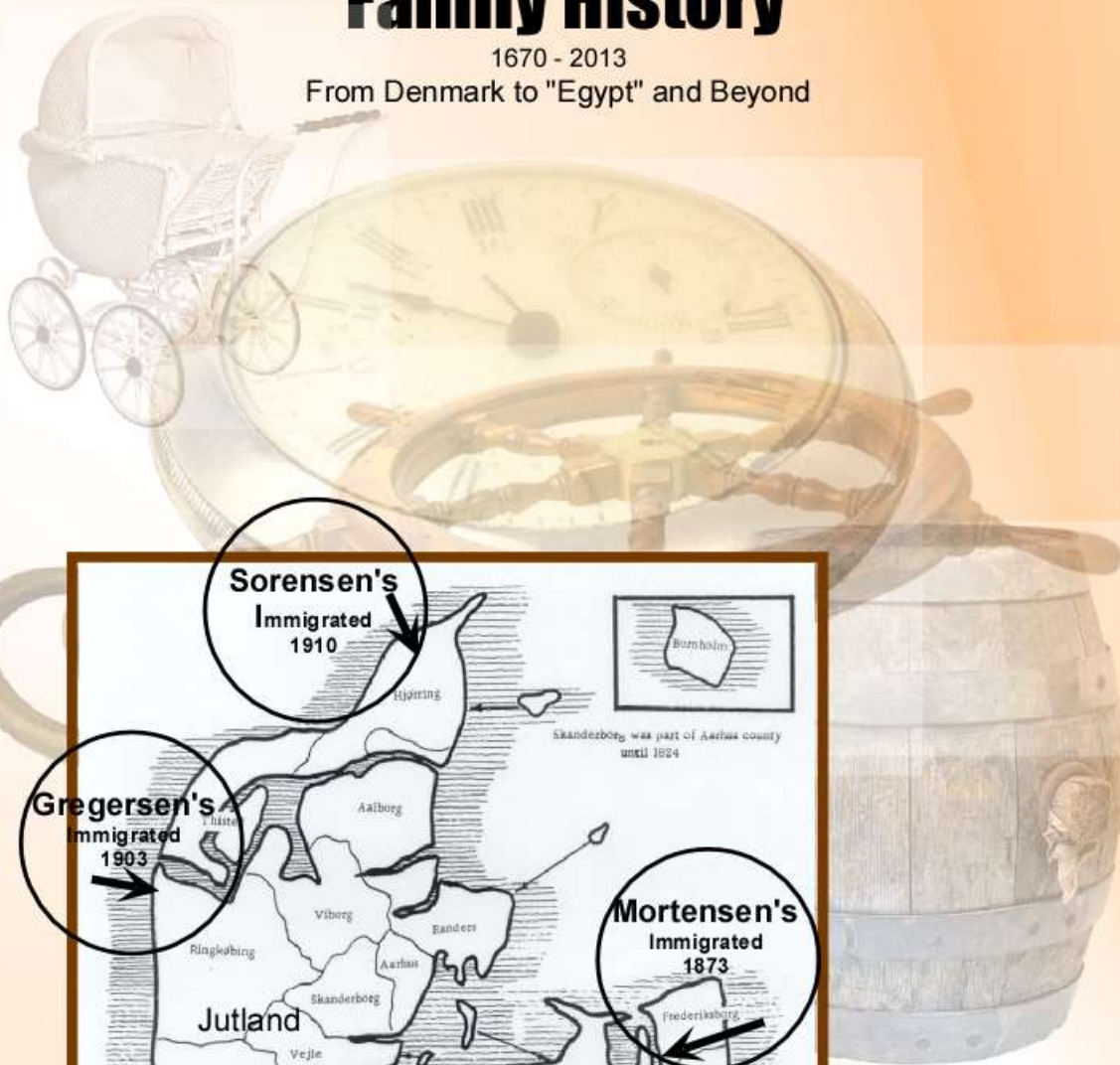


The Andrew Daniel Mortensen Family History

1670 - 2013

From Denmark to "Egypt" and Beyond



Sorensen's
Immigrated
1910

Gregersen's
Immigrated
1903

Mortensen's
Immigrated
1873

May 2013 g

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THE MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

FROM 1620

Compiled by

Grant C. Mortensen

a direct descendent of Bertel of Denmark (Abt. 1620)

Published May 26, 1994, Updated May 24, 2003, and Revised October 2012

Foreword

You are a Viking! For three centuries you conquered and pillaged the British Isles and northern Europe. Some of your ancestors even crossed the Atlantic and discovered America long before Columbus in 1492. Yours is a proud legacy of superior seamanship, tilling rich soils left by melting Ice Age glaciers, and supporting warlord conquerors and builders with labor and taxes. Today, even though your native country is much smaller than in her glory years, the spirit of her people is strong and the legacy she bequeathed you is rich.

Andrew Daniel Mortensen, our father and grandfather was the first child born in America in the Mortensen line. His father, Anders Mortensen, immigrated to America from Denmark in 1873 following in the path of his mother, Mette, and older brother, Knud. His first wife, Christina Lauritz Gregersen, died in 1918 of influenza, leaving four surviving children. A.D. as he was called, married Johanna Sorensen in 1921. She is the mother of three additional children.

This brief history covers each of these

family lines in turn. It explores the early beginnings of the lines as far back as 1670. Specific information beyond statistical records is sketchy and little direct knowledge is known about how the families lived, their interests and hobbies, or their hopes and dreams. But they were real people with personalities, strengths and weaknesses. Generally speaking they were average folks whose greatest accomplishments were to leave a legacy of integrity, hard work, and a family to carry on where they left off. In other words, they were what the Lord called the "Salt of the Earth".

In order to know them better it is useful to examine world and local events concurrent with their lives. These historical events are included in a section entitled "Important Events of the Same Era" and are selected to coincide with the life span of the head of household in each generation. It is hoped that the events recorded will lend realism to this account. These events not only had impact on the lives of our ancestors as they happened, but they shaped our own destinies as well.

Enjoy examining your roots, Viking!

TIME-LINE OF THE ANDERS MORTENSEN FAMILY

YEAR	DATE	EVENT
THE EARLY YEARS		
1828	9 Nov	Birth of Anders Mortensen in Denmark
1839	18 May	Birth of Ane Christine Hansen in Denmark
1864	24 Jan	Birth of Mary Julia Mortensen in Denmark
1866	17 May	Birth of Hans Mortensen, died in Sep. the same year in Denmark
1867		Birth of Morten Peter Mortensen, died the same year in Denmark
1870	15 Oct	Birth of Mette Kirstine Mortensen, died 25 Oct 1870 in Denmark
1873	15 Mar	Birth of Hans Christian Mortensen, died Mar the same year in Denmark before immigration
1873	24 Jun	Baptism of Mary Julia Mortensen, age 9, by Apostle Erastus Snow in Denmark
1873	25 Jun	Immigration of Anders Mortensen family to Spring City, Utah. He was 45, she 34.
1873	25 Jul	Arrival in Utah. Immigration took 32 days from their home in Denmark
1873	Oct ??	Arrival of Anders Mortensen in UT. (According to recently discovered information from Andrew Daniel, his father may have stayed in NY for several weeks, arriving in UT as late as October. Mother Ane Christine and daughter Mary Julia continued on in July, according to Mary Julia's account. She does not mention her father's delay) <i>They traveled by train. The year before there were 8500 train wrecks in the USA due to non-standard times. Standard time was finally est. in 1888. Train travel was easier but just as dangerous as the wagon train</i>
1873	24 Nov	Re-baptism of Anders and Ane Catherine in Salt Lake City, UT
1874	16 Mar	Sealing of Anders and Ane Catherine, Endowment House, Salt Lake City, UT
1874	15 Jul	Birth of Andrew Daniel Mortensen in Spring City, UT, USA
1877	1 Jan	Anders (Andrew) Mortensen received his patriarchal blessing in Spring City, UT
1877	1 Jan	Ane Catherine Mortensen received her patriarchal blessing in Spring City, UT
1877	3 May	Birth of Morten Christian Mortensen in Spring City, UT, USA
1880	24 May	Birth of Paul Mortensen in Spring City, UT, USA; died the same year/location
1881	19 Mar	Andrew Daniel received his patriarchal blessing in Spring City, UT
THE GLENDALE YEARS		
1881	Summer	Relocation of Anders family to Glendale, Oneida Co., Idaho; homesteaded 160 Acres. The family of 5 went by ox team and wagon, the family mostly walked for the 17 day trip. A.D. was 7 years old and Christian only five.
1881	8 Dec	Mary Julia Mortensen married/sealed to Claus Clausen, EH, traveled from Glendale
1882	7 Sep	Andrew Daniel baptized in Logan Temple
1888	9 Mar	Anders Mortensen receives homestead patent from Pres. Grover Cleveland for 162 acres and 5 hundredths of an acre
1888	22 Apr	Anders Mortensen appointed as Branch President of the Worm Creek Branch, 60yrs. In 1889 he felt the burden of presiding was too much for his present circumstances and resigned as Branch President. [Perhaps Ane C.'s conditioned had deteriorated]
1889	30 Mar	Birth of Johanna Sorensen in Denmark (to become 2 nd wife of A.D. Mortensen)
1889	1 Sept	Anders Mortensen appointed as 1 st Counselor to the Branch President of Worm Creek Branch until his death.
1889 abt		Ane Catherine became ill and was hospitalized in Blackfoot, ID at age 50 and remained until her death in Nov 1920, at age 81, about 31 years. [No further time proof has been found. gcm]

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

1892	7 Dec	Death of Anders Mortensen in Preston, Idaho at age 64, approximately 3 years after Ane was hospitalized. No cause of death has been found. The boys were 18 & 15.
1900	8 Oct	Andrew Daniel Mortensen set apart for his mission to Denmark, age 26
1902	27 Mar	Morton Christian Mortensen married Ester Hoopes of Thatcher, ID, age 25
1903	19 Mar	Andrew Daniel Mortensen released from his mission after 28 months, age 29
1903	30 Nov	Christine Lauritz Gregersen receives her patriarchal blessing in Preston, ID, age 32
1904	14 Dec	Marriage of Andrew Daniel Mortensen to Christina L. Gregersen, Logan Temple Built "Little House" on Worm Creek on homesteaded land. He was 30, she 33.
1904+		A.D. and Christina helped her family, the Gregersen's, immigrate to America. Several families or parts of families stayed with them over a period of years.
1906	17 Feb	Andrew Daniel called as Bishop of the Glendale Ward at age 31.
1906	24 Feb	Birth of George Andrew Mortensen in the "Little House"
1907	12 Jul	Birth of Ada Margaret Mortensen in the "Little House"
1908	16 Apr	Death of Ada in Glendale, cause unknown
1908	14 Oct	Birth of Carl Anders Mortensen in the "Little House"
1910		US Census – family in Glendale includes AD (35y), Christina (37y), George (4y), Carl (2y), Marcus Gregersen (13y), and Annie Gregersen (11y) from Denmark
1911	14 Feb	Birth of Orson Alma Mortensen in the "Little House"
1912		Andrew Daniel constructs the "Big House" next door and moves his family there
1912	25 Sep	Birth of Olive Pearl Mortensen in the "Big House"
1912	25 Sep	Birth of Oliver Verl Mortensen in the "Big House", pneumonia. He died in 1913.
THE EGYPT YEARS		
1917		The A.D. Mortensen family relocated to "Egypt" (less than a mile south) on 160 acre farm but which was sold down to 70 acres later.
1917	2 Sep	Andrew Daniel called as Bishop of the Preston 5 th Ward (He was set apart in the morning and was Bishop of both Glendale and Preston 5 th all day long. He was released as Bishop of Glendale in the evening after 11y 7m. An unusual event.)
1918	23 Dec	Death of mother Christina from the flu followed by pneumonia.
1919		A.D. purchased his first car, a Ford Model T.
1920		US Census – family in Egypt includes AD (45y), George (13y), Carl (12y), Orson (8y), Olive (7y), with Emma Tippetts (37y) as housekeeper and her 2 children Glenn (7y), and Edith (5y).
1920	19 Nov	Death of Ane Catherine Hansen Mortensen in Blackfoot, ID at age 81– Buried in Preston, ID. She was there, separated from her family for 31 years!
1921	28 Sep	Marriage of A.D. Mortensen to Johanna Marie Sorensen of Denmark
1929	Fall	Carl left for his mission to the Northwestern States
1929	20 Oct	Andrew Daniel released as Bishop of Preston 5 th Ward after serving 12y 1m. Total time as Bishop in both wards was 23 years 8 months consecutive.
1930		US Census – family in Egypt includes AD (55y), Johanna (41y), Orson (19y), Olive (17y), Ralph (7y), Steven (5y), Nona (3y), Margaret Larsen (13y)
1930	4 Nov	Andrew Daniel appointed as Justice of the Peace, Egypt Precinct, Franklin County
1931	Fall	Carl returns from his mission
1932	Jan	George left for his mission to Germany
1933	Spring	Egypt place foreclosed on by a lender and the family moved to Dayton
THE DAYTON YEARS		
1933	Spring	The family first rents the Mickelson place followed by 3 others over the next few years. The attached map shows the location of these places.
1934	25 May	Carl marries Wanda Peterson of Preston, ID, moving to Dayton near his father's

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

		family.
1934	Aug	George returns from his mission
1934	3 Dec	Orson marries Gwen "P" Call of Dayton, ID
1934		Rented 80 acres on the east side of Little Mountain near the north end. This is where Ralph experienced the snakes while plowing.
1935	4 May	Olive marries Dale "E" Nelson of Rupert, ID They met and courted in Idaho Falls.
THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN YEARS		
1936	Spring	Began farming on rented land on the west side of Little Mountain, Winder area while spending the school year living in Dayton. Lived summers at Little Mountain.
1937	Spring	Electric power extended to the Winder area, including the house at Little Mountain.
1938	Summer	Moved permanently from Dayton to the farm on Little Mountain.
1938	4 Dec	Death of Mary Julia Mortensen Clausen in Preston, ID
1939	9 Nov	George marries Mary Louise Myers of Ogden, UT
1940		US Census – family in Winder includes AD (65y), Johanna (51y), Ralph (17y), Steven (15y), Nona (13y), also that they were in same house in 1936.
1943	10 Jun	Death of Morton Christian Mortensen in Ririe, ID or Idaho Falls, ID
1942		Ralph enlisted in the Army Reserves while still in college to avoid being drafted. He was discharged in 1946.
1946	12 Mar	Marriage of Steven S. Mortensen to Verneal Taylor of Winder, ID
1948	15 Sep	Marriage of Nona Mortensen to Melvin Hansen of Monroe, UT
1948	13 Oct	Marriage of Ralph S. Mortensen to Beverly Nelson of Glendale, ID
THE BATTLE CREEK YEARS		
1949		Ralph and Beverly bought their Battle Creek house down on the river bottom.
1952	Summer	Andrew Daniel and Johanna moved from Little Mountain to Battle Creek right next door to Ralph and Beverly.
1953	27 Nov	Death of Andrew Daniel Mortensen in Preston, Idaho, buried in Preston, ID. Johanna continued to live at the Battle Creek home for several years.
1954		Ralph and Beverly bought the farm at Little Mountain..
1966		Ralph graduated from Utah State Agricultural College.
1967		Ralph and Beverly sold most of the farm & moved to Tremonton, UT with his work & later to Preston. Johanna continued to live at Battle Creek for a few more years.
1970 - 1973		Johanna spent 3 winters in Idaho Falls with George & family doing temple work and returned to Battle Creek in summer. She did over 1000 endowments in this period.
1974	Summer Fall	Johanna, diagnosed with cancer, goes to live out her days at Steven and Verneal's in Meridian as treatments were easier to get there.
1975	6 Apr	Death of Johanna Marie Sorensen Mortensen in Meridian, Idaho; buried in Preston, ID
1990	5 Jul	Death of George Andrew Mortensen in Idaho Falls, ID, buried in Preston, ID, age 84
1995	12 Jan	Death of Wanda Peterson Mortensen in Logan, UT, buried in Preston, ID, age 85
1997	14 Jan	Death of Louise Myers Mortensen in Idaho Falls, ID, buried in Preston, ID, age 84
1997	4 May	Death of Dale "E" Nelson in Idaho Falls, ID, buried in Preston, ID, age 85
1998	23 Jun	Death of Orson Alma Mortensen in Hamilton, MT, buried in MT, age 87
2000	1 Apr	Death of Carl Anders Mortensen in Ogden, UT, buried in Preston, ID, age 91
2005	4 Aug	Death of Olive Mortensen Nelson in Idaho Falls, ID, buried in Preston, ID, age 93
2006	17 May	Death of Nona Mortensen Hansen in Bountiful, UT, buried in Monroe, UT, age 80
2006	8 Aug	Death of Melvin Miller Hansen in Bountiful, UT, buried in Monroe, UT, age 87

This time-line is intended only to fill in some of the missing chronology of Anders Mortensen's family as they

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

immigrated to America, homesteaded and then established themselves. The personal histories by family members cover many of the details of pioneer life in Southern Idaho in the late 1800's through the death of Andrew Daniel and Johanna. There is also a history by Andrew Daniel's sister, Mary Julia, who lived close by the Mortensen's and an account of the immigration on the SS Wisconsin by Mary Julia's future husband, Claus Clausen. Many thanks to Greg Mortensen for scanning and sharing a number of certificates and photos with dates that also provides proofs of the dates in this time-line.

We have very little information about Andrew's brother, Morton Christian. We know he married Esther Hoopes 27 Mar 1902. They had 2 sons and 4 daughters. The family always talked about Uncle Chris and his family living in Kilgore and Spencer, ID. Paul Mortensen and his son, Jason are working on that line and we hope to have much more information by our next family reunion in May 2013.

New Family Search records have been used as the definitive dates for important events. However, in the course of this update it became apparent that there are gaps and inconsistencies in the genealogical data of this family in New Family Search. In particular the NFS data for Gregersen line seems incorrect with known family information. Further research, correspondence with Gregersen family contributors, and verification of our family history for that line is needed. I will undertake this project. Perhaps that is one of the reasons I have felt compelled to update the family history at this time. The other reason is that I have gleaned more stories about family members and included them all in one document along with maps that help clarify where these events occurred, so family members can easily update their knowledge of these great people and the sacrifices they made to leave a legacy of love.

Many thanks to all who have helped in any way to update this history.

Grant Carl Mortensen
2013

CHAPTER ONE

DENMARK, OUR ANCESTRAL HOME

The word Viking² probably comes from the Old Norse word vik (meaning "creek") and seems to mean "men of the creeks" – sea warriors from the inlets and bays of Scandinavia.

The earliest people³ came to Denmark shortly after the Ice Age. They were nomadic hunters probably following the reindeer. By 3000 B.C. people in Denmark knew how to farm the land and began to build permanent settlements. As the last of the ice masses melted, the sea flooded northwestern Europe. In time, the highest regions became islands that were separated from the other areas of the continent. Some of these islands eventually became part of Denmark.

The name Denmark⁴ came from a group of people called Danes who originally lived on islands off the coast or even in Sweden and came to Denmark around 500 A.D. In time they conquered the entire country and inter-married with the islanders. Eventually, all the inhabitants became known as Danes.

By 500 B.C. the people of Denmark knew how to work iron and make weapons and tools. By 800 A.D. they had learned to organize effective sea voyages to raid and plunder. For the next 250 years the Vikings raided coastal settlements in many parts of Europe, even as far south as the Mediterranean. They established settlements in England and became so strong that for a short time, the King of England recognized a region of Danish settlement called the Danelaw as being under control of the Danes. The Vikings laid the foundation of the Danish nation.

Gorm the Old (900 A.D.) was the first king to unite the whole of Denmark (the main peninsula and the islands) into one country. Denmark became a great power in Northern Europe and her boundaries

included the southern part of Sweden and Norway as well as northern Germany. At that time the capital city, Copenhagen, was situated in the center of the country and not at its eastern end as it is today. At Elsinore, North of Copenhagen, the coast of Sweden is only 2 ½ miles away. Denmark engaged in almost constant warfare with neighboring countries, continually expanding and changing her borders. She formed many political alliances with other nations, including France when Napoleon was in power.

About 1800 England and other nations involved in the wars against Napoleon besieged Copenhagen and forced surrender in three days. They also destroyed most of the Danish fleet. Political decisions following the wars striped Denmark of much of her previous holdings.

Denmark today⁵ is the southern-most and smallest of the Scandinavian countries. It is a land of many islands and fjords and has 4500 miles of coastline. The country is only a few feet above sea level and consists entirely of plains and rolling hills. The highest point is 568 feet above sea level. Total land area is 16,630 square miles, which is about twice the size of the state of Massachusetts. In all there are nearly 500 islands, 100 of which are populated.

Denmark has two possessions in the North Atlantic Ocean, the Faeroe Islands and Greenland. Greenland is the largest island in the world. Both Greenland and the Faeroes are largely self-governing today.

Denmark shares a land border only with Germany on the south. This is the largest part of Denmark and is called the Jutland Peninsula or just Jutland. It is 200 miles long and about 100 miles across. The other principle islands are Funen or Fyn in the center and Zealand to the east. The capital city, Copenhagen, is located on the eastern island of Zealand.

² Let's Visit Denmark, Burke Publishing Co, Ltd, 1984

³ Denmark...in Pictures, Lerner Publications Co., 1991

⁴ Let's Visit Denmark, Burke Publishing Co, Ltd, 1984

⁵ Denmark...in Pictures, Lerner Publications Co., 1991

Despite Denmark's northerly location, its climate is mild. The seas surrounding the country keep temperatures within a comfortable range. In winter, air masses moving toward Denmark warm up as they pass over the North Atlantic Ocean creating temperature ranges between 20 and 40 degrees F. In summer, this same water tends to cool the air streams so temperatures average 63 degrees F. However, many summer days register above 70 degrees F. With few hills to push air masses upward, Denmark is usually windy and weather changes are sudden. The average annual rainfall is 24 inches. The western coast receives the most, about 31 inches annually and the South Sea Islands get the least, about 16 inches. July to December is the rainiest time of the year.

Denmark lies close enough to the Arctic Circle to experience extended periods of daylight, called twilight nights in June and July. The skies in Denmark are bright late into the evening during this time.

Today about 84 percent of Denmark's people live in urban areas. Copenhagen has 1.4 million⁶ people and is the industrial, educational, and cultural center as well as serving as capital city and leading seaport.

Missionary Work in Denmark. The general conference of October 1849 marked the beginning of missionary work to Scandinavia. A number of brethren were called to foreign lands including Apostle Erastus Snow and Peter O. Hansen to Denmark. Denmark and Sweden were among the first nations to be selected to receive the gospel invitation.

At that time the saints in Utah numbered only about 5,000 souls and temporal means extremely scarce. It was a great effort for those early missionaries to leave their families and go abroad, but they accepted the Lord's call and filled the assignment.

The conference ended October 7, 1849. By October 19 the brethren were gathered at the mouth of Emigration Canyon, where President Brigham Young organized them into a traveling party of 35 men, 12

wagons, and 42 horses and mules. The snows had already fallen so early going was arduous. They arrived at Fort Kearney on the Missouri River on 7 December 1849 and a few days later they were received by the saints in Kanesville. From Kanesville the missionaries took different routes to the East Coast and across the Atlantic. Peter O. Hansen landed in Liverpool on 8 April 1850. Elder Erastus Snow arrived on 16 April 1850. Elder P.O. Hansen proceeded to Scotland and from there went to his native land of Denmark, arriving in Copenhagen on May 11, 1850 after a journey of seven months. Elder Snow spent several weeks in England and Scotland among the saints. He gathered two additional missionaries and then proceeded to Denmark, arriving 11 June 1850.

The first converts in Denmark were a Mr. Lauritz B. Malling and his wife of Copenhagen, though they did not remain members. Additional baptisms quickly followed and by the end of the year 130 Danish saints had joined the little flock.

⁶ Denmark...in Pictures, Lerner Publications Co., 1991

CHAPTER TWO

THE MORTENSEN'S

The Mortensen home was on the island of Zealand about 25 English miles west of Copenhagen, Denmark. Several generations lived and died in two parishes located very close together on the eastern shore of the Roskilde Fjord in Ringkøbing County. The parishes are Olstykke and Snostrup and are located about midway east and west of Ringkøbing County along the southern county line. They are just a few miles northwest of the capital city of Copenhagen.

Bertel. Bertel is the earliest Mortensen paternal ancestor of record currently listed in New Family Search. He was born in Denmark about 1600. No wife is listed but he is shown as the father of Simon Bertelsen. No other information is shown.

Simon Bertelsen. Simon Bertelsen, son of Bertel, was born about 1628 in Stiegaard, Olstykke, Frederiksborg, Denmark. He married a lady named Karen from the same town in 1668 and they had 6 children, 3 sons and 3 daughters. Two sons and two daughters lived to reach marriageable age. Simon died at age 66 and Karen at age 60. Their son, Hans Simonsen was our direct ancestor.

Hans Simonsen. Hans Simonsen was born in 1670 at Olstykke, Frederiksborg County, Denmark. He married Karen Mortensen 10 February 1695 at age 25 in the town of his birth. Their union was blessed with 9 children, 6 sons and 3 daughters. Only 3 children lived to adulthood, including Morten Hansen, our progenitor. Hans was buried 29 April 1731 in his home town at age 61. His wife, Karen, was buried 24 April 1757 at age 83.

As can best be determined, most of the pre-immigrant generations of our ancestors lived under serfdom rule. None were of nobility or land holders so spent their lives in servitude. They were farmers who led a meager existence, living out their lives in the same locality. Today's maps indicate several generations lived and died within a 20 mile radius of the same place. This was common for the time because transportation was by foot, horse, or later on, by bicycle. No records indicate an abundance of wealth or nobility in the family.

Important World Events of the Same Era

- 1670 - The Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth Rock only 50 years earlier.
 - A new Danish King began to change the country from an absolute monarchy to putting the people's needs ahead of the nobility.
 - Minute hands appear on watches for the first time. Watches have been around since 1511 but with the hour hand only.
 - A book of English proverbs was published that includes such common sayings as: Misery loves company; Blood is thicker than water; Haste makes waste; and The last straw breaks the camel's back.
- 1673 - The first metal dental fillings are installed by English surgeons.
- 1680 - The Black Death epidemic strikes Germany, Denmark's only connecting landmass.
- 1700 - Small pox epidemics begin in Europe and will kill 60 million in the next 100 years.
- 1708 - German organist and composer Johann Sebastian Bach comes into prominence.
- 1709 - Famine ravages Europe due to heavy frost. Food riots are rampant.
- 1727 - Danish explorer Vitus Bering discovers the Bering Strait between Asia and North America (Alaska).
 - An Englishman, Lord (Turnip) Townsend finds he can avoid killing most livestock in the fall by feeding them turnips during winter, thus providing fresh meat year round.

Morten Hansen. This son of Hans Simons was christened 23 Feb 1710 in the town of his father's birth, Olstykke, Denmark. He married Else Pedersen 19 Sep 1756 at age 46. She was 17 years younger than he and 29 at the time. Their family was blessed with 6 children but only one, Christen Mortensen, lived to marry. He was buried 6 Feb 1785 in the same town he was born in at age 65.

Important World Events of the Same Era

- 1749 - The first college was established in America (Pennsylvania).
- 1751 - Ben Franklin discovers electricity in lightning with a kite.
- 1756 - The Seven Year's War begins in Europe bringing wide spread famine.
- 1765 - James Watt, the Scotsman, invents the steam engine.

Christen Mortensen. This ancestor was christened 2 July 1758 in the same town as his father and grandfather. He married Maren Nielsen, 7 Jan 1758, at age 29. He moved a few miles from Olstykke to Lille Rorbaek near Snostrup, his wife's community, where they had two children, Ole and Else. About 1793 they moved to Snostrup and had one more child, Morten Christensen, our direct ancestor. Their small family was probably due to her being 8 years older than Christen and 38 when the first one came. She was 44 when Morten was born.

Important World Events of the Same Era

- 1766 - Denmark's Frederick is succeeded by his 16 year old semi-idiot son who marries the 15 year old daughter of the Prince of Wales and sinks into debauchery.
- Austrian composer Wolfgang Mozart comes into prominence at age 10.
- 1771 - Boston Tea Party, a major event in the American Revolution.
- 1772 - Danish noblemen overthrow and behead their dictator.
- 1775 - The American War of Independence begins.
- 1776 - Declaration of Independence in America.
- 1784 - Serfdom is abolished in Denmark.
- 1785 - Congress establishes the dollar as the official currency of the USA.
- 1787 - The first steamboat is invented.
- 1792 - Denmark becomes the first nation to abandon slave trade.
- 1793 - France abolishes worship of God.

Morten (Martin) Christensen. **THE IMMIGRANT FAMILY** – On 20 Jan 1794 Morten Christensen was christened at Snostrup, Denmark. He spent his whole life in that community. He was six at the turn of the 19th Century. On 30 April 1819 he married Mette Knudsen, a home town girl. He was 25 and she was 23. Their union was blessed with 8 children, 6 sons and 2 daughters: Knud Mortensen, 1819-1909; Christian Mortensen, 1822-1893; Maren (Mary) Mortensen, 1824-1909; Paul Mortensen 1826-1849; Anders (Andrew) Mortensen, 1828-1892; Ole Mortensen, 1831-1910; Christine (Kirsten) Mortensen, 1834-1928; Jens Mortensen, 1836-1863. His mother, Mette, four brothers and two sisters joined the Church and immigrated to Utah. Paul died at age 23, probably in the German evasion of Denmark in 1849. Jens also joined the Church in 1855 but died at age 27 in 1863 while still in Denmark. Morten died 12 Sep 1843 at age 49, cause not recorded. After Morten's death, Mette lived as a widow in Denmark for 20 years but in 1863 immigrated to Utah with her son Knud, his wife Karen and their children. Knud, the eldest child, moved to Copenhagen after his marriage to Karen Ericksen 14 March 1846 and was first in the family to find the message of salvation; just 3 years after the first missionaries came to Denmark in 1850. Over the next two years all but Paul, who was already deceased, joined the Church.

The table below summarizes key events in the lives of our “IMMIGRANT FAMILY”.

**LIFE EVENTS FOR THE MORTEN CHRISTENSEN FAMILY
“THE IMMIGRANTS”**

NAME	BIRTH	BAPT	MARR	IMMIGR	DEATH	AGE DIED	LOCATION DIED
Morten	20 Jan 1794	9 Nov 1870	13 Oct 1874	N/A	12 Sep 1843	49	Denmark
Mette	14 Jan 1796	1 Nov 1854	7 Jan 1787	May 1863	17 Sep 1863	67	Salt Lake City, UT
Knud	13 Dec 1819	18 Nov 1853	14 Mar 1846	May 1863	13 Jan 1909	90	Bear River City, UT
Christian	16 Jan 1822	3 Oct 1854	13 Oct 1874	Unknown	25 Apr 1893	71	Preston, ID
Maren	19 Jan 1824	5 Jan 1854	16 May 1861	May 1861	7 Nov 1909	85	Brigham City, UT
Paul	22 Feb 1826	25 Jan 1895	N/A	N/A	Abt 1849	23	Denmark
Anders	9 Nov 1828	20 Nov 1854	Abt 1853	July 1873	7 Dec 1892	64	Preston, ID
Ole	3 Sep 1831	5 May 1851	22 Sep 1865	Unknown	16 Aug 1910	79	Brigham City, UT
Christine	2 Sep 1834	22 Sep 1854	8 Mar 1862	Unknown	13 Jan 1928	85	Castle Dale, UT
Jens	21 Sep 1863	11 Jun 1855	N/A	N/A	Sep 1863	27	Denmark

Knud Mortensen

The oldest child, Knud, was born 13 December 1819. He was baptized into the LDS Church, 18 Nov 1853, at age 34. On the 9th of May 1863 Knud and Karen immigrated to America with their little family and Knud's mother, Mette. A copy of the immigration documentation is provided below.

The history of Karen Ericksen Mortensen, Knud's wife reveals the following information.

They were six weeks at sea in an old ship, the B.S.Kimball, that seemed ready to sink any moment. They were herded together like cattle, and lived on the poorest and scantiest of food. Sanitation was extremely bad. The ship sailed from Liverpool the 9th of May. Four deaths occurred on board during the voyage; 2 children were born and 11 couples were married. The B.S. Kimball cast anchor in New York harbor the evening of Saturday, June 13, 1863. On the 15th the passengers were permitted to go ashore. That same day the immigrants continued by train to Albany, New York, where a fine baby boy (Willard?) was born, then on to Florence, Nebraska, where the journey across the plains was commenced. Knud and Karen and their little family, along with mother Mette, left Florence 6 July 1863 by ox team in a company led by Captain John F. Sanders. The 1000 mile journey tried the strength and faith of the pioneers. Karen walked most of the way except for the short time when she was permitted to sit in the wagon and cradle two of her children as they lay dying. First, little Camilla died and a short time later her baby, Willard. With much heartbreak and tears, Karen and Knud buried their little ones in unmarked graves somewhere on the plains of Nebraska. The loving mother never became reconciled to the loss of her babies.

When the little band finally arrived in Salt Lake City, 5 September 1863, tragedy again struck the family. Knud's mother Metta Knudsen Mortensen, died 16 September, just 11 days after their arrival in Salt Lake City. She was buried in the Salt Lake Cemetery.

The Knud Mortensen's migrated to northern Utah because Karen's sister, Elizabeth Ericksen Hansen and her husband, Christian Hansen, who had immigrated to Utah in 1854, were running a co-op dairy in Box Elder County, near present day Collingston. When Knud's family arrived in 1863 they found plenty of land but water was very scarce, the little available having already been allotted. So they went to Hyrum in Cache Valley to look for land. It was in Hyrum that their last baby, Moroni Mortensen, was born 3 October 1864.

In 1865, then Stake President, Lorenzo Snow, called Knud and several other Danish families to settle Bear River City in Box Elder County. In February 1866 the family crossed the Bear River on ice and dug earthen shelters in the clay soil of the river bank. These dugouts were generally one small room about 12 by 14 feet with the front side partially open facing south. Their food consisted of coarse bread, meat, dried fruit, and molasses purchased from the people of Brigham City.

In the fall of 1867 the settlers built a fort to help protect them from the Indians. Knud's home was on the southeast corner of the fort and they lived in it for several years. Also in 1867, a ferryboat was built and operated by Knud Mortensen and his son, Morton. This was the only means of crossing Bear River for the next decade until a steel bridge was built in 1876.

Knud died 13 Jan 1909 at age 90 in Bear River City, UT. His wife, Karen passed away just a year later on 29 January 1910. She was 88. Both are buried in the cemetery in Bear River City.

Christian Mortensen

Christian, the second son of Morten and Mette, was born 16 January 1822 in Denmark. Details are sketchy and specifics of his first 52 years of life are sparse. His baptism date into the LDS Church was 3 October 1854. Sometime prior to 1874 he immigrated to Logan and on the 13 October 1874 Christian married Ane Margarete Larsen. He was 52 and she was 48. She had lost most of the digits on her hands as a little girl when a pig bit her while going after a jelly sandwich she was eating. The couple had only one son, Jens Christian Mortensen, born 21 January 1878 in Logan, Cache, UT. She was 51 at the time. Jens never married. Christian, Ane Margarete, and Jens moved to Glendale, ID to take out a homestead there.

Even after a thorough search, it is not yet known when Christian immigrated from Denmark or where in the USA Christian Mortensen was before 1880. However the U.S. Census of that year shows him, at age 58, living in Logan, UT with two wives and two children. Interested readers can look at the census record included below, and draw their own conclusions or do their own research. A search for the 1870 Census was unfruitful as well as searches through many sources for his immigration. Perhaps improvements in the availability of records in the future will shed more light.

It was Christian who enticed his younger brother, Anders and his family, after their immigration, to move from Spring City, UT to Glendale in 1881 to homestead in Glendale, ID. Their two homesteads adjoined on the banks of Worm Creek. When Anders moved to Glendale, Claus Clausen was working as a hired hand for Christian. Within two months after they arrived at Glendale, Claus married Mary Julia, the daughter of Anders and Mette. They filed for a homestead adjacent to and just west of Christian's. Anders also obtained a 160 acre homestead adjacent and just north of Christian's. That put two of the siblings and daughter of one of them in adjacent homesteads on Worm Creek. Christian passed away 25 Apr 1893 in Preston, ID at age 71. The Clausen's provided a home for Ane Margarete and son Jens for the rest of their lives. In return they received title to Christian's homestead. Ane Margarete died [REDACTED]. Their son, Jens, never married and passed away 11 April 1952 in Preston, ID.

Maren (Mary) Mortensen

Mary was born 19 January 1824 and was apparently the first in the family to immigrate to America. She was baptized into the LDS Church on 5 Jan 1854. She sailed from Liverpool in May 1861. She married Anders Frandsen 16 May 1861 while aboard the ship Monarch of the Sea. He was 41 and she was 37 at the time. No other information is yet known except several other family accounts mention staying with her in Salt Lake City briefly during their immigrations.

Paul Mortensen

Paul was born 22 February 1826. He died about 1849 in Denmark at age 23 and never immigrated. His ordinances were completed vicariously in SLC 25 January 1895. Some feel that historic events indicate he was killed in war as Germany tried to invade Denmark in 1849. Further information has been unavailable to date.

Anders Mortensen

Anders Mortensen is our direct line ancestor and is covered in greater detail in the next chapter. He and his family immigrated to UT in July 1873.

Ole Mortensen

Ole was born 3 September 1831 in Denmark. He was baptized into the LDS Church 5 May 1851. He must have immigrated to UT prior to January 1875 since both of his marriages were solmonized on that date in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, UT. Ole died 16 August 1910 in Brigham City UT.

He first married Johanna Sophia Pettersson in September 1865 in Denmark. Two children blessed that union, Sophia Olivia (1866-1941) and Agnes Caroline (1869-1947). His first wife died 15 October 1871 in Denmark. He then married Kirsten Olsen-Petersen 4 January 1875 in Salt Lake City, UT. This marriage was blessed with three more children: Morten Ole (1880-1903), George Peter (1883-1898), and Violet or Viola (1886-1887). His second wife died 16 August 1910 in Brigham City, UT.

Christine Mortensen

Christine was born 2 September 1834 in Denmark. She was baptized into the LDS Church on 22 Sep 1854. She married Henning Olsen Ungerman (1830-1902). They were sealed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, UT 8 March 1862. It is highly likely they immigrated in 1861 but confirmation from written sources has not been found. Their union was blessed with 12 children, 3 of which were born in Denmark and died before baptismal age. Four of 9 born in the USA also died before baptismal age. Both Christine and her husband, Henning, died 13 January 1928 in Castle Dale, Emery County, UT.

Jens Mortensen

Jens was born 21 Sep 1863 in Denmark. He was baptized into the LDS Church on 11 Jun 1855. He did not immigrate nor did he marry. He died in September 1863 in Denmark at age 27.

No documentation of specific dates, ships, and routes for the children has been found in the instances noted above. However, family histories record that all were in Utah by about 1874. More research may yet prove fruitful.

Important World Events of the Same Era

- 1796 - Englishman Edward Jenner pioneers use of small pox vaccine.
- 1799 - Napoleon Bonaparte becomes dictator of France.
- 1801 - The British defeat the Danish fleet in the Battle of Copenhagen.
 - The first accurate census shows Stockholm, Sweden at 6,000; London with 864,000; and New York City at 60,500.
 - The first sugar beet factory is built (France).
- 1803 - The Louisiana Purchase doubles the size of the USA. It was bought for \$15 million.
 - The first ice box refrigerator was invented (Maryland).
- 1804 - Lewis and Clark set out to explore the Louisiana Purchase (The Northwest Territory).
- 1805 - Joseph Smith is born
- 1808 - Denmark gets a new king, Frederick VI.
- 1814 - Europe ends 22 continuous years of war. America ends the 3 year war of 1812.
 - A time of war in Scandinavia over country boundaries. Sweden loses Finland to Russia but acquires Norway from Denmark.

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

- 1815 - Napoleon is defeated at Waterloo.
- 1820 - The First Vision.
- 1829 - The Priesthood is Restored.
- 1830 - The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is formally established.
- 1839 - The Twelve Apostles begin foreign missionary work in England.
- 1844 - Martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith.
- 1847 - The Mormons migrate to Utah.
- 1848 - Denmark gets a new King and is plunged into a 2 year war as Prussia (Germany) invades Denmark to acquire its southern part.
- 1850 - Until now only 50% of the children born in the USA have reached age 5. This age will increase dramatically from now on.
 - Missionaries sent to Denmark
- 1861 - Civil War in the USA.
- 1865 - End of the Civil War
- 1869 - Completion of the Transcontinental Railroad

"United States Census, 1880," Christian Mortenson, Logan, Cache, Utah, United States

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name : **Christian Mortenson**
 event : **Census**
 event date : **1880**
 event place : **Logan, Cache, Utah, United States**
 gender : **Male**
 age : **58**
 marital status : **Married**
 occupation : **Labr**
 race or color (original) :
 ethnicity (standardized) : **American**
 relationship to head : **Self**
 birthplace : **Denmark**
 birthdate : **1822**
 spouse's name :
 spouse's birthplace :
 father's name :
 father's birthplace : **Denmark**
 mother's name :
 mother's birthplace : **Denmark**
 page : **140**
 page character : **A**
 entry number : **1997**
 nara film number : **T9-1335**
 gs film number : **1255335**
 digital folder number : **004244807**
 image number : **00285**

	Household	Gender	Age	Birthplace
self	Christian Mortenson	M	58	Denmark
wife	Kilstenster Mortenson	F	63	Sweden
wife	Annie M. Mortenson	F	47	Denmark
daughter	Annie M. Mortenson	F	4	Utah, United States
son	Jens C. Mortenson	M	2	Utah, United States

Citing this Record

"United States Census, 1880," index and images, *FamilySearch* (<https://familysearch.org/pat:/MM9:1:1/MNSJ-DGG> : accessed 13 Oct 2012), Christian Mortenson, Logan, Cache, Utah, United States; citing sheet 140A, family 0, NARA microfilm publication T9-1335.

Documentation of the Immigration of Mette Mortensen

Mormon Migration

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Enter the name of a person, place or voyage you are interested in.

Mette MORTENSEN

Standardized: Mette MORTENSEN

Born: 1796
Origin: Sealand, Denmark
Occupation: Unknown
Voyage: [Liverpool to New York](#)
8 May 1863 – 15 Jun 1863
Voyage Accounts: [Accounts for this voyage](#)
Ship: [B.S. Kimball](#)

Family Members

[Knud MORTENSEN](#) — age 43 (b. 1820), from Sealand, Denmark
[Karen MORTENSEN](#) — age 40 (b. 1823), from Sealand, Denmark
[Morten MORTENSEN](#) — age 16 (b. 1847), from Sealand
[Inger MORTENSEN](#) — age 12 (b. 1851), from Sealand, Denmark
[Elisabeth MORTENSEN](#) — age 7 (b. 1856), from Sealand, Denmark
[Peter P. MORTENSEN](#) — age 5 (b. 1858), from Sealand, Denmark
[Willard MORTENSEN](#) — age 3 (b. 1860), from Sealand, Denmark
[Camella T. MORTENSEN](#) — age infant (b. 1863), from Sealand, Denmark

Notes

No notes.

Liverpool to New York

Ship: [B.S. Kimball](#)
Departure: 8 May 1863
Arrival: 15 Jun 1863
Church Leader: Hans Peter Lund
LDS Passengers: 708
Accounts: [Jump to accounts](#)

Source

BMR, Book #1047, pp. 225-253 (FHL #025,691); Customs #581 (FHL #175,585)

Accounts

- [A Compilation of General Voyage Notes](#)
- [Autobiography of Christine M. Larsen Warnick](#)
- [Autobiography of Lars Nielsen](#)
- [Autobiography of Lars P. Oveson](#)
- [Journals of Hans Peter Lund](#)

The following journal is provided to give another perspective of the voyage on the B.S. Kimball.

Journals of Hans Peter Lund (Leader in charge of Mette Mortensen's group)

Wednesday 6 at 5 a.m. we left for Liverpool by train. Str. Else Petersen died at the station. 140 emigrants arrived at went aboard a big ship *B. S. Kimball* with Captain Dearbom [Dearborn]. May 7 we arranged our things and was piloted out, we arranged us in the best way. Cannon, Jesse Smith and come more were aboard. May 8 the officials came and surveyed everybody. Ole Madsen's child was sick and parents and 2 children had to stay, the rest of the family left. We had a nice meeting where Cannon and Jesse Smith talked and I was appointed to preside over the Saints to New York, with P. Beck [Beckstrom] and C. Winge as counselors. J. N. Smith blessed us.

After they had committed us in the hands of the Lord they left us. A steamboat took us to Holyhead. We had a meeting in the evening and we organized the company in 7 wards with each a president. A. Jorgensen Vogt as captain and he arranged several things. The Saints were happy and by good health.

May 7, 4 couples were married: Christoffer Winge and Ane Marie Salvesen, Norway; Johannes Naess and Christine Larsen, Jylland; Jorgen Dinesen and Christine Christensen, Jylland; Soren Petersen and Ane Nielsen, Jylland.

May 8 Severin Poulsen and Rasmine Vaibel, Jylland; J. H. Hendriksen and Maren Rasmussen, Fyen; R. Nielsen and Maren B. Sorensen, Aarhus Jylland; S. G. Baerenstrom and Johanne Engstrom, Goteborg; P. C. Steffesen and Mariane Bertelsen, Aarhus Jylland; Soren P. Christensen and Ane M. Nielsen, Aarhus Jylland. We had a nice weather, and we gave out the provisions which was really good, Cannon had bought it, we had meetings every night.

May 11 it began to get windy. Sister Wetterlin, Goteborg, had a son, Joseph Kimball.

May 12 Sister Mikkelsen, Vensyssel, had a daughter.

May 13 still windy, seasick, unfavorable wind.

May 14 the weather a little better, not so many seasick. Sunday May 17 N. M. Skougaards little son from Fredericia died, Daniel Skougaard, he was 6 month old, we had a gathering in the afternoon, nice wind, we went fast. We get our provisions twice a [p.79] [-]

The wind is still fine and people are happy.

Wednesday May 20 Hans Simonsen from Lolland died. He was 65 years old, he was buried same day. A seaman stole a coat from Brother H. P. Eriksen.

May 22 it was found and P. E. got his coat back. They put a note on the seaman's back with the word THIEF on, and he had to keep it there so everybody could see him. We did our laundry and cleaned up, we still get provisions twice a week.

May 24, Whitsun. [PROBABLY MEANING, Whitsunday, THE WEEK BEGINNING WITH PENTECOST] I was sick. The wind was unfavorable, during the week the wind got better.

Sunday 31 we reached the banks. Heavy fog that lasted for several days, we were sick to our stomachs. We had gatherings, the districts during Sundays, we felt really strong, we had the best feelings for each other. The members threw many boxes away to save weight. We collected something for 4 English brethren, so when they came to America they could go to Florence.

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

June 2 David Stuart, 2 years old, from Scotland died. We still had fog and we saw many ships where people were fishing. A little bird came and sat on the ship. People were not seasick any more except for some few, they had an upset stomach.

Sunday, Jun 7 we had heavy rain, we had a meeting and the Spirit of the Lord was poured over us. Niels Larsen and Wilhelmine Hyvinghoff, Lolland got married, 3 children were blessed, a sister died and so did August Nybergs son, 2 years old, from Goteborg and Carl F. Holding. We took care of our things because we are near America, but the wind was not good.

Many people threw away their big iron-studded boxes and packed their clothes in bags.

Jun 10 the fire in the kitchen was too big and the skirting-board burned and a piece of the cook's featherbed burned, but they stopped it and everything went well. We all got soap and extra water so the Saints could be washed before they left the ship.

Jun 9 Bekstrom [P. Beckstrom] and several brethren and the doctor found out how much provisions we had left. At noon we were 320 miles from New York.

Jun 11 we saw 2 very big ships. We came so close, that the captains could talk together. I gave the carpenter 8 and the steward 6 skilling, the wind was not good.

Jun 13 we came to New York and Sunday I wrote to Jesse N. Smith. We were happy and the weather was nice. In the afternoon Brother Stainer came aboard and we were happy.

Monday Jun 15 a ship came and took us to the fortress. Some of the brethren took the luggage and went to the railroad. Anders Eliasens son, 3, and Jens Hansens daughter, 1 died. P. V. Poulsen stayed in New York with the family. I had a lot to do. None of my company stayed. At 9 we went by train and came to Albany.

Jun 16 at 10, H. Westenskous wife had a son. We send greetings and thanks to the captain and his crew to a newspaper and I signed it. Peer Hansen's son, 4, from Goteborg died. [p.80]

June 17 we came over Niagara, the biggest waterfall in the world, and we arrived in Canada and asked a man to bury the child and paid \$10. At 2 we left and June 18 in the morning at 5 we arrived in Windsor. We crossed the river to Detroit. At 9 a.m. we left again. Ane Marie Larsdatters son, 7, died. We had him buried in Chicago and paid \$5. At 1 p.m. we drove to Qaneqe (Kankakee?)

June 20 Rasmus Hansen from Lolland died, 63 years old, he was buried in Kankakee S 12.

We crossed Mississippi and at 6 we took off and arrived in St. Joseph at 11. We came aboard a steamship "Denver" at once and came to Florence at 5 June 23. We met many members from Cluff's company. Sister Elonora Petersens son fell overboard and we did not see him more, he was 9 years old. A. Jonasens daughter, 3, went ashore with us. It was really nice to get some peace after 2 months journey. The wagons from the Church had arrived and I got letters from Maria and H. L. Dastrup and I was pleased. New York-Albany 160, S.B [UNCLEAR] 200, to Detroit 229, to Chicago 284, to Kankakee 268, St. Joseph 200, to Florence 270. Letter from Maria, I wrote her a letter. I was in Omaha and I bought some things for Dasstrup. I got sick and was in bed for several days. I was really sick from vomiting and diarrhea. I got some medicine from a brother. . . [p.81]

. . . I have not had time to write my journal so I will give a short resume about the journey.

1863 Apr 30 I left Copenhagen with a company of the Saints, we went via Kiel, Grimsby, Hull, New York, Florence. We arrived here Jun 23, everybody was happy and we had a nice spirit among us. We stayed here some days, then we drove 3 miles from Florence. I got really sick. I was in Captain Sanders' company. Jul 5 I was called as curate in

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY





Captain John Young's company. We left Florence Jun 7 with 240 persons in 47 wagons and arrived in Salt Lake Valley Sep 12. [1863] [p.84]

BIB: Lund, Hans Peter. Journals (Ms 8941), typescript translation, pp. 79-81, 84. (CHL)

Liverpool to New York on the *Monarch of the Sea* (16 May 1861 - 16 Jun 1861)

To see all passengers and accounts for this voyage, click on the voyage title above

Ungermann, Henning Olsen

 Like 0  Tweet 0  +1 0 





Last Name	UNGERMANN
First Name	Henning Olsen
Age	31
Origin	Lolland, Denmark
Standard Surname	UNGERMAN
Standard Given	Hennings
Head Surname	UNGERMANN

Source: BMR, p. 81; SMR, p. 95; Copenhagen Conference.
Database: Mormon Immigration Index (1840-1890)

Additional family members on this voyage:

- [Ungermann, Sidse](#) (Age: 34)
- [Ungermann, Ole L. O.](#) (Age: 4)

Minutes of the *Monarch of the Sea*

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On Thursday, May 16, Presidents Lyman, Rich, and Cannon convened a meeting of the Saints on board the *Monarch of the Sea*, in the River Mersey, Liverpool, and organized the company, consisting of 949 Saints, with Elder Jabez Woodard as President, and Elders H. O. Hansen and Niels Wilhelmsen as his counselors.

A priesthood meeting of the English Saints was held the same afternoon. Present—Elders Woodard, Harrison, W. H. Kelsey, S. Reid, Horace Pegg, Heber Pegg, John J. Wallis, William Carnie, and others. Elder Woodard proposed E. L. T. Harrison as secretary of the ship's company, W. H. Kelsey as president of the English portion of the Saints, and Thomas Morrell as Marshal. Elder Woodard explained the duties of the Marshal—That he would have to see to the getting up of a nightly guard at the hatchways, see that no lights were left burning at night, and, in fine, preserve order and cleanliness throughout the ship: also that all found articles were to be placed in his possession till the owner was found. President Woodard then exhorted the English Saints to patience and kindness to the Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish Saints. He also gave some instruction as to the best food to be used at present.

Resolved- "That no smoking be allowed between decks." Meeting adjourned till ten o'clock next day.

Married during the day, by Elder Niels Wilhelmsen, Lars Peter Christensen and Anne Marie Christiansen, Carl Wilhelm Julius Heker and Karen Marie Madsen, Johannes Hansen and Hansin Andrea Ibsen, Poul Christian Petersen and Marie Caroline Elizabetha Dorthea Nielsen; all of Denmark.

Tuesday 15.- (Before organization of company.) Married by President J. Van Cott, in Liverpool, Carl Erick Lindholm and Johanne Nielson, Niels Oluf Vahlstrom and Eva Magdalene Nordblad, all of Sweden; Anders Frantzen and Maren Martenson, of Denmark; Samuel Gudmundsen and Ellen Marie Morck, of Norway. A meeting was held this evening of the English priesthood, which was addressed by President Woodard.

CHAPTER THREE

THE IMMIGRATION OF THE ANDERS MORTENSEN FAMILY - 1873

Anders (Andrew) Mortensen was born in Denmark 9 November 1828. He was baptized 20 November 1854 at age 26. About 1865 he married Ane Catherine Hansen, daughter of Hans Hansen (1805-1844) and Ane Kirstine Christensen (1819 -). Ane Catherine was born 18 May 1839 in Jyderup, Holbaek, Denmark. She was the 3rd of 4 daughters and he was the 5th child in his family. Ane Catherine had a one year old child, Mary Julia, from prior marriage. At the time of their marriage (1865) in Denmark Anders was 37 and Ane Catherine was 26. Mary Julia's birthdate was 24 January 1864. The little family lived in difficult circumstances in Copenhagen, Denmark and in July 1873 they immigrated to UT

EVENT CLARIFYING TIME LINE OF THE EARLY YEARS ANDERS & ANE CATHERINE MORTENSEN

YEAR	DATE	EVENT
1853		Possible marriage of Anders to Ane C. (One citation in New Family Search (NFS))
1864	24 Jan	Birth of Mary Julia Mortensen in country town of Sandby, Denmark
1865		Likely year of marriage of Anders and Ane C. (3 citations in NFS). <i>Based on other family histories and commonly held family tradition, Mary Julia had a different father even though she refers to Anders as her father. One possible explanation for Ane C's. visit to her sister in another town and Mary Julia being born there as related in the History of Mary Julia Mortensen Clausen, is that Ane C. was pregnant prior to moving to help her sister. At any rate, it is not absolutely clear from the accounts who the "father" referred to by Mary Julia was. It seems the most probable father mentioned by Mary Julia was Anders. But the marriage of Anders and Ane C. in 1865, would be one year after Mary Julia was born.</i>
1870	Summer	Mary Julia and Mother Ane Catherine moved to Copenhagen (Mary Julia was 6 ½ years) and lived in a tenant housing in abject poverty. Anders was sick in the hospital for almost a year. Ane C. had to work and Mary Julia was left alone at home
1873	Summer	The family starts preparations for the immigration
1873	2 Jul	Mary Julia was baptized at 11 PM, just before sailing (She says her age was 9 ½ years)
1873	2 Jul	Set sail from Liverpool to NY, USA
1873	9 Jul	Ane Catherine Mortensen was baptized and confirmed on board ship SS Wisconsin
1873	15 Jul	Arrived NY Harbor (Castle Garden). Anders was with wife and child on arrival
1873	24 Jul	Ane Catherine and Mary Julia arrived by train in Ogden/SL
1873	Oct	Anders arrived in SLC (<i>Mystery: Where was he during these 3 months?</i>)
1873	Winter	Stayed in SLC, likely with Aunt Mary Frandsen who ran a glove shop
1874	Spring	Moved to Spring City, UT
1874	15 July	Birth of Andrew Daniel Mortensen in Spring City, UT
1877	3 May	Birth of Morten Christian Mortensen in Spring City, UT
1880	24 May	Birth of Paul Mortensen in Spring City, UT; died the same year/location
1881	Oct	Arrived in Glendale, ID
1881	7 Oct	Mary Julia met Claus Clausen at Morten Christian's house where he worked as a hired hand
1881	8 Dec	Mary Julia and Claus Clausen were married in EH, SLC

Anders had been baptized in 1854. Mary Julia had been baptized the night they sailed for America. Ane Catherine was the last to be baptized and did so on board the ship SS Wisconsin as they immigrated to a new life. On 16 March 1874 she and Anders completed their other temple ordinances and were sealed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City prior to moving to Glendale, Idaho.

From 1881 through 1889 these settlers built homes and set about making a living in Glendale on the banks of Worm Creek. In 1888 Anders received a homestead patent for 160 acres adjacent to his brother, Christian's homestead. The same year he was appointed as Branch President of the Worm Creek Branch at age 60. In 1889 he requested a release as Branch President because he felt the burden of presiding was too much for his present circumstances (His beloved Ane C. had become quite ill and required much attention). On 1 Sep 1889 he was appointed as 1st Counselor to the Branch President and held that position until his death in 1892. Ane C.'s condition continued to deteriorate and she was hospitalized in Blackfoot, ID at age 50. She remained there until her death in November 1920 at age 81, a total time of about 31 years. Anders used to make the long trip by team and buggy from Glendale to Blackfoot, a distance of over 90 miles one way. It was likely a three day trip each way plus the time to visit her. Andrew Daniel and Christian were 15 and 12 respectively. They were left to tend the homestead alone until their father returned. Distance made visits difficult and irregular. Anders was vigilant in his efforts to stay in contact with Ane C. until his death 7 Dec 1892. He was 64. Andrew Daniel was 18 and Christian 15 when they lost their father. Only one visit to Ane C. in Blackfoot is documented

after the death of Anders. Andrew Daniel's son Carl tells of taking his father, A.D. to visit just one time after several years had passed. Thirty one years is a long time to be alone and away from loved ones. These pioneers gave much to pass on a legacy to their posterity.

Andrew Daniel and Christian continued to farm the homestead. They sometimes stayed with their older sister Mary Julia who lived about a quarter mile down Worm Creek. On 8 October 1900 Andrew Daniel was set apart for an LDS mission to Denmark. He served faithfully and returned 19 March 1903. He was 29.

The individual histories of those closest to the family are included in the next chapter. They provide interesting details of life along the banks of Worm Creek and the "rest of the story". Other documents of interest are also included at the end. All of them add substance and flavor to the history of this family.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: While compiling this history I happened on a documentary on TV about the development of the railroad system in America. One fact stuck out vividly. ***In 1873 there were 8500 train wrecks in the USA.*** I had always thought of rail travel being relatively safe. However, this documentary pointed out that prior to 1884 there was no standard time so it was difficult to safely schedule train traffic, since several extensive railway routes passed through places that differed by several hours in local time. Many wrecks were head-on collisions due to poor scheduling. Many died. Our immigrants had knowledge of and had to face these uncertainties even though they didn't have to travel by wagon train. Grant Mortensen)

The next sections are the life histories of those who personally lived through the events and are included intact without editing. Enjoy!

LIFE IN DENMARK BEFORE THE IMMIGRATION

HISTORY OF MARY JULIA MORTENSEN CLAUSEN

1864 – 1938

(History taken about 1937)

I have been asked to write a brief account of my life and how the gospel came to me.

I was born January 24, 1864, in the little country town of Sandby, a few Danish miles from Copenhagen, Denmark. On account of the war with Germany, my uncle who lived here was called into the army, which left my aunt, my mother's sister, alone with two small children. My mother went there to help her. It was while she was staying there that I was born. I have always felt that this was the will of God as it was while living there that I first heard the Gospel.

There was an old sister who lived in that little town; she often came to visit my aunt and she spoke of the Mormons and Mormonism; then she wished so much to go to Zion in America, but her husband and sons were so opposed it seemed impossible for her to ever go. One of my earliest recollections is of getting my little stool, when she came, sit down by her and listen to her talk. I could not understand much of what she said as I was so young, but there was something about her that drew me to her; I always stayed with her instead of playing with the other children out of doors. She was always dressed in the same striped homespun dress which I thought very beautiful.

At this time there were five children staying at this place—two older and two younger than I. They had the same chance to listen to and hear of the Gospel that I had at that time, but as far as I know they have never accepted it; they are all still alive and have had many opportunities since then of hearing and accepting it. When my brother Andrew D. Mortensen was in Denmark on his mission, he and Brother James Christensen went to the place where I was born and bore their testimonies to these children after they were grown, and told them of the Plan of Salvation, but they hardened their hearts against them, refusing even to give them lodgings. I hope that someday the Lord

will forgive them and that they, in time, will feel differently toward our religion.

Well, to get back to my story; I lived in this little town until I was six and a half years old; then I had the first real sorrow of my life. My aunt with whom I had stayed and who I loved better than I ever learned to love my own mother took me to Copenhagen; she stayed a couple of days and then stole away from me while I was asleep, and as I thought, without even kissing me good-bye, but mother told me afterward that she kissed me over and over again and then, when she thought I was going to awaken, she left me as she could not bear to see my grief.

It was a great tragedy in my life; no sorrow I have had since can compare with it. It seems it hanged my whole life; it broke my heart and it never did quite heal; instead of a life of confidence it left a feeling of suspicion and fear. It was well for me that the saving plan of the Gospel found me, as it helped me overcome these feelings.

I would advise mothers never to deceive their children; never steal away from them even for a short time; tell them where you are going and that you are coming back again; never mind a few tears; they will dry again. If you lose their confidence you may never regain it in a whole lifetime.

This new life seemed to me as if I must stand alone; all those I knew best were far away from me. My mother had been away working to earn a living; I hardly knew her. I was so reserved I would not confide in anyone so I was left to myself to form my own opinions of everything in general and to learn good and bad the same as other children at that age. Many times I was left alone all day while my mother was away at work. I had learned to knit and each day mother measured out a certain amount of knitting for me to do. The amount I was able to do wasn't much

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but it was enough to keep me out of mischief.

I helped make the living by gathering wood shavings; I tied them in little bunches and dipped them in a preparation of pitch and resin. After they were dry we sold them to rich people with which to kindle fires.

I often had to find my way through the crowds in the busy streets of Copenhagen to run errands or buy supplies as my mother's health was poor. When she was too ill to be out of bed, she would tell me where to go and what to do so I had responsibilities early in life. Once our fire went out and I brought small sticks of wood to her beside. She dipped them in kerosene from the lamp. I carried them to the stove, lighted them and made a fire to keep us warm until father came.

Once when I was home alone, I went into the kitchen where several families did their cooking. I was hungry and when I saw some meat rinds cooking in a kettle I took one out and ate it. The woman was watching me through the keyhole. She told my mother when she came from work and of course I was punished severely for it.

While we were living at this place a little baby girl was born to my mother. The baby died and I took care of the house until mother was able to get around again.

There were fifty or more families living in this tenement house and I picked up bad words and habits from older children which my parents knew nothing of, so they couldn't tell me how wrong it was to use such language. A girl a year or two older than I and whose parents belonged to the Church, took me with her to Sunday School every Sunday. One morning I said a swear word in her presence. She stopped and stepping in front of me, she told me that Jesus would not own me as His if I said words like that. That little lesson had a great influence over me and I resolved then and there I would watch my speech because I felt that if Jesus disowned me I would have no place to go. We attended Sunday School together for more than a year and when I was promoted I was presented with a book, "A Voice of Warning" by Parley P. Pratt, which I have cherished all my life. I took it wherever I went and have read it many times. I still have it in my possession.

I had the privilege of attending a meeting each week. It was called prayer meeting but was more like our fast and testimony meetings of today. The people arose and bore their testimonies and sang the songs of Zion. Sometimes two or three would arise at the same time and begin to speak. Most of them spoke of their desires to go to America and prayed that the way would be opened for them to emigrate. Sometimes a group would be ready to go and the others would send messages with them to loved ones that were already there.

About this time my father became very ill and was taken to the hospital. His brother's wife was very ill at the same time, so mother moved from the tenement house to care for this woman and her two little girls while the father worked. Finally she too was taken to the hospital where she died, leaving her husband and two little girls. They later moved to British Columbia, Canada. My father remained in the hospital almost a year, after which we moved with my uncle to the fourth floor of a cheap rooming house.

We moved on New Year's Eve. We were very poor. All our belongings were loaded on a two wheeled cart and drawn by my uncle. All the money we had was enough to buy a cup of coffee and a bun for each of us. New Year's morning found us cold and hungry. There was not a morsel of food, no coal or wood, no money and in a strange place. Father was too weak to stand such hardship so mother went to a friend where we first lived and borrowed a little money. Mother bought a half loaf of rye bread and a little salt for our breakfast. She sent me with a basket to get a few kindlings and a little turf to burn. Talk about poverty! I wonder what we would do now under similar circumstances.

All I heard of Mormonism from then until I was nine years of age was the comments from my Aunt Sophia and after she died no one mentioned religion to me.

Shortly after this New Year other events came into my life quite different from the ones I had experienced. A very rich lady, who lived close to my old home, took a great fancy to me. She would get permission from my mother to take me to her lovely home and made a great fuss over me, giving me nice things to eat

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and letting me do interesting things. After we moved she lost track of me for a time. Then one day she came all dressed up in a fine black silk dress. She had a beautiful parasol lined with pink satin. She brought a lot of nice things for me to eat. Again I went to visit her occasionally. Her nurse would take me to the park and when it was time for me to go home again she would send the nurse to take me home on the street car. Finally she wanted to adopt me. My parents gave their consent and I was given my choice whether I stayed with them or went to live with her.

To us now it seems strange that my parents would give their consent, but poverty and the fact that I had not been with them much, may have made a difference. Besides, parents did not have the same attitude toward their children as we do here. I have never felt resentful toward my parents. Perhaps they thought it would be best for me to stay with this rich lady; but her riches did not appeal to me and at the time it seemed the teachings of that dear old lady in the striped homespun dress who first taught me the principles of a true religion was more important. I decided to stay with my parents and for this decision I have been most thankful.

My parents joined the church and like all members were very anxious to come to America. Word finally came from my aunt in Salt Lake City that she would send money for us to come so we made preparations with all haste. This was in 1873 when I was nine and one-half years old. I had not yet been baptized so I was taken to the same meeting place where I had attended Sunday School. There we met Apostle Erastus Snow who had first brought the Gospel message to Denmark. We held a meeting after which ten or twelve of the Saints went with me out to a place where I was baptized. This was about 11 o'clock at night. On our return to the hall we found saints from other places. They had come to make ready for emigration. They had made themselves as comfortable as possible to spend the night and to wait until the ship sailed. Among that group was Claus Clausen, who later became my husband, although we did not become acquainted until October 1881. He was only fifteen years old at this time.

We arrived in Salt Lake City July 24, 1873. He made

his home in Logan. I stayed a few months with my Aunt Mary Frandsen who ran a small glove factory in Salt Lake City, after which we moved to Spring City, Sanpete County. My life in Spring City was rather uneventful for a time. I herded cows, helped my other who was not well, and in my leisure time I played with other children. One of my friends was a daughter of Apostle Orson Hyde. Two friends were Augusta and Hannah Sandstrom, twins, whom I have since visited.

Three of my brothers were born while we lived here – Andrew, Christian, and Paul who died in infancy. I was often sent into the fields to glean in my mother's place. A good Relief Society sister gave us a hen and another on a setting of eggs. When the chicks hatched, ten of them, we had only the grain I had gleaned to feed them. We were expected to donate some of the wheat to the storehouse for hard times. It was while I was out gleaning that word came to us of the death of President Brigham Young. This was on August 29, 1877. We were all so sad we could not work anymore that day.

During this time the St. George Temple was being built. The women and girls sewed carpet rags to be woven into carpets and rugs for this beautiful house. While we were here I had the privilege of hearing Eliza R. Snow speak in tongues.

When I was about seventeen years of age (about 1881), my parents decided to move to Idaho and homestead. My father's brother (Christian) had moved from Logan to take up land and he wrote my father of the good land to be had.

Here I had another important decision to make. I was keeping company with a young man who wanted me to marry him and make my home in Spring City. While I was wondering which was best for me to do, one night I had a peculiar dream which satisfied me so I felt it was an answer to my prayers. I dreamed I traveled until I was so tired and weary I felt as if I would never be rested again. When I reached this stage I saw a tall dark man standing in a small room by a table on which stood a tiny lighted lamp. When I saw these things I began to feel rested and satisfied. After having his dream I felt it was right for me to go

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with my parents on their journey. I made me feel rather sad to leave my home and the friends I had been associated with for eight years.

We traveled by ox team, walking some of the way, and I really was almost as tired as I was in my dream. When we reached our destination about four miles northeast of what is now Preston, it was nothing but a fenceless, treeless, wilderness. A few scattered families had settled before we came but neighbors were few and far between. We came to my uncle's cabin and I helped to get our belongings in order and helped with chores and other work about the place.

On October 7, 1881, just a short time after we arrived at my uncle's place, where my home is now, I met Claus Clausen. I was out in the yard helping with chores when he drove home from the canyon with a load of wood. He was working for my uncle. He had been away for two days and the wood he was hauling had been fire-kilned so it was black to handle. He was so black and covered with road dust that only his teeth and the whites of his eyes seemed free from dirt. I admired his good nature, although hungry and tired and yet with patience and care, he unhitched and fed his tired little team, neither of which weighed a thousand pounds. He carefully hung the harnesses in their places.

His story of meeting me was of seeing me helping with the evening chores. I wore a red plaid linsey dress and wooden shoes and I was as brown as a little papoose after traveling behind a plodding team of oxen for sixteen days. He said he admired me at one for the manner I went after those chores in a strange place. Then and there we fell in love. Surely it couldn't have been our outward appearance! He had left his load of wood between the shop and barn. That is where we first met. About a month later he asked me to become his wife. This occurred by the popular tree west of where the house now stands.

On December 8, 1881, just two months after we met, we were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. We started from Preston (it was before Preston had a name) on December 4 in a light spring wagon with a team of ponies. It was pleasant weather, cold but not very frosty and no snow.

Before we reached Logan I clouded up and began to drizzle a fine rain. We drove up to Bishop Hyde's home (my husband's bishop when he lived in Logan) which was east of the temple grounds a little south of where President Shepherd's home is now. We spent the night there and in the morning Bishop Hyde went over to a pile of rock that was being used for the building of the temple, selected a rock, took it to the house and heated it. Then he told us to take it with us to keep my feet warm. That rock was kept in our hoe for many years to be heated for long trips.

The second night we stopped in Deweyville in Malad Valley. The next day when we reached Ogden, the bridge over the Weber River had collapsed so we were compelled to for the river. When we reached the middle the water came up and ran into the wagon box wetting our feet and the clothing in our valises. The horses began floundering around in the deep water and jerked the wagon tongue out of the neck yoke. There we sat—my husband holding on desperately to the lines trying to quiet the horses and I trying to hold everything from getting wet until we could get out. Finally the horses became quiet. We fixed the wagon tongue and off we started. When we reached the opposite side, a team of beautiful sorrel horses were lying on the bank. They had become so excited when they got into deep water that the driver lost control of them and they drowned. None of the people were hurt, but we felt very thankful we had escaped with just a little wetting of our belongings.

We stayed at Farmington the third night and on the eighth of December we were married.

The trip home was uneventful. We moved into a little one-roomed house on the hill above my uncle's place. This house was one of the first to have a shingle roof. It was the house I had seen in my dream with the table on which was a tiny lamp. This little house was about half mile from my uncle's home and about three and a half miles from Preston. Here four of our children were born—three girls and a boy. We built a four-room house later and had one room finished when our last child, a daughter, was born in 18897. The other rooms were finished later.

For many years we had to haul our water when the

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canal was dry, but we raised all our vegetables and fruit as the canal was full in the summer.

We experienced all the hardships and joys of frontier life. My husband was a carpenter by trade and whenever he could get work of that kind he took advantage of it. During the times he was away, I stayed at home doing chores and caring for the children. Sometimes it was very lonely when storms came up or we had sickness, but mostly we were contented and happy.

When our oldest child was three years old (1866) my husband got work at Eagle Rock (now Idaho Falls). He took us with him and we lived in a dugout on the bank of Snake River a short distance north of the place where the L.D.S. Hospital now stands. While there I did washings for some of the men that worked in the railroad yards. They were moving the yards down to Pocatello at that time. I also cared for four little children whose mother was ill and in a sanitarium.

My husband helped build the Logan Temple, the Oneida Stake Academy, the first bank in Preston, some of the stores, and many dwelling houses. One winter when the children were a little older he went to Shoshone and worked on a big bridge. He helped build bridges, dig canals, and worked at other community projects as well as run the farm.

My husband was ward teacher when the districts were so large it took two days to do the teaching. I was Relief Society teacher but we didn't have to go so far. We had our Fast Meeting every Thursday while Preston was one ward. We held our social in people's homes where we dance and had quilting and rag bees and the men helped each other with their building, etc.

My mother became very ill after she had been here a few years and was unable to care for her two boys so they came to live with us. My father died also (1892) and left the boys to care for their farm which joined my uncle's. Later on we traded for some of their land. We also took a widow and her small son in to live with us for a time. After my brother Andrew had been back to Denmark on a mission, he got married and built on his land. A few years later he helped to bring his wife's brother and family from Denmark.

They were very poor when they arrived and had a very large family so we cared for two of their children, a girl and a boy, for about eight years.

In 1902 my oldest daughter, Carrie, married Gideon Condie. They lived with us two years then we moved to my uncle's old home down by the creek. There was a spring of water close by so we did not have to haul water any more. My old Aunt Margaret and her son Jens lived here and we cared for them. She had had the misfortune of losing both hands when she was a little girl and her son had been partly disabled by sickness in childhood. We still farmed the same land. Then when my daughter and son-in-law built their house on their own land we moved the house from the hill and set it over two basement rooms east of the house we lived in. We remodeled the kitchen and built a bathroom and now have a very comfortable home. We took the logs from the first one-roomed cabin and made a fence in front of the house.

About thirty-five families banded together and installed a water system. Our children went to school in a one-roomed school house about a mile and a half south of our home. I never had the privilege of going to school but I learned to read and write English and Danish. I studied medicine and nursing and was called many times to help care for the sick. Sometimes it was necessary for me to be away from home for two or three weeks at a time.

I studied the scriptures which gave me much satisfaction. My husband died March 21, 1919, not more than twenty feet from the spot where he had asked me to be his wife. We had spent thirty-eight happy years together and he had his wish that he should go first, which was also my wish. We both felt that I could adjust myself better and he had been in ill health for several years.

After he passed away I was advised by many of my friends to leave the farm and live in town where life would not be so strenuous, but here was everything we had worked and sacrificed for and here I had spent the happiest years of my life. So I decided to stay as long as nay of the children would stay with me.

During the tie I have lived here, I have belonged to five wards and three stakes as follows: Worm Creek

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Ward, Cache Stake; Preston Ward, Oneida Stake; Preston 4th Ward, Oneida Stake; Glendale Ward, Oneida Stake and Preston 5th Ward, Franklin Stake. I have served as President of the Relief Society in Glendale from 1906 to 1913.

On the fiftieth anniversary of our coming to America (1923), we had a celebration and all our pioneer friends were invited. We had a wonderful time until late afternoon when a terrific storm came up—really a cloudburst—so everyone came into the house to wait until it was over. It came so suddenly we didn't have time to get all the chairs from the lawn.

About ten years ago (1928) I had the privilege of going back to my old home in Spring City with my son, brother, one daughter and two granddaughters. There had been very little improvement made since I left and the town had grown very little. The little rock granary where we used to store the grain we gleaned and which then looked like a big elevator, looked very small indeed. I also met some of my old playmates and friends.

Two or three years later (1913) I took a trip through Yellowstone Park—a place I had wanted to visit for many years. We had a wonderful trip and the scenery was marvelous.

I still enjoy taking care of my flowers. I always have my windows full of them.

We now have all the conveniences that are to be had in the city. Besides running water we have electric lights, and electric range, etc. a comfortable house stuccoed in buff with green trimmings, paved sidewalks and steps, a car to travel in, good roads, mail service daily, and a bus for the school children. My health has been much better than it was for years. I have spent the last three winters (1935-37) with my granddaughter Evelyn in Logan. She and my nephew, George Mortensen, have been attending school at the Utah State Agricultural College and I have been keeping house for the and a few others.

(End of personal record)

After three years of "Boarding House Mother", George graduated and plans were made to continue

the project for one more year so Evelyn, too, could graduate. Her health was not very good during the summer, and by fall she was too ill to return to Logan. Although she was not bedfast, the days were long as her suffering increased. The doctor then diagnosed her illness as cancer of the liver. About the middle of November she became much weaker and had to stay in bed most of the time. On the evening of December 4, 1938 she passed away. She was buried December 7, the day before her wedding anniversary, in the Preston Cemetery.

SMALLPOX VACCINATION

by Evelyn Clausen Winward

When my Grandmother, Mary Julia Mortensen Clausen, was young--she was less than nine, as that is when she came to America, but she was young enough to remember this episode--it was decided that she should be vaccinated for small-pox. The procedure was that her arm was pricked with a needle four times (in a square) and then the contents of another vaccination was smeared over the area. In a few days her arm got sore and four perfectly formed pustules erupted over these needle pricks. Since she was very young and very healthy, it was decided to take the contents from the pustules on her arm and vaccinate the royal children. She was always proud that she was the donor for the royal children's vaccinations.

When I started high school, I had a good friend, Margaret Palmer (whose brother later became our Stake President) and when all the students were required to be vaccinated for small pox, we both got vaccinated. Neither of our vaccinations worked, seemingly, as our arms did not get sore. We both milked cows and we both had had cow pox break out on our hands from those on the teats of the cows we milked. Other students had sore arms and later had large scars showing where they had been vaccinated.

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Anders served as Branch President at Worm Creek and also as counselor in the Branch Presidency before his death 25 Apr 1893 in Glendale, ID. He had a reputation as having the gift of healing of the sick and performed many such blessings.

CHAPTER FOUR

DETAILS OF THE IMMIGRATION

Andrew Jensen records in his Church Chronology (p. 90) that Anders, Ane Catherine, and Mary Julia were among 976 saints who sailed from Liverpool, England 2 July 1873 on the ship SS Wisconsin under the direction of a Mr. David Calder. They arrived in New York City 15 July and traveled to Salt Lake City, arriving 24 July 1873. Anders and Ane Catherine were baptized 24 Nov 1873. They were married in America 16 Mar 1874.

A glimpse of how the immigration transpired can be seen through the eyes of a fellow immigrant, Claus Clausen, who later married Mary Julia and lived as neighbors to Anders and his family on Worm Creek.

Please note that the immigration trip took from June 24 until July 25 or 31 days. The trip is summarized as follows:

FROM	TO	TRAVEL METHOD	DAYS
Home	Copenhagen	Train / Ship / Train / Cab	1
Copenhagen		Held over	3
Copenhagen	England	Ship	3
East England	Liverpool (West England)	Subway / rail	1
Liverpool	Ireland	Ship SS Wisconsin	1
Ireland	New York	Ship SS Wisconsin	12
New York		Held 2 days - processing	2
New York	Ogden	Train	7
Ogden	Salt Lake	Train	1
Salt Lake	Logan	Train	1
TOTAL DAYS			32

The one day discrepancy is due to the time of day events actually occurred. Sometimes they were up all night. An interesting documented fact is that 8500 train wrecks occurred in the USA in 1872. Our immigrants had to be fearfully aware of this last major hurdle in the immigration trip. However, they did arrive safely.

One mystery has unfolded. A. D. Mortensen gave a talk in Dayton Nov 9, 1934. In the notes for the talk he says: “Mother and sister Mary arrived in Salt Lake City on July 24th 1873. Father did not arrive until October the same year.” Where was Anders Mortensen from July 14 until October 1873 and why did he not travel by train to SLC with his wife and daughter?

AN ACCOUNT OF MY IMMIGRATION FROM DENMARK

by

Claus Clausen

(sailed on the same ship as Anders and his family)

a sketch of father's diary translated as near as possible

by Ester A. Larson

1943

Tuesday 24 June 1873 we left Kjettinge for Nykjøbing where we arrived in the forenoon at 11 o'clock. Then we left Nykjøbing in the afternoon at 3:30 by train to Orehoved. From Orehoved we went in a steam ship to Maanesund. From there by train to Copenhagen where we arrived in the evening at 9 o'clock and then went with a cab driver to Norelbro in Fredreich the 7th Street where we met with all the others emigrants. We were held there three day. We left Copenhagen, Friday, Jun 27 at 3 o'clock in the afternoon in a ship bound for England where we arrived after three day sailing on Monday June 30 at 12 o'clock midnight. We stayed till July 1 when we were taken to the station at 10:30 in the forenoon. We left at 2 in the afternoon for Liverpool. Some place we traveled under ground in subway and other places high above ground and elevated tracks. We arrived at Liverpool that same evening at 9 o'clock. We went from the station to the ship's bridge with a cab driver that had such poor horses they could hardly pull the cab straight. We were taken into the ship about 11:30 that night. We sailed from Liverpool, Wenesday, July 2 about 3 in the afternoon in the ship "SS Wisconsin". Then on Thursday we sailed into the harbor in Ireland where some English emigrants came on board after which we sailed out on the Atlantic Ocean. We sailed for twelve day without seeing any thing but a lonely ship once in a while, and very few fish. When we passed the American shore we saw meny fish and great meny freighters and pilot boats.

We arrived in America Monday eving July 14 at 11 o'clock. We cast anchor at a place quite a distance from New York. The next morning, July 15, a doctor came out to the ship to make sure we were free from contagious diseases. We were then relased and sailed into New York where we came Tuesday eving, July 15 at 1 o'clock. We were taken to a tall building call "Castlegarden". We could see far out on the ocean from here and saw the ships passing to and fro. We stayed until the next day when we boarded a train for Pittsburg. Some of the imigrants stayed there but we changed traines and took one bound for Omaha where we changed a couple of times in places I cannot remember the names of.

There was so meny things to see and so meny strange places we went on our jurney across the country I cannot begin to write about them all. We passed a big river where small ships was passing (Mississippi). We arrived at Ogden the eving of the 23 of July at 9 o'clock and stayed there in the train until the next day...we were sent on to Salt Lake City, Utah. We arrived at noon. We were taken to the Tithing Office where we were fed free of charge. In the afternoon our baggage was brought to the Temple Square and sorted. The baggage which had to go back to Ogden was loaded again on the train. We were taken back to Ogden the next morning and from there to Logan, Utah where we arrived July 25, 1873 at 11 o'clock in the evening. (End of day by day record.)

(Ester's Narrative.) His parents were very poor. At an early age he went to live with another family. The man was a weaver and so he became useful running errands and tying knots while the man did the weaving. He walked two miles to school. In winter he often reached down and dug the snow out of his wooden shoes before he could go on.

In Denmark when children reached the age of 14 they had a sort of graduation exercise which they called confirmation. After this the boys and girls were out on their own to find jobs or to become an apprentice to learn a trade and make their own living.

About this time he heard the gospel and began to investigate for himself. He was just 15 years when he was baptized. Preparations were immediately begun to immigrate to America.

[Editor's Note: I have rearranged the order of events recorded by Ester to put the personal record of Claus Clausen first so we can get a picture of the immigration. Anders Mortensen, his wife Ane Cathrine, and daughter Mary Julia also sailed on the SS Wisconsin the same date. Her record tells the immigration story at this point. I have also included the spelling and grammar found in her account since it was written by her own hand.]

After settling in Logan, Utah, Father took an active part in church activity. He was ordained a Deacon in Logan, Feb. 19, 1875 by Niels Hansen. He received his patriarchal blessing May 31, 1875 by C. W. Hide. On Aug 1, 1875 he was rebaptized by William Haight and confirmed by J. B. Ravsten. This rebaptism was performed for many immigrants (I think it was mainly to get the early records up to date). Many had kept no record of their baptism. He was ordained a Priest Mar. 24, 1876 by Neils Hansen.

He (Claus Clausen) came to Preston in 1881 where he hauled wood and did other work for Christian Mortensen.

It was here, in October 1881, he met Mary Julia Mortensen, a niece of the man for whom he worked and on Dec 8, 1881 they were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah, traveling there by team.

Being a carpenter by trade, he helped to build many public buildings and bridges as well as private homes. He did all his own building around his own home and exchanged work with his neighbors doing their building while they did his field work.

Some of the buildings he worked on were: Oneida Stake Academy, Greaves Bank, John Larson's Store (where the American Food is now), the Logan Temple, many bridges, dams, canals, and reservoirs. He was always active in church work, serving as ward teacher when the district was too large it took two days traveling to make the trip.

He died in Preston, Idaho, Mar 21, 1919 of cerebral hemorrhage. The funeral service was held out of doors because of the flu epidemic at that time.

Important Events of the Same Era

- 1865 - President Abraham Lincoln is assassinated.
- 1869 - Transcontinental Railroad was completed
- 1873 - SS Atlantic runs aground in Nova Scotia, killing 502 passengers. This was just before Anders and his family sailed for America.
- DDT is invented.
- The first barbed wire is produced.
- The first frozen fish and poultry are available.

Anders Mortensen. My great grandfather was born 9 Nov 1828 in Lille Rorbaek, Snostrup, Denmark like his progenitors. His sweetheart, Ane Cathrine Hansen was from Jyderup, in Holbaek County. The oldest daughter, Mary Julia, was born 24 Jan 1864 in Sandby, Kundby, Holbaek County. She joined the church 24 Jun 1873 and was baptized by Apostle Erastus Snow¹. Four other children, Hans, Morten Peter, Mette Kristine, and Hans Christian, all died in their first year. After Hans Christian died in March of 1873, the family prepared to immigrate to America. After the immigration Anders and Ane Catherine were re-baptized and sealed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, UT.

Their first born in the New World was my grandfather, Andrew Daniel. He was born in Spring City, Sanpete County, Utah 15 July 1874. The family stayed in Spring City for about nine years. During that time two additional children were added to the growing family, Morten Christen (Uncle Chris) and Paul, who died as an infant. Of the eight births only three children survived past infancy.

Most of what we know about the pre-immigration life of Anders and his family comes from Mary Julia's account. According to her they led a life of hardship and poverty. After coming to Idaho about 1880 it was still a very difficult frontier life.

¹ Personal History of Mary Julia Mortensen Clausen

CHAPTER FIVE

INDIVIDUAL HISTORIES AND SPECIAL ACCOUNTS

Anders Mortensen. Anders was a very spiritual man according to many friends in the Glendale area. An early account tells that both Anders and Andrew Daniel, his son, had the gift of healing and were a great blessing to the community. Anders and Ane Catherine, his wife, homesteaded 160 acres in Glendale, Idaho, about 4 miles Northeast of Preston, Idaho. When they moved there in 1881, Preston didn't even have a name. His daughter, Mary Julia married Claus Clausen in December 1881 and they established a home about one forth mile down Worm Creek. Anders' brother Christian had homesteaded first and Anders homesteaded adjacent to his brother. They lived in a dugout in the side of a red clay hillside until a small one

room log cabin could be built. Anders and Ane Catherine, plus Andrew Daniel and his younger brother Morten Christian lived in the dugout and the log home.

Anders became the Branch President of Glendale Branch in 1888 and later served as First Counselor, until his death at age 64, 7 Dec. 1892. More on their early life can be found in the individual histories.

The following is one account of the use of his gift of healing:

A Faith Promoting Incident

A Very Remarkable Faith Promoting Incident
Recorded by Joshua Rallison, 2 Mar 1943, at age 78

In the fall of 1866, I was living with a brother being unmarried in what is now Whitney Ward in the Franklin Stake. Then it was in Fairview Ward in the old Oneida Stake. There was considerable Typhoid Fever around that fall and winter. Brother Joseph S. Sharp, who lived on a farm about one half mile west from by brother's place, was having a very serious siege of this fever.

One daughter took it first, then both he and his son, William, about 10 years old, took down about the same time and lay for weeks between life and death, unconscious part of the time. As I was through with my summer work on the farm, I visited with this family and used to assist in doing their chores.

One day Bishop William C. Parkinson, who was down

there to visit the sick, asked me if I would move over to the Sharp home and stay with them during the winter months or as long as I was needed to help care for the sick and more especially to look after their livestock and chop wood. In those days coal was hard to get and cost money which was not easily obtained. I accepted his invitation as a call and at once took over the work that I had already been doing part-time. I became one of the family and enjoyed my labors there some 3 or 4 months. I am sure my work was appreciated. The Relief Society furnished a great deal of help and the Priesthood Quorums furnished help to care for the sick at night. Their daughter, Minnie, soon recovered. After several weeks William, the son, was able to get out but was too weak to do much work.

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

However, while the fever left Brother Sharp he could not regain strength, and went down to almost a skeleton. He could cross his legs and put both feet on the floor. As I remember he as a member of the Seventy, a quorum. They fasted as a quorum and a great many of them came to the house, had prayer and administered to him. The Bishopric and numerous other brethren that called administered to him. On some occasions when there were visiting brethren from S.L. at conference and special occasions, they came down with the Bishop to give him a blessing. Dr. Ormesby from Logan was called. He came twice but on the second trip said he could not do any good and advised him to put his affairs in shape to leave the family, as he could not possibly live more than a few days.

About this time, right soon after the Dr.'s second visit, one morning about 9 A.M., Brother Andrew Mortensen, who lived on Worm Creek, what is now Glendale, the father of Bishop Andrew Mortensen of Dayton, drove into the yard with his bob sled all rigged for the canyon. Will and I were sawing wood. He asked how Brother Sharp was and said he had come down to give him a blessing. Then he told us of his experience in starting to leave home for the canyon to get a load of wood from his pile.

When he got on the sleigh a voice said to him, quite distinctly, "Drive to Brother Joseph Sharp's place and give him a blessing." He sat and listened and wondered if he could be mistaken and not hearing more, decided he must be mistaken and proceeded to drive to the gate, which was open. His team whirled down the road instead of going up the other way as usual. He pulled and jerked on them and they very reluctantly turned around and started up the canyon road but did not want to go. He had to whip them, which was something unusual. He had not gone very far before an audible voice again said, "Go down to Brother Joseph Sharp's place and give him a blessing." Before he had time to hesitate or think, the team had whirled around and was tearing down the road south. They continued on down to the Sharp home and he had not used his lines only to hold them back from running. He said, "Here I am."

I took him to the house where he was welcomed by the

family and at the request of Brother Sharp, I went out and invited William in to assist in the administration. There were no other Elders present. Both Will and I had been ordained Priests, and I was asked to anoint the sick man, which I did. Then Brother Mortensen sealed the anointing and blessed him with the blessings of health and strength and told him that he should be healed of all his afflictions from that very moment. While I have had a great many remarkable manifestations of the power of the Priesthood, none were more pronounced than on this wonderful occasion. I seemed to be almost lifted from the floor. As soon as William and I got outside, I asked, "Do you think your father will get well now?" He said, "I know he will. I have never experienced anything like that before and the chills ran up my spine and I seemed to be lifted from my feet."

From that moment, Brother Sharp was a new man. He just gained in flesh and strength and lived many years after. He became the powerful man that he always had been with an axe in the timbers.

About a week after this incident happened I was in Franklin and met Dr. Ormesby. He asked me if Brother Sharp was dead yet. I told him he was very much alive. He said, "Then instead of going to Logan, I am going to see him." I was riding a horse. He said, "Tie your horse and get in the buggy", which I did, and he drove me to the Sharp home. Brother Sharp was out walking around in the yard. The Dr. took him to the house, took off his coat and vest and made an examination. He told us that he certainly had a new pair of lungs.

P.S.

I am writing this out from memory at the request of Andrew Mortensen. While this happened 56 years ago, it is almost as fresh in my memory today as when it occurred.

Sincerely, your Brother in the Cause of Truth,

/s/ Joshua Rallison

Aged 78

Andrew Daniel Mortensen. Andrew Daniel Mortensen, our father and grandfather was the first child born in America in the Mortensen line. He was born in Spring City, Sanpete County, UT 15 July 1874. This was largely a Danish community where immigrants could get adjusted to life in the New Land. About 1883 Anders and his small family moved to Franklin County, Northeast of Preston, Idaho to homestead. The details of this part of our history have been recorded by my father, Carl A. Mortensen in his "Reflections", included herein.

Andrew Daniel filled an honorable mission to Denmark. While there he first met his future bride, Christina Lauritz Gregersen. She immigrated to America while Andrew was still in the mission field. After he returned to Idaho they married on 14

December 1904 in Logan, UT. On 17 Feb 1906 Andrew Daniel was called as Bishop of the Glendale Ward at age 31. He served faithfully in that calling for 24 years and was released at age 55. Andrew and Christina were blessed with 6 children, 4 sons and 2 daughters. Two children, Ada and Oliver, died in infancy. Christina died an untimely death from influenza, 23 December 1918.

In 1921 Andrew Daniel married Johanna Sorensen, also a Danish lady, who had immigrated to America at age 18 from Hjorring County. Their union resulted in three additional children, two sons and a daughter.

Andrew Daniel died in Preston, Idaho in 27 November 1953 at age 78. His second wife, Johanna, died in Meridian, Idaho 6 April 1975 and was buried in Preston, Idaho.

[Editor's Note: The information hereafter is arranged in order of the births of the children of Andrew Daniel and Christina Lauritz Mortensen. His second wife was Johanna Marie Sorensen. The histories of Grandma Johanna and her offspring is found in Chapter 4, "The Sorensen's"]

MEMORIES OF GEORGE ANDREW MORTENSEN
FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE ANDREW MORTENSEN
July 1978
Edited and Typed by LouAnn Mortensen Shumway

[Editor's note: Some parts of the original text have been omitted here to include only those parts pertaining to early life in the A. D. Mortensen family.]

My father's parents, Anders Mortensen and Ane Cathrine Hansen, were converts to the church. They came to America in 1873 and went to Spring City, Utah, where many Danish people lived. My father was born there. When Father was seven years of age, the family moved to Preston, Idaho. They settled on a homestead of 160 acres which was nothing but a fenceless, treeless wilderness. The hills had to be cleared and planted. It was difficult to grow the crops because the hills were steep and there was no irrigation water. They had no cattle and no buildings. Most of the buildings on our farm were built after I was born.

My father, Andrew Daniel Mortensen, recorded in his mission journal that the Gregersen family frequently invited the missionaries for supper and Sunday dinner. Father met Christina Gregersen while serving a mission in Denmark. She was a seamstress. She came to America when she was about nineteen. Since she had a friend in Preston, she settled there. After Andrew returned from his mission to Denmark, he and Christina began to keep company. They were married in the Logan Temple, December 14, 1904.

Childhood

I was born February 24, 1906, in Preston, Idaho, Oneida County, in the Glendale Ward. I was not born in a hospital. Aunt Mary was the midwife who came to assist my mother. The home to which I came was humble, a little two room house. One of those rooms, the kitchen, was a lean-to attached to the main room.

I am the oldest of six children. Ada and Oliver died in infancy. Carl, Orson, Olive, and I remain. My grandparents, parents, Mother Johanna, Ada, and Oliver are buried in the Preston Cemetery.

Smallpox was the most dreaded disease when I was young. A lot of people in our area were dying from it. I was about five or six when I got smallpox, but I guess I was so healthy that I only got five pox. Chickenpox and mumps were also sent my way. When I got the measles, my mother made me stay in bed two weeks with the blinds drawn, since the sickness made the eyes very sensitive to light.

In about 1881 my grandparents came here [Preston] by oxen from Spring City, Utah, and homesteaded 160 acres. When they came, the land was a wilderness. There were no fences, trees, roads, irrigation ditches, nothing. My father built this house [my birthplace] before he was married. There was no basement or cellar, no refrigerator, and no coal. The house was warmed with a stove. Wood had to be chopped, trimmed, loaded, and hauled from the canyons.

During my childhood and most of my teen years, there was no inside running water, no toilet, no phone, no rugs on the floor, and no gas or electric lights. The house was not insulated. There were no screen doors or screens on the windows, and no sidewalks. When my grandfather came, there were no trees or orchards and no schools.

During my youth, first, second, third, and fourth grades of school were in one room, a row for each grade. Fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades

were in another room with a teacher for each room. Dentists, doctors, and barbers were scarce. Tools, flowers, or lawns hardly existed. Roads were not graded or surfaced. Cars were unheard of. We got our first car, a Ford, in 1919. To start it we had to get out of the car and crank it by hand. In cold weather it was especially hard to start. The top was like canvas, but it had no windows. Neighbors and towns were few and far between. We became aware of the radio after 1925.

Regardless of these circumstances, we were grateful for life and glad to be American citizens. Church meetings and occasional social gatherings were anticipated events. The gospel and the Church were an important part of our lives. America was a grand place, and it was good to be alive. The restoration of the gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith made our blessings possible.

The day before I was eight years of age, my father took me to Logan, Utah. We stayed overnight with some friends. On my eighth birthday I was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church in the Logan Temple.

When I was about nine, we moved two or three miles east of Preston to an area referred to as Egypt; so called because there was always hay, grain, and alfalfa over on that side of Preston. The red clay held the water well and was excellent for producing alfalfa and grain.

Most of the time I walked to the little two-room school house. Grades one through four were taught in one room and grades five through eight were taught in the other room. There was one row of desks for each grade. When we graduated from eighth grade, we had to go to the grammar school in Preston to take a state examination, which I passed. After that I rode a horse three miles each way from Egypt to the high school in Preston. My parents were poor, and my horse showed it. I think when the teachers looked at my sad, half-starved horse, they tried to do everything they could to help me.

My twelfth Christmas was a sad one. Mother

died December 23, 1918. She had successfully nursed all of us through the flu, but then she got pneumonia in her lungs and died. Father hired housekeepers, other women who had children, to come live with us. Aunt Mary offered to take Olive and me. After thinking it over a few months, father decided, *They are my children, and I'll keep them together.* The stake presidency, thinking church activity would help father bear his grief and burden a little better, advised father to continue as bishop. Three different women each stayed a winter with us as housekeepers.

In the spring of 1921 we heard of Johanna Sorensen. She had a sister who had lived in Preston. That April Johanna came to Preston to keep house for us. She had come from Denmark and had been working in Salt Lake in some of the laundry shops and various homes as cook and maid. Since the people for whom she worked were very insistent about having meals on time, she learned that when twelve o'clock was the appointed meal time, the meal was on the table ready to eat at twelve o'clock.

I remember the afternoon she came with father on a wagon on those old mud roads from Preston. Father couldn't drive the old Ford in mud a foot and a half deep, so he had to go get her in the wagon. The wagon had a spring seat way up on the top of the side boards. I could see father and a lady in a blue serge suit sitting way up there on that seat. Orson, Carl, and I were in the yard to greet them. Father helped her down off the seat and introduced her. She shook hands with each of us, quietly said hello, and went into the house. This was about four-thirty. At six o'clock the word came, *Would you folks like to have something to eat? Supper is ready.* We went in and found the most wonderful meal on the table. She knew how to take what there was in the house and make a meal. She was a practical manager. Breakfast the next morning was the same way.

While we were out by the barn feeding the cattle the next morning, father came over and ask Orson, Carl, and me, *Well, what do you think of her?* Almost in unison we replied, *Oh, she's*

too good for us.@ We always felt that way about her. She was a good woman and a choice mother.

After father would come in from the fields in the evening, he and Johanna would sit on the wood porch looking west at the sunset. I heard them talking together. I September they went to the Logan Temple and were married. We were all so delighted. Mother Johanna helped us make a living by raising chickens each spring. They bought about 500 chickens and then raised about 150 pullets. She was a punctual about feeding and gathering eggs as the sun is about rising and setting.

We were in the habit of having breakfast on Sunday. After a while Mother Johanna said, AI can=t get breakfast and be ready for Sunday School on time. You=ll have to either go without breakfast or fix it yourself.@ So we quit eating breakfast on Sunday, and I haven=t eaten breakfast on Sunday since then. After sacrament meeting in the afternoon, we would have a wonderful meal. No one could cook like Mother Johanna. I was sure that I wouldn=t have as good a cook when I got married. But after Louise and I were married a little while, she got so she could please me, and I say now that Louise and Johanna are both wonderful cooks. Many times when we would visit Grandma Johanna from Bremerton or Denver, I would sit down to her meals, and Louise would wonder if I would ever stop eating. I loved mother=s meals so much.

In addition to being a mother to Olive, Orson, Carl, and me, Mother Johanna had three children of her own; Ralph, Steven, and Nona. When Ralph and Steven were little tykes in grade school, they would talk about their brothers, George, Carl, and Orson. Some of the children in school would say, AAw, they=re not your real brothers. They=re just your half-brothers.@ Ralph and Steven came home and asked Mother Johanna, AWhat is a half-brother? The kids at school say that Carl, and Orson and George are only half-brothers.@ She settled the question quickly. AI if they are only your half-brothers,

where is the other half?@ That was all that was ever said.

Father died in 1952 and Mother lived twenty-three years as a widow. She lived with us in Idaho Falls for three winters. Mother said to us often, AI never dreamed that I could have done this. I have prayed all my life that I might be able to go to the temple and do work for the dead. I never thought that the opportunity would come to me.@ Louise was teaching at Hawthorne School at that time. I would take Grandma Johanna to the temple in time for the 7:00 a.m. session and then take mother to school. Grandma was usually able to get in three sessions a day before I picked her up at the time school let out. In the three years she was here she did endowments for about a thousand people.

AHad it not been for your father,@ she told us several times, AI probably never would have married; I never would have had children of my own, and I never would have been able to do this work. I hope Andrew and Christina are happy.@

When she was sick with cancer, she went to Pocatello for examinations. Olive went in with her while Louise and I waited in the hall. The doctor asked her how many children she had. ASeven,@ she proudly declared. After consideration she added, AOh, I shouldn=t be so boastful. I only have three children, but there are four others that my husband had when I married him, and they are my children too.@

Mother Johanna died April 6, 1975.

When I was a boy, it was very hard for me to look my father in the eye. He had stern, piercing blue eyes that shamed you when you hadn=t done right. It seemed those eyes could look all the way through me.

I guess we didn=t really understand nor fully appreciate my father. He hadn=t had much education. I don=t think he finished third grade, but he made wonderful use of the education he did have. All over the buildings of our farm were pencil figuring of his calculation. He was

always trying to figure, ACan I do it this wayB or this way?@ Anywhere he was, he would take his pencil and write out his solutions. I have been known to write on wood forms while building something myself. I must have borrowed his habit.

Father was a bishop, justice of the peace, farmer, and carpenter. Father was considerate of people. During a July 24th ward celebration, a young man went with a young girl from the ward into the schoolhouse. Nothing improper happened, but a lot of people talked. So the young man came early in the morning to talk to my father. Typical of father, he left the four already-hitchedBup horses and talked to this young man until about eleven o'clock. That young man always loved and respected my father, because father took time to listen and counsel.

Father was honest. He had a difficult time financially and often had to borrow money. During the years of the depression, one of the men to whom he owed money became fearful that he would not get his money, so he foreclosed on the farm. Father was crowded out. Had he been given a little more time, he could have paid the debt. Everybody in the area tried to tell father to take out bankruptcy. ANo,@ he said, AI have borrowed this money. I owe it. I=m going to pay it. If I can=t pay it in this life, I=ll pay it in the next.@

So the family moved to Dayton and rented an old run-down house. I was on my mission in Germany at the time. Mother Johanna had a little help from her mother, and they were able to make payment on another farm. They had tried to buy a farm west of Franklin Hill, but they didn=t have enough money for a down payment. A man who owned a farm west of the mountain in Winder asked my father if he didn=t want to rent his farm. Since the farm had no home on it and no culinary water, they did not want to go, but they had no other choice.

After I graduated from USU in engineering, I took a transit and measured the elevation, 195 feet down to the creek. In order to put water on

their farm, they would have had to put in pipe and get electric power, which would have cost about \$2200, which was a lot in those days. They also would have had to make some kind of a reservoir on the hill so that the water could drain out. So they never got water. They used to go down to the creek with a team of horses and fill up several wooden barrels with water about three times a week. This culinary water was used for cooking, drinking, and washing. In spite of this inconvenience, Mother Johanna always kept the home immaculate and happy.

Father rented the farm for three years, then the man asked him if he didn=t want to buy the farm. Dad explained he had no money. The man offered to take the money they had paid in rent for three years as the down payment.

Even though their home was only a 20 by 12 foot building, they decided to buy the farm. Outside the house a tent of canvas with boards for a floor served as sleeping quarters for everyone, even in the winter in the snow. In the end they were able to completely pay for that farm and also pay off their debt. They were never able to get culinary water to their farm, but the children were able to go to high school and college and get a good education.

Father=s example in honesty and tithe paying has remained with me. One man came to father at tithing settlement and gave him \$!00. My father, as the bishop, asked, AIs this an honest tithing?@ The man replied that it was. Father told me he didn=t believe that was an honest tithing, but he had to put it down as such, because that was what the man had told him. It has not gone so well with that man.

Many people thought father was not a very good farmer. But how could a man prosper on a farm when people would come to him in the early morning, in the evening, and late at night for advice and counsel? Many evenings were spent at the church house or visiting someone in the ward at the hospital.

Father tried many times to sell his farm in Egypt, but either he could not find a buyer or he could

not get enough money to buy another farm. Later he told me, AWhen I was bishop, I tried every way I knew to get off that farm. Something always prevented me from leaving. When I was released as bishop, opportunities opened so that I could go anywhere, anytime.@ When the farm was foreclosed and father was released as bishop, he moved to Dayton and later to Winder, where he did well as a farmer.

Many years later when I was in the bishopric in Denver, I had the opportunity to ride from Denver to general conference in Salt Lake with Bishop and Sister Delmont White. After conference Bishop White always drove to Idaho Falls to visit his mother. I usually rode with them as far as Preston to visit my parents. After the visit I took the bus and joined the Whites in Idaho Falls for the return trip to Denver via Palisades.

One October, while I was there with my father, I asked him for a father=s blessing. He replied, AGeorge, I don=t feel worthy. I=d like to think this over. I=ll give you a blessing next time when you come.@ Here was a man who had been a bishop for twenty-four years, yet in his humility, he still felt he needed time to prepare. Before I left we went into his bedroom and knelt down together. Each one of us voiced our feelings in prayer. Together we expressed love and talked with our Heavenly Father. That sweet experience is one of my fondest remembrances of my earthly father.

Father died just after Thanksgiving. He didn=t want to die on Thanksgiving Day, so he waited until 12:30 that night, 1952.

First Mission Call

After high school graduation in 1925, my father, who was the bishop, sent in my papers to go on a mission. The call came. I was to report to Chicago to serve in the Northeastern States Mission. I thought of our condition. I was the oldest of seven children crowded into a little house with a kitchen and two sleeping rooms, not really part of the house, but accessible by a covered roof and walkway. We had no inside

toilet and no furnace. We lived off of what the farm produced. I felt that my family needed the money much worse than I, and I could not bear to let them send me.

Soon after my decision I got lockjaw and an infection in my tonsils. I could hardly get a spoon between my teeth. When I went to the doctor, he put a needle in my tonsils, and the puss just shot out. I wasn=t given a drug to put me out completely, but I was given enough to kind of deaden the pain. I sat right there in the chair in the doctor=s office while he took out my tonsils. The only good part was the ice cream I got to eat in the days afterwards to cool off my throat.

After I got better, financial conditions were even worse so that I just couldn=t go. I know now, of course, that the Lord would have provided a way. Out of the first thirteen years of Brigham Young=s life in the church, ten of them were spent in the mission field. But I did not have that kind of faith. I think the Lord was letting me know by an affliction of the body that it is best to follow counsel of those placed in authority over us.

California (much of the original text is left out in the interest of space.)

It seemed that farming was financially getting me nowhere, so in the fall of 1928 I went to Martinez, California. I didn=t have a job when I got there, but a friend, who had been down there a year, said I could get a job at the Shell Oil Refinery. So on that hope, I went to California.

As I left home, father gave me a little church directory, calling my attention to the ward in the area to which I was going and advising me to attend. In my confident young attitude I replied, AIf I have time, I=ll go.@ Carl got in the old Ford to drive me to the train station. Father waked to the wire gate, opened it for us, and we drove by. I couldn=t help looking back. Father was standing by the gate, his head bowed, sobbing. I knew then how much my father loved me.

[Editor=s note: George held several jobs and

also began his advanced education. He led a very frugal life.]

Back home Carl needed new interests. I wrote home to my parents and told them I would be happy to send \$40 a month, which at that time was enough to fully support a missionary. AOh, no, George,@ my father wrote back, AWe don=t want you to have that burden.@ I responded, AWell, I think I can do it, and I would like to see Carl go on a mission.@

As father and as bishop, Father spoke to Carl. ACarl, this is your opportunity. We want you to go on a mission. In three months if you are worthy, we=ll send you.@ Carl went and filled an honorable mission in the Northwestern states. Since his return he has been a bishop=s counselor, a bishop, stake president for thirteen years, and he is now a stake patriarch.

I worked three years in the oil refinery in California. In addition to the money I sent Carl, I had saved \$600 in anticipation for college at Utah State in September. I could go to school for three quarters at Logan for \$400, so I figured I would work through the first and second summers and make enough money for the third year of college. Someway I would get through all four years and fulfill my dream for an education in engineering.

Mission

I thought by helping Carl on his mission I could wipe out my own guilty feeling and erase my responsibility for going on a mission. But when Carl came home, I still was not satisfied. I still felt I had not done what the Lord wanted me to do.

The last part of August 1931, I went to a stake conference in Oakland, California. Elder Joseph Fielding Smith was the visiting Apostle. During the afternoon session, as far as I was concerned, there were only two people at the conference B he and I. He talked very plainly. After that meeting, I went to my bishop. ABishop, I can=t go to school. I=ve got to go on a mission.@

I wrote home to my parents and told them about my decision. My father wrote back. AGeorge, that is the thing we have prayed for ever since you were a baby. We are very happy you are going. I don=t know where the rest of the money is going to come from, but you go. There will be a way.@

While in California, I had met a cute little German girl, Julianna Lassig, who had immigrated there. When my papers were sent in the second time, I was asked where I wanted to go. Having met Julianna, I requested Germany. And that is where I was sent. Thinking I was giving up all opportunity for a college education, I used the \$600 I had saved for school to pay my own expenses. Missionaries had to pay their own way to the mission field at that time.

I served my mission during the depression years, all of 1932, 1933, and eight months of 1934. As we left the mission home in Salt Lake on the train, some of the missionaries told how crashes had come to their parents because of the depression, and how all of their bank accounts had been wiped out. Some people had lost \$10,000, and that was a lot of money in those days. It was very difficult for anybody to go on a mission.

Mother Johanna=s mother, who lived in Denmark, died when I had been on my mission about six months. A small inheritance of \$600 was left to each of the two daughters and two sons. Mother Johanna and the family in Preston were living in near poverty. When the letter came asking what she would do with the money, she responded, ASend it to George.@ He needs it worse than we do.@ So Mother sent the money to me.

I paid tithing on the \$600 and bought a typewriter; I wanted one so bad. The rest I sparingly allotted to the months ahead. About six weeks later I received a letter from the German government, saying they had made a mistake in the way they had calculated the exchange, and that I would have to refund about half of the money to them. I don=t think that was the truth. I think their Aerror@ was part of

the depression and politics of the time. But whatever the amount, Mother Johanna sent me all that she had.

After I had been in Germany about eighteen months, Aunt Mary wrote, "George, I think you are going to have to come home. Your parents don't have any money. That really hurt me. She didn't have to tell me that. That was the one thing I already knew. I didn't want to go home. And I didn't.

If asked whether I was a successful missionary, I don't know. According to the statistics, I was not. I baptized two children of members after I had been over there about two months. And I baptized two older women in Switzerland who had been investigating the church for fifteen years. Then I had the sorrow of excommunicating three members. So statistically, all I have to my credit is one person. But there is one thing that I can say: I came home with a testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Reflections of My Life by Carl Anders Mortensen

Written from memory in 1980, in my 81st year.

The Beginning

My Grandfather, Anders Mortensen, and my Grandmother, Ane Catherine Hansen, lived in Fredericks County, Denmark, just north of Copenhagen. He was a farmer. Grandmother had a daughter, Mary Julia, by a previous father. Aunt Mary was born 24 January 1864. Four children in succession were born to them in Denmark. All died in their first year. They were:

<u>Given Name</u>	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
May Hans	17 May 1866	Abt Sep 1866
Morton Peter	Abt 1867	Abt 1867
Mette Kirstine	15 Oct 1870	25 Oct 1870
Hans Christian	15 Mar 1873	Abt Mar 1873

My Grandparents were converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Denmark. As was the custom, they left everything they had there and immigrated to America with Mary Julia, to help build up Zion. They first settled in Spring City, Utah in 1874. While there my father Andrew Daniel was born on 15 July 1874. His brother Morten Christian was also born there 3 May 1877. There was also another son, Paul, who was born at Spring City, Utah, 24 May 1880. He died in infancy in 1880. To have five of eight children die in the first year of life must have been extremely hard on both parents.

Moving to Glendale

When the boys were around 8 or 9 years old, as I recall, the family decided to move up to Franklin County, near Preston, Idaho. They took up a homestead northeast of Preston at Glendale.

In telling about the journey, Father said it was a long hot dusty old road. They followed the creeks and the trails and were three weeks on the road. They had a team of horses and father and Uncle Chris let the cow behind the wagon. It seemed like they would never get there. They went North past Brigham City and down into the

canyon where Cutler Dam is now. There was an old cheese factory there and my grandfather pulled down in there for dinner at noontime. Father said that grandfather bought a piece of cheese for the kids to put on their rye bread. Dad said that was the best sandwich he ever had in all his life. Arriving in Cache Valley they traveled North up to worm creek and camped about where the old Preston Sugar Factory is now. Early the next morning they were up and on their way. I took them all day long and into the night to go from there up to Glendale.

The first thing they did was to build a dugout. That is what they lived in the first years. They had a scythe and would go out on Worm Creek and cut the tall grass which was in abundance. In this way they gathered enough feed to take care of their animals through the first winter. Then they built a little log house, but it leaked.

My grandmother, from what I can learn, was a delicate and refined lady, not used to the hardships of pioneer life. Being in this leaky log cabin and away from people, with no conveniences, and under severe hardship, caused her to become mentally ill. My father tells how it used to break his heart when his father would have to correct her and get her to thinking straight and to do the things she should do. Her condition worsened and they finally took her to Blackfoot.

My father told me that while they were still in this little cabin, he and his brother were alone a lot of the time. You can understand that because his father would have to be with their mother. So they were alone a long of the time. They were bashful boys, not used to the ways of the world. Some of the old roughnecks from Preston, up Glendale way, would come and ride around the cabin and yell, hitting the walls with a lariat, and carry on. He said that many a night they just laid there and hugged each other, scared to death.

George, Ada, Carl, Orson, Oliver and Olive

Father first my Mother in Denmark while on his mission there. She immigrated to America while he yet served in the mission field. They were married after he returned.

From what I remember being told, before the big house was built, my folks lived in the small house with a dirt roof that my Grandfather had built. When it rained the rain would leak through the roof. It was located west of the new house. George, my sister Ada, and myself, and according to his recollection, Orson, were all born in the little house.

I know but little about my sister Ada. Father and Mother have told me that she was a beautiful child. When she was 18 months old she became ill. I do not know the nature of her illness, but she died in my fathers' arms.

I don't remember being born, but hey tell me I came to this good old world on the 14th day of October 1908. After a little while, about the time I started to walk, they tell me they took me over to my father's new home that they were building and I walked around the new house a little while and then I took my blanket to my mother and said, "Let's go home". I have always been one who loved home. Even to this day I like to go home.

Oliver and Olive were twins, sent from heaven above to bless and brighten out home. I do not remember their birth. I do recall a short time after birth, perhaps a few months, both Oliver and Olive became ill with pneumonia. Aunt Mary helped mother care for the babies. Dr. Cutler was asked to come. My parents, Aunt Mary Clausen and Dr. Cutler were in the Northeast bed room with the twins. After a time Dr. Cutler came from the room with brief case in hand, opened the front door and left.

A few minutes later, my parents also came out of the room. They were very sober. Their eyes were filled with tears. Father stood by the dining room table. He said, "We will turn our chars with backs to the table. (This was not the first time that chairs had been turned for prayer.)

We are going to talk with Heavenly Father about the twins." Father led in prayer. It was a very sacred occasion. He prayed as follows: "Father in Heaven, we were delighted and grateful when our home was blessed with twins. We are anxious about them. We have done everything we know how to do. It is our deep desire that they be permitted to remain with us. But the Doctor has told us they are very sick and that their chance of survival is questioned. Oliver seems to be the most critical. We have unquestioning faith in Thee. Thou art all powerful. We submit our will to Thine. Thou knowest best."

Then with tanks of gratitude for many blessings the prayer was ended. Just a short time after the prayer, little Oliver peacefully breathed his last. I have full faith that he returned to the God who gave him life. Olive remained. Throughout her life she has been a blessing to all. It is a striking and sobering thought to know that two of our family members have achieved Celestial Glory. I often wonder if I will ever be permitted to see them. I pray that this will be my blessing. Since the passing of my brother Oliver, I do not fear death.

Memories of Glendale

Childhood was a pleasant experience. I remember a lot of nice things.

My cousins came from Denmark to live with us when I was just a little boy. My father had been over there on a mission and he taught them the gospel. My father sent money to help these families come to America and then let them live in the East half of his big new house until they could locate elsewhere. They were my mothers' family, Uncle Gregers and Uncle Fred Gregersen and their respective families. They spoke Danish, which I couldn't understand. My older brother, George, got so that he could. They were kind to us. We played together and had a lot of nice times.

The thing that I remember most is the wooden shoes. I vividly remember seeing the wooden shoes, with warm woolen socks, placed inside of

them, sitting in a neat row, just outside the kitchen door waiting to be put on at chore time. I often wondered how they could keep warm in those wooden shoes but they didn't seem to mind.

As I recall, culinary water well was located near the back entrance of the new house. This well was over an underground stream of clear cool water. As one looked down the well, the motion of the underground stream could be seen. All the water used for household purposes was taken from the well. It was drawn by a bucket tied to a rope which in turn ran through a pulley anchored to uprights at the top of the well. On hot summer day's people traveling up or down Worm Creek would stop for a cold refreshing drink from the well. The well was later abandoned when the Preston East Side Water Works was created.

Perhaps it would have been wiser to have put a pump on the well and not hooked up to the new system which always seemed to have troubles with pressure. One reason for hooking to the new system could have been that my father was one of the promoters for the new system. My Uncle Fred Gregersen hand dug a lot of the trench for the new water main.

Speaking of Uncle Fred, after he located his family in Preston (about 3rd West and 5th or 6th South) he often rode his bike from Preston to Glendale where he was digging trench for the water system. Often while on the way to Glendale he would stop at our house (located in the Preston 5th Ward) to visit with his sister, my Mother. She would always fix refreshments for him. One day while he and Mother were visiting, I decided that I would like to ride the bike. It looked so easy when Uncle Fred rode it. So all by myself I took his bike and started down a gentle slope, and oh my, it headed for a barbed wire fence. I did not know how to stop it. I hit the fence sideways and badly tore the leg of my new overalls. After picking myself up I righted the bike, (thank goodness it was not damaged) and wheeled it back to point of beginning. Later I mastered the art of riding with the help of others. Life is like that. We need the help of others to accomplish worthwhile things. At the time of this incident I must have been about 9 years old.

Mother Christina

I recall my mother telling me of things that took place when she was a young girl living in Denmark. Ties were hard and money scarce. At age 13 she hired out to a farmer. Among other duties, she was required to milk 23 cows by hand twice a day.

As a very young lad I remember going with her at milking time to the stable in winter and the open corral in the spring, summer, and fall. Mother did most of the milking. Her hands were strong and her movements rapid. I was always amazed at how soon the bucket filled with milk and how the foam ran down the outside of the bucket. A one legged stool was used as a seat while milking. The one milking sat on the right side of the cow. Sometimes the cow would kick the bucket, spilling milk – and milker, all over the ground.

I'm not sure how long Mother stayed with her first job of milking cows. Sometime later she hired out to a man who operated a goose farm. In the summertime the geese were taken to a large field where they lived on the growing vegetation. This field was far removed from any neighbors. As I understand, Mother was expected to stay with the geese day and night. Her duty was to keep them on the landlord's property and also to see that dogs and wild beasts did not harm them. This young girl, my mother, was required to stay alone for days at a time watching the geese. On one occasion this might landlord came into the field. He was dressed in a Prince Albert coat. He wore a big top hat and had a whip in his hand. For some reason that Mother could not understand, he was not pleased with the work that Mother had done. He whipped her, and as if the whipping was not enough, he took hold of the lobes of her ears and pulled so hard that it broke the skin, causing her ears to bleed. Ever since I first heard the story, I have resented that man and his actions. Mother often told us how thankful she was to live in America.

Working with the geese must have created within her a fondness for them. At any rate, there was always a flock of geese on the farm. For Thanksgiving and Christmas, Mother always

roasted a goose. She knew how to prepare them in a way so as to please the taste buds. Not only was the meat good to eat, but the down feathers were saved to make feather beds and pillows. To sleep on a feather bed was to enjoy comfort and protection from the cold.

My younger brother, Orson, seemed to get in trouble with the geese all the time. Whenever he would go down to the barnyard they would start to chase him. He would lie down and kick his feet and the geese would circle around and blow at him. Mother would say, "Carl, the geese have Orson down again. Would you run down with a stick and scare them away?" I didn't know how many times I ran down the hill to the barn to scare the geese away from Orson.

Mother was an industrious lady. She was always doing something. She had her strawberries and raspberries. She would gather the raspberries and take them into the town and trade a whole big roaster full for a few pieces of cloth from Sister Luthy so that she could sew. Mother was an exceptionally good seamstress. She could look at a person and make a pattern and fit a wedding dress that you couldn't believe. She was very good at it.

My Cousin Mark and "Toe Jam"

My cousins Mark, Annie, and Metha Gregersen lived at our home for a time after Uncle Fred and Uncle Gregers relocated their families. I am not sure about Metha, but Mark and Annie attended school at Glendale. I slept in a bed with Mark. Father would call us when it was time to get up. As we sat on the side of the bed, Mark would say to me, "Smell my toe." I suckered every time. When smelled his toe he would shove his big toe into my mouth. Then he would laugh at me. I detested having this done to me and swore to him that someday I would get even.

It was years before my chance came. One day in the Logan Temple (before the remodeling) Mark and I were in the same session. We were in the Creation Room. It was a large session. The officiator asked the men sitting on the back three or four rows to come forward and sit on the steps

at the front of the room. I was among the first to go. It was not very comfortable sitting on the steps and at the foot of the steps were two nice chairs. Mark was sitting in one of them—much relaxed. As I came to him I leaned over and whispered to him, "Mark, they want you to get up and sit on the top of the stairs." He quickly arose to his feet and went to sit on the top row of steps. As soon as Mark left the chair I quickly sat down in it. After a while, Mark happened to look down and saw me sitting in the comfortable seat he had vacated. His eyes opened wide in surprise, then he raised his arm with a clenched fist and shook it at me. I smiled a victory smile and thought to myself, "That's what you get for feeding me toe jam."

Olive Saved From Drowning

South of our house in Glendale, near Worm Creek, was a level piece of ground on which Mother had a raspberry garden. As I recall she picked the berries; some for family use and some to sell. Sister Joe Francis Tully owned and operated a store in Preston. Among other things she sold bolts of cloth. Mother traded raspberries for cloth. Mother was an expert seamstress. She made clothing for the family and also made dresses and other items for sale. One day while she was picking berries, my brother Orson, my sister Olive (who was very young and small), and myself were playing nearby. We were playing follow the leader. Orson was in the lead. Olive was in the middle, and I was in the rear. We ran close to the creek once and then circled around coming back the second time in the same tracks. I should mention at that time of year the creek was overflowing with great rushing water from the melting snow in Worm Creek Basin. (There was no Glendale Reservoir to impound the water at the time.)

The stream had undercut the bank, leaving just a thin bit of turf on the surface. On the second go around, Orson made it safely, but when Olive stepped on the overhang, it gave way and Olive fell into the rushing stream. I saw that sweet little body hit the forceful current. In a flash the prompting came to me to jump in and grab her

braid of hair. I quickly obeyed. With one hand holding the braid and the other grasping a willow, I clung on for dear life while Orson ran to tell Mother. Mother came to the scene on a dead run and jumped into the creek. The water at that point was up to her hips. She pulled my little sister out of the water, then she clasped her darling girl (wet clothes and all) to her body and said with much emotion, "My baby, my baby!" I should mention this fact. By holding onto the braid, which was on the back of Olive's head, her face was kept out of the water until Mother came. The local paper printed an article about the incident.

A Close Call at School

My brother, George, is two and a half years older than I. He started school in Glendale. At that time school was held in the West "T" of the church house. His first teacher was Enoch Nelson, who later married Lulu Williams of Clifton. On his first day of school, George had to go to the outhouse which was located a few rods from the church house. It had two holes for backsides to sit on. There was one little house for the boys and one for the girls. The rule of the school was if one had to go to the privy to urinate the arm was raised with the index finger pointed up. For a bowel movement, two fingers were raised. I suppose the reason for this procedure was to let the teacher know if it was urgent or not. Well, George, who was sitting on the back row, raised two fingers but the teacher didn't see him. He repeated the motion a time or two more with no response from the teacher. Then he stood up, opened the door, and went to the privy. When he returned, the teacher said to him, "George, you didn't ask for permission." George replied, "I raised my hand but you didn't see it. I had to go or mess my pants." No more was said.

Playing Indians and White Man

Some of the kids at school told George how to play the game of Indians and white man. George and I were the white men and Orson was the Indian. Each of us was to hide and try to take each other by surprise. Of course the Indians were to carry a make shift tomahawk to

scalp the white man if he could find him. I hid in the old shanty by a broken window in a one-knee-up position. Unbeknown to me, Orson crept up to the window and with the piece of iron he held in his hand, whacked my over the head I remember seeing many stars before falling to the floor I have often wondered if Orson (who took the whole thing for real) would have tried to scalp me, had he not be stopped by George who came on the scene at just the right time.

A Time of Danger, Tension, and Hurry

As a young boy I remember sleeping on a mattress filled with straw. Each fall at threshing time, the old straw was replaced with fresh clean straw. This task was usually done by the women. One day at Mother's request, father hitched the team to the wagon. Mother could drive a team of horses very well. I was invited to go along to help. I am not sure who else was there, probably Annie or perhaps one of the other Gregersen girls. We drove to the 5th ward farm where a grain harvest had just been completed. Mother took the "ticks" which were made of blue denim with stripes of a lighter color running length wise. They were sewn together much like a sleeping bag with on end open. We were just about finished with stuffing the four or five ticks with fresh straw when up from the hollow came a great big bull. When he saw horses and a wagon, plus the activity of we who were working, he began to bellow and paw the ground and started coming toward us. It was a hair-raising experience! Mother shouted, "Put the ticks in the wagon box, then all of you get in as fast as you can!" Mother took the lines, lashed the team with an end of the line and away we went, barely in time to miss the charge of the mad bull.

Small Pox

Somehow Father got small pox. I caught it from him. We were both very sick. We slept in the same bed for a number of weeks. We occupied the Southwest upstairs bedroom of the big home. From the West window we could see the lights of Preston. Father told me that as we lay in bed I would turn to him and ask, "Why did you give the small pox to me?" My Dad recovered first. I

remember being in bed all by myself. The days seemed so long. Mother brought meals to me. When the time finally came for me to get up I was so weak and my bottom was so sore that I could not walk down the steps. I wanted very much to get out of that bedroom. After giving serious thought as to how I could get downstairs to the rest of the family, I took a pillow and laid it over the banister. I laid my belly on the pillow and slid down. Then I had to be carried upstairs for a few days.

School (Daze)

I can't recall that I was overly excited about going to school. It seemed that I was quite content being at home creating my own entertainment and doing my own fun things. The day came when my folks told me it was time for school. I attended my first year at Glendale. By this time a two room brick schoolhouse had been built. School was no longer held in the church house. We lived three miles from the school. During the early fall and spring we walked the three miles to and from school. In the very late fall, winter, and early springs, we rode horseback. The horses were not needed to farm with during these seasons. Well do I remember suffering with fright, setting behind Mark or Annie, arms around their waist and hanging on for dear life, as the horse ran at top speed. In winter it was terribly cold. It was a joy and relief to get off the horse and run to a warm room.

Methods of teaching were much different then than now. There was a desk for two. It seemed that the purpose of the first year was just to keep the first graders busy. I recall this boring experience. Each morning when it was time for school to start, the teacher came to our desk and with chalk wrote on the desktop in great big letters, words like "morning", after which a cup of rice was given to us. We were to cover the word with kernels of rice. Rice kernels are small and it takes many to cover a word. If the word was finished in half a school day, one had done very well. Each day different words were written on the desk top such as dog, cat, noon, school, and so forth. When one had covered the word with rice, he had looked at the work long

enough to know and have it be a part of him. This same process was repeated in the afternoon. At the end of the week the names or letters were written on the blackboard and we were taught to say them.

Sometimes we had a little vacation. Instead of rice we were given beans to place on the words. The first year Lorin Warner and I shared the double desk. Lorin was a bit retarded. One day he shoved a bean up his nose. He tried real hard but it would not come out. I raised my hand for the teacher to come. After much doing the bean was finally removed. The incident caused quite a stir.

Another thing I recall about that first year of school is that each morning when it was time for school to start, the teacher came to the door and rang the bell. That was the signal for all to form a line ready to march into the school room. At recess or noon we were required to march out and stand in line until the teacher said, "Dismissed."

When spring came we had to walk to school because they used the horses in the field to put in crops. On the way to school we would stop and throw rocks at the squirrels. Sometimes we would set a trap as we went to school and then on the way back we would cut the heads or tails off those that had been trapped. We would get a penny or two for these squirrels and that brought us a little money.

I remember going to school on April Fool's Day. The teachers came from Preston up to Glendale School. All the kids got there early before Mr. Page came. So they put all the benches and tables against the doors and locked the windows down and tied ropes to the doors too. Then we all left and went on this great big hill by the school and sat down and watched. The older kids took my hand and just pushed me up over the tips of the sagebrush and we watched for Mr. Page to come. When he came and tried to get in, I guess he knew what the problem was so he didn't try very hard. He just got in his outfit and went back to Preston. So we spent the whole day roaming the mountains and having a lot of fun in the hills. So far as I know nothing was

ever said about it.

There were two boys in the upper grades that were bitter enemies. They hated each other with a passion. One lived in the upper part of the school district and the other one lived in the lower part. At times when they were dismissed from the line, they ran for each other and started throwing fists, drawing blood and trying to kill one another. It wasn't a nice thing to see. It took some effort on the teacher's part to separate them. After the fight had been stopped, they were made to go into the school house and sit during the recess or noon period. I never could see any sense in the way those older boys carried on in that manner. I thought it was dumb.

I may be excusing myself, but throughout the years since my first year of school I have felt that I was cheated. A desire for learning was not created within me. But then again, perhaps I am just not the studious type, or perhaps I am just mentally lazy.

I recall the time in the 5th grad when I eagerly raised my hand and said, "Teacher, I have an idea!" He said, "Keep it. It's in a strange place." That didn't help my ego very much. This same teacher gave us all a few days to learn the times tables. Then at a given time each class member was to write them on the black board. The one who did it most correctly, and in the shortest time, was the winner. I was overjoyed at winning the contest.

Sometimes when our father would let us ride the horse to school, he would say, "Now boys, don't you race that horse. Don't you race her!" But we couldn't help racing her. So we would race with the other kids and then we would ride her in the ditch to clean her up and fix her pretty before we went home.

Then we moved to what is known as Preston 5th Ward, East Egypt.

[Editor's note: While this move might sound like a long distance, in reality it was less than half mile up the hill, just to the south of the old place but across the administrative boundary.]

I went to school there in the second grade. It was a little better, but not much. Susie Archibald, who was a member of the ward, was the teacher and through the ward association we had been calling her Susie. When school started I took Susie a great big red apple and polished it up. She was sitting at her desk and I went up to the desk and I said, "Susie, here's an apple for you." She said, "What?" I said, "Susie, here's an apple for you." She said, "What?" again. Then I guess it dawned on me that I was to call her Miss Alder. So I called her Miss Alder, and said, "Here's an apple for you." But she never got any more apples.

In school we used to play fox and geese in the snow. We made tracks around in a circle and also spokes through to the other side. If you were fleet of foot you could run in and get somebody out of there through the spokes. I was always able to do it because it seemed like I was quite quick and could run.

I graduated from grade school and I was the only boy in my class. There were five girls and me that graduated from grade school. I had two little friends, one a girl and one a boy named Edwin Lund. The flu came along and Edwin got the flu and died. A little while later, just a few months, my girl-friend, Gladys Peterson, also took sick and died. I felt bad about losing two of my friends at this time. It never was quite the same again.

A Winter Experience to Remember

We used to have cold, cold winters with lots of snow. When we would go to Sunday school and to other meetings my father would hitch a team of horses to the sleigh. We would all get in the sleigh and mother would heat some rocks and put in the bottom of the sleigh and put the blankets around us. It was three long miles to the church house. We would go to church. I liked to go to church. I used to like to hear Hi Jensen speak because he would preach and I loved that very much. One cold winter night when we went, my father said, "Now it's cold. You can hear the snow crunch under the horse's feet, and it's going to be cold tonight. So as soon as meeting is over

you will all come to the sleigh so we can get started for hoe real fast.” But there was this Sister, Sister Nellie Beckstead, who played the organ so well, and I couldn’t help but listen to her plan a few tunes. Then the other boys were playing outside around the church house. I thought, one circle won’t hurt and so I went around the church house. There were some older boys there. The windows were covered with screen, about one quarter inch mesh. The said, “Carl, stick your tongue on this screen.” So I stuck my tongue on the screen. It was cold and my hot tongue stuck there. I couldn’t get loose no matter how hard I tried. It felt like my tongue was being pulled right out of my mouth. The other kids ran away and left me. Finally the breath from my body warmed the screen enough so that I could get loose and I ran for the sleight. That lesson taught me one thing; don’t do what others tell you to do until you have thought about it and the consequences. I was never caught in that mess again. We got home all right. My father was not too happy about my being late but he soon forgot about it.

Just For Fun

We had celebrations for the 4th and 24th of July and they always had a meeting in connection with the 24th of July. They would build a bowery which consisted of four posts with logs across and willows over the logs and this would make a shed-like place where they would hold the meeting. Then they would make another one, a little smaller, where they sold ice cream that was home-made and they made lemonade. I remember old Harry Herbert say, when he was selling this lemonade and ice cream, “Come get your ice cream, only five cents, and your lemonade, ice cold lemonade, made in the shade with a rusty spade. Come get your lemonade.” You could get it for just five cents. We just had a real good time.

Then they would have some relays and I remember my mother was fleet of foot, quick as lightening. There were five or six of them in the race. They would take a log and each would be given five nails and they would drive the nails in the log. Then there was an egg they put in a

spoon and they were to run 50 yards or so and again they would drive nails into a log and then run back. My mother beat the rest of them so far. I was so proud of her that day. She just ran right away from the. I remember going up to her after the race was over and I said, “Mother, I am proud of you, you did that so easy.” She said, “Yes, and if I hadn’t had a belly ache I could have done it faster.”

In the summer time we used to go swimming up in the Johnson reservoir. One time we went on Easter Sunday. It was early in the year and it was kind of cold – too cold to go swimming. This reservoir was about three miles from home and we were hungry and we wanted something to eat real bad. We saw these big fish, carp, against the bank sunning themselves. We tried to catch them but they swam away. Then we saw a big long two by four laying there. We raised that up and smacked one of the fish. We had a match or two so we built a fire out of sagebrush. Then we took mud from around the bank and put that around the fish real thick. We didn’t even clean the fish. We just laid it directly on the fire all covered in mud. In about thirty minutes we pulled the baked fish off the fire and pulled the mud and scales off and picked the meat loose. It was the best meat I ever tasted. The only thing that would have made it better was to have some salt.

One day when we were up at the reservoir, we met a boy that lived close by. He had a horse named Tiny. We decided that we would have old Tiny pull us in the water. The bank was quite steep and dropped off real fast. We learned that if we held on to the horse’s tail with both hands we would go way down under. But if we just hung on with one hand, we could ride with our head up. The horse would take a great big circle and we could have a lot of fun with no effort on our part. After a bit, Freddy Warner from over the hill in Glendale joined us. He was kind of a nincompoop. He said he wanted to try that. We told him what to do. He couldn’t swim a lick. We told him to just hang on with one hand, but the horse waded out a little ways and he grabbed a hold with both hands and under old Freddy went. The horse took a great big

circle. While he was swimming he dropped a few “donuts” on the water. Freddy was under that water. We thought he would never come out of there. Where was Freddy? Finally the horse came back and old Freddy was hanging on with a death grip and his face was just as red as could be. He was exhausted.

As if that wasn’t enough, we used to dive off a twenty foot head gate into the water. Freddy said he wanted to do that. We said no, Freddy, you can’t swim. But he went up on the head gate and pretty soon we heard a splash. It was Freddy. He had dropped in. He went up and down and up and down. We knew he was going to drown so we threw him a rope and helped him get out of there. Then we made him go home because we didn’t want him around anymore.

There was a story told, about an old legend, about a spot on the hill above the reservoir where we used to swim and play. An Indian Chief had died and had been buried on top of this hill. There was a lot of rock round it and they had put his horse, his bow and arrows, his saddle, and everything that he owned in the grave so he would have them when he got over to the happy hunting grounds. We use to ride up to the top of this hill and talk about the old Chief and his burial.

We make our own fun in those days. One of the things that we did with the people of the ward was to choose up sides and go on a rabbit hunt. We drove up in those same hills. We had sleighs and teams. We rode saddle horses. We had our shotguns and our .22’s. We went way around the hills in all directions and then drove the rabbits into a central place and then—bang, bang, bang – we shot them. The one who got the most rabbits got their supper free of charge. That was one of the things we used to do for relaxation.

We used to play baseball every Saturday afternoon. Our ward boys had baseball suits. We were so proud of those suits. We were the only ward in the whole stake that had suits. At these games I always used to have to run a race with Jackie Wolf. Most of the time I could beat him but some of the time he beat me. So we had to run those races every time. All this was great

fun too.

Mother’s Passing

In the fall of the year of 1918, my father took my older brother George and me to Salt Lake to a general conference. That was a highlight. While we were there George went swimming with some of our cousins from Castledale, Utah. George contacted the flu from them. When we came home he had the flu. My father soon had the flu. We all got it but my mother nursed us all through it. There were lots of people who died in the community. After she had nursed all of us through then she got the flu. She got real sick. I remember her sitting against the wall by the old pot-bellied stove so sick she could hardly hold her head up. She wanted me to comb her hair one day. I tried but she said, “Oh Carl, it hurts too bad, we’ll just have to let it go.” She went to bed and grew worse and worse. On the 23rd of December she passed away. That was quite a feeling. But I had the feeling that if I would do what my Heavenly father wanted me to do and keep the commandments, I could see her again.

I went out and told my father and he came in. He felt very bad. He went out to the shop. He got one piece of board, measured her height, and laid the body on this board. Then he folded her arms, closed her eyelids and her mouth and left. I was ten years old at this time.

When it came time for the funeral, they didn’t hold it in the meeting house. They had the casket in the bedroom. The Relief Society had dressed mother in her wedding gown. She looked beautiful. When it came time to hold the funeral, the people didn’t come close to the house. They stood out away. We opened the bedroom door. They had masks and white handkerchiefs over their faces and stood quite away off. A few words were said by one of the brethren. I can’t remember who it was. Then they sang two songs that I remember. One was, “Sometime, Somewhere We’ll Understand”. The other was “We Shall Meet Beyond the River.” Then they put my mother in the back of Wallace Johnson’s white topped buggy. My father, with his team and buggy followed right

behind the casket. The ground was frozen and I remember that casket bouncing and bouncing. I didn't like it very well. When we got to the cemetery and they were going to lower the casket into the grave, I looked down there and saw that there was a lot of water in it. It made me feel real bad that my mother would have to be put in that cold water. That did something to me, her passing away on the 23rd of December so close to Christmas time, and the sadness of the whole thing. I don't know that I ever really enjoyed Christmas again. I'm happy to see others, but I always have that far away feeling.

So then we were left without a mother. Now there were those relatives of my father who said we'll take this child or that child. Each one saying they would take a child and take care of them. My father said, "You won't! As long as I have two hands, I'll do the best I can and we'll keep our family together."

There were no toys that Christmas. The Relief Society President was there. She could have been home with her own family but she didn't go. She stayed with us until after Christmas. On Christmas morning we had an orange in our stocking. I think that was about all. That was a long, long bad Christmas.

We got along the best we could. My father used to get up early in the morning and stir up a batch of baking soda biscuits. We'd have a dish of fruit and baking soda biscuits. I hated the things! Every morning we had them—but I guess that's all he had time to do.

He was Bishop at the time and he had a big farm to run. He was a very busy man. We kids would mostly shift for ourselves through the day. We'd play along the ditch bank and I'd take care of my little sister Olive. Orson was there too, so it was we three mainly. George, I suppose, was helping father on the farm.

I remember he hired a Mrs. Jinks. She had a boy named Raymond. Raymond was not supposed to help with the chores. Raymond was not supposed to get cold, or anything else. He was supposed to be taken care of with a will! But the rest of us could tough it out. We only had one bedroom in the house so Raymond and Mrs. Jinks occupied the bedroom and we would go outside

and sleep in the old schoolhouse that my father had moved up from about a mile south of our place. It didn't have any stove in it. The doors were not good. The wind would blow in and in the morning when we woke up there would be icicles hanging from the quilt. You could just go to bed in the same bed with the same icicles. But somehow we got along.

One night my father had a bishops meeting and when he came home I was sleeping in the same bed with him. I'm sure he thought I was asleep so he kneeled down to the side of the bed on that cold, cold floor. He told the Lord that he was lonely, that he needed a companion, and that his family needed some help. He prayed that the Lord would open the way and send a companion.

A Second Mother

Sure enough, the Lord did hear and answer his prayers. A sweet lady named Johanna Sorensen came. She had come over from Denmark alone. She worked in Salt Lake City for some time—up until the time that father wrote and asked if she would like to come and be his cook. There is a connection there. Mother Johanna and J. I. Larsen's first wife were sisters. The Clausen's, our cousins, had a girl named Ester. After Johanna's sister died, Ester married J. I. Larsen. So that put the two families together and they knew about Mother Johanna. That's really how the connections were made. Mary Clausen is Spencer Condie's grandmother.

She was the sweetest lady, but we thought that maybe she was too classy for us, too high-toned. We all decided that, but we soon found out she wasn't. She could make the best pie and she could bake the best meals. It wasn't long before my father and this Johanna went to Logan in the old Model T Ford. It took them all day, but they went down and got married.

Now we had a second mother, and oh, what a good mother she was. I was about 14 or 15 at the time. That mother was nothing but blessings—blessings all the way. She had two boys, Ralph and Steven, and one girl, Nona by my father. They were our half-brothers and

sister.

When they started school, Steve came home one day and said, "Mother, they tell me down at school that George, Carl, and Orson are just my half-brothers. Is that right?" Mother said, "Well, if that's right, then were in the world is the other half?" You couldn't tell by action which child was hers because we were all hers. There was a difference in looks but not in treatment.

One night I came home after partaking of the spirits. I guess I made quite a bit of noise getting into the house. Father and mother heard me. The next morning, mother came to me and said, "We can't have this. We just can't have this. I don't want my boys being brought up in this environment."

So like the hot head I was, I said, "You won't have to bother, I'll leave." So I prepared to leave. George said, "If you're going, I'm going too." So we packed our things and were just about to leave when here came mother. She put her arms around us and said, "Don't go boys. I've been out there. It's a cruel old rough world. Don't go. Stay. We'll work it out somehow." And we did. Never again did that happen. So she was a blessing all the way.

Neighbors.

We used to have good neighbors. During the time we had the flu, none of us could go out to do the chores because it wasn't safe. We had an old neighbor across the way named Charlie Peterson. They called him Black Charlie, because he had a black beard and a lot of black hair. He would come every morning and every night and do the chores. When he was through he would rap on the window and ask, "How are you?" Maybe he would talk to father a little while about the business and then he would go. That's the kind of neighbor he was, and he wouldn't take one red penny for it. Nobody would take money for what they did for a neighbor. They were helpful and good.

Black Charlie had a milk route and he used to haul milk from where we lived down to Franklin.

He would make the trip every day with a team of horses and his wagon loaded with milk cans. One day he decided to buy some mules to pull his milk wagon. So he bought about six head of mules. Those mules could sure take that milk easy. But when he would turn them down on the creeks, the little rascals would always fin the porcupines. The porcupines would flip their tails and put quills in the mule's heads and legs and all over them. The quills would kill the mules if you didn't get them out. I remember walking over to his barn and standing there watching Brother Peterson try to take these quills out. Those little mules were quick and could kick with either front or back feet. So he made a harness that fit in front of the back legs and in back of the front ones. He would use a block and tackle and lift them up off of their feet and tie their head so could remove the quills. It was quite an operation.

He was one of the men who had a great big barn. Every year that barn was filled with right good hay. Then he put his horses and cows in the barn in winter time.

High School Days

It now came time to start high school. There were no school buses in those days. We were three miles from school. So we used to ride the saddle horses. I did janitor work my last year in grade school. Baltzer Peterson had a little horse and saddle that I kind of liked. I went over and asked him how much he would take for the horse and saddle. He said forty bucks. I had forty busks so I gave him cash for the outfit. I called her "Flip" and flip she was. She could fall down the easiest of anything I ever rode in my life. I broke her. She seemed like she had interference with her front feet. We'd get going down the road to go to school on a cold morning and that thing would step off the track and roll me in the snow no less than three or four times in the three miles to school. All of the kids out in Egypt rode horses. All the Preston kids cleared off the street when they saw the "Egyptians" coming. We were quite a wild bunch I guess.

My brother George had a saddle horse too, and

sometimes we put the two of them together. We rigged up a harness and put them on the sleigh and then we would go courting the girls. We were in town one night and I was driving. We were not supposed to whirl on Main Street. I got the horses going around pretty good and the sleigh got turned farther and farther. Pretty soon it tipped over and the horses got loose from the sleigh. It was in front of the old Opera House. They ran and I hung on just as long as I could, but they got away. I lost my glasses. There we were with a tipped over sleigh and no horses. I could hear the horses and thought, they are on their way home and here we are. The fellows on the street came quick and said, "Old Dave Davis the cop, is up at the other end of the street. If we can just get this sleigh tipped up and catch the horses, you can get out of here without getting caught." What did those horses do but take a left instead of a right turn and they came right around the corner and back down the alley. We caught the fool things and hooked them to the sleigh and drove away just as old Dave Davis was coming. That was a close call.

Some of the things that happened, I won't tell. I'd like to say this though, I have lived long enough to know that when the Lord tells you something is not good for you, don't use it. Don't touch it. Do what He tells you and you will always be on the safe side.

A Visit to Grandma in Blackfoot

After my mother died, my father was lonely of course, and his brother Chris, was living up in the Snake River Valley. Father decided he would like to go see his mother and do a little visiting. He invited me along and we went.

I remember going into the institution in Blackfoot and they brought out my grandmother. She was a sweet little lady but small, with fine features. Dad talked to her. She could remember that she had two boys named Andrew and Christian. She would hold her hand up—they were that high. I listened to that. It wasn't a very nice experience. They used to do things differently in those days than they do now. A lot of people are a lot more off the beam than she was. But they didn't know

what to do with her or how to help her in any way. I remember the day that she was buried. My father was very much relieved to think that the end had come for her and now she could rest in peace.

Pioneer Hardships

There is another thing that I like to tell about pioneer ancestors. My father's uncle and his father came and homesteaded on Worm Creek. His Aunt Margaret, that would be his uncle's wife, was out in the yard playing around when she was a little girl. She had a bread and jelly sandwich in her hand. In those days the big pigs ran around outside. This big old sow pig came up to this little girl and wanted that sandwich. The pig bit her fingers off on both hands except for just a little stub here and there. It was a pitiful sight to see her with no fingers on her hands. But that lady didn't give up. My father tells that she used to milk cows at the same time as he did. She would put one teat between the thick parts of her hands and milked one teat at a time that way. He said she could beat him all to pieces milking cows. She could knit. I have seen her sew buttons and patches on her sons' overalls. I've always been impressed with how she could do that.

They lived with Aunt Mary Clausen and her husband, and one day Uncle Claus was complaining about his work. He said, "Work, work, work, all the time work. You never get through. There's always so much to do. I wish I didn't have to work like that." This good old sister, Aunt Margaret said, "Nay, Nay, Clausen, work is good."

Andrew the Missionary

My father and his brother Chris lived with the Clausen's after their father died. I think they worked plenty for what they got. But father had managed to get a team and harness and a buggy. He was quite a sporty guy. Then they called him on a mission. Now he had worked a long time for his team and buggy. But when they called him on his mission to Denmark, he sold those horses, the harness, and the buggy and left for

Denmark on his mission. He completed a good mission. Then he came back and started all over again.

He told this story about when he was in the mission field. I guess they did things a little different then than now. He was alone tracting on this day. It rained a lot in that country at certain times of the year. It was raining and he saw a house on top of the hill quite a ways off the main road. He thought, I haven't had much success today so I guess I'll go up and see if they won't listen and accept the gospel. He left the main road, trudged up the hill, and when he got close to the house he could hear the dogs barking, all kinds of dogs. He thought, oh my, I don't know if I should go in there or not. But he did. He knocked on the door and a lady came to the door and she made all kinds of fun of him. There were several ladies in there and she brought those ladies to the door and they stood there laughing and pointing fingers at him. That would be hard to take. He was humiliated. He turned and walked down the path rejected. When he got about to the bottom of the hill he heard the lady say, "Sic 'em! Chew 'em up!" He glanced over his shoulder and there was a big dog coming full speed down the hill for him. He thought what do I do now? He said that as that dog got close the Spirit whispered to him, "Turn around and open your umbrella." So he turned and opened the umbrella and went, "Boo!" He said that old dog stopped dead in his tracks. The bristles stood up on his back and he turned around scared to death and ran back up the hill.

Hark Times

Father had a lot of hardship. It seemed like it was never meant for him to have money. Whether it was his management or just circumstances, I don't know. But he had enough money in the bank after mother died and in the granary, to have cleared off the place. He could have gotten \$2.75 a bushel but he decided to hold for \$3.00. Come spring, he had to sell for \$.50. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. Things went from bad to worse. He married Mother Johanna and she put up with the hardship. We decided that maybe we could make it with

cows if we were right careful with the grain that we raised, and with the hay that we stacked. If we made it the very best, maybe we could turn things around and save our necks with cows.

So dad bought what we thought were good cows, but they didn't turn out so hot. We worked and tried real hard. We had cut the hay and it was good, tender, leafy, high protein hay. We were building the church house in Egypt at this time. We were also just ready to haul the hay. The weather was threatening and here came Baltzer Peterson who was on the building committee. Dad went away and talked to him for a little while. When he came back Dad said, "Boys, I'll have to leave. I have to go to Salt Lake." We said, "Oh Dad, you can't leave now. You can wait a day or two for the visit to Salt Lake until we get this hay up. Then we'll be on our way with good hay." He said, "I'm sorry, but I'll have to leave." So he left.

Well it rained, and it rained. And that hay got wetter and blacker. When Dad came back, the sun had shined for a few days and he said, "Well, we better go out and get the hay in." I was the one who was on the hay stack, stacking, or topping is what I guess they called it. They put that stuff up there and a cloud of smoke blackened the air all around me. It seemed like it was worthless hay. Every shock that came up I cussed, "It was stupid to go to Salt Lake and let your hay go to pot." But, I guess it turned out all right.

I remember that during this time Ralph was born. Doc Cutler came out to the house. I could hear the pain. She was 30 or 35 years old and her bones were se and it was painful. She had all of her babies that way. George was sick with an infected ear so he lay around all summer. Mother was in the shape she was and trying to take care of the family. Dad was down on his back sick. The farming was left to me and Orson. People did come from the ward for two days to help us haul in the hay. Orson and I were on the stack under the derrick, just little fellows, and stacked that hay as they brought it in. That was a good experience. It was hard work but we took care of it. My dad was proud of us.

About this time we could see there was no hope

for saving the place. Neighbors could have helped and we could have saved it. But they were not inclined to do so. Dad was still bishop at this time. He was bishop for 25 years and he was a good bishop. The church came first. When he was to leave, some of his friends in the wards said, "Andrew, why don't you take out bankruptcy and forget it?" He said, "No sir. As long as I have two hands that will work, I will not take out bankruptcy. I will pay every dime that I owe."

It was during this tie that he asked me if I wouldn't take him into the Upper Snake and Lower Snake River Valley to see if he couldn't get hold of a farm or get his toe in somewhere. We had a little old Chevy Coupe so I told him I would take him. We didn't find anything so we came back. He finally got the little farm out by Little Mountain.

At firsts he went to Dayton Ward. That's where they moved to from the 5th Ward. They knew everybody and liked everybody there so they drove over to Dayton for church. Then he got to thinking about it and thought we're not doing what we're told to do. We live in the Winder Ward so we will go to the Winder Ward. So he broke in and went to Winder Ward and helped build the church house over there. He went to the canyon with them. He was good in the canyon. He could swing an axe either right or left. It didn't matter. Great big chips would pop out of the tree. I tell you he could handle that axe.

Full Payment

Then one day after we had bought the farm in Clifton, I rode the horse over across Deep Creek. H had built his shed over there and had made a little progress. He said, "Carl do you have a minute?" I said, "Yep, I sure have." He said, "Let's sit down in the shade of this old shed and talk a while. So we sat down and he said, "Today I went over and paid every dime that I owe. They wanted to forgive the interest. Bit I said, no sir. I will pay everything I owe. So I did. And I did something else. I had \$200 left and I put that in the bank. And it's mine!" So he lived to keep his promise. He did pay every

dime that he owed. He went out of this life owing no one

Direct Inspiration

When we bought the Clifton place in 1944, we bought 360 acres for \$20,000. That was a good buy. There has always been this thing about me. A stream of water and an extra acre of ground under cultivation has always fascinated me. When I saw the stream of water running down Hog Hollow I said that one day I will put that water up on top and bring that dry farm into productivity. We worked along and weathered through the hail storm and had come to a point where we could do something about it. I went to the Soil Conservation people and they said you'll have to do it our way. You'll have to build a \$3,000 dam down in the bottom. You'll have to do this and do that. But I said, "I can't. I don't have that kind of money." So they said they couldn't help me. So I went to my Dad and asked, "What should I do? That's quite a lot of money to put out. What shall I do? My plans are to put it under sprinkler. It will be the first sprinkler system on that side of the valley." He said, "Let me pray about it. Give me two or three day." In two or three days he came and he said, "You go right ahead with that son. It will be all right. You go ahead."

I took my team of horses and went down on the creek bottom. It was hot down there. I plowed the banks and then took the scraper and made a little damn. I put the pump down there and got everything working. After it was working, father came over again. He stood there and looked at those sprinklers going. (You know what that looks like.) He said, "I can't believe it! I just can't believe it!" which indicates he had never seen it. He didn't know beforehand, only what little I had told him. He said, "It looks like its working."

That year we planted sugar beets and the wind came and blew the sand. I went right on sprinkling those devils. Those beets were long and big and just as white as they could be. When they came out of the ground and up that beet elevator you had to scrape them out to make them

go through. Again he came over and saw those
big beets and said, "I can't believe it." There is

only one way he could have known it would be
all right and that was through revelation.

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THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

REFLECTIONS OF MY LIFE
by
Orson Alma Mortensen

THIS SECTION TO BE RECEIVED FROM PAUL MORTENSEN.

**EXCERPTS FROM THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF OLIVE MORTENSEN NELSON
as told to LouAnn Mortensen Shumway**

I didn't like water, probably because I nearly drowned once. We were playing follow the leader. Orson and Carl had made it through the creek. I stepped on a ledge of earth, which caved in. Into the water I went. Carl jumped in and grabbed onto the braid and bow on top of my head. He screamed for mother. She was transplanting raspberries. She came running and grabbed me. I was three. AOh, my baby, my baby,@ she repeated over and over. Mother had already lost two babies. Between George and Carl mother lost Ada Margaret when she was about eight months old. How she died was never discussed. My twin brother Oliver and I both had pneumonia as babies. Oliver died when he was six months old.

I remember I had a pink bonnet. I thought it was the most beautiful thing. Mother had made all my clothes. I still remember going to town in the buggy. I was maybe four years old and seated between Mother and Sarah Petersen.

Mother had brown hair and brown eyes. George got his brown eyes from mother. Dad=s eyes were blue, blue. Carl, Orson and I have blue eyes.

George was never playful like Carl or Orson. When I fell in the ditch on the way to school, I was dirty, and he was embarrassed. He wouldn't let me go home to clean up.

Annie Gregersen, our cousin, was older than George, but she adored Carl. Maybe George felt left out. She and Marcus stayed with us. Emma Gregersen was my age. They were with us off and on for several years. Mother and Dad had many mouths to feed. We had Uncle Fred Gregersen=s children a lot. He had a log of kids and no means. They lived west of Preston. Because we were quarantined for influenza, no one visited us. George informed me there was no Santa Claus. On Christmas we each received an

Uncle Fred did not own a farm, so he did odd jobs to try to support his family. Annie and Marcus worked for Dad. Sometimes Fred stayed with us. He was such a dear. One time when Annie was harrowing, she had Carl sitting on her lap. Carl was maybe six. Carl fell between the disks. It was a miracle he was not killed.

Mother used to go to town with Sarah Petersen. Sometimes they would sit in the pantry, sip coffee, and speak Danish. This was when we lived in Fifth Ward. Mother hitched up our gray horse, Fanny, to the buggy, and I would go to town with her. One summer I worked for Gideon Condie, who was my cousin Carrie=s husband, for a whole week for one silver dollar. I washed clothes and hung them on the line. I also washed the baby, Ilene. After I paid my tithing, I bought fabric. I could buy about two yards of material with that ninety cents.

The fall of 1918 was terrible. The influenza hit our little community. Dad contracted rheumatic fever and the flu and nearly died. He got the flu from a ward member he had visited and administered to. Mother cared for Dad and all four of us children. She did all the chores. Emma, Eva, Chris, and Fred (Carl=s age) Gregersen were also with us. They went home before Christmas. One December day Mother dressed and boxed some geese. Dad took the geese to town to mail to her brothers in Elsinore, Utah as Christmas gifts. When Dad got home, Mother was very sick with influenza. Dad had been ill for a long time and was not very strong yet. On December 23, little Carl discovered that his mother had died. I went in the bedroom to ask my mother something. I touched her hand. It was cold. Carl went outside to find Dad.

orange. Dad made a wooden coffin. The funeral was held on the 26th outside our home. We sang, AWe Shall Meet Beyond the River@, and AOh My

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

Father.® Uncle Chris lifted me up and told me to kiss my mother goodbye. It was awful. I have never forgotten that frightening experience of kissing that cold body. I shall also never forget carrying mother=s body in the wagon to the cemetery. Mud came up to the hubs of the buggy. My heart felt as cold and dreary as that wintery day.

Sarah Alder, our Relief Society President, came after Mother died and stayed a few days.

Relatives offered to take each of us children. George probably would have gone with Aunt Mary. After thinking it over a few months, Father decided, AThey are my children, and I will keep them together.® Father hired housekeepers to take care of us. Three different women each stayed a winter with us. Dad had accumulated a few necessities and a small reserve, but that was quickly used up to pay for Mrs. Tippits and Mrs. Jenkins. When Mrs. Jenkins came to care for us, she and her sone, Raymond, got the bedroom. I slept on a cot in the living room under the phone. Dad, George, Carl, and Orson slept in the garage on fold-up beds. That garage was an old school house they had moved to the farm. They built a lean-to on it. I can still see Dad=s tools and sharpening wheel in that garage. I used to sit on the stool by the wheel, pedal away, and pretend it was my car.

After Mother died, Sarah Petersen frequently took me to her house. She would make me a bread and butter and baby currant sandwich, and then we would go out together to take care of her chickens. One of the Plymouth Rock roosters would always dive for my baby currants. I always squealed and ran. Sarah Petersen also took me to town in her buggy. She was so good to me. I was at her house a lot.

I remember Carl, Orson, and I playing down by the creek after Mother died. We would each take a carrot and a potato and Ago camping®. We built a fire and roasted the potatoes and carrots on Aunt Mary had a different father than Dad and

sticks.

Orson and I used to play house out by the derrick near the barn. Orson played dad and bishop. I was the mother with my dolls. During haying time one season, Orson and I and the dolls were in the buggy pretending that we were going on a trip. The men had just finished eating the noon meal and were hitching up the horses to go back to the fields. George was in the wagon with Dad=s feisty horses. Somehow the horses got frightened. Dad could see that the horses were running straight for the buggy. Dad jerked us out of the buggy just before the horses crashed into the side.

I was close to Carl than I was to Orson, even though I played with Orson. Carl watched out for me.

Dad was very kind. He frequently took me to stake conference, which was held in the opera house in Preston. To keep me quiet, he would give me white peppermints. I called them Aconference drops®. Dad carried a heavy load as Bishop. Edgar Alder, the secretary, was more help in the bishopric than Dad=s two counselors, Pete Moser and Leonard Johnson.

Aunt Mary took George to her home when he had the bad ear problems. I think that is when those two bonded. Aunt Mary never liked me. Aunt Mary, Dad=s sister, was a different lady. She was a martyr. When she came to see Dad, she would talk, talk, talk, but she didn=t do much. Both Christina and Johanna were efficient and very industrious. Maybe she was jealous of both of them. When I would come into the room to be close to Dad, Aunt Mary was very irritated. She didn=t want me in the room. Once when the geese chased me, I fell and got a goose egg on my head. I came into Dad crying. Aunt Mary said, AOh, that=s nothing. Be away with you.®

Uncle Chris. All three of them had a rough life.

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

When their mother got terrible headaches she was quite cantankerous. They finally admitted her to the Blackfoot mental hospital. The spring after Mother died, Dad, Aunt Mary, my three brothers and I visited Uncle Chris, who lived near Heise on the right side of the river. We stopped in Blackfoot to see Dad=s mother. I was six and a half. We went into the hospital. Grandma held me on her lap and loved me.

George and Golda were Aunt Mary=s favorites. Gold Larsen was here granddaughter by her daughter Esther. Aunt Mary thought Gold could do no wrong. Evelyn Larsen, Golda=s sister took all the brunt. Golda was a spoiled brat. Carrie=s daughter, Zelda, thought her grandmother, our Aunt Mary, did not like her either.

Dad did his best to be father, farmer, and bishop. After three years of paying housekeepers, we were very poor and thins were quite run down. When the men put up hay, Dad=s hay was always the last to be done. Gideon Condie=s hay was always the first. By the time the men got to our farm, it had always rained, and our hay was ruined.

Dad and the boys slept out in the garage in the lean to. Carl was in the same bed with Dad. Carl remembers Dad coming home late one night after a bishopric meeting. He heard his father kneel beside the bed and pray, AFather in Heaven, I am lonely. I need a companion and a helpmate. My children need a mother. Please help me.®

In the spring of 1921, we heard of Johanna Sorensen. She had a sister who had lived in Preston. Johanna had come from Denmark and had been working in Salt Lake, first in a laundry shop, then in a pickle factory and a candy factory, and finally in a wealthy home as a cook and maid. That April, Johanna came to Preston to keep house for us. I never saw my father and Johanna being romantic, but in September of that year they were married in the Logan Temple. When Johanna came to America, she was twenty-one. When she married Dad she was over thirty.

In her later years after Dad was gone, Carl

When Johanna first came to live with us, George said, AI=ll never call her mother.® My response was, AWho asked you to?® But after Ralph was born, George began to call her Mother. I always think of Johanna as my real mother. Indeed, I have two real mothers. Anybody who would let a teenage boy (George) bring homemade skis into the kitchen and boil them, had to be an angel. Johanna was good to all of us.

Johanna cared about Dad=s health and did not feed him pork like Sister Tippetts had done. After Johanna cam, I remember Aunt Mary bringing baked delicacies to Dad. Johanna would say, Alf she can=t bring enough for the whole family, why doesn=t she just keep it!® I wonder if Aunt Mary was jealous of Johanna, because Mother Johanna could do everything so well.

One Sunday morning Carl was teasing me. Mother Johanna had a pie plate in her hand. She hit him on the head with it.

I always felt that George felt that he was the only one who had been hurt by losing his mother. George seemed to retreat into an imaginary cave. Didn=t he think that the rest of us were hurt too? Perhaps he could not see our grief because his own grief seemed too heavy to bear. Other than school and chores the only thing George did was sit at the table, read a book, and eat bread and milk.

One time when Mother and Dad were gone, George lit the gas lamp. George assumed that he was lord and master when Mother and Dad were away. Dad had given strict instructions never to light that lamp. When I saw what George was doing I gathered up Ralph and Steven and left the house. The kitchen curtains caught on fire. Carl threw the lantern outside and put out the fire. When Dad came home, he did not reprimand George. Dad was too kind. Dad was just thankful we were all still alive.

once asked Mother Johanna why she had

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married Dad. Without hesitation she replied, AOh, he owed me so much back pay, I figured it was the only way I was ever going to get paid.®

(Editor⇒ note: Some parts of the original text have been omitted here to include only those parts pertaining to early life in the A. D. Mortensen family.)

When I graduated from nursing, Aunt Mary took the credit. It wasn't her credit. Dad encouraged me to go to nursing school, and Mother Johanna and I made my uniform. It was an ugly blue denim shirtwaist dress, twelve inches from the floor with a white apron. Dad bought my watch, shoes, socks, and books and paid the initial fee. I earned the rest of my school fees by working from 7:00 AM to 7:00 PM at the hospital. Three hours of that time were in classes. This was the old LDS Hospital School of Nursing here in Idaho Falls. Jacob Trainer was the superintendent. I was not fond of him. A very strict Catholic sister was in charge of the nursing school. Miss Elizabeth Hill and Miss Crotty were our instructors. Various doctors also gave lectures.

In 1976, when Mother Johanna became very ill, she did not want to go to the hospital. ANo more needles. Please, don't give me any more needles,® she begged. Steven and Verneal took her to their home in Meridian. The first week in April I came to help Mother. Steven and Verneal moved downstairs, and stayed in their bedroom across the hall from Mother. I bathed her and rubbed her with lotion. In the night I heard her fussing. I went to her beside. She put her skinny arms around me and whispered, AI sure do love you.® Easter morning, April 6, she closed her eyes and was gone. I am so thankful I was there.

(Editor⇒ note: In May 2003, Lou Ann M. Shumway visited with Olive M. Nelson and

was given the following additional details about early life in the AD Mortensen home.)

When Johanna came to our family, she was so good to me. I always felt like I was her pride and joy.

Ralph was born four days after my tenth birthday. I thought he was the most wonderful child. Mother Johanna told me if I was going to care for the baby, I had to take care of him more than when he was good. I diapered him and took care of his clothes. I always changed him on the floor, because I didn't want him to roll off the table.

During pea season in the early summer, I put baby Ralph, about nine months old, in a rickety old stroller and walked the three quarters of a mile with him to the family garden to pick peas. I didn't want to pick peas alone. I took Ralph with me everywhere I went.

When Ralph was potty trained, I carried his little pot out to the outhouse and then washed it at the pump.

Baby Steven cried a lot, so I didn't take care of him as much. I don't think he had enough to eat. Mother was always working so hard; perhaps she didn't produce enough milk.

Mother was always busy. She helped Dad with the farm work, and she milked our five or six cows. After a time Mother felt like she needed another income, so we bought two hundred baby chicks. We kept them in the old garage. At night I helped Mother put twenty chicks per basket and cover each basket with a blanket. In the morning Mother would feed the chicks milk while I took care of Ralph and Steven.

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On Saturday nights my job was to fill the kerosene lamps, wash the chimneys, and trim the wicks. I also polished Mother=s and Dad=s shoes, my shoes, and Ralph=s and Steven=s shoes. Sunday mornings I laid out Dad=s church clothes and helped him get his books. Mother always ironed his white shirt on Saturday. Mother was a perfectionist at ironing. She had worked in a laundry in Salt Lake when she

first came from Denmark. Dad had to go to church early for his bishopric meetings. We only had one buggy, so we all went early to church. Mother and I took care of the boys and helped them be quiet for those hours before church. Each family took a turn on Saturdays to clean the church. Mother and I often cleaned the bathrooms, classrooms and the chapel.

THE GREGERSEN'S

The Gregersen family home before immigration was on the Jutland peninsula in Ringkøbing County. They were more nomadic by nature than the Mortensen's and moved every few years within Ringkøbing and adjacent Vejle County. These counties are located about midway north and south on the peninsula. Some lines of Grandmother Christina Gregersen have been identified as far back as 1667 but the paternal line is very sketchy after about 1724. The maps at the end of this chapter show the moves taken by Lauritz Gregersen and his father Gregers Jensen. The exact location of the birth place of Grandma Christina cannot be located on the map sources known at this time.

Christina Lauritz Gregersen. As previously mentioned, Christina met her future husband and immigrated to America while Andrew was still in the mission field. After he returned to Idaho they married on 14 December 1904 in Logan, UT. Their union was blessed with 6 children, 4 sons and 2 daughters. Two children, Ada and Oliver, died in infancy. Christina died an untimely death from influenza, 23 December 1918.

Lauritz Gregersen. My great grandfather Lauritz was born 18 Feb 1846 at Vildbjerg, Ringkøbing County, Denmark. He married Mette Fredriksen from Thyregod, Vejle County (which is just to the east) on 19 Nov 1867 at age 21. She was 26 at the time. They had 10 children, 6 sons and 4 daughters. Seven of the children married. Two died in infancy and one son, Sidsel, died at age 17 in 1893. Lauritz died 29 Aug 1888 at age 42. His wife Mette died at age 53 just 5 years later.

Gregers Jensen. Gregers was christened 8 May 1801 in Vandborg, Ringkøbing Co. He married Christiane Christensen from Flynder, Ringkøbing

Co. 12 May 1833 in his home town. They also had 10 children and an even split of 5 boys and 5 girls. Four died in infancy and four married. They had one set of twins, Ane Marie and Ane who died as a child. Ane Marie never married and died at age 41. Gregers died at age 64 in 1865 at Brande, Vejle Co. Denmark.

Jens Pedersen. Jens Pedersen was born about 1770 in Strande, Ringkøbing County. He married Anne Marie Jensdatter 18 October 1794 at about age 24. She was a hometown girl and was about to turn 25. They were blessed with 4 children, all sons. The third son, Greger or Gregers, is our direct ancestor. Jens died 12 Aug 1826, at age 56, possibly at Vandborg, Ringkøbing Co. His wife died 4 Feb 1842 at age 72.

Peder Jensen. Peder Jensen was born about 1724 in Strande, Ringkøbing County. He married Karen Hendriksdatter 6 Aug 1751 in Strande. Their union was blessed with 6 children, 2 sons and 4 daughters. The second child and oldest son, Jens is our direct ancestor. He is the only one known to marry. No death date is recorded for either Peder or his wife Karen.

Jens Jensen. Jens Jensen was born about 1700. They had 8 children, 3 sons and 5 daughters. The eldest son, Peder, is our direct ancestor and the only one on whom other than birth data is available.

Jens (about 1670)

The front cover shows the areas of Denmark where the three branches of the family lived prior to immigration.

THE SORENSEN'S

The Sorensen family home in Denmark was at the Northern tip of the Jutland peninsula in Tollestrup, Hjørring County. Even after Johanna Sorensen immigrated along with other family members, her parents and some family members remained there. Johanna pinpoints the location of her home in her autobiography. They ran a small farm and also worked for larger farmers most of the time. The following is the paternal line for Johanna Marie Sorensen Mortensen.

Johanna Marie Sorensen (Mortensen). AMother Johanna@ was the second wife of A. D. Mortensen. She was born 30 March 1889 in Tollestrup and lived there until her immigration to America. She was the sixth of eight children, six daughters and two sons. She joined the church at age 21 and was baptized in Alborg, Denmark on 21 November 1910. In December 1910 she immigrated to America and Utah to help a sister in ill health with her small family.

After working about 10 years in Utah, she went to Preston, Idaho to help A.D. Mortensen, who had lost his wife to influenza, with his small family of three boys and a girl. They married 28 September 1921 in the Logan Temple. Their union was blessed with two sons and a daughter.

Christian Sorensen. Christian Sorensen was born 4 August 1846 in Taars, Hjørring Co., Denmark. He was the sixth of seven children and the only one who married. He married Dorthea Petrine Jensen from Ronnebjerg, Hjørring Co. 16 Dec 1879. She was 22 at the time. They had 6 daughters and 2 sons. Five of the children married. He joined the Church 04 January 1888. Neither he nor his wife or son Jens Peter immigrated. Christian died 02 June 1919 in Poulstrup, Hjørring, Denmark.

Soren Christian Jensen. Soren Jensen was born 31 January 1808 in Taars, Hjørring Co. Denmark. He was the second child in the family and had one older sister, Ellen Marie. He married Else Marie Nielsen from Taars on 19 November 1833. She was 23 at the time. They had seven children, six sons and one daughter.

Jens Jacobsen. Jens Jacobsen was born 25 October 1768 in Taars, Hjørring Co. Denmark. His father and mother are not listed. He married Maren Sorensen in Taars, 19 December 1796. She was 21 at the time. They had two children, a daughter, Ellen Marie and a son Soren Christian, both of whom married.

**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
JOHANNA MARIE (MARIA) SORENSEN MORTENSEN**

These notes were told to Louise Myers Mortensen by Johanna S. Mortensen. Some were dictated in September 1967 while visiting with George and Louise Mortensen at her home in Winder, Idaho. Some were recorded while Johanna lived with George and Louise during the winters of 1968-69 and 69-70. The places mentioned were looked up on a Danish map to find as accurate a spelling as possible. LouAnn Mortensen Shumway edited and typed this history.

(Editor's note: I have accurately included the text herein as compiled by LouAnn, but have taken some license in formatting to fit this document.)

Family

I was born on March 30, 1889 in Tolstrup, a small settlement in Hjørring (pronounced Horing) amt, Denmark. (The word amt means county.) My mother's name is Dorthea K. Patrino Jensen. My father's name is Christian Sorensen. Father was a farmer. He had a small place, so he worked mostly for a neighbor who had a big place. He was about 5 feet 10 inches tall and stout built. My mother was rather plump and short. There were eight children in our family—five older than I and two younger. My home was north of Tolstrup about a fourth of a Danish mile. A Danish mile is about four English miles. In Tolstrup was a grocery store, a bakery shop, and a shoemaker shop where they made wooden shoes.

Wooden Shoes

Danish wood shoes are not like Dutch wooden shoes. These shoes had a sole approximately one inch thick and two inches thick for the heel. They were hollowed out with a tool so the wood was over the toe. A leather strap 2-3 inches wide fit just behind the toe and across the instep to hold the shoe on firmly. The back of the shoe, which fit up onto the heel, was wood. The wood part was all in one piece. These wooden shoes were worn for work and school. We had leather Sunday shoes.

Mail

The mail carrier delivered mail from Taars. He walked and carried a mailbag from another town. This mail carrier came from a town maybe one Danish mile away.

The Land

In Denmark there are no hills to speak of. It is a flat country. There were not many roads in the country side, just dirt trails. Evergreen trees and willows grew. We had a willow grove near our home in which we played in a corner near the garden. Fir trees and other evergreen trees were planted wherever there was blow sand that was not good for anything else, to keep the sand from blowing. The trees did not grow very tall. We had Christmas trees which were brought into our town from not too far away.

Chickens

At about eight or ten years of age the children could start to walk into Tolstrup to trade eggs for sugar and coffee. We only had about twelve hens and a rooster. We kept a rooster because we could then set a hen to replenish the chicken supply. Chickens had to be fed grain, and grain was not too plentiful.

Cows

We had a couple of cows, a couple of sheep and pigs. We sold a little milk to the dairies. Here it was separated and the skim milk was sold back to the farmer. This way, the farmers received a

little money for the cream. We kept some whole milk and skimmed off the cream to make butter. We used butter sparingly, so we could sell more cream.

Our cows were black and white, quite similar to the Holstein cow. We also had a gray and white cow. The cows were milked by hand, of course. In our part of Denmark we didn't have fences to mark off people's property. People didn't let their cows roam loose without a herder, so they really didn't need fences. For markers we piled up the dirt. On small farms the owner made a two feet wide and three feet high mound of dirt as a divider all the distance of his property. In sloppy weather we walked on this mound. By the time I left Denmark some people had fences.

The cows were staked out to graze in corners where the big herds of cows couldn't go. The cows had a halter made of rope over their heads, and a rope fastened onto that. Then a big metal stake was attached to the rope and driven into the ground. To protect the feed from being trampled by too much freedom, during the day the children would move the cows about a foot closer to the feed.

In wintertime we fed the cows oats and clover hay. We kept the cows inside the barn or stall and carried water to them. We were good to our animals. The cows were fed and watered several times a day.

Milking cows was the woman's work. My mother did this. When the children were quite old they milked, but mother usually did the stripping so she was sure a good job had been done and so as to keep up the milk supply on the cow.

Clothing

In Denmark we did not have a washing machine. Some well-to-do people had one, but the machines weren't worth much. To wash clothes we bought a green soft soap that really took the

skin off your knuckles. We hung the clothes outside.

We wore clothes made from cloth my mother spun. We always had two sheep, and these sheep kept us in wool. Mother corded the wool and spun thread, then weaved the cloth. The cloth was a yellowish white. A seamstress came to the home and made the girls' clothes. Men tailors came to make the men's clothes.

Dressmakers

Dressmakers went to the home of the people who desired these services and did the sewing in that home. The dressmakers received board and room while there. One master dressmaker would have three or four apprentices with her. Some dressmakers attended school to learn the skill. A girl apprentice didn't receive any pay for quite a long time, maybe a year or two. The same was true if a boy wanted to be a carpenter. He didn't receive pay for several years. I can remember a dark blue suit of coarse material my father had from cloth mother made.

Religion

We had religious freedom in Denmark. My mother's cousin came from America to Denmark on a mission. He looked up the family and taught them the gospel, which they accepted. My parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints about a year before I was born.

Previously my parents had belonged to the Lutheran Church, which was the state church in Denmark. The Lutherans did not believe in buying forgiveness, so they broke away from the Catholic Church. The minister was paid by the government. For funerals people paid the minister. The christening in the Lutheran Church included the baptism. This was done as soon as the baby could be taken out, and it was very important that the christening be done or the soul of a person not christened would go to hell. I was not christened in the Lutheran Church, because my parents had joined the Mormons.

I do not know at what age I was blessed, but it was done by the missionaries who came to our home. This was told to me by my older brothers and sisters.

Sometimes the missionaries came quite often, then it would be a long time before any of them came again. We lived out in the country, and new missionaries wouldn't know where we lived or wouldn't be in the habit of traveling out that far.

In the Lutheran Church the children were confirmed at the age of 14, after a training session. This training consisted of a twice a week meeting with the minister for a couple of hours during their last year of school. They were taught belief and faith in God.

School

Most children did not go to school any longer than about age 14, or about eighth grade. After age 14 those who really wanted to and who had enough money went to special trade schools for about five months in the winter.

The same teacher taught all ages of children. We started school at age six. I didn't start until age eight, because it was so hard to get to school in the wintertime. If a child was absent more than the allowed absences, the parents had to pay a fee for the time the child was absent, if the absence was for any reason other than sickness.

I do not know what grade comparison the training at age 14 would be, but I think it would be a good education, because we didn't have much play, and we really worked at school. We did not have a lot of foolishness. It was strictly business.

We had mostly reading, writing, and arithmetic. We did not have a lot of other kinds of books like they do now. We had a little history book. We learned lots of Bible stories which were told to us

by the teachers. The stories have helped me a lot during my adult life. When I got old enough I could read the stories for myself from the Bible. The teacher always said the Lord's Prayer before we started school.

We walked about two to four miles to school in snow. It was a long way. We walked through fields and on cow trails. We wore wooden shoes and heavy woolen stockings. Girls knitted their own stockings as soon as they were old enough. Only girls knitted. Boys did outside chores of chopping wood and carrying peat.

The peat, which grew in patches, was dug from the ground in little squares and dried. It was used for fuel. The heating in school was by a pot-bellied stove at one side in the middle of the wall space.

If we could beat the teacher to school, we took some of the red hot coals and put them into our sopping wet wooden shoes and shook them around to dry them a little. Our stockings were wet too.

Horses

Only a few people on the small farms had horses. At one time we had a horse. On the big farms horses were always used to do the work. We had one horse. Our neighbor had one horse. We hitched them together and plowed both farms. Our horse was a big horse, and our neighbor's horse was real small, but then worked well together. People were always kind to their animals and took good care of their horses. The oats to feed the horses did not grow very high. They were tied into bundles when harvested.

Threshing

I can remember how we threshed rye grain. We grew rye instead of wheat, because where we lived it was too cold to grow wheat. The soil was poor. It had been used for so many years. In some parts of Denmark, wheat was grown. The rye grew about three feet high or more.

We children did not help thresh the grain. Only my father did this, as it had to be done very carefully. My father cut it with a scythe. My mother helped rake it and tie it into bundles. We children stood the bundles up together in little bunches so it could dry. It was rainy there, and the ground would be too damp. When the bundles were dry, they were hauled on a wheelbarrow into the barn. We did not have a very big field of rye, just enough for our bread.

The grain was laid out on the floor of the barn with all the heads the same direction. The floor was made of hardened clay. My father beat the heads with a flail, which was made of two sticks tied together with leather. He held onto one stick and swung it back over his shoulder and then forward so the other stick would swing down and hit the grain. This stick was quite round and about as big around as your arm.

After all the heads were separated from the stalks, the stalks were gathered up. Some were used for feed for the animals. It was not good feed, but it helped.

The grain was thrown across the barn floor enough times to clean the hulls and straw from the kernels. It was also sifted through a large sifter. When it was clean, it was put into sacks. One sack at a time was taken to the mill to be made into flour.

Milling

The mill had a windmill and a water powered mill, because sometimes the wind was not blowing enough. The windmill looked like the ones in pictures of Holland, with four paddles on the wheel. The flour was all the rye ground together. For special occasions like Christmas and Easter they rye flour was sifted, and only the finest parts were used for very special bread. In later years we could buy white flour, and we used it sometimes a Christmas and Easter.

The flour mill was about three or four American miles from our home. The school was not quite that far. The mill was not much farther than the school. This school was about one Danish mile from home.

The sack of grain was put into a wheelbarrow and taken along the trail to the mill by my father. Sometimes my father had to work and my mother took the sack to the mill. We children did not usually go with them. However, I did go along when I was older. The rye was left at the mill a day or two, then someone went back for the flour.

Bread

Rye is what we used for bread. We baked our own bread in a big oven, which was in a small place adjoining the house. The ovens were heated with fire. When they were hot enough, the coals were raked out, and the dough was put on the bottom where the coals had been. We did not have pans for baking bread. Then the large oven door was fastened in place.

We baked a lot of bread at one time, a tubful. Perhaps there were a dozen loaves. The loaves were oval shaped, about a foot and a half long. We didn't bake every week. Bread was a staple food. We ate a lot of it.

The ovens were large, rectangular, adobe brick. Inside the oven the shape was more rounded. The ovens were heated with the peat dug from the ground and dried in little squares like bricks. Sometimes we used coal. Peat was stacked in the oven in a square area with a hole in the center where paper was lighted to start the fire. This peat was dug from the fields and piled in a pile like a beehive to dry. When dry it was brought into the shed for storage. Sometimes it was so rainy the peat didn't dry enough. Then the fires were hard to start.

We used a yeast starter made from a small roll of dough kept until next baking. Four indentations were made on top of the little roll and filled with

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salt. Then all of it was rolled in salt to keep it.

Food

The main foods were small potatoes, bread, coffee cake and coffee. My father never did smoke nor use liquor, but he did have tea and coffee for some time. Sostercage (pronounced sustercag) is the name for coffee cake. That was a rare treat. We lived in the colder northern part of Denmark where not many fresh vegetables would grow. We grew cabbage and carrots mainly, some sour apples. The carrots, cabbages, and potatoes were kept in trenches in winter. We cooked a lot of cabbage. We also had gooseberries and currants.

For meat we had salted pork and dried fish. In the fall we killed a pig and a couple of lambs.

At breakfast we had hot milk, bread and butter, and coffee. At dinner we had potatoes and either rice or barley. At night we had hot milk, bread and butter, and cheese. We had a little fresh beef. Sometimes we had salted cod fish. We soaked the salt out in water then boiled the fish.

Health

The only sickness I can remember is measles and being shut up in a dark room.

When I was about sixteen years old I had an infected knee. I was taken to the hospital where my knee was lanced. I had to stay in the hospital for a month. Because things were not taken care of properly, my whole leg was very red. Then the sore place developed proud flesh, and they had to burn that out. The original infection just developed into a large sore swelling. It was not from any obvious injury or any known cause.

Cottage Meetings

My mother could read, and she told my father about the scriptures. There were cottage meetings sometimes which my parents attended. Sometimes the children went. The meetings were a mile or two away, and we all walked. If

we walked to the town for the meetings where the missionaries stayed, it was a long way. About four missionaries were stationed in Alborg, about six Danish miles from our home, or sometimes in Hjorring or in Brondeslev. We walked to Brondeslev to get on the train to go to Alborg. I had a bicycle at age 19 and rode into Alborg on my bicycle.

We didn't have family prayers, but I had individual prayers. We had prayers when the missionaries came.

I stayed in Denmark until 21 years of age, nearly 22, doing all the things people do on the farm – helping outside, milking cows, tying bundles of oats and rye, preparing the soil, planting and harvesting.

My Baptism

I was 21 years old when I was baptized in Alborg, Denmark in November. My parents wanted their children to know what they were doing if they joined the church. My brother Chris never did join. My sister Louise never joined. The last I heard, which was 1962, Pete hadn't been baptized. Pete's wife is very antagonistic towards Mormons.

America

I came to America at Christmastime when I was 21 years old. My fare cost me \$300.00. Christina and her husband, J. I. Larsen, sent most of the money for me to come. They felt it would be good for me to be in America, and I could help Christina with her young family until the money was paid back.

One the ship I can remember one day on the North Sea was especially rough. I was sea sick. On the Atlantic Ocean the dishes had to be put in special racks on the tables to keep them from falling off. After we got to England I was all right. We stayed one night at Grimsby, England, and then continued our journey by ship. Among those on the ship were some saints and

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returning missionaries.

My first day in Salt Lake City was Christmas day 1910. That Christmas day was spent in the home of a missionary who had been to Denmark. The next morning I went to Gunnison in southern Utah by train to my sister's home. She had three children at the time and was expecting her fourth. Her children are:

Carl Larsen
Elsie Larsen Herd
Gordon Larsen
Earl Larsen
Elmer Larsen
Oliver Larsen
Marguerite Larsen Albritten

Her husband is Jens (pronounced Yens) Ingward Larsen, known as J. I. Larsen. He was manager of a creamery in Gunnison. At one time he worked in a creamery in Salt Lake. I worked for my sister and her husband about a year to pay them back for helping me come to America.

Members of my family who came to America:

Elsie—Lived in Ogden. Died at age 27 of typhoid fever or pneumonia. She wrote to the family in Denmark. She was very religious.
Martina—Lived in California all the time.
Christina
Christian
Johanna

Language

At first I didn't go to church regularly because I couldn't understand the language. When we moved to Salt Lake and after I had been in America about a year, I went to church as often as my work allowed.

I tried to learn the English language by listening to people and by reading. J. I. Larsen and Christina spoke Danish, but the children spoke English. I learned a little bit here and there.

The first things I read were the funny papers. Then I read story books to the children and church books.

First Job

The following August or September the Larsen family moved to Salt Lake and Jens gave up the creamery business for the time. I began to work for other folks in Salt Lake City. I got my first job nine months after arriving in America. I worked in a hotel on Second South between State Street and Second East.

Other Jobs

I worked in the hotel about a year. Then I took a three-month course in dressmaking in a school. I boarded with some Danish people for \$3.00 a week. I went to school all day. I didn't care too much to work in the clothing business, or clothing repair. So I got a job in a candy factory putting candy on the belt at Sweets Candy Company.

During this time I lived with a widow lady who was a Mormon hater. I paid her three dollars a week for board and room. I earned \$5.00 a week, so I had \$2.00 left for me. She had four sons at home and a man boarder. I helped her, not because I was supposed to, but because I wanted to. I didn't care a snap about her sons, even though they were polite.

I was, for these two years, around a lot of people who were not Mormons, but I was still determined to live my religion. I read a little in church books and went to church.

Then I boarded with an older lady and her husband, whom I had met and liked. She and I went to sacrament meeting, though this lady didn't understand Mormon doctrine much. By now I was working in a laundry as a presser. I got \$8 or \$9 a week. I had quit the candy company so I could stay with my sister, who had moved to Malad, while she was sick.

I didn't stay too long at the laundry. I began

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working at Goddard's Pickle Factory packing pickles in bottles. I met a girl there I liked, and I went to board with her family. After a time I was transferred with two other girls to the pickle factory in Ogden. We didn't stay too long there, and two of us came back to Salt Lake where I worked for another pickle factory. Now I stayed at my brother Chris' home at Third East and 15th South. He had three children by then. One was by his wife's first marriage. Sorren Christian Sorensen was my brother's full name. Vera Jacobson Wilson Sorensen is his wife. He was not a Mormon. He never did join the church. Before she was divorced she had a girl. When Chris married her, he worked on the railroad.

I paid my tithing. Things were not so expensive then, and I got along.

I quit the pickle factory to work for some nice people who per Presbyterians. They lived on 13th East between Second and Third South. I worked there two years. At first I was paid \$35 a month and then \$50 a month. These people liked to have their meals quite formal and served just so by a maid. I was the maid who wore a black dress and a white apron. I cooked and did the house work. When the family had company, they had a lady come in to cook or had the meal catered. Though I made coffee for this family, and I could have it for myself, I never wanted it. I didn't want any coffee after I gave it up shortly after my baptism. But I have always loved going to the grocery stores where coffee is freshly ground. I love the aroma of coffee.

When their two children started college, the couple sold their home and moved east in the fall.

That winter I worked in a laundry again for \$10 a week. I did not want to do that work again. I could have had a lot of jobs like that. I stayed with Chris and Vera again. I paid them \$5 a week for room and board. Chris was away at the railroad a lot.

The Mortensen's

I was 22 when I came to Salt Lake to work, and I was 32 when I went to Preston to help the Andrew Mortensen family. During these ten years I stayed with my sister twice while she was sick and having her babies. By now my sister, Christina, had moved to Preston with her husband. My sister, Christina Sorensen Larsen, died in Preston in October ____.

Ester and Edna Clausen took turns caring for the Larsen children after my sister died. I met Ester when I came to the funeral and to visit. Ester married J. I. Larsen the next spring. Ester and Edna's mother, Mary Clausen, was a sister to Andrew Mortensen. Ester wrote a letter telling me her Uncle Andrew Mortensen needed someone to help him take care of his family. Andrew's wife had died with the flu two and one half years earlier in December 1918. He had hired two different ladies to help care for the children. Both women had left. He needed someone else now.

I figured I could do that for the summer and then come back to Salt Lake and work again in the winter. I never got back to Salt Lake. I came to Preston, April 18, 1921. Andrew came in to town to get me. I had come to Preston by train. I rode out to the house with him in the wagon with a high spring seat.

The children were out playing horse shoes. Edna Clausen had been staying with them. Andrew had four children: George, 15; Carl, 12; Orson, 10; and olive, 8.

George graduated from 8th grade that spring. It took quite a while before George and I talked much together. He was older than the other children, and he didn't talk much. The other children were smaller and talked more freely to me.

The Mortensen's were living in Preston 5th Ward, called Egypt. It was about three miles northeast

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of Preston on a farm with clay soil. They grew wheat and alfalfa. The home was old and small with three rooms. They had six or eight cows, some pigs, and chickens. Transportation was a buggy drawn by two horses. In winter and spring, and sometimes in the fall, they used a wagon, because the roads were so muddy. Bishop Mortensen would stop along the way to pick up the neighbors. During the summertime they drove a Ford car when the roads were good.

Visiting teachers from the Relief Society were excused from doing their teaching during the muddy seasons because of the dangers for women as drivers.

When I came to help the Mortensen's, I got along all right with the children. I thought they were good kids. They needed someone to keep house for them. And Andrew was all right. He was a bishop and he was devoted to his job. I didn't even think of marrying at that time.

Marriage

As time went on, people began thinking that a marriage would be a good thing, and then they began thinking that we might go to October conference in Salt Lake and get married then. So we thought we'd surprise them and get married in September in Logan. We had talked about it for about a month, and we planned to get married in the fall.

The day before we were marred, Andrew asked the children how they would feel if Johanna were their mother. The children responded, "Oh, she's too good for us."

Early in the morning of Sept. 28, 1921, Andrew and I drove to the Logan Temple to be married. I had worked in America about ten years when I married Andrew. We drove in an old two-seated Ford car. On the way home we had a flat tire. I held the flashlight while Andrew fixed it.

My sister, Christina, had married in the temple.

My brother Chris was not.

For my wedding day I had a nice white crepe blouse, ready made. It had tiny pleats stitched down the front, a V-neck and collar, and long sleeves with cuffs. I bought some white silk crepe material and made a pleated skirt to go with it. I used this skirt later to make dresses for my little girl, Nona.

In those days all babies, boys and girls, wore dresses for quite awhile. When Ralph was six months old, I made white rompers with blue trim. They had short legs with pleats down the front. I thought they looked so pretty. Some people thought I was rushing it to put him in rompers so soon, but I didn't think so. I could hardly wait.

When I came over here in 1910 to help my sister Christina when she had her babies, the style was for the baby dresses to be long enough to reach to the hem of the mother's dress when the mother held the baby. Mothers at that time wore their dresses at least to their ankles. By the time Ralph was born, the baby dress style was to the baby's feet.

The best thing we had for baby's sensitive skin was corn starch. In Denmark we had potato starch, which is much like corn starch. We grated the potatoes and put them in water. The fine part, or the starch, would settle to the bottom of the tub. This we dried in the sun. We ate it as a mush with milk and cinnamon and sugar. We also used it as a thickening and as a body powder for babies.

Around Thanksgiving time George and Carl, and Orson, after he got old enough, always stored away the header boxes from the wagons in one part of the barn. Other machinery was also stored away for the wintertime. The big equipment was owned by about four neighboring farmers usually the Condie's, Mortensen's, Clausen's, and Porter's.

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Threshing Time

My responsibility during threshing time was to keep the men fed. Breakfast was about 5 a.m. and supper at 10 p.m.

During threshing time there were many horses in the yard. It seemed that I had been in bed only a brief time and I'd hear those men out in the yard rattling their harnesses. At night, after I washed the dishes, I set the breakfast table.

For breakfast I cooked oatmeal or fine wheat, bacon and eggs (two or three eggs for each person), bread and jam, honey, and fruit. The children and I ate after the men went to work.

For dinner I fixed fried chicken or roast beef, potatoes and gravy, either apple, raisin, or squash pie, and fresh corn.

For supper we had cold meat, warmed over potatoes or potato salad, sliced tomatoes, corn canned fruit and cake or cookies. I remember there had to be so much food. It just disappeared, especially the bread.

Andrew killed the chickens in the morning and hung them up to bleed. I cleaned the chickens after breakfast. In the afternoon I made bread. It had to be baked every day. I baked it in a large pan, seven loaves at once.

I sent Olive down to Condie's to get a cup of coffee for the threshers. Olive said she nibbled on the coffee grounds all the way home.

When the family was alone for supper we ate bread and milk, cheese, and canned fruit.

The year Ralph was born I got through with the threshers and started canning peaches before he came.

I had bad hay fever in Salt Lake and every year during hay harvest. It seemed that all I did was blow my nose and wash my hands. It also

bothered me when I hoed beets on the farm in Winder.

A Tough Year

The summer of 1926 was a tough old summer. Andrew was very sick. The doctor told me he had cancer and would only last a few months. George was in bed for a long time with an ear infection. Then both ears ran and he got lock jaw. Ralph and Steven had whooping cough. Steven would turn blue right before one of his coughing spells. Olive would run to him and hold him so that he would breathe. Orson had a knee infection. Carl and Orson hauled the hay. Nona was about to be born. She was born in August.

I had 500 chickens to help the family with expenses. When Andrew and I got married, I began raising chickens. Each night when the chicks were tiny, we put twenty chicks per basket and put them in the shed for the night. When we lived on the farm by the mountain, I had five or six cases of eggs a week. It was not so bad for us then. We had electric lights, but we had to haul all of the water for cooking and drinking.

Water

I dipped water from the irrigation ditch for washing. I let it settle overnight or for a day. Then it was all right for washing. We spent over a thousand dollars trying to get a well on that place. We could never get any good water, only hot water which had sulphur in it.

Debt Free At Last

While we were at the farm by the mountain we got all of our debts paid off. Andrew's friends talked to hem about bankruptcy, but he said no. He said, "I got into debt honestly, and I will pay it back honestly—every cent of it." And he did pay back every cent, with interest, while living there on the farm by the mountain. And we got along all right.

Children

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When I joined the Mortensen family, Andrew's main concern was to have a home and keep his family together.

Ralph was born Sept. 29, 1922, a year after I was married. Steven was born August 13, 1924. Nona was born August 3, 1926.

After George graduated from high school, he was called on a mission. He did not accept that call. He got real sick with his ears and tonsils. George went to Martinez, California in the fall of 1928. While there he saved his money and sent Carl on a mission in 1929. George sent him \$40 a month, and Andrew and I sent him \$10 a month.

Fred and Freda Gregersen, Olive Johnson and Chuck Porter, Carl and Wanda, Elsie and Kermit Hurd were all going to get married in the spring of 1929, but Carl went on a mission. So Wanda waited for him.

George went on his mission to Germany in January of 1932. When he came home in August 1934, his clothes were worn out and he didn't have a dollar, but he was determined to go to college. We didn't have any money to give him because of the depression.

After Carl came home from his mission in 1931, he got a job driving the school bus. Carl married Wanda Peterson in May 1934. He did not have much after he got married. Wanda taught school and Carl trucked for the farms in the summer and worked at the sugar factory in the winters.

Orson went to Jerome in the summers to work. In the winter he was around home. Orson married Gwen Call in the fall of 1934.

Olive married Dale Nelson May 4, 1935. She had lived in Idaho Falls for three years to earn her degree in nursing.

Ralph went in the Army in April of 1942 at the age of twenty. He had signed up in the reserves.

Ralph was in Munich when the peace treaty was signed. He was in the group that was sent right home. They were to be on furlough for a short time and then sent to training in preparation for Japan. This move was called off, and the men were dismissed in January 1946.

When Ralph went into the service, Steven helped Andrew on the farm. Steven married Verneal Taylor March 12, 1946. Andrew and I went to the Idaho Falls Temple with them. Verneal's brothers were there. After the marriage we went to Olive and Dales's little home on K Street for a luncheon. I helped Olive prepare the lunch. We had a nice cake. I had a broken arm.

Church Activity

I received my patriarchal blessing when I was in Preston, Idaho with my sister, Christina. I was helping her when she had a new baby. She and I went together to get our blessings.

Before I was married I didn't hold any positions in the church. After I was married, I was a Sunday School teacher for a few years while my children were young and we were still in Egypt. I later served as Second Counselor in the MIA. While we were still in Egypt, just before we moved to Dayton, I was Relief Society President for more than a year. In Dayton I was a primary teacher, visiting teacher, and genealogical teacher who visited the homes.

In the Winder Ward I taught primary. After Andrew died I taught Sunday School. I was also Relief Society President for about two years. I was released when Ralph was made Bishop. Then I was theology teacher in Relief Society. For a while I taught Sunday School at the same time. When I broke my wrist I was released. Since I broke my wrist, I haven't held a position in the ward. That has been three years (as of April 1970). I have only been home in the summers, and I haven't had transportation.

For three winters I have lived with George and

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Louise in Idaho Falls. Tuesdays through Fridays George takes me to the temple early in the morning before he drops Louise off at Hawthorne Elementary School. He picks me up in the evening after he picks up Louise. I do endowments in the temple all day. **(Johanna did over a thousand endowments those three winters.)**

Philosophy

There isn't anything that means more to little children than their mother and father and the things the family does at home together.

When you get mad, you say a lot of things you didn't want to say. Afterwards you are sorry for saying them. Some people say it is better to blow up and get it over with. It is really hard on people to keep quiet and let it fester up inside of them or sulk. However, for the sake of others, it isn't good to blow up and say angry things. The angry person forgets what he has said, but what about those who hear those words? The hurt you have done to them cannot be measured. Sometimes that hurt is long lasting.

I think it is good for people to feel important and to do something that gives them joy. One woman said her great joy was to fix a good meal and take it to a friend who was sick. Andrew's first wife, Christina, really liked to sew. She got a lot of joy from her sewing.

Mr. Stocks, our neighbor while we lived by the mountain, was a good a neighbor as you'll ever find. He was so good to let us use his machinery until we managed to get some of our own. He said, "It might as well wear out as rust out."

Andrew was always helping someone who needed help. As Bishop, his own needs and work went undone while he took care of the Lord's work or helped someone who needed him.

When we are doing the Lord's work, we often say

to ourselves, "I did the best I could." But within ourselves we admit that we could have done better if we had tried harder. That is the way I feel about a lot of things I have done.

Brother J. Golden Kimball said, "When I look over my family, I'm not so proud of some of them. But when the Lord looks over his family, I suppose there are a lot of us that He's not so proud of either."

Now when you write this history, you be sure to say that that quote was given by an old woman past eighty years of age!

Testimony

I would never have come to America if I had not belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I always had a testimony that this was the true church. My testimony has just gradually grown, not anything spectacular. I have just always believed the church was true, and the things I read confirmed this.

There is no comparison to what my life would have been without the gospel, and what it is now. Without the gospel my life is nothing. The gospel is everything in my life. My motto is the same as Joshua's, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

On the way home from our marriage I was thinking about what I would fix the threshers who were coming the next day. I would have them for three meals each day for the next three days. Since that time I have thought that by marrying Andrew, I became a wife, a mother of four children, gave birth to three additional children, became an American citizen, and an heir to the Celestial Kingdom.

I am only a plain, unimportant person. All the good things of life – my marriage, my family – have come to me because of my parents' accepting the gospel when the missionaries came.

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Johanna Marie Sorensen Mortensen died April 6, 1978 in Meridian, Idaho at the home of her son Steven. She was 86 years old.

TAPED INTERVIEW

The following is a transcript of a taped visit in 1974 between Johanna Marie SORENSSEN Mortensen and Steven MORTENSEN, her son.

Steve:

We have Mother here in our home with us and we are going to ask her some questions about her early life and her experience as a young lady in Denmark and if she doesn't get too tired we will talk about some of the things that happened after she came to America. So Grandma, would you tell us a little about how things were in your home; tell us who your parents where; where you were born; what kind of a house you lived in and all the things you can remember about your youth.

Grandma:

Well, my parents were Christian Sorensen and Dorteja Jensen. We lived in a very small house with two rooms with a shanty in the back which was the kitchen. We always had plenty to eat but it was rye bread and mil, things that were very common. We never starved; we always had plenty. My father worked on a large farm next to our home. He worked there every day. He started work about 5 o'clock. and quite about 8 o'clock at night. They had about a couple hour at noon to eat their dinner and have a little nap. Other than that they worked pretty steady all of the time.

Steve:

What kind of work did they do?

Grandma:

Farm work. They had cows. The ladies milked the cows and the men was too busy for that. They cut the grain with a scythe and the hay also. They did it all by hand, they raked it all by hand with the hand rake. We had a small farm of our own. My mother and father used to haul our grain in a wheelbarrow. They would stack it as high as they could and tie it with rope and we had

a couple of cows.

Steve:

How many brothers and sisters did you have?

Grandma:

There was eight in the family. I was the sixth and there was two younger than I was, a boy and a girl.

Steve:

Could you tell us their names in their order?

Grandma:

My oldest sister was Else, the second was Christina and the third was Martina and then there was a boy named Soren, and another girl named Louise, and then I came in next, Johanna was my name, ant then I had a brother after that; his name was Pete; and then I had a little sister and her name was Otelia. That meant that she was eighth in the family. That was all we had.

Steve:

Where did you go to school?

Grandma:

I went to school about a Danish mile from our home. It was just a little school house. The school master and his wife lived in part of that building. They had a large room where part of it was where the men taught the children. We had to walk to school in wooden shoes and in the Spring and the Fall when the snow was wet and loose, we generally had our shoes full of snow and water so all day our feet was nice and cold. But we had home knitted stockings so they helped a little. But we didn't mind it. It was fun for us.

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Steve:

How long was your school year? Did you start in the fall like we do here?

Grandma:

Well, we didn't have much summer vacation. They had the older children go during the winter, nearly all the time, and the younger ones in the summer. I can't hardly remember just how that went but I think the younger ones went about two days in the winter time during the week. They didn't have Saturday off or any day off, only of course we had Christmas day off.

Steve:

Did you go to school on Sundays too?

Grandma:

Oh, no of course we had Sundays off. I am not real sure about this, cause I can hardly remember. But I know the older children went in the winter time and the younger ones during the summer. They had about four weeks vacation during the hot part of the summer and I think that's all.

Steve:

What was the weather like there in Denmark, was it like it is here?

Grandma:

Well, it was not as cold, however, it felt colder. We had wet snow a lot of the time. It would rain quite a bit, so it seemed colder. But we didn't have the frosty weather as bad as we have it here, but it was sloppy and wet with lots of snow.

Steve:

What are some of the first experiences you can remember about the church?

Grandma:

Well, I can remember that nearly everybody in Denmark belonged to the Lutheran Church and that was what they called the State Church. Those that didn't belong to that were sort of outcasts. One day when we came home from school there was two funny looking men in our

house – we thought they were funny looking anyway – and when they had left we asked our parents who they were and they said that they were missionaries from America and they had a new religion they were teaching people and I believe that one of them was a cousin or a second cousin to my mother. I can't remember that too well, but we thought they were funny looking fellows and asked about who they were. Then quite frequently a couple of men like that would come to our home and we were told they were missionaries from America, and of course as we grew up we learned about the Gospel. Of course, in Denmark they looked upon people that joined the Mormon Church as kind of a little bit screwy in their head, so they weren't too well received.

Steve:

How old were you when your parents joined the church? Or can you remember?

Grandma:

From what I have heard my older sister say, it was about the time when I was born. Anyway, I was not christened into the Lutheran Church and the older ones, older than me, were so it was about that time they joined the church and got courage enough to not do that.

Steve:

Now, what about Peter and Otelila? Were they christened into the Lutheran Church?

Grandma:

No, they were not. They were heathens, so they called them in Denmark.

Steve:

So you were a heathen too, then?

Grandma:

Yes, I am a heathen.

Steve:

So then did you go to the Mormon Church? Did they have a branch there?

Grandma:

Yes, they had a branch, but it was so far away that we very seldom went. It was about two Danish miles –that was about eight English miles. They didn't have automobiles in those days and the horse we had was a work horse and we had a buggy and once in a while we went, but not very often. But anyway, I always did believe the Mormon Church was true. I don't know why I believed it because I really didn't know much about it, but it seemed like it kind of came to me that it was the right church. I never doubted it.

Steve:

What happened to your older sisters? Can you tell us, and about your brothers, one by one? What happened to Elsie?

Grandma:

Elsie went to America. She was baptized the same time that my parents were. She was a very faithful Mormon. She came and worked in Ogden. She came with some people she was acquainted with and she worked there, but she died when she was quite young. She did quite a bit of genealogy work before that. We still have some of that and I have had some of the work done.

Steve:

Did she ever marry?

Grandma:

No, she was twenty-six or something when she died. She wasn't married.

Steve:

What happened to the next one, Christina, what happened to her?

Grandma:

Well, she came to America, also. She married a man by the name of J. I. Larsen, and they had seven children. Most of them are still alive, still around here somewhere. My other sister, the third one, came to America, too. She never got married and she worked around. She went to California after a while. She didn't seem to care

too much about the gospel. But before she died she thought more about it.

Steve:

The fourth one was who?

Grandma:

Chris, they called him Chris. We used to call him Soren but when they got over here they called him Chris. He was named Soren Christian so they called him Chris. That seemed to fit better. He never joined the church. He didn't think there was much to it. The girl he married was a Mormon but she wasn't a very good Mormon, and so after a while they separated. They had two children - two boys.

Steve:

Howard and Louis?

Grandma:

Yes, Howard and Louis.

Steve:

Okay, then who came next?

Grandma:

Louise was the next. She never came to America. She stayed in Denmark.

Steve:

Did she marry?

Grandma:

Yes.

Steve:

How many children did she have?

Grandma:

She had a girl and two boys.

Steve:

Did she join the church?

Grandma:

No, she never did. I came next, but I came to America when I was about twenty or twenty-one or twenty-two, or something like that. I worked

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for a long while and finally got married. I married a man who had four children. He was a widower. Their mother had died. So I married him and we had three children, Ralph, Steven, and Nona. He had four so we had seven all together.

Steve:

Were they ever all home at the same time?

Grandma:

Yes, I think so. There was a time they were all at home. The oldest boy went to California for a while and he went on a mission and son and got married.

Steve:

Where did you work when you came to America?

Grandma:

I mostly stayed in Salt Lake and I did housework and things like that. It wasn't hore to get work. I never was out of work, because it seemed like there wasn't many girls that liked to do housework. Course, I didn't either, particularly, but then I had to take what I could get.

Steve:

How about your first job?

Grandma:

Well, my second sister was married and she had a bunch of little kids and she needed some help, so I stayed with them for a while, for about six or seven months. Then she got me a job working in a hotel. It was a small hotel where they had about twenty rooms or so and it was a private affair. I worked there for a while. I did several jobs around. I always had work.

Steve:

Did you ever work in any kind of factory?

Grandma:

Oh, yah. I worked in a candy factory for a while and I also worked in a laundry and I worked in a pickle factory where they packed pickles and stuff.

Steve:

Dill pickles?

Grandma:

Yes, any kind; all kinds of pickles.

Stan:

If we were alive, and you had a candy store, would you give us some candy?

Grandma:

I sure would. I was so sick of looking at candy that I hated it.

Steve:

What kind of candy did you make?

Grandma:

They made good chocolate and they made these little kisses like you have now. They were some of the cheapest chocolates there was. They had white centers and they had chocolate on the outside.

Steve:

What was the name of it? Do you remember?

Grandma:

Sweets. He was a Jew, I think. Sweets Candy.

Steve:

They still have it.

Grandma:

I guess so.

Steve:

How did you happen to come to Idaho and marry this widower that you married?

Grandma:

Well, I had a sister-in-law, sister died. My second sister died after she had seven children.

Steve:

What was the cause of her death?

Grandma:

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Well, she had a bad heart and rheumatic fever and stuff like that. Then my brother-in-law married another girl and her and I was kind of acquainted. She wrote and told me that this widower in Idaho was looking for someone to cook for them for the summer, because they had a farm, you know, and he needed some help. So I thought, well, I was working for a laundry at the time and I knew that was going to be kinda hot for summer so I thought, well, that will be alright to go up and cook for some men and so I came up and I stayed and that fall we got married.

Steve:

How did you travel from Salt Lake to Preston?

Grandma:

The bus, what we used to call Leapin' Lena.

Steve:

The Bamburger.

Grandma:

Bamburger. They run every so often, you know. That was the way people generally traveled at that time. Very few cars were had at that time. So we got along well.

I believe that's all.

Memories of Mother Johanna

By

Carl A. Mortensen

March 1991

She came to live with us April 18, 1921.

I was only twelve years old then. Now I am eighty two. Sixty nine years have passed since I first laid eyes upon this living angel who had such profound influence for good upon my life. I shall be eternally grateful to Mother Johanna. To be invited to tell a few things I remember about her is a great personal honor.

These lines seem fitting:

*We come into this world all naked and bare.
We go through this world full of sorrow and care.
We go out of this world we know not where.
But if we are good fellows here,
we'll be thoroughbreds there.*

“Women are God’s supreme creation”, said President Gordon B. Hinkley.

Mother Johanna was and is both a thoroughbred and one of God’s supreme creations. I hold her in highest esteem.

Our anticipation about the new house keeper was great. What would she be like? Father had told us but little about her. I don’t think that he had ever met her. We four children stood by as father harnessed the team of horses, hitched them to the wagon, climbed up to the spring seat,, too the lines in his hands, and to the team said, “Gitty Up!”. Off to Preston they headed. The excitement of having a new housekeeper remained with us all morning and into the afternoon.

When Father drove into the yard with Johanna, we four children, George, Orson, Olive and I were there to greet them. Sitting high on the spring seat, Father and Johanna looked like a king and queen to me. When Father introduced Johanna to us, I had an exalted refined feeling about her. We all knew at first glance that she was someone special.

If I was asked today to describe my feelings I would say: She was one who stood with the noble

and great in the pre-existence. She was sent to earth as an angel of mercy and a peacemaker. Her heart was overflowing with love for everyone. To me she was a person without guile.

When she first came, my brothers and darling sister, Olive, felt that she was too good for us. That feeling has never changed for me.

Perhaps a little of our family history before Mother Johanna came to live with us would be of interest. My own mother died 23 December 1918. This was the year of the influenza epidemic. After nursing all the family back to health, Mother was in a weakened condition. Her resistance was very low and the flue overtook her. Many people in the valley and throughout the country died of it that year.

After Mother’s passing, members of Father’s family offered to take us four children into their homes. No one could take all of us so offers came to take one here and one there and so on. But Father said, “I do not want to break up the family. We will try it alone for a while.” So from December of 1918 until April of 1921 we were alone without a mother.

We kids, Orson, Olive, and I spent many lonely hours shifting for ourselves. Father and George were busy with farming and related duties. We often played in the willows near the ditch bank. We fried eggs and potatoes and boiled corn for our dinner. I experienced love, deep compassion, and concern for my only little sister. She was so young and a tiny cute loving person.

During this time Father hired two house keepers in succession. One was a Mrs. Tibbets who had two children, Harvy and Edith. The other was a Mrs. Jenks who had one son named Raymond. During their stay with us, each family occupied the one and only bedroom in our house. Our sister, Olive, was allowed to sleep in the bedroom with them. Father, my two brothers, and I, slept out in

the shed. Actually the building was an old frame school house that Father had moved in for a storage building. I had a lean-to on the North side where machinery was stored. The old Model T Ford car and a work bench occupied the West half of the building. We used the East half to sleep in. Two sliding doors on the West end shut off a portion of the cold and storm, but it was still breezy and very cold. Four drafty windows on the South side provided plenty of cross ventilation.

When it was time for bed we put on our warm clothing and made a dash for the shed. Many nights the snow was knee deep and drifting. It was very uncomfortable getting into a cold bed where ice cycles formed from our breath the night before, still remained. These were hard trying times.

Father and I shared the same bed. As Bishop of the Preston 5th Ward he was often out until late at night attending meetings. He also gave a lot of day time service to the Church. One night when he came home I was awake, even though I feel certain he thought I was asleep. He knelt on the cold bare floor and prayed aloud to Heavenly Father. I could not help but overhear his humble petition. The words went something like this: "Father, I am lonely and discouraged. I need a companion. My children need a mother, especially my darling, Olive. Please hear and answer my humble plea."

His prayer was answered. Not long after his fervent request, Mother Johanna came to bless our home. After she came we didn't have to go out to that cold old shed to sleep. Things were better in every way.

Mother Johanna won her way into our hearts with kindness and her good cooking. I think I have never tasted better pies. Her cinnamon buns excelled any I have ever eaten. When she baked buns she made enough to fill a huge crock jar. They were covered with the most delicious frosting and placed in the jar in the basement. Somehow I could not resist going to the basement, filling my pockets with buns, then going outside

thinking that no one had seen me. Of course, Mother watched from the kitchen window and had seen me reach into my overstuffed pocket and start to eat the buns. Bless her heart; all she ever said about the incident was to ask, "Carl did the buns taste good?" She was wise and seemed to know everything.

She was entertaining. It was always fun and uplifting to visit with her. One night as we visited in the kitchen she said, "I will bet that I can put a fifty pound sack of flour on my back and walk a mile." It sounded impossible to us, but we did not dare to challenge her. Then she extended a challenge to us. She said, "I'll be I can stack you three boys in the corner and sit on you." Of course, we didn't believe that! George was 15, I was 12 and Orson was 10. We thought we were great big boys and she was just one woman. So we took the challenge and the battle was on! She grabbed George first and brought him to the floor. She held him there with her knee and then reached for me. I felt the power in those arms and hands as she flipped me on top of George. She quickly placed Orson on top of me and then sat on top of all three of us. The struggle made her short of breath, but she won the battle — and our respect.

Mother Johanna did her own thinking and managed things in her own way. Shortly after coming to keep house for us she was cooking something when the Clausen girls came to visit. They made suggestions as to how they thought Mother should do things. Mother was very polite, smiled a loving smile, nodded her head and said, "Uh Huh", but kept right on doing as she chose. I never recall them challenging her ways again.

As is mentioned in her personal history, written by Louise Mortensen, Mother states that when she came to bless our home it was during the big depression. Times were hard and money scarce. The house was heated by a wood and coal burning stove. There was little money to buy coal so Father hauled wood logs from the canyons with his team and sleigh. Hand sawing the logs into stove length also helped keep the boys out of

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mischief.

Early one winter morning Father came to the bedside and said, "Carl, get up. Dress in your warmest clothes. I want you to go with me to the canyon for a load of wood." It was a cold morning and the snow was deep. Other Johanna had packed a lunch for us.

As we rode up the Cub River Canyon toward Willow Flat it started to snow. While sitting on the bobsled seat about four inches of snow piled up on my lap. I wasn't too excited about the trip anyway and this topped it off! I said to Father, "Let's turn around and go home. We can get wood another day when it isn't snowing." He reply was, "Turn around and go home without wood? Who ever hear of such a thing?"

We experienced a lot of difficulty that day and to top it off, our lunch was frozen so hard we couldn't eat it.

It was about 1:30 A.M. when we drove into the yard, cold and hungry. Mother Johanna, that living angel of mercy, was at the bottom of the lane with lantern in hand to greet us. She told us, "As soon as you have taken care of the horses come in where there is a warm fire and a hot delicious meal prepared." Here was a lady who practiced self-denial, always thinking of and doing for others. (Helping hands are more holy than praying lips.)

When Mother first came we had no chickens. We also had very little spending money. It wasn't long until Mother Johanna had us clean the old chicken coop in preparation for bay white leghorn chicks. She tenderly watched over them just like an old sitting hen. After a few months they matured and began to lay eggs. This project helped to place food on the table and make a little money to buy other necessities. The thing of most interest to us was the fifty cents a week we got for cleaning the coop. We never had it so good! All of this was because of Mother's ingenuity.

She and Father had three more children. Ralph, Steven, and Nona were all born at home in her bedroom. Dr. Cutler came for the births. I do not know if anything was given to deaden the pain, but I distinctly remember hearing her cry out with pain while I was quite a distance away from the house. The sound of her cry caused my eyes to fill with tears. That day I learned what it meant to go down into the valley of the shadow of death to give birth.

Mother Johanna was not partial to any child. I challenge anyone to find a difference in treatment between the children of her own birth and the rest of us. To illustrate, when Ralph and Steven started school they came home with this story. "Mother, the kids at school say that George, Carl, and Orson are just our half- brothers. Is that right?" Mother looked at them, thought for just a moment, and then said, "Well, if that's true, the where in the world is the other half?" Mother Johanna taught us to be a loving united family.

Our sweet little sister, Olive, was 7 or 8 years old when Mother Johanna came to bless our home. Olive needed a mother so desperately. Mother Johanna was so tender with Olive. She taught her many skills. She helped her to have self-esteem and to be a refined lady. As the years passed their love and respect for each other deepened. Olive was very fond of Ralph, Steven, and Nona. With much love and tenderness, Olive helped Mother Johanna raise them. Olive's love for Mother Johanna is such that she has requested to be buried by her side.

Teasing seems to come easy for me. This habit has gotten me in trouble many times. One day Olive and I were washing dishes in the kitchen sink. As usual, I was teasing and tormenting Olive. She was in tears. Mother Johanna was standing nearby. All of a sudden I heard and felt a thud on my head. I saw stars! Mother Johanna had taken one of heart heavy pans and whacked me a couple of times on the head. Not much was said, nor was there much to say. I knew I had been corrected. I also know I had received what I deserved.

Nona was a cute sweet special little girl, deeply loved by her mother and all of us. She was tenderly cared for and much time and attention given to her. Our neighbor had a boy about Nona's age. His name was Lavon Porter. He and Nona became good friends and played together often. Many times Mother Johanna would place the little table on the shady side of the house, cover it with a beautiful white table cloth, and set a lovely play dinner just for two. Nona and John thought they were really up-town people. Several times John has mentioned to me how special he thought that experience was.

I can only remember Mother Johanna swearing one time. It was when Father and some of the children were in bed deathly ill. I am not certain but it seems to me that her children were afflicted with diphtheria. Mother Johanna was standing by the kitchen range stirring pickle sauce. She was in Deep depressed thought, very worried over the condition of her husband and the little ones. I stood by her side. She stirred a time or two and then asked, "Carl, what shall I do with this damned stuff?"

While on my mission she wrote me letters. A few times I called home from Spokane, Washington. The letters and telephone conversations were always encouraging and uplifting. I knew they were struggling and making great financial sacrifices to keep me in the mission field. However, never once did I hear one word of complaint from Mother Johanna. Her attitude and supreme desire was to help build the Kingdom.

When I left for my mission, Mother Johanna gave me a leather bound book entitled Jesus the Christ by Elder James E. Talmage. I still have it. Each time I read from the book I am very much impressed and motivated by the mission of the Savior. I am also impressed with how close Mother Johanna endeavored to follow the example of Jesus Christ.

The depression lingered on. Times were

challenging. It was almost impossible to meet the mortgage payments. Foreclosures were commonplace. Like many other, Father and Mother Johanna lost their farm. The day they moved in the spring of 1932 was a sad day. The only earthly possessions they owned were some cows, a team of horses named Dick and Coley, and a wagon with a box about three and a half feet wide, perhaps eighteen inches deep, and maybe ten feet long. They placed what little furniture they had into this wagon box and headed West across the valley to Dayton, Idaho, a distance of about 12 miles. When this sad family drove away from the old home Ralph, Steven, and Nona were sitting in the back of the wagon. As the old home faded from view Mother Johanna heard them say, "Goodbye old home." (I can just see the tears rolling down the cheeks of those noble parents.) In spite of all this they kept the faith and faced the future with courage. They are to be admired for their courage and example.

During the time they lived at Dayton there was much unemployment. Tramps often caught the freight trains from place to place. Many stopped at the Dayton railroad station. It was only a mile West to Dayton village and many walked there seeking a handout. Many of these men knocked on Mother Johanna's door asking for food. If the weather was warm they were invited to sit in the shade of the porch for a cool drink. While they rested, Mother Johanna prepared the best food she had, set an outdoor table with a beautiful table cloth, and fed the men as best she could. If the weather was cold or wet they were invited into the house as her guests where the same courtesy was extended. Truly she was a lady who read, believed, and practiced the teachings of Jesus Christ. "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

As I recall, at Dayton, the family lived in four different houses in five years. Again there was no money for coal to heat with. Wood had to be hauled from the canyon basin for firewood. By now Ralph and Steven were the ones to help Father.

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In her quiet unassuming way, Mother Johanna gained many friends. She was called to work in the Relief Society. Many of the sisters came just to visit, or ask for counsel, and to gain encouragement and spiritual uplift. The family kept the Sabbath Day holy. The three children had many friends and were well thought of at school and church.

In 1937 the family moved from Dayton to the West side of Little Mountain. Father loved to farm and build on this place. Mother Johanna enjoyed her garden and berries. In the history she dictated, Mother Johanna mentions that there was no water except for the irrigation ditch. Culinary water had to be hauled from Deep Creek in barrels. Mother Johanna did all the laundry by hand using the old wash board. They lived in a one room shanty approximately 12 X 15 feet. Sleeping quarters were in a tent on the South side of the house. I am not sure, but it seems to me that there was a double bed on either side of a small walkway and a single bed at the South end. Winters were severe. To keep them warm, Mother Johanna heated rocks in the oven of the coal range. She wrapped flannel cloth around the rocks and then placed them under the covers at the foot of the bed. In spite of all this inconvenience, Mother Johanna kept her one room spotlessly clean and tidy. The beds were always inviting. I am not certain of the dates, but it seems that in 1951 or 1952, Father and Mother Johanna moved from the farm on Little Mountain to a better house on Battle Creek. They still kept the farm and traveled back and forth daily. This was still in Winder Ward. There were two houses much alike, sitting side by side. Father and Mother Johanna bought the North house and Ralph and Beverly lived in the South one.

It should be mentioned that Mother Johanna and Beverly were very close, having much love and respect for one another. This love and respect was also true of her other daughters-in law, Louise, Wanda, Gwen and Verneal.

The new house was much nicer than their camp on

the prairie at Little Mountain. It had running tap water, a nice living room, a big kitchen, one master bedroom, and a bath room with modern plumbing. This was quite a luxury compared to their previous home. The house also had a basement and a coal furnace. They were happy and content in their new surroundings.

Father passed away in 1953. I think he was 79 years old. After Father's call to yonder place, Mother Johanna lived alone. Ralph and Beverly lived next door and assisted her until 1967 when they moved to Tremonton. Mother Johanna did not drive a car. She had to depend upon others for transportation to Church and to Preston to do her shopping.

As I think about and ponder on her trials during this period of her life I experience feelings of both regret and admiration. It is not easy to live without a companion. It is sad and lonely to sit hour after hour, day after day, and night after night having no family to converse with or to exchange thoughts with. During this period of time her eye sight was failing. This made it difficult to read. In addition to all these trials she was afflicted with slow painful cancer. She told no one of the cancer.

My feeling of regret is that I did not take the time, or make the effort to visit her more often. This was a time when I could have and should have done more things for her. Doing so would have shown her that I appreciated the many things she did for me. The saying, "If our front sight were as good as our hind sight, then we could see with clearer vision", certainly applies to me.

My feelings of admiration are deepened when I consider how bravely she fought loneliness and painful cancer. One spoke truth when he said, "If you are God's gold, expect the furnace."

This experience is vivid and sacred to me. One day as I drove from Clifton to Preston I was prompted to go by way of Battle Creek to Mother Johanna's house. On arriving I invited her to ride with me to Preston to do some shopping. She

seemed pleased with the invitation. As we rode along she asked, "Carl, do you know what day this is?" I replied, "Not really, Mother." Then she said, "It is your father and mother's wedding day. Just think how happy they are." After a brief pause she then said, "I owe so much to your father. He opened the door to the Celestial Kingdom for me. Through all my life I have prayed for a temple marriage and family. My prayers have been answered. I am blessed with a good husband, a temple marriage, and seven wonderful precious children."

My father, Andrew, my own mother, Christina, and Mother Johanna were all spiritual people. They often received promptings from the Spirit. Most promptings were honored with obedience. One such experience was directed at me. Mother Johanna did not tell me that she had been directed by the Spirit to pay me a visit, but I have always felt that she was inspired to do so.

June 10, 1973 was the day of my release as Stake President of Oneida Stake. President Ezra Taft Benson was the visiting general Authority. At this conference he called me to be Stake Patriarch. After being sustained at the conference he ordained and set me apart. The call came as a complete surprise to me and I shed tears of inadequacy.

After we returned home from the conference the phone began to ring. It rang many times in the days and weeks that followed. Stake members were calling to make appointments for patriarchal blessings. With each person who called I pleaded for more time. I knew I had been called and ordained. I knew I had a job to do, but I seemed as though I just could not make myself do it.

While I was in this dilemma, Mother Johanna, who was then in her eighties, came to visit at our home in Clifton... I am sure she came for a definite purpose, because she got right to the point. Her first question was, "Carl, how many blessings have you given?" With embarrassment I answered, "Mother, I haven't given any." Then with a strong penetrating voice she probed, "You

haven't given any? And why not?" I replied, "Mother, I am afraid to."

Then came the message she had come to deliver. "What? Do you mean to tell me that after the Lord has blessed and sustained you so many times in your Priesthood callings, you still haven't learned to trust Him?"

Needless to say, after such a wise, yet stern reproof, I was motivated and determined to do as I was called and set apart to do. Without Mother Johanna's visit and her wise counsel I may have continued to procrastinate for some time and forfeited many spiritual blessings. Her wise words of counsel on learning to trust the Lord have motivated me to action more than once since then. Truly she was a remarkable saintly woman.

It was a joyous and long to be remembered occasion when Mother Johanna's family met at Steven and Verneal's home in Meridian, Idaho to be with Mother on her 86th birthday. Her physical health was failing but she was still very alert and was able to visit with everyone present.

The morning that we were to leave, Verneal prepared a lovely breakfast. She served the meal in their spacious family room. Mother Johanna sat at the head of the table. After we had finished breakfast, Mother stood out away from the table and motioned for all to gather around. Then as near as I can remember, she said the following: "I know my days on earth are but few. I want to tell each one of you how much I love you. You have been, and are, all good kids. I will miss being with you for a little season. Live the very best you can so that we can be together again in Eternity."

When she had finished speaking I do not think there was one dry eye. Her spirit and words had touched everyone. It is my humble opinion that each one of her children made commitment then and there to be obedient to her counsel. Is there any better way to show our love, respect, and appreciation for all she gave in service and example to each one of us?

I hope the memory of this part of our visit will

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always remain with me. The beauty and spirit of the occasion was Heavenly. To me it showed the depth of Mother Johanna's love for all her children.

Mother Johanna chose to spend her remaining days at Meridian with Steven and Verneal. One week later she passed peacefully away.

In conclusion I quote the words of Elder Le Grand Richards. His lovely celestial companion was called home first. On the day of her funeral, just

before the casket was closed, Elder Richards stood at the side of his sweetheart and leaned over and kissed her. Those close by heard him speak these words. "Goodbye, Darling. I'll see you in a little while. You will be at home and happy up there because you are just as good as any of the Heavenly Angels."

No less can be said of Mother Johanna. God bless her memory.

Excerpts From the Life History of Ralph S. Mortensen

My grandparents were all born in Denmark. They all joined the LDS Church while in Denmark. My mother's parents remained in Denmark. My father's parents came to the United States in 1873, the year before my father was born. Dad served on and L.D.S. Mission in Denmark where he met his first wife. She immigrated to the United States and they married later. She died in the 1919 Influenza epidemic leaving Dad with four young children.

My mother was born in Denmark and came to America at the age of twenty-one years old to help her sister in Salt Lake City, who was sick and had a large family. She planned on returning to Denmark. She worked in Salt Lake City and Ogden for a few years then came to Preston to help a widower (my father) with his family. They were later married in the Logan Temple on 28 September 1921.

This is a little background on my parents, Andrew Daniel Mortensen and Johanna Marie Sorensen. I was born 29 September 1922, in Preston, Idaho, in our family home east of Preston, which was located in the area commonly called "Egypt: because years earlier, people would need to travel to this area for grain, and other supplies. At that time, I had three half-brothers and one half-sister living at home. My mother's answer to those people commenting to her children about having half-brothers and a half-sister was, "Ask the, where is the other half?" We were all treated the same. Two years later my brother, Steven, was born and another two years later, my sister, Nona, was born.

I attended grade school in a small elementary school house located about a mile from our home. Some of that time we walked to school. In the

spring of 1933, we lost our farm. This brought a great change in our lives. We were able to rent a home in Dayton, Idaho, about ten miles west of Preston, also, some small tracts of land.

I finished grade school in Dayton but we had to move two or three times. The older members of the family had left home by then.

One of the pieces of land we leased (Foss Bros.) was an 80 acre dry farm about ten miles away from where we lived on the east side of Little Mountain near Winder. This land had to be plowed. Dad borrowed some horses and a sheep camp and he and I stayed there until we got it plowed. Each morning we had to catch the horses, harness them and hitch them to the plows. There were snakes in the field, often crawling upon the plow. I just got off the plow until they were gone and then got back on. I was glad when we finished. Later that parcel was bought by Carl and he farmed it for a few years before selling and moving from Preston to Clifton in 1944.

We would take our cows and some of the neighbors' and drive them a couple of miles to pasture. This was about a mile north (near Eldon Hobbs home) and then west up the base of the mountain to the bench where the dry farms were. We had to keep the cattle out of the adjoining grain fields. We would stay all day with just a lunch and bring them back home at night. We didn't have horses to ride; just did it all on foot. Summers were spent in the beet fields and working the hay. Come fall we picked feathers from turkeys. We did most anything to earn a little money.

While living in Dayton, I attended Weston High School for my freshman year.

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While still living in Dayton, Dad was able to lease a farm on the west side of Little Mountain in the Winder area. I remember going to this farm to see about the people harvesting our grain at the dry farm. I can remember thinking, "this is the most God-forsaken-place I have ever seen." Then a couple of years later we were told we were going to live there. There was a small one room house, no drinking water, very little shade and it was at the end of the road (it seemed like it was the end of the world). We stayed there only in the summer, but after a couple of years, we stayed year around. This meant changing schools again. I had to walk a mile to catch the bus and there was no one in my grade going to Preston High School.

The farming land was very productive and easy to till. It was a great change from the red clay we had farmed in Egypt. It was short of irrigation water, but we were later able to purchase more. Two attempts were made by drilling to get drinking water but only hot mineral water was found. We had lots of areas to explore at Little Mountain; old mines, a creek, and sagebrush with rabbit, coyotes, etc. to hunt.

I participated in track one year in high school, running the 440 on a relay team. We did well enough to earn a letter. I graduated from Preston High School in the spring of 1941 and also from L.D.S. Seminary.

That summer I worked on the farm and for neighbors. I wanted to go to college, but it didn't look possible. My oldest brother had graduated from USAC (Utah State) and was very encouraging and helpful. He lent me \$50.00 to start college and said he would forgive the debt if I got good grades: \$10 for A's; \$5 for B's; \$0 for C's; owe him \$5 for D's; and \$10 for F's. My neighbor, Ned Stocks, and I rented an apartment in Logan and we were off to college. I enrolled in the College of Agriculture, and he enrolled in music. We hitch-hiked home many times from Logan.

During the spring quarter, I was called into the Dean's office. They said someone had dropped

out of school and left \$25.00 on a Union Pacific Scholarship, and because I had pretty good grades, they awarded it to me. That doesn't sound like much money today, but I bought a wrist watch through Montgomery catalog. I am still wearing it today and it still runs fine.

On December 7, 1941, during my first quarter of college, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. I was able to finish that year and return home to help on the farm for the summer. The second year of college, LaVor Smith from our ward joined Ned and I. We rented another apartment and set up housekeeping. Many were being drafted and it looked as if I would soon be drafted. I enlisted in the Army Reserve while LaVor joined the Air Corp. Ned had sugar diabetes so the service was not a worry for him. I was able to finish two more quarters before being called to active duty. We spent many weekends that year working at 2nd Street in Ogden loading Army supplies on trains. This helped money-wise.

In April 1943, the enlisted reserves left Logan for Fort Douglas, Utah. Our first stop was Camp Callan, just north of San Diego, California. Some referred to it as Campus Callan. It was rather nice, close to the ocean, but it was no college campus. I ended up training in communications. After basic, we were sent to Pasadena Jr. College for about a month. Then we transferred across the country to Bloomington, Indiana to the Army Specialist Training Program at Indiana University. We enrolled in a heavy schedule of engineering courses. This was an enjoyable time. After two quarters, we were sent to Camp Campbell, Kentucky and assigned to the 20th Armored Division. The division was stripped of most trained personnel as replacements to German. The rest of the year was spent getting ready to go overseas. In January, we sailed with a large convoy from Boston to LeHarve, France. Rough seas, enemy U-boats and subs made for a stressful voyage.

We did arrive safely in LeHarve and located in an area about forty miles from Paris, France. Here we received our equipment and prepared for battle. Our first action was heavy artillery firing

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across the Rhine River. We were soon told we would go toward Munich, Germany, where there was still heavy fighting. As we traveled about one hundred miles a day, it was clear the war was coming to an end. German soldiers were coming out of the woods everywhere, surrendering. We did have a few short battles and ended up near Salsburg, Austria, when the war with Germany ended.

We had traveled across Europe, seen lots of destruction, beautiful country sides, and some battles, ending up in beautiful alpine country.

The war in Europe ended in May 1945. The plan was for the 20th Division to return to the United States and be redeployed to the Pacific. We went back to LeHarve, France to return. A day before we landed in the United States, the first atomic bomb was dropped on Japan. The second one was dropped soon after. The war in Japan was over. The last six months of service was basically spent on furloughs and killing time before being discharged in February 1946. I served nearly three years in the Army, mostly preparing for something that didn't happen, but I had volunteered and served where and how I was asked.

One very unusual thing happened in 1945. I had hitchhiked from California to Salt Lake City going home on furlough. I took the local train from Salt Lake to Ogden. While I was waiting for the next train from Ogden to Preston I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around to see my brother, Orson! He was also in the Army and was going home on furlough too. It was good to see him and we shared the ride home.

I had worked in a John Mansville plan in Lompoc, California, while in the Army and thought I would go back there after my discharge. My brother, Steven, had not been drafted and had stayed home to help Dad run the farm. As soon as the war was over, he wanted to get married and leave the farm. I stayed and worked on the farm until fall quarter at USAC. After two more quarters, I felt I needed to get away from school and get a job. I found work teaching returning veterans agriculture. I

spent five years on this job and lived at home helping on the farm.

I had never dated a girl during high school or during my freshman year at college. I had never learned to dance and most activities seemed to center around dances. We lived out in the country and didn't have an automobile. I did take a social dancing class at college and learned enough to get by. I did have a girlfriend while I was at Indian University and often went dancing. I dated a few girls after the war, usually for two dates only. Saturday nights I often went to the Persiana Dance hall in Preston. One of the girls I asked for a dance was Beverly Nelson. I knew who she was, but had never met her. Her sister, June, lived in the same ward and another sister, LaRue, was a year behind me in high school. Her older sister, Hope, often walked by the service station where my friend, Bid Thomas, worked so I knew who she was. Dad often talked about Severin Nelson (Beverly's grandfather) when Dad had been the Bishop of the Glendale ward where they had lived.

Beverly had just been named an attendant to the Royalty for the Centennial Celebration of the L.D.S. Church. This was June 1947. I asked her for a dance and she told me all her dances were filled. One week later we did dance together. She was engaged at the time to a missionary from our ward and an acquaintance of mine, so I never asked her for a date. We usually dance one or two dances together. This went on for over a year and we became good friends.

A good friend of mine and his girlfriend were going to Lagoon for a Les Brown's dance. He wanted me to get a date and go with them. I just decided I would ask Beverly and expected she would say no. But...she accepted and we went on a few more dates. I decided I had found the one I wanted. She broke her engagement and we became serious about our relationship. After a short courtship, we were married in the Logan Temple, October 13, 1948. That was sixty—two years ago and was by far the best thing that happened in my life.

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We have had our struggles and disappointments but have had a lot more ups than downs. She has supported me through farming days, finishing my BS degree, various moves and now retirement and hopefully forever.

We were blessed with three children: Philip Ralph, born March 1, 1950; Paulette born July 3., 1951; and Janet, born April 22, 1957.

I thought it was great to start a family with a son. Early in his life he displayed an ability and patience to assemble things and had a natural instinct on how they operated. This has grown and served him well throughout his life.

It was soon evident, after Paulette was born, that there is a difference between boys and girls. Jan came along later, rather quiet and a little overpowered by Phillip and Paulette.

Phil and Paulette both graduated from I.S.U. Jan did not have a desire to go to college. She wanted to work in retail business: selling, buying, etc. I wish we had spent more time with them as they were growing up and been able to give them more opportunities to grow and learn. We thought we did the best we could. They have all been a great blessing to us and continue to bless our lives. We love them all very much.

The farm was a good place to raise a family. It was located about three miles from our house. This was a disadvantage and did not let us work together as we would have liked.

My own farming experience began on a farm in the Winder area on the west side of Little Mountain. This was a great change from the heavy clay soil of Egypt with nice sandy loam, but there was a shortage of irrigation water.

Beverly and I bought the farm in 1950. We had dairy cattle, hogs, and chickens. We raised sugar beets, canning peas, cabbage, green beans, alfalfa and grain.

In our first year we raised enough hogs to pay cash

for a new car. (Beginner's luck!) Canning peas were a profitable crop but you had to work night and day throughout July. The vines were cut in the field and loaded on trucks. The trucks hauled them to a pea vinery where they were shelled and the vines stacked for winter feed. Imagine driving one of those big trucks and dozing off because of being so tired only to wake up wondering where you were.

We enjoyed our years on the farm. It was hard work and long hours and often poor pay. From 1964 to 1966 I went back to college to get my degree and a job with the USDA working with farmers lending money and helping them improve their farming. In 1967 we sold most of the farm. In 1980 we started raising beef cattle and rented part of Beverly's fathers' farm in Glendale. We quit faming in 1996 when I had two knee replacements.

It was in 1964 that we made the decision for me to go back to school. It was not an easy decision. I was forty-two years old and hadn't been in school for nearly twenty years. I was also Bishop of our ward. I borrowed money to get started and went two quarters, then ran the farm for the summer. I went back the next winter and graduated in the spring of 1966 with a BS degree in Ag Economy. Then it was back to the farm for another summer.

Looking for employment at the age of forty-four was not easy. Recommendations from good people helped me get employment with Utah Power & Light Company and later with the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Life was better financially after we left the farm and provided us with a reasonably good retirement.

I was active in the Church until my high school years, and then became less active until we were married. Soon after our marriage I was called to be the Sunday School Superintendent (President). I have had callings ever since, except for short periods between callings. I have had a wide variety of callings both at the stake and ward level.

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After overcoming some health problems, at age seventy—eight, we decided to fulfill our desire to serve a full-time mission. We hoped to be called to some small rural area with modest temperatures. Our call came to serve in the Texas Houston South mission. We served in the mission office for fifteen months. We made many good friends and enjoyed many good experiences. Our time was spent in the office taking care of the missionaries' needs. Our testimonies grew, and we appreciate the work and effort of our missionaries more than

before. We have been home from our mission for nearly eight years. We still have callings in the ward.

The Church has been an anchor for our lives. Our greatest desire is to be an eternal family. To achieve that, there are certain requirements. The Church will help us achieve them and will bless our lives here on earth and throughout the eternities. It is worth working for.

EXCERPTS FROM THE LIFE STORY

OF

STEVEN SORENSEN MORTENSEN

January 4, 2002

This was included in the earlier editions.

A brief statement about my parents may help the reader understand a little about them. That may be helpful in understanding me. My father, Andrew Daniel Mortensen, was born 15 July 1874, at Spring City, Sanpete County, Utah of immigrant parents who had come from Denmark in 1873. With them came a daughter who was 10 years older than my father. They had lost several children to death before they came to America. They had one son, Christian, who was younger than my father. He survived to become an adult and have posterity.

For the purposes of family history research, it should be noted that there was a son, Paul who was born about 1880, who did not become an adult. I know no more than that, except that he was born in the covenant.

Christian had only two sons, neither of whom married, so we have no Mortensen first cousins.

When Dad was 7 or 8 years old his family migrated to the area northeast of Preston, Idaho known as Worm Creek, later to become Glendale. There they homesteaded and when Dad was a teenager, his father passed away, leaving Dad and Christian to farm the homestead and provide for the family. Dad filled an LDS Church mission to Denmark, then married and they had six children. His wife passed away in the flu epidemic of 1918.

Mother was born 30 March 1889 in Denmark. She and her parents subsequently joined the Church and she immigrated to America in 1910 at the age of 21 years. She had come to help care for one of her sisters who lived in Gunnison, Utah, who was married to J. I. Larson. Her sister was ill and had several small children, so Mother came to help her. Some time after her sister passed away, Mother went to live and work in the Salt Lake

City, Utah area. Later, J. I. Larson married Esther Clawson, who was Dad's niece. Through this connection Mother learned that Dad was looking for a housekeeper and a care giver for his children. Mother decided to spend the summer of 1921 working for Dad. So she came to Preston, Idaho to work for him through the summer of 1921.

In May 2001 I took a drive out through Sanpete County, including Spring City, and wondered as I saw the beauty of that valley how come they left there for Franklin County, Idaho. Having seen both areas, I felt that Sanpete County seemed more desirable. But as I noticed the date of the founding of Spring City, I recognized that by the time my grandparents arrived, it is very likely that all of the good land had already been homesteaded. I feel sure that as Grandfather learned from his brother who had already settled in Idaho, that there was still land available for homesteading in that area. That became very appealing to him as a new immigrant with very limited resources. I have been informed by an associate of mine that irrigation water in Sanpete County is limited and somewhat unreliable, which may have also been another factor.

It should be noted that Dad and his family lived in Sanpete County until Dad was about 9 years old. So they may have spent the better part of a decade in that area. I assume they farmed, but I do not know. Dad did tell me that his father worked on the Manti Temple as a construction worker, but I do not know the extent of his labor there, nor whether he was a craftsman or a laborer.

It is now November 13, 2001 and I have recently had impressed upon my mind that I am the only link between you, my posterity, and my ancestors, and that, therefore, there is some responsibility for

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

me to convey to you all that I know about them. I must admit that I never knew a grandparent on either side of the family so I am relying on hearsay, on bits of information gleaned from written and verbal comments by older siblings and my parents, to help you understand them, the heritage they pass on to you, and the changes which have occurred in living conditions then and now.

Dad's parents were not the ones of their families to immigrate to America from Denmark, nor were they the first. It is my impression that they came not only because they had joined the Church and wanted to gather to Zion, but also because they wanted to be a part of the American dream. My suspicion is that they borrowed money from the Perpetual Immigration Fund that the Church had established for immigrants, and it was only shortly before Dad's death that the family owned a home debt-free. Because debt was a burden Dad bore throughout his life, it seemed to be a way of life for them.

When mother came to America to help care for her sister, it was her intention to return to Denmark after that need no longer existed. I don't know what changed her mind, but after leaving her homeland she never returned. I asked her on one occasion if it was not extremely difficult for her to leave her parents knowing she would never see them again in mortality. Her reply was that she had fully intended to return to Denmark.

Although I remember a time when her mother was still alive, and vaguely remember her receiving news of her mother's passing, I do not remember her speaking very much about her home and family life in Denmark. She did tell me, however, that her father had owned a small piece of farmland where they lived, but that it was necessary for him to work away from home to provide for his family. It is, I think, important to note that families then were much more self-sufficient than they are now, but were not completely self-reliant.

**EXCERPTS FROM THE LIFE HISTORY OF
STEVEN SORENSEN MORTENSEN
(The First Eighty Years, an Autobiography)**

FOREWORD

This is begun January 4, 2000, and has been added to from time to time since then, with the hope that it will be as factual as is possible given that it is written from memory and I do not have an absolutely infallible memory. There will be no attempts at revisionist history, although there are painful memories which will not be recorded. There will also be some very trivial things mentioned, and they are included only to give my posterity a sense of how things were. Please do not interpret any of the information contained herein as any indication of a feeling of deprivation, for we have been richly blessed. It is impossible for me to imagine what my life would have been without the gospel, or with a different family. This is written for the benefit of my posterity, and I specifically request that the only excerpt from this to be read or quoted at my funeral services is my Testimony; and I request that it be read in its entirety at those services. This was begun out of a feeling of duty, but has evolved into an enjoyable work of love and the further along I get, the more excitement and sense of urgency I feel. I express my gratitude to my brother, Ralph and his wife Beverly for their help. We have had some visits which have proved helpful to me. I have lived through some dramatic changes in our society and in the history of the world. I am not visionary enough to make even a wild guess as to the changes that will yet occur in the way people live, but would hope that my posterity would look for the constant values that never change even though the world around us changes and the attitudes of people change. Although I have not achieved fame nor fortune, I feel that I have lived a good life and now feel quite contented in the life Verneal (my spouse of

nearly 60 years) and I are living. This is my life story and thus that is the focus, but during the entire period of my married life Verneal has played a vital role, and without her, neither my life nor this story would be complete. The longer I live the more I appreciate what Verneal has added to my life, and how precious she is to me.

(03 February 2004) This morning as I served in the temple there came to my mind the thought that this needs to be completed and distributed as soon as possible. (As my eightieth birthday approached, I came to realize that the first eighty years was a good stopping place) The more I insert thoughts into the history, the more un-organized it seems to be. I do not expect my life to be complete soon, but what is written needs to be brought to an end. Although many of our great grandchildren will not know us as our grandchildren do, they are precious to us and we want them to know of our love for them. What we have experienced is probably beyond the ability of many of you to comprehend, but you do need to know that even through difficult times and through many changes we have tried to live with dignity, to serve our fellow men, to be givers of time, talents and resources, and to earn the respect of our fellow men. It is our hope that the words of Shakespeare "this above all else, to thine own self be true," will be the trademark of our lives in your minds and that it will find application in the lives of each of our posterity.

We do not live in the lap of luxury, but we are comfortable and enjoy relatively good health, we enjoy the love of family members, and

association with some choice people in the church and in the community. Above all we are blessed to have experienced choice family associations, and as we experience the loss of siblings and feel the pain of those losses, we are at the same time seeing our posterity increase both in numbers and in the joy we find in seeing them grow and develop.

December 30, 2003: Events of the recent past have caused me serious reflection upon my life and the lives of others. I am more convinced than ever of the value of rich family traditions; of instilling in children a sense of family values and expectations, and of constantly reminding them that they have the potential for greatness. As I remember the feelings of inadequacy I have felt most of my life and the feelings that I did not quite measure up to the standards enjoyed by those about me, I have become convinced that if I had felt more of a sense of greatness, I could have instilled it in my children; and my hope is that my posterity will always hold their heads high and recognize that in terms of intelligence and capability they are not second class citizens; they do have both the opportunity and the responsibility to be leaders among men in every aspect of life: spiritual, cultural, business or government and it is a serious matter to ever allow oneself to feel inferior, or to place a low ceiling on the expectations we have for ourselves or the expectations we have for family members.

A reflection upon some of what I have written and the feelings I have had have caused me to realize that there may be more information contained in this history that is not personal than there should be, but I do feel it is important to convey some sense of the history of the conditions of our lives and the environment in which we lived in order to understand my generation and the generations which preceded my generation.

A brief statement about my parents may help the reader understand a little about them that may be helpful in understanding me. My father, Andrew Daniel Mortensen, was born 15 July 1874, at Spring City, Sanpete County, Utah of immigrant parents who had come from Denmark in 1873. With them came a daughter who was 10 years older than my father. They had lost several children to death before they came to America, and they had one son, Christian, who was younger than my father and he survived to become an adult and have posterity. For the purposes of family history research it should be noted that there was a son, Paul, who was born about 1880, who did not become an adult. I know no more than that, except that he was born in the covenant. Christian had only two sons, neither of whom married, so we have no Mortensen first cousins. When Dad was 7 or 8 years old his family migrated to the area northeast of Preston, Idaho known as Worm Creek, later to become Glendale. There they homesteaded and when Dad was a teenager, his father passed away, leaving Dad and Christian to farm the homestead and provide for the family. Dad filled an L.D.S. Church mission to Denmark around the beginning of the twentieth century, then married and they had six children, and his wife passed away in the flu epidemic of 1918. Mother was born 30 March 1889 in Denmark. She and her parents subsequently joined the Church and she immigrated to America in 1910 at the age of 21 years. She had come to help care for one of her sisters who lived in Gunnison, Utah, who was married to J. I. Larson. Her sister was ill and had several small children, so Mother came to help her. Some time after her sister passed away, Mother went to live and work in the Salt Lake City, Utah area. Later, J. I. Larson married Esther Clawson, who was Dad's niece. Through this connection Mother learned that Dad was

looking for a housekeeper and a care giver for his children. Mother decided to spend the summer of 1921 working for Dad, so she came to the Preston, Idaho area to work for him through the summer of 1921. I know nothing of their courtship, but they were married 28 September 1921.

In May 2001 I took a drive out through Sanpete County, Utah, including Spring City, and wondered as I saw the beauty of that valley why they left there for Franklin County, Idaho. Having seen both areas, I felt that Sanpete County seemed more desirable, but I noticed the date of the founding of Spring City, and recognized that by the time my Grandparents arrived, it is very likely that all of the good land had already been homesteaded. I feel sure that as Grandfather learned from his brother who had already settled in Idaho that there was still land available for homesteading in that area, that became very appealing to him as a new immigrant with very limited resources. I have been informed by an associate of mine that irrigation water in Sanpete County is limited and somewhat unreliable, which may have also been another factor. It should be noted that Dad and his family lived in Sanpete county until Dad was 7 or 8 or 9 years old, so they spent the better part of a decade in that area, and I assume that they farmed, but I do not know. Dad did tell me that his father worked on the Manti Temple as a construction worker, but I do not know the extent of his labor there, nor whether he was a craftsman or a laborer. Dad was handy at working with lumber and I wonder if his father may have been a carpenter and passed on some of his skills to Dad. It should probably also be noted that the time of year I was there was probably the best time of year for the vegetation in the area to look green and lush. It is now November 13, 2001, and I have

recently had impressed upon my mind that I am the only link between you, my posterity, and my ancestors, and that, therefore, there is some responsibility for me to convey to you all that I know about them. I must admit that I never knew a grandparent on either side of the family so I am relying on hearsay, on bits of information gleaned from written and verbal comments by older siblings and my parents to help you understand them, the heritage they pass on to you, and the changes which have occurred in living conditions then and now.

Dad's parents were not the only ones of their families to immigrate to America from Denmark, nor were they the first. It is my impression that they came not only because they had joined the Church and wanted to gather to Zion, but also because they wanted to be a part of the American dream. My suspicion is that they borrowed money from the perpetual immigration fund that the church had established for immigrants, and it was only shortly before Dad's death that the family owned a home debt-free. Because debt was a burden Dad bore throughout his life, it seemed to be a way of life for them, and I think that I, therefore, did not have the dread of debt I should have had, although I am very conservative by nature, and recognize in retrospect that much of what we (Verneal and I) were able to accumulate and enjoy was with borrowed money. It seems to have been very common in Denmark for the common folk, those who were not of royalty, to have a small home and perhaps a small tract of land, but that it was necessary for them to find employment away from home to have enough resource to support a family. I think this was true of both Dad and Mother's families, and it had an effect on their mind-set.

Carl has written that Dad's mother was a

refined lady who was never really able to cope with the hardships of homesteading in the wilderness of America, and that after her husband passed away, the mental strain was too great for her and she suffered a mental breakdown. Had she lived now, she could have perhaps been give assistance and medication to restore her to normal function, but then she was institutionalized and passed away in what is now Idaho State Hospital South.

When mother came to America to help care for her sister, it was her intention to return to Denmark after that need no longer existed, and I don't know what changed her mind, but after leaving her homeland she never returned, even though when she left Denmark, it was her intention to return. I asked her on one occasion if it was not extremely difficult for her to leave her parents knowing that she would probably never see them again in mortality, and her reply was that she had fully intended to return to Denmark. Although I remember a time when her mother was still alive and vaguely remember her receiving the news of her mother's passing, I do not remember her speaking very much about her home and family life in Denmark. She did tell me, however, that her father had owned a small piece of farm land where they lived, but that it was necessary for him to work away from home to provide for his family. It is, I think, important to note that families then were much more self-sufficient than they are now, but were not completely self-reliant.

It is interesting to note that neither of my parents had an 8th grade education, but they instilled in me the value of an education; I never felt it was an option to not graduate from high school, and Verneal and I have been very determined to help our children get as much education as possible or practical.

THE EGYPT YEARS (1924 - 1933)

I, Steven Sorensen Mortensen was born at 9:15 P.M. August 13, 1924 in the family farm home two miles east and approximately one mile north of Preston, Franklin County, Idaho to Andrew Daniel Mortensen and Johanna Marie Sorensen. My father had lost his first wife, Christina Lauritz Gregersen in the flu epidemic of 1918 leaving him with 4 young children. He had married my mother on September 28, 1921 and to them had been born my older brother Ralph "S" Mortensen on September 29, 1922. In addition to Ralph, there were the four of Dad's children by his first marriage still living at home when I was born. They were: George Andrew born February 24, 1906; Carl Anders born October 14, 1908; Orson Alma born February 14, 1911; and Olive Pearl born September 25, 1912. They had lost two children to death as infants; Ada who was between George and Carl and Oliver Vearl who was a twin to Olive. I was thus the second son and second child of Andrew Daniel and Johanna Marie Sorensen Mortensen. A daughter, Nona was born August 3, 1926, she being the youngest of our parents' children. One of mother's nieces, Marguerite Larson also lived with us at various times while we lived in "Egypt." About the time I started school, someone mentioned to me that George, Carl, Orson and Olive were only half-brothers and half-sister. I asked mother about this and she replied, "that's strange, if they are only half, where is the other half?" Never at any time did I see her treat her step-children differently than her own.

We lived in a small community called "EGYPT" although I do not know why it was called that. (On June 24, 2005 I had opportunity to visit with a man from Egypt as I officiated at his son's wedding, and he

informed me that one of his sons had done some research for an Eagle Scout project and had learned that the area of Egypt was one of the very first in the area to have irrigation, so people from surrounding areas came there for grain and other food products for themselves and their animals, much the same as the children of Israel did in biblical times; hence the name Egypt.) It encompassed the entire Preston Fifth ward and Eastside School District # 4. The house in which we lived was a very simple, small house, three rooms with an entry porch and a hallway. There was a kitchen which had a sink and cold running water; a large Majestic coal and wood fired cooking range, which also provided heat for that room (more heat than we wanted in the summer-time) and a kitchen table and chairs. I remember that most of the time that table was covered with an oil cloth table cover. The living room was the largest room in the house, but was not used as much as the other two rooms. I remember that we had a rather large and quite nice dining room table which could be extended by adding leaves, which as I remember were stored in the table, and some rather nice chairs. This room was heated, when we used it, by a round pot-bellied wood burning stove. I remember very little about the bedroom except that it was connected by a hall to the other rooms and it must have been large enough to accommodate three beds because we all slept there at times although we also slept outside much of the year. One of my earliest memories is of a telephone in the hallway. At that time several of the neighbors had had their phones removed because of economic reasons and came to our place to use the phone. Later we had ours removed for the same reasons, but I don't remember when. I would guess that my parents kept the phone as long as Dad served as bishop of the Preston Fifth Ward and that they had it removed after

he was released. We did not have a telephone any more as long as I was living at home. As I remember it, the exterior was wood siding which was unpainted. Ralph and I both remember a lean-to on the south side of the house which was covered with canvas and where we sometimes slept until early winter. I remember one Christmas Eve when Ralph, Orson and I were sleeping out there and we heard a sound like an airplane and Orson said, "maybe that's Santa Claus and he's using airplanes now rather than reindeer." There were very few airplanes then; I don't think I saw one on the ground until several years later, and every time we would hear a plane fly over, we would look up and try to find it. I doubt if I ever heard a plane fly over without looking for it until after WW II.

It seems that going to the canyon (Forest Service land) to get wood for the stoves was a rather constant need and Dad liked to get maple since it burned hotter and lasted longer than the softer woods. If he could get it in the summer and cut it up while it was still green (it was much easier to cut when it was green) and then let it dry it made excellent fire-wood. (I remember on at least one occasion having a man with a buzz saw mounted on the rear end of a small truck come and he sawed a large pile of wood into stove lengths.) I think Dad must have been one of the first of the true conservationists. The forest service had a ruling that trees were to be cut within a certain distance from the ground. Many took license when there was snow on the ground and cut the trees the required distance above the snow, but Dad took a shovel and removed the snow so he could cut the trees the required distance from the ground. There were also occasions when we would go into the forests and harvest logs to saw into lumber. It was not uncommon for small sawmills to be located at various locations in the forest and we would

harvest logs and have them sawed into lumber which we could use on the farm. We would drag the logs from where they were cut to the mill with a team of horses or a single horse depending upon the size of the tree. As I remember, we could either pay the sawmill operator for sawing the logs, or trade logs for the sawing of the logs into lumber. On one of those occasions I learned the difference between even-cut and full cut lumber. They called lumber that was dimensional less the thickness of the saw blade even-cut, and lumber that was sawed to a full 2 or 4 or 6 inches full cut. In some earlier construction that made a difference as to the spacing of the timbers, or the dimension of the completed structure.

There was a barn which was used for both horses and cows, and a round steel grain storage facility (probably 1000 bushel capacity). There was also a rather large building on the farm, (it seemed rather large then, but as we have driven to the farm since and looked at the old buildings it is not so large) which had at one time been a school house and had been moved to our farm, where we sometimes slept and where the older boys slept. This building was later also used to house laying hens. In the spring we would buy baby chicks and raise them to become laying hens. We "brooded" them in the steel granary because there were no square corners where the baby chicks could bunch up and smother, which they were prone to do. We would have a coal (or wood) fired brooder stove in the center of the granary with a "hover" to keep the heat close to the floor.

In the fall or early winter we would sometimes butcher a beef. (This was done at home with the hay derrick as the hoist for lifting the carcass.) The weather had to be cold enough to keep the meat from spoiling, since we had no freezers. The carcass would be hung on

the hay derrick to cool (or freeze) then would be cut into smaller pieces, put in cloth bags and hung on the outside of the house on the north side to keep it frozen. It all had to be consumed before warm weather came so it did not spoil. I think winter weather was more severe then than it is now, both more snow, and colder temperatures. I don't remember a lot about our daily diets, but I do remember that we used as many home grown vegetables as possible, mother bottled a lot of fruit, mostly peaches, which was usually obtained in a trip to Brigham City, Utah each fall to get peaches, and I could not eat cooked oatmeal or germaid cereal. I would gag every time I tried to eat them; they just would not go down. Of course we had eggs and milk which we produced, and bread and milk was a staple in our diet. It could not be just any kind of bread, but had to be home-made white bread, and it was better after it was several days old. Baker's bread had far too little substance, and was not good, and we felt whole wheat bread was too coarse. With our bread and milk we would usually have a slice of cheese, or in the season thereof we would have little green onions or radishes.

Laundry was done in a square-tub Maytag washer, with a wringer to remove most of the water from the laundered clothes, and which was powered with a one-cylinder gasoline engine which had to be kick started. Clothing was always hung on a clothesline in the yard to dry, unless it was raining or snowing. Sometimes it would be so cold that the items of clothing froze stiff as soon as they were hung on the line, but that helped to dry them and they were later brought into the house to complete the drying. This practice was continued until we were able to obtain an electric dryer, probably sometime in the '50s. I remember seeing Dad spend considerable time and have considerable frustration as he

tried to get that engine to run. What a blessing it was to him when electricity came and we were able to replace the gas engine with an electric motor. Soap was home-made out of animal fat and lye, and was usually put into the wash water by immersing a cloth bag (salt, sugar and flour all came in cotton bags, so there always seemed to be supply of them) filled with chunks of home made soap in the washing machine filled with water until there were sufficient suds. White clothes and clothes that were badly soiled were boiled on the wood stove in a boiler into which soap had been added by the same method as it was added to the washing machine. Standard washing equipment was a 'wash stick' which was usually a length of a broom handle or something similar about two feet long which would be used to remove the clothes from the boiling water to avoid scalding one's hands. Water was heated on the kitchen range or in the 'reservoir', a tank on the end of the stove which was kept filled with water so there was always some warm or hot water when there was a fire in the range. The temperature of the water depended to some degree upon the amount of water used, and whether it was refilled after usage. In the winters when there was a constant fire in the range, there was usually hot (or warm) water if the reservoir was refilled after the water was used, but in the summers when we built a fire only for cooking, it was another story.

I think it not inappropriate to describe as best I can in words the kitchen range inasmuch as it was probably the main element in household equipment at that time. There were several brands of kitchen ranges available, or at least there was more than one, because as I remember it, some of our neighbors used a different brand than we did. It was a heavy, massive thing made of cast iron and steel, and I remember at the time we moved from Egypt,

it was the heaviest thing we had to load. The shape was not too different from the electric ranges of the 50's and 60's with a cast iron fire box which was probably a foot wide, a foot deep and about 20 to 24 inches long. On our MAJESTIC range the reservoir was on the extreme left as you faced the range, then the firebox, then the oven. The bottom of the firebox was a cast iron grate through which the ashes fell and through which the fire received air and under the firebox was an ash pan into which the ashes fell as the wood or coal burned. This ash pan was removable so it could be taken out and the ashes emptied from it. I really don't remember us burning much coal since we could go to the canyon and cut our own wood, but coal had to be purchased and money was extremely scarce. There was a damper which controlled the rate the smoke could escape thus slowing or increasing the speed of the burn as well as there was a device to let in more or less air which we called a draft. The configuration of the stove was such that as the fire burned, the smoke and consequently much of the heat circulated around the oven so that it was heated as well as the top of the range. As I recall there was a temperature gauge on the oven door so one could know how hot the oven was. It was not uncommon on cold winter days when all of the heat the range could provide was needed to heat the kitchen, to have the oven door open to allow the heat to escape into the kitchen. The oven door was not sturdy enough to sit upon, although there were times we would have liked to sit on it to get warm, but it was not uncommon, on occasion, to open the oven door, sit on a chair nearby and put one's feet on the oven door. About a foot or 18 inches above the cooking surface were two warming ovens. These were compartments about 16 inches wide, a foot deep and a foot high with doors on the front so that while nothing could be cooked in

them, they could be used to keep food warm. (We saw a kitchen range very similar to the one we had as we visited the Richard Nixon Presidential Library and the home where he was born.)

Two of my favorites that came from that huge kitchen range were home baked bread and home-made baked beans. Mother always baked the bread we ate and there was nothing that tasted better than to take a hot loaf of newly baked white bread, break either the top or bottom crust off, slather it with butter, and then spread honey or jam or jelly on it and eat it while it was still hot. The crusts were always tastier than the center part of the loaf, and that kind of went begging. I enjoyed this until Verneal quit baking bread many years after we were married. On occasion Verneal still bakes a batch of whole wheat bread, made with freshly ground flour. She adds several varieties of seeds, millet, flax, sesame, poppy, and sunflower, and it is also delicious spread with butter and honey or jam or jelly and eaten while it is still hot. I have learned that I am allergic to wheat germ, so I must be careful to not over-indulge, and I don't eat whole wheat bread on a regular basis, but I like the taste and texture of it. Mother would soak white beans, usually great northern, but sometimes navy beans, overnight to soften them, and then bake them for hours in the oven in a tomato-based sauce. I don't know all that went into that sauce, but those home baked beans were delicious. I remember that the lights we used on Christmas trees were candle holders into which we could insert a candle, about three-eighths inch in diameter and about 4 inches long, and a clamp with which they were attached to the tree limbs. Christmas trees were all live trees, so there was a great fire hazard with them, and only rarely did we light them, and never without adult supervision.

I think I should mention in connection with warming the feet on the oven door, the matter of chill-blains. This was a very painful condition that was brought about by warming the feet too rapidly when they were very cold and it could be developed by putting one's cold feet on the oven door or by putting the feet too close to the heated rocks we used to heat our feet in bed during the winters. During the cold winters with un-heated bedrooms we would heat a large round rock in the oven and wrap it with cloth after it was heated, then put it in the foot of the bed to help us keep warm. As far as I know, there was no known cure for chill-blains, only the passing of time would cure them, but because they were so painful, once you had them, you were very careful not to repeat the circumstances which brought them.

The wash boiler served double duty as it was also used for hot water bath canning during canning season. For the purpose of canning there was a wooden rack which fit inside the bottom of the boiler to keep the jars from sitting right on the bottom of the boiler. The glass jars could not stand the direct heat of the range and had to be surrounded by water. The earliest canning jars I remember were glass, the lids were made of zinc with some kind of a glass or ceramic top in them and a seal was made with a rubber ring which was placed between the lid and a lip on the jar which created an air tight seal. While the children were all home most of the fruit was canned in half-gallon jars. The wash boiler was also used to heat water for bathing if there was not enough water in the reservoir.

Our domestic water was provided by a community water system. This was a cooperative effort by many of the neighbors and consisted of a spring feeding water into a storage tank of some kind at an elevated level

so as to provide pressure, a wooden pipeline that carried water to all of the users, and about midway in the length of this pipe there was a valve which was usually kept only partly open so that those on the upper end of the system would not be left without pressure when those on the lower end drew water. The system was not capable of delivering all of the water everyone wanted if they watered yards or anything like that, so the flow needed to be regulated. As I remember it, there was a subtle tension between those on the lower end of the system and the upper end of the system because it was very easy to open the valve too much or close it too much and leave someone dissatisfied with their water pressure. We had no indoor sanitary facilities; only an outside toilet which had to be re-located from time to time as the hole under it filled up.

Farming was a hard way to make a living in those days and by the time of my earliest memories we were beginning to feel the effects of the stock market crash of 1929. The soil on our farm was heavy clay and was very hard to farm, and because of the soil and the climate, we were very limited in what crops we could raise. Dad tried very hard to have a good garden, but it was not an easy task, and many times there were disappointing harvests. Alfalfa and various grains were staple crops and harvesting was largely done with lots of hand labor. There was also a Del Monte pea viner rather close by, so we were also able to raise a limited acreage of peas for canning which generated some cash. The vines from the peas were stacked and allowed to ferment into silage which was made available to the pea growers during the winter for livestock feed. The peas were planted with a grain drill much the same as grain was and were mowed with a horse-drawn mowing machine, then loaded by hand with pitchforks onto wagons to be hauled to the pea viner. All

crops which were grown on the land that could be irrigated (we had some dry land we could not irrigate) were flood irrigated with the exception of sugar beets which were grown in rows and irrigated with furrows, but as I remember it, we had very limited exposure to sugar beets in Egypt. The hay crops were mowed with a horse drawn mower, then raked into windrows, shocked by hand and left in the fields until the hay was dry enough to store in a haystack. At that time the shocks were loaded onto a wagon by hand with a pitchfork, taken to the site of the haystack, unloaded from the wagon to the stack with a Jackson fork and a derrick; one man running the Jackson Fork and another on the haystack stacking the hay. The derrick lifted the hay from the wagon to the stack with cables and pulleys and there was a horse or horses used to provide the power to lift the hay. Driving the derrick horse(s) was one of the earliest tasks given to younger children, those who were not yet able to handle the pitchforks.

The grain was cut with either a binder which cut the grain plant off a few inches above the ground, then tied the grain together in bundles which were usually then shocked with the grain heads up so that it would properly dry before threshing; or with a header which cut only the heads off the grain, elevated them into a wagon in which it was then hauled to a stacking place, unloaded by hand into a stack where it was allowed to dry before threshing. It was necessary for grain that was cut with a header to be allowed to sit in the stack long enough to go through a "sweat" so it was dry when it was threshed. Whether the grain was cut with a binder or with a header it had to be fed into the threshing machine by hand. With grain that was cut with a binder, shocked and then threshed, it would usually be hauled directly from the fields to the thresher,

although it was sometimes also stacked if the anticipated wait for the threshing machine was too long. The threshing was usually done by custom operators; not every farmer owned a threshing machine. Both the header and the binder were 'ground-driven' which meant that they had a large drive wheel which drove the machinery as it was pulled along the ground. The term 'ground-driven' really meant that the machine was powered by the animals that pulled the machine. The first combine I remember had a gasoline engine to run the threshing and cutting mechanism, but it was horse-drawn. The next step in the evolution of combines was tractor-drawn combines with engines mounted on them, or with power take-off shafts so the tractor power could also drive the cutting and threshing mechanism, then later came the self-propelled machines we see today. Threshing was done with a stationary threshing machine, which was powered by a tractor which drove a long belt between the pulley on the tractor and the pulley on the threshing machine and, which separated the grain from the straw. The straw was blown into a pile to be later used for animal bedding, or in extremely difficult times it was used to feed the animals. The grain was either loaded into a tight wagon box to be hauled to storage or put in bags to be hauled to storage. Often the straw stacks would be in the fields near where the grain was grown to expedite the harvest and one of my vivid memories is of going with one of the older boys (I think it was Carl) into the field to get straw one winter day and the snow was belly-deep to the horses pulling the sleigh. It was necessary to stop every few yards to allow the team of horses to rest, so difficult was it to get through that much snow.

During my early years we always had a few hundred laying hens to provide eggs so that there was some cash income to meet living

needs and the brightest and driest straw was always used in the chicken coops. It seemed that every Saturday we had to clean chicken coops and that was a job that I found very distasteful. It was always dusty in those hen houses and as we tried to work the soiled straw and chicken manure toward the door so we could remove it, the hens were constantly scratching in it frustrating our efforts. At times it seemed they could scatter it faster than we could gather it up. The reason the chicken coops had to be kept so clean was so the hens would have clean feet as they went into the nests to lay their eggs. We kept the bottom of the nests covered with fine straw or chaff so the eggs would not break as the hen laid them, and if the hens' feet were clean the eggs would be clean. The eggs had to be clean before they could be marketed. There was an egg marketing co-op headquartered in Salt Lake City which had a branch in Preston through which we sold our eggs. In order for us to market our eggs we had to be sure they were clean, free from cracks and then packed in wooden cases which held 30 dozen eggs per case. The case was divided into two square compartments each holding 15 dozen eggs. There were five layers of three dozen in each end of the case. The layers were divided by a paper mache divider with dimples somewhat like the dividers in an apple box today, and there were paper dividers between the eggs to keep them from breaking. The eggs were then candled and graded by hand and we were paid according to grade for them. The payment usually was made a week or two after the eggs were delivered. For a brief time after we were married Verneal worked at the egg plant candling and grading eggs. Mother always cleaned the eggs and put them in the cases. The eggs were not to be immersed in water as there was the thought that water would penetrate the pores of the eggshell and contaminate the egg. Mother would use a

single edged razor blade to remove heavy debris from the eggs, if there was any, and if there was light dirt on the eggs she would rub them clean with a damp cloth and baking soda. Although the trading of eggs for groceries was practiced to some degree at that time, I do not remember us ever trading eggs for groceries at the grocery store.

I also remember we had a few milk cows which were milked by hand and the milk was sold to Sego Milk Company. They had a processing plant in Preston where much of the water was evaporated from the milk and then it was canned and sold as evaporated milk. There are still some of those plants somewhere in the country as it is still possible to buy evaporated milk, or condensed milk, from the grocery store shelves. We would strain the milk into ten gallon cans which were picked up each day by a contract hauler who hauled the milk cans on an open wagon pulled by a team of horses. His route was such that he would pick up the milk in the mornings and bring the empty cans back in the afternoons. This was done seven days a week, 365 days a year. My first recollection of consuming condensed milk came when I was a freshman in High school and had gone to Yellowstone Park with the FFA. Each of us or groups of us were to pack our own food to last us for the entire trip. Those I was with had decided we would take Corn Flakes (which were a treat in those days) and some canned milk to use in place of cream on our cereal. The first morning I poured a big bowl of corn flakes and covered them with canned milk and sugar and set myself for a treat. I was surely not prepared for the taste I experienced. The first spoonful convinced me that condensed milk was not for me, and to this day I eat in only when it is concealed in cooked foods. The evolution of taking milk from the farm to the processing plant went through many stages,

just as the evolution of many other procedures did. Horse drawn wagons gave way to trucks with flat-beds onto which the milk cans were loaded; then the truck beds were enclosed to keep road contamination from getting into the cans, (It should be noted that the roads were not paved at that time; they were graveled and as the trucks were driven on them in the dry season, there was a cloud of dust surrounding them) and from there to the bulk handling of milk as it is done today, with the milk moving from the cow through a stainless steel or glass pipeline to a refrigerated cooling and holding tank made of stainless steel where the milk is cooled and held until it is pumped into the stainless steel tank on a truck, or nowadays, a semi trailer, where it is hauled to the processing plant and again pumped into their tanks without being exposed to the air.

I do not remember when the roads in our neighborhood were first graveled, but I do remember Dad making a set of "dump boards" for the wagon to be used to haul gravel and dump it on the road as they graveled it. These dump boards consisted of a side board for each side of the wagon, about 12 to 18 inches high, end boards for the ends, which would be the same height as the side boards, and 3" by 6" by approximately 12 or 14 feet in length boards on the bottom. The bottom boards were tapered on the ends to allow a man to get hold of them and tip them over to dump the gravel they supported. This 'dump board' wagon box was used on a wooden wheeled, horse-drawn wagon. My guess is that the gravel was loaded by hand. (Ralph reminded me that even in those days there were ingenious ways developed to eliminate as much hand work as possible, and one of those ingenious devises was a "trap" by which the wagons could be loaded by horsepower.) I also remember in those years Dad making an "A" shaped wooden device for pushing the

snow off the center of the roads so traffic (mostly teams of horses and sleighs) could get through. This device was horse drawn and as I remember it took 4 or more horses to pull it. At the time of my birth Dad was serving as bishop of the Preston Fifth ward in the Franklin Stake where he continued to serve until sometime in 1929 when he was released after serving as a bishop for approximately 24 years. During his period of service the Bishop's office was in the home of the Bishop and the church furnished a roll-top desk which was kept in the home as the only Bishop's office furniture he had. I remember that desk and that it was taken after Dad was released, but Ralph has a more vivid memory of the removal of that desk and related to Verneal and me the trauma he felt when that desk was removed from our home.

I attended school for my first three grades in the grade school located a mile south of our home. School was easy for me and I never learned good study habits, which proved to be a disadvantage to me when I got into high school. One memorable, but insignificant, event that occurred as part of my school experience occurred when mother sent me to purchase a shirt from a local merchant. These shirts were advertised in the local weekly newspaper for 49 cents each and mother gave me a half-dollar to go get a shirt. At that time Idaho had a 2% sales tax but items under 50 cents were not to be taxed so I planned on spending 49 cents for the shirt, then taking the penny change to the candy store to buy a penny candy bar (they were about the size of the small candy bars sold in bags today). As I purchased the shirt and gave the merchant the half-dollar, he said the shirt is 49 cents and there is one cent tax so the half-dollar is just right. I always felt he cheated me out of my candy bar, but I was too shy to say anything. Prior to this time

Mother had made most of my shirts, although I don't recall her ever making a pair of pants for me. She was very good at mending and the clothes we wore, except for best, were nearly always patched in some way. Mother had a treadle sewing machine and she was a good seamstress. All through elementary school we had "school clothes" and "everyday clothes" As soon as we got home from school we were to change from our school clothes to our everyday clothes, thus making it possible for us to wear the same clothes to school for a week, then Mother would wash and iron them and we would have them clean for the next week. I don't remember much difficulty with this arrangement except while we lived in Dayton, close enough to walk to and from school, and we would often be so engaged in playing before we got home that we would forget to change clothes.

Our school house in Egypt was a three room school house and it, too, was heated with a stove in the center of the building and either wood or coal was the fuel that was used. There were first, second and third grades all in the same room and all taught by the same teacher. I'm sure there was a fair amount of confusion in that room, but I don't remember much about that. Toward spring of my third grade we were required to memorize a poem about moving which addressed the matter of driving down the road and seeing the trees and houses growing smaller as they faded into the distance. The concluding words were, " - last round the wooded turn we swing/ goodbye, goodbye to everything." Transportation to school was in a school bus which was driven by our brother Carl. As I remember it, he did this under contract so he also owned the bus. There were times during the winter when the roads became impassable for motor vehicles and a canvas covered box, much like the earlier covered wagons, was mounted on a

horse-drawn bob sleigh to transport children to school. I remember occasions when our feet would get cold while riding to school in the sleigh and we would get out and walk behind to warm up our feet. During sugar beet harvest the bus body was removed from the truck chassis and a "beet bed" was mounted on the truck so it could be used to haul sugar beets to the factory. This provided a means to generate some additional money to help pay for the truck.

Dad served as a substitute mail carrier for both of the rural routes in the Preston area. This was always a welcomed source of some cash but there were times when it was very difficult for him to perform the task. There were times during the winters when he would use two teams of horses to get through the route. He would leave home with one team and had another team at the Joseph Sharp place in Mapleton, (about half way through the route) so when he got that far along the route, he could change teams and leave the tired team there to use when he got that far the next day. He would finish the route with the fresh team, bring them home where they could rest through the night, then he would use them to start the route the next day. (The day of Carl's funeral, April 5, 2000, Ralph and Beverly and Verneal and I drove over part of the route Dad covered as a mailman, and we calculated that it must have been about 30 miles long from the time he left home until he returned. Think of driving a team of horses pulling a sleigh and stopping at every home to deliver the mail, and you can get an idea of what an arduous task that was. In addition, the mail carrier was required to sort all of the mail by hand so it could be delivered to the appropriate mail box.) My earliest recollection of postage rates was during that time when it cost two cents to mail a letter if it did not leave the Preston Post Office service

area, but if the letter was to go beyond that area, it required three cents postage. I remember putting letters in the mail box for the mail carrier to pick up with either two or three pennies attached to the letter with a wooden, spring activated clothespin.

One fond memory that made a deep impression on my mind was the memory of Olive and Mother washing dishes together by the kitchen sink, one washing and one drying and having pleasant conversations. In my young mind I thought it was special for a child to be having such a pleasant time visiting with a parent and was impressed that it was a special relationship when things like this occurred. Olive had left home right after graduation from high school in 1930 and gone to Idaho Falls where she enrolled in the school of nursing at the Idaho Falls L.D.S. hospital. Her visits home were infrequent as she worked her way through school and had little time for herself, but it was special to have her come home. One of the very special things she did was always make sure there was a present from her at Christmas, even though her funds were very limited. She was the first one in our family to complete an education beyond high school.

Sometime in the fall of 1932, our Bishop, J. Frank Palmer took his daughter Jenna Vee, myself and perhaps some other children from the ward to the Logan Temple for our baptism and confirmation. (for exact date see baptismal certificate) At that time baptisms for the living were done in the baptismal fonts of the temples, a practice which was discontinued shortly thereafter.

Spring of 1933 brought a forced sale of the farm and a move to Dayton, across the valley from "Egypt". Dad had been encouraged by some of his friends and relatives to take

advantage of the bankruptcy laws, but he refused to do that feeling that debts that were honestly incurred should be honestly discharged. I'm sure it is impossible to know the trauma Dad and Mother felt at this time, nor to have any idea of the anxiety they experienced. Although I don't remember it, mother said that as we drove away from the old farmstead on a horse-drawn wagon loaded with our household belongings, headed for our new home, I repeated those words of the poem, "goodbye, goodbye to everything."

Recreation has never been a very important part of my life (it seemed that economic survival was about all we could handle) and I have few recollections of the things we did for recreation. I do remember riding stick horses, rolling rubber tires and rolling metal hoops down the road with a stick. The metal hoops were the hoops that held the wooden hubs together on wooden wagon wheels and there must have been some wagon wheels that had outlived their usefulness before my time because we always seemed to be able to find a hoop. We used a wooden "T" shaped stick to push them and there was an art to guiding them where you wanted them to go, just as there was an art to steering a rubber tire. (We had a neighbor who moved in near us in Meridian, who was ten years younger than I, and who grew up in Jerome, Idaho, and he told me he had probably rolled rubber tires for thousands of miles, as we also did.) We played ball games of several kinds and in the winter we used to go sleigh riding. The older boys had an excellent sleigh which we used, but it was really heavy to pull up the hill after we had ridden to the bottom.

I began to realize about this time that I had very little athletic ability and was nearly always one of the last to be chosen to be a member of a ball team. I was naturally very

shy and that along with my lack of athletic ability made me feel often that I was not wanted by my peers and I began to feel a very strong desire to be accepted. The fact that learning was so easy for me compared to some of the other children and sports were so difficult for me only seemed to me to make me more isolated. To this day, I feel quite uncomfortable around people whom I do not know and I am reluctant to push myself to make new acquaintances.

THE DAYTON YEARS (1933 - 1938)

With the move to Dayton came a significant change of circumstances. Dad had been able to rent (or lease) the old Mickleson homestead with a large house and a large barn and about 10 acres of land. There was a large old orchard on this property and I don't remember harvesting any fruit from the orchard, but we had lots of fun climbing the trees. This became our home for a period of time. (I don't remember how long, but we stayed there until the property was sold. We were required to move when the property was sold to Aaron Hill.) We also leased a 20 acre tract that was owned by Dad's niece, Esther Larson, and about a 30 acre tract was leased from Ezra Foss and a Mr. Yonk. The Larson property was about two miles south and east from where we lived and the Foss/Yonk property was about the same distance to the north. At some time during our time in Dayton we also leased a tract of dry farm land that was owned by Mr. Foss that was located on the east side of Little Black Mountain near Battle Creek. (I don't remember whether or not we began farming that as soon as we moved to Dayton but Ralph said we did.)

The Mickleson property was located along U.S. Highway 91 so we had many "hobos" going up and down the road. Apparently the

term "hobo" applies more specifically to those who rode the boxcars on the railroad than it does to those who hitch-hiked on the highways. There was an Oregon Short Line railroad track and a depot just a mile east of where we lived and some of those who passed our house may have ridden the rails as well as traveling the highways. This was depression time and many people were in very poor economic circumstances and it was not unusual for these people to be on the move looking for anything to help them survive. Often there would be one of them stop and want to spend the night sleeping in the large barn. (Most of them had a bed roll with some clothing in the bed roll on their backs.) Most of them were also hungry and would ask if they could work for a meal. Naturally some were much better workers than others were. Even though we were having a hard time ourselves, I never knew mother to turn anyone away without a sandwich or food of some kind.

It was also common, especially in the spring, to have several herds of sheep driven up the road on the way from lambing grounds to summer pasture. We soon learned that there would occasionally be one that would have a "bum lamb" which they would give us which we could raise on a bottle so that we could slaughter it in the fall and have some lamb meat. (I do not remember us ever butchering a beef while we lived in Dayton.) Ewes occasionally gave birth to three lambs, and since they would accept only two of them, the third one would be called a "bum lamb". Most sheepherders didn't want the extra work of trying to care for them, so they were willing to give them away to youngsters who asked for them.

(December 20, 2003) Last Sunday a young lady came for a Patriarchal Blessing who

raises lambs for her FFA project and as we discussed the raising of sheep I was reminded of the nature of sheep ranching when we were younger. A 'band' of sheep was usually 1000 ewes with their lambs, and they were mostly what were called 'open faced' meaning the wool did not grow over their eyes, and 'white faced' rather than black faced. These sheep were chosen because they had much more 'herd instinct' than black faced sheep and were better wool producers. In a band of sheep there were a number of black sheep, as I remember it, one black sheep for every fifty white ones, and that is the way the sheep herder would account for his sheep as he gathered them in for the night while they were grazing on the public domain, either BLM land or Forest Service land, where they had grazing rights. When the weather began to warm up in the spring and the grass began to grow, the herds of sheep would be taken from the lambing shed where they had wintered and lambled to the desert or the foothills where they would graze on the early grasses, primarily cheat grass. Since sheep have such narrow mouths, they can graze among the sagebrush where cattle could not get enough to eat to sustain themselves. As the cheat grass matured and became unpalatable, the sheep were moved to higher ground where the grass was greener, and they would more or less follow the receding snow line until they reached the mountains where the grass would stay green until the lambs were weaned and taken to a feed lot to be fattened for slaughter, or if they were large enough they were taken directly to market. In the fall after the crops were harvested many of the sheep herds were brought into the valley to clean up the irrigated fields, feeding on volunteer grain, alfalfa that was too short to mow and stack, and beet tops in the days when sugar beets were topped by hand. They were then taken to the winter feeding ground and later to the

lambing sheds, which were somewhat permanent. It was not uncommon if a farmer had a stack of hay for sale to sell it to a sheep man and have him feed the sheep on his field, so the animal waste and any hay that was not consumed was left on the field for fertilizer. Sheep were notorious for carrying weed seed from one field to another in their wool, so one was always concerned as to where the sheep had been before they came to a farmer's field. Conventional wisdom was that the wool from a herd of sheep would pay the expenses for a herd of sheep, and that the lambs that were sold for slaughter would generate any profit that was realized from the venture. On one occasion while we were farming in Melba we sold a stack of hay to a sheep man who maintained a lambing facility nearby.

In those earlier days when there was much grazing done on the public domain Hereford cattle were much preferred over Angus cattle for the same 'herd instinct' characteristics. Today when most cattle are raised in a fenced area, Angus cattle have become much more popular. The same is true of sheep; although there are very few range herds of sheep any more, there are a few small farm flocks and they are usually mostly 'black faced' because they grow faster and larger. It is my opinion that synthetic fibers have largely replaced wool in the clothing business.

About a quarter of a mile to the west of us there was an irrigation lateral known to us as the "upper canal" which carried water for the farmers, and about a mile to the east of us was another lateral known as the "lower canal." Each of these canals was used for swimming as well as irrigation and we spent many summer hours swimming in them. The upper canal didn't carry nearly as much water as the lower canal, so it was much more attractive to us as we learned to swim, but as we became

more confident we preferred the lower canal with water deep enough for us to dive in. It was more convenient for us to go through farmers' fields than to walk on the roads to get to these canals but we usually tried to walk along fence lines or irrigation ditches so we didn't trample the crops. Adjacent to the lower canal was a railroad track and it was fun to put nails, pennies, washers or pieces of wire on the tracks as a train approached and see how flat they would be after the trains had passed over them.

Nearly everyone in the community of Dayton was L.D.S. so by moving there in the spring right after school was out we had all summer to get acquainted with the other children in the ward before school started, therefore getting acquainted with school classmates was no big deal. There were a few who were not active that we didn't meet during the summer but not many. We became quite close friends with the Taylor boys and some others who were close neighbors. There was, however the need to get acquainted with new teachers and a new principal. As near as I remember I had Ellen Larson as 4th and 5th grade teacher, LeRoy Archibald as 6th grade teacher and Howard Nelson as 7th and 8th grade teacher. During those days school teaching was a good job, and most school teachers and their families seemed to be better off financially than others in the communities who did not have those jobs. I think it was sometime in 1934 that we had a series of small earthquakes in the area and I remember Dad and some of the other school board members coming to look at the school building, which was brick construction and had developed a small crack as a result of the earthquakes, to determine if it was safe to continue to hold school there. They obviously considered the damage to not be serious enough to discontinue using the building because we kept right on having

school there.

Winters were harsh and cold in Cache Valley, and, as I remember it, almost every boy or young man looked forward to the time when he could have a "sheepskin coat." These were coats that were made of a rather heavy cloth, usually khaki colored, and lined with a lining of shorn sheep skin with the short wool left attached to the soft leather, and they were rather expensive. The collar was large enough so it could be turned up to protect ones ears, but it was not a parka as we know them today. It was not too different from the fleece lined coats of today, except that it was genuine sheep skin lining, and if the wool got wet there was some residual sheep odor. I think I must have got my first one at about twelve years of age, and I was delighted when I got it.

The depression years brought many government programs which were designed to help people and/or to stimulate the economy or both. One of these was the construction of a community recreation hall in Dayton which was used for many things such as basketball, dancing and roller skating. (At this time there were no recreational facilities as part of the ward buildings) This was where I learned to roller skate and we had many enjoyable evenings there. Another program I remember well was when the school children were taken by school bus to the dentists in Preston to get dental checkups and have necessary repairs made. This was my first experience with a dentist and it was very traumatic for me. I was sent to the dentist who had a reputation as being the roughest dentist in Preston and he lived up to his reputation. I was later to learn that he was also probably the most thorough dentist in Preston, and that may have been the reason it was so painful to have him work on my teeth. If he used any anaesthetic, I don't remember it.

My first exposure to hot school lunches occurred while we were attending school in Dayton. We lived close enough to the school that we could walk to and from school and home for lunch, but when the school lunch program began and hot lunches were only ten cents a day, mother thought it was easier for us to eat hot lunches than for her to fix a lunch for us. There was also the feeling that this was a program that would be of general benefit to the school students and it needed the support of all of the students to keep the program functioning in our school. We were required to furnish our own table service. Mother acquired some plastic dishes for us to take to school feeling plastic would not break as easily as china. Usually we had soup or something hot we could eat out of a dish, and those plastic dishes proved to be a disaster. Although we did not learn about it until after school was out, the plastic that was used to make those dishes gave off a flavor when hot foods were placed in them, and I thought there were surely some poor cooks at school because those hot lunches tasted terrible.

Carl, Orson and Olive all got married while we lived in Dayton, although I don't remember many particulars. Carl married Wanda Peterson in 1934 in the Logan Temple; Orson married Gwen Call from Dayton and Olive married Dale E. Nelson in Idaho Falls. George also returned from his mission to Germany while we lived there and worked some on our farm as well as for some of the neighbors, but when school started he went to Logan and enrolled in USAC and we had very limited association with him from then on. His graduation in the spring of 1938 was a great achievement for him and marked the end of a long, hard journey.

In the spring of 1936 we were able to lease (share crop) a farm (about 110 tillable acres

with some waste land on the mountain, and Deep Creek running through the southwest corner) on the west side of the Little Black Mountain and started farming there. We continued to maintain a residence in Dayton and only lived full time on the farm during the summers. Housing on the farm was very poor, so we did not at that time try to make it a permanent residence. We continued to attend church in the Dayton Ward and school in the Dayton schools. Dad would go to the farm as early as spring work could begin, live there by himself during the week, coming home for Sundays, and the family would move over there when school let out. In the fall we would continue to live on the farm until harvest was complete, catching the Dayton school bus a couple miles from home and walking that distance to catch the bus. In the fall (or winter) of 1936 Dad worked out a deal with the owner(s) of the farm so we could purchase it on terms we could live with, but it was not until the spring of 1938 that we severed our ties to Dayton.

As I reached my twelfth birthday I was given the Aaronic Priesthood and ordained a Deacon, and in December 1936, I received my Patriarchal blessing. My Patriarchal Blessing states that because of the time in which I live, I would be given opportunities that others before had not enjoyed. This has surely been fulfilled. I served as a Deacon's quorum president sometime during my years as a Deacon, and was probably still a deacon when we left the Dayton Ward. I graduated from the eighth grade in 1938 as valedictorian of my class. By this time Ralph had gone to Weston High school for one year and Nona still had two years to complete elementary school after we began living full-time on the farm.

During the time that we maintained residence

in Dayton, we lived in 4 different rented houses, and in one of them arrangements had been made so that three families could live there, (three apartments) and in another there were two families occupying the house, (two apartments). There was probably a bathroom in one of the houses, but not in any of the other places we lived in while we were in Dayton. While we lived in the Buttars house, we kept our animals at the Roy Hulse place (Edna Hulse was another of Dad's nieces) which was not too far away, and when we lived in the Bodrero house there were accommodations so we could keep our animals there. By this time, we did not have a lot of animals, although as I remember it, we had been able to obtain a farm security loan to obtain some additional animals while we spent the winters there and the summers on the ranch by the little mountain.

These were still depression years and they were tough for us economically and also for most other people. One of the things that was happening was that the government was making funds available for communities to improve local facilities. The village of Dayton had a domestic water system that was fed by spring(s) in the hills west of the residential area; the water was piped to a concrete storage tank on a hill above the village and then distributed to the residents of the village. The village was able to obtain Federal (or state) money to upgrade that water system and so the project was begun to dig a tunnel through one of the hills and bring a much larger spring into the water system. After some of the younger men in the village with larger, stronger teams of horses and better equipment failed in hauling pipe from the railroad to the project site, Dad was given the opportunity to do the job. Even though he was by this time in his early sixties (it's amazing how much older he seemed than a 62

year old man does today) and not in the best of health, he had an old, mismatched team and an old bob sleigh, he was able to get the job done and spent considerable time during that winter hauling pipe under some very difficult conditions. The money he was able to earn through this project was most welcomed.

Some of the local people began raising turkeys which they would start in confinement and as soon as the birds were large enough and there were enough insects to feed them, someone would herd them and they would be driven from field to field so they could feed on the insects and grow and be ready for slaughter about Thanksgiving. These birds were slaughtered at a local farmstead (inspection as we know it today was unheard of then) and local women would be hired to pluck the feathers. At least one year, and perhaps more, mother found employment picking turkeys to help with a little supplemental income. Egg money had been a source of household cash while we were in Egypt, but because of our transient circumstances, we were not able to have more laying hens than enough to supply our own needs in Dayton as we had before we moved there.

THE WINDER YEARS (1936 - 1946)

The overlapping of time frames here was due to the fact that we spent two winters in Dayton after we began farming the farm in Winder. When we first moved to the farm there were two buildings on the farm. One was a 12' by 22' shed type homestead shack, the other was an outdoor toilet. It may seem that "shack" was an inappropriate name but it was really that. It was a shed type building constructed of 2" x 4" framing and "ship-lap" siding; the wall on the low side was probably 8 feet high and on the high side about 10 or 11 feet high.

The roof was shingled with cedar shingles; there was one door and I think 4 windows. The windows were about 2 by 3 feet, and I think they were hinged at the bottom so they could be opened. The house had no foundation, I think it was set on wooden blocks and it was called a homestead shack because it met the minimum size for a house required by the government on properties that were homesteaded under the homestead act. It was unfinished as to any lining on the inside of the 2 x 4s; they were visible on both the walls and the roof. Perhaps the best part of the house was the floor. It was what was called at in my mind see mother scrubbing the floor on her knees with a scrubbing brush and soap. She made some curtains which she hung from a string stretched across the top of the window frame. There was no electricity and no domestic water. The lights we had in the house were from kerosene lamps with wicks and chimneys, and it was very poor light, and those lamps posed some degree of fire hazard.

It was necessary for us to haul all of the water we used for drinking, cooking, hand washing or brushing teeth. We received irrigation water every 6 days for 20 hours during the irrigation season and while the water was running past the house we would fill 50 gallon barrels with irrigation water which we would use for bathing, laundry and dish washing. There was always some sediment in the water as it came, but after it had set in the barrels overnight it became quite clear. We acquired enough barrels so that we could have water from one irrigation until the next. For water for the livestock we had a pond which was filled at each irrigation turn so there was water there for the livestock all summer. Dad had quite ingeniously arranged the flow of water so that the irrigation water flowed through the pond filling it with fresh water each week.

We left our washing machine in Dayton since there was no electricity on the farm and mother did the laundry in a wash tub with a washboard. It is hard for me looking back to even comprehend how hard this must have been for her. I think I shall never forget how much I hated the need to haul water cans in the car every time we went where there was water, whether it was church, town or wherever. These cans were the same ten gallon can in which milk was shipped while we were in Egypt. They were tin coated iron cans about one and a half to two feet in diameter and about 30 inches tall with an opening in the top about 8 inches in diameter and with a lid that fit quite tightly in the opening.

We drove an old 1928 Studebaker 4 door sedan with no trunk so the water cans had to sit on the floor between the front and back seat and we had to sit there with our legs draped around the 10 gallon milk cans we used to haul water. This car had neither heater nor radio; it had a flat head 6 cylinder engine and looked rather old-fashioned even for those days. It had an electric starter, but there were times when it had to be cranked or pulled or pushed to start it. The transmission was a 3 speed with a stick shift on the floor, and the brakes were mechanical, not hydraulic. I think it had 20" balloon tires on it and the wheels had wooden spokes. I don't think Dad ever owned a vehicle with an automatic transmission, and power steering was many years in the future. Heaters and radios in cars became optional equipment in the 40's with hydraulic brakes beginning to be used about the same time.

With all of the drawbacks in lack of living accommodations, they were somewhat offset by the quality of the soil. The soil was a rich, deep loam soil near the mountain and got

sandier closer to Deep Creek, the best soil Dad had ever farmed, and he loved that land. I think that not only did he like the land, but when we were able to finally find something we could purchase and Dad could once again feel the pride of ownership and begin to make long term plans, it was comforting to him. After we had leased the farm for one year, the owner's agent came to Dad and offered to sell the property to him for \$5000.00 and allowed him to use the rental payments made during that first year as the down payment.

In the spring of 1937 Utah Power and Light Co. extended their power lines to the Winder area and we were once again able to have electricity. What a blessing it was for mother to again have an electric washing machine. Although the wiring we had installed in the house was very meager by today's standards, it was a vast improvement over what we had. We had never owned a refrigerator and we kept our food as best we could by having a pit in the ground about 4 foot square and two feet deep with boards to hold the dirt in place and a hinged wooden lid covered with burlap which we would try to keep damp so the evaporative action helped keep the milk and water cool. A local appliance store owner talked our parents in to trying a Norge refrigerator when we got electricity, but it sprung a leak and emitted refrigerant which had a terrible odor, so obviously we didn't keep it. Some time later we did purchase a refrigerator, but I'm not sure when. We also got our first radio sometime about then. George gave us a used table radio (as opposed to a console) and we derived much enjoyment from it.

About this time, a small custom slaughterhouse was constructed near Preston, where one could take animals to have them slaughtered, and a local grocery store and meat market installed a cold storage room

where we were able to rent cold storage lockers. Very few people stored anything in those lockers but meat at first, but as time passed, there were also some who started storing frozen fruit and vegetables. We used rented cold storage lockers for frozen meat until sometime in our Melba years, when we purchased our first freezer. From then until we quit raising animals we were rarely without frozen beef which we had raised. Until the time we purchased our second freezer there would be times when we would rent a locker for supplemental cold storage, which was after we moved to Meridian.

Immediately to the east of the homestead where we lived there was about a 15 acre tract of land upon which there was a house almost identical to the one we had and a rather large chicken coop. The people who owned this property decided to leave the area, so they sold their house to be moved and sold us the land with the chicken coop on it. Since their location seemed to be a better location for a house, we moved our house to the area where their house had been and began to try to make it more livable. The house was placed with an east-west orientation, the high wall, the wall with the door in it being on the south. Dad built a sort of a porch on the south side of the house which was the full length of the house and about 8 feet wide. The house had again been placed on some kind of blocks to keep it level and the porch was at approximately the same elevation as the floor of the house. The washing machine was kept on the porch and the porch became the passageway to the tent which would become the sleeping quarters. I am unable to remember the sequence of improvements to living conditions, but I feel quite sure that before the winter of 1938 Dad had built a tent for sleeping quarters, lined the house with celotex fiberboard, put in a false ceiling on the

high half of the house, and partitioned off an area about 6 feet wide along the west end of the house where we had a closet for hanging clothes and also room enough to go in and have some privacy while changing clothes. The tent was probably about 16 feet square (it may have been smaller, but there was room for two full sized beds and a single bed) with a wooden floor which was the same level as the porch, the sides were boarded up about two to three feet, there were canvas curtains on the east and west sides which could be rolled up in the summer to give us ventilation, although much of the summer we had our beds outside under a tree. It was not unusual on a snowy windy night to wake up with snow on top of the beds, even though we did all we could to make the tent weatherproof in the winters, nor was it uncommon in cold weather when it was not snowing to awaken in the mornings with a ring of ice on the bedclothes where moisture from our breath had condensed and frozen. By the time we began spending the winters in Winder there had appeared on the market an item of bedding known as a double blanket. This was twice as long as a regular blanket with binding on each end and was folded at the foot of the bed so there was a portion of the blanket under us and also a portion of the blanket over the top of us. This prevented pushing one's feet out of the bottom of the bed and was also much warmer than sheets to get into on a cold winter night. As I remember, these were mostly cotton with about 5% wool so they were not as scratchy as all-wool blankets, but they surely added to sleeping comfort in cold weather.

By this time we again had some laying hens, and since they needed water during the winter and there was the constant need for water for household use, Dad built a little 2 wheeled horse-drawn cart with a large enough box on it to haul a couple of 50 gallon barrels and

several 10 gallon cans of water. This was pulled by a team of horses. He also built a roadway down to the creek so the animals (horses and cattle) could walk down there to get water and he developed a spring so there was a constant flow of water. We had a large stock tank, probably 4 feet wide by 10 feet long and about 2 feet deep with an outlet on the end opposite the in-flow pipe. The water constantly flowed into this tank keeping the water fresh and also keeping it from freezing in the winter, and it was so arranged that we could fill the 10 gallon cans with the water as it came from the pipe before it went into the tank so that it was pure spring water. We then dipped water from the tank to fill the barrels and Dad had built round wooden lids which floated on top of the water in the barrels to minimize the slopping as the cart was pulled by the horses to the farm yard.

We did not have a barn for milking and the cows were milked by hand so we would drive a cow into the corner of the corral (the corral fence was made of barbed wire, not poles) and there sit down and milk her. This was the procedure winter and summer and regardless of the weather. I can still remember what it was like to sit by the side of a cow to milk her by hand with my head in her flank and feeling the snowflakes falling down my neck. When we had a new heifer to break to milk, it usually took 2 or 3 of us to keep her in the corner while we milked her. Although we did not ever have a lot of cows, Ralph and I were responsible for the milking because Dad had arthritis in his hands so badly he could not squeeze the milk out of the cows. During the school year we had to get the milking and separating done in time to go to school. The milk was run through a separator which separated the skim milk from the cream. Our earliest separator was hand turned and the rpm's had to be kept constant so the cream was

separated from the heavier skim milk by centrifugal force. The cream was sold and the skim milk fed to calves and pigs. Later we got an electric powered separator, which was easier. Mother had to disassemble the discs of the separator every day and wash them and that was a time consuming task. The cream was kept in a 10 gallon can until our weekly trip to town where we sold it to be churned into butter and the skim milk was fed to calves and hogs. The cream was hauled to Preston about once a week to a local 'creamery' where it was churned into butter. We were paid on the butterfat content of the cream since it was used for making butter. They either gave or sold the buttermilk to local farmers for pig feed. There was not a milk route that serviced our area then, thus the need to separate the cream from the skim milk and sell it.

Dad had wanted to have a productive orchard for a long time and when we were able he began to order fruit trees from Stark Brothers nursery and we planted several varieties of apples, apricot and plum trees. We also had a rather large patch of raspberries and some very vigorous rhubarb plants. It was relatively easy to have a good garden here in this nice, productive soil and we raised potatoes, carrots, squash, peas, sweet corn and many vegetables and fruits for our own use. The climate was not suitable for peaches, the season was too short, but we produced excellent melons. Mother canned large quantities of fruit and vegetables each year. We stored our potatoes in a potato pit which was nothing more than a square or rectangular pit about 16 inches deep into which we would dump the potatoes, then cover them with straw, then with the dirt we had taken out of the pit. We also had what would be termed a root cellar which was a larger pit dug out of the ground probably about 8 by 10 feet and

about 4 feet deep. This then had walls of wood above the ground so that it was high enough for a person to walk inside, and was covered with boards and dirt, both on the sides and the roof, so it was frost proof. There was a sort of stairway or ramp down into it which was covered with a hinged door, and there was also a vertical door into the cellar. This was where we stored canned fruit and vegetables, carrots and squash and where we kept the cream and eggs until we were ready to take them to Preston. Until we got a pressure cooker, mother would dry corn as it was not safe to can it without a pressure cooker.

We did not have a saddle horse, but our work horses were broken so we could ride them and Ralph and I spent many hours during the summer, if we had spare time and the horses were not being used, exploring the waste land on the mountain and down by the creek. In late summer we especially enjoyed picking and eating wild currants and hawthorne berries. We also had some choke-cherry bushes in a hollow and if they produced fruit, we enjoyed eating them as well.

We did not own a tractor while I was on the family farm, but Carl had purchased one and he would let us use it to do the plowing so we could get the farming done on a more timely basis. By this time Carl had purchased the dry farm on the east side of the mountain we had previously farmed and we helped him in exchange for the use of his tractor although I doubt if there was any direct correlation between the amount of time we used his tractor and the amount of time we worked for him.

Over the years we were able to make minimal improvements on the farm facilities and eventually built another chicken coop and a "straw shed" as well as a storage building for

grain and a few other things. We had fairly decent pens for the hogs, and always kept a few brood sows, a boar and some feeder hogs for market. During our years of raising hogs we marketed the largest hog ever to be marketed through the Franklin County Marketing Co-op. At different times we marketed 2 'stags' that weighed over 700 pounds each. The straw shed was built with a very strong pole framework with rough lumber sides. The roof had enough poles to support a layer of willow branches and then on top of that was about 4 feet of straw. After we had the framework up, we set the threshing machine so that it blew straw onto the roof of the shed to the desired depth during threshing time, with the straw deeper toward the middle of the shed. Although this did not shed water well, it was sufficient that it rarely let water come through to the inside. We built a stanchion barn in one end where we would keep about 8 cows in stanchions and the rest of the space in the building was used for loose housing of livestock. This was really a warm building which was valuable for the animals in those cold Cache Valley winters. We purchased our first milking machine in 1945 when it appeared I was going to be drafted into the military during WW II and Dad and mother felt the only way they could care for the cows was if they had a milking machine. This machine was a single unit (meaning it would milk only one cow at a time rather than more as we did with later equipment) and was not much faster than milking by hand but much easier.

In August before I was to begin the 9th grade (1938) I had my tonsils removed and spent most of one day in the Preston hospital. Starting high school was one of the most traumatic experiences of my life. When we quit going to church in Dayton, I quit going to church so I knew only the Stocks children on

the bus the first day I rode it with the Winder students. Since we had come from Dayton and there were no Dayton students attending Preston High School and I was not acquainted with any of the students from Winder nor any of the students from the other districts who came to Preston and knew nothing about registration or anything else about that school system and was too shy to ask, I really was miserable. After I finally got registered and settled in it was not too bad but I never felt that I really belonged, except among the agriculture students. I participated in F.F.A. activities all through high school and served as chapter treasurer during my junior year and as chapter president my senior year. I also participated in a number of judging contests ranging from livestock and dairy to potatoes and poultry. During my senior year I was a member of the student council, the student governing body of the high school as representative of the F.F.A. This brought me into a new group of students and I enjoyed my association with them.

When I graduated from high school in 1942, I was certain I wanted to farm and therefore saw no need to pursue more education, but as the summer passed, I began to think more of the value of college and was not sure I wanted to stay on the farm. World War II had broken out, and that had an impact on everyone and influenced all of the decisions we made; it looked as if every male of military age might have to go to war. I began to make preparations to attend USAC in the fall of 1942, but before school started, Dad became seriously ill and it became obvious that one of us would have to stay home to help on the farm; the farm was the only source of family income and Dad could not care for it alone. Ralph had attended USAC one year, and in a family council it was determined it would be better for him to continue his schooling and

get as much as he could get before going into the military. It was decided that I would stay home and help on the farm and as things turned out, the draft board determined that I was more valuable to the war effort by producing food than I would be if I were in the military. Ralph went back to USAC and was able to complete the fall and winter quarters before he was called into active duty in the military in March of 1943.

About that time I purchased my first vehicle, a 1936 Chevrolet half-ton pickup. Production of vehicles for domestic use had almost completely stopped due to everything being diverted to the war effort, but there were still some good used vehicles for sale and I bought the best I could afford. A passenger car would have been much better for dating, but the pickup was needed for the farm, so I bought the pickup, and it served both the farm needs and as a family car. It had a heater, but no radio.

Through that winter and spring I did a little dating but not much. I was still very shy and somewhat of a social misfit. I did get somewhat involved in MIA activities which included dancing, and began to participate a little in the ward dances which were held every week. When school let out in the spring and our neighbor, Ned Stocks came home from school, (he had been at USAC with Ralph and LaVor Smith, another friend, and he came home when they went into the military) he and I began doing a few things together. Ned had diabetes and therefore was not qualified for military duty, so he also stayed home on the farm. He was two years older than I, but since we were neighbors it was rather natural for us to do things together (we worked together a lot on our farms and the farms of neighbors) and we became good friends.

In those days neighbors on farms exchanged work to a large degree and with many of the young men in the military, we helped many of the neighboring farmers get their work done. All of the hay and grain harvest required crews so by exchanging work we could manage to assemble a large enough crew to get the work done. Thinning and hoeing beets was done on an individual farm family basis and Nona and I thinned and weeded the beets we raised, but it was advantageous to have a larger crew for beet harvest so we could top enough beets to keep a truck busy; therefore we exchanged beet harvest with the two Stocks families, Ned's father Henry and his brother Carol, and Ned's brother-in-law, Floyd Bennett. We had many good times working together even though the work was hard. One of my real regrets is that during the winters on the farm when there was very little farm work to do, I could have and should have made much better use of my time.

I mostly dated girls in the ward, we would go to Saturday night dances at the Persiana dance hall in Preston, usually a movie on the weekend, and during the winter there would quite often be a dance on Friday night in the ward. Occasionally we would go to Downata Hot Springs near Downey, or to Lava Hot Springs to swim during the summers. There was nearly always a 4th of July celebration in town, an Idaho Day celebration in Franklin and every year the Famous Preston Night Rodeo. I soon learned that there was no one I could be surer of having a good time with than Verneal Taylor. She was a girl in the ward who was two years younger than I, but she knew how to enjoy herself and help others have a good time. She was a good dancer, she was willing to participate in almost any activity we would mention except swimming, (she went swimming with us, but would rather do something else) I never knew of her to be

moody or unpleasant and we soon became good friends. Once you have found the best, there is no use of shopping further, so soon we began dating almost exclusively, fell in love and at Christmas 1944 we became engaged to be married. The smartest (or luckiest) thing I ever did was to persuade Verneal to marry me and I thank the Lord every day for her. Ned Stocks and his date and my date and I did a lot of double dating. We would take turns driving, and when we went in my pickup, it was a rather cozy arrangement. One winter evening after we had taken Ned's date to her home in Fairview, about 7 miles south of Preston, and were returning home to Winder, we ran out of gasoline. It was late and we were wondering what to do when we were able to stop a car and ask for help. He could not help us with the gasoline situation, but offered to tow us to Preston if we had something to hook us to his vehicle so he could tow us. It so happened that I had a lariat rope in the pickup, so we hooked onto his vehicle and began the trip to Preston. It was in the winter and the roads were slick in spots. He had told us that he had had a little too much to drink, but was all right to drive. We had agreed that when we got to where we wanted to stop, we would honk the horn. We had planned to stop at Alma and Ardell Golightly's place, which was along the road to Preston, and get some gasoline from them. As we approached the place where we wanted to stop, we were concerned that he was going too fast so I began to honk the horn. He apparently didn't hear, at least he just kept on going, so I began to apply the brakes. The application of the brakes started my vehicle shining from one side of the road to the other. The borrow-pits were quite deep, Verneal and Ned became frightened and started screaming, and I had all I could do to keep the vehicle on the road. Just then the rope broke, the vehicle stopped along the edge of the road, and the other

fellow went merrily along the way, without even giving us a chance to thank him.

Being engaged and looking forward to marriage created a dilemma for us since there was no suitable housing for us on the farm and it appeared there was no way I could leave the farm and Dad and Mother without causing great hardship to them. Dad was by now (1944) 70 years old and could not run the farm by himself and they had no other means of making a living. We drilled a well on the farm thinking that if we had a good reliable source of domestic water, we could arrange for housing and remain on the farm. The well proved to be a great disappointment in that we found only hot water with a very high mineral content so the well was useless and had to be capped. (Many years later someone drilled a well about where the original homestead had been and got good water, so if we had known, we could have done the same, but our lives would surely have gone in a different direction if we had stayed on that farm.)

I think it might be appropriate to mention some of the inconveniences that came with the war. Sugar, butter, meat and coffee were rationed, as was gasoline and tires. None of these factors altered our way of life very much since we were allowed an extra amount of sugar because we raised sugar beets; we did not use coffee and we produced our own meat and butter. We were allowed gasoline for the farm, and they were more lenient as we needed tires since we had a farm vehicle. The use of ration stamps for the purchase of gasoline and sugar was a nuisance but did not alter our way of life. Silk hose for women were not available since silk came from the Far East and it was very hard to find nylon hose since most of the nylon was being used for parachutes. None of these things created

a hardship for us, but they did for some families; for us they were more of a nuisance. Ralph was released from his military duty in February 1946 and was very much at a loss as to what he wanted to do. I visited with him and suggested that he stay on the farm and help our parents while he was becoming adjusted to civilian life and I would leave the farm and get married. He agreed to this and on March 12, 1946 Verneal and I were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. I had saved a little money before we got married and I had no trouble finding odd jobs around Preston working for various farmers and doing other things, but our lives had very little, if any direction. In the summer of 1946 I was able to purchase a new 1946 Chevrolet heavy duty half-ton pickup. It had a 4 speed transmission, 6 ply tires, and overload springs thus making it a heavy duty. The purchase price was \$1,046.00. Verneal's brother Melvin had decided to go into the livestock feed supplement business and recruited me to go to work for him, and thought with the new pickup I would have an ideal setup. The kicker was that I hated selling. Every time I tried to convince someone that the product would benefit them, I felt as if I were begging them for money. It didn't take long to decide that was no life for me and we began to look for something else. These were the post-war years and farmers were doing well, so we decided to get back into agriculture, but decided we needed to look outside Cache Valley.

The one thing we did not understand as well as we should have is that the three essential elements to a successful agricultural enterprise are land, labor and capital. With adequate capital one can acquire land and labor, or with sufficient land one can acquire capital and labor, but the only thing we had was our ability to provide labor, the work of

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

our hands, so in reality it was like trying to sit on a three-legged stool with only one leg in place. In the beginning of our pursuit of an agricultural career we sold our labor, and that was all we had to sell until we acquired some skill which made that labor more valuable, and then through the sale of skill and labor we

were able to acquire some land and use borrowed money for capital. If we had realized the difficulty of the path ahead of us we might have gone a different direction with our efforts to sustain ourselves, but we didn't, and therein lies the basis for much of what we have experienced.

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**EXCERPTS FROM THE  
LIFE HISTORY OF NONA MORTENSEN HANSEN**  
An Autobiography

I have made several attempts to write my own history, and never finished because I always think there are not enough interesting things about my life to write about. However, there are things that happened during my lifetime, that have made the world change. When I was born in 1926, on August 3, we didn't have electricity in our home. I think we had cold running water, but I am not sure. If we did, that was the only plumbing we had. Our meals were cooked on a wood and coal fired range, a Majestic, which was used by my parents as long as I lived at home. We took that old Majestic with us every move we made. Besides being able to cook our meals on it, it also helped to heat the home. It could be fueled by either wood or coal, and I think mostly we used wood, because I remember my father going into the canyons nearby and bringing home loads of wood.

I was born on August 3, 1926, in a place called "Egypt" on the outskirts of Preston Idaho. I was born in my parent's home, as was the custom at that time. My parents are Andrew Daniel Mortensen, and Johanna Marie Sorensen. I am the youngest child in the family. My father had lost his first wife during the flu epidemic, and had later married my mother. The living children born to his first wife, Christina Gregersen, were George Andrew, Carl Anders, Orson Alma, and Olive Pearl. Two children, Ada Margaret, and Oliver Verl, a twin to Olive had died at a young age. My mother had given birth to two children before me Ralph S., Steven Sorensen Mortensen, and me, Nona. My mother had hoped for a girl, and so had my sister, Olive. I don't think anyone else cared what the sex of the new baby was, or even if there was a new baby. My mother had read a book in which the main female character was named Nona, and that is the name she chose for me. She liked the name. I didn't, at least not until I was grown. I didn't like it when I was a

child because I thought it was "different". It wasn't a name that anyone I knew had, and I sometimes had to explain that it wasn't Nora, or Nola, and especially not Noma or Mona. Now, I like it because it is "different", and I have only known of a few other people named Nona. I still don't like to be called Nora, or Nola, and especially not Noma or Mona. I think my name fits me now. Maybe because I have been called by that name for over seventy years

When I was born the house we lived in had a kitchen, a hallway-entrance, living-dining room, which was mainly dining room, because I don't remember us having any living room furniture. We had a dining table (the one we have now) and chairs, a secretary-bookcase, a coal-wood heater, which we didn't use all the time because fuel was expensive, and times were hard. The other piece of furniture I remember having in this room when I was a small child was a big roll top desk. When I was about three, my father was released as Bishop of our ward, and the roll top desk disappeared. I discovered later while visiting the home of a friend, that the roll top desk was in her home now, and I came to realize it wasn't our desk, but a desk that belonged to the Bishop. We also had one bedroom. I'm sure we couldn't all sleep in that room. I think maybe some of the older boys must have slept in a shed or a barn. The physical characteristics of a home are not always important to a child, so I may not have remembered everything accurately. The thing I do remember is that I always felt loved and was happy to be a part of my family. I wasn't even aware that we were what might be considered two families until I was much older. My older brothers and sister were never thought of as "half" brothers or sister. In fact, since they were enough older than I, to not be rivals, or to tease or torment me, I thought they were all pretty special.

Olive especially was happy to have a sister and treated me with love and attention. I remember that she sewed for me, and once had me model a dress she had made for me. I think it might have just been in her Home-Ec class at school, but it made me feel pretty special. I also remember that she sometimes let me be with her and her friends, when she had friends come to visit. I also remember that Olive left home to be in Nurse's Training when I was about five, and I thought my world had crumbled. I looked forward to her visits home with great excitement. In fact, I remember one time when she came home for a visit, she hid behind a door in our house and stepped out to surprise me. My parents hadn't told me she was coming because I would get so excited I couldn't handle the waiting, and they found it hard to deal with me constantly asking when she would be home. I don't think that at that time I realized that when grown-up children leave home, they don't often come home to live again. I think if I had realized that, it would have been even harder to have my only sister leave. I don't remember how Olive got to Idaho Falls, where she took her nurse's training, but I imagine it was by some form of public transportation. In those days, people couldn't always take their children to school.

Some of the things I remember from when we lived in Egypt, I'm not sure of when they happened, and some I may just think I remember because I have heard other members of the family talk about them. I do remember that I had a friend that I played with quite often, named John Porter. He was my age, and he often came to my house to play. I don't remember going to his house very often. My mother would fix us a "play dinner", which was really at lunchtime, while the older kids were in school. I think our dinner was probably a sandwich of home-made bread and butter, and maybe jam, with milk to drink, but mother cut the sandwiches small and let us use small plates, and have a napkin on a chair for a tablecloth. We both thought that was pretty neat. After we left Egypt, I never saw John much, and by the time I was in ninth grade, and going back to Preston to school, he almost seemed like a stranger

to me, and I was so shy at that time that I would never have initiated a conversation with a BOY, even though he had been an early childhood friend.

Another thing I remember about doing in Egypt was coasting down a "hill" near our place. It was actually a gully that had been cut by a creek, and we lived close to the top of it,\. Porters lived closer than we did, and my father's sister Mary lived at the bottom, near the creek. We would slide down to the bottom, then pull our sleds up, and go down again. Where we coasted down was actually the road that cars (or wagons or sleighs pulled by horses went) but there really wasn't very much traffic for us to watch out for. I thought at the time that it was great fun, but after moving away, and having a few years pass, it seemed kind of scary. On the other side of us, and a little ways away, lived the Condie family. Eileen was my age and I loved to play with her, and her sister Mary, who was two years older than I. Their mother was my first cousin, a daughter of my Aunt Mary. She was at least as old, and maybe even older, than my mother so I thought of Eileen and Mary as being my cousins more than I thought of their mother being my cousin. I missed my cousins when we moved away.

I went to first grade in Egypt, and I really don't remember much about it except that I liked my teacher, and I liked school. It must have been easy for me to learn to read, because I remember staying inside at recess sometimes, and reading the second grade books. I also remember one time when the teacher was reading us a story about one of the presidents...either. Washington or Lincoln, because those were the birthdays we celebrated in those days, and I was interested in a book I was reading, so I kept reading it and not paying attention to the book our teacher was reading. She warned me several times to put down my book and listen to what she was reading, but I kept on doing my own thing, so she sent me from the room. Out in the hall, I put on my coat and boots and decided I was going to walk home. I was trying to reach my lunch container, when the teacher came out to tell me I could come in now.



By that time, I was pretty determined to go home, even though the school day was not over, so I hid among the coats so my teacher couldn't find me. She did eventually find me, and I had to go back into the classroom and finish out the day. I don't remember her being particularly angry at me for hiding, although I'm sure I would have been if I had been her.

Another thing I remember happened on the playground at the school in Egypt. There was a piece of playground equipment called a Giant-Stride. It had a tall metal pole, and at the top was a part that rotated that had chains attached to it. At the end of each chain was a cross bar that a child could hold on to. There were probably about ten chains spaced evenly around the top. A child would hold on to each chain, then the children would all run around the pole in the same direction. When they got going fast each child would lift his feet off the ground, and they would continue to go around swinging from the end of the chain. Our school had eight grades, so I was one of the younger children, since I was in first grade at the time. Some of the older children were playing a game where they jumped off when they got going fast. I thought that looked fun, and was sure I could do that as well as anyone, so I tried. I fell, right where the other children were running. I got kicked in the head, making a big gash in my forehead. Blood was gushing out, and it was pretty scary to a six year old, but when some of the older kids told me they were going to take me to the principal, I was far more frightened of him than of all that blood. I don't know why I was so frightened of him, except that I had never had anything to do with him, and to me he was a scary unknown. He took me home, and I think he told my mother to take me to the doctor to have stitches. I didn't have stitches and my cut healed anyway. I had a scar for a few years, but it finally disappeared.

### **WE MOVE TO DAYTON**

I was too young to be really aware of what was going on and why, but soon after I finished first grade, which was probably 1933, we moved from Egypt to Dayton. My father had lost his farm, and we had to move from it. The Depression was on, which I'm sure had something to do with it. A lot of people were worse off than we were. We had to move from our farm and home, but we found a house in Dayton to rent, and my Dad found some farmland to rent, and we never went hungry. I don't remember this, but my brother, Carl tells me that we loaded our family's possessions on a wagon to move, so we must not have had much in the way of worldly possessions. He also tells me that as we drove away, that I said, "Goodbye, Old Home". I'm sure that was hard on my parents. It had to be pretty hard on them to have a family to provide for and to have lost everything they had. I don't remember feeling bad. I think I thought of moving as an adventure.

When we moved to Dayton, we rented an old two-story house that was surrounded by pine trees. The pine trees shaded the house, and probably helped keep the house cooler in summer, but in the winter, when the days were short, it was pretty spooky to come home after dark. We only used the upstairs for storage, partly, I think, because the stairway was outside, and probably because we had more room in the downstairs than we had in Egypt. I think I remember us having at least two bedrooms. Under the kitchen there was a cellar, which also had stairs leading to it on the outside of the house. In the kitchen was what looked like a cupboard that really had what was called a dumb-waiter inside. It had a shelf that things could be put on, and then a rope on a pulley that could lower the shelf to the cellar so that whatever was on the shelf could be taken off in the cellar. I'm sure it was designed to save steps, and I thought at the time that it was pretty neat, but it must have taken two people to really be effective. It was cooler in the cellar, so I'm sure it was a pretty good storage place for perishable food. I don't know how long we lived in that house. My memory tells me we lived there a long time, and a lot of the things I remember about Dayton seem

like they happened while we lived there, but I might be wrong. We lived in two other houses in Dayton before we moved to the farm in Winder, and that was only three years after we came to Dayton. The first house we lived in was only about a block from the elementary school, so Ralph, Steven and I walked to school. The Church was within walking distance also, which was nice, because I really don't think we had a car. If we did, I don't remember it. When we moved to Dayton, Olive was already in a nurses training program at LDS Hospital, and George was in Germany on a mission. I think Carl lived with us for awhile in Dayton, then he and Wanda got married and lived in a little house in Dayton, not too far from where we lived. Orson and Gwen got married not too long after that, and I know they lived in Dayton part of the time.

The house we lived in did not have indoor plumbing, but the school did. The school had a basement and two other stories. The basement was divided into two areas plus a heating plant. One area was for the boys and one for the girls. In each area, there was a play area, a little room for storing lunches and a restroom with flush toilets and scratchy toilet paper. (I don't know *why* I remember this, because at home we used old Montgomery Ward catalogs in the outhouse.) There were also washbasins in the restrooms. There were fire escapes on the outside of a window in each classroom. I think there were three classrooms on the first and second floors. I was in second grade when I first attended school in Dayton, and I was in a classroom that had two grades in it. That is about all I remember about second grade. I was the new kid in my class, but I think I had friends, and enjoyed school. Dayton was a nice place to live most of the time.

I remember having parties at the church when missionaries left, and when they returned home. At the missionary farewell parties, they would usually have homemade ice cream and candy to sell, and the proceeds would go to the missionary who was going out on his mission. I don't suppose they raised much money, but most people didn't have very much, and I'm sure every bit of

money they raised helped. I also remember the parties we sometimes had at school. We would decide we were going to have a peanut bust, and we would each chip in a few cents to buy a bag of peanuts. Then, when the teacher left the room, we would each get a handful of peanuts, and when the teacher came back in, we would all yell "surprise", and throw our handful of peanuts at the teacher. Then we would gather up the peanuts and eat them. I don't think those peanuts felt very good when they hit the teacher, but some of the teachers were really good sports, and some weren't. We only did it to teachers we liked, and I think the teachers knew that, so they tried to take it in stride. If I remember right, the men teachers were better than the women teachers at being able to accept our fun. Maybe they just thought they had to be more "Macho".

I have a lot of memories of things that happened while we lived in Dayton, but I don't think I remember them in the order they happened, so they are just isolated memories, but important to me anyway.

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CHAPTER SIX

AGES AT IMPORTANT LIFE EVENTS

It is difficult to comprehend ages and certain relationships from data arrayed in family group sheet format. In order to understand our ancestors better their ages at important life events such as birth, marriage, and death have been arrayed in tabular form. This allows us to readily see the following:

Age differences between spouses,
Ages at marriage,
Parents ages when each child was born, and
Age of each person at death.

The ages are derived by merely subtracting one year from the other. No attempt has been made to adjust for month within the year. Thus, the ages shown are approximate and may be off by a few months from the actual age at the event.

The first date for the wife in the "MO-AGE WHEN" column is the age difference between the couple. If the number is negative the wife was older than the husband.

The data was taken from family group records prepared by others and submitted into New Family Search. In some cases they contain obvious errors. However, remember we are only striving for perfection in this life and this is data on people who lived hundreds of years ago when records were less than complete.

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

The Mortensen Line

NAME	NFS PERSONAL IDENTIFIER	BORN	MARR'D	DIED	MARR'D AGE	FA-AGE WHEN	MO-AGE WHEN	DIED AGE
Bertel	MTXW-M22	Abt 1600						
Simon Bertelsen	KC39-4WC	1628	1668	1694	40			66
Karen	KC1H-V5P	1632	1668	1692	36			60
Ane Simonsen		1665		1692		37	33	27
Bertil Simonsen		1667				39	35	0
Anders Simonsen		1669		1737		41	37	68
Hans Simonsen		1670		1731		42	38	61
Mette Simonsen		1673				45	41	0
Johanne Simonsen		1674		1719		46	42	45
Hans Simonsen	LC6B-XV5	1670	1695	1731	25			61
Karen Mortensen	KJWW-JTW	1674	1695	1757	21			83
Jorgen Hansen		1695				25	21	0
Karen Hansen		1696				26	22	0
Simon Hansen		1699		1707		29	25	8
Maren Hansen		1704		1706		34	30	2
Dorthe Hansen		1707				37	33	0
Morten Hansen		1710		1785		40	36	75
Simon Hansen		1712		1769		42	38	57
Hans Hansen		1713		1716		43	39	3
Morten Hansen	KVLPP-YC7	1710	1756	1785	46			75
Else Pedersen	KVLP-Y73	1727	1756	1776	29			49
Christen Mortensen (twin)		1757				47	30	0
Maren Mortensen (twin)		1757				47	30	0
Christen Mortensen		1758		1802		48	31	44
Peder Mortensen		1760				50	33	0
Dorthe Mortensen		1762				52	35	0
Gunnild Mortensen		1765		1770		55	38	5
Christen Mortensen	LZPD-LD1	1758	1787	1802	29			44
Maren Nielsen	LZPD-L6S	1756	1787	1805	31			49
Ole Christensen		1788		1825		30	32	37
Johanne Christensen		1790				32	34	0

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

Else Christensen		1792				34	36	0
Morten (Martin) Christensen		1794		1843		36	38	49
Morten (Martin) Christensen	LZPD-LZP	1794	1818	1843	24			49
Mette Knudsen	KWJN-WS5	1796	1818	1863	22			67
Knud Mortensen		1819		1909		25	23	90
Christian Mortensen		1822				28	26	0
Mary Maren Mortensen		1824		1909		30	28	85
Paul Mortensen		1826		1849		32	30	23
Anders (Andrew) Mortensen		1828		1892		34	32	64
Ole Mortensen		1831		1910		37	35	79
Christine (Kirsten) Mortensen		1834		1928		40	38	94
Jens Mortensen		1836		1863		42	40	27
Anders (Andrew) Mortensen	KWN7-5DK	1828	1874	1892	46			64
Ane Catherine Hansen	KWN7-5DV	1839	1874	1920	35			81
Metta Christina Mortensen		1856				28	17	0
Hans Christian Mortensen		1858				30	19	0
Mary Julia Mortensen		1864		1938		36	25	74
Hans Mortensen		1866		1866		38	27	0
Morten Peter Mortensen		1867				39	28	0
Mette Kirstine Mortensen		1870		1870		42	31	0
Hans Christian Mortensen		1873		1873		45	34	0
Anders (Andrew) Mortensen		1874		1953		46	35	79
Morten Christian Mortensen		1876		1943		48	37	67
Paul Mortensen		1880				52	41	0
Andrew Daniel Mortensen	KWCT-3KT	1874	1900	1953	26			79
Christina Lauritz Gregersen	2739-JZ8	1871	1900	1918	29			47
Johanna Marie Sorensen	KWCT-3KY	1889	1921	1975	35			86
George Andrew Mortensen		1906		1985		32	35	79
Ada Margaret Mortensen		1907		1907		33	36	0
Carl Anders Mortensen		1908		2000		34	37	92
Orson Alma Mortensen		1911		1998		37	40	87
Olive Pearl Mortensen		1912		2005		38	41	93
Oliver Verl Mortensen		1912		1913		38	41	1
Ralph Sorensen Mortensen	(Johanna's)	1922				48	33	
Steven Sorensen Mortensen	(Johanna's)	1924				50	35	
Nona Mortensen	(Johanna's)	1926		2006		52	37	80

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

The Gregersen Line

NAME	NFS PERSONAL IDENTIFIER	BORN	MARR'D	DIED	MARR'D AGE	FA-AGE WHEN	MO-AGE WHEN	DIED AGE
Jens Jensen	Not in NFS	1700						
Mother Jens	Not in NFS	1702						
PEDER		1724				24	22	
Morten		1726				26	24	
Niels		1728				28	26	
Mette		1730				30	28	
Maren		1735				35	33	
Dorthe		1739				39	37	
Dorthe		1741				41	39	
Mogens		1743				43	41	
Peder Jensen	Not in NFS	1724	1751	1731	27			7
Karen Henriksdatter	Not in NFS	1726	1751	1757	25			31
Mette		1751		1811		27	25	60
JENS		1770		1826		46	44	56
Henrik		1755				31	29	
Anne Catherine		1756				32	30	
Johanne		1764				40	38	
Karen		1765		1766		41	39	1
Jen Pedersen	LHRH-XZ6	1770	1794	1826	24			56
Anne Marie Jensen	LZF6-7VS	1769	1794	1842	25			73
Peder		1795		1811		25	26	16
Jens		1799		1800		29	30	1
GREGER		1801				31	32	
Jens Christian		1808				38	39	
Gregger Jensen (Strande)*	LH2V-SWX	1801	1833	1865	32			64
Christiane Christensen	LHP9-T7J	1812	1833	1893	21			81
Christen (twin)		1833				32	21	0
Jens (twin)		1833				32	21	0
Anne Marie (twin		1835		1879		34	23	44
Anne (twin)		1835		1879		34	23	44
Jensine		1837		1837		36	25	0
Jens		1839		1917		38	27	78
Kirsten		1841				40	29	0
Iver		1843		1850		42	31	7

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

Sine		1843				42	31	0
LAURITZ		1846		1888		45	34	42
Anna Marie		1857		1876		56	45	19
Lauritz Gregersen	2WN4-1PG	1816	1867	1888	51			72
Mette Fredericksen	2WN4-33P	1840	1867	1893	27			53
Frederika		1868		1869		52	28	1
Frederick Lauritz		1869		1948		53	29	79
Greger Lauritz		1870		1953		54	30	83
CHRISTINA LAURITZ		1871		1918		55	31	47
Christian Lauritz		1873		1928		57	33	55
Kristiane Strande		1875		1930		59	35	55
Sidsel		1876		1893		60	36	17
Iver Lauritz		1879		1910		63	39	31
Anne Marie		1879		1880		63	39	1
Knud Lauritz		1880		1928		64	40	48

* Strande is also the name of the village where he died

The Sorensen Line

NAME	NFS PERSONAL IDENTIFIER	BORN	MARR'D	DIED	MARR'D AGE	FA-AGE WHEN	MO-AGE WHEN	DIED AGE
Jens Christensen 5	KFPN-SFH	1697	1725	1759	28			62
Else Jensen	KFRW-CQ3	1706	1725	??	19			??
Sofren Jensne		1725				28	19	0
Anders Jensen		1728		1732		31	22	0
Jens Jensen		1731				34	25	0
Jacob Jensen		1734		1806		37	28	72
Christen Jensen		1737				40	31	0
Jens Jensen		1740				43	34	0
Niels Jensen		1749				52	43	0
Jacob Jensen 4	LCZZ-3M2	1734	1766	1806	32			72
Ellen Christensen	27CZ-CZ1	1725	1766	1789	41			64
Jens Jacobsen		1767		1821		33	42	54
Else Jacobsen		1769				35	44	0
Christen Jacobsen		1771				37	46	0
Anders Jacobsen		1773				39	48	0
Soren Jacobsen		1778				44	53	0
Jens Jacobsen 3	LCZZ-363	1767		1821	54			54
Maren Sorensen	K2JH-4J6	1775		1849	74			74
Ane Johanne Jensen		1796				29	21	0
Ane Jensen		1800				33	25	0
Ellen Jensen		1801		1837		34	26	36
Mette Marie Jensen		1802		1865		35	27	0
Jens Christian Sorensen		1808		1860		41	33	0
Helle Jensen		1813				46	38	0
Jens Christian Sorensen 2	LH55-SSS	1808	1833	1860	25			52
Elsa Marie Neilsen	LHRH-5Y1	1810	1833	1849	23			39
Jens Christian Sorensen		1835		1847		27	25	12
Neils Christian Sorensen		1836				28	26	0
Anders Christian Sorensen		1837				29	27	0
Frederik Sorensen		1840		1847		32	30	7
Mariane Sorensen		1842				34	32	0
Christian Sorensen		1846		1919		38	36	73
Jens Sorensen		1848		1919		40	38	71

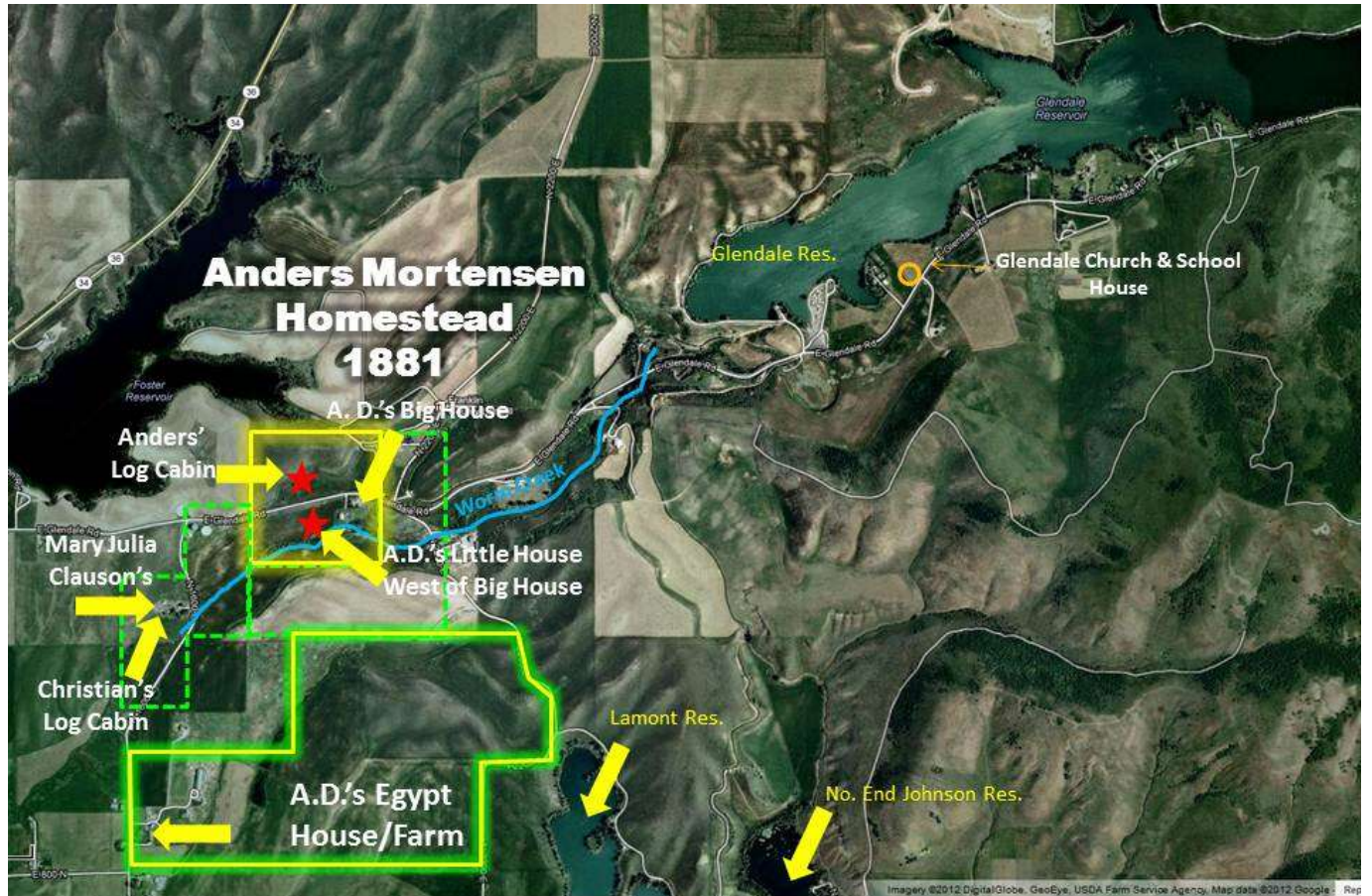
THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

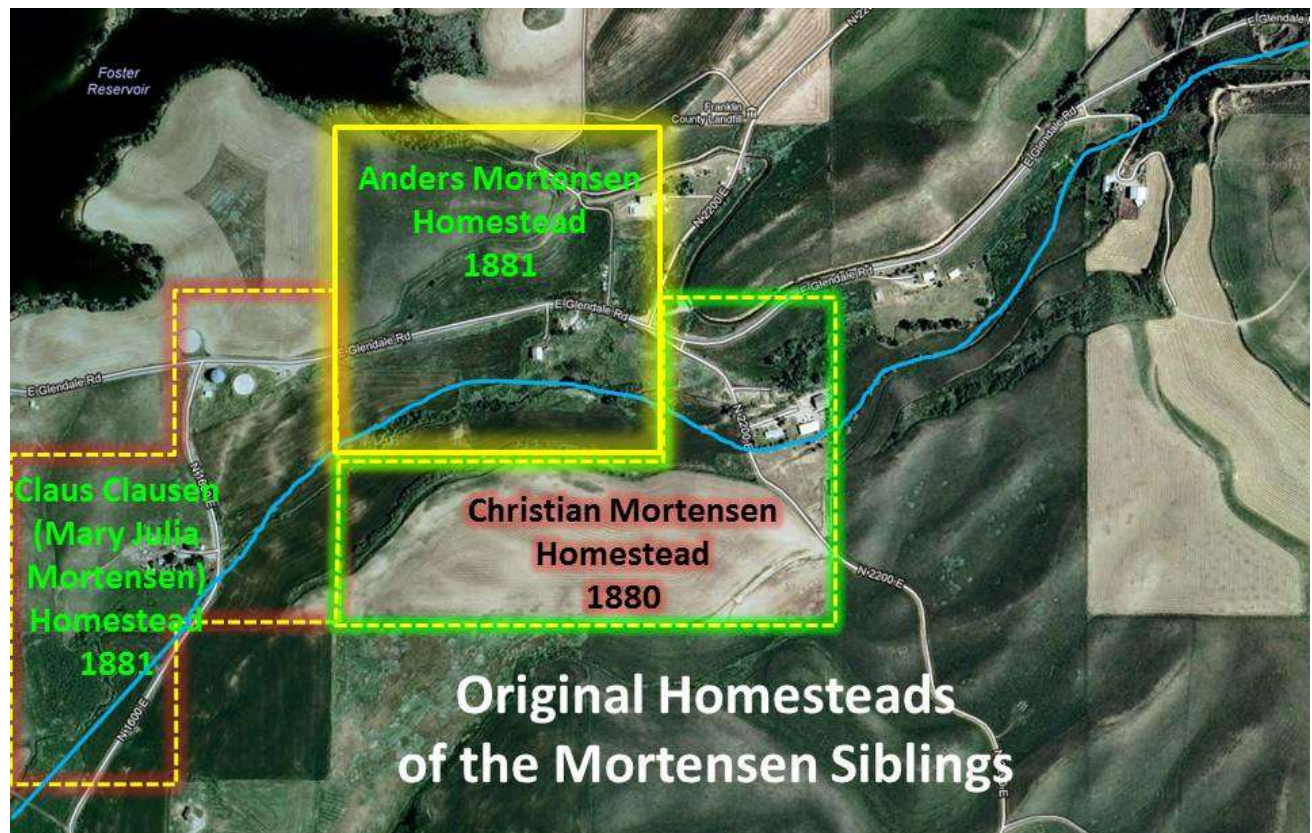
Christian Sorensen 1	KWRZR-NJH	1846	1879	1919	33			73
Dorthea Petrina Jensen	KWJD-M6L	1856	1879	1931	23			75
Elsie Marie Sorensen		1877		1905		31	21	28
Nielsene Christine Sorensen		1880		1916		34	24	0
Martina Larsmina Sorensen		1881		1951		35	25	70
Soren Christian Sorensen		1883		1961		37	27	78
Louisa Petrina Sorensen		1886		1937		40	30	0
Johanna Maria Sorensen		1889		1975		43	33	86
Jens Peter Sorensen		1894		1984		48	38	90
Otilia Sorensen		1896		1963		50	40	67

APPENDIX A

MAPS AND IMAGES OF THE HOMESTEAD AREA

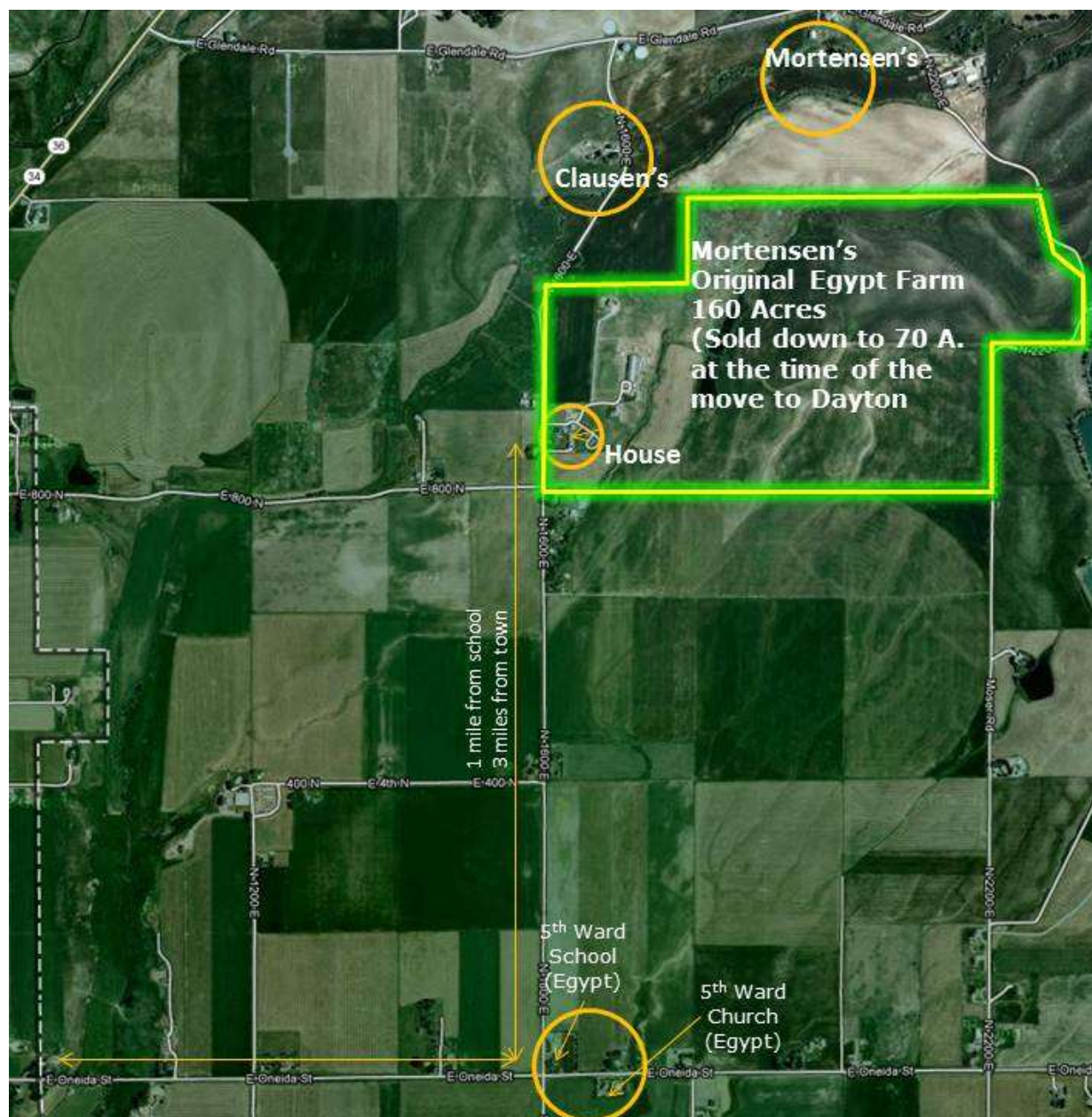
SATELLITE IMAGE OF THE MORTENSEN FAMILY'S FRONTIER HOMESTEAD AREA



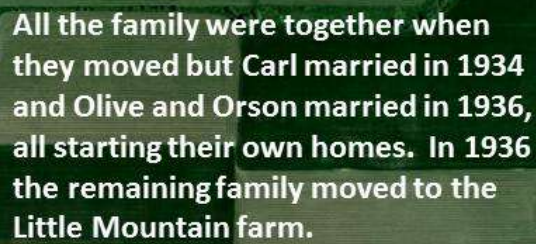


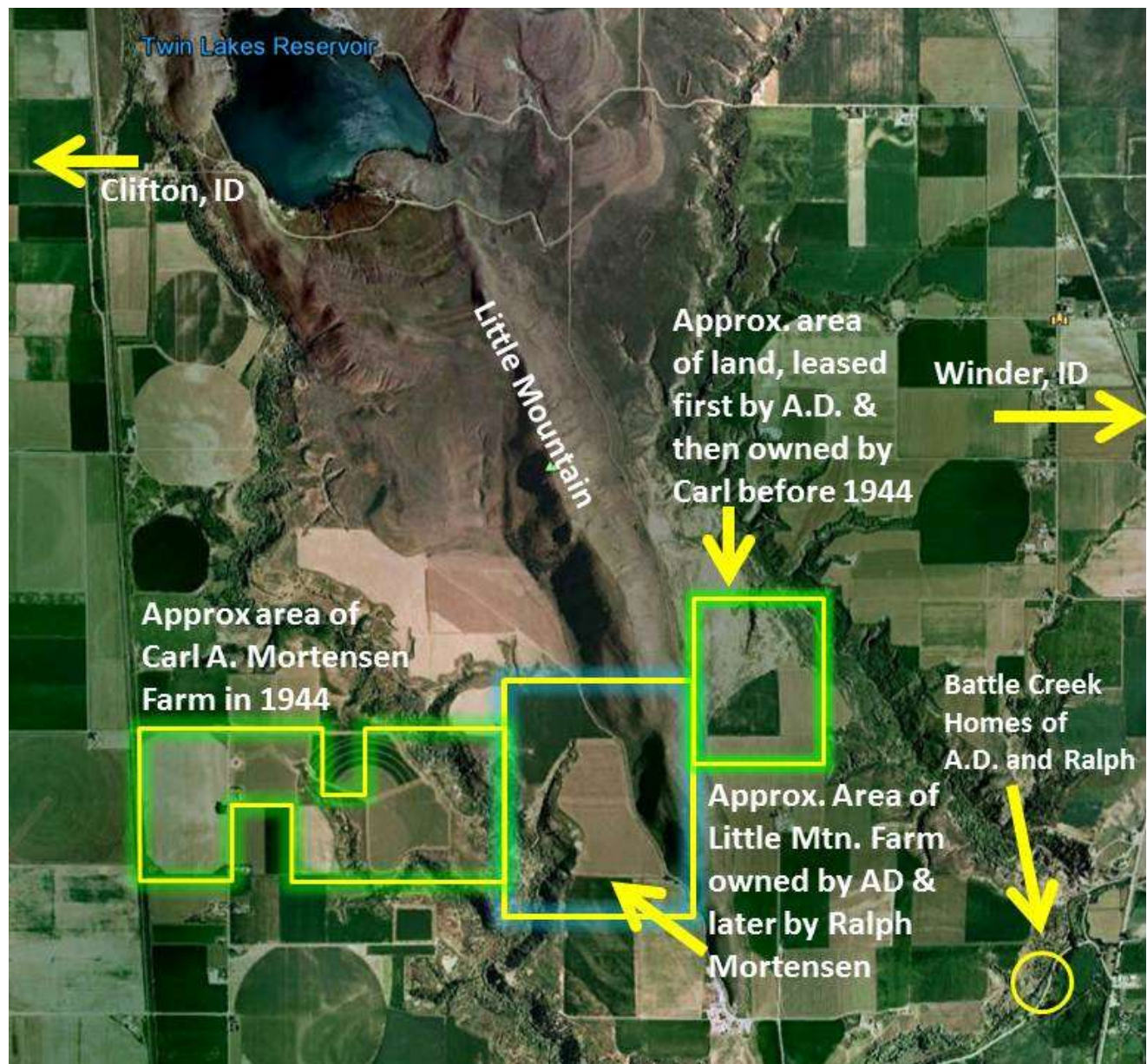


This image gives an idea of the proximity of the homes of Mary Julia Mortensen Clausen and Andrew Daniel Mortensen during the years the Mortensen's worked the Worm Creek Homestead.



This image shows the relationship of the Egypt farm to the Church and school, about 1 mile south. It is also interesting to note that the move from Worm Creek to Egypt was less than half a mile, even though some of the accounts make it seem much longer.





APPENDIX B

EARLY PICTURES

THE IMMIGRANTS



Anders Mortensen



Ane Catherine
Hansen Mortensen



Mary Julia



Andrew Daniel



Morten Christian



THE FIRST FAMILY



1874-1953
79 years

1871-1918
47 years

Andrew Daniel Mortensen Christina Lauritz
Gregersen Mortensen



George
Andrew
Mortensen
1906-1990
84 years



Carl
Anders
Mortensen
1908-2000
91 years



Orson
Alma
Mortensen
1911-1998
87 years



Olive
Pearl
Mortensen
1912-2005
93 years



Two pictures of the house at little mountain after AD and Johanna moved to Battle Creek. This main part was about 10 X 14 with a smaller tent structure on the front side for sleeping. They lived here for many years. Exact date of this picture is unknown but it's several years after they moved.



THE SECOND FAMILY



1874-1953
79 years

Andrew Daniel Mortensen

Johanna Marie
Sorensen Mortensen



1889-1975
86 years



Ralph
Sorensen
Mortensen



Steven
Sorensen
Mortensen



Nona
Mortensen
1926-2006
80 years



CHILDREN OF THE SECOND FAMILY





**ANDREW DANIEL MORTENSEN'S FAMILY
29 NOVEMBER 1953**



ANDREW DANIEL MORTENSEN'S FAMILY ABOUT 1970.



LEFT TO RIGHT

BACK ROW

BEVERLY, VERNEAL, OLIVE, WANDA, JOHANNA, LOUISE, GWEN, MISSING IS NONA

RALPH, STEVEN, DALE, CARL, GEORGE, ORSON, MISSING IS MELVIN

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY



**ANDREW DANIEL MORTENSEN'S FAMILY
THE WEEK BEFORE JOHANNA DIED 6 APRIL 1975**





ANDREW DANIEL MORTENSEN'S FAMILY - 1988





ALL THE CHILDREN, LEFT TO RIGHT

CARL, GEORGE, OLIVE, RALPH, NONA, STEVEN, ORSON



THE GEORGE A. MORTENSEN FAMILY



THE CARL A. MORTENSEN FAMILY



THE ORSON A. MORTENSEN FAMILY



THE OLIVE PEARL MORTENSEN NELSON FAMILY

THE RALPH S. MORTENSEN FAMILY



THE STEVEN S. MORTENSEN FAMILY

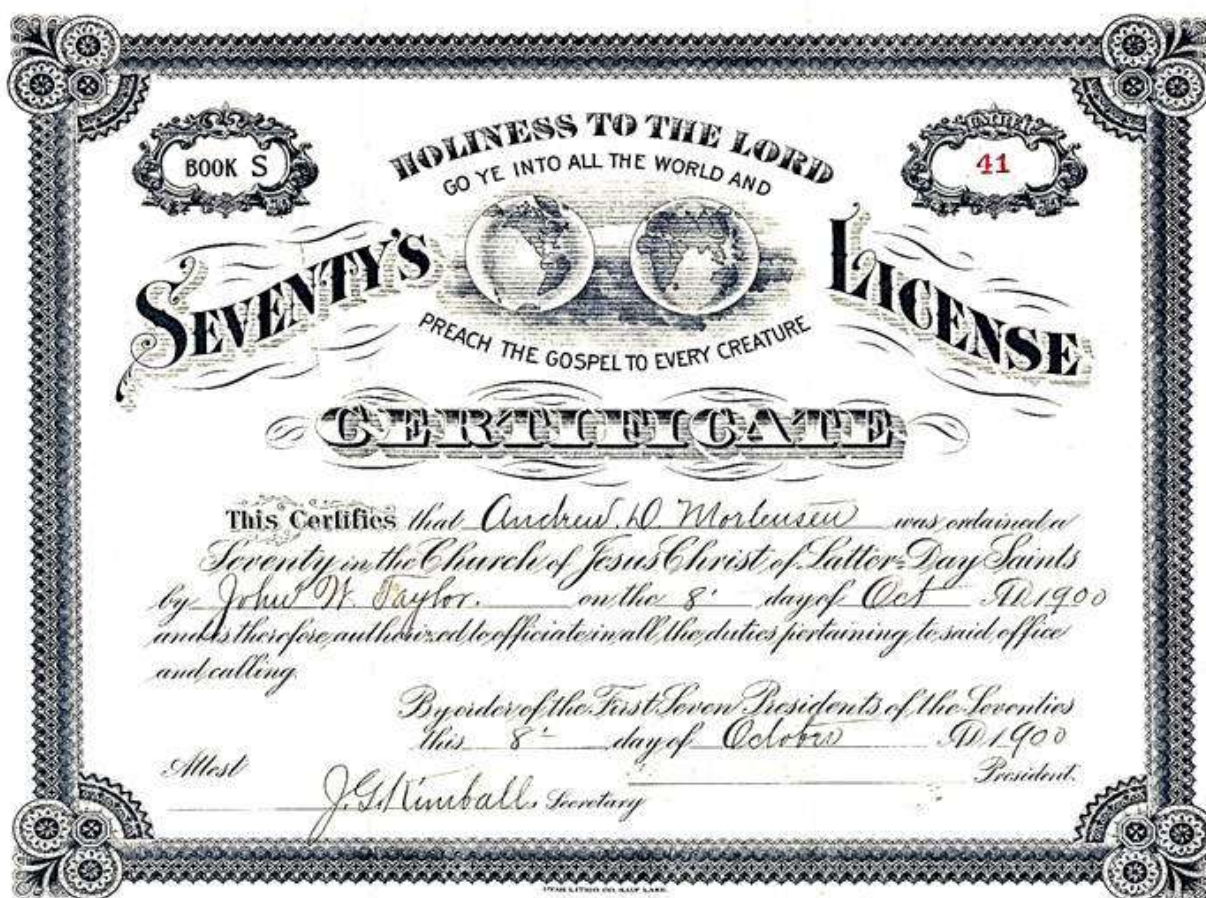


THE NONA MORTENSEN HANSEN FAMILY

APPENDIX C

PERSONAL DOCUMENTS

The following documents were provided by Greg Mortensen and a copy on compact disk was provided every family at the reunion in 2011. There are even more documents to be found on the cd. Thank you, Greg.



No. 579

SERIES A

Bishop's Certificate

To Whom It May Concern:

We, the Undersigned, Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, do hereby certify, that on the seventeenth day of February A.D. 1906 Andrew D. Mortensen was duly chosen and appointed Bishop of the Glendale ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, in the County of Oneida and State of Idaho. Said Andrew D. Mortensen was ordained and set apart by Francis M. Lyman in conformity with the rites, regulations and discipline of said Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we hereunto subscribe our names, at Salt Lake City, Utah, this 23rd day of April A.D. 1906

Jos. F. Smith
John R. Minder
Arthur H. Lund
Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

No. 1077 SERIES A

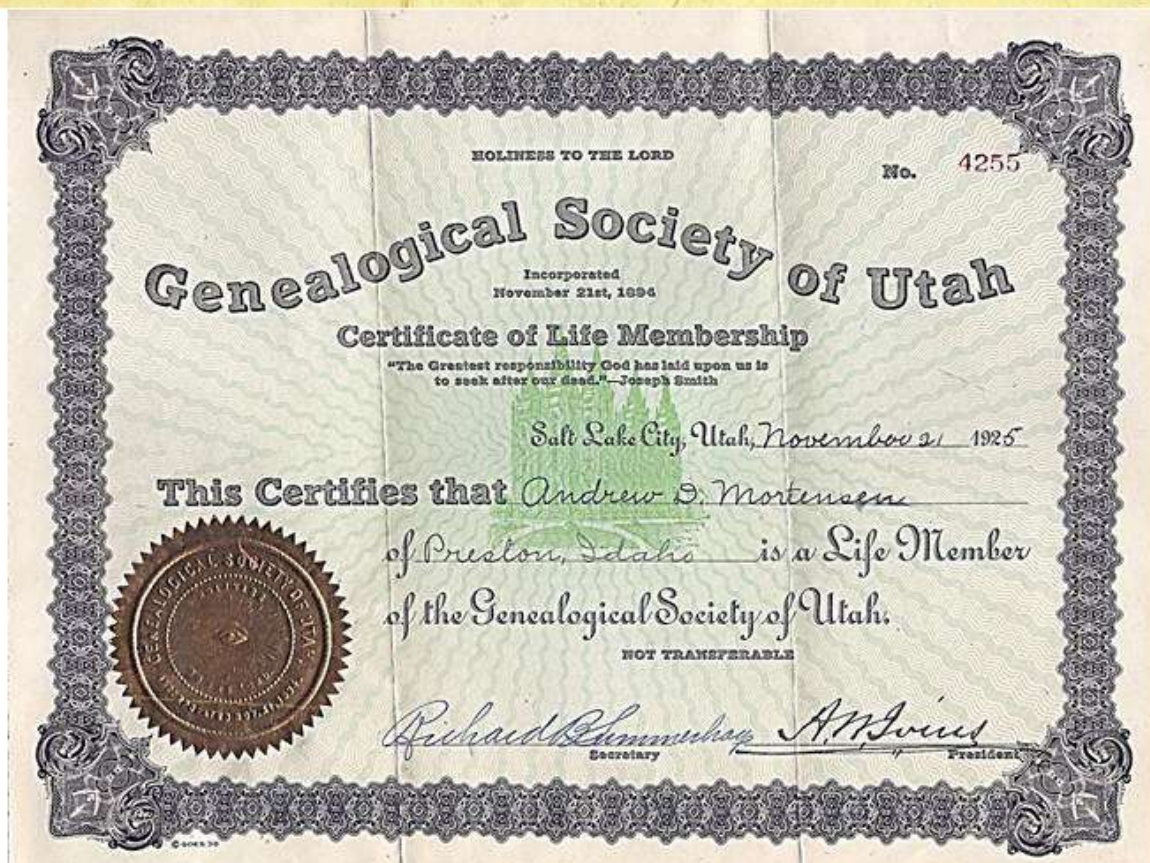
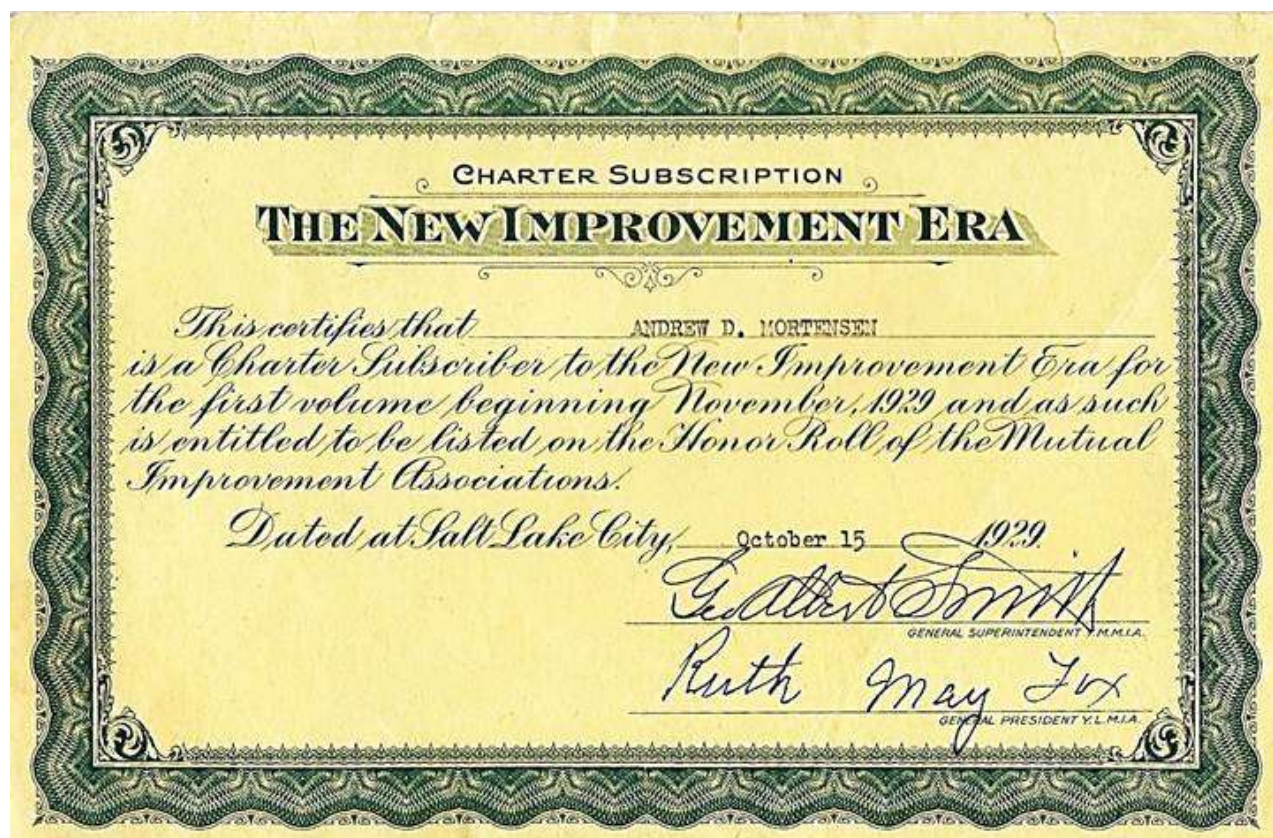
Bishop's Certificate

To Whom It May Concern:

We, the Undersigned, Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, do hereby certify that on the
2nd day of September A.D. 1917
Andrew D. Mortensen was duly chosen and
appointed Bishop of the Preston 5th ward of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, in the
County of Franklin and State of Idaho
Said Andrew D. Mortensen was ordained and set
apart by Heber J. Grant in conformity
with the rites, regulations and discipline of said Church
of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.
IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we hereunto subscribe our names, at Salt
Lake City, Utah, this 19th day of December
A.D. 1917.

Joseph F. Smith
Anthony A. Lund
Charles W. Penrose
Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY



OFFICE OF
First Presidency
of the
Church of Jesus Christ
of
Latter-day Saints.

P.O. Box B.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR MISSIONARIES.

Missionaries should report at the President's Office, Salt Lake City, at 10 a. m., the day before they are to leave, to make arrangements for their transportation, and be set apart.

Please fill up as accurately as possible, the enclosed genealogical blank, and then forward it WITHOUT DELAY to George Reynolds, Box B. Failure to return it will possibly seriously inconvenience you when you reach this city to be set apart. Do not attempt to answer the questions marked *

All missionaries called to labor in Europe (including Great Britain) should obtain passports before leaving; blanks and instructions how to procure passports will be mailed them by applying to W. C. Spence, Box B, Salt Lake City.

Church works and publications can be purchased at either the Deseret News or at the Juvenile Instructor office, Salt Lake City. A discount is given to departing missionaries at both these houses.

Elders living in the country who desire information as to cost of fare, etc., to their respective fields of labor, and those desiring special rates from their home or nearest railway station to Salt Lake City, should write to W. C. Spence, Box B.

Seventies requiring licenses can obtain same by applying to Elder J. G. Kimball, Secretary of the Seventies, Room 408 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City.

Missionaries going to Europe by leaving here on the day appointed, have three days to spare en route east before sailing for Liverpool. Those who need more time than this should report earlier than the date named in their appointment.

It is quite important that missionaries leaving here should be neat in their attire, and if they have not suitable clothing should obtain the same before departure. Especially is this necessary with our Elders going to Europe. At present they all take the best class on the ocean steamer, and mingle with the regular passengers who are nicely dressed. Clothing such as a missionary should wear can be purchased here at a liberal discount.

All missionaries should receive their endowments before their departure. The temples are open on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays for this purpose. The fact that a man is called on a mission does not give him admission to the house of the Lord, he must bring the usual recommend with him signed by his Bishop and Stake President. Brethren should not attempt to go through the temple on the same day that they have to arrange for their transportation and are set apart, as they cannot properly attend to all these matters in a single day.

We are daily receiving inquiries from departing missionaries on all the above mentioned matters, and have endeavored to answer them in these general instructions.

Your brother in the Gospel,

Jos. F. Smith

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

Copied March 27, 1949

From
Pioneers & Prominent Men of Utah

MORTENSEN, ANDERS (Son of Morten Christiansen and Metta Mortendatter of lille Horbek, Fredericksborg, Denmark). Born Nov. 9, 1828, in Denmark. Came to Utah in July, 1873.

Married Anna Cathrina Hansen in 1865, Copenhagen (daughter of Hans Hansen and Mary Christina Christensdatter, Jyderup, Holbek, Denmark), who was born May 18, 1839. Their children: Mary Julia; Metta Christena and Hans Christian, Died; Andrew Daniel; Marten Christian; Paul, died. Family resided at Spring City, Utah and Preston, Idaho.

High priest, ward teacher; president Worm Creek branch. Farmer.
Died Dec. 7, 1892, at Preston.

MORTENSEN, ANDREW D. (son of Anders Mortensen and Anna Cathrina Hansen). Born July 15, 1874, at Spring City, Utah.

Married Christena Gregersen Dec. 14, 1904, at Logan, Utah (daughter of Laurids and Metta Fredericksen of Brande, Denmark), who was born May 12, 1871. Their children: George A. b. Feb. 24, 1906; Ada M. b. July 12, 1907; Carl A. b. Oct. 14, 1908; Orson A. b. Feb. 14, 1911. Family home Glendale, Idaho.

Member 114th quorum seventies; missionary to Scandinavia 1900-1903; Ward teacher; bishop. Farmer; stockraiser.

Office Of
Stake Presidency
of the
Oneida Stake of Zion.

Geo. C. Parkinson, President
Sol. H. Hale, First Counselor
Jos. H. Geddes, Second Counselor
Chas. H. Goastind, Stake Clerk

Preston, Idaho, _____ 190

Dec. 7th, 1903.

Elder, Andrew D. Mortensen
Preston

Dear Brother;- I am directed by the Stake Presidency to say that you have been recommended as a regular Home Missionary, to visit the various wards of the Stake, upon the Sabbath day and, to preach the ~~happy~~ gospel of Jesus Christ of latter day Saints. A meeting of those called to this labor will be held at the Preston Pithing Office on Friday Dec. 11th, at 2 o'clock P.M. at which you are respectfully requested to be present. Instructions will be given as to your duties and you will be set-apart to this labor.

I am your brother,

C. H. Goastind
Stake Clerk.



Franklin

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

November 23, 1929

Bishop Andrew D. Mortensen,
Preston 5th Ward.

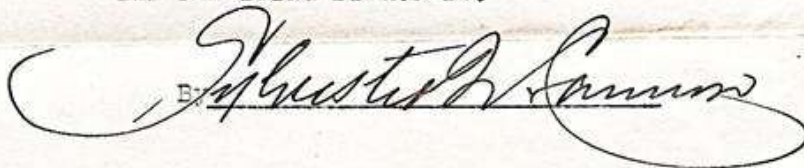
Dear Brother:

The stake clerk has notified this office of your release as bishop of the Preston 5th Ward. You have presided in this ward for twelve years, serving the ward faithfully as its bishop. Yours has been a labor of love and mercy and your kindness and helpfulness to all classes, particularly the poor and needy will, no doubt, cause your name to be held in affectionate remembrance by all with whom you have labored.

We, therefore, take this opportunity of expressing to you our thanks and appreciation for your long and faithful service as the bishop of the ward, and you retire with our love and best wishes for your peace and happiness, and may the kind acts that you have done always be brought in pleasant remembrance when thinking of your labors in the Preston 5th Ward.

Your brethren in the Gospel,

THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC.

By 

Fl/Y

Released Oct 20, 1929

De Sidste-Dages Helliges Kontor.

Borupsgade, Nr. 14. 1 Sal.

Aarhus den 21. Febr. 1903

Forstander Andrew I. Mortensen

Dear Brother

I am informed throu President Skawchy that You will be Honorable Released to return Home leaving Esbjerg March 16 and Liverpool March 19.th so please make Your arrangement accordingly. Elaur Joseph H Olsen will take charge of Branch after You so please give him such Information as may be needed for the Guidance of the Branch Work.

Did Daniel I Thuesen have 4 Kr for his fare with You for me. remember You are to pay 4 Kr also to this Office previous to Your departure to defray Expenses in England.

Thanking You for Your diligent and Faithfull Work performed while laboring in this conference for the support giving me as President of conference and for the good feelings allways existed between us and while we are imperfect Yet the Lord have blessed our Efforts and the conference have prospered during our time of laboring here and it will allways afford me pleasure of having had the Oppertunity to make the acquaintance of You and Laboring together in this conference and I sincerely pray that You may continue Your Eloquent Work to Home in our Sweet Mountain Home as You have done here and the Lord will continue to bless You.

with best Wishes for You

Your Brother in the Gospel
James C Peterson.

Certificate of Marriage

STATE OF UTAH. COUNTY OF CACHE. SS.

I *Hereby Certify* that on the 14th day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and four at Togans in said County, I the undersigned, an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, did join in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony according to the Laws of this State

Andrew D. Mortensen of the County of Ogden State of Idaho and
Christina Gregersen of the County of Ogden State of Idaho

Signed Andrew D. Mortensen BROOM
 Signed Christina Gregersen BRIDE
 In the presence of W. H. Cowley WITNESS
W. H. Thompson WITNESS

Thomas Morgan
 Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

SALT LAKE CITY, May 31st, 1900.

ELDER Andrew D. Mortensen,
Bancroft.

DEAR BROTHER:

Your name has been suggested and accepted as a missionary to
Scandinavia.

The work of the Lord is progressing in the nations, and faithful, energetic Elders are needed in the ministry to promulgate the Everlasting Gospel, openings for doing good appearing in numerous directions. Yourself, with others, having been selected for this mission, should there be no reasonable obstacles to hinder you from going, we would be pleased to have you make your arrangements to start from this city at as early a date as October, 1900.

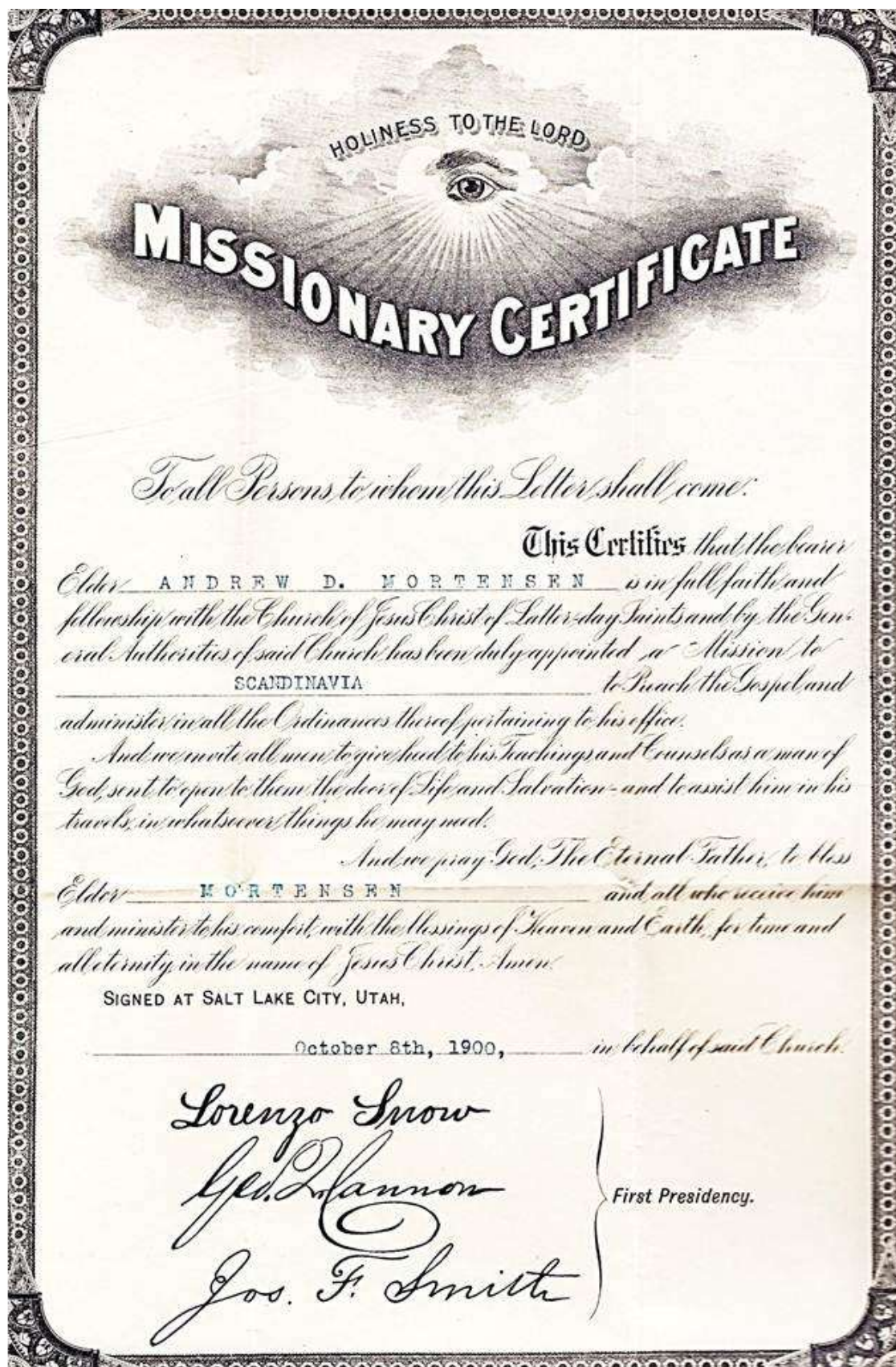
Please let us know, at your earliest convenience, what your feelings are with regard to this call. If you accept it you will receive no further notification, but will be expected to present yourself at the President's Office to be set apart on the day previous to that appointed for your departure.

Your Brother in the Gospel,

Lorenzo Snow

P.S. Please have your Bishop endorse your answer.

Exact date of departure will be sent you hereafter.



OFFICE OF
THE SCANDINAVIAN MISSION
OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS
—
KORSGADE 11.

COPENHAGEN *Feb 18th* 190³

Elder Andrew L. Mortensen
Aarhus

My dear Brother

As you have labored faithfully in this mission for nearly 28 months during which time you have become known as a true servant of the Lord, it now affords me much pleasure to inform you, that your labor has been satisfactory and that you will be honorably released from your mission in Scandinavia with permission to return home to your relatives and friends in Zion, leaving Liverpool with the S.S. "Canada" of the Dominion Line March 19th 1903.

I wish the blessings of the Lord upon you, as well as His protecting care over you during the journey and always

Your affectionate Brother
Anthony Skanahy

P.S. Kindly acknowledge receipt of this
S.

RELEASE

Elder Andrew L. Mortensen

DEAR BROTHER:

You are hereby honorably released from your missionary labors in the
Narhus conference with permission to return home
leaving Liverpool March 19th 1903

Your faithful labors in the ministry in this mission have been very satisfactory to us, and will, no doubt, result in much good to the people, who have listened to your testimony and given heed to the Gospel truths, presented to them through your instrumentality.

We pray, that the blessings of our Heavenly Father may attend you on your journey, that you may reach your home in safety and there enjoy the society of your friends and loved ones at the gathering place of the saints.

We beseech you, dear Brother, to continue your faithful labors at home in Zion, as you may be directed by the servants of the Lord, for the establishment of the Kingdom of God upon the earth.

Your Brother in the Gospel,

Anthony L. Branchy

President of the Scandinavian Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter-day Saints.

Copenhagen, Feb 18th 1903

Given at Salt Lake City. Oct. 8, 1900.

Missionary Blessing. By Apostle John W. Taylor.

Brother Andrew D. Mortenson, We your brethren lay our hands upon your head, and we ordain thee a Seventy in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. And we seal upon thee all the gifts, and keys, and authority pertaining to this portion of the Melchizedek Priesthood.

We also set you apart to perform a mission in the land of Scandinavia and we admonish you as your brethren to be humble before the Lord and to devote yourself unto him with all your might and with all your mind and with all your strength, and, inasmuch as you will go forth in humility to the Nations of the Earth to preach the Gospel of life and salvation unto the children of men, thou shalt be blessed and the Spirit of the Lord shall be upon you, and we say unto you at this moment, receive you a renewed portion of the Holy Ghost, and it will partake of the things of our Father who is in Heaven, and will reveal them unto you, and it will give unto you wisdom, to attend to all things committed to your care in this great and important calling wherunto thou art called; and thou shalt go in peace to the nations of the Earth, and your life and health shalt be precious before the Lord, and thou shalt be the means of converting the honest in heart and in bringing them unto a knowledge of the truth, and if thou art diligent and faithful thou shalt be delivered from the power of the destroyer, thou shalt have the privilege of going down into the waters of baptism, and taking the children of men into the waters of baptism and after laying your hands on their head, you shall have the joy and privilege pleasure to hear them testify that the Holy Ghost has come unto them, and that they know that you are a servant of the Lord. And we say unto you therefore, be faithful in all of your labors and be diligent and seek after the Lord and His spirit will be with you by day and by night and the Lord will send his angels to you and the way shall be prepared for you and thou shalt have great joy in the ministry of our Father, and when your labors are accomplished thou shalt return home to the land of Zion in

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

#2 Andrew D. Mortenson.

the enjoyment of health and strength, having accomplished a great work; and shall be approved of by the servants of the Lord. Now dear brother in accordance with your diligence in keeping the commandments of the Lord we seal these blessings upon your head in the name of Jesus Christ, Evenso, Amen.

[illegible]

Og aflydt Guds og Helligs Kvindes
Kærlighed. Som Hedved for din Familie
Lygning dit store Milieu om.
Din tilgivelse jeg dog ser
og saa dit Hedved. Med Guds og
Helligs kvindes af dit Helligs Kvindes
Hver til Mig. I følge din Tro og
I Jesu Christi Navn.
Amen.

Answer.

A. & D. Mortensen's
Father and Mother's
Patriarchal Blessing
Given in Spring City
Jan 1st 1877

unto all the rights & privileges
that are guaranteed unto us by the
constitution of the United States of America
& altho thou hast not as yet been baptized
in the name of God or man this
time shall come when thou shalt be baptized
for the remission of thy sins by some
one having authority & have hands laid
upon thee for the reception of the holy ghost
which shall bring things to thy mind
things past things present & show you
things to come & shall even take of the
things of the Father & show them unto thee
& thou shalt be blest in thy labors in the
ministry in the own due time of the
Lord for thou shalt have a portion
of the holy priesthood conferred upon
thee & power shall be given unto thee
to go forth & to help to break down
the strong holds of Satan & to bind up
the Law & to seal up the testimony
with regard to this generation

& thou shalt be blessed in
thy labors among the gentiles
& among the poor & among the Samaritans
that inhabit the valleys of these
mountains & thou shalt teach many
of them the arts & sciences of a civilized
life & teach them to read & write &
to speak the English language properly
thou shalt also visit the ten tribes as thou
return from the north & shalt visit
them have been driven by the hands of
their enemies & thou shalt be blessed
as pertaining to thy houses & lands &
to thy posterity after thee from generation
to generation & if thou desirest & thy
faith fail not thou shalt live to see
the winding up scene of this generation
& to see the reign of peace established
on the earth one more than art of
the pure blood of Ephraim & they
shall have the blessings of Abraham
peace & Jacob sealed upon thy head

through that lineage & shall enjoy
the presence of God & his holy angels
with all the redeemed & sanctified of
Glorious love & shall join with the heavenly
Choir in singing praises to God & to
the Lamb whose manifold kindnesses
endureth for ever true blessing eternal
upon thy head & soul thou art in eternal
Life in the name of Jesus our Redeemer
amen So Amen

Witnessed by
Clark

Witnessed by
Clark

Spring City San Pete County Utah
March 19th 1881

A patriarchal blessing from under
the hands of James McWaters Patriarch
upon the head of Andrew Daniel
Mortensen Son of Andrew & Anna
Catharina Mortensen Born Spring City
San Pete County Utah Territory
July 15th 1874

Brother Andrew Daniel

I lay my hands upon thy head to con-
fer on thee a patriarchal blessing upon
the which shall be a source of great
comfort & consolation in the while
thou art walking in the slippery paths
of youth & growing up to manhood
for thou art a child of the covenant
& thou art a true born son of Zion
& thou art entitled by birth

through that lineage & shall enjoy
the presence of God & his holy angels
with all the holiness & sanctification of
Christ Jesus & shall join with the heavenly
Choir in singing praises to God & to
the Lamb whose manifold blessings
endureth for ever. Thus blessing be
upon thy head & deal the gift of eternal
Life in the name of Jesus our Lord &
our Redeemer.

Given under my hand
at Salt Lake

Andrew Daniel
Mortensen
Spring City
July 15th 1874

Spring City San Pete County Utah
March 19th 1881

A patriarchal blessing from under
the hands of James M. Waples Patriarch
upon the head of Andrew Daniel
Mortensen Son of Andrew & Anna
Catherine Mortensen Born Spring City
San Pete County Utah Territory
July 15th 1874

Brother Andrew Daniel

I lay my hands upon thy head to con-
fer on thee a patriarchal blessing upon
the which shall be & cause a great
increase & preservation in thee while
thou art abiding in the happy path
of youth & growing up to manhood.
For thou art a child of the covenant
& thou art & has been given to thee
& thou art entitled by birth

Andrew Mortensen

Born Spring City San Pete County Utah
July 15th 1874. Son of Anders Mortensen and Ane
Charlotte Hansen Mortensen. Baptized Sept 7, 1882
by Elder Joseph Sharp. Confirmed the same day
by Elder Canfield in Preston, Idaho.

Ordained to the office of a Priest 1 Dec 1878

By his Father Anders Mortensen.

Ordained to the office of an Elder 25 Sept 1900
by Bishop John Larsen. Endowment in the Logan
Temple 28 Sept 1900. Set apart for a mission
to Denmark 8 Oct 1900 by John W Taylor.

Ordained a High Priest and Bishop by F. M.
Lyman 17 Feb 1906. F. M. Lyman ordained
an Apostle by John Taylor 27 Oct 1880.

John Taylor ordained an Apostle 19 Dec 1839.
by Brigham Young.

over

Brigham Young ordained an Apostle by

Oliver Cowdery 14 Feb 1835.

Oliver Cowdery ordained By Peter James
and John about June 1829 who was
Ordained By Jesus Christ.

Copied from an old record
written by Andrew Daniel
Mortensen.

By Johanna S Mortensen

GOOD ONLY FOR
TWO YEARS FROM DATE.



To all to whom these presents shall come: Greetings:

I the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States of America,

herby request all whom it may concern to permit

Andrew D. Mortensen
a Citizen of the United States

Description

Age 26 Years
Stature 5 Feet 9 Inches Eng.
Forehead medium
Eyes blue
Nose medium
Mouth full
Chin square
Hair light
Complexion Sandy
Face med. stem

_____ safely
and freely to pass and in case of need to give
him all lawful Aid and Protection.



Given under my hand and the
Seal of the Department of State,
at the City of Washington,
the 1st day of October
in the year 1900 and of the
Independence of the United States
the one hundred and twenty fifth

Signature of the Bearer

Andrew D Mortensen

Elia Gray

SP 33183

(8-405.)

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Homestead Certificate No. 585
 APPLICATION 305
 of the Land Office at Blackfoot Idaho Territory

Whereas There has been deposited in the GENERAL LAND OFFICE of the United States a Certificate of the Register approved 30th May, 1902, "To secure Homesteads to Actual Settlers on the Public Domain," and the acts supplemental thereto, the claim of Andrew Mortensen has been established and duly consummated, in conformity to law, for the South east quarter of the South West quarter and the lot numbered four of Section seven and the North east quarter of the North West quarter and the lot numbered one of Section eighteen in Town ship fifteen South of range forty East of Boise Meridian in Idaho Territory containing one hundred and sixty two acres and five hundredths of an acre according to the Official Plat of the Survey of the said Land, returned to the GENERAL LAND OFFICE by the Surveyor General:

Now know ye, That there is, therefore, granted by the United States unto the said Andrew Mortensen the tract of Land above described: To have and to hold the said tract of Land, with the appurtenances thereof, unto the said Andrew Mortensen and to his heirs and assigns forever; subject to any vested and accrued water rights for mining, agricultural, manufacturing, or other purposes, and rights to ditches and reservoirs used in connection with such water rights, as may be recognized and acknowledged by the local customs, laws, and decisions of courts, and also subject to the right of the proprietor of a vein or lode to extract and remove his ore therefrom, should the same be found to penetrate or intersect the premises hereby granted, as provided by law.

In testimony whereof I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States of America, have caused these letters to be made Patent, and the seal of the GENERAL LAND OFFICE to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, the ninth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty eight, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and twelfth.

By the President: Grover Cleveland
 By Wm. M. Keane, Secretary.
Robert Ross, Recorder of the General Land Office.

RECORDED, Vol. 1 Page 255
 (1184-1 88.) 8-404

(4-405.)

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Homestead Certificate No. 585
APPLICATION 395Whereas There has been deposited in the GENERAL LAND OFFICE of the United States a Certificate of the Register of the LAND OFFICE at Blackfoot Idaho Territorywhereby it appears that, pursuant to the Act of Congress approved 20th May, 1862, "To secure Homesteads to Actual Settlers on the Public Domain," and the acts supplemental thereto, the claim of Andrew Mortensenhas been established and duly consummated, in conformity to law, for the South east quarter of the South West quarter and the lot numbered four of section seven and the North east quarter of the North West quarter and the lot numbered one of section eighteen in town ship fifteen south of range forty east of Boise Meridian in Idaho Territory containing one hundred and forty two acres and five hundredths according to the Official Plat of the Survey of the said Land, returned to the SURVEYOR GENERAL:Now know ye, That there is, therefore, granted by the United States unto the said Andrew Mortensen the tract of Land above described: To have and to hold the said tract of Land, with the appurtenances thereof, unto the said Andrew Mortensen and to his

heirs and assigns forever; subject to any vested and accrued water rights for mining, agricultural, manufacturing, or other purposes, and rights to ditches and reservoirs used in connection with such water rights, as may be recognized and acknowledged by the local customs, laws, and decisions of courts, and also subject to the right of the proprietor of a vein or lode to extract and remove his ore therefrom, should the same be found to penetrate or intersect the premises hereby granted, as provided by law.

In testimony whereof I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States of America, have caused these letters to be made Patent, and the seal of the GENERAL LAND OFFICE to be hereunto affixed.Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, the ninth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty eight, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty eighth.By the President: Grover ClevelandBy Dr. M. J. Brown, Secretary.

Recorder of the General Land Office.

RECORDED, Vol. 1 Page 257.
(1234-7 M.) 6-204

Form 200

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

OF THE PRESTON FIFTH

Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
State of Idaho,

ss.

County of Franklin

I, the undersigned, having been duly chosen and appointed Bishop of the Preston Fifth Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in the County of Franklin and State of Idaho, in conformity with the rites, regulations and discipline of said Church, being desirous of forming a corporation for the purpose of acquiring, holding and disposing of Church or religious society property, for the benefit of religion, for works of charity and for public worship, under and pursuant to the provisions of Chapter 14, Title 4, Vol. 1, Idaho Revised Codes, 1907, of the State of Idaho, entitled "Religious, Social and Benevolent Corporations," and all acts amendatory thereof and supplementary thereto, for that purpose do hereby make and subscribe, in duplicate, the following

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION:

FIRST.

The name of this corporation shall be the Preston Fifth Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

SECOND.

The object of this corporation shall be to acquire, hold and dispose of real and personal property, for the benefit of the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (a religious society), residing, and who may hereafter reside in the Preston Fifth Ward of said Church, in the County of Franklin and State of Idaho, for works of charity and for public worship.

THIRD.

The estimated value of the property of which I hold the legal title for the purpose aforesaid, at the time of making these Articles of Incorporation, is Five Hundred, (\$500.00) - Dollars.

FOURTH.

The title of the person making these Articles of Incorporation is, Bishop of the Preston Fifth Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in the County of Franklin and State of Idaho.

THE A. D. MORTENSEN FAMILY HISTORY

FIFTH.

The corporate seal shall contain the words, "Preston Fifth - - - - - Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Seal," and an impression thereof is hereto affixed.

Andrew D. Mortensen
Bishop of the Preston Fifth Ward of
the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,
residing in the County of Franklin
State of Idaho.

STATE OF IDAHO,
County of Franklin } ss.

On this 7th day of August A. D. 1918, before me
J. B. Larsen, a Notary Public, in and for said County, personally appeared,
Andrew D. Mortensen

known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing instrument, as Bishop of the
Preston Fifth Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,
in the County of Franklin and State of Idaho, and duly acknowledged to me
that he executed the same as such Bishop.

J. B. Larsen
Notary Public.

My Commission expires Aug. 3-1921,

OFFICE OF
The First Presidency
of the
Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter-day Saints.

P.O. Box B

Salt Lake City, Utah,

August 22nd, 1900.

Elder Andrew D. Mortensen,

Bancroft.

Dear Brother:-

The company of missionaries that will sail for Europe during October will leave Salt Lake City on Wednesday, October 10th. Trusting that this will be convenient to you, I am,

Your Brother,

Geo. Reynolds, Sec.

OFFICE OF
The First Presidency
of the
Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter-day Saints.

P.O. Box B.

Salt Lake City, Utah,

May 10, 1900.

Bro. Andrew Mortensen,

Preston.

Dear Brother:-

I am directed by the Missionary Committee of the Apostles to inquire if it would be agreeable to your feelings and consistent with your circumstances to be called to take a mission to ~~the~~ Scandinavia? If so, what is the earliest date at which you could be prepared to leave? A prompt reply will be appreciated.

Your Brother,

Geo. Reynolds,
Sec.

- Condolence.

We the Latter Day Saints - Members of the Farm Creek Branch. Deeply feel the loss and sincerely grieve over the demise of our Esteemed and much beloved Brother Andrew Mortenson. First Counselor to Pres: A. T. Merrill of this Branch.

Bro: A. T. Mortenson was appointed April 22nd 1888 to reside over the saints in this district. Faithfully discharged the duties of said calling, one year four months and nine days. He was always on hand day or night to administer blessings unto the sick and dying; always on hand advising the old and young to walk in the path of duty. Feeling the burden of presiding too much for him on Sep: 1st 1889. he honorably resigned, and was called to fill his present position, which he has endeavored

to magnify to the best of his ability.

Whereas: We his brethren and sisters greatly appreciated his value as a Leader in our midst, and sadly deplore his departure in death. We sincerely sympathize with his family, relatives, and friends in their sad loss of loving member thereof.

And Whereas: We wish a copy of this handed unto the bereaved family, also a copy to be spread on the Branch Record Book to show the respect we have had for him.

Signed in behalf of the people.

Ezek Hopkins Acting Pres.

Geo. H. Bowring Clerk.

overdolen.
William Christman and Sister
Farm Creek Branch
Cops of their Father
Andrew Mortenson

APPENDIX D

DANISH PERSONAL GIVEN NAMES

In Denmark, there were very few given names. In the case of male names this was largely because of the patronymical system used. The following list of names amounts to more than 95% of Danish given names in use before 1875. Since females took the surname of their husband upon marriage most were called “datter” of the father until marriage. Example: /Ane Christiandatter. After immigration this practice was eliminated and both male and female names were Americanized.

MALE GIVEN NAMES

Anders
Andreas
Christen, Kirsten
Christian, Kristian
Erik, Eric
Gregers
Hans
Ib, Jeppe
Jacob
Jens
Johan
Johannes
Jorgen
Knud
Lars, Laurs
Laurids, Lauritz
Mads, Matz, Mats
Mikkell, Michel
Mogens
Morten
Niels
Ole, Oluf, Olaf
Peder
Per
Rasmus
Simon
Soren
Svend
Thomas
Villum

FEMALE GIVEN NAMES

Anne, Ane, Anna
Birthe
Bodil
Caroline
Dorthe
Ellen
Elisabeth
Else
Helene
Ingeborg
Inger
Karen
Kirsten, Christen
Kristine, Christine
Kirstine, Chirstine
Lisbeth
Malene
Maren
Margrethe
Marie
Marthe
Mette
Sara
Sidsel, Sidse, Zidsel
Sophie, Sofie