

Family Treasures

Preface

The original purpose of this book was to be a birthday present to my grandmother, Edna Nelson, however over time it has grown into much more than that.

This book is now in its second edition and many corrections and improvements have been made to the text found in the original version. Additional research by Vaughn Nielsen (Vaughn was a great-grandson of Lars Hansen Christiansen), Allan Christiansen and his sister Marilyn have provided new information on Lars Hans Christiansen, the parents of Lars and the generation before that. The section on Myrtle Jensen was totally reworked with the story submitted by Izola Vincent, who gleaned Myrtle's diaries to create a brief history of her life.

This book at first was only to be a history of the family of Moses Josephat Christiansen (who was a son of Lars Hans Christiansen), however as more and more information was made available concerning the preceding generations I expanded the scope of the book to include more stories on those generations preceding Moses Christiansen.

After collecting all the stories together on the computer they were put into a desktop publisher, which allowed me the flexibility to modify and add to the stories. To spice up the book a bit I knew it needed some pictures. I first drew upon my grandmother, Edna Nelson, who had some pictures that were used in a previous book, *The Legacy of Norman Nels Nelson*. These pictures were not enough and I knew where to get more. Aunt Nellie Christensen had been the de facto historian of the Christiansen family for a number of years and she also had a lot of pictures of the family from many years back. I made arrangements to be at her house on a Saturday afternoon. I packed up my computer, scanner, and laser printer and gently put them in my car and made the trip to Downey, Idaho where Nellie lived. Upon arrival I quickly went to work and began looking at one scrapbook after another and began scanning.

Nellie called her brother John Christiansen to bring some pictures that he had. A few minutes later John had brought in a box or two of pictures which I quickly glanced through and decided which ones to scan. These pictures are the ones found in John's history in this book. Many of the pictures provided by Nellie were one of kind photographs that many in the family had not seen before. My favorite photo from this day of scanning was the one of Myrtle as a young woman. Some damage had been done to the picture when someone scratched it several times across the face. With a little computer magic I was able restore the photograph to the point where the scratches were less noticeable.

The first portion of the book is the personal histories of the children of Moses and Mary Christiansen. Their appearance order is in the order of their birth. Elvin comes first, then Myrtle, Edna, Nellie, Eva, and John. Each history is written by their own hand. Some minor editing for spelling and clarity sake was done, but on the whole the text was preserved as is.

John's history is the largest in the book and his sister Nellie helped put together the history by collating and organizing John's history in a sequential fashion and then transcribing it by hand. She literally worked day and night for several weeks to get this task accomplished.

The next articles in the book are the personal histories of Moses and Mary Christiansen by Nellie Christensen. Following this is an article on Lars Hans Christiansen, which many will remember from the black covered family history book, *The Lars Hans Christiansen Family* that came out in the mid 1970s

New information on Lars has been added and it includes a section on the immigration to Utah. The voyage on the ship for Lars and his family was not a comfortable one as there were 974 on board, not counting the crew. Many got sick and some 40+ children died during the crossing. After coming to America, Lars and his family crossed the American plains and arrived in Salt Lake City.

An account by some concerning the trip has been added to this new edition. After the history on Lars articles on his parents, Christian Christoffersen and Christiania Pedersen Christoffersen appear with some new information added at the end under the heading of "Addendum".

At the end of the book is an appendix of stories that were added to the original book that I felt would add to the value of the book.

In the appendix a map has been added at Allan Christiansen's suggestion to provide an idea where some of the family came from in Denmark. Some came from a narrow strip of an island called Langeland.

Next is a pedigree chart beginning with Lars Hans Christiansen showing the family tree as it is known today. After the chart Nellie and her sister Edna share early reminiscences of life on the farm in Cherry Creek and life in Downey, Idaho. The life sketch of Myrtle is next and it is a great tribute to the life of Myrtle. After this is a transcription of an interview I had with my grandmother, Edna Nelson some years ago.

I had not thought of including any information concerning my grandfather (Norman Nelson) in this book as it a book of history on the Christiansen family, but John Christiansen changed my mind. He had many experiences with my grandfather and felt strongly that he should share those experiences, so he wrote me a letter several pages long describing the adventures he had with my grandfather, which make up the second to last story in the book.

The final page in the book was going to be blank, but I thought that I would put in one little article on my grandfather, Norman Nelson, who was married to my grandmother, Edna for over 65 years. Many

in the Christiansen family and extended family remember Norman for his kind heart and great spirit. After the book was completed I had to come up with a title. I chose the title, *Family Treasures* for this book as it contains many treasures throughout the book in the stories and pictures of those in the family.

Finally I would like to end with a sentiment by Izola Vincent that describes how family can have an impact on us for many years after they are gone.

Those we hold most dear never truly leave us. They live on in the kindness they showed, the comfort they shared and the love they brought into our lives.

Bert Nelson
Editor
March 1997

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This history was previously published and was entitled: "Life and Adventures Elvin and Ione Christiansen". It was written by Elvin Christiansen in 1989 and he included the following footnote.

Special thanks to my daughter Marilyn for the hours she spent carefully deciphering my handwriting and typing it so it could be easily read by all. And to my daughter Donna and her family for helping get this book in print and put together.

Since I am nearing my eighty-fifth birthday, I have decided to tell you, my children and grandchildren, of the many happenings that have transpired in my lifetime. The world that I was born into is much different than what you all are experiencing. You may not believe some of the things I am going to tell you, but they are as I remember. There are lots of dates I don't remember.

I think that I have lived in the greatest time in history. I have witnessed the most advances in all the fields of endeavor than any time in past history. I remember the first automobile, the coming of radio and of television, the first airplane, and even the first man on the moon, of satellites that have sent photos of many of the planets. Computers and all they do are a complete mystery to me.

The best thing that happened to me was in my late teens when I found your mother, Ione, and marrying her in 1926 and having ten wonderful children. Those were the best years of our lives. The next best thing was being born of parents who took me to church and being baptized into the Latter-day-Saint Church when I was eight years old, and your mother and I have tried to live the Mormon principles.

Since we lived through the depression in the thirties and the things that brought about especially was the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt who led the measures that brought about the Social Security and Medicare programs that have helped us so much in our later years. I was farming in those days raising mostly wheat, when the price of wheat was 28 cents a bushel. Today it is over four dollars.

Now, I want to go back and tell you of my early years on the farm in Cherry Creek, 7 miles southwest of Downey, Idaho.

Dad was born in Hyrum, Utah, on January 21, 1875, to

Lars and Anna (Rasmussen) Christiansen. He was the sixth of a family of ten children. Dad's early experience on a farm was on Granddad Lars' farm near Hyrum at Mt. Stirland which was a dry farm. The idea of dry farming by summer fallowing and cropping every two years, so the boys got the idea of finding a place they could do just that. Dad's oldest brother Enoch left home in 1889 or 1890, taking a job on railroad building into Montana. After a time, he found a place in Idaho where he could have a cattle ranch. It was west of Grangeville on a mountain between the Salmon and Snake Rivers, called Joseph. When Dad was in his late teens, he and Niels Hartvigsen, a boyhood friend, took a buckboard and horses and went from Hyrum up to Uncle Enoch's at Joseph, about a five hundred mile trip. They had to ferry across the Snake River at the Blue Lakes below Twin Falls, Idaho. When they got up where New Meadows is now, they had to trade their buckboard for pack saddles as it was timber country from there on. At this point they lost one of their horses, hunted for three or four days, but had to go on without it. After many days they arrived at Uncle Enoch's. Dad gave Uncle Enoch fifty dollars and got him to go to Hyrum to visit his parents as he had been gone for several years, and mind you, the travel then was horseback mostly so it took weeks to make a trip



Baby Elvin circa 1904

like that. Dad stayed on his ranch while he was away. Well, when Uncle Enoch got to Hyrum while visiting he found a wife, Niels Hartvigsen's sister Teresa; who was a school teacher. Enoch went back to the ranch, so after school was out for the summer, Teresa went by train to Spokane, Washington, where Uncle Enoch met her with a pack string and they rode to the ranch, I would guess about a hundred and fifty miles. Mind you, there were few roads in those days. In the meantime, Dad and Niels found a place to homestead near Grangeville. They stayed there for a while, but they decided it would be great to have a wife and family, but their vision didn't tell them that it 'would be a long time before roads would be built, that they would have to depend on horseback, so that wouldn't be a very good place to bring a wife and have a family, so they decided to go to the gold fields in the Yukon when the gold fever was on. They got as far as the Polous country in Washington where they got a job on a threshing machine. They worked till the next spring, so they now decided to go home to Hyrum to visit the folks. Again by horseback for about seven hundred miles. When they arrived in Hyrum, there in the corral was the horse they lost up in the wilds of Idaho.

While in Hyrum a bunch of the boys, Dad included, went up Blacksmith Fork Canyon east of Hyrum, near where the Hardware Ranch is now, where they met a fellow who had captured a bear cub. They all got off their horses, gathered around admiring the bear when all at once Mama Bear came down through the brush. Boys and horses ran in all directions. The horses beat the boys to town so they had a long walk.

Another story my Dad told me about was a friend of his, Anton Nielsen, and another fellow went up this same canyon to get a load of wood. They met a bear in the road, turned around and went a little ways away, tied up their team. Anton cut a couple of maple clubs, he and his pal went to the bear who stood on his hind legs. Anton told his pal to swing first and hit the bear in the nose. Anton figured the bear would grab his pal's club with his paws, at which time Anton hit the bear in the head and killed him. Now was that bravery or just dumb luck?

Now to go on with the next events, which would be the spring of 1897, Dad and Niels and several other boys all got together who wanted to find a homestead and went up to Marsh Valley. They camped on a small stream south of Downey called Quaken Aspen. They decided to go two together, one group to inspect Marsh Val-

ley, a group to inspect the Soda Springs area, another group to the Rexburg bench, and all agreed to meet in thirty days at the land office where they had to file in Fort Hall, Idaho. This they did and all agreed that the Cherry Creek area southwest of Downey was the place.

There were already a few settlers scattered around. George Salvesen from Richmond, Utah, was settled east of Downey. Down in the lower Cherry Creek Charles Evans had a sheep ranch. As near as I can remember, George E. Webb and Owen E. Barnes were a little east of Cherry Creek.

Dad, Uncle Jerry, Uncle Elias filed on land west of the creek, Niels Hartvigsen, Odd Hartvigsen, J.F. Hartvigsen, and Peter Christiansen settled east of the creek. This Charles Evans was grazing twelve thousand sheep on this area all these guys filed on, so instead of having a war between the sheep men and these dry farmers, Evans sold his sheep and went into the cattle business and ranged his cattle in Cherry Creek Canyon around Oxford Peak. Charlie Evans became a great friend of Dad's also as did George E. Webb. Mr. Evans would let these early settlers help put up hay which they took for pay.

The Evans and some fellows farther down the valley had filed on the water rights in Cherry Creek, so that enabled the Evans to raise a lot of hay. I think it was a year or two later Granddad John Hartvigsen took a homestead below Uncle Elias. When they came up there and built a home, they had a good-looking daughter that Dad fell in love with, so in 1903 they got married. Dad had built a good log cabin near the creek. You see, Dad had been grubbing the brush and plowing the land for wheat crops. He had been doing this for six years getting prepared for family life. I don't know when Dad got his first crop of wheat, but I understand the first load of wheat he sold he hauled to Ogden, Utah, and it took him about a week to make the trip. Uncle Elias told me a lot of the things I am relating. Dad never did tell us very much or I don't remember.

On April 15, 1904, I was born. Dad had a dog that had a batch of pups born in a badger hole. He kept a black pup and told me it was born on my birthday. This dog was named Watch. He was a black, real wooly, and very gentle with us kids, but he was also a good working dog with the livestock. A couple of years later my sister Myrtle came along.

Dad had a black, high spirited team that he thought a lot of. I was told that one Sunday we were going to church at Woodland Ward seven miles from home when I and Myrtle were small and this team ran away with us and a light buggy. Dad finally got them stopped without incident, but they ran away the second time. When he got them stopped this time, he got Mother and us kids out of the buggy and Granddad Hartvigsen came along and picked us up. Then they ran away the third time and when they got stopped, Dad got them against a fence where he found some barbed wire and put with their bits so he could control them. He sold them as they were too treacherous to drive with the family. Another incident that happened when I was a little guy and Dad had the habit of taking me with him a lot of times. He and a hired man were hauling hay from the Evans' with two outfits. I guess I wanted to go, but Dad didn't take me. So I followed them on foot; they had gone into the field to load up and I came along and Mrs. Evans saw me and took me in the house and fed me milk and cookies. She didn't notice Dad passing the house on the way home, so after while she noticed a group of people scattered out like they were hunting something. She got her saddle horse and took me with her to find out what was going on, and there she had me, who they were hunting for.

When I was about four or five, Dad used to take me on his horse to go after the cows in the pasture. Since he liked to fish, he took me on many trips up Cherry Creek where he always caught a big mess of trout. Along about 1910 he bought 40 acres on what was known as Downey Flat, to raise our own hay for our cows and horses. I remember being with him on the forty grubbing sage brush, plowing and planting alfalfa. I was the water boy, going to a spring down a hollow, then helping him burn sagebrush in the evening. There were rabbits by the hundreds, so Dad got us a 22 rifle and we killed scores of the beasts.

Since I mentioned rabbits, when I was about twelve years old, Webb our neighbor took me with his two boys and we went on a rabbit drive about four miles from home. Only clubs were used, no guns. They had an enclosure built with fence netting, with a wing built out about 20 rods. A great bunch of men and boys lined up about fifteen feet apart and drove the rabbits into this enclosure. We made several drives and it was reported we killed thirteen thousand. It was in the winter. The rabbits were picked up, taken to Downey and put in two railroad cars. They were sent to Ogden and Salt Lake and given to people to eat. Nowadays you'd turn

up your nose to such a deal.

I might mention that Dad put in a pipeline from the ditch above our place and we had a place in the kitchen where we could get a drink or a bucket of water. No sinks in those days, just a good old dish pan. We heated water with kettles on the stove and had our bath in a wash tub. We had a dugout under the house where we had some shelves and milk was put in pans and the cream skimmed off to make butter in the churn.

As far back as I can remember we had a telephone. It was a local deal just between ranchers. No telephone operator. Dad had charge of it, so when a pole went down in the wind or the wires got twisted, he would go out and find the problem and fix it.

Dad had a horse he wanted to break for a saddle horse, but every time anyone tried to ride it, they got thrown off. One day an old fellow by the name of Tron came along, said he could ride it. Dad was afraid he would get hurt, but he couldn't talk him out of it so old Tron twisted the bronc's ear, crawled on him and rode all around the corral without any problems.

Another time Dad had a sorrel mare he was trying to break, but every time he tried to hook her on the wagon she would lay down. So one day he thought he would fool her, so he hooked up the gentle horse on the wagon and thought he could hurry the mare out and quickly hook her up but she lay down by the corral gate and tried every way to get her up, but she wouldn't budge. So he put a rope around her, thinking if her wind was shut off she would arise, but no, she lay there and choked to death. That's being stubborn.

One day Dad was trying to fix a plow when a thunderstorm came up, so he took the part in the kitchen to fix it, and a lightning flash and a roaring thunder hit near by. We ran in the adjoining room where Mother and Myrtle were. In a minute Dad went back in the kitchen and the lightning had ruined our phone and the oil cloth by the phone was afire. He doused the fire right quick. I don't remember much about my Grandmother Hartvigsen, but she passed away early in my life. Grandpa Hartvigsen got another lady from Norway. I told my sister Nellie that Grandpa ordered a new wife from the Sears Roebuck catalogue, but she said I was all Net, as he had the missionaries send her over. You take your choice. She had a daughter by the name of Annie. Annie came and took me to school the first day I went. Three families had moved from the farm to a home in Downey for their kids to go to school. My

Uncle Peter was one to move so his home was turned into a school. They tore the partitions out between the rooms and made one big room. David Christensen and his new wife Mary was my first teacher, and he lived in part of the school house. I think my next teacher



Elvin in 1909

was Eva Dimmick from Kansas. For some reason all my teachers except the first were from back east. In the wintertime we had a big hill to sleigh ride by the school. All homemade sleighs. Went to this first school for four years. A school was built down the valley a little less than a mile. We walked all winter. Some of the students walked three or four miles. Our school term wasn't as long as nowadays. A Mr. Ezra Wilson used to come to our place every fall representing the Barron Woolen Mills in Brigham. My folks used to buy our school and winter clothes from him. My folks took us kids and a neighbor, Mr. Webb, and went by team to Malad to buy, especially clothes. Dad and Mr. Webb bought big fur overcoats, we called bear coats. These coats were used at least twenty years.

An incident that happened when I was about 12 or 13 years old. Dad loaded two wagons with wheat to take to town. Dad drove one and I drove the other. After unloading at the grain elevator in Downey, Dad had purchased some used railroad ties. We had to go about a mile south of town. There we loaded his wagon and tied the team up, while we loaded the second wagon. By this time it had become dark. For some unknown reason I got up on Dad's wagon. As soon as I turned away from the fence, one of the horses had apparently rubbed his bridle off, which caused the team to run away. Dad tried to catch the back of the wagon, but couldn't. Up the road a little way I met a young couple in a buggy going to town. My team turned out, which put us over the small embankment and tipped the wagon over. I jumped when it started tipping, hit the barbed wire fence on my forehead, causing some cuts. The wagon box and ties were thrown off the running gear and I landed right in front of the box. Dad and the couple (Fawn Dewey and a Marshall lady) got to me as I was coming up to the road and I was a bloody mess. They cleaned me up as best they could. The team was tangled up in the fence and couldn't go anyplace. Didn't get home until ten or eleven o'clock. That was really a close call for me.

When I was in about the seventh grade Myrtle and I had two sleighs alike, so Dad took a plank and put the two together fixing the lead sleigh so we could steer it. This particular winter the snow was hip deep to a very tall Indian. We'd had a warm spell then a hard frost, so we could walk on top the snow. Three of my friends took what Dad called a toboggan and went southwest of home in the next farm, at least a mile and a half from our farm home. Snow was over the fences and the ditch we had to cross. Boy, we took the ride it was hard to believe. We came off the long slope, passing a little ways south of our house. Just past the house we entered the road that we traveled to town and went better than a mile down the road before we stopped. Took us all day to make two trips. Dad said when we passed the house we must have been doing about a hundred miles an hour. I'm telling you we were really flying.

Several years while we lived on the farm Indians from the reservation south of Malad used to pass our place on their way up Cherry Creek to fish and hunt for a couple of weeks each year. Some rode horses but most walked, strung out for miles. One time a couple of bucks came to our place begging. Mother gave them a couple of loaves of bread. That satisfied them. Dad and Uncle

Jerry owned a header together to harvest their wheat crops. This was before the combine harvester. The grain was cut and stacked to await the threshing machine, which was community owned. The first thresher I remember was powered with horses on a horsepower apparatus that had a tumbling rod to the separator. Then the community got a new Case thresher and a steam engine. Odd Hartvigsen was the chief operator. Charlie Overton was the Engineer. It just so happened I purchased the home he built in Downey years later. Besides these two men, it took one man to haul water, as the engine took lots of water, another man was a coal hauler. He had to make a trip to Downey for coal every other day. It took six men as pitchers to feed the stacked grain into the separator or thresher. It took a man to bag the threshed grain and one to sew the sacks and pile the filled bags. They also had a cook shack where a lady cooked the meals for the men. The men slept in their beds by the stacks of grain. Dad built a couple of log granaries and eventually a couple of steel bins where the grain was stored. We usually hauled the grain to town to market on sleighs in the winter, but other times we used wagons.

Dad and Uncle Jerry purchased the first combine harvester in the area. It was operated by horse power, that is the thresher part was put in motion, by what was called the bullwheel with lugs through a cog system. It was called the Idaho. Don't know what company built it. When it couldn't handle our heavy grain, it was sold to Ed Guidinger where his grain crops were not so heavy.

When we were heading and shocking our ripe grain, Mother cooked for the crew which usually consisted of 8 or 9 fellows. Dad and Jerry used to have some of their helpers come up from Hyrum. I remember one time when they were at our place we had a big thunder storm, so we couldn't work till the grain dried out. While we were eating dinner, we saw Old Man Evans go up the creek to change the water from the main creek to the ditch to the Evans' farm. Dad told the guys about an hour after Mr. Evans went back down the road that he would tell them how to get some trout. A couple of them went down to the creek where Dad directed them. Two or three minutes after they got there they yelled for some of the other fellows to bring a wash tub. Mother had a tub hanging on the wash room wall; a couple of guys grabbed it and ran down to the others. In a little while they came back with the biggest batch of trout, so that night everyone had all the fish they could eat.

Another incident, I had a bad tooth that needed pulling. I wouldn't let Dad pull it with a string, what they did with our baby teeth. Dad gave me a dollar and I got on a bicycle I had, so I went to Downey and got it done. Along about this time a stray steer came to our place from the range. Dad and a hired man caught it and tried to find the brand it had, but couldn't find any. So they tied a gallon can to its tail with a couple of small rocks and turned it loose. It ran into a shanty where Mother had a cook stove to cook in the summer. As it whirled around to come out, it scraped its foot across the hot stove. When it came out, old Watch our dog jumped upon its shoulders, got it by the ear and down the road they went. That ended that problem.

A stray bull came into our place. Dad found out who it belonged to, the Glead Brothers over by the Malad divide. He notified them and a few days later here come a couple of cowboys to get him. Mr. Bull had other ideas and turned on them and went through the fence into Uncle Jerry's field. They finally roped him and tried to lead him. He was too stubborn for that. After two or three hours of trying to do anything with him, they really got disgusted, so one of the cowboys pulled out his six shooter and shot him.

While Dad was trying to operate that first combine, they had trouble with the canvasses giving trouble. Dad was trying to get them going and his hand slipped into the cylinder. Two of the cylinder teeth hit his hand. He crawled off the machine and got on the so-called gigwheel where he drove the horses from. About a hundred yards along he fainted and fell off his driver's platform. The hired man unhooked the horses and took Dad down to the house where he and Mother had to clean and dress his hand. After that, in the cold weather he couldn't keep his hand warm.

All us boys in Cherry Creek had saddle horses. One Sunday after going to church four of us got together and went to the summit of Oxford Peak, which was 9300 feet high. We found a small lake near the top that we waded our horses in. On the way back down, we went through some timber to an old mine, called Odds Mine. We saw lots of blue grouse above the mine. I told Dad about all these grouse so after harvest he and I went up there horseback, and we got a lot of chickens. We shared them with all our neighbors. Then about two weeks later Chris Webb and I went up with a team and buggy. There was a little snow on the ground. We got two gunny sacks full of chickens, so many we couldn't pack them to our rig about three quarters mile away,

so we had to drag them on the snow. Again we treated the neighbors.

When I was about twelve years old, I gathered up wheat and chaff after the thrashing crew got done. Dad hauled what I had gathered to the thrasher at our neighbors and I got 31 bushels of clean wheat, which I sold at a dollar a bushel. I put it in the bank in savings. When the first world war came along, I took the money and bought war savings bonds. Dad put them in a safety box at the bank, but in 1922 the bank was robbed and my savings vanished. I can't remember the grade I was in school when we had a teacher named Gloyd Hyde. He was from Hyde Park, Utah. The county superintendent, a gal named Alice Cosgrove, had a habit of coming once in a while unannounced. Teacher Hyde one day was reading us a story, sitting in the front of the room with his tie off, his stocking feet upon the desk and Alice walked in. She went and told Dad to fire him as he was chairman of the school board.

Along about 1910, the first automobile I remember came up to our place. They were trying to find their way to Malad. There were no road signs then, so after this once in a while someone would come to our place lost. Shortly after this, Dad had a bumper crop of wheat. The banker in Downey, Gus Sievers, got an automobile. Since he was quite a promoter, Mr. Sievers would come out to the farm and look at the bumper wheat crop that was growing, then he would come to the house and visit with Mother and stay for dinner. When the crop got ready to harvest, it was so heavy the header would not handle it. Mr. Sievers came out and told Dad he had a used binder that he had to repossess and sent Dad to get it. Dad cut the crop with this binder and had the thresher come and the bundles were taken direct to be threshed.

In 1914 Dad bought his first car, a Model T Ford. He spent a week learning how to drive it. He would go to town on horseback each day for a week. On Saturday he turned his pony loose to come home and he brought the tin lizzy home that evening. In 1915 he sold the tin lizzy to George Webb, our neighbor. He then bought a Studebaker car. About this time we were harvesting or heading as we called it. A cloudburst happened so they couldn't work. That evening Dad took the header crew to town to play pool. They didn't know a bridge on the way had been flooded out. They ran into where the bridge was out and tipped over. Only one guy got his arm injured. They got help, uprighted the car and went on.

When we got the Studebaker, it was the first car we had with a gear shift. On the old Ford it had three foot pedals. The whole family made a trek in this car to Rexburg to visit some friends of Mother's, a Johnny Wyatt and wife and two real fat daughters. They lived west of Thornton by the Snake River. On the 24th of July we all went to Rexburg to their big celebration. There we saw an auto race, a Ford and a Metz on a dirt half-mile track. The Ford passed the Metz seven times running fifty times around the track. Then we saw a motorcycle race, an Indian and a Harley Davidson. Dare Devil Davis rode one and every time they came down in front of the grandstand, he would stand up on his bike.

Oh, yes, in 1910 Dad, Mother, Myrtle and I and Edna went to Logan to the temple to be sealed, etc. The hired man took us by buggy to the train at 4 A.M. and we had to change trains in Cache Junction and go around what they called the loop, through Wellsville - Hyrum to Logan. I don't remember the return but I, suppose we came home by train.

I graduated from grade school spring of 1919. That fall I went to Downey and stayed at Uncle Peter's until November. The year we were in the church building a group of us decided to have a chickaree. Vernon Hartvigsen said let's borrow Odd Hartvigsen's cook shack that was parked by their place, as his folks had also moved to town. I took one of our horses and Elmer Hartvigsen took one of theirs to pull the cook shack to the edge of town. Now we went and swiped some chickens to cook. I swiped one from Dr. Hartvigsen, a rooster, and he only had one. Later on he said he couldn't figure out where he went. Anyway, we had a good time, but weren't we devils? This was about the time that I met Ione. We got to going to dances and picture shows about this time. There was a dance in Hyde's Hall downtown every Saturday and holidays. Dad and Mother now had six of us children, I, Myrtle, Edna, Nellie, Eva and John. Dad was trying to make things easy for Mother as now she had an electric washer, a nice bathroom, and had us kids close to school. Then tragedy struck our home in April 1920. Mother fell through a basement door downstairs and hurt her. She was pregnant with her seventh child at the time. She came down with pneumonia on a Tuesday. Dad called her brother, Dr. Hartvigsen, who had his practice in Downey. He came immediately, but those days doctors didn't know what to do with pneumonia, but he stayed with her, trying to do something, but she passed away on Saturday, the 20th April. Dad got An-

nie Hartvigsen to come and take care of us kids. He took a job as manager of the Portneuf Marsh Valley Canal Company. He hired a man to work on the farm and it was my job to help him.

That spring I became a boy scout. We had two good scoutmasters, Osborne Hyde and a school teacher whose name I don't remember. They got the idea of having us scouts gather up old bones of cattle and horses, and their bones were scattered around on the farms. We got busy after school and on Saturday and gathered a railroad car load. They sold these to a sugar factory in California through a hide dealer in Pocatello. The car load brought five hundred fifty dollars. With this, they planned a trip to Yellowstone Park in July. Thirty seven scouts and car drivers went in seven cars. We left Downey early one morning and made it to Sugar City the first day. The second day we made it to Henry's Lake in Island Park. The third day we got into the park and to Old Faithful. We were told that we were the first organized scout troop to go to the park. There were lots of bears then. Some of us scouts had to serve guard duty every night to keep the bears away. We saw Old Faithful erupt many times and we even got to see Giant Geyser erupt which only happened about every three weeks. Then on to West Thumb for a night. To the Fishing Bridge next where we all caught fish. On to Canyon next where we viewed the mighty Yellowstone Falls. Over Dunraven pass to Mammoth. It was a lot more beautiful then, as now it has dried up. Back through the Upper Geyser Basin, back to Old Faithful for another night. We next started for home by the south entrance and camped on Arizona Creek that runs into Jackson Lake. One of our drivers got a Wyoming license and caught enough big fish to feed us for a couple of days. Couldn't go through Jackson because of a washed out bridge, so we went down the west side of the river to Wilson at the base of the Teton Pass. All we scouts had to walk to the pass as the cars had to run in low gear and they heated up. I arrived on the pass two hours before my car ride. Going down off the pass, we had one Ford and he burned up his low gear and brakes so we had to stay in Teton until noon to get his car repaired. From there we came over Pine Creek and then back into Wyoming to Afton. The next day we made it to Soda Springs. They had enough money left to take us all to the cafe that night. As I recall, we were gone two weeks.

I'm ahead of my story; so I'm going back a little while and tell you about Granddad Hartvigsen. His second wife, Annie's Mother, did not live very long. Don't

know what the problem was. Anyway, Granddad ordered another Norwegian lady named Aleda, and she had a son with her named Peter Grimstead. He went with a group of us boys down where Downata is now to go skating in a big field of ice on the meadow. He was a whiz at skating, so he was going to show us how to jump. He was going to jump Marsh Creek about 12 feet wide. He took a long run but chickened out about jumping, tried to stop but went off into the creek and got all wet, and it was about zero. We had to take him down to Uncle Peter's place to get him some dry clothes and warmed up.

Last night I thought of a few more events that happened up until I went to high school. The grade school, as I told you, was a makeshift one-room with only one teacher who taught all the grades. We had writing, arithmetic, spelling, geography and hygiene. One class I had in arithmetic, the teacher had me get a notebook and work all the problems. Dad and Mother helped me and if I didn't understand to come to her. This I did in about two months. Another thing, she gave a few of us a book on the Palmer method of writing. Somewhere I have a certificate on this.

After Dad got the Studebaker, he took us kids to the picture show in town. They were then silent pictures. Then along in this period talking pictures came in vogue. When I was in about the fifth grade, our teacher wanted to get a phonograph, so we could have music. To get this, a program was put on and every family brought a lunch basket and a pie. They auctioned off the pies, and the money went to buy the phonograph. It was a wind-up type. We kids in school chose up sides, both boys and girls, and played ball, a game called rounders, We had homemade rag or twine balls and a broken pitchfork for a bat.

Another community project was the purchase of a purebred breeding stallion as all the farmers had many work horses. We had about twelve work horses and a couple of saddle horses. This horse they bought was a big dapple gray named Pat Riley. Owen Barnes took care of him and took him around to the different farms during the breeding season, the spring and summer. So the farmers raised their own work and saddle horses and the new colts were broken to the harness and saddle at three or four months old. I had a bay saddle horse that I rode later on when we had from a hundred to two hundred feeder steers.

In 1920 Dad took over the management of the Portneuf Canal Company. This canal company had its start

about 1909-1910, when the government enacted the Cary Act. The Kitter Peabody from back east was given about 14,000 acres of land laying on what was called the Downey Flat. This company had to build a canal system with water from the Portneuf River. They also built a dam at Chesterfield on the headwaters of the Portneuf. For doing this they were allowed to sell the land for \$35.00 per acre and \$35.00 for the irrigation water. When this was accomplished, it was turned over to the people who bought the land and water which became the Portneuf Marsh Valley Canal Company. That spring of 1920 when Dad became manager of the Canal Company, he purchased eighty acres about two miles northwest of Downey, known as the Green Eighty. I and a hired man plowed and planted and Dad would do the irrigating early mornings and evenings. It was planted mostly into alfalfa. When I was not working on the dry farm, I would go to the Green Eighty to put up hay, the mowing and raking and stacking with horses. So Dad got the idea of purchasing feeder steers to use the hay produced.

I think it was about this time, since I had to go from one farm to the other, Dad gave me a blank check and told me to go to Salt Lake and find some kind of a car to use. I got on the train, went down there and found a runabout, a Ford with a Ruxtel gear. Dad liked it so much he would drive it on his job and let me have the sedan.

One weekend when I was home, Dad asked me how I would like to have a tractor to do a lot of the farm work. Just before this a demonstration was put on at Uncle Jerry's farm as he had bought a Titan tractor. A man came out from the Ford dealer with a Fordson. I went and watched but had no idea Dad would be interested. The hired man and I were plowing, and when we stopped for dinner, we could hear a tractor which we soon saw coming up to our place. The driver told us that Dad had told him to come up and if he could plow six inches deep on the piece we were plowing, he would buy it. We were plowing on a three quarter long piece with hills. So we took him in and had dinner. We then took him up to the field and followed him around. No problems. We got the horses and went to work. About the middle of the afternoon here comes Dad and several others from town. Dad told me to tie up my team and come follow the tractor. When we got back to the starting place, the tractor operator gave me instructions on the tractor's operation, then told me to drive it another round. When I got back to the starting place, I turned and as we had a big hill, I put the

tractor in low gear and went up the hill. When I got to the top, I turned to see where everybody was. They were standing at the bottom of the hill all waving for me to go on. When I got around, they were all gone back to town, so I had the tractor all to myself. So you see, I had lots of things to do, run the tractor, go to the Green Eighty to help put up hay, and do a lot of being a cowboy. Times were not dull. I didn't get to start school in the fall until about a month late as I had to do the fall wheat planting in September and October.

Since we had the tractor, I rented forty acres on the flat. After school and on Saturdays I plowed, cultivated and planted it to spring wheat. Most of the time Dad turned the irrigation water on it as I was on the dry farm. Carrie Evans was our housekeeper in town. I think Dad fired her, reason not known. Dad got Lavina Rose Murray to do the housekeeping. She was a widow with a boy, Ross. Her husband had died at a very early age in Wellsville, Utah. After a few months Dad married her, so she became my stepmother. I got along with her most of the time but I had one real confrontation with her. This was about 1924.

One spring we had a big thaw and the snow was melting real fast, causing floods. This particular day Dad and I were going to butcher some hogs for summer meat. Dad had to go out and inspect some flood waters that were threatening the canal, so I put several kettles of water on to heat, went to the barn to prepare for the job. When I came back to the house in a few minutes to check on the water, lo and behold, my stepmother had dumped all the water we needed and she told me we couldn't ruin her good kettles. She tried to push me out of the kitchen but I really got mad, so I pushed her into the dining room and took the key on the wall and locked the door. She hammered on the door and screamed at me. Dad came in about this time, heard her and wanted to know what was going on. I told him what had happened, so he got the key and was going to let her in. I said, "Now, wait a minute, if you let her out, I'm leaving, and you'll have the butchering job to do alone." He looked at me for a minute, then went and hung the key up. We heated another batch of water and did what we had planned.

Along about this time in July Dad took my four sisters to Yellowstone Park. When they got ready to leave, I told Dad that when they got back, I'd have the combine out and be harvesting. He said, "This I have to see." So I immediately got a neighbor boy, Edmond Webb, and we went on the range where part of the horses were, rounded them up, put them in the stable, trimmed

their manes and tails. Then we took the combine out of its shed, installed the canvases, tuned up the motor. Edmond's Dad told us if we wanted a place to start we could come over to his place and cut his fifty acres. So we hooked up eight head of horses and did just that. When Dad got back from Yellowstone, he came out to the ranch to check up on me, so he was surprised to see us harvesting.

In the fall of 1922, Grandma Christiansen who was living with her son Jerry in Downey passed away. Her funeral was in Downey but she was buried in Hyrum. Here another job fell to me. A neighbor, Whitaker, had a Ford-like truck that we borrowed, so Uncle Elias and I took her and the casket to Hyrum. The funeral was held about eleven, so shortly after noon we left, and Dad and Uncle Jerry said they would bring their families a little later. Well, when we got down by Smithfield, we had tire trouble. We were stopped just out of town when Dad and Jerry came by. We tried to hail them but their kids all waved at us, and the drivers didn't see or recognize us. Those days we had

to take the tire off and repair the tube and pump it up by hand. We finally got to Logan about dark where we were able to buy a new tube. When Dad and Jerry got to Hyrum, they couldn't understand what had become of us. Just as we're leaving Logan, here they came to find us. Some experience! The next day after the graveside services, we thought we'd find some fruit to take home. Over on the west side of Hyrum we found a place that had four or five pear trees just loaded but nobody lived there. So we asked the neighbors, and they said if we wanted some pears to go ahead and get what we wanted. So we got busy and loaded up.

The ward had a father and sons outing at Bear Lake. I asked Dad if he would take me. But he wasn't so inclined. The following Tuesday when Chris Webb and I were plowing on the dry farm, we were just hooking up the horses, when here came Dad. He told us we could take the horses back to the pasture, take the jitney, our bedding and grub box and go with the group. They were ready to leave Downey, so he told them he would

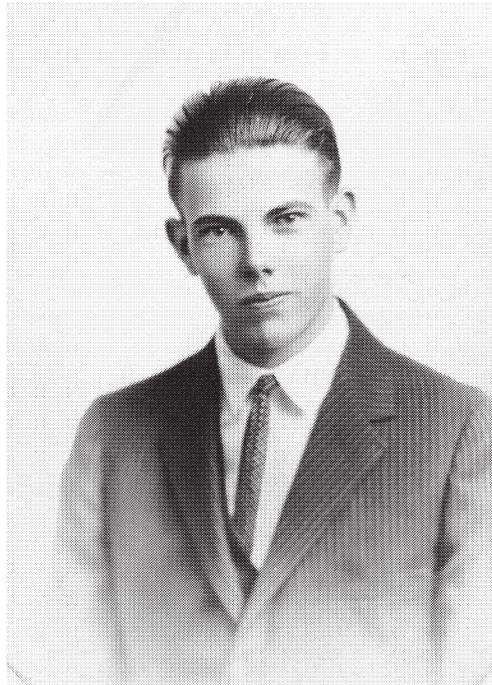
have Chris and I catch them at noon in Soda Springs. This jitney was the Ford that had the ruxtel gear which seemed to give it more speed and power. We got busy, took the horses back to the pasture, loaded up old tin lizzy, went to town, bought us a new pair of overalls and went on our way. We arrived in Soda, where they were eating lunch. I might mention that Hoakin Nielsen took Elmer and Milton Hartvigsen in the first Ford sedan that I remember. Mind you, there were no graded

roads over in that area, so on the way to Montpelier the road had worn down in lots of places so we would get on high center, then a road to the side was made. Since we were the tail place of about six or seven cars and behind Hoakin, we would pull off on one of the side roads, act like we wanted to race with Hoakin. When our track would come back into where we were driving, we would let him believe that he was outrunning us. We did this three or four times, until we came to the approach to the Georgetown divide. So Chris said, "let's give them the works on climbing to this divide". We took off and passed everyone, which included a Cadillac, a couple of Olds and Studebaker. We

got to the lead on the pass, going down the other side and into Montpelier, the road awful dusty. We knew we couldn't outrun them, but before they got by us we had a cloud of dust ten miles long. We were devils, but we were having a good time.

We went down by Garden City on the shore of Bear Lake and did lots of playing in the water and shooting firecrackers. On leaving there, we came over Logan Canyon and stayed at a Boy Scout camp. Next day we visited a Girls' Camp and had a good time dancing with them. Proceeded to Logan, where we all went swimming at the college. Boy, did we have fun!

One time a Mr. Foster and I were on the ranch. I had been telling him of the trout fishing on Cherry Creek. So one night it rained all night so we couldn't do much, so he said to show him this good fishing. We got us a couple of willow poles and dug some angle worms and took off up the creek. There was a special place in a grove of haw bushes where I always got some nice



Elvin circa 1925

fish. I was a little ahead of Foster, so I was down on my hands and knees, crawling under these trees, when all at once there were two big rattlesnakes. Boy, did I get out of there in a hurry. Foster saw me and he said, "What in the world is the matter? You're as white as a ghost." I never did fish that spot again. That's the only time I ever saw rattlesnakes in Cherry Creek.

When the high school was first built, a fellow came and put on an exhibition of the first radio that I remember. I got quite fascinated with it. I found an ad about a radio, so I sent for one. It was called a Miraco. It was battery operated. It was about 20 inches long, seven inches high and nine inches deep. It had 22 dials to tune in. It operated with a car battery and a couple of "B" batteries. My stepmother wouldn't let me have it in the dining room, so I had a bedroom at the back of the house where I set it up. I had to have an antenna wire about a hundred feet long which I had running to our barn. As far as I know, that was the first radio in Downey. I had lots of friends come to hear it. It was just as clear as could be, and its range was lots better than they are today. Chris and I took the radio out to the farm. The reception was real good out there. We had two ear phones, so when we had supper, we'd listen while eating. One night we decided to see how many stations we could get in one night. We didn't have any trouble picking up stations back east. We logged in this one night one hundred and twenty eight stations. Ione and I got together nearly every weekend in the middle twenties. As I remember, I bought her a ruby ring for Christmas a year before we were married. Dad told me on graduating from high school that if I wanted to go to college, after we got the harvesting done on the dry farm I could take the combine and do some custom work. I went with the combine down on the Downey Flat where different farms had stacks of wheat, oats and barley. The big threshing outfits didn't like to bother with these small lots. I removed the reel and disconnected the knife so I could pull up to the stacks. I had a helper to put the bundles on the platform, another to cut the binding twine and I had an old man and his son stack the straw. I went to several places. I got on the Weedman place that Ione's sister and husband ran. He had some stacks of seed peas. He said, "See if you can thresh them". I inquired what I needed to do and was told to slow the machine down and remove most of the cylinder teeth and concaves. It did a real nice job. I made enough money so I went to Pocatello to the Idaho Technical Institute, which later became Idaho State. I stayed in the dorm up there. I took prep engineering. The thing I liked best was drafting. This

was all new to me. It so happened I was assigned to go to a drafting room by the Dean of the Engineering office. He was my teacher. There were only two of us at this appointed hour. I and a Japanese fellow. He started me out doing letters all afternoon three times a week. About the third week I got fed up, so went to Mr. Goff, my teacher, and told him if practicing letters and numbers was going to go on I wasn't coming back. He said, "Do you mean that?" I said, "You bet." So he said to report to his office the next Monday and he'd keep me busy doing the real thing. He would draw a rough picture of what he wanted me to draw. Then I'd get what I thought he had in mind, he would say I got the idea but needed to change it in a few places- So I would make another drawing and another. Finally I got what he wanted, so he showed me how to run the blueprint machine. I made the copies he wanted. He took them down to the shop downstairs and had them build what I had drawn. In a few days they had this accomplished. It turned out to be an oil filter for his car, an old Dodge. He had it installed so for the next few sessions he and I got in his car and drove around all afternoon. I think he finally got a patent on this., After doing several projects for him, he had me draw the floor plan for a new engineering building. It took me several sessions to do this, so finally when I got what he wanted, he had me make a blueprint copy for each senator and representative in the state legislature. They passed the bill to build the new engineering building. Then he had me draw and blueprint a lot or most of the shelves in the library. When I went to the wood class I was taking, the teacher gave me the blueprints for this shelving I had drawn and had me be the foreman and let the other class members do the work.

Here's an experience I had in the wood shop. I learned to run a wood lathe. The teacher gave me a project to make some glued-together pieces of 2 x 6 to make a shape like a ball. I was instructed to stand directly behind the piece I was working on. One day one of these pieces broke in two and went right through the skylight. Good thing I did what I was instructed.

I spent two years at the Tech. I had a partner I roomed with, Eugene Stockdale from Franklin, Idaho. He was a great athlete. He was a football player and a baseball pitcher on the Tech team. To help finance his school, he had a job working in the cafeteria or beanery. One day he wanted to get off, so he asked me if I would take his place. All the pay we got was what we could eat. I said sure. His job mostly was to clean and pile the dirty dishes. When he went with the team, I did his

job. It wasn't long until when any of the workers had to get off for a meal or a day, they called me to take their place. So it turned out I worked about eighty percent of the time. I got to do a lot of different jobs. They fed about two hundred each meal. Eugene was learning to be a school teacher, and he came to Downey and taught in a school over in what we called Chicken Flat.

Ione and I decided to get married and starve together, so in November I asked the bishop if he would give Ione and I a recommend to go to the temple. At the time she had left working for Dr. Hartvigsen and went to live with her mother in Mantua. I picked up the recommend and went down to Mantua in the old Ford. We went down to the courthouse in Brigham City and got our license and on to Salt Lake to get married in the Salt Lake Temple on the 17th of November. It so happened that Frank Flint and May Underwood had the same idea, but we didn't know about it until we met them down there. When we got to the alter to be married, a fellow that used to live in Downey, Chris Layton, came in and witnessed the ceremony. The next day we went to Mantua and then to Preston where we stayed with her sister Beatrice. Her husband worked for the sugar company at Whitney, so they took us through the plant to see how sugar was made from sugar beets. A couple of months previous to this I had purchased the Orvil Rose home in Downey, furniture and all. Nobody gave us a big party to give us things like newlyweds get now.

About this time Dad had gone to the livestock auction and bought about two hundred feeder steers. Dad and I went out to the Green Eighty and fed these cattle. The next summer we got the range rights to summer them in City Creek Canyon, east of Downey. Who do you suppose was the cowboy to take them to and from the range? We had them on the summer range two summers. That second summer and fall I rode old Prince on the range for thirty days. The fall of '28 we were feeding the cattle to sell towards Christmas. Dad wanted Lavina, my stepmother, to go to California and study the market, so I was to bring the steers down there when he decided the best time. She didn't want to go, so that was the end of that. We didn't know whether to sell them in Ogden where the price was about seven cents a pound. One day Dad said, "Let's take them to Los Angeles. We were worried that long trip we would lose too much weight. Dad ordered the cars. As I remember, we had six livestock cars. Early one Thursday a couple of weeks before Christmas we brought the steers to a place where we could weigh

them before loading. The neighbors wanted us to take a car of cattle and a car of hogs with us, which we did. The local picked up our cars about one o'clock and we got to Salt Lake at midnight, where our stock was unloaded, fed and watered. We rode in the caboose. At eight on Friday the livestock train from Ogden picked us up. The train now had grown to about a hundred cars. There were lots of hogs from Nebraska and a fellow we got to know with a couple hundred cattle from Grace, Idaho. Since we were so green about what we should be prepared for, the train didn't stop long enough for us to get anything to eat until we got to Las Vegas Saturday night at 9 o'clock. As soon as we got our cattle unloaded, fed and watered, we headed for a cafe. At that time there were no casinos or slots, but glorified pool balls, with pool and card players. About midnight we went back to the stockyards to have our cattle fed more. They didn't have anyone on duty to do it, but they said there was a horse and hay wagon, to go ahead and feed all we wanted, just let them know how many hay bales we used. So we fed until the train reloaded on Sunday morning, about eight o'clock. When we got to Barstow, our train was split into two trains, to go down the Cahon Canyon and there we went on to the Santa Fe Railroad tracks. We arrived in Downey, California at 7 a.m. on Monday. We wouldn't let them sell our stock that day as we wanted them to get rested and fed real good. On Tuesday our cattle and our friends from Grace topped the market at twelve cents a pound. The way we did it very little weight was lost. The livestock people wanted to know what we would like to see before going home. We told them the ocean. They put us on a street car to go to Long Beach. Since it was too late to take a ride on the ocean, we went back to our hotel and the next day we went back to Long Beach and got on a motor boat for a ride. The fleet was coming in for the Christmas holiday. The battleship Idaho was standing out there. They wouldn't let us get on it as it was reserved for Sunday visitors. They put us off on the Battleship Mississippi where we spent most of the day. The next day we were going to head for home, so we just took a street car we thought was going downtown to L.A. It took a route around L.A. and we ended up in the Hollywood hills. The conductor asked us where we wanted to go. He took us back a ways, gave us a transfer and put us on the car to uptown L.A. and the depot to board the train for home. That was a real experience for us.

I've got a little ahead of my story again. In 1927 we bought a Cletrac crawler tractor and a three bottom plow. I did all the plowing in a little over a week. I

guess Dad thought I needed more to do, so he went and bought three hundred twenty acres five miles northwest of McCammon about twenty-five miles from our Cherry Creek farm. Old man Frank Rumsey went with me up there with a team and wagon. He cleared out a lot of old fences for us. The weeds were thick and about two feet high. I had a hard time plowing through them. I moved back and forth from both ranches to get the land prepared for fall planting. I rigged up two drillers to pull behind the tractor. Dad came up to the ranch to see if I had about finished the drilling. I had just a few hours left. He told me he was going to take me deer hunting. I asked where, as it was closed in our mountains. He said, "Let's go up to Mackay, about a hundred and fifty miles away." The next day, here he came with a couple of rifles he had borrowed. We took my grub box and bedding and away we went. When we got to Mackay, we decided the mountains were too steep and rocky for us, so we went on to Challis another sixty miles. We camped there, went to the pool hall and asked the cowboys who were there and they told us they had been on cattle roundup in the Yellow Jacket, which was another fifty miles. This was the last day of September they directed us. We went up Morgan Creek twenty two miles and when we got on the summit, it was snowing. We stopped and were putting on chains when another car of fellows came along. They said we didn't need chains so we followed down Panther Creek about ten miles. There we stopped at a spring near a house. A lady and daughter came out and wanted to know where we were heading as she was keeping track of where the hunters were going. To go to the Yellow Jacket, we would have to go over another mountain but that few had gone down the canyon. She directed us to go about four miles where there was a side canyon, where an old abandoned mine was. As it looked like rain, we went there and camped in an old building as we had no tent. The first of October the season opened. I had never shot a high powered rifle. Uncle Lloyd had loaned his rifle, a 30-40 Crag, an old Army rifle. The first day we hunted in the timber, like green horns, jumped several deer but couldn't hit them for trees. The second day we went on the opposite side of the canyon, which was mostly open with just a few pines. A little way up a ridge some guy on a high point started blasting away and he run a whole herd of deer toward us. They ran on both sides of us at close range. Dad downed a big buck, and then I downed one. We dragged them down a grassy side hill, draped one on each fender and went home. So much for my first deer hunt.

Last night when I was in bed, I was listening to a talk show on the radio and I was reminded of some things I should have put down. I'm too lazy to rewrite this story, so will tell you some that have passed. Just before 1900 the first machine to record talk and music was invented. About 75 years ago Dad and Mother bought a record player. It was spring operated, the record was round about the size of a can of corn, lines were around this graphite tube, which a needle followed and a horn for speaker. In about 1910 the folks bought a player piano. We kids used to play the life out of it.

Another thing that happened. Some slick salesman came over in Marsh Valley and talked several people into investing on a quick get-rich scheme, the Elk Coal Company in Wyoming. Dad bought \$2800.00 worth of stock, but it never paid a cent back.

I had an experience about the second year I drove the eight horse team on the combine harvester. I was cutting on the upper part of our dry farm, which had the steep hills. Old man Frank Rumsey was tying sacks for me. I had to make a turn on the steepest hill, had just made the turn when a brace broke on the reels and flipped into some cogs that sounded like a rattlesnake. The horses took off, jerked me off the brakes, so I was about to jump off and let the outfit go you know where. Frank hollered and said, don't you dare jump, so I got back on the seat, got both feet on the brake, pulled on the lines as hard as I could. There was a little wash at the foot of the hill. I locked the big bull wheel but when we hit the wash, five of the horses broke away, one horse fell down and was under the platform; The lines had broken but I still had two horses under control. We took a chain we had, put it around the horse's neck that was under the platform and pulled her out. We thought she would die, but lo and behold, she got up and walked away. It took us two days to get parts and do the necessary repairs. Boy, that was a close call.

I think it was the winter of 1925 when we had bought a new combine harvester. It had a lot of flaws that the company rebuilt for us. I was helping a fellow from Twin Falls who came to make the changes. He offered me a job to go with him to the Argentine, in South America for at least a year. I wanted to go, but Dad talked me out of it.

The big event that came about in 1927 was the birth of our first child, a daughter who we named Flora, born on the 27th of October.

In 1929 the great depression came. Farm produce prices really went down, especially wheat. We had to sell one crop for 28 cents a bushel. Our second daughter arrived June 14, 1929 whom we named Donna, and then our first son, Theron Lennis, came along October 1, 1931. During these depression days it was very hard to get the necessities of life, and few clothes. In order for me to make a little, especially in the winter, I purchased a grain chopper and an old combine motor, mounted it on a trailer and went from farm to farm grinding feed grain for livestock, mostly hogs. I made enough to pay a lot of our living expenses. At this time Dad had left his job for the Canal Company, and he bought a lot of feeder hogs to feed our cheap wheat to. In the winter I used to take the truck and go to Fort Hall where there was an abundance of cull potatoes for the hogs. We had to try lots of things to keep the farm going. One day the manager of the grain elevator came to me and wanted to know if I was interested in doing a great lot of chopping grain for shipment. I jumped at the opportunity. I was required to use as many helpers as I could to help so many who had no jobs. I put three men on each six-hour shift. I was told if I could handle the job with the equipment I had, as soon as I finished six thousand bushels, they would let me go to American Falls on a thirty thousand bushel job. So I run 24 hours a day and I only acted as foreman, keeping the equipment going, refueling, and doing any necessary repairs. I was to pay the hired men eighty cents an hour and I received seven and one half cents per hundred pounds. I averaged one hundred bushels per hour for both jobs. That sure helped us a lot.

I bought a Chevrolet coupe shortly after we were married, then a year or so later I traded and bought a Plymouth. I used my car to pull my grinding outfit from job to job. It was a hard way to try to make a living, but it was necessary.

In 1933 during the depression, we moved to the Rat Farm, so called because of the muskrats in Marsh Creek. The Rat Farm was a promotion deal put on by Moses Christiansen, J.D. Morgan, George Ware, and John Rasmussen. Ione and I were the caretakers. We raised sheep, turkeys, pigs and had five cows. I still worked on Dad's farms and also helped Uncle Jerry. We rented our home in Downey to Amelia and Bill Ralls while we were living at the Rat Farm.

I also worked in a program the government had called the C.W.A. building and grading roads in the area, as a time keeper, for a crew of men with teams. That winter

we had very little snow so was able to work nearly all winter. The twins, Allan and Alene, were born on April 20, 1935. We moved the family back to town in July when the twins were three months old.

In 1936 I bid on a job to run a school bus. I had to furnish the truck and the school furnished the body. I made a deal for a truck chassis, built a flat bed, and hauled wheat from various farms. Stan Christensen was my helper. We kept seven combines going. We had to pick up the wheat sacks which weighed about one hundred fifteen pounds. Then school time came, 1936-7 term, I ran the bus to the Malad Divide, then down Birch Creek and back through Ragged Rouse, a distance of about 23 miles twice a day. Once in a while I took the basketball team to out-of-town places and once I took a group of people to the temple in Logan.

I had told Ione in our early marriage, let's arrange to take trips once in a while. In the late fall of 1937, I purchased a new Plymouth and ordered it for delivery at the factory in Detroit on December 15th. When I went to the depot to arrange for tickets, the operator suggested he put us on the new streamliner. He said if he could get us on, the price was no more than the Portland Rose. So I told him to go ahead. If the streamliner didn't get a full capacity load at Portland, if there were available seats, which so happened to be. My brother John took us to Pocatello to get on the streamliner. We left Pocatello at 7:00 a.m. and arrived in Chicago at 9:00 a.m. next morning. We averaged 75 miles per hour to Cheyenne, and from there to Chicago at 86 miles per hour. From Chicago we went on the New York Central to Detroit. The way I think of it now, we must have had rocks in our head to go back there in December, but we hit it all right. We took delivery on the morning of the 15th. I had to buy a heater, which we had installed. On the morning of the 16th we started for home and got in a snow storm at Gary, Indiana. When we got 20 miles from there, no snow. We went to Peoria, Illinois, where I visited the Caterpillar Tractor plant. Spent two days there. Ione bought the children things for Christmas. Took a southern route through Kansas wheat country. At Pueblo, Colorado, we were told that route was under new construction, so we went to Colorado Springs. Went around Pikes Peak into a valley that took us over Tennessee Pass, above ten thousand feet, where the snow was about four inches, then on through Grand Junction, to Salt Lake and home. On Christmas Day it snowed about two feet so weren't we lucky?

During the spring of 1938 the family contracted scarlet

fever. All the children had a light case except Allan who was very ill. He was three years old at the time. It seemed like all chaos broke out. Allan was so sick and there was no telephone to call the doctor. To top that off, the cows got out and the children were trying to get them all rounded up. The doctor was sent for and the family was quarantined. It was always a mystery as to how they had come in contact with the disease as no one else in town had it. One of Allan's ears was badly infected. They didn't have the necessary drugs in those days to heal it and because of that, he eventually lost the hearing in that ear. That was a summer Ione will never forget. Shortly after they had recuperated from scarlet fever, the children had the measles. On June 5, 1938, our fair haired daughter was born that we named Marilyn. What a prize she has turned out to be.

I haven't told you much about the service I have done in the church and community. Through the years Ione and I have had the opportunity to exercise our talents in rendering service to the Lord. I have served in many church positions, which include secretary of the Y.M.I.A. for many years, president of the Y.M.I.A. and scoutmaster at the same time, secretary of the Elders' Quorum, president of the Elders' Quorum, superintendent of the Sunday School, Ward Clerk for four years, a home teacher, secretary of Aaronic Priesthood stake committee.

Ione served in several church positions during the years she worked for the Hartvigsen family. She taught the Sunday School class for the six and seven year olds for five years. She also served as a Beehive teacher and a Counselor in the Y.M.I.A. She served in the Primary in Downey for fifteen years as a teacher in the Lark class, the Gaynote class and then as a counselor. She was a Relief Society visiting teacher for many years.

In the spring of 1938 I took a job as manager of the Downey Grain Growers, which was organized to operate the grain elevator, taking in grain, storing some of it, buying it for the Farmers Grain in Ogden, who shipped the wheat to the many markets. The elevator had storage for eighty thousand bushels. I handled through this facility from two hundred to three hundred bushels, with Dow Bybee as a helper and Vera Criddle as secretary. The Board of Directors sold membership to this coop, for ten dollars. They got me \$1300.00 to start this enterprise. I was allowed a salary of \$180.00 per month. How we were able to live on this and still go on trips once in a while I'll never know. I had gasoline and diesel fuels put in and handled many items

the farmers needed. Now it seems ridiculous that we would try to do such things.

In buying grain for the Farmers Grain in Ogden, they allowed us three cents a bushel for this service, and we had to guarantee grade and weight. We sold gas and diesel fuel two cents under the regular price and still made enough money to buy the elevator that was owned by the government and a warehouse nearby. During harvest season I also operated the grain elevator at Virginia, five miles from Downey.

We tried most of the time to take our children to church. Ione used to get disgusted with the church officers as they always gave me some job so she was left alone with the kids. I don't blame her. I don't know how she could do as much as she did.

We still would take a trip. I used to go fishing with Ione's brother Lloyd a lot. One time he and I went up to the Bell Marsh Creek up the valley. This was on Decoration Day. We had fantastic luck. While up there, a group of farmers took their cattle up the canyon to summer graze. When we finished fishing, we were cleaning our fish on the creek before going home. These farmers rode upon us unexpectedly and there we were with 94 trout. They stopped and one of them said they'd like to see our license. I asked him if he was a game warden, but I knew he wasn't. He said no, but I'm a range rider. I said O.K. and reached for my pocket book to show our license. He said he was just kidding.

After I had finished the school bus contract and I had built a grain bed for the truck, I took Ione and our family, also Lloyd's wife and family, so we had a truckload, and went to Yellowstone Park. We went to the top of Mount Washborn in the park and saw lots of bears and elk.

While I was working for the Grain Growers, I took one of the board of directors, LeRoy Salvesen, to a coop meeting in Cody, Wyoming. While there, we visited the Organ Basin Oil field and the refinery where we got our gasoline and diesel fuel. While in Cody, we were taken to a pup rodeo, just a thirty minute advertisement. A couple of cowboys were doing a bull dogging. A steer was let loose, the two bulldoggers went after the steer. All at once the steer turned in front of one of the horses, causing the horse to take a cartwheel. When the rider hit the ground, he had sustained a broken neck and was dead.

In February of 1939, Ione's sister Beatrice came from Preston and stayed with our family while we went on a trip to the World's Fair at Treasure Island in San Francisco. We took Dad and a couple of friends, Chris Webb and Vernon Hartvigsen. We didn't have much snow that winter. We went via Twin Falls, Elko. At Elko I had to have a new water pump installed. The next day when we got to Reno where we wanted to stay, we were informed that a blizzard was on over Donner Pass, and it was suggested we go over at once because it might be closed. Dad had been telling us how it would be summer, trees out and the roses in bloom. The farther we went, the snow got deeper. When we got to the top of Donner, the snow plows had the snow piled up ten to twelve deep. As we went down from the pass, the snow got less and less, and when we got to the first town of Roseville, it was just like summer. Vernon walked across the road from our hotel where he picked a real big rose. We visited Sacramento then on to San Francisco where we spent a couple of days at the fair on Treasure Island. Then we went on to Los Angeles, where we visited and stayed with Ione's brother Eugene. Dad and the fellows stayed in downtown L.A. We then went down to the pier and took a boat to Catalina Island and spent a day. When we started for home on March 1st, Eugene suggested we stop at the Anita Racetrack on the way. On going there on Colorado Boulevard, the cars were eight cars wide and bumper to bumper. It took us into a parking lot one mile square. There were seventy-six thousand four in the stands. One section had movie stars. The only one I could pick out was Charlie Chaplin. We saw Kayack the 2nd win the 100,000 dollars. We left there early to avoid all the people and went on our way toward home.

I can't understand now how we could do so many things with the little money we had. Ione was an ideal homemaker. She kept us all fed good and the kids were well dressed and mind you, we had as many as six in school at the same time.

Blaine was born in Preston at the home of Ione's sister Beatrice, on May 14, 1940. Three more children were born. Nayda was born at home on July 25, 1942. She wasn't expected until September 24. Ione wasn't feeling very well that summer and I coaxed her to go on a fishing trip with me thinking she might feel better if she got away for a while. She declined to go and I went on this fishing trip without her. While I was gone, Nayda was born prematurely. Ione delivered her own baby. She thought she was dead until she heard her

give a weak cry. Flora was sent to the Wise home a block away to telephone the county nurse, as the doctor was out of town. The nurse immediately contacted Elvin's sister Nellie and they took the premature baby to the Malad hospital. Nayda was confined there a month until she weighed five pounds. The births of Neil and Mary Sue completed the family group of six girls and four boys. They were born at the hospital in Malad, Idaho, Neil on August 25, 1943, and Mary Sue on November 13, 1945

During these past years Dad and I and usually with others hunted deer in the Salmon area nearly every year. We were always successful, so we had lots of deer meat. Ione would bottle it, so we had deer meat nearly all year. I also caught lots of trout in the several creeks in Marsh Valley. One time I got lost in the Yellow Jacket range. I had spotted a big buck and was trying to get within range, when some other guy got him. I kept looking around and wandered the wrong way so became lost. I got a three-point buck in my wandering. I decided I was lost, but I finally decided the right trail back to camp. I packed the deer about five miles and arrived in camp at eleven p.m. Funny a bear didn't get me.

One time Dad wanted to go fishing so we went up on the East Fork of the Salmon and met some fellows from Arimo that we knew on the Big Bolder Creek. Lloyd was also with us. One of the Arimo fellows told us about a trail to go to the Frog Lake on Little Boulder Creek. It took us a couple of hours to go there. I got on an old float and poled myself out into the lake. The second cast I made I hooked a five pound beauty. It was about the only fish we got there, as the fish were so large they broke our tackle, but Lloyd and I went over to one of the Chain Lakes and caught our limit of pan-fry trout. Next day we went to some beaver dams on the Big Boulder where we really filled up.

The area in southern Idaho was finally opened to deer hunting. I've hunted Cherry Creek by the dry farm, Cottonwood area, Franklin Basin east of Preston, also Beaver, the north fork of the Logan River where it heads in Idaho, also Mill Creek west of Malad Divide. We always had good luck, so we lived on venison for our meat. I eventually picked up an almost unused 32 Winchester rifle for \$17.00 with which I did most of my big game hunting, and I had fantastic luck with it. I have been lucky enough to have won three special permits to hunt elk, twice on the Pocatello preserve and once on the Caribou north of Soda Springs. One time

a group of us went to the Seloway, west of Missoula, Montana to hunt elk. Dad, John, Uncle Elias, Vestal Jensen and a fellow worker of John's. We had to go upon a high plateau above the Powell Ranger Station. It started snowing up there, so my Uncle Elias said we would be smart to go down on the river. This we did. In the next two days it snowed five feet, where we had been. We stayed in the river camp five days, so we decided to leave as John and his pal had to get back to work. We came back to North Fork to the big Salmon River, went downstream to where the Panther Creek came in, went up this creek and hunted deer for one day. We got five bucks that day, so it wasn't all in vain.

I've forgotten what year we went on several trips. One time Myrtle and Earl came up and went with us on a trip to Canada. We visited the temple grounds in Cardston, went by the church 66,000 acre cattle ranch, visited Waterton Lakes, went through Glacier National Park, the Hungry Horse Dam in Montana, through Salmon on home.

We took Dad and Merle, my half sister, on a trip through Yellowstone Park. We went out the north-east entrance at Cook, Montana, over the Bear Tooth Mountain to Billings, then east to Hardin, Montana, to visit Dad's oldest brother Enoch and Teresa, who had retired on a small farm on the Little Bighorn River. We took a lunch and Enoch guided us on a trip to the largest wheat farm in the world, the Campbell Ranch. On the way we crossed only four farms. The Campbell Ranch had thirty thousand acres of wheat. They had thirty combines lined up ready to harvest and pulled with wheel tractors. We also visited the battlefield where the Indians defeated General Custer.

In 1945 the dealership for the John Deere Company offered me their franchise. I thought I just as well starve that way as what I was doing, so I resigned from the Grain Growers. A year later I was given the franchise for the Caterpillar tractors. The next few years I made pretty good money. I had bought an old building up-town for my headquarters, since it was immediately after the war. During the war, farmers had to get a permit or permission from the government. This was changed at this time, so for a while, farm implement prices were low, so there was quite a demand. In a couple of years labor people demanded a lot more money, so prices started to go up.

Caterpillar called a special dealers' meeting in Spokane, that I was required to attend. Ione went with me. All the meeting amounted to was that Caterpillar

had to raise their prices five percent. We went through Boise and came home through Montana. Every year after prices edged up a little. The first D-4 Cat I sold was \$2800.00. This soon raised to over \$5000.00. Farm prices did not respond to this upward trend. I had thought that good times would go on forever, so I built a big showroom and hired a couple of young fellows to assemble farm machinery and deliver it, with a truck and trailer I had purchased. I wasn't smart enough to realize what was happening, so I was trying to do more than good for me. Farmers couldn't pay the necessary prices for equipment. Caterpillar discontinued their agriculture dealers, but offered me a distributor franchise, and I would have been required to stock \$25,000 in parts. There was no way I could do this in Downey. So things went downhill for me, and I eventually lost out. Since our family was growing, I built a new home with five bedrooms in 1948. I and the boys did the building ourselves in our spare hours. I purchased my lumber in Montana, where I got prices about 40% lower than they were locally for the lumber I needed. During the building process Ione stepped on a nail. Her foot swelled up and she had to wear a house slipper all summer. Mary Sue was three years old the year the house was being finished. She was playing on the stairway on which the railway hadn't yet been added and fell down the steps. She wasn't hurt but really gave the family a scare.

Moving day was November 11, 1949. Iona made bread that day. The family wanted her to bake it in the new oven, but Ione said she didn't know how to run her new electric stove. The family insisted and there was quite a procession carrying the pans of bread to the new house to bake.

I was appointed a member of the City Board to fill a vacancy. About 1943 I was elected to the City Board. I was appointed to be Chairman of the Board (Mayor) and held this position for two terms. At this time I was also appointed chairman of the Downey Hospital Board, which was formed to build the hospital. During these years we made a trip to the Pacific Northwest and we took Milo and Nellie with us. We went through Spokane and into British Columbia at a place called Oliver and on to Vancouver, B.C. Then on our way to Seattle, I found a road that led us to Whidbey Island. The island was from about a mile average width and sixty miles long. There was a bridge to go on the island, but it had a place like a river that when the tide came up, it went one direction and when the tide lowered, it ran the other way. When we got to the south

end of the island, we went on a ferry that took us to Edmonds, just a little north of Seattle. Then we went west to Aberdeen, then south to the place where the Columbia River entered the Pacific, then to Portland, up the Columbia River gorge and on through the Blue Mountains and Boise.

I bid on a school bus for the school and got the contract. I was to go to the body plant in Lima, Ohio, to get it. So I could take Ione, Milo and Nellie and my sister Eva, who wanted to come along. I drove my car via Salt Lake, Grand Junction, Pueblo, Reton N.M., Amarillo, across Oklahoma, through Fort Smith into Arkansas, Kentucky to Ohio and north to Lima, Ohio. then I got the bus, a GMC, I had a hitch installed and towed the car home. I made them all ride in the bus with me. On the way home, we visited in Chicago and Nauvoo where the Church left to come west to Salt Lake.

One of the most interesting trips was the vacation we took back east in the fall of 1950, with Milo and Nellie Christensen and Archie and Annie Larson. The tour took us through twenty-eight states and one province in Canada which included Wyoming, South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ontario Canada, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Washington D.C., Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho. One of our stops was in Cambridge, Mass. where we spent some time with our oldest daughter Flora, who was serving a mission in the New England states. Her mission president, S. Dilworth Young, planned an itinerary of the many historical sites in the area and allowed Flora to spend the day with us. Some of the most impressive sites we encountered on this vacation were the Black Hills Presidents' Monument, Niagara Falls, Hill Cumorah, Bunker Hill, Old North Church, Battleship Constitution. We toured and saw all the sights in New York, Washington D.C. and the Atlantic Ocean. We traveled 6975 miles in 22 days. In September of 1951 I went to Kansas City, Missouri, to pick up my daughter, Flora, who was returning from her mission. My companions on this trip were my children, Alene, Allan, Blaine, and Marilyn. We went through southern Utah, Colorado, Kansas and into Missouri to Kansas City where we met Flora and her companion, Erma Tew. They accompanied us on the remainder of our trip through Oklahoma, New Mexico and into Texas. We visited with Theron at Fort Bliss, near El Paso, Texas, where he was serving in the army. Theron took us across the Rio Grande River into Juarez,

Mexico. Our homeward trip took us through Colorado, Utah and back to Idaho.

A memorable trip for me and my son, Blaine, was when we went to Detroit, Michigan, in 1955. We rode the Portland Rose train to Chicago, Illinois, then took the bus to Detroit. We picked up two Ford bus chassis which we took to Blackfoot, Idaho, for school bus bodies to be added. We traveled with one truck piggyback on the other. We stopped at a lumber yard and purchased planks and bolts. At a junk yard we were able to get a car rear window and an old car seat. We took all this paraphernalia and went behind the motel where we were staying and made a makeshift cab. The planks we put down for floorboards and bolted the seats to this. We wired the rear window to poles for a windshield. We started on our homeward trip making quite a sight wherever we went. We added a canvas top over our heads to get out of the sun's glare and to keep the rain off. We took a northern route home through upper Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana.

I worked for the city of Downey for a while and was appointed Justice of the Peace. I then worked for Morgan's Inc. for a short time before accepting employment as the manager of Arimo Lumber Company at Arimo, Idaho. This was in 1955-56.

On February 6, 1957, we took a vacation trip to California with our children, Blaine, Marilyn, Nayda, Neil and Mary Sue. We stayed for a week at the home of our son, Theron, and his family in Inglewood. We were really impressed with our first trip to Disneyland. Some of the other sights we saw on this trip were Las Vegas, Hoover Dam, Knott's Berry Farm, Forest Lawn Memorial Park and the Pacific Ocean.

In 1961 I terminated my employment at the Arimo Lumber and Coal Company. I had to slow down for my health.

During that summer Ione and I moved to Salt Lake City and worked at Scotty's Romney Motel. I purchased a rug cleaning machine and when we returned to Downey that fall, I did custom rug cleaning throughout Marsh Valley.

In 1962 we moved to Ogden where I was employed as a custodian at the White City Bowling Lanes. We lived in an apartment at Five Points. Blaine lived with us there until his marriage.

In the spring of 1963 we sold the family home in Downey and purchased a mobile home. We lived in a trailer court in Riverdale, Utah (just outside Ogden) for a short time. Then we moved our mobile home to Idaho Falls, Idaho, in May 1963, where we bought a lot in the Mobile Home Estates. I accepted employment as custodian at Smith Chevrolet. In my spare time I did custom rug cleaning.

We made a trip to L.A. to the graduation of Theron for his degree as an Electrical Engineer at U.C.L.A. He then went to USC to get his Master's Degree. He had served four years in the Army, then went to L.A. and worked for the Hughes Company and went to get his schooling after work. I salute him for the fine life he is having.

While working for Smith Chevrolet in Idaho Falls, I took care of their showroom where they put twelve cars on display and several offices. One winter day, the coldest I remember up there, I went to work at four in the morning, when it was 37 degrees below zero. That really surprised the boss as I had the place all warmed up and the walk shoveled.

In 1969 my brother-in-law, Norman Nelson, came and asked us if we would like to go to Darlington and work for the Pearsons in their rest home, where the state would send patients from the State Hospital in Blackfoot. We were offered a lot more money than I was earning in Idaho Falls, so that is why we went out there March 1, 1969, and worked for one year. We cooked and cleaned for about 54 people. Ione made bread for that bunch by hand, as they didn't have a bread mixer. She made hundreds of loaves of bread and scores of biscuits. I did most of the cleaning of the rooms. We would get some of the women to peel potatoes and set the table, but we had to dish out the food as they came through a line. I also had to dispense scores of pills that the hospital sent out for them.

One day as I was cleaning upstairs, one of the rooms had an awful odor. I told our boss lady that there had to be a dead horse up there. She went up to check and in one of the guy's bed under the mattress was a dead chicken he had taken from the freezer. Boy, did she clean house, threw all the bedding out and burned it.

The patients were always asking what we were having for dinner. They were not allowed in the kitchen, only to help us. I used to tell them all the crazy things I could think of. The Pearsons had four boys who were in the rodeo business. They used to catch skunks out in the hay field, deodorized them to use; One day a half dozen of them got out of their pen. This day when one of them came through the chow line, one of them asked me what the stew was. I almost caused a riot when I said, "Where do you think those skunks went?" Mrs. Pearson happened to come in just then and she was really amused. That really brought them to life. Another incident that happened was they had an old school bus, so one day we took as many as wanted to go to Mackay to a beef barbecue. One of the girls took too big a chunk of beef, and it stuck in her throat. I had a hard time getting it removed. She said afterwards that I saved her life. We had a lot of fun with them and after we left, several of them sent us Christmas cards and birthday cards. I thought it was getting too much for Ione, so we found a place here in Willard



Ione and Elvin 1958

that we could buy. Allan told us if we had problems in paying for it, he would help as he had a good job at Hill Air Force Base as a computer programmer that he had learned down there when he got a job out of high school. We found these four lots 2 3/4 acres for sale in the summer of 1969. We sold the lots we had in the Mobile Home Estates in Idaho Falls and moved down to Willard March 1, 1970. We had two hundred sixty four fruit trees, with lots of weeds and rocks. We found out that we couldn't handle that much, so we put part of it up for sale. We thought we had paid too much but we were able to make a neat profit on the lots we sold, so was able to pay off the mortgage even before it was due. Then we fixed a spot below our house so we could rent it out to a trailer. Before I got the water installed, and the septic tank, a fellow wanted to rent it, so I let him move in. After he had been there a couple of years, he asked me if he could put in a double wide trailer. A while later he asked me if I would sell the lot to him as he said it would cost too much if he had to move it. I told him I wanted so much for it that he wouldn't want it. He said try me. I told him \$8,000.00 which was about three times what we had paid. He reached in his pocket for his pocketbook and said, "Do you need all of it now or a good down payment and a \$100.00 a month plus interest?" So the deal was made.

Soon after that we had got set up, I had a basement dug and I built on a room, with closets and a fireplace. The money we got from this sale we put in a money market account at good interest. We could write two checks a month without penalty. So we used it to go on trips and buy needed appliances, a TV, stove and refrigerator. With our Social Security and the investments we had made, we really had more money than any time in our life. We sold quite a lot of fruit, and had lots to give away. I planted strawberries, raspberries, grapes, blackberries, and we used to have a little garden. Ione had lots of flowers growing.

Since Allan and Hilda hadn't had any children, they adopted a baby boy in 1964. After they had him a few days, he suddenly died. That was the first grandson we lost.

On the 19th of May 1973, our grandson, Michael Gambles, was killed in an industrial accident in a potato warehouse in Idaho Falls. He was twenty years old and ready to go on a mission.

In 1967 and 1968 we served a Genealogy Mission in Idaho Falls. In 1974 we accepted a one year temple assignment at the Ogden temple. I was ordained a high priest on June 14, 1973, by LaGrande Tea.

We joined the Senior Citizens program in Brigham City in 1970. We went on several short trip to the Salt Palace, to Weber State College, to Jackpot, and Elko, to Logan Willow Creek Park, dinner with the Logan Seniors, also the Lava Hot Springs Seniors, Utah State Fair, and several other places. I was elected to the Spike Club in Brigham and served many years. Charlie Lofthouse and I took care of a newspaper collection and hauled the papers to Riverside to make insulation for the benefit of the Spike Club, to buy items for the Senior Citizens center for 10 years. We went with the Seniors on a bus trip to the Tournament of Roses and San Diego, also Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, and other things.

I used to buy a few baby chicks for food and eggs. One night about midnight the chickens started to make an awful racket, so we jumped out of bed and went to see what was the matter. There was an animal killing some of them, and as I got to the chicken run, this animal came out under the gate and tried to go down in the hole of a cinder block. I picked up a stick and clobbered him, and then I found out I had killed a mink. That reminded me of the time when I was working for

the Grain Growers, a couple of guys came into my office and wanted to sell me a mink coat for Ione. I told them that I couldn't even buy the buttons, let alone such a coat. They asked if they could show Ione, so I said to go ahead. In a little while they came back with a coat she would like. I didn't dare ask the price but I said I couldn't buy such a coat. They asked if I was going to get her a coat, and I said if she needs it, yes. How much are you going to spend? So I said, about \$25.00. They called me a cheap skate, grabbed up the coat, went out to their car and in a few minutes came back in to try again. I said if they would take \$25.00 I'd buy it. They argued and argued, and finally said OK. We found out later it was a sable. Ione used that coat for years.

In the late seventies we made a trip to Seattle to visit Donna and family. We went by bus, via Montana. There was a special rate on so when we went to Brigham, we were unable to get the tickets we wanted. The ticket agent gave us a pass to go to Idaho Falls, where we could get our ticket. The bus driver wouldn't accept the pass so he went in the office and got us a pass to Butte. It was stormy so our bus was late in getting to Butte. I went in to get the proper tickets, and I asked how long we would have to wait, as we had to change buses there. He looked out and said, five minutes ago and we'd have to wait until three in the morning. It was just before Christmas. A bus driver then walked in and he said we could go with him. We went to his bus which was being loaded with packages. He said to not worry as we would catch our bus at Missoula or Spokane. As we arrived in Missoula, we caught our bus. Sure had us worried for a while.

The highlight of our fiftieth wedding was our children surprised us with a big party. Flora had been coming down quite often, trying to find out some of the details of our married life. On July 17, 1976, we were surprised, as our anniversary wasn't until November 17. They chose to have it early when they all had their vacations. It was held at the Willard Ward Chapel and a campout at Cherry Hill Park near Kaysville. We had lots of fun and on Sunday attended the Mormon Tabernacle Choir broadcast in Salt Lake City. Our children presented us with a thousand dollars for us to go to Hawaii. All our children were present, and my brothers and sisters and Ione's brothers and sisters except Lloyd, who lives in Portland.

In January of '77 we did what our children suggested, we made the trip to Hawaii. That was really enjoyable,

especially since it was in January. Earl and Myrtle, Orion and Lottie, Charlie Lofthouse and wife, Charlie's sister and husband, and an elderly lady friend, a Mrs. Cartright, asked if they could go along. All the parties sent me their fare money, and a lady representative of Faldmos Travel Agency told me if she could make the reservations for us, she would give us a little discount. Just before leaving, she gave us a twenty dollar bill for the discount. Wasn't that great for seven thousand dollars it cost? Orion and Lottie came from Preston and went with us to Bountiful on the appointed day. Mrs. Faldmo was our guide. They took us by their mini-bus to the airport. This was our first experience in riding a big airliner. We left Salt Lake on a Boeing 737 Co L.A., then we boarded a DC 10 to Hawaii. We got on the third plane that day, a DC 9 to the outermost island, Kauai. The Faldmos hired mini-buses and some of the passengers acted as drivers. We toured the island and went to the rain forest where they have 400 inches of rain each year. From Kauai we flew to the big island of Hawaii, the furthest east island. There we visited the pineapple plantations, and crossing the island we ate dinner on the edge of a huge crater and could see many spots where smoke was rising. We saw the Kona coffee trees growing in the lava. Then we flew to the island of Maui for more looking. Then on to Oahu to Honolulu where we viewed the place the U.S. ships were sunk by the Japanese, then to the end of the island where the Church has the college, temple, and the park where the Church has exhibits of the different tribes of the sea or Hawaiian village. The temple was closed for rebuilding, so we couldn't go through but a special fireside was arranged. There a bishop told us how the Church came to get 6500 acres. Two missionaries were serving in Hawaii and they found out that this property was for sale. So when they got back to Salt Lake, they told Brigham Young what they had found out. Brigham told them that the Church had a little nest egg for such an opportunity. He gave them the \$12,000 needed and sent them back to make the purchase. Another speaker told us a story about his dad, who had traveled the high seas as an employee all over the world. He decided Hawaii was the place he would like to settle. He chose a place on the big island, Hawaii, for a plantation. He married a Hawaiian lady and the speaker said that was where he came from. To irrigate his plantation, he built a canal twenty-two miles long through mostly lava rock, using dynamite and a pick and shovel. Slides were shown of this canal. We drove back to Honolulu and that night at eleven o'clock we boarded a Boeing 720 to go home. We flew at 47,000 feet. Toward morning

the pilot asked if we'd like to see the sun come up, so it arose, but when we went down, the sun went down. When we landed in San Diego, we were on the ground nearly two hours before the sun came up. From there another ride to Salt Lake on a Boeing 727. That was a grand trip and I'd like to go back again.

One day Ione and I went to dinner at the Senior Citizen Center in Brigham. A fellow asked me if I would go down to Weber State College with him to a meeting. So that afternoon we went down there. One of the officials came and asked me if I would like to go with a college group to a Gerontology Convention down in Tucson, Arizona. He said I could take a friend with me. On arriving home, I called Charlie Lofthouse about it and he said sure. The college would take care of the expenses. They gave each of us free transportation and \$80.00 for our motel and eats. So at the appointed time we went to the college at 5 a.m. to board the bus. There were three professors besides several students. I think it was an Uncle Sam project. I phoned ahead for a motel reservation and we arrived down in Tucson at midnight at an "8" Motel. During the time down there I attended sixteen seminars in the field of aging. They also took us to a museum in the desert and one late afternoon to Nogales, Mexico. One of the professors was a Mexican so he clued us in on how to behave and what to eat and drink. On the return home, we came through Las Vegas. They let us off at the GM Casino at 1:00 a.m. and told us we would have until 4:00 a.m. to play around. I got \$2.00 worth of nickels to play the armed bandits and lost it all in five minutes. I went to a place where they had some nice davenport and had me a nice nap. I was kind of sleepy when I got on the bus, so I didn't notice that we had a lady bus driver. We stopped in Beaver for breakfast, then on to Weber State. A few days later I received a certificate that I had earned three credits at Weber State. Wasn't that something?

In November of 1979 Flora had invited us to come up for Thanksgiving. A few days before we had been told that she was having health problems. The morning of the twentieth I went to the temple in Ogden with Jack Wright. When I got home about 10 a.m., I told Ione that something told me we should go to Idaho Falls. We got ready and went in the afternoon and stopped in Blackfoot at Alene's. Theron G. was trying to reach us, so we went on to Idaho Falls. Theron had taken Flora to the hospital that morning, where she was operated on and found to have cancer of the intestines. She didn't respond and passed away next morning. That was

sure a sad time for us. I called Marilyn and she came up immediately and assisted Theron on making the necessary arrangements. After a beautiful ceremony, she was buried in Idaho Falls, with her son Michael. I don't think Ione ever got over that. That was a sad Thanksgiving for us all. She had been an ardent worker in the Relief Society and other Church functions.

During the eighties we did lots of temple work at the Ogden Temple. For two or three years our neighbor, Jack Wright, took us at 5 a.m. each Saturday to do sealings. We would do two to three hundred sealings, usually each session of about two hours. That was quite a grueling thing for us. One session we went through the marriage ceremony forty five times. Ione used to go with some ladies once a week when they would attend two or three sessions. In 1982, she and I attended one hundred and forty five sessions. Arthritis finally got too bad so we had to quit that activity. We made lots of trips to visit our children and their families, as the years went by. During the eighties I was assigned to be the secretary for the High Priest group. After serving there for about three years, I was sustained as second counselor to the High Priest quorum, for a couple of years and have served as a home teacher for lots of years.

In '85 we took a trip with the Senior Citizens group from Brigham. It was in the winter when there was lots of fog. The seniors mini-bus took us to the Salt Lake airport where we boarded a United flight to Chicago, where we changed planes to go on to Orlando, Florida. We were taken by bus to a motel out in the country. Ione's arthritis was giving her a hard time, so we couldn't take in as many attractions as we'd have liked. First we were taken to Epcot Center to see the many attractions put on by various countries. The next day we stayed at the motel so she could rest. Then we went back to Epcot the second day for a while. For a short time we visited Disney World. Then we spent a day at Cypress Gardens where we saw the most wonderful gardens and flowers. On a lake there we saw a show put on by boys and girls on water skis. We thought that was so good we saw it twice. On the return home we left the motel at 11 a.m. to the airport in Orlando where we had the pleasure of riding on one of the newest Boeing 767. On the way to Chicago at over 40,000 feet, the air was awful rough, so they dropped to 33,000 feet where it was real smooth. Arriving in Chicago, we flew out over Lake Michigan, then back over the city to the airport where we changed into another Boeing plane and arrived in Salt Lake at 5:20

p.m. That was a real nice trip and experience for us.

One spring day in '86, I took Ione to a hairdresser in the west part of Willard. While getting her hair done, I went to Brigham for a few groceries. When I came back, I was just starting to turn off the highway to go and pick her up when some guys in a ton truck struck me on the rear right corner. That knocked me in a dizzy loop. I didn't get hurt very bad but they insisted I go to the hospital to be checked. The paramedic took me for safety reasons. My car was totaled, and inasmuch as it was twelve years old, the insurance paid me not very much. A couple of weeks later Allan came up and took me to Brigham to see what I needed to do for transportation. At Hansen Chevrolet I found a 1982 Buick Skylark with very low mileage that I liked. They made me an offer, so next day I gave them an offer about \$200 less for cash. They accepted my offer. I had accumulated savings so I could do this. I like it very much and get 35 m.p.g..

On November 17, 1986, we celebrated our sixtieth wedding anniversary. We didn't have much money during our life but I feel we raised a wonderful bunch of children and saw a big part of the good old U.S.A. In the spring of 1987 started the chain of events in our lives. Ione decided that she had to have something done about her arthritis. Her knee and hip were making it almost unable for her to get around. The second of February she went to the Brigham Community Hospital to have a new hip joint operated on. I was worried about this because of her age. Four days after the operation she had a cardiac arrest, but two doctors were nearby and worked on her and she got by this. A few days later she was taken to the Pioneer Memorial for recuperating and needed rest. Fifty days later she had gone downhill, was never able to walk again, and her breathing became labored. I went up each day, and since she wouldn't eat much, I would try to get her to take a milkshake. She wasn't responding but getting worse each day. Marilyn came up and attended to her and me a big portion of the time. On her fiftieth day there, I went and told Dr. Gilbert I didn't think she could stand the way her breathing was. He went over immediately and decided she had to go back to the hospital. She did not respond to treatment so went downhill. Marilyn stayed with her all night but came to have breakfast with me. About 10 a.m. April 2, the doctor called and told us we better come up immediately. When we got there a few minutes later, she had passed away. The doctor said her heart had just worn out. That hit me pretty hard.

My children surely rallied around me and have helped me tremendously. It was hard to stay home alone. It was good that we had enough insurance, Medicare, supplemental insurance through the A.A.R.P. and the savings we had accumulated just in case. The total cost of this ordeal amounted to about \$25,000.00. I bought a nice stone for her and I in the Downey Cemetery.

In July I went with Theron Gambles and his new wife on a trip to Grand Junction, Cheyenne, the Black Hills in South Dakota, to Cody, and Yellowstone Park.

In August Allan and Hilda invited me to go with them to Alaska. We left August 2, two days in advance to visit Don and Donna. We flew to Seattle to meet Don and Donna. They took us to the Mount Rainier National Park where we spent an interesting day. On the 4th, we were taken by bus to Vancouver, B.C. We boarded the Noordam, a seven hundred foot ocean liner with twelve hundred passengers. We left at 6 p.m. and were two nights and one day up the inside passage to Ketchikan. Spent part of the day there, left at 3 p.m. and arrived in Juneau next morning. We left the Noordam there and went about forty miles by bus, then on a ferry about forty miles up the Lynn Canal to Skagway. This is the place the early gold seekers left for the gold fields at Dawson on the Yukon River. From Skagway we went by Greyline Bus for three days, White Horse on the Alaskan highway for one night, to the Alaska-Yukon border the second night, then to Fairbanks. When we got on White Pass where the early gold seekers had to go by trail, we entered the Yukon Territory. The bus driver informed us that it was five hundred to Dawson. Along this bus route we saw many lakes, a husky dog farm, and came to the big oil pipeline that starts at Prudhoe Bay, runs south to Valdez where the oil is loaded on to huge oil barges to go to many parts of the world, but mostly the U.S. refineries. This pipe carrying oil is four feet in diameter with a foot of insulation. The oil leaves Prudhoe Bay at 180 degrees, goes through twelve pumping stations, over two mountain ranges, arrives in Valdez five and a half days later at 140 degrees, at a million barrels a day.

At Fairbanks we visited a gold dredge and the University of Alaska. Flower gardens there were tremendous. There is a road that runs north to Prudhoe Bay but it's a private road. At Fairbanks we were just twenty five miles from the Arctic Circle and one thousand from the North Pole. From Fairbanks we traveled by train to the Denali National Park, where Mount McKinley

is located that rises to 20,300 feet. Since no private cars are allowed in the park, we were taken by school bus fifty five miles into the park where we saw bears, moose, caribou, dall sheep and a wolf. Stayed over night in the park, then continued by train to Anchorage where we spent a day, then flew from there to Salt Lake nonstop four and one half hours. I really enjoyed this trip, especially the ocean liner and oh, how nice it was.

In September my brother and four sisters invited me to go on a little trip into Montana, Wyoming and back. We visited a cousin's widow who was in a rest home in Powell, Wyoming. At Cody in one of the stake buildings they had a special treat for us. On the walls of one of the rooms was a mural that depicted the history of the Church. A missionary there told us the story of the early Mormon pioneers sent by Brigham Young to settle this beautiful valley. If you go through there, don't miss this treat. In October Theron and a pal picked me up and took me with them on a hunting trip to Montana, hunting deer. Since I used to like hunting very much, this was a real treat. The two of them got two mule deer and two white tail. This was about one hundred fifty miles north of Bozeman.

On December 19 I went by Amtrak to Seattle and spent a month with Don and Donna, then on to Los Angeles for a couple of weeks with Theron, then back to Salt Lake and home the first of February. While in Seattle, Don asked me what I would like to do or see. Since he was working for Boeing up at Everett where the 747 and 767 planes are built, I said I'd like to see how they make them. In a day or two he came home and said how we could do this. He said, "Tomorrow Larry will bring you up to the plant when he goes to work in the afternoon". I was to go into the office and tell the receptionist that I represented the Christiansen Equipment Company of Willard, Utah. I was a little reluctant about doing this, but he persuaded me. So I done just as he outlined. I went in the office and a nice lady asked a few questions, wrote out a card, put it in my breast pocket and said, "That will take you anyplace except where the door is locked". She said, "Who do you want to see?" I said "Don Hart". She phoned him and in about five minutes we went over to the big assembly building. We spent a couple of hours over there. The plant covers 43 acres, and as I remember, they had five planes under construction. That was a great treat for me, so thanks to Don and his know how.

During the summer I visited in Downey, Blackfoot,

Idaho Falls, Rexburg and with Theron at his chateau at Mack's Inn or Island Park.

Before I end my story I thought of a couple more stories I would like to add. One day back in the thirties Uncle Elias and I took our ton truck and went to our McCammon Ranch to bring our 30 Cletrac Tractor to Downey. In as much as our tractor weighed five ton, we had to load it on the truck sideways to better distribute the weight. We had to find a bank along the road about as high as the truck bed. When we got to Downey, the unloading place we found-was about three feet higher than the truck bed. Since we thought we could go anyplace with a crawler tractor, Uncle Elias said, "You won't have any problem in climbing upon that bank". Well, I got on the tractor and eased over against the dirt bank and the tractor started climbing the bank. The tractor's weight shifted over to the side of the truck, so the truck tipped over sideways, and there I was with the outfit standing nearly perpendicular, which we didn't think would happen, and I didn't dare to stop for fear the tractor would come over backwards on to me. Boy, what a spot to be in! Then when we got so far up the bank the weight shifted forward and we came back on the level so hard it nearly threw me off. I never tried that again. That's what I call a dumb stunt.

I wasn't the only one to do dumb things. I want to tell you what my Dad done with the tractor along about the same time. It was early in the spring, and the fall wheat had winter killed in a few spots. He was cultivating these spots when he came to a place that was a little swampy, so when he came to it the tractor bogged down and high centered, so he was stuck. He went down to the barn and got a big roan team we had and he hauled rocks enough that he put under the tracks and he finally got out. So he was going to take the tractor down to the barn for more fuel. He had a rope to lead the horses behind the tractor. As he started out he saw he had left some tools, but instead of stopping he slowed the tractor to very slow and jumped down to get the tools. He scared one of the horses, and the rope was long enough that the horse got in front of the tractor. The horse was pushed over and the tractor run over the horse. Dad climbed on and stopped the tractor right on top of the horse. He reversed the tractor and backed off of said horse. He thought he had killed the horse. But you know, he got up with-no broken bones and he was led to the barn. In the afternoon I came up to the ranch with the grain drill. I had been using four horses on the Green Eighty, but I wanted to put on six horses where it was hillier. I went to the barn to get

the team that had been used, and the one horse looked terrible. I hooked him up and went to do the drilling. When I met Dad I said, "What in the world happened to the horse?" Then he told me what had happened. That was a dumb thing to do too.

This is the end of my story. Here I am in this winter of '88. Have been snowed in about a month, watching T.V. and trying to remember these things I have written.

All our children are married and have scattered throughout the intermountain west, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific seacoast. They are:

Flora - married Theron Gambles in the Logan Temple on January 25, 1952. They are the parents of four children: Michael (deceased age 20), Bryan, Annette and Linda. Flora died November 21, 1979 in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Donna - married Don Hart in the Salt Lake Temple on September 4, 1951. They are the parents of five children: Paul, Denise, Larry, Lisa and Wesley. They reside at Redmond, Washington.

Theron - married Marilyn McKay in the Logan Temple on March 20, 1951. They are the parents of three children: Sue Ann, Ricky and Debra. They reside at Hawthorne, California.

Allan - married Hilda Hansen in the Logan Temple on June 18, 1954. They are the parents of three children: Scott (deceased age 4 months), Lori and Robbie. They reside at Ogden, Utah.

Alene - married Pete Loisate at Downey, Idaho on June 9, 1957. They are the parents of three children: Terry, Carolyn and Steven. They reside at Blackfoot, Idaho.

Marilyn - married Lynn Throckmorton in the Salt Lake Temple on November 21, 1957. They are the parents of five children: Sheryl, Gary, Sandra, Linda and Bradley. They reside at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Blaine - married Judy Jones at Malad, Idaho on February 8, 1963. They are the parents of six children: Eddie, Todd, Douglas, Mark, Scott and Jason. They make their home in Dugway, Utah.

Nayda - married Lyle Burbank in the Idaho Falls Temple on June 2, 1960. They are the parents of four

children: Bret, Troy, Melanie and Christopher. They live at Preston, Idaho.

Neil - married Deloris Crook in Idaho Falls, Idaho on January 22, 1966. They are the parents of two children: Leslie and Kevin. They live at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Neil has three children from a previous marriage: Shayne, Barbara and Julie. Neil died in Colorado Springs on August 17, 1996

Mary Sue - married Dean Draper at Downey, Idaho on July 27, 1962. They have three children: Jeffrey, Janet and Katherine. They reside at Grand Junction, Colorado.

Editor's Note: The following is the text of the obituary of Ione Christiansen.

Ione Jensen Christiansen

Ione Jensen Christiansen, 85, of 190 East 100 South, Willard died Thursday, April 2, 1987, in a local hospital of causes incident to age.

She was born Sept. 29, 1901, in Logan, a daughter of Lars Niels and Laurena Nielsen Jensen.

She was married to Elvin R. Christiansen on Nov. 17, 1926, in the Salt Lake LDS temple.

She was reared and educated in Downey and Preston, Idaho. She moved to Idaho Falls in 1962 and had resided in Willard since 1970.

She was a member of the Willard Second LDS ward and had been active in Relief Society and as a Primary teacher and temple worker for many years.

She is survived by her husband of Willard; four sons, Theron Christiansen, Hawthorne, Calif.; Allan Christiansen, Ogden; Blaine Christiansen, Dugway; Neil Christiansen, Cheyenne, Wyo.; five daughters, Donna Hart, Redmond, Wash.; Alene Loisate, Blackfoot, Idaho; Marilyn Throckmorton, Salt Lake City; Nayda Burbank, Preston, Idaho; Mary Sue Draper, Grand Junction, Colo.; 39 grandchildren and 40 great-grandchildren.

Also surviving are two brothers, Lloyd Jensen, Portland, Ore., and Earl Jensen, West Valley City; three sisters, Fern Larsen, Washington, Utah; Mildred Lilly, Kearns and Elna Buhler, Ocean Hills, Calif.

She was preceded in death by a daughter and two grandsons.

Funeral services were held in the Willard Second ward chapel Monday.

Internment was in Downey, Idaho, cemetery. Arrangements were by Olsen-Myers mortuary, Brigham City.



Myrtle, Elvin and Edna in 1909



Ione and Elvin mid 1980's

The following comes from the diaries of Myrtle Mary Christiansen Jensen. Additional information was provided by Izola Vincent, who is a daughter of Myrtle's. See the appendix for a copy of the life sketch given by Izola at Myrtle's funeral.

My parents, Moses Christiansen and Mary Hartvigsen were married June 17, 1903. In July of 1909 they were sealed in the Logan Temple. At that time there were three children, Elvin, myself and sister Edna.

I was the second child born January 14, 1906 on a farm six miles south west of Downey, Idaho. My father had homesteaded this land in 1897. He had 160 acres to start with. There was a creek running from the mountains down through the valley and this was called Cherry Creek. That is why this area was known as Cherry Creek.

My parents were both born in Hyrum, Utah where their parents had settled after our grandparents had come from Norway and Denmark. My mother's parents homesteaded later in Cherry Creek and that is where my father met his bride.

We lived in a small cabin until my parents could build a better home. This home had four large rooms on the first floor and two bedrooms upstairs. There was also one room not finished. We kids called this the "black room". It didn't have any windows, just a door at one end you could open to let the light in. For a time my father was the telephone man or helped repair lines when they were down. He also installed the phones. These phones were very interesting as they were fastened on the wall and there was a handle you turned to get the party you wanted. There would be one long and two short rings or long ones, etc.. A different signal for each phone. Every family who had a phone could listen in or several parties could talk together. There were no private phones. We had several of these phones in our "dark room" to

be put in homes or for repair, and we kids had a lot of fun with them and other items stored in this room.

We had one of these phones on the wall in our kitchen. One day when there was a lightening storm the phone was struck and made a rip in the oil cloth that covered the walls and a fire started. It just happened my father was near by and he put the fire out by hitting it with his hat. We were very thankful we children were not alone as our parents had been preparing to leave for town.



Myrtle circa 1909

My mother was a beautiful woman and loved her family very much. She taught me many things and I was completely devastated when she passed away in 1920, just one year after we had moved into Downey to be closer to the school and when I was just 14 years of age. Eva and John, the youngest sister and brother became my children and I loved them and watched over them as any mother would. My father got a house keeper, LaVina Murray, to help around the house and with us kids and two years after my mothers passing my father married her. She brought into our family her son by her first marriage, Robert Ross Murray, we called him Ross. This union produced a baby girl, Merle. Even though we

as a family have tired to keep in touch with Ross and Merle after they left home they have not been very interested in us as a step family.

The farm was a very interesting place for me. We had many chores, like milking cows, gathering eggs, feeding the chickens, bringing wood and chips in doors to build the fire in the cook stove and for a heating stove in the dining room. We also took the cows to pasture and brought them back at night. This was done on horseback, and I loved riding the horses.

We had two or three ponies, one that was called Old Bolly, because her face was white. We went riding every Sunday afternoon as this was the only time the boys and girls could get together. Weekdays we were in school and evenings there were chores to do, and when you lived miles apart and horseback was about your only way of getting around we didn't go visiting very often. I usually rode Bolly and my brother Elvin rode Dime, another pony. She was small, that was why we called her Dime. She was also quite lively so they didn't want me to ride her. We would ride up the canyon where we would meet friends or relatives and go up the trails. We also rode through the brush and undergrowth. Once in a while we would go to a home and play some outdoor games.

When I was old enough to start school, it was held in the home of a neighbor who rented a large room to the school board. We had one teacher for all the grades. A school house was finally built about a mile from our home. It was a one room school house, heated by a pot belly stove. There were about 40 pupils and sometimes it was pretty rough for one teacher to handle. I remember one year we had four different teachers. The older boys were so difficult to handle that the teacher resigned in just a few months. One of these teachers was a man, Floyd Hyde. He lived alone in a room at one of the farm houses, when the family moved to town. He walked or rode a horse to school each day. He would bring a small container of taffy candy and

he and some of the boys would enjoy this at recess. He was a very relaxed person. One day he had taken his shoes off and had his feet up on the desk, and in walked the traveling superintendent. She was shocked to see such conduct and fired the teacher as soon as he could be replaced. There was one teacher I liked real

well. Her name was Eva Dimmick. She had a way of teaching that helped us learn. I thought I would like to be a teacher just like her someday.

We had very severe winters in Cherry Creek. Going to school I would follow in the footsteps of my brother Elvin. Sometimes the wind would be blowing the snow and his footsteps would fill up almost faster than I could step into them. There would be great drifts and the creeks would freeze and fill in with snow.

My Dad built us a sleigh using the stays from

barrels for runners. They were metal and made the sleigh go much faster. Once or twice during the winter we would fasten several sleighs together and pull them to the top of the fields, which was near the mountain. Several would get on the sleighs and sail down the hills, over the fences and up slopes, across the ditch and down past our home and into the next field, until we leveled off and stopped. We thought that was great fun. My parents had a bob-sled to use when going to



Myrtle shows her smile

town or church. It was pulled by horses and many times the snow was so deep the horses would get down and couldn't get up without help. This happened where there were drifts across the road. One morning after a big storm and blizzard we got up to find a drift in front of the kitchen door that you couldn't see over. We always had a coal shovel in the kitchen and Dad used it to make steps in the drift so he could get out to the barn and milk the cows and feed the animals. The snow would freeze so you could walk on top of it most of the time.

Our farm had many animals, cows, horses, pigs, chickens and for a time we had some sheep. We also raised a large garden with many vegetables. There was a dirt cellar under our home where many of these vegetables were stored to be used during the winter. In those days there were no freezers used in the homes. As far as I can remember they didn't know the process of canning vegetables yet.

Most of the fun things were held in the school house. They had box suppers and dances. All the ladies would fix a nice lunch or supper and put it in a decorated box to be sold to the highest bidder. The man who bought these boxes would eat his supper with the lady who had brought it. The young men would try to get the box that was filled by the lady he liked best. Sometimes they didn't know what box she may have brought and would be disappointed when it turned out to be someone he wasn't very fond of. They also held cake sales.

My Dad liked to dance and quite often he would get me to dance with him. He took such long steps with his long legs I had a hard time to follow and he would have a great time.

Our church was called Woodland Ward. It was about six miles from our home and Sacrament meeting was held right after Sunday School. They had a 15 min. recess between meetings. Our sacrament water was passed in one glass and each person took one swallow from the glass.

When most of the families had children who had grown up and were in High School, they moved into Downey. They still worked the farms in the summer and lived in town during the school year.

The school and church were no longer used in Cherry Creek after the farmers had moved into town. The old school house was eventually moved into Downey.

It sat at the City Park for quite a while, but was later moved to a farm and used as a home.

In those days we went to school until we graduated from 8th grade. This was called grade school, and the next four years were High School.

As a young girl on the farm, we didn't have many toys to play with so we invented our own. If we wanted to play house we used broken pieces of dishes for our play dishes. We did have dolls. The boys had to make their own fun. They would take small pieces of tree limbs or what ever was handy and make a fence, pile up grass for a hay stack, use rocks to represent animals and they played farmer. We girls also liked to do those things. It was mostly all make believe. I was quite a tomboy when young. I liked to do things that were very daring. I walked into a barbed wire fence once, slipped and fell cutting a deep gash in my leg. It should have been sewn up, but we never thought of such things then. It healed, leaving quite a scar.

Another time I was reaching for something in our cupboard and fell, cutting my chin on the coal bucket which had a rounded metal that held the handle. I still have the scar. I loved to play ball and we played a game where you threw the ball over the house or another building. There would be several people on each side and when you caught the ball you ran to the other side and tried to catch as many as you could by touching them with the ball. When one side had caught everyone on the other side or had the most people they were the winners. It went back and forth many times before anyone won. When we moved into town and had baseball games, the boys and girls who cared to play played together. Very often I was chosen to pitch for the team. I ran on the track team in High School and I also played basketball until complications at home forced me to quit.

The remainder of this article was written by Izola Vincent, daughter of Myrtle's.

Mother would tell us how, after the passing of their mother she had many chores to do each morning, getting her three sisters hair combed and ready before leaving for school. Mother loved her brothers and sisters and often spoke of the fun they had together.

She said they loved looking at the catalogs they would get. That most of the things they got were ordered from the catalog.

Mother courted Dad for two years, mostly while he was attending the Tech in Pocatello, Idaho. Dad got a job as a cost accountant in Salt Lake and later Mother came to Salt Lake to attend Business College. They decided to get married and mother returned to Downey to get her things. Her father had her pick out a few things she would need from the catalog to give her for her wedding. He then drove her to Salt Lake and left her. She met Dad and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple July 1, 1927 with no other family members present. Short of a year later this union was blessed with a son Conrad LaMarr. Soon the family increased when Marlene came. Dad had the opportunity to build a home on the avenues and it was in this home that Izola and Audrey were born. The home was blessed a few years later when Ronald Earl, Carval Edward and Calvin Lee came alone. Thinking the family was complete and after having two daughters already married and five grandchildren to her credit, Mom had our youngest brother Kevin Mark who was born four months after mothers 50th birthday. There was 28 years from the oldest to the youngest.

Mother was a hard worker. She did everything she could to see her children had the necessities and comforts of life. She made most of our cloths all our growing up years. Costumes for every occasion, school plays, dance programs, Halloween and road shows.

All through their married years there were others that lived with Mom and Dad. Dad's youngest sister lived with them for a long time as did many other family members. Calvin and his three older children lived with mother and dad for some time after Calvin's divorce. She provided kind, loving care to each of the children, sewing, cooking and doing all she could to make it easier for them.

When the family got too big for the home on 7th Av-

enue Mom and Dad bought a home on 11th East two houses north of 4th So. It was a large two story home and after several of the children were married and grandchildren came to visit they loved sliding down the cloths chute one or two stories down and into a pile of laundry. The grandchildren thought grandma and grandpa lived in a castle. They loved sitting under the quilts being done and playing house or being a princess. .

In 1942-43 being short of money mother worked at American Linen some afternoons running the big ironing presses. She also for a short time worked at J.C. Penny. Wanting to be home more she decided to take in boarders. This necessitated doubling up and sharing bedrooms with more than two brothers or sisters. Not great fun with one bathroom. We also had a father and son live with us for a year or so and a mother and her daughter before we got boarders from the University of Utah that lived with us for many years to help with financial needs. She prepared wonderful meals for them and most of the money received from the boarders was spent on food.

Mother made the best chocolate cake ever. We always looked forward to one on a special occasion. If she didn't have sour milk, she would make her own by putting vinegar in it to make it go sour. We always loved pigs in blankets because her rolls were the best. Mom was a great cook.

Mother helped each of us to the best of her abilities, which were many, to achieve our goals in life. How well we all remember the tireless hours spent in reading to us or with us and helping with homework. We often went shopping as it seemed to be a monthly excursion to take one child at a time for new shoes, and an ice cream cone or soda followed. She was always taking care of our daily needs, not worrying about her own needs. She taught us through her example the great art of compassion that she had for everyone. She was a master at sewing and she helped all us girls to learn that art. She was a wonderful seamstress and her talented hands were always busy making dresses for the girls, little suits for the boys and beautiful things for the home. She upholstered furniture, made curtains and over the years hundreds of quilts and afghans. There are many that to this day still enjoy quilts or other hand made articles she so beautifully created.

Mother loved the out of doors and she would often have a picnic ready when Dad came home from work

and we would go to Liberty Park or the canyons for dinner and a game of baseball.

Mother wanted and kept a clean and tidy home and taught us the necessary skills to accomplish it.

A funny story found in her diary was a time when she had taken Dad to work and brought the car home to do some things that needed done. Later that day Dad called and ask her to bring the car to town and leave it at a certain place so he would have it to come home, as he would be working later than usual. She did as asked, taking the bus home. When Dad arrived home from work he came on the bus, forgetting he had asked Mom to bring him the car, then quickly blamed Mom for leaving the car in town.

Mother was a visiting teacher for over 50 years and still performing that calling as a Visiting Teacher Supervisor at the time of her passing.

Mother loved sports and watched most all athletic

games on TV. She was in a bowling league for many years, still bowling when she was 82 years old.

Mother never complained about anything. She just accepted what came her way. She did her church callings with no hesitation as a Primary teacher or in Relief Society in the home-making department. She attended DUP, loving the meetings and association with many good women. She was always there when anyone needed anything.

Mother loved her sisters dearly. For many years the four of them took a yearly vacation together. They mostly went to California where Eva lived and would spend a week. Mother drove the first few years, then the train became their mode of travel and the last few years they went by air. The summer before her passing they gathered together in Salt Lake and Downey and enjoyed each others company. They had a unique relationship.

Mother and Dad belonged to a study group for over 50 years. This group started shortly after they were married and continued until many could no longer get around, but they kept in touch with each other.

Mother was a choice daughter of our Heavenly Father and accepted the challenge and responsibility she knew would be hers while serving her probation in mortality. She was a special lady, a champion among women. I believe that during her life with each gift of love she gave she was mixing the mortar and cementing the stairway that lead her back to her Heavenly Father. I know that she was loving welcomed in His home.



Earl and Myrtle were married for over 62 years

Those we hold most dear never truly leave us. They live on in the kindness they showed, the comfort they shared and the love they brought into our lives.

The following history was written by Edna Nelson circa 1970.

This is a kind of humble genealogy of your Mom up to the age of 62. I was born in Hyrum, Utah (quite by accident I was not due to arrive until my Mom got home from a visit to her hometown, any way I was always showing up in unexpected places.) We lived on a farm in Cherry Creek, six miles south of Downey, Idaho. I was the 3rd child, I had a brother Elvin and a sister Myrtle that were older. Nellie, Eva and John came into the family in turn. Dad had a beautiful wheat farm, hay field, big garden, cattle, houses sheep and chickens and eventually a six room home, basement added etc. The mountains south of our farm bordered the farm on the south and west. In the summer we could wade in Cherry Creek, after the snow had melted on Oxford peak a rule of my Dad, pick chokecherry, wild gooseberries, currants, solvesberries. All kinds of wild flowers grew around us in the spring it was the yellow curly

cups soon the sego lilies, rock lilies, blue bells, larkspur, Johnny-jump-up, prickly pear flowers and so many others. In the winter we could sleigh. Summer time, horseback riding was our great fun ride on the hills all around us, ride in Dad's bobsled, in the summer we rode in the white top buggy, the spring seat wagon used to haul wheat to Downey mills, as we got more prosperous we even had a model T Ford and other makes

of cars as they came along. In the winter our car was stored away as roads were impossible and the sleigh was the main way of transportation. At X-mas time a tree was cut from our own hills and decorated with candles, tinsel and some homemade ornaments. We always got one nice present from Santa, a pair of beads, a doll or whatever special gift, candy nuts and one orange a piece. We had asked for. I remember in the

summer a salesman from the Baron Knitting Mills came around to all the farmers and took orders for sweaters, sacks, blankets, underwear and such that was needed in those days. I especially remember some black wool underwear and other clothing was usually ordered from Sears Roebuck Co. My Dad wore over his regular winter garments when it was so cold as most of his work was out in the cold and blizzards, feeding, milking etc. We went to school at District. 62 at first Uncle Peter

Christiansen's home was used, as he had moved to town but when I first started school we had new one room building with a boys and girls cloak room in front. During my childhood on the farm many personal memories keep coming back to me of the things that at time were very important. I shall try to tell you some of them. We usually had a "hired girl" as we called my mother's helper as we were too small to do much. When it came to cooking for threshing crew etc. This lady was usu-



Edna and her sister Nellie circa 1913

for padding, we thought it was an elegant room. I was still rather weak when the 4th of July came, all the neighbors and relatives at Cherry Creek usually went up the canyon in the white top buggies, some on horseback to a nice grassy spot and celebrated. The men fished and the women fried them and the boys helped freeze homemade ice cream and make lemonade from the creek streamer, the little kids ran races. I was not very strong so I had to sit on a quilt and watch all the fun. The summers were always special too in that our cousins who had moved to town for their older children to attend school came back after school was out to live with their families while the crops were planted and harvested. May, Uncle Jerry's daughter was my favorite and until she died at 14, we were very close. She had an older sister (an adopted cousin) Melva that told us stories and sang to us that leaves such a good memory. Another memory that was really disastrous was about a hail and lightening storm that completely wiped out the wheat crop that was in the process of being harvested. It was an exceptionally good crop. The storm in that area during summer had such severe lightening. We had several narrow escapes of having our house burn down, the lightning would come down the chimney on the old cook stove and right out the oven door, this time there was such blackness came over and the hail it, it washed the creek out above the house, down through the barn yard and garden destroying everything in its path. Our crop was a total loss, had to be used for feed. One bright event was that the crew got busy and gathered up the hail and made a freezer of ice cream to cheer them up. I can still see the old hand washer we each took our turn being its power to turn it. Oh, how we hated wash day and the days when we had to stir the big tubs of homemade soap we cooked outside over a fire made in a ring of rocks. There was always work before play and we learned that plenty early which has been useful to me all my life. It was a good mile from our house, Dad took us in the sleigh in bad weather but many times the horses could not pull the sleigh through the drifts, we could walk on the crested snow sometimes, it was so deep it went over the tops of the fences and we could cut through Uncle Jerry's field to school. Our school had 42 students and 8 grades and one teacher. Many teachers came from the Midwest. Sometimes the bigger kids were so ignorant to the teachers they'd quit in mid year and we'd have to hire another. Living on the farm was fun and a good life with such good parents to love us and provide for us. This little Valley consisted of farmers mostly from Hyrum, Utah, who homesteaded the land. Uncle J. F. Hartvigsen, my

ally our mother's cousin from Hyrum that came to work, they would have dates now and then with the "hired men" Dad had our neighbors they'd come home with a box of chocolates now and then and treat us and give us the box to treasure, it seemed such a wonderful gift to us to keep our little treasures in and then the time. My dad decided to shave off his mustache, I stood by the "wash stand" and felt so bad as we had



Edna in August of 1970

never seen him without it before. One time Elvin and I had pneumonia at the same time, I was delirious for days with a high fever it was winter time and the only connection with a doctor was by telephone, I know he prescribed plenty of castor oil [and] to this day the thought of it horrifies me. When I was recuperating, my mother gave me a dish of stewed prunes and a slice of toast I even got to sit in the "parlor" to eat it, and parlor was only used on special occasions. In it we had a player piano, an Edison cylinder phonograph with a large horn, two pieces of overstuffed velvet furniture, a square table with a velvet brocade picture album on it a hand woven (lacy designed curtains at the windows) rag rug on the floor with straw underneath

mother's brother, Uncle Jerry, My dad's brother, Neils Hartvigsen and Jake H., my mother's cousins, Uncle Elias had some land for awhile, Grandpa Hartvigsen, then there were the Webbs, Barnes and Evans families. We belonged to the Woodland ward it was about six miles north of Cherry Creek and many people that lived in that area on the Slough belonged to the same Ward. When my brother Elvin finished the 8th grade, my mother was anxious to move to town to send him to high school, he lived with Uncle Pete in town his 1st year then in 1920 we moved to town. I was 11 years old and in the 5th grade, we moved to a five room house and bathroom (our 1st) and full basement later another bedroom and large back porch was added. It consisted of several lots, big barn garage and chicken coop. Dad bought the home from the banker Mr. Fauteck for \$3,000.00. Everything was going to be so great in town then in the spring April a tragedy came to us, our wonderful mother got the influenza, an epidemic that was killing folks all around us and she died April 1920 six children and our daddy left to mourn. Elvin was 16 and the youngest Johnny was only 3. We had housekeepers come to help us but they never took the place of our mother. My mother's half sister Annie, now a young woman came from Ogden, Utah and we were happier with her there than anytime since our mother had left us, but she was engaged to be married and could not stay as long as we'd have liked her to so she left and got married. We hardly ever saw her again she moved to Roseburg, Oregon and only came back once when she had two little boys, one became ill and she left for home in a hurry. One of the little boys died and we never saw or heard of her again, I still think of how wonderful she was to us and hoped someday to know her fate. LaVina Murray, a widow with a son, Ross, came to keep house and finally she and Dad were married, it was an unhappy life for all of us as she never really cared for us, but she was a wonderful house manager, cook, seamstress and we learned many things from her that helped in later life but love was lacking which we surely needed. Dad and LaVina had one girl Merle. We loved and cared for her and loved to baby sit her and sew things for her while she was only 4 or 5 Elvin, Myrtle and I got married and Nellie Eva and John a few years later. We used to go back to the farm in summer when it was time to harvest and cook for Dad, Elvin and the hired men, this was the best part of those years. The big barn milk sheds, corrals, even the house was eventually torn down or used to store wheat. It was really sad to see all we had enjoyed go down hill. Dad was manager of the Downey Canal Co. for years, besides running the Cherry Creek Farm, the 40,

the Green 80 and finally the McCammon Ranch with Elvin and John to help, of course. With all this work to do Dad found time to hunt and fish his favorite sports. I met my husband and your Dad the early part of my senior year. I had seen him at Stake Conferences and wondered who that good looking guy was and finally got to meet him on a blind date that winter, I felt he was the guy for me. He was teaching school at Robin, Idaho, we went to all the school dances and community dances at Hyde's Hall and other Socials our crowd had that fall he went on teaching and I went to Salt Lake to go to the L. D. S. Business school but gave up and got married, as most girls that age, all I could think of was marriage to the one and only man. Two girls, four boys were born to us during these years. Colleen, Norma J., Keith, DeVon, Kent and Wayne. I always have and always will love babies, I used to ask a neighbor now and then if I could tend her baby, not to earn money but for the joy of holding a baby, so all our children were welcome into our home. We did not have very good places to live but I tried to keep them clean and fixed up the cretonne cover gingham curtains. We did not think anything of living in humble places. Our friends were about the same category. We usually had a good garden and plenty to eat, I could sew pretty good so every bit of material was made into something, flour sacks made good panties, gowns and petticoats for the girls, I made over many old dresses of mine and the ones my sisters gave to me the girls were in high school before they had a ready made coat, but they never complained. Dad's partly worn suits were made over for the boys pants and shirts with the collars and cuffs worn out made quite nice boys shirts, Aunt Annie as we called "Dad's Mother" was a great help to me in so many ways, she had always had hard times so she knew how to scrimp and remake things, so she taught me many things. Dad went to summer school. While Dad was teaching we lived in Swan Lake, Weston, Glendale, Preston, Chesterfield, St. Anthony, one summer in Salt Lake while Dad went to U. of U., Gooding, Parma, Aberdeen and now Blackfoot for the past 16 years. Colleen was born in Salt Lake City. She got married to Don Apgood who she met while attending Nursing school at Idaho Falls. She has three children, Janice, now married to Gene Smith from Indiana, she met while attending her 3rd year at B. Y. U. Kathy, her second child, married her high school sweetheart Robert Bergman and now lives in Pocatello where she works at First National Bank while her husband goes to I. S. U. to get his degree in Pharmacy. Gary, their son, finished high school in Idaho Falls. Now they have moved to Bountiful, Utah, where

Colleen works as a nurse for Dr. Olsen and Don works in Salt Lake for Optical Co. Gary is attending Weber College after one summer at B. Y. U. Pam who is always at B. Y. U.

Norma Jean born in Weston on 23 November, 1929. Norma Jean married J.C. Park whom she met at Ricks College. They also have three children. Peggy who is in her third year in elementary education at B.Y.U. Pam who is also at B.Y.U and is loving every minute of it and Kerry is now 15 who is a Sophomore at Blackfoot High School. He is a ski enthusiast. Keith our 1st son was born in Glendale at Percy Larsen's home where we had an apt. Although he seems to be strong and healthy now, he has survived meningitis and polio in his early teens and lost part of his hearing so he attended the deaf school at Gooding 11 years and 4 1/2 years at Gallaudet College for deaf at Washington D. C. He has many talents and can do about anything he sets his mind to, he married Jean Elsie Newman, a deaf girl and convert to our church from Regina Saskatchewan, Canada. They live in Ogden and have three children, Leila, a 3rd grade student, Bert in kindergarten and Dean only 4 who helps his mama at home. Keith works for the Standard Examiner and attends Weber College winter quarters. DeVon, our 2nd son was born in Preston Sept 28, 1936. He was so good natured I think he got neglected a lot, we were so busy worrying about Keith and his handicap, we spoiled him and neglected DeVon, but we loved him just as much and he was accomplished a great deal with his life, graduated from U of Idaho in soils and has advanced very fast in his field. He lives in Salt Lake City and married Sharon Graham from Mountain View, Wyoming, he met her while working in Forestry office at Ogden and graduated from U of U. After their marriage, they have a cute lively little son Aaron who they adopted of will be final Jan. 1971. Now Kent came into the world at the Gooding Hospital on Dec. 13, 1943. Colleen had been coaxing for a little baby sister but got a brother and we all loved and spoiled him as DeVon was 6 when Kent was born so a little baby in the home was an event. Colleen left for nursing school the year after he was born and Dad and I had our hands full as he was a very adventurous kid moving away from his pals every year or so was hard on him, he had such good friends in Gooding then to Parma one year to Aberdeen, then to Blackfoot was pretty hard for a sensitive kid. I think if I had not gone to work when Kent was in his school as he loved his home, he would not have joined the Navy in his Jr. year. This was a hard life for such a young man, thrust into the life of hard knocks, and

Mom and Dad suffered a great deal having him away. Kent has made up for his schooling by studying X-ray in the Navy at every opportunity he gets. In Jan. 1964 after coming home from Okinawa he married his 7th grade sweetheart Marilyn Douglas, he is a Navy X-ray technician, they have two sweet little boys, Robert Scott and Richard. They lived in San Diego, spent months in Las Vegas at her folks home while Kent has been on duty but mostly while he had been in the hospital from a motorcycle accident off and on for a year or so in Blackfoot with us. Now they are all in Guam until Aug 1971 and we miss them so much. Kent is our most affectionate son, he always has a hug for his mom and dad and a smack for me. Wayne #4 son was born on Nov, 12, 1947, at Wendell, Idaho, he is our sportsman, loves hunting fishing and golfing. After graduation from Blackfoot High School he went to B. Y. U. for four years and will graduate in Jan. He has been studying a pre-dental but so far has not been able to get into a dental school. He married Mary Sue Kesler in Idaho Falls Temple on May 29, 1968. They lived in Provo during school year where Wayne attended school and Sue worked to help out, their summers had been spent at Custer, Idaho, in charge of a museum for Forest Service, both working, two summers in Trailer and one summer in the Old Saloon. They have a baby daughter born March 11, 1970 and such a doll you've never seen, Christine Ann.



Edna circa 1926

The following history of Nellie Rex Christiansen Christensen was written by Nellie Christensen and was entitled: "MY LIFE STORY". She began writing this history on September 4, 1977 at age 65 1/2.

I was born February 5, 1912 at 5:05 p.m. at Cherry Creek farm (7 miles) west and south of Downey, Idaho in the county of Bannock. My father was Moses Josephat Christiansen and my mother was Mary Caroline Hartvigsen Christiansen. The attending doctor was Dr. I.C. Arnout. I had one brother, Elvin Russell, and two sisters, Myrtle Mary and Edna Anna, older than I. Later, one sister, Eva Ellenor, and one brother, Johnny Modell, were born, all of us except Edna at Cherry Creek. Edna was born at Hyrum, Utah premature while our parents were visiting there. Hyrum, Utah was the birthplace of both of our parents. My grandmother, Anna Sophia Christiansen, was still living there as well as Uncle Aaron Christiansen and family, (who had the original farm of our grandparents, Lars Hans and Anna Sophia Rasmussen Christiansen), for years after my father homesteaded in Cherry Creek in 1897.



Nellie in 1913

When I was ten days old I really had a bout with death. My brother and sisters had whooping cough when I was born. The doctor told my parents that I wouldn't get it as I was a young nursing baby. But unfortunately I did come down with the disease and was choking to death. My parents thought I was dead. I had quit breathing and they laid me down on the bed. As my father was trying to comfort my mother, a school teacher, Dave Christensen, who was boarding at our home, took me up from the bed by the feet and threw a cup of cold water in my face. The shock brought me back to breathing again. I was told when I was older that my mother's cousin, Jacob L. Hartvigsen, was sent for to come and give me a name

and a blessing on that eventful day. I was so bad they thought I probably wouldn't live through it. One month later I was blessed again in the Woodland Ward sacrament meeting by the same man. I was named for a friend of my mother's whom she had met in the hospital while mother was recuperating from surgery on her female organs. Her name was Nellie Rex Nielsen and I was named Nellie Rex Christiansen. This dear lady sent me a 14 karat gold ring with my initials N.R.C. engraved on it. I wore this ring when I was a young girl until it became too small for my bigger fingers.

My older sister, Edna, was wearing it on her little finger and lost it. I never met this lady until she was 80 years old. She was living in Evanston, Wyoming.

I lived up on the Cherry Creek farm until I was nearly eight years old. This was where I started first grade and also attended a couple months there on the farm in my second grade with a teacher named Miss Mary Simpson. In the wintertime I remember wading through deep snow as we walked to our schoolhouse or caught a ride with the Hartvigsen (Niels) children in a big horse drawn sleigh as they came down the road about a quarter mile from our house.

I remember the programs and socials held at our schoolhouse about a mile down the road north. I was in a young girls chorus singing "O, Hush Thee, My Bable, A Story I'll Tell" on a Christmas program and needed a doll to cradle in my arms, so my parents sent to Hyrum, Utah to borrow a doll from my cousin, Aanona Berdella Carlson, for me to use as we couldn't afford to buy one and I didn't have one. I had a small rubber dolly that my parents brought from a trip they took to Pocatello and as my mother's half sister Bertha (Albertine) was younger than I and wanted my doll, my parents asked me to give it to her. This I did very reluctantly but knowing what my parents ask of me was the right thing to do. We didn't doubt our parents.

In November 1919 when I was still seven years old, we moved to Downey, a distance of 7 1/2 miles, so my older brother and sister could attend high school. My brother, Elvin, had spent part of one winter living in Downey with our Uncle Peter Christiansen, my father's half brother and family so he could go to high school.

Another time I remember is a Christmas. Santa used to come in person on Christmas Eve and bring a little sack of candy and nuts. We'd hear his sleigh bells ringing and then he'd come in our house. I can remember one Christmas when we got up, there were three dolls hanging on the wall above a little trunk. These were for us four girls. But when our older brother looked in his stocking there was a rotten potato and a piece of black coal. It was a joke on him. My father loved to play jokes on the family. Sometime later I left my doll down by the straw stack and it rained and melted her face.

November 2, 1978

I remember many things that happened upon the Cherry Creek farm as we were growing up. I remember one time when I was quite small. I was playing in the garden and put a bean (dry) up my nose. My mother had to take a crochet hook and get it out as we lived too far away from a doctor in those days. The nearest doctor was living in McCammon, Idaho about 20 miles or more away. He was my mother's brother, Hyrum Hartvigsen.

My father bought the first car in that part of the county in about 1914. The doctor at McCammon was my mother's brother, Uncle Hyrum Hartvigsen. Later he moved to Downey. That was seven and one half miles away from our farm.

Another time I remember running down the hill with a long piece of stick candy in my mouth and fell down ramming it into my throat and cutting the roof of my mouth. It hurt very much but wasn't serious, although it could have been.

I remember how we used to go skating on the creek in the wintertime and how we dug big dugouts in the snow drifts that were 8 and 10 feet high up by the sheds. I also remember once when my sister Eva and I were over to the George Webb farm visiting with our friend Ellawease Webb. Luetta and Delores Hartvigsen (our second cousin) were there too. All of a sudden it became quite dark and a big roaring noise started up, along with thunder and lightning. A big black

funnel shaped cloud like thing was in the air 1/2 mile south. Luetta and Delores started running for home about a mile away. At this time a big cyclone took up Odd Hartvigsen's cook camp and also the roof from Jacob Hartvigsen's big barn along with many other articles and strew them a couple miles away. Luetta and Delores were very near this cyclone and huddled up by Jacob's steel grain bins while it was storming so hard. Our parents were in Downey and had to come through a cloud burst on their way home. They picked us up later. Luetta and Delores arrived home wet and frightened to pieces. Their folks had run to hide in an old cellar for safety. Not knowing their two daughters were trying to get to their home.

I remember a big black or brown dog we owned that was so smart, he would go after the cows up in the field if we asked him to go get them. Seems his name was Watch.

Our home in Cherry Creek consisted of a kitchen, dining room, parlor and bedroom as main part of the house. Upstairs there were two bedrooms and a "blackroom" where there were many telephones stored, as my father worked for the telephone company as well as run our farm of 360 acres. There was also a big washroom built onto our house over a basement or cellar as we called it, where we kept bottled fruit and fresh vegetables, milk and butter. We had water piped down from the creek that ran above our house. We also had a big hay barn, horse stables, cow corrals, a machinery shed to repair things in. Also a chicken coop, two steel granaries and a wood granary, and an "out-house". We also had a garden and apple trees.

On July 4th and 24th, we would all get in the big wagon pulled by horses and go up the canyon with our relatives, Niels Hartvigsen's family. We would cook lunch up the canyon, probably fish caught in the creek. We would run races and play games for which we got a bag of peanuts or popcorn as our prize. I don't remember having any money when young.

We moved to Downey in a wagon drawn by horses. I guess there were several trips before we got everything moved. Our house was on Main Street in the fifth block north of the Center Street, and on the east side of the street and in the second house of the block. This was the first time we had ever had electricity. It was great to push a button on the wall and have a light come on. On the farm we had gasoline lamps and coal oil lamps. It was nice that now in our new house we also had a hot water tank fastened on our stove with a water jacket inside fire box. This gave us hot water for

our baths and for dishes but we still had to heat water for washing clothes. We also rubbed all our colored clothes on the board and boiled the white clothes in a boiler on the stove. Our stove at the farm had a big hot water tank built on it also, for baths in a big tin round tub. We moved November 1919.

Our new house cost my father \$3,000 and consisted only of a parlor (as we called our front room) a dining room, a kitchen, two bedrooms and a bathroom. There was a hot house built on to the south side of our house, also a part basement. My folks intended to take my grandmother (father's mother) in to live with us, so my father had a man named "Kersipeous" a carpenter come to build on a bedroom and a large back porch for washing clothes and hanging everyday coats, etc.

One day while I was playing in the parlor with my friend, Ruth Evans, who lived up Cherry Creek, I asked her to point her finger at me and say "bang". She did so and I fell backward on the floor. As I did so, the big glass shade on the light came down and fell on my face, cutting my eyebrow in a big gash that laid open the eyelid at the top of my eye. I was more frightened about breaking the lamp shade than about my cut eyebrow. My folks were going to call the doctor, but I screamed hard saying I didn't want any doctor. The doctor wasn't home so I was saved. My folks wrapped a bandage around my forehead and my wound healed fine. I still have the scar. In the summertime we slept out in the hothouse, as we never used it for plants or such. This was great fun for us kids.

One day while the carpenter was working on the big porch, my mother went to watch awhile. Someone had gone in the basement earlier and left the trap door on the porch floor opened. This was the way we had of going to the basement, by lifting up this big door. My mother at this time had hold of my hand for a while. Then she started walking backwards watching the carpenter. She accidentally stepped off the place where the door fit in the floor and fell into the basement. She was pregnant about five months along. She never lost the baby but hurt her side badly. Later this turned into pleurisy and double pneumonia. Her brother, Hyrum Hartvigsen, was the doctor in Downey at the time. He did all he could for her, but she died on April 10, 1920. My sister, Eva, and I had been sent to stay at the Niels Hartvigsen home while our mother was so ill. On Sunday morning as we were getting ready to go to Sunday school, "Aunt Lule" (as we called her) came upstairs to tell us our mother had died. I was young

(8 years old), but I can remember how terrible I felt. I couldn't cry but had a big lump in my throat that never left for many days. I remember how I didn't want to talk to any of my friends when they came up to me. When we were taken to our home where her body was laid out, my Aunt Lule wanted us to go and kiss her; but I couldn't do that (too shy). I remember the funeral and all the lovely flowers and her white plush coffin. People called us Orphans, but I didn't think that was right. We still had "papa". He was very good to us, but made us mind him and be respectful to our elders and to each other. He would never let us say "liar". We had to say "you are mistaken", etc. I always hated "name calling" all through my life.

Writing now on December 23, 1978

One incident I forgot to mention, (while we were still living on the farm), happened when I was 5 or 6 years old. My younger sister, Eva, and I took turns riding behind one of our older sisters on a horse to get the cows in the late afternoon for evening milking. This particular day I was on the horse behind the saddle with my sister, Myrtle, when she decided she needed something from the house, so she drove the saddle horse "Ole Bally" up to the house and got off to tie her up while she went into the house. There was an old tin boiler laying on the ground so she tied her reins onto an old tin boiler and left. The horse stepped backwards and it caused the boiler to rattle which frightened the horse and she started running in a big circle, bucking and jumping. I was nearly frightened to pieces and grabbed onto the horn of the saddle some way. My mother ran out to stop the horse and I was just hanging by the saddle horn almost to drop when she finally calmed Ole Bally enough to get me off. From that day on I would never ride a horse again until I was about 15 years old and I was always leery of them.

Now it is January 3, 1982 that I am writing again.

I wrote a history of myself years ago and it is in my Book of Remembrance. In these past few years I have written a history on my mother, one of my father and one on Uncle Elias Christensen. These last two recorded in the Lars Hans Christiansen genealogy book. Also I wrote a history of my husband, Milo Christensen, as he told it to me and as I remembered some of it having lived with him now for 52 years. A short history of his parents included. I am now 69 years old and in about one month will be 70 years old. When we moved to Downey where there was running hot water and electricity it sure seemed good. We could have been so happy here if we hadn't lost our mother. Of course our father was a lonely man. We

children ranged in age from 4 years old (our youngest brother John) to 6 year old Eva, and myself at 8 years old, Edna at 12 years old, Myrtle at 14 years, and Elvin our eldest brother at age 16, five days later. Our Great Aunt Johanna Nielsen was the first to stay with us for awhile, we always called her "Auntie". She was a half sister to my Grandmother Hartvigsen and also to my Grandfather Hartvigsen. Then my mother's foster sister, Annie Hartvigsen, a young woman of about 20 years old, of whom we all loved so very much, was the next to stay with us until she left to be married to W.A. Walters and later lived in Eugene, Oregon. We have lost track of her now.

At this time my father hired a housekeeper for us by the name of Mrs. Dyson (Mrs. Johnny Dyson). She stayed for a while and then left to take care of her own home. Then our father hired a woman whom we had known who used to live up in Cherry Creek, but was now divorced from her husband. Her name was Carrie Evans. We liked her very much. After some time she decided to buy the local hotel that was for sale and make a living for herself, her daughter Rhoda and son Carl. Rhoda lived with us as well as her mother and sometimes Carl. He was with his father some. Our father loaned Carrie Evans \$600 to purchase the Oxford Hotel as it was called. She didn't have too much success with it and later sold out. Father got only \$100 back from this. I almost wish my father had married her as they seemed to get along very well, and I believe she would have married him.

Our "Dad" as we now called him (we used to call him Papa) knew a lady from his boyhood home town of Hyrum, Utah who was a widow with a small son of 6 years old and trying to make a living by selling articles (corsets, etc.). He decided to see if he could get her to come and be our housekeeper. She accepted and came to our home in about the early part of 1922 or late 1921. Her son Robert Ross Murray was in first grade in Hyrum, so he didn't come with her at first. Her name was LaVina Anna Rose Murray. Her husband had died about two or three years after their marriage from an injured spleen, being kicked by a horse nine years before. He was away on a mission when Robert Ross was born. Our dad reminded us girls and our brothers that we were to mind this lady and do the chores she asked us to do. I'll have to say she taught us well how to work and to organize our household chores, doing our assigned jobs before we did any thing else or left the house. Now I can see this was very good training, although at the time we did feel she was very hard on

us. There was really never any love or compassion shown to us, although her son was shown nice gifts at Christmas time or for birthdays. I remember getting a hair ribbon and a hankie one Christmas. I was ashamed to let my friends know what we got. In the fall of 1922, September 1922, my father married this lady, LaVina as we called her as she wouldn't let us call her mother or even aunt. One of my friends, who had a stepmother called her Aunt Laura, it was Ellawease Webb. My eldest brother Elvin was not 18 years old and spent all summers on our Cherry Creek farm helping with the farm work there. We girls took turns going out there to cook for the men, as there was usually a hired man also. Chris Webb was our hired man most of the time.

I remember cooking for the men one time and they wanted a pie. As I had never made a pie before, I tried to make one, but didn't use any shortening or not much and it turned out a very hard crust. I did learn how to make good pie crust a few years later. We never got along very well with our stepmother, we surely missed our own mother very much. I guess it would be a very hard thing to do, to come in to a home of six children when a person was yet fairly young (35 years old). But she did know we were there when she married dad and she never tried a little love on us, I fear. Just the same it must have been hard for her as it really was for us, having remembered a loving, kind mother.

We had a little half sister born on June 14, 1924. She was named Merle Joyce. We loved her a lot, but her mother was very careful for her and we didn't get to play much with her.

My father was the Marsh Valley canal company water master at this time and would take my younger brother John, my sister Eva, and me with him a lot as he checked on the canals and when he traveled to Chesterfield where the water came out of the Chesterfield Dam. We really enjoyed this and did many things that frightened me to think of now. I guess the Lord really watched over us, as I remember how we would take a canoe out on the dam by ourselves and we couldn't swim. We also went wading up to our necks on the banks of the dam. We even made peppermint tea and got sick on it. It was green peppermint near the dam.

In the summer of 1922, I was 10 years old and my sister Eva was 8 1/2 years old, along with our closest friends the Niels Hartvigsen girls, Luetta and Delores, all decided we wanted to go back up to the Cherry Creek farm, so we started walking one Sunday afternoon. We made it up there and even walked on up to the

Hartvigsen farm that was a good mile or more farther on south, making it an 8 1/2 mile walk. We realized we couldn't make it back before dark as it was getting late, so we called by father in Downey and he came out the next morning to get us in his car. We had to stay out to "Uncle Niels' place" (as we called it) all night. We weren't afraid one bit and thought it was great fun.

I forgot to mention that on September 4, 1920 when our Aunt Annie was taking care of us, I was to be baptized. We went down to Marshall Springs (now called Downata) where several other girls were to be baptized, as this was done only 2 or 3 times a year. After I was baptized in to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Brother Willard Kingsford, my aunt was holding me down by the ropes when a

young man (James Whitaker) dove down and pulled my aunt under the water. As she let go of me I went down and up about three times until someone pulled me up coughing and fighting for breath. My life was saved that time again.

Written December 1982

After we moved to Downey (where we had electricity for the first time and an indoor bathroom, how wonderful) we missed the farm so much, we would go back up there whenever we got a chance. On one Easter I planned an outing for some of we girls who were in the same grade in school. We got permission from my father to go to our farm to stay over night. We all took groceries for our meals. We had a wonderful time. My



Nellie as a young woman

father took us up to the farm and came again the next day to get us. My father was always so good to let us kids do things like this. I had started school in Cherry Creek and was in the second grade when we moved to Downey. That was a frightening experience for a 7 year old girl. The first day I went to school in Downey, I got lost on my way home. I was standing on the corner by my Uncle Jerry's home and wondering which way to go. I was crying some when Lorraine Clegg came along and took me home. She lived next door to us.

My first teacher up at the farm was Miss Mary Simpson. Some of the school teachers stayed at our home. One teacher is all we had to teach eight grades. We liked our teachers very much and got good grades up at Cherry Creek, but to change and come to a bigger school in Downey frightened some of us and it was harder. My teacher in Downey, I can't remember her name; in second grade. My third grade teacher was Miss Ferguson, in fourth grade it was Miss Ada Wilson, she was my favorite teacher of all my grades and she also liked me. In the fifth grade we had a man teacher, Mr. Anderson. We enjoyed him very much as he took us on hikes up on the hills east of Cambridge. He also had us writing stories. We would write a story about a young man and woman, finally ending up saying it turned out to be someone in our class. We had great fun doing this.

Writing on January 14, 1983 - now.

After we moved to Downey my dearest friend was my half cousin, Afton Christiansen. We were almost inseparable. Luetta Hartvigsen was my close friend on the farm and for a while after we moved to town (Downey, Idaho). Then she fell behind in school and we were separated somewhat.

When I became 12 years old, I had another good friend Florence Coffin. I was also friendly with Florence Thomas and Beth Sessions. I remember one time when our whole class planned to runaway on April Fool's Day. We all started out and when the 9 o'clock bell rang, all the girls except Afton and I, ran back to school. There was a big group of boys and we two girls who stayed away from school as we wandered down to the Cedars, south and east of school. We later had to make up 30 hours of work after school.

When we were in the seventh and eighth grades we had a baseball team of girls. I was pitcher and sometimes catcher. I loved this game. Then in high school we

had a girls basketball team and a boys team, no junior varsity. Only a boy's team and a girl's team. The girl's played first, then the boys team.

I remember one time when we were going to Moreland to play basketball, both girls and boys. There were four of us girls riding in a coup Chevrolet that belonged to Milo Christensen (before I really knew him). Ruel his younger brother was driving the car. When we got as far as Arimo, Idaho the car carrying the boys (some of them) broke down. We girls had to give up our ride and let the boys go ahead. My dear cousin, Afton Christiansen, called her father in Downey, who had a new ford car. He came to Arimo and took us girls up to Moreland.

The girls on our team were Gertrude and Gladys Christensen, twins who later became my sisters-in-law. There was also Florence Thomas (later Evans) and me. There were others namely, Beth Sessions, Afton Christiansen and Lucille Sorenson at first. Later others helped, but for the first three years of my high school these were the ones who mostly played. I didn't go to my senior year of school, so that was the last I played. We had to do all our practicing after school, but we really had so much fun. I'll never forget these girls. There was another girl who played on the team after our first year, Luetta Hartvigsen, my earliest girlfriend from Cherry Creek. Lucille Sorenson graduated at the end of our first year and so didn't play any more with us.

I well remember one time when we were to play Lava Hot Springs team. My friend Beth Sessions and I hadn't had any lunch or supper that day, so we decided we had plenty of time to go get a sandwich before our game started. When we got back up to the school gym, the girls game was half over. Lava was ahead. Our coach, Ralph Harding, was real angry with us as he had to put two substitute girls in our place. He said "You'd better go in there and really play hard, for if we loose this game it will be your fault". Well we did and I had the good luck of pitching three baskets in successfully. This saved our day and we won. Thank heaven.

Now to go back and mention my sixth grade teacher, who was Miss Marjorie Tovey. Then in the seventh grade we had a Miss Meta Sells. This was the year four of our classmates; Evan Christiansen, Frank Spidell, Lester Hartvigsen and Floyd Sparrow were skipped to eighth grade.

I forgot to mention that one of my close friends when

we lived on the Cherry Creek farm was Ruth Evans and another was Juanita Guidinger, she was born one day after me.

It is now May 15, 1983; Sunday and I am 71 years old now.

While in high school I had lots of experiences and fun also. My good friend Afton Christiansen and I had many good times together both in grade school and in high school. We spent most all our spare moments together. Once while still in grade school we decided one night when we were doing our studies together at Afton's house that we would see if we could stay up all night, as we had never done this before. So we stayed up until 5:00 a.m., then decided that was long enough, so I went home and went to bed. The next day in school I was so sleepy I fell asleep for a few minutes and it frightened me to pieces. I didn't want to ever do that again.

My first boy friend was Franklin Flint when I was in the seventh grade. Afton's was Karen Wallace. Franklin gave me the first box of chocolates I ever had. Of course we only went to a movie once in a while with them or walked home from school with them. Then when we were in the eighth grade a new boy came to our school. His name was Kenneth Curtis. He came from Jerome, Idaho. Although his folks were originally from Hyrum, Utah and my parents knew them. I really liked this new boy and went with him off and on as well as other dates. I remember going home with him the night of our eighth grade graduation. We had lots of fun with others in our group. Of course we usually walked in those days as cars were used for more important things. I remember going on one of our horse back rides with him and a group of others in our class (freshman). We went up to Cambridge and on up through Nine Mile Canyon and over the top and down through Marsh Creek Canyon and on down through Grant Ward. The horse Kenneth and I were on ran away with us on our way home and he had a hard time stopping it. I was really frightened for a while. He later married Fern Thompson.

Then Afton and I became interested in a couple of boys from Swan Lake. They were Howard Nisson and Earl Carlson. We had four big dances in high school; the Freshman Frolic, the Sophomore Hop, the Junior Prom and the Senior Ball. We never lacked for dance partners and always had our cards full the first twenty or twenty five minutes of our dance. We always had

our regular Saturday night dances also and danced every dance always. I do not want to brag, but was told many times I was a very good dancer. I could follow any of the boys I danced with and they all danced different in those days. My date usually didn't get a chance to dance with me more than first and last dance usually. I attended the Freshman Frolic with Earl Carlson, and many other dances. Then when we were sophomores I went to a Christmas dance at Hyde's Hall downtown where we had our Saturday dances. A new fellow (Raymond Smith) and his mother had come to live with his sister Bessie Hamilton, so Raymond could finish his senior year at our high school. At this dance Mrs. Hamilton introduced a few of us girls to Raymond and as he danced with me, he asked to take me home. I said "yes". There was a few others asked to take me home that night, but since I had promised Raymond first, I went home with him. He never went with any other girl the rest of his senior year, except me. I liked him as a friend but was never in love with him. Although he asked me to marry him, I was just 16 years old in February. Raymond and his mother moved to California when school was out. He came to see me 14 nights in a row before he left. He later wrote letters to me. I never answered as I thought we should break up the friendship, as he wasn't L.D.S. So that next summer I went again with other boys as well as Earl Carlson some of the time.

In the latter part of June 1928 my father took us to Salt Lake to visit with our sister, Myrtle, who had married Earl Jensen the year before on July 1, 1927; and now had a new baby boy. Our brother, Elvin, had married Ione Maud Jensen (Earl's sister) in 1926 on November 17th. Edna had married Norman Nelsen on December 5, 1927. Dad bought a new Oldsmobile in Salt Lake. I stayed in Salt Lake City with my sister, Myrtle, to help her with her house work and new baby. My father insisted I do this. Of course I was worried about how my stepmother would like it when I didn't come home with the family. My father and sister, Eva, sent my clothes to me so I could help Myrtle for about a month or more. Afton and I wrote to each other while I was in Salt Lake. When I returned home in August, Afton and I went to a Saturday night dance at Hyde's Hall the following Saturday. While at the dance a tall good looking young man of 23 years old asked me for a dance; while his friend from Tooele, Utah, Clifford Bennett, asked my friend Afton for a dance. They had heard two other fellows planning to ask us for a dance and to take us home, so they decided to beat their time and ask us first. I did not know this fellow Milo Chris-

tensen only by sight as he was some years older than I at 16 years. I had never danced with him before. He was a pretty good dancer. We accepted the invitation to let them take us home. The very next dance our regular fellows asked to take us home. Of course we told them we already had a date with someone else. This was Earl Carlson and Howard Nisson. Several years later Afton did marry Howard Nisson. This date with Milo Christensen began a courtship for us that lasted about 15 months, as we were married on November 23, 1929; in the Logan Courthouse in Logan, Cache County, Utah at ages 24 and 17.

During that year and three months of courtship, we enjoyed many dances, at least one every Saturday night and on holidays. On Christmas we always had four dances during holidays. Also this was my junior year at high school. Milo had graduated in 1925. We attended all the ball games and other entertainments of that day. Milo played basketball with the M.I.A. an L.D.S. group. I remember of going to Pocatello to several movies that we really enjoyed (musicals). "The Singing Fool", "Abey's Irish Rose". "Sonny Boy" and others. We spent July 4th with another couple, our friends Ruth Evans and Orrion Christensen, traveling to Salt Lake City, Utah. I did go on dates with other boys once in a while. I was quite interested in Earl Carlson and dated him a few times.

I loved to sew and made most of my dresses but not the special ones for Junior Prom or Gold and Green Ball, although I did make my sister, Eva's "Gold and Green Ball" dress the year she was chosen queen for the Downey Ward.

During our summer vacation from school just before our senior year in high school, I was asked to work for Mrs. Jess Coffin when her second baby Alene was born. I had made my dresses for school but was reluctant to go to school for several reasons. My stepmother didn't encourage me at all and made it hard for me to get to school on time as I had to clean our bedroom, do the dishes and mop the kitchen floor and other things before I could go to school (every day). Then Milo had planned we should be married in November. After working for Mrs. Coffin a while I went to work for Mrs. Sadie Morgan while she worked at her husband's store.

School started and I decided not to go. I was very unhappy at home with my stepmother, LaVina, as she never showed any concern for any of us children except her own son, Ross Murray, two years younger than I,

and my half sister, her daughter by my father, Merle Joyce. After working for Mrs. Sadie Morgan for two weeks I went to work for my Uncle Jerry Christiansen as his wife was near invalid as she had a heart condition. I worked there for nineteen days. During this time my Uncle asked me to go to California with him and Aunt Emily for the winter. Since I had promised to marry Milo on November 23rd, I declined the invitation to go with them.

My father let me send an order to the catalog to get a few items for my trousseau. I sent for two sheets and pillowcases, a bedspread, a couple of dresser scarfs and a few other items. I also had the Downey Relief Society quilt two quilts for me. My father bought a trunk for me to put my things in (I still have this trunk in my basement, 54 years old). Now in 1995 it's 67 years old.

I worked for Uncle Jerry right up until Friday evening and on Saturday morning Milo and I drove to Logan, Utah to the courthouse where we got our license and was married there also. My father was going to go with us as I was not yet 18 (legal age), but he decided we should tell them I was already 18, so we did what he said. The man making out our license said, "You are both of legal age 18 and 21, are you not?". Milo said "Yes". Then when they asked what year I was born in I said "1911" instead of 1912 when I was born. I always felt guilty about this, but felt it had to be alright as it was what my father requested us to do. We did have my father's consent for the marriage, although he felt I was too young for marriage, but knew we girls were not happy at home because of our stepmother and her lack of love or concern for any of us. Eva, John and I were the only ones home from the first family at this time. Our stepbrother, Ross Murray, and half sister, Merle Joyce, were there too. When I left this caused my sister, Eva, to have the burden of most all the housework, and there was plenty to do. Our marriage date was November 23, 1929.

In Logan, Utah after we were married we went to a cafe and had dinner. Then we went to get a room at the Eccles Hotel. After going to the hotel, Milo asked me if I'd like to go with him to get a wedding ring for me. As I was very shy and didn't know how much money he had to spend on it, I told him he'd better go get it himself. He did so and brought a white gold wedding band that was too large for me. But I kept it because I didn't want to hurt his feelings. That was a mistake as I could hardly keep it on my finger. Later, just before Christmas, he bought a ruby ring for me to go with the

band as he had never given me an engagement ring. I guess he was too poor and I didn't say anything. We stayed that night in the hotel. They didn't have bathrooms in most of the rooms in that day, only one down the hall. That made it rather awkward for us. I had Milo go out while I got undressed and in bed. He came in and turned out the lights while he undressed and got in bed. We were very modest in those days. The next day we traveled back to Downey and picked up my belongings. Milo had a Chevrolet Coupe that was supposed to be his, but was used by all the family. Our good friends Ruth and Orrion Christensen had been married in September and were living next to my parents home on the corner. We went over to visit with them and they served us bottled cherries and cake. We enjoyed it. Then we went on out to the Christensen farm in east Virginia or Hogholler it was called, to live. Writing on April 8, 1984 — at home in Downey, Idaho

We never talked about where we would live before our marriage, so I wasn't sure if we were to live with Milo's widowed father and his family or not. But I soon found out that we would be living at Milo's farm home with his family. Milo was his father's main helper; he milked the cows, did the farming with horses and equipment. His two other brothers were working away from home right then. The two eldest brothers were married and had humble homes and farms of their own. There was also two sisters and a young brother living on the farm. That winter all of us living on the farm were: Albert Jr., Ruel, Gertrude, Boyd, LuDean, Milo and me and Milo's father. Milo had his Chevrolet Coupe but we didn't go much any where during the winter. Our entertainment was playing pinochle (a card game) in the evenings and listening to music on the big Edison phonograph, no radios or tv's in those days. We did have big family dinners on Thanksgiving and Christmas when the married sons, daughters and families as well as Aunt May and Uncle Johnny and family (Barfuss's) came. We had coal oil lamps for light and an outside toilet. They did have Delco lighting and appliances for about 10 years, but the batteries had all burned out and it was too expensive to repair the "delco service" again at this time. Money was very scarce, so we didn't have them any more. I did miss the electricity a lot but missed more the going to church, as I had always gone. Now we didn't have the means to buy gas and drive to church seven miles away. I believe we could have gone to Virginia, a closer ward, but just wasn't given the consent to go, as we did as Milo's father wanted.

We were respectful to our elders and parents in those days and Grandpa Christensen didn't attend church even though he was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. About two weeks after we were married there was a wedding shower held for us by family members. Not many were invited, only family and relatives, maybe a few friends. It was held right there at the family home. I can still remember most of the gifts we received: a set of dishes from my father, an electric toaster from my Uncle Hyrum, Dr. Hartvigsen and wife. I still have a glass cake plate from Albert Jr., Milo's brother. We are still using a 3 piece scarf set from Carl and Marian Romriel (Milo's cousin and husband). There was a pretty green glass set of salt and pepper, sugar bowl and creamer, and butter dish given us by our good friends Orrion and Ruth Christiansen. We never got to use them as they fell out of the cupboard and broke. It was the old sideboard cupboard. We still have the picture on our middle bedroom wall that Milo's sister Gladys and husband, Jack Evans gave us. They had been married just two weeks (November 6th) before we were. They also gave us a lovely bedspread. We used it for many years until it was worn out. Milo's brother Ralph and wife Margaret gave us a pig. It raised six little pigs later that we sold when they grew big and gave the money to Milo's father to help pay taxes. We didn't know what it was to have any money for ourselves, just bare necessities.

Writing now August 16, 1984

We lived out to the "Hogholler" farm until March 24, 1930 when we moved over to the new McCammon farm just north and west of McCammon town sight, up on the hill. Before that, and on my 18th birthday, my Aunt Emily Christiansen, whom I was working for before we got married, died in California as that is where they were staying during the winter. As a coincidence my Uncle Peter Christiansen (father's half brother) died one year later on my birthday as a result of an accidental gun shot, while removing a rifle out of a truck in the garage. The funerals for these two relatives was on my birthday, not deaths. February 5, 1930 and 1931.

Now I'm writing on August 20, 1984 while canning string beans.

Aunt Emily died of a heart condition of many years. As I was remembering some of the things I did the first winter we were married: My sister, Edna Nelsen, had

a baby girl (Norma Jean) born the same day we were married. As she got infection from a piece of afterbirth left in her, I went to Weston, Idaho to help her out for a few days after her operation in Salt Lake City, when she came home.

I really had fun sleigh riding on the hills in Hogholler that winter. I hurt my back real bad once when the sleigh sunk in the snow, and I flew in the air coming down a big steep hill up near Ralph's farm.

Now it is August 26, 1984

When we moved over to the McCammon farm March 24, 1930, there was enough grass to feed our cows. It was an early spring. This was a one room house about 18 x 14 feet. We took two beds and springs from the Hogholler farm home, also bedding besides our own bedding that I had in my meager trousseau. There was an old black coal and wood stove there, also a rickety table and a few chairs. We took a cupboard that my father gave me from the Cherry Creek farm where I had lived as a youngster. Our floors were bare rough boards. I carried water from a spring, quite some distance from the house, to use for culinary purposes and also to wash on the board. I even had to wash the hired men's (2) as well as our own and sheets for two beds. The two hired men slept in one bed and Milo and I in the other across from each other in the one room. We had to do what we could to make a living in those days. It was the beginning of the Great Depression. We didn't have any money except what we could get out of a can of cream (5 gal.) to buy groceries, that was about \$5 a week. At first we didn't even have an outside toilet, it was like pioneering. Later the men built an outhouse as they were called. We sold cream only when we were at the Hogholler farm, for the whole family living there, as we didn't have a separator over at the McCammon farm. There was times later when we didn't have much to eat. Mr. Billy Gibbs had a farm just above our farm on the hill west, and as he travelled back and forth from McCammon he would bring apples from his trees for us and I made apple dishes for us every way I could. This helped a lot.

Milo and Ruel along with hired help, broke up many acres of land (400 to 500) as well as farm some 300 acres besides making it about 800 acres to take care of. We had to trade in the Chevrolet Coupe on a truck to use on the farm. They also bought a tractor (their first one). They used horses also.

Milo, Ruel and their father, Albert Christensen, Sr. had

bought this farm through the Utah Mortgage and Loan Company. As wheat dropped to 30 cents a bushel, it took every cent the crops brought to just pay part on the loans, gas for tractor and trucks and other farm bills.

By April I knew we would be expecting a first baby in November 1930. So I sold my stock in Utah Power and Light Company for \$109 so I could buy material to make the baby clothes I'd need. I loved to sew but I didn't have a sewing machine. I made several things by hand. With this money I bought a second hand sewing machine for \$10, and two congoleum rugs 9 x 12 to cover our bare floor. I also gave Milo \$50 to help pay on the tractor. I bought material and made some very pretty little white baby dresses and slips, as in those days boys and girls wore dresses when they were tiny. I also made several sets of gowns and receiving blankets. I embroidered the dresses and gowns and also crocheted on them and the blankets. I really enjoyed doing this. I looked forward to this baby with great joy. He would be ours. Milo was happy about it too. We felt this was the true way of life, to have a family and raise them up in the gospel light with love and joy. We found it really wasn't very easy as many disappointments came along. But we weren't too discouraged as we were young.

I cooked for the harvesters that summer and fall. Then in October I went back to the Hogholler or east Virginia farm as the new baby would soon be coming. Milo stayed over to the farm to finish the drilling. It was November soon and Milo came over to the Hogholler farm on weekends. I had never seen a doctor about the coming baby as I was too embarrassed. I didn't know what to tell him. I didn't have a mother or anyone close to tell me I should go see a doctor. On November 3rd I told Milo he'd better come back over during the week because if he didn't and I got sick I'd not tell anyone. So on Wednesday evening he came back over. November 5, 1930 I hadn't felt very good most all day and thought I had a stomach ache. But as we were doing supper dishes (Gertrude and I), I knew I was having labor pains. I didn't say anything until we went in to bed a little before 9:00 p.m. Then I was in so much pain I couldn't get into bed, so Milo went in the kitchen to telephone the doctor, who was my Uncle Hyrum Hartvigsen. He had to go to the drug store and get a maternity kit before he could come out to the farm. He (Milo) also called his Aunt May Barfuss to come. My Aunt Inga was the doctor's nurse at that time and she came with the doctor. I didn't know what to expect as I had never been told anything about

having babies born. Anyway our 10 pound son was born at 12:55 by lamplight. The doctor had to do some stitches afterwards with no deadening. I was sure glad when it was all over. I hemorrhaged very badly and the doctor warned me not to have another child in a home, I was to go to a maternity hospital.

Our baby son weighed 10 pounds and was 24 inches tall, a big baby. Our baby had lots of dark curly hair and was just beautiful, we felt. I stayed in bed ten days and Aunt May took care of me. Bless her, we did love her! We named him Richard DeVar. Milo went back to the farm and finished drilling that weekend. Richard DeVar was blessed in the Downey Ward by Elvin Christiansen, my brother.

Every summer; 1930, 31, 32, 33, 34, and 35 we moved over to the McCammon farm. Then in the late fall we would move back. First in 1930-31 we lived at the farm home in "Hogholler" then in 1931,-32 winter we lived in Melvin Stones home in Cambridge (or north of Cambridge about 2 miles) where Milo helped put up ice to pay for our rent. Our neighbors on the north were Fred and Vella Bloxham and on the south, Mick and Sarah Bloxham. It was while we were living here we went to the Salt Lake Temple to be sealed as husband and wife for eternity and our young son of 1 year 5 months was sealed to us as though he had been born under the "covenant".

Then in the winter of 1932-33 we lived at the home owned by Jacob L. Hartvigsen (my mother's cousin) in Downey, Idaho. It was divided into two apartments, we lived in the east side while Cyrus Bailey, wife and family lived in the west part. Milo built fences for Uncle Jake for our rent. This home was part of what

Dale Criddle owns now in Downey, Idaho.

The next winter 1933-34 we lived in Kenneth and Fern Curtis's home on 3 1/2 blocks north and 3rd East, now torn down. Here Milo put the electricity in this home for part of our rent, we paid some cash in the spring. It was in the worst part of the depression and a day's work paid \$1 if you could get any. Our young son took the measles while here. Then he had quick pneumonia as he was getting over the measles. He went

into a convulsion and we quickly called Dr. Hartvigsen who came and did all he could, then told us to call in the Elders for a blessing. This we did and feel it was the turning point, the doctor agreed also it was the blessing. Dick had to learn to walk over again, he was so weak and three years old. At Christmas time we had no money, but by New Years we had \$1 to buy a small sled for our boys Christmas gift.

In the early spring we moved out to George Bennett's home in the Hogholler as they had moved to Tooele, Utah, where George found work. We stayed here until we moved back to McCam-

mon Ranch, Milo went some weeks before we went (Dick and I). Then in the fall of 1934-35 we moved to Uncle Johnny Barfuss's home in Hogholler. Here I had a wedding supper for my friend Beth Sessions and her husband, Lane Andreason. Also in the spring of 1935 we knew we were to have a new baby. We were overjoyed as I had miscarried in 1932 and the doctor said I may never have another baby.

We had so much hard work to do at the farm each year and Milo had several bouts of rheumatism that caused him to have to go to bed. I had to lift him a lot and



Nellie and Milo

chop and carry lots of wood to cook in our old iron stove. We loaded him in the truck on a mattress and took him to the Hogholler farm where he could get help from the doctor.

In the late summer of 1935 while at the McCammon farm we finally bought a new Maytag gas operated washer. I was surely happy over this after rubbing on the board these many years. In the fall of 1935, October 3rd, Milo's father remarried a very nice lady from Arimo, Idaho; Estella Tippetts, a widow. They went to the temple and had Milo's mother, Pheobe Mettie Bowman sealed to his father, Soren Albert Christensen. All the children except Ralph and Gladys were sealed to their parents. Later Gladys was sealed also.

Writing now in November 1984 Our baby son was born December 3, 1935 at Mrs. Louise Anderson's maternity home in Downey at 11:15 a.m. We had moved back to Hogholler farm as Mr. Christensen had moved to Arimo to live in Mrs. Tippetts home after their marriage. We had quite an experience that eventful night, as when we knew we must go to town to be there for the baby's birth. We borrowed Uncle Johnny's car and he took our big truck and our five year old son back to his home after bringing his car to us. (Dick had slept with us all these 5 years as we didn't have beds for each one in those days. We also slept together for warmth in the wintertime). On our way to Mrs. Anderson's the car quit on us and we had to borrow Mr. Howard McVey's car in Cambridge to continue on. We had called Dr. Hartvigsen from Pocatello where he had moved, and he got to Downey (40 miles) before we did traveling 7 1/2 miles. He was worried about us, but we were alright. The baby was a healthy 7 pound, 21 inches tall, blondish boy we named Marvin Rex Christensen. M, for Milo and Rex for me, as that is my second name. He was a happy smiling child. A good baby that didn't cry much. I nursed him for 10 months then I weaned him and gave him milk by cup from then on.

I remember that we attended all four holiday dances at Hyde's Hall in Downey; on December 24th and 25th, January 1st and December 31st, 1935-36. I danced every dance as Milo probably did also. We didn't just exchange dances in those days, we danced with all the different boys and girls at the dance whether they had partners or not. As we both loved dancing so well, we really enjoyed it.

We lived at the farm all that winter. We attended many basketball games where Milo and Wayne Penrose of-

ficiated as referees. We had to go by bobsled many times. Lorraine Barfuss was our baby sitter. We continued to live at the farm in Hogholler that next summer "1936" and the winter of "1936-37". Our eldest son Richard DeVar (Dick) started school when he was yet 5 years old until November 6th. Milo took him to Virginia in our farm truck until snow got too high, then by sleigh drawn by horses. When it got farther into the winter, he stayed at Milo's sister and brother-in-laws, the George Bennett's until spring again. We were still at the farm the summer of 1937. In the fall of that year, we moved to Downey in the "Rencher home" so Dick could go to school and we were to care for Dave and Preston Rencher, for the rent. They were about 15 and 16 years old. Both being in high school. Their father had deserted the family, and the mother was very ill both physically and mentally from an operation. The two young daughters being with her at Rupert, Idaho with some of their relatives and the two eldest brothers in school (college). This left us the opportunity of a place to live for taking care of the boys. They became a part of our family, we cared about them. We still keep in contact with Preston in San Antonio, Texas. (Dave died). Preston died in 1992.

Our next move was to the Albert Christensen home (Milo's fathers) in Downey, where we rented for the summer and winter of 1938. Donna Hawkes came to live with us so she could go to her senior year of high school. She was to help me with the house work for her rent and food, as I was pregnant and not feeling too well. I had a lot of back trouble. Our third son, Roger Clark was born October 27, 1938; weighed 5 pounds 10 ounces, 19 inches tall. He was a most beautiful baby with lots of auburn curly hair. He was a very good baby also. He was born in the General Hospital in Pocatello, Idaho. I nursed him also at first. Then while I was still in the hospital in Pocatello, on the 7th day I had a bad hemorrhage and my brother and husband were sent for to give me a blood transfusion. They didn't have blood banks in those days. Elvin's, my brother, blood matched with mine, not Milo's. This saved my life. When the baby was 7 weeks old I had another bad hemorrhage. I was rushed to the hospital in Pocatello by my husband and Dr. Woodruff. They said I couldn't have lived more than half an hour longer. They did an emergency operation and found a second afterbirth, as they said I had started out with twins and had lost one, but not the afterbirth. When I was taken to the hospital, Milo's sister, Gertrude Hatch, took my baby to care for until I was well enough to care for him myself. So we had to put him on the bottle. We were

overjoyed to get him back by Christmas time. During my pregnancy I had the mumps and also had 9 teeth extracted earlier. This probably caused me to loose the one baby at about 4 months.

Our next move was to the Oxford Hotel in a basement apartment, 2 rooms. That was in 1939-40. From there we moved up to the front apartment of my Aunt Nora Christiansen's home. This was in 1941. Milo had a bad time with rheumatism several times during the early years of our marriage. In the spring of 1942, he had another bad attack. He was just getting over it when our fourth son, Robert Kirt, was born on May 4, 1942 at about 6:15 p.m. in Pocatello General Hospital. He was 7 pounds 15 ounces and 21 inches tall. He had a lot of light auburn curls also. While in the hospital I came down with scarlet fever the day after he was born. So I was isolated and not able to nurse this baby. The baby also had scarlet fever after we returned home in 10 days.

On October 10, 1942 we bought and moved into Milo's father's home in Downey. We have built onto and remodelled it several times since and is where we still live now in 1984. We paid \$1600 for the small four room home. Now it has been enlarged to double size. Utah Mortgage and Loan Company fore closed on our McCammon farm in the fall of 1935, as wheat had fallen to such a low price, we could not make our payment that fall. Then Grandpa Albert Christensen had to give up the Hogholler farm for \$500 and the 40 acres on the "flat", as it was mortgaged also in 1939. He gave the "forty acres" to Milo and Ruel while he took the \$500. Milo, Ruel and Grandpa Christensen bought 1000 acres of rough ground in the Arkansas Basin, just east of Arimo five miles, in the hills in 1934. They continued to run this property, breaking much of it up. Ruel and Dora lived in the little home on this farm. Milo and our son, Dick, helped farm this place, but we didn't get any income from it until 1945 when the property was divided up between Milo and Ruel with an agreement to give their father a cash payment each fall.

Milo found work wherever he could and also rented George Bennett's farm of 160 acres from about 1938 until George Bennett sold it in 1953. Milo also ran (rented) Uncle Johnny Barfuss's farm of 160 acres in Hogholler in 1944 and 1945.

In 1946 Milo built on a kitchen, bedroom and laundry area. Also three unfinished room in the basement. One room we fixed up some and had a bedroom there for

older sons. Later we enlarged the front room and built a vestibule on for coats, etc. After the Arkansas farm was divided up, we received an income from it from then on. We didn't get much and had to economize a lot for many years.

It was in 1942, just five months after our last son was born, I had to have a major female operation. Besides much inside repairs, I also had a bladder repaired and an acute appendix. I almost didn't come out of it. Dr. H.J. Hartvigsen was my doctor and Uncle. My best friend, Ruth Evans Christiansen, was operated on also the same day and we shared a room. Another friend, Dorothy Curtis, was operated on the day before in the same hospital. After I got well I was much better health wise from then on. My friend Ruth Evans Christiansen and I did so many things together. We used to put our babies in the baby buggy, Roger and Patsy Kay and take them for a ride each day. People would think Roger was a girl as he had such lovely curly auburn hair and was so petite and dainty. Now he is 6 feet tall and weighs about 180 pounds. Patsy was very pretty as a teenager.

Our eldest son, Richard DeVar, is now 6 feet 4 inches tall and weighs about 260 pounds. The second, Marvin Rex, is 6 feet 1 inch and weighs about 250 pounds. Roger is 6 feet 1 inch also. Robert Kirt the youngest is 6 feet and weighs about 210 pounds.

Ruth and I did papering on each others house and many other things together. Ruth under went kidney surgery at age 40 and died from hepatitis later in 1951. My dear friend Beth Sessions Andreason was in a car accident with her husband Lane and both were killed out at Gooding, Idaho a few years before Ruth. Also my dear friend Afton died in 1977. She and her husband died with cancer in Bountiful, Utah.

Written in December 1984

As to the different positions in the church I have served: In 1928 when I was 16 years old, I was assistant teacher with Florence Thomas (a friend) to the youngest Sunday school class 3 and 4 year olds. In 1929 I was sustained as secretary of M.I.A., but had to be released when I was married in November and moved to east Virginia (Hogholler). From 1945 until 1951 I was sustained as Teenage Advisor. It was a new position in the church at that time. I kept records on teenage girls to all their meetings, (sacrament meeting, Sunday school, M.I.A.). Sometimes we were called to serve

in more than one position at a time. So in 1946 until 1952, Milo and I served as dance directors of our ward.

At this time we had some very special friends come into our lives. Hervin and LaRue Nielsen from Hyrum, Utah moved to Downey a few years earlier, and we became very good friends as we all loved to dance so well. They became stake dance directors when we were asked to be ward directors. We spent many hours and evenings together. Later Hervin and Milo served in the bishopric together. As Milo was ward clerk before that and Hervin a counselor in the bishopric. We used to go to Salt Lake twice a year to conference and also danced in the church world wide dance festivals in June at M.I.A. conference several times.

Then from 1946 (February 5th) until 1951 I was called to be Relief Society secretary treasurer, when my Aunt Bertha Christiansen was called as president (both in our ward). I was sustained as social director in Relief Society in 1951 until 1953. I also served as a Trekker teacher in primary in 1941 when Dick was a Trekker. Again in 1952 I was a Trekker teacher. I served as second counselor to President Fern Hartvigsen and aslo to Orissa Salvesen later. Then I was sustained as the secretary and treasurer of the Portneuf Stake Relief Society from 1959 to 1967. Then in 1968 on November 17th I was sustained as president of the Downey Ward Relief Society. In this position I served until August 31, 1975. Since then I have served as visiting teacher's supervisor, recreational leader, quilting chairman of Relief Society, a visiting teacher and welfare chairman of Relief Society in Downey 1st Ward. I also taught the younger classes in Sunday school for several years in the 1950s.

We have spent many years in dance programs and festivals. The years we were dance directors, we spent many evenings training and practicing dance routines with the young people. Brother and Sister Hervin Nielsen, along with Milo and me, did many special dance numbers at the Gold and Green balls. We missed them very much when they moved to Pocatello, Idaho although we visited them often and attended dances with them in Pocatello. They have been life long friends, but LaRue Nielsen passed away on March 30, 1982.

For 11 years, Milo served as bishop, I was very busy in church assignments and being with our sons when he was gone so much. He was a very dedicated bishop and loved to serve in that capacity. Our boys always went

to the farm with their dad in the summer months. We also had a few cows to milk by hand and they helped with this chore, also doing it when Milo had to be gone.

We have tried to go to the temple as much as we can and while Milo served as ward clerk, counselor, and bishop, we went to the temple many, many times with new brides and grooms also with other married people going for the first time.

All our sons attended their church meetings quite faithfully and on January 25, 1952 our eldest married a choice girl, Virginia Bright. We had a dinner with friends and family at the Bluebird Cafe in Logan, Utah. After the temple wedding in the Logan Temple we also held a reception in our home in Downey, Idaho where we have lived for 42 years now in 1984. I am still living here in 1995, 53 years. Our second son was married to Louise Aslett on November 5, 1954 in our home. The marriage was performed by his father, Milo Christensen. This was the third time Milo had performed a marriage. A reception was held in Arimo church house by the Aslett's. We held a dinner here in our home right after the wedding. After two children (a boy, Rodney Rex, and a girl, Rhonda) were born; in 1958 Louise left Marvin. She was very much interested in another man she had been riding to work with. Later she married him, Ezell Sludder. Marvin was really heart broken when she left. He even took her and went to Salt Lake City to talk with the Presiding Bishop of the church. Later Bishop Worthlin told us personally he just couldn't talk reason to Louise. On October 30, 1960 Marvin married a most lovely lady, Mary Rosaland Beconi Miller, who had three children, one girl, Susan and two boys, Steven and Donald, by a former marriage. They were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. She has been a most welcome addition to our family and we love her. Her children were adopted and sealed to Marvin and Mary.

On June 17, 1960 our third son, Roger, married Marilyn Tew in the Logan Temple. On June 2, 1967 our youngest son, Robert Kirt, married Margeret Foster in Salt Lake Temple, Utah.

They all have their own homes now, with Richard and Virginia living on a farm just south of Virginia, Idaho. Marvin and Mary live in the village of Virginia, Idaho. Roger and Marilyn live in Soda Springs, Idaho. Robert Kirt and Margaret are living in Centerville, Utah.

We have 14 grandchildren and 22 great-grandchildren now, March 1985. Now in 1992 we have 29 great-grandchildren.

My husband Milo Christensen became quite ill at times in 1992, and after many tests by several doctors in the Pocatello Hospital and Malad Hospital, was told he had cancer of the pancreas and it had spread to his liver. He kept going as long as he could, and I took care of him in our home. Toward the last several months, the home nurses came in several times a day. He became bed fast only three days before he passed away, July 19, 1993 in our home at 9:30 p.m. on Monday evening. A very spiritual funeral was held in Downey 1st Ward. He was buried in the Downey Cemetery in plot 69, on Thursday July 22, 1993. Milo was 88 years old.

I am still living now in 1995 here in our home in Downey, Idaho at age 83 years.



Eva and Nellie circa 1918

The following history was written by Eva Filler and it was entitled: "History of Eva Ellenor Christiansen Filler".

I was born October 6, 1913 on a wheat farm in south-eastern Idaho called Cherry Creek, seven miles from Downey, a small community. I was the fifth child and fourth daughter of Moses J. Christiansen and Mary Caroline Hartvigsen. My grandparents were Lars Hans Christiansen and Anna Sophia Rasmussen on my paternal side and John Hagrup Hartvigsen and Maren Caroline Tomasen on my maternal side. I am of Danish and Norwegian ancestry. My grandparents were converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Later Day Saints, having heard the gospel and accepting it in their native lands.

We had the usual family experiences living on a farm. My father homesteaded this farm and was a very hard worker, tilling the soil and gradually acquiring the necessary implements with which to work. This took patience and perseverance and long hours.

Headers were used in those days to harvest the wheat and required many hands. There were no tractors so horses were used to pull the combines. My mother worked hard cooking for these hired hands as well as attending to many household tasks and caring for, in time, six children. She was an excellent seamstress as well. However, some of the young cousins from Hyrum, Utah, came to help in the home during harvesting.

We children had many happy experiences on the farm.

We hunted the wild berries along the creek beds and waded in the cool clear water picking up and admiring the pretty pebbles. My sister and I would play with the clay along the edges and we'd build dams where we could immerse ourselves and feel it's coolness on hot summer days. We'd walk many miles into the canyon nearby and find beautiful buttercups and curly cups growing in a mountain grove. In the winter there was much fun sleigh riding from the top of the hill to the bottom and going to church in the big sleigh pulled by favorite horses.



Eva in 1932

My older brother and sisters attended a one room school house. School teachers boarded in the various farm homes. Eventually the oldest son, Elvin, needed higher schooling and we moved into town. Here we had a modern home and we children delighted in turning on the electric lights and running water from the taps and we even had a toilet in the house. I can imagine my mother found joy in this home as a lot of her drudgery was eliminated.

Tragedy struck our home in April, 1920. My mother fell into a cement basement as she was talking to a carpenter who was building a large porch onto our home. This resulted in pleurisy which later turned into pneumonia. Her brother, Hyrum, was the local doctor and was attending her as she died. This was a great blow to my father and six young children, which affected our entire lives.

After two years and several housekeepers, my dad married a widow, Lavina Rose Murray. She had a son Ross, a year younger than I was. Sometime later a baby girl, Merle Joyce, was added to the family. We

all loved her very much.

We all attended Downey elementary school excepting for the two older children who entered high school.

I had very good grades and I had a special friend in Dolores Hartvigsen, a second cousin and a year younger than I. I enjoyed writing and once entered a contest given by the American Legion. Several schools around participated. I won first prize and received seven dollars which was enough for material for a new dress and other things. My sister Edna made it for me. She



Eva in high school

also made my eighth grade graduation dress, a blue crepe de chine with pink ribbons inserted in the skirt.

My sister Myrtle fell in love with Earl Jensen and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple. They made their home in Salt Lake City where Earl worked as an accountant.

Not long afterward, Edna married Norman Nelson, a school teacher and they lived in several Idaho towns.

When she was seventeen, my sister Nellie married Milo Christensen, a farmer. They have always lived in Downey, Idaho.

My stepmother, LaVina, made life unpleasant for me so in my seventeenth year I went to Salt Lake and stayed with my sister Myrtle's child LaMar, while she was in the hospital with her second child Marlene. Later I went back to Downey and lived with my brother Elvin and family and finished my last year of high school. Afterwards I went to Salt Lake again and stayed with Myrtle and Earl and their small family. I attended beauty school at the Salt Lake School of Beauty Culture.

I'd been ailing for years with a sickness in my right side and finally got to a doctor. He diagnosed it as a gallbladder problem. I was operated on in the L.D.S. Hospital. My dad was at my side at this time. I had a malfunctioning gallbladder and was in the hospital for ten days and at one point had to have my stomach pumped as I was all filled up with gas.

I was promised a job in my home town by the local barber who had a small beauty shop. I worked there for a year and lived with my Uncle Jerry and Aunt Bertha.

My aunt and uncle left to spend most of the summer on their farm so I moved into a hotel room with meager furnishings. Eventually I left and went back to Utah. Not having a Utah license, I did housework for a while here and later on also in Pocatello, Idaho. After about a year I went back to Salt Lake City and worked for Rex and Helen Williams, a lovely couple with three sons. Helen was a granddaughter of Brigham Young and she wrote a column for the Deseret News under the name Harriet Page. She was on the General Board Presidency of the Relief Society so she was a busy person.

While there I met Ben Filler through my sister's sister-in-law. We dated for a year. Ben was very affectionate and loving to me. He'd been divorced for three years and had a nine year old daughter. I knew Ben was not of my faith though he seemed interested in the Mormon religion and was baptized a few months before we were married on May 13, 1939. We were married in the Williams' home by George I. Morris, a high official in the L.D.S. Church. My family came from Downey and they and Aunt Albertine witnessed the ceremony.

We had rented an apartment on 3rd South and about 4th East in Salt Lake. Thus began our life together. We moved several times in Salt Lake and finally lived on the west side near West High school. Our son Gary was born in the L.D.S. Hospital January 23, 1941. We were

very happy with him. My sister Edna came to help care for him for a while. I appreciated her very much.

Ben had been working for a tire recapping company for a while but decided to work for the Santa Fe railroad as a fireman in Winslow, Arizona. He left when Gary was six months old to secure his job and find us a home. Shortly after he left Gary became very ill with measles. Dr. Kimball visited and had him quarantined. After he was better he and I took a train to Los Angeles and stayed with Ben's sister a day or two then we journeyed on to Winslow. We were glad to be reunited though Ben hadn't been able to find us an apartment as this was prewar times and none were available. We stayed in a motor court for a while until we found a new little house. We were living here when one morning I was listening to the radio and heard the startling news that Pearl Harbor was being bombed by the Japanese unmercifully. Ben was out of town on the train and knowing no one as yet I felt quite agitated and couldn't wait until he returned home later. It was a terrible realization that we were now at war.

Mona Lee, Ben's daughter, visited us while we lived here. She enjoyed taking Gary out in the taylor tot for walks. She left for Reno and home when school started.

We enjoyed our home and were upset when our landlord wanted the house for his daughter who was coming home. We found another house, not nearly as nice but we painted, bought some furniture and made it quite presentable.

We made several friends here. Ben's mother visited us here. We called her Granny and she seemed so loving to Gary.

We took a vacation back to Utah and Ben decided he wanted to come back and live there so again our lives were disrupted. He went back to Winslow and sold everything, even my new sewing machine. I was sorry for that.

This was a beginning or continuation of our merry go round life. While we were living on Twelfth East and Elizabeth Street, our second son, Kent, was born in the L.D.S. Hospital. Myrtle was a great help at this time. Dad came to see his new grandson. When Kent was a few months old he contracted whooping cough. I took him into the bathroom, turned on the hot water faucets to make a lot of steam and sat there with him. I feel this helped him a lot as he began to get better

from there on. We were living on Browning Avenue at this time, having left Elizabeth Street.

Ben and Earl, my brother-in-law, went into the tire business together, but this didn't work out either. Soon we were packing and leaving again. Our furniture was sold and we drove north for a new start. I was becoming quite unhappy with our way of life but what could I do? I was always hoping this time he'd find something that would satisfy him as he always seemed to find work. After some time we drove to LaGrande, Oregon and Ben found work on the railroad there. This was a pretty little town, not far from Pendleton. We had a fairly nice apartment and Granny came to visit us. I always enjoyed having her. I remember in particular a time when we drove to an orchard and picked the most beautiful cherries I'd ever seen. We put up a lot and made some for cherry pies. Ben and his mother seeded most.

We spent about six months here then as usual Ben decided to leave. We took a train to Las Vegas and stayed in a hotel for a few days until we found a house to live in. Being wartime, we couldn't find appliances so we used a two burner stove and an ice refrigerator. I washed clothes in the sink and hung them out on the lines. We sent towels and sheets to the laundry. Ben had sold our car so we walked to the store and we had a stroller for Kent. Ben worked on the railroad for a while.

Not long after, Ben wanted to go back to Utah. We took the train there and moved to Ogden, Utah, where Ben worked as a brakeman on the Union Pacific. We lived in government housing on Washington Terrace. We had good neighbors and Gary had a nice boy friend. Kent would often toddle over to the neighbors and they enjoyed having him. We bought new furniture and I was hoping here we'd stay but no, it didn't last long.

Ben and his brother Ralph went into the tire business in Gooding, Idaho. Now, I thought, he'll settle down, being his own boss.

We lived in a farm house and boarded the hired man for part of our rent. Dad came to see how the business was doing.

My sisters, Myrtle, Edna, Nellie and husbands with Ben and me and dad took a trip to Stanley Basin and rented a cabin for a couple of days. Dad enjoyed this and got up early, made a wood fire and cooked breakfast for

us. He wasn't well as he'd had a cancer operation a year before but he was always a good sport and went along with the fellows to fish.

We could have had a good life if Ben would have had character enough to make a success of this business. He and his brother Ralph were drinking and causing themselves trouble. They decided to go in with a tire firm from Ogden, Utah and consequently we moved to Twin Falls, Idaho. As their drinking increased they eventually lost their business. It was a sorry time for us and left me despondent for some time.

While living in Twin Falls, my dad passed away with liver cancer. We loved our dad very much and realized that he'd been good to all of his children and we could have had a much better family life if our mother had lived.

Two weeks later our stepmother Lavina died suddenly of a cerebral hemorrhage. We drove back to Downey for the funeral.

After leaving Twin Falls we travelled north for awhile while Ben looked for work. Eventually we came to Utah and lived in Provo, Utah for a while. Ben worked for a trucking company then.

Ben was ready to move again and I finally put my foot down and told him I would no longer live this way. The boys were old enough for school and I wanted a more stable life for them.

I made a down payment on a house in Salt Lake (Sugarhouse area). It included all the furniture as well. It was a nice bungalow style home and I felt that now Ben would realize that it was important to settle down. Both boys in time attended Forest school.

I became very ill here with a high temperature. My dear sister Myrtle came to swarth me with cool water. Dr. Kimball came to the house but was unsure of my problem so he sent Dr. Orem to see me. After examining me and taking a test the doctor called me to come to the hospital, that I had a kidney infection. Dr. Middleton, a kidney specialist put me through several tests and found my kidney was enlarged five times and I needed an operation. I was in the hospital for ten days. Ben never came to see me and I learned later he'd gone on a drinking spree. Myrtle cashed a bond for me so I could leave the hospital.

Some of our neighbors on Garfield Avenue persuaded Ben to let the AAA people visit him. For a while he attended their meetings then quit altogether. He soon reverted to his old habits.

Since Ben's job wasn't always steady we had a hard time paying the mortgage, so I was persuaded that we should sell our home but I insisted that if we did, we should buy another or I knew that any money realized would soon be gone. We moved to South Salt Lake. The drinking became intolerable for me and our sons. I felt we could no longer live this way and in 1950 I divorced Ben. He gave me some trying times afterward and eventually left Salt Lake for a job elsewhere.

I went to work as an elevator operator at J.C. Penney and worked also in the stockroom. After two years I dated Maurice Jones. We were married in 1952. I had thought he would be a good father to my sons and I could stay home and be a full time mother. However, Maurice wasn't the kind of person I'd thought him to be and this became apparent more and more. Gary especially didn't get along with him. He had an eighteen year old daughter, Maurine, who had joined the Jehovah Witnesses and she lived with us which wasn't a good arrangement.

I sold my home in South Salt Lake and we had a home built on Leslie Avenue in the same area. I put my equity into this house. Maurice had been renting for years and had only a little money to pay down on the house.

After six years, I realized no one was happy so in 1958 we were divorced. When Kent reached his maturity I had to sell the house and give some of the equity to Maurice. The boys and I moved to a rental on Hollywood Avenue.

Gary had met a girl, Karen Pickering, while working for Safeway and in his third year at the University of Utah they were married and went to live in student housing on the campus. Kent and I moved to a basement apartment on 12th East. After Gary graduated he and Karen moved to California and Kent and I were alone. A year later Kent left also for California and stayed with Gary and Karen in Pleasant Hill and worked for Safeway in San Mateo. Gary worked for Peat, Marwick and Mitchell, an accounting firm in San Francisco.

Since Kent procrastinated getting into college, he was almost drafted into the service but managed to get into

the Air Force.

I was working for Z.C.M.I. in Salt Lake. Previously, I'd worked at the Paris Co. in the children's department. I also worked on unit control in Z.C.M.I. and liked it quite well.

In 1964 I was persuaded to move to California where I went to work for Rhodes, later called Liberty House. I stayed with Gary and Karen until I was given a full time job so I could move to my own apartment on Hookston Road. Later I moved on Detroit Avenue to be closer to my job in Concord.

Debra Deanne joined Gary and Karen's family October 16, 1963 and Kristine Dianne on March 16, 1966. I enjoyed my grandchildren very much. Kristine was born deaf which was a great sorrow to all of us. Daniel Gary was born July 30, 1970 and Tamara Lynne was born October 5, 1975. That completed Gary and Karen's family.

Kent met his wife Rita Mayo while he was in the service in Tacoma, Washington. They married there and in 1967 he was sent to Vietnam. He was there when his son Brent Cordell was born. He moved to Washington and worked for Safeway after his service was over. Steven Duane was born August 10, 1971 and they adopted Lynette in 1975.

The boys had seen their dad occasionally through the years though he didn't give them any financial support. After they were married and on their own they saw him more frequently. After Ben retired he moved to an apartment in Sacramento and remained sober for years afterward. He had worked as a chef at several restaurants and I was invited along with Gary and Karen's family to dinner so we saw each other now and then. I still had some feeling for Ben despite all the "hell" he'd caused me in the past. It's hard to understand why. I made it a point to put all our past problems behind me and looked to a better future.

We remarried March 31, 1973 in Reno, Nevada by a L.D.S. Bishop. Kent and Rita drove to Reno from Washington and Gary and Karen and Ben's family living in Reno attended the wedding. We moved Ben's belongings back to Concord to my apartment there. A few months later we bought a condominium in Concord. I paid the \$900 down payment and we were fortunate in getting it through a low income plan. I bought the furnishings we needed and we enjoyed this

little house for five years.

In 1974 Gary gave us a trip to Washington D.C. We stayed at the Mayflower hotel near the White House. We walked through Lafayette Square and took the tour through the White House. We went up to the top of the Washington Monument building, saw many government buildings and enjoyed the Capitol very much. We took a small bus to Arlington National Cemetery. After three days we rented a car and drove to the new L.D.S. temple in Washington D.C. It was being landscaped and only the visiting center was open. It was an inspiring sight with the spires rising above the tall trees.

We took a bus to Gettysburg and enjoyed that historic place then another bus to a town close by Ben's hometown, Rainsburg. We visited there with Ben's cousins, Janet and Gladys. We met Annabel, a cousin, who had come from Pittsburg, where she lived so it was a nice reunion for Ben. Annabel drove us to her home in Pittsburg, where we stayed a few days seeing the city and interesting places then we flew home.

We had good friends in Concord and San Pablo and made a few nice trips close by. Gary and Karen had moved to San Jose so we visited them once in a while.

In 1978 I retired from Liberty House. Gary and Ben had decided it would be nice for us to live in one of Gary's rentals in San Jose. I reluctantly consented as I had counted on having this house for my future. As usual, I'm easily persuaded so we moved to Rue Bordeaux in San Jose. It was a very nice three bedroom, two bath home, lovely place. We adopted a little white kitten and called him Fluffy. We both enjoyed him. In a year and a half Gary sold this house and we moved to a house in Saratoga that he bought while having a new home built in Los Altos. This lasted about a year. Saratoga was a quaint interesting town. I walked many blocks through the residential section. My sisters, Myrtle and Nellie, visited us here. Debbie finished high school in Saratoga so we saw her once in a while.

Gary bought a house for us in Mt. View. It had been a duplex but was made into a condominium. Before we moved Ben became very ill and had a gangrenous intestinal operation. The operation was performed three times and he was in Good Samaritan Hospital in San Jose for 59 days. When he was released he weighed 119 lbs. and was on oxygen. A home nurse came for several weeks until he was better.

In the meantime Gary helped me move to Mt. View. This was a very nice home, three bedrooms, two baths, living room and kitchen. There was a small yard outside just enough for a few flowers and the front yard was planted in shrubbery. The tall palm trees created quite a mess but otherwise it was easy to keep up.

I had two special friends in Mt. View in Wilma Pettit and Evelyn Quadro. Wilma and I drove to church together and we all three took a writing class at the senior center.

Later Gary sold our home and we moved to Sunnyvale in a rental. I attended the Sunnyvale 4th ward in Santa Clara County. The Bishop was Edwin Russel, a son of Edwina Jessen I've met in Rossmoor since I moved here.

Ben continued having serious health problems and was in El Camino Hospital in Mt. View for a prostrate operation in 1987. In February 1988 he was in again for related problems and in March he was admitted for a serious illness culminating in pneumonia. He passed away March 24, 1988 at 11:30 a.m.

Gary took charge of funeral plans with Mary's help in Reno. He arranged services with a mortuary in Reno and the family participated in the services. He was buried in Mt. View Cemetery in Reno where his mother and sisters are buried.

A few months later I moved back to an apartment in Mt. View for a year and then moved to Walnut Creek in Rossmoor, a retirement community.

Kent and family moved from Alaska where he was a Safeway manager to Antioch, California and he and Gary are involved in several businesses together.



Eva at age 24 in 1938

This is the history is of Johnnie Modell Christiansen and it was written by him. A heart felt thanks should go to his sister, Nellie Christensen, who spent many weeks transcribing and organizing John's history.

History of John's Genealogy

My great grandfather was Christian Johansen Christoffersen born December 9, 1811, in Fuglsbolle, Soro, Denmark. He belonged to the Lutheran Church and was converted to Mormonism by missionaries. We have been unable to find any genealogy regarding his life other than these dates. His mother was Dorthea Nielsen born 1791. She died in 1811 shortly after Christian was born. He was raised by his grandparents. Great grandfather married Christina Pedersen who was born in 1809 in Habeck, Jyderup, Denmark and died November 6, 1884, in Hyrum, Cache Co., Utah. Great grandfather had 5 sons and 2 daughters. Their names were Peter (1835), Niels (1838), Hanna Marie (1840), Lars Hans (1844) Jens (1846), Hans (1849, Marie Dorth-ea (1852).

My grandfather was Lars Hans Christiansen. He was born March 6, 1844, in Harstedt, Soro, Denmark. In Denmark in those days, the sons always took the first name of their father which in their case was "Christian" and added "sen" making the name "Christiansen".

Five of the family of seven joined the Mormon Church and migrated to Utah in America about 1863-65. Lars came in 1864 after completing a mission in Denmark.

He later met Sophia Rasmussen who had also migrated from Denmark to Utah coming in the same company as Lars' brothers, Peter and Hans Christiansen, in September 1863. Grandpa Lars Hans and Sophia Rasmussen were married December 19, 1865, in Hyrum, Utah. They had 10 children, 5 boys and 5 girls. Four of the girls died in infancy from diphtheria. The boys were Enoch, Elias, Moses, Jeremiah (Jerry), and Aaron. The girls were Hansine (died), Maria Christine (died), Laurine Christine (died), Ava Antonette (died), and the only girl to live to adulthood, Elvira Adena, a beautiful brunette.



Lena and John circa 1940

Grandpa Lars Hans also took a second wife in polygamy, Annie Dorthea Sorenson, in 1874. Four children were born to them: Peter, Laura, Sarah, and Abel (died in infancy).

My dad Moses, or Mose as he was always called, and his family lived a short distance west of Hyrum on a small family farm. He was 6 feet tall, had dark hair, blue eyes and was of medium stature. Dad and his brothers helped on the farm doing a lot of fence building and building a large four room ranch house with a big kitchen, living room and one bedroom downstairs

and three upstairs with closets and hallway, in addition another "lean room" added on the north side for Grandmother Rasmussen.

Later on, this home burned down and most of the family records, etc., were destroyed. The boys worked in the canyon getting out the necessary logs for lumber and materials for building a rail fence-log around the

80 acre farm. The fence stood for many years as a monument to the family.

Grandpa Lars taught the boys how to dry farm the dry land by using the fallow system of idling the land every other year as Brigham Young had advised them to do. Grandpa Lars and his brother Jens first used the self rake, a forerunner to the twin binder. They also were first to use the cropper and mass harvester, the first harvesting machines. They were first to use a grain drill to seed the wheat instead of just broadcasting it upon the ground and then harrowing it to help cover the seed.

Enoch, Dad's oldest brother, decided to leave home in 1887 and go north into Idaho to seek work on the railroads being built and various cattle ranches. Enoch's travels took him to Palouse country in northern Idaho, where he found much work in the grain harvests. Later he took up a homestead on Joseph Plains, a high plateau of timber and meadow ground located between the Salmon and Snake River canyons as they curved together into one big river about 50 miles south of Lewiston, Idaho. Uncle Enoch, "En" as my dad called him, was gone for several years. After proving up on his homestead on Joseph Plains, he also worked on a large cattle ranch near Grangeville, Idaho, on what they call Camas Prairie.

After Uncle Enoch had been away from his home in Utah for many years, my dad and his brother Elias decided to go north to make him a visit. They made their way to Boise where they obtained saddle horses and rode north towards Grangeville some 200 miles to Uncle En's homestead. There were no roads north of Boise to Grangeville at that time. They encouraged Uncle Enoch to return home to visit his folks as he had been gone for seven years. They would stay and take care of his place until he returned. He left by saddle and pack horse on Thanksgiving Day, arriving in Boise in eight days. He left his horses there and beat his way to Utah by freight trains.

While home visiting, he married a school sweetheart, Teresa Hartvigsen, in February. Enoch returned to his homestead in March, leaving his bride to finish the school year out teaching. Then she left by train in April for Moscow, Idaho. Uncle Enoch met her and they went to their homestead by buggy and pack horse.

Elias was a very rugged individual. He was born March 6, 1873, in Hyrum, Utah. He had one light blue eye

and one dark blue one and was about 6'2", had light hair and a heavy beard. He went with my dad to north Idaho to visit Enoch, but returned.

In 1897, dad, Elias and Jerry came up to Marsh Valley, Idaho, from their home in Hyrum and took up homesteads, 7 miles southwest of Downey in Cherry Creek. Dad homesteaded on the west side of Cherry Creek, although Cherry Creek ran through the eastern edge of his property. Jerry and Elias took up homesteads along the western mountain where a large spring came out of the mountain. After a few years, Elias decided to sell his homestead to Jerry and go to Canada where the saints were taking up homesteads. Elias homesteaded near Cardston, Alberta, Canada, along the Belly River. My grandpa Hartvigsen and his son, J. F. Hartvigsen, came to Cherry Creek and Grandpa Hartvigsen homesteaded just to the north of Jerry. J. F. homesteaded about two miles east of Cherry Creek. Uncle Peter Christiansen (dad's half-brother) came to Cherry Creek and took up a homestead about a mile northeast of dad's just on the east side of Cherry Creek.

After a few years, Uncle Elias gave up his homestead in Canada and came back to Marsh Valley. Dad was then manager of the Portneuf Marsh Valley Canal Co. and gave Elias a job as water master at the Chesterfield Reservoir, the main storage reservoir for the canal company. He lived in a small house near the dam site. Later on in 1935, Dad and Elias were replaced by others to operate the canal company. Elias then lived mostly out on the Green Eighty and helped us with the farm work there and also on the dry farms in Cherry Creek and McCammon areas. In February 1941 he had been over to Lava in the hot pools to soak (he had two bad hernias) and had caught a ride to McCammon with friends. He was walking from the Lava road east of McCammon going west along a dirt road that connected to the main highway in the south part of McCammon. It was evening and when he crossed the main railroad tracks, he apparently decided to walk up the tracks to the McCammon railroad depot. While walking along the double tracks, a passenger train approached and we believe he had thought it was on the east side track as a lear or something sticking out to the side of the railroad engine struck him spinning him around and striking his head killing him instantly. The train had been coming on the west side track, the one Elias had been walking close to.

Elias had married a Polly Gehring who had lived near his homestead in Cherry Creek in the early days. She

had a son, Earial Lars, while Elias was in Canada. Polly died and Earial was raised while he was young by his grandparent Gehrings. Later he joined his dad in Canada. Polly was buried in the cemetery west of Downey known as Ragged Louse. Elias was buried in the Downey cemetery. Earial later went to southern California and worked as an engineer building the Los Angeles Aqueducts to bring water to Los Angeles from the Colorado River. When completed, he was given a job as water superintendent in Los Angeles. He has now retired but is still living in Los Angeles. His wife died and he has remarried and lives in Sun City, California.

Jerry (Jeremiah) farmed his whole life, operating his lands in Cherry Creek. He moved to Downey when his children needed to go to high school. Aunt Emily died from heart problems in her early 50s. A son, Roy, was in Germany on a L.D.S. mission and had met a woman that he thought his dad would like as a second wife. Jerry went to Germany and met her and they were married and he brought her back to Downey. We called her Aunt Bertha. She was much younger than Uncle Jerry. They continued to farm in Cherry Creek for many years. Jerry died when he was 90+ and Aunt Bertha shortly afterwards. Jerry, Aunt Emily and Aunt Bertha are buried in Hyrum, Utah cemetery. Jerry and Emily had 3 boys and (Jerald, Roy, Evan) and one daughter, May, who died very young (14 years old). They also raised a foster daughter, a niece of Emily's, Melva. Jerry and Aunt Bertha had no children. Jerald became an engineer, Roy an insurance representative, Evan a doctor. They sold all the property to a Salt Lake man (Jones) in 1980.

Uncle Aaron, the youngest boy, stayed in Hyrum and ran the family farm. He married Aunt Rosa. They had 2 sons and 4 daughters. Dad used to take us to Hyrum when I was very young in one of our first cars to visit Uncle Aaron and Aunt Rosa. Uncle Aaron died in 1937. Aunt Rosa remarried and is still living in Hyrum. She has remarried twice.

Now after this short history of my dad's family, I will now recount my mother's family history, and then my own life history as best I can remember (March 1988) age 72 on March 30. I have written it and it has been typed by my daughter Teri.

My mother was Mary Caroline Hartvigsen, daughter of Johan (John) Hagerup Hartvigsen born in 1851 in Norway and Maren Karoline Nielsen Born in 1848 in

Norway. My mother's father and mother both lived in northern Norway above the Arctic Circle and immigrated to America and came to Utah as Mormon immigrants. She was the only girl in a family of five. Her oldest brother, Joakin Ferdinand, was born in Norway. The other children, Mary Caroline, Hyrum Jacob, John Henry and Lester Edwin, were born in Hyrum, Utah, after their parents came to Utah. John Henry and Lester Edwin died in infancy. Joakin Ferdinand was always referred to as J. F.

Mother's family came to Cherry Creek in about 1898-99 and homesteaded a tract of land just north of Jerry Christiansen alongside of the west mountains. Jerry, my father Moses, and Elias Christiansen had taken up their homesteads a year or so earlier.

My mother had dark hair with deep blue eyes. She was 5'2", and slight in body. She was born in Hyrum, Utah, July 19, 1881. She was a champion speller in her class in school. Her brother Hyrum, who became a doctor, said he always remembered his sister Caroline helping her mother with the washing, cooking, scrubbing the floor, and she learned to be an expert seamstress and made many clothes for her family after she married.

It seemed like the Hartvigsen girls in Hyrum were attracted to the Christiansen boys (the "longlanders" as they were called in Denmark, as they seemed to be rather mischievous and loved to explore everything). Jerry courted Hettie, a Hartvigsen at first, then Dad courted Annie Hartvigsen at first, then later Enoch married Teresa Hartvigsen.

Mother's two brothers, Hyrum Jacob and J. F., came to Cherry Creek with their father Johan. A year or so later, J. F. homesteaded on lands about 2 miles east of Cherry Creek and directly north of Oxford Peak. Quaken Asp Creek ran through his homestead. J. F. married Ellen Eilersten, a close friend of my mother's. She was one of three sisters that had lived about 150 miles from the Hartvigsen's in Norway and whose family had joined the church (except their mother). Their father told the three girls they could migrate to America (Utah) at the age of 20. So each girl at that age left Norway and came to Utah. Mother's brother, Uncle Hyrum, married Inga Eilersten and the other sister married Dave Christensen who was one of the first school teachers that taught in the Cherry Creek school.

J. F. moved from Cherry Creek to Downey when their children became high school age. He was bishop of

the Downey Ward for many years. He raised a large family. Donald, my age, was a physicist major at Utah State University and became a scientist for the U. S. Government. The other boys became educators, superintendent, head of athletic department at B.Y.U., dentist. The girls, all very beautiful brunettes, married well. The last one, Mabel, married late in life to a Christiansen not of our tribe. Must have been a strange attraction, these two Scandinavian names and families. Uncle Hyrum became a doctor and practiced in Downey area, then in Pocatello. One of his sons became a dentist, another son worked for the Idaho Highway department and he had one daughter who was a beautiful blond.

When Edna was about 1 year old, dad and mother and the children they had at the time, Elvin, Myrtle, and Edna, went to the Logan temple to be sealed for time and eternity on June 23, 1909.

My mother was courted by a Lorin McBride as a young girl, but his family immigrated to Idaho and he never came back to see her—a long ways to travel in those days. Mother worked on the thresher crew each fall and helped cook all the meals for the many men that operated the thresher. She was 17 years old when her family came to Cherry Creek to homestead. My dad and Jerry worked on these crews until they purchased a combine to harvest the grain. It was here that Mose and Mary (dad and mother) became acquainted and later married June 17, 1903, in the Logan courthouse.

At first they lived in a one room cabin built by her father, one corner over a small stream to make it easier to get their water (inside). Shortly after this, they built a one room log cabin on their homestead located along Cherry Creek. Dad piped the water from the upper ditch into the house so they did not have to carry water. Before I came along, my only brother Elvin was born, then four sisters, Myrtle, Edna, Nellie and Eva. Elvin had dark hair, Edna dark hair and resembled (I think) our mother's picture I've seen. Myrtle and Nellie's hair was not quite as dark, Eva and I were blond. All of us had blue eyes.

John's Early Life

I was born March 30, 1916 at Cherry Creek. Mother and dad by then had added a two story addition, kitchen, wash room, cellar, barns, sheds, orchard, garden, chicken coop. We had no electricity or modern plumbing yet, but dad worked for the telephone

company part-time and installed the phones in Cherry Creek so we had a phone. My first four years I lived in Cherry Creek. Then we moved to Downey in 1919 so the older children could go to high school.

While living in Cherry Creek, 1916-1920 (age 1-4 years old), I remember many things — even back at a very early age, possibly less than 1 year old. I remember my Dad and Mother and others holding me in their arms and carrying me about. I remember of going to church at “Ragged Louse”. I remember the building, the inside, etc. I remember of waiting at the gate being held in someone's arms as the car came from town and they would let me get in the car and ride up to the house which was a short distance. I remember my brother Elvin (age about 13 or 14) harrowing the summer fallow with two sections of harrows and a team of horses. I remember playing near the house with my sisters when an Indian Chief came riding his horse down over the ditch by the barns and out to the main road. My sisters became so frightened that they started crying and fled to the house—leaving me in the yard to be rescued by Mother. The Indian was friendly and kept right on riding his horse by me and down the land. I remember that they said Indians scalped you—so I don't know how they overlooked me as my hair was pure blond at that time, so I've been told. I guess the Lord protected me and had other plans for me. I remember going out into the grain nearby when it was over my head and hiding from my Mother. They said they could always find me as my hair was so white, they could always spot me. I remember going in the car and buggy to pick choke cherries and several times thunderstorms came up and we had to get back to the house in a hurry. Several times we got stuck in the muddy fields and had difficulty getting home. I remember the doctor coming to our house to attend the sick—maybe that was when I was born!! I remember the inside of the house, the kitchen, the water faucet inside the kitchen, the oil paper on the walls, the telephone, etc. I also remember my folks bringing a large bag of jelly beans home from town for us kids. It was the only candy I remember we got in those days. I remember going up to Uncle Yaks and Uncle Neils. We had to cross Cherry Creek each time and the fast flowing stream always interested me. I can see it to this day (1984). I remember the school kids coming home from school.

In the fall of 1919, our family moved to Downey. Elvin and Myrtle would soon have to go to high school and dad and mom were always interested in their family

getting as good an education as they could. Dad had bought a home on the northern part of the village on the east side of main street. We had about one acre of land.

The Death of John's Mother

In the spring of 1920, tragedy struck our family. Two additional rooms were being build on the back porch. This was necessary as Grandma Christiansen from Hyrum was coming to live with us. One morning my mother accidentally stepped over an open stair case and fell into the basement injuring herself. Pneumonia set in and she died the morning of April 10, 1920. Her brother Hyrum, who was the doctor attending her in her short illness, was deeply grieved by the death of his sister. This was an extreme loss to the family as she left her husband with six small children to raise. Elvin was 16, Myrtle 14, Edna 12, Nellie 8, Eva 6, I Johnnie was 4.

I do not remember much about my mother's death, only that she was not there—and did feel the loss of her being with me and watching over me. My mother was slender and not too tall. She had dark hair and deep blue eyes—the only one of her family with blue eyes. Her brother was dark with brown eyes. I don't know where Eva and I came from as we were both blond and blue eyed and the other sisters and Elvin were blue eyed, but had dark hair. Elvin's hair was black. Most of my Christiansen uncles had light hair. Dad's hair, however, was black.

After my mother died, dad hired several ladies as housekeepers. I remember Carrie Evans came to live with us. She was divorced from John Evans, a nephew of Charles Evans, the first family that settled in Cherry Creek. Their home had been in Cherry Creek, north of my dad's homestead. Their land was irrigated from the waters of Cherry Creek. Aunt Carrie, as we called her, had a boy named Carl and a girl named Roda. Carl was about 4 years older than me. We played together much of the time. Roda played with my sisters. After a short time, they left, and a Mrs. Dyson came for a while. Later in 1922, dad married LaVina Rose Murray, a young widow from Wellsville, Utah. She had a son, Ross, one year older than me. Ross was one grade ahead of me in school at first.

I remember my 1st grade. My teacher was a Mrs. Robinson. Our schools in Downey at that time consisted of a large two story red brick building with a full basement and furnace room. A smaller white frame building at

the rear housed the 1st grade. As I remember, the rest of the grades were in the large red building. I enjoyed school and did really well in my work. I was always interested in the things of the world—maps, history and stories of the early explorers. At the end of my first year, they built a large rectangular building close to the large red building and just north of the 1st grade building. It had four large classrooms, a large hall running lengthwise, two classrooms on the north side and two classrooms on the south with a large storage room and restrooms. I do not remember much about the 2nd grade except my teacher was Irma Hyde, a daughter of George T. Hyde, the first merchant in Downey—a pioneer family. I don't remember much at all about the 3rd grade. I do remember my cousin Donald Hartvigsen and Ben Beckstead. I really liked the 4th grade and the teacher let us three boys work ahead in our lessons. Our teacher was Miss Helen Price. Later she married J. Milton Hyde here in Downey, and still lives here in Downey with her husband. At midyear, she told Donald, Ben and I we were being advanced into the 5th grade and would be in the 5th grade the rest of the year. I remember Valentine's Day as we had a Valentine's party in the 5th grade and then as we three had so many friends in the 4th grade she let us attend the 4th grade Valentine's party. I was a very shy boy about the girls and I know I was horrified when so many girls sent me valentines in which they expressed to me many wishes in my new class and said they wished I was back in the 4th grade with them. At the end of the year, I was promoted to the 6th grade. Ross had been in the 5th grade, so I had caught up with him in school. LaVina, as we called my stepmother, did not approve of this advancement for me as she was always very jealous of the fact that her own son was not advanced in any of his school classes.

After dad married my stepmother, LaVina, the family became somewhat divided. Dad's second marriage to LaVina brought many problems to my dad, as they had domestic problems their entire life.

During my early school years about 1924, I remember the first airplane that flew over the town. It was a little World War I (Jerry) two seat biplane. The town's people came running out of their homes to see this plane that could fly. It was extremely interesting to me and I waited anxiously for the day a plane would land in Downey so I could see it up close. This day came in about 1928 when a biplane circled the town and landed just east of the high school in a vacant field. I remember everyone running up to the high school and looking in awe at this plane that could really fly. It stayed several

days and took some of the people for rides.

I remember when my half sister, Merle, was born. She was a very pretty baby, and we all loved her very much.

I remember my brother Elvin buying a radio, one of the first in Downey. He set it up in our bedroom which I shared with him. We had a large bedroom, and several of the girls slept in the same bedroom. The radio's name was Morocco. It had three main dials, head phones and a large speaker that set on top of the radio. We tuned in the different stations by adjusting all three main dials while we had the head phones on. When we got the station good, we then plugged in the speaker and the programs would then come through the speaker. Radio was very interesting to me and my brother Elvin and I would try to get stations all over the country. It was quite powerful as we got stations in Ohio, Nebraska, California and Canada. Elvin and I got a great deal of enjoyment out of this radio.

Moses and the Canal Company

During this time in my life, 1920-34, my dad managed the Canal Company. Irrigation water for the Downey area was stored in a reservoir near Chesterfield at the upper drainage of the Portneuf River about 50 miles away. The water came down the Portneuf River to a point between Lava and McCammon and then was diverted into the Downey Canal which came south through the foothills east of Arimo and Virginia to Downey, where it was distributed to the Downey Flat west of town by several lateral canals. My dad at this time proved up on lands on the Downey Flat under the Carey Act. This was irrigated land. An 80 acre parcel was located two miles northwest of Downey. Dad named it the "Green 80". Another 40 acre parcel he proved up on was located along the road going to Cherry Creek at the point of the hill along the north side of Marsh Creek or Sleu, as we called it. It was rather rocky and had 1.5 acres of waste land. My dad rented these lands out to operators as he could not take care of them while directing the Canal Company. Elvin along with hired help farmed our dry land in Cherry Creek. During these times, my dad took me with him much of the time. We would go out and walk along the canal banks as he made observations of various things. He would take the girls with him some of the times up to the "Dam" as we called it at Chesterfield. Our Uncle Elias was the master at the Chesterfield Dam and lived there alone in a small house the year round. It was always a great adventure to me to go up to the

reservoir at Chesterfield. I enjoyed the outdoors, and so many things connected with it. Sometimes irrigation engineers would go with us to help dad measure the canal flows, etc. This was very interesting to me. I soon learned at an early age how much 30 sec. ft. of water, 2 sec. ft. and 3 sec. ft., etc. was. My dad only finished the 6th grade reader when he was a boy, but he taught himself how to measure land, water, and many other mechanical and mathematical things.

Catching Fish the Easy Way

Dad liked to fish, so many times when we would be together he would show me how to catch trout in the Portneuf River and the mountain streams nearby. My brother Elvin at this time worked a lot on the dry farm and could not go with me and my dad. Ross, my step-brother, went some of the time, but his mother preferred to have him stay home close to her. I will always remember a special way my Uncle Elias would catch fish for us. An irrigation ditch ran near his house and down into a field. At night he would divert the water into a channel that ran down into the reservoir. During the night the large rainbow trout, 3-8 lb., would come up into this channel and get into the large holes. Then in the morning Uncle Elias would get up early, put on his hip boots, take a pitchfork, go turn the water back into the original channel, and then he would go down into the channel that ran into the reservoir and as the water drained out of the stream he could easily spear the large trout with the pitchfork. He would always come back with several large trout for us to take home.

Boy! What a way to fish, I thought. Fishing laws then were nonexistent. Elias was a very practical man and fished this way only to sustain himself and to give to his friends and family, which he loved to do.

I loved my dad immensely, but my heart ached for him as he had a bad habit he could not give up of chewing tobacco and drinking coffee. Although as a family we did not all go to church regularly, only once in a while, all of us children went to church more than our parents. Dad always encouraged us to go to church, but did not go himself as much as he should of. His second marriage was not a happy one, and this could have been one of this reasons. In his first marriage to my mother, they were both active and dad served as Sunday School superintendent of the Cherry Creek Ward. It always seemed to me that I carried in my heart a desire to live the standards of the church and did

regardless. I really believe my mother was at my side prompting me at these times. I have felt her presence many times in my life.

I remember being baptized, but I don't remember who baptized me. Several of us boys were baptized at the same time in Downata Hot Springs where the water came bubbling out of the ground. It was very hot water. I did not go to church too much growing up. My dad and stepmother did not go to church only on an irregular basis. My dad always encouraged me to go, but he did not insist on it as he did not go regularly.

I liked mutual the best and especially my scout work. I remember going to Sunday School quite a bit. Ione Jensen (Elvin's wife) was one of my teachers. I liked Lloyd Jensen (Ione's brother) as a scout master. I would have like to become an Eagle Scout, but I did not pursue my scout work as I should have. We did not have a scoutmaster after Lloyd Jensen moved away. I remember going with Lynn Dewey on my 14 mile hike for First Class. We hiked down to Red Rock and back.

John in Grade School

Getting back to my early school years. The 5th and 6th grades were held in our red school building on the 1st floor— the 7th and 8th on the upper floor. The

principal's office was on the upper floor towards the front under the bell tower. A large bell was in the bell tower above the principal's office. They would ring this bell at 8:30 and then again at 5 minutes to 9. School would take up at 9:00. All four classes had to line up in front of the front steps and then would march up the steps and into our various rooms. Mrs. Sellers was our 5th grade teacher. Mr. Ray Thomas was our teacher in the 6th grade and again in the 8th grade. Mr. Mitchell Jones was my teacher in 7th grade. Later Mr. Jones went to Dental School and became a dentist. He came back to Downey to practice dentistry and also became Bishop of our ward at the time I was married (1939). Mr. Thomas was a very strict teacher and a very good teacher as he was fair in all dealings. At the time I thought it was a goofy idea, but near the end of our year he made us all study about the famous artists, poets, painters, etc. Later on I realized he was just trying to put some polish on us. I did very well in the 6th, 7th, and 8th grades and made 98 on my state test in history—highest in class, 91 in spelling. Ben Beckstead made about the same as did Donald Hartvigsen, but Donald, my cousin, made the highest in math. Later he graduated from Utah State Agriculture College as a physicist, a very difficult field of study. He later worked for the government in Washington D.C. in a special science field.



John (rightmost student, front row) and his sixth grade class in 1927

While in the elementary grades, one of my best friends was Vestal Jensen, who lived just north of our place. His dad was a farmer and had land in Cherry Creek as well as some down on Marsh Creek near the Cherry Creek road crossing and 40 acres just north of town near their home. I also played with my cousin Willis Christiansen (Uncle Pete's and Aunt Nora's boy). They lived just east of our place—had land in Cherry Creek.

I remember Aunt Nora as she was Vestal's aunt also, being a sister to his Dad. She was always making Willis and me take a bath when I visited there on Saturday—a day that it was usually customary to take a bath. She was always making us eat the right food. Willis and I always got up in their fruit trees and ate the fruit when she didn't want us to.

I always had lots of friends. Jesse and Evan Kingsford whose parents operated the Oxford Hotel were my playmates. Also I spent lots of time up to the Oxford Hotel. I liked what I saw in their large “cooler room”—lots of trout on ice that they had caught up to Island Park. Jesse and Evan moved to California a little later. After that I always wanted to go to Island Park.

One day in the spring while playing just west of the Hotel around the baseball park and grandstand I found a wallet with some \$60 in it. The melting snow had uncovered it. There was no identification in it. After dad inquired around town as to its possible owner, they said I could have the money. With most of it, I sent to Montgomery Ward and bought a bicycle which I dearly loved, as now I could explore further from home.

One day in about 1925-26, Vestal, Willis and I were down to Vestal's to his lower place north of town. They had a chopper machine that was hand operated to chop sugar beets for their cows. Willis was turning the handle making the blades turn very fast. I remember I decided to pull up a big “Pig Weed” nearby and started to feed it into the whirling blades. When the blades caught onto the tough weed, it jerked my hand forward and my hand hit the blades. My index finger on my right hand was mangled. As I started hollering and crying and running for their homes, dad rushed me up to the doctor (Uncle Hyrum) and he sewed things back together as best he could as my two knuckles were badly crushed and my hand opened up beyond my knuckle. The Dr. told dad that he didn't know whether my finger could be saved or not, but it did heal in time; however, both knuckles were stiffened. And to this day I cannot bend the lower middle finger

joint and carry a large scar on my hand.

In the summer of 1927, dad decided to go to Montana to visit Uncle (En) Enoch. Uncle En, as we called him, had left his home in Hyrum, Utah, and gone to northern Idaho to work in the grain harvest in 1890. While there he took up a homestead on Joseph's Plain. Later in 1919 he sold his ranch and moved over to Beaver Creek, Montana, where he purchased a cattle ranch. In 1924 he sold this ranch and went to Eastern Montana at Lodge Grass right next to the Custer Battle Museum, etc. This was located near Hardin, Montana.

Dad, LaVina, Merle, Ross and I went on this trip. We traveled up through Yellowstone Park to Livingston, Montana, then westward down the Yellowstone River to Billings, Montana. We had a new Oldsmobile sedan—a very good car at that time. My stepmother did not like camping out at all, so we stayed in hotels at night. From Billings we drove south eastward toward Hardin, Montana, a cattle town on the Crow Indian Reservation. A new highway was under construction, and we had many detours. There were heavy thunderstorms each day which made the roads very muddy. I remember while pushing on the car to get it out of mud holes, Ross slipped and fell facedown in sloppy mud—much to the disdain of his mother—got all his nice clean clothes all muddy—Ha! Ha!—Shouldn't have been so clumsy! Lodge Grass, Montana, was but a railroad watering station for the steam engines that powered the trains at that time. Uncle Enoch lived on a farm a short distance from Lodge Grass. We arrived after dark and drove into the farmstead. Dad was not sure this house was the right one, but I remember him going to the house and knocking on the door. Aunt Teresa opened the door and dad spoke to her. She then recognized dad in the dim light and said, “Is that you, Mose?” They had a happy reunion as they had not seen each other for many years.

Uncle Enoch took us around the ranch the next day—a large cattle and wheat ranch. It had been a wet year and his fall grain was near ready for harvest. We visited the Custer Battle Field where a monument was erected in honor of General Custer and his men that were killed in 1876 in the battle of the Little Big Horn—a small river nearby. This was very interesting to me and Ross, and I walked for a long ways down an open ridge of prairie grass observing little crosses marking the place each soldier had fallen. We could only imagine the terrible ordeal these soldiers went through. All were killed as they were out numbered

many times over—some 3,000 Indians against less than 200 soldiers of the 7th Calvary. Near the monument there were about 20 crosses all in one bunch, one being General Custer's. We visited several other places nearby, and in a few days left for home, going south into Wyoming, then westward over the Big Horn Mountains to Cody, Wyoming, thence to the eastern entrance of Yellowstone Park, out the south entrance and home by way of Jackson Hole, Wyoming. I loved to travel and see the country, so this trip is well remembered even to this day (2/10/84).

John in High School

I entered high school in September 1929. Downey High School was the largest and best high school around this area. Arimo, McCammon, Lava all had high schools (very small). We competed with them in athletics as well as some other schools around (Aberdeen, American Falls, Bancroft, Grace, Soda, Thatcher, Weston). Ralph Harding was my math and science teacher. He later taught my daughter, Sharlene, at Marsh Valley High School in the late 1950s. He became one of Idaho's famous coaches—retired about 1960 after teaching and coaching in Downey, Malad, Jerome and St. Anthony (So. Fremont) and others, then back to Marsh Valley High School and Malad. He was very strict but fair. He left Downey at the end of the year and went to Jerome. Later while attending college at the University of Idaho, I became acquainted with a student, Henry Jenkins, at the University of Idaho, from St. Anthony. He had played football in St. Anthony (So. Fremont). Ralph Harding had been his coach also. He said Ralph always called him "the old man" as he was 2 years older than all the other players. Henry and I became very good friends, taking several classes together. (More about him later).

After my freshman year in Downey High School, Donald Hartvigsen, my cousin, moved to Logan and we did not see each other much. My other best school friend, Ben Beckstead, moved to Twin Falls, and to this day (2/10/84) I have never seen him again. He now lives in Salt Lake and some day I hope to look him up. Vestal Jensen was a class behind me and he did not go to high school—stayed home and helped his dad farm. He had not done well in his school classes, and his dad did not see the need for a high school education. So he let Vestal quit. An 8th grade education was all that was required by law at that time.

I became interested in football and basketball as a

junior. The high school teams then were composed of just one varsity team for each sport. The juniors and seniors were the main players. I had grown to my mature height of 6'2", but was very skinny, weighing only 150 as a senior. I played basketball my junior and senior years, but because I was a year younger than most of the other players, I did not make the main five. I was too light to play football and too young. Only the older and heavier boys played football at that time. Football was a very physical game at that time. I played as the reserve center in basketball behind Stan Evans who was two years older than me and much heavier. In my senior year, 1932-33, I got to travel with the basketball team. It was a very severe winter. When we went to Weston, we were met by sled teams at Dayton and taken on to Weston by sleigh as the road from Dayton to Weston was closed. We won over half our games the senior year.

While in high school, I became interested in skiing. I bought some ski's and learned to ski holding onto a rope from a sleigh team. Vestal's father would always go to the "Slew" to feed stock with a sleigh and team. Vestal and I would tie ropes to the sleigh and would be pulled along the road as the team trotted. After reaching the "Slew" where the cattle would be fed, Vestal and I would go on up the big holler on our ski's and hunt jack rabbits with our 22 rifles. There were lots of rabbits. We would kill a dozen or so each Saturday or Sunday when we went with his dad. Part of the time, we would ski down the slopes and we both got pretty good at skiing the hills. Webster Neaf, another friend, would come with us a lot of the time.

I remember one skiing trip. It was January 29, 1932, a Saturday. Much of the time dad kept a team of horses and a sleigh at our home to use to go down to the "Green Eighty" to feed our animals we kept there. Usually dad had the Eighty rented out and the people living there would take care of the animals for us. I wanted to take the team and sleigh and go up to the Cherry Creek Ranch—skiing and hunting rabbits. There were Vestal, Webster and myself. We made it up to Uncle Neils' place. We then decided to ski up in the Cherry Creek Canyon to "Odds Cabin" as we called it. Odd Hartvigsen (Neils' Hartvigsen's brother) had been doing some prospecting work in Cherry Creek the past few years and had erected a cabin in the Mine Holler and had been living up there during the past fall doing some prospecting. In the early years (1900-1910), he had filed a mining claim up in the head of the Mine Hollow and had dug a mine tunnel back into the

mountain. It was this old mine that Odd Hartvigsen had been working again. We reached the cabin in late afternoon just as a storm closed in, so we decided we would have to stay there for the night. The cabin had food and beds and a big stove for cooking and heat. The snow was about 6 feet deep at the cabin. Odd had left the cabin in early January to spend the rest of the winter in town. We had quite a time in that old cabin that night. The next morning we practically had to dig ourselves out of the doorway to daylight as heavy snow had fallen during the night. We started back early as we knew it would take all day to get back to Downey. We had left word with Uncle Neils at his ranch where we were going. When we did not return Saturday evening, he assumed that we had stayed at the cabin for the night and had called my dad to let him know.

On our return trip out, we decided to go up and over the high mountain above Neils' ranch. We got to the top and had just started down the north face where about 50 head of deer trotted around the wide open ridge to the east. I had a camera with me and had taken pictures now and then. (I got one of the deer at this time.) We got down off the mountain and to the sleigh and horses in late afternoon and arrived back in Downey by dusk. I told dad about it all—my first real outdoor experience and he understood and all was well. He was surprised at the deer herd as there were not too many deer in Cherry Creek at this time, and there was no open season as yet. Before the winter was over, we would walk right over the fence at the high school as the snow was very deep.

During my early high school activities, my dad and Elvin began to become interested in deer hunting. There was no open deer season on deer in Marsh Valley up to 1940. Deer and elk had been killed off by the early settlers as there were not many game laws to protect them. Dad had always told us about deer hunting in Cache Valley when he was a young man growing up in Hyrum. Dad and his brother Enoch and Aaron liked to hunt and fish, and so many times they went up Blacksmith Fork Canyon east of Hyrum to hunt. Later when dad came to Marsh Valley to homestead in Cherry Creek, the deer were not very plentiful and there was no open season on deer or elk here in Marsh Valley. When Elvin became grown, he studied the game regulations and found that there was an open season on deer in the Salmon River country north of Mackay, Idaho. One fall about 1939, dad and Elvin decided to go up to Forney, which was located about 80 miles northwest of Challis on Panther Creek and

the surrounding mountains were called the "Yellow Jackets" because I supposed of the many gold mines that had been worked in the early days in these mountains. They went by car and came back the third day with a nice 5 point buck and a spike. Dad had killed the 5 point and Elvin the spike. They were some of the first deer brought into Downey. Many people in Downey came to our place to see these deer as they were hanging up on a rafter in our garage.

The next year dad and Elvin decided to go up on the Salmon River to hunt near Clayton and the Sunbeam Dam. Dad let me stay out of school and go with them. I remember we stayed in Clayton at an inn and hunted for two days in a nearby canyon. We did see some deer, but did not get close enough to shoot any. We came back to Downey without a deer that year. I remember how tired I got climbing the mountains, and we came home at night and I fell asleep in the back seat of the car on the bedding and didn't wake up until we were home.

During the fall of 1930, we went again to the Yellow jacket area near Forney and hunted the top of the Yellow Jacket mountains. We had gone in our truck having put steel beams over the grain bed and put a large canvas tarp over the bows. We used the truck to sleep in and erected a large tent to cook in. A funny thing had happened as we left home. The family wash of 3 baskets had accidentally got mixed in with our hunting supplies, and we had loaded 3 baskets of wash in our truck. We didn't know this until we unloaded the truck at our hunting camp. Dad had us take all the clothes and hang them out on a clothes line (rope) strung under the pine trees. It was kind of funny as several hunters going through the woods seen these clothes hanging out and probably thought we were some kind of "queers" to have clothes hanging out like that.

It rained all the time we were hunting. Dad had not let me carry only a 22 rifle as a longer rifle was not allowed for anyone under 16 years. He said if I saw a deer real close to shoot at the top of its head and I would probably kill it with my 22 rifle. The second day out while walking along a trail, a nice 5 point buck jumped up and ran a short distance, stopped and looked right at me. I quickly aimed the rifle at its head and shot and it bounded off. I missed I guess and was very disappointed. Elvin and Floyd Jensen each got a small buck, and the weather kept raining so we had to come home. Later, in the fall of 1932, we went again to the Salmon River country to hunt deer. This time to Myers Cove, an area down a long canyon towards

the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. We got only one deer, and after a few days hunting, returned home. We did catch a lot of trout in the creek.

In the fall of 1931, dad took me and Ross hunting in the Yellow Jacket mountains near Forney. We went down Panther Creek near Forney and went up Musgrove Creek (a small tributary to Panther Creek). We went up to an old abandoned ranch house about 4 miles up in the canyon, and in the early morning hours Ross and I were walking in the heavy pine near an open side hill when in the semidarkness we came right up on a herd of deer. I aimed at a nice buck lying down and only a few yards away. When I pulled the trigger, my gun just “clicked”—I had forgotten to load a bullet in the barrel. All the deer then jumped up and bounded out of the pine into an open hillside where they stopped. I ran to the opening and immediately saw a nice buck looking at me. I shot at him and he fell down, but quickly rolled over and got back on his feet and ran. We later found him dead in the hollow below us, a 2 point. In all this excitement, I never heard Ross shoot, and after it was all over I turned around and saw him loading his magazine in the rifle. It seemed he had gotten so excited that he just pumped all the shells out of his gun without firing it—plain “buck fever”. The next day, dad shot a nice buck, and we never got any more and came home after a few days hunting.

While in high school, I became very interested in aviation. Charles Lindburg had just flown nonstop from New York to Paris and had become my hero. The first commercial air routes were just in their infancy. One of these air routes had just been started from Salt Lake to Pocatello to Butte, Montana. A large 8 passenger monoplane was used. They had to fly only in good weather and would usually follow the railroad tracks, especially if they ran into bad weather.

I remember one time in the winter of 1932-33 about noon, the “mail plane”, as we called it, came roaring over the high school. These planes had large 12 cylinder radial engines that made lots of noise. Soon it returned flying very low. It was starting to snow. At noon they told us the mail plane had made a forced landing up in Criddle’s field east of the high school due to engine trouble. At noon most of the students trudged through the snow and went up to see this airplane. This type of plane was interesting to see and was something new to all of us. Later in the summer, this same type of plane came to Downey on the 4th of July and gave rides. I went up in the plane twice. It

was my first ride.

At Easter time, our whole senior class ran away from school and went down to Downata. We nearly all got expelled for it. Before we could graduate, we had to conjugate 50 verbs and hand them in. Some did not do it, but they let them graduate anyway. B. J. Stirland was our principal in high school. Kenneth Bickmore was one of my teachers. Bruce Wallace was our coach the senior year. A Mr. Grimmeth was our coach as juniors. Percy Burrup was one of my teachers. Our graduation day was May 25, 1933, in the Downey High School Auditorium. I was too scared of the girls to have any serious relationship with any dates. I guess I was doomed to be a bachelor. I did not learn to dance—something I wish I had done many times later on—and I was younger than all the girls in my class. Some of the girls I liked best were Reda Hadley, LaVon Hadley, Pearl Burton, Norma Baker and Florence Underwood.

During high school, I had many friends. Ben Beckstead was one of my best grade school friends. He moved to Twin Falls at the end of our 8th grade year. Donald Hartvigsen, a cousin, moved to Logan after our freshmen year in high school. Vestal Jensen only went to high school a very short time and then quit to help his dad on the farm, he did not like school and did not do well in his classes. Jesse and Evan Kingsford, who were good friends in grade school, moved to California. I have never seen Ben or the Kingsford boys since they moved away. Some of my best friends in high school were Stanford Christensen, Lynn Dewey, Don Olson, Keith Bennett, Elward Burton, Ole Boam. Ross Murray, my step brother, was in our graduating class. He did play some football as he was 2 years older than me and was somewhat heavier. He did not play basketball as his coordination was slow. His mother preferred he play in the band, which he did—a saxophone.

When we graduated from high school on May 25, 1933, I remember most about saying farewell to many of my classmates because we knew many of us would be going in different directions and might not meet again.

I remember the summer of 1933 very well. It was a very late spring—farming started in May. We always put the grain crops, etc., in first out on our Green Eighty on the Downey Flat. I would help on Saturday. In about 1927 or 1928, dad bought one of the first Caterpillar type tractors in the valley. It was a Cletrac, had a 6 cylinder engine and was very powerful. It would pull a 5 bottom moldboard plow in high gear on some

of the steeper hills. It outperformed the Caterpillar 30 tractor, but we did have more tract and engine problems than the Caterpillar 30.

During my high school days, Elvin and I and Ross would help on the farming. Ross would sometimes go help his Uncle Jake Hartvigsen as he had no boys to help him. We would plow with horses on a 2 bottom plow and with the Cletrac Caterpillar with a 5 bottom plow. They taught me to drive the tractor at age 12 and I drove it a lot from then on. In 1927, my dad purchased a dry farm 5 miles west of McCammon on the south side of Bell Marsh Creek. It extended from the mountain down the slope to the east to the very bottom of the bench land. We would have a grain crop one year in Cherry Creek and then one year in McCammon, summer following these places the odd year. We would haul some of our machinery back and forth from each place as we needed them. We then had a Chevy 1 1/2 ton truck to do this and to haul our grain in the fall. The summers we fallowed the McCammon ranch, we would stay up there in our cabin and batch and do our own cooking.

During the summer of 1933, we summer fallowed our Cherry Creek ranch. Ross liked horses and I liked to farm with them. So dad had him plow with horses and a 2 bottom plow, 6 horses on the plow. I would plow with the Cletrac Cat and a 5 bottom plow. We did not start plowing until we were out of school about the 26th of May. It took us all of June to plow Cherry Creek as it rained quite a bit. We would weed and drill and do most all of the other work with the Cletrac Cat. Rod weeders first came out about this time, and we could weed the land very efficiently and fast with 2-12' rod weeders (Cheney Weeders). Drilling was done with 2 large wheel type drills. We harvested with a large 16' Case combine, which was a very good combine at that time. It took a crew of three—the tractor driver, sacker and the platform operator (he lowered and raised the platform according to the height of the grain). The sacking platform was on the type of combine with a shoot going to the ground that held 5-6 sacks of grain that would be dumped in winnowers as we went around the fields of grain. Then the grain hauler would come to the winnowers and load the grain on the flatbed grain truck and take it into the elevators at Downey or McCammon.

During harvest time in August of 1933, dad asked me if I would like to go to college. We were in a bad depression at the time as grain sold as low as 25 cents a bushel.

He said he thought he could manage sending me and encouraged me to get as much an education as possible. I did not know for sure what I wanted to study. So I decided if I went I would just take a general course at first. Uncle Yak, Mother's brother, had purchased a home in Logan, Utah, so his own children could go to college. They had land in Cherry Creek also and would live there in the summers while the farm work was being done. They owned no livestock, only dry land. They said I could stay with them and go to college with their own children. Four of their oldest children were in college—Mabel, Alice, Lester, and Donald. Two older boys, Milton and Elmer had graduated from college and were married. The two youngest, Reed and Ruby were in high school. Donald was 9 months older than me, but we were in the same class. Donald had spent his freshmen year in Downey High School. The family had then purchased their home in Logan and he had attended high school in Logan, helping out on the Cherry Creek farm in the summer time. Donald was the smartest student in our class and entered college to study physics and became a scientist in that field. This he did and graduated from college, Utah State, and did indeed become a physicist and worked in this scientific field both with private companies and with the federal government throughout his life. At this date (4/84), he is retired and living in northern California. I last saw him several years ago. I want to visit him in California some time in the future. His boy and our son Kim both served L.D.S. missions in England, but in different parts of England and did not meet. Kim said he remembered seeing the name Hartvigsen one time in England and wondered if it could be one of his relatives. It probably was Donald's boy.

John Begins College

I boarded and roomed with Uncle Yok and Aunt Ellen during my first year in college at Utah State, then called Utah State Agricultural College, at Logan. I shared a bedroom with Donald, and we both walked several blocks to the campus up on the hill to go to our daily classes. Lester would go with us some of the time, also. I took only a general course this first year. I liked Aviation and History and Geology of Utah the best. I played M. Men (church) basketball for the 3rd Ward of Logan. We all went to church quite a bit of the time. Uncle Yok had been Bishop of the Downey Ward for several years before he moved to Logan. I liked to go to the football and basketball games. Donald and I were like two brothers going everywhere together.

I remember Thanksgiving time—I decided to hitchhike home with two other boys who were from Downey. We got rides to Preston pretty easy. We left Preston going the old highway towards Dayton and Clifton and Oxford. We couldn't get a ride and walked all the way to Oxford. As it was getting dark, I called my dad and had him come get us. The cuffs on our corduroy pants were worn through from so much walking. It had rained on us, too, and we were wet and hungry. The winter of 1933-34 was very mild and rainy. Very little snow fell on the valley floor or in the mountains. I remember March 12, 1934. It was about 15 minutes to 8 o'clock in the morning. We had just sat down to the breakfast table. Then all of a sudden the house started to creak and the table started to jiggle, then we realized we were having an earthquake. We all ran outside and everyone up and down the streets were running out of their houses, many in their bed clothes. It lasted about 2-3 minutes it seemed, but probably 10-15 seconds.

Later we walked up to our classes at the college. They told us at our first classes that they expected another earthquake at about 11 o'clock—why their explanation of such a prediction was not made known. A wild guess, I thought, because earthquakes cannot be predicted as to the hour. Anyway, I went to my class on the second floor of the Administration Building at 5 to 11 for my class in Geology and Geography of Utah. The earthquake was the immediate subject of the day, and just as the class was getting settled down and was going to discuss the rumor that another quake would come at around 11 o'clock, unbelievably the room started to rock and the plaster split right up the corner of the room. Everyone quickly rose to their feet and started to run out the door, down the hallway, down the steps and out on the grass. As we were doing this, the tall brick chimney on the women's gym tipped over and went crashing out across the lawn and street. The dust was still rising from that area when we got out of the building and looked around. Later we learned that some of the buildings on campus had some cracks, but not bad enough to be of major importance. In downtown Logan the merchandise in the grocery stores were thrown from the shelves. We later learned that at Preston, Idaho, some damage was done at the high school. Little did I know then that my future wife, Lena Packer, was a student in that high school. It was felt all over northern Utah and southeastern Idaho.

In class later on our instructor told us that the epicenter or fault slippage was found just north of the Great Salt

Lake, west of Brigham City—a slippage along a fault line of about 16-18 inches for about a quarter of a mile had occurred there and caused the quake. It was felt in Downey. Milo Christensen said he was just walking over to his barn to milk his cows when the power and telephone lines started to swing back and forth at about 8 o'clock in the morning. He did not feel the 11 o'clock quake as he was out of the house. Many felt both quakes at 8 and 11 o'clock in their homes.

Spring was coming on very fast as we had a very mild winter. As dad said we would be farming in March, I decided to not go to college the spring quarter, and I went home to Downey around the 15th of March. We started to farm the following week, and by April 1 had all the spring cropping done and started to summer fallow in early April. Dad had sold the last of the farm draft horses, and we were now doing all the farm work with the Cletros crawler tractor.

We had a good grain crop that fall, but still grain prices were very low—less than \$1.00 per bushel. We still operated the Green Eighty, our irrigated land on the Downey Flat. During June, we put up hay using horses for the mowers and rake and hauled the hay in loose, stacking it in large stacks with a large derrick.

In September 1934, I left home to go to Moscow, Idaho, to attend school at the University of Idaho.

During the summer of 1933, I decided I would like to go to college at the University of Idaho in Moscow instead of Utah State Agricultural College (U.S.A.C.) or more commonly referred to as AC. I had a deep love for our own state, its history and natural beauty, and I always thought I'd live my life here and I preferred attending college in our own state. I wanted to study geology, and the University of Idaho School of Mines was recognized then as one of the very top schools in the nation. I think my dad preferred the University of Idaho because as a young man he had visited the northern part of Idaho on his trips to Uncle En's place near Grangeville.

Dad, Uncle Elias and Uncle Neils Hartvigsen had visited Uncle Enoch's place several times before they settled in Cherry Creek. Uncle Enoch had left Hyrum at the age of 16 to go north to work on the railroad being built across southern Idaho. Uncle Elias told me Uncle Enoch did not like it at home when their father took a second wife in polygamy and left at an early age to seek work and explore the "north country" as

the boys referred to it. He spent several years in the Palouse country of Idaho and Washington in the grain harvests and sawmills. The Palouse was the area of great rolling hills of very fertile soil north of the Snake and Clearwater rivers extending 100 miles or more straddle of the Washington and Idaho state line. Moscow, Idaho and Pullman, Washington, were the main cities and trading areas. This was excellent grain land and the annual rainfall exceeded 30" which made it possible for grain crops to be raised every year. No fallow practice was needed. Uncle Enoch took up a homestead on Joseph Plains—20 miles southwest of Grangeville located between the Salmon and Snake Rivers. This was an ideal cattle country covered with pine among beautiful meadow.

While developing this ranch, dad, Elias and Neils Hartvigsen journeyed north to visit En. During one of these visits, dad and Elias filed on homestead land on Camas Prairie north of Grangeville, but did not stay and prove up on them as they went back to Utah and later homesteaded in Cherry Creek. Enoch proved up on his homestead, building a cabin and fencing some of the land.

Anyway, dad had thought it was a good school to go to and the north Idaho country was still very interesting to him.

Dad was going to take me to Moscow in the car. We had a new Nash car at that time called a Lafietle. We drove to Boise the first day, then north up the North South highway, up the Payette River to McCall, then down the Little Salmon river to Riggins where the main Salmon River emerges from the east out of the famous River of No Return Canyon. We then followed the main Salmon River north to the vicinity of white Bird Creek where the highway leaves the Salmon River Gorge turning eastward up White Bird Creek and climbs to the top of the Camas Prairie where Grangeville is located. At the mouth of White Bird Creek, dad decided to see if we could get across the Salmon River as there was a road going up the side of the canyon the west side of the river, and dad believed this mountain road would lead us up onto Joseph Plains where En's ranch was. He wanted to take me up there and show me where En's ranch was. The only way we could cross the Salmon River at this point was on a small ferry operated by a young man. The ferry was controlled by a cable across the river. It carried only one car at a time. We made it—had the cable broken we would have had a wild river ride clear to Lewiston, Idaho, some 100

miles downstream. The dirt and gravel road up the side of the canyon was rough and steep, but we made it to the top. But from this point the road crossed through a side canyon before it got over on Joseph Plain. As it was getting dusk by now, dad just pointed out to me across this side of the canyon and said En's ranch lay a short distance over in the pines and meadows some 10 miles further on, and he decided some time later that we would come up in this area and find the exact place. He wanted to go back down and get across the Salmon River on the ferry before it was dark, which we did. We then drove onto Grangeville and then on to Lewiston for the night.

In the morning, we went through the Giant Sawmill (largest in the U.S.). The logs are cut during the fall and early winter up on the Clearwater River and then when high water comes in the spring, the logs are floated down river to Lewiston. We then climbed up the Lewiston Hill, the highway making 645 switchbacks, then on north to Moscow through the Palouse hills. I had always visioned the University would be on the eastern side of town, instead it was on the hills in the southwest side of town.

I immediately began driving through the residential streets to see if I could find homes that had signs on wanting students for room and board. One thing that has always meant a lot to me was most of the houses advertising board and room also had signs out saying L.D.S. boys and girls preferred. Moscow at this time was just a small city (5000) but had 26 different churches. There was no L.D.S. wards and only a few hundred L.D.S. students in the University. There was an L.D.S. Institute on campus (one of the very first built by the church) for the L.D.S. students. About 10 L.D.S. students roomed at the institute. Mr. Sanders was the Institute teacher and acted just like a bishop over the L.D.S. students. The signs of L.D.S. preferred was a testimony to me about the church.

I finally decided on a small home on south Lilly Street and went to the door to inquire about living there. A Mrs. Cain (widow) owned the home and was boarding several students and had room for one more. When I told her I was L.D.S., she said one of her boys, George Revoir of Grace, was L.D.S. and Tom Chester of Soda Springs near Henry was not a member, but his mother was. Mrs. Cain said they all preferred L.D.S. boys because they didn't smoke, drink or party. I decided to stay at this home and roomed with George and Tom. We got acquainted real fast. Tom's folks operated the

country store in Henry (20 miles north of Soda). He attended high school in Soda. George lived 8 miles west of Grace on a farm and attended Grace High School. Both Tom and George were attending school on 4-H scholarships. They were both in the Ag school. Mrs. Cain also had two nephews from Troy staying with her and also a Bert Skinner, Engineer student from Wallace.

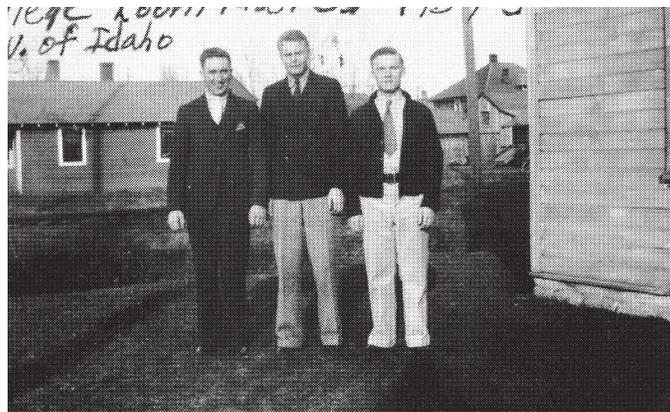
I enrolled in the School of Mines with a major in geology in mind. The first two years was always mainly just basic subjects in math, English, chemistry, geology, R.O.T.C.-gym. I soon learned that classes at Idaho were going to be much harder than those at U.S.A.C. in Logan. I found out as the year went by that it was harder to get a B at Idaho than an A at U.S.A.C. and

only located 9 miles away and was Idaho's main game each year. I liked college football and although we did not win too many games in the conference, Idaho always did well playing other schools. I remember the W.S.C. game at Pullman in November 1934 as it was so foggy one could not see across the field.

Basketball was divided in the conference into two divisions—northern division (Oregon, Oregon State, Washington and Washington State, Idaho and Montana) southern division, California schools. The two division winners would then play off for championship. During my college years, Idaho won the northern division twice but was defeated by U.C.L.A. in the playoffs. Forest Toogood was the coach then. He later became

coach at Southern California for many years.

The fall of 1934 soon passed and Christmas was coming soon. George Revoir and I decided we would stay in Moscow for the holidays and not go home. Mrs. Cain said she would take us out to Troy for the holidays with her as



Roommates at the University of Idaho 1934-35
George Revoir, John Christiansen, Tom Chester

in some classes harder to get a C at Idaho than an A at U.S.A.C. Later on when Sharlene, our daughter, transferred from Utah State to Idaho in Moscow, she said her math classes were a full year ahead at Idaho. I got to make many friends and enjoyed school more and more as each week went by.

The University of Idaho at this time was in the Pacific Coast conference in sports. This conference included 4 California schools (Southern Cal, U.C.L.A., University of Cal-Berkley), Stanford, Oregon and Oregon State, Washington and Washington State, Idaho and Montana University (Missoula). As Idaho and Montana were very small schools in relation to most of the others, it was difficult for Idaho and Montana to beat any of the others in football. Idaho and Montana only scheduled one or two of the large California schools but did play the two Oregon and Washington schools on a regular yearly basis. Washington State College (W.S.C.) was

her sister lived there on a farm. Tom wanted to go home, so he left on the train. George and I and Mrs. Cain and her two nephews that she was also boarding went out to this farm about 20 miles east of Moscow near the town of Troy. We had Christmas there with her sister and family. They owned a 160 acre wheat ranch and grew club wheat, which was a white wheat unlike our turkey red wheat we grew in Marsh Valley. They had lots of rain—about 30" a year, so they grew crops every year on the same land. They grew wheat and field seed peas which were adapted to their soil. The seed peas were cut with a combine as well as the wheat. Their average yield of wheat was 50 bushels per acre each year. Their waste ground was pine trees unlike our sage brush. The family needed to butcher a hog, so George said that he and I would butcher the hog for them. We did a good job and the family was well pleased with our work. They had always had it done in town (Troy) before at the meat packing house.

It stormed a lot and was really bad weather while we were there.

George and I decided we would go back into Moscow before Christmas vacation was over and go up to Spokane for a few days. We took the train to Spokane and stayed in the Coeur d'Alene hotel—rooms then were only \$2-3 a night. We visited the city by bus, went to some shows and then returned to Moscow. Gonzaga University (Catholic school) was in Spokane. We weren't much impressed—even if Bing Crosby, the famous actor, graduated from there. Idaho did play them in football and always beat them.

The winter of 1935 in Moscow was very wet and we hardly saw the sun. It did snow some, but did not remain on the ground for only a few days at a time. At the end of the semester (February 1), George did not make his grades very well and decided to return home. Tom and I bid him farewell as he left one evening on the train. I felt very bad for George. Later on in 1936, the year I stayed out of school (mumps), I invited George and his brother to go on a deer hunting trip to Salmon River country. George was French, dark, a lady's dream, and he and Tom were always playing pranks on one another. I made the mistake of telling George about this one certain brunette in my geology class. She was a sorority gal, rich father (found this out later), and I told George he ought to date her (however, George had been writing to a Betty every week). He had other ideas—without my knowledge he called her up and said he was the tall blond guy in her geology class and he thought she was the best looking gal at Idaho, and all that stuff, and would she consider a date. She said, "Oh, yes." George said we'd talk about our date then in the next class. Anyway, the next day she kept her eyes on me and I should have known something was up. As we walked out of class, she quickly came right over to my side and sorta touched me (cuddled is the word, I guess). My temperature shot up over 100. I blubbered something to her like "you're sure a good looking girl", and we parted going to our separate classes. She turned and smiled at me. I finally figured old George Revoir was the culprit, and when I got back to Mrs. Cain's place, I told George I was going to hang him. He then confessed. Her name was Betty Obermeyer and to tell you the truth, she looked a lot like the girl I married. I hope mom don't kill me for this. (P.S. George never did marry Betty. Some day I hope he explains—will go over to Grace to find out.

In place of George, Mrs. Cain took in a boy from North

Dakota who came to Idaho to study forestry. Idaho U. was the top forestry school in the nation then. He was a likable guy and lots of fun, but he smoked some and went on wild parties to Lewiston with a friend of his.

In March ('35), Tom and I were making plans to come home in June at the end of the school year. A friend of his had an old Model T Ford he wanted to sell. Tom and I checked it over and it ran pretty good, so we bought it from him for \$25 to come home in, in June. Later on we found out that it had a bad bearing, so we sold it to another kid for \$15. He drove it a few times and offered us \$15, so we got out of that mess, losing \$5 each.

As the school year was coming to a close (June 7), we decided we would hitchhike home. A friend of Tom's (Norval Wardle from Driggs) wanted to join us, so we made plans. Norval wanted to go home through Montana as he wanted to stop in Bozeman, Montana, at Montana State University to check on some dairy cattle at Montana State Ag Farm. As it panned out, Tom and Norval got their final exams over a day before I did. Final exams were scheduled over a week's time—4 hour exams—very difficult in the heat. They planned on leaving at noon the day before I could leave. They said they would take their time and would wait for me at the State Capital building in Helena, Montana, on a Sunday. We were to meet there on Sunday.

I left Moscow the next afternoon after a morning final exam and got to Spokane by dark. In those days one could buy a hotel room for \$1. I stayed at the Coeur d'Alene Hotel where George and I had stayed the previous Christmas. I left Spokane always walking out to the edge of town and waiting for a ride. I finally got a ride to Coeur d'Alene and then one on to Wallace, and later on in the day I got a ride over the Idaho-Montana border and down to a town called Regis, Montana. This is all mountainous country covered with heavy pine and a winding grade up and over the summit at the border. This was on a Saturday and I figured Tom and Norval would probably arrive in Helena, Montana, this day or early Sunday (the next day) and wait for me to show up at the State Capital as we had planned. Well, things did not turn out as we had planned as you will see.

Regis, Montana, a real small lumber and mining town in Montana, had one store and I went in and bought a couple of oranges to eat. I then walked to the edge of town a few blocks and approached a cement bridge over the river. I stopped at the side of the bridge along

the cement abutment and was peeling an orange to eat when suddenly I heard a man hollering. I looked down the road and this car had stopped after crossing the bridge and was pulled to the side of the road and the man was waving at me to come on down. As I walked towards the car, I noticed it was a 1935 black Ford sedan with Washington license. I asked the man if he was going on to Missoula, the next city down the road and the one I hoped to get to that. He said yes and opened the back door for me to get in. As it was getting dusk, I was eager to get a ride and got in the back seat and we were soon on our way.

It was about a hundred miles to Missoula, and soon I got the surprise of my life. We soon came around a sharp curve in the road and two fellows were standing to the side of the road. These guys sped right by them, and I didn't get a full view of them until we went right by them. To my surprise, they were my friends Tom and Norval. All I could do was wave at them out of the rear window. I did not know for sure if they saw me. Driving towards Missoula, I had time to talk to the men in the front seat. They were dark skinned and talked to me in English, but talked to each other in a foreign language. I took them to be Italian or Spanish. They said they were going on to Butte and asked me a lot of questions about the city of Butte. I had only been in Butte once and told them what I could. As we entered the outskirts of Missoula, they turned off on a side street and let me out. I walked downtown to where there was a city park and waited there until after dark thinking that Norval and Tom would get a ride and we would get a chance to join up. No luck—so I went across the street and got a room in the Stockman's Hotel.

In the morning I went downstairs to the hotel restaurant for breakfast and bought a local newspaper and got another surprise. A week before this time, the son of the wealthy Werhousen family in Seattle, Washington, had been kidnapped and held for ransom. It came out that the boy was held captive in a basement near Coeur d'Alene, and the ransom had been paid and a black Ford car bearing Washington license had been seen in Coeur d'Alene. While I was riding with these guys, there were two large packages in the back seat next to me with heavy wrapping paper. After reading the account of the kidnapping, I went out on the street and told a city cop nearby who I was and about this car and men that had given me a ride the day before. He said it was quite possible that these men were the kidnapers as the car fit the description of the one seen in Coeur d'Alene a few days earlier and was believed

to be the one the kidnapers escaped in after getting the ransom in Spokane and then releasing the boy unharmed. He thanked me for the information and said he would inform their patrolmen and law enforcement people in Montana. He said they probably picked me up hoping to get information about Butte. I told the cop about the large packages in the back seat and he said it was quite possible they contained the ransom money and possibly a submachine gun. I felt really lucky that this experience was over.

At this point, I still did not know how Tom and Norval came out. I waited until nearly noon on the park across the street hoping they might show up, but no luck. So I walked through the residential area along the highway going to Helena and getting past the houses, etc., waited for a car that might pick me up. In a little while, I looked back down the highway towards the houses and I saw a fellow walking towards me and soon recognized it to be Tom. Just then a cattle truck stopped, and I asked him if he had room for two as I wanted to get Tom a ride, too. He had the cab full of saddles and supplies and said he could only take one of us. Tom was still coming towards me along the road, but still too far away for me to talk to him. He recognized me and the fellow was ready to go and said my friend would get a ride soon and catch up. So I got in the truck and we started for Helena. I was puzzled as to why Norval was not with Tom.

It was only a two hour ride to Helena and the fellow let me out on main street next to the street leading up to the State Capital building where we had planned to meet. Only I had gotten there ahead of Tom and Norval. I walked up to the State Capital—quite a long walk. I loafed around the capital grounds most of the afternoon, but Tom did not show up. So towards evening I walked back down to main street and stood on the north side of a large building facing the traffic coming in from Missoula hoping that Tom would show up and see me. I had stood there for about a half hour and Tom didn't show up. I then decided to walk around the corner of the building facing main street proper, and much to my surprise there stood Tom. He had figured that I'd gone up to the State Capital and would soon come back looking for him as it was getting dusk and he didn't figure he had time to walk all the way up to the Capital before dark. We had been 40 feet apart for about a half hour and didn't know it until I walked around the corner.

He was very discouraged about hitchhiking and wanted

to get a hotel room immediately. So that's what we did. After he showered and shaved and became more talkative, he told me what had happened to him and Norval. One their second day at Wallace, they had not been able to get a ride. So they decided to jump a freight train and at least get over the mountains and to Missoula. So that's what they did. However, as the train reached the summit at the Idaho-Montana border, it stopped and waited for another freight that was behind them. After several hours, the second freight caught up with their train and they made up just one long freight train out of both of them and the one engine returned to Wallace as it was not needed to help as the grade was downhill all the way to Missoula. They rode the freight (open box car) down off the summit to a small town where it stopped and began side tracking mine and lumber cars off for use in this area. This made them disgusted, so they left the freight and got on the highway nearby to hitchhike again. It was at this time that I went by them the day before while I was riding with the kidnapers. They then could not get a ride and as it was getting very late at night, they decided to get in a boxcar along the highway and stay until morning. The next morning they decided to split up to see if they could have better luck hitchhiking. They agreed when they got to Missoula they would wait at the city park for the other and then try again together to Helena. Norval went on down the road a half mile and Tom stayed back. As it turned out, a car passed Tom, but stopped and picked up Norval. Soon Tom got a ride and they let him out at the city park where Norval was to wait for him. No Norval—he did not show up. So he began walking out through the residential district to the edge of the city and it was then that he spotted me ahead of him when I got a ride in the cattle truck. He had waited a long time to get a ride and then it was only a short distance. So it took him all day to get to Helena where as I have already told about finding him standing just around the corner of the building. We decided that Norval after leaving Tom the day before had possibly got a ride to Butte, Montana, and had decided to go by way of Butte to Bozeman, about the same distance as by way of Helena.

Next day Tom and I hitchhiked down through Townsend, Montana, Three Forks and got into Bozeman about sundown. We went into a hotel nearby to check the register to see if Norval was there and to our luck he was registered. So we went up to his room and there he was. We had finally gotten together again Monday evening. We all stayed in Bozeman that night in the hotel. Norval was going up to the Montana State

College to look at some dairy cows. He was going to stay there in Bozeman for a few days and wait for his relatives from Driggs, Idaho, to show up and then would ride home with them.

In mid-morning, Tom and I started out for home by way of West Yellowstone and Idaho Falls which from Bozeman was the shortest route. We got out of Bozeman about 20 miles to where the Gallitin River comes out of the mountains into the valley. We waited and waited for a ride—no luck. So we decided to split up as one guy could hitchhike better than two because lots of cars did not like to pick up two fellows at a time. I carried a briefcase with name "University of Idaho" on it and this helped me a lot. Tom went ahead a half mile and I stayed back. Soon here came another cattle truck. He was also loaded down with saddles and supplies and could only take me. So I again went by Tom. This guy took me some 70 miles up the highway (mountains-river) and let me out about a mile from the northwest corner of Yellowstone Park. His ranch was 20 miles off the main highway. He told me if I had difficulty in getting a ride that the mail truck came up that road later on and he would give me a ride for sure. Well, he was wrong. I waited for several hours—no ride—very little traffic—no see Tom. I then decided to thumb down the mail truck, but he soon came but refused to stop. I thought then I'd probably have to camp by the highway as it was getting late afternoon and hardly any traffic. By luck a bunch of young kids came along and took me to West Yellowstone. It was then 6:30 P.M.. I started walking out of West Yellowstone and in a few minutes a guy stopped and let me in. He said he was headed for Salt Lake and was going to drive straight through that evening. I was really in luck. He was president of the Shell Oil Co. and seeing I was a college kid from the University of Idaho, he was most friendly and even stopped in Idaho Falls and bought my supper—a real steak—and even told me after I got my degree in geology to look him up and he might have a job for me. A real nice guy. He let me out at the house in Downey near midnight, June 13, 1935, just 9 months after I left home.

I never heard from Tom and wondered when he got home. He wrote me a letter in about two weeks and said after we separated near Bozeman, he could not get a ride. So he hitchhiked back to Bozeman and stayed with Norval. Then he hitchhiked back to Butte and down the other highway to Idaho Falls and to Inkom, stayed there with his uncle and had his folks from Henry come and get him, and he closed his letter by

saying he would never hitchhike again. Thus ended my first year, September 1934 - June 1935, at the University of Idaho.

During the summer of 1935, we followed the McCammon ranch, so I spent most of the summer doing the tractor work plowing, weeding, drilling, etc. During harvest, we asked dad if he would take us on a fishing trip to the Salmon country. He said he would if we finished harvest by September 1, which we did. Uncle Norma (wheat hauler), dad ran the outer bar, Ross was the sacker and I drove the tractor. This had been our harvest crew. We just took the passenger car and went up to Challis and then over Morgan Creek summit and then down Silver Creek to Meyers Cove. We had been at Meyers Cove hunting deer in the fall of 1932.

A Story About Spear Fishing for Salmon

Three large creeks converge at Meyers Cove to form Camas Creek which drains northwestward into the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. Lots of Salmon spawned in Camas Creek, and as the salmon die after spawning we found a lot of dead salmon along the banks. We could also catch pan-size trout—mainly on dry flies as fast as we could cast out in the stream. We were the only fishermen camped here, so we had the creek all to ourselves. To spear the salmon, we would do this at night wading upstream with a gas lantern. The stream was clear as crystal and the salmon moved from the deep holes and eddies upstream at night. We had spears made of pitchforks and could see the salmon swimming a few yards in front of us. We would then spear them and hold them to the bottom until they bled and died and then we could get a hold on them. We speared 3 one night and 3 more the next night. They were heavily scarred over the backs having come from the ocean and up the small streams to exactly where they had been born 3 years before, fighting their way over the boulders and logs, etc., that scarred them up. They were this way as they did not eat much on their journey from the ocean. The one night we came upon a large salmon (25#) in the riffles in about 18" of water. I stabbed at him a few feet in front of me as the light brought him into view. I hit him a glancing blow and he immediately turned around and came back between my legs. I then fell on top of him as he squirmed to get away and could not get a firm grip on him. Then Ross did the same and then Uncle Norman tried their best to get a hold of him with their hands and legs—all of this happened in a few seconds—the salmon spinning, twisting and slapping water all over us as he struggled

to get away. It then went towards the bank where the water is deeper with such force that it literally jumped right out on the bank right at the feet of my dad who was on the bank holding another lantern. Before he could set the lantern down so he could use both hands to grab for the salmon, it flipped back into the stream and got away. We all laughed our heads off as Norman, Ross and I had gotten our clothes soaking wet and had to get out of the water and back to camp to dry out. The water was extremely cold and really chilled us. We came home in a few days with lots of trout and the 6 salmon, some weighing 20-25 lbs.

1935-36 - University of Idaho

I left for Moscow and for my second college year there about the 15th of September. I met Tom in Pocatello and we took the University of Idaho Special, a train made up at Pocatello to take all university students from southern Idaho up to Moscow. The trip was uneventful as we traveled to Boise, then to Weiser picking up students all along the way. The railroad leaves Idaho at Weiser northwest of Boise and goes up to LaGrange, Oregon, then over the Blue Mountains following a beautiful canyon and then out into the great wheat fields to Pendleton, Oregon, known in those days as the place for the greater western rodeo called the Pendleton Roundup. The railroad turns north up through Washington to Calfax, Washington, then down to Pullman and over across the Idaho line to Moscow.

Tom and I decided this year we would stay with Norval and his new bride, Delsa. She was from Rockland. They got married during the summer and had rented a house near the north edge of the campus and had an extra large room, bottom floor, which we rented, and Norval and Delsa were going to board us (eat and drink). We had only a wood burning stove for our large room, so we had to buy some firewood to heat up the room. Firewood in Moscow was very cheap as pine forests were everywhere. Norval was studying Ag. Engineering and Dairy Science. Tom was taking his major subjects in Ag as he was a junior. He went to the Idaho Southern Branch as it was called then in Pocatello his freshman year.

Norval and Delsa had been married in the temple and were good L.D.S. students. I went to church with them some of the time. Tom as not a member as his dad was not a member, but his mother was. (She was a Pratt from Downey, George Pratt's daughter.) Tom's folks lived in Downey for a short period of time and ran a

grocery store in the building south of the Hyde Block. I only faintly remember this store. Tom was born in Downey. Then his folks moved to Henry, Idaho, a small trading post 20 miles north of Soda Springs and operated a small store there all their lives. Tom lived with his uncle in Soda during the bad part of the winters while he went to school there when snow blocked the road to Henry. At this time all of the lands north of Soda were sage and grasslands and were used as sheep range.

Getting back to school at Idaho, I took the basic sophomore courses in the School of Mines which were very difficult. I had seven 4-hour lab periods a week, every afternoon 1-5, then 9-12 on Saturday morning. All my morning classes were filled with lecture classes. I was taking 21 credit hours. Seventeen were basically normal hours. My math and engineering drawing were the toughest. We had to walk over through an orchard for ways to get on campus and to our classes. It was interesting as some mornings when we would go to classes, pheasants would fly up in the orchard and fly right down over campus around the buildings and some would land in the bushes and hedges on campus.

Tom and I developed a real good relationship with Norval and Delsa and had lots of laughs kidding them about their new married life. Tom was always telling Norval it wasn't fair that he got to sleep with his girl friend and we couldn't even get a date as there weren't very many girls at Idaho to go around. Boy-girl ratio was 7-1. I'd never had a date with a girl as yet as I was too shy and never learned to dance or even get close to a girl. All I did was just look!

Christmas time soon came and Tom and I took the train, University Special, home for the holidays. I went rabbit hunting and skiing with Vestal over on the Marsh (Slew) where his dad fed cattle each day.

We soon returned back to Moscow and the semester ended February 1. We had to register for new classes. Most of mine just continued on, so it was the same old grind. On February 11, disaster struck me in the form of mumps. I came down with one side swollen very bad. I went over to the university infirmary and the doctor hospitalized me. I was there 10 days and just as they were going to release me I came down with mumps on the opposite side. So I had to stay another 10 days which caused me to miss three weeks of classes. As I still had so many lab courses, it was impossible for me to stay in school for the second semester. So I decided I'd just go home and start again in September

or February. I left Moscow by bus this time and arrived home in early March. Thus ended my 1935-36 year—one semester only.

In 1985 I received a telephone call, and a voice asked me if I was the John Christiansen that was at the University of Idaho in 1936. I said yes, and he said he was Norval Wardle whom Tom and I stayed with back in 1936. He had graduated the following spring, taught school for a short time, then went to Iowa State at Ames, Iowa, to work on his Masters degree. Stayed there and was a professor there for 28 years. Raised a family. Retired. Moved to Logan, Utah, and just thought he would check up on me as he had seen my name in the telephone books. We got together and went to the Idaho-Idaho State football game in 1985. I planned to visit with him and his wife, Delsa, in Logan, but just haven't done so yet.

Road Trip To Detroit, Michigan

In late March, Bill Hyde asked me if I'd like to go back to Detroit, Michigan, with him to drive out some cars for him. Bill ran the Dodge-Plymouth Agency in Downey at the time. I told him sure as farming hadn't started yet. Bill and I, Stanley Glass from McCammon, and Mr. and Mrs. Noah Myers (Arimo) went. We left in Bill's car, drove to Rock Springs, Wyoming. On through to Cheyenne, through Nebraska to North Platte, Nebraska the second night. The third day we drove on through the eastern part of Nebraska across the Missouri River into Iowa and on to Marshal Town, Iowa (they were starting to farm in Iowa). The next day we drove across the Mississippi on to Chicago, where we stayed in the Michigan Hotel.

The next day we toured Chicago a little and had some funny things happen to us. The others wanted to go shopping, but Stanley Glass and I said we would just do a little sight-seeing. Getting a city bus, it would take you around what they called the "city loop", visiting the most important places of the city. At one place, the bus stopped for us to go in and get some refreshments. We weren't paying attention to the time and we noticed our bus (street car then on steel rails, electric overhead lines) was getting ready to leave. I ran out of the place and just made it to the side door and they shut the door. Stanley was slow and as we sped away he kept running right behind the street car yelling his head off for it to stop. We did this for about three blocks. Then it stopped. Everyone on the street was just laughing their heads off. It was so funny. This was right down

in the middle of Chicago.

Stanley was a fellow that Uncle Jerry helped come over from England. I forget the exact situation. He was a relative, I think, of Aunt Emily's (Uncle Jerry's first wife). He worked for Uncle Hyrum on his dry farm down in Blue Creek, Utah, south of Malad, and other farmers here in the valley. Later he purchased a farm on the west McCammon bench near Uncle Yak's place. He married a Morris girl and lived and raised a family in McCammon. He had a great sense of humor and was always telling jokes about himself.

We left Chicago, traveled on to Detroit, Michigan, and checked into the motel some distance from downtown Detroit. Detroit is built like a large wagon wheel, streets all come together in the center called the "hub" which is a park area. At this time, they had what they called "Burlesque Shows" where the girls danced and nearly disrobed. Bill Hyde, myself, and Stanley decided we would go down to the Hub. Bill said no burlesque for him. Stanley and I said we might. Well, as we went to get into a street car, they were crowded and Stanley and I got in the first bus and Bill had to wait for the second bus.

When we got down to the Hub, we waited for Bill, but missed him somehow and couldn't find him. We walked around the various stores, etc., trying to find him. So we decided we would go to the Burlesque Show. Anyway, we figured he couldn't find us and had gone back to the motel on the street car. There were about three burlesque shows in the area. We selected one that looked OK and paid our admission. As we walked in, it was dark and we waited a little bit so we could see better and see where the seats were. Well, much to our surprise, there was Bill sitting nearby. We sure did chuckle over the situation. Well, as it turned out, it wasn't as bad as we had been told. The final act, the gals used fans—fan dance. Anyway, later on, Bill became the bishop of our ward here in Downey, and I have threatened to tell a joke on him about this deal at the ward reunions, but as I'm a real gentleman I never did.

The next day, we went out to the Dodge-Plymouth factory and our cars were all ready for us. We went through the factory, which was very interesting. I drove a ton truck and trailed a passenger car. Bill and Stanley both had passenger cars trailing another passenger car. Mr. and Mrs. Noah Meyers just drove their own new car, which they had just purchased from Bill. On the

way back, we got into some bad snow storms across Indiana and Illinois. Bill had me take the lead as he said I could follow the road maps better than him.

As we crossed over the Mississippi River (it was in flood stage and very wide) at Moline, Illinois to Davenport, Iowa, when I came off the bridge, there was a sign "truck route" a bypass road to avoid the downtown area. I took this road as I thought it would be best with our double cars, etc. I soon was leaving Davenport, but noticed none of the rest behind me. So I stopped, waited better than two hours and still the rest did not show up. Finally here they came. They had failed to see me turn on the truck route road and had gone downtown and had trouble finding their way out and on the highway.

We traveled through Iowa stopping in Des Moines for the night. Then the next day on to Council Bluffs, Iowa, where we had to cross the Missouri River over to Omaha, Nebraska. As Nebraska charged a \$20 trailing fee to cross their state, Bill had us unhook the trailing units (cars) and drive them one at a time across the Missouri through Omaha, passed the checking station and then re-hook the units together again hoping we would not be stopped by a patrolman in Nebraska as we had no stickers on our windshields indicating we had paid the \$20 fees. We then drove all day crossing Nebraska in a blinding ground blizzard.

Approaching Cheyenne, Wyoming, where they also had a fee charge for caravans (trailing car), Bill had us turn and take the north route through Casper, Wyoming, thus passing the Wyoming checking station. We arrived in Casper at dark and drove all night long to get across Wyoming so to avoid the chances of being picked up for not going through the checking station in Cheyenne. We got in Montpelier, Idaho, early morning. There was still 5 feet of snow in the Bear Lake Valley. It was now the first week in April and we finally arrived in Downey. Snow was gone in the valley, but plenty in the mountains.

It was now getting time to start farming out on the Green Eighty on the Downey Flat. This was our irrigated ground. We raised hay, grain (barley) mostly. We had a few head of stock. Sometimes we fed hogs, usually feeder hogs and fattened them for market. This kept dad busy in the winter. We pumped stock water from a well that was only 20 feet deep using an old fairbanks gas (one cylinder engine). The water was excellent to drink because it was extremely hard and

high in minerals, which gave it a good taste. Uncle Elias lived on the Green Eighty at different times in a small two-room house. We also had a granary, stockyards and corrals. Dad also bought 160 acres of dry land on the west. We used it for early pasture and did raise some rye for hay. It was a good place for cattle to roam on. We used this land sometimes for a feed lot in winter. During the summer of 1936, a group of us boys went up to the Salmon River country on a fishing trip. Again we went up to Meyers Cove to spear salmon. We got only three salmon—lots of trout. The group including myself, Ross Murray (step brother), Willis Christiansen (cousin), Stanford Christensen, and Elward Burton.

I decided to not go back to college the first semester and planned to stay out another half year and go back the first part of February, 1937, for the second semester, which would make up my sophomore year (that I had interrupted because of mumps). Tom Chester contacted me and said he was going to skip this fall semester and also go back up to Moscow for the 2nd semester.

A Hunting Trip in the Fall of 1936

During the fall of 1936, we went hunting up to Salmon River country—Vestal Jensen, Arnout Hartvigsen, Howard Criddle, Stanford Christensen, myself and George Revoir and his brother. We went to Forney (Panther Creek) then up Musgrove Creek and camped near an old ranch house that had been abandoned. I hunted with George, and one day we were walking up a trail. I was on ahead and we jumped a nice buck in a grove of trees. As I raised my gun to shoot and the bullet barely missed me hitting a rock next to me. I was really lucky. This upset George so much, he could hardly walk for a while.

At midday, it being a warm day, we laid down near a trail on a pass in the mountain ridge and were taking a little nap. After a little while after I awoke, I could hear the footsteps of an animal. I raised my head up and a large timber coyote was coming up the trail a little ways from us. I swung my rifle over George's back as he lay asleep and waited until the coyote approached to about 450 feet, and then pulled the trigger, killing him instantly as the bullet struck him in the eye and brain. The roar of the gun brought George straight up in the air, and he hollered, "Where are they—where are they?", thinking some deer had come up the trail. He was ready to kill me for shooting so close to his

ear and we had a good laugh about it.

The next day I shot a yearling buck and another timber coyote I saw in some heavy timber. While sitting around the camp fire that night, I had several empty shells in my pocket. So I decided to play a prank on the guys. I first put several loaded rifle shells in my hand and let them all see them. Then asked them how brave would they be if I threw them in the fire. Of course they said they wouldn't even go off and paid little attention to me. I then secretly switched shells to the other unloaded shells and threw them in the fire. Well, the brave men immediately panicked, jumped up and all started running away tipping a table over, all our supplies and skinning their legs when it dawned on them what I'd done and they used a few choice words condemning me for the prank. Then we all got to laughing at the whole situation.

We hunted one more day—no luck. So we came home, but we didn't have much venison. We did have a lot of fun camping out and enjoying each other's company. I had a real good visit with George and his brother, who, by the way, was a good camp cook as he herded sheep on the range at home and got a lot of experience camp cooking.

In December, I started playing basketball with our M'Men team, as the church teams were called at that time. I played center, Willis Christensen and Grant Bickmore played forwards and Elward Burton and Stanford Christensen played guards. This was the main group. We won 8 and lost 2, losing to the Grace team in the district tournament. On January 1, 1937, we played Bancroft and won 42-18. After the game, we all went down to the show house to see the movie. I walked in by the ticket booth, and as I walked into the showroom, I put a quarter into the slot machine, pulled the handle and walked on in. Just as I went to sit down, the slot machine burst and sent \$35 in quarters all over the floor. I had hit the jackpot!! A good "omen"—my lucky year.

Back to College in 1937

Tom and I met in Pocatello and got on the train to Moscow about the 30th of January. When the train arrived in Moscow at noon the next day, we could hardly believe our eyes. There was 50" of snow on the level in Moscow. The snow was just even with the mailboxes and the sides of the streets were like tunnels. They were just completing Willis Sweet Hall,

a dormitory for about 250 men. They said we could move in to room #15, lower back side even with the ground level on that side.

The hall was situated on a steep side hill. The main entrance entered from the northeast corner after you went down long steps. They hadn't completed the roof, but said we could move in, in about two weeks. Tom had a friend from Soda, the banker's son, Languillene, who was president of his fraternity. He said we were welcome to come stay there until we could move into the hall. We accepted his invitation. So we were "frat" boys for two weeks. They wanted us to stay and pledge into their fraternity, but neither of us wanted or could even afford to stay in a fraternity.

So we were glad when we could move into Willis Sweet. The dining hall would not be opened until March 1 at which time the hall would be full and operating. The rooms had a double study desk with lamp, small bedroom with bunk beds, large closet, etc. On the wall we had a dial where we could tune into four different radio stations. The hall had a very large lounge, eating room where meals were served to us by hash boys family style. Breakfast was at 7, lunch at 12:15, supper at 6. At supper we had to wear a suit coat and tie. Quite often we had dignitaries visiting the University, and they sat at the host table with our house parents, a very nice looking couple. He was a professor. It was an ideal place to stay—good study situation.

I enrolled into the same subjects I had been in, in the year before when I left because of mumps. I was taking a mineralogy class, and we went on several field trips. Very interesting but hard course. Spring soon came and soon the semester came to a close. Final exams, and I hitchhiked home through Lewiston. Then out through Dayton, Washington, Pendleton, LaGrande, Oregon, Boise and home—3 days. While leaving Clarkston, Washington (across Snake River from Lewiston), along came Neils and Lul Hartvigsen, Vernon and Arnout's folks, and Jenny and Cy Henderson (I think). They were on their way to Yakima, Washington to visit their daughter, Luetta, who married Howard Higbee. They were as surprised as I was to see people from home. I told them I'd be home in a day or so—don't worry about me. Neils and Lulla were close friends to dad and my mother when they both homesteaded land in Cherry Creek and us kids called them Uncle Neils and Aunt Lul. Neils and my mother were 1st cousins.

In June, 1937, we were busy haying down on the Green Eighty. We operated 2 horse mowers and 1 dump rake. After the hay was moved, the rope would gather the hay into windrows and then we would go lengthwise on the windrows and make piles a few yards apart. Then we would go along with pitchforks and gather the ragged edges and make real nice piles that could be picked upon a pitchfork and placed on the hay wagons. After the hay piles were dry, we would start hauling the hay to the two hay racks. One fellow on each wagon would drive along side of the hay windrows. Two men would put the hay on the wagons. The man on the wagon drove the team, tromped and loaded the hay evenly on the rack. Then they would take it to the stack where a long pole derrick with a cable and a large Jackson Fork would be used to take the hay up out of the racks. Then the derrick pole would swing the hay way out over the stack and would be dumped on the stack where the stacker would distribute the hay around and build a large stack of loose hay. A derrick horse would be used to pull the cable and lift the hay upon the stack.

John Meets Lena

Stanford Christensen was doing the first mowing on July 2, 1937, a Saturday. We decided we would go down to Downata to swim as the hot springs had been developed into a fine swimming resort and lots of young people went swimming on the weekends. This was to be a very special day in life. There were a lot of young people there. To that day, I had never had a date with a girl, except Goldie Manning (U of I), as I was terribly shy and reserved when it came to girls. Anyway, it so happened, a large swamp beetle about the size of a bat had flown over the sides of the pool area and landed into the deep part of the pool. On seeing it fluttering in the water, I started swimming out towards it. As I did so, I saw a girl swimming towards it also. We both reached out towards this beetle at the same time when we kinda sorta collided in the water. At this very moment, a certain special feeling came upon me. I thought, gee, most girls would have been scared to touch this beetle; she surely must be a very special girl. As I remember it now, I forget all about the beetle at the present and I think it flew away. I suddenly became interested in this girl. We both swam back to the shallow water and began talking to each other and laughing at the whole deal. I had never talked to a strange girl before, but this girl was very special, and I recognized right away that she was a very pretty girl and had a special personality about her that I liked indeed. She

said she was from Riverdale and her dad had brought a group up to Downata in their school bus, a bus her dad drove to the Preston schools during the school year. Something strange came over me and I decided to ask her if I could take her home. She said yes, but I'd have to ask her dad if it was OK. She pointed her dad out to me, but I was too shy to ask him. This girl that I had just met was Lena Packer, who later became my wife. She had said they quite often came to Downata. So I thought perhaps I'd see her again soon.

During the next week working in the hay out on the Green Eighty, I kept thinking of this girl I'd met and had special feelings in my heart about our first meeting. During the week, I got a letter addressed to me from Preston. At first I was puzzled as I had never even gotten a letter from a girl before. She said she was coming to Downata the next Saturday night and hoped she would get to see me again and signed the letter "Lena" (I thought she spelled it with "A", "Alena"). They were having dances some Saturday nights at Downata at the outside dance hall adjoining the pool. I had never learned to dance. I was apprehensive because she might want to go into the dance. Stanford Christensen, Willis Christiansen and I went down to Downata on Saturday night, the 9th of July. It was late, and not finding Lena around the pool area, I decided to look onto the dance floor, and there she was. I decided to be real brave and ask her for a dance. She was much shorter than I, but I still had that special feeling in my heart about her from the previous week when we met in the pool. I managed to get through the dance and then I decided (first time in my life I had the courage) to ask her if I could come see her at her home in Riverdale which was located 5 miles north of Riverdale. She said, yes I could come see her at her home. So I said I'd be down to see her during the next weekend on a Sunday. I was sure I could get the car on Sunday as dad did not usually need it then.

Soon the next week passed and I looked forward to my first formal date. I drove to Swan Lake and over to Treasureton and then down to where she told me Riverdale was located. As I drove down Bear River where the Preston-Grace highway crossed the river bottoms, I decided to ask someone where Lena Packer lived. She had told me where she lived, but had related their house in relation to the country road that came out from Preston going due north and then down into Riverdale. As I came from the north from Treasureton, I was not sure just where their home was coming in from this direction. I knocked on the door and Lena

opened the door and said, "Oh, Jack." She said later that she didn't think I would really come to see her. She was a very beautiful girl. We just went for a ride and talked about a lot of things. I told her then that my real name was John. Jack was only a nickname my college friends gave me. I could see she was very intelligent and had a very special personality. I told her I was going to college in Moscow and wanted to complete my school years and would graduate in two years. We talked and talked and I could see right then that she was the girl for me. I asked her if I could come see her on the next few Sundays as I would be leaving for Moscow in September, and she said, yes, she would be happy if I would.

September came only too fast, and I had to say goodbye, but told her I would be home for Christmas and would see her then. From that day on I felt sure she would be the girl I was going to marry. She wrote me letters each week, sometime two or more, and I answered back.

John Returns to Moscow

At this time, I took the University Special train to Moscow. Tom had graduated in June, 1937, and I had not had a room reserved in Willis Sweet Hall. So upon arriving in Moscow, I had to look for a place to stay. I found a place on the east side of Moscow in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Birdwell. They had a large stony home and operated a small grocery store in the front part of their home which they called the "Neighborhood Grocery". They had lived in Burley most of their lives and had only recently moved to Moscow. They had two daughters, one my age and one younger, and a son who was in the army. I had a room on the ground floor all to myself. They boarded me and served very delicious meals as Mrs. Birdwell was from the south (Tennessee) and cooked a lot of southern dishes. I told them I had a girl friend at home waiting for me, so they didn't try to match me up with their daughter my age. She was not good looking at all, so it was a good thing. I became terribly homesick wishing I was back home where I could see Lena, but soon buried my feelings in study and other school work.

I might say here that at the beginning of the fall semester in 1937, I decided to change my course of study from geology to the Ag. School and major in agronomy and soils. I had the funny thoughts that if I became a geologist I'd probably end up in Siberia hunting for fossils, etc., and our kids would be born in far away



John and Lena at Franklin Basin in 1937

Mongolia or Siberia, or Africa or Australia, and I wanted to live in Idaho. So with this funny thought and the fact that I had become very interested in working as soil scientist or an agronomist in Idaho, I made the change in my course of studies.

I had a long ways to walk to the University for classes as I was then living way across town many blocks from school. The fall slowly came and went, and I decided to make plans to come home for Christmas. I was always happy to get my letters from Lena. A few weeks before Christmas, Mr. Birdwell wanted to return to Burley to visit his relatives and friends there. So I told him I'd get several other boys and we would pay his expenses and more if he wanted to take some boys down in his car. I got a boy from Grace, Doran Petersen, and two boys from Pocatello, and Mr. Birdwell took us all in his car and drove us to Pocatello where our parents met us. He then went to Burley to stay for the holidays.

At this time, Milo and Nellie were living in a house right close to our home in Downey. So I asked Nellie if I could see if Lena could come up and stay with them during the holiday. They said it was OK. So Lena stayed at Milo and Nellie's during the holidays. This way Lena and I could spend a lot of time together. It was a sad time when I had to say good-bye again and go back to Moscow, but we both lived through it.

At the end of the semester, I met a fellow high school friend, Lynn Dewey who had lived in Virginia (his dad was a bishop there). We both had been in elementary and high school in Downey. He had attended University of Idaho Southern Branch at Pocatello for two years and was transferring to U of I in Moscow to take his final two years in forestry as they taught only the first two years of forestry in Pocatello. He was looking for a place to stay. So I told him where I was staying and that they had room for one more student. So he decided to come live with me at the Birdwell's.

While living here at the Birdwell's and walking to classes, I kept meeting a fellow on the walk now and then. One day we stopped and started to talk and he said he was Ted Crawford, born and raised over in Bear Lake country at Paris. He was 6 or 7 years older than me and said he was married and lived up the street from me and that they had a baby boy. He said he had gone to B.Y.U. and Utah State, had a degree in teaching and had taught a year at Bancroft. He had decided to teach Smith Hughes (ag in the high schools) and was required to attend a year at the U of I to get certified as an ag teacher in Idaho. He said he had played basketball for the Fielding Academy (high school) at Paris and had come to Downey once to play the Downey High School in basketball. Anyway, we developed a very good friendship and talked quite often. He was taking Ag. Chemistry in the same class I was and we were in the same lab period. He had never had chemistry only in high school—none at B.Y.U.—So he was having a hard time. I helped him write up his lab experiments, etc. He told me later if I hadn't helped him in his chemistry class, he would have probably flunked it. He said his classes at Idaho were much more difficult than those at B.Y.U. or Utah State and he almost quit and went back to teaching his other subjects that he had experience in (8th grade).

In our Ag. Chemistry class lab work, we used analytical balances which weighed things to the ten thousands of a gram by using small pieces of metal which you placed on the balances by using tweezers. Anyway, these balances were used a lot by the class members. After our class each time our professor kept telling us someone in our class was messing up these balances and getting them all out of order. All of us claimed it wasn't us. Anyway, years later, Ted told me he was the guilty guy the professor was looking for. He said he was much older than the rest of the students in our lab class and most knew he had gone to B.Y.U. and

Utah State and had done some teaching. He said he just played dumb and didn't want the rest of us to know he had never taken a chemistry lab before where such equipment was used and just watched us the best he could to get his weights correct on the materials he used in his experiments. He always told us in later years this experience as a joke on himself, and he would laugh and laugh.

On Easter Sunday 1938, Lynn and I decided to go for a hike. So we hiked up to the Moscow mountains southeast of Moscow. It was a beautiful day—the Palouse hills so green and pretty. However, the next Sunday it snowed 6 inches and was stormy for a week. At the end of the school year 1938, I hitchhiked home. Lynn was going to work for the Forest Service out on a lookout east of Moscow near the Montana border.

During the summer of 1938, I worked on the farm, and every Sunday went to Riverdale to see Lena. During the summer my dad and my sister Eva and half-sister Merle went on a trip up to the Salmon River country. We speared several salmon and also caught some trout in Loon Creek and the East Fork of the Salmon River.

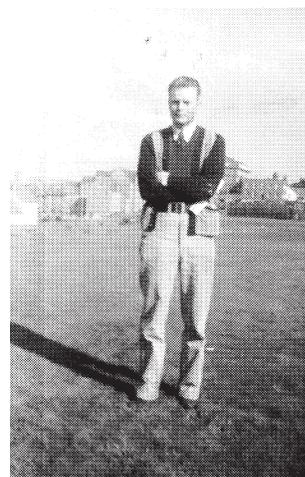
In September, I left to go back to Moscow on the University Special. I was now in my second semester of my junior year studying agronomy and soils. I took a room at Willis Sweet Hall on the upper floor. Tom Chester, my old roommate, had graduated. Lynn Dewey was going to stay in one of the co-op dormitories. My roommate in Willis Sweet Hall was a fellow from California. He had a job hashing in the hall and was gone at eating times. He didn't stay much in our room in the evenings as he didn't do any studying—just went out with his own crowd, several other California boys. So we didn't chum together at all. He flunked out at the end of the semester and left school and another boy from Washington, John Bratten moved in with me. He was a good roommate and we got along and got to be close friends.

The University of Idaho had a top football team and competed very well in the Pacific Coast Conference. During the Washington State game, 12 inches of wet snow fell making the game a mess. They beat the two Oregon schools (Oregon State and Oregon U.) and Washington State, tied University of Washington (Seattle), beat Montana, lost to U.C.L.A. They then beat Utah State at Logan 14-0. Then they beat the University of Utah, the Rocky Mountain Conference champs, in Salt Lake—undefeated—16-0 holding them

to only 29 total yards. Several of the team members lived on the top floor at Willis Sweet Hall and I got well acquainted with them. Ray Smith, later a coach at Boise Junior College and several others, Tony Knapp, Utah State, Boise State, Nevada Vegas and Steve Belko who coached basketball at Idaho State and others.

I went home at Christmas time 1938 on the bus and got to see Lena again. I returned to Moscow on the bus and finished my junior year at midterm. The spring semester beginning February 1, 1939, I began taking my senior classes in Agronomy and Soils which was my major. At the close of the school year in early June, I applied for a summer job with the Soil Conservation Service and was given a summer's job as a student assistant to be stationed at the University of Idaho Agricultural Experiment Station at Aberdeen Idaho. I was to work with a Mr. Hugh McKay, an Agronomist doing field studies of dry land tillage methods in eastern Idaho. I was to drive a brand new 1939 Chevrolet panel to Aberdeen to be used by Hugh McKay and myself in this work.

At this time, they always put a governor on the new cars so you had to drive them slowly the first 500 miles. I left Moscow driving alone at 35 m.p.h.. I came down the north-south highway directly to Boise arriving in the evening. I decided I would just keep driving and arrived in Downey at 5 am., met my dad just north of Downey as he was going out to the Green Eighty to change the irrigation water. It was Saturday and I waited until Monday to report at my job at Aberdeen. Sunday I had to go see Lena in Riverdale. I roomed and boarded with a fellow and his wife that I had known in Moscow. He was working at the Experiment Station



John in 1938

for the summer too.

Hugh McKay and I were to make a weekly field trip through eastern Idaho taking soil samples at various dry farms on tillage plots that had been plowed with different tillage implements such as the moldboard Plow, Wheatland Plow, Disc and Sweeps. We usually made this trip every Monday and Tuesday. Then the rest of the week we would run moisture and nitrogen tests in the lab. On Friday evening, you know where I would head—home—Riverdale. I usually went on the bus and sometimes caught a ride with people going to Logan-Salt Lake way.

Before leaving Moscow, I had bought Lena's engagement and wedding rings. We were engaged in June, 1939, and I told her for us to plan a wedding in September and we would be together in Moscow for my final semester of my senior year.

I finished up my work at Aberdeen the first part of September, 1939. We had set September 14, 1939 as our wedding day as we had to be back up to Moscow a week later. Lena's father had just bought a new pickup and offered to take us to Moscow.

John and Lena Get Married

September 14, 1939—I drove to Riverdale to get Lena. We drove on to Brigham City, Utah, where we got our wedding license. Lena was nervous in signing her name. I was nervous, but we both decided it was just "love"—we would survive it all. We went through the L.D.S. Salt Lake City temple at the evening session. Lena's father, her sister Villie and my sister Myrtle, went through the temple with us. Eva and Ben were living in Salt Lake at this time and were going to be out of town this weekend, so they offered us the use of their apartment while we were in Salt Lake. We left the temple, went to drive down main street towards this apartment and we ran out of gas in the middle of Salt Lake. I'd forgotten to put gas in the car. After all, I couldn't remember everything that was to be done on my wedding day! We finally got gas in our car and drove to the apartment. We spent two days honeymooning in the Salt Lake area. Then drove home to Downey and Riverdale, began packing as we had to leave for Moscow the next day.

We put all our belongings in a trunk and suitcases.

Lena's father and sister, Ina, were going with us. We left the next day for Moscow, drove to Boise the first day, then on to Moscow the 2nd day. We decided to see if Mrs. Birdwell had room for us for a week until I could find a place to live. She welcomed us to stay. Lena's father and Ina left the next day to go back home. I found an apartment (annex to a larger home) a short distance from campus and we moved in. We had a kitchen, bath, living room with a sleeper couch. We were happy as two bugs in a rug.

After a week or so I had two college friends, Eldon Westerguard, Idaho Falls, and Glen Barnes, a close friend from Downey. They rented a room in the main house and Lena and I decided we would board them. So they would eat their meals with us. This gave us some added income which we needed. We had a happy family group, but we did not attend church as much as we should have. The L.D.S. Institute on the campus was the only L.D.S. church in Moscow. It was the first L.D.S. Institute to be built by the church on a college campus (1927) to serve L.D.S. students at the University of Idaho, as well as other members in the city.

We spent our first Christmas in our apartment in Moscow. We were all L.D.S. Elden and his wife later in life went on a mission for the church. Elden was living in Pocatello and was the county F.H.A. supervisor for several years just before he retired and went on his mission. He always walked with a cane as he was hurt in football in high school at Idaho Falls where he was raised. Glen Barnes was the son of Ray and Hannah Barnes of Downey. He was younger than I—went to U of I southern branch (Idaho State University now) for two years. Then transferred to the U of I to complete his studies. He also has been an F.H.A. supervisor in Redmond, Oregon, and still lives there (1988).

I finished my college studies at midterm February 1, 1940. I got a temporary job working for the University in the Agricultural Research Chem. Lab doing analysis of feeds. It lasted until April 1, 1940. We then decided to go back to Downey to help my dad on the farm until I found permanent employment. It so happened the Soil Conservation Service in Moscow had the 1939 Chevrolet panel that Hugh McKay and I had used at Aberdeen the previous summer. They wanted it taken to Aberdeen again to be used there, and asked me if I wanted to drive it down. I said "sure" because I was moving back to Downey.

It so happened Glen Williams of Malad, a college

friend, girl friend in Malad had become seriously ill (meningitis). His folks called him. It was the start of spring vacation (U of I). He contacted us to see when we were leaving. I told him as soon as we could get packed and we would make room somehow for him. We left Moscow at noon, our panel truck so full we were like a can of Norway sardines. We drove north to Coeur d'Alene, thence east, over Montana-Idaho border, down to Missoula, Montana, thence south to Butte. It was stormy all the way (rain & snow & sleet), traveling 60+ all the way. Lena was rather uncomfortable because we all three were jammed in the front seat (Lena 6 months pregnant with Modell). Glen's folks were to meet him in Pocatello at midnight. As we approached the Idaho-Montana border near Lima, Montana (just south of Dillon), we encountered fog so thick for about 10 miles that Glen had to get out and walk in front of the car with a flashlight. We arrived in Pocatello about 1:00 a.m. (800 miles in 12 hours - 70 m.p.h.). Glen's folks took him over to their car (his girl very serious). We said good-bye, would get in touch. We then drove on to Riverdale—been gone 7 months. The next day I returned the panel truck to Aberdeen to the S.C.S. Idaho Experiment Station. I had a wonderful experience going to college, first Utah State in Logan, Utah, then Moscow at the University of Idaho. I had made many friends. I now had a B.S. degree in Agronomy and soils, a minor degree in geology and quite a lot of extra credits.

John Begins Married Life

We (Lena and I) arrived home in Downey, Idaho from Moscow, Id. in early April of 1940, where I had been attending college. Dad needed help on the farms in Cherry Creek and on McCammon West Bench. We decided to move out to Cherry Creek in the old home built by my father in the early 1900s. (Dad and his second wife were living in Downey in the home he had bought in 1919). We planned to live here for the summer. We purchased a cook stove, bed, table and chairs; fixed up the old cupboards—fixed the windows and etc., settled down to spend at least the summer.

This year the crop was on the McCammon Ranch and we had to summer-fallow "Cherry Creek" farm. I plowed the entire farm with Modell M.-Allis Chalmer's tractor and a Wheatland disc plow. Although first we went up to the McCammon Ranch and redrilled the places where the fall wheat had winter killed. It only took us a few days.

We loved living in Cherry Creek, seven miles south and west of Downey. The mountains are so clean and fresh—it was just beautiful in the spring and summer.

Modell, our first born, came on July 11, 1940 in the Preston Hospital. Dr. David Cutler was Lena's doctor, as she had known him for some time. Lena and our baby son stayed at her folks place in Riverdale, Idaho for a few days, then came to Cherry Creek.

In September my dad, Vestal Jensen and I went on an Antelope Hunt in the Pahsimeroi Valley in Little Lost River area, north of Mackay. We got three nice antelopes—mine had a trophy horn 16 1/2" long curved inward at the top and nearly touching. I left them with a fellow in Preston, Idaho to get mounted and his dogs drug them off and broke them.

In later September we moved to Downey in the Old Will (Bill) Christensen home on Cherry Creek Road, Stanford Christensen's father's home. Stanford had gotten married and built a home in Downey. During the fall my brother Elvin and I got a lot of firewood out of Cherry Creek Canyon. We sawed it up with a hand circular saw operated by a belt off of the rear truck wheel.

We spent our second Christmas 1940 at this place (the Christensen Place). Stanford Christensen had two milk cows there at the place and I milked them for some of the milk. In January of 1941 I decided to seek a government job with the U. S. Department of Agriculture—Farm Security Administration. I applied and received an appointment to the Preston Idaho office as an assistant county supervisor to L. D. Crawford, an old college friend whom I had met at U of I and had just been sent into the Preston office from Jerome, Idaho. He was the county supervisor. Ted, as we called him, was raised in Bear Lake (Paris) had attended B.Y.U. and taught school for two years and then had gone up to the University of Idaho to become an Ag. teacher. I had met Ted while he was at the university and got well acquainted with him. He then went to Jerome, Idaho as a county supervisor for the Farm Security Administration and then to Preston. He had married a girl from Logan, Utah when he was teaching school and she had accompanied him to Moscow while he was attending college. They had two young boys—another one came before we left Preston. We had rented an apartment from Hoaras Baugh in the N.E. part of Preston. We had our wood and coal range for the kitchen and a floor

heater for the living room. I moved all our wood from Downey to Preston in Dad's truck.

I was the assistant county supervisor for the Farm Security Administration which made farm operating loans to farmers in Franklin and Oneida County and worked under Ted. We had a home management supervisor, Ivy Smith and two secretaries. Ted and I would go to Malad one day a week. My main work was taking loan applications—preparing farm plans and visiting the farms where we went over the farm layouts and inspected their chattels (animals and machinery) in preparation for taking Chattel mortgages. Iva Smith worked with the families in preparing a family budget and etc. In our spare time Ted and I would go fishing up the Bear River and Mink Creek.

I had just started my new job in Preston in early February 1941 when Uncle Elias had been killed at McCammon as he was walking the railroad towards the depot—a double track and he was on the left hand side of a double track system. He had caught a ride from Lava with some people and they let him out where the road goes from east of McCammon across to the main road in McCammon. Crossing the railroad he apparently decided to walk north along the tracks to the McCammon depot. Elvin and I went with Dad a few days after the accident and Dad showed us the spot on the railroad. Apparently a bar was sticking out far enough that it hit him across the chest spinning him around and striking his head. He was killed instantly. Elias (Dad's brother) probably thought the train was on the east side track, but it was on the west side when it hit him.

Life in 1941

During the spring of 1941, I bought our first car—a 1938 Plymouth from a fellow in Franklin, Idaho. I got it financed through the Lewiston State Bank in Lewiston, Utah, just south of Preston. I had to use my car for government travel and was reimbursed for the mileage. I had a good relationship with "Ted" my superior both in our government work of making farm loans to the farm families and also in our private life. We went fishing together on Bear River and to ball games. Lena was a good friend to Ted's wife Gwen. They had two small sons at this time.

In July we took Lena's dad and mother to Yellowstone Park, as they had never been there before. Modell was just one year old and grandpa and grandma Packer was

fond of all little boys and girls. Believe it or not, we had only \$13.00 plus my gas credit card to finance this trip. We went up through Soda Springs, Tin Cup, and Star Valley to Jackson and on to the south entrance. Then back out the west entrance down to Idaho Falls and home. Grandpa Packer had a brother living in Gardner Montana at the north entrance of the park. We stayed there for a couple of days. He took us one day fishing in the park area. We caught many pan sized fish.

Autumn came and I went up to Downey on Saturday to help Dad in the grain harvest. A very good harvest of 50 BU, average in Cherry Creek. Dad and some hired help. "Bud Barnes" did most of the harvest and farm work. My brother-in-law Norman Nelson helped also until school started as he taught in Weston.

Now to tell something about Bud (Buzzy) Barnes and family. Bud's mother Hannah Jensen Barnes (sister to Jo and Hyrum Jensen) attended my mother at my birth, March 30, 1916. LeRoy and Hannah Barnes lived just across the street south from Niels Hartvigsen's home. Bud's younger brother Glen attended the U of I at Moscow. His sister Edith married Wayne Millard of Swan Lake. She died very young. Another sister Carma married a Procter, he died and she married again to Larry Sorensen. Another brother was Stanley Barnes who married a Malad girl Betty Owens. His youngest brother was Eugene Barnes who married Maxine Brim of Downey. This brother was born the same day as our half sister Merle Joyce, June 14, 1924, both in Downey, Idaho. Eugene attended B.Y.U. and became manager of J.C. Penney Company in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Buzzy (as we called him) worked for my dad a lot on the farm during the times I was not around. When the World War II came, he was drafted and went into the army where he served in the General Patton's tank division. He saw action in Africa and France, crossed the Rhine River and helped the allied armies all the way to Berlin. He did not talk much about his war experiences except to me as we spent many days helping Dad in our farm work in Cherry Creek and McCammon farm. He had several narrow escapes. They were trained to not leave their tanks, however one night in France they decided to stay in an abandoned farm house, not knowing they were close to a German artillery unit. The tank was a few yards from the house. At day break their tank took a direct hit from the Germans. All would have been killed had they been in it. Another time they detected a German army camp and their unit raced through the German

camp with all their machine guns and cannons blasting everything. He said it was awful. Bud was the driver of the tank and operated two fixed position machine guns by his foot and aimed them by aiming the tank. After, the allied armies invaded France from England. D Day was June 6, 1944.

I hunted deer with Grandpa Packer and Lena's brothers Rex and Monte Packer in the mountains east of Preston. Rex was a very good hunter and knew how and where to find the big bucks that roamed the mountains.

In early October, Ted and I took time off for a few days and went hunting with Dad, Elvin and Vestal to the Selway Country in north, Idaho. Ted and I had to attend a F.H.A. conference in Idaho Falls on a Thursday and Friday so we left Idaho Falls late Friday and was to drive to Salmon for the night. Elvin and the rest were to meet us there. They were coming by way of Mackay and Challis, the better road at this time. It had stormed all day Friday in Idaho Falls (rain and snow). We were taking the road up through the Lemhi Valley to Salmon and when we got in Salmon our car was covered with mud and slime. Elvin and the others did not show up by midnight so we retired for the night in the Salmon Hotel where we were to meet them. Elvin and the others got to Salmon at 2:30 a.m. as they had left Downey late and it was stormy all the way. At this time we decided to try our hand at elk hunting in the Locksa region west of Missoula, Montana. There was only a gravel road going from Lola mountains (15 miles south) of Missoula mountains west into Idaho and down Lacksa mountains (a region where Lewis and Clark traveled) of very heavy timber, rough and wet country. We went down to the Powell ranger station, end of road. Giant western red cedar trees grew in the bottoms, many 10 to 12 feet in diameter. It was raining and snowing. We had a large tent to camp in. The next day we decided to travel on a forest road that climbed out of the Lacksa River area and went south into a rolling meadow area. We made camp and hunted in the rain and snow, saw plenty of Elk signs. During the night it snowed 18" of very wet snow, smashing our tent down. In the morning the ranger came along and warned us to leave this area and down on the river as they expected heavy snow again in the next 12 hours and we would not be able to get out of the area. As it was still storming, we decided to leave and go back down to the Yellow Jacket country on Panther Creek west of Salmon and hunt deer. It took us another days travel time to get back out of the Locksa wilderness and go back down to North Fork on the main Salmon

River, thence down the main Salmon River to Panther Creek and up Panther Creek south. We traveled about 20 miles up Panther Creek and decided to hunt on the east side. I got a nice 5 point buck the next day and Elvin, Dad and Vestal got two more. I borrowed a horse at a ranch near by and went up to pack my deer down late in the evening. On this trip Ted did not hunt, he was only a fisherman. We had to be to work the next day. Ted and I left with my deer and drove home during the night, reaching Preston at 6 a.m. Elvin and the rest came the next day after getting their deer out.

Life Prior to World War II

In early December, I was scheduled to go to Portland, Oregon to attend a conference for F.F.A. supervisors. As we were expecting the birth of our second child I delayed a few days in going, then Lena told me to go as maybe I'd be back before the time came. I left Preston on the morning of December 7, 1941 and traveled to Pocatello to catch the "Portland Rose" a passenger train that traveled between Portland and Chicago. I boarded at 7 a.m. at 11 a.m. while traveling near Mountain Home, news came that Japanese fleet had bombed Pearl Harbor. As the train had many military personnel on, word came they were to immediately return to their base as soon as possible. A "National Emergency" had been declared by President Roosevelt and the nation put on "Military Alert". The train stopped in Boise, Idaho where all the military people got off to return to their bases. (All military leaves were canceled). The train was delayed in Boise about 2 hours. It then left for Portland Oregon. We were due in Portland early the next morning. When we got there everyone had to walk with their luggage between two lines of police to see if we were spies or something. My eyes were blue and not slanted so they OK'd me.

I stayed with two other fellows (supervisors) in a hotel. They expected the Japs to bomb Portland ship yards so they had us put blankets over the windows to cut down the light reflection. Also all cars had to have blue cellophane paper over their lights. I attended meetings for two days. On the 2nd day, December 9, 1941, I received a telegram from Lena telling me we had a new baby girl, "Sharlene". Because of the Japanese threat to our nation things were uneasy in Portland, and all up and down the west coast. I was glad to get on a train and come home to Lena and our new baby daughter Sharlene.

Shortly after I returned from Portland, I was asked if I wanted to be the county supervisor for F.S.A. (Farm Security Administration) in Bear Lake County, at Montpelier as this was a promotion for me, I accepted and was sent to Montpelier. During the month of January, I worked with Henry Jenkins the county supervisor in Bear Lake County. We had been college friends at University of Idaho, and liked each other very well. He was being transferred to the Idaho Falls office.

Lena and I moved to Montpelier, Idaho to an apartment February 1, 1942 and later to a house. During the summer I worked alone for the F.S.A. visiting a lot of farms and traveling all through the county making farm loans and checking chattels, etc. My secretary was Gloria Lindsey from Dingle, a small place south of Montpelier. She was very good in her work. She had a brother in the Marine Air Force on Midway Island. In June 1942 the family got a telegram that he was missing in action at the Battle of Midway. It seemed his squadron had been expended trying to intercept the Japanese fleet at Midway. None of his squadron returned—missing in action—shot down or crashed in the ocean. Gloria was heart broken and took a week off. In late 1942 they sent me an assistant. He was from Malad, a graduate of Utah State. His wife was a Jones from Malad. His name was Jink Jones.

The winter of 1942-43 was very cold. It got down to 5- degrees below—a minus 45 degrees at Geneva by Wyoming border. A minus 60 degrees at border of Wyoming, Idaho, a Wyoming state record . The deer came down low east of Montpelier. Hundreds of doe and yearlings seeking, browse, many died from starvation. In March 1943 Jink got a telegram telling him he would have to go to Portland, Oregon to work in the Japanese internment program. All Japanese were being put in large camps for national security. He and his wife left immediately. I was again working alone but did have two secretaries at the time. We never saw Jinks and Helen (his wife) again until 1970 in Rigby where he was county supervisor for Jefferson, County, Idaho and I was teaching at Rigby Junior High school.

Gloria was very good help on things that Jink's had been doing. I took two weeks leave in August 1942 and went home to help Dad in the grain harvest. Lena, Modell and Sharlene went to Riverdale to visit with her folks during this time. The winter of 1942-43 was real snowy and cold in Bear Lake. When spring came and I was out in the country side making visits to

farmers who had government farm loans, while driving up the road on the east side of Bear Lake, I had a strange feeling about Dad and the farm. I decided it best I resign my job and go back to Downey to help Dad on the farm. He said the fall before that if I was interested in the farm I best come back and help him.

John Spends More Time Farming

We moved back to Downey after I resigned my job on April 10, 1943. We moved to a house up by Ed Burrup, Mrs. Wakley's home. We were summer following the McCammon farm, so we stayed up in the old house there most of the summer. Lena came back to our house in Downey several times a week to do the washing, etc. I helped put up hay on the "Green Eighty" also and we stayed in Downey during these days. One day in June while finishing up the plowing on the McCammon farm it snowed 4" and delayed the plowing for a couple days. At this time Dad had an Allis Chalmers Model M Crawler tractor that burned distillate and pulled a 4 bottom plow. We built wooden fenders on it to go over the tractor. He had traded the old Cletrac 30 in 1939 while Lena and I were in Moscow.

I went to Salt Lake for fuel (distillate) in our truck and got 12 barrels of fuel for 6 cents a gallon. In about 1941 Dad had bought a narrow gauge DX caterpillar that had been in a fire in Malad for a cheap price. He painted it and it was a very good tractor, so we had two crawlers. We sometimes used one on a moldboard plow and another one on a Wheatland plow (disc). We plowed Cherry Creek one time using one behind another. The Wheatland plow left the stubble on top, moldboard covered up the stubble. This was less erosion from summer cloud bursts on the Wheatland plowing from this time on and even in the 1930s we used the Wheatland plow. We'd use the moldboard plow only when it was too wet for the Wheatland plow. At first we had an International Wheatland 8 ft., until Dad traded for a new John Deere 10 ft. About this time Dad purchased a new 14 ft. combine that hooked directly to the tractor. It had controls to the combine to operate the platform, engine, etc. A sacking platform on top which was later replaced by a wooden bin making combining a one man job. The combine was on two large rubber tires, evenly balanced so two men could hook it up to the tractor. We had been using a large 16 ft. Case combine for several years and it took a 3 man crew—had steel wheels, a good combine Dad had bought used, so it was worn out and sold to a fellow in Bancroft. Note (after Dad died in 1946, I traded the combine in on a

new Model 36 John Deere 20 ft. sidehill combine from "Christiansen Imp." with the owner my brother Elvin Christiansen, as he had the John Deere Agency and Caterpillar Agency at that time.)

About early 1943 we noticed Sharlene was not walking right. Lena's brother Rex noticed one leg was shorter than the other. We could see that also. We took her to Salt Lake City and X-rays showed the hip joint socket had not developed fully. The doctor put her in a cast with her leg at a 90 degree angle for months then at 45 degrees and later just a cast from her waist to just above her knees but with a normal body position. These casts lasted for 1 1/2 years in time. I built for her a little scooter on which she would lay and pull herself all over. Later Dr. Okleberry said her hip joint was OK now. However in 1990 at age 48 plus, Sharlene had to have artificial hip joints in both sides. She had developed a limp for several years before 1990 and ended up with hip surgery on each hip.

The decline of John's Father

During the winter of 1943-44, I helped Dad feed the stock on the "Green Eighty", 80 acres on the flat north and west of Downey about 3 1/2 miles. He did not feel well at times and I was sure his life was going to come to an end soon. The sparkle in his blue eyes was fading. During the summer of 1944 Dad was so very ill, having vomited every time he tried to eat. He had lost a lot of weight although he wasn't ever very heavy. A tall slim man of 6 feet tall. My sister finally coaxed Dad to go to Salt Lake to Myrtle's home and see a doctor. He first went to a chiropractor (Frank Johnson) and after several treatments he was told to see a surgical doctor. Myrtle took him to one she knew. This doctor operated on Dad and found he had cancer of the stomach. They took out three fourths of his stomach. He got over the operation fairly well and after two years he became very ill again. My sisters went to Salt Lake and met with that doctor and asked him why Dad was so sick again? He told them the cancer had spread to his liver. He had tried to get it all when he operated but was not sure it hadn't already spread further. He said he thought they knew that. The sister's decided not to tell Dad what the doctor had said in Salt Lake City, didn't want to upset him.

On February 29, 1944 (leap year day) our son Eric was born, a chubby round faced boy in the Preston hospital. Dr. Cutler, Lena's long time doctor attended the birth. We now had two boys and one girl. At this

time we had a car bought while we were in Bear Lake, a nice Nash car. One day while Lena was driving past Bishop Hyde's place, going south (Sharlene was with her with a body cast on), a cattle truck driven by Jesse Dredge of Malad hit her broadside and caved in the door, fender, etc. At first Mr. Dredge did not want to even pay the repair bill on the car (in those days police weren't called to wrecks). I told him I wanted a check by the next day for the damage or he would have to settle in court for a much larger amount. Sharlene's body brace was broken between her body and leg and had to be fixed. After I had told him what I did Mr. Dredge came over with a check to pay for car damage.

Life Towards the End of World War II

On June 6, 1944 I was doing the summer fallow work in Cherry Creek. It was raining so I went back to Downey and heard the war news—D day allied invasion of France by the allied troops under General Eisenhower. We were all concerned because the invasion had to be successful so Hitler's armies could be driven back into Germany. We soon learned as the days went by our armies were successful and they were driving Hitler's armies back through France and later across the Rhine River.

Since Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the U.S. had been busy driving the Japanese out of the islands of the South Pacific and the Philippines which had been taken over by the Japanese shortly after Pearl Harbor bombing.

I was given a draft deferment because of being a government worker in the Department of Agriculture and having three children and as a farm worker. I was needed at home so had a high draft deferment.

Uncle Monte (Lena's brother) married and with two children, no essential job, was drafted. After training in Missouri, he was being sent to Okinawa. He had some close calls in fighting the Japanese in caves. Monte burned them out with flame throwers.

At this time gas, tires, sugar, etc. was rationed. We had to prove we needed these items to get any. County ration board decided your needs. No gas for unessential driving or tires also. Sugar was sold by stamps, a few per family per month.

In the fall of 1944 (September) we had a bad fire on the McCammon farm in the wheat field. We were combin-

ing the long field (140 acres) above the ditch and was about half done. I was waiting for more sacks and had stopped in the middle of the field. Lena had gone in our car to Downey for sacks and groceries. Therefore we were waiting for her to return. Soon she came up over the ditch and went around the south side of the field and up half way, then north to where the combine was. Grant Phillips was my sacker and just before she got to the combine we noticed fire in the stubble behind the car. She stopped and we told her the field was on fire and for her to get the kids out of the car. They were Modell, Sharlene and Eric (6 months). We fought the fire under the combine, as Lena got the kids out and sat them on some wheat sacks away from the car. The wind was blowing from the southwest away from the kids. After the fire had gone under the combine (tires were smoking) we beat the flames out under the combine and tractor then turned around to save the car, but it was in total flames with glass melting, etc. Fire had started under the gas tank when she stopped. Sorry ending for our Nash Ambassador, a very good car. We had bought it new in Salt Lake City in 1942. I later pulled it out of the field and put it in the gully south of the house. Fire spread down hill to the east in 40 bu to acre of wheat. We unhooked the tractor and I sent Grant down to the ditch crossing to pull a skid loaded with several barrels of gas, across the ditch in case fire went that way. In the meantime, Reed Harris of McCammon had been hauling our wheat to the elevator in McCammon and had just got into town and looked over our way and could see the fire. He notified some guys and came up to help us. We finally beat out the flames with wet sacks. Before it ended more people came from McCammon to help. The fire had burned 50 acres of 40 Bu wheat plus many sacks of grain on the ground.

Dad was not in the valley this day, we told him about the fire the next day. We had saved the combine and tractor but lost our car. We never got another car until 1949, a Pickup, then in 1951 a new Nash car. Used a truck. Dad bought a new G.M.C. in the early summer of 1946.

In fall of 1944 we moved into a big rambling house west of Downey (Oscar Almond's). He had moved down to the "Rat Farm" located on Marsh Creek, just down stream from the Cherry Creek Bridge. Dad and two other men had bought farm land along Marsh Creek and was turning it into a "fur farm" raising Muskrats. Oscar Almond was going to live in the house upon the hill and be the tenant. Taking care of things

and etc. Dad bought some sheep to raise on the farm, sage brush grazing land on the place. Side hill along the Marsh Creek was also good sheep grazing. These men later on sold the place as things didn't work out for them. Before this time Dad bought some silver foxes to raise fur and he had them in pens in our north garden spot. This enterprise didn't work out and he let the foxes go to a fellow in Inkom for shares but this failed. The winter of 1944-45 was wet and warm, snow melted early. We put in a large garden. A large thunder storm came in April, May and June. Our garden turned yellow, too much rain. Beet fields in Riverdale was covered by water, thinning was done late.

On August 12th Rosemary a baby girl was born, a pretty blond, at the Preston Hospital 1945. Now we had two boys and two girls. Should be enough. In the winter 1944-45 I fed the stock on the "Green Eighty". Dad would go out sometimes.

More rain came in September 1945. This had been the wettest summer in my memory. We could only cut grain ten days in this September 1945. On September 30th rain turned to snow and it came to a depth of 16 inches, smashing the grain flat. We had to get some lifting guard to put on the cutter bar of the combine to go under the downed grain and lift it so the knife could cut it off. Harvest lasted till October 20th.

In the fall Oscar Almond needed his house so we moved out to Cherry Creek in the old Mock home. At Thanksgiving time we built a little wind breaker on behind the cab of the 1 1/2 ton truck G.M.C. Modell and Sharlene rode here. John, Lena, Eric and Rosemary rode in the cab as we went down to Hill Field, Utah to be with Lena's relatives who were working there.

John Begins a New Home

After harvest Dad suggested I try to build a home or at least get one started. Elvin had bought the block 13 just south of his home from the county at a tax sale and offered it to me for \$1,000 and that was all the money we could scrape up. We bought it and Dad gave me \$1,000 to start a house. With only \$1,000 we knew we could only build a basement at first and get by for awhile. We selected the southeast corner of the block and had the basement hole dug by a bulldozer. I made the forms for the footings and had Harold Newbold lay the cinder block walls, etc. I had some help in pouring the cement floor.

It rained very hard that day and we had hard time getting a smooth surface on the floors. We had 2'x12" for the ceiling, putting a subfloor and tar paper on the roof, just good enough to get by for a year. We used linoleum on the floors and used ceiling tile on the ceiling. Made a cesspool for the bathroom and other waste water. My hardest job was hauling the gravel for the floors and footings, shovel by shovel on to the truck and off again. My back still aches. We had our coal and wood stove we purchased in 1940 for cooking, heating and to heat our water. Our bathroom was in the northwest corner, fruit room in the southwest corner and a small entrance leading in from the west to our kitchen which occupied the balance of the south side. A center wall extended down the middle. Our bedroom in the northeast corner and a furnace room between it and the bathroom. Our house was 36' x 26' west by east. There was concrete steps and entrance on the west side. In the furnace room we had a heater stove (coal & wood). The chimney in the center served both the kitchen stove and the heater stove. Two bunk beds in this room for two boys and two girls. We moved in a day before Christmas 1945. We were extremely happy to have our basement house, even so it "was ever so humble". I built cupboards and kitchen sink in west end of the kitchen. This was our home and we were very happy that Christmas day. Not many gifts but a little tree and all was well—all was well!

The next summer we leveled the land around our house, planted a large lawn, built a chicken coop and a barn corral out in the northwest corner of the block. We had to bring our water line in from the center of the block east of our house near where Milo and Nellie's house was, east. I had the conscientious objectors come to help me, they were stationed up east of Downey in a camp.

We went to Riverdale and brought two large Box Elder trees from Lena's parents place, which was growing along their irrigation ditch and planted them near the northwest corner of our house. They grew very fast. We soon had a shady area. We made flower beds along the east and south sides of the lot along the roadway, sidewalks were put in later. We had a large garden spot and started a raspberry patch. We got irrigation water from the canal up east of town, for 4 hours once a week. A little later we planted a pine tree and a white Weeping Birch on the northeast and a Mountain Ash on the southwest. Large lilac bushes in southeast corner and moved this one to the southwest in later years. We would pond the irrigation water on our lawn (southwest

area) and the kids had many happy times splashing and wading in the hot summer sun.

We soon had some chickens for eggs and meat. A cow for milk and a horse to hunt with. This was our home 1946. We were very happy!

John's Father Takes a Last Look

In September 1946 Dad became seriously ill. Elvin and I took Dad down to Dr. Cutler's in Preston and he said Dad had cancer of the liver and could not last long. He came home but never looked good, skin turned yellow and was starting to suffer daily and had a very bad itch all over.

I remember the last day he saw his Cherry Creek farm. I was drilling grain and Dad came out, came up over the ditch and out to where I was coming with the drills, only a few yards out from Jerry's fence. I stopped and he came over to the drills and inspected everything then said, "looks like your drills are seeding the grain properly" and talked to me a few minutes. It was a cold blustery day and he said to keep drilling. I got drilled as much as I could, he said it's going to storm, better be ahead of the storm so the grain can come up soon, after the rain stops. His face was so sad, blue eyes were dim. He walked slowly to his car and said "I'd better go, I'm cold", then stopped at the car, looked back over the farm and mountains, he knew this would be his last look at the farm he and mother had worked so hard to make it their life's dream.

Dad had plowed most of the farm by a hand-plow and a team of horses, grubbed all the sage brush and service-berries trees by hand, lived a true pioneer life. He got in his car and drove very slowly down over the ditch and out to the road. I watched till his car disappeared down the road and over the hill by the Webb place.

I kept drilling all afternoon but literally bawled all the rest of the day. Dad had been good to me all his life. He wanted for me to get an education in case I needed it. He took me hunting and fishing and on trips. I walked by his side as we went along the canal banks, (as he was Marsh Valley canal manager for about 20 years). He made me a whistle out of a new willow twig. Dad did not show his affections to us kids but he dearly loved us. If only our mother could have lived longer. Dad was my mother and father after she died at age 38 of pneumonia. LaVina (our step mother) never did like me and called me a "Bum", so I left home every

day to go and play with my friends. I guess I was a "Bum". Dad took my two sisters and me with him on his canal job a lot of the time. After Lena and I got married LaVina showed no interest in our lives.

Dad had married LaVina Anna Rose Murray 2 1/2 years after our mother died. They were married in November 1922 in the Salt Lake temple but not sealed as LaVina was sealed to her first husband Robert Murray.

Dad died November 5, 1946 at his home in Downey. My sisters Myrtle, Edna, Nellie and Eva took turns taking care of him in his last month of his illness, being bedridden most of the time. We were all at his bedside when he died. I remember his grave being by our mother's in the Downey Cemetery. We have visited it always on Decoration Day and also on other days. Now by January 1995 Elvin and Ione are gone and buried on the family plot by Dad and Mother, also a great grandson Jason Jones (Teri's son) 16 years old is buried there. Teri wants to be buried there by Jason and we (John and Lena) will soon be there also.

Two weeks after Dad died, LaVina our step mother, died of a stroke. She was buried in Wellsville, Utah, by her first husband Robert Murray. Her son Ross by her first husband had not married and was still at home working on and off with the county road department as a laborer. Merle, her daughter by Dad was living in Salt Lake and teaching school.

John Buys a Farm

In the settlement of Dad's estate, Dad had willed LaVina 1/2 of the McCammon farm, the best 160 acres right in the middle of the farm. It had the best soil, etc. in Idaho (at that time) the wife got 1/2 of the land bought while Dad and LaVina was married. As Idaho was a community property state, the wife gets the home and 1/2 of the property purchased while they are married. The McCammon farm was bought in 1927. Dad had already willed LaVina 1/2 of the McCammon property. After LaVina died her children Ross and Merle got the house and 1/2 of McCammon farm. Ross took the farm property and Merle took the house and lots, and also shared in Dad's other property along with me and my one brother and four sisters, Elvin, Myrtle, Edna, Nellie and Eva, which included the Cherry Creek farm, the Green Eighty, 1/2 McCammon farm and 1/2 farm machinery and all other assets such as money in the bank, grain in elevator, etc. We, Elvin and I were made executors of the estate. We had the property and all

assets appraised and divided according to law. Ross got \$1.00 in the will.

I decided to buy the Cherry Creek farm and Uncle Jerry loaned me \$14,000 to buy it, paying off the rest of the family's interest. We sold the "Green Eighty" to Arthur Byington for \$350., a cheap price for 80 acres of irrigated land. Water was getting hard to get, as the Downey irrigation system was not able to deliver enough water to irrigate it, so Lena and I decided not to buy it from the rest of the family.

I operated the McCammon farm under a lease and gave 1/2 of the crop to the other kids. I purchased the farm machinery from my other brother and sisters on a contract basis. I did not take the combine and we sold it to a fellow over in Grace, Idaho. I purchased a new John Deere Model 36, 20' cut side hill combine from Elvin, as he was in business in Downey selling John Deere and Caterpillar farm machinery. It was a 75 Bu. Bin, the last combine ever built by John Deere and also the last of the pull type combines. Could operate on a steep side hill. The main (separator) combine always was level to save the grain. Leveling device was operated by the platform operator. Grain bin was emptied directly into a grain truck by the operator D4 tractor was just right to pull the combine on level or on hillsides. It had a long trailer on rubber tires that we put under the platform and took it from the combine by our Dodge truck to move from place to place. We did a lot of custom combining at \$4 per acre and 6 cents a bu to haul the grain into town. One day we cut 1300 bu for Uncle Jerry Christiansen. He always had me cut his harvest grain. The 1300 Bu was a record for a day.

We used this combine until 1965, 18 years and could not get a new platform canvas, the old one had completely worn out. Retired the combine. I parked the old combine by the old tin granary down on the creek bottom in Cherry Creek. Once when we were cutting the 13 acre piece up in the southeast corner by Niels Hartvigsen's, we had to come off and down a very steep hill on the first two rounds, our brakes failed, combine went forward pushing the tractor to one side, platform crashed into tractor. I had to go over to Vernon Hartvigsen's and get his tractor to come pull us back up the hill so we could get our tractor free. When we used to cut the steep piece over on the west side, steepest hill on the farm, we had to put a big crowbar in the spokes of the big wheel, making it slide, was only way safe to come down the hill. It dug a big furrow all the way down. I had Lena's nephews Kurt and Lee

Gustavison (Aunt Vilie's sons) come help me in the harvest and help operate the combine and haul wheat. Jack Wold (Zero's) and Brent Gunderson (Lelas) also came to help us.

In 1947 the year was rather uneventful, we continued to get along with our basement home doing minor improvements, etc. I missed my Dad and our times together very much.

Then on February 4, 1948 our 3rd daughter Teri was born. I was to a basketball game at the high school when Lena sent word it was "time". I rushed home and had to take her to the Malad hospital, as we had no doctor in Downey at this time. She was a beautiful dark haired girl, a very happy baby with a pleasant personality. She had a wonderful smile just like Mom (Lena).

I continued to operate the farms, cropping Cherry Creek to fall grain and barley and summer fallowing the McCammon farm. I also decided to fallow the 160 acres on the fault and raise fall wheat but because of the shallow soil and arid conditions it was not very successful. I also added 80 acres of state land to the northwest of this land under a state lease. I plowed up this grazing land and planted it to fall wheat in the fall of 1947. As harvest time approached in 1948 this 80 acres of fall wheat had an excellent crop (a wet summer). However on June 30th we had a bad frost and soon afterwards the grain on this land turned a silver color, a sign of severe frost damage. We waited until it was ripe and we combined it, 80 acres in one day. We got one load of frozen wheat, just like bran. We had lost the entire crop. We still had our crop to cut in Cherry Creek.

1949 was a year of average crop and weather. In the fall of 1949 Elvin suggested we go elk hunting up in the Selway country. I purchased a new Model 70 Winchester 270 cal. rifle to hunt with. In this hunting party was Elvin and I, his son Theron, Lena's nephew Kurt Gustavison and Leon Barnes; son of Eli Barnes, also Vestal Jensen and Al Morrison. A story about this

hunt is recorded separately in my "Hunting Trips".

John Travels Again to Detroit

In late October after coming home from this hunting trip I decided to purchase a new pickup Dodge truck from Bill Hyde, a local car dealer. I made arrangements with him to go back to the factory in Detroit, Michigan to get it. On the trip home I was to trail a new car for Bill Hyde. This way we saved the freight money which we used to take the trip. Aunt Lila (Lena's sister) was coming to stay with our kids while we were gone. We



Lena and John

travelled by train "Portland Rose" out of Pocatello, arriving in Chicago the second day. We took another passenger train to Detroit. Our car and pickup were already to leave. We drove west of Detroit to Ann Arbor, Michigan where we saw a football game between Michigan and Indiana (20-7). The stadium

seated over 100,000 fans. It was quite a sight. We traveled home by way of Fort Wayne, Indiana, Nauvoo, Illinois, across northern Missouri, southern Nebraska, to Denver. From there we drove over the Rockies to Vernal, Utah, Salt Lake and home. We had a good trip. Lena and I travel well together and both enjoy the excitement of new country scenery. Little did we realize as we crossed the Green River at Jensen, Utah that two little boys living in two different homes right along side by the highway would later marry our two daughters Sharlene and Rosemary. These homes that we just went by were the homes of Devier Dudley and Bart Turner. Thus 1949 came to a close.

On March 13, 1950 Kim was born, a blond boy. His hair was so blond it reflected the light. We now had three boys and three girls. Should be enough, huh?

This was an average farm year. In late June Elvin and I had Earl Jensen (Myrtle's husband) drove up to Beulah Lake on southern edge of Yellowstone Park and back packed four miles into the lake. It rained all

night and we had no tent, we spent most of the night huddled under tree limbs. We caught a lot of trout the next morning, then walked back out due to the rainy weather, came home through Jackson, Tin Cup, Soda Springs and home. It rained all the way.

In the fall of 1950 I built a three car garage next to our house on the north. We had a good crop this year of 1951 and bought our first new car a Nash Ambassador sedan. Paid \$2,900 for it. In the fall we drove out to Weiser, Idaho to visit Lena's sister Rita and Carl Petersen (her husband). They lived on a small farm south of Weiser. Several of their children were the same age as our kids.

Up to this time we had not attended church in our lives or been very active. About this time Uncle Milo Christensen, the Elder's Quorum President encouraged me to come to Elder's meeting. I did go a few times. Later Milo became Bishop. Our Ag teacher at the high school was Hervin Nielsen and first counselor to Bishop J. Milton Hyde. Brother Nielsen came to our home one night and asked me to take a calling in the M.I.A. Presidency with Dan Barnes. I accepted the calling and then became active in the M.I.A. and other church meetings.

John Gets Involved With the Scouts

Later I served as M.I.A. President and also was the scoutmaster for two years, as the Bishop could not get anyone to take over the scouts. Luke (Louis) Bloxham had been scout master for several years and was now explorer leader. Later I was released as M.I.A. President and took the scout job. Luke and I worked in scouting and always took the boys on a summer trip. Most of the time we took scouts and explorers together, except to the Big Horn Crags in Idaho and the Bridger Wilderness in Wyoming. Only explorers went because of the long pack trips and the rugged country and steepness. Although we did take the scouts and explorers to Ship Island Lake (Big Horn Crags) when Wade was a scout, the only scout age group to go over into this area. We took it easy and the younger boys did OK. Luke and I did this for 30 years or so, then others took over the scouts. Luke sort of retired from scout work and I took over the explorers for several years. Later in the 1970s while I was working for the Highway Department on the freeway construction through Marsh Valley and Malad Valley I did take leave for a few days so Brent Sorensen and I could take the boys on a trip to the White Cloud, Washington Champion Lakes, etc.

We always enjoyed taking these trips. In all, Lena and I worked with the youth of the ward for many years, also in M.I.A. girls camping program, scout work and Sunday school as teachers of all ages (youth). Lena still helps with girl's camp program each summer. I help her on camp activities and other church work. After Luke and I quit taking scouts on trips there was not much activity for the boys in our ward for several years. No more trips to the wilderness.

Sister Fern Hartvigsen was the young women's president while I was in the young men's presidency. At this time I began to be more interested in boy's scouting. Lena and I went with the scouts to Beulah Lake in Yellowstone Park on a summer trip. I took our 1 1/2 ton G.M.C. truck and the boys in the back. Wendell Whitaker was another adult leader that went on this trip. We also took the girls in the ward camping for a few days in the summer camping at the time was not a regular program for the young women. One summer we took them to Bloomington Lake over in Bear River mountains. Later on Lena served in M.I.A. as a counselor and still later as a camping leader for many years and I always went with her, last time in 1987. We both loved to work with the young people of the ward and got along very well with them.

We both started to teach in the Sunday school as a team—to the teenager classes. Mom did the teaching and I kept order as best I could.

In the summer of 1952 we went on a trip up to the northwest. We left Kim and Teri at home with Aunt Lila. We had our new 1951 Nash Ambassador car. Those going on this trip were Lena and I, Sharlene, Modell, Eric and Rosemary. We drove to Weiser, Idaho, visited with Aunt Rita then drove to Oregon and down the Columbia River Gorge to Portland, visited their famous zoo—then on to Seaside Oregon where we first saw the Pacific Ocean. Then we traveled north along the coast taking the ferry across the mouth of the Columbia River, very interesting. We then traveled north along the coast of Washington around the Olympia Peninsula, ferried across the Puget Sound to Seattle. Then we traveled east over the Cascade mountains and on to Spokane Washington. We arrived at north Idaho and down to western Montana and back home. We had a very nice trip and really enjoyed the scenery, etc.

In July 1955 I took Modell and Eric on a trip to Ship Island Lake. Carl Barnes and LaVern Brim went with us. Carl and LaVern took a truck and four horses. They

took off ahead of us. They were to wait in Mackay or Challis, Idaho for us. We had to stop in Pocatello and get our clutch fixed on the pickup. We caught up with them in Challis. We all rode horses into Ship Island Lake, then took a rubber boat with motor and caught a lot of fish on the lake. The boys really enjoyed themselves and I was grateful for the time we spent together.

In the fall of 1952 we planned to get a government loan to help us build the upper part of our home. Farm prices were low and our farm was not as large an operation to stand additional debt so we decided to wait. In 1953 we decided to enlarge our basement and build an addition to the north, a large bedroom for the girls and a large furnace room where the boys could also sleep in bunk beds. We installed an oil furnace and heating system for the entire house. We also put tile on the floors and used knotty pine panelling for all the walls both old part and new part. We bought an electric stove and heater. We changed the old part and used our old bedroom to enlarge the living room part. Also made the boys small bedroom and part of our old bedroom into our bedroom. This new arrangement made a pretty nice basement home.

Television just came on the market and we got a new T.V. set to put in the living room. I bought Sharlene a new single bed. Rosemary and Teri used a double bed. Got bunk beds for boys. I build long clothes closets for the girls and also a large book case for the living room. 1945-1955

In January of 1956 I received a telephone call from Ted Crawford, my old college friend, who was still in the Farm Security Administration as the county supervisor in Preston, Idaho. He had been asked to transfer to the Blackfoot, Idaho office. He told them he would go provided they would have me go with him as his assistant. The Blackfoot area had a lot of problems to correct and he felt I could help him a lot in getting the office in better shape.

I accepted and reported in Blackfoot January 23, 1956. Ted came shortly afterwards. He was not going to move his family until school was out in Preston. We rented a sleeping apartment and ate out part time, living this way until June.

I always went home on weekends, came back Monday mornings. In late July and August, I took two weeks off to do our grain harvesting, which was on the McCammon farm. Modell was old enough to help considerable in farm work at this time. He hauled the

grain and Jack Wold, a nephew drove the tractor. I operated the cutter bar and leveling device and grain unloading system on the combine. The last few days of my leave, we took the kids and drove up to Loon Creek for a fishing trip. We drove in from Arco and Mackay, returned by Stanley Basin, Sun Valley, Jerome, Burley and home. Had a good family trip, also took movies of it and lots of photos.

Going back now to the Spring of 1956, I traded my Nash Ambassador on a new 1956 Pontiac station wagon (a lemon). We had an automatic transmission on it that worked fine on the highways but gave trouble on the hills and mountains. I commuted daily to Blackfoot. Modell was in high school and also Sharlene by now. When spring came and the farm work started, Modell would go out after school and start on the farm work, getting the land ready for what spring cropping we had to do. On Saturdays and a few days off work, we managed to get the spring work done on the dry farm. When school was out I hired Blaine Christiansen (Elvin's son) to help Modell with summer fallowing, etc. Modell drilled the fall wheat after school in the fall. As stated earlier, I took time off to do the combining. We did hire some help for Modell when he worked.

John Talks About a Trip to Fremont Lake

In August of 1956 Luke Bloxham decided to take his explorers from Downey on a trip to Fremont Lake in the Bridger wilderness area of Wyoming. Ted said he would take time off and go with us. Vestal Jensen took his big truck with Luke's boat and motor. Luke took the boys in his pickup. Modell and Eric were scouts and I let them go and also took Kim, he was 6 years old. I left with Ted and the boys from Blackfoot. We met the rest of the party in Pinedale, Wyoming.

Doctor Bjorkman of Downey had a cabin on this lake and had left his boat there for our use. That made two boats for us. We loaded all the boys and all of us in the two boats and headed up the lake to make camp at the upper end. It took us one hour with wide open throttle. This lake was 10 miles long. I then came back in Luke's boat to get some supplies so I had quite a boat ride that day. We camped at the inlet of Fremont Creek.

We stayed there two days, hiking farther up into the canyon to fish the streams and smaller lakes. On the

return trip we put everyone and supplies in the 2 boats and started off, following close to each other. We boated close to the eastern side of the lake as storm clouds started to build up. As we approached the lower end of the Lake a thunder storm roared across the lake toward us. The wind made large waves that threatened to swamp the boats. I was in the lead boat with Jed and some of the boys. We weathered the storm and got to the camp grounds OK. The other boat with Luke and Vestal and other boys were pushed against the rocky shore and cliffs. They had to jump out and hold on till the storm subsided and then they came on in (we have movies and film of this trip).

Ted told me one afternoon he had been so afraid he wouldn't make it as he hung on, so he prayed and told the Lord to forgive him of all his sins and help us all to survive, he's quit all his drinking and smoking (he did little) and go to church more. He said when we finally did make it alright—he told the Lord he wanted to take some of that back. He was a real joker, Jack Mormon, but a real nice guy. His sons and wife active in the church.

Ted Crawford died awhile later in 1960 of cancer. His widow Gwen and boys still live in the Blackfoot and Idaho Falls area. His sons are all college graduates.

I continued to drive daily from Downey to Blackfoot as long as we were doing farm work. I did get in a few hours of farm work each night until we got done with fall drilling. Then I would come home at mid week and staying other nights at Blackfoot with Uncle Norman and Aunt Edna. Norman had quit teaching school and was working in the state employment office in Blackfoot. On September 23, 1956 (Wade was born in Downey, a large baby boy with dark hair that grew straight up, had colic and cried a lot—later Mom got it corrected. At first he grew slowly—was slim and grew tall later. Six years had passed since Kim was born. I had a dream and in the dream was a little boy and he was telling someone (the Lord I'm sure) that he wanted to come to Mom and I. He was told they didn't want any more children, he cried and cried and said he still wanted to come, so we had to say "yes". The dream was about December 1955, so we knew he was welcome after 6 years (drought).

I continued to work with the government F.H.A. service in Blackfoot through the fall and winter of 1956-57. When springtime arrived things developed relating to my job in that Ted thought if I was going to stay with

my government job I should move to Blackfoot and lease my farm in Marsh Valley. This presented a big decision. I could stay and work as I had been, but trying to farm and commute near daily to Blackfoot did present a problem. I decided to leave my job and return to the farm in Downey with the idea of trying to get into teaching as a supplement to the farm.

Dry farming was getting to be very difficult on a small acreage. One had to supplement the farm income or enlarge his operations. I could see those changes coming and decided to leave my government job, return to the farm and cast our lot this way. Financially speaking as things turned out, this was a bad decision, but I did have another chance awaiting me that came later in a few years. I worked until June 1, 1957, then resigned my job and returned home.

John Begins Farming Near Inkom

I leased another place, a farm near Inkom, from Garn Brady. It was about 200 acres and still had some land that had not been farmed for a few years. It was too steep, very steep. The Brady place was located about 3 miles south of the Inkom cement plant. The eastern side easily visible from highway south of Inkom. It had lots of rattlesnakes. One day I could not find rocks close enough and threw my tools (wrench, etc.) at a very large rattlesnake but as the ground was soft I couldn't kill him and he finally got away.

I had a road built up to the farm (east side) by a bulldozer, leading off from the Marsh Creek road. I used this road with the pickup and machinery. It had one switchback we couldn't take the big old 36 John Deere combine (20 ft. cut) up the road. We had to go to Inkom and back up around another road called Indian Creek Road, then we'd come out on top and western side of this place.

The ground was very soft and very steep. We could hardly combine it because of the steep sides. The tip of the cutter bar (platform) sometimes was higher than the combine it was so sidling. We operated this place for three years, 1957, 1958 and 1959. We returned it back to owner Garn Brady as we had by now leased the Guidinger place in Cherry Creek owned by Uncle Jerry's boys.

Later Willis Barfuss traded his land he owned just west of Downey below the tracks (railroad) to Garn Brady for the Inkom farm and leased it to Lee Burropson.

Garn Brady's wife was Osmond Hyde's daughter. The Brady's moved to Baker, Oregon later on.

The year 1957 came to a close, hunting in the fall and finishing up our farm work. The year 1958 came and went. We were struggling with a small dry farm acreage, even though we had added the Brady place in Inkom, Idaho to our farm operation.

In June 1959 I made contact with my cousin Jerald Christiansen as Uncle Jerry had turned over to his sons the operation of the Old Guidinger place. Jerald and his boys had been operating this part of Uncle Jerry's place. They had just completed the plowing on the land north of the old Malad highway. His boys were completing their college classes in Logan (Utah State) and would not be around to do the farm operation, he asked me if I would be interested in leasing this land.

This land consisted of 800 acres all pretty good land for fall grain under a fallow system. He offered me a three year lease, with yearly options after that. I needed this additional land and was glad to accept. As I would need another tractor D4 to operate the additional land, I purchased a used D4 crawler. He had already plowed (disc) the land for this summer so I agreed to pay him for this work at harvest time. This new land gave me a much larger farm operation and was just what we needed for a sizeable farm. This gave us about 800 acres yearly in crops and 800 to summer fallow.

The summer of 1959 was very dry. We did our fall drilling in the dust, hoping for rain. None came, September and October came and no rain. The fall wheat seed had deteriorated. Wine worms ate most of it as it lay in the dry ground. Rain came in early November. We reseeded a lot of grain, hoping the weather would be warm enough to at least sprout and give some growth to the grain. It turned cold and the grain hardly even sprouted.

The Sixties

1960—At this time the government wheat program gave wheat farmers a wheat allotment which had to be observed in order to get a support price on all grain sold. Wheat was real low priced—\$1.00 a Bu—your subsidy—50 to 75 cents. Gerald's wheat allotment was very low, only about 150 acres (allotment meant you could only plant that many acres). Gerald had over planted his allotment for several years thus they reduced his allotment acres. So we had to grow about

258 acres in barley each year.

In the spring of 1960 we had to reseed again, although wheat allotted acres to spring wheat, which this low ground was not adapted to, and the balance acres to barley, which it was not adapted to, and resulted in very low yields, with 250 acres of barley a complete loss due to the summer drought and frost in June. Only the higher lands which were most fertile and also received more moisture was adapted to barley or spring wheat. This was true throughout the valley. Only by early planting and a wet summer was barley or spring wheat successful on these lands.

In the fall of 1960 Modell had wanted to go to college at the University of Idaho, so in September he left to attend college in Moscow, Idaho. We did not have money to help him, only through the fall semester. He also at this time expressed a desire to go on a mission. So he came home at mid term and made plans to leave on a mission (for the L.D.S. church) in the fall, and did leave about November 1, 1960 for the North Central States Mission that served Montana and Wyoming. He served out of Sidney and Glascon Montana and Rock Springs, Wyoming.

We greatly missed Modell as it seemed it was only a short time ago he was born and time had gone so fast. We had planned to go get Modell at the close of his mission in the fall. This was near the opening day of deer season and as we were about to make our final plans to go get him, he surprised us by coming home early, as he wanted to be home in time to hunt deer. So he got released a few days earlier and surprised us. "He wasn't kidding me—he had taken sights on a beautiful brunette (Bonnie Cole of Arimo) and he had other plans in mind."

In 1960 I decided to put nitrogen fertilizer on the fall wheat. We had ample moisture and the grain came up and grew very thick on the ground, an excellent stand. This was the land south of the highway by the reservoir. By the spring of 1960 our crops looked real good, but the spring turned cold and dry. The heavy stand of fall wheat that had been fertilized had grown very fast and was in need of rain. This land we had leased from Jerald had three mountain springs flowing into the small reservoir and then flowing north under the highway until it dried up as it reached the Cherry Creek channel.

In 1961 we purchased two lines of sprinkler pipe (1/2

mile) also a portable pump operated by a D4 tractor power take off assembly. We also developed a small alfalfa field in the northwest corner of the reservoir (or by it) and diverted the water up stream from the reservoir into a ditch. We brought the water out onto this small field of alfalfa and used it this way when not sprinkling. We sprinkled nearly 80 acres of grain, sprinkler irrigation. Jerald had planted rainbow trout in the reservoir and we had excellent fishing the large rainbow trout from the reservoir during the summer. The whole family used to go out to move the sprinkler pipes as needed. Eric caught several large trout and so did Kim (10 years old), Wade age 4 was eager to try. On May 18 the weather got very cold and that night the temperature fell to 20 degrees. Soon afterwards we decided all our grain had been severely frozen in the (boot stage). It grew no more and only developed a real small head. No crop there for sure!

The Cherry Creek farm (home place) had not been hurt as bad by frost but did suffer from drought. It was after this frost we did some sprinkling irrigation but the grain had been frozen and the added moisture did not help.

The summer of 1961 came and went. Our wheat yield was very low due to frost, this had been another bad year and bad weather as our crops were badly damaged. Things were not going very well with us financially. Our debts were going up and not enough income to pay them.

In the spring of 1962 due to the low grain allotments on Jerald's land forcing us to plant barley which did not yield very good on these lands, we contemplated on whether we should try to farm Jerald's land again. I was discouraged and talked to Clayne Salvesen, the county director of the farm programs and asked him if he thought the government would maintain strict wheat allotments. He seemed to think the wheat allotments would remain mandatory and we could not pull out of the program and plant wheat fence to fence which I wanted to do.

Our tractors needed repairs and we needed another combine and other machinery. In view of all these things we decided to give up our lease on Jerald's land with the idea of trying to get back my old government job or to get my teacher's certificate and teach school.

As it turned out this was a bad decision. Jerald hired his lands farmed this year by Guy Curtis, as he had adjoining lands. Less than four months after giving up

the lease in August the government changed the farm wheat program and allowed dry farmers to pull out of the government program and plant fence to fence whatever they wanted. This made it possible on farms like Jerald's to plant grain fence to fence which these lands were adapted to. I was sick for a month!

Fall 1962 came and we were terribly disappointed on giving up Jerald's farm for we could have planted fall grain fence to fence instead of so much barley and this would have enabled us to get over the frosty years and poor crops. The 60s were very wet years and ideal for dry farming.

Jerald planted the lands to fall wheat and 1963 was a very wet year and he averaged over 50 Bu per acre. If only we could have had this year. Jerald leased his lands to Ron Capell of Arimo and he farmed it for the next ten years or so and had several good wet years. The years 1963-64 were very wet years. So all went well for Jerald.

The years 1962, 1963 and 1964 were very wet years. We had about 70 acres of alfalfa planted on our Cherry Creek farm and it developed into a very heavy crop. In 1962 our dry land alfalfa got frozen and we raised only 350 bales of hay, 70 acres, although in the following year 1963 the alfalfa was extremely heavy due to all the spring rain and we harvested 4500 bales of hay, hauling it down on the creek below the house and stacking it there. Later we sold it. All the springs and seepage flowed water until mid summer. Springs ran water on the western mountains all summer long. Most of the other years it dried up early.

We continued to farm Cherry Creek and the lands in McCammon, but farm costs were increasing. Machinery prices were rising rapidly making it very difficult to make a living and pay one's debts. We had incurred several thousand dollars of debt the past years and our crops could not make us a living and pay all the farm expenses. I applied to get my government job back but the government was not hiring any new people at this time. On May 8, 1964 our eighth child was born, a girl. We named her Amber—a beautiful name and baby. She was a blond and more like Rosemary had been. We were delighted as this evened our family 4 girls and 4 boys. We had planned to stop at 6 children but Wade and Amber were special bonus children.

In 1965 we took out a government loan to pay off our farm debts and to build the rest of our home. We decided even though we knew it would be very hard

to make the mortgage payment that if we were ever going to build the top on our basement house we had to do it now. I had included \$10,000 to finish the top on our home. In July 1965 I took the top roof off we had on our basement home and made ready to start our construction. I engaged my neighbor Erwin Henderson (who was the science teacher in M. Valley High) to help me. He had a little business (work shop) of his own and had a lot of equipment, etc. to help us.

We purchased most of our lumber and materials from Cantwell lumber in Smithfield, Utah. We built the frame and roof in a very short time. By winter had it enclosed so we could work inside. We finished the construction and moved upstairs in early 1966. I subcontracted the plumbing, sheet rock and cabinets, also outside brick. We then did most all the other finishings. This made us very happy with our home now and wished we had done it early in our life.

Modell was married now and not at home. We now had lots of room utilizing basement and upstairs. We had built two bedrooms upstairs as we decided our children would soon be leaving us and two bedrooms upstairs (main floor) would be adequate. I was still trying to get a full time job, even my government job back although they were not hiring anyone or any additional help right now. I lacked two courses in education to get a teacher's certificate so could not pursue this line of employment. Things at this time were getting very bad for us financially. We could not pay our mortgage debts (farming expenses and living expenses on our total income).

In 1967 it was necessary to sell our McCammon farm in order to pay our federal land bank loan. We sold it to a Mr. Willkinson from Ogden, Utah for \$125 per acre. This temporarily relieved our debt situation with the federal land bank. However we still had a large debt to Farmer's Home Administration which includes a loan against our Cherry Creek property and our home in Downey. Not being able to get a steady job to work with our farm in Cherry Creek, I could see that unless I could find something soon it would be necessary to sell our Cherry Creek farm.

1968 and 1969 were very difficult years for us. In 1969 I decided to go to summer school at I.S.U. and get the courses I needed for a secondary teacher's certificate. This I did and I applied for several teaching positions at different schools as a general science teacher in junior high schools.

In October of 1969 an opening appeared for a science teacher at Rigby Junior high school in Rigby, Idaho. Their science teacher had resigned. I contacted Mr. Powell then superintendent and he hired me immediately. I was to teach 8th grade science in their junior high school. The junior high school was very old and had a bad gym in the middle area. Class rooms all around the gym. I taught five classes each day with one period open.

Kim at this time had graduated from Marsh Valley school and had worked all summer long on the Devil Creek dam project and planned to go to Rick's college in the fall, which he did. So he was at college in Rexburg and I was in Rigby.

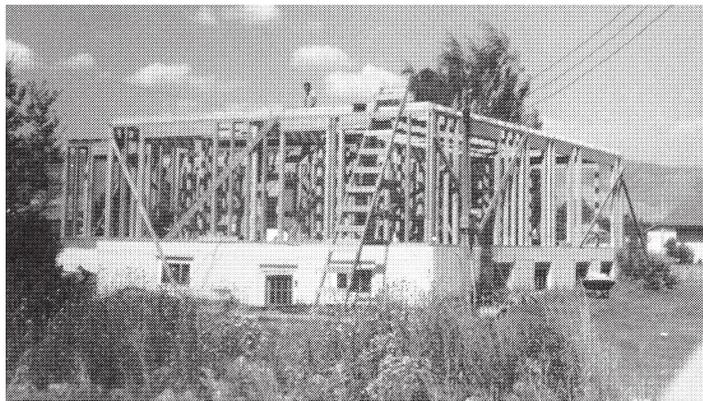
In December 1969 Kim decided he wanted to go on a mission and in late January he left for England on an L.D.S. mission. I took one day off teaching so I could take him to the mission training home in Provo, Utah. He was there for about three weeks before going to England by plane. We went to Salt Lake airport to bid him good-bye.

I had been taking the place of the regular science teacher at Rigby junior high who was teaching art this year. As I had decided I'd return the next year as the science teacher if asked but they offered me a school contract for the next year as a shop teacher because their regular science teacher was returning to his science job. In order to teach shop, I would have to go to summer school to take some classes in shop to qualify. I really could not afford summer school nor did I want to teach shop there as their shop was in the basement of the old high school, very crowded and they had several students have accidents there that past year. I declined my contract and decided I'd try to find something else, which I was unsuccessful in doing.

The Hectic Seventies

In April 1970 came the most disappointing time of my life, as it came necessary for us to sell our Cherry Creek Farm to meet our mortgage indebtedness which we had on it and could not make the necessary payments. We sold the farm to my cousin Lester Hartvigsen. The situation on selling our Cherry Creek farm was the fact I sold it for \$150 an acre, \$55,000. Lester assured our F.H.A. indebtedness of \$35,000 and the balance of \$20,000 he deeded me a piece of land of his on the McCammon farm about 200 acres that had been

Elmer Hartvigsen's and Lester had bought his brother out and owned this land. Now like a fool I agreed to this. We tried to farm it with our old D4 tractor but 100 acres a year in crops, old machinery, low grain prices, etc. there was not profit in it. I sold it to Doyle Lowry for \$20,000 as it joined his land. We bought a 1972 Chrysler station wagon (used with 16,000 miles on it). Paid up passed due accounts and put balance on savings. The tragedy of it all was that land prices went up very fast and in 6 months November 1970 land like ours, Cherry Creek farm, the best dry farm in the valley because of its location, deep soil and 90% of the land in one large tract. I could have sold it for \$350 per acre \$114,000. This would have enabled us to get by the bad years to come (70s) when I only had summer employment. I would never have had to mortgage our home, which we had to do later on. Fate had struck us down again. I'll never understand why



John's house under construction in 1965

things happened to us financially as it did. Financially my life has been a complete failure. We could have become financially independent in our golden years instead of poverty stricken.

In the fall of 1970 I applied with the Farm Home Administration for a county supervisor's position. I was accepted and informed to report to Preston to begin work in March 1971. This gave me hope I would have a government job until retirement in 1981 when I'd be 65 and would have a fairly good retirement. Pres. Nixon was President of U.S.A. at this time and on March 1, ordered all U.S. department of Agriculture to cancel all new appointments and so that cut me out of my last remaining hope of a good job with the government. If only they had hired me those weeks earlier, I would have had a good job. It seemed again, certain timing was destroying me financially.

In September, 1971 I obtained temporary work with the state highway department as a scale master paying \$2.50 an hour, weighing trucks, etc. as they were beginning to construct the new freeway between Virginia, Idaho and Malad, Idaho, summit. Bad weather in November closed down this work until springtime, when they started construction again in May 1972.

During the summer I took two days leave to take my explorer scouts on a trip to Salmon River. We went to some lakes near Stanley Basin Champion Lakes (5 mile pack in hike from Base Camp, end of road). Brent Sorensen helped me take the boys. It snowed 4" on us, July 21st. On our return trip we came out to the main highway in the Upper Stanley Basin area and went north down the Salmon River to the Yankee Fork. Uncle Norman's boy Wayne had been employed by the museum located about ten miles up the Yankee Fork, a tributary of the Salmon River. Wayne and his wife had

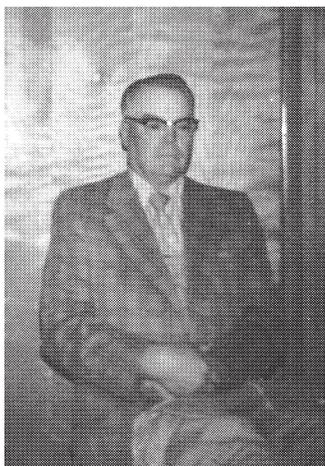
been doing this for several years during the summer while Wayne was going to school at B.Y.U. in Provo, Utah. Wayne had become an expert salmon fisherman and had learned the art of catching the large Chinook

salmon in the river.

John Tells a Fishing Story About Wayne Nelson

In the early mining days they built a dam across the Salmon River just above the Yankee Fork to use the water for mining purposes lower down and for power to run mining equipment up the Yankee Fork where several large mines were being worked. Later on in 1920 they dynamited a V shape opening just above the end of the dam to allow the salmon to reach their spawning beds up in the Stanley Basin area. The water made a large hole in the river bed just below the opening in the canyon wall. Many large salmon would concentrate in the big hole before trying to leap through the boiling rapids. On the one side of the gorge a cat walk had been built to allow fishermen to stand on and cast down into the big hole below. This was Wayne's favorite place to fish and although it was crowded much of the time with fishermen he had found out just how much weight was best on his line and just the right kind of a line to use. Salmon do not bate the lure for food, but pick it up with their mouth and spit it out trying to protect their spawning bed. Wayne had told me earlier in the summer that he would probably be fishing at this place on the day we got to the Yankee Fork, so I

walked down across the old dam on the cat walk and found Wayne fishing. He was just ready to leave for the day as it was getting late afternoon. He had caught two large salmon there earlier in the day and would try again the next morning at daylight. I told him I'd bring some of our explorers the next morning to watch him fish. We camped by the Yankee Fork Canyon at a forest camp and next morning I managed to get 3 or 4 boys to come with me at 4 a.m. to go down the canyon about 2 miles to the big fishing hole. Just as we drove on to the highway at the site we saw Wayne and his friend walking up towards us soaking wet and cold.



John in 1970

Wayne was carrying a 35 lb. salmon caught only half an hour earlier. After he hooked it, it had gone down stream and he jumped off the ledge where he had been fishing and fought it down stream. He had to cross a side tributary where part of the river had made a curve and then came back into the river. He thought he could wade through this side current of water, but it was too deep and he had to swim holding his pole with one hand and swimming with the other hand. He finally got it tired out and got down to get it and bring it up on ground. He was about 1/4 mile down stream and was then walking back up the highway to his camp, when meeting us. Wayne Nelson (Uncle Norman and Aunt Edna's boy) became an expert at salmon fishing was known all over eastern Idaho as that darn fellow that could catch the salmon every time, regardless if there was several fishermen standing right by him. Wayne lives in Blackfoot, Idaho and works as a pharmaceutical distributor in eastern, Idaho visiting doctors and hospitals, etc. He also comes down to hunt deer in Cherry Creek with his friends (always up back of the old Cherry Creek farm). Now in 1988 he has taken up bow hunting elk and deer.

John Recalls a Painful Ailment

I was offered to drive a special school bus in February 1973, taking special students up to Idaho State for some special classes each day. While doing this I developed a pain one day in the pit of my stomach—it gradually got worse. I thought at first it was just gas pains, etc. Then one evening I had a very bad attack and had to go over to our hospital when Dr. Burkett hospitalized me immediately. Tests were given me, some with very bad reactions. X-rays showed gall stones and Dr. Burkett decided that I also had some kidney stones so sent me to the Utah University Hospital Medical Center in Salt Lake City. It was decided I had a kidney stone in each side and so they “reamed me out”, it wasn't funny! Only time they had to deal with two kidney stones at same time. I was in the hospital for about a week with some very unhappy experiences like being in a side room after some bad tests and was forgotten for many hours. I was supposed to have been given a “hypo” and they never came back to give it to me, came darn close to dying, but doctors and nurses paid no attention to me hollering at them for attention. I finally got an “intern” to listen to me. He couldn't believe they had forgotten me. Tests that were to be at 6 a.m. were now at 5:30 p.m. and finally got me back to my room. I should have sued the hospital for this kind of mistake. To top it all off it would take at least one half hour or more to get a nurse to come after you rang the bell. Another man by me, in for prostrate operation got so fed up with the hospital treatment that one morning he got up and went to the telephone and called a taxi, then walked out of the hospital in his hospital gown and had the taxi take him to another hospital despite the frantic calls of several nurses and interns.

Earlier in my life I had gone down to the Salt Lake clinic to have some X-rays of my back. Had been troubled by a bad disk in my back since high school days. After the x-rays by the same doctor that had attended Sharlene's leg, put me in a waiting room and said they would call me when the doctor could talk to me about the x-ray. Several people were in the room and as time went by each one left, as I waited and waited and waited and finally after getting drowsy I laid down on a couch. When I awoke everything was silent, no noises at all. I went out into the main reception center and everything was dark. It was long after closing time and everyone was gone. The doors were locked and I had to call the police station and have them bring someone to let me out, so you can see why I'm

darn shy of hospitals, especially in Salt Lake. Our own little hospital in Marsh Valley at Downey is much better than the city hospitals in a thousand ways. "Amen".

I came home in mid March 1973 and Dr. Burkett set up April 8th as the date for my major surgery to remove the gall stones. Everything went OK in our hospital but I don't like to be put out of this world and then come back. It's such a strange feeling. I did have something happen to me while I was "out". This is hard for me to write about but I



Wade, John, and Steve Biggs in the Idaho Primitive Area in July 1974

saw my mother standing by me—this was so sacred to me. I have never told anyone—I can't control my emotions to talk about certain things. The spirit overcomes me and I can't talk doing ordinations, etc. or bearing my testimony. I'd break down and could not talk like so many can. This is hard for even Mom (Lena) to understand.

I recovered very good and later in the summer even lifted hay bales and hauled hay from out to Lester's place where Wade and I had taken care of some hay grounds for him. I took it easy in the fall while deer hunting as I wasn't supposed to do too much climbing, etc.

The highway projects were in a holding pattern during 1973-74 so I didn't have any employment at all during these years. During the summer of 1974 I took the explorer scouts to Ship Island Lake. Wade was the president of the class. Those boys and leaders that went on this trip included me, John C., Wade C., Brent Sorensen (adult leader) and Mr. Biggs (leader), others were Ralfe Criddle, Rex Criddle, Claude Criddle, Eddie Larsen, Steve Baker, Kelly Salvesen, Scott Salvesen and Gordon Fuller. We took Louis Bloxham's donkey and my horse "Flame" and left on July 11, 1974. This trip is narrated in full in a separate account already recounted before.

John Starts Working Again On the Highways

In September 1975 I was assigned to work with the survey crew at Malad on the highway. We did surveying work on the freeway from Malad to Utah line. In 1976-77-78 worked during the summer as a weigh master on the Malad freeway. I did mostly weighing large gravel trucks as they were to haul gravel to complete the roadway. One day I noticed a large tanker approaching the scales. It was so wide that only the

inner wheels were on the scales. As he drove on, the side beams on the scale gave way and he landed on the scales on just the underside of the engine. The driver then put it in reverse and the large wheels ripping rubber, etc. crawled back out off the scales. He only went back a little ways, then jumped out of his cab and ran up on the hillside under a Juniper tree. In a few minutes several engineer's came to survey the damage to the scales, which were indeed made useless. Work for the day stopped and it was a week before things were fixed up again. The driver wasn't supposed to weigh his outfit (a tanker). He had driven on to the scales with 10,000 gallons of water and smacked the scales.

Wade had left in early May for an L.D.S. mission to Switzerland. He was real glad to go there. At the end of his training sessions they changed his mission to England which upset him. Kim had previously served a mission in England. We were concerned about this change as it had affected Wade greatly. He flew to England and we next got word Wade was ill and was staying with a family in England. In late June we were advised by church officials that Wade would be coming back home as he was unable to stay in England, being near a nervous breakdown. Well this really upset the family, but we met him in Salt Lake City at the airport and could see he was not himself. It took Wade most of the summer to get back to his real self. I don't un-

derstand why the church officials changed his mission to England at the last minute. Wade had learned some German in the mission home for Switzerland mission, so the change really shot him down.

Again I went to work for the highway department as a weight master. Our gravel pit located near the Utah line and near the pioneer settlement of Henderson—a large spring above the freeway furnished water for irrigation and for the homes here. A bulldozer was used to push the gravel down hill to the crusher. A large stockpile of crushed gravel was piled, then unloaded on the big “Belly Dumper” trucks. I weighed each load on the big scales. It was being put on the freeway in this area down to the Utah line.

I had weighed all the gravel and some black top on the freeway from west of Downey to the Utah line except the part over the Malad divide which was built first a few years before.

The truck drivers that were driving the large “belly dumpers” had been at the Teton Dam near Rexburg in the fall of 1975 as they finished this dam in late 1975 and started to fill it. These truck drivers told us that they had used a different fill on the north side of the Teton Dam over that used on the south side and said the dam was going out, and it would not hold. They said this would happen during sometime in the summer as the fill used on the north side of the dam was not good even though engineers there said it was.

On June 6th the dam failed and flooded the towns below including Rexburg. Several big bulldozers tried to stop the first leaks but the drivers at the last had to jump to safety and the bulldozers later were found four miles down stream just a ball of steel. Fishermen below the dam climbed trees to escape the flood.

Our gravel hauling on the freeway ended in late summer. In August 1977 I signed on the survey crew for survey work to continue until the cement top was completed later in mid November.

In 1979 I worked for Lester Hartvigsen, my cousin, driving his tractor during the summer and combined in the fall. In early December Wade called me to invite me to go to Texas with him to get a new truck his company had purchased. I drove to Ogden to meet him and we went to Salt Lake in my pickup and left it parked at the airport. We flew to Phoenix, Tucson and to stay at a motel. We left Houston next morning

with the truck. These trucks were very large and had a winch on the back which held a large cable used to lift instruments in and out of oil wells—all scientific data recorded on a graph which was sold to the oil companies. (Wade had gone to work at an oil company down in Vernal, Utah). (This was part of his job). We drove north through Texas to Dallas and on up to Wichita Falls to Amarillo where we stayed for the night. Next day we drove up through the Panhandle of Texas and west over through the northeast corner of New Mexico into southeast Colorado, on up north to Pueblo, Colorado Springs and into Denver. We stayed that night at a place just north of Denver. Next day we drove up to Cheyenne, Wyoming and on north to Casper, Wyoming. Here Wade had a large cable put on this truck. We stayed that night in a motel. Next day after the truck was ready, we drove to Rawling, Wyoming and south to Craig, Colorado, then west to Vernal, Utah and stayed at Wade’s home. Wade had married Cindy Christensen previous to this time and was staying in Ogden with a new baby while we were gone. So Wade and I drove to Salt Lake to get my pickup and then he and Cindy and baby drove back to Vernal, Utah. I came on home to Downey, Idaho.

I worked for Lester driving the large Steger tractor doing summer fallow work, discing, weeding, digging (shovel sweeps), and drilling in the fall and digging the stubble and combining—driving his John Deere 95 Side Hill combine and also his John Deere Modell Prairie machine 20 ft. cut. This was a very wet year and grain all lodged (fell down) a 50 Bu crop. We had to go slow with the combine.

In the fall I killed (with Eric’s help) a large bull elk over north of Soda Springs on Henry’s Peak. Took two horses to pull it to the pickup. Cooled it off in a big spring—stopped in Soda and several guy’s wanted to buy the horns. I weighed it at the Downey slaughter house—1200 lbs. I had the meat cutters cut the two hind quarters then Mom and I cut the two front quarters, took us two days. As Wade was living in Vernal, Utah, he came later and got the horns and prepared them on a mount for our living room wall.

The Eighties

1981—another 50 Bu crop for Lester. I did summer fallow work again with the Steiger. These tractors were 8 rubber tires, 8 cylinder caterpillar engines—300 horsepower, air conditioned cab, 20 gears operated at 5, 6, 7, best for farm machinery, pulled large 24 ft. diggers

(sweeps or points), 20 ft. offset disc, 3 large drills, also a fertilizer spreader and could drill 140 acres in a day.

Irwin Jones of Malad (Lester's hired man) with a Stegas tractor did the McCammon farm property while I did the Cherry Creek farms. We harvested 75,000 Bu of wheat for Lester, this included fields in Cherry Creek area and on the west McCammon bench.

In 1982 I did not help Lester, only in the grain harvest in the fall. His nephew (Reed's boy) did the summer fallowing work as he needed money to go to college. A very dull year for me.

In 1983 through 1987 Wade quit his job in Vernal, Utah and came back to Downey. Lester's hired man Ervin Jones took employment with a mining company in Malad. Wade and I did Lester's farm work over the years. Ervin was not with Lester. I think it was 1984 through 1986 years. Then Ervin got laid off and came back to work for Lester. This was the year 1987.

In 1987 Lester put all his land in the government grass program for a ten year period. Irvin and I did the summer fallowing work, drilled grass seed in the spring and fall. Irvin working in McCammon and I did all the fields in Cherry Creek area except our old place.

In 1988 I finished grass seeding in the spring doing our old Cherry Creek farm. Then after April I had no more work from Lester.

In 1989 our 50th anniversary September 14, 1989, our children all came and we had our celebration right here at our home on the back lawns. They were all filled with tents and campers. We were all together. We had our eight children and their families. We did not want any publicity in the papers, so we got none. At this time we had 40 or 41 grandchildren. Amber's little girl after 3 boys is the last now in 1994. We do have many good times together. We also have about 17 great grandchildren or more.

In July on the 11th (Modell's birthday) Lena had her hand operated on for carpal tunnel. In June of 1990, Elvin, my brother, came up from Willard, Utah and we went up to Blackfoot and got Norman Nelson (brother-in-law) and went on to Island Park where Elvin's son Theron and wife has a summer home. We stayed there three or four days. It snowed one day while there. We went fishing in Henry's Lake and caught a nice mess of trout. We had a great time. In July Lena and I went

over to Soda Springs at 8 Mile Creek to girl's camp. I went as a priesthood leader and Lena as a girl's camp leader. We stayed overnight, then came home by Bear Lake and Strawberry Canyon. In September Lena went to Vernal to Troy's (Rosemary's son) wedding. I did not go, wonder why? Probably because I wasn't feeling very well or what?

In August Modell and son Robert and Doug Freestone (Adele's husband) (son-in-law to Modell) went antelope hunting up in the Little Lost River country. They made camp near Summit Lake on a small tributary to the Little Lost River. They didn't get any antelope the first day. The next day they went down the valley and hunted just above the fields, saw a herd of antelope but did not get a shot. They jumped back in the pickup and Robert got in the middle. Modell got in and as he set his gun down it went off. The bullet grazed Modell's neck under his ear, cutting a groove in his upper neck as the bullet went up through the top of the cab. Modell did not realize he had been shot until Doug said you have blood on your neck. It started bleeding profusely. Doug told Robert to hold a rag tight to his Dad's neck and they took off for Howe, a small town twenty miles down the road. Doug had a C.B. radio in the truck and sent a message towards the south. His wife, Adele, in Arimo, the old Max Cone Ranch where they live heard the voice over the radio, the signal coming off the relay station atop of Scout Mt. south of Pocatello and west of McCammon. He told her that Modell was shot and bleeding badly. Adele called Life Flight out of Idaho Falls and relayed the message. Life Flight took off immediately to meet Modell's pickup coming near Howe, 60 miles across the desert. As Modell's pickup roared through Howe and south towards the Arco highway, the helicopter spotted them and landed on the highway. They took Modell to Idaho Falls hospital. Adele called us and we started for Idaho Falls immediately. When we got there Modell was just coming out of the emergency room. He was OK although the bullet had come within a fraction of a major vein. The doctor told me if it had been severed Modell would have bled to death in a few minutes. It was a close call.

Modell stayed in the hospital for a day and then was released. Now during this hunting season Ina's boy (Lena's sister's boy) Scott went hunting deer and was in the front seat of a pickup. One of his friends got in the back and was standing up his gun and it went off, the bullet going through the cab and struck Scott in the back. They rushed him to the hospital. He came out of it alright, as the bullet only grazed vital organs



Kim, Modell, John, Eric and Wade Christiansen

and came out and into his leg and lodged there. It took him a year to get well. Scott had his eye shot when he was younger by a gun he was handling as it went off, caused him to have impaired vision.

Modell has been several years getting over his neck wound. His feelings hurt to think he would get in a pickup with a loaded gun. The trigger had caught on his leg somehow.

I have no special memories of 1993. In early December Gary (Amber's husband) called us to ask if we wanted to take a long ride in a pickup to Sandpoint, Idaho to get a new pickup for him. The dealer in Montpelier had located the kind of pickup Gary wanted in Sandpoint 60 miles north of Coeur-d'Alene, Idaho on the shores of Lake Penderay. We were to drive a new Ford pickup with cruise control, etc. to Sandpoint and get a little Ford pickup, no cruise, no fancy stuff, stick shift and opened front seat (I liked this). We went to Montpelier about December 2, 1993 to get the Ford Pickup leaving our car at Gary and Amber's place in Fish Haven. We drove back to Downey then left next morning for Sandpoint. We both, Lena and I like to travel so we went north to Idaho Falls and into Montana to Dillon where we had a light lunch. Then on to Interstate 90 west of Butte and northwest past Anaconda up to Missoula, got gas and goodies, then west up a river and over the Bitterroot mountains and down to Wallace, Idaho. The highway is built over this town which is in a narrow canyon, on west to Kellogg and on to Coeur d'Alene by dark. It was 60 more miles to Sandpoint

where we bedded down in a motel, was 700+ miles we traveled. The next morning we were up early 7 a.m. mountain time and 6 a.m. Pacific time and waited for cafe to open, then drove to Ford agency and waited for them to come to work at 8 a.m. Pacific time.

We got the new Ford pickup, a small 1/2 ton and started for home. We were going down the north and south highway through Moscow, Grangeville and Meadows. Took highway south towards Weiser. We drove through Coeur d'Alene (foggy) then south towards Moscow and out of the timber country. Then to the Palouse Hills all in stubble or fall grain, beautiful rolling country with pine patches and over the Moscow mountains and down into Moscow.

Lena had only been in Moscow once since we left there from college in April 1940. I had been there with Shaun and Jason (Teri's sons and John Dalhke on a trip through north Idaho. They had made 1st West a one way main street going south. Old Main one way going north. Moscow had grown twice its size since I went to college there in the late 30s. First west was close to where Lena and I had lived the first winter we were married, 1939-40. The house was hard to get to, so we just went straight through and down the highway toward Lewiston. We stopped on the Lewiston Hill to observe the confluence of the Snake and Clearwater Rivers 200 ft. below.

In February we received a call from Eric our son in Mississippi saying he could purchase Amtrack train

tickets for a reduced rate and wanted to get some for Lena and I to come to Mississippi, where he lives, in June. We said sure, so he sent us the tickets in early March. June 15 was when we were to get on the Amtrack in Salt Lake City, Utah. In early March my left knee became bad. I went to Dr. Shields in Pocatello first then to another doctor in May. Both said cartilage was gone in joint, would have to have a new joint, cost at \$25,000. Since then until now in 1995 my knee has been getting better. We'll have a new diagnosis in February 1995.

Because we would be gone for three weeks we did not get any little chicks this summer to raise, as usual. We left Downey late June 14th and went to Salt Lake to get on the train at 5 a.m. on the 15th. The train was the Desert Zephyr. We soon left after checking our baggage. I thought at first the train was going east through Wyoming, but no this train goes to Grand Junction, Colorado then to Denver. I have written a detailed account of this trip in a separate story. However we went through Provo, Spanish Fork, up over Soldiers Creek Summit and on to Price to Grand Junction—over the Rocky Mountains to Denver by 7 p.m. On across Nebraska at night and crossed the Missouri, on across Iowa, the Mississippi into Chicago by 5 p.m. Here we changed trains and left Chicago at 7 p.m., all night through Illinois, Kentucky and Tennessee by 6 a.m. Down along the Mississippi River and through Mississippi, curved over into Louisiana to New Orleans by 2 p.m. Eric and Diane helped us off the train, then we drove east 100 miles to Eric and Diane's home near Pascogaula, Mississippi.

We stayed at Eric's from June 16 to June 29th. They took us to all the important places including one day to New Orleans. We left Eric's place to drive back in his pickup on June 30th. We drove north through Mississippi, corner of Louisiana, up through Arkansas, west across Oklahoma, across the Panhandle of Texas and into New Mexico to Albuquerque and Santa Fe, north into Colorado to Grand Junction—north into Utah and to Vernal. We stayed with Rosemary one night then came back to Downey by way of Wyoming and Bear Lake.

In July Aunt Faye called us and said Aunt Fern's daughter's husband had died and would like us to drive her and Aunt Ina up to the funeral. (These ladies are Lena's sisters) (Faye and Fern are twins). We left the next day and I drove them up to Blackfoot, Arco, Craters of the Moon, on west to Mt. Home, Boise and to Weiser to

Aunt Reta's place—another sister. Here we stayed that night, all of us. Visited Rita and her son and daughter. Next day we left and went up to Cambridge to the funeral. Aunt Fern and her daughter met us here. We then drove 10 miles east to Indian Valley for the burial. This is where Fern and her daughter and husband live. The L.D.S. ward women served us a nice luncheon out on the lawn. Fern's daughter's husband, Bill Wagner had died of a brain tumor. He had joined the L.D.S. Church 3 years before. They had been living in a trailer house by Fern's home and he had been bed ridden for some time. Indian Valley is a Rural community, one store, one L.D.S. Church. This ward and four other small ones all go to church in Cambridge.

We stayed at Fern's that night—left the next day and came home by way of McCall, Stanley Basin, Challis, Arco, Blackfoot and Downey. We used Fay's car on this trip. Later in August I took Sharlene and most of her family to Salmon River country. We met Wade in Stanley Basin and just camped out two nights, then came home through Mackay, Arco and to Downey.

In September Mom and Sharlene went down to Logan to the Utah State and Utah University football game. During the summer while in Logan we went out to Bensen and visited cousin Lester and Edris. Lester's eye sight is real bad, degeneration of the retina. They have a beautiful home and yard with flower beds.

October 15 deer hunting time. Wade came down from Jerome. Sharlene's two boys Lyle and Ammon came from Preston and all three went out early up through our old farm, 8 deer were in the field. They had to get their guns out of the back of the pickup and load them. By that time 6 deer had run south over into the old Mock place. Two had run west toward the mountain. Wade got both of these, one for him and one for me. Wade came back into Downey to get Mom (Lena) and we went back out and got the deer (used Mom's and Cindy's tags). We hunted two other weekends but got no deer. Sharlene's boys and husband Bart hunted also but got no deer. Wade's deer was 2 bucks, one 3 point and one 2 point. I might say Tony (Rosemary's son) had an elk permit for Cherry Creek country.

Starting October 1 through 14 Tony and his wife's brother from Malad hunted the west mountain where a large herd of elk had been seen earlier. They found no elk but tracked them across the old Malad highway in the mud and down northwest through the lower fields—gave up. One large bull was killed as the elk

crossed the Cherry Creek road and two more above Downata, elk herd had left the west mountains and gone over above Downata Hot Springs. Tony then went up in quaking asp and killed a big cow elk above the old Lundgren place (now Jay Hartvigsen's).

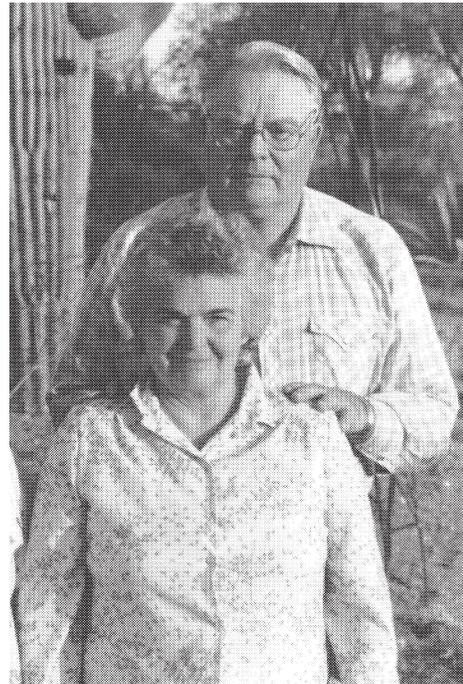
In early December Shaun (Teri's son) and his friend (who had an elk permit) went up to the Yellow Jacket area northwest of Challis with two snowmobiles—10 miles off the road near Opal Lake. His friend shot a large old cow elk. Two trips to the pickup to load it. Shaun brought it here to my place to cut it up. They gave us the hamburger to use, 52 lbs.

Christmas was nice. We had a small tree. Amber and Gary and kids came at noon. This was the second Christmas (first was in Moscow) that we had none of our kids here for Christmas morning. We have been a happy couple most all our lives. Of course some ups and downs. January 20, 1995.

The Next Generation

Now I will tell about our 8 children. Modell the eldest met Bonnie Cole while they were in high school at Marsh Valley in Arimo, Idaho. Dale Price and Modell courted the two Cole girls. Teresa was Dale's girl friend and Bonnie was Modell's girl friend. Modell, Dale and Teresa were in the same class. Bonnie was younger. These girls were daughters of Ruth and Royal Cole of Arimo. Dale and Teresa got married a year ahead of Modell and Bonnie. Modell went to college at the University of Idaho 1/2 year, came home and went on an L.D.S. mission to Montana. After coming home he got married to Bonnie on December 18, 1962 in the Logan Temple, Utah. Now by February 15, 1995 they have had six girls and one boy. Four of the girls are married, one is a nanny in North Carolina to two doctors, professors at Duke University. She travels worldwide with them as she finishes college at night school at Duke University and flies home occasionally to visit her family. Her name is Michael and is a beautiful blond, no marriage in sight. The eldest girl is Adele, married to Doug Freestone and lives on a cattle ranch near Malta, Idaho. She is a nurse working in Burley, Idaho and drives daily. Adele and Doug have one girl and one boy. Ruth is the second girl and is married to Eric Jensen of Preston, Idaho and live in Logan, Utah. He works for Utah State University. They have one boy and two girls. Robin is the third girl and is married to James Petersen of Tremonton, Utah. They live in Malad, Idaho. Her husband is an

avid hunter and works in Tremonton furniture store and he drives daily. They have 2 girls. Michele was the fourth girl, the nanny in North Carolina. The fifth girl is Deon and met Brian Farnsworth while in college in Salt Lake City and later married. He works in a candy company with his father. Kindra is the sixth girl and is in college in Salt Lake. Then Robert came along number 7th child and is now in high school at Arimo, Idaho. He is an avid fisherman and hunter. Killed his first deer in 1994 in Cherry Creek. Went with his dad on a mountain goat hunt (Palisades area) and video taped his dad shooting a mountain goat.



John and Lena in Arizona in April 1983

Modell, the dad, has been a math teacher at Marsh Valley high school all his life and helps his father-in-law Royal Cole on the farm in the summer time. At present he is also an intercom announcer for the baseball and basketball games. He has also been a wrestling coach at high school. His wife Bonnie drives a school bus for Marsh Valley schools in Arimo where they live.

Sharlene born December 9, 1941 was our 2nd child. She grew up and became an honor student at high school. She very much liked the out doors and learned to drive the caterpillar tractor on the plow or combine, also drove grain truck when needed. She was quiet by nature and attended Utah State University for 1 1/2 years—studied Engineering then attended University of Idaho for 1/2 year. She obtained a job in Salt Lake

City at an insurance company and met Bart Turner of Jensen, Utah (near Vernal). They were married July 1, 1966 at the Logan Temple in Utah. Bart took employment in sheet metal work in Salt Lake, they also managed an apartment complex. Eight children were born to them—five boys and three girls.

In about 1989 the oil refinery company bought their home in Bountiful, Utah and they moved to Whitney, Idaho near Preston—their home located on the hillside to the east. Before moving both her hips had deteriorated and she had to have both hips replaced with artificial joints, a big surgery. Their children are: Allen married Leila of Bountiful, Utah and have one little girl who was born with a gene disorder and will never grow very large—only real small. A real problem for them. No. 2 is Charmain—married real young to high school boy friend, who later joined the army. He abandoned her and the baby boy. She worked at various jobs and later married in 1994, a fellow she met in Ogden, Utah. He's a good man and works for Henager Business College visiting high schools in Utah, Idaho and Wyoming. They live in Ogden, Utah. Nancy is next, she had problems in high school and dropped out. Later she married a fellow from Preston, Idaho and they have one little girl and live in Preston, Idaho.

Marshall graduated from Preston high school then went on an L.D.S. mission to Chicago area. Has just returned from mission (1995). Plans on some college work in outdoors (forestry, etc.)

Lyle is a senior at Preston high school 1995. Ammon is a sophomore at Preston high school.

Carolyn is a freshman at Preston high school and is a basketball player.

Charlie is a student at elementary school in Preston.

Sharlene and Bart are very active in the church. Bart works in Logan, Utah at an exercise equipment company and drives daily from Preston.

Eric our third child was born February 29, 1944, a round faced happy chubby blond boy. Eric attended Marsh Valley high school, played football and boxing. He met Dianne Harris of McCammon, Idaho in high school. They were married November 26, 1963. He worked as a cattle truck driver first, driving all over western U.S.A. Later took work at Soda Springs employment in a fertilizer plant, and worked his way

up through the different jobs to be one of the top men. The plant was closed for a year and he was one of the crew kept on for maintenance work. The plant opened again and he got a top job. He was living right in Soda Springs and one of his friends was moving to Alaska and had a home up on the canyon east of Soda Springs and Eric and Dianne sold their home and moved up there a top of Trail Creek Summit seven miles east and up in the mountains. Later he was offered a better job in Lakeland, Florida at a fertilizer plant, so they moved to Florida. This plant was having many problems. One of the leases in Soda had moved to Mississippi to operate a fertilizer plant and offered Eric a job. Eric and Dianne moved to Mississippi where now Eric is manager of the sulfuric acid plant, which is part of the fertilizer plant now in 1995. They plan to return to Soda Springs after he retires or maybe before. They have three sons who work at the fertilizer plant in Soda Springs. They are all married and have several kids. Scott played football for Soda high school, and married a girl he met in high school. She is part Hawaiian. They have a boy who was born with serious blood circulation problems. He has lost one leg and was in L.D.S. hospital for many months. Now had an artificial leg and gets around pretty good. Scott is an avid sportsman and does artistic work of several kinds. They live in their dad's (Eric) home in the mountains. The 2nd child Justin was a super football player at Soda high school. Went in the Marines after a girl from Soda, she is part Mexican. Later returned to Soda and went to Mississippi to work for same plant his dad (Eric) works for. Later he returned to Soda Springs and works for a fertilizer company there. They have a girl and a boy. Matthew (Matt) played mostly basketball for Soda High. He married the grand daughter of Junior Naef of Downey. They recently adopted a baby girl. He works for a fertilizer plant. They are active in the L.D.S. church, nice couple.

As Eric and Dianne plan later to return from Mississippi because it is too wet and muddy and no hunting there. Fertilizer plant there bring in ore from Morocco Africa to process the ore into phosphate fertilizer. Then it is loaded on large ships to go to China, Japan and India where there is a market for it. Eric's boss told us on our visit there last summer that Eric doesn't hold a college degree but he is the best chemical engineer of the several they have had with college degrees. His boss plans on retiring soon and going back to Soda Springs because he likes Idaho.

Rosemary (no. 4) was born August 12, 1945. She was

a very cute blond girl and went to Marsh Valley high school. Later she went to Salt lake City with Sharlene to work. She met Devier Dudly a close friend of Bart Turner (Sharlene's husband). Both boys were from Jensen, Utah on the Green River and raised on small farms. They were married on July 1, 1966 and made their home in Jensen by his folks who lived right along the highway No. 40, where the road turns off that goes up to the dinosaur site. Here you can see the large dinosaur bones in the rock formation, a very interesting place.

Devier is a farmer and they have four boys and two girls. The oldest is Kimberly and she is married to Jamie Wadsworth. He is a mechanic and they live in Evanston, Wyoming. They have a boy and two girls, very pretty kids.

Next to Tony (no. 2) who worked for a glass company in high school, graduated and got a job in Logan, Utah for a sprinkler irrigation company. Here he met a girl, Alice Davis from Malad. They got married and now works in Pocatello for a glass company. They lived in Malad for a while then moved to Downey in fall of 1994. They have a little red haired boy. They come to visit Grandpa John and Grandma Lena often. They are active in L.D.S. church. A fine little family. Tony likes animals and has a horse. They bought the Cecil Wise home over east of us near the canal and live there.

No. 3 is Troy a blond and very smart but has no ambition to go to college. Got out of high school and married an Indian girl. They had four children in four years and live off Indian money along with odd jobs. No. 4 is Kary, not married and stays home with her parents.

No. 5 is Morgan, a junior in high school.

No. 6 is Rafe the youngest.

Divier and Rosemary live on a small farm in Jensen, Utah along the banks of the Green River. They raise a few cattle, horses, etc. He worked years for a cement company and it closed down so he now works at the school in Vernal as a custodian.

Teri (no. 5) is a brown haired daughter. She was born February 4, 1948 in Malad hospital with a veil over her face. She always had a beautiful smile on her face and a very happy personality. In the 8th grade she was a cheerleader and a good student. Boys really liked that special smile. She attended Marsh Valley high school

and graduated. Also went to Salt Lake for work and some schooling. She met Lonnie Jones of Malad and they were married after he returned from an L.D.S. mission and the army in Vietnam. Lonny was a state patrolman in Burley area where they lived. After 3 sons and 1 daughter they divorced. Teri was devastated and sold the home, then she and the children went to Logan, Utah to live. Lonny later remarried 3 times. Teri had a real bad time in Logan and Smithfield. No real jobs, no help from Lonny. Finally we had her come back to Downey to live with us for four years. She worked in Pocatello and drove daily. Later she moved up on Cambridge Road in a small home she was able to buy under government help.

Her eldest child Shaun was a football player at Marsh Valley high school. He married Denise Hadley of Virginia, Idaho for miles north of Downey. She was Dorothy Curtis's grand daughter. Shaun works in the national guard in Pocatello. Denise also works there. They have no children yet. Shaun likes to hunt and fish and may go into coaching. Denise is getting her teachers certificate.

Angela their 2nd child is a very pretty brunette and high strung. She married Callin Ralph, a high school star basketball player. They met in high school. They have one girl and two boys. They live in Salt Lake and Callin works for a lumber company. Their two boys are large for their age. Dad is 6 ft. 7 inches. They now have a new home in West Jordon area. Angela (Angie) agrees with women liberation, men should raise the kids or pay the mother a salary.

Jason (no. 3) child was born with a bad heart condition. He was very blue colored and at age 8 was taken to Stanford University in California for a heart surgery operation. The aorta blood vessel came from the wrong side of his heart, which had a hole in it. The operation did help and he was not to engage in athletics. When he was age 16 and a junior in high school on the 20th of June he came home from fishing over at Hawkins Reservoir and sat down on the house steps—his mother came out and said she had just received a letter from his doctors in Salt Lake and Stanford saying for him to come back for a second operation. He told his mother “no, he didn't want another operation”. His mother (Teri) then walked across the road to their mailbox and came back. Jason was lying on the porch and he was dead. He was buried in the Moses Christiansen plot in the Downey cemetery where his Great Grandparents are buried. This is where Lena and I will be buried,

eventually (his grandparents). His mother also wants to be buried by his side in the same cemetery.

Brent (4th child) is now living (1995) with his grandpa and grandma Christiansen, John and Lena. He is attending Marsh Valley high school as a senior. Brent has dark hair and blue eyes. His siblings all have brown eyes.

Teri has been working in Pocatello for the farm bureau and driving daily to work. She decided to move to Salt Lake City, Utah and sold her house here in Downey, then moved to Bountiful, Utah in an apartment. Brent wanted to stay in Marsh Valley to finish high school. He will graduate in May, 1995.

Teri is going to try out for the Mormon Tabernacle choir. She has a lovely soprano voice and has always wanted to do this. Her smile would be great to see there.

Kim (no. 6) was born March 13, 1950 and was a 10 pound baby born very energetic. He was blue eyed and had very white (blond) hair—a typical chip off his Viking ancestors. Even as a teenager he was very energetic and played football and wrestled in high school. Then after high school he got a job helping build the Devil's Creek Dam and went to Rick's college for one semester after which he decided to go on a mission to England. While on his mission he wrote to a girl friend he had met at Rick's, she had at one time lived in Downey. Her name is Elizabeth Sharp.

After Kim returned from his mission (L.D.S.), he went to visit Rosemary in Jensen near Vernal, Utah and while there applied for a job with an engineering company. He met a girl while there by the name of Emily Searle, a dark complexioned brunette, and forgot his Rick's girl friend. He selected Emily for his wife and was married September 22, 1972 in Logan, Cache County, Utah at Logan Temple.

At first they lived in Pocatello where he was working for a fertilizer plant. The plant went on strike and Kim left Pocatello to take employment with Emily's family in a hardware store in Vernal. Later he left that work and obtained a job with an engineering company testing oil wells. He built a home later on in Maeser, a suburb of Vernal, Utah, near Emily's parents along the side of Ashley Creek, a mountain stream. It flooded one year but no house was damaged. Later he built a small

retaining cement wall to help divert flood waters past his house. They have four boys and one girl. Kim and Emily have lived in Vernal over twenty years. Their children are:

Brian, matured very early and married a very young girl still in high school. He has worked at various jobs and have a baby boy. Brian now works as a night dispatcher for the same company his dad works for. He takes after the Searle family in looks and likes motorcycles and fast cars.

Joshua (No. 2) is blond and blue eyed like his dad, Kim. He is fairly tall and a good student, also went on an L.D.S. mission the fall of 1994 to the northern Florida area. He wants to attend college when he finishes his mission, probably Rick's college.

Jennifer (No. 3) is a dark brunette and looks like her mother, Emily. She had the wrong friends in high school, problems developed and she came up to Marsh Valley to go to school one semester, staying with Modell's family. Later returned and is in school in Vernal, left home a short while and returned, now plans to graduate this year, 1995.

Steve (no. 4) has brownish hair and dark eyes. He is in high school now.

Mark (no. 5) is a blondish fellow with blue eyes. He is now in middle school in Vernal.

Kim and Emily have had problems raising their family, especially with Brian and Jennifer. Hope they have better luck with the rest of them. They are both active in the church and Emily works in the lunch program of the school. Kim for a long time was a field engineer and had his own trucks and crew to go out on jobs in the oil fields, testing the wells after they are drilled and cased. Now he has a new assignment and travels teaching courses for the company and other related work.

When Kim was but 6 years old, I took him on a scout trip to Wyoming wilderness, where we took boats and went the entire length of Freemont Lake, made base camp and then walked to several lakes. When he was a teenager I took him to Ship Island Lake. He and Wade (6 years younger) had been very close as brothers. Both had jobs in Vernal, Utah. Kim drove the caterpillar tractor at age ten and helped us build the top part of our house in 1965. He was a hard worker, helping around the house and on the farm at all times.



Lena and John at a reception

Wade (no. 7) was born September 23, 1956 in Downey hospital. It was at the time I was working in Blackfoot with the F.H.A. I had taken the job January 23, 1956. During the winter I had stayed with Uncle Norman and Aunt Edna during the week and going home on week ends. Wade was a big baby and had colic a lot of the time. He was a good student and liked to go fishing and hunting deer.

He did not sit around and wait for someone else to scare the deer to him. He walked covering many miles. He caught some nice sized trout over to Devil's Creek reservoir when he was 8 or 9. He liked sports but did not engage in any in high school but played in church basketball. As stated before he worked in Vernal, Utah. He also worked in the oil company's shop doing mechanic work and went as a crew member testing wells.

After working a short time there, he came home and got married to his girl friend Cindy Brooks. Cindy's mother married Chris Christensen of Arimo, and she lived with them and attended Marsh Valley high school and went by the name Christensen although she was never adopted by Chris Christensen.

They, Wade and Cindy lived in Vernal for 6 years. After marriage then came back to Downey for a few years. Wade did not have permanent employment in Downey and worked some at Miller's Packing in Hyrum, Utah. Later he got a job with the Idaho highway department in Pocatello. He was transferred to Rupert and later to Jerome where he has a very good job now doing design

work. They have two boys and two girls.

Teanna is a very fine looking girl, dark complexioned and maturing very early. She is a good student. She developed a problem with her back and had to have two steel rods put in her back in the Salt Lake hospital. She is now in the middle school in Jerome, Idaho.

Lars is dark complexion and an athlete, very slim built and a good student in elementary school in Jerome.

KoLei is a tiny bond girl and very spiritual. When Lars was confirmed in the L.D.S. Church, she asked the bishop to give her a blessing, which they did, a very special little girl.

Hans is sandy haired—a special little guy. I'm sure he was held back in heaven to come later at this time because he is a typical Norseman, very strong and smart. He exhibits traits of his Viking ancestors. Lies to use an axe, gets up on cabinets and wants to help his grandma cook. He likes pickled beets. Kim had a dream about someone who was coming into our family (a special person).

Wade and Cindy like Jerome very well but Wade thinks they might ask him to go to Boise or north Idaho in the future. His design work takes him up to the University of Idaho at Moscow often to converse with the university engineers school. They are the top engineering school in the west on highway design work. It's quite likely that Wade might have to move in his work to

Boise or Cour D'Alene. He would like to come back to eastern Idaho as he likes to hunt and fish. He gets a deer for us and an elk for us when he can each year.

Amber is (no. 8) and was born May 8, 1964 in Downey, Idaho. She was a bonus baby, to even our family up of four boys and four girls. She was born after our first grand child, Modell's daughter "Adele". Teri and Rosemary were in high school and they kept calling during the day as Mom had gone to the hospital that day as they left. The girls announced about the coming of a baby, all over the school. Amber came and had light brown hair and blue eyes, resembled Rosemary. Two of our girls, Sharlene and Teri took after Mom's family and the other two, Rosemary and Amber took after my dad's family.

Amber was a gifted child indeed. She could play the piano without an instructor. Her music teacher (Mrs. Ruth Lamoreaux) said she had never had a student so gifted in music. Amber played basketball in high school until her senior year, then dropped out because she didn't like the coach. She went to Rick's college to take nursing but didn't quite finish because she got a telephone call from a fellow she knew in high school Gary McKee. Gary and Amber had been sophomore sweethearts in high school, both bashful and shy. Gary went on a mission to Florida, came home and asked his friends if there were any good girls he could date. They told him Amber Christiansen, so he called her for a date. The rest is history. They went steady for some time, then were married in the Logan Temple in Logan, Utah July 20, 1985. Gary worked at the cement plant in Inkom and had completed three years of college. They were living in McCammon above the big store when Luke and Leslie Bloxham asked them if they would be interested in moving into Charlie Coffin's home to take care of Charlie. His wife had died and he needed help.

They moved in and were there for four years. At this time they had no children but while staying there two sons were born to them, Jordon and Zachery. Gary got Charlie to go to the Logan Temple and be sealed to his wife, who was a sister to Luke Bloxham. They had never had any children.

After Charlie died they moved to Salt Lake City where Gary got a job with a window company. The company quit business later and Gary got some windows for his bonus pay. He brought them up to us (John & Lena) and some to his dad in Inkom at Rapid Creek five miles

north of Inkom. Gary was one of six boys and 4 girls in his family. They were all very close and a talented musical family—all sang together at many programs. His dad was a convert to the L.D.S. church and was from Tennessee also grandparents. Gary and Angie (our granddaughter) and her husband and brother put all our east and south windows in—all new ones. Special "Anderson windows: double pane about \$3,000 worth. They moved to Bear Lake to manage the Bear Lake west land development company. There's 9,000 acres adjacent to the state of Utah, in Idaho above Fish Haven.

This company also owned "Blue Water Beach" south of Garden City, Utah where they had a large condominium and camp grounds. They lived in several places along the lake, then purchased a big home up on the mountain side in the very northwest corner of the Bear Lake west property. They got it at a very low price from a Salt Lake man whose wife had died and he wanted to sell. In late 1994 they sold this home and moved down to Lake Town, Utah the very southeast of Bear Lake, making much money in the move. Another Salt Lake man had given them a big price for their house on the mountain.

Their third son Haydon was born in Bear Lake at the Montpelier hospital. They had liked it up on the mountain, except the place was snow bound in the winter time and it had no landscaping done and was hot and dusty, wood ticks, etc. That is why they sold it to the new Salt Lake man who had a large family and wanted a summer home.

Where the new home they were to move to needed to be remodeled, they did this and got new appliances and gave us their refrigerator and other things.

They had a baby girl in January 1994. She was named Cassidy McKee. Her brothers love her to pieces.

Gary and Amber are also in the Amway business. They have business in Salt Lake and when they need to go there, we tend the three children, (John and Lena).

Jordon has reddish brown hair and blue eyes—is tall and real smart. He will no doubt be an athlete in high school. His dad, Gary, played basketball for Marsh Valley. Jordon is in 2nd grade in school at top of his class.

Zachery (Zack) has dark hair and blue eyes. He is a tease and likes the girls.

Haydon has light hair and blue eyes and is going to be heavier built than his brothers. He is not in school yet in 1995.

Cassidy is blondish and blue eyed. She is very very smart for her age—13 months and walks very well—is small in relation to her large brothers. She looks just like her mother. Likes her kitty, hugs her brothers. She is going to be a very special girl.

Grandma Lena worked many years at the hospital in Downey and later on the ambulance for many years. She is a special kind of lady and a good gardener and home keeper. Her family really loves her and all her caring for them. This history by John M. Christiansen 1995.



John bags a big one



Moses Josephat Christiansen
Mary Caroline Hartvigsen

The following history was entitled: Moses Josephat Christiansen and was written by his daughter, Nellie Rex C. Christensen.

My father, Moses Josephat Christiansen, born 21 January 1875, at Hyrum Cache, Utah, was the son of Lars Hansen Christiansen and Anna Sophia Rasmussen, who were both born in Denmark. His childhood days were spent in Hyrum, Utah. He lived much of

the time out on the farm, which was located at Mt. Sterling a short distance southwest of Hyrum. His father's second wife, Anna Dorthea Sorenson, lived on the farm and his half brother, Peter, was his companion much of the time. In compliance with the Church at that time his father had two wives (a polygamist). His schooling consisted of the usual grade school education. During his teens and early twenties, he worked on various jobs on farms, on cattle ranches in northern Idaho, and logging in Bear Lake Country. His brother, Enoch lived up at St. Joseph, Idaho, and Moses, with his brother, Elias, worked for him for some time, logging and building shed and a house. Later he spent some time with Niels Hartvigsen working in

northern Idaho country. After that, he and his younger brother, Jeremiah, spent some time trying to find land to purchase. As was customary in the early days to become a farmer, homesteading was the usual procedure. Moses, with his brothers, Elias and Jeremiah looked first for a home site in the Duschene Valley of Utah, in southeast and northern Idaho, and also in other parts of the country. They finally decided upon the Cherry Creek area which is about six miles southwest of Downey, Idaho.

George Salvesson had come to this area in 1896, and

he encourage these brothers to come also. So in 1897, they located a hundred and sixty acres each on the west side of the Cherry Creek area. Moses took the upper or most southerly piece with Jerry and Elias taking pieces lower to the north. A few years later, Jerry bought Elias out and Elias went to Canada. Most of the land east of Downey, called Grant, was already taken. That is where George Salvesson had located.



Moses Josephat Christiansen pre-1900

In 1898, Niels J. Hartvigsen came to this same area and located just east of Moses. As they had been good friends, Niels tried to interest Moses in a girlfriend. Niels told Moses of his cousin, Mary Hartvigsen, daughter of Johan Hagrup Hartvigsen and Maren Karoline Tomasen, both of Norway, who lived in Hyrum, Utah. Later, they also homesteaded in Cherry Creek, just north of Jerry Christiansen. After meeting the young lady and courting her, he married her on June 17, 1903. Later, in July 1909, they went to the Logan Temple where they were sealed for all eternity and at that time the three older children, Elvin, Myrtle, and Edna were sealed to them. Together they worked hard to raise a family of six children.

Moses built a nice home on the farm. There were four large rooms on the main floor and two rooms upstairs for bedrooms. They used the main floor as a kitchen, dining, living room, parlor and a bedroom. He also built a basement and over the basement was a large wash room. Water was piped down from the creek above the house to the west, down to the kitchen. Gasoline and coal oil lamps were used. A large barn was built with several sheds and granaries. A hand rotated washer was used. Moses used to help wash the clothes many times. Moses secured a job with the Telephone Line Co., as well as being a farmer. He

installed many telephones in that area. The back room in the upstairs was used as a storage place for these telephones. Many hours of entertainment we children had upstairs playing with the telephone and dressing up in grown-ups's clothing. Lightning put our house on fire twice while we lived on the farm, but was put out immediately by our parents. We also witnessed a real bad cyclone in about 1918. It took up the roof of J.L. Hartvigsen's barn and also destroyed a cook camp built on a big wagon with all the belongings of Odd Hartvigsen and did other damages.

We children walked one mile to the school house many times in deep snow. Other times we walked part way and the children of N.J. Hartvigsen would pick us up in a sleigh drawn by horses and we would ride the rest of the way. The school teacher, for several years, stayed at our home. In November of 1919, Moses bought a home in Downey, Idaho, where the children could go to High School. This was the first time the family had ever witnessed electric lights and any kind of town life. It was

the first time his wife, Mary, had the joys of a nice lawn and access to the stores without long travel. But, alas, it did not last long. They were having two more rooms built on the new home because Grandmother Christiansen was going to live with them, when Mary fell into the basement from a open door in the floor. Mary was pregnant at the time and she hurt her hip very much. Pleurisy set in and she had to go to bed. In a another couple of days she had developed pneumonia in both lungs. Her brother, Hyrum J. Hartvigsen was the attending physician. He finally told Moses he could do no more for her. She died April 10, 1920, as her doctor was strapping her. It was a terrible blow to all concerned. Especially to her husband and the six children. The oldest, Elvin was just 16 years old, Myrtle was 14, Edna was 12, Nellie was 8, Eva was 6, and Johnnie was 4. In addition to operating his farm, Moses managed the Portneuf Marsh Valley Canal Company for the next 14 years. He had

several housekeepers to take care of his home and family. After a great aunt and an aunt, there was a Mrs. Dyson and Mrs. Carrie Evans, also LaVina Anna Rose Murray, a young widow. In 1922, he married LaVina Rose Murray. She had a young son, Robert Ross, about seven years old, who come to live with the family. They were married on September 22, in the Salt Lake Temple. She was already sealed to her first husband,

Robert Ross Murray, so it was just a marriage for time. To this union was born a girl, Merle Joyce, on 14 June 1924. At various times during his life he served on the School Board, the Village Board and different farm organizations. He also served as a Councilor in the Sunday School Superintendency in the Woodland Ward LDS Church.

Up until the time of his death he was industriously devoted to his field of labor in agriculture. He loved the outdoors and many times took his children or some of them fishing and hunting. After Mother's death, he many time took the three younger children

with him as he attended his job as Water Master of the Marsh Valley Canal Company. In 1922, he took the four older daughters to Yellowstone Park on a camping trip. His sons, Elvin and John, spent many days on fishing trips into the Salmon country and other places with their father. His family meant a lot to him and even after the children were married he would take them on trips with him. Just two years before his death, even though in ill health, he took his four married daughters up to the Stanley Basin on a trip. We shall all remember his love and concern for us and we in turn loved him very dearly. He was very close to his two sons, Elvin and John, who farmed with him most of their lives. Since he didn't have a chance to attend much school, he encourage his family to get a good education. Moses always had very good health until 1944 when at the age of 69 suffered a stomach ailment which led to a major operation in



Mary and Moses with baby Myrtle and Elvin circa 1906

September. He suffered nearly a year before he could be persuaded to see a doctor. So in consequences he had three-fourths of his stomach removed as a result of cancer. He recovered for a while but was not really very well. After two years in which he went right on trying to work as always, he died on 5 November 1946 at his home in Downey, Idaho. Survivors were his wife, LaVina Anna Rose Murray; two sons, Elvin Russel and Johnnie Modell; five daughters, Myrtle Mary, Edna Anna, Nellie Rex, Eva Ellenor and Merle Joyce; one stepson, Robert Ross Murray; one brother, Jeremiah Christiansen; a half-sister, Sarah Steffanhagen; thirty-two grandchildren.



Moses on a tractor in 1934



Christiansen Family Reunion 1989
Elvin, John (back), Myrtle, Edna, Nellie, Eva

The following history of Mary Caroline Hartvigsen was written by her third daughter Nellie Rex Christiansen on February 19, 1980.

Our mother, Mary Caroline Hartvigsen was born on the 19th of July 1881 in Hyrum, Cache County, Utah. Her parents were Johan (John) Hagrup Hartvigsen and Maren Karoline Thomasen both of Dahle, Tromso, Norway. Johan or John as he was called was born 26, September, 1851 at Dahle Tromoso, Norway in Kvodjord Parish to Hartvig Nielsen and Johanna Fredrike Pedersen. Maren Karoline was born 15 June 1848 to Thomas Andreas Einsersen and Andrea Jacobsen. (our grandmother was three years older than Grandpa. As you will notice, in Norway the child always took their father's first name and added a "sen" on the end for their last name. [This concept is known as patronymic naming].



Mary Caroline prior to marriage

Mary Caroline had an older brother, Joakim Ferdinand born 26 May 1877 and three younger brothers, Hyrum Jacob (born 20 March 1885), John Henry (born on 16 November 1888), and Lester Edwin who was born on 18 August 1893. The eldest of these children was born in Norway, while the other four were born in Hyrum,

Cache County, Utah. The two younger brothers died at the ages of 21 months and 2 1/2 years old. Mary Caroline spent her youth in Hyrum, Utah attending school there where she excelled as a champion speller. They used to have many spelling bees and she usually outspelled all the others. Her father was a farmer and as there was always lots of work on a farm and in the home she had to work hard. Her brother Hyrum said that is one memory of her is her doing so many things in the home. Helping her mother with the many tasks such as washing, ironing, cooking, scrubbing floors, etc. She also learned to be a good seamstress and sewed many clothes for her own family after she was married.

One incident I remember she used to tell us when we were young is that her brothers Joakim and Hyrum used to push her up in a big swing they had in their barn. One time they pushed her too high as she became frightened and fell out of the swing. She broke her arm as she landed. She would caution us kids not to swing too high. Her brother also remembers how she used to love dolls and played with them along with her girlfriends when she was young. Her uncle's (Peter Hartvigsen) daughters, Selma, Hettie and Augusta came to visit here as they grew to be young women. Then some of the Christiansen boys courted these girls and so they would get together and have fun. Uncle Hyrum said that on the 4th and 24th of July the girls would be together at Mary's home in Hyrum and the Christiansen boys would come "sparking" the Hartvigsen girls.

Moses Christiansen was going steady with Annie Hartvigsen, who was Uncle Pete's daughter and worked in Logan. Jeremiah Christiansen courted Hettie Hartvigsen and Enoch courted Theresha Hartvigsen, Uncle Niels' daughter. While they still lived in Hyrum, Utah Mary had a boyfriend and suitor by the name of Lorin McBride, but when Mary's family moved to Idaho he didn't come to court her anymore. He probably figured it was too far away to court anymore with buggy and horses. Lorin eventually became a bishop in Hyrum, Utah. Three of the Christiansen boys (men by then) moved to Cherry Creek (which was located several miles southwest of Downey, Idaho) in 1897 to homestead some land. In 1898 some of the Hartvigsens came to Cherry Creek to homestead also. Mary's family came up this same year or soon after and took up an area just north of Jeremiah Christiansen. They had a two seater buggy without a top to ride in. Hyrum remembers when they took a trip back to Hyrum later in the buggy to visit with their Uncle Niels in Mount Sterling and Uncle Peter in Blacksmith Fork where

they lived. Mary was about seventeen years old at the time they came to Idaho. She obtained work as soon as she could. Her father broke up 15 acres of land and planted Spring wheat at first. It turned out to be All Smut wheat. So the first winter they had very little to eat. The only kind of meat they could buy was salt bacon. Mary worked in Logan for a while. Later she worked with Mattie Evans on a cook shack. This was a covered wagon with a cook stove and table where they cooked and fed the men that worked on the thrasher machines during harvest time.

About this time a fellow by the name of Dave or Fred Stoker started courting Mary. As Niels Hartvigsen (who homesteaded just southeast of the Christiansen farms) and Moses Christiansen were good friends having worked together in Northern Idaho for some time, Niels thought Moses should get himself a wife. So he said to him, "Why don't you take my cousin Mary Hartvigsen out and court her. She is a very nice girl." Mary had dark blue eyes, brown hair and a fair complexion. She was 5 foot 2 inches tall and slender. Moses started courting Mary and as her brother Hyrum said and beat out Stoker. Mr. Stoker was a relative of the Woodlands and worked for the Hendersons and Evans in Arimo, Idaho. Moses Josephat Christiansen and Mary Caroline Hartvigsen were married on June 17, 1903 in the Logan Courthouse. After they were married they lived in the one room that her father had built off from his home, which was called the Summer Kitchen. This was the place her parents used during the summers to cook and eat in. One corner of the room was over the creek. Her father had piped spring water down from Jeremiah place to right outside the main house so they could hold a bucket and get their water this way. It was much better than hauling it in barrels. They lived in this room until Moses rebuilt a one room log cabin on his place.

Uncle Hyrum said their mother went to help Mary when she had her first baby along with a Mrs. Barger. This first child was a boy, a chubby, dark haired, and dark blue eyes. They named him Elvin Russell Christiansen and he was born at the Cherry Creek Farm on April 15th 1904. Sometime later Moses built a bigger home. There were four rooms on the main floor_kitchen, living room, a parlor and a bedroom. Then on the second floor or upstairs as we called was two bedrooms and a "black room" we called it, which was used for storage. It had no windows therefore it was dark inside with a small door opening to the outside, but no step up to it. As Moses was employed part time by the

telephone company he kept a storage of telephones and equipment in this room. Later he added on a wash house and a basement or cellar as it was called. This was used to store the bottled fruits, pickles, jams, and fresh vegetables and potatoes. They also had a good garden spot and had planted some fruit trees.

The second child was a girl and was born on January 14, 1906 at the Cherry Creek Farm house. She was light complexioned with blue eyes and light brown hair. They named her Myrtle Mary. She was a happy dispositioned baby. Their third child was expected in a couple of months and in June of 1908 they took a trip to Hyrum, Utah as they often did to visit relatives and Moses' mother who also lived in Hyrum. On this eventful occasion Mary became ill and gave birth sooner than expected. She had another girl. They almost lost this baby and had to feed her on Eagle brand canned milk to save her. She was name Edna Anna and had dark hair, dark blue eyes and a fair complexion. She was born on June 16, 1908. When these two daughters were born Mary's mother was still living and I'm sure she helped some with the new babies. She must have been with Mary and a midwife when Myrtle was born. Mary's cousin Niels J. Hartvigsen had married about a year or so before Mary and Moses to a lovely Hyrum girl, Lulaette Brown. They lived about a mile southeast from Mary's and Moses' home up Cherry Creek Canyon. Mary and Lulaette were very good friends and it was the same for their husbands. It seemed one couple would have a new baby and then the other couple would have a new baby. The children would call the others uncle and aunt. Moses' half brother Peter Christiansen lived about half a mile northeast of their home also. He and his wife, Nora Jensen were their closest neighbors. The George Webb family lived close to Peter's home also. So these families along with Jeremiah (better known as Jerry) and Emily Israelsen, his wife and the three Evans families C. R., Charles and John were the closest neighbors. Mary's older brother Joakim (Yak) Hartvigsen had married another friend of Mary's named Ellen Eilertsen and lived east over the hill about two miles. Her younger brother went back to Logan to college to become a doctor and he married Ellen's sister, Inga Eilertsen. This meant that both their brothers married sisters. Mary's brother Joakim and his wife had their children about the same time as Moses and Mary did.

When Edna Anna was about 1 year old Mary and Moses went to the Logan temple to be sealed for time and eternity. It was June 23, 1909 and they took their

three children to be sealed to them also. At this same time Mary's parents went with them to the temple and had their children all sealed to them. Joakim also stood proxy for his brother Johan Henry and Hyrum stood proxy for his brother Lester Edwin as these brothers had died in their youth. Then on August 23, 1909 Mary's mother died of breast cancer. This must have been a sad time for her. Mary wasn't very well and needed an operation. She went to Salt Lake City and was operated on for female organ repairs. While there she met a lovely lady whom she became good friends with. This lady was Nellie Rex Nielsen from Wyoming and Woodruff Utah. She hadn't been able to have any children and asked Mary to name her next daughter after her. On February 5, 1912 another daughter came to Christiansen home. They named her Nellie Rex and Mrs. Nielsen sent her a beautiful gold ring with her initials (N. R. C.) on it. This new child had reddish brown hair and blue eyes with a fair complexion.

Moses hired help for Mary to make things easier for her. This girl who was hired was Mary's cousin from Hyrum. She was a Johnson. Mary had a Dr. Arnout from Downey to assist in this most recent birth. Mary's father had remarried on 29 December 1910 to a lovely woman from Norway by the name of Albertine Johansen. She had a daughter by the name of Anny Pauline. She became a welcomed sister to Mary and was loved by all the family. Her father's second wife didn't live very long and she died during childbirth and we believe the baby never lived. Then on 25 June 1913 her father married for the third time to another lady, Elida Eggen from Norway. She had a son by the name of Peter. Then on October 6, 1913 Mary gave birth to another daughter. This baby was a lovely blond, blue eyed doll that all the other children loved very much. The oldest daughter, Myrtle became a second mother to this little tot as she grew older. They named her Eva Ellenor. She would call Myrtle "Mama" as she took care of her.

Soon after this Moses bought the first car in Marsh Valley. It was a Model T Ford. Now they could motor to Utah to visit relatives. Moses' father had died when Elvin was ten days old on April 25, 1904. That left his mother a widow living in Hyrum. Her youngest son was still living with her as he hadn't yet married. He also had an older sister living there and so they liked to see her especially on the 4th of July or some other holiday. Many times on holidays they would take food and get in the big wagons with horses hitched to it and go up Cherry Creek Canyon along with the Niels Hartvigsen family in their horse drawn wagon

where they would fish and have games and races for the children. Then they all enjoyed a picnic dinner. Prizes were awarded to the children as they won races or games. This was great fun for all.

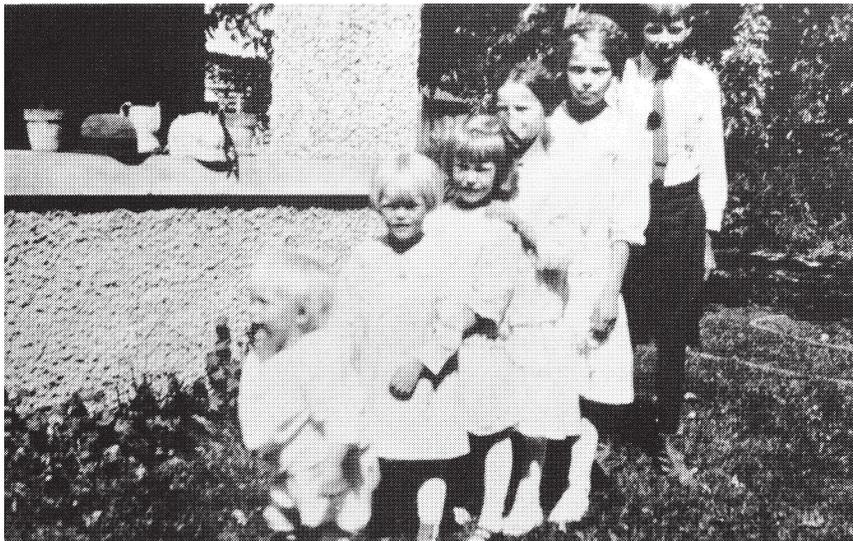
Then on March 30, 1916 a much wanted baby boy was born. He was blonde and blue eyed and received much attention and love from all the family. They named him Johnny Modell after Mary's father. Since the family had looked forward to having another boy in the family, this new baby boy was really loved by all. There was many pictures taken of him with the new Kodak camera that Moses had bought. (These pictures were later destroyed when a big box of pictures were burned as the home in Downey was being renovated.) Mary made such cute little white suits for Johnny to wear. They were knee length. She made lovely little checkered coats for the two youngest daughters. The family attended church in the Woodland Ward, which was about four miles north of the house. A school house was built for the children that lived in the Cherry Creek Area and it stood about 3/4 of a mile north of the house. This was where Elvin, the oldest child, attended all eight grades. Myrtle, the second child attended this school until the beginning of her seventh grade. Edna, the third child, started the fifth grade the last fall they lived in Cherry Creek and Nellie, the fourth child, had started the second grade. So in the fall of 1919 Mary and Moses bought a home in Downey, Idaho so their children could attend high school. Elvin had started high school that fall and was staying at Peter Christiansen's home in Downey until the family could be settled in their new home in Downey. Moses' brother Peter and Jerry had moved to Downey some years previous.

During November of 1919 the family moved in a large wagon all the furniture and belongings. They had to make several trips. They had bought this house from Fred Fauteck for \$3000.00. It had two bedrooms, a front room, a dining room, kitchen and bathroom. It also had a part basement. Moses' mother, Sophia Christiansen was coming to live in Downey with him since Elvira, her daughter and two children had been living with this widowed mother, and Elvira had passed away in February, the mother needed to live with one of her sons as she was not able to live alone. The children went to live with Moses' brother, Aaron and his wife in Hyrum, Utah. This caused Moses to build onto the existing home to add a room for his mother. In moving to Downey it made a change for Mary as she had never had electricity or a bathroom before. In Cherry Creek Moses had piped the water from the upper creek

down to the house and had running water in the house. A water reservoir on the kitchen stove was the water that was heated in the Cherry Creek house, so it was great to have hot running water in the town house and a coal furnace instead of a wood heater.

Moses hired a man by the name of George Carspias, who was a carpenter to build a bedroom and a large laundry room onto the home. While he was doing this work on the porch or laundry as it is called today, Mary was out watching him for a few minutes and started to walk backwards. Behind Mary was a trap door to the basement that was open and she fell down the trap door and hurt her hip. This accident brought on pleurisy and later developed into double pneumonia. Her doctor at the time was her brother, Dr. Hyrum J. Hartvigsen. Mary was pregnant at the time with her seventh child that was due in August and she hired a lady named Mrs. Anderson to take care of her during this time. As her condition became more serious the two younger girls were sent up to Neils Hartvigsens' home to make things more quiet for her at home. Dr. Hartvigsen was very worried about Mary's condition as they did not have antibiotics to fight off the pneumonia at that time. Finally the doctor told Moses that he would have to call in another doctor or specialist because he could not do anything more for her. In those days they did not transfer patients to a hospital many miles away in an ambulance as they do now. Moses didn't have time to get another doctor and she died that afternoon. Her death took place on Saturday, April 10, 1920. It was a shock to the family and a sad time for

her beloved husband and six children. Those surviving children were Elvin Russell, 16, Myrtle Mary, 14, Edna Anna, 11, Nellie Rex, 8, Eva Ellenor, 6, and Johnny Modell, 4. She had lived in the new home for only five months, so she never had much of a chance to know of an easier life than that of being on the farm. She was a quiet, loving, mild-mannered mother, and faithful, dutiful wife. We all missed her very much. There was a well attended funeral service that was held for her of Tuesday, April 13, 1920, in the Downey Ward LDS Chapel. She was buried in the Downey City Cemetery at Downey, Bannock County, Idaho.



The children of Moses and Mary Christiansen in 1919 (from left to right)
John, Eva, Nellie, Edna , Myrtle, Elvin

This history of Lars Hans Christiansen was written by Bertha M. Christiansen who was a daughter-in-law.

A short life story of Lars Hans Christiansen, born 6 March 1844, in Harrested, Soro, Denmark. His father's name was Christian Johansen Christoffersen, who was born 15 December 1811, in Fuglsbolle, Denmark. His mother's name was Christine Pedersen, born 27 Mar 1809, in Jyderup, Hobeck, Denmark.

(Note: Very little about Lars life is known as shortly after his death in 1904, the family home in Hyrum burned down and with it the old family bible in which the family records were kept and all other records which had been accumulated.)

We are in debt to Christian Christiansen, his nephew, who with his father, Jens, a brother of Lars Hans, gathered much of this history. Also from the records of Peter's life history, we received a little insight of life in his father's house. His son, Jerry, who is still with us at nearly 100 years old, verified many things which will be told in this history. This and Jerry's own life story were told to Jerry's wife, Bertha, who wrote them down. Jerry is the only one alive of his ten brothers and sisters.

We know from records at hand that Lars had four brothers and two sisters. He was one in a family of seven.

Peter was born in Febeck, Bostrup; Niels, Hanna and Lars were born in Harrested, Soro; Jens, Hans and Marie were born in Slots-Bjergby, Soro, Denmark. Five of them together with their parents accepted the Gospel and immigrated to Utah (Hyrum). His father was a farmer in Denmark. Due to the feudal system which existed in Denmark, the land stayed in the hands of the people which first had it taken up

and could only be sold among the landowners. Guess that is how aristocracy came into being in Europe. Common people had the right to rent or lease land when they had a chance. Lars' father was fortunate to be one of them. An episode was told to me by Mary Smith, a daughter of Peter Christiansen. The father of Peter and Lars had leased some land. The contract was for a long term, maybe for life. Sometime during that term, the owner came and wanted Christian to release the contract as he was short of funds and wanted to sell it.

Christian refused several times to release the owner from the contract as his way of making a livelihood was at stake. After some more persuasion, he proposed to the owner that if he were willing to sell a certain part of the land to him, he would accommodate him. The proposal was accepted by the landowner after some argument. Christian Christoffersen became one of the first land owners among commoners.

Lars grew up like all normal boys do. A sister-in-law, the wife of Jens, told her children, "The Christiansen boys were known as the Longlanders. They were mischievous, and full of life and health."

Their parents saw to it that they received all the

education that was possible. The Bible was used as a textbook in school and religion played a big part in the Christiansen household. It is said of the boys' father that he was an ardent Bible student and his sons followed in his footsteps. They were members of the Lutheran Church. We have been told by the family of his brothers that Lars had considered becoming a Minister in that church. By the same families, we



Lars Hans Christiansen

were told that he was the first to hear of the restored Church of Jesus Christ. According to the date of his baptism, 19 November 1862, he was not the first of his family to be baptized. His nephew, Christian, says of him: He was a great Bible student and knew the Bible as few men do". He served a mission for the Church when his family accepted the Gospel and migrated to the U.S. in 1863 and 1864. Lars came to the U.S. sometime in 1864 after completion of his Mission. We searched at the Church Historian Office for it and were told that many came in private companies and did not give the information to the office. According to information obtained from the Church Historian Office, Lars' fiancée, Sophie Rasmussen, came in the same company in which his brothers, Peter and Hans, came, leaving Copenhagen on 23 April and arriving in Salt Lake on 15 September 1864.

They were married on 29 December 1865 at Hyrum (later sealed in 1867 in Salt Lake). To this union ten children were born, five boys and five girls. They had the misfortune of losing four of their girls who had diphtheria which was not controllable in those days.

On April 26, 1874, he married Annie Dorothea Sorensen. To that union were born four children, the youngest son, Able, died also as a child.

Jerry tells us his father enjoyed music and especially organ music. Many times on Sunday he would get out their Danish song books and sing the songs of Zion with his sister, Elvira, accompanying him on the organ. Jennie Christiansen Shurtliff told me she was asked to take Elvira's place after she married.

He was a High Priest and a regular attendee at the required meetings. Jerry remembers that he was a teacher in the Sunday School and he and his brothers were among the students to receive the benefit of his teachings. He would insist that they commit the scriptures in question to memory. He loved the Gospel and tried to carry out and live its principles. Jerry was asked many times to take the tenth load of the harvest to the Tithing Office. He also told me that his father took his oxen team and went to the canyon to bring out rocks for the building of the Logan Temple. His nephew, Christian, says of him that he was always interested in the education of his children and urged them after Grammar School to go on to the local Academy and later to the College in Logan. He also says he taught them honesty and integrity very successfully and left them with a firm conviction that their word must be as good as their note.

Again, I quote from his nephew, Christian: "He was a Pioneer in every deed. He was an extremely hard worker, as generally known, he worked himself to death." It is told about him walking to the canyons about four miles, cutting on the logs all day, leaving the canyon when too dark to work any longer and then returning home walking all the way. This way he obtained material for a very outstanding fence around his 80 acre homestead. The fence was built by setting two posts with about eight inches between them, then boring holes directly opposite in which wooden pins were inserted. The logs were then laid on top of the pins. The fence was four poles high with about 18 inches between them. It was thought a remarkable accomplishment and it kept stock in or out. Part of it is still standing as a monument of endurance and ambition of the early pioneers. I quote further: "Uncle Lars was a pioneer of dry farming, a method as we understand it now of alternating the fallow principle with grain crops in successive years. He was also a pioneer in the field of farm machinery to modernize the farm." He was the first to purchase and operate with his mechanic minded brother, Jens, the self-rake, a fore runner of the twinbinder. In addition, he pioneered the use of other harvesting machinery such as the cropper and the moss harvester. He was the first to use a grain drill instead of broadcasting the grain by hand. His pioneering spirit carried over to his sons who pioneered the dry farming method very successfully in Marsh Valley, Idaho.

He liked and enjoyed carpentering, building his first home and barn in Hyrum and on his homestead. Many pieces of furniture in their home were the work of his hands. We still have a cupboard on the farm which he built and gave to Jerry after his marriage. When death visited the home he made the coffins for his little ones.

When his sons began their own homesteading they received a wagon and seedwheat to help them out. He died on 25 April 1904, in Hyrum, where his remains rest in the cemetery.

Addendum

During the years 1992-1996, additional research was conducted on the Christiansen Line by Allan Christiansen of Ogden, Utah and Vaughn Nielsen of Brigham City, Utah. They are both great-grandsons of Lars Hansen Christiansen. These additions to the life histories of Lars Hansen Christiansen, and his parents, Christian Johansen Christoffersen, and Christiana Pedersen, were written in February 1997 by Allan Christiansen. Vaughn Nielsen passed away in June 1996, but much of this additional information can be attributed to him.

In 1994 we made contact with David Barkdull of Dover, Delaware who is a great-grandson of Peter Christiansen, older brother of Lars Hans Christiansen. He compiled a life history of Peter Christiansen and sent us a copy, along with the "Temple Book Notes" made by Peter Christiansen during his lifetime. Peter's life history and temple notes gave us additional information on his brother Lars Hans and their father and mother. After reviewing many films in the Family History Libraries, we have located more information about when they joined the LDS Church, when they all emigrated to America, and more about their life in Hyrum, Utah.

Lars's older brother, Peter, said in his life history about

when the family joined the Mormon Church. The following is quoted from Peter:

"One of Peter's younger brothers, Lars, had been the first in the family to join the Mormon Church. He was baptized on 19 November 1861. His father had been baptized on 3 June 1862, and his mother a few months later on 8 August. His youngest sister, Marie Dorothea, also joined the Mormon Church prior to Peter's conversion. She was baptized 24 Jul 1862. The following spring, on 26 March 1863, Peter was ordained an Elder by Elder Brent Jensen. After his ordination, he and his wife talked about the counsel of the Prophet Brigham Young, who told the saints they should emigrate to the new Zion in America. They decided this was what they should do and immediately began preparations. Peter sold his farm to a neighbor on the same conditions for which he and Anne had become the owners of it. He gave the house and lot his father had given him when he was married, to his brother and sister, Niels and Hanna, who had not joined the church but stayed in Denmark. In addition he gave Anne's parents \$400.00 to help them. He also was able to pay the passage for twelve other new converts who were unable to pay themselves. One of these converts was Maren Olsen, their housemaid. She had also joined the Mormon Church with Peter and his family. Her family had disowned her



The *Monarch of the Sea* (223' x 44' x 24') provided passage for Lars Hans Christiansen and his family

after she became a Mormon. On 23 April 1863, Peter, Anne, their four children, Maren and Peter's youngest brother Hans, departed for America. They were leaving behind their family and friends whom they loved dearly and putting their trust and faith in their God. It was difficult for them to leave because they knew they would probably never see any of their friends or family again. However, they didn't look back but set their sights on their objective to gather with the rest of the saints in Utah."

In Peter's Temple Book, he is quoted as saying he was ordained an Elder by Brent Jensen and Lars Christiansen. The date that Peter says Lars was baptized into the Mormon Church is one year earlier than is shown on the church records. Since we have been told that Lars was the first in the family to accept the gospel and join the church, it is likely that the baptism date quoted by Peter of "19 November 1861" is correct and the date of "19 November 1862" in the church records is in error.

The Life History of Lars Hans Christiansen says he served a mission for the LDS Church in Denmark before he emigrated to America. This is probably true, but it would have been a short mission since he came to America with the rest of the family in April 1864. We found LDS Church records that showed the family members that joined the church in the Love or Sondre (South) Oredrev Branches of the Scandinavian Mission in 1862. Jens was baptized in Copenhagen in April 1864 by Lars Christiansen a few days before the family emigrated to America.

Peter and his wife and four children, younger brother Hans, and Lars' Fiancé Sophia Rassmusen, had previously emigrated in April 1863. Their mother Christiana remarried the missionary that converted them, Hans Olsen, in March 1863. In the next year, they sold Christian Christoffersen's farm to obtain the money necessary to emigrate to America. On 28 April 1864, a family of eight set sail on the ship *Monarch of the Sea* and arrived in New York City on 3 June 1864. The eight family members were Hans Olsen, age 33, Christine Olsen, 52 (Lars mother), Lars Christiansen, 20, Jens Christiansen, 18, Marie Dorothea Christiansen, 11, and two of Hans Olsen's sisters, Hedevig Olsen, 24, and Ane Olsen, 38. A widow also traveled with them, Ane Kirstine Pedersen, age 35.

Vaughn Nielsen found the church records showing that Lars Hans and Sophia Pedersen did not initially marry in the Endowment House as indicated in his life history.

They were married in Hyrum, Utah on 30 Dec 1865. Two years later they went to the Endowment House in Salt Lake City and were sealed to each other on 29 November 1867.

We located an LDS Plains Crossing film that showed the family of eight joined a large company of LDS emigrants crossing the plains under the leadership of Capt. William B. Preston. The company arrived in Salt Lake City on 15 September 1864.

After locating the name of the wagon train that our ancestors crossed the plains "William B Preston Church Train", an effort was made to find someone in the company that had written a history of the plains crossing. Marilyn Christiansen Throckmorton of West Valley City, Utah, a great-granddaughter of Lars Hans Christiansen, went to the Church Historical Department in Salt Lake City to find more information on this wagon train. She learned there had been seven accounts written about this plains crossing. Five of the seven accounts were on file, but cannot be copied or taken out of the office. It is only possible to read through them and make notes. Marilyn was able to obtain a list of the "passengers" in the Capt. William B. Preston's Company. She also obtained from the Church *Biographical Encyclopedia* a summary background on William B. Preston, who was asked by President Brigham Young to go to Missouri and lead a train of saints to Utah in 1863 and again in 1864.

A letter written by Caroline Mortine Hansen to her husband Charles Hansen, who was serving a mission in Denmark, said that they sailed on a very nice ship from Copenhagen on Wednesday, April 13, and arrived in Grimsby, England on April 18th. On April 28th, they left Grimsby and traveled by train to Liverpool, and arrived the same day. She wrote another letter to her husband on June 17th where she says they were on the water five weeks and arrived in New York on June 3rd. She later says they arrived in Wyoming, Nebraska on June 13th. [Wyoming, Nebraska is about 40 miles south of Omaha -Ed.] The next letter Charles Hansen received was from a traveling companion of his wife, Trine Marie Hold in Salt Lake City telling him his wife had died in Wyoming only six days before the trip ended.

From the *History of the Scandinavian Mission*. p. 181 we learn about the trip from Denmark to England.

"On April 13, 1864, the English steamer 'Sultana' sailed from Copenhagen, Denmark, with 353 emigrants from the different conferences in Denmark, excepting a few from Fredricia, who on account of the war [Germans were invading parts of western Denmark at this time --Ed.] had to go direct to Hamburg. This company was in charge of Pres. Jesse N. Smith, who was returning home from a successful mission to Scandinavia...A number of traveling Elders, who had diligently labored in the ministry, also emigrated with this company, which, like the preceding one, went by way of Lubeck, Hamburg and Grimsby [England], to Liverpool [England] where they were joined by the company that sailed from Copenhagen, April 10th."

"On Tuesday, April 26th, the ship 'Monarch of the Sea' cleared for sailing and on Thursday, April 28th, sailed from Liverpool, England, with 974 souls on board. Patriach John Smith was chosen president of the company with Elders John D. Chase, Johan P.R. Johansen and Parley P. Pratt Jun. as his counselors."

Emigration records from the European Mission for 1864 indicate that the cost of this voyage across the ocean was 4 British pounds, 8 pence per Scandinavian adult. The group totaled 974 with a breakdown as follows:

| | |
|----------|-----|
| England | 175 |
| Scotland | 28 |
| Wales | 5 |
| Ireland | 4 |
| Denmark | 389 |
| Sweden | 333 |
| Norway | 33 |
| Germany | 3 |
| Russia | 1 |
| America | 3 |

The journal recorded by Lars August Nelson, who was also in the same company as our ancestors, gives us some information about the journey across the Atlantic Ocean:

"The ship to America was a huge one. Before it was loaded, it stood so high above the water and we had to visit some time while the sailors loaded heavy freight

into the hold. I have tried to forget the journey across the Atlantic. Our rations were raw beef, large hard soda biscuits, water, mustard, and salt. Sometimes we would wait most of the day for our turn to cook our meat. The winds and waves were so high sometimes that the flag on the main mast touched the waves as it rolled. Trunks and boxes had to be tied down. The vessel had three decks and there were bunks all around on the two lower decks. We saw many varieties of fish. Sometimes the passengers, men and women, helped bail out water when it seemed the ship might sink. During the voyage there was considerable sickness and a number of deaths, mostly children. On the morning of June 3rd, the ship arrived in New York where the landing of the emigrants at the Castle Gardens at once took place. In the evening they were sent by steamer to Albany, New York, and from there by rail to St. Joseph, Missouri, thence by steamer up the [Missouri] River to [Wyoming, Nebraska], from which place most of the Scandinavian saints were taken to the Valley by the Church teams of which 170 were sent out that year."

The LDS Church *Journal of History* mentions this wagon train on three different dates:

July 8, 1864: Gave list of passengers in Capt. William B. Preston's company. This list includes Hans and Christina Olsen and Lars, Jens and Marie Christensen. The company left Wyoming, Nebraska [Wyoming was located about 40 miles south of Omaha -Ed.] on July 8, 1864 and arrived in Great Salt Lake City on September 15, 1864. We noticed the other three people in the "Olsen Family", Han's sisters Hedevig and Ane and a widow Ane Kirstine Pedersen, were not on the list of the passengers crossing the plains in this company. We know they were on the ship with the others, and apparently stayed in the eastern states.

August 10, 1864 *Deseret News* article: Capt. John Murdock's mule train passed Horse Shoe, and Capt. William B. Preston's train crossed the Platte at Julesburg on the 6th of this month. Both trains were making good progress, and the passengers generally enjoyed good health.

September 21, 1864 *Deseret News* editorial: Capt. William B. Preston's train, which arrived on the 15th of this month, brought many needed supplies from the east. The following are excerpts from the *Journal of Robert Bodily*.

"William B. Preston was our captain. Three teams,

including his, were sent from Kaysville to the Missouri River for the emigrants. Buffalo were not so numerous as four years before (his first trip to Salt Lake). There being more people and the wagon loaded with merchandise, a good many people had to walk every foot of the way across those plains, both men and women across rivers, it made no difference, but they did not complain. But everyone could see how tired they were. In the start the days were long and plenty of grass and water and we could camp almost anywhere, but as we came on, the days grew shorter and water dried up in lots of places and the grass dry and not much for the cattle. It made it very hard on the people. Sometimes we would be very late coming into camp and then supper to get and children put to bed but when we got into camp in any decent time, we always had camp prayers and all would assemble together and sing a hymn and all seemed to enjoy it and forget the days hard work. And all seemed to enjoy good health so in due time we arrived in Salt Lake City on September 15, 1864. We unloaded and went home with joyful hearts. We were heartily received by the people."

Excerpts from *History of Lars August Nelson*

"Thus about 400 Scandinavians crossed the plains in Captain William B. Preston's company of about 50 Church teams, leaving in the beginning of July and arriving in Salt Lake City on September 15, 1864. The journey to Zion: In due time boys and wagons from Utah arrived and everything was loaded for the trip. There was a stove and tent in each wagon. Then the luggage and two families were piled in and we were off for Zion."

"At first there was an abundance of grass. I liked to watch the donkeys in the train. Day after day we traveled and the only living thing of any size was an occasional stage coach and the stations built along the way. One day I got out of the wagon and ran ahead until noon. After that I had to walk most of the way. One day two young women sat down to rest. All at once they screamed and jumped up. Then a man killed a large rattler where they had been. I have seen families take a corpse out of the wagon, dig a shallow grave and then hurriedly catch up to the train which did not stop. Then we got a glimpse of the mountains in the distance. We also saw large herds of buffalo. While camping one noon, a herd was coming directly towards us. Some men rode out and turned them. To avoid a stampede of our oxen, we started out and the teamsters were able to keep them under control."

"The first Indians I saw were at a stage station. There must have been several hundred of them and we could see their wigwams in the distance. We were now getting into great sagebrush flats and everybody was warned against fires. One day at noon we yoked up in a hurry because someone had let their fire get the best of them."

"Now we began to meet companies of soldiers. They generally led horses with empty saddles. Next we saw where a fire had burned some wagons in the company in which grandmother crossed in 1862. The whole country round about was black and the grass had not started. When we crossed rivers, if they were not too deep, the men and women waded. Two government wagons were caught in the quicksand near where we forded. As we got into the hills, there was a lot of elk, deer and antelope. One man on a gray horse did the hunting for the group. Several times the oxen tried to stampede. On parts of the trail men had to hold the wagons up to keep them from tipping over."

"The most interesting of all to me was at Echo Canyon where we were told how the Mormon scouts had marched round the cliff and made Johnston's army believe there were a whole lot of them when in fact there were very few. We found chokecherries along the road but they were too green. The last hill seemed the longest and steepest and we did not reach the top until late in the evening. Next morning everyone was happy. Cherries were riper and so good to eat they failed to choke. Happy beyond expression we hastened to get a view of Canaan and Joseph's land, where the Elders of Israel reside and Prophets and Apostles to guide the Latter-Day Saints. Having seen some of the big cities of the world, you may imagine our disappointment when we looked down from Emigration Canyon upon Great Salt Lake City by the Great Salt Lake. We saw Fort Douglas where some of the soldiers were stationed. One aged man exclaimed, 'Why, the children cry here as they did at home.' We entered the dear old tithing square and rested until noon. Now it was for us to decide where we wanted to settle."

Excerpts from *Henry Ballard's Journal* on William B. Preston's Church Train from Wyoming, Nebraska to Great Salt Lake City in 1864:

July 8 - 800 emigrants came from Wyoming (Nebraska).

July 9 - Traveled 4 miles.

July 11 - Heavy rain.
July 15 - Woman and child died in camp.
July 20-21 - Traveling on the Platte (River).
July 22 - A son was born.
July 24 - Another child died.
July 25 - Passed Kerney and camped 10 miles above.
July 28 - Traveled 23 miles.
July 29 - Another woman died.
July 31 - Very hot, traveled 15 miles.
Aug 2 - A man died.
Aug 4 - Crossed So. Platte, decided to travel to Julesburg.
Aug 7 - Sunday - Rested the cattle in the fore part of the day. Mule bitten by a snake and died, cattle stampeded.
Aug 9 - Traveled 10 miles, cattle dying, telegraphed Pres. Young about route to take.
Aug 10 - Indian disturbances in area, next church train 60 miles behind
Aug 11 - More cattle dying.
Aug 14 - A child died.
Aug 16 - Had to camp without water, the creek sunk in the sand.
Aug 18 - Camped 180 miles from Julesburg, son born.
Aug 22 - Unlevel country and wind blew very hard, very rocky country. Mentioned many times that they crossed over the Platte.
Aug 26 - Five horses missing, stolen by men at the station because of damage to their hay, eight men had to stand guard.
Aug 31 - Without water for many miles, a woman died who was 60 years old. Mentioned camping without water many times. Also mentioned several times about having a good feed.
Sep 4 - Thunder storm, son born.
Sep 5 - One of the teamsters broke the hind wheel of his wagon all to pieces and they loaded his load into another wagon.
Sep 9 - Two women died of dysentery (One of these was Caroline Hansen).
Sep 10 - Bad accident, a man fell off the temporary seat at front of his wagon and both wheels of the wagon ran over his neck and injured him badly. We had to leave him at the Bear River Station, he died three days later.
Sep 12 - A child died.
Sep 14 - Went to the top of Little Mountain and camped there.
Sep 15 - Arrived in Salt Lake.
Sep 20 - My wife had a son.

"William B. Preston and two of his brothers-in-law, John B. and Aaron Thatcher, left Payson, Utah in August 1859 and moved to Cache Valley and were the first to settle upon the present site of Logan. He helped to lay out the city of Logan in 1860 and was named the first Bishop of Logan. He served in the Territorial Assembly in 1861-1865 until he was called on a mission to England in 1865. When he returned from his mission on July 14, 1868 on the steamer Colorado, he was put in charge of a company of 600 saints and led them to Utah, arriving the following September. On April 6, 1884, William B. Preston was called to be the Presiding Bishop of the Church."

Extracted from the *Church Biographical Encyclopedia* concerning William B. Preston.

This history was written by Nellie Rex Christiansen Christensen on March 4-7, 1991 and is entitled "Christian J. Christoffersen Family History".

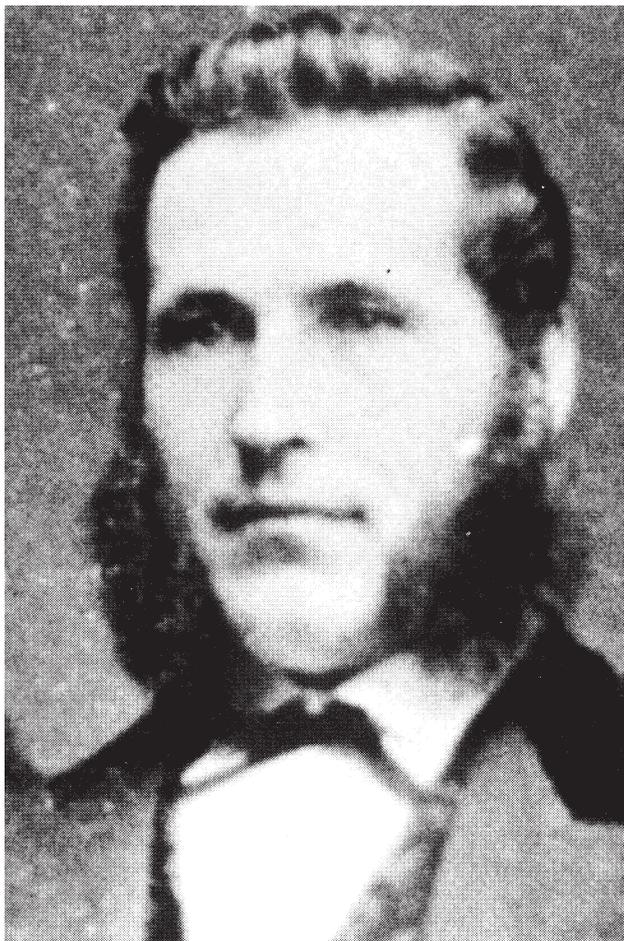
Christian was the father of Lars Hans Christiansen and the grandfather of Moses Christiansen.

I, Nellie Rex Christiansen Christensen, a great granddaughter of Christian Johansen Christoffersen - will attempt to write a brief history of my Paternal Great Grandfather, Christian Johansen Christoffersen, (Confirmation Record) - as Christian Johansen Christiansen, (Branch Record), and as Christian Hansen (Military Record.) He was the son of Dorthea Nielsen and Christoffer (surname not known) - may have been Christiansen as shown for son on Branch Records. Christian was born the 9th of Dec 1811 in Fuglsbolle, Svendborg, Denmark - and died 19, Aug. 1862, at Slots-Bjergby, Soro, Denmark at the age 50 years 8 months and 4 days. Buried at Slots-Bjergby, Soro, Denmark. We learned from our Danish genealogist John Christiansen (no relative) that the

Mother Dorthea Nielsen who was a daughter of Niels Hans Ryman and Hanna Christine Danielsen - was courted by a Sea Captain or Seaman who returned to Sea duty and never returned. As the Danish always used the first or given name and added "sen" - we feel his Father's name must have been Christoffer; hence the surname being Christoffersen on the early records for the son. The Mother Dorthea Nielsen was born in 1791 at Longelse, Svendborg, Denmark and died in between 1815-1820. Christian was raised by great aunt Hanna Ryemann. His mother Dorthea was never married to the Sea Captain as far as we can determine. The Father probably never knew about the son. We have never learned about his boyhood except his belief in the Bible Scriptures. The Church (Lutheran) where

records were kept of his family burned down and the records were destroyed. (Our genealogist found this out). Someday we hope someone may be able to search farther on his records, somehow.

When Christian was a young man he met and married Christiana Petersen on April 22, 1837 at Bostrup, Langeland, Svendborg, Denmark (Christiana Petersen).



Christian Johansen Christoffersen

Her parents were Peder Hansen and Anna Marie Lisbet Larsen. Her father Peder Hansen lived to be 95 years old and when he was 94 he walked 12 miles a day. When visiting friends he would card wool. (No wonder I love to crochet or do sewing when I watch T.V., I've inherited this attribute.) When Christian was a young man he worked on a big estate that belonged to another man. He tended 8 acres and lived in two rooms. The cattle were stabled on one side adjacent to the living quarters. Later other families lived in the same house - probably workers on this same Estate. A few years after this Christian and family moved to another parish (Harrested, Slots-Bjergby, Soro, Denmark)

where they had more land to work.

They always worked hard to make a living for themselves and families. They had seven children eventually. Namely Peter Christiansen born 30 Jan. 1835 at Fabeck, Bostrup Denmark. Niels Christiansen born 13 June 1838 at Harrested, Soro, Denmark. Hanne Marie Christiansen was born 8 May 1840 at Harrested, Soro, Denmark. Lars Hans Christiansen was born 6 Mar. 1844 at Harrested, Soro, Denmark. (He was my grandfather - Nellie's). Jens Christiansen born 19 May 1846 at Slots-Bjergby, Soro, Denmark. Hans Christiansen born 20 Jan. 1849 at Slots-Bjergby, Soro, Denmark. Marie Dorthea born 8 May 1852, (On some records her Surname is listed as Christoffersen and others as

Christiansen.) at Slots-Bjergby, Soro, Denmark. The reason these children went by name Christiansen is because of custom in Denmark and Norway they always used as a surname the given name of the Father and added "sen". This is called patronymics. At one time the Father and some sons talked about sailing around the Cape of Good Hope into California, U. S. A. during the Gold Strike there. This never materialized due to health problems.

All the family were "Lutherans" by religion and spent much time reading and studying the Bible. The eldest son Peter told his life story to his daughter Mary Smith in his latter life and told about a time in his life when "he says he was always religiously inclined, and was an ardent Bible student." "The Bible was used as a text book in School." "He became so well versed that the Priest wanted him to become a minister, as he could answer many questions." When he was fifteen years old, he was confirmed by the Pastor. "He offered him a years support in college if he would become a Minister." "This the Father Christian would not let him do, as he could not afford to help him otherwise" Peter also told his daughter Mary Smith of Thornton, Idaho - about his brother Lars Hans Christiansen (my grandfather) had studied (some time later) for the Lutheran Ministry for about 3 years, when he came in contact with the "Mormon Missionaries".

After hearing their message and their testimonies of its truthfulness, he believed and was soon baptized in 1862. (My Aunt and I tried to find the exact date of his baptism, but were not successful.) (We do know he was the first to be converted in the family as his brothers have mentioned this several times.) The Father Christian Johansen Christoffersen seemed to be failing in health and his son Lars Hans was anxious that he should receive the truth also. Therefore he took a Book of Mormon and went to see his Father and Mother. It took Christian only one day and one night to read the Book of Mormon after being told about the Missionaries. The Father was truly convinced of its truthfulness and was baptized on 3rd June 1862, into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Lars Hans was baptized November 19, 1862. The eldest son Peter became very concerned when he heard his Father had joined the 'Mormons'. Let me quote here the exact words Peter wrote in his Biography given to me by his daughter Mary Smith.

It was the taunting words of the Village gossip that caused me to stop plowing that pleasant day in the Spring of 1861

or (62) and hastened to my father's home. "Hey Peter Christiansen" she called when in my plowing I came near to the Village street. "You wouldn't be holding your head so high or think yourself so great if you knew what I know about your parents." Plainly I heard her, waved a greeting and went on hurrying to get away from her voice. Along the fence she followed chuckling. Soon she called again "Oh, you may make it appear that you can't hear me or care, but other people know that your father and mother are very friendly with the Mormons." Determinedly I went on up the field from her amused laughter and loud taunting voice. I was not going to let her know that her words had disturbed me or that I paid any attention to her foolish gossip. But as soon as she was out of sight I went to the house calling to my wife to hurry and dress as we were going to visit my Mother and Father. Plainly she showed her surprise that I would quit plowing in the early afternoon and go visiting. My best team was rapidly hooked to our carriage, and as we drove along the pleasant road, I told my wife what I had heard. Arriving at my parents house Christian Johansen and Christiana Petersen Christoffersen's home, we were greeted pleasantly. In a little while my mother had taken my wife to the kitchen to prepare a nice meal, for we must have the best when we came visiting. Silence reigned in my fathers sick room. Now that I was here, how was I to ask the hated question. Father turned and with a quizzical look asked, "What is it my son? What has brought you here this busy day?" "Is it true that you and Mother have become Mormons?" "Yes," he replied. "Why, oh why have you taken such a foolish step?" My father who was very ill turned and pointed to a book that lay on the table, said "I am too tired to answer your question son, but stay with me tonight and read that book and I believe the answer will be given to you." We stayed and when all was quiet and my father asleep, I picked up the book and read the title - "The Book of Mormon" - and began reading. When early morning light began to fill the room, I turned to my father and saw that he was awake and watching me. I laid the book down trying to appear uninterested. In answer to his query, "Well how did you like the reading?" I answered "Oh it is good as a history of many battles."

(I, Nellie, did not get the rest of this account as Dwinna Bennett (Peters granddaughter) had misplaced the rest of the account and we never went back to see if they'd found it at her home in Pocatello. I had read it before.) Peter sometime later joined the Mormon Church (Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints). The Lars Hans Family Book says Dec. 29, 1862. Christian Johansen Christoffersen passed away on the 19 Aug 1862 and is buried in Slots-Bjergby Soro, Denmark. His widow Christiana (Christine) as she was called, remarried on Mar. 13, 1863 to Hans Olson in Denmark. Later she and her husband and other family members came to America and settled in Hyrum, Utah where

her four sons - Peter, Lars Hans, Jens and Hans were living having come to America earlier. Peter and Hans came in 1863 - Lars Hans came in 1864 after going on a mission while living in Denmark. Jens came in 1864 - all settling in Hyrum, Utah. Marie Dorthea did come with her Mother Christiana as she was a young teenager at home when her Mother and Stepfather Hans Olson came to America. (Just an interesting note here - Hans Olson became the Father of Mrs. William Bickmore who lived in Downey, Idaho for many years - (by his 3rd wife). Christiana had died in 1884 - 6th of Nov. in Hyrum, Cache, Utah) Two children, Niels Christiansen and Hanna Christiansen never came to America or even joined the L. D. S. Church. Niels (2nd son) was in the military in Denmark and Hanna Marie (eldest daughter) was married and living with her husband Hans Christian Jensen, in Denmark. They had 5 children and they were all born by Aug 1864.

The eldest son of Christian and Christiana,(1) Peter Christiansen left for America April 30, 1863, accompanied by his 1st wife Ane Petersen and four children Elizabeth, Lars Peter, Hannah, and Hans Peter - a brother Hans Christiansen 14 years old, and possible brother Jens Christiansen 17 years old, as well as his brother Lars Han's fiancée Anna Sophia Rasmussen. Jens came to America in April 1864 immediately after his brother, Lars, baptized him into the LDS Church. They were with a large company of Saints enroute for Utah. In Utah Peter married in polygamy 2nd wife Maren Olson 2, July 1864 (a single lady who came with Peter's family from Denmark.), 3rd wife Ane Marie Hansen on 25 May 1867 in Utah. (2)Niels Christiansen married Ingerbore Jorgensen Kaae on 6 Feb. 1866 in Denmark. They had only one child Anna Christiansen. Niels died in June 1870 in Denmark. His wife died one year later. (3)Hanna Marie C. married Hans Christian Jensen on 17, July 1858. He died (no date) and she married a Mr. Poulsen - they had one son Charles. (I have a Photo of her and Poulsen and son Charles, but we don't have dates to have him sealed to Mother). Hanna Marie died 30 July 1912 in Denmark. (4)Lars Hans Christiansen came to America (after fulfilling a mission) in 1864 and married Anna Sophia Rasmussen on 30 Dec. 1865 in in Hyrum, Utah. He married Annie Dorthea Sorensen 26 April 1874 in polygamy. (5) Jens Christiansen came to America and married Martha Erickson 23 May 1870 - died 9 Feb. 1907 in Hyrum Utah. (6) Hans Christiansen came to America - married Ane Marie Poulsen 29 Nov 1867 - He died 22 June 1879 at Hyrum, Utah. (7) Marie Dorthea Christoffersen came to America - married Jens Dragsted 17, Aug 1870 - and

later to Wilhelm Andersen - She died in July, 1923 in Utah. (4) Lars Hans Christiansen (my grandfather) died on 25 April 1904 in Hyrum, Utah at age 60.

Addendum

Additional new information has been found on the life of Christian J. Christoffersen since the previous history was written. The LDS Church records in Denmark shows Christian's birth date as 9 Dec 1811. We believe this date to be correct and the previous date of 15 Dec 1811 is not the birth date but the date he was christened in the Lutheran Church. The first Parish Record found was when Christian was Confirmed in the church in the Fuglsbolle Parish in 1826, at age 14. At that time his guardian was Hanna Ryemann, who is a sister of Christian's grandfather, Niels Hansen Ryemann (Ryman). Therefore, we believe he was raised by his Great Aunt Hanna Ryemann.

The Military Levying Rolls are taken every three years in Denmark for all males. It shows their age, where they lived, and the name of their parent(s). The first entry Christian appears on is in 1812 before the age of 1, living in Fuglsbolle, only parent listed is Dorothea Nielsdatter. He is also listed in Fuglsbolle in 1815, 1821, and 1824. The record shows he moved to Skrobelev on Langeland Island where he resides in 1827, 1830, 1833, and 1836. In 1837 he moved to Sludstrup in Soro County where he was found in 1839 and 1842. The record in 1842 in Sludstrup has a line through the name Christian Hansen and written below it is Christian Johansen Christoffersen. In 1844 his residence changes to Slots Bjergby when he was age 33. This is the last military record we found.

In Denmark the census records jump from 1801 to 1834 with none taken in between. On the 1834 census it shows Christian living on a farm in Bostrup, Langeland Island, as an unmarried worker with ten people living on the farm. This entry is recorded in the Lars

Hans Christiansen Book on page 5. The master of the farm is Anders Rasmussen, age 43, his wife, five children, a grandmother, and two unmarried workers with Christian being one of them. There is a marriage record in the same town, Bostrup, of Christian to Christiana Pedersen, age 28, on 22 April 1837. The Bostrup Parish records show that Christian and Christiana left the parish and moved to Harrested on 25 April 1837, only three days after they were married.

The country of Denmark is made up of many islands between the North Sea and the Baltic Sea. The two main islands where our ancestors lived between 1800 and 1863 are Langeland and Sjaelland. Langeland is a small, long, and narrow island about 20 miles long and 3 miles wide. It is a short distance southeast of the island of Fyn (Odense). Further to the northeast is the island of Sjaelland, which is a large island with the capitol of Copenhagen on the east coast. On the southwest side of the island is the county of Soro, where the family lived between 1835-1864. The island of Langeland was in Tranekaer County prior to 1807 and in Svendborg County after 1807.

In Peter Christiansen's Life History, compiled by David Barkdull, is more information about their family life in Denmark. The next five paragraphs are a direct quote from that life history.

"When Peter was born, his parents were living in Faebaek, on the Island of Langelands. Peter's parents had seven children, Peter being the oldest. Their first home had only two living rooms for the entire family to live in. Like most farm houses in those days, the farm animals were stabled in the house but in another section. In addition, two other families lived in the house. Peter's father was a hard working man. He farmed eight acres of land. The farm on which they lived was part of the estate of a rich landlord. They lived in Faebaek for a few years after Peter was born. By 1838, Christian had moved the family to Harrested on the island of Sjaelland. While living in Harrested, three more children were born to Christian and Christiane. Two boys and a girl. Niels, born 13 June 1838, Lars Hans born 6 March 1844, and Hanna Marie born 8 May 1840.

In 1844, when Peter was nine years old, his father again moved the family. This time, it was not as long a move as the one from Faebaek had been, because they were moving to the small village of Slots Bjergby about one and a half miles away. In Slots Bjergby, Peter's father Christian, had twice as much land to work as he

had in Harrested. Even though this meant more work for Christian, the family was better off because of the added income he was able to earn. Christian was a very religious and God fearing man. He was a diligent student of the Bible and would gather his family together for regular scripture reading and prayer.

In 1862, Mormon Elders, missionaries, were preaching their new gospel to the people in the area. Most people didn't accept or even want to hear what the Mormon Elders had to say. Many stories were going around about these strange ministers. Many said they had come from America to try to lure them to their secret places in the mountains. However, Peter's parents became interested in what these men of God were preaching and invited them to their home."

From Peter's history is two paragraphs about when Peter learned his parents had joined the Mormon Church. Nellie quotes Peter in Christian Christoffersen's life history. At the point where Nellie says she did not get the rest of this account because Dwinna Bennett had misplaced it, a complete copy of Peter's life history gave us the missing part as follows:

"Later, the Mormon Elders visited Peter and his family who had become interested in this new religion, the "restored gospel" of Jesus Christ. The Elders left tracts with the Christiansen family which they read and studied and prayed about. Peter's brother Hans, had also been deeply impressed by what the Mormon Elders had been teaching. So on 29 Dec 1862, Peter, Anne and Hans were all baptized into the Mormon Church." This is the end of the quotes from Peter's Life History.

In the Slots-Bjergby Parish Records are birth records for the three youngest children of Christian Christoffersen who are Jens, Hans, and Marie Dorthea Christiansen. The date of births was the same as on the Family Group Sheet. There is confirmation records on Jens and Hans on this film, but Marie Dorthea was too young (11) before they left Slots-Bjergby and came to America. We found a death record on Christian Johansen Christoffersen at age 50. The date of death is 22 Aug 1862 and the burial date is 27 Aug 1862. This date is a little different than we previously had recorded, which was 19 Aug 1862. Vaughn says the births and confirmations for Niels, Hanne Marie, and Lars Hans Christiansen are in the Sludstrup Parish Records.

On the film of the Probate Records in Soro County in

1852-1865, are three different places in the records that refers to Christian Johansen Christoffersen. On the date of 4 Sep 1862 there is a short paragraph with 12 lines that mentions his name. On the date 24 Sep 1862 is a second paragraph of 10 lines that mentions Christine Pedersen and Christian Johansen Christoffersen. On the date 11 Feb 1863 is the complete probate records containing all the numbers and signatures. It lists all of Christian Johansen Christoffersen's children and at the end of the last page is the following signatures: Christiane Pedersen, Peder Christiansen, Niels Christiansen, Lars Hansen Christiansen, Hans Christian Jensen (Husband of Hanne Marie Christiansen), Jens Pedersen Hansen (Vaughn determined this was the sheriff).

The following section is about Dorthea Nielsen, who was the mother of Christian Johansen Christoffersen.

We have been unable to find a birth or death record on Dorothea Nielsen, mother of Christian Johansen Christoffersen. On the 1801 census records for the island of Langeland, we found the family of Dorothea Nielsen in the town of Longelse, but Dorothea (at age 10) was not listed with the family. Her father, mother and two younger sisters were listed. We have been unable to find out where Dorothea Nielsen was living when the 1801 census was taken. It could have been with her aunt, Hanne Ryemann who raised Christian Christoffersen, but this has not been found on the 1801 census.

On the Fuglsbolle Parish Records in 1815 we found a birth record for a Daniel Jorgensen. The mother is listed as Dorthea Nielsdatter Rymann of Fuglsbolle and the father is Jorgen Hansen of Tullebolle. The record says they were unmarried and Dorthea's two sisters, Karen and Kirsten are listed as witnesses. This information seems to indicate that Dorothea did not die in 1811 or 1812 as believed. We also found the boys death record in 1820 at the age of 4 1/2 years. The death record has another lady as the mother, but the Parish Index shows the birth and death records as being the same person. The mother listed is Dorthe Kirstine Rasmus Datter. Vaughn found this same lady listed as a witness at the baptism of Dorothea's sister's children. This new information tells us that Christian Johansen Christoffersen has a half-brother.

Two of Dorothea's sisters and their families were found on the 1834 census living in Fuglsbolle. Kirsten Nielsen married Hans Mikkelsen and Karen Nielsen's husband had passed away by 1834 and she is living

with her sister and family.

This section is about Niels Hansen Ryman and Hanna Christine Danielsen, who were Dorthea Nielsen's parents.

The Fuglsbolle Parish Records gave us the death record on Niels Ryemann, age 60, as 28 Sep 1815, and buried on 1 Oct 1815. The death date of Hanna Danielsdatter is 16 Jan 1829. It says she was the widow of Niels Ryemann of Fuglsbolle, age 60 1/2.

On the 1787 census in South Longelse (11th family) is a large family that includes Niels Hansen (Dorothea's father), Hans Hansen (Niels older brother), and Hans Christensen (Niels father). They are living on a farm with Hans Hansen, his wife and four children.

Vaughn Nielsen has researched the parents of Hanna Danielsen (Dorothea Nielsdatter's mother) and has found more information on them in the Humble Parish. A new Family Group Record has been prepared for the family showing the parents Daniel Hansen and Karen Hansen with their five children (1) Jorgen Danielsen, (2) Anne Margrethe Danielsen, (3) Hans Danielsen, (4) Hanne Kirstine Danielsen, and (5) Female Danielsen (No first name given). We have birth dates for all of them. In addition, we have the parents of Daniel Hansen; Hans Mathisen and Margrete Hendrichsen and the parents of Karen Hansen; Hans Pedersen and Kirsten Jorgensen. This new information will take us back two more generations on this line.

This history was written by Nellie Rex Christiansen Christensen on March 29, 1993 and is entitled "A History of Christiana Pedersen Christoffersen. 1809 - 1884".

Christiana was the mother of Lars Hans Christiansen and the grandmother of Moses Christiansen.

Christiana (Christine) Pedersen was born on March 27, 1809 at Jyderup, Høbeek, Denmark. Her parents were Pedar Hansen and Ane Marie Lisabeth Larsen. It is told her father walked twelve miles a day and when visiting friends he would card wool.

Nothing is known about Christiana in her youth and as she was growing up, therefore her known history starts at the time of her marriage. She married Christian (Johnsen Christophersen) Johansen Christoffersen on 22 April 1837 in Bostrup, Langeland, Svendborg, Denmark. He was also known as Christian Hansen on the Military Records and as Christian Hansen Christoffersen on confirmation records and as Christian Johansen Christiansen on the Branch records in the L.D.S. Church. He was the illegitimate son of an unknown seaman who after courting Dorthea Nielsen went to sea and was never heard from again. Christian was brought up by an Aunt and grandparents who taught him well. He became a hard worker and an honest good man who read the Bible often, He was born the 9th of December, 1811 in Fuglsbolle, Svendborg, Denmark. His father's given name probably was Christoffer, as in Denmark the sons went by the father's first name with an added "sen" or "son", hence Christoffersen. His mother, Dorthea Nielsen, died between 1815 - 1820.

Christiana was a very good wife and mother according to some of her son's histories. This family was devoted Bible students and belonged to the Lutheran

Church. Christian and Christiana first lived on a big estate owned by another man. They took care and worked eight acres of land, living in a two roomed house. The cattle were stabled on one side adjacent to the living quarters.

A few years later they moved to another parish where they had more land to work. They always had to work hard to make a living for themselves and family. They



Christina Pedersen Christoffersen

had seven children. Their first born was named Peter Christiansen as all the sons took the father's name and added "sen". This is called patronymics. Peter was born 30 January 1835 at Fabeck, Bostrup, Denmark. Next came another son named Niels Christiansen born 13 June 1838 at Harrested, Soro, Denmark. A daughter named Hanne Marie Christiansen was born 8 May 1840 at Harrested, Soro, Denmark. A son Lars Hans Christiansen was born 6 March 1844 at Harrested, Soro, Denmark. (This was my Grandfather) A son, Jens Christiansen was born 19 May 1846 at Slots-Bjergby, Soro, Denmark. A son, Hans Christiansen was born 20 January 1849 at Slots-Bjergby, Soro, Denmark and finally Ma-

rie Dorthea Christiansen a daughter was born 8 May 1852 at Slots-Bjergby, Soro, Denmark, On some records her surname is listed as Christoffersen.

At one time the father and some sons talked about sailing around the Cape of Good Hope to California during the Gold Rush of 1849. This travel never came to pass as the father became seriously ill and died 19 August 1862 at age fifty and a half years old.

The Bible was used as a text book in their home and the family seemed to be religiously inclined. Two sons Peter and Lars Hans were offered help from the Priest in the Lutheran Church to become ministers. The father

declined this offer as he could afford to help Peter, otherwise. Later, Lars Hans studied some, for about three years, then he came in contact with the Mormon Missionaries. This was the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints commonly called the Mormons. After hearing their message and their testimonies of its truthfulness, he was baptized and became a member in 1862, the first one of his father's family. The eldest brother Peter told about this to his daughter Mary Smith of Thornton, Idaho, as she was recording Peter's history. Other family members have acknowledged this, also. At this time the father Christian was failing in health and his son Lars Hans was anxious that he should learn of the what he considered the new and restored Gospel of Jesus Christ. Therefore, he took a Book of Mormon and went to see his parents. It took his father only one day and one night to read the Book of Mormon and become convinced of its truthfulness. He was baptized 3rd of June 1862. Christiana was baptized 8 August 1862.

In a biography written by Peter, the eldest son, he tells of the event of his father becoming baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Peter had become very concerned when he heard his parents had joined the "Mormon Church". Both Aunt Bertha Christiansen and myself have copies of Peters Biography, in part, which was obtained from a daughter of Mary Smith, Devinna Bennett, a granddaughter. Peter writes, "It was the taunting words of a village gossip that caused me to stop plowing that pleasant day in the spring of 1862 and hastened to my father's home. "Hey, Peter Christiansen", she called when in my plowing I came near to the village street. "You wouldn't be holding your head so high or think yourself so great if you knew what I know about your parents." Plainly I heard her, waved a greeting and went on hurrying to get away from her voice." Along the fence she followed chuckling. Soon she called again, "Oh you may make it appear that you don't hear me or care, but other people know that your father and mother are very friendly with the Mormons." Determinedly, I went on up the field from her amused laughter and loud taunting voice. I was not going to let her know that her words had disturbed me or that I paid any attention to her foolish gossip. But as soon as she was out of sight I went to the house calling to my wife to hurry and dress as we were going to visit my mother and father. Plainly she showed her surprise that I would quit plowing in the early afternoon and go visiting. My best team was rapidly hooked to our carriage and as we drove along the pleasant road, I told

my wife what I had heard."

"Arriving at my parents house, Christian Johansen and Christiana Pedersen Christoffersen's home, we were greeted pleasantly. In a little while my mother had taken my wife to the kitchen to prepare a nice meal, for we must have the best when we come visiting. Silence feigned in my father's sick room. Now that I was here, how was I to ask the hated question? Father turned and with a quizzical look asked, "what is it my son, what has brought you here this busy day?" Is it true that you and mother have become Mormons? "Yes". Why, oh why have you taken such a foolish step? My father who was very ill turned and pointed to a book that lay on the table, saying, "I am too tired to answer your question son, but stay with me tonight and read that book and I believe the answer will be given to you." We stayed and when all was quiet and my father asleep, I picked up the book and read the title - The Book of Mormon, and began reading. When early morning light began to fill the room I turned to my father and saw that he was watching me, having awakened. I laid the book down trying to appear uninterested. In answer to his query, "well, how did you like the reading?" I answered 'Oh, it is good as a history book of many battles.'"

This ended my copy of Peter's biography. After I had copied this much of the biography of Peter Christiansen, I asked for the next page and Mrs. Divinna S. Bennett of Pocatello, Idaho, where we were doing the copying, said she had mislaid the rest of the article and would look for it later. We never went back to see if she found it. That was our big mistake. Divinna was Peter's granddaughter, her mother being Mary Smith, a daughter of Peter Christiansen. Aunt Bertha and I had read this article weeks and months before, we remembered that Peter finally became convinced of the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was later baptized and became a member of the Church on December 29, 1862 and in 1863 immigrated to America and Utah. He took his wife and four children and youngest brother Hans, who was 14 years old, with him. Also, the finances of Lars Hans, Anne Sophia Rasmussen, came with Peter to America or at least in the same company. Lars Hans stayed in Denmark to go on a mission for the L.D.S. Church and come to America later in 1864.

Christian Johansen Christoffersen was baptized 3rd of June 1862. Christiana was baptized the 8th of August 1862. We feel sure Lars Hans was baptized early in

1862 before his father Christian, as his brothers all said he was the first one in the family to hear the L.D.S. Missionaries and join the Church. Then he went to his parents with the message of the Restored Church. The date of Lars Hans's baptism that we found was 14 November 1862, must have been rebaptized just before he was to go on his mission in Denmark. This was a common occurrence in the early years of the Church.

Jens was baptized 10 April 1864 by Lars. Hans was baptized 29 December 1862 same day as Peter. Marie Dorthea was baptized 24 July 1862. The other two children a son Niels and daughter Hanne Marie never joined the Church and stayed in Denmark. Hanne Marie married Hans Christian Jensen in July 17, 1858 at Slots-Bjergby, Soro, Denmark. They had five children. Niels served in the Military and later married Ingeborg Jorgensen Kaae February 1866. They had one child, a daughter, Anna, who married Hans Peter Gram.

Peter was married to Anna Petrina Peterson on 8 November 1856 and they had four children born in Denmark. Later he married Maren Mary Olsen, a convert to the Church and disowned by her parents for joining the L.D.S. Church and came to America with Peters family, on 2 July 1864 in Salt Lake City, Utah and had eight children. On May 25, 1867 he married Ane Marie Hansen and had ten children.

Lars Hans married Anne Sophia Rasmussen 30 December 1865 in Hyrum, Utah. They had ten children. Later he married Dorthea Sorensen on April 26, 1874 in Salt Lake City, Utah and they had four children.

Jens married Martha Ericksen on 23 May 1870. They had ten children. Hans married Anna Marie Poulsen on 29 November 1867. They had three daughters. Marie Dorthea Christoffersen married Hans (Jens) Christian Dragstedt 18 November 1868 and had two sons and later married Wilhelm Anderson in 1878 and had one daughter.

After Christiana's husband, Christian, died on 19 August 1862 in Denmark, she and her son Jens and 14 year old daughter Marie Dorthea immigrated to America and Hyrum, Utah in 1864 according to Jen's History. She married Hans Olsen, a return missionary on 13 March 1863 in Denmark. Hans Olsen later became a Step father of Mrs. William Bickmore, who lived in Downey for a period of time. Christiana died in November 6, 1884 and was buried in the Hyrum Utah Cemetery.

This tells us she lived for 20 years in Utah after coming to America. I understand she lived in Brigham City, Utah at one time with Hans Olsen according to letters I have received from Grace Bickmore, wife of Kenneth Bickmore, one time residence of Downey, Idaho.

Addendum

Some new additional information has been gathered on Christiana Pedersen since her life history was written in 1993 by Nellie Christiansen Christensen. Most of the new information has been summarized beautifully in a letter that Vaughn Nielsen wrote to Nellie Christensen on 25 January 1995. The following nine paragraphs are quoted directly from his letter:

Dear Nellie, Allan and I enjoy your letters which he shares with me. Your continual interest in family history and temple work is an example to all of us. Thanks for preserving information on our ancestors, particularly Christian Johansen Christoffersen and Christiane Pedersen. I'd like to tell you what I have found out about Christiane after she came to Hyrum with Hans Olsen, his sisters and our Lars Hans, Jens and Marie Dorthea.

After Christian J. Christoffersen died in Denmark, his property could not be probated and kept in Christiane's control as women were not allowed to hold property in those days in Denmark. Hans Olsen had been one of the missionaries responsible for the conversion of our family. He baptized our Lars. Hans Olsen had been baptized in 1854. He had married in 1852 but was widowed and childless at the time he met our family.

It was the custom in Denmark for a widow to quickly remarry in order to have her deceased husband's property transferred to her new husband. Hans Olsen and Christiane decided that they should marry so that they could sell our family's property and use the money to immigrate to Utah. Therefore, early in 1863, about the time Peter was preparing to depart for Zion, Hans Olsen and Christiane were married.

The home and property were sold and the OLSENS were ready to come to Utah by early 1864.

When they arrived in Salt Lake City, they had already determined that Hyrum would be their home, as two of Christiane's sons were already there. Faithful Hans Olsen remained by Christiane's side until she passed away in early November 1884. One month after Christiane's death, Hans Olsen married a widow named Hansine or Sena Iversdatter, who had immigrated with her children and parents and brothers and sisters in 1882. Sena was the mother of five children, including the Mrs. Bickmore you talked about in your letters. Her name was Elna Cathrine Nielsen, future wife of William McArthur Bickmore.

When Hans Olsen married Sena Iversdatter, he was 54 yrs. old. He became a father for the first time at 55 in September of 1885. By the time his 5th child was nearly nine, Hans Olsen died and is buried in the Hyrum Cemetery by our Christiane. His wife Sena, who died in Rupert, Idaho 34 yrs. after Hans, and the first three of their five children are buried there, too. The first three children died at six, two, and three years of age. Only the last two girls lived to become mothers themselves.

Hans Olsen and Christiane arrived in Utah with Lars, Jens, Marie Dortha, and two of Hans' sisters. After getting established, our Lars married Sophia Rasmussen 30 Dec 1865. Though I remember Aaron's boy LaGrande telling me that they were married in Hyrum, they very well could have been married in Salt Lake City, perhaps by a ward bishop, but not for time and eternity. There were no marriages for time and eternity during the Christmas holidays in 1865. The probability is that Lars and Sophia picked up their courtship at the home of Sophia's parents in Mantua, over the hill from Hyrum.

Hans Olsen and Christiane are listed at least four times in the Hyrum Ward Record, the first time on page 15. In the 1870 and 1880 Census of Utah they are listed together, with no other family as part of their household. I had thought that Hans Olsen was a polygamist, but he wasn't. On 4 Jun 1873 there is an Endowment House sealing of Hans Olsen and one Ellen Petersen, deceased. On this day Christiane did baptisms for her mother and two sisters. Hans did baptisms for his father and other family members. They were loyal to each other and faithful Latter-day Saints.

Christiane lived long enough to see the opening of the Logan Temple. During the summer of 1884, after the temple was dedicated, Hans Olsen and Christiane Olsen did the endowments for her mother and two sisters and Hans' family that they had done baptisms for in 1873. It was a thrill for me to know that Christiane was able to go to the Logan Temple those few months before she died.

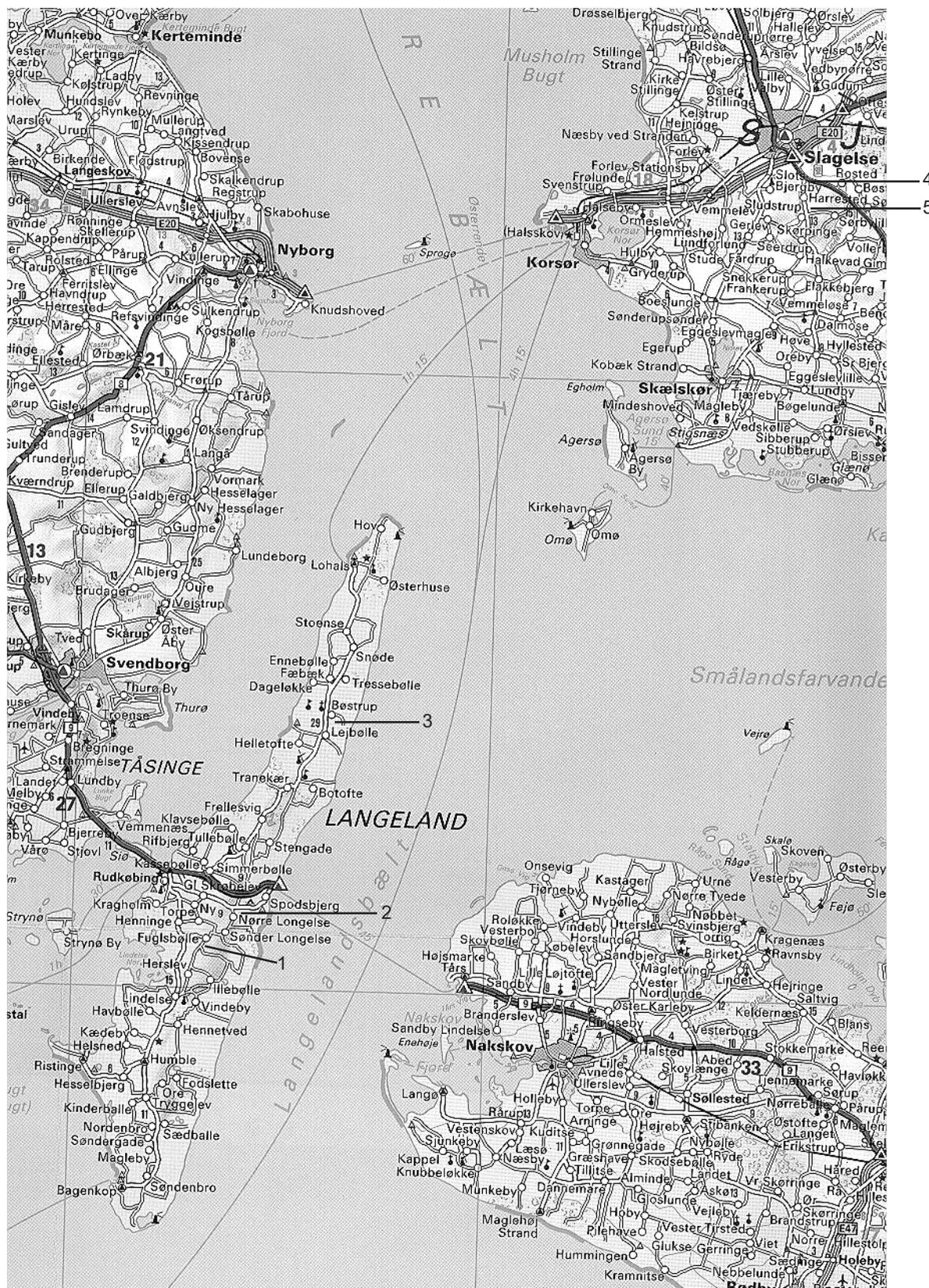
I feel grateful for our heritage, a part of which is Hans

Olsen, who baptized my great grandfather, Lars Hansen Christiansen, and became his stepfather. I admire Christian Johansen Christoffersen, an orphan boy raised by a great aunt that Allan and I have searched diligently for and so far have not found except as the foster mother at the confirmation of Christian Hansen Christoffersen. Christian J. Christoffersen did the honorable thing and married Christiane Pedersdatter two years after their son Peter was born. He was a hard worker who cared dearly for his wife and children after they moved to Harrested and Slots-Bjergby in Sorø County, Denmark. His heart was touched by the message of the restored gospel and he was baptized, finding peace during a troublesome illness which took him on 22 Aug 1862, two and a half months after he became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Appendix



The children of Moses and Mary Christiansen in 1974 (from left to right)
John, Myrtle, Nellie, Eva, Edna, Elvin



Map of Langeland, Denmark and part of the main island, Sjælland

- 1 = Fuglsballe, birth place of Christian Christoffersen and father, death place of Dorthea Nielsen and mother Hanna
- 2 = Longelse, birth place of Dorthea Nielsen and parents; marriage place of Niels Ryman
- 3 = Bostrup, marriage place of Christian Christoffersen
- 4 = Slots Bjergby, death place of Christian Christoffersen
- 5 = Harrested, birth place of Lars Hans Christiansen

Pedigree of Lars Hansen Christiansen

Christopher

Born Abt. 1779
 Place Fuglsbolle, Svendborg, Denmark
 Married Unmarried
 Died Abt. 1811
 Place

Christian Johansen CHRISTOFFERSEN

Born 9 Dec 1811
 Place Fuglsbolle, Svendborg, Denmark
 Married 22 Apr 1837
 Place Bostrup, Langeland, Svendborg, Denmark
 Died 22 Aug 1862
 Place Slots Bjergby, Soro, Denmark

Dorthea NIELSEN

Born Abt. 1791
 Place Longelse, Svendborg, Denmark
 Died Abt 1815
 Place Fuglsbolle, Svendborg, Denmark

Niels Hans RYMAN

Born Abt. 1760
 Place Longelse, Svendborg, Denmark
 Married Abt. 1789
 Place Longelse, Svendborg, Denmark
 Died 28 Sep 1815
 Place Fuglsbolle, Svendborg, Denmark

Hanna Christine DANIELSEN

Born Abt. 1768
 Place Longelse, Svendborg, Denmark
 Died 16 Jan 1829
 Place Fuglsbolle, Svendborg, Denmark

Lars Hansen CHRISTIANSEN

Born 6 Mar 1844
 Place Harrested, Soro, Denmark
 Married 30 Dec 1865
 Place Hyrum, Cache, Utah
 Died 25 Apr 1904
 Place Hyrum, Cache, Utah

Peder HANSEN

Born Abt 1756
 Place Of Saeby, Holbaek, Denmark
 Married Abt. 1797
 Place Denmark
 Died
 Place

Spouse

Anna Sophie RASMUSSEN

Christiane PEDERSDATTER

Born 27 Mar 1809
 Place Jyderup, Hobeck, Denmark
 Died 6 Nov 1884
 Place Hyrum, Cache, Utah

Ane Marie Elizabeth LARSEN

Born
 Place Fakse, Preasto, Denmark
 Died 2 Apr 1818
 Place Jyderup, Holbaek, Denmark

Lars Heinrich JUSTESEN

Born Abt. 1747
 Place Fakse, Preasto, Denmark
 Married 12 Oct 1768
 Place Fakse, Preasto, Denmark
 Died
 Place

Johanna LORENTZEN

Born Abt. 1749
 Place Fakse, Preasto, Denmark
 Died
 Place

This article is entitled "Memories of Cherry Creek" and was written by Nellie Rex Christiansen Christensen on July 1, 1994.

These are things I can remember about our life while living in Cherry Creek on the farm of our parents, Moses Josephat Christiansen and Mary Caroline Hartvigsen Christiansen, who were both born in Hyrum Cache County, Utah of Danish and Norwegian parents (pioneers).

We lived in a two story house of four rooms on first floor and three rooms upstairs. There was a large kitchen with a stairway leading to the second floor, a large living-dining room, a parlor and one bedroom on the main floor. Upstairs consisted of a boys bedroom and a girls bedroom, also a room with no windows; we called the "blackroom", used for storage of telephones and big balls of torn rags for rug making and other items. Built onto the house on the southwest side was a wash house and storage for flour, sugar and other dry commodities. Underneath this wash house was a cellar to store bottled fruit, fresh vegetables, milk, cream, butter and pickles.

The house proper faced the north with a large window in the living room on the north and a door and window on the east, also a window on the north in the kitchen and a door on the west. "I don't remember the windows in the parlor or bedroom".

Our father with help from other families had built this house a few years after his and mother's marriage in 1903, 17th of June in Logan, Utah. It was sometime later he built the wash house, about 1916 as I can remember him doing it. Near our house and on a slopping hill to the west, "Papa" (as we called him) built a large barn for hay and attached to it corrals for horses, cows, calves and a few sheep. There was a tool shed and machinery sheds and out door toilet a little closer to the house also on west side. Just above the barn ran a creek that was diverted from the natural "Cherry Creek" that ran below our house on the east in a northerly direction from the canyons to the south, near "Oxford Peak", a landmark in our valley. We had water piped down to our house from the creek on the west into our kitchen. No electricity. There were pig pens to the northeast of our house where we emptied our dish water for the pigs as it contained



Cherry Creek School

much food washed from plates and kettles. Further to the north we had a granary and a garden, watered from the creek above (west).

Between the west creek (ditch) and the garden, Elvin and some friends dug a large hole for a swimming pool, but it was too muddy, so only the boys ever used it for a short time.

The road from the house went north a short distance, then turned east about two tenths of a mile and again turning north where it soon crossed the main creek and a little farther came into the main road going north also. Down the road a little farther and near the big hill (as we called it) and a mile from our home was the new school house across the creek on the west side.

The oldest children Elvin and Myrtle had first attended a school on the hill to the northeast of our home in Uncle Peter Christiansen's vacant house, as he had moved to Downey earlier where he had built a home on 4th North and 2nd East. (Note this home was burned down by Halloweeners many years later when no one was living in it and owned by Var Alder). Their teacher in this house was Mr. Dave Christensen, who later became a rural mail carrier. He also lived at our home on the farm the year I was born 1912 when he saved my life after my folks had given me up. I had whooping cough and had stopped breathing when he took a cup of cold water and threw it in my face as he held me by the feet at age 10 days old. I came out of it! Breathed again after a big gasp.

The four older children attended this one room school house across the creek. There were six children in our family at Cherry Creek, Elvin Russell, Myrtle Mary, Edna Anna, (myself) Nellie Rex, Eva Ellenor and Johnny Modell. The two younger children were not old enough to attend school before we moved to Downey in November 1919.

We all loved living on the farm and had lots of fun in the winter riding homemade sleighs and toboggans. In the summers we played baseball, horseback riding and many games such as "kick the can", "no bears are out tonight", "anti I over", "run sheep run" and others. We also played "fox and geese" in the snow.

Our neighbors were the George Webb's, the Niels Hartvigsen's, the Owen's, the Charles and John Evan's, with Joe and Hiram Jensen's and J. F. Hartvigsen's (mother's brother) a little farther east. Also the Guidinger's and Ghering's farther north and a little west. Our grandfather John Hartvigsen and wife lived near the Ghering's.

We were especially close to the Niels Hartvigsen family as he and our father were very good friends before our parents came to Idaho, and also a cousin to our mother. His wife Lulletta was a dear friend of our mother's having both lived in Hyrum, Utah.

We always called them Uncle Niels and Aunt Lule. With this family we spent many holidays picnicking up Cherry Creek Canyon south of our home and on the



Moses and family circa 1914
Moses and John up front, Myrtle, Edna, Mary holding Eva

southwest of Oxford Peak, the prominent landmark in the south end of Marsh Valley. I remember the many times we use to watch out our living room window to see our car lights come over the big hill to the north as papa would come home after going to Downey for business or for groceries and supplies. Mama would sometimes be with him. They'd bring a little candy.

We had a very special dog named "Ole Watch". Our father found him as a pup near a badger hole on the farm and brought him home for us. He grew to be a great dog and would go after the milk cows for us when we call to him and say "go get the cows", and point to them up in the far field south.

The mountains were nearby all around us on the farm, especially to the west, south and east. Although the creeks running on the east and west sides of our place, they came from the main Cherry Creek canyon as one creek had been diverted at the far south side of our farm into two creeks. The east one is the normal creek. It is still used down north where some farms use it for irrigation.

Our father was the manager of the independent telephone line that connected most of the families up to one another in the Cherry Creek area and south end of the valley. That is why there were telephones in our upstairs black room. We all had fun playing with the old telephones after the Bell Telephone took over the lines or put in their own lines.

I remember one time when our big sister, Myrtle, was trying to walk our fence by holding on to the telephone line above her. She fell off ripping a long gash on her leg. Our parents were gone to town at this time and we bandaged her leg as best we could by pushing the gash together and wrapping it. We were afraid to tell our parents how it happened. Myrtle carried a wide blue scar for many years. I can't remember what our folks said when they found out about it later. Another time mama told Edna to go get Myrtle and Elvin for supper as they were skating on the lower creek in the wintertime. Edna went to the creek and stood on the ice holding out her arms to stop the skaters. They knocked her down on the ice as they ran into her and she got a big gash on her forehead where she hit the ice. In those days we didn't go to a doctor when we got hurt to be sewn up. The doctors were too far away and we took care of ourselves.

Another time I remember when we had the cows up

the canyon road grazing during the summertime and the two older girls took turns going to get the cows on a pony, taking one of us younger girls on behind the saddle. It was Myrtle's turn and she took me (Nellie) with her. She suddenly decided to go in the house to get something and got off the pony and tied her reins to an old tin boiler. The pony (Ole Bally) stepped backwards a bit and heard the noise made by the tin boiler and became frightened. Ole Bally started bucking and running in a circle with me hanging on to the saddle horn. I was screaming and holding on for dear life with my legs dangling when my mother finally got the pony stopped and me in her arms. I wouldn't get near a horse for many years after that, I was only 4 or 5 years old at the time. I'm afraid Myrtle got a good scolding for that.

Another time papa had bought a new car (Studebaker), it was the second car we had. Our first one was a Model T Ford bought in early spring of 1914. We have a picture of this car with all the family in it. Eva is the small baby wrapped in a blanket and being held by our mother. She was born October 6, 1913. Anyway, papa was teaching Myrtle to drive the car. We three younger girls were in the back seat. The road was gravelly and we were going south. Eva at about age 3 was standing up in the seat and the top of the car was down, when all of a sudden she fell out over the back and lit in the middle of the gravel road. We were afraid she was hurt, but she jumped up and started running after the car calling "mama, mama", as she thought we would leave her. She always called Myrtle mama as she was the one who took care of her so much. When we knew she wasn't hurt we had a good laugh.

On Christmas our papa would dress up like Santa Claus and get into a big sleigh with sleigh bells ringing on the harnesses of the team and drive up to our house, then come in and give each one of us an orange, a sack of candy and nuts. That was the only time I remember we had oranges. In the morning when we'd get up there would be just one present for each of us and we'd be very happy to get it, especially if it would be a doll or something like that.

Our father was quite a jokester and liked to have fun with us. One Christmas we had been told if we weren't good we'd be sorry. Then that Christmas our brother Elvin got a rotten potato and a piece of black coal in his stocking. I'm's sure he relented later and gave Elvin a Christmas gift. Elvin used to put on papa's big fur bear coat and hide after dark, then scare us badly when we went outside to play. Our youngest brother Johnny



Myrtle, Nellie, Edna, and Eva pose for a group picture at Jerome, Idaho in 1946

was very young, only 3 years old when we moved to Downey in 1919 in November so he was not involved in much of our “Tomfoolery”.

On Halloween the big boys in Cherry Creek would get on horses and do a lot of mischief, such as turning toilets over, dragging machinery around and scaring people to pieces. One time one of the men over by the Ghering place took a gun out and shot it in the air to scare the Halloweeners away. That did the job.

One time papa let Edna ride one of the horses that pulled the harrow in the garden. Papa had the reins and was driving the horses. Edna fell off the horse and landed in the harrows. Papa was able to stop the horses before she was seriously hurt—just scratched and frightened. Edna reminded me of another incident that happened on the farm. We all loved to play ball and especially “anti I over”. We girls and boys were playing this game where you choose up sides and someone throws the ball over the house for the ones on the other side to catch it. Myrtle reached up to catch the ball as it came over the house and “Ole Watch” our big black dog jumped to catch it also. In so doing his teeth went into Myrtle’s forehead



Myrtle, Edna, Nellie, and Eva in June of 1993

and cut a big gash. That was quite an accident as we all thought he was one great dog.

Other things I can remember were the Basket Socials and programs held at our schoolhouse for the public in the evenings. The Basket Social was where the women would bring a delicious lunch in a decorated basket. This basket would be auctioned off and the man that got it would have to eat with the lady who made the basket and lunch. He wouldn’t know which lady brought it until he opened it up.

2 years later.

I remember the socials and dances we all attended at the Woodland Church house. The parents would take the whole family and put babies and small children on chairs and benches around the sides of the room to

Our parents attended church at Woodland Ward about 4 miles north and west of our home. We went there in a big buggy pulled by a team of horses. Then in early 1914 our papa bought the first car in Marsh Valley. We have a photo of us all sitting in the new Ford car. Johnny wasn’t born at this time. He came

go to sleep. My sister Eva remembers how she would swipe baby Johnny's bottle and how good it tasted. That was the "Good Ole Days"!

Our family consisted of six children, Elvin, Myrtle, Edna, Nellie (myself), Eva and Johnny. Uncle Niels and Aunt Lule Hartvigsen had ten children, the last one born in Downey in 1920 after we all moved from the farm to town, Downey, Idaho. This Hartvigsen family were all very close to our family. Elvin and Vernon pulled together, Myrtle, Jennie and Amelia were close friends, as well as Nellie and Luetta, also Eva and Delores. This close friendship existed until each of us were married and went different directions, although Eva and Delores have always stayed in contact with each other.

Both families kept in contact with each other for many years after moving to Downey in November and December of 1919, so the children could attend high school. We did go back to the farm to cook for men in the summertime. Of course we did miss many friends of the Guidinger's, Evan's, Barnes', Jensen's and other families, as we lived in Downey several years before they moved to Downey also. These Cherry Creek families will always be special to us all our lives.

Edna and Myrtle used to dress up in mama's clothes when she and papa were gone someplace. Mama could always tell what had happened when she came home, as I guess they didn't always put everything back just right. They would pretend Eva and I were their children.

One time while playing in the garden I picked a dry bean and put it in my nose. Mama had to get it out with a crochet hook, that really hurt.

Mama was a great seamstress and used to make us very lovely clothes, dresses, slips, coats and etc. We had white stockings for best and big ribbon bows in our hair. I especially remember when she made Eva and I some lovely "small plaid" coats with blue and pink collars. We loved them. Mama wore mostly skirts (long) and blouses for best. She was a very pretty lady with dark blue eyes and brown luxurious hair, was about 5'2" tall of medium weight. Papa had blue eyes and dark brown hair, was about 6' and always a very thin man. We loved both of them very much and missed them very much after they were gone.

John (as we call him now) reminded me sometime ago

of the Indians that used to come over the mountains on the west side of our farm and come down the road that crossed the upper creek on a bridge and on down east going pass our house. They would sometimes go to the house and ask for bread or something they wanted. Mother would usually give them bread if she could. As little as John was he remembers how one big chief came down the road while we were all out playing in the yard and we girls all took off for the house and left baby Johnny. How frightened he was trying to get to the house also until mama came out and got him. Shame on us girls.

The mountains that surrounded our farm on the south and the west was always beautiful year round. Snow capped in winter and early spring, green and colorful in spring, summer and fall. We used to hike to the far southwest side of the farm on the mountain side to pick flowers such as "curly cups". They smelled so good in the early spring as the snow melted away. Also there were sweet smelling sego lilies, lady slippers, Indian paint brushes, buttercups, daisies, prickly pear flowers, and wild roses, etc. during the summers. Beautiful bluebells and larkspurs. We used to pick choke cherries and wild currants each fall to make delicious jelly and jams, also wild gooseberries.

The crops our father planted on our 320 acre farm was alfalfa, wheat and barley — "dry farm". We all had a hand in the harvesting and cooking for the men who helped papa during the spring, summer and fall seasons on the farm, along with our eldest brother, Elvin. First they used reapers and thrashers, which required many men to operate them efficiently and later horse pulled combines.

I well remember when Odd Hartvigsen's (a cousin of mother's) came up the road with his big machine blasting a loud sound that almost frightened us as he came into our property to harvest grain with a thrasher machine. Also a cook-shack followed—men from neighboring families would come to help. Those days are long gone.

If you don't know what a cook shack is, it is a covered wagon with stove and table where meals are served to harvesters by a lady. My mother worked on one with Mattie Evans for awhile, probably before marriage Mattie told me.

One of the most spectacular things that ever happened in Cherry Creek when we lived there was during the

summer when I was about 6 years old (1918). There was a very big cyclone that struck just south and a little east of our place on the hill where Jacob L. Hartvigsen had a farm with a large barn and other buildings. Our parents had gone to Downey and left Eva and myself (Nellie) over to George Webb's place to play with Ellawease. Luetta and Delores had come there also. All of a sudden there was this terrible noise and a large black column going straight in the air and moving. It started raining and lightening also. This cyclone took off the roof of J. L. Hartvigsen's big barn and also took up the cook shack of Odd Hartvigsen's and sent it and all contents west and down in our field south of our house. Luetta and Delores ran for home and were later found by Jacob's granary. Lucky to be alive. There was a cloud burst on the slough where our parents were coming back home. Water was to their running boards of the car. They picked Eva and I up and took us home. The next few days dishes and contents of the cook shack were found strewn all over our field. That was the only cyclone I ever saw.



Eva, Mrytle, Nellie, Edna at the Grand Canyon in 1985

My Early Childhood Memories by Edna Anna Christiansen Nelson edited and typed from notes and family histories by Colleen Apgood.

My father, Moses Josephat Christiansen, was born in Hyrum, Utah on 21 January, 1875. He was the son of Lars Christiansen and his first wife (of a polygamist family), Ann Sophia Christine Rasmussen. Both were converts to the Latter Day Saints Church and immigrants to Utah from Denmark. My grandmother lived in Hyrum City, and Grandfather's second wife, Anna Dorthea Sorenson lived on the family farm west of Hyrum. My father lived on the farm most of the time, as he helped with chores and farming. He enjoyed the companionship and friendship with Peter Christiansen, a half brother from the second wife, who was born 28 July, 1877 in Hyrum. My father was the sixth child in a family of ten children who were all born in Hyrum to his first wife. From the second wife, Peter was the eldest of four children also born in Hyrum. Both families lived in the same area as they were growing up, and seemed to respect each other and called their father's other wife "Aunt." During his teens and early twenties, my father worked on various jobs on farms, cattle ranches in Northern Idaho, and logging in Bear Lake country. He also lived for a time in about 1895-96 at St. Joseph, Idaho where his older brother, Enoch, had a homestead. With his brothers, Jeremiah and Elias he helped build a home and sheds on Enoch's land.

As was customary in that time, homesteading was the usual procedure to get started in farming or ranching. Moses, with his brothers looked for a home site in the Duchesne Valley of Utah, in northern Idaho, and finally decided to settle in southeastern Idaho in the Cherry Creek area, which is about six miles southwest of Downey, Idaho. He and his brothers, Jeremiah and Elias each made claim to one hundred and sixty acres. From the Jeremiah Christiansen autobiography: "In the spring of 1896, I heard that the Uintah Reservation would be opened up for homesteading. My brother, Moses, and I made up our minds to go there and find out if we would like to homestead there. Some exciting experiences were ours on that trip. Our mode of travel was a covered wagon and a pair of horses to pull it. We traveled from Hyrum, through Brigham City, Ogden, Salt Lake City to Provo. From there we went east through Strawberry Valley and the Duchesne Country. We crossed many hollows and small rivers. The cedars stood higher than our covered wagon for miles and miles. At one time we lost our horses for days after we had turned them loose for the night. We

finally found them with outlaw horses and separated them. Another time we ran into Indians, and we could not understand their language, and were scared, but as it turned out they were not hostile. When we met them it was night and darkness was upon us, and we were hundreds of miles from anywhere. We traveled for several days until we came to the Duchesne River. When we came to the banks, we received a prompting to examine the river before going in it. I only got a rod (about 16 1/2 feet) when the horse lost ground. I urged it on and swam across in the cold water. It was the first days of June but in that country spring had just started. The snow was melting that had brought the river to its height. I hunted for some time to find a better place to return to the other side where my brother was waiting. As it turned out, it was not any better. The water was foaming and rushing. I was worried the horse would miss the clearing, but luckily, it did not. In some time we were back where we started. The horse was exhausted, and I was wet to my armholes with no change of clothes. Moses and I built a fire with grasswood and sagebrush, and I dried the best I could. We rested during the night in the covered wagon. The next day we spent all day trying to find a more suitable place to cross the river, but in vain. We were forced to turn back to our home in Hyrum."

About the next year, 1897, these brothers along with their brother, Elias, met George Salvesson, who had homesteaded in Marsh Valley, in southeastern Idaho. He told them there was more land available not far from where he had located and invited them to come and check it out for themselves. They were anxious and soon on their way. His homestead was about seventy miles north of Hyrum on the east side of Marsh Valley. He had told them the land was all claimed on that side of the valley, but there was plenty of land on the west side. Directly under the mountain, they found the soil was excellent, but thought there was not enough for the three of them as the land was fenced. The place was called "Cherry Creek" and two of them decided to file, staked out their claims, mapped the location and headed for Blackfoot, where the Land Office was located.

Now to quote again: "We traveled to Downey, Lava Hot Springs, Chesterfield, along the Blackfoot River to Blackfoot. At the Land Office we found out the land under the southwest mountains was not filed on, but it was fenced. We were told if we desired, we were welcome to file on three adjoining homesteads, which, of course, we did. When we got back to our homesteads, our neighbors gave us plenty of discour-

agement and opposition. They had fenced most of our land for the purpose of grazing their livestock. When we told them we intended to raise wheat, they were sure we would starve to death in our undertaking. But we were not easily discouraged because we knew our father had successfully dry-farmed for many years in Hyrum. My brother, Moses, joined my homestead on the south and Elias on the north.”

For the first summer the covered wagon was to be their living quarters while a dugout into the mountains served as stable and shelter for their horses. They worked very hard, having to go into the canyons located five or six miles west on the Malad Divide to get logs for their cabins. These were Pine and Balsam tree trunks, and they helped each other in the building of their cabins. For the roofs and floors they needed sawed wood, and had to go fifteen miles east to a sawmill where they could get the green pine sawed into lumber. The price for sawing was half of the lumber. The cabins were 14 feet by 14 feet as prescribed by law for homesteaders. When they were finished they put in their belongings and called it “HOME.” Winter arrived early that first year as a big snowstorm came the end of October and brought their activities to an end, so they piled the hay they had bought from their neighbor, Charley Evans, in the cabins and headed for Hyrum to spend the winter with their folks. At home they worked for their parents and hauled ice for the Hyrum Plants.

Spring came early in 1898, so they all headed back to Marsh Valley. They gradually cleared more land and were blessed with rain in June and able to harvest “30 bushels to the acre.” However, the fall grain was ruined because of the appetite of the squirrels and rabbits. When they first arrived in Marsh Valley, there were disputes with the settlers for the water rights. They were told they had “no right to use the water for themselves or for their animals”, but there was no problem with the use of the land they are filed on. “The settlers in the vicinity where we were located were: The Charles Evans, the Edmund Webbs, the Owen Barnes, and the Rasmus Bloxhams. We tried not to work on Sundays, and when we could, went to church in Woodland, a community about five miles north of our homesteads. Henry Wakley was bishop of the Woodland Ward. We were told he had been a bodyguard of Joseph Smith. The people were friendly and made us welcome. We got acquainted with many more families including many young people. (Note: Mrs. John Walkey told the writer several times the girls were always happy when the Danish boys showed up. The socials and services

were more interesting because those boys were more refined and wore Sunday clothes.)”

The neighbors soon became friends, and they visited them whenever they were able. Soon they were able to put in division fences. (Uncle Jerry tells of an incidence when the wire while he was fencing broke and the whole length of it ran through his palm and “Made sausage out of it”, but he held it tightly with his right hand and ran to the Goehring home where Mrs. Goehring took care of it. She poured carbolic acid in the wound, which disinfected it and also cooked it. Then she bandaged it and it healed with only a small scar. (Later on Elias married Polly Goehring, a daughter of this neighbor on 18th November, 1898 in the Logan temple.) This information was from the autobiography of Jeremiah Josiah Christiansen, as written in the “LARS HANS CHRISTIANSEN FAMILY” book, and was written as it included some history of Moses Christiansen and his beginnings in the Cherry Creek area. My mother, Mary Hartvigsen, was a daughter of Johan Hagrup Hartvigsen and Maren Karoline Tomasen, both converts to the Mormon Church and emigrants to Utah. My maternal grandfather was born in Dahle, Kvaefjord, Troms, Norway on 26 September, 1851. My grandmother was also from Norway in Bogen, Kvaefjord, Troms on 15 July, 1848. They had one son, Joakim who was born in Norway 26 May, 1877. My mother, Mary Caroline arrived 19 July, 1882 when they were living in Hyrum, Utah. There were later three more children in their family - Hyrum Jacob on 20 March 1885, John Henry on 16 Nov., 1888, and Lester Edwin on 18 August, 1893. The two youngest died when they were very young. My Uncle Hyrum became a doctor and lived to his late nineties. In 1898, Neils J. Hartvigsen homesteaded in the Cherry Creek area near our Uncle Elias’s land. As he was a good friend of my father, he tried to interest him in a girlfriend. His cousin, Mary, was visiting him and he introduced them. After meeting her, they courted for a time, and were married on 17 June, 1903. Later, in July of 1909, they went to the Logan Temple where they were sealed for time and all eternity, and at that time we three older children, Elvin, Myrtle, and I (Edna) were sealed to them. My mother was a pretty petite lady with blue eyes and dark brown hair, while my father was a tall good looking man over six feet tall. They made a very handsome couple. To this union, six children were born - two sons and four daughters. It is interesting to note that my oldest brother, Elvin and myself had dark brown hair like our mother, while Myrtle had light brown hair, and Nellie was a redhead, then the two youngest Eva, and Johnnie both were

blondes. Our family arrived within a few years and all were born in Cherry Creek, except me. I arrived on 26 June, 1908 while my mother was visiting relatives in Hyrum. Our birthdates were as follows:

CHRISTIANSEN, Moses Josephat
21 Jan, 1875 Died 5 Nov, 1946
HARTVIGSEN, Mary Caroline
19 July, 1881 Died 10 Apr, 1920

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------------|
| CHRISTIANSEN, Elvin Russel | 15 April, |
| 1904 CHRISTIANSEN, Myrtle May | 14 Jan, 1906 |
| CHRISTIANSEN, Edna Anna | 26 June, 1908 |
| CHRISTIANSEN, Nellie Rex | 5 Feb, 1912 |
| CHRISTIANSEN, Eva Ellenor | 6 Oct, 1913 |
| CHRISTIANSEN, Johnnie Modell | 30 Mar, 1916 |

I was the third child of Moses and Mary Christiansen and the only one of their six children not born in Cherry Creek, as my mother was visiting in Hyrum when I arrived earlier than expected. I had an older brother, Elvin Russel, and an older sister, Myrtle May, then during the next few years Nellie Rex, Eva Ellenor, and Johnnie Modell arrived giving us a family of six children.

We had a good youth life in Cherry Creek, and wonderful parents. They were strict and taught us to be truthful and honest and set an example for us to follow. Our farm in Cherry Creek was bordered by mountains on the south and west. We belonged to the Woodland Ward which was about six miles north and most of the other settlers were also from the Hyrum area, and homesteaded there. Dad had a beautiful wheat farm, hay field, big vegetable garden, cattle, sheep and chickens. We eventually had a six room home with a part basement added. The house had two bedrooms upstairs,

and an unfinished room we all called the “dark room” as it had no windows and only a little door in the north end. My dad kept a lot of telephones in there when he was “telephone man” for the area. Mother also stored sacks of rag balls there until she used them to make rugs. Downstairs, there was a large kitchen, dining room, parlor, bedroom and a screened porch. Later a cement basement was added to replace the dirt cellar, and a washroom was built over it. This had a “new fangled” washer operated by a belt from a motor in the basement. This was an improvement from the one we used to operate by hand. We all had taken our turn being its power supply. We also kept the milk separator in the washroom besides many other things we needed to store. Part of the house (I think the kitchen) was the folk’s original home. Dad had built with the help of his brothers shortly after he made claim on the land. It had been built west of the creek on the hill and later moved down to a better location where additions were made as our family grew.

In the summer we could wade in Cherry Creek after the snow had melted on Oxford Peak. During this time we could pick chokecherries, wild gooseberries, currants and serviceberries. All kinds of wild flowers grew around us in the spring. First came the yellow curly tops, then sego lilies, rock lilies, bluebells, larkspur, Johnnie-Jump-Ups, and prickly pairs. As I remember life on the farm was fun, but also hard work. We had about twenty head of horses all the time, a herd of milk cows, some sheep, hogs and chickens. Most of our food was homegrown.

We very seldom went to town except when necessary to get supplies or see a dentist. Our dad could “cure” a toothache by putting a drop of carbolic acid in the



Children walking home from the Cherry Creek School

cavity. Of course, it killed the tooth as well as the ache. We mostly used home remedies for all illnesses, especially castor oil or salts as Dad figured all illnesses came from the stomach or bowels. I guess it “kept us going” pretty well. Most of our shopping was done through Sears catalog, and in the summer a salesman from Baron Knitting Mills came around to all the farmers and took orders for sweaters, socks, blankets, underwear and such as was needed in those days. I especially remember some black wool underwear my dad wore over his winter garments when it was so cold since most of his work was outside.

A fruit peddler from Utah would come by each fall with peaches, pears, and other fruit and my mother would buy and can lots of fruit, jams, jellies for family use. Dad would butcher hogs in the fall and they would smoke the meat to preserve it for winter use, and we could always kill a big rooster for a special meal. I remember the mutton, too, but never liked it because of the greasy texture. We made our own butter, as everyone did at that time, but Elvin and I never used butter in those days. I remember that Elvin liked cream and sugar on a homemade piece of bread. I never liked milk or cream so had to just drink water and sometimes it was pretty dirty especially in the spring. Our dad built a cistern so the water could settle before it came to a tap in the house. Outdoor plumbing was the style for everyone then. We had a huge hay barn with an attached shed for the cows and horses and a place to milk the cows. I never learned to milk a cow but I could saddle a pony by standing on the manger. We all learned to ride a pony as we could go after the cows in the evening and take them to the pasture up in the canyon in the mornings. We also had a tool shed, chicken coop, a shed to protect the buggy and farm machinery and finally a place to keep our car in winter. Cars were not used in the winter after the snow came, then the sleighs came out for use. There were several wheat granaries on the farm too. One was log and the others were metal. My mother worked very hard but I never heard her complain. I never heard my folks quarrel so our home was peaceful. My mother had a hired girl to help her during the busy season as it was hard for any woman to do all the cooking and work for all the men that helped with the harvest.

Before the combine came into use, the wheat was cut and stacked and a big thrasher machine operated by a steam engine came around and did the thrashing bringing along a crew, and also a cook shack where someone did a lot of the cooking. A good woman cook followed

and did the cooking for the crew. “Odd” Hartvigsen, my mother’s cousin, usually owned and operated the thrasher. There are several happy memories and interesting incidents that come to my mind when recalling my “Cherry Creek Days.” As I have said before, my mother sometimes had a hired girl as her helper as we were all too young to be of much help. Sometimes it was one of her cousins from Hyrum. Being much older than us, she would have dates now and then with the hired men. They would come home with a box of chocolates sometimes and treat us, then give us girls the pretty boxes, which we used to store our “treasures” in. I recall the time my dad decided to shave off his mustache. I stood by the washstand and felt so bad as I had never seen him without it. One time Elvin and I both had pneumonia at the same time. I was very sick with a high fever for days. It was winter and the only connection with a doctor was by telephone. When I was recuperating, my mother gave me a dish of stewed prunes and a slice of toast. I even got to sit in the “parlor” to eat it. Our parlor was only used on special occasions. It had a player piano, and Edison cylinder phonograph with a large horn, two pieces of overstuffed velvet furniture, a square table with a velvet brocade picture album on it, a hand-woven rag rug on the floor with straw underneath for padding, and lacy curtains on the windows. We thought it was an elegant room.

I was still rather weak that year by the 4th of July when all the neighbors and relatives at Cherry Creek got together and went up the canyon in white topped buggies. Some were also on horseback. We would pick a nice grassy spot where the men could fish, then the women fried the fish, and the boys helped freeze homemade ice cream, and made lemonade from the creek stream. The little kids ran races, but I wasn’t very strong so had to sit on a blanket and watch all the fun. Playing house and dressing up in our mother’s clothes (when she was not home) were our favorite activities, but I guess we never got her clothes put away properly as she could always tell when we had used them. Summers were fun on the farm as our cousins who had moved to town for their older children to attend school came back after school was out in the summer to live while the crops were planted and harvested. The storms in Cherry Creek were sometimes disastrous and very frightening. One time we had winds with such velocity that the cook shack was taken up in the air and dishes, utensils and pans and pieces of the shack were scattered all over the area. We picked up tin dishes for a long time. One time we had a hail and lightning storm that completely wiped out the wheat crop that was being harvested. It

had been an exceptionally good crop. The lightning would come down the chimney onto the old cook stove and out the oven door. This particular time blackness came over and the hail washed out the creek above our house destroying everything in its path. Our crop was a total loss and had to be used for feed for the cattle. One bright event was that the crew got busy, gathered up the hail and made a freezer of home made ice cream. That cheered everyone up a little.

I was always so frightened when it stormed that I would often hide in the closet behind a 100 pound sack of sugar until it let up. We had several narrow escapes of our house almost going up in flames when the lightning was so violent. We went to school in District 62. At first the home of Uncle Peter Christiansen was used as a school as he had moved to a home in Downey. When I started school we had a new one room building. I attended school in Cherry Creek for my first four years. The school house was a good mile from our house. In bad weather Dad would take us in the sleigh, but sometimes the snow was so deep that the horses could not pull it through the drifts. We could walk over the crusted snow which was higher than the fences through Uncle Jerry's fields. Sometimes they had to let school out as many of the students lived further from the school than we did. Our school had forty-two students, eight grades, and only one teacher. Many were so ignorant to them

that they would quit midyear and they would have to hire another one. Dad was chairman of the board, so they would have to come to him to resign, I got good grades and never gave the teacher any problems. I was a shy girl and always afraid to answer oral questions. I probably could have done better if I had been a little more outspoken. My cousin, Alice Hartvigsen, and Rhoda Evans were my favorite friends at school. We used to spend a lot of time on a little green grassy spot near the creek where it ran through the school year playing "for girls only" marbles or Mumbly-peg, a pocket knife game.



The school house in Downey

The following is the talk and life sketch given by Izola Vincent at the funeral of her mother, Myrtle Jensen which took place on January 27, 1994 at West Valley Utah.

Our mother Myrtle Mary Christiansen Jensen was born Jan. 14, 1906 in Cherry, Creek, Idaho which is about 6 miles S/W of Downey, Idaho. Her early life was spent on the farm with her parents and brothers and sisters. Her first schooling was in a one room school house for all grades.

I recall Mother telling how during the winters when there was deep snow that her brother Elvin would go first to make a foot path for the others as they went to school stepping in his footsteps. Mother loved riding horses, playing baseball and basketball. She considered herself quite a tom boy as a young girl. She spoke fondly of her early life on the farm in Cherry Creek and how much she knew her parents loved their children. In 1919 her parents purchased a home in Downey so the children could have a better opportunity for an education. Just a year later in 1920 tragedy struck when her mother passed away from pneumonia. Mother was 14 years old at the time and the oldest girl with I older brother. She became mother to her brothers and sisters for many years. She talked about how she had her chores each morning to do as well as getting her three younger sisters hair combed and ready before leaving for school. Mother talked about how much fun she had with her brothers and sisters and how she loved school and her many friends. Mother talked about how most of the things they purchased were done through the [Sears] Catalog, and how much they enjoyed looking through it and dreaming of all the wonderful things it contained.

Mother courted Dad while he was attending the Tech in Pocatello, Idaho. When they decided to marry and had set the date her father drove her to Salt Lake and dropped her off at the Salt Lake Temple where she met Dad and they were married July 1, 1927 with no other family present. Short of a year later their union was blessed with a son, LaMarr. Soon the family increased when Marlene came then myself and Audrey followed by Ronald, Carval, Calvin and then after she had become a grandmother of 5 she had her youngest son Kevin who was born 4 months after her 50th birthday. It made a span of 28 years from her oldest to youngest. She was a hard worker all her life working to do everything

she could to see her children had the necessities and comforts of life. Seldom did she complain. She was not only a mother to her children but to many throughout her life. All through her married years there were others that lived with her and Dad. Dad's younger sister lived with them for a long time as did many other family members. Calvin and his three older children lived with mother and dad for some time, mother being the care taker of the children. She provided kind, loving care to each of them, sewing cooking and doing all she could to make it easier for them. She continued to worry and pray for them when they left to join a special union with their new Mother, who took them in and loved them as her very own. Mother helped each of us to the best of her abilities (which were many) to achieve our goals in life. The many hours she tireless spent in reading for us or with us in doing homework, the guidance we received as we learned the art of sewing, cooking skills, playing ball with us, taking us shopping (it seemed a constant weekly excursion to take one child at a time for new shoes), and an ice cream or soda often followed. She was always taking care of our daily needs, not worrying about her own needs. She taught us through her example the great art of compassion that she had for everyone. Mother loved the out of doors and being short of money, she so often had a picnic ready when Dad came home from work and we would go to Liberty Park or the canyons for dinner and a game of baseball.

Mother wanted and kept a clean and tidy home and taught us the necessary skills to accomplish it. I well remember the day I was to clean our bedroom. Stubbornly I did what I thought to be a A+ job. When she came for inspection she looked around, then bent down, ran her finger along the baseboards and just looked at me and then her finger. Yes, I did the baseboards to meet her approval. Surprisingly my own daughters tell me when they routinely clean their baseboards.

Reading in her diary she tells of a time when she had taken Dad to work and brought the car home. Later that day Dad called her and ask her to bring the car to town and leave it at a certain place so he would have it to come home in as he would be working a little later than usual. She did as asked, taking the bus home. When Dad arrived home from work, he came on the bus, forgetting he had asked Mom to bring him the car then quickly blamed Mom for

leaving the car in town. With money being very tight Mother found it necessary to work outside the home to be able to have a few things around the house. In 1942 and 43 she worked most evenings and some afternoons at American Linen running the big ironing presses. Then wanting to be home more she decided to take in boarders. This necessitated doubling up and sharing bedrooms with more than two brothers or sisters some of the time. We had a father and son live with us for quite a while, then a mother and daughter then several sets of boys attending the University of Utah. Having only one bathroom it was a constant juggling act to even find a few minutes when it was free. I frequently took my bath and washed my hair in the middle of the night. Mother prepared wonderful meals for the boarders and I think that what little she made with them there was always spent on groceries.

Mother was a wonderful seamstress, her talented hands always busy making darling dresses for us girls as well as shirts, coats, pants, little suits for the boys and the many costumes she made for the various plays, activities, Halloween, dance programs and so forth. She did beautiful handwork, whether it be embroidery, crochet or quilting. There are many who this very day are enjoying a quilt made by her. Just 2 months ago she finished tying a quilt and beautifully finishing the edge. Mother loved bowling and bowled in a league for many years even at the age of 82. Mom and Dad belonged to a study group for more than 50 years. Most of which have now passed away. She loved to travel and she and Dad went on vacations every year where Mother collected souvenir plates which she displayed around her-family room and elsewhere in her home. Mother loved her sisters dearly and for many years they took a vacation together, usually traveling to California where the youngest sister lived. At first Mother drove the car, then they used the train and graduated to air travel. Even this last year they all gathered together in Idaho and Salt Lake and enjoyed each other. Mother was a Visiting Teacher for over 50 years and was a Visiting Teacher Supervisor at the time of her death. She was a member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers and loved the meetings. Mother also taught Primary when we were little and later worked in the Relief Society mostly, with the Home-making, always being a leader when it came to sewing and quilting.

Mother made the best chocolate cake ever. We all

looked forward to a piece when she baked one. Also one of the meals I remember a lot was when she would serve pigs in blankets with Liptons chicken noodle soup with potatoes added. I always made it the same way and one of our daughters ask me why I always put potatoes in the soup and I told her because my mother did. She then asked her grandmother why she did it and Mom told her is was because the soup was too salty and the potatoes absorbed some of it. Also I remember how our children loved going to grandma's when they lived on 11th East. They thought she lived in a castle and thought it was so much fun to slide down the cloths chute, one of two stories and land in the pile of cloths. They also loved sitting under the quilts being done and playing house or princess. It was fun for them to have an Uncle that was so close to their age. They often called him their little Uncle.

Mother being a choice daughter of our Heavenly Father accepted the challenge and responsibility she knew would be hers while serving her probation in mortality. Mother was a special lady, a champion among women. I believe that during her life with each gift of love she gave she was mixing the mortar and cementing the stairway that lead her back to her Heavenly Father. I know with no doubt that she was met with open arms by her Mother who for so many years she longed to see and by many family members there waiting for her.

Those we hold most dear never truly leave us. They live on in the kindness they showed, the comfort they shared and the love they brought into our lives.

We will all miss mother and her many talents. But they will all live on with us and her posterity.

The following is a transcript of a video tape interview of Edna Nelson that was done on December 19, 1989. Bert Nelson, her grandson conducted the interview.

Bert: Start from the beginning, where were you born?

Edna: I was born in Hyrum, Utah on June 26, 1908. I just lived there for a little while until my mother was strong enough to take me home, because they lived on the farm in Cherry Creek. She was just down there visiting when I was born. I came a little quick. I was born in my grandmother's rock house down there. I have never seen the place, it was burned down years ago, so I never did get to see it. But then we lived up in Cherry Creek out south of Downey on a farm and my mother's name was Mary Hartvigsen and by dad's name was Moses Christiansen. I was the third child of the family. Myrtle was two years older and Elvin was about two years older than Myrtle, I was the third one. We lived up there on the farm. When we were little, when I was only about a year old, my parents went to the temple in Logan. They had never been sealed in the temple and they stayed in Hyrum and visited. My grandmother, I don't know how they did that in those days, she had a sofa pillow with our picture on it, us three kids. I remember it on her sofa there and I have thought about that because they are doing that kind of work nowadays a lot. A photograph of us on that...in color, on a sofa pillow. Well, anyway, most of my life was spent on the farm until I was 12 years old, 11 1/2 or 12, and we had...oh, we had a few conveniences. Dad tried to fix up things so we had a washer with a motor on it so my mother wouldn't have it so hard. In the earlier part, oh we had one of these hand washers you had to push back and forth. We had to churn butter and my dad had cows to milk, so we just had our own milk, cream and butter and of course he raised animals...he had quite a head of horses...about 16 head. It took about that many to run a combine in those days. Get out and run the combine.

Bert: Did you help out a lot with the chores and what not..around the?

Edna: No. We helped in the house but I didn't go out and do any barn work. I never learned to milk a cow. I was scared to death of a cow. I learned to ride a pony. We had saddle horses so we could ride and we played together and got along. Only thing, Elvin was the big tease. And he would make us kids bawl so much and then we'd get paddled for it.

Bert: Well, what was one of the...can you remember any of the things...

Edna: Oh, I don't know what he was teasing us about,

but he would just torment us enough so we would bawl and make our dad mad and he'd paddle us and our mother...oh, you know, she just cooked everything. We had the thrashers there and my mother always had a hired girl in the summer. They would bring up one of her cousins or somebody from down in Hyrum. That was the way the girls did in those days. They would go out and do housekeeping work because girls weren't trained to do anything else. Her cousins and relatives... one of them would come up and we always had in the summer, a hired girl. My mother couldn't do all that work and she wasn't...she was a frail lady. And to cook all those meals for the thrashers, and everything, it was really a job.

Bert: What are thrashers?

Edna: They'd cut the wheat. We had a big wheat farm and they'd cut the wheat and put it in a stack and then a great big thrasher machine with a big...great big engine on it...used to scare me to death..it belonged to Art Hartvigsen. He would go around and do commercial work and come up in our place and he would get that big belt on there and get that thrasher going and they would throw the wheat in there. It was run by this big machine.

Bert: And it would...what...separate?

Edna: Separate the wheat and somebody had to be there. It took quite a crew. Somebody would throw the wheat...the straw into be thrashed. It was a big machine that it run. Looked like a big thrasher. And they would throw it in there and somebody had to be there...they had a place where it would come out of a spout and then they would sack it and usually sew the top of the sacks. If they had more than they could get sacked, well, they would haul it up and put it in the granary. They had a big steel bin and several granaries on the farm and we had a big barn on our farm.

Bert: How big was the farm, can you remember?

Edna: Oh, it was 360 acres of wheat that we would put in every other year. They had the summer fallow up and put part of it in at a time. In those days they didn't have the commercial fertilizer and stuff to build the soil so they had to lay it over. So they would plant half of the farm one year and half the next. But he always had to have help and we got combine that was pulled by horses, so we didn't have to have this big machine come in. That way it would do all the work and our farm...part of it was quite sidling and hilly and that was kind of hard to get around. But us kids had plenty to do around. We...girls in those days played house and played dolls. We had our dolls and when my brother, John, was a little baby we took him and

dressed him up and put him in the doll buggy and we would...or else we would dress up a cat and put it in the doll buggy. We were all housekeepers. But we helped our mother, we washed dishes. We had some aprons made out of oil cloth we would have to put on over our dress. That was my dad's idea. We would get that on and stand on a chair and they would get the hot water in the pan. They had to heat it over on the stove, you know, and bring the tea kettle over and pour it in the big dish pan for us to wash the dishes. I can't remember if we ever rinsed them or not. But we washed them and we had to use that awful homemade soap, made out of lye and lard and stuff.

Bert: You used to make that?

Edna: Yeah. Our mother always had to make a big batch of that soap every summer. They would cook it outside. They would have an old tub outside and then put some rocks down there and build a fire in it and cook that and we would go out and help stir it. Oh, they'd mix lye and scraps of grease from butchering pigs. They would mix that together and that made our soap. We didn't use it for hand soap, but I guess we had some other kind, but we used that and oh, let's see...we would...

Bert: What were some of the things you would do for entertainment when you were on the farm?

Edna: Well, we mostly made our own entertainment, like those games...like kick the can... like mumbly peg. I don't know if anybody knows how to play that in these days. I have taught some of it to some of my grand-kids. You play it with a pocket knife and...you tip it over into the grass and you get so many points. A lot of kids don't know how to play that. But I have taught some of the grand-kids how to play it. You have to do it to show you how.

Bert: What about playing ball. Tell me how you would get...

Edna: We would get a ball...we had to make our own ball out of wool socks when they were old and couldn't be mended any more, why would take and wind them. Start out with a little ball, an old piece of paper in the middle or something and then just keep winding until we got a ball about the size of a baseball. One thing about it, if it hit you it didn't hurt very bad. Myrtle, she was a real good ball player and the boys around the neighborhood that lived out there on the farm, they would come there...I didn't play it so much, I watched. They would come over there to play ball with Elvin and Myrtle. Myrtle, she was a regular tom boy and she could really play just as well as those boys. And we had a dog, a black dog named Watch. And it was born about the same time as Elvin was. It was born in an

old badger hole, my dad said. And it just came...he found it and brought it home and we called it Watch. It was just...it would play ball with the kids and it would jump to catch the ball and one day it caught it's tooth in Myrtle's forehead and cut her so she always got hurt. Then we had...you know...we got to sleigh ride a lot and all living up there. Dad made us some sleighs out of some old wood and put a piece of steel underneath for a runner and all and we could go way up on the hillside and come down and once dad took and tied... fastened about three sleighs together and we went way up in the field a couple of miles and we came down riding that. He lost most of us on the way, it was going so fast. But we...you know...in those days people made their own entertainment, their own things. They didn't have a real school house up there, but my Uncle Peter moved to town and so they took his house and took some of the partitions out and made a big nice school room because they had about 40 kids up there. That's where they had school. They had the school desks and things, books and blackboards. They fixed it up. That was the first school I know of that was up there.

Bert: How old were you?

Edna: I didn't go to it because I wasn't old enough yet. This was before I was old enough. I went over and visited school, Myrtle took me over once. But when I started school they had a new school house and it was down on the creek and about a mile from our house, and we had 42 kids in there...all eight grades...one teacher. Most of the teachers they had were from back east somewhere...or in Kansas and in that area and not...

Bert: Why is that?

Edna: I don't know why. There was one teacher that we had that was from Utah, Floyd Hyde, he was kind of a distant relative somehow there and they had him in there for a teacher and he was sitting there with his feet up on the desk reading a story to us once, and the county superintendent walked in and my dad was chairman of the board, and she went to him and made him fire Floyd Hyde. Then we had other teachers there that couldn't handle the kids. You can't imagine how big the boys were, those that were in the eighth grade. To me they were just men. When I started school in that new school house that was my first grade and we just...it was just really rough kids, you just had to watch out. Of course I had our brother...we had our brother that they didn't bother us girls. Some of the girls they got...yanked their aprons or something...tear their apron. Everybody wore an apron over the top of their dress, because you only had one school dress. You had to wear the same dress all year... all school year and you just had an apron on it. We would take our lunch in

a dinner bucket. Elvin says he will never forget that I always had syrup on my bread and by the time we would get ready to eat it, it was all soaked up. We had a big potbelly stove in school room. In the winter when we would get there we would be ringing wet and we wore leggings over our socks and we had boots on we would have to take them off and we would have to hang them all over the school room to get them dry so we could have them to go home, because they were just covered with snow...we walled through the snow all the way to get there. There wasn't a road, not unless somebody come down in a sleigh. Once in a while some of them that lived farther away would come in a sleigh and we would meet them about half way and they would let us ride with them. But if the winter was real cold...we had a real cold spell and then a thaw and a freeze, we could walk on top of the snow and we could cut through from our house and go through my Uncle Jerry's land and come down to the schoolhouse. So that's the way the school was there, when we lived up there and then it got so the bigger boys had to go to college [she meant high school] so the people started to move into Downey so that their kids could get into high school. Elvin went down one year before we moved and stayed with my Uncle Pete...that's my dad's half brother... and stayed with him and went to high school. But they couldn't go to high school until after the farm crops were in so they didn't start school...they didn't get to go a full year. They had to leave in the spring and go back and help on the farm. But they got credit for a year in school. They weren't like they are now, you have to have so many hours of this and that. When we moved to Downey, the second year that Elvin was in high school and had...we moved in about November the 5th, we moved down there and I was in the fifth grade and ...while I lived on the farm, I meant to tell you...I got pneumonia real bad and I had forgotten about. I guess I almost died it was so bad. It was pleurisy pneumonia and I didn't know anything for days and days, just out...such a high fever. In those days the doctor couldn't get out there and we couldn't get to a doctor, and they would just talk to him on the phone and what they...their remedy was mustard plasters and castor oil. I guess I got plenty of them, but I don't remember much of it because I was out of my head so much. I remember I got to sleep in my mother's bed downstairs instead of upstairs in the bedroom. I guess I was clear to the fourth of July, I couldn't even walk without help, I was so weak. We went up the canyon. Everybody there in the community up there would go up the canyon and have a...the men would go fishing and the women and kids would make homemade ice

cream and the mothers would have it ready and they would churn the ice cream and they would have a fish dinner and there was four or five families that would meet on the creek. It was called Neilson's crossing. It went up to Neils Hartvig's place. The men would drag in plenty of fish and we went up there in a buggy and I remember that they lifted me out of the buggy and laid me on a blanket on the ground and here I was 7 or 8 years old, I guess, and I was still too weak to play up there. They were playing all kinds of games and races but I couldn't get in on that. But anyway, after we moved to town we moved in November, as I told you and it took us while to get used to going. When we moved down there, I don't know if they all got sick or not, but I did. Every time I would go from the farm down to Downey, down town, I would get a sore throat and would get sick. So I was home sick for a week or something before I could start school. So when I got in school...I met a lot of the kids...I was kind of a backwards girl and everybody looked different to me down there. Some of my friends had already moved, so that helped out and we went there to school. Then in April after we had moved, then my mother died. She got pneumonia and died and there were all six of us kids.

Bert: Tell me a little bit about your mother. Let's back track a little bit. What kind of a person was she from what you remember?

Edna: Oh she was not too large a person. She was only about 5'2". She had blue eyes and brown hair and she was a real hard worker. She could sew anything. She had an old sewing machine, a Singer sewing machine. She could sew and she could cook things, but she had to have help at times when you had to much to do because her health had been kind of bad. That was kind of hard work for her. So we just ...after..when we moved to town. She wanted to move to town so bad for so long..she coaxed dad to move to town...let's move to town. Everybody else is going, let's us move. But dad just couldn't get around to doing it. Finally he decided he would have to because the kids were soon going to be in high school, you know, the older ones. So when he went to town and he bought this house from the banker, Kopeck, his name was and he bought it for \$3,000.00 and it was about a 6 or 7 room house and it's the first time we had ever had a house with a bath tub and running water and all of these conveniences in, and there were quite a few lots there because there was a big barn on it and there was a garage and there was a garden spot and a raspberry patch.

Bert: What did you think of all these modern conveniences?

Edna: Well, I really like them. I remember at Christmas my dad gave my mother an electric iron, but she didn't use it because we were using the stove to heat water and on anyway all the time and to help heat the house. We had a furnace in the house. So she was economical and she just wanted to use her old flat iron that they had, that you would put on there and she hadn't ever used it before she died. It was still in the box. She was just being careful, not running up any electricity if she didn't have to.

Bert: How hard was that on the family, when your mother died?

Edna: Well, I know it was hard on all of us, but we... and awful hard on dad. Dad was only in his forties when our mother died and she was 38. So you see, that would be awful hard on us. Of course we had some aunts and uncles around there that kind of brought things home. Dad got housekeepers right away, had somebody...our mother's half sister was there from Ogden and she stayed for three or four months, because she took the place of our mother. I remember when he took her to the train, we all followed her up there, crying you know, because she was leaving us and trying to get dad to marry her and she was engaged to marry a guy down in Ogden. So we had to let her go and then we had different other housekeepers. There was Kerri Evans, she was a divorced woman from out at the farm, that lived out there.

Bert: Now, was she more of a housekeeper or did she mother you a little bit?

Edna: Oh, she had to do the cooking and everything, see we weren't very big. I was only...I was just 11 and Myrtle was about 13 and Elvin was 15, in high school.

Bert: But I mean, was she like a mother to you, or anything like that?

Edna: Oh, not really. She had an awful temper and her daughter Rhoda was my age and she had to come there and live too. And her son Carl. And I don't know where we ever slept, all of us, that many. And if she would get mad at Rhoda, she didn't do it to us, she would take the broom at her and hammer and hammer with that broom. Dad fired her, she didn't stay too long. I can't remember some of the other housekeepers that came there, then my ... then LaVina Rose came there. LaVina Murray. She had been a Rose and she was married and had a boy and she came there and stayed and then a few years later she and dad got married and that didn't work very good. She wasn't really a mother. We learned a lot from her. She was a good housekeeper and she was a good seamstress. She taught me a lot about sewing. I loved to sew and I used to...in the summer when school was out...I would make Myrtle

and Eva and myself, I would make us two dresses for school, petticoat and panties and everything for school to start in the fall. And that would be put in the trunk in the basement until school started, in the fall. So I learned a lot and she directed me and helped me on all that. And it was just kind of a natural talent for me to sew. So I could get to do that and.

Bert: Let's talk about when you went to high school?

Edna: Well, I enjoyed high school. I made all my own clothes that I wore to high school, and I took all the sewing and cooking classes that they would let me take in high school, because that's what I liked. They was good to let me take the sewing class for the whole four years. I learned a lot of things in the cooking classes that I wouldn't of learned there. I had a lot of good friends. We had quite a crowd of us, of boys and girls that chased around together and came to the dances together, went to the movies together, but we didn't date. We was just in high school. What else...I went to every school dance that they had. Besides the dances down in Hyde's Hall. Downtown they had a dance every Saturday night in Hyde's Hall. It was up above the first store that was ever built in town for a store. It's still there. By this time, some times we were getting a date once in a while to go over to dance. Sometimes we would just go to the dance and get a date to go home with. Somebody to walk us home, we didn't have cars.

Bert: Tell me about, can you remember your first date.

Edna: Oh, when I graduated from eighth grade there was a boy named Alcott Sessions and he walked me home from the eighth grade exercises and he gave me a hanky and a little bottle of perfume. He was in my class but that's all I knew about him. He was just a friend in our class. I never went with him or anything. We were just eighth graders, but I thought that was kind of cute of him...

Bert: When was your first date when a guy...

Edna: Took me out on a date?

Bert: Yeah, just all alone, it wasn't with the gang or anything, it was just you and him. Can you remember?

Edna: I can't remember that kind of a date. We always went in groups. We didn't very often, because you know we had to walk. We didn't have any boy-friends that had a car. When I started going with...how I met Dad, I was to a...my cousin Dora, that was my stepmother's niece, she had a date with the a guy from Arimo, this Clifford Evans that Dad was talking about, and she said that he had a friend and she wondered if I would be his blind date. So, I said I would. I had to go to the dance. We didn't go to the dance with anybody.

He came and I met him at the dance. He didn't come and get me or anything. We met at the dance and they said, oh this dance is kind of boring. Let's go down to Swan Lake and it was in the dead of winter. Let's go down to Swan Lake to the dance. They were having a dance down there. And that was about, golly, how far from Downey to Swan Lake. Anyway he had this car...I can't remember what it was that Dad was telling about...and we went and got in that and there was just one seat so I had to sit on his lap and Dora in the middle and this guy crowded over there and we got stuck. So many times they just had old tires and no chains on them. Well they had some kind of chains anyway and they would keep breaking and they would have to keep stopping and wiring them up. We finally got down there and the dance was out. There was a store down there, the Thomas Mercantile...it's still there. They stopped there, went in there and they got the guy to help wire their chains together good enough to get back home. Oh, the snow was a foot deep or so, no snowplows or anything in those days and we finally got back home and I don't know, Dad said it was about 2:00, which it probably was. That's my first date...when I went with a guy, I didn't kiss him and he didn't kiss me.

Bert: What were your impressions of Grandpa on that first date.

Edna: Oh, I liked him. I had seen him up at Arimo to conference once and I didn't ever meet him or anything, but all the girls were crowded around him talking to him out there, when conference was out.

Bert: Sounds like he was quite a playboy or something.

Edna: And he was dressed, I'll tell you. He had these lace up boots to here and his pretty pants on, and a cap. Always had a cap on, and I thought, gee, I would sure like to meet him. That was the first time I had ever seen him until he come and he was my date, well it was great.

Bert: How did he act on that first date? Was he real shy?

Edna: Well, he was kind of shy and so was I. I had to sit on his lap and that was awful. I had never sat on a guy's lap before. Sat on his lap and he had a girl he was going with in Arimo and had...and we went out a few times. He would come in his uncle's car and come up to Downey and pick me up and take me to Arimo to dances once in a while and then he would come up. Lots of times he came on the train and he would have to go home on the train. There were enough passenger trains going there would be one in the evening then one about one o'clock at night and he could catch that and

go home. So this girl..he had her ring or something and he put it on my finger, let me wear that ring. And she heard about it and she wrote me a letter and wanted that ring immediately. I didn't know whose it was. I had never heard of it. Anyway she...I mailed it to her. I didn't want her ring to wear. I don't know she married a school teacher somewhere, Dad says. We went together until he left school in the spring, when school was out, but I didn't see too much of him after he went to Weston. They were having a dance down there, and he wrote and ... or called me or wrote, I don't know, and asked me if I could come down to that dance. And I asked Dad and he said sure, you can go down there. But he never said how I was going to get there. So it come time for that dance and Dad had gone off to the farm and he didn't give me any money and when I went to the post office that day, why, we had some Utah Power & Light stock Dad had bought for us with some money that my mother would have inherited from someone and he bought us kids stock with it. And there was my \$1.75 interest, and so I cashed that and I went got ready and I was happy. I went down on the train and I went to the dance down there and Norman's mother didn't think I ought to stay over at there house, they didn't have it nice enough and all this and that. She didn't want me to come over there. I went to the house and met her and then we went to the dance. So he got me a room up in a hotel, an old hotel there in Weston. Only hotel they ever had. And I stayed up the house kind of scared to be up there alone in there. I stayed up there and then next day he took me home on the train. We went back on the train, then I didn't see him too much until he when he started teaching down in Swan Lake, see he went from there to teaching in Swan Lake and I went to Salt Lake because I was going to go to school. Packed my trunk and I was going to stay at Myrtle's and go to school. I hadn't even got registered to go to school or anything...I was going to go to that LDS Business College, we just got to writing back and forth and decided to get married. So we didn't tell anybody and he came down there from Swan Lake down to Salt Lake on the train and it was a Saturday when there wasn't school, you know, and we went down to the courthouse and got married. We went and bought a ring and paid \$15.00 for it and we must of got a license somewhere. I can't remember that part. But we went to the courthouse, so it must now of been a Saturday, anyway. Then we went to Myrtle's house and stayed that night and then we went back on the train to Swan Lake and shocked everybody that we were married and they went up to Downey...my friends had a shower for me at our house. LaVina let them

have a shower and I think she even made me a quilt and the girls gave me some gifts. Then in those days they always wanted to shivery you, you know. They would take the guy one direction and the girl another and make them try to get home.

Bert: What do you mean, just take them out in the country somewhere?

Edna: Well, yeah. And they took. The guys took dad or some of them, there was quite a crowd of them and they took him to Swan Lake and left him. They took me up north of town, oh somebody by the name Dewey's place up there and they were going to let me out, and I said I don't have anyway to get back. I just begged at them so they took me back to Downey. You can't leave me here. And so they took me back to town. That's the way they always did.

Bert: That was just a thing they did at that time?

Edna: Oh, yes. It was called a shivery.

Bert: Sound's like punishment to me.

Edna: Yeah. It was like initiation.

Bert: So did Grandpa ever propose to you or anything or was it just through letters and that?

Edna: Oh, we just got talking through letters mostly. He didn't get on his bended knees. We had talked about getting married before he went to Swan Lake and then when Dad wanted me to go to Salt Lake and go to school, why then I didn't say much, I didn't tell anybody. I didn't even tell Dad until after I was married.

Bert: Well, what did your dad think of all this. My gosh it must have been kind of a surprise for him.

Edna: Well, I guess it was a surprise for him. When I told him he came down to Swan Lake and met Norman's mother, you know. And he was...you just did all right, that's a wonderful family and you've just got a good mother now. And just thought the world of Aunt Annie, you know. So then Dad taught school there and then Colleen was born the next year in Weston...or no, I went back to Salt Lake when Colleen was born. Stayed with Myrtle and at the hospital there. Myrtle couldn't go with me. She was going to have a baby of her own in a few months. So we stayed down there until I could come home and come back up...so big, and all this and that and the other, and got to have rings and things. I didn't care about any of that. I just had him and then I got my little girl and she was just like my doll, you know. I made her the cutest dresses and embroidered them and fixed them and then I did have trouble when Norma come though.

Bert: Now, you were telling me about that one time. What was it, was it from the delivery you said he wasn't clean or...

Edna: Well, he forced the birth. He forced ...I never

remember her being born. He gave me a shot of some kind and when he come I was scrubbing the kitchen floor. We had called him and told him that I had some labor pains and he came right up and he didn't wait to check...

Bert: You were scrubbing the floor when you were in labor pains?

Edna: I was scrubbing the kitchen floor when he came. And he had me get washed up and get right to bed and gave me shots and I always brag to the other girls who haven't had there's nothing to it...nothing. It's easy you know, no pain, nothing. But he give me something and when Norma was born...when I came to he was putting his coat on to go home...to to...and Dad had just given him the check for \$30.00, that's what they charged, and he was ready to leave.

Bert: So, what were you saying how important that you work things out. You have been married, what, 63 years now?

Edna: 62 I think.

Bert: 62.

Edna: 62 or 63, I have to look it up .

Bert: You were talking a little while ago how important it was to work it out, why don't you talk a little bit about that?

Edna: Well, I think another thing too, I haven't mentioned that we both worked in the church. We never turned a job down, we worked in the church when we could. I worked in the Primary and I've worked in the Sunday School, and I have been on the Stake Sunday School Board in Aberdeen and I have been in the Relief Society for many, many years as a visiting teacher and I have been in the presidency of the Relief Society in Parma and I've...we've always worked in the church and I think that this is one thing that has helped pull us through and always think of each other, the things we have learned in this. I think having the priesthood in our home has been wonderful and we have accepted and it saved my life many times. The priest, because I have had a lot of good blessings, and I think that we have always thought of each other and tried to be kind to each and never tried to bawl each other out or anything like that, just tried to be kind and say nice things to each other.

Bert: You told me, Grandpa never told you a bad word to you...

Edna: Grandpa has never said a bad word to me. He has never bawled me out, he has never criticized me. If I don't get things done just right, that I don't thinks right like burn the bread or burning the roast, he says that's just the way I like it. He's always done that. He's never criticized me for anything like that. And

I have tried to be good like that with him and I think that helps an awful lot in a...and I hope that my kids to treat their husbands and wives kind and good. And I think a lot of them do in the family. I don't think they have problems. Some of them have but they haven't ...we've tried to help them but hope that they do the right things. You don't want to leave this world and regret this and regret that. I wish I had done this, I wish I had done that. Try and do those things when they're here. Because one of us or the other is going to go first and we don't want to be thinking that way. We have just got to think of the good things that happened, not of the sad things, just the good things we tried to do for each other. I don't know of anything else. Got my family out, I just hope they all stay faithful in the church. That church is the big thing back of all of it.

Bert: What about your testimony of the church?

Edna: Well, I have a testimony of the church, I know it's true and I've always known and I have had a lot of reasons to because I have had a lot of sickness and help and I know it is through the church and the power of the priesthood and that we believe in the church and always have since I was old enough to work in the church and learn about it. I didn't have one when I was little girl, anything like that, because we didn't go to church too much then. We lived too far away and couldn't go to church, but I did go when we were in Downey, we went to church. We did have very good examples set for us, because my dad didn't go and I don't think my stepmother went much. But when my father and mother were alive, why they went all the time and took us kids, when they could, but you couldn't go in the winter. You just had to go in the summer, because it was too far, to get in a sleigh go that far. I don't know, it just seems like a testimony grows in you, in your family, you know, the way live and the jobs that you do and the things we have learned in Relief Society and Sacrament Meeting and all these things I think, helps build your testimony. I know this church is true, I just know, I know I am alive, that it is and I hope that all my family does.

The following is a collection of stories written by John Christiansen concerning John's brother-in-law, Norman Nelson. These stories were written in March of 1995.

As I was growing up in Downey, Idaho in the 1920's I was the youngest of a family of six children. Some of us were born in Cherry Creek on our parents (Moses, and Mary Hartvigsen) homestead located seven miles southwest of Downey, Idaho. They had homesteaded there in 1897.

In the fall of 1919 the family moved into Downey on north main street with modern bathrooms, hot and cold running water, electricity, and lights. Our mother fell through an open stairway and injured herself -- dying a few days later leaving our Dad (Mose) with six Children. Elvin was 16 and I was 4 years old with four sisters between us. Our dad remarried a widow from Wellsville, Utah with a son age 6 in 1922. In 1924 our half sister Merle was born. Our step mother did not like us children and dad and her had problems throughout his life. Dad died on November 5, 1946 and our step mother died two weeks later.

Elvin and Myrtle both married and left home in 1927. I was told that my sister, Edna had met a wonderful guy -- his name was Norman Nelson. I think they met at a dance. I believe Norman was teaching school at Ron in a small school west of Arimo, Idaho. After Edna and Norman were married I soon visited them at their various homes as Norman taught school at various schools. His home had been in Weston - 4 miles west of Preston, Idaho where he was living with his "mother" [mother to Norman was his aunt, Annie Olsen since his mother died when he was a baby].

I have visited Norman and Edna lots of times in their lifetime. Norman was a very congenial guy and had a pleasant personality. Once while they were living in Weston he said he had a good looking girl that he wanted me to meet. I was in High School in Downey. I was scared of girls at this time in my life, so I just said "maybe" - end of romance.

As time went by I remember when Norman's boy, Keith got spinal meningitis and he asked Elvin and I to come to the Preston hospital to give blood. Later on through the years Norman would come up help us in the summer with the grain harvest. Norman at first would be the sacker on the combine, and later hauled the grain to the elevator. Elvin would be the tractor

driver and I was the platform operator. I remember one particular time we were cutting grain in Cherry Creek on the Owen Barnes place. We had a fifty bushel crop and although the combine went slowly Norman was tying sacks as fast as he could. As he got one tied another would be filled and so he was one busy guy. Elvin thought he would have some fun so he just kept going a little faster and faster, faster -- Norman did not have time to tie the sacks of grain, so he just kept standing them upright. He hollered at me to tell Elvin to slow down but he couldn't hear or was just going to have some fun. I left my seat and started to help Norman, but soon we had no room for the untied grain sacks and spilled grain, it was ankle deep on the sacking platform. We were both hollering at Elvin to slow down and finally he did. By then Norman's temper had gone sky high and he was so mad at Elvin that would not even speak to him. He was ready to hit Elvin over the head with a hammer. Elvin said he was just having some fun and helped us clean up the mess. Then we all had a good laugh. We always went in the Barnes house for dinner, which was served by three old maids, but they sure could cook. After a real big meal then they brought out the cake and pies and homemade ice cream. Norman and I would go out on the lawn afterwards and lay down for over an hour to get over our stress. When we would come in for dinner the "maids" would have a tub of cold water and insisted we dunk our heads in it to get rid of the grain chaff. I remember Norman would shudder with the ice cold water on his head. We would all laugh our heads off.

Many years when we were harvesting at our McCammon ranch we always stayed up at the cabin. Norman didn't care to cook much, so the rest of us did the cooking. There were some pack rats up in the attic and dad told Norman and I to climb up in the attic and get rid of their nests. We found many things in their nests --spoons and forks, matches, cigarette buttes (not ours) chewing tobacco (one hired man chewed) pennies, dimes, and nickels, paper, and chewing gum. The rats at night would come out on a rafter where there was a hole in the ceiling we would send them to heaven with a blast from the 97 shot gun. It would wake up those sound asleep. Norman would just say, "You darn guys! No one can sleep around here."

Another incident about Norman. Norman and I had been at the cabin alone when dad rode up. He noticed some 3 range cows in the wheat acres on what we called the Long Piece 80 acres and a mile long. I had my .22 rifle and I had been shooting at ground squir-

rels. Dad said to shoot over that way and see if you can scare those cows and make them leave the field. Well, it was about a half a mile to them so I just shot a rainbow and the middle cow reared up and her hind legs and fell backwards and just laid there. The other two men stood in disbelief -- a .22 at that range -- it must have had a heart attack. Dad turned to Norman and said, "That darn kid killed one of them." Norman just said, "Well I guess we better go butcher it out and use the meat." Dad said, "No, just leave it there the cattle men will just think she bloated." Norman said that some beef would taste pretty darn good since all we got around here is sages hens and trout. The sage hens were so tough you can't put your fork in the gravy -- Ha! Ha!

One fall dad said if we get done cutting wheat by September that he would take us fishing, so we would worked hard and fast and finished by September 1. The next day dad put on fishing gear in the car and way we went. Dad, Norman, Ross (stepbrother) and myself. We ended up in Meyers Cove on Camas Creek (a tributary to the Salmon River). Just as we got there and started to make camp and some boys walked into camp packing a 38 pound salmon. They were from Malad and had speared the salmon and it had gone down into a tree root. They dove into the cold water and finally got it out. This really excited Norman, so we planned on spearing some salmon, however the next day we went down Camas Creek to catch some trout. Norman did not fish as he hadn't a fishing licence and fishing was not his cup of tea. Norman and I went along the creek and noticed many dead salmon along the banks, they had come up the salmon river and up the river back to the place they were born to spawn and then die. We counted over 40 that day that had died and lay along the banks. Norman and I were going along the creek and I got ahead of him and stopped to wait for him. The creek made a big S turn and all at once I heard Norman screaming and make some other noises not usual in his speech. I could hear limbs break and more noises and all of a sudden came Norman out of the bush and made a short cut across the S bend the creek. He kept grabbing at his clothing and acting like a wild man. I was laughing -- it wasn't a laughing matter to him. He had knocked down a large hornet nest and they were really mad after him. He finally splashed water on him and the hornets left. Ha! Ha! Ha! For an hour he would grab his pants -- stings I think.

That night we had blue grouse for supper. Dad was frying the grouse (out of season) and in walked in a for-

est game warden. Dad had seen him coming and told the rest of us to just remain calm and he would think it was a tame chicken. Grouse cooking can be smelled a mile away. Anyway, dad had just kept on talking to the game warden turning the grouse over and over in the frying pan. Norman kept looking at dad. Soon the warden left and we knew that he knew the kind of "chicken" in the pan, but didn't say anything about it. After the warden left we laugh and laughed. Norman just couldn't believe what he had done.

Night came and we got on our old clothes and shoes and fixed the gas lantern to reflect the light ahead of our spears (made of pitch forks) and started up the creek. Soon we saw a large salmon wavering back and forth in the water which was up to our knees. I made the first throw with my spear and made a glancing blow -- then all ??? let go. The salmon first turned around and went between my legs. I dropped down trying to pin him. Then he threw me aside and then Norman had him between his legs and then he threw Norman off. Both of us thought we were going to drown, there was so much splashing, etc. going on the salmon in its desperation jumped out on the bank where dad was. Dad had a gas lantern and had to find a place to put it down before he could try to catch the salmon, but he was long in finding a place to put the lantern down and Mr. Salmon leaped back into the water. We expected to get wet to our waist, but Norman and I were soaking wet and had to go back to camp. The next night we went again we speared several salmon. Norman got one of these fish.

I always liked Norman. He was a gentleman at all times and had a very good personality.

The following history was written by Norman Nelson in 1990 for the book, The Legacy of Norman Nelson. Norman died on April 11, 1993.

BRIEF STORY OF NORMAN NELSON, GRAND-SON OF CHRISTIAN OLSEN

I was born July 19, 1904, at Weston, Idaho, at my Grandfather Olsen's home. My mother was Amelia Olsen Nelson and father was Nels R. Nelson. My mother died 3 months after I was born. She had asked her sister, Annie, to take her children and raise them before she died. I also had a sister, Ella, who was 2 years older than me. She died of diptheria when she was 6 years old. This was real sad for Aunt Annie, now our mom, as she loved her so much.



Norman and his wife Edna were married over 65 years

Mother (mom) got married to John Palmer and we moved to Vernal, Utah, where he had a ranch. The marriage did not work out, so we came back to Weston. She took care of her father [Christian Olsen] until he died and Mother inherited the Olsen home.

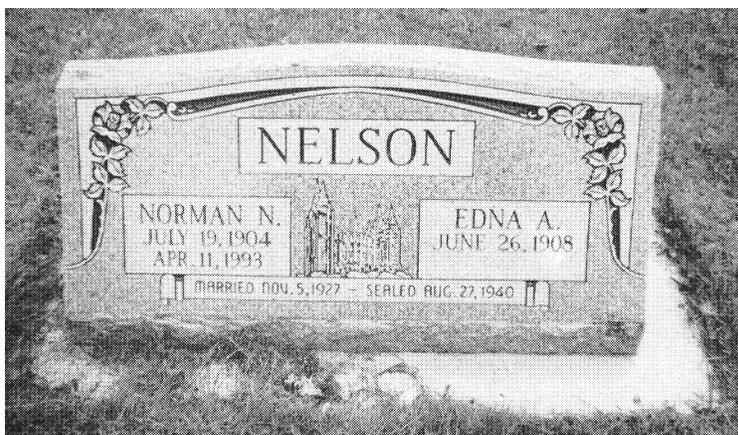
I now had finished my grade school and high school in Weston. We had a hard time making ends meet but Mom was a good manager. We raised chickens, pigs and had a cow for our milk and butter. I got jobs whenever I could. I even worked on the railroad while in high school.

I went to Albion Normal School and got a teaching certificate. I worked at the school to earn my board and room. My first teaching position was in Robin, a small community west of Arimo. My Uncle Wilford also taught there.

I met my wife, Edna Christiansen, to be, on a blind date at the Downey High School, at a dance. We dated until Fall and got married in November in Salt Lake. In 1940, we took our 4 children and got our endowments in the Salt Lake Temple.

The next year I started teaching in Weston for 5 years. The depression came along so some teachers were cut, so we left and taught in Glendale, above Preston, and several other schools in the area. In 1941, we moved to Gooding, while there I was President of the M.I.A for several years and also

Bishop for a time. I also taught in Parma, and Aberdeen before moving to Blackfoot where I worked for the [Idaho] State Employment Agency until I retired. Edna and I have been active in church work all our life and raised two daughters and four sons. We are very proud of them. They have gotten good educations and are all married in the temple, have nice homes and good positions. We also have 19 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren.



Norman Nelson was buried at the Weston, Idaho Cemetery