moment when she could become a real member of the L. D. S. church. She was baptized and then confirmed by Elder Myrup, assisted by his missionary companion. Maren came next and it was also Elder Myrup who baptized and confirmed her a member. Others from the small congregation assembled there on the banks of the cove were also baptized and confirmed, and then the simple services were ended. The gentle Karen had been given one of her greatest desires in life, yet she was grieved because her husband and her sons had failed to be baptized that day.

Christen senior had been seriously considering the step for quite a while. In fact the urge to be baptized had kept yanking at his coattails for weeks but his Danish stubbornness had kept holding him back. Why hadn't he thought of the whole thing first? The night following his wife's baptism, as he and she were preparing to retire, Karen spoke to him of the great peace that had come into her heart with the administration of those holy

ordinances, and then she said, rather wistfully, -- "But it will be so difficult to emigrate to Zion without you, my love." These last words stunned him - that was something else he hadn't thought about first either. Well now if this was how the wind was blowing it was a different matter entirely! Next day Christen made a special visit to the lodgings of the Mormon missionaries, and the following day, May 3rd 1865, accompanied by the two delighted Elders, he himself went down to the water and was baptized and confirmed a member of the new church by Elder Myrup, assisted by the other Elder. Five days later, 8 May 1865, another baptism session was held in the cove near Kobberod and the son Laurs (Lauritz Mathias Christian Christensen) and the daughter Pouline were baptized and confirmed members by Elder Lars Myrup, assisted by his companion, together with a few other investigators from Gettrup Parish. With this the gentle Karen's cup of joy was almost overflowing. But there was still the son Christen, whose bitterness for the Mormons was growing steadily -- yet a mother's heart never gives up!

One could say this much for the father, Christen Christensen of Kobberod: whenever he went into something he went in all over! As far as he was concerned, from the moment of his baptism and as long as he lived, nothing was too good for the Restored Church and its missionaries. Right away he helped to secure a rented hall in the town of Gettrup where the few members of the church in the area could hold services. He and his family attended regularly and assisted in fellowshipping new members by inviting them to their home. They fed and entertained the missionaries and did everything they could to further the work of the Lord in that small part of His vineyard. It wasn't long before a goodly part of the discussions at the meetings were about emigration. The Millennial Star, an LDS church publication printed in England but translated into Danish, carried this message:-- "The poor, the pure in heart will be brought singing to Zion. . . let all who can procure a loaf of bread and one garment on their backs be assured there is water plenty

and pure by the way. And doubt no longer but come next year to the place of gathering, even in flocks, as doves fly to their window before the storm." "Emigration" -- this was a magic word now for these new Saints; to Zion they must surely go - next year!

The seasons moved ahead. Nightingales sang in the long evenings of late spring - a choir of innumerable, invisible musicians. At midsummer the cool waves of the Limfjord and its numerous water-relatives, and the various bathing beaches dotting their shores, attracted vacationers, bathers and boaters. In late summer and early autumn the heather began blooming. And then it was harvest time again. There was a bountiful one in Kobberod and all hands were called outside to help with it. Even the maidservants at the Christensens, including Else, were put to harvesting the crops. This would mean more money all around for emigrating, for by now it had been pretty well agreed that all who desired it would go to America the following spring. Elder Myrup would be going, as well as Else, and of course the whole Christensen family except Christen Jr.

By now Else was receiving regular mail from home, from Mads and the girls, but not one written word had she from her parents. It was all the same small talk as usual, avoiding the fact that they were living in two separate worlds of believing. All were well at home, they said, except Christen, who was poorly. The warm weather had brought Stine out of her ailment and she was blooming like a rose again. Neither she or Karen, however, had suitors yet. Marie was plumper than ever. Mor and Far were still very much upset with her and ashamed for her also, though they seemed to expect her back most any day, disillusioned, and ready to make amends for her sins, and her peace with the priest. Rumor had it that Rudolph would soon marry a girl from Kobenhaven and settle down there. There were always plenty of good wishes and much love included at the end, and sometimes a P.S. -- "By the way, when are you coming back home?" So they thought it was just a little fling she was having. Perhaps she would never go back. But oh to link arms with

them again - to talk the way they had before - to sit together on the bench beside the door and watch the moon come up, and listen to the cry of the nightingale!

In November and December the wind was howling cold again. In the Christensen household every extra moment was being directed towards the goal of emigration. Instructions had been received from the Branch headquarters at Aalborg. It would be no simple matter to go from one life to another; to cross an ocean and a vast continent - to leave "Babylon" for the "Kingdom of God". Six or seven months would be required. "Convert everything possible into cash", the authorities advised; so Christen began disposing of his stock. No use feeding more than necessary through the winter; the hay and grain saved would bring a good price. "Be frugal and thrifty and save as much as you can toward leaner days" was suggested; so Karen watched the kitchen and the cooking more closely. Left-overs and scraps were good for sauces and soup stocks; fish balls in soup were cheaper than meat balls, and just as nourishing. Some of the help was dismissed but a sewing lady was engaged to come into the home and get started on wardrobes for the family. Maren herself was already an excellent little seamstress and made many of her own things. Her clothes were always just a little better than the ordinary. Sorting began; so much would have to be left behind, since the usual emigrant equipment was supposed to average not more than one hundred pounds per person. There would be no room for the unnecessaries and little, if any, for family keepsakes and treasures. They were cautioned to bring along a year's supply of clothing, if possible. Costumes for sailing would differ from those that should be worn on desert trails and in the valleys of the mountains. Food would be supplied or could be purchased along the way.

It was a custom in Denmark at this time for the family farm to be passed down from father to eldest son. Young Christen would have been in line to inherit the Christensen property, had all been as usual; but it was now necessary that the

holdings be sold to assure emigration funds for the rest of the family. So Christen senior began casting about for a possible buyer for his land. Ready money was needed right away, because all who planned to emigrate were required to make deposits for their ship passages and railway tickets well in advance, in order that arrangements could be made with authorities both in Denmark and America. The fare from Copenhagen, Denmark, to Wyoming, Nebraska, U.S.A., the outfitting place for the Saints who were to cross the plains in 1866, was about 82 Danish rigsdaler or \$42.00 in American money for each adult person. Children could travel for half fare. This meant that transportation for the Christensen family for this part of the journey alone would cost around 440 rigsdaler. Else would be required to pay at least 80 rigsdaler in advance. The trip to Aalborg and from thence to Copenhagen would be extra and there would be money needed for supplies at Wyoming, as well as plenty to defray incidental expenses along the way. Christen Christensen was blessed in being a man of some means; most planning to emigrate were much, much less fortunate.

Besides the physical preparations for the going-away, there were moral and spiritual details to be looked after - the "Word of Wisdom" for instance. Snaps and tobacco were not difficult for the Christensen men to give up, once they put their minds to it, but tea and coffee were another matter. It was hard for Scandinavians to get along without their coffee. The hours of the day could be counted by the number of cups of coffee served in a Danish household. The old black coffeepot stood enshrined on the back of every kitchen stove, always filled with the hot beverage, ready for pouring. The early church authorities were somewhat lenient with the Saints of the northland where coffee was concerned, for this habit seemed to be such an intrinsical part of their lives. When the pure, cool drinking water of Zion could be substituted, it would be time enough for them to change.

Christmas was a wonderful time for the Christensens and members of their household that year. There was genuine thanksgiving and rejoicing

among them, for all were filled with great hopes for the future, fully expecting to see the land of America and the Great Salt Lake before another Yuletide. Nothing was spared of jollity and good will. Friends and relatives from all around called in for the celebration, for word had been spread that this would be the Christensens last Yule in Denmark. If any guests were disappointed at the absence of pipe and bowl -- too bad -- it was the Mormon way. There was love and friendship and tasty food enough for everyone - and coffee too. And there was dancing and singing and well-wishing. Christen himself was the best of dancers, as were the son Laurs and Elder Myrup too. If any visitors were shocked upon seeing a Mormon priest kick up his heels - well - too bad again!

Especially gay that holiday time was the daughter Maren, for she had just been spoken for by the missionary, Lars Myrup. There were congratulations all around. Her parents were delighted, they could have hoped for nothing better than that their eldest girl should wed the beloved Elder who had brought them all into the true church. It was agreed that their marriage should take place at Aalborg, prior to them all leaving for Zion in the spring. The last thing in the world the couple wanted was a marriage in the Parish church at Gettrup; the priest there should be cheated of that. Lars Myrup was nearly four years Maren's senior, she being six weeks short of seventeen while he was lacking three months of twenty-one, but everyone agreed they made a handsome pair. Else also was pleased for Maren and, when they had a moment along together, confided in the younger girl that once, when she herself was seventeen, she too had dreamed of marrying a good and kind missionary. She then told Maren about the letter Elder Myrup had sent to Elder Hansen, nearly a year before, in which he had told of having his eyes set on the eldest Christensen daughter even then. At this the wide-eyed girl flung her arms round Else and kissed her impetuously. Then she had known it all along, had the sly governess; and they both laughed merrily together, as girls sharing secrets sometimes do.

It was necessary for Lars Myrup to leave the Kobberod area soon after Yuletide and return to his home in Myrupgaard, Lild Parish, in far north Thisted Amt. There were arrangements for him to make and the "where with" to be secured for his marriage and emigration. He would travel first to Aalborg to be relieved of his missionary responsibilities and also to sign up for emigration. Christen asked him if, while he was there at Branch headquarters, he would also declare the Christensen's intentions of going. Then he entrusted his future son-in-law with 170 rigsdaler to deposit in partial payment for their passages, promising that the balance required would be forthcoming in a few more weeks. Before saying his goodbyes, Elder Myrup took his future brother-in-law, Laurs, aside for a bit of private conversation and advice. The burden of his words concerned marriage, as one might have supposed, but not his and Maren's alone but the younger man's as well. "Why not marry Else?" he said, "she will make someone an excellent wife - why not you?" Laurs put in that this might require some thinking! "The four of us could honeymoon together on our way to Zion - 'tis far better that you take a Danish wife along than to have some foreigner set her trap for you in Zion", Myrup continued. "Ja, perhaps so" Laurs answered. "Else is a strong girl and she could pull me across the plains in a handcart, if needs be - Ja, ja, there would be some advantage in that!" Trust Laurs to always make a joke. "Well, work on it", said the Elder as they parted.

That turned out to be a rather mild winter compared to the previous one. The forepart of February, Christen senior set out in his wagon for Aalborg to finish paying his deposit, exchange some Danish rigsdaler into American money, and get the general lay-of-the-land there. By strict economy, Else had been able to save enough from her wages for her to give her employer 80 rigsdaler to deposit for her also. A couple of other new Mormon brethren went along with him for the same reasons. "The Aalborg Conference Emigration List of 1866" carried the following entries: Christen Christensen, age 48, born Flarup, occupation farmer, nationality Dane; Karen, 39, Kober, wife, Dane; Lars M. C.

18, Kobert, son, Dane; Maren, 16, Kobert, daughter, Dane; Pouline,  $9\frac{1}{2}$ , Kobert, Dane; Petrine, 7, Kobert, Dane; Nielsine, 4, Kobert, Dane. (Some mistakes are here noted since Karen was born in Gettrup, not "Kobert" (misspelling of Kobberod); Maren was a few days of 17, not 16, and Pouline was past  $10\frac{1}{2}$ , not  $9\frac{1}{2}$ . (It is probable that Christen, like many fathers, could not remember the ages of his own daughters.) The entry on the list directly below that of the Christensens was for Else Katherine Andersen, 19, born Hvidburg, spinster, Dane, and then opposite her name, in the "deposited" column, appeared the number 80. (We know Else was born in Kjallerup, Hvidburg Parish.) In the "deposited" column opposite Christen Christensen's name appeared the figures 440 - 170 - 270, and farther over under the "exchange" column appeared the figures 800 - 19 = 819. In the "foreign coin" column was listed "paid 410.00". This has been interpreted to mean that Christen Christensen deposited 270 rigsdaler, plus the 170 previously paid, or a total of 440 rigsdaler, for his and his family's passage and railway tickets to "Wyoming" (listed under the "remarks" column.) 80 rigsdaler were deposited in Else's name. Christen also must have exchanged 819 Danish dollars for \$410 in American money, and we are led to believe this money was in gold coins. It was perhaps while Christen was in Aalborg then that he was approached on the subject of contributing to the "Church Immigration Fund". This was a fund which had previously been set up by the brethren in Salt Lake City, from which needy Saints could borrow for their emigration passage to Zion. Members with extra means, both in Utah and in the Missions, were asked to contribute to this fund. We have been told that our Christen Christensen was one of the generous ones in the Aalborg Conference, where the emigration of the Saints was concerned.

In the meantime, in Kobberod, Laurs had made up his mind about something, but he was having some difficulty in knowing just how to go about it. Since his older brother Christen had now taken off on his own and his father was gone for a time, he himself, being the only man of the family about, had much to do, inside and out. He

had a mind to spend some time with the governess, Else, but it seemed impossible to find her alone. She had wonderful energy and was so enthusiastic and helpful that she was in constant demand by someone or other in the Christensen household. His mother, the gentle Karen, leaned on this girl more and more, as it became apparent that she was going to have another little one. How could he compete with his own mother and four sisters for the attention of one they all depended on so much? What chance had a lone man in a household of women, especially where any private courting was concerned?

Christen senior returned from Aalborg and he too had a job for Else. He would trust it with no one else but her, since his dear wife was then too ill to help him. Would Else make him a special lining for his waistcoat? This she would gladly do, she said, and she gave no thought to the big task it might be for it sounded simple enough in the asking. This must be kept a secret thing, her employer said, done after most others of the household had gone off to bed. 'Twas the strangest hand sewing Else had ever done. Into each small section of the newly made vest lining was to be placed a gold coin and sewn all around; which turned out to be a tremendous job. When Laurs offered to help - hand her the coins or just anything - his father, sensing something or other in the wind, withdrew in his son's favor. And so at last Else and Laurs sat there alone together, late into each night that it took to complete the job; he, like old Midas of the story, fingering the yellow gold and she sewing round and round each piece as she put it in the lining of Christen's vest. He spied off jokes, one after the other, in great style, with no trouble at all; but when he tried to talk of the things nearest his heart then, his tongue was tied. Else laughed happily at each joke, but all the time she was thinking how much she was drawn to this handsome young fellow with curly hair like his father, and so good and kind and unassuming, like his gentle mother; yet somehow so very much like her brother Mads, withal.

Else hadn't been able to bring herself to

wrote her family of her anticipated emigration. Actually she planned somehow to go home and tell them of it - and say goodby. As the time drew nearer, however, she fled from the thought of it more and more. How did one say goodby forever? Yet, when all was said and done, did her activities really matter very much anymore to those in Norhaa? Occasionally the girl indulged herself in moments of self-pity, but then she brushed these aside by lifting up her voice in the songs of Zion, or by quoting from Psalms, such as:-- "This is a day that the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it". Then she was comforted and went bravely ahead, losing herself in the happiness and plans of others, and in their service.

Soon after the first part of March Else had a letter from Mads, in which he told of Christen's death in Norhaa, 29 February that year (1866). He had suffered much, wrote her surviving brother, and he also included these statements:-- "Christen, in his last days, was stirred to look inward into his sinful heart and consider the Lord's goodness to repentant sinners and whatever else there is to believe in. Immediately afterwards, we other brother and sisters came in touch with the same way of life through a revival initiated by Grundtvig." So, thought Else, they too were searching for the truth perhaps. But they would never find it with Grundtvig! Then thinking again of Christen, she couldn't help but recall the old verse:

"When the devil is ill, a monk he would be,  
But when he is well, the devil is he."

Then at once she was ashamed and saddened and went outside by herself and wept. Låur's followed to give comfort and then they walked and talked until they had made their way together to where the land overlooked the water. There, in the distance where the winter's ice had given way, the flying shapes of ships appeared. They themselves would soon be sailing!

We are left to our own imaginings as to just where and when the important words were said between these two. This being a leap-year, she might have helped the young man out a bit and

popped the question herself, had she known of the custom. That Laurs M. C. and Else K. fell in love we can be certain, and that they planned to be wed in Aalborg in the month of April is also true.

In anticipation of her marriage, Else now wished for the lovely things in her brides-chest, and even the chest itself. But the amount of luggage allowed her on the voyage could scarcely accommodate all the necessary things, let alone these. Then she wrote home to her parents to tell of her future plans -- her marriage to come and her expected emigration to America, both to take place within a month or so. She told them she lacked for nothing there in Kobberod since the family of her betrothed had taken her to their hearts like a favored daughter of their own. She asked that her sisters be given the things in her brides-chest and all else of hers, between them; she would have no room for any of these on the ship. She offered condolence for poor Christen, who had died a bachelor just short of twenty-seven. She made no promise of a visit to Norhaa to bid them goodby but she left the door open in hopes her parents would invite her, should the chance arise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Christen Christensen sold his farm and homestead in Kobberod for half its value, with the stipulation that he and his household could remain there until mid April, or the time of planting. He sold the remainder of his crops and livestock as well, with the exception of his choicest team of horses, which he hoped to take along to Aalborg, together with his fine carriage, and dispose of them just before taking the ship. The rest of the family effects they couldn't take with them they arranged to sell or give away to relatives and friends. Packing had been going on for some time, in valises, bundles and boxes; and two large trunks, for which they would have to pay an extra shipping fee, were filled with all the family's best wearing apparel, together with the few heirlooms with which they were loathe to part. It was necessary too for all adults of the family, as well

as Else, to visit the civil authorities there and secure permission to leave Kobberod and have the official stamp placed in each individual identification book. It was lucky for Laurs that his request to leave came in peacetime, otherwise he would have surely been denied it and put right away in the king's army. Another few months might have seen him in anyway, unless he had been lucky enough to "draw a pass".

The forepart of April the Christensens spent much time visiting their relatives and friends to say goodby. There were Karen's sisters, Maren Thomsen and Ann Jensen and their families, and Christen's brother, Jens C. Christensen, and his three sisters, Karen, Marie and Anne, and their families. Yes, there were a host of their relatives all around the area, and friends galore. Many of them expressed sorrow for them - that such a promising family was being deceived by those "wicked Mormons". They hoped that when they found out their mistake they would return to "dear old Denmark". However, some expressed fear that the Mormons would kill them should they attempt to get away, or that the Indians would kill them if they stayed in this so-called "Zion". They had heard that the redmen were on the war-path there now and killing the settlers right and left. As to their near relatives, none of them seemed inclined to listen to their testimonies of the Restored Gospel, although they bore them at every opportunity, but rather looked upon them as fools because they had joined so unpopular a sect as the "Mormons". Some of their better-off friends and relatives rejected the gospel because they had too much of this world's goods, others were not religiously inclined, and still others loved the ways of the world too much to repent of their sins and lead better lives.

One of the last places Christen and Karen visited was the Parish churchyard at Getstrup, where their four babies lay buried, as well as Karen's parents and numerous relatives. She was especially nervous for fear the Lutheran priest would come out and revile them or at least forbid them to enter there; so they stayed

only briefly by the small graves and luckily saw naught of him. They were filled with sorrow and regret at having to leave friends and relatives, of course, but more so at having to leave their little ones there. Then there was their first born, Christen. It would be hardest of all to leave him in Denmark. They were grieved that they had been unable to bring him into the new Church and that they might never see him again or know his children, should he marry. It seemed almost like cutting off an arm or something, to be forced to leave part of their very own flesh and blood behind. It was not that they were worried about him getting on. In Denmark fourteen was considered the age when a peasant boy could take care of himself and only depend on his parents for good counsel and encouragement, and Christen Jr. would be twenty in a matter of days. He would be well taken care of where money was concerned, for awhile at least, his father had seen to that. In this their son was most fortunate, for some fathers gave their sons only their names, though others may have included a lot of advice in the bargain. But Christen had been well taken care of all his days and had been given all the love and consideration that caring parents could bestow on a child. The young man had come home for their leaving and to pick up some things he wanted from there. He would not consent to going with them to Aalborg for a last parting, although his mother clung on him and wept when she begged it. In fact, he planned to leave Kobberod the day before they did. Bitterness against the gospel had hardened him, even towards his own people.

In order to leave the family free for their visiting, Else had taken over a good part of the responsibility at the farmhouse -- besides, she had much to do for herself yet. Thanks to this generous family she would be properly outfitted for her marriage and the long journey afterwards. Her soon-to-be father-in-law had insisted on furnishing her with the money she needed and more; the gentle Karen had given her linens and bedding, including some lovely down pillows; Maren had helped sew her things and added some of her own, and the little girls had presented her with small

gifts and tokens. In fact, the entire family, except the son Christen, had so showered her with proofs of their affection that she would lack none of the material things to take. Laurs was often hovering about, indulging her whims and tending to her needs, as a true lover -- it was wonderful to be a real part of it all. But there was something none of them could do for her; she had to make her own goodbys.

Else was still hoping for a brief visit to her home in Norhaa to have a look at them all there once again and to bid farewell; also she wished to introduce them to her betrothed. Laurs had promised he would take her there, on the way to Aalborg, should she wish it. They could leave Kobberod a day ahead of the rest and join them the following day along the road somewhere. Christen and Karen in fact had urged it, saying that by all means Else should go to see her own family before leaving for America. Eight thousand miles or more was a long ways away! But no word had come from anyone in Norhaa in answer to her letter telling them all about her future plans, and time was short. Three days before their scheduled departure there was yet no word from her people and the disappointed young lady could still make no definite plans in regards to her home-going. But the very next day some mail arrived. There was a package from her sister Karen - some dainty underthings the sweet girl had made for her. There was only this brief word enclosed however, -- 'For your marriage festival with love - from Karen'. There was quite a fat letter from Mads though, and Else's fingers trembled as she tried to unfold it, she was so eager. Mads had written that the word of her forthcoming emigration had been a shock to their whole family, especially coming so close on the heels of Christen's passing. The announcement of her planned marriage had upset them also, especially since it was to be to a "Mormon". Their mother, Mette, was prone on her bed again, weeping. 'Twas enough to have Else join the Mormons, she had said, without having her marry one and then, on top of it all, sail away with them across the ocean to their strange kingdom! They at home would never live this all down as long as they lived, or so said

their mother. Even their father seemed somewhat stunned with it all and kept repeating over and over, "No other Mormons shall ever set foot inside this cottage for they have robbed me of my daughter!" This was as Mads put it. Of course he himself could understand, he said, that love never asked the religion of its victims before attacking. But why was she so set on risking her life, as it were, on the sea, or on the great prairies where wild animals roamed in herds, or in the Rocky Mountains where wild Indians, with tomahawks and arrows, were bent on killing all intruders there? He closed by saying that her sisters sent their love, along with his; then added, "the older ones themselves would be most grateful for any husbands of their own, no matter what the variety". So Mads could still joke, thought Else, although he should have known how terribly his letter would disappoint and wound her.

Prayers are not always answered in the way petitioners desire them to be, but Else's prayers had found an answer in Mads' letter, for now she knew she could never go home again and take Laurs with her. Her goodbys would have to be written. So she started with her sister Karen, thanking her for the pretty things she had sent and telling her of her love and admiration for her. Then she wished her well and bid her goodby - "perhaps until we meet again in another life". Then she wrote them each in turn, saying farewell, and to Stine she added something about Laurs, her betrothed, and what a kind, good and patient man he was. Though he was younger than she herself and no taller, being about her height, yet he was curly-haired, very manly and so handsome, besides being full of wit and humor. To the usual love and farewell she sent to Marie she also added the recipe for the Christensen family's favorite dish, as well as other cooking suggestions. Then she invited her younger sister to come and visit her sometime when she and Laurs became settled in the Rocky Mountains. To Mads she wrote many things about the gospel, bearing her testimony to him and challenging him to seek after truth. "Each mind has to choose between the search for truth and repose" she told him; "one can never have both."

She herself had chosen the harder-right over the easier-wrong and time would bring the reward. "Come sea, come prairies, come Indians", she wrote; "the Lord will surely protect us!!" It was most difficult writing to her parents, for her tears kept blotting out the letters and she had to start over again and again with - "Dear Far and Mor" - and then she poured her heart out to them in words of deepest affection and appreciation. She begged their forgiveness for any disappointment or unhappiness she had caused them; hoping that sometime they would understand. She asked the Lord's choicest blessings upon their heads and promised to pray for them, in their declining years. Then she bid them a fond goodby, as her tears streamed down unwiped. "Someday", she wrote in closing, "we shall all meet together again in a brighter land, where love and trust prevail - were it not so, and did I not fervently believe it, my heart would break!!" And then, as she sealed the letter to them, it suddenly came to her in a flood of yearning that no matter how long or far away she should roam, her childhood home would always call and reach out to her in voices unstilled by time and space.

### 5. AALBORG . . . April - May 1866

Bright and early the morning of Wednesday April 18th 1866, a farm wagon, driven by a good natured old farmer, drew up at the Christensen place where Christen's two-seated carriage stood ready and waiting. The big trunks and large baggage were soon hoisted into the wagon and then Maren, Else and Laurs took their places there, sitting on various rolls of bedding. They would pick up Lars Myrup on the way. Karen, Christen and the three young girls occupied the carriage, together with lunch sacks, boxes, packages and bags. Christen, driving his sleek black team of mares, led out into the country road and the wagon followed. Of course they were headed for Aalborg, the point of rendezvous for all Mormon Saints leaving on the next church-sponsored voyage to America's Zion, which was between 80

and 90 American miles from Kobberrod. Happiness was reflected on every face, even the gentle Karen's; for she was feeling much better than for several months past. Christen was wearing his coin lined vest under his coat, but few knew it. He was taking no chance with the pickpockets. Sena was still nibbling on her breakfast biscuit. The young people in the wagon joshed along with the old farmer who had been hired to drive them to their destination. Pouline and Trina were all eyes, and full of questions about everything new they saw and far too excited to settle down. Soon Karen was weary of them and begged Christen to stop and let them get out and go ride in the wagon with Laurs and Else, while Maren came into the carriage with them, to look out for Sena. And so the two vehicles traveled along, one following the other, past Gettrup and the white church, on through Gundtuft, which was close to Flarup, and then on to Ydby, where they turned sharply into the main traveled highway through Thy. Then they took a north-easterly direction paralleling the shores of the lovely Limfjord and its bays, until they passed near Stagstrup and on to Sundby. It was here that Else pointed out the road that turned off west towards her hometown of Norhaa, which was only about 5 kilometers ( $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles) away. How simple it would have been to turn off there and make their way to her parents' home to rest. She turned and gazed back, as the wagon drove on past the turn, straining her eyes in looking as long as she could see in the direction of Norhaa. Laurs reached out and patted her arm - but said nothing then.

Some six or so miles later they were in Thisted City, which was by far the largest place in Jutland. It was then well into the afternoon and, although they hoped to reach Myrupgaard, in Lild Parish, before nightfall, they stopped for a time to rest mainly because of the weary Karen. While she rested and Christen and the old farmer watered and fed the horses, Laurs and Else took the three little girls for a brief stroll through beautiful Thisted. Maren had other things than sightseeing to think of since at Myrupgaard, now only some fifteen miles away, she would again greet her sweetheart, Lars Myrup. He had arranged for

them to spend the night there with his people, it being midway between Aalborg and Kobberod. Afterwards they all sat together on a green bank overlooking blue Thisted Bay in the Limfjord and ate a lunch, watching the ships come and go in the harbor there. There were birds flying in all directions; none of them had ever seen so many flying birds all at once before. Perhaps they hadn't remembered that they were approaching the area of Vejlerne, a fjord bay partly filled up by sand, one of Europe's major breeding places for wild birds. It was the mating season for birds now too!

The area around Thisted City was more hilly, as it was farther north, and they soon moved into more trees as they left there for Myrupgaard. It was fun discovering northernmost Jutland, for one never knew what lay hidden behind the next bend in the road or beyond the nearest crest of hills. There was a striking and charming contrast between the gentle estuaries of its east coast and the rougher scenery of its west coast, where the Christensens had come from. Towns and villages were spread in pockets, large and small, some tucked away in valleys, others, with twisted narrow streets, obstinately climbing hillsides. In between the extremes of east and west coasts were stretches of meadowland and winding streams. Green routes crossed lush undulating hills, which could give way unexpectedly to flat, brown moorland with distant views of then, again, to a chain of lakes. Not far to the east of the route the Christensens were taking to Myrupgaard was Vikingegrave, a historic graveyard from the Viking period of a thousand years before. Yes, in Denmark's Thy, past, present and future went hand in hand. This was the area that had been their home and that they would soon be leaving, perhaps forever.

They spent the night at Myrupgaard with Elder Myrup's people, where Lars himself had greeted them with joy and thanksgiving. The following morning early the group took off towards Aalborg, the two happy couples, anticipating their marriages within a few days, riding in the

wagon driven by the old farmer, while Christen, Karen and the younger girls again occupied the carriage. Going north a few more miles they soon swung almost east around Lund Fjord. Lars Myrup pointed out that directly north a mile or so from there was Bulbjerg, a white chalk cliff towering out over the Skagerrak Sea some 165 feet, and farther out into the water another cliff, Skarrekliet. The company continued to travel on east through hills, forest areas and many towns and villages, skirting lakes and streams for a good part of the day, turning north again they crossed a great expanse of flatland which had originally been a great bog. Then they turned directly south towards the Limfjord, where its waters had narrowed to not more than the width of a large river. Here on the north side of the lovely fjord lay one of the largest Viking burial grounds in Denmark, Lindholm Høje, where the grave mounds as usual were outlined by rocks, in the shape of ships. Nearby was the large town of Nørresundby, through which they drove and which was linked to the city of Aalborg by a bridge going across the Limfjord, south.

Crossing over the water on this pontoon bridge, the Christensens and their friends were soon in Aalborg. It was the first time any of them, except Christen and Lars Myrup, had been there and the largest place they had ever seen. So here it was - the city of which they had heard so much! Known for its numerous waterways, as well as its antiquity, Aalborg had been a commercial center for centuries. Large merchants' houses and warehouses, the house of Jens Bang (1624) and Aalborg Castle (1539) dominated the town center. Its industries (akvavit, cement, tobacco) had more recently carried its name far and wide. Rightly called a gay and friendly town, its large parks, with many sculptures, relieved the pattern of houses, and restaurants, theaters, and the pleasure gardens (Tivoli-Karolinelund) provided healthy entertainment. Other places of interest there included the St. Budolfi Church (Botolph); the Monastery of the Holy Ghost (1432); Aalborg Museum of History and Art; the Aalborg Hall (the biggest congress hall in Scandinavia), the



Some Christensens who came from Thy--  
Karen & Christen seated-standing left to  
right Petrine, Maren, Pauline, Laurs, and  
Nielsine

setting for the Danish Food Fair; the Zoo, with over 1,500 animals, and the 300-foot Aalborg Tower, for a fine view.

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The Aalborg Branch of the LDS Church, established there fifteen years and some months before, 25 Nov. 1850, was now one of the best and most active branches of the LDS Church in all of Scandinavia. Elder Hans Jensen (Hals) of Manti, Utah, U.S.A., was then president of the Aalborg branch or Conference and Elder Morten Lund of Fountain Green, Utah, president of the adjoining Vendsyssel Conference. These two brethren were then in Aalborg to assist the incoming members with their preparations and oversee the job of emigrating the Saints from their areas. Brother Lund himself was also preparing to return to his home in America with the group. There would be the sick to administer to, marriages to look after, additional funds to secure for the more needy, encouragement to give, besides meetings, arrangements, advice, and all the other numerous details attendant to such an undertaking.

Since the Christen Christensen party from Kobberod was among the very first to arrive in Aalborg, the port of departure, that April of 1866, they were immediately housed in the Saints' meeting hall there. As additional emigrants continued to arrive from both Conferences the Saints' hall proved to be far too small to accommodate them all, so an additional larger hall was hired on Bispensgade street where most of those from the Vendayssel area took up quarters, while all made final preparation for the long journey ahead. Emigrants continued to arrive until there were nearly two hundred of them. Many meetings were held in which the necessary instructions were imparted by the brethren who had experience in emigration matters.

One of the first things the Christensens had to take care of after getting temporarily settled in Aalborg was the marriage of their son and daughter. So three days after their arrival in that city, it being Sunday 22 April 1866, a double

wedding ceremony was held, undoubtedly at the Saints Meeting Hall, and Maren Christensen became the bride of Elder Lars C. N. Myrup, while Laurs M. C. Christensen was wed to Else Katherine Andersen. It is most likely that the president of the Aalborg branch, Elder Hans Jensen, officiated in the presence of the family, friends and members. Else felt somewhat alone since none of her own people were present at the wedding. In fact, none of her relatives had ever met her intended husband, although they might easily have, had they been willing to extend an invitation. Else's past had to be forced aside now -- 'twas but the prologue to a new and more exacting life ahead. Recollections of the bitter and sweet of it however, would linger with her as long as memory remained.

There were numerous other things requiring the Christensen's attention during those four weeks they were in Aalborg. Having their likenesses taken by a professional photographer was an important item on their agenda. So, attired in their best, they went and had a daguerreotype made of their family group, desiring to record themselves as they were just before leaving Old Denmark. (Little did they know then how reproductions of this photo on tin would be treasured by their posterities more than a hundred years hence.) So we see them as they posed for that family portrait in April 1866, more than a century ago. There is Christen himself and his son Laurs in their Sunday suits, each with curly hair, white shirt, hand-bowed tie, and waistcoat with an impressive watchchain marching across it. The gentle Karen is seated there on the right of Christen, wearing her large fringed shawl and bonnet tied under her chin, with a dainty white hand made lace collar at her throat and yards and yards of long, full skirt billowing out around her in the latest fashion, doubtless held so by several stiffly starched underskirts. Maren stands back of her mother, with amber ear-drops and her hair in a snood, looking rather solemn for a newly-wedded bride of seventeen, hardly doing justice to her real charm and beauty. Pouline and Petrine, standing on either side of Karen, look very pretty in their bright plaid dresses with long, ballooned sleeves, cinched in waists, full long skirts and

belts with fancy buckles, each wearing a white lace collar like their mother's and amber ear-drops and beads. Little Sena, in her long full-skirted, full-sleeved costume with tight belt and round buckle, also wears a lovely white collar, though a sort of fichu-type one; standing between her father's knees, where he is seated, she looks very preoccupied, likely with the fellow who is taking the picture. All the females, both young and old, must have been well shod in the popular high-buttoned shoes, even Sena, for these folks were well-to-do Jutlandic peasants. Later the newlyweds, the four of them together, had their pictures taken at the same establishment; Lars Myrup and Laurs Christensen seated and their wives, Maren and Else, in shawls and bonnets, standing up proudly behind them.

Extra shopping for the daily necessities and special essentials had to be done but Christen and the married couples took care of this and as many of the other daily tasks as they could manage, leaving the frail Karen free to relax and rest as best she could under the circumstances, for she so much needed to conserve her strength for the more difficult days to come. Almost the complete care of the children was assumed by them also in order to lighten that burden for the pregnant mother. Yes, those were busy people, those Christensens, and Christen Christensen was a very busy man. It is likely that the presiding brethren in Aalborg became well acquainted with him and his family. It is also most likely that they counseled with him often and depended on him for extra money to help out the great cause; for we have been told that he not only helped pay off the debts of the Aalborg Branch but that he also financed the emigration of at least thirty of the Saints at that time, besides the nine members of his own party. And among other things, Christen had to attend to the selling of his fine team and carriage but likely left that until the very last in order to have convenient transportation in and about the city for his family.

It must have been a strange honeymoon for the two couples, having to share quarters in the

Saints meeting hall with nearly a hundred other people of all ages. That they were joshed and jollied by many is easy to imagine - but that Laurs M. C. Christensen always had a ready and witty answer for each friendly offender is still easier to believe. Did the four of them ever take the opportunity to steal away together and explore Aalborg? Did they borrow father Christen's team and carriage for rides through the city streets or along the shores of the beautiful Limfjord? Or did their tastes run to theatres, pleasure gardens, parks, museums and the zoo? It is not likely that these honeymooners indulged in many of the frivolities in Aalborg. Elder Myrup must have been kept pretty busy seeing to the problems of the emigrating converts he had made, besides other branch responsibilities. The other three must have been well occupied with the many daily tasks pertaining to the ordinary everyday living in the Christensen family - meals, washing of dishes and clothes, mending, minding the children, etc. And there were always long black stockings to be knit - no woman could hardly keep ahead of that. Yes, all these things had to go forward, along with the general preparations for the voyage, whether or no. These emigrant honeymooners from Thy were likely treated much as ordinary people - but it must have been fun being married and planning a new home in a new land anyway!

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Elder Carl Winderborg was President of the Scandinavian Mission at that time. Since the transportation of Scandinavian emigrants directly from Hamburg, Germany to New York had proved so successful the year before, it was decided that the same route should be taken by the emigrants in 1866, bypassing Liverpool and other ports enroute. So President Brigham Young Jr. and Elder John W. Young, from the European Mission headquarters in Liverpool, personally went to Hamburg in late April to assist President Winderborg in making the necessary arrangements to that end. By the middle of May all was in order for the departure of the year's first company of emigrating Saints from Scandinavia.



Marriage picture of Lars Myrup and Maren Christensen, Laurs Christensen and Else Anderson (Aalborg Apr. 1866) Seated left to right: Lars Myrup and Lars Christensen. Standing: Maren Christensen and Else Anderson.

Wednesday, May 16, 1866, had been set for the day of their departure from Aalborg. What a hurry-scurry, hustle and bustle everyone was in! How many families there were - children swarmed all over! The ship 'Dania' was riding at anchor in the harbor awaiting their boarding, and by midday most of them were making their way toward the point of embarkment, marching along in groups, singing the songs of Zion lustily, in their native tongue. Friends and relatives of the departing gathered to say goodby and tearful embraces were witnessed on all sides. Curious onlookers grouped themselves along the shore - watching the "Mormons"; some probably thinking to themselves or saying it outright, -- "Good riddance!" Bedding rolls, bundles, bags and baggage were piled about, ready to be loaded, and on some of them people stretched to rest momentarily. Government inspectors were going over everything and doctors looked at everyone as their tickets were checked. It took hours it seemed. Karen, pale and weak from her ever-increasing burden, yet as gentle, courageous and full of faith as always, was helped along by her devoted husband, Christen, while the newlywedded couples, with the little girls in tow, came next in line. Someone began blowing on a mouth organ, as they moved along, the tune to "Come, Come Ye Saints", and a number took up the refrain including some of the Christensens. -- "And should we die before our journey's through, happy day, all is well. We then are free from toil and sorrow too, with the just we shall dwell. And if --" everyone was hurried along and the song ceased.

It was a great job getting everyone on board, especially with so many children. By 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon, nevertheless, all the emigrants there were on the ship waiting to leave the city of Aalborg. Some stood near the railing of the upper deck, shouting and waving hands and handkerchiefs shoreward in goodbys. Else too paused there a moment, and turned to peer anxiously and longingly among the crowd left on shore for one familiar face of her youth - but she recognized no one. She wiped her eyes, and Laurs stole an arm around her shoulder and smiled sideways at her, as her

father had been wont to do. Then he said softly, "Is it then so bad Else?" When she made no answer he continued, trying to cheer her, -- "Someday, when we have become rich and important in Zion, they will welcome you back to Thy with flags a-flying!" Dear, kind Laurs, thought Else sadly; even he could not fully understand. Ja, only those who had packed their bags and gone away from their very own forever could know the heart-break of it. So she said her own goodbys within herself and then, like "Ruth of Old", she looked back no more but turned and followed her husband's mother.

With the first shudder of the ship excitement on board exploded and many hastened to wave good-by again. It was about 5:00 o'clock late afternoon of 16 May 1866, when the "Dania", with its happy cargo, was finally lifted upon the breast of the Limfjord and set sail eastward toward the Cattegat Sea, headed for Copenhagen.

## PART THREE

### THEIR PROMISED LAND

"They stood shoulder to shoulder in the wilderness, far from all help, surrounded by an overwhelming number of foes. Each day's work was fraught with danger as they warred with the wild forces from which they wrung their living. Around them on every side lowered the clouds of the impending death struggle with the savage lords of the neighboring lands."

—Theodore Roosevelt

#### 1. WEARYING MILES WESTWARD

Among the many other Saints who had joined the Christensens and Myrups for this journey to Zion was a young Dane of some fifteen years named Andrew Jenson. He and his parents and brother came from the little city of Saeby in the Vendsyssel Conference. Andrew, fortunately, kept a day-by-day account of the trip, and to him we are indebted for a substantial part of the information included in this chapter. Brother Jenson later became Assistant Historian of the LDS Church and traveled widely in Scandinavia and elsewhere, collecting historical information for the Church. He wrote several volumes and it is from two of these, "History of the Scandinavian Mission" and "Autobiography of Andrew Jenson" that we have gleaned much about the journey of this company of Saints to Zion.

The day was fine and the sea calm and they enjoyed sailing over the broad face of the Catte-gate, but as the vessel heaved, some of the emigrants experienced seasickness. At daybreak, May 17th, they passed the town of Helsingør (Elsinore) and at 6:00 o'clock a.m. arrived

safely in the city of Copenhagen, the capitol of Denmark. One of the Elders led the way from the landing stage to a hall which had been rented for the purpose, and there most of the emigrants spent several hours. Some, however, were too deeply interested in the grandeur of the city to remain quietly in one place and walked all around, promenading on the ramparts, visiting the principal squares and churches and enjoying themselves immensely. This was the largest city most of the emigrants from Jutland had ever seen. Copenhagen at that time had about 180,000 inhabitants. (Now, with its suburbs, it has over a million and is considered one of the finest and best governed cities in the world.)

Here the emigrants from the Aalborg and Vendsyssel Conferences were united with immigrating Saints from other Danish Conferences, and at 1:00 o'clock p.m. they sailed from Copenhagen on board the steamship "Aurora", which was to take them to Keil in Holstein. The voyage along the coasts of Zealand and Møen was interesting, the most conspicuous landmark being "Møens Klint" a hill of chalk formation which rose abruptly from the sea 450 feet. The weather was pleasant and the sea undisturbed. Joy and happiness reigned supreme on board; most of the Saints seemed delighted with the prospects before them.

Sailing along on the blue Baltic Sea the Danish emigrants soon saw the last of their "Lovely Land" with her green, green islands, for day and night grew together and dark covered all, and when the light of the morning of May 18th came they had reached "Kieler Fjord" off the coast of Holstein, Germany. Sailing up the Fjord they soon reached the city of Keil where they landed and tarried several hours in the fine waiting room at the railroad station. Here again the more venturesome took off to stretch their legs and visit different parts of this city with its beautiful parks and gardens. Keil (now an important seaport of Germany) was then an attractive city of about 30,000 inhabitants. It was situated in a fertile district of the country on a fjord, which was one of the safest harbors on the Baltic.

At 12:00 o'clock noon they were all seated in railway cars and left for Altona, about seventy miles distance, where they arrived after three hours pleasant journey through the green and beautiful Holstein. This was the first railroad ride for the majority of the emigrants, railroad building having been commenced in parts of Denmark only a few years previous to 1866. From Altona they all marched down the hill to the banks of the river Elbe, where the women and children boarded a little steamer and went by water, while the men walked a mile or so through a part of Altona into the city of Hamburg where they were all lodged in an emigration house to enjoy a comfortable nights rest. Again the spark of restless Viking blood in their veins took a number on another exploration jaunt and they walked miles through the great city of Hamburg before retiring. All spoke German here, which few of the emigrants understood.

Getting everyone on and off conveyances so many times took real good managing, and it was with thanksgiving that they now faced the last of it, for a time at least. On Saturday, May 19, 1866, they went on board the double-decked packet ship "Kenilworth" (a sailing vessel with Capt. Brown in charge). This ship lay at anchor a short distance from the dock in the river Elbe. This was an old English sailing vessel which had been chartered by the Church on easy terms. It was ordinarily used for hauling coal, etc. and was not intended for passenger traffic. But it had been fitted up on this occasion with bunks and other conveniences on both decks for the comfort of the passengers. At the time steamships were in common use for ocean travel but the cost to the emigrants for such luxury was prohibitive, so this sailing vessel had been engaged.

The next day, which was Whitsunday (May 20th) was spent in locating the emigrants in different parts of the ship and showing each family its bunk. From their anchorage in the Elbe they had a fine view of the surroundings, the cities of Hamburg and Altona on the north and the low and flat country (Hannover) on the south. On the 21st

a meeting was held on the middle deck of the ship where the Elders in charge gave instructions in regards to cleanliness, order and decorum. On Tuesday, May 22, more emigrants, together with Elders Carl Winderborg, Niels Wilhelmsen, Geo. M. Brown and Christian Christiansen, arrived in Hamburg and were taken on board. This increased the number of emigrants on the Kenilworth to 684 souls, besides the ship's crew; of these 583 were from Denmark, 23 from Norway, 73 from Sweden and 5 from Germany.

The next day (May 23rd) the Kenilworth left her moorings and was towed by two small tugs a short distance below Altona (where other supplies were taken on, including barrels of fresh water). On the 24th President Carl Winderborg and Elders Wilhelmsen and Christiansen came on board and organized the company for traveling, appointing Samuel L. Sprague as president or leader with Morten Lund as his assistant. Fred R. E. Berthelsen was appointed secretary and Ole H. Berg captain of the guard. The emigrants were divided into 42 messes or districts containing from twelve to seventeen persons apiece, with a president over each whose duty it was to receive provisions and distribute them to the various families and individuals in his district; also to preside over prayers night and morning for his respective group as well as watch over each of those under his jurisdiction and see that all rules of cleanliness and order, etc., were strictly obeyed. (We can easily imagine that it was Elder Lars Myrup who would have been placed in charge of the group which included the Christensens from Kobberod.) On the same occasion the ship was dedicated by President Carl Winderborg and the prediction made that it should carry its precious cargo of souls safe and well to the "Land of Promise". Timely and valuable instructions were imparted by the brethren and the emigrants were enjoined to yield strict obedience to the brethren who had been appointed to preside.

On Friday, May 25, 1866, a little after noon, the ships anchor was lifted and the Kenilworth was towed down the river Elbe and at 9:00 P. M. sailed past Cuxhaven at its mouth and was soon far out.

on the broad face of the North Sea. The weather was pleasant, the sea quiet, and the commencement of the voyage promising. Most of the Saints on board were in high spirits. (Two other companies of Saints from the Scandinavian countries sailed from Hamburg a few days later, in the ships "Humbolt" and "Cavour", making the total number of emigrants from the Scandinavian Mission 1,213 in 1866.)

Saturday, 26 May, the wind was favorable and the old ship sped on her way swiftly. Some passengers engaged in dancing on the upper deck. The route was to be north around Scotland for although this was a longer way than the usual route through the English Channel which most emigrant ships leaving continental Europe chose yet it made it possible to avoid any excessive heat. On Monday 28 May heavy winds arose on the North Sea and drove them off their course far to the eastward and so close to the west coast of Norway that its rocky cliffs could be plainly seen. They encountered several showers of hail in this area. Due to the tossing and rocking of the vessel in the strong winds most of the passengers suffered more or less from seasickness. In the afternoon of June 1st, having gotten back on her course, the ship passed the Shetland and Orkney Islands lying north of Scotland and before night were on the somewhat turbulent waters of the Atlantic Ocean. The winds had turned favorable again, however, and there was comparatively smooth sailing for about two weeks.

By this time most of the emigrants had gotten used to life on the ocean waves. They were well organized and willingly submitted to the discipline and regulations which had been agreed upon. Thus at 6:00 o'clock each morning they arose at the signal of the bugle, attended to absolutions and then engaged in prayer in the different districts at 8:00 o'clock. Then they ate breakfast, which consisted of tea and rye bread in the beginning but after all the bread had been consumed they feasted on sea biscuits which were made of rye, wheat and oatmeal. Their food was prepared and cooked in a large kitchen from which it was

brought and distributed by the various group presidents in charge. At 11:30 A.M. they had dinner, which generally consisted of good, solid food. After that they frequently amused themselves in dancing or engaged in diverse games on the upper deck in order to keep up good cheer and counteract the tediousness of the long voyage. Thus the days for most passed quickly and pleasantly. At 6:00 P.M. they had supper and at 9:00 o'clock they were supposed to retire for the night after having had prayers at 8:00 o'clock. Cleanliness and order were strictly observed and all who were able to do so were required to spend a good part of their time on the upper deck to enjoy the fresh air and exercise. Meetings were usually held on Sundays and other occasions, at which powerful testimonies were borne and timely instructions given as circumstances demanded. A number of marriages were solemnized on which occasions they generally indulged in pleasantries, dancing and speech-making. Even a manuscript paper was issued almost daily, which introduced humorous and spicy articles suitable for the life they led.

Guard was kept up all night and all the brethren who were of proper age and able took turns. The captain and the crew were gentlemanly in their deportment towards the passengers and treated them in a kind and respectful manner, allowing them all the privileges that could reasonably be expected, and the sick received very good attention. However, although the food and provisions were satisfactory enough, the passengers had difficulty with the cook, a hot-headed and disagreeable person who quarrelled with several of the brethren, especially on one occasion when a fight was barely averted.

Likely much of the conversation those days on board was about the "Restored Church" and the "Land of Zion"; for these sincere people must have felt it a wonderful blessing that the true Church of Christ, which had been lost because of the wickedness of men, had been brought back to the earth by the Prophet Joseph Smith in their day. And here they were, many of them after years of yearning, planning and scrimping, going to Zion and the

Rocky Mountains which, the good Lord willing, they would all see before that year's ending. Could we have listened in and interpreted the Scandinavian tongue we might have heard something like this:-- "Those plates of gold, dug up from a hillside in America, told of old times there just like the old stories written on runic stones in Denmark." -- "Ja, ja, I saw such a stone once, a peasant ran into it after a rain when he was plowing a field." -- "America seems very new to us but it is as old as the world." -- "Ja, the Book of Mormon itself tells the story of the red Indians who lived there long before Columbus sailed the seas, and about their religion and their ways, just as we have learned about Denmark and the Vikings in old times." -- "There are still Indians in Zion now - and on the warpath they say. 'Tis a sure thing we'll see some before we're through!" -- "Joseph Smith, the Prophet himself, shot in a prison, tumbling through a window to die bravely lying at the base of it in a pool of his own blood." -- "Nej, the Prophet Joseph is not really dead, any more than Christ is; though he was murdered, his spirit seemed to come alive again in the carpenter and Prophet Brigham Young whom, if we are lucky, we shall all see in Zion." -- "Ja, Brigham Young was the one who led the Saints far from the persecutions of their enemies across deserts and mountains, the same way we will go to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake where the Saints are building a great city of their own." -- "Ja, ja, and not only one valley but many -- why all of Denmark could be set down in the middle of that place they have there and not be even noticed!" And so the talk must have gone for, once they were caught up in the spirit and wonder of the Gospel, they could go on and on just like the Restored Church had gone on even after its Prophet had been murdered. And surely none of those faithful Saints doubted but that in America, whose deserts were to blossom as the rose, they themselves would find their "Promised Land."



Meanwhile, the Christensen family was in real trouble, the gentle Karen being very sick. Frail and ailing at the beginning of the voyage, and carrying her eleventh child, the heavy lurching and pitching of the ship, as each new storm was encountered, upset her more and more until she was forced to take to her bed and stay there. It was no ordinary seasickness that she had, although a calmer sea seemed to soothe her somewhat. Day after day she lay in her bunk unable to retain any of the little nourishment she could bear to swallow, until she grew so pale and weak all who saw her were alarmed. The ship's doctor was summoned, as fear of cholera and other contagion was always present, but he found nothing of that sort to be alarmed at, only the rebellion of the general processes of her weakened body. He did what he could to ease and comfort her. The Captain and the crew were as helpful as they could be, for the Christensens were much respected on board. Even the quarrelsome cook sent up morsels to tempt Karen's appetite - but to no avail. It was felt that if she could just hold out until they reached port, where she could rest from the sea's motion and get plenty of fresh air and fresh milk again, she would have a fair chance of recovery.

It became necessary for someone to be by Karen most of the time. In order to free Christen and his older children, as well as Else for this responsibility, a kindly emigrant sister, Anne Jensen, was hired to look after the three young girls a great deal of the time. Anne was a twenty-eight year old spinster from Vaar, Hjorring Amt, in the Vendsyssel Conference and had been baptised into the Church in Feb. 1861. Like Else, she was emigrating without her own family members and gladly took over the care of Pouline, now eleven, Petrine, age seven, and little Sena (Nielsine) who had her fourth birthday enroute, 15 June, which must have passed by mostly unnoticed because of the deep concern of all for her mother's welfare.

It was about this time, the middle of June, that the weather changed abruptly and became cold and stormy so that the Kenilworth was forced to slow down and made poor progress. Then all



Karen Lauritzen who died on  
the ocean June 1866



Maren Christensen,  
youngest daughter



Lars Myrup, missionary  
who converted them and  
married Maren

became enveloped in a dense fog and Captain Brown turned to a more southerly course in order to steer clear of the danger from icebergs. The weather grew worse and continued bad. The heavy fog was accompanied by continuous headwinds and the sea became angry and often sent the ship careening back and forth in a frightening manner.

As the weather worsened, Karen grew worse also as well as weaker. Laurs Myrup and the other Elders administered to the prostrate woman time and time again; but though they blessed her, they made no promise of her recovery. Christen sat by his wife's bedside in misery at her suffering and Laurs, Maren and others hovered near, but it was the capable Else who cared for the courageous and patient woman's needs, and it was Christen and Else she clung to in her most fearful moments. Karen seemed aware at times that she was slipping away, and begged to live - to reach the "Land of Zion" - to raise her young daughters - to see her son Christen again. Occasionally she called for her little girls to be near her, but when allowed, they went away frightened and tearful at the sight of her woeful face. Sometimes, in her delirium, she became as wild as the storm-tossed sea and called upon heaven to save them all from a watery grave.

In Andrew Jenson's personal manuscript history appeared this brief account of Karen's death: -- "Saturday 23 June 1866 - A regular windstorm prevailed from the west. The wife of Christen Christensen died and was buried at sea with much solemnity. (Mrs. Christensen had been in delicate health for some months and the long voyage was too strenuous for her.)" In his published autobiography we find this entry (page 14): -- "The death of Sister Christensen called forth much sympathy, as she and her husband had been most liberal with their means in assisting their poor co-religionists to emigrate." From writings of a granddaughter of Karen, Elsie C. Bartholomew, we find a little about her burial, quote: "Her burial at sea, the same day as her death, was performed as was the custom of such in those days. Her corpse was sewed into a canvas sack

into which were also placed scissors and other things thought needful for use in the delivery of her expected child. All was fastened to a large plank, with heavy weights at one end, and then pushed overboard into the troubled sea." So the faithful, loving mother, the gentle Karen, or "Carrie" as she had been affectionately called by her now bereaved husband, never reached the "Land of Zion" with her beloved family; but who can doubt but that she went to a far better place - Heaven, the dearest land of all. Her grieving family must have been comforted somewhat by the many marks of affection, sympathy and respect shown them by their friends and fellow voyagers. Not the least of those to mourn was the daughter-in-law, Else K. The gentle Karen had become so dear to her that to be thus parted from her was like losing a second mother.

There were continuous headwinds and fogginess for five weeks in all, which made the voyage both long and dreary. Many storms were encountered and little progress made during that period. On June 26th they encountered a terrific thunder and rain storm, on which occasion all the sails of the ship were taken down in double quick time and the good old ship reeled like a drunken man, causing much alarm among the passengers. It was not until the 5th of July that the fog lifted and then it was found that instead of being near the American shore, as had been expected, they were still far out in the Atlantic Ocean. A number of other deaths took place on the voyage, half of them during that time of wind and fog. We quote again from Andrew Jenson: -- "The sad part of our voyage centered around a number of deaths which occurred. The following is a list of those of our company who found a watery grave: On May 24th a child; on May 29th Hulda Rosengren,  $9\frac{1}{2}$  years old and Wilhelmina Berthelsen, 37 years old; on June 2nd a child from the Aarhus Conference; on June 15th Oliver B. Rosengren, an infant; on June 19th Ole Christensen's child from Vendsyssel Conference; on June 23rd the wife of Chr. Christensen of the Aalborg Conference; on June 25th a young man from the Vendsyssel Conference; on June 27th another child; on July 3rd Christian Beck's child

from the Aalborg Conference; on July 6th Inger S. Petersen, 6 years old; on July 12th Sarah Larsen, an infant; on July 13th Dorthea Beck, a child from the Copenhagen Conference; and on July 15th a young man who committed suicide by jumping overboard.

"During the voyage two children were born, the first on May 26th and the second on May 29th when Niels Hansen's wife, from the Vendsyssel Conference, gave birth to a child which was named Kenilworth Brown in honor of the vessel and its captain. Records of seven marriages which took place on board were also made."

On Sunday, July 15th, which was a beautiful sunny day, a number of coast vessels were seen in all directions and joy and animation prevailed among the emigrants. A meeting was held at 8 a. m. at which timely instructions were given the emigrants as to their conduct upon landing in New York. About noon some of the officers looking through their spy glasses said that land was visible to the northwest, but it was not until 6 p. m. that one of the brethren, looking through his glasses, called out with a loud voice, "Land, land", and soon the green and beautiful coast of Long Island could be seen on the right by everybody. Perhaps only those who for weeks and months have been tossed about on the stormy face of the ocean can appreciate the pleasure of seeing terra firma again. The emigrants, who for about two months had been confined to the decks and berths of Old Kenilworth, appreciated to the fullest extent the change of vision that they enjoyed on that memorable day. The drooping spirits of all were revived and the desire to live in hopes of a happy future was manifested universally among the emigrants. They thanked God for bringing them safely to the shores of America. Some wept with joy. The men shaved, cut their hair, and cleaned up on general principles, while the women began to look for their best dresses in which to attire themselves when the happy privilege of landing should be enjoyed. To the Latter-day Saints the first sight of America had more than usual significance as this was the 'land of

promise", the land of Joseph, about which they had spoken, dreamed and sung for many years before beholding it.

About the time they began to see land one of the passengers, a young and foolish man, willfully jumped overboard and was drowned. The ship was hurriedly turned around, a boat lowered, and a number of sailors manning it endeavored to save him but did not succeed; he sank in the billows to rise no more until the resurrection. It was stated by his friends that he had been induced to emigrate contrary to his wishes and had repeatedly declared that he would never see America, and so it was. While the rest were eagerly looking for land, he resolutely committed suicide by jumping overboard. The "Kenilworth" passed Sandy Hook after dark and about midnight cast anchor off Staten Island at the entrance of the harbor of New York.

The next morning (July 16th) most of the passengers arose early to look at the country. "How beautiful", nearly all exclaimed when they emerged from their quarters on the lower decks and saw the green hills of Staten Island and the tall steeples and magnificent buildings of the cities of New York and Brooklyn in the distance. The pleasant morning breeze wafted the pleasing odor of vegetation and flowers out to them. About 11 a. m. a doctor came on board to ascertain if there were any contagious diseases among the emigrants or any other disorder or sickness which might prevent them from landing, but there were none. Consequently, the anchor was lifted and they sailed into the harbor and anchored a short distance off the City of New York, almost opposite Castle Gardens. (Castle Gardens was a high building similar to a theatre, built by the American government for the use and protection of emigrants from the city shakers. It was a beautiful place.) As the sun rose higher the day became very hot and some of the passengers were taken sick with the heat. From their point of anchorage they had a fine view of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and the string of villages and towns lining the shores of New York Bay. They remained on board all day suffering from the heat. Elders Thomas Taylor

and William Folsom (emigration agents for the Church) came on board to arrange for their landing next day.

Shortly before noon on July 17th they took leave of the "Kenilworth" and boarded a small steamer which took them to Castle Gardens. While taking this short trip the heat was very oppressive and one of their number died. Others were so overcome by the heat that they were carried on shore more dead than alive; but, being placed in cool, airy rooms at Castle Gardens and receiving some medical treatment, they all recovered. They had spent 58 days on board the Kenilworth; 52 days since they sailed from Hamborg and 46 days since they first reached the Atlantic Ocean. Other than the few deaths, no serious accidents had happened to them during their long voyage and they realized that the predictions made by President Winderborg, to the effect that they should pass safely over the great deep, had been fulfilled. At Castle Gardens they passed through the usual examinations and scrutiny, including the enrollment of names, ages, nationality, etc.; after which they enjoyed a few hours rest in the large, airy rooms of the Gardens.

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Elder Thomas Taylor, emigration agent for the Church in 1866, had experienced much trouble in making the necessary arrangements for transporting the emigrants from New York to the point where they were to meet the church teams at Wyoming, Nebraska. The railroad companies whose lines went out from New York had apparently planned to speculate at the expense of the "Mormons", and had arbitrarily broken the contract previously made by the Church agent, by adding to the price agreed upon for taking the emigrants westward. The price was unusually high and Elder Taylor knew that the emigrants were not able to pay that extra fare. At length, after having made a special trip to Boston, Mass., he succeeded in closing a satisfactory contract for their conveyance with a railroad company whose terminal was New Haven, Conn. This was an entirely new route and several hundred miles longer than that taken by

earlier emigrants west, but turned out to be much cheaper than the regular route had been. Thus at 9 p. m. the company left Castle Gardens and marched through a part of New York City to a point on the East River, where they went on board a large steamship which had been chartered to take them to the proposed railroad terminal in New Haven, Conn. The night was spent sailing up East River and Long Island Sound when, after a comparatively short but unpleasant voyage of 80 miles, they arrived at New Haven at 5 a.m. July 18th. From the landing place they walked a short distance to the railroad station where they waited about two hours for their train to arrive. Here it was discovered that in the turmoil of changing routes and baggage, the Christensen's two large trunks, containing most of their good clothes, best linens, keepsakes and treasures, had been lost - or stolen. There was nothing they could do about it.

When the train rolled in about 8 a.m. they boarded the cars and left New Haven, starting northward on their first railroad ride in America. Their route led through the states of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Vermont, and they enjoyed the beautiful scenery very much. To those Danes who had come from a low, flat country, where the highest elevation was less than 600 feet above sea level, the green mountains of Vermont and other elevated points along their route appeared grand and majestic. They traveled in 2nd class cars with comfortable seats, all night and part of the next day. Crossing the St. Lawrence River on the great Victorian Bridge they arrived in Montreal, Canada, early in the afternoon of July 19th. Montreal in 1866 had about 50,000 inhabitants. (At present it is well over a million.) Here they changed cars. The new train placed at their disposal here consisted of a few second-class passenger cars and a number of baggage cars - even some cattle cars were among them, which upon examination were found to be dirty and abominable. Their leaders were informed that they would either have to occupy these cars or wait at least two days for better accommodations, and so they concluded to submit to the inevitable. The dirty cars were swept and cleaned out as much as possible so that they could

be occupied, after a fashion. Seated on their bedding or trunks and boxes, they rolled out of Montreal about 7 p.m., traveling westward along the St. Lawrence River.

It took them two days to travel through Canada this way as they met with an accident on the shores of Lake Ontario where, owing to the poor condition of the railroad bed, some of the cars jumped the track and several nearly toppled over. This accident happened during the night, and in the morning when they beheld their situation they truly felt thankful for having been saved from a terrible disaster. Their train was broken into three sections on the bank of the lake. Had any of the cars tipped over they would probably have rolled down the steep embankment into the water. As it was the track was torn up for several rods. In the afternoon, the railroad men having repaired the damage, they continued their journey and at 7 p.m. arrived in Toronto.

The next day in the afternoon of July 22nd (which happened to be the nineteenth birthday of the emigrant Laurs M. C. Christensen), they arrived at the railroad terminus on the St. Clair River, which separated Canada from the United States and its State of Michigan. A steam ferry boat took them over the river to Fort Huron in Michigan, where they spent the following night in a large freight building at the railroad station. The following day (Monday July 23rd) at 1 p.m., seated in good comfortable cars which they surely appreciated after their experiences in the Canadian baggage cars, they left Fort Huron and traveled westward through the State of Michigan, arriving in Chicago, Ill., that evening late and remained in the cars until morning.

Tuesday 24 July, at 10 a.m., another train was placed at their disposal on which they traveled through the state of Illinois, traveling the remainder of that day and the next and arriving at Quincy on the Mississippi River the morning of July 26th. There a ferry boat took them over the river to the state of Missouri, where they waited in the forest on the bank of the river until 3 p.m. The weather being very warm, a number of them took

advantage of the opportunity to bathe in the river, which they thoroughly enjoyed; but a young man of their company who, being a good swimmer, ventured too far out in the swift river and was carried away by the current and drowned.

At 4 p. m. they continued their journey through the state of Missouri, the land where the Saints in the early days of the church suffered so much persecution. In several of the larger towns through which they passed the people acted very hostile towards them and made several demonstrations in the shape of insults and threats. The telegraph had of course, previous to their arrival, brought the news of a company of "Mormons" coming, and thus the rough element had time to gather at the different railroad stations to give them their attention when they arrived, and "show their respects". At various stations the "welcoming committees" were dressed as Indians in war paint and feathers who, brandishing hatchets and knives, shouted oaths at them and gestured meanacingly. Although the majority of the emigrants could not understand a fragment of the language of these ruffians, yet they had little difficulty in interpreting their fierce gesticulations and grimaces as they, being urged on by the hilarious approval of the ribald crowds, outdid themselves in giving all too realistic and nerve-wracking performances. Some of the worst men in the crowds conveyed the idea, by their appearance and actions, that they would like to have treated them as they did their Prophet and co-religionist years before. The engineer of their train also appeared to be a bitter enemy. In stopping and starting the train and in quickening and lessening the speed he treated them to such jerks and violent shocks as ordinarily are experienced only on freight trains. Fortunately none of them were seriously hurt by those unpleasant and unnecessary experiences, but some of their more delicate women were threatened with nervous breakdowns.

The dawn of Friday, July 27th, found them traveling through the western part of Missouri, after having traveled by jerks and shakings all night during which the engine broke down and they

were delayed several hours. The supposition was that the wicked engineer, in his endeavor to make it as unpleasant as possible for them, had overtaxed his engine and broken it before he could use up its passengers. Nevertheless they arrived at St. Joseph, on the banks of the Missouri River, early in the afternoon, safe and well; and thus terminated their railroad travel, which had lasted ten days and covered a distance of about 1,700 miles. The round-about way they took through Canada cost \$5.00 less for each adult passenger than any other route. On their arrival at St. Joseph they were given only one hour in which to procure provisions for a two-day trip up the Missouri River to Wyoming, Nebraska. They boarded the steamboat "Denver" and left St. Joseph at 5 p.m. The following night was a sleepless one for most of them. In the first place the weather was too sultry for anybody to rest, no place could be found for anyone to make their beds, and in addition, officers and crew of the boat seemed to be regular demons who endeavored to annoy and vex them in every possible way. The next day, July 28th, the steamboat pulled slowly up the muddy Missouri River. The day being extremely hot they were not able to venture out from the coverings of the boat for fear of being sunstruck.

On Sunday, July 29th, they arrived safe and well at the landing below Wyoming, Nebraska, which village was the outfitting place for the Saints crossing the plains that year. Here at this village they could breathe the air of freedom more freely than upon any previous occasion since they commenced their long journey. Both on shipboard and in the railway cars they had been confined to narrow quarters, but here on the grassy hill near Wyoming they could spread out and inhale the fresh air and drink the pure spring water as it gushed from the hillside. (This was the forty-ninth birthday of the recently bereft widower Christen Christensen, lately of Kobberod in Jutland.) Later some of their company were taken sick with fever, a few very seriously. Some of this sickness came upon the sufferers through disobeying the counsel of the brethren in charge, who had advised the

emigrants not to drink too freely of the ice cold water issuing from the springs but rather use the river water after it had been filtered. At least five of their company died the first week there, three from the Vendsyssel, one from the Aalborg and an old lady from the Copenhagen conference.

On Monday, July 30th, their baggage arrived at the Wyoming landing and was partly carried by hand and partly by teams to the campground on the top of the hill, where they were permitted to pitch their tents on any of the unoccupied land lying adjacent to the village. Those of the emigrants who had no tents made themselves temporary shelters of brush and branches cut from trees in the neighboring woods. While enjoying these conveniences they spent several days busily engaged in washing clothes and otherwise preparing for their journey across the plains. On receiving their baggage at Wyoming they found that many of the boxes had been opened and robbed of their contents, and thus some of the emigrants lost all their clothes and traveling outfits. While there they could draw provisions from the church storehouse which had been erected on the campground.

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Several of the Church trains sent from the "Valley" that year after the poor were encamped near Wyoming when this company of emigrants arrived, and had waited for them several days. Between four and five hundred wagons, with three or four yoke of oxen to each wagon, were sent that year by the Church to the Missouri River after emigrants, most of whom came expecting to cross the plains with church teams. While the emigrants were encamped near Wyoming, that little village assumed an air of importance augmented by the camps of tents and family boweries occupied by those Scandinavian pilgrims. This was not the first company of Scandinavian Saints that had camped there that year, but several companies of British emigrants had preceeded them and were already well out on the plains when they arrived. In fact, the total number of emigrating Saints from Europe in 1866 was 3,327, of whom 1,213 were from the Scandinavian countries. All these

companies came by way of Wyoming and most of them crossed the plains with church teams.

On Wednesday, August 1st, another company of Scandinavian emigrants, consisting of about 300 souls, arrived in Wyoming. These were the ones who had sailed on the ship "Humboldt" from Hamburg, Germany on June 2nd. The following day, August 2nd, some of the "Kenilworth emigrants" commenced their journey across the plains from Wyoming in Capt. Joseph S. Rawlin's train. Aug. 4th another group headed westward with Peter Nebeker's church train. On Aug. 5th another group, who were going with Capt. Andrew H. Scott's train, moved their things to where the church teams were camped near the church store and were assigned their wagons. George M. Brown, who had been in charge of the Saints on the "Humboldt", was appointed spiritual leader of this large group of British, Norwegian and Danish emigrants who were to travel in 46 wagons, young Andrew Jenson and his family being among them. It was the intention that this company should roll out of Wyoming on Aug. 7th, but a terrible rain storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning such as none of those from Scandinavia had ever experienced, visited the area. The rain poured down in torrents nearly all that day and the following night until the ground was thoroughly soaked with the downpour. While the storm was at its worst the whole village seemed to be a perfect lake. (Such storms occurred frequently in this locality in July and August each year.) The day after this deluge, Aug. 8th 1866, Capt. Scott's ox train left Wyoming to cross the plains.

With the departure of this company the village of Wyoming was almost reduced to its usual limited number of inhabitants, with the exception of a few Scandinavian emigrants and Elders who were waiting for the seasons last company of emigrating Saints to arrive from the east. Capt. Abner Lowry's church train of ox teams had been kept back to bring this company and the remaining Saints across the plains. This ox train was known as the Sanpete train, as most of the men and teams in it were from Sanpete Valley in central Utah.

Among the waiting Saints were a number from Jutland, Denmark, including Christen Christensen and his family and some others to whom he had given financial assistance; Elder Lars Myrup (Maren's husband); Sister Anne Jensen, who had helped with the Christensen children since their mother's illness and death on the ocean; Christian Peter Lund, his wife and young family from Sonderhaa; a few returning Elders to whom brother Christensen had loaned funds, and Elder Morten Lund, former president of the Vendsyssel Conference who was returning to his home in Fountain Green, Sanpete Co., Utah.

Christen Christensen and his party, having lost their large trunks of clothing enroute, were obliged to purchase more of the necessities at Wyoming. Here, among other things, Christen bought three cooking-stoves, one for himself and one each for his two married children. Little by little his reserve was being exhausted and it must have now been necessary for him to fall back on the gold pieces in the lining of his vest. He had come to depend on the spinster Anne Jensen to a great extent by now, in the absence of his dear wife Karen, until she had grown to seem like a regular member of his family. Anne herself had become very fond of Christen and the little girls and they of her. All, however, were very weary and anxious to be on their way. It was just short of four months since the Christensens had left their home in Thy.

The Norwegian ship "Cavour", for whose company they were waiting there had been long delayed on account of headwinds, calm and fog, notwithstanding the vessel had taken the shorter route by way of the English Channel. It was July 31st before the ship arrived at New York. The "Cavour" emigrants were at once conveyed over the same route as the one previously taken by the "Kenilworth" company. The dreaded disease cholera, having already broken out on shipboard in brother L. Larsen's family (most of whom died later on the trip), raged fiercely among the group as they traveled by railroad towards the west, claiming its victims one by one. The rough treatment these

emigrants received was in part responsible for the heavy death rate. Just before their train arrived in St. Joseph, Missouri, one of the passenger cars took fire and it was with great exertion that the sick were removed from it to escape being burned to death. At St. Joseph a number of the sick and dying had to be left in the hands of wicked people. Their friends obtained no further knowledge as to their fate, and never learned whether they were buried alive or killed by force, for the people with whom they were left were so hateful that they seemingly thirsted for the blood of the Saints. On the voyage by steamer up the Missouri River, nine of the remaining emigrants died, four of them being buried in the river one night and five the next. This poor reduced "Cavour" company finally arrived at the landing near Wyoming on Aug. 11th 1866.

When these emigrants were taken into camp at Wyoming, sick and weary, there was little time for them to rest. Capt. Abner Lowry's train of Church teams had already waited long for their arrival and it was now so late in the season that the start across the plains could be postponed no longer if they hoped to get across the mountains that year. Consequently, this cholera-infested company had to get ready in the greatest haste for the long and tedious journey. Two days after their arrival at Wyoming, on Aug. 13th, these emigrants left there, together with the Christensens and others who had been waiting for them. Thus one of the most pitiable treks of any of the Mormon Pioneer companies began. This was the tenth and last Pioneer company to cross the plains that year.

As had been the case with the other Church trains, the emigrants had been assigned to their wagons, ten or twelve persons to each wagon, and moved their effects thereon. There were about sixty ox-teams in all in charge of Capt. Abner Lowry. (This was the last year that emigrants traveled all the way from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City with ox-teams, as the Union Pacific Railroad was being built from Omaha westward and the following year (1867) was opened for

several hundred miles west of that river.) It was a sight for those who weren't used to it to see the teamsters driving long strings of three or four yoke of oxen to each heavily loaded wagon, without reins or harnesses, using only long whips and the three words, "Gee" "Haw" and "Whoa" (which the oxen, through serious lessons had learned to understand).

## 2. TRAGEDY ON THE PLAINS

The teams pulled out slowly, traveling a few miles out on the prairie, and encamped the first night on the brow of a hill. A meeting was held at which they were more fully organized for traveling and the necessary officers of tens and fifties appointed, as well as interpreters for the Scandinavians. Next day they traveled westward until nearly noon and then stopped for several hours while provisions were distributed to the passengers for the first time. The rations allowed consisted of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pounds of flour and one pound of bacon each day for each adult, besides sugar, molasses, dried fruit and other eatables, all of which they were to prepare and cook themselves to suit their respective tastes. Having never done the like before, some of the emigrants found the baking of bread and cooking of meals in the open air a difficult task; but after a few days practice, most of them learned and life on the plains soon became rather natural, especially for those who were young and hearty. To the older members of the company, and those who had large families of children, the case was usually quite different however. The task of walking as much as possible was enjoined upon every young and able-bodied person, in order to lighten the burden of the animals. Only the old, weak and sickly were privileged to ride to any great extent, and there were plenty of those in this ill-fated company. At noon and night, when camping, was their busiest time. First, they pitched their tents, gathered fuel and fetched water, then they made fires, baked bread, cooked other food, and finally ate their meals around the campfires, sitting on the grass or rocks. Wood was sometimes very scarce along the way and

in such cases they resorted to the use of dry manure, or "buffalo chips" as this was called. Frequently they had to tramp long distances to get water and sometimes they had to make "dry camp" where there was no water. Often they had to cook their meals while the rain poured down in torrents and drenched them to the skin and put out their fires. At other times the wind blew so hard, lifting up the loose soil and enveloping all in a cloud of dust, that their tents fell and their food was spiced with sand. For these Scandinavians from the land of short distances, this was indeed a new life and at times their energies and patience were taxed to the utmost. They had to learn that there were unavoidable difficulties in crossing the plains; besides, many of them had much more serious things to grieve them for there were many sick and dying among them.

In making their camp the usual "Mormon" method of forming two half-circles with the wagons was observed, so that a corral was made into which the oxen would be driven to be caught and yoked up anew each morning. Their tents were pitched outside the enclosure, each tent opposite the wagon to which it belonged. The oxen and such loose stock as they had were herded during the night by special herdsmen who had been brought along for that purpose, but the regular night watch in the camp was taken in turn by the emigrating brethren. Public prayer was offered in camp every night, in which everybody was supposed to participate. After the prayer, the Captain or some other leader generally made remarks of an encouraging and instructive nature, the essence of which was translated into Danish for the benefit of those who didn't yet understand English.

Thus the Abner Lowry Pioneer Company traveled from Wyoming, across the prairies of Nebraska, in a northwesterly direction to the Platte River, following the so-called Oregon Trail by way of Fort Kearney to a point near Fort McPherson. From thence they crossed the highland from the South Platte to the North Platte, reaching the latter stream at the mouth of Ash Hollow. From here they went along the North

Platte by way of Chimney Rock and Scotts Bluff until they reached Fort Laramie. Leaving that Fort they crossed hills and streams until they came to the mouth of Deer Creek, a tributary of the Platte, traveling westward from there to the upper crossing of the Platte, where the Mormon Pioneers of 1847 had built a ferry near the site of the present city of Casper, Wyoming. They crossed the river on a bridge which stood near the old ferry and continued on in a northwesterly direction past Independence Rock and Devils Gate, then followed the Sweetwater River about seventy miles to the Continental Divide. Near this point they left the Oregon Trail and took the Mormon Pioneer trail, until they came to what was known as the "Three Crossings of the Sweetwater".

At several points on the journey they had come in contact with Indians, most of them friendly contrary to what the emigrants had expected. They saw only a few buffaloes, for many of these noble animals had been wantonly destroyed by white hunters, thus wasting the food of the Indians, which had made the red men very angry. But while the Sioux Indians and other tribes showed hostilities to travelers generally, they usually distinguished between "Mormon" caravans and others; and while they would steal from most travelers they often left the "Mormon Pioneer Trains" alone. During the early part of their trek the Lowry Company had plenty of food and to spare, but on reaching the mountain country the appetites of all but the sick increased, and yet those in charge were forced to cut down the rations owing to the fact that some of the provisions that had been cached at different points along the way to Wyoming to be used by the company on their return, had been stolen by Indians or renegade whites. Thus many of the more hearty of them suffered for lack of sufficient food and sometimes longed for good square meals again.

They generally broke camp about 8 o'clock each morning and traveled from 12 to 20 miles a day, stopping about two hours at noon to cook and feed themselves and animals. The day's journey was somewhat monotonous at times and most were

glad to see the wagons drawn up to form a corral, when they could stop and rest their weary feet for a spell. The young people, however, never seemed to tire and were usually bent on having their dancing and lively sports at the day's end, until the call of the horn summoned all together for song and prayer before retiring. Then dancing and all other music ceased as hundreds of voices were lifted in a hymn of praise. What mattered if they sang in different tongues - the Almighty Father understood all. The hymn finished, utmost quiet would prevail throughout the camp as one of the Elders prepared to offer up a prayer of thanks-giving for the care and guidance given them that day. President Brigham Young had advised his followers to dance, sing and pray, and enjoy themselves together as they crossed the plains. He was wise in wanting them to forget their cares and sorrows as they could. And though these Pioneers rejoiced as each new day brought them nearer to their journey's end, it is unlikely that many in this company were ever very gay at any time, since the hand of death traveled with them all the way.

Shortly after the middle of September winter caught up with them as they reached the higher elevations. A terrific wind and snowstorm came down upon them and covered everything. It was difficult to find fuel for their fires or feed for their oxen, some of which became badly frozen, a few almost to the point of disability. Some mornings it was only with much difficulty that the teamsters succeeded in getting the hungry and half frozen animals hitched up and on their way. Capt. Lowry and his associates knew that many more storms like this in the Rockies would prove treacherous, if not disasterous to the weary animals as well as the sick and elderly of the company, if not to all. So the captain sent a telegram to the authorities in Salt Lake City asking that relief be sent them if possible.

The identity of most of the emigrants of the Abner Lowry company was lost in the dust of covered wagons as they became just "Mormon Pioneers". Sometimes a name crops up here and

there, or an incident is recalled of some who came in that ill-fated wagon-caravan in 1866: Dorothy Madsen of Manti tells of her great grandmother, Christena Roth Jensen of Holstein, Germany, who came with her husband and children on the ship "Cavour". Her husband, Louis Jensen, a Dane from Copenhagen, died as they followed with the Lowry company along the Sweetwater River in Wyoming Territory, 11 Sep. 1866, and was buried there the next day. Feeling very alone then and hardly knowing what to do, she knelt down and prayed to her Heavenly Father for guidance as to whether to eventually go back to her people in the Old Country or to settle in Zion. At this moment, as she looked up into Heaven, she beheld a bright star in the western sky. This immediately struck her as being an answer to her prayers and she knew then that she must settle in the west. So this brave thirty-five year old mother took her small fatherless children, from five years to nine months old, including twins, and settled in Sanpete Valley at Manti. Utah's last original pioneer, Hilde Anderson Erickson, who passed away January 1968 at one hundred and eight years of age, came with the Abner Lowry Company across the plains and settled first in Sanpete. Perhaps one of the most pathetic stories of members of the Abner Lowry Company that has yet come to light is the one told by a Swedish Saint who came on the ship "Cavour". This is how sixteen year old Charles Peter Warnick told it:-- "I, together with my parents, Anders Peter and Anna Helena Anderson Warnick, my two brothers, John August and Anders Gustave, my sister Anne Christine, two sisters-in-law and three children, left our native land in the latter part of April 1866. We were thankful that we had thus been blessed of the Lord that we were able to go to Zion where we might live and worship with those of our faith, without fear of mobs or ridicule. But alas! How short sighted are we human beings! We boarded the sailing vessel "Cavour" at Hamburg, June 1st 1866, for our trip across the great Atlantic. The supply of water was very limited for such a long journey, which lasted nine weeks. We were allowed one quart of water per family per day. The water itself was terribly bad. Other rations were

likewise limited and of poor quality. Sickness broke out among the passengers. I was so sick my mother worried as to whether I would be allowed to land. But that part went all right and we were glad once more to set foot on Mother Earth and to enjoy the luxury of good cold water, as the weather was warm.

"When we landed at New York we went directly to Castle Garden and from there to Montreal, Canada. When we saw the string of cars into which we were being herded, our hearts almost failed us. But what could we do about it? We were on the road and must follow it through even though we were treated like cattle, for that was the kind of cars the train was made up of. But those awful hard and dirty cars proved to be a blessing in disguise, for we had not been long on the train when cholera broke out in a very serious form among the people. The poor stricken souls couldn't have sat up, so with room to spread their bedding down it was better for them. But oh how they suffered with the jarring and bumping of the cars. When we had traveled three days my dear mother passed away, on the fifth of August, she being one of the first to go. Her body was left on the station platform at Marcella. Conditions continued to get worse and when we reached St. Joseph a few days later, my father and sister Christine were left dying on the platform. When I look back and think of that awful scene I wonder how we could do it, and I can only think that we saw so much suffering and death that our sense of feeling and sympathy must have been paralyzed. We thought that we were all doomed and nothing mattered - the sooner the better.

"We met ox teams at Wyoming, Nebraska and started for Salt Lake City on August 13th. The company we traveled with was made up of teams and men from Sanpete County. Our Captain's name was Abner Lowry and he was from Manti. But the angel of death had not finished his work; many of our companions were left in shallow graves by the roadside. One noon, as we were camping, all the men that were able were busy digging one large grave in which seven bodies were buried. We had

not been out many days when my brother Anders Gustave said to me, 'Let us pray for we don't know how soon our turn will come.' How true he spoke, for it was only two days later when he passed away and it was only a few days after that when his betrothed, Charlotte Bengsten, died; also one of my brother August's children and a little girl of my dead sister Christine. Before we reached our journey's end another of August's children died, making eight of our number who passed away on this terrible journey. I remember especially one whole family that died and in many instances there were just one or two left of large families. This was the darkest chapter in my life, but yet in this great suffering and bereavement we knew they died in the faith and in hopes of reaching a better land. Our family was now just John, August and his wife, Mary Bengsten Warnick, their little girl Caroline, and myself. Their baby, born on the plains, was numbered among the dead. I was then sixteen years old."

Of course it was not unusual for pioneers to die on their way to the Valleys of the Mountains - but whole families, how sad that was! In the three companies of mostly Scandinavians that preceded Capt. Abner Lowry's, numbers failed to reach their destinations; ten persons having died in Capt. Rawling's company, close to thirty in Capt. Nebeker's and about the same in Capt. Scott's. But the toll was much greater in this last of the Church trains of 1866. The death rate, mostly from cholera, was extremely high, the rough estimate is at least fifty, but no one really knows just how many among this ill-fated company battled for their lives with that terrible malady - and lost.

Autumn's heat upon dry desert plains - parched lips - chapped and bleeding hands; sharp rocks and prickly thistles - torn, burning, blistered feet; tugging, sweating ox and grinding wheels of over-loaded wagons - sting of dust in eyes and nostrils; fevered brows - dysentery from which so many suffered - swarming flies and gnats - these were but a few of the "little things" that vexed and annoyed them - these emigrant pioneers. These could in no way compare with their greater burdens - the never

ending; poignant yearning for home; salt spray or sound of sea, or the far deeper pain of grief and longing for loved ones who would never return. And so at nights on the plains, under the impersonal, remote stars, many from the lands of sea-washed kingdoms could not sleep, but lay and moaned for things that would not leave them quite alone.

What part the Christensens from Thy played in this tragic drama in the wilderness is little known since few details of their trek have filtered down to their posterity. We know that at least the adults of the group walked most of the way. They were not city-bred, like some, but country folk from the harshest part of Jutland, strong and vigorous people in the main. Thus the wearisome journey must have perhaps proved less exacting for them physically than for numbers of others in the same company. It has been said that this long hard journey brought about, by natural processes, a selection of the strong in body, mind or spirit; for, as has further been stated, -- "The cowards never started and the weak died on the way." Who can say? We fully believe, however, that our Christensens were among those who helped the less fortunate along the way. At least this was the case with one particular emigrant family of which we have been told. Christen Christensen had paid the fare of Hans Jensen and his wife and three children from Jutland. He thought so much of this young family and was most sorrowful when both the father and the mother died of cholera on the plains. He arranged to take care of the orphan children the remainder of the journey. Did his fatherly and generous nature, and the sympathetic and understanding character of the other members of his party, send them to the aid of others of the distressed in whatever capacities they could serve? We think so. Surely all of them must have gathered at many gravesides on the plains, to offer help and comfort to the bereaved during the bleak, anguished burials of their dead. The Christensens and Myrups knew the value of sympathy, for they themselves were well acquainted with the sorrow of a dear one's passing.

Andrew Jenson wrote this of the Abner Lowry

Company:-- "If the details of this company's journey across the plains were written, it would probably present one of the most pitiable and heart-rending chapters in the history of the Church; but it is perhaps better to close the episode and not revive the memory of something so touching and sorrowful. At some future date, undoubtedly, more details will be published about the experience of that ill-fated company; and in the great hereafter those who laid down their lives on the way will have an opportunity to give an accurate and truthful account of their sufferings."

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Sept. 27th, the Abner Lowry company was met at the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater by Capt. Arza Hinkley's relief train which had been sent out from Salt Lake City some 450 miles to help these belated emigrants continue on. Taking the sick and aged aboard, this mule train headed west again and arrived in Salt Lake on Sun. Oct. 7th, two weeks before the main Lowry company. According to historian Jenson, this relief train was the last of the Church trains sent out to bring the poor to Zion that year of 1866. In all, these were made up of some 10 captains, 456 teamsters, 49 mounted guards, 89 horses, 195 mules, 3,092 oxen and 459 wagons, the largest part of which traveled all the way to Wyoming, Nebraska and back. A church that cared this much for the lives of these poor emigrants would not be inclined to abandon them when they joined the body of the Saints in their "Promised Land".

Much heartened and their loads lightened, the remaining emigrants continued their travels along the Mormon Trail. Since they encountered more severe snowstorms during some of the rest of the journey, the mortality among them would likely have been much higher had they not received this aid from Captain Hinkley's relief train. At South Pass this telegram was sent to the authorities in Salt Lake City: "South Pass, Oct. 3. We camped here last night - all well - Ab Lowry". From there the company crossed Little Sandy, Big Sandy, Green River, Hams Fork, and Black Fork to Fort Bridger, where the captain sent another telegram to the

brethren: -- "Bridger, Wyo. Oct. 11 We camp tonight on the Muddy - Ab Lowry". A well beaten road led them from the Muddy River by way of Bear River, Yellow Creek, etc., to the mouth of Echo Canyon, thence up along the Weber River ten miles via the present sites of Coalville, Hoytsville and Wan ship, buffeting storms and cold most of the way. Next their route led them through Silver Creek Canyon, Parleys Park, and then over the mountain and through Parleys Canyon, at the mouth of which they entered Great Salt Lake Valley. Here the mountains no longer came together to close the view and by climbing up to a bluff, a short distance above where the old Utah penitentiary later stood, they could see Salt Lake City in the distance, northwest. 'How beautiful - how grand!' was shouted back by those who ascended to behold with rapture the "City of the Saints" -- the place they had all dreamed of, and prayed and hoped so long to see. Ja, Ja; here it was at last - their Zion - their Promised Land!

With mounting excitement the company continued down the mountain pass and on over the area now called Sugar House; then crossing the State road, they entered the Church farm where they camped for the night. The next morning, which was Mon. Oct. 22, 1866, all were eager to fix themselves up before taking to the road again, so it was approaching noon before they had driven the additional four miles northward and entered the Church Tithing Office yard in the heart of Great Salt Lake City. Here they were expected, for word had gone ahead, and there was quite a crowd of welcome rs to greet them. Some of the Scandinavians who had preceded them in the three earlier companies were there, and some seeking to claim the many orphans. Saints who were lucky enough to have friends or kinfolk already living in the vicinity were met by these, and the vanguard of their company, the sick, most of them recovered, and the elderly - were there also. There was an abundance of joy and thanksgiving manifested on all sides - but undertones of sorrow too, for those who were expected and never came.

There must have been a number to welcome the Christensens from Jutland - newly made friends of the "Kenilworth" - old friends who had come before. Can we imagine the thrill of it, as long lost friends embraced and passed on the news and greetings from the Old Country in their harsh Jutlandic Danish brogue? A great spirit of brotherhood had grown up among these Latter-day Saints; bonds of friendship had been forged which were to last to the end of living - and who was there to say they would not last for aye? Time moves so quickly. It had been more than six months since these friendly folks had left their home in Kobberrod, near the beautiful Limfjord; yet here they were in Zion with snow-capped mountains surrounded - all but the gentle Karen. Soon the bitter heartbreak of the past would vanish like a dream and they would begin to build new homes and sink their roots in the valleys of the mountains.

Those of us living today who might have driven up Emigration Canyon to the summit of the present highway, then turned right and followed a side road briefly to the top of Little Mountain, just as a giant moon came looming over the Wasatch peaks to the east, and turned to look down on Parleys Canyon road, would have seen a queue of lights from swiftly moving autos, twinkling like a tiny chain of crystal stars. And then, if we had turned around and gazed over the canyon's mountain tops towards Salt Lake Valley, we would have seen the night-glow of the great city which the Saints planted there. None of us can imagine the work and energy that went into the building of Salt Lake City and its suburbs - or any other city, town or village in Utah for that matter - without a sense of awe and wonder. From the very first settlers wearily trooping onto the hot, dry desert floor, and the thousands following and building, the cost in effort and sacrifice is immeasurable. There was no easy road for our pioneer progenitors. No one with values can think on these things from high on top a mountain, where air and reason are clear and cool, without sensing that people with outstanding faith and great courage toiled to leave us this marvelous legacy. These noble predecessors of ours built a mighty empire because they themselves

were mighty - in brain and brawn - in courage, valour and honesty! They cared little for what lesser souls thought and said of them. We enjoy the fruits of their building today and we ought to be glad and thankful for it. President Heber J. Grant once said, -- "Dream, young man - dream nobly and manfully - and your dreams will be your prophets". We have been given a heritage bought by noble dreams.

### 3. WAR WHOOPS AND DRUMS

After having made the decision to move to a land uninhabited except by the American Indians, the Mormon leaders admonished their people to deal justly with them following a policy of friendship and the "open hand". Though this proved somewhat successful in the colonization of the area the sensitivity and emotional makeup of the Indian was such that a slight or often imagined grievance was enough to start a war. Such seems to have been the case in the "Walker War" that had bled the new territory in 1853-54, although frequent small irritations, and some not so small, had been leading up to this explosion for some years. As early as 1850 proud, haughty Chief Walker (Walkara) had planned to massacre the people of Fort Utah (Provo) because Brigham Young refused to send some of his settlers to aid Walker in a battle against the Shoshones. Fortunately, Chief Sowiette, the pioneers' friend, interceded and calmed the fiery tempered Chief.

The Mormon leaders were soon made aware that something more than food and friendship would have to be used to cope with the Indians. Their policy had been a noble one, but the frequent infringements by the red brethren - their child-like inability to refrain from petty thievery, as well as other irresponsible behavior - placed a great burden on the struggling settlers. As one incident after another occurred, President Brigham Young realized the need for some form of military organization and thus determined to reorganize the Nauvoo Legion, which had been an integral part of the Church in Illinois. This

was done at a meeting held in Salt Lake City April 12, 1852, where appointment of officers was made and Daniel H. Wells chosen as Lieutenant General. The defense of the people of Utah and the protection of their property became the major concern of this organization. Much vigilance and tact was called for by the Legion members.

In spite of the subduing of Walker and his warriors, who had vowed their war would last until all the whites were exterminated, and in spite of the peace treaty they had signed with Brigham Young in May 1854, the stealing and killings went on, causing much destruction of livestock and some loss of human life. Indian attacks on travelers and settlements usually came when least expected; for example: June 4, 1858 - Jens Jorgensen and wife, Jens Terkelsen and Christian E. Kjerulf were massacred in Salt Creek Canyon while traveling unarmed to Sanpete Valley; Oct. 15 - the remains of Josiah Call and Samuel Brown of Fillmore were found near Chicken Creek bridge in Juab County - the mutilation of their bodies proved it was the work of redmen; Mar. 22, 1860 - the Overland mailcoach was attacked by Indians near Eight Mile Station, Tooele County, with Henry Harper, the driver, being killed and a passenger wounded; May 28, in the same county, Indians attacked the mail station at Deep Creek, shot a man and stole several horses; July 22, Smithfield, Cache County was attacked by Indians and a fight ensued during which John Reed and Ira Merrill and two Indians were killed and several on both sides wounded; Apr. 12, 1863 - a band of about fifty Indians, led by Chief Little Soldier, attacked a group of soldiers from Fort Douglas who were camped at Pleasant Grove, Utah County, who frightened them away with a small cannon but lost their horses, blankets and supplies in the fray; June 10 - Wood Reynolds and another unarmed man were killed when a stagecoach was attacked by mounted Indians between Fort Chittenden and the Jordan in Utah County. The attacking Indians sometimes wore little clothing - a breech clout and moccasins being their uniforms. Some painted their faces black on occasions, but they always had guns, pistols or bows and quivers of arrows, besides their knives or

tomahawks. These were but a few of the many incidents leading up to the Black Hawk Indian War which engulfed the settlers in this territory from 1866 to 1869, particularly those of Sanpete, Sevier and other southern counties, becoming Utah's bloodiest conflict of the last century.

The Black Hawk War is said to have officially begun at Manti in Sanpete Valley Apr. 9, 1865. Research seems to warrant the account presented by Carlton Culmsee as probably the most logical record of the event: -- "Black Hawk sat in sacrament meeting one peaceful Sunday in Manti. He stared at the speakers as if absorbed in their words. Perhaps he was. Perhaps, however, the tall chief was thinking of a tribe of Utes not far away, who were full of superstitious anger at these white men. Those Utes were like dead leaves of rabbit brush, like good timber. If a spark fell among them --- ! But whatever reveries Black Hawk had, he listened keenly to one part of the meeting. Plans were announced for rounding up the livestock in the district of the Indian farm at Twelve Mile Creek. This was to be the customary general spring roundup. Meeting ended. Black Hawk went to the house of James Tooth, where he customarily ate after the services.

"Meanwhile, an historic event was occurring at Jerome Kempton's place in the same town. Some leading Utes had met with prominent settlers to discuss the recent outbreak of cattle stealing. John Lowry and Archibald Buchanan acted as interpreters. In the circle of onlookers were Kempton, David Shand Sr., J. C. Madsen, Jens Madsen, Arthur Vorhees, Louis Kjar and Peter Munk. Matters appeared to be approaching an amicable settlement in the hands of these frontier diplomats, the interpreters. All that interfered was an irreconcilable among the Indians - Jake Arroopeen. He was a young sub-chief whose father had died of the smallpox which had attacked the band the preceding winter. Jake believed the whites had enlisted the aid of evil spirits and murdered his father by supernatural means, so he refused to be soothed. He rode about shouting that he would "kill Mormons and eat Mormon beef".

John Lowry at length became exasperated. He commanded the chief to be quiet. Suddenly someone cried 'Lowry, look out! He's going to shoot!' Before the Indian could draw his bow, Lowry sprang at him. He seized him by the shirt collar and jerked him off his horse. He talked to him sharply and then released him. Some accounts have it that Lowry was drunk, that he insulted the chief, infuriating the tribesmen. Thus the guilt for starting the war is frequently laid upon Lowry's shoulders. But Peter Munk, one of the eyewitnesses, swears that version is false. He declares Lowry, in all sobriety, simply acted swiftly when warned of danger."

Most of the settlers of this small community of Manti were in meeting on this apparently peaceful Sunday morning. A few of the men had stayed in front of the little store, talking. They had watched unconcernedly as Jake Arroopeen rode into the fort. They were entirely unprepared for the swiftness with which the mood changed from one of peace to blatant danger as John Lowry and Chief Arroopeen clashed in anger. Meanwhile, Chief Black Hawk, sensing further trouble, abruptly left the Manti fort and returned to the Indian camp where he hurried the squaws, children and old men, together with camp equipment, off to the mountains, leaving the braves in support of Arroopeen, who subsequently also rode angrily away.

That afternoon the settlers called a meeting to see how best to handle this unexpected crisis. Realizing that their cattle which were roaming the entire valley would be most vulnerable, they asked for volunteers to start the next morning to round them up. Thus, on the morning of April 10th, a small party of unarmed men from Manti started for the Indian farm at Twelve Mile Creek to gather the stock. On the way they were attacked by Indians, who killed young Peter Ludvigsen and put the others to flight. They returned to the fort with word about Ludvigsen and soon a party of armed men on horseback, together with a team and wagon, set out to recover the body, which they found face down in a prickly-pear bush. According to Peter Munk, "All clothing except the sox had been

removed and the Indians had cut a strip of flesh from the back. This they had roasted and each taken a bite - a sure sign of war with the Indians. The mutilated body was laid carefully in the wagon and brought back to Manti for burial. That same evening Elijah B. Ward and James Andersen were killed and scalped by Indians in Salina Canyon, who also drove away a number of cattle belonging to the settlers there."

So a war was on and Black Hawk and his minions worked havoc. Raiding, stealing, torturing, plundering and killing became the Indians' pastime. Their war-whoops could be heard, curdling the air as they swooped down unsuspectedly on the often helpless settlers. They seemed to specialize in the art of surprise and ambuscade. This became a time of terror as the savages came shooting their arrows and guns, killing and pilfering that which the Saints had built. It was a time when farmers could not work in their fields or go to the canyons for wood without the aid of armed men. Herds of stock needed guarding day and night. Even in the settlements themselves no one was safe. As a result, entire counties were abandoned by the frightened settlers and left to the redmen. The larger communities that had no forts were advised to build them, and here the homeless ones gathered for protection. None felt safe.

It was fortunate for the people of Utah that with customary foresight President Brigham Young had ordered the re-activation of the Nauvoo Legion. The machinery having therefore already been set up to protect the people, it remained only to alert every male resident of the territory as to his duty in the common struggle; for although this war was initially contained in the two counties of Sanpete and Sevier, it soon spread until nearly every area of the State was more or less affected. Brigham Young issued the following instructions in Aug. 1865:

"It is required by the laws of the Territory of Utah of every male citizen from eighteen to forty-five to be armed and equipped and ready for any duty he may be called upon to perform as one of the militia of the county; and if any refuse

to obey the laws of the land, I would try them before their bishops for that as readily as I would if they were to refuse to pay a just debt; and if they would not repent I would sever them from the Church and give them over to the laws of the land. I do not know that there is one person in the Territory who would refuse to perform military duty, there are strangers in our midst, but I very much doubt if one could be found who would refuse to do military duty. . . ."

The history of the Black Hawk War is filled with incidents of the killing of men, women and children without warning or a chance to defend themselves. During the first year alone it was estimated that the Indians drove off as plunder 2,000 head of cattle and horses and killed between 30 and 40 whites. Manti became the center of activities against the redmen, although they were pursued and attacked in many different locations. General Warren Stone Snow was given full command of the Sanpete military district in 1865 and played a conspicuous part in the war. Nauvoo Legion cavalry companies from Davis, Salt Lake, Utah and other northern counties made Manti their headquarters on many occasions to assist him and his men in their efforts to save the lives and property of their fellow sufferers.

Oct. 17th of that year, Martin Pedersen Kuhre and wife, Elizabeth Petersen, William Thorpe, Soren N. Jespersen, Benj. J. Black and William T. Hite were killed by Indians led by Chief Black Hawk. This happened near the settlement of Ephraim, Sanpete Co., six miles north of Manti. This was the last raid of the year in that area, as the Indians there, well supplied with "Mormon beef" for the winter, withdrew to their hideouts in the mountains. But the Indian War continued in the warmer parts of southern Utah and a number of the smaller settlements there were abandoned by the settlers. The campaigns of these cunning natives could not safely be minimized, let alone be regarded with disdain or contempt. Otherwise inefficient, these redmen were dangerously proficient in their specialized skill, the art of war. Their guerrilla tactics kept

the frontier settlements in hot water, to say the least, and the militia on the jump.

The spring of 1866 had scarcely broken when the redskins swooped down from their winter retreats to carry on their devilish sport of plundering and killing again. Horror once more rode bareback through the valleys! The sound of big bass drums boomed out over hamlet and village; men grabbed their guns and headed for their horses and women snatched up their little ones and ran to shelter for their lives. All settlements south and east of Salt Lake City were placed in a state of defense and Nauvoo Legion troops were ordered to the scenes of hostilities. Apr. 2 Joseph and Robert Berry and the latter's wife were killed by Indians near a ranch on Short Creek in Kane county. . . . Apr. 20 - The Indians attacked Salina, Sevier county, drove off about two hundred head of stock and killed two men who were guarding them. Soon afterwards the settlers vacated Salina and removed to Gunnison, Sanpete Co. No one knew when or where the bloodthirsty redskins would strike or who would be the next victim.

May 1st - President Brigham Young sent out a proclamation instructing the people in Sanpete, Piute and Sevier counties to collect themselves together in bodies of not less than 150 men, arm themselves well and protect their people and stock from the Indians. Guns were scarce and many a white brother traded a good steer for a poor rifle during those treacherous times. The able-bodied men of the communities were gathered together into fighting groups and often spread out over the country chasing the foe, sometimes leaving only the women, children and elderly men in the thinly settled areas. On such occasions the people realized their helpless condition, especially when the beat of the big drums warned them Indians were coming, and they gathered in fright into the small public squares with pitchforks and shotguns, while whooping Indians could be seen driving their herds away and shooting down their brothers and sisters before their very eyes. Armed militia were once again sent from the counties to the north to help those in Sanpete and Sevier, while

the few remaining residents of Piute county moved together into Circleville.

While the hostile redmen craftily avoided the military on most occasions, yet they continued their atrocities upon the settlers, as well as the raids on their livestock. Striking sometimes north, sometimes south, they drove the white men's herds off into the mountains, killing anyone who got in their way. By the late autumn of that second year of this bloody war it was estimated that, like the year before, over 2,000 head of cattle and horses had been stolen, as well as about fifty Indians and more than twenty whites killed. It was further estimated that at least 2,500 men were under arms during that year of 1866. What a sacrifice in lives, time and means for a poor, struggling territory to be forced to endure!

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In Salt Lake City that latter part of October, the Abner Lowry company of Scandinavian emigrants and their escorts loaded up once again, in preparation for the remainder of their journey, and headed south towards Sanpete Valley. Capt. Lowry and his associates were anxious to get to their homes and families in the various settlements there. The newly arrived Saints must surely have been initiated into the threat of the Black Hawk Indian war through numerous, frightening tales of raids and killings in the area where they were going. The guards and teamsters were well armed, as was usual on such trips, and although the fear of Indians was not as great or attacks as likely when approaching winter spread its mantle, yet it was always advisable now to be prepared and on the lookout for dusky intruders; not knowing when uninvited guests might come - with arrows and tomahawks!

As the wagon train moved out of Salt Lake Valley the Christensens from Thy were aboard. Most everyone was allowed to ride on this trip, since the loads had been considerably lightened. Christen Christensen himself was very much disturbed about something. During the excitement and confusion of their arrival and welcome in Salt

Lake City - greetings from friends - passing on the news and such from Old Denmark and all that - Hans Jensen's orphans had disappeared! Someone had come to Tithing Office Square and taken them away unbeknown to the Christenses, who had subsequently been unable to find out who it was or anything at all about their whereabouts. All questions and searching had failed to turn up one thing on the matter. So, as they rode along south, Christen fretted about this, perhaps more than he did about Indians. He had fully intended to make arrangements for the future care and keeping of those children himself.

The ox-drawn wagons stopped at each settlement of any consequence enroute to let off a few passengers and their baggage, but the majority were going to Sanpete. They could scarcely make more than twenty miles in an average day, since it was necessary for the animals and teamsters to rest at intervals, particularly at nights. Also, night driving could prove extremely dangerous with Indians on the warpath. Naturally the teamsters made great effort to reach a settlement for each evenings camping, since this was far less risky and a heap more pleasant and comfortable with friends from these places around them. Sometimes merriment and entertainment were provided specially. Pleasant Grove was selected for the first nights rest, and here they bid farewell to young Andrew Jenson, his brother and parents who had joined them at Salt Lake, having left the Scott company there earlier, as well as what was left of the Warnick family. Capt. Scott's train had gone directly to Utah County where its wagons had mostly come from, so the Lowry group were able to renew pleasantries with some of their former "Kenilworth" friends in that place, as well as in other Utah County settlements at which they stopped to rest.

As the emigrants from Little Denmark viewed the patchwork of farms and stretches of sage along their line of travel, they must have been impressed with the vast amount of good, fertile land yet to be tilled in Utah. It was not so in the Old Country where they came from. Stopping at Nephi in Juab County about their fourth night out, they undoubtedly

viewed that village with interest, since they had heard of some of the Indian troubles that had taken place in early spring of that very year, when many Indians had been taken prisoners and jailed there, including several Indian Chiefs, who were later taken by General Snow and his men to Manti, where they eventually broke jail. The travelers could have heard here of a recent outrageous attack (Oct. 23) on a family near Beaver, Utah, when Indians surrounded their ranch house at daybreak, set fire to the roof and tried with guns and pitchforks to exterminate the occupants - and would have, save for the heroic flight for help of a young boy. Such stories sent chills down most spines; and if any of the Lowry company had put Indians out of their minds at that point they must have been jerked up to a state of renewed vigilance at hearing of those details.

Just east of Nephi lay Salt Creek Canyon through which they had to pass. It had proved to be a dangerous route for whites during any Indian trouble. A number had been ambushed there that very year. The road was narrow, rough, muddy and snow patched then, winding through hills often pressing close on both sides obstructing the view. It was easy here for savages to swoop down on unsuspecting travelers and be off again up a well hidden canyon as fast as they came. As the Lowry ox train picked its way through, we can be sure that most of its passengers were on the lookout and filled with apprehension, if not outright fear.

The end of this canyon marked the boundary line between Juab and Sanpete counties, and beyond that south six miles was Fountain Green, a small settlement with a newly built rock fort. Located on Uinta Creek, it was first called Uinta Springs but later changed to Fountain Green because of the water running from a spring in the mountains and spreading over the beautiful green grass meadow where the small village lay. This had become a favorite camping place for settlers going to and from Salt Lake to south Sanpete. Early that past spring the people of Fountain Green had been ordered to move to the Moroni Fort about seven miles south, as a protection against Chief Black

Hawk's warriors, as their settlement had been subject to several Indian raids. While living in Moroni that summer of 1866, the Fountain Green settlers had built a fort of their own and had just moved back to the settlement to occupy it.

It had been decided beforehand that Christen Christensen and his younger daughters, Pauline, Petrine and Nielsene, as well as Anne Jensen, would stop off at Fountain Green and spend the winter with friends there and in Moroni. The family things therefore had been sorted and repacked in preparation for it, since Laurs and Else, Maren and Lars Myrup were continuing south to Manti. It had also been pretty well decided that Christen and Anne would be wed soon after they reached their destination. He desperately needed a mother for his children and Anne seemed just the one for the job. She had proved to be well qualified for it and the little girls loved her; besides she and Christen had become very fond of each other. Elder Morten Lund, who had come all the way from Aalborg in their company, also dropped off at Fountain Green for this was his home and here his wife and children awaited him. It is quite possible that it was Elder Lund who, nearly three weeks later (Nov. 17, 1866), performed the marriage ceremony that made Christen and Anne husband and wife.

The rock fort there had been constructed much like other forts in the territory. Its inner walls backed each dwelling and all doors opened into it. On each corner was a bastion where guards were on the lookout at all times. One large gate provided the only outside entrance to the fort, and all public gatherings were held in its center. Drums were beaten to warn its inhabitants of any approaching enemy. Into this fort Christen, Anne and the girls moved, as well as any other incoming emigrants of the Lowry company who had chosen to stay at Fountain Green. Likely Christen had long since disposed of the last of his vest lining gold pieces, for it has been said that he spent his last change here to buy milk for his young daughters. No matter, the settlers there must have just moved-over-a-bit and taken

them all in, for that's the way folks were in early Utah Zion.

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It was some twenty-eight miles south from Fountain Green to the town of Manti, largest and oldest permanent settlement in Sanpete Valley. It was the first of November before the remainder of the company reached there. Many had been dropped along the way. Here the teams and passengers disbanded - it was the end of the line. It had now been six-and-a-half months since the Christenses left their home in Thy, but in the interim they had crossed a mighty ocean and a vast continent - from lowland seas to highest mountains - left all they had to start other homes. It is hard for us of this jet generation to comprehend the magnitude of it from their point of view. Far more difficult than the physical hardships, the partings, the tedium of sailing ship and plodding ox team travel and all that, was the putting behind them of old thinking, language, habits, beliefs and old securities - to face the unknown. As Laurs and Else Christensen and Maren and Lars Myrup alighted in Manti, with little ought but their meager baggage and each other, they might have said to themselves in their mixed up broken English, -- "Ja, "Ve" are here but "vot" now?"

Manti then was a seventeen year old settlement, having been first occupied by Mormon pioneers in November 1849. Many were the tales told of those first struggling years - of rattlesnakes, grasshoppers, drought, hunger, Indians, massacres, death - but then again of courage, steadfastness, brotherhood, building, romance, miracles and thanksgiving. The inhabitants had built a fort around them during the Walker War (1854) as a greater protection against destructive redmen. Called the Big Fort, it consisted of a continuous rock wall twelve feet high, three feet wide at the bottom and two feet wide at the top, surrounding an area of some nine square blocks or more, beginning at the corner of First North and First East streets and running south and west from there. Bastions were built on its southeast and northwest corners. Manti Creek ran diagonally through its northeast

part, supplying plenty of water. Thus fortified, the town itself had grown up mostly within this wall, with dwellings of adobe, log, rock or even dugout, as well as a few stores and businesses situated here and there at intervals along its streets. A square block in the central part of the area was set aside as a public square and known as the "Tabernacle Block". On this block were housed the two main points of community interest, the "Bowery" and the "Council House".

Every early Mormon settlement had its "Bowery" and Manti was no exception. A huge shed supported by logs and roofed with thick layers of boughs and willows was erected where the Manti High School was later located. This open-air affair sheltered Conference goers and worshipers in summers and clement weather. It accommodated the whole of the townspeople on Fourth and Twenty-fourth of July celebrations and such. Even after new quarters were built for worship and celebrations, it became a playground for school children in bad weather until it collapsed one rainy day, suddenly and without warning, catching a group of boys under its sodden mass. Luckily none were killed, though some were dazed or injured - but the whole town was wild with excitement while it lasted.

The "Council House", a large two-story rock building, had been erected in 1855-56 just east of the Bowery on the site where the Manti Library now stands. It served the people of the town well for fifty years. Everyone went to church there, but it was the place of many other activities as well, since educational, social, civic and recreational functions of all kinds were held there too. It is surprising the variety and extent of such things the people of Manti found time for in those early days, with so much hard work to be done. Concerts, dramas, musicals, rallies, dances and celebrations of all kinds were held in the Council House, for it seemed that the buoyant spirit encouraged by the pioneer leaders, as a balance against trials and hardships, waxed strong in the bosoms of those early "Sanpeters".

The upper story of the Council House was

approached by a narrow wood stairway climbing an outside wall of the building. In the late '60s it became necessary to strengthen the upper floor by adding supports underneath. A stage and dressing rooms were added to that second story at the same time (1867) so that the home dramatic companies who held forth there on various occasions could put on better productions. Dances were also held on the top floor and this was by far the most popular of all forms of entertainment with most of these early settlers. Dancing parties on this rough, knotty-pine floor to the music of "Fiddler Hansen", as he taught new jigs and steps, were the constant delight of anyone in Manti old enough or bold enough to "trip the light fantastic". Whatever one called for - quadrille, Mazurka, Schottische, Waltz-quadrill, Heal-and-Toe Polka, French Four, etc. - he had it!

It must in no way be assumed that entertainment and jollity took precedence over worship in early Manti, for indeed such was not the case. Here nearly everyone went to church, for that is what had brought them all west across wilderness and oceans in the first place -- to be able to worship how, when and where they chose, and in peace and safety. It so happened that the first settlers of Manti were mostly Yankees, in whose veins flowed the blood of Pilgrims and Puritans. Theirs was a heritage of worship. Scandinavian emigrants, much humbled by persecution, sacrifice and privation, had later come in numbers and been added to the fold. They were even more reverent in spirit, if this were possible, having been well taught by humble missionaries and having felt the hand of the Almighty all the way in their travels to the "Promised Land".

That very year of 1866, as an added protection during the Black Hawk War, another rock wall had been built within the Big Fort, enclosing the Tabernacle Block. A fence was built through the center of this "Little Fort", dividing the enclosure so that one part could be used in case of Indian attack for corralling the town's stock. If the big bass drums sounded a warning, in from the surrounding farms and fields the cattle and horses would be driven on

the run, while into the other side of the divided area the women and children would flock for safety.

The only means of communication with the outside world in the Utah Territory, outside of the Great Salt Lake area, was by walking, or trips made on horseback, or by horse, mule or ox-drawn conveyances. This must have been a lonely and even frightening situation to contemplate, especially in times of trouble. (In our age, when one can witness and hear events all over the world with a flick of a button, we can in no way imagine what this would be like.) There must have been rejoicing in the various areas involved then, when on Sat. Dec. 1st, 1866, the Deseret telegraph line was opened between Salt Lake City and Ogden; on Dec. 8th opened between there and Logan; and on Dec. 28th opened between Salt Lake City and Manti. (It is difficult to evaluate the importance played by the Deseret telegraph operators in Sanpete Valley during the remaining years of the Black Hawk War, as they took turns nights, sleeping on the floor of the office in case word should come from neighboring towns that the Indians were on the warpath. If an attack were coming the people would then be warned of the approaching danger by the rapid beating of drums.)

Having been taken into the homes of Danish friends for the time being, the two young emigrant couples must have made themselves as comfortable and useful as they could. The two brethren, Laurs M. C. and Lars C. N. must, of course, have been taken into the militia right away and given their assigned work there as guards, minute men, armed cattle herders, or whatever. Since it was now considered too late in the season for any large scale Indian operation, they probably went into the mountains with others to get out logs and rock for contemplated dwellings of their own or the community, as well as wood for ever-hungry fires. That they toiled though we may be certain, for most everything there then was on a cooperative basis and all shared and shared alike.

Else and Maren as well must have had their share of work, learning the new "American" ways of keeping house and concocting victuals "a-la-mode";

knitting, weaving, spinning, seaming, mixing, baking, churning - candle making, soap making, soup making - there was never any end to it. Undoubtedly they were able to teach the Yankee settlers some things too; there must have been quite a transplantation of Scandinavian culture to Sanpete Valley. Trying to learn the new language was a chore in itself; yet with so many Danes around, it could scarcely have been considered a pressing necessity to learn English. But Else at least was determined in this and somehow she seemed more apt at it than the others.

Being so friendly, healthy and young, they must have found time for dancing in the Council House and other entertainment and cultural events also. If there were any sports in order, like wrestling, horseshoes, handsprings and the like, one was bound to find the two young Danish brethren, Christensen and Myrup, there. Quilting and rug bees doubtless attracted the girls; and if spelling bees were ever held in the Danish language, one would surely have found Else K. present, for she took eagerly to things of that nature. She knew her Danish! (But as long as she lived she never quite got her English V's and W's straightened out.)

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January 23, 1867 the Deseret News carried a speech by President Brigham Young, from which we quote excerpts: -- "All our past experience with the subtle Indians teaches us the force of the principle 'Eternal vigilance is the price of safety'. There is no season of the year when those who are exposed to the aggressions of the savages should relax their guard. . . We know that brethren in those regions have had much difficulty and hope they will keep their stock well guarded and lives and property preserved. Solitary individuals being or moving about, where Indians are liable to pounce upon them and kill them, manifest a degree of carelessness which is highly culpable. . . We earnestly hope that the brethren south will adopt every means in their power to guard against such dangers."

Early in 1867 it became plain to the settlers in Sanpete and Sevier counties that they were in for

another year of trouble. Many rumors were heard of depredations that were to be committed in the spring, such as: -- "When the snow is gone the Indians are going to get mad, east, west, north and south!" Thus, having tormented the settlers in the far south of the territory off and on all winter, the redmen began moving north in early spring. In large numbers they came from south and east, filled with new vigor and determination to massacre and mutilate the white settlers, - or so it seemed. "Tue. Mar. 19th 1867, an attack was made upon Glenwood and the pioneer blacksmith, Merrit Staley, was killed and many of their livestock were taken. While some believed that the audacious Black Hawk was leading the raiders here, most historians know it was the daring Chief White Horse." -- "Mar. 21st, Early in the morning Jens Peter Peterson and his wife, Charlotte Amelia, with Mary Smith, a neighbor girl, left Richfield with ox team to go to Glenwood about five miles east to do some trading, having left their 18-months old baby girl with Mary's mother. Stores were few and Glenwood had one of the largest. In order to obtain some needed supplies, these people had ventured out, thinking that by starting early there would be no danger; though it was contrary to counsel for anyone to travel between settlements without armed escort. Because it was muddy they could not travel as fast as they had expected. When they came to the so-called "Black Ridge", east of the Sevier River, Indians were gathering stock along the river bottom. The redmen immediately attacked and killed Peterson and his wife. Mary Smith, shot through the arm, jumped from the wagon and ran down the hill; but as she got to the bottom an Indian shot her through the back. The savages scalped the man and woman, mutilating their bodies terribly, then leaped down the dugway to finish off the girl. Finding she had curly hair they left her scalp, as they were very superstitious of curly hair. They filled her wounds with rabbit brush. These atrocities were soon discovered and the citizens of Glenwood took after the Indians and gave battle. The Indians, however, were victorious and also succeeded in getting away with

about one hundred more head of stock". Such reports shocked all who heard them and Brigham Young, much concerned, counseled the bedeviled settlers to move north into older and stronger towns for safety.

Thus nearly all settlements on the upper Sevier and all in Kane and Piute counties were deserted by their inhabitants. Teams were sent from Manti, with a company of minutemen, to assist in moving all the residents of Glenwood and Richfield into Sanpete county. A policy was inaugurated placing all the livestock of the occupied settlements in Sanpete under strong guard both night and day, for these animals meant life to the communities in more ways than one. Companies of militia were sent in from the north to assist in the struggle, making their headquarters in Manti as they had the year before. General Snow was released as head of the Sanpete military district, which comprised all of southeast Utah, and General W. B. Page took his place. A "get tough" attitude was taken against the warring Indians, for the settlers were determined to have peace and safety or the extermination of every Indian throughout the land. The militia were authorized to kill every Indian buck who came on their trail and to spare only the squaws and papooses.

But if vigilance was relaxed in any degree, neither the cattle guards nor the military were any more safe than others, as was evidenced by the following: -- "At Fountain Green it was customary for a guard of at least ten men to be with the cowherd. On the morning of June 1st 1867, however, only five men were with it, the others having been detained in the settlement. As feed was plentiful the herd was taken only a short distance from town to graze. Two of the herders were stationed nearby on a knoll below which their horses were feeding. The other three were on the other side of the herd in a hollow by a ditch, cleaning some rabbits they had just killed. Those on the knoll saw ten persons riding fast from the east hills towards the herd, but thinking they were the additional herders, paid no more attention until the oncoming riders began shooting in their direction. The Indian group divided

as they drew near the outnumbered herders, six of them riding toward the two on the knoll who, having no time to warn their companions, rode quickly away for help. The other six Indians came upon the unsuspecting three in the hollow, shot young Lewis Lund in the center of the forehead at close range, wounded Jasper Robertson in the thigh but missed the third man. Then they took off with the herd. The body of Lund was later found, his powder-burned face down in Water Hollow ditch." The very next day, June 2nd, between Gunnison and Manti, at Twelve Mile Creek, another melancholy incident occurred. "Major John W. Vance, together with Capt. Miles, Sergt. Heber Houtz and Pvt. Nathan Tanner Jr., were just returning to Gunnison from a military drill in Manti. At dusk, while halting at the creek to water their horses, they were fired upon by ambushed Indians at close range. At the first fire Maj. Vance and his horse fell dead and Sergt. Houtz, with a groan, also fell from his horse as the animal wheeled suddenly out of the creek. Miles and Tanner, believing their companions to be dead, headed back to Manti for help in recovering the bodies. Later, Vance was found where he fell, pierced with two bullets, but Houtz had evidently recovered himself momentarily, after the first fire; for his body, shot with two bullets and seven arrows, was about five hundred yards from the scene of ambush." The savages always gave good measure when it came to shooting. If these tales seem remote to us, like something out of Cooper's novels, we should remember that these Danish progenitors of ours were very near to these things and perhaps more deeply involved in them than we can imagine. It was only with great fortitude that these people were able to save their lives and homes from these savage intruders.

Winter being a good time to work at building, it is likely that young Christensen and Myrup went about building shelters of some sort for themselves and their wives, on plots that had been allotted them within the confines of the Big Fort. Whether these were of rocks, logs, or merely dugout ones, is not known by us. One-roomed log cabins with possibly a lean-to each seems logical. They doubtless had

help from others of the established settlers and by spring of 1867 were able to move into their own quarters - their first real homes in the Valleys. That spring as well, Christen, Anne and the three girls came down from Moroni, where they had spent most of the winter; traveling in a company escorted by armed guards, as advised by the Prophet Brigham Young. Quarters for them were needed too. Perhaps they moved in temporarily with the two couples, or it may have been with Danish friends, while a house for them was erected.

Manti became a beehive of military activities again that spring and summer, with the Legion companies from the north marching and maneuvering to the sound of fifes and drums, and sometimes dashing off here and there on their mounts to the aid of stricken settlers or quickly forming into battle lines if the big talking-drums warned of approaching danger to the Big Fort itself. And not to be outdone, the local brethren, who were organized into various companies called the "Silver Grays", gathered each morning on the Tabernacle Block for early drill, summoned forth by the call of bugles. Individual assignments for each day followed as some were detailed as picket-guards for the town, others as members of scouting groups to search hills and cedars for signs of skulking "Injuns". Still others were charged to guard those who worked in the fields, or in the hills at logging, while others acted as minutemen, whose duty it was to be off and fighting at a moments notice should the bass drums call. Then there were always those sent to guard the town herd. At a given time each morning during the growing season, all the town cows would be brought by their owners to the stock enclosure on Tabernacle Block where well-armed guards would take them to pasture for the day's feeding.

Laurs Christensen and Lars Myrup both served with the Sanpete militia, first under General Warren Stone Snow and later under General Page. Christen Christensen himself also served in the Black Hawk Indian War, even though he was well past forty-five when men could be released from that military duty. (Nearly twenty years after his death his wife Anne received a pension

settlement for his service in that war.) Knowing the caliber of these Danes we can be pretty certain they never shirked any duty as sagebrush-soldiers. As they filled their various assignments each day, little could they have known that years and years later one of the sons of Laurs would wed a granddaughter of this same General Snow.

Laurs was a private in Captain John H. Tuttle's co., Utah Militia Infantry. One day he was one of a number of guards detailed to take the town herd to graze near Warm Springs, south of Manti, for here the grass grew lush and green from early spring to late fall. On this particular day the horse Laurs was riding became frightened, jumped sideways and reared up, throwing him off, while one of his feet still remained caught fast in the stirrup. The horse then started out on a run and it looked as if he were to be dragged to death, when suddenly his shoe gave way and he was released, bruised and scratched to be sure - but safe! On another occasion Laurs was sent to drive a team of horses and covered wagon carrying some supplies from Manti to the settlement of Ephraim, some six or more miles north. As far as we know he was alone on this trip. When he came within a mile or so of his destination his attention was drawn to the foothills on his right where he could see some horsemen approaching in a cloud of dust. It wasn't a moment until the wild whooping of the riders struck him with stark fright - "Injuns!!" -- there was no mistake. Quickly he tied the lines to the wagon box or seat somehow and slipped down onto the wagon tongue between the then thoroughly frightened horses, trying to calm them and yet urging them on faster and faster in almost one and the same breath. Soon the Indians came within range, pulled their bows and let fly in his direction, piercing the wagon box cover and drivers seat over and over in a rhythmic tattoo of arrows. From his hidden, awkward position Laurs could also hear the arrows whizzing over the backs of the animals above his head. A merciful heaven must have been on guard that day for he and the team reached the outskirts of Ephraim and safety, unscathed by the redmen's darts. Although Laurs was cramped, lame and in

a state of shock, he recovered and was soon returned to his home and family again, safe and sound in the main. If Else fussed and worried over him and his narrow escapes he probably passed it off in such a manner, -- "There's no need to be afraid my dear! Haven't I told you time and again that no Injun buck will ever wear my curly-haired scalp?"

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There were sometimes things more to be dreaded than Indians. In July of that year, just when the new crops began looking most promising, grasshoppers came in clouds so thick as to darken the air. They ate everything green and growing in their paths. They were particularly bad in Sanpete Valley for a period of two or three weeks. Men, women and children were called out every day en masse to fight with shovels, brooms, switches, aprons - anything they could wield to try and kill them or drive them away. When the 'hoppers were finally gone there was little left of the crops. A food shortage was bound to follow. But pigweeds grew profusely near Temple Hill and dandelions too - both made tasty nourishing greens. Young milkweed stalks seemed as good creamed as asparagus. Dainty Sego Lillies, called "Lanterns of the Fairies" by the pioneers, grew quite abundantly on the foothills near Manti. Their bulbs could be dug up and eaten raw, cooked, or ground into meal for bread making. All these helped out many a dire food situation in those early days.

If Else was worried, fretful, and not quite her sweet, courageous self that summer and fall of 1867, she had some reason to be for she was expecting a little one. Anne was expecting also and both were hoping for sons, as were their respective husbands. Christen especially wanted a son, which was quite understandable with so many girls in his household already. The two women spun and sewed and made little quilts and garments together and talked of their coming confinements; neither knowing which would be first. Anne, though older, was as unaccustomed to child-birth as Else; to both of them it was a mystery.

fathomed only by the experienced. As their times drew nearer a midwife was approached and spoken for. In the meantime the fathers-to-be doubtless fashioned small wooden cradles and dreamed betimes of their unborn sons. Maren had consented to do the cooking and extras for the two households, besides looking after her three young sisters, while Anne was lying-in, although she and Lars Myrup had hoped to go north with the Conference goers that October to see the magnificent new Tabernacle in which the meetings were to be held for the first time. It was to be a glorious occasion. Everyone said the new structure, 250 feet long, 150 feet wide and 68 feet from floor to ceiling, with its immense roof arched without a pillar, and its great pipe organ, was one of the wonders of the world.

Sat. 28 Sept. 1867, Christen and Anne's child was born, a healthy baby girl whom they decided to name Caroline. This was Christen's eleventh child and seventh daughter but only Anne's first. Six days later, 4th of Oct., in another one-roomed log cabin within the confines of the Big Fort in Manti, Else presented Laurs with a curly-haired son. Why Laurs got the son and his father another daughter 'tis hard to tell. Perhaps he remembered to sleep with an ax under his bed while Christen forgot. It should be comparatively easy to remember the date of the little boy's birth, since it was just two days before the October General Conference convened in Salt Lake City, at which time the new Tabernacle was dedicated, 6 Oct. 1867. Laurs and Else decided to name their boy Christian. Baby Christian was undoubtedly given his name and blessing on Fast Sunday in November at a meeting in the Council House on the Tabernacle Block. Petrine Christensen was likely confirmed there also following her baptism, since she turned eight in Manti that year of 1867.

At General Conference in Salt Lake City that October, other business besides the dedication of the new Tabernacle was taken care of; 163 missionaries were called to strengthen the settlements in southern Utah, and all the Saints in Zion were called upon to assist liberally the following

year towards emigrating all the poor Saints from Great Britain and the Scandinavian countries. No church teams had been sent to the Missouri River for the poor that year, because of the Indian trouble, in consequence of which the immigration of members to Zion was comparatively small. Anne was anxious to send money to her sister in Denmark so that she might come, and Christen promised to get around to it as soon as he got his feet on his own ground. Lars Myrup too was eager to have his father and step-mother and their children come; but it turned out to be many years before this was accomplished. Else's thoughts must also have turned to her people in Jutland. But it was useless to think of them in connection with the church, or any other way now for that matter. Not until she could tell of something besides poverty and hardships would she even bother to write them, for she was proud and they would be slow to understand such things. Yet the call of home reached out to her in voices unstilled by time and space.

It was known that Chief Black Hawk, who had gained for himself the title of the "Red Marauder", had been gravely wounded at the battle of Gravelly Ford in June 1866 but it was rumored that more recently he had contracted tuberculosis and in his weakened condition was loath to continue the hard life he had been pursuing. In the fall of 1867 he indicated he wanted to make peace. At a meeting with Colonel Head, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at the Uintah Indian reservation, he unbosomed himself, again expressed a desire for peace and asked Superintendent Head to cut his hair for him in token of his abandonment of the warpath, and promised to induce as many as possible of his adherents to join him in peace. Preliminaries having been accomplished, the proud Chieftain seemed anxious to make amends to the people of Utah before death overtook him.

Thus, on April 5, 1868, believing Indian hostilities were over and that it was safe to return to their deserted homes, a company of 22 men, 4 boys and 15 wagons started on their way to re-open the settlement of Monroe in Sevier County. They had been cautioned against possible Indian attacks

however. Early in the afternoon they found they were being followed by Indians, so immediately corraled their animals to prevent a stampede and prepared for the worst. The Indians dismounted and took to the cedars which formed a kind of horseshoe bend around the place. From this point they fired upon the company, killing Lars A. Justesen, a Danish emigrant. After two hours of fighting the Indians returned to the hillside. Riders were sent out to Gunnison and Richfield for help but the Indians pursued them and succeeded in severely wounding Adolph Thomson. When word reached Gunnison a party of twenty-nine men went immediately to their assistance. They also came upon the body of Charles Wilson, who had been murdered by the Indians near the scene of the other attack.

So in spite of Black Hawk the war continued, although the renegade Indians who kept at it in Sanpete and Sevier did not make as many attacks as the previous years. The energy and vigilance of the militia had their effects upon these wily foe and they saw their prospects of raids in safety and success fading. But accustomed as they were by now to feasting on the cattle of the settlers, many grew fretful at having to stay within the safe limits of their strongholds subsisting on crickets, grasshoppers and an occasional game animal. So some continued their raids - safe or not. Especially the young chiefs and sub-chieftains were rebellious and defiant and boasted not a little of their prowess and deeds of blood. These young warriors were loath to "bury the tomahawk" or eat humble pie by creeping back into the good graces of Uncle Sam and the settlers as Chief Black Hawk had done. Also, in the south, north and east, the Shibe retch, Capotah and Elk Mountain Indian bands, as well as the turbulent Navajos, were still on the warpath and troops were kept on scouting expeditions against them. All in all the Indians continued to make things sufficiently distressing for the settlers most of the year 1868.

It was a strange paradox that while the settlers continued their war against the redmen on the one hand, they were earnestly laboring to

make peace with them on the other. Treaties were signed with various Indian leaders here and there, even though they continued to be broken by the redmen and perhaps some whites. Yet progress towards peace in the valleys was being made notwithstanding. One of the most important treaty meetings for the people of Sanpete, save the one with Chief Black Hawk the year before, was held in Strawberry Valley, Uinta Co. in August 1868. Here Superintendent F. H. Head again met with Black Hawk, but this time the Chief had a number of his sub-chiefs with him. They had a "heap big talk" which lasted nearly all one day. The talk ended in the signing of a peace treaty by the whites and Chiefs Augavorum (the White Horse Chief) Tamarita and Sowahpoint and a few others, urged on by Black Hawk.

In Sanpete at Ephraim a few days later, negotiations were continued and details of the peace worked out. In attendance in the town's bowery were the above named chieftains as well as Black Hawk, numerous young Indian braves and quite a group of white settlers. The fact that some of the redmen came with their faces painted black, war clubs slung on their wrists and pistols hidden under their blankets lent a rather eerie effect to the scene. Apostle Orson Hyde, an emissary of peace for the Church, presided and the boastful, insolent White Horse Chief acted as spokesman for his red brethren. In eloquent defiance and with much disdain he made his accusations and demands, often with contemptuous gestures, but the whites refused to be ruffled. At length their cool diplomacy, together with Black Hawk's encouragement, overcame the resistance of the assembled Indians. At last the party moved to a nearby lawn where the Indians seated themselves in a circle and passed around the pipe of peace. Hundreds of dollars worth of blankets, gay calico, tobacco, trinkets and other articles were distributed to the eager Utes as the price of peace. Thus the treaty was concluded and comparative quiet settled upon the valley.

The Christensens had been looking forward to October General Conference that year. It was to be quite an occasion for Christen and Anne as they planned to have their endowments and be sealed to one another for time and eternity in the Salt Lake Endowment House while in the city. Maren and Lars Myrup had been thinking about it also, but again they were deprived of going because they had a tiny daughter of their own and were loath to leave her in another's care. The little girl had been born five weeks following her mother's nineteenth birthday, 22 Mar. 1868, in the Myrup's log cabin in the Big Fort. They had taken her to Fast Meeting in the Council House for her blessing and given her the name of Mary, the American name for Maren. It is doubtful if Laurs and Else went along that year either, with young Christen just a year old and crawling into everything. They must have cared for little Caroline also, to leave Anne and Christen free, and probably helped with the girls too, since Maren must have had her hands full with little Mary.

Christen and Anne went to Salt Lake by covered wagon, along with a company of other Conference-goers. You may be sure they had an armed escort along, as skirmishes, stock thefts and even killings continued, even after the treaties were signed. Though there was supposed to be peace, no wise settlers ever traveled about unprotected; it didn't pay to take the chance. The company left Manti early since it still took almost a week to get from there to Salt Lake City. On Sat. Oct. 5th, in the Endowment House, Christen and Anne were given their endowments and sealed to each other. The gentle Karen, Christen's first wife, was also sealed to him for eternity, although her endowments had to be postponed until a temple was erected in Zion in which to do work for the dead. General Conference convened next day, Oct. 6th, in the new Tabernacle and lasted three days. It was the first time a full quorum of Apostles was ever present at a Conference in Utah, Apostles Franklin D. Richards and Charles W. Penrose having just arrived in Salt Lake from their foreign missions. It is likely that Brother

Penrose's hymn 'O Ye Mountains High" was featured at this Conference.

If April Conference the following year, 1869, was considered by Laurs and Else, the idea came to nothing since Else was expecting again and too near the time to take a chance on so long a journey. On June 6 that year she gave birth to another fine son. He too was born in their log cabin home in the Big Fort at Manti; for though some people were now moving out of the fort and building homes on their own adjoining farms, yet a number of the Scandinavians planned to move on farther south as soon as Indian troubles became a bit more settled, and among these were the Christensens. So they remained on in the Big Fort for awhile longer. This baby must also have been christened in the Council House at Manti. He was given the name of Andrew, American for Anders, after Else's father. Can't we just see Else cuddling the wee one, as twenty-months-old Christian clung to her skirts, vying for attention?

Andrew was born just twenty-one days following the laying of the last rail and driving of the last spike (gold) that joined the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads, completing the Great Pacific Railroad into Utah. This long hoped for event took place at Promontory Point near Ogden, 10 May 1869. No more were church wagon trains sent east to the big rivers to bring in the immigrating Saints since they could now come all-the-way-to-Zion-in-comfort (or so 'twas advertised). Right away ground was broken for the start of the Utah Central Railway, a branch road to be built from Ogden to Salt Lake City. Later on other railway systems, including the Utah Southern Railroad, Denver and Rio Grande, etc., were built to other parts of the Territory. Numbers of the settlers were given employment on these projects as time went on, helping them to supplement their incomes and giving them other means with which to barter and trade, besides their livestock and farm produce. Thus the coming of the railroad to Utah brought prosperity along with it, and "business began to boom".

Yet things were anything but "booming" for

the Christensens, Myrups and some others of the Scandinavian immigrants then living in Manti, for they had not yet become firmly settled in Zion. These were still waiting for the cessation of Indian troubles, or at least for the time when they themselves could feel safe in moving farther south and taking up land. Skirmishes, stock thefts, and even killings had gone on. Even as late as 26 Sept. 1872, when Daniel Miller was killed and his son Dan Jr. wounded near Bernard Snow's mill not far from Spring City, Sanpete County, where the two had gone for lumber, were the Indians still to be feared. Though this incident was considered by some to be the finale of the Black Hawk Indian War, it was well nigh impossible to tell just when this war really ended.

It had been a costly one for the young Territory. It was estimated that, counting the loss of livestock, expense of military supplies and services, as well as the breaking up and re-establishing of numerous settlements, the cost had run to more than one-and-a-half million dollars during the four years 1865-1869. Looking back on it, some concluded that a bale of blankets and a few sacks of flour here and there, distributed to the redmen in the proper season, might have accomplished more than their weight in gold expended in military operations. Would the people then never learn about the ways of peace and war? However, these early settlers learned teamwork and cooperation through it all. There were many fine examples of sacrificial giving which helped to unite these people in a bond of brotherhood and common ideals.

The last incidents of this destructive war were carried out by renegade Indians and in no way involved Chief Black Hawk. When he signed the peace treaty and persuaded his sub-chiefs and braves to do likewise, he was determined to have no more to do with war and the killing of whites, and he stuck to it. To prove this he decided to visit every town and settlement where his warriors had caused trouble or raided, in an effort to "make peace with the people". So he obtained permission from the proper authorities to do this.

Thus, sometime before his death, with a few of his warriors and a military escort, the notorious Black Hawk visited every town and village from Cedar City on the south to Payson on the north, in an attempt to make peace with the whites and win their forgiveness. A revealing account has been given of his visit to Fillmore, in Millard County, the latter part of April 1870, when he appeared at a Sunday meeting before a highly expectant audience:

"With head erect and dignified steps, as unperturbed as a white General, Black Hawk, preceeded by the Bishop, marched to the platform and was seated. After preliminary exercises he was introduced and the object of his presence stated. Personified dignity in every movement and gesture, the Pah-Ute Chief deliberately arose and, avoiding the pulpit, stood on the side of the platform near his interpreter and spoke exclusively in Pah-Ute, although he could speak English quite well. The slowly dying chieftain rapidly rehearsed the story of his early grievances:--how the white invaders had taken possession of the hunting and fishing grounds of his ancestors; of the insolence of some of the white men and of the whipping and occasional killing of some of his warriors. The speaker seemed to have few regrets for his raids in Sanpete and Sevier. He denied complicity in some of the murders of which he had been accused and expressed sorrow over others, saying that the raids were forced by the starvation of his people and that, had he been so inclined, every white man, woman and child could have been massacred. He concluded his speech with a not too repentant plea for forgiveness.

"The Bishop then moved a vote of forgiveness of their late enemy, who was preparing to meet the 'Great Spirit', and requested that the audience express their views. On the stand was the father-in-law of Samuel Brown who, together with Bishop Josiah Call, had been murdered in the late '50's by Indians. He broke the suspense by speaking briefly against the motion. Then suddenly, turning on the redman, he shouted, 'You black murderer, you killed Bishop Call, the best friend the Indians

ever had, and you murdered Sam Brown for the money he was carrying - you black devil! I will NOT forgive you.' But to this the once dreaded Chieftain never 'batted an eye'. A voice vote was then taken - one grim 'NO' and the Chieftain once known as 'The Red Marauder' was absolved from mortal responsibility for his active belief in the ancient law 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth'".

It has been said that at his best Black Hawk was a fine looking Chief, his appearance being different from that of the other chiefs. He was tall and wore long feathers. His nose was long and he wore a small moustache and looked as if he had Jewish blood in him. He also had three nice looking squaws. But Black Hawk was not at his best physically during the last years of his life. It must be remembered that he had been wounded in battle in 1866 and that tuberculosis had set in sometime after and was taking its toll. He knew that it wouldn't be too long before he would be going home to die, and before the end came he desired to be at peace with the pale faces. The proud Black Hawk's repentance may have been brought about by his weakening condition, but on the other hand it may have been forced by mental anguish. As he began losing his health and strength, the once powerful Indian must have recalled again and again a long-gone meeting with the "Great White Chief" Brigham Young, to which he had been summoned in an attempt to get him to walk the ways of peace. In surly contempt he had paid the Mormon leader no heed, even after he had leveled his finger at him and uttered these prophetic words:-- "If you continue to shed the blood of Mormons you shall wither and die!"

No one can tell the exact date that Black Hawk went home to his wigwam and gave up his life to join his fathers and the Great Spirit in a better land. Nor can anyone now living tell just when he was buried in his Spring Lake Villa south of Payson in Utah County. But before he died he became a living skeleton, having wasted away to almost nothing. He knew it was because he had killed the white men. That he was a red man of

some courage cannot be denied, and begging for-giveness of the whites, or "eating humble pie" as the Indians called it, undoubtedly took as much courage as all the battles he had ever fought put together. Lightly flint-tipped arrows, heavily feathered for long range shooting, heavily-tipped, lightly feathered ones for short range, and sometimes poisoned arrows tipped with venom from the fangs of the rattlesnake, were among Chief Black Hawk's earthly weapons; but in the land of the "Happy Hunting Ground" -- who knows. . . . ?

\* \* \* \* \*

As the year 1869 drew to a close in Manti the big drums seldom beat out warnings anymore and the Indian warwhoops had mostly ceased; but the sensations connected with those beating drums and blood-curdling yells must have lived with the settlers the remainder of their lives. For the majority of the Utah pioneers the 1,100 mile trek from the Missouri River had not been too unpleas-ant, with some exceptions such as the Abner Lowry Company. Solving the problems of settle-ment and establishing home in an unconquered wilderness was the really great challenge - the supreme test of their ability and integrity. To stop in the middle of settling and fight an Indian war had been demanding. Three thousand young men had been on call for military duty and served without pay. Those who stayed at home had furnished food, weapons, ammunition, horses, saddles and other equipment. Muster rolls and other expenditures had been compiled, for it was expected that the national government would reimburse the settlers for the time and money spent, but it did not. The one-and-a-half million dollar cost of the war was largely met by individual sacrifice. Even the smaller settlements were allotted their share of the expense plus what they suffered in loss of cattle and horses. Thus for some time many were in an impoverished condition. The need for sharing worldly goods was not over until well after the war.

The Christensens and Myrups, intent upon moving to a less crowded area, had their hearts set on Gunnison, approximately fifteen miles southwest of Manti. Some of their Danish friends

were already settled there and prospects for them taking up land in that settlement were said to be very good. It was virtually believed that Indian raiding and killing were over, at least while the winter snow barricaded the canyons, keeping the redmen out of the valleys. Preparations were gotten underway in their various households but there was one thing more that they were awaiting before they left Manti. This event took place on the eve of Christmas, 24 Dec. 1869, when Anne presented Christen with a long-awaited son. It was quite natural that they should choose the name of Christen for this new child, in honor of his father but perhaps also in memory of the other son Christen who had stayed behind in Old Denmark.

#### 4. SINKING ROOTS IN GUNNISON VALLEY

Whether it was the forepart of January 1870, as soon as Anne and the new baby were able, or later on that year, when the three families hoisted their belongings into their white-topped wagons and headed south we cannot be quite certain. Early Gunnison Ward records give the following:-- "Lars (Laurs) M. C. Christensen, son of Christen Christensen and Karen Lauritzen, born 22 July 1847 in Kobberod, Tyland (Thyland) Denmark; bapt. 8 May 1865 by Lars. N. Myrup; confirmed same day by same; received Gunnison 1st month 1870." But Laurs and Else, with their two sons, are recorded as still living in Manti at the taking of the U. S. Census there 25 June 1870. It is possible that Christen and Lars Myrup and their families went along in the early part of the year and Laurs and his family came later on in 1870. Whenever they went that year, however, it was likely with a cow tied to each ox-drawn wagon, and penned up inside somehow some chickens and perhaps a pig, with a few sheep being driven along side. Picture our Danish kinsfolk as they traveled along thus, varying in ages from 52 year old Christen and 31 year old Anne, to two year old Caroline and a few weeks old Christen. Lars Myrup was pressing 25 and Maren, expecting again soon, was almost 21, while small Mary

was a year and ten months. Laurs  $22\frac{1}{2}$  and Else, just short of 23, had two year old Christian and seven month old Anders to keep contented. Then there were the three girls who were growing up indeed, for Pauline was a young lady of nearly 15, Petrine almost 11 and Nielsine (Sena)  $7\frac{1}{2}$ .

From Manti around the Red Point and past Warm Springs to Six Mile, then on to Nine Mile, from thence they continued south, turning west before reaching the mouth of Twelve Mile Creek where it joined the Sanpitch River. Then they wended their way across the meadow road following the course of the Sanpitch as it ran to meet the Sevier River west of Gunnison. Long chains of high hills watched in the distance, craggy crimson peaks jutting sharply at intervals. To the east, towering above the nearby White Hills, were the majestic Wasatch Mountains. Far to the west, lofty blue mountains made a backdrop for grey hills while nearby, a little to the south, stood Chalk Hill with its varying shades of beige, buff and yellow. On all sides were expanses of sage and rabbit brush, denoting the fertility of the soil. So the Christenses and Myrups came to the little town of Gunnison prepared to sink their roots in the valley and make the most of their inheritance in their "Promised Land".

Gunnison, first settled in 1859, was named in memory of a wonderful friend of the Mormons, Captain John William Gunnison, U. S. topographical engineer, who was killed by Indians near the Sevier Lake in 1853. Captain Gunnison once wrote his observations of the Great Basin and its inhabitants in expressions such as the following: -- "In these contiguous vales are the gardens of the mountains, located in that remarkable depression styled the Great Basin - out of which no water flows . . . The atmosphere is light and breathing is a real luxury. From the kanyons the breezes at night are ever fresh and strong. . . The cheerful, happy faces and the strains of music pouring forth from merry hearts, give an impression of a happy society. . . The ascending sun salutes, and descending bids a short farewell each day, kissing the snow-capt brow of the lofty peaks that look so



Laurs's sister Pauline



Laurs's sister Nielsine



Laurs's brother Christen  
& family



Laurs's sister Petrine

serenely down upon these vales filled with happy homes of peaceful industry. . . The dignity of labor is held sacred by the Saints, they teach by example what they preach on the Sabbath. . ."

The very first group of settlers coming into Gunnison Valley had settled south of the Sanpitch River where it curved abruptly to the west around Chalk Hill point. The second group who came some months later saw the luxuriant, grassy bottoms between the Sanpitch and the Sevier and so, north and west of the other group, they began a new settlement below a long curve in the Sanpitch and south of little white hill ledge. They called this "Kearns Camp", "Sevier City Rocky Point" and "Hogwallow" in turn. Their fields were laid out in eighty acre blocks with roads four rods wide between them. These blocks were then divided into ten acre lots and each settler was allotted his share according to the size of his family. The first temporary shelters were dugouts, usually 12 by 16 feet, made deep in warm mother earth and covered with willows and sagebrush plastered with mud. A fireplace with a chimney sticking tall above the ground was built in one end of each and in the other end a ramp or steps led down to the door or entrance. Nearly all the cooking was done from pots suspended from fireplaces fed by fat pine wood, whose light was a fine substitute for candles. Furniture was made of slabs, poles, split logs or broken wagonboxes. Clothing was sometimes made from tents, sacks or bed ticks, and making over from large to smaller was a common task. Rawhide or buckskin, secured from the Indians, was used for making harnesses, shoes, bed cords and even fences. For mending, leather was used for almost everything including broken wagons and machinery. The work to be done was accomplished cooperatively. Making ditches, planting and harvesting crops, making roads and building bridges, cutting and hauling wood and logs for houses were some of the major jobs to begin with. Soon log cabins were built and then the dugouts became milk cellars and storage pits. The children worked at picking berries, digging sego roots, or gathering succulent weeds to cook as greens. The women sometimes

sheared the sheep and carded, spun and wove the wool or knitted stockings from it. They made nearly all the family clothing from cloth of their own making. "Do it yourself" projects were the only kind in those days in early Gunnison.

In the spring of 1861, Elder Orson Hyde, who was presiding over that area, advised the two groups of settlers to move together. Those from Chalk Hill agreed to move to the lower site. During the winter of 1861-1862 a great amount of snow fell in the mountains and when it melted in the spring the streams and rivers were swollen by it and overflowed their banks in many places. The settlers "turned out en masse and built a dam" to divert the water away from their homes and keep it from swallowing up the colony. Nevertheless the ground became soaked and soggy, cellars filled with water, chimneys fell down, and the whole place became nothing much but a "hog-wallow". When President Brigham Young and his company came through there by ox-train that September, he was shocked by the condition of the land and advised the Saints to move east onto the bench and there build a permanent city to be called "Gunnison."

Without delay the new townsite was laid out in eight acre oblong blocks, with wide roads between - 24 regular blocks and 54 fractions. Main Street (now Center Street) ran east to above town and west to Second West, then North. Before winter set in some families had already moved to the new location and by the summer of 1863 all fifty families of which the place boasted had taken up their new residences. All public buildings from "the hollow" were moved onto the bench, including the meeting and school house which had been dedicated on Christmas Day 1861. Built of logs which had been sawed through at Lewis Bunce's mill, and whitewashed on the inside with clay from Chalk Hill, this 20 by 40 ft. room, with a door between two windows on one side, spacious rock chimneys at each end, a floor of boards, together with benches of slabs and a pine wood table, not only served for church and school in its new location, but dancing and festivals as well.

In May or June 1866 word was sent from Brigham Young for the Gunnison settlers to move their cabins in line for outside walls of a fort. No sooner said than begun. Four blocks, numbers 13, 14, 20 and 21 (with the middle intersection at todays 2nd West on Center Street) were enclosed. Walls between the cabins were rocked up to a height of seven feet with peepholes near the top. At each corner circular structures with many peepholes served as lookouts for the watchmen. There was a substantial gate on each side in line with the cross streets. A standing guard was maintained night and day. West, on Rocky Point, a great pile of straw was heaped up ready for firing as a warning should any redmen be sighted. Boys too young to stand guard ran errands and carried food and water to the men on duty.

In the spring of 1867, when the Indians renewed their shocking brutality, all of the settlements on the Sevier River south of Gunnison had been evacuated and many of the evacuees were welcomed to Fort Gunnison, though some chose other settlements farther north. The people from the area of Fayette to the north moved their log cabin homes into Gunnison Fort also. At this time President Brigham Young advised the building of a more substantial fortification at Gunnison. Militiamen at once commenced work on what was designed to be a splendid structure, surrounding the fort and enclosing twelve city blocks. The two-story northeast tower of rock, circular in form, reached a height of about thirteen feet, the tapering walls of which, four feet thick at the base, had small openings to shoot through. This fortification was never finished, for the need for it subsided before it could be fully accomplished.

Settlers came from both north and south to Fort Gunnison and as they came they were welcomed and room provided for them, even houses built. Many of the military from the north were stationed there from time to time. A few stories that have come down to us from life in Gunnison Fort would not be amiss here. "After a few weeks living within its walls, a letter was sent to President Wells (head of the Mormon Battalion in Utah)

asking permission to have the 'Kraals', Pig Stys and sheep pens outside the fort to keep it from becoming disagreeably unsanitary", which was granted we suppose. Albert Tollestrup's diary contains these excerpts: 'We children would go through the big gate down to Sanpitch River just one block away. With pin hooks and thread lines we fished for minnows. We brought some home to fry but we also ate some raw Injun fashion. 'Sun-flower Hole' and 'Big Roundy' were swimming holes close by and a mile west of Rocky Point was 'Izen Glass Hole' where we caught water snakes and blue racers. In a puddle nearby there was good clay out of which we made horsemen and Indians and put them on the rocks to dry. It was fun to climb to the top of 'picket guard' on Rocky Point. We could see the Sevier River, the White Hills, and all over town and away to Fayette, Willow Creek and Salina.' "When Hans C. Hansen was a small child he was playing alone outside the fort walls one day. An Indian picked him up and took him to his lodge. Hans' mother saw the Indian take him and followed anxiously after them. When she reached the wickiup the Indian was giving Hans a pair of moccasins. Luckily the Indian was a friendly one and she was able to take the boy and hurry home. Hans liked the moccasins and was allowed to keep them." Sometimes people were not so fortunate. White children were occasionally stolen and never found; at other times they were kidnapped by the Indians and redeemed after a lapse of time in payment for food, blankets and anything the minds of the redmen could think up.

In the early spring of 1869 the Gunnison people moved their cabins out of the fort and onto their own city lots, set out fruit trees, planted gardens and started many improvements in an effort to beautify their abodes. In April they decided to start a co-op store in the settlement. Z C M I in Salt Lake City had merchandise available for such projects, so Bishop Horne went north to get a load of goods. When he returned there was much excitement in the town, but the little house or store wasn't ready for the wares so they were sold from the wagon. In two days the store building was ready but the goods had all

been sold, so the Bishop went to Salt Lake for another load. Other peacetime projects were planned and a committee worked out the following seven point program: "(1) Division of the wire grass bottoms, a lot to each family; (2) A system of irrigation where needed and drainage for flag-grass areas; (3) A schedule of labor to accomplish the work; (4) Burning of old grass; (5) Survey of lots and leveling of ditches; (6) Fencing; (7) Sowing of improved red-top seed."

\* \* \* \* \*

Upon taking up their residence in Gunnison, Laurs and Else and their two small children were eventually assigned a lot on what is now (1969) about the end of Third West on First South. Soon a small adobe house facing south was erected there and later plastered white on the outside. (It is still standing today.) Laurs must have also been given some grazing land in the "bottoms" for his stock, as well as some farming land somewhere on which to begin planting. Assignments of labor for him in that cooperative society, however, were definitely not relegated to the days ahead but must have been given right away and started as soon as his family had been made reasonably comfortable. It is supposed that the grubbing of brush and clearing of his own acres was not long delayed either. There is indication that Christen Christensen and Lars Myrup were given lots in east Gunnison. Thus these and other Scandinavian immigrants, who in general had been reckoned to be rather poor pioneers, settled down to become fine grass-root settlers in the valleys of the mountains.

In the summer of 1870 Hans Thunnison, postmaster of Gunnison, sent the following report to the Deseret News in Salt Lake City: -- "We have but a small settlement of 90 families. The grasshoppers preyed heavily upon us the last years. The losses sustained from them and the burdens we have had to endure during the Black Hawk War were equally severe - but we are improving. Our fields at present look barren and desolate except about 250 acres planted mostly with late wheat which looks very promising and will, we hope, suffice to feed the inhabitants of this place for the

coming year, with the addition of peas, potatoes, corn, etc., all of which appear to be doing well. A new rock schoolhouse 24 x 24 feet will soon be finished. With the good road now made up Twelve Mile Canyon we expect a good supply of lumber. The people seem to be well generally, the weather is fine and as soon as the grasshoppers get wings they take their flight to other parts."

Time and events must have passed swiftly for the Christensens and Myrups in Gunnison the next few years, for when people are well and working busily towards desired goals and succeeding to some extent it is hard to keep track of the minutes as they fly. Additions to the three families seemed to have come along as fast as anything. On 1 Mar. 1870 Maren gave birth to her first son. He was a tiny little fellow and they named him Lars Christian Myrup after his father. (Later they changed his name to Louis). A little more than a year later, 7 Mar. 1871, Else presented Laurs with his third son and they named him for the Prophet Joseph. His hair was curly like his father's and grandfather's and also like his brother Christian's, though he was lighter complexioned than Christian. Mar. 29, 1872 Maren had another son whom they named Niels Christian Myrup, also for his father whose full name was Lars Christian Nielsen Myrup. Not to be outdone, Anne presented Christen with another son on 26 Apr. 1872. They gave him the name of John Taylor Christensen in honor of the Apostle.

In the late autumn of 1871, Laurs and Else made their first trip back to Salt Lake City. It must have taken at least a week each way, for although Gunnison was only  $149\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Salt Lake at the time, travel, with roads like they were, was pretty slow even with a good team of horses. Too, they had to stop along the way to camp at nights, as well as other times to rest, water and feed their animals, carrying that feed along with them, and to prepare their own victuals or "grub", the makings of which they also took along stowed away in grub boxes likely under the seat of the wagon. Did they take along their sons Christian, just turned four, Andrew two years and

four months, and seven month old Joseph? 'Tis most likely that they did and also that they were accompanied by a number of other wagon loads of Saints, since it was still not considered entirely safe to travel alone or in a small group, for fear of Indians.

The main purpose of this trip, as far as Laurs and Else were concerned, was to enjoy the great privilege of going to the Salt Lake Endowment House and being sealed as man and wife for time and all eternity. This sacred event took place 30 Oct. 1871. There in Salt Lake City just prior to this, or on 28 Oct., Laurs was ordained an Elder in the LDS Church. No sealings of children to parents could be rightly performed until temples were prepared in Utah to take care of those and other holy ordinances. After having been sealed in the Endowment House Else and Laurs, if they remained true to the covenants made at that time, would be considered worthy to partake of other blessings in the House of the Lord, when one should be provided, such as having their three first born sealed to them for all eternity and also to have the holy ordinances of baptism, endowment and sealing done for their dead relatives.

Else must have been forcefully reminded of this latter obligation when she received word of her mother's death sometime after it occurred. Mette Kirstine Christensdatter (Hvid) died 11 July 1872 in Norhaa, Thisted, Denmark at the age of 61 yrs. 3 mo. and 8 days. However, there is some indication that correspondence and communication between her and her loved ones in the old country was not carried on regularly, in fact hardly at all, until many years after her mother's passing. Else's heart must have yearned to see her father and comfort him then, but she was helpless to go. Surely though she wrote her family words of love and consolation - and wept betimes in longing to be near them in their mutual sorrow.

In that year of 1872 another uprising of Indians threatened, particularly in Sanpete. Several Utah Indian Chieftains were taken to Washington, D. C. to meet with United States

President Ulysses Simpson Grant, where they must have promised that the uprisings would cease, for they did, in Utah at least, from then on. Yet notwithstanding the possible danger from red-men, and doubtless leaving their two small sons with Else or Anne, Lars and Maren Myrup left Gunnison that midsummer and traveled to Salt Lake City by team and wagon. There in the Salt Lake Endowment House, 15 July 1872, they had their endowments and were sealed together for time and eternity. These holy ordinances were so important to the majority of the early Saints that they were willing to sacrifice a great deal to have them accomplished. Lars Myrup was fast becoming a man of some consequence in the community of Gunnison. He had a way with people, especially the Scandinavian brothers and sisters who looked to him for leadership.

On Friday, 13 Dec. 1872, Else Christensen gave birth to her fourth son. He was the first of their children to be born under the covenant and their first and only "winter" baby. He and Joseph were each born in the small adobe house on First South, Third West. They had this fourth son, Albert Christen Christensen, blessed and named by Bishop Joseph S. Horne 2 Jan. 1873.

Christen's eighteen year old daughter, Pauline, was wed to Andrew Andersen of Gunnison, also a native of Denmark, 12 May 1873. Their endowments were had and their marriage consummated in the Salt Lake Endowment House. He was nearly seven-and-a-half years older than she. That same year railroad building in Utah took a spurt. By 25 Nov. the Utah Southern Railroad had reached as far south as Provo, where a great celebration was held that day. A railroad in a town ended its semi-isolation and made easy contact with the outside world available--thus there was cause for rejoicing. Railroad building was also a boon to the settlers in other ways, increasing their incomes through contracts getting out lumber for ties, etc., as well as for opportunities to labor on the projects outright.

Else Kathrine always had an intense love for education which is indicated in her son Albert's

account of her given in his autobiography, from which we quote: ". . . As soon as arriving in the United States she set about to learn to read English, and while it was difficult to learn the language she succeeded in being able to read and understand it in a very short time. Needless to say, she was exceedingly energetic in assuming the household responsibilities, but aside from that she always took an independent interest in public matters, and especially in the health of the people in the community and in the education of her children. The two older boys were taught early to read so that when they first attended school they were able to commence in what was then called 'the third reader'. After her general housework was done she usually engaged in carding and spinning, and each day the children took their turns at the side of the spinning wheel and had their lessons in reading. While she was unable at first to pronounce the words so that in that way she was not only the teacher, but was also taught the pronunciation of English words. This love of education and improvement was one of her outstanding characteristics." The women all helped each other according to their special talents. Cheerful co-operation made the many working bees - sewing, quilting, rug-making, apple drying, squash drying, corn husking, etc., - into social events. Else was an excellent mixer for she was always sympathetic and willing to "go the extra mile".

The Christensen family clothing was mostly fashioned from cloth of her own making or that exchanged for sick duty and such. Excellent trousers for little boys could be made from seamless sacks and straw hats by picking out the finest straw, soaking it in water until it could be braided and then shaped over a pot or bowl to dry. Most small children were scantily dressed in summers and ran without shoes. Hand-loomed and hand-sewn clothing lasted a long time and could be passed down, or made over, sometimes for generations. Women's shoes were often made from any coarse cloth that they could find. Some were fortunate enough to procure leather moccasins from friendly Indians for a bit of wheat or flour. Brigham Young once told the early settlers that if

they would wear wooden-soled shoes most would be free from rheumatics, or "rheumatiz".

When Laurs first came to the valley he had gotten down to nothing but white shirts and had been forced to wear them to work in until more practical ones could be made him. Thus he gained for himself the title "Chris of the White Shirt". He was a hard worker, steadfast, dependable and so very honest. Though naturally a somewhat quiet man, he possessed a happy disposition and a natural wit and sense of humor that helped to pull his family over many rough places along the way. He was extremely unselfish and gentle and kind - oh so kind! He never struck one of his children in anger and gave them but very little unnecessary advice. He was immaculate in his personal habits. He had a fine mind and was conservative and deliberate in his decisions and very practical, though at times he may have seemed a little slow in making up his mind. Indeed, Laurs was a splendid balance for a wife such as Else who was sometimes impetuous, impractical and determined - yet withal gifted with great vision, faith and dreams by which she oft was guided.

The year 1874 was full of experiences both good and bad for the families in Gunnison and the church in general. On 16 July Anne gave Christen another son whom they named Andrew, the same as Laurs' and Else's second. 24 Aug. Maren had her third son and they named him Adolph Marinus Myrup. So now Anne and Maren each had one daughter followed by three sons, while Else had four sons but no daughters. That she longed for a girl child is easy to believe. July was remarkable for much lightning, thunder and rainstorms. Winds of hurricane proportions belted the area causing much damage and some severe fires.

There was increased anti-Mormon and anti-polygamy movements in Zion and an anti-Mormon weekly newspaper, "Utah Scandinav" began publication in the Danish-Norwegian language that October but was forced to discontinue after three years run. There were numerous excommunications from the church. But, on the other hand, many Indians were converted and baptized into the church that

year - whole tribes in fact. On July 24th a grand "Juvenile Jubilee" in the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City where 4,000 young musicians and singers participated to celebrate the pioneers' entrance into the valley some twenty-seven years before. Work on Utah's first temple was pushed forth with vigor in St. George. One of the most far-reaching and important events of the year, however, was the introduction and organization of the "United Order" principle which took place at the 44th Annual Conference of the church in Salt Lake City the forepart of April.

## 5. THE UNITED ORDER EXPERIMENT

In Gunnison the United Order was organized April 3, 1874. Advice, rules and regulations printed in circular form were sent out by the church presidency and apostles. The Order was reorganized in September and incorporated according to law. About 300 persons, men, women and children in Gunnison, mutually agreed to honestly and diligently labor for the building up of the Kingdom of God and for the salvation of mankind. "Their object was to create a higher standard of living, lessen women's labor, better educate the youth, adopt the best methods of farming agreeable to location and circumstances, produce as economically as possible and assist and divide with each other until all had plenty of this world's goods." Committees were appointed for farming, herding, butchering, merchandising, building, lumbering, salt boiling, wood hauling, railroad grading, and shoe, boot and harness making. Provisions were made for education, music and singing. There was a special ways-and-means committee and one for streets and ditches. Winter work was threshing grain, logging, lime burning, rock quarrying and freighting, along with other pursuits of home industry."

Lars Myrup and his family joined the United Order in Gunnison and were numbered among the members there who consecrated their property, time and means for the benefit of all concerned. Evidently Christen and Laurs Christensen and

their families were not among this group who organized there in September 1874. Whether they were slow in making up their minds or had some other reason we do not know. However, by the end of the year, their problems were apparently resolved in favor of "The Order" and they were ready to join forces with that noble experiment - but not in Gunnison, for they had decided to move elsewhere. Thus, after five years of pioneering in Gunnison, Laurs and Else with their four small sons, together with Christen, Anne, their three daughters and their three sons, pulled up their roots and moved again.

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As we know, the first inhabitants of Utah were the so-called "Children of Pride", the dark skinned people belonging to the mighty Ute Indian or "Eutaw" nation, from which this state received its name. The Ute nation was divided into numbers of powerful tribes, each headed by a chief and assigned a designated territory or hunting ground over which it presided. Tribes were often divided into various Indian bands headed by sub-chieftains. These Utes were athletic, hardy, impudent and haughty, exhibiting in their makeup some of the best and some of the worst traits of character known to man. Their uncanny skill and courage made them the best warriors in the west and between tribes there were always conflict and wars. It was traditional with them to love and hate with vigor and so when the whites got in their way they often took revenge.

When the pioneers first came to the valleys, "Yakarah", anglicized to Walker, was Chief of the main Ute tribe in the Territory and one of many brothers, all said to be of noble birth. Two of these brothers were Chiefs Sanpitch and Arapeen. Chief Walker's favorite domain in general was the Sevier River System, which included the extensive five county region through which that river flowed; but he traveled far and wide east and west, hunting buffalo on the Great Plains, stealing horses by the hundreds from ranches and Spanish Missions in California and New Mexico, as well as taking scalps and prisoners and engaging in slave trade

as he went along extending his power and dominion. His band of followers, numbering from 500 to 700 braves, were considered the aristocrats of the Ute Nation and known far and wide for their excellent horsemanship and their dexterity in handling firearms. The reputation of Walker himself excited a variety of opinions. It could not be agreed as to whether he was good or bad, though all pronounced him clever. A contemporary of Brigham Young and much influenced by him in the long run, Walker joined the Mormon Church in March 1850 and later was made an Elder. He eventually signed over much of his territory to the church. Though he and his braves fought and bled the settlers in 1853-1854 in what was called "The Walker War", he repented, we might say, "on his death bed". Plagued with blindness for three days before he died, Jan. 25, 1855, he pleaded with his followers to keep peace with the whites.

Walker's brother, Chief Arapeen, had previously laid claim to most of Sanpete Valley, from Thistle on the north to Salina on the south, but when Walker died, succeeded him as chief over all his territory. Arapeen (Siegnerrouch) had a special spot in Sanpete Valley that he loved above all others and here he made his summer camp. This beautiful, secluded area, surrounded by hills and mountains, came to be known as Arapeen Valley. It was an ideal setting for an Indian village and here Arapeen and his band came year after year in summer, just as his ancestors of many generations had done before him. Indian folklore and tradition claim this to have been a place of "ancient fortifications" -- who knows?

Zig-zagging westward through this valley, headed for its rendezvous with the Sanpitch River, ran Twelve Mile Creek, which the Indians knew as Aw wan ah voo. On the brink of a hill to the south, overlooking the creek bottom, Arapeen pitched his wickiup, below which his people cultivated and made an "Indian Farm". Here, fed by mountain and canyon streams, the land provided much to sustain them besides farm products -- fruit, fish and game. These Indians jerked meat to preserve it, and tanned skins of animals with a high degree

of excellence, from which they made their wigwams and clothing. Arapeen was as devoted to his people as Chief Walker had been to his and had their welfare at heart; thus often bitterly resenting the encroachment of the whites on the streams and lands of their fathers.

On the other hand, Arapeen was sometimes very friendly and looked to the whites for help and welcomed their assistance. We find him in such a mood soon after he took over Walker's chiefship. In May, 1855, he appeared at Manti and said he believed there was room for all people in the area, both Indians and whites. Feeling that he was the rightful owner, as Chief of the Utes, of all the land of the region, he deeded Sanpete County and its water, timber and other assets, to Brigham Young as trustee-in-trust for the Mormon Church. -- "...for and in consideration of the good will I have to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. . ." The original and complete copy of this deed, signed by Arapeen (Siegnorouch) with an "X", and witnessed by George Snow (a son of Gen. Snow), R. William Glen and John Patten, can be found today at the Manti City courthouse. Notwithstanding, Arapeen still claimed ownership at times of different places in Sanpete, such as Warm Spring and the grassy meadow near the site of Fayette, which he bartered off to the first Bartholomews and Mellors who came there to settle. They gave him two fat oxen for the spring and some calves for the meadow, or so we are told.

In a warm-hearted effort to cement peace with the red brethren, Brigham Young, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs as well as President in Utah, set aside various parcels of lands as "Indian Reservations", where they could hunt and fish and also cultivate and improve farming land to provide them a better living. One of the most prosperous of these reservations was a twelve mile square area established around and including the well watered and timbered Arapeen Valley. A number of young men from Manti, including Moroni Voorhees, a brother-in-law of Gen. Snow, were sent to live with the Indians on Twelve Mile. Here they learned the Indian language, helped build

fences and bridges and taught Arapeen's people "white man's ways" with the land. One hundred and ninety-five acres of land was under cultivation at the Indian Farm there in 1858, which produced about twelve hundred bushels of wheat besides corn and potatoes that year.

Chief Arapeen died of smallpox on the mountains between Sevier and Grass Valleys, as he was returning from a good-will trip to the Navaho country, and not long afterwards the Indian Black Hawk took over as the main Chief of the Utes in his area. It was only a few years after that the Indians were at war with the whites again, and as we should recall, this so-called Black Hawk War was somewhat triggered by the bad temper of former Chief Arapeen's son, Jake Arapeen. After the Black Hawk War began, in the spring of 1865, the Indians never came back to live in Arapeen Valley, though some came back often enough to steal and kill. During the war the deserted Indian village and farm on Twelve Mile became a military camp and a number of different cavalry and scouting companies were stationed there off and on for three summers, under the overall supervision of General Daniel H. Wells. After hostilities were considered over, the settlers once again began visiting Arapeen Valley.

In the month of May 1870 Simon Hansen, Mads Peter Sorenson and Carl Olsen drove their ox teams from Gunnison to Twelve Mile canyon to cut timber for homes and fences. They took the dirt road on the north side of Sanpitch River going southeast and crossed over below Chalk Hill, then followed along the east side of the river to Twelve Mile crossing (Christenburg) up past the "red hills" around the lake to Arapeen Valley. Lush spring-fed meadows lay to the north. The canyon stream cut a well-willowed path through the wide creek bottom. As they pulled up onto the south side of the bench above the bottoms, a magic circle of earth and sky, bordered by a panorama of hills and mountains, surrounded them. To the east was Musinia (Mary's Nipple) and the Wasatch Plateau, to the south the Glenwood mountain, to the west, above and beyond the low hills,

Mt. Carharine and the Pahvants, and to the north the Sanpitch mountains, visible as far as Thistle Valley. Beneath their feet the fertile brush covered soil was dotted with spring flowers. White, yellow-flecked sego lilies, red Indian paint-brush, blue flax, pink sweet williams, lavender sweetpeas, pastel sugarballs, and vicid blossoms of the prickly pear and many unnamed blooms of golden hue vied for attention. This indeed looked like the "land of promise" to these young men in their prime and they picked out their homestead sites on the north side of the creek, for the land had just been opened up for homesteading by the national government. When they returned enthused to Gunnison and talked about the land, others were impressed and planned to join them. When they mentioned their intentions to move to Bishop Horne and asked if he had any objections, he said he had no real ones but hated to see them go for there was much to be done in Gunnison.

The spring of 1871 the three men and ten others formed a co-op and began farming at Twelve Mile. They cut the meadow hay with scythes and divided it equally. The next year they began digging a canal and cut a ditch to bring water from the creek to bring irrigation water to their land on the north and west. Bounteous crops, hand weeded, were harvested that fall and before winter had set in some temporary log cabins were started. But they had trouble off and on with the Indians, who managed to steal their horses when they were turned out to graze unguarded on the hills. Soon they knew enough to tie them up to their wagons at nights. A Conference was being held in Gunnison just before the middle of June 1872, and being eager to attend, the men left 15-year old Niels Heiselt to watch their horses. When they returned next day they found Niels dead, shot by Indians as he sat by the wagon eating his supper, and their horses gone. This shooting occurred 14 June.

In the early spring of 1873 the three men, Hansen, Sorenson and Olsen, brought their wives and small children to Arapeen to live. They were soon joined by other families. The ditch was extended on the north division and more land was

broken up to meet the needs of the growing settlement. On the bend of the creek the trees, shrubs and turf were cleared of dead branches and in the delightful nook a bowery was built. Meetings and socials were held there and picnics and games were enjoyed in the shade of the tall cottonwoods. The "old swimming hole", screened by squaw berries and birch, provided pleasure on hot summer days, and here the family water barrels, mounted on two wheeled carts in summer and bobsleds in winter, were filled as needed from the creek.

For the next few years, beginning on September 14, 1874, most of the families living there on the north side mutually agreed to live by the rules of the United Order .. to reverence Deity .. pray with families and in secret .. keep the Word of Wisdom .. treat families with kindness and affection .. set an example worthy of imitation .. observe personal cleanliness .. observe moral cleanliness in speech and action .. keep the Sabbath day holy .. to not appropriate for use that which belonged to others .. return all that is borrowed .. cancel indebtedness as soon as possible .. patronize the Order and combine labor for mutual benefit.

When the U. O. Articles of Association was recorded at the Sanpete County Courthouse in Manti that mid-September day, it was necessary to select a name for the new settlement. Harking back to the beauty of the place during the month of May they called it Mayfield. The Articles also insured "a twenty-five year contract for mining, manufacturing, commercial and other industrial pursuits -- building wagon roads, irrigation ditches, colonizing and improvement of lands, establishing and maintaining schools, churches, libraries and any other benevolent, charitable or scientific associations consistent with the Constitution of the United States and the laws of the Territory." Officers were to consist of a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, appraisers and directors. Each monthly meeting of the membership was to be conducted by a chairman selected from those present.

The United Order in general had been set up as a reform movement within the Church and inaugurated by President Brigham Young. He preached about it at General Conference and at all the settlements through which he traveled. The qualification for membership was not the amount of property possessed by the individual, but his standing in the Church and general good conduct. No one was admitted except those who put all they had into the association. The question of capacity to render valuable service to the group was not considered; the Gospel theory and practice of "the strong aiding the weak" was recognized and carried out, that the whole community might rise together. In most places the initiations of the "Order" were accomplished by a renewal of the covenant of baptism; Brigham Young and his counselors setting the example at Ephraim, Utah July 17, 1875. The original "Law of Consecration" as introduced in Missouri by Joseph Smith the Prophet in 1831-34, was not strictly followed in any instance.

In Sevier Stake, of which Gunnison and Mayfield were than a part, the organization of the Order came nearest to the original and proved the most successful. First set up there right after April conference in 1874 under the direction of Brigham Young's oldest son, Joseph A. Young, who presided over that Stake, it grew in popularity until eight settlements in the Stake were involved and two-thirds of the membership steadily working in it. Most kinds of work was done by contract, based on cash prices, and the surplus credits occurring from a man's labor, over what he drew for the sustenance of himself and family, added to his stock in the organization. When a member wanted a house built and hadn't quite enough stock or credit to pay for it, the Order built it for him and when his credits increased he paid the balance back. Besides the general stock, the members had "stewardships" which were separate and which included their homes, city lots, domestic animals, etc., which by industry and tact they could put to good use in procuring extras, the substantials being furnished from the Order's source of supply. Thus the system was considered one of the best mutual associations in existence.

In Else K. Christensen's journal she wrote: -- "We were baptized into the United Order in 1875." It must have been the very first part of 1875 however, that our two Christensen families from Gunnison moved to the settlement in North Mayfield and joined the Order there, for in the minutes of that Association for January 1875 we read -- "Resolved that we employ Elsie (Mrs. Lauritz) Christensen and Marie C. Erickson to superintend the milking of the cows in the company herd, and divide the milk according to the members of each family . . . etc." The minutes for February 1875 included the following: -- "A township, 640 acres, is being located on the south side of Twelve Mile Creek . . . Resolved to ask President Joseph A. Young to counsel us in regard to moving our improvements to this location (they did not move) . . . Considered letters from those asking for membership in the Order . . . It was decided to trade some horses for cattle . . . Resolved to buy a Wood's Self-rake reaper". These are typical U. O. minutes, the originals are now in possession of a Mr. Hansen of North Mayfield, a grandson of Peter H. Hansen, then secretary of the organization.

Most of those early North Mayfield homes were built of logs. The Christensens' first homes there may have been temporary willow-covered extensions to their wagon boxes until log cabins could be built for them. But the families must have been safely settled before long that mid-winter in acceptable, though modest, quarters, since all were to share alike in the Order, at least as far as the essentials were concerned. They had brought all they owned with them, which must have been little enough, and consecrated it to the Order, having disposed of what they could not bring. On the other hand the spiritual gifts they brought along must have been great, for they were people of strong faith and deep humility in the main. Their spiritual blessing must have been increased many-fold there, especially for those of them who sincerely sought to consecrate their very lives, as well, in an all-out effort to keep the divine laws.

In the Mayfield Order land was divided into fifteen acre pieces, considered then to be worth

between 4 and 5 dollars per acre, with water enough to water it being brought in ditches from Twelve Mile Creek. Each man labored for himself after spending so much time for the Order. He was paid or credited in the organization for all time spent over and above that which was required. The amount of wages was decided by the directors, with most men receiving full time pay and a few not quite so much. Women were given three full days pay for every six worked, and children were also recompensed for their efforts. A fifteen year old boy received a house and lot in the Order. Sloth was considered a deadly sin. Oxen were used for farming purposes, as Brigham Young advised, because they were about 50% less expensive to keep than horses. (It was estimated at the time that it took 200 bu. of oats per span of horses yearly and \$6.00 to keep them shod.) Oxen were also considered better than horses for working in the timber. The skins on their legs were tougher, they were less excitable in precarious situations common to the logging business and they handled better on long trips up and down the canyon or over the steep rough terrain of the timber country.

Else's longing for a girl baby was satisfied two-fold when on Monday 8 Mar. 1875 twin girls came to bless the Christensens in their small log cabin home in North Mayfield. The babies were frail and Laurs called in W. N. Tofte to assist him in giving them names and blessings right away. Brother Tofte named the first one, Elsie Kathrine, for her mother and she lived. Laurs named the second Mary Karen, in memory of his mother, but she died that same day. They always called her "Karrie" when they spoke of her afterwards. Laurs undoubtedly fashioned a small casket of wood, which they lined with softest homespun, and laying the wee corpse gently inside, buried it in the freshly dug earth behind their cabin. Anne was probably called to assist with the other little girl and with Else, while Laurs looked after the four boys as best he could. And though they grieved for small Karrie and what might have been, yet they must have been comforted in the belief that she had gone to join the gentle Karen in Paradise.

That spring some twenty-one families moved from the northern town of Ephraim and settled on the new townsite south of Twelve Mile Creek. This place was at first jokingly called "New London" for one of the English-born women in the group but was actually South Mayfield. The families here did not belong to the Order, but living conditions in the two settlements were much the same. The homes at first were mostly small log cabins with rough lumber shanties in the rear, later used for granaries. In addition to caring for her family and helping with the hard work of building new settlements from scratch, each pioneer mother there waged a constant war on the lizards, snakes and rodents that would share her dwelling in spite of all she could do. South Mayfield grew rapidly and though there was much competition between the two settlements, they also cooperated in building mills, roads, ditches and other mutually helpful improvements, as well as buying large machinery together for the benefit of both. It is said those on the south side called those on the north "the Orderites", while those on the north called the south folks "the Skinnykites". When one left to cross over the Indian Farm and Twelve Mile Creek from one part of Mayfield to the other he likely would be heard to say, "I'm going over to the other side".

About the first of July that year the proud old Dane, Christen Christensen, had endured about all he could take of "the Order". So he pulled out and took his family back to Gunnison. He had put all he owned into that experiment, which had been little enough - a few horses, cows, pigs, chickens, a wagon and perhaps some small machinery - not many who joined had more to give. But he took much less than that out, the sum total of nothing except his family's personal belongings - not even one cow to furnish milk for his children.

Lars Myrup furnished them with an adobe dwelling not far from his own in East Gunnison and most likely with sustenance as well, until Christen could get to producing again. It was a blow to the older man's pride to have to depend entirely on others, even for milk for his family;

he having been so long successful and independent and one to whom others looked for aid. A story is told of Christen at that time by his granddaughter, Florence C. Hougaard:-- "One morning the family was seated at breakfast when they heard the mooing of a cow close by. They had no cow - so they went outside to see. Behold it was one of their own cows they had been forced to leave behind in "the Order". Old Bossy had followed them back to Gunnison. They were overjoyed and Christen locked her up in their corral right away. Speaking of it later the old Dane said, "I don't know for sure if I did right or not - but I felt the hand of the Lord was in it!"

Though some left the "Order" from time to time, others moved in. If Laurs had been tempted to pull out at the end of six months, when his father did, something restrained him. Perhaps it was the courageous, determined Else. Needless to say, they stayed on there and continued to labor hard to provide for their growing family as well as to contribute their share and more in building the organization. Homes were plastered on the inside with sand and lime. Ceilings were made of cheap factory and were whitewashed along with the walls, either with lime or with chalk from Chalk Hill. Men made their furniture or obtained it from the Order, whose carpenters were always busy. Tables, benches, chests, shelves, cradles and beds were made from logs hauled from the mountains and milled at the lumber mill. Bedsprings were made mostly from rope. Mattresses were straw ticks or feather beds. Home spun blankets and quilts made from worn clothing kept the family warm. Pine and cedar from the surrounding mountains kept the wood-burning stoves fed. Wool from the sheep was used for making blankets and clothing.

So life went on, and in the Order much that went on was mapped out in the various monthly meetings of the association, from whose minutes we again quote: July 1875. "Met in the Bowery. P. C. Christensen appointed to keep order in the company yards and corrals . . . Resolved to instruct those who attend the chickens to prepare the eggs for shipment (by freight wagon) . . . Building committee appointed . . . Resolved to

buy notions and things that might be needed by the women . . . Petition presented for each family to keep a pig and chickens. Petition granted." October 1875: "Agreed to ask some of the families to vacate the houses belonging to the company as they will be needed for grain bins." December 1875: "Resolved that we declare a dividend of 10% per annum and credit same as Capital Stock. . . New directors elected viva voce." February 1876: "Proposition presented to build for Peter H. Hansen a 14 x 12 ft. house with a kitchen at back, with both lath and plastering for walls and ceiling in front room, on condition he is willing to give up his present house for a meeting-house and his lot for a jubilee lot -- proposition accepted." December 1876: "A call has been made for donations for the temple to be erected at Manti. Resolved to donate both labor and available means. . . It was determined what credit each stockholder should receive for his work and the work done by his wife and children (a man received 1/3, 1/2, 2/3, or full wages, according to the work accomplished) . . . wives who shear sheep shall receive one days pay for 20 head. . . 1/2 regular pay for girls planting potatoes." January 1877: "Resolved to put floors in the houses, one room in each house first. . . Resolved that we subscribe for two copies of the Deseret News semi-weekly . . . etc. . . etc. . ." There was so much planning to do in the Order that monthly business meetings sometimes lasted from early evenings until 3 o'clock in the mornings.

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Brigham Young was a great colonizer, an inspired leader and an outstanding personality; in truth he was one of the world's great benefactors and is so considered by many today. A few of the untold number of helps instigated by him for the benefit of his people were the Immigration Fund, lasting peace with the redmen, railroad building, the United Order, and University and Temple building. The Church grew and flourished under his leadership, as he went from city to city and settlement to settlement meeting with and instructing the Saints. The last few years of his life there

were a number of things took place that particularly affected the people of central Utah and Sanpete County. Besides the final settlement of the Black Hawk War in 1872 and the establishment of the United Order 1874-75, there was the completion of the Southern railroad to near the north border of Sanpete, as far as York, Juab Co. 18 Feb. 1875; the founding of the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, Utah Co., 16 Oct. 1876; and the breaking of ground for the temple at Manti, April 25, 1877. Numerous Stakes and Wards all over the church were reorganized and new ones formed in 1877 under his direction. Mayfield was made a Ward and taken from Sevier Stake into the newly formed Sanpete Stake, 4 July 1877, both the north and south sides being included in the new Ward.

The last minutes of the United Order in Mayfield to which we have had access are the following: January 20, 1877. "Special meeting called. . . the President laid before the stockholders the following: If they would be in favor of selling our farms and remove as a company to Arizona. . . Resolved to let the question rest until we get more information in regard to it. . . Minutes read and accepted. Benediction Hans N. Tuft. Adjourned sine die. Secretary Peter H. Hansen." These may have been the last minutes kept by that organization in North Mayfield, for it wasn't long before the Order broke up there. Numbers drew out their stock, gave up their stewardships and moved, some to New London or South Mayfield and some elsewhere. Still some continued to live on in "the Order", as North Mayfield was called, although the organization was abandoned as such, and some of the descendants of these still live there today. The United Order movement generally did not get a fair start. Several factors contributed to its early abandonment: first, membership in it was voluntary and numbers in each area were not willing or not considered worthy to enter the Order, thus two classes were created in the Church, which was undesirable; second, there was lack of uniformity in the movement as well as the vigorous leadership which was withdrawn when the Prophet Brigham Young's health began failing; third, the great influx of non-Mormons into the territory and

the increasing complexity of community life, which produced friction. By the time of Brigham Young's death, 29 Aug. 1877, the majority of the Stakes and settlements had given up the United Order, including North Mayfield, but the Stakes and Wards of the church continued to grow and flourish and railroad, college and temple building went on.

Laurs and Else Christensen and their family were among those who went over to the other side. By some means, Laurs procured a lot on the south side of Mayfield, or in New London as it was then called. The property was located some east and south of the public square there. Whether he homesteaded it, or purchased it from the government, we are unable to say. Nevertheless he became the first recorded private owner of that lot, for we saw an abstract of the deed. Though it was not recorded as belonging to him until Jan. 5th 1880 (when it was all paid for or other terms of the contract with the government had been fully complied with) we know he moved onto the property at least two-and-a-half years before that.

A three-room adobe house, facing west, was soon built on the premises and before Sunday, 8 July 1877, the Christensen family had moved in. On that particular day Else gave birth to a fine black-haired baby girl. They selected the name Emma Eliza for this little one but it wasn't until 4 Oct. 1877 that they took her to the church there and had her blessed. Bishop Ole C. Olsen of Mayfield Ward blessed and named her. On that particular day also, the baptisms of Christen and Andrew were taken care of by the Bishop's counselor, Henry Jensen. Christen had just passed his tenth birthday (Oct. 4) and Andrew was four months past eight. The baptisms were undoubtedly held in the waters of Twelve Mile Creek and it is a good guess that their mother Else was not present.

Laurs also secured a small farm in the fields near town. His credit in the Order likely supplied him with little more than a wagon and team of oxen, a milch cow or two, perhaps a horse, along with a few tools and possibly a plough; his stewardship of cabin and lot, etc., having gone with the Order.

With the few chickens, pigs or sheep the family may have accumulated, plus their meager furniture, bedding and personal belongings, their total possessions then must have been scant indeed. The son Albert, in his recollections which are included in "The Hard Rich Soil" had this to say on the subject: "After leaving the Order and settling in South Mayfield, the family had to do without all of what were considered the luxuries, and at times some of the necessities of life. With a large and growing family it became a struggle to make ends meet."

Laurs labored on his small farm to raise what he could. He planted, and looked at the sky for signs of rain, for there were dry years when water was scarce as well as wet years when the floods came. There were years when the snows came early, before the crops were ready to harvest, and there were years when summer came late and planting was delayed or when early crops were nipped by frost. Laurs worked at other things too - herding sheep, hauling logs and timber, railroading, ditch digging, road grading, freighting, odd jobs - anything he could do to bring in a little extra pay in produce, script or cash - but cash was scarce. Sometimes he worked on shares. His skin was tanned and weather-beaten as he labored in all kinds of outdoor weather to provide for his family. He worked for the benefit of the Church as well, dedicating time and effort in lieu of money, getting out timber from Twelve Mile Canyon for the building of the Manti temple, building roads over which the timber could be brought, or any other thing that his toil could supply for the raising of that holy structure. Temple building in Zion was a cooperative undertaking and all good Saints were loyal to the cause. Working for the Lord and one's self and family was a joy. It wasn't work that wore a man down - but the worry and fear of failing.

Else did her share. She was vigorous, capable and determined, for she had many dreams for her children. She, with others of the pioneer women there, sheared the sheep, carded the wool, spun the thread and wove and dyed the cloth. With her wool-cards, spinning wheel, knitting needles

and loom, she made and sewed by hand most of the clothing worn by her family, as well as her own. Dyes found in berries, brush, bark and dogwood could add a variety of color to the handmade articles so, together with her young children, she went into the field and hills gathering rabbit brush for yellow and bark and berries for a variety of browns and reds. She made rugs to cover her floor from rags or wornout clothing, torn into narrow strips then sewed together and woven on a loom.

When she needed soap to help keep the family and the home clean, she saved wood ashes in a large barrel, poured water over them and caught the drippings, added these to scraps of fat she had hoarded and boiled them up together. Then after much stirring and many skimmings over the hot fire, she set the mixture by to cool and harden, to be cut up into bars of soap afterwards. Water with which to clean and wash, as well as drink and cook, had to be carried mostly from the irrigation ditch that ran near by. (They caught soft water in rain barrels under the eaves.) Washing of clothes was done by hand with homemade soap and plenty of hard scrubbing on the washboard. The ironing was done with stove irons, with a special fluting iron for ruffles on skirts and bonnets. Their clothing differed greatly from our present day scanties; for though boys' summer clothes might have come under that category to some extent, female clothing in particular bore very little resemblance to that of the present. Long full skirts, dragging the ground, tight long mutton sleeved waists, warm shawls, petite bonnets tied under the chin, and high button shoes were high style for women in those days - but not all could afford to be in fashion. Clothes had to last a long time and be durable as well as fashionable. Hand-me-downs and made-overs were much in style also in early Mayfield and Gunnison days.

The boys of the Christensen family had much worth remembering in those South Mayfield days, for though poor in worldly goods perhaps, they were rich in the association of "caring parents" and each other and the developing experiences of

childhood. Again we draw from the rememberings of Albert: -- "In our home in those years we had family prayer mornings and evenings. Our mother was a great person. She seemed to be able to tell our thoughts. She always knew just what to do if we got sick or hurt and somehow she didn't seem like other women. . . . Our father was the most patient and kindest of fathers and never throughout his lifetime touched a child of his in anger. A happy childhood home and the memories of that home are worthwhile companions for a young boy. . . . Our home was always a place of love and peace. Contention or quarreling was uncommon.

"One of my early recollections concerns a momentous event in the life of any boy in this western country. Father bought us a pony. It was an experience of ownership in common. Many delightful hours were spent in riding this most precious possession in the world. In the beginning, the great thrill was riding behind one of my older brothers, it being deemed unsafe for me to ride alone. This limitation at least at first was accepted without protest. To feel the exhilaration of a gallop up the road into the mouth of Twelve Mile Canyon, to see the willows and trees passing behind us as we surged ahead over the lively feet of this wonderful horse, was a great thrill.

"The Black Hawk War was over before my time (the year of his birth actually), but it was very much in the minds of all of us. Tales of the Indian depredations often were the entertainment of both children and adults. Frequently the older children would 'play Indian'. Sometimes I had troubled dreams. One evening about sundown I was out in the yard with some other boys. Some Indian stories were being rehearsed by one of the older boys. While I was between the house and the boys one of them yelled, "There they come!" I was immediately stricken with the most violent fear and ran into the house screaming and sobbing. Despite the reassurance of my mother as she held me on her lap, I could not be calmed. For years afterwards in the dark, especially in the mountains, I frequently had to overcome the same feeling.

"One day later on I was 'riding double' behind

my brother. It was a beautiful day in early summer when the air was balmy and laden with the smell of pinon pine, cedar and flowers along the way. But the joy of riding soon vanished. Immediately ahead there came toward us a band of Indians, swinging their blankets and 'whooping it up' in regular Indian style. We turned the pony and sped towards home. I clung to my brother in terrible fright. Soon the Indians were upon us. Further efforts to escape were useless. We slowed our pace and, numb with fear, awaited what it seemed would be an inevitable doom. To our great surprise the Indians passed by and as they did so one of their number said in a rather pleasant voice, 'Hello bub, did you get scared?' After recovering from the excitement I found that one shoe of my only pair had been lost. Notwithstanding its great value, we had no immediate desire to go back to find it. Later efforts to locate the shoe failed. For the rest of the summer I went barefoot, which was the custom in Mayfield among the children generally. The lack of shoes did not deter us from freely roaming through the fields and along the foothills.

"When I was a little older, Indians became more familiar. Considerable numbers camped a short distance south of the village. Often in the groups of Indians were boys of my own age - 6 or 7 years old. From time to time, with other boys, I visited the camp and engaged in playing, and at times wrestling, with Indian boys my size. The grown-up Indians took great delight in the sport, especially when an Indian boy would throw one of us. At such times they would yell and applaud, but would become silent and detached when an Indian boy was thrown. (After Mayfield was settled, Indians often came, spending a week or two in town gathering food such as flour, pork and eggs. They often brought dried venison to trade.)

"Later when I could ride alone I learned that a boy makes a poor hitching post. My father and some of the older boys were working on a 15-acre farm about a mile east of Mayfield. They were ploughing with old Tom and Jerry, a yoke of oxen. I rode the pony up to the farm. As the sun warmed

the earth and air, I got sleepy. I decided to take a nap on the warm land. I tied the rope that held the pony around my waist to make sure he would stay with me. However, my peaceful slumbers were abruptly ended as I found myself sailing over the ploughed ground at the end of the rope, with the pony running hard and as frightened as I. The chase ended without serious consequences. I do not remember what, if anything, my father said to me about the matter. Knowing his life-habit of never volunteering needless advice, I am sure he said little or nothing. He probably knew that the experience had made sufficient impression.

"One fine day in late summer or early autumn, the four of us brothers, Chris, Andrew, Joseph and I, who often roamed the foothills and fields together, were roaming the fields and accidentally ran across a watermelon patch. The sun was warm and the field was dry as far as water was concerned. The temptation was strong to satisfy our thirst with a fine watermelon, which we did. We were sitting there so engaged when Jim Whitlock rode by and saw us eating the watermelon. He evidently knew whose patch it was as he promptly notified our mother that we were raiding the Bishop's watermelon patch. When we came home in the afternoon we were confronted with the charge of stealing the Bishop's watermelons (Bishop Ole C. Olsen). Our mother was a firm believer in not letting wrongs remain long unsettled, so as might have been expected under the circumstances, she told us we must go down to the Bishop's place, about two blocks away, and 'make it right with him.' A vigorous demurrer was interposed against this, but we were very firmly told not to expect anything to eat until we had made it right with the Bishop. None of us was hungry, and at the time it seemed to matter very little whether we got any dinner or not. (We were still full of watermelon!) But we soon learned that melon fullness does not last long. We went about our play, but when the sun was beginning to reach the west hills we thought about our supper. Knowing that mother meant what she said, we called a council of war. It was unanimously decided to go and see the Bishop.

"We started down across the public square, then covered with sagebrush, proceeding in Indian style, Chris leading the way, Andrew next, then Joseph, and I toddling along in the rear. I suppose I felt most secure as I was the last one in order to meet the wronged Bishop. However, we arrived at the log home of Hannah, second wife of the Bishop, Chris knocked rather lightly and, as we feared he would, the Bishop answered the door. We were invited in and he asked us what he could do for us. The truth was hesitantly told and we all joined in giving assurance that we didn't know it was his patch, that we wouldn't do it again and that we hoped he would forgive us. Breathlessly we awaited his response. We didn't have long to wait for he exclaimed, 'God bless you boys!' And then he called, 'Hannah, go down to the cellar and get these boys some melons.' Hannah did so promptly, bringing up four large melons. The Bishop patted us on the heads and blessed us as though we were real heroes. We went home happy and really grateful to the Bishop and to our mother. We had our supper that night with a satisfied conscience, but as I recall we ate no more water-melon that day.

"There was another experience that we enjoyed at serviceberry time. In the fall of the year when these berries were ripe, the women and children of the village went up into the hills east of Mayfield, where the bushes were numerous and generally loaded with fruit. This was the principal fruit available there at that time. Usually, kettles and cans and all manner of other containers would be taken along. Sheets and canvas were spread on the ground. The branches from the bushes would be broken off or cut down, then shaken over the sheets and canvas. When the containers were filled with berries, it would be a tired but happy group that would return to town. Generally, the winter supply of fruit was obtained from this source, supplemented by chokecherries, which were also plentiful in the hills and lower slopes of the mountains.

"In the summer of 1878 there came into my life an experience which impressed me with the

fact that we are not wholly alone, and that there are some things inexplicable about dreams. Through this and other experiences I have come to believe without doubt that warnings are sometimes given to people through dreams. One morning at breakfast time mother told us that she had had a dream about me and the big irrigation ditch that ran past our home on the north, with a foot-bridge across it. She told us that she dreamed that she was standing on that bridge looking at the water in the ditch as it flowed rapidly westward and under the bridge. All of a sudden, upstream a little way, she saw my hat come floating. She hurriedly stooped down from the bridge to pick it up and when she did so, there was my face under the hat. She said that she then awoke and was so worried about the dream that she couldn't go back to sleep. She was afraid that something would happen to me if I didn't stay away from the water. Of course, I promised that I would be careful. A few days afterwards mother told us that she had had another dream about the same as the first except that she was standing on the bridge across Twelve Mile Creek, which people crossed enroute to North Mayfield. As she was looking at the stream she saw my hat floating down toward the bridge about as she had seen it a few nights before. She rushed down to get the hat and as she picked it up, my face was under it. That morning she appeared more worried than ever and told us all, and especially me, not to go near the "creek", as it was called. . . Very soon after the two dreams, mother told us of another dream which she had in which she was again on the bridge which spanned this same creek. She again saw my hat and under it my face, as she had seen it before in her dreams. We all promised to be careful around the water and not go near the creek. After a time however, as nothing unfavorable happened, the excitement about the dreams was more or less forgotten.

"Before this it had been common for my brothers and me, with other boys, to go fishing on the creek with our string lines and pin hooks. The 'Big White Hole' was especially popular. Here the water entered the hole rapidly and the white foam would often cover its surface in different

sized patches as clouds occasionally cover the blue sky. . One day, some time after the dreams, Jim Paulson, Jim Whitlock and my oldest brother Chris came to the place and it was there decided to go down to the creek for a swim. Chris was the oldest and I was the youngest of the four boys present at the time. It was Chris' job generally to take care of me, so I toddled along with the other boys over the 'Indian Farmland'. We ended up at the swimming hole. The three other boys were good swimmers. It didn't take long for them to slip off their clothes - whether or not they had shoes on has escaped my memory; probably not. For some reason the three went upstream for seventy-five to a hundred yards to another hole. In the meantime, I decided to paddle around in the water but I had difficulty in getting my shirt off as it buttoned down the back; try as I could I couldn't get it unbuttoned. It appeared that the button was larger than the buttonhole! I decided to go to Chris for help. As the bank of the creek was smoother on the north side, I determined to cross over. The water didn't seem deep just above the swimming hole where the water flowed rapidly. About all I remembered was that I slipped and fell and in an instant was in deep water. Everything went black and then I had a faint feeling of floating in the air. The next thing I knew I was on the sand bank on the other side of the swimming hole with my brother and the other two boys. They were working my arms and legs and moving me around. It seemed a long time before I could walk. Then I learned what had happened. When the three had come back to the swimming hole they couldn't see me and they called. Receiving no answer, they looked frantically about and finally saw my white hair in the middle of the whirlpool. Jim had leaped into the pool and dragged me out. As soon as I felt better I was carried over to where our clothes were. When we were dressed we proceeded toward home, Chris holding one of my arms and one of the other boys the other. As we walked along my strength returned and by the time we got home I was all right. We decided not to tell of this experience as we knew it would worry especially mother." (And Chris, Albert and Jim Whitlock

never did. However, years later, during the construction of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad through Utah, when the project was proceeding across the desert east of Price, Utah, Jim Paulson gave the long-kept secret away. He was working on the railroad there with Albert's father, Laurs, and one evening around the campfire asked the older man what ever happened to his son Albert who was nearly drowned in Twelve Mile Creek. When Laurs showed great surprise, the whole story was divulged to him and later through him to Else.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Education in those early days in Utah was not compulsory. Citizens in each city, town or village handled the problem of educating their children in their own way. Education of their children, however, was one of the first interests of most pioneer parents. With Else Christensen this was particularly true, and she taught her own children herself at her knee until other schooling was available - and even afterwards. Her deep interest in the culture and training of the mind carried over into the lives of most of her sons and daughters. It wasn't until the family joined the Order and moved to North Mayfield that Christian and Andrew started school. However, both had been so well taught by Else in the home that when they were ready for school they were in their "advanced readers". Martha Hansen, wife of Simon, took the Order-children into her home and gave them their first school there. It wasn't until after the United Order was abandoned that the teaching of children was held other than in private homes in Mayfield. Joseph must have started school first in New London (or South Mayfield) the fall of 1877, also in a private home, for it wasn't until 1878 that a rock building 35 x 23 feet was erected there on the northwest corner of the public square for school, church and all public gatherings. Albert told of his first educational training outside the home thus:-- "I started District school in Mayfield in the fall of 1878, when five years old. (He turned six in December.) My first teacher was Gus M. Clark and school was held in the meeting house."

As far as we can determine this all-purpose rock building was one block west and one north from the Christensen home in South Mayfield. This settlement had a school board of its own by then, which hired and paid the teachers. The first teachers were paid so much per pupil, often in produce or script, since cash was scarce. Later on, three one-room rock schools were maintained in Mayfield with pupils of many ages and grades meeting together under a single teacher. One of these was in North Mayfield and two were on the south, where the younger grades were separated from the older ones. Long after the Christensens had left that settlement, the last of the nineteenth century, a consolidation of schools took place and a new public school building was planned to house children from the beginners to the eighth grade. The spot selected for the resulting two-story brick school house was the historic site of Chief Ara-peen's summer home and a favorite camping ground for his ancestors in days of long ago.

It must have taken months before word came to Else of her father's death. Anders Christian Christensen died in Norhaa 10 May 1878 and was buried in the Parish churchyard there beside his wife Mette, 15 May 1878. Else's sister Karen Skaarup later wrote her about it. As Else knew, her people believed with other Lutherans that if one died in full belief of the Trinity and had not denied the faith they would be saved. To her the gaining of a glorious salvation was not nearly so easy. She herself had given so much and suffered so much for the gospel's sake to this point, and yet she must have felt much more would yet be required before she could hope for the best reward in Heaven. The status of her deceased parents in the next world must have troubled her, but the thought of her father's passing must have brought heartache and memories flooding back to her - memories of her childhood.

Laurs and Else and their children must have visited back and forth with relatives in Gunnison - Christen and Anne, Lars Myrup and Maren, Pauline and Andrew Andersen, and Petrine and Sena. Petrine was now a beautiful girl nearing

twenty and keeping company with a fine young man by the name of Jens Mikkelsen. Christen and Anne had another son, born 10 Jan. 1877 whom they named Joseph. Lars Myrup and Maren, keeping pace, had a dainty little daughter born 4 June 1877, whom they named Karen Laurine. Pauline had gotten over her grief at losing two little sons, one after the other in the cradle as it were, when she gave birth to a lovely baby daughter on 13 June 1876. They had named her Annie Lenora, after Anne (the American spelling was Annie). The news in Gunnison that had them all talking, however, was Lars Myrup's going into "polygamy" and taking two more wives besides Maren.

Plural marriage was not a general law for the entire church and was never, at any time, practiced by over 2 percent of the eligible adult male population. Those who were permitted to practice it officially were chosen for their unquestionable integrity and good standing, and undoubtedly believed plural marriage to be a doctrine of divine origin. The majority of men and women who embraced it were among the most moral people the world has ever known. Through this social order the great surplus of female Saints in the church were given protection and absorbed into useful family life. That some of the finest people of the church and of the world came from such plural households is an undeniable fact. But despite all the social reasons that may be advanced in its favor, it must be admitted that it was directly contrary to the tradition of the people, both in and out of the church.

Perhaps no doctrine of the early church so caused dissension within or without the organization as did this so-called "polygamy". It is a fact, sad to say, that a number within the church abused this law. From them and ever-malicious Mormon-haters, rumors flew on the tongue of gossip and were multiplied and enlarged, causing abuse, ridicule and slander of the church and its people to such an extent and created such a stir among its enemies and the press, that the United States Congress was inveigled into passing a number of "anti-bigamy" laws, one after the other, the last

and most infamous being the "Edmund Tucker Act." With these laws the bitter anti-Mormons not only intended to crush the practice of polygamy but crush the church as well. How near they came to succeeding can only be touched on here. For some thirty years the bitter campaign of persecutions raged against the church and its people. At its height Utah, besides being denied statehood, was actually deprived of the rights of self-government. The property of the church was confiscated and it was even taxed outrageously for the use of its offices, buildings and temple block. During this period the church was under heavy financial stress and its credit so depleted it could not borrow a dollar. Only the faithful payment of tithes enabled it to weather the storm.

Members of the church for a time were not allowed to vote or hold office. Federal officers were sent to govern the Territory; many if not most of them anti-Mormons who put every stumbling block they could in the way of the General Authorities and other church leaders who practiced plural marriage. Most of these were hunted down unmercifully, fined, imprisoned, or both, or forced into exile. Some took their families and fled to Canada or Mexico, but most stayed and faced the music. Hundreds of homes were broken up, husbands and fathers sent to the penitentiary and even wives and mothers jailed for "contempt of court". The Prophet Brigham Young, who had many wives, was punished with the rest and had his health weakened and his life shortened due to the rigid treatment he was put under at that time. His successor in the church, President John Taylor, died in exile. It was not until his successor, President Wilford Woodruff, under divine inspiration, issued his famous "manifesto" declaring an end to plural marriage in this dispensation that the persecutions began to subside. It was a number of years after that, however, before there was peace again and church and personal property in the Territory was restored to its rightful owners.

In this atmosphere our Danish progenitors lived and breathed, for though they themselves

never embraced polygamy (one wife at a time was enough for Christen and Laurs Christensen), yet many of their General, Stake and Ward leaders and their friends and associates did. For them they were concerned. Among these of course were Bishop Ole C. Olsen of Mayfield and their highly esteemed kinsman, Lars Myrup. Just how these and other of the polygamist brethren in Gunnison handled their particular problems in this regard, we know little. They and their families were undoubtedly "made to pay" in some way or another, since the wary federal authorities were like bloodhounds - fierce on the trail and never at rest when on the scent of an offender! Unexpected knocks on doors of polygamist homes during those trying times must have struck fear to the hearts of occupants, young and old. Searches, raids, arrests, trials and disfranchisements were numerous and grievous to bear. There was usually a hidden trapdoor to a cellar or attic through which the head of a household could be hustled at such times as it was breathlessly announced, -- "U. S. Deputy Marshals are in town!"

Aside from their run-ins with the law, these families often had internal problems because of this plurality of wives. Lois Myrup Anderson, a granddaughter of Lars and Maren, has given us a "peek" into the Lars C. N. Myrup home during this period:-- "Maren agreed to his second marriage to Josephine Marie Jensen, a very young Danish immigrant girl. My father (Niels Christian Myrup) remembered seeing this girl for the first time one evening when he and the other boys were in bed. She came into their home and threw herself down on the floor in front of Maren and begged to be allowed to come and live with them. She was not quite sixteen years old at the time and hadn't been in this country very long. Father said her family was very poor. Lars used to visit these new Danish immigrant families to help them get settled in this country, and Maren often went with him. (They had doubtless met Danish Marie on one of these visits.) Later Lars married this girl (17 Jan. 1876). It was not generally known that she and Lars were married for she worked

for Maren as a sort of a mother's helper. She adored Maren and the feeling was mutual between them. When Maren died suddenly, Marie also died a few months later, people said 'of a broken heart'. Lars married his third wife, another Danish girl named Mary Ann Jensen, in St. George, 15 Feb. 1877. When she moved in, the kind and gentle Maren was very much grieved when her young boys had to give up their bedroom and sleep in the granary. Many times the wife Mary Ann put on men's pants and went out to work in the fields if Lars was short-handed. Father said that after Maren's death your grandmother, Else Christensen, came to their house many times to see how Maren's children were getting along with their 'hot-tempered' stepmother."

## 6. THE BROWN KIT

The lack of resident doctor's services was sorely felt at times. Fear and compassion were mingled when epidemics of contagion spread from home to home, and feelings of helplessness were present when new babies were coming. The health of their families was one of the major concerns of most pioneer mothers. In rural areas like Gunnison Valley, folks had to depend upon old and simple home made remedies and the blessings of the Elders of the church to carry them through trials of sickness. Senna tea was used as a laxative, sagebrush tea or sulphur-and-molasses made a good spring tonic. Often a few herbs administered with faith brought about wonderful results. From fall until spring it was the custom for most children to wear an asafetida bag apiece, tied on a string around their necks, to prevent them from catching diseases or colds. Even midwives were scarce and somewhat poorly trained at best. In Mayfield, Else K. Christensen, Sena Larson, Margaret Voorhees Whitlock and Anna Carlson were the ladies credited as having assisted greatly in the care of the sick during the latter 1870's. Many hours were spent by them nursing back to health men, women and children.

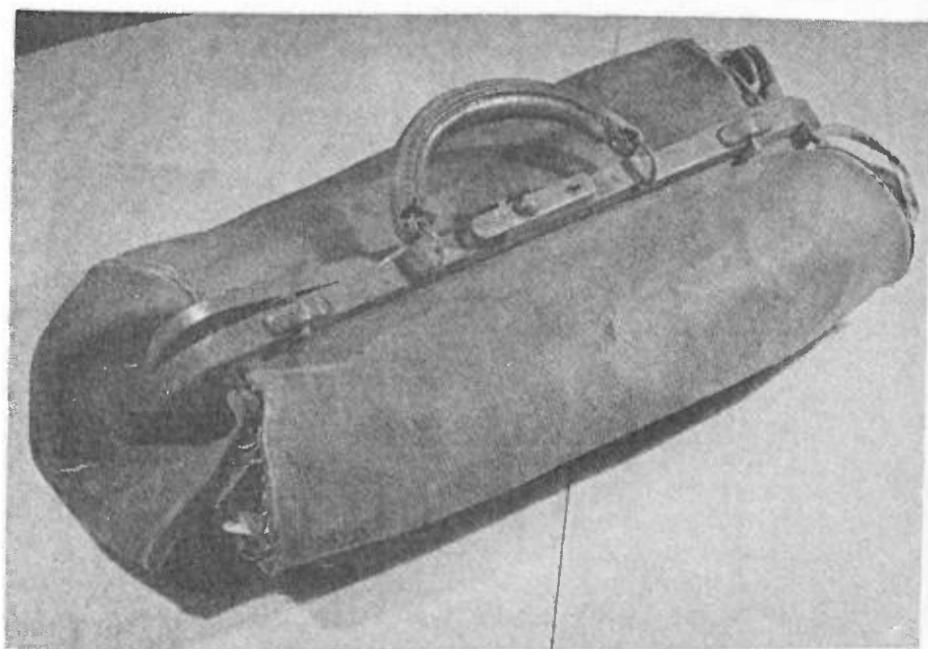
There had been sickness in the Laurs M. C.

Christensen home, the latest being the illness of the oldest son Christian, or Chris as he was called. Somehow he had contracted a most serious eye infection which had progressed to the point that the sight of the right eye at least was despaired of. In all the region there was not a doctor or nurse to whom they could turn for help. Else poulticed, salved and prayed. Laurs did what he could, and the Elders were called in to assist him in administering to the afflicted youngster. His grandfather Christen was sent for and traveled back and forth from Gunnison to advise and help, having had excellent success in curing ailing animals from time to time. The struggle seemed long and at times most discouraging, but with the kind blessings of the Lord, together with all the special care and treatment his loved ones could give him, young Chris grew back to health and strength again and his sight was preserved. The infection nevertheless had damaged the tear duct of his right eye, thus allowing an occasional tear to fall on his cheek regardless of whether he was glad or sad. This "falling of tears" continued throughout the lifetime of this pleasant-natured fellow. His family called them "happy tears".

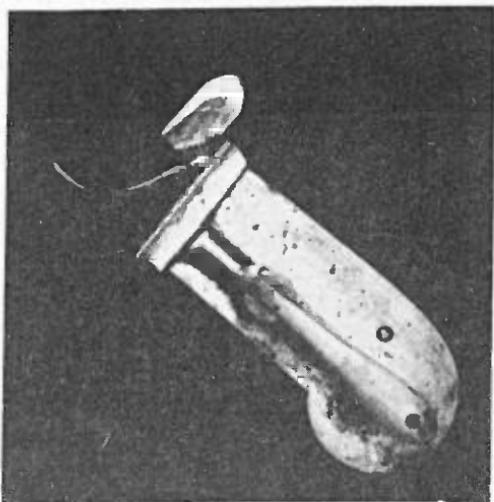
This experience brought more forcefully to Else's mind something she had been thinking about for quite awhile. Why couldn't she herself be trained in the medical skills? The urge to act in that direction had come to her from time to time as she worked with the sick, but now the necessity of it almost overwhelmed her. In vain she had tried to force the thoughts of such a possibility from her mind. The promptings of the "still small voice" became so strong, however, that she could ignore them no longer. Laurs also realized the great responsibility of trying to raise a family with so little knowledge of diseases, etc., and no available doctors. He agreed that she should be given the opportunity to seek medical training, but how?

There were so many drawbacks! Else's family needed her. Small Emma was not yet two and little Elsie, with a mind of her own, was scarcely four. Laurs had his hands full making ends meet without having the full care of two little

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Else K.'s brown medical kit as it is today



Blood letting knife from  
the kit owned now by Dr.  
A. Kent Christensen

girls and four active boys besides. Then there was the problem of money -- of this they had little and none at all to spare for the various expenses that would have to be met if she went away to study, even for a short period. But Else was a woman of unusual faith. She had made difficult moves and decisions before in her life and she knew that if this course was important to their future the way would be opened for her to accomplish it. She sought help in prayer.

Then word came of the tragedy that had struck the Myrups in Gunnison. Again we quote from the rememberings of Lois M. Anderson:-- "My father was 9 years old. He had been told to watch his baby sister, Karen Laurine, who was less than two years old. (Her cousin Emma's age.) Like most little boys he got interested in something else and forgot the little sister and she fell into a cistern or barrel of water and was drowned." (Niels Christian Myrup grieved about this the rest of his life and never got over feeling that he was responsible.) Maren was well along with her sixth child at the time and this was hard on her indeed. That Laurs and Else drove to Gunnison to offer aid and comfort can well be imagined, for this was a close-knit family. And that Else at the time had grave misgivings at the thoughts of leaving her own baby Emma and her other children, can also be readily believed. Her dreams must have been troubled as she went on with her planning and preparation to leave her family for awhile. She wished before leaving, however, to see Maren safely through her delivery.

On 10 May 1879, just two months following the sad death of her baby girl, Maren gave birth to her fourth son, Joseph Henry Myrup. The very next day Else left home to take the train to Salt Lake City, where medical training was available. Laurs drove her in the wagon to the railroad terminal at York, just over the Sanpete County line into Juab. Here she took the train headed for Salt Lake City. She had borrowed money for her ticket and a little extra from a friend. She had arranged also for a Sister Anderson to look after things at home in her absence. No doubt

this lady had been duly cautioned to "keep the little ones from the water!" The children must have been a handfull for Sister Anderson at best. In Elsie C. Bartholomew's history she tells something of her reaction at being left at home:-- "At the age of four I became tired of home life, mother having gone to Salt Lake City to study how to take care of the sick. Sister Anderson, who was caring for the family in mother's absence, did not please me; so I took my belongings and went through our garden to the next lot where the Mortensons lived. They were grandma and grandpa to me. When I got there I had lost one of my hand knit stockings. I retraced my steps back to our garden and there it was, hanging on a gooseberry bush."

Else K. Christensen must have had a great deal of confidence in her own capacity, or a great deal of determination, or both. Though she had made no prearrangements and had arrived at the railroad station in Salt Lake City that 11th of May 1879, practically a stranger, she seemed to know exactly where she was going. Whether it was shown her in a dream (as some have said) or had come to her through inquiry or in some other manner, we cannot say. Truly she was gifted with dreams and great spiritual insight - who are we to say how she knew her way then? Be that as it may, she went directly to the home of an aged woman doctor of medicine originally from Denmark, knocked on the door, introduced herself, stated her mission and, after only a moments hesitation, was admitted by the elderly doctor herself, for she lived alone. Else was without sufficient money for board and room for any length of time at all, let alone any to pay for medical instruction; yet here she was in the home of this talented lady asking for these very services.

Nicolene Olsen, Doctress and Midwife, was suffering from an ailment of long-standing and had discontinued her practice years before. She had taken female students into her home from time to time since then however, to train them in the art of children's diseases, obstetrics and general medicine, in which she had specialized. This she now had also ceased to do, vowing to teach no more

and turning a number away who had sought her assistance. But there was something about Else K. Christensen that so impressed her that she could not say her nay (nej). Somehow the favored Else came to an agreement with Sister Olsen and it is quite probable that she was allowed to work for the aged woman in return for her lodgings and training. On the flyleaf of a medium sized hard backed journal the next day, Else wrote, with scratch pen and purple ink, the following in Danish (translated):--"Beginning the 12 May with my understudying from Sister N. Olsen. Salt Lake City 1879."

Else stayed at the home of Mrs. Olsen, who spent practically all of her available time for the next month training this eager and capable woman in medical skills. They had no language problem, as each was well versed in Danish, nor were there any personality or other problems to stand in the way of learning. Else had remarkable power to grasp and remember the things she heard; thus she gained rapidly a comprehensive knowledge of obstetrics and the general practice of medicine. Furthermore, Sister Olsen gave her a number of her medical books and dictated various methods and treatments, remedy recipes and directions which Else copied neatly into her journal in Danish. Her training also included some practical experience, for she delivered at least one child in the process. This item was written in her journal:-- "Br. Smith, S. L. C. endatter den 9 June 1879." (From then on for the next fourteen years she recorded the father's name, and sex and date of birth of hundreds of other babies she ushered into the world.)

When the generous Danish lady had taught her student all she herself had learned in her medical studies in Copenhagen, besides much she had acquired throughout years of practice, the period of intensive training was ended and Else was ready to return home to her husband and children, as well as to begin her new career. But first she purchased some tools-of-the-trade as it were, which included, among other smaller items, a blood-letting knife. Likely some whiskey

(she wrote it "Hvisky") was also included since this was called for in various of the treatments she had studied. She also purchased a middle-sized brown satchel or kit, in which to carry her professional equipment. Upon her leaving, the gracious teacher bid her a tearful farewell, for they had grown to be staunch friends, and gave her the following letter of recommendation (translated from the Danish):-- "Salt Lake City, June 14, 1879 - It is Sister Christensen's wish to live to be an excellent midwife and to bring help and happiness to suffering humanity so that she may be an honor to God and a blessing to his people. I myself felt that I didn't want to give any more instruction in this work, because of my weakness and long lasting ailment I have had to fight. But when Sister Christensen stepped to my door there was an unexplainable spirit that attended her and it was impossible for me to refuse her. As I became acquainted with her I realized that she was a most worthy person, and she has proved in every way to be superior to anyone I have ever trained in my home in this work - this dear, unforgettable daughter of God. And because of this, with willingness and in all sincerity, I give her the very best recommendation to anyone who under any condition may need the sincere help of Sister Christensen. She will attend them and care for and protect them as a mother of Israel, with love and wisdom and with sympathy and patience. This is my full conviction. Wherefore I am satisfied to leave her in the hands of God, and anyone who needs her help, with my very best recommendation. And may the Lord of Israel bless her entrance into and exit from every home is my prayer, in Jesus' name - Amen. Nicolene Olsen, Midwife and Doctress."

\* \* \* \* \*

When Else returned to Mayfield she was at once called into service. The nearest regular doctors were at Manti and Ephraim and so her help was greatly needed, not only in her own town but in all of South Sanpete. She had only been home a day or two when she was called to deliver a new baby, recorded thus in her medical journal:--

"Lars Greekkersen (prob. Gregersen) en datter den 17 June 1879." It wasn't long before her ability became known in the towns neighboring on Mayfield, from Salina on the south to Pettyville (Sterling) on the north. Else made her work one of mercy and love. With her brown kit in one hand and a bowl of Danish soup in the other, she went forth serving the sick and the needy. Members of her family soon became accustomed to the sound of heavy wagons rattling up the street and stopping at their place any time of night or day. Then Else would be off on her missions of mercy, for she was usually prepared to leave at almost a moments notice.

Whether she assisted at the birth of Christen and Anne's last child and fifth son, George Ludvig Christensen, 20 Aug. 1879, was not recorded in her journal. (This child only lived one-and-a-half years, passing away 11 Feb. 1881). But surely Else must have been summoned to the same home and the bedside of Christen and Karen's twenty year old daughter Petrine, some two weeks later. We have no details of the cause of Petrine's death, only that she succumbed 8 Sept. 1879 in Gunnison. This lovely girl was engaged to be married at the time to Jens Mikkelsen (later of Manti). Her loss must have been a cause of much sorrow to her loved ones and friends. Death is sad at any time but when one is in the full bloom of youth with so many plans and hopes for the future, it can seem sadder. (She was not soon forgotten by Jens Mikkelsen, for 26 Mar. 1903 he and his wife then went to the Manti temple where he was sealed to Petrine Christensen for eternity, and his wife stood for her.) Caskets of wood for the deceased were made locally then by one James Hansen of Centerfield. In those days they were covered with a black material and it was not until about 1886 that white covered coffins were first used in the area.

But there were happy times too, especially for the children. Christmastime was always celebrated with much gaiety in the Christensen household, with the traditional Danish ways of holding Yule mingled with pioneer customs. Christmas

Eve was the important family gathering time when one and all mingled their voices in laughter and song and, holding hands, danced around the candle lighted Christmas tree. Then the "Yule Missen", "Christmas Elves", "Santa's Brownies", or whatever they chanced to call them then, would be expected and the children would be rushed off to bed after hanging up their stockings and putting out a dish of rice mush or pudding on the doorstep to feed the night visitors. (This Christmas Eve family evening became so firmly established in the L. M. C. Christensen home that it has endured among some of his descendants for three generations.) Presents for the children's Christmas would be mostly homemade things: perhaps marbles made from clay, berry stained red-cheeked rag dolls, dolls carved from wood with hair of black sheep's wool or modest corncob dolls; molasses or honey candy and pinenuts and pine and spruce gum gathered from the mountains. If a feast could not be spread at any other time of the year, Else would at least manage one for Christmas Day - stuffed goose, pork or sausage, sweet soup made with sego, dried currants, prunes and cinnamon-stick, coffee cake and a kettle of fragrant Danish soup steaming around plump islands of Danish dumplings for accompaniment. The last day of each year was the traditional time for a community party for the children there. On New Year's Eve in Mayfield, that year of 1879, "the meeting house, bedecked with evergreen banners and rosettes, was turned into a fairy bower. Santa Claus, standing between two giant Christmas trees illuminated with scores of candles, gave a welcome to all. Each of the 120 children present drew prizes from the trees." It is quite certain that at least the five older children of Laurs and Else Christensen were among those there to draw prizes as well as to enjoy the excitement of the festivities.

In spite of the unprecedented cold weather in the spring and early summer of 1879, when sugar cane froze three times in June and the maize twice in July, the crops had been about normal. The acorn crop in the mountains, however, had been particularly abundant, which, according to Indian legend, foretold a hard winter ahead. Two

venturesome gentlemen decided to profit by this acorn crop and thus turned a large number of hungry hogs loose in Twelve Mile Canyon to feed on them. But the two "gentlemen" quarreled and the project was apparently abandoned. By the late fall the pigs refused to live on the acorns any longer and came out of the mountains and down into the fields around Mayfield by the hundreds. Some of them were penned by the people, as no one seemed to own them. Laurs and his boys captured a couple of the roaming hogs, as others were doing, and penned them up in their back yard. It seems none were prepared for the exceptionally severe winter that followed. Snow fell to an abnormal depth early in the season, piled up high during the winter, and kept up so late in the spring of 1880 that animals of all kinds could not find anything to eat in the fields or on the range.

In his recollections Albert tells of the tragedy that was suffered by the Laurs Christensen family at that time:-- "Soon all of the feed at home was gone and our animals were kept alive only by eating the straw from the straw sheds. Father had a yoke of oxen, "Tom" and "Jim", one old milch cow, "Bluebell" and a heifer "Lillie", that would calve in the spring or summer. These were the hope and pride of the family. With careful feeding, father managed to winter his oxen, cow and heifer. The hogs were butchered. As soon as vegetation commenced to grow in the spring, he turned our oxen and the young heifer out to forage on the foot-hills east of Mayfield with the hope that they could get food sufficient to survive. We kept track of them and at first they seemed to be doing well.

"One day, however, my brother Joseph and I were hiking about in those east hills barefoot. We first found Lillie in a hollow, dead. She was swelled up with her legs sticking up in the air. Then we went in search of Tom and Jim. We found Tom all right up on a side hill south of where we had located Lillie's body. We found Jim further up on the hill; his back was downhill, his legs were in the air - he was dead. Doubtless the two had eaten poison weeds. Now we just had the old cow Bluebell, who was dry, and the ox Tom,

This was indeed bad news for the family." These crushing losses during such hard times made a vivid impression on seven-and-a-half year old Albert at the time.

For Laurs himself this catastrophe, coupled with the hardships and emotional strain of the past few years plus the economic uncertainty and anxiety of the present, seemed like a last straw. He became despondent and discouraged and his health and courage began to break. In this unhappy condition he seemed, at least momentarily, to have blamed the Bishop and even the Church itself for this misfortune; having, in a quandary to know what to do with his starving animals that desperate spring, asked the advice of the Bishop and taken it. Echoing far off down the musty corridors of time we hear the words of a somewhat tense domestic drama, similar to one which reportedly took place in Mayfield that spring of 1880. . . The despairing voice of Laurs:-- 'Let's give it all up and go back to Denmark where we belong! I'm sick and tired of the never-ending struggle of it all. Ever since we left the Old Country we have had little else but grief, worry, toil and failure!' . . . Then the answering voice of the oft outspoken Else, weary with the burden of her tenth child, yet unborn:-- "I gave up my family, home, friends, all that I then held dear for the sake of the Gospel. I risked my life with you on the angry sea; I walked by your side over vast plains and rugged mountains, in the scorch of sun -- the beat of wind and rain - the chill of snow; I held my ears to shut out the shrieks of murdering Indians and pounding of drums, as I bore your first sons; I have feared for my life and at times gone hungry; I have slaved and toiled with you, and born your many children - I have buried one of our own flesh and blood. Now if you think I am going to 'give it all up', as you suggest, and take our sons and daughters far away from the influence and strength and blessings of Zion to raise, because of an old dead cow, you are not the man I thought you to be! You may go - but you will go alone". . . and that ended it.

Discouragement can weaken body and mind and cause even the spirit to falter at times. Laurs

too was a thoroughbred in every sense of the word. He also had given up much for the Gospel and almost everything for his wife and children. He had not only done his own work, trying to build and provide for his family, but had of course taken a great deal of the responsibility of the home while Else had been in training, and continued to do so while she was acting as nurse and doctor. While he could not do the heavy house-work, he did more than his share in caring for the children. He had provided them with a fairly comfortable three-roomed adobe house there in South Mayfield, with a log granary, cow sheds, pigpen, chicken coup, outhouse and other needed additions in back. (These were well built for most of them are still standing.) He was faithful to the Church and his Priesthood, honest in his dealings with man and God, a kind, helpful and devoted husband and a wonderfully patient, understanding and loving father. Hard-working as his strength would allow, he was also dependable as the coming of night after day. He seldom complained and cast off most of his troubles with a shrug of his shoulders and a witty remark.

Can one think of Grandma Else without Grandpa Laurs? Nej, nej, for they belonged together. The thorns and thistles in our paths of life may retard our progress briefly. It is no disgrace to stumble o'er them. The important thing is that we rise again and go forward, even though bruised and torn, fighting our way along. It is not what one has to contend with along the way of life but what one is able to endure and overcome that signals success.

Laurs squared his shoulders again, yoked Tom up with the neighbor's ox, put his hand to the plough and went forward with his farm work. Then Else gave birth to their tenth child, Lars Peter Christensen (later changed to Louis D.) Saturday 20 Mar. 1880, there in their home in Mayfield. According to the record in her journal she took care of the delivery herself, though she likely leaned heavily on her husband for help at the time. This, their fifth son, must have been a good sized baby for he grew to be the largest of their children.

They had this infant named and blessed at the church 3rd June by Bishop Ole C. Olsen. He was a fair child with curly blonde hair, a mischievous smile and a powerful pair of lungs. It soon became apparent that he would make his voice heard in the world.

Else's work with the sick now took her to all parts of Gunnison Valley. If it was as a midwife she went her fee not only included delivering the baby but taking care of it and the mother as well, during her confinement or "lying in" period, which lasted on the average of two weeks. She also did some of the housework and the washing for her patients. She was often paid in other than money; for example:-- (From her journal) "Mrs. King came and paid . . . peaches .60, butter .60, wheat \$1.60, hat .25 = \$3.05 - owe \$11.80; Frandsen came the 6 Jan. . . wood \$2.00, 2 dolly \$2.00 - paid \$15. . etc." But whether she was paid in cash or produce her earnings must have helped a great deal to give a lift to the sagging economy of the hard-pressed family, proving to be a blessing.

An increasing number of Else's patients were now coming from the town of Gunnison, which was more central and held by far the larger part of the valley's population. It was decided that it would be much more convenient for the family if they would pick up and leave Mayfield and move back to Gunnison. Else could look in on her loved ones more often while working there and educational opportunities for the children would be better also. So Laurs found a buyer for his home and small farm, one Lars P. Jensen from Pleasant Grove, Utah County. As a down payment Brother Jensen gave Laurs a wagon and team of horses, we are not aware of what else. It appears that the deal was made sometime around the fore part of July 1880, but the property was not completely paid for until 10 Apr. 1906, at which date it was deeded by Laurs to the other party.

Their brother-in-law, Lars Myrup, made one of his two homes in Gunnison available to them and their brood of seven that early summer. As far as we can ascertain this small adobe house was

in the eastern part of town about a half mile west of where Christen, Anne and their family were settled. It appears that Myrup's other Gunnison home was in the southern part of town just east of the main street which led south to "the Field" or South Gunnison; for here, it has been said, he owned about a city block of land. He also owned an extensive farm near the sugar factory in those south fields and was building a new home in that area. Though a number of families were already living on their farms there, in the early 1880s settlers moved out into South Gunnison in great numbers, including the families of Laurs Myrup and Andrew and Pauline Andersen. Many new homes were built, some of adobe, some of logs.

Soon after moving back to Gunnison, Laurs Christensen leased a farm in Christenburg, about three or four miles from where they then lived, from a large landowner and stockraiser by the name of Julius H. Christensen (no relation). Mr. Christensen and his two brothers, Theodore and Titus, owned a great deal of the land in that desirable location midway between Gunnison and Mayfield. In fact, they had been the first to take up land and move their families there, and it was after them that this sprawling, scattered farming area of Christenburg had been named. The early spring of the next year (1881) Laurs and Else and their children moved from the Myrup home in East Gunnison to a rented house in North Christenburg, known as Antelope Valley, to be nearer their leased farm. The earliest homes there were three-room ranch type dwellings with walls of adobe. "Wild flowers and grass, seeded by the wind and watered by the rain, covered the thick sod on each roof in their time and season." Here to this choice farming land lying east and north of Chalk Hill and bordering the Sanpitch River, Laurs brought his family to live for the next three or four summers.

In the meantime he purchased an acre of ground in the northwest part of Gunnison on which stood a small adobe house with two rooms, facing south and standing back a considerable distance from the street. In this his family lived during

the winters. Soon a larger house was erected just south and west of the old one and both places were used to house the large Christensen family in winters for a year or so until the new house could be completed. This house was built mostly of rock hauled from the quarry north of Gunnison cemetery. Eventually the new house boasted three good sized rooms besides a kitchen and pantry on the ground floor plus one large unfinished and two small finished rooms in the attic upstairs, used for sleeping. Whether the new rock house was sufficiently completed in time to welcome Laurs' and Else's second pair of twins is not known, but that they were born in one or the other of those two houses on the corner of first north and second west in Gunnison is a certainty.

These second twins, a boy and a girl, were born at 4 o'clock in the morning, Wed. 19 July 1882, and according to Else's journal she had no attending midwife other than herself. The little ones were feeble however, and help was sent for to give them names and blessings. Grandfather Christen Christensen came and blessed the first child, a boy, giving him the name Arthur Marinus Christensen. Brother John Wasden, a neighbor from across the street, gave the little girl a blessing and the name Martine Lauriette, the second name for Laurs, but she died about 12 noon that same day. And so another little spirit went to join her sister and others of her departed kin in Paradise. The boy Arthur lived and, under the tender and expert care of his fond mother, grew in health and strength and wisdom. It was not until Feb. 1, 1883, however, that they took him to church for his official christening.

It is a great thing to deliver ones own twin babies; but when we consider that Else delivered at least twenty-six babies in 1882, one of them a daughter for Hans Jensen just six days before her nineteen days after, the picture becomes far more involved, and we are led to feel nothing but amazement at the accomplishments of this remarkable woman. We are not forgetting for a moment either that when possible she did much of the housework

and took care of the mothers and babies she brought, until the mothers were up and around again. Of course she had the help of her family, as well as a hired girl in the home much of the time, but nevertheless she was simply marvelous during those crowded years of her medical service. Her brown kit was always ready, standing by the side of her bedroom door, and there were many sick that she attended, aside from her duties as midwife, for folks came to her from all over the valley and she answered their calls willingly and promptly. It will always be a mystery how Else K. continued her work of love and mercy for others without neglecting her own family, but the health and education of her children was one of her chief concerns and was always taken care of in the best possible manner. She was also concerned with the health of her husband and tried to keep him in top physical condition. We have been told that one of the methods she used on Laurs for this purpose was to thin his blood every spring with her blood-letting knife. As a spring tonic for her children, however, she used the less severe treatment of sulphur and molasses or a big dose of epsom salts.

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When Maren Myrup's seventh child was born, 10 May 1881, Else was at the delivery bed of her beloved sister-in-law. Little Sarahann Myrup, however, only lived about sixteen months and then passed away (Sept. 1882). It was about this time that an incident happened involving Maren and her second son Niels, and told as follows by Lois M. Anderson:-- "My father told me one story that I shall always remember. When he was about ten years old he was sent to help his grandfather, Christen Christensen, doing odd jobs around the yard. One morning when he arrived his grandpa accused him of taking some of his tools. Father denied this but his grandpa apparently didn't believe him and gave him a good 'cuffing' to force him to tell the truth. When young Niels got away he ran home and told his mother, the lovely, ladylike little Maren, who promptly ordered the boys to hitch up the buggy and taking her son Niels alongside on the seat, and with the buggy whip in her

hand, set out to confront her father. Niels said later that sitting there looking at his irate little mother with the whip in her hand, he began to fear for his grandfather. Maren was convinced that her son was telling the truth. When they arrived at her father's place, Christen apologized to them both. I cannot remember whether the tools were found or not but I don't suppose Maren sent her young son to work for his grandfather again, at least not that year. I think our great-grandfather Christensen was a rather stern man, at any rate for our day."

Nearly nine months following the death of Maren's little Sarahann, Else was called in to deliver another baby for her. Manda May Myrup, born in Gunnison 24 May 1883, was Maren's eighth and last child, for this young thirty-four-and-a-half year old mother was not permitted to watch over the lives of her children in mortality much longer. When tiny Manda lacked eleven days of being two months old, Maren died very suddenly (13 July 1883) of what was later believed to be appendicitis, although it was not known by that name then. Lars Myrup's second wife, Marie, took little Manda to care for but the small child only outlived her mother less than a month, dying in August that same year. Thus the plucky little Danish emigrant pioneer and mother, Maren, came to her life's end and her body rested at length beside those of her three infant daughters in the Gunnison cemetery. Her oldest daughter Mary and four sons, Lars or Lewis C., Niels C., Adolph M., and Joseph Henry survived her and lived to marry and bring a sizable posterity into the world to honor the memory of Maren Christensen Myrup.

Else K. felt concern for her sister-in-law's children and after their mother's death looked in on them often to see how they were getting along with their "hot-tempered stepmother". Maren's boys were still sleeping in the granary at the Myrup place when they all took measles and had them very bad. Else went out time and again to help doctor them. They all thought a great deal of their Aunt Else. A little later on the son Niels developed the nervous disorder, St. Vitus' Dance,

and Else again traveled back and forth to Centerfield to doctor him. She gave him some nerve medicine which helped him sleep at nights. The treatments must have been effective for the malady didn't stay long with him.

Those summers in the early 1880s when the Laurs Christensen family moved out into Antelope Valley (North Christenburg) must have been looked forward to especially by the children. Though the older ones helped their father on the farm there or herded sheep or cattle, there was always time to roam barefoot through the meadows, play hide-and-go-seek, pomp-pomp-pull-away or such with the children of Ole and Inger Larsen, who lived neighbors, or go swimming with them in the "Big Hole", a bend in the Sanpitch River back of the Larsen's barn. It was while swimming here in the Big Hole that little Elizabeth Larsen, about four years old, had been drowned. They found her small body one mile down stream.

Else K. was of course still going out from here on her missions of mercy. One of the older Larsen children, Caroline, remembered that one evening when Sister Christensen had just returned from one of her longer periods of doctoring, her son Albert ran out to greet her with these words, "Mother we are having clabber milk and lettuce for supper!" Perhaps Caroline thought this a very strange meal, but no doubt young Albert knew how much his mother enjoyed clabber-milk. In her memoirs Caroline Larsen recalled other things about the Christensens. She remembered Albert as being a very spiritual child; for sometimes, when the children were all playing there together, Albert would come up missing. When they hunted they would often find him in some thick bushes or trees - praying. So then they would all tiptoe away very quietly and wait, never saying a word to him about it afterwards. Though Caroline was nearer Joseph's and Albert's age she was drawn to their eldest brother Christian. Later there in Christenburg she and Christian became childhood sweethearts.

Not far north from the Christensen and Larsen homes there was a sheep-shearing corral, which

had been maintained from the early years of Christenburg's settlement. As many as 40,000 head of sheep on their way from the desert to the summer range were sheared there annually by experts, some of them from Antelope Valley. We have been told that Else K. Christensen sheared many sheep at this corral in those early days and that she could outshear many of the men. When the sheep came in for shearing in the early spring, small hills of wool-filled sacks would pile up at the corral. It was great sport for the children who lived nearby, and others who came in with owners of the herds, to clamber up and jump down or chase each other back and forth over and around these huge piles of filled wool-sacks. Sometimes whole families would come in during sheep shearing time and make a days picnic of it. This shearing corral was kept up well into the twentieth century. The Larsen and Christensen children enjoyed this fun year after year in those early Christenburg days, as some of their children and even their grandchildren did after them.

At one time in Christenburg a heart-rending experience happened in the Christensen household. One cool evening, perhaps in early spring or late fall, a hot log fire was ablaze in the fireplace of their dwelling, to warm things. Young Louis, about four years old, had been snuggled into one of his father's old coats and was standing near the open fire to make doubly sure of getting warmed up. The coat almost dragged the floor and its sleeves hung well down over his chubby hands. In an unguarded moment the small boy reached out his arms towards the dancing flames and at that instant the right sleeve of the coat caught fire and before the pain-stricken, screaming child could be given the necessary help by his distracted parents, the four fingers of his right hand were so terribly burned, down to the very knuckles, that they could not be saved. All of his mother's medical powers and the spiritual strength of the entire family was brought to bear in an effort to heal the seared flesh of suffering little "Lou". Proud flesh set in and it was with much difficulty that Else was able to save the hand proper. She often told of how she worked, wept, and prayed to save that hand! Nobs grew on

the stumps but the fingers never grew in again, but with the help of the Lord the main part of the hand was preserved and became useful again; for Louis learned to use this maimed hand with great dexterity in the years that followed.

It was there in Christenburg, 10 July 1884, that a church Patriarch by the name of K. H. Brown, along with his Danish scribe Antone C. Sorensen, came to the Christensen home by appointment to give blessings of counsel and encouragement to various members of the family. Laurs and Else had blessings at that time, as well as Albert, Elsie and even little Louis, and perhaps most of the other family members who were at home at the time. Since the mother Else's blessing had so much influence on her later life, as perhaps was true of the others also, we wish to quote parts of it here:-- ". . . If you will listen to your husband's advice and to the voice of the 'still small spirit' the Lord shall give you holy visions by day and holy dreams at night, clothe you with power from on high so that you shall have wisdom to manage your house, be a comfort and support to your husband, and a good mother to your children. . . You shall be known of the Lord and your seed shall be blessed by him. . . You shall have wisdom to do much good among your brothers and sisters in Zion and the Lord shall bless you with faith. . . the works of your hands shall be blessed. Your pantry shall always be full and your children never lack for the good things of life. . . Your posterity shall be blessed and shall be a star in your crown and a comfort in your old age. . . You were chosen to come forth here on the earth in order to accomplish a great mission, along with your husband and family, for your father's and mother's lineage, those who are now dead and in prison waiting to be freed by you and your family. . . Because of your obedience to the Gospel and your faithfulness throughout trials you shall live to see, while still in the flesh, your children and grandchildren receive possessions in the Stakes of Zion and the Spirit of the Lord rest upon them." It was through this blessing that summer's day in Christenburg, that the "Spirit of Elijah" or the seed of genealogy was,

if not planted, at least caused to sprout and grow in the mind and heart of Else K. Christensen. Her beloved parents and her ancient kinsmen in an eternal prison - could it be? Was it her destiny to free them? Such thoughts may have been mingled with her thinking as she was seized with a feeling of the necessity of her searching out the records of her dead ancestors, and from that day she began to plan for it.

There were no stores or businesses in Christenburg, or any "meeting house" - just stretches of farms, orchards and meadows, with a few farm dwellings and barns, etc., with the Sanpitch River winding its way between. The Christensens, Larsens, and the few other families there, were obliged to travel to Gunnison to attend religious services. When their elders went along they usually rode, but otherwise the children walked back and forth to Sunday schools, Primaries, and Religion classes, each wearing his or her only good pair of shoes, thus called Sunday shoes. It was here in Christenburg that the older Christensen children learned early in life the value of work, thrift and industry. Here they learned to appreciate nature and developed a love for the out-of-doors and the "good earth". It was here also that the older boys became acquainted with the man from whom their father leased his farm, the well-to-do land owner and sheepman Julius H. Christensen, and he acquainted with them to the satisfactory point, at least, that this gentleman came to think enough of them to hire them to work for him, one after the other for many years, beginning with the oldest, Chris.

Laurs Christensen and Ole H. Larsen often freighted together during this period, and later on as well. Though the danger from outlaws and robbers was not then as great as in earlier times it was still a threat and thus considered safest for freighters to travel in groups, and so they did. There was safety in numbers in case of sickness or injuries, runaways or broken wagons, as well as highwaymen. It was extremely dangerous to carry money. Pay for freighted produce was as a rule sent home by mail. Grain, flour, meat and

poultry, fruit and garden products were hauled to the mines in Utah and Nevada; anything that would sell, in fact, was taken there to sell, often for gold. Many farmers made trips after their crops had been harvested or at other times when the farm work could be managed by the women and children. Taking care of their animals, preparing food and entertaining each with tales of Indians and the olden days around the campfire, relieved the monotony of these long hard trips.

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Laurs and Else's eleventh and last child was born in the new rock house in northwest Gunnison at nine o'clock on a Sunday night, 27 March 1887. She was blessed in the home 7 April and given the name Elevena, after the Danish way of naming; viz - if the eleventh child happened to be a girl she was given the name Elevena; if the eighth child happened to be a boy, he was named Otto, etc. Later the spelling was simplified to Elvena but almost from the first she was called "Vena" by everyone except her mother. Though not mentioned in Else's journal, this home naming was probably done by Elvena's grandfather, Christen Christensen, since he was usually called for such a service if available. The child's official blessing and naming at church, however, was not taken care of for nearly two years and nine months following her birth, or 23 Dec. 1889, and it was done then by Gunnison's Bishop Christian August Madsen.

On Christen Christensen's seventieth birthday, 29 July that year of 1887, all of his living descendants got together and held a celebration in his honor at his home in east Gunnison. He turned handsprings to show all present what he could do at his age; none others there could do what he did. He had a lively disposition and was a good mixer. He loved to dance and did very well at it. But most of all he was a fine storyteller, and folks always gathered round to hear the tales he told, especially the young people. He was an excellent letter writer and a fine penman besides. He always wrote to his folks in Denmark once a year, and on these occasions he related to them

everything of interest that had transpired during the past year. He had an excellent memory. He had his wife Anne take notes for him as the year progressed, and when he was ready to make his yearly report he would take these notes and go into a room by himself and write his letter. This would take him many days - but when the letter was finished it was worth it. Anne would read it through aloud and the children always tried to be around to enjoy the contents before it was mailed off to Denmark.

Christen Christensen at seventy was still a very proud man, although the vicissitudes of life had mellowed him some. He had lost most of what he had when he left the United Order, and though a farmer and stockraiser by trade, and a very good one, he had taken up the job of delivering salt to the people of the county to get a little ready cash to help re-establish himself. He got the salt from the salt bluffs about two miles west of Axtell. This placer salt-bearing mine embraced about 40 acres in that locality. In the earliest days of settlement each family had obtained and refined its own salt, but later it became quite an object of barter and many necessities were obtained through this traffic. The price of rock salt in 1884 was \$2.00 per ton, delivered, but naturally it became more expensive as people prospered. The many tons of rock salt hauled to the silver mines in Utah, Idaho and Nevada were of some consideration to the economy of the people who dug it out and hauled it. Christen hauled rock salt at first and he became quite a well-known figure throughout Gunnison Valley, seated erect in his little "salt-cart" driving through, stopping at farmhouses and dwellings along his route to deliver his commodity. Later several boileries were established in the valley, with capacities to turn out 400 tons of fine salt yearly. Lars Myrup had one of these out in Centerfield where he made and sold table salt. He had several working for him. They would take a wagon and drive out to Redmond (west of Axtell) and get the rock salt, return with it to Centerfield and put it in a large vat or boiler, filled with boiling water, where it would be dissolved. When the salt had all crystalized in the bottom and the dross had

been drained off, the salt crystals were dried out, ground and sold. It was quite possible that Christen worked for his son-in-law, Lars Myrup, selling the refined salt; for he kept up both farming and delivering salt as long as he was able. Be that as it may, one's eyes grow moist thinking of this once proud Danish gentleman whom some had called "the great man of the north", who once drove his own fine team and carriage as a well-to-do farmer in Old Denmark, peddling salt in Zion in an old one-horse cart.

A nice thing happened to this fine old man about this time. The three Hansen orphans, whom he had long sought to find, found him! In some way they had learned that Christen was the one who had paid their passage, and that of their dead parents, to Zion more than twenty years before. They located his whereabouts and came to pay him back for this noble service. They were some of the very few who ever reimbursed him for the financial help he had given them in getting to America. He never worried about this and often stated that it was a blessing to use one's means in such a worthy cause. But this money he did receive came in handy in his old age. He desired to show his appreciation, and since these people had no records of their births in Denmark and other genealogical data and had longed so much to have this information, he sent back to the Old Country and obtained many of these records for them, for which they were most thankful.

There was so much contagion in the Valley in those early years. Diphtheria had been rampant in Gunnison in November of 1879, at which time six of the brethren had been appointed as a board of health to guard against the dread disease. Schools were closed for a time until it was considered safe to recommence. Again in 1884 this same disease had caused the people there "to be diligent in the practice of sanitary rules". Meetings then were not discontinued but it was "considered wisdom to leave the children home." In the fall of the year 1887 an epidemic of diphtheria swept over the whole of Gunnison Valley. Many people contracted this highly contagious disease.

Sore feverish throats were swabbed with alcohol and blue vitriol in an effort to combat the dread bacillus. Most all homes were visited by death. Fatality among the children was exceedingly great, sometimes three or four from a family. Some adults also fell prey to this fearful malady. In North Mayfield, during one of these epidemics, five of the seven children of Simon and Martha Hansen (she who had been the first teacher in the United Order there) died of diphtheria within one week. Three of them were buried in the same grave. In Gunnison, children of the Ole H. and Inger Hansen family, who had recently moved from Christenburg, into a lovely new winter home there, contracted this ravaging sickness and two of them, Peter and Hanner, died of it that year. Mixed feelings of fear and compassion filled the hearts of the people as diphtheria spread from home to home. The red flag of warning on so many gate posts, all too often became a symbol of death.

Else K. Christensen was on the go during that dreadful time. History has failed to record the extent of her efforts, to this point, but merely noted:-- "Mrs. Elsie (Else) Christensen is said to have had 'great success' and Parlan McFarlane, although not a doctor, was quite successful in treating the disease." It has often been quoted that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread". In the case of the doctress Else K. this could be applied a little differently; for here was one home-spun angel of mercy who pushed resolutely forward into many stricken homes where most others feared to go - saving a life here - giving hope and comfort there - and leaving her benediction of service and love wherever she went. Did she fear for her life and those of her own children? Of course she did! But she knew it was her duty and her destiny to become involved, come what might. She must have had great dedication and courage and still greater faith. That none of her own family were afflicted at this time seemed proof of the approbation of the kind Heavenly Father to whom she so often and fervently prayed.

Whether it was for some contagion, sore affliction, pestering complaint, or for the

important work of bringing babies she was summoned, Else K. Christensen was almost always well prepared. Sometimes she gathered and made concoctions from smartweed, wormwood, horehound, yarrow and other herbs which grew wild in the valley. She often used catnip, peppermint and sage tea in her treatments. She was a specialist with hot packs and mustard plasters. Among the medical helps which she used freely and with great skill were, besides the previously mentioned "blood-letting knife", a variety of lances for boils and a suction cup to draw the pus out. She kept all her tools very sharp and in the best of condition, safe in her medical kit, ready for use at any and all times. To the Christensen children Else's brown satchel was a "mustn't touch it". To them it held "magic things" with which their mother treated the sick and the afflicted. It sometimes held her medical journal as well, in which were written the recipes for "magic cures", together with a list of the babies she had brought and other data pertaining to her profession.

Just about spring the next year Else made the following entry in her journal:-- "Victor Madsen en datter den 14 March 1888." This simple statement in no way indicated the part the birth of this baby girl was to play in the lives of Laurs and Else Christensen and their family. Ada Lorena Madsen, for so the infant was later named, was the fifth child of Victor August Hastrup Madsen (adopted son of Bishop Christian August Madsen) and his wife Sarah Olesen Madsen. Else worked hard to save the life of this little child and as she worked she prayed, for some malfunctioning of her heart was evident from the start. With special care some progress was made in the little one's condition throughout the weeks following her birth, but the mother, Sarah, failed to gain back her health and strength after the ordeal. Else spared nothing in her efforts to get Sister Madsen back on her feet again, but to no avail. It was apparent that the young mother could not get well. In despair Sarah Madsen called Else Christensen to her bedside and tearfully pled with her to take her baby Ada to care for and raise when she was gone. Who could have denied the last request of this

dying mother? Not Else!

Sarah Madsen passed away Friday 25 May 1888, less than two months before her twenty-eighth birthday. She was buried a few days later in the Gunnison cemetery beside another baby daughter, Almira, who had died at two years. With the full consent of the bereaved husband, Else took the two month eleven day old Ada Lorena Madsen into her home and cared for the motherless little girl as if she were her own. We have been told that little Ada, though frail and sickly, was very bright and of a very sweet nature and that the nine Christensen children, as well as Laurs and Else, took her to their hearts. This was especially true of one year old Elvina, who adored Ada, and the feeling seemed to be mutual between them. They played by the hour together and Else even dressed them alike when she could. People often thought the two little girls were twins, although Elvina had very blonde curls while Ada's were very dark. Ada was not officially adopted by the Christensens, yet she was much loved by them and treated as their very own. No strings were attached to her by the Madsen family. Her natural father gave her foster parents this written statement:—"I hereby give my consent for my daughter, Ada Lorena Madsen, to be called by the name of the people who raise her. - Victor A. Madsen." So they changed the small girl's name to Ada Christensen.

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For a little more than eleven years the people of the Church, but more particularly the Saints in Sanpete Valley, had awaited with great anticipation the completion of the immense and beautiful building that was being erected. On a hill of solid stone jutting west into the valley from the rugged Wasatch Mountains east of the city of Manti, the magnificent structure had grown until now it stood in all its glory on the crest of "Temple Hill", its delicate towers patterned against the sky. It appeared like a glittering jewel on the bosom of the mountain range. Built of oolitic stone of a warm cream or ivory color, which had been quarried from these same mountains, it commanded

a superb view of the country round about, north, south and west. It was impossible to imagine a more eminent location for a temple and one affording greater opportunity for artistic and delightful surroundings.

The building itself was 171 feet 6 inches long, 92 feet wide, and 79 feet high to the square, plus the two towers reaching heavenward, the one on the east 169 feet. These were thirty feet square at the base but tapered upward. The walls of the main building were 3 feet 6 inches thick at the base, with 4-foot buttresses, diminishing to 3 feet at the square and the buttresses to about 2 feet 6 inches. The building itself, as well as the towers, had ample window facilities. Adjoining the structure on the north was a heating plant and annex. The grounds were terraced and planted with vines, shrubs, trees and flowers. The public highway ran past the temple from which the ascent to the ground floor was over thirty feet, but a sloping drive beginning at the north, passing under part of the east edge of the building and finding an outlet on the south, made the ascent easy. Two lengthy flights of steps led up to the temple, a great wide one of cement on the west and a narrow one on the far south just east of the driveway.

The interior of the temple matched the exterior in beauty and workmanship in every degree, perhaps one of the most distinctive features being the two spiral stairways of choicest wood which had been so intricately balanced as to need no center support at all. The height of each of these was 95 feet from floor to ceiling and they contained 150 steps apiece. There were only five such unusual stairways in the United States, including the two in this temple. (Even today there are only five in the U. S. A. and no other temple has the likes of these.) Overall, the Manti temple had been a gigantic undertaking and at the time was the finest structure yet to be erected in the Rocky Mountains, although it was the third temple.

Out of the hearts, out of the foodstuffs, out of the labors and sacrifices of these people this temple had been built. A Sunday egg here, a

young calf there, a bushel of wheat gleaned by a widow - it had all added up over the years to the one million dollars that had been required to build it. Now at last it was completed and the hearts of the people were bursting with feelings of thanksgiving as the day of its dedication drew near. A three day celebration had been planned and one can be sure every adult member in the valley who was physically able, and could secure a recommend from his or her Bishop, would attend one or more of the inspirational meetings. Numbers of the authorities from Salt Lake City were expected, as well as caravans of church leaders traveling in from other parts of the Territory. Whereas at the time of the dedication of the site eleven years before (25 Apr. 1877) valley Saints had mostly come to Manti in slow moving ox-drawn wagons, now they would be able to come and go with faster teams and rigs.

On Monday, 21 May 1888, the Manti Temple was dedicated by Apostle Lorenzo Snow. The large assembly room, seating about 1,500, was filled to overflowing. Men of the Priesthood were seated on the right, the women on the left, as was the case in all church meetings even well into the nineteenth century. A regional choir had been practicing for months for this occasion, under the baton of Professor Smyth. "On the first day of the religious gatherings in the temple, just as Professor Smyth was concluding the voluntary - a selection from Mendelssohn - a number of the Saints in the body of the hall and some of the brethren in the west stand heard most heavenly voices singing. It sounded to them as angelic, and appeared to be behind and above them, and many turned their heads in that direction wondering if there were not another choir in some other part of the building. There was no other visible choir however. . . Some of the Saints saw the spirits of Presidents Young and Taylor, J. M. Grant, and others, in the temple, and the heads of some of the speakers were surrounded by a halo of heavenly light during the services. The Saints enjoyed a spiritual feast extending through the three days, and many shed tears of joy while listening to the testimonies and admonitions of the servants of God.

There can be no question but that God has accepted the Manti temple at the hands of his Saints and will bless all who have in any degree assisted to build it or who, not having the means to assist, have said in their hearts, 'I would have helped if I could.' (This quote was taken from The Millennial Star, Vol. 50, No. 26, p. 405.) Perhaps some said then, doubting, as some may say now, "Seeing's believing" - but did not Christ say, "one must believe to see"?

It is hard to think other than that the Christensesens and their relatives from Gunnison were present at the dedication of the Manti Temple. Christen, Anne, Pauline, Lars Myrup, Laurs and even Else must have been in attendance, though it took place just four days before the death of Else's patient, the mother Sarah Madsen. Possibly they were among those who heard the invisible choir, or saw heavenly beings seated among them. Less than six months later most of the above took advantage of the marvelous opportunity and entered that magnificent edifice again, this time to do work in behalf of some of their departed loved ones. The "Spirit of Elijah" rested upon them and the importance of "work for the dead" was made manifest unto them. There was no excuse for them to neglect this work now that they had a temple near at hand; if they did, they did it "at the peril of their own salvation", as the prophets had said. In speaking of these things during the dedication of the St. George Temple, Brigham Young had stated:-- "Those who can see the spiritual atmosphere can see that many are still glued to the earth. They are lusting and longing for the things of the earth, in which there is no profit. While we ought to look after temporal things, we should devote them all to the kingdom of God. Where are the hearts of the people; where are their forefathers? What are they doing for their own salvation and for that of their forefathers? . . . If we were awake to this great truth this house would be crowded from Monday morning until Saturday night. . . This temple has been built that people can come and labor for their salvation and that of their progenitors. . . What do you suppose the fathers would say if they could speak

from the dead? Would they not say: 'We have lain here thousands of years in the prison house, bound and fettered in the association of the filthy and corrupt.' If they had the power the very thunders of heaven would resound in our ears. All the angels of heaven are looking to this little handful of people. When I think upon the subject I want the tongues of seven thunders to awaken the people to action."

On Monday, 12 Nov. 1888, Christen Christensen and a number of his family made their way from Gunnison to Manti by wagon and set up camp on the grounds provided for that purpose just southwest of the temple grounds. The next day Laurs, Pauline, Anne and Christen himself went into the beautiful temple and were baptized for dozens of their dead kindred. For four days they labored in this sacred building for their deceased relatives - brothers, sisters, parents, grandparents - all were baptized, endowed and sealed under the hands of the holy priesthood. They did not forget to do the endowments for the gentle Karen and the daughter Petrine, or for Karen's parents and relatives who were dead, for Christen had procured the records of them by correspondence with her people. On Nov. 14, 1888 they had the joy of fulfilling one of their most sacred dreams, that of being sealed together as a family for time and all eternity. Christen's two daughters, Nielsine, or Sena, and Caroline came into the temple that day for this occasion. Caroline, the only one of Christen's and Anne's children not born in the covenant was sealed to them there. Then Christen's and Karen's children, both the living and the dead, were sealed to them - all but the first son, Christen, who was still living in far-off Denmark, apparently with no interest whatsoever in the purposes of the Most High. Christen Sr. stood for himself in this last sealing, as in the first, while Laurs, Pauline and Sena not only stood for themselves but also alternated for their dead brothers and sisters, Peder C., Niels C., Maren, Ane Marie and the two Petrines. Anne stood for the gentle Karen and Daniel H. Wells, first President of the Manti Temple, performed the sealings. Sena herself had risen from a bed of sorrow to come to the Temple that November day. Exactly two weeks before she had laid away a five weeks old



Christen Christensen and his second wife and family. Seated left to right:  
Joseph and Grandfather Christen. Standing: John T., Kristen "Krat",  
Mother Annie, Andrew and Caroline

baby son. This had been the fourth of five small sons with whom she had been parted by death in the past four years. Did the ceremonies in that glorious temple give her renewed hope and courage for the future?

In those early days the Saints did the work for their own dead, or hired it done by other Saints. Christen and Anne were most faithful in their genealogical responsibilities. They wrote often to the Old Country for records of their departed kin and friends and went to the temple regularly to act as proxies in their behalf. According to their daughter Caroline, the practice of going to the Manti temple continued with her parents as long as her elderly father was able, for she wrote:-- "He was not only kind and considerate of the living but did what he could for the dead. He and mother went from Gunnison to Manti by team many a Tuesday and came back Saturday. They took their provisions with them and camped, doing temple work for their dead kindred and friends. They did this for many weeks and years, when father was not busy in the fields, farming." The Manti temple records show that Christen and Anne Christensen worked consistently in that sacred building for the next nine years, accomplishing a great amount of vicarious work for their dead.

PART FOUR  
IN THE SHADE OF A TEMPLE

"My Country 'tis of thee, sweet land of  
liberty, Of thee I sing . . .  
I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and  
templed hills  
My heart with rapture thrills . . .  
Long may this land be bright with freedoms  
holy light,  
Protect us by thy might, Great God our King." "

-- Samuel F. Smith

I. A CLEAR CALL

Else had not accompanied her husband's people to the temple excursion that November 1888, for she was busy with the sick. Though she longed to go there in behalf of her own departed loved ones she had so little knowledge and such incomplete information about them that she was completely unprepared for this noble service. Even that which she knew of her very own parents was scant indeed. These things tugged at her mind and hung heavily on her heart, but she had so few free moments it seemed. Letters to her people in Denmark for genealogical material had been most unrewarding - they were seldom if ever answered. Else was well aware of the statement made by the Prophet Joseph Smith that -- "The greatest responsibility in this world that God has laid upon us is to seek after our dead." She wanted to keep the commandments above all else. She must try harder.

So towards the end of that year she wrote again to her sisters and brother in Denmark, sending them Yuletide greetings together with a carefully worded request for additional information on their parents and also on their own families. She mailed these letters with a sincere prayer in her

heart. It would likely take months to receive answers - if she ever did. Meanwhile she went courageously on with her work of raising her family, including the sickly little Ada, ushering new babies into the world and succoring the distressed. But her mind was often turned to her kindred.

What happiness was hers when she received the following communication from Denmark (as translated from the Danish):-- "Thorsted, Denmark - March 1889. Jens Mikkelsen Skaarup born 11 Feb. 1873; Ane Marie Mikkelsen Skaarup born 22 Feb. 1874, died when three weeks old; Kristen Mikkelsen Skaarup born 4 May 1875; Hans Tavsen Mikkelsen Skaarup born 28 July 1878; Kristian Mikkelsen Skaarup born 27 Jan. 1880; Frederik Mikkelsen Skaarup born 3 Jan. 1882; Otto Mikkelsen Skaarup born 12 Mar. 1883, died when five days old; Maren Mikkelsen Skaarup born 2 Apr. 1884; Holger Mikkelsen Skaarup born 16 Oct. 1885; Svend Mikkelsen Skaarup born 19 Jan. 1887. -- Yes, dear sister, I have given you the names and birthdates of all of our children which are the best we own. We and you of course have the same number. They are all well and so I can do nothing else but marvel at seeing them. I was with Mads and Stine and we decided that I should write alone this time so that the letter wouldn't be too fat. I am to greet you from them and say from Mads that he will do what he can to accomplish what you require from him. They will each write in a few days.

"Sister Marie is moving to Thisted and she will have a good amount of work. Stine lives in Thisted. Her husband is named Svend Poulsen. He is a carpenter and they have six healthy, delightful children and two dead. Mads also has six but they have had ten. He lives in Tingstrup, Thisted Parish, and they have two good dwellings. In the summer they live in Thisted.

"Our father died 10 May 1878. When mother was dead he sold the house but kept that little room in Norhaa, but he spent a lot of his time here with us. The last time he left here he wasn't very well. He lay in his bed most of a month after. Mikkel

and I drove over to Norhaa to see him two days before he died. He was very sick but he was happy and contented, so I have the best of hope for him. And now I will close for this time. When your letter came the teacher Carl was here. He was going to travel to America in April to visit two of his brothers who lived here for eighteen years. I asked him, after I read your letter, if he would visit my sister in America.

Love from Mikkel and Karen Skaarup."

It was almost a month before another Danish letter came for Else and her fingers trembled as she opened it:-- "Tingstrup, Denmark - April 1889. Dear Sister:- I have got that done which you asked me to do. I have been to the Priest at Hvidbjerg and he was very good to look back one and one-half centuries but he could hardly go farther as the books at that point were just loose leaves and almost illegible writing. As you can see the mothers of our parents are not mentioned in this information he gave me, which I enclose; only Kristen Kristensen and wife and Kristen Hviid and wife - but I suppose you can remember that father's mother is Karen and mother's mother is Else. Our mother died 10 July 1872 and was buried on the 16 and father died the 10 May 1878 and was buried on the 15th.

"I shall now tell you a little about what has happened to me in my way through life until now. I suppose that you remember that Kristen, in his last days, was stirred to look inward into his sinful heart and consider the Lord's goodness to repentant sinners and whatever else there is to believe in. Immediately afterwards we other brother and sisters came in touch with the same way of life initiated by Grundtvig and a revival. I was then at High School on Mors and I was very happy to listen to the lectures which were held, speaking of the lives and experiences of the teachers. This was in the winter of 1868. In the fall I went to High School down by Kilding (Askov Hajskole) and stayed there for six months. In 1875 I came to Thorsted where sister Karen lives, to hold school for some children. There I became

acquainted with a girl from Gjaerup, who worked for Karen, and it soon became clear to us that God had led us together. We became engaged the same year and were married on the 25th of May 1876.

"On the 18th of March 1877 we had our first son and he was christened and named Askel Hvid (I had by then started to let myself be called Mads Kristjan Hvid.) On the 16th of Feb. 1879 we had our first girl, who was christened Valborg Hvid. On the 11 Aug. 1880 the other girl was born and received in her christening the name of Kirstine Hvid (for mother). On the 24 Oct. 1881 we had a boy, he was christened and called Kristjan Hvid (for father). On the 11 Oct. 1883 another boy arrived and was christened and called Jens Peter but he died at 5 months. On the 5th Nov. 1884 a girl was born. She was christened Marie Hvid but died when ten days old. A few days later my wife took ill and spent her time in bed, partly at home and partly in Thisted, for a year and a half and didn't have enough strength to turn over in bed by herself. But on Nov. 9th 1885, two little ones came, a boy and a girl. They were christened and called after the other two who had died, Marie and Jens Peter. On 3 Feb. 1888 we had a boy. He was christened Johannes Hvid and he died at five months old. On 22 Feb. 1889 our tenth child arrived, a wonderful girl. She was christened and named after our sister who died, Edel Petrea Hvid. I forgot to mention that the twin, Jens Peter, died at four months of age.

"Else Marie Pedersen is my wife's name. She is now well enough that she got a sewing machine this last winter and sews for all our little ones. Yesterday she got her loom set up and wants to start weaving. It has now been unused for nearly seven years. Our attitude towards the previously mentioned movement, which we were so happy about, is otherwise now than it was before because we think it to be superficial and not serious enough, for these are serious times we are living in. We question if it is the spirit of the world that is leading us or if it is the good Holy Ghost. It seems to me that it appears to be the spirit or power of the world that is ruling. But thank God we believe

in an All Ruling God and even if it is dark for us we can sing 'The Lord is with us' and we shall fear nothing.

Mads Kristjan Hvid - Tingstrup by Thisted."

On Tue. 7 May that year of 1889 Christen and Anne went to Manti on another temple excursion and this time Else K. went with them, and of course they took their provisions along and stayed at the campground near the temple. They were in the temple for three days, during which time Else not only assisted the others with the work for some of their departed but had the great joy of being baptized and endowed for her own mother, Mette, and also for Mette's mother, her own Grandmother Else Andersen (Hvid) for whom she herself had been named. Perhaps it was then, in the beautiful Manti temple, realizing again how little knowledge she really had of her own progenitors, the thought first came to her that she should return to Denmark and search out the records of her dead ancestors, as well as those of her living kin, while she yet had her own people in the Old Country. It was a startling idea to say the least. How could it ever be accomplished?

Else had hardly been able to take time off from her numerous duties that 7th to 9th of May to go to the temple. Bringing babies alone was a time-consuming business in itself, considering the fact that she often was called to assume almost full responsibility for both mother and babe until the mother herself was up and around again. That May was a busy month for Else K., according to the entries in her medical journal:-- "Hans C. Hansen datter 4 Mai 1889; Lars Olsen son 12 Mai 1889; Westenskow son 14 Mai 1889; Brigham Jones son 20 Mai 1889; Henry Jensen datter 27 Mai 1889." Indeed she was a very busy midwife and much in demand, as this journal attested, for she listed in it 36 babies brought by her in the year 1888 and another 36 in 1889 - quite a coincident, but also a record of one of the many, many labors in which she was engaged during those busy years. A good practice, however, made it possible for her to begin to save a little of her income for the future,

whatever that future held.

While Else was busy with her medical practice, Laurs took a great deal of the responsibility of the family. They nearly always had a hired girl and especially one, Christine or "Sena" Lund of Manti, who had been born near Else's hometown in Denmark and come across the plains with them in the Abner Lowery Company as a very small child. Else and Emma too were getting big enough to help some, especially with the little girls, Elvena and Ada. But that they missed Else in the home is a certainty, according to the son Albert:-- "Our home was always a place of love and peace. Contention and quarreling were uncommon. While father was a patient, kind and affectionate father, our mother was the life and soul of the home. As a child, when I had been away and returned, if mother was not in the livingroom or kitchen I would wander from room to room and if I could not find her I would leave; the house seemed too lonely and empty without her. Mother's complete confidence in me and the rest of the children was a shield to us against dishonorable things."

Laurs was also away from home at times, herding sheep, working on the railroad, freighting, etc., to bring in a little extra, but mostly he farmed on his forty acres or worked about the place in Gunnison. They had pigs, chickens, geese, a few sheep, cows and horses, with the pens, sheds and coops to house them. They had a good sized patch of alfalfa on their place, a few plum trees and currant bushes, but their pride and joy was a large, well-kept garden which supplied so much of the family's food. Laurs always ploughed and got the ground ready each year and helped plant it and irrigated; but it was Else's garden and she was a fine gardner. She weeded, tended and fussed over the garden and tried to have the first new potatoes, green peas, green onions, and radishes each year, and she usually did.

Most of the people in Gunnison had wells by 1887 and Laurs was determined to have one on his place. His son Albert tells how he got the well, in his memoirs:-- "At first we used water

from the open ditch the same as the neighbors. I well remember when my father arranged to have a well dug a little west of the old house and northwest of the new. He showed Mr. William Wasden where he desired the well to be, but Mr. Wasden wanted to be sure that the place selected was a place where water could be found, so he held in front of him a forked limb, one hand upon each prong and the main stick pointing directly in front of him. He walked over to the place where father had located the site of the well. This was on a rather high area above the old home and the land sloped eastward from here. He said that the stick failed to indicate that there was water to be found there. He walked all over the lot to the north and whenever he got near the north boundary the end of the stick would point, indicating (to him) the presence of water. Father went about his work. Other members of the family, including myself, were interested observers. Finally Brother Wasden approached father to render his decision. He said it would be useless to dig the well at the place indicated by him. After some discussion father said he didn't care where the water was, he wanted the well dug at the place he had suggested in the beginning. Brother Wasden protested, stating that there would be no water there. 'I don't care where the water is' father repeated, 'here is where I want you to dig the well!' That finally settled the matter and Wasden, with apparent forebodings, started to dig the well as directed. It was rather a slow process as it was necessary, after the first few feet, to dig through rock. In the course of weeks, however, Wasden had dug to about thirty feet when to his great amazement, almost consternation, water gushed forth in a veritable stream so that it became impossible to sink the well farther. Wasden cleaned out the well as best he could and then was windlassed out of the hole with his tools. The well soon had some six to eight feet of water in it, ample for all of our domestic uses. That well served the family as long as any of us lived there. As far as I know it may still be there yet." Gunnison water with its strong mineral taste was supposed to be rich in magnesium, said to be most healthful for people.

It was not until about 1910 that most people there had water piped into their houses.

The Christensen's new home in Gunnison was a block west of the Relief Society Hall, which building had been started in 1877. In June the foundation had been laid on the northwest part of the public square. The main hall, 30 by 60 feet, had walls 2 ft. thick and 16 ft. high. This part was finished in time to hold Sabbath meeting in it the first Sunday in December. A two-story 12 by 20 ft. "T" was completed later on the north end of the hall and provided a stage and, on the second floor, a long assembly room which was used for various church meetings as well as school. The sisters gleaned wheat, gathered "Sunday eggs", made quilts and other articles to raise money. They paid \$1,300 on the erection of their hall and another \$1,000 to help build a storage granary and fences. Some material was donated by the brethren. The upper room had seven windows, five facing north and two facing south. Four long rows of benches extended the entire length of the room and in the middle was a large pot-bellied stove and an oversized woodbox.

This place of church meetings was completed by the time the Christensens had moved back to Gunnison in 1880 and was especially convenient for them after they moved to west Gunnison. Besides all Sunday meetings, the Priesthood met Saturday afternoon and night there, the Relief Society held monthly meetings, the Young Ladies Retrenchment Society met twice a month and the Young Mens Mutual met weekly. Prayer meeting was held on Thursday nights and Scandinavian meeting Wednesdays. The adult and juvenile choirs each practiced one night a week and one night was for amusements.

On Friday, 15 Nov. 1889, Laurs and Else Christensen and their three oldest sons, Christian 22, Andrew 20 and Joseph 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ , went to the Manti Temple together for the purpose of being sealed together as parents and children for all eternity. The three had not been born in the covenant as had the others of the Christensen children, so it was necessary that this sacred ordinance be performed

in their behalf. This was done in all solemnity by Manti Temple President Daniel H. Wells. It must have been a soul-filling experience for each of them. For Else herself, who was not yet sealed to her own parents, it may have been a strong reminder of her unfulfilled responsibilities to her kindred dead. In fact each new visit to that beautiful edifice must have given new impetus to her dream about returning to her native land in search of the genealogical records of her people, past and present. Though she had a great responsibility to the living she also must have felt the urgency of her responsibility to her dead growing within her bosom.

That she discussed these things with Laurs and even with their older children, may readily be imagined. She may not have discussed with them, however, her recurring dream that perhaps she herself might be instrumental in bringing her own people the message of the Gospel. This thought she could not banish. As the days and weeks sped, what had begun as little more than a dream began to shape itself into a possibility. As she began to view a trip back to Old Denmark it began to loom as an almost staggering undertaking. But even as Else weighed the situation and prayed for guidance in overcoming the problems, she began making tentative plans to go. The voice of her own destiny was being heard amid the din.

Inquiries were made about the cost of such a journey, for money was a big consideration. Though business for her had been good the past few years and she had saved some, she would still be forced to borrow additional. Passport requirements were investigated. Fortunately she was an American, she and Laurs having secured their Certificates of Citizenship the same day (20 Feb. 1882) in the First Judicial District Court of the United States, Utah Territory, issued at Manti. Else talked to returned Danish missionaries - "yes", they advised her, "Saints going back to the Old Country on visits often traveled there with outgoing Elders." Laurs and the children encouraged her in every way possible - they could take care of things at home they agreed. Having gone this far Else decided

she had better write to Karen and Mads about the possibility of a homecoming - and to Stine and Marie. Would she be welcome among them there in Denmark?

Well before an answer came back definite plans for Else's trip were under way. She had applied to the church authorities in Salt Lake City for permission to travel with any missionaries who might be leaving for the Scandinavian Mission sometime in September 1890, after most of the children would be settled in school. The oldest daughter Elsie had agreed to remain home from school that year and thirteen year old Emma had promised to help, especially with small Elvena. Of course Laurs would be on hand and a woman could be brought in to help, if necessary. The photograph for Else's passport had been taken, and since it had been definitely decided that she should take along their foster daughter Ada, she too was in the picture. There was no other way but to take the little two-and-a-half year invalid with her, for she had made a solemn promise to the dying Sarah Madsen that she would care for her child, and the little girl was far too frail to leave to the chance care of others.

Then a letter came from Else's youngest sister, the twenty-eight year old Marie - still unwed (translated from the Danish):-- "Thisted, 15 July 1890. Dear Sister Else: Thank you very much for your letter and thanks because you are thinking of visiting us. We cannot measure the joy it will bring to us. I have sometimes said, 'I wonder if Else won't come and surprise us?' . . 'No' the others have said, 'that could absolutely not be!' But look now if it hasn't almost happened. We had thought it would almost be too big a surprise and so avoided the disappointment in that way. But now my dear, dear sister, we sometimes imagine the moment when you shall come and then believe me we are filled with joy - but then when you leave again it will be hard. You must tell Kristjan hello for us and say that we think he is magnificent to give you, his wife, the liberty to make such a journey - and may the good Lord bless him for it. And if it so be that it

comes true, then we will make it as pleasant as we can for you and make sure you get safely home again to the far west, for that is where you belong. Yes, may the Lord give you strength and courage so that this fall will bring you good woman here.

"The old ones want to live until you come; namely Niels Vorup and Kristen Larsen of Norhaa. Yes, here is joy all over at the thought of your homecoming. I have so many greetings for you! June 6th I went to Hordum to visit Aunt Maren. She takes care of one of the officials 'Sognefogeden' in the Parish there. While there I also went to 'Old Aunts' and then, since Maren had told me that Mette, who is married to Jens Krog of Spaels, had hurt her thigh, I decided to visit her also. The following day I went through Norhaa and although I hadn't been there since not long after you were here, I still could recognize everything. I went to Kjallerup to see Kristen and Maren Hvid and got these names I am enclosing for you. They said to tell you hello. I then went to Mettes. She is a little better but still in bed. She has four sons and a daughter. One son, Anders, lives in the home for poor people. He is married and has five children, although I think his wife is a little strange. Another son is a bricklayer and lives at Thyholm and one is a grocer in Copenhagen. One son is at home to help Jens Krog. The daughter, Ane Marie, is twenty-eight years old and a nice, good girl and so clean and happy. She went with me to Lavst Lykkes, for I wanted to tell Kristine about you. She said to send you her love. She has been quite broken down with sorrow. They have had four children but about three years ago one boy in his fourteenth year was drowned down in a brook. Then a little girl died and now they have only a boy and a girl. It has struck her hard. Lavst has been sick for sometime with an abdominal infection and she worries about that too, as he has it so often. Her husband is from Svendborg but this year he has bought Uncles whole house so now they are living in Aarup. I visited them on my way home for I wanted to go by train from Snested to Sjoring; for now we have trains in Jutland you know. One runs from Thisted to Struer - the stations are Thisted, Sjoring, Turbol, Snested, Hordum,

Bedsted, Hurup, Ydby, Lyngs, Hvidbjerg and Oddesund du Nord. However the train runs so slow you almost get places as fast when Mikkel Skaarup delivers his meat by horse.

"Yes, you can believe it will be nice when you come and I guess I am the one who can, best of all, close my door and go with you - so you shouldn't be so anxious to get me married off! But believe me little Else, I have had my part of trials and tribulations but these can wait to be told until we can be together in a short while, if it may happen. But I have lived as rich a youth as is granted only a few. I have enjoyed a good life ever since my earliest childhood and I will continue to the end. I pray the Lord every day that he will give me strength and that he will lead me, whether it be through married or single life.

"Tell Kristjan (they called Laurs that) 'Hello', we would like to know him personally. Karen has a good spacious cottage. There is room for much good at a place like that - it is the best place I know. I have spent many happy days there. But you must not think anything else but that sister Stine's and brother Mads' homes are happy and pretty too. It is fortunate that you write on good paper for believe me your letters are getting read diligently. You apologize for your letters without reason, but ours need tolerance. It makes us and many others happy that you remember your native language so well. We are all fine. I do not know if they will all write this time, if so their letters should come today so they can be sent together. You have all come closer to us lately. My address is - Cook Marie Andersen, c/o Bricklayer Hansen, Stationsvejen No. 310, Thisted, Jutland, Denmark."

Else's eyes were wet long before she had finished this letter. All the homesickness of a quarter of a century welled up within her and spilled over. Oh to hear the sound of the sea and taste its salt on her lips again - to greet her sisters and brother Mads once more - to lock arms and walk and talk with them as of yore - to sit together in the quiet of the evening and watch the moon come up out of nowhere! But there was

little time then for reminiscing and less for weeping, so much had to be accomplished in so short a time. She delivered four babies in July and another four in August, including one more son to the oft bereaved Sena and Anthony Madsen, 28 Aug. 1890. In September she delivered another little one, a son, to one Jens Madsen, then she set aside her brown kit for a time in favor of a small trunk and a large valise, well packed for a three months trip to Little Denmark. And then the time had flown, last minute advice was in order all around and goodbyes were being said. Did three-and-a-half year old Elvena cry and cling to her departing mother, finding it difficult to understand why she should be left at home while two-and-a-half year old Ada was being taken along?

Whether Laurs took Else, little Ada and their luggage by wagon to Salt Lake City to join the group of L. D. S. missionaries with whom they were to travel, or whether he dropped them off at the nearest railroad terminal at Indianola, we are uncertain - probably the latter. Nevertheless the two joined the group of thirteen Elders who left Salt Lake City by eastbound train just prior to mid-September 1890, which included the following brethren: Edward H. Andersen of Ogden; Jens N. Hansen, John O. Rosenkrantz and Pehr Cronquist of Logan; Harold F. Lilenquist and Michael Johnson of Hyrum; Peter H. Sorensen, Jens H. Kofoed and Thor C. Nielsen of Brigham City; Pehr N. Pehrson of West Jordan; Andrew Hansen and Andres C. Johnson of Pleasant Grove, all from Utah, and Christian H. Poulsen of Franklin, Idaho. These were more than a third of the total thirty-six missionaries who left Zion to serve in the Scandinavian Mission that entire year of 1890.

It should be remembered that the past few years in Zion had been a period when the great anti-polygamy drive had been gaining momentum among the enemies of the Church, and at its height had taken on more the appearance of an anti-Mormon crusade. Having commenced in earnest in 1884, under cover of the Edmunds law, it had been carried on from then with great hostility and increasing vigor, not only by individuals and

anti-Mormon groups but by Federal officers and courts in Utah and Idaho as well. Arrests and imprisonments in the hundreds each year had continued unabated. The fines collected were enormous. The Utah Penitentiary had been constantly filled with the brethren who were found guilty of infractions of the anti-polygamy laws. Under provisions of the Edmund-Tucker act, the government had taken possession of the Church offices and a wholesale confiscation of Church property threatened. In fact, the question of whether or not the Church could be robbed of its property by the government had even been laid before the supreme tribunal of the country; and also the question of whether its individual members could be robbed of their civil and political rights because of their religious beliefs.

The close of the year 1889 and beginning of 1890, political developments in Salt Lake City became highly demonstrative. The Liberal Party, representing the anti-Mormon population, began carrying on a most vigorous and at times vicious campaign against the Church in general, but more particularly the incumbent Peoples Party, which was supported by the Saints. Truly the political pot was boiling in Utah the beginning of the year 1890. The election was held on 10 February 1890, and we turn to historian Andrew Jenson's Church Chronology to find out how at least the Saints felt about it:-- "The municipal election in Salt Lake City, for which so much planning had been done, resulted in victory to the Liberals who, through the grossest frauds, managed to obtain possession of the City government. . . Sat. 15 Feb. - Ex-Judge Orlando W. Powers was banqueted by the Liberals in Salt Lake City and presented with \$10,000 as a reward for manipulating the Liberal municipal campaign. . . Wed. Feb. 19 - There was a grand Liberal jollification with parade and fireworks held in Salt Lake City." Thus the civil control of Salt Lake City, as was also true of Ogden and a few other Utah communities, passed from the hands of the Peoples Party to those of the Liberal Party, or anti-Mormon element; and even before the tumult and shouting died, nearly all the civil rights left to the Saints were

threatened by anti-Mormon legislation. And so things stood in the "Promised Land" as Else and little Ada joined the company of missionaries who left Salt Lake City, Utah bound for Copenhagen, Denmark.

That the impact of this situation in Zion should have been felt in far-off Scandinavia seems unusual, nevertheless it was, according to Albert L. Zobell Jr., in his "Under the Midnight Sun", from which we quote:-- "The enforcement of the anti-polygamy laws against the membership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had its effect in the Scandinavian countries, especially after the American Ambassadors and Counsels abroad received their instructions not to extend any protection to American citizens who were engaged in missionary work in the interest of the Church. The civil authorities on the island of Bornholm, Denmark, were the first to issue edicts of banishment against the Elders and others followed, including those in the city of Aalborg. Scurrilous articles were published in Copenhagen newspapers and those in Bornholm and other places, slandering the Saints and their doctrines. Lutheran Priests gave illustrated lectures against the Church and anti-Mormon stories could be heard on every hand. Anton H. Lund, then President of the Scandinavian Mission, called on the United States Minister in Denmark and asked him if American citizens could be banished from that country without a trial, as they had been. He received little satisfaction in the answer, "I believe they can; there is some law that gives them arbitrary power to expel foreigners." So even abroad the Saints were not protected; it began to look as if the Elders from Zion would not be permitted to continue their missionary work in Denmark since the government had decided to banish them.

The year 1889 had begun with new mobbings and threatened violence to the Mormon missionaries and their congregations. More of the Elders were "advised" to leave the country, and did. But on the whole the intelligent Danish citizens, and even most of the Danish authorities, knew well that the Danish Saints were a loyal and law-abiding people,

sustaining the government and taking no part in the political agitations of the day. This went a long way in finally convincing the authorities that banishment of the Elders was not in keeping with the general spirit of freedom of which the Danes were intensely proud. And so it stood in Denmark when the group of travelers from Salt Lake City, including Else K. Christensen, reached Copenhagen 28 Sept. 1890.

One of their number, Elder Edward H. Anderson, immediately succeeded Brother Fjeldsted as President of the mission there. Elders Thor C. Nielsen and Andrew Hansen were appointed to labor in the Aalborg Conference. It was to this area of Jutland that Else herself was going. How different this brisk two-and-a-half weeks trip to Denmark must have seemed to her when compared to the five-months-long journey of twenty-four years before, when she had left there and gone west by sailing vessel and ox-drawn wagon train. Though she traveled "3. Klasse" on the east-going ocean liner, her accommodations must have seemed almost "regal" when compared with those afforded by the "Old Kenilworth" of long ago.

We cannot help but be amazed when we think of this courageous, undaunted woman, now nearing her forty-fourth year, going forth with a sickly child on one arm and her bulging handbag on the other, directing the disposition of her other luggage as she transferred from American train, to steamship, to Danish train, canal boat or ferry, as the case demanded, or cared for the food requirements and other personal needs of little Ada and herself as well. Did her mind sometimes find time to dwell on prospective answers she might give to her Danish kinfolk when they asked about Mormon polygamy? She knew well that her relatives would be "up on things". She would have to face the issue as squarely as possible. We wonder how long it was before she learned that four days before her company had landed in Copenhagen, on 24 Sept. 1890, President Wilford Woodruff, under divine inspiration, had issued his famous "manifesto", advising the Saints "to refrain from

contracting any marriage forbidden by the laws of the land", and also that the same had been accepted by the unanimous vote of the Saints in attendance at the semi-annual conference of the church, Oct. 6 that year in Salt Lake City.

How wonderful for her to be in Old Denmark once again. . . Land of red flags with white crosses whipping in the October breeze in every public square and from every sailing craft upon the many waters. . . Land of amber, green sea-washed islands, blue fjords and bays. . . Ancient land of her fathers, even back to the Vikings of Old. . . Land of the beautiful Limfjord which caressed the eastern coast of Thy. . . Land of bells ringing from towers and churches! The only church bell ringing in all of Sanpete Valley, U.S.A., as far as Else K. was aware, was the one now hanging in the belfry of the new Presbyterian Church in Gunnison. She missed bells.

## 2. WITH FLAGS FLYING

Word of her hour of coming had gone ahead to her loved ones there. When she arrived at the railway station in the beautiful city of Thisted, on Jutland, she was met by the husband of her oldest sister Karen, Mikkel Skaarup. Though they had never met he had doubtless been directed to "look for the woman with the child on her arm". He had come in a beautiful carriage with a coal black team of horses and soon they were riding through the countryside of Thy, headed a bit north and some three miles west from Thisted, to the village of Thorsted, where Mikkel and Karen lived with their eight sons and one daughter, ranging in ages from seventeen to three years. The Skaarups owned a nice roomy cottage and a big farm in Thorsted. It was harvest time - soon they would be threshing their grain.

When they entered the village and drove past the white church and out to the Skaarup place, Danish flags were flying from cottages and flagpoles. "What Danish holiday or celebration is this?" asked Else, as she viewed them. "We fly

the flags because our lost sister has returned to us", answered Mikkel, "why shouldn't we celebrate?" And what a festival it must have been when Else was reunited with her three sisters and her brother Mads; for we have been told that they were all gathered there to greet her. Then she needs must meet their families, for they too had all come. Besides Karen's and Mikkel's nine children there were Mads' frail wife Else and their six living children, two boys and four girls of ages one-and-a-half to thirteen-and-a-half, and Stena's husband, Svend Poulsen, and their three daughters and three sons from fifteen years to five months old. It was difficult to straighten out all their names! Marie of course had no one - but she made up for it in most loving greetings. Yes, all had come to see the much-talked-of Aunt Else from America and her small foster daughter Ada. Wonderful children they were too, thought Else, but none any finer than her own six sons and three daughters back in Zion!

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And back in Zion midsummer of that year, the Board of Examiners for Church Schools, with the approval of President Wilford Woodruff, had chosen Gunnison as one of the places to hold three-day examinations for prospective teachers. The exercises had been held July 28-29-30, 1890, in the Relief Society Hall, with Dr. Karl G. Maeser presiding and educators from Randolph, Bear River, Wasatch and Sevier conducting tests on the theory and practice of teaching theology, grammar and composition, orthography, elocution, geography, history, hygiene, arithmetic, bookkeeping, penmanship, drawing and music. This event had been looked upon with great interest inasmuch as it had been the first of the kind ever held in Zion. Joseph Y. Jensen was one of the Sanpete Valley residents to apply and be granted a teachers license at that time.

Seminary teaching commenced that fall in Gunnison and this was held in the upper room of the Relief Society Hall. Joseph Y. Jensen was appointed Principal. The Bible was studied on Mondays and Thursdays, the Book of Mormon on

Tuesdays and Fridays, and Wednesday was testimony day. Of course numbers of other subjects were taught in addition to theology, including Domestic Science for the young women. On Friday nights the Philosophical Society presented lectures, readings, musicals, etc., and these were great affairs.

Albert Christensen was one of the some seventy-five students attending the Seminary classes and activities that fall and recalled some of his experiences in these words:-- "In the fall I started school at the Gunnison Seminary. Joseph Jensen was my Seminary teacher and a splendid one. I greatly enjoyed my work. While I was a little rusty as a student, I soon began to find myself. One day we had as a lesson the learning of the names of all the countries of South America and also the capitols of those countries. It happened that either by neglect or for some other cause I was unprepared. It was a surprise to me to find that the entire class likewise was unprepared. The teacher said, 'If Albert can't get the lesson you may all be excused'. I concluded that if the teacher had such confidence in me I would see to it in the future that I was prepared. . . This was about the first year that I had engaged in social activity such as dancing and other public entertainment. Needless to say it opened up to me a new world. It was a happy year both at home and at school. My mother had gone to Denmark to visit her people but returned sometime during the year. My sisters Elsie and Emma, who helped care for the home, had seemingly grown up during my absence. My father was always handy with home duties and was most agreeable at all times."

Among the many other students to attend the Gunnison Seminary that fall and winter of 1890/91, besides Albert, were his brothers Andrew and Joseph, as well as Christen's and Anne's daughter Caroline and sons Andrew and John T., and Miss Roxie Bartholomew of Fayette. Albert's older brother Andrew, who had been out of school for a number of years, had begun to realize the fallacy of not having an education, as is told by his daughter Edythe:-- "More than once I've heard father

tell of leaving home at age thirteen to work. It was in the employ of one Julius Christensen. It was in the solitude of the mountains, while watching his employer's sheep, that Andrew dreamed his dreams and made his resolves - he would re-enter school! A strapping young man, older and taller than most of his classmates, he came back to face the lower classroom of Gunnison Seminary, where he buckled down to work in earnest."

Albert's sister Elsie tells of her enrolling in the Seminary about mid-term, as follows:-- "At age fourteen (1889) I went to the Snow Academy in Ephraim, which had been founded the year before, on 5 Nov. 1888. My brother Joseph also attended then. This was a preparatory and intermediate school. In the fall of the next year (1890) I kept house for my father and family while mother and a foster child went to Denmark to visit her folks. Her family there in Denmark celebrated the return of 'their lost sister'. After she returned home I started to attend the Seminary in the Gunnison Ward. Joseph Jensen was the teacher. This was in January 1891." So as it was, all of Laurs and Else's nine children were living at home while she herself was visiting in far-off Scandinavia - that is all but the oldest son Christian, who was away with the sheep. Six, and later seven, were in school. Nothing made this couple happier than to see their offspring seeking after their educations.

Else spent the better part of three delightful months visiting the land of her birth and the loved ones of her youth. There were plenty of baby-tenders to watch little Ada and give her freedom to visit all around. True to her word, it was usually her unmarried sister Marie who had closed her door and gone along with her to visit the "old ones" and all their other living kinfolk in Thy. Before Else had left her home in Gunnison she had taken her scissors and hurriedly snipped out eighteen blank pages from her medical journal (those between 35 and 71) These she had placed in her handbag and brought with her, and as she traveled on foot, or by Danish train, carriage or wagon from village to village and cottage to

cottage greeting her relatives, she had questioned them and jotted down names, places and dates of births, and any death dates of parents and children in each particular family, until these pages were filled. Although most greeted her with exuberant affection, none would have ought to do with the doctrines of Mormonism. This was particularly so when she visited her brother-in-law Christen, down near Hurup, which she had faithfully promised both Laurs and Christen Sr. she would do. Though she received scant enough welcome at his home, nevertheless she wrote down the name and other information about his wife, Else Maria, and their two daughters with the rest, and accepted a photograph of the four to take back to his people in America.

She wept at the graves of her parents in the churchyard at Norhaa; gazed once more upon the cottage in Kjallerup, where she was born; but most of all she walked and talked with Mads, Karen, Stine and Marie, or sat with them in the evenings. And while they continued to extend to her the kindest hospitality and most sincere love, they would have no talk about religion. Neither did they know much about their genealogy, except for the tradition that their mother's father's people, the Hvids, were of the nobility -- way back. In the midst of all the jollities, festivals, and genuine happiness of being together with her loved ones and their families, there was a deep well of disappointment in Else's heart as time drew on and she was unable to speak to any of the Gospel. They had heard and believed far too many rumors of Mormons. Would she ever have another chance to teach them the truth? Not likely! Denmark and America were far apart and who among them there knew the length of their years? And then, when the Jutland wind was howling cold and the long snows had begun, there came the inevitable packed bags - the tearful goodbys - a blur of red and white flags flying in the distance, and Else was sailing west again. "Well there goes Denmark - she's a Lovely Land!" But soon she began to look for land the other way; she would keep Christmas in Zion.

Back in Salt Lake City Else found that horse-



Grandmother Else K. and foster  
daughter Ada. Denmark 1890



Her three danish sisters. From  
left to right: Sena, Marie, Karen



Her brother Mads

drawn streetcars had been replaced by electric ones during her absence; also that the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad had reached Ephraim, only some twenty miles from Gunnison. That is perhaps where Laurs drove his wagon to meet her and the weary little Ada on their return trip home that mid-December 1890. The towering, snow-capped mountains deepening into varying shades of purple as the day transcended into night. . . . the sky jewelled with the same stars, which here seemed closer somehow. . . . the sheltering arms of her husband. . . . the welcoming shout of "mother". . . . the fond embraces of her happy children; this was her home, her mountain home!

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The cry of a new-born babe in the night - another - then another - "Lars C. Hansen - son - January 1891. . . Titus Christensen-son-February 1891. . . William Wasen-son-February 1891. . . Lundgren-datter-March 1891." As the new decade called the "Gay nineties" was ushered in, Else K. Christensen picked up her brown kit again and went back to ushering in babies in Gunnison Valley and making entries in her journal. And while she was so busy taking care of the living she found little time to do anything for her dead, even though the words of her blessing must have kept ringing in her ears:--". . . You have come forth here on earth in order to accomplish a great mission, along with your husband, for your father's and mother's lineage, those who are now dead are in prison and wait to be freed by you and your family." Laurs, on the other hand, often went to the Manti Temple to do work for his dead with Christen and Anne, who were ever faithful in this work. On a number of these occasions he did work for Else's deceased male relatives - her father, grandfathers, uncles, and her dead brother Christen.

Else found herself a new cause to work for early that year - helping to straighten out the political inefficiency and mismanagement in the Territory; for, according to church historian Andrew Jenson, "Under the Liberal Party rule, Salt Lake City became a regular rendezvous for foot pads, burglars and thieves; immorality,

wickedness and lawlessness had full sway; taxation was made oppressive and unjust." This condition was also true in Ogden and some of the other more populous areas where anti-Mormons were gaining control. The church authorities became alarmed and issued a call for the membership to take an active part in the political activities in Zion. The church-supported Peoples Party was dissolved and its former members advised to affiliate with one or the other of the national parties, Republican or Democrat. Thus on May 20, 1891 the first Utah Republican Party was organized and later nominated their State ticket and the Utah Democrats followed suit, organizing on June 20 and having their nominating convention July 8, 1891. In the territorial election which followed, August 3rd, the Democrats elected exactly twice as many members to each of the two legislative bodies, the Council and the House, as were elected by the Liberal Party. The Republican vote was light. It was not until 1894 that the Republicans began showing more strength in the valleys and the Liberal Party was dissolved.

Utah had enjoyed small political influence in the country up to this point. Her various representatives to the national assemblies, if Mormons, were seldom seated without long drawn-out trials and tribulations. Many of the Saints in the valleys were continually deprived of their voting privileges, especially those who were polygamists. Though the Territory was Democratic as a whole and Salt Lake County Liberal, the nation itself was under Republican rule in 1891; Benjamin Harrison, Republican, having been elected United States President Nov. 6, 1888. This president seemed largely sympathetic with the cause of the Saints and on a number of occasions commuted the unjust sentences of various Utah citizens or pardoned them entirely. On Sat. 9 May 1891, President Harrison visited Salt Lake City and was received with great enthusiasm by the large crowd which gathered from far and near. He was replaced as president of the nation by a Democrat, Grover Cleveland, but before leaving office the forepart of 1893, Harrison issued a proclamation of amnesty to polygamists for past offenses, but recommended vigorous prosecutions against future infractions of

the Edmunds law. This act opened the door for the restoration of property and civil rights to the much beleaguered Saints.

Else K. Christensen joined the party of Lincoln, the Republican, and became one of its staunchest supporters in Gunnison Valley. It was jokingly said of her that "she could spend all day shearing sheep and then go and give stump speeches for the Republican Party half the night" in her enthusiasm for this cause. It has also been stated that from the time she was first given her voting franchise she never failed to cast her vote in an election to which she was entitled, as long as she lived. She valued this privilege highly. Her Danish sisters didn't begin to enjoy the same right until 1915, during the First World War, although naturalized women in Utah had been granted their franchise on 2 Feb. 1870. It was while Else was living in Gunnison that she was sent as a delegate from that district to the Republican State Convention in Salt Lake City, to assist in the selection of the Republican state ticket. One might rightly have called her "Mrs. Republican of Gunnison Valley!" Laurs too was a Republican as long as he lived and as long as the party was in existence in Utah, and was undoubtedly just as staunch in his conservative convictions as Else, but obviously much less outspoken and demonstrative.

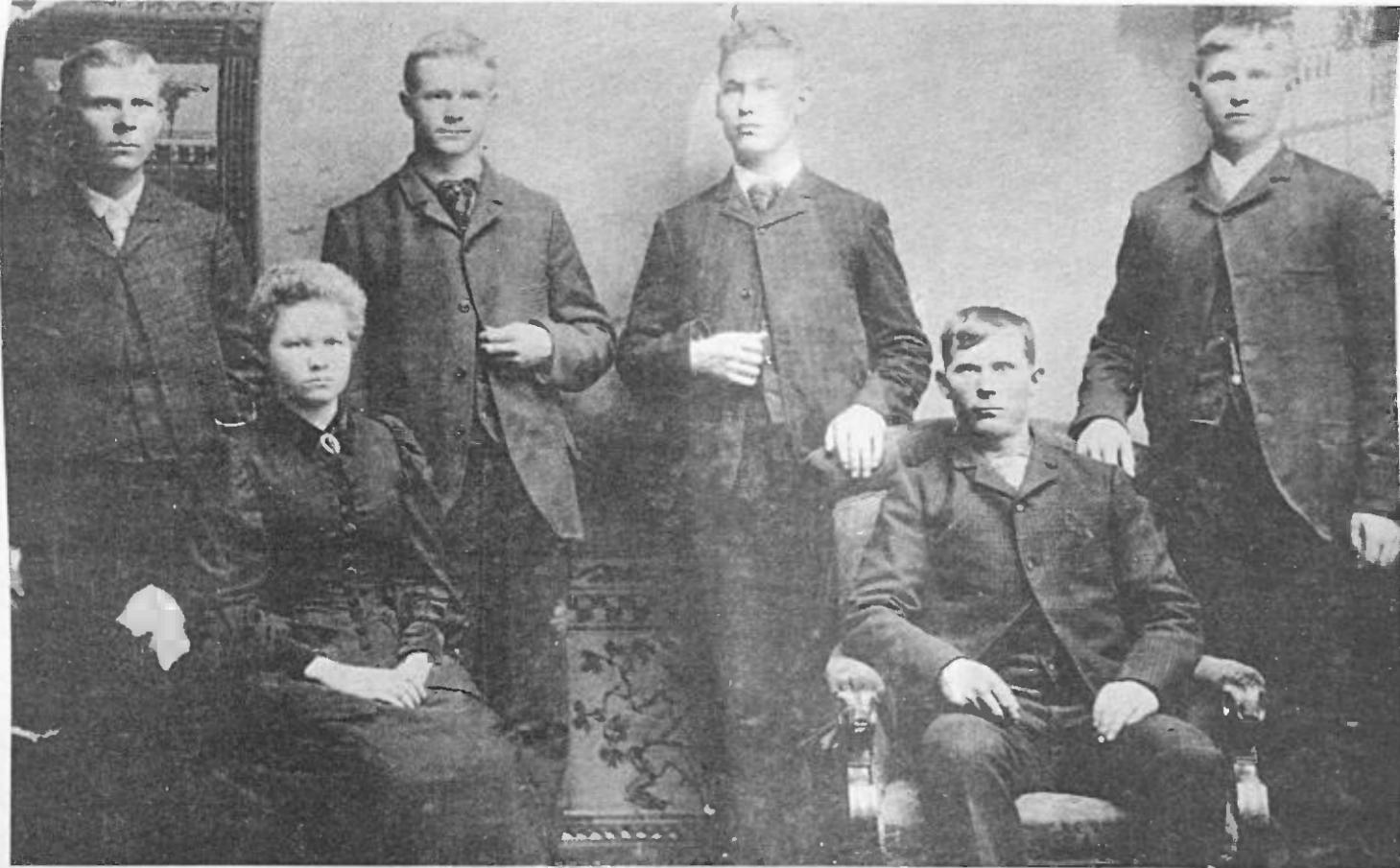
The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad finally came to Gunnison Valley the spring of 1891. The first depot was located in west Christenburg on the main road from Mayfield to Gunnison and about two miles from Gunnison proper. As the "iron horse" first came puffing down the track, people were on hand from miles around to witness the great event. Little children screamed, horses bolted, and men and women wept for joy. A gala celebration followed. By 13 June the train had arrived in Axtell, and by 30 June as far south as Salina. The boom of the railroad building, which had sparked the economy of the area for twenty years, pretty well ceased by the end of that year. A depression began and by 1893 was so severe that wheat, the main medium of exchange, sold for as low as 30¢ per bushel. Laurs had worked at

railroading at one time or another, during that period, and more recently Joseph and Albert had been employed, helping to build the grade between Sterling and Gunnison and saving what they could of their wages in hopes of being able to attend the Brigham Young Academy in Provo, Utah.

This dream became a reality for them and others of the Christensens, as told in the autobiography of the daughter Elsie:-- "In the fall of 1891 I went to Provo with my brothers Andrew, Joseph and Albert, and Viola Sorensen, to attend the Brigham Young Academy. Sister Capson, Vio's grandmother, kept house for us. The school was held in the Z. C. M. I. warehouse, near the railroad station. The roar of the trains and the shrieking of the whistles were not conducive to the best school work but this was the best that could be had at the time." Actually, the Academy building had been destroyed by fire on Sunday 27 Jan. 1884 and the upper floor of the warehouse was being used to house the school while a new building was under construction.

Laurs and Else had loaded up their wagon that fall with bedding, clothing, food supplies and cooking utensils - all the necessities to get their four children and the others settled at housekeeping in a place they had located for them about three-and-a-half blocks from the warehouse in Provo. Then they drove up there by way of Levan and unloaded the supplies at the low adobe dwelling on 4th South and 142 West, the first house east of the millrace where the Christensen youths and their party took up quarters. There were three separate housekeeping units in the House. The Christensens and company had two rooms, which must have been a bit crowded for six adults; Esther Ercanbrack and her group from Goshen had two rooms, and the William Ashworth family of seven had four rooms.

Following the Christmas holidays the Z. C. M. I. warehouse was abandoned by the students, as Elsie relates:-- "January 4, 1892, the teachers and students, with the band playing, marched to the new building of the B. Y. Academy between 5th and 6th North Academy Avenue (now



Chris "I" Christensen visits his brothers, a sister and a cousin at B. Y. A. about 1892.  
Left to right: Louis, Myrup, Elsie, Andrew, Joseph, Chris "I" and Albert.

University Ave.) On that date the veteran educator, Karl G. Maeser, was released as President of the Academy and Benjamin Cluff was installed as his successor." The Christensens continued to live in the House of Many Doors until the end of that school year however. The old Z. C. M. I. warehouse stood until this winter of 1967/68 and has just now been torn down. The House is still standing, although its adobes have long since been plastered over and painted a pale green. The Christensens called this dwelling the "Knudsen Place" since it was owned by Hans and Birgetta Knudsen when they lived there.

In the spring the wagon came again from Gunnison to take the Christensens and their things back home, and the next fall it brought them back to school again. Roxie Bartholomew and her younger sister Sarah came up from Fayette to attend B. Y. A. and Maren and Lars Myrup's oldest son, Lewis, came up with the Christensens. Though boarding houses changed each year, the method of transportation did not. For the next several years the Christensen wagon went back and forth each spring and fall, often camping on the way, moving the students of the family and their things to and from school at B. Y. A. and more often than not the mother Else would be driving. We have been told that friends in Levan used to watch for that wagon each fall and when sighted would say, "There go the Christensens - the B. Y. A. can now open its doors!" Additional supplies were sent up from home when needed. Some autumns Else came up and stayed in Provo for several weeks in order to get the young people settled. This was true the beginning of school in 1894, when the daughter Emma joined the others at B. Y. A.

This educational opportunity would not have been made possible without the sacrifices and efforts of Laurs and Else, nor would it have been possible without the unselfish assistance of the older son and brother Chris. This should never be forgotten! Though Christian never had the opportunity for much formal education, he was unstinting in the monetary assistance and

encouragement he gave to his brothers and sisters in an effort to further their educations. In a history of Christian, written by his daughter Pearl, mention is made of this:-- "Christian, being the oldest, had little chance for an education in school. His mother, having had a good education, taught him so that when he entered school he was ready for the upper grades. He studied very hard when he had the opportunity, and had an excellent memory. Christian worked and saved enough money to help his three brothers and two sisters through school at Provo. I have been told that he saved two hundred twenty-dollar gold pieces to assist in their educations. He visited them at Provo once and paid for having all their pictures taken. When it was time for their graduations he paid for graduation pictures, bought new graduation outfits and attended the exercises. When they all returned home to Gunnison a big dinner was served by their mother in honor of the occasion." Yes, it was largely through the encouragement of their father and their older brother Christian, but perhaps more especially of their mother Else, that six of the nine living Christensen children (all who would take advantage of it) had some college training. Four of them qualified for graduation at B. Y. A. (later B. Y. U.); five became professional teachers, two later graduated from an eastern university, and one studied abroad. In Gunnison Valley they gained the reputation of being a very well educated family - and much of it was "done on a shoe string", so to speak.

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It was inevitable that the Christensen youths should marry and leave the nest. Of course their parents were concerned that they select worthy marriage companions. Likely Else counseled each of her sons and daughters, at one time or another, as her mother had counseled her, --"When you choose your life's mate it is the whole future of your own blood that you are choosing!" Albert related an interesting conversation he had with his mother on this subject:-- "I had never permitted myself to think about getting married, as I was primarily interested in obtaining my legal education.

It was well known to my parents that I had the ambition to become a lawyer. I had occasionally taken out a certain young lady and, as far as I knew, she was suitable in all respects. I presumed my mother knew that I was going out with her. It came to my attention that, in talking to one of the neighbors, mother had incidentally remarked that she hoped that I would not marry this particular person. Shortly thereafter I approached mother and told her that I had something very special that I wished to talk to her about. I asked her to come into her bedroom, and accordingly she accompanied me into the bedroom and I closed the door. A chair was placed for her, and taking a seat directly in front of her I said, 'Mother, I am thinking about getting married'. She seemed stunned - too surprised to speak; and then I added, 'I would like for you to find me a suitable wife'. She threw up her hands and exclaimed, 'That's your business - I'll have nothing to do with it!' I said, 'Well, if that is the way you feel, I will assume the responsibility but I wanted to have it clearly understood between us!!!'. And that ended that and the young lawyer-in-embryo had won his first case.

Joseph was the first to marry. He went to the Manti Temple Wed. 6 Sept. 1893 and Laurs and Else went with him. They must have been delighted with the girl he chose - Roxie, the eldest daughter of Bishop Bartholomew of Fayette. The Bartholomew family had been among the first to settle in Fayette and was considered outstanding in many ways - but particularly in overcoming the wilderness and in devoted service to the Lord. Indeed, Roxie came from fine stock. Her father, John Bartholomew, was Presiding Elder and then Bishop of Fayette for forty-seven years in all. In their new rock house in Fayette he and his capable wife, Eliza Roxie Metcalf, had entertained many of the General Authorities over the years, including church president, Wilford Woodruff, who was a favorite visitor in their home. Two more of the Christensens married into this family, Andrew marrying Roxie's younger sister Sarah, also in the Manti Temple, Wed. 1 July 1896, and Elsie marrying their brother Alma in the same

temple, Wed. 26 June 1901. As their children came along there were many "double cousins" among the Christensen and Bartholomew descendants. It has been said that Sister Christensen and Sister Bartholomew got their heads together and tried to make a fourth match between their two families but Elvena Christensen and Henry Bartholomew didn't see things their way.

The oldest son Christian was the second of Laurs' and Else's children to marry and it was to his childhood sweetheart, Caroline Larsen, that he was wed. It had always been felt that Chris would marry the daughter of their old Christenburg friends and neighbors, Ole H. and Inger Larsen. They chose to marry at Gunnison during the Christmas holidays, Dec. 29 that winter of 1893. Her parents gave the couple a fine wedding party that Friday at 4 o'clock in their nice winter home in Gunnison, and we can be sure the Christensens were all invited. "The lovely bride wore a beautiful dress of robin-egg blue satin with orange blossoms in her long, blond hair." The newlyweds rented their first home but began building their own house right away. This was less than a block east and across the road south from the home into which Chris had moved with his parents as a small boy, when the Christensens had first come to Gunnison twenty-three years before; for he was now twenty-six while Caroline was twenty-two-and-a-half. In two years the white rock house was finished and the two moved in, along with their year old daughter Pearl.

As each of the Christensen children were married they could at least expect one of Else's homemade quilts and a pair of her down-filled pillows. Else always kept geese and with the coming of each spring the ritual of plucking their down came too. Though not as hard as shearing sheep, nevertheless this job took a lot of pluck, with the frightened geese honking and almost screaming in pain - though 'tis said it didn't hurt them overly much. Winters found Else stuffing pillows or carding the wool she had sheared from their few sheep in spring and making it into batts to line the quilt tops she had pieced from scraps.

Then she would get out her quilting frames; she nearly always had a quilt set up winter, spring and summer. Though she seemed to prefer community and church work to sewing and cooking, she did plenty of these and did them well. And oh the hundreds of pairs of black wool stockings she knit!

Christen's and Anne's children were also growing up and getting married. Their oldest and only daughter, Caroline, was wed that same year, Friday, 3rd Nov. 1893, in Gunnison. Later she went to the Manti Temple and was sealed to her husband, John Jensen of Axtell. John was the son of Josiah Sr. and Marie Madsen Jensen, some of the first settlers of Axtell. John and Caroline settled in Axtell where he had a nice farm and here all their children were born. The first, a girl they named Annie Lillian, born 17 Feb. 1895, later to become Mrs. Sidney Martin Peterson, who has helped so much with this history. She and her brother Alonzo Jensen, born 28 Dec. 1897, are still living. But Caroline had misfortune with her children after that and lost first a girl and then four boys, one after the other, the first four being stillborn and the last only living long enough to draw a breath. All five of these were of course unnamed.

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The year 1893 was not only an important one for the Christensens but for the LDS Church as well. At April Conference that year the glorious Salt Lake Temple, which had been under construction for forty years, was dedicated. But the temple had been thought of even before that when on July 28, 1847, four days after the Pioneers first entered Salt Lake Valley (and when Lauritz Mathias Christian Christensen was six days old we might add) President Brigham Young was walking over the barren ground of Salt Lake City with some of his associates, the site had been selected. Wilford Woodruff became President of the Church and as such had the privilege of offering the dedicatory prayer in behalf of the Salt Lake Temple, 6 Apr. 1893. The dedicatory services were repeated almost daily until 24 April, thirty-one meetings in all being held in honor of this great

event. These were attended by a total of nearly 75,000 people. Were any of our Christensens among them? Very likely. But it seems the Christensen sons and daughters favored the Manti Temple in which to be married for eternity; for, whether by choice or convenience, eight of the nine eventually entered its portals for this sacred ordinance. Only the oldest, Christian, and his wife Caroline had their eternal marriage performed in the great Salt Lake Temple - but that is another story.

This was an important year for Gunnison also for near its close, under the power of the Sanpete County Court at Manti, Gunnison finally became a town (late 1893). Efforts to incorporate had been made in 1878 and again in 1881, but these attempts had not materialized and Gunnison had remained a precinct for thirty-four years. The first town council met in January 1894 and Anthony Madsen was selected as town president. Plans were made to build a new city hall and a school house, ordinances were set up and other town officials appointed. It must have been at this time that Else K. Christensen was chosen as Gunnison town doctor, for although no recorded statement to this effect has yet been found among early Gunnison records, which are at best very incomplete, it has long been known that she served as such when the town was first incorporated. Since her brother-in-law, Anthony Madsen, was then serving as town president it seems logical to conclude that he had some influence in securing Else's appointment at this time. And who else in the Valley was more qualified? How long she served or just what her duties were as such, we have no way of knowing.

Else had discontinued her public practice as midwife the forepart of 1893. The last entries that appear in her medical journal in this regard are the following:-- "Nordfelt - datter - 13 Jan. 1893; Henry Jensen (Mayfield) son 19 Jan. 1893; Chris M. Jensen (Mayfield) son - 22 Jan. 1893; Chris Gravenstien - son - 24 Jan. 1893." In some histories that have been compiled about Else K. Christensen the statement has been made that she

delivered some 2,000 babies in Gunnison Valley during her public service there as midwife. This is highly erroneous. It is questionable if there were half that many babies born in all, in this sparsely settled valley, during the thirteen-and-a-half years Else was carrying on her practice. Sometimes numbers have a habit of growing, as babies do. Actually, in her journal Else lists a total of three hundred and twenty-one babies that she delivered from June 1879 to Jan. 1893. We know she delivered others later, including a number of her very own grandchildren, but these are not recorded in her journal.

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The last of the nineteenth century was drawing to its close. Headlines marked the on-moving years - the months - the days:-- "Sat. Jan 4, 1896, President Grover Cleveland signs the proclamation admitting Utah to the Sisterhood of States. . . A new star, the 45th, is placed in the flag of the United States. . . Great crowds gather in Salt Lake City, and elsewhere in Utah, in jubilant celebrations; Tue. Nov. 3, 1896, William McKinley, Republican from Ohio, is elected President of the United States in a hard fought election. . . Mar. 4, 1897, Inauguration of Pres. Wm. McKinley celebrated by Republicans in Utah with great fervor; July 24, 1897, Utah celebrates the 50th anniversary of her founding. . . All living original pioneers invited to attend and be honored at huge festivities in Salt Lake City. . . New State flag seen flying amidst those of the red, white and blue in the largest parade ever seen in western America. . . Great display of fireworks on Utah's Capitol Hill; Sun. 29 Aug. 1897, Gunnison Ward divided and Centerfield Ward organized by Apostle Anthon H. Lund. . . Andrew Christian Fjeldsted made first Bishop; Jan. 1898, A remarkably cold wave is prevailing throughout Utah. . . Coldest weather ever known in St. George is being experienced; Feb. 15, 1898, U. S. Battleship Maine blown up in Havana harbor, Cuba, 260 officers and crewmen killed. . . Spaniards blamed. . . America declares war on Spain. . . Eighteen men from Gunnison answer first call for volunteers; Fri. Sept. 2, 1898,

ninety-year-old President Wilford Woodruff dies at house of Col. Isaac Trumbo in San Francisco, Cal., after an illness of only a few hours. . . .  
Thur. Sept. 8, funeral services over the remains of Pres. Wilford Woodruff held in Salt Lake City, all twelve Apostles being present. . . Sun. Oct. 9, Apostle Lorenzo Snow sustained as President of LDS Church at General Conference. . . Mon. Nov. 20, 1899, Smallpox is reported to have broken out in Sanpete County and is spreading to other parts of the State. . . ."

Though a specific century may create but a ripple in the main tide of world affairs or leave small mark on the subsequent course of its history, yet it is highly important to those whose spans of life are cast in that period. We cannot disassociate people from their environments and their heritage, be it physical, political, economic, social or spiritual. The tapestry of man's character is woven of many fibers - his home, his parents, family and friends, his associates, his own personality, his religion, the land in which he lives and what goes on in that land. The quality and depths of such influences make up a good part of the fiber which runs deeply and broadly through the cloth of his character and usually determines his individual integrity or turpitude, be that as it may. The stronger and richer the fibers the more durable and beautiful the tapestry.

### 3. AND SHOULD THEY DIE

In Gunnison little Ada grew paler and weaker, but still she smiled from her sick bed as the Christenses made every effort to ease her pain and try to make her happy. She had lived much longer than had been expected, under the strain of an inefficient heart, during which time she had endeared herself to the entire family with her sweetness and patience. At the turn of the new year, 3 Jan. 1897, the child passed quietly away. She lacked a little less than two months of being nine years old. She was survived by her real father and stepmother, two own sisters and one brother, as well as her foster parents, Laurs and

Else Christensen, and nine foster brothers and sisters, who mourned her passing in very truth, for she had left a vacant place among them and a sweet memory that could never be replaced.

Indeed this gentle little soul had done her best to shed happiness within the home where she had been so lovingly welcomed.

Little Ada was buried on the Madsen plot in the Gunnison Cemetery beside her own mother Sarah and baby sister Almira, and near the grave of a little half sister, Ethelind Florence Madsen, who had died soon after birth six years before.

Ada's tombstone bore this inscription:-- "In loving memory of Ada Lorena, daughter of Victor A. and Sarah Madsen - Born Mar. 14, 1888 - Died Jan. 3, 1897 - In sore distress your life has past - You loved us all while life did last - Reared by Laurs M. C. and Else K. Christensen."

It is thought that both Laurs and Else were among those who attended the wonderful celebration that marked the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the first pioneers to Great Salt Lake Valley, 24 July 1847. The year 1897 was an extra special Jubilee Year in Utah. In January plans had been made by the State Legislature to "conduct a celebration that would attract national attention." Gunnison Valley residents joined the crowds, the largest ever seen on Salt Lake City streets, to witness the spectacular events of the five day semi-Centennial celebration - the dedication of the Pioneer Monument surmounted by the bronze statue of Brigham Young - a reception for all surviving pioneers - daily parades and speeches - a carnival and fireworks. On Sunday, 24 July, a memorial was held in the Tabernacle to honor all deceased pioneers. Laurs and Else wore their official "Pioneer Badges" to many Pioneer Day celebrations. These were among their cherished treasures.

But most cherished of all their treasures were of course their children. It is wonderful to have parents who uplift and encourage their children to pursue challenging goals and who support them when they meet the inevitable frustrations and reverses of life. Not all were as fortunate

as the sons and daughters of Laurs and Else Christensen in this regard. We know of one little girl who was born in far-off Sweden. When she was about three years old her father took his own life and her young mother was forced to return to the shelter of her father's home, taking her little girl with her. A few months later another little girl was born to this unfortunate young mother. The embittered father, though a widower in failing health and needing his daughter's care, seemed to begrudge her little children even the crusts of bread that went into their mouths, making things most miserable for them all.

It seemed an answer to this unhappy mother's prayers when she received a small sum of money, coming to her children from their father's mother's estate, their grandmother who had emigrated to Zion and died there. With a prayer for wisdom in her heart, the young mother had taken the precious money and paid the fare for her oldest daughter, then six years old, to go to Zion to the home of some of her father's other relatives there, in fact, his half-brother who lived in Salt Lake City. The little girl was sent in the care of some returning Mormon missionaries in the fall of 1895. The mother had planned that somehow she and her other little girl would join this older daughter in Zion in the near future - but this she was never able to manage. The small Swedish emigrant's half uncle in Salt Lake City was a polygamist, with two wives and two separate families. Times were hard for them and money for the necessities of life was scarce and with many mouths to feed little Anna Theresia Carlson was not too welcome among them - neither did she speak the language. After a time she was shifted about among various families here and there - Salt Lake City - Schofield - Gunnison - Centerfield - finally winding up, when eight years old, in this latter place in the home of an elderly couple whom she never learned to know well or feel at home with and who were in no way related to her, as far as she knew. But they sent her to school in Centerfield for the very first time, with her lunch wrapped up in paper - a sandwich of dry bread spread with bacon grease. She was always hungry. So after a few days of school here she ran

away, or rather wandered away and became lost - and nobody came to find her. A mid-September dusk in 1897 found Theresia in northwest Gunnison, hungry, cold and forlorn. She fell asleep that night on the steps of the Relief Society Hall. The shouts of happy children gathering on the nearby school grounds next morning awakened her. Lonely and disheveled she sauntered over to join them, but the school bell sounded and they rushed into the schoolhouse and she was left alone again, having no desire to follow them in. Nobody seemed to mind her and she hung around the school until morning recess brought the children out again. She joined a small group of girls, seemingly about her own age of nearly nine. She was a stranger to them and questions flew fast: "Where do you live?" She said she didn't know - which was probably true. "Where are your father and mother?" She had no father and her mother was far away. "Don't you have a home?" No, she had no home - no place to go. Among the group was a tender hearted little girl whose last name was Fredrickson. She lived just kitty-cornered northwest from the Relief Society Hall nearby. She took Theresia home with her and told her mother that her new-found friend had no place to go. "Can't she live with us mother?" Sister Fredrickson, overburdened with a large family, answered, "We'll see" and her daughter scampered back to school, leaving the strange little Swedish girl in the hands of her mother.

Sister Fredrickson looked the child over, she was a beautiful girl but so neglected looking. After trying to make her feel at home and listening to her tearful little story, told in halting, broken English, she considered the situation while Theresia ate hungrily of the food she had given her. Then the kind Sister said, "I know just the place for you my dear. Some people down the block have recently buried a little girl about your age. Come along with me!" And so they went west to the end of the block, Sister Fredrickson and Anna Theresia Carlson, whom henceforth we shall call "Tresia"; but let her tell part of her own story. "I was shifted about from one family to another until I didn't have a place to live. A lady knew

someone who had just lost a little girl named Ada, so we went to see her. Sister Christensen called her husband in from outside and they talked things over and then said one more mouth wouldn't make any difference with them; so I was taken in. It reads like a book. They were so wonderful to me! There are no words written or spoken that are good enough to describe them. They treated me as their own. If Vena got new shoes - I got new shoes; if Vena got a new dress - I got a new dress. The rest of the family were grand to me too."

So once more the Gospel of the Master came into action in the home of Laurs and Else Christensen of Gunnison, for had it not been said, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only. . . dry up the tears. . . comfort the sorrowing. . . ease the pain of the sick. . . share with the hungry and needy. . ." And little Ada's empty bed was filled again and Elvena had a playmate and companion in the home, younger than she by nearly two years, to be sure, yet in the matters of the world, much older and wiser. They went to school together and Tresia took the surname of Christensen as long as she lived with them and attended school there in Gunnison, which was for some six or seven years after that. Today Tresia lives in Maricopa, California and is in her eightieth year, the only one of those living today who once mingled intimately within the confines of this Christensen home. And how well she remembers those days when first she came to dwell there. Vena was the only one of the family attending school then in Gunnison, except herself as mentioned. Christian was of course married and mostly away with the sheep; Andrew too was married and teaching in Kanab; Joseph, also married, was teaching in Centerfield but living in Gunnison; Albert was beginning his first year of law school back in Ann Arbor, Michigan; Elsie was also teaching in Centerfield and driving back and forth; Emma was teaching in Spring City, and seventeen year old Louis and fifteen year old Arthur were with the sheep on and off, helping Chris with the various herds, although Papa and Mama, as Tresia always called Laurs and Else, would have much preferred having them in school. And what teases those two younger boys were!

Death struck often in those early days in Gunnison Valley and the Christensens and their loved ones could not always escape the hand of the Grim Reaper. Laurs' youngest sister, Sena, or Nielsene Christiana as she had been christened, had had some misfortune with her children, having lost four out of nine sons sent her over a period of twelve years, three of them one after the other. She had been wed to Anthony Madsen 18 Oct. 1883 some three months after the death of her sister Maren Myrup, when she was twenty-one and Anthony, who also came from Kobberod, Jutland where she was born, was twenty-three. Sena's tenth son was born 21 July 1898 but died the same day before he could be given a name. Sena herself, youngest child of Christen and the gentle Karen, followed this last of her little ones in death the next day, 22 July 1898, which was the fifty-first birthday of her brother Laurs. She was thirty-six. Mother and babe were buried in the same casket in the Gunnison cemetery. Anthony Madsen married again in less than five months, for he was sorely in need of a woman's help with the five surviving sons, the oldest nearing fourteen. He was wed to a Danish girl, Nielsena Necolena Dorthy Nielsen, or "Lena". The ceremony took place in the Manti Temple 14 Dec. 1898. On this same occasion the necessary work was done for the departed Sena and she and Anthony, with all their sons both living and dead, were sealed together as a family for eternity - and Lena stood for Sena. Lena herself gave Anthony two sons and two daughters but only one of each kind lived to present him with grandchildren.

There are times of exaggerated sadness accompanying death. Who can say whose passing is most mourned, that of a much loved child, a young so-much-needed mother, or one of the "Old Ones" who goes to the grave trailing his accumulated years of struggle, courage and overcoming behind him? Christen Christensen passed away Tue. 21 Nov. 1899 in his eighty-third year, going down like a fine hewn log, an honest man well seasoned with experience and great faith. He wasn't sick very long; pneumonia took him. He seemed to know he was going and 'tis said that in

his last hour he insisted on Anne straightening and smoothing down his clothing all around him, wishing to be as immaculate in death as he had always tried to be in life. If, as some Danes believed, there was a gathering of all one's dead ancestors over the earth at an Old One's passing, then there must have been a great unseen host of both relatives and friends waiting to greet Christen Christensen from Thy, when he died. He had done so much for the living over the years, and he had done so much for the dead, laboring consistently in the temple not only for his relatives but for great numbers of his deceased friends as well.

This was an honorable man and his word had been as good as his bond. Not only had he served and loved man, both the living and the dead, but he had loved animals too, especially fine horses. He had reared many thoroughbreds in his day and was always kind to the dumb beasts. We have been told that he was very particular about housing and feeding his animals, never going to bed at nights until he was sure they were all right and had plenty to eat. Their stables and mangers were cleaned every day. He studied about animals and numbers of people brought their ailing livestock to him to be treated. We like to think of Christen Christensen as somewhat of a thoroughbred himself; for, though homespun, he was a fine and noble gentleman in every way - and from the ancient Danish Vikings in a straight line. But there was little fanfare when they laid him away in Gunnison - no bell tolled for him. Red flags of warning were on many gateposts there for the whole town was under quarantine for smallpox. No inside congregating was allowed so the funeral itself was held outside in front of the home in the bleak day-dark of Sat. Nov. 25, 1899.

Christen was survived by Anne and five of her six children, three of Karen's children including the eldest son Christen in Denmark, numerous grandchildren and several great-grandchildren. One of his grandchildren, Andrew, son of Laurs and Else, was then attending school in Ann Arbor, Michigan. One night he saw his grandfather Christensen, dressed as for travel and with a valise in



Christen



Anne



The home in East Gunnison where they spent their later years, and where Christen died

his hand, come walking through the door and up to the bed where he was sleeping. The surprised Andrew asked, "Where are you going?" His grandfather Christen replied, "I am going to Denmark to hunt my genealogy", and then he disappeared. A few days later Andrew was informed of the death of his grandfather, 21 Nov. 1899, the same night the old gentleman had visited him in a dream or vision.

For some years Anne continued to live in the old home, together with her son Joseph who never married. She was a humble woman of great faith and always thanked her Heavenly Father every day, even for the small things of life such as a good bed to sleep in. She had been very good to Christen and Christen had been kind to her. They had spent some thirty-three years together, sharing the hardships and sorrows as well as the joys of life, among the latter of which could be counted their labors together in the beautiful Manti Temple. Christen had been able to raise money to bring Anne's sister, Mary Jensen, over from Denmark and get her established in Zion, which was also a great joy to Anne. During her later years she sold the old home and she and Joseph moved closer into town. It was to this new location that Anne's daughter, Caroline C. Jensen, came often from Axtell to care for her mother in her last days, for she suffered greatly at the end and passed away 3 Apr. 1914 of what was thought to be cancer. A monument of some consequence, as Gunnison tombstones go, marks the place where Christen Christensen is buried, along with his wife Anne and two of their sons, in the Gunnison cemetery.

As the grandsons of Christen Christensen grew to manhood in Gunnison, there began to be some confusion among those who carried the Christensen surname and also bore the same given names as other Christensens in that small community. Laurs and Else had a Christian, Andrew and Joseph; Christen and Anne had a Christen, Andrew and Joseph, and there were other Christensen families there at the same time in a similar fix. These same-named individuals were always getting their identities

and mail mixed up, to say the least. Finally the sons of Laurs and Else decided to do something about it and most of them assumed middle initials and changed the spelling of their surname from Christensen to Christenson; to the latter of which generations of their Christensen progenitors must have looked askance. But no matter, from this, Christian "I", Andrew "B", Joseph "C", Albert "H" and Louis "D" Christenson emerged. Not to be wholly outdone, some of their half-uncles also adopted middle initials but left their surname spelling intact. Thus there were now Christen "K", or Chris Krat as he came to be called, Andrew "E" and Joseph "Y" Christensen. These name changes were never legalized except through long usage and some of the Christensons eventually went back to the original Danish spelling of Christensen. The spelling of this surname has since been used interchangeably among the various descendants of their common progenitor, Christen Christensen from Thy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Albert H. Christenson, now a full fledged young lawyer, married Ellen Virginia Snow, whom he called "Jennie", in the Manti Temple Wed. 26 Sept. 1900. She was the granddaughter of Col. Warren Stone Snow of Black Hawk War fame. Tresia remembers that Laurs and Else drove up to Manti in a two-seated rig to attend the wedding reception that night at the Snow home, taking Elvena and herself with them. Both of the girls had new shoes for the occasion. As was the custom in those days, a fine wedding supper was held at the home. Tresia especially remembers the small glasses of Dixie wine that stood at every place on the long table. At the end of the meal, when the adults had left the table and moved to the parlor, she and some of the other children, including Elvena and Jennie's young twin brothers Joe and Ed, who had been given no wine, proceeded to drink up the wine that was untouched. Tresia must have gotten more than her share for the last she remembers she was being lugged upstairs by the bride's stepmother, Aunt Lydia, and put to bed for the remainder of the evening. These were the

remembrances of an eleven year old. But those of the twenty-two year old bride were quite different, as Jennie Christensen recalled it thus:-- "How my mind will travel back to our wedding night. We, Albert and I, had sewn autumn leaves on the curtains in the afternoon for decorations. That night it was chilly and raining hard, but I hardly noticed it, so bright did it seem inside. We had fires in the grates. We came downstairs, A. and I, and went into the parlor which was filled with guests. What an array of flowers was about the rooms. I remember I was so proud of him!"

Louis D. was married to Sarah Florence Mellor of Fayette, 6 Mar. 1901, in the Manti Temple. Her people had also been among the first settlers in Fayette. But her mother was dead and her father, a polygamist, lived with his other family, while Florence pretty much had to look after her younger brothers and sisters as best she could. Tresia remembers that Florence and her sister made her wedding dress out of white "china silk" which she saved and later used the material to make a christening robe for her first child and daughter LaFaun. The Christensens gave the couple a wedding celebration and dinner at their home in Gunnison. Not long afterwards Louis left on a mission for the Church to the Western States Mission in Colorado (June 1901) but he was not there very long before he was called back home because of the desperate illness of his bride.

Elsie was married soon after Louis left for his mission. This is as she recorded the event in her own history:-- "On 26 June 1901 I was married to Alma C. Bartholomew of Fayette, Sanpete Co., Utah, in the Manti Temple by John D. T. McAllister, then temple president. After the ceremony, since we had been invited by my brother Albert and his wife to come to their home for dinner after we were through, we went down to their house on Second West, but found no one home. However, the door was unlocked and a large bowl of lovely fresh fruit centered the table, to which we helped ourselves. My parents gave us a very elaborate wedding reception in their home that same evening.

There were one hundred invited guests, including four Bishops." Elsie was twenty-six years old at the time and Alma was not yet twenty-three, for there were three and a half years difference in their ages.

At the beginning of this new century there were prosperous times in the United States. President William McKinley had successfully steered the Ship of State through the turbulent waters of the Spanish American War which had been largely brought about by Spain's shameful treatment of her colony, Cuba. So many Cubans died a terrible death from starvation. Uncle Sam stepped in and told the Spaniards that they could not continue their heartless oppression of these people and sent the battleship Maine into Cuban waters to back up the statement if necessary. The Spaniards more or less thumbed their noses at the U. S. A. by blowing up the Maine. McKinley declared the Cubans to be free and independent and went to war to enforce it. Spain had part of the Philippines in her possession too, and the Filipinos were also fighting for their independence at this time. The U. S. A. sent a fleet into Manila Bay to assist in the protection of the rights of the struggling people of the Philippines and in the fight which followed, destroyed the Spanish Armada there. In a few months the Spanish American War was over, and under the terms of peace Cuba was given her freedom and Spain sold the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico and another of their small islands to the United States for \$20,000,000. During the war Hawaii requested protection and was also annexed to the United States.

The successful outcome of the war and the prosperity of the country resulted in President William McKinley being elected to another term of office at the general election held Tue. 6 Nov. 1900. The Republican ticket in Utah also won by a large majority. Less than a year after the beginning of his second term of office, or on Fri. 6 Sept. 1901, the President was attending the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York. A man by the name of Leon F. Czolgass joined a receiving line where McKinley was shaking hands with people.

Raising his apparently injured right hand, wrapped in a large white handkerchief, as if to shake the hand of the President, Czolgass fired two bullets into him with the concealed gun he held and, as William McKinley fell, said with satisfaction: "I done my duty." As soldiers and spectators rushed to the assassin, the mortally wounded McKinley cried out, "Be easy with him boys." When questioned, the anarchist stubbornly maintained that he was convinced it was a good thing for the country to have killed the president. Czolgass was electrocuted.

All of the nine children of Laurs and Else were of course living at the time of President William McKinleys assassination. Eight of their grandchildren were alive at the time of McKinley's death - Chris and Caroline had daughters Pearl and Elora and sons Elmer and LeRoy; Andrew and Sarah had a son Adelbert and a daughter Edith (later Edythe); Joseph and Roxie had a son Harold, but had lost three little babies straight in a row after that; while strange as it may seem, Albert and Jennie had their first child, a daughter Virginia, on the very day President McKinley was shot. All of the nine Christensen sons and daughters were eventually given away in marriage. And though this giving may have seemed a sacrifice to Laurs and Else at the time, it proved to be a blessing like "bread cast upon the waters", returning to them after many days numerous grandchildren to honor and cherish their names.

#### SONS

"To press my lips upon a fair cheek, or a brown  
Of my young sons - so long I have stooped down.  
But suddenly to my surprise  
I find that I must lift my eyes to meet their eyes;  
That I must stand on toe tips  
And reach up to kiss their lips.  
These tall young sons - straight as any pine -  
Can they be mine?  
Soon I must share them, soon I know  
That they must go.  
But Oh, I am so glad that I had  
Small sons to stoop to, tall sons to reach to

Clean sons to give  
That others might live."

--Grace Noel Corwell

Pearl remembers when Joseph and Roxie moved into their new home in Gunnison. They had a big house-warming and the place looked beautiful for the occasion, especially inside. The parlor walls were blue and rope had been gilded and tacked around near the ceiling to form a border, the color scheme being blue and gold. Joseph was then in the bishopric in Gunnison Ward and also teaching school there. Roxie was expecting her fifth baby and hungry for one, since Harold was almost eight.

October came, and Joseph went to Salt Lake City to attend General Conference and also to be present at U. E. A. which was to be held afterwards. He left his mother in charge of Roxie who was looking for the new baby any day. Else had delivered several of her grandchildren before this, along with hundreds of other babies, but as far as she knew, no one could put more strength into childbirth than her daughter-in-law Roxie. What pains... . what hours and hours of hard labor. . . how many trips walking around the block, with help from brothers, father or husband. . . what agony preceded every birth. It would take six weeks after for Roxie to get her strength back. Little of course was known then of modern medicine and the treatment was crude and even rough, but it was all they knew. It didn't help much either for expectant mothers to be urged to "eat for two" and to be passed seconds at every meal.

This fifth baby was overdue. Finally, on Tue. 7 Oct. 1902, the little girl came, but she had been too long in the birth and was limp and blue and wouldn't cry. Else took the little one in her arms and, using all her remedies and skills, putting her first in warm and then cold baths, worked against time to save the baby. And as she worked she prayed aloud the whole time - "Father please save the life of this child. . . her two little sisters and one brother are dead. . . please save her. . . Roxie and Joseph need this little child. . . please let her live!" For two hours she worked,

and cried to the Lord to save little Ruth Ellen, or "Root" as she always called her after. She paid little attention to her daughter-in-law during that time, except to report to her at intervals - "A little moisture on the eyelids. . . A little color in the upper lip. . ."

When it was finally safe for the child to be left alone, Else put her down in the place that had been prepared for her and then took care of the mother, Roxie. When all was at last in order, she sat down and wrote her report to her son Joseph, addressing the letter just "Bishop Joseph Christensen, Salt Lake City, Utah." Another Bishop Joseph Christensen of Salt Lake City, who had been born in Gunnison, where his mother still lived, received Else's letter. This Brother had no idea his wife was even expecting and it almost caused complications in his home. Years and years later, Ruth chatted with this other Joseph Christensen while he was on a church assignment in San Diego, California, and he still got a chuckle out of that experience. To the ever-thoughtful Else K. this had seemed the proper thing to do on that occasion. She said she often did things she had never thought of doing before, through inspiration, and more often than not things turned out all right. She usually heeded the whisperings of the "still small voice" that came to her so frequently. She was a woman of great faith - and she had such faith in prayer! She had prayed over hundreds of babies and their mothers in the delivery rooms of Gunnison Valley, as she had also worked and prayed over hundreds of others of her patients. But she had also wept as well - wept over some who had passed away.

#### 4. THROUGH YESTERDAY'S WINDOWS

"We live in the past through knowledge of its history, and in the future through hope and anticipation. By ascending to an association with our ancestors, by contemplating their examples and studying their characters; by partaking of their sentiments and imbibing their spirit; by accompanying them in their toils; by sympathizing

in their successes and triumphs, we mingle our existence with theirs, and seem to belong to their age."

--Daniel Webster

So many have participated in remembering. In her memoirs Aunt Elsie tells of her father:-- "While father could not do heavy work in his later years, he did his share in caring for the home whenever mother was away. He held many positions of trust in early day Gunnison. After the railroad came to the valley he was freight collector for a number of the mercantile establishments, including the co-op store where he was also watchman for many years. He also hauled freight to Manti and other areas. He was a school trustee for years too. He eventually held the office of High Priest in the church, being ordained to this office on 7 Aug. 1904, and in the early part of the twentieth century was called to receive a special blessing in the Manti Temple because of his faithfulness in his calling in the priesthood. Our home was a happy and congenial one and father was especially kind. He never lost his temper. Both father and mother were devout people, busy raising and providing for their large family but always giving help to neighbors or wherever help was needed, practicing honesty in their dealings with man and God."

Tresia remembers how grandfather used to run races with the children and walk on his hands to entertain them. Some of his grandchildren recall how he used to perch them on his foot or knee and bounce them up and down in ride-a-cock-horse fashion to the rhythm of a Danish rhyme he chanted, "Ride, ride ranke - hesten hedder Blanke - føllet hedder Abilgraa-og den skal lile 'Harold ridepaa'" and then he'd toss the rider high with much merry laughter; and whether it was Harold, Elmer, Roy, A. Owen, Lucien, Wendell, Byron, or one of the little girls who rode, each always clamored for more. Sometimes he pulled in fun at the children's fingers, one by one, as he tried to teach them the Danish names for each - Tommel-tot, Slikkepot, Langemand, Guldbrand and Lille Peder Spillemand. Yes, grandpa Laurs always

seemed to have time for the children.

Tresia remembers that after she gave up her public medical practice, grandmother Else took boarders. The builders who put up the first brick homes in Gunnison were among them. Tresia says, "Your grandmother could cook if she needed to, but she liked community service and church work better. She was always very active in the Relief Society. She kept her own garden, which grandfather ploughed and helped plant, and she took care of the chickens and geese. Each spring she plucked the geese to fill her pillows and each newly married couple in the family got a pair of those pillows for their wedding. She spent her egg money with care. Each fall after threshing she put new fresh straw in the bed-ticks and under the rugs as well. She had a large loom and wove rugs and carpets and was a great quilter, though she wasn't much for fine sewing. Piecing, tying or quilting quilts and tearing and sewing rag rugs was a never-ending process with her. Your grandfather raised the sheep and she helped shear them (she could shear a sheep as good as any man), washed and carded the wool and made it into batts for the quilts or spun it into yarn and dyed it for stockings, of which she made legions. How I hated to wear those black, itchy stockings!!"

Tresia also remembers that Aunt Roxie did all of grandmother's sewing for years, after she and Joseph were married. She made all of grandmother's dresses then and those for Vena and Tresia. There was always a new dress for the girls for Christmas. She remembers that Millie Gledhill from down the street worked for grandma when she took boarders, and Bell Wasden from across the road did too. Tresia recalls how grandmother used to like to have her hair combed by Elsie, Emma, Vena or Tresia. During some of her few idle moments she would fall to sleep and nap in her chair while one or the other of them combed or brushed her long hair. It was such a beautiful head of waist-length auburn hair, slightly streaked with grey then, and she wore it in heavy braids wrapped into a bob on top of her head, pinned up with large hairpins and amber

colored hair combs.

Tresia remembers what "cut-ups" Louis and Arthur were, but especially Lou, who at times seemed to be full of the "Old Nick" himself. Tresia was mostly on to their tricks but the trusting Vena, ever free from guile, often bore the brunt of their mischief. Like the time the two boys had, for some misdeed, received their usual punishment of being sent to bed without their supper. This is related by Elaine, as told to her by Aunt Vena:-- "The boys induced Vena to dress up like a 'poor child' and go to their mother with a story about a family of starving children watched over by a sick widow - the lines were well rehearsed beforehand - 'and could you, dear Sister Christensen, please spare a little bread and milk for them?' Else, the soul of charity, fixed up a tasty supper which was to have been duly taken up the back stairs to the waiting brothers. But then Vena giggled and her mother, seeing the whole thing in a nut shell, brought her hand down with a spat on Vena's back part and she was hustled off to bed in disgrace for contributing to the delinquency of her older brothers.

Elaine remembers other things Aunt Vena told her:-- "There was the time her 'dear brothers' put her down the well where she was supposed to hide for a game and then went off and forgot to bring her back up. And there was the time when Lou and Arthur induced her to lie in the ditch (in place of the bridge) and scare grandmother when she came up to the corral at evening to feed swill to the pigs. Else came with a full bucket in each hand, as scheduled but unforeseen by Vena, and before the girl could yell out to scare her stepped right on her stomach, which threw them both into a fright and upset the buckets, drenching Vena in watery garbage. Then there was the time when Vena had saved up eggs enough to buy a coveted blouse.. Carrying the eggs in a basket and accompanied by grandmother, she went carefully up the weed-bordered sidewalk toward town. As they came to a wooden bridge spanning an irrigation ditch, they stepped simultaneously on a loose board. Vena, who weighed less than grandmother, flew into the air and landed on, in and under the

ill-fated eggs."

Ruth Ellen remembers her mother Roxie telling about the good soup grandmother Else used to make. "She would cook up a big pot of it - a soup bone, plenty of vegetables and spices and Danish dumplings. About the time the family was ready to sit down to eat, grandmother would remember that 'Old Sister Hansen would like a taste of this soup' and dispatch Louis or Arthur to Sister Hansen's with some in a small lard bucket. Then she'd recall that 'Brother Nielsen might like some nice hot soup' and she'd send the other boy off in the direction of Brother Nielson's with another small pail of soup. By the time the large family sat down for soup there was hardly enough left to satisfy the hearty appetites. Truly grandmother was the soul of generosity."

Tresia remembers when the tall, dark and handsome Swede, Charles Peter Peterson, came courting the dark-haired, rosy-cheeked Emma. He came in a smart one-seated rig and brought her box after box of chocolates which she passed around and then put carefully away in her bureau drawer. Like little mice, Tresia and Vena would stealthily help themselves to the bonbons, one after another; but if Emma knew, she was too sweet and too much in love to lose her temper about it. Charles drove Emma to the Manti Temple in that selfsame rig, Wed. 30 Sept. 1903, to be married. That evening her parents entertained family, neighbors and friends at a wedding supper at their home in Gunnison. Emma was twenty-six then and Charles was twenty-five, but once every year he caught up with her for one month and two days during June and July. Charles had a house all ready for his bride on property he owned one mile east of Gunnison. They called the place the "Bar Double C Ranch ( )".

Millie Gledhill's younger sister, Mary G. Dowdle, remembers that the Gledhill and the Christensen girls were playmates in the early days, and always the best of friends. How the neighbor children loved to go to Grandma Christensen's. She always had some little treat for them - cookies, buns or Danish pastries of some

sort. When older the two youngest Gledhill girls, Mary and Sylvia, did a lot of singing together and were considered very good for that time. They sang "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Whispering Hope" in that part of the country for the first time they were sung there. Millie also did some public entertaining with them on occasions. At one time Vena Christensen was "Goddess of Liberty" at one of those wonderful small town Fourth of July celebrations they used to have down there.

Millie's younger brother Albert (Bert) Gledhill, whose mother died when he was in his teens, writes of "Grandpa and Grandma" Christensen:-- "I say Grandpa and Grandma because they were to me just that - and the only ones I ever knew. Enough could never be said about the good they did. Anyone who needed could always get a good meal and bed from them. They helped me in many ways. May I remind you that Grandma was the only medical help we had in Gunnison for a long time, and how well I do remember that she ran a spoon down my throat every other day all one winter. Grandpa and Grandma Christensen gave me, as they did many others, a home when I had no place else to go. May God bless the memory of those two wonderful people is a prayer in my heart - and right now a tear in my eye.

"During the early days in Gunnison Grandpa and Grandma kept a boardinghouse and my sister Millie worked for Grandma, helping with the house-work and cooking. Of course this brought Arthur Marinus Christensen and Millie Jane Gledhill together in courtship." Indeed, the two were courting even while Arthur was attending school at Brigham Young Academy in Provo, for love will find a way! A letter written by Arthur to Millie, who was visiting her aunt in Santaquin, Utah, near Provo at the time, indicates this fact:--

My Dear Millie:

Feb. 17, 1902

Your kind and welcome letter of the 13th was received, and I can assure you that it was read with pleasure. I just came from meeting. They dedicated the new building today (Training School).

The President of the Church, Joseph F. Smith, and a number of the Apostles were down. There is going to be a Grand Ball tonight but I do not think I will go as I am so weak it is hard for me to get around. Sorensons have it that I have the diphtheria down here and that I got it from you. I dare not go up to Cornelias (Sorenson) anymore as I might give them the diphtheria (ha ha). Edmund Sanders is down here, he said that nearly all the flags are taken down in Gunnison. (Quarantine flags for diphtheria.) It looks like storm here now - makes me feel quite lonesome for I'm all alone.

"Well dear, I guess if you cannot speak above a whisper you cannot talk to me from where you are. You must write soon and let me know when you are going home. You must not think that it was staying up late that made me sick, for I think it is the warm weather. Did you have a good time at the dance? I did not say I was out until morning Saturday night. Did I not say Friday night? And that was the night I was down to Broadbent's with you. You know I got lost there by the grove and then got stuck in the mud and had to wait until it was light before I could get out. Louis bought John Wasden's place so I guess he will be my neighbor now. I am going to stay here until Saturday or Sunday and if I am not better by that time I will board the train for home.

"Katie went home Saturday for the wedding of Bell and Erick - I suppose you know Otto and Jennette are married. Wish I was in Santaquin - would make your Aunt Lizzie, as you call her, wait a long time if she was going to wait up for you. Well dearest, write soon and then the next time I write you I will know for sure when I am going home. From your own true, Arthur, 333 East 5th North St. Provo, Utah. (Old David Jones home.)" Then Arthur added a hand drawn sketch of a bird flying with a heart in its mouth, on which he wrote the words "Love to Millie."

Millie's and Arthur's courtship led to marriage. Millie's sister remembers this:-- "When Arthur and Millie were married they went to the Manti Temple, Wed. 3 Feb. 1904. Millie

turned twenty-two twenty-three days later. She was nearly five months older than Arthur. A wedding reception was held that night at our home and, as was the custom, a big dinner was served to all the guests. The couple first lived in a small house two doors east of Grandpa and Grandma Christensen's but, when mother died not too much later, they moved west into our home so that Millie could help care for father and us younger Gledhill children."

\* \* \* \*

Grandmother Christensen often had her own troubles. Tresia remembers that at one time she and grandfather had gone to a show at the Opera House there in Gunnison. Upon returning home in the dark, by the Co-op store, she ran into a tie post and cut her forehead and a bad infection set in, which they called Erysipelas. This was an acute infectious disease of the skin or mucous membranes, caused by some kind of streptococcus and was accompanied by inflammation and fever. Grandmother had quite a time of it. At another period she was afflicted with some sort of stomach trouble and couldn't stand to drink either water or milk, nor could she digest her food without much distress and pain. She lived for months eating nothing much but clabbered milk, or "thick milk" as she called it. At another time she injured her foot so that she could not bear her weight upon it. But she kept right on working around the house, moving back and forth kneeling with one leg on a chair. It seems she seldom gave in to pain or self pity, though she was the soul of pity for others who suffered.

Greater pain is usually caused by seeing ones own children or loved ones suffer or by seeing them indulge themselves in practices that are harmful or degrading to them. When children are young, a mother can say "no" to them and it can mean the same as her saying "I love you", for they must be taught self-discipline and of course childhood is the place to begin this training. As children grow older, parents can seldom teach or govern them by saying "no!" But life is like a mirror and children grow to adulthood with the lessons of their

childhood reflected in their adult lives. I never remember seeing any of my Christensen uncles or my father smoking, nor did my grandfather Christensen use the harmful and obnoxious weed. Of course the gentler sex never smoked in those days, as far as I know. But most of the boys must have tried it at one time or another for that seemed to be the thing to do. In Albert's recollections he tells of his "try":-- "Some of my group - I cannot remember their names - were trying to imitate the older boys they knew who smoked. I somehow thought I would try this experiment so I bought a sack of Bull Durham and a package of cigarette paper and proceeded home with the intention of learning the art. Somehow I didn't even think of hiding it from my mother, who was working about the house and yard. I did remember that she had said in my hearing that she hoped her boys would never be seen with a cigar in their mouths. Well, when I was in the act of rolling my first cigarette my mother came along and observed what I was about to do. The look on her face was so sad that it startled me. She said, "Albert, are you going to smoke?" Tears came to her eyes and she turned away. The look on her face struck me with shocking force. I took the Durham and the paper and threw them into the irrigation ditch. Mother never mentioned the subject thereafter but I never thought of smoking again."

Pearl remembers her father Chris telling about his experience with smoking:-- "Being out with the sheep so much he had taken up the habit of smoking. One day he ran out of smokes and the craving for one became so intense he could hardly bear it. He was alone in the mountains far from any other place or sheep-camp and could not leave his own herd. He said he felt he would go mad if he couldn't have a smoke. Then he thought of the dying campfire - perhaps he could find the unused butt of one in that! Quickly he knelt down by the heap of ashes and began pawing frantically through them in search of a cigarette butt. All of a sudden, in his mind's eye, he stood up and viewed himself as he crouched there groveling around in the ashes and soot like a wild animal. Utterly ashamed, he got up from his knees and vowed then and there

that from that time forward he would never again be a slave and stoop to such a filthy habit. And he never smoked again."

There was often music at the Christensens. Elsie and Emma had each taken some musical instruction at Snow College and again at B. Y. A. Laurs had bought a piano for the home, and both the older girls played it quite well, especially Elsie. Vena also taught herself to play a little. Louis and Arthur learned to chord on the piano and the banjo. Both of them also had good voices, as the older girls did, but especially Lou. Tresia remembers when the two boys sang in the ward choir together there in Gunnison. Pearl remembers that her father often sang at his work and what a very good voice he had, though it was untrained. Grandma Else usually sang or hummed at her work, her rich contralto softly keeping time with her beating or stirring, as she moved from table to stove in the process of her cooking, or with the movement of her body as she scrubbed the dirty clothes up and down on the washboard. Always she hummed at her weaving and quilting, sewing and knitting. Often she sang in Danish what must have been "King Christian" or "There is a Lovely Land". But she sang hymns too in her own special English. I can still hear in memory one of her favorites, as she used to sing and hum it intermittently:-- "Guide us Oh Thou Great Jehovah. . . Guide us to the Promised Land. . . We are weak but thou art able, hold us with thy powerful hand. . . When the earth begins to tremble, bid our fearful thoughts be still. . . When thy judgment spreads destruction, keep us safe on Zions hill. . . Holy Spirit. . . feed us till the Savior comes. . . Great Redeemer. . . Bring, O bring, the welcome day." Grandmother used V's for W's, T's for D's, D's for T's and Y's for J's in her own special brand of English - and how I loved to hear her sing or speak as she did with such fervor. Grandfather appreciated music too, but I think he loved to dance to it more than sing. In truth, all the Christensens enjoyed music. President David O. McKay once referred to good music as a power that "gentles the human animal". Might we not call it the rainbow that bridges earth with heaven?

It was perhaps in midsummer of 1904 that the son Andrew left for more advanced study in Europe. Laurs and Else must have been extremely excited about this for he planned to visit their relatives in Denmark first, before going to enroll for classes in Germany. Else in particular must have loaded him down with the addresses of her people and "many loving greetings" to give them, as well as plenty of advice about the necessity of gathering as much genealogical information as possible while he visited in Jutland. He was, of course, urged to call on his father's brother Christen and his two daughters, his wife now being dead. But in all instances he must have been cautioned not to mention the Gospel in an outright manner lest he offend his Lutheran relatives and wear out his welcome oversoon. Andrew B. arrived in Jutland, Denmark as scheduled and was welcomed with much warmth by his Danish kin, especially Else's people with whom he spent a number of happy days. They were much impressed with their nephew and cousin "Anders", as they called him, if the reports in their letters back to Laurs and Else were any indication. But Andrew's advanced study in Germany that followed did not fare as well, for it was unexpectedly interrupted.

Andrew had left Sarah and the three children, seven-and-a-half year old Adelbert, four year old Edith and one year old Wendell, comfortably situated in a rented home in Provo, Utah. Edith tells of this in her own history:-- "Mother was living in Provo, Utah. Two of her younger sisters, Mary and Rose Bartholomew, were staying with us while attending B. Y. U. Father had returned to Europe for further study. In late November, 1904, snow covered the ground and it was cold. Adelbert fell ill with diphtheria and was isolated. I soon succumbed to the same disease but was given the anti-toxin which helped turn the tide in my favor. When I began to recover I asked to see my brother Adelbert. He was my dearest playmate and, being about three-and-a-half years older, was also something of a champion and defender to me. They told me that Adelbert had been taken away. No, he would not be back. He died 29 Nov. 1904 and was buried in the Provo cemetery. Grief and

the feeling of utter loss can come to a four year old. I felt bereft and sobered. I had loved this older brother with all the tanacity of my little soul. The feeling lasted for years. Father, of course, broke off his studies and returned from Europe immediately following the news of Adelbert's passing. He came home to comfort his saddened family."

Electricity hadn't come to Gunnison by June 1907, which was the time Elsie and Alma moved from Fayette into the beautiful new red brick house there that they had purchased from the sheepman, Lafe Bown. Most everyone used the common coal-oil or kerosene lamps for lighting and there seldom seemed enough to supply each room. There was a need then for the large center table upon which stood the parlor lamp, filled with coal-oil, its chimney freshly cleaned, sending out a glow of light round which family members flocked at nights, like moths to a flame. If lamps were scarce they were carried from room to room as needed, like the times when President Wilford Woodruff used to visit Bishop Bartholomew's home in Fayette, when the children were small, as told by Mrs. Henry Bartholomew as she heard it from Roxie:-- "President Wilford Woodruff was a favorite visitor at our home, especially with the children. Company always slept upstairs where, if the weather demanded, a nice fire would be built in a little iron stove. But there were never lamps enough to go around to allow the visitor to keep one in his or her room all night. When President Woodruff was there and had retired upstairs to his room with one of the few lamps, the children would wait and listen until they heard him start to snore, then they would say to the Bishop, 'Father, now you can go up and get the lamp.' Then father would be very cautious as he approached the stairs and when a big snore would come he would jump back, saying, 'Do you think there is a bear upstairs?' And how the children would laugh - 'Do it again,' they'd coax." Incandescent lamps fed by gas were acquired by some homes and business places throughout Gunnison Valley however. Such lamps with glass chandeliers were in each of the seven rooms of the James Bown home in Gunnison when that family moved into

it in Sept. 1900. Quite likely Elsie's and Alma's new red brick home also had such ones when they moved in. Gas lamps, at five or six intersections along Gunnison Main Street, were lowered each evening and lit with a torch by the town marshal. He was usually accompanied by a group of children. Early each morning the gas lights were extinguished. The lamplighting era wasn't really over in Gunnison until about 1912.

Who of us can remember the old black kitchen stoves with their long stovepipes, that had to be "blacked" and polished every so often with stove blacking or soot-black, and who can remember the stove brushes, stove lifters, stove lids, stove irons, stove shakers and stove pokers that went along with them? I dare say few of us have ever had to empty ashes from the ashboxes into the ash-cans or onto the ash piles that cluttered up the back dooryard of every dwelling. Few of us have been required to remove the clinkers from the stove grates with the stove tongs or carry a stove shovel full of hot coals from a hot to a cold stove to start a fire when matches were scarce, much less to borrow coals from the neighbors. Does anyone now remember the black old stove rag chucked behind every kitchen stove, the coal skuttle and woodbox sitting beside that always seemed to need filling, and the hot water reservoir on the further side of the best kitchen stoves which always seemed to need refilling too? Who recalls the let-down oven doors which all clamored to "sit on first" to warm themselves on cold mornings when their teeth were chattering, and the cozy places behind by the chimneys that were always shared by the cats? Have all now forgotten when the bottoms of all cooking pots and kettles were soot-black and had to be scoured clean with every washing, and when dish rags and dish towels never quite came clean of black even with two sudsings and as many boilings? Likely there are few indeed who can remember the "smoking stoves" that sent all coughing to the open doors for fresh air and which blackened curtains and walls, or the "belching stoves" that threw soot and ashes all over everything. But some can. Yes, those were "the good old days!"

A family reunion was planned in honor of grandfather Laurs' sixtieth birthday, which was July 22, 1907. All of his living descendants gathered at the old home in Gunnison for that occasion and those from out of town stayed over for July 24th as well. Most of the children, with their families, lived nearby: Chris and Caroline and their four girls and two boys were just a few blocks away; Joseph and Roxie with their two boys and one girl were a bit closer; Elsie and Alma with their four boys were settled in their new home, which was also within a few blocks of Laurs' and Else's; Emma and Charles came from their ranch a mile east of town with one child of each kind - but they were expecting another; Louis and Florence came from the ranch they lived on west of town with their one daughter and two sons; Arthur and Millie too lived close to the old home with their two little boys, the second hardly three months old, the youngest of the crowd. Albert and Jennie drove down from Manti with their two girls and two boys, the last boy not quite five months old. Andrew and Sarah with one daughter and two sons had the farthest to come since they lived in Salt Lake City and likely took the train down. Vena was of course at home, and being still single was expected, we suppose, to help with all the extra work brought on by a gathering of this kind. Tresia, though of course invited, was working in Salt Lake City and could not get away. What a happy gathering this must have been - forty-six wonderful people in one big family, with a good showing of males to carry on the Christensen name, each of the six Christensen sons having two living sons apiece.

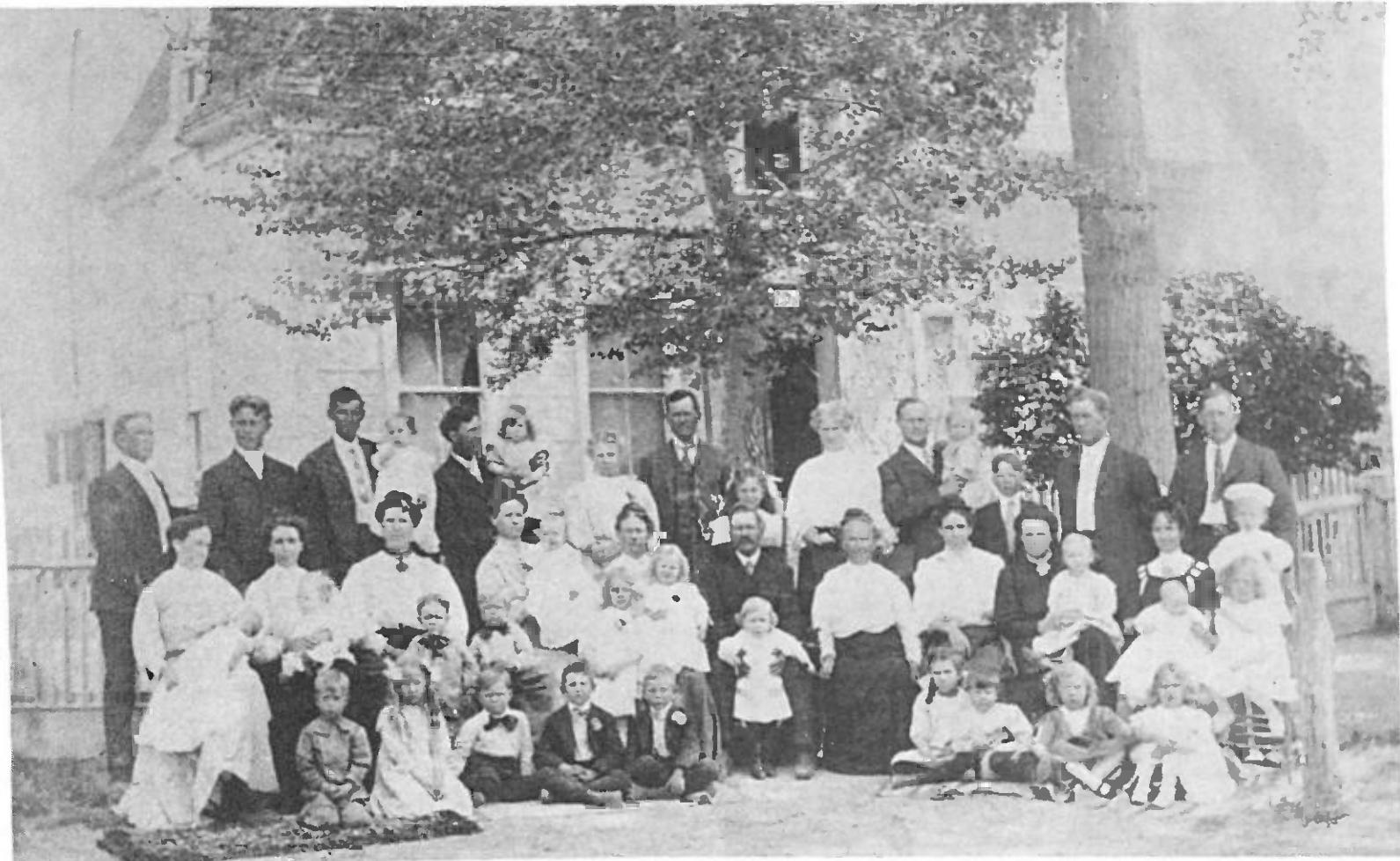
Chris was then overseer of all the herds of the Julius Christensen estate and had some herds of his own. There was good money then in sheep. Lou and Arthur were working with Chris, taking care of some of the herds. Andrew was Principal of the L. D. S. High School in Salt Lake City. Joseph was Principal of the Gunnison District School and Bishop of the Gunnison Ward as well. Albert was a successful practicing attorney in Manti and had his eye on a judgeship. The two older girls were successfully married, Elsie to a sheepman and Emma to a farmer and rancher.

The ever-loving Vena was always a great help in her parent's home and also in the homes of her brothers and sisters whenever needed. Truly these were sons and daughters to be proud of.

Andrew's and Sarah's Edith (Edythe) has such happy rememberings of this and other holiday occasions, when their family returned to Gunnison when she was a child:-- "I recall wonderful family reunions at the old Christensen homestead in Gunnison among our beloved grandparents, the erect, aristocratic-looking Laurs Mathias and the stately patrician-in-homespun Else Kathrine, and the families of relatives. Their welcome seemed so genuine - with no exceptions. Grandmother C's welcome came straight from the heart. It was honest and all-enveloping! Anything she had was 'yours for the asking'. The uncles would either proudly or shyly ask questions and tell us of many things. The aunts, less reticent, took us into their hearts and arms. They then proceeded to 'kill the fatted calf' or poultry; to bake unbelievably light breads, rolls and cakes; pick the choicest produce from their garden and bring out their special pride in pickles, jellies and jams. Ice was brought from the sawdust and a large freezer of ice cream was on the way. Need I give the amount of thick jersey cream and the number of fresh eggs that were poured into these makings? Oh, these were the times of feasting, visiting and comparing notes for the adults; and for the children, a never-to-be-forgotten opportunity with cousins, more cousins - and double cousins. If the events resulted in a family group picture by a professional, as it did during at least two of these reunions, we today are all most grateful to have such records of those choice gatherings."

A photographer had been arranged for to take a group picture of the entire family during this reunion, and all were lined up in due time on the sidewalk in front of the home. Chairs were placed for Laurs and Else and the married women. Rugs were spread in front for some of the children while others sat or leaned on their mothers. Pearl, Elora, Harold and Aunt Vena stood up in back with the men, some of whom were holding little ones.

I remember how long it seemed to take before everyone was arranged just so, and how hot the sun was. Some children kept squirming around as the photographer, under his black camera cover, tried to adjust his equipment. Other children ran here and there and had to be constantly brought back. The ground where I sat was so hard it was difficult to find a comfortable way of sitting. I put my legs out straight in front of me and mother Jennie said, "Sit with crossed legs dear, like your cousins." I tried for a time but got tired - so put my knees up. Mother said, "Put your legs down dear, it isn't nice to sit like that." I put my legs down. "Why can't Elaine and I change places?" I complained. "Why does she have to sit on a chair with the big people?" I might have known this was the only way they could keep her in tow. Sherman kept pulling off his starched cap and father kept putting it back on his head - Dad was so proud of that little Buster Brown suit mother had made from "Indian Head". Mother had a brush and every time I squirmed she smoothed down my hair with it. I was so envious of Ruth Ellen's ringlets, tied up with a bow, and Edith's long ribbon-tied braids - not a hair out of place! Byron kept reaching over and pulling LaFaun's long crimped hair until Aunt Emma slapped his hands. A. Owen kept whining for a drink until the other children took up the refrain and Aunt Vena went and brought a dipperful of water from the well and each took a sip, as far as it went - "Don't dare drink too much" Aunt Elsie warned sharply! Several tries were made but every time the picture-taking-man went to snap, some child made a dash out of the lineup. Grandfather had to hold Melrose down between his knees to keep him from running. At last, when all seemed serene and ready and the big moment had come, the photographer held up his hand and prepared to shoot and we were about to be taken, when it was discovered that Elmer and Roy were missing - there they were up in the tree! How that photograph ever turned out so well I'll never know, for only grandmother looked frazzled in it, although most of the others must have felt that way before the end. And guess what? I was caught with my knees up - Wouldn't you know it?



Christensen family group taken in 1907 in front of the old rock house in Gunnison

The folks had a dozen or more copies of the picture made, one for each family and some extras to send to their dear relations in Denmark for Christmas that year. That their Danish kinfolk received and appreciated the same is indicated in this translation of two letters received by the folks later, one from grandmother's sister Stine and one from Stine's husband, Svend Poulsen:--

"Monday Evening, 27 Jan. 1908

"Dear Sister Else:

"I will tonight try to write a letter to you, our dear family, thanking you very much for the picture you sent us. It is really fun to see so many people on one piece of paper. Yes, all the little faces, how pretty they are - all of them. It is so much fun to see "Sotter Anders", as the children say. Yes him we have seen in person you know and liked him at once - yes he won all of us! It would make us happy to see him among us again. Maybe some of his sisters and brothers will come sometime, but I guess you "Old Ones" won't come. It is sad that you dear sister should be so far away from us. Now soon eighteen years have gone by since you visited us. I am much better now than when you were here. I thought just now that if it were now that you had come, I could really be happy. But thanks because you made the trip before, it was glorious to see you then and it was such a strenuous trip. It is good to know you have been strong and had good health, this is one of the great blessings in life. Next Oct. 12th I will turn sixty years old and I guess you are about two years older, if I remember right. It isn't much I am getting written for my husband is sitting here on my right and is also busy writing to you. We have sometimes said if we could just get to know the date of your husband's birthday then we would surprise him with a greeting. We hear from him so often and on the picture he looks very good. We wish it was clearer of you but it is not easy to get so many on such a little space. Again thanks for the picture and thanks because you write to the folks in Thorsted, then we also hear of you through them. But now when you get our new address, we hope you will write

to us sometime. Love to you all from your sister,

Ane Kirstine Andersen  
(Stine Poulsen)"

"Dear Brother in Law and Family

"I also bring you thanks for the picture you sent us. Is it not strange that the number of people increase so much? When we look at the picture we realize that where there were about forty years ago only two people, now there are forty-six. Yes, yes, a half dozen strangers have come into the family but in spite of that it is still strange that the number has grown so large so fast. The best thing about it all is that they look like healthy people - all of them! I wonder if any of the many children and grandchildren will ever come to Little Denmark, the birthplace of the two "Old Ones"? It should be fun to see some of them over here. It is often now you know that people from the Far West visit Europe - even Denmark gets a few guests from there. Yes, I know we have had the pleasure of seeing one of the brood over here, namely Anders, which all of us in the family are so fond of. I don't know if he will see this letter, if not tell him hello from us and give him thanks because he has been so friendly as to come and visit us for some days here in Denmark. It would make us happy if he would write us a letter and tell us about his stay in Europe after he left us, if he had any profit out of his trip and stay in the famous places. It would also be very pleasant to hear what he is doing, if he is a teacher for a group of young folks or if he writes books.

"Yes, now our children are also grown up. The youngest, Viggo, will turn nineteen this 27th of April. But he is not well and is at present at the Tuberculosis Sanatorium, but we hope he will be cured - he also has good hopes for himself. There are so many here who have that sickness; at the place where Viggo is they have 170 patients. Our next youngest is Askel, he is twenty-two years old. He is attending High School this winter and is going in the military service in the fall. Next in line comes Holger who is twenty-four. He was home to celebrate Christmas vacation and then

went back to South Jutland. Kristine comes next, she is twenty-six years old. She is maid at the school. Then comes Dagmar who is thirty-one years old and works in Copenhagen. She was also home for Christmas vacation. Last comes Signe, and as you know she too is working at the High School. She is thirty-two. Then of course there are us two Old Ones, who are fine when we have our health but it is a little difficult with that once in a while. Though we as you know don't earn money here as you can over there, we still get along well and hope that it will still be better now that everybody is going to have equal rights. A person will get the same right to speak, whether he be a day laborer or a rich farm owner and women will get the right to vote now too. I think they will have some influence, especially on the matters of schools and public welfare, for as you know the women have more warm heartedness in things like that. Yes the times have changed very much here at home since you left, and that in most everything concerned. I wonder how it will be in another forty years? But I guess it has changed even more where you live. I have read an account of the train which you traveled by when you went over there in 1866 - that must have been no joke! Friendly greetings to the whole family from us and our children.

Svend Poulsen  
"Rosenly", Vinding, Vejle, Denmark."

Yes, as Svend Poulsen had said, things were changing, and this was true in Gunnison Valley. In about 1907 the cream separator had been introduced there. Before that all milk had been skimmed by hand, except for the time when in one household the milk pans had been skimmed off for several mornings and no one could tell how or by whom. But everyone was being blamed until someone chanced to go to the cellar at dusk one evening and there found a blow-snake of immense size daintily siphoning off the precious cream. . . In May 1900 the Bell Telephone Company had run a toll line through Sanpete and Sevier. The poles through Gunnison had been set down the middle of Main Street. The town had subscribed for one

telephone, which was installed in a shop-residence. When a call came in a messenger was sent to bring the person wanted to the telephone. In 1907 Leo Gledhill, Millie's older brother, had improved on this by building a one circuit line in Gunnison, with signal ringing. Using a combination of short and long signals each subscriber did his own ringing and every ring came in loud and clear on every phone. But this system was also unsatisfactory and Mr. Gledhill was appointed to work out a bigger, better telephone service, and so in 1909 the Gunnison Telephone Company was organized, with a magneto switchboard being installed on the second floor of the postoffice and operated by Mary Gledhill. Forty telephones were installed that year with rates 50¢ per month for residents and \$1.00 for businesses, one being installed in the home of Gunnison's new Mayor, Joseph Christensen. . . Familiar sights in Gunnison before 1910 were the water barrel wagons making their rounds carrying that good tasting drinking water from Peacock Springs southeast of Sterling, to the many customers in Gunnison; for Gunnison drinking water in general tasted so terrible. When, in 1909, Centerfield and Mayfield were incorporated as towns and Gunnison became a third class city, the first big project of Gunnison City Council, under Mayor Joseph Christensen, was to purchase the Peacock Springs and have the water piped to Gunnison. Trenches were dug, pipes laid, and water made available to all the homes there by 1910. . . And there were seasons in those early years of the new century when the mice were so plentiful and playful that it took a truly brave man to stand up before the pulpit and address the congregation. Many a hero had the actual experience of having a mouse scamper up and down his trouser leg. In those days, so it has been said, the closing prayers in church meetings, unlike the long drawn-out ones of before, were short and streamlined and sometimes ended with "Amen, I caught 'im". Believe it or not, Uncle Joseph Christensen must have been among the brave then, since he presided as Gunnison's Bishop most of the first decade of this century.

## 5. DESTINY TAKES A HAND.

Laurs and Else, freed from most of the responsibilities of their big family, began to go more often to the temple. Else had kept up a fitful correspondence with her kinfolk in Denmark since her return from there and Laurs had written to them also. He liked to write letters much better than Else and was a good penman. In spite of the fact that they usually requested some genealogical information when they wrote, little came back to them. Andrew had brought back some bits of data gleaned while he was there but it was little enough. The urge to know more of their relatives, especially their dead, was always with them. The death of an aunt here - an uncle there - a cousin married - a niece or nephew born - everything of the sort was set down quickly in their joint Temple Record Book as a source and reminder of future work to be taken care of in the temples of the Most High. Only those who have truly experienced the Spirit of Elijah can appreciate what these records of their kindred meant to them. The first part of the year 1907 they had spent a great deal of time in the Manti Temple finishing the ordinance work for all of their dead whose records they had. Temple work was the work to which they both now wished to dedicate the remainder of their lives, aside from the precious time they would spend with their ever-increasing offspring.

They didn't remain living in Gunnison long enough to enjoy good spring water tapped into their home there, nor did they stay long enough to have a telephone put in. According to the early Gunnison Ward records their church memberships were removed to Manti, Utah 15 Feb. 1909. It seems, however, that before settling in Manti they spent some time living in Salt Lake City and working in the temple there, perhaps at their son Andrew's suggestion, since he and his family were living there then. It has been said that they lived some west of the temple down below the viaduct at the time. Eventually, however, they settled in Manti in a fair sized adobe house on the corner of

what is now First North and First East Streets. Besides the house there was a barn on the place with room for a horse and a cow or two, also plenty of room for a few pigs, lambs, chickens, geese, a garden and some berry bushes on the lot. But the most important thing about it all was the fact that it was within easy walking distance of the beautiful Manti Temple.

But then a plan was born - or perhaps it came to mind while they were rummaging through their important papers earlier, preparing to move. Could it have been that Laurs happened upon his blessing given him in Christenburg in 1884 and took time to re-read it? Likely. Much that had been promised him at the time had come to pass and much was promised for the distant future. "Ja, Ja, all this is wonderful and fine," he must have thought. . . "Your life shall be spared long upon the earth". . . "Ja, Ja!" But it was the part that came next that must have bothered him and set his mind to working on it. . . "The still small voice will say to you - 'Go back to your native land where you shall bear witness of the Gospel for your relatives and friends, both the high and the low. You shall do many works in their midst, as the Angels of the Lord shall prepare the way and the wisdom of the Holy Ghost be given you. . .'" Now how could he himself just ignore this part of his blessing and expect the continued blessings of heaven?

Else must have readily agreed that Laurs should return to the Old Country and also that she herself should return with him, since she still had so little of her own genealogy. There would never again be a better time for them for they were not getting any younger! But what about money? They would talk to the boys, perhaps some of them could help a little with that since most were doing well. And perhaps Louis and Florence would buy their Gunnison place instead of just renting it as they were doing. Vena could of course stay with Emma, who was so in need of help now. Thus Laurs and Else had talked and planned and the immediate future took on a glow of anticipation. But when they spoke to Andrew about it he encouraged them to wait

yet another year, for he had also been making plans to return to Europe and take up the studies that had been interrupted by Adelbert's death. This time he wanted to take his family along, and it would be better to wait until their new little daughter, Elsie Eliza, was a little older and thus better able to travel. If they themselves would wait another year, they could all go over together!

Laurs and Else pondered Andrew's advice and decided to wait. Then Else wrote the exciting news to her loved ones in Jutland, for she could not keep it, and Laurs wrote to them also and to his brother Christen. -- Oh that they two should meet once again in this life! It didn't take long at all for letters to come back from some of Else's loved ones, all in the same envelope, and she and Laurs read them aloud to each other in Danish, as they were written, and rejoiced for they knew they would see the writers in person 'ere long. Following are translations of these letters:

"Thorsted, Denmark  
15 April 1909

"Dear sister and family:--

Thank you very much for your letter, it was a great joy to all of us. But I will admit that I feel a little ashamed because I haven't written for so long. I have often thought about it. Yes, dear sister, I, like you, pray for us Old Ones and the Young Ones too and thank the good Lord our Father for all his gracious gifts to us. It is almost more than I can believe that you can take that long journey again, but may it be a successful one and know that here will be joy and that we will take care of you as well as we can. We still live in our home. Mikkel is well and can go about both home and outside and the same is true of me. We have Frederick, Maren and Holger home and those who are out are doing fine too. We don't have as many grandchildren as you but we only have two who are married so it is understandable that we are in lesser number. Jens has nine healthy children and Kristian one who is two years old. Yes, when you get to Thorsted you can visit all of your family. Sister Marie and brother Lars are fine but I guess they will write. I am sending a view of sister

Stine's home at the time Anders was here in Denmark. He visited Svend and Stine in Vinding by Vejle. As you know their daughter Signe was married to the Principal of the High School, but he died last summer so she sold the school and has bought our old house. Svend was here in March to buy a piece of land. We expect him any day now. He will build their new house himself you know. Stine will stay at Signe's place till the house is finished. Svend shall then stay with us in the meantime. Their lot is not more than five minutes walk from our house so believe me Stine and I are looking forward to living so close to each other. Dear sister, we don't have much to complain about reading your writing but it may be hard for you to read mine. You said that it was the time for sowing when you wrote. Here it is different for after having a mild winter now we have had three days of heavy snowing and today the men have been out shoveling snow to get the road passable. This happened before right in the middle of April - but it will do much good anyway. It is good to have a sure leader to trust in so we have reason to be happy children.

"Yes, dear friends, I must close for it is always a hard task for me to write and for that I am sorry since there is an old saying which goes, 'If you make me happy you make me good', and I know we can make each other happy by writing. But when we meet and talk together that will be even better. Tell Anders Hello for us Old Ones and the Young Ones too. Those were happy days we had when he was here. Yes, how time goes by - it is now five years ago soon. But how happy we are for your picture. We have to search long to find a family as big and nice as this one! With this I will say goodby and God's peace with us all, your sister - Karen."

"Dear Relatives Far Away:

"Mother has now written and asks me to send a little greeting too. I thought that she probably had told everything so that there was no news left for me to tell. It is too bad that my dear cousin

Elvena cannot read my letters for then it would be her rather than you that I wrote to. Dear Aunt, if it really should come true that you will visit us next summer how happy we will be! We will treat you as good as we can in every way - but cannot cousin Elvena come with you? I think it would be nice for you too if she did and we would look forward to that very much. You write that she just turned twenty-two. I turned twenty-five on the second of April. This must be the time we celebrate birthdays. Tell dear, good Anders 'hello' for us many times and congratulate him on his little children. Wasn't it his oldest son who passed away? Dear friends, if it just hadn't been so far between us then maybe there could have been a possibility for me to visit you for I still have a desire to get out, really out and try and see what I can amount to. Maybe my opportunity will come someday. Mother is well - she can do things herself. Father will turn seventy-four on the first of September. He has good health too so I should really take the opportunity to get away now. Receive, all of you, the most loving greetings from your niece and cousin - Maren Skaarup.

Tornely, Den. 17 Apr. 1909"

"Dear Aunt Else:

"Now that mother is planning on writing you I would like to send along some word too. Yes, you must come next summer for sure, and couldn't Elvena come too? You say that you are thinking of letting your son Louis have your home in Gunnison, then I guess Elvena could come with you and you could close the house you have now. Uncle Svend's family is up here in Thy now. As you know, they are going to live out at Thorsted. I have been working in an embroidery shop in Thisted for fifteen months. I finished my apprenticeship in January and have been working for wages since. I shall now, this May, go to Salling High School for the months of May, June and July as a student and to help with sewing classes at the school. The pay is 40 Kr. besides the tuition.

"There is going to be a big Festival in Aarhus this summer which will start in May. It said in

the paper about a month ago that they would have to work both nights and holidays to get ready by then. Be sure and tell Anders 'hello' for me. Maybe he can hardly remember me as you know I was small and not yet confirmed when he was here. I am now a good sixteen years old. I guess you will let me hear from you before you come so I will write the return address on the letter as plainly as I can. I am enclosing a picture of myself which I would like cousin Elvena to have - it is the last I had taken. I am sewing much so I shall have all my clothes ready for school as we have been unable to get a serving girl. Mother tells me so often about Aunt Else so I know you well although I have never seen you. Now I will close with many greetings of love to all the many cousins but mostly to Elvena, Anders and you two dear Old Ones. From your niece, Edel Christensen.

Tornely, Thisted, Denmark."

"Dear Sister Else, husband and children:

"Now that my daughter Edel has written such a long letter I will just add thanks for your letter which we were so happy to receive and for the hope it awakened in us of seeing you again once more in this life. Yes dear sister, we would all be so happy if you and your husband would risk the trip again. I guess it is I now who am the Old One for I am not very well as my weight is so high. I am 200 lbs. and my legs are bad since I suffer from varicose veins. However summer is the best time for me. Tell Anders 'Hello', we all remember him with great warmth. Tell all of your other loved ones and your husband the same also but receive for yourself a big and loving greeting from my husband and me - Marie."

As it turned out Laurs and Else were probably thankful that they had waited and not gone back to the land of their ancestors that year, for it was a period of births and deaths, happiness and sorrowing for members of their family and they were on hand to share in both. It started out in February of that year when Arthur, a twin himself, was presented with twin girls by his wife Millie. But let the oldest of these, Cousin Grace, tell the story:--

"Dr. Hagan bumped his head on the hanging kerosine lamp when he delivered us twins, Gladys and me, for I was there and heard the bang! Our parents were proud and happy with their enlarged family - four children under the age of four. Then too, the way things happened was quite the talk around town. I was born about twenty minutes before midnight on Feb. 16th 1909 and Gladys was born about twenty minutes after midnight on Feb. 17th - twins born on different days. This was quite a drain on mother's health and so it was decided that Aunt Vena Christensen should take me and Aunt Mary Gledhill should take Gladys, until mother regained her strength."

Aunt Mary Gledhill (Dowdle) now well past eighty, continues the story:-- 'When Grace and Gladys were born Grace, a large blond Christensen baby, came first, not long before midnight. About two hours later, not long after midnight, Gladys, a tiny, sickly, dark complexioned baby that looked like the Gledhills, came. Millie, in her hysteria, refused to own the second baby. Dr. Hagan put her in my charge - they didn't expect the little thing to live. I cared for Gladys in my room at home where I fed her with an eye dropper for two weeks, a mixture of whisky and something else the doctor put with it, which probably helped to save her life.'

Though Dr. Hagan delivered the majority of babies now in Gunnison, you could bet if a new one was arriving at any of the Christensen's homes, either grandmother Else K., Aunt Vena or both would be right there to help out, before and after. And a number of other babies were expected by the Christensens within the year. Arthur's and Millie's twins weren't a dozen days old when Joseph and Roxie had another child at their place, the seventh, but only the fourth to live. This one was a big, long, hungry baby and Roxie had far too little milk to satisfy him. So every few hours someone took him over to his Aunt Millie's for an extra breast nursing, since she had plenty for the twins and some to spare for Virgil. Not to be outdone then, Chris and Caroline brought forth their seventh child and third son, Farrald, the very first part of that September. And a month

and a few days after Farrald arrived, Louis and Florence had their fifth child, the first baby to be born in the old Gunnison homestead since Vena, as far as we know. Little brown-eyed Dale helped to compensate for the loss of baby Spencer, who had been laid away by Louis and Florence some seventeen months earlier. Thus five more grandchildren were quickly added to Laurs' and Else's posterity - jewels in their crowns! Else K. at least was most likely present to greet each one on arrival.

But - "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. . ." On Sat. 18 Dec. 1909 Elsie's and Alma's little son Byard died. He was then a beautiful child of four years nine months and sixteen days, but had always had an incurable heart condition. Alma was on the desert with the sheep at the time and Elsie was expecting again soon. She and grandmother were alone with the little one when he passed away. His burial was delayed until Alma could be notified and return to Gunnison. On Wednesday afternoon, two days before Christmas, a brief funeral service was held at the residence. Thus over a happy home the shadow of a little grave fell. But exactly seven weeks later Elsie had a beautiful baby girl to fill her empty arms. This Edith was so welcome, not alone because of her little brother's passing but also because she was the first daughter, following four sons.

Emma and Charles had also known much sorrow in the past two years, having lost two baby daughters in stillbirth, one right after the other. Neither were named. Their oldest daughter Ada, though quite young at the time, says she distinctly remembers the last of these little ones in her box-casket lying there perfectly formed like a beautiful doll. She just couldn't understand why this baby sister wouldn't wake up - she so much wanted a little sister to play with for she had only Byron. Charles buried each of the little corpses on their ranch there, across the wash some distance from the house. But then Ada got a real live sister when Emma gave birth to a healthy baby girl, 13 Jan. 1910, who later received the name Imelda.

A few years before, Andrew and Sarah had purchased a lovely home in Salt Lake City on 27th South and 9th East. The story went that it had been built by President John Taylor, so Edythe says, and she continues:-- "The house was of brick, with an artistic front porch and roof from which jutted dormer windows. The glass of the front parlor window was of good dimension with an upper panel of colored glass. The home was of two stories. A couple of the upstairs bedrooms had windows facing the west from which we could watch the sunsets with their colored reflections upon Great Salt Lake, as well as the snow-capped mountains of the Ochre (Oquirrh?) range in winters. The annual fireworks displays of old Wandemere Park were exciting delights on July Fourth and Twenty-Fourth nights. It was like having reserved seats to the very best shows.

"The grounds were extensive. Many homes have since been built upon the area that was then our lot. Fruit trees of all varieties, raspberries, strawberries, and different kinds of currants grew abundantly. There was much garden space. The property even boasted a windmill but this father took down to avoid the danger of having it crash onto the roof in a strong wind. A big stream of water gushed from a pipe on the property, but whether its source was from a spring or an artesian well I do not know. Father envisioned our own fish pond and proceeded to have one excavated, lined with cement and stocked with an abundance of trout. It was later protected with a high mesh fence when the second daughter of the family, Elsie Eliza, came along; for from the time she could toddle she was fascinated with this pond. The fence had a padlocked gate to permit easy entrance to the pond when necessary.

"Sometime later, in fact Friday 8 April 1910, my two younger brothers and I were hard bent on 'jumping the rope'. It was the rage at school and Wendell and I hoped to perfect our form. We were down in the orchard some distance from the house. Mother had commissioned us to watch out for seventeen-month-old Elsie who had also come out of doors to play, but was not with us. We had

looked toward the fish pond and the gate appeared closed so we looked no further. After a time mother called from the back door, 'Have you seen Elsie?' The rope was thrown down and we scattered to search. I reached the pond. The gate was now ajar, apparently it had been pushed closed but not locked. There, peacefully floating on the water, baby face to the sky, was our little sister. I was quickened and stunned with remorse - why hadn't I gone out to the gate and really checked - why hadn't I watched more closely and kept the baby with us? I wrestled with myself and even yet, after all these years, I feel responsible for that tragedy. A small funeral service was held in our parlor a few days later and Elsie was buried in the family plot at the Provo City Cemetery beside our brother Adelbert. I never 'jumped the rope' again, nor could I even bear to watch the school groups jumping the rest of that spring."

Nevertheless this was not the end of the grief for the Christensens. I remember it as if it were yesterday. We, Albert and Jennie and family, lived in the John Maiben home in Manti which we were renting while our new house was being finished, our old one having been sold. Elaine and I had just returned from Sunday School, it being Sunday 22 May 1910. We found mother in the parlor, accompanying herself on the organ and singing that very old hymn, "Who are those arrayed in white, brighter than the noonday sun. . ." At least these were the words she was singing, if not the title of the song. Father was out of town on court business. A messenger came to the door - Father was wanted on the community telephone, long distance. Mother went to take the call - she seemed worried. She came back in a few minutes, tears streaming down her face. Cousin Orilla, Chris' and Caroline's daughter Elaine's age had just passed away with scarlet fever. Others of their children were down sick with it also. The funeral would not be held until they could get word to Uncle Chris who was up on "The Weber". They would let us know later. Five days after, Friday 27 May, about the same time of day as Sunday, mother was again seated at the organ playing and singing "Who are those arrayed in white. . .", when a girl from the

telephone office came the second time to call mother to the telephone - long distance. 'It must be word about the funeral' she said as she went out. Soon she returned almost beside herself with weeping. "Poor Chris - poor Caroline", I remember her sobbing; "Elora too has passed away with scarlet fever!"

Uncle Chris returned home just before Elora died but there had been nothing he or anyone else could do to save her. Joint funeral services were planned for the two sweet little girls, and since the family was in quarantine for this dreaded disease, as were numerous other families in the town, the services were held outside in front of the Christensen residence. Pearl remembers that her two younger sisters were dressed all in white for their burials and that for the funeral their caskets were lifted outside and propped up on one end so that the beautiful corpses, thirteen year old Elora with her long, waist-length blonde hair hanging over her shoulders, and seven-and-a-half year old Orilla with her golden curls, could be more easily viewed by the mourners on the sidewalk. Mary Gledhill (Dowdle) remembers that the neighbor children and young people, herself among them, gathered and sat on the ditchbank across the road north to watch the sad proceedings, for these lovely girls had been friends of theirs. All were weeping.

"There is no death  
The stars go down to rise upon a brighter shore  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore."

--Anon

Life is so uncertain - and best laid plans can go awry. Yet throughout the maze of births and sorrowful, unexpected deaths, Laurs and Else kept alive the hope of going back to Old Denmark. Now the time was fast approaching when they had hoped to join their loved ones there - and for this they fervently prayed. But would all that had happened put a damper on it? Would little Elsie Eliza's death change Andrew's and Sarah's plans? Encouraging letters came again from Else's people

and apparently they too were looking forward with hope for their visit to Denmark:--

"Tornely, Apr. 10, 1910

"Dear Sister with Husband and Children:

"Thank you very much for your long, loving letter and the pictures. Everything was received in good order. I was so amazed at the cover and everything - even the little string was so fun. To think that you dear sister had tied around it all! Yes, I can surely see that you have lost weight, but believe me I am far from a small thing - so big and fat! But I can move and if I didn't have these difficult legs I could tumble around well yet, But they are whole even if they are tired of the big weight and vein knots. Otherwise I am fine and healthy if I can just avoid cold weather. So I would rather move into the city to live and get rid of the garden. My husband is striving with it at this time, planting potatoes, carrots, chervil, radishes, peas and onions. We are behind compared to you but they go along too, those who are behind. Yes, we would be so happy to see you so come as soon as you can! Now you can visit all four of us in one day. Svend and family live in a nice house in Thorsted. He will also put in a garden. I believe that sister Karen and Mikkel are thinking of giving the farm to some of their children but it won't likely be until next spring. Brother Mads' wife Else has been sick again this winter with stomach trouble and a weak lung. She is up a little now but looks terrible. They have their Edel at home but this May their daughter Marie is coming home from Sjaelland where she has been for many years, then Edel will go to High School.

"I guess my Edel will write you. She is home this month but is leaving again in May. She would be glad if she could see the much-talked-of Aunt Else. When she was younger she wanted to go over to see you she said. Now that the family answer so that you shall not miss getting word before you leave. Edel will write, and here with the most loving greetings to you, Christian, Anders and everybody, am I,

Your sister, Marie Christensen"

"Dear Sister:

"As I am staying with sister Marie at present, I will send you our greetings too as I don't think we will get to send a letter this time. At this time of year Svend is quite busy and he is taking a trip in a few days. But I can tell you that we are fine and really happy at the thoughts of seeing you dear ones, especially from so far away. Yes, if you just do come to Denmark once more! Loving greetings, your sister, Anne Kirstine (Stine)"

"Thorsted, Denmark  
15 April 1910

"Dear friends in the distance:

To you dear sister, first we shall say thanks for your long letter. It is delightful hearing from you but when we have the wonderful joy of seeing you then will it be much more delightful. I can tell you that we are all well and have it good. Mikkel is still running the farm but it probably will be only one more year. He'll shortly be an old man for in September he will be seventy-five. But he is well and he gets around, away and at home, and that do we all. So we have so much to thank the good God Father for - yes his grace for us is more than we can comprehend. I know to begin with that I won't write as long a letter as you, dear sister. Brother Mads' wife is very sick and has been that way for a long time so we don't know if she is going to be here very long. But it all stands in God Father's hands, and since they rely on this it shouldn't be as hard on us friends as long as what happens is God's will. We have sent your letter back to Marie so don't have your new address but hope your old one will find you. I am supposed to say 'hello' from Svend and Stine, we are happy that they came to Thorsted. I will close with many loving greetings to you all.

Mikkel and Karen Skaarup."

"Torneley, Denmark  
17 Apr. 1910.

"Dear Aunt and whole family:

"At last I grab the pen and write. We had a sewing girl here last week and so I helped and have been so busy. I have had sewn some under-clothing and a national costume. Of dresses and over-clothes I shall have nothing new since I was so well supplied last spring. I am going to High School again this summer. Vallo High School is the one I will attend and O. P. Jensen is the name of the director. It begins the fourth of May. I will teach handwork and gymnastics and take instruction in the remaining subjects. The school will be in session until August. Then I'm really going to start working, for if everything goes as we have figured, I will begin the middle of August at Silkeborg Seminary where I will have to go for four years to get my teacher's examination (degree). I have a tremendous desire to do this and father and mother have their hopes in me too. But father is getting old and will soon be seventy-four and that's really up in the years. However it is his greatest desire that I'll make something of myself - I am of course his baby girl.

"If you come this summer can't you make it so that you will be here in August? I would like to be here while you are here. When Anders and his wife come to Europe we hope they will also come to Denmark's land. Thanks for the pictures. Mother let so many see Elvena's picture that when I got hold of it it was almost black. When she is photographed again I would put a great price on receiving a copy. But if she would come over here with it herself it would be all the more dearly come by. Elvena should not be afraid to come over here, when I get enough money there would be nothing I'd rather do than come over and visit my family in America. But it would only be for a visit as I could never leave our good Denmark.

"I have to go in a little bit and that's why my writing is so choppy. But of course you'll forgive it for herewith is sent to the whole family best wishes from the inhabitants in Tornely, by your devoted - Edel Christensen."

## 6. SOME DREAMS COME TRUE

In Salt Lake City, Andrew, doubtless thinking it best to get Sarah and the children away from the scene of their recent tragedy, resigned his position as Principal of the L. D. S. High School and continued his plans to take them all to Europe that summer of 1910. Sarah and the three children, putting aside their grief for brighter things as best they could, took on a project to help, as Edythe relates:-- "To raise extra money, mother took a strawberry patch in East Millcreek, on consignment. We drove out early and picked berries every other morning through the bearing season, then sold them dewy-fresh with heaped-up cups."

Though this must have been a difficult decision, Andrew and Sarah finally decided to sell their promising place there in order to finance the trip as well as his advanced schooling in Europe. Learning that Chris had decided to leave Gunnison and settle Caroline and the children in Salt Lake where they would be nearer "The Weber" and his work, Andrew approached his older brother on the subject. Edythe writes of this also:-- "Our home was sold to father's older brother, the wonderful Chris I. I have been told by his daughter Pearl, that her parents had already decided to purchase another Salt Lake home before father approached them with the need to sell. His family changed their plans as an accommodation to us. I hope, however, that they felt some of the joy that we had in the old place."

Laurs and Else and Andrew and his family left for Europe that midsummer of 1910, but as things happened they didn't travel there together after all. Laurs and Else made arrangements to travel with some L. D. S. missionaries, "3 Klasse", while Andrew and family went a little earlier in July and doubtless had better accommodations. Again we turn to Edythe's history for the details of their travel then:-- "Father, mother, Wendell age 7, Sheldon age 4, and I age 10, left in early July for Europe. Father's parents were to meet us later in Denmark, to visit among the

relatives there. Wherever we went, father always 'put himself out' to give us all the cultural and educational experiences he could - bless him! We traveled first by train to Montreal, Canada. The fortress-like city of Quebec was also a stopover. In each place sites pertinent to early colonial history were visited and the events explained in bright detail. Our ship was of the White Star Line. We cruised along the St. Lawrence River to its mouth, then into the rough Atlantic. After one meal or two mother, Sheldon and I were confined to our quarters for the duration of the voyage. Father and Wendell were not at all affected by the sickness-of-the-sea, nor did they hesitate to boast of it.

"Many others had been ill enroute and so it was in part a pretty peaked-looking group that docked on that one particular afternoon at Liverpool, England, where we were soon taken to a modest hotel in time for a late 'tea'. This consisted of a platter of thinly sliced white bread spread with sweet imported Danish butter to go with our glasses of milk. In no time the rounds of bread disappeared - they had the taste of ambrosia to us. The serving woman almost despaired of filling up 'those Americans'. By morning a 'milk strike' was on and from our hotel windows we heard the clatter of horse-drawn carts and witnessed cans of the precious white liquid being dumped out on the streets.

"We then journeyed to London for a few days sightseeing, taking in many worthwhile things such as the British Museum, Christopher Wren's handsomely designed Church of St. Paul, and Westminster Abbey, etc., and then went on to Oxford. Here we were settled in a large, comfortable and clean upstairs sittingroom, which served also as a dining room and partial bedroom, with another small bedroom adjoining. And there was a precious English garden enclosed by a wall, at the rear of the house. The place was owned by two spinster sisters who insisted on marketing, cooking and washing up. The tasteful English food was served in covered dishes delivered to our door each meal-time, with the necessary plates and silver. No

shopping for groceries - no cooking - no washing dishes! Imagine the wave of luxury that came over our hard-working mother and how she blossomed into increased loveliness under this release from care.

"Father enrolled at Christs College - one of the many in that educational city of renown. There were few afternoons following his classes that he did not take us through some part of the venerable quaintness of Old Oxford: Green lawns stretching everywhere with trees and shrubs in abundance, leaves just turning their color, and a profusion of flowers that fairly took our breaths away; a lazy river winding its way through, on which we sometimes rowed; parks inhabited by bushy-tailed squirrels and small tame deer; horse-drawn streetcars on which we occasionally rode; interesting and quaint shops, book stalls and stores, collectors dreams, in which we often browsed; and old, sometimes crumbling vine-covered churches whose musty-smelling doors were always open and into which we never failed to enter."

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In the meantime, back in Zion, Laurs and Else were ready to leave for Denmark at last. They had secured and thoroughly investigated literature and instructions pertaining to a journey of this kind.

Passports were not required to secure admission to Denmark, but they were useful or necessary as a means of identification, or in proof of citizenship. They should be exhibited wherever evidence of citizenship was required. Since Laurs had never served in the military in Denmark, and although he was now far too old for such service and besides had been a naturalized American citizen for well over thirty years, having declared his intentions to become one 2nd Aug. 1875, in the First Judicial District Court of the United States in Provo, Utah, still he had no mind to take any chances in Old Denmark. So he applied for and secured his passport, which came with the following "NOTICE: The person to whom this passport is issued is hereby directed to affix his signature

thereon, in the space designated, immediately upon its receipt. . . etc. . . etc. . . American citizens who expect to make a prolonged stay in any foreign country should apply for consular registration to the American Consulate in that country. . . P. C. Knox - Dept. of State, Washington, April 11, 1910." Else of course had her passport from before.

The couple had arranged to travel from Salt Lake City with a group of Europe-bound missionaries, two of whom were going to Denmark, Elders John Elmer Larsen of Tabor, Canada, and Hans Sanders of Salt Lake City. They had received their letters of instructions which read as follows:--

"INSTRUCTIONS FOR VISITORS WHO ACCOMPANY THE EUROPEAN PARTY LEAVING JULY 13th. . . Your train leaves Oregon Shortline Depot 5:15 p.m. Wednesday:-- The Oregon Short Line Ry. to Ogden; the Union Pacific Ry. to Omaha, the Chicago Great Western Ry. Omaha to Chicago. Your rail ticket is all in one ticket for the entire party between Salt Lake and Chicago, and is held by the Elder in charge of the company. If you have a trunk to check you should be at the Oregon Short Line depot baggage room not later than 4 p.m. Wednesday. The Elder in charge has an order to get your rail ticket from Chicago to Montreal that is paid for, and you hold your own steamship ticket. The large new steamer "Megantic" that you go on, sails from Montreal at daybreak Saturday the 23rd, and passengers sleep on board the steamer the night before. Liverpool address: Durham House, 295 Edge Lane, Liverpool, England."

Else had procured a small notebook in which she copied addresses, any genealogical information she happened across, and a sort of day by day account of their travels, and from this we copy:-- "Left our home in Manti on the 9th of July (1910); left Salt Lake City on the 13th; came to Omaha on the 15th; came to Chicago on the 16th; left there on the 17th July; came to Buffalo on the 18th; came to Montreal, Canada on the 19th of July, going on the ship the evening of the 22nd July." This was Laurs' sixty-third birthday and he may have recalled the last time he was in Canada, which was exactly forty-four years before, when

they rode the abominable cattle cars on their way to Zion in 1866 as newly arrived Danish emigrants. In fact it was in Montreal that they had first boarded those filthy boxcars. Laurs had spent his nineteenth birthday those many years ago crossing over from Canada into the United States. Who would have dreamed then that he would return again to Montreal? Neither could they know now that the day before, 21 July 1910, brother Mads' dear wife Else had passed away in Denmark. The two sisters-in-law named Else would never meet again in this life, or would Laurs ever meet Mads' wife, as he'd expected, but the others of his wife's kin by the grace of heaven he would soon see - and also Christen, his only living full brother! Can we imagine the stirring of his emotions as he thought upon these meetings?

Now continuing Else's account of their journey:-- "We started to sail the morning of the 23rd July, on the ship S. S. Megantic; came to Liverpool 30 July; crossed over from England to Grimby on the 1st of August on the ship Vicaria; came to Esbjerg on the west coast of Jutland on the 3rd of August in the morning; came to Thisted the same day in the afternoon." Here at Thisted they must have been met by some of Else's folks from nearby Thorsted, perhaps Mikkel Skaarup, who had come for Else before. And when they had come to the village of Thorsted perhaps the flags were flying again to greet them, for this was the Danish way to celebrate. And what a family reunion and festival that must have been, though surely somewhat tempered by the grief that still clung to them because of Mads' wife's passing. And what wonderful days those must have been that followed, with all four sisters, their companions and brother Mads together, along with all the nieces and nephews who could manage to be there for the welcoming of their Aunt Else and Uncle Laurs from America. That "Uncle Laurs" fit right in with the crowd can well be imagined, for with his good natured disposition, kindness and rare diplomacy, not to mention his ever ready Danish wit, he must have won them all over, both the Old Ones and the young.

But Laurs and Else were not the only ones from the Mormon state who were traveling to Denmark at the time. President Joseph F. Smith, his wife and son and Presiding Bishop Charles W. Nibley, his wife and two daughters, had arrived in Copenhagen July 27th and were in the process of visiting many of the various branches in the Mission, including the one at Aalborg. They were being accompanied by Andrew Jenson, then President of the Mission. These brethren from Zion spoke to capacity audiences wherever they visited and Brother Jenson showed slides and pictures of outstanding places in Mormondom. It was a most successful missionary venture on the part of these brethren, according to former Church Historian, Andrew Jenson, and the Danish and Norwegian newspapers published many favorable comments on the same, although there were others who railed against them. This was said to be the first time in history that either a President or a Presiding Bishop of the L. D. S. Church had visited in Scandinavia.

The publicity given these L. D. S. Authorities doubtless made it somewhat easier for Laurs, in his kind way, to try and open up friendly conversations on the subject of religion, as if the way had been paved by a higher power. Nevertheless, even though Jutland Danes were seldom silent and usually began each sentence with a "Ja" or a "Nej" and ended each question with an "eh", yet when the Gospel and its principles were mentioned there were never any "Jas", "Nejs" or "ehs", only silence. So how in the world could Laurs, Else or anyone else tell what was on their minds then? It was a bit discouraging to the would-be missionaries.

Yet the welcome given the two by Else's people was warm and sincere in every other respect; and who can say no sparks of truth were lighted there? After a few days of it in Thorsted, Laurs and Else were on their way again, going south from Thisted by train to visit numbers of other relatives, as Else wrote in her notebook:-- "Came to Hurup on 9th Aug. to Salmon Sorensen's my brother Mads' daughter Valborg's place; came to Christen "Flarups" the 10th of Aug. A.M. at

Nessum by Hurup." Christen Flarup was the name they called Laurs' brother Christen Christensen, but whether it was merely a nickname or whether he had assumed this name by then we know not. So it was here that the two brothers were reunited after forty-four years of separation, but whether this, their last meeting on earth, was all Laurs had hoped for aside from the aspect of religion, we are uncertain. As far as the Gospel was concerned, however, we have been told that his mission here was unsuccessful, for Christen would have none of it! But strange as it may seem, one of his two daughters later joined the L. D. S. Church there in Denmark, according to Aunt Sarah Christensen's understanding.

Genealogical gatherings were interspersed among the travel entries in Else's notebook, and according to these they must have visited relatives in Kjallerup, where she was born; Hvidbjerg Western, where she was christened a Lutheran; Bedsted (Bested) where she was baptized a Mormon; Kobberod where grandfather Laurs was born; Getstrup where his mother was born, and other places dear to their youths. Even though Else's "day-by-day" account does not list these places, her genealogical gleanings jotted down at the time do. After two days spent with Laurs' brother Christen, they parted from him and went on their way as follows:-- "Going to Laurs' cousins, Thomas (Nielsen) Wies from Nessum the 12th of Aug.; today the 19th Aug. evening - we are here in Tolbol with my cousin, Sidsel Marie Hvid (Madsen) and family; today is the 5th of Sept. - We are at the home of Mr. Svend Kirkagade; today is the 8th Sept. - we are now in Skive with Laurs' cousin, Peter Kvistgaard Poulsen (wife and one child), at 2 o'clock we will go on the water to Hvalpsund on the way to Nibe." Laurs made some notes of his own regarding this part of their journey in a small memorandum book, in this manner:-- "From Struer 9:22. In Skive 10:32 (here lives a son of Jens Kr. Poulsen, railroad assistant P. Poulsen.) From Skive with motorboat to Hvalpsund; In Nibe 6:39 - in Nibe lives Jens Kr. Poulsen's daughter-in-law, flower trader (florist), Signe Poulsen, from there to Grydsted School."

We continue Else's account:-- "Going to Aalborg 17th Sept. 1910, We are here in Aalborg 17th Sept. in this good home with some loving Saints, Christen Pedersen and wife Kirstine Marie; Mrs. Marie Carlsen, 679 E. Jensen Ave., Salt Lake City, her father and mother live here in Aalborg - we must see them here and also go to L. D. S. Church headquarters here in Aalborg, at Borupsgade 12. Going back to Thisted tomorrow. In Aarhus the 20 Sept. in the home of Peter Forgesen Fisher, father and mother of Willardsen's wife Marie of Centerfield - also had word from her Aunt Anne. 'Kobenhaven' 30 Sept. 1910, will see Hans Mortensen's girls here today."

So it seems Laurs and Else traveled from one end of Little Denmark to the other visiting their relatives, both close and distant, and also calling on relatives of friends back in Zion; and as they traveled to and fro the list of names and vital statistics of families they visited enroute grew and grew in Else's notebook. Sometime during their journey Else contacted a professional genealogist by the name of Jens C. Nielsen, and engaged him to search out the records of her noble progenitors, the Hvids - way back. Perhaps this was one of the things that took them to Copenhagen then as well as their desire to visit the L. D. S. headquarters there and greet mission president, Andrew Jenson, whom they had known so well since they traveled together on "Old Kenilworth".

Here one now saw ten bicycles to every motor-car and at noons or days ends the ratio was higher. Old-fashioned church gables still zigzagged on the sky, where they stood with their red tile roofs, high white walls, and copings bright around them like red ruffles. Perhaps Laurs and Else stood with all the people in the public square there and sang "There is a Lovely Land", as the band played it. It was more popular with the Danes then than "King Christian". They had added a new verse to it lately, something about "Denmark shall never fall as long as there are blue waters lapping on the shores of her green islands." But in spite of all the "new" this homeland of theirs would always be old, for even before the fierce old Vikings there had been a Denmark!

Then Laurs and Else must have written Andrew and Sarah at 81 Coroly (or Corohy) road, Oxford, England (the address was in Else's notebook) to inform them that they would be returning to Thisted in Jutland the forepart of October and to meet them there then, and, according to cousin Ehythe's history, this is what Andrew and his family did:-- "Sometime in late fall we left the idyll of Oxford for the province of Thisted, Denmark - home of our paternal ancestors. The route was via the North Sea. It was only an over-night trip but, from the moment movement began in the hold of the ship until sometime after landing, I experienced the sensation of having my head lifted from my body, then of being woosily dropped from a very high place. Again, mother, Sheldon and I took to our beds and stayed there. From the port of landing we traveled by train and ferry. The ferry boats were usually constructed with railway ties and holds sufficient to load the train intact on the boat, passengers and all, ferry it across and then release the train to speed on its way until the process was repeated again.

"We found father's parents with the relatives, as per schedule. I don't know how much genealogy had been accumulated by Grandfather and Grandmother but all attempts to interest the relatives in the Gospel were foiled. They were adamant. The "red carpet" was extended and kept bright as long as "Mormonism" was kept under cover. We were dined and plied with extra refreshments until mother finally cried "halt!" She could take no more rich pastries nor cream thickened hot chocolate (substitute for coffee), and pled for watered-down milk and plain crusts of bread.

"At last relatives and our beloved grandparents were bidden a fond adieu as father headed his little family toward Germany and school. From Copenhagen we went by water to Hamburg, then by train to the capitol, Berlin. Kaiser Wilhelm II was then in his prime. Father arranged a visit to the Berlin palace and a parade of the Kaiser's goose-stepping troops - the elite guard - in review. These fairly gleamed in their bright uniformed, white-gloved spit and polish. At the entrance of

the palace we took off our shoes, tied on flannel substitutes, and were guided over polished floors that shone as mirrors, reflecting the crystal-studded chandeliers as well as the many mirrored panels that slit the hardwood or tapestry bedecked walls. (The Emperor's ambitious glory was to be short-lived however, from then on.) From here, again by train, we reached our destination - the fine old University city of Leipzig."

Possibly one of Laurs and Else's last acts before they bid a last farewell to her people and left Thisted for their home in America was to visit once more the village of Norhaa and one of the spots most dear to Else's heart. We have reason to believe that they found the dwelling where she once lived in ruins. The churchyard cemetery where her parents were buried must have been visited as well, which must have called up fondest memories of her childhood and youth, together with a feeling of deep emotion at the thoughts of never being able to visit there again. But let Else herself tell of some of her feelings then, for she put them in verse. (These verses have undoubtedly lost much in translation from the Danish but we have done the best we could.)

"O Denmark, O Denmark, thou art my Birthland  
Now long years have vanished since I saw your strand.  
Here stood father's dwelling near the lake's wooded  
shore  
But now it is gone - we shall see it no more.

"O here was our garden with mother's flower bed  
But I see not the rose that once bloomed so red  
And gone is the bench where Rudolph and I  
Sat and listened so oft to the nightengale's cry.

"In Old Denmark here have I yet family,  
Therefore I came back just for them to see  
And I offer a prayer on this far-away strand  
That someday they'll follow me to Zion's land.

"A wreath have I laid on this dear hallowed ground  
On this grave where my mother in death was laid down.  
Then farewell to all who hold her name dear,  
For ship's bells are calling - we shall meet no  
more here."

--Else K. Christensen

(A copy was sent to Louis D. Christensen,  
21 Apr. 1912.)

\* \* \* \*

In Thisted they secured a "Haandbog for 3 Klasse" from one P. Andersen, and then it was back to Copenhagen for them again, by train and ferry. Here they mailed a few letters of thanks back to their loved ones in Jutland and sent along a few gifts of money to the nieces who had been so helpful during their visit. Then they sailed away from Old Denmark and her green islands about mid-October 1910, on one of the big ocean liners owned by the "Scandinavian-Amerika Linie". This should have been a fine trip for Laurs and Else since neither of them ever suffered from seasickness, having been raised to the lullaby rhythm of the sound of the sea. However, they were plagued by a shortage of money, doubtless having overspent a bit "putting on airs" in Denmark that they could hardly afford; though it must have been well worth it to be able to impress their kinfolk there. If Else was inclined to fret about it Laurs probably smoothed things over with a shrug and some comment such as:-- "Well, better to be poor and right than to be poor and wrong", having in mind their Danish relatives utter lack of interest in the Gospel, as well as their modest circumstances.

It took nine days to cross over and, upon docking in New York City, the two found it necessary to telegraph home for additional money with which to continue their westward journey. While they waited, uncertain about the outcome, they likely busied themselves writing cards and letters, not only to their many children but to their Danish loved ones as well to let them know of their safe arrival in the U. S. A., and probably adding a postscript about being found financially embarrassed in New York, and of course making a joke of it. But it must have been no joke to be found so. Cousin Byron Peterson remembers his mother, Emma, telling about receiving an urgent request for help from her stranded parents in New York, and of hurrying down to the Gunnison telegraph office to wire them some money. In her haste, however, Emma stumbled and fell in the

dusty street near the office and dropped the precious money she had held in her hand. When she recovered herself and the coins, a twenty dollar gold piece was missing. Bystanders, seeing her plight, helped to hunt and finally brought a sieve and sifted the dirt all around where she had fallen until they found the gold piece.

Returning to their own state the last of that October, Laurs and Else must have viewed with joy the Rocky Mountains and all the other familiar sights and sounds that said "this is home". They must have stopped off a few days to visit Chris and family in Salt Lake City, for there was so much to tell! Then they must have hurried back to Manti in time to cast their vote, for it was important to them to assist in electing representatives who would support Republican President William Howard Taft. Elvena, Albert and family would have been on hand to greet them at Manti, where they had just moved into Albert's and Jennie's lovely new home there on Depot Street (now 195 West 1st North). Previously that fall, while the new house was being finished, Vena had been taking care of three of Albert's children in Old Man Henry's rock house next door, while Jennie had been at her father, Joseph Snow's house, quarantined in with Elaine there, she having taken scarlet fever. Remembering Chris and Caroline's sad loss of that spring, Jennie and Albert had taken no chances with this dreaded disease. Albert, Judge of the Seventh Judicial District, had been staying at the hotel when he could be in Manti, but now they were all settled and together again; and Vena was happy to have her parents back so they could all get settled again too.

Letters from Denmark were awaiting Laurs and Else upon their return - it was good to know that they were fondly remembered in Thorsted:--

"Thorsted, Oct. 24, 1910

"Dear Aunt and Uncle:

"Greetings from Denmark! Then you are already now on the long journey homeward bound for your land far away. I guess it has to be like that - but we can hear from each other. Receive

my heartiest thanks for your visit - I like you! I missed you so much the first few days, I almost believe it was because of the dear little children who kept me so busy. I wonder how things are for them in Germany? And you, Dear Uncle, with your good humor which you have preserved throughout all the many years you have lived over there - yes and preserved the language too. Thanks for what you sent me. I will buy something for it that I can keep as lasting memories of those days. But I think it far too much for I was glad to be able to do a little bit for you.

"Yesterday I took a trip by bike out to Aunt Maries. I brought greetings to her from your letter. She said she was longing so dearly to get to know when you were coming back here to live - or so she said. Oh but I get tired of her ways for so often she talks so much and it is not always wisdom that she speaks it seems to me. I believe that Aunt Else will understand what I mean. I hope you are well on the ship - I wonder how far you are right now? I know that wherever you are you have a dome-shaped sky above you.

"Dear Aunt, when I am sitting all alone, as now at this moment, so many thoughts and questions come to me. I often feel like him who said 'The good things I intend to do I do not but the evil I didn't intend to do, I do'. Yes, we are all weak people and since we can do nothing for ourselves, all is spoiled for us - everything must be given us from above. Dear relatives, we are of different outlooks on life - you miss that with us. Thanks Aunt Else for the words in your letter saying that you do not judge us. We must believe that everyone who has a faith and lives his life according to it, will find his way home to the Father's House on high, by Jesus Christ. Now dears, you must forgive me for what I have said if you find it a little strange of me. I express myself very badly and imperfect I know, but the quietness around me always calls out deep thoughts and living longings of the heart - 'Business weakens, quietness awakens.' Goodby and thanks for everything good. Hearty greetings to Elvena and loving greeting to you from your niece, Maren Skaarup."

"Thorsted, Denmark  
28 Oct. 1910

"Dear Friends in the Distance:

"Thanks very much for the letter, it came in good condition. We hope that when these few words reach you that you are back in your daily routine again and safely home. Now you have a lot to think about since you have been in so many different homes recently. There are so many impressions to be received through travel. Here we are very thankful that all went so well while you were away. You asked, dear sister, how goes it with the Skaarups? It was so strange that you should ask, especially at this time during Mikkel's dark period (illness). Trouble is not something unknown to me, but I must thank the good God Father for both the light and the dark and for everything we lack. I know for certain that we do not always thrive best with wind (under good circumstances). I could just about say that the only wish I have is that Mikkel, and all of us, could be free of our ailments but we must admit that, as Paul says, 'we have a thorn in the flesh'. I hope you, dear sister, can understand my thoughts. I can truthfully say that Mikkel has been a good husband, and a good father to all of our children. But I can tell that we are getting older and we sometimes have to have things hard to get us to be humble and make us like little children for our God Father, who both can and will help us. I am so grateful at least that my leg is better.

"Day before yesterday we had the threshers here. You should have seen the bunch of grain we had. Brother Mads was here to help. I promised to send you a greeting from him and also one from Svend Poulsen. Stine is not yet completely moved to Thorsted but hopes that it will be shortly. Maren has written to you so I think I had better quit at this time. Herewith I will wish God's peace be with us all. We were so happy for your visit. I am supposed to say 'hello' to you from our children who are away. Yours, Mikkel and Karen Skaarup."

There was also a letter enclosed from

Mikkel's and Karen's son Christian. The "Marie" he refers to was his new wife. (Translation)

"Thorsted, 28 Oct. 1910

"Dear Aunt and Family:

"I feel it's my duty to protest against Marie's coverage of me concerning my inner personality because there she plainly exaggerates to a high degree. The judgment she gives is such that it is dependent upon the eyes with which it is seen and I don't believe that her sight is completely unobstructed. But I'm not so smart a doctor that I can cure her but will leave it to time who doctors all mistakes, it is said.

"I have a friend of my youth among the Mormons, Peder Christen Gertsen, do you know him? If so I would appreciate it if you would say 'hello' to him for me. He visited me here in Vesløs some years ago. He has a brother over there, Lars Christen Gertsen, who he said had become a free thinker, perhaps you know him also.

"I hope that our common Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, God the Father's only born son, has many mansions and also a prepared place for you with your dear husband and children. I have the impression that you are a courageous and God-devoted woman. Here on the earth there are, funny as it may seem, so many distinct parties with different beliefs, many of whom think that they alone are God's true disciples. However, the center of it all is Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior and he, with his almighty grace, will have us all gathered home to himself when the great harvest day comes.

"Marie desires me to request a complete description of your travel home, and especially when you stood in America flabbergasted for want of money. Marie also suggests that I should let you know that I am really happy with her. So I will herewith add that she, my big baby - for so she is - is more interested that the work goes easy for her both in and out of the house. I wish to be a good husband for her just as she, my own big darling, also desires to be and is a good wife

to me. God bless her and God bless us all! I'm supposed to send greetings to you from the Lars M. Christensens, Aunt Marie and husband, and hearty greetings from your nephew - Christian Skaarup."

So, they wouldn't talk about religion when Laurs and Else were there - but they could write about it now when there was less chance for rebuttal! Perhaps then they had set their Danish kinfolk to thinking, after all. Who then could say that no seed of truth had been sown among them there?

## 7. PROPHECIES FULFILLED

"The Master Artist who molded the Wasatch Mountains surrounding Sanpete Valley must have loved beauty and put an extra measure of it in his work that day. He made those mountains high and strong and rugged. He remembered to garment them with blue pine forests, with groves of slim, graceful aspen and scarlet maple patches. He strung crystal ribbons of water along their arms and pinned white columbines and bluebells high upon their grassy heads. In the midst of this beauteous creation He carved out a "Bishops Chair" or a "Queens Throne". As He tapered them off near Manti He purposely left a mound of ivory stone jutting out into the valley. Many days and seasons covered the stone mound with the gray alkali dust of the valley bottom. A few scrub cedars and pine crept out of the lower canyons and stood upon the plain gray hill; because from its summit they could see the whole valley.

"One day a young Nephite came to the valley purposely to visit the small gray hill. He stood very quietly upon its crest. The hill felt the warmth and power of his magnetic person for he was a Prophet of God! His fair hair shone gold in the sunlight and his face was serene with the spirit of revelation. This Prophet, Moroni, knelt and brushed the dust from off the hill's face and withdrew a chip of white limestone. He smiled happily as he examined it. Then he bowed his head in

prayer and dedicated the hill to become a home of a sacred temple of God.

"Years passed. Seasons of eternal snows and thawing winds swept the hillside. A few more cedars came out of the deep canyons to keep watch. Only the red-men visited the gray hill. Centuries of waiting followed, but these did not darken the gray hill's memory of the Nephite prophet's visit nor of its own glorious destiny. . . And again it was November - a crisp Indian summer day. The gray hill, wide-eyed with wonder, saw in the distance a caravan of strange people approaching. White-topped wagons wormed their way across the valley and drew halt under the very foot of the plain gray hill - and here they made their camp. When all were asleep late that night the cold breath of winter came out of the west, turning the enchanting colors of autumn to withered blackness much as fire would char. Everything in the valley became covered by an ermine blanket of snow and lay cold and white - everything except the watchful green cedars on the gray hill. Next day the people went to the gray hill and dug out warm homes for the whimpering children and purple-lipped women. The happy hill felt the comfort of these pioneers within it.

"Winter waned and days began to lengthen and warm. The hill became worried and fretful for it knew that when spring came thousands of rattlesnakes would crawl from its crevices and challenge the dugout homes of the pioneers, and it was helpless to give aid. It could only hide its ugly, muddy face and bear the humiliation. Would the gray hill's promised destiny never be fulfilled then? Yet, when the dreadful day came, these men and women valiantly met the challenge of the poisonous fangs and slew the snakes by the hundreds. No one was bitten or injured. But 'ere long the redmen came to torment and kill and the pioneers found their dugout homes insufficient protection. The gray hill could help this time, for she gave the stone needed to build a strong fort that saved many lives when Chief Blackhawk was on the warpath.

"In spite of all, the pioneer colony grew and

the gray hill supplied stone for new homes for new people. But with all the new scenes and changes the hill remembered the Nephite dedication. Then it was spring again and today this memory was especially vivid. Springtime always brought new hope. Today was April 25, 1877, and the mountain air was filled with wild flower fragrance and mating songs of the birds. A gentle night rain had washed the valley to sparkling brightness. The warm morning sun called from out the earth its verdant green carpet and spread it wide, as if to welcome a nobleman's coming; and today the gray hill felt the foot-steps of another Prophet of God.

"It listened as the Prophet Brigham Young told his companion, Warren S. Snow, 'Here is the spot where the Prophet Moroni stood and dedicated this piece of land for a temple site and that is the reason why the location is made here and we can't move it from this spot; and if you and I are the only persons that come here at high noon today we will dedicate this ground'. Five days later construction began and soon the temple started to grow like an exquisite white flower from out the depths of the hill. Eleven more years the gray hill waited to see the Manti Temple finished and its delicate towers patterned against the sky. Then, at the glorious sight of it, the heart of the hill burst wide open with joy and let forth a flow of clear, pure spring water so that lawns, trees, shrubbery and flowers could be watered to thrifty growth."

The "Plain Gray Hill" referred to in Florence N. Bagnal's beautiful story was anything but plain and gray when Laurs and Else Christensen, our beloved grandparents, took up their temple work in real earnest the beginning of the second decade of the twentieth century in Manti. Then Temple Hill, rich in tradition, stood green and bright and crowned with a majestic temple of God; fulfilling foretold. And here to this Hill and this Temple the aging couple went faithfully and often, as brother Joseph Hatten Carpenter, Manti Temple Recorder for some forty years tells:-- ". . . Laurs M. Christensen and his good wife, your grandparents, lived in Gunnison for many years.

When I was working in the temple they moved to Manti and spent their remaining years by coming almost daily to the temple. Your grandmother had quite a record of her kindred she labored for. Your grandfather worked considerably on my record. I hired him and paid him, as his own record was completed to the extent he had it. Your grandmother was a very intelligent woman, and was anxious that her children should have good educations. . . ."

Yes indeed, Laurs and Else K. went often to the temple now. At first they walked the four or five blocks or so to and from their home there. Later they took the horse-drawn temple hack both ways. Grandmother eventually received numerous records of her ancient relatives on the Hvid line sent from Denmark by the researcher she had engaged on her last trip there. They each did all the work they could for their dead. They also solicited the help of some of their sons and daughters in this work, and even involved some of their grandchildren in doing baptisms for their dead. It was the custom for many years for Sanpete Valley children to be allowed the privilege of going to the Manti temple, on or soon after their eighth birthdays, to have their own baptisms in the beautiful font there. Until the practice was discontinued and other places provided, Grandmother Else took the responsibility of seeing that most of her grandchildren who lived in the area during her time had the opportunity to go there for that purpose. Pearl, the oldest grandchild, writes of this:-- "I was baptized at the age of eight years. Grandma Christensen took my two cousins, Harold Christensen and Leo Nelson and myself to the Manti temple for the occasion. Afterwards she took us up the spiral stairway into the top of the temple and told us to always remember the things we saw and heard there. I shall never forget them. Grandma also took me there several times later to be baptized for the dead." Most of the grandchildren thus favored got to climb up the winding stairway, as cousins Pearl and Harold did, and as I did, to the very tip-top of the temple's west tower, for a breathtaking view out over the valley; and a number of them were taken by

grandmother to the temple again at various times, as Pearl and I were, to be baptized for some of our Danish relatives of long ago.

Nevertheless Laurs and Else didn't bury themselves in temple work entirely but succeeded in doing some of the other things they enjoyed. Else especially loved to visit her friends - and she had a host of them. In earlier days she went by horse and buggy. Crystal Snow Witbeck remembers when "Sister Else Christensen used to stop in at Sterling on her way back and forth from Manti to Gunnison, to visit my mother, Anne Marie Nielsen Snow, and get a 'cold glass of buttermilk'. Father, Franklin Snow, would unhitch her horse and water it in the creek by which we lived and feed and care for the animal while the two dear friends chatted away in Danish, perhaps for hours. Oh the unusual experiences your grandmother could tell about the olden days in Denmark; I wish I could remember some of those stories today."

Grandmother Else not only visited all around Sanpete Valley but in Salt Lake and other places and it seemed that everywhere she went she found friends to talk to. As she progressed in years she abandoned the horse and buggy and took to the train for her visits. On one of her various visits she may have been bragging a little overmuch about her "wonderful children" and the fine marriages they had made - you know how proud mothers are sometimes, when they get to going on about their offspring, and Else K. was no exception. Well, on this particular occasion a certain sister so-and-so, whom she was visiting, being perhaps a bit jealous or at least hoping to take her friend Else "down a peg or two", finally got in her say, -- "Ja, Ja, but Vena you vil haf alvays vit you!" You see Elvena was getting on in years and not yet wed.

Some of Laurs' and Else's greatest joys in later years came from visiting their children and their families. Cousin Byron remembers that his grandparents often came from their home in Manti to visit at their home east of Gunnison. "At first they came by horse and buggy," said Byron, "and whenever we saw Grandma coming we'd go out and kill a big fat hen, for we knew she'd want to make

Danish soup and dumplings right off. Father raised pigs for the market, sometimes fifty or more at a time, and occasionally when grandpa and grandma came to our house grandma would ask if we had a 'runt' pig', referring of course to a baby pig who wasn't doing very well. She preferred the ones with curly tails. Father always seemed to have a 'runt' pig' when grandma paid us a visit and she just seemed to have a special talent and pride in getting runt pigs all plumped up and doing fine in scarcely no time at all. Indeed grandma certainly had a way with little pigs. One time one of these pigs got away on their way back home to Manti and grandma had a hard time getting over that 'poor little lost pig'!"

"I remember driving to Manti with grandpa in a horse and buggy with a cow tied on behind. That was a long, slow trip. Another thing I remember about grandpa is how much he liked fish of all kinds, but especially smoked herring. He always ate fish the old Danish way, putting whole pieces into his mouth - bone and all. Soon the bones would come flying out either side of his mouth, looking like 'cat's whiskers'; but sometimes they got caught in his moustache and had to be untangled. Both grandpa and grandma came to help us thin beets and later to harvest potatoes, and of course father paid them. If they came from Manti on the train they walked the mile from the station at Christenburg to our house.

"Grandma expected to be minded and usually got her way. I remember one time mother went away and left her to tend Ada and me, when we were quite young. Something we were doing bothered grandma, perhaps it was playing in the water - I don't quite recall now. Anyway she cautioned us several times not to do it and the last time with an 'or else'! But we continued to defy her until we could see she meant business. When she came toward us with that look in her eye - we ran. To our utter surprise she took after us and caught us and 'ker-plunk' her hand came down several times, where it hurt the most. I've never seen anyone run that fast, especially an old woman." Perhaps grandmother Else figured

that the gentle Emma's children needed a little discipline.

Cousin Ivy remembers that after they moved to Salt Lake City grandma and grandpa always came up for General and Semi-Annual Conferences and stayed at their place. She remembers her bedroom was next to theirs and she could never go to sleep early when they were there in October for they would lie in bed and talk about politics - always politics - until way into the night. Since grandmother was somewhat deaf in her later years, she talked quite loud then too.

Elaine remembers that when Cullen was a wee baby he had been very fretful with eczema or something and she had taken him outside in his baby buggy to wheel him to sleep. It took a long time back and forth, back and forth. She had just gotten him fast asleep and had wheeled him into the shade and set the brake, preparatory to leaving him there to sleep for awhile, covered with mosquito netting to keep off the flies, when grandmother came walking up the path to their place. As she drew near, Elaine put her finger over her lips to indicate "be quiet". As grandmother approached the place where Cullen lay she smiled and put her finger over her lips too. Then she leaned over the buggy to look at him, saying at the same time, "Ja, we must be quiet for he is asleep". But her words were not whispered but fairly "boomed out", and of course Cullen awakened with a frightened scream. Dear grandmother, she had no way of knowing how loud she whispered, because of her deafness.

Cousin Rose wrote of Laurs and Else:-- "Memories of my grandparents are all too few, as I was pretty young, but I do remember grandma coming to our house to quilt for us and allowing me to 'card' the wool, much to my delight. Grandpa I remember with white hair blowing and always a sweet smile and a moustache that tickled. Somehow pictures of Albert Schweitzer remind me of him. I'm sure these two lovely people were largely responsible for the many wonderful traits and beliefs that our Dad passed on to us and I am very thankful indeed to be a part of their progeny."

The Great Giver of Life was continually sending new little souls to earth to bless the lives of Laurs and Else's children during those years, but the Grim Reaper was ever close at hand also, taking away friends and relatives dear to their hearts. A chronology of births and deaths among those close to this devoted couple, during the years 1911-1914, appears thus:-- 20 May 1911 a son born to Andrew and Sarah Christensen in Leipzig, Germany, named Luther after the great Christian Reformer, Martin Luther, who began his work of reformation in that country. . . .  
1 Oct. 1911 a fifth son and eighth child born to Joseph and Roxie Christensen in Gunnison, Utah, but only the fifth child to live, named for Roxie's youngest brother Henry but called by the name Marvin. . . 23 Oct. 1911 a nearly twelve pound son born to Albert and Jennie Christensen in Manti and named Phillip Van Buren, for some of his mother's progenitors - his birth leaving Jennie in somewhat of a delicate condition. . . 24 Nov. 1911 Lars C. N. Myrup, missionary, Danish Emigrant of 1866, gentleman-farmer and civic leader, age  $66\frac{1}{2}$  years, died in Centerfield, Utah, leaving numerous descendants, having had three wives. . . 18 Jan. 1912 a nine pound baby girl came earlier than expected to Arthur and Millie Christensen in Coalville, Utah, where Millie had gone for medical help from their home in Upton. . . 19 Jan. 1912 the baby girl born to Arthur and Millie, whom they had hurriedly named Mildred, died and was buried in Coalville. . . 7 Mar. 1912, a baby boy was born to Louis and Florence Christensen in Gunnison, Utah, he being their sixth child, and named Weldon D. . . 4 Apr. 1912, a son and eighth child was born to Christian and Caroline Christensen in Salt Lake City and later named Gordon Larsen, the second name being the maiden surname of his mother. . . 10 May 1912, a second daughter and sixth child was born to Elsie and Alma Bartholomew in Gunnison and fittingly named Ella May which was later changed to Ellamae. . . 6 Mar. 1913, John Taylor Christensen, son of Christen and Anne Jensen Christensen, died in Manti, Utah at age 41. His wife Margaret and daughters Florence and Edna survived him, twins, a boy and

a girl, having preceded him in death. . . 8 Oct.  
1913 Pauline C. Andersen, age 58½ years, daughter of Christen and Karen Lauritzen Christensen and Danish emigrant pioneer of 1866, died today at her home in Centerfield, being survived by her husband, Andrew Andersen, three daughters, Annie Lenora 'Nora' (Jensen), Karen Pauline "Carrie", and Mattie Isabella (Dack), several grandchildren and two brothers, Laurs M. C. Christensen of Manti and Christen Christensen of Jutland, Denmark. . . 3 Apr. 1914, Anne Jensen Christensen, widow of Christen Christensen and Danish emigrant pioneer of 1866, died at age 76 at her home in Gunnison following an illness. She is survived by one daughter, Caroline C. Jensen, three sons, Christen K., Andrew E., and Joseph Y. Christensen, two step-sons, Laurs M. C. and Christen Christensen, the latter of Denmark, and numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren. But in spite of it all, life went on for most of the Christensens and their loved ones, at least a little longer, and the sun continued to shine - or the rain fell.

As we recall, when Andrew B. had been preparing to go to Europe in 1910 he had sold his home in Salt Lake City to his older brother Chris. Chris had in turn sold his old home in Gunnison to his youngest brother Arthur M. These Christensen brothers and sisters were great to stick together and help each other out. In the latter part of 1915 the sister Elsie, having had somewhat of a temporary misunderstanding with her husband, felt it necessary to sell her lovely red brick home in Gunnison and move to cheaper quarters, so brother Arthur M. bought her home and returned his home, formerly owned by Chris, in on the deal. Thus Elsie and her five children moved into the old home and Arthur, Millie and their four children occupied the red brick house. Louis D., who had purchased his parents' old home in Gunnison, was away most of the time, being employed in Wyoming with Chris and the Bennion Livestock Company, of which Chris was general manager. Chris had a home on "The Weber" where he took his family to live in the summers, but during the winters they were mostly alone in Salt Lake City where the children could be in school. Elvena divided her

time between her sister-in-law Caroline, in Salt Lake City, her sister-in-law Florence and her sister Elsie in Gunnison, for she was still single and much sought after as an unfailing support in the homes of each and everyone of her loved ones.

Chris, always interested in the welfare of others but especially in his own family and his parents and brothers and sisters, was worried about Elsie and her children and about Louis, whose family was so far away and needed to be near him. He was also concerned about Elvena, whom he thought should be getting a husband, or at least something of her own around her. So it was about this time that he must have conceived the idea of establishing a large family-owned and operated ranch in Wyoming.

He himself had purchased 160 acres of land east of Lyman, Wyoming, a few years before, from the Bennion Livestock Company. There was a lot of acreage adjoining his property there that could be had almost for the asking. An earlier homesteading act involving that part of the territory allowed any responsible person to take up to 160 acres there who would settle on the land, fence it in, cultivate it and add improvements. As a further inducement to settlers the "Grazing Homestead Act of 1916" increased the amount of land a person could homestead to 640 acres, practically saying "here is land - transform it into a farm and it is yours!" It must have seemed a great idea to Chris, as well as a solution to a number of the family problems, for some of his folks to take advantage of this opportunity to obtain land there and work together to build a successful ranch. And being a man of action, as well as vision, he must have successfully presented his plan to various of his brothers and sisters, for some of them soon filed on portions of land adjoining that which he owned twelve miles east of Lyman, Wyoming.

In January 1916 Louis took up 640 acres of land near Chris and their sister, Elsie Bartholomew, also took up 640 acres at the same time. Chris' oldest daughter Pearl filed on 320 acres of property directly adjoining her father's, about

the same time. A little later the sister Elvena took up 320 acres of land adjoining Louis' property and Andrew filed on 160 acres nearby. In fact, each piece of property adjoined that of another member of the family, making it quite a tract of land in their joint possession. Earlier Chris had named his place "The Oasis" - so the Oasis it was for all.

Previously Chris had built a nice barn on his land, with stalls for eight horses and pig pens and a chicken coop and fixed places for hay and grain stacks. Now he had a four-room frame dwelling built on the dividing line between his and his daughter Pearl's newly acquired property, with two rooms on her side and two rooms on his, with a pantry and clothes closets too. This house was completed the forepart of March 1916. In the meantime Louis was making improvements on his place, putting up fences and having a three-room log and frame house built for his family. They were also having a two-room house and attic built on Elsie's property to house them and satisfy homesteading requirements. Sometime later a two-room log cabin with an attic was built on the sister Elvena's piece of land. A well on Chris' place, though salty, supplied water for the animals, but drinking water for the various families had to be hauled in large barrels from a spring in White Sand Hills about two miles east of The Oasis.

On 27 March 1916 a grand exodus took place from Gunnison, Utah, involving Elsie and her three children, now including her second daughter, little two year old Alice Fern. Elvena must have also gone along to help with the children, though she had not yet applied for her land in Wyoming. The night before the whole crew slept at sister Emma's, for she lived within a mile of the depot, and that morning they all boarded the train and headed for Lyman, Wyoming. Louis must have come long enough to help them move and Chris and his older boys, Elmer and LeRoy, must have been on the other end of the line to see that they all got out to The Oasis safely. And since Louis' house was not yet finished, nor Elsie's either, Pearl

remembers that they all stayed for awhile at her's and her father's house, until the other two houses were ready to move into. LaFaun remembers how crowded they were and they slept on the floors and some even had beds on the table. Edith remembers that there didn't ever seem to be food enough to go around then.

But soon those that were able were out tilling the soil and planting. Elsie tells of this in her own history:-- "The children and I worked hard clearing the sagebrush, doing some planting of crops and garden and making the necessary improvements to 'prove up' on our homestead property for two difficult summers." The Oasis raised potatoes, not only for the folks who lived there but also to help supply the needs of those employed by the Bennion Livestock Company. I understand Elsie had charge of the planting and harvesting of numerous bushels of potatoes, which netted her a little extra money. Grandfather Christensen went up to Wyoming on occasions to help with the work there, and grandmother sometimes went up to visit. In telling of those days she once said, with tears of emotion in her eyes, "My proud, my beautiful Else, grubbing away there - working like a hired man in the dirt!" Surely grandmother Else had forgotten how she herself had labored at similar menial tasks when she had lived in the United Order in Mayfield so many years before.

Several years before, back in Sanpete, Albert had sponsored one of his father's Danish relatives and her family, making it possible for her, her husband and two young daughters to come from Denmark to America to live. He gave the husband a job and the family a humble home on his ranch west of Gunnison. Actually Laurs and Else had been instrumental in arranging the whole thing soon after their return from Denmark. These Danish relatives, who had joined the church there, were eager to emigrate to Zion and needed help in doing so, which Albert provided. But being unused to American ways with the land, the cousin's husband, Niels Jensen, turned out to be an unprofitable farmer, though Albert gave him reasonable opportunity to learn. So Albert's

brother Joseph took the Jensen family off his hands and tried Niels Jensen out on his farm east of Gunnison. Joseph even built the Danish relatives a home there, which is still standing on the Keller Christensen farm. But Niels Jensen was also a disappointment as a farmer on Joseph's place as well, so one of the Myrup cousins gave him a job on his place. Lois Myrup Anderson writes something of this:-- "A Danish cousin of our Christensen's, and her husband Niels Jensen, lived in Hill Creek, Uinta County one summer working for Uncle Adolph Myrup. She bragged a lot about her 'wealthy family in Denmark' and showed us pictures of their big house there." The Niels Jensen family eventually ended up in California and seemed to like it better there. These were among the few of grandfather Christensen's Danish relatives to join the Church and move to America. None of grandmother's relatives ever moved here or came even to visit, as far as we know--or did any of them join the church.

About a month after Louis and Elsie and their families had moved to Wyoming, Albert's wife Jennie, who had been in poor health for years, became seriously ill and was taken to Salt Lake City for special medical treatment. Some six weeks later, Thur. 27 July 1916, she passed away there and was brought back to Manti for burial. Thus Albert, busy as Judge of the Seventh Judicial District Court, was left without his beloved companion and with five motherless children on his hands. Of course Laurs and Else and others of the family did all they could at the time to comfort and assist their bereaved loved ones, and Elvena immediately came into her brother's home to care for things there as best she could. Letters of condolence poured in from all over the State and numbers of newspapers commented on "Judge Christensen's great loss". Yet few could do much to assuage the grief in the home where "the light had gone out" for a time at least. Yet "Aunt Vena" was able to help so much with the children then and of this one of them, Elaine, writes:-- "I may never be able to give Aunt Vena credit for all she was to me when she came to live with us after mother's death. I remember very

little of her before that time and might have forgotten as much as I have had I not been keeping a journal while she was at our home. Although at the time, by years she numbered thirty to my fourteen, we shared secrets, activities and heart pangs. Besides providing me and my friends with home-made bread spread with thick cream and sugar for an after school snack, she also provided a sounding board for and a sympathetic understanding of my restless teen-age fancies, as evidenced by an entry in my journal, dated 14 June 1917:-- 'Today has been another beautiful June day with its deep blue sky and glowing sunset. We have completed our housecleaning today and are very glad to get it over with. After the cleaning was done, which was about 7:30 p.m., Aunt Vena and I decided to follow the railroad track until dark. We sent after some candy and nuts and crackers, which we wrapped in a bundle and started off, saying we were going to grandma's. We went west and then followed the long silver threads of tracks until we thought we had gone almost four miles; then we stopped and wished on each others bead rings which Hale had given us. We wished on our bracelets and necklaces too. I wished three things for myself and one very nice wish for Aunt Vena - that she would soon find a nice man for a husband. After that, eating and jabbering away at each other, we followed a road which we thought would lead us into town. But the road had been flooded over and, as I had a little hole in my shoe, I got my foot wet. Finally we came to Main Street where we passed the dance hall and heard the music. I began to pity myself because I wasn't there. Aunt Vena said that we'd go home and if Daddy wasn't there we'd get cleaned up and she'd take me to the dance for a little while. My hair had been in curls since Saturday and Aunt Vena told me that it really looked awful. We fixed and fixed but it still looked like a rat's nest and it was black where I had curled it on the stove poker. So we didn't go. She told me that she would help me plan the party that we were going to have in a few days. . . June 16, 1917 (Day of the party) We've worked hard carrying benches, tables, victrola and lights for the lawn. Dear Aunt Vena has

worked so hard cooking and sewing for us, etc. !

"After mother died Aunt Vena (bowing before the perplexities of problems attendant upon caring for five young children) often dreamed of Jennie. She must have seen her in many teaching situations of all kinds, taking time out to nod encouragement and approval of Aunt Vena, who stood humbly on the other side of the veil, seeking help. That mother adored her for her sweetness, gentleness and selflessness I have no doubt. As I look back through the eyes of experience I can now know how tired she must have been from all of our varied demands, how lonely for love and attention from friends her own age and yet how patient, understanding and available she was for our diversified family needs. I know that she showed a great compassion for all of us and that she was especially close to little Phillip, as she must have been also to mother. Aunt Vena slept in the Blue Room with five year old Phil who clung to her as a substitute for his mother. One morning just at dawn she awoke to see Phil smiling and nodding at someone in the room. Aunt Vena turned inquiringly just in time to see a flounce of skirt disappear down the hall. Upon asking Phil who the visitor was, he replied, 'I've been talking to my mama.' That Aunt Vena herself lived close to the angels, I've never doubted."

Laurs and Else were then living a little nearer to Albert's in Manti, since they had given up their place on 1st North and 1st East and moved to a smaller place one-half block west of Main Street on what is now known as Union Street. In fact they were living directly across the street north from the Tabernacle Block that had become so important to them in their first years in Zion, some fifty years before, when the Black Hawk Indian War was in progress. They had contracted to buy this 32-ft. by  $107\frac{1}{2}$  ft. lot and the house on it from John Lawrence and Anne J. Lowry. Doubtless they had heard of the possibility of buying it from their long time friend and associate, Eliza R. Bartholomew, who herself had contracted to purchase the place from one Lottie Hoggan and then changed her mind after paying \$100.00 down

on the bargain. Sister Bartholomew had sold her contract to the Lowrys and Laurs and Else in turn had got it from them. A warranty deed and abstract to this property were made out to Laurs, 17 Apr. 1922, indicating that by that time the place had been fully paid for and terms of the contract met. The price they had paid for it was \$850 plus interest, and another \$100 to Sister Bartholomew for her equity.

The house itself was a long, rather narrow two-story affair of adobe that opened almost directly onto the front sidewalk on the south. It must have previously been a little shop or store of some kind with living quarters built on behind and was first owned and built by a DeMill family. As I recall, there were two rooms in front, a bedroom, and a front room from which one descended down several steps to a large living or "sitting room" and kitchen area with a pantry. From here there was a back stairs leading up to a couple of spare bedrooms and an outside door to the west leading to a small porch. There was a cemented cellar underneath but no inside bathroom. There was little room for animals on the narrow lot, except for a few chickens and perhaps a "runty pig" or a lamb or two. There was a small raspberry patch and room for enough garden for the two of them, and they had enough primary water right in Manti City Creek to keep it watered.

This small place was about all Laurs and Else could take care of at their ages, since they were then both pressing seventy. Although they were two-and-a-half blocks farther away from the temple than before, yet they were nearer the Post Office and center of town and some nearer their son Albert's. All in all this must have proved to be a comfortable arrangement for them. The temple hack still continued to drive around regularly to take them to their chosen work in the Manti Temple, since they were very busy there; for in 1915 Else had commenced the great redemption work for her noble Hvid progenitors, which line she had obtained back almost nine centuries, through her professional Danish researcher, to one Skjalm Hvide who had been born about 1052

in Roskilde, Copenhagen Amt, or County, Denmark. Skjalm Hvide had married the Princess Signe Haroldsen, daughter of King Harold IV of Denmark, or Harold "Hen" as he was anciently known, and his wife Margrethe. Laurs helped Else by doing the work for her male relatives, including old Skjalm Hvide. He also did work for some of the male dead of Brother Joseph Carpenter's, as has been mentioned, and for others, by which means he earned a modest living. It helped some in regards to their living when, by a Government act of March 4, 1917, Laurs became entitled to a small pension amounting to \$20.00 per month payable quarterly, for his service in the Black Hawk Indian War as a "Private in Captain John H. Tuttle's Company, Utah Militia Infantry."

Laurs and Else must have started out house-keeping in their new location with mostly brand new furniture and equipment, or at least what was new to them, though some may have been second hand. Interestingly enough, an itemized bill for furniture, rugs, etc., purchased about the time of their moving, was found among their papers in the Old Brown Kit. It was from the Michigan Furniture Company, 430-36 South State Street, Salt Lake City, Utah and reads as follows:-- "Buffet - \$35.00; Wash Stand - \$2.50; Library Table - \$15.00; Mirror - \$5.00; 3 chairs - \$9.00; 4 chairs - \$14.00; Rocker - \$15.00; Kitchen Table - \$6.00; Refrigerator - \$15.00; Rug - \$70.00; Range - \$35.00; Heater - \$15.00; Sink - \$1.50; S. H. Bed - yds Linoleum (\$4.50 each) - \$54.00; Dining Table - 6 x 9 Congoleum Rug - \$15.00; 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  x 6 Congoleum Rug - \$6.00; 4 lengths Pipe - \$2.00; 2 Elbows - \$1.00; 2 Collars - 20¢; - Total - \$551.70."

In my minds eye I can see now some of this furniture and the way it was placed in that old adobe house on West Union Street. I can still see also, in memory, some of the other things that were there which helped to "dress up" that house and make it Grandpa's and Grandma's:-- dark red plush covered, gilt edged Family Albums full of photos of strange people resting on the library

table; hand made lace tidies here and there on the backs and arms of the rockers and couch and some well-used hand-painted velvet sofa pillows that had seen better days on the seats of the same; brightly colored hand cut, hand sewn and woven rag rugs spread over the carpets to protect the spots of greatest use; a few thrifty-looking potted plants on the window sills; some heavily framed, enlarged photographs of relatives hung on the front room walls and a gay printed calendar in the kitchen and a pendulum-swinging-clock on the clock shelf ticking off the minutes and singing out in most positive tones the precise time every hour. But Grandmother wasn't much for collecting "dodads" and folderol - she loved people more than things!

I used to go there often during the year after mother Jennie died, and I always felt welcome and so comfortable there. Though the house was right across the road from school, north, I would go around by way of the Post Office to pick up the mail in my grandparents' box and take it to them on my way home from school in the late afternoons. I usually arrived at their place soon after the temple hack had dropped them off following the afternoon session in the temple. I remember Grandpa, having pulled black sateen sleeve protectors well up over the elbows of his white starched shirt, would usually be stretched out full length on the couch in the front room, resting. He was always glad for the mail; it saved him a trip to town after a wearying day at the temple.

But most of all I remember Grandma, softly humming as she moved about fixing their late afternoon meal of cold sliced meat and cheese, bread, butter and jelly, coffee cake or sweet rolls and a hot drink. She would cease her humming to greet me with a smile and a loving kiss, saying, "Vel, vel, if here isn't our dear Weryinya!" - just as if she hadn't seen me for a time, even though I'd been there the day before and the day before that. (She always pronounced my name that way in the tender, caressing, intimate style she had of speaking to those she loved - and I loved her for it!) Then she would insist that I

stay and "have a bite" with them. This I always hungrily hoped for but tried to appear reticent about - but Grandma wouldn't be put off - and so I'd stay and pull up a chair to the dining room table in the front room where the cloth and things were set. Then she would fetch the coffee pot or the tea pot from the kitchen stove, as the case might be, and while she was filling their cups she would say in the most natural and hospitable way, "Vil you haf a cup of tea (or coffee) Weryinya?" She wouldn't wait for an answer but would quickly place a cup and saucer for me and pour in some hot water from the teakettle, put in plenty of cream and plop in a couple of sugar cubes. She even stirred it up for me. I guess this was what they called "Brigham Tea" - the only kind of tea Brigham Young approved of for the Latter-day Saints. I was never given regular coffee or tea in my grandparents' home, or my parent's either. But drinking tea and coffee was one of the very few vices Laurs and Else allowed themselves; it would have been pretty hard for them to have broken this habit of a lifetime - and they never did.

Sometimes on Saturdays I went to Grandmothers in the morning when she would be doing her "heavy cooking" for the week. The most delectable eating of my childhood came if I was fortunate enough to be there when she was making "Abelskivers", those delicious little bell shaped tender Danish apple pancakes made with plenty of fresh eggs, a little flour, salt, buttermilk, grated apple, soda and whatnot, and fried just so in small lakes of butter in little round mold pans made just for that purpose. There was magic in the way she turned them gently over. Then she rolled them in a bed of sugar and served them up piping hot with one's favorite jelly or preserves. To me, nothing has ever tasted so "yummy" as Grandmother Else's freshly made abelskivers.

She had other kitchen specialties of course, like her Danish soup and dumplings. Her "sweet soup" and "red mush" for the makings of which she always seemed to have raspberries, red currents and a plum tree on the place, were happy changes for one who was so used to rice pudding, sego

pudding, bread pudding, custard or blancmange for dessert. Then there was that home made Danish beer which all the adults in the family used to make such a fuss about. When each new batch of Grandmother's Danish beer had duly "ripened" and was ready for the tasting, word would go out from her place and the big folks would swarm in and have a cork-popping good time of it! Though I never learned to like that harmless Danish beer that Grandma made, I loved the happiness and hospitality of those many little family festivals we had at her and Grandpa's place when the beer was "ripe".

Grandmother Else could cook and she could sew and she could fix up her house, and these she did and did well, and she was the most charming, lovable hostess, in her unpretentious, homespun way, that one could imagine. She never apologized for the things she had or had not, but seemed grateful for all she had been given, but especially for all the choice opportunities that the Gospel and the Land of Zion afforded her and hers. If she yearned for fancy things for herself and her home we did not know it; but I doubt that she ever pined much for ornamental decorations, rich tapestries and fixtures, magnificent paintings or other works of art. Her needs were simple it seemed, and yet who knows, perhaps she too "dreamt that she dwelt in marble halls" at times. The only personal ornaments we ever saw her wear were simple amber ear-drops hanging from her pierced ears, an amber colored shell comb in her braided crown of amber colored hair, then streaked with grey, and a plain gold brooch. Indeed, the things Grandmother seemed most interested in were richness of the spirit and the culture of the soul. The things for which she seemed to strive most were the arts of living, serving, loving and learning. I often saw her studying by the lamplight at nights, bespectacled in little oval shaped eye glasses with fragile wire rims and bows. She loved to read - to study - to learn - to keep abreast of things. As they say of those who never quite grow old in spirit, "She grew a little green wood every year."

During that year of 1916/17, after mother

Jennie died, Aunt Vena lived with us, Albert's family, as has been stated. About the first part of July that second summer, however, she was persuaded to leave and go to Wyoming by Uncle Chris, who seemed very anxious to get her up there for some special reason. In fact it was perhaps Chris himself who took her there on one of his various business trips back and forth from Sanpete. It turned out that he was anxious to have Vena meet a young bachelor from Upton, Utah, by the name of George T. Clark, who was one of the herders for the Bennion Livestock Co. As Chris had observed the character and habits of this man in his employ he had found him to be an all around honest, clean, good and fine fellow and was thoroughly convinced that George would make Vena a splendid husband. So Chris took Vena to stay with some of the folks and saw to it that she and George got together, doing all he could to foster a match.

It was but a few weeks before Elvena Christensen and George Thomas Clark were married, for of course Chris had built each of them up to it well beforehand. They went to the Uinta County courthouse in Evanston, Wyoming, 14 Aug. 1917 to secure their license and then sought out the LDS Bishop to perform the marriage ceremony. Each of them was thirty years old at the time but they were as thrilled and happy as a couple of teenagers.

## 8. WYOMING INTERLUDE

The part of Western Wyoming in which some of the Christensens were now living was in the general area known as Bridger Basin, through which what was left of a once mighty river wound its way. Long ago Fort Bridger, from which the region got its name, was a precious shelter from Indian's tomahawks - the same Indians who finally whooped themselves into tame and stupid retreats on the reservations. Pioneering in this unmade country was first begun a hundred years ago by railroad workers who came to build the Union Pacific Railroad which now bisects the territory.

The flapping tent villages of these rail-roaders were soon replaced by homesteaders cabins. Then Wyoming's vast sagebrush and grass covered prairies caught the eyes of stock raisers, and "cattle barons" with their immense herds moved in. Thousands of cattle grazed and roamed at will over the range and cattle raising became the territory's first major industry. At first most of the range cattle there were owned by non-residents who came but once a year from the east to look after their interests in Wyoming - thus the name "Cattle Barons" was given them.

Resenting the ever increasing power of the non-resident stockraisers in the business and politics of Wyoming, homesteaders began fencing in their land along the streams in order to protect themselves from ranging cattle and to break up the range. Cattlemen retaliated by having their employees file on property and, not content to fence in homesteads alone, they often included whole sections of public domain between their own property, thus gaining control of millions of acres and preventing the free use of public lands. Angry homesteaders, who would not steal from their neighbors, began to think nothing of rounding up calves belonging to some far distant "cattle baron" and applying their own brands. "Careless application of the branding irons" brought increasing financial losses and embarrassment and threatened the paradise of the cattlemen. Cattle and horse thieves flourished and rustling became a big business on the ranges of Wyoming.

Failing to pin down these "bandits of the plains" or to secure protection from them through the courts, some cattlemen felt forced to take the law into their own hands and life on the prairies of Wyoming took on the aspects of a civil war. Lynchings, shootings from ambush and other methods of frontier justice became the style as cattlemen made a strong effort to hold the range. Some hired "regulators" to kill the rustlers and frighten homesteaders from the territory. On one occasion paid professional gunmen were secretly brought into Cheyenne, Wyoming in a sealed railroad car to join in the fray; and though the

importation of hired gunmen from other States was against the constitution, yet it continued. Homesteaders were killed and their property burned. It was a bigger, bloodier war than the outside world suspected. It reached its peak in 1901. Bitterness and prejudice prevailed and popular sympathy was divided between cattlemen and homesteaders. Accounts of trouble were usually contradictory and garbled and the local authorities threw up their hands in dismay. But law abiding citizens were indignant at the flagrant disregard for law which allowed wholesale murder of guilty and innocent alike. Federal authorities were finally called in to intervene in this sectional warfare between rustlers, homesteaders and cattlemen. Conviction and execution of a "regulator" in 1903 ended it to all purposes, but the rustling went on about the same.

Meantime, it had been discovered that Wyoming ranges were ideal for sheep raising. Sheep could graze the arid and semi-arid regions there and the dry, cold climate helped to produce a heavy growth of long, fine wool. So trailing sheep through Wyoming became another profitable industry. This began to annoy the cattlemen and, having failed to remove the rustlers entirely from the range, they began to concentrate on getting rid of the ever increasing herds of sheep which trailed through the country and fed on the public domain. They argued that the ranges were becoming overstocked, but especially that cattle would not graze where sheep had been - that sheep had an offensive odor and that they ruined the range. Frank Benton stated the situation in this rhyme:--

"Sheep range - cattle sure won't graze  
But cowboys hate sheep anyways!"

Various practices were adopted by the cattlemen in different parts of the State to drive out the sheep owners. Cowboys stampeded whole herds of steers through flocks. Some bands were driven over cliffs. Poison was scattered on the salt-sage to kill the sheep. When attacks on the sheep failed more drastic measures were taken - herders were killed, wagons were burned and herds were scattered. For example, in 1905 Louis A.

Gantz was trailing 7,000 sheep to the Big Horn Forest Reserve for grazing. Ten masked men visited his camp, which was about 40 miles from the town of Basin. They clubbed and shot 4,000 of his sheep, burned his wagons, killed a team of horses, destroyed \$700 worth of grain, and warned his herders to leave the country and never return. This "Cattlemen's and Sheepmen's War" finally ended in 1909 and forced the recognition of the sheepmen's rights to a share of the range.

These great borderland dramas were almost at an end when Chris took over the management of the Bennion Livestock Company (1908). This was an organization owned in the main by Chris himself and John M. Cannon, also of Salt Lake City; but there were other stockholders. According to Chris' daughter Pearl, the company controlled or owned about 50,000 acres of range land and summer lambing ground on which they cared for their thousands of head of sheep, plus a few cattle and horses. An extensive ranch and summer range land in the Weber River Valley in northeastern Utah served as the company's main base of operation. The ranch itself they called "The Weber", and here they had a large two-story ranch house. Through successful irrigation methods which Chris first introduced there, he and his hired help were able to raise thousands of tons of wild or "white" hay. The Company also had rangeland in Chalk Creek Basin near the head of the Weber River and also owned property at Trout Creek and Manila and on the West Desert, where they owned two ranches and leased the school sections. They also owned a small ranch at Upton, Utah, about twenty miles over the mountain from The Weber, where many of the company's cattle and horses were cared for and hay and grain raised. Chris' brother Arthur managed and farmed this ranch for the Bennion Livestock Company for four or five years (1911-1915). He was a stockholder for a time.

The Company wintered four herds of sheep of about 2,500 each, near a place in western Wyoming called Carter, which being on the railroad was an outfitting place for sheepmen who

came there for supplies. They wintered two similar herds down at Manila where it was a little warmer and they could feed some hay. They also sent one large dry herd onto the West Desert in Skull Valley. In the spring the herds from Carter and Manila trailed to the lambing grounds at places about thirty miles southwest of Carter, called Spring Valley and at Piedmont, Wyoming. From the lambing grounds the sheep trailed on to the large shearing corral which Chris and John Cannon had built at Altmont, Wyoming. Here thousands of sheep were sheared each spring for several years. At Piedmont they also had a large dipping vat where they dipped the sheep to kill the ticks the years the sheep ticks were so bad (1915-16 and 1917-18). From the shearing corrals the sheep trailed on to their summer range on The Weber. This trailing was hard on sheep and men, sheep dogs and horses too. Chris was always on the job at those times with the buckboard and "Fannie" the mule, and "Old Bay" his faithful horse. Later he got a Ford pickup truck which made things easier for him and traveling much faster.

The Bennion Livestock Company employed quite a number of men each year, including a manager and workers on each ranch, as well as two herders with each of its many herds, plus "Camp Jacks" who were the men engaged to cook and care for the camps and horses. As mentioned, Chris' brother Arthur managed the Upton ranch for the company and his brother Louis helped with the herds. George Clark, mentioned as having married Chris' sister Elvena, was one of the dependable herders and Peter A. Jensen, who later married Chris' daughter Pearl, was assistant manager of the company as well as one of the herders. Chris' two older sons, Elmer and LeRoy, helped with the sheep or on the ranches as soon as they were old enough.

Chris often bought hay for his company in and near Lyman, Wyoming, which was a number of miles east of Carter, and he became well acquainted in the area and bought some property 12 miles east of Lyman, 160 acres together with



Chris and Caroline on  
(the Weber)



Elsie's homestead on  
(the Oasis). Elsie, Vena,  
Edgar, Edith and Ellamae.



Grandfather Laurs and  
Gladys at Upton Ranch

water rights for part of it, part being in alfalfa and part dry farm. About 1913 Chris, as before mentioned, had bought this 160 acres from the company as an investment. Later, with his encouragement, some of his brothers and sisters had taken up the adjoining homestead land together with a certain amount of range land that went with these homesteads, until by the middle of 1917 most of the ground still available in this area had been taken up by members of the Christensen family. On this jointly owned land, The Oasis, Chris, his daughter and his brothers and sisters envisioned a large and prosperous estate some day.

In the meantime, war clouds had gathered over Europe and by 1914 the major countries there were involved in a bloody struggle. It had been hoped that the United States could be kept free of this conflict but by April 1917 she had been swept into it. Soon two million American men were fighting with their allies in Europe and an equal number were training in this country preparatory to going over there. Thus with the coming of a bright new century with its new inventions, enterprises, and miracles, came the shadow of this new century war - "a war to end all wars" it was said. Would people never learn then?

Back in western Wyoming on The Oasis, that middle of September 1917, this war must have seemed far away. Louis, Florence and their six children were living in their three-room house there, improving their property and harvesting their crops. Elsie and her five children were living in their two-room house not far away, cleaning up their land and getting ready to harvest their potatoes. Elmer and LeRoy, or "Roy" as we shall henceforth call him, usually took turns with the herds or farming on their father's and sister Pearl's places each summer. This summer Roy was on The Oasis with Pearl, helping to harvest the hay and grain they had raised. Elvina (now Mrs. George T. Clark) was living alone in her two-room log cabin, her husband being away with the sheep most of the time. All seemed peaceful and serene there that lovely autumn, but clouds of trouble were gathering on the horizon for them

also. Following are extracts from a testimony later given by Louis:--

"I reached Lyman, Wyoming in December 1913. I remained here in the country until the spring of 1914. I was with the Bennion Livestock Company, an assistant to my brother Chris "I" Christensen. He was then the general manager of this company. I never was a stockholder but I worked for the company every winter after I came here. I took up my land in January 1915. I moved my family here in March 1916 and moved them directly to the ranch. . . I built my first house in the spring of 1916. It was a log and frame house and it was burned down in October 1916. At that time I attached no importance to this and did not think it was a criminal act. I rebuilt the house in the spring of 1917. . . The only trouble I had had in the county up to this point was with a Mr.                    who shot at a herder of C. I. Christensen's and C. I. saw him about the matter.

"On September 14, 1917 I was at my ranch and my wife and children were there. On this day I was ploughing during part of the day and in the afternoon I went and hauled water from the spring and then fixed up my wagon to haul wood. I retired between nine and ten o'clock. During the night our dog barked and attracted my attention. This was between about two and three o'clock A.M. About three o'clock I heard a horse come in and up to the east side of the house and then a little later take off on the run. I remarked to my wife, "I guess Mike (our dog) is running "Old Cap" off. (Old Cap is one of my horses.) I laid there for a few moments. I had my clock set for four o'clock and got up to see what time it was. When I went to the south room (kitchen) I saw the reflection of a light through the window and I went to the door and opened it and got the smell of fumes. I stepped out and saw a blue flame about six inches high at the edge of the roof and at the same time detected an odor that smelled like wood alcohol. I put out the fire with the water I had hauled. I found part of a torch, a piece about two inches long and an inch wide. It looked like canvas or piece of water bag

and there was charcoal there as if it had been attached to a stick and it seemed as though there was a little piece of cotton or wool about the size of my fingernail and then ashes of old rags. It had burned through the shingles and into the sheeting under the shingles for about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ft. wide and 3 or 4 ft. long. After daylight I discovered the horses tracks and followed them from the house and along the road clear up to Mr. White's on the way to Lyman. There sheep had come into the road and obliterated the tracks. I went at once to Bishop Rawlins and reported this attempted burning to him, and the following day I went to Evanston and talked to County Attorney Mathews. I had received a threatening letter in July but had told no one of it up to this time, I then told Bishop Rawlins about it. I returned home after my trip to Evanston and watched every night from then on but saw nothing.

"But on the night of Sept. 20th someone came again but I did not hear them, though I was up until about midnight watching. The next morning my oldest boy went out and there found, on the south side and about six feet from where the other fire had been, someone had attempted to again light a fire. I found tracks of a horse that had been standing outside. This was the same track as the first one. I followed this track up on the bench two hundred yards to where I found another track as though a horse had been standing. There was evidence of this and where it had turned around there. One horse was sharp-shod, the same as the first track, the other was shod on the front feet with old shoes. I followed the tracks up to Jenson's and then a lot of horses had come in and so obliterated the tracks that I lost them. I reported this to the sheriff by phone and also to Bishop Rawlins. The sheriff said, 'We will have to do something about this', but he did not come. Dewey Rawlins came out to watch with me and we watched all the night of the 21st, but nothing happened.

"On the night of the 22nd Dewey and I came out of the house and we heard a signal - it was a whistle. We went out by the barn and out on the canal bank and while there we heard someone in

the potato patch between us and the house. I sent Dewey down along the south side of the potato patch and I went north along the canal. A man ran out of the northwest corner of the potato patch and I shot at him in the dark as he was running. I shot at him a second time as he was near the bank of the canal and I think I hit him, because I heard the bullet strike something. We searched along the canal that night but found no one and it began to rain very hard and was very dark. The next morning we went out and found where someone had fallen on some sagebrush. There were imprints in the mud of clothing, as though it was corduroy, and there were footprints; but on account of the rain they were so that we could not properly measure them. Tracks of two horses had come together at this point and it looked as though someone had gotten on one of the horses and ridden off. Dewey and I followed the tracks across the bench and from the creek towards Mr. White's house. We believed they were the same tracks that we had seen before. I reported this to the county sheriff's office but no one came out. But on Monday night Attorney Mathews was advised by Bishop Rawlins of the matter and he came to the ranch on Tuesday."

It was quite apparent that someone wished to make trouble for the Christensens by trying to burn them out, or at least frighten them into leaving the place. The anonymous letter received by Louis on July 14, 1917, though he had paid no attention to it at the time and destroyed it, not wanting to frighten his family, had given him three months to move out or he would be burned down. But the threatener had waited only two months to make the attempted burning. In the newspaper published at Lyman, the first article in relation to the burning was under the date of Sept. 25th, mentioning the attempted fires on the nights of 14th, 20th and 22nd of September and stating that the County Attorney and the sheriff were in Lyman on the case by the 25th. The Bridger Valley Enterprise also printed an account of the threatened burnings. But everyone in the region was talking about it and rumors flew thick and fast. Suspects were found on every hand, centering mostly on one particular crowd. A certain Mr. So-and-so was said to have made the

statement that it was "no worse for a man to be burned out than to be eaten out and by reason of Christensen eating him out he had lost about twelve hundred head of sheep". Other suspicious statements were reported, but no one could really find out the motive and as the truth was hidden and thus unknown, rumors flew to take its place.

The testimony of Uinta County Sheriff Lowhan backs up the statements Louis had made:-- "I heard of the trouble the day I was called there the first time. It was about the 25th. Christensen came in and told me about it and said someone had attempted to burn him out by throwing a wick or rags on the roof. He told me about a letter but that it had been destroyed. I did not go up until the time he was supposed to have shot someone. I met County Attorney Mathews at Lyman and went to investigate the attempted burnings. When I got west of the place the shooting was alleged to have taken place, Mathews and Christensen joined me and Christensen showed me the east and the south side of his house where burning attempts had been made. It was burned in both places and through the shingles in one. He showed me the remnants of the torch; it looked like pieces of old drawers, charred and nearly all ashes.

"The house is a three-room frame house about twenty by sixteen feet. It faces east. There is a hill behind it to the west. He showed me where he stood when he shot. He was up on the ditch bank to the west. I saw where a man had fallen on the brush and left imprints of corduroy in the mud, but the brush was broken down and I could not measure his tracks on account of the rain. It had rained all night but the tracks did show that horses had come to where the man was lying. There were two tracks came up to him and I could measure those tracks. We followed them to the road and then they went towards Lyman. They came off from the hill towards Lyman. There was no blood to be found anywhere along there to indicate that the man might have been wounded. On this trip I deputized L. D. Christensen and left him there."

It is easy to see how these threats aroused

the fear of the families living on the Oasis. If one was in danger they all were. LaFaun, then nearly sixteen, remembers taking her turn standing guard with a gun at nights. Edith, Elsie's oldest daughter, recalls how her two older brothers, A. Owen and Edgar, used to stand guard at their place at nights and how even her dear mother stood outside with a gun, taking her turn at guarding, night after night. She remembers, during those frightening times, that as soon as it was dark all the lamps would be put out and she and her younger sister Ellamae would be put to bed and told to stay there and not get up and run around under any conditions, or "the mean men would come and burn the house down" - "Firebugs" was what they called them. On the other hand, A. Owen, then a brave lad of fifteen and man of the house, now remembers that he thought the whole thing was more or less "much ado about nothing" at the time.

Thus a week went by on The Oasis and Sunday, September 30, 1917 came around. Chris, who went back and forth between the herds, the ranches and his home in Salt Lake City, was not there but Pearl and Roy were there living in Pearl's house and had been helping with the harvest. But let Pearl tell of it:-- "The harvest was over, the land cleared of alfalfa, grain, oats, wheat and lucerne seed; the potatoes had been harvested - we raised lots of potatoes for the company. Five huge stacks of hay were piled in our yard, as well as large stacks of oats, wheat and alfalfa seed waiting for the threshers. It was a quiet Sunday evening the last of September, about 8 o'clock. Supper was over, the dishes done, and Roy and I were sitting reading. All at once I looked up to see everything so bright and said, 'Oh, what's that bright light - it looks like the sun coming up!' We rushed to the door and opened it and looking out saw everything in the yard ablaze! The stacks were on fire about 50 ft. from the house. Horses were screaming, pigs squealing and chickens clacking. We ran out and started fighting fire. I drew water from the well and Roy threw it on the barn. It seemed only minutes until Aunt Elsie's boys and Uncle Lou were there and with their help we got the four

horses out and saved the pigs and the barn, but all the crops - a whole years work - were burned to the ground. Soon some people came from Lyman; they had seen the flames from that distance. Someone went for father and he came the following night."

We now go on with Uncle Lou's story:-- "On the 30th of September 1917 I was home with my family and Dewey Rawlins was there with me. This night we went up west of our place and then Dewey went south to circle around the south and east side of the place while I was going to the west. When I got up on the hill I saw my brother's place burning and I ran over there. Later Dewey came over and I asked him, 'What about my place?' He ran back towards my place. A little later I started back towards my house and then I heard some shots in that direction and started to run. As I was running along towards my home I came near what is called 'the Old Bedstead', on the bench, and here someone shot at me and struck me through the coat, though the bullet only grazed my skin. When I reached the house, Dewey reported to me that he had seen a man west of the house and had shot at him several times. It was now about 11 P. M. Later we tracked two horses from my brother, C. I. Christensen's place to my place, where they separated upon the hill west of my house. Later they had joined again and we tracked them towards Lyman."

Here is the statement of Deputy Sheriff Twombly of Uinta County about his activities the same night:-- "On Sunday, 30th Sept., I went to Lyman and on out to C. I. Christensen's, while the stacks were still burning. I found tracks close to the stacks. There was one horse track that I tracked from the hill to L. D. Christensen's house and to within 40 yards of the house. It looked as though the horse was there tied and that a man got off and went down from the hill, from which, near to the Christensen house, I followed his tracks to within 50 yards of it and into the potato patch southwest of the house. It appeared as though he stopped here and then left running. He ran out of the potato patch and up towards the old bedstead that is

standing upon the hill and there he kneeled down and I could see the corduroy imprints in the place. This was where L. D. Christensen claims to have been shot at by a man who was kneeling near this bedstead. I found no shells at this point but measured the horse tracks. They came from the south side of the burned stacks, up past the west end and around the east side. There seemed to be but one track but there could also have been a horseman on the opposite side. A lane runs east and west. I followed the track from C. I.'s place in a southerly direction towards L. D.'s and then west. L. D. Christensen and Dewey Rawlins helped me and we measured the man's tracks thirty or forty times - they were the same, a cowboy boot. We watched Christensen measure the tracks of both horses. First he measured the tracks near his home and he and Rawlins both claimed that they were the same that they had seen there before. Charley White, who lives west of Christensen's, claims that he heard his dogs bark early in the evening but did not go out to see whether anybody was passing or not."

Impressions of then five year old Ellamae are included in her present history thus:-- ". . . About this time we moved with mother to a homestead near Lyman, Wyoming, where Uncle Chris, Pearl, Uncle Lou, Uncle Andrew, and later Aunt Vena also had homesteads. To me this was quite an adventure. I was oblivious to the problems of clearing the land and making a home of stretches of sagebrush, but remember the huge bonfires of sagebrush when the land was cleared. We explored the hills during the days, free as the wind, but after dark we were afraid to venture out. I remember my brothers sitting watch with a gun, and of returning home to find rocks thrown through the window. I remember waking one night to see Uncle Chris' haystacks on fire. . . At the time I didn't know anything about range wars between the cattlemen, sheepmen and homesteaders - it was only something frightening."

Chris came the night after his crops were fired and a few others came to help guard the homes of the Christensens on The Oasis. Someone

with a gun was at each dwelling and others had set places to keep an eye out for. Each was cautioned to shoot into the air as a warning for help if anything unusual took place or anyone strange was seen in their area. There was a tenseness of foreboding in the air. Twenty-three year old Pearl and her brother Roy, nearing seventeen, were on guard at her's and their father's place on the night of Tuesday, Oct. 2nd, 1917. Chris himself, saying he was going down to one of his sister's places to see how things were there, had left going in that direction. The lights were out in the house but the door was open in order that the two inside could have a better view of the yard, though the opening was protected by a screen door. Suddenly each saw, almost simultaneously, something moving outside in the brush nearby - it looked like a man crouched down. They both sprang to the door to give a warning shot. One held the screen door open while the other prepared to shoot into the air. The action was almost automatic as they had been so carefully instructed by their father in what to do in such a case.

But then something went wrong. The motion that triggered the gun also jarred loose the screen door and it swung into the path of the bullet and banged shut, deflecting the shot to where it never had been aimed or intended, worlds without end. It all happened so rapidly and then came the startling and heart-rending cry into the night - "Oh. . . . You've got me!" It was their father's voice. No one on earth had known that the time of Christian I. Christensen's probation was to be over then or that so successful a career would come to so sad an end. But though mortally wounded and in intense pain, heaven granted this exceptional man a few more days of life that he might comfort his grief-stricken children and try to make them understand that they were no more to blame than he, for he had thought they were asleep when he had returned unexpectedly and thus failed to tell them. Reason tells us that no one was to blame, except perhaps the person or persons who had perpetrated the whole thing in the first place.

His wife and family were quickly notified and

Caroline came before he passed away, 5 Oct. 1917, the day after his fiftieth birthday. His oldest son, eighteen year old Elmer, then farming on the ranch in Cedar Valley, had had a premonition that something was wrong before he got the upsetting word; for he had dreamed, or imagined, that his father came and stood in the door of his tent the night before.

They took the body to Gunnison, Utah, for burial beside his daughters, Elora and Orilla, in the family plot there. Then the bereaved Caroline and her six fatherless children, Pearl 23, Elmer 18, Roy nearing 17, Ivy near 13, Farrald 8 and Gordon  $5\frac{1}{2}$ , went back to their home in Salt Lake City for a time. They had difficult days and decisions ahead. But always life must go on somehow for those that are left, and soon they were back again doing what they had to do, some in Wyoming and others in Salt Lake City.

Elsie's daughter, Ellamae, tells about going to Utah when her Uncle Chris died:-- "I remember when Uncle Chris was shot; and when he died we rode with his body to Evanston, from where we went by train to Salt Lake City and on to Gunnison. In Evanston Edith and I had to go to bed in the hotel with our shoes on because we had left the button hook home." Men were left guarding at The Oasis while the occupants were all away, for even in the face of this tragedy no safety could be felt for their homes there. Sheriff Lowhan made this statement:-- "I came back to the Christensen's ranch on Oct. 4th, after C. I. was shot and stayed there until the 9th. On this trip I remained while L. D. took his brother's body to Utah for burial. Dewey Rawlins and Rube Field were there one night watching and from the 9th to the 12th Deputy Sheriff Twombly was there."

Louis and his family, Elsie and hers, as well as Vena, returned to the ranch in Wyoming as soon as possible, for this was their home and they had no intention of abandoning the struggle to save what they had there from the evil forces that seemed determined to drive them out. Elsie of course planned to move into Lyman for the winter to put the children in school, as she had the year before,

and Florence planned to do the same. We quote again from the testimony of Louis:-- "I moved my family away from the ranch and into Lyman on Oct. 20, 1917, but I remained there at the place and others were with me.

"On Nov. 19th I was in Lyman and left between three and four o'clock P. M. to go over to the ranch, arriving there before dark. I put my horses in the barn and then went over to the sheep camp about a mile south and east. Elmer Christensen and Miles Critchley were at the camp. I expected to have supper there with them and then go back to the house, but they induced me to stay for the night. We went to bed but the sheep were restless and woke us up. We got up to see what was the matter and it was then that we saw that my house was on fire. This was between eleven and eleven thirty that night. We at once ran over to the place. It looked at first like only the roof on the east side was on fire, but we found that the whole house was burning and it burned to the ground. There was nothing we could do to stop it. We later found that horse tracks came in at the gate and went up to the west window. We followed this track back west again; it was what we called a 'malable shoe' and the first time I had seen a track of this kind." The sheriff was notified next morning and he came out to the ranch to investigate; his statement follows:-- "I went out again when L. D.'s place was burned and I found the track came down the road and in the mud to the northeast corner of the house and passed the north end of the house and turned west and then turned in close to the house and then went back the same way, out of the gate and up the road towards Lyman. I measured the track. It was 6 inches from toe to heel and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches between heels. It was a new shoe. There was just one horse track."

Someone was responsible for these burnings at The Oasis and it was not the ghosts of past range wars. The Uinta County officials were anxious to get at the bottom of things. Judge Albert Christensen of Manti, Utah, lawyer of the family, was likewise determined to see that the

guilty parties who had caused so much misery and anxiety were found and brought before the law. He was instrumental in getting the Uinta County officials to hire the help of a private investigator or detective from the Burns Detective Agency in Salt Lake City to work with them secretly, gathering evidence and tracking down the criminals. Albert himself engaged a well known criminal lawyer of Salt Lake City to work on the case, evaluating evidence, interviewing witnesses and taking testimonies, as well as to assist in the prosecution should the case come to trial.

The report of the activities of this private detective in his efforts to track down the parties guilty of trying to burn out the Christensens in what was known as "The Uinta County, Wyoming Arson Investigation", is full of drama and intrigue, but will have to wait for a later telling. Though arrests were made, the suspects were let out on bail and the case never came before the courts, nor were there ever any convictions. While the officials tried to learn the truth, the costs mounted. Finally the investigation was completely dropped by the county officials. The general feeling among most of the area was one of anger and disgust. There was the familiar talk among them that some of the officials must have been in with the crooks; others said the reason the officials were opposed to any further investigation was that perhaps the detective got too close to some of their friends. No one really knew.

Judge A. H. Christensen hired the detective to go on with his investigation independent of the county officials. He was not anxious to have the criminals behind bars for vengeance sake but to assure that there would be no repetition of the same and that his brothers and sisters and their families could be left alone and safe to pursue their normal living at The Oasis. After several more weeks, however, reports and accounts became so contradictory and garbled and rumors so irresponsible that the detective was dismissed and the investigation closed after six months in all.

We can't help but believe that most members of the various Christensen families, if not all, were

greatly relieved to have this chapter of their lives ended. The notoriety brought on by this investigation must have been extremely distasteful to these modest people who were anything but publicity seekers. But with the end of the investigation came the end of the dream for the great estate on The Oasis for the Christensen brothers and sisters. The dream must have begun to dim the day their oldest brother, Christian, died. It wasn't long before his family sold out their interests to Louis and left the area. Elsie and her children left before long to rejoin their husband and father in making a new home. Elvena and her husband went back to Utah to live. The girls realized little if anything from their homesteads, which were eventually sold for taxes. Andrew failed to prove up on his property there so lost it in the long run. Louis and his family were the only ones who continued to live in Wyoming. But though he continued to retain a good share of The Oasis, he went into law enforcement as a profession, being elected to the office of Uinta County Sheriff for several terms and finally being appointed to the position of State Commissioner of Law Enforcement by Wyoming's Governor, Nellie Taylor Ross, first woman governor in the United States. So The Oasis dream disappeared for the Christensens, but with the swift changing years new dreams, new hopes, new opportunities and fresh challenges took its place for all of them.

#### 9. TIME'S HOURGLASS

After the last rites and burial for their eldest son Christian, age fifty, were ended, Laurs and Else gathered with many of their descendants at the red brick home in North Gunnison, then owned by their youngest son and his wife, Arthur and Millie. Of course Arthur and Millie and their children, Melrose, Wesley, Grace, Gladys and David, were all there, as were Joseph, Roxie and their offspring, Harold, Ruth Ellen, Myron, Virgil, Marvin and nine-months-old Don. Andrew and Sarah had come up from the LaVerkin area in southern Utah's Dixie with their entire family,

then including Edith, Wendell, Sheldon, Luther and Lucile; while Albert had come from Manti, bringing with him his five motherless children, Virginia, Elaine, Sherman, Hale and Phillip. Emma and Charles and their three children, Byron, Ada and Imelda were all present. Louis and Florence had brought all their seven with them from Wyoming, LaFaun, Lucien, Rex, Dale, Weldon, Alice and baby Rose, six months old and youngest of the group. With Louis and his family were guests from Lyman, Wyoming, Bishop Clarence Rollins, who had spoken at the funeral, and his daughter Ada.

Caroline and her children, Pearl, Elmer, Roy, Ivy, Farrald and Gordon, were not in attendance at this Christensen family gathering, for they had left as soon as possible after the services to return to their home in Salt Lake City. Elsie and her five youngsters, A. Owen, Edgar, Clifton, Edith and Ellamae, had also left right away to return to Wyoming, and Vena had gone back with them since her husband George had been unable to accompany her to Gunnison and she undoubtedly wished to rejoin him as soon as possible.

Laurs and Else and the others were likely disappointed at not getting them to stay for the taking of a family group picture. But they went ahead with the picture nevertheless, all of those present standing out in front of the red brick house. Laurs and Else both looked their full seventy years, for Christian's death had been a great shock to them. Most looked sad or thoughtful in the picture that was taken that 12th of October 1917, but Aunt Roxie's sweet face coming up like a full moon over Grandfather's shoulder helped to brighten it up some. It must have been hard to realize at the time that it had been ten whole years since their last family group picture had been taken. There were a number of new faces on this one - but some were missing, and not just because they had not stayed to be taken.

We can imagine that part of the discussion carried on among the adults at this gathering was concerning their getting together oftener. Life was so uncertain and time so precious and it



Else and Laurs Christensen and most of their descendants at the time of  
their son Christian's burial in Gunnison - October 1917

moved along so rapidly. In seventy years one had only 25,000 days and 600,000 hours to use and cherish. There was no time to waste on useless and shoddy things, only time for the best; and what could be better than for a family to spend it together enjoying each other while yet there was time in which to do it? They talked of having a family reunion the very next summer and likely a committee was appointed to plan it and all pledged to be present. And then they separated, each family going its way, doubtless with renewed resolve at least to see their dear progenitors more often and to keep in touch and cheer them on in their declining years.

A month and a half later, 29 Nov. 1917, Laurs went into the Manti Temple and did the endowment work in behalf of his beloved son, Christian. Six days after that, 5 Dec. 1917, Caroline and five of her living children went with Laurs and Else to the Salt Lake Temple. Here Caroline had her own endowments that day and Else did the same work for the deceased Elora. Then all of Christian's and Caroline's family, both the living and the dead, were sealed together for eternity, all but Pearl, and Laurs stood for Christian while Else stood for Elora. Those on the other side must have rejoiced on that occasion, and those on this side of the veil who understood rejoiced too.

Elvena (Vena) came back to her parents' home in Manti to have her first baby. Her mother Else took care of her. She was past thirty-one years old and according to Tresia she had a very hard time. The little girl was born 12 July 1918 and was given the name Vera. Vena was not yet up and around when the Christensens began gathering for their family reunion, nor was she able to join to any extent in the festivities. We do not know if George was able to come, but probably not as he was usually with the herds of the Bennion Livestock Company, and with a new member in the family to provide for felt unable to miss his work and the income it provided.

This family reunion was quite an affair, according to the record kept by the then nearly

sixteen year old Elaine in her journal, from which we are fortunate to be able to copy:-- "Sat. July 19, 1918, Cousin Edith Christensen came down from Provo to Grandmothers, for the reunion. . . Sun. July 20, We went to the train to meet all the folks and were disappointed to find only A. Owen. . . Mon. July 21, was the starting of the Christensen Family Reunion. As soon as we got breakfast over with we all got cleaned up and Edith and Ruth Ellen, who were staying with us, and Virginia and I went up to Grandma's where (Oh joy!) were all of Uncle Lou's folks, LaFaun, etc., and Mr. Rollins, Ada Rollins, Jim Rollins, Bob Blackner, Uncle Andrew and Aunt Sarah's family, and all the Gunnison folks. Later there were fifty of us for dinner at our house. Then we had a program where Bob Blackner sang 'Sunshine of Your Smile' and 'Somewhere a Voice is Calling'. Then the men folks did the dishes and cleaned up the house while LaFaun, Edith, Ruth Ellen, Lucile, Virginia and I went jitney riding. Next we went to have some ice cream with A. Owen, Bob and Jim. That night, with the lights on the lawn and the Victrola going, we had a family dancing party. But that let out about 9:30, so LaFaun, Ada Rollins, Virginia and I went to the dance up town for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. That night we slept four in a bed. . . Tues. July 23, The family went to Funk's Lake. Ruth Ellen, LaFaun, Virginia, Ada, Jim, A. Owen, Bob and I went out in the Ford and had two blowouts on the way. We had a fine time at the lake, eating, catching cats and boat riding. That night we had another dancing party on our lawn and served punch. . . Wed. July 24, We went in the jitney to Gunnison to the Twenty-fourth of July patriotic program where Bob Blackner sang "The Flag Without a Stain" and 'Keep the Home Fires Burning'. Then came a nap and then dinner. After dinner the family had a meeting. It was the grandest meeting. There were tears in everybody's eyes. Then we went to see the races. We went to the Twenty-fourth of July dance in Manti at night . . . Thur. July 25, We went down to the depot to see a group of soldiers off to war and then came home to see the Wyoming folks off - all but A. Owen. Sure is lonesome here."

By the first part of November that year it was

rumored that in Europe the "war to end all wars", the worst war, the bloodiest war in history, was almost over. Soon it was all over over there and the boys were coming home! Cheering, flag waving crowds, with bands playing, were at hundreds of railroad stations throughout the length and breadth of the United States to welcome home their heros. Cousin Elmer Christensen, Christian' and Caroline's eldest son, was among those to return from the First World War. Though he joined the service not too long before the end of hostilities and didn't get into the actual fighting, he was however, as far as we can learn, the only one of Laurs' and Else's descendants to get into it at all. How thankful they must have been when the threat was at last ended.

\* \* \* \* \*

Though Laurs and Else had kept up occasional correspondence with their loved ones in Denmark ever since their return from there in 1910, this had been almost entirely disrupted during the war and for some time after. They wrote again when the great war was over, and in April 1920 received two letters from Jutland in return; one from Else's sister Marie and one from her sister Karen. A translation of each follows:-

"Skovlyst 21, Thisted, Denmark  
26 Mar. 1920

"Dear Loved Ones:

"Thanks for the letters we received, they are passed around among us. Mikkel and Karen were here and Karen read the card for me while I rested on the sofa. I have to rest my legs since their support is not always strong. But I will say thanks to my Father in Heaven that I can still move about and take care of myself. I cannot stretch my strength as far as you can but I am happy and contented and I receive a little more to live on and this is good as everything is so expensive.

"Our sister Stine died the 18 March (1920) and was buried the 23 March. I believe she was not as satisfied spiritually as could be desired. Of course it can come to both old and young. But

now she is released from the earthly life and we are sure she departed in the belief of the three-in-one God (Trinity). We have heard so little about them since, but it was pneumonia which took her life. She couldn't stand it with her asthma. The doctor that came also knew she couldn't live. It was strange that she should be so far away from us when the end came, but she had it good with her husband and children and the new house that was being built for them in Frederikshaven. While it was being built she and Swend were living with their children in Copenhagen, where she died.

"Their oldest son, Holger, is a carpenter, married and with two children, a boy and a girl. Their happy youngest daughter, 'Stinne' is married to a trolley-car operator, a nice man from Fyn. They have three delightful children, two boys and a girl. Viggo is director of an association of companies and Dagmar is the secretary. They have extended themselves completely out economically.

"Old Mrs. Vagner, born Jessen, is still living. She has been so near death and is so feeble but is up and around again. She has been to see sister Stine. They lived together awhile many years ago. I used to visit her once in awhile. She's poor now though she was an only daughter from Lyngholm and a grocer's widow. We are so much better off, we children of Anders Kristjan the houseman. Yes, father did well - long live his memory.

"Yes dear sister, you can be sure we Danish pray and hope for our brothers and sisters of the southland. The Germans can continue to be, as Gruntdvig said in his talk, 'our burden.' That is true, but we believe true and fast that everything stands in God the Father's hands and in that belief we live and are happy.

"Our Edel is happy. She has a daughter and son. I am going to travel there in April and hold Easter in Jesus' name; Thousands of Greetings. Marie"

"Dear Sister:

"Thorsted, Denmark  
28 Mar. 1920

"Right at first, many thanks for being so kind to write to us; it is a great joy to us. I have now read Marie's letter to you and see that she has written about what we know of sister's sickness and death.

"About the first part of March Viggo and Aksel Poulsen, who live in Aarhus, were here for a visit and Vigo said at the time that 'mother is becoming better than father.' So it was a surprise for us when we saw Stine's death announced in the newspaper. We decided we would not send a letter to you until we knew something about her last days.

"April 1st. Dear Sister:-- We have now had a letter from Svend and that we are all happy and thankful for. Sister was not real sick for more than eight days. The Dr. was there on Wednesday and he said that she would have to have someone with her. That was taken care of and so she lay and had it good. Dagmar was with her and layed down in Svend's bed and they talked together for one hour before Stine passed away, which we have very much to be thankful for.

"Sister Marie was here for Easter and we had it very good in spite of what disrupts both in and out of our little land. I think that you certainly know the latest happenings in Copenhagen. Yes dear sister I was better to write this time; of course there was enough to write about. I will with words say that all in the family have it good. Herewith will I bid you farewell, and may God's peace be with you all, --Karen Skarrup."

Alas, separations come and all must travel the way of death. Though last partings are grievous, none can escape them. There is an earthly end to everything, both bad and good and sooner or later every living body must lie down to sleep the exhausted sleep of the dead for a time. So Ane Kirstine "Stine" Andersen Poulsen had passed on at seventy-one years five months and six days, the first one of the Andersen brothers and sisters from Jutland to go since Christen. Else received a copy of some verses that had been written and sung at the silver wedding.

anniversary festival held years before in honor of  
Stine and Svend. They went like this:--

"Svend Poulsen, the bridegroom, came to work  
on Mikkel Skaarup's farm.  
He came not with sword but with axe on his  
shoulder and a saw in his hand.  
He was a fine worker and smiled a lot.

Stine Andersen, the bride, had a courageous,  
loving heart  
And a happy, pleasant nature.  
These two met, but how they met and fell  
in love  
Only they themselves know." -- yes, there  
had been happier days!

In Zion on 23 June that year 1920, the son  
Albert married again after almost four years as  
a widower. He was forty-seven and a half and his  
bride was nearly thirty-five. The two, Miss  
Myrtle Farnsworth a successful teacher in the  
Manti High School, and Albert, chose the beautiful  
St. George Temple in which to be wed. The  
mothering of his five children was a great challenge  
and Myrtle was worthy and capable in every way.  
She took over the responsibilities as wife and  
mother with optimism and great courage and  
brought love and devotion, encouragement and  
great strength into the home. Besides she was  
an excellent seamstress, a marvelous cook and  
a splendid housekeeper. Good stepmothers are  
not easily found but she was one of the best.

"Aunt Myrtle", as many of us lovingly call  
her, is the only one of our Christensens of the  
second generation living at this writing (1969). She  
will soon turn eighty-four and is still a strength  
and inspiration to us all, not only her own children  
and theirs, but us stepchildren and ours. There  
has been no line of distinction drawn between us as  
far as we can tell. Aunt Myrtle well remembers  
her father and mother-in-law, Laurs and Else,  
and admires them greatly, although she found Else  
a little hard to get acquainted with at first. She  
related this little incident about her.

One day, not long after she had taken up her

duties as housewife in the Albert Christensen home, she was washing dishes and using a new styled wire dish-dryer in which to dry them, considering this more sanitary than the old dishtowel method besides being a real time saver. Else came to call at that moment and stood in the kitchen doorway watching this operation, hands on hips. Finally she said, "Sarah has von of doze!". Myrtle replied, "Yes I know; she saw mine and liked it so well that she got herself one right away." Else stood looking for awhile and then she stated very positively, "Vell me, I vill alvays vipe my dishes!" There was no "beating around the bush" with Else K. She called a spade a spade and an axe an axe. One always knew where she stood.

In the meantime Laurs and Else went on with their temple work for their dead kinfolk. In June of 1921 she was privileged to do the work for her dear departed sister Stine in the Manti Temple. She likely hoped to outlive her other sisters and her brother Mads in order to be able to do the same for them when their time came. They were all still living the last of April 1922, when a letter was sent to Laurs and Else from Denmark, by Mads' youngest daughter, Edel Hvid. Following is a translation of the same:--

"Tingstrup, Thisted, Denmark  
29 April 1922

"Dear Aunt and Uncle:

"Thanks for your long, dear letter which we were all so happy to read. Aksel is going to take a trip home in the month of June when it is Uncle and Aunt, Mikkel and Karen Skaarup's yellow (golden) wedding anniversary festival. This is a little late to send you an invitation but it would be fine if you could come and surprise them on this day. It is the longest day of the year (21 June) but you remember that of course - your memory is good.

"I will tell you a little about father's birthday the nineteenth of last March. The day began with delightfully calm, mild weather and sun the whole day. We had five guests for dinner. We had first soup with dumplings and then ox steak

(beef steak) and fried chicken, potatoes, yellow root (carrots), red cabbage, red beets, preserves, and pudding for dessert. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon came the family in the Hurup car. There were nine of them altogether so there was a big party here. We drank chocolate and coffee. By evening there were eighteen of us.

"The day after came our aunts, Karen and Marie. They stayed awhile in the afternoon. By then it had become so cold and had snowed and frozen and it has been very cold ever since. Here there is nothing by way of crops although we are well along in the season. Late congratulations on your birthday! I can remember Elvena writing to me that it was her birthday the 27th of last month. I hope this letter will get to you in time to let you know of Uncle and Aunt Skaarup's wedding festival.

"Father was very sick one time during this last winter. He had influenza and a heat rash, but now he is completely well again. He became seventy-seven years old, so of course he is not wholly young any longer. We say thanks to the good God for the time that goes. I hope you are all well. Happy Easter! And loving greetings to you all from Denmark and the Hvid family. --Edel Hvid. P.S. -- I was so pleased to receive the newspaper."

Yes, it was good that Karen and Mikkel could celebrate their golden wedding together; not all were so fortunate - Stine and Svend for instance. But of course Laurs and Else could not go to the celebration. Their days of travel to far-off Denmark were over. Perhaps someday others of their descendants would want to go there. They too had had their 50th wedding anniversary back in April of 1916, but they had no special celebration then. With so many of their family moving to Wyoming about that time it probably just "got lost in the shuffle."

The end of the year of 1922 Laurs got word from Denmark of the death of his brother Christen there on Nov. 27th. Now all of the family of his youth was gone but him. It was a strange feeling to be the last leaf left fluttering on the family tree.

How very lonely such a man must be who had no companion or children of his own. How grateful he was for Else and their many descendants!

\* \* \* \* \*

Else decided to travel and visit all of their children. Laurs was busy helping various ones in Gunnison with their harvests. They were always good to look after him when Else was away. The decision made, Else K. set out and started her visiting in Gunnison with Emma, Charles and their three youngsters. Then she spent a little time there with Arthur and Millie, who now had five, the youngest, Max, soon three years old. Joseph and Roxie always welcomed Grandma at their place. They still had their four youngest boys at home. Harold and Ruth Ellen were married but both lived in Gunnison. Else was able to get a look at four of her great-grandsons while there, for Harold and his wife Herma had three little boys, the youngest, Clair, not more than ten days old, and Ruth Ellen and her husband, Frank Hansen, had little Duane, fourteen and a half months old.

Then Else went to Goshen where Elsie and Elvina and their families lived. Elsie and Alma now had six living children, three sons and three daughters, LaPreal, now two and a half years old, having been their first child in almost nine years. Elvina was expecting her fourth baby and her mother Else must have been real anxious to get to Goshen in time for it so that she could be on hand to help with the three little girls, Vera, Alta and Tresia, until Vena could be up and around again.

Else likely went from there to Salt Lake City in time to attend some of the sessions of the General October Conference. Heber J. Grant was President of the Church then. She and Laurs had lived under the administrations of Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, Joseph F. Smith, and now Heber J. Grant, and known and loved them all. This trip she spent most of her time with her children and their families however. Andrew and Sarah now had the six children living, three boys and three girls,

like Elsie and Alma. Their Edythe had recently returned from two years of study in Boston.

Else also spent time visiting Caroline and her children, those who were around, while there. Pearl, of course, she had likely seen in Goshen. Elmer and Roy were out of the state, working. Roy in particular was a great help to his mother in those days in assisting with the support of the family. Too much can not be said of the faithfulness of this boy in behalf of his widowed mother. Farrald says the family would have had great difficulty making out if it hadn't been for the financial assistance of this older brother during those trying times, and in fact as long as their mother lived. The three younger children were then at home attending school and Caroline was able to spend some time working in the Salt Lake Temple, which she liked to do. Perhaps Else went through a session with her while there, as she often did.

Wyoming was Else's next destination for she had promised Florence she would come and do some quilting for her. Cold weather was coming on and Wyoming was well known for its cold winters. Lewis and Florence were then living in a fine home in Evanston, where he was still county sheriff, and doing well. They now had eight living children, baby Marjorie being two months past a year. But they also had a grandson, since LaFaun was married to Benjamin Slagowski and had a five months old son Louis. Else got to see her fifth great-grandson while in Evanston, for LaFaun came from Lyman, where they were living, to show him off. She and Laurs as yet had no great-granddaughters. She stayed several weeks in Evanston. It was quite a long ways away and she didn't hope to be able to get there very often in the future.

When the first of November came Else had had her visit out and was eager to be on her way home. She had seen most of her descendants, as well as numerous old friends, and she wanted to get back to Manti in time to vote in the coming special election. The train may have seemed to run slowly to Else, homeward bound, for there would be Laurs to greet and tell the news to, and

there was much of that. Albert's family also would be in Manti to welcome her. And when she neared the end of her journey and looked out of the window of the Rio Grande train on which she traveled, and saw the majestic Manti Temple on the hill overlooking snow covered Sanpete Valley, her heart must have welled up and almost cried out loud, "Home Sweet Home". She had been away so long - she was lonesome for the patient, faithful, ever-loving Laurs!

Albert's family was mostly at home, although Virginia was married to Daniel M. Keeler and living in Provo, where she was expecting her first baby in the spring. Elaine was teaching in the High School at Manti. Albert's and Jennie's three boys were at home and he and Myrtle now had two little ones of their own, the boy Cullen, two and a half years old, and the baby girl, Mable Norma, six and a half months. Else visited with them a little while on her way from the station. She felt better acquainted with Myrtle now than at first. She confided in her the fact that she had had "an axe to grind" for several years and that she had taken care of that on this journey. Then she told her about that Danish friend of hers, sister so-and-so, who had remarked to her some years before Vena had married, "Ja, but Vena you vill haf alvays vit you". "I went to visit this friend on the way home from my trip", said Else with a triumphant smile in her eyes, "and ven she asked about my children, and Vena in particular and if she vas vell, I said to her, 'Ja, ja - and Vena now has four beautiful datters!'" Yes indeed, Else K. was in excellent spirits when she returned from her trip.

It was election day the day Else came back and she went to the polls and cast her vote, and this turned out to be the final public act of her earthly career. Within a week she had contracted a cold which gradually went down into her lungs and turned to pneumonia. She was seriously ill for only three days. Her children were notified and those near at hand came to do what they could. The wife of the tailor next door, Sister Petersen, who was a nurse as well as a very close friend

and neighbor, offered her services, and, working under the direction of the doctor who was summoned, did everything she possibly could for her desperately ill friend.

But Else K. Christensen passed away Monday night, 19th Nov. 1923. It was a shock to all who knew her. Sister Petersen laid her out, with the kind assistance of other sisters of mercy. One of their last services at the time was to wash Else's long, heavy head of gray auburn-streaked hair, and partially dry it and then leave it hanging down from her head at the end of the table where she was laid, to complete the drying before she could be dressed in her burial clothes.

We have heard it said that sometimes spirits hover around their dead bodies until they are finally laid in mother earth to rest, to make sure all goes well. Indeed stranger things have been told. A couple of nights after Else's body had been laid out there in her home in Manti she appeared to Sister Petersen in a dream or visitation. She said nothing but seemed to be disturbed and kept rubbing the back of her neck. Sister Petersen felt strange and puzzled about it and the next morning went next door to the Christensen's to look at the body. Of course she lifted the long hair hanging almost to the floor and looked at the neck of the corpse. She found that someone had left a damp towel rolled between the hair and the neck, keeping things from drying out there. Decomposition was beginning to set in and this had to be taken care of right away. Some may find this hard to believe but it was told to members of the family by Sister Petersen herself.

The Manti Messenger carried an account of Grandmother's death under the heading of "Else K. Christensen", as follows:-- "Passing quietly away at her home last Sunday night (Monday) Mrs. Else Cathrine Christensen ended peacefully a 76 year career of active service. 'Do good to those in need' seems to have been her guiding motto, for a careful study of her history shows her activities to have been directed along these lines. From her earliest childhood she has been devoted to service.

"She was born in Thisted (county) Denmark,

Feb. 9, 1847, the daughter of Andrew (Anders) Christian and Mette Christine (Kirstine) White (Hvid) Christensen. Early in 1865 she was baptized into the Church and on April 22nd of the following year married L. M. C. Christensen. The following month the couple left for America, she leaving her home and family for the sake of the Gospel. They arrived in Manti in October of that year, having endured the hardships of the sailing vessel on the ocean and the ox teams across the plains. They moved to Gunnison from Manti and then became associated with the United Order at Mayfield, later moving back to Gunnison where they spent many years. Later they moved to Manti, then to Salt Lake briefly (?) then back to Manti, which has been their home since. They reared nine children to maturity and two foster children; they have 54 living grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

"Mrs. Christensen has been a devoted mother to her family, wife to her husband, and ever ready to give service to her church and to those in need. She was the first doctor nurse Gunnison Valley had. She served in the Relief Society both as an officer and teacher and in the Primary Association. She was chosen at one time as a delegate to represent the Republicans of this county in a State convention in Salt Lake. She has been especially devoted to the gathering of her genealogy and has a record back to the fifteenth century. She has made two trips back to her native land, once alone and once with her husband, to gather genealogy and has devoted years of service in the temple to work for her dead relatives and friends. She is survived by her husband and the following children: Andrew B., Salt Lake; Joseph C., Arthur M. and Mrs. Emma E. Peterson, Gunnison; Albert H., Manti; Mrs. Elsie K. Bartholomew and Mrs. Elvina Clark, Goshen; Louis D., Evanston, Wyoming; and Mrs. Tresia Lacy, adopted daughter, Exeter, California."

The account of her funeral in the Manti Messenger was as follows:

"Impressive Services for Mrs. Christensen"

"A large group of mourners gathered at the tabernacle last Friday to pay respects to Mrs. L. M. C. Christensen. The services were conducted by Bishop's Counselor Alphonso Henrie. The choir sang 'Come, Come Ye Saints'. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Johnson sang a duet. Miss Christy Parry sang a solo, and Miss Helen Fikstad and the choir sang 'Come Ye Disconsolate'. The speakers were Simon Christensen, Peter Sorensen of Ephraim, N. R. Peterson, Pres. A. E. Park of Gunnison, and Temple Pres. L. R. Anderson."

The account of Grandmother's death, life and burial as taken from the Gunnison Gazette at the time is also recorded here:

"Pioneer Woman is Called to Reward"

"Else K. Christensen, beloved wife of L. M. C. Christensen, and well known throughout Gunnison Valley and the entire county, passed to the great beyond at her home in Manti last Monday night at 12 o'clock. Death followed a three-day serious illness and notwithstanding the fact that she was very ill she was conscious and realized that the end was near and bade all those about her farewell. The husband, and Joseph and Albert, Mrs. Chas. Peterson, were at the bedside when the end came.

"Mrs. Christensen just recently returned from an extended visit to some of her children in the northern part of the state and in Wyoming, where she spent six weeks, and on her return was well and in splendid spirits.

"The deceased was born in Denmark, Feb. 9, 1847, and had she lived until this coming Febrary would have been 77 years old. When eighteen years old she joined the L. D. S. Church and later emigrated to America, settling first in Manti. After a residence there for awhile she removed to Gunnison and resided here for more than thirty years. Some few years ago she returned to Manti where she lived until called to the other world. Mrs. Christensen was widely known and loved always. In the early days she was the only trained nurse in the entire valley, and through her charming

and loving ways and her efficiency in administering to the sick, she was highly esteemed and loved by all.

"In her religious belief she was devout. For thirty years she was an ardent worker in the Relief Society and did much charity work. She was also regarded as a very brilliant woman and before coming to America, taught in the schools of her native land. Since her residence at Manti she has devoted her time to temple work, and her time was occupied in this both at Manti and in Salt Lake. Besides her husband and children she leaves two sisters and a brother in Denmark.

"Funeral services have been arranged for tomorrow, Friday, at one o'clock. Services will be held at Manti and the body will be laid in its final resting place in the Manti Cemetery."

Yes, Grandmother Else K. Christensen was laid to rest 23 Nov. 1923, in the Manti City Cemetery, almost within the shade of the magnificent Manti Temple which stands on the crest of the once "Gray Hill", overlooking the valley, and in which she had labored ardently and long for so many years for the salvation of others. Her grave was placed on Albert's cemetery plot close to that of his first lovely wife, Jennie. Some quite elaborate funeral cards, similar to ones often used in Old Denmark on such occasions, were printed with Else K.'s name on and sent to her close relatives in Denmark as a last farewell and keepsake from her to them. (Cousin LaFaun has one of these in her possession)

Only a simple flat stone marker designates the place of Else's resting. No fancy monument marks the spot. Like the other noble mother there beside her, her real monument is to be found in the lives of her children and her children's children, even to the fifth generation.

#### THE MONUMENT

"I asked her once, when I was young,  
'Dear mother, are you great?  
And will there someday be a stone  
That will commemorate

The things you've done to help the world? '  
My mother smiled at me,  
'You are my monument' she said,  
'And all the world will see  
In your kind deeds and in your life  
The ideals of your mother.  
You are my monument' said she.  
'I would not want another.'  
So now I must stand straight and tall  
And now I must be true  
To all the dreams you had for me -  
This monument to you."

--Anon

There are some people who, from the moment you become conscious of them, you care about. Suddenly they have something to do with your life. If they succeed - you succeed; if they have a failure - you fail to some degree. They wrap themselves around your mind and heart. To me, Grandmother Else K. was such a one! Softly she calls to me over the years - even today. Tenuously her memory clings. To be true to myself I have had to write of her the things that I know and feel. One thing I feel deeply is that in this earthly existence she gained the approbation of an all wise and loving Heavenly Father for her sacrifice and her faithfulness, obedience and devotion to her Maker, and for her great service to and her love and compassion for his children - both the living and the dead. She was a great soul. Sometimes I imagine I can almost hear an echo of words coming from beyond the veil - "Well and beautifully done, Else K.!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Grandfather Laurs went on with his life and his temple work - one couldn't just stop in the middle of things. Just weeks following Else's death he did the work for his brother Christen. He was more contented in the temple than most any place then. His children who were living near Emma, Joseph, Arthur, Albert and their companions were very considerate of him, as were those who lived farther away. He often spent time with them but he preferred to live mainly in his own



Grandmother Else K. as many of us remember her



Laurs & his second wife Sorena



Laurs

home and try and go on as before. But he was lonely - there was no doubt about that! Being naturally a rather quiet man himself, he missed Else's humming at her work, the exuberance of her conversation - her small talk - her soul talk; and oh how he missed the comfort and strength of her presence. Afterall, they had enjoyed more than fifty-six and a half years together as man and wife - mostly happy years in spite of hardships; one didn't put aside a thing like that without longing. But Laurs needed a companion - and he needed a housekeeper.

One day in the Manti Temple he happened to mention the latter to a widow whom he often met and visited with there. In fact the two seemed to be somewhat attracted to each other. Though Laurs was half way joking about it at the time, Sister Nielsen took him up on it right away and practically popped the question herself (or so her only daughter, Helga N. Larsen of Springville seems to think it happened.) Well why not?

So Laurs M. C. Christensen, widower of seventy-seven years, and Sorena Boleta Thyrring Nielsen, widow of nearly sixty-seven, went to the County Court House at Manti and got a marriage license and the same day, 21 Nov. 1924 went into the Manti Temple and were married, for time only; for Sorena was already sealed to her first husband for eternity. Laurs shaved off the moustache he had worn for many years and the new bride and groom had their pictures taken together.

Sorena made Laurs a good housekeeper and a splendid companion. She was of a very cheerful nature and at times even a regular "cut-up". They got along wonderfully together. She was extremely attentive and good to him. She belonged to the Scandinavian Choir there in Manti and was also often featured on Danish programs as a singer and entertainer. Laurs was proud of her. She, like Laurs, loved to dance. Byron tells of going to grandpa's house there on Union Street one day after they were married, but it appeared that no one was at home. Yet the house was unlocked and he sensed that someone was there. He found grandpa and Sorena in the basement dancing - they

were having a fine time. Sorena's son and daughter, by her first marriage, were pleased with Laurs and they got along well together whenever they had the opportunity to meet. Laurs' and Else's children welcomed Sorena with open arms, - "It is the best thing that could have happened to father now", they said. She responded with love and treated them all as her own. The grandchildren too were showered with her attention, as evidenced by two beautiful "star" quilt tops she pieced and sent to me as a token of affection.

Sorena, like Laurs, had been born in Denmark and also came to Zion for the Gospel's sake. She and a brother came over together, leaving parents, family and friends. Much of her research remained to be done, as well as her temple work, and Laurs was able to help her a great deal with these. She helped him with his also - and with Else's. When he had word from Denmark of Else's sister Marie's death, 7 Mar. 1925, and again of Else's sister Karen's passing exactly a year and eight days later, 15 Mar. 1926, Sorena went to the temple and did the work for them when their time was right.

But time passes and people get old. The one who never grows old, "Peter Pan", lives only in "Never-Never Land". The long hard school of life began to close in on Laurs. He became ill of a diabetic condition which settled in his toes and gradually spread. He suffered a great deal for many months. Excerpts from his son Albert's recollections printed in "The Hard Rich Soil", in the form of letters mostly written to his son Sherman, tell much of his father's suffering in his last days, as follows:-

"16 July 1928. Grandfather Christensen is quite ill. I'm afraid he won't be here long. He would like to live he says, but if his time has come he is ready to go. . . 4 Aug. 1928. Grandfather Christensen is very ill and I don't know how much longer the life forces can sustain him. He is a wonderfully fine type of man. You may well be proud of your grandfathers. . . 18 Aug. 1928. Grandfather is still doing very poorly and he is quite discouraged. Grandmother Christensen is very fine to him and we all appreciate her. She is

entitled to a great deal of credit. She never spares herself but waits on him constantly. . . 18 Sept.  
1928. Grandfather is still doing very poorly. He cannot move about and the days and nights seem so long. He is in pain constantly. He prays continuously to be released. He would like to pass away as he feels no hope of recovery. . . 24 Sept. 1928. Grandfather is still lingering on without getting much better, if any at all. He is getting entirely discouraged. It is too bad, the grand man that he is and has been, that his last days should be so full of pain and suffering. . . 15 Oct. 1928. Grandfather is still very bad, in fact getting worse all the time, and he would like to be relieved from his misery. He cannot get well it seems and the sooner he can pass the better, as he feels. Of course we are doing all possible for him. Aunt Myrtle went down the latter part of last week and she came back yesterday. She says grandfather is very bad and wants to die. He may, however, linger for a month or more. . . 6 Nov. 1928. I stayed at Grandfather's Sunday night and yesterday until train time. He is in very bad condition, poor dear; he is also having a very hard time and no chance to get well. Under the conditions it would be a blessing if he could get relief. His mind is as keen as lightning but his body is racked with pain. Uncle Andrew went down to see him this evening and I phoned Louis at Lyman, Wyoming this morning that father wanted him to come down. He promised that he would."

Of course all of his children wanted to be near him to give him the aid and comfort that they could. Most of them came often. Even his foster daughter, Tresia, and her husband Jim Lacy, came to see him before he passed away. Tresia tells about how they had written her that Grandfather felt that if he could only get hold of some whisky that this might bring about a cure. It had been used to cure so many things in the early days when Grandmother was practicing medicine. But Utah had prohibition at that time and no whisky could be had there. So they brought him some whisky smuggled in from Montana. Grandfather was so pleased at their visit and pleased for their gift - and they bathed his sore-ridden foot and leg in

that, but of course to no avail. The diabetic ulcers were in their last stages.

Albert and his family were of course then living in Orem, Utah. We continue with extracts from his letters to his son Sherman: "12 Nov. 1928, Grandfather Christensen passed away day before yesterday about 1:30 o'clock P. M. and I am here in Manti to assist in performing for him the last earthly service we can. The funeral will be held in the Center Ward Tabernacle here tomorrow at 2 o'clock P. M. He will be laid away on the south side of Grandmother - where he has designated. He remained conscious until the very last. It was a marvel to all how rapid and accurate his mental facilities worked throughout his great pain and suffering. Although unassuming, his mind was of a very fine order and capable of an accurate grasp of matters of general as well as particular concern. . . 14 Nov. 1928, Grandfather was given a fine funeral. Many of his old friends and friends of the family attended the services. The speaking, singing and other music were excellent. All of his living children were there except Louis from Lyman, who could not come. Also many of his grandchildren and some great-grandchildren were there. Phillip was with me. (Aunt Myrtle and the small children could not attend, being under quarantine still.) Ted and Elaine were also at the funeral but Dan and Virginia couldn't come."

In her history Laurs' and Else's oldest daughter, Elsie Bartholomew, wrote this account:-- "Death brought relief to Father on 10 Nov. 1928, nearly five years after mother's passing. He was 81 years 3 months and 19 days old when he died. Funeral services were held in the Tabernacle or Center Ward Chapel Tuesday afternoon 13 Nov. 1928. Many mourners from Manti, Gunnison Valley and Mayfield attended. Speakers were Simon Christensen, Bishop Brigham Jenson of Centerfield, Bishop Niels R. Peterson of Manti, and Patriarch J. Hatten Carpenter of Manti, with closing remarks by Bishop Stott of the Manti Center Ward, who presided. Three numbers were sung by the choir - 'There is Sweet Rest in Heaven', 'Rock of Ages' and 'I Need Thee Every Hour'. A

violin solo 'Oh My Father' was rendered by Chauncy L. Whitbeck; a vocal solo, 'The End of a Perfect Day' by Mrs. Mildred Jensen, and a vocal duet, 'The Morning', by Mr. and Mrs. Ellis E. Johnson. President Jacobsen offered the invocation and the benediction was by S. Peter Peterson. He was buried beside mother in the Manti Cemetery."

Grandfather's second wife, Sorena, continued to live on in the home in Manti, which she inherited, for well onto ten years longer. Then she moved to Springville and made her home with her daughter Helga until she passed away. The following account of her appeared in the Provo Herald Sun. 28 Mar. 1943, under the caption, "Sorena Christenson" -- "Springville - Funeral services will be conducted in the Fourth Ward Chapel this Sunday at 3 P. M. for Mrs. Sorena T. Nielsen Christensen, 85, who died Thursday night at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Helga N. Larsen, with whom she had made her home the past four years.

"Graveside services will be conducted at Ferron, Utah at 1 P. M. Monday and burial will be at Ferron, under the direction of A. Y. Wheeler and Son Mortuary. Friends may call at the Larsen residence, 140 East Third North in Springville before the services Sunday.

"Mrs. Christensen was born in Denmark Feb. 1, 1858, a daughter of Marton and Nikolana Hansen Thyrring. At an early age she and a brother came to Utah as converts to the L. D. S. Church. She lived at Ephraim for a number of years and later moved to Salina. She has been an ardent church worker, having been a Relief Society teacher 45 years, and has also worked in the temple.

"Besides Mrs. Larsen she has a son, Christian T. Nielsen of Ferron; also nine grandchildren and six great-grandchildren; a stepson, Nick L. Nielsen of Homedale, Idaho, and two sisters, Mrs. Eliza Nielsen and Mrs. Ella S. Smith of California."

Laurs of course outlived all the members of the Christensen Company who came to Zion together in 1866, besides his brother Christen

and all of Else's people back in Denmark, except perhaps her brother Mads Hvid, of whose death we have no account. He also outlived all of Christen and Anne's children, with the exception of Caroline and "Chris Krat". Dear Patient, sincere, devout and honest Grandfather Laurs. Like his father, his word was as good as his bond. His principles were the highest and his ideals most noble. He was humble - yet dignified; full of good humor - yet sensitive and sympathetic to the greatest degree. He was a gentleman, a loving husband and father, and he was a loved and respected grandfather. We shall always cherish his memory.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here ends the story of Laurs and Else K. Christensen as far as this book goes. We who have followed them were born into a world quite different from the one in which they lived and wove their patterns of life. With their faith and works they helped to build this new world for us and future generations. It is a greater world, a more exciting world than they were given. It is only yesterday that our pioneer grandparents walked the earth and did the work they chose to do. And simply by doing well the things they did, with their vision cast afar, they helped to provide for us and ours greater opportunities than they themselves had ever dreamed of. There have been more changes since they passed away than in all other times of written history put together. Could they have visioned, when they sailed the seas in 1866 and walked across the plains to "Zion Land", jet liners traversing the skies from here to Denmark in a matter of hours? From sagebrush to cement and steel, from covered wagon to mooncraft, from Pony Express to Telstar - these are but a few of the changes that have taken place since yesteryear.

Truly, we ourselves may claim no honor, no reward, no respect, special position, recognition or credit because of what our grandparents were or what they wrought. We can only set eternal goals and try to emulate the greatness of their characters and their devotion to service, and in so doing bring lasting honor to their names. How

we conduct ourselves is vastly important, for we hold the future of the world in our hands. What we do today, history will record tomorrow.

Yet each of us has so little time, as the eternities of time are accounted. The wise will cherish it - the foolish waste it. For though it is free, time is a relentless tyrant and takes its toll in the long run. There is no time for shoddy work - no time for non-essentials. The hourglass of each life runs out too quickly.

"Help me to choose, O Lord,  
From out the maze and multitude of things  
    that by me roll,  
One thing to keep before me as a goal.  
That when I die, my days may form for thee  
Not many fragments - but one perfect whole."

--Marjorie Hillis

**HUSBAND** Laurs (Lauritz or Lars) Mathias Christian CHRISTENSEN (farmer)

Born 22 July 1847<sup>1</sup> Place Kobborod, Gettrup Parish, Thisted, Denmark  
 Chr. 22 July and 24 Oct 1847<sup>1</sup> Place First at home then at Gettrup Parish Church  
 Mar. 22 April 1866<sup>2</sup> Place Aalborg, Aalborg, Denmark  
 Died 10 Nov 1928<sup>2</sup> ae 81 Place Manti, Sanpete, Utah  
 Bur. 13 Nov 1928<sup>2</sup> Place Manti, Sanpete, Utah

**HUSBAND'S FATHER** Christen CHRISTENSEN (1817)

**HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES** (2) Sorena Thyring NIELSEN 21 Nov 1924 MT (sld for time only).

HUSBAND'S MOTHER Karen LAURITZEN (1826)

Husband

Wife

Laurs Mathias Christian CHRISTENSEN 1847  
 (1) Else Kathrine (Cathrine) ANDERSEN

NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING SHEET

Mrs. Lucile Christensen Tate  
 381 East 700 South St.  
 Centerville, Utah 84014

For the Laurs M.C. Christensen Family

RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

granddaughter granddaughter

FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR FILING ONLY

YES  Ancestral File NO

DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

Prepared August 1980

#### LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED (Date)	ENDOWED (Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
Husband 4 Aug 1875 <sup>3</sup> 8 May 1865 <sup>3</sup>	30 Oct 1871 <sup>1</sup>	30 Oct 1871 <sup>1</sup>
Wife 4 Aug 1875 <sup>3</sup> 25 Jan 1865 <sup>3</sup>	30 Oct 1871 <sup>1</sup>	SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS
4 Oct 1877 <sup>3</sup>	29 Nov 1917 <sup>1</sup>	15 Nov 1889MT
1 Apr 1893 <sup>3</sup> 4 Oct 1877 <sup>3</sup>	1 Jul 1896MT	15 Nov 1889MT
25 Jul 1880 <sup>3</sup>	6 Sep 1893MT	15 Nov 1893MT
1 Apr 1893 <sup>3</sup> 5 Apr 1882 <sup>3</sup>	26 Sep 1900MT	BIC
1 Apr 1893 <sup>3</sup> 2 Jul 1884 <sup>3</sup>	26 Jun 1901MT	BIC
child	child	BIC
1 Apr 1893 <sup>3</sup> 2 Jun 1886 <sup>3</sup>	30 Sep 1903MT	BIC
1 Aug 1888 <sup>3</sup>	6 Mar 1901MT	BIC
6 Aug 1890 <sup>3</sup>	3 Feb 1904MT	BIC
child	child	BIC
31 Jul 1895 <sup>3</sup>	27 May 1940MT	BIC

WIFE'S MOTHER Mette Kirstine CHRISTENSEN (1811)

**WIFE'S FATHER** Anders Christian CHRISTENSEN (1806)

**WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS**

#### CHILDREN

List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Given Names SURNAME

SEX M F	WHEN BORN DAY MONTH YEAR	WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE TO WHOM	WHEN DIED DAY MONTH YEAR
		TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY		
1 M	Christian I CHRISTENSEN (C.I.) 4 Oct 1867 <sup>3</sup>	Manti	Sanpete	Utah	28 Dec 1893* Caroline LARSEN	5 Oct 1917 ae 50 d 1941
2 M	ANDREW B CHRISTENSON (A.B.) 6 Jun 1869 <sup>3</sup>	Manti	"	"	1 Jul 1896MT Sarah Jane BARTHOLOMEW	17 Dec 1931 ae 62 d 1966
3 M	Joseph (C) CHRISTENSEN 7 Mar 1871 <sup>3</sup>	Gunnison	"	"	6 Sep 1893MT Roxie Ellen BARTHOLOMEW	23 Jul 1926 ae 56 d 1952
4 M	Albert H CHRISTENSON (A.H.) 13 Dec 1872 <sup>3</sup>	Gunnison	"	"	26 Sep 1900MT 1) Ellen Virginia SNOW (Jennie)	13 Mar 1957 ae 84 d 1910
5 F	Elsie Kathrine CHRISTENSEN (twin) 8 Mar 1875 <sup>3</sup>	Mayfield (n)	"	"	26 Jun 1901MT Alma C BARTHOLOMEW	28 Jun 1964 ae 89 d 1954
6 F	Mary Karen CHRISTENSEN (Karie) 8 Mar 1875 <sup>2</sup>	Mayfield (n)	"	"	(unmd)	8 Mar 1875 (1st day)
7 F	Emma Eliza CHRISTENSEN 8 Jul 1877 <sup>3</sup>	Mayfield (s)	"	"	30 Sep 1903MT Charles Peter PETERSON	4 Sep 1927 ae 50 d 1945
8 M	Louis D CHRISTENSEN (Lars P.) 20 Mar 1880 <sup>3</sup>	Mayfield (s)	"	"	6 Mar 1901MT Sarah Florence MELLOR	6 Feb 1959 ae 78 d 1952
9 F	Arthur Marinus CHRISTENSEN (twin) 19 Jul 1882 <sup>3</sup>	Gunnison	"	"	3 Feb 1904MT Amelia Jane GLEDMILL (Millie)	4 Dec 1932 ae 50 d 1961
10 F	Martina Lauriette CHRISTENSEN 19 Jul 1882 <sup>3</sup>	Gunnison	"	"	(unmd)	19 Jul 1882 (1st day)
11 F	Elvena CHRISTENSEN (Vena) 27 Mar 1887 <sup>3</sup>	Gunnison	"	"	14 Feb 1917* George Thomas CLARK	15 Jul 1956 ae 69 d 1951

SOURCES OF INFORMATION (See details on reverse side of this sheet).

1 DPR - Danish Parish Registers for Gettrup and Hvidberg (GS films).

2 VCK - Virginia Christenson Keeler Some Christensons Who Came From Thy (1969 Provo, Utah), hereinafter identified as K (plus page numbers).

3 GVR - Gunnison Utah Ward Records, Libr 24606, p.53 (GS 025,977 film).

4 LDS Temple Records: EH - Endowment House; MT - Manti; SL - Salt Lake;

SG - St. George; CFI - Computer File Index; TIB - Temple Index Bureau.

5 Marriage Rec of Sanpete and Beaver Cos. Utah and Uintah Co. Wyoming.

#### OTHER MARRIAGES of children:

#4 Albert m and sld to (2) Myrtle FARNSWORTH  
23 June 1920 SG (St. George Temple).

\*#1 Christian sld to wife Caroline LARSEN  
5 Dec 1917 SL (Salt Lake Temple) after d.

\*#11 Elvena sld to husb George Thomas CLARK  
27 May 1940 MT (Manti Temple).

NECESSARY EXPLANATION Names generally used in adult life are shown above including sen and son endings and the addition of initials I, B, C, II, D. Those changes were unofficially made to avoid confusion with other Sanpete Christensens with the same name. Original names and spellings are preserved under Documentation.

Note: For progenitors see Somo Christensons Who Came From Thy K983a-990. There were 11 children (K467-668) and 67 grandchildren (K675-976, x-xii).  
 HUSBAND Laur Mathias Christian CHRISTENSEN: (Lars M.C and Lauritz) #4 Albert H. CHRISTENSEN - continued. (CFI - H input)

Birth: Gettrup Par Records Bk 7, p33 (GS 053,056), chr as Lauritz Mathias, \* Marriage to (2) Myrtle F. Beaver Co. Bk 2 p.101 #1154 (GS 485,224).  
 Baptism: GWR p.53 (Lars M. C. Christensen); K151. \*K131,984.

Marriage: K169-170, 172a (22 Apr 1866 before sailing for America).

Endowment: EM Bk G p283 #9 (GS1,239,501) as Lewis M.C. Christensen. Has incorrect bapt date of 8 May 1862. Kobberod is sp Cobery; TIB.

Sealing to (1) as Else Catrina Christensen: 4EM Slg Bk H p2 (GS 183,398). (Laur is again shown as Lewis, an Anglicization of Laur or Lauritz).

Sealing of first 3 children to parents: 4MT Bk A p.418 (GS 170,493).

Marriage to (2) Sorena, Sanpete Co Bk 7 p.351 (Lars M.C.) (GS 481,512); K459.

Sealing to (2) Sorena, 4MT Bk C p.50 #645, for time (GS 170,490).

Death and Burial: 2K p.462-463. Buried beside (1) Else in Manti Cemetery.

WIFE (1) Else Kathrine (Cathrine) ANDERSEN: (Else K. Christensen)

Birth: Hvidbjoerg (Orum-Lodbjoerg) Par Records Bk5, p48 (GS 053,080 item 2). Christened as Else Cathrine Andersen (above and K66,67,989).

LDS Baptism: GWR p.53 (Else C. Christensen); K112.

Endowment: 4EM Bk G p282 #9 (GS 1,239,501) as Else Catrina Christensen; TIB.

Marriage and Sealing: As above (Husb).

Death and Burial: 2K p.454, 457. Died in Manti, Utah, buried Manti Cemetery.

#1 Christian I CHRISTENSEN ("Chris" or "C. I" - K468)

Birth: GWR p.53; K467-468. (No information located in Manti Ward Records).

LDS Baptism: GWR p.53; 2K468 (Chr and bapt as Christian Christensen).

Endowment: 4MT Proxy Endw Bk B-2 p.436 #11759 (GS 170,450).

Marriago (Civil): Sanpete Co. Lic Bk 2 p.463 #927 (GS 481,124); 2K 472.

Sealing to Wife: 4SL Slg (Couples/Proxy) Bk 0 p.774 #17574 (GS 184,603); K484.

Death and Burial: 2K p.481. Died in Wyoming, buried in Gunnison, Utah.

#2 Andrew B CHRISTENSEN (Biography - K485-514, added B and chgd to son K486).

Birth: GWR p. 53. (No information located in Manti Records); 2K234,485.

LDS Baptism: GWR p.53 as Andrew Christensen; K468-469,486.

Endowment: 4MT Liv Endw Bk A p.148 #5131 (father-Lars Mathew) (GS170+85).

Marriago: Sanpete Co Bk 3 p.206 #A363 (GS 481, 510)

Sealing: 4MT Couples Bk A p.148 #2660 (as Christenson) (GS 170,490); K489.

Death and Burial: K505-507. Died in St. George; buried at Provo, Utah.

#3 Joseph (C) CHRISTENSEN: (Biography - K514-533, added C and chgd to son K514). (He seldom used the C addition).

Birth: GWR p.53; K514 (Joseph Christensen on Gunnison Ward Records).

LDS Baptism: GWR p.53; K515 (from his Danish mother's Journal).

Endowment: 4MT Bk A p.116 #4003 (incorrectly shows bapt as 1879); TIB. #

Marriago: Sanpete Co Bk 2 p.437 #866 - signed "Jos Christenson." (GS 481,124).

Sealing: 4MT Couples Bk A p.115 #2053 (as Christenson) (GS 170,490); K517.

Death and Burial: 2K524-525. Died and buried in Gunnison, Utah.

#4 Albert H CHRISTENSEN: (Biography - K 533-577, added H and chgd to son K533).

Birth: GWR p.53; chr Albert Christen Christensen; K533 (mother's diary).

LDS Baptism: GWR p.53; K535 (when 9 years of ago).

Endowment: 4MT Bk A p.198 #7118 (incorrectly shows bapt as 1881); TIB. #

Marriago to (1) "Jennie": Sanpete Co Bk 4 p.289 (GS 481,510).

Sealing to (1) "Jennie": 4MT Couple Bk A p.199 #3564 (GS 170,490); K542.

- continued -

#4 Albert H. CHRISTENSEN - continued. (CFI - H input)  
 Marriage to (2) Myrtle F. Beaver Co. Bk 2 p.101 #1154 (GS 485,224).  
 Sealing to (2) Myrtle: 4SG Bk C p.99 #1777 (GS 170,579); K548  
 Death and Burial: 2K558, 575. (Died in Provo, buried in Manti, Utah).

#5 Elsie Kathrine (Else Cathrine) CHRISTENSEN: (Biography - K578-592) (CFI - H)  
 Birth: GWR p.53 (Else C. Christensen); K578.

LDS Baptism: GWR p.53; K578.

Endowment: 4MT Bk A p.208 #7467, bapt 1883 (GS 170,485); TIB. #

Marriago: Sanpete Co Bk 4 p.361 (GS 481,510)

Sealing to Husb: 4MT Bk A p.208 #3731 (GS 170,490); K580.

Death and Burial: K587. (Died in Provo, buried in Payson, Utah).

#6 Mary Karon CHRISTENSEN ("Karrie"):

Birth and Death: K578. (Twin sister of #5, Elsie).

#7 Emma Eliza CHRISTENSEN: (Biography - K592-605).

Birth: GWR p.53 (Emma E. Christensen); K592.

LDS Baptism: GWR p.53; K593. (Rebaptized with others 1 Apr 1893, K593/GWR).

Endowment: 4MT Bk A p.233 #8359 (GS 170,485), bapt 1885; TIB. #

Marriago: Sanpete Co Bk 5 p.53 (GS 481,511)

Sealing to Husb: 4MT Bk A p.232 #4168 (GS 170,490); K594.

Death and Burial: K600 (Died on ranch near Gunnison, buried in Gunnison, Utah)

#8 Louis D (Lars Peter) CHRISTENSEN: (Biog: K606-626, K606 describes name changes (CFI - H input))

Birth: GWR p.53; K606 - chr and bapt as Lars P. (Peter) Christensen.

LDS Baptism: GWR p.53; K607 (He changed Lars Peter to Louis D, known as "Lou.")

Endowment: 4MT Bk A p.204 #7343 as Louis D Christensen (GS 170,485), bapt 1888.

Sealing to Wife: 4MT Bk A p.205 #3673 (GS 170,490); K608.

Marriago: Sanpete Co Bk 4 p.337 (GS 481,510).

Death and Burial: K621. Died and buried in Lyman, Wyoming beside his wife.

#9 Arthur Marinus CHRISTENSEN: (Biography - K626-649).

Birth: GWR p.53; K626.

Baptism: GWR p.53; K627.

Endowment: 4MT Bk A p.238 #8545 (GS 170,485).

Marriago: Sanpete Co Bk 5 p.86 (GS 481,511).

Sealing to Wife: 4MT Bk B p.2 #10 (GS 170,490); K628.

Death and Burial: K639. (Died in Salt Lake City, buried in Manti, Utah).

#10 Martina Laurietto CHRISTENSEN:

Birth and Death: GWR p. 53 (birth and blessing); K626. Twin sister of #9.

#11 Elvona CHRISTENSEN: (Biography - K649-668). (CFI - H input).

Birth: GWR p.53; K649.

Baptism: GWR p.53.

Marriago: Uintah Co., Wyoming Mg Lic v.80 p.166 #52664 (GS 973,810); K656.

Endowment: 4MT Bk D p.427 #8014M (GS 170,485).

Sealing to Husb: 4MT Bk C p.342 #4195 (GS 170,490); K660.

Death and Burial: K662. (Died in Salt Lake City, buried in Goshen, Utah).

Foster Children: a. Ada Lorena Madison - b 1888, d 1897 (K649,650-669,670 etc).

Ada and Trosia b. Anna Thoresa Carlson b 1889 in Sweden (K650,670-674).

Note:  
 # These are "incomplete" and erroneous baptism dates. See front of sheet for GWR dates.

PART FIVE  
THEIR BELOVED CHILDREN

"Lord, behold our family here assembled;  
we thank thee for this place in which we dwell;  
for the love that unites us; for the peace  
accorded us this day; for the hope with which  
we expect the morrow."

--Robert Louis Stevenson

Laurs and Else K. Christensen were parents of eleven children, including two pairs of twins. One twin of each pair died soon after birth so are not counted as branches on their family tree but only as twigs. The remaining six boys and three girls in this part of the book as the Nine Branches of their Family Tree and the stories of their lives appear in the order of their births. With few exceptions these histories were written mainly by various of their children, at the request of this author. Brief accounts of each of their marriage partners are also included. Two foster daughters, partially raised by Laurs and Else, have something about them recorded here as well. None of these life histories are intended to be sophisticated biographies, for although they contain important and interesting data they are more like heartfelt, colorful, tender and even sometimes sad recollections about these whose graves we now tend and whose memories we so fondly cherish.

(1) CHRISTIAN "I" CHRISTENSEN

Christian, first child of Laurs and Else K. Christensen, was born Friday 4 Oct. 1867 in Manti, Sanpete, Utah, during the raging of the Black Hawk Indian War there. Perhaps he first awakened to the war-whoops of savage redmen and

the fierce beating of warning drums. Both his father and paternal grandfather fought in that war with others of the hard-pressed occupants of the then eighteen year old settlement of his birth. He was christened just plain Christian but in early manhood he assumed the middle initial of "I". He was often called "Chris" or "C. I."

At the age of three-and-a-half, the war being over, young Christian moved with his Danish emigrant parents, a baby brother Andrew, and others of his father's relatives, to a smaller settlement some fifteen miles southwest of Manti, called Gunnison. A short time after his seventh birthday his parents joined the "United Order" and moved five or six miles southeast of Gunnison to the very small United Order community of North Mayfield, taking Chris and his then three younger brothers with them. The account of their circumstances and experiences in the "Order" and later in South Mayfield, have been given in some detail in another chapter.

It was in Mayfield, we remember, that Chris first attended school. His daughter Pearl tells of this:-- "Christian had very little chance for an education in school but he was taught by his mother, at her knee, while she was spinning, carding or doing other household duties. She, having had a fine education, taught him so well that when he did enter school for the first time he was placed in the sixth grade. He studied very hard and had an excellent memory. It was in Mayfield also that Christian suffered the long-lasting and severe eye infection which threatened to destroy his sight and might have, had it not been for the constant efforts, faith and prayers of his loving parents, grandfather Christensen, and other concerned relatives. Instead, however, he was left with a "happy tear" for life. Doubtless it was the persistence of this eye infection that kept the boy from entering school earlier. It was in Mayfield, too, that Christian was baptized a member of the L. D. S. Church. This took place on his tenth birthday and his mother recorded it in her journal like this:-- "Christian Christensen, dobt den 4 October 1877 i May Field, dobt of Henry Jensen." His younger

brother Andrew, four months past eight, was baptized the same day, and by the same Henry Jensen, Counselor to Bishop O. C. Olsen of Mayfield.

When Chris was going on thirteen the family sold their home in South Mayfield and moved back to Gunnison. His father leased a farm in Christenburg, midway between Mayfield and Gunnison. Here he and his boys farmed and the family lived for a number of summers. Christian was a great help on the farm for he had started farming young. Pearl tells of this:-- "When Christian was about six, he started to help his father on the farm. He also herded a few sheep and cows on the flats in Mayfield, Gunnison and later in Christenburg. Many a day he skipped off with a smile, humming the tunes he had heard his mother hum and sing to him. He would carry a lunch tied up in a knapsack on a stick over his shoulder. Most of the time this lunch consisted of a slice or two of homemade bread and a slice of bacon or salt pork; and on his way he'd go, never complaining. He learned very early in life the value of thrift and industry and he learned to love and appreciate nature and the out-of-doors."

Pearl continues:-- "While living in Christenburg the Christensen children played with the Ole Larsen children next door. Ole Larsen and Laurs Christensen freighted together many a time. The children would walk or ride to Gunnison each week to Sunday School, Primary and Religion Class. Christian became attracted to Caroline Larsen while living there and the two became childhood sweethearts.

"At age fourteen Christian started working for the man from whom they had leased their farm in Christenburg, Julius Christensen, with his sheep and cattle; for Mr. Christensen was a large sheep-and stock-owner as well as a land-owner. He soon gave young Chris heavy responsibilities, for he knew he was trustworthy. At age nineteen he was put in charge of the sheep herds for his employer and worked on shares, which gave Chris a chance to put in so many sheep for himself each year. This went on for several years." His brother Albert, during some of this time, was employed by Julius Christensen to run what was called his

"South Farm" or ranch in Christenburg. He tells about receiving help from Chris there:-- "My oldest brother, Chris, was my employer's foreman over his sheep outfits, but in June when the alfalfa was ready to cut and put up, he came down to the ranch to help with the hay. Later he helped with the grain which was all loaded and stacked by hand."

The year of 1888-89 Albert was given employment with Julius Christensen's herds, under supervision of his brother Chris. He tells something of their experiences in "The Hard Rich Soil", from which we quote:-- "That spring I went to work for my old employer. I was with the sheep, a lambing herd which lambed on the east slope of the Wasatch Range about due east of the southernmost part of Sanpete County. The sheep were ranged in about the same vicinity until the first part of October 1888. I had charge of one of the two large herds then owned by Mr. Christensen. That fall my employer came to me and asked me if I would continue to work for him during the winter. He said if I would stay with him for one year he would pay me as high a wage as any man he had, except his foreman, Chris. That was \$30 per month; Chris received \$35 per month.

"Our long trip with the sheep was commenced late in October. The herds moved through the southern part of Sanpete County, across part of Sevier County and up to Grass Valley in Piute County, thence south past what is now known as "Bryce Canyon" and from there down to a place then known as "Loseyville", but now called "Tropic". We camped a little north of Loseyville on a creek. We had arrived at the campsite about dark. We bedded the sheep near the trail and pitched our camp in a sandy flat on the east bank of the stream. Rain poured down during the night. From our campsite, north and east, the ground gradually rose for about half a mile and then the country broke off into the valley. We could see the sheep apparently feeding along this slope through the forenoon, so we stayed in camp, drying our bedding and clothing. The other herd had passed on ahead. My brother Chris, foreman of that herd, was staying with me and intended to move on the next day.

"After dinner I started out to go around the

herd. I discovered to my dismay that what had appeared to be feed was a worthless red weed and what held the sheep down was a plaster-of-paris type of clay that gathered on and stuck to their feet. When a sheep would succeed in extricating one foot from this clay its other three feet would stick fast. I notified my brother Chris of this condition and together we went around the herd. We found that a considerable number of the sheep had crossed over into the swale, or valley, to the east. We also found that a considerable number had moved on to the west. They were in clay up to their sides. We drove what sheep we could back to camp, where the ground was more firm, then we attempted to lift the other sheep out of the mud and place them on firmer ground. We soon discovered that our own feet would sink into the ground and when a foot was pulled out the boot would remain fastened. It was about dark when we got all of the mired sheep back to firmer ground.

"The next day we worked the marooned sheep over to a small hill where we had to leave them for three or four days before we could get them back with the rest of the herd. One of our burros got into the clay up to her sides. We seemed unable to get her out; so, rather than leave her in the mud to die, we put a chain around her neck and attached a team of horses to pull her out. To our astonishment she came through the ordeal comparatively unscathed. While she was useless until spring, she later assumed her usual burdens. This was the way we celebrated my sixteenth birthday, Dec. 13, 1888. (Chris was twenty-one)

"After the herd moved away from the mud country we moved along leisurely. . . The winter was quite severe. Along about February we were forced to seek lower country. Feb. 28, 1889 was one of the coldest nights I was ever out in. Several sheep were frozen to death. The entire herd was so cold that it failed to leave the bed-ground until about noon of the following day. We moved down into what was locally called "Death Valley". Day after day came and went. I was up at daylight, had breakfast, followed the sheep out onto the range, generally came back to camp for luncheon,

then out with the sheep again. About sundown the sheep would move slowly toward the bed-ground, browsing as they went. Returning to camp, I would make a fire and after I cooked supper and washed dishes, I frequently read by campfire light. . . My brother C. I. Christensen (Chris) was certainly a grand brother and, I may say, a true companion to me. He often came a long way just to stay with me at night."

Yes, the life of a sheepherder could be a lonely one, especially in winters, and it was not an easy one at any time. But under this heavy responsibility Christian grew strong in physique as well as character. "He was a tall, slender young man with wavy brown hair and grey-blue eyes, but later became heavy", says his daughter Pearl. "He was very self reliant, with usually a happy smile for everyone - but he could be very strict and stern when the case demanded, though he seldom used strong language. When he was upset with someone his favorite term for such a one was 'chump head!' But on the whole Chris had a wonderful way with men - he was a real leader. He was very persuasive, people had difficulty saying no to him. He made friends easily. He loved people and he loved music and he loved to sing and to dance. Some of his favorite songs were 'Come, Come Ye Saints', 'The Star Spangled Banner', 'What Will the Robin Do Then, Poor Thing', and some favorite piano numbers 'Pure as Snow', 'Shepherds Dream', and 'Shepherds Evening Song'." In fact it might be said that Chris loved life, for he had so much that was good to give to it.

He married his childhood sweetheart, Caroline Larsen, 28 Dec. 1893. Pearl continues:-- "They were married in Gunnison, with a wedding reception being held at 4 o'clock in the afternoon at the Larsen residence. They were very happy and cherished each other all their lives. Caroline's father gave them two beautiful horses for a wedding present. One was a sorrel (Old Mormon) and the other a bay mare (Beauty). Christian and Caroline rented their first home, the old Tony King place, a rock house on the east side of Gunnison. They lived there for two years while they built their own



Christian



Caroline



Their first and last home in Gunnison

home, which was about two blocks west of Main Street. It was of white rock with five rooms and was tastefully furnished and had handmade carpets throughout. I myself, their oldest child, was a year old when we moved into this home.

"Soon after we moved in the folks planted shade and fruit trees, berry bushes, flowers and a garden on the place. Since father Christian was away so much of the time, this left a lot of responsibility to mother Caroline". An amusing incident is told by their eldest son Elmer, in regard to his father's long absences from home:-- 'When I was young, father was away most of the time with the sheep and later, when I was at the ranch or with the sheep myself, he wasn't there with me either. I remember one time while I was real young and we were still living in Gunnison, he came home one spring after having been out on the desert all winter. His whiskers were long and red and I didn't know who he was. When he came over and kissed mother I was shocked. After he left I told her I was going to tell father that she let that man with the red whiskers kiss her, but she only laughed. After father came back from the barber shop with the red whiskers all gone, of course I recognized him and told him about the red whiskered stranger kissing mother - he sure got a kick out of that!"

Pearl writes: "Christian's employer, Julius Christensen, died while still quite young, but Chris was asked to continue working for his company until they sold out, which left him with all the major responsibilities for quite some time. But he was equal to it. After the company sold out, Chris was left with quite a few sheep of his own. Later he bought a few more and then went into the sheep business with Lafe Bown, also of Gunnison. This partnership lasted for many years and was most successful.

"Lafe and Christian ran their sheep up Twelve Mile canyon in summers and on the west desert in winters. Their company owned a separating corral south of Fayette, where they separated their sheep both spring and fall. Christian spent many a cold, hard winter going back and forth on the west desert with the sheep.

He usually traveled in his buckboard. He would put hot rocks in the bottom of it to keep his feet warm and usually he had heavy wool-filled quilts around him to keep out the cold. Many times he would drive all night to keep a promised appointment. Sometimes he would have to camp by a fire or under a cedar tree until it was light enough to find his way. There was little travel on the desert in winter and the going was slow. A trip that would take eight to ten days at that time in a wagon or buckboard can now be made in four or five hours in a car and forty-five minutes by plane.

"Christian and Lafe Bown had dependable men that would help them with the sheep, which left them free for their other interests when necessary. Christian's two younger brothers, Louis and Arthur, worked for him a lot. Besides his sheep and cattle he had a farm on the west side of Gunnison at a place called Clarion. There was always a job to be done there and elsewhere, with harvesting of crops, threshing getting flour, potatoes and meat in for the winter, and also wood. Besides his own wood supply he hauled extra for needy families and widows. He paid his tithing with such farm products as grain, hay, wheat, flour or cattle.

"The winters with him away seemed long but the summers were wonderful. Father and our family, Lafe Bown and his family, and other friends and relatives spent many happy summers up Twelve Mile Canyon together. We went riding, hiking, picking wild flowers and berries. We made swings for grown ups and for children and we made large bonfires to gather 'round in evenings for fun, with singing and dancing. A favorite hike was up Musinia Peak by foot or horseback. Good old sour dough bread and plenty of mutton chops cooked over the open fire or on a camp stove was the food we liked best."

The sheep business paid off for Chris in those days and he was able to save quite a bit of money. Among other things, he was most generous in helping his brothers and sisters get the schooling which he himself had been denied. He was indeed an older brother to be honored and looked up to in

every sense of the word. Again we quote from his brother Albert's recollections:-- "The four older children of my parents were boys. The oldest was Christian (or Chris or C. I.) then Andrew, Joseph and myself. In the early days, in Mayfield especially, we often roamed the foothills and fields together. Chris generally took the responsibility of my supervision on such occasions. In later years we four were passed off as 'oldest' and 'youngest' and 'middle two'. I generally looked to Chris as my 'big brother' and a real big brother he was. . . I remember well when I was struggling to get an education. Very frequently there was a shortage of spending money. At one of these critical times my oldest brother (Chris) came to my aid, and that without asking. . . While I was attending Law School at Ann Arbor, Michigan, my finances were again very limited. I sold some of the things I had at Gunnison, including my rubber-tired buggy and some other articles of which I now have little memory. In the autumn of 1898, when I was about at the point of seeking some help to tide me over my last year, I received a letter from my oldest brother, Chris, or C. I. Christensen, as he then signed his name. This letter has always seemed to me to be somewhat of a miracle. It read, in substance:-- 'Dear Albert, I have just sold a herd of sheep and I am wondering if you won't need some help to see you through school. If you will let me know about how much you will need a month I will be glad to send it to you.'

"No one will ever know how grateful I felt for this message. As a child Chris had always been my ideal and almost my guardian. Now he was turning out to be my savior, materially, as well. Needless to say, I accepted his offer with heartfelt thanks. Thereafter, the needed checks came regularly. Just before graduation he sent a larger check to take care of my graduation and my trip home. . . Upon returning home I figured I owed the Manti City Savings Bank a total of \$700 and interest. My brother Chris had told me while I was at school that he would look after the interest on my note, but I wanted to make such further arrangements as might be necessary. I went to the bank and requested the cashier to look up the

condition of my account and told him that I would like to get an extension. He left and in a minute he came back and said, 'You have no loan here; it was paid in full by Chris about a year ago.' . . . When I went back to Gunnison a few days later, I called in to thank my brother for what he had done for me and to give him my note. He told me to forget it. When I told him I couldn't do that, he finally insisted that he would accept nothing more than the principal. 'You can take what time you want to pay that', he added. I shall be in Chris' debt forever."

That's the kind of fellow Christian "I" Christensen was, and others of his brothers and sisters could have told similar stories about his kindness and helpfulness to them. While a number of these were struggling to get their college educations at B. Y. U. in the early nineties, Chris came to their aid time and time again. His daughter Pearl says: "Christian saved enough money to help his three brothers and one sister through school at Provo. I have been told that at one time he had saved two hundred twenty-dollar gold pieces and he used what was needed of it to help with their educations and also buy new graduation outfits and pay for having their pictures taken." More has been given about this in an earlier chapter but too much cannot be said about the generosity and charity of this wonderful brother.

We continue from Pearl's history:-- "Christian, a strong Republican leader in Gunnison, was active in politics there. He was City Recorder at one time and City Treasurer, and was on the Gunnison School Board of Education for a period of eight years, from 1900 to 1908. He always used to see that everyone had a chance to vote at elections, and helped by picking up in his buggy those who might not otherwise have ways to get to the polls, especially the widows.

"The 4th and 24th of July were great days for celebration in Gunnison. Christian liked to see that all the children rode in the parade on a big flat-topped wagon; he called them 'Utah's Best Crop'. He loved to see everybody having a good time. His little girls were dressed in white silk

dresses and his little boys in blue pants and blue and white striped shirts, which their mother Caroline made for them. She took pride in sewing for her children. One year Christian was 'Marshal of the Day' for one of these big celebrations. He wore a large black Stetson hat with a long ostrich plume which hung down over his shoulder and he rode a black, shiny horse with its mane and tail braided with blue ribbons. We all called the horse 'Old Black Joe'.

"Christmas was another great holiday for our family and both father and mother enjoyed having their children and their relatives and friends around them to help celebrate. Some of the many good features were the wonderful dinners mother cooked and served at those times, as well as on other special occasions such as L. D. S. Conference times when we usually had visitors at our house, especially after we moved to Salt Lake City."

In 1908 Chris dissolved his partnership with Lafe Bown and joined with John M. Cannon of Salt Lake City, and other smaller stockholders, in what became known as the "Bennion Livestock Company". As has been mentioned earlier, this company's main headquarters was a large ranch on the headwaters of the Weber River in northeastern Utah, which they called "The Weber", together with other smaller ranches and accompanying range lands in the areas. Chris trailed his sheep and other livestock from Twelve Mile in Sanpete County to The Weber, and his brothers Albert and Arthur had some of their sheep trailed up there also, as they became smaller stockholders in this venture. Arthur's brother-in-law, Bert Gledhill, writes something of this:-- "Arthur, after his marriage, was associated with his brother, Albert Christensen, in the sheep business. They lambed their sheep on Cedar Mt., east of Salina. After lambing, about July 1st, they would move into Twelve Mile Canyon for the summer months and then winter on the west desert. As I remember, Arthur and his brother Louis took care of the sheep on the desert until the later years. I was herding with Louis on Cedar Mt. one summer when we got

word to take 1500 head of sheep and start for the Weber River area above Oakley, Utah. Arthur met us above Gunnison and was in charge from there. That was the start of the Bennion Livestock Company in which Arthur, Albert and Chris became interested. The following year the company bought a ranch at Upton, on Huff Creek, from a Mr. Benson, and Arthur was made foreman of that ranch. The company herders came there for supplies, which were hauled twelve miles by team from Coalville. I lived with Arthur and Millie for a time and worked on that ranch."

Chris was up on The Weber in May 1910 when he received word of the serious illness of two of his young daughters. Pearl tells of their deaths:-- "In 1910 scarlet fever hit the town of Gunnison and nearly all the children got it. Elora and Orilla took the terrible fever and both died of it within five days of each other. There wasn't much help for them in those days. Father did not get home before Orilla died but he came a few hours before Elora did. She spoke to him and asked him not to be 'Woodman', meaning a member of the Woodman of the World Lodge. This request he kept. (She also, in her young and innocent way, asked him to take her mother and the children to the Manti Temple and have them all sealed to him as a family, for eternity. This he also promised and was most sincere in it but, like so many, put it off for awhile for more pressing things and never seemed to get around to it.) The funeral services were held on the front lawn of the home. The girls' caskets were raised so that everyone could see how pretty they were, with Elora's golden brown hair which covered her like a cape to her knees and Orilla's reddish-golden curls. Their deaths were such sorrows to our family.

"Later on that summer father sold most of his interests in Gunnison, including our home which he sold to his brother Arthur, and bought his brother Andrew's home on 9th East and 27th South in Salt Lake City. (This home has been so well described by Andrew's daughter Edyth in other chapters of this book.) It was hard on our family at first to move from the country into a big



The lovely home in Salt Lake City about the time Chris (I) Christensen purchased it from his brother Andrew in 1910. Pearl, Ivy, Caroline and Roy grouped in front.

city among strangers. But since all the members were very active in the Church at the time, all except father, it didn't take long before we had made many new friends in the Forest Dale Ward into which we had moved. Mother took part in Relief Society and other church functions. Whenever father was at home he always attended meetings with us, though he was never home long enough to fill a position of responsibility. He held the priesthood and was always a faithful supporter of the L. D. S. Church, in spite of the fact that his business and interests required that he spend most of his time, especially his winters and springs, away from the centers of civilization and his family.

"He had replaced his buckboard with a Ford pickup truck, which made things easier for him and traveling faster. He traveled so many times in the night to be able to keep his appointments. When he could he took the train to Wyoming and often stayed overnight at the hotel in Carter, trying to get himself cleaned up a little from the grime of travel, or, as he said, 'taking a bath in a tea cup.' He spent many days and nights in the terrible cold of Wyoming's winters. The Carter range was below zero most of the time then."

But summers were different as far as being with his family was concerned. Pearl writes of this:-- "For many years, after we moved to Salt Lake, our family spent most of the summers on the ranch owned by the Bennion Livestock Company, called 'The Weber'. We would move there as soon as school was out in the spring and stay until late fall, except for a trip or two back to Salt Lake to check on the family home and get supplies for ourselves and the hired men, as well as grain for the horses. One of the highlights of these trips back and forth, especially for father, was to stop at the creamery located in the little town of Oakland. Father was extremely fond of buttermilk and was always sure of getting all he could drink of that refreshing beverage whenever he stopped there. It has been stated that his capacity for buttermilk was remarkable.

"On the ranch in summers there was always

plenty of work to be done. Ranch work however was interesting to us children and father seemed to enjoy having us help with such things as separating sheep in the pens and getting lambs ready to trail to market. When it was sheep shearing time at the various shearing corrals, we loved to go along and play on the giant wool sacks. We looked forward to going with father to the many sheep camps scattered throughout the area, for this meant horseback rides through the mountains. The Company owned a small ranch and lambing ground in Chalk Creek Basin east of Coalville and up over the mountain directly north of The Weber. Trips were made there to get horses, etc., and trips were taken to the company ranch at Upton, which was also east of Coalville and where they raised hay and grain and made butter and had a place to feed the company's horses.

"But if this was called 'work' there was plenty of time left for fun too. A short distance from the two-story-ranch-house was a small lake called 'Commissary Lake'. Because this lake had no outlet its waters became quite warm in summer-time and thus it became a favorite swimming hole for the entire family. This was fun. It was fun too for the whole family to spend time picking the delicious wild raspberries that abounded in the nearby areas, and make a picnic of it."

Christian purchased a part of the ranch known as "The Oasis" near Lyman, Wyoming, as we have heard, and about the same time he bought a dry farm in Cedar Valley, west of Lehi, Utah and a fruit farm at LaVerkin, Utah, in the Dixie country, which his brother Andrew had interested him in. It appeared quite evident that he had great hopes for the future and that things ahead looked bright for him indeed.

Pearl tells that her father never liked to use the word "goodbye". It was always just "see you later" or "so long". As he left his home in Salt Lake City that last time in late September of 1917, he didn't say "see you later" but simply "so long". In fact, as he left that last time, he returned from the front gate to the front door three times to say "so long" to his beloved wife, Caroline. That was

the last time she saw him until she stood by his deathbed at The Oasis in Wyoming the first part of October. The circumstances of Christian's accident and death have been covered in a previous chapter but we should like to present his daughter Pearl's courageous and moving account of those also:-

"Father was shot the night of Oct. 2nd 1917, at the ranch, and died there Oct. 5th. He was to have gone up in another direction, but he did not go and of course we didn't know this. He had cautioned Roy and me to shoot for help if we saw anything moving in the area. I feel that I was at fault as much as Roy, although he held the gun, for just as he fired in the air from the doorway the screen door I was trying to hold open for him flew shut on the gun, putting the shot onto father. Of course we didn't know at the time that it was father. All we knew was that we could see someone moving in our yard, that we had been told to shoot for help in such a case, and that we were frightened. I guess this was just supposed to be - just one of those things. This has been so terrible for us to live with. As for me, I can hardly stand to talk about it even now, after more than fifty years. We all loved our father so dearly!"

"He lived three days after he was shot in the back. The bullet lodged in his chest and ricocheted so badly that they dared not move him, except into the ranch house. He suffered terribly. He talked to us and forgave us with all his heart and soul, because he knew we did not mean to do it. We were just carrying out his orders to shoot for help if we saw anything moving. They embalmed him at the ranch and then we took his body on the train to be further prepared for burial. Then we took his body on to Gunnison where his funeral and burial were held, 12 Oct. 1917."

Sensitive people sometimes seem to die a little themselves with experiences such as these; but life must go on for them nevertheless, for they too "have promises to keep and miles to go before they sleep". Christian's descendants should take comfort in his nobleness of character and the examples he

set for them in service to his fellowmen. (Has it not been said in the scriptures - "For he that hath done it unto the least of these, my brethren, hath done it unto me".) Truly he was a doer of good as well as a leader among men. Though he had little opportunity for formal schooling, yet he was an educated man with an educated heart - a great and passionate heart. That one of his main goals was to give his wife and children the better things of life and leave them all well fixed, there can be no doubt. For this he worked and labored hard, sacrificing his own comfort. One cannot do everything but Christian did much. He was a man of action.

\* \* \* \* \*

Caroline Larsen (Christensen) wife of Christian "I" Christensen, was born in Christenburg, Sanpete, Utah 7 Apr. 1871, the daughter of Ole Hansen Larsen and Inger Olsen (Larsen) early Utah Pioneers. She was baptized a member of the L. D. S. Church in the Sanpitch River which ran near her home, in the early spring following her eighth birthday. Her father was a farmer and a freighter in those early Gunnison Valley days. Caroline and her brothers and sisters helped on the farm.

Pearl tells of her mother:-- "Caroline gleaned wheat with her mother, Inger, and others, and her little bare feet would get so sore. Her mother would wash and oil them and wrap them up in rags. Many a night the small girl cried in pain. Shoes were very hard to get at those times. Caroline had one pair for church and Sunday School, 'Sunday shoes' they were called. This one pair of little shoes she treasured very much. She was about ten years old before she had shoes to wear all of the time. The Larsen children and others from Christenburg had a long way to go to church and Sunday School, Primary, Religion Class and also school, for they had to go to Gunnison, several miles away.

"Caroline was a happy natured child and loved to help her mother. She loved to sit by her side and sew. When she had a few pennies she would

buy a piece of calico and make quilt blocks, and by the time she was thirteen years old she had pieced the tops for three quilts. She was eager to learn and besides sewing she loved music and painting. When she grew older she did a number of beautiful paintings. She was very talented with her hands. She was a beautiful seamstress and an excellent cook. She learned to card wool, make rugs, quilt, make butter and cheese and soap and cure meat, and all the other early household arts that prepared her to manage a successful home.

"Caroline and her brothers and sisters and friends, including the Christensen children next door, loved to swim in the Sanpitch River back of their barn in what they called 'The Big Hole'. It was here that her little sister, Josephine, age four, was drowned. They found her little body a mile down stream. The Larsen and Christensen children, as neighbors, played together at many things and Caroline Larsen and Christian Christensen became childhood sweethearts while in Christenburg.

"When Caroline was about fifteen years old her father built a lovely home in Gunnison, where they went to live in winters though they continued to spend most of their summers on the farm in North Christenburg. The first winter in their new home her little brother Peter and sister Hanner died of diphtheria during an epidemic.

"Caroline grew to be a beautiful young lady. She was dainty and small of stature with lovely blond hair and blue eyes. She was also soft spoken, modest and gentle in nature - and she was kind. She and Christian continued their courtship which resulted in their marriage, 28 Dec. 1893, when he was twenty-six and she was nearing twenty-three. The bride wore a pretty robin-egg blue satin dress and orange blossoms in her beautiful long blond hair. She made a lovely wife and mother. The couple had eight children, four girls and four boys: Pearl Eva, Inger Elora, Giles Elmer, Christian LeRoy, Orilla, Myrtle Ivy, Farrald DeLong, and Gorden Larsen Christensen.

"When Caroline received word of Christian's fatal accident she was frantic. Mr. Cope, secretary for the Bennion Livestock Company, took her to Wyoming to be near him, immediately, in his car. She left the three younger children, Ivy, Farrald and little Gorden, at home along, with a kind neighbor, Mrs. Seegmiller, to look out for them if things went wrong. Pearl and Roy were of course at the ranch and Elmer was on the farm in Cedar Valley but soon joined the others. Caroline was at Christian's bedside to bid him 'so long' when the end came for him. His brother Louis and sister Elsie and her two girls, and Bishop Clarence Rollins of Lyman, Wyoming were on the train with Caroline, Pearl and Roy when they brought the body to Salt Lake City. Mr. Cope met them at the station and did everything he could to help out. The body was taken to the old Taylor Mortuary, then on West Temple and First South. The others went on to Gunnison where they were joined by their families, as well as relatives and friends from both Wyoming and Utah. But Caroline and her children stayed several days in Salt Lake making preparations and then all went down with the body, to join the others for Christian's funeral and burial."

About two months later, 5 Dec. 1917, Caroline took her children to the Salt Lake Temple and had the necessary endowments and the sealing of the family for eternity taken care of - all but Pearl, who was then beyond the proper age. They were accompanied by Christian's parents, Laurs and Else K. Christensen. (Pearl had her own endowments and was sealed to her parents some forty-one years after, 26 June 1959, also in the Salt Lake Temple.) Caroline herself went to the temple often after that wonderful experience there that December 1917, and continued to do so up until three weeks before her death. She loved the church and was a faithful attender to her duties as a member. She had a strong testimony of the divinity of the Gospel and her faith never wavered throughout all the trials and tribulations of her widowhood.

Caroline and Christian had been married almost twenty-four years when he died. Just over

twelve years later her youngest son passed away, lacking three months of his eighteenth birthday, 9 Jan. 1930. Christian had been well insured and owned much property, which was soon sold. His part of The Oasis, where he died, was purchased by his brother Louis. The family would have been left in fairly good circumstances had not the tender hearted Caroline made some rather substantial loans for which, through unforeseen circumstances, she was never reimbursed. She herself died 8 June 1941, two months and one day following her seventieth birthday, having outlived Christian over twenty-three and a half years, during which time she continued to live in her own home in Salt Lake City. Following is part of an article which was published in the Deseret News at the time of her death.

"Funeral services for Mrs. Caroline Larsen Christensen, 2732 South Ninth East Street, who died Sunday at 9:50 p.m. at her home of natural causes, will be conducted Wed. at 2 p.m. in the Gunnison, Utah L. D. S. Ward chapel. Burial will be in the Gunnison Cemetery. Friends may call at 36 East 7th South Street Salt Lake City until Tue. evening and at the Gunnison chapel Wed., one hour prior to services. . . . Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Pearl Jensen and Mrs. Ivy Campbell, both of Salt Lake City, sons Elmer G. Christensen of Los Angeles, Calif.; LeRoy Christensen of McGill, Nevada; Farrald Christensen of Salt Lake City; three brothers, Ole Larsen and Niels Larsen of Gunnison and Joe Larsen of Oakley, Idaho; a sister, Mrs. Stena Peterson of Gunnison, and six grandchildren."

#### (2) ANDREW "B" CHRISTENSEN

Andrew, second child of Laurs M. C. and Else K. Christensen, was born Sunday 6 June 1869 in Manti, Sanpete, Utah. Black Hawk Indian War hostilities were nearly over then and the railroad had just come to Utah Territory, the last spike having been driven at Promontory Point 10 May 1869,

linking the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads in a great transcontinental system. Andrew was named for his mother's father, the Danish version of the name being "Anders". When he was a young man he added the middle initial "B" and changed the last three letters of his surname from the original Danish spelling, "sen" to "son". He was less than a year old when his family moved into Gunnison Valley and here he spent most of the remainder of his childhood, in such communities as Gunnison, Mayfield and Christenburg. He was baptized a member of the L. D. S. church in Mayfield and it was here he also started school. We feel fortunate to have had choice contributions about him from each of his six children now living. Most of the remainder of Andrew's story comes from them.

Wendell begins:-- "Father came from sturdy Danish stock - men and women of courage, faith and vision. At age thirteen he left home to work and help out. His first job was as a herder for the well-to-do but rather godless man, Julius Christensen, who spent time telling Andrew that a belief in God was utter foolishness. One day this man, while riding the range accompanied by father, was caught in a heavy cloudburst. In trying to cross a gulley, swollen with flood waters, the bank caved in plunging horse and rider into the torrent. The man caught a hanging branch and was helped out by father, who said he never heard a man pray to God more fervently for deliverance."

Edythe tells a similar story about this professional atheist, Julius Christensen, and young Andrew:-- "Father believed with heart and soul in the divinity of the Restored Gospel of Christ. Whether in jest or soberness, the older man made a point of now and then testing Andrew's faith. It nettled the younger man. One day it became necessary to cross a small lake. As often happens with almost no warning, a sudden squall developed. The wind blew hard and the waves rose high. The rowboat, near the center of the lake, jerked and tossed about until it seemed it would surely capsize. Andrew, who was rowing and fighting the elements with all his might, began praying fervently. To

his utter amazement, Julius dropped to his knees in the bottom of the boat and, calling upon Diety, also pleaded to be saved."

Wendell continues:-- "Much of father's time for the next six years was spent alone in the mountains and deserts far from home and loved ones. His companions were mostly sheep, wild animals and rough men. He had many hair-raising experiences of which he told us years and years later, before the fire on long evenings. He was a marvelous story teller and we children would sit entranced, reliving such experiences with him. One of my favorites was about the day he had climbed to a high ledge on a slope overlooking the sheep herd and was deep in study when his attention was drawn to a disturbance in the flock. Looking down he saw a huge grizzly bear coming up the slope toward him. Although bears were not uncommon in the Henry Mountains, father was unarmed and this one seemed to have but one object in mind - him! First young Andrew shouted, then threw stones, but the grizzly came steadily onward. In desperation he looked around for some means of defense when he noticed a deep crack in the ledge upon which he stood. Bracing himself against the mountainside, he placed his heels in the crack and pushed and strained with all his might. Slowly the crack began to widen and, just as the bear reached the bottom of the ledge, a great section broke loose, crashing with a thud in front of the beast, followed by a shower of rocks and dirt. The bear rose on his haunches, then turned and headed straight down the mountain with a large boulder close behind and gaining speed at every turn. Father said he never saw a bear run so fast! The last glimpse he had of the brute was as it headed into the scrub oak and quaking aspen, with the huge rock speeding unchecked behind, crashing trees and brush in its path. The sight hit father's 'funny-bone' and he literally rolled on the ground and laughed.

"Through all his lonely days and nights he never ceased to remain true to the teachings of his parents and his church. Truly he lived close to the Lord during those years and had some remarkable spiritual experiences which comforted

him in his loneliness and strengthened him in his faith and convictions as to the part he personally might play in shaping the world about him. All boys have dreams, but Andrew's were a bit vast. But to him they were real and he seemed to see before him all the means for their realization. During those years he never ceased to study and prepare for the future that began to take shape in his young, active mind. He dreamed of getting an education and kept books in a box in the sheep wagon. These he studied frequently, preparing for the day when he could go back to school and then begin his accomplishments."

Luther writes:-- "There is nothing under heaven quite like herding sheep to make an intelligent young man realize there are better things in life. It was sometime during those half dozen years of playing nursemaid to the wooly creatures that there developed in father a longing for a more formal education. Those long hours, while the sheep bedded down at midday and at nights, gave ample time for him to daydream and formulate his plans, and from the classrooms of nature he learned well. It was from this period of his life that he drew much of the material for the wonderful and sometimes hair-raising experiences that he later told us children; the true stories that kept us quiet on long, slow, dusty wagon or car rides, rated with refreshments at our home evenings, or produced lurious drowsiness at bedtime."

Again we quote from Wendell's narrative:-- "At age nineteen father had acquired some sheep of his own and he decided to put one of his brothers in charge of them and start school. He went back to Gunnison and finished the grades, embarrassed by his size and age. Seminary followed, where he got high grades. He became a fine scholar. He went on to the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, the fall of 1891, and here he spent most of the next four winters. He taught part time the one of 1893-94 and graduated from the Academy 23 May 1895, with the degree of Bachelor of Pedegogy.

"It was while at B. Y. A. the winter of 1891/92 that father became better acquainted with Sarah Jane Bartholomew and her older sister Roxie.

He fell in love with Sarah. The year following his graduation they were married. This took place 1 July 1896 in the Manti Temple. (Andrew had been given a mission call to the southern states earlier that year, but this was changed in order that he might accept a call to develop the school at Kanab, Utah.) In July or August following their marriage, the honeymoon trip was made in a wagon containing all of their belongings as they made their way southeast, where father was to serve as Principal of the Kanab District School."

Andrew and Sarah boarded and roomed at the home of a son of Jacob Hamblin, Walter Hamblin and his wife Blanch Robinson Hamblin, who had been married only about two years themselves. The house in which they lived is still standing and today is owned by some descendants of the Hamblins. A ninety-one year old lady still living in Kanab (1968) Mrs. Blanch Hicks Mace, once lived in the house across the road from the Hamblin place. She remembers going there many years ago and seeing a beautiful handmade picture of some yarn flowers hanging on the wall. She was told that Mrs. A. B. Christensen made the picture for Blanch Hamblin, when they lived there together in the Gay Nineties. Mrs. Mace also remembers her husband, Charles Mace, speaking of Principal A. B. Christensen, who signed Charlie's certificate of promotion from the 7th grade of the Kanab District School, 1 Apr. 1898. This certificate is still intact.

Andrew's children have divided their accounts of him into three parts - Dreams Dreamed - Dreams Realized - Dreams Unfulfilled. Edythe writes:-- "Being the eldest child to live, I shall write mostly of the second part, for from these years I can report first hand. Father did not do things by halves. A degree from B. Y. U. was not enough. After two winters of teaching in Kanab he took mother and their firstborn, Adelbert, to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he entered the School of Literature at the University there. This is when I made my appearance."

Andrew remained in Ann Arbor for nearly three years and won his diploma, being graduated

with high honors in the class of 1901. Returning with his family to Utah, he received a call to head the Church Academy at St. George. This was the forerunner of Dixie College. He remained in the school at St. George for two or three years and then located his family in Provo. Sometime following the birth of their third child, Wendell, most likely the spring of 1904, Andrew left for some advanced study in Germany. While in Europe he visited his father's and mother's relatives in Denmark. His studies in Germany, however, were interrupted prematurely by the death, in Provo, of his eldest son, Adelbert, December 1904. Andrew withdrew from school and hurried back home to comfort his wife and family.

Edythe continues: "Andrew's advanced study paid off. He was given the principalship, plus a teaching post, at the Latter-day High School in Salt Lake City. Dreams were being realized. He signed on some excellent teachers. He was a tremendous organizer and his schools ran smoothly. He was also a forceful, gifted speaker and made many talks in the Wards and Stakes throughout the valley in the interest of increased enrollment. He radiated a magnetic presence, a retentive memory, imagination, drive and purpose.

"It was when we first lived in Salt Lake that my brother Sheldon was born, and three years later my first sister, Elsie Eliza. Father purchased a home on a large corner lot at the juncture of 27th South 9th East. The home was nice to look at, built of red brick in a compact, artistic form. Sections of the front window were of stained glass, forming a bay. The rooms were lovely with their richly embossed wallpaper of wine-red, gold and blue. There was an upper floor with bedrooms; but best of all, a long combination storage and playroom. Here stood the trunk that contained many of mother's once-used dresses, including her white organdy wedding gown plus the dainty, French kid slippers with seed-pearl-studded bows, French heels and pointed toes.

"These were fruitful, happy times. There was always so much to do or investigate or construct. There were the annual trips to our

delightful relatives in Sanpete County; jaunts to the sheep camps; and in cooler weather, our memorable 'family evenings' where mother played the hymns and sang alto and father told the most wonderful stories that always called for 'just one more'. Father could recite poetry too and often did; we were held bound under his magnetic spell. Then there were our Christmases, which were something to remember, especially the one when we children found coal in the toes of our stockings.

"We had been duly warned but were a little unbelieving. Our downcast faces burst into joy when we were led by our mischievous, doting parents to investigate the other rooms. In the front one a fire sputtered from the grate and a Christmas tree sparkled, alight with tinsel and candles. (It had been fashioned overnight from the lower boughs of our own evergreens.) And oh what gifts there were. Mother had dressed a doll with real hair for me and father hadn't forgotten the books and other exciting things to delight us all. Little did we know that one of our very next Christmases would be spent in Germany at the home of one of father's professors, a Herr Doctor, whose name I have forgotten, and that the gifts would be beyond any we had ever seen, like something from a fairy tale, for Germany was then the toy center of the world.

"On our lot in Salt Lake City were a garden, orchard, berries, a natural spring gushing forth clear, cool water, and our own fishpond which father had built. But our baby sister was far too fond of water and her later drowning, the early spring of 1910, in this pond, brought a sobering period into all our lives, coupled with a haunting remorse that lay just below the surface for many years to come. (More detail has been given earlier of little Elsie's death.) Father became restless - did he blame himself?

"By July of the same year, father, mother, my two brothers and I were enroute to Europe, where father planned to study again. We had sold our home in Salt Lake to generous Uncle Chris to help finance the same. Father continued to take an interest in explaining, showing, guiding and

inspiring our eager lives. Mother also threw off her sadness as best she could and seemed to enjoy this period of her life.

"Father at first did some research at Christ College in Oxford, England. But for part of each day members of his family were also educated when, under his expert guidance, we wandered through the various colleges with their lovely green, deer-infested parks; the many musty, vine covered old churches; walked along the tree-shaded banks of the winding river and even rowed boats on the same quiet stream. Sometimes we watched the rowing teams or opposing teams of young men engaged in playing rugby or cricket. We browsed through secondhand book stores and rode on street cars drawn by horses along crooked streets that had originally served as cow trails.

"We left England and met Grandfather and Grandmother Christensen in the Province of Thisted, Denmark. Then followed a few weeks of nothing but visiting our Danish relatives. In the main they were prosperous appearing farmers with fine, snug barns boasting fat, sleek animals and many ducks and geese. The hand of welcome was extended until 'Mormonism' was mentioned. Grandmother Christensen's visit had been in the interest of genealogy. She loved people and was in her true element. Father assisted her in this work. It was his second trip to Denmark and the relatives there. At the Danish capitol of Copenhagen, he made time to take us to the Thorvaldsen Museum and Chapel that houses the moving sculptures of Christ and His Twelve Apostles. Father related the story of the artist Thorvaldsen's humble beginning when as a poor boy, along the wharf, he was discovered whittling remarkable little figures of wood. Someone of note spotted the boy's potential and started him on his way towards becoming Denmark's greatest sculptor.

"From Denmark we went to Germany where father studied next. We were taken by him to see children's plays staged with unbelievable imagination and delight. 'Hansel and Gretel' and many of the fairy tales were made real before our very eyes. We visited the 'Gowandhaus', world famous



Andrew



Sarah



The three living  
children in 1910  
as they left for  
Europe with their  
parents

concert hall established by Felix Mendelssohn, and took a journey to the site of the huge, almost ugly mausoleum of stone commemorating the Napoleonic War victims who lost their lives in that vicinity.

Sometime in late spring, following my third brother Luther's birthday in May 1911, father received an invitation from one of the professors of the Sorbonne in Paris. For five weeks, five men were to live at his home and there study, discuss and absorb whatever phase of research he chose. This was a wonderful opportunity for father. The family headed for Paris, all except Wendell and I who were left at school in Germany.

"Returning from Europe the early fall of 1911, father was given a full professorship at Brigham Young University. It was about the end of our stay at Provo that my second sister, Lucile, was born (1914) for after three years of teaching at B. Y. U. father was called to head the Church Academy at Rexburg, Idaho. Here he was instrumental in establishing Ricks as a college. During his sojourn there, from 1914 to 1917, improvements were made, a new gymnasium built and the student enrollment climbed to new totals."

Wendell again takes up the story:-- "During the last year in Rexburg father rented a wheat farm twenty miles east of the city. The crops were already planted and all our family had to do was keep it free from mustard weed and marauding cattle. It was a marvelous summer vacation. When harvest time came we called in the 'combines' which cut and threshed for a share in the profits. After all expenses, father realized \$3,000, almost as much as an entire year's teaching salary. He began to feel restless again. He had not forgotten those boyhood dreams and was becoming impatient with the low salaries and limited opportunities within the confines of the schools.

"His daughter Edythe had become a bit thin and anemic but there was nothing so serious that a summer in the sunshine wouldn't cure. Father seized upon this as an excuse to leave Ricks and the schoolroom, and in the spring of 1917 moved the family (much to mother's disappointment) to

the warm, dry climate of Utah's Dixie. He settled us in the very small community of LaVerkin, within walking distance of his option-to-title-acquired mineral hot springs on the bank of the Virgin River where, with the help of Sheldon, myself and an occasional hired man with team and scraper, father began to build a bath house near the LaVerkin Hot Springs. The development of these springs had long been in his plans. He visualized a health spa, with tourist cabins on the hillside and hot mineral baths piped to every cabin. The water there seemed to have unusual properties and people came from near and far to enjoy it. Along with the hot springs, father had made filings on the waters of the Virgin River and had plans for building a dam near the entrance to Zions Canyon, which would provide irrigation for thousands of acres of desert land in a climate nearly equal to that of California. It was a good plan and money for the initial work was acquired from the local people and everything was ready to start. The U. S. Government was ready to put up about six million dollars. Unfortunately war was declared between the United States and Germany about that time and all government reclamation commitments were withdrawn.

"This was a severe setback for father. He had come so close to real wealth, possibly millions, from the sale of land under this project. Instead he was left in debt and years of hard work and planning had been lost. But soon he was again called into the service of the church school system. This time it was to go to Hinckley, Millard Co., Utah to head up the church school there. This was in the summer of 1918. Father and the rest of the family went ahead to Hinckley to find a place to live, leaving Sheldon and I, fifteen and thirteen years old respectively, to bring a load of our belongings from LaVerkin. The roads were not as they are today and it was a hard trip through sandstorms, snowstorms and mud. As we neared our destination the country appeared barren and desolate. We passed a covered wagon headed back towards Fillmore. Across the canvas cover was printed a large sign - 'In God we trusted and in Delta we rusted'. (Delta was a town near Hinckley.)

"Father found a house and farm near the edge of town and here we settled. He was soon busy with school and business trips, leaving Sheldon and I, under mother's direction, to run the farm. We worked hard but with poor results. Little would grow. This experience ended any real interest in farming either of us would ever have. This place held little challenge and interest for father as well, for though he went through the motions faithfully, his soul did not respond. One good thing to come out of Hinckley, however, was our baby sister Margaret, born there the last of May that year 1919. About the same time father resigned the posts of school teacher, principal and president of schools for the rest of his life."

Lucile's clear-cut memories of events began about this time. She says: "As a child I had a fearless passion for horses. While we still lived in Hinckley we owned a cantankerous team named Fox and Dobin. Often as they stood feeding in the barn I would crawl under them up into the manger and manage to mount one, via its neck. When the team was hitched for plowing I was usually there and one time, misjudging my timing, I slipped from the front seat of the disk-plow and fell behind the horses, gashing my lip to make a scar I still carry.

"Soon after this experience we moved to Star Ranch, between Mona and Santaquin. After we were settled there father, understanding my unsatisfiable longing for a horse, gave me a little sure-footed mare which I promptly named 'Queen'. For the full summer I remember no other companion than the beautiful animal on whose back I lived and dreamed."

Wendell picks up the story:-- "Being finished with school by the spring of 1919, father turned his whole attention to his projects. With a younger brother, Judge Albert Christensen, and a brother-in-law of mother's, Otis Ercanbrack, he acquired the Star Ranch about eighteen miles north of Nephi, Utah. It was a beautiful place near the foot of lofty mountains from which flowed both surface and underground streams. Much of the land was watered by deep artesian wells. To the west was

a lake stocked with fish, and in the fall with an abundance of ducks and wild geese. On this property stood three large brick houses. The one to the north in which we lived was beautifully furnished and gave our family many happy hours.

"When we moved to Star Ranch, Edythe had been ready for college and Sheldon and I for High School. Arrangements were made to move the family to Provo in winters between 1919 to 1922, for short school terms, but the remainder of the time we worked on the ranch. In the fall of 1921 Edythe left for study in Boston. By working part time and through frugal living, a scholarship, a loan from an available church school fund, the help of an occasional relative or friend and the Lord, she made it through two consecutive years of study. Father could only give encouragement and mother did her part by sending a dress now and then that she had sewn or remodeled beautifully.

"The Star Ranch venture seemed to hold great promise and for a time prosperity seemed assured. Crops were planted - wheat, alfalfa and sugar beets. There were also horses, cattle, chickens and pigs on the place, which was well equipped with barns and corrals. With the addition of some machinery, including a tractor, we were in business. We children all worked very hard and were proud and happy and filled with hope for the future. There was talk among us of college, missions, travel and great accomplishments. On the other hand, father seemed impatient for success. He was offered an additional opportunity to buy a cattle ranch of about 5,000 acres near Duchesne, in eastern Utah. The bank was willing to put up the money and, with a thousand head of cattle thrown into the bargain, this looked very attractive so he made the deal. A quick calculation on father's part placed our total wealth then at almost \$500,000, which, with luck and a few good years, would pay off all the debts and plenty to go.

"The winter of 1922 started our normal enough. Crops had been good. Cattle were fat and ready for the market with an offered price of \$60.00 a head - \$60,000 for the herd. Wheat was bid at \$2.00 a bushel and we had 10,000 bushels to

sell. Word went around among the farmers, however, that prices would be higher in the spring and to hold their crops. Spring never really came. The snow was heavy and stayed on the ground until nearly May. Food for cattle became scarce and father was forced to buy hay at \$40.00 a ton to keep 1,000 head of cattle from starving. Again the banks advanced the money. Finally, when winter ended, the market had vanished for both cattle and wheat. It was almost impossible to sell at any price. The banks which had loaned so freely now wanted their money. Farmers, who for all their lives had been able to get almost any amount on signature, were given a flat 'no!' Father of course was over-extended. It cost him his share of the ranches and all other owned assets to get out, and he still owed thousands of dollars.

"In 1923 we left Star Ranch and moved to Salt Lake City. I suppose we had lived in worse places but the little house on the bend of the Jordan River was at least a place to house the family now in dire financial straits. Mother, brave and cheerful, set about, with almost no money, to make the place livable, scrubbing, cleaning, painting and papering, with the help of us children. I remember my pride in helping to select the paper which, when hung, looked great.

"I don't know just how father managed; I'm sure he was deeply discouraged and for a time there was little for him to do but borrow from friends and relatives. He was gone a great deal trying to get things going. For a time he got a job of some kind in the southern part of the state somewhere, sending mother the money to meet accumulated bills. Edythe was asked to come home from school in the east, which she did, finding an immediate job to help out. Sheldon and I worked in some mines in Farmington Canyon for the same purpose.

"Gradually our situation improved. Father, by some means, rented a big house on South Main Street into which we moved." Lucile tells of this:-- "We lived in a large red brick house on Main Street next to the McKinley School. Here were both parlor and living room, and in the latter a fireplace.

Before this fireplace stood father's great big leather rocker. I remember one winter night he built a blazing fire, cuddled Margaret on his one side and me on the other as he sat and let us choose the stories he would tell. As he gently rocked he took us into the sheep camps to watch him outwit a prowling bobcat; he led us up the path to a castle on the Rhine and he walked with us through Tom Tower at Oxford. Finally, as the fire burned to embers and we fell into our dreams, he carried us one by one and tucked us into bed. Though the time he spent with us younger children was limited, it had a rich and satisfying flavor. We never felt neglect or indifference from him."

Margaret writes:-- "As I look back on early childhood, most of my memories center around our home at 1879 South Main Street. It was a large two-story, red brick home with plenty of room for a big family. There was a large yard, many beautiful trees, places for secret hide-outs, and plenty of room to play hide-and-seek and run-sheep-run. There was a large garden area where each of us took our turns weeding and helping with irrigation. There was also a running well where one could get the coldest drink on a hot summer day in all Salt Lake. Mother usually kept a few chickens to help supply her family with fresh eggs and also to help with an extra treat for some of those delicious Sunday dinners.

"I remember my father was a lover of good books. We had a fine library at home and were encouraged to use it. How I loved to curl up on a rainy afternoon and lose myself in a good book. This was another heritage father passed on to us - the joy of reading. Religion played a most important role in our family life also. In fact, it seemed that our lives literally revolved around the church. And even though father was not home a great deal, we knew that we were to attend our meetings and do our duty there above all else. I heard him talk in Sacrament meetings many times and there was no doubt in my mind but that he had a strong and lasting testimony of the Gospel. Mother shared this strong testimony.

"Fundamentally, Papa was a sincere family

man. He loved us children but always expected us to be well mannered and respectful. He could be stern when he had to but he could be jolly and fun to be with too. When he was in a teasing mood his beautiful blue eyes would twinkle. As I remember, he never spanked me. His most severe punishment was sternly sending me to my room to contemplate my shortcomings. I'm afraid Mom was delegated to correct me for more serious offenses and this was usually done when Papa was away. I always felt envious of my older brothers and sister who had been to Europe with our parents and had such tremendous experiences. I think father realized this and had every intention of making this up to the younger members of the family, for he would many times share his dreams with us as to what was in store for us as soon as 'the big deal' went through.

"My papa was one of the grandest persons I have ever known. During the few short years that I was privileged to know him, he furnished me with some of my most vivid and cherished memories, as well as some of the most valued lessons of my childhood. To me he was always a kind and loving father, coming home from his various business trips with tales of the almost-to-be-realized fortune, which was his great dream during the later years of his life. Educated and intelligent as he was, it was very hard for mother to rationalize his philosophy concerning his great desire to become a man of wealth through the complicated fields of investment and real estate. This desire became almost an obsession with him.

"Father could well have been the originator of the saying 'Early to bed and early to rise, etc.' This was the way he lived and believed firmly that everyone else should follow suit. We were never allowed the privilege of 'sleeping in' when he was home. Five o'clock usually found us up and doing and, though we may have felt we were being treated a little unfairly, we all seemed to learn not to waste time, to take advantage of the beauty of nature, and that working and accomplishing things brings joy." Luther adds to this evaluation of their father:-- "He was generally up at daylight

and wanted everyone else up. The nearest I ever came to a 'licking' resulted in my going back to sleep after I had been called to get up. The covers came off and father had me by the ear and into my clothes so fast the incident remains in my memory as a blur. He seemed to have the notion that cows gave sour milk after five in the morning. He seemed always in a hurry. He could hardly wait for the frost to go out of the ground to put in a garden, then wanted peas and potatoes before the potatoes had grown much larger than the peas.

"For reasons I don't recall, I didn't start school until I was seven and father seemed determined I should make up for that lost time. There were endless sessions sitting beside Dad, a first grade reader in my lap and tears streaming down my face, with half a mind on the reading and the other half exploring the haunted castles across the alley back of the house. Times tables were another grim chore.

"I remember father as not a large man, but one who looked big at the head of the table and who seemed to stand out in a crowd. I remember him as a strict disciplinarian, yet I cannot recall many stern reprimands or punishments. I was kept somewhat in line by mother's words, 'Your father will hear of this when he gets home'. The longer he was gone the longer the list of 'hear abouts' became and the more I dreaded his return. The 'hear abouts' were resolved listening to lectures on hard work, dependability, truth and honesty, and other virtues that seemed appropriate.

"It is with reluctance and mixed feelings that I put into words the pictures of father that were etched into my memory and had an influence on my life. It was during the last few years of his teaching career that my recollections of him began. He became restless and appeared to be in a hurry to get places. He seemed dissatisfied with things as they were and began to spend more time traveling in search of undeveloped, artistic and inventive talent, land, water, minerals and products."

Wendell writes: "The time when we were living in the big house on South Main Street in Salt

Lake City played a significant part in the shaping of our lives. We were in the Farmers Ward and we soon became active in church there and made many close friends. It was while located here that Sheldon and I were called on our missions to Germany; here that our younger, nature-loving brother Luther, then fourteen, ran away from home and was gone nearly two years; here that Edythe was courted and won by Dr. Burtis F. Robbins; and here that Lucile and Margaret met their future husbands and that Sheldon and I met and later married our wives.

"When I returned from my mission father was deeply involved in plans to revive the Dixie Irrigation Project and to develop some little known resources in Southern California. His fertile brain had conceived new possibilities in metals and alloys so advanced that large corporations, such as the Ford Motor Co., became interested and promised large sums of money to develop one possibility - only to find on closer examination that this brilliant idea had little substance. During this time I spent all my time with father. I took no other job and dropped plans to continue school. I drove the car on his trips, worked on his projects and met his business partners, until I finally realized that he was being used by unscrupulous men, whose sole object was to keep him sold on their non-existent skills to the end that he raise more money to feed and maintain them in the perpetuation of a hoax. The cost ran into thousands. Being the oldest living son, I was rather involved in our financial and business affairs and was often given responsibilities which I was not equipped to bear. In the process, I grew and developed but father had real need for someone with wisdom and practical business experience to balance his vision and enthusiasm. I was not up to the job, and among others with whom he counseled there were few who had either time or experience to really help."

Luther goes on:-- "Father spent considerable time, effort and money helping artists such as Fairbanks, Campbell and Ramsey; guiding them into scenic areas he knew so well and purchasing some of the pictures realized from those trips.

He became interested in one of the earliest radios; a safety tire design that now, forty years later, is coming into use, and in a metal railroad tie that may yet be used. Of course the Star Ranch and Uinta property, which he had visualized as the beginning of a great cattle empire, came to naught. He had seen in the fertile but dry land below the Virgin River and Deep Creek a great irrigation project if the water from those streams could be harnessed and utilized. The LaVerkin hot springs, which later my wife saw as much too hot at one end, much too cold at the other, and all of them much too smelly, father had seen as a great medical center where specialists of the world could apply their skills. He tried to develop the clay beds back of Redmond, Utah in order to utilize the medical properties of that clay. He recognized the potential value of the rare metal deposits along the Sierra Nevada Range, which now are being mined for tungsten and other elements so vital in the production of alloys for the aircraft and space industries.

"These projects required large amounts of capital and into them went every cent he had or could raise. It was during the height of this quest for finances that I had the privilege of driving him. He was pushing himself to the limit of his strength and ability. In order to conserve his energy and save hotel bills, we traveled at night while he slept. It was amazing how he could sleep most of the night sitting up in a car, spend fifteen minutes shaving and freshening up in a service station wash room, then come out looking as fresh and well groomed as a New York banker. On longer trips, such as those between Salt Lake and California, there was time for sleep and also for long talks. He was never critical of the past, never tried to place blame for his disappointments. He was always enthusiastic toward the future, always planning new projects or enlarging present ones. He was the master of words. He used them to build empires or castles or fortunes and as you listened you became involved and wanted to help. It was like a trip to Utopia and what you saw was a better world and a glorious hereafter. There was a world in which as yet untapped resources were used for the betterment of man; oil was extracted from vast

shale beds; courses of rivers were changed to make the deserts bloom, and the minds of all men were turned toward good. There was a powerful church in which his belief never faltered; strong family ties and a love for literature and music. It was to help reach this Utopia that so many paid the fare, for his words created a vision of smooth roads, pleasant company and ample rewards at the end of the journey. It was as a guide for this trip that he lived and for which he expended his energy. It has been said that his ideas were twenty years ahead of the times; that the world was not then ready for them. Who knows what might have happened had he gone more slowly, been more cautious, planned more carefully, built more solidly and dreamed less - who knows?"

"Father always tried," says Wendell, "but he was human and so made mistakes and sometimes those mistakes loomed large. He was no ordinary man; in fact he was far in advance of his times. Many, having been touched by the magic of his vision, were made far better and lifted up by that experience. There were countless ways in which he showed his love and concern, countless lessons which he taught with insight and right timing, for no one can deny but that he was a great teacher - countless ones have attested to that. In his last years he drove himself without mercy, though he was sick and the doctors begged him to stop. In his travels he was often hungry, living in cheap rooms and having to borrow money to get home to mother. From her he would only borrow more to further other fruitless trips and divide his few dollars among hangers-on who bled him for all he could raise. As I look back I think father felt left out and somewhat deserted those last years. His family, for whom he had worked and planned so much, had begun to go its separate ways and each member was becoming independent. Even mother, with rare business insight and tireless effort, had created a profitable sewing business and was no longer dependent on him. It was a hard role for father to play and without a doubt, in my opinion, helped to hasten his death."

Margaret says, "During the last years of

father's life he was afflicted with diabetes. Having been ill hardly a day up to this time, it was difficult, if not impossible, for him to accept the fact that he really had this disease and that if it were not properly controlled by diet and insulin it could cost his life. Mother was so careful in planning his meals, even to weighing everything he ate while he was at home. She baked special bread, bottled fruit without sugar and planned proper, appetizing meals to send with him when he traveled. But to no avail, for as soon as he left home he would eat at restaurants, paying no attention to her instructions for his diet, and would often return home almost in diabetic coma. Several times this necessitated his having to be taken to the hospital to be treated until his blood sugar was again at a safe level. He would never be convinced that each of these episodes was weakening his resistance to other infections and having a dangerous effect on his health.

"During one of his frequent trips to Southern California he contracted a severe chest cold that developed into pneumonia. He tried once again to make it home where he knew he would get loving care, but became so ill he had to be taken off the bus at St. George. On the morning of Dec. 17, 1931, mother received the shattering news that father had passed away. With his death came the end of my childhood."

Sheldon concludes the narrative:-- "Although father liked fine things, in traveling he was more apt to choose a modest hotel room with single-bulb, drop light switch, where perhaps the only item furnished to brighten the accomodation was a small cake of lavender soap or artificial lilac bouquet. Nor, with his affliction of diabetes, was his prescribed diet adhered to. Again there was a marked tendency to deny himself in his valiant effort at reaching for the stars. Through it all, however, I do not recall seeing him when his clothes were not pressed, when he was not clean shaven or when his shoes were not shined. Except when he traveled, he was by habit akin to our feathered friends, in that he always retired and rose with the chickens. In this respect he utterly shattered Ben Franklin's statement, 'Early to bed, early to rise, makes a

man healthy, wealthy and wise!"

"Father died alone in a modest hotel room in St. George. Oddly enough, 'twas in the same locale where years prior he pioneered, organized and established the school that became a very successful church college, endearing himself to the rugged and good people of that community. Traveling in severe cold of that December, 1931, I arrived at St. George about fifteen hours after father's passing. In the last moments of his life, despite complications of pneumonia and diabetes, still he bothered to wind his inexpensive time piece. I remember well, I cried as I held the watch, knowing that so long as it ticked, a last bit of father's tremendous energy still remained. Whether he really died of a broken heart or was mercifully taken in illness, I do not know. But of one thing I am certain, there still remained an unsubdued determination and dignity about him to the end. He was buried in the City Cemetery at Provo, Utah 20 Dec. 1931.

"To do biographical justice to the life of our father, Andrew "B" Christensen, would involve an enormous amount of time. We have written less than a hundredth part. I feel keenly that the story of his life must be recorded realistically, as well as in his defense. The most dominant and consistent parts of the many phases of father's life were his unusual drive and his fierce determination. He mastered, absolutely, many most difficult skills. As an example: - In the early twenties I listened to the spell-binding oratory of William Jennings Bryan (no less) as he stood on the front steps of the old Jesse Knight home in Provo. Yet, by all methods of comparison, I have heard my own father deliver some addresses that out-classed Bryan's. Here's another example:-- In June, 1929, I returned from the German-Austrian Mission. For thirty-one months my ears and tongue had been accustomed to the sounds and pronunciations of the 'Deutsche Sprache (German language). At the same time, I knew father's exposure to German had been about nil for more than a decade and I could hardly wait to test his supposed academic knowledge of the language. When the opportunity

came, I proudly initiated the conversation. He came back articulate, with grammatically perfect German and, mind you, completely without an English accent. I could hardly believe my ears. Then, as his keen memory began to recall German axioms and adages, which he quoted verbatim with amazing ease and versatility, I found it much more comfortable to change the whole subject. No question about it, this man was a master.

"But great minds have master passions and there's no denying that many strong men, in adversity or under mental stress, have turned to some perverted sort of habit or activity, dissipating their time, talent and strength. Father was tested with many circumstances and in a wide variety of circles, but he was never enticed. But then again, father was a man of great vision. Through the annals of time many visionary men with the best of intentions have been careless and even reckless in fiscal matters. Of this, father was a classic example. During the period of his life when his dreams were mostly unfulfilled, he borrowed heavily from many sources. Unfortunately, most of his debts were never repaid. At the same time he was most prudent in spending for himself or his person. What he borrowed went into projects or for travel. In his immense undertakings he probed considerable chemical, metallurgical and scientific fields, gathered endless samples, set out to discover mining deposits throughout the entire west and procured numerous options and leases. Had he succeeded in his projects he would have been a hero and, believe me, anyone who had helped him would have been rewarded handsomely.

"Father wanted to help rather than hurt anyone. Always the ultimate betterment of others was uppermost in his mind. I think he resented secretly, as do others, many of the financial limitations in our economic system which are imposed upon so many. But for him resentment wasn't enough; he took off in dead earnest to do something about it, not by way of exploiting the rich or by the political route of higher tax imposts but through arduous and unrelenting struggle to organize and develop dormant resources around

him, both tangible and intangible. He saw these great needs - but he saw them too soon. In the end he sacrificed his health and, literally, died trying to achieve his objectives.

"In father's entire life there was nothing half way. There were lofty peaks and there were lowly valleys - but not much in between. He was no ordinary person and he thought big. He retained an abiding faith in God and, throughout his life, boldly proclaimed the divine mission of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer. With the exception of the fiscal matters before mentioned, father upheld the standards and principles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and sustained its designated authorities. At their every call he responded without question. Had he been asked, I'm sure he would have traveled barefoot to 'Timbucktu!' In summary, Dear Descendants, whether we cherish or disdain, this is all part of heritage from our beloved progenitor and father."

Lucile writes: "It was during my senior year in High School and about Christmas time that father passed away. I still remember the bleakness, the cold, the sense of loss. In his last years we had seen him bear the weight of illness and financial loss, but he bore them like a man. We never saw him mean or complaining. Since then, time, marriage, children and dreams of our own have helped to erase the loss and total up the blessings: Father loved us; he dreamed big and worked to realize those dreams; he achieved greatly in the fields of scholarship, culture, teaching and school administration." And Edythe adds, "Perhaps his death came as a grateful release ... who knows? I like to feel that he is now unfettered, inspired and enthusiastic in the work in which he was so well qualified - so nobly endowed."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sarah Jane Bartholomew (Christenson) wife  
of Andrew 'B', was born in Fayette, Sanpete, Utah  
Sept. 8, 1875, the daughter of John and Eliza Roxie  
Metcalf Bartholomew. There were nine children  
in the family. Fayette was a Mormon settlement

far removed from the bustling growth of Salt Lake City and essentially dependent upon its own resources for all commodities. The Bartholomew children learned early to work. Food was raised, hunted or fished for and then dried, smoked or pickled for preservation. Sheep's wool was sheared, carded, spun, dyed and knit or woven into clothing and household articles. Furniture was made and rugs were woven or braided and tacked over straw matting for comfort and wear. Soap, starch, flour, bread and sweets were all home prepared.

"Sarah's father was called to serve as Bishop of the community when she was about two years old; a position which he held until his death in 1914. When death came to the community, the Bishops fashioned the coffin from well seasoned wood and his wife lined it with quilted cotton. (He most likely presided at the funeral and preached the sermon as well.) Tithing was paid in produce to the Bishop as custodian for the Church, and often went to feed the ever-present Indian. Later, when the Manti Temple was being built, this tithing food was carried to feed the laborers who were donating their time to its building.

"At the age of eight, Sarah's responsibility of doing dishes began. She hated this task, and with good reason; but without whining she carried water from the irrigation ditch, heated it on the wood burning stove and with lye-soap, brick shavings and coarse muslin toweling, washed, scoured and dried. When she played or visited, her freedom was restrained by a younger child to tend or an inevitable stocking to knit. Such early discipline prepared her for challenges to come. She attended public school in Fayette and church Seminary in Gunnison, where she first met Andrew Christensen. Later she and her older sister Roxie attended B. Y. A. in Provo, Utah, where she became better acquainted with Andrew and was courted by him there." When she married this promising young college graduate (1 July 1895) and accompanied him to his first school position in Kanab, Utah, their honeymoon trip was on an open hayrack upon which their few belongings jostled as they drove a team across the long, hot,

dusty primitive "road".

She was allowed to return to her parents' home in Fayette for the birth of her first child and son, Adelbert. Her first daughter, Edith (Edythe) arrived while her husband was working for his Masters degree at Ann Arbor, Michigan at the turn of the century. Her third child, Wendell, was also born at Fayette. The following year she and the children were living in Provo, Utah while Andrew was studying in Germany, when their child Adelbert died of diphtheria before his father could return. Her fourth child, Sheldon, was born in Salt Lake City at the beginning of a happy and successful almost six years, during which Andrew served as Principal of the L. D. S. High School there. It was three years after moving to Salt Lake that her fifth child, Elsie Eliza, was born, and less than two years later that this little one was drowned and taken from her.

"To help assuage their grief and to enable Andrew to continue his advanced studies, they sold their lovely home where so much joy had been theirs, and this last sorrow, and with the three remaining children left for Europe. In preparation, Sarah had managed a large strawberry patch, with hired help and the children, picking, crating and marketing the berries. Her earnings were used in Europe gathering treasured items for the many houses she was later to transform into homes. Sarah loved this period of her life. It was in Germany that her sixth child and last son, Luther, was born (Leipzig). In Europe she joined her husband in living or traveling in England, Denmark, Germany and France (Paris) while he was studying there. The day before they were ready to return to the States, after a little over a year in Europe, baby Luther was stricken with pneumonia. Through prayer, and the skill of a kind German doctor, the child was healed and made the long return trip without further harm." How grateful Sarah must have been to be spared another parting with one of her remaining little ones.

"Three years at Provo, where Andrew taught at B. Y. U. and another daughter, Lucile,

was born, followed by three more years living in Rexburg, Idaho, where Andrew headed Ricks Academy, passed by and with their passing the taxing routine and confinement of administrative work, coupled with a long-cherished dream of his for further research, prompted Andrew to abandon his profession temporarily for the fields of investment, promotion and speculation. He hoped thereby to hasten his permanent retirement from both teaching and business, making it possible for him to have freedom to probe the fields of ancient languages and archeology with a view to scholarly substantiation of the authenticity of the Book of Mormon. Sarah too must have been wrapped up in his dreams but, being of a more practical nature, must have worried about pulling up stakes to engage in phantom projects revolving around hot springs, dams and such, especially with a family of children to provide for.

A scholar and teacher but not a business man, Andrew's dreams failed to materialize, one by one. As his dreams retreated, so of necessity did Sarah's. The secure, well-ordered and stimulating life of a college administrator's wife were no longer for her. Her disappointments were swallowed up in the next pressing problems and the next challenging tasks - LaVerkin - Hinckley - Star Ranch failure - the lowly home on Jordan River - the red-brick house on South Main Street. One of the most unhappy and anxious periods of Sarah's life was when their young, teenage son Luther disappeared from home and was gone nearly two years. His safe return brought joy and a closer cementing of family ties. In her remaining years, Luther tried to make things up to his mother in every conceivable way possible. Are not our greatest blessings sometimes channeled through the gates of sorrow?

Sarah saw her husband's security disappear, his health break, his plans fail - but never his drive and determination. Though she did all she could to help him control his diabetic condition, he failed to cooperate when out of her sight. No matter, his sudden death at age sixty-two and a half was a terrible shock to both her and the children. Margaret, their last born, writes:--

"Mother was faced with raising us children who were still at home with hardly any provided funds. We were all made to realize the severity of the problem and from the day we laid our father to rest, there wasn't much childhood left for any of us."

Not long before his death, Andrew had done some work for a firm in California; from this Sarah received \$300.00. This, together with some lots up Emigration Canyon, were all the financial assets Andrew left to her. Sarah had long since turned to her sewing skills to supplement their income. Edythe was married. Wendell and Sheldon, having returned from their missions which she had financed by that sewing, were now on their own, as was twenty-year-old Luther. With her two remaining daughters, Lucile and Margaret, Sarah faced the world and faced it bravely. She had earlier borrowed money for the down payment on a large old home on South Main Street, not far from the red-brick home they had rented but which had been practically sold out from under them. Luther helped with the further financing of this place. In fact, all her children were helpful and wonderful to her in her widowhood. In this new location she had continued her sewing business and upon Andrew's death she added to her income by boarding and rooming teachers from the nearby high school. The two younger girls helped with this.

"Sarah's veal cutlets and lemon meringue pies, her freshly painted rooms with airy curtains and snowy white linen, her yard with its varied blooms and well kept garden, gave these people a feeling of home away from home, and they appreciated it. And although her days were long and demanding, often continuing late into the night, she never left her girls for outside employment. Instead she took time and energy to walk with them the mile to Liberty Park or ride the streetcar to the end of the line 'just for fun'. On Saturday nights, part of Sunday's dinner was prepared, best clothes pressed and polished and the house left in spotless order. The next day, the week's problems and struggles were laid aside and the beautiful,

reflective spirit of the Sabbath was kept. It was then Sarah attended church and read to her girls, or tried to, though she inevitably nodded and dozed; and they, sensing her need for rest, were left to revel in the peace of the day.

Sarah worked up quite a business making Temple clothes, for which there was much demand. But after many years with her sewing and several with her boardinghouse, her eldest daughter, Edythe, became seriously ill. By mutual agreement Sarah and her two youngest daughters became a part of Edythe's household in order to help in the care of her five small children. Edythe had poor health for years, during which time her mother managed her household in the efficient way she always had her own. But it was a worry for her to have Edythe down so much. Part of a letter written by her sister-in-law, Millie, to her daughter Gladys at Christmas time 1943 tells something of this:  
". . . I went to the hospital yesterday - took Aunt Sarah with me. Edythe had another serious operation six weeks ago and as yet no one except her family are allowed to see her. Aunt Sarah said they had taken the nerves from her spine - she seems awfully worried about her."

"From the early days of her marriage Sarah was a participating member of the Relief Society and many times served as its president in her locality. No means are available to measure her humanity through this organization, in visiting, service, giving and sharing with people in need. More readily observable, however, was her life-long trait of personal giving. From her gardens, kitchen and sewing room came the gifts for her generosity - the bouquet of flowers, the spicy pan of rolls, or the embroidered pillow cases that always had a way of finding the new mother, the shut-in, or the grandchild.

"While home and Sarah were nearly synonymous, her mind continually sought the new, the young and exciting, the current. She studied the fashions and kept her wardrobe abreast of the day, within the bounds of her maturity. Her most welcome visitors were her grandchildren and their friends, who spoiled her with gay gifts and delighted

her with their chatter of ski trips, school challenges, and romance. Though her eyes were poor in later years and a magnifying glass was used to aid her vision, she scanned the daily papers, following the course of astronauts, the campaigns of politicians, and the flow of general news. From these she formed positive opinions which she candidly discussed with those around to listen. She was a faithful and informed voter and a regular church goer, always prepared on the assignments to be handled. She kept her mind young and alert.

"Throughout life, Sarah exhibited a love for adventure and daring. As a young wife she relished the many travels with her husband, undaunted by the inconveniences of her small children; at seventy-two she accepted the challenge of chaperoning a granddaughter on her year of study in New York City and while there kept their apartment, prepared their meals, served as Manhattan Ward Relief Society Counselor, and audited an American literature class at Columbia University. At age eighty she accompanied a daughter's family on a ten day camping trip and took an active part in camp cooking, picture taking and sight seeing. At eighty-six, though she then walked with a cane and her hands trembled, her eyes still sparkled as she went places and did things people thought impossible for her; for example: Solicitous of her health, it was suggested that she 'skip' attendance at Provo High's performance of 'The Merchant of Venice', of which a granddaughter was student director, because this involved a hundred miles of night travel. But she made the trip and her greeting to the young girl was, 'Susie, I didn't let you down!' Such was the self discipline, active humanity and courageous daring of the old yet young Sarah B. Christenson, who crossed the time bridge between pioneer era and space age with both mind and spirit in step."

Her daughter Edyth and husband Dr. Burtis, had long since provided Sarah with lovely quarters adjacent to their own, and she remained a part of their household until well into her eighty-ninth year. Then Edyth was stricken with a heart attack and was no longer able to look out for her mother.

Sarah was sent to be with Luther and his wife in California. But she missed Salt Lake City so was returned there and placed in a "Guest Home", where she was given a room with her own furniture and treasures about her. She passed away shortly after that, 23 Apr. 1966, at age eighty-nine years seven months and fifteen days. Her funeral was held 26 Apr. 1966 at 12 noon in the East Millcreek Stake center and her burial took place the same day in Provo City Cemetery beside her husband.

### (3) JOSEPH "C" CHRISTENSEN

Joseph, third son of Laurs and Else K. Christensen, was born in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah Tuesday 7 Mar. 1871. He was christened plain Joseph, but in early manhood he assumed the middle initial "C" which he seldom ever used, and changed the last part of the original spelling of his surname from "sen" to "son", unofficially however. When he was going on four years old he and his father, mother and two older and one younger brother moved a few miles southeast from Gunnison to North Mayfield, where they joined in the "United Order" experiment. When the "Order" dissolved the family moved across Twelve Mile Creek to South Mayfield and his father bought a home there. This home is still standing and in good condition (1968).

Joseph received his first lessons in reading, spelling and numbers at his mother's knee, while she was spinning, weaving, knitting or doing other household tasks. He first attended school in South Mayfield and excelled as a student.

Accounts of him and his brothers roaming the hills there, swimming in Twelve Mile Creek, riding their Indian pony, helping on their father's farm and even raiding the Bishop's watermelon patch, are given in earlier pages of this book. Fishing was another thing he enjoyed in Mayfield, and visiting nearby Indian camps to wrestle with young Indian boys his own age. He was a strong, well-built young fellow. There were cold winters

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Eight-fifth birthday party of Sarah B. Christensen with all of her living children and their companions plus some grand children.

in Mayfield when their stock died and difficult times when the family had little to eat. But there was always plenty of love and kindness to go around in his family and very little squabbling.

The family moved back to Gunnison when Joseph was nine years old (1880) and he was baptized a member of the L. D. S. Church there later on that year. His Danish mother wrote about this in her journal:-- "Joseph Christensen, fod (born) den 7 March 1871 i Gunnison, dobt (baptized) den 25 July 1880, of Thomas William Hansen of (and) Konfermeret (confirmed) of P. W. Blom, samme dag (same day)." Of all of Laurs and Else Christensen's sons Joseph was perhaps the most consistent in his attendance and activity in the church. Possibly it was because his work didn't take him away from home as much as the others. However, he was of a rather solemn and determined nature.

Joseph attended grade school in Gunnison. He had an experience with one of his teachers one year, of which his brother Albert writes. (This took place in early spring of 1888):-- "My brother Joseph, who was just older than I, looked after the firing of the stove at school with my help. It was our duty to have the school rooms warm in the mornings and during the school days. That school year was especially short for the two of us. Joseph and two other boys about his age, Frank Metcalf and Arthur Johnson, had broken some rule of the teacher, Oscar Berglund. Perhaps it was a failure to be properly prepared or something of that sort. By way of punishment they had been ordered to copy a certain number of pages from a certain book before going home from school. These pupils apparently had some understanding between themselves that they would refuse to write the verses. I hadn't been advised by Joseph that he would not write the verses, so I remained on the school ground to wait for him. The teacher had a large ruler, or stick, which he used to support his authority. He was a man of more than usual determination and this was perhaps the first time such determination had really been put to the test."

"The teacher first went to Metcalf, as I was

later told, and gave him the choice of taking a licking or writing the verses. Berglund was a big man and he had a big stick. As he stood there with the ultimatum to write "or else" it was too much for Metcalf; he commenced to write. When Johnson was confronted with decision after having seen the surrender of his ally, he also commenced to write. The teacher was wise in not taking Joseph on first, for when he was given the alternative he refused to write. 'Hold out your hand' the teacher commanded. Joseph's hand came out without hesitation. There were three vicious whacks! Joseph's hand remained out but the teacher turned and walked to his desk. Joseph took his hat and his books and started for the door, and as he walked past the desk he threw the school keys down. That was the end of that school year for both of us.

"We notified our mother that we had quit school. Notwithstanding her urging us to go back we stood firm. She didn't belabor or command us but said, gently and firmly, 'You will then grub and burn the greasewood on the north of the forty.' This we proceeded to do in spite of the development of blistered hands and sunburned faces and necks." This must have been double punishment for Joseph since he usually liked school so much. He loved to learn and during his leisure moments one seldom saw him without a book in his hands.

The summer of 1889 or 1890 Joseph and Albert worked on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad which was being brought into Sanpete County. They secured jobs with one William Harris, a contractor who had a contract to construct the grade between Sterling and Gunnison. Mr. Harris finished his job in Sanpete County early in the summer and moved from there to the vicinity of Eureka. After his outfit moved, Joseph and his brother got jobs from a man by the name of Crandall, who had a contract finishing the grade south of the Harris job. They ran scrapers, drove teams and were somewhat looked down upon at times by the hot-headed Irish-men who operated the big drillers and shovels. But no matter; the money they earned was used to further their educations.

Joseph worked in summers but in winters he

went to school. He graduated from the Gunnison Public Schools with high honors and then took a preparatory course at the Snow Academy at Ephraim, Utah. It became his ambition to achieve a high standing in the educational world and to this his efforts were devoted. His mother went to Denmark the early fall of 1890 to see her people, and that winter Joseph attended the Gunnison Seminary which was sponsored by the L. D. S. Church school system. In the autumn of 1891, with two brothers and a sister, he entered the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, Utah, where they hoped to obtain their college degrees. All four of them - Andrew, Albert, Elsie and Joseph - eventually graduated from there.

It was in Gunnison that Joseph first met Roxie Bartholomew of Fayette and later they both attended Snow Academy at Ephraim and the Gunnison Seminary at the same time. They became very interested in each other. Roxie, together with her younger sister Sarah, also attended B. Y. A. at Provo the winter of 1890/91. It was here that Joseph's and Roxie's courtship flourished and blossomed, almost within the shadow of beautiful Mt. Timpanogos. Roxie was an efficient little dark-haired, round-faced miss of English descent, while Joseph was a bit-over-six-feet tall, blond, curly-headed youth of full-blooded Danish extraction. Now today it is fashionable to be descended from the early Vikings, but in those college days the greatest insult one could give a fellow was to call him "a great big Dane" or "a great big overgrown Swede", or so we have been told. Nevertheless, Roxie fell in love with Joseph, Danish heritage and all, and the two were married Sept. 6, 1893 in the Manti Temple. This was the first of three marriages between the Christensens and the Fayette Bartholomews. Later, Roxie's younger sister, Sarah, married Joseph's older brother Andrew, and still later the girls' younger brother Alma married the boys' oldest sister, Elsie.

Following Joseph's graduation from B. Y. A. (later B. Y. U.) he first taught school in Centerfield, but lived in Gunnison near by. Here he rented two rooms in the Bardsley home, corner of

First North and Second West. This home is still standing (1968) but now unoccupied and dilapidated. It was here that their first child Harold was born, 21 Oct. 1894. Likely Joseph's mother Else, who lived close by, assisted as midwife at that birth. Roxie always had a hard time having her babies. She had two more little ones while they were then living in Gunnison. The first of these, little Roxie Irene, lived only six weeks (6 Nov. 1896-18 Dec. 1896) and the second, Royal Milton, a month and eleven days (14 Jan. 1898-25 Feb. 1898) (There is some confusion now among various members of the family as to the exact dates of these two births and deaths - more research should be done.)

Joseph's next teaching assignment, following the births and deaths of these two babies, was in Redmond. Harold wrote of this in his history:-- "My first recollections, as a real small child of about five years, were in Redmond, Utah, a very small town in Sevier County about ten miles south of Gunnison, where both my father and mother taught school. I remember trying to keep up with the older boys of the neighborhood while playing 'Follow-Jack' and trying to jump a wide ditch, as they did. I would get wet and then would get my legs whipped with my wet stockings that had buttons on the top, and that didn't feel so good.

"The next winter the folks went over to Vernal, Utah in the Uinta Basin to teach. They loaded our belongings in a large buggy and we started out by way of Salina Canyon. I don't remember how many nights we camped out but the morning after the first one, father was sure someone had come in the night and turned our buggy around. Of course it wasn't the buggy but father that was turned around, but he wouldn't admit that he was wrong. He made me a 'flipper' while on that trip. After two years of teaching in Vernal we went back to Gunnison to stay and father became principal of the public school there."

Another baby was born to Joseph and Roxie that first winter back in Gunnison. But little La Faun, born 27 Feb. 1901, only lived two and a half months and then passed away, 13 May 1901. Thus they had lost three little ones straight in a



Joseph and Roxie soon  
after marriage



First home of Joseph and Roxie. Standing left to right:  
a friend, Roxie, Ruth Ellen and Joseph

row and all were laid to rest in the Gunnison Cemetery. Though infant mortality was much higher in those early days than it is today, still this must have been most disheartening to this couple and they must have begun to wonder if they would ever have another child to raise besides Harold.

Joseph soon had their first very-own home built in Gunnison and they were able to move in sometime before their fifth child and first daughter, Ruth Ellen, was born, 7 Oct. 1902. (Details of her birth appear in another chapter.) Harold remembered well when that house was being built. They were then living part of the time in Fayette with his Bartholomew grandparents, but he used to come in from there and play about, jumping and sometimes stumbling over the rubber hoses with which the workmen were watering down the cement and, as he said, "getting into mischief in general".

This house is still standing in Gunnison (1969) and from the outside appearance, still in good condition though changed some. How well I remember going there with my parents as a youngster, or again with father on his way past there to our Gunnison Ranch. Uncle Joseph and Aunt Roxie had lots of cows, horses, pigs, chickens and even turkeys on their place and plenty of milk, cream and eggs for any use. There were heaps of corn on the cob and fresh tomatoes in season, for they always had the best of vegetable gardens, and there was often chicken soup with dumplings, made the Danish way. Aunt Roxie was a splendid cook and so friendly and "chatty". Uncle Joseph, if he were home, was usually sitting in a big chair reading. He seemed to me to be a man of few words, but when he spoke it was with wisdom and deliberation. My younger sister, Cousin Ruth Ellen's age, thought him overly stern for he sometimes got after them for making too much noise, or doing this or that. But then, perhaps Ruth Ellen and Ellen Elaine needed a little "telling" on occasions. My, how they used to pound on that piano!

Though Joseph may have seemed stern to some at times, because of his sober and deliberate way of speaking, yet he was by habit most loving

and kind, not only to his family, friends and associates but to the less fortunate as well. His son Virgil remembers their mother Roxie telling about how good their father always was to the many Indians that came through Gunnison begging in those early days. He never turned them down but always gave them flour, meat, fruit, potatoes, or anything else he had on hand. He was also very generous and considerate of the Japanese people who often worked for him on his farm west of Gunnison, raising sugar beets, etc. He built them a farm house on his land by Rocky Point, in which to live.

Beneath Joseph's somber surface bubbled an ever-ready "dry wit", much like his father's. Virgil tells a story that is typical of this:-- "Joseph went down town to a movie one night in Gunnison and slept through the whole show. When he came out he asked the manager, Mr. Duggins, for his money back. Duggins of course wanted to know the reason and Joseph said, 'If a show isn't good enough to keep a fellow awake it isn't worth the money.'"

Joseph never neglected his church duties. The early Gunnison Ward records show that he was born 7 Mar. 1871; blessed 6 Apr. 1871 by Jens Jensen; bapt. 25 July 1880 by Thomas Williams and confirmed the same day by F. W. Blom; ordained a Deacon, then a Teacher and finally a Priest in the Aaronic priesthood, the latter being 7 Jan. 1893. Other L. D. S. church records indicate that Joseph was ordained an Elder in the Melchizedek priesthood 3 Sept. 1893 by James Jensen; ordained a Seventy 21 Nov. 1893 by Brigham H. Roberts, and on 10 Aug. 1902 he was ordained to the office of High Priest by George Teasdale. The same day he was set apart as Second Counselor to Bishop A. C. Madsen in the Gunnison Ward bishopric. In 1903 he was ordained a Bishop and set apart to preside over the Gunnison Ward as its fifth bishop. This calling he filled well for nine years. Later he became a member of the Gunnison Stake High Council and also an active member of Gunnison Stake High Priests quorum, and was serving as that organization's class leader.

at the time of his death.

Joseph Christensen (son) was also very prominent in the civic affairs of both Gunnison and Gunnison Valley. He served as Gunnison's Mayor, or Town President as it was then called, for two terms of two years each. It was during his tenure of office, Sept. 1909, that Gunnison obtained the franchise making it a third class city. About the same time the Gunnison water system was created. In December that year a law was passed limiting the tax allowed in the area to the valuation of the property. In March 1910, also while Joseph was Mayor, the electric power company brought lights to Gunnison. His was a productive administration.

Some of Joseph's other public services included being secretary to the Board of Directors of the Gunnison Valley Bank; secretary for the South Sanpete District School Board; secretary of the Gunnison Telephone Company; a member of the Board of Sanpete County Commissioners; president of the Sanpete-Sevier Beet Growers Association, and head of the Gunnison Valley Swine Breeders Association. Indeed he held many public positions of trust during his lifetime, for he was a worker and he loved to serve.

Joseph owned a fine farm east of Gunnison. He had a nice three-room house with a front porch built on this farm to house an occasional overseer or laborer and his family. In fact we understand it was first built for a Danish emigrant cousin of his father's, her husband and two daughters, when said husband, Niels Jensen, was given employment there by Joseph. Harold eventually took over this farm and told about it in his history:-- "Before being married I had worked with father on the farm during school and in summers. After Herma and I were married we first lived in town, but moved to the farm 1 Jan. 1919 when our first baby, Cloyd, was six months old. We raised sugar beets, sheep and cattle." Today that east farm is still in the Christensen family, being owned by Harold's son, Keller, and now one of the finest cattle farms in the area. But Joseph owned and developed other farming land around Gunnison Valley and, according to his son Myron, it was one of his greatest

ambitions to be able to give to each of his sons, in turn, a productive, well-stocked farm of his own, as he had done Harold.

However, Joseph's main work during the better part of his lifetime was school work, and how he loved it. He was in the classroom, either as a student or a teacher, for forty-five years. During that time he studied much of the time to keep abreast of things. It has been said that one seldom saw him sit down without a book in his hands. Truly, he was a great reader, student and teacher as well, for from his early youth it had been one of his great ambitions to achieve a high standing in the educational world, and to this he had devoted much of his time.

He gave up the classroom sometime near the period that ended the First World War. He had decided to go forward in the direction of another ambition, that of developing and stocking his other farms with a view to getting them in order for his boys yet in the home. This done, he undoubtedly planned to settle down to some of his own personal projects and begin to realize his dreams for himself and Roxie. There was a great feeling of speculation in the air then. People were venturing financially on all sides. War prices were still on and things looked rosy ahead. Joseph decided to feed lambs on quite a scale for the then excellent market. He borrowed thousands of dollars to buy them. He also invested in some hogs, in hopes of benefiting there also. Harold said that his father figured that if he were successful in this venture he could retire from his labors by the time he was fifty-five and then spend his time doing the things he himself longed to do.

But Joseph never realized this ambition for the bottom fell out of everything and the market crashed. Instead he lost heavily. This was a great blow to him from which he never quite recovered. Nevertheless, he turned over his much-loved home and some other property to his creditors and moved his family to the "Rocky Point" farm house he had earlier built for some Japanese. Roxie made it as comfortable as possible. Here they continued feeding a few sheep

and hogs, as well as a flock of chickens, in hopes of making some sort of a "come-back". Joseph engaged in a number of projects, one of which was organizing a Swine Breeders Association to help step up the quality and price of hogs. Indeed he did all he could to get things going for them again - but he was terribly discouraged.

The youngest son, Don, who was then about five and unaware of the real situation, tells something about this period in his own history, as follows:-- 'At the time of my birth the family was residing within the Gunnison City limits but my recollections of the home there are vague. My first clear recollection of home is of the farm house down below Rocky Point, a mile or so west of Gunnison. Of this place I have many fond memories: - father working in the garden, helping mother with the chickens and around the house; me exploring the hills in the neighborhood, riding horseback, playing in the sand dunes and helping on the farm. I remember helping with the pigs, Chester Whites they were, and when the creek of water just above our homestead would start to dry up and water was no longer running in the Sanpitch River below, it was my job to salvage and carry enough water from the creek to keep the hogs relatively content. I have a vivid recollection of those hot summer days - the buckets that seemed always too large - and the thirsty livestock."

Marvin well remembers helping his father feed lambs there at Rocky Point, both before and after this ill-fated venture. He said what his father lost was not a staggering amount when compared with the money available today, but then in those hard-to-get-money days, thousands of dollars was a fortune when you lost it and enough to change the course of all their lives. He himself was in his later teens at the time and had been working hard at the project, with his father, and looking forward to owning a farm of his own. This failure was hard on the young as well as the old.

Life went on at Rocky Point nevertheless and the experience drew the family closer together. This is not to say that there were never any little family squabbles, however. Virgil tells a story

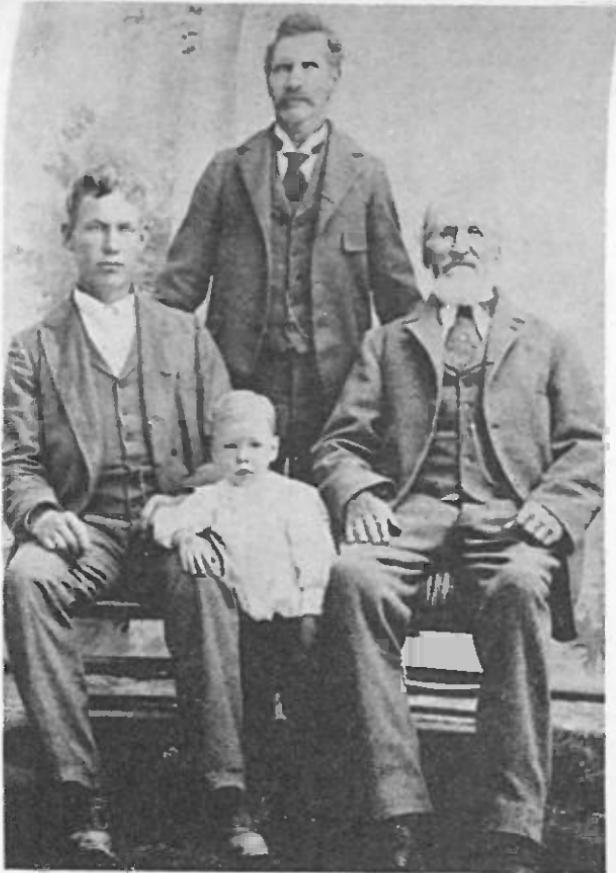
his mother used to tell of those days which might be called, "There's more than one way to skin a cat". She and Joseph had decided that they should have some trees on their place there at Rocky Point, but for the life of them they couldn't agree on where to plant them. Finally Joseph just went ahead and planted some where he wanted them and Roxie let him go ahead and do it and said no more about the affair. But then she went outside after that for a little while each day, when Joseph wasn't around, and gave each of the newly planted trees a real good shove. Roxie always ended this story by saying, ". . . And do you know - not one of those trees ever grew!"

We passed that place near Rocky Point the summer of 1967. There were no trees standing there and in fact not the slightest indication that even a house had ever stood there. It was a dry and barren place. Harold was with us and pointed out the spot where his folks had lived some forty years or so ago - but only rocks and dirt were there.

Joseph grew more quiet as the days went by and also somewhat listless. It was evident that he was not entirely well; yet he kept plugging along and complained little, if at all. Then, about the forepart of July 1926 he came down with an extreme, though then undetermined, illness which took him to his bed right away. He seemed to know then that he was nearing his end. Roxie must have realized it too. She said that in this last illness Joseph's mind was so clear that he could figure out the answers to problems that had perplexed him for years.

As his daughter Ruth Ellen sat by his bedside grieving one day, he told her that death was like waking on a warm morning in June - and he did so dislike winter! And when he was very, very ill and close to death and his brother Andrew stood beside his bed, he told him that he had been close enough to death, in that last illness, to know what was coming; and he likened death unto "meeting a morning star".

Joseph died in the farmhouse near Rocky Point, 23 July 1926. Strange to say, he was exactly



Four generations of Christensens--  
Christen, Laurs, Joseph & Harold



Joseph Christensen, Mayor &  
Bishop of Gunnison

fifty-five years four months and sixteen days old when he finally retired from his life's labors. Some said he died of a broken heart, but Myron said it was thought to have been a bursted stomach ulcer followed by a number of complications and ending with pneumonia. He was buried in the Gunnison City Cemetery 25 July 1926.

His funeral, held on the above date, was well attended by people from all walks of life. Many had been his students or co-workers. Here, among the many other tributes, were read two sets of resolutions of respect, one from the officials of Sanpete County and the other from the High Priests Quorum of Gunnison Stake. We quote them in that order:--

"Whereas, there has been lost to Sanpete County one of the members of the Board of County Commissioners who has devoted not only his labor and his energy but also his mind and heart to the doing of tasks imposed on him and voluntarily assumed by him; Whereas, the nature and character of the services rendered by Joseph Christensen to the public in the many capacities in which he has served were such as to reflect credit on the entire community and be a splendid example for all employees to admire; be it .

---Resolved: that we, the officials of Sanpete County, desire to express officially our admiration for Joseph Christensen, as a man and as a public servant; and as a token of our respect and esteem, that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the records of Sanpete County and that a copy be presented to his family. Be it further Resolved, that we offer our sincerest condolence to Mr. Christensen's family in this hour of their bereavement." (Respectfully submitted, dated and signed, by Geo. E. Cook, Chairman.)

"Whereas, in the wisdom of our Heavenly Father, our Brother and class leader, Joseph Christensen, has been called from this sphere of action and advanced to a higher sphere where his splendid talents and powers will not be limited; and Whereas, his departure has left a vacant place in the High Priests Quorum which will be hard to

fill; therefore be it Resolved: that we tender to the bereaved family of our departed member our heartfelt sympathy and call their attention to the great work their father is now beginning, the union on the other side and the welcome he will receive from relatives and friends who have gone before; and be it further Resolved: that a copy of these resolutions be given to the sorrowing family, and also that they be placed upon the records of the High Priests Quorum of Gunnison Stake."

Among the numerous characteristics and qualities Joseph had inherited from his predecessors was a quiet, dignified and deliberate mien from his father, as well as a handsome head of curly hair, and a great thirst for knowledge, both secular and religious, from his mother. He was a great theologian as well as scholar and he used his wisdom and knowledge for the benefit of others. He was a tall man. He left the world five tall sons, each as tall or taller than he, and one lovely daughter who has been a great comfort to all of them over the years - and he left a wise and loving wife and mother to his children, as well as to other children wherever she was privileged to serve.

His daughter Ruth, in writing of her father, says: "I feel that father's life can be best summed up in these words taken from an editorial which appeared in the local newspaper soon after his death." Thus we conclude his history by quoting that editorial supplied by Ruth:--

"In the death of Joseph Christensen last week, Sanpete County, the Gunnison Valley and Gunnison lost one of their real substantial and progressive citizens. And these citizens - men, women and children - bowed their heads in sorrow and mourned his death, deeply and sincerely. His broad mind, his liberal thoughts, his goodness, endeared him to all who knew him and he was held in the highest esteem by thousands of warm friends and admirers.

"In his public life he proved efficient, honest, and was trusted. He occupied offices of trust and was placed there for his integrity, efficiency and honesty; and never once was the finger of criticism pointed at him. Joseph Christensen was a scholar

and a student. He had one aim, to reach the highest pinnacle, and his life was taken just as he was prepared to start his real life's work. He was loved and he loved all, whether Mormon, Jew or Gentile.

"A cloud of sorrow in the calling of this good and friendly citizen will hang heavily and thousands of friends will forever cherish his memory."

\* \* \* \* \*

Roxie Ellen Bartholomew (Christensen) wife of Joseph, born 30 Mar. 1872 in Fayette, Sanpete, Utah, the daughter of John and Eliza Roxie Metcalf Bartholomew. We are fortunate to have had the following history of her submitted by her sister-in-law, Catharine Decker (Mrs. Henry L.) Bartholomew; she titles it "Aunt Roxie". . . .  
 "This is the name she had for the last twenty years of her life; people really didn't know her by any other name, especially the youngsters of Fayette and Gunnison. The school teachers who came to Fayette still speak of her as Aunt Roxie. Her own brothers and sisters speak of her as Aunt Roxie. Her world was made up of nieces and nephews, both old and young.

"She was born in the log house where her parents lived the first few years after their marriage - she was their second child and oldest daughter. She could remember her father building the new rock house. They moved into it before it was finished so that her younger sister Sarah could be born there. Gradually their new house was finished - the parlor being completed last. The carpet they put on the parlor floor was hand-woven. Roxie's grandmother Bartholomew (Polly Benson) helped her mother Eliza wash, card, spin, dye and weave the wool of which it was made. This parlor was a very special room, entered only on Sundays when the members of the family were dressed in their best and clean from their Saturday night baths. It was here that her father read the scriptures; here that they knelt in family prayers on the straw padded carpet - that was luxury! This room was heated by a fireplace which is still in the room at the present (1968).

The woodwork about the side and the mantle are the same that her father John made some ninety years ago.

"Roxie remembered their first great family tragedy. It was the latter part of October 1878 - she was six and a half. Her oldest brother, John, nearly nine was very sick with 'membranous croup'. Elder John Mellor was called to the home to administer to and bless the child. He gave John the blessing of health, but as he turned to leave he said to her mother: 'Eliza, I can't tell you that William will live.' He had reference to Roxie's young brother, age four, who was sitting on the floor playing and apparently in the best of health. John recovered but in two days William was dead. Roxie remembered their sorrow.

"When Roxie was about eight years old her mother was making apricot jam and asked her to see if it was cool. She tried to lift the large pan and upset it, spilling the hot jam all over herself from her neck down to her legs. She was badly burned and it took a long time to heal the resulting sores.

"Eleven children were born to that Bartholomew family and Roxie helped her mother as any pioneer daughter should. She was about twelve years old when her mother got a 'home' sewing machine. Eliza wasn't used to this quick way of hemming sheets so she put Roxie to it. Though her mother tried to show her how, Roxie did it her own way, behind her mother's back, and soon learned all the tricks of cutting and sewing and her mother knew she was the better of the two, child though she was.

"Her father was Presiding Elder and then Bishop of Fayette for many years (about forty-seven in all). For some time the end of the railroad was at the Juab terminal of York, some fifteen miles north of Fayette. When the authorities of the church had conference appointments south of Juab, they would put their horses and carriages on the train, unload them at York and drive to Bishop Bartholomew's to spend the night, or at least rest their animals for a time in his big barn that always

seemed to have hay enough and to spare.

"Apostle Wilford Woodruff was a favorite in the Bartholomew home, especially with the children. He was asleep upstairs at their place when, in July of 1887, a rider came from York on horseback, trying to find Apostle Woodruff to tell him to come back to Salt Lake because President Taylor had passed away. (Wilford Woodruff was then President of the Quorum of the Twelve and twenty-one months later, April 1889, he was elevated to the presidency of the church.)

"Roxie remembered hearing of her grandparents being at the meeting in Nauvoo when the mantle of Joseph Smith fell on Brigham Young. Her grandpa had said, 'It is the Prophet - it looks like him - it sound like him!' He had left his seat in the Bowery where the conference was being held, 8 Aug. 1844, and gone around front to the speakers' stand. He came back and said to his wife, with great conviction, 'We will follow Brigham Young to the ends of the earth!'

"At one time Roxie's mother had a terrible abscess on her neck. She had a houseful of company from Salt Lake and the visiting Elders gave her a blessing. Next morning, after the Elders were fed and on their way south to their assignment, Eliza thought of her neck. The pain was gone and healing had started.

"Roxie met Joseph Christensen in Gunnison. They both went to the Snow Academy at Ephraim at the same time and then attended the Gunnison Seminary, where she was appointed Girls' Matron. They attended Brigham Young Academy at Provo the same time also and here is where their courtship took a serious turn. They were married 6 Sept. 1893 in the Manti Temple, the first marriage among the children of both families. Later, as we have been told before, two others of the Bartholomews married two other Christensens. Roxie and Joseph's was a very happy marriage. Nine children were born to this union. Three died in infancy and were buried in the Gunnison City Cemetery.

"Ruth Ellen was Roxie's and Joseph's fifth child and the first following the three little ones

who died, one right after the other a few weeks after their births. Her grandmother Christensen was in attendance at her birth, the dramatic story of which has been given in an earlier part of this book. Ruth was always very dear to her parents, as she has always been to her various brothers and their families.

"In the early years after her marriage, Roxie always went back to her childhood home in Fayette at Christmastime to make things happy there. She was a jolly sort of person and such excellent company. She always had some joke or 'Christmas treat', especially made for her brothers.

"Roxie loved to sew. She made everything - children clothes, fancy dresses, suits, coats, sweaters, wedding dresses, boys pants, and numerous sets of burial clothes. She did most of her mother-in-law Else's sewing and that for Vena and Tresia until they left the Christensen home. She kept Ruth Ellen looking like a little princess. She was a master at 'making things over'. (In fact, as Ruth Ellen said, "She was a wonderful seamstress").

"Roxie fed her big family the very best of food. Joseph and their oldest son, Harold, used to kill as high as fifty wild ducks in one hunt and for the season they would supply a set number every day to a Salt Lake market; killing, cleaning and dressing them and putting a specified number on the north going train each day. Joseph and Roxie cleaned the ducks and as they were busy cleaning, a cake made in a big black dripper-pan by Roxie could easily walk out of the house, a piece at a time, in the hands of her five hungry boys. She always had room in her house, at her table and in her heart for 'one more' even if that one happened to be 'ten'. Alma Fredrickson, a boy about Harold's age who needed a home, lived at their home for nine years and became almost like a son to them and a brother to Harold.

"Following the death of her husband, Joseph, 23 July 1926, Roxie continued to live in their home just west of Rocky Point with her four unmarried sons. Myron was married the next spring, 13 Apr.

1927, and then there were just the three boys left; Virgil 18, Marvin  $15\frac{1}{2}$ , and Don 10. In early November of 1928 Roxie went to Fayette to help her brother Henry put up his fruit, his wife Ireta having passed away late that summer leaving him alone with three small sons to care for; Homer 7, Keith 5 and John  $3\frac{1}{2}$ . She never went back to Rocky Point to live long. Soon she began to bring her chickens and barnyard animals and her household goods back to the old homestead and the Old Rock House she had watched and helped her father build in her childhood. She moved in with her brother Henry and his boys, who then occupied the old place."

Don tells something of this move:-- "Sometime after father's death we moved from our Rocky Point home to Fayette, Utah, a distance of about six miles. Uncle Henry had lost his wife and been left with three young sons. He invited mother and her family to come and live with him, they being brother and sister, and she accepted. I recall that my job in the moving was to take a horse and drive our milch cow, 'Old Jersey', to our new home. To me at the time it seemed a great adventure and undertaking to set forth alone below the foothills of Fayette.

"The arrangement to combine families worked out with little friction and with great benefit to all concerned. Mother soon became 'Aunt Roxie' to her nephews, as well as all the other children in town; and Uncle Henry, with his gentleness and patience, became a second father to me." Ruth Ellen adds:-- "Mother took her three youngest boys and went to help Uncle Henry raise his three motherless sons. She stayed with him twenty years; it was the most beautiful brother-sister relationship I have ever seen. She became 'Aunt Roxie' to everyone in Fayette - she had so much love to give!"

Catherine continues her history:-- "Roxie made many people happy with presents of Danish dumplings, Danish meatballs or Danish sweet-soup, which she undoubtedly learned to make from her Danish mother-in-law, Else. She could cook mutton to a 'queen's taste'. Many of her friends would say, 'We don't like mutton', but after a meal

at her table these very ones would say, 'What delicious meat - what is it?' It was mutton.

"She made her own yeast and bread - cakes, pies, butter, cottage cheese, cheddar cheese and head cheese. She made sausage and cured hams and bacon. Always she had a garden of wonderful flowers and vegetables. She would have cantaloupe enough from her garden each fall for a Fayette 'town treat'!" Ruth Ellen adds to this:-- "Always her hands were busy. Her hoe was her cane - no weeds could show their heads in her large garden and live."

Catherine continues:-- "She always had chickens to supply eggs, chicken for Sunday dinners and 'egg money'. She stuffed them for roasting with bread and sage dressing. She raised turkeys, ducks and geese. She kept her youngest son, Don, on his mission with her 'egg money'. She was always on the giving end of life.

"Roxie was a wonderful mother to Henry's three boys, as well as her own. It was a sad experience for her when Henry's middle boy, Keith, died after two operations (1937). He had always been so kind and courteous to her. She had been in Henry's home some thirteen years when he was married to his second wife, Catherine Decker. She stayed on seven more years to help mother two more of Henry's sons by this second marriage.

"In October 1948 she moved back to Gunnison and went to live with her oldest son, Harold, and his second wife, Stella. Henry and Catherine moved from Fayette back to Gunnison, 3 June 1949. One room in their new home was designated as 'Aunt Roxie's room', but she never came back to live in it. She died in Gunnison Hospital 5 Jan. 1952 and was buried beside her husband and three infant children in the Gunnison Cemetery. Apostle James E. Talmage once said, 'All you can hold in your cold, dead hands is what you have given away'. If this be so, then Roxie's hands were full enough to last for eternities."

Aunt Roxie was indeed a good woman. For most of the later part of her almost eighty years she suffered from crippling arthritis, yet she kept

cheerful and seldom complained, never gave up, neither did she let this painful affliction keep her from her services of love. She was active in each of the auxiliary organizations of the church in one way or another, from time to time, besides filling the demanding service as the wife of a busy Bishop and life-long public servant. By far her greatest role, however, must certainly have been that of an understanding, loving mother and kind friend, not only to her own children but to all who came her way in need of tender care and affection.

#### (4) ALBERT "H" CHRISTENSEN

None can successfully dispute the claim that Albert, like the rest of these Christensens, was of pure Danish descent back to the fearless Vikings of Old, and even beyond. Although his parents, Laurs and Else K. Christensen, were transplanted from Little Denmark to the great western land they called "Zion", a little more than six years before his birth, and he was born an American citizen, still the blood of the ancient Norsemen ran strong in his veins.

His mother recorded his birth in her journal thus:-- "Alberth Chresten fod den 13 Dec. 1872 i Gunnison." So it was Albert Christen Christensen he was named and blessed in the L. D. S. church in Gunnison, Utah, by Bishop Joseph S. Horne, 2 Jan. 1873, when he was twenty days old. He was his parents' only "winter" baby and the first born to them "in the covenant".

Albert seldom used the middle name Christen, likely given him for his grandfather, and in early manhood dropped it altogether and assumed the middle initial "H". Like some of his older brothers he also changed the spelling of the last part of his surname from the Danish "sen" to the anglicized "son". A number of reasons may have been at the root of this name change and we should not discount the possibility that the disdain and even cruel treatment accorded many "lowly Scandinavians" by some of the early English born Saints may have been a

factor. It was not popular in some areas of Zion, even in Sanpete, to be a Danishman or a Swede. In fact, a few of the early Danish converts in Sanpete County, and elsewhere, apostatized from the church because of the shameful treatment accorded them by their English "brethren". Likely none of these early English converts who may have prided themselves on their "royal" descent from England's great "William the Conqueror" knew that this same William, Duke of Normandy, was a grandson of the early Danish Viking Chieftain, Rolf (Rollo in French) who more or less seized Normandy from the French king in 911 A.D. Is it not an advantage to know who one really is?

Albert was scarcely two when his family moved from Gunnison to North Mayfield, his parents having joined the "United Order" experiment then in progress there. Here he was given his first lessons at his mother's knee; for she was deeply interested in education and studied to perfect her speaking and reading of English along with her children. When the "Order" was dissolved there the early spring of 1877, the Christensens moved across Twelve Mile Creek to South Mayfield. It was here that Albert entered public school for the first time, the fall of 1878, a few months before he turned six.

When he was six and a half his mother went to Salt Lake City to study medicine. After her return she was away from home a great deal treating the sick or delivering babies. The children became accustomed to the sight of her brown medical kit, always packed and standing ready at a moments notice, and the sound of heavy wagons rattling up their street day or night and stopping to pick up their mother, then rattling off again in the direction they had come.

Following the severe, disastrous winter of 1879/80 the family sold its interests in Mayfield and moved back to Gunnison where they lived for a short time in a small adobe in the east part of town owned by a relative, Lars Myrup. Albert was then a towheaded youngster of seven and a half and rather large for his age. His father soon

leased a farm in North Christenborg, owned by Julius H. Christensen, and here they lived in summers for the next several years. His father purchased some property in northwest Gunnison on which stood a two-roomed adobe dwelling where the large family lived for a few months each winter while the older children attended school in the Relief Society Hall, about a block east of them, which was also used for church gatherings.

A larger house, of rock, was erected near the old one and the family used both houses to live in for a time. Additional rooms were eventually added to the new house and additional children to the family, until there were nine living children in all besides the two little ones who had passed away soon after their births. Soon the family moved back to Gunnison altogether and the new rock house became the "ancestral home" of their descendants. It was from this home that Albert walked some several miles to the Sanpitch River, with his bundle of clothes under his arm, and was baptized a member of the L. D. S. church, by John Larsen, and dressed later behind a squawberry bush. This was 5 Apr. 1882, when he was almost four months past nine. He was confirmed next day in church, 6 Apr. 1882, by Samuel Lublin.

From the time he was old enough to take responsibility Albert was given work to do in the home and on the farm. As he grew in size and confidence he became eager to get a job for pay. He soon learned that working away from home for someone else was not always what it was "cracked up to be". Between ages ten and eleven he hired out to one Peterson for \$3 a month and board. When he was not much past twelve he worked for a short time for Bishop A. C. Madsen hauling manure in a wagon with a span of contrary mules.

But a few days later another job opportunity came to Albert. Julius H. Christensen, for whom his older brother Chris was then herding sheep, hired him to run a farm for him at \$12 a month and "keep". With but a few extra clothes, besides the overalls and shirt he was wearing, he was taken out to run an approximately 300 acre farm in South Christenborg on which stood a one-room

log cabin with a leanto. With only general directions he was left to live there alone. Most of the time that summer of 1885 he had no companions except the horses with which he worked the farm, a mongrel dog who seemed to need a master, and a horde of night-reveling pack rats as big as half grown cats.

"Notwithstanding that my employer had the reputation of being a hard man to work for", wrote Albert of this experience, "I found him the opposite. His family, consisting of himself, his wife, five daughters and one son, was really a model family. I was always treated with the greatest respect by all of them. While Mr. Christensen himself claimed to be an atheist, his family was affiliated with the Presbyterian church in Gunnison. Without any request on my part my employer, on two different occasions that summer, told me I was worth more than I was being paid. The first time he raised my wages to \$15 per month and the second to \$20. This, together with 'keep' was a high wage for a boy of my age at the time."

Late that fall Albert went home and attended school for some three months, which was about the usual school year in those early farm communities. He was in the "fifth reader" at the time. Early the next spring he was again hired by Julius Christensen and this time he had charge of a herd of sheep in the mountains. He was then nearing fifteen. That late fall he again went home and attended school for about three months, then returned to the mountains again in early spring to herd sheep for Mr. Christensen.

Albert must have been a hard and dependable worker, even as a youth, for his responsibilities were being constantly increased, as well as his wages. He never seemed to have trouble getting employment. The fall of 1888 Mr. Christensen told him that if he would continue to work for him with the sheep he would pay him as high a wage as any man in his employ except his brother Chris, who was his foreman. That was \$30 a month and board, Chris was getting \$35. So Albert stayed on for another full year, or until he was approaching his seventeenth birthday. He was often lonely in

the mountains. Trouble with Indians, cattlemen, mired and frozen sheep was not uncommon to him. His memories of a happy home and the occasional visits of his brother Chris strengthened and sustained him.

His year's service ended, his employer again came to him and offered to rent him a herd and assist him in getting started in the sheep business for himself if he would stay on with the sheep as his brother Chris was doing. Now Albert had always cherished the greatest admiration for his oldest brother and this offer must have been a real temptation to him; but he had made up his mind to get an education so he turned down the offer and went back to Gunnison to school.

Rather early in life Albert had dreamed of becoming a lawyer. He said, "As a child I was intrigued with court hearings and attracted to trials in the Justice of the Peace courts. I believe they were held in the school house in those days. I happened there once when the Justice and two men, whom I knew to be lawyers, were conducting the preliminary hearing of a case involving grand larceny. The lawyers were Jacob Johnson and William K. Reid. Johnson was a man who attracted general attention. He was rather large and heavy set and wore a long Prince Albert coat and silk stovepipe hat, and all in all had a most distinguished appearance. William K. Reid, a small man with keen gray eyes, was slightly stooped and his right hand seemed to be withered and useless. (Both of these gentlemen Albert was to be rather closely associated with in the law profession years later.)

"Jacob Johnson, with his deep voice and measured sentences, almost scared me. His sharp, sarcastic retorts, witty Scotch-Irish insinuations and illustrations I found amazing and delightful. From that time on I never missed a Justice trial when there was one in town, school or no school. As a result of this, or perhaps something else beyond my understanding, I seemed to have the firm conviction that I would someday be a lawyer. Strengthening this intention was my parents' confidence in me, for it finally

became known to them that despite all odds I was going to study law. A close friend told me of my mother's reaction when she spoke to her about the many hardships and temptations to be encountered in attaining and following this profession. My mother said she had full confidence in me and knew I would surmount the obstacles and be a good lawyer."

The autumn of 1890, when his mother went back to visit her people in Old Denmark and search out her genealogy, Albert entered the Gunnison Seminary. The next fall he went to Provo, Utah and enrolled in the Brigham Young Academy there. A Judge Wilson was giving an elementary course in law and Albert was attracted to this. Here he was introduced to some of the writings of the famous English jurist and legal historian, Sir William Blackstone, and later bought one of his books. He also registered for German, mathematics and psychology. The fine educator, Dr. Karl G. Maeser, was still president of the B. Y. A. until about midterm that year, or Jan. 1892. Albert recalled Dr. Maeser passing him one morning bound for his home where he had inadvertently left his keys. "Ven you haf your brains in your heels", he explained in his inimitable manner, "you must use your heels!" While there he also played on the college football team, which was before the days of heavy padding and helmets when the game was really rough.

He helped to put himself through college by working summers and teaching alternate winters. The school year of 1892/93 he served as Principal of the District School in the small farming community of Koosharem, Sevier County. The fall of 1893 he again entered B. Y. A. and continued his studies in English, German, Latin, mathematics, speech and pedagogy. Dr. Benjamin Cluff was president of the Academy then.

The winter of 1894/95 Albert taught fifth and sixth grades in his hometown of Gunnison. That summer he worked hauling posts and poles to fence the 160 acres of land he had purchased from his father. He had also acquired a city lot and several head of livestock out of his earnings. I heard him speak of that pleasant year at home

among his loved ones. He mentioned his father as being so wise, patient, kind and helpful. He spoke of his mother with great affection as "the life and soul of the home!" She then had given up her extensive medical practice of some fourteen years and was taking boarders. She and Albert had many intimate and inspiring conversations that year, and one particular one about marriage. He also mentioned his delicate little foster sister, Ada, and what joy her sweetness shed in their home. He spoke of looking forward to visits with her on his return from school in late afternoons.

During that year he often visited his grandfather, Christen Christensen, the only one of his grandparents he had ever known. He had such great respect and fondness for the fine old Danish gentleman. The two had much in common, including their love for fine horses. The older man had raised a thoroughbred colt from birth, with Albert in mind, telling him that it would someday be his. Together they had watched this outstanding animal grow and develop until she was ready for the reins. Albert broke her and it was during that year that he was given this mare for his own; although he insisted on giving his grandfather a fair price for it. He bought a smart rubber-tired buggy to go along with his horse and when he went to Provo to again attend B. Y. A. he drove up in style. That rig was his pride and joy.

President Cluff also took a liking to Albert's rig and often borrowed it during that winter of 1895/96, professing a desire to purchase it from him and keeping it to "try out" for unnecessarily long periods at a time. This finally provoked Albert and he said a few harsh words to the president. He always felt this was the real reason that Cluff turned "thumbs down" on his being selected class orator for the graduating ceremony that spring, although he was selected by his class. The president stated as his reason the fact that Albert hadn't taken teachers training so wasn't entitled to graduate. This of course was ambiguous, since Albert had been a practical teacher of two years experience. Albert refused to take out his degree from B. Y. A. under those conditions, in spite of

the fact that he had the support of his classmates and more than enough credits. We have heard the tale about what was lost ". . all for the want of a horseshoe nail", including the rider. In Albert's case, however, nothing was lost except perhaps a bit of his pride, for he still had his horse and buggy and all the excellent knowledge and training accumulated towards his graduation, as well as an additional amount of wisdom regarding the frailties of man.

During the school year of 1896/97, he acted as Principal of the Levan school in Juab County. In his spare time he indefatigably read Blackstone and other law books and also studied history. He had set his mind on attending the law school in Ann Arbor, Michigan if at all possible. When school closed he returned to Gunnison and continued to read and study law all the time hoping that his chance would come. Money for transportation and tuition was his main concern. That summer he greatly missed the ever-ready smile of the courageous little Ada in the home, for she had passed away the previous winter.

Some other impressionable experiences came to Albert about that time. He was given the opportunity to argue his first case before the law. It was a jury trial and he put up a strenuous legal battle for the defense, a citizen of Gunnison. Although they lost the case, his client seemed well pleased with his services and the leniency of the verdict, as well as his fee. Albert figured the experience was well worth the time and effort and so charged nothing; besides it helped to strengthen his determination to go ahead with law - sometime - somehow.

One evening he attended the local theater to witness a performance by a home dramatic club from Manti. On the handbill advertising the play was a picture of the leading lady - a Miss Virginia Snow. Her acting impressed Albert; in fact he became so interested in Miss Snow during the course of the evening that he saved her picture and placed it in one of the law books he was studying.

The long hoped for opportunity to go to law

school came rather unexpectedly soon after. About dusk, 11 Aug. 1897, as Albert approached home, he was met by Henry A. Kerns, a local sheepman, and offered the job of taking a train load of sheep back to Kansas City. He accepted immediately, even though he was to leave by early morning less than two days later. He realized that this was the opportunity he had been waiting for. He said, "My heart was beating rapidly as I arrived home. I told father and mother of my decision and received their blessing.

"The next morning at daybreak I was on my way to the Manti City Savings Bank with my horse and rubber-tired buggy. I hoped that by borrowing enough money to pay my tuition for the first year I could somehow make my way through law school. I was kindly granted a loan of \$200, although I already owed the bank \$500 on my previous schooling. I arrived home after dark. Mother had my underwear, sox, extra clothes and other personal effects already packed in a telescope case. She pressed my only good suit which I had worn that day and packed that. At about 3:30 next morning we left for Gunnison depot. No one except father and mother was on hand to bid me 'Godspeed', yet with their faith in me I was sure I would not fail."

Yes, Laurs and Else Christensen, his loyal and caring parents, stood encouraging and cheering from the sidelines every worthy ambition and accomplishment their children undertook. It was a matter of great love, but then again perhaps a little matter of pride also. Something outstanding could come out of Little Denmark!

So Albert went on his way east, in company with several carloads of lambs bound for the Kansas City market. He had only been out of the State of Utah once before and then no farther than Denver. Along with him also were his telescope case and a few law books, into one of which had been tucked a picture of Miss Virginia Snow. He was well prepared, however, for his schooling at the University in Ann Arbor, and in two years completed the regular three year law course and secured his coveted "sheepskin". This was not done without sacrifice, long hours of grilling study,

working after school, and without selling most of what he had in Gunnison, including the treasured horse and buggy, nor without deeply appreciated financial help from his wonderful brother Chris "I."<sup>11</sup>

Back in Utah the summer of 1899, Albert "hung up his shingle" in Manti. A dream of long standing was about to come true. And yet another dream was in the making, for soon he was introduced to Miss Virginia Snow, or "Jennie" as her friends all knew her. The two began dating and a wonderful courtship followed. Some proud moments came for Albert when he escorted "Miss Snow" to his hometown of Gunnison and she presented a dramatic, patriotic reading at the annual community Fourth of July celebration of 1900. She was so dainty, vivacious and talented.

Albert took Jennie to the Manti Temple, 26 Sept. 1900, and made her his own "leading lady". Sometime in October they moved into their own two-story brick home at 155 North 2nd West, which Albert had been able to completely pay for and furnish, due to his having been selected to take care of the legal work pertaining to the settlement of some one hundred claims brought on by the tragic Scofield coal mine disaster.

Those were mostly bright years as Albert and Jennie walked together through the corridors of an exceedingly happy marriage; as they brought forth their five beloved children; and as he became a highly respected lawyer, County Attorney, and finally Judge of the Seventh Judicial District Court, comprising Sanpete, Carbon, Emery, Grand and San Juan counties. I recall the salary was \$4,000 a year - quite a sum for those days.

Those were the days when lawyers went about their precincts in buggies, buckboards, or on horseback with law books tied to their saddles. During his judgeship Albert traveled by horse-drawn stage, train, and the automobile. Price, the County Seat of Carbon, was then at the zenith of its riproaring history and his calendar was filled with many sensational criminal trials, along with the important civil ones.

As Albert prospered he bought sheep and land,

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Wedding picture of Albert and Jennie

He went into the sheep business with his brother Arthur, who cared for the sheep while he furnished the capital. They lambed their sheep on Cedar Mountain east of Salina. After lambing, about July 1st, they would move into Twelve Mile Canyon for the summer months and then winter on the west desert. Albert's brother Louis helped Arthur take care of the sheep on the desert during some of those winters.

Albert joined his brother-in-law, George Black, in a small land investment in Garfield County. He bought property from the Warren Stone Snow estate and built the first garage business in Manti. One of his major purchases was about 350 acres of land on either side of the Sevier River west of Gunnison which he called his "Gunnison Ranch" and into which he put a great deal of effort and money. Bert Gledhill says he was working for Albert on the Gunnison Ranch when he had the two huge barns built there and helped haul the lumber to build them. He was also working there when one of these big barns blew down during a turbulent windstorm and had to be rebuilt.

On 29 Apr. 1908, Albert made arrangements to buy 160 acres of land some eighteen miles north of Gunnison in an area known as Flat Canyon, and this he called his "Flat Canyon Ranch". People came from long distances to buy the "blue ribbon peaches" raised by some in Flat Canyon. Large, white-rind watermelon from there received first prize at both County and State fairs one year. Albert hoped to make this ranch into a first rate fruit farm and planted a large number of peach trees. The summers were very hot there and the winters extremely cold, which created some problems.

In Oct. 1910, exactly ten years after Albert and Jennie had settled in their first home, Albert moved his family into a lovely new home a half block south from the old. It was not quite finished at the time but by the next spring it was ready to show to their friends. Fri., Mar. 31, 1911, the Manti Messenger carried this article:

"Dedication of Home and Housewarming  
Over Hundred People Entertained at  
Christenson Home this week.

"Judge and Mrs. A. H. Christenson entertained royally Wednesday and Thursday evenings, the first a dedication and the second a housewarming of their new palatial residence on Depot Street. Wednesday was the dedication and invitations were confined to relatives and neighbors, about 35 being present. The dedicatory prayer was offered by J. H. Carpenter and short talks were given by Bishop Peterson and Ezra Shoemaker. Music was furnished by Alida Snow and Prof. Fred J. Fjelsted. The balance of the evening consisted of games and refreshments.

"Thursday night invitations were issued to 70, a crowd of younger people made up mostly from the clubs. The High School orchestra furnished the music during the early evening and, in addition to a short program, the principal entertainment was cards. Refreshments were served also.

"The Christenson home is an enviable possession and a credit to any city, built of white bricks and with every line in quality and style of finish noting stability. On the first floor are the reception hall and living room thrown into one, a large and a small dining room, kitchen and pantry. On the second floor are a library, three bedrooms, sun room and bath room. The reception hall, living room and large dining room are furnished with solid oak and the balance of the house with fir. The entire woodwork is in natural wood stain - no paint being used. The front door is bevel plate glass, copper joined. The doors to the china closet in the large dining room are of the same material. The living room ceiling is of oak beam finish and the furniture of the craftsman finish. A modern basement with furnace, home cellar, laundry, and coal bins, complete a thoroughly up-to-date building."

Accompanying the home were some lovely old shade trees - a spreading walnut - weeping willow - boxelder - and three heavy bearing apricot trees, together with a large garden plot, corral,

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Albert and Jennie Christensen's 1st home in Manti as it stood  
when he purchased it in 1900.

barn, buggy shed and small horse-run. In the corral were always a milch cow or two, some chickens, perhaps a few lambs, and father's thoroughbred horses often lifting their noble heads high over the big corral gates.

Against the backdrop of Albert and Jennie's two homes and their numerous activities was staged the memorable drama of the family life that we their children knew and cherish. The scenes invite us even now. It was at our first home that I sought father's sheltering arms in fright at the sight of my first bewhiskered, bell jangling "ho-ho-hoing" Santa Claus, while my younger sister, Elaine, stood up bravely and gave her order -- "I want dah and dahbug". It was here we took our first "space flights" holding tight to the long rope swing secured high up in our poplar trees and operated by father's strong arms. It was here we were roused from our beds at midnight and lifted high in those same strong arms to the attic window to view Halley's Comet, a fiery ball in the sky with a tail of stardust trailing behind. It was father who allayed our fears that with the coming of this comet the world would end, as people were saying.

It was with father as guide that we rode in saddlebags through the dense forests to the sheep camp and trembled at the bear stories told by the herder, Tillby, as we went along. It was later, with father's consent, that we romped over the hills of giant wool sacks at the shearing corral in Christenburg. It was with him we first picnicked at "Devil's Ribs" and roamed Temple Hill in search of "Indian Eyeballs". It was he who baited our hooks as we fished for sunfish at Funk's Lake, or for carp at Nine Mile Reservoir at sundown.

Father drove the hayrack in which we crossed the river wheel-deep at Gunnison Ranch to gather redberries and with him we watched the long legged killdeers wading there and listened to their shrill bird cries at eventide. It was with him holding the lines that we rode in the buggy with "Stride On" in the harness on so many happy little trips to see our Danish grandparents, or through the west fields in search of sagebrush for mother to brew for hair rinsings, or merely to discover the first

wild rose of spring for her.

Father cautioned us to watch out for rattle-snakes at Flat Canyon as we picked peaches, fished salamanders from the water cistern, or wandered up the canyon of odd shaped rocks nearby, whose formation resembled giant cooking pots all turned topsy-turvy, so aptly called "Hell's Kitchen". With father we took our annual birthday trips by train or stage to Richfield, Price and other places he held court. He drove when we took our first car rides, I sitting in the bottom of the back seat of our new Buick eating salty soda crackers to keep from getting "car sick".

It was at the new home that we sat with him and mother in the shelter of the broad front porch and watched battles of the elements in the heavens as "Thor swung his great hammer in a rumble of thunder" or "Odin flashed through the sky in his chariot of fire". There was nothing to fear when father was near. Here we sat in the living room with the firelight from the fireplace reflected in the polished floors and colonnades, while mother read to us and father peeled apples or cracked nuts for our enjoyment. It was here we waited breathlessly at the bend of the staircase for the grate-fire to be prodded into blazing, the wax candles to be lighted on the Christmas tree, and for that most thrill tingling sound of all - father's "Well, well, well, it looks as if Santa Claus has been here after all!" As if there was ever any doubt of it at our house.

It was at the San Francisco World Exhibition the summer of 1915 that mother, Elaine and I were shepherded around so expertly by father through the maze of beautiful buildings, exhibits, museums, courts, parks and statuary, with the "Tower of Jewels" looking down over all and pigeons, pigeons everywhere, which we often fed. There were so many things for our wondering eyes to "drink in" - people from all over the world in their native costumes - ex-U. S. president William Howard Taft with silk topped hat, tails and a fancy cane among them. With father we stood hand in hand on the broad steps of the "Court of the Four Winds" and listened in rapture to the chains of silver sound

rising up from the immense amphitheater below, as the great John Phillip Susa's band gave a stirring concert. We heard Utah's own Emma Lucy Gates sing the Star Spangled Banner on "Utah Day" (July 24) at the Fair. It was on this trip we caught our first sight of the Pacific Ocean and witnessed our first and only traditional bull fight in Tijuana, Mexico.

A happy childhood is like a radiant jewel sparkling on the more somber chain of life - its beauty never dims. This was one of our priceless legacies. During those years, father was our hero, our protector, our Knight in shining armor. We never found cause to fear him nor to doubt him, for he truly loved us. Our home was a sanctuary of joy and peace, where laughter, story telling and music played a big part.

Father and mother had some choice friends in Manti during those years - Hattie and Chris Axelson, May and Haze Clark, Eloise and E. D. Sorenson, Delphia and Quince Crawford, Millie and Halburt Kerr, Alice and Dilworth Wooley, Kate and Warren Snow - the L. R. Andersons, J. H. Hornungs, Ray P. Dyrongs, E. T. Reids, Ellis E. Johnsons, Frank Alders - I'm sure I have missed some. Most of the ladies belonged to the Manti Literary Club and the men to the Commercial Club. Their most intimate friends joined them in a "500 Club". They had wonderful times together.

But there are varieties to living and happiness does not always endure. In the early evening of Monday, 27 July 1916, in the Covey Apartments in Salt Lake City, five people surrounded the bedside of Jennie Christensen - her life had just ebbed away. Her aging father, Joseph Snow, stood on the right, with stooped shoulders and eyes cast down in grief. Her sister, Retta Neff, knelt beside him shaken with sobbing. Father stood on the left, bending close to the pillow where mother lay. I knew his heart was breaking but he did not weep - outwardly. I stood near him and held her limp, outstretched hand in both of mine; somehow my fear of death vanished at that moment. Then father rose and put one arm around me - "We must go on

together without your mother", he said gently - "We must be brave." Childhood took leave of me then and never returned. Father was never quite his old self again after that either.

Albert continued to serve as District Judge until his term ran out in 1917, but declined to stand for renomination although both parties indicated a desire to place him on their tickets. His duties as Judge necessitated long absences from home and he felt he needed to be near his five motherless children. So he brought his energies back to the private practice of law, the running of sheep, the operation of his two ranches plus some semi-private business projects.

After Jennie's death his sister Vena came into the home for a time to assist him. Then Jennie's sister, Retta Neff, came to help and brought her children while her husband was away studying for his doctorate. Occasional hired girls followed but proved to be poor substitutes for a mother. Sometimes of necessity the children were left to carry on alone - but not often. After nearly four years of this, Albert found a wonderful helpmate in Miss Myrtle Farnsworth, the Domestic Science teacher in the local High School and a younger sister of Ida, lovely wife of Edgar T. Reid, who lived neighbors across the road.

Albert and Myrtle were married in the St. George Temple, 23 June 1920. She was almost thirty-five and he was forty-seven and a half. His children lovingly called her Aunt Myrtle from then on and she had an outstanding influence for good on their lives from the beginning. Albert was then tied up in a huge land investment known as the "Starr Ranch". Myrtle understood about it before their marriage, since Albert had told her that if the venture succeeded, all would be wonderful, but that if it failed he would be literally "wiped out". Myrtle was willing to take the chance.

Albert's brother, Andrew, had interested him in this venture, a large ranch in Juab County north of Nephi, the possibilities of which, to Andrew at least, seemed enormous. Though Albert was not as enthusiastic as the less conservative Andrew,

yet he had let himself become involved when an organization was set up among three major stockholders: Andrew (A. B.), his brother-in-law, Otis L. Ercanbrack, and Albert (A. H.), with a view to purchasing livestock and real estate on a large scale from the Starr Land and Development Company.

With A. B. as president of the new company and A. H. as secretary, a special meeting of stockholders had been held 24 Nov. 1919 in Nephi, where the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:-- "Resolved to buy said property from the Starr Land and Development Company, the cost to be paid as follows: Total price \$130, 000 with \$35, 000 down in cash, the assumption of a \$20, 000 mortgage to the State of Utah then carried on the property, the balance of \$75, 000 to be assured by three promissory notes, one for \$10, 000 due on Dec. 31, 1920, another for \$10, 000 due on Dec. 31, 1921, another for \$55, 000 due ten years from date of purchase, with 6% interest overall - and in addition, the crops raised and harvested upon said land during the year 1920 to be mortgaged as future security for the note due in 1920, and the 1921 crops mortgaged to secure the note due in December of that year." So the deal had been made and became valid and binding upon all concerned.

This proved to be the most disastrous step Albert ever took. Being at the height of the post-war boom of World War I, these stockholders were not spared when the post-war depression followed shortly. Albert was forced to mortgage all he owned to try and keep things going, as well as to borrow all additional he could. Lastly, he was forced to turn over his lovely home and most all else he had to his creditors, and besides was left under a staggering load of debt which at the time must have loomed as impossible for him to surmount.

In August of 1925 Albert and his family loaded up their remaining belongings and moved to Provo, Utah. Phillip, almost fourteen at the time, tells of this move:-- "Then came the move from Manti to Provo. It was made with two hayracks, Uncle Arthur Christensen driving one and

my brothers Sherman and Hale the other. I rode with them as far as Salt Creek Canyon and then got tired of the whole transaction, for we burned out a boxing and had to camp for a day or two until we could get a replacement. Father came along in the old car and took me into Provo where he had taken Aunt Myrtle and the rest. He had arranged to rent a house in northeast Provo but it wasn't ready when we got there so we stayed for a few weeks with some of Aunt Myrtle's relatives; first the Ashworths and then the Abner Tanners until our house was ready. They were wonderful to us.

"We lived about nine months in Provo and then father bought an old home on an eight acre farm from M. B. Cutler, who had two wives, each deaf and dumb and living in separate homes. When we first looked at this old home, the Mrs. Cutler who lived there lovingly patted the furnace, about the only modern thing in the place. Aunt Myrtle soon made it look and feel like home however, and later an inside bathroom was installed and other improvements made. Here we had rows and rows of raspberries and strawberries, cats and cows, and an old horse, Molly, who pulled the cultivator for us through the rows of berries. Father and I planted fruit trees, apple, peach and cherry, together with a large garden."

It was no small task for Albert to re-establish himself, start a new law practice with few contacts and very little backing and to build a career, almost as from the beginning. Though past middle age and heavily weighted down by debt, he found sufficient reason to go on fighting. Perhaps it was his Viking blood that urged him. Even though his debts ran into many times ten thousand and more, he resolved to pay back every dollar.

There was seemingly no end to the sorrow and additional expense he was called upon to endure those next few fateful years. On July 23, 1926 his brother Joseph passed away. Sept. 4, 1927 his sister Emma died. The next spring there was much illness among his loved ones. His elderly father was suffering untold misery from diabetic ulcers; his father-in-law was in bad shape with cancer and his son Hale was in constant distress.

with a then undetermined illness. Albert divided his limited time among them, doing whatever he could for each. His father-in-law passed away 3 Aug. 1928 in Salt Lake City. Albert was on hand when the end came and again at Manti when last rites were conducted for the fine old gentleman, Joseph S. Snow. Nov. 10, 1928 he was called from Hale's sickbed to the deathbed of his own father, L. M. C. Christensen, who was laid to rest a few days later in the Manti cemetery and whose suffering had been long and heart-rending.

Hale had been operated on that mid-July but this failed to disclose the trouble or cure it. However a second operation near mid-October had revealed his condition to be grave. After that he never left the L. D. S. Hospital in Salt Lake City until his death of internal cancer, 9 Mar. 1929. Albert wrote of this:-- "This morning at 5:40 a. m. our dearest Hale passed away - that same wonderful boy that he has shown himself to be throughout this terrible but unequal struggle. While my heart is grieved beyond words, I thank God that his awful ordeal is over. His has been an example that should help us all to carry on properly under all conditions. His memory to me will be a staff for whatever may befall us. I am proud to be the father of such a boy."

A little past five months after Hale's death a baby girl, their third and last child, was born to Albert and Myrtle. They called her Kathryn and she brought a ray of bright sunshine from without the gloom. But the sorrows went on. Before Kathryn was a week old, Myrtle's beloved sister, Ida Reid, was crushed to death in a car accident. Myrtle held up bravely but there were still more partings for her to endure. A bolt out of the blue came with word of her father's passing, the last of November 1931. Myrtle's mother came from Beaver to live with them then, but exactly one month after her husband's death, the sweet little old lady was killed by a fall at the home in Orem.

In between these last two deaths, or 17 Dec. 1931, came word of the unexpected passing of Albert's brother, Andrew, all alone in a strange hotel in St. George, Utah. The grim reaper made yet another call on Albert's loved ones when less

than a year later, 4 Dec. 1932, his brother Arthur passed away after surgery. Some seem to be tested more than others at times and Albert was one of these. His cup of sorrow must have been near to running over during those difficult years.

By then the country was in the midst of the great depression. Banks were closed, jobs were at a premium and many people were hungry. Though Albert had all the legal business he could handle, and more, collections were hard to make since most of his clients had little available money. Nor was his health the best, for the strain and pressures of recent years had begun to take their toll. Above all was the fact that he was still heavily burdened by debt. He had worked almost night and day, and his family had worked and saved in mind - that of freeing him from debt. Friends had advised him to take out bankruptcy - many were doing it. He flatly refused although at times pressured almost beyond endurance by some of his creditors. He was in dead earnest about paying off all of his obligations with interest, as soon as time and circumstance would permit.

During the long, hard pull, his home, his beloved family, his small fruit farm, together with his great faith in a Divine Power, were his strength and his refuge. Indeed he couldn't have continued the struggle without these. He couldn't have gotten along without Myrtle, who managed his household so expertly and with such courage and kindness. The way she stood by him, giving hope and encouragement, will be forever to her credit. He couldn't have managed without the love and cooperation of his children and the pride and satisfaction he had in their accomplishments. He looked forward to family associations - birthday parties - picnics - hunting and fishing trips - reunions - just daily little visits - but especially the glorious Christmas Eve family home evenings in which everyone took a special part and which were never neglected as long as he lived.

His daughter Kathryn writes of his later years:-- "Dad was fifty-six when I was born. By the time I was a teenager he was sixty-nine and

when I reached college age he was seventy-four. We worked out a fine relationship. I always thought of him as loving and kind, but the characteristics I remember most were his great dignity, scrupulous honesty, and his pride in us children. I remember him saying on occasions when his family was all gathered around him that he could not conceive of Heaven being much more wonderful than this.

"I remember serious talks with Dad and I recall the loving way he'd take my hand and would rub my thumb and knuckles in a circular movement of his large thumb. He placed constant emphasis upon us being more than just "scrub" or common run-of-the-mill. Somehow he managed to make us children feel that we had an obligation, because of our heritage, to be contributing, worthwhile members of society. He would not compromise on the kind of school grades he expected. I usually left a list of my grades on the mantelpiece where he put his car keys and under which he always carefully placed his high topped shoes at end of day. If ever there was anything besides an "A" on that list, no matter how many "A's" there were, he would say, 'Well, let's see if we can do a little better next time.'

"Most of my life I felt that it was necessary to be very careful financially, although I know that by the time I began to grow up things were easier than earlier. There always seemed enough money for music lessons and schooling however. All Dad asked in return was that we take advantage of these opportunities. He wanted us to develop our talents to the fullest. Countless times I have been grateful for the fine education he was willing to provide for me.

"I can still remember the look of joy on my parents' faces when Dad came home from the office sometime during the last of World War II to tell us he was finally out of debt. His honesty, integrity, courage and determination have been a great inspiration to me and helped me to understand that there is little in life that cannot be faced successfully in the long run, if these characteristics have been developed within. As the giver of gifts of life

that were most meaningful and precious our father was most generous and gracious.

"I remember Dad as a man of the soil. From early spring to late fall he and mother would rise around 5:00 a.m. He would work in the garden until 7:00, have his breakfast, and then prepare to leave for the office by 8:00. He would often spend around two hours in the garden again after his full day at the office. His loving care showed in his gardens and orchards. They were beautiful to behold, and kept a never failing supply of fresh vegetables and fruits on our table all summer and fall, with plenty for mother to bottle for use during the rest of the year. His ability with the irrigation water seemed magical; mother said it seemed like water would run uphill for Dad. Helping him plant corn, potatoes and beans are rather special memories to me and family fruit-harvesting-parties were the 'greatest'.

"Some of the more humorous aspects of life with Dad always cause a chuckle within my heart. Dad did enjoy driving nice cars! The first car I remember was a green 1936 Plymouth which pulled our housetrailer all over the United States for our vacation in that year. The next was a blue Chrysler Highlander with red plaid and leather seat covers. This was the car I learned to drive and used so much. When it came to getting a new car in 1947, Dad said in mock seriousness that he was going to get a Ford. When the time came for the debut, he chose a Sunday morning. He took mother and me to Sunday School in the old car and then went to get the new. When Sunday School let out, there was Dad out in front of Lincoln High School, where our ward held church then, in a brand new 1947 Lincoln with push button doors and windows. Picture if you can all the men and boys of the ward crowded around that gorgeous car! Finally, as mother and I were able to get through the crowd and into the car, Dad found he couldn't get it started. So many people had tried the battery-powered windows that the battery had gone dead. A substantial amount of glory vanished amid calls of 'Why don't you get a horse?'

"It was in the Lincoln that Dad, mother, a

granddaughter, Colleen Keeler, and I drove back to attend the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia the summer of 1948. Dad was an official delegate from Utah to that convention which nominated Thomas E. Dewey for the U. S. Presidency. Dad was a lifelong Republican and it was quite a blow when he and Dewey awoke to find that Harry Truman had won the election. There were so many other Republican defeats during those years that election day, until Eisenhower's victory, was always followed by a time of gloom at our house. To me, Dad was "Mr. Republican of Utah" and I feel that our nation would be better off if there were more as sincerely and vitally interested in politics as he."

The proud Lincoln car came to a rather unceremonious end. The Provo Herald of Friday June 4, 1954, carried the story:-- "Judge and Mrs. A. H. Christenson, Orem, and two grandchildren narrowly escaped death late Thursday when their car overturned in a canal. The car rolled over two and a half times and landed upside down in Carterville canal. Mr. Christenson, 81, was pinned against the floor of the overturned car.

"Mrs. Christenson, seeing the outstretched hands of one granddaughter, Kay Webster, as she clung to the front car seat, hauled her through the water filled top of the car, which rested on the bottom of the canal, and up to air and light. She pushed the button, rolling down the car windows, and helped the little girl out onto the canal bank. Still a prisoner herself, she helped the second little granddaughter, Sue Webster, to duck under the water and up out of the window. However, it was impossible for the two older persons to get out of the half submerged car without aid, so she urged the drenched children, shivering on the bank, to call for help. An unidentified motorist stopped. One boy in the car assisted Judge and Mrs. Christenson in freeing themselves and the other drove off to get help.

"The grandchildren, daughters of Reed J. and Norma C. Webster of Salt Lake City, had just arrived for a vacation with their grandparents and the four were on their way to Provo Canyon for

supper. Thick branches helped to cushion the fall of the sedan as it sank into the stream."

A lovely new 1954 Buick replaced the Lincoln in Albert's garage. This was his last car. His very first car had also been a Buick for, if memory holds true, he owned one of the first if not the first Buick in Manti. Though he was without a car off and on during the years when things were so difficult, most of the cars he had were of the best. Fine cars were some of the very few personal extravagances Albert ever allowed himself.

Kathryn adds:-- "Dad had been an excellent and safe driver. Driving and feeling independent were of course very important - so important to him that perhaps he drove too long. I recall how he "revved up" the motor there on the south side of the house in Orem, and then the inevitable honking and screeching of brakes as he entered upon Highway 91 with considerable determination. One of the frustrations of his last years was when the authorities would no longer renew his drivers license. The boys came for him lots towards the end of his life and the Buick remained in the service shop from time to time."

One by one each of his three living sons joined his law firm and began to handle more and more of the load, leaving Albert added time for recreation. He spent more time digging around in his small fruit farm, played a little golf and chess, and evidenced a special weakness for "Five Hundred." This latter he often indulged when his children and their companions dropped in of an evening. Many lively contests of skill were held with the family gathered around the dining room table, and with Aunt Myrtle usually ending up bringing in a plateful of her famous "caramels" to treat both winners and losers.

Albert loved to be out in the mountains. He went deer hunting almost every fall with his boys and others, during which time he got "nary a deer." Most folks said it was because he hadn't the heart to shoot the poor things, but his son Phillip said this just wasn't so - his father was just a poor shot.

But all this was before that "special hunt" of which Phillip tells:-- "Father was nearing eighty when he and a son-in-law, Dan Keeler, and myself went on a deer hunt southeast of Strawberry. We arrived on Willow Creek Ridge shortly after daylight and parked our car. I shot my buck within minutes. Dan walked out along the ridge and down into a little draw covered with brush, tossing small rocks and twigs on either side as he went. Suddenly antlers appeared in the brush ahead of him - one quick shot felled the two pointer. Coming back up onto the ridge Dan met father, 'Do you want to get a deer' he said. 'Sure' said father. Dan instructed him to go down into another little draw nearby and gently throw rocks and twigs, as he had done. Father disappeared into the draw as I joined Dan on top the ridge. We were standing there talking of our successes when - 'Bang ! Bang !' came from the brush below - then all was still. I shouted, 'Have any luck?' In a minute an excited answer came back: 'I sure did and he's a WHOPPER !' We three mighty hunters returned to Orem with our three bucks and father's four pointer topped the kill. It was his first and last. This was a great day for father."

There were many "great days" for Albert in his later years. They were great days for him when he saw his children graduate from college; when he saw his daughters taking part as "leading ladies" in operas, oratorios and dramas; when he saw his grandsons serving foreign missions for the Church. June 26, 1954 was a great day for Albert for he saw his oldest son, after having been nominated by President Eisenhower and confirmed by the United States Senate, sworn in to fill one of the highest judicial offices a Utahn could hold, that of Federal Judge of Utah. It was a great day for Albert when he himself, together with Myrtle, was able to return to the beautiful St. George Temple, this time to work for the salvation of the dead.

Sherman writes:-- "Perhaps one of the richest parts of father's life was as he and Aunt Myrtle established a new home in Orem, as he became one of the leading trial attorneys in the

State and its recognized authority on irrigation law, and in this new setting a venerable citizen, honored, respected and revered."

Sometimes when I went to father with my problems he would listen carefully and then, instead of giving any particular solutions, would merely counter with the question, "Are you a thoroughbred or a mongrel?" I then knew what I must do, though the doing be hard. He expected much of his children but he demanded far more of himself. He had little patience for mediocrity in those who could do better but for the weak his sympathy was endless.

Father was a tall man; tall in character as well as stature. He was a man of self-restraint and great dignity. Yet his dignity was tempered with a kindness and humility that would stoop unseen to place a silver dollar in the hand of a wistful child. During most of his mature years he was on the "giving end" of life. Not half his charities have ever been told. To me he was a thoroughbred in every sense of the word.

It must have been another great day for Albert "H" Christensen when, Mar. 13, 1957, his spirit took flight. So many must have been waiting "over there" to greet him - his beloved wife Jennie - his dear son Hale - his cherished parents - his brothers and sisters, together with the kind Chris "I" of whom he had dreamed so vividly not long before. Surely his grandsire Christen Christensen must have been on hand, along with others of his worthy ancestors. Think you some of the more ancient of these may have been among the welcomers - those who once rowed or stood commanding at the helm of high-masted Viking ships with carved wooden dragonheads pointing the way?

Kathryn writes:-- "I was married and living in the east when father died, three months to the day following his eighty-fourth birthday. He has remained in my memory as the vigorous, spirited man that he was the last time I saw him in life. I arrived home just in time for his funeral and to see him, as if peacefully sleeping, as I had seen him



A. H. C.'s Eightieth birthday party in Orem.



Albert's last picture (Feb. 1957) with Aunt Myrtle, Norma and family. Left to right: Albert, Sue, Myrtle, Kay, David and Norma. (two month old Jan not shown)

napping on the couch at home before his bedtime a thousand times or more in years gone by.

"All his later life father dreamed of going to Denmark. In fact he at one time even began making serious preparations for such a trip. He had instilled in us children a pride in our Danish heritage. It may be that I was the first of his descendants to see that beautiful country in his stead (1959). How proud he would have been to see that Lovely Land. How proud I was when I saw it. And how proud I am of him."

\* \* \* \*

Ellen Virginia or "Jennie" Snow Christensen, first wife of Albert 'H' was born 28 Jan. 1878 in Manti, Sanpete, Utah. She was the fourth child and second daughter of nine children born to Joseph Smith Snow and Lucy Ellen Van Buren, early Mormon Pioneers of English and Dutch descent.

A history of her life is included in the volume, "Cheney Garrett Van Buren and His Family", published by this writer in 1962. Others have written about Jennie S. Christensen and all are agreed that she was an unusual and outstanding individual. Albert, writing of his first meeting with her, states:-- "There seemed no doubt in my mind from that first evening but that she would fit completely into my hopes and life. She had taught school, attended the University of Utah, was very intelligent and possessed a grace that greatly appealed to me. Our visits became regular and increasingly agreeable to both of us and it was not long before we became mutually convinced that life together was promising and inevitable."

Elaine describes her thus:-- "She was small of stature, but she walked like a queen; her eyes were large, blue and misty, but searching and appreciative; her hair was dark and rich, curling the way nature wanted it to; her mouth was sweet and provocative, but spoke wisdom and truth; her hands were small and square, but tender and creative."

Mr. Prestwich, who was stage manager at

the Moroni Theatre, commented that Jennie Snow had the most beautiful speaking voice he had ever heard and could have been the top actress of her day had she not preferred marriage to a career.

Sometimes, when sleep eludes me, I fancy I see mother Jennie as she lived and breathed among us. 'Tis strange what childhood impressions linger. I seem to feel her many moods and to be swept along in the circle of her activities. The pictures I see are quite vivid. I never see her angry, but I see her fearful - fearful when our horse runs away, tipping the buggy over and throwing the four of us into the mud, just before her third baby is expected, and little Elaine, filled with her own wee worry, cries and points to her muddy shoes, demanding, "Take doz off!" I see mother fearful of childbirth, for she is small and her babies are large and there is little modern medical knowledge to assist her - her own mother died in childbirth. I see her fearful when little Sherman, who is what they call a hemophiliac, gets the nosebleed; fearful when father, exhausted from a hard day at the herd or ranch, goes to sleep in the bathtub and shakes the place with his snoring while she, sure he will drown himself, pounds frantically on the bathroom door and tries to pick the lock, as we children all take up the pounding and shout to try and wake him.

I see mother happy and busy at sewing with us children taking turns threading the machine for her. I see her stencilling borders of acorns, tulips and other motifs on scrim for bedroom curtains for the "rose-room" with its solid mahogany furniture, the "blue room" with its birdseye maple, and the "buff room". I see her deep-frying timble shells and chicken croquettes for parties and openhouses and making dainty little nutbread and boston-brown bread sandwiches and letting Elaine and I help trim off the crusts.

As we come downstairs on cold winter mornings, I see her benevolent as she spreads steaming hot, nourishing breakfasts on the small kitchen table for some of the local less-fortunates. In summers I see her giving generous "hand outs" to roving tramps, gypsies and Indians. Though they

are only roomers, she sends trays bearing tasty breakfasts up to the blue-room for two out-of-town lady school teachers with whom we are sharing our new home one winter - because they can find no other place to stay.

I see mother sitting patiently in a chair near the Baldwin piano, counting out the time, over and over again, as I practice for my piano lesson. "Sing the little verse that goes with this piece," she says; "I would like Professor Woodward to see how well you can play and sing together." So I practice and she sings along with me in her rich contralto, "Sing robin from your woodland tree; sing robin, sing a song for me; I love your pretty melody; sing little robin, sing." She kisses me as I leave for my lesson. "Play and sing your best", she says. At the studio Mr. Woodward is entertaining his sweetheart and I feel hesitant about singing. Yet I seat myself at the piano and begin to play my piece and sing, as mother has told me. "Just play the piece and skip the singing," says my teacher rather sharply. I go home to dear mother, crying and indignant because it seems he has insulted her. "Never mind," she says; "some-day we'll show Professor Woodward just how lovely you can sing."

I see mother patient with girls she has hired - skinny little Miss Lazenby who eats up all the left-overs saying, "Eat 'em to save 'em," and Venice, who gets sick so much that mother is forever having to wait on her instead of the other way around. Good hired girls are so hard to find yet so much needed to help with our big new house.

I see her without a hired girl and with father away, weary at the close of day yet bravely trying to wrestle all four of us children at once as she gives us our Saturday night baths in the twin sanitary tubs in the basement; Hale and Sherman in one tub, Elaine and I in the other. One or the other of us keeps getting turned head over heels in those deep, slick tubs and comes up from the water gasping and screaming. I see her giving us our supper later in the kitchen and making our favorite "Lumpy Dick" as a last resort, and serving it hot with extra sugar.

I see her basking in the joy she finds in our lovely home - in the big dining room with brown embossed leatherette fabric on the wainscoting, papered scenes of forests in colors of green, brown and gold on the walls above and "blue willow" china plates on the plate rails. She often steals away here for a moment to write and we children know just where to find her. She loves the small east window on the second landing of the stairway, whose crystal prisms cast rainbows of color from the sun's first rays or the beams of a rising moon. How often we stand together and watch the full moon through that prism-bordered window.

I see mother ill and hardly able to walk though still courageous, after the birth of little Phillip, staying upstairs in the Rose-room or being carried downstairs in the strong arms of father. I see her struggling to regain her health by faithfully taking "Susanna Schowcroft's Physical Exercises", which she orders by mail; I see her powdering the backs of her hands to soothe the clusters of tiny itching red blisters which are aggravated by both heat and water and forerunners of the acute Bright's disease that is eventually to take her. I see her embarrassed by the sores on these same precious hands, so covering them with gloves whenever she goes out in public.

But mostly I see mother Jennie as the talented, creative, enthusiastic and wonderful woman all who really knew her remember. Her vibrant, outgoing personality radiated courage and faith and a deep love for all of our Heavenly Father's creations. As Elaine wrote, "Jennie loved everything beautiful: the sighing of the wind in the elms, the chirp of crickets in the hush of evening, the raspy rustling of corn in the shock, the changing panorama of clouds in a ribboned sky, the lyrical rippling of waters, the consonant music of nature, or the dissonant music of life." In fact, Jennie loved life. Though she was very human her spirit seemed to soar above the clouds of ordinary living and was able to take others with it to some degree, especially us, her children.

Even from the beginning, her vivid imagination and power of poetic expression made the things

about us live and tingle in our minds and hearts. She gave us new eyes, new ears, new understanding. And while she entertained and delighted us, she taught and disciplined in poetry, song and story. She ran the gamut of noble emotions from the simple to the sublime, and we followed along. She tuned the strings of our creative impulses and made them want to sing!

Her children's stories were unforgettable and had their settings in places familiar to our experiences. The one about the "Two Little Mud Girls", Dottie and Pearl who came to life, might easily have taken place in the garden and barnyard of our first home, for here were chickens, currant bushes, often toadstools that came up after a rain, Madsen's unfriendly pigeons that roosted in our barn, stray cats, our granary next to the barn that was plagued with mice, Uncle Gard and Aunt Esther Snow's white ducks that swam in the big irrigation ditch between our two yards, and plenty of nice, clean, soft dirt for making mud pies. "Be careful little mud girls - the world is very big and you are very little," said the friendly chicken to Pearl and Dottie; but the advice was really for little Elaine and Virginia, given by their loving mother.

"Longshanks and Tockadoo" could have been set in our old barnyard. Sometimes even now, when I'm tempted to brag, I think of the rooster Tockadoo and his bedraggled tail feathers. The story of "Old Thunder and the White Cloud" must have had its setting in the old County Block, not far from our home. "Two sisters and a Prince" brought forcefully to mind the old adage: "Beauty is as beauty does".

"Old Santa Claus", a happy Christmas adventure in verse, was made up by mother for me to give at a school Christmas program when I was around nine; in fact, the Christmas we first spent in our new home. She dictated the last part of it to me while she was mixing bread the morning just before the program. She helped me memorize the poem within the hour, with appropriate gestures, emphasis and inflections. For more than fifty years since then her descendants, to the third generation, have retold this Christmas poem at as

many Christmas Eve family home evenings. Her beautiful Christmas song, "One Christmas Day", for which she composed both words and music, has also been given by her descendants on numbers of such occasions.

It was some time before she wrote "Old Santa Claus" that mother began training Elaine and me to sing and dance and do dramatic skits together. As I remember, our initial public performance was in "Bobby Shafto", a sad tale in song, which we presented in conjunction with a Stake Primary Carnival in the Manti Tabernacle. A friend, Maud Ewing, took the boy's part and Elaine and I were the two sisters. Aunt Retta Neff rushed into town the day before the performance, bringing beautiful old-fashioned bonnets and long, full dresses for Elaine and me to wear. We were asked to repeat "Bobby Shafto" at a later date and our cousin, Reva Riddle, took the boy's part then.

For several successive years after that Elaine and I were featured on yearly money raising variety shows put on by the Primary in conjunction with the local picture shows. Each year our names and pictures in costume appeared on bulletin boards outside the theatre; they seemed to think our acts were some sort of "drawing cards." One year we were a Dutch couple with appropriate costumes and real wooden shoes. We sang "Lena, my Lena Smidt" and did a noisy Dutch clog. Another year we were an Indian couple and still another we were a couple of village "rubes" singing "Mornin' Cy, Howdy Cy, Gosh darn Cyrus but you're lookin' spry. Then we locked arms shoulder high in the latest and most daring fashion and did a ragtime dance that brought the house down. Mother certainly knew how to put a song and dance together and what she didn't know Aunt Retta could add.

I always remember mother looking her very best whether at home or in public. I never saw her untidy, unless occasional errant curls straying over her brow could be called such. When she went out in public with our tall father as her escort she liked to appear as tall as possible. Then she pinned her curls high on top of her head and topped them with a bob fashioned from a switch she had hired

made from her own hair combings. She wore the highest heels she could buy on her small two-and-a-half size shoes, which had to be special ordered through the local merchants. I seldom saw her in bright colored apparel, for she most always wore the darker shades of brown, gray, blue, green, and of course black. Perhaps this is why I remember so well the dress she wore on that last New Year's Eve when she attended a dinner dance with father. It was an evening gown of softest salmon pink satin with long, fitted skirt and elbow length sleeves. Over each shoulder ran several narrow pink satin straps, each centered with a small black satin button. I stood on a chair beside her with needle and thread and tacked the straps in place to please her. Long, black silk gloves completed her costume. Mother looked so beautiful to me that night. Seven months from then she was in her grave.

"Aside from the memory of that wonderful woman," Sherman writes, "time has left us nothing more closely touching her character and very being than the fragments of her soul which she placed upon paper. In her children's stories she brought two little mud girls to life, not to mention the animals and birds and flowers that she translated into mortality for the delight of young minds. In her more serious poems she caught the most profound undertones of humanity and religion for the delight of the soul. (Included in this category is "The Wise Man" which won for her first place in the Deseret News Christmas poetry contest of 1910.) Between the two, in verse and story, she has woven a golden mesh of love and devotion, courage and pathos, romance and happiness for the delight of the heart." May we share two of her lovely poems?

### A Toy, A Little Shoe, and Memory

One childish shout brings back the dead days sweet -  
A shout now wafted on the summer air  
Rolls back the years and brings the days once fair,  
And I can hear the patter of his feet,  
And I can hear his shrill, commanding calls. . .  
There stands my boy in wee blue overalls.

Time was those shouts brought angry words and tears  
And muddy, tracking feet received a frown,  
And clinging, restless fingers soiled my gown.  
But those same feet went marching with the years  
Until they marched away; the tearing hands  
Are doing worthy tasks in foreign lands.

The years have turned to music those shouts wild.  
I'd give the world if I could feel them now -  
His baby fingers, fondling o'er my brow.  
Oh years! Why did you rob me of my child  
And leave a half-worn picture book to me...  
A toy... A little shoe... And memory?

### Song of a Soul

Out of the vast eternity I came  
And from thee, Lord.  
I, that was free, by flesh and blood am bound,  
Bound at thy word.

While through the mystery of life I grope  
Where is there balm  
Save in the memory of that vast home  
Which bids me calm?

And in the prison walls of flesh and blood  
I sing my song.  
I dream my dreams - poor, chained, rebellious dreams  
Which fade ere long.

I shall be free when all that is of earth  
Beneath the sod  
Is laid; then back to the Eternity  
And thee, Oh God!

It has been more than sixty years since Jennie  
Snow Christensen sang her songs and dreamed her  
dreams, yet her songs and dreams continue to live,  
but especially in the hearts of us, her children. I  
am sure I myself have fallen far short of her expec-  
tations, yet the memory of this precious mother has  
sparked some of my noblest efforts, humble though  
they have been. She made her limited life one of  
boundless giving of the beauty of her spirit, like a

delicate white blossom sending forth such beautiful and lasting fragrance as to almost defy description.

\* \* \* \* \*

Myrtle Farnsworth Christensen, second wife of Albert "H", was born 30 July 1885. She could be proud of her heritage for all four of her grandparents were early Utah Mormon Pioneers worthy of note. Her maternal grandfather, Marcus D'Lafette Shepherd, whose father had been an aide-de-camp to General George Washington during the American Revolution, became a member of the Mormon Battalion, was in on the gold rush in California and panned gold at Sutter's Mill. Returning to Salt Lake City he presented his sweetheart, Harriet Editha Pharish, with a sack of gold nuggets as a wedding gift. They settled first in San Bernadino Valley but later sold their property there for a goodly sum of money and used this to buy machinery with which to set up a woolen mill in Beaver, Utah, where they were called to colonize by Brigham Young. A cotton mill in St. George and a shoe factory in Parawan were set up about the same time by others.

Myrtle's paternal grandfather, Philo Taylor Farnsworth, who migrated to Utah with the early saints in 1848, was immediately called to go back to Winter Quarters with wagons and supplies to assist in bringing destitute saints to Utah. Again and again he made these trips and on one of them met a young English convert, Margaret Yates. He helped her to come to Zion, where they were wed. The couple were sent south to Fillmore, Utah to help settle that place, but later, in 1856, Brother Farnsworth was called to Beaver to become Bishop there. Myrtle's father was then but a young child. Her grandfather became a polygamist and had four wives and thirty children.

The Farnsworth and Shepherd children grew up together in Beaver. The Farnsworths had many struggles trying to feed and clothe their large family, but were enterprising and hard working. The Shepherds were considered well-to-do and their children were given every advantage. In

1866 Brother Shepherd built the first brick home in Beaver, a huge eighty by thirty three-story dwelling modeled after the Prophet Joseph Smith's home in Nauvoo. It was long called "The Shepherd Mansion". He also built a brick granary nearby. Among the furnishings in this home was a large grand piano which the Shepherds secured when Fort Cameron was abandoned by the U. S. Soldiers. It had been brought in for the wife of the Fort's Major and was said to be the only such piano in the valleys then, except the one owned by President Brigham Young.

When Myrtle's parents, William Henry Farnsworth and Harriet Susanna Shepherd, were first married they lived in Beaver for awhile where her father worked first as a telegrapher and then in a store. He then homesteaded some farming land about nineteen miles north of Beaver at what was known as Pine Creek Ranch. Here in the ranch shack of logs Myrtle was born, the fourth of seven children. When she was two and her new baby brother was six months, their father left on a mission to England for the L. D. S. Church. Her mother and the five children went to live in the Shepherd Mansion, where grandfather Shepherd took care of them for the thirty months Myrtle's father was away.

During his absence grandmother Shepherd died. Upon her father, William Farnsworth's return, he and his wife and family were given the large home and grandfather Shepherd went to live with his polygamist wife a block away. Myrtle's father was made manager of the Beaver Woolen Mills and served as such for the next five years. The large home was remodeled to better fit the needs of the Farnsworth family. Though several bedrooms occupied one wing of the second floor, a large recreation hall 50 by 30 ft. occupied the other. Community meetings, programs and dances were held here. The old brick granary was turned into the city jail for a time. Many's the tale that could be told of those days.

Myrtle's mother had several sisters and they and their families flocked back to the old home on many occasions. Myrtle and her sisters and cousins

had free access to the large attic and their grandmother Shepherd's trunks of beautiful clothes and bonnets she had brought across the plains, as well as to the old spinning wheel. Many were the home dramatics held by candlelight in that old attic. Myrtle's mother's family was a singing family and all used to sing around the table following a family meal in the huge dining room. Her mother, Harriet, and her Aunt Sadie often accompanied them on their guitars.

Early day Beaver was very educationally minded and prided itself on its good spellers, grammarians, mathematicians, as well as singers. The small town was blessed with excellent music teachers. This, together with native ability and training in the home, was an advantage to Myrtle and her brothers and sisters and they all sang well. Myrtle can hardly remember when she couldn't sing alto. She joined the Ward choir when in her early teens - they all did. Later her brother Karl sang in the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir for years.

Myrtle grew up in Beaver among her four sisters and two brothers and cousins by the dozens. She was a healthy, pretty girl, rather large for her age, and with an inner urge towards tomboyishness which she felt was very distasteful to her prim little mother and sedate older sisters. She had an optimistic and happy nature and a generous heart and she was loved by many.

At that time most of the Farnsworth family's clothing was made from Woolen Mill products, or from cotton cloth they traded for from the cotton milles in St. George. Every garment was remodeled and passed down as long as there was anything of it left. The family shoes were secured by trading woolen goods from their Beaver mill for high button shoes made at the Parawan Shoe Factory. Though they may have thought these shoes ugly and ill-fitting, it was their patriotic duty to wear them nevertheless. Though fundamentally plain in her tastes, Myrtle longed for pretty clothes, and her first pair of "real store shoes" was an experience she treasured with happiness.

She attended the first four grades at the Beaver District school in the three-room school-house, heated by an old pot-bellied stove with a long stovepipe that ran overhead across the room, which was always falling down and sending a shower of soot upon the slates and copy books. She attended fifth grade at B. Y. U. Training School in Provo where her mother took the children for the winter while her father did some remodeling on the home. Returning to Beaver, Myrtle skipped sixth grade and took seventh and eighth grades in turn. She was among the seven to be graduated from the eighth grade of Beaver District school in 1889.

From the time Myrtle was old enough to dream of a life of service she had a longing to teach. It was sometime while attending elementary school in Beaver that she began to teach in the Sunday School. From then on she taught Sunday School some place or another every single year for some thirty years and then off and on for another fifteen, making a total of some forty-five years she served as a teacher in the Sunday Schools of the Church.

Following her graduation from eighth grade she stayed out of school a year to help in the home. She acted as tithing clerk in her Ward that year. The fall of 1900 she entered the Murdock Academy, which had taken over the place once known as Fort Cameron near Beaver and was in its third year. She completed three years of high school work there the spring of 1903, which was all the Academy offered at that time. She then attended summer school at B. Y. U. and in the fall began her long-dreamed-of public teaching career in the little town of Frisco in southern Utah, where she taught the first four grades that winter of 1903/04. From here on she became self-supporting and also was able to assist other members of her family in getting their educations.

The summer and winter of 1904/05 she attended the University of Utah in Salt Lake City to complete her work for a Normal certificate. Here she walked off with the honor of being among the three highest in scholarship for the four quarters.

The next winter she taught fifth and sixth grades in the Farmington District school and then went to summer school at the Utah State Agricultural College in Logan.

The fall of 1906 Myrtle went to Manti to teach and taught there three successive winters, teaching fifth grade, first grade and seventh grade in turn. It was here she first met the lawyer A. H. Christensen, who was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Manti High School and closely associated with her brother-in-law, Edgar T. Reid. But she thought nothing of it at the time. She spent the three alternate summers in summer school, the first at the A. C. and the next two at the U. of U. She then returned to her home town of Beaver where she taught the fourth grade that winter.

For quite a while a desire had been growing within her to learn more about sewing. It was impossible to buy well-fitting, properly styled dresses in most towns in Utah. Women had to depend on their own untrained abilities or on the services of expensive, busy and mostly poorly-trained dressmakers. Myrtle believed if women could be taught to make their own clothes skillfully that this would add a great deal to their lives. So she stayed at home in Beaver the following year, taking a correspondence course from the "Brown's School of Sewing" of Salt Lake City during the summer and fall and doing a great deal of professional sewing during the winter.

But again, she may have stayed home that winter mainly because of a very serious matrimonial decision she was required to make. Sewing gave her more time to think than teaching. She finally decided against marrying at that time because of a difference in religious ideals. This was only one of several such decisions she had to make over the next few years however, for besides being so well trained she was excellent company, very popular, and a beautiful woman, all in all. She was much sought after, even by a certain polygamist whose proposal of marriage she turned down with much distaste. She allowed herself to become engaged twice - but broke those engagements. It

seemed that marriage was not for her at that time.

The summer of 1911 she again went to summer school at the A. C. in Logan for the first session, then attended the "Kiester Sewing School" there the latter part of the summer. Then she returned to teaching, this time at the Cove school in the very small community of Sevier, some miles south of Richfield, Utah. Here she spent the next three winters, teaching the first four elementary grades the first winter and acting as Principal the next two. Some of her choicest memories stem from that period, as she felt she was performing a very worthy mission there aside from her school responsibilities.

Unlike the preceding teachers in the small community of Sevier, who commuted back and forth much of the time, Myrtle took up her residence there where they had never sent out a missionary, never had an eighth grade graduate, never had an M. I. A. organization, and where the people, old and young, were literally starved for the finer things of life and truly neglected. Under her direction the small schoolhouse became a hub of activity during those three winters. The Sunday School was reactivated and an M. I. A. organized. On M. I. A. nights young and old came from farm houses near and far with lanterns and lamps to light the small school house, pleading to stay "just a little longer" as they listened to the reading of a fine novel, some bits of poetry, or joined in singing and religious worship. They were given new vision, not only religious but educational and cultural as well. "Miss Farnsworth" became not only the teacher, religious advisor, cultural stimulator, but also the counselor, nurse, and even the midwife on a few occasions. There were fewer school "drop-outs" and several students went on to graduate from eighth grade and she was able to assist them in getting registered later at the Murdock Academy at Beaver to begin their higher educations.

Myrtle's three winters at Sevier were interspersed with two terms of summer school at the U. of U.; for as she stimulated others to reach higher she increased her own resolve to do so. At the close of her last winter's teaching at Sevier,

in order to have her credentials more complete, she herself went back to the Murdock Academy, which by then had become a four year high school, and in six weeks passed off her fourth year of high school training and received her high school diploma.

Then Myrtle left immediately for Chicago, Illinois, where she spent the rest of that summer at the University of Chicago specializing in food preparation, sewing, art, and the social treatment of crime. She visited art galleries, exhibits, museums, concerts and the beauty spots of nature, where she drank in the culture of that beautiful city - such a contrast to the poverty of the little old town of Sevier. This proved to be a glorious summer for her.

She returned to Manti to teach Domestic Science, Domestic Art and English in the High School for a year. Then she went back to Beaver and taught the same subjects plus Physiology, in the Murdock Academy for the next two years. She was persuaded to return to the Manti High School, where this time she commanded the highest salary of any teacher in that district. This was the fall of 1917. She taught there for the next three winters and then resigned her position to become the wife of the widower, Judge A. H. Christensen. Their marriage took place in the St. George Temple, 23 June 1920.

Albert was most fortunate to get such a woman as a second mother for his five children - and well he must have known it, for Myrtle brought not only expert training and unusual skill to the management of his household but great dedication and unselfish love as well. The children fondly called her "Aunt Myrtle" from the beginning and she accepted this with understanding and grace. She had a wonderful influence for good on the lives of these children over the ensuing years, as she of course did over the lives of her own three children who came to bless the home.

Phillip tells something of this influence:-- "Then came the day when I was about eight and a half years old and Aunt Myrtle joined the family,

I guess I was kind of a sickly looking little fellow then because she certainly took me in hand. I was finicky about what I ate and especially hated eggs. But there were things I 'adored' and those were Aunt Myrtle's creampuffs with that good filling inside and chocolate on top. She put me under orders, however, that until I ate my eggs and other food I couldn't have any creampuffs and she certainly did enforce those rules, much to my good. Though I had never eaten eggs if I could get out of it, she fixed them for me special by breaking them into a glass then putting the glass into a pan of boiling water until the eggs cooked up and were really delicious.

"Through the years this dear woman saw to it that I was given good, nourishing food and I give her credit for pulling me out of the doldrums. Now, as I look back, I can see how silly I was in the things I liked to eat, but the training from Aunt Myrtle must have borne good fruits because my wonderful wife, Gwen, says I will now eat anything and refers to me in an endearing way as her 'disposal'.

"I recall the day when I was about to leave our home in Orem for Salt Lake City where I was to take a bus to Washington, D. C. to join the F. B. I. and really go out into the great big world on my very own. I had my things packed, had taken a picture of Mt. Timpanogos, and was lying on the couch asleep, or nearly so. I recall Aunt Myrtle coming and bending over me, apparently kissing me and saying fervently 'God bless you'. I say God bless you Aunt Myrtle for all you have done for me over these many years!"

As the family grew in number Myrtle had a way of drawing the shy new son-in-law into the inner family circle by giving him a chair to repair or a light switch to mend. She had the new daughter-in-law accompany her on shopping trips and consulted her on the selection of new outfits. She won the new grandchild over by letting her help roll and cut out cookies, by swinging her on the old bed springs swing south of the house, or by taking her onto her own comfortable lap and rocking her in the big rocking chair - all the time

singing lullabies in her deep, rich contralto, until she had put both herself and the little one to sleep.

Myrtle did much community service both before and after her marriage. Her war work during World War I and her humane efforts nursing the sick during the great flu epidemic which both accompanied and followed it, were worthy of note as was her service during World War II making parachutes and doing other war sewing. She was a member of the "Hopeless Club" in Manti for years and was an active participant in the Utah Sorosis Club of Provo for fifteen years while living in Orem, where her literary knowledge was used to benefit many. She worked long hard hours helping to get the Scera Center in Orem started. She did a lot in Four H Club work for young girls. She was active in P. T. A. work in various communities and served as president of the Orem organization for some time.

Aside from her service to her large and active family, however, her service to the Church was perhaps the most rewarding. This she never neglected. Besides teaching in the Sunday Schools some forty-five years or more, she taught numbers of years in the M. I. A. and served as president of the Young Ladies in Beaver Ward and then counselor in the Stake organization. She also served as Ward President of the Y. L. M. I. A. one year in Orem. She was president of the ward Primary there for seven years. She served on the Stake Board of the Relief Society while living in Orem and was class leader in all departments of the society on a Ward level at one time or another during the years. She spent part of the last two winters preceding her husband's death working for the dead in the St. George Temple. In fact, it was only a week or so after the two returned from laboring there that Albert passed away (13 Mar. 1957).

With Albert's passing, a wonderful companionship of nearly thirty-seven years was ended, as far as this earthly life was concerned. Though those years were tempered by both joy and sorrow, yet on the whole they had held far more of joy than of sorrow. Albert left Myrtle comfortably situated

and her health was good. She had had comparatively few sick days in her lifetime and was still able to take good care of herself. Nevertheless, she decided to sell her home in Orem and go and live with one or the other of her daughters, Norma and Kathryn, in places such as Washington, D. C., Bloomington, Indiana, Palo Alto, California, and in Salt Lake City, whither time took them. She knew she could still be of service to them and their young families and she desired this. Now, at age past eighty-three, she resides with Norma (Webster) and her Bishop husband and family in Salt Lake City, where she is still pretty much able to take care of herself at this writing. Only Norma and Kathryn can tell of the magnanimity of her services to them and theirs over the past twelve years.

Myrtle still has that sweet modesty that evidences faith in the ability of others and a willingness to allow them full credit, and more. In her exceptional memory she cannot tear herself apart from those with whom she has mingled - her life's story seems to be mirrored in the lives and accomplishments of others. Her appreciation for the actions and kindnesses of others is never failing. "Thank you for a wonderful day", a brief statement given in low vibrant tones from the heart, is so typical of this most gracious lady, the last remaining member of her generation of Christensens.

Perhaps nothing can better show the closeness of this family's alliance or the deep respect of each member of it for "Aunt Myrtle" than the words of a letter written to her by Sherman just a month before the death of father, in recognition of her nomination as a candidate for the honor of Mother of the Year for the State of Utah. (She was awarded the place of "first alternate" to the woman chosen not long after father's death.)

12 February 1957

"Dear Aunt Myrtle:

"I have just learned that you have been nominated for consideration as 'Mother of the Year.' Feelings such as those I feel now ordinarily remain locked in the heart until occasions like this make



Myrtle and baby Cullen



Myrtle Farnsworth Christensen  
at eighty

an opening for their expression. Of course, after a fashion, we communicate them from day to day, but in such a subtle way that only the ones directly involved know fully what is meant. These things we have both understood, I am sure. The kiss of greeting, a touch of the hand, the wordless comfort of seeing each other, the 'Merry Christmases', 'Happy New Years' and 'Happy Birthdays' and 'Be My Valentines' of the whirling cycles, and the homey visits which now renew the memory of our day-by-day companionship and love over the years.

"But now, I find that others have been more articulate in first applying to you the honored title of 'Mother of the Year'. I wholeheartedly concur, and hasten to add this expression of my congratulations, admiration and love. Yet I cannot think of you in terms of but a single year, for you have been to us, indeed, 'Mother of the Years'.

"My mind turns back to that day almost forty years ago, when the loss of my own mother was still vivid and cruel and I rode with you by train to Manti from Salt Lake City where I had been staying with Aunt Retta during the preceding school year. Sometime later you and Dad were married. I have seen you make three different houses into homes since then, keep up with the finer things of life in art, music and literature, and inspire all of us to do so, keep aware of the problems of neighbors and the world and help to solve both, and raise not only another woman's children but your own also, all together as a family unit, graciously, efficiently and lovingly, without division and without distinction. And though we and ours are now scattered across the country and beyond, our thoughts are turned constantly to home, which remains simply where you and Dad are.

"May God bless you, not only for what you now are to us -- The Mother of the Year -- but for what you have been to all of us over the years gone by.

Affectionately, Sherman."

## (5) ELSIE KATHRINE CHRISTENSEN (Bartholomew)

Elsie, the first daughter born to Laurs and Else Christensen and the first of the three children born to them in Mayfield, first saw the light 8 Mar. 1875. A twin sister arrived shortly after and since there was some question as to whether either of the tiny girls would survive they were each blessed and given names right away. The twin sister was given the name Mary Karen, by her father Laurs, but she was usually referred to after that as "Karrie". She died shortly after she was named and blessed. The early Gunnison Ward records show that Elsie was blessed and named that day by W. N. Tofte and given the same name as her mother had been christened, Else Catherine, but her name spelling was later modernized to Elsie Kathrine.

Elsie was born in a log cabin in North Mayfield while her parents were members of the United Order there. She was past two when they left the Order and went to live in South Mayfield. She was just past four when her mother left the family in charge and went to Salt Lake City to study medicine. The year after (1880), when Elsie was just past five, the family moved back to Gunnison where they had lived before coming to Mayfield, but they spent the next several summers in Christenborg where her father leased a farm.

Her parents built a new rock house on property they purchased in northwest Gunnison and here Elsie lived most of the rest of her life until she was married. It was from here that she went to the Sanpitch River to be baptized a member of the L. D. S. Church, 2 July 1884, by Jens Jensen. It was here that she went to the church nearby the day after, 3 July 1884, and was confirmed by Jens Larsen, patriarchal blessing from Christian August Madsen, former Gunnison Bishop, on 15 Apr. 1901, not long before her marriage.

Elsie started school in Gunnison the year she was six and the school was held not far from their

578a



Elsie



Alma



Elsie graduates from  
B.Y.A. - 1896

rock house. We are fortunate to be able to copy much of the remainder of her history from her own record, which she placed in her "Book of Remembrance". We quote from this:-- "One thing I remember when I started school in Gunnison, Augusta Swalberg, my teacher, made me stand up by her table for talking. I cried so loud she couldn't go on with her teaching so she told me to go to my seat. In my first two years of school I had learned my readers so that I could recite them through by memory. The next three years spelling, reading and arithmetic were taught. Ward Stevens was the teacher. The time I liked best was during recess when Emma Metcalf and I played baseball with the big boys, one of us on each side. We were good batters and fast on the run. On Fourth of July I took part in a running contest; as first prize I received a beautiful blue feather fan.

"At the age of fourteen I went to the Snow Academy in Ephraim, Sanpete, Utah, which had been founded the year before (5 Nov. 1888). The upstairs of the old Co-op Store there was the residence of the institution. Alma Greenwood was then its president and he was assisted by a Miss Henry. The Academy was just a preparatory and intermediate school.

"The fall of the next year (1890) I kept house for my father while mother and a foster child, Ada, went to Denmark to visit her folks. After they returned home I attended the Seminary held in Gunnison Ward and taught by Brother Joseph Jensen. This I started in January 1891. That fall I went to Provo with my brothers Joseph and Albert and Vio Sorenson to attend the Brigham Young Academy. Vio's grandmother, Sister Capson, kept house for us. The school was held in the Z. C. M. I. warehouse near the depot, which was the best that could be had at the time. But on Monday, 4 Jan. 1892, teachers and students marched to the new building for the B. Y. A. between 5th and 6th North on Academy Ave. The veteran educator, Karl G. Maeser, was released as president of the school and Benjamin Cluff installed as his successor. I continued school in winters at B. Y. A. until 21 May 1896, when I was

graduated from that institution and received the degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy. My diploma was signed by Nelson Duesenberry, President of the School Board, and Benjamin Cluff, President of the Academy.

"My first year of teaching school was at Hinckley, Millard Co., Utah. The next two years I taught at Centerfield, next to Gunnison. In the winter of 1899/1900 I returned to B. Y. A. again, at Provo, to further my education in literature, taught by Alice Louise Reynolds; music, piano and harmony under A. C. Lund; and religion taught by George Reynolds, with special lectures on the Bible and Book of Mormon given by Dr. Whitney of Salt Lake City. While attending B. Y. A. at this time I taught a class in Sunday School in the Ward in which I lived and Emma Lucy Gates, who later became famous as a singer, was in my class. Miss Susan Talmage and I were counselors to Mrs. Snow in M. I. A. that same year.

"The fall of 1900 I returned to teach school in Centerfield again until May 1901. Then on 26 June 1901 I was married to Alma C. Bartholomew of Fayette, Sanpete, Utah in the Manti Temple by Temple President John D. T. McAllister. That evening my parents gave us a very elaborate wedding reception in their home in Gunnison. There were one hundred invited guests, including four Bishops, and a big supper was served to all, as was the custom.

"The next day we went to Fayette and lived with my husband's folks for nearly a year. Our first son, Alma Owen, was born in an upstairs bedroom of their home, 1 May 1902, both grandmothers being in attendance, my mother Else as midwife and Alma's mother Eliza to care for our needs. We moved from there to a Mellor house, where our second son, Edgar, was born 20 Aug. 1903. Then we bought and remodeled the Brown house in Fayette and here our next two sons were born, Byard 2 Mar. 1905 and Clifton 24 Nov. 1906.

"In June 1907, when Clifton was just past six months old, we bought a beautiful new red brick home in Gunnison from Lafe Bown - and here we

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Big red brick home in Gunnison purchased by Alma Spring 1907. In front, left to right: Byard, Elsa, baby Clifton, Edgar, A. Owen and Alma.

settled." Sorrow caught up with Elsie's and Alma's family when on 18 Dec. 1909 their beautiful little son, Byard, passed away. He lacked less than three months of being five years old. Byard had never had a strong heart and though everything they could do had been done for him, he did not survive. Elsie and her mother were alone with the child when death came for him; Alma was on the desert with the sheep. (A more detailed account of Byard's death is given earlier in the book.)

Two daughters were born to Elsie and Alma in the new red brick home in Gunnison; Edith 10 Feb. 1910, less than two months after little Byard's death, and Ella May 10 May 1912. Elsie continues with her history:-- "I have always had great faith in prayer and the Lord has helped me so many times when I have been sick or in trouble. One such incident stands out in my mind. After Ellamae (or Ella May) was born there were many months when I felt poorly. When she was three years old I went to Dr. Olsten in Manti, a specialist in women's diseases. I was told that I had a cancerous condition. I had to visit him three times a week for three months, going from Gunnison to Manti and back for these treatments. (This was the early part of the winter of 1915/16). On these days each week, after I had sent my boys off to school, I started with my two little girls in a one-horse open buggy for Manti. We had mittens, hoods, hot irons at our feet and a lap robe to cover us. One day it began snowing soon after we started so we were well covered with the wet snow when we reached my parents' home in Manti. Father was there to take care of the horse. Mother took the girls and had a hot lunch prepared for us. Then I went for my treatment. When I came into the doctor's office he took me by the shoulders and said, 'Woman, woman; you have the faith to remove mountains! If Mrs. Andersen had half the faith you have, she could get well too.' (Mrs. Andersen was a cousin of mine and was being treated by Dr. Olsten for the same trouble as I - she did not get well). I answered, 'I must get well, I have little ones that need me!' (That was over forty years ago and here I am 81. I have been

made well many times by faith, prayer and works - 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow. . .'"

Troubles sometimes come in pairs or more and this was a very difficult winter for Elsie. Besides her worrisome illness, she and her husband had had a serious misunderstanding. Elsie was a very proud woman and this must have been very difficult for her to bear. Alma continued to stay away with the sheep and Elsie struggled with her problems alone. But she was not of pure blooded Danish extraction for nothing - her determination (some call it stubbornness) knew no bounds. Besides, as she has stated, she had much faith in Prayer. She continues with her own history:-- "We sold our lovely home to my brother Arthur Christensen and took his old home, which had once belonged to brother Chris, in on the deal. Here the children and I moved the latter part of 1915 - Alma was with the sheep.

"On 27 Mar. 1916 the children and I and my brother Lou's family left Gunnison by train headed for Lyman, Wyoming. The night before we all stayed at my sister Emma's, since she only lived about a mile from the depot. We took up a homestead about six miles east of Lyman, Wyoming, rather close to a ranch owned by my brother Chris. Lou also took up homestead land there and my brother Andrew and Chris' daughter Pearl, and later my sister Elvina, making about 2,320 acres in all which we called 'The Oasis'. The children and I worked hard clearing the sagebrush, doing some planting of crops and garden and making the necessary improvements to prove up on our homestead property for two difficult summers. In winters we rented a place in Lyman, Wyoming and moved into town so the children could go to school." A story is told about Elsie when she was living in Lyman. She was herding her cows as they grazed on the ditch bank not far from her home there, taking particular pains to avoid the mud puddles left by a recent storm. Some people drove up to her place in a buggy - she wasn't expecting company. She strained her eyes in their direction and suddenly she recognized that it was her brother Arthur and his wife Millie. In her joy she plowed

right through the mud puddles in her haste to greet them, which she did with hugs and kisses but with wet, muddy shoes and skirt.

At the end of two years of struggle in Wyoming, during which time "firebugs" had threatened to drive them from their homestead, crops had been burned belonging to her brother Chris, her brother Lou's house had been set on fire, and Chris himself had finally lost his life there, Elsie had met the terms of the homestead act and the place was hers. Many a time during that period she had stood with a gun at nights guarding her log house on "The Oasis", and her young sons had stood guard beside her.

Sometime in the interim, or at least by the end of those two desperate years, Elsie and Alma effected a reconciliation. Elsie and the children joined Alma in Ogden, Utah, the spring of 1918 and the family were reunited. They lived in Ogden until the following spring, the children attending school there that winter, and then returned together to Lyman, Wyoming for another year, at the request of the children. Elsie continues her story: "In the spring of 1920 we moved to Goshen, Utah and rented the Robert Boswell farm there. In the four-roomed adobe farm house on this place our third daughter and last child, LaPreal, was born, 8 Feb. 1921.

"Alma and our oldest son, A. Owen, obtained employment at the Tintic Standard Mine carpenter shop in Dividend, Alma first and A. Owen later, and so we moved into the town of Goshen, renting the John Morgan home for a short time and then moving into a larger house there owned by Hazel Done. I became active in the Goshen Ward, enjoying the work very much. For some time I was in the presidency of the Relief Society. I was called to sing in duets and choruses on many occasions, was a class leader in the Relief Society most of my time there and taught the adult class in Sunday School. I loved the people there and in turn had many friends."

"In the spring of 1931 we moved to Payson, Utah, where we had just finished building a new brick house at 369 North 3rd East. (This lovely

home Elsie lived in the rest of her days in Payson.) We had not gotten settled when Mrs. Bona, Relief Society President in our new Payson Ward, called at our home and asked me to be the Literary class teacher for that organization. I held that position for two years and then was asked to be the Theology class leader, which position I accepted and filled for eight or ten years. My health then became poor (she suffered from a heart ailment), and I was released from all responsibility at that time. When I became stronger I taught the Literary lessons for another year. On 4 June 1952 I was set apart as a visiting teacher in the Relief Society by Brother Harold Rasmussen of Payson.

"I joined the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers (D. U. P.) in 1934, Payson Camp 1. I was elected chorister of this organization 19 May 1940, Registrar 19 May 1945 and chosen Parliamentarian in 1948. I was sent as a delegate to the County convention and was elected second vice captain and class leader, which position I held until March 1956. I have also been a Sunday School teacher in the Old Testament department during these Payson years."

Elsie's husband, Alma, was set apart as Bishop of their Payson Fourth Ward 13 Jan. 1952, and served a full two years before being forced to be released because of poor health. Though he was three and a half years younger than Elsie, yet he was more frail and had suffered from ulcers for many years. He passed away in a Payson hospital following surgery, 6 Mar. 1954. After his death Elsie continued to live on in their comfortable home in Payson. Her unmarried son, Edgar, was there with her when he could be and helped support her in all ways - in fact he was wonderful to her! Her oldest son, A. Owen, and family lived right next door and kept an eye on her also, until it became necessary for her to have someone with her much of the time. Finally she went to live with Edith, her oldest daughter, in her home in Provo. Edith, a Ph D in the department of advanced education at Brigham Young University, was of necessity away from home a great deal but she had a girl with her mother when she herself could not be there.

She was a loving, thoughtful and attentive daughter and Elsie seemed happy in her home. She gave her the very best of care.

Elsie loved to travel and her children often included her on trips they took. She recorded an account of some of these travels in her history:-- "I have visited numbers of places with members of my family: Mirror Lake with Edith, Heber and Co., Yellowstone Park with Ellamae and H. D. Krantz (before they were married), Grand Canyon with Edith and her husband, little Helen and Mr. & Mrs. Mark Sabin and daughters - such a happy, congenial group, and the canyon was so beautiful and stupendous I was led to exclaim, 'Lo, what hath God wrought?' Yellowstone Park was also wonderful in its own way, a scenic diadem in the midst of a beautiful, natural mountain landscape with its water fountains, geysers, myriad cascades and waterfalls. All were breathtaking, but the sizzling eruptions of steam and hot water from the geysers were frightening.

"I had a pleasant trip to California one June, again with the Bauers and Heber's brother and mother. We stopped at Lake Tahoe, which had the bluest water I had ever seen; crossed the Sierra Nevadas to Sacramento and ferried from Oakland to San Francisco. The fog here was thick and cold and we had a hard time finding an apartment that night - everything was cold and wet. But the sun was bright next morning and we saw Twin Peaks, the Zoo, Seal Rock, Pasadena, fish wharves, yacht docks, and in the evening visited China Town. We left for Yosemite Park, where the deer were tame as young calves and trees ages old. We visited Palo Alto and Stanford University grounds; saw Herbert Hoover's home and surroundings; had lunch at Mercede; saw 'fire fall' and the feeding of the bears at Old Village; went to Mirror Lake, Happy Isle, Alcapetan, around the loop to the south entrance and saw the giant Redwoods. From here we missed a road sign and had a hot, dusty ride over a cow trail for about fifty miles. We ate lunch at Fresno and spent the night at San Fernando. We went through orange groves and bought seven dozen oranges for 20¢; went to

San Diego and got an apartment and then went over into Mexico (Tijuana and Caliente); then went back to San Diego and through the Exposition there, where we did a bit of shopping. Leaving San Diego we went to Wilmington, then took a boat to Catalina Island and rode in a glass-bottom boat. We visited the Casino, St. Kathrine Hotel, and strolled along the boardwalk, disgusted with the scant attire of men and women. Going back to Wilmington by boat, we started for home. It had been a wonderful and new experience. Heber, Edith, mother Bauer, Heber's cousin Dean Carl Bauer, LaPreal and myself all took the trip in Heber's car and all returned home safely and well."

In April of 1957 Elsie took another trip with her daughter Ellamae and husband (H. D. Krantz) to pick up a grandson, William C. Krantz (Bill) who had just been released after serving a mission for the LDS church. Ellamae writes of this:-- "Mother went with us when we went to Mexico to pick Bill up. The western part of Mexico is rather isolated from the eastern part, being separated by the Sierra Madre mountains. Bill was to be officially released in Monterey and as we had only ten days we decided to drive the shortest road to Monterey - from Mazatlan to Durango. It took from 9 a.m. until midnight and was only 150 miles. It was a narrow dirt road, actually only used by trucks for transporting goods. We switched back and forth to the top of a mountain and then there were more mountains as far as the eye could see." Elsie was just past eighty-two when she took this strenuous trip but she enjoyed it. Her last long trip by automobile was when she went with Edith to spend the Christmas holidays in Texas with Edith's daughter Helen and family, when she was eighty-seven.

In her later years Elsie became interested in genealogy. She took courses in the study of this subject for which she received certificates. She organized and put together a very fine "Book of Remembrance" in which she included a history of herself and Alma, as well as one of each of their seven children. She also wrote histories of both her father and mother and of her Danish grandfather,

Christen Christensen. Genealogy was a subject the church had begun stressing more and more during her later years, and being always anxious to follow the counsels of the church to the best of her ability, she worked at genealogy during the rest of her fruitful years. No one could doubt the love and devotion that Elsie had for the Gospel and the church throughout all the days of her life.

I was fortunate enough to be invited by Edith to Aunt Elsie's eighty-eighth birthday dinner. She had been ill but was feeling much better. A. Owen and Pate were there and Edith's daughter Helen and her young daughter Helen, as well as Edith and myself. When I first came into Edith's home, I stooped to kiss Aunt Elsie and said to her, "Do you know who I am?" "Why of course", she said, "Virginia, I shall always know you. We look so much alike, don't you think?"

Finally it became necessary for Elsie to have more care than Edith was free to give her, so she was placed for a short time in the Eldred Hospital in south Provo, where her children could visit her often. Edith went by plane to Hawaii to meet her son Boyd, who was enroute from a two and a half year mission in Taiwan China. The two had gotten as far as LaPreal's home in California when word reached them of Elsie's death, 28 June 1964. The death was very sudden and unexpected. Edgar had visited their mother the night before at Eldreds and found her in good spirits and in seemingly good health.

Elsie was eighty-nine years three months and twenty-one days old when she passed away, the last of all the Christensens to depart, except two sisters-in-law - Andrew's wife Sarah, who lived to be eighty-nine years seven months and fifteen days and died 23 April 1966 just less than two years after, and Albert's second wife Myrtle, who is still living at this writing.

A fine funeral was held in Payson on July 1, 1964. Burial was in the Payson Cemetery and Elsie was placed there beside Alma. Her six surviving children were in attendance. Among others, cousins Pearl and LaFaun and I met with

the family after all last rites had been spoken. The Payson home, so long a part of Elsie's life, was the scene of the meeting, for it had been kept by the family until this parting. Everywhere I looked I imagined I could see her, as I had seen her there so many times before engaged in her labors of love. I'm sure her spirit was there then, still watching and praying over her children, as she had always done as long as she was able.

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Alma "C" Bartholomew, husband of Elsie, was born 10 Oct. 1878 at Fayette, Sanpete, Utah, the fifth of eleven children born to John Bartholomew and Eliza Roxie Metcalf. Alma was blessed and named by John Mellor, 10 Nov. 1878; baptized by his father, Bishop John Bartholomew, 4 Nov. 1887; confirmed the same day by John Mellor; ordained a Deacon by his father 18 Jan. 1892; ordained a Teacher in the priesthood by John James, 23 Jan. 1898; ordained a Priest by Joseph Bartholomew 10 Feb. 1901; and ordained an Elder by his father, 23 June 1901; all of the above taking place in Fayette. The main part of this history of Alma, which follows, was written by Elsie in her Book of Remembrance.

"Alma was reared in a Bishop's home and taught the gospel by example as well as precept. His father, Bishop John Bartholomew, was very devout and consistant in living his religion - it was 'Come, let us go to our meetings and worship the Lord as all our Father's children should do'. Alma was regular in his attendance at Primary, Sunday School and Sacrament meetings. He was especially grateful to his grandmother Polly Benson (Bartholomew), daughter of Benjamin Benson of early Church history days, who enjoyed so much gathering her grandchildren around her and telling faith-promoting stories about the Prophet Joseph Smith and the trials of the Saints of those early days. She related how she often sat on the Prophet's knee as a little girl and told of the love he had for little children. Alma was so impressed that there came to be no doubt in his mind but that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God. At an early period in his life he

developed an implicit faith in the power of prayer and felt that he knew his Heavenly Father would answer the prayers of those who asked in faith. He said, 'In my childish way I prayed about little things that would have seemed foolish to some but were a joy to me because I felt that I was being heard and my little prayers answered.'

"His father was a farmer and a stockman and did some carpenter work, especially in the winter. As a young man he had had an accident and had his right knee thrown out of place, which proved to be a handicap to him the rest of his life. Alma, being the oldest boy at home much of the time, had most of the responsibility and care of the stock, such as driving them to the range and gathering them in the fall. He learned to know each by name." Alma tells of some incidents which stood out in his memory:-- "In the month of August when I was thirteen, another milch cow was needed so it was decided that I should go to the summer range and get 'Old Spotty' as they were sure she had freshened by that time. The day I was to go, mother was up before daylight to prepare my breakfast and lunch, as it would be a long hard day for me. I was up as soon as I heard mother in the kitchen. Father got Prince, my favorite pony, saddled and a feed of oats for his lunch securely tied to the saddle. Father gave me my instructions and mother kissed me goodby and her last words were, 'God bless and protect you dear.' I was soon merrily on my way and in about two hours was in the canyon where the cattle were. As father had directed, I went to all the water holes - but without success. I stopped at one of the springs long enough to eat lunch and rest my pony and feed him his oats. About four o'clock in the afternoon, as near as I could guess, I had been to every place I thought the cow could be. So I decided I had better start for home if I expected to be there by dark. I traveled two or three miles towards home with a sad feeling, knowing how unhappy mother would be that I had failed. I had a feeling that my Heavenly Father could help me if I would ask him. So I stopped my horse and tied him to a tree and went a little distance down under a pine tree, and prayed for help. As I finished my humble prayer an impression

came to me that if I would go back to Maple Spring I would find Old Spotty there. I had been there earlier in the day and failed to find her, but I mounted my pony again anyway and rode back hurridly about two miles towards Maple Springs. Before I got to the Spring I saw Old Spotty and it seemed she was waiting for me. I started her on the way home and she walked as fast as she could, but it was dark long before we got out of the canyon. Mother came to meet me when she heard me coming and she was so happy for my safe return and accomplishment. When I told her my story she was happier still, for the goodness of the Lord to me.

"In September that same year my younger brother and I went with father into the canyon to get some logs for lumber. It was a long day and almost dark when we got to our destination. But father was well acquainted with the canyon and had a camping place in mind. Wood was plentiful and my brother and I soon had a large pile gathered and we soon got a campfire going, hobbled the horses out and cut some pine boughs to sleep on. After prayers we were soon in bed and fast asleep. About midnight the wind began to blow very hard and father said later that in the midst of his slumbers it was as if some invisible force had raised him up by one arm and told him to move quickly. He grabbed us boys and hustled us some distance then hurridly rolled up our bedding and moved that and the grub box and other camping equipment. It seemed but a moment after everything was out of danger that a huge dry log came crashing down across the pine boughs where we had all been in peaceful slumber. It would have been death for us had we not moved. Father often related this circumstance to show the power of prayer. He never neglected his prayers no matter where he happened to be. We got the logs out and to the mill, had them sawed into lumber and were home by the end of the week, grateful for the preservation of our lives.

"When I was ordained a Deacon I soon became quorum president," wrote Alma. "This gave me an opportunity to become better acquainted with its members. I endeavored to do my duty whatever

the call was. I had many faith promoting experiences in the Aaronic Priesthood. I was ordained an Elder in the Melchizedek Priesthood and not long afterwards, 26 June 1901, I received my endowments in the Manti Temple and was married to Elsie Katherine Christensen by John D. T. McAllister who was then president of that temple.

"We settled in Fayette for several years where our first four sons were born. Father and I farmed together. I sold out my interests there and purchased a new home from Lafe Bown in Gunnison in the spring of 1907. At this time I became interested in the sheep business. This work took me away from home much of the time and I became careless in my church duties. I felt I did not have time to work in the church. Through this carelessness I became indifferent. Before long reverses came."

Alma's subsequent separation from his family has been mentioned in Elsie's history. Alma was working for the Lindsey Land and Livestock Company in southern Utah during this time. He gave up the sheep business to rejoin his family in the spring of 1918. They settled in Goshen the spring of 1920 and Alma farmed there for a couple of years and then worked for Allen's Market. It was almost like starting from the beginning. Finally he got a job working for the Tintic Standard Mining Co. as "timber shopman". The family continued to live in Goshen until 1931 when they bought a new home in Payson and moved there, having rented for those eleven years in Goshen.

Alma eventually got back to working in the church and moved from one position of trust and responsibility to another. A chronology of his church positions after moving to Goshen follows: - Nov. 1920, called to labor as a local missionary for six months in the Tintic Stake of Zion; 30 Nov. 1931 called as 2nd Asst. to Sunday School Superintendent James Mitchell of the Payson Fourth Ward; 1932-1936 served on Scout committee of the Ward and called to act as its chairman in Nov. 1934; 19 Apr. 1936 set apart as Superintendent of the Payson Fourth Ward Sunday School; 24 Jan. 1937 set apart as first counselor to Bishop George A.

Francom by Apostle John A. Widtsoe, and also became a High Priest in the Nebo Stake with supervisory duties over the Stake Sunday School, YMMIA and Aaronic Priesthood; 13 Apr. 1939 called to serve as Stake Sunday School Superintendent; 28 May 1939 set apart as a member of the Nebo Stake High Council by Richard R. Lyman; 14 Jan. 1945 set apart as first counselor to Bishop Broadbent of Payson Fourth Ward by Elder Mark E. Peterson and released 5 Dec. 1948; 8 Dec. 1951 called to be Bishop of Payson Fourth Ward and set apart as such 13 Jan. 1952 by Elder Harold B. Lee.

After retiring from working for the mines, Alma engaged in carpenter work and building around Payson. He also raised chickens to some extent. He died 6 Mar. 1954 in the Payson City Hospital following a major operation. He was seventy-five years four months and twenty-four days old at the time. He was buried 9 Mar. 1954 in the Payson City Cemetery, following a beautiful and well attended memorial service in the Payson Fourth Ward chapel.

#### (6) EMMA ELIZA CHRISTENSEN (PETERSON)

Emma was born Sun. 18 July 1877 in the new home in South Mayfield recently acquired by her parents, Laurs M. C. and Else K. Christensen, following their leaving of the United Order experiment on Mayfield's north side. She was the seventh child and second daughter of the couple, although the sixth producing branch of their family tree. When she was nearing two years of age her mother went to Salt Lake City for six weeks to study medicine, leaving her in charge of her father and a Sister Anderson who came into the home to assist with the household and the six children.

Just about the time Emma turned three the family moved back to Gunnison where they had lived before Emma was born. This time they settled in a little adobe home in east Gunnison belonging to Emma's Uncle, Lars Myrup, but they spent the next several summers living in

Christenburg, a small farming community midway between Mayfield and Gunnison, where the father leased a farm from Julius Christensen (no relation). In the meantime her father bought a place of his own in northwest Gunnison on which stood an old two-roomed adobe house, and here the family took up their residence in winters for a while - the family now numbering seven living children and the parents. In time a new rock house was built on their property very near to the old house and both houses were used by the family for a time. The old two-roomed adobe is long since gone but the rock house is still standing (1969) on the corner of Second West and First North in Gunnison.

Emma was blessed 4 Oct. 1877 in Mayfield by Bishop Ole C. Olsen. She was baptized 2 June 1886 in the Sanpitch River some distance from their new rock house in Gunnison, by Peter Petersen and confirmed the next day, Sun. 3 June 1886 in the church near their home, by C. L. Hansen. Emma and all of her older brothers and sisters were re-baptized 1 Apr. 1893, when many of the Saints in Gunnison rededicated their lives and purposes to the Lord.

Emma attended the Gunnison District school which was held not far from her home until she graduated from eighth grade. No High School was then available to her, so she found work in the O. B. Berglund store in Gunnison and worked there for some time. Emma was thirteen when her mother went back to Denmark to see her people in 1890 and she took a big part in helping to keep the home running smoothly the three months her mother was away. In fact, she had been given responsibilities in the home very early since her mother was a medical doctor-nurse in the area and much in demand outside the home.

Emma's parents encouraged her to continue her schooling however, so the winter of 1894/95 she attended the Brigham Young Academy in Provo, where her older sister Elsie and most of her older brothers advanced their educations.

She attended B. Y. A. until she could qualify as a school teacher and then taught in Spring City,

Gunnison, and then in Axtell for two winters (1899-1901). Cousin Lillian J. Peterson remembers that Emma lived at their home in Axtell during those two winters and that the last winter, when she herself was five, Emma took her to school with her. She writes: - "Cousin Emma was my first school teacher and I can remember very well that we walked a mile to school. The first words I wrote she hugged and kissed me right in the school room; it seems like it was just yesterday."

After that Emma taught in Fayette, some six miles north of Gunnison, and likely taught there two years also. It seems that it was during that time that she began to be seriously courted by a young Swede named Charles Peter Peterson of Gunnison. Emma was a very pretty girl with dark hair and dark blue eyes, being the only real dark haired child in the Christensen family. She had rosy cheeks and a natural high coloring to her fair skin. She was rather tall in stature and possessed a sweet, loving, gentle disposition very much like that of her father; yet she was very "outgoing" like her mother and so eager to help and please.

Charles was tall, dark, slender and handsome. He also had a very gentle and understanding nature, although he was quite a tease. He and Emma made a very nice looking couple. Tresia remembers that "Charlie" courted Emma in a fine one-horse rig and brought her boxes of chocolates which she stashed away in her bureau drawer where Tresia and Vena, like little mice, got into them. But Charles had one big drawback which loomed high in Emma's mind. He was not a member of the church and some of his people were even real bitter towards it. But real love conquers all. In time Charles qualified to join the LDS Church and on Wed. 30 Sept. 1903 he took her in his fancy rig to the Manti Temple and they were wed. He was eleven months and two days younger than Emma, being then twenty-five, while she was twenty-six. But for nearly one month every late spring they were of the same age.

Following a wedding party held the night of their wedding, at her parents' home, Charles took Emma to live in the home he had on his Bar CC



Emma and Charles Peterson by their ranch home  
east of Gunnison

ranch, just east of Gunnison. Their son Byron and his wife Mildred have collaborated on a short history of Emma's life and from it we now quote:-- "This was the beginning of a busy and eventful life for Emma, rearing her family and supporting the activities of an ambitious farmer and stockraiser. Emma had three children, Byron, Ada and Imelda, whom she reared to maturity but she lost two little girls who were stillborn between Ada and Imelda. Ada remembers how beautiful the one little sister was as she lay in her box-coffin - like a big doll asleep. Charles buried each of the little stillborn babies on their ranch just across the wash from their house.

"While the menfolks and hired hands were busily engaged in the fields and on the range, Emma milked many cows and made and sold pounds of delicious butter. She hauled barrels of good water for drinking and carried hundreds of bucketsful from the creek for washing and other purposes. She raised chickens, turkeys, pigs and geese. Byron says, 'I often remember in my childhood seeing geese, who had waddled way up onto the hill above the house, sailing past the kitchen window as they made a flying landing in the back dooryard.'

"There is always the fond memory of grandpa and grandma Christensen coming to our house. How grandmother enjoyed having mother Emma brush and comb her hair. It was such a beautiful head of waist-length auburn hair and she wore it in braids that were fashioned into a bob on top her head. Sometimes grandmother would ask if we had a 'runty pig', referring of course to a baby pig who wasn't doing so well. Father always seemed to have a 'runty pig' when grandmother desired one. She seemed to have a special talent and pride in getting these little pigs all plumped up and doing fine in scarcely no time at all.

"Aunt Elvena was a very kind and helpful sister in Emma's home during her child rearing years, helping to both care for and 'spoil' Emma's children, or so Emma said. In later years, after Vena was married, Emma was able to return the favors - somewhat. Vena's second child, Alta,

was born at the Peterson home and when the third child, Tresia, was born in the farm house on the Albert Christensen farm west of Gunnison where Vena and George were living, Emma took care of little Alta at her home.

"Often, during her leisure hours, Emma would hitch the horse to the buggy and, taking the children along, go to visit Vena at the Gunnison ranch, or Arthur and Millie, Louis and Florence, Chris and Caroline, or Elsie and Alma, in Gunnison and even grandpa and grandma in Manti.

"In 1918 Charles and Emma bought their first car which was known as the 'Big 4 Overland'. One day enroute to Manti to visit grandfather and grandmother Christensen, Charles managed to get the car up to the speed of twenty miles per hour. Emma became quite alarmed and was sure he was driving 'too fast'.

"Emma cooked for many hired hands over the years, due to the customs of the day and the various periods of harvesting of the crops, threshing, etc. Some of this help even came from foreign countries and the isles of the sea. Each of these workers became somewhat attached to the family and enjoyed the friendly hospitality of the Peterson home.

"Emma's home was truly a gathering place for relatives and friends also. Whenever company came there was feasting, music and singing, games of all sorts and lots of good old fashioned fun. One night Emma bedded down thirty-eight relatives in her home. There is no guarantee just how many slept but each had a place to lay his or her head. Byron says, 'I can remember five cousins sleeping in one bed, three along the top and two across the bottom. It is just such times as these that are the most pleasant of all to remember and keep in our chest of precious memories. I recall mother insisting on the cousins performing when they came to the home. We would always have a program when our talented cousins came. Aunt Millie's twins could play the piano and sing; Uncle Andrew's Edythe, Aunt Elsie's Edith and Ellamae, Uncle Albert's Virginia and Elaine, and Uncle Lou's LaFaun, Rose, Alice and Marjorie could all make

the air ring with sweet music. Mother loved music and could play and sing a bit herself.'

"Emma was born with that rare gift of being a peacemaker. There wasn't much room for family squabbles and misunderstandings as far as she was concerned. Also, she had a very affectionate and emotional nature. Her eyes would often overflow with tears of pure joy and appreciation and yet she would react the same way in her moments of sadness. She and Charles were true examples of pure love and devotion to each other and to their children. These same choice virtues she displayed equally with regard to her beloved father and mother, as well as to her brothers and sisters and all others who availed themselves of her generosity. She was so charitable and sensitive to the needs of others. And she had a way with people - truly she was an influence for good among her fellowmen.

"Once Uncle Ben Peterson, Charles' brother, came to live in their home for a few months. He had acquired the cigarette habit, which of course was very distasteful to Emma and Charles and their family. With tact and being able to say just the right things at the right time, however, Emma was influential in giving him the courage and determination to 'shake' the dirty habit. He was most grateful and many were the times in the years which followed that he sincerely thanked her for this kindness to him.

"Uncle Joseph liked to drop by often on his way to and from his farm and partake of the proffered refreshments. And mischievous Uncle Lou, who delighted in teasing, would come in and help himself to any sweetmeats or delicacies that were available, whether Emma was at home or not. At her return from the garden or field he would pretend to be extra hungry and when she would go to serve him a piece of pie or what-not, she would find to her amazement that her 'cupboard was bare', so to speak, since Lou had already devoured the 'treat' ahead of time. Her brother Louis would have his little joke !

"Passers-by and even hoboes dropped in many times at her gate requesting 'hand outs'.

Some said her's was a 'marked place'. She asked a hobo who called one day if this was so and how her place was 'marked'. 'This', he said, 'I cannot reveal - but it is true'.

"Emma was not only kind to people and even strangers but she was kind to animals. She became very attached to the cows, pigs and horses on their ranch. At one time her brother Albert was in need of a good milch cow for the foreman of his Gunnison ranch and asked Charles to sell him one. Charles consented. When the foreman came to take 'old Bossy' away, Emma was in tears. And she wept for quite a while afterwards, as if she really loved that old cow. She was very tender hearted when it came to their animals. The animals on the farm seemed to reciprocate.

"Emma was active in all of the auxiliaries of the church at one time or another, being most prominent in the MIA. In the YLMIA organization she served as a counselor in the Ward and later as president. She was a Relief Society teacher and then served as first counselor to the ward Relief Society president, Mrs. Hyrum Fredrickson, and later as second counselor to President Lena Madsen in the same organization. Before such occasions as Thanksgivings, Christmases, after bazaars, etc., it became her duty and privilege to take her horse and buggy and help deliver the gifts of food and kind remembrances to the worthy families of her particular ward. Many have testified that she was indeed a virtuous and noble woman. This was indeed a great heritage to leave to her children and grandchildren.

"Mainly she lived a life of joy and happiness and her labors were labors of love. She made it a point to go with her family for at least two visits to Wyoming while Aunt Elsie, Uncle Lou, Aunt Vena and families and some of Uncle Chris' family lived on the ranch at 'The Oasis'. Later, when Elsie and Vena and families moved to Goshen, Emma made numerous visits to them there. She spoke in most endearing terms of her brothers and sisters and loved ones - it was always 'dear sister Elsie or Vena; dear brother Chris, Andrew, Joseph, Albert, Louis or Arthur; dear father, dear mother,

or dear cousin this or that. One had only to know her to love her."

Byron says, "One of mother's happiest Christmases was when she awoke on Christmas morning to find nothing in her stocking except a can each of corn, peas and beans. Her disappointment was more than she could bear and she burst into tears. Dad quietly slipped out of the room and up the stairs and with some assistance carried down and presented to her Santa's real gifts - the most beautiful carpet and set of dishes she had ever owned. Tears mingled with cries of joy and laughter brought a very dramatic climax to her Christmas that year."

"Emma was normally slender but she developed a diabetic condition and became rather heavy in middle age. She was a striking woman, however, with her dark heavy hair, rosy cheeks and high coloring. She had a rather low-pitched speaking voice which seemed to caress as it spoke. She had a gentle, humble, sweet way about her and was very tolerant and patient, and in this she was much like her father, but she was much like her mother in her love for humanity and the living things of the earth. She was most devoted to family, friends, the less fortunate and the church - and to her Heavenly Father.

"In 1926 she took into her home the two motherless children of Lindon H. Johnson, Dale and Ramona. She promised to care for them for a period of two weeks, but became so attached to them she asked to be allowed to keep them a whole year. At a later date these two children became her grandchildren by adoption when her oldest daughter Ada became the second wife of Mr. Johnson. But Emma did not live to see or know this - nor did she live to see any of her very own grandchildren."

Imelda, Emma's youngest child, writes of her: "Mother must have been a wonderful teacher. I remember so many of her early students, when they were older, telling of what an outstanding teacher she had been to them. She was also a great Relief Society worker. After the horse-and-

buggy days, when we children were older, we often took her to her meetings in the car and waited to drive her home. She never did learn to drive the car. I can also remember how often we had Sunday guests and Conference visitors. My, the crowds were always with us. Wish I knew how to handle guests with the grace and efficiency mother did. Those were great years! Now we seem to have so many more conveniences but our lives aren't as abundant. Mother had few of the things we think of as necessities and take for granted now, but her life was rich and abundant in the joy of service, love and friendship - in the real values of life."

Byron and Mildred continue: "On her fiftieth birthday, 8 July 1927, electricity was turned on in Emma's home for the first time. Before that they had used candles, kerosene or oil lamps for lighting. Emma was only privileged to enjoy this luxury for the short period of about two months. During her later years the city water was piped to her kitchen from town, a mile away, and she had running water in the house for the first time.

"In August of 1927 their daughter Ada and Mr. Lindon Johnson, who were then keeping company, suggested that Emma and Charles share a ten-day vacation trip with them to the colorful canyons of southern Utah. They had a wonderful trip together. But on their return, Emma didn't feel so well and she grew rapidly worse. In spite of all the special nursing and loving care that was showered upon her, it became evident that she could not survive this last diabetic illness. She passed away at her home on the ranch east of Gunnison, 4 Sept. 1927." It was autumn, her favorite season of the year. She was buried 7 Sept. 1927 in the Gunnison cemetery following a well attended, beautiful funeral service worthy of such a lovely lady.

Ada, gentle and sympathetic in nature like Emma, was at her mother's bedside almost constantly during this serious and final illness. She clung with her not to leave them. Ada has operated rest homes for elderly ladies for many years now, and in speaking of this she says she never helps an old lady to her rest at nights without thinking of her

own darling mother, during her last days; then her heart swells with love for all the "mothers of others" in her care and makes her work a labor of joy and dedication to the memory of her own precious mother whom she loved so dearly.

\* \* \* \* \*

Charles Peter Peterson, husband of Emma Eliza Christensen, was born in Brunflo, Sweden, 10 June 1878, a son of Marten Gronvell Peterson and Barbru (Barbara) Pahlson Peterson.

Charles left Sweden for the United States 2 Aug. 1879, when he was about fourteen months old, in company with his parents, Marten and Barbara Peterson, two half brothers, John and Peter (sons of his father by a former marriage), a sister Marta and a brother Paules; Charles of course being the youngest. They settled in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah among other Scandinavians, some of whom they may have known. They were not members of the L.D.S. Church but came to Zion to better their living conditions.

Charles' father was a shoemaker by trade and the 1880 census taken in Gunnison the summer of that year bears this out. It lists the family as follows: "Marten Peterson, age 45, male, married, occupation shoemaker, born in Sweden; Barbara Peterson, age 33, female, married, keeping house, born in Sweden; Peter, age 18, male, single, son of Marten, works on farm, born in Sweden; John, age 16, male, single, son of Marten, apprentice (likely to his father) born in Sweden; Marta age 6, female, single, daughter of Marten, born in Sweden; Paulus age 4, male, single, son of Marten, born in Sweden; Charles Peter age 2, male, single, son of Marten, born in Sweden."

Five other sons were born to this Peterson family after they moved to Gunnison. They were a thrifty, energetic group. The oldest son, Peter, became a shoemaker, like his father; two of the other boys became farmers, and the rest were businessmen of some sort. John at one time was Mayor of Gunnison.

Charles attended the public schools of Gunnison and graduated from the eighth grade. He had decided to attend B. Y. A. in Provo, when he was offered a job he felt he could not afford to turn down. Imelda writes of this: "A Mr. Bown offered Daddy a high salary if he would take over some of his herds of sheep; in fact, the price was above average and too attractive for those days and he went on the job. We often felt like scolding Mr. Bown when we were older, for our Daddy would have been a real mathematics major - or so we thought. He was always measuring hay and could tell measurements of size, weight and acreage, etc., so easily, although his book learning was so little."

Charles must have done all right with Mr. Bown's sheep, for before he was twenty-five years old he had a large farm with a nice two-story house on it, some stock and equipment and a fine driving horse and rig of his own, all paid for. He was prepared to take a wife and ready and able to support a family. But he was having a little difficulty in this respect, for the girl he had chosen had made some rather stringent demands of him, before she would become his bride.

It seems that none of Charles' people were members of the L. D. S. Church - nor was he. The girl he had his eyes on, Emma Christensen, refused to marry him unless he could take her to the L. D. S. Temple for the ceremony. This must have seemed difficult for a young man of his age, but he set about to try to qualify himself to become a member of the church in which she was affiliated. He succeeded, however, and was baptized into the L. D. S. Church 30 May 1903, just eleven days prior to his twenty-fifth birthday.

Charles courted Emma in his one seated rig drawn by his fine horse, and it was in this outfit that he took her to the beautiful Manti Temple, 30 Sept. 1903, to be married, thus fulfilling their dream of several years. He took her home to live on his ranch about one mile east of Gunnison and it was here she lived the remainder of her days, and here that each of their three children, one son and two daughters, were born. It was here also that two little stillborn daughters came to them and

Charles made little box coffins for each and buried each in turn himself across the wash from the house on their own place.

The ranch itself supported the family very nicely with the cows, chickens, ducks and other barnyard animals they raised there. Charles fed lots of stock, including as many as fifty pigs at a time. Byron tells that when he used to get angry at his father he would go down to the pigpen and threw rocks at the pigs to make them squeal. Nevertheless, the son Byron learned to be a big help to Charles on the ranch, and as he grew to manhood worked side by side with his father.

Charles was very good to Emma's parents - he couldn't do too much for them. He often gave Laurs employment on his ranch and paid him well. Else liked to help thin beets and harvest potatoes for him, and when she did he paid her too. Often he gave them a "runty pig", a lamb, a cow or a few laying hens. They were always more than welcome at his home and he at theirs, for he was more like a son to them than a son-in-law.

Following the death of his beloved wife Emma, 4 Sept. 1927, Charles and his three children got along by themselves until Ada was married and moved away. Then on 31 Dec. 1929 Charles married a Danish widow, Minda Peterson of Redmond, who had several children of her own. She stayed on in Redmond and Charles lived there with her but continued to help Byron operate the ranch and spent lots of time with him and Imelda.

The middle of March 1930 Charles sent Byron on a mission to South Africa and had Emma's niece, Vera Clark, come to be company for Imelda. Vera writes:-- "I had been staying at Uncle Charles' with Imelda that summer of 1930, so I stayed right on that winter and took my 7th grade work in Gunnison. I have fond memories of that year. Byron was on his mission and Ada lived in Delta. We visited Ada and family several times during the year. Uncle Charles was so good to me!"

After several years Charles' wife, Minda, was stricken with brain cancer and rushed to a Salt Lake hospital for treatment. Charles took

his turn with her children watching by her bed of suffering but she soon died and he returned to live at his ranch home.

He was a fine gentleman and very good to everyone, especially Emma's sister Vena and her large family. How often I remember Charles and Byron driving up in his large truck to a Christensen family reunion, with a number of George's and Vena's children aboard. They would come from Gunnison around by way of Goshen or Santaquin to bring them. Charles was so pleasant and jovial and always took part in the games and other activities at these reunions with seeming relish. He was usually among the first to arrive and the last to leave, bringing a spirit of good will and brotherhood along with him. I remember him as slender, tall, dark, good looking and oh so friendly. He did not push himself forward but was always there to do his part and more. He had excellent health, was a hard worker, honest and clean living, and had a ruddy glow about him that one could not help but admire.

From the time of his baptism Charles was consistant and faithful in his efforts in behalf of the church, in spite of the fact that some of his own people were downright bitter towards that organization and made things uncomfortable, if not difficult for him. Among other responsibilities, he served as Counselor in the M. I. A., an officer in the Seventies Quorum, and a member of the Hamilton Ward bishopric in Gunnison for many years. Soon after Byron returned from his mission, having no more sons to send, he sent his daughter Imelda on a Canadian mission, June 1934. He held the office of High Priest in his later years. No one could question his love for the gospel and the church. Cousin Florence C. Hougaard remembers speaking to him in the Manti Temple on one occasion, at which time Charles remarked to her that his life since he had become active in the church was like "Heaven on earth."

When Byron married in 1936 and brought his wife Mildred home to the ranch house to live, Charles stayed on as a most welcome part of the family. Though he had his own room upstairs and



Ada, Byron and baby Imelda Peterson



Twenty five years  
in a wheelchair,  
yet Byron can still  
smile and tell a  
good family joke.

could come and go at will, he chose to enter into the family's activities. As the grandchildren came along they learned to adore him. Byron's oldest, Barta, tells of how thrilled she was to dance with her grandfather at a Relief Society bazaar one time when she was about seven. Charles loved to dance and was considered to be an excellent dancer.

On 14 May 1945 Charles married Mrs. Lydia Adair and moved out of the ranch house for the first time since he had brought his bride Emma there to live some forty-one and a half years before. He and Byron continued to operate the ranch together and have most of their other activities together as well. About four months later, however, Byron was stricken with polio and rushed to the General Hospital in Salt Lake City for treatment. He would never walk again!

Charles looked after Mildred and her five little ones, including a two months old baby, and kept in close touch with Byron in the hospital as well. On 8 Oct. 1945, three weeks after Byron was stricken, Mildred had invited Charles and Lydia to come to the ranch for supper. But Charles never got there. Right after a good lunch that noon, one of his calves got loose and he took off after it. Without warning he was stricken with a heart attack. He died with his boots on enroute to the hospital.

Of all the times when it seemed that Charles was needed most on earth, this was the time. But he was called to serve elsewhere and others were left to solve the earthly problems. His two daughters, Ada and Imelda, came to help with burial arrangements. It was six days after his death before this took place, 14 Oct. 1945. He was laid away beside his beloved wife Emma in the Gunnison Cemetery. A copy of the remarks given at his funeral service was made and sent to Byron in the Salt Lake hospital.

## (7) LOUIS "D" CHRISTENSEN

Louis, or "Lou", eighth child, fifth son and seventh producing branch of the Laurs and Else K. Christensen family, was born 20 Mar. 1880 in Mayfield, Sanpete, Utah. He was christened Lars Peter Christensen 1 June 1880 by Bishop Ole C. Olsen of Mayfield. Soon the name Lars was changed to Louis and in early manhood the middle name Peter was discarded in favor of the initial "D". For a time Louis also changed the ending of his surname from sen to son, as some of his older brothers had done, but he eventually went back to the original Danish spelling of Christensen, which all of his descendants now use.

When Louis was but a few months old his father sold the home in South Mayfield and moved his family into east Gunnison where they lived for a time in a small adobe house owned by his brother-in-law, Lars Myrup. Then his father purchased a large lot in northwest Gunnison, on which stood a small adobe house of two rooms, and into this the family of nine moved and lived in winters so that the older children could attend school. In summers for the next four or five years, however, the family lived mostly on a farm in north Christenburg, midway between Mayfield and Gunnison, which their father had leased from a well-to-do land and stock owner by the name of Julius H. Christensen (no relation). It was here on this farm, with lots of room to roam, that young Louis spent many of his early days. It was while living here on the farm in Christenburg, when he was just under five years old, that he suffered the severe injury to the four fingers of his right hand, which were so badly burned to the knuckles that they could not be saved. It was only through the faith and prayers of members of his family and the never-ending work and care of his doctor-nurse mother, Else K., that the hand proper was preserved. Even then this seemed like a miracle. More details have been given about this accident earlier in the book. Though knobs finally grew on the stumps of his maimed hand, where the fingers had been, and though Louis later learned to use this

crippled right hand with great dexterity, it is understandable that this must have been a source of embarrassment and concern to the youngster when he was ready to enter school.

A new rock house was soon erected near the old adobe one on the family lot in northwest Gunnison and into this the family had settled themselves by the time Louis was ready for school. He finished the eighth grade in the public schools of Gunnison but it is doubtful that he continued his formal education beyond that. At one time he jokingly told his children that his folks managed to get him up to Provo, hoping to enroll him at B. Y. A., but that he climbed through an upstairs window of their living quarters into a tree and got away -- Louis was a great joker! Yet it was true he got no college education.

He was baptized in the Sanpitch River, some distance from their home in Gunnison, 1 Aug. 1888, by Bishop A. C. Madsen and confirmed next day in church, 2 Aug. 1888, by Thomas Wasden. He was ordained a Deacon 7 May 1893, according to the early Gunnison Ward records. Louis loved music and he had a rich, deep voice. He and his younger brother Arthur used to sing in the ward choir, according to their foster sister, Tresia.

Louis grew to be the tallest and largest of the Christensen family, which was made up of good sized people, both men and women. A great lot of Danish soup and dumplings must have gone into his making. He inherited a beautiful head of blonde, curly hair. He was husky, strong and vigorous in his youth and full of fun. He loved to play pranks in which he often involved his younger brother Arthur. When Arthur began courting, these jokes and pranks proved to be most annoying to his sweetheart, Millie, who was pretty sure Lou was leading Arthur "astray". Their youngest sister, Elvena, was often the victim of these pranks and jokes, being so utterly without guile and trusting like she was.

When the Spanish blew up the Maine and the Spanish-American War was declared in early 1898, a number of young men from Gunnison volunteered

at the first call for troops in Battery C, U. V. A., and Louis was among them. The boys were given quite a "send off" as they left Gunnison depot by train in early July. But when Louis reached Salt Lake City he was told that the complement was filled and was sent home. This was a great disappointment to him and he strongly felt that he was rejected because of his maimed hand, although he was a much better shot with a gun than most of his friends and associates. He was always very sensitive about that crippled hand.

There was plenty of work for all at the Christensen place, with chickens, ducks, pigs, cows to milk, horses and a large vegetable garden and lucerne patch, not to mention the 140 acre farm his father bought which had to be cleared of grease-wood, as well as the other land he operated. But as soon as Louis was old enough to be trusted out with the sheep he was given a job by his brother C. I. and worked several years as one of his herders.

Louis was ordained an Elder 3 Feb. 1901 and it was anticipated that he would be soon called to serve a mission for the church. However, on March 6 1901 he took Miss Sarah Florence Mellor to the Manti Temple where they had their endowments and were sealed in marriage for time and eternity. This was on a Wednesday and just two weeks before his twenty-first birthday. Florence, who was from Fayette, was a few months short of her twenty-second birthday. He was large, with curly blond hair and blue eyes. She was dainty and small with dark hair and big brown eyes. Since Florence's mother had been long dead, Laurs and Else held a wedding party at their home in Gunnison the evening of the marriage, at which a fine wedding supper was served.

Louis and Florence went to live in the old Mellor home in Fayette where Florence had lived and cared for her younger sisters and brothers since her mother had passed away before she was fourteen. Three months after they were married, Louis received his expected mission call. He was to serve in the Western States Mission. He was set apart for this 11 June 1901, and left soon



Marriage picture of Louis and Florence



Their four oldest living  
children Lafaun, Lucien,  
Rex and Dale

608a

afterwards to labor in Colorado. However, due to the serious illness of his wife, who was expecting their first child, he was soon called home and given an honorable release in order to help take care of her. Florence began to mend and their little daughter, Florence LaFaun, arrived safely and well, 12 Dec. 1901 in Fayette.

Within a short time Louis had made arrangements to move his family to Gunnison. His brother Arthur, in a letter to his sweetheart Millie, dated 17 Feb. 1902, stated: "Louis bought John Wasden's place so I guess he will be my neighbor now." The John Wasden place was across the road south and a few doors to the east of Laurs' and Else's home in northwest Gunnison, and here is where Louis and his family settled for the next few years. This must have been a wise thing to do since Louis was working for his brother Chris at the time and gone so much with the sheep. His parents could look out for his little family.

Louis worked for several years as a herder for his brother C. I. and was for a time in charge of the sheep grazing territory in Twelve Mile Canyon and surrounding grazing areas. Then in about 1907 he took over operation of a ranch by the Sevier River, west of Gunnison, which his brother Albert had purchased, and moved his family, now enlarged by the addition of two sons, into the poorly equipped farm house that place afforded. Rex was the baby then and rather sickly. Florence had many worries being so far away from a doctor with him.

In the meantime Arthur had married and had gone into the sheep business with Albert and Louis worked for them with the sheep when he was not tied with the ranch, which he managed for a couple of years. He and Arthur took care of the herds on the west desert during the winters.

The first of the year 1909 Louis' parents decided to move to Manti where they could be near the temple. They were also planning a trip back to Old Denmark to see their relatives and search out more of their genealogy. They suggested that Louis buy their home in Gunnison. After having had the sad experience of losing their fourth child,

a baby son Spencer, in May of 1908, Louis and Florence must have been grateful for the opportunity to move into the comfortable rock house in which Louis had grown to manhood, and accepted eagerly. The old Gunnison Ward records list Laurs and Else Christensen's membership as having been transferred from Gunnison to Manti in early February 1909, so it must have been about that time that Louis moved his family into the old home. It was here their next three children were born.

Louis continued to work with Arthur with the sheep, wintering on the west desert and in Twelve Mile Canyon for the summer months. They lambed their sheep on Cedar Mt., east of Salina. It was on Cedar Mt. that Louis was taken seriously ill. Arthur's brother-in-law, Bert Gledhill, tells of this: "I was with Lou on Cedar Mt. when he had a stroke. I rode to Gunnison that night for help and Lou was taken to town. Jake Sorensen from Manti came down with us. If I remember correctly this was in July 1910. Louis had become very heavy and had high blood pressure. He was ill for quite a while after that."

Arthur and Albert turned their sheep into the Bennion Livestock Company later that same summer, and they were driven up into the Weber River area in northeastern Utah, where their brother Chris then had his interests in connection with the Bennion Livestock Company, of which he was co-owner and general manager. Back on his feet again, Louis was given employment by his brother Chris with the same company. December 1913 found him with a herd of sheep near Lyman, Wyoming, which area was to play so great a part in the remainder of his life. He took up 640 acres of homestead land not far from Lyman in January 1915, close to some property owned by his brother Chris. His sister Elsie Bartholomew homesteaded some land near his at the same time, as did his brother Chris' oldest daughter Pearl. Later his brother Andrew and his sister Elvena also took up some land in the same vicinity and the entire acreage owned by the Christensens came to be known by them as "The Oasis".

Louis moved his family from Gunnison to

Wyoming in March of 1916. He then had six living children, the youngest and second daughter, Alice, being less than two years old. His sister Elsie took her five children and moved to Wyoming at the same time. The night before they left Gunnison they all stayed at their sister Emma's, who lived but a mile from the Gunnison depot, from which they all left by train the next morning, 27 Mar. 1916. Both families lived in two rooms of the four-roomed cabin that Chris had built on his place on The Oasis until cabins could be built on their property. This was the first project to be attempted that spring and soon Louis and his family and Elsie and hers were housed in their own log and frame cabins on the Wyoming ranch.

The story of the next few years in Wyoming was like something out of a Western movie mystery and as full of intrigue. Desperados tried to force the Christensens off their land by stealing their stock, burning their crops and setting fire to their homes; during which time the beloved brother Chris became an innocent victim of this range war and died 5 Oct. 1917. The story of those nerve-wracking years has been told in detail in an earlier chapter of this history, titled "Wyoming Interlude". Eventually all of the Christensens sold out their holdings on The Oasis or let them go for taxes, except Louis, who chose to remain in the area and "face the music" as it were. He moved his family into Lyman where, having been deputized at the time of all the trouble on his ranch, he became active in the law enforcement of the region. He bought out the property of his deceased brother Chris on The Oasis and his holdings there then totaled some 882 acres and the four roomed cabin built by Chris, which his family used from time to time. He continued to farm on the ranch, in between his duties as deputy sheriff; it was a good place to keep his boys busy.

Life was not easy for Louis or his family that winter following Chris' death. Rumors about the burning of the crops and the killing and other outrages on the ranch were flying thick and fast. Some people were friendly to the Christensens and some were unfriendly and even suspicious. The

private detective who had been hired to investigate the trouble and came out for six months, with his traps, clamps, guns, saddles and other gear, masquerading as a trapper, was busy at his work and sometimes stirring up more trouble for the Christensens than help, it seemed. Known as Operative #209 this Mr. Davis set up and serviced his traps and then appeared to loiter in saloons, stores, sheep camps, ranches, town dances or any place he could secretly take the pulse of public or private opinion. He operated mainly in the areas of the mostly Mormon community of Lyman and the somewhat anti-Mormon one of Mountain View, some miles apart in Uinta County in the Bridger Basin of Wyoming. He sent in his reports to his superiors weekly, and abstracts from a few of these give an indication of the opinions he was able to glean: (For obvious reasons only initials are used here for most names.)

"Jan. 1, 1918 - Opr. finds that there is a great deal of talk right now about the Christensen burnings. It seems that everybody has the same opinion and one and all connect the name "H" with the burnings. There was an article in the Bridger Valley Enterprize recently giving a list of people who had contributed towards a fund for Mr. Christensen that he might rebuild his home again, and you can be sure none of the "H" gangs names were there, though the petition was said to have been presented to them. . . I rode over from Lyman south to Smith Fork and set up a few traps, then rode over towards Mountain View where Mr. 'H' lives. I stayed overnight at the ranch of a Mr. 'R' who referred to the Christensen fires and said that 'The Black Hand' had burned Mr. Christensen's house twice and caused the shooting of Mr. Christensen's brother. He seemed to think it was an outrage and about time the authorities were doing something about it. I asked him if he had any idea who would do such a dastardly trick. He said no one seemed to know positively but that the Christensens had taken up a good deal of government land formerly used by Mr. 'H' as a lambing ground and that a great many people in the county were of the opinion that 'H' is the man who is responsible for the fires. . . All the interviews I have had with

people here so far, they all seem to think very well of Mr. Christensen but hold a contrary opinion of Mr. 'H'. People say that 'H' has a fine wife but that he is a regular would-be outlaw, that he carries a gun with him continually, and that his boy is as tough as he is. Taking everything into consideration, Opr. is firmly of the opinion that Mr. 'H' is the brains of a pretty bad gang here and everything would indicate that this gang did the Christensen burnings."

Operative was anxious to get closer to that "H" gang but made no headway until he hit upon a certain plan. It had been reported to him that Mr. "H" had been circulating the rumor that Opr. was a German spy. The general talk was that it was very necessary to be on the lookout for spies, for it would be easy for anyone to go up in the mountains and put poison in the creeks which would in turn poison all the stock and people. Following his new plan, in a conspiracy with the Uinta County officials, Opr. #209 had himself arrested as a suspected spy and was taken into custody by Deputy Sheriff L. D. Christensen. The Bridger Valley Enterprize carried the news under the heading "Arrested as a German Spy Suspect" and it read thus: "On complaint of Mayor C. G. Youngberg of Lyman District Attorney Matthews authorized the arrest of R. L. Davis as a possible German spy. Davis entered the Bridger Valley a few weeks ago as a trapper, but his actions and pro-German statements made Lyman and Mountain View residents suspect him of being an undesirable character. Sunday night the County officers went to Davis' cabin and searched it but aside from finding five revolvers of the best make and 1500 rounds of ammunition, no incriminating evidence was found. He was arrested on Monday morning and taken as a prisoner to Evanston and turned over to the Federal authorities for further investigation, which may result in his being interned for the duration of the war at one of the prison camps."

Of course Opr. was soon released and went right away to Mountain View, telling all he met there what a "dirty deal" he had been dealt by Christensen and the people of Lyman. His plan

worked beautifully, for soon most of the "H" gang warmed up to him and even went so far as to invite him to pull his traps in the Lyman and Smith Fork areas and put them around the "H" herds, which he did. Although Mr. 'H' himself was very wary, his son soon accepted Opr. as a close associate and soon these two were spending much time together at the sheep camp where the younger 'H' seemed to be "hiding out". Here Opr., from time to time, was able to observe at close hand many little things that led him to believe that the right gang was suspected. For example, there was the time that he accidentally ran across the 'H' son and his camp tender skating up the canal to opposite the Christensen place, and when he asked them why, they laughed and said they were going to trap muskrats there - "the big kind!" Opr. figured if he hung around there it would just be a matter of time until conclusive evidence could be secured or until some other crimes were attempted.

Then there were the inflammatory statements that the 'H' son made, such as: "If I ever shoot at Christensen at fifty yards it won't be through his coat but through his body. . . If Christensen ever does find out who burned his place, I'm going to him with two six-shooters and hold one on him while I hit him on the head with the other, and if he moves I will plug him. . . Besides, Christensen comes out every few days with a new story, sometimes accusing the cattlemen, then me, then somebody else. . . They haven't got proof that I done the burning and cannot convict me of it. If they arrest me they had better convict me, for if they don't Dad will break Christensen". The 'H' son also said from time to time that he believed L. D. Christensen set the fires himself and he told various stories about where he was the nights of the burnings but none of them jibed. He also said that his father was waiting until some of the homesteaders round about got starved out or disgusted with homesteading and then he'd buy them out cheap.

In his report at the end of February, Opr. #209 included these statements: ". . . The people around Lyman have made some open remarks to the effect that if the guilty parties are arrested

they should be lynched; and Opr. is of the opinion that all of this is not idle talk and for that reason suggests that proper care be taken in making arrests. Opr. is also of the opinion that if the arrests are made, the younger 'H' will break down under some rapid questioning."

On Mar. 5th, after some careful arranging, Mr. "H", his son, his camp tender and Opr. #209 were arrested and taken by train from Carter to Evanston where they were lodged in the county jail. The next day Opr. was released and went on with his work, while the other three were kept until the 10th and then let out on bail. Mr. 'H' said at the time that he didn't think the authorities had anything definite enough on him to be a serious threat, but let them try to convict him he had plenty of money to protect himself with. But he was careful enough to watch his Ps and Qs for awhile, for he knew his every move was being watched somehow.

So the Christensen case stood while the investigation went on into April and May. And though the general feeling towards the 'H' gang seemed to be getting worse all the time, new conflicting rumors appeared that seemed to point in another direction. For example, it now seemed that the case might be bigger than ever and the work of a Mr. "K" and a Mr. "M" and others of their associates who, it was whispered, had planned to get Mr. "H" in bad and in this way force him to sell out to Mr. "K". Thus, if they could get Mr. "H" and his crowd out of the country they would then finish Christensen and his relatives by fire and force them out also. Then the range would be open for them all the way to Lyman, and if Mr. "K" bought out the "H" home ranch it would make a good pen ground for their cattle and in that way there would be nothing to prevent them ranging where they would, with pens on either end for feeding. It sounded plausible.

A criminal lawyer came out from Salt Lake City and took testimony after testimony under oath, with the assistance of Operative #209. But as has been told in a former chapter, the case never came to trial, the investigator was dismissed and the affair finally dropped. Perhaps none were more

relieved to have this episode in their lives die a natural death at last than the Christensens.

Louis was elected Uinta County Sheriff beginning with the election of Nov. 1918, for four two-year terms. He moved his family of ten into the "sheriff's house" in Evanston, Wyoming. He failed to serve his fourth term as county sheriff however, as he was appointed Wyoming State Commissioner of Law Enforcement by Gov. Nellie Taylor Ross, first woman governor in the United States in the early part of 1925. So he moved his family to Cheyenne, Wyoming, which was the State Capitol, and had his office suite in the capitol building there.

The Christensen family lived in Cheyenne for two years and then returned to live in a nice home in Evanston, Wyoming and Louis continued to serve in law enforcement on a city level. He served in law enforcement in Wyoming at some level or another for nearly thirty years. He was a valuable man in that field. Many criminals crossed his path during those years. His daughter Rose, telling of this, writes: "'Louis was a big man' his Bishop said of Dad, 'with a heart to match', and I agree. Bishop Rawlins also said of father, 'There was no one more persistent in tracking down and bringing criminals to justice; yet no one kinder to those he had captured'; and with this I also agree."

Oil was being found in the area about this time and Louis decided he would look for oil on his ranch. A rig was set up and men started to drill on the place. His son Weldon tells of an incident that happened during the drilling: "I guess one of the most exciting things that ever happened to me was the time the big steam boiler blew up on our ranch six miles east of Lyman. Some oil people were drilling for oil on our place. This particular day some drillers were trying to pull some casing or pipe out of the hole they were drilling. After trying and trying, without success, they decided to dynamite it out by sending a homemade bomb on the end of a cable a thousand or so feet down into the hole in hopes of breaking the casing in two and loosing the pipe. The cable was attached to the end of the steam boiler. Several tries were made to



Louise and  
Florence  
in middle age



Louise and his  
brother Albert in  
Lyman, Wyoming

pull the pipe up with this method, sending down the bombs and then trying another pull on the casing with the rig and steam machine. The bombs were lit on top of the ground and then some of the men had to hold the pipe very steady with pipe wrenches while others screwed the top on the bomb to make it water-tight. There were eight sticks of dynamite in each of these bombs, and as each one would hit the bottom and go off it would send up water and cable into the air for many feet. During this dangerous work the drillers were trying to get more steam out of the old boiler so it could pull harder, although it already showed 180 lbs. on the guage.

"Dad and I, who had been watching this operation, decided to go down to the lower ranch to get a small load of hay. The drillers were still trying for more steam when we returned. We tied our team up near the barn and walked over to the steam boiler to try and get our hands and feet warm, as it was mid-winter and terribly cold. Dad went into the little 'doghouse' first, took off his overboots and put his feet up to warm them. He was sitting on a couple of barrels of new oil that were parked in front of the boiler. He called to me, 'Come on in - it's nice and warm in here'. I don't know why, but I had stopped just outside the 'doghouse' door and when Dad called to me, all of a sudden I had a very clear warning or impression that we were to get out of there fast. I yelled back to Dad, 'Come back out and let's go quick!' He looked at me a second and said, 'OK son, let's go then'. He didn't even put his shoes back on - just picked them up, came out and walked quickly with me to the oil rig in his stocking feet. As we entered the rig-house the driller laughed at him and asked him why the such-and-such he was running around in his stocking feet. Dad answered that he believed in 'hunches' and when he had seen the look on my face as I yelled at him to get out of the 'doghouse', he had a hunch he better do as I asked. Well, just then my brother Rex and the two other drillers came into the rig-house from outside the rigs, making it so that all six of us were then in the rig-house which was built of planks and heavy tin. It was a

good thing that we were all in there because just then the steam boiler blew up, completely destroying the 'doghouse', partially blowing out the walls of the offside of the rig-house and shooting steam and hot water in all directions. The tin part of the rig-house had protected us from the steam and hot water and from most of the explosion, and later we were able to crawl out of the break in the rig-house on the lumber side. I have never forgotten the feeling that came as a warning to me that day and we all knew at the time that we had been protected by a heavenly power far beyond our understanding."

LaFaun writes: "Father spent so much money drilling unsuccessfully for oil on his 882 acre ranch that he lost the ranch and also his pretentious home in Lyman. He and the family were forced to move to a modest place in another part of Lyman, which mother tried to make more pleasant by surrounding it with beautiful shrubs and flowers."

Soon their eight children all married and left home, or left home and married, as the case happened to be, and Louis and Florence were left to live modestly in their little home in Lyman. Of the eight, only Weldon chose to spend his married years in Lyman and eventually built a home for his family next door to his parents. The others came home quite often and were always welcomed with open arms, and Louis and Florence went to visit their out-of-town children on occasions.

Florence passed away in Ruth, Nevada, 24 Nov. 1952. She was brought back to Lyman for burial. Left alone, Louis lived by himself in Lyman, with Weldon and his wife next door to sort of look after him when he was there. But he was very lonely and restless and his eyes were giving him trouble, due to a diabetic condition. He was forced to use a cane when he went places, to be more sure of his step. He began to travel quite a bit each month and LaFaun tells of this: "The last few years of father's life he traveled almost continually, first to California to see Rose, then to Nevada to see Alice and Marjorie, then to Salt Lake City to see me, and then on to Nampa, Idaho to see Dale and Ruby, as long as Dale was alive.

Then he would go back to Lyman to pay current bills, then he'd start the travel routine again. I used to drive him from Salt Lake home to Lyman about every other week and clean his house through for him. I always drove up to Lyman and back on Saturdays as I had to be back to Salt Lake for Sunday church commitments and back to work on Monday.

"On Saturday, the last of January 1959, I drove father home to Lyman. When we entered the house the bathroom floor was partially torn up, a strange tie was on the buffet and the quilts I always used to make a bed on the davenport were gone. Father looked in the closet and said his gun was gone too. I was upset and worried. Many convicts had threatened his life over the years. I begged him to come back home with me but he refused, saying he had to pay current utility bills on Monday. Monday night I phoned him from Salt Lake to see if he was alright, as I was so worried for fear someone had been in his house who meant trouble. But father said he was Ok."

Weldon writes: - "Dad had been one of the best sheriffs Evanston or Lyman ever had and his record in Evanston proved it. He destroyed more stills during those bootlegging days than any other law enforcement agent. (We have pictures of stills being destroyed by him.) But you know, there were people calling him up on the phone during his last days. His phone would ring and when he'd answer 'Hello' there would be no answer. I know this to be a fact as I was at his house and close to the phone on two separate occasions when calls came. I have no idea how many calls of this kind Dad had, but it was evident that someone was trying to frighten or confuse him. We wondered if it was some of the people he had arrested over the years who had threatened at the time to 'get him' or 'to get even'. It was a constant worry.

"One night Beth, my wife, and I saw the shadow of someone walking between Dad's house and ours. We could see Dad through his lighted window walking around inside his house and there was the outline of someone walking between our house and his lighted window. Beth and I took out

after this shadow - but it got away through the lilac bushes and over the fence before we could get to it.

"On Feb. 5, 1959, Dad visited with me at my house, as he often did when he was home in Lyman. He seemed the same as usual - very relaxed and calm. He talked to me for a couple of hours then I guess, while I cleaned my day's gathering of eggs. He told me at this time that he had dreamed about mother, his earnestness showing in his face. He seemed a little embarrassed to tell of something so close to his heart. He said that in this dream, or whatever it was, it seemed as though mother was standing in front of him, her feet not touching the floor. He said her being there didn't seem like a dream but a reality and he was so happy to see her that he began crying a little and then said to her: 'Hello Sweetheart'. She answered, 'Hello Lou - I'm going to bring you a present in a little while dear'. He said, 'Oh darling, all I want is you!' At this mother smiled a little and then just faded away. 'I don't know what she meant', said Dad then, 'but it surely seemed good to see her.' Then he looked over at me and said he hoped he hadn't worried or embarrassed me by telling me of this and I told him I was glad he had. Dad then said, 'It's time you fed your chickens for night isn't it?' I looked up at the clock - it was 3:30 p.m. 'Yes, I guess I'd better feed them and then go up and get Beth from work', I said, and then we both left the house, he going towards his house and I out to the coops to feed the chickens. 'Well, I'll see you later dear' he said and I answered, 'Ok, and I'll see you'.

"The next morning, Feb. 6, 1959, I had been to work at the school house (driving bus) and had also taken Beth there to her work. I usually gathered my eggs three times a day to cut down on breakage, so I went out to the coop to gather eggs. As I walked across the floor to the far end of the coop I spotted an egg on the floor. I had stooped over to pick it up when the strangest feeling of foreboding came over me - like the time the boiler blew up on the ranch. I don't know how long I stood there puzzled, knowing something was wrong somewhere, when suddenly I walked out of the coop

without finishing gathering the eggs, set my bucket down and went straight over to Dad's house. I knocked but there was no answer so I stepped inside and called to Dad - but there was still no answer. I went hastily to his bedroom. It was dark there as the blinds were down as usual. I turned on the light and froze stiff. There was my father on his bed - dead. He had been shot and a gun was in his own hand. Finally I gathered my stunned senses together and looked the situation over very carefully without moving from the spot. I started to cry and then got out of there and went to find Beth and then ask some people to call the sheriff at Evanston and also the coroner. They put it down as a suicide but I myself will never believe that it was. I can't prove anything but I just know that it wasn't, without a doubt." After appropriate and beautiful funeral services, Louis was buried beside his beloved wife in the Lyman Cemetery, 9 Feb. 1959.

Their daughter Alice wrote: - "I have had the grandest father, mother, sisters and brothers on earth - just a marvelous home life with them." And their daughter Rose concludes this history by writing: - "From my sentimental, loving Dad I think I might have inherited my love for music. Always I shall remember his rich, deep voice reflecting his moods - to awaken us in the mornings - to entertain us while he sat and chorded his own accompaniment - to rock me to sleep until I was so tall he'd turn sideways to get me through the door while I pretended to be asleep.

"He had a fine sense of humor and keen perception with his love of people. We used to have wonderful discussions on countless subjects and were great friends. He had the air of sweet dignity and old-fashioned courtliness that is seldom seen today. Wherever I've gone, someone has remembered him and gone out of their way to help me because of it. I rented a room in Santa Monica, Calif. at one time from an old woman who, I found out later, was from Rock Springs, Wyoming, and who said Dad had captured the murderer of her grocer-husband - she couldn't do enough for me after she found out who I was. This is typical of

what I mean.

"In spite of his size, my Dad never was ashamed to show and speak of his love for his family. I have many letters I treasure from him in which he speaks of his great love and pride in us all. He was a wonderfully kind and loving father, with a heart that couldn't say 'no' to anyone in need. My girls called him 'Big Grandpa' and were surprised to find that he also knelt to pray; I guess they thought only we smaller people needed the guidance of a higher power."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sarah Florence Mellor (Christensen), wife of Louis "D" Christensen, was born 4 July 1879 in Dover, a very small pioneer Mormon community a short distance west of Fayette, Sanpete, Utah, but no longer in existence. She was the daughter of James Mellor Jr. and Charlotte Elizabeth Dack (Mellor) early Utah Mormon pioneers of English extraction. The Mellor family soon moved from Dover to Fayette and became prominent members of that Mormon community.

Florence attended the public schools available at the time in Fayette, and it is doubtful if she obtained any more formal schooling. But she became well taught in the school of life, for before she was fourteen her mother died and her father, being a polygamist, went to live with his other wife, leaving young Florence in charge of four younger brothers and sisters and with only the minimum of help from him.

Florence soon learned the arts of running a pioneer home with all the intricacies of rug making, soap making, butter making, bread making, candle making, etc. If she often learned the hard way, being without the instruction of her precious mother, yet she learned and became a good cook, a competent seamstress and a fine homemaker. She learned to be frugal and "make ends meet" - there were no other dependable ways of survival in those early days.

Florence was a beautiful girl, rather small of stature, with wavy dark brown hair and big brown

eyes. She was gentle, kind and loving by nature - sympathetic and understanding. She was quiet and soft-spoken and she had almost unending patience. She was very religious, with an abundance of faith, hope and charity that helped mold her into an outstanding wife and mother.

She was courted and won by Louis Christensen, a large, curly-headed handsome fellow of Danish parentage who lived in northwest Gunnison along the main road that then ran from Gunnison to Fayette, about six miles distance. The wedding date was set. Florence and her younger sister made her wedding dress of white "china silk". Florence saved this dress and later used the material to make a "christening robe" for her first daughter, Florence LaFaun. The marriage of Florence and Louis took place in the beautiful Manti Temple, Wed. 6 Mar. 1901. A lovely wedding reception was held for them by the parents of Louis, Laurs and Else K. Christensen, in their home in Gunnison that same evening.

Louis came to make his home in her childhood home in Fayette, but within three months he was called to serve a mission for the church in Colorado, leaving Florence in rather poor health as we have learned. Her condition worsened and though her mother-in-law, Else K., who was a doctor and nurse, did all she could to assist her, it was thought wise to have Louis called home to be with her and help in her care, and to be on hand for the birth of their first child, LaFaun, born 12 Dec. 1901 in the old Mellor home in Fayette.

From Fayette Florence and Louis and child moved to the Wasden home across the road south of Laurs' and Else's in Gunnison, where two other children were born to them, both boys, Lucien and Rex. Else was always on hand to help deliver the new babies and to care for them and the mother. Florence must have felt lost without her kind and efficient mother-in-law nearby when they moved west a mile or so onto a ranch while Rex was still a baby.

Louis was away a lot with the sheep and Rex was sickly and hemorrhaged easily and often.

LaFaun tells that at such times her mother would almost despair, alone in the poorly equipped farm house the ranch afforded, with only the three little ones and no neighbors or help within a mile or more. She would do all that she knew how to do to help the child and then gather the two older children to her and kneel beside the baby's bed and pray earnestly for help from the Heavenly Father. LaFaun says she will never forget those prayers for help, and feels sure that her mother pulled little Rex through with faith and prayers. She can still hear the lullaby her mother sang to him as she sat and rocked and rocked and rocked him in her arms to comfort and soothe him.

Another little boy was born to Florence and Louis and they named him Spencer. But they were not permitted to raise this little one and he passed away within five weeks, 6 May 1908. They then moved back to Gunnison into Louis' childhood home, which his parents vacated in preparation for a trip back to Denmark. In this comfortable rock house three more babies were born, two boys and a girl.

Though Louis was gone with the sheep a great deal, life in the rock house was more pleasant, the church and school were nearby and the older children were getting to be some help. Then Louis took up homestead land near Lyman, Wyoming and decided to move the family there. So bag and baggage they all bid Gunnison farewell and took the train for Wyoming, 27 Mar. 1916, together with Louis' sister Elsie C. Bartholomew and her five children.

Life on the frontiers of Wyoming was not an easy one, especially while living on and developing the ranch to meet homesteading requirements. The first two and a half years were especially difficult ones, since unknown but unscrupulous persons who coveted the range they were taking up tried to run them off their property by burning down their ranch home twice and devious other ways - leaving them in a state of constant upset.

When Louis was elected county sheriff and they moved into Evanston, Wyoming and later when he was appointed State Commissioner of Law Enforcement and they lived in Cheyenne, things

were a little easier. Two more daughters had been added to the family however, making eight living children in all to call Florence mother. When reverses came, sometime after returning to Lyman to live and the family were forced to seek more modest quarters, Florence's flower garden and shrubs brightened their surroundings and their lives and even drew the attention of many flower lovers in the area. LaFaun writes: - "Mother's flowers and gardens proved attractive to many people and particularly to a number from the extension division of the University of Wyoming, as flowers, fruits and shrubs that it was supposedly not possible to grow in Wyoming were grown in her well kept yard.

"She was always an outstanding mother and homemaker. Besides raising her four brothers and sisters she raised eight children of her own and buried one. Her wise budgeting of expenses kept the family on an even keel for many, many years." Though blessed with many talents she made that of homemaking and motherhood her greatest goal in life and it was indeed her glory.

Florence was in rather poor health the last few years of her life. When at last it was too difficult for her to take care of herself, or for Louis to either, she went to be with some of her married daughters, a few months with Rose in Santa Monica, Calif., and then with Marjorie in Ruth, Nevada. It was while in Ruth that she passed away, 24 Nov. 1952.

Gleaned from her funeral card is the following: - "In memory of Sarah Florence Christensen, born July 4th 1879, Dover, Utah; passed away November 31, 1952, Ruth, Nevada. The time and place of services - Mon. Nov. 24, 1952, 2 p. m. Lyman Grade School auditorium. Services conducted by Bishop Merrill B. Asay. Final Resting Place - Lyman Cemetery. Arrangements by - Gilbert Bills Mortuary."

Her daughter Rose wrote: - "I hope that I have inherited some of my mother's outstanding qualities - her spiritual strength and courage; her love for the Gospel and the church, for her children

and family, for flowers and animals. She was kind and sweet to everyone. She spent two months with us before her death and never did she complain about the crippling, painful arthritis she had and the discomfort of the edema which was to take her life. Instead of taking the pain pill the doctor had given her, each night she would ask me to lift the venetian blind on the door so she could see the flowers outside. They were so beautiful to her that they made her forget her pain. She especially enjoyed the moonlit nights. She was one of those 'green thumbers' who could grow anything, and her own yard had always been a showplace for the town. Her mother had died when she was not much more than twelve and her life had been a hard one, but she was never bitter. Her faith and love helped us all. She was always a real friend to me and we enjoyed so many hours together as long as she lived."

#### (8) ARTHUR MARINUS CHRISTENSEN

Arthur (twin) ninth child but eighth producing branch of the Laurs M. C. and Else K. Christensen family, was born about four o'clock a.m. 19 July 1882 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah. He was named and blessed that same day by his paternal grandfather, Christen Christensen. His twin sister born shortly after him that same morning was blessed and named Martina Lauriette right away but died about noon the day of her birth.

It is doubtful that the new rock house on the Christensen lot in northwest Gunnison had been completed by the time of the twins' birth so they must have been born in the old two-roomed adobe house that stood well back on that lot at 180 West 1st North, which dwelling has long since been demolished. However, the Christensen family, then numbering ten, must have moved into their new rock house built west and south and near the old one, while Arthur was very young, at least to live in the winter months. This "new rock house", though now very old, is still standing and owned and occupied at present (1969) by Ella Knighton Hansen.

Arthur's first several summers were spent with his parents and brothers and sisters in Christenburg where his father had leased a farm. The boy was often left in the charge of his older brothers and sisters, since his mother was a doctor and midwife and her services were much sought after in Gunnison Valley.

When of proper age he entered the public schools at Gunnison, which convened within a few blocks of his home. Soon after he turned eight years old, Sat. 6 Aug. 1890, he was baptized in the Sanpitch River some distance from his home by Brother C. J. Swenson. Brother R. G. Fraser confirmed him next day, Sun. 7 Aug. 1890, in church.

Arthur's youth was spent attending school in winters and working at home and on land farmed by his father in summers. There was plenty for all to do on their place with chickens, ducks, cows, horses, lambs and pigs to feed and care for, as well as a large garden and a lucerne patch. His parents were not ones who liked to see their children idle. Arthur was often found in the companionship of his brother Louis, some two years older and much larger. When they were old enough their oldest brother, Chris "I", gave the two work with his herds and thus they learned early of the sheep herding business. This was a great family to work together and help each other out.

Arthur was of a gentle, kind and patient nature, like his father. He had a happy disposition and was easy to get along with. That his older, fun-loving brother Louis sometimes took advantage of this to involve him in "pranks" can well be imagined. (A few of these have been related earlier in the book.) That their youngest sister, Elvena, often became a victim of their mischief we can be sure. But Arthur grew to manhood a hard worker, dependable and loving life.

Arthur's parents, but more particularly his mother, had a great desire that their children become well educated. Most of his older brothers and sisters had gone on to school following their

eighth grade education and several had graduated from the B.Y.A. in Provo. Whatever his reasons, Louis refused to go on to school and this undoubtedly had some effect on Arthur. However, his parents finally persuaded him to get some higher education and he attended the B.Y.A. the winter of 1901/1902. He roomed that year at 333 East 5th North in Provo, which was the David Jones home, no longer standing. Whether he attended college more than that one winter we cannot be certain, although it is quite possible that he may have attended B.Y.A. the following winter also.

Arthur was "keeping company" at the time with a girl, Millie Gledhill, a pretty dark-eyed, dark-haired young lady of many talents who lived two blocks west of his home in Gunnison. Though she was not attending school at Provo they corresponded regularly. Her brother Bert gives this account of how the two became interested in each other: -- "During those days in Gunnison Grandpa and Grandma Christensen (I always called them this) kept a boarding house and my older sister Millie went to work for Grandma, helping with the housework and cooking. Of course this brought Arthur Marinus Christensen and Amelia Jane "Millie" Gledhill together in courtship - and later marriage."

Millie's sister, Mary Gledhill Dowdle, now in her eighties, tells of their marriage: - "When Arthur and Millie were married they went to the Manti Temple, 3 Feb. 1904. She turned twenty-two twenty-three days later. She was five months older than he, lacking one week. A large wedding reception was held that night at our home and, as was the custom, a big dinner was served to all the guests.

"The two first lived in a small house two doors east of his parents, Grandpa and Grandma Christensen as we called them, but when mother died about a year later (1905) they moved two and a half blocks west into our home so that Millie could care for father and us younger Gledhill children. It was here, 22 June 1905, that their first child Arthur Melrose was born. He was a beautiful baby and they nicknamed him 'Rosy'."



Millie and Arthur



Millie  
As childhood sweethearts



Arthur

Millie's brother Bert continues with his story: -- "After leaving the Gledhill home where Melrose was born, on 367 West 1st North in Gunnison, which is still standing, Arthur and Millie moved to a home on Second South and Second West, which I believe they rented and which has long since been torn down. Here their next three children were born, which included another son, Wesley, and a pair of twin girls, Grace and Gladys.

"After his marriage Arthur was associated with his brother A. H. Christensen in the sheep business. They lambed their sheep on Cedar Mt. east of Salina. After lambing, about July 1st, they would move into Twelve Mile Canyon for the summer months and then winter on the west desert. As I remember, Arthur and his brother Lou took care of the sheep on the desert until the later years. I also helped Arthur with the sheep at times. The summer of 1910 we got word to take 1500 head of sheep and start for the Weber River area above Oakley, Utah. Arthur met us above Gunnison and was in charge from there on. That, I believe, was the start of the Bennion Livestock Company in which Arthur, A. H. and Chris "I" Christensen became interested. Chris "I" was made general manager of the company.

"In the summer of 1910 also, Chris "I" sold out his interests in Gunnison and moved his family to Salt Lake City, but spent most of his time on "The Weber" where the Bennion Livestock Company owned a large ranch and had their main headquarters. Arthur bought Chris' home at this time and moved his family there to 3rd West 1st South. This home is standing today. In 1911 the Bennion Livestock Company bought a small ranch at Upton, Utah, in Summit County on Huff Creek from a Mr. Benson and Arthur was appointed foreman of that ranch. He moved his family to Upton the spring of 1911. I lived with Arthur and Millie and worked on the ranch for some time. Though not a rendezvous for the Bennion Livestock Company's herders, they came there for supplies which were hauled twelve miles by team from Coalville."

Millie was then expecting her fifth baby and as winter came on and the year began to draw to a

close her hour of delivery grew nearer. They rented a small place in Coalville, where she could be near a doctor and medical help. She and the four children moved there for about a month and Arthur was by her side as much as he could be. The child, a little girl, came 18 Jan. 1912.

Arthur dropped a card to his father-in-law, Nephi Gledhill of Gunnison, Utah, that same day, announcing her birth: - "Dear Father" it read, "a girl - at Coalville - 9 lbs. Our girl came a little sooner than expected - but all seems to be well, Arthur." They gave her a blessing and a name, Mildred, right away, but little Mildred died the following day, 19 Jan. 1912, of prematurity. She was buried in Coalville.

Both Grace and Gladys have vivid recollections of those days. Gladys writes: -- "Grace and I used to play in the storehouse at Upton, which was sometimes used for the storage of dynamite. One of our favorite games was playing 'Papa and Mama'. One day Grace was the papa, whose job it was to get up in the morning to make the fire. We had some matches and she set fire to an old rope which was hanging from the ceiling. About that time mother called us and we scampered out, not realizing that in a matter of minutes the whole place might be ablaze. Our Uncle Bert Gledhill spotted the smoke and got everyone out of the house in a hurry, as they thought there was dynamite in the storehouse. But there wasn't. Grace and I didn't tell 'til years later that we had started the fire, and then no one believed us."

Grace writes:-- 'When our family moved to Upton Gladys seemed to be the constant concern of everyone there. Besides falling into the ditch and almost drowning, had not Uncle Bert saved her, she fell down the elevator shaft at Coalville, to say nothing of setting the storehouse on fire at our home in Upton. I was in on this too, and I can remember being thrown over the fence in an awful hurry - and words about 'gun powder being stored there'.

"Both Melrose and Wesley started school at Upton. They rode horses - we all did, the four of us kids on one horse at times. Melrose was

reliable and was the 'boss' when Dad and Mother were away. I remember the flash flood and water running through the house in all directions and the four of us standing on the table with fire shovels, trying to shovel it out.

"I remember the wonderful music made by my father and mother. Their sweet voices blended so beautifully. Mother played the guitar and dad the mandolin. At this time I thought there was nothing so heavenly. Many times we were lulled to sleep by their songs."

Both Arthur and Millie had good voices and loved music. Arthur had sung in the Gunnison ward choir in his younger days, along with his older brother Louis. Millie had done some public entertaining, along with her younger sisters, Mary and Sylvia, when she was a girl at home. Arthur and Millie were fine companions. Both were young at heart and both really loved life. They had such good times together - and how they loved to dance! Whenever possible they attended the local dances at Upton regularly.

Dances were held in the Upton amusement hall on weekends. On special occasions children's dances were held in the afternoons and then the adults would take over and dance until dawn, usually to music on the organ and the violin. This was not an ordinary amusement hall but a very unique one. It was built by the small community in 1891 and was 50 feet long 26 feet wide and 13 feet high, with wainscoating up from the bottom 4 feet. The unusual thing about it was the upper walls, for on these a local artist, Frank Clark who had joined the LDS church in England and come to Zion in 1863, finally settling in Upton, had painted some outstanding murals. One side was the scene of an Indian village, the other a landscape scene complete with animals. The battleship Maine covered one end of the hall and a steam engine pulling many cars covered the other. It was quite a sight and visitors came from all over the west to see this magnificent hall and to dance in it.

Arthur and Millie themselves usually had visitors in summers, for they were excellent

company and had many friends. Also, their relatives often came. Arthur's father, Laurs, spent at least one summer helping on the ranch there. Arthur's sister Elvina also came to stay with them for a time and help Millie out. Few visited in winters however, for these were very cold and Upton folks were often snowed in. But the dances went on there just the same.

The fall of 1915, when the twins were ready to enter school for the first time, Arthur moved the family back to Gunnison into their home they had bought from his brother Chris "I". Grace writes: -- "We moved back to Gunnison and mother really had her hands full trying to get Gladys and me ready for our first day at school. All our things were handmade, even our bloomers and hand knit stockings. How we longed for something 'store bought'. I recall so well the old rain barrel that stood by our house. The soft rain water it held was used for washing our long hair. One day, as we children were all lined up for inspection, Wesley backed into it. Gladys and I shrieked with delight at the big splash - but we were silenced by a whop! 'You just simply have no regard for the efforts of your mother' said our dad."

Later that fall Arthur bought the lovely red brick house of his sister Elsie Bartholomew. She was estranged from her husband at the time and desired to move into less expensive quarters. He traded the home they were living in in southwest Gunnison in on the deal and Elsie and her children moved into that old home, which had been built by their brother Chris, and Arthur and his family moved into the nice new home in the northeast part of town. This was in the latter part of 1915, but whether the move took place before the birth of Arthur's and Millie's sixth child, David, 16 Nov. 1915, is not known for sure, although Millie's sister Mary G. Dowdle says that David was probably born in the new red brick home. Grace writes:-- "Our family moved into a handsome red brick house. This was wonderful - pavement all over, up to the barn, around the house, down to the street - everywhere it seemed. We children raced around in our little wagons."

Arthur leased a farm of some 327 acres from Gussie Villard northwest a few miles from Gunnison. His brother-in-law, Bert Gledhill, worked for him here. Gladys writes: -- "After we moved into the beautiful red brick house in northwest Gunnison, I guess we didn't have much money, as mother took in boarders. Then one summer soon after, we almost cried when we found out our dad and mother had rented our beautiful house to some 'foreigners' and we were going to move to the farm northwest of Gunnison."

Arthur moved his family back into the red brick house the fall before their seventh child, Max, was born, 17 Oct. 1920. Grace writes: -- "Gladys and I were going on twelve when Max was born. He was the only one of us children that was born in a hospital. Mother went to Salina and I remember the concern that she might not make it. It was shortly after this that Father and Mother decided to go into the grocery business and politics. Dad was persuaded by friends to run for Mayor of Gunnison. He lost the race by about two votes. Actually, he was relieved to have lost for his heart wasn't in it - nor the grocery store either. He longed to be back outside with the animals and the soil - so took up farming again."

By the fall of 1924 both Melrose and Wesley had gotten tired of no prospects in Gunnison except farming and struck out on their own. They soon found work in the mines in Juab County. Arthur and Millie had the opportunity to buy a hotel in Manti and Millie decided she wanted to try her hand at it and so they sold their lovely home in Gunnison and at Christmas time that year took over the Eagle House hotel in Manti. Millie was a hard worker, a great manager and a wonderful cook. The twins, now in their Sophomore year in high school, were a lot of help to her and soon things were running smoothly.

Arthur left the running of the hotel to the women. There seemed little need for him there much of the time. He was an ambitious fellow and a hard worker, growing restless when forced to be idle too long. He finally went to the mine where his two oldest sons were employed. Leola

Burraston, who later became his daughter-in-law, wrote of this:-- "It was in 1927, I believe, when Arthur first came to the mine. I was assistant postmistress at the Tintic Standard Mining Co., in Dividend. He worked in the mine for a few months. You know he was never idle. Millie had the hotel at Manti at that time. He used to talk to me a good deal at that time. He was so much like his son Wesley in manner - very quiet but so thoughtful and kind.

"In 1928 Arthur bought a ranch (in Flat Canyon) and asked Wes if he would like to quit at the mine and help him at this time. Wes didn't really want to leave Dividend but he loved his father dearly and desired to be with him. He was underground and young and could see the benefits of getting out into the open air and under God's sky - but mostly it was to be with his father that swung the decision. Arthur wasn't really feeling too well at this time but still he had come to the mine and then the two of them left for Flat Canyon early in the spring of 1928.

"A few months after they left Arthur became very ill. He was a hemophiliac and even if he had a tooth pulled he feared a hemorrhage. He suffered from frequent nosebleeds and at that time he had a particularly severe one. Wes rushed him to the hospital in Salt Lake City, I believe."

Arthur recovered and was able to go back to work. Later, Wesley returned to the mine in Dividend. It was about that time that Arthur received an opening with the Howell Livestock Company. This was the company that had bought out the Bennion Livestock Company sometime after the death of his brother Chris "I", (about 1918). Arthur went to work for this new company as foreman of their Trout Creek ranch, which was in southern Utah out some distance from Delta and close to the Nevada border. Here they produced upwards of 4,000 turkeys yearly, which were shipped to California and sold as "Howell's Holiday Turkeys."

Though Trout Creek was quite a distance from Manti, Arthur came home on occasions and

Grace writes of one of these: -- "We were all together for our parents' Silver Wedding anniversary, Feb. 3, 1929. The hotel was full of friends from all over. Melrose pulled a real surprise. He and Reva Giles, who had been married two days before, unknown to any of us, chose this time and place to make their announcement. The hat was passed and they started off on their honeymoon. Wesley and Leola Burraston were married a few months later. Both boys met their wives in Dividend."

Grace continues: -- "I often looked at my mother and thought of the wonderful job she was doing as manager of the hotel there in Manti. Many times I marveled at her - truly a beautiful woman, with warm brown eyes and classic features. My father too was a handsome, honest and kind man. He was the smallest of the Christensen brothers, being of about average height but taller than mother. I feel sad at times to think that they were separated so much in their later years of marriage."

Arthur was still working at Trout Creek in November of 1931, as a letter written 5 Nov. 1931 by Max, then eleven, indicates, among other things. It was written to Gladys who was then working in Salt Lake and read as follows: -- "Dear Gladys, how are you? I am fine and so is the rest of the family. We had a surprise today - Dad came home. He is alright although he said he had a little pain in his neck. . . Mother has dozed off to sleep in her chair; Daddy is taking a bath; Jack Burns is sitting listening to the radio. I don't know where Dave is right now but I guess he will be home soon. He and I have been playing with paper airplanes tonight and having a lot of fun. Dave is going back out with Dad to help pick feathers off the turkeys for a couple of weeks. I wish I could go too. Daddy says next time he comes home he will bring us a lot of pinenuts. He says he likes the new boy out there and that he sure is a good worker. Jack Burns is still playing the radio. It seems it is about nine o'clock and soon time for Amos and Andy. . ." This letter was written on stationery bearing the heading: "Eagle Hotel - Mrs. A. M.

Christenson, Prop. Home Like - Reasonable.<sup>18</sup>

It was while ranching at Trout Creek, however, that Arthur's health began to fail desperately and he was forced to return home. They were shocked to see how pale and thin he had become. A letter from Max to Gladys, 13 Oct. 1932, and a postscript from Millie, follows: "Dear Gladys: How are you all up there? We are all fine except Daddy. He is pretty sick tonight. I received your present the day before my birthday and thanks very much. Grace gave me a pair of cords. Mama gave me shorts and shirts and sox and let me have a party. When I got my money all together it made \$2.00. We invited fifteen boys with myself and served punch and cookies and had a melon bust. Just when we got the melon we saw some smoke and the siren started to sound and boy, did we go! Some man said of us - 'There goes the fire squad'. It was an old woodshed up by Mrs. Wilson's. Dave has a swell new typewriter. It is soon halloween. Mother is calling supper - so goodbye - Max." The P. S. by Millie read: -- "Gladys, there isn't anything much to tell you and I am pretty busy. Have a few railroad men and others here and Papa needs waiting on. He is going to the hospital next week, as soon as it is opened, and stay until he is better. It is sure hard on all of us. Dave is going deer hunting next week - love, Mother."

A letter from Millie to Gladys, Oct. 15, 1932, follows:-- "Dear Gladys, I got your letter yesterday just as we were leaving for Salina. I took Papa to the hospital; he didn't feel as if he could make the trip to Salt Lake. I'm almost afraid we've waited too long and the future doesn't look too good. I called Dr. Hagan Monday and he said to take him to the Doctors Merrill. They gave him a thorough examination and he was in no condition to have an X-ray so he is taking medicine and trying to get built up to have it next Monday.

"They found his blood pressure thirty degrees too low and not enough red corpusles. They told me on the side that he is in very bad shape and if he ever gets well it will take months. They don't think it's his stomach at all but in the blood. They have sent some blood to Salt Lake to be tested for

diabetes. They could find no sugar in the urine but think it may be in the blood and this test has to be done in Salt Lake. He is in no pain much now but so tired and weak. He sleeps all too much and no matter what he eats or how much he is still hungry. He looks bad and the last few days pale. They may take him to Salt Lake, I don't know. The hospital in Salina has closed but the doctors have their offices there.

"I am all unstrung - haven't slept much for three nights and am trying to get fruit put up. I was gone all day yesterday. Grandma (Sorena) stayed here. There is not much business right now. Dave and Max are studying. I wish you would come home more often. Grace was up to institute today but I guess she didn't have time to run down and see us. I had a letter from the boys (at Dividend); they all had bad colds over there. Can't write anymore tonight - Mother."

Another letter from Millie to Gladys a few days later, Tues. 19 Oct. 1932, gave the following: -- "Dear Gladys, your last letter found me up to my neck in peaches and plum jam. Hope I'll be through with fruit this week. Dave took Papa to Salina yesterday. They worked on him all day and didn't finish. He has to go back Sunday. Seems that they just can't find his trouble but know that there is something wrong. They tested him again for diabetes but found no trace of sugar. They should have returns on the blood tests they sent to Salt Lake, Sunday also. Now they think there is an obstruction just at the place his stomach empties. My, but it's a worry. He feels a little better today and is starving but must have nothing but liquids. He is almost too weak to walk.

"Grace called last night. She said she couldn't study or do anything for thinking of him. I will let you know if he gets worse. He is taking medicine and Dr. Merrill seems to think it isn't as serious as at first - but we will know more after Sunday.

"Max is getting fat again and eats like a little pig. He and Dave are studying; Papa is asleep; I am baking bread and finishing my ironing. We have

sent for a new typewriter for Dave and he is a happy boy about that. I wish you would go to see Elaine and Pearl too. Answer soon - love, Mother."

Arthur got no better and was rushed to the Salina hospital. A card written by him from Salina to Gladys in Salt Lake, Fri. 22 Oct. 1932, bore this message: - "Dearest Gladys: Your letter and parcel came this morning. Thanks a lot dear, I surely appreciate it. The doctors says I am better! I surely have a lot of distress. After I eat it seems worse than before but I guess it just has to be. I get along pretty good in the day but the nights are bad. I cannot sleep very long at a time and lay awake so much but am trying to get better. Haven't heard from mother since you were here - guess she is awfully busy. Hope I can get away from here before too long. Best love, Dad."

Some two weeks later Arthur was taken from the hospital in Salina to the L. D. S. hospital in Salt Lake City to undergo an abdominal operation. He was in serious condition. A letter from twelve year old Max, written to him at Manti Nov. 30, 1932 and sent by way of Gladys in Salt Lake, was as follows: "Dear Daddy: - How do you feel by now? We sure all feel sorry for you and are hoping that you will soon get well and come home. It sure seems lonesome around here and we all felt so bad when they phoned and said you had to have a second operation. I have the flu but I am lots better now. Mama has a little cold tonight but I guess she will get alright. She is now cooking supper. I am still doing my beading work and I sure have made a lot of bracelets and rings. It sure is fascinating. It sure is warm down here now but it is cold sometimes. We have the furnace going now. The bottom part of it burned out but Dave fixed it tonight with some pieces of iron.

"Dave has got one load of fat pinewood since you left and maybe we will get another Saturday. We went out last Saturday and got a load of barley. We haven't killed our pig yet because mother said she couldn't take care of it now. I am still busy in my Scout work and doing fine. I sure wish I could get up there to see you but I guess I can't

until you are ready to come home, which I hope is soon. I am doing fine in school and I guess Dave is too. We are all sure wishing you were well and wondering how you feel tonight, but I guess it won't do us any good to wonder. Loads of love - Max. (And hurry and get well!)"

Arthur passed away 4 Dec. 1932 in Salt Lake City at age fifty years four months and fifteen days. A ruptured gall bladder was said to have contributed to his death. He was brought to Manti for burial which took place Sunday 7 Dec. 1932 in the Manti Cemetery. He was laid on a plot belonging to his brother Albert and sold to the family, not far from the last resting place of his father and mother, Laurs and Else K. Christensen. The burial was preceded by an impressive funeral service, an account of which was carried by the Manti Messenger the following day, Dec. 8, 1932, under this heading: - "Death Comes to Relieve Sufferer"

"True testimony of respect and love was strongly pronounced Sunday afternoon for Arthur M. Christensen when final rites were held at the North Ward chapel where a host of friends and associates had gathered to pay last respects. Merciful death claimed the life of Arthur Thursday evening at a Salt Lake hospital. The passing relieved him of untold agony and suffering.

"Three weeks ago Arthur was taken to the hospital for an abdominal operation. For a few days his life hung by a thread but he was given several blood transfusions and he seemed to be on the road to recovery. Suddenly he became worse and a second operation was necessary, which was performed Wednesday, but only added to his suffering. His wife and daughter Gladys and son David were by his bedside at his passing.

"Bishop E. T. Reed was in charge of the services which were as follows: Opening song by the choir - 'Abide With Me'. Invocation was offered by Elder Byron Peterson of Gunnison. Other musical numbers were solos 'No Night There' by Mrs. Sylvia Metcalf of Gunnison, 'Resignation' by Mrs. Elaine Southwick of Salt Lake City, and 'Lay My Head Beneath the Rose'

by Sam Parry. Jose. A. Larson of Hamilton Ward (Gunnison) Sherman Christensen of Provo, Ray P. Lund of Manti, Mrs. D. Dally of Salt Lake City, and Mrs. John Riddle of Manti were the speakers. All touched on the friendly, cheerful and honest disposition of the deceased. Benediction was pronounced by Clyde Whitlock of Mayfield."

\* \* \* \*

Amelia Jane Gledhill (Christensen) wife of Arthur Marinus Christensen, was born 26 Feb. 1882 at Manti, Sanpete, Utah, the daughter of Nephi and Sarah Jane Caldwell Gledhill, of English descent. Later her family moved to Gunnison, Utah and there is where "Millie", as she was called, grew to womanhood, attending the schools afforded by that community.

She belonged to a large family where girls were in the majority and several of them very talented in singing and entertaining. Two of her younger sisters, Mary and Sylvia, sang together a lot and were very good for that time. They sang "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Whispering Hope" for the first time in that part of the country. Millie herself was talented not only in music but in many other ways.

She was a very pretty girl with lovely hair and soft brown eyes, almost classic features and of rather small stature. She was very popular as a girl and young woman and had many friends and admirers. One of these early friends wrote to her, many many years later, the following:-- "Millie, dearest friend of my girlhood, how I did idolize you! You were so beautiful and did everything so well. I recall so well the laughing sparkle of your eyes and the way your hair looked. How I did wish I could be like you. . . . It is impossible to express the gratitude I feel for friends like you. God love you and keep you - lovingly, Eva."

It was necessary for the Gledhill girls, as well as the boys, to work when and where they could out of the home. Mostly it was housework for the girls unless one was fortunate enough to get a position as salesgirl with a mercantile

establishment or take up school teaching. When the new Gunnison Telephone Company was incorporated in 1909, in which Leo Gledhill took an important part, Mary Gledhill operated the magnetic switchboard on the second floor of the post-office building. Several years before, Mary worked for Albert and Jennie Christensen in Manti when their oldest son, Sherman, was born.

Millie went to work for Laurs and Else K. Christensen, whom everyone called Grandpa and Grandma, two and a half blocks east of the Gledhill home. They were operating a boarding house at the time and employed two girls. Millie helped with the housework and the cooking and doubtless learned a great deal about Danish cooking from Else K. It was at this time that she became very interested in the youngest Christensen son, Arthur, a handsome blond young man with blue eyes. A romance soon developed between the two and continued for several years, during part of which time Arthur attended the B. Y. A. in Provo.

Millie and Arthur were married in the beautiful Manti Temple on Wednesday 3 Feb. 1904. Millie was nearly twenty-two and Arthur was some five months younger. A history of the first few years of their married life has been given briefly in Arthur's life story, but the birth of their twin girls is given more in detail by the oldest of the twins, Grace, and by Millie's sister Mary Gledhill (Dowdle). Mrs. Dowdle writes: - "When the twins, Grace and Gladys, were born, Grace, a large, blond Christensen baby, came first, not long before midnight on 16 Feb. 1909. Two hours later, 17 Feb. 1909, Gladys, a tiny, sickly, dark complexioned baby came. Millie, in her hysteria, refused to own the second twin so the doctor put her in my charge. I cared for this baby in my room at home for two weeks and fed her with an eye-dropper a combination of whiskey and something else which Dr. Hagan mixed up. Later Millie was able to nurse both her babies and one other baby who wasn't getting enough milk, Joseph's and Roxie's Virgil."

Grace writes: - "My parents were proud and happy with their enlarged family, four children

under the age of four. Then too, the way things happened was quite the talk of the town - twins born on different days. We were quite a drain on mother's health, so I've been told, so it was decided that Dad's sister, Aunt Vena, would take care of me and mother's sister, Aunt Mary, would take Gladys until mother should regain her strength.

"As I remember, or have been told, the rock house in southwest Gunnison where we were born was a square structure with an upstairs and balcony. The water we used was taken from a well close to the back door and for light we used kerosine lamps. In fact, Dr. Hagan bumped his head on the hanging lamp when he delivered us twins, Gladys and me. I heard the grownups talk and joke so much about this that I actually thought I had seen it. 'Well', I told the folks when they questioned my remembering, 'I was there and heard the bang.'"

When the twins were going on two the family moved to a ranch in Upton, Utah. The four years spent there were mostly pleasant ones in spite of the death of a day old baby girl, Mildred, their fifth child, 18 Jan. 1912 at Coalville, where Millie had gone to be near a doctor. The small community of Upton with its some forty families, mostly LDS, was a sociable town and many good times were had there. Millie and Arthur especially enjoyed the dances. Millie had her own saddlehorse and drove the two-seated buggy in which she and the children could come and go at will, even when the menfolk were busy.

Moving back to Gunnison the fall of 1915, in time to put the twins into school, Millie later had the thrill of moving into the large and beautiful "red-brick house" in time for the birth of her sixth child and third son, David, 16 Nov. 1915. Arthur was away much of the time on Bennion Livestock Company business and when she was able, Millie took in boarders, school teachers mostly.

She always kept her children looking nice. The twins she dressed alike and kept their hair in ringlets most of the time. They looked like little dolls, Grace with her blond curls and blue eyes and Gladys with her dark hair and dark eyes. She

didn't neglect the girls' musical education either, for she was determined that they would learn both to play the piano and sing. I remember so well going to the red brick house one time to visit, when the twins were about eight. Millie, as proud as she could be, had them stand up and sing together, with appropriate actions, the song "I don't Want to Play in Your Yard." I can still see them in my mind's eye and hear their sweet, childish voices, as if it were yesterday.

It was at Millie's and Arthur's red brick house that the Laurs and Else K. Christensen family gathered to have a family photograph taken, about the time they brought the oldest son, Chris "I" from Wyoming for his burial in Gunnison, 12 Oct. 1917. It was in this home that they met later in an inspiring family meeting, vowing to meet from then on in yearly family reunions and to keep closer together as a family.

When Millie and Arthur leased a farm northwest of Gunnison and decided to move there, they rented the red brick house. The children were able to do a lot on the farm in summers and Millie's younger brother, Bert, came to work for them also. Millie made delicious butter and sold it to the stores in Gunnison in wrappers with her own name printed on them. This was always in demand. In her own history, the daughter Gladys comments on life on the farm: - "There was a two-roomed house on the farm and it was really surprising how warm and comfortable mother made it look, although it was rather crowded for our family of seven. Mother wanted to be sure that Grace and my musical educations were not neglected, so down to the farm went our piano, and every week there were music lessons in town with plenty of practicing in between.

Millie once told of how sad she was when their two older boys, Melrose and Wesley, left home to look for work. She watched them walking up the road carrying their suitcases, trying to "thumb" their way north, as long as her eyes could follow them - and then broke down and wept. It is not a happy experience for a mother when her first "chicks" leave the home and Millie was no

exception. In fact she was a very doting mother, withall.

The move to Manti at Christmastime of 1924 and the taking over of the Eagle House hotel there was a very challenging experience for Millie, but she was equal to it in every way. She was a fine cook, a good housekeeper, an excellent manager, and people liked her. Besides, she seemed to be an indefatigable worker and her health was good. The fact that those years ahead, which then looked so promising, should be saddened by the long illness and untimely death of her dear husband, was a sorrow to her indeed and left her very lonely. Two letters written by her soon after his death, 4 Dec. 1932, one to her son Melrose, whom she called "Rosy", and his family and one to her daughter Gladys, who had both been home to their father's funeral but returned to their homes in Salt Lake City, show in a measure her sorrow but mostly her courage: -

"Wed. 10 Dec. 1932, Dear Ones: Received your card this A. M. Rosy, glad everything was fine when you arrived home. I forgot about Melvin's birthday (Dec. 5th) just when you left and felt sorry about that. I am sending him a small package today. The boys and I went to Gunnison late Sunday afternoon right after you left. It seemed so lonesome and awful here. We spent the evening at Leo's (her brother) and left Grace for work next morning. When we returned the house seemed so empty and cold we three slept together. I'm so thankful for Dave and Max. Last night Max said to Dave, 'We can't both go to Mutual, we've got to take turns staying with mother.' So Dave stayed. Before the night was over seven people came in and I have just given them breakfast. The lamb-buyers came back. I have a hired girl to help me house clean and catch up with so many neglected jobs. She is ironing. We washed yesterday and had the pig killed. I'll send you some when I get at it.

"I may go to Salt Lake this weekend. There are bills and so much to tend to and we can do our Christmas shopping. Grace wants to go. I had to go to the bank this morning and borrow some money

until the insurance check comes. I don't know how long that will take. I had spent about my last \$1.00. Everything will be alright and I'm glad I have work and can keep on 'keeping on'. So many people have called to see me and I have a stack of letters and cards, some from old friends I'd almost forgotten. Our old crowd from Gunnison are coming up tonight - about 20. It's grand to have friends and you don't know how proud I am of you all. Folks never get through telling me how wonderful my children are - and you are wonderful and that's what keeps me up and trying to be brave. Write often to your lonely mother."

It seems Millie and Grace did go to Salt Lake that weekend. Grace was teaching school in Gunnison at the time. On their return, Millie made a report to Gladys: - "Monday nite, 15 Dec. 1932. Dear Gladys - This has been the coldest day I have ever seen and tonight it is 20° below zero. Grace and Theron had a terrible time this morning before they got to Gunnison. I told them to take the Buick (they couldn't start the Ford) but all of us together couldn't start the Buick either. Theron got a car from the Motor Company to push it but that didn't help. They pushed it way down by the fairgrounds but it was all froze up. Theron finally started his car, then towed the Buick into the garage. I'll leave it there to have it overhauled and fixed for Christmas. About 10:30 a.m. Metcalf (Principal of the Gunnison school where Grace taught), phoned and said they had to dismiss school because they couldn't get the schoolhouse warm and everything was frozen up. Theron and Grace got there in plenty of time for the afternoon, however.

"We arrived home from Salt Lake about three yesterday. Everything was ok but thank goodness we didn't stay another night or everything would have been frozen up. My flowers were alright. We found Max sick at Uncle Albert's (in Provo). He had been sick all the time we were gone but they had been so good to him and kept him in. He is feeling better tonight but still has the earache. I didn't wash today but have been cleaning upstairs - had Fanny in to help me. A letter was here from Uncle Bert saying he would be here right after the

15th. (He came from Nevada and helped Millie dispose of the Flat Canyon ranch.)

"We stopped at Aunt Mary's (in Payson) and had chili. She had an awful cold. I will send you a check for Grace. Be sure her coat is sent insured and right. There has been no bill from the hospital yet. Guess I'll go crawl in bed with the boys to get warm. It's lonesome tonight. Love - mother.  
P.S. I received a nice long letter from Aunt Sarah today, also from Edith, Elaine, Sherman, Bell and Neil. And all of my Gunnison friends have written or called."

Grace was married less than a month after her father's death. The Manti Messenger carried the announcement: - "Mrs. A. M. Christensen announces the marriage of her daughter Grace to Mr. Douglas Larsen of Salt Lake City, which took place at Richfield, Tuesday Jan. 3rd (1933). Immediately following the ceremony the newlyweds left for a ten day visit in southern California. Grace is one of Manti's popular young ladies, having been active in the social life of our city. She is a graduate of the High School and also Snow College, and for the past number of years has been teaching at Gunnison. Mr. Larsen is at present working for the State Road Commission at Parawan. After March 1st the young couple will make their home in Salt Lake City."

Millie stayed on keeping the hotel in Manti for another three and a half years, with the help of David and Max. Then she decided to sell out and move to Salt Lake City, where some of her older children were then residing. She bought a home at 636 East 3rd South in Salt Lake. A letter to Gladys about the last of April 1936 follows:-- "Dear Gladys: . . . Uncle Albert was down Saturday to see me about my abstract of title, etc. We had it all drawn up and thought it all ok, but their attorneys up there said it was not clear - no right of way over the creek and some other flaws. He was supposed to have gone to Salt Lake yesterday to have it all fixed up. I expect a call anytime to go to Salt Lake to close the deal. Can you go up and take care of the house until school closes here? I hate to take Max out of school and the home there should have someone in it. I'll bring up bedding

and enough things for you and Margaret to get along until we move, which will be in a couple of weeks.

"We are awfully busy. Steve and Chris are here besides a number of other men. One thing sure, the Wimmer folks will take over a housefull. We have a nice service station now on the corner and Rastus is moving his dump away. Grace was home most of last week. I surely hope Rosy is having some business but somehow I worry about them. I stayed home all day Sunday and worked as usual. Dave had the car. He at last has found a job (making brick) now that we are ready to move. Such weather - it's awful today - cold and stormy. Don't do anything about moving until you see or hear from me again. Would you be afraid to live in the home until we come?"

After nearly eleven and a half years as operator and manager of the Eagle House Hotel in Manti, Millie took up her residence in Salt Lake City. But she did not remain unemployed long, for she accepted a position with Auerbach's Company in the alterations department and remained in their employ for some seven years. On 9 Mar. 1940 she married Octavious F. Gudmundson, an engineer on the U. P. railroad. The family all called him "Goodie" and welcomed him into the fold.

Grace writes: - "The big home mother bought in Salt Lake proved to be a gathering place for children and grandchildren. David had graduated from Manti High School and Max attended West High there in Salt Lake. Douglas and I had moved to Salt Lake and were also living with mother. Gladys also lived with mother and remained there until 1942, when she left for San Francisco. Our daughter Maxine Sydney was born while we were living there, 17 Oct. 1943. We had brother Max as her godfather for he was by that time in the Navy and on the aircraft carrier Enterprise.

"In August 1950 Doug and I bought our present home on Emerson Ave. Soon after mother sold her big home and purchased a duplex near Liberty Park, 1333 South 6th East. David and his family bought and lived in one side of the duplex and mother and Goodie in the other. Goodie died there

20 Aug. 1951." His obituary notice was as follows:- "Octavious F. Gudmundson, 75, retired U. P. worker dies at Salt Lake residence, 1333 South 6th East. Born 7 May 1876 in Fairview, Utah, a son of Samuel and Inger Olsen Gudmundson. Filled a mission for the Church to Norway, 1900-1903. Married 1st. Anna Mae Clark (div.); md. 2nd Millie Gledhill Christensen. Died 20 Aug. 1951; buried 24 Aug. 1951."

Millie had numerous friends in Salt Lake and she continued to remain active. She was always most thoughtful and considerate of her many relatives and never missed an opportunity to be of service to them. She was a member of the McKay Ward, Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, and the "Silver Crest Club", a social group of ladies whom she enjoyed very much. They had such good times together. Though Millie's later years were saddened by the death of her son Wesley, at 48, the grueling service of her son Max during the second world war as a crewman of the aircraft carrier Enterprise, which had ten announced battles to its credit, including the raid on Tokyo, and his long illness that resulted as well as the serious illness of her son Melrose, yet she kept her courage and went forward, doing all she could for her family and friends. Her own health remained comparatively good and she continued to keep very busy.

She passed away rather suddenly at her home of cardiac failure, Wed. Nov. 1, 1961 at 2 p.m. She was seventy-nine years eight months and six days old. She had outlived her husband Arthur twenty-nine years lacking one month. She was survived by three sons and two daughters, twelve grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren, five sisters and two brothers. Funeral services were held at the Mortuary at 36 East 7th South in Salt Lake City at 10 a.m. Sat. 4 Nov. 1961 and burial was later that day in the Manti City Cemetery, where she was placed beside her beloved husband Arthur.

Millie's oldest son, Melrose, followed her in death exactly one week to the day (Wed. 8 Nov. 1961) in Salt Lake City. He was buried exactly a week following her burial (Sat. 11 Nov. 1961) in



Children of Arthur and Millie Christensen at the time of Max's leave from World War II.  
Seated left to right: Melrose & Max;  
Standing: Wesley, Gladys, Grace and David.

the Mt. Olivet Cemetery there. This was indeed a sad time for the A. M. Christensen family.

(9) ELVENA CHRISTENSEN (CLARK)

Elvena, eleventh and last child and ninth producing branch of the Laurs M. C. and Else K. Christensen family, was born in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah 27 Mar. 1887. She was born in the "new rock house" in northwest Gunnison. According to information recorded in her mother's journal she was born about 9 o'clock at night on a Sunday. Her mother also recorded that she was blessed and named at home the 7th of April by Norien. (This last is hard to read and perhaps misspelled.) She also recorded that the child was taken to church for her official blessing and naming, 23 Dec. 1889, which was done by Bishop A. C. Madsen. The name given her, Elvena, was according to an old Danish custom of naming children - viz: If the eighth child was a boy he was named Otto, if the eleventh child was a girl she was named Elevena, etc. Elevena was shortened to Elvena in this case but she was later called "Vena" more often than not.

Elvena's mother was a trained doctress and midwife and her time was much in demand in Gunnison Valley. Thus the child was often left in the care of other members of the family. When she was one year and two months old, her mother brought home another little baby girl to raise, Ada Lorena Madsen, two months and twelve days old. Elvena's mother had delivered the little girl and taken care of her and her mother during the long period of the mother's illness. Knowing that she would die, the young mother had begged the older woman to take her baby and raise her as her own. So when Ada's mother passed away, Elvena's mother brought little Ada to the Christensen home to live. The two babies, blond, healthy Elvena and dark haired, sickly little Ada took to each other right away and became almost inseparable as the days and years went by.

There was great excitement in Sanpete Valley

and in fact in the whole of Utah that spring of 1888, for the beautiful Manti Temple had just been completed. A three day dedicatorial celebration was held in the Temple and some in attendance spoke of hearing "a heavenly chorus singing" and of other manifestations of divine approval. The main dedication service took place 21 May 1888 and the dedicatory prayer was offered by President Lorenzo Snow. This was the third holy temple to be dedicated in Zion and the Saints gathered from all over for the occasion.

When Elvena was three and a half, Sept. 1890, her mother left for a three months trip to her native land of Denmark to visit her relatives who still resided there. She took little two-and-a-half year old Ada with her, not daring to leave the frail child in the care of others for that length of time. If three-and-a-half year old Elvena's nose was a bit "out of joint" because she was left home we could not entirely blame her. Yet being of so sweet and loving a disposition she probably "took it in her stride" after the first wave of disappointment had ebbed. Her oldest sister Elsie stayed out of school those three months to look after things and her father also helped as well as her thirteen year old sister Emma, whom Elvena adored. But she must have been a happy child when her mother and Ada returned home, about Christmastime that year, bringing greetings and gifts from cousins in Denmark.

Ada passed away the winter of 1897, not long before Vena turned ten. This must have been a sad experience for Vena since she and Ada had been so very fond of each other. Being forced to part from a loved one can make quite an impression on one of this age, especially of Vena's sensitive nature--when the bonds of love have been so closely knit. Vena missed the little invalid Ada terribly. That feeling of loss must have been somewhat assuaged, however, when another little girl who needed a home was taken in by the Christensens soon after school started the next fall. Vena's new companion in the home was Tresia, a little Swedish girl about two years younger than herself - but wiser in the ways of the world. She was treated like one of the family

for, as Tresia herself said, "If Vena got a new dress I got a new dress and if Vena got new shoes I got new shoes." Tresia remembers that both she and Vena wore new shoes the night they drove up to Manti in the two-seated buggy with "Papa and Mama" as she called Vena's parents, to attend the wedding reception of "brother Albert" and his wife Jennie, 26 Sept. 1900. Vena was thirteen-and-a-half and Tresia past eleven-and-a-half at the time. Though quite different in temperament and experience, these two girls learned to love each other dearly and established a deep friendship that existed as long as they both lived.

Vena's two brothers just older, Arthur and Louis, were great teases and played many pranks on her; like the time they put her down the well where she was supposed to hide for a game and then went off and forgot to bring her back up; and the time they induced her to lay down in the ditch where the bridge was supposed to be, to rise up and frighten their mother when she came at dusk with the buckets of swill to feed the pigs, but she got stepped on and doused with the filthy swill instead; or the time when the boys had been punished and sent to bed upstairs without their suppers and they dressed her up like a "poor" child, well disguised in a shawl, and sent her to beg some food from their mother for her "starving brothers and sisters", but got a good spanking instead. The guileless Vena was the victim of their pranks so often that it was surprising she didn't catch on to them - and perhaps she did after a time.

Vena attended the public school in Gunnison. One of her school chums was Rose Bartholomew (Peterson) recently deceased. Rose said that she and Vena were almost inseparable in their youth. They graduated from the eighth grade together and since there was no high school in Gunnison at the time this was all the formal schooling that they had. Vena's brother Joseph was their teacher in eighth grade and also the Principal.

Vena grew to be a very pretty young woman, tall and slender with a fair skin, large blue eyes and the most beautiful, almost golden colored hair.

I remember at one time my mother Jennie bought a beautiful piece of gold colored satin for Vena a dress because it would "go so well with her lovely hair". On one occasion Vena was chosen as the "Goddess of Liberty" for a Fourth of July celebration in Gunnison, for which that town was famous, and she rode on the main float in the parade, decked out in a long white flowing robe girded with a long braided satin cord, and with a golden colored crown on her upswept, beautifully arranged golden colored hair. She also sat in state in the patriotic assembly which followed. Truly she must have been a picture of loveliness!

In the winter of 1909 her parents sold the rock house in which she had been born and grown to womanhood and moved to Manti to be near the temple, for they were so interested in doing their genealogy. Vena, still unwed at twenty-two and the only child at home, moved along with them. She often used to tell that no matter how old or tall she had become, her mother Else always introduced her to new people as her "baby". The embarrassed girl used to counter by saying, "brother Arthur is the baby boy", but could never hide her blushes. She was so timid and modest around strangers.

Vena seldom stayed at home in Manti however, for she was so much in demand by her sisters and brothers to assist in their homes and with their families. She was always so capable and willing that it is easy to see how she may have been imposed upon at times by those she loved. We doubt if she seldom or ever refused or complained. Whenever there was any need in any of the Christensen families, the call went out for "Vena"! She was truly an angel of mercy to each and everyone of them.

In midsummer of 1910 Vena's parents left for a three months trip to Denmark to visit their relatives and search out more of their genealogy. Her father still had his only living brother residing there whom he had not seen in forty-four years, or since before he left the Old Country the spring of 1866. Her mother of course had been back twenty years before and established a close relationship once again with her three Danish sisters and one brother and their families living there. They had corres-

ponded often during those twenty years. When they learned that "Aunt Else" was returning to Denmark some of Vena's Danish girl cousins about her age wrote begging that "Cousin Elvena" be allowed to come along. What could have been more wonderful than for Vena to have made this trip to Denmark with her parents, especially since her brother Andrew and his family were also going? Why she didn't go we do not know. Perhaps she was too timid, not knowing the Danish language, but more likely it was because of the great expense of such a trip.

That autumn, while her parents were still away, Vena's brother Albert's family was stricken with scarlet fever. The daughter Elaine came down with it just as they were preparing to move into a lovely new home in Manti. They had sold their old home so Elaine was taken by her mother to her grandfather Snow's home where they were both quarantined in for some weeks. Vena's help was sought and she accepted the responsibility of being quarantined in with the other three children, Virginia, Sherman and Hale, nine, five-and-a-half and three-and-a-half respectively. Albert rented a large furnished room in a dilapidated rock house belonging to old Mr. Henry that stood just across the fence south of the new house and into this moved Vena and the three children. Albert was of course quarantined out of both places, because of his work, but took care of the extra needs of all.

How well I recall being penned up in that long, dark room with our beds at one end, a cooking stove, cupboards and makeshift sink at the other, and a large round table in between where we ate our meals and carried on many of our other activities. This table was centered by a large fancy kerosene lamp and here Aunt Vena played solitaire with cards in the evenings after the little boys had gone to bed, while I worked at pencil games or read a book. How Aunt Vena loved to play solitaire! But her sunny disposition and cheerful ways brightened our lives and kept us mostly contented in our locked-in condition. The brightest time of all each day, however, was when Daddy came with our groceries and special treats

for all. Happily none of us took the disease so we were able to move out of there and into our new home as soon as the quarantine was lifted.

Vena had worked at the woolen mills in Provo for a short time several years before, when Andrew and Sarah lived there, and stayed at their place; but she had never really been "away to work". Tresia had left the Christensen home to go to work in Salt Lake City when she was sixteen and never returned except for visits. The tales of her escapades must have given Vena a longing to see something of the big city, make her own money and spend it on luxuries and be independent as it were. Tresia always had such beautiful bonnets, shoes, dresses and rustling silk petticoats when she came back to visit.

It must have been soon after her parents had returned from Europe that Vena gained their consent to go to Salt Lake City to find employment. She could live with Caroline, the wife of her brother Chris, since Caroline was in need of adult company at nights, Chris being away much of the time on Bennion Livestock Company business for he was the manager. Vena got a job at the Hotel Utah working in the linen room and here she was employed for several years. Doubtless she had been duly cautioned beforehand by her mother and others to "beware of strangers - especially males", for Tresia says that during all the time she worked at the hotel she never spoke to the male guests if she could help it nor ever once touched the boxes of candy and money they left for her as tips. She possessed a moral integrity that could not be questioned. Some may have called her "old fashioned" but she should have been envied by the less scrupulous.

She eventually gave up her work at the Hotel Utah and went where she was most needed among members of her family - to be with Elsie and her children on the ranch in Wyoming - to help Emma bottle fruit or cook for threshers - to be with Albert's motherless children when his wife Jennie passed away in 1916. Fortunate is the family who has an "Aunt Vena" to love and care for them in times of need! Her numerous nieces and nephews

all learned to adore her without exception and with good cause.

But Vena longed for children of her own. Her brother Chris "I" was largely responsible in getting her interested in a fine fellow about her age named George T. Clark - and in getting George interested in Vena. George had worked for Chris for a number of years as one of the herders of the Bennion Livestock Company and he had found him to be honest, hard working, clean living and most dependable, besides having a very kind disposition and being a bachelor. Chris felt that George would make an excellent husband for Vena, who was pressing thirty, and he had a great desire to see his youngest sister happily married.

George was a native of Upton, Utah, and as a company herder must have often gone to the Company ranch in Upton for supplies when Vena's brother was operating that ranch. Whether Vena ever met George while visiting Arthur and Millie at Upton we cannot be certain. Arthur and family left Upton the autumn of 1915 and moved back to Gunnison, and Vena seemed to have no visions of a prospective marriage at the time she was taking care of her brother Albert's motherless children in 1916/17, or she would have told them. She was still at Albert's the middle of June 1917, as attested to by the following excerpt from Elaine's journal dated 16 June 1917: - "We've worked hard carrying benches, tables, Victrola and lights out to the lawn for our lawn party. Dear Aunt Vena has worked so hard cooking and sewing for us. . . ."

It must have been very soon after that, however, that Vena left Manti and went to the ranch in Wyoming to visit her sister Elsie and children and others of her relatives living there. Chris had helped her file on some homestead land close to the others on The Oasis and she was supposed to live on it a certain part of each year and make improvements on it as Louis, Elsie and others were doing. Her brother Chris, the sly one, must have taken this opportunity to get Vena and George Clark together somehow and the spark was lighted. Their romance grew rapidly, fostered by Chris and the others, and it was not many weeks before

Vena and George had decided to get married.

They went to the Uinta county seat at Evanston, Wyoming for their license and were married there by the L. D. S. Bishop, 14 Aug. 1917. Both were thirty at the time. Much of the credit for this marriage could be given to the cupid with reddish whiskers, Chris "I". His daughter Pearl says that the couple went to Salt Lake City right after their marriage and spent the first night of their honeymoon at her mother Caroline's home. She remembers her mother telling about the large straw hat Vena was wearing, trimmed with a large bunch of gay colored artificial flowers. Somehow during the night the cat got hold of that hat and tore it all to pieces, and that was the end of Vena's wedding bonnet.

From Salt Lake they went on to Manti where Vena showed George off to her Sanpete County relatives. Then it was back to The Oasis in Wyoming, where they lived with Elsie while George built a house on Vena's property, a two-roomed log house with an attic. Chris gave George work on or near the ranch so that he could be near his new bride. George helped with the harvesting of the crops on Chris' place that fall and he was there when the crops were burned and, shortly afterwards, when the wonderful Chris "I" was shot and died. He helped a great deal at that time.

Vena must have gone home to live with her parents that winter in Manti while George went out again with the sheep. Returning to Wyoming in early spring she was able to live in her own log house, which was not too far from her sister Elsie's or her brother Louis' log and frame houses. George was able to be home off and on but by July Vena had returned to Manti to be near the help of her mother for the birth of her first child.

Vera was born in Manti at the home of her Christensen grandparents, 12 July 1918, and was delivered by her grandmother Else. Tresia says Vena had a very hard time of it. She took baby Vera back up on the Oasis in Wyoming to live as soon as she was able, for she wanted to "prove up" on her land. It wasn't too long after the end of that



Marriage picture - George  
& Vena



Vena as  
Goddess of Liberty



Vena as many of us knew her



Vena before  
her marriage

year that the Bennion Livestock Company was sold and all of the Christensens, except Louis and his family, had sold or given up their land there and left the area.

That winter (1918/19) Vena went again to live with her parents in Manti and it was perhaps the next spring that George joined her there. They were encouraged to stay on in Utah and Vena's brother Albert gave George work on his Gunnison ranch, a mile or so west of Gunnison. There was plenty for George to do looking after the feeding of the sheep and cattle on the ranch. He and Vena and small Vera lived at Vena's sister Emma's that winter and it was at the Peterson home that their second child, Alta, was born (Feb. 1921). In the spring of 1921 George and Vena and their two little girls moved into the small farm house on the Gunnison ranch and it was here that their third daughter, Tresia, was born in May 1922. Emma took care of one year old Alta for them at that time. There was always so much love between Emma and Vena that they could scarcely help each other enough.

In her own history their oldest daughter, Vera Clark (Lyons) recalls some of the things she has been told about life on that Gunnison ranch: -- "Ivan Lyons' folks were also farming west of Gunnison, for the Mellors, and my folks and his visited back and forth and played cards together. They would do the chores at night, get out the horse and wagon, then, taking us children with them, go and spend the night at Lyons visiting and playing cards while we slept, then go back home next morning in time to do the chores again. Lyons' boy Ivan, two and a half years older than I, tried to lift me over a ditch once and dropped me into the water. He remembers this well because his Dad gave him a licking for it. I was not much more than four at the time. (Ivan Lyons later became Vera's husband).

The summer of 1922 Albert gave George work on the Star Ranch north of Nephi and that fall George moved his family to Goshen, not far north of there, and went to work in the mines at Dividend, Utah, where his brother-in-law, Alma Bartholomew, had employment. Alma and Elsie

also lived in Goshen. Vera writes: "The folks rented a place in Goshen across from the George Burraston family who were always fine neighbors and have always been good friends ever since. Dad finally bought a little home across the road from mother's sister and her husband, Aunt Elsie and Uncle Alma Bartholomew."

It was in Goshen that Vena gave birth to her fourth daughter, LaFay, Sept. 1923, and it was there in Nov. 1924 that their first son, George Fern Clark, was born. Two years later, in Nov. of 1926, another daughter, Lorraine, was born to Vena and George. This was a difficult winter for them because the children had so much sickness. Vera writes of this: - "The year I was in the third grade was a tough one for us. We had measles, mumps, chicken pox, and also scarlet fever. I had scarlet fever and LaFay had measles at the same time. Mother said the doctor came every day to see both of us but he thought I was going to die and that LaFay would get well, but it turned out just the opposite, for LaFay took pneumonia and passed away 24 Feb. 1927. I remember the morning she died. Alta and I were awake and mother wrapped us in quilts and took us into the room where she lay. We were under quarantine and the only one who could leave the place was Dad. He went to work, did our shopping and all.

"LaFay's funeral services were held on our lawn and they placed her casket just inside the front door. It was the last of February and very cold and mother sat weeping with us children all around her wrapped up in quilts and three-and-a-half month old Lorraine on her lap. None of us were able to go to the cemetery because of the quarantine, except Dad who took her to the Goshen Cemetery and buried her, with the help of relatives and neighbors who had gathered for the occasion."

One more child, a second boy named LaMar, was born to Vena and George in Goshen. There were happy times along with the sad times there. Vera writes: - "I can remember mother and dad going to dances now and again in Goshen. They took me to a Valentine's dance once where the women brought box lunches and the men drew for

them. Mother and Dad both loved to dance and Dad was an especially good dancer. When I grew older the dance I had with him at every dance we both attended was the thrill of the evening."

Vera continues: - "We moved to Santaquin on April 1st 1930, just before I finished sixth grade, but I was still promoted. Dad had bought a lot there with no house on it, so we rented a house on the same block until he could build on it. He moved the big garage from our place in Goshen onto our lot in Santaquin. It made two rooms into which we moved. Later he added other rooms." Tresia writes: - "In my second year of school we moved to Santaquin. I remember spending hours and hours moving rocks from the ground before Dad could plant a garden. We rented until enough of our own house was finished for us to move in. Then we only had lanterns to see by at nights for some weeks and I remember how wonderful it seemed when we got electricity into the house."

Mary Gledhill Dowdle said that the Christensen and Gledhill girls were always close friends through the years, as were the Christensens and Bartholomews. Mary lived in Payson while Vena lived in Santaquin and she says while living in Santaquin that Vena used to entertain her neighbors and friends at a program and musical regularly every month in her home. Although none of their children had any musical talent to speak of, George bought her a piano more or less for these occasions. Vena loved music, as did her sisters Elsie and Emma, and though she never had any special training she taught herself to play the piano some. Mary said that Vena loved people and that her sweet ways and thoughtfulness of others endeared her to all who knew her. Mary also said that Vena attended Relief Society and other church meetings faithfully and that she had one of the fondest dreams of her life realized when George took her to the "House of the Lord" and they and their six younger children were sealed for time and eternity. (Another daughter, Viola, had been born in Payson in June 1931, about a year after they moved to Santaquin.)

Vena was the only one of the Christensen

brothers and sisters who hadn't yet had her temple work done and this had worried her more as time went on and the children grew older. It took a near tragedy in George's and Vena's lives, however, to get them to the temple. Tresia tells of this: -

"The spring my oldest sister Vera was married (Apr. 1938) on Easter Sunday, I was with a group of young friends in a car when we had a terrible accident. I was badly injured and not expected to live for a time, my face being cut almost from ear to ear and other damage. I was unconscious for quite a period and the first time I saw my father, after regaining consciousness, I told him that I was concerned that he and mother had not been to the temple to be sealed for eternity. This seemed to be constantly on my mind after the accident and I remembered mother worrying about my sisters Vera and Alta turning eighteen before she and Dad had us children sealed to them. I exacted a promise from Dad at that time that they would prepare to go to the temple before my eighteenth birthday.

"My parents did prepare themselves and were permitted to go to the House of the Lord in Manti and have their temple work done and us younger children sealed to them for eternity, the very day before my eighteenth birthday - 27 May 1940. I know how happy they will be when all of their children are sealed to them and we can be together as a family in the world where they have gone. They made many sacrifices for us and the least we can do now for them is to prepare ourselves by righteous living to join them in the eternity."

Vera writes: - "Mother and Dad went through the Manti Temple the day before Tresia's eighteenth birthday and had the six younger children sealed to them. Alta and I were too old at the time. Cousins Byron and Mildred went through the temple with them and then they all came over to Ephraim where Ivan, I and our first son were living at the time and I had dinner ready for them. Byron brought ice cream for everyone for the occasion. Mildred said she bet I'd never dreamed that I'd be cooking my parents' wedding dinner someday!"

When World War II came along, their oldest son George went into the service. He became a gunner on a bomb squad flying missions over Germany. On his tenth bombing mission his plane was shot down over Germany and all the crew killed except George, who was wounded and taken prisoner. For seven months he was listed as "missing in action" and his family had no idea whether he was dead or alive. This must have been a real ordeal for Vena and George and their family. But George Jr., by the grace of a higher power, returned home safe and well.

Vena's husband George passed away 12 Apr. 1951. They had been married going on thirty-four years, nearly thirty years of which he had worked in the mines. He had retired from the mines and was trying his hand at herding sheep again when he became ill and was brought home. Vera writes: - "The day Dad died he had the Elders in to administer to him. They promised him a good nights rest. Later he sent mother out of the room to get him something and when she returned he was dead." George was buried beside little LaFay in the Goshen cemetery. Vena received some compensation, following his death, from the Industrial Commission because he died of "miners consumption".

Besides helping to raise her brothers' and sisters' children and her own seven, Vena raised a grandson, Terry, as long as she was able, since his mother, Alta, had to work for a living away from home. Left a widow, Vena continued to spend much of her time in Santaquin but visited around and stayed with her married children occasionally, especially Tresia. She had enjoyed comparatively good health throughout her life, although at one time in her earlier years a doctor said she had a breast cancer. Her family fasted and prayed for her and the suspicious looking lump disappeared. In middle age Vena became very heavy. It was probably this extreme overweight that caused the troubles and discouragement and the painful arthritis in her head, neck and shoulders that she suffered about the last year of her life.

When it came to the point that she needed a lot of special care, it was impossible for her

children to do what was needed - though they did all they could. She was placed in a rest home in Payson for a short while but was unhappy there because none of her children were near. So she was moved to a rest home in Salt Lake City and was only there a very short time when she passed away, 5 July 1956, at sixty-nine years three months and eight days. She had outlived her husband George a little over two months and four years.

Vena Christensen Clark's body rested in state in a lovely casket in her home in Santaquin, surrounded by flowers. Hundreds of relatives and friends came to view her and later to honor her at a beautiful memorial service in the Ward chapel there. She was laid to rest in the Goshen cemetery 8 July 1956 beside her dear husband and her small daughter LaFay.

So after death they came to see "Aunt Vena", relatives, nieces and nephews, as they had sought her out in love in couples, groups or individually as long as she lived and wherever she lived. She had long been a favorite with them all. One of her nieces, Elaine Christensen (Southwick) wrote a tribute to her which will perhaps find an echo in the hearts of all who knew and loved her. She titles it, of course, "Aunt Vena": -

"Perhaps my remembered image of Aunt Vena is like Standhal's idea of "crystalization". He claims that we do not see a person we really love as she actually is but endow her with qualities that she does not actually possess. 'In the salt mines' he says, 'it is possible to leave a dead branch - a black and ugly piece of wood - and to find next morning when one returns that it has become covered with salt crystals and is now a glittering object which is a delight to behold.' So maybe in my mind I have adorned Aunt Vena with a whole 'array of glittering crystals' which she may not have possessed - but this I doubt. Rather, I may not have given her due credit for all she was to me when she came to live with us after mother's death.

"I remember very little of her before that time and might have forgotten more had I not been

writing a journal while she was at our home. One of the most outstanding things about Aunt Vena was her chameleon ability to be any given age at any required time. Although in years she numbered almost thirty against my fourteen, we shared secrets, activities and like heart pangs. Besides providing me and my friends with home made bread, thick cream and sugar for an after school snack, she also provided a sounding board and a sympathetic understanding of my restless teenage fancies.

"As I look back through the eyes of experience, I can now know how tired she must have been from all of our varied demands, how lonely for love and attention from friends her own age, and yet how patient, understanding and available she was for our diversified family needs. I know that she showed a great compassion for all of us and that she was especially close to little Phillip as she must have also been to mother. That mother had adored her for her sweetness, gentleness and selflessness I have no doubt. She had admired the glint of Aunt Vena's spun gold hair; and in hopes that Virginia and I might possess a like adornment, she had us brush our locks one hundred strokes a day in the sunshine. Mother had believed in the philosophy of the Great Stone Face and had us try to emulate the benign and guileless expression Aunt Vena had.

"Aunt Vena, bowing before the perplexity of problems attendant to caring for five motherless children, often dreamed of mother, for she told us so. She saw her in teaching situations of all kinds, and yet she seemed always to nod encouragement and approval at Aunt Vena who stood humbly on this side of the veil, seeking help. She did so want to please 'Jennie'. Aunt Vena slept in the Blue Room with four year old Phillip, who clung to her as a substitute for his mother. One morning just at dawn she awoke to see little Phil smiling and nodding at someone who seemed to be leaving the room. Upon asking Phil who the visitor was he replied, 'I've been talking to my mama.' That Aunt Vena herself at times lived close to the angels, I have never doubted.

"She was loved by all members of her family, young and old alike, but because of her lack of subterfuge and her child-like qualities she was often a butt for family pranks when she was a girl. She used to entertain us children with stories of the escapades she experienced with her brothers just older, and other unusual happenings in her girlhood. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry when she told about the time she had saved up extra eggs enough to buy a coveted blouse. She told of carrying the eggs in a basket and, accompanied by grandmother, going carefully up the weed bordered sidewalk toward town. As they came to a wooden bridge, spanning an irrigation ditch, they stepped simultaneously upon a loose board, Aunt Vena, who weighed less than grandmother, flew into the air and landed on, in and under the ill-fated eggs.

"In appearance during her married years I remember her as large, comfortable and expressive. Her eyes were light blue and readily showed every expression she felt. Smile crinkles bordered her eyes and smile wrinkles deepened the corners of her mouth that sometimes pouted in mock severity. She had a slight impediment in her speech (lisping, I think) but it didn't stop the volubility of expressed love and concern for all of the children and grandchildren of hers and those of her 'dear brothers and sisters'. Her appellation for her family was always prefixed by 'dear'. It was 'dear brother Albert or dear brother Joseph, or Andrew, or Chris, or Louis, or Arthur'. And it was 'dear sister Ada, or Emma, or Elsie, or Tresia.' Her heart was as big as her family and was the pivot around which the family news circulated. She was an excellent letter writer. She treasured the letters, cards, pictures and clippings anyone sent her and she was eager to pass on any family news she received.

"Although I saw very little of Aunt Vena during her last years, I do know that her children honored and loved her and that everyone who knew her spoke of her with endearing admiration. To me she will always be a dear and cherished entity crystalized into a glittering object endowed with empathy, charity, trust, and a child-like faith in life, humanity and God, which made her a delight.

to know and a paragon to remember."<sup>11</sup>

\* \* \* \*

George Thomas Clark, husband of Elvena Christensen, was born 6 June 1887 in Upton, Summit, Utah. His parents were early Mormon pioneers of Upton, from England, William Rolland and Amelia Frances Smith Clark. He spent his early boyhood in Upton and attended the public schools that were available there. But it was necessary for him to work hard, for Upton was a frontier town and the people were mostly poor and had to struggle for a living.

Upton, first called "Up From Town" because of the altitude and distance from Coalville, which was settled first, is still fourteen miles from Coalville. The elevation is still the same, about 7,000 ft.; the winters are still long; only the name has been shortened. Starvation, cold and disease stared grimly at the first settlers there 105 years ago. Deep snows softened the stark brush and rock covered slopes but made foraging difficult for farm and wild game animals. Clearing acreage for planting had been difficult and the pioneers had realized only a little barley, oats and a few potatoes from a summer of hard labor. A few rabbits and an occasional elk supplemented their meager diet, and one family was forced to empty the straw from their beds to keep the family cow alive through the long dreary months.

Coalville was first settled in 1859 by a few settlers who were attracted by the good farmland at the confluence of Chalk Creek and the Weber River. That same year coal was discovered along Chalk Creek and more families flocked to this high country. Isaac Burton and John Stanley followed Chalk Creek still higher into the mountains and cleared some land and built a pole fence around it. In 1861 Joseph Huff came, saw the land and exchanged a cow for it. That summer he harvested a crop of wild hay and built a cabin. In early 1863 others began trickling in and soon more than 40 families called Upton home.

Slowly they cleared the land and brought

irrigation streams from nearby creeks. Oxen and mules were used for plowing. In addition to farming, some worked small coal mines, some hauled logs to Park City, Salt Lake City and Evanston, Wyoming. Much of this land is still in the families of those Upton pioneers - Boyers, Clarks, Saxtons, Meadows, Stayleys, Powells. Most of them were converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and some, including the Clarks, were from England. They recorded baptisms in Chalk Creek through holes chopped in the ice in winter months. They built a church, a school and a fine amusement hall.

These Upton pioneers not only built their own houses but they built their own furniture as well. They whitewashed the walls of their log cabins with lime and added board floors that were scrupulously cleaned with homemade lye soap. They made their own shoes and much of their clothing. They raised gardens, raspberries and rhubarb. They trapped beaver from nearby streams and lakes and they even took time out to fight Indians, if that happened to be necessary. They held community dances and other celebrations and had their fun on homemade sleds in winters.

There were lots of Clarks in Upton and all of them were related to George. His grandmother Clark came from England to Upton. His grandfather and grandmother Clark came and settled in Upton. His father and mother were married in Upton. Some of them had come there as early as 1869. His grandfather's brother, Frank Clark who was an artist, painted murals on all four walls of the large Upton recreation hall which people from all around came there to see. Yes, George had lots of relatives who had settled in Upton; for besides his grandparents there were aunts and uncles, great aunts and great uncles and cousins by the dozens.

George's father and mother lived in Upton for some years and then moved into Wyoming for another few years but returned again to live in Upton. It was here that the majority of their ten children were born. Tragedy struck the family in 1904 however, when George was nearing seventeen.

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GEORGE AND VENA'S CHILDREN



Vera



George



Lorraine, Viola, LaMar, Alta, Tresia

His mother gave birth to her tenth child on March 12th of that year but the little one died on the 14th and the mother died on the 18th of the effects of that childbirth. The next youngest child, age two, passed away the end of that month, and as if this weren't enough for the family to bear, the father was rushed to Coalville with bloodpoisoning the forepart of April and died there. There were less than three weeks between the deaths of George's parents, four of the family dying in less than a month.

George was next to the oldest of the seven remaining children, a third child of ten having died in 1900. His daughter Vera writes: - "There were seven children left in the family and they were soon scattered among the various relatives or anyone that would take them. Dad had no school after that and was shifted around among two or three different uncles at one time or another, as they were able to use him in farming or with the sheep. He eventually ended up herding sheep for the Bennion Livestock Company and it was through the manager of that company, Chris "I" Christensen, that he met his future wife, Elvena."

George was two months and ten days younger than Elvena. Vera tells that during April and May of each year her father used to tease her mother about being the "oldest" in the family, saying he was sure glad that he wasn't as old as she or that he's surely hate to be the oldest, or some such. But nearly thirty-four happily married years came out of that marriage and eight lovely children, seven of whom grew to maturity, married and had children of their own. They have a good sized posterity today.

George was rather small of stature, slightly shorter than Elvena. But he was tall in the things that mattered most - honesty, industry, charity, goodwill - there is not room here to name all of his good qualities. He was a kind and loving husband and a good father. He was not able to provide his family with many luxuries but their home was one of peace, understanding and love. He had many talents even though he had had little training and few opportunities. He loved music

and used to play for dances in Upton and that area before he was married. They say he played the banjo well, was excellent on the harmonica, could chord on the organ and piano, and could sure play the mandolin like a professional. Though he had never had a music lesson in his life he could play any piece of music that the dance band played.

George worked in the mines in Juab County for almost thirty years. In fact, he worked there until the mines closed down about 1950. At a large celebration held in Payson, honoring men of long and outstanding service to mining at that time, George was presented with a pin for his fine contribution. But he worked in the mines too long as far as his health was concerned. Breathing the poor air and dust in the mines so long brought on silicosis which caused his death, 12 Apr. 1951, at age sixty-four years ten months and six days.

George was buried 16 Apr. 1951 in the Goshen cemetery. Two weeks later, upon the advice of and after serious consultation with his doctor, a lawyer, and his mother who was hard to convince, his son George arranged to have his father's body exhumed and an autopsy performed to prove the nature of the condition that caused his death. From the report of those who examined him it was possible to file a claim with the Industrial Commission which eventually paid his mother a lump sum plus small monthly payments thereafter, which helped her so much at that time. But an unusual thing happened during the time the body was being examined. Some of George senior's own relatives, who had been unable to attend his funeral, came to the Goshen cemetery to visit his grave and found nothing but a gaping hole beside his marker. They immediately called on Vena and made things very difficult for her at the time.

## (10) FOSTER CHILDREN

(a) Ada Lorena Madsen, daughter of Victor August Hastrup Madsen, adopted son of Bishop Christian August Madsen of Gunnison and his wife Sarah Olesen, was born in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah 14 Mar. 1888. Ada was the fifth child and fourth daughter born to this couple. Else K. Christensen was the midwife who assisted with her birth and also cared for her and her mother during the time of the mother's illness which followed. Ada was born with a malfunctioning heart and was very frail herself, needing special care.

Knowing that she could not live long, twenty-seven year old Sarah Madsen exacted a promise from Else K. Christensen that she would take her baby daughter after she passed away and raise her as her own. Else promised. Sarah Madsen died 25 May 1888 and was buried in the Gunnison cemetery a few days later beside a baby daughter, Almira, who had passed away some six years before at two years of age.

Sarah Madsen died on Friday and her baby daughter hadn't been given a name yet. But she was blessed and given the name Ada Lorena Madsen the day after her mother's death, Sat. 26 May 1888, in the home and Else K. Christensen took the little two month twelve day old invalid to her home to raise as her own, as promised. Though the father, Victor A. Madsen, would not consent to Laurs and Else adopting his daughter, she having been sealed to him and his wife in the Covenant, yet he consented to them calling her by the surname of Christensen as long as she was with them and gave them a signed statement to that effect.

Much of the rest of Ada's story has been told in earlier pages of this book - the love she was given and the sunshine she brought into the Christensen home - her trip to Denmark at two-and-a-half years of age with her foster mother - her untimely death within two months and a few days of her ninth birthday, 3 Jan. 1897. She was baptized a member of the LDS Church 21 July 1896. A little more than ten years following her death,

Laurs and Else had her endowments taken care of in the Manti Temple, 22 Feb. 1907.

Ada was buried on the Madsen plot beside her mother in the Gunnison cemetery. Her tombstone bears the following inscription: - "In loving memory of Ada Lorena, daughter of Victor A. and Sarah Madsen - Born 14 Mar. 1888 - Died 3 Jan. 1897 - In sore distress your life has past - You loved us all while life did last - Reared by Laurs M. C. and Else K. Christensen." Less than eleven months after Ada's death her natural father, forty-two year old Victor August Madsen, joined the others of the little group resting there on the Madsen plot in Gunnison cemetery. He died 16 Nov. 1897 and was survived by his second wife and a son and two daughters by his first wife.

\* \* \* \* \*

(B) Anna Theresa Carlson, daughter of Carl Gustaf Carlson and Hulda Charlotte (or Caroline) Karlsson or Karlson, was born 9 Feb. 1889 in Fjarstad, Ostergotland, Sweden. She was christened (doubt) in the Swedish church there, 24 Feb. 1889. She was called by her second name, the spelling of which was eventually shortened to Tresia.

When Tresia was going on four years old her father took his own life. Her mother, left without means of support, was forced to return to the home of her aged father to live taking Tresia with her. Soon another little girl was born to the young widow and Tresia had a baby sister, Edith. The old grandfather, however, made things altogether miserable for the three of them, but especially Tresia's young mother, complaining over every crust of bread that went into the mouths of her little ones.

Tresia's mother was contacted by Mormon missionaries and soon joined the LDS Church, 5 Apr. 1894, becoming a member of the Linkoping Branch there in Sweden. At this her father became even more concerned with the "extra little mouths to feed" and the unhappy mother knew hardly what to do or where to turn.



Vena



Tresia



Tresia when older



Vena and Ada

Long before, Tresia's father's father had passed away when her father was very young and his mother married a Mr. Newren, said to have been a musician, and by him she had at least two sons, Tresia's father's half brothers. Family tradition claims that Mr. Newren was accidentally drowned when crossing a stream late one evening while returning from a dance at which he had been the fiddler. Be that as it may, Tresia's grandmother, the widow Newren, joined the LDS Church and, together with her two sons, emigrated to America and Zion. Later she died in Utah and Tresia's mother received a small sum of money from the grandmother's estate, as her husband's portion in behalf of his children.

At this time Tresia's mother, encouraged by the Mormon missionaries, was herself planning to emigrate to Zion as soon as she could get the means. She decided to use the children's small legacy to send her oldest daughter, Tresia, to stay with one of her husband's half brothers in Utah until she and the younger daughter could join her. So Tresia left Sweden by ship, in company with a returning Mormon missionary and his Swedish bride, the autumn of 1895, enroute to Zion and her half-uncle Mr. Newren's home in Salt Lake City. Little Swedish Tresia was going on seven at the time and could speak no English. Mr. Newren was a polygamist with two wives and two separate families. Times were hard and money was scarce and with many mouths to feed, Tresia was not overly welcome. She stayed with Mr. Newren's one family in Salt Lake for awhile and then was sent to Scofield in Carbon County to live with his other wife and family, where she remained for about a year. In the meantime the first wife and family had moved to Gunnison, Sanpete County and Tresia was sent to live with them again. Then these Newrens left Gunnison and she ended up living with an elderly couple in Centerfield who were no relation as far as she knew and whose names she soon forgot.

Tresia was baptized a member of the LDS Church 31 July 1897, while living in Centerfield. She had never attended school up to this point so

was sent to school in Centerfield when it opened in the fall. She went to school taking a sandwich of dried bread spread with bacon grease for her lunch. She remembers being hungry most of the time. School in Centerfield was short lived for Tresia however, for after a few days of it she wandered away several miles into north Gunnison and became lost - and nobody came to find her.

She spent that night sleeping on the steps of the Relief Society hall in northwest Gunnison. We have learned previously in this book how she ended up next day at the home of Laurs and Else K. Christensen and how they decided to give her a home, saying, "One more mouth won't make any difference." Tresia writes: - "After I had been shifted around from one family to another for two years, the Christensens took me in. It reads like a book. They were so wonderful to me. There are no words written or spoken that are good enough to describe them. They treated me as their own - God bless them! The rest of the Christensen family was grand to me also."

Tresia took the surname of Christensen while she lived with Laurs and Else and their family. She started school in the first grade in Gunnison when she was going on nine and attended there through the seventh grade. She left and went to Salt Lake City to work just before she turned sixteen, so she lived with the Christensens for somewhat more than six years. She always kept in touch with them, however, and deemed them "her family", returning to visit them on occasions as long as any of them lived. Even today she keeps in touch with their children, for she is still living at age eighty in Maricopa, California (1969).

Tresia worked at various things in Salt Lake City. She was a nursemaid for awhile and then did housework. She worked in different cafes and had a good job in a store at one time. After some six years of working around like this she met and married a man by the name of William H. Scott. They were married in Salt Lake City, 11 June 1911, when she was twenty-two. Mr. Scott owned a drug-store in Blackfoot, Idaho and took Tresia there to live. But William drank and the couple's marriage

ended in divorce in December of that same year.

Following her divorce Tresia went from Idaho to Oakland, California and worked there for nearly two years. Then she moved to Dillon, Montana to work. Here she met a bachelor ten years older than she, by the name of James Lacy. The two went to Evanston, Wyoming to be married, 3 July 1917. Tresia called her new husband Jim and he was lacking five months of being thirty-eight when they were wed and she was five months past twenty-eight. They lived in Dillon, Montana for five more years where Jim worked for a lumber company and an ice company. They then went to Delano, California for a year and a half, where he worked as a mason. Taft, California became their home next for about a year and a half and here Jim worked building schools and as a steam fitter. The oil fields in Maricopa nearby furnished him with his next employment and here they lived and worked for the next seventeen years. Jim then worked in the oil fields at Taft for three and a half years, but they continued to live at Maricopa. It was in Maricopa that Jim died of a heart attack, 4 Feb. 1946, and thus ended more than twenty-eight and a half years of a very happy marriage. Tresia wrote: - "Jim Lacy was a wonderful man and he was grand to me."

Tresia continued to live on in Maricopa and here she became acquainted with a widower by the name of Ray H. Moore. On 4 May 1951 the two went to Las Vegas, Nevada and were married. Tresia writes: - "Ray Moore was also a very good man and kind to me. We had been married just a little over two years when he died of a heart attack, 30 May 1953. He had three children by his first wife and through them I now claim nine grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren who are also very kind to me."

Tresia, very pretty as a girl and a beautiful woman even at eighty years of age (1969), never had any children of her own. But she is surrounded by those who love her for she is gracious, friendly, outgoing and greatly admired. She still lives in Maricopa, California, keeping her own apartment but sharing cooking responsibilities with a lady

friend next door, with whom she says she "has a ball". Though her eyes are rather poor now and she is forced to use a cane some, yet she gets around among her friends and enjoys life.

For a number of years after Ray Moore's death she made a yearly trip to Salt Lake City each autumn by bus and stayed with her cousin Della Newren Rudy in Salt Lake City for several weeks. At these times she visited around in Salt Lake and Provo with the descendants of Laurs and Else K. Christensen, to the fourth generation. She attended several Christensen family reunions. She is the only person now living that ever dwelt intimately with Laurs and Else and their family. She has added so many "memories" to the pages of this book.

Perhaps the happiest event in Tresia's later years took place 12 Oct. 1965, when she went to the Salt Lake Temple for her own endowments and was sealed to her second husband, James Lacy, for all eternity. She is now waiting hopefully for the opportunity to go again to the temple and be sealed to her own father and mother, together with her deceased sister Edith. Their temple ordinances are now being taken care of in preparation for this holy work. May she be thus blessed! Someday she will meet again with those she once knew and loved, as we shall meet our loved ones, on the other side of the veil.

## PART SIX

### THEIR NUMEROUS GRANDCHILDREN AND THEIR DESCENDANTS

"We have come by way of the trials and errors, the anxieties, hopes, pathos, and strivings of others - We have been given so much for which we have paid so little."

--Richard L. Evans

Laurs M. C. and Else K. Christensen had sixty-seven grandchildren. A history of each is included in this part of the book. Fifty-one of them were living when the writing of it was begun; four have passed away since. In order to save space and repetition each grandchild's name in the beginning will be followed by a number denoting the branch of the family to which he or she belongs; viz: Christian's (1), Andrew's (2), Joseph's (3), etc. Each is listed chronologically, according to the year of birth. Granddaughters appear under their maiden names, and in all instances the original Danish spelling of the surname Christensen has been used, although a number may now spell the name Christenson. It is too confusing to do otherwise.

How fortunate we are to be able to present some of the experiences of these people as told by themselves; for most of those living sent in their own histories which ranged in length from very-short to far-too-lengthy to be published in full here. We are most grateful for each and everyone, however, and delighted to find that our Christensen cousins have about run the gamut of interests and accomplishments in this great panorama of modern American living.

(1) Pearl Eva Christensen (1) writes of herself:-- "I was born 7 Oct. 1894 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah. I have blue-green eyes and blond hair. People say I have a pleasant but quiet personality. I was baptized a member of the LDS church 21 Oct. 1902 in the Manti Temple by Brother Christian Anderson and confirmed the same day and place by John B. Maiben. Grandmother Christensen took me there along with two of my cousins, Harold Christensen and Leo Nelson.

"My first day of school I went hand in hand with my friend Erma Lundberg. My first teacher was Amber Bardsley. I remember Grandma Christensen's chicken soup and dumplings, also her jelly-roll cake which she made each Sunday for the school teachers who boarded with her. She was a generous person who often invited friends and relatives to her house to eat. I remember Grandpa Christensen singing Danish songs and telling stories as we children walked with him as he drove his cows home from the west pasture. I remember going to Christenburg when I was young to visit my other grandparents, Ole and Inger Larsen. One time while crossing the swift Sanpitch River near their place in a wagon, we barely made it across. Also, when I was a girl, I used to often go with my father on short business trips here and there. He was so much fun and such a wonderful father to me. He used to call me his fat little Danish girl because I was plump and had long hair in braids.

"I was Primary organist for one year in the Gunnison Ward at age twelve and was an attendant to the queen, Miss Ella Bywater, at the Pioneer Day celebration there in 1906. If I turned up missing, mother could usually find me somewhere dressing old ladies' hair or assisting the old ladies in our neighborhood, for that is what took my fancy at that age.

"In the spring of 1910 sickness came to our home and I lost two younger sisters, Elora and Orilla, of scarlet fever within five days of each other. I can still remember how beautiful they looked in their coffins but how grief-stricken we all were. That same summer father bought a lovely

brick house from his brother Andrew at 3020 South 9th East in Salt Lake City and we moved there. We were in the Forest Dale Ward where I took part in Sunday School and M. I. A. and later taught in Primary for two years with Ella Seegmiller.

"I had finished fifth grade before we moved and I attended school in Salt Lake City at the Roosevelt school on 9th East and 33rd South from where I graduated from eighth grade. Then I attended the LDS High School. It was during this time that I had the wonderful experience of singing in the Tabernacle Choir for about three years. I studied under Evan Stephens. This was one of the choicest experiences of my girlhood!"

"At age twenty-one I took up a homestead beside my father's ranch on The Oasis near Lyman, Wyoming. Father had a four room house built, two rooms on his side of the land and two rooms on my side. I lived on the ranch in summers and in Lyman in the winters. It was while living in Lyman that I was called to be a visiting teacher in the Relief Society for the first time.

"Father at this time was manager and a large stockholder of the Bennion Livestock Company. A man by the name of Peter A. Jensen was also a stockholder and foreman in the same company. It was on The Oasis that our crops were burned and that father's untimely death occurred. Nothing can ever blot out the intense feeling of grief and despair that came over me that October 1917. I gave up the homestead and moved back to Salt Lake City sometime after that and had a comforting patriarchal blessing from Hyrum G. Smith.

"After father's death Peter A. Jensen became manager of the Bennion Livestock Company. He was a very kind and gentle man and came often to visit us. He had soft red curly hair, big blue eyes, was a classy dresser and an excellent dancing partner. He and I fell in love and were married 14 July 1920 in Farmington, Utah. I was always his 'darling'. (Peter August Jensen was born 27 Mar. 1884 in Gunnison, Utah, the son of Michael and Anna Lena Peterson Jensen). We spent our honeymoon on the Weber Ranch. After two years

we moved to Eureka, Nevada, where Peter ran the air compressor for the Uncle Sam's Mine. After a year we moved to Goshen, Utah where he worked as a special timberman in the Tintic Standard mine, then moved over to Eureka, Utah, working for the same company. He then went back to work for the Howells and Sharp Livestock Co., which had bought out the Bennion Livestock Co., and worked for them until his death.

"When we were first married we purchased a brick home at 363 East 21st South in Salt Lake City and rented it out for ten years. Finally we moved into this home of ours after losing a darling little son who was stillborn. Then our first daughter, Dartear Pearline, was born and then we lost another little son who was also stillborn. Our last child, Arminta Caroline, soon came along to cheer our hearts. Both girls had beautiful blond curly hair and were blessed with musical voices. Dartear sang solos when she was very young in Ward and school functions and also on the radio. Arminta also sang in such affairs and did solo work in "Showboat" and "Promised Valley". In the meantime I taught in Primary and among other things was able to bring two little boys into activity in the church. They had been neglected and Peter had great influence with them. We kept in touch with them over the years. One of these boys went on a mission when eighteen years of age, the other died in the service fighting for his country.

"When Dartear was married her husband went directly into the service at Camp Campbell, Kentucky. When her first baby was born I went to live with them in Hopkinsville, Kentucky. I only stayed there a few weeks and then went to Nashville, Tennessee with Mrs. Barbee, a relative of Reed Smoot's. Later, when Dartear's husband was transferred to Camp Cook near Santa Maria, California, while they went ahead by automobile to get settled I tended their baby, Dawn Lynn, and later took her by train to join them. I had a fine trip seeing all the sights, gathering shells near the ocean and enjoying the huge palm trees that I had never seen before.

"When Arminta was married she and her

husband moved to Fairbanks, Alaska. When their first child was born there I went to visit them. The trip took thirteen hours of flying time. I stayed three months that summer. The first LDS chapel dedicated in Fairbanks was where baby David was blessed. While there I saw the great Northern Lights, the Midnight Sun, and attended their one hundred year centennial celebration. I saw large white Alaskan wolf dogs with light blue eyes and sled dogs in darker shades. I saw the gold dredge in operation and also the big fish wheel. I saw the perma frost which looked like a big layer cake with different shades of icing in between. I had a ride in an army jet at one of the largest military camps in the north. Flying back from Alaska we had difficulty with one engine and they gave us Mae West wings to put on twice. We were afraid we wouldn't make it. We stopped at Yakima, Washington for repairs.

"On 29 Nov. 1958 in Salt Lake City my 'darling' died suddenly. I was stricken with grief. Afterwards, the girls thought it would do me good to take a trip. So I attended the Hill Cumorah pageant and other places of early church interest. I attended a meeting at the Sacred Grove where it poured rain all around but not a drop touched us. Returning to Salt Lake City I later went to the temple there and had Peter and myself sealed together as man and wife for eternity, 26 June 1959. I was also sealed to my parents there that same day. Then I went on a temple tour of Manti, St. George, Mesa and Los Angeles temples and enjoyed the trip so very much.

"After coming home I went to work as a practical nurse, working with tiny babies and small children. Sometimes I cared for elderly women in their homes or acted as a companion on their travels. I joined the D. U. P. and served as a teacher in our camp for the year 1960. In 1959 I was put in as work director in the Wells Ward Relief Society. I took two courses in genealogy and am still working at that. I now go often to the Salt Lake Temple to do work for the dead. I am in very good health and still going strong as I approach my seventy-fifth birthday (1969)."

Descendants of Pearl Eva Christensen and Peter August Jensen: -

- (A) Boy child Jensen, stillborn 14 May 1924, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- (B) Dartear Pearline Jensen born 21 Oct. 1926, S. L. C., md. 29 Jan. 1942 in Evanston, Wyoming, Stanley Eugene Price (born 4 Apr. 1921 S. L. C. to Leonard Wallace and Irma Irene Unger Price). Three children all born in Salt Lake City, Utah:
- I. Dawn Lynn Price b. 10 Aug. 1924; md. 4 Feb. 1965 in S. L. C. William Rochell Ingram (b. 10 July 1941 Lancaster, South Carolina to William Howard Taft and Ivamae Adams Ingram). Children: -
    - (a) William Troy Ingram b. 21 July 1965 Maryetta, Georgia.
    - (b) Michael Shane Ingram b. 19 June 1967 Maryetta, Georgia.
    - (c) Jess Heith Ingram b. 24 Nov. 1968 East Point, Georgia.
  - II. Stanley Michael Price b. 17 Mar. 1947; md. 12 Nov. 1965 S. L. C. Claudia Kranendonk (b. 9 Mar. 1947 in S. L. C. to David and Donna Jean Madsen Kranendonk). Child: -
    - (a) Stanley Eugene Price b. 2 June 1966 S. L. C.
  - III. Douglas Eugene Price b. 2 June 1966 S. L. C.
- (C) Boy child Jensen stillborn 5 May 1928 Salt Lake City, Utah.
- (D) Arminta Caroline Jensen born 25 Apr. 1931 Salt Lake City, Utah; md. 5 Jan. 1951 in Elko, Nevada, Richard Wallace Calvin (born 6 July 1930 in S. L. C. to Kyle Harry and Helen Brown Calvin) Children:
  - I. David Richard Calvin b. 19 Aug. 1952 in Fairbanks, Alaska
  - II. Thomas William Calvin b. 24 June 1955 in Salt Lake City.

(2) Joseph Harold Christensen (3) "I was born Sun. 21 Oct. 1894 in the Bardsley home in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah, where father had rented two rooms. He was a school teacher. When I was about five years old we moved to Redmond, Utah where my father and mother both taught school. I can remember trying to keep up with the older boys there playing 'Follow Jack' and trying to jump a wide ditch as they did. I would get wet and then would get my legs whipped with my wet stockings that had buttons on the top, and that didn't feel so good.

"The next two winters father taught at Vernal, Utah so we moved there. I missed the first two grades of school, as mother taught me at home while in Vernal. Then we moved back to Gunnison and I attended school there until I was twelve. At that time they felt that I was too young to go away to school so I took the eighth grade over since there was no high school in Gunnison at that time. The following year I went to Ephraim, Utah and attended Snow College, living with some people by the name of Nielson.

"My first trip to Salt Lake City came about this time the summer I was thirteen or fourteen, Alma Fredrickson, a boy who lived with us for nine years and was just like a brother, and I decided to see the big city. I don't remember how we got there or who we went with but I do remember we both had new straw hats and we wanted to see the trains. We got up on the viaduct to look down on the trains as they passed below and our hats blew off and we lost them and besides got peppered with hot cinders.

"About 1910 father fed between twenty and thirty milch cows down on his brother Albert's Gunnison ranch about a mile or two west of town. I had to go down there both before and after school for a time to help milk them. I was pretty happy when he sold the carload to the Clover Leaf Dairy and I got rid of that job.

"The year after attending Snow College at Ephraim, which was just a preparatory school, I attended first year High School in Manti and lived

with Grandpa and Grandma Christensen a few blocks north and east of the schoolhouse. That is when I first met a girl named Herma Keller. The year after that, since a two-year High School had just been started in Gunnison, I went back home for my second year of High School training. I was Gunnison High School's first studentbody president that year. The following two years I finished high school at Manti. I was on the basketball team both of those years - captain of the team - center - and star player. We went to Provo for the finals the second year. I was also studentbody president of Manti High that second year (1914-15).

"I dated Herma Keller - we were in school together. She was very active in school plays, etc., and we both belonged to the Dramatic Club of 1915. We were married the next year, 28 Dec. 1916, in the Manti Temple. There were eight years between my only living sister, Ruth Ellen, and I, mother having lost three babies between us. I had three younger brothers at the time I was married - Myron, Virgil and Marvin. Another brother, Don, was born just four days after my marriage. Mother attended our wedding celebration at the Keller home the night of our marriage and I didn't even know she was expecting. I knew little about the 'bees and the birds' at that time.

"After Herma and I were married we lived in Gunnison until our first baby, Cloyd, was six months old (Jan. 1918) and then we moved to the farm east of Gunnison into the house Dad had built there earlier for some farm workers. Previously I had worked with Dad on this farm in summers and during school when I had time, but now I took it over myself. I raised sugar beets, sheep and cattle. I was also busy in church activities, teaching in the M.I.A. and later acting as second counselor.

"Herma and I had four children, three boys and a girl. When Dorothy, your youngest, was ten years old (1935) we moved back to town so the children would be closer to school and church. We rented a Sorenson home in the northwest part of Gunnison. We then built a lovely new brick home of our own in northeast Gunnison, but we were only

in it a short time when Herma passed away, 12 May 1940. I was single for two years and then I married a widow, Stella Sorenson Averett. We met in Salina and were married in Richfield 25 May 1942. She also had several children but she was wonderful to me and mine.

"I was on the Gunnison City Council fourteen years, board member of the Gunnison Irrigation Company eight years, treasurer of the City Canal Company for six years and Watermaster for many years also. More recently I was on the government appointed commission to buy farms in Sanpete County for nonmarginal farmers. I served in this capacity for six years."

Harold's daughter Dorothy passed away following an automobile accident, 29 Aug. 1963. His second wife, Stella, died rather suddenly 19 Nov. 1967. Harold became rather discouraged after that and his heart condition of long standing seemed to get worse. He visited his sister Ruth Ellen Hansen in California for some weeks around Christmas. He returned home to the farmhouse where he and Stella had lived for several years, the farm itself now being owned by his son Keller who had built it into one of the finest cattle farms in the area. Keller and sometimes Cloyd came to have breakfast with him every morning. They found him still in bed Monday morning, 11 Mar. 1968. He had passed away in his sleep during the early hours. He was buried 14 Mar. 1968 in the Gunnison cemetery beside his wife Herma.

Descendants of Joseph Harold Christensen and Herma Keller: -

(A) Cloyd Harold Christensen born 14 June 1918, Gunnison, Utah; md. 29 Dec. 1937 in Axtell, Utah, Elaine Sorenson (born 16 Jan. 1918 in Axtell to Truman L. and Anna RoLinda Jensen Sorenson). Children: -

I. Deanne Christensen b. 29 Aug. 1939 Gunnison; md. 21 Feb. 1957 in Gunnison, Bruce A. Hill (b. 30 May 1939, Fayette, Utah to Wendell Bown and Lola May Olsen Hill). Children:

- a. Jeffrey Bruce Hill b 23 May 1957 Gunnison.
  - b. Gregory Jon Hill b. 3 Oct. 1958 Gunnison.
  - c. Mechelle Hill b. 3 Nov. 1959 Gunnison.
  - d. Ronnie C. Hill b. 1 Dec. 1961 Salt Lake City.
  - e. Richard W. Hill b. 26 Apr. 1964 S. L. C.
  - f. Bryant Hill b. 21 Feb. 1966 Tucumcari, New Mexico.
- II. Brent Cloyd Christensen b. 28 Apr. 1944 Salina, Utah; md. 24 Feb. 1967 in Las Vegas, Nevada Diana Diefenbaugh (Pratt) (b. 10 Feb. 1945 Nampa, Idaho to John Diefenbaugh and Alandene Rose Diefenbaugh (now Pratt) Child:  
a. Michael Scan Christensen b. 3 Oct. 1967 Gunnison, Utah
- III. Becky Elaine Christensen b. 22 Jan. 1951 Gunnison, Utah; md. 17 Sept. 1966 in Gunnison, James Randy Frandsen (b. 1 June 1949 Salt Lake City to Sherrel and Stella Lee Anderson Frandsen). Child:  
a. Marc Randy Frandsen b. 25 Apr. 1967 Gunnison.

- (B) Joseph Keller Christensen b. 9 Oct. 1921 in Gunnison, Utah; md. 23 Dec. 1942 in Manti, Utah, Marian Frandsen (born 16 Nov. 1922 Clarion, Utah to Peter Lafayette and Ida Caroline Larsen Frandsen). Children:
- I. Female child Christensen stillborn 27 Aug. 1945 Salina, Utah.
  - II. Dennis Keller Christensen b. 19 Oct. 1946, Gunnison.
  - III. Norman Tim Christensen b. 15 Aug. 1948, Gunnison.
  - IV. Jed Harold Christensen b. 17 June 1950, Gunnison.
  - V. Bruce F. Christensen b. 16 June 1954, Gunnison.
  - VI. Lori Christensen b. 5 July 1956, Gunnison.

- (C) Clair Alden Christensen born 24 Aug. 1923 in Manti, Utah; md. 7 Dec. 1943 in Manti, Utah, Theo Peterson (born 20 Jan. 1924 in Centerfield, Utah to John P. and Dollrus Childs Peterson). Children:

- I. Gloria Christensen b. Feb. 1945, Salina, Utah; md. 14 Sept. 1966 in Logan, Utah, David Nolan Olsen (b. 11 May 1943 in Logan to Nolan Porter and Katie Anona Merrill Olsen). One child:
  - a. Jeffery David Olsen b. 5 Apr. 1968 in Logan.
- II. Susan Christensen b. 23 June 1947, Gunnison, Utah
- III. Loraine Christensen b. 14 Sept. 1949, Gunnison.
- IV. Douglas J. Christensen b. 27 Aug. 1953 Salt Lake City.
- V. Carey A. Christensen b. 28 May 1956 Salt Lake City.
- VI. Scott J. Christensen b. 5 May 1962 Salt Lake City

- (D) Dorothy Roxie Christensen b. 21 Apr. 1925 in Gunnison, Utah; md. 5 May 1944 in San Diego, Calif., Everett Earl Erskine (born 14 June 1924 in San Diego to Ralph Samuel and Verlie Irene Gleason Erskine). Children:
- I. Everett Earl Erskine Jr. b. 10 Aug. 1946, Gunnison; md. 5 Feb. 1969 Salt Lake City, Karla Rae Godwin (b. 21 June 1947 in Salt Lake City to Stanley E. and Lillian Lauritzen Godwin).
  - II. Vickie Lynn Erskine b. 10 Feb. 1948 Tooele, Utah; md. 17 Sept. 1965 Salt Lake City, Kenneth J. Webb (b. 14 Oct. 1944 Salina, Utah to Howard Eugene and Afton Lucille Olsen Webb.)
  - III. Karma Lee Erskine b. 3 Jan. 1953 Salt Lake City.
  - IV. Julee Erskine (twin) b. 16 July 1954 Salt Lake City.
  - V. Judee Erskine (twin) b. 16 July 1954 S. L. C.

(3) Roxie Irene Christensen (3) was born 6 Nov. 1896 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah; died 18 Dec. 1896 in Gunnison and was buried there.

(4) Inger Elora Christensen (1) was born 12 Apr. 1897 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah; died in Gunnison 27 May 1910 of scarlet fever at age

thirteen years one month and fifteen days. She was buried in the Gunnison cemetery.

(5) Adelbert Alfious Christensen (2) was born 12 Apr. 1897 in Fayette, Sanpete, Utah, the same day that his cousin Elora was born in Gunnison. He died 29 Nov. 1904 in Provo, Utah of diphtheria at age seven years seven months and seventeen days. He was buried in the Provo City Cemetery.

(6) Royal Milton Christensen (3) was born 14 Jan. 1898 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah; died 25 Feb. 1898 in Gunnison and was buried there. (Some records claim he was born and died in 1899.)

(7) Giles Elmer Christensen (1) born 4 July 1899 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah. Elmer writes: "I was christened Giles Elmer but later changed to Elmer Giles. When I was a boy father wasn't home much. I remember while we were living in Gunnison Father came home one spring after having been on the desert all winter with the sheep. His whiskers were long and red and I didn't know who he was. So when he came over and kissed mother I was shocked. He left and I told mother I was going to tell Father that she let that man with the red whiskers kiss her. Later Father came back from the barber shop with the red whiskers gone and of course I recognized him then and told him about the man with the red whiskers kissing mother. Father sure got a kick out of that."

"I started school in Gunnison and then when we moved to Salt Lake City (1910) I finished the fourth grade at the Roosevelt school on 33rd South 9th East in Salt Lake, and that was the end of school for me. I ran away from home and went to California. But I didn't stay away very long and soon went back to Utah and father put me to work at various things on the ranch or herding sheep. But he wasn't with me very much when I was on the ranch or herding sheep either."

"Roy and I used to take turns working on the ranch in Wyoming called 'The Oasis'. Roy was there the fall of 1917 and I was working on the dry

farm in Cedar Valley. One night in early October I dreamed, or imagined I saw Father standing in the door of my tent. Though he said nothing I knew something was wrong. The next day they brought me word of the accident that caused his death. I was eighteen at the time. After his death I continued to work for the Bennion Livestock Company herding sheep for awhile and then I went into the army. After the war was over I went to work in the mines, first at Ruth and then at Ely, Nevada.

"It was in Ely, Nevada in 1929 that I married the widow Frances, or 'Fannie' Tanfield Marsh. She had three children by her first husband--Jack, Don and Mary Marsh. I didn't adopt them. Fannie died in 1932 so I left Ely and went to work in the mines in Colorado at Alma, Fair Play and Leadville mines. From there I went to California. Then I joined the army again and was in it from October 1942 until February 1944. I was stationed on the island of Honolulu in Hawaii. I was a cook there for about a year so I was made a Sergeant.

"I then came back to California. I drove truck here in Los Angeles for E. Willardson Plumbing Company for twenty-six years and then, after they went broke, I went to work for F. C. Schilling Plumbing Co. and worked for them for three years. I remarried here a widow by the name of Mrs. Norah Kathleen Makerove. She doesn't like the name of Norah so we call her 'Kay'. She had a five year old son, Ronald Makerove, whom I raised as my own for eighteen years, although I never adopted him.

"My life isn't very exciting now for a few years back they sent me to the hospital with heart trouble. (He also has emphysema). Now they won't let me work so I have retired and just putter around with the flowers here on the place and am getting fat and lazy. In the First World War I was known as Giles Elmer and in the Second World War as Elmer Giles. Now I hardly ever hear either of these names as everyone down here calls me Chris."

Elmer is the only one of the Christensen descendants to have served in both great world wars. He has no children of his own. He is now

living in Los Angeles (1969) with his second wife, Kay, and enjoying life as he approaches his seventieth birthday, in spite of his ailments and limited activity. They say he raises the most beautiful flowers!

(8) LaFaun Christensen (3) was born 27 Feb. 1900 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah, and died 13 May 1900 also in Gunnison and was buried there. Some family records claim she was born and died in 1901.

(9) Edith Lovena Christensen (2) later changed the spelling of her first name to Edythe. Her own history, entitled "As Memory Serves", is a beautiful one and was written for her descendants. We have only room for a few highlights: - "I was born 22 Apr. 1900 in Ann Arbor, Washtenau, Michigan, where Father was attending school. I have been told that I was plump and good natured as a baby, with brown eyes and blonde hair. Later my hair turned to deep brown with copper glints.

"My own earliest recollections date back to age four and a half, when mother and us children were living in Provo, Utah, while father was in Europe for further study. Adelbert and I had diphtheria. I was given the antitoxin in time to bring about my recovery - he was not and died. Young as I was I felt sobered and bereft. I had loved this older brother with all the tenacity of my little soul.

"We moved to Salt Lake City in 1905 and in late 1906 or early 1907 father purchased a lovely home on 27th South and 9th East. On the extensive grounds father had a fishpond constructed and stocked with trout. In all family activities we children never felt left out or in want of the things that meant most - attention - pride in achievement - love in abundance. I was permitted a year of kindergarten at age six at the LDS School. I went back and forth by streetcar with Father, who was principal of the school. Regular school started for me at the Roosevelt grade school, judged to be about a mile from our home, which distance I walked in

snow or shine. I was eager to learn and soaked up the lessons like a sponge. The winter of 1909/10 I passed off the second and third grades in one year.

"It was in our fishpond that spring of 1910 that our baby sister Elsie was drowned. My brothers and I had been commissioned to 'watch out for her' but were jumping the rope and forgot. I still blame myself for that tragedy. I never jumped the rope again! Later that spring we sold our cherished home to our wonderful Uncle Chris "I" and in July father, mother, Wendell age 7, Sheldon age 4, and I age 10, left for Europe.

"After two wonderful months in England, where father studied and 'put himself out' to give us numerous cultural and educational experiences, we sailed to Denmark to meet our beloved Christensen grandparents and with them visit Danish relatives there. Then all were bidden a fond adieu and father headed us towards Germany and school again. He continued to take time to show us spots of cultural and historical interest and inspire us with his stories of the same. We even visited the Berlin Palace and a parade of the Kaiser's goose-stepping troupes.

"Leipzig was our destination and here father studied at the University. We shared the apartment of some German saints. Wendell and I attended the early grades. Among other things we learned to speak German quite well. I also started lessons on the piano. My teacher was Fraulein Hedwig Hartel, a convert to the church. At the conclusion of each lesson I was given a treat - usually a small molded pudding of blanc-mange with a raspberry syrup, which was lucious.

"Christmas in Germany, long the toy center of the world, was almost beyond description. Lucky children, we were taken into exciting shops and throngs. Our eyes beheld things beyond anything we had yet imagined. The main event of spring that year (1911) was the arrival of my fourth brother, Luther. He was a beauty!

"Returning to Provo that fall, Father was given a full professorship at BYU. I enrolled in fifth grade at BY Training School and attended

there three years, through seventh grade. In those three years we lived in three different areas in the Provo and Pleasant View areas. Why we moved so much I'll never know. Mother always left a place looking better than she found it, which took a lot of work. We all helped. It was in Pleasant View the spring of 1914 that my sister Lucile was born.

"I never did attend eighth grade, for that fall found us in Rexburg, Idaho, where Father had been sent by the church to head the Ricks Academy. I started as a freshman in high school that year and made an "A" average for the next three years. I was fond of music and was chosen as a member of a ladies double trio in school, which performed often. During my second summer I took a six weeks course in piano - my first since Leipzig.

"Discipline was strict in our home. Rules were laid down quietly but firmly. I was informed early that I might start dating following my seventeenth birthday. The day finally arrived and I accepted a date from a fine young man to attend a school dance. Father stipulated a rather early time to return. Via our homeward journey we stopped at a drugstore for refreshments. Oh my! We discovered that even by walking fast we would still be a half hour late. Father met us at the door. He said little and that in a quiet voice of steel. The young man left and never braved another date with me. Underneath my disappointment I knew I had broken a promise and deserved punishment, yet deeper still I felt protected. My father loved me enough to keep the fortress tight!

"The spring of 1917 found us living in the small village of LaVerkin in southern Utah's Dixie. I had developed some anemia and Father, eager to get out from under the pressures of school work, had used this as a partial excuse to resign his position in Rexburg, to mother's dismay. A four-roomed log hut overlooking the murky Virgin River was our home for awhile. It was pretty desolate. Lizards scuttled over the sandy soil, sometimes invading our very rooms. But between the bright hot summer sun and dippings in the mineral springs there, I recovered my health. We moved into a brick home in the fall and the three boys

went to school but I stayed out and helped at home, gave piano lessons, which bolstered my confidence and also my finances, worked in Sunday School and M. I. A. and served as drama and music director for the young people of the community.

"Father received another church call the spring of 1918, this time to preside over the Millard Academy at Hinckley, Utah, so we moved again. The Academy was small and rundown but father was a good organizer and a hard worker. With his advice and help I started as a teacher of music at the Academy and also taught a class of theology, Book of Mormon, besides taking a few classes. I did soprano solo work for school and church, became the Ward organist and organized and played piano for a four-piece orchestra. There was the usual whirl of dances, parties, picnics, etc., and being a 'new girl' I walked off with the prize in escorts in Hinckley, as I had in LaVerkin.

"Margaret, the folks' last child, was born there in May 1919. That spring Father gave up school work for good and turned his attention to others of his projects. He purchased the big Star Ranch north of Nephi, Utah, together with his brother Albert and brother-in-law Otis Ercanback. So we moved to Star Ranch and had a busy and beautiful summer.

"Father rented a home in Provo and moved us there for school that winter. I entered as a freshman at B. Y. U. I studied voice with Florence Jeppesen (Madsen) among other subjects, and renewed my acquaintance with friends I had known earlier at the Training School, especially Grace Nixon. At the close of school the spring of 1920 the family moved back to Star Ranch but I stayed on for twelve weeks of summer school. That fall the folks moved back to Provo for school and I enrolled for my second year at B. Y. U.

"One day about March of 1921 my friend Grace asked me suddenly, 'How would you like to go to Boston with me to study next fall?' Would I indeed! I could hardly wait to ask my parents. My practical mother was not enthused but my

dreamer-of-a-father was elated and thought he could see me through. Grace was graduating that spring while I had had only two winters and one summer of college.

"The day of departure arrived but the money father expected did not. However, he had arranged for me a loan of \$300.00 through the church school system. This would barely pay my fare, my tuition at the Leland Powers School of Dramatic Art and my first months rent, with a little left over. Florence Jepperson had written ahead and engaged us room and board with a couple she knew in Boston. When we arrived there were about three weeks left before school started. I immediately found a job as waitress in a downtown cafe. The place was busy and the trays were heavy. I stayed on but looked for something better.

"I know it was through prayer that I ran across the exclusive little French Pastry Shop owned and managed by Mr. Constantin, a Greek and a gentleman in every sense of the word. I was hired as waitress on the spot. The wage was good and soon I was promoted to cashier with a raise in salary. My hours were from 4:00 p.m. to 12:00 midnight, and since school hours were from 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. this was perfect. The subway opened within a few steps of the shop and the exit was near my apartment.

"Grace didn't have to work but she had to be careful. She got a monthly check from home, but I got none. I had to make my own way. With insufficient money for board I asked our landlady for permission to fix my own meals. Breakfast consisted of hot chocolate made with canned milk and water, and a peanut butter or honey sandwich. Lunch consisted of a large 5¢ apple or, if I was extra hungry, a 10¢ plate of spaghetti purchased on my way from school. My night meal, included with my job, was soup or salad, a sandwich, certain pastries or ice cream. And thus I managed.

"I decided to change from drama to my first love, music the next fall and planned to enter the New England Conservatory of Music. Funds would not allow for a trip home that summer so I accepted

a summer job with still more money from my employer, Mr. Constantin, which was to introduce his French candies in connection with a linen shop in the seaside resort town of Magnolia, Maine. I lodged at the home of the charming Jewish woman who tended the Linen Shop. I discovered that fine minds, noble spirits and kindly hearts are to be found in many places, regardless of race, rank or creed.

"Grace and I found a small one-room apartment with tiny kitchen and bath close to the Conservatory of Music where I registered and then faced the manager in his private office. I did not have the price of tuition, since the money I had been promised from home failed to arrive and my own earnings were insufficient. He waived immediate payment and as the year advanced gave me every advantage of discount plus a partial scholarship. In return I promised dedicated work and I kept my promise.

"I took vocal, piano, harmony, solfeggio, sight reading and history of music. My aim was to practice from five to six hours a day. I worked out a tight schedule and stuck to it. I didn't work otherwise except at a small job playing piano for a children's dance studio and as a paid singer at an Episcopal church on Sunday which came early enough for me to attend my own church service later. My health was good and my ambitions high.

"There were a number of other Utahns studying there. Among the male students and LDS missionaries we did not lack for dates but limited our dating to one night a week and Sunday afternoons. We were pretty selective in the things we attended - operas, concerts, the best in musical comedy, Shakespeare's plays, etc. I had an invitation to the Harvard Junior Prom that year - it was quite an occasion. Saturdays we sometimes went sight seeing to spots of historical interest or visited art galleries to browse.

"Though I received a little help from home occasionally and some from a business friend in Utah, yet by money standards I was 'poor', if not 'in need', although somehow I felt blessed and 'rich'.

I remember the time our cupboard was bare. I had spent my last quarter on apples and day old rolls. Having eaten these we were entirely without food. My pay wasn't due for a few days and Grace's check, usually so prompt, had not come. We prayed earnestly that night but morning came and still nothing. We didn't eat the second day and repeated the prayers. Morning broke again but there was still no food. We went to school but both were weak. My prayers were constant though silent throughout that day. Returning home I found a letter from Uncle Henry Bartholomew containing a \$10.00 bill. He said he thought I might be able to use it. I dropped to my knees in thanksgiving, then went out to market. We had more than one period of forced fasting!

"In the spring I had a letter from home saying I was needed badly. The family's finances had reached low ebb, father's health was in a poor state, and mother was desperate. The family had moved to Salt Lake into a shabby house on a bend of the Jordan River. I scraped up money for my fare and was on my way home in a matter of days. I found conditions as described with the necessity of getting an immediate job. I worked temporarily collecting for an insurance company and soliciting catering orders - it was hard and discouraging work. By fall I had landed a position in the Madison school, teaching music in the upper grades and another subject. J. Spencer Cornwall, music supervisor of the district, often visited my classes and asked me at one time if I intended to go east for further study. He had a plan in mind for teaching group piano in the grades and said if I could qualify he would give me the opportunity to start it. I determined to return to Boston.

"In the meantime, with the help of my earnings, things began looking up for the family. We left the old home on the bend of the Jordan and rented an attractive two story red brick house at 1876 South Main St. There were plenty of rooms for me a music studio and a sewing room for mother, who was beginning to make temple and burial clothes for the church at a fair profit. It was while living here that one of the main events of my life occurred. Through a blind date arranged

by friends, I met Dr. Burtis F. Robbins who had just returned from his training in New York and was ready to start his practice. He looked distinguished but was a man of few words - mostly of one syllable, or so it seemed to me. I was used to being catered to and amused, if you please. The evening of dinner and dancing finally over he drove me home, stopped the car, and resting his hands on the wheel, remained silent. Strangely, at that moment an inner voice spoke to me in ringing clearness: 'Edythe, this is the man!' In my heart of hearts that first night I knew that Dr. Robbins was the one for me.

"He continued to date me - not often but consistently. He took me to many of the best things. He was a busy man setting up his practice, and besides was superintendent of the Sunday School and worked in the M. I. A. in the 18th Ward. I became active in the Farmers' Ward, counselor in M. I. A., director of the Ward plays and doing things musically - I'm sure Dr. Robbins was much sought after and I did my share of other dating. At one time I mentioned to him that come fall I thought of going east again. 'Oh, you don't want to do that' was his answer. Fall came and I prepared to go to Boston. I hadn't heard a word from my Dr. friend for three weeks and was hurt and left without a word to him. Arriving in Boston I received the longest letter I have ever received from Burtis - but no proposal of marriage.

"I threw myself into my work at the Conservatory - mostly piano, for which I had the best teacher of my career. I became engaged that winter to a young law student from Utah who was graduating from Harvard. No sooner was this done than I knew I couldn't go through with it. But how to get out of it without hurting him? There is no such thing - such things always hurt.

"I returned home the spring of 1925. Plans were laid for me to begin work teaching group piano in the fall. Burtis welcomed me with enthusiasm but dating went on the same - slowly. The winter went by and I also taught part of the summer. The fall of 1926 rolled around and with it my second year of teaching group piano. I took

piano students after school. I was now twenty-six - goodness I was getting old! I longed for a husband and children of my own. Another young man was pressing me for marriage but I couldn't get my mind off Burtis. I spoke to Father about him, his seeming lack of gallantry and attention. 'What kind of a man do you really want - one who is doing big things or one who spends his energy doing little ones?' And he smiled.

"I had been blessed with much, especially experience, but still had no home of my own. I did some serious thinking and decided on a plan. I wrote my resolve in a long letter telling Burtis I was through. I would hand it to him the next time he came. It was to be dramatic - final! The day of Dec. 14th dawned. Burtis called that afternoon. I went to the door and extended the letter. He didn't take it but handed a small packet to me instead. It held a large, square-cut, glittering diamond. The wedding was set for Jan. 14th, one month away. Later that afternoon there arrived a box of long stemmed red roses, and they have been arriving on that same date every year since. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple by Pres. Heber J. Grant. I continued to teach to the end of that school year.

"That was forty-one years ago. Burtis has been a wonderful husband and provider. He has gone along with me in all my 'flights of fancy' whether it be the collecting of oriental rugs and other works of art, antique furniture buying, home remodeling and decorating, creative work with rock and wood, painting and sculpturing, twelve years with the Tabernacle choir, or travel to distant lands. He has been a wonderful father to our one boy and four girls. There was always money for lessons from the best teachers, violin, cello, piano and voice. There was money for them to study in distant cities and for our son's mission to Japan. There was always money for the important things. We had five Temple marriages in some over four years, including four beautiful home receptions for which nothing was spared.

Burtis has been a wonderful son-in-law, opening our home to Mother and furnishing her with her

own apartment there as long as she lived and all else he could supply that her aging heart desired. He has been a wonderful member of the church, serving in numerous important capacities, the climax of which would surely be presiding over the East German Mission (later changed to North German) from Aug. 1957 to Dec. 1959, which included over 9,000 Saints, about half of whom were behind the Iron Curtain, where I labored with him among the people I had learned to love as a child.

"In the forty-one years my husband, children and grandchildren have always been my greatest joy and concern. My home has been my castle, whether our first rented apartment on 3rd Ave. and C St.; our first owned home at 121 B St.; our lovely home of sixteen years at 1176 East South Temple; our farm, where the Skyline High now stands, and the series of tents and cabins in which we lived there in summers from 1934 to 1956; or our beautiful 'dream house' at 3150 East 3600 South into which we moved following our mission.

"We have traveled extensively during our later years, sometimes taking our married children along, to many points of interest in the U. S. A., Canada, Alaska, the Holy Lands, Japan, China, Egypt, New Zealand, Australia, Tahiti, Fiji, Hawaii, and other distant lands. Some of these latter years have been marred for me by poor health, including a heart condition. I have been promised other trips if my health improves. These should include Mexico and South America. We might then see some of the Book of Mormon locales and artifacts first hand. I rest content however, a most blessed and privileged woman. My store of memories is rich and satisfying. It is not necessary that I be given more. As I have said and say of our five children I also say of our twenty-five grandchildren: 'These are my jewels!' The future is in their hands and I trust them."

Edythe Lovena Christensen's and Burtis France Robbins' children and descendants: -

(A) Edythe Rae Robbins, b. 12 Apr. 1928 in Salt Lake City, Utah; md. 20 Mar. 1950 in S. L. C.,

Keith Ross Tollstrup (b. 31 May 1925 in Eureka, Utah to Roscoe Benton and Thelma Karrie Willardson Tollstrup). Their children, all born in Salt Lake City, Utah: --

- I. Kathy Lynn Tollstrup b. 23 Sept. 1951
- II. Shauna Jeanne Tollstrup b. 14 Feb. 1954
- III. David Reese Tollstrup b. 15 Aug. 1955
- IV. Gina Marie Tollstrup b. 19 Feb. 1961

(B) Ellen Francine Robbins b. 26 Dec. 1929 in S. L. C.; md. 5 Sept. 1950 in S. L. C., James William Stewart (b. 18 Jan. 1929, S. L. C. to Devirl B. Stewart and Grace Nixon Stewart). Their children, all born in Salt Lake City, Utah:--

- I. James William Stewart Jr. b. 23 Oct. 1951
- II. Stephen Robbins Stewart b. 7 Dec. 1957
- III. Frank Robbins Stewart b. 20 Jan. 1960
- IV. Annette Marilyn Stewart b. 18 Mar. 1961.

(C) Burtis France Robbins Jr. b. 24 Sept. 1931 in Salt Lake City, Utah; md. 11 Nov. 1954 in S. L. C., Jayne Cleone Weggeland (b. 8 Mar. 1935 in S. L. C. to Henry Norman and Martha Cleone Southwick Weggeland). Their children, all born in Salt Lake City, Utah except the fifth:--

- I. Juliana Robbins b. 1 May 1957
- II. Matthew Weggeland Robbins b. 19 Oct. 1959
- III. Mark Burtis Robbins b. 8 Feb. 1961
- IV. Joseph Burtis Robbins b. 10 July 1963  
d. 11 July 1963.
- V. Rebecca Robbins b. 13 Feb. 1964, Houston, Texas (adopted)
- VI. Andrew Weggeland Robbins b. 19 May 1965.  
(adopted)

(D) Sara Elaine Robbins b. 7 May 1934 in Salt Lake City, Utah; md. 10 June 1953 in S. L. C., Richard Edson Harris (b. 10 Apr. 1929 in S. L. C. to Dale Walter and Luella Frances Christenson Harris.) Their children, all but the first born in Salt Lake City, Utah: --

- I. Karen Elaine Harris b. 23 Jan. 1956 in Cheyenne, Wyoming
- II. Kristine Harris b. 27 Dec. 1956
- III. Diane Harris b. 12 Nov. 1958
- IV. Carolyn Harris b. 21 Feb. 1961
- V. Richard Robbins Harris b. 27 June 1962
- VI. Joseph Robbins Harris b. 6 Sept. 1964

VII. Robert Robbins Harris b. 21 June 1967

- (E) Joanne Robbins b. 29 June 1935 in Salt Lake City, Utah; md. 22 Sept. 1954 in S. L. C., Robert Pratt Romney (b. 18 Oct. 1929 in S. L. C. to Gaskell Maurice and Genevieve Katherine Wallis Romney). Their children, all born in Salt Lake City, Utah: -  
I. Carol Elizabeth Romney b. 25 Sept. 1956  
II. Cathrine Romney b. 8 May 1958  
III. Mary Louise Romney b. 25 Aug. 1960  
IV. Male child Romney stillborn 25 Apr. 1967

(10) Christian LeRoy Christensen (1) was born 9 Jan. 1901 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah. This was on a Tuesday. Roy, as he was most often called, was the fourth child and second son of the family. He was of a sweet and gentle nature like his mother Caroline, round faced, blonde and inclined to be rather plump as a child. He was baptized a member of the L.D.S. church three days after his eighth birthday, 12 Jan. 1909, in the Manti Temple, undoubtedly being taken there for the occasion by his grandmother, Else K. Christensen.

Roy started school in Gunnison the fall of 1907. Those were the days when Beginner's Grade preceded First Grade in most school districts. His family moved to Salt Lake City the summer of 1910, following the death of two of his sisters, Elora, older, and Orilla just younger than he. Here he started Third Grade in the Roosevelt grade school about a mile from their lovely home on 27th South 9th East, which his father had purchased from his brother Andrew. Roy attended school at Roosevelt through eighth grade and that was the end of his formal schooling. But he continued to read a lot, for he loved books.

From 1910 on most of the summers of his youth were spent on the Weber Ranch in north-eastern Utah, along with others of his family. After his schooling was over, however, he began alternating with his older brother Elmer at some sheep camp owned by the Bennion Livestock Company, of which his father was part owner and

general manager, or taking care of his father's land on The Oasis, not far from Lyman, Wyoming. It was here on The Oasis that he spent the summer and fall of 1917, along with his sister Pearl, and where they became involved in the unforeseen and heartbreaking circumstances of their beloved Father's accident and death. Details of this have been related earlier in this book.

Roy says that following his Father's death Uncle Lou Christensen bought their property there on The Oasis and paid for it as soon as he could. He himself went back to Salt Lake City with his mother and his younger brothers and sister. He was then nearing seventeen but too young to serve in World War I, then in progress. He became his mother's mainstay, working around as he could until 1922 when he went to Nevada with his older sister Pearl and her husband Peter Jensen, and worked in the mines in Eureka, Nevada for six months. Then he went to McGill, Nevada and worked until 1929, at which time he returned to Salt Lake City to be near his mother. Being unable to find work in Salt Lake to his liking, he returned to McGill and has worked there ever since.

Not all heroes are in uniform and it will surely be to Roy's eternal credit that he took care of his mother to the best of his ability throughout all those years, as long as she lived. He shared his monthly checks with her and did all else he could for her happiness. His younger brother Farrald says they just couldn't have gotten along in the home then without the help Roy gave them. Roy may still have blamed himself for his father's untimely death, though circumstances entirely absolved him, but a less sensitive and less dedicated soul would have wearied of the long grind and gone his own way.

Roy married a widow, Luella Ernstsen Bennett, in Ely, Nevada 23 Dec. 1938, just two and a half years before his mother's death. He was within two and a half weeks of his thirty-eighth birthday at the time and she was within a week of her twenty-eighth. Luella writes of him: - "I met Roy in McGill when I first came here in January of 1930, being a small town everyone

knew everyone. My first husband and I lived in McGill from soon after our marriage in 1929 until he died, except for two years in Fillmore, Utah. I had three sons, five, seven and nine, when Roy and I were married. He has been a good husband and a wonderful father. He deserves much credit. My boys love him very much and remember no other father, since their own father died when they were pretty young. Our own son, Christian LaVell, was born in McGill the early part of 1940.

"We are pretty proud of our boys, they have given us little trouble. The oldest is a heavy-duty mechanic in Salt Lake City; the second is a sales manager in Salt Lake; the third has graduated from medical school at the University of Utah and is now doing his intern; and Chris, as we call our youngest, is now working in electronics in Richland, Washington. We have four lovely daughters-in-law and many beautiful grandchildren. Roy himself works for the Kennecott Company here in McGill as a pipefitter. He hopes to retire when he is sixty-eight (1969).

"We own our own home in McGill, a duplex, live in one side and rent the other. We both enjoy good health except for a little arthritis. Roy used to enjoy fishing and hunting but doesn't do much of that any more, since he gets short winded when he walks very far. He enjoys working in the yard and flowers. We don't do much traveling as we try to avoid traffic and big crowds. We have made several trips to Los Angeles and San Diego, several to Reno, Carson City, Virginia City, and to Piermont Lake in Nevada. We have also visited Yellowstone Park, Capitol Reef in southern Utah, and Lake Tahoe.

"Like Roy's, my father's parents were emigrants from Denmark who came to Zion for the Gospel. My father, Ove Ernstsen, also born in Denmark, is still living at 86 and has his own home in Salt Lake City. His father lived to be 90. There were eleven children in our family, nine girls and two boys. Nine are still living. I myself was born 30 Dec. 1910 in Loa, Utah and moved to Salt Lake when I was fourteen. I attended Granite High School there but quit in my third year and

went to work. I met and married my first husband there in 1929. I have worked off and on for years in cafes in McGill and Ely as a cook, but haven't the past year or so due to arthritis. I enjoy sewing very much and make all my granddaughters' dresses. I am 5 ft. 3 inches high, weigh 123 lbs. and have brown hair and eyes.

"Roy is 5 ft. 8 inches tall and weighs 160 lbs. He has light hair and hazel eyes. Though his education was limited he has read and studied a lot and is a very intelligent man. He has many friends and apparently no enemies. He doesn't have much time for hobbies at present but enjoys our color TV and card parties at the Elks Lodge twice a month. Since we have so many friends in McGill and Ely, we hope to continue to make our home here after his retirement and plan a few trips by plane. We want to visit my sister in Connecticut and many of the ghost towns in Nevada."

Roy has not adopted the three Bennett boys, sons of his wife and her first husband, Clarence LeRoy Bennett - Merlyn LeRoy, Ernest Eugene and Derral Duane, who are all married. But they are very close to him as he is to them and their families. He and Luella Ernsten have but the one son of their own: -

(A) Christian LaVell Christensen b. 3 Feb. 1940 in McGill, Nevada; md. 27 Aug. 1960 in Ely, Nevada, Elva Gwen Steele (b. 23 May 1941 in Ely to Alma Blaine and Elva Venice Drollingher Steele). Children: -

- I. Gary LaVell Christensen b. 12 Sept. 1966 in Salt Lake City, Utah
- II. Jill Christensen, b. 1 July 1968 in Richland, Washington.

(11) Virginia Christensen (4) It is recorded that I was born 6 Sept. 1901 in Manti, Sanpete, Utah, the day United States President William McKinley was assassinated. Aunt Elsie Bartholomew often told me what a scrawny, homely baby I was and how sorry Father felt for Mother, her having gone through so much for such a poor specimen.

When I was a small girl Mother often told me about the visit of a wandering gypsy to our home while I was yet a babe. When she proudly showed her first-born off to the visitor, the old woman offered to tell my fortune, and the words she said were - 'When they're pretty when they're little they'll be ugly when they're big and vice versa - this child will be a beautiful woman!' Whether this pronouncement ever really took place or not I have no way of knowing, yet I believed the story then with all my heart and it remained in my memory and helped to buoy me up during my ugly duckling years. As a woman, however, my mirror has never reflected "a beauty" and I have had to be satisfied with the thought that "beauty is as beauty does". Some have said that I resemble my Danish grandmother Else in looks, though not in stature. Be that as it may I was not fortunate enough to inherit lovely auburn tresses like hers.

When I reflect on my childhood I remember it as being a wonderful time of learning, achieving, and being appreciated and loved. Our big new house into which we moved when I was nine was the envy of my friends. My sister Elaine and I were also envied by them because of the time our talented mother took with us in teaching us singing, dramatics and such, and because of the numerous opportunities we had to "show off" because of it.

How I loved school! I could hardly wait for each autumn when the school bell started ringing. I attended school at Manti from "Beginners Grade" into High School - from the red brick schoolhouse to the white brick schoolhouse on the same block. The day before my eighth grade graduation I sprained my right thumb playing volleyball at school and was forced to attend the graduation exercises with my black-and-blue thumb all bandaged up. The hurt to my pride was worse than the hurt to my digit, and needless to say I accepted my diploma with my left hand. A little over a year after that graduation my darling mother passed away and childhood for me came to an end too. Life seemed much more serious after that.

Following my two years at Manti High, Father

sent Elaine and me to attend B. Y. High at Provo. He found a nice elderly couple there, the Oscar Hydes, with whom we could room and board, and instructed them to treat us like their own daughters. This they faithfully tried to do and threw in plenty of advice in the bargain. But when they started calling us and our dates in for family prayers at nine o'clock in the evenings, indicating that it was time for us to retire, it was a little hard to take.

Father's last words as he left us that autumn at the Hyde's in Provo had been, "Virginia, you are the oldest and I shall hold you responsible not only for your own conduct but for Elaine's as well." Now at that time I was a worrier and dear fun-loving sister Elaine took advantage of her new found freedom, which managed to keep me pretty worried. She had a gay time trying her wings while I hardly dared venture beyond Hydes and school. She became well acquainted with most everyone while I walked my prim little way.

This was the winter of the great influenza epidemic in Utah (1917/18) and Provo was not spared. Prof. Clair Reid, our music teacher, had Elaine and me join with six others of his vocal students to form a double mixed quartet and sing at funeral after funeral in the Provo cemetery, no inside services being allowed then. We stood on planks thrown over the muddy, snowy ground and blended our voices in the hymns while Prof. Reid pumped away at an old organ, which stood in a small truck beside us, and played our accompaniment. One short funeral service followed another and we moved around from place to place as coffin after coffin was lowered into the frozen earth and sobbing mourners stood around. So many died that winter. Day after day we sang and shivered and were awed by the sadness of it all. Neither Elaine nor I took the flu that year, although others of our roommates at Hydes came down with it.

The following winter when we returned to Provo to school, some of Elaine's many friends said, "We see you have brought your younger sister with you this year." Indeed! Though I was smaller of course I was older and more advanced in school and had also been there the year before.

I was determined to worry less and have more fun that year and it proved to be a challenging, wonderful one for me, both educationally and socially. I was chosen to serve as High School Studentbody vice-president. I took part in several plays under the new college dramatic coach, Dr. T. Earl Pardoe. I sang in choruses, vocal ensembles, and did some soprano solo work. I also met a young man for the first time, by the name of Daniel Keeler, although we had been students together the year before. His home was just a block from the Hydes where I lived again that year. We began dating.

I graduated from B. Y. High the spring of 1920, while Elaine took the college preparatory course of three years high school only, so that we could enter as freshmen together at the University the next fall, which we did. That too was a wonderful school year for me. I was elected vice-president of the freshman class. Elaine and I took private vocal from the new voice teacher, Prof. Florence Jepperson (later Dr. Florence J. Madsen). Again I took part in dramas, choruses, etc., and had a lead in the college opera. I was a member of the ladies trio that was chosen to represent BYU at the Utah State Fair that year. Elaine and I began singing duets together and with Prof. Jepperson as our coach and often our accompanist and we were soon in much demand for school, church and community functions. For the third straight year we lived at Oscar and Stella Hydes. Again I dated Daniel Keeler, star basketball and football player and trackman.

Second year college was also great and again dramatic and musical activities took much of my time and attention. I was also assistant editor of the college literary magazine that year. Elaine and I, together with five of our very special girl friends, organized one of the first, if not the first, social clubs at BYU. At first we called ourselves the "Seven Sisters" which was later changed to the more sophisticated O. S. Trovata. I was active in Mask Club and for this group presented a dramatic reading of the three-act play "Merely Mary Ann". One of the most exciting experiences of that year,

however, was when I returned to my hometown of Manti and sang as guest lead in the high school operetta "Chimes of Normandy" under the direction of one of my early music teachers, Ellis E. Johnson, who was a pillar of musical strength in Manti for nearly half a century.

Summers at home in Manti were busy times. There was always plenty of work to do even after Father married "Aunt Myrtle" in June 1920 and brought her home to mother us. I had many friends and "our crowd" had lots of good times together. Among other summer activities I usually took piano lessons from Prof. Lavoir Jensen but my fingers were too short to really achieve in that field.

Most of the summer of 1922 I spent at Star Ranch keeping house for the farm hands in the "south home". Among the group who had to put up with my cooking were my brother Sherman, Uncle Joe Snow, and the foreman of the ranch, Mr. Christopherson, whose wife had gone away to have a baby. My friend, Daniel Keeler, was in Canada that summer and I corresponded with him. Each afternoon I saddled a horse and rode a mile or so to the little village of Mona to mail the letters I had written and pick up any there for me. I often bought crochet thread at the one small joint store and postoffice that place afforded. I spent the evenings working on my trousseau, for by then I was contemplating marriage.

Back to Provo and B. Y. U. that September I was plunged headlong into my busiest school year ever. I was nominated as a candidate for Student-body vice-president. The campaign was a hot one and I lost to Alice Ludlow, now the wife of present president of B. Y. U., Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson. My disappointment was soon smothered in a maze of other activities. The very day of the election I got word that my essay had been chosen as one of the best in the Heber J. Grant oratorical contest preliminaries. I later gave my paper, "Obedience to Law", as an oration in the contest and won first place, for which I received an autographed book and congratulations from the President of the church, Heber J. Grant. It was only the second year for the Grant oratorical contest which is still

held yearly at B. Y. U.

I took my "teacher training" teaching a college class in harmony, since I planned to graduate at the end of two terms of summer school the following summer. I had kept my grades high and taken the maximum load, in spite of all the extracurricular activities in which I had engaged. These extra activities continued throughout that school year.

Daniel M. Keeler, most always called "Dan", came down to Manti on Christmas Eve and gave me a diamond. We were married during the holidays, 3 Jan. 1923, in the Salt Lake Temple. We had no reception - this was a difficult time financially for Father and Aunt Myrtle who, bless their hearts, did the best for us they could. Father gave me \$100.00 and Aunt Myrtle gave us three or four new pieced quilts she had just made for the family, and sewed lingerie for me during the holidays, working night and day at it although she was expecting her second child. My "hope chest" was the old family trunk that had been my mother's and which I still have as a "costume trunk". My Uncle Warren and Kate Snow of Salt Lake City gave us a wedding supper at their home and we stayed at the Hotel Utah overnight for our honeymoon, returning to Provo the next evening and school the following Monday morning as Mr. and Mrs.

The extra activities continued as before. One of the most enjoyable activities of my college career was taking a lead in Victor Herbert's comic opera "The Red Mill", May 14, 1923. My husband Dan also took a comic lead in that production, which was mostly a dramatic part in which he could "fake" the singing. I continued on to summer school for the first term of six weeks but was forced to drop out for the second term with only a few more credit hours to go towards my graduation. Elaine dropped out for the following winter and taught in Manti, in hopes that we could both return to college after my baby (Daniel) was born and graduate together. But it was twenty-one years before I returned to B. Y. U. as a student.

In the interim Dan was forced to quit school and go to work, and we moved to Carbon county,

Utah, living first in Price where he sold cars for his brother-in-law's agency; then in Helper where he operated a service station, and finally to the mining camp of Latuda where he eventually went into the coal mine there. It was by then the time of the great depression and jobs were scarce. Our second child, Jennie, was born in my folks' lovely home in Manti just a short time before they turned it over to their creditors and moved to Provo and later Orem. Our third child, Colleen, was born in Helper. Our fourth child, Ellen, was born at my folks' home in Orem, and our fifth child, Phillip, was born in Standardville, Utah, our first hospital-born baby.

Church activity and service were important to us. I taught in the Primary in Price. In Helper and only time and then was called to be president of the Primary. One of the interesting experiences during this service was the Primary operetta "Rose Dream" we put on in a local theatre in connection with the picture show. I directed and staged this production; my first counselor took charge of costumes and scenery, and my second counselor accompanied on the piano. The operetta was given to a packed house just ten days before our daughter Colleen was born.

In Latuda we attended Standardville Branch a mile or so away - walking to and fro most of the time. In Relief Society I served in almost every capacity except that of president, also directing a number of special activities, including a "kitchenette band" to raise money for our Relief Society library project. I put on one-act plays. I taught a class in Sunday School. My most satisfying church service there, however, was being president of the Y. L. M. I. A. for more than three years. I also directed the music and drama most of the time, since we seldom could find anyone else who would do it in that very small branch. During this time the ladies' chorus which I organized and directed won the Stake contest, the District, and was chosen to go to Salt Lake City to participate in the All Church Chorus in the Tabernacle for M. I. A. June conference, where it sang under

the direction of the guest conductor Noble Cain, nationally known composer and musician.

Ours was rather an odd looking chorus made up of both young singers and some who were older. There were two old maid school teachers from Nebraska who were Methodists, a tall thin one and a short plump one, and a very young new convert straight from England among the fourteen singers we had mustered. This young convert said to me once, walking home from practice, "Can one be baptized over again? You know there is hardly anything I haven't tried!" Our accompanist was the wife of the Principal of Latuda Junior High and she was a good one. Our winning number was "O Divine Redeemer". All my efforts, prayers and spent time were more than rewarded when Brother Robinson of the M. I. A. General Board stood up in the Tabernacle at one of the general conference meetings to evaluate the M. I. A. arts program and said, among other things, "Out of the smoke, dust, grime and desolation of a coal camp has come one of the most divine ladies choruses I have ever heard!" I knew he meant our chorus and my eyes filled with tears as I trembled with emotion.

It was while living in Latuda that I first became seriously interested in genealogy, encouraged by my husband's lovely parents, Joseph B. and Martha Alice Fairbanks Keeler, who were both experienced genealogists. I began to search the records for my progenitors, going occasionally to the Genealogical Library in Salt Lake City, then a rather humble institution in comparison with today's world-famous organization. Dan and I both served on the Branch and then the Stake genealogical committees. Then he was called to serve as a counselor in the Branch presidency and later as Standardville Branch President, serving as such for a number of years.

I taught vocal music in the Latuda Junior High School one year and was "drafted" to teach the same at Carbon High School and Carbon Junior College in Price the spring quarter of 1942, when their music instructor, Ferris Edgley, was drafted into the service. I rode back and forth on the school

bus, leaving Ellen and Phillip in the care of some close neighbors and distant relatives, the Moffitts. Colleen was in Jr. High at Helper and Dan and Jennie attending Carbon High School, so they rode the bus with me. Our son Dan graduated that spring. I prepared the music for the Baccalaureate and Commencement services - it was a real challenge. A few years before I had been invited to join a Price community ladies chorus which twice each year joined the city's male chorus in a public concert. I was one of the leading soloists in their presentation of Handel's Messiah at Christmastime two different years.

Being concerned with the cultural disadvantages of raising our children in a mining camp we did all we could to combat this. Colleen took violin lessons, Jennie studied the cello and Dan Jr. the bass fiddle, as well as the mellaphone. We organized a stringed quartett for a short time, with me playing the piano. We had a family chorus but lacked a tenor. Jennie and two of her little friends were organized into a girls trio which we called "The Three Little Maids." They sang often at school and church. They won first place in the Elks talent contest in Price one year and Colleen won second on her violin. I accompanied both. We sought the outstanding musical program on our radio. The children especially enjoyed the "All Girl Orchestra." Dan Jr. was in both the Jr. High and High School bands. We encouraged him and attended all his programs. We sang at our work around the house, in unison or harmony. I can recommend singing together as a bridge to the "generation gap" in the family. We seldom had disciplinary problems with our children.

In the spring of 1943 we moved back to Provo. There were few houses for sale in the vicinity of B. Y. U. where we wished to settle, at a price that we could afford. We finally found an old two-story one at 362 North 400 East. We bought it and moved in on election day in Nov. 1944. We have been remodeling and fixing it up ever since and are still at it. Dan has done so much work on it, carrying out many of my ideas for beauty and his for comfort. We have always worked well together

as a team. One of the children once said, "There is hardly anything that Mother can't "make up" or Daddy can't "make", referring at the time to an M. I. A. roadshow I had concocted that needed as a backdrop a giant rising moon in action. Dan made the moon and it was so realistic that old Ward members still talk about it.

As soon as we were comfortably settled in Provo I went back to college at B. Y. U. Both campuses were within easy walking distance of our home. The requirements for graduation had increased since I was a student there twenty-one years before - the classes were "stiffer". I changed my major from drama to music and took as many classes each quarter for the next year, including summer, to secure enough credits for graduation. The graduation committee voted in my favor and I understood later that the members had included the excellent singing of my older daughters whom I had trained as one of my musical assets. I graduated in June 1945 with honors. It was a dream come true!

Our church service did not diminish in Provo. Dan became a counselor in the Ward Sunday School Superintendency, a member of the Stake Seventies Quorum Presidency for many years, and finally President of the High Priests group in the Ward. I served on the Relief Society Stake Board as chorister and directed the Stake "Singing Mothers". I assisted with and sang in the Relief Society Singing Mothers Centennial Chorus that presented a concert in the Salt Lake Tabernacle in 1947 under the direction of Florence J. Madsen. I directed choruses, plays and roadshows for the ward M. I. A. and served as Y. L. M. I. A. president, first in the Fifth Ward, Provo Stake and then, when that Ward was divided, in the Eighth Ward of East Provo Stake for well over three years, or until my health broke. I then served as editor of the Eighth Ward paper for a year-and-a-half.

In the meantime, besides engaging in some club and civic work, I trained and accompanied our two daughters, Jennie and Colleen, in vocal duet work and they became much in demand for programs, not only locally but throughout the county.

I organized and directed a group of seven of our youngest daughter Ellen's little friends in a singing group we named "The Singing Sallies". They too were called upon to sing at church, school and community functions without number. These were only a very few of the activities, both musical and otherwise, engaged in by members of our family. Indeed we were a busy family.

Dan worked for Geneva Steel near Provo for well over twenty years. He was active in politics and served as Republican district chairman for sixteen years and as a delegate to the State Republican Convention every election year during that period. He has always been a great sports fan and has followed the activities of the B. Y. U. football and basketball teams with enthusiasm over these past twenty-five years. He loves to garden and raises lovely flowers, potting his numerous geranium plants each winter in a make-shift nursery in the basement. Together we raise beautiful house plants, including African violets. Dan loves to travel and he has taken numerous trips with our eldest son, Dan, into the southern and eastern "wonderlands" of Utah on filming excursions for educational TV, in which the younger Dan is engaged. The older Dan and I have driven by car to visit our married children in New York, New Jersey, California and Arizona. We recently flew for a two weeks visit to a daughter's family in Cleveland, Ohio and visited early church points of interest while there. In these later years I have sometimes longed to travel to distant lands, especially Denmark, should my health permit. But so far I have had to be content mostly with being an "arm chair traveler," where that is concerned.

Since retiring two years ago from Geneva Steel Dan has been serving as Eighth Ward clerk, from which position he has recently been released. Presently the two of us are working hard together on both of our genealogies with some success. He goes often to the Salt Lake Temple and Genealogical Society. He has had excellent health over the years with the exception of a heart attack which he suffered five years ago and from which he has made remarkable recovery.

On the other hand my physical health has been rather poor for the past dozen years as I suffer from rhumatoid arthritis. Severe surgery for cancer eight years ago brought me to the realization that I might not have too many more years to live; that I still had important work to do and should be getting at it in dead earnest! But just what was the most important work for me to engage in during my "bonus" years? Genealogy was my first answer. Then recalling a blessing I had been given a few weeks after my marriage by my husband's father, who was then Patriarch of Provo Stake, I began to puzzle over these statements in it: "You have many gifts of the spirit and natural endowments.... You have the gift and power of language - the ability to express your thoughts by word of mouth and by writing. Cultivate this gift and God will bless you, for your words will fly as on the wings of morning to the delight and benefit of many people; thus returning to you after many days like bread cast upon the waters."

I had never thought of myself as being much of a writer since my freshman English class in composition at B. Y. U., where Elaine got straight A's and I was lucky to come off with C's; the only C's I ever received in college as I recall. I had always considered Mother, Elaine and Sherman as the writers of our particular Christensen family - and still do. Yet here in this blessing was an indication that I could write and should improve the talent. Why not combine genealogy and writing?

In 1962 I published a history and genealogy of some of my mother's people, the Van Burens. I did it as a missionary project to try and have a hand in turning the hearts of my dear relatives towards their fathers. It was not planned to be a financial success - and was not. But, like bread cast upon the waters, much joy and satisfaction has come to me through this endeavor - and the end is not yet in sight. I had long had a desire to write my Grandmother Christensen's history so I turned to that. My Christensen book will be the result. Already the happiness I have gained through the interest, kindnesses and willing

assistance of my many wonderful Christensen cousins and their descendants in this project has made it more than worth while. I feel that the descendants of Laurs and Else K. Christensen have grown closer together in spirit and understanding. What more could I ask? I couldn't have done either of these books without the unselfish help of my fine husband - he has gone along with me every step of the way.

Dan and I continue to find happiness and satisfaction in the programs of the church. We marvel at its growth and fulfillment of prophecy. The Gospel of the Master is still our guide and inspiration. Yet abundant joy comes to us from association with our five outstanding children and twenty-six lovely grandchildren and we cannot help but feel that they are perhaps our greatest assets in this life. We have complete confidence that these cherished family relationships will continue beyond mortality and will weather all else that may stand between earth life and the eternities - forever. How else could there be Heaven there for us?

Descendants of Virginia Christensen and Daniel Mandeville Keeler:-

- (A) Daniel Albert Keeler born 2 Apr. 1924 in Provo, Ut; md. 11 June 1950 in Salt Lake City, Ut. (Temple) Felicia Fourie (b. 15 May 1925 in Capetown, South Africa to Abraham Petrus and Johanne Margaret Gregg Fourie). Children, all born in Salt Lake City, Utah:-
- I. Larry Daniel Keeler (twin) b. 14 June 1952
  - II. Linda Dinelle Keeler (twin) b. 14 June 1952
  - III. Bradley Fourie Keeler b. 30 Sep. 1954
  - IV. Susan Lynn Keeler b. 13 Sep. 1956
  - V. Clifton Gregg Keeler b. 3 Sep. 1962

- (B) Jennie Maurine Keeler born 25 July 1925, Manti, Ut.; md. 24 Jan. 1945 Salt Lake City (Temple) Ray Whiteley Gwilliam (b. 14 Dec. 1924, Ogden, Ut. to John Vernal and Mary Whiteley Gwilliam). Children, all born in Provo, Utah except the last:
- I. Linda LaNae Gwilliam, b. 11 May 1947; md 23 May 1969, Mesa, Arizona to Alan L. Gore

(b. 8 Apr. 1944, Lodi, Calif. to Olie Nixon  
and Stella Mildred New Gore)

- II. Dale Ray Gwilliam, b. 10 Mar. 1949
- III. John Kim Gwilliam, b. 2 Apr. 1952
- IV. Virginia Jill Gwilliam, b. 14 Aug. 1953
- V. Daniel Lynn Gwilliam, b. 24 Mar. 1955
- VI. Lee Ann Gwilliam, b. 26 Sep. 1957
- VII. Shawna Lucille Gwilliam, b. 25 June 1959
- VIII. Carl Taylor Gwilliam, b. 7 Aug. 1962,  
Mesa, Arizona.

(C) Colleen Keeler, born 26 July 1927 in Helper,  
Utah; md. 19 Dec. 1949 in Salt Lake City, Utah  
(Temple), Joseph Elroy Jones (b. 28 Sep. 1924,  
Delta, Utah to Elroy Smith and Josephine Savage  
Jones) Children:

- I. David Elroy Jones, b. 3 Apr. 1951, Salt  
Lake City, Utah
- II. Richard Keeler Jones, b. 7 Feb. 1952,  
Minneapolis, Minnesota
- III. Kristine Jones, b. 11 June 1953 S. L. C.
- IV. Roger Savage Jones, b. 1 Feb. 1956  
Long Island, Queens, N. Y.
- V. Carol Jones, b. 7 Sept. 1958, Princeton,  
New Jersey
- VI. Stephen Elroy Jones, b. 23 Jan. 1960,  
Provo, Utah

(D) Ellen Elaine Keeler, born 1 May 1934, Orem,  
Utah; md. 3 Jan. 1958 in Manti, Utah (temple),  
Ivan Barry Thompson (b. 31 Dec. 1929 Logan,  
Utah to Ivan Hall and Ella Margaret Lundquist  
Thompson) Children:

- I. Douglas Ivan Thompson, b. 29 Oct. 1958,  
New York City
- II. Kathleen Thompson, b. 1 Dec. 1959,  
Glendale, Calif.
- III. Bradford Daniel Thompson, b. 10 Jan.  
1961, Glendale
- IV. Ellen Virginia Thompson, b. 23 Nov. 1962,  
Glendale
- V. David Keeler Thompson, b. 12 Sep. 1964,  
Fullerton, Calif.
- VI. Jonathan Crossley Thompson, b. 12 May  
1966, Fullerton
- VII. Margaret Lynn Thompson, b. 17 June  
1968, Fullerton

(E) Phillip Fairbanks Keeler born 23 Nov. 1937  
in Standardville, Utah

(12) Florence LaFaun Christensen (7) was born 12 Dec. 1901 in Fayette, Sanpete, Utah. She married first, in Evanston, Wyoming, Benjamin Eugene Slagowski. Shortly afterwards, 8 June 1921, the marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple. Twenty-four years and some months later, 12 Nov. 1945, a temple divorce separated them. On 17 Nov. 1950 in Elko, Nevada, LaFaun married her second husband, Ray Hatch Butler, a widower with one son. This marriage ended shortly in divorce.

LaFaun has written a sketch of some of her activities over the years, from which we quote:--  
"In Gunnison, Utah: I sang a solo in Primary conference at age five; was Sunday School organist at age eleven with Aunt Elsie Bartholomew as chorister; had a lead in the High School operetta "Windmills of Holland" directed by Lillie Mellor Metcalf.  
In Evanston, Wyoming: While in High School I had my name engraved on a silver loving cup trophy in honor of our girls basketball team who won over all the State--I was the center; was Primary Stake organist and organist on the Relief Society Stake Board, the youngest Stake Board member in the church at that time, according to Woodruff Stake President John M. Baxter; I traveled through the Stake with missionaries, playing for conferences and occasionally speaking in different Wards; I was hired by James Brown to be a substitute for the Evanston Court reporter, Clarence Cook, when he was out of town; I played for silent movies and with Smuin's and Toy's orchestras for dances, with Starkey's and Christensen's orchestra and the Evanston High School orchestra. I worked part time in Father's office while he was sheriff.

"In Salt Lake City, Utah: I typed reports for my husband who worked for the Secret Service there. In Ogden, Utah: I was a member of the Ogden Tabernacle choir for twenty-one years; assisted Mr. Lester Henchcliff in directing the Singing Mothers and with the training of students

and soloists for the choir; was offered a scholarship to the Chicago School of Music but did not accept because I had four children at the time and taught piano and vocal, up to twenty-five students for years. I directed operettas for Primary and M. I. A. in the Ogden Fourth Ward, also Relief Society cantatas and Boy Scout choruses. I directed an opera for the Weber Stake M. I. A.; directed the Twenty-Second Ward choir; directed Weber Stake M. I. A. chorus concerts in the Tabernacle, with as many as two hundred and seventy-five teenagers participating at a time, and directed the singing in the Seven Stake Recreation meetings.

"San Francisco, Calif.:- (1945-1946) I sang in operas with the Travis Opera Co. and with the Player's Club, during which time I was Sunday School chorister in the San Francisco Ward.

Salt Lake City, Utah:- I was choir director for the Central Park Ward, 1946/47, during which time we presented Handel's "Messiah"; was McKay Ward organist for a time and then director of the Ward choir, during which time we presented the 'Messiah' for Easter. I directed a junior choir of eight and nine year olds in three-part singing in Crystal Heights Ward (the Bishop's name was Stutz); was soloist with the Wilford Ward choir (director Brother Ray); Sunday School chorister in the Rose Park Ward (Bishop Newell Linford); and was choir director in the Emerson Ward, where I presented Handel's Messiah, using my son Don Slagowski and his wife Betty as two of the soloists. I also presented the Messiah in the Poplar Grove Ward for Mrs. Ririe; in Memory Grove two seasons at Eastertime in both the Twenty-first and the Thirteenth Wards and also in Central Park Ward for the second time after twenty years. I served as Twenty-first Ward Sunday School chorister and as Ward organist; chorister for 'Sociables', an adult group sponsored by the General Board of the M. I. A. and directed their chorus in a presentation of 'The Seven Last Words of Christ' at Eastertime at Memory Grove. I was called on a mission by President David O. McKay to work in the Genealogical Library for two years, 1963-65, to convert genealogy sheets records to magnetic tape - I completed my mission.

"I worked for the U. S. Government between ten and eleven years in the Adj-General's office and in nearly all departments of the Veteran's Administration regional office. I then acted as medical secretary at the LDS Hospital for eight and a half years and as medical secretary supervisor during seven of those years, interviewing and training medical secretaries, taking doctors' dictations and taking full charge of thirty dictating machine stations, etc. I then became medical secretary for the Primary Children's Hospital for two years, retiring from there 30 Dec. 1966."

LaFaun bought a nice home in Bountiful and moved there about the time of her retirement. Her children were all married, with some of them living in Bountiful. The habits of a lifetime could not be discarded; LaFaun became Ward organist and Junior Sunday School chorister in the Bountiful Val Verda Ward. She had an opportunity to go back to work at the LDS Hospital so she sold her home in Bountiful after a year to one of her sons and moved back to Salt Lake City into a small condominium, buying her own apartment there on Vine Street just north of the Salt Lake Temple. She went often to the Temple.

Having been divorced for many years from her husband and father of her six children, Ben Slagowski, LaFaun was married in the Salt Lake Temple 16 May 1968 to a widower with two grown daughters, Willis Little Jacobson (b. 25 July 1897 in Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico to James and Harriet Little Jacobson). Willis has served several missions in Mexico and is an ardent temple worker and genealogist. They moved to his home in West Jordan but kept her apartment on Vine Street. LaFaun directed a presentation of "The Creation" not long afterwards and then left for a trip to Europe. We received a card from her dated in Zurich, Switzerland 16 June 1968, with a message as follows:- "Dear Folks: Have been to London and tried out the Hyde Park organ; also having a copy of my great-grandmother's marriage certificate sent to me from Somerset House. Toured Holland - Amsterdam is the largest seaport in the world - enjoyed it more than Pearl Harbor in

Hawaii. Toured Germany - now in Zurich, Switzerland - then on to Austria, Venice, Rome, Florence, Pisa - then Paris. I hope I can get a plane out of Paris to join my British Mission Tour in London for my return home. Will be gone a month on my honeymoon - alone! Then together we'll go to California and then Mexico. It will be quite a summer for me. Love, LaFaun." While in London and Switzerland she entered the LDS temples there - it was a wonderful experience. She and Willis were all ready to go to Mexico City when her brother Rex passed away. They postponed their trip for a few days until after the funeral. They were in Mexico during the Olympics there.

We received another card from LaFaun not long ago - this one dated 15 Feb. 1969 in Hamilton, New Zealand. She wrote, "Darlings: Had a wonderful night again at the Polynesian Center in Hawaii. Landed on the Fiji Islands and saw very green lawns and beautiful flowers. Toured Auckland, New Zealand and now will be here for a couple of days. Today we go to the New Zealand temple and this will mean that I have gone to all our temples in the world. I have planned this for many years. Again, my husband wouldn't come. He wants to go to Mexico again alone, so I decided to complete my plans. Love, LaFaun C. Jacobson."

So for LaFaun a dream has come true - many dreams in fact.

Children of Florence LaFaun Christensen and Benjamin Eugene Slagowski (div.)

(A) Louis Eugene Slagowski, born 13 May 1923 in Evanston, Wyoming; md. 3 June 1948 in Salt Lake City, Utah, Laura June Mecham (b. 21 June 1930 in Milton, Utah to Leland Henry and Reta Agnes Geary Mecham).

Four children:

- I. Beverly Jean Slagowski, b. 3 June 1949  
Salt Lake City
- II. Christine Slagowski, b. 24 Jan. 1951,  
Salt Lake City
- III. Val Dean Slagowski, b. 9 July 1953 S. L. C.
- IV. Larry Lee Slagowski, b. 9 Nov. 1956, Price, Ut.

- (B) Neil Slagowski, born 9 Mar. 1925 in Ogden, Utah; md. 1 Aug. 1951 in Salt Lake City, Leotha Wade (b. 27 July 1923, Gilmore, Texas to Paul and Susie Esther Amonette Wade). Their children, all but the sixth born in Salt Lake City, Utah:--
- I. Randall Niel Slagowski, b. 10 June 1952.
  - II. Stephen Paul Slagowski, b. 28 Mar. 1953.
  - III. LeAnne Slagowski, b. 26 Feb. 1954.
  - IV. Mark Edward Slagowski, b. 24 Dec. 1955.
  - V. Alan Wade Slagowski, b. 23 Mar. 1958.
  - VI. Brian Louis Slagowski, b. 5 Mar. 1960, Brigham City, Utah
  - VII. Darrell Grant Slagowski, b. 23 Mar. 1962.
- (C) Donald Elwood Slagowski, born 22 May 1927 in Ogden; md. 28 July 1950, Bette Jeanne Hoggan (b. 31 Aug. 1928 in Salt Lake City to Dean C. and Elsie E. Schofield Hoggan). Children, all born in Salt Lake City, Utah:
- I. Sherrida Ann Slagowski (twin) b. 4 July 1951.
  - II. Deberra Dawn Slagowski (twin) b. 4 July 1951.
  - III. Michelle Yvonne Slagowski, b. 12 Jan. 1953.
  - IV. Stephanie Elyse Slagowski, b. 25 June 1954.
- (D) Jerry Boyd Slagowski, born 11 July 1932 in Ogden; md. 29 Sep. 1955 in Salt Lake City, Janice Hadlock (b. 9 June 1937 in Ogden to Heber Orlando and Norma Hannah Bingham Hadlock). Their children:--
- I. Linda Joy Slagowski, b. 26 Nov. 1956, S. L. C.
  - II. Karen Christie Slagowski, b. 12 Feb. 1959, Salt Lake City.
  - III. Boyd Darin Slagowski, b. 6 Oct. 1960, S. L. C.
  - IV. Terry Troy Slagowski, b. 13 Apr. 1963, Bountiful, Utah
  - V. Jan Diana Slagowski, b. 2 June 1964, Bountiful
- (E) Roger Slagowski, born 23 Feb. 1941 in Ogden, Utah; md. 19 Mar. 1965 in Salt Lake City, Jannigje Emmeline or "Amy" Anjewierden (b. 19 Dec. 1941 in Fresland, Holland to Dirk and Jannigje Copier Anjewierden). Children:
- I. Wendy Slagowski, b. 14 Mar. 1966 Salt Lake City; died same day S. L. C.
  - II. Vivian Slagowski, stillborn 11 Dec. 1966
- (F) Janette Slagowski, born 9 July 1943 in Ogden, Utah; md. 19 Feb. 1962 in Salt Lake City, Daniel

Pratt Topham (b. 17 June 1935, S. L. C. to Merlin June and Dorothy Pratt Giles Topham). Children - all born in Bountiful, Utah:  
I. Lorie Kay Topham, b. 29 June 1963  
II. Brenda Jean Topham, b. 16 May 1965  
III. Daniel Pratt Topham, b. 18 Nov. 1966  
IV. Glen Michael Topham, b. 20 Jan. 1969

(13) Alma Owen Bartholomew (5) was born 1 May 1902 in Fayette, Sanpete, Utah. He has most always been called A. Owen. His mother gave the following account of him in her Book of Remembrance:- "A. Owen was born in an upper room in his grandfather Bartholomew's home in Fayette. Both his grandmothers were in attendance, Grandmother Christensen as the midwife and Grandmother Bartholomew caring for our wants. He was blessed 1 June 1902 in the Fayette Ward by his grandfather, Bishop John Bartholomew. He moved with his parents to Gunnison, Utah in 1907, where he was baptized 10 May 1910 by John Larson and confirmed the same day by Andrew Thomson. He was ordained a Deacon 7 Nov. 1915 by Ernest Swalberg in Gunnison and attended school there until the spring of 1916.

On 27 Mar. 1916 he moved with his mother and brothers and sisters to a homestead ranch some miles east of Lyman, Wyoming (called The Oasis) where he helped his mother and the neighbors on the ranch in summers and attended the Public School and High School at Lyman in winters. He was interested in basketball.

"In the spring of 1918 his father bought a nice new brick home in Ogden, Utah in the Fourth Ward where the family moved. That fall A. Owen entered Weber Church College (High School) and attended that school year 1918/19. Here he did some outstanding work in art and was a member of the basketball team. He was ordained a Teacher in the priesthood 7 Apr. 1919 in Ogden.

"At the children's request the family returned to Lyman, Wyoming the next fall and A. Owen attended high school there that winter. In the spring they moved to Goshen, Utah on a farm

which he helped his father operate, but the next winter, 1920/21, he returned to the Wyoming area to work in the timber. This he did for two successive winters, living with a family by the name of Foreman, for whom he worked. By that time his father was employed in the carpenter shop at the Tintic Standard Mine near Dividend, Utah, and A. Owen went to work with him and there is where he learned his trade as a carpenter and builder.

"On 12 June 1925 he married a Goshen girl, Anna Patricia Riley, in a civil ceremony in Salt Lake City, Utah (She was born 1 Feb. 1902 in Goshen, the daughter of John Theodore and Margaret Halpin Riley). A. Owen and Pate, as she was called, first lived in Goshen and he continued work at the Tintic Mine shop, driving back and forth. He worked here from 1922 to 1942 until he was the oldest man there in point of service. From 1942 to 1945 he worked as a supervisor in the construction of the Geneva Steel Company plant near Provo, Utah. In the meantime he had bought a home in Payson close to that of his parents."

He left Geneva and went into construction on his own for a few years, building houses, etc. He then joined the Davis Construction Company as supervisor of construction and worked for that company for many years, or until he became ill. As A. Owen tells it, "I decided to retire due to my poor health but I recovered and did not enjoy being idle so went back to work again for the same company." A little later he went to work for the Rosenlof Construction Company. Among other things, he has supervised the construction of numerous disposal plants throughout the intermountain area and on the coast over the years, his most recent one being the one at his hometown of Payson, Utah.

A. Owen retired from construction in May of 1968. Since then he has been supervising at the Payson disposal plant, working the equivalent of two days a week, which is about all the law allows for a retired person. Perhaps now he will have a little more time to indulge some of his favorite hobbies. He loves the great out-of-doors and to hunt and fish. In April this year (1969) he and Pate will visit their eldest son in Memphis,

Tennessee--that is, as Pate says, if they can get their bags packed and on their way before a new baby comes along in the family; for at such times Pate is always called to "baby sit" - and she loves it! The two occasionally drive out to Uinta County, Wyoming to visit friends. A. Owen says that "The Oasis" is a big sheep ranch now and much of the land around is covered with gas wells.

At present A. Owen's once light auburn hair is beginning to gray. He used to stand at five feet eleven inches, but says he thinks he has "shrunk" a little in the last few years. His health is comparatively good. Though he never did much with his ability in art, the talent seems to have been passed on to his children, some of whom have been outstanding in this field, Elayne as a dancer and Philip as a designer and decorator of some note.

Descendants of Alma Owen Bartholomew and Anna Patricia Riley:-

- (A) Elayne Bartholomew, born 20 Aug. 1926 in Goshen, Utah; md. 28 Dec. 1946 in Payson, Utah, Lee Dell Brown (b. 13 Oct. 1926, Payson, to Darrel and Nadine Fowler Brown). Their children, all but the last born in Payson, Utah:-
  - I. Judy Lee Brown, b. 27 July 1948; md. 2 Oct. 1968 Provo, Utah, Guy Wayne Goddard (b. 13 July 1947, Idaho Falls, Idaho to Wayne and Marian E. Toliver Goddard. Child: Angela Goddard, b. 21 Mar. 1969, in Salt Lake City.
  - II. Sharon Brown, b. 9 May 1951
  - III. Bradley L. Brown, b. 26 May 1953
  - IV. Scott Lane Brown, b. 31 Oct. 1955
  - V. Kim Brown, b. 22 Mar. 1959
  - VI. Nicole Brown, b. 18 Oct. 1967, Provo.
- (B) Philip Riley Bartholomew, born 5 Apr. 1930 in Goshen, Utah; unmarried at present.
- (C) Marilyn Bartholomew, born 13 Aug. 1933 in Goshen; md. 22 Aug. 1952 in Payson. Bert Howard Perry (b. 18 Oct. 1933 to Howard and Dean Myers Perry). Six children - all but the first born in Idaho Falls, Idaho:-
  - I. Deborah Perry, b. 1 Oct. 1953 in Payson, Utah.

- II. Douglas Bert Perry, b. 26 Sep. 1955
- III. Patricia Dean Perry, b. 22 July 1959
- IV. David Owen Perry, b. 1 Nov. 1960
- V. Stephen Howard Perry, b. 26 July 1963
- VI. Michael Jay Perry, b. 26 May 1964.

(D) Robert Owen Bartholomew, born 22 May 1937 in Payson, Utah; md. 12 June 1959 in Tetonia, Idaho, Sally Kay Harrop (b. 1 June 1938, Driggs, Idaho to Frank Byrd and Minnie Howard Harrop). One adopted child:

- I. Robert Craig Bartholomew, b. 20 Apr. 1967 in Ogden, Utah.

(14) Orilla Christensen (1) was born 14 Aug. 1902 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah and died 22 May 1910 in Gunnison of scarlet fever five days before the death of her older sister, Inger Elosa, who died of the same disease. Orilla lived to be seven years nine months and eight days old. She was buried in the Gunnison City Cemetery.

(15) Ruth Ellen Christensen (3) was born in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah 7 Oct. 1902. She was delivered by her grandmother Else K. Christensen. The account of her birth has been given in some detail in an earlier part of this book. She was baptized 11 Oct. 1910 in the Manti Temple. She grew up in a family of boys for her two only sisters died soon after their births. To these five fine brothers, towering above her, she has always been a most loving and helpful sister. They always speak of her with great affection and love to visit at her home.

Ruth herself has written a brief history of her married years, from which we quote:-- "I married Niels Franklin Hansen (born 28 Nov. 1899 in Centerfield, Sanpete, Utah to Hans Christian and Anna Margaret Nielson Hansen) in Richfield, Utah 30 June 1921. We have had a wonderful marriage. (Cousin Byron Peterson says that Ruth and Frank lived in his parents' home for a short time when they were first married.) Our first child, Franklin Duane, was born in the home

of Annie Gledhill, sister of the other Bishop Joseph Christensen. When Ellen Maxine, our second child, was six weeks old we rented and moved into the home I had grown up in. She caught cold and it developed into bronchial asthma. We have raised her on prayer since then but she still isn't well.

"After four children the doctor said I wasn't able to have any more. On Dec. 7, 1937 I had triple surgery in Salt Lake City and a little over one year and three months after that our lovely daughter, LaDon was born. On 25 Oct. 1948 I had had triple surgery again and on 9 Mar. 1966 I had another major operation - so now I should be in fine shape.

"We lived in Sterling, Utah for awhile and while there I taught sewing in the three older primary grades in the local school for two years, to prepare them for High School in Manti, the first year without pay. I taught sewing two years here in San Diego one day a week, under the direction of the Adult Education program, and turned my check over to the Ward Bishop for our building fund project. I did alterations in a dress-making shop here for several years, long enough to earn Social Security.

"I have taught in M. I. A. and Relief Society (Theology) and been a Relief Society Work Counselor. My latest service was eighteen months as a Sunday School teacher while Frank was in the Sunday School Superintendency. Our son Duane has worked with the Scouts for years. His wife, Jean, is now Primary president, after having served eight years as Sunday School Coordinator. Our daughter Maxine's health does not permit much activity but her children are all active in the church. Garth Joseph in 1950 was all-star softball pitcher for the church and brought the trophy back to our then-new Ward. Since then he has been Y. M. M. I. A. president, Branch president, a Stake High Councilman, on a Stake mission and in the Stake Mission presidency and had many other responsibilities in the church. He is now bishop of his Ward in Escondido, Calif. His wife Joan used to teach Seminary, then served on the

Relief Society Stake Board. Norma was the queen of the first Gold and Green ball in our new Ward. LaDon is teaching in Sunday School and has a troop of Cub Scouts; she used to teach in Primary.

"I feel that perhaps one of my greatest achievements is my long list of friends and the many children besides our own grandchildren who call Frank and me 'Grandpa' and 'Grandma'. I was written up one year in Neal Morgan's newspaper column as having received one hundred birthday cards that year. In 1967 we received two hundred and two Christmas cards, plus other greetings - so much love!" On the back of many of the friendly letters that Ruth sends out is a little sticker bearing the following message:-- "Dear Letter; go upon your way, over mountain, plain or sea. God bless all who speed your flight to where I wish you to be. And bless all those beneath the roof where I would bid you rest. But bless much more the one to whom this letter is addressed." This message is so typical of the love and goodwill Ruth bears her relatives and friends and people everywhere.

Ruth and Frank make occasional trips back to Utah, especially at deer season when Frank goes to hunt. Their last trip to date was to attend Ruth's brother Harold's funeral. Frank recently retired and Ruth writes of this:-- "Frank has just retired after twenty-three years as a civilian employee of the U. S. Navy, teaching the apprentices in electronics. He said he didn't realize how important he had been until he was through and they said so many nice things about him. 'It was just like attending my own funeral' he said. He had his picture taken with the 'Captain of the Island' and other naval dignitaries." During this time they have lived in San Diego. Perhaps now they will find time for more trips to visit relatives and friends.

Descendants of Ruth Ellen Christensen and Niel Franklin Hansen:

- (A) Franklin Duane Hansen, born 11 June 1922 in Gunnison, Utah; md. 18 Aug. 1946 in Las Vegas, Nevada, Thora Jean Case (b. 9 Feb.

1927, Annabella, Utah to Marion Arnold and Louisa Barney Case). Two children:

- I. Geraldine Hansen, b. 4 May 1947 in Gunnison; md. 30 June 1967 in Escondido, Calif. to Johnie Ray McKenzie (b. 2 Oct. 1947 in Columbus, Georgia to James Thomas and Margaret Minerva Kimbrd McKenzie).
- II. Arnold Duane Hansen, b. 10 Oct. 1951 in San Diego, Calif.

(B) Maxine Ellen Hansen, born 13 Nov. 1924 in Gunnison, Utah; md. 4 Oct. 1942 in Yuma, Arizona, Ervin Kenneth Hughey (b. 8 Sept. 1917, Lynwood, Kansas to Frank L. and Pearl M. Hildebrand Hughey). They are divorced. Five children, all born in San Diego, Calif.:

- I. Kenneth Franklin Hughey, b. 8 Mar. 1943, d. 15 Mar. 1943 in San Diego.
- II. Myrna Ellen Hughey, b. 1 Sep. 1946; md. 6 Aug. 1966 in San Diego, Jack Gordon Wallace Jr. (b. 18 July 1947 in Keokuk, Iowa to Jack Gordon and Josephine June Whittle Wallace). Child:
  - a. Lisa Ellen Wallace, b. 29 Dec. 1967, San Diego.
- III. Darlene Ann Hughey, b. 12 Sep. 1948; md. 7 Aug. 1966 in San Diego, Michael Dewey Brown (b. 12 June 1946 in Salt Lake City, Utah to Anthony Morelos and Nellie Weiler Brown). They are divorced. Child:
  - a. Michael Anthony Brown, b. 25 Oct. 1966, San Diego.
- IV. David Russell Hughey, b. 28 Nov. 1950; md. 14 Mar. 1969 in San Diego, Patricia Ann Dewey (b. 27 July 1949 in San Diego to Donald W. and Ann Obal Dewey).
- V. Pamela Dean Hughey, b. 8 Sep. 1954.

(C) Garth Joseph Hansen, born 15 Apr. 1927 in Sterling, Utah; md. 15 Jan. 1949, San Diego, Jean Rita Baer (b. 18 Aug. 1926 in San Diego to John J. and Isabel Tucker Baer). Their children, the first four born in San Diego:

- I. John Franklin Hansen, b. 4 Aug. 1949
- II. Keith Joseph Hansen, b. 21 July 1950
- III. Alen Tucker Hansen, b. 12 Jan. 1952
- IV. Ellen Rita Hansen, b. 17 Feb. 1954

V. Karl Jay Hansen, b. 28 July 1956,  
Escondido, Calif.

VI. Mark William Hansen, b. 29 Nov. 1958,  
Escondido.

(D) Norma Dean Hansen, born 1 Jan. 1929 in Phoenix, Arizona; md. 18 Oct. 1948 in Mesa, Arizona, George Arnold Smith Jr. (b. 6 Nov. 1925 in Seattle, Wash. to George Arnold and Jennie Rees Smith). They are divorced. She md. (2) 9 June 1961 in Winterhaven, Calif. Curtis Fowler Jr. (b. 18 Dec. 1936 in Hot Springs, New Mexico to Curtis and Edith Morris Fowler). One child by 1st marriage:  
I. David Scott Smith, b. 6 Jan. 1953, San Diego, Calif.

(E) LaDon Hansen, born 28 Mar. 1929 in Gunnison, Utah; md. 3 Sep. 1955 in San Diego, Calif. Gerald Henry Vieting (b. 16 Mar. 1936 to Wallace Henry and Ernestine Bunn Vieting). Their children:  
I. Craig Gerald Vieting, b. 9 Oct. 1956, Bethesda, Maryland  
II. Debra Lynn Vieting, b. 28 Aug. 1959 Staten Island, Richmond, New York  
III. Cheryl Ann Vieting, b. 14 Sep. 1960 Bethesda

(16) Ellen Elaine Christensen (4) writes her own story and begins with the question, "What am I?" Then she answers it as follows:--

"I'm a contradiction and a conflict both within and without: Without, because I often feel lithe, beautiful, free and graceful; but on passing a mirror or on seeing my silhouetted shadow before me, I am well aware of the contradiction. Inside, because I want to be good, kind, noble and great but am beset by the willful, stubborn drives of a true daughter of Ephraim. So many of the faults I dislike in others, I possess; so external, internal and eternal conflicts war. However, I have always had great patterns to copy and am a ready repenter, hoping for the years to mellow and perfect me; and perhaps they will - not in and of themselves but because of the influence of friends, family, church,

and God who hears and answers my prayers.

"I know that, looking back on one's youth, memory makes childhood a constant summer. I have heard no tale of unusual happenings when I was born, 12 Oct. 1902 in Manti, Sanpete, Utah, except that Aunt Retta was furious with Father because I came along, a ten pound tub of a baby, to 'little Jennie' her sister, when my sister Virginia was but thirteen months and six days old. Our first home was on 155 North 2nd West. I remember the house as a two-story white brick structure set back from a black iron fence, a space of lawn parted by a gravel path which led to a front porch and then on around the south side of the house to a kitchen entrance and farther on to a large back lot with garden plot, woodpile, outhouse and a corral.

"Inside the house on the ground floor were a parlor (seldom used in winters) one bedroom, kitchen, pantry, non-plumbed bathroom, and dining room, the latter being the family gathering place. Here and in the kitchen were coal stoves which furnished the only heat. I remember white starched lace curtains at the dining room windows, a square table, chairs, a couch bed, and the pot-bellied stove behind which we children played house. The old range in the kitchen was also a gathering place, in the warmth of whose open oven door we took our baths in a galvanized tin tub before donning either our nightgowns or our long-legged fleece-lined cotton union suits and long black stockings, bloomers, flannel petticoats and starched dresses. I remember the hum of the kettle and its steam coating the windows which steam turned to crystal frost before morning. We had to scratch it away with our fingernails before we could peer out.

"There was one partially finished bedroom upstairs, used only in summers, which we reached by climbing up steep wooden steps, past naked spaces of beams, braces, brick chimney and sloping, dusty eaves of the attic - a scary place of creaking sounds, lurking spiders and bats - yet a place of wonders because here through the small and only window I was lifted up to see Haley's Comet and shivered for the end of the world.

"One of our special amusements was a chair-swing in which we played 'train'. Although the little boys were rough and pushed it to its limit, the swing lasted for years. Once, for some unknown reason, I built a fire under this swing; but when I heard mother phoning the police (with her finger on the receiver) my repentance was swift and tearful. One of our greatest (yet most horrifying) sports was to be chased by the little boys with daddy-long-legs which always seemed to be plentiful. The dread of these kinds of insects has lasted me throughout life.

"It was here at this old house that I learned that if you hid raw eggs too long before Easter they didn't smell very good. Starting two or three weeks before Easter, our entire family engaged, separately, in hunting, gathering and hiding eggs under an old tub, in the woodpile, ditch, gooseberry bushes, etc. If we found someone else's cache it became ours. The one to bring in the most eggs at coloring time got a prize - it was as exciting as hiding Christmas presents. We didn't know about the 'Easter Bunny' then. I remember catching toads and getting warts (disproved now); I remember the entire family being mustered together with dishtowels and papers to shoo flies out of the screen doors; I can still smell the glue on the fly paper which hung from ceilings and doors, where black, shiny wings buzzed and spindle legs tugged to get free; I hear again the seething, droning mass of fly bodies in the wire catcher outside. I recall throwing Virginia's shoe out in the rain and being sent to get it. Just as I stooped to retrieve it, lightning forked and thunder broke and I fell flat in a puddle of mud. The resultant fear of electric storms lasted until I pretended calmness for the sake of my own children.

"Other happenings creep along the edge of memory as I write - the day the house caught fire, starting and ending in the attic; the old stove-heated flat iron scorching the window sill where someone had set it to cool; the rocks heated and wrapped in paper to warm our icy beds in winter; the making of paper flowers for Decoration Day (mother preferred wild flowers from the hills); the sweet

gravy-taste of lumpydick; the pinpoint, dark eyes of our baby tender who chanted, 'Hark, hark! The dogs do bark; the beggars are coming to town....' to bring us into meek submission; the dancing of a row of paper dolls made from folded newspapers.

"I enjoyed a great feeling of love, security and family solidarity in that old home, so it was with a deep sense of loss that I left it to move with the family to Mabey's house across the road west from the school until our new home on Depot Street was finished. It was here in the summer of 1910 that I contracted a mild case of scarlet fever and was quarantined, along with mother, in Grandpa and Aunt Lydia's stuffy parlor with its upholstered furniture, gilt framed pictures, stiff lace curtains and marble fireplace. I was happy when I was transferred to the sitting room where the organ was. I played school with marbles as pupils and empty thread spools as desks, while mother wrote. Sometimes, if I would lie still on the bed, she'd sing in her sweet contralto voice a sad song about an Indian maiden, which I shall always love - 'Fallen Leaf'

"In October of 1910 we moved into our new house via a long stepladder through the upstairs Blue Room window, since our lovely stairway was being varnished. I longed for the old home one-half block away but I soon found even greater happiness here with inside plumbing, clinking radiators, and a fireplace around which the family gathered while Daddy peeled apples and mother read stories to us. The church had no need to institute 'Home Evenings' for us then as ours were constant, complete, and gratefully now remembered.

"There was always so much to do around our new place in summers. Our big garden was fun to play Pioneer in; our barn made good jumping from the loft into the hay; the long, knotted rope hanging from the apricot tree back of the house was sheer joy to swing on. For playing Statue, Prisoner's Base, and Steal-Sticks, our big west lawn couldn't be beat, or to lie on to watch cloud-pictures in the sky. The shade of the weeping willow tree was wonderful to sit in while mother

read to us on summer afternoons. During many dusk-drawn evenings our family took supper to the fields, ran races through the clover, waded barefoot in the streams and gathered pretty pebbles from the riverbed; or while listening to the sighing winds and twittering birds in the cottonwood trees, watch the day slowly die in the west.

"During other evenings the children of the neighbourhood met under the street light on the corner to play Kick-the-Can or Run-Sheep-Run. There were other fun things I remember, like dressing up cats and playing house with them; playing postoffice using loose rocks in Horning's old rock wall to put our letters under; making honey and taffy candy; taking trips to Temple Hill and Devils Ribs; having corn roasts at the Green canal; swimming in the muddy, carpy Sanpitch River; watching the 'pig-man' kill pigs through a knothole in Alder's back fence; waiting for Mr. Harmon's train-hack so we could jump on back and take a ride, and playing show in Felt's barn. I don't remember the name of those shows but I do remember some of the lines - 'Zeek, Zeek, long-legged Zeek. Your head is all right but you've got such big feet'.

"I remember special celebrations - the Fourth of July. On the eve of the Third we laid out our embroidered dresses, ribbon sashes, new shoes, stockings and petticoats - all ready for the morning salute of the guns to be up and about the fun of the day. The band, transported on a hay-rack, serenaded the town dignitaries and always included our place. Then came the parade which ended in front of the Tabernacle where the patriotic meeting followed. The place was draped with bunting and everybody crowded in to hear, year after year, the singing of 'The Flag Without a Stain' and the dramatic reading of 'Ring, Grandpa, Ring; O Ring for Liberty!' My heart swelled with a great love for my country - would that I could recapture more often the depths of that feeling now! The fear of lighted firecrackers being thrown under our feet has almost been forgotten in the remembrance of the joy of those celebrations. The matinee dance at Felt's Opera House (in later

years at the Armory) and fireworks at our place afterwards completed the long, satisfying day. The Twenty-Fourth always seemed quite anti-Climactic, except that I associated it with Christensen family reunions held on Grandfather Christensen's birthday, July twenty-second and often extending to the Twenty-Fourth.

"I don't remember too much emphasis being placed on our church going although we were encouraged to attend Sunday School. I don't remember our parents going with us but they must have gone to church in the afternoons. My baptism into the church, which took place 5 Sep. 1911 in the Manti Temple, came after almost a year of procrastination. Quince Crawford baptized me at that time and Niels Anderson confirmed me. I recall going to Mutual occasionally on Sunday evenings and that Virginia and I sang in the Ward choir when we were quite young. Perhaps I was the one who didn't go to church much, but I had the same childlike faith in my Heavenly Father that I did in Santa Claus and my earthly father. I was somewhat in awe of the first two but I wanted to do the things that would please each. I knew that each had unquestioned powers to grant the desires of people who believed. Through the years, I think I can count the times on the fingers of one hand that I haven't knelt in nightly petition. The last words we heard after kissing our parents 'goodnight' were, 'Good night - hope you sleep well - don't forget to say your prayers.' Hell was a very real and burning place to me with all the everlasting tortures of old world beliefs, but I had faith that prayer would keep me out of it.

"When mother was so ill and I heard doubts of her living, I went about my days smugly, knowing that I had prayed with all my heart that God would heal her and I was sure he would, as he answered the prayers of faithful children. When I heard the news of her death, I felt lost and cheated and began to question a Father who promised one thing and gave another. I was in Heber City at the time, staying at Aunt Retta's home. I can still feel against my bare legs the rough boards of the box in the chicken coop where I sat most of

the day, grieving over my lost mother and my lost faith. Sometime before that I had learned about Santa, too. I was sure mother knew my feelings as she seemed so close to me after she'd gone.

"Many times, remembering mother, I'd cry. Perhaps, besides missing her, I recalled the times I'd stood on the rockers when she was trying to rock the baby and wouldn't move at her first gentle request; or when she'd asked a favor I'd been stubborn about it and she'd tell me that I'd be sorry some day and I'd say I didn't care. She'd look at me thoughtfully and say, 'Well, little daughter, when I'm no longer here then you'll care.' I hadn't talked things over with mother like Virginia had, but after she'd gone I told her through my tears of my secret longings and my love for her. Since then I've always felt her nearness and closeness and she's been to me an ever-present buffer between my rebellious nature and temptation.

"Perhaps I could have been taught by my parents to work harder and to more purpose but they seemed to want us children to be carefree and happy, and we were. Dad was a lawyer, County Attorney, and finally Judge of the Seventh Judicial District. We were comfortably situated in one of the nicest homes in town, had one of the first Buicks, and owned farms, sheep, cattle and horses. In 191 Virginia and I went with our parents to the Worlds Fair at San Francisco, Calif. and the overflow of it at San Diego, Calif. A few days ago, when I saw a news reel on T. V. describing the renovation of some of the buildings of that Fair, I recognized some of them and began to recall some of my experiences at the Fair. I remembered my insistence on wearing my new Girl Scout uniform the entire trip; the little electric one-seated carts guided by a hand bar that we used for transportation at the Fair; the flocks of pigeons that flew around and above us dangerously; the lighthouse we visited and the baby crab I picked up on the beach and hid in Dad's suitcase, much to the consternation of the hotel manager a few days later when he was called in to investigate the sickening odor of decay that emanated from the closet in our room. He

found the cause and Dad found the culprit - ugh and ouch!

"I have always liked school from the time I entered kindergarten at the age of almost six years. My first teacher was Miss Cox, who was keeping company at the time with my Uncle Joseph Snow. When he dropped in sometimes to visit, I loved to sit on his lap to impress my teacher and schoolmates. My favorite teachers in the upper grades were Emery G. Epperson, Andrew Judd, Elmer Peterson and of course, Ellis Johnson who did so much to stimulate my love of fine music.

"My high school training was a bit sketchy. I attended one year at Manti High and one year and two quarters at the B. Y. High in Provo, Utah, where Virginia and I boarded with Mr. & Mrs. Oscar Hyde. After a six weeks summer school at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, where I boarded with Aunt Retta Neff, I entered as a freshman at B. Y. U. in Provo. In the spring of 1925, after one years teaching at Manti High and Junior High schools in between, I graduated from B. Y. U. with high honors. The following summer I went with B. Y. U. coach Eugene Roberts, Chick Hart, Wilma Jeppson and Mildred Lewis to the University at Madison, Wisconsin, where I took speech and physical education preparatory to teaching in the Lehi High School in Utah County. I have taken summer school classes, extension and correspondence classes numerous times since then, until I now have the equivalent of a Masters Degree.

"My teaching experience has been a very satisfying one to me. Aside from the year 1923/24 when I taught music, reading and drama in the Manti Junior and Senior High Schools, I taught in Lehi from 1925-1937, teaching speech, U. S. History and Physical Education in the High School. From 1937 to 1949 I taught music, physical education and English in the Junior High School at Cedar City, Utah, where my husband, Edward Webb Southwick, had moved to work as Office Manager for Bradshaw Chevrolet Company. In 1955 I joined the C. S. U. faculty in Cedar City as teacher of basic communications. My duties and time increased until I was soon teaching three-fourths

time and acting as girls activity counselor. In 1961 I became an assistant professor and added the duties of Dean of Women to my load. I terminated my teaching at C. S. U. the spring of 1963 except for a summer class each year in children's literature and an occasional night class. This year 1968/69, however, I have been teaching again full time at the College but haven't decided whether to continue longer or not. Ted and I have recently moved into a lovely new home and I should like to be able to enjoy it.

"Regardless of my teaching I have been quite active in church. I taught Primary in the Manti Center Ward the year 1923/24; in the Salt Lake Eighteenth Ward 1934-1936, where I was also teacher trainer; had charge of drama one year each in the Twentieth and Belvedere Wards. I served in the MIA presidency in the Eighteenth Ward and taught the Social Science lessons in the Belvedere Ward between the years 1933-1936. In Cedar City I taught the Silver and Golden Gleaners in the College or Eighth Wards; was on the MIA Stake Board for several years before Cedar Stake was divided from Parawan Stake and was on the Relief Society Stake Board for about five years. I led the Singing Mothers for many years and helped to produce two Stake pageants. I served as Literary leader for four or five years as well as being director of the Singing Mothers. I was on the Genealogical Society Stake Board of Cedar West Stake for two years, first secretary of the Cedar City Genealogical and Historical Society, taught a class in home records in Sunday School, did research for hundreds of names on our Mathis and Southwick lines, as well as doing the temple work for about two hundred of these kindred dead over the last years. I was a 100% Relief Society Visiting Teacher for five years. I am grateful for these church opportunities for I know that it is through activity that one's testimony grows.

"My music career has been a hit and miss affair. Mother always sang at her work and taught Virginia and me to sing and love music. She and Father showed great interest in the cultural affairs of the community. When I was about eleven years

old Father bought a lovely Baldwin piano, which my son Richard has now. Until marriage separated us, Virginia and I played and sang duets and put on numerous skits for programs. I had to be prodded to keep at my piano practicing, but did manage to play in several recitals. The first I remember was when I played 'Scarf Dance'; Virginia played a violin solo. The last was on Aug. 25, 1918 when I played 'Rustle of Spring'. I could play for hours to amuse myself, entertain others and accompany some. In 1935 I went on Fred Graham's Lyceum Bureau program tour as a reader and as an accompanist for Lowell Hicks, Marimbaphonist.

"Singing was more to my liking. Florence Jepperson Madsen gave Virginia and me private lessons for several years while we were at school in Provo. She offered us many opportunities in choruses, operas, duets and solos. Years later I took from Richard Condie when I joined the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir as alto No. 29. While teaching music in Cedar Junior and Senior High, I wrote and directed my own opera. I have always been a member of some musical group and for several years sang the contralto solos in Handel's Messiah, both in Cedar City at Christmas time and in Zion's Park Easter pageants. I have had three songs published; one, 'The Lions Roar' has been the official Cedar City Lion's Club song since about 1940. Many unpublished ones are gathering dust in my piano bench.

"Drama! Ah, there was my heart. Secluded in the Blue Room in Manti when I was young, I could be anyone I wanted to be, as my mirror could testify since I emoted in front of it through many dramatic experiences. I took part in most of the plays and operettas in public school. In Sixth Grade, how I loved 'A Dream of Fairyland'. I would have liked to be dressed in tinsel and gauze as Virginia and the rest of the good fairies were, but I was better suited as a leader of the bad elfin band, trying to coax two little children to go astray.

"In college I took leads in quite a few productions: Priscilla, Great Divide, Old Lady 31, The Country Boy, The Gondaliers, and others. I

was a charter member of Mask Club and Theta Alpha Phi at Provo. I coached two college plays, also one opera, and assisted with the coaching of Sazy for the Provo Stake Relief Society, which we repeated later in the old Salt Lake Theatre. I played one of the leads in a Salt Lake Stake play presented at the Ralph Cloniger Theatre. I was also the lead in two MIA contest plays which won the church finals: Tombs and In Secret Places, where I played opposite Gordon Owen. In Cedar City I have played leads in Anastasia, Women Have Dominion, The Glass Managerie, Arsenic and Old Lace, and I Remember Mama, which we repeated fourteen times. I have given many play readings and solo poetry recitals. There have been so many opportunities for me and until the last few years I've had great difficulty saying 'no'.

"Each year, besides my assigned duties, I try to take a group of ladies and teach them how to read and enjoy poetry, or I teach a class in poetry writing. I have many other delightful hobbies besides those already mentioned - tatting, knitting, quilting, oil painting, golfing, writing poetry, talking, playing Five Hundred, Sluff and Bridge, and traveling. Our family has been from coast to coast and border to border and to Canada and Mexico. Besides exploring the scenic wonders of our own country, my husband and I have each been to Europe twice and to Hawaii.

"Since Ted and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple in 1927 (May 25) by David O. McKay, we have had a hill and valley life together - varied enough to remain interesting and satisfying. As it is in any geological time, the parks and mountains flatten out and form peaceful valleys - so it is with our marriage. We have four wonderful children and fifteen remarkable grandchildren. My patriarchal blessing says: 'One of the objects of this life is to be the mother of a noble race of men'. I'm sure my one lovely daughter is included in this. If I can be judged by the accomplishments of my children I know I have done well. Yet I know that I have left much good undone and have undone much good by impulsive actions.

"As yet, I don't feel too comfortable

vegetating in a rocker; rather I would have my days continue with health, purpose and diverse conflicts and contrasts that will keep me searching, experiencing, relenting and accomplishing. I would be about my many yet unlearned lessons. I'm looking forward to the day when, either from my rocker or my eternal mansion, when my children can forget my failings and weaknesses and can bring to pass the promise given to me in a comfort blessing by Brother Joseph A. Cornwall in 1932, in which he said: 'Your children will grow up and honor and bless your memory. They will be proud in time to claim that they are called of your name. They will proclaim to the world in beautiful terms your service to them, your comfort to them, your blessing to them, and your desires of them for their good in the earth.'"

Edward Webb Southwick, "Ted" was born 15 June 1899 in Lehi, Utah, the son of Edward and Rachel Ann Webb Southwick. For many years now he has had his own tax company in Cedar City and doesn't plan to retire. He is enthusiastic about golf and plays a good game. He is also a great sports fan and follows the football and basketball conferences either in person or on TV and radio. He keeps up a regular correspondence with his children and travels to visit them often, in conjunction with Elaine.

Children and descendants of Ellen Elaine Christensen and Edward Webb Southwick:--

- (A) Donna Jean Southwick, born 3 Mar. 1928 in Lehi, Utah; md 13 July 1949 in Manti, Utah, Robert Byron Beckstead (b. 2 July 1928, Downey, Idaho, to Percy Norman and Leona Celinda Hutchings Beckstead.) They are divorced. Five children:
  - I. Robert Terry Beckstead, b. 25 Feb. 1950, Provo, Utah
  - II. Steven Michael Beckstead, b. 30 Mar. 1951 in Cedar City, Utah
  - III. Kathleen Beckstead, b. 7 July 1954, Salt Lake City, Utah
  - IV. David Norman Beckstead, b. 3 Oct. 1958, Salt Lake City, Utah
  - V. Julie Beckstead, b. 28 Aug. 1961, S. L. C., Ut.

- (B) Edward Hale Southwick, born 7 Apr. 1929 in Washington, D. C. md. 27 Aug. 1952, Salt Lake City, Althea Beryl Sylvester (b. 2 Mar. 1930, Elsinore, Utah to Wilford Woodruff and Minnie Hermansen Sylvester.) Four children:
- I. Edward Hale Southwick, b. 7 May 1953, Salt Lake City, Utah
  - II. Margaret Ann Southwick, b. 17 Mar. 1957, Richfield, Utah
  - III. Elizabeth Annette Southwick, b. 10 Mar. 1960, Ogden, Utah
  - IV. James Albert Southwick, b. 5 Feb. 1964, Ogden, Utah
- (C) Richard Glen Southwick, born 11 May 1931 in Lehi, Utah; md. 19 Dec. 1952, Logan, Utah, Helen Janeen Chamberlain (b. 20 May 1931, Ogden, to Walter Alonzo and Helen Elizabeth Rhee's Chamberlain.) Six children:
- I. Shelley Jean Southwick, b. 13 Sep. 1953, Cedar City, Utah
  - II. Jo Ann Southwick, b. 17 Dec. 1954, Oxnard, California
  - III. Susan Elaine Southwick, b. 13 Feb. 1956, Salt Lake City, Utah
  - IV. Richard Glen Southwick, b. 20 June 1957 Salt Lake City, Utah
  - V. Marcie Helen Southwick, b. 8 Nov. 1959, Salt Lake City, Utah
  - VI. Rachel Marie Southwick, b. 19 Sep. 1961, Salt Lake City, Utah
- (D) Paul Robert Southwick, born 31 July 1933 in Salt Lake City, Utah; md. 2 Aug. 1968 in Ogden, Utah, Suzanne Holman (b. 7 Mar 1948 Taber, Canada to Roy L. and Bethel Sylvester Holman.)

(17) Louis Lucien Christensen (7) was born 20 Aug. 1903 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah in the old Wasden home across the road west and a bit south from the rock house owned by his Christensen grandparents. His grandmother, Else K., likely served as midwife on that occasion.

Lucien wasn't much more than a toddler when his family moved a mile or so west of Gunnison to live on a ranch owned by his father's brother, Albert.

The skeleton of the small log and lumber farmhouse they lived in then is still standing (1969) on what is now the Ray Taylor ranch. Lucien and his sister LaFaun, two years older, were great pals. There was no one else to play with on the ranch except their baby brother Rex, who was sickly. Sometimes they got lonesome. LaFaun tells about Lucien and herself running away from the ranch one day and walking all the way to Gunnison before they were "apprehended".

Lucien was baptized a member of the LDS church 5 Sep. 1911 in the beautiful Manti Temple, a privilege made possible at that time to children who turned eight in Sanpete Valley. Not very many children of the church had the opportunity of having their baptism in a temple. Soon other places were provided for those of Sanpete Valley also.

Lucien remembers, while a boy in Gunnison, of driving up to Manti to visit his Danish grandparents quite often, along with the rest of his family. In the wintertime they would heat large rocks to put under the quilts that covered them in the buggy, to keep their feet warm. He says he always looked forward to those trips with great anticipation and happiness.

His father was away from home with the sheep so much of the time, both winters and summers, but when he was home they had such good times together. He remembers well the many trips he and his father took together in the mountains in the Gunnison area and later in Wyoming. They would travel all day in the mountains, catch fish for dinner and camp all night. He really enjoyed those trips as a boy. He has always enjoyed fishing, hunting and horseback riding, ever since he was a small lad.

Lucien was only a few months past five years old when his father bought his grandparents' rock house on the corner of Second West and First North in Gunnison. This house is still standing and now owned by Ella Knighton Hansen. Lucien visited that home this past year (1968) for the first time in fifty-two years. He also visited the home in Mayfield, Utah where his father was born in 1880,

which is still standing and in use, and he visited his Christensen grandparents' graves in the Manti Cemetery, which is overlooked by the beautiful Manti Temple where he was baptized.

It was from the rock house in Gunnison that Lucien first started school the fall of 1909. He attended the public school there until he was just past twelve-and-a-half, when his family left Gunnison and moved to a ranch not many miles from Lyman, Wyoming, where his father had taken up a homestead. On 27 Mar. 1916 the Louis D. Christensen family, together with Aunt Elsie Bartholomew and her five children, left Gunnison by train headed for Wyoming. They had all slept the night before at Aunt Emma and Uncle Charlie Peterson's place, who lived about a mile from the Gunnison depot. There were six children in the Christensen family at the time: LaFaun 14, Lucien 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ , Rex 10, Dale about 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ , Weldon just turned 4, and baby Alice nearly 2.

Reaching Lyman, Wyoming the group were taken to the ranch they called "The Oasis" some few miles east of Lyman. They all lived for some weeks in two rooms of the four-roomed ranch cabin belonging to their father's brother Chris, until homes could be built, one on each place that Louis and his sister Elsie had homesteaded. LaFaun remembers that until then they were so crowded that some even had to sleep on top of the big table and some under. Cousin Edith Bartholomew remembers that she was always hungry then - there never did seem to be enough food to satisfy them all.

Two summers living on The Oasis followed for Lucien and the others, during which time "fire-bugs" tried to drive them out, destroying one home built by his father and, after several attempts, burning down the other which replaced the first. The year's crops of his Uncle Chris were destroyed by fire, his Uncle Chris killed. They were forced to guard what they had on the ranch with guns. Details of this period have been given in earlier chapters of the book.

The families moved into Lyman in winters

so the children could attend school. Lucien finished the grades in Lyman. He says, "I could hardly wait for school to let out each spring so that I could spend the summer on our ranch east of Lyman. I will never forget the good times I had there - nor the heartaches!"

His father became sheriff of Uinta County, Wyoming and the family moved to Evanston, the county seat. Here Lucien attended High School. He says he played a little basketball and football there but wasn't too good at either. Always a modest fellow and rather quiet, we could expect him to say that. Although he is a bit above average in height, he has never been husky; quite to the contrary, which might have accounted for any lack of success he may have felt he had in football.

After graduation from High School Lucien took a job as ticket clerk for the railroad in Evanston. In 1925, when the family moved to Cheyenne, Wyoming, for a time he transferred to Cheyenne and went to work for the railroad there, serving in many different capacities for that organization. During the depression of the 1930s he was laid off from the railroad for a year, during which time he went to Ogden, Utah, and lived with his sister LaFaun and family for a while and then spent the winter at a C C camp near Los Angeles, Calif., which he says he enjoyed. It was a change from railroading. He was active in the church in Cheyenne, serving as Assistant LDS Ward Clerk for several years.

He was nearing thirty-two years of age when he finally married. He and Dora Edith Thompson were wed in Ogden, Utah, 4 June 1935. They made their home in Cheyenne where two sons were born to them: Louis Lucien Jr. and Robert James, whom they called Jim. But things didn't go well with Lucien and Dora and they were divorced. About ten years later Lucien married a divorcee with three young children, Mrs. Marie Victoria Nelson Hickey. He did not adopt these children but he practically raised them. He and their mother lived together many years until these step-children of his were grown. But their later married years were unpleasant ones, especially for

Lucien, and they were finally divorced.

Not long afterwards he retired from the railroad because of poor health. He had become very nervous. He worked his last day in Cheyenne 7 July 1965. Cousin Byron Peterson says that Lucien worked thirty-seven years without missing a pay check - this is entirely possible. It is a long time to have one's "nose to the grindstone". He moved immediately to Salt Lake City and secured his own apartment. His retirement pension plus a lifetime pass on the railroad makes it possible for him to enjoy life with little financial worry, since he lives modestly. He lives alone and, besides traveling quite often to visit relatives, he attends dances and other Senior Citizen activities. He loves social dancing and is a good dancing partner.

But Lucien's main hobbies today are his two tall and handsome sons, each pushing about six feet three inches. Both are doing very well, Jim in real estate in the Walnut Creek, California area and Louis Jr. as General Manager of the large Woolco Department Store in Phoenix, Arizona. He spends quite a bit of time with these boys and their families, visiting each about three times a year.

His two sons (and their families) by his first wife, Dora Edith Thompson (div.) both born in Cheyenne, Uinta, Wyoming are:--

- (A) Louis Lucien Christensen Jr., born 8 Feb. 1936; md. 16 June 1956 in Walnut Creek, California, Carolyn Lola Smith (b. 14 June 1936, Tucson, Arizona to Mr. & Mrs. Hubert P. Smith) Children:--
- I. Sherlyn Lou Christensen, b. 7 Apr. 1957, Walnut Creek, Calif.
  - II. Kathryn Sue Christensen, b. 8 Sept. 1958, Walnut Creek
  - III. Louis Barton Christensen, b. 6 May 1963, Monrovia, Calif.
- (B) Robert James Christensen, born 1 Dec. 1937; md. 21 Nov. 1959 in Reno, Nevada, Rayma Antoinette, or "Toni" Kinnee (b. 26 Oct. 1938 Yuba City, Calif., to Lloyd B. and Patricia

Helene Peet Kinnee.) They have no children at present.

(18) Edgar Dee Bartholomew (5) was born 21 Aug. 1903 in Fayette, Sanpete, Utah. His mother wrote a history of him and placed it in her Book of Remembrance from which we quote:--

"Edgar was blessed by his paternal grandfather, Bishop John Bartholomew, 4 Oct. 1903 in the red stone church in Fayette. His grandmother Christensen took him to the Manti Temple 5 Sep. 1911 where he was baptized a member of the LDS church by Quincy G. Crawford and confirmed the same day and place by Nils O. Anderson Jr. He was ordained a Deacon in Gunnison, Utah 7 Nov. 1915 by Adolph Peterson.

"Edgar's family moved from Fayette to Gunnison the spring of 1907, when he was nearly four. His father bought a fine red brick house there from Lafe Bown. Edgar started grade school in Gunnison, beginning in the fall of 1909 when he was six and continuing each school year until the spring of 1916 when he was going on thirteen. The red brick house was sold to his Uncle Arthur Christensen and he and his mother and brothers and sisters moved into Uncle Arthur's old house in southwest Gunnison, once owned by Uncle Chris. This was in the late fall of 1915.

"On 27 Mar. 1916 Edgar, together with his mother and brothers and sisters and also his Uncle Louis Christensen's family left Gunnison by train for Lyman, Wyoming, from where they moved onto a homestead about six miles east of Lyman, which had been taken up by their mother. Here the family lived and worked in summers and moved to Lyman in winters where the children could attend school. Edgar must have finished grade school there.

"In the spring of 1918 his family moved to Ogden, Utah, where his father had bought a nice new home in the Fourth Ward. Edgar attended school that winter in Ogden. He was ordained a Teacher in the LDS priesthood 1 Apr. 1919 by

Hyrum E. Lund. The family moved back to Lyman, Wyoming that spring and lived for another year. Edgar again attended school in Lyman.

"The spring of 1920 his family moved to Goshen, Utah, on the Robert Boswell farm. Edgar helped his father on the farm. He loved to ride horses and became very proficient in that, soon taking part in rodeos. He was also interested in electrical work. He got a job with the Phoenix utility line, working from Santaquin to Eureka under Superintendent Whipple, and enjoying the work continued in that occupation.

"In 1928 he worked in Chicago, Illinois and then in northern Texas for Texas Power and Light Company. Then he worked in Merida, Yucatan and then in Mexico for awhile, returning to Utah in September 1930. He started work for the Tintic Standard Mining Co. at Dividend, Utah, and worked there during 1934/35. In 1936 he went east and worked in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. During World War II he worked in the shipyards. From there he went to Louisiana and Mississippi, working for Stone and Webster Electrical Co. He then went to work for an electrical company in Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee, from where he was called to Little Rock, Arkansas to supervise some electrical construction lines going out of that area.

"1 May 1953 Edgar returned to Utah and went to Moab and worked in the uranium business until Jan. 1954 when he went to Salt Lake City to have surgery for the removal of a cataract from his right eye, by Drs. Palmer and Quinn. (During his recovery his father passed away, 6 Mar. 1954) After two months rest he returned to work at Moab but had to quit again for surgery on his left eye. A cataract was removed from that eye 11 Jan. 1956 by the same doctors who took care of the right eye. Both eye operations were successful. While recovering from the second he had some improvements made at the family home in Payson, where he lived with his mother whenever he was in the area - a new gas furnace and water heater and an Admiral color TV installed. When fully recovered, Edgar returned to Moab where he was interested in some uranium claims, returning to Payson from

time to time to look after the needs and interests of his mother."

Following the death of his mother in June 1964, and after the family home was sold, Edgar returned to Moab, Utah to make his permanent home. During 1966 he built himself a large boat to sail on the Green River there. He also owns a large trailer house in which he lives, and some uranium claims. He enjoys life, working his claims, prospecting, fishing, boating, and has become a typical "rock hound". He is unmarried at the present time (1969) and has no descendants.

(19) Wendell Bartholomew Christensen (2) sent his interesting history in installments, we could hardly wait for the next mail. Here it is:-- "I was born 26 Oct. 1903 in Fayette, Sanpete, Utah in the same house my mother, Sarah, had been born twenty-eight years before. Descendants of the builder, my grandfather John Bartholomew, still occupy the place.

"One of my earliest recollections was a trip to Europe at age six-and-a-half. Father took a leave of absence from his school work in Salt Lake City to study in England, France and Germany, and took the whole family along. I started school at Leipzig, Germany and soon felt at home with the German children. When we returned to America in 1911 we settled in Provo, Utah, where Father was appointed head of the Language and Archeological depts. at BYU. Edythe and I were placed in the BYU Training School. Here I was baptized a member of the church, 21 June 1912, by Willard F. Russell and confirmed the same day by Reed Beck.

"From Provo we moved to Rexburg, Idaho, where father had been appointed President of Ricks Junior College. Here I first received the priesthood, being ordained 26 Nov. 1916 by L. T. Perry. I also received a patriarchal blessing which has been a great source of encouragement and guidance all my life. From Idaho we moved to Laverkin in Utah's 'Dixie' where we spent some eventful years developing a hot springs resort and trying to start

an irrigation project to water several thousand acres of what could have been wonderfully productive land. It failed at that time but was just recently approved by the U. S. Government after a wait of about fifty years.

"From Dixie we moved to Hinkley, Utah, where Father answered a call by the church to organize the Millard Academy into a junior college. About this time the church decided to abandon the church school system with the exception of BYU and Weber and LDS Colleges. So father left the teaching profession for business and ranching. He acquired the Star Ranch with his brother Albert and brother-in-law Otis Ursenbrach and later bought a cattle ranch near Duchesne, Utah. My days as a ranch hand and farmer lasted until the farm depression in 1923 when financial reverses caused the loss of the ranches and the family moved to Salt Lake, where father went into business promoting his various mining and metals interests and we older children got jobs. I spent several years in mining, first in Farmington, Utah, and later in California.

"It was while living in Salt Lake and going to school at the U of U that I first met Ann Howells, a popular member of our Ward's younger set. We were in an MIA play together and our friendship blossomed into love. I was called on a mission to Germany in 1925 and after my farewell party in the Ward, I sat on the church porch with Ann while the church almost burned down. A thief had broken into the chapel hoping to find the money donated for my mission expenses and had dropped a match which started the blaze. Ann and I corresponded while I was in Germany and shortly after my return we became engaged.

"My mission in Germany was a wonderful experience. Because of my earlier trip there I learned the language easily and was blessed with some fine missionary companions. I labored first in Dresden, a beautiful city rich in tradition and culture, where I met many faithful, warm and friendly people and learned to love them like my own family. Later I was sent to Breslau as District President and it was here that I had a

remarkable experience. The mission president had called a conference for the whole mission, to be held in Dresden, a distance of about three hundred and twelve miles from Breslau. It was suggested that the Elders from each District walk the whole distance and tract and preach the gospel on the way. We were all excited at the prospects, but two weeks before the conference it started to rain and rain and rain without letup. All over Germany the crops were being ruined and things were developing into a national emergency. The mission president sent word that we should give up the idea of walking unless things changed well in advance of the date. Those in our District met together, prayed and discussed the problem, deciding that if the Lord wanted us to do his work the way would be opened. We also decided that we would fast the day before that set for our departure, then meet the next day for our final prayers and take our separate courses two by two. There were sixteen of us, making eight different groups.

"When the final morning arrived it was raining hard and the skies were leaden; the papers predicted more rain. Undaunted, we met at the appointed place with our knapsacks filled with gospel tracts, heavy soles on our shoes, and prepared to depend on the hospitality of the German people during our three hundred mile walking tour. We sang a song and prayed together, asking the Lord to clear the skies. A few words of encouragement were given and we went downstairs and out into the street. The rain had stopped and patches of blue sky appeared among the clouds. For two weeks we walked under warm, blue skies and were welcomed by farmers and villagers who had been thoroughly humbled by prospects of lost crops. As one hundred sixty footsore missionaries arrived in Dresden to commence a three day conference and testimony meetings the skies suddenly darkened and it began to rain again. I have never heard more wonderful testimonies than those given by these Elders relating their experiences - some really miraculous. Meetings lasting ten hours each passed without notice; we wondered where the time went. Sheldon had been called to Germany on a mission a year after I left and I had

the privilege of being his first district president.

"When I returned home our family was having financial problems. Finances for both Sheldon and my missions had been mostly earned by mother from sewing burial clothes in partnership with another sister of the Ward. Her sacrifices and labor will always be remembered with gratitude and love. This was March 1928 and I left shortly after for Los Angeles, Calif. to help father with his mining projects. These ventures were not successful and in June 1929 I returned to Salt Lake to marry Ann and then moved with her back to Los Angeles, where we began keeping house in a small apartment on Portland street.

"I was unable to support a wife working for Father and soon set out on my own. I got a job selling Christmas cards until the holidays ended and then tried selling real estate. I did fairly well but was unhappy with the people for whom I worked and finally got a job with the Standard Oil Company as a fireman at their El Segundo plant. I remained with Standard Oil for most of a year, receiving some promotion and saving some money, but the depression of 1929-1933 had already hurt the oil business and Standard suddenly laid off 2500 men, including myself. By searching the papers I found a selling job with the Club Aluminum Co. demonstrating and selling cooking utensils.

"I began to realize that I was not paying my tithing. Money from commissions came in a few dollars at a time and was spent as it was received. I placed a small canvas banksack in the pocket of the car and if I earned ten dollars, one dollar went into the sack. At the end of the week I would pay the money to the Bishop. From that time forward we began to prosper and receive guidance and blessings. All during the depression years we had work and an income.

"I was called to be Superintendent of the Wilshire Ward Sunday School, which at the time was the largest Ward in the church, with over 3200 members. After a year I was called into the office of President Cannon of the Los Angeles Stake and told that I had been chosen as Bishop of the Santa

Monica Ward. I had just turned thirty-one, had never seen the Santa Monica Ward and did not know any of the people. When I told my wife she thought it was a joke. However, we accepted the call and moved to Santa Monica. I served for a month without selecting my assistants in order to become better acquainted with the people, but finally made my selection of Counselors and, by special permission, chose one of the sisters as Ward Clerk. It was a fine experience and we made many wonderful and lasting friends. One of my first official acts as Bishop was to perform the marriage ceremony for my brother Luther and his sweetheart Velda Peterson.

"In 1936 my company transferred me to Long Beach as branch manager of the office but I continued to serve as Bishop in Santa Monica for almost a year after, traveling back and forth for all meetings, rain or shine. We carried our baby, Bart, in the car with us and he was always smiles day or night. I was finally released and then called as counselor to Bishop Henry Carlson of the Pine View Ward in Long Beach, where I served until we returned to Los Angeles in 1939. I had just been made the regional manager of the Century Metalcraft Corporation over all of southern California. I gained a strong testimony of the way the Lord blesses us if we try to serve him. I had been told many times by my boss that if I would only spend less time in church work and use Sundays for making sales I would go far with the company. However, he was made vice-president of the company and transferred to Chicago and I was given his job in Los Angeles and we became one of the leading offices in the country with more than one hundred salesmen. When the Second World War started President Roosevelt issued a direction withdrawing all metals from private business use, except by special priority. Our business, being what was considered a non-essential industry, was soon doomed. I bought and stored all the aluminum cooking utensils I could from the factory in Los Angeles, but after six months of hopeful struggle we had to announce to our sales force that the end had come and to look for other work in the defense plants.

"By this time I had a wife and two growing sons and we were soon blessed with twin daughters. I felt that I must now find a business that could not be damaged by changing conditions. I decided to apply to the Occidental Life Insurance Company where my brother Sheldon was then employed. This was in November 1942. I was accepted and soon trained and under way; the choice turned out to be a wise and profitable one. Early in 1944 my manager was sent to San Francisco as branch manager there and soon wrote and asked me to come north to be his assistant. Ann and I went to the Bay City to look things over and were impressed, so I accepted.

"I moved to San Francisco first, intending to find a place for my family, but every available place was reserved for war workers. We were invited to live with first one family of friends and then another, until I finally got permission from the government to build a house, and the Occidental Life Insurance Company agreed to advance the needed money to purchase a lot and needed materials. Ann and the children were sent to Salt Lake City to live with her mother, now a widow, while the house was under construction. It was expected to be finished within sixty to ninety days, but because of the war and difficulty in getting materials, it took more than nine months. This was a period of strain, especially for Ann, but finally the house was finished in time for us to move in for Thanksgiving 1946. It was a real Thanksgiving for us. We were together again and in a home of our own, and our business was prospering. The Lord had been very kind and blessed us abundantly.

"The year before, 1945, my boss had decided to move back to Los Angeles and, after some discussion at the home office, I was given his position in San Francisco. At first I was placed on salary with the title of 'Acting Manager' but after one year was given the full title of Branch Manager and an overwriting on all the business produced by the office. We prospered and built the business to a production of over \$20, 000, 000 per year. Yes, we were blessed in many ways!

"I was called to be the Stake Superintendent

of the Sunday School in the newly created Palo Alto Stake and then, after a year, as second counselor to Stake President Claud B. Peterson. About a year later he was called to Salt Lake to be secretary of the Quorum of the Twelve. His first counselor was made Stake President and I became first counselor. When the new Stake President, brother Henry Jorgenson, was sent to Florida to head the church Welfare farm there, I was set apart as Stake President of Palo Alto Stake by Elder Stephen L. Richards, 30 Apr. 1950.

"I was released as stake president in 1953 and shortly thereafter left Occidental Life to go into business for myself. I took a general agency with Beneficial Standard Life Insurance Co. of Los Angeles, and in 1956 made an additional connection with Financial Fund of Denver, Colorado. Since then I have continued in the business of estate programming, using life insurance and mutual funds, increasing our operational scope and adding and training new salesmen. We changed our dealer connection from Financial Industrial Fund to Kelly and Morey, Inc. of Denver in Feb. 1966. In May 1967 we merged with the Equity Funding Corporation of Los Angeles, and I became vice president and Divisional Sales Manager of the San Francisco area.

"I have known the healing power of the priesthood. In 1948 when we were landscaping our back yard I was operating a rototiller, a powerful machine with a series of spring steel hooks which rotated under a heavy steel cover. In attempting to turn a corner I put one foot forward to brace myself and one of the hooks caught the roll in my Levis and my leg was drawn under the hood and through the hooks until the leg, from ankle to thigh, was hanging in shreds. I was rushed to the hospital and the doctors worked all night cleaning, cutting and sewing over 300 stitches. They had little hope of saving my leg. As soon as possible Presidents Peterson and Jorgensen came and administered to me and in two weeks I was up and starting to walk. It took time but as the months passed the pain left, the leg took on a normal shape and the feeling began to return. Today the scars have almost disappeared and the leg is equal

in every way to my other - a miracle!

"During these last years I have served in the church as a Seminary teacher six years, as Seminary Stake Coordinator three years, the last year supervising the Seminaries of both San Mateo and San Francisco Stakes. I am also serving as a member of the San Mateo High Council, and as such acting as advisor to the 458th Quorum of Seventies, the Stake Mission and Educational advisor. We have seen the church in this area grow and prosper. When our Stake was first divided from San Francisco in 1945, there were only some 2200 members living in the area from South San Francisco to Monterey which was then a Mission. The only chapels were in Palo Alto and San Jose and they were small and inadequate. At this date, 1967, there are five Stakes with about 30,000 members and beautiful chapels dot the whole area. We were privileged to attend the dedication of the beautiful Oakland Temple and hear the Prophet David O. McKay set it apart as a house of the Lord for the performance of the sacred and eternal ordinances.

"We have been wonderfully blessed as a family. Our children are all successfully and happily married. Ann and I are rather enjoying the quiet of the home with all of them gone but we can hardly wait for each opportunity to visit their families and hope that the coming years will bring a great increase in our posterity. We have been blessed with wonderful health and in times of trial and stress we have been strengthened and comforted. We are both deeply grateful for our wonderful parents, brothers and sisters, and all the far-flung branches of our families, and for the love that binds us together.

"Our testimonies have been strengthened with the years as we have seen the guiding hand of the Lord in all that we have done. Time and space will not allow me to relate a hundredth part of the blessings which He has poured forth upon us and our families. We can only express our gratitude and bear witness that He lives, that He hears and answers prayers, that He is merciful, kind and forgiving. We pray that we may serve Him all

the days of our lives and that our posterity will be true and faithful members of His church and kingdom forever."

Descendants of Wendell Bartholomew and Ann Frances Howells Christensen:--

- (A) Wendell Bartholomew Christensen Jr., born 1 Apr. 1932, Salt Lake City, Utah; md. 21 June 1957, Los Angeles, Calif., Barbara Jean Shankey (b. 1 May 1932, San Francisco, Calif. to (Dr.) Alphonso Oliver and Marguerite Cooley Shankey). Children, all adopted:--  
I. Jody Marguerite Christensen, b. 23 Oct. 1960, Provo, Utah  
II. Jeffrey Bart Christensen, b. 19 Mar. 1962, Ogden, Utah  
III. Jonathan Robert Christensen, b. 21 Dec. 1963, Burlingame, Calif.  
IV. Jennipher Ann Christensen, b. 1 Apr. 1966, Los Angeles, Calif.
- (B) Andrew Howells Christensen, born 6 Apr. 1936, Santa Monica, Calif; md. 26 Aug. 1966, Salt Lake City, Ut., Carol Louise Geyer (b. 30 May 1941 in Amboy, Illinois to Ralph Peter and Margaret Evelyn Carson Geyer) Child:  
I. Lisa Ann Christensen, b. 28 Mar. 1967, Salt Lake City
- (C) Suzanne Christensen (twin) born 24 June 1941, Los Angeles, Calif; md. 17 July 1965 in Los Angeles, Richard John Tannyhill Jr. (b. 6 Aug. 1931, Los Angeles to Richard John and Jeanne F. Cox Tannyhill) Child:  
I. Richard John Tannyhill b. 25 Apr. 1966, Fullerton, Calif.
- (D) Diane Christensen (twin) born 25 June 1941, Los Angeles; md. 8 Aug. 1967, San Mateo, Calif. John Clement Budd (b. 9 Jan. 1940, Woodbury, New Jersey, to Leon Abbott and Grace Messick Budd).

(20) Byron Charles Peterson (6) was born Wed. 27 July 1904 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah. His grandmother Christensen was in attendance at the birth. There was a small earthquake in the

area that day and when the house began to shake she thought his father had run into it with the wagon. There was some damage done by the quake. On their place the old well sunk and the city ditch broke, a neighbor's shed caught fire and burned and the Richfield Tabernacle in Sevier County cracked.

Byron was quite badly tongue-tied as a child and couldn't talk plain. Even after several clippings off and on, by Dr. Hagen, he still had some trouble. In fact he says that even today he has trouble with his W's, though we've never noticed it. He was also a rather determined child, but whether he got that from his Danish or his Swedish ancestors we cannot say. He sometimes took his ill-temper out on his father's pigs, of which there were usually over a hundred. He would throw rocks at them or hit them with sticks to make them squeal. He remembers that they used to squeal real loud whenever grandmother Christensen came on a visit and she would say, "those poor pigs are hungry" and go out and throw them some extra handfuls of grain. She had a soft spot in her heart for pigs and they always seemed to know when she was around and took advantage of it.

Byron was baptized in the Manti Temple a few weeks after he turned eight, 20 Aug. 1912. His mother took him there. There was another boy from Gunnison there with his mother for the same purpose, and after he was baptized he broke away from his baptizer and took a good swim in the font before they captured him and brought him out for confirmation. This boy's mother was so embarrassed she hardly ever got over it. Byron decided that if he ever got another chance at baptism he would do the same thing - but he never got another chance.

He was about eight when he started helping his father on the farm. About his first job was raking hay. He loved the farm and turned out to be a farmer and cattle raiser for much of his life. He says he was somewhat of a runt when he was a boy but that when he started to grow it seemed the sky was the limit. He grew to be a tall, big fellow with a big heart. School to him in his early years

seemed an unnecessary encumbrance, though he put up with it. In the fifth grade he had whooping cough real bad and was out part of the year. He says it took him nine years to get out of the first eight grades and he was lucky at that. His cousin Melrose, a year younger, was in his same class the last few years and was "pretty smart". Byron attended first year High School and a good part of Second in the old Gunnison High School building and then one day in early spring of that second year, a few weeks before they were to move into the new high school building, he had an argument with one of his teachers, an old maid. She insisted that he make up some back work and he said he wouldn't do it and quit school then and there - anyway he was needed by his father for spring planting. He never went back to school and from that time on carried a full load on the farm.

Byron remembers attending Sunday School and Sacrament meetings, and later MIA, but never Primary. He didn't like Primary. His mother was very active in the church, as were his two younger sisters. His father was active also, as far as his work would permit, and became Bishop of the Hamilton Ward. Sometime after his mother's death in 1927 he was approached by the man who was then his Bishop, in a more or less casual manner, about serving a mission for the church. Byron made it known that he was not interested. He was keeping company with a girl he liked and contemplating marriage, although she didn't know it. After a time they broke up. Then 11 Dec. 1929 his father married a widow with three children who lived in Redmond. This disturbed Byron a great deal also. He wasn't long after that getting word to the right parties that he wanted to serve a mission.

He was called to go to South Africa, one of the most distant missions of the church. After he and his father had visited around in Gunnison, Goshen, Provo and Salt Lake with various relatives, he entered the Mission Home in Salt Lake City 10 Mar. 1930. He was going on twenty-six years of age. He was set apart for his mission by Richard R. Lyman and left by train for Chicago 20 Mar. at

12:35 p. m. The group of outgoing missionaries stopped over at Chicago and visited points of interest and also stopped to see Niagara Falls enroute. Arriving in New York City they spent a day seeing the sights and sailed next day on the "American Farmer" ship for England, docking nine days later, 3 Apr. 1930 at Plymouth, where they were welcomed by President Lund. They spent six days viewing the sights of London and surrounding areas. Then those going to South Africa left Southampton, England on board the German ship "Adolph Werman" 9 Apr. They arrived in Cape-town, South Africa 1 May 1930.

Byron spent sixteen months laboring in the Capetown area. On 21 July 1930 in the nearby town of Woodstock he met an investigator, Johanna Gregg Fourie, and her husband and children who were then members of the Dutch Reformed Church. Several years later Mrs. Fourie and most of her children joined the LDS church and she credits Elder Byron Peterson as having had a great deal to do with their conversions. The youngest Fourie child, a daughter Felicia, who was five years old when Byron met the family, later came to Utah and married his cousin's son, the oldest child of Virginia C. and Daniel M. Keeler. Mr. Fourie joined the church many years after his wife and came with her to Utah in 1952 to see Felicia and her family. Here they were permitted to go to the Salt Lake Temple for their endowments and sealing, having Felicia sealed to them also. They visited Byron and his family in Gunnison and Mrs. Fourie spoke in their Ward and told Byron's part in converting her family. He was the third LDS Elder she ever met. (Mrs. Fourie, now eighty, has been head of the Primary in South Africa since the day after her baptism, some more than thirty-four years ago. She was recently honored with a write-up and picture in the Church Section of the Deseret News.)

"Following his time spent in Capetown, Byron served another year in East London, South Africa, his missionary service being twenty-eight months in all, not counting traveling time. He left Capetown 9 Sep. 1932; arrived in Southampton,

England 26 Sep. and left there 28 Sep., docked at New York City 4 Oct. 1932 and got in Salt Lake City 8 Oct. General Conference was in session there and he was met by his sister Ada and her husband Lin. When he returned to Gunnison he had been away from home a few days more than thirty-one months. He was then twenty-eight years and three months old. His mother, of course, was gone from the home; his father spent most of his spare time with his second wife at her home in nearby Redmond. Ada and her husband had moved to Delta, Utah; the country was in the midst of the great depression of the 30's and the Peterson ranch looked pretty well run down because of it, and he and his sister Imelda were pretty much alone. After looking over this gloomy situation, Byron said he sat down and wept half the night. Similar fits of discouragement strike numbers of missionaries upon returning home from successful, wonderful missions.

But Byron soon threw himself into the work on the farm, along with his father. He also became very active in the Ward, especially in the MIA. He loved to dance and never missed an opportunity to attend a church dance or social. Being an eligible bachelor he was undoubtedly much sought after as a partner. He had always liked girls and felt at home with them, having been raised with sisters. And though he may not have admitted it, he was looking around for a wife. This went on for some three years following his return from his mission.

In August of 1935 a very special event, long in preparation and well developed, was to be held on Temple Hill in Manti. A religious pageant with choruses and trumpeters was to be presented directly east of the temple, during which time flood lights were to be turned on, illuminating for the first time the outside of the beautiful temple in all its glory. All the people of Sanpete Valley and the temple district were invited and guests were expected from all over the state. Byron had arranged to take six widows from the Ward in Gunnison with him in his car to Manti the evening of the presentation. They were driving

along main street in Manti when he caught sight of a Manti girl he knew walking along with another girl towards the temple. Always friendly, he slowed down and called to the girls. "I'll be back to pick you up."

Depositing his load of widows at the temple gate he drove his car back and picked up the two girls, being immediately introduced to Mildred Olsen, a girl from Manti who was working as a practical nurse in Salt Lake City but who had returned especially for the pageant. (Her boy friend was ushering at the west gate and couldn't escort her to the affair but planned to walk her home after - though she didn't tell Byron Peterson that.) Taking his car seat from the car, Byron invited Mildred to share it with him sitting on the temple lawn, which she did. They spent a wonderful evening there. Mildred, writing of it later, had this to say:-- "What a glorious sight to behold - the inspiring pageant - the magnificent temple flooded in light - a throng of thousands of people seated on lawns, walks and hill. Even old Mother Nature added her blessing by furnishing a total eclipse of the moon at a very dramatic moment, plainly visible to all, which greatly enhanced the scene of unusual splendor." It would have been a wonderful night to fall in love and perhaps the two did, though they may not have known it then - for Cupid is a sly one.

Byron went back to Gunnison afterwards with his load of widows and Mildred strolled home with her boy friend. Returning to Salt Lake she found it hard to forget the evening and Byron Peterson. She dropped him a card at Christmastime, mentioning how much she had enjoyed that August evening and discreetly jotting down her Salt Lake address in small letters in one corner. Byron took the bait right away and began driving up to Salt Lake to see her. The trouble was, however, that he seldom made appointments. He was as apt as not to leave Gunnison after work with one of his Peterson cousins and a load of pigs to deliver. He seldom found her home since she would be out on various cases. One time, learning that a Gold and Green Ball was to be held in her Salt Lake Ward, he came all dressed up

to take her to it, without any notification, but found her tied with a patient she could not leave. Another time when he called in to see her she had been left to care for three little children, in the absence of their parents. They attended an afternoon movie, taking the children with them. They really had quite a difficult time getting together - but it was thus they courted.

Byron Charles Peterson and Mildred Elizabeth Olsen were married 22 July 1936 in the Manti Temple, five days before his thirty-second birthday. She was twenty-nine and a half (b. 1 Jan. 1907, Ferron, Utah to Andrew Christian and Hannah Elizabeth Hansen Olsen). Both Mildred's parents were dead but she owned the family home in Manti, which she sold. Byron took her home to live on the farm in Gunnison. There wasn't much of a celebration but his father suggested that the family take a little trip over the Twenty-Fourth, so father Charles, Ada and Lin, Imelda, Byron and Mildred, went to Ferron Reservoir fishing for three days - and that is how they spent their honeymoon.

Byron served as President of the Ward YMMIA and then was put in as First Counselor to the Bishop of the Hamilton Ward. He was later placed on the Stake High Council and was active on the Genealogical committee. Mildred was as active in church as she could be with a farm household to manage and raising her family. She was a hard worker. They had five children in a little over eight years, during which time Byron's father's second wife died of a brain cancer and he returned to live with them in the home. Charles was married again, however, on 14 May 1945 to another widow and went to live at her home elsewhere in Gunnison about two months before Mildred's fifth baby was born. The farm and cattle were doing well and furnishing them with a good living and things looked bright ahead.

Two months after this Byron came down with a severe sore throat and grumped around the house for several days. It seemed he had an ordinary cold, but though he spent a great deal of time on the bed he couldn't rest. The morning

of 15 Sep. 1945 he arose from the bed and made his way unsteadily towards the kitchen where Mildred was finishing up the children's breakfast chores, preparatory to fixing him a good breakfast, for he had said he was famished. She turned to look at him as he reached the door - he looked terrible. Suddenly he seemed to stiffen and clutched at the doorframe; he could not take another step. She helped him onto a stool then phoned the doctor.

After the diagnosis and the prescribing of several sets of pills, the doctor left the house. Mildred followed him outside. "What is it Doctor?" she said. He said he couldn't be certain but that if her husband went unconscious in a short time she'd know he had polio. Byron went unconscious alright, and the next day (16 Sept.) was rushed to the General Hospital in Salt Lake City where he remained unconscious for three weeks while his life hung in the balance. He lived, but his right hand and arm were stricken - and his legs - his poor pain-filled legs. It was three months before he could sit up. Eight months of therapy and hospital care brought back the life and strength to his hand and arm - but his legs? He never walked again. He was allowed to return home a few days at Christmas and again in early spring for the same length of time.

Mildred and the children all came down with a mild form of polio to a greater or less degree, but they were not hospitalized. The children soon grew better but Mildred's trouble was in her spine where she suffered a lot of pain, as she did in her arms and shoulders. She was unable to lift anything but she couldn't stop with a family to care for. It took her five months to get back to near normal. In the meantime Byron's father, Charles, passed away suddenly just three weeks after Byron was stricken. Someone made a typed copy of the proceedings at the funeral and this was sent to Byron. It was poor comfort for the loss of a father, on top of everything else, but it was comfort nevertheless and appreciated. We have heard the expression "It never rains but it pours" - how true that must have seemed to the Peterson family at that time.

Byron was brought home to stay 10 May 1946.

Five nurses and one doctor from the hospital came with him to give instructions on his care as well as orient the family to the realization of the emotional struggle their father and husband was going to endure getting back into society. The doctor said, "No one in the world can make him walk again and nothing in the world can do more to help him now than the patient understanding and love of his family." So Mildred rolled up her sleeves and went on with the job of nurse and doctor as well as loving wife and mother.

Byron made wonderful progress. Before long he was directing the operation of his farm and livestock, from a truck he learned to drive - or a wheelchair. For three years after that, with the help of his son Kent, he hauled water by truck from State Canal to their one thousand acre range at Lone Cedar around Scipio Lake, 11 miles west of Gunnison, to quench the thirst of a hundred and fifty head of cattle for about a month and a half each year, until the cattle found their way to the small lake. They made several trips a day doing this during that time.

The fall of 1947 they bought a duplex in town at 78 East 1st South, and rented the farmhouse to others. This made it easier for the children to attend school and for Mildred to do the shopping and other family business. They still reside there today, living in one side of the duplex and renting out the other. A cement ramp from the front cement porch makes it possible for Byron to go and come at will in his wheelchair. He has worn out three of these and now has a fourth one, this with pneumatic tires to make it easier going. He has wheeled himself downtown and to church and local funerals, where the brethren lift him in his wheelchair up and down the steps. He drives his own car to other cities and cemeteries to attend the funerals and burials of relatives and friends. Most of us Christensens have seen him at such places. Memorial Day always finds him at Gunnison Cemetery and then Manti Cemetery, near the graves of departed loved ones, waiting to greet other relatives he knows will come to decorate the graves. He was and is a man who loves his

family and relatives dearly, one and all. Some have this great spirit of family loyalty, while with others it is almost entirely absent.

Byron eventually found it necessary to sell out his ranch and cattle interests, first the cattle then the range and lastly the farm, or ranch, of 372 acres. He says one of the saddest days of his life was the day he was forced to part with the ranch - he says he shed enough tears over it to irrigate the place. He has sent both his sons and one daughter on missions and both his sons to college. All his children are doing very well. He and Mildred have raised a fine family.

For the last three summers Byron has assisted in operating the Tourist Information booth in Gunnison City Park and expects to do the same this summer (1969). It has been a great experience and he is well qualified - both because of his friendliness and interest in people, and his knowledge of the area and its history. We copy from an article in the Deseret News:-- "Gunnison, Sanpete County - more than 3,000 persons learned more about tourist attractions in south-central Utah through the tourist information booth operated at the City park during 1967. Officials said a total of 766 vehicles stopped for information. The booth was open for 677 hours and operated by Emil Nielsen, Byron Peterson, and Mrs. Ferdinand Hansen. It was sponsored by the Gunnison Stake of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints through the assistance of the Gunnison Businessman's Association and Sanpete County agencies." An account of Byron's experience with visitors there would fill another ten pages.

His service at the booth has been interspersed by numerous trips with friends by car, truck or jeep into the outlying areas of the region, but more particularly into the wonderlands of eastern and southern Utah. He is a great traveling companion. He can talk for hours about the beauties of Utah's highways and byways, mountains, canyons, deserts and streams. Few retain a better knowledge of places they visit than he. It has been twenty-three and a half years now since he stepped foot upon the sod - he who had been more apt to run at his work or play than walk. We have never heard him

complain or grumble at his lot, though he must do at times, as Mildred can surely testify. With it all he has retained his great sense of humor, almost bubbling over with it at times. What a lucky man he was to get a helpmate like Mildred.

Descendants of Byron Charles Peterson and Mildred Elizabeth Olsen:--

- (A) Barta Peterson, born 30 May 1937 in Gunnison, Utah; md. 27 Mar. 1964 in Manti, Utah, Thomas Durrant Bird (b. 5 Jan. 1934, Milwaukee, Wisconsin to Thomas R. and Elda Althea Becker Bird - now Mrs. D. B. Gregerson). Children, the first three born in Salt Lake City, Utah:
  - I. Olene Bird b. 25 Dec. 1964
  - II. Lane Durant Bird b. 21 Jan. 1966
  - III. Laraine Bird b. 29 Jan. 1967
  - IV. Judy Bird b. 2 Oct. 1968, Gunnison,
- (B) Kent Charles Peterson born 13 Nov. 1938 in Gunnison, Ut; md 2 July 1965, Manti, Ut., Marcia Lynne Terry (b. 4 Mar. 1945, Salt Lake City to Wendell Bradford and Beverly Ann Dodge Terry.) Children:
  - I. Kent Charles Peterson b. 8 Oct., 1966, Provo, Ut.
  - II. Jeri Lyn Peterson b. 27 Aug. 1968, American Fork, Ut.
- (C) RoLayne Peterson born 6 June 1941 in Gunnison, Utah.
- (D) Ravoe Peterson born 25 June 1943 in Gunnison; md 17 Aug. 1968 in Manti, Louis Richard Lee (b. 3 Oct. 1941 in Bell, Calif. to Seth Walter and Lois LaVon Pate Lee). Child:
  - I. John Richard Lee b. 17 June 1969, Torrence, Calif.
- (E) Verden Byron Peterson born 9 July 1945 in Gunnison.

(21) Myrtle Ivy Christensen (1) was born 10 Nov. 1904 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah, in the house built for the family about 1895/96 in the southwest part of town and which is still standing (1969).

When Ivy was five and a half an epidemic of

the dreaded disease scarlet fever hit the small town and her family was among the victims; a red flag of quarantine hung on their gatepost. Her father was away on "The Weber" with the sheep at the time and before he could return her sister Orilla, not quite two years older than herself, died of the disease, 22 May 1910. Her father returned to comfort the distressed family and just in time to bid her thirteen year old sister, Elora, goodby, for she succumbed five days after Orilla. Joint funeral services were held for these two beautiful sisters on the lawn in front of their home and they were buried side by side in the Gunnison Cemetery. Ivy and the four other children were spared, including the eight months old baby Farrald, yet the home was never quite the same again.

July of that year 1910 Ivy's family moved to a comfortable home with a spacious yard in Salt Lake City which her father had purchased from his brother Andrew and which was reported to have been built for early church President John Taylor. (Details of this home, written by Andrew's daughter Edythe, are included in an earlier chapter.) Ivy has written a little about her life from here on and from this we quote:

"I remember Grandfather and Grandmother Christensen very well. They used to come and stay at our house almost every year after we moved to Salt Lake, to attend General Conference. One thing I especially recall is that after they had gone to bed each night, since Pearl's and my bedroom adjoined theirs, they would talk to us what seemed like hours about politics.

"I started school at the Roosevelt School, 9 East and 33 South, and went to eighth grade in the Hawthorn School on 17 South 7 East. I attended High School at Granite High, 33 South 5 East. I was active in sports of all kinds, especially outdoor sports. I enjoyed dramatics in High School, which took us out of town and to different schools and churches to put on small plays.

"I took piano lessons for two years from Marion Cannon. I was organist in the Primary and Sunday School in Wandemere Ward. I played for

MIA dances for about a year. I have also done a lot of lovely handwork over the years. In summers we lived at the ranch in Wyoming or over in the summer home in Weber Canyon, which ranch we called 'The Weber'".

These lovely summers on the ranches in Wyoming and Utah came to an end for Ivy and others of their family, with the exception of Pearl, when their father met with his death on the ranch in Wyoming, 5 Oct. 1917, from an accident a few days earlier. When word of their father's accident reached Salt Lake City, Ivy's mother left Ivy, then lacking a month of being thirteen, in charge of her two younger brothers, eight and five-and-a-half, while she rushed to the side of her dying husband. A kind neighbor kept an eye on them the several days their mother was gone. This was indeed a time of heartbreak for the bereft family.

Ivy continues: "I was married when nineteen years of age, 29 Oct. 1923, in Salt Lake City to Melvin Glen Campbell (born 3 Oct. 1904 in Salt Lake City to Robertson Sim and Agnes Hind Napier Campbell). I have worked most of my married life so have had little time for other things outside of that and raising a nice family, two girls and one boy. A third girl and our last child died the day of birth, unnamed. I worked for Auerbach's and the Paris Department Stores for two years and then, during World War II, I worked at the Remington Arms Plant for a year. Since then I have worked at Snelgrove's Ice Cream Store for some twenty-three years and am still employed there at the present time.

"My husband has been employed by the City here in Salt Lake most of our married life except for one year (abt. 1932) when we lived in Los Angeles, California; up until the time he suffered his heart attack and stroke 9 Nov. 1966. The road to recovery has been a slow old road to follow. He has made more than one trip to the hospital since then. He isn't working but has really been blessed since he got out of the hospital the last time. He gets really tired of doing nothing. With spring coming, however, I'm sure he can keep busy and will feel even better. It isn't good to be idle and

that is why I am going to go on working as long as I can.

"We went through the temple in Salt Lake 11 Sep. 1968 and were married for eternity, after having taken the Project Temple course. We are so happy about this. We only wish that our children were sealed to us, but perhaps someday they too will see the importance of it and prepare themselves for this great blessing. At least we have now made a start in the right direction and set the example for them."

Descendants of Myrtle Ivy Christensen and Melvin Glen Campbell, all born in Salt Lake City, Utah:--

(A) Elora Jean Campbell, born 21 Aug. 1926; md 5 June 1948 in Salt Lake City Robert Gustave Larson (b. 22 June 1926, Los Angeles, Calif. to Gustave R. and Helene Stirger Larson.) Children:

- I. Girl child Larson, stillborn 5 June 1951
- II. Robert Cordell Larson, b. 1 Sept. 1952
- III. Lary Shane Larson, b. 1 Nov. 1953

(B) Lamar Glen Campbell, born 24 Nov. 1928; md 11 Dec. 1948 in Salt Lake City, Patricia Ruth Robinson (b. 7 Dec. 1930, Salt Lake City, to Gordon Russell and Dorothy Jean Preston Robinson.) Children:

- I. Jaminson Glen Campbell, b. 6 July 1949
- II. Dru Ellen Campbell, b. 18 Apr. 1951
- III. Paula Ann Campbell, b. 21 Apr. 1955
- IV. Scott Alan Campbell, b. 11 Jan. 1958
- V. Tracy LaMar Campbell, b. 26 Oct. 1960

(C) Ivy Joyce Campbell, born 8 Aug. 1930; md (1) 23 Sep. 1949 in Salt Lake City, William Dunbar Garner (b. 1 Aug. 1929, Baldwin Park, Calif. to Merle Dunkin and Harriet Dunbar Garner), divorced; md. (2) 23 Aug. 1957 in Las Vegas, Nevada, Robert Ensign Gerrard (b. 25 July 1930, Murray, Utah, to Robert Frame and Virginia Ensign Gerrard), div.; md. (3) 18 Oct. 1961, Salt Lake City, remarried her first husband William Dunbar Garner; div.; md. (4) 10 Feb. 1966, Salt Lake City, Frank J. Springman (b. 14 Mar. 1925, Kemmerer, Wyoming, to

Harry Frank and Virginia Louise Ray Springman). Children: First marriage:

I. Launa Lee Garner, b. 9 Sep. 1953

II. Gay Lynn Garner, b. 11 July 1955

Second marriage:

III. Guy Terry Gerrard, b. 26 Nov. 1959

(D) Baby girl Campbell, b. 10 Oct. 1940;  
d. same day.

(22) Byard Alfonso Bartholomew (5) was born 2 Mar. 1905 in Fayette, Sanpete, Utah. Byard was a beautiful child but was born with a malfunctioning heart that in spite of all available medical help caused his death at four years nine months and six days at the family home in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah, 18 Dec. 1909. A brief funeral service was held at the home the following Wednesday, 23 Dec. 1909, and he was buried in the Gunnison City Cemetery.

(23) Albert Sherman Christensen (4) was born 9 June 1905 in Manti, Sanpete, Utah in the home on 155 North 2nd West. The family was in quarantine for measles at the time. Mary Gledhill of Gunnison had been hired to help in the home and was on hand. Aunt Retta Snow (later Neff) was there to see that "Little Jennie", her beloved sister, was given every advantage in the difficult process of childbirth and her excited commands were obeyed, if not by the attending physician at least by everyone else around, as Mary herself later testified.

Sherman wrote his own history for this book and titled it, "Momentary Images On the Screen After the Projector is Turned Off". We quote:-- "What we felt and observed as children may not have been any closer to reality than our recollection of those times. Our original childhood impressions could be less accurate than the distant recollections of them, since maturity may have brought a degree of understanding to original unsophisticated impressions. But the trouble with memory is that we forget - and that we remember the conditioning or qualification of

intervening years rather than the things that actually were, or what we actually were. Thus what we remember from our early days is often impressionistic rather than sharply detailed.

"My earliest impression is the aura of impending doom created by Halley's Comet. As I now recall, we were living in our old home just north of Depot Street. I remember being held up to an upstairs window but whether I actually saw the comet I don't really know. The talk of the world coming to an end was even more impressive than the comet. There was no immediate panic in my mind; the threat was not sharply personalized, but there was a pervasive and ominous awe and regret that it might have to happen. But it didn't then - and life went on.

"I remember staying at the old Henry rock house south of our new home just before the new home was completed. Aunt Vena was staying with us. Perhaps Father was on a court assignment. I recall being on the porch at Grandfather Snow's home, talking through the screen to Mother and Elaine, who were quarantined there with scarlet fever. Disease meant lonesomeness then, not fear, suffering or death as it comes to mean when we grow older.

"Most of my recollections are of subsequent events. I shall not repeat here recollections and factual data included in my book 'The Hard Rich Soil' (Pub. 1966) but shall attempt to mention some of my impressions and memories of circumstances and persons not covered there.

"My memories of our new house are kaleidoscopic. I recall the fireplace - or 'grate' as we called it - the blue-red flame from the pinion pine wood and the warmth and security that it meant to us as we sprawled on the floor, reading or just dreaming. A turn of mind brings memories of that fine old oak library table bearing on its lower shelf a massive leather-bound book containing the portraits of all the Presidents of the United States. The living room does not seem complete in my mind's eye without Grandpa Snow sitting in a chair at the side of the fireplace, a hand-rolled cigarette

curling pleasant smoke as he held it and golden bits of Bull Durham tobacco flecked across his vest. He was always very pleasant company for us children and we felt relaxed and right at home with him. There seemed to be an aura of romance about him. We had visions of his Indian fighting days, and we knew even then that he was a hunter of deer. We were not quite so relaxed around Grandfather Christensen. While we loved him, he was more nervous probably and sought more to maintain a semblance of order. Why, we could not understand then, but I must say that age brings insight. Both grandfathers, however, were loving and loved. Grandmother Christensen made us feel especially comfortable and easy, and between her and the two grandfathers, both our relaxation and good order were assured.

Again, at the home on Depot Street, I remember the big north porch, especially during rainstorms, where we would sit with Mother and Dad and watch the lightning streak through the sky, counting at least three between the flash and the thunder to make sure that we had not been fatally stricken; and watching the collar buttons of rain on the pavement; Elaine in the sunroom--why I recall this I don't remember; Gin (Virginia) going out on a date; sleeping on the box seat until reminded by Father's threat that if I didn't go upstairs to bed he would leave the sword (given to me by Sheriff Johnson of Price) by my side and let me guard the house all night; hauling our Christmas tree by sleigh from the canyon - a family expedition of high spirits and great merriment - and then later the Christmas tree in the hall all bright and fragrant with wax candles; the swing out back; climbing the old walnut tree; a tree-house in the willow tree; Mother presiding over the dinner table in the big dining room; walking along the row of young pines in the snowflakes with Elaine as we came home from a Christmas shopping trip; Mother reading to us from 'The Last of the Mohicans' on the front lawn; Dil, Nat, Phil, Hale, Gin, Elaine, Dad, Aunt Myrtle -- a flood of fragmentary impressions which I can hardly put my mind on, let alone my finger, engulfs me and I leave them in their totality of love and security and excitement.

and home and comfort and dreams.

"Uncle Joe Snow, when I first remember him, was a man of polish and dreams. He visited frequently at our home on Depot Street and stayed with us a time or two it seems. I remember him saying, 'If you have a dollar and are hungry, spend it for a haircut, a shine and a press and you'll be ahead.' Uncle Ed Snow was also well liked among the smaller fry. He was somewhat brief, bluff and blunt but yet full of fun. Uncle Charles and Aunt Emma Peterson at Gunnison made almost a second home for me at times. While there cousin Byron and I would hunt rabbits, hike in the low hills on and adjoining their farm, and have a wonderful time generally. All of our Aunts and Uncles on both sides of the family were well liked and wonderful to us.

"Christensen family reunions were very special. The earliest I remember was at Uncle Arthur's in Gunnison. Aunt Millie was especially good to us then and when she ran the eating-house in Manti - in fact at all times - why limit it? I remember driving with Father to Salina hospital to visit Uncle Arthur when he was ill. Later at the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City I, among others, gave blood. In those days the transfusions were direct from donor to patient. His death and funeral were a great sadness - greater because of a sharp renewal of the memory of Mother's death, as he was buried not far from her grave. I shall never forget walking up Depot Street to Aunt Lou (Lucille) Black's with Hale and perhaps Phil, sensing that something was very, very wrong, and of Aunt Lou putting her arms around us and saying, 'You must be very brave' before she told us that Mother had died. Even then I couldn't realize the fact although a hopeless feeling engulfed me.

"Uncle Charles Riddle was something special since he worked in or owned, or both, a hardware store, handling all sorts of interesting and exciting items -- guns, baseballs and a dozen other things of special interest to boys. Aunt Claytie, Mother's oldest sister, was wonderful to us and her children were very close to us, as were most of our cousins.

"What shall I say about Aunt Retta Neff? After Mother died I lived with her and Uncle Andrew

in Heber City for a winter. Before that she was a charming young woman with lots of pep and fun - this she continued to be to me up to the time of her death at eighty-four. While Mother, Father, Elaine and Virginia were attending the World Fair at San Francisco, Calif., Hale, Phil and I stayed with Aunt Retta and Uncle Andrew in Heber City. All her life since that time I thought, and still think, she was one of the most interesting and lovable persons I have ever known - cantankerous - spunky - enthusiastic - lovable. My earliest recollection of her is of her pounding us children on the backs with love taps in her obvious joy to see us. She was a dear! I was grateful after many years that my wife, Lois, came to know her too and that they had an especially close association during Aunt Retta's later years. I felt that the many kindnesses Lois extended to her and the joy each seemed to feel in the other's company tended to reciprocate in part for the many things that she did for me when I was young.

"I remember when Cousin Harold Christensen was courting. Sometimes he would stay with us, sleeping in my room. Uncle Joseph, his father, is remembered from my early days at our Gunnison ranch. Almost always we would stop at his place and visit before proceeding on across the Rocky Point to the ranch. Uncle Andrew Christensen, prior to 1919-1920, was a more or less mysterious and exotic figure - we rarely saw him but we would hear that he would be in Europe, then California, then some place else. In the year 1919/20 he and Father became jointly interested in the Star Ranch, where I worked for two summers. For the first summer Uncle Andrew managed the ranch and I lived with him and Aunt Sarah. Sheldon, Wendell and I worked hard, got up early, played hard. I was treated as a member of the family. They were fine people. Injun, my first horse, which Father gave to me and Hale when we were hardly old enough to climb up on his back, had long since faded away. Uncle Andrew let each of us three 'working boys' choose a horse from a herd of young ones that probably had never been in a corral. I chose a fine black mare which I called Pigeon. I broke her myself (she once

threw and almost broke me in the process.) I rode her home to Manti at the close of the farming season. She was a dream, or so it seemed then, and so she still seems to me now.

"Our association with Father in those early days, both in and away from home, was very satisfying. He was too busy, I suppose, to take us hunting or fishing much but he was constantly having us accompany him to the sheep herd, the ranches and elsewhere where his business called him. At first we would wait in the car at the Gunnison ranch while he conferred with his farmer or inspected the crops or irrigated. As we grew older we were taught to lend a hand - driving or herding sheep, irrigating, weeding or thinning beets, or helping with the lambing. Always there was the solid, unfailing figure of Father leading out. He was constantly appreciative - and thoughtful in bringing us water or fig newtons or crackers and cheese or candy, to ease the pain of work. Responsibility was always available for us to assume, with his encouragement but never with his insistence.

"And we grew up in a world of security, peace and love, Aunt Myrtle carrying on in this spirit after Mother died. We leaned perhaps too much upon the staunch figure of our Father but perhaps it wasn't too much, for after trial and error we learned to be leaned on too. We always felt great pride in both the Christensen and Snow families and much satisfaction in their association. Love and pride in family have been born and bred into us. Hence, in response to a request for a sketch of my life for this Christensen book, I am happy to note these fragmentary family recollections and my greatest accomplishments, marrying Lois Bowen (b. 10 Aug. 1905 in Spanish Fork, Utah to William Jones and Gudrun Dena Bjarnason Bowen) and our three outstanding children, Dr. A. Kent (teaching in the medical school in Stanford) Karen, and Krege (who with a CPA and a Master's Degree in Business Administration is now studying law), and their lovely families.

"Aside from family, my interests are in the law, in mountains, books, music, poetry, flowers,

stars, clouds - and the other wonders of nature and life - all having roots as interests in my early recollections. When I feel confused or uncertain and have a special need for strength and balance, I find nothing more helpful than to return to the scene of these early influences--Sanpete County--and again get my fingers and my heart into 'The Hard Rich Soil'!"

From a recent book, "The Sons of Brigham" by Dr. T. Earl Pardoe (pub 1969) we have received permission to copy the following:-- "At Brigham Young University Sherman was a varsity debator and took part in major drama each year of attendance. He had leading parts in such shows as 'State of the Union', 'Bill of Divorcement', 'The Music Master', 'The Winslow Boy', 'Lady Windermere's Fan', 'The Man Who Came to Dinner', 'Peter Ibertsen' and 'Julius Caesar'. Few will ever forget the quarrel scene between Brutus (Sherman) and Caius (Dr. Parley A. Christensen). It smacked of highest professional power. This appreciation of the dramatic carried over to the court room and disturbed several of Sherman's legal antagonists who lacked that ability. Also at Brigham Young University Sherman was praised for his debating power and was elected to student body offices. . . . An ardent Republican, he early became interested in politics and led discussion groups all through high school and college. He desired to emulate his able father.

"When A. Sherman was nominated Utah's second federal district judge, considerable data was accumulated to be sent to President Dwight D. Eisenhower to submit to the Senate. A lifetime appointment requiring Senate confirmation was a prize sought by more than fifty prominent attorneys over the nation. Sherman was recommended by Utah's senior Senator, Arthur V. Watkins. . . . Senator Watkins, in part, stated, 'Because of the usually high calibre of candidates, selection was extremely difficult. Efforts were made to select a nominee of the highest qualifications. In addition to sound legal training the nominee was expected to have wide experience as a trial lawyer, because the federal court is a trial court. Furthermore,

he was expected to be a man of integrity, possessed of judicial temperament and of an age to permit good service on the bench for years to come. . . A. Sherman Christensen met all those requirements. I have known him and his family for many years and have watched his performance as an outstanding lawyer and citizen. In all circumstances he has stamped himself as a man of competence and ability, with an excellent reputation for honesty and integrity. He will make a fine reputation for himself and Utah as a member of the federal judiciary system.' He has abundantly proved worthy of this appointment."

From a recent biography of Sherman we glean this information:-- "Working as Assistant Business Specialist in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, A. Sherman Christensen attended night school at National University, Washington D. C., where he obtained his LLB degree in 1931 and a delayed degree of Juris Doctor from George Washington University as of the same year. Admitted to the District of Columbia and Utah bars, he practiced law in Provo beginning in 1933, specializing in trial work. He was President of the Junior Bar conference 1937-38 and served as a member of the Utah Board of Bar Examiners in 1939-1942. He also was the unsuccessful Republican candidate for Congress in 1940. In 1942 he enlisted in the Navy and after officer indoctrination served as Officer-in-Charge of the Naval Auxiliary Air Station for two years and thereafter, until the war ended, as Staff Operations Officer, Naval Air Bases, Twelfth Naval District.

"Resuming the practice of law in Provo after the war, he was elected a member of the Utah State Bar Commission in 1949, and to the office of President of the Utah State Bar in 1951. He was later a member on the Committee on Rules of Civil Procedure which made recommendations to the Supreme Court of Utah resulting in the adoption of rules for the State patterned after the Federal Rules of Procedure.

"In 1954 he was appointed United States District Judge for the District of Utah and has served in that position ever since. His primary responsibilities have been within this District but

he has been invited to sit frequently on the United States Court of Appeals of the Tenth Circuit and as a visiting trial judge throughout the country, including New York, Washington D. C., Los Angeles, Boston, and Kansas City. He was a member of the five-judge team initially assigned by Chief Justice Earl Warren to devise and carry out special procedures in the Eastern District of New York, which then had the heaviest backlog of cases in the country. The project, which came to be known as 'The Brooklyn Experiment' was successful in updating that district, and other similar programs since have been carried out elsewhere.

"For ten years Judge Christensen served as a member of the six-judge committee on revisions of the laws of the Judicial Conference of the United States, charged with making recommendations concerning bills proposed in Congress affecting the jurisdiction and venue of United States courts. When the Committee this year (1969) was consolidated with the Committee on Court Administration, and the membership of all committees reconstituted, Chief Justice Warren appointed Judge Christensen as a member of the new Committee on Court Administration for a term of six years.

"He has written extensively concerning court administration and federal jurisdiction, including four articles for the American Bar Association Journal (two in collaboration with former Chief Judge Orie L. Phillips) and a number of other articles that have been published in Federal Rules Decisions and separately distributed by West Publishing Company. Aside from this he has had published, under an assumed name, a book of poems: 'Thoughtobiography' (Vantage Press Inc. - 1967) and edited and published his father's autobiography and letters, which he titled 'The Hard Rich Soil' (J. Grant Stevenson-1966).

"Judge Christensen has been a leading proponent of preliminary jury instructions, a system designed to acquaint jurors at the beginning of a case with the significant rules of law they are to apply rather than to reserve this information wholly for the end, as has been the custom, when the jury's views concerning the evidence may be

erroneously fixed for lack of such information during the trial. Copies of his preliminary instructions in an anti-trust suit last year were circulated among other trial judges by the Tenth Circuit Committee on Procedure. He lectured on jury instructions as a member of the faculty of the School for New Federal Judges, sessions of which were held in Denver, San Francisco and Washington D. C. last year (1968). He also has taken time to speak frequently to groups of young people and last month, in a series of moot court programs designed by youth counselors, psychiatrists, social workers and attorneys to promote improved insight concerning parent-youth conflicts, he appeared as presiding judge in various Stakes under the auspices of the Mutual Improvement Association."

Sherman and Lois, who have resided at 1488 Harvard Ave. since moving to Salt Lake City some fourteen years ago, recently (Mar. 1969) sold their home there and moved to lovely "Bonneville Towers", 777 East South Temple, where they occupy Apt. #9A. In summers they hide away when they can in their rustic chalet "Krishaven" in beautiful Provo Canyon. Sherman will be eligible for retirement in June of 1970 but hasn't yet made up his mind whether or not he will take that step then.

Descendants of Albert Sherman Christensen and Lois Bowen:--

- (A) Albert Kent Christensen born 3 Dec. 1927, Washington, D. C. md. 26 Aug. 1952 in Bethesda, Maryland, Elizabeth Ann (Reynolds) Sears (b. 1 Aug. 1930 in Salt Lake City to John Leslie and Elizabeth Wilson Reynolds, now Sears) Children:
- I. Anne Christensen b. 8 Dec. 1955, Boston, Mass.
  - II. Kathleen Martha Christensen b. 1 Apr. 1957, Boston
  - III. Albert David Christensen b. 3 Oct. 1958, New York City (Bronx)
  - IV. Jennifer Christensen b. 23 Mar. 1962, Palo Alto, Calif.
  - V. John Sears Christensen b. 5 Mar. 1964, Palo Alto.

- (B) Karen Donna Christensen born 17 Nov. 1933, Provo, Utah; md. (1) 23 Apr. 1954 in Provo, Roger Jensen Childs; div.; md. (2) 14 Nov. 1959 in Elko, Nevada, Wendell Woodrow Wilson Coffey (b. 24 Oct. 1925, Mt. Pulaski, Illinois to George C. and Maud Williamson Coffey). Their children, all born in Salt Lake City, Ut. :--  
I. John Jeffry Coffey b. 28 Aug. 1960  
II. Peter Wendell Coffey b. 1 Nov. 1961  
III. Dean Kent Coffey b. 3 Dec. 1963
- (C) Krege Bowen Christensen, born 28 Oct. 1940 in Provo, Utah; md. 13 Feb. 1964 in Salt Lake City (Temple) Judith Lynn Brown (b. 11 Nov. 1942 in Salt Lake City to Keith Chapin and Geneva Hortense Burdett Brown) Children:--  
I. Daniel Krege Christensen b. 4 June 1966, Murray, Utah  
II. Adam Sherman Christensen b. 24 Mar. 1969, Murray, Utah

(24) Arthur Melrose Christensen (8) was born 22 June 1905 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah, in the old Gledhill home at 367 West 1st North, which is still standing (1969). He is reported to have been a beautiful child, to which his early pictures testify. The family called him "Rosy". He was baptized a member of the LDS church 1 Nov. 1913. He attended school in Gunnison in winters and graduated from High School there. In summers he helped his father on the farm. Finally tiring of farming he traveled about doing various jobs and then settled down in Dividend, Utah, where he took up mining for the Tintic Standard Mining Co., which pursuit he followed for about ten years.

It was while living in Dividend that he met his first wife, Reva Giles (b. 30 Jan. 1911, Heber City, Utah to Franklin Shelton and Acie LuVella Provost Giles). She was a beautiful girl and they made a handsome couple. They were married 1 Feb. 1929 in Provo, Utah. Reva (now Mrs. Kinder) says they announced their marriage to his family two evenings later in the Eagle House Hotel in Manti, Utah, when they attended his parents' twenty-fifth wedding anniversary party

there. They wrapped their marriage license up with the gift they presented them.

Some years later Melrose, Reva and their two children moved to Salt Lake City and he became employed as an automotive mechanic for the Frank Edwards Company, in which capacity he served for some twenty-three years, according to a record published at the time of his death. Cousin A. Owen Bartholomew says that he remembers that "Melrose had a racing car at one time. He was the mechanic and another fellow the driver and they went around to various places racing and nearly lost their shirts."

His brother Wesley's wife Leola said of Melrose, "We lived closely for many years in Dividend. He and Wesley were very close although I think their outlook on life and the future was somewhat different. Melrose was always a favorite of mine and I loved him dearly - he was always so kind and thoughtful of us." His sister Grace once wrote, "The older I get the more I appreciate my wonderful brothers. They are all so different and so lovable!"

Years after their marriage Melrose and Reva separated. On 31 May 1950 in Ely, Nevada, Melrose married Mrs. Drucilla Edna Thompson Colman (b. 8 Jan. 1909 Cedar City, Utah to William M. and Elizabeth Ann Paramore Thompson). She was a nurse and operated the apartment in which they lived. It was her third marriage and of course the second for Melrose. The last part of his life Melrose was an invalid, confined to their apartment at 223 Third Ave., and Drucilla took care of him. He suffered from what they called "miners' consumption".

Throughout his life Melrose was always rather close to his mother so it does not seem too strange that they should have departed this life within a very short time of each other. She died Wed. 1 Nov. 1961 at 2 p.m. in her home in Salt Lake City and he died Wed. 8 Nov. 1961 at 8:15 p.m. in a Salt Lake hospital. Each funeral was held the Saturday following each death at the same local Mortuary and while Millie was buried in Manti beside her

husband, Arthur Melrose was buried in the Mt. Olivet Cemetery in Salt Lake City. Less than two years following his death, 27 July 1963 his wife Drucilla passed away and was buried beside him in Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

Children and descendants of Arthur Melrose Christensen:--

By first marriage

- (A) Melvin Giles Christensen born 5 Dec. 1927, Heber City, Utah; md. 18 Apr. 1952 in Salt Lake City, Donna Wilkinson (b. 1 Apr. 1931, Salt Lake City to Mr. & Mrs. William Wilkinson) Children, all born in Norfolk, Virginia:  
 I. William Arthur Christensen b. 1 Apr. 1953  
 II. Bruce Gordon Christensen b. 18 July 1954  
 III. Chris Allen Christensen b. 7 Apr. 1956
- (B) Norma Christensen born 5 Dec. 1929 in Salt Lake City; md. (1) 26 June 1950, Salt Lake City, Lee Oliver Squire (b. 22 Sep. 1931 to Oliver Rulon and Grace Rushton Squire); divorced; md. (2) 22 Feb. 1955, Elko, Nevada, Daryl Liddell (b. 15 Oct. 1929, Salt Lake City to Bernard W. and Lillian Brown Liddell) Children:

First Marriage

- I. Linda Squire (now Liddell) b. 31 May 1952, Salt Lake City, Utah

Second Marriage

- II. Lance Daryl Liddell (adopted) b. 21 Sep. 1962, Salt Lake City

By second marriage

- (C) Wanda Christensen born 5 Feb. 1951 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

(25) Sheldon Bartholomew Christensen (2) as he himself explains, "Was born in Salt Lake City, Utah Nov. 27, 1905, on Seventh East and about Wilmington Ave., in a small dwelling with outside plumbing. Sixty-three years later I am still living in Salt Lake City, Utah, now on Melodie Ann Way in a large house with inside plumbing and a mortgage duly amortized."

In these brief words Sheldon B. spans the

greater part of a lifetime of activity, service and success. But there is more, much more to be told. By tracing the goings and comings of his family we can form a skeleton of his early life and by the writings of his brothers and sisters can put a little flesh upon the bones and a bit of blood into the veins. However, he alone can add the spirit, the character and the personality to his story.

Europe-- England, Denmark, Germany, France - all beckoned his family when Sheldon was going on five, with the winter of 1910/11 being spent mostly in Germany. His sister Edythe tells that with their return to Utah, he could speak only in German. Can you imagine him trying to explain to his Grandmother Bartholomew, of English origin, his desire for some bread and jam?

Provo, Utah - was where he started school and where his family lived in three different homes in the three years it spent there; Rexburg, Idaho - was again the family's home for three years, with winters spent in school and summers at various garden and farm assignments, since Sheldon's parents were well agreed on the disciplinary value of work, and where he received a patriarchal blessing, along with others of the children; LaVerkin, Utah - residence of his family for a year, 1917/18, and where he again attended public school. His sister Edythe tells about living in LaVerkin, "As summer arrived in earnest with its dry, hot heat, we were settled in a four-roomed log hut situated on the rise of a hill which looked down upon the murky Virgin River. It was pretty desolate. Lizards scuttled over the sandy soil among the sage and greasewood. To the west rose the remnants of an orchard of almond, fig and pomegranate trees... The log hut was furnished with only makeshift hand constructed pieces. Comfort facilities were a distance from the place and our refrigerator was the usual 'Dixie cooler'. Our main duty outside of the home was to take turns 'watching' the springs where there was a bath house of sorts to which travelers or townspeople came now and then to bathe in the healing, sulphurous waters, and for which privilege we collected a fee and gave aid and

service. We moved into a brick house nearer town in time for school."

Hinckley, Utah - this became the abode of the Christensen family for the next year. Wendell tells of the long, hard trip Sheldon and he made in hauling the family effects by team and wagon to their new home, which Edythe describes as follows: "A two story white brick structure became our home in Hinckley. It was on the outskirts of town, the usual mile or so from school, and stood on a small farm, the outlook of which was rather bleak since the land was of a dry alkaline quality. Sugar beets grew in spotted acres but alfalfa and especially its seed proved to be the main crop of income. The older boys, Wendell and Sheldon, were teenagers and, under the supervision of mother, trying to farm the unfruitful acres mostly alone and craving a bit of fun on their own, I'm sure."

The younger brother Luther was not aware that life was anything but fun at Hinckley for there were animals there. He tells one incident: "It was customary to turn hay over when it got wet and my brother Sheldon was sent to do this. The hay was full of little field mice and sometimes we would find a rabbit. Sheldon took a gun for this purpose. One day I went along and as Sheldon turned the hay he saw a rabbit. Quickly he grabbed the shotgun and put a shell in - but the rabbit got away. I had been snapping the empty gun at the mice previously and as Sheldon put the gun down I picked it up to continue my game and almost got his toe with the shell."

Sheldon makes this comment: "I cannot share anyone's view that there was bleakness at Hinckley, LaVerkin, or any other place we lived. To me they were all wonderful areas. Each had its own peculiar charm. Really, the only bleaknesses I have experienced in life have been my own delinquencies and vagrancies. True, I didn't invent stupidity but often I have brought it into exquisite focus."

Star Ranch, north of Nephi, Utah provided a home for Sheldon's family for the next several

summers. Though the older children were expected to work hard with the crops, cattle and other chores, yet it was somewhat of a paradise for them nevertheless, as each was given his own riding pony. The beautiful setting amid lake, lush meadows with wild flowers, nearby canyons and mountains, offered spots for recreation during happy leisure hours. Edythe writes, "We were by ourselves and our entertainment was had with each other, picnics, rides together up the draws of nearby canyons, etc. These were busy, beautiful summers. We always attended church when possible. I recall the first time father drove our family to the LDS Sunday School at Mona. The structure where it met was an early rock model of pioneer vintage. There was but one hall; the few class divisions were made by drawing curtains. As our car stopped in front for us to alight we noticed the door and windows being filled with curious spectators.Flushed and a little embarrassed we managed to walk the long path and into the sanctity of the building."

Provo, Utah - again became their home during those winters of 1919-1922 in order that the children might attend school. Edythe was in college and the older boys in high school. An epidemic of influenza hit the city and Edythe writes of this, "The first seige of the flu struck while we were at Hinckley but our family had escaped. But at Provo the winter of 1920, one after another of us took to couch or bed except father, who had gone back to Star Ranch. Even mother and the baby became ill. The grade schools closed down. We were only one family of the majority so afflicted and it was impossible to obtain a nurse. Our overworked family doctor was only able to call a few times. Many died but our group was spared to slowly recover." Luther has many happy memories of those Provo days - bringing the Christmas tree down by sleigh from the mountains; skiing on barrel stave skis from the top of the chicken coop; gathering watercress in early spring from nearby pasture brooks and selling it in bunches.

Salt Lake City, in a house on the bend of the Jordan River, was the family's next home. Financial reverses had struck at its roots and all

those who could were forced to find work outside the home to help out. Edythe was called to interrupt her studies in Boston and came home and found immediate employment. Wendell and Sheldon went to work. It was somewhat of a discouraging time for all - but they went ahead bravely. Sheldon writes something of those days:-- "When Wendell and I pursued our first employment opportunities there was one situation that should be documented. Rather interestingly, one of Father's visionary projects, which was associated with some reproachable promoters, landed Wendell and me on a job at Santa Fe Springs, Calif. in the heat of a new oilfield boom. We were assigned to a small, half-baked (literally) experimental oil refinery. Our wages were largely deferred, so we lived for months in the corner of a machine shop and subsisted on rice, canned milk, sugar and unclaimed Valencia oranges from half dead trees abandoned to ruthless overkill of machines and spray of crude oil. We were merely roustabouts or flunkies. At best it was dirty work and we were far from best. Little did we know we were making history in industry.

"The refinery technique was dubbed the 'Wade Process'. The objective was to force through a nozzle low grade crude oil into coils within a high temperature kiln, which coil encompassed iron shavings to serve as catalysts. There was a piping system from the hot coils into a condensation tower so that the initial volatile product was practically usable gasoline. In other words, we were actually cracking the heavier complex hydrocarbon compounds into lighter fuel through the employment of heat, pressure, etc. . . . Oddly enough, this spot in Santa Fe Springs was a historic place. Crude as our plant looked, it was still the first oil cracking plant in the world. From this small beginning all of the major oil companies received franchises for cracking plants around the globe.

"It is with pride and satisfaction that Wendell and I look back, knowing we contributed considerably to the development of a process so important to transportation throughout the world. Nor would

we have been there except for father's procuring the job for us. After four months the process rights were sold. We got our pay but lost our jobs."

Pulling together has lifted many a load, and so it was with the A. B. Christensen family. It was soon able to move to more desirable quarters in Salt Lake City, at 1876 South Main Street. This was to become an eventful site in the lives of the children. It was in the Farmer's Ward and there was a wonderful group of young people affiliated there, including Nancy Howells and Mary Pratt, who later became the wives of Wendell and Sheldon respectively. It was from this home and Ward that both the boys left for missions to Germany, Wendell in 1925 and Sheldon in 1926. Since the family finances were still at rather low ebb, the boys were helped mostly by profits from their mother's sewing. It turned out that Wendell had the privilege of being Sheldon's first District President in the mission field. With their former experience in Germany as children, the language was no problem for either of them.

Sheldon returned home in June 1929. On 16 Sep. that same year, in the Salt Lake Temple, he was married to Mary Uriel Pratt (b. 10 Aug. 1907 in Farmington, Utah to Mathoni Wood and Agnes Uriel Pratt.) They became the parents of four sons and have sent three of them on foreign missions for the church, one to Denmark, once the home of the Christensen's ancient Viking progenitors, one to Uruguay and one to the French Mission from which he has just returned (1969). Mary is serving as a member of the General Board of the YWMIA, while Sheldon himself has served in bishoprics, on Stake missions, and in various other church assignments over the years, both in California and Utah.

He has been successful in business. First he worked for years as an independent insurance broker, dealing largely with estate planning, deferred insurance plans, pensions, profit sharing, and life insurance as applied to corporations, estates and businesses. Eleven years ago (1958) he went into the securities business and organized a broker dealership which was qualified

with the Securities Exchange Commission, National Association of Securities Dealers. He eventually turned over this business to his son Neal and a partner, who are operating it very successfully. For the past four years Sheldon worked independently in securities. Again last November he qualified as a broker dealer in the securities business.

His work has taken him into California, Idaho, Nevada and Utah where he has worked on some very large accounts. He works directly with businessmen at "face value" basis rather than on a referral basis. This actually requires a great deal of courage and skill on his part but he has been rewarded with much success. He usually goes in "cold turkey" as the expression goes, but comes out with warm friendships and contracts. He often takes "long shots in the dark", such as the time he sent a strange businessman a check for \$100.00 along with a message that if the receiver would give him enough of his time to allow him to explain how he could save him thousands of dollars in his business, and was not convinced, he could keep the check. Sheldon received an appointment, a good sized contract, and his check back. This kind of selling not only takes courage but also imagination and creative ability as well as a convincing way with words.

Some years ago Sheldon took some time off to study creative writing as an added tool in his business. He applied his skill in writing "Life Line", a sales presentation of which 50,000 printed copies were sold; and in a series of eight articles titled "You and Your Estate" which were published in the Deseret News 1948/49. But his creative writing has not been confined to business matters only, by any means. He has published a novelette, "The Bequest" and a short story in Look Magazine's "My Favorite War Story" series. He tells of this:-- "While attending the Maren Elwood school of writing in downtown Hollywood during World War II, a poem was received from a sea captain who lost his ship, depicting unusual bravery of a crew member. The poem was offered for sale to class members. Being an opportunist I bought it for \$3.00, rewrote it in story form and submitted the

same to Mr. Gunther, west coast editor of Look Magazine. The story was duly purchased and published. I still have the original poem."

Sheldon's face really lights up, however, when he discusses his present creation, a full length novel "Promise Me" a story of "Licit Love". Incidental to the story is a full length tale of a conversion, a subtle by-product of the main plot. He has been dreaming of and working on this novel for some years and at present it is totally outlined and with six chapters (10,000 words) completed. He explains, "In addition to keeping kept-up with family, church, business, ever current reading as well as some television, I am in the throes of a major literary undertaking which began a few years ago and will likely extend through a number of future anniversaries before publication. Herewith I feel my undivided, feeble efforts will be best employed. I've given up hunting, fishing, and I don't play golf. I love to walk and when I walk alone my mind is completely occupied with words, phrases, events, characterizations and a pot pourri of tales."

Sheldon, businessman, churchman and writer, is the middle one of A. B. Christensen's three living sons. He is not as large or tall as Wendell and not as thin as Luther, but in looks he seems to resemble his father much more than either of the others. Perhaps his dreams are more like his father's, for Andrew also had visions of writing, and to get himself into a financial position to do so he struggled and strove, though unsuccessfully, to the end of his days. Perhaps he will succeed in this through Sheldon, as he will succeed in others of his dreams through his other children - who knows now? We have no better glimpse of Sheldon's sensitive nature and keen perception than in the words he wrote of his father's death:-- "Father died alone in a modest hotel room in St. George. . . Traveling in the severe cold of that December 1931, I arrived at St. George about fifteen hours after Father's passing. In the last moments of his life, despite complications of pneumonia and diabetes, still he bothered to wind his inexpensive timepiece. I remember well, I

cried as I held the watch, knowing that as long as it ticked a last bit of Father's tremendous energy still remained. Whether he really died of a broken heart or was mercifully taken in illness, I do not know. But of one thing I am certain - there still remained an unsubdued determination and dignity about him to the end. . . He possessed the marked tendency to deny himself in his valiant effort at reaching for the stars."

One time, when a group of us Christensen cousins had met to discuss the writing of family histories, Sheldon, among them, brought out the point that he thought the bad should be mentioned along with the good, and then he said something to this effect, "If, after I die, someone writes my history and 'flowers' it all up - I'll come back and haunt them!" Now we have no fear of the dead returning on such missions, but to arouse the ire of the living is a problem we do not wish to encounter. It is thus with humility and some trembling that we present this skeleton sketch of Sheldon, who terms himself "something of a nut". We hope that someday he will find time to "breathe the breath of life" into a worthy history of his own. Until then, however, he has left this testimony:-- "God has been kind to me. I have been blessed and preserved. I am grateful for the Gospel of Jesus Christ and membership in His church. I am cognizant of a wonderful heritage, wife, family, brothers and sisters, etc., etc. . . Each year life becomes more fascinating. Times have changed since I was a boy, but I still love cooking over an open fire and eating out of the fry pan."

Descendants of Sheldon Bartholomew  
Christensen and Mary Uriel Pratt:

(A) Neil Pratt Christensen born 4 May 1931 in Salt Lake City, Utah; md. 6 Sep. 1956 in Salt Lake City (Temple) LaVerle Sorenson (b. 21 Mar. 1937, Salt Lake City to Edward Heber and Minnie Louise Brinkman Sorenson).

Children:

- I. Charlene Christensen b. 16 Sep. 1961, S. L. C.
- II. David Neil Christensen b. 27 June 1969,  
Salt Lake City.

- (B) Richard Pratt Christensen born 10 Oct. 1933  
in Salt Lake City; md. 11 June 1968, Salt Lake  
City (Temple) Shirley Paetsch (b. 8 July 1942  
in Soda Springs, Idaho to Albert Eugene Paetsch  
and Virginia LaVon Bridge Snow, now Mrs.  
Alton W. Cox)
- (C) Robert Pratt Christensen born 31 Oct. 1946  
in Los Angeles, Calif.
- (D) Delbert Pratt Christensen born 14 Nov. 1949  
in Salt Lake City, Utah.

(26) Ada Peterson (6) was born 13 Jan. 1906  
in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah. Her brother Byron  
remembers her as very athletic as a girl and how  
she could ride horses bareback as good as most  
boys. He remembers she was the catcher on the  
school baseball team. She was a sister after his  
own heart and a good substitute for a brother, of  
which he had none. They were great pals!

Ada writes of herself:-- "I attended grade  
school, high school and Seminary in Gunnison. I  
graduated from high school in 1926, having failed  
to graduate with my own class of '25 due to mother's  
illness. During these years I taught in Primary  
and was Sunday School organist in Gunnison Ward  
with Clyde C. Edmunds as chorister. I sang in the  
Gunnison Ward choir under E. L. Swalberg. I sang  
duets with Emily Knighton at church functions.  
When Gunnison Ward was divided I served as Sunday  
School Secretary in the new Hamilton Ward for some  
years. I belonged to a double mixed quartet under  
Charles E. Ferrie and we were in great demand for  
church and civic affairs. In High School I belonged  
to the Glee Club, sang in the opera and sang the  
lead in a double mixed quartet in competition with  
other schools. We always had a high rating. Our  
music teacher was our beloved ElRay Christiansen,  
now assistant to the Twelve Apostles.

"After I graduated from High School I worked  
for the Gunnison Telluride Power Co. as steno-  
bookkeeper and stock clerk. It was here I met  
Linden H. Johnson who was manager. We were  
married 29 June 1928 in the Manti Temple. I

became stepmother to his two children, Francis Dale and Helen Ramona, ages 8 and 5. (Linden Hyrum Johnson was born 15 Sep. 1895 in Huntington, Emery, Utah to Swen Hyrum and Matilda Wilhamina Nelson Johnson).

"We moved to Delta, Utah, May of 1930 where Lin established the Delta branch of the Telluride Power Co. Here I worked in a greater capacity, training new girls and continuing as steno, etc. We lived in Delta twenty-five years and during these years I worked and raised my family. Lin's and my two children, Ada Bonita and Larry Lynn, were both born in Delta. Dale and Ramona both attended BYU until World War II came and they volunteered - Dale in the Naval Air and Mona as a WAVE.

"When Lin advanced to Supt. of the Delta Division of Telluride Power Co., I assumed more responsibility as hostess, working on the entertainment committees. Also I was active in church and civic affairs. I attended the Delta 2nd Ward where I was Sunday School Secretary, taught in Sunday School, Primary, MIA, and was a Relief Society visiting teacher. I sang with the 'Singing Mothers' under Ladd Cropper and belonged to the Ward choir. I sang as a soloist at funerals. Aside from church activities I was secretary for the American Legion Auxilliary for ten years, for which I was awarded a silver necklace with the American Legion emblem on it.

"Lin and I belonged to the Fidelity Club, a social organization in which we made many lifelong friends. It was composed of a distinguished group of doctors, lawyers, our Stake president, Seminary teacher, principal of Delta High School, Delta's Mayor and fine people from all walks of life, sixteen couples of fun-loving people, each with a purpose in life. I entertained many times in our home where I learned to be a hostess. At first I didn't feel capable of this because I was ten years younger than most and lacked the maturity and experience. My excuse up until we built our new home was always that our place wasn't large enough. However, when lovely Romania Bird said, 'Ada dear, where there is heart room there is house room', I

needed no more assurance - our new home became a center of festivities. I could seat thirty-six people at card tables and we had many lovely parties. Bonita celebrated her fourteenth birthday there before leaving for California to study dance at Hollywood Professional School ('53-'56) which one hundred of her classmates attended. In 1948 the Fidelity Club celebrated its 25th anniversary in our home with fifty guests in attendance. There were many happy times during our stay in Delta.

"In October of 1955 I left Delta for California to take on a new role as a guest home operator. I called my place 'Ada's Guest Home, a home away from home'. One year later Lin and Larry followed, after having sold our beautiful home and furnishings in Delta. The home at 440 South Oxford in Los Angeles was our home for seven years. It was a two-story mansion. An apartment sized kitchen, dining room, bedroom and bath were our personal quarters adjacent to the main home of a kitchen and pantry, beautiful dining area, living room, and a winding oak staircase leading to five king-size bedrooms for our guests, along with two bedrooms and a maid's room downstairs. There was a separate building of room and bath with picturesque windows, which became Bonita's music studio.

"It was while living here that I received my license for six ambulatory guests and with the help of my maid Dessie, a colored woman from the south, achieved an A-1 rating my first year, which I have continued to receive. I have always set a beautiful table for three meals a day with good food. I have cared for both men and women, although most of my guests have been women. At 440 So. Oxford I cared for motion picture people until they built the motion picture country home. Each one had a story to tell. When they came to my home they stopped using tobacco and drinking became a thing of the past for them. Those were very happy and interesting days for all of us. The Lord was good to me.

"When we sold that home to a builder we moved across the street to 431 So. Oxford, where we are now. We watched them tear down a home we loved, along with a redwood tree for which Mary

Pickford at one time had offered \$150.00 but had been refused by the previous owner. At 431 Oxford I still have my guests and a cook and housekeeper. At present my youngest guest is 75 and my eldest 93. My cook has been with me seven years. She is from Tennessee and her name is Thelma Joyce. She is a real dear. Bonita too has worked with me these last years, and because her disposition is much like mine, the guests have all loved her as well. Her singing and playing of the piano have been appreciated by them also. Her health is now the best she has ever known, since an early back injury caused her years of pain and illness.

"When our guests demanded more personal care we bought or rented three different homes, one in North Hollywood, where Bonita and Larry enjoyed the swimming pool, and two in Encino, Calif., about twenty minutes drive from our place in Los Angeles. The family home at present is at 409 So. Oxford Ave., where Bonita, who is now married and has a baby daughter, lives along with Lin and me. Our son Larry and family live in Orem, Utah, where he serves as assistant cashier at Orem State Bank, after having graduated from Hollywood High School with high honors and also from Seminary there and later attending BYU in Provo, where he met his lovely wife.

"Lin operated a Standard service station here for ten years, for which he was awarded a bronze plaque. He retired in Aug. 1968 and has recently undergone two separate operations at the Veterans' Hospital, Wilshire and Sawtelle blvd., one for a hernia and one for hemorrhoids. He was released Mar. 15 and is now feeling fine and grateful to have this over with. The Elders were there and administered each time. He has been my painter, plumber and all around handy man over these last years. What would I have done without him?

"We are members of Wilshire Ward, where Lin is a High Priest and very active. Even though I can't attend regularly, I'm there in spirit and keep up my tithes and offerings, as the Lord has blessed me financially. When I needed guests he has provided. I have not had a sick day in the

thirteen years of my business. For this I am grateful and humble. I always have a prayer in my heart for strength to meet my obligations, and they are many when you care for ten old people on an average every day three hundred and sixty-five days a year. Oh my, I could write a book on the beautiful people I've served through these years.

"In closing I'd like to copy the words on a thank you note from the daughter of an LDS lady I once cared for: - 'Dear Sister Johnson, It has been an inspiring experience to know you and I appreciate all you have done for mother. It is thrilling to know that the spirit you carry is the one we shall all share in the celestial kingdom and our associations will continue there. It was God's blessing that we were led to you and may we enjoy always the sweet spirit that is expressed in your home. Sincerely, Cecilia Jensen.'"

Descendants of Ada Peterson and Linden Hyrum Johnson:--

- (A) Ada Bonita Johnson born 16 Sep. 1938, Delta, Utah; md. 12 May 1968 in Las Vegas, Nevada, Dale Judkins Smith "Montgomery", a widower (b. 27 Nov. 1919, West Point, Utah to Charles Ernest Smith and Verna Judkins (now Mrs. Montgomery) Child:
- I. Victoria Lynne Montgomery b. 3 Jan. 1969, Los Angeles, Calif.
- (B) Larry Lynn Johnson born 8 Oct. 1941 in Delta, Utah; md. 26 Oct. 1961 in Orem, Utah, Priscilla Jacob (b. 16 Aug. 1941 in Jamaica, Queens, New York to Edward and Thelma Matilda Gustaveson Jacob). Children:
- I. Michael Lynn Johnson b. 24 May 1962, Van Nuys, Calif.
  - II. Daniel Troy Johnson b. 8 Sep. 1964, Provo, Utah
  - III. Jennifer Kristina Johnson b. 1 Aug. 1967, Provo, Utah

(27) Myron Ellis Christensen (3) was born Sun. 4 Mar. 1906 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah, in the family home in the west part of town, which is

still standing today. He was christened Ellis Myron but later changed his name to the above arrangement. His only brother then living, Harold, was ten years older than he, so his closest companion in the home was his sister Ruth Ellen, some three-and-a-half years older; they have been great friends ever since.

When he was in his teens his parents moved from the home of his birth to a farm they owned near Rocky Point, west of Gunnison, where he helped his father feed lambs and with the farm work. He attended grade and high school in Gunnison, graduating from the latter. It was a long walk from Rocky Point to school and seemed especially so in the cold of the winter. But in spite of it, or perhaps a little because of it, Myron grew to be a tall, strong, healthy youth capable of a lot of hard work. He received excellent training in farm and livestock management from his father, and set his heart on acquiring a good farm of his own someday.

His father died in the small farm house near Rocky Point, 23 July 1926, when Myron was four months past twenty, leaving him as his mother's main source of help and strength. Harold and Ruth had long since married and made their own homes. His three younger brothers, one nineteen and the others going on fifteen and ten, were a lot of help, especially the two oldest who had undergone a lot of farm training and were also big fellows and capable.

Myron at the time was courting. One evening at a roller skating rink in Manti, Utah (Felts Pavillion), about four years before he had met a Manti girl named Delida Jensen (b. 23 June 1907 in Sterling, Utah to William and Maria Louella Peterson Jensen). A friendship had begun that night which had lasted those several years, during which time Myron had made hundreds of trips to Manti in all kinds of weather. Nearly nine months after his father's death, Myron and Delida ("Dee") contracted a civil marriage in Manti, 13 Apr. 1927. Myron's mother and three brothers soon moved to Fayett, Utah to live with her recently widowed brother, Uncle Henry Bartholomew, and assist in

caring for his motherless children.

Dee takes up the story from here:-- "Myron and I took up farming in Clarion, Utah (near Gunnison) and farmed there until Delta City took the water rights away. After leaving Clarion we moved to Gunnison for awhile and then we got the opportunity to come to Genola, Utah to work for G. H. Chaffin on his ranch. This was during the severe depression of the 30's. Myron worked on the Chaffin ranch for ten years and then bought a farm of his own in the Genola area where our family still lives. We have five living children and one died at birth. The five are all married now and have children of their own, so Myron and I live on the farm alone and still work hard. But we travel quite a lot in our car and always go on at least one big trip each year, most usually in late fall or winter when the farm work can be left alone for awhile. We have been to the Northwest, Mexico, and numerous times to California where we almost always drop in on Ruth Ellen and her family in San Diego. This winter we took Myron's brother Marvin and his wife Lois with us to Ruth Ellen's. We enjoyed ourselves there. The last trip his brother Harold took before he died was with us to San Diego. We love to travel. We go fishing a lot too, for Myron loves to fish.

"The winter of 1967 was a hectic one for us. My mother passed away and Myron was laid up with the gout in his foot. This was pretty tough for a farmer. Then our son's year old boy was in the hospital with spinal meningitis and was very sick, though he finally responded to the medication. Grandma Dee had the four year old to care for during his baby brother's illness. Generally we have good health and should not complain, but we too are getting old like the rest of you. But we enjoy life a lot.

"While in Goshen, Myron has been a member and one time president of the White Lake Riding Club. He was also employed by the Strawberry Highline Canal Co. here for eleven years. At present, besides operating his own farm, he is employed on the large church farm at Elberta, Utah, not far from our place, and has been for

## Second Marriage:

IV. Roy Francis Weber Jr. b. 21 June 1960,  
Joplin, Missouri

V. Joe Allen Weber b. 10 Aug. 1961,  
Spanish Fork

(D) Kent W. Christensen born 7 Jan. 1941 in Genola, Utah; md. 8 July 1960, Manti, Utah, Sarah Grace Badham, or "Sallie" (b. 31 Mar. 1941 in Payson, Ut. to Bruce and Verla Thurgood Badham). Two children, both born in Salt Lake City, Utah:

I. Ellis Bruce Christensen b. 5 Aug. 1963

II. Todd Quinn Christensen b. 23 Mar. 1966

(E) Carol Jean Christensen born 23 Sep. 1946 in Payson, Utah; md. 7 Sep. 1963 in Genola, Utah, Bryan Kay Draper (b. 25 Dec. 1946 in Payson to Burke Jay and Irma Ruth Elton Draper). Children:--

I. Dale Kay Draper b. 6 Mar. 1964, Murray, Ut.  
II. Larry Bryan Draper b. 18 Dec. 1967,  
Payson, Ut.

(F) Girl child Christensen, stillborn 12 May 1949  
in Payson, Utah.

(28) Rex Christensen (7) was born 10 Mar. 1906 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah in the old Wasden home across south from the home of his Christensen grandparents. When he was seven days old his parents thought he was dying. They called the Elders in to give him a name and a blessing and he recovered, but that is the reason, his mother said, that he had only one given name.

When he was yet very young the family moved to a ranch a mile or so west of Gunnison into a rather poorly equipped farm house there. The ranch belonged to his father's brother Albert. Rex was indeed a sickly baby and had some very severe spells when he would hemorrhage from the nose. His father was often away with the sheep. His sister LaFaun says that their mother, often alone on the ranch except for her three small children, pulled baby Rex through a number of bad sick spells with her faith and prayers. She

remembers how her mother knelt by his cradle to pray and how she rocked him in her arms hour after hour in the rocking chair to soothe him - singing a plaintive lullaby. Many mothers had a hard time raising all their children to maturity in those days. Rex's little brother Spencer, who came along right after him, only lived a few weeks.

Not long before Rex turned three, his father bought his grandparents' big rock house, across from where he was born in northwest Gunnison, and moved the family into it. It was here that he lived the next seven years of his life. It was from here that he went to the Gunnison district school for several years - it was but a few blocks from this home. It was from here that he left Gunnison when he was just six days past ten, together with others of his family, to go to Wyoming and live on a ranch his father had homesteaded, being part of the acreage taken up by several members of his father's family several miles from the town of Lyman and which they called "The Oasis".

Rex eventually grew to be a strong, strapping and very handsome fellow. In 1929 in Ogden, Utah, he married Marcella Richardson, daughter of Walter and Stella Richardson. They had one son but separated when the child was about two years old. Rex married second, 29 Nov. 1932 in Lyman, Wyoming, Ina Mae Packham (b. 23 Aug. 1903 in Pleasant View, Utah, to John and Lydia Kent Packham). They had two daughters. Ina died of a serious illness 10 Mar. 1942 in Ogden, leaving Rex with the two little girls. On 27 Oct. 1943 in Ogden, Rex married his third wife, Mabel Patterson (b. 23 Jan. 1924 in Ogden to David Earl and Dora Miller Patterson). They became the parents of two sons.

For many of his last years he suffered with emphysema, a malfunction or disease of the lungs and reported to be the fastest growing disease in the world today. He was unable to do any heavy work. Mabel, a very lovely, kind and patient person, took care of him and also went to work to support the family. Rex passed away at their home in Ogden 29 Sep. 1968 and was buried in Ogden Cemetery 2 Oct. His wife and five children survived.

him, as well as a number of grandchildren and brothers and sisters.

Mabel has written of him and we quote:-

"Rex had brown hair, brown eyes, a fair complexion and an even temper. I found him very easy to get along with. Everyone he met seemed to like him right away. As a man he had very good health up until the last dozen years when he developed emphysema. He was an avid fisherman. I have seen him catch fish when others around him couldn't even get a bite. He loved the outdoors and said he felt a closeness to his Creator when on a stream or in the hills. He recalled many summers of hard work on the ranch in Wyoming with his father and brother Lucien. He attended school both in Lyman and Evanston, Wyoming. He was a boxer in his high school years and at one time won the Golden Glove tournament in his area.

"When Rex was just past nineteen he was called to serve a mission for the church in New Zealand. He had his endowment 2 Apr. 1925 and left the mission home shortly afterwards, traveling by train to Vancouver, Canada and then by boat from there. He returned by boat to San Francisco in 1928, the boat trip having taken nineteen days each way. While on his mission he had appendicitis and later on pneumonia. He said only the faith of the Elders and the grace of God saved his life on those occasions. He loved the time he spent on his mission and he loved the Maori people. Occasionally he commented on how eager these people were to help the Elders.

"Once at a Conference there President McKay, then an Apostle, was in attendance. Afterwards, outside, there was an intoxicated man who was angry with the Mormons for some reason or another. All worked up in his anger, he approached Brother McKay and challenged him to a fight. He raised his fists to strike the great Apostle who stood there calmly, saying not a word but just looking at him in pity with those piercing eyes of his. As suddenly as he had raised his fists, the enraged man fell to his knees sobbing and asking forgiveness. Rex said this incident helped to increase the testimonies of the other people who were present - and also his own.

"Rex had lived in Ogden ever since he returned from his mission in New Zealand in 1928, except for one year in The Dalles, Oregon, where his second wife, Ina, became ill with a brain tumor and they returned to Ogden to be near her family, and the six months he and I and the family lived in Redlands, Calif. in 1950.

"He was a good husband and father. A couple of years before his death we attended 'Project Temple' together and on June 22, 1967 he took me and our sons to the Logan Temple to be sealed to him for all eternity. Though we miss him so much we realize he is better off where he is. I am now interested in getting his genealogy together, as well as my own." Children and descendants of Rex Christensen:--

#### First Marriage:

- (A) Walter Rex Christensen born 13 Feb. 1930, Ogden, Utah; md. 4 July 1962 Sandra Lee Bridewell (b. 22 Jan 1943). Children:  
I. Toni Darlene Christensen b. 22 June 1963  
II. Rex LeRoy Christensen b. 19 July 1966.

#### Second Marriage:

- (B) Florence Kay Christensen born 25 Feb. 1936 in Ogden; md. (1) 29 May 1953, Roy, Ut., Clyde Charles Cowdin (b. 24 Mar. 1930, Salt Lake City to Roy Norby and Lillian Parents Cowdin); div.; md (2) 16 Feb. 1957 in National City, Calif. Robert Eugene Stober (b. 7 Jan. 1935, Wimmer, South Dakota to Glen F. and Roberta Bunch Stober); div.; md. (3) 14 Nov. 1965, San Diego, Calif., William Francis Driscoll (b. 18 Sep. 1939, Omaha, Neb., to Frank E. and Mary Kathleen Kenealy Driscoll.) Children of Florence Kay Christensen:

#### First Marriage:

- I. Peggy Carole Cowdin b. 6 Nov. 1953, Ogden, Ut.  
II. Christi Charlene Cowdin b. 9 June 1955, Ogden.

#### Second Marriage:

- III. Debra Ann Stober b. 25 Aug. 1957, National City, Calif.

- IV. Robert Eugene Stober Jr. b. 17 Aug. 1959,  
El Cajon, Calif.
- V. Baby boy Stober b. Aug. 1960, El Cajon;  
d. at birth, unnamed.
- VI. Rebecca Ann Stober b. 23 Mar. 1962,  
El Cajon.

(C) Carole Frances Christensen born 5 Dec. 1938,  
Ogden, Utah

Third Marriage:

- (D) Robert Patterson Christensen born 26 Feb.  
1946 in Ogden, Utah; md. 13 Feb. 1968 in  
Ogden, Cheryl Ann Hagood (b. 29 Aug. 1947,  
San Diego, Calif. to Billy Jack and Afton Mary  
Denstad Hagood - now Mrs. Wallace.)
- (E) David Earl Christensen born 14 Mar. 1953  
in Ogden.

(29) Clifton Christensen Bartholomew (5)  
according to the account of him in his mother's  
Book of Remembrance: "was born 24 Nov. 1906  
in Fayette, Sanpete, Utah. He was blessed there  
by his grandfather, Bishop John Bartholomew. The  
following spring his parents bought a large new  
brick home in Gunnison, Utah (1907) where they  
moved when he was but a few months old.

"At age six Clifton entered the Gunnison  
public schools. On his eighth birthday, 24 Nov.  
1914, he was baptized by Joseph W. Vickers in  
the Manti Temple and was confirmed the same day  
and place by Martin Jenson. When he was four  
months past nine he left Gunnison by train, along  
with his mother and brothers and sisters, for  
Lyman, Wyoming and settled on a ranch six miles  
east living there in summers and attending school  
in winters for the next two years. In the spring of  
1918 he moved with his parents and family to  
Ogden, Utah. Here, aside from attending school,  
etc., he mowed lawns for people and sacked kind-  
lings at the kindling factory. He returned to  
Lyman, Wyoming for the next school year (1919/20)  
and then went to Goshen, Utah with the family the  
spring of 1920, living on the Boswell farm two  
miles south of Goshen. He finished Jr. High School

in Goshen and then went by bus to Payson, Utah where he attended High School.

"Clifton was ordained a Deacon in the church 1 Apr. 1919 by William Spangenberg in Ogden, and a Teacher 25 Mar. 1923 by Robert E. Finch in Goshen. On 24 Apr. 1926 he left for Florida and worked in electrical work until Sep. 1927. After a short interval at home he started to work for the Power and Light Company around Austin and Round Rock, Texas, and stayed there until about July 1928. He then worked for the Bingham Canyon Copper mine till December that same year and then went back to Texas, working around Ft. Worth and Waco for the Texas Power and Light and Texas Electric Service Company. In October of 1929 he was working at El Paso, Texas for the El Paso Electric Co. From there he went to Merida, Yucatan, Mexico, and worked there until September of the next year. During the year 1931 he worked for Walker Mine in California, then in 1932 went to work at Boulder Dam. Later he worked for Tintic Standard Mine near Dividend, Utah, and then for Utah Power and Light Co. in Provo Canyon and Park City. In 1936 he worked at Pioche and Las Vegas, Nevada, until just before getting married to Rhea Wilson. After this he went to work for an electric company in California, living at various places such as Montebello, Alpine and Whittier."

Clifton wrote a bit about himself and we quote:-- "In 1926 my brother Edgar and I went to Miami, Florida, to work for a power company. We were there in the hurricane of Sep. 1926 when so many lives were lost and so much damage occurred. After about 18 months in Florida we went to Texas where we worked for a Texas utility company that was building lines to service a large oil pipeline going to the Eastern States. Two years later we went to Merida, Yucatain, Mexico, to work for the Electric Bond and Share Co. until the depression stopped all work there. I worked on the Hoover (Boulder) Dam while it was being built.

"I married Rhea Hazel Wilson of Payson, the girl from across the street, 17 June 1937 in Salt Lake City, Utah. (She was born 7 Nov. 1913 in Eureka, Utah to Robert Henry and Zelpha Nisonger

Wilson). We went to Los Angeles, Calif. where I went to work for the Southern California Edison Company. During World War II I went with Lockheed Overseas Corporation to Ireland where we stationed at an Air Force base in Northern Ireland near Belfast (July 1943-July 1944). In Aug. 1944 I went back to work for the Edison Company, this time in Redlands, Calif., where I have worked for the past twenty-four-and-a-half years.<sup>11</sup>

In December 1945 Clifton and Rhea moved into their own home at 812 Sherwood St., Redlands, Calif., where they still reside. At last report Rhea was serving as a counselor in the Relief Society presidency of their Ward. She says she is having problems tracing her genealogy. They have no descendants.

(30) Everette Hale Christensen (4) was born 12 Mar. 1907 in Manti, Sanpete, Utah. He was named and blessed 2 June 1907 by Niels R. Petersen; baptized 31 Aug. 1915 by Andrew Christensen (no relation); confirmed the same day by Andrew Thomson Jr. and ordained a Deacon 8 Nov. 1920 by Joseph H. Carpenter - all in Manti.

I remember him as a round faced, tow headed little fellow whose hair was rather hard to manage - a typical Christensen youngster, who grew to look more like our father than any other of his sons, though never quite as tall. He was more modest than us other children and had such a sweet, gentle disposition. He was so easy to get along with and I always had a motherly feeling towards him and tried to take his part in the little family squabbles that inevitably take place among children, even in the best of households.

We catch glimpses of him as a lad between his fourth and eighth years, as mother saw him, for she jotted these accounts down in her journal:

"Sunday morning Aug. 20, 1911 - I was sitting out on the porch a few moments ago watching Sherman and Hale. They were by the fence gathering the pink hollyhocks. Hale had on his little white suit and their white heads looked beautiful to me

there among the flowers. . . Sep. 18, 1911 -  
School starts this morning. Hale and I are alone.  
He has on his little yellow suit which looks just  
the color of his hair. . . Oct. 18, 1911 - Hale is  
off somewhere playing. Well, it is good that he  
can be gathering some of the gold from this lovely  
October weather to last him through the short,  
dark winter days. . . June 19, 1912 - Just got  
through making Hale a waist, and Hale and Sherman  
have been worrying me about making them some  
flags. (Hale went off without his flag). . . Across  
the road I see Hale leading Reid's dog. Lucian is  
playing the drum and they are all singing. I know  
that Sherman is just outside longing for his flag so  
that he can join them in their parade. . . July 8,  
1912 - I just got through making a cake. Sherman  
and Hale went to the grocery for the bananas. I  
emptied the mixing bowl and there ensued a wrangle  
between them over which was going to scrape the  
bowl. I had to draw a line through the center and  
each took a side of the bowl to scrape as they sat  
on the floor. 'Don't pound the bowl, Hale!' . . .  
Nov. 18, 1912 - There the children lie, Sherman  
with his feet in Hale's side; Hale with his little  
red face and tangled white hair. The children  
take almost every moment of the day. Hale has  
been so trying. He lets out some of the biggest  
yells for a little fellow I ever heard. I suppose  
the passing years will lend luster to those yells  
which now annoy me and turn them to music. . . .  
May 16, 1913 - A show of great importance is  
taking place at Margaret's this afternoon. Hale,  
delighted with the prospects of being an actor,  
hastened through his dinner. Five minutes ago  
he came aimlessly walking home. 'Why Hale, why  
aren't you over at the show?' I asked. 'I won't be  
in it,' he said. 'They dressed me up like a girl  
and were going to make me be the cook. The dress  
was ugly, with a yellow string on it'. He stands  
here now. 'There they go' he just said. 'All the  
kids are going. That's Arthur running across now.  
They think it's such a grand show, but they just  
have a little stubby tent!' (This with great dis-  
dain). . . Sherman, at the show, is dressed like  
a Captain, while Reva, Virginia and Elaine have  
their dancing dresses on. Hale absolutely refuses

to go over. I just gave him an egg to spend if he would go over to Uncle Fred's store and get me a spool of thread. . . May 17, 1914 - The water was running down badly and filling the hollow just south of the apricot tree. I told Hale I would give him an egg if he would go up to the corner and turn it off. Sherman said he would. They both went, as did Phil. They each took an egg and went to the Sugar Bowl to buy candy. . . Here they are now, happy with their purchases. They are treating me with candy."

Hale was nine years and four-and-a-half months old when Mother died. After that, although Aunt Vena, then Aunt Retta, then others came to help in the home and finally Aunt Myrtle as a second mother, yet he spent as much time as possible with his father and on the various ranches - Gunnison, Flat Canyon and Star (for a short time.) He took responsibility readily and was a hard worker and most dependable with the farm work. Yet his mind seemed of a mechanical bent and he became particularly interested in radio. Bert Gledhill, once a foreman on the Gunnison ranch, remembers Hale's aerial wires and antennas being strung in every direction there on the ranch, from the farmhouse to the granary and even to one of the big barns, as he experimented with electro-magnetic waves.

I recall spending part of New Years Eve with Hale in the "Buff Room" upstairs in our home in Manti the year end following my marriage (1923). A radio he had constructed was set up in the east window with wires going every which way both inside and out. He tried to explain to me the principles upon which it worked and we took turns wearing the attached ear phones, as he tuned into the festivities in New York, Chicago and other distant cities as the New Year arrived there. I had never experienced radio before and to me it seemed like a miracle. Hale had great ambitions along this line.

After the family moved to Orem and he graduated from High School, Father then being in the midst of a financial struggle, Hale got employment with a General Land Office survey, Ralph Gentry

engineer. Though Father wanted him to start college the next winter, Hale, always most considerate and mindful of Father and others, decided against it, as excerpts from some of his letters at that period show:-- "Kamas, Sept. 24, '27 - Dear Dad: Just a line to let you know I'm all right. We are going to move from here on the first of October, maybe sooner if the snow drives us out. I suppose our next camp will be in the Ophir country. Two of the fellows have quit. . . Ophir, Ut. Oct. 28, '27 - Dear Dad: I have been keeping notes on the rear end of the chain for the last month and am doing all right. The work gets tiresome at times, but I suppose it's all for the best. I must try to save enough money this year to buy me some clothes and to start my radio business going. I want so much to help out all I can. . . I'm not going to school this year Dad. I am going to build radio sets, etc. I will not have to carry any overhead expense, just keep enough parts on hand to fill orders. In addition to this I am going to take a drafting course from the American School. This is a complete course in general drafting. Then they give you a specialized course in one of five branches, mechanical, architectural, structural, electronic or automobile drafting, and guarantee you a job on completion of the course. It looks like a good layout and I know I can make it. What do you think of it?"

Though father thought that Hale would have done better to have entered school, he did not. He came home in time for the holiday season in Orem and began taking an interest in some of the young people there, although his heart was set on a girl in Manti with whom he had kept company before leaving there. He corresponded with Ada regularly and began to think some of marriage. Sherman, himself married and away attending law school in Washington, D. C., encouraged him in this but Father, though he didn't say much about it to Hale since it was his habit to let his children make their own decisions as they grew older, felt that he would be better off to get as well prepared as possible for his life's work beforehand. In a letter to Sherman dated Mar. 4, 1928, Father wrote, "I don't know just what Hale will do this summer. He talks like

he intends to go on the survey again. If he does I want to be able to help him out so that he can go to school next year. I believe I will encourage him to go to Logan and take an engineering course. He is taking a course by correspondence in drafting but he is working at that under quite a disadvantage. He will do fine in his line if he can get well prepared. I am going to make every effort to have him take a complete course so that he can get where he would like to."

Hale's drafting outfit came and he tried to keep more or less employed with that during the winter. He also advertized as having a "parts installing service" and "radio sets" and got a little business along that line. As spring approached he helped on the place, pruning the trees, etc. His twenty-first birthday, Mar. 12, 1928, was celebrated by a supper prepared by Aunt Myrtle in her usual efficient manner and attended by several of his young men friends. But he did not seem entirely satisfied with life and wanted to "reach out" for something better. Nevertheless he didn't complain.

Among the letters Hale wrote at that time was one dated Mar. 20, 1928 to his brother Sherman. From this we quote:- "It's a beautiful spring morning. . . Things are coming along all right on the farm; lots of work as you may know. We haven't started to put the crops in as yet but we are preparing the land for same in husbandlike manner. Things are surely getting beautiful around these parts, everything getting green, and ummm - spring is in the air (as everything and everybody is hauling manure).

"I went into town last night with Waldo Harris and his brother. On the way home we ran out of gas and had to push the big Studabaker up the last hill and last lap. Waldo walked home with me and as luck would have it we met a couple of Provo girls I knew and they had underestimated their supply of the midnight oil also. But after looking into the tank we found plenty of the said necessary gasoline and proceeded to play mechanics on their Chevrolet. We had much trouble in agreeing as to the ailment of the lemon. Waldo tore into the gas line and I into the ignition and very soon we had all the loose

parts on the car entirely loosened and thrown off to the side. Oh, how we worked - without any success. Finally, as an afterthought, we deemed it a good idea to put the car together again. Oy yoy yoy! It just couldn't be done - too many parts. However we did get things bolted on, etc., but it looked like a very untidy trash pile instead of a car. After going as far as we had, we decided to play the gallant Romeos and began taking our walking and pushing exercises toward Provo. The rest is short. We hailed a car which acted as a tug. We then made our graceful exit - I hope.

"Will you look up the requirements of taking the Civil Service examination for draftsman? Waldo and I are figuring on coming to Washington next fall. Waldo wants to take up law. We would like to start studying on something which would help us to find employment in Washington. I suppose I'll go surveying again this year if I can get out with Gentry. I have already got that hillish feeling. Love to all. Hale."

Hale wrote another letter to Sherman 5 Apr. 1928, from which we quote excerpts:- "All things in general are beginning to look like spring, and we are surely thankful as we have been having bum, windy weather for two months. The berries, peaches, apricots and cherries are beginning to bloom, making the valley look like a huge garden. The sweet smell of spring is in the air. This has its effects. Gives one the hankering to go to the mountains surveying. Yep, I want to go on the survey again this year. Took a little trip to Salt Lake last week to see Gentry. He advised me that the surveyors wouldn't be going out until about the first of July. This is due to the government's lack of funds.

"I am plugging along in my drafting and hope in the future to find my reward. Are there many ads in the Washington papers advertising for draftsman? I suppose, however, there will be a job for me as soon as I'm prepared. I wish I could do something to help Dad right now. Of course I am farming every day, which helps in the long run, but our finances at present although not the worst could be better. They are bound to be afterwhile.

Things get discouraging at times but I suppose I shouldn't kick as Dad bears the brunt of everything."

Besides working on the farm and around the place that spring, Hale worked at the Cold Packing Plant in Orem going on shift from before noon to nearly midnight. He was doing all he could to help out. On the farm he often sang at his work. He had a beautiful high tenor voice and was a member of a male quartet in the community. He loved music and the other arts - the finer things of life. He loved people, animals, and of course the beauties of nature. And he loved life, being on the threshold of full manhood. What a pity when such a one is cut down in the midst of such promise and hope for the future.

That very spring Hale began ailing, as a letter from Father written June 26, 1928 advises:- "We are all well excepting Hale. I had him to Salt Lake a few days last week trying to find out the matter. The x-ray expert took a number of pictures but thus far we have not been satisfied as to what is the trouble, which seems to be in his bowels. I am taking him up there again in the morning. We do not wish to operate until we discover the trouble if possible from the outside. It is quite a worry and the poor boy is about discouraged. Gentry called him the other day and wanted him to go out with his party but of course he couldn't. Gentry said, however, that he would hold a job open for him for a month or two. We are hoping for the best."

Hale failed to improve. An operation July 30, 1928, though quite serious did not reveal an expected growth in the large intestines yet it was a great shock to his system. His condition gave much cause for concern. Though he was able to return home from the hospital at that time and seemed to feel some better yet he was in constant pain and had a very hard time of it. He took some treatments to stimulate the nerves controlling the colon activity, where the trouble seemed to be located, and did all else that the doctors thought might help. Nothing helped and he was operated on again, Oct. 15, 1928 in the Salt Lake LDS Hospital, requiring blood transfusions because of his frail condition.

They found that part of his large intestine had become enmeshed with a large, hard growth almost completely closing it off. Much inflammation had occurred which had affected some of the small intestines. He suffered most severe pain. The doctors had to leave part of the large intestine on the outside so that the affected part could sluff off, and also leave his side open so that it could drain. Later the large intestine was opened so that it could drain through the side of the abdomen. Though this brought some improvement and hope, it was only temporary.

Hale wrote what is thought to be his last letter, lying on his back in bed in the hospital where he was suffering terribly. This is the letter:- "Dec. 13, 1928 - Dearest Dad in all the world: Today is your birthday and I wish you all the happiness and joy in the world. Oh, I am thankful for a father like you even if I haven't shown it. It's been my ambition to become as big and respected a man as you are; always thinking of others, sacrificing, bringing joy wherever you go. Words cannot express how I feel and my love for you.

"I hope you are all over your cold and feeling fine. And I hope you have been successful in your cases. I have been feeling better lately and my spirits are high. Well, dear Dad, give my love to Aunt Myrtle and the children and everybody. Daddy I love you. Your loving son - Hale."

In a letter to Sherman Dec. 24, 1928, Father told of preparations for Hale's last Christmas: - "Aunt Myrtle and I came up Saturday to do what we could to give Hale a little Christmas cheer. Aunt Myrtle went home yesterday and I will go home today and we will all come up to see him tomorrow. The folks here are all doing what they can to cheer him. Some young people, girls and boys from the Bench, came up yesterday and brought him a beautiful bouquet of roses, and other tokens. Gentry also came and spent some time with him and brought him a present. Aunt Retta and family brought a beautiful Christmas tree all decorated. And so with these and other flowers and presents coming in, his room has been

given a real Christmas appearance. The folks here will bring presents this evening and try to give Hale as pleasant a Christmas Eve as possible. We should like to be here, but Hale wants us to have our usual Christmas Eve at home for the children's sake. He says he will certainly be there in thoughts, and then we will come up tomorrow, children and all.

"Hale has been the most wonderful spirit through all this long suffering and still keeps his sweet disposition. He is a favorite and the nurses all really love him and seek to do everything for him possible. . . The awful reality of his not being able to get well is forcing itself upon us in spite of our great hopes and constant prayers. I feel that Hale too realizes the situation and is making a valiant fight to keep us hoping and to save us from the terrible shock. . . If ever a man has proved himself worthy of the highest respect and admiration under the most trying conditions and suffering, that one is our Hale. And through it all it has seemed that his greatest concern has been for us. . . Well, if he must go, his young life and character will be an inspiration to all of us to achieve nobility of character and real success. I always thought that Hale had the making of a fine man, and the test that has come to him has proved him worthy of a place among the glorified."

Sherman came from Washington shortly after the holidays and spent a week with Hale. It was a reunion and a farewell for two devoted brothers, with smiles hiding heartbreak, one on the threshold of full manhood and success - the other smitten and wilting in his hospital bed. When and where are decisions of such distinction made?

Cancer is a vicious and unmerciful foe. Hale suffered on, as revealed in others of father's letters written at intervals to Sherman:-- "Jan. 29, 1929 - I just came from the hospital where I have been visiting Hale all day. The wonderful fight he is making must challenge our admiration and we can hardly think of him losing the fight. Dr. Andrew said tonight he is a most wonderful patient and it is almost more than he as a doctor can stand to see Hale so courageous and find himself helpless to help him. . . Feb. 13 - Hale is in very great

distress. It seems like the poor, dear boy must suffer all the torture that a human being can endure. Gentry was up here this evening but Hale couldn't talk to him; he was under the influence of morphine, We are doing everything we can for him but it is very little we can do it seems. . . Feb. 20 - We are all well with the exception of Hale. He is very poorly, having much pain and is getting very weak. He has eaten scarcely anything for three weeks. Still he is that gentle, loving, appreciative soul, scarcely ever complaining even in his pain. . . Feb. 25 - I have been here with Hale the greater part of this week. The way he has acted during this terrible sickness has not only been a wonder but a great inspiration. While my heart bleeds for him continually, I cannot help but be most proud of him."

Hale passed away the morning of Mar. 9, 1929. A letter written that same day by his brother Phillip to loved ones in Washington D. C. is quoted here:- 'It's a wonderful brother that is gone to a better world. I am thankful that I have had the opportunity and blessing of knowing him as I have. It will help me be a much better person. He would have made a wonderful person to carry on our work here. . . I'm no flowery writer but I surely feel that Hale is filling a purpose by doing what he has done. I feel that back in the other world Hale volunteered to do this thing that he has done for some deep object and that his age enabled him to see it through. . .'

And Father wrote:- "Hale's was a wonderful struggle to win health again, but it could not be. While my judgment had been convinced for some time that he could not recover, my feelings remained unconvinced to the last day. But his last day's struggle was such that I could not desire him to continue the fight longer. He remained conscious until about the last, although his fever was about up to 107 and he had been given about 28 grains of morphine during the last day and night. Hale was a real hero through it all and while I should gladly have given what was left of my days to have him spared, yet I feel a comfort and pride in the way he bore his cross throughout this terrible

ordeal. . . That boy has shown himself worthy to a glorious place on the other side. . . He will be another there whose spirit will plan and pray for our welfare and will be happy to greet us when our work here is done. May it be as fearlessly and nobly done as his. . . I am sure Hale's wonderful life, though short, will be an aid and inspiration to us all and another star of hope to guide us over any perilous places we may encounter along life's highway. He will always occupy an honored place in our family group."

Funeral services were held for Hale on his twenty-second birthday, Tue. 12 Mar. 1929, beginning at high noon. A local newspaper carried this account:- "Orem Youth is Buried - Impressive funeral services for Hale Christensen, son of A. H. Christensen, who died Saturday morning were held in the Timpanogos Ward chapel Tuesday afternoon. Bishop James H. Clark presided. Miss Thera Lou Olsen and Mrs. S. D. Wilstead rendered the vocal duet 'Prayer Perfect' and the invocation was offered by M. A. Rowley. Miss Olsen sang 'When Roses Bloom'. The speakers were J. B. Keeler, Hyrum S. Harris and Arthur V. Watkins. Miss Inez Holdaway and Miss Virginia Taylor furnished the vocal duet 'One Fleeting Hour' and the solo, 'In My father's House are Many Mansions' was rendered by Miss Myrtle Perkins. As a closing number a quartet consisting of Ivan Pyne, John Shepherd, Mrs. Daphne Loveless, and Mrs. Lucy Poulsom sang 'Rest for the Weary Soul'. James C. Jensen pronounced the benediction. The services were well attended and the floral tributes were many and beautiful. The body was taken to Manti where short services were held and interment made."

A number of friends and many of our Snow relatives accompanied our family from Orem to the Manti Cemetery, as well as Uncle Charles Peterson and Byron. We arrived there about 5:15 p.m. and although it was cold a good sized crowd was waiting at the graveside. We put our precious Hale away beside our dear mother in a wilderness of flowers. A chorus sang "Sometime We'll Understand." Our old neighbor, Brother Carpenter, made a few remarks. Mr. & Mrs. Ellis Johnson sang

"Beautiful Home" and a former close neighbor, Edgar T. Reid, dedicated the grave. What a host of friends Hale had. This was evident not only during his illness but at his funeral and burial as well. So many young people were in attendance.

None of Father's brothers and sisters were present at the funeral or burial. Neither Aunt Vena or Aunt Elsie could be there. Uncle Andrew was in California and Aunt Sarah couldn't come. Aunt Florence had been taken to the hospital again so Uncle Louis wasn't there, and Uncle Arthur was working on a ranch somewhere and couldn't be reached. Everyone there at the burial however was so wonderful to us. We stayed all night at Manti. Phil, Cullen and Mable slept at Reids. Father and Aunt Myrtle stayed with Aunt Millie at the Eagle House, while I stayed with step-grandmother, Sorena, in the old home where both Grandmother and Grandfather Christensen had passed away. I seemed to feel their spirits there. I'm sure they were among those to welcome Hale on the other side.

My conversation with Sorena was mostly about Grandfather's last illness and suffering, for he had been gone but a few months. Then we talked of the life hereafter - and somehow we hit upon the subject of genealogy. I had never thought of this seriously before but that night I was struck with my responsibility in this matter. I came away from Manti bearing Grandmother's and Grandfather's Temple Record Book, together with a firm determination to seek out my dead progenitors and do something about them. And thus, with Hale's death, there was born in me the spirit of Elijah. I did not know then that some thirty-two years hence I should be spared from a fate similar to this precious brother's only by the miracle of modern medicine and a Divine Providence - spared as it were, or so it seems to me now, to work on our genealogy. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way. . . ."

Father, torn for a year after our beloved Hale's death with nights of sleeplessness and days of remembering his suffering, went to the Salt Lake Temple the evening of Hale's twenty-third

birthday, 12 Mar. 1930, together with Elaine and her husband Ted, and performed the holy endowment ordinance for him. A serene peace came to Father after that, as far as the memory of Hale was concerned, knowing that he had done the last great earthly service for this dear, departed son.

(31) Nephi Wesley Christensen (8) We copy from the Salt Lake Tribune writeup at the time of Wesley's death, under the headlines "Prominent Dividend Mining Man Dies in S. L. C. Hospital", as follows:-- "Nephi Wesley Christensen, 48, prominent resident of Dividend and well known mining man, died Wednesday at 11:00 a.m. (10 Aug. 1955) in a Salt Lake City hospital following a short illness. (Holy Cross Hospital).

"He was born 16 May 1907 at Gunnison (Sanpete Co., Utah) son of Arthur and Millie Gledhill Christensen. He attended Manti High School and served several years in the Navy. (There is an error here - he attended Gunnison High School, not Manti).

"He married Leola Burraston Aug. 28, 1929 in Nephi. They have made their home in Dividend for the last twenty-eight years. During that time he had held many positions with Tintic Standard Mining Co. and at the time of his death was General Superintendent of the mine.

"Christensen was very active in civic affairs and was a Past Master of Tintic Lodge No. 9 F & A. M., and was Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks Lodge of Eureka, Utah, the year before his death, holding offices in each at the time of his death. He had acted for a number of years as Democratic Chairman for the Tintic District.

"Funeral services will be held Saturday in the Quist-Fairbanks Funeral Home in Orem. Rev. George Webber will officiate in conjunction with Tintic Mason and Elk lodges. Friends may call at the funeral home from 7 to 9 p.m. Friday and Saturday before the services to view the body. Burial will be in the Provo City Cemetery.

"Survivors include his widow and one son, Dennis Wesley Christensen, Dividend; and one daughter, Mrs. Eugene (Colleen) McGee and one grandson of Boulder, Colorado; his mother, Mrs. Millie Gudmundson, Salt Lake City; three brothers, A. Melrose, Max and David, all of Salt Lake City; two sisters, Mrs. Douglas (Grace) Larsen, Salt Lake, and Miss Gladys Christensen, San Francisco, California."

Wesley's wife, Rosaleola, or Leola, Burraston Christensen (b. 2 Nov. 1912 in Goshen, Utah to James and Ruth Esther Ercanbrack), now Mrs. Curtis O. Montgomery of Sterling, Colorado, writes of him:- "Wesley joined the service a year or two after his graduation from high school. He spent several years in the Navy band. I don't remember his rating.

"Wes was known to be one of the best swimmers around, in fact a beautiful swimmer. There were so many things that were hobbies of his and he was a master at all of them. Because of his wonderful memory he was asked to participate in various offices even after he became ill.

"He was very much like his father in many, many ways; being very quiet and so thoughtful and kind, but in looks he favored his mother's side of the family although many people mistook him for his cousin Sherman Christensen in his last few years. (They did look alike then). Wes was about 5'11" tall, with curly auburn hair, brown eyes and a handsome straight stature (well disciplined). To me he was almost perfect.

"He died of kidney infection (nephritis) and finally heart failure. I sensed something beautiful about his death. He didn't attend church a great deal except with me and when the children were small, but he was a deeply religious man at heart.

"I met Wesley in Dividend. I was assistant postmistress at the Tintic Standard Mining Co. there for many years. I acted as such again for a few months when he became ill and just before he passed away. With the exception of some few months in about 1928 when he left the mine to help his father on a ranch, Wes was in the mining

business all of his adult life."

Echos of the past are heard in the words of a letter written by Wesley's sister Grace to his sister Gladys in California, Wed. 11 Nov. 1942:- "Dear Gladys. Doug and I spent last weekend with Wes and Leola. Mostly we visited, talked about you, the war - how it could be won, etc., and hunted pheasants. We did a lot of hiking, falling over fences and ditches, but we did get our limit. Surely had a good time. Wes is one grand fellow - heart as big as a house! Leola has developed a fast heart - really quite worried about her.

"The biggest thrill was the deer we shot. We brought home five birds. Wes, the cutie, put three extra birds in our car for mother. The older I get the more I appreciate our wonderful brothers. They are all so different and so lovable. Couldn't help but think how you would have enjoyed the trip with us. - Love, Grace."

Descendants of Nephi Wesley Christensen and Leola Burraston:--

- (A) Dennis Wesley Christensen born 20 Jan. 1935 in Dividend, Utah; md. 2 June 1956 in Salt Lake City, Utah, Marilyn Beverly Johnson (b. 24 Apr. 1936 in Oakland, Calif. to Reynold Quentin and Mildred Argyle Johnson). Children:-
- I. Cindy Lee Christensen b. 29 June 1957, Salt Lake City, Ut.
  - II. Sherri Lynn Christensen b. 18 Aug. 1959, Salt Lake City.
  - III. Todd Wesley Christensen b. 25 Jan. 1962, Tyndall Air Force Base, Florida
  - IV. Valeria Ann Christensen b. 22 Aug. 1963, Tyndall AFB
  - V. Mark Dennis Christensen b. 29 Sep. 1966, San Antonio, Texas.
- (B) Colleen Christensen born 23 Feb. 1930, Dividend, Utah; md. 23 Oct. 1951 in Salt Lake City, Utah, Eugene Nilsson McGee (b. 21 May 1926 in St. George, Utah to James Grover and Martina Nilsson McGee.) Children:
- I. Michael Eugene McGee b. 21 Dec. 1952, Salt Lake City, Utah; d. 1 Jan. 1953, Salt Lake City.

- II. Dennis Eugene McGee b. 27 Dec. 1953,  
Boulder, Colo., d. 1 July 1962, buried in  
Provo, Utah
- III. Michael Kevin McGee b. 31 Aug. 1964,  
Denver, Colo.
- IV. Lisa Colleen McGee b. 27 Dec. 1965,  
Denver.

(32) Spencer Christensen (7) was born in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah 31 Mar. 1908. His sister LaFaun writes: "Spencer died 6 May 1908 in Gunnison. I remember being with him at the time. He took convulsions. He was buried in the Gunnison Cemetery. I used to ride my horse to the cemetery nearly every day during nice weather to put flowers on his little grave. I remember his funeral, which was held in our Christensen grandparents' big rock house which later became our home."

(33) Elsie Eliza Christensen (2) was born 30 Oct. 1908 in Salt Lake City, Utah. She died at seventeen months, 8 Apr. 1910, having been drowned in the fish pond at the family home in Salt Lake City. She was buried in Provo, Utah. Details of her death can be found in earlier pages of this book.

(34) Grace Christensen, twin (8) calls her history "My Memories." Although many of her memories have been quoted in earlier pages of this book, some have been repeated here:- "Three of the six children of Millie and Arthur Christensen were born in the 'rock house' in West Gunnison. This house, as I remember, was a square structure with an upstairs and balcony. The water we used was taken from a well at the back door. For light we used kerosine lamps. In fact, Dr. Hagan bumped his head on the hanging lamp when he delivered us twins, Gladys and me. I heard the grown-ups talk and joke so much about this that I actually thought I had seen it and heard the bang.

"My parents were proud and happy with their

enlarged family - four children under the age of four. Then too, the way things happened was quite the talk around town. I was born about twenty minutes before midnight on Feb. 16, 1909 and Gladys was born about twenty minutes after midnight on Feb. 17, 1909. Twins born on different days. Our family moved to a ranch at Upton, Utah, when the two of us were going on three (1911). Gladys seemed to be the constant concern of everyone there. She got into so much trouble. I was in on some of it too.

"Both Melrose and Wesley started school at Upton. They rode horses; we all did - the four kids on one horse at times. Melrose was reliable and was the 'boss' when Mother and Dad were away. I remember the wonderful music of my Mother and Father. Their voices blended so beautifully. Mother played the guitar and Dad the mandolin. At this time I thought there was nothing so heavenly. Many times we were lulled to sleep by their songs.

"We moved back to Gunnison into the house Father had bought from our Uncle Chris. Mother really had her hands full trying to get Gladys and me ready for our first day at school. Everything was home-made - even our bloomers and our hand knit stockings. I recall so well the old rain barrel just outside the door. This soft rainwater was used for washing our long hair.

"That late fall we moved into the handsome red-brick house Father bought from Aunt Elsie. This was wonderful - pavement all over, up to the barn, around the house - everywhere. We raced around in our little wagons. It was shortly after this that Father and Mother decided to go into the grocery business and politics. Dad was persuaded by friends to run for Mayor of Gunnison. He lost the race by two votes. Actually, he was relieved to have lost; his heart wasn't in it - nor the grocery store either. He longed to be outside with the animals and soil. So he rented a farm west of Gunnison and we moved there. Melrose, Wesley, Gladys and I were old enough to help on the farm. We worked hard with the sugar beets, hay, grain, etc., for a year or two. Then we moved back to the red-brick home.

"At Christmas time, when Gladys and I were sophomores in Gunnison High School, we moved to Manti to run and operate the Eagle House Hotel. Gladys and I graduated from Manti High School and then rode the bus one year to attend Snow College in Ephraim, some miles to the north. Gladys was offered a job, and accepted, to teach group piano to school children in South Sanpete School District. I finished my second year at Snow and received a teacher's certificate.

"I taught two years at Mt. Emmons in Duchesne Co., Utah. The following summer I met Douglas Larsen, a registered professional engineer and surveyor. From then on I decided to work nearby, so taught fifth grade at Gunnison for one-and-a-half years. Father was then ranching at Trout Creek and it was here his health began to fail. He died in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City 2 Dec. 1932 at age fifty, of a ruptured gall bladder.

"Douglas and I were married a month later, 3 Jan. 1933, at Richfield, Utah. (Douglas Forrester Larsen b. 6 Aug. 1899, Salt Lake City, Utah to John and Louise Larsen Larsen). Doug's work as an engineer took us to several places in our early married years - Parowan, Beaver, Vernal, Price, three years in Richfield, etc. In 1941 we moved to Salt Lake City where Doug was District Engineer for the State Highway Dept. and later Chief Construction and Materials engineer.

"By this time Mother had moved to a big house in Salt Lake City and we moved in with her. David and Max were still at home and Gladys also lived with Mother until 1942 when she moved to California. Our daughter, Sydney, was born while we were living here, in 1943. When she was six months old we bought a home on Hollywood Ave. and lived there about two years.

"In the meantime Mother married Octav Gudmundson and was working at Auerbach's. We moved back with her and 'Goodie'. In those days the children were coming and going; it wasn't unusual to cook and do for fifteen people at once. Then in Aug. 1950 Doug and I bought our present

home on Emerson Ave. and moved into that.

"Sydney was then in school, so I decided to go back to my profession of teaching. I have been at Highland Park Elementary School for nearly sixteen years. I graduated from the University of Utah cum laude in 1965. A year later Sydney received her BS degree from the U of U in recreational therapy. She has been working as a therapist with special children at the Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City since then and is working on her Masters degree."

Daughter of Grace Christensen and Douglas Forrester Larsen:-

(A) Maxine Sydney Larsen born 17 Oct. 1943 in Salt Lake City, Utah; md. 23 May 1969 in Salt Lake City, Harry Lewis Post (b. 11 July 1945 in Salt Lake City to William Allsworth and Sara LeLisle Cram Post).

(35) Gladys Christensen, twin (8) was born 17 Feb. 1909 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah. She gives glimpses into various periods of her life as she writes her "Recollections":-- "Upton - age about four or five. Grace and I used to play in the storehouse which was sometimes used for the storage of dynamite. One of our favorite games was playing 'Papa and Mama'. One day Grace was the papa, whose job was to get up in the morning to make the fire. She set fire to a rope which was hanging from the ceiling. About that time mother called and we scampered out, not realizing that in a matter of minutes the whole place would be ablaze. Our Uncle Albert Gledhill spotted the smoke and got everyone out of our adjoining house in a hurry, as they thought there was dynamite there, though it turned out there wasn't at that time. Grace and I didn't tell anyone till years later that we started that fire.

"Uncle Bert saved me again! He was coming home from the fields and spied a gingham dress floating in the ditch of water not far from our house. He thought that a piece of mother's washing had blown into the ditch. He pulled it out and lo and behold it was I! Apparently I had been watching

the water running under the bridge and fallen in. He carried me by the heels to the house and the doctor said this probably saved my life by allowing all the water to drain out of me.

"Gunnison - age six. I remember how anxious I was to go to school. The day finally arrived and I was so afraid I was going to be late. In desperation Mother finally put me in a closet until it was time to go. It was fun being 'twins' in school. I don't recall any others in our grade. My name was always 'Grace and Gladys' and Grace's was 'Gladys and Grace'. Soon we moved to live in a beautiful red-brick house in the east part of town. I guess we didn't have much money because mother took in boarders.

"Then one summer we almost cried when we found out that Dad and Mother had rented our beautiful house to some 'foreigners' and we were going to move to a farm northwest of Gunnison. There was a two roomed house on the farm and it was really surprising how warm and comfortable Mother made it look, although it was rather crowded for our family of seven. Mother wanted to be sure that our musical education was not neglected, so down to the farm went our piano and every week there were music lessons in town, with plenty of practicing in between. In winter we went to school by buggy and 'Old Grady', our dear old horse. Rain, snow or shine we went to school! Also in winter Mother insisted that Grace and I wear those awful hand knitted black stockings. We were so embarrassed with them that they came off as soon as we hit the school grounds. Then there were those 'black sateen bloomers and the scuffers' which never seemed to wear out.

"Salt Lake City - age twelve. I went to live with my Aunt Mary and Uncle Glen Dowdle in Salt Lake City. Mother thought that I should further my musical education at the McCune School of Music. I went to summer school there on Sixth South. I had a great time and loved living with Aunt Mary. I don't know what arrangements were made for my keep, but every week here would come two lbs. of home-made butter and printed on the wrapping 'Made by Mrs. A. M. Christensen.'

Mother used to sell her home-made butter to stores in Gunnison. One morning Aunt Mary found me asleep in bed with a picture of Melrose in my arms and tear stains on my face, so that was the end of my city life for awhile.

"Manti - age fifteen. In the middle of my second year in High School we moved to Manti and started a new life in the 'Eagle House Hotel'. Dad left the hotel business to us women and went to work elsewhere. Mother too worked very hard (with our help) and it was not an easy life, but it was not without its compensations. We did meet many new friends. Doug Larsen was one of Mother's star boarders at the hotel. He worked for the Utah State Road Commission and spent quite a lot of time in Manti. At one time there was some competition between Grace and me about who would get a date with Mr. Larsen. Grace finally won out and she and Douglas have been happily married for thirty-six years.

"Miss Farnsworth (later Aunt Myrtle) taught me English composition at Manti High. She was an excellent teacher. After graduation from there Grace and I attended Snow College. After a year there Mr. E. T. Reid, Superintendent of the South Sanpete School District, asked me to consider teaching group piano in the district. It was done with cardboard keyboards. I agreed and spent the summer studying in Salt Lake City, again at the McCune School of Music. I lived with Aunt Sarah Christensen and just loved her. I spent many happy times that summer with cousins Margaret and Lucile.

"I taught that winter and spent my time in schools of nine different towns. One of these towns was Clarion where most of my students were Japanese - but they were excellent students. I would ride with Mr. Reid when he was going my way. Other times it was agreed that I could get a car at the Gently Garage in Manti. They charged the school district eight cents per mile which included gas, oil and the works. I really had a good time on those days.

"Grace went on the college and started a

teaching career until she married at the age of twenty-three. I went on to business college - teaching was not for me! After graduation I got a job with the Fleishman Yeast Company, first in Salt Lake City and then in San Francisco, Calif. and am still with the same firm." Gladys has never married and when I saw her last I wondered how she ever managed it. She is a charming, lovely person.

(36) Virgil Bartholomew Christensen (3)  
was born 26 Feb. 1909 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah, in the home in west Gunnison which is still standing (1969). His wife Elda writes of him:- "Virgil attended grade school and high school (up to a Junior) in Gunnison. When he was about twelve they moved from the big home of his birth to a farm west of Gunnison known as Rocky Point. From here they walked to school, good weather or bad.

"Virgil's mother told of him having a bad sick spell when he was very young. It started with 'summer complaint' which ran on until they were afraid they would lose him. The doctor said if he did live his mind might be affected. But through prayer and the power of the priesthood he was cured and became a well, healthy child, growing to be the largest of Joseph and Roxie's family of big sons.

"Virgil and his brothers had lots of good times along with the hard times. One fall, at duck season, Marvin and he decided to go hunting early so that they would be out and ready to hunt at daybreak. They set the clock and went to bed. When the alarm went off they were up and away. It was cold. They waited and waited for daylight to come but it seemed it never would get light. Virgil said he just couldn't figure out why it took so long to get light. Finally Marvin admitted that he had set the clock ahead so they'd be sure to be on time. They had been sitting there half the night."

Virgil was past seventeen when his father died in the farm house near Rocky Point, leaving the family in very modest circumstances. Harold

and Ruth Ellen had long since left the home and Myron married within the year, leaving him as "man of the house". He and his mother and two younger brothers, Marvin and Don, tried to make out on Rocky Point for awhile after that, but the fall of 1928 they left and moved to Fayette, some six miles north, to live with his mother's brother, Uncle Henry Bartholomew, whose wife had recently passed away leaving him with some young children. The arrangement turned out fine for both families. Virgil enjoyed living in Fayette, going with the young folks, attending church, parties and dances.

On 12 Nov. 1930 in the county seat at Manti, Sanpete, Utah, he married Elda Jane Hill (b. 27 Aug. 1907 in Fayette to Richard Return and Sarah Jane Bown Hill). They made Fayette their home and here they still reside. Elda takes up the story again:- 'Virgil is truck driver by trade - he has been buying trucks all his married life. He has hauled cattle, coal, furniture, taken Boy Scouts and other groups on trips, anything to make ends meet. He has also done road construction work in various places. More recently he has been working for W. W. Gardener in Salt Lake, hauling black top and gravel in the summer and sand and rock in winter. This will be his twelfth year with Gardener.

"Virgil is 6 ft. 2 inches tall and weighs 260 lbs. He has blue eyes, not very dark hair - now showing grey - and usually a good natured disposition. He has been and is a fine father and provider. Being very fussy and particular when he does a job, you will know if he builds something it will be straight. He built most of the home we live in and the racks and beds for his trucks, though his present truck has a steel bed.

"He is honest, and willing to help people out whenever he can; for example, a couple came to our door late one night who were having car trouble. They were from Salt Lake and headed for Phoenix, Arizona. Virgil phoned around to try and find someone to come and fix their car but the garages were all closed and he could find no help. So he told the strangers that they could take his car to Gunnison and get a motel, there being no such

accommodations in Fayette, and then come back and get their car fixed in the morning. The man turned to him and said 'Are you a Bishop?' Virgil laughed and said, 'Well, I might look the part but I'm not.'

"He has been a Ward Teacher, Second Counselor in the MIA, and on 3 Dec. 1950 was put in as Second Counselor in the Sunday School Superintendency. On 23 Nov. 1952 he was made First Counselor and held the office for several years. He was also secretary of the Melchizedek priesthood but was released from these duties when he became employed in Salt Lake.

"Virgil loves to hunt. He likes to tell about the time, over west of Fayette, when he got into a flock of geese, killing eight - he was so excited about that. He likes to fish, always trying to outdo his boys, which isn't easy. I don't believe he has ever missed a deer hunt since he became old enough to go. He always goes up Twelve Mile and all through the years has always gotten his deer. Our youngest son said, 'I wouldn't miss that first night of the deer hunt for anything - sitting around the campfire listening to all the deer stories they tell.' The fall of 1966 there were thirteen men in Virgil's hunting party and they killed twelve deer - it was most exciting! They put all the deer in one pickup truck and came down the canyon singing and tooting the horns of their cars for all the other hunters to see and hear. They telephoned ahead from Mayfield for their wives to meet them in Gunnison and take pictures of the haul.

"We have traveled quite a bit. Virgil went back to Detroit after one of his trucks. He drove to Los Angeles to pick up a load of furniture for a lady and said he liked to never have gotten out of that city. In 1964 we drove to Moab and watched some of the filming of 'The Greatest Story Ever Told', currently being shown in local theaters. Then we drove on to see the Arizona Temple at Mesa and the Wax Museum in Scottsdale and other points of interest in Phoenix, etc. In 1965 we traveled to San Diego, Tijuana, Mexico, and visited a daughter in Los Angeles. In 1966 we went to San Francisco and drove over to see the

Oakland Temple, etc. The spring of 1967 we visited in Oregon and the Northwest. This current spring, 1969, we again took a trip to Oregon to visit our daughter Jean."

Descendants of Virgil Bartholomew Christensen and Elda Jane Hill:-

- (A) Elda Lucille Christensen born 1 Sep. 1931 in Fayette, Sanpete, Utah; md. 8 Sep. 1950 in the Manti Temple, Ronald Waldo Robins (b. 2 July 1929, Scipio, Utah to Waldo George and Mary Elda Anderson Robins). Children:
- I. Nancy Lucille Robins b. 2 Jan. 1953, Colorado Springs, Colo.
  - II. Sally Jo Ann Robins b. 7 July 1954, Fillmore, Ut.
  - III. Lynn Ronald Robins b. 28 Mar. 1957, Tremonton, Ut.
  - IV. Brian Don Robins b. 11 Oct. 1962, Tremonton.
- (B) Carla Jean Christensen born 15 Mar. 1933, Fayette, Ut.
- (C) Weldon Virgil Christensen born 8 Mar. 1936, Fayette; md. 27 Dec. 1958 in Manti Temple, Sharon Lenore Denison (b. 20 Apr. 1937, Manti, Ut. to John Melvin and Lenore Gottfredson Denison). Children:
- I. Carrie Jane Christensen b. 17 Oct. 1959, Ft. Dix, New Jersey
  - II. Vickie Dawn Christensen b. 14 Jan. 1961, Gunnison, Ut.
  - III. Shauna Lee Christensen b. 25 Sep. 1965, Murray, Ut.
- (D) Connie Jane Christensen born 26 Jan. 1939, Fayette, Ut; md. 30 Jan. 1959 in Fayette, Charles Earl Nielson (b. 17 Aug. 1939 in Ephraim, Ut. to Stanley Reed and Millie Edna Munk Nielson). Children:
- I. Eric Charles Nielson b. 9 July 1959, Gunnison, Ut.
  - II. Debra Kae Nielson b. 8 Oct. 1960, Gunnison.
- (E) Roland J. Christensen born 26 Apr. 1947 in Gunnison, Ut; md. 16 Mar. 1968 in Manti Temple, Julia Ann Lowry (b. 20 June 1947,

Gunnison, to Marlton J. and Georgia Mae Judd Lowry). Child:

I. Matthew Troy Christensen b. 10 Dec. 1968  
in Salt Lake City, Utah.

(37) Farrald DeLong Christensen (1) was born 3 Sep. 1909 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah. Farrald, always modest, writes a little of himself and family:- "I was the last of the family born in Gunnison, I am told; the folks moved to Salt Lake City when I was about nine months old."

He was but a month past his eighth birthday when his father met with his death. Again he writes, "Because mother was alone to raise the family for many years, we had something of a struggle to get along. Roy was working in McGill, Nevada, and for a long time we had no support except what he sent to Mother each month. I managed to get through school, working as I could during the summers. I graduated from the old LDS College (High School) in 1928, then had a couple of sessions at the LDS Business College after that.

"After jobbing around for several years I went to work for my present employer, the Utah Dept. of Employment Security. I was also busy as a young man in priesthood activities and was in the YMMIA presidency of the Ward for a couple of years. We kept the old family home in Salt Lake until after Mother died.

"On 17 Oct. 1943 I married Beulah Eliza Nielsen (b. 4 June 1914 in Axtell, Utah to Carl Erastus and Jane Ann Metcalf Nielsen) and we moved into the Stratford Ward in Salt Lake City. Here we lived for twelve years before moving to our present home in Bountiful, Utah. During those twelve years Beulah was active in the Primary Association and I again worked in the YMMIA as one of the presidency, Scout Master and the like. Our church service continued after we moved to Bountiful and again I had various jobs with the Scouts, Explorers, etc., while Beulah, after the children got a little older, worked in the MIA Beehive program for several years. She then went

into the Stake as YWMIA secretary, which position she still holds."

Farrald served in World War II in the Navy. He was on a destroyer escort in the Pacific much of the time. He left his wife and children in Salt Lake City, going in Mar. 1944 and returning twenty months later, in November 1946. He was with the U. S. Naval forces which were poised for a gigantic invasion of Japan, when the war ended. This was entirely voluntary service as far as Farrald was concerned, since he was not required to go except by the dictates of his own conscience and his deep sense of patriotism.

He continues his report: "We have four children, all boys: Carl, Beulah's son by a previous marriage whom I adopted, Leon, Lavon and Gerald Ray. When we finally went to the temple (29 Jan. 1964) all four of the boys went along and were sealed to us.

"Carl was called on a mission for the church shortly after graduating from Davis High School. He was called to serve in Argentina but was sent at once to Chile where he served in what became the Chilean and then the Andes Mission. Leon graduated from Bountiful High School and attended the University of Utah for two years before accepting a mission call to Denmark. After returning home he went back to the University and graduated. Lavon also graduated from Bountiful High School and attended the University of Utah for two years. He then entered military service and served in Viet Nam with the 4th Infantry. He is now safely home and back at the University. Gerald also finished High School at Bountiful and started college at the U of U. After the first quarter he received a call to the Northern Mexican Mission. He too is home again and back in school at the University.

"I myself am now secretary for the High Priests group in our Ward in Bountiful so am not entirely at my ease." Farrald, upon questioning, admitted he had other hobbies besides his family and the church, mostly "do-it-yourself" projects. We would like to add that he has a great spirit of

family loyalty which extends far beyond his own immediate family. His two sisters, Pearl and Ivy, live in Salt Lake and he visits them often. He also visits his brothers, Elmer and Roy, who are out of State on occasions and keeps in touch by phoning them once a month, failing to have success with answers to his letters. Farrald is perhaps the most regular attender of all the members of the Christensen family at funerals of Aunts, Uncles, cousins and other relatives on all sides. He and Beulah can almost always be found among the mourners in attendance. Though Cousin Byron may run him a close second in this, Farrald is most faithful in paying his respects to our dead and their bereaved families.

Farrald is a tall man and resembles his father more and more to an almost startling degree as the years go by. Though he knew his father for so short a time yet many of his mannerisms are like his, although he is much more quiet in nature. Beulah makes him a fine companion and together they are forging ahead towards the goals they have so wisely set for themselves.

Descendants of Farrald DeLong Christensen and Beulah Eliza Nielsen:-

- (A) Carl Walter Christensen (adopted by Farrald) born 27 Mar. 1937 in Murray, Utah; md. 19 May 1961 in Salt Lake Temple, Jolynn Van Ry (b. 1 Sep. 1938 in Salt Lake City to Otto and Margaret Lake Lawson Van Ry). Child:-
  - I. Carl Curtis Christensen b. 25 June 1962, Bountiful, Utah.
- (B) Leon Farrald Christensen born 17 July 1942 in Murray, Utah; md. 12 Aug. 1969 in Salt Lake (Temple) to Marianna Starr McClellan (b. 28 May 1944 in Baltimore, Maryland to Cyril Elvin and Betty Marie Starr McClellan).
- (C) Lavon Christian Christensen born 2 Dec. 1943 in Murray, Utah.
- (D) Gerald Ray Christensen born 11 Dec. 1946 in Murray, Utah.

(38) Dale Carmen Christensen (7) was born 7 Oct. 1909 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah, in the rock house that once belonged to his Christensen grandparents and which still stands today (1969).

Dale left Gunnison with his family when he was five months past six years old, having attended school one winter there.

He was married 16 Oct. 1929 in the Salt Lake Temple to Ruby De St Jeor (b. 4 Oct. 1908 in Lyman, Wyoming to William and Elizabeth Burnett De St Jeor.) At present she is living in Nampa, Idaho and writes of him:- "Dale came to Wyoming as a child. He attended schools at Lyman, Evanston and Cheyenne. We met at a high school dance at Lyman. After our marriage we lived at Lyman for several years.

"Though his main hobby seemed to be reading, Dale always loved to work around machinery, trucks and heavy equipment. He started following construction work which took us to Oregon, Nevada and Idaho. (Dale, assisted by Ruby, owned and managed a large trucking concern in what was known as "The Dalles" Oregon for some time; also a service station). His last year was spent at Nampa, Idaho. He became an invalid here after suffering a heart attack and stroke. Dale had always had such perfect health prior to this."

On 22 Sep. 1947 Dale and Ruby adopted a nine year old girl, Rosealyce (b. 3 May 1938 at Green River, Wyoming) but the experiment turned out to be a failure. Dale was a big, good looking man with beautiful brown eyes, inherited from his mother. He passed away in Nampa, Idaho, 10 Oct. 1958, three days after his fifty-first birthday. He was buried 14 Oct. 1958 in Lyman, Wyoming. He and Ruby have no descendants.

(39) Imelda Peterson (6) was born 13 Jan. 1910 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah in the house on the ranch a mile east of town. She grew up in Gunnison, attending school there and graduating from High School. Her brother Byron says she was the scholar of the family and was a fine speller,

being able to "spell down" anyone in her class when spelling matches were held.

Imelda was going on eighteen when her mother died. Her sister Ada soon married and in early 1930 Byron left for his mission. She was left to care for things at the home. She was always active in the organizations of the church. Cousin Vera Clark lived with her the winter of 1930/31 and went to school in Gunnison. She remembers how good Imelda and Uncle Charles were to her. They took her along to Delta on occasions to visit Ada, and Imelda took her to MIA with her to visit her class, for she taught the Beehive girls at that time.

Imelda attended Snow College at Ephraim and also BYU at Provo for one quarter. Then she went with Cousin Gladys to Salt Lake to attend Henager Business College for a short while. In early spring of 1934 she was called to serve in the Canadian Mission. She writes of this:- "I was out for twenty months. I left the Mission Home 21 Mar. 1934. The cities of Hamilton, St. Catherines and Montreal were my assignments. Toronto was our Mission Home in Canada and we traveled both by land and by water to our missionary conventions that were held there. We joined with many missionaries at the Prophet Joseph Smith's birthplace in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, in an outstanding missionary reunion. We were about fifty in number and were there for five wonderful days. We traveled by bus from Montreal and ferried across Lake Champlain. The beauty of the country still lingers in my memory. Another inspiring missionary conference was held on Mt. Patriarch. It was called the South Royalton reunion. John Bluth was our mission president at that time and Elder Wallis, traveling Patriarch at the time, officiated."

Imelda's sister Ada writes: "At one time Imelda's mission president was Woodrow Miller of the Miller Honey Company. One of her companions in the mission field was Chyio Thomas, daughter of U. S. Senator Thomas from Utah. In Dec. 1936 she was released from her mission and she and Chyio were invited to the White House as

guests of Senator Thomas. This was another highlight in her life."

Sometime after returning from her mission Imelda went to California with a girl friend to find employment. She also took some nurses training while there. It was in California that she met her future husband at a "jitney dance" in Los Angeles. She was married 11 Jan. 1941 in Las Vegas, Nevada, to Albert Elvin Kissinger (b. 7 May 1887 in Castleton, Illinois to Frank and Katherine Ball Kissinger). He, however, often went by the name of Robert. He was tall and handsome and a photographer by trade. He was nearly thirteen years Imelda's senior and she was his fourth wife. They made their home in Los Angeles. They had two children, a daughter Karma and a son Chad.

On Oct. 31, 1958 Imelda wrote of her family:- "Our daughter Karma is going on seventeen - a senior in high school. She is interested in many different lines of endeavor - art, music, hair styling, fashions. She seems to think she would like to be in the fashion field. She will have more time after school is out this summer to follow along this line.

"Our son Chad is nine and has been a Cub Scout for a year now. He is having a good active time. It has given his mother a full schedule too, for I am now a 'Den Mother' on top of all my other responsibilities. Chad enjoys school very much, is a great reader, has a good thinking head and uses it and is advanced for his years. He is always looking for something more active in school and has been given special assignments by his teachers, as he gets things done. At present he is a 'safety' for playground activities. He is observant and in love with life. I'm very grateful for these two children and hope to do a good job by them.

"Their father is not a member of the church and though born a Methodist, with religious ministers in his father's family, is not seeking any religion nor at all interested in it. His own father was one of thirteen children who mostly had large families, so there are many by the name of Kissinger in the country. My husband himself has had nine children, three by his first marriage, two by the second, two

by the third and now our two children. What do I do about our genealogy?"

Though not too strong or not always in good health, Imelda has worked a lot outside the home from time to time. She sold Child Craft and World Book for awhile and was also a saleslady for other things. She has worked in hospitals and at private nursing. Her husband passed away in December 1963 in Los Angeles after a long and painful illness. He was nearing his seventy-sixth birthday. Since then Imelda has done the best she could in providing for her family.

Ada brings her sister's story up to date in these words:- "Imelda dear is busy in her way too. Much sickness has been her unhappiness. Her husband died of cancer and her daughter Karma developed brittle diabetes at the age of twenty and has been in and out of the hospital. She is so gifted in art, music and creative ability - it seems a shame to have her thus handicapped. Her son Chad is a fine chap and now works for Standard Oil. Today Imelda is a registered practical nurse and employed by Eddie Albert, the TV and motion picture star, to care for his aged father. She is active in Relief Society and Sunday School."

Children of Imelda Peterson and Albert Elvin Kissinger:

- (A) Karma Kissinger born 15 Feb. 1942 in Delta, Utah.
- (B) Chadwell Elvin Kissinger born 11 Oct. 1949 in Los Angeles, Calif.

(40) Edith Bartholomew (5), according to the record of her found in her mother's Book of Remembrance, was born 10 Feb. 1910 in the red brick home in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah, the first of her children to be born there. From this record we also learn that she was named and blessed by her uncle, Bishop Joseph Christensen, in Gunnison; baptized 2 Feb. 1919 in the Ogden Fourth Ward by Bishop L. Willard Gardner and confirmed the same day and place by Elder E. A. Olsen.

We follow her as she moved with her family

from Gunnison to Wyoming to Ogden and finally to Goshen, Utah. Here she was set apart at age twelve and a half, 6 Sep. 1922, as Sunday School organist, by Robert Finch, also set apart 1 Jan. 1923 as Primary organist, as well as serving as a teacher in the same organization. She finished tenth grade while living in Goshen, having previously attended school at Lyman, Wyoming, and Ogden, Utah.

Edith then attended Payson High School from which she graduated 18 May 1927. In the spring of 1931 her family moved into a new home in Payson and here she continued her church service, becoming organist of Payson Fourth Ward Sunday School as well as Ward organist. Later she became chorister of Nebo Stake Primary.

Edith attended Brigham Young University and graduated there with a Bachelor of Arts degree, 4 June 1930. That fall she began teaching at Payson Junior High School and taught there four consecutive winters. In the meantime she started keeping company with a young man named Heber C. Bauer. The summer of 1933 she went with him and Dr. & Mrs. Norman Osborn to attend the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago, Illinois.

She was married 22 June 1934 in the Salt Lake Temple to this same Heber Carl Bauer (b. 9 Aug. 1901 in Idaho Falls (Coltman) Idaho to Eberhardt George and Katherine Christina Hauber Bauer). A reception was held in their honor that same evening in her parents' home in Payson. After a honeymoon in Yellowstone National Park they made their first home at 544 East 1st North in Payson. It was in Payson also that their two children, Helen and Boyd, were born, Dr. Merrill L. Oldroyd being in attendance at both births.

In May of 1940 the Bauer family moved to Glendale, Calif. and in October 1941 they moved to North Hollywood. They returned to Utah on a visit the early fall of 1943. Heber returned soon to California to look over a new employment opportunity but was stricken with polio and was rushed to a Los Angeles hospital. Edith was summoned and left the children with her parents in Payson,

to be at his bedside. But Heber passed away shortly afterwards, 26 Sep. 1943 and his body was returned to Payson for burial, 1 Oct. 1943.

Following this sad experience Edith returned to their home in California where her brother Clifton's wife, Rhea, stayed with her until she sold the home. She and the two children moved back to her parents' home in Payson in Feb. 1944. She entered BYU again the spring quarter of that year, expecting to renew her teaching certificate but was encouraged to remain and work towards obtaining a Master's Degree. She was employed there as an instructor the winter of 1945/46 and in June 1946 received her Master's Degree. In Sep. 1947 she went to Berkeley, California, for graduate study towards her Doctor's Degree which she finally obtained in 1956. Her professional work in education has continued at BYU to the present and she is considered "tops" in her field.

At present Edith is also a member of the National Education Foundation of the American Association of University Women (A. A. U. W.). She was nominated by the Utah Division of that board for this honored position, at which time they presented her extensive Vita, along with the following recommendation: "We feel that Dr. Edith B. Bauer's experience as Professor of Educational Psychology at Brigham Young University, her excellent professional training, her administrative experience at BYU and in Tehran under U S O M, contract #115 and her service on the Association's International Fellowship Award committee 1962-68, eminently qualify her for the position.

"Dr. Bauer has held many offices in the Provo branch and was president 1961-62. She has served on the Utah Division Board as Implementation chairman in Revolution in Modern China. She understands the needs and goals of A. A. U. W. and is proud of the Education Foundation. She would like to see it expand its research facilities.

"We are recommending her not only because of her professional qualifications but also because of her gracious personality, her devoted service

to educational projects in her community and her long years of administrative service and teaching in religious education in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We solicit your interest and support of her, and commend to you her comprehensive Vita. Utah members of the A. A. U. W. think Dr. Edith B. Bauer would be an asset to the Educational Foundation."

Vita - Dr. Edith B. Bauer

I. Vital Statistics

- A. Name: Dr. Edith B. Bauer (Mrs. H. C.)
- B. Address: 944 East 700 North, Provo, Utah
- C. Family: Widowed  
Children - Mrs. David A. Kimball (Helen Carol)  
Boyd H. Bauer

II. Education

- A. Degrees: AB, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah  
MA, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah  
PhD, University of California, Berkeley  
Major: Educational Psychology  
Phi Lambda Theta  
High School honors include cash award for research report entitled My Hometown, and academic recognition as outstanding scholar of the year.
- B. Honors:

III. Professional Contributions

- A. Instruction:
  1. Utah Public Schools, Nebo School District
  2. University of California Extension: Reading and Study Skills Improvement
  3. Brigham Young University: Instructor, Assistant Professor, Professor of Educational Psychology
  4. Teachers College, University of Iran, Tehran, Iran
- B. Administrative:
  1. Director of Guidance Service, BY High School, Provo
  2. Advisor on Women's Affairs, BYU, Provo

3. Coordinator Secondary Education, BYU
4. Advisor, Teachers College - U S O M, contract #115, Tehran, Iran
5. Coordinator, Educational Psychology program and Remedial Reading program, BYU

C. Research:

1. Masters thesis and Doctorial Dissertation, problems related to reading and learning disabilities. Currently engaged in research related to the use of recently developed diagnostic test as the Frostig and Illinois Test of Linguistic Ability, the development of materials for the remediation of specific difficulties and the multidisciplinary approach to learning disabilities.
2. While in Iran conducted research related to the changing role of women in Iran.

D. A. A. U. W. Experience:

1. Member during 15 years
2. Association - member of A. A. U. W. International Fellowship Award committee since 1962
3. Division - Implementation chairman, Revolution in Modern China, 1964-1966 Various committee assignments, 1960 to present
4. Branch - President 1961-62, Provo, Utah Has held every elected office except secretary, treasurer and assistant treasurer during her years of membership.

E. Publications:

1. Meade, John B. and Edith B. Bauer, "The Predictions of Student Success in Continuous Progress Programs", to be published in Journal of Educational Research, 1967
2. Merrill, M. David, Hugh Baird and Edith Bauer, Teacher Education 1984, BYU Press, Provo, Utah 1966. (Also to be published in Phil Delta Kappan 1967)
3. Bauer, Edith B., The Interrelatedness of Personality Factors and Reading Disabilities, University of California Press, Berkeley, Calif. 1956

4. Bauer, Edith B., Your Role in Creative Change (To the Women of Iran) A compilation of three essays. Translated into Farsi by Mahin Khalili, Press, Tehran, Iran.
5. Bauer, Edith B., and others, Fashion With a Flair, BYU Women's Committee, BYU University Press, 1954
6. Bauer, Edith B., and others, Understanding Our Youth; Some Do's for Teachers, Education Service Bulletin, BYU Press 1951
7. Numerous articles published in The Instructor, a series of 6 articles on lesson planning and teaching, Nov. '51 - Apr. '52.

F. Twenty years of Educational Service.

IV. Community and Civic contributions

- A. International: Volunteer work at the Iran-American Society, Tehran, Iran; Foreign Student Programs: Discussion leader for materials prepared by State Department.
- B. State: Professional related work (volunteer) U E A, professional standards and committee assignments, and leadership workshops. State Board of Education, Text Book Committee, certification programs. Consultant for Remedial Reading programs.
- Local: Board member for Utah Valley Reading Council; Committee for the development of the educational center; Women's Legislative Council; Republican Committee woman; Mental Health Board; Lecturing

V. Religious Activities (Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints)

- A. Church-wide level: Member of Sunday School General Board, and did work on special assignment for the Church Correlation committee
- B. Stake and Ward level: Have held administrative and teaching positions in both the Stake and Ward level in the YWMIA, Sunday School and Primary

During early years, 10-20 years of age, most of my positions were music related - organist or chorister; since that time, teaching and/or administrative.

Soon after Edith returned from her experience of teaching in Iran, she was called to serve on the General Board of the Sunday School. Shortly afterwards an article appeared in The Instructor, official magazine of the Sunday School, written by Lowell R. Jackson and entitled "Meet Your New Board Members" (abt. Nov. 1960). Edith was among those written up in this article, parts of which we quote here:- "Chatting with Dr. Edith B. Bauer is a real treat. One is immediately aware of her enthusiasm for living. She readily admits she is an optimist, but not the overactive bubbling kind who thrive on froth and the pleasure of the moment. In fact she says, 'Life has many discouraging moments, but it would be meaningless if there weren't some problems to face and solve'.

"For those who may not have enough problems to solve - who yearn for a life of excitement and adventure - Dr. Bauer recommends a foreign mission. She returned only a short while ago from Tehran, Iran where she served two years as an advisor to the education program at the University of Tehran. 'When I made my final decision to go to Iran and began packing', she recalls, 'I became very apprehensive. This feeling grew worse as we stopped for an emergency fueling at Gander, Newfoundland - there was a heavy storm over the Atlantic. And by the time I got to Istanbul (Constantinople) this feeling reached a new high. Imagine, late in the evening, being surrounded by strange dialects, sights and smells. I felt so helpless to it all - as though I were at the end of the earth. Then, to top it all, someone said Tehran was even more remote.'

"But Sister Bauer found a friendly group of people at the airport in Tehran to welcome her (a custom there); there was an LDS branch in the city; comfortable accommodations were found for herself, her son and Dr. Reichert, the other woman technician from Utah; the climate and mountain terrain

bore close similarity to those in Utah; and the Persian Gardens were beyond her expectations in their exotic beauty. Needless to say, Dr. Bauer also found many problems and challenges during her eventful stay in Iran. But then, she had encountered many of these in her earlier life. One of them was adjusting to new places. . .

"Her most crushing and challenging problem was that of adjusting to the sudden death of her husband, Heber Carl Bauer, in the fall of 1943. For a time, little other than the need to care for her two young children seemed important. However, from these experiences has developed an increased appreciation for her parents, her children and friends, and a greater faith in God. . .

"Edith has served the church in various capacities since her first assignment of being Sunday School organist at age 12. She has had teaching experiences in all the auxiliary organizations of the church. She has been Primary president and Stake Board member, Ward YWMIA president and Stake Board member, Ward chorister and organist, Coordinator for the Junior Sunday School and teacher-trainer director."

At this present writing Edith is living alone. Her children, Helen (Kimball) a graduate of BYU and a registered nurse lives in California, and her son, Boyd, a specialist in Asian affairs and a candidate for a PhD at American University, Washington D. C., lives in Illinois. Another special honor has just come to Edith, for the Utah Division of the American Association of University Women presented its "Distinguished Woman, 1969," award to her at a banquet 19 Apr. 1969 in Salt Lake City.

Descendants of Edith Bartholomew and Heber Carl Bauer:-

(A) Helen Carol Bauer born 12 Jan. 1936 in Payson, Utah; md. 9 Aug. 1957 in the Salt Lake Temple, David Ashby Kimball (b. 1 Jan. 1935 in Murray, Utah to Edwin Roberts and Althea Ashby Kimball). Children, all but the first born in Salt Lake City, Utah:

I. Helen Kaye Kimball b. 31 May 1958 in Provo, Ut.

- II. Joyce Kimball b. 18 Mar. 1960; d. 7 Nov. 1960 in Salt Lake City; bur. Payson, Utah
- III. Douglas Scott Kimball (adopted) b. 22 Feb. 1964
- IV. Jeffrey Dean Kimball (adopted) b. 4 July 1966.

(B) Heber Boyd Bauer born 1 Apr. 1939 in Payson, Utah; md. 13 Aug. 1966 in Oakland, California Temple, Alice Elizabeth Eliason (b. 5 May 1944, Fresno, Calif. to Afton Yeates and Jane Rea Myers Eliason) Child:

- I. Elizabeth Alice Bauer b. 5 Oct. 1968, Alton, Illinois.

(41) Luther Bartholomew Christensen (2).

His sister Edith writes: "When our youngest brother Luther arrived he was a beauty! But when a few weeks old he contracted pneumonia. Mother doctored him first with what she knew but began to despair of his life. They called the doctor. He reduced the living room heat, opened the windows wide and ordered the infant to be wrapped in cloths wrung from ice water. Mother proceeded with panic in her heart. Ice water! But it worked! The fever dropped, the congestion vanished, the baby ate again and it was over - like a miracle!"

Luther writes of his own life:- "It was a cold, grey spring morning on 20 May 1911, in the little university town of Leipzig, Germany, when the doctor walked down the two flights of stairs to file my birth certificate. Soon afterwards my father was asked to leave the school, for 'infractions', a little rule against students preaching religion. They didn't even give him time to organize a protest march or sit down strike. I am told that Father left first and that the family followed shortly, and I was carried, wheeled, shipped, railroaded and autoed from place to place.

"Father was finally sent to Rexburg, Idaho to convert the school there from a high school to college standard. I had then reached the age of five and my first recollection is of lying on my belly on a foot bridge over an irrigation canal, dangling a pinned worm in front of a fat lazy trout that was holding himself motionless in the clear

cold water flowing past his brilliant sides. I don't remember if he took that worm, but I do remember hundreds since that did.

"It was here on Jan. 29, 1961 I was given a patriarchal blessing in which I was promised I should never have any broken bones. My family tell the story of my brothers, Wendell and Sheldon, wanting to prove this theory. When Mother had them taking care of me one day, they instigated a game where one of them tossed me from the hayloft in the barn to the other who was standing in a wagon that was half full of hay. Somehow I managed to slip between the hayloft and the wagon and landed on the ground. I was plenty bruised but no bones broken. This should have given both of them a very good testimony.

"From Rexburg we moved to LaVerkin, Utah. Here I made mud pies, got my Sunday shirts covered with black cherry juice, caught ground squirrels, and generally kept my parents busy. I remember the pool being built at the hot sulphur springs that were so prevalent there, the sargum cane which was being made into sargum, the bantum chickens which were fed from seeds of the sargum cane, watercress growing in the cold water spring that flowed into the Virgin River, and the fresh milk being placed in the cooler for the cream to rise and be skimmed off and made into butter. I remember that the older kids trapped possums, coyotes, bob cats, raccoons, etc., and I remember the horse Father bought Mother, which later contracted lockjaw and had to be shot and dragged by a team of horses to the rim of the gorge and pushed over, a procedure used to dispose of dead animals.

"We moved from LaVerkin to Hinckley, Utah, and lived on a farm. I trapped quumps and kept their heads, as a bounty was being paid for these. I pretended these were all sorts of fur-bearing animals - I was a big trapper! It was here I started first grade. I remember there was a little girl sitting in front of me with long hair. One day I stuck a wad of gum in it. When she fussed, I quickly explained how she could pull out one hair at a time where the gum was and it wouldn't hurt, by demonstrating on my own hair.

The result was a round bald spot on my head which was quite difficult to explain to Mother that night when I got home. I remember going with Wendell and Sheldon spearing carp from sloughs and the canal in front of our house. This was the year of the big influenza epidemic - many people died. We were all required to put on masks when we went out of doors to keep from getting the germs.

Money was scarce and script was used. I remember Mother making and selling butter. Hers was especially popular because she heaped up the butter mold thus giving about a pound and a quarter instead of the usual pound. One day I took some to a store to sell, called 'Petty's', and when the clerk asked me if I wanted money or script, I told him script was alright. I will never forget how angry mother was with me for taking 'Petty Script' when I could have gotten money.

"Our next move was to Star Ranch. This period seemed one of complete happiness for me. There was a railroad that ran through the ranch and nearby was a section house in which a small boy lived about my age who seemed to have the same interests as I. We made slingshots and played we were big hunters. We shot mourning doves off their nests, hoot owls, caught marsh frogs, fished in the reservoir for fish (mostly carp) which most people considered were unedible but which we roasted and ate everything. Later I was given a twenty-two rifle and added ducks and rabbits to my game bag. I was also given a pony and the job of herding the cows.

"It was customary for the railroad to use the strip of land that passed through our ranch as a rest stop for sheep that were being shipped to market. In the spring there were many lambs which the owners considered nuisance value since they had to be hand-fed, so they gave them to us kids. We considered them fine pets until we discovered they had ringworm, and guess what? Our farm hand had a cure for this. He burned cotton cloth on a cold axe blade which formed a sort of tar which was applied to the ringworm. I assume this worked, since all went well until the lambs were grown. But then Father considered them

good food and we were supposed to eat heartily.

"Provo was our next move. Here I attended three different schools in a period of two years, and here again we had an epidemic of influenza. I had it, as well as the rest of the family. As I felt better, I made my first trip out to the chicken coop to gather eggs - I was in bed a good week after.

"Here I remember making skis out of old barrel staves, carrying them to the top of the chicken coop roof and then skiing down. There was quite a drop at the bottom but I got quite expert at this. I remember also of taking my toy sled into the canyon and cutting and bringing home a Christmas tree.

"In the spring another boy and I gathered watercress in the streams above Provo. We washed, tied, and peddled it. At every opportunity I'd go fishing from the bridge that crosses the Provo River. My tackle consisted of a willow, some string, and a fishing hook. With these I was able to catch trout, blue gills, suckers, chubs and bullheads.

"We moved to Salt Lake City and located on Twenty-first South where the Jordan River made a bend and crossed it. We had two or three acres of ground. The place was quite run down and we had lots of work pruning, gardening, repairing the barn, etc. I remember a big apple tree full of redwing black birds who stopped to rest as they migrated south for winter. Our place was located near Redwood Road along which sheep were driven from winter range to summer range in the mountains. This spring, after the shearing of the sheep, the weather became so wet and cold that a good many ewes with lambs nearly froze to death. We were able to buy six ewes for \$1.00 each, including nine lambs. We hauled them home in the back of our old touring car, wrapped blankets around them and got them warm and fed them. Out of the whole bunch we only lost one ewe. We kept them until fall and sold all of them for \$140.00.

"We made us a nice garden. There were a lot of old rhubarb plants in the garden which we separated and transplanted. We had more than we

had a use for, so I harvested it, did it up in one pound and two pound bunches and peddled it. While working in the garden one morning I saw my first pheasant rooster standing in the plowed ground. The sun was shining on his breast - he was beautiful. At this time we also added a black cow to our homestead. There were lots of fish in the river so I fished a great deal. I don't believe I ever finished school this year.

"We moved to a house on State Street just back of the McKinley School. We had quite a bit of ground and many big trees, mostly poplar which we topped or cut down completely, so we had to cut them up into firewood. We also had a big garden but I managed to still find time to fish and hunt around the Jordan River, Mill Creek, Decker's Lake and an old slough on the church farm. That summer Father, my brothers and I set out in an old Model T Ford and went as far as Idaho, Montana and Yellowstone Park looking for projects to work. For us boys it was a real pleasure trip.

"The fall found us back in Salt Lake for school. I began to trap muskrats and skunks. I would take the streetcar every night after school to Draper, check my traps and skin any animals I had caught. I could take my muskrat pelts on the streetcar but they would not allow me to bring the skunk pelts, so I would leave them and bring them home on my back once a week - a walk of about 17 miles. I remember sometimes getting on the streetcar after skinning the skunks, I would walk to the back of the car and almost simultaneously the people would move to the front and open the windows wide. I sold my pelts to the American Hide and Fur Company. This I did in winter. In the spring I worked in the fields for the Italian truck gardeners. We planted carrots, onions and celery and weeded the gardens. In summer we harvested the vegetables and put them into pits. In fall we washed them and prepared them for market. I made a total of fifteen cents when I worked there after school and thirty-five cents for a whole day on Saturdays.

"In the sixth grade I began to dislike school. I was receiving poor grades in spelling, arithmetic

and reading. I remember being very angry in a spelling test when I spelled 'donut' and the teacher said it was wrong. I took her over to the window and pointed out to her a sign spelling it this way over a doughnut shop. During the latter part of my seventh year at school my teacher and I seemed to have a difference of opinion as to classroom conduct. Well, to straighten out the difficulty I was to stay each night after school and copy ten pages of an encyclopedia. I had no desire to become afflicted with writer's cramp or to have increased knowledge, so I made plans to escape the ordeal. After the rest of the class had been excused for the afternoon and the teacher had stepped from the room, I crawled through the window and down the fire escape and went home. That night I began thinking. I was afraid to go back to school next morning and I knew if I didn't go back my parents would hear what I had done. If they did, I would have worse than writer's cramp. Finally, I decided to leave home. I hitchhiked to Idaho Falls. It took me two or three days to get there. I found a job there working on a farm and worked until summer (fishing time) and then I hitchhiked to Yellowstone and Jackson Hole. I slept out and enjoyed the out of doors for a month. While on this spree, I met a sheepherder in Island Park, west of Yellowstone. He told me the people he worked for needed a camp tender. I applied at Hamilton Brothers and they hired me. I had plenty of opportunity to experiment with camp cooking. I varied the mutton diet with trout, grouse, and deer that I furnished.

"I worked for them until the sheep were taken off summer range and then set off to Parker, Idaho, and worked in the potato harvest that fall. Then for awhile I trapped mink, muskrats, coyotes, and did odd jobs for a farmer, who turned out to be a Mormon Bishop and an old student of my father. Through our conversation he found out who I was and reported my whereabouts to my parents. At Christmas time he and his brother took me home.

"Father made arrangements with the LDS School to not hold me back to 7th grade but to let me go on to Jr. High School. I took all the usual

things plus Seminary. I didn't do well in most of my subjects but I liked Seminary because we studied Exodus, which involved the Children of Israel traveling through the wilderness living off the land and eating manna and quail. I finished that school year and then returned to Idaho Falls and worked on a farm all that summer and until after school had started the next fall.

"I then returned to Salt Lake and started school again. This time it was a South Jr. High School. This winter I went back to trapping and also did real well in school. I won first place in a writing competition and had the opportunity to read my paper at the assembly for the whole school. I also was in the operetta and was the only baritone, as I was the only boy whose voice had changed. I needed a car for my work with the traps. We had an old car in the garage in need of repairs. I got it all fixed up but I lost out to Wendell who had just returned from his mission and took possession of the car to go courting.

"That summer I chauffeured my Dad to California. We worked with mining claims in San Gabriel Canyon. That fall we returned to Salt Lake City and I to the South Jr. High. The following spring I came back to California. I told Father I wanted to stay here and work for a sporting goods place. We weren't successful in finding this type of work, but I got a job at Glendale Small Animal Hospital that summer and continued on for the rest of the year. The following fall I worked for the hospital in the mornings before I went to Herbert Hoover High School, and for a supply company after school. On Saturdays I worked for the Humane Society taking the dead animals down to the rendering plant. At this time I bought a little apple green Chevrolet roadster with a rumble seat. I had a tin box which fit in the rumble seat where I carried the dead dogs. The first trip in my new car I had an accident, with dead dogs flying every which way. People gathered and were feeling so sorry for my poor little dogs that had been killed; little did they know that the dogs had been dead for several days.

"This year I really took an interest in school. I received straight A's and again I sang in the school operetta. I went to school here for two years but still lacked credit to graduate. I had become interested in veterinary medicine and so I applied to Washington State College for entrance. They accepted me and said to come to the college and I could make up the credit. I enrolled in the Pullman High School and took part time work at the College. I graduated from high school there. I had met some boys at the Veterinary Hospital in Glendale who were also attending Washington State College in the school of Veterinary Medicine, so five of us batched together. I did the cooking and they did the housework. That summer I came back to California and went to work for the Hollywood Cat and Dog Hospital for Dr. Fosbinder. This was the spring of 1932, a time of depression when wages were low. I never made over \$100.00 a month until I graduated with my D. V. M. degree. My free time was Wednesday and Friday nights and every other Sunday. I enjoyed my work here. I drove the ambulance and really learned the city well. I met a lot of famous stars in this way.

"This fall I met my girl through my sister who was here going to Art Center school. After dating her for three months she left for San Francisco. Once a month I went to visit her there. I would drive all night Saturday after work, spend Sunday with her, then drive all night Sunday night to get back in time for work Monday morning. On one telephone call to San Francisco, I had care-fully looked up the rate (ninety cents for three minutes). I just naturally assumed that the oper-ator would tell me when the three minutes were up. As time went by and she didn't tell me I thought she had forgotten and that I was talking for free. I was floored when she called back to verify my \$12.50 call.

"Nov. 17, 1934 my brother Wendell, who was then a Mormon Bishop, married us at his home in Los Angeles. He managed to misspell her last name so we really never knew whether we were legally married until we went through the Los Angeles Temple twenty-seven years and

six children later (15 Apr. 1961). (His wife is the former Velda Ruth Johnson, born 4 Jan. 1912 in Duchesne, Utah to Oscar Emanuel and Sophia Deseret Baldwin Johnson).

"I wanted to get back to college and get my degree. Two years passed while Velda and I worked together toward achieving this goal. She managed a ten unit court in exchange for our apartment and utilities. I kept on at the hospital. In Feb. 1936 our first son, Steven, was born. September of 1937 found us in Pullman, Washington with our hard earned savings. We hoped with careful handling and my working all vacations that this would see us through school. In Dec. 1937 our son Kent was born, and by the end of this school year we had used over half of our savings. In the light of this situation, Velda decided to go to work the following fall. She applied for and got a position as secretary of the National Youth Administration at the college. This she did until I graduated in 1942 with my Doctor of Veterinary Medicine degree. During the time while we were saving to go back to school, the curriculum had changed from a four to a five year course - I had to go the five years.

"School was a tremendous satisfaction to me. My record throughout the entire five years was almost straight A. This made it possible for me to get into the scholarship honorary, Phi Kappa Phi, the Veterinary Medicine honorary Alpha Psi, and the Biological honorary Phi Sigma.

"After graduation I returned to California with my family, and the Hollywood Cat and Dog Hospital - this time as a Doctor. I worked for Dr. Fosbinder for \$500.00 a month for six months and then went into partnership with him. In 1944 I bought the business from Dr. Fosbinder for \$10,000 and leased the buildings and grounds from him. The years that followed were very demanding; I worked long hours. Sometimes I had an assistant and sometimes I worked alone but we usually found time for a two weeks vacation. This became somewhat of a custom: We met at my sister Edythe's home in Mill Creek Canyon, Salt Lake City, with all my brothers and sisters and

their families and proceeded in a caravan to Sheridan, Montana, Yellowstone and the Glacier Park area. Our children loved this association with their cousins and it has been a means of keeping our families close through the years.

"In 1943 our third son, Philip, was born and in 1948 we were delighted when our first girl, Kathleen, was born. She truly seemed like a little princess to us after having three boys. This happiness ended abruptly when she was taken from us just three days before her third birthday. As time went on we managed to pick up the pieces and tried to establish a firm footing again. This was helped by the birth of our fourth son, Paul, in Jan. 1953. He was a bright, busy, interested little boy and soon had our household humming again. In 1958 we were blessed with another boy whom we named Allen.

"Meanwhile, in 1950, I bought the hospital outright for \$46,000.00. It took us ten years to pay for it - this is the way Dr. Fosbinder wanted it set up or I'm sure we could have managed it sooner. I also found a fascinating new hobby - photography. Lots of new interests came into our lives when in 1961 we went through the Temple, taking all our sons with us. My mother and most of my brothers and sisters went with us. We had our daughter sealed to us also at that time.

"I retired in 1963 - sold my business and leased the building and ground. We are able to live from this income. Shortly after retiring I joined the Sierra Club. I have always been interested in conservation. I have taken many wonderful trips with this club, including two to Alaska, some in Mexico, and many back-pack trips in the Sierras. Also, all through the years I have maintained my interest in hunting and fishing as well as my photography and have traveled quite extensively. I have had wonderful luck with my colored slides and have a vast library of them. I have received quite a lot of recognition with them from the Southern California Camera Club. I have also shown them to many groups of people. It has been a real source of pleasure to us as a family in our entertaining.

"Our three oldest boys graduated from the University of Southern California - Steven from Medical School, Kent and Philip from Dental. Paul is looking forward to being an Orthodontist, while Allen is delightful, perverse and stubborn, but looks more like me than any child we have and is probably made up just like me. We love them all dearly.

"We are still living in our same little house in the San Fernando Valley. We appreciated the comfort and peace we feel in our home. We have quite a lot of freedom through the day while the two younger boys are at school, and we take in many interests, such as: Yachts in the harbor, new model homes, sport shows, musicals, art exhibits, etc. Velda and I find that we enjoy the same things. We are interested in our church activities and are hoping to buy us a new camper a year from now and really see the world. I feel much as the quotation in Psalms: 'My cup runneth over'!".

To bring this story up to date, they did buy the new camper - and guess what? They sold out in California and bought a new home in Provo, Utah, moving the first of this year, 1969. They are now busy furnishing their home, finishing the basement and landscaping the grounds. Welcome to Provo dear Cousins!

Descendants of Luther Bartholomew Christensen and Velda Ruth Johnson:-

- (A) Steven Luther Christensen born 11 Feb. 1936, Los Angeles, Calif; md. 26 Nov. 1958 in Manti, Utah (Temple) Kay Marie Robertson (b. 26 May 1937, Spanish Fork, Utah, to Herbert Alden and Arthella Carter Robertson). Children:
- I. Kathleen Marie Christensen b. 25 Oct. 1961, Fresno, Calif.
  - II. Debra Sue Christensen (twin) b. 5 Sep. 1964, Fresno
  - III. Kimberly Ann Christensen (twin) b. 5 Sep. 1964, Fresno
  - IV. Diana Lynn Christensen b. 13 May 1968, Atlas, Oklahoma.
- (B) Oscar Kent Christensen born 27 Dec. 1937 in

Pullman, Washington; md. 18 Mar. 1966 in Los Angeles, Calif. (Temple) Betty Lucile Hanes (b. 18 Dec. 1940, Juneau, Alaska to Luther William and Clara Jane Carpenter Hanes). Child:

I. Karen Christensen b. 25 June 1967, Thousand Oaks, Calif.

(C) Philip Dale Christensen born 19 Apr. 1943 in Santa Monica, Calif; md. 5 Aug. 1967, Los Angeles, Calif., Sheila Elizabeth McMorris (b. 5 Apr. 1945, Malden, Mass. to William Michael and Grace O'Brian McMorris). Child:  
I. William Justin Christensen b. 11 Oct. 1968, Torrence, Calif.

(D) Kathleen Juanita Christensen born 18 Apr. 1948 in Santa Monica, Calif. died 14 Apr. 1951 in Los Angeles, Calif; bur. Los Angeles.

(E) Paul Johnson Christensen born 16 Jan. 1953 in North Hollywood, Calif.

(F) Allen Johnson Christensen born 21 Aug. 1957 in Van Nuys, Calif.

(42) Henry Marvin Christensen (3) was born in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah 1 Oct. 1911 in the family home in the southwest part of town, which house is still standing (1969).

When he was about ten years old his family moved to a farm on the "Rocky Point" a mile or so west of town, because of financial reverses. Here his father fed livestock and Marvin was expected to help where he could. He attended public school in Gunnison, which was a good walk from the farm. When he was going on fifteen his father passed away (1926) and a little over a year later his mother, two brothers, Virgil and Don and himself moved to Fayette, Utah, about six miles north of Gunnison to live with his mother's brother, Uncle Henry Bartholomew, who was a widower with small sons of his own. This move ended Marvin's formal schooling.

Like his brothers, Marvin loved to hunt and fish and many trips to mountains, meadows and

streams were enjoyed by them for these purposes. The Christensen boys were welcomed by the young people of the small village of Fayette and they had lots of good times. Marvin began keeping company with a local girl, Elva Eliza Olsen (born 23 Oct. 1912 in Fayette to Joseph and Dora Mellor Olsen). The two were married in the Manti Temple 1 July 1931, when Elva was going on nineteen and Marvin was not yet twenty.

The couple procured a farm west of Fayette where Marvin farmed but they lived in Fayette. And though Marvin was brought up as a farmer, he had a liking and talent for building also. He built the home they lived in - tore down an old rock church storehouse and used that rock for the walls. He and Elva had five children, two dying soon after their births. But shortly after fourteen years of marriage the couple were divorced, 17 Aug. 1945. The three surviving children, ages thirteen to seven, went with Elva, who stayed in the area. She also received the home and farm. Later she remarried and moved to Salina, Utah.

Marvin left Fayette and moved north to the area of Lehi, Utah, where he operated a church farm for a few years. During these past years he has had a truck service and done some building of homes, etc. It is said he built the home in Lehi where he and his second wife now live. He remarried 26 Feb. 1946 in Elko, Nevada a young divorcee, Mrs. Lois Marie Ferguson Winterton (born 21 Apr. 1922 in Sandy, Utah to Stanley W. and Dorothy Larson Ferguson). Lois had two young sons, ages seven and almost five. Marvin raised these boys until they married and left the home, but he never adopted them. He and Lois have four children of their own, three sons and one daughter.

Marvin, like the other sons of Joseph and Roxie Christensen, is a big fellow. He has gone into building almost wholly now as an occupation - houses, garages, fireplaces - and what have you. The four children are still at home and all teenagers together and all in school. Being father of nine children and stepfather of two others, has kept him busy over the years. There have been thorns and

thistles along the way but also plenty of sunshine and roses. And though his formal schooling stopped when he moved from Gunnison some forty-two years ago, his education in the "University of Hard Knocks" has continued and will continue to go on to the end, as it will for us all. For life itself is a schooling and we are all pupils and, whether we wish to admit it or not, we are all looking towards our own day of graduation.

Descendants of Henry Marvin Christensen:--  
By First Marriage

- (A) Kevin J. Christensen born 18 July 1932 in Fayette, Utah; md. to Jacqueline Idonna Emmett (b. 23 May 1931 to William Moses and Katie Maud Dodge Emmett). Children:
- I. Kathleen Christensen b. 25 June 1952, St. George, Ut.
  - II. Winona Christensen b. 27 July 1955, San Bernardino, Calif.
  - III. Susan JoLene Christensen b. 1 Aug. 1957, Fontana, Calif.
  - IV. Kelly J. Christensen b. 16 Dec. 1958, Fontana, Calif.
- (B) Winona Christensen born 10 Mar. 1934, Fayette, Ut; died 27 Apr. 1934, Fayette
- (C) Delis Irene Christensen born 10 June 1935, Fayette, Ut; md. 17 Jan. 1959 in Berkeley, Calif., William Todd Shebs (b. 3 Feb. 1930, Chicago, Illinois to Simon Hirsch and Edna Leona Todd Shebs). Children:
- I. Stanley Todd Shebs b. 8 July 1960, Oakland (or Pinole) Calif.
  - II. Barry Jay Shebs b. 5 Apr. 1962, Oakland (or Pinole) Calif.
- (D) Claudia Irla Christensen born 4 Mar. 1937, Fayette, Ut; md. 19 Nov. 1960 in Manti, Ut. (Temple) Adrian Gordon Peterson (b. 11 July 1937 in Richfield, Ut. to Adrian D. and Melba Gledhill Peterson). Children:
- I. Lora Jean Peterson b. 4 Feb. 1962, Salt Lake City, Ut.
  - II. Cindy Sue Peterson b. 15 Feb. 1965, Blythe, Calif.

III. John Karl Peterson b. 26 June 1967,  
Blythe, Calif.

(E) Blair J. Christensen born 14 Sep. 1941 in  
Gunnison, Ut; died same day same place.

By Second Marriage:

(F) Randy Marvin Christensen born 13 July 1951  
in Murray, Ut.

(G) Joe Dee Christensen born 14 June 1953, Murray

(H) Roxanne Lois Christensen born 7 Aug. 1954,  
Murray

(I) Kelly Dean Christensen born 5 Dec. 1956,  
American Fork, Utah

(43) Phillip Van Buren Christensen (4) was born 23 Oct. 1911 in Manti, Sanpete, Utah. He writes of his own life thus:-- "I was told that when I was blessed (7 July 1912 by Joseph H. Carpenter) I was given about all of the family names that were left over on my mother's side of the family. This has been quite a name to carry and I wonder so often if I have done it justice. I remember very little of my early childhood although I remember generally my mother who died when I was nearing age five.

"When she died I was very lonesome and missed her greatly. I recall shortly after her death having been told that she had gone to Heaven. We had a beautiful staircase in our home in Manti and I remember I climbed onto its second landing on a beautiful moonlight night and looked out of the small ornamental window to the east there and knew that I could see my mother's face up there by the moon. I also recall another time when I felt so alone without her that I somehow got outside on a cold, snowy night and trailede over to Aunt Claytie Riddle's in foot deep snow in my bare feet and nightgown, looking for Mother.

"I always wanted a horse and though, as I grew bigger, I usually had the use of one of Dad's - Prince, Duke, Queen, Pigeon, Nig, Brownie, Stride-on, etc., yet I never recall.

owning one of my own until after I was married and purchased one myself - and this for my daughter. I remember when my cousins Joe Neff, Ralph and Warren Riddle and myself, and perhaps others, took the long hikes down to the Sanpitch River to go fishing. We would fish in the 'black hole' and catch chubs and occasionally a carp or sucker. We were mighty proud fishermen, and after the warm day wore on we would go swimming in the 'bloack hole'. It didn't seem to bother us that there were dead sheep and likely a dead cow in the river just above where we swam. Then came the long trek home. As we came up from the river, hot, tired and hungry, we would often talk about how wonderful it would be, as we rounded the next bend, if we would see a saddled horse for each of us tied there and our names printed on the saddles. What dreams we had - even in daylight!

"I recall when Grandfather Snow used to take me fishing, and day of all days would be when he would call up in the afternoon the day before such an event and say, 'Kaiser' - that's what they called me along about the latter part of World War I. He'd say, 'Kaiser, dig some worms and I'll be down to get you at 6:00 o'clock in the morning'. Sure enough, at 6:00 o'clock here would come Grandfather driving the buggy and I usually had the worms. We had the long bamboo fishing poles with linen lines and cork bobbers then. Those days when we went to the reservoir fishing were great times in my life. I got to drive the horse and buggy a good deal of the way. We would usually spend a wonderful day fishing. One time I left my pole for a moment, held by a stick; apparently a large carp got hold of the hook and pulled pole and all out into the water and I was unable to get it back. I imagined that the culprit was the biggest fish in the whole reservoir.

"When Grandfather got his Chevrolet automobile it was a great day too, but I must confess that I was a bit apprehensive of some of the rides I took with him. He didn't learn to drive until he was in his seventies and then he was a 'real driver'. If he ever hit a bad place in the road he felt that the best way was to speed up and get over it in a hurry. One time coming down Manti Canyon he ran right

up on the side of a hill and I thought for sure we were going to be tipped over. He was wonderful to us grandkids though. Many were the times that he did with us the things so dear to youngsters' hearts.

"Then came the day when I was about eight-and-a-half years old and Aunt Myrtle joined the family. I was a rather sickly looking little fellow and she certainly took me in hand. I have so much to thank her for over the years. She has truly been a second mother to me. How fortunate we all have been to have had the inspiration, encouragement, example, loving service and devotion of this dear woman in our lives.

"I remember trips out to the Gunnison Ranch with Father and the times we gigged carp in the old sloughs there. Then there were the days spent at Flat Canyon, hoeing corn and herding sheep. I was quite young but I did drive the team from Manti to Flat Canyon and back many times during the last summer or two that we lived at Manti. One time, the day before the Fourth of July, I was out there with my older brother Hale. We wanted to be in Manti for the celebration next day. Toward afternoon Hale said that we were going to Manti. We decided to ride up over the mountains and were thrilled with the prospects of the adventure. About 2:00 o'clock next morning we got up, saddled two horses and started over the mountains toward Manti. We arrived at the old reservoir west of there about daybreak and finally made our way home for that wonderful Fourth of July.

"Another time Dad said he would take Marshall, Sherman, Hale and me to Fish Lake if I would get the team in with a load of hay from Flat Canyon at a given time. I had Dad's big black team, Dan and Bess, and I recall how much they liked to trot. I had a small jag of hay on the wagon and I let the team trot most of the way from Flat Canyon to Manti. I believe I made the whole thirty miles in less than six hours, a record for a team as far as I was concerned. I used to haul loads of potatoes and grain, besides hay from Flat Canyon to Manti for Father. I remember earlier, when I was about ten years old, I used to drive our cows

down to the lane west of Manti, herd them there during the daytime and bring them back in the evening. It seems that even as a young boy I always had some responsibility. Father saw to it that I learned to work.

"The greatest times were when Father took us to the mountains. I recall once when he told me that if I would get a load of potatoes in from the Flat Canyon ranch that he would take me deer hunting. I did and we went up Manti Canyon and camped over night and got up early next morning before it was light, had our breakfast around the campfire, then started out looking for deer. I remember that we saw something white moving through the timber and Father said though we didn't see a deer on that trip we saw the tail of one.

"In August 1925 came the move from Manti to Provo, and since the house Dad had arranged for us there was not quite ready, we lived for a few weeks with some of Aunt Myrtle's relatives. Here I met Gilbert Tanner, who was two days younger than I, and we became steadfast friends. We used to kid each other a lot, saying I was the 'old man' and he was the 'youngster'. I made some other wonderful friends the nine months we lived in Provo. I particularly recall my association in Troop 10 of the Scouts in Manava Ward with Deb Tregeagle as Scout Master. I always was sorry that I didn't get to complete my scout work under Deb. But then came the move to the farm at Orem.

"I had attended Manti High School my freshman year and then attended Provo High as a sophomore. I was quite small in stature when I went up to Orem High School with Father to get registered as a Junior. Mrs. Cunningham was helping with the registration and stated that she didn't teach the freshmen anymore. It was with some indignation that I told her I was a junior. She taught me English that year and was a wonderful teacher. I finished high school in 1928 and that fall started at the BYU. I weighed slightly over 100 pounds at the time.

"I only went to college about six weeks that first year and then quit and worked on the farm there in Orem. The next year I attended BYU for

two quarters and again ran the farm. The third year I went two quarters to the University of Utah and then came back to work on the farm. By this time my brother Sherman was married and he and Lois kindly invited me to come back and stay with them, so I took the bus to Washington D. C. I took some training at the Boyd Business University in shorthand and typing, worked at the Hot Shoppe waiting on the curb and later as 'curb manager', and then went to work out at the airport restaurant. By June I was mighty homesick and since a friend from Orem, Leo Poulsen, was just returning from a mission to Sweden and had stopped in at Washington to say hello, I rode back to Provo with him and some other fellows.

"I started college again at BYU that next fall. During the summer I worked on the place in Orem, excepting for about a month when I went up to Tulsa, Wyoming and worked in the hay for McGuinness Livestock Co., running what they called a scatter-rake. I spent three more late summers up there working in the hay for that company, alternating it with college and working on our Orem place. After seven years I finally graduated from college, June 1935.

"That fall I returned to Washington D. C. We had Democratic representatives in the capitol then and all of them seemed to know of my Republican background. It seemed next to impossible for me to get a job although I had located one that was available and to my liking with the Resettlement Administration. I had to get a clearance from the Democratic party and our Utah representatives were not about to give me one. I went into the office of Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming, and since I had worked for a period of time in Wyoming I told him of my position. The Senator referred me to his secretary, Mr. Green. After hearing my problem this fine gentleman made a phone call to the Resettlement Administration in my behalf and after a long conversation I heard him say, 'I don't give a damn - give this young man a job!' Needless to say, I received the job and worked in the travel audit department.

"Starting the second semester, which began

in Feb. 1936, I went to law school at George Washington University, attending at nights from 7:00 o'clock to 9:30 and working days for the Resettlement Administration. It was difficult for me to study late at nights so I used to get up at 4:00 o'clock each morning and do my studying when my mind was clear. After school was out, the early summer of 1937, I was sent down to work at the regional field office in Raleigh, North Carolina for three months. I was able to rent a lovely room in a large southern home. But I returned to Washington D. C. for work and school that fall. It was during that year that I attended, with a group from Utah, a White House reception given by President Roosevelt. A young lady, who worked in the office of Congressman J. Will Robinson from Utah, whose name I have forgotten, invited me to go. Although I never had any high regard for President Roosevelt, I'll never forget how impressed I was as he walked by with his cane, supported by a member of his family, his chin out as the band played 'Hail to The Chief'. I was close enough to touch the President and I was impressed by the magnitude of the office and the pomp and color that was at the White House that night.

"I had an opportunity to be transferred from Washington to the regional office in San Francisco and although my law school plans had to be changed, I jumped at the chance. I was able to purchase a 1935 Ford four-door sedan automobile that had been a taxi, for \$200.00. As soon as school was out the spring of 1938, I hauled out a few passengers to Utah and then drove on to San Francisco. Here I arranged to take one of the examinations that I was not able to take at George Washington University through the University of San Francisco and came out with an "A". I went to night school at the University of San Francisco, then called St. Ignatious College. After a year there my work for the government was terminated and the mountains and canyons in Utah again beckoned me.

"At this time Father was interested in the Red Hills Mining Co., the Grand Deposit Mining Co., and other mining interests through one Paul Lyon. I had often wondered why the apparent

tremendous amount of money Father invested was not more productive. But anyway, I went to work for the Grand Deposit Mining Co., which was about seventy miles northeast from Ely, Nevada. It was quite an experience going down the shaft and working in the mine. I had the usual trying experiences of a 'green hand'. My main partner was a fellow who had had some trouble with the Juvenile Court and was on probation and he didn't spare me. During the summer Father came out to the mine on different occasions and we talked about my continuing on at law school. He told me that he would help me but he wanted me to go full time. At the end of the summer I was paid partly in cash and partly in mining stock for my work; the latter I sold at quite a disadvantage.

"While working in San Francisco I had purchased a 1938 Oldsmobile. During my school that winter at the University of Utah I was forced to sell it and took in as part payment an old Austin. That summer of 1940 I drove it up to Wyoming to work for the livestock company again and took my younger brother Cullen and two other fellows with me. I don't recall how much money I was able to save from my summer's work but though it was not a great deal it did help a little in getting started back to school at the U of U that late fall. I had pretty well concluded my law studies at the U of U by Christmas of 1940, but had one or two other classes I had to take. Father was still helping me financially but I did what work I could.

"It was in the spring of 1940 that I met Gwen:- first at the home of Mrs. Pardoe when I interrupted one of her private dramatic lessons and another time in Keeleys on East Center Street. And then I saw her leading the Richfield Drum and Bugle Corps in some function at BYU. I recall her long black hair, ready smile and her beauty. I had been with girls before and had thought I was in love but I knew this was the real thing. That summer I went down to see her at her home in Richfield on one or two occasions, before going to Wyoming. And of course after school started I came down from Salt Lake to Provo to see her as often as possible, since she was again attending

BYU. We became engaged just before Christmas. I recall well that night. We were in an old Plymouth coupe that I then had, in which I used some sort of alcohol base as an anti-freeze. The night was cold and we were driving over toward Spanish Fork when the alcohol boiled out of the radiator somewhat and there was a short in the wiring and the car caught fire. This was quite something to have happen on our engagement night.

"The Second World War was brewing in Europe and conditions were mighty uncertain; and although I was doing a little work after Christmas in the law office with Dad and Sherman, I talked to them and told them I was going to apply to the FBI for a position as special agent. I will never forget the long telegram I received just after the first of that year 1941, offering the sum of \$3,200.00 a year for this position in the FBI. I immediately replied that I would take the job. Gwen and I discussed my leaving, and since she was finishing her last year at college we didn't plan on being married until it was over. In talking of my future office assignments she stated that she didn't care where we went if it were not a hot place like New Orleans.

"I arrived in Washington D. C. Mar. 3, 1941, at the Justice Building. I recall the beautiful brief case, the fine looking men, all strangers to me, and my taking my place among them in the big, beautiful room. I was thrilled as my name, appearing alphabetically on the list between a Carlson and a Dutwyler, was read out and I was sworn in and received my brief case. A 38 revolver was in it, along with volumes of rules, regulations and instructions. My counselor was Jeptha Rogers, a tall Texan. General instructions were given and we were told to go out and buy some range clothing and be back to leave for the Marine base at Quantico by bus that evening. The training was rather short, seven weeks, but thorough and concentrated and consisted of firearms use, photography, jujitsu, fingerprinting, etc.

"The day of greatest excitement came when we received our office assignments, and guess what? I was assigned to New Orleans. I called Gwen about it as soon as I could and she relieved

my apprehensions by saying it didn't matter and that would be wonderful. We decided we would be married in June as soon as her school was out and she could come to New Orleans, since I was not allowed time off."

Phillip was married 19 June 1941 in New Orleans, Louisiana, to Gwen Johnson (b. 1 Sep. 1918 in Sigurd, Utah to Joseph B. and Mida Dastrup Johnson). Gwen tells of riding down by car to New Orleans with her future father-in-law A. H. Christensen and her future sisters-in-law Norma Christensen and Elaine C. Southwick, and what a wonderful time the sixty-nine year old gentleman showed his three companions. She said she almost felt that she had her honeymoon before her marriage instead of after. The wedding itself was held in a large southern ancestral mansion owned by a member of the branch of the LDS church there. A number of the branch members took over full arrangements for the wedding and open house which followed, complete with music, flowers, wedding cake and all, which seemed to be overseen by framed pictures of ancient ancestors of the mansion's owners looking down from their places of honor on the various walls. Norma and Elaine stood with Gwen in the line and Father Christensen and Phil's cousin, Marshall Neff, stood up with him. The Branch president, Brother Evans, performed the ceremony which was attended by the FBI special agents in the area and their wives, together with a number of branch members. Gwen, who was very near sighted, said she left her glasses off for the occasion because Phil didn't like her in them too much and so was unable to get a good view of everyone or to identify many of those in attendance afterwards.

Phil continues with the history:- "We took up our residence in an apartment right next to cousin Marshall and his wife Viola and they were so good to us. Gwen, bless her heart, was alone a lot of the time since I was away from home so much. It was not until she obtained a job with the War Department, working at the Port of Embarkation, that some of that lonesomeness vanished.

"My work in New Orleans was fascinating.

When American became involved in the war, Dec. 1941, we agents were asked to round up the enemy aliens who had been located and kept catalogued through painstaking investigations done previously. I had been assigned the job of going over all the books and records of the Orcobstanti, which was the association of Italian world war veterans, which were mostly made up of speeches and reports quite inflammable against the United States. The president of this group was one Phillippe Bellipanni and the secretary was Guiseppe Verderame. We were ordered to pick these two men up and have them interned. When we closed in on Bellipanni his wife had just had a baby, their first, and he cried and swore in no uncertain terms that we could cut his head off if he were not loyal to America. We found out that most of the Italians were very loyal to America but the story was different with some of the German aliens who were there. They were usually stoical, bitter and strong in their convictions as to the right and power of the Third Reich.

"I remember chasing a German newspaper-man, suspected of being a spy, down the wrong way of a one way street as he attempted to get away in his car. I recall on 12 Dec. 1941 that another agent and I were sent down to the mouth of the Mississippi River where the Gulf Refining Co. had provided a beautiful boat and a guide for the FBI. Our guide was named Felix Barrious who spoke the Cajun language. On this trip Barrious took us through the bayous at the river's mouth, looking for Japanese fishermen supposed to be in the area who were suspected of providing information and help to Japanese and Germans who might be entering the country illegally by way of the Mississippi. We picked up a German alien who was alleged to have made some statements against President Roosevelt. He had a large knife in his possession when we captured him, but of course denied any allegiance to Germany. However, he was interned and sent to a detention camp somewhere in Texas.

"We were looking specifically for a Japanese fisherman nicknamed 'Tampico' because he had

jumped ship at Tampico, Mexico and come to America. He ran a shrimp fishing outfit and his boat was called the 'Tokyo'. It was difficult to tell the Japanese from Philippinos. On a number of boats we boarded to search, the occupants wore large badges with 'I am Philippino' printed on them. We finally located the Tokyo and asked for Tampico. His men said he was supposed to come late in the evening and pick up the day's catch of shrimp in a truck with the name Tokyo printed on the side. Four of us agents in two cars later staked out the road leading to the fishing docks and sure enough, about 10:00 p.m. the Tokyo truck came along. We ran it off the road and found an American man driving 'Tampico's' truck. He stated that Tampico was at his home in Algiers, just across the river from New Orleans, and gave me his address. It was midnight when we four agents arrived at Tampico's but his lights were on. A peek in the window revealed a Japanese-looking fellow standing in the middle of the kitchen floor beside his packed suitcase. Two of us entered from the back door and two from the front, and when we asked Tampico where he was going he answered in broken but understandable English that he knew he was going to be picked up and possibly interned, and since he didn't want people to think he was trying to run away, he hired someone to run his equipment, packed his bags, and was waiting there at home to be picked up. Believe it or not - we didn't - and interned him.

"There was a 'German Baron' and his very lovely wife that we picked up shortly afterwards in Baton Rouge. He was supposed to be in America 'lassoing alligators'. The last I heard of him he was head of the linen detail in an internment camp in Texas. There were many other cases that kept us on the go.

"The summer of 1942 I was transferred to Indianapolis, Indiana, and our first child, Bryce, was born there the spring of 1943. Here, among others, I investigated a very involved case in which some officers of the Anaconda Wire and Cable Co. were charged with fraud. They were suspected of circumvention of tests of cable and

wire used by the armed services. Although the case of war fraud was uncontroversially established, the company itself was given a 'clean bill of health'. The guilty officers pleaded guilty and were given suspended sentences, but there was much bitterness and criticism because they were not sent to jail. It was while working on this case that I first became acquainted with Tom Clark, Justice of the United States Supreme Court, who was head of the war fraud unit of the dept.

"We subsequently moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where I became resident agent, which was a wonderful job. We were there almost a year and liked it, although our living accommodations left much to be desired. I was involved in investigations of communist activities in the large plants in the area: International Harvester, Farnsworth Television, General Electric, etc. I was transferred out of Fort Wayne upon very short notice because of threats being made against my safety. We were sent to Newark, New Jersey in 1944. My work there made me begin to yearn for the west. When Bryce became ill we requested a transfer, although we had many fast friends there among the agents and their wives.

"Requests for transfers were not always honored and often resulted in the cancelling of the next raise. I will never forget the wonderful letter of transfer written by Director Hoover, who wrote something like this:- 'It has come to my attention that due to the illness of your young son you have requested a transfer to a warmer climate. I have this day issued orders that you be immediately transferred to Los Angeles, California', and then he gave his best wishes. Not long after our arrival in Los Angeles I received a raise. Hoover was a wonderful director. He was very strict but very fair, and in meritorious cases he certainly did the best he could to help his employees.

"We bought a lovely three-bedroom home in Los Angeles near the intersection of Pico and Overland. I was assigned mostly to bank robbery investigations. I recall with some nostalgia the cases involving the 'Paper Bag Bandit', the 'Pin Stripe Bandit', and the long search for a man called

'Mad Dog Horan', one of the most wanted fugitives on the list of the FBI. I recall a most interesting bank robbery case involving the theft of something over \$100, 000. 00 from two messengers from the Hollywood State Bank taking money out to the Lockheed Aircraft Company. For a month Director Hoover was in Los Angeles on this case. The bandits were finally apprehended and most of the money recovered, being dug up from a grave at the Sawtelle Military Cemetery. This case was written up in the July 1957 issue of Reader's Digest.

"I took and passed the California Bar examination. I resigned from the Bureau in October 1945 and returned to Utah to practice law with my father, my brother Sherman, and subsequently my younger brother Cullen. At that time our firm was known as Christensen & Christensen. After Sherman was appointed Federal District Judge in Utah and Father retired, Joseph Novak, Fred R. Paulson and Thomas S. Taylor joined the firm. Novak subsequently withdrew from the firm and it is now known as Christensen, Paulson & Taylor, having four partners: Phillip V. Christensen, Cullen Y. Christensen, Ford R. Paulson, and Thomas S. Taylor, and an associate, Robert L. Moody.

"Three daughters have been born to us since we returned to Provo - Betty, Ann, and Mary. All of our children have been a great joy to Gwen and me. We are proud of their accomplishments and appreciative of the contribution each of them make in his or her own way to the happiness and success of our family. Perhaps it was inevitable that because Bryce was an FBI baby, born as a Hoosier in Indiana, that he would become a special agent of the FBI. After serving a mission in Denmark, graduating from BYU, and marrying, he received his appointment, was sworn in, and received his training at the Marine Base in Quantico. He is now working as a special agent in the area of Albany, New York and, among other things, investigating bank robberies. Betty Lee is married and at present lives in Butte, Montana. Her husband is an airline's pilot. She has recently taken up oil painting and has painted some beautiful pictures. Ann won first place in piano competition

for beginners in the Utah State Fair in 1966; placed second for Junior High age in the Baldwin piano contest in 1966; won first place in the Baldwin contest in 1968 in her age division and is now working on her own recital to be presented at BYU this May of 1969. Mary Kathryn joins her sister Betty in her love of horses, has her own horse and is taking riding lessons. She also does wonderfully well making things with her hands and is a great reader. I wouldn't be surprised to see her excel in literature somehow. She might even become a writer.

"During the later years of my life, particularly since our return to the Provo area, the church has come to mean a great deal in my life. Gwen and I went to the Salt Lake Temple and were sealed for eternity, 20 May 1948, also having our first two children sealed to us at that time. The other two were born in the covenant. While we lived in the River Grove Ward in Provo's West Utah Stake, I was a member of the High Council and served as Building Fund Chairman for the building of the new Rivergrove Ward chapel. Upon moving to Orem in 1952 I was sustained as Second Counselor to Bishop Laurence W. Palmer of the Orem Eleventh Ward and served for two years. In 1957 I was made Bishop of the Orem Nineteenth Ward and served in that capacity until our family moved back to Provo in 1962. For over three years now I have served as a member of the East Sharon Stake High Council under President Ben E. Lewis. Each day I live I am more convinced that the only way true happiness and joy can come is through association in the church, through attempting to live its principles, and mostly from gaining a true testimony of the divinity of Christ and of his message to the world.

"Gwen has always had a staunch testimony of the gospel and worked in the church organizations. During our stay in the Provo Rivergrove Ward she was Ward Relief Society President, being sustained as such at age thirty. Shortly after we moved to Orem in 1952 she was sustained as Sharon Stake Relief Society President. She has taught many classes in both Relief Society and Sunday School

and has always been an inspiration to those she taught. At present she is serving as a Stake Missionary in the East Sharon Stake, and together with her companion, Sister Arlene Heaton, is doing a wonderful job. Life has been very good to both of us and to our children and we do appreciate all of our blessings so very much."

Descendants of Phillip Van Buren Christensen and Gwen Johnson:-

- (A) Phillip Bryce Christensen born 4 June 1943 in Indianapolis, Indiana; md. 25 May 1967 in Los Angeles, Calif. (Temple) Elizabeth Carr (b. 22 Sep. 1946 in Salt Lake City, Utah to James Edward and Helen Farley Carr). Child:-  
I. Rebecca Christensen b. 20 Jan. 1969, Albany, New York.
- (B) Betty Lee Christensen born 27 Dec. 1945 in Provo, Utah; md. 1966 in Los Angeles, Calif., John Scott Briggs (b. 1 May 1945 in Rock Springs, Wyoming to John William and Allowee Heiner Briggs) Child:  
I. Kimberly Michelle Briggs b. 30 Dec. 1966, Provo, Utah
- (C) Ann Patrice Christensen born 29 Nov. 1953, Provo, Utah.
- (D) Mary Kathryn Christensen born 21 Sep. 1956, Provo, Utah.

(44) Mildred Christensen (8) born 18 Jan. 1912 in Coalville, Summit, Utah; died 19 Jan. 1912 in Coalville of prematurity; buried Coalville.

(45) Weldon "D" Christensen (7) the "D" just an initial like his father's, was born 7 Mar. 1912 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah. Just a few days after Weldon turned four years old his family left Gunnison by train and moved to a ranch some miles east of Lyman, Wyoming, which was called "The Oasis" by members of the family. They lived on their homeesteaded ranch in summers and in Lyman, Wyoming, in winters for several years during which time "firebugs" tried to burn them out and drive

them from the ranch. These were critical times for their family as well as others of their Christensen relatives who had also taken out homestead property on The Oasis.

Weldon attended school in Lyman and also in Evanston and a short time in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Like so many of the grandsons of Laurs and Else K. Christensen he grew to be a big fellow. He often helped his father on the ranch near Lyman, Wyoming, and was the only one of the children of Louis and Florence Christensen who chose to make a permanent home in the area. He has had a number of unusual, impressive experiences in his lifetime. One was when the big boiler blew up on the ranch and he and his father and others were miraculously saved. Another was when his father died. These two experiences have been related earlier in this book in the history of his father.

Weldon has told us something of his later life in these words:-- "I married a girl named Beth Blackner (b. 26 Feb. 1916 in Lyman, Wyoming to Frank and Mary Margaret Syme Blackner) 11 Apr. 1932, first in Evanston, Wyoming and then thirteen years later, 28 Nov. 1945, in the Salt Lake Temple. We have a beautiful daughter, Colleen, born four years after our civil marriage and sealed to us at the time of our sealing in the temple. She married a man named Wallace Hart and they have three children. They are all very wonderful.

"I myself am 6 ft. tall, with brown hair and brown eyes and weigh 225 lbs. My wife Beth is 5 ft. 4 inches tall, weighs 114 lbs. and has black hair and brown eyes. We have enjoyed our marriage together and have had a very deep love for each other, our daughter Colleen and her children and also for her husband who has been a model husband and a good father.

"We own our own home which we built ourselves, which is the third house we have built here in Lyman. Beth is a secretary to the superintendent of the Lyman High School and has been for more than fifteen years. Before that she was a clerk in the Lyman Mercantile here for fifteen years. I myself have been mostly in carpentry work but ran

a school bus for years and raised chickens and sold eggs on the side. I worked at Hill Field in Utah for almost five years, first as a warehouse man and then as an aqua system man (aviation gasoline with water pressure). Three others and myself handled all the aviation gasoline on Hill Air Force Base during the last world war, handling hundreds of thousands of gallons of airplane gas that serviced the planes and bombers that flew in and out of the base.

"I was in the LDS Hospital for treatment some time ago. The entrance to my heart and my left lung aren't so good yet and I shake and am still weak." A recent letter from Weldon's and Beth's daughter, Colleen, contains the following:- "We live just forty miles from Mother and Dad and have close contact with them. Our children really enjoy them. Dad has retired, due to a heart condition; however, Mother is still working at the school as secretary for the District, which keeps her really busy even though she has an ulcer."

Descendants of Weldon "D" Christensen and Beth Blackner:-

- (A) Colleen Christensen born 26 Dec. 1936 in Lyman, Wyoming; md. 28 Mar. 1957 in Salt Lake City, Utah, Herbert Wallace Hart (b. 27 May 1933 in Logan, Utah to Herbert Alexander and Helen Covey Hart.) Children, all born in Salt Lake City, Utah:
- I. Julia Hart b. 6 Mar. 1960
  - II. Steven Wallace Hart b. 23 Apr. 1962
  - III. Jon Scott Hart b. 6 Apr. 1964

(46) Gorden Larsen Christensen (1) was born 4 Apr. 1912 in Salt Lake City, Utah. He was just five-and-a-half years old when his father died. His sister Ivy writes of him:- "Gorden grew to be a tall lad, six feet or more, with dark brown hair. He always seemed to me to be a little shy but was a great tease. He enjoyed sports and was very good at basketball and football. He did a little boxing with his older brother Elmer. Everyone joked about this because mother was always afraid he would hurt Elmer, the older of the two by nearly

thirteen years but some smaller in stature. Gorden's favorite pastime seemed to be reading. He would sit for hours reading book after book. He was a very clean living boy and always attended to his church duties."

His brother Farrold says of him, "Gorden had the normal love for life, people and sports. He had graduated from the LDS High School in Salt Lake City and was attending the LDS Business College when he was stricken with appendicitis and died soon after, 9 Jan. 1930, in Salt Lake of a ruptured appendix. He was buried in Salt Lake City.

(47) Ella May Bartholomew (5) who later changed the spelling of her given name to Ellamae, sent in a chronology of her early life:-- "May 10th 1912 - born at Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah; Sep. 1st 1912 - Christened by Bishop James Rasmussen; Mar. 27, 1916 - moved to a ranch near Lyman, Wyoming; Sep. 1918 - moved to Ogden, Utah; fall of 1919 - moved back to Lyman; Mar. 1920 - moved to Goshen, Utah; 19 June 1920 - baptized and confirmed a member of the LDS church by Robert Finch; 1921 - sang first solo in church, 'I want to Kiss Mama Goodnight'; 1924 - began piano lessons and took about six from Miss Flamm and played my first piano selection in church, called 'In the Poof of Tears'; 1924/25 - was president of seventh grade; May 1924 - crowned 'Queen of May' on May Day; Dec. 1925 - appointed Primary teacher for first grade; 1926 - made Primary organist; 1926/27 - was president of ninth grade, gave welcome address for Commencement and scored for Valedictorian; June 1927 - I picked strawberries at Uncle Albert's on Provo Bench; Oct. 1928 - picked apples for Scotts at Elberta; Mar. 1929 - while attending High School at Payson I won first place at the District typing contest in Springville; May 1929 - won two ribbons at the school track meet in Spanish Fork; summer 1929 - had fun practicing our mandolins with my girl friends; July 1929 - danced the Highland Fling with Kay and Beth at Perry Show Hall; early spring 1930 - I had the mumps; May 1930 - I won a ribbon at the school track meet in Provo for accuracy throw;

also May 1930 - I won the Curtis medal playing 'Valse Caprice' and though mother and Edith tried to get me to play the piano by note, I played by ear; June 1930 - took the leading part in the play 'The High Heart' and graduated from Payson High School having won two certificates in shorthand, tenpins and an Eversharp pencil while attending there.

1928-30 - I served as Sunday School Secretary in our Ward in Payson; 1 Sep. 1930 - I started school at Henager Business College in Salt Lake City and stayed with the Harold Whites in the Fairmont apartments, working for my board and room; May 1931 - I began working for a Mrs. Ralls in the Tourist Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce in Salt Lake and lived at the Emery apartments; June 1931 - I climbed Mt. Timpanogos with Albert Hudson; 1 July 1931 - I began working for Terry Ryan who was establishing a Writers' Bureau, and I lived at a Mrs. Caines; 1 to 15 Aug. 1931 - I did some vacation relief work at National Theatre Supply Co."

Ellamae also writes other details of her life:- "While we lived in Goshen my brother A. Owen married 'Pate', who has always been like a sister to me. Aunt Vena and cousin Pearl also moved there. I remember Grandma Christensen visiting us and making a braided rug for Mother. I rode by bus to high school in Payson where I graduated in May 1930. That fall I enrolled at Henager Business College in Salt Lake City and attended nine months. While there I was typist for a school paper, 'The Dynamo', and won three awards, one in penmanship and two in shorthand. I also headed the typing list with 97 words a minute and three errors.

"While at home in Payson next winter, 1931/32, Byron and I went to Nephi to learn the MIA contest dance, a tango. I also started violin lessons with Tresia Krauss but only took a few. I took part in the MIA road show and was in the MIA ladies' chorus contest. I was hired to take in shorthand and transcribe the funeral services of John Perkins. On the 8 Mar. 1932, I returned to Salt Lake City to work in the office at Henager's and to continue business school.

"My first full time job (\$40.00 a month) was with Utah-California Motor Lines in Salt Lake, where I met my future husband, Harold Dorcheus Krantz (b. 1 Feb. 1910 in Culdesac, Idaho (near Ashton) to William Charles and Ellen Louise Dorcheus Krantz). I called him 'Pat' and he was tall, dark and handsome. At the time I lived with Aunt Sarah Christensen, my father's sister, and she was like a second mother to me. During this time Cousin Lucile and I became good pals. We gave each other nicknames. I called her 'Sally' - she called me 'Jerry'. Hers didn't stick but I've been Jerry ever since.

"I worked for two years, then Pat and I were married at my parents' home in Payson, by Bishop Cheever, 16 Dec. 1933. We lived in Salt Lake for our first two years, during which time our first son, Bill, was born. Looking at him for the first time I felt that we had performed a miracle. He was an exceptionally good baby and I spent most of my time playing with him, since Pat was driving interstate so wasn't home very much. I wrote him a letter each time he left home so he would get it when he arrived at his destination.

"Then we moved to Maywood, California, where Pat started working for an oil company. Our son Mike was born in Bell, California. We enjoyed our nine years in California and saw many interesting places. It was like a dream seeing the ocean for the first time; the boys loved to play on the beach. While we were there, Edith, Heber and family moved down to California, and also Cliff and Rhea.

"To me, owning a home has always meant security so I started working at Consolidated Steel in Maywood to help get a down payment for one. We bought a home in Whittier, Calif., in an orange grove. I shall never forget the smell of orange blossoms and night-blooming jasmine, nor the plaintive song of the nightingale. Then came the shock of Pearl Harbor and the blackouts. It was especially tense on the coast. Consolidated Steel built tank lighters, anti-aircraft guns and Liberty ships. (We saw one of these launched). We decided to sell our home and move back to Utah or Idaho.

So in the spring of 1943 we bought a home in Idaho Falls.

"It seemed wonderful to see the streets lighted again - I felt so good I wanted to run instead of walk. We found the people so friendly and interested. The boys and I became active in the Fifth Ward. I taught Primary and was secretary in the Relief Society. I also served as Stake Secretary for the Relief Society. Pat joined in the socials and dances. Then we bought a small farm and moved six miles out of town. Pat and I were both inexperienced but worked hard fixing up the house and getting livestock and machinery. The house was modern only to the extent that it had water piped in. Later we found out that the well went dry every spring for three months. We painted, papered, built new cupboards and installed hot water. Pat was working as a car salesman and I decided to go to work to help with the finances. We had a big garden so there was plenty of canning to do. We had cows, pigs, chickens, rabbits, and raised hay, grain and potatoes. We studied all the government bulletins on farming. I could write a book on our experiences on that farm.

"The boys had a mare and colt. They rode the school bus to school and were active in all kinds of sports and in music. Bill played the violin and Mike sang and played the piano. Many times in the winter the roads would be closed from drifting snow. We made a comfortable home the nine years we lived on the farm and have many happy memories - the boys loved it!

"We had an outstanding Bishop in the Taylor Ward, Wesley Roberts, who had a wonderful influence on our boys. I'm sure it was his teachings and inspiration that gave them the desire to go on missions. We have always been proud of our boys and wonder sometimes how we could have been so lucky. They both filled missions, Bill in Mexico and Mike in the New England States. They both graduated from college, Bill from the University of Idaho in Forestry and Mike from the BYU in Business Administration. They both had temple marriages. Bill married Helen Sessions in the Idaho Falls Temple and Mike married Judith Ann

Eastwood, whom he met at BYU, in the Los Angeles Temple. As I write this history and reflect on my life up to the present I am amazed how time flies. It seems only yesterday our boys were small. I look at them now with their little families and think - 'there we were a few years ago'.

"After the boys left home we sold the farm and moved back to town. My husband works as a driver-salesman for Challenge Creamery. I have been working for the past some twenty years as legal secretary for the firm Holden, Holden & Kidwell. I have blue eyes, light brown hair, am five feet four inches tall and weigh 120-125 lbs., which doesn't vary much. I love being home, like housework, and am happy in the kitchen. I get compliments on my cooking. I've always tried to create a homey atmosphere so my family will love coming home and will remember it with pleasure.

"I love to read and listen to sweet music - but also like activities such as dancing, hiking, swimming and bicycle riding. I can completely lose myself in gardening and it is pure joy for me to be out in the hills fishing in a lively stream or beautiful Lake Palisades. I love simple things like the coziness of a fireside, the smell of clothes just taken from the line, or of freshly baked bread. I love the smell of willows on the river, lilacs in bloom, and blue sky with billowy clouds. I especially like being grandma and shopping for the grandchildren.

"I love to take trips and see new country. When the boys were young we took them on a camping trip to Glacier National Park. After we got our trailer we took Bill and Helen to Priest Lake in northern Idaho and Mike and Judy through Yellowstone Park. Pat and I have traveled through all the western states, including a ferryboat ride through the San Juan Islands to Victoria, and to Mexico when Bill was released from his mission. A Christmas or two ago we flew to Moscow, Idaho, to be with Mike and his family and later we flew back to Maryland to see Bill and his.

"Now here we are still in Idaho Falls, where

we own a nice home, a car, truck and house trailer parked on the river in Swan Valley where we spend weekends all summer. My husband shares his great love of the outdoors with me. We fish, hike, pick chokecherries and huckleberries, read or just relax and enjoy the sound of the river. In the winters we enjoy our cozy fireside and try to accomplish special projects. We finished a hooked rug last year and have an afghan to crochet now. Pat keeps the house repaired and painted. There are many things I would like to do. I would like to learn to play the piano well and to sew my own clothes. I've always thought I would like nursing - perhaps when I retire I'll do hospital work. Perhaps someday also Pat and I can give our boys their dearest wish and go through the temple."

Descendants of Ellamae Bartholomew and Harold Dorcheus Krantz:-

- (A) William Charles Krantz born 29 July 1934 in Salt Lake City, Utah; md. 23 Aug. 1957 in Idaho Falls, Idaho, Helen Genevieve Sessions (b. 21 Oct. 1934 in Idaho Falls to Owen E. and Norma Wheeler Sessions). Children:
- I. Kathryn Krantz b. 29 May 1959 in Moscow, Idaho
  - II. Susan Krantz b. 10 Feb. 1962 in Susanville, Calif.
  - III. Cynthia Kay Krantz b. 29 Dec. 1962 in Placerville, Calif.
- (B) Michael Bartholomew Krantz born 28 Oct. 1936 in Bell, Calif.; md. 11 June 1960 in Los Angeles, Calif., Judith Ann Eastwood (b. 18 Oct. 1940 in Long Beach, Calif. to Fred and Dorothy Ann Sutton Eastwood). Children:
- I. David Michael Krantz b. 23 Apr. 1961, Provo, Ut.
  - II. Mark Alan Krantz b. 27 Apr. 1963, Pasadena, Calif.
  - III. Karen Ann Krantz b. 19 Sep. 1964, Twin Falls, Idaho.

(48) Alice Fern Christensen (7) was born 14 Apr. 1914 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah. She lacked less than a month from turning two years old when she moved with her parents to a ranch near Lyman, Wyoming. She attended grade and high school at Lyman, Evanston and Cheyenne, Wyoming, graduating from Lyman High School the spring of 1931.

Alice became an accomplished singer and pianist. At one time she and her sister Marjorie sang over the radio on their own program listed as "Alice & Marj". She has played and sung in night clubs and with bands. She herself writes of this:- "I have worked at playing the piano in town bands, night clubs, at style shows, luncheons, and for Rotarians, Elks, Jaycees, etc. I also worked at typing, my main job being with the Federal Civil Service at the Sacramento Signal Depot (procedure section) where in one year and two months I achieved my goal by obtaining an Outstanding Efficiency award as well as a Sustained Superior award, which is considered quite an achievement in Federal Civil Service.

"On 3 Nov. 1941, in Las Vegas, Nevada, I was married to McNeil Frandsen (b. 23 Sep. 1915 in Elsinore, Utah to Alma F. and Petrea Nielson Frandsen). We had a very happy marriage but after twenty years and four months as man and wife he died of cancer at Reno, Nevada, 10 Mar. 1962, after having suffered with this terrible disease for one year and two months. He was buried 13 Mar. 1962 in Reno. After his death my former boss at the Signal Depot in Sacramento, Robert G. Farrell, made three different trips to Reno to try and get me to go back there to work, but I didn't.

"I began playing dinner hour music at the Nevada Hotel in Ely, Nevada and that is where I met my second husband, Joseph Robert Burns, who was a cook and chef in Elko. We were married in Elko 16 Jan. 1964. Later we moved to Tonapah, Nevada where he did the same kind of work and I played the piano at the 'Tonapah Club' there two nights a week. I want you to know that I have had the grandest mother, father, sisters and brothers on earth - just a marvelous home life in my youth."

Alice and Joseph Burns were finally divorced and she moved to Salt Lake City, Utah. She is at present working at the University of Utah Printing Department doing studies computing. She has no descendants.

(49) Lucile Christensen (2) tells her own story in what she calls An Autobiography in Brief:  
"1914-1917 - Baby Years: I was born 17 May 1914 in Pleasant View (North Provo) Utah. My father wanted me named Mette Marie, a Danish name, but Mother prevailed and I was named Lucile. Father was appointed president of Ricks Academy in Rexburg, Idaho and we moved there when I was but a few months old. My recollections of this period are meager - but vivid. A leather clad Indian doll which I loved was taken and chewed up by the rats. We had a large collie dog which, in its playfulness, often knocked me down. My brothers shot a huge snowshoe rabbit which they carried suspended on a stick between them.

"1917-1931 - Years of Our Migrations: 1917, we were at LaVerkin, Utah at the hot springs for Edythe's health and Father's property speculation. 1918, we were at Hinckley, Utah where father headed the Millard Academy. Here Margaret was born. Luther and I explored the sage covered hills and found a horse caught in barbed wire. Much to Mother's concern I spent many hours on the respective backs of two mean horses, Fox and Dobbin. I fell from the seat of a disk-plow and cut open my upper lip. 1919, by summer we were living at Star Ranch near Mona, Utah. Father, understanding my insatiable longing for a horse, gave me a little sure-footed mare which I promptly named 'Queen'. For the full summer I remember no other companion than the beautiful animal on whose back I lived and dreamed. Father called me his 'Danish Fairy' and I thrived in the sunlight of this affectionate name until one day, when he took me to Santaquin with him, he pointed out an old bewhiskered man who passed us on the street, by saying, 'See, that is a Danishman'. Never again for me did 'Danish Fairy' call forth the same bright image as before. At Star I had an accident

with a razor blade which left me with a four inch scar on my left wrist. We got a victrola which played wonderful music. Something, unknown to me now, happened which caused me to entertain a fear of the dark which has never left me. 1920, during the winter in Provo, Utah, was the flu epidemic. We were all sick. Margaret had pneumonia and Dr. Hassler helped pull her through. 1921, Edythe left for school in Boston. 1923, we moved to Salt Lake City, Utah to a house around which flowed a bend of the Jordan River. Father was sick. I attended Cannon School and Cannon Ward Sunday School. Little sister Margaret was very frank and humiliated me when she told my teacher that we lived down by old Barnhage, the pig man, after I had been describing the beauties of our home by the river. Luther and I discovered a drowned man floating in the river. We also were caught on the Bamburger train bridge. We had just hooked a huge carp and had to abandon it, losing our rod and line as we scampered for our lives before the train. 1924, we were settled in a more comfortable home on 879 South Main Street. I attended McKinley School there. I remember an incident here which touched me. Luther kept a string of muskrat traps in Draper and sold the pelts. One night he had to walk clear from Draper with a skunk pelt because the conductor wouldn't let him ride the streetcar in his 'perfumed' condition. Wendell and Sheldon filled missions and later were married from this home, as Edythe was also. Father took us younger children on several summer trips to California, southern Utah parks and Yellowstone. Mother started a burial clothes business and Luther started to move in the direction of his career as a veterinary doctor. 1930, the house we were renting sold, so we moved nearly to 1740 So. Main, into another large home which Mother, with financial help from Luther, arranged to buy. Mother continued her sewing and also boarded and roomed teachers and secretaries to make our living. Father was sick with diabetes but continued to work and travel trying to make his investments and schemes pay off financially. I attended West High School where I met George F. Tate. I attended South High School my senior year,

the first year it was built. Father died 17 Dec. 1931.

"1932-1938 - Years of Change: For several years I had helped Edythe with her growing family, working on Saturdays and during the summers. I also worked at her husband's office (Drs. Robbins, Horne and Clawson). In the fall of 1933 I left for Los Angeles to attend the Art Center School, one of the country's foremost commercial art schools. I studied there until 1936, living the first year at Wendell's and the last two with Luther and Velda. My summers were spent in Salt Lake City. Edythe's health was very poor and Mother's financial burdens were heavy, so it was arranged that Mother would sell the home on Main Street and go to live with and care for Edythe and her five children. When my school was finished and I returned to Salt Lake, I worked as a window designer for Lerner Shops. During the years I had been away, George Tate had been at the Air Corps Technical School at Rantoul, Illinois. We had corresponded quite regularly, in fact carried on a pre-courtship relation which gave us a wonderful opportunity to exchange ideas and feelings. George came home in October of 1937 and after two wonderful weeks of getting to know each other better, we became engaged. When he left to return East, I wrote in a goodby letter: 'When I think of eternity with you, it's none too long a time.' I have never had reason to feel otherwise. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple by his grandfather, George F. Richards (Pres. of the Quorum of the Twelve) for whom George had been named, 9 Sep. 1938. Three days later we left on a cross-country honeymoon to make our first home in Dayton, Ohio. (George Franklin Tate was born 25 July 1913 in Tooele, Utah, the son of George Lawrence and Alice Minerva Richards Tate).

"1938-1944 - Early Ohio Years: These were exciting, growing years with much opportunity for happiness. George progressed to the position of Project Engineer for aircraft engine instruments, and then to Unit Chief in charge of engine instrument development for the Air Force. He traveled extensively in this country and to Alaska. Together

we visited New York, Washington D. C., etc. Our two oldest daughters were born here, Kathryn and Barbara, the latter just three days before Pearl Harbor. We were active in church and served as local missionaries together. Our girls were frequently ill. Kathryn developed a tubercle in her lung and the doctors advised us to leave the damp climate and take them to California. We took their advice.

"1944-1946 - California Years: We moved to 5242 Alhambra Drive, Woodland Hills, in the hot, dry San Fernando Valley of California. The change worked wonders for our girls and for us also. George was re-employed by the government as Production Engineer in charge of aircraft instruments for the West coast, but after his Wright's Field experience in Ohio he became restless for more to do and looked around for something more challenging. Soon after moving here our son George was born. I cared for the children and spent much time with Sheldon's wife Mary, my long-time friend who lived just a few miles away in Tarzana, and with Luther's wife Velda, also a friend of long standing, who lived in Sherman Oaks. When George found more challenging employment it was with reluctance that we left our home in the Valley and moved to San Lorenzo Village across the bay from San Francisco. George was employed as Project Engineer for the development of a much needed recording instrument for the Air Force. Friden Calculating Machine Co. was his employer. The instrument was completed and under flight test at Wright Field when the war ended. The family now being in good health, George accepted another offer from Wright Field and we moved back to Dayton, Ohio, during the cold winter of 1945/46. During the process of the move, Kathryn fell from a car and sustained a head concussion. She was hospitalized for a week, administered to, and recovered without permanent injury.

"1946-1952 - Late Ohio Years: Our new home in Dayton was a large two story frame house from which we attended our Dayton Branch of the church and from which our children attended Jefferson School. The summer after our move

our youngest daughter, Susan, was born. Mother Christensen came to care for us, for after Susan's birth I was laid low with a severe case of mental, physical and spiritual depression which put me back in the hospital and then kept me low after my release. Faith, administrations, and the concerted prayers of the Council of the Twelve, under Grandfather Richard's guidance, combined to help me. At the time I prayed fervently to the Lord, saying that if he would help restore me to my feet so that I might care for my children and take my responsibilities, I would serve him willingly for the rest of my life. It was a total commitment which He honored. My recovery was rapid, and since that time I have had many opportunities to work in His church. This experience led to greater solidarity and purpose in our lives. The old chapel where we met in Dayton was sold by the church since the neighborhood was rapidly deteriorating and we were meeting at the Miami Hotel. George was Sunday School Superintendent and I was Relief Society President. Later I became District Relief Society President and Branch Primary President at the same time. A new chapel was built and George supervised its erection while I planned its interior decoration. It was completed during 1950-1952. We were busy and happy, but as Kathryn approached her teens we became aware that there were only a few young people in the church there and began to think seriously of moving to Utah where the children would have more opportunity to associate with young people of their own faith.

"1952-1958 - Salt Lake Years: In July 1952 we bought Alumatic Door and Window Co. in Salt Lake City from George's brother, Ralph, and found ourselves deeply engrossed in a new challenge. The next three years brought steady growth but also excessive business demands. We began to feel that we were neglecting our children. With the hope of lessening the strain we brought others into the company and changed it from a partnership into a corporation - but this didn't work out. After taking some heavy losses we pulled out and formed the George F. Tate & Co. (our present business). This made it possible for Ralph to assume control of the old business which he had originally started.

We had built a large rambling brick home in Salt Lake on an acre and a half of creek-side property at 3142 East 3600 South, which we called 'Westate'. We had hoped it would be our home for many years but it was not to be, for we were inspired and guided to bring our children to Provo the year Kathryn was ready to enter BYU. The decision was made, the home we now live in found, and the younger children registered at BY High, all in a single day. It took us several months to sell our East Millcreek home but nevertheless we moved to 688 North 700 East in Provo for registration the fall of 1958. During the Salt Lake years I had worked quite actively as a free-lance interior designer. I also served in church as Highland View Ward Primary President and then as president of the East Millcreek Stake Primary. I also decorated the Highland View chapel and new East Millcreek Stake center.

"1958-1969 - Provo Years: In September of 1958 Kathryn, George and I all registered as Freshmen at BYU. In October of that year I had an offer to travel to Europe to help make decoration suggestions for the Hamburg chapel in Germany, then being supervised by my brother-in-law Burtis F. Robbins, Berlin Mission President. Since I was already committed to commute to Salt Lake twice a week to work with the building committee on the East Millcreek Stake House, and was also registered in school, I was obliged to decline the offer. It had always been my desire that if I ever went to Europe it would be with my husband.

"The intervening years have been very full. Kathryn graduated in nursing, Barbara in speech and hearing therapy, Susan in English, and I received my BA degree in English the spring of 1964 and my Masters in English in 1967. During the summer of 1963 I attended the International Language school at Vienna and then Salzburg, Austria. George joined me for the last part of the summer and together we visited Berlin, Denmark and Sweden, flying home to meet Susan and Barbara in New York, following their tour of the New England states. Our son, George Sheldon, served a West German mission (1964-1966) and upon completion of it met Susan in Luxemburg and they toured Europe together.

Kathryn had spent a summer in Mexico earlier (1959) at the language school there and Barbara, not wanting a foreign trip, had gone to the Hill Cumorah Pageant. Upon completion of Susan's BA and my Masters degrees, she received a teaching assistantship in Freshman English and I received a full time contract as an instructor of Humanities at BYU (1967). George Sheldon went back to school following his mission and now plans to complete a PhD in comparative literature with an emphasis in languages. He now is doing advanced studies in Latin, German and Norwegian; to these he will add French, Italian and Greek, in addition to Old Saxon, Gothic and French. He then hopes to teach at BYU. Indeed, we are a school family, busy and happy.

"Now (1969) all three daughters are married and busy raising their families. George Sheldon was just married. George F. has been specializing in genealogy work at BYU in order to become accredited - and he loves it. He is serving as East Provo Stake Mission President. At present I am serving as his companion in this stake mission. Since living in Provo I have also served as Relief Society teacher, counselor in East Provo Stake MIA, and as a decorating consultant on the East Provo Stake Center. The sacred commitment that I made so long ago in Dayton is a life-long promise which I intend always to remember and honor. As a family we look forward with anticipation to many wonderful busy years in worthwhile activities and responsibilities."

#### Descendants of Lucile Christensen and George Franklin Tate:-

- (A) Kathryn Tate born 30 Dec. 1939 in Dayton, Ohio; md. 16 Aug. 1962 in Manti, Utah (Temple) Brent Lamarr Gledhill (b. 27 Mar. 1939 in Sacramento, Calif. to Albert Myron and Mary Jane Briggs Gledhill). Children:
  - I. Jon Barton Gledhill b. 12 July 1963
  - II. James Brent Gledhill b. 27 Aug. 1964
  - III. Joseph Bartholomew Gledhill b. 19 Sep. 1966
- (B) Barbara Tate born 4 Dec. 1941 in Dayton, Ohio; md. 10 Aug. 1967 in Salt Lake City, Utah (Temple)

Dennis Frank Bednarik (b. 31 Jan. 1943 in Salt Lake City to Frank and Edith Irene McClure Bednarik) Child:

I. Jennifer Bednarik b. 29 Dec. 1968 in Murray, Utah.

(C) George Sheldon Tate born 7 Sep. 1944 in Santa Monica, Calif.; md. 19 July 1969 in Los Angeles, Calif. (Temple) to Julie Ann Walton (b. 14 July 1945 in San Diego, Calif. to Raymond H. and Elaine Perkins Walton).

(D) Susan Tate born 17 July 1946 in Dayton, Ohio; md. 4 June 1968 in Salt Lake City, Utah (Temple) John Charles Laing (b. 18 Jan. 1945 in Long Beach, Calif. to Charles William and Grace Scott Laing) Child:

I. John Patrick Laing b. 25 Feb. 1969, Salt Lake City, Utah

(50) David Christian Christensen (8) was born in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah, 16 Nov. 1915. He grew up in the Gunnison area and attended school there until his family moved to Manti, Utah not long after he turned ten years old. Here he continued his education, graduating from Manti High School in May 1934, after having acted as Studentbody President during the year.

Salt Lake City became David's home soon after his graduation. His father having passed away in Dec. 1932, David was now the "man of the family" and his mother's main help in the things about the place that needed a man's touch. He was a great help to her. In Salt Lake he registered at the University of Utah and took some classes there in the department of Mines and Engineering for a time. He was somewhat of a hustler and although the great depression was in progress in the country he did what he could find to do to help out.

David was married 17 Dec. 1941 to Myrtle Osborn (b. 9 July 1917 in Escalante, Utah to Warren Jasper and Ruby Twitchell Osborn). Their marriage was solemnized twenty-and-a-half years later, 21 June 1962, in the Salt Lake

Temple. War preparations were very much in evidence at the time of their marriage and David, as well as Myrtle, were soon engaged in the same, as evidenced by a letter he wrote to his sister Gladys in San Francisco about a year after they were wed. A copy of the letter follows:

"Cheyenne, Wyoming  
5 Nov. 1942

"Dear Gladys:

Yes, we are more busy now than ever. It seems like the ships (planes) keep coming in faster all the time and fewer men to do the work - more females. It's ten or eleven hours every day so we do manage to keep out of mischief at home. We have been lucky to have the same hours the past two months; hope we can have the same luck all winter - and I do mean winter! We sure would like to live in California by Lake Merrit again. You don't know how lucky you are not to have to plow through snow on your way to work. We are glad and mighty lucky to be together, however, so in spite of the long hours and Wyoming in general, we are still in love and happy. And the money that's rolling in - ah, if living just wasn't so damn high! By the way, I have had another raise.

"We had a battle on our hands a few days ago. It seems they had us on our way to New York; but me, I turns up the next morning to work in good old Cheyenne just the same. Well, there were a lot of promises made to bring us back in a short time, but I found a fellow who lived in the east and they sent him instead. It sure did sound fun but we still want to stay west of Cheyenne, Wyoming. The draft board hasn't sent any more news to me and I have my Navy papers all ready to go if they do. I think I'm safe until February anyway.

"Myrtle and I are planning to fly home for Christmas and surprise Mother; that is if we can both get a couple of days off together. We can get half fare and that's cheaper than bus - so why not? It would be swell if you could come too. Myrtle hasn't even been inside my kind of airplane yet so I think it will be a swell treat for her. There isn't much news to tell you from here so I

guess I'll sign off for tonight. Love, Dave & Myrtle & Dicky. (Dicky is our new little boy-bird - lots of fun to play with)."

When World War II was over David and Myrtle returned to Salt Lake City and joined with his mother in buying a duplex home there at 1333 South 6th East. Millie lived in the one side until her death, while David and his family occupied the other, and still live there. He and Myrtle have three children, a son and two daughters, the first daughter born before they returned to Salt Lake from California where they had been transferred from Wyoming.

In all, David has worked for United Air Lines for some twenty-eight years. He worked for them first in Oakland, Calif. for three months, then two years in Cheyenne, Wyoming, two years in San Francisco, and for the past twenty-four years at the Salt Lake airport. For the past eight years his wife Myrtle has been working in the delivery room of the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake as a registered nurse. They are still busy, happy people.

Descendants of David Christian Christensen and Myrtle Osborn:--

- (A) Kathleen Christensen born 20 Jan. 1944 in San Mateo, Calif; md. 22 Nov. 1964 in Salt Lake City (Temple) William Hagen (b. 11 Dec. 1939 in Salt Lake City to Walter Tom and Frances Duke Hagen). Children:
  - I. Diana Lyne Hagen b. 8 Feb. 1966, Salt Lake City, Ut.
  - II. Anthony Todd Hagen b. 28 Feb. 1967, Salt Lake City.
- (B) David Scott Christensen born 18 Aug. 1949 in Salt Lake City, Utah
- (C) Malinda Pat Christensen born 11 Dec. 1955, Salt Lake City.

(51) Don Gilmore Christensen (3) writes: "I was born 31 Dec. 1916. My mother told me that there was some discussion as to whether I was born 31 Dec. 1916 or 1 Jan. 1917, father's

watch indicating that it was already the New Year and Dr. Hagen's that it was still 1916. The doctor prevailed. Whether his watch was more accurate than father's I do not know; I do know this, however, that a birthday sandwiched in between Christmas and New Years is not the best time of year for a young boy's birthday - it tends to get lost in the other events of the season.

"My oldest brother, Harold, stated many times that he did not know Mother was expecting and that it came as a great surprise to him to learn that he had a new baby brother. He wondered if the folks had adopted a child. I am twenty-two years younger than Harold. Mother was nearing forty-five when I was born. But whether Harold was expecting me or not, my parents were and all of my recollections of them are of tender, loving care towards me. Mother told me several times while I was a young chap that although she had other children she felt, upon my birth, like 'Sarah of Old' must have felt about her son Isaac, who was born when she was old. She always made me feel like I was something special and important to her, and throughout her lifetime I tried to be just that.

"At the time of my birth we were residing within the Gunnison City limits but my first clear recollection of home is the farmhouse down below Rocky Point, a mile or so west of Gunnison. Along about age nine I became ill with pneumonia and recall spending considerable time in bed and out of school. When I was recuperating, the ice on the Sanpitch River was thick enough for skating and sliding. I importuned Mother until she finally let me go out and play with the others. I was not sufficiently recovered and the relapse which followed was considerably more severe than the initial illness. I have heard that the doctor despaired of my life, but Mother's constant care and the 'mustard plasters' apparently pulled me through. Mother was also my teacher during the long period of convalescence and I was quite surprised, on returning to school, to find that I was right up with the class.

"Speaking of illness, there was an evening

and night at the Rocky Point ranch when Keller Christensen, my nephew, was about as sick as anyone could get. He had eaten too many green apples. His brother Cloyd and I had helped him - but somehow we escaped. Before my ninth year was over my father became so ill and died. His death was a severe loss to the family, one that I did not fully appreciate until much later. I hardly got to know him except through others.

"Sometime after Father's death we moved from the Rocky Point home to Fayette, Utah, a distance of about six miles from Gunnison. We lived with my Uncle Henry Bartholomew, who was a widower with young children. The school house in Fayette had only two rooms and Blaine Anderson of Mayfield was the principal and teacher of the upper grades. I started out there in seventh grade, but somehow convinced Mr. Anderson that I was as smart as his eighth graders so ended up graduating with them. It was quite a surprise to my old classmates in Gunnison to find me a year ahead of them when I started to attend Gunnison Valley High School. The years at high school were interspersed with summers working on the farm and an occasional trip to the mountains, mostly up Twelve Mile to the sheep camp or to get out logs or hunt deer. I rather liked the summers more than the school time of year, in spite of the heavy work. I think I might have become a farmer if I hadn't had so much trouble with hayfever. I graduated from Gunnison High School in 1934.

"Then it was on to Brigham Young University. I remember meeting Cousin Phil Christensen there and being initiated into a club of which he was a member (Vikings). Undoubtedly I was very much of a hayseed but Phil was very kind and considerate. It was in Freshman English class that I first met Freda. We were both assigned to Miss Black's class, which was on the hill. Freda's preceding class was on lower campus and she was always late for English. Miss Black, who was otherwise very strict, let her get by with this. Much later when I teased Freda about this her reply was, 'Well you'd never have noticed me if I hadn't come in late'. We did some dating during the next three years, but

nothing too serious. Then I was called to serve in the East German Mission and she became a most faithful correspondent during the next two-and-a-half years.

"By the time I was released, in Independence, Missouri, Freda had graduated from the 'Y' as valedictorian of her class, received a Masters degree in Chemistry from the University of Chicago, and was working in the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. Upon my release I made my way in that direction. She was expecting me but somehow we got our signals crossed and she didn't meet me at the station as anticipated. I was very disappointed and was not at all sure but that I had read into her correspondence more than she had intended. However, having made the trip and having the address of the apartment where she and her girl friend were staying, I decided to look her up anyway. Upon arriving at the apartment all my doubts and misgivings were allayed. I found her in tears. She had missed me at the station and was sure that I had continued on my way home and that she wouldn't get to see me. The recollection of that reception from Freda, who is not a particularly demonstrative person, led to our engagement, which occurred later in Provo.

"But I still had another year of school at the BYU before graduation, which I completed with a teaching credential and a major in German. I went to summer school the following summer and took French, along with other subjects, with the intention of going into foreign languages. In the meantime Freda had accepted my proposal of marriage and we set the date.

"Freda came to our home in Fayette shortly before our marriage. To a large extent we were strangers, for except for our correspondence we had enjoyed little contact since our school days together some four years before. I was married 3 Sep. 1941 in the Manti Temple to Freda Seraphine Decker (b. 14 Dec. 1916 in Snowflake, Arizona to Louis Addison and Achsah Mae Hatch Decker). At the same time and place Uncle Henry Bartholomew married, as his second wife, Freda's older sister,

Catherine. A few days later Freda and I left for California with the intention of me completing some graduate work in German at Stanford University. This I commenced. I had a scholarship to that university which helped with my tuition and Freda went to work for the chemistry department at the university to pay our living expenses.

"But then came Pearl Harbor and I soon enlisted and received a commission as an Ensign in the U. S. Navy Reserve. My first assignment was at the Naval Air Base at Alameda, Calif. We lived in Oakland and I commuted on the bus. It was while I was stationed here that our first child, Peter, was born. It was while here also that my path crossed that of Cousin Sherman Christensen, who at the time was stationed at Hollister, Calif.

"I was transferred to Eagle Mountain Lake, Texas and later to Traverse City, Michigan, in connection with experimental remote control devises under the air arm of the Navy. I was assigned as Operations Officer for an air squadron. My next orders were for Hawaii and so I took Freda and Peter to her folks in Snowflake, Arizona and left them there while I continued on with my squadron to Barber's Point, some fifteen miles out of Honolulu. It was while Freda was awaiting my return from overseas that our second son, Don Joseph, was born. I stayed in the Honolulu area until the war was ended and then was in due time rotated home. It was a happy homecoming.

"When we returned to the area of Palo Alto in hopes of my starting school there again, we found no housing available at our limited means although we searched up and down the Bay for considerable distance. We finally decided to try the University of California at Berkeley and were successful in finding housing in a housing development with a lot of other young marrieds, within two or three miles of the campus. I soon learned, however, that there was no course in language which I needed beginning at that time of year at Berkeley. But there was a course in law at Hastings College of Law in San Francisco starting then; so, more by happenstance than design, I enrolled at Hastings College and commuted the

first year across Oakland Bay Bridge to San Francisco. At the end of the first year there I was able to transfer to Boalt Hall at the University of California at Berkeley, where I received my LLB degree on 17 June 1948.

"During this last school period we had put the boys in nursery school and Freda went to work for the Radiation Laboratory on the Berkeley campus. Her earnings, together with the benefits received under the GI Bill, enabled us to get by quite well. But there was still the bar examination. This I took early next fall and was successful in passing. Incidentally, I also took and passed the Utah Bar examination that year but decided not to return to Utah.

"Upon passing the Bar we learned of an opening in the office of John T. Fuller, a practicing attorney in Porterville, Calif. I accepted his offer and went into his employ, which later developed into a partnership that continued until Mr. Fuller's death in March 1965. In the meantime another young attorney, George S. Kralowee Jr., who passed the Bar two years after myself, joined the firm. We are partners and enjoy a very happy association. Our new offices at 472 West Putman in Porterville, when we opened in January 1966, have room for four attorneys, but neither George or I desire to take in additional partners at this time. Neither of my two older sons plan on joining the legal fraternity. Of the three boys born to us here in Porterville, Robert, Richard and James Allen, two have expressed a desire to join me in the practice of law. However, they are still young and may change their minds. I haven't been as fortunate in this respect as Uncle Albert was. Our one and only girl, Glenda, is a very sharp little student and has pleased her Dad by stating that she would join me at the office. I replied that she might make a good secretary - but she too is still young. Over the years we have built a good practice and I am hoping that some of the children will join me, though I do not intend to do much arm twisting on the matter.

"When we came to Porterville in 1949 there was a small branch of the LDS church here, which

was an important factor in persuading us to make this our home. The church population has grown steadily and in 1951 we became a Ward in the Bakersfield Stake. I was sustained as its first Bishop and served six-and-a-half years. Upon my release I was appointed to the Bakersfield Stake High Council under President E. Alan Pettit and have served in this capacity to the present. However, my first love is the Porterville Ward and the members here. I have also served as president of the Tulare County Bar Association.

"I am six feet two inches tall, with blue eyes and quite grey hair at this writing. I'm sorry to admit that I'm somewhat overweight at two hundred and twenty pounds and the weight tends to be proportioned toward the middle. Apart from a persisting hay fever I have enjoyed exceptionally good health. Right now my favorite hobby is golf, which I took up some years after coming to Porterville. George and I and a couple of buddies usually make it to the golf course each Saturday, amid much discussion as to who's going to get how many 'strokes' spotted to him."

Descendants of Don Gilmore Christensen and Freda Seraphine Decker - the last four born in Porterville, Calif:

- (A) Peter Louis Christensen born 6 May 1943, Mare Island, Calif.
- (B) Don Joseph Christensen born 22 Sep. 1944, Snowflake, Arizona; md. 22 Mar. 1966 in Los Angeles, Calif. (Temple) Karen Lucile Carlson (b. 4 Aug. 1944 in Great Falls, Montana to Lenard Anton and Lela Evelyn BJur Carlson). Children:
  - I. Juleen Christensen b. 25 Dec. 1966, Provo, Utah
  - II. Bryan Carl Christensen b. 18 Feb. 1968, Provo.
- (C) Robert Decker Christensen born 27 May 1950
- (D) Richard Lynn Christensen born 30 Oct. 1952
- (E) Glena Joy Christensen born 19 Apr. 1954
- (F) James Allen Christensen born 8 Oct. 1955.

(52) Charlotte Rose Christensen (7) writes something of herself:- "I was born 30 Apr. 1917 in Lyman, Uinta, Wyoming, eighth child in the family. I attended school at Evanston, Cheyenne and Lyman, Wyoming, graduating from Lyman High School as class valedictorian with a scholarship to the University of Wyoming at Laramie.

"I spent from Sep. 1934 through June 1937 at the University of Wyoming. I worked my way through doing stenographic duties and being pianist of the campus dance band. In July 1937 I accepted a position with the fiscal agent of the university but continued in campus activities, including the dance band, until 23 May 1939. June 1, 1939 I accepted a summer position with the Department of Interior at Yellowstone National Park but stayed summer and winter for two-and-a-half years. War was declared and I resigned to go to California, 13 Jan. 1942, at which time I was secretary to the assistant to the superintendent of the department at Yellowstone.

"From 27 Mar. 1942 to 8 June 1951 I worked at secretarial duties with the Air Traffic Control Division of the Civil Aeronautics Administration in Santa Monica and Los Angeles, California. My last position with this group was as secretary to the Chief of the Air Traffic Control Branch, with supervision over the stenographic staff. I resigned due to pregnancy, for in the meantime I had married, 8 Aug. 1948 in Las Vegas, Nevada, Herbert James Warne (b. 2 Oct. 1920 in Erie, Pa., to Earl Ross and Julie Marie Semple Warne).

"He had his own dance band and we had met through his need for a piano player. He played the trumpet. He was attending UCLA under the GI bill at the time and he graduated in Business Administration from the University in June of 1950. He now works for Max Factor as a purchasing agent and has for the last twelve years and more. His favorite hobby is his 17 ft. inboard-outboard motor boat and the fishing and water skiing, etc. it provides.

"Our three daughters are our greatest blessings of all. They are talented in music, dancing,

scholarship, looks and personality - guess you can tell I'm proud of our children! They are one hundred percenters in church attendance, all baptized LDS of course, and active in church activities. They hope to bring their father into the church someday.

"During high school I was secretary in the Sunday School, Sunday School organist, and Primary 'Blue Bird' teacher. During college days I was active in the LDS Institute. In our present Westchester Ward in California I have been Relief Society organist from 1959 to the present.

"To me life has always been interesting, with wonderful experiences. Working in a National Park winter and summer was a rare opportunity for observing nature and wild life. The C. A. A. was another enriching experience, as control of air traffic is intensely complex and fascinating and I met many interesting people - my employer, L. Ponton de Arce, for instance, was one of the men who originated our system of air traffic control as we know it today. I also got to see a good-looking naval officer now and then, named Sherman Christensen, a cousin from the office of Commander Max Black.

"My work as a pianist in dance bands since I was sixteen has given me the chance to meet and observe countless people during their lighter moments - very revealing. I enjoy people and love to play the piano, so this has been a painless though demanding way of earning during the years. My husband and I still play, more as a hobby now, but the demand always seems to be there.

"I have too many wonderful memories of my parents to even begin to share them at this time. Their influence on my life was always for good - I cultivated my own faults!"

Children of Charlotte Rose Christensen and Herbert James Warne - all born in Santa Monica, Calif. :-

- (A) Marilyn Ray Warne born 25 Sep. 1951
- (B) Linda Marie Warne born 14 Apr. 1953
- (C) Janice Loraine Warne born 4 Oct. 1956.

(53) Vera Clark (9) writes, "I was born 12 July 1918 in Manti, Sanpete, Utah, in my grandfather and grandmother Christensen's home. I spent most of my first two years on the ranch (The Oasis) near Lyman, Wyoming or on The Weber in northeastern Utah where my father ran sheep. Then Father went to work for Mother's brother, Uncle Albert, running his ranch west of Gunnison, Utah. My sister Alta was born at Aunt Emma's while we were living at the ranch and my second sister Tresia was born at the ranch and Aunt Emma took care of little Alta.

"Ivan Lyon's folks were also farming west of Gunnison for some Mellors. My folks and the Lyons visited back and forth and played cards together. The folks would do the chores at night, on occasions, get out the horse and wagon, spend the night playing cards and visiting at the Lyons, while we children slept, then drive home next morning in time to do the chores. Sometimes the Lyons would come to our house. People in Gunnison used to tell me that the Lyons' son, Ivan, once pushed me into a ditch of water. This was not quite right however, for Ivan says he remembers it well because his Dad gave him a licking because he picked me up and tried to carry me over a ditch full of water and accidentally dropped me in it. I myself can't remember this since it must have been before we moved to Goshen when I was four.

"In Goshen the folks rented a place across from the George Burraston family, who were fine neighbors and have been good friends ever since. Dad finally bought a home across from Uncle Alma and Aunt Elsie Bartholomew, Mother's sister.

"The year I was in the third grade we had so much sickness - measles, mumps, chickenpox, pneumonia, and I had scarlet fever. Mother said the doctor came every day for me and my sister LaFaye, who had measles and then pneumonia. He expected me to die and her to get well. I don't remember a thing about getting sick or being sick until I was nearly well - in fact when I started to peel. I could pull good sized patches of skin off. I can also remember the morning LaFaye died,

for she was the one to die while I got well.

"The morning she died Alta and I were awake and Mother wrapped us in quilts and took us into the room where she lay. We were still under quarantine for scarlet fever and the only one who could leave the place was Dad. He went to work, did our shopping and all. LaFaye's funeral services were held on our lawn and they had her casket just inside the front door. It was cold, since she died 24 Feb. 1927. Mother sat near with us children all around her while Dad went with the casket to the Goshen Cemetery. It was a sad, sad time."

George Washington had his story about the cherry tree and Vera has her own "cherry" story:- "Another thing I remember about my illness was when I regained my appetite. I was starved. I asked for a dish of cherries one day and I was so hungry I said I wanted twenty-one cherries. Dad brought me in a dish of bottled cherries, saying he had no idea how many there were. But I counted each cherry as I ate it and there were exactly twenty-one cherries." Even in little things such as this her parents demonstrated their love for her.

"Aunt Emma asked me to come to Gunnison and visit them one summer. In fact, I spent two or three summers there with Uncle Charles, Aunt Emma, Ada, Imelda and sometimes Byron. After Aunt Emma died, and Ada was married and Byron was on his mission, I not only spent the summer but the whole winter in Gunnison with Imelda and Uncle Charles. I took my seventh grade work there that winter.

"I had just finished sixth grade when our family moved from Goshen to Santaquin, 1 May 1940. Dad bought a lot with no house on it. He moved a big garage from our place in Goshen onto the lot to make two rooms. We rented a house on the same block and lived in that while he built our home. When I came back from my year in Gunnison to attend school in Santaquin I was a stranger but soon got acquainted. I graduated from the ninth grade after two winters there and then took the bus to Payson to attend high school, from where I graduated the spring of 1936. While

attending high school I taught in the Primary in Santaquin.

"After graduation I picked berries in Provo one summer and then went to stay with cousin Elaine in Salt Lake City for about three months before she moved to Cedar City, since Ted was already down there working. She lived on 4th Ave. just around the corner and just below the steps from Memory Grove. Then I went back to Santaquin and worked for Frank Andreason for about ten months. He lived just across the street north from the east end of our lot. His wife Lauree had milk-leg and was pregnant and they had four boys. I enjoyed working for them. One day Mother came over and asked me to come and have dinner with her as she was alone; Dad was working and the children all in school. It seemed strange to be invited to my own home for dinner.

"I was married 22 Apr. 1938 in Santaquin, at the home of our Bishop Karl D. Greenhalgh, to Ivan Peter Lyons (b. 28 Dec. 1915 in Ephraim, Utah to Joseph and Karen Allred Lyons). We had a reception the next night at the Union Hall, mostly dancing. The day after that we went to Ephraim to live and here we spent about fourteen years. At first Ivan worked for Glen Nielson raising turkeys but later he went to work for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad as a section hand for seven or eight years. It was when he was transferred to Castle Gate and Scenic (a railroad section just below Soldiers Summit) every winter and had to board himself that he gave up railroading.

"We rented for the first five or six years in Ephraim and then bought our own home there. We spent one summer living in Scenic. I went to church in Ephraim occasionally but wasn't too active when the children were young. We moved to Wendover, Utah some sixteen years ago. Since coming here Ivan has worked for the potash plant just east of town, called Bonneville Ltd. - but now owned by Kaiser Chemicals of Oakland, California. It is a good job.

"We have had ten children in these thirty years, losing one in infancy whom we had named

Janet. She was born in Mt. Pleasant LDS Hospital and died there from the effects of whooping cough. We buried her in Ephraim the day she was two months old. I had whooping cough at the same time, along with my children. Our son Albert, just older than Janet, was born in Gunnison Valley Hospital while we were living in Ephraim. I don't believe the Mt. Pleasant Hospital was finished then. My sister Loraine was living with us when our daughter Ann was born (home delivery). Today we have five children married and ten grandchildren. Albert has served in the army in Vietnam and returned home safely, for which we are most grateful.

"We bought the folks' old home in Santaquin sometime after Mother's death and I lived there the winter Ann finished high school, since there was no high school in Wendover. I then went back to live in Wendover for the next year and then returned to Santaquin for two more winters while Sharon finished high school there. Ivan came home about every other weekend during those winters in Santaquin. However, I only spent a week or two at a time in Santaquin during the summers, putting up fruit, etc. In winters there I served as a Relief Society visiting teacher and also taught in the Primary. I have always loved to read so I read a lot there, crocheted, embroidered and sewed a lot for myself and family. I had to learn to knit to be able to teach the girls in my Primary class - I also taught myself to tat.

"I have continued to be a Relief Society teacher here in Wendover, as well as to teach in Primary, along with my reading and sewing. Also, I was assigned to take care of the kitchen on Relief Society work meeting days. We usually had potluck but I was required to set the tables and clean up afterwards, with help from other members."

We are happy to bring Vera's history up to date with the word that she has now been serving as Relief Society President in Wendover for about nine months (since Sep. 1968) and that she and Ivan went to the Salt Lake Temple, 11 Oct. 1968, to have their marriage solemnized and four of their ten children who could qualify sealed to them for

eternity, including the little dead daughter Janet, for whom Vera's sister Tresia stood. Vera is now preparing to be sealed to her beloved parents and hoping that her sister Alta will join her in this blessing, since they are the only two of the children yet unsealed to them.

Descendants of Vera Clark and Ivan Peter Lyons:-

- (A) Frank Clark Lyons born 28 June 1939 in Ephraim, Utah; md. 1 Aug. 1960 in Wendover, Utah, Gayla Vee Nielson (b. 25 Mar. 1942 in Joseph, Utah to Niels Ernest and Verl Gay Nielson). Children:
- I. Margaret Annette Lyons b. 13 June 1961 in Salt Lake City, Utah
  - II. John Robert Lyons b. 15 June 1963 in Salt Lake City.
- (B) LaFaye Lyons born 12 Jan. 1941 in Ephraim, Ut; md. 17 Apr. 1959 in Santaquin, Ut., Neil Ray Peterson (b. 30 May 1940 in Salt Lake City to Ross Victor and Shirley Mae Moore Peterson). Children:-
- I. Cheryl Lyn Peterson b. 20 Feb. 1964 in Salt Lake City, Ut.
  - II. Julie Ann Peterson b. 24 Jan. 1967 in Ely, Nevada
  - III. Michele Ray Peterson b. 17 Jan. 1969, Salt Lake City.
- (C) Laureen Lyons born 6 Aug. 1942 in Ephraim, Ut; md. 17 Nov. 1958 in Elko, Nevada, Donald Raymond King (b. 21 Mar. 1939 in Kemmerer, Wyoming to Raymond Walter and Rose Johnson King). Children:
- I. Becky Lynn King b. 5 Oct. 1961, Salt Lake City, Ut.
  - II. Stephen Michael King b. 12 Oct. 1964, Salt Lake City.
- (D) Elvena Ann Lyons born 18 Sep. 1943 in Ephraim, Ut; md. 6 Sep. 1962 in Santaquin, Ut., Oswaldo Paiva, whose complete name is Ignacio Oswaldo Pavia Rodriguez (b. 1 Feb. 1938 in Arequipa, Peru to Jose Domingo Pavia Tellez and Marie Angelica Rodrigues Vizcardobe). Children:

- I. Ann Elizabeth Paiva b. 23 June 1963,  
Provo, Ut.
- II. Sherri Marie Angelica Paiva b. 24 May  
1966, Columbus, Ohio
- III. Robert Oswaldo Paiva b. 7 Sep. 1967,  
Columbus, Ohio

- (E) Sharon Lyons born 26 Apr. 1946, Ephraim,  
Ut.; md. 21 Aug. 1965 in Elko, Nevada, Charles  
Henry Thompson (b. 21 May 1936 in Twin Falls,  
Idaho to Samuel Ward and Isabell Tomlison  
Thompson). Child:
- I. Terry Lynn Thompson b. 5 Sep. 1967,  
Ely, Nevada
- (F) George Albert Lyons born 4 Oct. 1947 in  
Gunnison, Ut.
- (G) Janet Lyons born 17 Sep. 1949 in Mt. Pleasant,  
Ut.; died 13 Nov. 1949 in Mt. Pleasant; bur.  
Ephraim, Ut.
- (H) Ivan Craig Lyons born 13 Dec. 1952 in  
Tooele, Ut.
- (I) Susan Lyons born 6 Sep. 1955 in Tooele, Ut.
- (J) Vera Ellen Lyons born 29 Aug. 1959 in Tooele.

(54) Margaret Christensen (2) youngest of the children in this branch of the family, was born 27 May 1919 in Hinckley, Millard, Utah. Gleanings from her life's history have been gathered mostly from her brothers and sisters, although she herself has contributed a few choice glimpses of her early years. She writes: "My Papa was one of the grandest persons I have ever known. He loved us children but always expected us to be well mannered and respectful. He could be stern when he had to be, but he could also be jolly and fun to be with. During the few short years that I was privileged to know him he furnished me with some of my most vivid and cherished memories and most valued lessons of my childhood.

"'Papa' was the title which Father wished to be called by his younger children. My friends all called their fathers 'Daddy' and often teased me for using such an old fashioned name as 'Papa'.

Like all children I wanted to be just like one of the crowd and conform, so the next time I saw Father I addressed him as 'Daddy'. He was very hurt and felt that I was being disrespectful. He felt that this was a slang expression and that was something he couldn't tolerate. From then on I always called him Papa and was proud to do so.

"Father would many times share his dreams with us younger children as to what was in store for us as soon as 'the big deal went through'. One of these dreams resulted in my learning a very good lesson. After he had returned from one of his very frequent trips to Southern California, I heard Father telling Mother that we would be moving to California in the very near future. This seemed to be a culmination of many of my own dreams and I just had to share it with my friends. The next morning, in my second grade class, I stood up and made the startling announcement that our family would be moving shortly. As a result a surprise party was planned for me. I was permitted to have the party, but along with it came a stiff punishment for ever having told such a preposterous stretch of the truth. As far as I know Papa was never to know about this - he had already left on one of his trips. I learned then that dreams didn't too often or too easily come true.

"One spring morning Father announced he had decided that Lucile and I were to accompany him to Southern California. Mother was not too much in favor of this because it meant our being taken out of school. Papa had often said that he felt as much could be learned by traveling to new places and observing new things as could be learned in the classroom; so Mother's veto was soon outvoted by the three of us and we were soon on our way. How thrilled we were! Just think - two whole weeks with Papa and no schoolwork or household chores. We could hardly believe our good fortune. Father kept us interested and amused all the way telling us wonderful stories and tales of his various adventures. This was Papa at his best. He loved the out-of-doors and loved traveling.

"In those days, after leaving St. George, Utah, the road to California resembled a cow trail more than it did a highway. We always crossed the desert at night well supplied with gas and water. Many times during the night Papa awakened Lucile and me to help push the car through the sand that had drifted over the road. Even this did not dampen our spirits. To us this was high adventure. During the night we crossed Dry Lake, a large expanse of dried mud where one could travel at the break-neck speed of thirty or forty miles an hour. As we came to the edge of the desert it was dawn and there was the most beautiful sunrise. We found a quiet spot under a stately Joshua tree and Papa cooked a most delicious breakfast. The memory of the joy of that morning has never faded. We proceeded to our destination where we spent a most enjoyable week in the mountains. From then on traveling was in my blood!"

Margaret was just short of eleven and a half years old when her father died. She and Lucile were the only ones of the children left at home with their mother at the time. Some time afterwards the three of them went to live with the older daughter of the family, Edythe Robbins, an arrangement to benefit both families having been worked out. Though Lucile did not remain long at the Robbins' Margaret and her mother did. In fact this became Margaret's home until she married.

Margaret's schooling was all obtained in Salt Lake City. She graduated from South Side High School in 1936. She attended the University of Utah the winter of 1936/37 and the next fall began her nurses training at the LDS Hospital, where she graduated in June 1940 with her R.N. degree, after which she continued to work at the hospital.

She was married 20 Dec. 1940 in the Salt Lake Temple to Richard Paul Adams (b. 10 May 1918 in Salt Lake City to Paul and Florence Eatough Adams). Paul had attended West Side High School where he was an outstanding scholar and achieved in sports. He was in pre-med at the University of Utah at the time of their marriage and continued on until he had spent two years and two quarters in pursuit of

his medical education at that school. Margaret also continued to work as a nurse at the LDS Hospital after their marriage.

In the fall of 1941 the couple moved to Louisville, Kentucky where Paul continued his training at the Louisville Medical College while Margaret worked for eight months in surgery at the Norden Memorial Infirmary and then as supervisor of surgery in a children's hospital in Louisville. She became pregnant so discontinued her hospital work but found employment with the telephone co. there as operator and night supervisor, which was much less taxing. She was determined to see her husband through to his graduation.

The couple's first child, Paul Jr., was born in Louisville in January 1944. Margaret took three months off and then in April went back to work again. In August she contracted polio. She was immediately hospitalized and hot packs were applied twenty-four hours a day until her recovery was assured. With the help of medical knowledge and the fervent prayers of her loved ones she recovered completely with no ill effects remaining. It was during this time that Paul graduated from medical school.

The Adams family returned to Utah and Paul took his nine months intern at the Thomas Dee Hospital in Ogden from Sept. 1944 to July 1945. Margaret worked at the Veterans Hospital in Salt Lake from September to January and then moved to Ogden and worked in the office at the Thomas Dee Hospital until Paul was finished with his intern. World War II was then on and Paul went from there into the Navy, serving some fourteen months during which time he was stationed in Farragut, Idaho, Minneapolis, Minn., San Francisco, Calif., and finally Clearfield, Utah. Margaret went to Salt Lake City to live and it was here in March 1946 that their second son, David, was born. Less than two and a half months after David's birth his nearly two and a half year old brother, Paul Jr., died of leukemia in Salt Lake City and his body was taken to Provo and buried beside his grandfather Christensen.

When the war ended Paul took up private medical practice, first in Manti, Utah for a year and a half (1946-1947) and then in Delta, Utah for the years 1947-1950. During that time a baby girl, Marsha, was born to him and Margaret (July 1947) in Salt Lake City. A third son, Dennis, came to bless their home in March 1950, and was also born in Salt Lake City.

Soon after the Korean War broke out and Dr. Paul rejoined the Navy. He was assigned first to Bremerton and then Pensacola, Florida, where he took naval air training and graduated as a Flight Surgeon. In September 1951 he was sent to the Air Station at Alameda, Calif. and his family was permitted to join him there. It was there in December 1951 that the couple's fifth child, Douglas, was born. From here Paul left for overseas where he served for eight months on board a carrier in Korean waters (from Mar. to Nov. 1952).

After some two years in the service Paul joined his family in California and they settled in San Lorenzo where Paul set up his own practice once again. They lived there six years, from Nov. 1952 to Nov. 1958. Then Paul decided to go into anesthesiology and they moved to Seattle, Washington, where he took up his residency at Virginia Mason Hospital and Clinic from Jan. '59 to Jan. '61, specializing. He then went with a group of anesthetists to practice at Eden Hospital in Castro Valley for a number of months.

In the meantime Margaret worked in Seattle at the Seneca Summit Hospital in surgery as night supervisor, while working days at the Medical Dental Hospital as head nurse. What a busy woman she was! In Oct. 1961, when Paul was through with his training in Seattle, he and Margaret moved with their young family to Pleasanton, Calif. and he joined the staff at the Valley Memorial Hospital in nearby Livermore. Margaret became employed as supervisor of the surgical floor at Washington Township Hospital from Apr. '62 until June '63. She then went to work as office nurse for a urologist from June '63 until the first part of '64, when she took a year off from her public labors.

Margaret returned to work at Washington Township Hospital as supervisor of both the medical and orthopedic floors the latter part of '64 until '66. At present she is employed part time as office nurse for the urologist for whom she worked before. She has included church service among her list of activities over the years. Some of the positions she has found time to hold, somehow, have been Primary secretary, YLMIA secretary, Junior Sunday School Coordinator, Stake Mutual class leader, Laurel leader, etc.

Since neither nurses or doctors are immune from sickness or surgery, both Margaret and Paul have had their "bouts" with these also, especially in later years. Paul is at present recovering from one of a series of operations that have plagued him these last two years. Margaret, the smallest of the A. B. Christensen children, has had her share of operations and the like, but her power of "come back" is unusual. She seems to never stay down for long but springs right back to good health again, which she seems to be enjoying at the present time.

She and Paul are also beginning to enjoy the fruits of successful parenthood. They get much joy from the accomplishments of their four living children who have all excelled in scholarship, sports and other school activities and church attainment. They welcomed their son David home from the Franco-Belgium Mission last year and have the satisfaction of seeing him back at his pre-med training at BYU in Provo. They had the pleasure of attending their daughter Marsha's graduation in nursing at BYU this June, as well as the thrill of greeting her first baby and their first grandchild a few weeks before that graduation. They have watched with happiness the successes of their two younger boys as they win their letters in basketball and football and climb up the ladder of the Priesthood, round upon round. All these things help to cancel out the discouragements that sometimes come along the way.

Descendants of Margaret Christensen and Richard Paul Adams:-

- (A) Richard Paul Adams Jr., born 31 Jan. 1944 in Louisville, Kentucky; died 6 June 1946 in Salt Lake City, Ut.
- (B) David Russell Adams born 19 Mar. 1946 in Salt Lake City
- (C) Marsha Lynne Adams born 11 July 1947 in Salt Lake City; md. 28 June 1968 in Salt Lake City (Temple) Lowell Dee Castleton (b. 29 Feb. 1945 in Moab, Ut. to Leon Jay and Elaine Jones Castleton) Child:-  
I. Trevor Lowell Castleton b. 2 May 1969, Provo, Ut.
- (D) Douglas Brent Adams born 31 Dec. 1951 in Alameda, Calif.

(55) Max Albert Christensen (8) was born 10 Oct. 1920 in Salina, Sevier, Utah, the only one of Millie's babies born in a hospital, all the others being home births. His sister Gladys writes: "Mother used to say that Max was a perfect baby. She even entered his picture in the South Sanpete County Fair one year and sure enough - he came away with the 'Blue Ribbon'. He attended grade school in Manti. Max was always very close to me. After Father died (when Max was twelve) the two younger boys missed him terribly. Mother was so busy making the living, so I always did what I could to compensate for their loss."

Max as a young boy kept up a steady correspondence with Gladys. Excerpts of some of his letters are included here, all addressed to her in Salt Lake City: "Manti, 20 Oct. 1932 . . . I got the pencil box and sure like it. All the kids wish they had one like it and I don't blame them - do you? I am getting along fine in school and like it much better this year than I ever have. I just about forgot to tell you how I like the slippers and thanks very much for them. . . . Dave is glad he got the briefcase. It is raining here tonight. We have four railroad men here and it keeps Mama busy. I wish you could see me in my new suit, it is brown. I am a Scout now. David has a typewriter now. Mama got it of Mr. Beal. I sure like

to write on it and Dave said I could write all I wanted to. I hope you and Grace don't get married because you give Dave and me such good presents and we sure do thank you. Love, Max. . . .

Manti, 13 Feb. 1933 How are you up there? We are just fine. We had our Boy Scout Buzzerel and we sure did have fun. The play I was in went over fine and they had us repeat it in assembly. Mother is out doing dishes. Grace went back Friday and we sure miss her. I got your valentine and thanks a lot - the candy sure was good. We sure have a lot of snow down here and it sure has been cold - 32° below zero. Our water froze up twice. . .

I have been taking electricity, making little motors, buzzers, dot-dash buzzers and other things and maybe I will get me a small dry cell battery to run them with. John Nielson is teaching it to me and I sure like it. Well I've said about all the news so goodbye. Love, Max. . . . Manti, Apr. 23, 1934

I got your Easter egg and thanks a lot - sure was good. On Easter, Morlin Cox and I went Eastering and we sure had fun. I guess you are wondering how our marble tournament came out - well it came out fine! I got first and got a big blue ribbon and it said on it 'Grand Champion'. I got first in my room and first in Manti school. We have sure had cold weather down here but it is getting warmer. School is only lasting eighteen more days and I sure hope I get into High School next year. This is about all the news. Love, Max. P.S. Mother and I made a good batch of beer - wish you were here to taste it."

Max, his mother and brother David moved from Manti to Salt Lake City the spring of 1936. His mother had purchased a roomy home at 636 East 3rd South and here Max resided until he made a home of his own. He attended West High School from where he graduated. The depression of the 30's was still on and jobs were hard to find. After high school he joined the C. C. C.'s for a time. Then 4 Aug. 1941, in Salt Lake City, Max married Mildred Fishler (b. 3 Dec. 1918 in Salt Lake City to Phillip R. and Alice Mabey Fishler).

Then came "Pearl Harbor" and Max joined the U. S. Navy and by 1 Dec. 1941 was in it up to

his ears. He was a member of the crew of the USS Enterprise, our country's largest carrier. A letter from him to Gladys in San Francisco, dated 11 Oct. 1941, read as follows: "My Dear Sister Gladys:- Yes, time does fly before we realize where it has gone. I am still well, young and unhappy, and fighting for the day I will be home again with all of you. I read your letter and when I came to the part where you said David had joined the Naval Reserve it almost, or did bring tears to my eyes to think he has to come out to all this 'hell'. It may be glory back home but out here it is just gruesome, and hatred for everyone and everything. At first I did want all of them out here fighting - now I would like to see you all stay where you are safe. If David is determined to come though, I hope I get to see him somewhere.

"It has been over a year now since I have seen any of my family, even Mildred. Home seems so awfully hard to believe and far away that sometimes it almost scares me. I hope I am not ruined when I get home - this is all so terrible. We lose friends and it just turns one away. I know what you mean about Mildred, I have always known it. She is so faithful and everything she does has a good will behind it. I hope I can get home to finish school and then our dreams of happiness will be well on their way. We are doing fine though in saving - we have a car all paid for and five or six hundred in the bank.

"Please write me often Gladys and lets get back in the way we used to. Somehow you always looked after me and I surely need it now. Keep praying, not only for me but for all the boys, and with yours and our Christian prayers I know we won't go wrong. Your loving brother, Max."

A letter from Max to his brother Wesley and family in Dividend, Utah was written some weeks later:- "Nov. 2, 1942 - Hi kids: No, I haven't forgotten you although I realize it has been some time since I have written. I am well and we are still giving them the old 'Enterprise Hell!' I haven't been made Chief yet, Wes, but I am keeping my hopes up. I may be a hero one of these days when I don't get too scared. I hope you are all

keeping the flags waving back home as I sure want some of that 'Old Glory' pretty soon, also some of that canned deer meat you have hoarded away. I hope the kids are both OK and give them my best love. Please write soon and give me the latest. Your loving brother, Max."

The folks at home were concerned for him. Grace wrote to Gladys: "Have been so worried about Max - still don't know which carrier was sunk. No news now is good news. My heart jumps every time I hear the doorbell." And Millie wrote to Gladys (30 Nov. 1942):- "We've been so worried about Max. There is still one aircraft carrier missing but since I got his last letter I'm sure it's not the Enterprise. Mildred is taking a month off at Christmas time. Grace and Doug are taking a trip before gas ration begins. . . I will send your ration book. We have had some trouble getting coffee but think we'll have plenty now as I have some in storage. . . Dave and Myrtle will fly home for Christmas. . . I feel sorry for the Fishlers now they have two sons and two sons-in-law in the war. . . "

With everyone else in it the temptation to get into the war proved too great for Max's wife, Mildred, and she joined the nurses corps. He objected, but you know how most men are about their wives. He mentioned this in a letter to Gladys dated 15 May 1943, from the USS Enterprise:- 'My Dear Sister Gladys: Just got a letter from Mildred and she was awfully blue at the way I feel. I just can't help it - she asked me how I felt about her joining the service and I told her. After all this time away I certainly hope I don't have trouble at home like that, but I certainly don't like it and she knew it when she went into the army. In the case that I do get home now and she has gone overseas, as she said she was going to do, I am going to be in a fine fix - back to the States and no wife.

"I almost forgot to tell you something important, at least you won't have to go around with a gob, as I made Chief the first of June - how's that? I took the examination the other day and sure enough I knew enough to slide by. Don't

tell anyone yet as I'm not absolutely sure of it and something may go wrong. I don't know how come I tell you all my secrets first unless that is the way it has always been - huh? Your ever loving brother, Max."

Max received his appointment to Chief Pharmacists Mate and also a well deserved furlough. A news clipping in a Salt Lake paper of Aug. 19, 1943 tells something of this:- "To Chief Pharmacists Mate - Max Christensen, on an aircraft carrier which has 10 announced battles to its credit, including the raid on Tokyo and has received the Presidential citation. Son of Mrs. Millie A. Gudmundson, 636 East Third South Street, with whom he is visiting accompanied by his wife, Lieutenant Mildred Fishler Christensen, stationed at Camp Fallen, Calif. in the Nurses Corps. They are also visiting Mrs. Christensen's mother, Mrs. P. L. Fishler, 679 Second Ave."

The emotional implications of war can be devastating to people's lives and young blood is easily brought to the boiling point. Despite Max's and Mildred's furlough together a rift came between them and they soon separated, each going his own way. Mildred re-married and had three sons by her second husband, Mr. Bleiweiss. Max finally broke under the strain of war abroad and disappointment at home and was hospitalized for some time.

There were many who broke under the strain of World War II, as there are in every war. Max was one of the lucky ones - perhaps his strong Viking heritage played a part, as well as the kind and loving care and understanding of his dear mother and brothers and sisters. He became well and strong again and determined to go ahead once more. There is a "Cinderella" ending to his story, for on 20 Oct. 1956 in Elko, Nevada he re-married Mildred Fishler, who was by then divorced from Mr. Bleiweis. There had never been anyone else for Max but Mildred.

Max officially adopted the two youngest of Mildred's three sons and they took the Christensen name. He is manager of the Rocky Mountain Dental Supply Company in Salt Lake City and Mildred, a

trained nurse and a good one, takes care of her brother Dr. Kenneth Fishler's office. He is on the staff of both the Primary Childrens Hospital and LDS Hospital in Salt Lake. Living in the Twenty-first Ward, both Mildred and Max are very active in the church. He has served there as Sunday School Superintendent and in other capacities, as well as being in charge of Home Teaching. They sent their son Tony on a mission to the Texas area from which he returned in January 1967. Cousin Sherman Christensen was pleased to find that he had recently moved into the same ward that Max and Mildred frequent and finds Max to be the same outgoing, friendly fellow he has always been.

Descendants of Max Albert and Mildred Fishler Christensen:-

- (A) Anthony Bleiweis Christensen (adopted) born 3 Oct. 1945 in Salt Lake City; md. 14 June 1968, Salt Lake City (Temple) Lynda Ruth Davis (b. 15 Oct. 1944 in S. L. C. to Duncan Hayward and Ethel Lillydelle Player Davis). Child:  
I. Jennifer Alice Christensen b. 5 Apr. 1969, S. L. C.
- (B) Richard Kim Christensen (adopted) born 26 May 1952, San Francisco, Calif.

(56) Alta Clark (9) was born 2 Feb. 1921 at the home of her Uncle and Aunt Charles and Emma Peterson, who lived on a ranch about one mile east of Gunnison in Sanpete County, Utah. As long as her Aunt Emma lived Alta was a favorite of hers.

Alta spent about the first two years of her life with her family, living in the small farmhouse on her Uncle Albert's ranch some west of Gunnison, where her father was ranch foreman. Then they moved to Goshen, Utah. She says, "I went to elementary school in Goshen until I was nearing the end of third grade, 1 May 1930, when we moved to Santaquin, Utah. Here I finished elementary school and Junior High and then went by bus to Payson for two years of High School. I never went the last year or graduated, for by that time I had learned the thrill of earning a little

money of my own. Money was so scarce at home and we had a big family. Up until this time I had worked around a little doing odd jobs after school and Saturdays and picked berries on Provo Bench (Orem) for Parks in summer and in the beans in the fall - anywhere to make a little cash.

"Then about 1938/39 I went to Salt Lake City and got jobs doing housework for various families. I returned home for awhile during 1942 but later returned to Salt Lake and continued doing the same kind of work there until about 1947. Then I started sewing for a living and went to work for the Hollywood Corset Company, making lingerie, etc. I worked for them for nine years, or until about 1956 when they were forced to close up. Then I got a job sewing for the Osborn Manufacturing Company in Salt Lake where they make Pendleton shirts, coats, etc., and other name-brand clothing of all kinds. I am still working here at present.

"On 11 June 1955 in Elko, Nevada I married John Francis Ison (b. 12 Apr. 1921 in Salt Lake City to Jerry C. and Eliza Robinson Ison). We met through friends and he was a roofer by trade. After many years we separated by mutual consent, although we are not divorced and still see each other occasionally. I have one son, Terry Thomas, who has served his turn in the army and is now married and living in Santaquin. He married a divorcee with two young children, David and Debbie Rich, whom he has not yet officially adopted but is raising.

"I love a friendly game of cards. Besides pinochle, my main hobbies are sewing, hand work and especially bowling. I belong to the Osborn Bowling team and in 1965 I won two trophies, one for my individual high game of 253, at which time they put my picture in a Salt Lake paper, and the other a team trophy. I have lived around in various rented apartments since moving to Salt Lake City but now rent one part of a duplex at 482 - 4th Ave., where I am very comfortable."

Alta's niece Karen says she is a very "fussy" housekeeper and a beautiful seamstress. We find her to have many of her mothers' fine characteristics, so sweet, loving, pleasant, good natured

and easy to get along with; kind and appreciative of others and all around good hearted. Alta is also a fine letter writer. She is rather jovial in disposition although very, very modest - and especially shy around strangers. She has a great love for her brothers and sisters and their families and stays rather close to those who live near her. She usually spends Christmas at Tresia's and arrives there not long after Santa has left, early Christmas mornings, often waking them up and bringing bundles of good cheer. Her nieces and nephews love her. She was especially close to her sister Lorraine whose recent death was a great blow to her.

Descendants of Alta Clark:-

- (A) Terry Thomas Clark born 10 Aug. 1942 in Santaquin, Utah; md. 1965 in Las Vegas, Nevada, Mrs. Florence Perkins Rich (b. 31 May 1940 in Pioche, Nevada to Orris S. and Ruth Orr Perkins). Children:
- I. Kenneth Lee Clark b. 15 Oct. 1965 in Salt Lake City, Ut.
  - II. Steven Lance Clark b. 11 Sep. 1967 in Payson, Ut.

(57) LaPreal Bartholomew (5) was born 8 Feb. 1921 in Goshen, Utah; blessed 1 May 1921 by William K. Thomas; and baptized 20 July 1929 in Goshen Hot Springs by David Poulsen. In her mother's Book of Remembrance she writes of her youngest child, LaPreal:- "She was born in a four-room adobe farmhouse on the ranch of Robert Boswell near Goshen, Utah. When five years old she had whooping cough and at age eight was vaccinated for smallpox. She attended the Goshen public schools through the first four years and then, since our family moved to Payson in 1931, she went to fifth grade in Payson where her teacher was Miss Melba Loveless. She finished the Junior and Senior High Schools in Payson and then entered Brigham Young University in the fall of 1939, majoring in foods and nutrition and receiving her BS degree in June of 1943."

On 28 Apr. 1944 in San Francisco, Calif.

LaPreal married Gene Francis Loveless (b. 12 Feb. 1920 in Payson, Utah to Owen and Virginia Harper Loveless). A Payson newspaper later carried this report:- "The marriage of Miss LaPreal Bartholomew, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. C. Bartholomew, and Lieutenant Gene F. Loveless, son of Mr. & Mrs. Owen Loveless, was solemnized at the LDS chapel in San Francisco with Bishop C. W. Nalder officiating. The double ring ceremony was used. The bride wore a beautiful aqua-blue afternoon dress with corsage of gardenias and pink roses. Owen Loveless acted as best man for his son. Immediately following the ceremony a wedding supper was given at the home of Mrs. Mable Harriman, grandmother of the bridegroom. Mr. & Mrs. Loveless left for a short honeymoon trip. They will reside at Chico, California."

LaPreal writes, "I married Gene F. Loveless during the height of World War II. This was no surprise since we had grown up and gone to school together in Payson. As a pilot in the airforce he was later shot down over Germany and died 6 Nov. 1944. His body was brought to Payson where he was given a military funeral, 12 Nov. 1944. We had no children and I have not remarried, instead devoted my time and energy to my profession, which is in the field of teaching nutrition to both the public and in schools.

"Having received my BS in nutrition and education at BYU, I went to New York City and there received my MS and dietetic training from Columbia University Teacher's College. Then I went to California where I received my MPH (the equivalent of a Doctor's degree in my field), from the University of California at Berkeley. I went to Hawaii to teach in the college there where I arrived by boat 14 Sep. 1953. Thus I have lived in New York, Hawaii and California, which is now my home, and loved them all.

"I enjoy travel - seeing new people and places. My civic services have been in connection with my work in national and local organizations. I have no desire to set the world on fire but live a quiet life with my hobbies, friends and work."

(58) Cullen Yates Christensen (4) was born in Manti, Sanpete, Utah 8 May 1921. When he was a baby he suffered a lot with eczema. His face was often dobbed up with a soothing, smelly yellow salve. If he ate eggs he got hives, his tongue would thicken and his eyes almost swell shut at times. This was rather disconcerting to Mother Myrtle, a food specialist and dietition of some experience, who tried to raise him with the most scientific care. He was the best-taken-care-of-baby one could imagine. He also had a number of brothers and sisters in the home to help spoil him.

The Christmas Cullen was a year and a half, I was home from school at Provo for the holidays. My fiance had given me a ten pound box of chocolates and after passing it around a time or two I placed it in my dresser drawer upstairs for safe keeping. Every time I went upstairs when Cullen was awake I would hear the thump-thump-thumping of his little knees as he came crawling quickly up the stairs behind me. "Canny, Ninny, canny" he could barely say it, yet with his baby hands eagerly extended I knew well what he wanted. And who could resist? Not I! Together he and I ate a big share of that whole ten pound box of chocolates in those ten days. I'm pretty sure Mother Myrtle had no idea about Cullen's part in it, yet this doubtless aggravated his sensitive skin condition.

While he was still in the "diaper stage" his grandfather Christensen used to take him on short walks up and down the sidewalk or around the block. Cullen often wore little black sateen rompers with a large yellow cloth cat face appliqued on front. Hand in hand he and grandfather would toddle along, for the old man's legs were rather short and getting stiff and he was also built on a rather wide track-like the diapered baby. But Cullen's short legs grew long in time and the rest of him also grew, and despite his early digestive problems he turned out to be the tallest of A. H. Christensen's four sons.

He was a few months past four when the family moved to Provo and then later to Orem. It was in Orem that he attended school through the grades and high school. He graduated from Lincoln

High School there the spring of 1938 as valedictorian of his class. He was a talented boy, a fine student and a great reader. He had a beautiful baritone voice, was good at basketball; in fact most anything he put his mind to he could do well. Of course he had plenty of work to do on the small fruit farm where the family lived, but he found time to fish and hunt as a boy - and these he loved to do and still does to this day.

Cullen writes about those early days in Orem:- "My most vivid recollections of Dad are associated with the home in Orem, the fishing and hunting trips, the family outings, Christmas, and the law business. I believe Dad really loved that place in Orem. He always arose early and did a half days work before going to the office. I never could join him in his obvious love for horses and sheep he kept on the place. Those horses ate constantly and I doubt if he ever rode one. He seemed to enjoy just watching them and perhaps recalling his early days in Gunnison and Manti.

"My first recollection of fishing was with Dad at Fish Lake and Strawberry, particularly Charlie Madsen's camp at Strawberry. I can still see the smile on Dad's face when he would bring out a nice native trout on the big pop-gear.

"The Sunday afternoon picnics at Canyon Glen and Aspen Grove were great. Mother would always have such good food and Dad did enjoy games with us children. Of course Christmas Eve when all the family would gather was the greatest! Each would perform in turn and Dad would enjoy every minute of it.

"Mother was always thinking of others and doing something for someone else. Maybe she got more enjoyment out of that than doing things for herself. I truly believe that I was blessed with the finest parents on earth."

Cullen was popular with the girls at Lincoln High School but he had found a favorite in Daryl Stewart, a tall, slender, pretty, dark haired miss. And Daryl liked Cullen but her mother objected to her going steady. His parents seemed to be of the same opinion so the two didn't go steady but they

dated quite often nevertheless. The summer after high school graduation Cullen went out of state to work on a ranch. Daryl worked at Parks Cafe in Orem and found that there were other young men interested in her, one in particular who was very persuasive.

Cullen attended BYU the following winter and since Daryl seemed unavailable for dating their paths seldom crossed. The next summer he went with his brother Phil to Tulsa, Wyoming and worked for the McGinnis Livestock Company, and Phil tells something of this:- "I drove my old Austin up to Wyoming in the summer of 1940 to work for the livestock company again. As I recall Cullen, my younger brother, Warren Tanner and Gus Keele went with me to work on the ranch. Cullen, Warren and Gus were all pretty good sized and I, of course, had then reached a pretty mature stature myself, although I think I was smaller than the others. When we finished our work on the ranch that fall we went up to Yellowstone Park. We had no place to stay and we spent one of the coldest nights I ever recall, all four of us trying to sleep in that little old Austin. But we had a nice trip nevertheless. I don't remember how much money we were able to save from the work up there but it was not a great deal, though it did help a little getting started in school again."

Cullen attended BYU that winter. Daryl married Richard Hamilton Sparks that same winter. After his two years at BYU Cullen went back to Washington D. C. and studied law at the George Washington University. To make his way he was also employed by the Federal Bureau of Investigation in its Washington office. Here he remained from the fall of 1941 until Aug. 1944, when he was drafted into the army, since World War II was on. He trained first in Texas and then Maryland and became a special agent in the U. S. Army Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC). He was sent to serve in Japan but arrived there just as the war ended in 1945. However, he remained in Japan with the forces of occupation until 1946.

Meanwhile, Daryl was having marital problems and was in the process of securing a separation

from her husband. One day she ran across Cullen's sister Norma on the street and, stopping to inquire about Cullen, learned that he was on his way home. She said casually, "Tell him to look me up when he comes - I'd love to see him." And look her up he did and their friendship of high school days was soon renewed.

Cullen and Daryl Aldene Stewart (Sparks) were married 23 Oct. 1946 at her parents' home in Provo. Cullen's father performed the ceremony in the presence of members of the two families. Cullen comments on this:- "The only time I can ever recall Dad being flustered was when he was performing the marriage ceremony for Daryl and me. He kept getting his notes turned upside down. What a precious moment to remember!" A wedding dinner was given later in honor of the bride and groom at a party house in Orem, with members of both families present. Daryl was an only child, having been born 16 Oct. 1921 in Salt Lake City, Utah to Allen Glover and Martha Ellison Stewart. She had two sons by her first husband: Richard, almost five at the time of this second marriage, and Robert, two and a half. Cullen adopted these two boys soon after and they took the Christensen name.

Immediately after their marriage the couple left for Washington D. C. where Cullen resumed his study of law at George Washington University as well as his position in the office of the F. B. I. It was arranged that after they were duly settled there, his sister Norma would fly back with the two little boys. And this Norma did - and she tells about it:- "A most promising opportunity appeared on the horizon when Cullen and Daryl accepted my offer to fly back to Washington D. C. with their two boys. I planned to work for a while in the nation's capitol, at least until my sweetheart, Reed, was out of the army and we could make more realistic plans for the future. For a final outing of skiing prior to my leaving, I borrowed some ill-fitting boots which literally became my downfall. On an innocent-appearing slope my inside runner dug in and I found myself cartwheeling into a snowy heap, my right leg twisted

into an odd and painful position. . . Later, with a walker heel attached to my cast, I was able to walk.

"Our flight to Washington was a chore, to put it mildly, beginning at 2:30 a.m. 18 Feb. 1947. However, the most difficult part came after we arrived. In my 'unhandy' condition we were the last ones off the plane, thereby missing Cullen's page for us over the loud speaker. Having received no response, Cullen and Daryl checked the time of arrival of the next flight and spent the interval gaily window shopping, having lunch, etc. Meanwhile, back at the terminal we were experiencing almost complete despair. My efforts to make contact by phone were of course fruitless and the boys were so tired from our almost sleepless night that they were completely unmanageable. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity and to my indescribable relief, the parents of my charges appeared. Whew! That was my somewhat unpleasant introduction to five fabulous months in Washington D. C., the first four weeks of which were spent housebound with my newest sister-in-law, because of my cast. But this provided us an opportunity to get acquainted and in no time at all I became convinced that my brother Cullen was the luckiest man I knew."

Cullen graduated from George Washington University Law School with an LLB degree in 1948 and the family returned to Provo, Utah. He was admitted to the Utah State Bar in 1949 and joined his father and two older brothers in their law firm there. He has been a practicing attorney since that time to the present in Provo, with the exception of a period (1951-52) spent again as special agent, U. S. Army Counter Intelligence Corps, during the Korean War.

Daryl and Cullen eventually built a beautiful home on Canyon Road in North Provo where they reside. They both find time to play golf and Cullen to go fishing and hunting. Attending conventions all over the country is also a part of their life together, for Cullen has served as president of a number of local civic clubs and organizations as well as president of the Utah State Bar. He sought his first political office in this last presidential election (1968) when he ran as a candidate

for Judge of the Fourth Judicial District - but he was defeated. Among a few of the credentials listed on his campaign literature were these:- "Current President of Utah State Bar Association; Utah County Bar Association (past president); American Bar Association; American College of Probate Counsel (Utah State Chairman); Provo Rotary Club (past president); Past President Provo Jaycees; Provo Chamber of Commerce (Past Director); Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Provo; Utah Valley Opera Association (Past Director); Past President of Riverside Country Club; Member of LDS Church.

Fundamentally, the processes of the law mean a great deal to Cullen and he came by this naturally, since it was sorta "born and bred in him" as it were. I remember hearing of the time when he was taking his first turns at driving the family car. He was driving Father home from Salt Lake City late one night. They were alone and Father was in the back seat, presumably asleep. Cullen began speeding and the siren of an alert highway patrolman made him well aware of it. He pulled off the highway and slowed to a stop and the patrolman was soon questioning him rather bruskly. Cullen squirmed under his gaze and glanced hopefully in Father's direction but the older man never moved or spoke. Cullen was on his own with his accuser and Father allowed him to suffer the full impact of breaking the law.

Yes, Cullen learned first hand to respect the law by counsel and example, for his father believed in and lived it to the fullest. Cullen writes of him in this regard:- "While my association with Dad at the office was not nearly long enough, I know he was a great lawyer. Older members of the Bar still comment on his integrity and hard work. The law was really his life. Perhaps so much so that in his declining years he was unable to find real interest in anything else. Near the end, I can still see him sitting at his desk, moving papers around, and acting like an old war horse who would like to do battle just one more time."

Descendants of Cullen Yates and Daryl Aldene Stewart Christensen:-

- (A) Richard Hamilton Christensen born 17 Nov. 1941 in Alhambra, Calif.
- (B) Robert Allen Christensen born 17 Apr. 1943 in Provo, Utah; md. 23 Mar. 1968 in Provo, Karalee Heiner (b. 4 Apr. 1944 in Rock Springs, Wyoming to Max Reynold and Alice Jean Anderson Heiner). Child:-  
I. Todd Christensen b. 24 Sep. 1968, San Francisco, Calif.

(59) Tresia Clark (9) was born 28 May 1922 in Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah. Her birth took place on her uncle Albert Christensen's ranch a mile or so west of town in the small farmhouse there, since her father was then serving as foreman on the ranch.

Tresia writes about herself:- "A few months after my birth in Gunnison our family moved to Goshen, Utah to live. It was here I started school when I became of age. In early spring of my second year of school we moved to Santaquin, Utah where Father had bought a lot of the southwest corner of a block there and at first we rented a house on the southeast corner of that same block until Dad had enough of our house finished on our new lot to move in. Here we only had lanterns to see by at nights for some weeks and I remember how wonderful it seemed when we got electricity into the house. I also remember spending hours and hours moving rocks from the ground before Dad could plant our garden.

"I finished the ninth grade of school in Santaquin and then started high school in Payson, traveling back and forth by school bus. But I dropped out of school before Christmas of that year. I remember Uncle Albert Christensen took me over to his home in Orem during the Christmas vacation and talked to me about how important an education was. At the time I half promised to return to school the beginning of the new year - but I never did.

"On Easter Sunday, the next spring, my oldest sister, Vera, was married (1938). I was

with a group of young friends in a car when we had a terrible accident. A drunk, driving another car, ran into us. My sister Alta was among those in the back seat but was not seriously injured, as some of the others of us were. I was sitting in the front seat and was badly injured and not expected to live for about a week. My face was cut almost from ear to ear and other damage. I was unconscious for quite a period. When I first saw my father, after regaining consciousness, I told him that I was concerned that he and Mother had not been to the Temple to be sealed for eternity. This seemed to have been constantly on my mind after the accident. I recalled Mother worrying about my sisters Vera and Alta turning eighteen before she and Dad got around to having us children sealed to them. I exacted a promise from Dad at that time that he would prepare to have his and Mother's temple work done before my eighteenth birthday.

"My parents did prepare themselves and were permitted to go to the House of the Lord in Manti and have their temple work done and us younger children sealed to them the very day before my eighteenth birthday, 27 Mar. 1940. I know how happy they will be when all of their children are sealed to them and we can all look forward to being together in the world where they have gone. They made many sacrifices for us; the least we can do now for them is to prepare ourselves by righteous living to join them as a family in the eternity.

"In 1940 I started a course under Margaret P. Maw at the Provo School of Beauty Culture and graduated from there 15 Dec. 1941. I worked for a year as a beautician in Fillmore, Utah and then for a time in Helper, Utah. (I also did the same kind of work in Murray, Utah after my marriage.) I later went to Salt Lake City and worked in a war plant (radio tube plant).

"It was while working in Salt Lake City that I met my future husband, Max Andrew Rosenlund (b. 20 Mar. 1926 in Fairview, Utah to Paul Andrew and Annie Darthea Peterson Rosenlund).

"Max and I first met in February of 1945 and were married the following October 23rd in

Evanston, Wyoming, where my parents had been married. We lived in Murray, Utah for a number of years and then bought our present home at 6871 Springbrook Way in Salt Lake City. We have had two sons and three daughters and are so grateful for each of them. We also had my sister Alta's son Terry in our home for several years until he went into the service. Max and I went through the Salt Lake Temple and had our five children sealed to us, 10 Dec. 1960.

"I started working at the Mode O'Day factory in 1944 and am working there at the present time. I have worked off and on all during my married life. My husband Max and our eldest son, Wayne, and I have gone into the part-time business of upholstering and we are doing quite well. We recently built the booths for the Oakridge Country Club. Max built the booths, Wayne did the upholstering and I did the sewing. It was a beautiful job, if I do say so, and we have had a number of calls from other interested parties and have a couple of jobs to bid on now. My favorite hobby, besides my family and the church, is sewing. At present we are repainting and refurnishing our home and I have been making new bedroom drapes and also new ones for the kitchen."

"I have been a Sunday School teacher for the past eight or nine years. We now live in the Butler 5th Ward, Butler Stake. I am very anxious to get started on my genealogy. I don't know the first thing about this work but I'm determined to learn. Our oldest daughter Karen attended BYU at Provo this past school year and took classes in this subject. She too is interested in genealogy and perhaps together we can do something about our own. My main desire in life is to stay close to the church, live by its teachings, and raise righteous children."

Descendants of Tresia Clark and Max Albert Rosenlund:-

- (A) Wayne Max Rosenlund born 4 Aug. 1946 in Salt Lake City, Utah; md. 2 Oct. 1965 in Salt Lake City, Joy Evette Borg (b. 13 Oct. 1949 in Salt Lake City to Chirrel and Ruth Afton

Peterson Borg). Children:-

- I. DeWayne Max Rosenlund b. 21 Apr. 1966  
in Murray, Utah (Cottonwood Hospital).
- II. Shauna Jean Rosenlund. b. 6 July 1968  
in Murray.

(B) Boyd Clark Rosenlund born 2 Dec. 1947 in Salt Lake City; md. 23 June 1967 in Salt Lake City, Colleen Faye Fitzgerald (b. 18 June 1949 in Salt Lake City to Ralph and Faye Ferguson Fitzgerald). Child:-

- I. Sheila Shantel Rosenlund b. 27 Mar. 1968, Murray, Utah.

(C) Karen Rosenlund born 23 Jan. 1950 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

(D) Paula Rosenlund born 27 June 1955 in Murray, Utah.

(E) Patricia Rosenlund born 3 Nov. 1956 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

(60) Marjorie Christensen (7) was born 6 Aug. 1922 in Evanston, Wyoming. It was in Lyman, Wyoming, however, where she spent most of her early life. It was here that she was baptized a member of the LDS church; here that she later taught in the Primary organization and where she acted as Sunday School Organist.

It was in Lyman also that she attended school. While at Lyman High School, from which she later graduated, she took typing, among other subjects, and became very efficient in it. In tests she established what was said to be a world's record of 120 words per minute on a manual typewriter. She went to Provo, Utah to compete with other students from several states. During the first part of this test she found she had typed some with her fingers on the wrong keys so she quit typing. She probably could have won if she had started the test all over again since the winner made only 60 words per minute.

Like her older sisters Marjorie not only became a fine typist but an excellent pianist and singer as well. In 1940 she and her sister Alice

went to Ogden, Utah and lived for a time with their married sister LaFaun (then Slagowski). Here they obtained a spot on KLO Radio singing duets daily under the label "Alice & Marj" - and they were very well liked. Then Alice received an offer as a full time piano player in Ely, Nevada, so Marjorie went there with her.

It was in Ely that Marjorie met her future husband, Mart Eugene Strouse (b. 27 Feb. 1920 in Malad, Idaho to John Lawrence and Amelia Goddard Strouse). The two went to Evanston, Wyoming to be married, 14 Mar. 1941, with both of their fathers and mothers being present at the civil ceremony. The couple settled first in Ruth, Nevada but later moved to what was known as "New" Ruth, Nevada. Here the husband "Gene" became a supervisor at Kennecott Copper mine and has been such for many years. They had two children, a boy and a girl.

As is sometimes the case, heartaches come with raising a family. Their son Eugene died on the school grounds at "Old" Ruth, Nevada at age thirteen, supposedly of a heart attack. Their daughter, who married a cameraman at a TV studio in Los Angeles, was disappointed in her marriage and returned to her parents' home before the birth of her first child. She later married happily, however.

Marjorie, tall, slender, talented, and with a sweet personality and happy disposition, welcomed her parents into her home about a year before the death of her mother. In fact it was in her home in Ruth, Nevada that her mother passed away, Nov. 1952. She remembers as a youngster in Lyman, Wyoming her father chording on the guitar and singing. "Father had the best bass voice I ever heard. He sang solos in church and at church parties and always wished that he had received more special vocal training."

Marjorie worked on a few occasions after her marriage. When her daughter, Barbara, was in eighth or ninth grade she worked for a year at nearby Ely, typing and selling sheet music and records in a music store. Her last job was typing

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for the Red Cross in Ruth for a year or two. But mostly she has concentrated her time and energy in being "just a housewife".

In late autumn of 1967 in her home in Ruth, Nevada she was accidentally shot in the face. She says she remembers nothing about the incident until she came to in the hospital. This has necessitated a number of subsequent trips to the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City for plastic surgery and will perhaps mean others later. We wonder at times why trouble such as this should happen to so sweet a person. We do not know the answer. Only an all-seeing Providence knows the whys and wherefores of such things. Yet we know that trouble and sorrow have a place in our earthly lives and that such experiences must somehow be schoolings to give wisdom and strength and that rich blessings will follow if we learn the needed lessons - like a glorious rainbow oftentimes follows a furious storm.

Descendants of Marjorie Christensen and Mart Eugene Strouse:-

- (A) Lawrence Eugene Strouse born 27 Feb. 1942 in Ely, Nevada; died 19 Apr. 1955 in Ruth, Nevada; buried 22 Apr. 1955 in Evanston, Wyoming.
- (B) Barbara Strouse born 9 June 1944 in Ely, Nevada; md. (1) 1964 in Los Angeles, Calif., Robert Arrington; divorced; md (2) 4 Mar. 1966 in Elko, Nevada, Eugene Cullins (b. 12 June 1927 in Los Angeles, Calif. to Bill and Anita Deamas Cullins). Children of Barbara Strouse and Eugene Cullins:-
- I. Robert Eugene (Arrington) Cullins b. 22 Mar. 1965 in Ely, Nevada
  - II. Marilyn Cullins b. 14 Mar. 1968, Ely, Nevada.

(61) Mabel Norma Christensen (4) writes her own history:- "I was ushered into this world, I'm told, in the midst of a rain and wind storm on the morning of Friday 13 Apr. 1923, in the family home at Manti, Sanpete, Utah, the seventh child

of my father and the second of my mother. I have few recollections of living in Manti however, since we moved to Provo when I was nearing two-and-a-half. Less than a year later we moved to Orem, Utah and lived on an  $8\frac{1}{2}$  acre farm which became home to me during the rest of my growing-up years.

"Climbing up the steep, dark basement steps on my first visit to that home in Orem still clings to my memory. Other features that were to influence our daily lives were the outdoor toilet a considerable distance from the house down by the chicken coops; the water pump just a few feet from the back porch from which all our culinary water was obtained, and damp cloths over perishable food placed in the open kitchen window as a means of refrigeration. But despite what seems to be primitive conditions to us today, I remember no feelings of frustration for lack of conveniences, except when the roosters would chase me on my desperate dash to what I called the 'ugly tote'.

"My sister Kathryn's arrival was a joyous occasion, but during mother's stay in the hospital the news arrived that her sister Ida had been killed. Her home was right across the street from ours in Manti. The fall after Kathryn's birth I started school at the Spencer Elementary, thoroughly primed by both Father and Mother as to the importance of an education. Though I didn't always feel the need of bringing home a straight 'A' report card, yet I can never remember being flippant about the grades I received.

"As the middle of my second grade year came it was suggested to my parents that I, along with three others, be promoted to third grade then and there. In spite of brother Phil's special trip home from the U of U to try and prevent this, (he knew of what he spoke, having had three special promotions himself) I found myself in the world of third graders. But often the emotional maturity of a child is not sufficient to cope with such social changes, and looking back I find that I was a prime example. It seems I was always at odds with my friends and ended up playing with youngsters either younger or older.

"School work I usually enjoyed and seldom encountered much difficulty with it, except when it came to creative writing. An experience that happened in Mr. Cordner's seventh grade English class provided me with the greatest object lesson in honesty that I can remember. We had each been assigned to write a story, the best of which was to receive a prize. I made several attempts but each one ended in complete failure. Finally in desperation I solicited Mother's help on the last night before the assignment was due. She agreed to help me but as the hour drew late, sent me off to bed, promising to assist me next morning. I awakened to find a very sweet story she had written available for me to copy. But time was short and the story long so I handed it in in Mother's handwriting. I really was feeling shabby about the whole thing when I was called up front to receive a fine Eversharp pencil for winning the story contest. I was appalled - and literally hated the sight of that pencil, and managed to lose it as soon as possible.

"That summer Father bought a house trailer and he and Mother, Cullen, Kathryn and I set out on a trek across the country. First we visited Mother's brother, Uncle Yates Farnsworth and family in California where the ocean breezes gave me such a stiff neck it was painful to move for weeks. But there we had a most delightful introduction to ocean swimming, sunbathing - and to 10¢ malts. I also acquired a gorgeous sunburn and went 'peeling' across the country. From California we journeyed the southern route to Washington D. C. to meet Phil, who was there attending school and working. From here we went to New York, Chicago, and home. We visited twenty-four states, Canada and Mexico. Cullen was just learning to drive and spent many hours at the wheel in utter joy. One of the most remarkable things about that trip was that we children hardly quarreled at all.

"I have some definite impressions of our family life during my growing up years. First of all there was no doubt in any of our minds as to who was the head of the family. We all recognized

in Father a man of impeccable honesty and moral character, a person of great determination and courage. He was a man whose decisions we learned not to question, whose stern rebukes were more effective than a physical whipping from Mother or anyone else. But we also knew him as a man capable of a deep love and concern for his family, one who had endured heartbreak and sorrow in the loss of his first wife and a son, one who had weathered crippling financial disasters but who could still hold his head high in the knowledge that his word was his bond and that with the gift of life came the obligation to live it to the fullest.

"I have always felt that mine was a strict moral upbringing rather than a religious one. Though we children attended church as the thing to do, Father's Sundays were spent working at the office, and Mother's to a large extent at home trying to catch up on her endless duties while we children were away. As my studies became more demanding I found Father's office an excellent place to work and my attendance at church became less and less frequent. But as my church association decreased I seemed to replace it to an extent with a very happy association with Father. In addition to many Sunday trips to the office, I was often permitted to accompany him on short business trips throughout the state. His love for life, of the law, his strong political beliefs, his curiosity concerning the world about him, his love of and pride in his family - all these I felt honored to share; and through this close association I came to know that I could never dishonor this great man and continue to live with my conscience.

"Growing up on a farm in a fruit raising community provided plenty of opportunity for hard physical work, and that became very much a part of my summer routine. Many were the days I spent in our strawberry patch from dawn until evening, or packing cherries or sorting peaches; and many were the nights I can remember that Mother's head never touched the pillow, but in the morning tables and counters of jars filled with freshly canned fruit were ample testimony to her

previous day's and night's activities. These were the depression years.

"Not long after brother Hale's death I remember bathroom and kitchen facilities being installed in our house along with a wonderful fireplace; but several years passed before we enjoyed the luxury of a refrigerator. Asking Father for money was a painful experience for both of us, especially if it was for something he considered a 'frivolity'. So by the time I was in high school I managed to earn enough money to buy most of my own clothes. However, if we needed money for something Father considered worthwhile, such as furthering our education or developing our talents, the money was made available somehow. Many a dollar went down the drain in a vain effort to teach me how to play the piano. But needless to say, my regrets were great and the pangs particularly sharp on occasions such as our family Christmas parties when everyone was supposed to perform.

"In the spring of 1940 I graduated from Lincoln High School, having just turned seventeen. As Cullen had done the year previous, I delivered the valedictorian address. To my delight I got a job in the booth selling tickets, etc., for SCERA swimming pool at  $12\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ per hour and I felt that my days as 'official berry picker' were over. Not that they hadn't been good days, for I remember dashing home from the berry patch or whatever, getting cleaned up and dashing off to play ball until dark, after which I would either spend my night at the ticket office for the SCERA theatre or enjoy the current movie. Our ball team was terrific and we were Sharon Stake champions for a number of years.

"Boys had definitely become an item in my life by this time but the only fly in the ointment was curing them of their fear of Father. On this particular subject he and I had great difficulty. I got some comfort out of my sister Elaine's tales on the same subject. Father later very aptly described his attitude toward his daughters' boy friends when he said that he had chosen to adopt the English approach to the law in this situation by assuming them to be guilty until proven innocent. Needless to say, many young man's enthusiasm cooled under

this icy treatment and even those who survived that ordeal never felt quite at ease in our home. This was a situation I vowed I would ease if I ever had a home of my own.

"I experienced a rude awakening in my transition from a 'mighty high school senior' in a small town to a lowly freshman at BYU. The summer after my freshman year Father, Elaine and I accompanied my future sister-in-law, Gwen, to New Orleans, where she and Phil were married. That trip was really a lark. Even my knocking a cow over on a lonely Louisiana highway didn't dampen our spirits much, since poor Bossy was able to struggle to her feet again and merely gave us a resentful stare. Elaine's keepsakes to take back to her children were hilarious. I still remember her lowering a bottle on a string down into the Mississippi River for some real muddy Mississippi water and her chipping off some stone from a tomb to show and tell.

"The Pearl Harbor attack the next December started many decided changes in our lives. Both Phil and Cullen were frozen to their jobs with the F.B.I. and the following summer I started working for the military at Fort Douglas. I loved my new-found independence. I had never been happier. Every day was a new adventure. Sometime during that period I received my patriarchal blessing in which I was counseled to return to school and finish my education. So when Father also started urging my return I agreed to enroll spring quarter, 1943. It was hard to settle down to studying at BYU again and I missed my friends and activities in Salt Lake City. In answer to my pleas to return to the University of Utah the next fall, Father agreed on condition that I help him in the office that summer, since he had lost his good secretary and was in desperate need. That was a bargain!

"Poor Dad! My stenographic training consisted of three quarters of shorthand and one of typing. But his patience was endless, and working with him that summer was truly a wonderful experience. I came to love and enjoy him as a real friend as well as a father. I began to see what a great man he really was. I couldn't believe his

capacity for work! Alone, with only a second-rate typist to assist, he managed to serve innumerable clients, with his main object being primarily to hold the law firm together until his partner sons could return and share the load - and the business. At the age of 72 he was putting in enough hours for two men. That summer became a very precious memory to me, and surprisingly provided me with enough legal stenographic training to bluff my way later into two excellent jobs - one in the legal division of the State Tax Commission and the other as secretary to the Legal Counselor for the Public Works Committee of the United States Senate in Washington D. C.

"When I enrolled at the University of Utah that fall it was like going home. I rented a room at the home of my speech teacher, Mary J. Webster, 222 South 13th East. Living at the Webster's was absolutely ideal. School was but a block away, kitchen privileges were available, the rooms were pleasant, and the Websters were the kindest and most considerate people alive. They had rented their rooms in the absence of three sons who were in the armed forces. Their oldest, John, had been missing since the previous February and was presumed dead. Ted was serving in Africa and Italy. Their youngest son, Reed, was on the front in Germany. These worried parents seemed to greatly appreciate our company in their loneliness and literally made their home our home. With the exception of six weeks, this truly was my home for the next two-and-a-half years.

"In the middle of April of my Senior year, word was received that the youngest Webster boy had been wounded in action, and on May 8th the war ended in Europe. I passed my comprehensive examination, gave my oral recital on Ernie Pyle, graduated with high honors, and came to worship my old, fat history professor, Dr. Creer. I would gladly have been his slave but instead, he hired me to correct papers and do stenographic work for which I received a modest wage. Graduation found me more eager than ever to remain in school; so, with a part time job in the History Department, I signed up for six weeks of summer school as a start on a Master's

degree in History.

"Toward the end of June I returned to my room one day to discover that the Webster Charm School (as we called the upstairs area, occupied solely by girls and long forbidden to the opposite sex) had been invaded by a boy - a man - well, a male! There he was, busily vacuuming the floor of the east bedroom with one hand, the other in a cast from the tips of the fingers to the shoulder. I had caught my first glimpse of Reed Webster, in the flesh that is since I had often seen the picture of him and his girl friend from Buffalo that stood on the piano in the Webster living room. There may be no such thing as 'love at first sight' but let me attest to the fact that there can be instant attraction. I thought he looked very interesting and extremely heroic in that cast. But then I quickly jarred myself back to the reality that he was taken and that I had been asked to vacate my room in August so that the young lady from Buffalo could come and visit.

"Reed was temporarily stationed at Bushnell General Hospital for the first few of many operations necessary to regain maximum use of his badly shattered right hand and arm. During the next few weeks his periodic appearance on the scene set in motion an absolute flurry of fun and excitement: picnics, canyon parties, beach parties and house parties were continually in progress, and I was often included as Reed's partner. Now the lower reaches of the Webster house, affectionately called the 'Ratskellar', rocked with the rumble of masculine voices and laughter.

"It was with real regret that I headed back to Orem the first of August. The next two months was a period of frustration for me. The latter part of September came at last and I returned to Salt Lake most gratefully. Upon entering the familiar Webster front room, I was struck by the absence of a certain picture. It was with real interest that I learned from my roomies that the young lady's visit had only served to convince Reed that his former army interests really didn't fit into his home environment. He and the girl from Buffalo had completely severed their connections.

Why was I so pleased? After all, I was only one among many of his feminine admirers, as evidenced by the numerous phone calls and visits from members of my sex who were definitely not relatives.

"Though I registered again for graduate work my enthusiasm for further scholastic pursuits dwindled. So I took 'incompletes' in my classes and joined the ranks of the employed. It was fun to have my evenings free for fun. I got a job in the president's office at the U of U. Every girl should have the experience of living with a group of girls such as I did, and a whole book could be written of the times we had - and in fact one was started by two of the girls and appropriately titled 'I Speak For the Bathtub'.

"Meanwhile, my attraction to young Webster was completely frustrating to me. In his presence I felt stupid and speechless, and I knew he considered me an easy conquest. I was too handy for him. More often than not his 'dates' consisted of a call up the stairway with an invitation to leave shortly for a hastily arranged beach or canyon party. But when I discovered that the girl he took to formal parties was not me, but one of his over-eager sorority friends, I plotted by revenge. He would be cut off my list, and the next time he issued his last-minute invitation I'd tell him to go sit in the sand.

"The chill from upstairs no doubt drifted down to the lower levels, for Reed began to send out 'peace feelers'. Soon my wounded pride was soothed and my self respect restored - I was ready to continue this game of cat and mouse with this Webster 'playboy'. By no means did either of us entertain the idea of going steady. On every furlough he continued to cut a mighty swath among the local damsels while I managed to provide him with sufficient competition with an ever-increasing number of young men - most of them recently returned from the service.

"The spring of 1946 Reed completely erased my former resentments of his ways of dating me by inviting me to the Military Ball at the University of Utah. It had been years since I had attended a

formal dance - I was so thrilled! By then I was serving as secretary to Colonel Black in the ROTC. I went shopping for the prettiest gown in town - and I found it! It was the most glamorous thing I had ever seen - a gorgeous, off-white creation of Grecian design, which made me feel as elegant as a queen. The amount in my purse was less than half enough to buy it but that dress simply had to be mine!

"Somehow the money was found. And as I descended the stairway on the big night, the look in Reed's eyes told me that the gown was worth every penny - every 7,500 of them in fact! Following a most perfect premiere (the fact that an exact duplicate appeared on the wife of one of the commanding officers failed to dampen its happy influence) that little dress was worn many, many times by me, by all of my tall roommates, by my lovely niece, Donna Southwick, when she was crowned Days of '47 Queen, and even by my gorgeous sister-in-law Daryl. It was one formal dress that literally wore out, and because of the pleasure and service it brought to so many it became one of my most worthwhile investments."

When Reed went away for his various operations he never corresponded with Norma, which left her in doubt of the sincerity of his interest in her and turned her thoughts and consideration to other available young men. There was among them a tall, handsome airforce Captain and former all-American basketball player from West Point, named "Suitcase" Simpson, and there was Harry, a studious medical student whose sterling qualities were beyond reproach. Simpson, however, was killed in an airplane crash while attempting a landing at Washington D. C. before he could continue his courtship. But Harry proposed and Norma begged for time to consider. As she came home from that proposal, Reed met her and, fully aware of his competition, asked her to go for a ride with him.

Norma writes of this:- "I could think of no means of escape. A short distance from the spot where Harry had proposed not more than an hour before, Reed parked and, in the sweetest and for

him unbelievable humility, begged that I give him a chance to prove his worthiness of me. Gone was the arrogant, devil-may-care attitude, the fast talk, the wise cracks, the big time show. There before me, stripped entirely of his defenses, was a young man whose face had not entirely escaped the ravages of the past two years of pain but still reflected the hope, the ambition, the tenderness of someone truly in love. Here was the person I wanted to believe existed but of whom I had caught but a few fleeting glimpses. He talked of the two or three remaining operations and the years of college ahead of him before he could earn an acceptable living. But he pledged his life, his strength, his ambitions to the ultimate purpose of making me happy. 'Other men may be able to give you more of the material things than I', he said, 'but no one else in the whole world could love you as much as I do.' I said, 'Go away and leave me alone and in two weeks I'll give you my decision, for I can't decide now.'

Reed went back to the army and Harry remained at a respectable distance, but it didn't take Norma two weeks to decide. On 31 Oct. 1946 the following telegram was delivered to S/Sgt Reed J. Webster, 39910794, McCormack General Hospital, Pasadena, Calif.: "Two weeks unnecessary to know I love you always. Chris." So Harry faded out of the picture.

Norma went back to Washington D. C. and stayed with her brother Cullen and family and worked. It was while here that the couple became engaged and Norma writes of this and of their wedding later:- "While spending a quiet evening at home, Cullen, Daryl and the boys having gone on a picnic, we became officially engaged as Reed placed a lovely diamond ring on my finger. We both laughed as he described his journey down to Orem to obtain my parents' consent. He said he knew it sounded ridiculous but he had felt at the time that he should get down on his knees and beg Dad for my hand. To his relief the greeting had been warm and permission granted without any reservations. Mother of course had kissed him and welcomed him as her future son-in-law. We

set our wedding date for September 20th.

"Sherman and Lois kindly consented to having the marriage ceremony in their home at Provo, and Father agreed to perform the rites - it seemed most fitting that Father, as the patriarch of our family and a champion of the law, be the person before whom we pledged to love and serve each other throughout our lives. Thus in a sweet and simple home ceremony the evening of 20 Sep. 1947, Reed and I became man and wife, with just a few members of the family present. Reed's brother Ted was best man and my dear roommate Dell, a bride of only four months herself, was my matron of honor. The strength of the family name I was now exchanging for another had been a gift to me that I was beginning to appreciate more each day. It had been a force in my life from which I rebelled at times but which had served to protect and help me whenever I was in need. I was now so grateful to be a member of the Christensen family.

"And I was, and am, grateful for my maternal background. In Mother I had witnessed a conquest of self far beyond my capability. Hers was an equally strong influence in my life, but in its subtlety went unrecognized for many years. Hers was a truly religious soul, in its self denial - its unending love and compassion for the downtrodden, in its willingness to accept the good wherever she found it. I can think of very few instances in my life when Mother's needs and desires were not considered least - and last. From the toil, the struggle with the poverty of the depression years, the concern for family before herself, the love she had for family, relatives, friends and neighbors, there emerged a person who is the object of love wherever she goes. No community or neighborhood in which she has dwelt has remained untouched by her kindness and goodness.

"Even today, at age 84, almost blind and very halt, she receives a steady stream of little visitors who love to be with her and affectionately call her 'Grandma'. Letters arrive from all sections of the country expressing love and appreciation for her. Her soul has reached out beyond her failing body to embrace and comfort and love

the people and beauties of nature about her. In her example the teachings of true Christianity come alive. She has a flair for writing but through the years of toil she has been unable to devote much time to it and in later years seems to have lost the desire. Unfortunately, this eldest daughter has been careless through the years of many written treasures given by her to me in deepest love. But may I ever cherish the more intangible and deeply significant gifts that are mine because of her.

"Two 'wonderful' years were years of making quite difficult adjustments. First of all, the time had come when I had to try to learn how to cook. For someone who had never prepared a complete meal, this was no small thing. The results of my efforts were very obvious by Christmas time and not entirely commendable - Reed had acquired twenty pounds and five enormous canker sores."

Reed Johnson Webster was born 9 Aug. 1923 in Cedar City, Utah, the son of John Uri and Mary Elizabeth Johnson Webster. Since the history of Reed's maturing years is more or less a history of his married life with Norma and their joint accomplishments, we include excerpts from this as follows:

"I believe my first real association with God came on the battlefields of Germany during World War II. Though I had come from a good Mormon home, I had drifted away from activity in the church at about fourteen years of age. I had taken with me, however, the knowledge that there was a God, and as I witnessed the death and destruction around me, I felt a close association with him. I talked with him often, and though I felt most unworthy I never doubted his presence. Proof of his nearness came to me in a special way on the morning of April 10, 1945. In an early morning attack, as I was running along a railroad track, a shell from a German M-88 shattered my rifle, my right hand and forearm, and knocked me several feet across the track. I was momentarily stunned, but when my eyes fell upon the gaping wound in my arm I immediately jumped up and ran back looking for a medic to dress my wound. Five inches of the

large bone in my right forearm had been blown completely away, as well as one finger and the ends of three others.

"As I reached the first-aid station, which occupied a factory building that had been captured just that morning, I discovered that a German doctor had also been taken prisoner an hour or two before. He volunteered his services, and within ten minutes from the time I was wounded a skilled medical man was working on my arm, tying off the bleeders, cleaning out the wound, applying a traction splint, and administering pain-killing drugs. There is no doubt in my mind that this man saved my right arm. I couldn't help feeling that God had had a hand in this. A shell had ripped the front pocket of my jacket completely off without leaving a scratch. I had been only an inch or two away from certain death. I was grateful to God for letting me live, but knew I had done nothing to deserve the gift.

"By noon that day I had been removed to the field hospital for care prior to being evacuated to England. I was transferred from the front to an English hospital, and from there to Bushnell General Hospital in Brigham City, Utah. Though I did not like the idea of being sent to an amputation center, it was just fifty short miles from there to my home in Salt Lake City, and I arrived home in time to celebrate V.E. Day with my parents on May 8, 1945.

The doctors at Bushnell General Hospital insisted that any attempt to rebuild my arm into a useful limb would meet with failure and that I would be much better off with a hook than a useless hand. Being completely opposed to their attitude I finally managed, after six months, to get transferred to Dibble General Hospital in Palo Alto, California. There began the first of a series of twenty-five major operations necessary to rebuild my arm.

"Those two-and-a-half years spent in and out of hospitals was a difficult period for me, not only physically but emotionally, but were perhaps the most valuable years of my life. During this time an extremely impatient young man had to

learn patience. I learned from those around me in the hospitals a real appreciation for all my countless blessings. And how I learned to love and feel overwhelming gratitude for my parents! The rebelliousness and resentment I had held toward my father melted into a deep pride in this fine man. No longer did I see him as a naive and rather stupid man who failed to understand the world as it really was, but as an honest and chaste man who avoided the evils of the world because he knew they did not lead to happiness. Though I had always loved and respected my mother, her courage through the loss of my oldest brother, her acceptance of my disability and encouragement through many dark days, her quiet strength and stability - all these and many other qualities of goodness made me so proud to be her son. I began to realize that even if I spent the rest of my life serving them, it would not be enough to pay them for the gift they had given me of being well born.

"It was these same qualities of honor and decency that attracted me to the lovely girl who lived upstairs. It was not an easy courtship during my convalescent leaves. I was not interested in marriage, with so much schooling ahead, and she was not interested in me with the kind of life I was living. It was when I discovered that losing her to another was a definite possibility that I began to realize that she represented the type of life and love I really wanted. The prospect of a life with her gave purpose to my existence and a great desire to succeed and to be worthy of her. I consider my most successful job of salesmanship that of convincing her that despite my poor record in school and rowdy army career I would make a good husband, father and provider.

"The month of September 1947 was an extremely memorable one for me. I was discharged from the army on the 14th, married on the 20th, and enrolled in college on the 29th. The latter was to prove the challenge of my life to that time. I had attended the university for one year prior to the war, during which time studies never interfered with my extracurricular activities, and my grades were an accurate reflection of this -

almost all E's and F's. Because of a difficulty in eye coordination I had never learned to be proficient in reading, and as a result had experienced difficulty all during my earlier years in school. Since I had been unable to excel in scholastic pursuits, I turned my attention to the social, where I had little problem, and always enjoyed the association of many different groups of young people, sometimes in rather questionable activities. One area in which I gained considerable skill was in mechanics, woodworking and building, and had it not been for the now limited efficiency of my right hand and my determination to achieve an education at least equal to that of my wife, I would undoubtedly have gone directly into some mechanical occupation.

"To say that my college degree in business came after much blood, sweat and tears is no exaggeration. The first two years were a living hell to me, and only my reluctance to admit defeat and my wife's encouragement and patience kept me from giving up. Gradually, however, as my background broadened and I got further into my field, I began to almost enjoy college. It was truly with a feeling of relief, however, when graduation requirements were filled in December 1950 and I was hired by Masonite Corporation as the factory representative in the intermountain area. By now I was the father of one lovely young daughter, and in February of 1951 our second little girl was born. Our marriage had been truly blessed. Not only were we much more in love, but our two children brought greater meaning and richness into our lives.

"After a try at a hardboard fabricating business, I turned my attention to an idea that had come about as a result of an impulse to examine the possibilities of assisting the young couples in the neighborhood with their washing problems. Living within a block of the University, we discovered that our home was located on business property in an ideal location for a coin-operated laundry. With the value of the property as our only asset, we embarked on another venture, this time in the laundry business. This required real financial juggling and an unbelievable amount of luck. In recent years I have begun to feel that we

succeeded only because of the Lord's help. With no money and a \$10, 000 indebtedness against the property, we were able to obtain loans during the next few months in excess of \$75, 000. A friend in the building business hired me to supervise the construction of our building, and a gentleman from Logan leased the space in the rear of the building for a professional dry cleaning store and paid \$4, 000 advance rent. Without either of these we would have been lost. We were able to buy a fine old home nearby with almost no money down and moved there.

"The grand opening of our store was on February 28, 1961. By June of that year, after having lost \$3, 000 in three months operation, the owner of the professional dry cleaning plant in the rear sold us the business for just \$6, 000 over what remained owing on the machinery, \$4, 000 of which was the money he had advanced us for rent, payable at our convenience. Our debts on our new venture then jumped to \$125, 000 and I was the owner of a business I knew nothing about. That we were not among the 97% of new businesses that failed during the first year I can only attribute to the guiding light that came into my life during that time. At times its presence had been so real to me, it's as though I haven't been in the 'driver's seat'. With at least \$4, 000 per month required just to meet monthly payments, as well as large amounts required to make property and sales tax payments, I have never ceased to be amazed that to date there has been a way of meeting my obligations. It would indeed be dishonest of me to take credit for this, for I have received guidance far beyond my abilities, without which I could fail, even today.

"Prior to tearing down the old family home where we had been living for six years, we were blessed with two more children - a fine boy and a third dear little daughter. We had been approached many times by the ward teachers of University Ward, but still had no interest in church activity. Our two oldest daughters attended Primary with the neighbor children, and occasionally Sunday School. They were extremely concerned over my smoking and on occasion would hide my pipe. One evening, after the children were in bed, I was

unable to find it and, suspecting the culprit, awakened my second daughter and asked her where she put it. This little girl of nine burst into tears and pleaded with me to stop smoking because she loved me and didn't want me to die with cancer. She was the little one who, at the age of two, while standing behind my shoulder as I drove to Provo, bent down and looked into my face with all seriousness and said, "We don't like cid-o-wets". I felt absolutely cheap, completely unworthy of the wonderful little souls God had given to me, and I promised myself, again, that I would give up smoking.

"In addition to the ward teachers we were visited regularly by members of the ward Senior Aaronic Committee. After considerable urging I accepted the invitation to accompany one of these men as a supervisor on a San Juan River trip with a group of Explorer scouts. My problem in quitting tobacco was licked during this trip. We had also been invited to join a study group at the home of Bishop Royal K. Hunt, which we accepted, reluctantly at first, but soon we began to really look forward to our Sunday evening associations with the group and our lessons on the Book of Mormon, and considered it our Sunday church meeting.

"It came time to move out of the ward boundaries. As a parting gesture of appreciation for all the work our neighbors had been doing on our behalf, we decided to give them a little feeling of success for all their labors by attending church on our last Sunday in the ward. I even decided to take in Priesthood meeting. Mingling with these fine people in these sacred surroundings brought the realization to us of how desperately we hated to leave them. We decided to request that our memberships remain in the ward. Thus began a most rewarding association in the University Ward, and a much better understanding of and warmer relationship with our Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ. We discovered that the gospel brought a greater capacity to love each other, our children and our neighbors, a richer and warmer association in our home. We came to love those who were responsible for our conversion in a way we had not

known was possible.

"A new bishop probably brought to us what we now needed more - not more strength but the opportunity for developing ours through service. In addition to attending three Sunday meetings, I began spending considerable time at the church on a remodeling project. The bishop's challenge in September of 1961 to be ordained an Elder I gratefully but humbly accepted. I continually felt a gnawing doubt as to my worthiness, however, and looked upon my entering the temple as an impossibility at that time.

"Some two months after my ordination as Elder, as I was enjoying a fast and testimony meeting in a rather detached way, an incident occurred that completely shattered my composure. Our oldest daughter, who was shy around adults and had trouble with stuttering when under emotional strain, suddenly stood on her feet. She poured out her love for her Heavenly Father, Jesus Christ, and for her family; she told of her joy in our activity in the church. Through her tears she uttered a prayer that we as a family could be together in the next world as we were in this. My astonishment was complete, and her sweet spirit and the overpowering presence of the Spirit of the Lord brought a surge of tears to my eyes such as I have never known before. It was as though I had been permitted a glimpse into eternity through the influence of this little girl of ours and it left me completely overwhelmed. I gained a firm conviction of the influence of testimony that day. The bishop met me outside the chapel that evening and told me it was time I quit fooling around and took my family to the temple. This I did on December 1, 1961. I'll never forget my joy as the six of us knelt around the altar that evening, my three beautiful daughters, my fine son, and my lovely wife, all being joined together with me as a family unit for all eternity.

"After teaching Course 10 in Sunday School for approximately six months, I was called to be Sunday School Superintendent. In the summer of 1963, shortly after his installation a new bishop called me into his office and asked me to be the

Explorer leader in the M. I. A. In August of 1964, after having been in exploring nearly one year, my wife and I were able to purchase the home at #3 Douglas St. in which we hope to spend the rest of our lives. Knowing this to be a permanent move we, with the concurrence of our bishop, decided to change our membership to the North 33rd Ward, the ward where we now reside. My wife and children changed immediately, but I could not bring myself to leave 'my boys' until another year had passed. In late 1965 I took over the explorer post in our home ward.

"Then came the call to be Bishop of the North 33rd Ward, which was the most humbling experience of my life. Had I not been a firm believer in the principle of divine revelation and inspiration, and a great admirer of our stake leaders, I would have seriously questioned the wisdom of this call. I never face a congregation but what I am overwhelmed at the tremendous leadership abilities of the men over whom I serve. May the Lord bless me and help me to bring about those purposes for which I was called."

While Reed got established in his business Norma worked, first at the University of Utah and later for the Union Pacific Railroad where she started as a vacation relief but soon was on a regular basis. Here she continued her employment most of seventeen years with only time out to have four fine children. Besides, she and Reed have worked ceaselessly together building their home, their business and in church service. Among other responsibilities, Norma served as Relief Society President and is currently serving as President of the Ward Y. W. M. I. A.

The couple and their children are truly "buddies". They have fun doing things together. They boat, ski - both snow and water - ride horses, camp out, fish, travel, hike, and swim in the family pool. Norma's mother, Myrtle, has lived with them the majority of the last twelve years and has been a welcome and beloved member of their family group. Their home is a happy rendezvous for relatives, neighbors, friends and members of the Ward, especially the young people. There is

seldom a dull moment at the Websters.

Children of Mabel Norma Christensen and Reed Johnson Webster, all born in Salt Lake City, Utah:-

- (A) Mary Kathleen Webster born 9 Mar. 1950
- (B) Daryl Suzanne Webster born 28 Feb. 1951
- (C) David Reed Webster born 15 Sep. 1954
- (D) Jan Christen Webster born 13 Dec. 1956.

(62) LaFaye Clark (9) was born 19 Sep. 1923 in Goshen, Utah, Utah; died 24 Feb. 1927 in Goshen; buried Goshen Cemetery.

(63) George Fern Clark (9) was born 21 Nov. 1924 in Goshen, Utah, Utah, the first son in the family after four daughters. When he was nearly five and a half his father bought a lot in Santaquin and moved the family there. It was here that he attended grade school and Junior High. He then went to Payson to High School but only went a year and a half, quitting about a half year before graduation in order to work, since he felt in great need of money for the extra things boys need and desire, there being very little for those things at home.

George joined the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) which was activated during the depression years. During the two years he was thus employed he worked at seven different camps in Utah, including the Cedar Breaks and Zion Park areas. Then he got a job as a night porter in Walgren Drug in Salt Lake City and then with the Bamberger Railroad helping to remove ties from Center Street in Provo. The urges of youth to see more of the world began working on him at this point, as they did upon one of his boy friends, and the two of them took off for Nevada to find work and ended up in Red House, where they worked in a smelter until they had enough money to go on in the Model A Ford they were driving. The two went then to Reno, Nevada for a little lark and here they "went broke" and had to work a month and a half to make enough money to go on to California.

They toured Hollywood in their old Ford and other points of interest in the Los Angeles area, and then foolishly spent their last cent at a carnival and were broke again. They got a job in an orchard picking oranges. They worked one morning and were "doing great" when the foreman came along and found that their speed was due to the fact that they were picking oranges like they picked apples, and oranges would soon spoil under those conditions. They were taught to "cut" the stem of the orange from the tree instead of pulling the fruit off, which they then proceeded to do, but found this method so slow and tedious that they quit at the end of two hours of this latter. Anyway, they had decided to hit for home. They made enough on the orange-picking, however, to enable them to fill up with gas and sandwiches for the homeward journey. But in Scipio in southern Utah they ran out of gas and food and "hocked" their wrist watches, alarm clock and a spare tire to get enough of the needed supplies to get back to Santaquin.

Then George went into the mines with his father and worked in the Tintic Standard and North Lily mines near Dividend, Utah, where they mined zinc and silver. He had worked here for about a year and a half when World War II involved the U. S. A. and the call came for fighting men. George wanted to "join up" first thing and planned to get into the air force, in spite of his mother's pleading and weeping. But then he discovered that he was frozen to his job in the mines. This was a blow!

All his friends were "joining up" and as George went to the mines each day he felt resentful and like a regular traitor or "scab". No one could convince him that he was being patriotic by staying in the mines. This was a period of frustration for him. He was determined to get into the armed services somehow and at last he hit upon a plan. He simply stayed home from his work in the mines for about six weeks and it worked - he was drafted. He was nearing his nineteenth birthday in November of 1943 when he left for the war.

George got into the Air Force all right but

not as a pilot. Had he known what was ahead of him he would have surely ceased his clambering to be in the armed services and stayed home in his safer place in the mines. His boot training took place at Buckley Field near Denver, Colorado; his gunnery training of three months was had at an Air Force center near Las Vegas, Nevada; his flight training was given at an Air Force Base in Dyersburg, Tennessee and it was here that he was assigned to the 92nd Bombing crew of nine in the 8th U. S. Air Force Division. From then on this crew stayed together and went from Tennessee by train to Kearney, Nebraska and from thence to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, which was their port of embarkation. They sailed on the troop transport U. S. S. Wendell L. Wilkie and disembarked at a port in Scotland and went from there to an air base in England where they arrived about June 1944.

George was assigned as "waist gunner" on their bomber and took up his position in the center part of that plane when bombing missions were flown. Each member of the crew carried with him, besides his other equipment and parachute, a small kit encased in plastic, containing a knife, some first aid supplies and the equivalent of about fifty dollars in currency of the country over which they were to fly. They were strictly schooled in the tactics they should use in case they found themselves shot down over enemy territory. The money might be useful in buying their way out of some situations. The bombers usually left England before daybreak on their missions, with death and destruction flying with them not only for their targets and victims but just possibly for their crews as well. Yes, this was war!

Bomber crew 92nd started seeking its targets in July that year. It flew nine successful missions over Germany during the next less than two months. About 4:00 a.m. on 13 Sep. 1944 it started out from England on its tenth mission, which was to be Nuremberg, Germany, the place where trials were later held for Nazis accused of war crimes. The nine members of the crew were in good spirits and anticipating another successful bombing mission. But just short of their target, enemy fire caught

them and the plane's one engine was shot out. Then the Nazis' big guns found the other engine and that was destroyed also. A signal immediately came from the bomber's radio to prepare for a crash landing. This signal was easily heard by the crew above the noise of the bomber, since each member wore earphones tuned in for just such purposes. To prepare for a crash landing meant to remove one's earphones, go to the small radio room and lie down on the floor bracing one's feet against the walls of the room to lessen the jar of a rough landing - and await the outcome.

As the crew of the ill-fated bomber heard the warning signal, four of them complied immediately by removing their earphones and going to the radio room. But George felt there was still a little time left to stay at his gunner's post and apparently so did four of the others and they were fortunate to be able to hear the change of orders to "bail out", as fire broke out in the plane and spread rapidly, trapping those in the radio room. It was with difficulty that George made it to a door and, opening it, adjusted his parachute and jumped. The other four started to follow but only the first two of them made it before the whole plane burst into flames. George saw their parachutes open following their jumps but they were later reported to have been straightway killed by the enemy when they came to land near a little German town. Others of the crew must have burned with the bomber, for none of them were ever heard of again.

Ground fire followed George as his parachute drifted earthward. Intense pain gripped both his legs as some shrapnel found its mark. He felt lucky to land on a small hill amid some bushes, but when he untangled himself and tried to stand, he could not. His right leg, swollen and bleeding from a jagged gash, was so sore and stiffened he had no use of it. Following earlier well-learned instructions he hurriedly dug a hole and buried his parachute so that its presence should not give away his place of hiding. He tried to cover the tracks, then he crawled painfully farther up the hill into the deeper brush. He did what he could for his wounded legs, which was little, keeping a close

eye and ear open to the surroundings. He felt sure the foe would hunt for him. By then it was mid-morning and he felt weak from loss of blood and perhaps lack of food. He had not eaten since shortly after midnight. He tried to relax and await the unknown fate which surely would befall him. He thought of home and family - and of his girl friend waiting back in the "valleys of the mountains". Was there any likely chance he'd live to see any of them again?

It was nearing noon of that September day when he heard voices in the distance - gutteral German voices giving out many ejaculations he could not understand. Fear seized him for a moment; people were on his trail! The voices came closer and closer - then he could see human forms through the bushes. The voice of one, sterner and more vehement than the others, seemed to be in charge. George held his breath momentarily and tried not to move a muscle. Suddenly he was poked right in the ribs by a searching cane and he knew his time was up. He crawled painfully out of hiding to face about twenty German soldiers supervised by a German Major.

George was immediately made to understand that he must empty his pockets, which he did, placing some things on one side and some on another. The currency in its plastic cover was placed on the side opposite the Major, who failed to see it. It was scooped up right away by one of the soldiers in a seemingly nonchalant sort of way but who later gave the prisoner a hidden wink and smile when he failed to report his "take" to the Major. George felt that he had perhaps made a friend of a sort, and this proved to be so later.

The German soldiers administered first aid to his wounded legs and bandaged the right one which was more sorely afflicted. Then half dragging and carrying their prisoner they placed him into a waiting truck and headed toward town some distance away. Enroute they drove through a large prune orchard, and as George tried to stand with the rest to fill his pockets with the ripened fruit, he was shoved down into the bottom of the truck again. He was very hungry! Soon the "friendly" soldier nudged

up to him, however, and slyly slipped him a few prunes from his own pocket. George found that some Germans could be human after all. Other small, inconspicuous favors were given the prisoner by his newly found friend before they were separated.

George eventually found himself in northern Germany at Stalagluft Camp No. 4, about thirty miles from the Baltic Sea. Here some 10,000 prisoners were interned by the Germans, approximately 7,000 Americans and 3,000 English and Australians. There were five compounds with twenty barracks each. Most were Air Force personnel, Commissioned and Non-commissioned officers. George was one of the latter. Russian prisoners of war were forced to wait on these prisoners and do the "dirty work". George felt he couldn't complain of the treatment - aside from the food and sanitary conditions which were terrible. He went from 160 to 120 lbs. in weight.

In the compound where George was imprisoned someone had an excellent radio which was disassembled in daytimes and reassembled at nights, thus keeping it hidden from the German guards. In this manner they kept track of the progress of the war and knew that its ending was drawing nearer and nearer. They learned that the Russians were gaining ground on Germany's northern borders and so were not at all surprised when, in February 1945, the prisoners were marched out of Stalagluft Camp No. 4, under heavy guard, and were started marching over Germany in an effort to escape the Russians as they fought their way into the country. For some two months, mostly in the cold of winter, these half starved and weary men were literally herded back and forth over Germany, covering some 600 miles on foot during that period. The first few days of this forced walking the Germans tried to keep the some 10,000 prisoners together but soon found that it was safer and more practical to divide them into smaller units.

Finally, the war nearly ended and according to terms of the peace, which making was then in process, the unit of about 1500 American prisoners, in which George found himself, crossed over the

river Elbe to Halle, Germany and joined the American troops who had fought their way in to that point. There was great rejoicing among the Americans but the German guards who had accompanied them were taken prisoners by the Yankee conquerors. What a thrill it was for George, along with the rest of his fellow comrads, to get cleaned up and receive new clothing and uniforms. His right leg had never healed and had given him quite a bit of trouble, especially on the recent marches. This was soon taken care of by experts. For the first time in more than seven months word was relayed to his loved ones that he was no longer "missing in action" but safe and comparatively well. He must have often wondered during those seemingly endless months why he alone, of all his bomber crew, had been allowed to live. And we too ask this question. We do not know the answer. But knowing that with the gift of life comes the responsibility of service, we can only surmise that he yet has greater missions to accomplish and greater services to render.

George and the liberated American prisoners in his group were soon flown to Camp "Lucky Strike" in France and from there, as soon as troop transports became available, were shipped to the good old U. S. A. His ship docked in Virginia, where he took the train to Fort Douglas, Utah. Here he was granted a sixty day furlough. Having been liberated on 26 Apr. 1945, he was able to arrive home the forepart of July. What a homecoming! He was married 10 Aug. 1945 at her hometown Nephi, Utah, to his sweetheart Blanch Yates (b. 6 Oct. 1926 in Nephi to Herbert Moroni and Della Louise Willis Yates). He was going on twenty-one and she was going on nineteen.

George was granted a twenty day extension to his furlough so it was not until about the latter part of September that he went back into the service and then he took his new bride with him. They went to Long Beach, California where four large hotels had been taken over by the Air Force. They were treated like kings while here and it cost the service men nothing, except for their wives' meals, those who brought their wives along. This was indeed a

royal honeymoon for George and Blanche and it only ended when they were returned to Kearns, Utah to await his discharge, which took place 21 Nov. 1945.

The couple returned to Santaquin, Utah and lived with his parents for about six months while George scouted around for work, which was not too plentiful during that post-war period. Finally he went to work in Provo for a "parts" store and worked for them until 1954, two years in the store and six years as an outside salesman. Then he went to work for Central Utah Motor Company of Provo as manager of parts and service until 1960; when they went out of business. He returned to work for Town Supply Co. again until 1962 when he got a job with Morris Motors where he has remained until the present (1969).

He and Blanche moved down by the LDS Hospital in Provo and bought a home there. Blanche, who had studied beauty culture, has a beauty shop in their home. For recreation George joined a bowling league but greatly enjoys the out-of-doors while camping, fishing or hunting. Blanche often joins him in these activities. She says George takes her on his outdoor trips to "do the cooking" but she enjoys them. They have a daughter and a son. Last fall Blanche went back to Maryland to be present at the birth of their first grandchild.

Descendants of George Fern Clark and Blanche Yates:-

- (A) Laura Jo Clark born 7 Apr. 1947 in Provo, Utah; md. 3 Nov. 1967 in the Mesa, Arizona Temple to J. R. Peay (b. 21 Nov. 1943 in Salt Lake City, Utah to Clyde Walter and Emma June Watts Peay). Child:-  
I. Stanton Lloyd Peay b. 23 Aug. 1968 at Andrew Air Force Base, Maryland.
- (B) Jeffery George Clark born 22 Aug. 1951 in Provo, Utah.

(64) Lorraine Clark (9) was born in Goshen, Utah County, Utah 14 Nov. 1926. She was three and a half when the family moved to Santaquin nearby. It was in Santaquin that she received most of her formal education and where she graduated from Junior High. It has been stated that she was always one of the top students in her classes, if not the top one. In her ninth grade year she was honored by being chosen May Day queen of the school.

She started High School in Payson but quit early in her first year to go to work, as some of the other children in her family had done, to provide themselves with "the extra things" for which young people yearn and for which there was very little money available in their home, although it was rich in love, sacrifice and devotion. Though her father was a laboring man with a limited education, and the family was large, yet her parents did all they possibly could to raise healthy, wholesome, happy children. Actually, Lorraine and her brothers and sisters had a wonderful heritage, having come from purebred English and Danish stock. All of their four grandparents were courageous emigrants who left their homes in their native lands and came to Zion for the Gospel's sake.

Lorraine had an opportunity to go to Delta, Utah to work for her cousin, Ada P. Johnson, and a lovelier person than Ada was hard to find. Lorraine worked at her place for at least a year, helping with the house and children. From Delta Lorraine went to Ephraim, Utah and lived with her married sister, Vera, and family. By then the war was on and a parachute plant had been opened in nearby Manti. Good wages could be made there and they "bussed" workers from the surrounding towns, so she got a job there. Vera writes:- "Lorraine came and stayed with me when I lived in Ephraim. She was at our home when our daughter Ann was born (18 Sep. 1943). She started working at the sewing plant in Manti and stayed with me a year or so and quit at the sewing plant and went to Salt Lake to work. She had sewed since she was a young girl and was a lovely seamstress."

Lorraine's sister Tresia writes:- "I was

living with the Hughes Brockbank family in Salt Lake City and working part time. They needed a girl and I wrote Lorraine and she came and worked at Brockbank's for at least a year. I stayed with her in their home until I got married (23 Oct. 1945). Later she worked with our sister Alta at Monson's Nursing Home."

When a sewing plant, the Barbizon Company, started business in Provo, Utah in March 1946 Lorraine went to work there. But it was while living in Salt Lake City that she met her future husband. Alta introduced them. She was married the day after her twentieth birthday, 15 Nov. 1947, in Elko, Nevada to Forest Abel Craig (b. 24 Feb. 1927 in Palisade, Colorado to Forest Oscar and Annabelle Frances Houseman Craig).

Tresia again writes:- "Abel and Lorraine built a small home on a piece of property his parents owned just off Redwood Road and about tenth South. Their daughter Kathy was born there a year or two later. When she was about six or seven they sold that home and bought a nice home on 1067 Sterling Drive in the Rose Park area in Salt Lake. Abel was a plumber and became very successful.

"Lorraine and Kathy were very active in their new ward. Lorraine sang in the ward choir and taught Kathy's Sunday School class. She gathered Ward Budget for years. She loved working in her yard. She sewed for herself and Kathy and kept her looking like a princess. She was so proud of this lovely daughter of theirs and so much of her life was wrapped up in her."

Lorraine started working at Mode O' Day in Salt Lake City about 1949 and worked there off and on as a seamstress for about fifteen years. She became well liked there by both the employees and the management. In fact she was shown many special favors and in her sweet, innocent way accepted them gratefully yet perhaps with a little pride, for she was not entirely free from vanity like most other pretty girls. But through this, jealousy began to rear its ugly head in the sanctity of their home.

Through the emotional impact of this Lorraine became very ill and was forced to give up her work. She became entirely discouraged. She was sent to the Mental Hospital in Provo for treatments. They could find little wrong with her but sheer despondency. She seemed to gain strength from the treatments and was able to return home but failed to find there the understanding and encouragement she needed so badly at that time.

In the meantime, Abel was prospering in his trade. Lorraine was presented with a divorce summons she was unable to understand or answer. Abel procured an easy divorce and soon re-married. Their daughter Kathy, a sweet girl with a charming personality, remained with her mother and this was Lorraine's "star of hope" for the future. But somehow Kathy's loyalties began to change. Her Aunt Tresia writes:- "Kathy turned against her mother and sided in with her father. I think she was really led to believe that her mother had done some terrible sin - but except for being a little foolish and vain, Lorraine had done no sin."

Tresia continues:- "I have never known a family who so many people envied and thought they had everything. I also have never known a family who sank into the depth of despair as they did. Their lives have shown me that the material things aren't what count, and that the only way to find true happiness is by keeping and living the commandments of our Heavenly Father. I'm sure Lorraine desired these things. But she had lost her husband and she felt that she had also lost her precious daughter and she just didn't have the courage to go on."

Undoubtedly with little knowledge of the seriousness of the act, Lorraine took her own life at her home in Salt Lake City, 31 Aug. 1967. Desiring so much the tranquility and peace she could not seem to find in life, she probably never looked back once she decided on her course. Who knows? A lovely memorial service was held for her Wed. Sep. 6 at 11:00 a.m. in the ward chapel, at which the Bishop and others who knew her eulogized her loveliness, humility, love of humanity and desire to serve. Her body was laid to rest later

that day by the side of her parents in the cemetery at Goshen, Utah county, Utah.

In speaking of her, her sister Tresia adds:- "Lorraine was one of the best housewives I have ever known. Her house was always clean, nice meals cooked. She always kept Kathy clean and looking like a doll. She loved working in her yard. Truly she excelled in most of her undertakings. Her husband said of her after they were divorced, 'In the sixteen or seventeen years we lived together before our trouble began, as a wife and mother I could find no fault in her. I could paint any room in the house, move anything out - stove, refrigerator - without cleaning first. Everything was clean.'"

Daughter of Lorraine Clark and Forest Abel Craig (divorced):

(A) Kathryn Anne Craig, born 21 Apr. 1950 in Salt Lake City, Utah

(65) LaMar Christensen Clark (9) Cousin LaMar called on me at my home in Provo Saturday 20 Mar. 1967 and gave the following short account of himself:- "I was born in Goshen, Utah County, Utah 14 Oct. 1928. I started school in Santaquin, first in elementary and then graduated from Jr. High there. I attended Payson High parts of three years but did not graduate, staying out of school at times when work was available. I got odd jobs with farmers, in the onion and potato harvests, etc., and herding cows."

His sister Tresia tells of one incident in his life:- "It was difficult for our father to keep our big family in shoes. Clothes could be made over or handed down - but shoes wore out. One time when LaMar was about twelve years old he was herding cows down by the canal and kicking his feet out over the stream as he sat resting on the bank. One of his oxfords came off and fell into the stream and he was unable to recover it. These were his only shoes. He was frightened and didn't dare tell Father, but confided in me. He sluffed school for a number of days and went barefoot over to Salem and worked in the potato and onion

harvest until he had earned enough money to buy himself a new pair of shoes. Not until then did he tell Father or go back to school."

LaMar continues his story:- "I learned the value of money early - and the hard way. I learned to work for the things I wanted. As soon as I could I got a job working at Ironton, just south of Provo, and when I was eighteen, in Nov. 1946, I started working for Geneva Steel of Provo in the open hearth department. I am still working there after more than twenty years, but I have had a number of advancements and am now a crane operator.

"I met my wife, Georgina, when I was attending school in Payson. I was sixteen. Two school friends took me to her home in Nephi and introduced us. I was impressed and she must have been also, for we began going together right away. She was my first real 'girl friend'. We went together much of the time for two and a half years and then were married, 1 June 1948, during a wedding party in our honor at her home ward church in Nephi. The marriage ceremony was performed about 10:00 p. m. by Bishop Brockbank.

"We honeymooned in the canyons of southern Utah, then moved to a home at 355 East 4th North in Provo, where we rented an apartment. Later we bought a trailer house in Orem and lived there for about a year. It was while living in this trailer house the spring of 1949 that our first child, Nancy, was born in the Payson hospital. Next we sold our trailer and rented a home at 455 North 2nd West in Provo where we lived for three years. It was while living here that our second daughter, Marla, was born in the Provo hospital.

"Then we bought a home in American Fork at 950 West Main Street where we lived for about eight years. It was in the American Fork hospital that our last three children were born, another daughter and two sons. In the meantime we began buying a lot at 396 West 3rd North in American Fork and on this we had a nice three bedroom brick home built and moved into this, where we are very comfortable and happy.

"My hobbies and special interests are hunting

and fishing, golf, bowling, raising flowers and a vegetable garden (when there is room); also carpentry and do-it-yourself projects. Among other things I built the garage we had on our first American Fork place. I have become more active in the church recently and now go home teaching. We like our ward here."

As I looked at this gentle, sweet dispositioned young man in his late thirties, light complexioned with curly hair beginning to recede a little, I thought how much like his grandfather Christensen he was. Rather short but sturdily built; yes, he was his grandfather's boy. I thought also that here was a self-made successful man who was gathering the good things of life around him - a fine home, a nice car, a lovely family, and conveniences to make them happy. He was finding time to work in the church and to indulge some of his many hobbies, along with his family.

LaMar took up a new hobby. He bought himself a motorcycle. On Sunday July 28, 1968, after dinner, he felt a little under the weather and decided to take a little ride to get some air. He got on his motorcycle and headed toward Alpine. Sometime later his machine struck a railroad track and he was thrown off onto his head. He was rushed to a nearby Murray hospital and his family was summoned. But he never regained consciousness and died that night about 9 p.m. in the hospital there. Funeral services were held for him in the American Fork Third Ward chapel the following Thursday at 11 a.m. and he was buried in the Nephi, Utah cemetery beside some of his wife's people.

His wife, Georgina Ockey, was born 17 Apr. 1929, in Nephi, Juab, Utah, the daughter of Edward Burton and Ida Ann Wilkey Ockey. She and their five children survived him, as well as one brother and four sisters.

Children of LaMar Christensen Clark and Georgina Ockey:--

- (A) Nancy Lee Clark born 21 May 1949 in Payson, Utah.

- (B) Marla Jean Clark born 12 Jan. 1953 in Provo, Utah.
- (C) Carolyn Clark born 9 Aug. 1954 in American Fork, Utah.
- (D) Edward LaMar Clark born 17 June 1957 in American Fork.
- (E) Danny Ray Clark born 3 Feb. 1964 in American Fork.

(66) Kathryn Christensen (4) has written her own history:- "I was born on August 21, 1929 at the Crane Maternity Home in Provo, Utah. Mother had turned forty-four a few weeks earlier and Dad was fifty-six. My earliest recollections date back to the old home in Orem, 1158 South State Street, where I lived until I was married at twenty-one. Earliest memories include glimpses of my grandmother Farnsworth's death as a result of having fallen out of the bedroom back porch, various cat and dog pets and the bad ends to which each came in its own time, the thrill of getting an indoor bathroom, the rhythm of the twin Dexter washing machine every Monday morning; but, most of all, the delight I felt when Elaine and Ted, Virginia and Dan, or Lois and Sherm would bring their children "home" so I could play with them. For many, many years I think that Donna Southwick, Colleen Keeler and Kent Christensen were the most beloved friends that I had. During these early years of memory, houses were few and far between in Orem, and although mother spent hours reading to me, sewing for my dolls, playing dominos etc., it seems that I was always hungry for child companionship. Phil, Cullen and Norma, the only ones that ever lived in that home, were all so much ahead of me. Family reunions at the canyon where all of us children (my nieces and nephews) stood Sherm and Phil in various tag games and where that lucky Colleen always won the box of miniature chocolates for having the most freckles, were the highlights of my childhood. The hours and hours that Kent and I spent digging up "doodle bugs" and hunting for spiders for our collection will never be forgotten. The summer or summers that Dan Keeler Jr. spent with us

there in Orem are bright spots of memory.

"Duties of childhood were certainly reasonable. Working in the garden with Dad, helping Mother to can fruit and vegetables, occasional dishes and housecleaning seem to have left lots of time for what friends could be gathered from far and near. I did pick strawberries, raspberries and other fruits for Virgil Cordner, Philo Edwards and Wilford Stubbs, for this is the way I earned my spending money. I preferred picking fruit to baby sitting greatly since my first couple of experiences at that were so ghastly.

"Grade school memories have condensed down to glimpses of my teachers, my playmates, and a general feeling that I did well. Junior high school was a thrill for many reasons. I met, for the first time, another child Republican other than Jeanine Watkins. Other Republicans from the Lake View and Vineyard areas were encountered for the first time. It was during this first year in Jr. High school that I became acquainted with most of the sweet friends that were to be my dearest and most constant companions all of the way through high school: Jeanine Watkins, Marilyn Christensen, Alene Edwards, Donna Christensen, Myrlene Smith, Carol Stubbs, Beth Jones, Joan Stewart, Marie Rohbock, Marjorie Clemens, Pat Yager, and for a few years, Katherine Tapp. We called ourselves 'The Terrible Twelve' and for the years when Katherine Tapp lived in the area, 'The Icky Thirteen'; but as I look back upon our activities we must have been the most innocent teenagers imaginable. Our parents gave us a great deal of freedom, partly because they all knew each other and because, in my memory at least, we never disappointed them. We had such fun times at the Girls' Home, Carl Young's cabin, the various school activities and the many parties at our homes. It became a tradition to have a sleeping party just before Christmas. The first one was at our home. All of these girls were active in studentbody affairs and had such delightful personalities. I count these marvelous friends as some of my greatest blessings.

"In junior high and high school, in addition

to my activity in music, I had the lead in some school plays; was president of the Junior Organized Club of Service in 9th grade; a member and vice-president of the Tigerettes, the pep club; society editor for the Livewire, the school paper, and my senior year was editor; Junior Prom committee member; and chairman of the Graduation Committee for the class of 1947. I was a graduate of Seminary.

"I must have started taking piano lessons around 3rd grade. Mother and Dad were very encouraging and gave me every opportunity. I took from Clair Reid for several years, Melba Pyne for a short time, Elmer Nelson for a concentrated summer, and finally from Carl Feurstner for a short time. I believe that all of us came to the conclusion finally that I did develop what talent I had and that it was not impressive. Somewhere around the 7th or 8th grade Mother and Dad noticed that I enjoyed singing very much and sent me to Allie Clark for vocal lessons. She was the only teacher I ever studied with so I have no way of knowing how fine a teacher she was, but it was a very interesting experience. Opportunities came often to do all that I had time to do in music. Mr. E. B. Terry did so much for me. He had me accompany various glee clubs and choruses and let me sing some soprano solos in the community presentation of 'The Messiah' for several years. It was Mother who was instrumental in the formation of a vocal trio with Carol Stubbs, soprano; Marie Rohbock, alto; and myself singing 2nd soprano. Once we got started, Mr. Terry and especially Stanley R. Gunn, one of our seminary teachers, saw that we had countless opportunities to perform. Mr. Gunn was asked to speak at sacrament meetings often and nearly always invited our trio to go along with him to furnish the music for the program. Often we sang at two sacrament meetings a week. Up to the present time I feel that this was the finest singing group to which I have ever belonged. We were all trained by Mrs. Clark and must have sung together for three or more years. I sang with Geniel Larsen and Birdene Terry for quite some time and this trio sang with the Mendelssohn Chorus directed

by E. B. Terry. Every place I have gone since high school I have been involved with music in the church in various capacities. A sextette in Washington D. C., of which I was a member, sang extensively in that area.

"My church jobs started early. I believe that we were in the eighth grade when Marilyn Christensen and I traded off being chorister and organist for the Junior Sunday School in the old Timpanogos Ward. I may have been still in high school when I was made Junior Sunday School Coordinator. I was music director in MIA for one year and then back to Jr. Sunday School in various capacities until 1955-56 when, as a married woman, our family moved to Hyattsville, Maryland, where Bishop June B. Thayne said to me, 'We have three jobs open, which one would you like?' I'll never forget that bishop! One of the jobs was ward choir director, which I chose. Other than directing a Golden Gleaner chorus in Orem this was my first opportunity to direct a choir. Since then I have directed them in almost every ward in which I have lived. I have also taught Primary for several years and in Palo Alto taught the fifteen and sixteen year olds in Sunday School. I became a Golden Gleaner while still in college.

"I attended Brigham Young University from 1947 to 1951 where I graduated with a B.A. degree in elementary education. At first I thought that I'd major in speech and dramatics since I had enjoyed being in plays directed by L. L. Terry in high school. I soon changed to music as a major; then to English as a major and then, to be practical, I went into elementary education. English literature is, I suppose, my first love now. While at the BYU I was a member of O. S. Trovata social unit and was president of that organization during my junior year. I was a member of the student council as senior class representative my last year. I was awarded membership in Phi Kappa Phi and graduated with honors.

"I was married on June 5, 1951 to Albert Charles Todd Jr. the day after graduation. Bert was a returned missionary from Czechoslovakia

and was finishing his junior year at the Y. He was a political science major, was a good student and an inspirational speaker. He was asked to teach Russian language for our next two years at the Y. We lived first in the basement of a garage near to the campus and then moved to Wymount Village. Albert Paul Todd was born in February 1953. He was named Albert for Bert, Bert's father, my father, and Albert Kent Christensen, all of whom assisted in his blessing. Robert Ord and Melvin Mabey assisted also. Bert finished his MA in the summer of 1953. In August of 1953 we moved to Arlington, Virginia so that Bert could do his graduate work at Georgetown University. I taught school during this time. We lived in the upstairs apartment above Wynn's Fabric Store on Fairfax Drive in Arlington. Dixie Reid Christensen, who lived only a few blocks away, secured our apartment and tended Paul for two years and in general was our mother away from home.

"In the summer of 1955 Bert lost his Senate Post Office patronage job due to the loss of Republican strength in the legislature. Because he had finished his classwork and my salary continued through the summer we moved for the summer to Cambridge, Mass., where we lived in Holden Green and thoroughly enjoyed the association of Kent and Betsy Christensen while Bert studied at the Weidner Library. Both Betsy and I were expecting babies in November (Peter and Ann). In the fall we returned to the Washington, D. C. area of Kent Village in Hyattsville, Maryland, because Bert had taken a position of teacher of Russian History at Gallaudet College for the deaf. There Gaylen Peter was born in November 1955. It was while living there that, through some genealogy work, I located Bert's father's family in Kansas - all alive except one brother. Bert and I met Dad Todd in Kansas where we saw Dad meet his brothers and sisters after fifty years. I got an amazing amount of genealogy and it was a thrilling experience. In June of 1956 Bert changed jobs and began working for the Air Force as a Russian specialist at the Pentagon so we moved to Fort Strong Apartments in Arlington, Virginia. I taught school again and Bert's mother, Delila Folsom Todd, stayed the

school year with us to care for Paul and Peter (Gaylen, then). Dad Todd and she were in the throes of selling their hydroponics plant near Las Vegas. During this year my own father died and I returned to Utah for a week or so to be with Mother.

"In November 1957 Jeanmarie was born. About six weeks earlier Peter had rolled off his lower bunk bed and had fractured his clavicle. He had been put in a cast from the waist up. The next morning Paul (4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) and I took him for a walk in the stroller. Paul saw a bird bath in a yard and, thinking that it was a water fountain, tried to pull himself up to get a drink. The mounting was rusted and the huge mass of cement fell on his leg giving him a bad break in the growth-line in the knee. Fortunately a service station attendant saw the accident and helped me get him to a doctor. It was necessary for him to wear a cast from the waist to toe on one leg and from the waist to the knee on the other leg. Mother Christensen rose to the occasion and boarded an airplane for the first time to come to help me, since I was eight months pregnant with two small children in casts. She stayed until spring. On February 14, 1958 Mother Todd died of a cerebral hemorrhage in Conway, Arkansas, as she and Dad were coming to visit us and to see the new baby girl. Dad Todd did come a little later after the funeral to fill the void of Mother Todd's death with this new baby.

"In the spring of 1958 Bert was selected to go to the Soviet Union for a year of study, by the University Travel Grant Committee. In preparation for this great opportunity the family, with Dad Todd, moved to Middlebury, Vermont for the summer so that Bert could attend a concentrated Russian language session. We rented a fascinating old home with two kitchens, eleven rocking chairs, two stuffed deer heads and a decorative but real wasp nest in the library. Many friends came to visit us there. Our furniture had been stored in Washington D. C., so at the end of the summer we moved directly to Orem where the children and I stayed with Mother Christensen while Bert spent the year studying at Moscow University. It was

with great excitement and anticipation that we looked forward to this opportunity. I taught school at the Hillcrest School in Orem. I took Russian at night for one quarter but found that the schedule was too demanding to continue. I did get lots of genealogy work done that year with the help of Virginia Keeler. Mother cared for the three children with the help of a lady who did the cleaning and the ironing. In May 1959 Dad Todd came from California to help Mother with the children while I joined Bert in Moscow for a six week tour of the Soviet Union with him and the other American students and wives. This had been the first exchange of students through the University Travel Grant committee. On the tour we visited Moscow, Leningrad, Tibilise, Sochi, Yalta, Odessa and Kiev. We traveled by train, bus and airplane. This was not the usual tourist journey. We were given considerable freedom and all of the students spoke fluent Russian by that time. On our return trip we stopped at Warsaw, East and West Berlin, Paris, and London. After picking up the three children in Utah we returned to Washington D. C. where we stayed in Ralph Mecham's home until we found an apartment in Cambridge, Mass., where Bert had been offered a two year fellowship at the Russian Research Center at Harvard University. At first we lived in an apartment at Sitko's just off Massachusetts Avenue but after Phil was born in July 1960 we moved to an apartment two stories above Pop's Liquor Store on Western Avenue in Allston, Mass. Our association with Kent and Betsy Christensen these two years was delightful.

In September 1961 Bert accepted a joint appointment at Indiana University in the Slavic Languages and Literatures Department and in the History Department. We rented a large university owned home just off campus. Dad Todd came to live with us for one year, but health required that he leave Indiana. During the first year there in Indiana I ran 'The Princess Playschool' for four and five year old girls so that Jeanmarie would have some friends and to help pay for the grand piano that I had purchased. I had seven little girls for two hours five days a week. During all of the time in Indiana it was quite obvious that our

marriage would not survive the strains of changed goals and ideals. The Russian experience proved to be disadvantageous to our marriage. During the summer of 1962 I went back to school in earnest. Bert was in Russia most of this summer and several other times during these years in Indiana. I received much help from the Evan Memmott family. They, with eight children, were living in a large trailer house while Evan was obtaining his PhD degree. During this summer their oldest daughter, Mary Lee, brought several of her younger brothers and sisters over to my large house and tended them and my children while I went to school and Brother and Sister Memmott typed his dissertation. In the fall Mother came to care for the children while I went full time to school.

"I majored in Library Science. In the spring I flew to Palo Alto, California for a job interview and signed a contract as an elementary school librarian with the Palo Alto Unified School District. I had had job offers for Seattle Public Library, the University of California at Santa Barbara, public school at Lompoc, California, and one in Oregon. I had been invited to stay at Indiana University as librarian for their new elementary library at their training school there. I chose Palo Alto largely because Kent and Betsy Christensen lived there at the time and the salary offered was exceptionally good. Betsy and Grandpa Todd found a home for me and purchased it with some of Dad Todd's and Mother Christensen's money in June. Betsy and Dad repainted it and had it all ready for us when we arrived in August of 1963. I was granted a divorce on August 1, 1963. Bert was in Russia at the time. I finished my MAT degree on August 11th and we moved the next day. We drove in convoy with Tom Moon as far as Salt Lake City where a family gathering at Reed and Norma Webster's welcomed us home. A few days later I drove on to Palo Alto where we found the first home ever to belong to us ready and waiting for us. Mother remained in Salt Lake City.

"My job in Palo Alto entailed going to five schools a week to train student librarians, teach library skill, give book talks and literature

enrichment, etc. In addition there was a great amount of reading for selecting library materials for the district. After the first year I had fewer schools and was one of the co-chairmen of book selection. The fourth year I was chairman of Book Selection and chairman of the Elementary Library Department. Dad Todd cared for the children the first year and a half, and Mother cared for them the next two years. I received a great deal of help from Mother and Dad.

"These were busy years in Palo Alto and except for Betsy and Kent and some close girl friends, especially June Martin, there was not much time or opportunity for social life since I taught summer school and took evening classes during the winter. However, I decided to try to go to London and Paris as a chaperon with Foreign Language League with June Martin in the summer of 1966. In between our planning and the actual trip, June had been introduced to Dr. Melvin Mabey (by me) from BYU, a close friend of mine whose wife, Janet, had been killed a year earlier leaving nine children. After a beautiful and short courtship they had been married. June, feeling obligated to go to London with me and the group she had recruited, did come for a time; but seeing that all was going well with our group and being needed at home, she returned to Provo. The six weeks in London and Paris with a group of teenagers, including Reed and Norma's Kay, was really a delightful experience; partly because I had met Dr. B. Delworth Gardner in Salt Lake City just a few days before leaving for London. (He was a professor of economics at Utah State University.) I was able to share my experiences there with him through letters.

"I had met Del through my bishop in Palo Alto, John Hopkin and his wife Bonnie, who is a distant cousin of Del's. Bishop Hopkin had written Del early in May telling him about me. Although he had replied that 'his heart was not ready', since his divorce was very recently granted, when I went to Salt Lake City in June to leave Peter and Jeanmarie with Reed and Norma Webster, the Hopkins, through June Martin Mabey, informed Del where I

was staying. We met at the home of Neal and Colleen Maxwell and were both immediately impressed. We had several dates before I left for California and on to Europe, including a day or so at Jackson Hole with the Websters and friends for the Fourth of July. We were both rather confident that this was a highly desirable relationship. After writing for the six weeks while I was away in Europe, several weeks from Palo Alto to Logan and six weeks while Del was in Ecuador and Bolivia with intermittent visits between, the marriage date was moved up from March to June to December. We were married in the Oakland Temple on December 17, 1967, honeymooned in Sausalito, returned to Palo Alto two days later for an open house at Kent and Betsy's, and moved immediately to Logan where we had purchased a house two weeks earlier. Utah friends and family honored us and welcomed us graciously.

"In purchasing the house we had in mind buying one large enough for Del's three children, who were with their mother, and my four. We found just the perfect house and furnished it from the beginning for seven children. The hoped for but unexpected opportunity to have the three Gardner children - Naunie Marie, Brigg, and Bruce - came in mid-February when their mother called from Reno saying that we could have them at least for the school year. So nine sat about our big round (now oval) table that I brought from Indiana, seven single beds filled the four large children's bedrooms, and life looked to be very full and joyful and challenging. How long we will remain in Logan is indefinite because Del has several interesting offers other places, but life seems beautifully full and choice here in this lovely little valley. The past seems full of great blessings and some heart aches, but brothers, sisters, other family, and dear friends have long since helped to melt the latter away. The present with Del is so delightful and the future looks so very bright. I remain awed at the blessings of the Lord.

"During the late summer of 1967 I was asked

to teach Library Science courses at Utah State University. The professor who was in charge of teaching these courses was given a grant to finish his PhD, and the department of Instructional Media and Library Science was in need of a person for one year. Dr. Milton C. Abrams, University Librarian, recommended me to the department. Although we now had all seven children with us, the opportunity to try my hand at this level of teaching for a limited time seemed worth the effort. I was made an assistant professor and asked to teach Use of Libraries and Library Materials, Reading Guidance, Secondary School Library Administration, Cataloging and Classification, and Elementary School Library Administration, as well as to do all counselling of students with Library Science interests. The head of the department was Dr. Lester C. Essig whom I had known at Indiana University. The third member of the department was Dr. Don C. Smellie whom I had also known at Indiana U. I was encouraged by these men and assured that I had a place here at the University as long as I was here. Their cooperation and encouragement made it a challenging but rewarding and a successful year professionally.

"But for some time Resources For the Future, an organization of mostly economists funded by the Ford Foundation, had been anxious to have my husband, Del, come to Washington D. C. to do some thinking about what the quality of life in rural America will be around the turn of the century. So we have decided to accept this challenge this year (1968/69). It looks as if it will be a marvelous year professionally for Del, and all seven children are anxious and able to join with us for a year near the nation's capitol."

Kathryn, Del and family left for the Washington D. C. area in September 1968. After almost a year of delightful and successful experiences there they are now preparing to return to Logan this September, 1969.

Kathryn's husband, Brigham Delworth Gardner, was born 7 Sep. 1928 in Afton, Wyoming, the son of Brigham Delos and Camera Lorean

Hepworth Gardner. His children by a former marriage are Brigham Ebb Gardner, born 1 Nov. 1952 in Laramie, Wyoming; Naunie Marie Gardner, born 19 July 1954 in Salmon, Idaho; and Bruce Barrus Gardner, born 18 Nov. 1957 in Ft. Collins, Colorado.

Children of Kathryn Christensen and Albert Charles Todd Jr. (divorced):

- (A) Albert Paul Todd, born 20 Feb. 1953 in Provo, Utah.
- (B) Gaylen Peter Todd, born 17 Nov. 1955, Washington D. C.
- (C) Jeanmarie Todd, born 25 Nov. 1957, Washington D. C.
- (D) Phillip Arnold Todd, born 26 July 1960, Cambridge, Mass.

(67) Viola Emma Clark (9) the sixty-seventh and last grandchild of Laurs M. C. and Else K. Christensen has written a few details about her own life as follows:- "I was born 21 June 1931 in the hospital at Payson, Utah Co., Utah. My folks were living at Santaquin at the time. I was the youngest of eight children. Mother said I was ill quite a bit when I was small but since then my general health has been good.

"I attended twelve years of formal schooling, first in Santaquin where I spent the first eighteen years of my life and then in Payson where I graduated from Payson High School in the spring of 1949. I also graduated from the LDS Seminary there.

"I met my future husband, Russell Widdison, the summer after graduation. Although he went into the army for three years soon after we met, I waited for him. Soon after his return we were married in Provo, Utah 23 May 1952. (Russell Boyd Widdison was born 4 Sep. 1930 in Heber City, Utah, the son of Joseph Royal and Ada Harrison Widdison). We lived here in Utah for two years following our marriage and then moved to Chicago, Illinois for two years where Russell studied electronics at the DeVry Technical College

Institute. Although he later went into mechanics, the two years study was certainly not wasted. It was here that our daughter Darryl was born. We moved back to Utah and our second daughter, Cheryl, was born in our home state.

"We have lived in several cities in Utah during our married life, including Santaquin, Richfield, American Fork, Bountiful, and are presently buying a home in North Salt Lake. I have worked as a nurses aide in nursing homes and hospitals most of the years since I was married. I am presently employed at the South Davis Hospital in Bountiful as an L.P.N. I have brown hair, brown eyes, am 5 ft.  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches tall and I hope I am easy going.

"I have taught Junior Sunday School for two years, Primary for two years and am at present a visiting teacher in the Relief Society. On 23 June 1961 Russell and I went to the temple in Salt Lake City for our endowments and sealings and had our two daughters sealed to us, so that our family can be together as a family in eternity. My life has been a happy one and I appreciate the great heritage given me by my good parents and other worthy progenitors and will be happy to learn more of them through our Christensen book. I never knew any of my grandparents since they all four died before I was born."

Children of Viola Emma Clark and Russell Boyd Widdison:-

- (A) Darryl Kay Widdison, born 20 May 1955 in Chicago, Illinois.
- (B) Cheryl Gay Widdison, born 27 Apr. 1958 in American Fork, Utah.

\* \* \* \* \*

Few of the descendants of Laurs M. C. and Else K. Christensen have ever taken time to visit in Little Denmark and fewer still, except perhaps our family missionaries to Denmark, have visited North Jutland or Thy where our Danish progenitors came from over one hundred and three years ago. This summer, however, Lois Myrup Anderson,

Grandfather Christensen's sister Maren Christensen Myrup's granddaughter who has loved Denmark as I do, went to Jutland to visit the homeland of our people. She wrote to share her experiences there with me and I want to share them with you, the descendants of Laurs and Else K., in a hope that they may stimulate some of us to visit there someday also.

Following are excerpts from Lois' stimulating letter:- "Virginia, I went to Denmark at last, on a chartered World Airlines plane, leaving June 10th and returning July 12th (1969). I met my Myrup cousins there and found them to be very friendly, lovable people. I had a wonderful visit with all of them. Hans Peter Myrup took me to Myrupgard, once the home of my grandfather Lars Myrup. We hiked over the dunes to see the North Sea, while he told me as much as he knew of our common ancestors. We visited others of our Myrup relatives and then he took me to Thisted to the Missions Hotel where I stayed for six days on my own. I wanted to get as much Thisted atmosphere as I could and I felt I could do this best when I was alone. I fell in love with Thisted!

"When we crossed the Limfjord 'goose pimples' came out on me. This was Christensen and Myrup country! The water even looked familiar, like I'd seen it before! At Aalborg it looked like a wide river but at Thisted it seemed like my own special sea! Denmark wasn't always as fertile and productive as it is now, but I'd like to think that it was much the same when our loved ones lived there. Pictures of Thisted (in the Museum) in the year 1849 show it as a very small village. Most of the houses were small compared to the beautiful red-tiled farm houses that now stand out so picturesquely against the green fields and the many nearby man-made forests. The Viking arrow heads, spear heads, stone axes in the Thisted Museum were not the remains of unknown Indians! These things were made by our own ancestors! These burial mounds undisturbed in green fields! Ancestors! We came from Viking country, Virginia! I saw the evidence all around in Thisted Amt (Thy), more than in any other part

of Denmark.

"Later on I went on a bus down to see Gettrup. I was alone I thought, but now I don't know. I met only one family in Gettrup and this in rather an odd way. The strange meeting in the churchyard convinced me that something or somebody intended for us to meet. I was just coming out of the Parish churchyard of a lovely old church with its surrounding 'grave plots', family plots which were like individual gardens complete with small hedges, blooming plants, small evergreens and rose bushes. I had walked among the tombstones and recorded names and dates of all Christensens, Kristensens and Lauritzens buried there.

"As I went to leave I met beautiful, dark-haired Mrs. Oxlund at the gate. She looked surprised to see me there. I smiled at her and said 'Good morning'. Do you speak English?' She smiled, shook her head and said, 'Nej'. I then asked, 'Do you know anyone else who does?' She looked bewildered so I tried something else. 'Do you know Christensens?' I said. 'Ja, Ja', she said and motioned for me to get into her car. (The 'Vest Vind' was blowing hard that day). Then she turned and looked at me questioningly. That was when I decided to show her my picture of Myrupgard, though why I shall never know. 'Myrupgard' I said, 'the home of some of my ancestors'. 'Myrupgard' - she stared at the picture and then at me - 'Myrupgard!' Suddenly she threw her flowers onto the back seat; (she had come to put them on her mother's grave), started her car and took me to see her husband who asked to see the picture I brought. He spoke English rather well.

"'Who sent you to us?' he asked in bewilderment; 'I know this place, Myrupgard; my family and I have been there many times. It is owned by my brother-in-law. Did he tell you to come to us?' 'No, no' I said emphatically, staring at him. 'I just came to see Gettrup because my grandmother was born near here. Mr. Oxlund, is there anyone else in Gettrup who would have known about Myrupgard?' 'Nej, Nej' he said, as excited as I. 'I am the only one.'

"I met your brother-in-law' I said, 'but he honestly didn't know I was coming down here. I just can't believe this happened as it did. In five minutes I would have left the churchyard when I met your wife at the gate - just like someone wanted us to meet!" I wonder now, Virginia, if the Oxlunds felt the spiritual implications of our mutual experience as much as I did. They felt something - I saw it in their faces as we stared at each other. They would not let me go. I spent the rest of the day until my bus was to leave (at 3:30 p. m.) with them. Mr. Oxlund took me to see the only remaining Christensen in Gettrup, but she was not a relative. He also contacted the oldest man in Gettrup who remembered a Christensen farm there but the family had all moved away. They took me to see the Parish Priest but he seemed rather reluctant to look up records when I wouldn't even give him a date as to when and where the last Christensens left Gettrup. Both Mr. and Mrs. Oxlund looked a little perturbed when I told them I was a Mormon and lived in Salt Lake City; but they were lovely people and very soon we were talking like old friends.

"Virginia, Gettrup had many beautiful farms but the town itself was very small. There was a store, a cafe, a drive-in with its familiar 'Is Ees', meaning ice cream, milk nickles, cones, etc. There is also the lovely old church I mentioned. Actually though it is a beautiful place! I think Maren must have wept many times remembering the green, rolling fields, the Viking mounds, the Limfjord, the 'West Sea' and the low hanging clouds drifting in from the ocean. But perhaps it is greener now than it was in those days.

"It was a wonderful day! Danish homes are unbelievable clean and beautiful and Mrs. Oxlund's was particularly lovely! There were draperies patterned in Danish blues and sill length curtains of Danish net bordered in a lacy design. Every piece of furniture, every painting, rug, clock, etc., seemed to have been chosen because it fit perfectly into the place or space where it stood or hung. 'You love blue', I said to her, looking around; for even the china on her dining room table

had a 'blue' picture of sea gulls flying.

"Denmark and sea gulls - how they do go together! These are smaller gulls than ours, some with black heads and dark grey wings. Every time I looked up I saw gulls flying - and at Myrup-gard the larks winging overhead, singing their constant cheery little song high above the grassy dunes as cousin Hans Peter Myrup and I looked out towards the sea. These are pictures I shall cherish always!"

## APPENDIX A

### DESCENDANTS OF LAURS M. C. AND ELSE K. CHRISTENSEN WHO HAVE SERVED IN THE VARIOUS MISSION FIELDS OF THE LDS CHURCH

Note: The following names are listed alphabetically and the numeral following each denotes the branch of the Christensen family to which each belongs. The mission in which each served is listed followed by the approximate date each left for his or her mission and the date released.

Adams, David Russell (2) Franco-Belgium, Sep. 1965-Mar. 1968.

Beckstead, Robert Terry (4) called to serve in the British Mission; will enter Mission Home 16 Nov. 1969.

Bauer, Boyd Heber (5) Southern Far East (Chinese) Nov. 1961-June 1964.

Christensen, Albert Kent (4) French; July 1949-10 Dec. 1951.

Christensen, Anthony Bleiweis (8) Spanish American, Nov. 1964-May 1967.

Christensen, Carl Walter (1) Argentine, May 1957-Dec. 1959.

Christensen, Don Gilmore (3) East German, and Central States, Oct. 1937-Apr. 1940.

Christensen, Don Joseph (3) Danish; 7 Oct. 1963-8 Mar. 1966.

Christensen, Gerald Ray (1) Northern Mexican; 10 Jan. 1966-July 1968.

Christensen, Jed Harold (3) Andes; Sep. 1969-presently serving.

Christensen, Leon Farrald (1) Danish; 14 Aug. 1961-Feb. 1964 (returned home 2 Mar.)

Christensen, Louis "D" (7) Western States; June 1901-was released a few months later because of the illness of his wife.

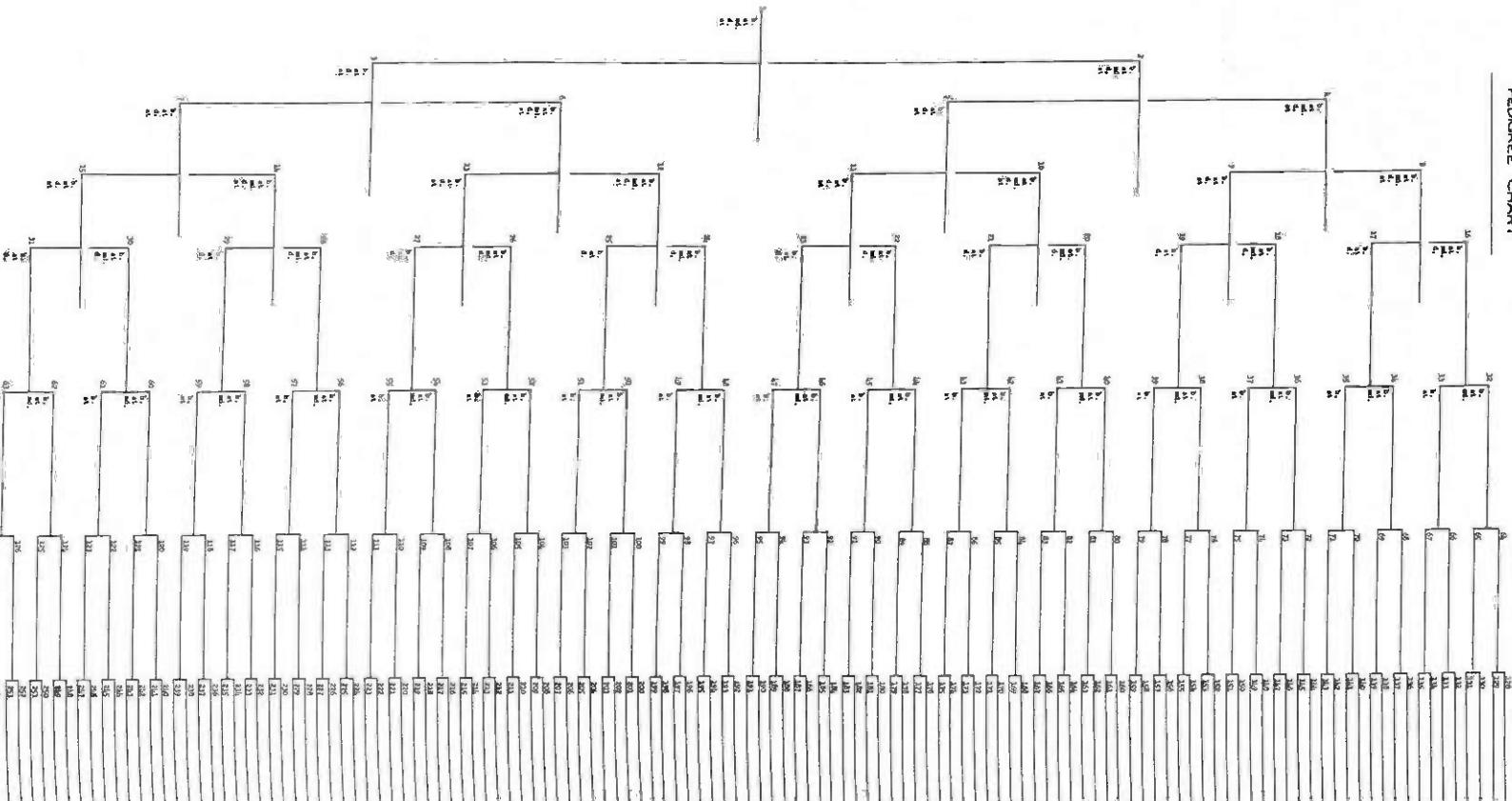
- Christensen, Niel Pratt (2) Danish; Jan. 1951-  
July 1953.
- Christensen, Norman Tim (3) East Central States;  
14 Aug. 1967-Aug. 1969.
- Christensen, Peter Louis (3) Northern States;  
17 Sep. 1962-25 Sep. 1964.
- Christensen, Phillip Bryce (4) Danish; 4 June  
1962-Dec. 1964.
- Christensen, Rex (7) New Zealand; Apr. 1925-  
Oct. 1927.
- Christensen, Richard Hamilton (4) British; Aug.  
1965-12 Nov. 1967.
- Christensen, Richard Pratt (2) Uruguay; Nov.  
1953-June 1956.
- Christensen, Robert Pratt (2) French; Oct. 1966-  
Apr. 1969.
- Christensen, Sheldon Bartholomew (2) German;  
Dec. 1926-June 1929.
- Christensen, Wendell Bartholomew (2) German;  
Sep. 1925-Mar. 1929.
- Christensen, Wendell Bartholomew Jr. (2)  
German; Apr. 1954-Oct. 1956.
- Erskin, Everette Earl (3) Danish; 13 Sep. 1965-  
Mar. 1967.
- Gwilliam, Dale Ray (4) Philippine; 5 Aug. 1968-  
presently serving.
- Hansen, John Franklin (3) Andes; 14 Apr. 1969-  
presently serving.
- Keeler, Daniel Albert (4) French; May 1947-  
Dec. 1949.
- Krantz, Michael Bartholomew (5) New England  
States; Nov. 1956-17 Nov. 1958.
- Krantz, William Charles (5) Mexican; Oct. 1954-  
Apr. 1957.
- Peterson, Barta (Bird) (6) Great Lakes; Mar. 1961-  
Sep. 1962.
- Peterson, Byron Charles (6) South African;  
10 Mar. 1930-Sep. 1932.
- Peterson, Imelda (6) Canadian; Mar. 1934-  
Dec. 1935.
- Peterson, Kent Charles (6) Northern States;  
14 Nov. 1959-12 Dec. 1961.
- Peterson, Verden "B" (6) North Central States;  
11 Jan. 1965-19 Jan. 1967.
- Robbins, Burtis France Jr. (2) Japanese; Jan.  
1951-July 1953.

- Robbins, Edythe Lovena Christensen (2) and  
Burtis France Sr., North German; 6 Aug.  
1957-Dec. 1959. He served as President  
of the Mission and she as Mission Mother.
- Slagowski, Roger (7) North German; Oct. 1960-  
Apr. 1963.
- Southwick, Edward Hale (4) English; June 1950-  
June 1952.
- Tate, George Sheldon (2) West German; 10 Feb.  
1964-18 Aug. 1966.

# APPENDIX B

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## PEDIGREE CHART



THE PEDIGREE OF LAURITZ MATHIAS  
 CHRISTIAN CHRISTENSEN AND HIS  
 PROGENITORS, AS COMPLETE AND  
 CORRECT AS WE HAVE IT AT PRESENT

The main sources of this material, aside from some recent research, are the Temple Record Books of L. M. C. and Else K. Christensen and of Christen Christensen, which are in possession of this author.

1. Laurs or Lauritz Mathias Christian Christensen - born 22 July 1847 in Kobberod, Gettrup Parish, Thisted, Denmark; married 22 Apr. 1866 in Aalborg, Aalborg, Denmark to Else Kathrine Andersen; died 10 Nov. 1928 in Manti, Sanpete, Utah.

2. Christen Christensen - born 29 July 1817 in Flarup, Thisted, Denmark; md. 25 Mar. 1845; died 24 Nov. 1899, Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah.

3. Karen Lauritzen or Laursen - born 8 Sep. 1826, Gettrup, Thisted, Denmark; died 23 June 1866 on ship "Kenilworth" on the Atlantic Ocean enroute to Utah; buried same day in Atlantic Ocean.

4. Christen Christensen - born 3 May 1789, Flarupgaard, Thisted, Denmark; died 12 May 1832 in Denmark.

5. Maren Christensen - born 1 July 1789, Sviegaard, Thisted, Denmark.

6. Lauritz or Laurs Jeppesen or Jepsen - born 15 Mar. 1778 in Gettrup, Thisted, Denmark; md. 2 Oct. 1821; died 8 Dec. 1843 in Denmark.

7. Mariane Kirstine Christensen or Kristen-sen (Eskov) - born 14 Oct. 1784 in Skive, Denmark; died 25 Mar. 1852 in Gettrup, Thisted, Denmark.

8. Christen Jensen - born 24 July 1757 in Flarupgaard, Thisted, Denmark.

9. Karen Clausen - born 1758 in Flarupgaard, Thisted, Denmark; died 8 Aug. 1806 in Denmark.  
 (No more on this line.)

10. Christen Andersen - born 19 Aug. 1742  
in Hundborg, Thisted, Denmark; died 1 May 1798  
in Denmark.

11. Marie Christensen - born 28 May 1747  
in Hundborg, Thisted, Denmark.

12. Jeppe Pedersen - born 30 Dec. 1739 in  
Kobberup, Thisted, Denmark.

13. Maren Lauritzen (first wife) - born 13  
Oct. 1735 in Kobberup, Thisted, Denmark; died  
4 Feb. 1821 in Denmark.

14. Kristen Kristensen (Eskov) - born 20  
Mar. 1740 in Skive, Denmark; md. 5 July 1776;  
died 26 Oct. 1787 in Denmark.

15. Pouline Kasgard - born abt. 1750, of  
Viborg and Skive, Denmark. (No more on this  
line.)

16. Jens Poulsen - born 24 June 1711 in  
Dovergaard, Thisted, Denmark; md. 10 Apr. 1747.

17. Ane Thomasen - of Dovergaard, Thisted,  
Denmark. (No more on this line.)

20. Anders Christensen (Bodker) - born 1692  
in Klitten, Denmark.

21. Kirsten Jorgensen - born 1709 in Hund-  
borg, Thisted, Denmark.

22. Christen Christensen - born 24 June  
1719 in Kovsgaard, Denmark.

23. Maren Christensen - born 2 Nov. 1718  
in Novhaa, Denmark. (No more on this line.)

24. Peder Nielsen - born 1 Jan. 1694,  
Gadgaard, Thisted, Denmark.

25. Maren Christensen - born 22 Oct. 1679,  
Gettrup, Thisted, Denmark.

26. Lauritz Ericksen - born 17 Jan. 1697  
in Helligso, Thisted, Denmark.

27. Else Jensen - born 21 Feb. 1694 in  
Gettrup, Thisted, Denmark.

28. Kristen Pedersen (Eschou) - born 21 Dec.  
1704; md. 17 Dec. 1734; died 23 Feb. 1740, Denmark.

29. Anne Knudsen - born abt. 1710, of Skive, Denmark.
32. Poul Jensen - born 19 Oct. 1679 in Dovergaard, Denmark; died 18 Jan. 1746.
33. Ane Cecilia Joachimsen - born 1679 in Dovergaard, Thisted, Denmark.
40. Christen Jensen Bodker - born 1661 in Klitten, Denmark; died 22 July 1742, Denmark.
41. Zitzel Jensen - born 1669 in Klitten, Denmark; died 17 Mar. 1749, Denmark.
42. Jorgen Christensen (Veje) - born 1671, of Hundborg, Thisted, Denmark; died 1 Nov. 1735, Denmark.
43. Kirsten Pedersen - born 1677 in Klitten, Denmark; died 14 Mar. 1751.
44. Christen Christensen - born abt. 1690, of Kovsgaard, Denmark; md. 22 Apr. 1715.
45. Kirsten Salmonsen - born abt. 1695, of Kovsgaard, Denmark.
48. Niels Pedersen - born 1641 in Gettrup, Thisted, Denmark.
49. Karen Lauritzen - born 2 Jan. 1653 in Gettrup, Thisted, Denmark.
50. Christen Matzen - born abt. 1670 in Gettrup, Thisted, Denmark; md. 12 Mar. 1698.
51. Kirstine Villumsen - born abt. 1676 in Guntoftegaard, Thisted, Denmark.
52. Eric Lauritzen - born 27 Dec. 1660 in Norgaard, Denmark; died 23 June 1730, Denmark.
53. Maren Bodesen - born 1669, Denmark; died 27 Sep. 1734, Denmark.
54. Jens Christensen Jegendbo - born abt. 1639 in Gettrup, Thisted, Denmark; md. 10 Nov. 1689.
55. Karen Thogersen - born abt. 1656 in Gettrup, Thisted, Denmark.
56. Peder Sorensen - born abt. 1678 in Eskou, Denmark; md. 9 Mar. 1704.

57. Helvig Hansen - born abt. 1682, of S尔de, Denmark.

64. Jens Envoldsen - born abt. 1648 in Dovergaard, Thisted, Denmark.

65. Gertrude Sorensen (first wife) - born 1649 in Flarup, Thisted, Denmark (dau. of Soren Matzen born 1593 of Ydley, Thisted, Denmark; died 10 Oct. 1680, Denmark.)

66. Joachim Pram - born abt. 1640 in Dovergaard, Thisted, Denmark.

67. Ana Margarite Eyliasen - born 1647, Dovergaard, Thisted, Denmark; died 15 May 1707, Denmark.

98. Lauritz Christensen - born abt. 1630 of Gettrup, Thisted, Denmark; died 19 Aug. 1674, Denmark.

99. Maren Jensen - born abt. 1634 in Ruskov, Denmark.

100. Matz Christensen - born abt. 1646 in Gettrup, Thisted, Denmark.

101. Maren Jensen - born abt. 1650 in Gettrup, Thisted, Denmark.

104. Lauritz Pedersen - born 7 Dec. 1630 in Novgaard, Denmark. (Son of Peder Madsen born abt. 1604 in Novgaard, Denmark.)

105. Kirstine Ericson - born abt. 1632 in Kobberodgaard, Thisted, Denmark. (Dau. of Eric Nielsen born abt. 1606 in Kobberodgaard, Thisted, Denmark and Mette Jensen born abt. 1610 in Kobberodgaard, Thisted, Denmark.)

106. Bode Clausen - born 1647 in Ydley, Thisted, Denmark; died 11 Jan. 1714, Denmark. (Son of Claus Nielsen born abt. 1621 in Holingaard, Thisted, Denmark.)

107. Else Pedersen - born 1648 in Ydley, Thisted, Denmark; died 24 Mar. 1709, Denmark.

110. Thoger Lauritzen - born abt. 1626 of Novgaard, Denmark.

111. Else Lauritzen - born abt. 1630 of Sundsgaard, Denmark.

Note: The missing numbers in these pedigree lists indicate corresponding names missing on the pedigrees. It should be noted also that aside from name #1 on each pedigree, male names always come on even numbers and female names on uneven ones.

### PEDIGREE OF ELSE KATHRINE ANDERSEN (CHRISTENSEN)

1. Else Cathrine or Kathrine Andersen was born 9 Feb. 1847 in Kjallerup, Hvidberg Western Parish, Thisted, Denmark; md. 22 Apr. 1866 in Aalborg, Aalborg, Denmark; died 19 Nov. 1923 in Manti, Sanpete, Utah.

2. Anders Christian Christensen - born 20 Apr. 1806 in Kjallerup, Thisted, Denmark; md. 5 Dec. 1843; died 10 May 1878 in Norhaa, Thisted, Denmark; buried 15 May 1878 in Norhaa.

3. Mette Kirstine Christensen or Hvid - born 3 Apr. 1811 in Svindborg, Orum Parish, Thisted, Denmark; died 10 July 1872 in Norhaa, Thisted, Denmark; buried 16 July 1872 in Norhaa.

4. Christen Christensen - born 22 June 1760 in Vestervig, Thisted, Denmark; died 13 Feb. 1838, Denmark.

5. Karen Andersen - born 12 Apr. 1773 in Jannerup, Thisted, Denmark; died 26 Jan. 1853 in Norhaa, Thisted, Denmark.

6. Christen Jensen Hvid or Hviid - born 8 Nov. 1762 in Hedegaard, Thisted, Denmark; md. 8 Sep. 1794.

7. Else Andersen - born abt. 1770, of Hedegaard and Svendborg, Thisted, Denmark. (No more on this line.)

8. Christen Pedersen (Find) - born abt. 1724 in Vestervig, Thisted, Denmark.

9. Johanne Andersen - born 11 Jan. 1722 in Orum, Thisted, Denmark.

10. Anders Danielsen - born 9 May 1751, of Forby, Denmark.

11. Inger Nielsen (Mejlsoe) - born 5 Mar.  
1747 in Jannerup, Thisted, Denmark.

12. Jens Madsen Hvid - born 27 Dec. 1724  
in Orum, Thisted, Denmark; md. 1 July 1756.

13. Mette Nielsen - born abt. 1730, of Orum,  
Thisted, Denmark. (No more on this line.)

16. Peder Christensen (Find) - born 1697 in  
Vestervig, Thisted, Denmark.

18. Anders Madsen - born 3 Dec. 1690 in  
Svanekar, Denmark.

19. Mette Nielsen - born 7 Feb. 1695 in  
Hvidbjerg, Thisted, Denmark.

20. Daniel Jensen - born 1692 in Vorup,  
Thisted, Denmark; died 3 Nov. 1764.

21. Karen Nielsen - born 23 Jan. 1714 in  
Sonderha, Thisted, Denmark; died 30 Sep. 1771.

22. Niels Kristensen (Mejlsoe) - born 1702  
in Hundborg, Thisted, Denmark.

23. Maren Nielsen (2nd wife) - born 1 Mar.  
1719 in Hundborg, Thisted, Denmark; died 17 Sep.  
1751, Denmark.

24. Mads Pedersen Hvid - born abt. 1696 in  
Orum, Thisted, Denmark.

32. Christen Find - born abt. 1671 in  
Vestervig, Thisted, Denmark.

36. Matz Andersen - born 1640 in Svanekar,  
Denmark; died 12 Mar. 1724, Denmark.

38. Niels Thomas Degn - born 1658 in Hvid-  
bjerg, Thisted, Denmark.

42. Niels Kristensen - born 1671 in Sonderha,  
Thisted, Denmark; died 28 Apr. 1755, Denmark.

43. Johanne Kristensen - born 1675 in Sonderha,  
Thisted, Denmark; died 3 Aug. 1759, Denmark.

46. Niels Nielsen Gade - born 1680 in  
Jannerup, Thisted, Denmark; died 17 Jan. 1735,  
Denmark.

47. Karen Kristensen (Soe) - born 1694 in  
Jannerup, Thisted, Denmark.

72. Anders Matzen - born abt. 1615 in Svane-kar, Thisted, Denmark.

76. Thomas Degn - born abt. 1632, of Hvidbjerg, Thisted, Denmark.

77. Mette Rollassen - born abt. 1636, of Hvidbjerg, Thisted, Denmark.

94. Kristen Andersen (Soe) - born abt. 1660 in Jannerup, Thisted, Denmark.

## APPENDIX C

### THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND AND DENMARK

(Special permission to reprint this material in our Christensen book was given in a letter from Ib Permin of ANDR. FRED HØST AND SON of Copenhagen, Denmark, publishers of A History of The Kingdom of Denmark.)

The sovereigns of England can be traced back considerably further than those of Denmark, but then during the early centuries England was divided into several kingdoms of varying sizes. Alfred the Great was the first to stem the Danish onslaught, and after him followed a number of Saxon kings. In 975 came Edward the Martyr (slain by Danish Vikings).

Listed on the following pages, from this Edward onwards, are the kings and queens of England side by side with those of Denmark. This may help English readers to get their bearings in Danish history.

## ENGLAND

## SAXON KINGS

Alfred the Great	871-901
Edward the Martyr	975-978
Ethelred the Unready	978-1013 (1016)

## DANISH KINGS

Sweyn Forkbeard	1013-1014
Canute the Great (1014)	1017-1035
Harold Harefoot	1035-1040
Hardicanute	1040-1042

## SAXON KINGS

Edward the Confessor ..	1042-1066
Harold Godwinson .. .	1066

## NORMAN KINGS ..

William I .. . . .	1066-1087
William II .. . . .	1087-1100
Henry I .. . . .	1100-1154
Stephen .. . . .	1135-1154

## HOUSE OF PLANTAGENET

Henry II .. . . .	1154-1189
Richard I .. . . .	1189-1199
John .. . . . .	1199-1216

## DENMARK

Gudfred .. died approx.	810
Gorm the Old, died approx.	940
Harald Bluetooth app.	935-985
Sweyn Forkbeard app.	985-1014

Harald .. . . . .	1014-1018
Canute the Great	1018-1035
Hardicanute	1035-1042
Magnus the Good	1042-1047
Sweyn Estridson	1047-1074
Harald Hen .. . .	1074-1080
Canute the Holy ..	1080-1086
Oluf Hunger .. ,	1086-1095
Eric Egode .. ,	1095-1103
Niels .. . . .	1104-1134
Eric Emune .. . .	1134-1137
Eric Lamb .. . .	1137-1146
Sweyn Grathe, ..	
Canute, Valdemar I	1146-1157
Valdemar I (the Great)	1157-1182
Canute VI .. . .	1182-1202
Valdemar the Victorious	1202-1241
Erik Ploughpenny ..	1241-1250

## ENGLAND

Henry III .....	1216-1272
Edward I .....	1272-1307
Edward II .....	1307-1327
Edward III .....	1327-1377
Richard II .....	1377-1399

## HOUSE OF LANCASTER

Henry IV .....	1399-1413
Henry V .....	1413-1422
Henry VI .....	1422-1461

## HOUSE OF YORK

Edward IV .....	1461-1483
Edward V .....	1483
Richard III .....	1483-1485

## HOUSE OF TUDOR

Henry VII .....	1485-1509
Henry VIII .....	1509-1547
Edward VI .....	1547-1553
Mary .....	1553-1558
Elizabeth .....	1558-1603

## HOUSE OF STUART

James I .....	1603-1625
Charles I .....	1625-1649

## DENMARK

Abel .....	1250-1252
Christopher I ..	1252-1259
Eric Clipping ..	1259-1286
Eric Menved ..	1286-1319
Christopher II 1320-1326, Valdemar Atterdag ..	1330-1332
Oluf ..	1340-1375
Margaret 1387-1397 ..	1375-1387
Eric of Pomerania ..	(1375-1412)
Christopher of Bavaria ..	1397-1438
	1439-1448

## HOUSE OF OLDENBURG

Christian I .....	1448-1481
Hans .....	1481-1513
Christian II .....	1513-1523
Frederick I .....	1523-1533
Christian III .....	1535-1559
Frederick II .....	1559-1588

1588-1648

## ENGLAND

## DENMARK

## THE COMMONWEALTH

(Oliver Cromwell,  
Lord Protector)

Richard Cromwell

Charles II

James II

William III (and Mary II  
until 1694)

Anne

## HOUSE OF HANNOVER

(House of Windsor from 1917)

George I

George II

George III

George IV

William IV

Victoria

Edward VII (Coburg)

George V

Edward VIII

George VI

Elizabeth II

1653-1658

1658-1659)

1660-1685

1685-1688

1689-1702

1702-1714

1714-1727

1727-1760

1760-1820

1820-1830

1830-1837

1837-1901

1901-1910

1910-1936

1936 (abd.)

1936-1952

1952-

Frederick III

Christian V

Frederick IV

Christian VI

Frederick V

Christian VII

Frederick VI

Christian VIII

Frederick VII

## HOUSE OF GLUCKSBURG

Christian IX

Frederick VIII

Christian X

Frederick IX

1648-1670

1670-1699

1699-1730

1730-1746

1746-1766

1766-1808

1808-1839

1839-1848

1848-1863

1863-1906

1906-1912

1912-1947

1947-

## APPENDIX D

A LIST OF REFERENCES USED IN THE  
PREPARATION OF THIS VOLUME

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 Frances Beard, Wyoming Biography  
 Kate B. Carter, Daughters of Utah Pioneers Lesson Guide 1965  
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 A Sherman Christensen, The Hard Rich Soil  
 Christen Christensen, Temple Record Book  
 Else K. Christensen, Small Personal Journal  
 Laurs M. C. and Else K. Christensen, Temple Record Book  
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 Winston Churchill, History of the English Speaking Peoples Vol. I  
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 Andrew Jensen, Autobiography of Andrew Jenson  
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 L. B. Lundwall, Temples of the Most High  
 Mulder, Homeward to Zion (1957)  
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- Virginia Sorensen, Kingdom Come  
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Zobell, Under the Midnight Sun (Centennial History  
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Denmark  
Book of Knowledge, Vols. 10, 15, Articles on  
Denmark, Vikings, etc.

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