

The Autobiography of Andrew Hansen

Transcribed by Faye West

From a copy received from the Daughters of Utah Pioneers

I often wish that I had a record of the little happenings of my ancestors, and imagining you may be a little interested in the few circumstances which make up my life, and which no doubt you are acquainted with to a certain extent, I will take a few weeks to write them. I say a few weeks because I am now 77 years old, haven't much literary talent, and can't write English nearly so well as Danish. I'm not writing this because I've reached any degree of celebrity in the world, but because I have just lived a good, wholesome life, and to a certain extent have outlived the poverty, hardships, and obscurity in which I was born and reared. Perhaps some of you will discover a few characteristics in my life which you deem worthy of imitation, should you ever find yourself in similar circumstances.

I was born the 14th of March 1845 in the little town of Stenlose, Fredericksburg County, Denmark. My father's name was Hans Anderson but it was the custom in the old country for the son to take the father's given name for his surname; hence came the name Andrew Hansen.

My parents lived on a little farm about ½ mile out of the city of Stenlose, which represents two English miles. You can see I had a little distance to walk to school every morning although this didn't hurt me as we were only allowed to go two days out of each week until we reached the age of twelve years, and then four days a week until we were fourteen. The schools were very inefficient and my education was limited although I had as much as the country afforded. My father at this time was unable, without inconvenience, to support the expense of sending me away to school.

When I was fourteen years of age, through these adverse circumstances of our family, I was obliged to earn my own living. My father hired me to serve one year to a farmer for suit of clothes and my board. After I had completed that term I was hired to serve an apprenticeship to a blacksmith for four years for my board only. In a short time I became very apt in this trade and was of great service to my employer. When I had served three years of my term, my employer was called to the colors to withstand a German invasion, and I was set free at the age of eighteen.

Conceiving myself a fairly good workman by this time, I offered my services to a certain Peter Christiansen and was fortunate in being hired by him. I then took to my labors in the little town of Vagso, about four miles from Stenlose.

I worked for Mr Christiansen in the blacksmith shop in winter and on the farm in spring and summer. It was here I began to notice certain phases in Mr Christiansen's mode of living which struck me as extraordinary. It was customary to always serve whiskey with meals, and I noticed there was always a glass by my plate, but Mr Christiansen never indulged in intoxicating liquors of any kind, nor did he smoke or use anything to impair his health or injure his body. I was young and impetuous at this period of early youth but made up my mind that if my friend could abstain from these things, so could I. A resolution which I never sidestepped from although I met with many temptations. At this time I might state that I didn't have any religious impressions, and knew nothing about Mormonism or the word of wisdom. I never was without any religious principles however. I never doubted for instance, the existence of a deity, that crimes would be punished and virtue rewarded either or hereafter, although I didn't belong to any special denomination. They were all good to me as long as they promoted good in the world.

All I knew of Mormonism was very uncomplimentary to them. I was warned to shun them as something vile. They were mocked and persecuted and their actions were everywhere criticized. How astonished I was to find out that Mr Christiansen was one of these dreaded Mormons. This gave me a decided shock, and it was with a reluctant spirit that I went to inform my parents of the fact. They were, of course, furious over the turn of events and entreated me to be careful and not fall a victim to the false debasing doctrine.

I assured them that I wasn't religiously inclined enough to be converted to any special creed, and this seemed to satisfy them and I went back to the farm.

One day while I was busily engaged, a Mormon missionary from Utah by the name of Elder Jensen came to visit Mr Christiansen and also to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the people of that vicinity. I decided to listen, both through my natural curiosity and also through an interest in my friend Mr Christiansen. The results of this meeting were not only vastly different from what I had anticipated, but also had a great influence toward the shaping of my future life. As soon as the humble instrument of God began his sermon, my curiosity and indifference changed to intense interest in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The simple truths as he portrayed them sank deep into my heart. It seemed as though a divine influence had taken possession of me which I can still feel when reflecting back upon the incidents which took place at this time. I sincerely believe that the Spirit of God bore witness with my spirit, that these utterances were the true Gospel or plan of Salvation laid down to mankind by our Savior in the meridian of time, and immediately I was in possession of a testimony of the Gospel.

After the services I felt the necessity of complying with the principles of life and salvation. Thus in all meekness and sincerity I requested baptism at the hands of this humble Mormon Elder whom I was now convinced held the authority of the Priesthood which gave to him the right to act in the name of Jesus Christ and perform the ordinances of the Gospel. So to my own surprise, and against the direct wishes of my parents and associates, I became a Mormon by entering the waters of baptism and receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost. I was overpowered with the spirit of God and a determination of service to those who had not yet received the testimony.

One of the hardest trials of my life now confronted me: that of informing my parents of what had taken place. I knew I'd meet with the sternest opposition. I had no apology to make however for I knew I was in the right. The outcome of this interview with my family was worse than I expected. I was a boy of eighteen, exiled and without friends, and it was with an aching heart that I returned to Mr Christiansen.

At the age of nineteen, while I was still laboring for Mr Christiansen, the branch president came out to hold a meeting. After the meeting he called me up and asked me if I'd like to perform a mission in Denmark. I was a little stunned at the suddenness of the call and told him I was poor and uneducated with nobody to depend on except my own efforts. He told me to go forth, the blessings of God would forever attend me as long as I did my duty. I was then ordained to the Aronic Priesthood and set apart for this great work.

I was sent out to labor among my own people. I'll never forget how some of them stared with astonishment and then turned their backs. My companion was a pious, sensible young man of great ability, but we could make but little headway on account of the bitter hatred against Mormonism.

[This was after he had completed his mission]

It was a common occurrence for people to walk a distance of eight miles to attend a meeting when held in the country. It was at one of these meetings that I first met my wife. I was impressed the moment she entered the room and the president, seeing my interest, gave me the privilege of walking home with her, a distance of eight miles, so you see we had ample time to get acquainted. I could see that if spirits were mated in heaven she must have been chosen by me, so I made good use of every opportunity until I had gained her love, the greatest thing given to man: the love of a good true woman.

We were married on 2 April 1866 by the mission president and our lives began on a narrow rocky road but we always strove together and had a mutual desire to make each other happy. Her companionship and guiding influence is a sacred memory which I shall always cherish.

Our greatest desire, after our marriage, was to come to Zion and our hopes were realized through the aid of my wife's father who paid our passage to America. We left Copenhagen on 21 May 1866 in the passenger ship *Kenilworth* under the direction of Captain Brown. We were on the ocean nine weeks, so you see the mode of traveling in those days was rather tedious. I'm going to omit the incidents of the voyage and merely say that we landed at New York safely on 8 July 1866. [Note: there is a description of this voyage of the *Kenilworth* at <http://heritage.uen.org/companies/Wc786ed5db431c.htm> flw]

We stayed in New York about a week, making a few preparations for our journey across the plains. As near as I can remember, we took the railroad as far as the Missouri River where we were to meet with a Mormon company which had been organized to cross the plains.

The company which we found waiting was not very large. The men carried rifles and small weapons and in some instances a cannon was taken along to overawe the Indians who were very hostile. Most of the immigrants walked the greater part of the way and I remember on several occasions some good saint would permit my wife to ride, she being in delicate health [pregnant].

We were instructed to keep the Sabbath Day, be faithful and prayerful, and respect each other's rights, especially those of the red men although they seldom returned the compliment. As a means of protection at night the wagons were formed into a corral or an oval shaped barricade to withstand Indian attacks. More than once however they would stampede the stock by crawling stealthily through the long grass on dark rainy nights and cutting the lariats of the horses, scaring and scattering them in all directions.

Our meat was furnished by the bison, improperly called buffalo, that roamed the prairie in great hordes. A few men were delegated to do the hunting and advised not to kill game for sport but only when they needed food. Oft times the bullets would rebound off without phasing the animal on account of not being hit in a vulnerable spot. In some instances the skull of a dead bison served as a post office for letters to friends who were to follow.

I'll never forget our journey down Emigration Canyon into Salt Lake Valley. We landed in the fall of the year, 15 September 1866, at the old tithing yard, the spot where the Utah Hotel now stands. There loomed old Ensign Peak, as it has loomed for ages but no city nestled at its base, only a rather crude settlement which had been provided by the good saints who came before us.

In those days Pleasant Grove was known as Battle Creek. The name originated from Battle Creek Canyon. A man by the name of George Clark came from this settlement to Salt Lake on business and President Young designated him to take a load of immigrants as far as Pleasant Grove and I was fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to be one of the company.

Arriving at Pleasant Grove, Mr Clark threw our bedding out in the middle of the street and we were left to make our own sunshine and shift for ourselves in a new country. I'm thankful for the sublime courage and endurance of the plains which best fitted us for this new field of endeavour. Nature had endowed Pleasant Grove with a wonderful setting with its blessed shady groves, lakes and mountains.

We were fatigued by traveling and stood gazing rather helplessly around until a kind brother took us in. My wife and I labored hard in the field for our board and a little molasses. Our bed was the straw stack which felt like eiderdown after a hard day's work.

We thus employed ourselves until I fell ill with Mountain Fever. For nine weeks I lay huddled up in a corner on the floor, sick unto death, with no hopes for my recovery. Pitying us in our sore trouble, one of the saints offered us the use of his cabin as he was leaving the country for a short time. They hauled me there in a wagon box and there I enjoyed the luxury of a bed.

To make conditions even more deplorable, under the continual strain my wife also fell ill and we were both bedridden with no fuel to burn nor food to eat except what the neighbors could give us.

I was administered to several times but nothing seemed to alleviate my distress until one night I dreamed or rather I saw an angel of mercy standing at the foot of my bed who told me to get President Rasmus Peterson to administer to me, which I did at early dawn the next morning. I realized that I was in the hands of the Infinite God; President Peterson and his companion laid their hands upon my head and asked that I might again take up my work in life if it were the Lord's will that I should do so. He had no more than said "Amen" when he told me to get up and dress, which I immediately did and that night after I retired I felt the fever leave my body. The pain started to recede at the crown of my head and I felt it travel clean through my body and go out at the bottom of my feet. The next morning I was just as well as I had ever been except exceedingly weak on account of my wasted body through that long siege of illness.

This was another divine testimony to me that this is indeed God's work and that He has in very truth restored His priesthood to the earth and my testimony is so strong that if you should ever tell me there was no God to answer our petitions, I would certainly feel to shut off your utterance as most terrible blasphemy.

Our first child was born in this log cabin on 22 January 1867 and in the spring we moved back to West Jordan where I labored during the spring and summer for a yolk of oxen and our board. When fall came and I was to receive my pay, Mr Vanneton , for whom I labored, informed me that the oxen had died so I had practically nothing, and winter upon us. I won't dwell upon the hardships of that winter. With the Lord's help we managed and we were no worse off than most of the poor saints at that time.

Early in the spring of '68 I went back 600 miles on the plains to work on the railroad. My wife went to Salt Lake to work for a certain Mrs Tuft who ran a hotel there. The money she made was to go to Mrs Peter Christiansen for keeping the baby. I left without money, food, or many clothes. It was surely a destitute band that set out on that 600 mile journey across the plains. Many a time we kneeled down and thanked God for a little bear meat which was the only thing between us and starvation. We always strove however to do our Father's will and keep ourselves clean and pure so that His spirit could dwell with us in our troubles. The disagreeable incidents of this journey we bore without a murmur because we were advised by the church authorities not to undertake this trip.

I worked on this railroad project for some time until I had accumulated \$60 in cash and then I thought I would better my condition by hiring out as a teamster to a man from the east. The contract was for me to work all summer and receive either pay or the team of horses in the fall. When fall came he couldn't pay me so I had to take the horses.

I started out for home with the team and arrived somewhere around Christmas. Of course I had nothing to feed the horses so was forced to turn them out to pick their own living until spring. One of them fell in a well and drowned, so I had one horse to show for several months hard labor.

In the spring we settled on ten acres of land one mile north of Sandy. I built a rude shed covered with straw and that was our home for the remainder of the winter. I remember one day the bishop's council came out and asked if that was the best house I could build. I told him no, but the best I could afford.

I determined to plow those ten acres with one horse, so in the spring of 1870 I proceeded to do so. We sold our chickens to get wheat to plant. Never was there a spring so promising. Nature seemed to be trying to help us raise a bountiful crop and the outlook was very encouraging. But now came an event as unlooked for as it was terrible. It was the grasshopper plague. These destructive pests rolled in legions down the mountainside. They hid the sun like a dark cloud and settled in hordes upon the growing grain. The tender crops fell an easy prey to their fierce appetite. We were helpless in the face of this calamity and in less than two hours the ground over which they had passed looked as though it had been scorched by fire.

After this work of ruin, poverty once again faced my family. I traded my horse for a yolk of oxen and proceeded up the canyon for a load of wood. It took me three days to haul it to Salt Lake where I traded the wood for a sack of flour so we at least had bread.

I quit the land after the plague and went into partnership with a certain Mr Anderson who had taken up a 160 acre claim about in the same locality. In the agreement I was to prove up on the land, make the necessary improvements, and after it had been proved up I was to receive half the land with an official deed for the same. Of course it was necessary to live on the land so I made a dug-out and that became our home for a short time. I was fortunate enough to secure a permanent position on the railroad at the same time so materially I thought our condition was improved. But in this I had been deceived. It didn't take me long to find out Mr Anderson was very unreasonable. He first ordered me to fence the land and I had to work day and night for it was to be accomplished by a definite length of time. He then gave me several orders, one of which was to dig a well. I could see that we would never agree so I left the land and bought a home in Sandy.

Sometime after we had left the old country my wife's mother became interested in the Gospel and was converted. It had always been our desire to send for her and her son and bring them to Zion. We were fortunate in being able to borrow enough money for this purpose and she left her home and husband and journeyed to Zion for the Gospel's sake. They arrived safely and made their home with us for a short time.

I worked hard to pay this immigration debt and had no more than gotten it paid when I received a letter from friends in Denmark enlightening me of the wonderful fact that my father had borne his testimony of the divinity of the Gospel to many of the people in the surrounding country in which he lived. He was now old and helpless, so they applied to me for help. I again borrowed money which I sent to headquarters in Copenhagen for my father's passage to America. Friends at home wrote me later that my father was very touched at the demonstration of affection on my part saying I was the one he had done the least for and yet I repaid it with such loving generosity. I was doomed to a great disappointment however for my father died on the ocean, and he, with his few earthly possessions, was buried at sea. I felt very lonely in my grief, my mother having died shortly after I left the old country in 1866. I enjoyed the privilege and pleasure however of doing their temple work which is a great consolation to me when I reflect back on the life of my parents.

We made our home in Sandy for a few years but I later moved my family back to Pleasant Grove and continued to labor on the section. I bought me a home here and prospered. We were industrious and careful, which are the forerunners of contentment and happiness.

In 1874/75 the United Order was established and I joined them, contributing to the order everything I made. I was working at my former trade of blacksmithing at the time which had become very promising. The people were not advanced far enough to live without strife and contention in such a heavenly order and in '75 it was dissolved. It squared my immigration debt across the plains with the church so I was satisfied.

I now decided to build up a trade for myself. I equipped me a small shop and worked hard and diligently ten and twelve hours every day. I found much to do for modern invention hadn't lightened the burdens of the smith at this early period of history. God was good and prosperity smiled on us. We built us a home in town and took up a quarter section of land just above town. We lived there during the summer in order to make the required improvements.

In 1890 I was called on a mission to Denmark. I had always had a desire in my heart to return to my native land and fulfill a mission, so the call was immediately accepted. We sold part of our land to defray my expenses, and I left my family to go out into the world and preach the Gospel to those who hadn't had the opportunity of hearing the glorious truths which it contained.

I arrived at Copenhagen safely and was sent from there across the bay to Jyll where I was assigned to labor with my partner as a home missionary. While laboring in this vicinity I met some Saints who wanted to come to Zion but couldn't pay their passage. I gave them what money I had and borrowed the balance from my brother-in-law. I did not pretend to give such a sum. I only loaned it with the promise that it should be paid back when they had established themselves in Zion. They failed to keep their part of the unwritten contract however and I was obliged to write to my wife to raise the amount of money I owed my brother-in-law for that debt.

I will pass hurriedly over the period of time spent in the mission field and merely relate a few of the main incidents which stand out prominently in my mind.

One day we met one of our brethren whose sister had been excommunicated from the church on account of bad conduct. He wished us to talk to her and try to persuade her to repent and be re-baptized. After conversing with her for a few moments it was apparent to us that we were engaged in a hopeless task. She was thoughtless and indifferent about religion in any form and, as she stated, felt much better out of the church than in it. Later she contracted some kind of skin disease and begged us to administer to her as her suffering was unbearable. After a brief consultation we decided to do so and we laid our hands upon her head and asked the Lord for His aid in her behalf. It was a wonderful testimony to see the change wrought in that diseased body and she was healed through the power of the priesthood. We asked her if she recognized the power of God in her recovery, but she termed it a mere work of chance and I could plainly see that she had suffered a spiritual death and was beyond redemption.

Another incident worth mentioning occurred in the life of one of our investigators who was an industrious hardy farmer. He sent word into headquarters one day for the president to send the elders out to visit his home. My companion and I received the summons and started on our short journey into the country. It seems as though the man's wife didn't know we were coming for upon our arrival, and especially after she found out we were Mormon missionaries, she acted as though she would lose her mind. It seemed as though the place was filled with evil spirits with her racing through the house like a wild Indian, screaming all sorts of uncalled for charges against us and her husband. At the sight of this miserable situation I was at a loss to know how to proceed. I finally ordered them all to kneel down and pray in order to be free from that evil spirit which prevailed. Strange to see, the woman knelt with us while I offered up a humble prayer. Never was there such a magic change. Where everything before had been a wild tumult, it now became calm and peaceful as a summer morning. We had an enjoyable visit and accomplished some good, for about a week later I was called up in the middle of the night by this man to baptize him. A few short weeks later he was ordained a priest, but whether his wife ever joined the church I am unable to say for I was called back to headquarters in Copenhagen.

I hope you will not take it for bigotry on my part when I say that by this time I had become very artful and expert in drawing people into religious discussions, entangling them into difficulties from which they could not extricate themselves. I also will say that this was not a natural talent which I possessed, for I know I was inspired by God. On the spur of the moment I was able to argue convincingly, but after I sat down I couldn't tell a word I had spoken.

I remember one evening we were sent out into the suburbs to hold a meeting. There was quite a crowd gathered, a very little minority of whom were Mormons. When we were just ready to commence our services a very influential itinerant preacher appeared on the scene. He came up to the pulpit and I noticed he carried in his hand a little book entitled *The Mormon Mountain Massacre*. It dawned on me immediately that he would wickedly undertake to influence the people against us, for you who are acquainted with this book know the falsehoods it contains against the Mormons. He asked the privilege of reading this book which had just been published. I informed him that we had rented the building for the evening and for a different purpose than that of storytelling. The crowd by this time had become boisterous and unmanageable. The minister, partly turning to the crowd, began asking me questions in

this manner: "Do you call yourself a servant of the Lord? How dare you use the Lord's prayer?" and several others all of which I answered calmly and without hesitation. The preacher then became angry and unreasonable. One of the burly men from the crowd came forward at this point and broke the lamp leaving the house in total darkness. I knew it was me they were after; so acting accordingly, I threw myself face downward, lying flat on the floor while the mob rushed over me in the tumult which followed. Just as I thought I had mercifully escaped, a big fellow grabbed me by the collar and asked if I were that Mormon they were looking for. I didn't answer. He beat me in the face and about the body with his fists until he gave out and then let me fall to the floor. Imagine my astonishment to find that I felt no pain or discomfort from the thrashing and was able to walk out without being further observed. Upon examining my body I found there was not a mark or bruise on it which proved to me that God protected and watched over me during the critical time.

The next day I put an article in the paper which ran something like this: "-- One Thousand Dollars to Make -- I, Andrew Hansen, son of Hans Anderson of Stenlose, Denmark, was accused by an itinerate preacher last night of proclaiming a false doctrine to the good people of the vicinity. I wish to state that I am a Mormon missionary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and I will pay any man \$1000 cash who can prove through the medium of the Bible that the doctrine I preach is false." When the church president read this notice in the morning paper he was a little vexed for, as he pointed out, who was to be the judge if such a debate arose, and us surrounded by enemies as we were. Fortunately however, none saw fit to accept the challenge so the incident was dropped.

As my term was now near its termination I was given my release and called to act as president to a group of emigrants who were coming to Zion. I held a mental battle with myself as to whether I should accept this call as I felt weak and unqualified. After petitioning the Lord for His guidance, we set sail one bright June day. The unpleasantness of sea voyages is always new to some although they have crossed the Atlantic before and it didn't prove an exception with me, nor any of the rest of the little group. I will not dwell on the details of the voyage and suffice it to say that we all reached Salt Lake without any serious mishaps.

When I stop and reflect back upon my mission I can't help but appreciate the things which have already transpired which were promised me in my Patriarchal blessing, the substance of which was that I should be called out as a minister of the Gospel to go from land to land, from nation to nation, and no power on earth could stop me. I should bring many souls into the truth and lead them on to Zion and their hearts should sing and rejoice with a great happiness over this opportunity. That the Lord would always bless me with His spirit and my influence would be keen among the unbelievers. This and other incidents promised in my blessing have come to pass and I'm looking forward to the rest of its fulfillment "that I shall have the privilege of being on earth when the Savior comes and Christ shall rule supreme during the thousand years of peace. I should build up a mighty kingdom here on earth; that I should be a savior on Mt. Zion and nothing that was worthy of good should be denied me." This is a portion of my blessing as it was given me on 14 September 1881 by C. W. Hyde.

A few years after my return I was called by the authority of the church to go to Canada and help build a canal which was being constructed by the church. I remember an instance which again showed the mercy of God to me and it was almost identical with one I had in my earlier life. Once more I received an assurance of the power of God which took possession of my whole being. One day I had to go to camp and on my way fell ill in my wagon box; so ill that I could not lift a limb of my body nor call for help. How many hours I lay there I know not, but when the men came in that night they found me in a very critical condition. I didn't call a doctor but voiced my desire for being administered to by brother Tillick and brother Sicks from American Fork. The minute they put the consecrated oil upon my head and began their prayer of supplication I felt the power of God made manifest by the pain receding from my body. It lodged in my chest about five minutes, and I thought the end had come, but not so, for it left my body entirely and the next morning I was able to resume work.

I desire to bear my testimony to you and I implore you not to forget it. I recognize the power of God in all things, The blind, the deaf, the unbelievers cannot stop this work from going on. They may block the wheels and stir up a spirit of persecution against the saints but it will avail them nothing. God is at the helm! I declare unto you with all candor and in all earnestness of soul that I believe Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God, that he was instrumental in the hands of God in restoring the Gospel to earth. I have staked my all in the Gospel and have not done it in vain. It is my life, my light, hope and joy, for it gives me an assurance of salvation.

In my early youth when I partook of the fruits of the Gospel I made a pledge with God that I would be true to his covenants. Looking back over my life I can't remember any instance when I've broken that pledge. There are so many things I would like to say but cannot for I'm getting an old man, that is in body but never in spirit. I love the Gospel today even more than I did when I was younger if that is possible. I feel that I understand it more completely as I get older and maybe that's the reason. I know as I live that this work is true and that my testimony is one which has the truth as its foundation. I know that God will unlock the door to every soul that is worthy and the doors will be closed to those who will not obey the laws of God. May God help us to realize and understand this fact and may he keep us from all secret snares and sins which are laid to entrap us is my earnest prayer for you my dear children.

It isn't necessary nor convenient for me to go into further detail so I will merely sketch over quickly the few remaining events of my later life. The church paid us in land and that is how I got my start in Canada. I moved my family up and we farmed, got us a herd of sheep, worked, and prospered in that country for seventeen years. I am grateful for success beyond my desserts. I was always willing to take a neighbor's work, while he went off on holiday, for experience's sake, and was more than repaid when I say the vast amount of human felicity one can pass around by doing little things.

As I write the closing words of my autobiography I find myself – by design – in the little town of Pleasant Grove, where my good wife and I intend spending the remaining years of our lives. Earthly honors and public tributes have never been mine. I always strove for a reputation of stability and sound principle , and if I were to express a lesson of my own life to you , my dear children, I would do it by an adopted proverb. I should say: "Great are the uses of Adversity."

Andrew Hansen
1922

I, Thelma West Nelson, granddaughter of Andrew Hansen, would like to write a paragraph for the benefit of my children. Our seven children are: Pauline Wagner, Joseph Harold Nelson, Larry Dee Nelson, Judith Ann Lindsay, Carol Deane Alcorn, Suzanne Heaps, and Merri Kristine Rock.

While my grandparents were in Canada my parents decided to follow them and take up government land and homestead. They settled in Raymond, Alberta, Canada. Four children were born to them while in Canada: Opal Lavon, Floyd who died and was buried in Canada, Gladys, and Thelma.

Mother's health wasn't good and she had very severe headaches frequently. Her greatest desire was to get her family back to Pleasant Grove. When I was just a few months old her desires finally materialized and they decided to leave Canada and return to the States.

There was just one regret. Curt, my oldest brother, had married a Canadian girl. Mother tried hard to persuade Curt and his new bride Iona to come to Utah but she didn't succeed for a few years. They finally came when they had three children.

Iona was just as homesick for Canada as Mother had been for Pleasant Grove. She didn't enjoy the mountains; they gave her claustrophobia. After a couple of years they returned to Canada where they spent the rest of their lives. They had ten children and most of them are in Canada.