

Log Cabins
&
Rag Rugs

***Log Cabins
&
Rag Rugs***

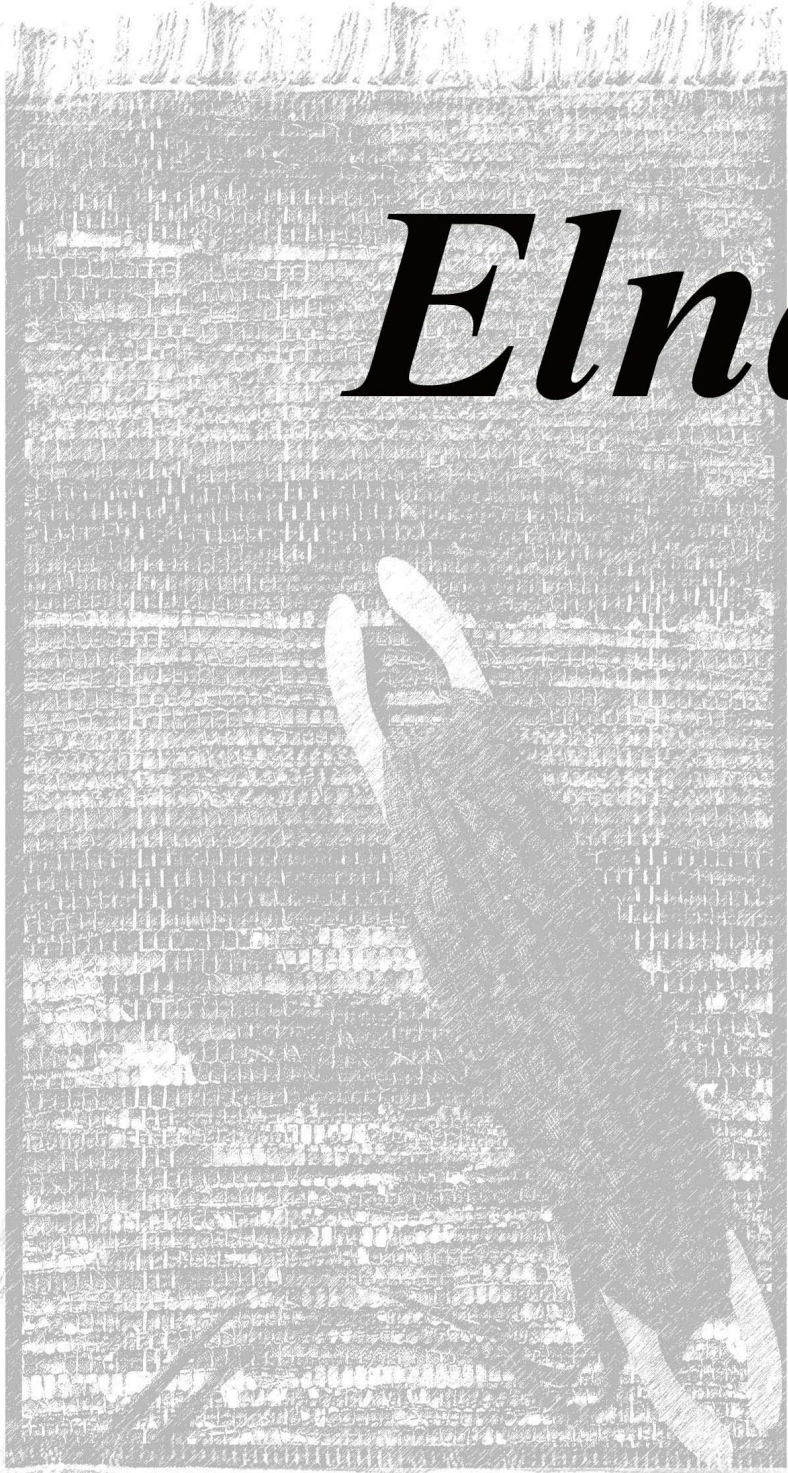
***Family History of
Elna Nilsson Fredrickson
and her five children***

***Edited by
Hildred Chappell Cobia***

Dedicated to those
who have kept the records
and shared the stories.
Thank you for keeping
Grandmother Fredrickson and her children
alive in our hearts and thoughts.

Table of Contents

Elna Nilsson /Ellen Fredrickson	3-46
Pictures . . .	3-6
Map of Route to Arizona . .	7
Map of Sweden . . .	8
Biography	9-38
Time Line for Elna	39
Family Group Sheet for Elna and Jons Fredrickson	40-41
Citizenship Certificate	42
Patriarchal Blessing	43
Illustrations of Weaving Equipment	44
Sources	45-46
Lars Nelson	49-67
Pictures	49-51
Map of Utah	52
Biography	53-62
Time Line for Lars	63
Family Group Sheets-Lars and Annie Nelson, Lars and Libby Nelson	64-67
Katie Fredrickson Webster	71-101
Pictures	71-73
Map of Loa, Utah	74
Biography	75-93
Letter written by Katie, transcript and copy of original	94-96
Time Line for Katie	97
Family Group Sheet-Katie and William M. Webster	98-99
Sources	100-101
Hilma Fredrickson Taylor	103-121
Pictures	105-107
Map of Idaho	108
Biography	109-117
Time Line for Hilma	118
Sources	119
Family Group Sheet-Hilma and William Franklin Taylor	120-121
Hannah Fredrickson Taylor	125-139
Pictures	125-126
Biography with endnotes	127-136
Time Line for Hannah	137
Family Group Sheet-Hannah and Thomas Alvin Taylor	139
William Charles Jenson	143-164
Pictures	143-145
Map of Fremont, Utah	146
Autobiography and biography	147-160
Time Line for Willie	161
Family Group Sheet for Willie and Josephine Ellett Jenson	162-163
Sources	164
Index	165-169

A dark, textured rectangular area, possibly a book cover or a piece of fabric, with a hand reaching up from the bottom right corner. The texture is dense and grainy, resembling a woven material or a heavy fabric. The hand is dark and appears to be reaching towards the top of the frame.

Elna



Ellen Nilsson Fredrickson

Courtesy of Violet Douglas, Hilma's youngest daughter

Note by Violet, "This was sent to Mother before we moved away from Blackfoot in 1915 which would have made her approx 82 years of age when taken. Could have been taken before 1915 however."

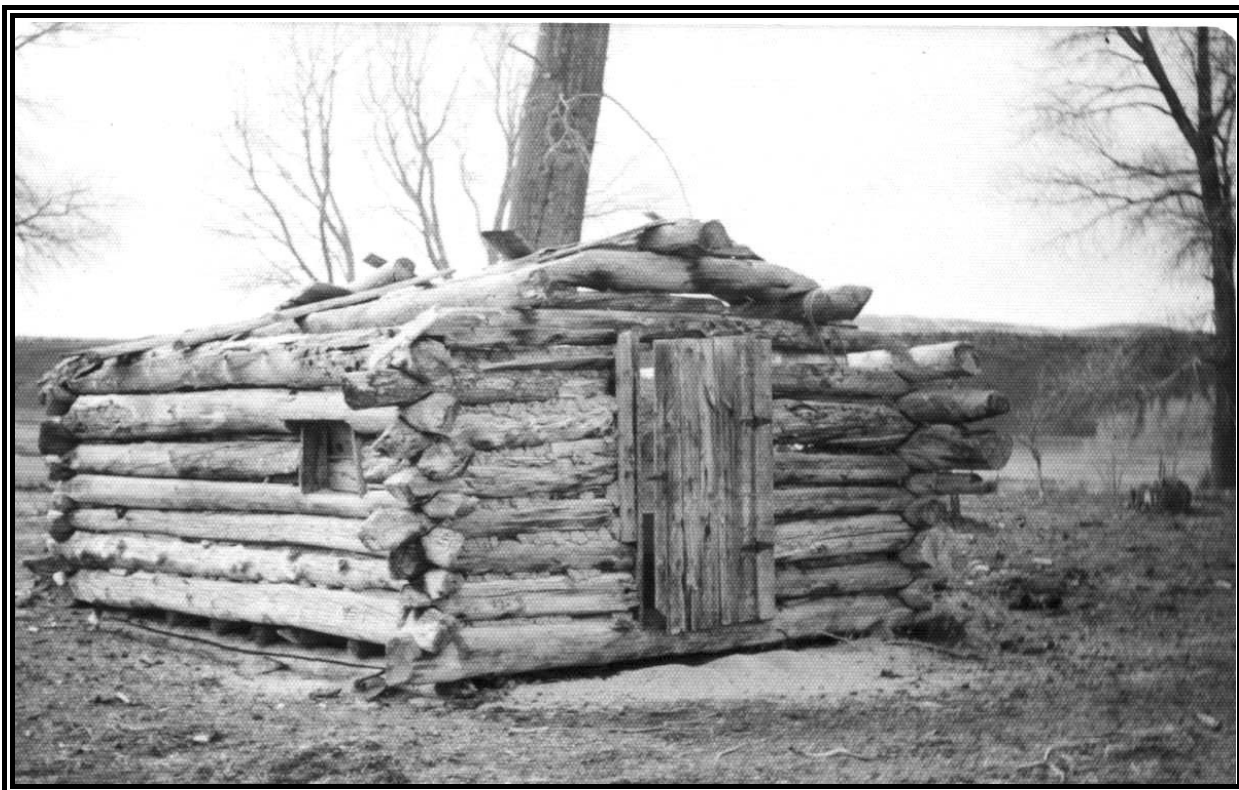
R: Ellen Nilsson Fredrickson
Courtesy of Steve Taylor



Below: Ellen and her children
circa 1920

Back, l-r: Hilma F. Taylor,
Hannah F. Taylor and
Katie F. Webster
Front: Lars Nelson,
Elna Nilsson Fredrickson,
William "Willie" C. Jenson

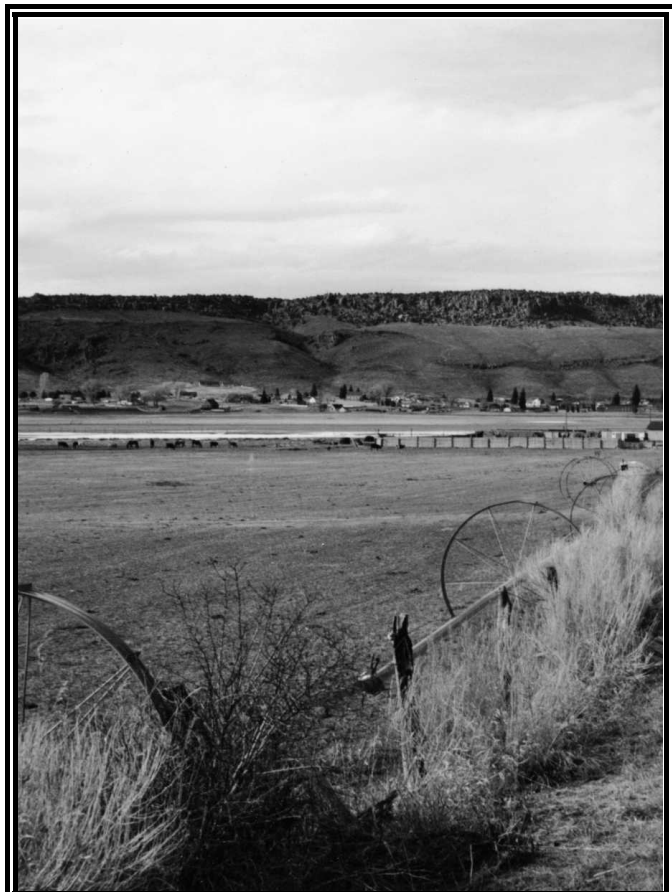
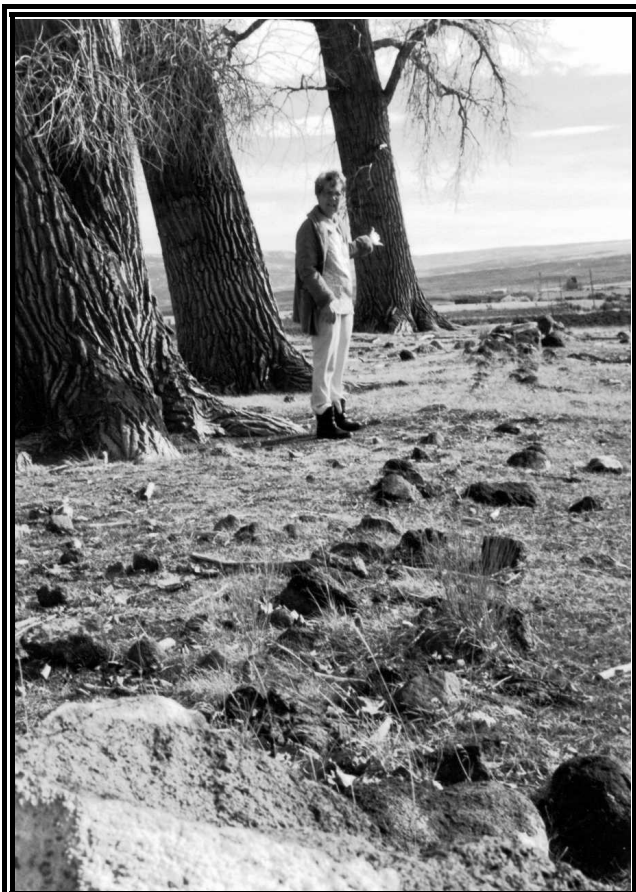




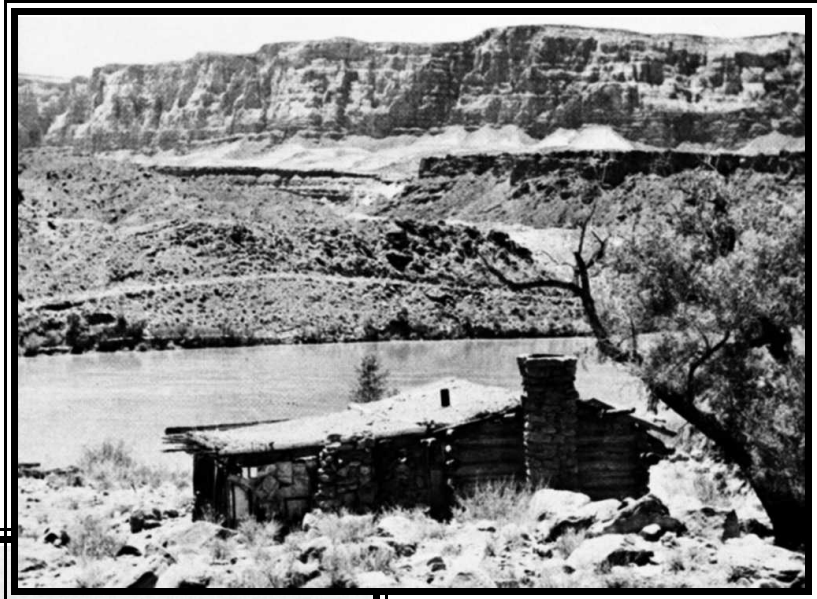
Above: Ellen's log cabin. Picture taken long after she lived there and after it was used as a corral. Courtesy R. Wood

Below: L: Trees planted by Ellen and all that remains of her garden rock wall. Katie Webster Chappell

R: View of Fremont, Utah from Ellen Fredrickson's farm. Both pictures taken 11 March 1988 by H. Cobia



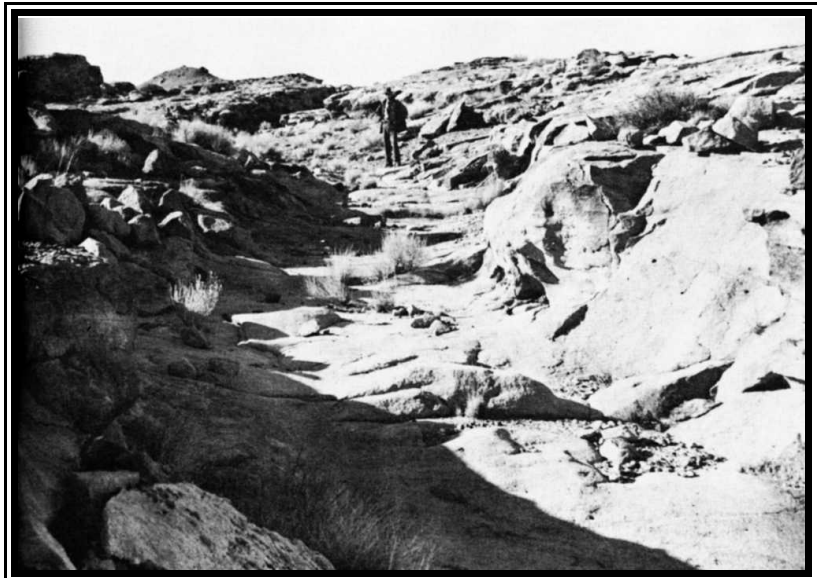
Trip to Arizona



Lee's cabin beside the Colorado River.

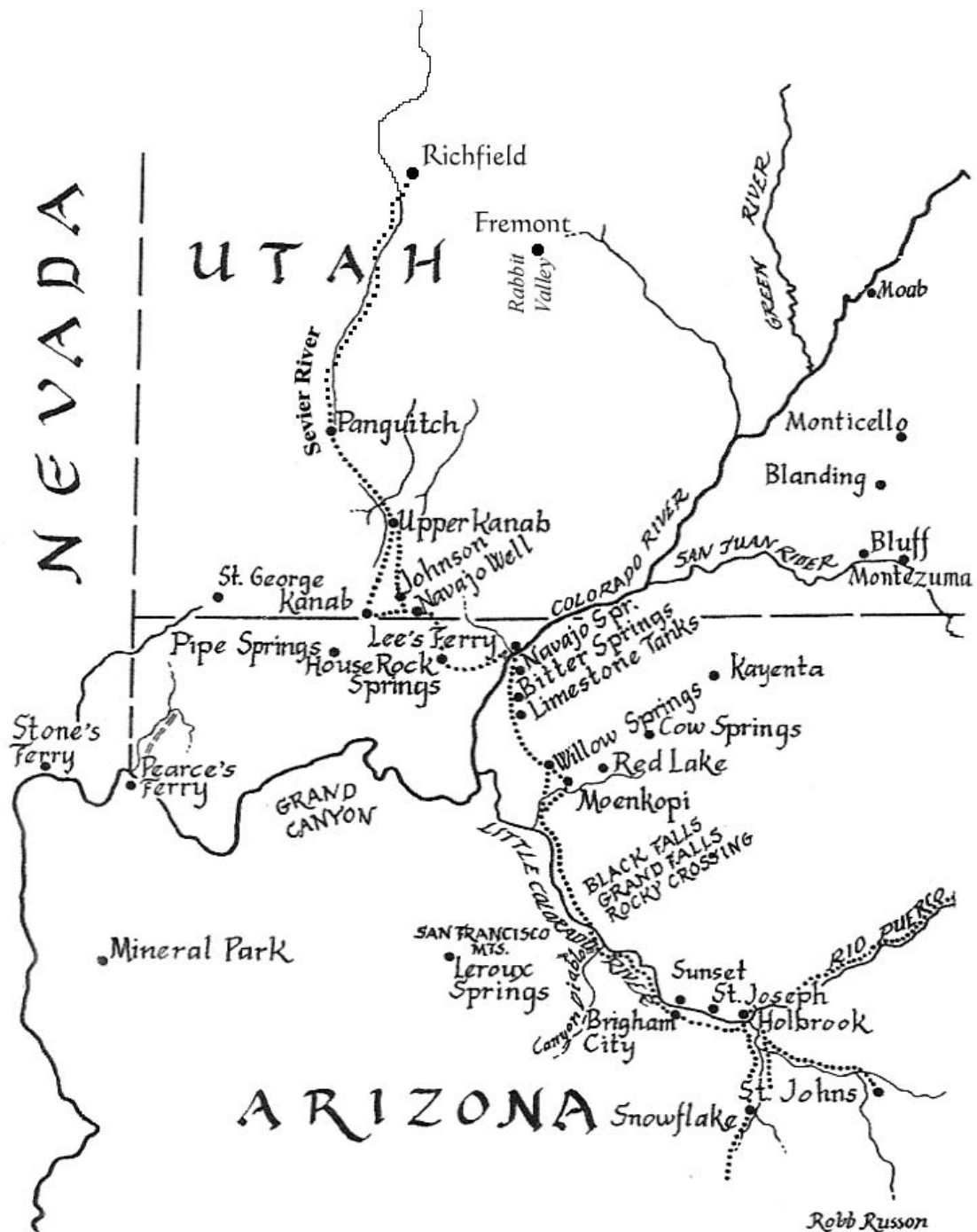


Looking from Lee's Ferry across the Colorado River to the south bank and Lee's Hill also called Lee's Backbone.



After crossing the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry, the pioneers faced the difficult climb south over Lee's Hill.

Route to Arizona





Facts about Sweden

There are almost 100,000 lakes in Sweden. In the coastal areas in the south, the weather is mild. Spring may arrive in the southern province of Skane in February.

In the 19th Century, 90% of its population depended on agriculture.

Between 1866 and 1914 more than 1 million Swedes, about one-fifth of the population, left the country.

Sweden has a constitutional monarchy.

Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, a French marshal, was crowned in 1818 and his descendants continue to reign.

The flag has a gold cross on sky blue.

Most people belong to the Lutheran Church.

There is no law of trespass. "Everyman's

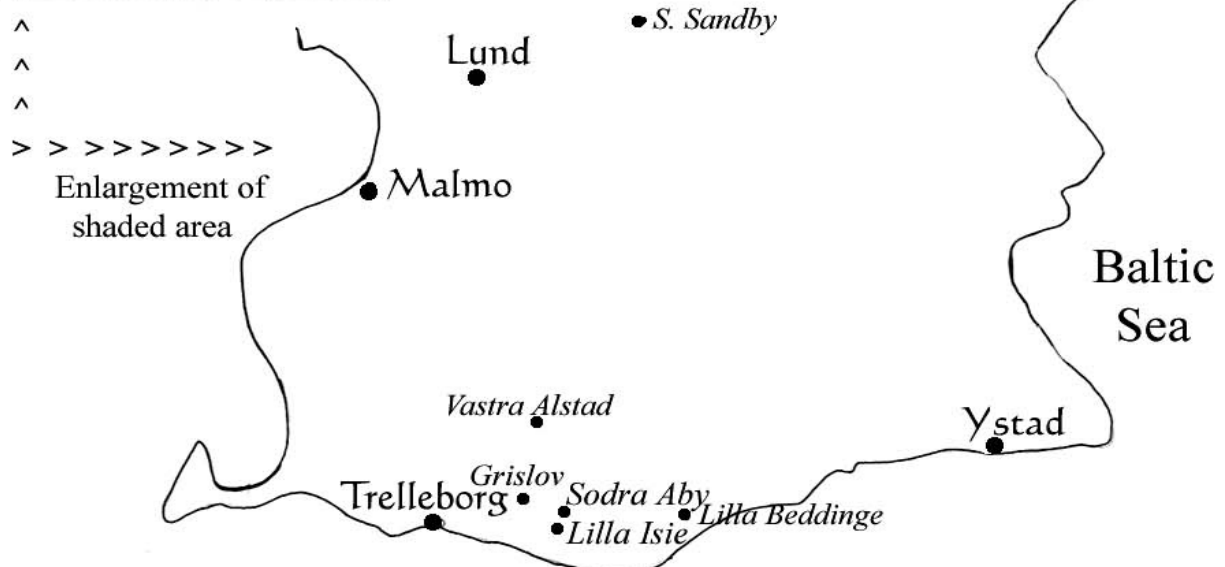
Right" or *Allemansrätt*, is an ancient tradition which allows anyone to use any wood or field, regardless of ownership.

Berry and mushroom picking is popular.

Facts from Sweden by Delice Gan

(larger map of shaded area at left.)

Skane



Elna Nilsson Fredrickson and Her Family
by Hildred C. Cobia

It is amazing to me that in the Twenty-First Century I have talked to people who knew my Swedish great-great grandmother, a woman born in the Nineteenth Century (1833). There are still a few people who personally knew Elna Fredrickson. Of course the people I interviewed were children when Elna was an old woman and only remember that part of her life, but other members of the family wrote about events when she was younger. This is an attempt to tell her story using their voice. I have collected information from many people who willingly shared their memories, papers and pictures .

My Webster grandparents, Jim and Mae, named my mother Katie after her grandmother Katie Fredrickson Webster and her sister was named Elna Fredrickson after their great-grandmother. One of my friends, Sharla Blackurn's, mother was named Ellen. What I didn't know for many years, is that my Aunt Elna and my friend's mother were named after the same woman, our great-great-grandmother! In Sweden she was Elna. In the United States her name was changed to the English name Ellen, which is the name used on her citizenship papers, church and land records and the 1880 U.S. census. The name Ellen has been given to many of her descendants. I have chosen to use the solid sounding Elna, rather than the lilting Ellen, in this biography because she used her native language all her life and learned very little English. Her children always spoke Swedish with her. She was Ellen on the records, but she was always Elna at home.



Ellna Pehrson or Ellen Nilsson was born October 31, 1833 in Vastra Torp, Lilla Isie, Malmohus, Sweden. She was the daughter of Pehr Nilsson and Kjerstie Sorensson. On

family group sheets Elna often has two different maiden names, Pehrsson and Nilsson. The use of patronymics, children taking their father's given name as their surname and adding the word "son" or "dotter," was the tradition in Sweden and other Scandinavian countries. Elna's father was Pehr, so she was Pehr's-dotter. Because her family came to the United States everyone in the family used Pehrson. Eventually they adopted the American tradition of using her father's last name, Nilsson. Elna's married name was Fredrickson. Her family always called her Grandma Fredrickson even though she married again after her husband, Jons Fredricksson, died. And to add to the confusion, you will notice that there are several ways to spell all of these names!

Elna's son, Willie, told about his mother's childhood briefly, "She herded goats and milked them. [She] helped her mother do their washing by the stream by slapping them with boards. When she was older she cooked and waited on tables for wealthy people at Malmo."¹

When Elna was nineteen her first son, Lars was born. His last name was Nelson. We don't know if he was named Nelson after his father or after her father. Or if he chose that name after he left Sweden. Apparently Elna never told Lars or anyone else in her family his father's name. If Elna did tell Lars about his father the story was never passed on to his children or any of her descendants.

Elna married Jons Fredricksson on 6 November 1858 in Vastra Torp. She was twenty-five. Their first two children were Kjersti, christened May 30, 1859 and Hilma, christened November 5, 1863.

While Elna learned the lessons of marriage and motherhood her parents were listening to lessons taught by missionaries from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They were

¹ Hilma Jenson Nielson

(All footnote by H. Cobia)

excited about what they learned from the Elders of the church, were converted, and baptized November 25, 1893². Their decision to become members of a different church was more than just going from one building to another to worship. It was a momentous decision and changed everything for this family. They had found the truth. They were willing to sacrifice everything for it and they did. They gave up their home, their friends, their farm, their culture, their country, to become Latter-day Saints.

All over Scandinavia Elders from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were teaching people about the Restored Gospel. After people were baptized and became members the call came for them to gather with the rest of the Latter-day Saints in the Salt Lake Valley, often called Zion. Church leaders under the direction of President Brigham Young encouraged new members to come and build up Zion and the Nilssons answered the call to “come to Zion.”

The Nilssons did not embark on their trip without help. The Church had organized a system to help members come to the Valley. The missionaries organized the emigrants into units called “Conferences” so they could travel to Utah Territory in a group. Each family in the group gave their money for their trip to the leader of their “Conference”³ who sent all the money along to the mission headquarters where one individual acted as the travel agent for everyone. The agent purchased passage for several groups of church members. The money he saved in commissions was used to help members who couldn’t afford to pay for the journey or to help missionaries returning home to Utah who traveled without “purse or script” which means they had no money to help them travel. The mission personnel published

information on planned departure dates, costs and information about what to bring. They also purchased provisions, cookware and eating utensils for the emigrants while they sailed to the United States.

“In hectic last-minute efforts they helped hundreds of passengers board ship and obtain their berths. Men traveling with the group, usually returning missionaries, were appointed as presidencies for the ship and were responsible for the conduct and moral of the passengers and for holding religious services. Generally the daily routine involved prayer, washing the decks, cooperative cooking arrangements and special meetings to discuss problems that arose. Because the Saints traveled as a church family under Priesthood leadership—and with the assistance of an experienced and well-organized system—LDS emigration impressed nonmember observers as orderly and civilized compared with the tumult generally surrounding emigrant ships. One writer noted: ‘The ordinary emigrant is exposed to all the chances and misadventures of a heterogeneous, childish, mannerless crowd during the voyage, and to the merciless cupidity of land-sharks the moment he has touched the opposite shore. But the Mormon ship is a Family under strong and accepted discipline, with every provision for comfort, decorum, and internal peace. On his arrival in the New World the wanderer is received into a confraternity which speeds him onwards with as little hardship and anxiety as the circumstances permit and he is passed on from friend to friend, till he reaches the promised home.’” [Edinburgh Review, Jan. 1862, p.199]⁴

² Endowment House Records, Salt Lake City, Ut.

³ The Nilssons were in the Skane Conference. Southern Sweden was Skane Province. It was divided into Malmohus and Christianstad. However, Skane is still used by some courts and government agencies.

⁴ Encyclopedia of Mormonism, Ed. Daniel H. Ludlow, Vol. 2, p.675

Elna's parents were among the thousands who emigrated from Sweden to Salt Lake Valley through the church travel program. They left home in 1864 shortly after their conversion. In the group was Pehr, Kjerstie and their children, Soren, Nils, Johanna and their grandson, Lars, Elna's son. They went to Copenhagen where they joined other Latter-day Saints. One of the young women in the group, Hannah Linberg, would later marry Nils.

Pehr and his family are listed on the manifest of the *Monarch of the Sea*, a sailing ship. The ocean voyage took thirty-six⁵ days and the entire journey took them five and a half months. The trip made by the Nilssons was documented in the book, History of the Scandinavian Mission:

“On April 10th, at 5 p.m. the Swedish steamer “L. J. Bager” sailed from Copenhagen, carrying 350 emigrants from Sweden and Norway and some from the Fredericia Conference, Denmark, in charge of Johan P. R. Johansen. This company of Saints went by steamer to Lubeck, thence by rail to Hamburg, thence by steamer to Hull, in England, and thence by rail to Liverpool, where the emigrants joined another company of emigrating Saints which sailed from Copenhagen three days later.On Tuesday, April 26th, the ship “Monarch of the Sea” cleared for sailing, and on Thursday, April 28th, sailed from Liverpool, England, with 973 souls on board. Patriarch 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. Elders were also appointed to take charge of the different divisions of the

company. During the voyage there was considerable sickness and some deaths, mostly of children. In the morning of June 3rd the “Monarch of the Sea” arrived at New York where the landing of the emigrants at Castle Garden at once took place. In the evening they boarded a steamer for Albany, N. Y., and from there they traveled by train to St. Joseph, Missouri; thence by steamer up the Missouri River to Wyoming, Neb., from which place most of the Scandinavian Saints were taken to the Valley by Church teams, of which 170 were sent out by the Church that season. Thus about four hundred Scandinavian emigrating Saints crossed the Plains in Capt. Wm. B. Preston's company of about 50 Church teams, that left Wyoming, Neb., in the beginning of June, and arrived in Salt Lake City, Sept, 15, 1864.”

As stated above when the Nilssons came to the United States the end of the railroad line was Wyoming, Nebraska, on the west bank of the Missouri River about 40 miles south of Omaha. All along the way Pehr, Kjerstie and their family had assistance from people organized by the Church to help immigrants and all along the way the travelers encouraged and helped each other as they sailed across the Atlantic Ocean and traversed the many miles by train and boat across the eastern United States. Now Pehr and his family were at the end of the line, no more ships, trains or boats. But again their Church leaders had organized people to help them. The Church Teams, also called the “Down and Back Teams” were waiting to roll west.

Every year from 1861 to 1869⁶ the message traveled from town to town in Utah, “flour, wagons, oxen and drivers wanted.” The leaders of the Church bought the flour, hired the wagons, teams and drivers and sent them from Salt Lake in the early spring (as soon as grazing

⁵ From 1840-1868 there were 36 ships that brought Latter-day Saints from Liverpool to New York. The average trip was 39 day. The longest was 66 days; the shortest 28. When the emigrants started coming on steamships in 1868 the ocean trip took about 13 days. —Charts of Emigrant Companies can be found in Quilts & Women of the Mormon Migrations pp.210-226

⁶ The year the railroad was completed.

was possible) to bring immigrants back to Utah, thus the name “down and back” trains. There were benefits for everyone. The drivers and owners of the teams and wagons received wages or credit at the tithing office which kept the money in Utah. There was dependable, ready transportation for the immigrants and they didn’t have the hassle or expense of buying wagons and teams in Nebraska. When the Church Teams left Salt Lake they were loaded with flour which was stashed along the trail to Nebraska. This staple was used for food on the return trip. More was purchased in Omaha, if needed. The immigrants paid a fee for the Church Teams to carry their belongings and provide the food, or they received credit from the Perpetual Emigrating Fund if they couldn’t pay⁷.

The Perpetual Emigrating Fund, begun in 1849, was the Church credit union and loaned money to those who could not afford to pay for their travel expenses. However, many members who borrowed the money could not afford to repay some or all of the loan and the Perpetual Emigrating Fund had very little money to loan, especially for a trip from Europe to Utah. After 1856 most loans were given to immigrants to get overland from the end of the railroad to Salt Lake Valley. It appears the Nilssons did not need financial help. Indeed, family history says the Nilssons loaned money to others. However, the family did come overland with a church wagon train.

The self-propel part of the journey was before them. Anyone who made the journey to Utah by wagon train, as they did, now carries the honored title, “Pioneer.” The Church Teams were not passenger wagons. They carried supplies, luggage and the sick. People walked. The Nilssons walked. They earned their title of Pioneer as they plodded on sore feet along rutted wagon tracks, dust swirling around them, heat pressing in on them. Nothing in the landscape

resembled anything back in Sweden. For two months they plodded along, every day but Sunday. They camped along the trail and always their weary, moving feet took them westward.

Elna’s brother, Soren, shared stories with his son of the Nilsson’s journey to the west. His son wrote: “William B. Preston was the captain of the company of saints on their way to the valley. He rode ahead on a little yellow horse and picked the best road to travel. They could not all ride and my father was one of them who wore the shoes off his feet and then walked barefoot. His feet became very tough... Cousin Lars told me great cracks came on [his], Lars’ feet and he sewed them up himself with buckskin.

“They came down Emigration Canyon into the valley 10 a.m. on September 16th. About three p.m. the same day they went up to Ogden and stayed there about a month. Father went to shoemaking. Later he went to Cache Valley.... Later he with his family, his parents, Lars Nelson and probably others of the family went to Malad, [Idaho]... They farmed here. Grandfather Phar Nelson died in Malad and was the first person buried in the St. John Cemetery. Patriarch John Smith dedicated the grave.”

Just as the church provided help along the trail to Zion, there was a Church plan for colonizing. Immigrant companies were officially welcomed as they arrived at Salt Lake City, where they camped while awaiting assignments. Bishops [leader of the smallest Church organization] or their representatives then escorted them to the various settlements to which quotas had been assigned.”⁸ The Nilssons were probably assigned to make their home in Malad. Elna’s son, William, wrote: “Grandfather and Grandmother settled in Malad, Idaho. That was where [Captain of their wagon train and later Bishop] Preston lived at that time. No doubt but that he had something to do with them settling there.”

⁷ In 1861 the fee was \$41 for adults and \$20.50 for children under eight. Coming to Zion, ed. James B. Allen, BYU Studies, Brigham Young University, Provo, Ut, 1997, p. 210 In 1868 the charge was \$75. Encyclopedia of Mormonism, Ed. Daniel H. Ludlow, Vol. 2, p.674

⁸ Encyclopedia of Mormonism, Vol. 2, p.674-5

Back in Sweden Elna's life remained the same. As a wife and mother, she performed all the daily tasks of homemaking. She and Jons had another daughter, their third and last child. She was christened Hannah on February 27, 1869. Then their life ended. In 1871 Jons died. Elna was thirty-seven years old. There is never a good time to bury a husband, but it was a particularly bad time for Elna to be left to support her children. There was a severe depression in Sweden.⁹

“Around 1870, large numbers of Swedes were on the move in search of a livelihood.[The] roads were...crowded with beggars, orphans, and destitute families. Many people migrated north.... Many others moved to the cities, causing great increases in the numbers of urban poor. Still others moved to the United States; the 1870s was one of the peak periods in the immigration of Swedes. ...Eventually, Sweden was to become third in Europe—after Ireland and Norway—in the number of people it delivered to North America in proportion to its population.”¹⁰

For two years Elna struggled alone, trying to provide for her little girls during hard times, thinking of her family across the ocean. During those two years she decided to leave Sweden; she settled her affairs; and saved enough money for her family to move to Idaho. She was unable to sell all of her property before she left. Elna and her three daughters were four little drops in the flood of Swedish emigrants pouring into the

United States. Although not a member of her parents church, Elna and her daughters did travel with a group of members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Elna, Kjersti age 14, Hilma age 9 and Hannah age 4, left Sweden in 1873. They sailed from Malmo, Sweden across “The Sound” to Copenhagen, Denmark, about fifteen miles. With a group of Latter-Day Saints from the Skane Conference, they boarded a ship, the “Pacific” and sailed to Hull, England, leaving on June 27, 1873. From Hull they traveled to Liverpool where they boarded the “Wisconsin” and left on July 2, 1873. Their names can be found on the manifest of both ships.

Elna's son Willie wrote: “My mother did not join the Mormon Church when the others of the family did. It was when [her husband] died that she decided to come to Utah where all her relatives lived. She sold what property they had and got ready to emigrate. This was several years after her father and mother came to the U.S. The railroad had been built and she rode through on the train and did not have to cross the Plains by Wagon Train as her relatives did when they came. Her voyage over the Ocean was a rough one, and Mother became ill. All of the girls soon were so sea sick they were afraid they were going to die. Mother was too ill to care for them; it was at this stage that my father came in to help mother, and to take care of the girls. He, too, was emigrating to Utah as a Mormon convert and he helped all the way from then on. He was also going to Malad, Idaho where his folks were located.”

Hilma's daughter remembered her mother saying that when she, her sisters and her mother came across the ocean they were riding in steerage which is down in the bowels of the ship with no privacy but was the cheapest way to travel. When all of them got seasick and thought they would die, Elna paid extra money and made arrangements with the steward to get them berths in Second Class.

⁹ For centuries Small Pox decimated the people of Europe. In 1806 Sweden passed a law requiring everyone to be vaccinated. This caused Sweden's population to expand rapidly. The country had not yet started to industrialize so there were no new jobs available. The rapid population increase caused food shortages, a depression and a mass emigration. Most Swedish immigrants to the U.S.A. went to Wisconsin or Minnesota.

¹⁰ Swedish Folk Art, p.53

The ocean voyage on the steamship only lasted seventeen days which was half the amount of time it took her parents to travel the same distances in a sailing ship. After the family landed in New York City, they traveled across the United States by train to Utah, then on to Idaho. What rejoicing there must have been when Elna arrived in Malad and embraced her oldest son, Lars, now a young man of twenty years. Or was she first swept into the arms of her sixty-nine year-old mother? In Sweden she had been alone, but in Malad she was surrounded by family, not only her mother and son, but her sister, Johanna, and her brothers, Soren and Nils. All of her siblings were now married and had children. Johanna introduced her husband, Charles DuVander, and their three children, Charles, Charlotte “Lotty” and Emmalisha. Soren wanted her to meet Caroline and his three children, Hammond, Amelia and Albert, and Nils had his arms around his wife, Hannah, and his son, George. Elna wanted to show off her own Hannah who had never seen any of these relatives. And all of them shed tears for family members who were gone. Elna and her mother had buried their husbands. Elna’s father was the first person to be buried in the St. John Cemetery and in a grave near by was one of Johanna’s daughters. Soren’s first son was also resting in a little grave.

Willie: “Before mother had left Sweden, she had bought each one of her daughters a Bible, so they would not be converted to the Mormon belief. But the Elders took their Bibles and preached the Gospel to them, from their own Bibles. They were all converted and were baptized shortly after arriving at Malad.”

Elna was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints on March 18, 1874. Before she joined the Church she accepted a proposal of marriage from the man who helped her through the ocean voyage. Elna married Charles Jenson\Berlin on December 3, 1873 the year she arrived in Idaho.

Willie: “My father and mother were married against the wishes of the daughters. This was only natural that they did not want their mother to marry again, when they were as old as they were. So I guess it was strife all the way, from the day they married until they finally seperated [sic]. From what I learned later on, when I was old enough to understand what they were talking about, mother sometimes told me how difficult it had been for her at times.”

Elna and Charles Jenson had one child, William “Willie” Charles Jenson. I am sure Uncle Willie¹¹ had a twinkle in his eye when he wrote about his birth: “[I] Was born the 10th day of November 1874, in Onada [sic] County, Idaho. Was too young at birth to remember very much about it, but was told it was the first snow storm that season so the heavens wept as well as my mother and three big sisters, oh, not for joy but pity and disappointment. My neck was so limber that it could not hold my head, so it flopped around and had to be held in place, so I didn’t blame them for feeling sorry and then I was so homely it caused a snow storm.”

Charles and Elna separated when Willie was two years old and never lived together again. She used the Fredrickson name the rest of her life. Elna moved on to a new adventure.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was sending people to colonize near the Little Colorado River in Arizona. The first group of colonists was sent there in 1873. They went, looked, turned their backs on the desolate place and went home. However, Church leaders had their eyes on the south, and envisioned a Mormon port city in Mexico. A string of Mormon settlements through Arizona would provide stopping places for the transport of goods for a growing economy.

Church leaders sent out other explorers to look at Arizona. When one of them, James S. Brown, came back to Utah late in 1875, he gave

¹¹ As an old man he was known and loved by many of the people in the valley where he lived and everyone called him “Uncle Willie” whether they were related or not.

favorable reports of the Little Colorado area to Church leaders. He also diligently traveled around northern Utah giving lectures extolling the advantage of moving to Arizona. In January of 1876 Church leaders again asked people to go settle Arizona.

When church members were asked by church leaders to go someplace they received a “call.” When someone was called, he was a “missionary.” The people who went to Arizona were called missionaries, but they were not proselyting or teaching church doctrine. They were called to be settlers. In 1874 President Brigham Young had also asked the Church members to establish the United Order. The settlers in Arizona would also live the “United Order,” where everyone worked together as a economic community. Church leaders ask for two hundred missionary-settlers and their families to move to Arizona, tame the land and live united. Quotas were given to the leaders of the wards and stakes with the largest quota of people to come from northern Utah.¹²

“...most of the missionaries met in Salt Lake City late in January, where they were organized into companies of fifty according to the locality from which they came. They were also briefed as to what they might expect in the Little Colorado country and given some idea of how to prepare for the trip. Haste, they were told, was an imperative. The missionaries who left during those short winter days of 1876 took no more than a month to get under way. Later...it was more customary to give six months or even longer for the missionary to make ready.”¹³

Elna’s brothers, Soren and Nils were called

¹² All information about the Little Colorado Settlements came from the research of Charles S. Peterson in Take Up Your Mission: Mormon Colonizing Along the Little Colorado River 1870-1900, the University of Arizona Press, 1973

¹³ *Ibid.*, p.64

to go settle Arizona. Soren had a very useful skill for a new community, shoemaker. Many young men who heard about the new settlements were excited about going south and volunteered to go. James S. Brown, the enthusiastic explorer of the region recruited about eighty volunteers. Elna’s oldest son, twenty-two year olds Lars, volunteered to go too. Did he go for the adventure, the prospect of land, or the bonds of love with his uncles? After years of separation from her oldest son Elna decided to go with him or perhaps she was persuaded to come along because she too had a much needed skill and piece of equipment. She could weave and she had a loom. Forty-two year-old Elna, sixteen year-old Kjerstie who was now called Katie, twelve year old Hilma, seven year old Hannah and baby Willie who was about two, completed the family group who left Malad, Idaho.

There are three accounts of the journey to the Little Colorado Settlements, one by Elna’s brother, Soren, as recorded by his son; one by her son, Willie who was two when they went; and one compiled by Lars’ descendants. Soren’s record gives a brief summary of the entire experience. Lars and Willie fill in the details.

Soren: “...in Malad... [my Father] had a call (no doubt from the heads of the Church) to go into the United Order in Arizona. There was quite a number joined from there [Malad] and other places. Some of the family joined and some did not but they went along with them to Arizona. Father took two good teams of horses, wagons loaded with seed grain and farm tools, two yoke of oxen, five or six cows, one set of harness that he made and one that he bought, which was all put into the order and taken all the way from Malad, Idaho to the order in Arizona. Father was nearly drowned fording the Healy River [and] one of his teams was. He went into the order in Lot Smith’s company... Uncle Nels and family and Cousin Lars went into the Allen company. These orders were not successful and

finally broke up. Father got nothing out of it but a jaded team, but it did not shake my father's faith in the Church one iota. He was always faithful and devoted to the Church and its principles to his dying day. Most of the ones that emigrated remained faithful and active but some few did not....

"After the Order broke up my father stayed in Arizona and took up land in Pima. Nels, his wife Hanna and only son George settled in St. David, Arizona and all died there."

The Lars Nelson History states: "Lars had accumulated a few cows while working for Bishop Preston. He got an ox team and an outfit together and took his mother, three sisters and little brother and left for Arizona."

Willie: "...the three families yoked up their oxen and started for Arizona, traveling all the way down through Utah till they came to Richfield. Here they found a family they had known in Sweden that had emigrated the same time they had, by the name of Andrew Shields Jensen, which owed them some money he had borrowed to come from Sweden. This money helped my family on their way."

The journey from Idaho to the new land was over seven hundred miles. Each wagon carried about 2,000 pounds. In an article in the "Deseret News," a Salt Lake paper, the advice given was six or seven hundred pounds per animal pulling the wagon. The first five hundred miles were the "easy" miles because the wagons moved south through Utah from settlement to settlement. There were well traveled dirt roads. It was fairly flat country as they wound their way from camp spot to camp spot. Often the travelers stopped and stayed with friends in the towns along the way. Lars and Elna stopped in Richfield in Sevier Valley to visit people from Sweden.

But "easy" is a relative term. They were traveling in winter and it was a particularly snowy cold winter. Uncle Willie wrote that when they left Malad Valley the snow was so

deep they could not see the tops of the fence posts. There was no communal cooking arrangements for the wagons traveling together so the women had to drag grub boxes out of the wagons and cook breakfast and supper over a campfire as the cold assaulted them from all sides.

After the missionaries left Sevier Valley travel got harder. They moved to higher elevations which brought colder temperatures. They had to cross and recross the Sevier River, going in and out of freezing water, often chopping away ice that wasn't thick enough to hold a loaded wagon.

"Possibly no large group had a better opportunity to test these frosty miles than did the missionaries of 1876. Toiling through snow that lay up to eighteen inches on the level, and in temperatures that froze the feet of both livestock and humans, they were well initiated to the rigors of winter travel by the time they reached Panquitch in the south end of the Sevier Valley. But, as many of them feared, the hardest part of the journey lay in the thirty-five-mile mountain stretch from Panquitch to Orderville. After crossing south of Panquitch, they followed the old road up the west branch of the Sevier, a long day's drive to Hatch Ranch. Here they girded themselves for the push on to the timbered rim of the Great Basin, which they reached near present-day Long Valley Junction. Although there were many outfits on the road, the trace through the snow drifted in almost as it was broken, and each new party was forced to break its own way through drifts three or four feet deep. By pushing far into the night, some who were fortunate in the condition of their animals made it up the divide from Hatch to the rim of the basin in one long day. It took others four days, and one unfortunate party floundered in the

snows eighteen days in making the sixty miles from Panquitch to Kanab.¹⁴

The route Elna and family and the other settlers traveled later became Utah State Highway 89 which is now called the scenic route! Two of the attractions near the highway is Bryce Canyon and Zion's National Park. But they were not on a scenic tour. Across the top of the Great Basin summit they traveled. One of those who traveled the same trying trail wrote back to the Deseret News (April 5, 1876) "going down off the summit was as hard as going up. The steepest roads in northern Utah could not compare. Sometimes three animals were down out of four, and every minute we expected to see an axletree broken."

The weary travelers pushed on to Kanab. They were now moving out of the snow and cold. The "easy" part of the journey was over. The next three hundred miles¹⁵ were the real test. A major stopping place was Horse Rock Springs in the shelter of steep sandstone cliffs. The spot had water, good grazing and firewood. On they pushed through canyons of fragmented, wind sculptured rocks to Lee's Ferry for the crossing of the Colorado River. Lee's Ferry was named after John D. Lee, the first person to operate the ferry. A hint of what it was like to live at the side of the Colorado River is indicated by the name Mrs. Emma Lee picked for the spot, "Lonely Dell."

Lars Nelson History: "Uncle Willie said when they crossed the Colorado River they ferried the wagons across and the cows and oxen had to swim. One of the oxen got about in the middle of the river and just quit swimming. The last they saw of it, it was going down the middle of the river. They had to hook up one of the cows with the oxen." (Those who know animals say it is easier to get horses to swim a river than cattle.)

Maybe the oxen weren't the only ones who fearfully crossed the river. The ferry was flat and open. The passengers could see water on all sides. They could look down stream a few hundred yards and watch rapids foaming and tossing up white water. One passenger said if the ferry operator acted confident the fear and inner trembling subsided, but never disappeared! When Elna and her family crossed the Colorado River, there was a woman operating the ferry. In the absence of her husband, Mrs. J. D. Lee kept the ferry moving back and forth across the river with help from Warren Marshall Johnson.¹⁶ In 1876 the fee for the ferry crossing was \$1.00 per wagon and 25 cent for each extra animal which was a special half-price rate for missionaries

"...a word should be written about the road out of the river to the south. ...it led up a tilted and precipitate apron of rock since known as Lee's Backbone but called merely "the mountain" or "the Lee Hill" during years prior to 1880. Complicated by the crazy pitch of the backbone and its scarred and broken rock surface, the climb was perhaps the worst that the pioneers encountered on the Lee's Ferry route. Teams were doubled and wagons taken singly to the top of the two mile pull. Slowed by such procedures, parties of any size usually took a half-day or more on the up-grade and a like period dropping off the other side where a steep and contorted terrain required that hand wheels be locked and spring seats and other loose equipment tied to the wagons. When extra teams were not available for doubling, it was necessary, as one pioneer laconically noted, to "unload...and pack it upon our backs."¹⁷

¹⁴ Take Up Your Mission, p.72

¹⁵ See map on page 7 for route to Arizona.

¹⁶ John D. Lee was arrested in 1874 for his participation in the Mountain Meadow Massacre and executed twenty years after the event happened.

¹⁷ Take Up Your Mission, p.78-79

On and on Elna and her family traveled into a country which one traveler described as: "A strange country of a barren desert of rocks, sand hills, mounds, gravel beds, and many curious rocks....The hills are of thin slate in a decayed state, rocks are in every shape of men, women, children, and palaces. The country is without grass or soil."¹⁸

After Lee's Backbone the wagons bumped and bounced, crept and crawled along a roadbed created from rocks and sand -- Navajo Springs, Bitter Springs, Limestone Tanks, Willow Springs. They were about a hundred miles past Lee's Ferry when they came to the banks of the Little Colorado which had the descriptive name of "the bad lands." And there was still a hundred more miles to the place they would settle. They camped near Black Falls where there was good grazing for the animals, then traveled a half day to Powder Hill which was a good place for "nooning." (Every noon the travelers stopped to feed and rest their animals.) Their next stop was close to Grand Falls where there was more good grazing ground. Next was Rocky Ford where they crossed from the north to the south side of the Little Colorado River, then past San Francisco Wash (Canyon Diablo), and finally they crossed the Little Colorado again where they saw a broad valley marked with cottonwood trees. They had traversed the trail that became known as the "Mormon Wagon Road" until it was paved and numbered Highway 89. The weary travelers had arrived at their new home.

As would be expected there are some differences in the three narratives told by Soren, Lars and Willie about the Arizona experience. There are several references in the following accounts to the Healy (Gila) River. The Nilsson-Fredrickson families never crossed or reached the Gila River which is much further south than where they settled. The major river crossing was over the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry and the river near their final stopping place was the Little Colorado. There is a family connection to

the Gila River. Although Elna, her family and her brother Soren and his family left Arizona, their brother Nils, his wife, Hannah and their son George stayed in Arizona. They moved further south into the Gila River country and eventually settled and died in St. David, a town on the San Pedro River, a branch of the Gila River.

Four groups traveled to Arizona in early 1876. Soren said that Lars, Elna and her family went with the Allen Company which was led by William C. Allen and he went with Lot Smith. The other two groups were lead by George Lake and Jesse O. Ballinger. Lot Smith was assigned to be the leader of the entire mission. Lot Smith's group and Ballinger's group settled near one another about twenty-five miles down river (northwest), back the way they had come. Allen's group stayed at the rendezvous site and Lake's group crossed the river. The Smith company named their settlement, Sunset after the name of the crossing on the Little Colorado River. The Allen company picked the name of Allen's Camp (later St. Joseph and then Joseph City). If Lars and Elna stayed with Allen's group they should have lived at Allen's Camp, but the Lars Nelson History said they were at Sunset.

The missionary-settlers met at a designated spot and were divided into groups of fifty which had been assigned in Salt Lake City at the January meeting. Lot Smith arrived at the meeting place on the Little Colorado on March 23, 1876. Elna and her family must have arrived within a few weeks of that date.

Lars, Elna and her family didn't stay in Arizona very long. It is interesting to note the reason given for the move back to Utah. The Lars Nelson History states, "Lars didn't seem to like the United Order. When the dam on the Gila River went out he decided to go back to Richfield."

Almost the first thing the settlers did after they arrived was begin the work of bringing water to the land for crops. One of settlers was a surveyor and he started to lay out the ditches. The rest of the men went to work making dams,

¹⁸ Wilford Woodruff, Cowley, Matthew; p. 513

not across the Gila River, but across the Little Colorado River. They cut down trees and moved them to the river bank. They used grubbing hoes to cut sage brush off at the root tops and transported it to the river bank. They filled wagons with dirt and rocks and moved it to the river bank. Then the dirt, rocks, trees and brush were hauled and dumped in the river bed to make a dam. It was back-breaking work. Lars worked along with all the others.

“The dam at Allen’s Camp, which was completed on June 6 after two and a half months, stretched 180 feet across the river and was reported to be sixty feet thick and nine feet high. Although logs had been riprapped in and a great quantity of rock used, the dam held only until July 19 when the first real flood of the year [1876] swept it away.”¹⁹

This may have been the flood that sent Lars with his mother, sisters and brother back to Utah. However, there was more than one flood that washed out the dams the settlers made across the Little Colorado before they made one that stayed. Anyone of them could have been the one that caused Lars to turn his back on Arizona. It must have been discouraging to see months of work swept away by the very water they expected to use for irrigating crops. Perhaps Lars couldn’t face building another dam.

There may have been many reasons why Lars left. In his history Willie says it was so extremely hot Elna and Lars decided to leave. Arizona is indeed much hotter than Sweden.

Maybe they didn’t like communal living. The first months in the settlements were spent camped in wagon boxes. Because the settlements were organized under the United Order, a religious-communal organization, during the first year everything was done as a group. They worked together. They ate

together. They were under one leader who gave the orders.

Perhaps Lars didn’t like all those orders! The leader over all the camps and over Sunset (where Elna’s family may have been living) was Lot Smith. He was a fiery red-head. Lars was a red-head too, but I don’t know if he was fiery! Lot Smith kept strict control over the people in his group. It is reported that he was “overbearing, intolerant and hot-headed in the extreme. He badgered, threatened, and fumed to make his domination a reality in Sunset.”²⁰

Whatever the reasons, they forced Lars, Elna, Katie, Hannah, Hilma and Willie back over the arduous Mormon Wagon Road. Back along the river, back through the washes, back to each of the campsites. And all along the way they could read the names of people carved or painted on the sandstone rocks. On they went, again crossing the Colorado River on the fear-inducing Lee’s Ferry where Willie says they lost an ox. Back up the trail. Back to the plateau at Kanab where it had been bitter cold, but now it was unbearably hot, and of course, dust billowed around the wagons and the family. All the jolts and bumps in reverse. Back over the summit of the Great Basin and into Sevier Valley. But Lars and Elna were not the only ones who left. Probably 90 percent of those who went to the Little Colorado Settlements left.

How long was the family in Arizona? The Nelson History said they were there for two years which makes it 1878 when they left. Uncle Willie wrote they moved to Rabbit Valley in 1877 after spending the winter, 1876-1877 in Richfield which means they only spent a few months in Arizona because they left Idaho in February 1876 with the first group to settle there. Utah land records were searched to find the dates Lars and Elna made land transactions as a way to pinpoint the time they arrived in Rabbit Valley. Lars bought 160 acres located between Fremont and Loa, Utah. Bureau of Land Management

¹⁹ Take Up Your Mission, 1973 p. 19

²⁰ *Ibid.* p.114

records list the patent²¹ was a cash purchase from the Federal Government, not a homestead. The transaction was dated June 1, 1882, and probably cost \$5.00 an acre. We don't know why Lars bought the land instead of homesteading. If he had obtained the patent on his land through homesteading, which takes four years to prove up before he could get a patent, he would have to have been in the Valley in 1877. There is no document which gives us the exact dates the family arrived. It can only be narrowed down to a three year period, 1877- 1880. We know the family arrived before June 1880 because they are listed in the Federal Census taken that year.

Uncle Willie wrote: "We camped south of Richfield for some time near where the town of Monroe is now located, but as winter was coming on we moved in to Richfield and lived with an old man by the name of Wheelmaker. It was while we were living with him that Lars heard about the valley south of Richfield, with plenty of wood, water and grass. My half-brother Lars, decided to come over and look it over. It was here he camped with Jack Allred who was the one family living in the valley at that time. He inquired about land to be filed on and was informed there was a quarter section just north of his, he could get to homestead. This is what he did. He came back to Richfield, got a yoke of oxen, came back and built a log cabin. This was required as a filing on a homestead right on land at that time. The family stayed at Richfield until the next spring before we moved over to what was then called Rabbit Valley."

And thus Elna, and her children, Lars, Katie, Hilma, Hannah and Willie came to be among the first settlers in a mountain valley so far away

²¹ Land record at Wayne County Court house, #2292 and certificate #2226, instrument date June 1, 1892 record filed April 24, 1909. Cash entry on land records, Plat 5 Book S, at the Bureau of Land Management Office, Salt Lake City, Utah. A patent is issued to the first person to own the land, thereafter a deed shows ownership.

from Sweden. Through out his life, Lars was always willing to move on to a new place. This mountain valley where he took his mother, brother and sisters was indeed new to white settlers. Indians traveled through the valley from time to time, staying a while and then moving on, only one white family lived there.

Willie takes us with them on their journey to Rabbit Valley.²² "In the spring of 1877, we left Richfield and moved over to what was then called Rabbit Valley. There was scarcely [sic] any road at all. I can remember how the wagon bounced from one rock to three or four. In fact it was all bounce. I can remember how glad I was when they would let me ride behind my sister Hannah, who rode an old gray mare to drive cattle. At that time the road or trail to Burrville climbed the hogback, and then near the south end of Fishlake, then over Dogflat and down the hollow at the south end of the flat, ...that is known as the old Fish Lake Road. [Then] down into the valley [Rabbit Valley]. When we got to the valley we crossed two streams of water, one is known as Spring Creek and the other as the Dirty Devil, this one was much the largest and the deepest.²³ When we came the entire Valley was covered with dense sage, rabbit and grease wood brush. It was a desolate and dreary looking valley. Not a fence or road to be seen, only the Indian trail was on the west side of the river full length of the valley. A dense growth of willows grew on both sides of the river but none on Spring Creek where the water was warm and had some minerals in the water therefore the willows and brush did not grow near the stream. The cabin Lars had built was made out of red pine logs and was only about 12 or 14 feet square, with the bark on, this made it easy to plaster. The rough bark helped the plaster stick. How we lived in that little cabin the first winter with a iron stove

²² See map of Utah, page 52, for location of Fremont, Utah which is in Rabbit Valley.

²³ The Fremont River becomes the Dirty Devil down stream and eventually drains into the Colorado River.

in one corner I'll never know. Most of our things were stacked around the house on the outside. Mother's loom was piled at the north end of the cabin with the spinning wheel with it. Yes, it was real pioneering."

If Willie, who never lived any place but the high western desert, thought the valley was desolate and dreary looking what did Elna think when she saw that lonely expanse of wilderness. Willie had no memories of Sweden, but she did. She remembered fertile, green fields that had been cultivated for centuries. She knew the feel of humid breezes from the sea that kept the summers pleasant and the winters mild. She left a modern world where things were starting to move faster, trains and telegraph and electricity, and rode in a horse-drawn wagon into the past: living in log cabins, drinking water from rivers, clearing land, building wood fires, growing most of her own food, and making the clothing she wore. Hundreds of her descendants have looked at the same valley and seen houses, fenced green fields, roads, church steeples, electric wires, but most of all they see "home" because she made it her home.

Willie continued, "In the year 1878 and 1879 settlers came into the valley till all the land was taken up that was near rivers where water could be gotten on the land handy and not much ditch work to be done. It was later on that the canals were built to cover the remaining land. 'In 1878 a frost killed the grain early in September, that is to say, much of it. Some little however had matured. We also raised potatoes, turnips, beets, and garden truck generally not doing very well...December 31 the thermometer sank to 33 degrees below zero.'"²⁴

"The next year another cabin was built much larger, with a leantoo [sic] on it so the weaving [loom] and spinning wheel could come inside. These mother and the girls kept going both night and day it seemed to me. It was the last thing I heard at night and the first thing in the morning. Carding, spinning, weaving. I and my youngest

sister picked the wool after it was washed, before it was carded. Hilma usually did the carding, Katie the spinning, mother the weaving. Some times they would change each other for a rest."

Willie's morning wake-up call and evening lullaby was the music of the loom. The soft rub of his mother's shoes on the treadles²⁵ to raise a harness. The glide of the harness upward and the sigh of taut warp yarns as the heddles pull them up too. The hiss of the shuttle as Elna threw it left between the warp yarns. A soft clap as she grabbed it with her left hand. A forceful whomp-whomp as Elna pulled the beater against the ribbon of rags to tamp it into place. Followed by a bump as the harness dropped back into the frame. Again shoe on treadle, glide of harness, sigh of warp yarn, hiss of moving shuttle (this time going from left to right), soft clap of hand catching shuttle, whomp-whomp of beater pushing fabric ribbons into colorful ropes entwined in warp yarn and then the thump of dropping harness. The repeated pulse and pattern of weaving. A magic tune that made rugs appear. The music always halted while Elna rolled the woven section onto the cloth beam pulling the waiting warp yarns toward her. The click of the brake and the loom began again. The next intermission came when the rag ribbon ended and Elna wound more rag stripes around the shuttle. Then the loom continued its music until the piece was finished.

Elna may not have been encumbered with possessions when she left Sweden but when she left Idaho her luggage included a floor loom. Did it come in pieces with her from Sweden or did someone make it for her in Idaho? We don't know, but it continued to move from place to place with her. Her loom was assembled and reassembled each time she made a new home. She wove rag rugs to beautify and warm her floors and to earn a living. And she wove fabric to clothe her family.

Rag rug weaving began in Sweden. Many

²⁴ "History of Wayne County", W. C. Jensen, p.5

²⁵ See Illustration of Weaving Equipment, page 44.

Swedish women learned to weave and what a skill it is to learn. I went to watch a weaver and came away thinking I had asked someone to teach me how to be a virtuoso pianist in two easy lessons. Before a weaver can even make music they have to attach all the strings to their instrument! Elna could not begin weaving until she had carefully measured her yarn and cut it the length of the rug plus extra for wrapping around the beams on the loom. If the rug was 6 feet long she measured the yarn into an eight or nine foot length. She measured again and again and again. When she had a bundle she tied it with short cords and cut it to make the length needed. Each length is called a “warp end.” Elna made many bundles containing hundreds of warp ends for each project.

There are several devices Elna may have used to help in the measuring process. Some women put pegs on the side of the house or barn and walked back and forth between pegs wrapping the yarn between them as if a pair of giant hands were holding the yarn. Next the yarn was tied in bundles and cut to make the needed length. Another way to measure warp yarn is with a small wooden frame called a warping board. It has wooden pegs along the four edges of the frame. The weaver ties the end of the yarn to a peg and zig-zags the yarn around the pegs from side to side to get the desired length and the weaver repeats the measuring pattern many times to get the dozens and dozens of warp ends needed. No matter the method Elna used, she always had to spend hours measuring and cutting warp ends.

When the warp ends were all measured and cut to the correct length, Elna then tied each yarn onto the loom. Weavers say they are “dressing the loom” when they attach the warp. Dressing a loom is the task of threading each warp end, the yarn,²⁴ between the reeds (wires) in the beater and through the eye of a “heddle.” Heddles are cords or thin strips of metal stretched vertically in a rectangle frame called a

“harness.” Each heddle has a hole in it just like a sewing needle, but the heddle eye is in the center of the cord. When Elna dressed her loom she draped the warp yarns across a horizontal beam. Some weavers work from the front to the back of the loom and others work from back to front. Seated on a low stool Elna used a “sley hook” to pull each warp yarn between two wires (reeds) in the beater. Then she pushed each thread through an eye of a heddle. Since the heddles are hanging from more than one harness Elna had to put the yarn in the correct heddle in the correct harness. Elna had to put each warp yarn in the correct hole in the heddle because the heddles control the pattern in the rug or fabric. If just one warp yarn is put in the wrong heddle eye the pattern has a mistake in it that multiplies down the length of rug or fabric. Finally Elna laid the yarn over the beam at the back of the loom. The next warp yarn followed a parallel route to the first yarn. Each one was pulled between two wire reeds and through an eye of a heddle then draped over the back beam. Elna did these motions again and again and again to dress her loom. Slowly rows of yarn laid horizontally across the beams of the loom.

After the many, even hundreds of warp yarns were individually pulled between the reeds, through the heddle eyes and draped over the front and back beams, they were tied around a warp stick. Bundles of eight to twelve threads were tied together around the stick rather than each individual yarn. Then Elna carefully wound the long warp yarns around the warp beam by turning a crank at the end of the beam. The beam rotated and the warp yarn wound around the beam. When the yarn was no longer laying in puddles at the front of the loom, but dangled a few inches over the breast beam, Elna set the brake and moved to the front of the loom. There she picked up eight to twelve yarns and tied them in a square knot to another stick. After much tying and retying to give the yarns the same tension, Elna was finally ready to weave a rug or even several rugs. Rather than dress the

²⁴ Since I’m not a weaver I am going to call the “warp ends” yarn. It looks like yarn to me.

loom²⁵ for every project the weaver can make the warp yarns long enough to do two or more rag rugs.

After Elna's grandson, Loren watched his grandmother and mother, Katie, weave rag rugs, he said, "I think it took years to gather enough rags for a carpet. Mother and Grandmother had to get all that cloth and it wasn't new cloth. It was just clothes, like a shirt that had a few good pieces that wasn't wore out. First the rags were washed and made clean. Then they were torn into strips about one inch wide. They had to sew them together and then they'd wind them in a ball. They'd get a great big ball, about 8-inch balls. That's a lot of cloth. It took many of them to do a rug. They had rags and rolls of rags before she made a carpet.

"It would take three to six months to build a carpet. She'd string the loom with carpet warp and then the rag strings went back and forth across and the loom worked them tight together and made a carpet. It was all colors²⁶, black and white, every color went into it. They had to be sixteen foot square. She built them in three or four feet wide strips. Then they'd sew the strips together and that made a carpet. That took a long, long while. They were good carpets."#2-2

Elna probably brought her weaving patterns with her from Sweden. The patterns are graphed directions for dressing the loom and also the instructions for moving the treadles which move the harnesses which wove the pattern into the fabric. It is unknown if Elna had a two, four, six or eight harness loom. The more harnesses in a loom the more complicated the weaving patterns because the harnesses control the way the warp yarn goes over and under the filling (rag ribbons). Elna was a master weaver. The many things she knew about weaving could only be learned from other weavers and years of practice in front of a loom learning the music of weaving.

²⁵ My friend told me it took her 8-10 hours to measure the yarn and dress the loom, but it only took 2-3 hours to weave one baby afghan!

²⁶ Random colors in a rag rug is called "Hit-and-Miss."

Willie: "It was about the 1880's that mother started weaving rag carpets for the settlers, and also repairing shoes for the people. A trade she had learned from her brother, he being a professional shoe maker. She would take the leather from old worn out shoes and make me shoes to ware [sic]. She made me a good many pair when I was small. The price charged for weaving rag carpets was 10 cents per yard if they [the customer] furnished the material. Some times she had to take produce, wheat, oats, molasses, or any thing the people had that mother could use. On one occasion she wove a carpet for Johny Buckcanon and she did some other work for them, that he brought house logs to build a house on the land she had homesteaded. Those days there was very little money, and it was hard to get, so they helped each other.

"My sisters was really better off than most girls in the Valley. They could weave their woolen dresses. They cut the bark off the Tagalders that grew along the river to color them with, this made a deep wine color, and they were really proud of their new woolen dresses. They did look nice I thought.

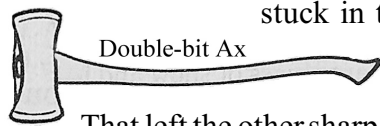
"The schools we had in the valley, there were four of them, and they paid them with produce such as the people could raise on the farms there were some that could pay money so they did get along, and they paid according to the number of children they sent to school. As soon as warm weather came in the spring so they could work on the land, school was let out and all began clearing the brush off the land, so there was a job for the entire family. In the evening the entire valley was lighted up with brush fires. It was a great sight to see. They worked by the light of the fires, so did not stop work because of night.

"When I was eleven years of age I began working out to help my widowed mother make a living. That was the end of my schooling."

In the 1880 Census of Utah Lars Nielson, farmer, age 26, is listed as the head of a household living with his "mother, Ellen Frederickson, a housekeeper who cannot write,

age 46; a sister, Katie Frederickson, age 20²⁷; a sister, Hilma Frederickson age 16, a sister, Hannah Frederickson age 11 and a half-brother Willie C. Jensen age 5.” Lars was ten years old when he came to America. He didn’t see his Mother again for ten years, yet he took the responsibility to provide for her, three sisters and a brother before he was twenty-three. Lars willingly became the “man of the family.”

Uncle Willie wrote this story about his mother for a Wayne County History, Rainbow Views. “We had been living [in Rabbit Valley] five or six years when my older brother Lars went to Richfield and bought for himself a double bitted ax, which he sharpened and



stuck in the bottom log on the outside of the granary. That left the other sharp blade sticking out. Along came an old sow that was running out with a litter of little pigs. She came up to the granary and was scratching her side when she struck the sharp blade of the ax, which cut her side open so that the entrails came out.

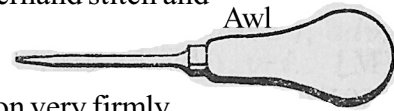
“When I saw what had happened, I ran and told Mother. She came out, and seeing the condition of the sow, called the girls to come and help. We got the sow in a corner and caught her but had quite a tussle to get her down. My oldest sister Katie, a big robust girl, sat on the head and shoulders of the sow, while Hilma, the next oldest, sat on the other end, holding to a hind leg so the sow could not get up. My younger sister and I ran the errands.

“Mother, being a shoe cobbler and having plenty of linen wax ends, sent me for the needle and thread and Hannah for a bucket of water.

“Then the operation began. Mother held the entrails up for Hannah to pour water on to wash them off, for in the struggle to get the sow down, the entrails had got in the dirt. When they were perfectly clean, Mother poked them all back in the side. Then she began sewing up the cut,

²⁷ The census was taken on June 22. Katie was 21. Her birthday is May 30. Birthdays were not often celebrated.

using the overhand stitch and drawing the walls of the inside incision very firmly



together. But when she tried to close the outside part of the gash, the hide was so thick the needle wouldn’t go through it, so she sent me for the awl. By the time I got back, the sow was getting nervous, but they held her down. Every time Mother would push the awl through the sow’s side, she would squeal and wring her tail, which made me laugh. For this the girls would scold me and say, ‘How would you like to be served like this and have someone laugh at you?’

“At last the job was finished, and the old sow got up with an expression on her face that said, ‘I think you have been very mean to me.’ She didn’t go far until she was met by her little pigs, which began coaxing for their warm dinner. She lay down very carefully, and when they all began rooting her, she would grunt and whimper as much as to say, ‘Be careful, you little rascals. Don’t you know your mother has just had an operation?’

“The wound healed, and it wasn’t long until nothing showed except a scar about six inches long on the old sow’s side. Since then I have witnessed several operations but none that I thought was more successful than the one performed by my Mother on the old sow.

“I have told this incident, which is true in every respect, so that Mother’s great-great-grandchildren now living may know something of the resourcefulness of their grandmother and other pioneer women who settled in these valleys of the mountains.”²⁸

In 1881 Elna bought her own land, 160 acres²⁹, had a log cabin built and set up her own household. At a time when men provided the income and the house was women’s work, Elna,

²⁸ “A PIONEER OPERATION” --Rainbow Views: A History of Wayne County, Anne Snow, p. 126-128

²⁹ Patent Homestead Certificate #no. 4530, Instrument Date 12-20-1891, Filing Time 5-19-1893. Courthouse, Loa, Wayne County, Utah. See page 146, Map of Fremont, for the location of her cabin and land.

nearly forty-eight years old, started over. With no assurance of long life or outside help except what Lars could give, if any, Elna chose to be independent. Her helpers were Katie age twenty-two, Hilma age seventeen, Hannah age twelve and Willie age six.

Elna and the four unmarried children moved, a short distance east, up the dirt wagon track from Lars. Their little cabin sat on the slope of a hill. Uncle Willie wrote that Johnny Buchanan got the logs for Elna as trade for the rag carpets she wove for his family. We can guess the men in the valley had a house raising and built it for her. She planted trees which grew into an oasis of shade and a spot of shimmering green in an expanse of high desert dominated by faded shades of greys and greens.

Elna's days were filled with daily work and Sunday worship. The food her family ate came from her land and their work, only salt and sugar came from a store. Before they could plant a garden they had to clear the land. Not only did brush have to be grubbed out, but black volcanic rocks had to be removed. They lifted them onto a sledge to move them, but Elna, Willie and the girls didn't dump the rocks in an out-of-the-way place. They used them to make a rock fence around a garden spot. A great-grandson, Alvin Taylor, said the garden was about a half acre. It was completely surrounded by a rock wall three to four feet high. The remains of the wall can still be seen.

The family planted berry bushes, rhubarb, onions, carrots, potatoes, anything that would grow fast in cool weather. Rabbit Valley had a short growing season. Everything they planted had to be something which took about three months to grow and mature and didn't need hot weather. And all of it had to be watered. They learned to irrigate. The settlers owned shares of water and took turns using the water. After a summer of weeding and watering Elna and the girls picked and preserved and stored what the garden produced.

One of Elna's granddaughters wrote: "Grandmother Fredrickson always took stock of the moon and how it governs plants and animals. She said, 'If you burn a willow patch in August in the dark of the moon it will kill it out. If you burn it off in June in the light of the moon it won't kill the willows out.' 'Kill a pig in the waning part of the moon and the fat renders out, but if its in the growing part of the moon, the meat goes thick.' 'If you have a crop to plant that grows up such as lucerne [or] grain, it must be planted in the light of the moon. Carrots, potatoes or such plants that goes to the roots should be planted in the dark of the moon."³⁰

Elna got a swarm of bees and soon she was tending bee hives and extracting honey. The family fed cows, chickens and pigs. They milked cows. They drank milk from their cows or turned it into butter and cheese. They gathered eggs. Table scraps were saved and fed to the pigs which were eventually slaughtered for meat. The fat from pork was used for cooking and made into soap. The soap was used to scrub clothes on a scrubbing board by hand.

All the water used for the laundry, drinking, cooking and bathing was brought in barrels from Spring Creek about a mile away. The water was heated on their wood-burning stove when they wanted it hot for washing. Wood was chopped to make fires. The fires they made heated the house and cooked the food picked from their garden. The floors were warmer because Elna used scraps of cloth from their worn-out clothes to weave rag rugs. The beds kept them warm because Elna and the girls made quilts. The clothes they wore were made from cloth they wove and sewed into dresses.

When Elna and her family left Idaho, her sister Johanna and family stayed in St. Johns. Elna's mother, Kjerstie, also stayed behind and lived with Johanna. One of Johanna's daughters told this story about her Grandmother, Kjerstie, to her cousin Willie, "One incident related to

³⁰ From Renon Wood, Willie's granddaughter.

me by Lotty Duvander, a grand-daughter of grandmother Nilsson while they were living in Malad: An Old Buck Indian came in to the school house and scared all the wits out of the school Mam and the kids. She ran home, not far from the school house and told grandmother about it. She being the only one home at the time, grandmother grabbed a few cookies, put them in a paper sack, then she walked to the school house, handed the Indian the cookies. She grabbed the Indian by the arm and marched him out of the school house saying, "Go home!" This was the talk of the town for some time. Lotty said the 'devil' himself could not scare grandmother Nilsson. At that time the Indians were real hostile."

After Elna got her own home her mother, Kjerstie Nilsson, came to live with her daughter, late in 1881 or early 1882. Willie says, "Grandmother Nilsson lived with Johanna, 'till they decided to leave Malad, then she was brought to my mother to care for. She died in Wayne County and is buried in the Lyman Cemetery." Elna shared her home with her mother about five years.

It would be interesting to know why Kjerstie Nilsson came to live with Elna. Willie implies Elna's mother needed someone to take care of her. She was seventy-seven years at the time. Johanna and Charles moved to California, why didn't Kjerstie go with them. It is possible Johanna felt it was Elna's turn to have their mother with her. There is also the possibility that Kjerstie did not want to go with Johanna. Johanna and Charles were not only leaving Idaho they were also cutting their ties with the Mormon Church. Kjerstie came to the United States because she and Pehr believed they had found the true Church. They left their ancestral home to go to Zion and walked a thousand miles with other members of that Church to get there. If the flame of testimony was still strong in Kjerstie she would choose to live with Elna who lived among members of the church rather than go on to California with those who no longer believed.

Within a year the three-generation household lost one of its members, Hilma married Frank Taylor when she was nineteen. Willie wrote this notation his History of Wayne County, "Married February 23, 1883: William Franklin Taylor...and Hilma Frederickson.... They were married by F[anklin] W[heeler] Young at the residence of the brides mother, Ellen A. Frederickson, in presence of Wm. Taylor [Frank's father] and Lars Nelson [her brother, the witnesses]." They were the third couple to be married in the Valley.

Elna's daughters were always mindful that their older brother was still a bachelor. They felt Lars needed a wife and acted as matchmakers for him. It is recorded in the Lars Nelson History this way, "When [Elna] left Sweden she left some property for the town officials to dispose of.³¹ While corresponding about the property each letter from Sweden would say, "Don't forget about Anna." [the girl's cousin.³²] Lars's sisters asked him if they could propose to Anna for him. Finally he agreed. They wrote and asked her if she would like to come to America and marry Lars." Anna accepted., and came to America. Lars and Anna were married in July of 1886. This was also the year that Lars and Elna officially cut their ties to Sweden. They became citizens of the United States on November 26th.³³

Hannah married Thomas A. Taylor³⁴ when she was nineteen (1888). The next year, 1889, Katie who was thirty married William M. Webster, a widower. Elna and fifteen-year-old Willie were the only ones left to take care of the farm. Willie had all ready been working to help his mother for four years. He quit school when

³¹ At the time Elna and her daughters had been in America about ten years. Lars was now thirty years old.

³² See page 127 to understand the relationship between Anna and Elna's daughters.

³³ Elna's mother, Kjerstina Nilsson, age 82, died the next day, November 27, 1886.

³⁴ Hannah and Hilma's husband's Frank & Thomas Taylor are not brothers.

he was eleven and herded sheep. He said William Webster, (Katie's future husband) "had a family of small children and I worked for him two summers on the farm grubbing brush and breaking up new ground. Then mother traded 20 acres of land for a team, a wagon and harness. I then came home to work the farm and it had to be fenced and seeded to alfalfa. This took me several years to get posts and poles and build fences. And then [I worked] out whenever I could get a chance to make a little money to go on. That was to shear sheep, haul wool and grain to the railroad for 25 to 35 cents a hundred." And in his characteristic way he says the wages were "dry pickings."

And the years, as everyone learns, continued to bring changes. Hilma's husband, Frank, moved their family to Idaho. His father was unhappy in Utah and took as many of his family with him to Idaho as he could talk into leaving a place where they practiced polygamy. The passage of time silvered Elna's blond hair. Willie grew into manhood. They continued to work together. Willie married Josephine Martha Ellet in 1896. He brought his bride to live in the little cabin he shared with his mother.

Elna's children had children. And soon Elna's grandchildren were coming for visits. They have stories to tell about Grandma Fredrickson

Katie's daughter, Alice, wrote, "When I was about five years old [1897] I spent the summer with my grandma, [Elna]. She was Swedish and I couldn't understand her so I would have to just guess at what she told me, sometimes doing just the opposite from what she wanted me to do. She, being very high tempered, would get rather out of sorts and get after me and although I could not understand a word I felt it all very keenly. There was one word which I soon learned, a word that meant to hurry.³⁵ One day after I had been there a short time grandma wanted a small stone, and trying to talk English so I could

understand her, she told me to get her a small stäna. I said, 'What' until she began to get angry, then thinking that perhaps I understood I went looking along the ground for a stain. There were small rocks all around me, but I told her I couldn't find any. She called me something which I could not understand, but which caused me to go and sit in a corner and wish I were home, while grandma went and got her small stäna.

"After I had stayed at grandma's a while and could understand her better we got along very well, until one day while combing my hair with the fine comb I decided that the teeth were too sharp so I cut the points off with the scissors. This was soon discovered and grandma asked me what I *done* it for. I was afraid to tell her so I said 'I didn't do it.' She knew that I *done* it and coaxed me to tell that I did and said she wouldn't be angry if I'd tell her what I did it for. Then I felt sorry and wished that I had told her, and I know that she knew I *done* it because she and I were alone; but after saying that I didn't do it I wouldn't say that I did."

Willie and Josephine's daughter, Martha, wrote about living in Gramma Fredrickson's log cabin. "I remember the place where I was born. There was a rock wall built around a garden, by my Grandma Fredrickson and my father when he was a little boy. There was a three room log cabin, with a porch and trees and bushes, lots of them. There was an elderberry bush and the luscious pies that used to come from it, and jelly from the red currant bushes. The gooseberries I didn't like so well, so a bush was always left to ripen and then they were delicious to eat raw. There was the old garden and the new garden or 'haven' as Grandma used to call it. She never did learn to speak very good English.

"The old Garden had the rock wall around it. One day my older brother Charles and I were playing around it, and a big blow snake came out of the rocks. Charles killed it by throwing a big rock and hitting it on the head. So my earliest memories are tall trees, grass, and lovely bushes,

³⁵ "Fkynda" is Swedish for hurry. "Stäna" means rock or stone.

which gave the people of the valley practically all the fruit they had. They used to come with their containers and pick the fruit.

“Besides selling berries for a living they would weave long strips of carpets and rugs. The loom stood out on the porch in the summer time and was brought in the house in the winter. I was always very interested in this weaving operation and when I was big enough to wind the long strips of rags from the balls on to the shuttles it was pure heaven. Then later I was allowed to help with the weaving. I remember the great delight and feeling of grandeur when we were fortunate enough to have a new rag carpet for our home. Great pitchforks full of clean straw was brought in from the stack and spread evenly over the floor and then the colorful carpet was stretched tight and tacked down around the edges. With the freshly white washed walls, the new lace curtains because a new carpet always called for new curtains, we really had beauty all around.

“My Aunt Hannah, whose husband had been killed by lightning..., came to live with Grandma, so we moved to town and Dad went back and forth to town.”

Katie’s son, Loren, said, “I liked to go up to Grandmothers. Grandmother's house was a little log house. She had another log house out to the side, a granary. She lived right agin’ the hill and the canal was up there. I never went in the house much. I was out in the berry patch most of the time when I was there! She had them currant bushes and berry bushes up there. She was good to us. I liked to go up there, but I wasn't up there too much.

“I remember her milk cow. I think she only had one milk cow. She'd turn it up on the ditch bank. She had a bell around its neck so she could tell where it was all the time. Every time it moved that bell would ring. It was interesting to me. I can hear that yet.

“Grandmother made Sweet Soup. That was the best stuff I've ever tasted. She'd put in raisins and prunes, anything she had in fruit. She had some jelly and put that in there. It was

really good. That was the one thing I really liked that she cooked. Outside of that she didn't cook too much.”

Ione, Lars’ granddaughter, lived near Elna’s cabin so she was there often. She said, “When I was a child, Vern³⁶ and I... went to her old place. It was a little house on the east side. It was a square on all sides. It was as long as it is wide. The cabin was outside the wall, as I remember. Later Uncle Willie used it for a granary....

“She had a big garden. The garden was between the road and the cabin.... I think the entrance was on the north. There was a little gate. There was trees all the way around the garden. That was a big wall. She put it together with a hard dirt. It was kind of clay. It was white. It was hard. Us kids couldn't dig it. There was lots of clay around that they made stuff out of. They didn't have a lot of cement. There was corrals and things.

“[Gramma] had a lot of currants. She had white currants and black currants and red currants. She used to sell them to people that would come from Richfield to buy them. I remember all those bushes being there....

“Grandma Fredrickson’s bushes were really big, I remember that. We used to go up after they'd get ripe and pick the ripe ones and eat the ripe ones. She had some plums up there. I think it was Johnson Plums.... They used to make a lot of preserves out of them.... Grandma had some Crab Apple trees in there too.... They'd take the core out and make Crab Apple Jam. Jelly they used to call it. They used to make lots of jellies. They'd cook them and strain them and take the juice. “Oh-h-h, Grandma had lots of bees. I remember bees, yes. ... She had lots of honey. I think they cooked a lot of the fruit with honey.”

Hilma, Willie’s daughter remembered, “[Grandma] always had apple trees and she would make apple juice and it would be kind of

³⁶ Ione’s father is Lewis Nelson, a son of Lars Nelson, Lewis bought his father’s farm so Ione lived near her Great-Grandmother Fredrickson. Vern was one of her brothers.

strong and make them laugh. If they'd get Sister Fredrickson's little bit of wine their cold was over right a way. That was the only medicine they had was Sister Fredrickson's wine. My gosh, it made them feel better. Just a little tiny bit, you musn't take very much, just a little bit."

Elna's parents came to the United States because of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She came because they were here. The move to Arizona was made at the direction of church leaders. Most of the people in Rabbit Valley were members of the Church, part of the colonizing efforts of the Church. Elna could not live in Utah and not feel the persistent presence of the church. It was always all around her. There is no record of Elna's feelings about religion, just the things she did. She did get baptized and had a Patriarchal Blessing. And she participated in the most important ordinances of the Church, the temple ordinances.

One of the teachings of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is that death is not the end. There is a literal resurrection and family units can continue after death. To make that continuous union possible there is a "sealing" ordinance preformed in a temple. On a crisp October day in 1901 Elna, now sixty-eight, Katie, Hannah, Willie, Josephine and their children, Charles and Martha; made the long eighty mile-trip over bumpy, dirt roads from Fremont to Manti, Utah. When they arrived they entered the Manti Temple to have those sacred ordinances preformed for them. Elna was sealed to her husband Jons and the three children were sealed to them. Willie and Josephine were sealed to each other and to their children. With the priesthood ordinances they also promised to build bonds of love so their relationships could continue as a family forever.

In 1907 Willie was called to serve a proselyting mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Sweden. What thoughts and feelings were in Elna's heart as they said good-bye? She was seventy-three. Willie was thirty-two. What messages did she

send with him to carry across a vast country as he traveled east across the United States of America and then across the Atlantic Ocean? Did she wonder if she would still be alive to greet him when he returned? He did travel in the land of her childhood, Skane. He did walk the roads she had walked. He did meet people and relatives she knew. Did any of them listen to the message he traveled so far to teach?

When he returned two years later, what messages did Willie bring to his mother as they conversed in Swedish? What stories did he tell that made her laugh and smile with remembrance. What things did he talk about that made her weep as she thought of all she had left thirty-five years before? Surely she wanted to hear him describe every village and give every detail of all the relatives he met.

In 1911 Elna sadly watched her son, Lars leave the valley. His wife, Annie had died in 1902. Lars married Libby Maxfield the next year and now Lars was ready for new land and a new adventure. He moved Libby and their family over the mountains to Cedarview in north-eastern Utah.

Elna gave up the daily chores on a farm. She sold her land³⁷ to Willie and went to live with Hannah in Fremont, the little village she could see from her front door. Fremont snuggles against a hill that is topped with a sheer black cliff. From this protected spot the inhabitants can look across Rabbit Valley. There is a beautiful view of Thousand Lake Mountain on the east and Boulder Mountain is a misty blue marking the horizon on the south.

Hannah had her own house now. Her son, David, built a house for her. It sat at the side of his house a short distance away. Hannah's house was west of David's and Annie's house. There were four rooms -- kitchen, living room and two bedrooms. There was a rock cellar north of the house. Hannah did not live there alone. She made one bedroom a haven for others. Elna lived there off and on.

³⁷ For \$650, Warranty Deed #9291 Wayne County, April 2, 1915 recorded March 15, 1919 for 75cents.

Loren, Katie's son said, "Grandma Fredrickson used to live with us so many months and then she'd go to live Aunt Hanner, in Fremont for so long a time³⁸. She'd usually come in the summer time. Well, she was in the winter sometimes too because I remember she'd fix up the chicken coop. It was an old log coop. We had chickens that run outside and then they'd go into roost of a night. She'd chink the coop all up and get it warm for the chicken. She'd get them to lay eggs all winter. When she wasn't there the chickens would quit laying. She'd bring in their food, the wheat, and heat it up for the chickens and take it out for them hot. She made them lay all the time.#1-6

"In the summer Grandmother was the first one up. She'd get up about 5:00 o'clock every morning. She didn't cook the meals, Mother always done the cooking. #3-8 She'd go out in the garden and hoe and weed. She'd always have a big garden when she was there. When she wasn't there we didn't have too much of a garden. We'd raise potatoes and a few things. She was really a worker. She might have been to our place about the third of the time for the last years of her life. #1-6

"Grandmother was short and heavy. She stuck way out in front. It is funny how she could be so heavy and fat, but she was a worker. She was always working, all the time. She'd get up early and work all day, out weeding the garden, tending the chickens. #3-8 Grandma used to go to bed about sundown of a night and then she'd get up at five o'clock in the morning. #1-7 She was a goer.

"Her hair was grey when I knew her. Her hair wasn't so long. It seems like her hair was not too thick. #3-7,8 She was short and light-complected. #2-8 Grandmother always wore long, flannel dresses to the ground. #3-7,8

"Grandma Fredrickson wove carpets for our floors. She done a rug for one room downstairs and one for one upstairs room. She had a carpet loom. She brought it down and put it in the big

south room and she built carpets on that. I don't think there was any beds in the room at that time. It took up a lot of the room. She built two or three carpets. That was the first thing we ever had on our floors. The rugs sure made our home easier to heat. #8-4

"Grandma was a cobbler. She built shoes for us kids. She'd half-sole shoes and sew them. She waxed her thread and sewed shoes up with a waxed thread. She had beeswax and waxed the thread so it would last a long time. She had a last and she'd nail shoes and built soles on shoes and everything. Most old people done that. She knew how when she come [to the United States].

"The store used to carry sole leather, about 8 inches wide and twenty-four inches long and a quarter of an inch thick. Some was thicker than others. You could buy the thickness you wanted. The store would buy a full hide or a half a hide and they had a leather cutter. They'd take a strip off the size you wanted. The leather cutter had a gauge on so you could make it an inch wide or two inches wide. So they could make it even. They had saddle leather and sole leather and different thicknesses. The sole leather was so hard, before you put soles on a shoe you'd have to soak it in warm water to make it soft enough so you could nail a shoe tack through it. Everybody had a last and they'd half sole their shoes and fix the heels. Grandma would sole them and take a knife and cut that off even all the way around. It looked nice when she got through with it. She made Pearl shoes. I had a pair. She made moccasins to put on of an evening. #1-7

"I remember one Christmas when she was living to our house. We didn't have very much money to buy presents and as Pearl was the baby, Grandma thought she should have a doll so she whittled her a doll out of wood. She made the head, arms and legs separate and joined them to the body with elastic in order that they could be moved. The rest of the family wasn't expecting anything but somehow they bought me a pocket knife and candy, nuts and

³⁸ Dec 21, 1918 her church records were moved to Loa Ward, which means she was not a visitor, but a resident.

oranges for the rest of the family. We were poor but we had parents that loved us very much and done every thing they could for us. #8-1

“After Mother died Grandmother lived with Aunt Hanner. She didn't come down to Loa any more. It seemed to me she went to Fremont for a few years before Mother died³⁹.” #3-8

For a while Hannah and her mother shared her little house. Then Hannah's Aunt Mina,⁴⁰ a widow, needed a place to live. Hannah took her in, gave her the “extra” bedroom and moved a bed into her room for her mother. The three widow women settled comfortably together. A quiet spot at the end of a busy life. Swedish echoed through the rooms.

Elna, Hannah and Mina continued to work. Hannah's grandson, Alvin, who lived next door to them said, “Grandmother Fredrickson had a loom at one time.... I remember that loom, how they used to work it. The loom was in the front room. I remember her sitting at the loom lots of days. They used to mainly make rugs out of rags out of clothes. They tore them up into strips about an inch wide.” Elna continued to weave yards and yards of rugs on the loom that had traveled with her from Idaho, to Arizona, back to Utah and then from cabin to cabin. A great-granddaughter said it was about the size of a small piano.

Ione remembered, “Hannah and Grandma Fredrickson quilted quilts; lots of quilts they made.... A lot [of the quilts] was just square blocks and one [pattern] was long, six inches by two or two and a half. They would take old clothes that was wore out, take the good part of them and that's what they made their quilts out of.... They never wasted anything....”

³⁹ Katie died March 8, 1923. Elna probably lived continuously with Hannah after 1919.

⁴⁰ Wilhelmina Lundgren, a polygamist wife to Elna's brother Soren Nilsson/Enstrom. They left Little Colorado Settlements and came back to Utah. He went to Bountiful. They had no children. When I heard Elna's grandchildren, who knew Aunt Mina, talk about her they pronounced it “Mee-nah.” – H.C.

They were peaceful days for Elna, yet highlighted and sweetened by visits from her great-grandchildren next door, (David's children), from her grandchildren down the street, (Willie's children), from Katie and her family in the next town. Katie's daughter, Pearl, said she often stayed with Elna and Aunt Hannah in the summer. There was an occasional visit from Hilma and her family in Idaho. Hilma's daughter, Violet said the visits took place in October when the Mormon's had conference. Violet who was born in 1902 also remembers Elna visited them. Elna always had round peppermint candy in her pockets for “Vi” and her sister, Maude, and their brother, Bryan. She doled it out to them one piece at a time.

Violet's oldest brother, Amos, loved to play jokes on Grandma Fredrickson. One of Amos's jobs was pouring water into the reservoir attached to the side of the stove where the water was heated for washing. When Elna was there Amos would fill the reservoir to the very top without running it over. Then he would call his Grandmother and ask her to come and see if it was full enough. Violet said, “She'd come and peer down. Of course, peering down into the water she couldn't tell [where the top of the water was]. She'd plunge her arm down in the water. Then she'd yell and holler, her [long] sleeve was dripping water. She'd laugh. She thought ... Amos was a wonderful boy.” Every time he tricked her with the water she'd always laugh.

Willie's daughter Hilma who was “very observing” shared her memories of Elna. She said, “Grandma always had a little black ‘claven.’⁴¹ That is the Swedish name for scarf. That is one thing you've got to remember when you think about our Grandma is that she wore a ‘claven’. All it was was a three cornered cloth. Sometimes they'd get a peddler come through and they'd have silk ‘clavens.’ Three corners

⁴¹ Huvudkläde, pronounced “hue-da-**cla**-da.” One granddaughter remembers it as “claven” and another as “clatter.” –source, Marie Louise Christensen, native of Sweden, 17 April 1999

was the 'clavens', but they had scarves too. They always tied their head up. No matter how much time you'd spend on your hair you had to put something over it. A woman couldn't go to church without something on her head. She was brazen if she walked around. 'Cause I heard my Aunt Frances on my Mother's side say, 'That brazen sow, come to Church and she never had a thing on her head. She didn't have one thing on her head. She walked right in and sit down.' (laughing) I remember that 'brazen sow' and I shouldn't remember things like that.

"When I think of how lovely those ladies looked when they fixed their hair so nice and curled their bangs. They'd hang the curling irons in the lamp chimney. It'd get them hot and then they'd roll up their bangs and frizz them out. When they got their 'claven' tied every little curl .. would blow in the breeze. I liked to have it blow a little bit so I could watch those curls dance. Of course I'm crazy. The school teachers always said I was 'very observing.'

"Grandma had curly hair and blue eyes that just sparkled. Her little curls would start curling around her forehead when she'd perspire when it was so warm. Her hair was golden, absolutely golden and she would perspire and all them little curls would come down. She had a 'claven' (Now remember 'claven'). She pulled it down and tied it under her chin and that is what she wore all the time. She never went outside unless she had her 'claven.' She hung her "claven" behind the door. She had a nice white silk one to go to church in.

"She always went to Church.... She walked from where they lived over to the Church. We lived down on the corner where you come to Fremont up the lane, our house sat on the corner. I could see when Grandma got to the corner, looking up toward that old store that is there. Then I'd start to run so I could walk on up with Grandma. Then I'd tell her I had to help her up the steps to the Church.... Of course I was just a nuisance to her trying to get up the steps, but that was my aim in life was to help Grandma get up those steps to Church. She was always there."

Hilma also remembers her Grandmother, Grand Aunt Mina, Aunt Katie and Aunt Hannah at Hannah's house working and talking together: "Everybody would be so serious and [Aunt Katie would] come up with something so funny. (Laugh) You'd about bust your rib laughing. It was just sharp. She'd hand you a phrase that would just kill you. (Laugh) So was Grandma that way. They'd come in with, what I call, sharp remarks. They'd tease each other to have a little fun. They'd all be tired and dirty and everything and then they'd say, "Let's go get cleaned up."

"Well, you won't look any better when you do get cleaned up. Then they'd laugh.

"Grandma had some little way of pushing her bonnet back a little bit when she laughed. I guess she thought she'd laugh so hard she'd smother if she had her bonnet down too far over her head when she was laughing so hard. She'd push her bonnet and you knew she was going to laugh. It was a belly laugh, ho, ho, ho. Her laugh was musical. It was just ab-so-lutely full of fun. Dad had such a loud laugh, HO, HO, HO, but she had a musical laugh.

"Grandma was personable in spirit. She was always happy. She'd clap her hands over everything and say, "We'ska have fisk for dinna. We'ska have fisk." That is, "We'll have fish for dinner." 'Cause I'd take a fish to her that Daddy would catch on the way home from work down on the Fremont River. He liked to bring a fish home for her because she liked fish. They had to live on fish over there in those days. That is one thing that was extra special to them.

"Another thing, [people] talked to one another instead of have the telephone. They talked by what they hung on the clothes line, too. If they was going to go some where, if somebody was sick they'd hang a sheet and a couple of pillowcases and then they's know Sister whoever it was, was sick or somebody in the family was sick. So they'd go and find out what was wrong. That was their telephone, what they hung on the line. The colors and everything had a meaning. I could interpret it, just like Aunt Hannah. I was always around Aunt Hannah."

Everyone who knew Elna remembered she always spoke Swedish and very little English. Many of her grandchildren learned to talk to her in Swedish even the great-grandchildren learned some Swedish. Even now they still remembered a few Swedish words or a song or how to count to ten.

Loren said, "Grandma... would go to the store to buy something and the people couldn't understand her. Oh, she'd get mad at them. (laughs) She'd call them "peeka"⁴² that's a girl and a boy was a "poka." "Duktee" was good. I learned a few words, but it's been so long. When her friends came to visit her I couldn't understand a word they said, but Mabel, Alice and Jim could tell what they were saying. Mabel could talk Swedish. She could talk to Grandma in Swedish all the time. Mother and Grandma always talked Swedish."

Verda, Hannah's granddaughter remarked, "[Grandma Taylor] and Grandmother would talk Swedish together. They would talk and I couldn't understand a word they were saying. She'd call the boys, "pogens" and the girls was "glatens." We was the "glatens" and the "pogens."

Hilma's daughter, Violet, said, "That is a strange thing. In this country all these years and she didn't speak our language at all.She understood English. In Swedish they couldn't pronounce the 'ch' sound and it would come out 'k.'" Violet's brothers, Amos and Bryon, thought it would be great if they knew some bad words in Swedish and ask Grandmother Fredrickson to tell them some. She was trying to ask them which bad words they wanted. Of course "which" came out "whik." Amos and Bryan thought that was the bad word and went around for months calling each other a "whik!"

⁴² "Piga" is girl and "Paj" is boy in the dialect of southern Sweden where Elna lived. "Flicka" is girl and "Pojka" is boy in the King's Swedish. "Duktig" is praise for doing something good. "Aj aj" means "no, no" that is bad. --information from Marie Louise Christensen, a native of Sweden 5/2/94 -HC

The days glided along for the three women until 1922 when their lives changed dramatically. Hannah's daughter Margaret Searle died. Her husband couldn't take care of their children. Several people were willing to take one or two children into their home, but nobody would take seven children, except Grandmother Taylor. Only Hannah was willing to make a home for all of them. Margaret's husband brought the children, Lowell, 13; Verda, 11; Nina, 9; Nelda, 7; Ellen, 5; Lottie, nearly 3 and Thomas (Tommy), 6 weeks, to Hannah who was fifty-three. She'd been a widow for thirty years. Elna was in her eighty-eighth year and Mina was close to eighty. The children lived with their Grandmother for six years. During those six years Nelda died because of a ruptured appendix.

The end of Elna's life is told from memories of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Their voices open the door of the little house in Fremont and give us glimpses of Elna and Hannah, seven children, and Aunt Mina in a four room house! The little house was bursting at the seams, ten people and two bedrooms! Aunt Mina gave up her bedroom. Verda, Margaret's daughter, said, "They moved a granary up by Grandma's house and they moved Aunt Mina into that granary. They fixed it up so it didn't look too bad inside. But it wasn't anything nice. She lived in there so Grandma would have more room for us kids..... She did her own cooking. She had an old... like a camp stove setting in there that warmed her room up. She could boil water or boil anything on it, but that is the kind of stove she had. Aunt Mina could make cookies. I remember we used to like to go over there because she'd have something good like that to give us.

"It was a log home where we lived, but the logs was trimmed off so they was smooth. They made a nice building. Inside it was plastered. They put calcimine on the walls. Grandma would fix that in different colors. She'd put that on her walls inside, but she didn't put anything

on the outside. But I remember she had flowers planted in front of her house, any kind of flower that would grow, like Sweet Peas or.... She was a good gardener so she'd know how to plant them and take care of them..”

Tommy, Margaret's son said, “The house was sawed logs. It seemed like on the south there was the front room to the east and her bedroom was to the west. There was a kitchen and pantry on the Northeast. It had kind of a rock cellar on the very north end. She used to do separating and make cheese and stuff like that out in the cellar.”

Alvin, Hannah's grandson who lived next door said, “The two bedrooms were [on] the west, [the] north and south rooms. The living room was the south and east corner of the house. There was a [outside] door on the south side that came into that front room. There was a [outside] door on the east that came into the kitchen.”

Ione, Lars' granddaughter said, “They didn't have doors [inside]. They put up a piece of material that they'd fixed and draw it back and forth on a wire or a string to separate the rooms for their beds.”

Verda: “[The five girls] all slept in...one room. We had two big beds in there. Of course Tommy was just a baby. He was always in a bassinet or something. He was right by [Grandma] all the time.”

Tom: “I slept in the same room with Grandma and Great-grandma....I had a little baby bed. It was made of metal....It was against the wall. It was fairly good-sized because I slept in that when I was five and six years old.”

Verda: “Grandma had a big bedroom. Grandma Fredrickson had a bed settin' here and Grandma had a bed settin' here [gestures with her hands to show beds at right angles]. They both shared that room together. Grandma had

built a clothes closet in her bedroom. She always had her clothes hung up in that closet.

“[Grandma Fredrickson] would go to bed quite early. I remember she had her little potty chair right by her bed. If she had to get up in the night she'd always use that. But other than that she'd always walk up to the toilet. We had an outhouse about a half block from the house, quite a ways from the house.

“Grandma had [the house] fixed nice. She always had a clock on her wall with something for it to set on. It was about this tall (lift hand off her lap about 1 ½ feet). It had a stem [pendulum] in it that would go back and forth. It was one of these old fashioned clocks. It stood up quite high on that shelf. It was nice to look at.

“Grandma done a lot of sewing. She had a sewing machine [in the living room]. I remember her table.... It was just a nice table that set in the middle of the floor. She had that sewing machine settin' in there. She just had chairs settin' around. She didn't have no sofa or anything like that.

“In the kitchen [Grandma] had kind of a old fashioned black stove that she'd burn wood in all the time. We'd burn wood in the heater in the front room. There was a kitchen stove and that heater in the front room and we had it quite warm and comfortable. She built a pantry, we called it a pantry where she had her fruit bottles. It was in the kitchen. She'd partitioned it off in the kitchen, so there was a place in there where she kept her fruit and everything like that in that pantry.”

Ione: “In the kitchen they had a cook stove that was heated by wood. They had to haul the wood off the hills and chop it up. They never had any coal then. I don't ever remember of them having any coal. They always had wood. Then they had a wash bench. On the wash bench, as a rule, was a bucket with water in it. They got their water from the ditch because they didn't have any wells. Sometimes in the summer when it would get hot the water would have

moss in it. They had to let it settle or strain it. Sometimes if they were a little worried about it they would boil it before they drunk it.”

Alvin: “There was no water in the house. There was a little stream of water that come out of the canal and run down west of the house where the row of trees is. The house was about two rods from that ditch. That is where they got their culinary water, just going out with a bucket and dipped it out of the ditch. Animals and everything up the country run in the ditch, but that is where we got our water, out of that ditch. They drank it too. It was the only water they had. In later years my Dad dug a well, an open well with a frame around it and a pulley and a rope and a bucket. That's where they got their culinary water after that.”

Ione: “There was a table [in the kitchen]. There would be chairs around the table. The table, as a rule, would have a piece of oil cloth on it. Sometimes they had a table cloth they put on but not too much. It was generally a piece of oil cloth. Then they had a cupboard. It wasn't a cupboard like they have now, [built in]. It was a piece of furniture. It had two doors that opened on the top. That is where they put their plates. It had little boards on the back so they could stand the plates up. It had two drawers in the middle that pulled out and that was their silverware and in the bottom was their pans and pots.... They had a breadboard in them that they could use. That's what they had. They had dishes. The dishes weren't like we have now. They were more like tin. They had forks and knives and spoons. They had pitchers that they poured water out of.

“By their stove I can still see a lot of pots and pans that hung up. They put them on a nail and hang them by the stove. On these stoves they had a water heater on the back where they put water in and heat it. They always had a coffee pot.”

Hilma: “Grandma made “covvacock.” Now just a minute..., anyway it was partly cake and

partly bread. It was a sweet loaf of bread. She'd put sugar and spices and raisins in the bread. “Covva,” that was coffee. When they had coffee in the afternoon they had “covva cake.” That was before they said that was agin' the Word of Wisdom. They always had their coffee pot on. It sat on the stove all day. When they had company come in they drank coffee, then it got to be agin' the World of Wisdom so they all pulled their coffee pot off and hide it until they was alone and then they'd get their coffee down and drink a cup of covva. They were all mischievous.”

Alvin: “Oh, I ate with Grandma lots of days. She did drink coffee. They had a hard time getting enough money to buy coffee. She run out of coffee and they got some Postum for her. She made the Postum and then she said, ‘Oh my gracious that Postum will surely kill me.’”

Verda: “Grandma Fredrickson was old, really old, when we went there to live with [Grandma Taylor.] She always set in her rocking chair by the coal heater; that's the kind of heat we had then. She'd be settin' there in that chair.We'd go running through the house, like we was use to, like kids will do. I remember she'd always holler, “Don't slam the door! Don't slam the door!” That is what she could say in our language.... I guess we was hard for her to have to live with, but she put up with us. She was a nice old lady.”

Tom: “Grandma Fredrickson used to sing to me and rock me in a little cradle. Grandma'd set there and rock it back and forth with her hand or she could put her foot on it if she was sewing or crocheting or something. She could put her foot on there and rock my bed. I guess that is the way they got me to sleep. I imagine they had me pretty badly spoilt from what I went through afterwards. She'd always sing to me in Swedish. I guess she would tend me while Grandma Taylor was doing something. We were close companions. She was pretty much the baby

tender. I don't remember what I called her. I might have had a special name for her but I don't remember. I was awful fond of Grandmother Fredrickson. [With much emotion]. There are memories I can't talk about."

Tom's wife interjected: "Hilma Nielson [Willie's daughter] told us that she'd come in there when Tommy was a baby and one or both of the old ladies would rock him and cry. She would wash the tears off the baby's head and they'd cry again on the baby's head. It must have been terrible sad, these two old ladies and all those kids and this tiny baby."

Tom continued: "I was six weeks when my mother died. They was the only mothers I ever knew. I thought the world of both of them. Well, I'll tell you, we've often wondered about it. She really didn't have much of an income that we knew anything about."

Alvin: "I can remember my Dad a worrying about food for them to have enough to eat. In them days, we raised everything, our chickens, milk, potatoes. I can remember [Grandmother Taylor] was a hard worker.

"Scott McClellan run a store in Loa. He used to bring his suits up for Grandmother Taylor to clean and press for him, all the time. Scott wore suits all the time when he run the store and she kept those suits pressed and cleaned. By this she made just a little bit of money to help her buy just a few groceries.

"In them days you didn't go to the store and buy all your food. About the only thing you would buy was salt and sugar. The flour was made out of our own wheat we grew. My Dad would take a load of wheat and went down to the old mill down below Bicknell. (That old mill still stands.) He took it down there and had the wheat ground to make flour. He kept flour for Grandma. I remember that. I went with him.

"My Dad furnished the wood, hauled the wood for them. I can remember helping get the wood in. Grandmother Taylor even chopped some of the wood."

Of course there was a garden and berries! Elna grew a vegetable garden and a berry patch by her cabin home and when she and Hannah moved to Fremont some of the berry bushes were transplanted too.

Alvin: "I was about eight years old ...when [Grandmother Taylor and Grandmother Fredrickson] moved up to the town of Fremont.... They planted gooseberry bushes, currant bushes and I helped my Grandmother set out those bushes.... The berry bushes had to be pulled apart and set with part of the plant. They didn't plant a big bush, they planted small root bushes about every five feet apart in rows. I can remember they raised lots of berries. They raised gooseberries, red currants, black currants."

Ione: "I remember going up to Hannahs, ...she had great big rows of berries right along the fence that joins Earl Albrecht's and David Taylor's. She had three great big rows of gooseberries. They were nice big gooseberries too. You know there are two or three kinds of gooseberries. There is the large and small ones. I still have some of the large gooseberries in my garden out here [Loa] that ...came from her.

"Gooseberries blossom after they get their leaves. The blossom is white. I never noticed a fragrance.

"Wayne [her husband], do you think there is any smell to the blossoms on gooseberries? I've never noticed it."

Wayne her husband replied, "No, I don't think so. They are too sour to have a good smell!"

Ione went on, "Oh-h-h-h, yes. And they attract the bees. It was after the Twenty-fourth of July when we'd start picking gooseberries."

Unripe gooseberries are a translucent dark green and round, about the size of a blueberry. They look like tiny, green basketballs because they have lines radiating from end to end. The end where the blossom grew has a small star-shaped stem, similar to the end of an apple.

Ione: "A ripe gooseberry is delicious. It gets sweet. Grandma Fredrickson and Aunt Hannah could tell when they were ready for what they wanted to use them for. If they wanted them for fresh fruit they picked them when they weren't dark green. A ripe gooseberry is still green but more a yellowish-green and that is when you'd pick them to make your fresh gooseberries for your pie and fresh gooseberries.... If you wanted to make jam out of them they let them stay a little longer and they got red and the seeds got dark. But if you wanted to put them up fresh for pie or to eat you got them just when they were a light green.

"Gooseberry bushes are loaded with berries. The whole limb from the very end to the bottom, clear into the stem on a gooseberry will be loaded with berries. They have lots of gooseberries on them.You can go right down the limb and pull all those berries right off. You get two or three handfuls on a limb. It all depends too on how big the bush is.... They used to get real [tall.]"

Tom: "I remember them pickin' berries... They had an umbrella affair set up and they'd put me on a blanket. I can remember being on the blanket. I'd stay on the blanket and they was pickin' gooseberries and currants, all kinds of berries. They had quite a big berry patch."

Verda: "In the summertime when the gooseberries come on, Grandma Fredrickson would pick gooseberries. She'd go out there and spend hours, hours at a time a pickin' gooseberries. . I remember she'd set out there for hours and hours pickin' gooseberries. Then Grandma Taylor would bottle them and make jam out of them. So we had everything good that you can make out of gooseberries.

"Grandma had a nice garden. Grandma Fredrickson was able to pick gooseberries and stem them and shell peas and do all kinds of work like that. Work she could sit down and do. Grandma Taylor would do the cooking. I could peel potatoes and do things like that. As far

back as I could remember I would help her in the house. Grandma Fredrickson, you would never see her peeling potatoes, but she could shell peas. She could pick the gooseberries and stem them. You know you had to pick the stem off. But that was wonderful for her to do that. Then all Grandma had to do was wash them and cook them."

Alvin: "I remember the berry pies they used to make.

"In the fall of the year when they gathered those berries they sold them for five cents a quart which wasn't very much money, but it was money, at that time."

Verda: "Grandma Taylor...did the garden. Yes, she did. David lived right there by her and he would plow her garden. Other than that Grandma Taylor would do it all. We had a cow and she had a few chickens and a chicken coop. She milked the cow. Grandma had a few cattle."

Alvin: "[Grandmother] raised all types of vegetables. They had a garden separate from my Dad and Mother. There was a big lot there, north of the house. They raised their own garden and took care of that. They grew mostly carrots and potatoes."

Hilma: "We always thought the potatoes that you could plant in Fremont was the best because that was potato country. The potatoes was so sweet and mealy. Grandma Fredrickson had potatoes on all the time. You ate potatoes when she was your Grandma because they were good for you. They were good. Not only good, but they were good for you. A certain time of the day she would look up at the clock. She'd very quietly get up. She'd take a brush and she'd brush those potatoes and she'd slip them in the oven and that was it. When they got ready for their night meal their dinner was all ready."

Ione: "When we had supper there we had meat. We had potatoes. We had vegetables.... They kept a lot of those things in their potato pit,

in their cellars they called them. All of them had a cellar that they put stuff in, a rock cellar a lot of them were.... They really ate good meals. They ate a lot of potatoes and gravy. Another thing they ate, there was a weed called a Pig Weed that made go-o-o-d greens. We had lots of them. That was in the Spring.

"In the wintertime they had beets. They had turnips. They had rutabagas. We had cabbage. We had carrots and potatoes and onions. We raised it and that's what we ate. That's what Grandma had too.

"They had a separator to separate the milk to get the cream out of it. Grandma would make cheese too. When you'd sit down to eat you had a wonderful meal.

"Grandma and Aunt Hannah had a separator in the kitchen. When Grandma lived by herself she had one too. They had a churn that was round with a dasher. I remember those. We had one of those. Grandma had a churn. They made their own cheese presses. They'd take a round thing with a flat board on the bottom and they had poles going up and they push the pole down and press the cheese down. It had to stay in there so long until it was cured. They cooked it right on the stove, put it in a tub and cooked it and made their own cheese curd."

Tom: "She'd make cheese and her cheese press was along that row of trees that's still there today. There is still blemishes in the trees where the cheese press used to be."

Alvin: "Off to the west of the house, the row of trees, we had a box about four feet square fastened up to a tree and we had some kind of a pan that set on top and burlap that hung down over it. In the summer time they used that for a type of refrigerator. They kept a little milk and butter in it.

"Grandma Fredrickson did lots of reading and studying.... They were good members of the L.D.S. gospel.... [She] used to sit and read that Bible a lot. She spent lots of time studying that."

Verda: "[Grandma Fredrickson] got a magazine once a month from Sweden. That's where it come from is Sweden. She would look forward to gettin' that magazine. I think she read every line in it. She had a magnifying glass and she'd hold it over that and read that magazine. That would take a lot of her time, just reading that.... [Aunt Mina would] come and visit Grandma Fredrickson and they could talk Swedish together."

Ione: "Grandma got to the point that she couldn't do much. She just lived there with Aunt Hannah. She was quite small. She was just a middle-sized woman... I don't think Grandma Fredrickson ever quit working until she got right down and couldn't. She was ninety-three when she died."

Tom: "I was there when Grandma Fredrickson died. It didn't seem like she was sick for very long before she died. I don't remember any thing about her death. I can remember them hauling her ...in a wagon. They hauled the body ... and we walked behind. We walked from the church to the cemetery.

"I was six when Grandma Taylor died. I don't know what the cause was.The main thing I remember, we was walking from town out to the cemetery. They packed the coffin in a wagon and they let me set in the back of the wagon with the coffin. It is pretty hard for me to even talk about it (said with great emotion). As far as I'm concerned they are two of the most wonderful women in the world."

—July 2001 --revised July 2003

Time Line for Elna Fredrickson

<i>Year</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Event</i>	<i>Year</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Event</i>
1833, Oct., 31		Birth in Lilla Isie, Sweden	1886	52	Her son, Lars, marries a girl from Sweden
1853	19	Birth of first son, Lars Nelson		53	Her mother, Kjerstie, dies and is buried in the Lyman, Cemetery
1858	25	Marry Jons Fredrickson	1887	53	Hilma and family move to Idaho
1859	25	Birth of first daughter, Kjerstie	1888	54	Her daughter, Hannah, marries
1863	30	Birth of Hilma	1889	55	Her daughter, Katie, marries
1864	30	Parents, brother and sisters emigrate to United States. Her son Lars, age 9 goes with them.	1891	57	Patriarchal Blessing
1869	35	Birth of third daughter, Hannah	1893	60 th	birthday
1871	37	Death of her husband, Jons Death of her father, Pehr	1896	63	Her son, William, marries
1873	39	Emigrate to United States,	1901	68 (almost)	Manti Temple sealing
	40	Marry Charles Jensen	1903	70 th	birthday
1874	41	Birth of second son and last child, William	1907	73	Her son, William, goes to Sweden on a mission for the L.D.S. Church
1876	42	Separated from husband Move to Arizona, Mormon Colonies with her five children, two brothers and their families Return to Utah	1911	77	Lars moves from Rabbit Valley
1877	43	Move to Rabbit Valley, settle near Fremont, Utah	1913	80 th	birthday
1882	48	Her mother comes to live	1916 (approx)		move to Fremont from farm
1883	49	Her daughter, Hilma, marries	1922	88	Hannah's 7 grandchildren come to live
	50 th	birthday	1923	89	Death of her daughter, Katie
				90 th	birthday
			1926, May 19		- Death at age 92 ½.

Family Group Record

Page 1 of 2

Husband Jons FREDRIKSSON²				
Born	13 May 1834	Place	Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmohus, Sweden	LDS ordinance dates
Chr.	14 May 1834	Place	Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmohus, Sweden	Baptized 25 Dec 1877
Died	22 May 1871	Place	Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmohus, Sweden	Endowed 16 Oct 1901
Buried	26 May 1871	Place	Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmohus, Sweden	SealPar-1 4 Oct 1967
Married-3	6 Nov 1858	Place	Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmohus, Sweden	SealSp 16 Oct 1901
Husband's father Fredric PEHRSSON ⁴				
Husband's mother Helena GUSTAFSSON ⁵				
Wife Elna or Ellen (PEHRSDOTTER) NILSSON				
Born-9	31 Oct 1833	Place	Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmohus, Sweden	LDS ordinance dates
Died-10	19 May 1927	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah	Baptized-6 18 Mar 1874
Buried-11	21 May 1927	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah	Endowed-7 16 Oct 1901
				SealPar-8 24 Feb 1988
Other Spouse Charles JENSEN OR BERLIN				
Married	3 Dec 1873 (D)	Place	Malad, Oneida, Idaho	SealSp
Other Spouse Unknown				
Married-12		Place		SealSp
Wife's father Pehr NILSSON				
Wife's mother Kjerstie SORENSSON				
Children List each child in order of birth.				LDS ordinance dates
				Temple
1	M Lars NELSON{S}*			
Born-15	20 Oct 1853	Place	Gislov, Malmohus, Sweden	Baptized-13 1902
Died-16	26 Jun 1936	Place	Cedarview, Duchesne, Utah	Endowed-14 2 Jun 1941
Buried-17	29 Jun 1936	Place	Cedarview, Duchesne, Utah (near Roosevelt, Utah)	SealPar 6 Dec 1965
Spouse Anna Christina ANDERSON				
Married-18	6 Jul 1886	Place	Fremont, Piute now Wayne, Utah	SealSp 22 Mar 1961
Spouse Sarah Elizabeth "Libby" MAXFIELD ¹⁹				
Married-20	4 Mar 1903	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah	SealSp 7 Jun 1951
2	F Kjerstie or Katie FREDRICKSON			
Born-24	30 May 1859	Place	Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmohus, Sweden	Baptized-21 18 Aug 1883
Chr.-25	31 May 1859	Place	Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmohus, Sweden	Endowed-22 15 Jun 1887
Died-26	8 Mar 1923	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	SealPar-23 16 Oct 1901
Buried-27		Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	
Spouse William Moorhouse WEBSTER				
Married	17 Jul 1889	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	SealSp-28 17 Jul 1889
3	F Hilma FREDRICKSON			
Born-30	5 Nov 1863	Place	Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmohus, Sweden	Baptized 18 Nov 1965
Died-31	20 Apr 1943	Place	Ustik now Boise, Ada, Idaho	Endowed-29 16 Dec 1965
				SealPar 26 Oct 1967
Spouse William Franklin TAYLOR ³²				
Married-33	23 Feb 1883	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah	SealSp
4	F Hannah FREDRICKSON			
Born-34	27 Feb 1869	Place	Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmohus, Sweden	Baptized 23 Jul 1883
Died	15 Jan 1928	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah	Endowed 11 Dec 1889
				SealPar 16 Oct 1901
Spouse Thomas Alvin TAYLOR ³⁵				
Married-36	3 Aug 1888	Place	Fremont, Piute now Wayne, Utah	SealSp 11 Dec 1889
5	M William Charles JENSON{S}			
Born-40	10 Nov 1874	Place	Malad, Oneida, Idaho	Baptized-37 12 May 1883
Died-41	17 Sep 1970	Place	Richfield, Sevier, Utah	Endowed-38 16 Oct 1901
Buried		Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah	SealPar-39 16 Oct 1901
Spouse Josephine Martha ELLETT				
Married-42	25 Nov 1896	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah	SealSp 16 Oct 1901

15 Oct 2003 * Relationship Codes: {S} Sealing

Family Group Record

Husband	Jons FREDRIKSSON	Page 2 of 2
Wife	Elna or Ellen (PEHRSDOTTER) NILSSON	
Sources		
1. LDS Ordinance Index, (1999-2002), Film #537096, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150. 2. Family History Library, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150. - Birth, Death, Marriage: Lilla Isle Parish Records, part 5 F Sweden Malis 06,20446, & F Sweden Malmohus 4,26915, part 13, Research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, Utah. 3. Family Records, F Sweden Malmohus 4,26915 pt. 13 research Steve Taylor-Sealing: from Willie Jensen . 4. Family Records, F Sweden Malmohus 4,26915, pt.13 research of Steve Taylor, Fremont, UT. 5. Family Records, F Sweden Malmohus 4,26915, pt.13 research of Steve Taylor, Fremont, UT. 6. Family Records, Willie Jensen, her son, from Tapestry, by H. Cobia, p.13-14, 2001 private printing. 7. Family Records, Willie Jensen, her son, who was at sealing in Manti Temple, 1901. 8. LDS Ordinance Index, Film #146715 Batch #C417611 Research by Katherine H. Holyoak, Moab, UT 9/2003. 9. Family History Library, F Sweden, Malmohus 4,26915, pt.13 research Steve Taylor, Fremont, UT. 10. Death certificate, Utah in possession of Steven Taylor, Fremont, Utah. 11. Fremont Cemetery, headstone, Fremont, Utah. 12. Family Records, Elna was never married to the father of Lars Nelson. 13. LDS Ordinance Index, Manti Temple endowment record. Family records show baptism as 15 Nov 1863. 14. Family History Library, Ordinance Index, Film #170474, page #207, Ref # 5595 proxy: Alfred Nelson, son. 15. Family History Library, F Sweden Malmohus 4,26915 pt.13 research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, UT. 16. Bill Nelson, Lars Nelson Family History, private printing, in possession of Karen Sorenson Ellett, Loa, Utah. 17. Bill Nelson, Lars Nelson Family History. 18. Family Records, of Lars Nelson, grandson, Loa, UT 84747 1/30/2003. 19. LDS Ordinance Index, Sealing: Film #458533, source for Birth, Death, Baptism, parent's names. also information from Lars Nelson, grandson of Lars and Anna Nelson Sealed to parents: Batch #5002527 Sheet:26 Source Call #1396485 Endow: proxy Gladys Nelson #170452, page 798, Ref #22247. 20. Family Records, of Lars Nelson, grandson of Lars Nelson, Box 535, Loa, Utah 84747 1/30/2003. 21. Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Film #0026113, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150, #0026113. Rebaptism date. First baptized by her uncle, Enstrom and confirmed by Devander, brother-in-law, Malad, Onieda, Idaho, probably 1874 -- H. Cobia. 22. LDS Ordinance Index, Film #537143. information from Manti Temple records when Katie was sealed to her parents Film #178058 show baptism as 14 June 1887 & endow 15 June 1887 in Logan Temple. 23. LDS Ordinance Index, #537143. 24. Family History Library, F Sweden Malmohus 4,26915 pt.13 research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, UT. 25. Family History Library, F Sweden Malmohus Parish 4,26915 pt.13, research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, UT. 26. Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Film #0026113, year 1923. 27. Loa Cemetery, Loa, Wayne, Utah. 28. Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Film #0026113, page 2. 29. LDS Ordinance Index, Film #537143 Baptism, endowment & sealing to parents included in this film. 30. Family History Library, F Sweden Malis 06,20446 Lilla Isle Parish, pt.5 research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, UT. 31. Family Records, Family group sheet-scrapbook of marriages, births, deaths-from Violet Douglas, Boise, Idaho. 32. Family History Library. Information from Ordinance Index and Ancestral File. 33. Family Records, records of daughter, Violet Taylor Douglas, Boise, Idaho. 34. Family History Library, F Sweden Malis 06,20446 Lilla Isle Parish, pt.5 research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, Utah. 35. Ancestral File, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150. Thomas Alvin's name shown as Thomas Alvin TAYLORR Hannah's name is given as Hanna JONSDOTTER FREDRICKSON Seal to spouse: Ordinance Index:Film #170494, p.323, Ref #1595; Film #170490, Ref #707. 36. Ancestral File. 37. Family Records of William C. and Josephine Jensen. Information from Renon Wood, a granddaughter, Lyman, Utah. 38. Family Records, from Willie Jensen as quoted in Tapestry, A Webster Family History, p.26 & Ordinance Index. 39. Family Records, W.C. Jensen sealed to his mother Elna and Jons Fredrickson, not his birth father.--H. Cobia. 40. Family Records of William C. and Josephine Jensen. 41. U.S. Social Security Death Index. 42. Family Records, from Renon Jensen Wood, Lyman, UT.		

15 Oct 2003

Certificate of Citizenship.



United States of America,

Territory of Utah, -ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the 26th day of November, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Six, Ellen Frederickson, late of Sweden, in the Kingdom of Sweden, now Norway, at present of Utah County, in the Territory aforesaid, appeared in the Third Judicial District Court of the United States, in and for Utah Territory, and applied to the said Court to be admitted to become a CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, pursuant to the directions and requirements of the several Acts of Congress in relation thereto.

And the said Ellen Frederickson, having thereupon produced to the Court such evidence, made such declaration and renunciation, and taken such oath as are by the said Acts required; thereupon it was ordered by the said Court, that the said Ellen Frederickson be admitted, and she was accordingly admitted by the said Court to be a CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

In Testimony Whereof, the Seal of the said Court is hereunto affixed, this 26th day of November, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Six, and in the year of our Independence the One Hundred and Tenth

By *Wm. G. M. M. M.* Clerk.
Wm. G. M. M. M. Deputy Clerk.

BY THE COURT.

Reid Printing, Binding, Electrotyping, Engraving and Blank Book Manufacturing Works, Omaha, Neb.

Ellen Fredrickson's Patriarchal Blessing

E. H. Blackburn

Fremont, Utah Piute Co

Aug 26, 1891

Emma M Potter⁴³ Recorder

Vol 1st No 77

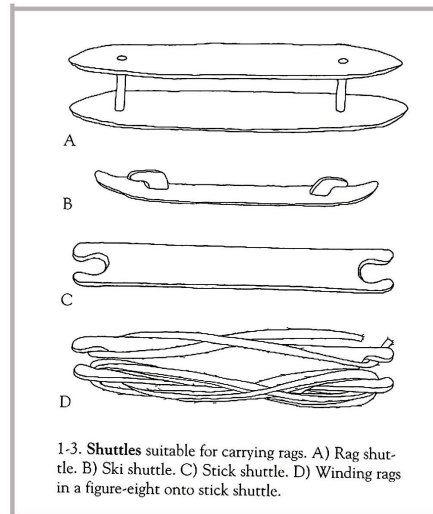
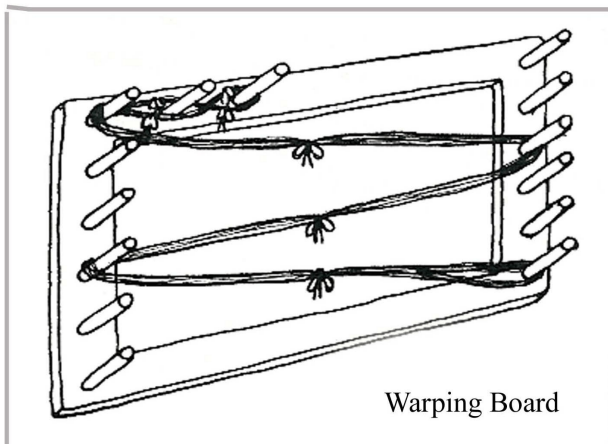
A patriarchal blessing by E. H. Blackburn Patriarch upon the head of Ellen Fredrickson
born October 1833 in Sweden, Scandinavia.

Sister Ellen in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I lay my hands upon your head & in the authority of the Priesthood seal upon thee this thy patriarchal blessing which through thy faith & faithfulness, will greatly aid thee that thou mayest stand. Believe in these words & the Lord thy God shall be with thee & sustain thee through all that lies before thee. Thy lineage is of the house of Joseph and a descendant of Ephraim & therefore it is thy privilege to enjoy the blessings of the celestial world. Thou art highly favored of the Lord, for His hand has led thee & His mercy has been over thee & brought thee forth to the gathering place of the people of the Lord & He will continue to bless thee. & in as much as thou will call upon His name & seek to do His will the good spirit shall be with thee. & the Angels that has been with thee & comforted thee through all thy sorrows and afflictions, the same good Angels will continue with thee and aid thee through all the life long that lies before thee. For thou shalt live to a good old age surrounded with a loving posterity. For thou shalt have a numerous posterity & thou shalt stand at their head. And thousands shall rise up and call thee blessed for thou shalt become a savior upon Mount Zion. Thou shalt do a good work in the house of the Lord for remember that many of thy dead are watching over thee & will give thee dreams & visions that thou mayest do their work for them in the holy temple of our God. Thou shalt do a great work in the redemption of thy dead. The Lord thy God will spare thy life and give thee time sufficient to perform this holy work. Thou art laying the foundation of a great work, for thousands ere long will rise up & call thee blessed and hold thy name in honor & in everlasting remembrance. For remember this, that all the labor, sorrows & afflictions that thou hast been called to pass through shall be for thy honor & glory in the celestial world for the Lord has gathered thee from the nations of the earth to lay this foundation & in as much as thou will continue faithful & true in the work of the Lord thou shalt have joy & rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. Thou art highly favored by the Lord & He has given thee the privilege to lay an eternal foundation with sons & daughters & a loving posterity for thy name shall be had in honor for generations to come. Thou shalt have all joy and blessings poured out upon thee thou art capacitated to enjoy. For the mercy of the Lord endureth forever & thou shalt be blessed with the inspiration & the Angels that have watched over thee shall continue to be with thee for thy name is written in the Lams [Lambs] book of life & many of the spirits rejoice over thee this day. Blessed with a man of God for a husband and surrounded with numerous posterity & of their increase there will be no end & many shall honor thee because thou hast laid this foundation for them, for thou surely wilt stand at their head blessed with the good things of the earth ere long until thy soul is satisfied. Thy last days shall be thy best days for thou shalt have plenty, good (illegible word) surrounding thee & the peace & blessings of the Lord shall be upon thy household forever. Therefore, fear not.

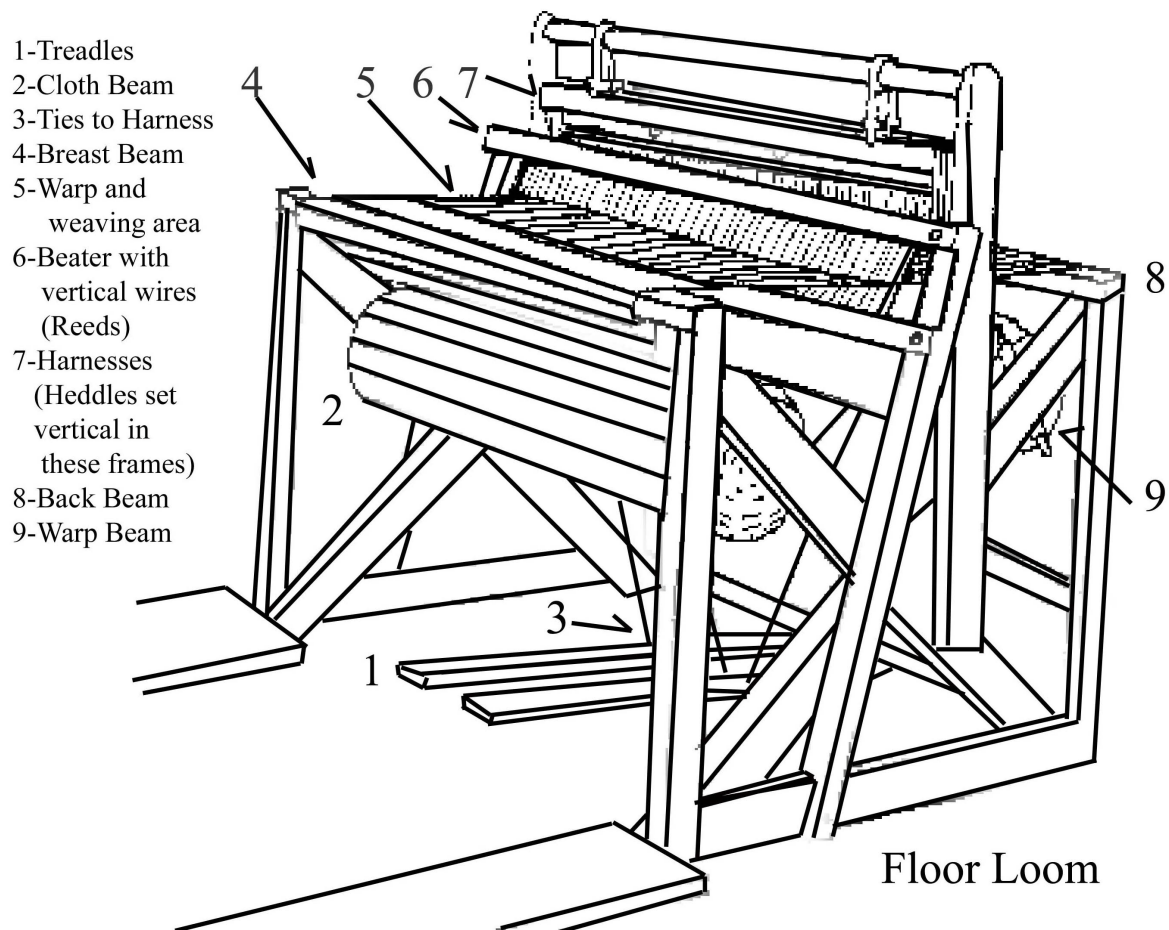
I seal thee up to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection to inherit a crown of eternal life in the mansions of eternal life. In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ Amen

¹ Ellen was 57 years old. Minimum punctuation added for easier reading.

Note to the descendants of Katie Fredrickson Webster. Emma M. Potter is William C. Potter's sister.



Illustrations of Weaving Equipment



Sources for Elna Fredrickson's Biography

--1880 Census of Utah, 10th U.S. Census Call # 28082 F Utah, "Schedule of inhabitants of Fremont Precinct, Piute C., State of Utah. Enumerated by me 22 day of June 1880 D. P. Brian"

--Allen, James B., editor; Coming to Zion, BYU Studies, Brigham Young University, Provo, Ut, 1997

--Dates of Family births, marriages and deaths research by Steven D. Taylor

--Douglas, Violet Taylor; Interview 17 May 2003 with Hildred Cobia, Boise, Idaho
5-page transcript
(granddaughter of Elna Fredrickson, daughter of Hilma Fredrickson Taylor)

--History of the Scandinavian Mission, Chapter 44 (1864), p.181-183

--Jensen, William C. "History of Wayne County" 1947, 14-page typescript (He had access to the journal of Franklin Wheeler Young, Brigham Young's nephew, another early settler in Rabbit Valley.)

--Jenson, William Charles, "Biography" March 4, 1960, courtesy of Renon Jenson Wood, his grand daughter, and Alvin and Pearl Taylor
(Relationship to Elna, son "Willie")

--Jenson, William C. "A PIONEER OPERATION", Rainbow Views: A History of Wayne County, Anne Snow, p. 126-128
(Permission to use given by Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Wayne County)

--Jenson, Hilma (Nielson), "Grandma," 13 April 1999, Richfield, Utah; 6-page transcript, interviewed by Sue Chappell Barnson, in possession of author
and "Ellen Nelson Fredrickson" 1-page typescript by Hilma
(Relationship to Elna, grand daughter, daughter of William Charles Jenson)

--Nelson, Bill; editor Lars Nelson Family History, published 1978,
courtesy of Karen Sorensen Ellett and Lars Nelson
(Relationship to Elna, Lar is a son; editor, her grandson)

--Ludlow, Daniel H., editor; Encyclopedia of Mormonism, Vol. 1-4

--Nelson, Ione (Blackburn), "Visiting Great-Grandma Fredrickson," 24 & 25 April 1999, Loa, Utah;
9-page transcript, interviewed by H. Cobia
(Relationship to Elna, great-granddaughter, granddaughter of Lars Nelson, daughter of Lewis Nelson)

--Nelson, John Kyller, son of Soren Nelson, "History of Soren Nelson" 2-page typescript,
courtesy of Joy Kinney
(Relationship to Elna, Soren: brother, John: nephew)

--Peterson, Charles S., Take Up Your Mission: Mormon Colonizing Along the Little Colorado River 1870-1900, the University of Arizona Press, 1973

--Quilts & Women of the Mormon Migrations by Mary Bywater Cross 1996, pp.210-226

--Rag Rug Handbook by Janet Meany & Paula Pfaff, Interweave Press, 1996, pp.1-126

--Searle, Tom; "Remembering Ellen Fredrickson and Hannah Fredrickson Taylor," 24 April 2000; Monroe, Utah; 4 page transcript, interviewed by H. Cobia
(Relationship to Elna, great-grandson, Hannah's grandson)

--Searle, Verda (Albrecht); "Grandma Taylor and Grandma Fredrickson," 19 March 2000, Taylorsville, Utah; 7-page transcript, interviewed by H. Cobia
(Relationship to Elna, great-granddaughter, Hannah's granddaughter)

--Swedish Folk Art : All Tradition is Change Ed: Barbro Klein & Mats Widbom 1994, p53
Publishers: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., in association with Kulturhuset, Stockholm

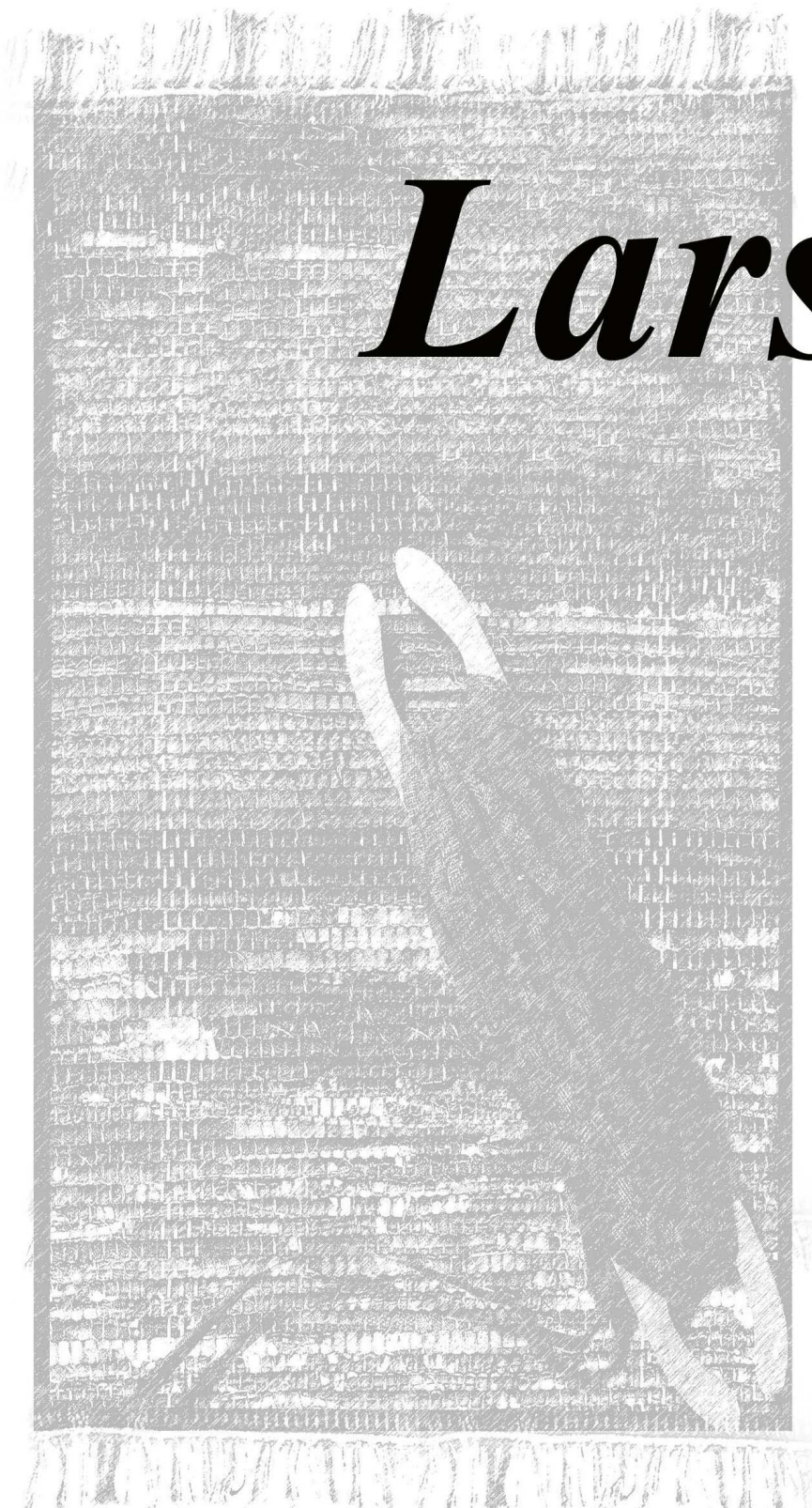
--Taylor, Alvin G., "Grandma Fredrickson and Grandma Taylor," 6-page typescript, interviewed October 8, 1998 at Fremont, Utah by H. Cobia
(Relationship to Elna, great-grandson, Hannah's grandson, David's son)

--Webster, Alice (Muir); her autobiography and biographies by family members, 15-page typescript, in possession of author
(Relationship to Elna, granddaughter, Katie's daughter)

--Webster, Loren, eight taped interviews with H. Cobia, Nov. 9 1988, Nov. 9, 1989, Nov. 18, 1992, 58 pages of transcript
(Relationship to Elna, grandson, Katie's son)

--Webster, Nancy Atella (Evans), "My History" 10 page holograph
accompanying letter dated 26 October 1979
Taped Interview 29 April 1984, Oakland, California by Deanna Chappell Maxfield
(Relationship to Elna, granddaughter, Katie's daughter)

--Webster, Pearl (Stefan) 2 page holograph,
accompanying letter to niece, Katie Webster Chappell, dated 2 December 1981
interview 28 April 1984, Oakland, California by Deanna Chappell Maxfield
(Relationship to Elna, granddaughter, Katie's daughter)

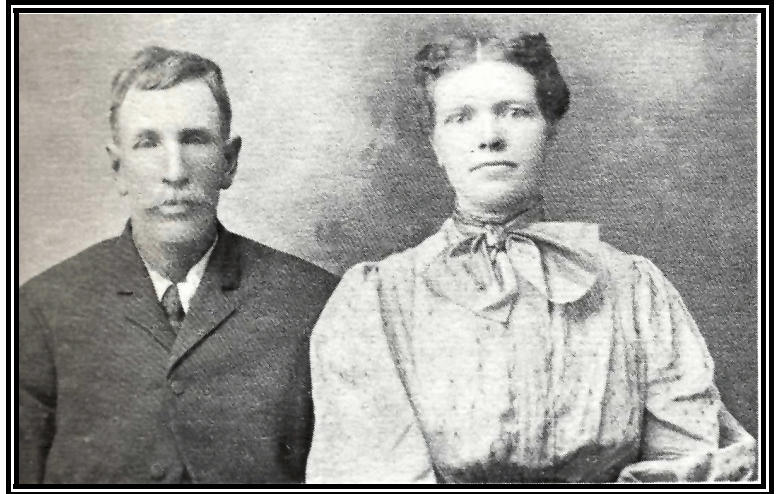


Lars



Lars and Anna Nelson Family, *circa* 1896, Fremont, Utah - courtesy Lars Nelson, grandson
Standing: Hilma; Front: Lewis, Lars, Alfred and Anna Nelson

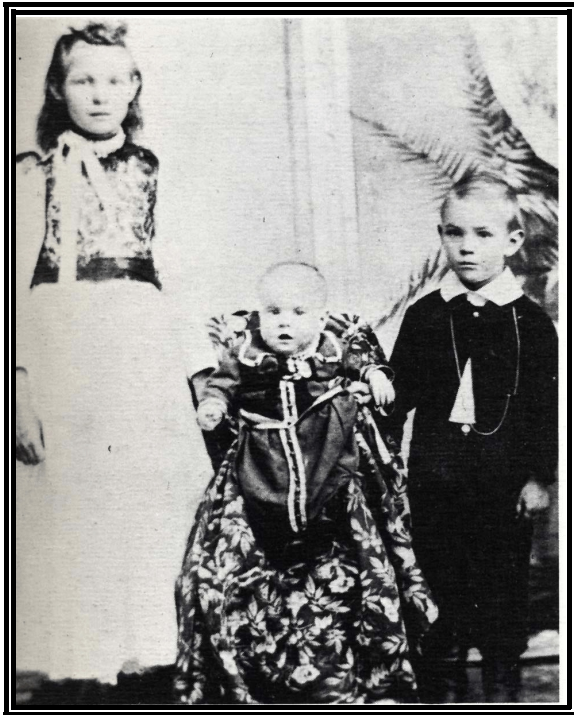
Lars Nelson 1853 - 1936



Lars and his wife, "Libby" Sarah Elizabeth Maxfield whom he married after Annie's death.

Children of Lars and Libby, l-r: Iva (front), Gladys, Verland "Bill", & Henry Nelson, 1910, Fremont, UT
All pictures courtesy of Nelson Family History

Children of Lars and Anna, l-r: Hilma, Alfred, and Lewis, 1892, Fremont, Utah

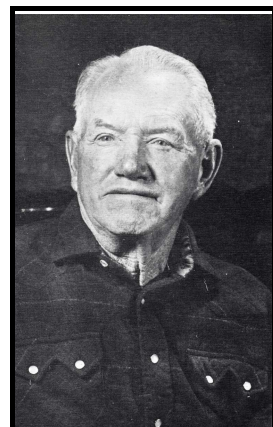
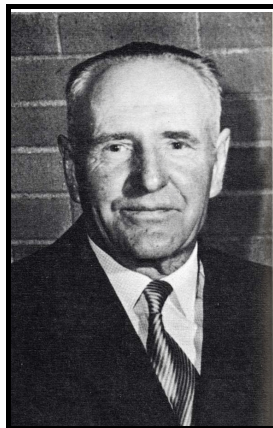
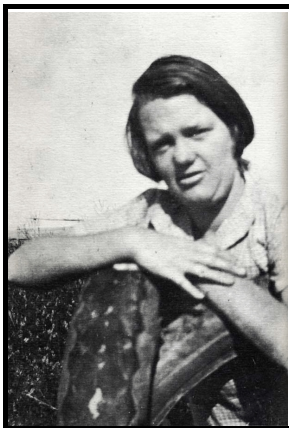
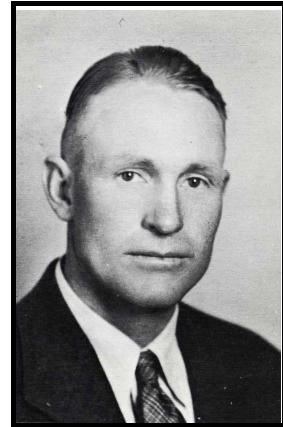
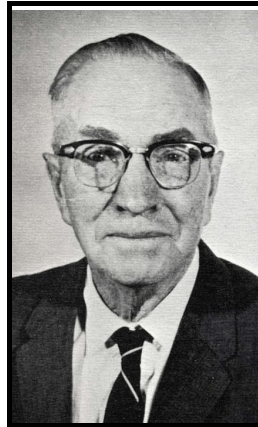
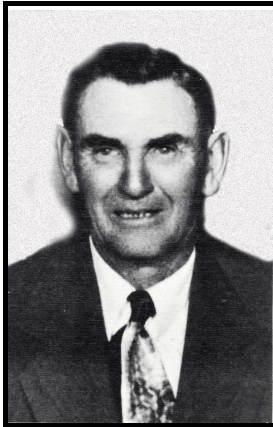


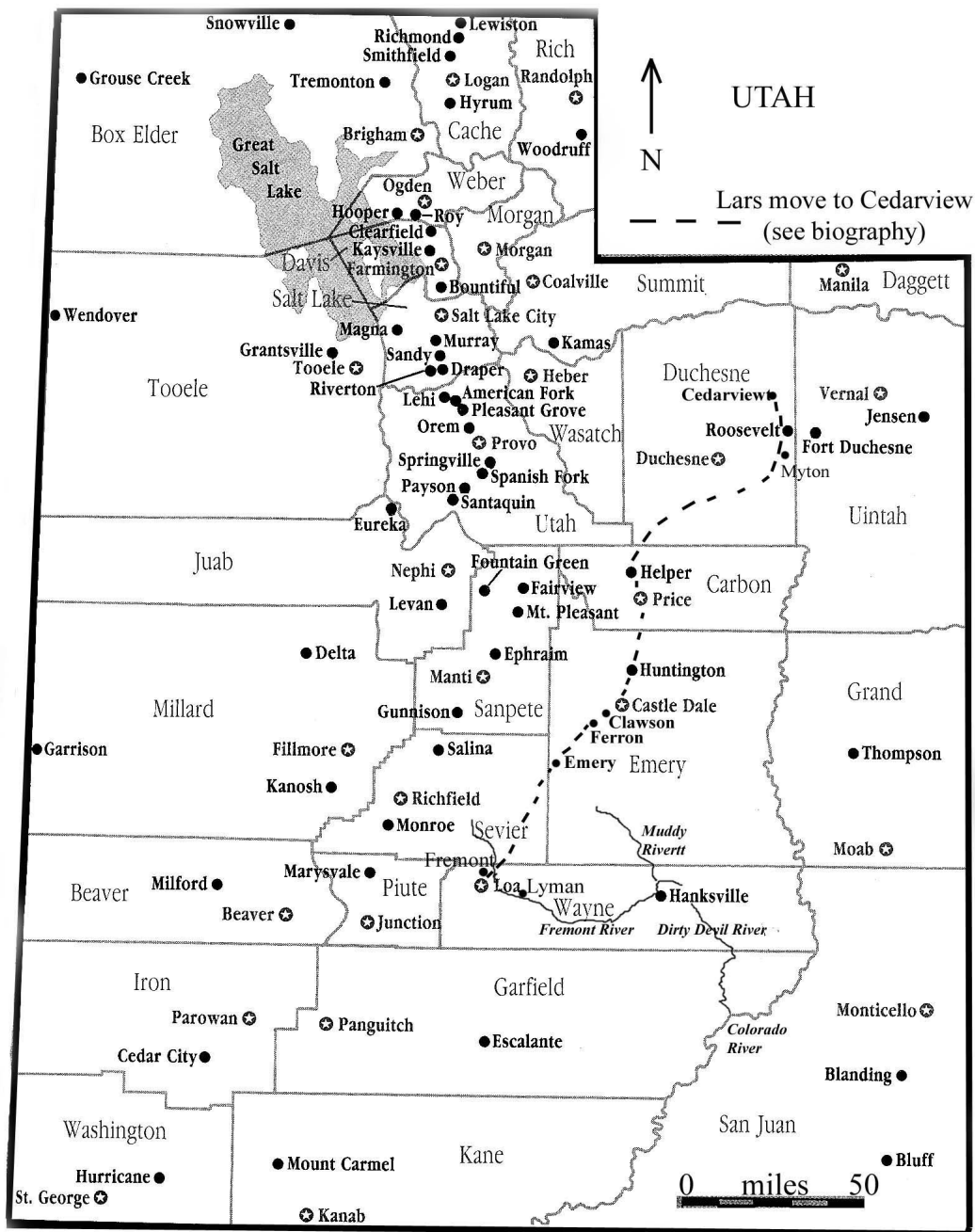
Children of Lars Nelson and his wives, Annie and Libby

Top: Hilma
Row 1, l-r: Lewis and Alfred
Jesse Tanner, Hilma's son who was adopted and raised by
Lars and his wife

Row 2, l-r: Gladys, Henry, Iva Ellen

Row 3, l-r: Verland "Bill," "Max," Golda
All pictures courtesy of Lars Nelson Family





History of Lars Nelson

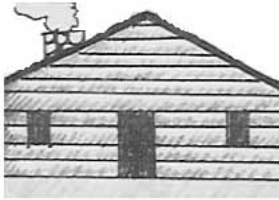
written by a grandson, DeVon Nelson

with the help of Alfred Nelson, Lars's son and

a half-brother of Lars Nelson, William C. Jenson

Lars married Anna Anderson and Libby Maxfield

Their children are: Hilma, Lewis, Hyrum, Alfred, Gladys, Henry, Iva, Bill, Max, Golda



Lars Nelson¹ was born October 20, 1852, in Gislovs, Malmohus, Sweden to Ellen Nilsson who was a daughter of Pehr Nilsson and Kjersti Sorensen.

Gislovs is located in the south part of Sweden near the sea. It is the best farming area in Sweden. Germany is to the south and Denmark to the West. The language was different here than that in northern Sweden. In northern Sweden they speak genuine Swedish, but in the southern part they spoke neither Swedish, Dutch nor German. Lars's younger half brother, William C. Jenson, went to Sweden on a mission around 1906 and supplied most of the information about Sweden. We do not know who Lars's father was. Uncle Willie says the laws in Sweden in those days were that in order to get married you had to produce a pedigree. There were only a few people who could produce one. Those who did not get married would live with someone and if they got along they would stay together, if not they would try someone else. It was a custom in Sweden and people thought it was right. Uncle Willie said he knew one woman who had nine children and never was married.

Lars's grandparents were among the first in Sweden to join the church². They were baptized November 25, 1863.

¹Originally published in Lars Nelson Family History, editor Uncle Bill [Verland Silas Nelson, son of Lars] private publication 1978, p.3-8 Permission to print this biography from Devon Nelson.

² The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Lars went to school in Sweden and learned to read and write. He was eleven years old when he left Sweden.

When his grandparents joined the church they wanted to come to America. They owned a large plantation which they sold and prepared to leave Sweden. Part of the money they received from the sale of their plantation they loaned to other converts to help them get to America. Lars's mother was not going to America with her parents, but she let them take Lars. Some of the relatives didn't feel good toward them for joining the church and weren't going to let them take Lars. About two weeks before they were to leave Lars' Aunt Johanna took him and went to Denmark and waited for the rest of the family and joined them there.

New country

When they arrived in America they joined a Mormon company at Omaha lead by one of the presiding bishops of the church, William B. Preston. When bishop Preston saw the eleven year old red headed Swede he said he would get him a pony to ride so he could help herd the cattle. While crossing the plains Lars helped with the cows and became a good friend of Bishop Preston. They arrived in Salt Lake City on September 16, 1864. They stayed here about five hours and went on to Ogden, Logan and to Malad, Idaho where they settled for about nine years. While there Lars worked for Bishop Preston as a cowboy. Lars's grandfather died while they were in Malad and was the first person buried in the Malad Cemetery. During the nine years they spent in Malad, Lars's

mother married Jens Fredrickson in Sweden and had three daughters. They were Katie who married William Webster, Hilma who married Frank Taylor and Hannah who married Thomas Taylor. Lars's mother and three sisters came to America and joined the family while in Malad (1871). In Malad Lars's mother married William C. Jenson and had a son named William C. Jenson. They were later divorced.

The winters in Malad were very cold, and so after Lars's Grandfather died his mother and her two sons decided to go to Arizona. Lars had accumulated a few cows while working for Bishop Preston. He got an ox team and an outfit together and took his mother, three sisters and little brother and left for Arizona. They stopped in Richfield and here met one of the families that left Sweden when they did. This family was one of those that had borrowed money from Lars's Grandfather and at this time they repaid it. While in Richfield they were called to settle in Sunset, Arizona. They lived there for two years and lived the United Order. Lars didn't seem to like the United Order. When the dam on the Gila River went out he decided to go back to Richfield. Uncle Willie said when they crossed the Colorado River they ferried the wagons across and the cows and oxen had to swim. One of the oxen got about in the middle of the river and just quit swimming. The last they saw of it, it was going down the middle of the river. They had to hook up one of the cows with the oxen.

When they got back to Sevier Valley there were not many people living south of Richfield. They camped in Monroe about where the city park is located now. They were going to homestead some land here, but it was so near winter they went on to Richfield to wait for spring. It was that winter that Lars heard of a good valley to the east with plenty of land, wood and water. Lars got on his horse and

went to see the valley. When he got to what is now Wayne County, Jack Allred was the only one living there. His cabin was where Dewey Taylor's corrals are now. Lars asked Jack where he could homestead and Jack said the land just north of him was good land. Lars went back to Richfield and filed on a quarter section. During the winter he went back to his land and built a crude log cabin. In the spring, he took his mother, three sisters and brother to Rabbit Valley. Uncle Willie said the main thing he remembered about the trip over the mountains was the terribly rough ride in the wagon and how glad he was to get to ride behind the girls on a horse and drive the cows.

They used the ox team for a few years until Lars built a fence for Elijah Blackburn and got his first team of horses. The few cows he brought with him soon multiplied to a good sized herd of cattle. They lived in the small cabin Lars built that first winter until Lars built a larger house which is part of the home Della Nelson now lives in. His mother, sisters and his brother lived with him.

Marriage

When Lars's mother left Sweden she left some property for the town officials to dispose of. While corresponding about the property each letter from Sweden would say, "Don't forget about Anna." Lars's sisters asked him if they could propose to Anna for him. Finally he agreed. They wrote and asked her if she would like to come to America and marry Lars. She wrote back and said she would be glad to, but that she had a seven year old girl [Hilma]. Lars's sisters told him about the child. Lars told them to tell her to come and bring the girl and they would already have a start. Anna Christina Anderson and her daughter Hilma came to Fremont and she and Lars were married (1886).

After Lars and Anna were married his mother homesteaded some land to the east and south and built a cabin in the trees where Bruce Taylor now lives. She, her three daughters and one son moved there.

Lewis was the first son of Lars and Anna. He was born April 30, 1887. A second son was born in 1889 and died at birth. His name was Hyrum. A third son, Alfred Frank was born November 3, 1891.

Lars's grandmother who brought him to America³ spent her last years here. She died in 1886 and was buried in Lyman. Lars's wife's mother came from Sweden in 1889 and lived with them until 1894 when she died and was buried in Fremont.

Lars spent long days of hard work clearing his farm and caring for his now large cow and horse herds.

Uncle Willie said that Jack Allred taught the Indians how to ask for flour and bread in Swedish so when they came to Lars's place they could get what they wanted.

There were a lot of large fish in the river. They had lots of fish to eat. In the winter when the ground froze so they couldn't dig bait they would get grubs out of the calves backs. Each grub they got would be good for two or three large fish. All they had to do was find a hole in the ice and drop the line in.

Willard Pace married a Swedish woman and spent some time at Lars's place. Others of his friends were George Morrell and Long Billings.

Lars ran his cows in Seven Mile in the summer. They were Durhams and gave a lot of

³ Bill said, "One of the big days of [Dad's] life was when he became an American citizen on November 26, 1886." –Lars Nelson History, p.56

milk. Russell's stayed in Seven Mile and milked his cows and gave him cheese for pay. When the cows came home in the fall Lars would milk them for a couple of weeks and make butter. The butter was put in five gallon earthen jars and kept all winter. He sold his cows by the head and steers by their age. Sometimes they'd have to teeth them (look at their teeth) to find out how old they were.

Hilma, the girl Anna had before she married Lars married Jesse Tanner in 1899. They had been married about one month when Jesse went after a load of wood and chased a calf. That night after they went to bed Jesse asked Hilma to get him a drink of water. When she returned he was dying. He died on January 9, 1900. Hilma then came back to live with Lars and his family. Lars built a room on the south of the house for her. On September 16, 1900 Hilma had a son whom she named after his father, Jesse Tanner. Hilma wasn't very well after Jesse was born. She died on October 9, 1900. Before she died she asked Lars and Anna to take care of Jesse.

About this same time Lewis and Alfred were herding cows and Lewis was badly hurt when his horse ran into a cow.

On May 14, 1902, Anna died leaving him with Jesse, age 2; Alfred, age 11; and Lewis, age 15; to care for. He hired a girl to come and help some.⁴ In the spring Lars and Lewis would do the farming while Alfred did most of the riding for cattle.

In 1903 Lars married Libby Maxfield. She had a two year old daughter named Gladys⁵.

⁴ Alfred wrote, "Aunt Mena would come down from Manti and help us some of the time." Lars Nelson Family History, p. 22 (Wilhelmina Lundgren married Elna Fredrickson's brother, Soren Nilsson.)

⁵ Bill wrote, "Mother...took on a lot of responsibility when she married my father. He was a widower twenty three years her senior. He had three sons at the time." *Ibid*, p.56

Move to Cedarview

As the years rolled by and more people moved into Rabbit Valley and living conditions began to improve, Libby and Lars had four children. They were Henry, Max, Verland ["Bill"] and Ivie. When the valley became more populated Lars seemed to think it was getting too crowded for him. In July 1911, Lars went over into Duchesne County looking around. While he was there Lars bought a farm. He sent for Lewis to bring a team and an outfit. Lars and Lewis stayed there for about 1 ½ months and Lars went back to Fremont to get his family and left Lewis to care for things. On September 11, 1911, Lars loaded a wagon, gathered up his cows and prepared to move his family to Cedarview, Duchesne County. He took his wife, four children and Jesse with him. He left Alfred who was then 10 years old, to take care of things in Fremont. Lewis came back to stay with Alfred about Thanksgiving time. Alfred bought calves for his father that fall for \$6.00 and \$8.00 a head. Lewis married Della Taylor on December 20, 1911. In Cedarview Lars and Libby had a daughter, Golda.

Jesse Tanner wrote about the trip to Cedarview. "In the fall of 1911 they left with one wagon, one white-top buggy and fourteen cows and two saddle horses. Gladys and Henry took turns riding the one horse and helping drive the cows. Jesse drove the cows all the way. David Alvin Taylor⁶ took his team and helped them as far as Ivy Creek. It took two days to reach there. The third night we stayed at El and Chris Jenson place in Emery. Then on to Ferron, then Clawson, then Castle Dale, then Huntington, then on into Price, then Soldier Canyon, then to Nine Mile, then up Gate Canyon and on top to the Wells. To the south side of Myton, then on the Cedar View and

⁶ David is Lars's nephew, a son of Hannah Fredrickson Taylor, Lars's sister. See page 52, Map of Utah, for route taken.

home. The last day Old Birch fell on the wagon tongue and broke it. We camped North across from Henry's place while we made a new tongue for the wagon. I don't remember for sure, but it took 14 or 15 days to make the trip."⁷

Henry⁸ who was nearly eight told about the journey too: "The horses that pulled the wagon were, Mary and Burt, who were gray colored, Perch, a bay and Bess, who was a Black. A white top buggy trailed behind the wagon with Mother and the family in it. We also had Pet a black mare, Maude a brown saddle horse and about fifteen three-year-old cows.there was many places along the way where we would have to put our six horses on each outfit to get them up over the hills. Water was also a problem, dried fruit and vegetables were among our diet, along with bread and butter. One night the October wind came up so bad the tent blew down, Bill crawled out from under it and clapped his hands saying, 'O, ain't this the Mostest Fun.'"

Henry continued: "We...finally reach[ed] our new home.The soldiers were leaving Ft. Duchesne that fall so Dad went over and bought a big tent, a large heater, a table and chairs. He put up the tent, put the heater in and then piled straw real deep along one side for a family bed. Dad and Mom slept in the middle, the boys on Dads side and the girls on Mothers side. We were very comfortable. Dad got some hay and straw bailed, he used the bailed straw for a chicken coop. The hens laid good all winter and we had all the eggs we could use. Two cows freshened so our milk and butter was taken care of. Dad went into the timber to get timber for a house. He build one large room.... We moved into that room about the first of the year in 1912. With the cook stove and the

⁷ Lars Nelson Family History, p.9

⁸ *Ibid.* p. 45

heater, we were very warm and comfortable. Dad continued to work in the timber for poles and cleared sage brush and cedars to clear more ground for more crops.”

Although Bill was a young child, he too wrote about the family move to Cedarview. Bill wrote, “Little do I remember of my early life in Fremont. What I do remember was recalled by older ones of the family talking about past times.

“In the summer of 1911 Dad bought a farm in far off Uintah Basin. He left Lewis and another man to run the farm and he returned to Fremont to get his family. About October first we left Fremont for Cedarview, Utah. I was then almost four years old. In the traveling party was Dad, Mother, Jesse, Gladys, Henry, Iva, Max and myself. Dave Taylor, a cousin, helped us over the mountains to Emery with his team and wagon. Dad’s outfits were a wagon and a buggy, each with one team. When we left Emery, Dad trailed the buggy behind the wagon and drove a four-up as Mother refused to drive a team by herself. We also had about ten head of milk cows and a few extra horses that Jesse and Gladys took turns herding.

“Henry reminds me that I had a wonderful time on our trip. Even when the tent blew down and the wagon got stuck in the mud it was fun for me.

“The last night we camped before getting to our new home was at Joe Bowden’s in Hancock Cove. Dad traded Ann Bowden a cow for pigs, chickens, and other things we needed for our new home. Ann Bowden told me just a few years ago, that cow Dad traded to her was the best milk cow she ever owned.

“The trip from Fremont to Cedarview took thirteen days. I am sure everyone was glad that the long journey was over.

“Our new home located nine miles northwest of Roosevelt was 160 acres of new land. The buildings were one log cabin, half of

which was a grain bin, a baled hay chicken coop and, I suppose, an outhouse. The house was located halfway between the northeast and the southeast corners of the farm on the bank of the Russell Canal.

“Shortly after we arrived Lewis returned to Fremont to help Alfred with the ranch and cattle there as Dad had not sold any of his property.

“Dad wasted no time in getting ready for winter. By the last of November he had a new house built on a location mother picked out in the southeast corner of the farm. It was a big house at that time, only one room. The ward held a Thanksgiving dance in it a few days before we moved in. Later two wedding dances were held there, also choir practice was held there. Mother played the organ and had the only one around the neighborhood....

“Dad went to a sale at Fort Duchesne where the Army was disbanding. He bought a tent, heating stove, chairs, table and other things we needed. We all slept in the tent that winter. Later we boys slept in the attic of the house. When more was added to the house the old part was made into a kitchen, pantry and a dining room. The new part was a living room and three bedrooms. Mother was very proud of her home. I remember she pulled down the shades when she was having a quilting bee so she could show off her new gas lights. Our home was used for many community gatherings. My first days of school were in our front room.

In the summer of 1914 Mother, with all of her children loaded in a buggy, left for Emery and Wayne County for a visit. She had grown homesick for her sister, friends and old home. Golda was a small baby. Henry and Gladys helped with the driving. The trip must have taken most of the summer. I remember when we got home tomatoes were ripening all over the floor of the dining room. Lewis and his family returned to Cedarview with us for a visit. I imagine Mother had to do some talking for Dad to let her take all of us on such a long trip. The risk and worry must have been rewarding

for her. Shortly after we returned she became ill. She suffered with cancer for a year and died in the fall of 1915.”⁹

In 1915 after a few months of sickness, Libby died. Lars was again left with some small children to care for¹⁰.

Henry remembered, “Dad tried to keep a hired girl to care for the house and Golda, who was only two years old when Mother died. We stayed at home, Dad kept us all close to him, he played cards with us for pass time. He also had taught mother to play cards when she was alive, and paid her a nickle a game to play with him. We got along the best we could, we learned to cook, mix light bread, wash and iron, and care for ourselves the best we could.”¹¹

In 1916 Jesse came back to Fremont to live with Lewis and Alfred. December 19, 1917, Alfred married Susie Alice Taylor. Susie and Alfred had a boy, born July 12, 1918. It died two days later and Susie died August 11, 1918. The last of August, Alfred was drafted into the army.

In 1922 Lars and Alfred took a trip to Boise, Idaho to see his sister, Hilma, and then on to California to see Johanna and some more of his relatives.

Lars prospered while in Cedarview. He had stock in two banks and a co-op. He also loaned money to private people, but when the depression hit, he lost all of his stocks and had a hard time paying his taxes.

He lived with his son Max and family. He

⁹ *Lars Nelson History*, Bill Nelson, p.57-58

¹⁰ Bill wrote, “After Mother died we had a housekeeper for a year or two. Then Gladys and Iva took over the household chores. Later Gladys went to Vernal to work and Iva was housekeeper.” *Ibid*, p.59 “Max called Gladys ‘Little Mama.’”, p. 42

¹¹ *Ibid*, p.46

would come to Fremont to visit with Lewis, Alfred and Jesse and their families often. I remember him as a Grandpa who always had some candy for the kids. He remained active and worked until his death on June 26, 1936. He was riding a horse and fell off dead at the age of 83.

Although my Grandfather was not considered a very religious man, I am sure he was a hard worker and a good pioneer. Uncle Willie said it took tough, hard working men like Lars to settle a tough country like this. I am proud to be a grandson of Lars Nelson and I think had he lived in a time of more blessings and received the teachings as a child in the home and in church as I did, he would have been more active in the church.

MEMORIES of LARS NELSON

These are the memories of us who knew Lars Nelson, written here so those who never knew him will have an idea of the character of this man. The way he lived, worked and played.

There was nothing phony about this Swede with fire red hair, blue eyes, prominent nose, big ears and the mustache that was the fashion of his time. In early manhood he never shaved, later only the mustache stayed. It was shaved off when he was around sixty-five years old and it was hard for his children to recognize him without it. At the time of his death he still had a full head of hair and enough teeth that he had no problem chewing his food. At one time he used eye glasses to read, but later in years to pass, regained his sight enough to read without glasses. He spent endless hours reading, especially his mother’s Swedish Bible. He was

bothered for some years with a rupture yet in old age his body of nearly six feet was straight as an arrow. He had nerves of steel and after eighty years his hands were so steady and his sight so good, he could thread a needle. His hearing became weaker with age but not enough that it bothered him. He was seldom sick and never spent two days in bed at one time.

Dad used his great voice to good advantage, I am sure it was developed in his early years while working with cattle. While driving one cow, or a large herd, he continually yelled his commands. On a clear morning or a cool evening, he could be heard for a mile as he called, "Gee Haw" to his oxen, Tom and Jerry, or "Gid-Dup-There, Gid-Up", to his team, Prince and Charley. Or perhaps "Fetch-Em-In" to old dog Nero. Unlike other boys, he never learned to whistle or swim.

An early riser, to him, to waste time was a sin. On Sunday if you didn't attend church, on holidays, rainy summer days, or the cold of the winter, his idea was to do something worthwhile, every day. Worthwhile things to him was not only work but trips, visits, sports, family get-togethers or just writing a letter was important.

From the old country he brought all their superstitions. He would interpret his dreams as well as other peoples. He would often remark, "This will be a good day," or, "This will be a bad day," depending on the dream he had. For example, it was very bad to dream of eggs, and very good to dream of fish in clear water. He said never to question a man on what he saw, or said he saw. Here are two events he told of to prove his point. In Malad Valley he and his grandfather were digging a ditch, they were in a hurry to get the ditch finished but couldn't get any help. His mother brought their lunch out every day to where they were working. On this

day, when she arrived, she remarked, "Lars, I am sure glad you finally got someone to help." Surprised, he replied, "But mother, we don't have any help." Oh yes you do," she said. "There is a man working just around the bend in front of you, I watched him all the way up here. You be sure and save him something to eat, he is working so hard." He and grandfather checked, there was no man, but when they got to this point, the ditch became easier to dig. Another time in Fremont, three of his colts were spooked by something in the pasture. They ran to the pasture bars and looked back, presently what looked like a man came toward them. When he got close he jumped on one of the colts. The colt began to kick and buck. The man-like object was bucked off and floated rather than fell to the ground. All three colts stood with their ears pointed and watched as the object moved into the brush.

His demand for life were simple. He never lived in a home with electricity or modern plumbing. He never owned a pair of pajamas but slept in his shirt, sometimes he wore a second shirt to cover up the soiled one. He never shaved himself, but would get shaved by a barber on his weekly trips to town where he would also enjoy a bath at a bath-house or hotel. He used a comb more to scratch his head than to comb his hair. A joyful sort of person, he liked to be around people and could strike up a conversation with a total stranger with complete ease. He enjoyed the neighborhood parties we had at home [Cedarview]. He liked to dance and sometimes when the mood would hit him, would break into one of his favorite songs, such as "Mrs. Jones, can I come over?" or "This you better believe." These songs were for men only. He liked a good story, or joke even if it was on himself. His friends kidded him that the LN brand on his cattle stood for "Long Nose", not Lars Nelson.

His education in Sweden was limited, as the only textbook they had was the Bible. Later in Fremont, he attended school in the winter months. The last time at the age of thirty-three. He kept abreast of local and world events by taking a Salt Lake City daily newspaper. He would argue religion, politics and current events with anyone, partly for the sake of a good argument. He seldom swore but his expressions of “By Gosh” and “By Lightnen” were trade marks.

He would eat anything put out for a meal. He especially liked fish, strong cheese, clabber milk, hot breads and a lump of sugar with his coffee. (This was a must.) As we married and moved to homes of our own, he brought each of us a pound of lump sugar to use with his coffee.

Father was a kind man. He spoke with equal affection of his two wives, always of their good qualities. He was protective of his daughters, taught and chided his sons to be better men and to respect all women. He was proud of his grandchildren and could tell you something special about each one of them. He always had peppermint candy in his pocket for his grandchildren. One test he used for all of them was to put a piece of peppermint candy and a silver dollar on a chair, stand the child down and give them a choice of which they wanted. He was overjoyed when one would choose the dollar.

Lewis would often mention ... how his father would send a large order to Montgomery Ward once in the spring and in the fall for clothing, food and supplies. It would usually include a five gallon wooden bucket of hard tack candy, molasses, dried fruit, beans and rice.¹²

He would hide his emotions in times of trouble and sorrow, but tears of joy would roll down his cheeks as he greeted his children on return from one of his trips, kissing sons and daughters alike. Once in a while he would talk of women in his early life, one by the name of Phynnis, probably in Marsh or Malad Valley. Also a Lillian he spoke of. Once he hauled a woman from Richfield to Fremont with marriage in mind. The next day however, he hooked up his team and took her back. Dad said it was because she peeled the potatoes too thick. Uncle Willie claimed it was because the night before, while standing in front of the fireplace, Lars could see through her clothing and didn't like what he saw. He also judged his horses by their legs.

Sports and cards took up much of his leisure time. In Fremont during the winter, the men would take their teams of horses and clear the snow off a strip of the road to run horse races. This created a lot of excitement and betting. Money, cattle and sometimes even land, would change hands at these matched races. Footracing was popular also. Large bets on matched footraces were not uncommon. Of course the bottles passed around helped to keep them warm and build up their gambling spirit. Baseball was a sport he liked. He often told of the great plays that Jesse, Alfred or Lewis had made.

If Dad was seen driving a new cow down the road, it could mean one of three things, 1) he was buying cows to build up his heard, 2) he had bought a cow from a friend or neighbor who needed some quick cash and didn't have any way to get them to a market, or 3) he had won her in a poker game. A gambling debt to him was just as binding as a loan from a bank. These poker games sometimes would become extended more than one night, along with some drinking. At Cedarview his favorite card games

¹² Lars Nelson Family History, p. 15

were sluff and cribbage. Generally some of the neighbors would meet at our house to play. Always for small stakes. Nothing like the poker and horse race days at Fremont.

He was very fond of his cattle and horses though he never wanted to own a sheep, a mule or a jersey cow. It would upset him for anyone to hurt or be unkind to any animal. He would always plan to have plenty of winter feed for his stock. He was a master at handling cattle. In the fall of the year he would buy calves from the farmers, these he would drive home one, two or three at a time. Just him and his old mare, "Doll," could handle the job, no matter how many cattle they drove. He and Jesse drove a herd of steers from Cedarview to Fremont to be winter fed and later sold. In 1916, Dad, Alfred and Tom Taylor, drove one herd to Cedarview, then in the fall of 1920, Dad, Alfred, Jesse and Henry, drove the last of his cows and horses to Cedarview.

Work was one of his great virtues, something he did from his early boyhood to the day of his death. The day he died he helped James Powell in the hay field. On his way home he fell from his horse, the doctor said he was probably dead before he hit the ground. A wish fulfilled that he would never be a cripple or a burden to anyone.

Dad skillfully did the job with the tools he had. Often he repaired machinery and equipment with parts he made himself. He had no use for a lazy man and paid top wages to the men he hired to work on the farm. Some times paying them with cured meat, flour, or potatoes. He often said, "Don't hire a man that smokes, wears a straw hat or levies, he is always hitching up his pants, chasing his hat or rolling a durm." He worked to get a job done, not to pass the time, and was proud of what he accomplished. The money he made was not his

to spend until he had put away enough for his taxes. He thought this was a small price to pay for the privilege to live in the United States of America.

As Dad prospered he bought stock in banks, made mortgage loans to farmers and people who had town homes, and made other investments. He was hit hard financially in the depression of the late twenties and early thirties. Two banks and one store he had stock in, went broke. He had difficulty raising money enough to pay the taxes on the property he owned and also protect that which he had mortgages on. This he faced with the same determination he used on other difficult jobs. The recovery he had made by 1936 showed his ability to cope with difficult times.

Dad's greatest sorrow was his daughter Golda. It was soon known that here was one child he could not teach to care for herself. He was left alone with this situation, mother had died when Golda was less than two years old. He asked for help and advice from anyone that he thought could tell him how to make life better for her. In 1927 I went to Provo to attend school, while there I come across a lady that had lived in Cedarview but was now working at the State Mental Hospital. I talked to Mrs. Barber about Golda. She took me to the doctor in charge at the hospital, and while there he told me of the new school the state was building at American Fork. I wrote Dad and told him the information I had received and Dad came to Provo to investigate more. While there, he made arrangements to put Golda in the school. She was one of the first thirteen to enter the school.

There were a few changes in the last few years of Dad's life. He slowed down some but he still did some work, took his weekly trips to town for a shave and to visit a few of his old

friends at the Commercial Club. He didn't travel as much but in 1933, he went to Chicago to the Worlds Fair, by himself. He read a lot, played solitaire and occasionally a game of cribbage with one of us boys.

He took his daily inspection walk around the yard, followed a few steps behind by his grandson, "Depression." He called Ted, Max's son Depression because of the time he was born. All one has to do is to watch Ted on his own ranch now to see how much he picked up from his boyhood days.

Dad never mastered the art of driving a car though he tried. His "woop-woop-woop-woops", and "easy there", didn't have the effect on the brakes and steering wheel, it had on the animals he had driven. He still used his horse for transportation. You would see him traveling down the road, his horse on a jog trot, going to see one of us that had moved away from the home place. These visits were always a pleasure for us as well as for him. He always had something special to tell us along with some good advice. The last visit he made, just a few days before his death, was just as pleasant. He came to see Verda and I [Bill], then went on to visit Gladys and Sabe, then on to see Henry and Enid. He was his healthy, jolly self, but when he left you had a feeling this visit had been different. I am sure he knew, whether by premonition, superstition, or his knowledge of life, yes, he knew this would be his last visit.

Note: Lars Nelson is buried in the Cedar View cemetery, seven miles northwest of the town of Roosevelt, Utah and west of the Neola highway. His second wife is buried there also. It was his request that he be buried in the cemetery nearest to where he died. His first wife and son Hyrum, his mother and other relatives are buried in the Fremont cemetery, located just west of the town of Fremont.

Jesse Tanner wrote this tribute to Lars: "Any man who would raise three foster children as his own, and teach them to be honest upright citizens is a very broad minded man, one to be respected and loved. Lars was the only father I ever knew from birth until he died in 1936. I loved him and Libby very much and respected them because they were so good to me."¹³

¹³ Lars Nelson Family History, p. 9

TIME LINE for LARS NELSON

Year Age Event

1853 Oct. Birth, Gislovs, Malmohus, Sweden

1864 10½ Emigrate from Sweden with grandparents, Sail on ship, *Monarch of the Sea* summer--Herd cows while crossing plains of USA in company of Latter-day Saints

One month before 11th birthday. Arrive in Salt Lake Valley

1865-1876 Reside in Malad, Idaho

1873 20 Lar's mother and sisters emigrate from Sweden to Malad, Idaho

1876-1877, 22-23 Move to Mormon settlements in Arizona, return to Sevier County, Utah. Homestead in Rabbit Valley (now Fremont), Wayne County, Utah

1886 32 Marry Anna Christina Anderson, 34. Step-father to her daughter Hilma
33 Became an American Citizen 11/26

1887 33 Birth of son, Lewis

1889 35 Birth and death of son, Hyrum

1891 38 Birth of son, Alfred

1900 46 Anna's daughter Hilma, age 19, is widowed after one month of marriage, returns to live with Lars and Anna. In Oct Hilma dies, leaving her 4 week old baby, Jesse Tanner, in Lars and Anna's care.

1902 48 Death of wife, Anna who was 50

1903 49 Marry Elizabeth "Libby"Maxfield age 26. Step-father to her daughter Gladys

1904 50 Birth of son Henry

1905 52 Birth of daughter Iva Ellen

1907 54 Birth of son Verland Silas "Bill"

1910 56 Birth of son, Charles Maxfield

1911 57 Move to Cedarview, Duchesne, UT

1914 60 Birth of daughter Golda

1915 62 Death of his 2nd wife, Libby; seven children, ages 16 - 1 ½ at home. (Jesse, Gladys, Henry, Iva, Bill, "Max" and Golda)

1916 63 Jesse moves back to Fremont, Lars has six children left at home, oldest 15

1918 65 World War I, son Alfred inducted into army-August, war ends in November

1922 68 Trip to Boise Idaho to visit sister, Hilma, and California to visit Aunt Johanna DuVander, his mother's sister. They came to United States together.

1928 75 Lars decides to place Golda in the American Fork Training School in American Fork, Utah

1929-1934 76 Great Depression, Lars lost stock in two banks and a store which closed

1933 79 Traveled to the Chicago World's Fair

1935 82 Birthday celebration with family from Fremont and Cedarview as noted in the Uintah Basin Standard¹⁴

1936, June 26 - 82 Death in Cedarview, Utah

¹⁴ Lars Nelson Family History, p.56 for citizenship, Alfred in WWI, p.23, Golda at Training School, p. 8, 56; 82nd birthday, p. 12

Family Group Record

Page 1 of 2

Husband				
Lars NELSON [*]				
Born-3	20 Oct 1853	Place	Gislov, Malmohus, Sweden	LDS ordinance dates
Died-4	26 Jun 1936	Place	Cedarview, Duchesne, Utah	Baptized-1
Buried-5	29 Jun 1936	Place	Cedarview, Duchesne, Utah (near Roosevelt, Utah)	Endowed-2
				2 Jun 1941
Married-6	6 Jul 1886	Place	Fremont, Piute now Wayne, Utah	Sealed to parents
				6 Dec 1965
Other Spouse	Sarah Elizabeth "Libby" MAXFIELD ⁷			Sealed to spouse
Married-8	4 Mar 1903	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah	7 Jun 1951
Husband's father	Jons FREDRIKSSON ⁹			MANTI
Husband's mother	Elna or Ellen (PEHRSDOTTER) NILSSON			
Wife				
Anna Christina ANDERSON				
Born-13	20 Jan 1852	Place	Mellankopinge, Kyrkokopinge Annex, Malmohous, Sweden	LDS ordinance dates
Christened	21 Jan 1852	Place	Mellankopinge, Kyrkokopinge Annex, Malmohous, Sweden	Baptized-10
Died	14 May 1902	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah	Endowed-11
Buried		Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah	27 Jun 1933
				2 Feb 1994
Wife's father	Hans ANDERSON			MANTI
Wife's mother	Anna ANDERSDOTTER			
Children List each child in order of birth.				LDS ordinance dates
				Temple
1	F	Hilma NELSON [*]		
	Born-17	29 Oct 1880	Place	Mellankopinge, Kyrkokopinge Annex, Malmohous, Sweden
	Died-18	9 Oct 1900	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
				Baptized-14
				6 Sep 1894
				Endowed-15
				20 Dec 1899
				Sealed to parents-16
				21 May 1980
	Spouse	Jesse Anderson TANNER		
	Married-19	12 Dec 1899	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
				Sealed to spouse-20
				20 Dec 1899
2	M	Lewis Peter NELSON		
	Born-24	30 Apr 1887	Place	Fremont, Piute now Wayne, Utah
	Died	1 Aug 1962	Place	Richfield, Sevier, Utah
	Buried		Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
				Baptized-21
				4 Sep 1898
				Endowed-22
				5 Jun 1918
				Sealed to parents-23
				22 Mar 1961
	Spouse	Della Amelia TAYLOR		
	Married-25	20 Dec 1911	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
				Sealed to spouse-26
				5 Jun 1918
3	M	Hyrum NELSON		
	Born	1889	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Died	1889	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
				Baptized
				Child
				Endowed
				Child
				Sealed to parents-27
				22 Mar 1961
4	M	Alfred Frank NELSON		
	Born-29	3 Nov 1891	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Died-30	24 Nov 1984	Place	Cedar City, Iron, Utah
	Buried		Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
				Baptized
				4 Aug 1901
				Endowed-28
				28 Aug 1918
				Sealed to parents
				22 Mar 1961
	Spouse	Susie Alice TAYLOR ³¹		
	Married	19 Dec 1917	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
				Sealed to spouse-32
				28 Aug 1918
	Spouse	Melda TAYLOR		
	Married-33	4 Feb 1927	Place	Richfield, Sevier, Utah
				Sealed to spouse
				19 Sep 1934

17 Oct 2003 * Relationship Codes: {S} Sealing

Family Group Record

Page 2 of 2

Husband	Lars NELSON{S}
Wife	Anna Christina ANDERSON
Sources	1. LDS Ordinance Index, (1999-2002), Manti Temple endowment record. Family records show baptism as 15 Nov 1863, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150. 2. Family History Library, Ordinance Index, Film #170474, page #207, Ref # 5595 proxy: Alfred Nelson, son, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150. 3. Family History Library, F Sweden Malmohus 4,26915 pt.13 research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, UT. 4. Bill Nelson, Lars Nelson Family History, private printing, in possession of Karen Sorenson Ellett, Loa, Utah. 5. Bill Nelson, Lars Nelson Family History. 6. Family Records, of Lars Nelson, grandson, Loa, UT 84747 1/30/2003. 7. LDS Ordinance Index, Sealing: Film #458533, source for Birth, Death, Baptism, parent's names. also information from Lars Nelson, grandson of Lars and Anna Nelson Sealed to parents: Batch #5002527 Sheet:26 Source Call #1396485 Endow: proxy Gladys Nelson #170452, page 798, Ref #22247. 8. Family Records, of Lars Nelson, grandson of Lars Nelson, Box 535, Loa, Utah 84747 1/30/2003. 9. Family History Library. Birth, Death, Marriage: Lilla Isle Parish Records, part 5 F Sweden Malis 06,20446, & F Sweden Malmohus 4,26915, part 13, Research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, Utah. 10. LDS Ordinance Index, Film:#170392, page 343, Ref #12351. Name written as: Ane Christine Anderson; also family record from Lars Nelson, Loa, Utah. 11. LDS Ordinance Index, Film #15159, M2, page 547. Proxy lone Nelson Blackburn, granddaughter. 12. LDS Ordinance Index, Film #0221212 Batch #C410672 (1705-1859). 13. Family Records. Information from Lars Nelson, grandson of Lars and Anna, Loa, Utah 84747. 14. Family History Library, #170485, p., Ref # 6876 Ordinance Index. 15. Family History Library, #170485, p., Ref # 6876 Ordinance Index. 16. Family History Library, Ordinance Index 25 Jan 2000 Edition. 17. Family Records, from Lars Nelson, Loa, Utah 84747 1/30/2003. 18. Ancestral File, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150. 19. Family Records, from Lars Nelson, Loa, Utah Jan 30, 2003. 20. Family History Library, Film #170490, p., Ref # 3445 Ordinance Index. 21. Family History Library, Date from Manti Temple records. 22. Family History Library, Ordinance Index #884255-884257 Batch# H000114, Sheet 00 Book. 23. Family History Library, Ordinance Index. 24. Family Records, from Lars Nelson Box 535, Loa, UT 84747 1/30/2003. 25. Family History Library, Film #0026114 Wayne Stake Form E Reports, 1911. 26. Family History Library, Ordinance Index. 27. Family History Library, Ordinance Index, Film #458665. 28. Family History Library, Ordinance Index, Batch #H002174 Sheet 00. 29. Family Records, from Lars Nelson, Box 535, Loa, UT 84747. 30. Family History Library, Ordinance Index, Batch #H002174 Sheet 00 and records of Devon Nelson. 31. Family Records, from Lars Nelson History, p.23. 32. Family History Library, Ordinance Index and records of Devon Nelson, Fremont, Utah. 33. Family Records, from Lars Nelson History, p. 23-24 and Devon Nelson, son. Melda is a sister to Della Taylor who married Alfred's brother Lewis Nelson.

17 Oct 2003 Relationship Codes: {S} Sealing

Family Group Record

Page 1 of 2

Husband				
Lars NELSON[*]{S}				
Born-3	20 Oct 1853	Place	Gislov, Malmohus, Sweden	LDS ordinance dates
Died-4	26 Jun 1936	Place	Cedarview, Duchesne, Utah	Baptized-1
Buried-5	29 Jun 1936	Place	Cedarview, Duchesne, Utah (near Roosevelt, Utah)	Endowed-2
				2 Jun 1941
Married-6	4 Mar 1903	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah	Sealed to parents
				6 Dec 1965
Other Spouse	Anna Christina ANDERSON			Sealed to spouse
Married-7	6 Jul 1886	Place	Fremont, Piute now Wayne, Utah	22 Mar 1961
Husband's father	Jons FREDRIKSSON ⁸			MANTI
Husband's mother	Elna or Ellen (PEHRSDOTTER) NILSSON			
Wife				
Sarah Elizabeth "Libby" MAXFIELD⁹				
Born	26 Dec 1876	Place	Union Fort (Cottonwood), Salt Lake, Utah	LDS ordinance dates
Died	23 Nov 1915	Place	Cedarview, Duchesne, Utah	Baptized
Buried	26 Nov 1915	Place	Cedarview, Duchesne, Utah (near Roosevelt, Utah)	Endowed
				1 Nov 1922
				Sealed to parents
				BIC
Wife's father	Henry Adheimer MAXFIELD			
Wife's mother	Sarah Ellen MORRELL			
Children List each child in order of birth.				
LDS ordinance dates				
Temple				
1	F	Gladys Elvira NELSON[*]{S}¹⁰		
	Born	23 Apr 1901	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Died	2 May 1968	Place	
				Baptized
				6 Jun 1909
				Endowed
				19 Feb 1981
				Sealed to parents
				2 Apr 1982
	Spouse	Sabey TIMOTHY		
	Married	21 Jan 1928	Place	
				Sealed to spouse
2	M	Henry LeRoy NELSON¹¹		
	Born	10 Jan 1904	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Died	30 Dec 1986	Place	Cedarview, Duchesne, Utah
				Baptized
				6 Jul 1912
				Endowed
				9 Sep 1988
				Sealed to parents
				10 Sep 1988
	Spouse	Enid WEEKS		
	Married	4 Jan 1932	Place	
				Sealed to spouse
3	F	Iva Ellen NELSON¹²		
	Born	9 Nov 1905	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Died	25 Nov 1959	Place	
				Baptized
				27 Jul 1918
				Endowed
				23 Jun 1927
				Sealed to parents
				7 Sep 1988
	Spouse	James Lott POWELL		
	Married	2 Feb 1926	Place	Duchesne, Duchesne, Utah
				Sealed to spouse
				23 Jun 1927
4	M	Verland Silas "Bill" NELSON¹³		
	Born	18 Dec 1907	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Died	8 Oct 1996	Place	Cedarview, Duchesne, Utah
				Baptized
				27 Jul 1918
				Endowed
				11 May 1933
				Sealed to parents
	Spouse	Laverda TIMOTHY		
	Married	11 May 1933	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
				Sealed to spouse
				11 May 1933
				SLAKE

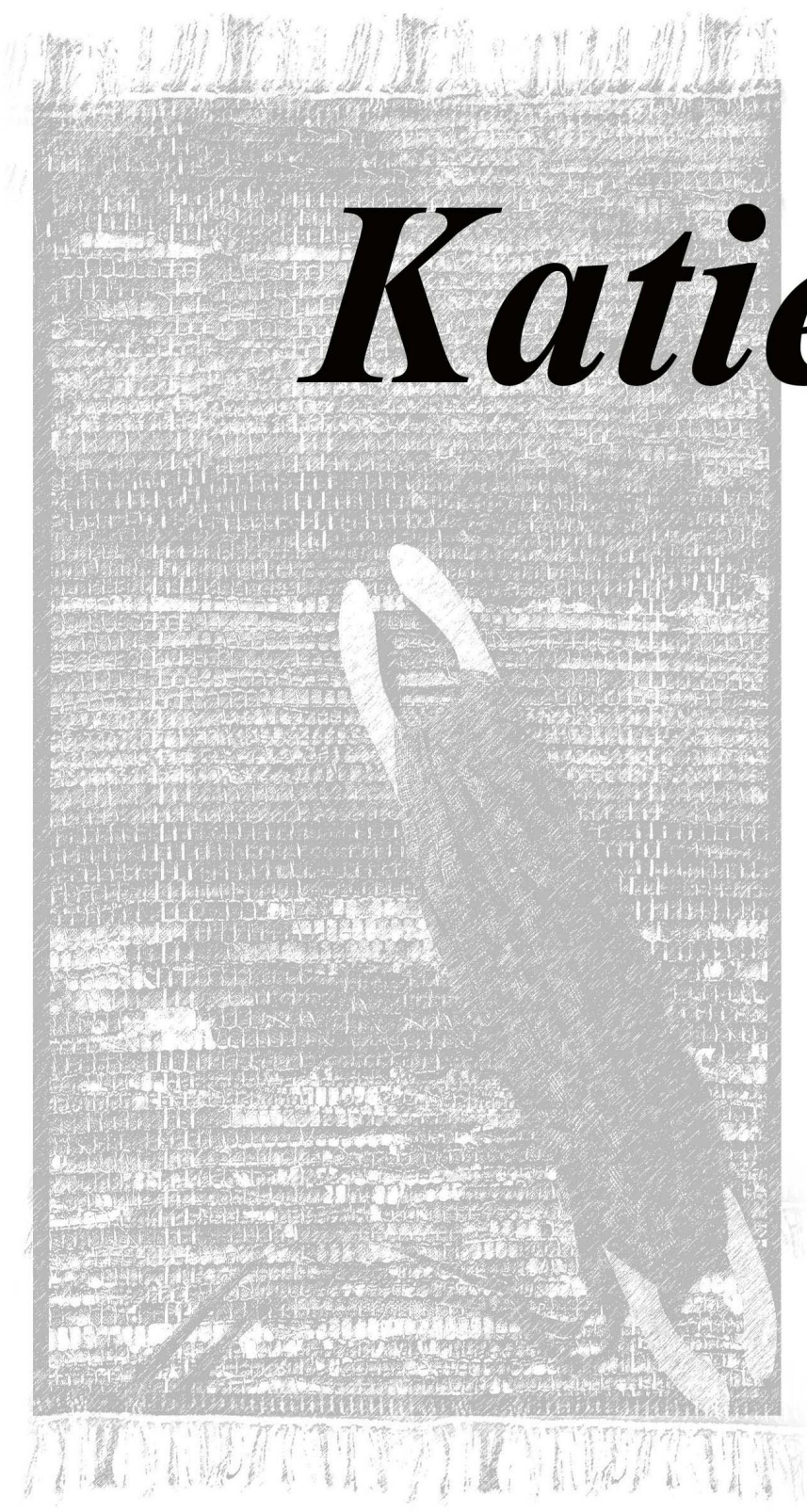
17 Oct 2003 *Relationship Codes: {S} Sealing

Family Group Record

Page 2 of 2

Husband Lars NELSON{S}				
Wife Sarah Elizabeth "Libby" MAXFIELD				
Children List each child in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
5	M	Charles Maxfield NELSON¹⁴		
	Born	18 Jun 1910	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Baptized	12 Jun 1920		
	Died	30 Apr 2003	Place	Cedarview, Duchesne, Utah
	Endowed	23 May 1992		PROVO
	Buried		Place	Cedarview, Duchesne, Utah
	Sealed to parents	23 May 1992		PROVO
	Spouse	Nola Marie ANDERTON		
	Married	21 Jun 1932	Place	Cedarview, Duchesne, Utah
	Sealed to spouse	23 May 1992		PROVO
6	F	Golda Elizabeth NELSON¹⁵		
	Born	16 Mar 1914	Place	Cedarview, Duchesne, Utah
	Baptized	30 Jan 1982		OGDEN
	Died	5 Aug 1980	Place	Roosevelt, Duchesne, Utah
	Endowed	24 Feb 1982		OGDEN
	Sealed to parents	2 Apr 1982		OGDEN
Sources 1. LDS Ordinance Index, (1999-2002), Manti Temple endowment record. Family records show baptism as 15 Nov 1863, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150. 2. Family History Library, Ordinance Index, Film #170474, page #207, Ref # 5595 proxy: Alfred Nelson, son, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150. 3. Family History Library, F Sweden Malmohus 4,26915 pt.13 research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, UT. 4. Bill Nelson, Lars Nelson Family History, private printing, in possession of Karen Sorenson Ellett, Loa, Utah. 5. Bill Nelson, Lars Nelson Family History. 6. Family Records, of Lars Nelson, grandson of Lars Nelson, Box 535, Loa, Utah 84747 1/30/2003. 7. Family Records, of Lars Nelson, grandson, Loa, UT 84747 1/30/2003. 8. Family History Library. Birth, Death, Marriage: Lilla Isle Parish Records, part 5 F Sweden Malis 06,20446, & F Sweden Malmohus 4,26915, part 13, Research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, Utah. 9. LDS Ordinance Index, Sealing: Film #458533, source for Birth, Death, Baptism, parent's names. also information from Lars Nelson, grandson of Lars and Anna Nelson Sealed to parents: Batch #5002527 Sheet:26 Source Call #1396485 Endow: proxy Gladys Nelson #170452, page 798, Ref #22247. 10. Family Records, of Lars Nelson, Box 535, Loa, UT 84747, 1/30/2003. Endowment and Sealing to Parents: Ordinance Index, Batch #H000149, Sheet 00, source Call #884354-884357 Baptism: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Wayne Stake Film #0026114 Form E Reports. 11. Family Records, of Lars Nelson, Box 535, Loa, UT 84747 1/30/2003. Endowment: Ordinance Index Batch #5002527, Sheet 26, Source Call #1396485, Film. 12. Family Records, of Lars Nelson, Box 535, Loa, UT 84747 1/30/2003. Endowment: Ordinance Index, Batch #H000127, Sheet 00, Book Call #884285-884288. 13. Family Records, of Lars Nelson, Box 535, Loa, UT 84747. Endowment: Ordinance Index Birth & Death: Social Security Index. 14. Family Records, of Lars Nelson, Box 535, Loa, UT 84747 and Funeral Memorial and Lars Nelson History p.65-73. 15. Family History Library, Ordinance Index Batch #8132301, Sheet 45, Film #0084709.				

17 Oct 2003



Katie



Kjerstie "Katie" Fredrickson



William Moorhouse and Katie Fredrickson Webster - courtesy of Loren Webster

Children of Katie F. and
William M. Webster



Loren B. Webster



James E. Webster



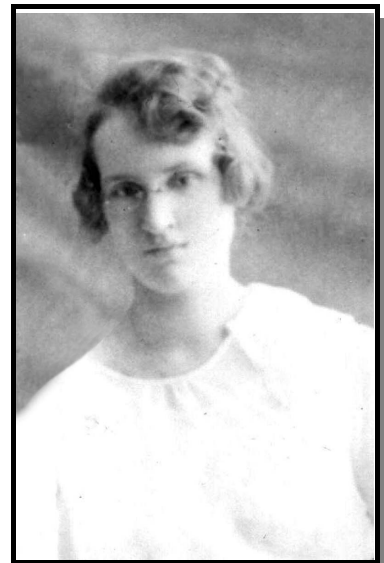
Alice Webster Muir



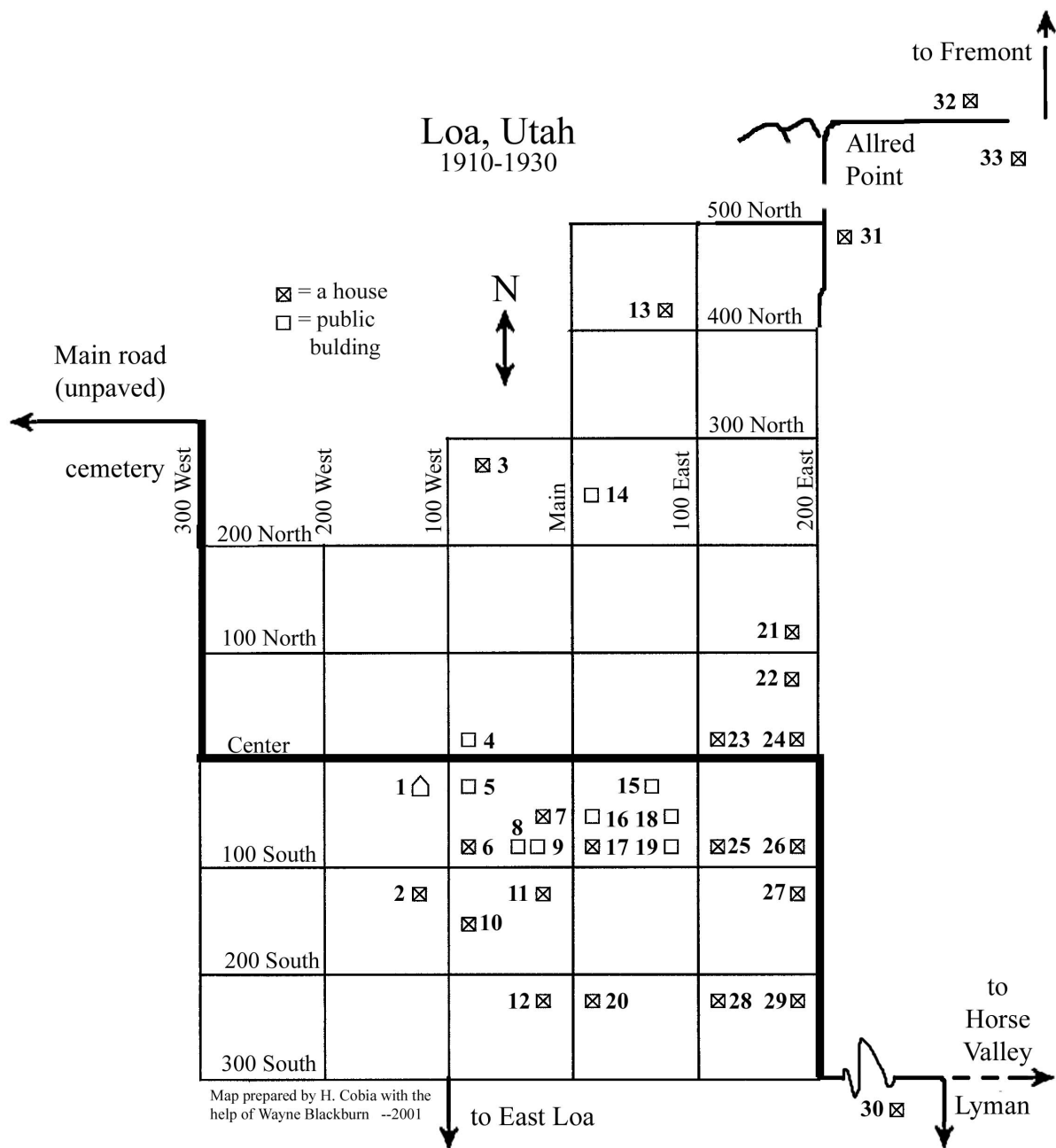
Nancy Atella Webster



Pearl Webster Evans



Mabel Webster Morrell



- | | | | |
|---|-----------------------------|---|---|
| 1. Tabernacle - Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints | 9. Loa Co-op Store | 19. Bank & courthouse | 26. Sadie & Isaac Blackburn/ Doctor Nelson/ Mabel & Les Morrell |
| 2. Mae P. Webster | 10. Brown's | 20. Jim & Mae Webster | 27. Blacksmith |
| 3. Warren & Mealie Taylor | 11. Parley & Vinnie Reese | 21. Ada & Harve Taylor, Mae's sister | 28. Loren & Fontella Webster |
| 4. Relief Society - L.D.S. women's organization | 12. Fred & Deanie Webster | 22. Howard Blackburn | 29. William & Katie Webster |
| 5. Stake President - L.D.S. | 13. Ephraim & Sarah Taylor | 23. Wiff Pace/ Mabel & Les Morrell | 30. William & Maggie Webster Webster Farm |
| 6. Tom Reese | 14. Wasatch Service Station | 24. Elijah Blackburn | 31. Kingstrup |
| 7. Terza Hansen/Post office | 15. Rock school | 25. "Gramma" Pace/ Wayne & Ione Blackburn | 32. Lars Nelson |
| 8. Fremont Irrigation Co. | 16. Garage | | 33. Elna Fredrickson |
| | 17. Nick Sheffield | | |
| | 18. First school/church | | |
- (Not all houses shown. In several houses along 200 East there were Blackburn families.)

Swedish Girl, Pioneer Woman

Katie Fredrickson Webster

as remembered by children and grandchildren

Katie married William Morehouse Webster

Their children are: Jim, Alice, Mabel, Atella, Loren, Pearl



If pioneers are people who walked across the American Midwest with all their possessions squeezed into a covered wagon, then Katie was not a pioneer. If pioneers are people who lived in log cabins, settled on land where Indians recently walked, pushed a plow through unmarked soil and turned a wilderness into gardens, fields and farms, then Katie was a pioneer. She lived in log cabins. Her family was among the first people to come to Rabbit Valley where Indian paths crossed the land. She helped tear away wild brush, pry up rocks, dig and smooth the land to plant berry bushes and vegetables. It was a dry, demanding country where men and women worked hard and never got rich. Every spring wind flew down the hills and mountains daily kicking up dust, but seldom bringing rain. In one ten year period the average rain fall was seven and a half inches¹. In a land this dry dew never forms during the night.²

Katie was a long way from her place of birth, a land of green fields and pleasant sea breezes. She was born in a small hamlet in southern Sweden. She was christened Kjerstie in the Lutheran Church. This made a special tie to her maternal grandmother who was also Kjerstie or Kjerstina. When she was about five,

her maternal grandparents joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1863 and immigrated to Salt Lake Valley in 1864 as part of the gathering of Latter-day Saints to Zion. They settled near Malad, Idaho. Kjerstie may have remembered the departure of her grandparents and her older brother, Lars Nelson. When she was twelve her father Jons Fredrickson died. When she was fourteen she left Sweden with her Mother and two younger sisters. Katie's children didn't remember her talking about her childhood, except her youngest son Loren. She told him, her family had cows and she herded them "out in a place all covered with dew. The grass was so pretty." #2,4³

Katie, with her mother and younger sisters came to the United States with members of the Mormon Church (Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints) from the "Skane Conference." Skane Province was the southern tip of Sweden. On a June day Katie watched her mother close the door of their home. Did the girls and their mother turn back often to watch their home shrink smaller and smaller and disappear or were they excited to start this new adventure not realizing they would never see Sweden again? Across the tip of Sweden they moved, west to a coastal city (probably Malmo) where they boarded a ferry to take them across the Sound, about fifteen miles to Denmark. Did the girls hang on the rail and watch Sweden recede or did they anxiously look west to the catch the first glimpse of a place they'd never seen? They sailed June 27, 1873 on the "Pacific" from Copenhagen to

¹ Rainbow Views, A History of Wayne County, Snow p2

² Dew forms when moist air is cooled by direct contact with cold objects out in the open. Dew forms best on still, clear nights [without wind]. World Book, 1985 D, p141

³ Interview, transcript number and page. See Sources.

Hull, England. The ship's manifest reads, "Frederiksen, Elna, 42 (widow); Kirsti Frederiksen, 14; Helena Frederiksen, 10; Hanna, 4.

Elna and her daughters boarded the steamship, *Wisconsin*, which departed July 2, 1873, from Liverpool, England. From the research notes of Buddy Qualls, "Ellen, Kirsti, Helna (Hilma), and Hannah J. Fredrikson are listed in the Skane Conference records of emigrants on page 53.Ellna is listed as passenger number 75, age 42. Kirsti passenger number 76, age 14. Helna, or Hilma, passenger number 77, age 10. Hannah as passenger number 78, age 4. Ellna's occupation is listed as 'Widow'. The ships manifesto lists several columns such as 'Drafts', 'Immigration Fund', 'Spare Fund', and 'Contents'. The 'Contents' column contains the figures 400#. In a bracket beside the column is the following weights. Passenger number 75, 148# passenger number 76, 148#; passenger number 77, 74#; passenger number 78, 30# It is believed this is the body weight [and added to] personal belongings...this would allow the Captain to calculate his gross weight and allow him to trim the ship with ballast in preparation for sailing. It is believed this family brought very little possessions other than their clothes." They arrived in New York July 15, 1873. The thirteen day voyage was fast compared to her grandparents thirty-six day voyage in a sailing ship. The women must have rejoiced it was so short since all of them were sea sick.

Katie's family immigrated to the United States after the era of the wagon train. They crossed the United States by railroad train to Odgen, Utah. Katie's mother made their first home in Malad, Idaho area, near their family who left Sweden before them, Katie's grandmother, her aunt and two uncles. Her mother married a man who had crossed the ocean when they did and also went to Idaho. Her mother and step-father had a baby boy they

named William Charles Jenson. Katie was baptized a member of The Mormon Church. Two years later, 1876, her brother Lars Nelson decided to go to Arizona and the rest of the family went too. They were there for a short time, then came back to Utah and stayed one winter in Richfield. Willie said the boys came courting his big sisters that winter. Katie must have been the "big sister" they were courting; she was seventeen. Hilma was twelve and Hannah was only seven.

The next spring the family settled in Rabbit Valley, probably 1877. The family of five lived in a one-room log cabin the first year. The next year Lars built a larger cabin with a lean-to at the side and Elna's loom and spinning wheel were brought inside. "These mother and the girls kept going both night and day it seemed to me," Willie remembered. "It was the last thing I heard at night and the first thing in the morning. Carding, spinning, weaving. I and my youngest sister picked the wool after it was washed, before it was carded. Hilma usually did the carding. Katie the spinning, mother the weaving. Some times they would change each other for a rest, My sisters was really better off than most girls in the Valley. They could weave their woolen dresses. They cut the bark off the Tagalders that grew along the river to color them with, this made a deep wine color, and they were really proud of their new woolen dresses. They did look nice I thought."

There was only one family living in Rabbit Valley when the Fredricksons arrived. Jack Allred, the first to live there, was actively encouraging others to homestead there. He was very persuasive and convinced other families to come to Rabbit Valley. Because the people were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints they quickly organized a church unit, Fremont Ward, under the direction of church leaders. The next year they "laid out a new road to Grass Valley."⁴ They made some

⁴ Burrville, Utah. Quote from History of Wayne County by William C. Jenson, p. 5

grade and picked out loose rock, thus opening a much better route to get in and out of the valley.” They took turns once a week to bring the mail from Burrville to the valley. They petitioned for mail service, marked town sites, regulated water usage, made rules for grazing cattle and laid out roads. By 1880 there were 26 families and 101 members in Fremont Ward. Katie was one of the five teachers in the Sunday School⁵.

Katie’s mother, Elna, soon homesteaded her own land adjacent to the homestead of her oldest son, Lars. A log cabin was built. Elna and her four youngest children, Katie, Hilma, Hannah and Willie moved into the log cabin. Hilma’s daughter, Violet, said her mother remembered the cold winters in that cabin. “At night in bed Hilma always snuggled between Katie and Hannah to keep warm.”

A middle-aged woman, two young women, and two children⁶ worked through the day-light hours trying to grow enough food to keep themselves from hunger. From Katie’s daughter, Mabel, we learn, “Uncle Lars built himself a house on his property and was very busy clearing it. So grandma and her girls built their own three room log house. Her land was very rocky so she cleared that land by hand and built a rock wall.... Also had a rock corral. My mother [Katie] worked so hard she broke down her health. They had a big berry patch and sold berries and also had bees and sold honey. [They] also had a few sheep and used the wool to spin wool cloth for dresses.”

The story has been passed down through the family for generations that the women wrested the boulders out of the ground to make a garden and built the rocks into a protecting garden wall. The mother, daughters and young son eked out a living. Katie’s niece Violet Taylor,

said, “I had it in mind that Rabbit Valley was a place where very poor people lived, very poor.”

Willie, said the women not only wove cloth on the loom they soon started weaving Rag Rugs. “The price charged for weaving rag carpets was 10 cents per yard if they [the customer] furnished the material. Some times she [their mother] had to take produce, wheat, oats, or any thing the people had that mother could use. On one occasion she wove a carpet for Johny Buckcanon and she did some other work for them, that he brought house logs to build a house on the land she had homesteaded. Those days there was very little money, and it was hard to get, so they helped each other.”

Marriage

Katie’s younger sisters married, first Hilma in 1883 when she was nineteen and Hannah in 1888 when she was nineteen. Hilma, her husband and children moved to Idaho. In 1888 Katie was twenty-nine. If people didn’t call her an “old maid” they surely must have thought of her as an “old maid” especially after her “almost” wedding.

Martha Jenson, her niece wrote, “Katie was going to marry a man in the temple. She was baptized June 14, 1887⁷ then had her own endowments June 15, 1887. She felt inspired not to marry the man and live with him in polygamy, but waited, and two years later married William Moorhouse Webster.”

Loren, a son said, “Mother lived with her Mother on [a] little farm near Fremont. Dad had to have somebody take care of the kids. He couldn’t take care of them kids very well. He went and visited her.

“Mother had been going with another fellow from Fremont. The fact is they had started to the temple and was going to get married. Then she decided she didn’t want to get married and

⁵ *Ibid*, p.8

⁶ The instrument date on Elna’s land was 1 June 1892. At that time Elna was 49, Katie 23, Hilma 18, Hannah 13 and Willie 7. Hilma married the next year. It is assumed Elna’s neighbors and Lars built the log cabin.

⁷ She was baptized the April 11, 1874. There is evidence Katie and other members of the family briefly had their names taken off Church records. Katie was rebaptized 18 Aug 1883 and again in 1887.

backed out and come home. Her [former fiancée] said, “Billy will never get Katie because she turned me down. She wouldn’t marry me and she won’t marry him.” But she did marry him!

“I’ve heard her tell the story that before she married Dad, she said she didn’t know whether she should marry him or whether she shouldn’t. He had five little kids. She knew he needed somebody all right, but she didn’t know whether she should marry him or not. She knelt down and prayed and asked the Lord if she should marry my Dad. She said He didn’t really tell her only she had the feeling when she got through that she was to marry him. She felt like she had been answered. She did marry him.” #2,6

William M. Webster⁸, was called Billy by his family and friends. He was nine years older than Katie. He and several members of his family came to Rabbit Valley because his brother-in-law, James Knox Polk Sampson liked the valley. James was one of the young men sent by Church Leaders in 1874 to explore and survey the land, looking for places people could settle. Billy brought a wife, Maggie, and two children to the valley. Before he could farm he had to clear the land by removing the rabbit and sagebrush with a grub hoe. One of the young men he hired to help him was Katie’s brother, Willie. Billy and Maggie added three more children to their family. In November of 1888, Maggie died while giving birth to a sixth child who did not survive either. There were five children, Sadie (Sarah), Rose, Fred, Lizzie (Elizabeth) and Dan, ages eleven to two. William hired Katie to help with the children. She did such a good job he asked her to marry him.

Katie left the three-room log cabin on the side of a hill and moved ten miles south to a three-room log cabin at the side of a road. It sat

on the edge of a farm between Loa and Lyman. Alice wrote, “[We lived] on a farm about a mile from town. Ours was the house by the side of the road, where travelers stayed, free meals, lodging and feed [for horses]. Spent evening in exciting tales of pioneering and [illegible]. This would go on far into the night. Always were reluctant to retire and afraid of the dark.”

Katie’s days had been filled with work which she shared with her mother and Hannah (until she married), but instant motherhood meant she did all the housework for seven people with some help from the little girls. The oldest, Sadie, was eleven. A year later the cries of a new baby were heard in the little three-room cabin and two years later another baby was born. Now there were two adults and seven children in the house. By the time Katie’s next baby was born Sadie was married and lived a few blocks away. And then they just kept making room for one more, and one more and one more. In all Katie had six children, Jim (James) and Alice, Mabel and Atella, Loren and Pearl.

None of the children ever complained about the size of the house, but they did complain about how far they had to walk to school! Mabel said, “Father didn’t want to move, but Lizzy and Rose talked him into moving.” The girls thought more than two miles was too far to walk especially in winter. They finally convinced their Dad to move to town. In 1901 Katie packed up their belongings and the family moved to Loa and lived in a rented house.

Loa House

Billy then moved the house to Loa! He carefully took apart the log cabin at the side of the road and pulled it to town, log by log, where he reassembled the cabin log by log. He then added a second story.

Katie filled her days with housework, cooking, baking, cheesemaking, sewing, washing and outside chores, milking cows, feeding chicken, gardening. There was always

⁸ For more details of William’s life, see Tapestry: A Webster History, H. Cobia, p.55-87

something to do. How Katie and her family lived was described by her son, Loren, years later. He said:

“[After I was born] we moved over to town. Pearl was two years younger and she was born after we moved. All the other children were born over on the farm and lived on the farm. [Because we couldn’t move into our house in Loa,] we lived across the street in a house that belonged to Potter⁹. We always called it the Potter lot. We lived in that little house before our house was built. We were there, maybe a year. Dad brought the logs from the house at the farm. When we moved Dad numbered each log before he took them down. When he brought them over to town each log was marked so it could be put up the same way that it was taken down. He put them back in place so he didn’t have to do any trimming. When they brought the logs from the farm it was only a one story building. Dad added on enough logs to bring it up to make two stories out of it. There wasn’t any upstairs when it was to the farm, so that made six rooms. #6-10 They were all the same size, 6 - 8 by 16 feet. There was three rooms downstairs and three rooms upstairs. The six rooms were all exactly the same size one above the other.

“The house was a “T” shape, two rooms side by side and one in the middle. We called one the front room. You could go in either the bedroom or the kitchen from that room. The long part run east and west. A stairway went up to the other three rooms. My parents slept downstairs. Most of the time they were in one room. In later years they changed it and had the front room as their bedroom. #1-2

“The boys [slept] in one bedroom upstairs and the girls in another upstairs. I don’t think Dad and Mother had one room alone. There was kids in another bed. Dad and Mother never slept in the same bed as long as I can remember. I slept with Dad. I can’t ever remember ever sleeping with anybody but Dad. One of the girls slept with Mother or she might have slept alone. #2-2 Most of the rooms had two double beds, no single beds.

“The beds were wooden. They didn’t have springs just boards on them. We had home-made mattresses. They were slit across the top and they’d fill them with straw. Them was throwed on the slats and the quilts over that. When the straw got matted down they’d stir it up. When they [Katie and the girls] first put it in, it would stand up about two feet high. We’d run and jump on top of it and thought it was really something. Then it would mat down until it was six or eight inches. Then they’d stir it up and stir it up to make it nice to sleep on. The ticks¹⁰ had a slit in it and they’d reach right in and stir it up. When it got packed so much it was solid, they’d have to change it. It was hard to get straw in the summer time. They’d get it in the fall or the winter. In the summer, sometimes they’d use wild hay. Wild hay was pretty good. It was a wire grass hay. They’d fill the tick every year. My mother and sisters made the quilts for our beds.

“We never did sleep in the third room upstairs. That was storage stuff. Mother made cheese in the summer and she put her cheese in that room on shelves. They had to turn it and wax it. She put butter on it at that time to grease it. She had to turn it

⁹ William Columbus Potter. His daughter, Mae, married Katie and Billy’s oldest son, Jim.

¹⁰ The cloth used to make the mattress was called ticking, a tightly woven blue and white striped material. A mattress made of ticking was called a “tick.”

every day or two so it wouldn't mold. She had them big shelves clear full of cheese. It would last through the winter. In that room we had a big platform hanging from the ceiling and that's where Dad stacked the flour. #1-5

Loren's wife, Fontella remarked, "When the mice would get into the flour they couldn't eat it so they'd use the flour with "mouse tracks" [mouse dung] for wall paper paste. (Oh, that's not very good for a history!)"

Loren continued, "That is why Dad put the flour on a platform hung with wires so the mice couldn't get to it. That protected it. #2-3

"There was no board or sheeting on the inside or the outside of the house, just logs. There was nothing on the floors, only six or seven inch [wide] boards. When they were put in they were green lumber. There was about a fourth inch crack between the boards. If we dropped anything on the floor it would roll down through the crack. We had to be careful if we had a nickel.

"The floor boards were thick when we started, but they'd wear down until they'd finally break through and we'd have to replace them. But that would give us a chance to see what was under the house! The house was setting on a 8 - 12 inch high foundation of rock. There was no crawl space under the house. #1-1

"When the house was built they left about one and one half inches between the logs. This space or crack was filled with clay. Some times when we killed pigs we would put pig hair in with the clay so it would hold together better, but when it got dry it would crumble and fall out and when it fell out we could see day light between the cracks. The

floor boards had shrunk until there was a crack between each one and the cold would come up on our feet. There was no wall paper. We could see the floor joists of the upstairs floor. In the winter that was mighty cold.

"It was so cold upstairs we couldn't hardly stand it. Of a night we'd heat rocks and take up to bed with us. We'd heat them on the stove or in the fireplace and wrap a cloth around them so they wouldn't burn us and put them in the bed. They'd warm the bed a little so it wouldn't be so cold you couldn't stand it. The bedroom didn't get any heat at all for years and years. #1-5, #6-10

"In the kitchen there was a cook stove on the north wall then the big fireplace then closets filled the rest of that wall. There was one closet we called the wood closet. It was about 4 ½ by 5 feet. We'd fill that up every night. It took a lot of wood for them old fireplaces. That's all we'd have for heat. The old cook stove didn't throw out much heat. We didn't have any heat upstairs or in the bedrooms. In later years we did get a heater in the front room and a heater in the kitchen after quite a few years and it set in the fireplace. With the fireplace it would take half a day to get that room warm. You couldn't heat the other rooms. #1-2

"My father hauled enough wood in the fall of the year to keep the fires burning so we could be warm through the cold winters. Our house was never really warm as the cracks let in so much cold air. Our floors were bare wood floors, but finally we put linoleum in the kitchen. #8-4

"I remember the winters being much colder than they are now. The snow would drift

over the fences and was frozen so hard that we could walk over the drifts. When I went out to do the chores in the early morning the cows and horses would be covered with white frost. As I milked the cows, the milk froze on my hands. We didn't have very good shelter for our animals. It was so cold of a morning when my mother got up to build the fires she held a rag over her nose so it wouldn't freeze. If we left any water in the buckets it would be frozen solid. #8-4

"The house was white-washed inside. We used to go up to the Point of the Mountain (We called it "The Point") to get the white wash. There was white clay in a little creek on Lars¹¹ Nelson's place. We'd bring the white water down in barrels and use it for white wash. They'd carry it in the house in buckets and then take a big white-wash brush and go over the walls to make them white. #1-1 That's all they had for paint. They couldn't afford paint. I don't know if they could even get it. The white wash was cheap. I remember going with Dad and dipping it out of the creek. I didn't do too much work, I guess, but I was with him. We brought it back in tubs.

"After a while they did put factory (a cloth that was used for dish towels) up on the ceiling along the floor joists. It would sag and stretch down and get dirty and it was hard to do anything with.

"First the walls were logs. After a while they put on boards, rough lumber, then I guess they put factory over the boards to put wall paper on. I know they put factory on the ceiling but the weight of the wall paper and the stuff would pull the carpet tacks loose then it would fall down. It was papered upstairs after a while and they used factory and it was coming down. They'd

send to Sears and Roebuck¹² to get the wall paper. It come in rolls. They made paste out of water and flour. They had to trim every bit of wall paper. I can see them cutting with the scissors. Mabel was the wall paperer. Mother helped paste but she didn't get up and hang it.

"They laid the paper out on long boards to put on the paste. They'd pull it over and hold it in rolls, bunches, and then they'd get on a scaffold and start to put it across the ceiling, above their head. They had to keep rubbing and rubbing to get that to stick. They had a cloth in their hand and rub it and rub it to get all the air out and to get it to stick. It was quite a job.

Fontella: "They'd get it all on and the next morning you'd get up and half of it would be on the floor."

"I don't know if we had any come off. That flour didn't stick too good. But after it was on there for a while it would pull the factory and all would come down and they had to tear it off. The wall paper usually had flowers in it, some had strips. It was just like now, they had everything. Some of the paper had things you had to exactly match along the seam or it didn't look right. #2-3,4

"In the living room they had a rocking chair and a couch. They had an organ and chairs and a small round table. We didn't spend much time in there. Our time was spent in the kitchen. We'd sit in the kitchen of a night, before we went upstairs to the bedrooms. #1-4

"We didn't have much furniture. In the kitchen we had a big oblong table, enough

¹¹ His uncle, Katie's brother.

¹² A department store which sent out catalogues to households across the country. Customers sent orders by mail and the store shipped the merchandise to them by mail.

for eleven of us to get around. There was eleven in the family besides Dad and Mother. The table was blue made out of rough lumber. It had been planed. I imagine 'Ors Blackburn built it. He built the cupboard where we kept the dishes. It was a great big cupboard with glass on the top. We had the cupboard and the table and chairs and the cook stove; that's all we had for years. There was two windows, one on the south and one on the north by the doors. I think there was window blinds. There was the water bench. We had another bench that had a white, enamel wash basin on where we washed our hands. There was a nail in the wall and the towel hung up on the wall by the basin. There was a soap dish and the soap to the side and a looking glass above it.

"The #3 tub to bath in was hung outside on the wall. They'd bring that in once a week and we'd all have to take a bath. We'd heat the water on the stove in the boiler. Then they'd pour it into a #3 tub and we'd take a bath, one after the other. Fontella said, "...Saturday night baths were taken every Saturday night whether they needed them or not!"

"Mother had a big heavy cast iron tea kettle always sitting on the stove and there was a reservoir on the stove. If the damper was closed the heat would go across the top of the stove and down to heat the reservoir. If you didn't need the reservoir hot and wanted more fire, you left the damper down, and the smoke went straight out and didn't go down and under. The reservoir held about 5 gallons of water. The tea kettle was hot and boiling, but the reservoir was just good and warm. #1-4

"In the kitchen there was a little bench for water. We used to carry our water from the

ditch of a night. We set the water in the buckets on the water bench and the next morning they'd be froze until the ice would bulge up. We had to break the ice to get a drink of water. We had to thaw the ice out to get cooking and wash water.

"We carried our water from the McClellan Ditch, that was across the street, north of the house. There was a bridge over it. We'd take our buckets and go out on the bridge and dip up the buckets. Up the street about two blocks, Blackburns had their corral came right over the ditch. Their cattle came right out and drunk water and walked and messed in the ditch. All the town cattle and horses had to come there for water. Of a morning they'd drive them down to the creek. That's the water we used to drink.

"It's funny people could live isn't it? I guess people did get sick. Maybe that's why they had so much typhoid. Heb Blackburn had five or six kids die. My sister, Sadie, had three die and they're out in the Loa Cemetery. #1-3

"At times McClellan Ditch would freeze over and we would hafta go to Spring Creek for our water which was about two blocks from our home. Spring Creek never froze over. We were lucky to live so close to a creek. There was one or two wells in town. Willard Pace had a well, but most of the people in town had to haul their water on sleds. The sleds were built big enough for two fifty gallon barrels. They'd bring two barrels on a sleigh with a horse and dip the water up at McClellan Ditch or Spring Creek. After the barrels were filled with water they were covered with tubs so the water would not splash out on the way home. #8-4, 6-10

“There was an old pole fence around the place. We didn’t have a gate we had a short panel with little poles, about eight feet long. Every time we went out we’d just drop a pole and slipped them back. There was only three of them. We’d just slipped the center one back and crawled through. We never had any gates.

“There was one old tree on the property when Dad bought the place. Down on the next corner there was one tree there. Then two trees was there. Up to Grandmother’s, she had a lot of big trees. We went up to her place and got limbs off them trees and planted them along the property line. A few died, but most of them lived. Those all grew to big trees.

“We had planted trees two or three times before, but they hadn’t grewed. We got some up to Loadie Brown’s one time, but only one or two lived. One time Jim and I went out toward Parker Mountain and got pine trees and brought them and planted a dozen or fifteen, but there wasn’t a one of them grewed. I don’t know why. But these we got from Grandmother’s most of them grewed. They were great big trees, big limbs and had great big, wide leaves, a row of trees a block long. But one tree out in the front of the house had a little, slim long leaf. It was a cottonwood. The others were a different tree.#3,4

Meals

“Mother was never too healthy but that never stopped her from keeping a good clean house and cooking three hot meals a day. She was a good manager to be able to do the things she done inside the home and outside. #8-6

“We always had mush for breakfast. It was mostly cracked wheat and some oatmeal and Germaid. Mush with cream and sugar and meat and eggs. We had three hot meals a day. We always figured on that. #3-2

“Mother didn’t fix Swedish foods. We just had potatoes, gravy and meat. That’s about all. We didn’t have much fruit. We were kind of poor. I liked fruit so much.

“Once mother put up jelly in old pickle jars, square on the bottom and round on top. I wanted some of that jelly so bad. Mabel and Mother were there and finally Mother said, “Go down and get that bottle of jelly and bring it up.”

“I went down. It was high up on a shelf and I climbed up to get that, I dropped it and broke that bottle of jelly. Oh-h-h-h I felt so bad. I bawled and bawled. I didn’t dare go up and when I did go up I was bawling. Mother said, “What are you bawling for?”

“I didn’t dare to tell her. I guess I bawled for an hour. I was a great bawler when I was a kid. Finally I had to tell her what had happened. I didn’t know what would happen to me. But she was good about it and said, “Well, you can’t help it. There is nothing we can do about it.”

“I ruined that big bottle of jelly. I liked sweets all my life. I liked fruit and jelly.#3-1

“Molasses¹³ was about all the sweet we had. Once in a while we had a little honey or fruit.#8-2 In the fall of the year Dad would buy 50 gallons of molasses. It had a spigot in the bottom of the barrel so we could get the molasses out. #8-2 When we was in the

¹³ “The thick, brown , viscid sirup which drains from sugar in the process of manufacture. Also called “treacle.” Webster Dictionary, 1956

old Potter house across the street, out in the back there was a back room and in there was a barrel of molasses.#3-1 I remember we'd go out there and turn the spigot and get the molasses out and take it in the house. We'd pour the molasses on our plate, get hot grease from meat or bacon, mix it with the black molasses and spread it on bread. It turned the molasses a light color when we stirred it up.#3-1,2 I remember it was quite bitter to eat, but to mix it with that grease seemed to help it. But it was sweet and we liked it pretty good. #3-1,2

"We didn't have much money to buy fruit and we didn't have much fruit. You had to go to Fruita to get it or buy it and we didn't have much money. But we always had eggs and milk and cheese and butter. We raised that our self. We got along good. We had eleven kids in the family and that was quite a few to take care of. #6-11

"Every night before my mother went to bed she got out a big bread pan. She always mixed a pan of bread. Then in the morning she was up, just like her mother, at the crack of dawn, building the fires and getting things in order to start the day for her large family. She'd make a big pan of biscuits and six big loaves of bread every day. We had mashed potatoes, gravy, meat and hot yeast biscuits every morning of the year. #8-2 It was hot biscuits for breakfast until Dad died. I remember after Dad died, Mabel said, "We won't have to cook hot biscuits every morning." (laughs) I remember how bad I felt. That was the last of the hot biscuits. Mabel said, "No more hot biscuits." #1-4

Fontella: "Hildred, I've got to speak up once and a while. Loren's Mother had to be one of the best people in the world. All these lazy

men. I can't figure it out. All lay there in bed and let her go out and milk the cows and get the hot breakfast. Then they'd get out of bed. Oh, I get mad every time I think about it. She'd get up of a morning and build a fire and go out and milk the cows and come in. She always had yeast biscuits every morning and put them in the pan and peel potatoes and get a hot breakfast. Then these men, Fred, Jim and Loren and Dan would get out of bed."

Loren: "That's all, four men folks."

Fontella: "That's enough!" #1-4

Fontella: "I don't know if anyone told how they made bread. They'd keep a start of yeast in a jar. They added potato water and sugar and make yeast again. Sometimes it would go flat and they'd go to the neighbors to get a start. They had to feed it every few days. Now people go get a packet of yeast. You had to keep it in a cool part of the cupboard, if it got too hot in the summer it would sour and went flat. Sometimes we'd go to the store and buy a yeast cake to make a start, but usually we'd go to the neighbors to borrow a start of yeast and add potato water and sugar to it.

Loren continued, "They had to put new potato water and stuff in every day. I think Mother did it every day but she made a big bunch of bread. Mother kept her yeast in a two quart jar on the top [shelf] of the stove. Mother used a quart of it for six loaves of bread. It was rather like the sheepherder's sour dough jug. They had to add flour and water each time and you had to leave enough in there to give it a start. But yeast was different from sour dough. The sour dough you'd just mix it with your flour. #3-11

"Mother wasn't very healthy. She wouldn't eat white bread much. She had Graham bread. She and Grandmother used to make

Graham bread and they'd eat it themselves because they figured it was healthier. I didn't like it. I didn't eat it. She liked it. She said it was healthy for you. Mother and Grandmother was the only ones that would eat it in our family.¹⁴ Mother kept that on hand all the time. When it first come out of the oven and it was hot and they put butter on it, it wasn't too bad.

"They'd buy a sack of graham flour. Graham is not made out of flour; it's made out of shorts. It is out of wheat but it is not the flour part. It was rough. It was the whole part and was ground fine. Graham was on the order of whole wheat, but it was a little bit different. I don't think it was quite as coarse as whole wheat bread.

"Mother liked to go outside and take care of the stock and see if they were all well. She was a great hand to take care of the stock and see that they were fed and watered. She always took care of everything. #2-8

"We always had a few milk cows. We used to have our cows come from the pasture and the calves would be out in the lot. When the cows would come, here would go the calves running and get the milk. Mother would go out there and chase them calves away and, boy, that would just about kill her. She'd do it to save the milk. #3-1 Mother made a lot of cheese...for us to eat. She made butter and cheese to sell from time to time which helped with the family finances. #8-5

"We sold milk to Doctor Weaver. He lived about a block from our home. We sold him two quarts of milk a day for five cents. I was the delivery boy. One time we got short of milk. Mother told me to tell the

doctor that we could only sell him a quart of milk a day instead of the usual two quarts we had been selling him. I didn't tell him. At the end of the month when he paid his bill he paid the same amount he had been paying. I gave mother her share and I kept the remaining half for my self which I hid in a hole in the hay stack. I did not tell any one I had this money. The Fourth of July came along. Alice, Mabel, Attella, and Pearl were all feeling very bad because they had no money to buy the things that the kids usually bought on the Fourth of July. I think I had about two dollars saved up so I went out to the hay stack and got some money and gave them each twenty-five cents and I kept the other dollar. They were all excited to have that much money and they all wanted to know where in the world I had got it. I had to think pretty fast so I told them I had been getting Dr Weaver's mail and he had paid me five cents a day. If my parents had of known the truth I would of had to return the money and I would of surely been punished. I never tried that scheme again. #8-5

"[Mother] always had enough chickens to supply us with our eggs and some over to trade for groceries. She always had setting hens and raised her own baby chicks. I use to watch the old mother hen with a dozen or so biddies following. She would scratch for food for them then cluck for them to come and eat it. #8-6

Wash Day

"On wash day my mother heated the water we carried from the ditch in a copper boiler on the old cast iron stove. The stove lids was an inch thick, big heavy, round ones. There was six lids. The stove was made so they could take the three front lids off and

¹⁴ One of her Grandsons, Brose Webster, thought it was the best bread he ever tasted.

the things that held the lids in the center. The boiler was set over the fire and the heat could go all under the boiler. #1-4

“For many years Mother used a tub and a wash board to clean our clothes. # 8-4 Then we got an old washer that went back and forth, back and forth. We pushed a lever back and forth, back and forth. Later ones went over the top and back. Ours had a big handle that went back and forth. We had to count to a hundred each time and took turns pushing that washer. There was a lot of counting. When we pushed a big round dasher flipped in opposite directions and that washed the clothes. The washer had a big wringer on it. The wringer had to be turned by hand, but that wasn’t so hard. We didn’t mind that so much. For years and years there wasn’t any washer. My Mother didn’t scrub the clothes so much. We had lots of big girls, Mabel, Tella, Pearl and Alice all scrubbed. #1-3 Mother wasn’t very well. She was quite sickly. There was a lot of work she couldn’t do, but she did do a lot of work. #1-3,4

Clothing

“We had home-made shirts. They had collar and cuffs. Mother made all the shirts with a button on the sleeve. A lot of them was made out of grey flannel. We never had a boughten shirt or socks. I never remember a boughten shirt until I was grown. #2-1

Because Katie tired quickly while using her sewing machine she had the girls help with the sewing. There was no electricity. The machine ran on “human power.” There was a small, square, black, wrought iron plate at the bottom of the sewing machine cabinet which could be rocked back and forth by the sewer’s feet, called “treadling.” Katie couldn’t treadle long enough

to make a garment. Her daughters did it. They sat on the floor pushing the treadle up and down to keep the needle moving through the fabric. As the girls got older Katie taught them to do the sewing. Mabel had a talent for it and made clothing most of her life.

Loren remembered, “Mother wore long, flannel dresses clear to the ground, almost touched the floor. I think she had two or three petticoats on. She had a big pocket and in that pocket she had everything! She had pins, safety pins, a piece of cloth, a pair of scissors. Anything you wanted she had it. I don’t think Mother ever had a boughten dress. #3-8

“My mother made all of our clothes, even our underwear. It was red flannel. There was great big legs about twelve inches around. (laughs) Big legs so you could jump into them easy. They buttoned down the front and a slit up the back. There was one or two big buttons and long sleeves and long legs. We wore them all winter. We needed them. Flannel was good for winter. We had two pair. When they washed one pair you had another one to put on. #1-8 As I grew older I was sure embarrassed when I had to wear them. I don’t know why they made the legs so full. I can still see myself trying to double the big full leg of my underwear around my leg so I could get my socks over them. #8-2

“I didn’t have a suit. I remember when Ed Ellett come and stayed to our place one winter. He was a little relation someway. He come and he took pictures. He had his tent out on the lawn. He was there for quite a while. He took all our pictures, but I didn’t have a suit to have my picture taken. I had to go down to Claude Goff’s, he was about my age, and borrow his suit to have my picture. #2-1

“We had knit socks. Grandmother did most of the knitting of the socks. My sisters done a little knitting, but not very much. #2-1

Shoes

“Everybody had a “last.” We had a last to our house. Mother done half-soling. Us kids learned how to do it. We sat in the middle of the kitchen to work. We’d just put our shoe over the last and nail down through. The tacks would go in and clinch when they hit the iron. Sometimes we’d get nails in our feet. A nail wouldn’t get clinched and we’d have to take it to the last and pound it down to clinch it. The tacks was just long enough to go through the leather and that would turn and bend back up.

“In the summer time we wouldn’t wear shoes for maybe two or three months when it was warm. In the fall our shoes would be too little for us, our feet would grow. If we couldn’t get into them, the way Mother would do it, she’d lace the shoes up tight, fill them with wheat and wet the wheat. That would swell and stretch the shoes so we could get them on and wear them. We’d wear them until they wore out. Sometimes they got holes in the toes and our toe would be sticking out the end.

“When we went bare footed our feet would get callused and so dirty and chapped and cracked. They’d even bleed sometimes. They’d be so sore. Mother’d make us go wash them in flax and bran and warm water. We’d put that in a bucket and soak our feet. That would soften them up and make them feel better. We’d put a little lard on them.” #1-8

Katie and Billy

When Katie’s niece, Hilma Jenson, was asked, “Do you remember much about your Aunt Katie?” she replied: Aunt Katie! I should say I do. You write my Aunt Katie up, but put nice things about her. She was so sweet. She wasn’t a very affectionate person. She didn’t do a lot of kissin’ and huggin’, but she didn’t ever loose her temper. She was always kind. She was a kind person. Are you kind? She was kind. She didn’t quarrel with anybody. She’d just keep still when there was an argument. She said, “Well, you all might be right in a way.” She didn’t hold feelings. “You’ve got your right to feel the way you do.” She’d smooth it over. She never, never screamed or yelled or hollered or got mad. There is one thing I want you to mention. You never seen her mad. Never.

“She was beautiful. I see Aunt Katie in my mind’s eye. She wasn’t any bigger than I am, I don’t think.

“Oh, the women weren’t as big, neither was the men, they didn’t have that much to eat. People have got bigger. My goodness you don’t know how good her dinners tasted when we were invited down to Aunt Kate’s for dinner. She’d have potatoes and gravy and sausage meat. The meat was so dam tough in those days that you had to grind it. You was supposed to eat it and be thankful and say a prayer over it. Be grateful and we were. But I always wanted to pray first before I started eating it. I shouldn’t say things like that, but they just pop out! Your Grandmother [Katie] used to say, “That’s all right Hilma if they just pop out. That is just fine. You just let it pop out.”

[When it was time to leave after a visit to Aunt Katie’s house], “I’d wait a minute by Dad and he said, “Okey, run and kiss her.” I had to hug and I had to hug and I had to hug her. And I had to kiss her about three times before I’d leave her. She’d stoop over. I always knew that wart was right here behind her ear, just like this one, (points to wart) just a little wart down there. I had this wart when I was born. It was

there so that was all right. Aunt Katie had one just like it.

Loren remembered, "My Mother [w]as a beautiful woman with a disposition that matched her looks. #8,6 She was a good-sized woman. She was dark-complected, dark brown eyes and dark brown hair. Her hair was long and came clear down to her waist. She'd comb it with a fine-tooth comb. It had fine teeth on both sides. I've seen her comb her long hair for hours at a time. She loved to comb her hair. She'd twist it and rolled it in a braid at the back and tucked it under with a hairpin. That is the way she'd put it up. #2,7 She always took pride in her shining hair. #8,6

"Most of her kids were a little dark, but not any of them was as dark as she was, maybe Alice was as dark, well, not quite. Dad didn't have any hair, but his hair would have been light. He was light-complected and she was dark-complected. He had blue eyes. He had two different colored eyes, one eye was darker than the other. Mother's eyes were brown. Pearl was the only one that had blue eyes in our family, the rest of us had brown eyes. All of the kids was blond when we were young but as we got older our hair got darker. They called us tow-heads. Pearl's hair never did go dark. Her hair was blond all her life and blue eyed.

"Mother was about Mabel's height¹⁵. She was built a lot like Mabel and about that size. She had quite big hands. That's where I got my hands from. She was maybe you'd call it, raw-boned." #2, 7-8

Katie's daughter, Alice described their father this way, "[He had a] small frame, though well built, strong and muscular. Many of the Turner boys [were] large towering, strapping, young, handsome fellows. To us, of course, Father was the best looking man in the world. He lost his hair when young. Had only a fringe

of light brown hair. Was a tow head as a child. Hazel eyes. His good looks was mostly his fine character shining through. He picked beautiful women for wives. His love of the good and beautiful things of life."

Loren said, "Dad didn't milk. His hands were always rough and cracked. His hands were stiff, almost as stiff as a board, he couldn't hardly close them. His hands were terrible. #1-4 He was water master for many years. It was a job that required his attention daily. He had to regulate the water so each stock holder would get his share. He never wore gloves in his life and his hands were in the water so much I have seen them cracked and bleeding many times from exposure to the water, heat and cold. #8-3

"If there was a sick animal mother was always the first to notice it," said Loren, "and she would start to doctoring it at once. When we had a cow we needed to break to milk it was always mother who took over the job as she could gentle them easier than any of us. #8-6 She could get up to them and tame them easier than anybody. We didn't have hobbles in them days. I think sometimes we had a rope and tied them with a rope. Later they got metal hobbles which worked much easier. Mother never did hobble a cow, nor tie it up. She was just kind to them. She could break them to milk. She milked a lot of the time. Us kids had to milk

"Dad read a lot. He always took the Deseret News. We got it twice a week, a semi-weekly paper. The paper was the only communication we had with the outside world. #8-2 Dad couldn't hardly wait until the newspaper come. The mail come in of a night after dark and us kids would go up to the office and wait for the mail to come.

¹⁵ In a picture of Elna Fredrickson and her children, Hilma and Katie appear to be the same height and Hannah about 2 inches taller. Hilma's daughter Ellen said Hilma was 5' 2", if so Katie was about 5' 1 or 2. (See photo p. 4)

When the mail and paper would come we'd dash home with it. He liked to read the paper. #2-2

"Dad loved to read. Dad never went to bed before twelve o'clock at night.¹⁶ He'd set up and read the paper. He'd read that paper through and through. #1-7 He never missed a line and could remember everything that he had read. Then he read books. He read every kind of book. He read one book I remember, Josephus. It was a great big book. He read the Bible. He read all religious books.

"Mother didn't read much. She read in the newspaper and always read the sermons in it and a few things like that. #2-2 Mother cut all the sermons out of the paper and kept them in a box. #1-7 She made sure they were kept for future reading. #8-2

"Mother was the first one up and she'd build a fire in the fireplace. We'd cover the coals of a night, put the ashes over the coals. In the morning you'd just take the ashes off and it would be hot coals. You'd blow on the coals to start a fire. She'd take some of the coals and put in the cook stove and get it a going. Then she'd go outside and milk the cows. Then come and get the breakfast ready and then start hollering at the kids. We was hard to get out of bed. After she got us up we might help a little. #3-2

"Dad never went to bed until 12 o'clock at night. He was usually about the last one up. He didn't get up early and he didn't go to bed early. When breakfast was about ready, Mother would say, "Go get your Dad up for

breakfast." He'd get up and come in to breakfast. #2-2

"Dad hadn't had too many hours sleep. When we kids was getting lessons, he'd help us with arithmetic, he'd help us get stories. I remember I had to get a story for school and I'd set up until twelve with him. I didn't know how to make a story. I said, "I've got to have a story for school."

"He went ahead and made me a big story and told it to me and I took it to school the next day. Boy, they thought that was really a good story.

"My dad was a great talker. He would talk for hours at a time. Him and Warren Taylor would get together and talk for hours. They were both great talkers. Dad was an interesting talker and Jim was an interesting talker. He could keep anybody interested, any time. I was just different. All my life I didn't have anything to say. Anytime out in a crowd of boys or anywhere I never talked. #3-2

"Mother was shy. She didn't have much to say. #2-7

"I never seen mother get mad. I never seen my dad and mother say a cross word to each other. That's a funny thing to say, but that is the truth. They were very good natured people. I never heard dad say a cross word to mother and I never heard her say a cross one to dad. They wasn't lovely-dovey, but they were kind. #2-7 I don't suppose my parents agreed on all things but I never heard them have any arguments. It don't seem possible considering the size of our family. I can't say the same about us kids. We had plenty of knock down and drag outs, but mother and father were always there to sooth things over and make peace. #8-7

¹⁶ Billy's children remember those late nights with their Dad, sitting around the kitchen table, a wood stove warming the room, the glow of a lantern. They did their lessons and he'd help them and read.

"I know sometimes there was troubles between the in-laws, but she never could rest as long as there was any feelings, I've heard them say. She would go into a house and she could kind of feel the devil in the house, because they had these feelings. Before she'd leave she had to get everything straightened out and so they had a good feeling. Then she felt all right. She couldn't stand people to have feelings and to quarrel and fight. #2-7

"I never heard mother say a bad thing about any of them kids [her step-children]. She never talked bad about anybody. I think she had plenty of reason too. Them kids was hard to handle; they was high-strung. Most people if they'd raised kids that wasn't their own, they'd have quite a lot of bad things to say about them, but Mother never talked bad about anybody.

"Us kids got along pretty good. Of course as I grew up the older ones were gone. Fred was there part of the time, but not a lot. Dan wasn't there a lot. Sadie and Rose and Lizzie was married before I got grewed up. I didn't have too much to do with them, but we all seemed like brothers and sisters. Of course, there was a little difference there. It was just natural. We thought a little different of the older and the younger." #2-8

Mabel: We had a nice family life. Our Father and Mother were so kind. I don't remember of them ever quarreling and there was never any swearing or bad language of any kind.

There didn't seem to be any "half-brother" or "half-sister" labels among Billy's children. They always said, "my brother" or "my sister" whether talking about their mother's children or the children of the other wife. Woven in the biographies of Billy and Katie's younger children are stories about all their brothers and

sisters. All of the Webster daughters, except one, moved to California and all the sons remained in Utah. In California the girls visited together and often had family get-togethers.

Mabel commented, "[We were] very close. We were sisters and brothers. They never did call us half-sisters. We had such a good feeling. I think it was our Mother. She never said anything against the older children, like they caused her trouble or they were mean or they did things they shouldn't. She never found fault with them. You know how teenagers are and trying to bring up kids, most people has little troubles. I know she was aggravated, but she never did tell us about it. We were one big happy family, brothers and sisters.

"Our oldest sister lived in Sacramento. We all loved her so much. For years and years (and we lived all over California) we'd all go up there when it was her birthday. Her son from Fresno would come up, Pearl would come from Garberville for her birthday every year. We were just the same and have been all our lives and I give my Mother credit for that."

The family ties for Katie and her oldest step-daughter, Sadie, must have been painfully stretched after Sadie married Isaac Blackburn in 1894 when she was seventeen. At that time Katie and Billy had two children. Katie had a third baby in 1896. Sadie had her first baby in 1896. Katie had a fourth baby in 1897 and Sadie had her second baby six months later. Sadie's baby died when she was two months old. Sadie had a third baby in 1898 and he died a month later. Katie had a fifth baby in September 1900 and Sadie had a fourth baby in October 1900. He died four and a half months later. Sadie had her fifth baby in 1901 and Katie had her last baby one year later. Sadie had a sixth child in 1904 and was widowed two years later.¹⁷ Her parents opened their arms and their

¹⁷ Sadie's last two children died before their twentieth birthdays. The oldest child, Lurene, was a good friend with her Aunt Tella. Sadie remarried Joel W. Robinson five years later. They had four children. Sadie had 10 children, only 4 lived to be adults.

door and made room for her and her small children to live with them. Did bearing children and raising them at the same time bring Katie and Sadie closer together or did it drive them further apart? What emotions poured through Billy as he held a new baby in his arms and saw the empty arms and tears trickling down the cheeks of his daughter?

The children not only talked about strong family ties, they talk about their parents faith and testimony of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It is hard to know what a persons believes unless they write them down. There is no record of Katie or Billy's feelings about their religion, but their children saw it in their life.

Alice's notes, "[If asked] to perform any [time] at Church, never refuse, always do it to the best of your ability. Paid tithing. "If you pay your tithing, you'll never leave the Church."

"When I was growing up, "Loren said, "we had very little money but I think we had as much as the average family. We had plenty of wood to keep us warm and plenty of food on the table. For the necessary things we needed to buy from the store like flour, sugar, salt, coal oil, matches and tea, father made arrangements with Scott McClellan who owned the Loa Co-op for us to charge from one fall to the next as we only had one pay day. When he sold his grain he would pay the bill, which was about fifty dollars. I have heard my Father say, "We owe fifty dollars, how in the world are we going to pay it?" but he always paid his debts. My father was very honest and always kept his word and he expected his family to do the same. #8-5

"My father and mother were home people. They were religious people but did not attend church regular, but we always circled around the table on our knees ever morning and family prayer was said. We were never allowed to eat

a meal without the blessing on the food. Father always paid his tithing. It had to be in before January First. If he didn't have the money at that time he would go to the Bishop and make arrangements to have his name on the record as having paid his tithing and he would pay as soon as he had the money to pay. My father was an honest man and trusted by all that knew him. #8-3

"Mother was converted to the Church. I don't know when or why, but she was religious. She liked to go to Church and she liked to hear the sermons and read them over and over in the paper. She always tried to pay their tithing. She believed in the Religion. Mother always wanted us to go to Sunday School. She wasn't very well and didn't go very often.

"Father and Mother usually went to conference. Father used to be quite religious. Father used to go a lot when he was younger. Father got put out about some things and kind of mad about some of the people in the Church and the Bishops and the head of it, so he didn't go much after that, so Conference was about all the meetings they went too. He believed in religion. He was religious and he knew the Gospel. He knew anything you'd ask him about the Book of Mormon. He'd read it. He read a lot. #2-4

Husband's Death

Loren: "My Dad was always healthy and I think he would of lived to a ripe old age if he hadn't had an accident. At age sixty-one¹⁸ he was loading straw on the wagon to take out in the field to feed the cattle. The loose horses came in the stack yard. He had trouble getting the horses out of the yard. They would circle around the wagon and would not go out of the yard. As he went around the opposite direction the horses turned and he touched one of them with a pitch fork. The horse jumped and kicked the pitch fork which came back and hit him in the stomach which ruptured some thing in side of him. #8-5 He got on the wagon and got

¹⁸ February 1914

home someway. He made it home from the field and then he couldn't get off the wagon when he got home. We had to carry him in the house. He was ruptured. They didn't have any doctor there. Doc Weaver was down to Teasdale. They got him to come, but he couldn't do anything. We had a doctor come from Salina, but it had been too many days and the doctor said he couldn't do anything. He said he'll live to nine days and that's all he did and then died.#3-12

On the death certificate, Doctor James Weaver gave the cause of death as: "Injuries. Contusion of heart, stomach and right side of bladder, also of lower vertebra, caused from a kick of a horse. Mortification set in before they called surgical assistance. H.H. Steiner was also summoned. Prognosis fatal. Mr. Webster was in a feeble condition before accident."

The Last Years

Mabel: Mother lived ten years after father passed away. I lived with her most of the time the last years of her life as Les¹⁹ was away herding sheep most of the time. We enjoyed each others company. I just had Maxine and Webster then."

Maxine, Mabel's daughter said, "I remember my Grandmother very slightly. It seemed like to me that she held herself very straight. She had sparkling black eyes. She had her hair pulled back in a bun. She was rather stern. That's all I remember about her, but they told me I was a very mischievous child, maybe that's why. The thing I remember most ... was the kitchen. It was a big kitchen and it had big cupboards that went up to the ceiling. That's about all I can remember about it."

Brose, Jim's son remembered, "I knew

¹⁹ Her husband, Leslie Morrell. Their two oldest children were Maxine and Webster.

Grandma Webster. I used to go and visit her all the time. When I was little maybe three or four, just big enough to walk over there. We lived just two blocks away you know. I was always going over there with Mother. She'd make Graham Bread. It was more like stone ground whole wheat. That's what it tasted more like to me than anything. She called it Graham Bread and it was the best bread I ever tasted in my life. It was just like cake, to put butter on that and eat it. It tasted so good to me. I can remember asking Grandma, "Have you got any Graham bread?" She had an old closet..... She had to open it up back in the house. That's where she had her bread and flour and stuff. It was kind of a big closet. It had a big door about three feet high. She'd open that door up and that's where she had her flour. She had a bread box and she kept it right there by the stove. It was really good ... She must have been a good cook.

Grandma Webster...was quite tall. She was different than her mother. She was tall and kind of on the skinny side. She was kind of big boned, but she was quite tall. She seemed awful tall to me. It seemed to me that she was taller than the rest of the ladies. She was more likely 5' 8" or 5' 9", something like that. She didn't have a Swedish accent. I could understand her real well anyway."

Katie seems to have struggled with poor health for many years. Some of her children felt the manual labor she did with her Mother on their homestead building rock fences and working outdoors broke her physical strength.

Mabel: Mother hurt herself doing that heavy lifting and wasn't very well all her life on that account.

Alice commented, "One sister had a habit of singing from morning till night. It sort of irritated Mother at times as she wasn't in good health. Father would always say, 'I'd rather hear her sing than cry.'"

Loren said, "As long as I can remember Mother wasn't well. I don't know what her trouble was. She just wasn't well. She had a lot of kids. She couldn't walk very far. She couldn't do much, but she always worked around the house, but she went slow. She got tired."

Loren's wife, Fontella commented, "Reba Turner Stewart²⁰ told me there would be times she'd look up that way and Katie would be sitting on the sunny side of the hay stack." #2,8

Loren continued, "[Mother] had to have an operation, a gall operation. She got better from that and then she had to have another operation. #6-11

When she got sick I brought her to Salt Lake. We went to Salina in an old Ford. (Jim and I had bought a Ford car, a Model-T. They used it up to Horse Valley during the summer.) I come to Salina and brought Mother and Dan and Nettie Brian. Dow [Their son], and Heb Reese and a bunch was going to school in Salina. We stayed at Robinson's Hotel. The next morning we got on the train and come to Salt Lake. We took her right up to the L.D.S. Hospital.

Mother was pretty sick. The next day or so after she got in there they operated on her. I don't know what was in her. They didn't know. The doctor said she had a hard lump in her stomach. He asked me if it was all right if they take that out and exam it. But we were clear from home and I said, "No. I didn't think so." So we didn't let them do it. He said he didn't know what it was. She had a growth. She was in the hospital just a few days, maybe a week, and she died there. She didn't get out of the hospital.

After surgery she talked to us. We didn't think she was going to die that quick. The medical people didn't think so either. They said they'd let us know if she wasn't all right, but they didn't let us know.

Nobody was with her when she died. We went home the night before and told the nurses that if anything happened to call us. We give her Alice's phone number and Tella's phone number. About five o'clock in the morning they called Alice and said she had passed away.

* * * * *

—H. Cobia, 2003

²⁰ Mrs. Turner, a neighbor, lived a block away.

Addressed to: Mr. James Webster

Loa
Utah

My Dear Son James and Loren and family I was very glad to get your letter and to hear that you had raised such good crops it sure sounded good to me well Attella is a working and I am taking care of the kids thats is one reasin I staid this winter because she wanted to work this is a good warm house to live in and I like it allright but it is suit up for me I cant run out every little while when I do go out have to dress up

well I don't know whether my health is much better or not it makes me feel discouraged to think we have paid out so much mony and not feel enny better then I do

when I was to the Docter last time I told him I was discouraded he said you cant expect to be cured in a few weeks when you have been sick for years he told me to be sure and come back in 3 weeks don't know whether I will go or not I have spent all the money I had if Docter eney (corner torn off)

I wish you could send me about \$10 dolars and mabey that will be enough well Mae I hope you are feeling better I would like to see you all I guess you have lots of work to do try and not work too hard make yourselves as comfortable as you can please excuse this poor letter the kids lost my pencil and I can't hardly make out so will close

with much love

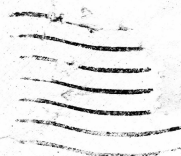
from Mother (Katie Fredrickson Webster)

Note: This letter was enclosed in an envelope post marked Salt Lake City, Utah, Mar 6 1923 - 9 AM with the return address to Alice Muir (her daughter) at 471 N. Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah. (See Original Letter, side 2, page 96) There are reasons to believe that the letter was not in the original envelope. 1) The post mark on the envelope was just two days before her death. 2) The letter states Katie had been staying with her daughter Atella all winter in Salt Lake and taking care of her children. 3) Loren said he took his mother to Salt Lake from Loa a short while before she died. Katie was in the hospital several days before her death and would not have been taking care of her grandchildren. Tella's children, Coy and William were born in August 1917 and June 1919. Therefore we believe this letter was written between 1919-1922, probably the earlier rather than later because Katie's health deteriorated during her last years.

My Dear Son James and
 Loren and family I was very ^{glad}
 to get your letter and to hear
 that you had raised such good
 crops it sure sounded good to me
 well Attella is a working and I am
 taking care of the kids that is one
 reason I staid this winter because
 she wanted to work ~~and~~ This is a good
 warm house to live in and I like it
 allright but it is ~~shit up~~ for me
 I ^{cant} run out every little while when
 I do go ^{out} have to dress up
 well I dont know whether ~~you~~ health
 is much better or not it makes
 me feel discouraged to think we have
 paid out so much money and not
 feel any better then I do
 when I was to the Doctor last ~~time~~ I told
 him I was discouraged he said you
 cant expect to be cured in a few
 weeks ~~what~~ when you have been
 sick for years he told me to be
 sure and come back in 3 weeks dont
 know whether I will go or not
 I have spent all the money
 I had in Doctor ~~money~~

I wish you could send me about
\$10 dollars and maybe that will
be enough well Mac I hope you
are feeling better I would like
to see you all I guess you have lots
of work to do try and not work
to hard make yourselves as com-
fortable as you can please
excuse this poor letter the
kids lost my pencil and I cant
hardly make out so will close
with much love
from Mother

Alice Muir
472 No. Main St.
Salt Lake City



Mr. James Webster
Loa
Utah

Time Line for Katie Fredrickson Webster

<i>Year</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Event</i>			
1859		Birth Christened May 31, 1895 in Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmhaus, Sweden	1890	31	Birth of son, James Edwin
			1892	32	Birth of daughter, Alice May, two weeks before her 32 nd birthday
1863	4	Birth of her sister, Hilma			
1864	5	Grandparents immigrate to United States	1895	36	Birth of daughter, Francis Mabel
18 69	9	Birth of her sister, Hannah	1897	38	Birth of daughter, Nancy Atella "Tella"
1871	12	Death of her father, two weeks before her 12 th birthday	1900	41	Birth of son, Loren
1873	14	Immigrate to United States with her mother and two sisters	1901	42	Move to Loa, about one mile from farm.
1876	17	Family move to Arizona	1902	43	Birth of daughter, Pearl
1877	18	Family move to Rabbit Valley in Piute County, now Wayne County, Utah. Located near the present town of Fremont.	1914	54	Death of her husband, Billy Marriage of son, Jim
			1916	57	Marriage of two daughter, Tella and Mabel
1889	30	Marry William "Billy" Morehouse Webster, move to farm near Loa, Utah	1922	63	Marriage of daughter, Alice
			1923		Death at age 63 year, 10 months

Family Group Record

Page 1 of 3

Husband William Moorhouse WEBSTER				
Born-3	29 Jan 1850	Place	Bridgewater, Somerset, New Jersey	LDS ordinance dates
Died-4	18 Feb 1914	Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	Temple
Buried-5		Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	Baptized-1 19 May 1858
Married	17 Jul 1889	Place		Endowed 19 Jun 1878 SGEOR
Husband's father	Fredrick WEBSTER			SealPar-2 20 Jun 1878 SGEOR
Husband's mother	Sarah MOORHOUSE ⁷			SealSp-6 17 Jul 1889
Wife Kjerstie or Katie FREDRICKSON				
Born-11	30 May 1859	Place	Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmohus, Sweden	LDS ordinance dates
Chr.-12	31 May 1859	Place	Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmohus, Sweden	Temple
Died-13	8 Mar 1923	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized-8 18 Aug 1883 LIVE
Buried-14		Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	Endowed-9 15 Jun 1887 LOGAN
Wife's father	Jons FREDRIKSSON ¹⁵			SealPar-10 16 Oct 1901 MANTI
Wife's mother	Elna or Ellen (PEHRSDOTTER) NILSSON			
Children List each child in order of birth.				LDS ordinance dates
				Temple
1	M James Edwin WEBSTER			
Born-18	11 Aug 1890	Place	Loa, Piute now Wayne, Utah	Baptized-16 7 Sep 1902 LIVE
Died-19	14 Mar 1925	Place	Salina, Sevier, Utah	Endowed-17 11 Dec 1929 MANTI
Buried-20		Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	SealPar BIC
Spouse	Mae Alberta POTTER			
Married-21	29 Apr 1914	Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	SealSp-22 11 Dec 1929 MANTI
2	F Alice May WEBSTER			
Born-25	19 May 1892	Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	Baptized-23 7 Sep 1902 LIVE
Died-26	28 Jun 1965	Place	Oakland, Alameda, California	Endowed-24 16 May 1923 MANTI
Buried		Place	Evergreen Cemetery, Oakland, Alameda, California	SealPar BIC
Spouse	James Jennings MUIR			
Married-27	10 Jun 1922	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	SealSp 16 May 1923 MANTI
3	F Francis Mabel WEBSTER			
Born-29	25 Sep 1895	Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	Baptized-28 4 Sep 1904 LIVE
Died-30	2 Jun 1993	Place	San Lorenzo, California	Endowed 29 Oct 1994 SDIEG
Spouse	Leslie Harold MORRELL			SealPar BIC
Married-31	30 Dec 1916 (D)	Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	SealSp
4	F Nancy Atella WEBSTER			
Born-34	13 Jun 1897	Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	Baptized-32 5 Aug 1906 LIVE
Died-35	25 Dec 1984	Place		Endowed-33 12 May 1989 MANTI
Buried		Place	Hartley Cemetery, Lake Port, California	SealPar BIC
Spouse	Floyd EVANS			
Married-36	10 Jul 1916 (D)	Place	Farmington, Davis, Utah	SealSp
5	M Loren Bean WEBSTER			
Born-39	16 Sep 1900	Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	Baptized-37 5 Sep 1909 LIVE
Died-40	11 Apr 1993	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Endowed-38 3 Jun 1960 MANTI
Buried	14 Apr 1993	Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	SealPar BIC
Spouse	Fontella PECTOL ⁴¹			
Married-42	10 May 1927	Place	Torrey, Wayne, Utah	SealSp-43 3 Jun 1960 MANTI
6	F Pearl WEBSTER			
Born-46	19 Nov 1902	Place	Loa, Wayne, Utah	Baptized-44 4 Jun 1911 LIVE
Died-47	4 Aug 1986	Place	Lakeport, California	Endowed-45 12 May 1989 MANTI
Buried		Place	Hartley Cemetery, Lake Port, California	SealPar BIC
Spouse	Rex BROWN			
Married	6 Oct 1924 (D)	Place		SealSp
Spouse	Edmund M. STEFAN			
Married-48	6 Jun 1936	Place		SealSp
Spouse	Willard EDMONDS			
Married		Place		SealSp

17 Oct 2003

Family Group Record

Page 2 of 3

Husband	William Moorhouse WEBSTER		
Wife	Kjerstie or Katie FREDRICKSON		
Children	List each child in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple

Sources

- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, #0026113, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150, #0026113.
- Family Records, Turner Family Group Sheet.
William is sealed to adopted parents, David and Rose TURNER 15 Feb 1956 Arz Temple.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, #0026113.
- Death Certificate - Utah, #2 (123), State of Utah.
- Loa Cemetery, Loa, Wayne, Utah.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Film #0026113, Book 2 #367.
Shows William and Katie were married in a temple, not a civil marriage. Family records say the Salt Lake Temple. However, they could not have been married in the Salt Lake Temple. It was not dedicated until 6 April 1893. The closest temple was Manti which was dedicated 17-21 May 1888.
- Family Records, from Daniel R. Webster, son, paid for research.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Film #0026113.
Rebaptism date. First baptized by her uncle, Enstrom and confirmed by Devander, brother-in-law, Malad, Onieda, Idaho, probably 1874 -- H. Cobia.
- LDS Ordinance Index, (1999-2002), Film #537143, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150.
information from Manti Temple records when Katie was sealed to her parents
Film #178058 show baptism as 14 June 1887 & endow 15 June 1887 in Logan Temple.
- LDS Ordinance Index, #537143.
- Family History Library, F Sweden Malmohus 4,26915 pt.13 research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, UT, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150.
- Family History Library, F Sweden Malmohus Parish 4,26915 pt.13, research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, UT.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Film #0026113, year 1923.
- Loa Cemetery, Loa, Wayne, Utah.
- Family History Library.
Birth, Death, Marriage: Lilla Isle Parish Records, part 5 F Sweden Malis 06,20446, & F Sweden Malmohus 4,26915, part 13, Research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, Utah.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, #0026113, page 2.
- Temple Records, Manti, #717 Book J-Z, p.26.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, #0026113, page 2.
- Death Certificate - Utah, #22 (123).
- Loa Cemetery, Loa, Wayne, Utah.
- Loa, Wayne County, Utah, Marriage Book A, p. 172.
- Temple Records, Manti Temple Records, Book #-2, p446, line 10948.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, #0026113, page 2.
- Temple Records, Manti #587, book D-lvg p.33.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, #0026113, page 2.
- Hildred C. Cobia, Tapestry: A Webster History (2001), page 144, quote from James Muir, her son.
- Family Records of Alice W. Muir, granddaughter confirm endowment date, from Jim & Gem Muir, children of Alice.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, #0026113, page 2.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, #0026113, page 2.
- Family Records, from Maxine M. Wulfert, daughter.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS, Form E 1916, #0026114.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS, #0026114 Film.
- Temple Records, proxy: Katie Webster Chappell, neice.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, #0026113, page 2.
- Funeral Memorial Program.
- Marriage Certificate, Davis County, Utah #2994.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS, Film.
- Family Records.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS, Form E Reports for 1900, Film.
- Funeral Memorial Program, & phone call to son, Jim Webster, 11/10/2001.
- Funeral Memorial Program.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS, Film #0026114.
- Family Records, from Jim Webster, son, telephone call 11/10/2001.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of LDS, Film #0026114, Form E Reports 1911.
- Temple Records, Manti, Utah - proxy Faye Webster Hatch, neice.
- Loa Ward, Wayne Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, #0026113, page 2.
- Funeral Memorial Program.
- Family Records.
Pearl W. Stefan's autobiography, in Tapestry: A Webster History p.185, Research by Elna Webster Denny.

17 Oct 2003

Sources for Katie Fredrickson Webster's Biography

- Baker, Moneta, S.; "Biography of Mary Turner Clarkson Ellett" daughter of David and Rose Turner, 5-page typescript, courtesy of Renon Jenson Wood
- Berry, Rose Webster, daughter of William and Maggie Webster; "Memories of My Father" 4 page typescript; courtesy of Freeda Webster Brailsford
- Brailsford, Freeda Webster, granddaughter of William and Maggie Webster, "Life Story of William Fredrick Webster"
- Brian, Martha Jenson; niece, daughter of William C. Jenson, interview with Elna Webster Denney
- Coming to Zion, ed. James B. Allen & John W. Welch, BYU Studies, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, 1997 pp.188-222
- Douglas, Violet Taylor; "William Franklin Taylor and Hilma Frederickson: Their Antecedents and Descendants" 1982, 10-page holograph
- Evans, Nancy Atella Webster; daughter of William and Katie Webster, 10 page holograph accompanying letter dated 26 October 1979
- Evans, Nancy Atella Webster; daughter of William and Katie Webster, "Interview" with Deanna Maxfield, grand-niece 29 April 1984
- Jenson, William C., "History of Wayne County" compiled and written by William C. Jensen in the year of our Lord 1947. Copy in possession of H. Cobia (He has access to the journal of Franklin Wheeler Young, Brigham Young's nephew, another early settler in Rabbit Valley.)
- Morrell, Mabel Webster, daughter of William and Katie Webster; "My Mother, Kjerstie Fredrickson" 4 page holograph, 1979, courtesy of Katie Webster Chappell
- Morrell, Mabel Webster, daughter; "Kjerstie Fredrickson" 1 page typescript, 1980, courtesy of Katie Webster Chappell
- Morrell, Mabel Webster, daughter; "William Moorhouse Webster" 2 page typescript, 1980, courtesy of Katie Webster Chappell
- Morrell, Mabel Webster, daughter; "I Remember" from notes by Hildred C. Cobia, 29 April 1984
- Muir, Alice Webster, daughter of William and Katie Webster; "Short Biography of William

Moorhouse Webster” edited by Melinda Muir Uipi, granddaughter, 6 page holograph and copy of original notes, courtesy of Jim Muir, son

- Nielson, Hilma Jenson, grand daughter of Elna Nilson Fredrickson and daughter of William C. Jenson (Katie Fredrickson’s half brother), “Grama - Elna Fredrickson” 8-page typescript, interviewed 13 April 1999, Richfield, Utah, by A. Sue Barnson, also a descendant of Elna Fredrickson
- Qualls, Buddy; wife, Shirley Curtis Qualls, a great-granddaughter of Hannah Fredrickson Taylor, Katie Fredrickson Webster’s sister, “Notes and Sources - Searles, PAF File” 3-page typescript
- Robison, Susannah Turner, daughter of David and Rose Turner; “Susannah Turner Robison” Our Pioneer Heritage, compiled by Kate B. Carter, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1970, volume thirteen, pp.483-486 (original text written about 1900)
- Robison, Venise; granddaughter of Susannah Turner Robison, “History of David and Rose (Collier) Turner” 7 page typescript and picture family group sheet, courtesy of LaWanna Turner Morrell
- Snow, Anne, compiler; Rainbow Views: A History of Wayne County, Wayne County Chapter of Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, 1953
- Stefan, Pearl Webster, daughter of William and Katie Webster; “Father” 1 page typescript, Interview by Deanna Chappell Maxfield, 28 April 1984
- Webster, James Brose, grandson; “Grandmother Webster” p.7-8; Interview with Hildred C. Cobia, 19 May 1981
- Webster, Loren B. brother, “Taped Interviews” as told to Hildred C. Cobia,
 - #1 November 9, 1988 - 8 page transcript; #2 November 9, 1988 - 9 page transcript;
 - #3 November 9, 1988 - 12 page transcript, #4 November 9, 1988 - 2 page transcript;
 - #5 November 9, 1989 - 8 page transcript; #6 November 18, 1992 - 13 page transcript;
 - #7 November 18, 1992 - 6 page transcript
- Wulfert, Maxine Morrell, granddaughter; “Memories of Grandmother” 1 page typescript; Interview with Hildred C. Cobia, 30 April 1984

Hilma





Frank and Hilma Fredrickson Taylor
Taken at Ustick farm, near Boise, Idaho, circa 1930
Pictures of Taylor family courtesy of Violet Taylor Douglas



William Taylor Family Group who moved from Utah to Idaho-1887, Era Idaho

L: ? Taylor, unmarried son; David G. Taylor and his wife, Rhoda Shields Taylor and five children
(David moved to the Era area in 1886 because of the Horn Silver mine. Wouldn't we love to see the missing half of photo!)

Older couple center-front: William Taylor and his wife, Permelia Grigg Taylor (three sons & 2 daughters in picture)

Behind them is Wm. Franklin "Frank" Taylor, daughter Lear and wife Hilma Fredrickson Taylor

To the right of Hilma is John Franklin "Frank" Stoddard and his wife, Mary Ann Taylor Stoddard and their five children,
oldest to youngest: John Wm., Allen E., Thomas C., Byron F. (father holding), and Mary Jane (baby in Mary's arms)

Couple to far right: Charles R. Hoalst and his wife, Ruth Taylor Hoalst and two children, Amanda and Julia P.



Enlargement of above: Back: Frank, Lear and Hilma F. Taylor -1887

Front: William & Permelia Taylor

Three oldest children
of Hilma and Frank



Lear Taylor Keele



Ellen Taylor Beebe-1920's



Amos Taylor - 1928



Frank & Hilma's farm and house near Blackfoot, Idaho - 1901

l-r: (standing): Frank, Ellen, Lear, Hilma, Amos, Bryan, Maude

(Seated: Geneva Taylor who married a Stoddard cousin)

Below-l: Taylor house in Blackfoot, Idaho r: Same house after two additions--a room for Frank's mother, Permelia Taylor and side porch; then a kitchen and boys bedroom



Three youngest
children of
Hilma and Frank



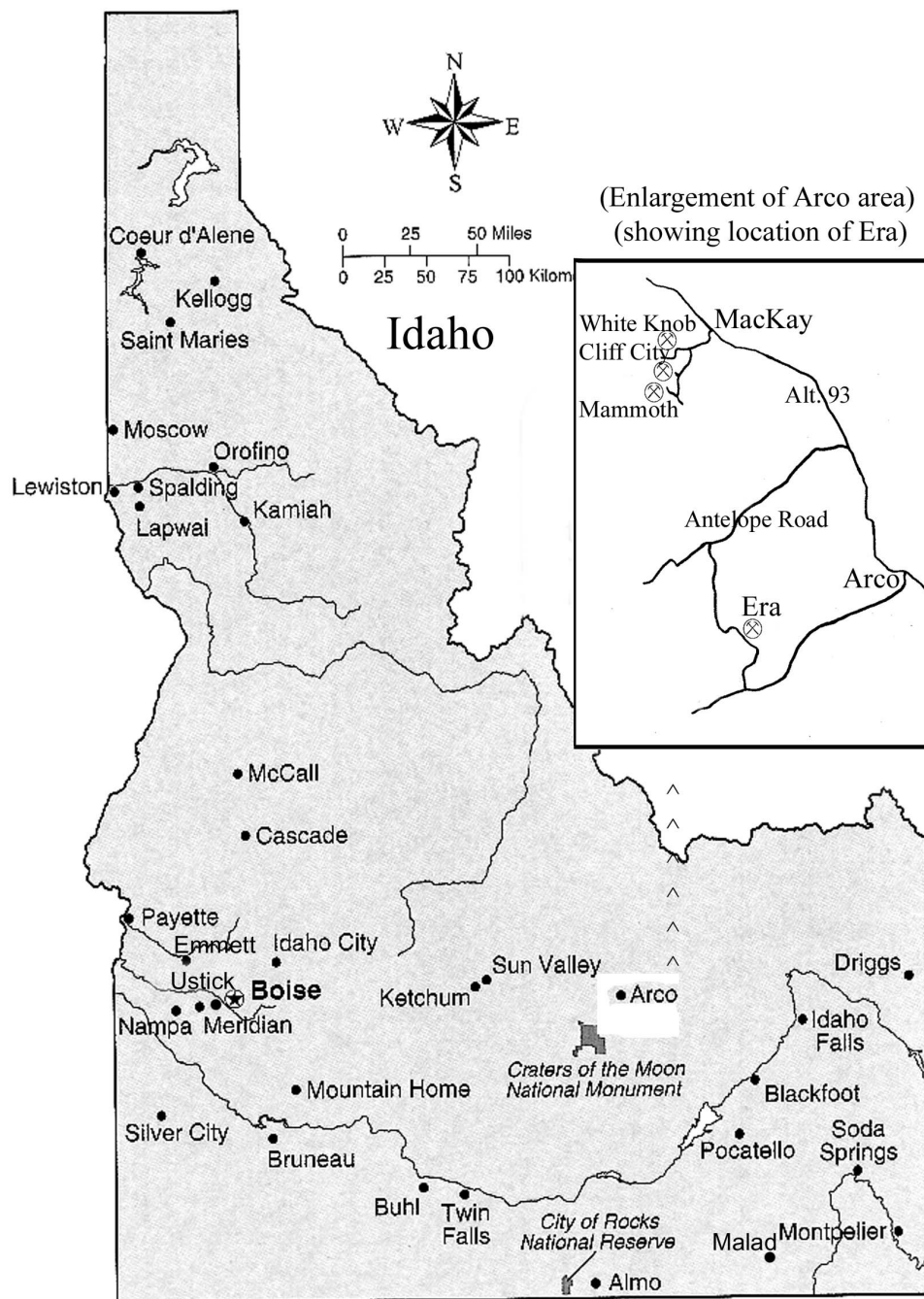
Bryan Taylor



Maude Taylor - 1918



Vi" Violet Taylor - 1920



HILMA FREDRICKSON TAYLOR

written by her daughters, Violet, Lear, Ellen and granddaughter Lois Lauziere
Hilma married William “Frank” Franklin Taylor
Their children are: Hilma Lear, Katie, Ellen, Amos, Bryan, Maude and Violet



Hilma's youngest daughter, Violet,¹ wrote the following:
My father, William Franklin Taylor, known always as “Frank” was born at

Mt. Airy, North Carolina on May 16, 1862, the ninth child of a family of thirteen. The family was poor farmers, I believe, probably a grade or two better off than “poor white trash tenant farmers.” When he was seven years old the family moved to Utah, part of a colony of 185 Mormon converts. His grandfather, Dr. Anderson Irvin Grigg, was the prime force behind the emigration, and there were many Taylors and Griggs in the exodus.

The move took place in July of 1869 via ship from Norfolk, Va., to New York City, train to Council Bluff, Iowa, ferry across the Missouri River to Omaha and then train again to Ogden, Utah from whence they were sent by Brigham Young to colonize the country around Salem and Payson, Utah, fifty or sixty miles south of Salt Lake City. Here my father's family lived for eight years, then in 1877 pulled up stakes and moved further south to Wayne County. They called it Rabbit Valley, and the town was Fremont.

My mother, Hilma Frederickson, was born in Malmo, Sweden, November 5, 1863. She came to America when she was about eight years old. Her half-brother, Lars Nelson, had emigrated to America some years previous, with relatives – Grandmother and Grandfather and possibly aunts and uncles.

¹Violet Taylor Douglas written January 24, 1982, permission to use, May 2003

Mother's father had died, leaving Ellen, her mother with three daughters, Kate, Hilma and Hannah. So Grandmother Frederickson followed her son, Lars, to America – 1871 or 1872. I believe they first settled in Southeast Idaho in what is now Franklin County, but eventually made their way to Utah and Rabbit Valley where Mother and Dad met and were married in February of 1883. My sister, Lear, was born there in March of 1884 and another girl in 1886 who died in early infancy.

Bear in mind these people had all come to Utah as Mormons, and the population was almost one hundred percent Mormon. Even when living in Salem, Grandfather Taylor had become disillusioned with the Mormon religion – living in Rabbit Valley was not better. Polygamy had been out lawed by the Federal Government, but still was being practiced on the quiet. This, my grandfather could not condone, and he decided to move away from it all.

In 1886 his oldest son Dave, a miner, had moved with his family to a mining settlement in Idaho called Era, the location of the Big Horn Silver Mine, and this is where Grandfather decided to move, in 1887, taking with him his sons and daughters and their families, if any. Frank and Hilma, Mary and Frank Stoddard, Ruth and Charley Hoalst, bachelor sons Robert and Joe, and teenager Howard.

The only exception was elder daughter Louisa, married to James Allen Taylor (no relation). Grandfather had heard rumors that Allen was about to take a second wife, so he went to him and gave him warning – if Allen took another wife, he would make trouble for

him. Allen did. Grandfather eventually heard of it and reported it. To avoid prosecution the family fled to Mexico. After a few years the young wife died so the family moved back to Utah.

Back to the wagon train. They joined Dave at Era long enough to get their bearings. Joe and Robert worked at the mine but Grandfather ran the Antelope Stage Station, at approximately what is now Darlington. He was Postmaster, Justice of the Peace, and perhaps kept a store. I'm not sure about that. The other three families took up homesteads along Antelope Creek with the Stoddards at the head of the Creek, the Hoalsts in the middle, Frank Taylors the next and then Grandfather with other homesteaders between. The Kinneys were my parents closest neighbors, and there was the coincidence of their son, Harry, being born the same day as my sister, Ellen, March 12, 1888. Another neighbor was the Judds; Charley Judd and Dad were the best of friends, and remained so throughout their lives; they had two sons Earl and George (and later, Elsie, my age.)

In 1897, in June, my Grandfather started walking up the valley to visit his daughter, Mary, and her new baby daughter. This was at least a twelve mile walk. He got only as far as Dad's place. Mother met him at the door. He said, "Hilmy, I'm awful sick, and died within minutes. He was seventy years old.

My sister, Ellen, and brother Amos and Bryan were all born at the homestead, 1888, 1892, 1896. At the same time the Hoalsts were adding to their family, Alice, Abner, Earl and Ida, and the Stoddard's contribution of Joseph "Jode," Raymond, Ruth, Grace, Beulah (she, Mary, had five children before leaving Utah). So with all these children plus the children of other neighbors along Antelope Creek, there

was a need for a school, which they struggled to maintain. It was a three month school, all eight grades taught by one teacher, who I think always stayed at Frank Taylors, in addition to which Mother often had a boarder, Earl Judd. I don't know where she put all of them.

When the new century came along, Lear was sixteen and had already been "boarded out" for two years in Blackfoot to go to High School. Ellen would soon be of High School age, so it seemed a move was in order, so Dad sold the homestead and bought a farm near Blackfoot – Groveland and the family moved, lock, stock and barrel, via horse and wagon, seventy miles over the desert, Mother being pregnant with Maude at the time. They lived on this and a traded-for farm near by for two years. But Dad did not like "dirt" farming, so in 1902 he moved the family to Blackfoot, and went into the meat business with George Stone and Al Miller – Miller, Stone and Taylor. From scratch, they bought the livestock, butchered it, processed it and sold it from their store. Dad seemed to be the livestock buyer, as well as the butcher, and quite a lot of the cattle purchased was from the Indians on the Fort Hall Reservation. I think Dad really enjoyed his negotiating with the Indians and had many friends among them.

Dad had a new house built in Blackfoot and this is where I was born, September 17, 1902. Not much style to this new house (but much better than Mother had ever had before), just a rectangle cut into four rooms, two bedrooms, kitchen - dining room, and "Parlor" and a porch across the front. Later he added a room for my Grandmother Taylor, and a side porch and still later a kitchen and another bedroom.

After Grandfather died, Grandmother lived for a time at the old place with her son, Howard. Howard was a bachelor, twenty-six when his father died. Eventually (I guess the date as about 1900) he pulled up stakes and

went to the province of Alberta, Canada, where he ranched and lived out his life. Grandmother was ill-equipped to carry on by herself. (Ellen has said she was probably anemic²), a poor cook, poor housekeeper – it was said that Grandfather periodically threw out her sour dishrags! So she just drifted into living around with her children, and after Dad built on the extra room she stayed with us for several years. She did absolutely nothing at all, just sat and let Mother wait on her. Amos even carried her meals into her. Finally Mother had had enough and insisted that she spend an equal amount of time with her daughters, so she went to live with her daughter Louisa in Utah, where she died in 1911 at age eighty-four. My Mother was always kindness itself, as well as not being very self-assertive, so she must have been pushed to the limit to make the ultimate stand.

Both my grandfathers had died long before my birth so I never “knew” a grandfather. Grandmother Taylor² was in her middle and late seventies when she lived with us, and you might say a recluse, so there was really no communication between her and the two little girls, Maude and Violet.

Grandmother Frederickson was a different story, a sweet old Swedish lady who had never learned our language! So Mother had to be the interpreter. Grandmothers voluminous skirt had pockets

that yielded peppermints. She was jolly and kind and Amos just loved to tease her, and she would laugh heartily with him. She made periodic visits to us and we to her. She lived in Southern Utah with her youngest daughter

Hannah, a widow. Mother’s side of the family, Lars, Kate and Hannah and Grandmother F. had stayed in Utah when the move was made to Idaho. It must have been quite a wrench for Mother to move away from all of them. However, there were periodic visits over the years.

The family finished its growing up in Blackfoot. Lear married in 1903 and went to live on a farm near Blackfoot. Dad couldn’t get ranching and the Antelope Valley out of his system, so when I was six or seven, don’t know the exact date, he sold out to his partners, Miller and Stone, and went back to the valley, bought another ranch, not the old homestead, and went into the cattle business again. But we kept the place in Blackfoot where Mother and us kids lived; Dad living alone on the ranch. Except in the summer for a month or so we’d go up there and Mother would cook for the hay hands. We kids loved to go; Mother hated it, the home in Blackfoot would grow to weeds.

Ellen was grown by this time, graduated from high school in 1908 and started teaching school. Amos graduated in 1912 and went to live with Dad on a permanent basis. Ellen married Claude Beebe in 1913. Then in 1915 the situation changed again. Bryan would graduate from High School in the Spring, Maude and I from the Eighth Grade. But early in the Spring Dad arrived from the ranch, all hyped up about a chance to buy a really fine ranch further up the Valley known as the D. Y. The deal involved a trade-in of the Blackfoot property and disposing of the present ranch. Mother agreed and after the spring graduating ceremonies we all moved up to the D. Y. Hicks

² Permelia Leah Grigg Taylor was the mother of thirteen children. She was in the south during the Civil War. Violet’s older sister remembered her bathing a new baby brother, telling family stories with a southern drawl, her keen sense of humor and how fussy she was about her clothes. I have seen her name spelled as “Pamelia” and “Permelia.”

Cherry, the former owner, moved down to our Blackfoot home. They even traded furniture. My father did real well with this venture, the cattle market soared due to the war in Europe, and Dad was able to pay off most of his debts that first year.

Amos married Ethel Miller on Christmas Day of 1915. All day party at the Millers, and a dance at the Schoolhouse that night. Ellen and Claude, with his son Carr - my age - came up from Blackfoot and we had a real house party at the D. Y. too. The following year Maude and I went away to go to high school, one year to Albion and the next to Blackfoot, staying with Ellen. During these years at the D. Y., Lear and Joe disposed of their Blackfoot farm and moved up to Antelope Creek buying or homesteading property adjoining our ranch, subsequently as their sons grew up they took up adjacent land so the Keeles accumulated quite a "spread." Also, Amos after marrying, took up a piece of land and built a home on it.

Then in the Fall of 1917, events took another turn. Dad had been considering selling the ranch to the boys and sort of retiring. That fall my Uncle Charley Hoalst, who had moved to the Boise Valley a few years before, was killed in a horse and wagon run-a-way, near Ustick. Mother and Dad came over to Boise for the funeral, fell in love with the Boise Valley, went back and made a deal with the boys for the ranch, and went back to Boise in the Spring of 1918 and bought twenty acres near Ustick, and far from retiring, Dad was working harder than ever, milking cows and later raising chickens. They lived their lives out at this place, Dad dying in 1934, Mother in 1943.

Maude and I finished high school, in Meridian, both worked for a time, married and left home, but remained in the Boise Valley.

Hilma's oldest daughter Lear³ recorded her memories of the first years in Idaho. She wrote:

Our Family Moves to Antelope Valley My Grandfather, William Taylor and my father William F. Taylor, had worked around Era, while the mines were booming. I believe Father freighted supplies to Era and out, and hauled cordwood.

Grandfather was a carpenter and probably worked at building.

My Father's brother, David Taylor was a miner and had moved his family to Era soon after the Horn Silver discovery at that place.

My Father and Mother, his brother, Howard Taylor; his two sisters and their husbands and families and several other families moved to Idaho in the spring and summer of 1887, arriving at Era July 1. We came by wagon train. Several other families came part way with us, some of them settling at various points along the way.

We visited Father's brother David Taylor, at Era, a short time, then moved with Grandfather and Grandmother and Uncle Howard to Antelope Stage Station and Post Office, which is now known as Darlington. Father's sisters and their families moved over on Antelope Creek on ranches where they made their homes. They were the Stoddards and the Hoalsts. My father filed on a homestead at the mouth of Antelope Creek, now known as the John Bell farm. My Uncle Howard had bought a Homestead Relinquishment. He was unmarried so Grandfather and Grandmother made their home with him. We lived there too until Father and Grandfather could build a cabin on our homestead.

³ Permission to use given by Violet Taylor Douglas, Lear's sister. May 2003

Grandfather's method of building a cabin was to saw and hew the logs first. He cut and fit them to size, marking the logs as he worked, allowing for windows and doors. His work was very neat—he never made mistakes. When he had the logs all ready he would allow someone to help him build them up. To my knowledge, that little cabin has been taken apart and moved three times. It is still standing at Twin Bridges on Antelope at this time. We raised a good crop of grain the first year we lived on the homestead and had a fine garden. That was 1888. The next year the water didn't get below Twin Bridges, so Father relinquished his claim, went up beyond Twin Bridges and homesteaded again. They tore the little house down, moved it and built it up again.

Mother said afterwards that she was glad to move, on account of her neighbors. The wife of one was mentally disturbed. "Crazy as a bedbug" Mother termed her. The other was a "Squaw Man." Had an Indian wife and stepdaughter, both of whom he shot and killed in a family quarrel. He reported to the neighbors that his Squaws had gone back to the Reservation. Our folks had their suspicions, as Lee suddenly changed from a friendly neighbor, to a haggard, harassed man that had not time to talk to a neighbor. He soon abandoned his homestead and left the neighborhood. Several years later the squaws' grave was discovered and Lee was located, convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment.

That first year on the first homestead, after Father got his crop planted, he went up to Custer to work for awhile. All the company Mother had was the mentally deranged neighbor, who visited her often. She was so fond of my little sister. Mother said later she always felt that Mrs. J. might try to steal the baby. Later on Mr. Jenkins wanted Father to help him dig a well. Mr. Jenkins was an old

miner. He would dig the dirt and fill the buckets. All father had to do was pull them to the top and empty them. Mrs. J. would slip out and whisper "Roll a rock down on him." At first Dad thought it was a poor attempt at a joke, but when she suggested dropping a charge of dynamite down and blowing the whole thing up, badly as Dad needed money, he told Jenkins that he couldn't help him any longer, as he was ready to move to Twin Bridges.It started out as a twice a week Post Office and it still is.

The Surprise Visit

One winter we had been snowbound for months. Along about March 1st, it finally warmed up. The snow settled and a road had been broken so they could get through in a bobsled. Some of the ladies planned a party. A little lady and her two sons cleaned and scrubbed an abandoned homesteader's cabin. It belonged to a man by the name of Marsh, the leader of the notorious Marsh and Madison Gang. The cabin had been abandoned so long that people just didn't think of it belonging to anyone. Anyway, they cleaned and scrubbed the cabin, and the boys chopped plenty of wood and carried it in. It was nice and cozy when the sleigh loads of people arrived.

One young man played the fiddle so there was dancing. Around midnight coffee was made on the stove and they prepared to serve lunch. All at once there was the sound of hoof beats. Who could be coming so late? Our horses whinnied. Other horses answered. Then silence for quite some time. Finally the door opened. A tall man with iron gray hair and "steely" piercing gray eyes entered, followed by several younger men. Marsh and his gang.

There was a silence for a moment, then the little lady, sponsor of the party arose and said, "Why, if it isn't Mr. Marsh. I hope you didn't mind that we borrowed your house to have this

party. We are just ready to have lunch. Come have some coffee and we will fill plates for you.”

That did it. The tension lessened. They sat and ate and talked weather and politics and crops with the men for an hour, thanked the ladies for the lunch and coffee, then rose and politely bowed themselves out. The dance went on. Nobody said any more about them leaving early than they would if anyone else had left. We never knew why they appeared, or where they went, and nobody talked about it.

The Hard Winter of 1889-1890

No one was prepared for such a winter. So much snow. I’ve heard my mother say it was a solid expanse of white, except on the very tops of the mountains the pines showed where the snow had blown off. When we ran out of groceries my Father walked to Era pulling a toboggan. Had a long hard climb up the Era Summit, but was comforted by the prospect of having it easier on the way back. Mostly down hill. He said as he went down the incline, things went well till he got to the bottom he discovered his sack of flour had tipped off, and he had to climb to the top to get it. He was snowblind when he reached home. No dark glasses in those days, at least not for us. He sat for several days with a bandage over his eyes.

Everyone ran out of stock feed and most of the cattle died. One neighbor was considered rich. He had a hundred head of cattle. Lost all of them. On our way to school we used to pass a huge pile of bleached bones, the remains of his herd. (Two sentences unreadable.)

The Visit of Captain Jim

During the summer, bands of Indians often came through our Valley on the way to Camas Prairie hunting and fishing. They would camp for a few days, and often the squaws would

come to our door asking for food. Mother always gave them something, even if only a few cold biscuits left from our breakfast. We always stayed pretty close to the house when Indians were around, and usually hung onto Mother’s apron.

One morning I came in from play to see a stalwart Indian sitting at the table drinking coffee. He was talking to Mother, using very good English. After he had politely thanked her and left, I burst out, “Ma, you don’t let Indians come in the house and sit at the table; you hand `em a biscuit at the door.”

My Mother drew herself up to her full height (5 Foot 2 inches) looked down at me and said, “My child, that man is “Captain Jim.”

Our First Post Office at Grouse

We had been getting our mail from the Antelope Post Office, where Darlington is, all these years. When one person went to get his mail, he brought everyone else’s mail. Sometimes it would be weeks that no one went to get the mail. I remember what a pile of Semi-Weekly Tribunes Father would have when the mail came after a long wait.

The neighbors decided it was time they tried to get their own Post Office. This must have been around 1898. After a lot of talk, petitions and applications, the Post Office at Grouse was established. H. V. McClellan was the first Postmaster. He lived on what is now the lower Waddoups Ranch. J. G. Merritt was the mail carrier. As Mr. Merritt was away working most of the time, his wife carried the mail. Sometimes she rode horseback; other times drove a buckboard.

The Post Office has been moved to several different locations and has had as many different Postmasters. It started out as a twice a week Post Office and it still is.

Our First Christmas Tree

One year the Settlers decided they should have a Christmas Program and a Christmas tree for the children. There was an abandoned cabin at Twin Bridges where they planned to meet on Christmas Day, early enough to get ready for the evening program and dance. Some of them went to the cabin the day before, swept and cleaned, set up a stove and provided wood. We had little if any, snow at that time.

Early Christmas Day the neighbors met and made their plans. They had already taken up a small collection and provided small presents for the children and bought candy and nuts. The women prepared and served noon lunch to all.

The men had plans of their own, so after eating they dragged in a Christmas tree that someone had chopped nearby, inquired about the wood supply, and went about their own business. It seemed that someone had noticed a nice level stretch of road down the canyon a mile or some such distance. Some of them had saddle horses, others unhitched a horse from his team, and the men and larger boys spent the afternoon horse racing. (At Christmas Time!)

The women trimmed the tree with anything colorful that they could find in their homes. They had made stockings for the nuts and candy from colored mosquito netting. These were filled and hung on the tree. The older girls, 6 to 10 years, folded colored paper into birds for decoration. Late in the afternoon the men folks returned and went home to take care of their evening chores. (The ones who lived nearest.) The others had tended their stock as well as they could before they left in the morning.

The ladies tidied themselves, took their hair out of curl papers and frizzed up their bangs. They washed up the children, changed their dresses, unbraided the little girl's hair and brushed it into a sort of fuzz, and had the children practice on poems they had at one time known but mostly had forgotten.

When the men came back, there was great excitement, but it wasn't yet time to unveil the tree. One of the men blacked his face with stove polish, turned his coat inside out for further disguise to take the part of Santa Claus. The little children were scared almost into hysterics. After the presents and sacks of candy had been handed out to squalling kiddies by a black-faced Santa, the grown-ups cleared the center of the floor, the fiddles struck up a tune, and the dance was on.

At midnight a lovely lunch was served. The piece d'resistance being boiled ham contributed and served by Mr. Jim Madison of the Madison and Marsh gang. He had started out in his younger days as a cook. Never have I seen ham sliced so fast or so neatly or that tasted so good.

After supper was over there was another hour or so of dancing. The fiddler laid his violin aside, people rounded up their children, gathered up sleeping babies. Good byes, and our Party was over.

All but the memories.

From Hilma's daughter Ellen we get a glimpse of Frank and Hilma at home. She wrote: Dad enjoyed the rugged outdoor life that went with ranching and stock growing. Sometimes he would take the family with him on trips to the mountains to repair fences or salt the cattle. Then he would demonstrate his skill at cooking over a campfire, making coffee and frying game or fish. We all thought it great fun. At home in the evenings he was seldom too tired to romp with the children, teaching them stunts, parlor tricks and games or reading from a favorite book. Hardly had his children graduated from diapers when he gave them their first riding lessons. And for him a pair of spurs was the only appropriate gift for a new born son....

Mother was reluctant to allow the daughters of the family to learn to cook, believing that it contributed to the harmony of the home to keep the head of the family happy at mealtime. When one of us did persuade her to let us prepare a "dish" she would personally assume the responsibility of presenting it to Dad. Her halting introduction of the amateur concoction was a classic of understatement, spreading the blame over the group of us rather than let one bear the brunt she would say: "This is a kind of a pudding the girls made." Or, "This is something the girls call a salad." Or, "This is a pie the girls made. It's more of a pudding but it does have a bottom crust."

Mother was an excellent cook and catered to Dad's taste. He was most hospitable and it was uncanny the way some of his merest acquaintances made their calls coincide with mealtime. Mother was very pleasant about this and no matter how many pieces she had to divide the pie into to take care of the extra guests she never cut Dad's wedge any smaller.

Hilma's granddaughter, Lois Douglas Lauziere, lived with her Grandmother Taylor for twelve years. She wrote: When I was five⁴ years old, my Mother⁵ and younger brother and I moved to live with our Grandparents who lived on a twenty acre farm. At that time it consisted of a prune orchard, pastures for a few cows, a large fenced chicken yard with two chicken houses, a large garden area and lawn areas surrounding the house. Our grandparents hired help with the prune orchard, but shared the remainder of the work together. After a few years the orchard was removed and the farmland leased.

I remember my grandmother as a small woman in stature. As a child I saw her as the smallest adult I knew. With age, probably due to osteoporosis, she became smaller. She was always trim in a starched, mid-calf to ankle length cotton dress, covered with a starched apron, ready for housework and cooking or many outdoor chores. Her outdoor tasks included helping clean the chicken houses and yard, gathering eggs, catching chickens to kill and clean for cooking. There were cows to milk and the milk to separate for sale or pour in pans in the pantry for the thick cream to rise to the top. A spoonful of that cream was sweet as candy.

Chickens, eggs and milk were sold. There were many rows of vegetables in the garden and rows of raspberry bushes. A cherry tree and two or three apple trees grew near the house. Added to keeping the garden there was canning of vegetables, fruits and meats.

My grandfather, before he became a rancher, was a butcher and owned a meat

⁴ 1931 in Ustick, Idaho. Hilma was 68. Frank died 3 years later in 1934. Lois, her mother and brother continued to live with her grandmother, until Hilma's death in 1943, a month before Lois graduated from high school.

⁵ Hilma's daughter, Violet Taylor Douglas

market. They butchered a hog and a calf or two every year. There was a lot for Granny to do in processing the different cuts of meat.

Wash day was a big day. Wash tubs and a washboard were used. The clothes were hung on long lines over the back lawn to dry and in the winter to freeze and then brought into the house to finish drying. With cotton clothes there was a lot of ironing.

Granny did her cooking and baking on a wood/coal range. There was an electric stove with oven, but seldom used except on the hottest summer days. Everything she cooked was plentiful and delicious. She baked bread, rolls, biscuits, pies, cakes, and cookies. The days she baked bread there was always a pan of rolls and/or cinnamon rolls timed to come out of the oven just before we came home from school for us to enjoy as an afternoon snack. Our friends were welcome to stop and enjoy with us. How did she manage to regulate burning to get the oven, no gauge, to the correct temperature for baking things requiring different temperatures?

She didn't follow written recipes, use measuring cups or spoons. She just knew how much of each ingredient she needed. She showed such patience when I got older and wanted to learn to bake. She used shortening the size of a walnut or two or three and let me measure it. Salt, soda or baking powder, she poured in her hand and let me measure. She'd pour the rest of the ingredients in separate bowls for me to measure. In that way I could write the recipes of my favorites.

I don't remember her as being outwardly affectionate, that is, hugging and kissing, maybe just a touch or pat. Occasionally, sitting on her lap which was not very soft and hands that were bony and strong. She seemed gentle and caring.

I do not think she ever raised her voice or a hand in disciplining us.

In the evening she'd sit in her rocking chair with knitting or mending or reading a book or the Saturday Evening Post or visiting or listening to the radio.

In the last years of her life she'd become very ill (gall bladder) for several days and needed help cleaning up. She always apologized for being any trouble. Yet how many illnesses did she care for me during the day, as my Mother worked long hours in Boise. I had many colds and coughs as a child. I had whooping cough when I was twelve and she was in constant attendance. She arranged for a neighbor to set with me while she did the necessary outdoor chores because of my choking cough. During many of illnesses my arms and legs ached. She would sit on the side of the couch or bed and rub them.

Family members, her five other children and their families, would come for a visit. She would cook and visit and enjoy their company. Where did she get the energy?

She dressed well for social occasions, didn't attend church services, but there was never a better woman. Her daily life was a testament of goodness and kindness.

She always enjoyed the flowers she planted around the house. There were one or two that weren't supposed to grow in our climate. There was a smaller vegetable garden eventually, and we knew she'd be happy to die doing her gardening.

October 2003

Time-Line for Hilma Fredrickson Taylor

<i>Year</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Event</i>			
1863, Nov. 5-		Birth, Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Sweden	1902	38	Move to Blackfoot, Idaho Birth of daughter, Violet Gladys
1871	7	Death of father	1903	40	Lear marries Joseph F. Keele
1873	9	Immigrate to United States, Idaho	1904 (approx)		Frank's mother, Permelia Leah Grigg Taylor, live with Taylors
1876	12	Moved to Arizona, return to Utah	1908 (approx)		Frank's mother moves to Utah Summers on homestead in Antelope Valley, spring, fall, winter in Blackfoot
1877	13	Move to Rabbit Valley (Fremont, Utah)			
1883	19	Marry William Franklin Taylor 20 th Birthday	1913	50	Ellen marries Claude S. Beebe
1884	20	Birth of daughter, Hilma Lear	1915	52	Amos marries Ethel Miller Family moves to D Y ranch
1886	22	Birth of daughter, Katie May who died six months later	1918	54	Bryan marries Edith M. Miller Move to Ustick, near Boise, Idaho
1887	23	Move to Era, Idaho	1919	56	Amos's wife, Ethel dies
1888	24	Birth of daughter, Ellen Frances	1922	58	Amos marries Katherine V. Harper
1892	29	Birth of son, Amos Sander	1927	63	Death of her mother
1896	32	Birth of son, Bryan Ernest	1931	68	Violet and her two children come to live with Hilma and Frank
1900	37	Move to farm near Blackfoot, Idaho Birth of daughter, Maude Adelia	1934	70	Death of her husband, Frank
			1943	79 ½	Death

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Beebe, Ellen Frances Taylor; "William Franklin Taylor" 1954. from Five Generations of Mormonism, A Grigg Family Genealogy, editor, Cleo Grigg Johnson, pp.61-63
- Douglas, Violet Taylor; "William Franklin Taylor and Hilma Frederickson: Their Antecedents and Descendants" 1982, 10-page holograph
- Keele, Lear Taylor; "Our Family Moved to Antelope Valley" 4-page typescript
- Lauuziere, Lois Douglas, "Hilma Fredrickson Taylor" 6-page holograph, October 2003

Family Group Record

Page 1 of 2

Husband William Franklin TAYLOR¹		
Born-2	16 May 1862	Place Cook's Mill District, Surry, North Carolina
Died-3	8 Jan 1934	Place Boise, Ada, Idaho
Married-4	23 Feb 1883	Place Fremont, Wayne, Utah
Husband's father William TAYLOR		
Husband's mother Permelia Leah GRIGG ⁵		
Wife Hilma FREDRICKSON		
Born-6	5 Nov 1863	Place Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmohus, Sweden
Died-7	20 Apr 1943	Place Ustick now Boise, Ada, Idaho
Wife's father Jons FREDRIKSSON ⁸		
Wife's mother Elna or Ellen (PEHRSDOTTER) NILSSON		
Children List each child in order of birth.		
1	F Hilma Lear TAYLOR⁹	
	Born 14 Mar 1884	Place Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Died 25 Nov 1974	Place Arco, Butte, Idaho
	Spouse Joseph Francis KEELE ¹⁰	
	Married-11 4 Nov 1903	Place Paris, Bear Lake, Idaho
2	F Katie May TAYLOR¹²	
	Born 1 May 1886	Place Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Died 6 Nov 1886	Place Fremont, Wayne, Utah
3	F Ellen Frances TAYLOR¹³	
	Born 12 Mar 1888	Place Antelope, Alturas now Butte, Idaho
	Died 6 Sep 1976	Place Blackfoot, Bingham, Idaho
	Spouse Claude S. BEEBE	
	Married 1 Mar 1913	Place Blackfoot, Bingham, Idaho
4	M Amos Sander TAYLOR¹⁴	
	Born 17 Dec 1892	Place Antelope, Alturas, Idaho
	Died 29 May 1989	Place Arco, Butte, Idaho
	Spouse Ethel MILLER ¹⁵	
	Married 25 Dec 1915	Place Grouse, Butte, Idaho
	Spouse Katherine Vermillion HARPER ¹⁶	
	Married-17 15 Dec 1922	Place Arco, Butte, Idaho
5	M Bryan Ernest TAYLOR¹⁸	
	Born 28 Oct 1896	Place Antelope, Alturas now Butte, Idaho
	Died 8 Nov 1946	Place Antelope, Butte, Idaho
	Spouse Edith Mae MILLER	
	Married-19 8 Mar 1918	Place Blackfoot, Bingham, Idaho
6	F Maude Adelia TAYLOR²⁰	
	Born 9 Nov 1900	Place Blackfoot, Bingham, Idaho
	Died 15 Oct 1984	Place Caldwell, Canyon, Idaho
	Buried	Place Star, Ada, Idaho
	Spouse Harry Albert STONER	
	Married-21 25 May 1927	Place Boise, Ada, Idaho

27 Oct 2003

Family Group Record

Page 2 of 2

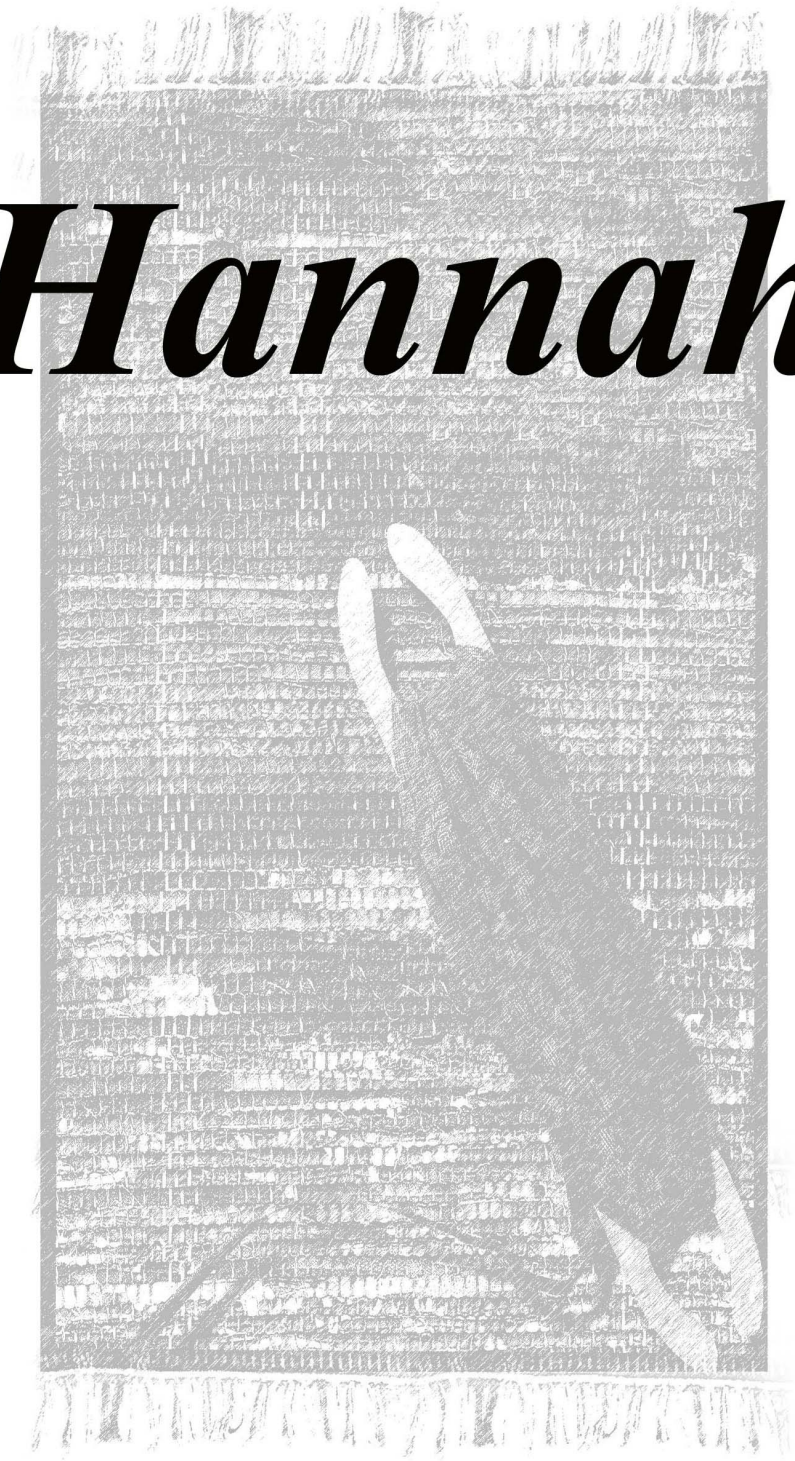
Husband	William Franklin TAYLOR	
Wife	Hilma FREDRICKSON	
Children	List each child in order of birth.	
7 F	Violet Gladys TAYLOR²²	
Born	17 Sep 1902	Place Blackfoot, Bingham, Idaho
Spouse	Virgil "C" DOUGLAS	
Married	1923 (Div)	Place Boise, Ada, Idaho

Sources

1. Family History Library, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150. Information from Ordinance Index and Ancestral File.
2. Family History Library. information obtained from Ordinance Index and Ancestral File.
3. Family Records, from Jean Taylor, granddaughter of Wm. F. Taylor, Arco, Idaho; Feb 2003. and Ancestral File, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah.
4. Family Records, records of daughter, Violet Taylor Douglas, Boise, Idaho.
5. Family Records, from Jean Taylor, descendant, Arco, Idaho; Feb 2003. informationn also in Ancestral File, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah.
6. Family History Library, F Sweden Malis 06,20446 Lilla Isle Parish, pt.5 research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, UT.
7. Family Records, Family group sheet-scrapbook of marriages, births, deaths-from Violet Douglas, Boise, Idaho.
8. Family History Library. Birth, Death, Marriage: Lilla Isle Parish Records, part 5 F Sweden Malis 06,20446, & F Sweden Malmohus 4,26915, part 13, Research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, Utah Willie Jenson and Lars Nelson are sealed to their mother Elna Nilsson Fredrickson and Jons Fredrickson.
9. Ancestral File, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150. also, Family Records from Jean Taylor, Arco, Idaho, Feb. 2003 Violet Douglas, daughter of Wm. Frank and Hilma F. Taylor, Boise, Idaho 17 May 2003 children names, birth dates, marriage dates and spouses in Five Generations of Mormonism by Cleo G. Johnson, p. 63-64.
10. Family Records, Five Geneartions of Mormonism, C. G. Johnson, p.63.
11. Family Records, Five Generations of Mormonism, Cleo Grigg Johnson, p.63.
12. Ancestral File. also Family Records from Jean Taylor, Arco, Idaho, Feb. 2003 and Violet Taylor Douglas, daughter of Wm. Frank and Hilma F. Taylor, Boise, Idaho, 17 May 2003.
13. Ancestral File, also Family Records: Jean Taylor, Arco, ID, Feb 2003. and Violet Taylor Douglas, daughter of Wm. Frank and Hilma F. Taylor, Boise, Idaho, 17 May 2003.
14. Family Records, from Jean Taylor, Amos's granddaughter, Arco, Idaho, Feb 2003. Chart showing Frank Taylor & Yvonne Sparktes ancestors & decendants prepared Dec 1997 by Jean's sister Also shown in Ancestral File, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, utah.
15. Ancestral File, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah. also, Five Generations of Mormonism, C. Johnson, p.68 Family records, Ethel is a sister to Edith Mae who married Amos's brother Bryan.
16. Family Records, from Jean Taylor, granddaughter & Violet Taylor Douglas, Amos's sister. Five Generations of Mormonism, C. Johnson, p.68.
17. Ancestral File, Family History Library, Salt Lake, Utah. also, Family Records from Jean Taylor, Arco, Idaho, Feb 2003 and Violet Taylor Douglas, scrapbook and a compiled family group sheet, 17 May 2003, Boise, Idaho.
18. Ancestral File. also Family Records from Jean Taylor, Arco, Idaho, Feb. 2003 and Violet Taylor Douglas, daughter of Wm. Frank and Hilma F. Taylor, Boise, Idaho, 17 May 2003.
19. Ancestral File.
20. Family Records, Death & Marriage: phone call to Faye S. Sorenson, Maude's daughter 16 Oct 2003, Caldwell ID. Also records from Violet Taylor Douglas, Maude's sister, 17 May 2003, Boise, Idaho and Jean Taylor, a grand niece, Feb 2003, Arco, Idaho.
21. Family Records, Maude's daughter, Faye S. Sorenson, phone call 16 Oct. 2003, Caldwell, ID.
22. Family Records, from Violet Taylor Douglas 17 May 2003, Boise, Idaho.

27 Oct 2003

Hannah





Back l-r: Thomas Alvin Taylor and his wife, Hannah Fredrickson Taylor and their children, David Alvin and Margaret Ellen, circa 1891 (before birth of third child).
The only family picture taken. Thomas died in 1891.
Courtesy of Steve Taylor and Brad Chappell

Children of Thomas
and
Hannah F. Taylor



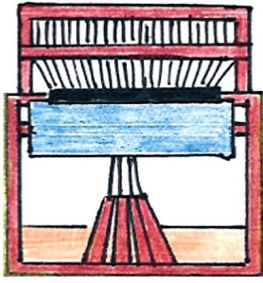
David Alvin Taylor
Courtesy of Steve Taylor



Margaret Ellen Taylor
Courtesy of Steve Taylor - dress digitally repaired.

HANNAH

by Steve Taylor, her great grandson
Hannah Fredrickson married Thomas Alvin Taylor
Their children are: David, Margaret and Thomas



It was early evening on a warm August day in the isolated Fremont Valley. Dark clouds accumulated over the mountains causing scattered rain showers across the valley. Hannah's husband, Thomas, had gone down to the farm to tend the irrigation water while Hannah prepared supper and got their children David and Margaret ready for bed. As the evening progressed way past supper time Hannah became concerned and asked her brother William to go and look for her husband. Hannah's world crumbled when William came back alone. He took her in his arms and said, "He's dead Hannah, the lightening killed him..."

A young woman, only 22 years old, two little ones with a third on the way, now without a husband in a frontier arid land where survival was marginal at best. One can only speculate on how Hannah viewed

her future prospects of being able to care for herself and her fatherless children. Thomas and one of his brothers had filed on 40 acres of land together, but only twenty acres had been cleared and cultivated. Hannah was left with the uncleared twenty. All indications are that it was sheer will and family unity that allowed Hannah and her mother Ellen to survive and take care of the many family members that were dependant on them. Out of love and pride Hannah gathered rags and wove them into rugs to pay for a gravestone for Thomas. When her young son David's employer reduced his wages from 25 cents per day to 15 cents, Hannah said "No, David is worth more, from now on he will stay home and help me."

We don't have sufficient information to adequately describe the extremely difficult situation that Hannah faced under the circumstances following Thomas' tragic death. Her difficulties were further exacerbated by the local economic situation¹. Large transient herds of

livestock had nearly exhausted the available feed on the Fish Lake Mountains as they had over much of the West. The mountain family dairies disappeared with the grass and many families had already left the Valley while many more would follow over the next twenty years, always seeking or hoping for a better life in the next place they staked out. Hannah's sister Hilma was one of those who left and made their way to Idaho, while their brother Lars would eventually seek better fortune in the Uintah Basin of Utah, however Hannah and her mother would remain in the Fremont Valley to contend with the circumstances that fate had seen fit to bestow upon them.

Hannah received her Patriarchal Blessing from Patriarch Elias Hicks Blackburn shortly after Thomas' death in which she is promised she will be comforted from that time forth. Evidently that blessing was enough to satisfy Hannah because she never remarried or conveyed any reason why she did not. (My Grandmother Behunin, who knew Hannah well, said that she was a beautiful and stately woman whom was well liked and respected within the community)

Hannah and her mother managed to survive the severe poverty they faced but it wasn't without much tragedy and heartache. It was Christmas Eve and as was customary in the Fremont Valley the community celebrated together at the church where a large Christmas tree held a present for each child. Uncle Willie had hand carved a toy top for his nephew David, Hannah's four year old boy and placed it on the tree with the other presents. When it came time to hand out the presents the top was gone, David was brokenhearted and Hannah was once again emotionally devastated by the clutches of poverty.

Hannah was again struck with tragedy when her son Albert became ill. As his health worsened the family gathered round, as was customary when death approaches, and Albert called to his mother saying "my father has come to get me, he's standing right there." (Albert would have recognized his father from a known family portrait) Uncle Frank² responded "Hannah, the child is delirious with fever." "Uncle Frank," said Albert, "you are as black as Satan." With that he passed away on January 26, 1899 at the age of six in Fremont.

Hannah Fredrickson (Hanna Jonsdotter) was born on February, 27 1869 in a small coastal farming community called Vastra Torp in the parish of Lillia Isle, county of Malmohus in southern Sweden. The area was called Skane, a historical provincial designation comprising the present counties of Malmohus and Kristianstad. Her father, Jons Fredricsson, was the son of a local farmer named Fredric Pehrsson from the parish of Villie and an itinerant “nightman folk” girl named Helena Gustafssdotter. Helena Gustafssdotter, Hannah’s³ grandmother, had a child named Anna prior to marrying Hannah’s Grandfather Fredric Pehrsson. Anna took the name Anna Andersdotter and is the same Aunt Anna who many years later sent her daughter Anna Stina Hansdotter and granddaughter Hilma to America. Anna Stina was to become the wife of Lars Nelson, Hannah’s half brother.

Hannah was the youngest of three daughters born to Jon and Ellen Pehrsson (Ellen Fredrickson) and spent her earliest years on the family farm in Vastra Torp. Her early childhood would have involved many aunts and uncles and cousins who also lived in Vastra Torp and

the surrounding areas. The family would have consisted of, among others, her great-grand parents the nightman Gustaf Henningsson and wife Catharina Thomasdotter as well as her extended family of both the agrarian and traveler community. Other relatives included her Aunt Anna Andersdotter whom first married the nightman Andreas Andreasson⁴ and after his death in the Karlsborg prison Anna married Hans Andersson. Altogether Aunt Anna bore six children, one daughter prior to marriage, three children with the nightman Andreas and two daughters with Hans Andersson, all of whom died except for Anna Stina. Prior to her coming to America Anna Stina had a daughter Hilma who married Jesse Anderson Tanner in Fremont.

Hannah’s birth was preceded by events that would forever affect her destiny. Her grandparents Pehr Nilsson and Kjerstina Sorensdotter had joined the Mormon Church being some of the early Scandinavian converts. The great “gathering”, as it has been termed, had already been in process for over twenty years, taking her brother Lars and her grandparents and their family to a foreign

land to help build Zion. Only her mother Ellen Fredrickson and her family had remained in Sweden but conditions in Sweden were approaching a state of potential catastrophic famine. Population growth had outpaced agriculture development. In other words, they simply ran out of food thus giving rise to the great Scandinavian migration to the upper Midwestern United States during the latter part of the nineteenth century.

When Hannah's father Jons Fredricsson died in 1871 her mother Ellen would have welcomed the opportunity to immigrate to America. Fears generated by the outrageous rumors of the Wild West could not have outweighed the economic plight they faced in Sweden. By 1873 Ellen had settled her husband's affairs and with her three daughters booked passage to America through the Mormon Church emigration program. They were spared the crossing of the plains by wagon since the transcontinental railroad had recently been completed. From Ogden, Utah they went to St John, Oneida, Idaho where Ellen's family was living. Ellen's father Pehr Nilsson had passed away and her son Lars had grown to manhood. Economic

conditions on the Mormon frontier were less than desirable at best when a family had a good provider, but a woman with children on her own faced certain poverty and destitution.

Shortly after arriving in Idaho Ellen married Carl Johan Jonsson, alias Carl Berlin, alias Charles Johnson, to whom a son, William Charles Jenson (Uncle Willie as we all called him) was born. This marriage was destined to fail and when an opportunity occurred to move to a better location, Ellen took her five children (Lars, Kjersti, Hilma, Hanna and William Charles) and headed south on one of the historical landmark expeditions in the settlement of Northern Arizona. In addition to Ellen, Ellen's brothers Soren⁵ and Nils and their wives were in the company going south but Ellen's sister Johanna and her family and Ellen's mother Kjerstina remained in Idaho for the time being.

Hannah and her sisters would have walked most of the way to Arizona (probably easier than riding on the wagon) where they settled along the Little Colorado. Ellen and her children only stayed in Arizona for a short time before

they returned to Sevier Valley. Family tradition maintains they were dissatisfied with the United Order which could have been but the most likely reason is Lars had recognized the economic benefit of livestock and the vast resource provided by the open range. We know Lars came from Richfield to Rabbit Valley in the fall of 1876 looking for a good place for grazing. In any event Lars built a cabin near Jack Allred that fall and returned in the spring of 1877 with his mother, sisters and brother.

Hannah was eight years old when they arrived in the Fremont Valley. One can imagine Hannah and her sister's excitement at coming into such a beautiful valley knowing this would be home. As Hannah grew up in Fremont she would have witnessed the building of the first school, digging of the canals and consolidation of the settlements into towns and watched with excitement as each new family of settlers came into the valley. These were good times, the grass was plentiful and the livestock had increased. Wagons filled with cheese journeyed to the city in the fall only to return with wonderful items like store bought shoes and calico for making clothes.

Little is known about Hannah's early years in Fremont or her courtship with Thomas Alvin Taylor⁶. They were married on August 3, 1888 in Fremont. Their first child was a boy named David Alvin who was born in Fremont on May 15, 1889. Their only daughter, Margaret Ellen, was born August 10, 1890 in Fremont and their second son, Thomas Albert was born April 7, 1892 almost eight months after Thomas' death.

Hannah and her children lived with Hannah's mother Ellen. Together along with major help from Ellen's sons Lars and William they were able to provide sufficient income and food to get by, even though one can surmise survival was marginal and having adequate food and clothing was a constant worry. Hannah and Ellen were noted throughout the area for the rag woven rugs they produced which were in demand to cover the dirt floors in many pioneer homes.

Shoes for children were almost non existent in the area. Since David and Margaret had to walk about two miles to the school Hannah wove David shoes out of rags to protect his feet from the cold and snow. It caused quite a commotion in

the community when someone saw David's tracks through the willows and assumed there was a bear in town.

Margaret Ellen was the first to marry. At the age of seventeen she married Allen Searle⁷ on September 18, 1907 in Manti, Utah. There were seven children born to Margaret and Allen, with Margaret passing away shortly after the seventh child was born. They were living on Lost Creek in Sevier County when Margaret passed away. When Allen found himself unable to care for the children they went to Fremont to live with their Grandmother Hannah.

By this time David Alvin had married Julia Anna Morrell (Annie) in Fremont. Following their marriage on September 21, 1910 David built a home in the main Fremont town site for his new bride and his mother.¹ With the addition of his children and his sister Margaret's children he built a second house adjacent to the first in order to have the room to house this extended family. David built a third house when Aunt Wilhelmina moved to

Fremont following the death of her husband Soren. Since Wilhelmina had no immediate family her only option was to live with the family in Fremont.

As with many pioneer woman Hannah seemed to deal with the adversity and tragedy fate imposed on her with dignity, patience and dedication. Hannah raised Margaret's children with help from all the members of the family. This enlarged family unity appears to have been absolutely essential to their ability to survive the hardships they faced.

After a relatively short life filled with tragedy and hardship Hannah became ill with cancer and passed away on January 15, 1928 in Fremont. Her life was one of love and dedication to her family, church and neighbors. —November 2003

¹ For location of their houses, see Fremont Map on page 146.

Endnotes

¹ The **Fremont Valley** is located in the Fish Mountains on the Western rim of the Colorado Plateau. Rabbit Valley, as it was called by the early settlers, is a high mountain valley with limited water and growing season. Cultivable land within the valley is primarily limited to the flood plain of the Fremont River and several tributaries, but the grassy meadows along the streams attracted the earliest settlers. Livestock feed to some meant riches but to most it meant survival. The first to come following a general peace with the Indians in 1873 was the large cattle herds which were generally owned by non-Mormons and moved over the open range at their own discretion. Even though there were not many of these herds the owners overestimated the amount of feed available in the winters and underestimated the severity of the wind and cold on the high desert plateaus. As a result, by 1880 these herds had been replaced by the Mormon settlers' cooperative herds. Along with the Cooperative cattle herds the settlers brought small herds of sheep, goats, horses, milk cows and pigs. Surviving in a remote isolated area required the production of a commodity that could be exchanged for other necessities such as tools, fabric and food items that could not be produced locally. The primary commodity for these early settlers, besides meat, was cheese. During the summer there could be found a family camped along each mountain stream with a small number of milk cows and pigs. The milk from the cows was made into cheese for shipment to Salt Lake City in the fall, while the whey was fed to the pigs to fatten them up for slaughter. Many of the springs and valleys in the surrounding mountains bear the names of these early families. Prosperity followed the large herds of cattle and sheep for many years but like the boom and bust cycles that have plagued mankind forever, when the number of livestock exceeded the range capacity the system collapsed. The small Mormon communities like Fremont were severely impacted because the large transient herds of livestock used up the feed relied on by the family dairies in the mountain valleys as well as substantially limiting the feed for their own livestock. The loss of vegetation also accommodated massive flooding, wiping out the farms in many communities. Many families moved from the Fremont Valley. In fact, many families moved in and out of Fremont and every other community in the vast livestock ranges of Utah always looking for work and never staying in any town for more than two to three years. The many communities petitioned the federal government for relief from contaminated streams

and flooding and demanded a manageable grazing allotment system. Fremont was one of the communities along the Fremont River that survived this economic collapse but not until the Great Depression would they have to endure the severe economic conditions faced by Hannah and the citizens of the Fremont valley when the grass ran out.

² Albert's Uncle Frank was **William Franklin Taylor**, son of William Taylor and Permilia Leah Griggs and married Albert's mother's sister Hilma Fredrickson. The whole family is reported to have been somewhat antagonistic towards the Mormon Church over the doctrine of plural marriage, but their conflict was more likely over the allocation and distribution of land and property by the local church authorities in Utah Valley where the William Taylor family had lived prior to moving to Fremont. Due to economic conditions William Taylor, most of his children and their families, moved from the Fremont Valley to Southern Idaho in the 1880's.

³ Hannah, her two sisters and Aunt Anna were of "**nightman kind**" as characterized by the early Swedish records. They were descendants of a large family of itinerant nightman folk who traveled the coastal highways of Skane for several hundred years. These itinerant or traveler families survived by adopting various occupations such as sweeping chimneys, gathering rags for the paper mills, selling glassware and acquiring and training horses. They generally lived outside the social norm that existed in the Scandinavian countries at the time. As a result they were ostracized from the state church and the common agrarian culture and were frequently perceived to be living outside the law. In the late 1600's the Swedish government attempted to ban nightman folk and other itinerant groups from the country, but it appears their attempts were unsuccessful though there are several cases in the local court records where itinerant people were arrested and prosecuted under this ordinance. Several of the ill famed highwaymen and women who roamed the coastal highways were members of or related through marriage to Hannah's family. But the most distinguished feature of these people was not their ability to steal and train horses but was their ability to survive as a tight knit extended family unit through all types of social, political and natural adversity. Hannah's earliest known ancestor of nightman kind was Christian Jonsson of Malmo. His believed father, the nightman Jons Nielson, first appears in the

probate court records of Malmo where his deceased wife Anna Frolinge's few belongings were divided between Jons and one son and two of Anna's children by a previous marriage. It wasn't that Anna Frolinge may have had anything of value but rather Jons was seeking a license to marry Anna Bendixdotter, described in the parish records as the executioner's daughter. A common practice in the cities of Southern Sweden was to hire the nightman folk to bury executed criminals in the forest. There were obviously some social or religious taboos associated with executed criminals that were not shared by the nightman folk.

⁴ The nightman Andreas Christoffer Andreasson-Ripus was the son of the itinerant nightman girl Johanna Christina Segerholm. After Andreas' birth his mother Johanna married the nightman Christian Olsson whom was related to Hannah Fredrickson's grandparents. This Segerholm family is described in the book "Swedish Travelers and Their Ancestors," by Adam Heymowski as being one of the most notorious traveler families of Skane. Heymowski's study of the Segerholm family was limited to Johanna Christina Segerholm's nephew Fredrik Segerholm and his descendants and has this description, "Fredrik, born 1809, rag-gatherer at a paper mill in Skane, sentenced several times for theft (including horse theft), robbery and assault and battery. His wife was probably the illegitimate daughter of a vagrant woman. They left two children." This Segerholm family intermarried with members of the very large gelder family named Brolin who were also related to Hannah's nightman folk family. Heymowski presents extensive information on both the Segerholm and Brolin families.

⁵ Hannah's uncles **Soren and Nils [Nilsson]** didn't fare any better on the Mormon frontier than her mother Ellen. Soren's first wife Carolina Andersdotter (Carolina Hanson) left him for a wealthy miner in Eureka, Utah. Later one of Soren's sons was murdered by a drifter at Pelican Point on Utah Lake. The manhunt that ensued was one of the most extensive manhunts in western history. Soren later married Wilhelmina Johannesdotter-Lundgren (she was called Aunt Mena which Grandpa Taylor said was because she was the meanest woman that ever lived) who came to live with Ellen and Hannah after Soren died. Shortly after arriving in America Ellen's brother Nils married a Swedish girl by the name of Hanna Pettersdotter (Anna Lindberg) who

immigrated with the same group of Saints as Ellen's parents. Anna and Nils went south with the group to colonize the Little Colorado in northern Arizona. Later they crossed over the mountains to the Gila River settlements and eventually settled on the San Pedro River where Nils, Anna and their only son, George, died.

⁶ **Thomas Alvin Taylor** was born 20 May 1867 in New Harmony, Washington, Utah to William Riley Taylor and Margaret Jane Ellison. Thomas' father, William, and his grandfather, Allen Taylor along with their families came into the Fremont Valley in the 1880's and settled in Loa. Allen Taylor was a prominent member in the early Mormon Church and captained a large wagon train in the great westward migration. The large families of William Riley (he and Margaret Jane had 12 sons and 2 daughters) and Allen had a substantial influence on the development of the Fremont Valley. Allen fancied himself a great wrestler (which was probably influenced by the fact that Joseph Smith the Prophet was a good wrestler) and one day at a town celebration in Loa, Allen challenged any man in town to a wrestling match. His grandson Thomas Alvin stepped forward and immediately pinned his grandfather thus ending any of Allen's boasting of his wrestling ability. Thomas Alvin was killed by lightning while irrigating his fields on 13 August 1891 in Fremont, Wayne, Utah.

⁷ **Allen Searle** was born 31 August, 1885 in the Uintah Basin of Utah to William Newton Searle and Julia Ellen Taylor. Julia Ellen Taylor was a half sister to William Riley Taylor. Allen's parents were early settlers of Utah's Dixie. Later they migrated through the Fremont Valley and on to the Uintah Basin, where Allen's father died. Allen's mother Julia Ellen moved back to the Fremont Valley where Allen grew up. Allen Searle died 3 December, 1971 in Loa, Wayne, Utah

Time-Line for Hannah Fredrickson Taylor

<i>Year</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Event</i>			
1869,	Feb.27	Birth at Vastra Torp, Lillia Isle, Malmohus, Sweden	1890	21	Birth of daughter, Margaret Ellen Taylor, August 10
1871	2	Death of father, Jons Fredriksson	1891	22	Death of her husband, Thomas August 13
1873	4	Immigrate to United States Settle in St. Johns, Idaho	1892	23	Birth of son, Thomas Albert Taylor, April 7
1876	7	Move to Arizona for a short time, then come back to Richfield, Utah	1899	29	Death of son, Thomas, Jan. 26
1877	8	Move to Rabbit Valley, near Fremont, Utah with Mother, sisters, Katie and Hilma; brothers, Lars Nelson and Willie Jenson	1907	37	Daughter marries Allen Searle
			1910	41	Son, David marries Annie Morrell David builds his mother a house
1880	11	Appears in United State Census	1922	53	Daughter dies, Hannah takes her seven grandchildren into her home.
1883	14	Her sister Hilma marries William Franklin "Frank" Taylor	1923	54	Her sister, Katie, dies
1886	17	Death of maternal grandmother, Kjerstina Sorensdotter Nilsson who was living with the family	1926	57	Her granddaughter Nelda Searle dies. March 3, because of a ruptured appendix
1888	19	Marry Thomas Alvin Taylor, August 3	1927	58	Her mother dies
1889	20	Birth of son, David Alvin Taylor May 15 Endowed and sealed to her husband in the Manti Temple December 11	1928	59	Hannah dies because of cancer

Family Group Record

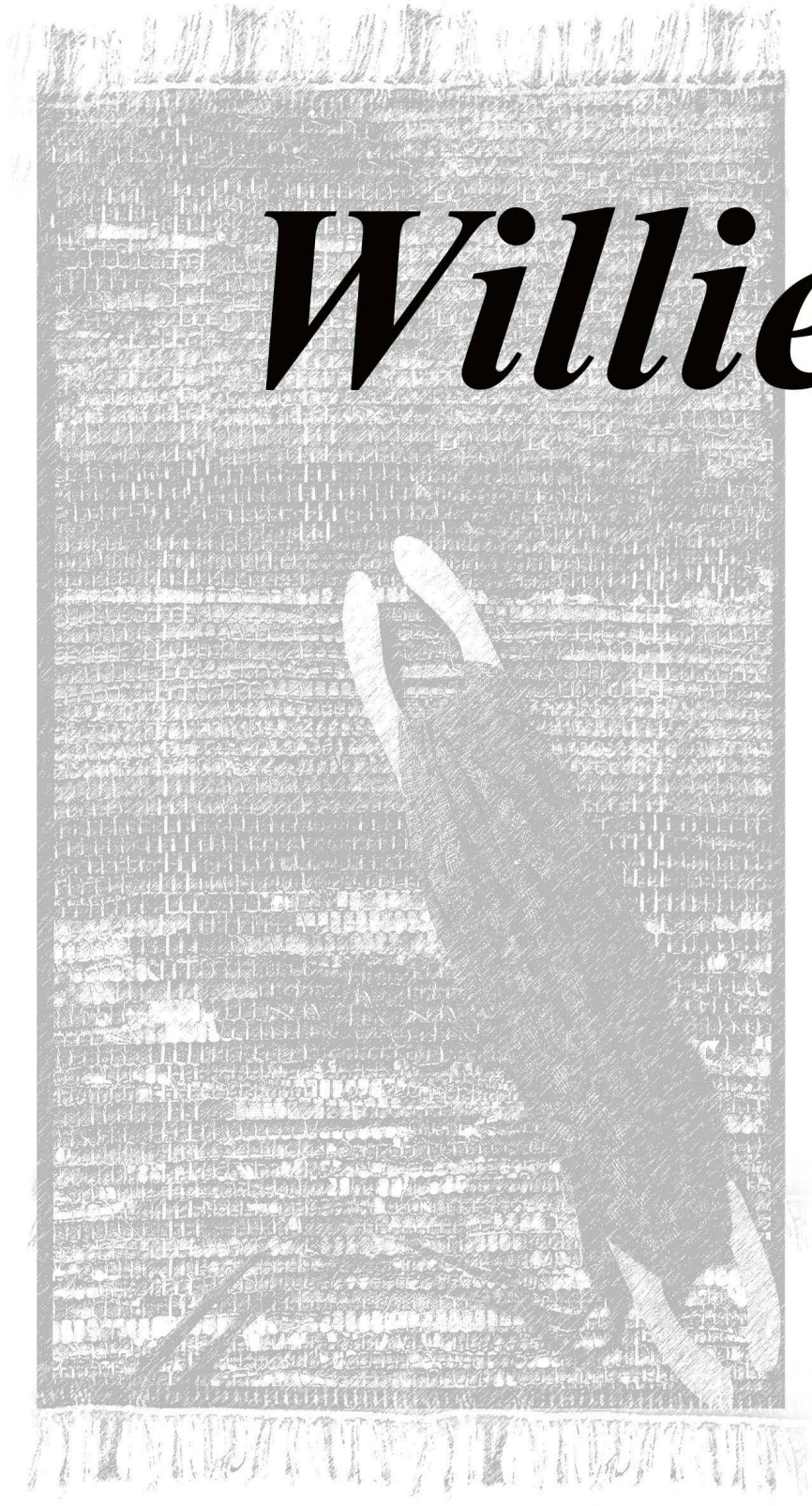
Page 1 of 1

Husband			
Thomas Alvin TAYLOR¹			
Born	20 May 1867	Place	New Harmony, Washington, Utah
Died	13 Aug 1891	Place	Fremont, Piute now Wayne, Utah
Buried		Place	Fremont, Piute now Wayne, Utah
		LDS ordinance dates	Baptized 17 Jun 1879
			Endowed 11 Dec 1889
			Sealed to parents BIC
Married-2	3 Aug 1888	Place	Fremont, Piute now Wayne, Utah
			Sealed to spouse 11 Dec 1889
Husband's father	William Riley TAYLOR ³		
Husband's mother	Margaret Jane ELLISON		
Wife			
Hannah FREDRICKSON			
Born-4	27 Feb 1869	Place	Vastra Torp, Lilla Isle, Malmohus, Sweden
Died	15 Jan 1928	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
		LDS ordinance dates	Baptized 23 Jul 1883
			Endowed 11 Dec 1889
			Sealed to parents 16 Oct 1901
Wife's father	Jons FREDRIKSSON ⁵		
Wife's mother	Elna or Ellen (PEHRSDOTTER) NILSSON		
Children List each child in order of birth.			
LDS ordinance dates			
Temple			
M David Alvin TAYLOR			
Born	15 May 1889	Place	Fremont, Piute now Wayne, Utah
Died	13 Mar 1971	Place	Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah
Buried	17 Mar 1971	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
		LDS ordinance dates	Baptized 6 Mar 1898
			Endowed-6 25 Nov 1914
			Sealed to parents-7 11 Dec 1889
Spouse	Julia Annie MORRELL		
Married	21 Sep 1910	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
			Sealed to spouse-8 25 Nov 1914
F Margaret Ellen TAYLOR			
Born	10 Aug 1890	Place	Fremont, Piute now Wayne, Utah
Died	11 Jul 1922	Place	Lost Creek near Salina, Sevier, Utah
Buried	13 Jul 1922	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
		LDS ordinance dates	Baptized 4 Sep 1898
			Endowed 18 Sep 1907
			Sealed to parents BIC
Spouse	Allen SEARLE		
Married	18 Sep 1907	Place	Manti, Sanpete, Utah
			Sealed to spouse-9 18 Sep 1907
M Thomas Albert TAYLOR¹⁰			
Born	7 Apr 1892	Place	Fremont, Piute now Wayne, Utah
Died	26 Jan 1899	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
		LDS ordinance dates	Baptized Child
			Endowed Child
			Sealed to parents BIC

Sources

1. Ancestral File, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150.
Thomas Alvin's name shown as Thomas Alvin TAYLORR
Hannah's name is given as Hanna JONSDOTTER FREDRICKSON
Seal to spouse: Ordinance Index: Film #170494, p.323, Ref #1595; Film #170490, Ref #707.
2. Ancestral File.
3. Family Records.
Knit together in Unity & Love, Family History of Ella Amelia Taylor Nelson and Her Ancestors by Karen Sorenson Ellett, Box 118, Loa, Utah 84747 private publication.
4. Family History Library, F Sweden Malis 06,20446 Lilla Isle Parish, pt.5 research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, Utah, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150.
5. Family History Library.
Birth, Death, Marriage: Lilla Isle Parish Records, part 5 F Sweden Malis 06,20446, & F Sweden Malmohus 4,26915, part 13, Research by Steve Taylor, Fremont, Utah
Willie Jensen and Lars Nelson are sealed to their mother Elna Nilsson Fredrickson and Jons Fredrickson.
6. LDS Ordinance Index, (1999-2002), Film #170485 Ref #198, LDS Church, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150.
7. LDS Ordinance Index, Book: Batch H000146 sheet:00, Source Call #884346-884349.
8. LDS Ordinance Index, Film #170490 Ref #87, Civil Marriage: Film #0026114, LDS Wayne Stake Records.
9. LDS Ordinance Index, Film #170490 Ref #541 Endowment source: #170485 Ref #9825.
10. Ancestral File.

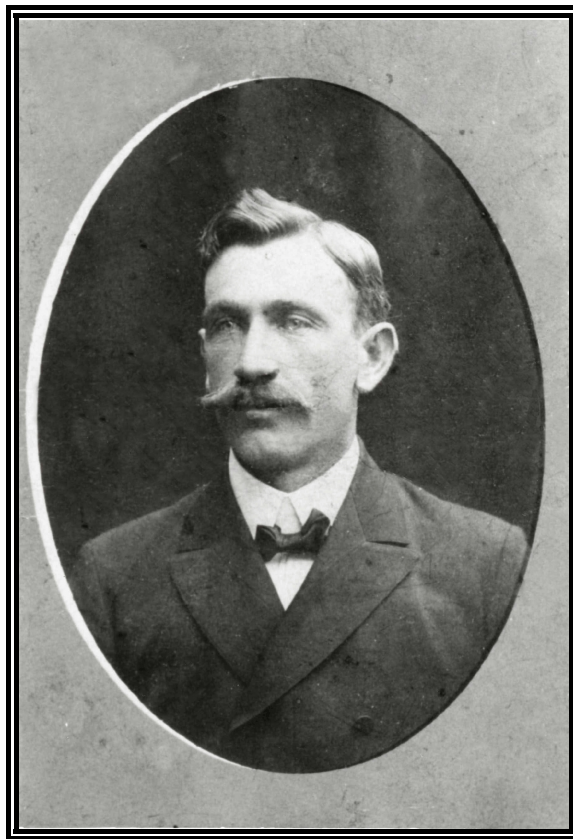
Family information read for accuracy by Anna Laura Taylor Moosman, granddaughter of David Taylor.
17 October 2003



Willie



Above: Josephine M. Ellett and William C. Jenson
circa 1898 - Fremont, Utah - Courtesy of Renon Wood



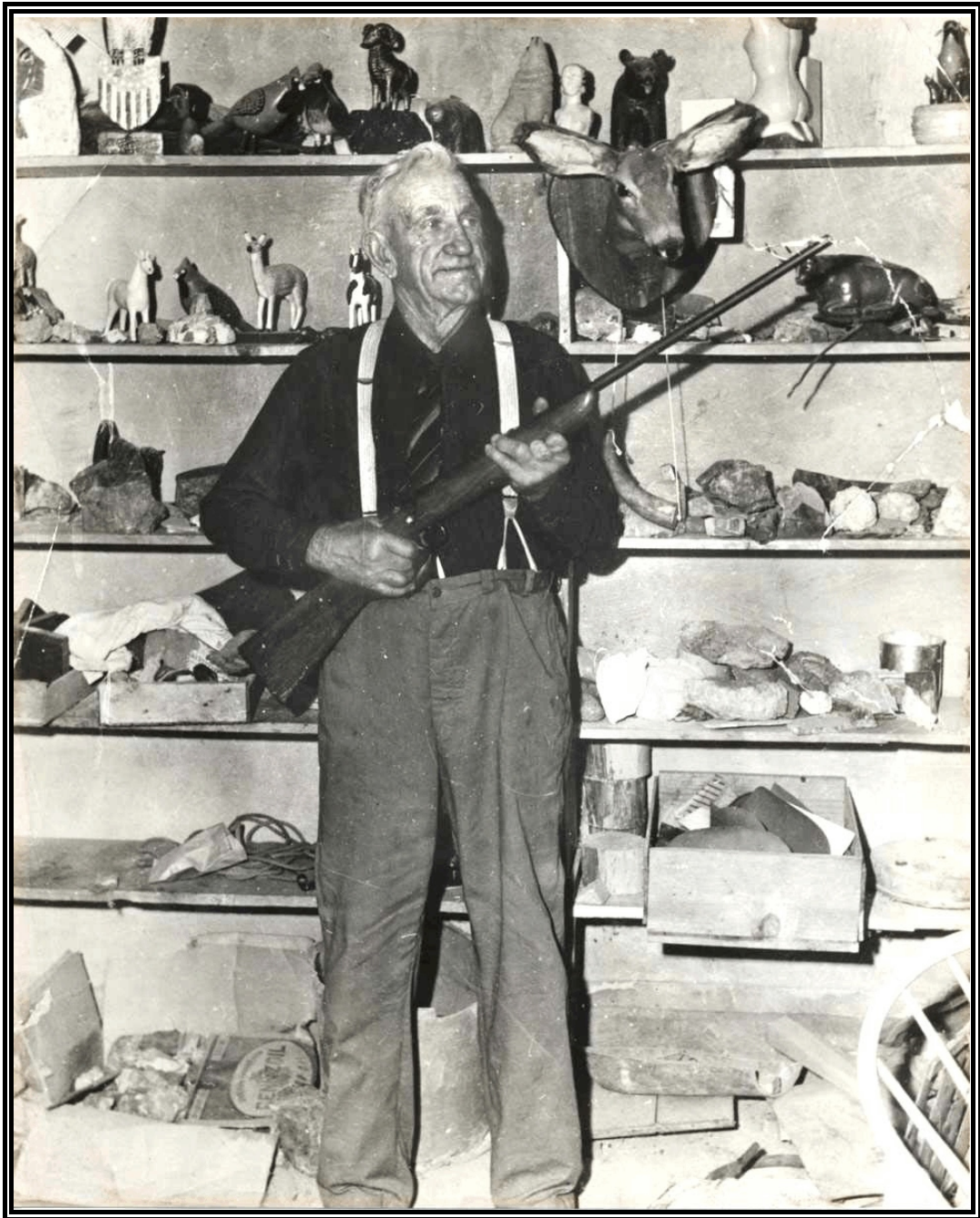
Elder William Jenson, mission picture 1907



William C & Josephine Ellett Jenson - 1906
Picture taken before he left on a mission to Sweden
courtesy of Renon Wood



Josephine & William Jenson - Fremont, Utah
courtesy of Violet T. Douglas, 1st cousin to Willie

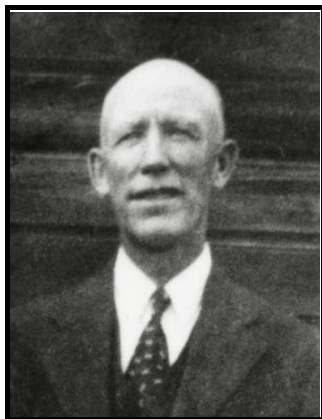


Willie Jenson "His house was like a museum."
He made moccasins and cedar jewelry boxes, carved animals, and collected rocks.

Children
of
William
and
Josephine
Jenson



L-r: Hilma, Martha, Charles and Wayne Jenson, circa 1909/1910
All pictures courtesy of Renon Jenson Wood, daughter of Charles



Charles Jenson - 1946



Mary Ellen Jenson



Martha Jenson

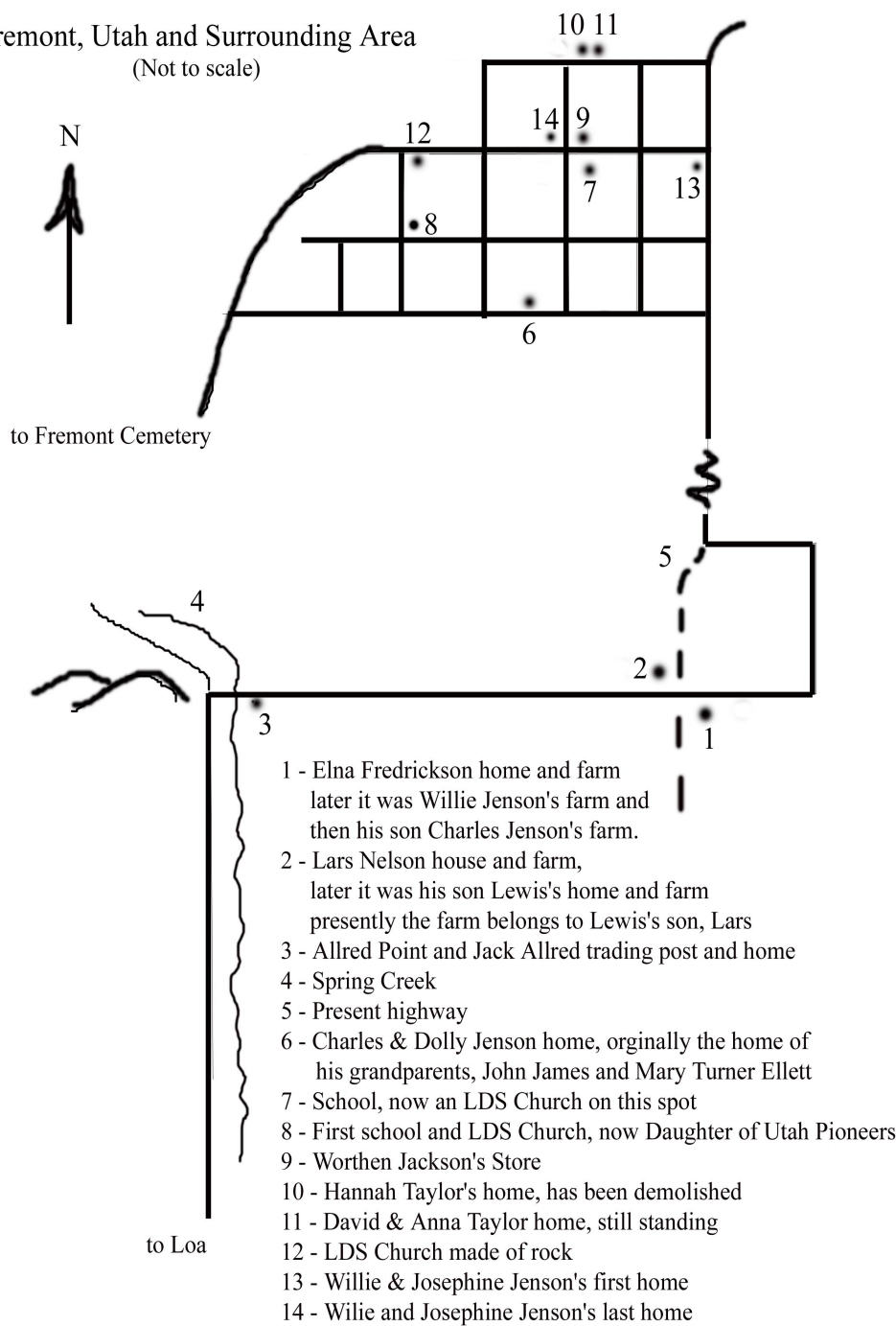


Wayne Jenson



Hilma Jenson

Fremont, Utah and Surrounding Area (Not to scale)



“Uncle Willie”

Autobiography by William Charles Jenson

Willie married Josephine Ellett

Their children are: Charles, Mary Ellen, Martha, Wayne and Hilma



[I] was born the 10th day of November 1874, in Onada¹ County, Idaho. Was too young at birth to

remember very much about it, but was told it was the first snow storm that season so the heavens wept as well as my mother and three big sisters, oh, not for joy but pity and disappointment. My neck was so limber that it could not hold my head, so it flopped around and had to be held in place, so I didn't blame them for feeling sorry and then I was so homely it caused a snow storm.

When I was about two years old, the snow got so deep, you could not see the fences in Malad Valley, so mother and two brothers and families decided to move to a warmer country. So the three families yoked up their oxen and started for Arizona, traveling all the way down through Utah till they came to Richfield. Here they found a family they had known in Sweden that had emigrated the same time they had, by the name of Andrew Shields Jenson, which owed them some money he had borrowed to come from Sweden. This money helped my family on their way. They crossed the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry and on to the Healy River². Here they stayed till the dam washed out and it was so extremely hot, mother and her oldest son, Lars, started back to Utah, again crossing the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry; back to Sevier Valley. We camped south of Richfield for some time near

¹ Original spelling retained. First 3½ pages were written with Hilma Tanner Brinkerhoff.

² Other documents show they continued on to the Little Colorado River. See his mother's Elna's history.

where the town of Monroe is now located, but as winter was coming on we moved in to Richfield and lived with an old man by the name of Wheelmaker. It was while we were living with him that Lars heard about the valley south of Richfield, with plenty of wood, water and grass. My half-brother Lars, decided to come over and look it over. It was here he camped with Jack Allred who was the one family living in the valley at that time. He inquired about land to be filed on and was informed there was a quarter section just north of his, he could get to homestead. This is what he did. He came back to Richfield, got a yoke of oxen, came back and built a log cabin. This was required as a filing on a homestead right on land at that time. The family stayed at Richfield until the next spring before we moved over to what was then called Rabbit Valley. It was while we were living at Richfield that many incidents happened that I can remember. The one I will always remember as long as I live is when the boys came to see my big sisters. They wanted to be good to their little brother and feed me candy. One of them had tobacco in his pocket with the candy he was saving for the little brother of them big girls, so when he gave me the candy that was all smeared with plug tobacco, I ate it. It wasn't long till the room was going round and round till I was so dizzy I fell off the chair, that was the last I knew till I came too. I was sitting on one vessel and mother was holding my head over another. My, for a show I was putting on for the boys that came to see my big sisters. The old man where we was staying, laughed till he was as bad off as I was, my mother said afterwards.

Another time I was throwing clods in a dobbie hole that was full of water to see it splash, and the amusement of a large black dog. He finally pushed me off in the water and I would have drowned had not a young man seen the dog running around and around the hole but no boy in sight, so he jumped in and got me out. That was the nearest I ever came to drowning.

In the spring of 1877, we left Richfield and moved over to what was then called Rabbit Valley. There was scarcely any road at all. I can remember how the wagon bounced from one rock to three or four. In fact it was all bounce. I can remember how glad I was when they would let me ride behind my sister Hannah, who rode an old gray mare to drive cattle. At that time the road or trail to Burrville climbed the hogback, and then near the south end of Fishlake, then over Dogflat and down the hollow at the south end of the flat, down into the valley that is known as the old Fish Lake Road. When we got to the valley we crossed two streams of water, one is known as Spring Creek and the other as the Dirty Devil, this one was much the largest and the deepest. When we came the entire Valley was covered with dense sage, rabbit and grease wood brush. It was a desolate and dreary looking valley. Not a fence or road to be seen, only the Indian trail was on the west side of the river full length of the valley. A dense growth of willows grew on both sides of the river but none on Spring Creek where the water was warm and had some minerals in the water therefore the willows and brush did not grow near the stream. The cabin Lars had built was made out of red pine logs and was only about 12 or 14 feet square, with the bark on, this made it easy to plaster. The rough bark helped the plaster stick. How we lived in that little cabin the first winter with a iron stove in one corner. Most of our things were

stacked around the house on the out side. Mother's loom was piled at the north end of the cabin with the spinning wheel with it. Yes it was real pioneering.

The next year another cabin was built much larger, with a lean-to to it so the weaving and spinning wheel could come inside. These mother and the girls kept going both night and day it seemed to me. It was the last thing I heard at night and the first thing in the morning. Cording, spinning, weaving. I and my youngest sister picked the wool after it was washed, before it was carded. Hilma usually did the carding, Kate the spinning, mother the weaving. Some times they would change each other for a rest.

In the year 1878 and 1879 settlers came into the valley till all the land was taken up that was near rivers where water could be gotten on the land handy and not much ditch work to be done. It was later on that the canals were built to cover the remaining land.

It was about the 1880's that mother started weaving rag carpets for the settlers, and also repairing shoes for the people. A trade she had learned from her brother, he being a professional shoe maker. She would take the leather from old worn out shoes and make me shoes to ware. She made me a good many pair when I was small. The price charged for weaving rag carpets was 10 cents per yard if they furnished the material. Some times she had to take produce, wheat, oats, molasses, or any thing the people had that mother could use. On one occasion she wove a carpet for Johny Buckcanon and she did some other work for them, that he brought house logs to build a house on the land she had homesteaded. Those days there was very little money, and it was hard to get, so they helped each other.

My sisters was really better off than most girls in the Valley. They could weave their woolen dresses. They cut the bark off the Tagalders that grew along the river to color them with, this made a deep wine color, and they were really proud of their new woolen dresses. They did look nice I thought.

The schools we had in the valley, there were four of them, and they paid them with produce such as the people could raise on the farms there were some that could pay money so they did get along, and they paid according to the number of children they sent to school. As soon as warm weather came in the spring so they could work on the land, school was let out and all began clearing the brush off the land, so there was a job for the entire family. In the evening the entire valley was lighted up with brush fires. It was a great sight to see. They worked by the light of the fires, so did not stop work because of night.

When I was eleven years of age I began working out to help my widowed mother make a living. That was the end of my schooling. My first job was in the grist mill. Here I worked for a miller by the name of Peterson for three winters. From there I began working for Isaac Riddle herding sheep in the fields. They were what they called 'drags'. They had been culled out of the main herds and was too weak to follow the herd to the Henry Mountains. My wages was thirty five cents a day. When the sheep returned in the spring from the Henry Mountains I then drove the drags to the main herd at Parkers and assisted with the herding sheep. I remained with the sheep through lambing. They were then driven to Seven Mile to be sheered then remained until fall. There was a lot of herds in Seven Mile at that time. Some of the time I was left alone with the herd. Some of the young men that was supposed to herd would

get out of tobacco and go home. The camp mover would come only once a week and some time longer. It was different when Riddle got home from his Mission and found me alone. He found an old man some where in Seven Mile and brought him to help herd the sheep. He was very attentive to the sheep and said, "you cook and I will herd the sheep." But he would throw fits several times a day. It was near fall and I decided to go home, so Jode Sampson was brought to take my place. The next morning when the old man took a fit Jode left right now and the old man was left alone.

When I got home my youngest sister³ had married and left home, the one that had been my pal for so many years herding cows, fishing, copping wood and carrying it in. One day I got too close when she was chopping and she caught me under the jaw with the ax. I carried a scar the rest of my life. In the early spring before the worms had come to the top of the ground, I and my sister would drive the calves to a corner of the pen, fasten them in with a pole and pinch the grubs [maggots] out of their backs and for every grub we could get we could count on two or three fish. A year or so after my youngest sister married, my oldest sister Kate married a man by the name of William Webster. He had a family of small children and I worked for him two summers on the farm grubbing brush and breaking up new ground. Then mother traded 20 acres of land for a team, a wagon and harness. I then came home to work the farm and it had to be fenced and seeded to alfalfa. This took me several years to get posts and poles and build fences. And then work out whenever I could get a chance to make a little money to go on. That was to shear sheep, haul wool and grain to the railroad for 25 to 35 cent a hundred. Salina was as far south as the railroad came

³Hannah married Thomas Alvin Taylor August 3, 1888. Willie turned fourteen Nov. 10, 1888.

those days so that was where everything was hauled and where they got their goods for stores and themselves. It was here we brought the lumber we had logged for, it took us a week to get a thousand feet of lumber and another week to get it to Salina and we sold it for 11 or 12 dollars a thousand, so it took us two weeks to earn \$12.00 with a team – dry picking.

It was hard for the boys to get dance tickets, they were only 25 cents and some times they payed for them with a sack of grain. I did very little dancing till I was nearly 20 years old. I was then set to work in Y.M.M.I.A. and [the] dramatic club and was supposed to furnish entertainment for the town and other towns as well. This gave me the greatest thrill of my life, when we had to paint scenery and make our own costumes. Our Bishop was back of all this and acted as stage manager. After we had learned a play and painted the scenery and made our costumes, we thought it too much work to just play in our own town, so we would take it to the other towns in the valley. This took about three or four wagons to haul the scenery, troupe, and what we had to have along. At some of the towns they would come and say they would like to come and see your show but we haven't got the money, but if you will take grain we will all be there, and so they were. We took the grain to the store and sold it to the merchants for goods. The first dramatic play we had after the town was organized was a Minstrel. Those taking part as Negroes were: Walt Crisstofason and George Woods. He had grown up among the Negroes in the south, and could sing and play the banjo like the Negroes did. The third was Albert Semore, an acrobat that had traveled with the circus. The three made a real team, at least that was what I thought. They were assisted by the Choir of the town.

* * * * *

This abrupt ending leaves us wondering “What happened next?” “Did he marry?” “Or was this the end of his life?” Willie married when he was twenty-two and lived seventy-three more years. He always lived in Rabbit Valley. Children and grandchildren willingly shared some of the many things they remember about their father and grandfather.

Willie's granddaughter, Diane Jenson wrote, “He told me that as soon as they finished with one production and had taken it to all the towns in the county, then they would start working on another production.Grandpa helped make costumes-from top hats to wooden shoes and he says that the Indians enjoyed peeking in on the plays and got into see them as often as they could. Later in the County a dramatic club was organized with Joseph Anderson in charge and a \$10.00 membership fee required.”

Hilma, his daughter remembered, “His greatest amusements were acting in plays. He started in young. He was in all the M.I.A.⁴ Plays. He was very talented and could take any kind of character part. He also went to Loa and acted in plays for them. His favorite plays were ‘Rascal Pat,’ ‘Yankee Detective’ and ‘Lewis and the Pauper.’ He cast and directed plays in Fremont even after he was 70 years old.

Diane also takes us back to her grandfather's arrival in Rabbit Valley. She wrote, “When they came into the valley that spring, Willie, as his family called him, was about three and a half years old.... This was the early spring of the year of 1877 and the Allreds were the only other family there. Andrew J. Allred⁵ had established a home and

⁴ Mutual Improvement Association, a Mormon Church organization, one for young men, one for young women.

⁵ Andrew Jackson Allred was called Jack and “Allred Point” on Spring Creek is where they lived.

a trading post for the Indians. He had guns, ammunition and clothing to trade with the Indians in return for their furs and hides.

“Grandpa estimated that there were over 200 Indians living in the valley at that time. Their remains, as well as many arrowheads, are still left in the valley in caves and cliffs of the plateau region in old burial grounds.

“The Indians were of the Paiute Tribe and they used to beg for food and they often came to their cabin asking for food. His mother understood English but she spoke mostly Swedish and so Allred had told the Indians not to say "biscuits" when they wanted food but to say "danke" which in Swedish meant bread.

“The Indians also borrowed from them and one day a squaw asked permission to borrow a couple of his mother's porcelain plates. She then took them outside and put them in the fire to warm her food. This left fine cracks on the plates and his mother was quite disgusted when she saw them. She then adopted a rule that these were the only two plates that could ever be loaned to the Indians again.

“Grandpa often played with the little Indian boys and they taught him how to fish and hunt as well as how to make bows and arrows. He could remember some of the Indians by name and said that they didn't have much to live on and they were often hungry. He maintained, however, that they seldom resorted to stealing but rather they would mostly beg and borrow their food.”

Willie married Josephine Martha Ellett November 25, 1896. The Bishop of Fremont Ward, Hiatt Maxfield, performed the ceremony to unit them as man and wife. In the evening they sponsored a dance to celebrate. It was the only way to avoid a

chivaree.⁶ They lived with his mother in the log cabin on the farm. Their first child, born in 1897, was a boy. He was named Charles William. His father's name reversed. Two years later a baby girl was born. She was named Mary Ellen after her grandmothers. One year later, 1900, Willie and Josephine stood weeping at the side of Mary Ellen's grave.

The year of sorrow slipped away as did the 19th Century and in the new year of 1901 came a new baby for Willie and Josephine. A little girl named after her mother and again the name was reversed, Josephine Martha cradled Martha Josephine. The empty spot left by Mary Ellen was not forgotten. To make sure Mary would always be a part of their family Willie and Josephine made preparations and traveled the bumpy, dusty ninety miles to the Manti Temple. In the temple they made eternal the bonds of family through priesthood ordinances.

Willie's and Josephine's daughter Martha wrote, “I remember the place where I was born. There was a rock wall built around a garden, by my Grandma Fredrickson and my father when he was a little boy. There was a three room log cabin, with a porch and trees and bushes, lots of them. There was an elderberry bush and the luscious pies that used to come from it, and jelly from the red currant bushes. The gooseberries I didn't like so well, so a bush was always left to ripen and then they were delicious to eat raw. There was the old garden and the new garden or haven as Grandma used to call it. She never did learn to speak very good English. The old Garden had the rock wall around it. So my earliest

⁶ A group of men grabbed the bride and groom and play various tricks on them. Some were funny; some were unpleasant. It might be a fast ride to another town and the bride and groom had to walk back. One groom had to push his bride in a wheelbarrow down main street. There are many stories in Rabbit Valley about chivarees.

memories are tall trees, grass, and lovely bushes, which gave the people of the valley practically all the fruit they had. They used to come with their containers and pick the fruit....

“It was when I was a baby that Patriarch Blackburn anointed my mother’s face and she was healed of cancer and goiter. The scar on her face was never a scar to me, for whenever I looked at it I remembered the goodness of the Lord, and the great faith of my father and mother. I could have been left a baby without a mother so easily.”

Now that their family had doubled, Willie and Josephine decided to move from the log cabin they shared with his mother thus making room for his widowed sister, Hananah and her family. They had shared his mother’s home for five years. They moved to Fremont a short distance away.⁷ Their second and last son, Wayne Clarkson, was born in 1904. Josephine’s mother Mary Turner Ellett had been married twice. Her first husband John Clarkson died after two years of marriage, but Mary always spoke of him with great love. Josephine made her son a living memorial of her mother’s first love. Willie and Josephine’s last child, Hilma Francis, was born in 1906.

“When I was seven⁸ my Father was called on a mission to Sweden. He sold his team and wagon and everything else he could, to get the money to go. The people of town helped both Father and us while he was gone. My mother went to work for Uncle Lars Neilson and Aunt Libbie. There was a big family and lots of work. They lived on a farm close to Grandma Fredrickson.

⁷ See Fremont map for location of Elna’s cabin and Willie and Josephine’s houses, page 146.

⁸ She was six. He went in 1907.

“When winter came Grandma and Aunt Hannah moved to town and I went with them to go to school. Charles stayed with Mother and rode a horse to town along with Uncle Lars’ children. I was very homesick that winter. When spring came Mother went to stay with Uncle Albert and Aunt Sarah. Parley had eczema and was a very sick baby. We stayed here until late fall and then we moved home. Never will I forget the fire in the fire place and us all together again. I had always been afraid of the dark, but one night Hilma was sick and Mother called Charles to get out of bed and heat some oil to put in her ear. While he was standing holding a spoon with the oil in it over the lamp he fainted and hit his head on the foot of the table. It cut a gash in his head and it was bleeding. Of course, by now we were all awake and it was cold in the house. Mother told me to hurry and dress and go for Aunt Hannah. I was petrified at first but I ran the two blocks in the dark, not even a star in the sky, but it cured me of being afraid of the dark.

“Christmas time came, and in those days they had a town Christmas tree and every one went to the meeting house on Christmas Eve and took their presents and hung them on the tree. Santa always came in a sleigh and passed them out to every one. The year before we were living with Uncle Lars and we children got things from Santa just the same as their family, but this year Mother was in her own home and only had a few days work now and then, so there was no money for presents. That was the first I knew there was no Santa Claus. She told us in the afternoon that we would stay home and make some honey candy and we could all write a letter to our papa. She would even let us help bake a cake. Yes, we would have a fine time, but when evening came friends came and insisted on us going and I’m sure they must have winked at Mother

because she seemed happy to go. Never will I forget that beautiful tree. There has never been another like it for me. On the top of it was a doll all dressed in blue and lower down another in red. My eyes never left them and miracles of miracles Santa brought them both to me. Later on I found out that Uncle Lars had given me the one in blue and Jerry Jackson the one in red. There was presents of all kinds for all of us. Seemed most everyone in town had remembered us. Hilma had been given a coat so we took her blanket and spread out and piled the presents in it, and the corners just came together. Charles packed them home on his back. We tied ribbons around the waists of the dolls and hung them on the wall. They were too precious to play with. We just adored them on the wall.

Mormon missionaries and their families survived on faith and frugality. Charles's daughter Charlene said: "Dad was nine when his father left. He worked hard to help his mother. To earn money he chopped wood for a neighbor who was a widow. She paid him 2 cents and he bought a stamp so he could send a letter to his father in Sweden. Dad also helped with the farming. One time the team of horses ran away and Dad was dragged along the ground. Shortly after that he got Rheumatic Fever which injured his heart. This contributed to the heart problems that caused his death at the age of forty-nine.

We get a glimpse of Willie's missionary experiences in Sweden through entries in his diary⁹. He left Salt Lake City on April 30, 1907.

May 9th at 8:30 aboard the *Arabic*, an English vessel belonging to the White Star Line, to cross the Atlantic ocean to Liverpool

England. There were 1200 passengers on board the ship. It could have carried 1700. I was a little seasick but on the 11th I was alright again. I saw whales on the 11th, 12th, and 13th. On the 14th I saw an Octopus alongside the vessel and ships going to America. On the 16th we sailed along side Ireland's green shores, the country loaded with mountains. The mail was changed and a boat came out for passengers. May 17th landed in Liverpool. There were a lot of Elders and friends and it was a happy meeting. Arrangements had been made and a bus was ready to take us to the mission office. There we received our instruction from the European Mission President.

"After many seasick days on the boat and traveling by trains, he arrived at mission headquarters in Sweden on May 21st," Diane wrote. "The mission was what the Church termed as without 'purse or script', indicating that the missionaries had to rely upon the Lord and other people for food and shelter. They received little support from home because they had left families there to take care of themselves. The following excerpts show how difficult it was for them at times."

March 2, 1908 -We had stayed all night at Elmquiets, we had a conversation with them in the morning. They seemed to be nice people; they did not charge anything for us staying with them."

March 20, 1908 -Today we visited Mena Lungrain. We walked out and back, it being very cold and snowing with the wind blowing making it very disagreeable, since it was about 13 miles to walk. We did have a pleasant visit with the people though.

⁹ These excerpts came from the biographies of Willie written by Diane Jenson and Hilma Jenson Nielson

“It was evident,” Diane continued, “that he missed home and his family very much. He usually wrote home on Saturdays but often it was sooner. He always made a note in his diary when he received a letter and when he answered it. They had strong convictions in the work they were doing and they didn't seem to be too tolerant with the people who couldn't see the 'Truth' of the Gospel.”

December 4, 1907 -We tracted the road that goes to Branstorp. There were some very prejudiced people along the way.

December 19, 1907 -I attended several meetings and I also visited the Salvation and Longtaker Churches. The Salvation was not so bad, but the Tongue Talkers were ridiculous. I will try and describe what transpires: Myself, Elder Peterson and Larson went there and upstairs in the hall they sang a hymn and then the fun commenced when the priest began to pray they all began to cry, "Hallow". They lay down on the floor and I never did hear such a noise in all my life. This kept up until in came a couple of drunken men. One of them was so drunk he could hardly walk and he tumbled down among them. They circled around them yelling, "The Lord will forgive you and you will be saved." He was so drunk that he tried to get up and couldn't. The priest began to say that he had an evil spirit in him. Two men then took him under their arms and sat him on a bench while the priest laid his hands on him to drive out the devil. He sat there awhile and then he began to get sick and vomit. They had to drag him out because he was too drunk to walk. After this they all bore their testimony that they knew the men would be saved and then they dismissed. Peterson began handing them out material but the priest took them away from them. We then went home as

they were going to hold a member's meeting and we were not allowed.

“He also tells of the things they saw in the country,” Diane wrote.

December 7, 1907 -We were at Skofde. It was Saturday so we wrote some letters and prepared for next week.

December 8, 1907 -Was Sunday and a great event took place -The King of Sweden died. The City was out on parade and the flags were at half-mast. Old as well as young people were in the streets and you could see mourning and excitement all over the entire city.

April 2, 1908 -...we also saw the largest man in the world. He was born in Gutland and he had a wife and child with him. He weighs some over 500 pounds and was some over 8 feet tall.

May 28, 1908 -Sunday, we saw a prize race of the soldier boys running through swamps, timber, boulders and hills for 15 miles. The afternoon was spent with the store man Pentsons. At night was visited by Jinak.

“He found some of his mother's relatives,” Diane interjected, “and this seemed to have pleased him very much.”

February 17, 1908 -I visited Olander, the schoolteacher, his wife, being my second cousin. They treated me very nicely.

February 22, 1909 -I started on my homeward journey, leaving at eight o'clock in the evening in the company of Elder Olsson. There were a great many of the brothers and sisters to see us off. We rode all night

changing trains occasionally. In the morning we arrived at Esberg.

Feb received my ticket to go home. I went back to the hotel and a cab took me down and I got on board the Dominion. The weather was pleasant, and we had beautiful days and at night held meetings on board. We played on board most of the day pitching blocks.

March 4, 1909 -The sea was extremely rough and some of the passengers were sick. There was one death, a little girl age nine years, and was buried in the great deep. It was a sad funeral and to see the body let overboard was a sorrowful sight."

The last entry in his diary is dated March 8, 1909-The sun was shining and the weather was real pleasant."

The day Willie came home with the mail carrier was not written in his journal, but it was inscribed in the hearts of his family. Both of Willie's daughters wrote about their Father's homecoming after two years of absence. Martha was eight when he came back. She wrote, "It was a great day in the spring when Father phoned from Koosharem and said he was on his way home. Brother Balle told everyone on his way with the message and soon the whole town knew. Uncle Charles [Ellett] came in a white top buggy and got the family and took us out on the mountain to meet him. It was the first time I had been out of the valley and we just went up and up and I thought we were right on top of the world.¹⁰ Then Father looked so wonderful all dressed up and with his black curly hair and mustache. I thought he was the

¹⁰ Her brother Wayne remembered, "Martha could see all the snowdrifts and since that was as far as she had ever been in her life, she kept exclaiming, 'I can see the ocean, I can see the ocean.'"

best looking man in the world. When we got back to Dry Valley most of the town's people were there to meet us, and when we got home the Aunts and relatives were there and had a nice supper cooked for us. Money could never buy the happiness we had as a family."

Martha taught Hilma a song to sing for her father. Hilma remembers her meeting on the mountain with the stranger called father this way, "When Dad came home from his mission everybody went out to meet him. He'd been in Sweden for two years. I was three years old when he came home. When I seen that man with that big tall hat on and a black coat with tails hanging down. (They were split and hanging down the back.) It was clear to his knees. I thought, 'This is no part of me, no part of my life.' So I got away from Martha. She had a hold of my hand. I run back to the buggy and I climbed in behind the back seat and got down under the seat. I was laying down in there and everybody was so excited about seeing Dad. They thought they'd lost me. "Where had Hilma gone?".... Here they was right on top of that mountain and they couldn't find me. Well, they remembered all the times I'd done the same stunt, all though my life. Wayne knew right where I was." She didn't sing her song either!

Willie's church service did not end with a mission. Through the years he did many other things. Hilma said, "For 8 years he was the counselor to Bishop Earl Albrecht. He was president of the MIA for 16 years, ward teacher for 12 years, and Sunday school teacher and worked in the Temple." He also helped make his community a better place. "He was the health officer, pound keeper, constable, member of the school board, and President of the water board."¹¹

¹¹ In the Wayne County History Rainbow Views, page 187, it says Willie also supervised road construction.

Willie bought the farm from his mother and she continued to live in the log cabin on the land. Willie and Josephine stayed in their house in Fremont. A granddaughter, Renon, wrote, "Their home on the corner was small. There was a kitchen and pantry, one bedroom, living room, two bedrooms upstairs. The rooms in the house were real small. They had...the porch they used to keep fire wood dry. They cooked on the wood stove, kept the house warm and to heat the water too. This was an important part of life.

"They had a big pasture for the cows. Every night at the same time [Grandpa] would call the cows in Swedish to come to the corral to be milked. The cows would come in too. They knew what that sound meant. It was fun to listen to him.

"They had the best cold water in a flowing well in the corner in the shade of two big trees where they would put the milk cans in to keep cold. They always planted a big garden. They had pigs and chickens for meat too."

The Jenson family worked. Willie and the boys in the fields. Josephine and the girls in the house. Often the children had cousins working with them. Not only did the family work together they worked for each other. When Martha went on a mission¹² Charles went to the sheep herd to make money to help pay for her mission expenses.

The Jenson house was filled with music and fun and laughter. Hilma made a lot of the music. She sang. And as a small girl she could repeat on the organ the music she heard in Church and on the radio. Her legs dangled from the bench, too short to pump the pedals to force the air through the billows. Charles sat at her side pushing the pedals up and down

while she created the music. Martha was often nearby, but elsewhere, transported by one of the books she loved to read. Charles and Wayne didn't need an organ or a book for entertainment, they just needed a ball, a few friends and a spot big enough to play baseball.

Hilma also remembers the laughter, "[Dad] would sing songs, say recitations, dance Indian dances, stand on his head and do all kinds of acrobatic stunts and even play tricks on his family to keep them entertained. He always had people laughing."

Hilma told about going to visit relatives, including Aunt Katie who lived in Loa, the next town down the valley: "...We'd go visit. Little trips we'd take to visit Aunt Katie. Oh my land, we did get prepared and get in that buggy. We were so happy. We'd sit in the seat and Mother let us have our nicest blankets over the seat. We'd get in there and Dad would get his whip. He'd crack the whip over the horses and say, "Giddup." We'd sit there in the wagon and we'd start bumping along. We'd get about down to the river and the horses would have to wet. Then we'd stop and talk and laugh while they done their duty, then Dad would holler, "Giddup." Away we'd go. But that buggy ride was so nice.

"I wish you had known Dad. When I'd come in he'd say, "My girl, here she is. Oh am I going to put you over the ruler. I've got so many things for you to do after you get the dishes wed and the floor mopped. I've got so many things for you to do. But it's going to be fun."

I'd say, "I want my fun first."
Oh, he was a precious man.

"I'm not glad that I'm old," Hilma continued, "but I am glad that I lived those

¹² April 1925

years in this world, because they were nice. There wasn't all of this confusion there is now days. Of course we didn't see wars and things like they do now on TV. We didn't see TV. What we seen was like Dad had. He was over the entertainment in the ward. He put a play on about three times in the winter and a couple times in the summer time. Of course, they had the Fourth of July like they do now. They had the Goddess of Liberty. They always had a ward Christmas tree and exchanged Christmas gifts. There was lots of pretty singers. My goodness there was a lot of talent. The Albrechts could sing. Clarence was my age. Clarence and I played in the orchestra together for ten years I guess over there [Fremont], playing for dances. I played the piano. I played the piano until I about ruined by fingers and everybody's feet. I'd wallop the piano a little bit. Isn't it good to have good memories? We didn't have all this stuff they've got now to worry about. When you think back it was just good times; things you enjoyed. We didn't have to handle all the fears and we didn't have to have a lot of money. It was a good thing too ain't it. We wouldn't have known what to do with the money."

What money they did have Willie earned toiling in the fields. But he wasn't afraid to try his hand at something new. He did carpentry and mason work too. Dianne wrote, "He helped buy a well driller and drilled wells." Charlene and Renon said, "For years Grandpa had been interested in taxidermy work. For years he studied and practiced. Then on the 24th of August 1939 he received his diploma from the Northwestern School of Taxidermy. He was proud of that. He enjoyed doing that for years."

The children grew up. Martha went on a mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of

Latter-day Saints. The girls got married in 1927. The boys got older. Wayne decided he'd marry a neighbor girl, Ella Morrell. Her parents were old enough to feel the aches and pains of aging. When Ella asked them to come to Richfield with her and Wayne to get married, the trip over the mountain was too long for them. They suggested that Ella and Wayne ask somebody else. Wayne got his brother Charles and Ella got her sister Dolly to come with them. What a surprise the Jenson and Morrell parents got the next day when the bride and groom returned! There was a double wedding that June day in 1929. Charles and Dolly decided they might as well get married too and not wait for the planned December wedding.

Happiness is always tempered with sorrow. Willie and Josephine sold their first house because the climb upstairs was impossible for her. She had a heart problem. They moved to a one story house down the street. Willie and his son, Charley, continued to farm the land he had helped his mother wrest from sage brush. When Willie was sixty-four he sold the farm to Charley. Willie took over the strenuous housework and Josephine had to be content with doing sit-down work. She kept her hands busy with crocheting. Charley had a heart attack and had to sell the family farm. Charley got blood clots in his legs and had to stay in bed. Charlene said, "Grandpa would bring grandma out to visit him. She would sit in a rocking chair in his bedroom and talk to him and do her handwork. She was very good at it too."

Those tender moments for mother and son ended too soon. Josephine got too ill to come any more. She needed more care than Willie could give and more medical help than there was available in all of Wayne County. With heavy heart he took Josephine over to

Richfield where there was a doctor. She stayed with their daughter Hilma who worked as a nurse. She took care of her mother. Willie and Josephine's fiftieth wedding anniversary came November 25, 1946. It was not a celebration, but a farewell for them. Josephine slipped away that day.

Before another year had passed Willie was again standing in the Fremont cemetery. Charles had followed his mother in death.

"After Grandma had gone," wrote Renon, "[Grandpa] got himself a typewriter and learned to type which was very hard and slow for him with his two fingers gone. But he did it."

Willie lost those two fingers when he was a boy. Diane wrote, "One day when he was hunting with his friends, Silas Tanner, Charley Anderson and Dan Brian, a gun exploded and shot off the two fore fingers on his left hand. He had had his fingers up the barrel and was tamping the powder when it exploded. His mother, with the help of Patriarch Blackburn, dressed the wounds and took care of them. They trimmed off the flesh, padded the stumps, then put stitches in using beeswax thread. The boys stayed up with him that night after the accident and just to show them he wasn't a sissy, he got up and started dancing a jig. The boys started laughing and they made such a big commotion that his mother awakened and came running out to see what was going on. She thought that Willie was in so much pain that he had become delirious."

Willie did a lot of typing with only eight fingers. The keys tapped out the stories of Rabbit Valley. He wanted everyone to know how it was in the beginning. He wrote what he remembered. He copied the journal of Franklin Wheeler Young, Brigham Young's nephew who was also an early settler. He

wrote a "History of Wayne County" in 1947 for the Utah State Centennial and included extensive excerpts from Franklin's journal.

Those pages of typed history came alive when Willie talked about it. He became the spokesman for all the early settlers. School children listened when he talked about the history of Rabbit Valley. His fame even spread across the mountains to Richfield. He was invited to come talk on the radio by the local broadcasting station, KSVC. Uncle Willie of Wayne County talked about Wayne Wonderland. Those talks endeared him to many, many more people. You didn't have to be related to him to call him uncle. He was "Uncle Willie" to everyone ever after.

Somewhere along his way through life Willie learned how to drive a car. Diane told these stories, "I can remember laughing with Dad [Wayne] as he recalled Grandpa's 'driver training course.' Apparently he learned to drive on a ball diamond and his square corners were unusual to say the least. His reputation for speeding was notorious. Bill¹³ and Grandpa were in a car wreck together when Bill was 16. Grandpa was driving his old black Ford car. It must have frightened him so that afterwards he didn't drive much!

"When Dolly¹⁴ got her new black car," recalled her daughters, "she would take Grandpa Jenson to Loa to see all of the movies at the Ellett Theater. She would take him to Stake Conference in Loa too."

Willie continued to work. He planted strawberries in the backyard and crawled around on knee pads picking them. He mended shoes and boots and replaced the worn heels.

¹³ Her brother, William Jenson.

¹⁴ Willie's daughter-in-law. Charles Jenson's wife.

Renon and Charlene remembered, “He spent a lot of time with Worthen and Perry Jackson hunting for good rocks¹⁵ to cut and polish to make things out of. Bookends was one thing he used the rocks for. He would cut up cedar trees [and] make little boxes out of, like cedar chests, to put jewelry in. [He made] moccasins out of leather that he had tanned himself. He made many pairs of them all sizes. All different kinds of birds he carved out of wood and painted them. He glued different kinds of wood together [and] made pencil holders, small animals. His house was like a museum.

“On his 80th Birthday the family had a big party or open house in the new church across the street on the place where the schoolhouse had been. That was good for him. That was the last time the family was all together.”

Hilma said her father, “...enjoyed reading. He was an excellent speaker and in great demand not only at funerals, and church gatherings but on the radio and even gave lectures at school. When he was almost 80 he took a course in archaeology at high school. He never ceased to study all good books, until he became well educated, and could converse with anyone on most any subject. He loved to go to good picture shows, and kept busy and interested in every thing.”

Diane recorded these memories of her grandfather. “Grandpa was always old as far back as I could remember. He was one of those people that wore his age well. His eyes had a twinkle and though he may not have heard every word you said, he always listened.

¹⁵ Worthen imbedded hundred of rocks in the front and sides of his country store and displayed hundreds more inside. The store is closed but the building is still noticed and photographed. A picture of the store was included in a color-photo calendar in 2002.

“He had a love of the outdoors and he saw magic in rocks and sunsets. The weather was his favorite topic and he could always remember ‘how one year it rained every Monday for 3 months or how it used to be colder and snow more in years gone by.’

“In his lifetime he saw times change from covered wagons to rockets entering space. He always shook his head and smiled as if he couldn't believe it was real. He watched the news on TV and then would want to talk about "how it used to be" versus "how it is nowadays".

“He was interesting to me as a child because he was always making things. His house was like a museum. He had a rock collection in a table and a special black light in a bedroom to see what some rocks had in them.

“He had a shop next to his house that reeked with the musty smells of new wood. In his shop he had an old sewing machine which he used for mending and fixing things for his family and friends.

“He had carvings of birds, animals and little ‘cedar boxes’ he made. He had preserved, stuffed animals sitting around. He spent hours on his hobbies. He made leather moccasins, polished rocks, stuffed animals, kept a garden, painted, puttered and kept himself going until he was 95 years of age.

His face was wrinkled and he didn't see very well. He liked books, especially books on plants and animals.

“He was also a storyteller. I loved the stories he told and going to Grandpa's was a pleasure.

“We were lucky as children to grow up with Grandpa so much a part of our lives. All holidays, almost every Sunday and certainly every birthday, Grandpa came from Fremont to Bicknell to eat and visit.

“The respect I saw my own father show him was such a shining example of "family" and this impression has always stayed with me.

“I know now that my father, Wayne, was very much like his father. Their values were the same. They were honest, simple, hard-working people, the kind of person you enjoy being around or having live next door.

“Grandpa was proud of his family and always told of visits and letters from them. His family was everything to him. He always called Randy¹⁶ "boy" and all five girls were never called by name but just referred to by him as "the girls". Bill was named after Grandpa and he was the exception.”

At the end of his life Willie’s daughter-in-law, Dolly “would get his mail, wash his clothes, help clean his house and bake bread for him. The last few months of his life was spent at the homes of his girls. He died on the 14th day of September 1970 in Richfield, Utah at Hilma’s home.” He was nearly 96 years old.

IN MEMORY

by Diane Jenson Odgen

His wrinkled, old tortoise-like skin held a
gentle, soft-spoken soul,

An honest, simple man who had a way
of spinning stories like silver thread on a
loom,
The fabric of his stories were colorful and
rich,

Laced heavy with homespun humor,

His days were filled with service and
unselfish thoughts of others.

¹⁶ Her brothers and sisters.

TIME LINE for William C. Jenson

<i>Year</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Event</i>			
1874, Nov. 10		Birth in Malad, Oneida, Idaho	1904	29	Birth of son, Wayne Clarkson
1876	2	Family moved to Arizona, but return that fall to Richfield, Utah	1906	31	Birth of daughter, Hilma Francis
1877	3	Family move to Rabbit Valley (Fremont), Wayne County, Utah second pioneer family in the valley	1907-1909	Age 33-35,	serves two year mission for the Mormon Church in his Mother's native land, Sweden
1882	7	Donations of 50 cents collected to build Manti Temple. \$606.30 collected in Fremont Ward ¹⁷	1914	40	World War I begins
1886	11	Schooling ended, begin working for wages, three winters at Grist mill, herd sheep (35 cents a day)	1925	50	Martha goes on mission
1889	14	All his sisters have married, he and his mother left to work farm and garden	1927	52	Hilma and Martha marry
1896	22	Marries Josephine Martha Ellett who would turn 19 in 17 days. Nov. 25	1929	54	Wayne and Charles marry Morrell sisters on the same day
1897	22	Birth of son, Charles William	1930's	56	Great Depression
1899	24	Birth of daughter Mary Ellen (her grandmothers are Mary and Ellen)	1939	64	received his diploma from the Northwestern School of Taxidermy
1900	25	Death of Mary Ellen, April 23	1941	67	World War II
1901	26	Birth of daughter, Martha Josephine	1946	72	Death of Josephine, on their 50 th wedding anniversary, November 25
			1947	72	Death of son, Charles, August 7
			1970	95	Death of son, Wayne, June 1 Death at age 95 years, 10 months, one week, September 17

¹⁷ "History of Wayne County" compiled and written by William C. Jensen, 1947, Based on journal of Franklin Wheeler Young starting in the year 1879

Family Group Record

Page 1 of 2

Husband				
William Charles JENSON				
Born-4	10 Nov 1874	Place	Malad, Oneida, Idaho	LDS ordinance dates
Died-5	17 Sep 1970	Place	Richfield, Sevier, Utah	Baptized-1
Buried		Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah	Endowed-2
				Sealed to parents-3
Married-6	25 Nov 1896	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah	Sealed to spouse
Husband's father	Charles JENSEN OR BERLIN			
Husband's mother	Elna or Ellen (PEHRSDOTTER) NILSSON			
Wife				
Josephine Martha ELLETT				
Born-7	10 Dec 1877	Place	Holden, Millard, Utah	LDS ordinance dates
Died	25 Nov 1946	Place	Richfield, Sevier, Utah	Baptized
Buried	29 Nov 1946	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah	Endowed
				Sealed to parents
Wife's father	John James ELLETT			
Wife's mother	Mary TURNER			
Children List each child in order of birth.				
LDS ordinance dates				
Temple				
1	M Charles William JENSON			
	Born-8	18 Jun 1897	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Died	7 Aug 1947	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Buried	10 Aug 1947	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Spouse	Dolly Thenelda MORRELL		
	Married	17 Jun 1929	Place	Richfield, Sevier, UT
				Sealed to spouse
2	F Mary Ellen JENSON ⁹			
	Born	31 Mar 1899	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Died	23 Apr 1900	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Buried		Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
				Sealed to parents
3	F Martha Josephine JENSON			
	Born-10	18 Mar 1901	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Died	14 Dec 2002	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
	Buried-11	19 Dec 2002	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
	Spouse	William Rex BRIAN		
	Married	1 Jun 1927	Place	Manti, Sanpete, Utah
				Sealed to spouse
4	M Wayne Clarkson JENSON			
	Born-12	29 Feb 1904	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Died	1 Jun 1970	Place	Bicknell, Wayne, Utah
	Buried		Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Spouse	Ella Jenneal MORRELL		
	Married	17 Jun 1929	Place	Richfield, Sevier, UT
				Sealed to spouse
5	F Hilma Francis JENSON			
	Born-13	17 Jul 1906	Place	Fremont, Wayne, Utah
	Died	30 Nov 2000	Place	Richfield, Sevier, Utah
	Buried	5 Dec 2000	Place	Richfield, Sevier, Utah
	Spouse	Charles Theris NIELSON		
	Married	24 Mar 1927	Place	Junction, Piute, Utah
				Sealed to spouse

17 Oct 2003

Family Group Record

Page 2 of 2

Husband	William Charles JENSON
Wife	Josephine Martha ELLETT
Sources 1. Family Records of William C. and Josephine Jensen. Information from Renon Wood, a granddaughter, Lyman, Utah. 2. Family Records, from Willie Jensen as quoted in Tapestry, A Webster Family History, p.26 . Willie was not sealed to his birth father, Charles Jensen or Berlin. He chose to be sealed to his mother and Jons Fredrickson and two sisters in the Manti Temple on 16 October 1901. 3. Family Records, W.C. Jenson sealed to his mother Elna and Jons Fredrickson, not his birth father.--H. Cobia. 4. Family Records of William C. and Josephine Jensen. 5. U.S. Social Security Death Index. 6. Family Records, from Renon Jenson Wood, Lyman, UT. 7. Family Records, Information from granddaughter, Renon Jenson Wood, Lyman, UT. 8. Family Records, Information from his daughter, Renon Jenson Wood, Lyman, UT. Latter-Day Saint Baby Blessing 13 October 1897, Fremont, Wayne, Utah. 9. Family Records, information from Renon Jenson Wood, Fremont, UT. 10. Family Records, Information from Renon Jenson Wood, Lyman, UT. 11. Family Records, Inforamtion from Renon Jenson Wood, Lyman, UT letter 3 Feb 2003. 12. Family Records, information from Renon Jenson Wood, Lyman, UT. 13. Family Records, Infromation from Renon Jenson Wood, Lyman, UT. LDS Baby Blessing, 7 October 1906 at Fremont Ward, Fremont, Wayne, Utah.	

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- “Autobiography” by William Charles Jenson with Hilma Tanner Brinkerhoff
March 4, 1960, 4-page typescript, permission to use given 17 June 2003
- Autobiography of Martha Josephine Jenson Brian, typescript, four pages, written about 1970 for
Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Wayne County District
- Biography of William C. Jensen by Hilma Jenson Neilson, 3-page typescript
- Interview with Hilma Jenson Nielson, daughter of William C. Jenson, 13 April 1999 - Richfield,
Utah 9-page transcript. Interviewed by A. Sue Barnson, a descendant of Elna Fredrickson,
- “My Special Grandpa” by Diane Jenson, granddaughter (her sources: Rainbow Views: A History
of Wayne County, compiled by Anne Snow, Art City Publishing Company, Springville,
Utah, 1953; Interview with William C. Jenson, March 22, 1969, at Fremont, Wayne, Utah;
“Notes and Excerpts” compiled and written by William C. Jenson, Fremont, Utah, 1947.)
Permission to use given 4 September 2003
- Phone conversation with Charlene Jenson Brown, daughter of Charles William Jenson, 6/22/2003
- “The Later Life of William Charles Jenson” by Charlene Jenson Brown and Renon Jenson Wood,
granddaughters, July 2003

INDEX

- Allen, William C.
 - Little Colorado Settlements 18
- Allred, Andrew J. "Jack" 20, 54, 55, 150
- Arizona 15
 - Little Colorado Settlements 54
 - map 7
 - photos 6
- Blackburn, Elias Hicks-Patriarch 43,128, 158
- Blackburn, Heber 82
- Blackburn, Ione
 - see Nelson, Ione 28
- Brian, Dan and Nettie 93
- Brian, Dow 93
- Carry water 82
- Christmas 157
 - town celebration 115, 128, 152
- Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
 - 9, 13
 - Arizona colonies 14
 - colonizing 12, 76
 - Little Colorado Settlements 15
 - missionaries 9
 - missionary to Sweden 152
 - Perpetual Emigrating Fund 12
 - polygamy 109
- Clothes line telephone 32
- Depression 61
- Ellett, Josephine Martha 157
 - Husband: William "Willie" Jenson
 - death 158
 - marry 151
 - photo 143
 - scar on face 152
- Food preparation 83
 - hot bread 83
- Fredrickson, Hannah . . . 24, 29, 125-139, 152
 - Husband: Thomas Alvin Taylor
 - Arizona, move to 130
 - childhood 129, 149
 - convert to LDS Church 14
 - death 38
 - death of daughter, Margaret Searle . . . 33
 - death of husband 28
 - garden 36, 37
 - home for grandchildren 33-38
 - house in Fremont 29, 33
 - immigrate to USA 13, 74-76, 109
 - Little Colorado Settlements 18
 - marry 131
 - meals 37
 - move to Arizona 15, 147
 - move to Rabbit Valley (Fremont, Utah)
 - 20, 131
 - photo 4, 125
 - potatoes 37
 - press suits 36
 - sail to America 76
 - son build house 29
 - winter 77
 - work for family 36
- Fredrickson, Hilma . . . 24, 58, 103-122, 128
 - Husband: William Franklin "Frank" Taylor
 - convert to LDS Church 14
 - immigrate to USA 13, 75-76, 109
 - Little Colorado Settlements 18
 - marry 26
 - move to Arizona 15, 130, 147
 - move to Rabbit Valley (Fremont, Utah)
 - 20, 131
 - photo 4, 105, 106
 - photos of homes 107
 - winter in Fremont, Utah 77
- Fredrickson, Jons 9, 13
 - Wife: Elna Pehrsgottor/Nilsson
 - death 130
 - family relationships 129
- Fredrickson, Katie (Kjerstie) 24, 71-101
 - Husband: William Morehouse Webster
 - appearance 88, 92
 - berries 77
 - birth of children 90
 - bread 84
 - bread, Graham 84
 - bread, Graham 92
 - cheese, make 79
 - chickens, eggs 85

childhood in Sweden	75	Jackson, Perry	159
church, belief	91	Jackson, Worthen	159
convert to LDS Church	14	Jenson, Charles William	27, 151, 157
crossing America	76	death	158
death	93	marry	157
death of husband	92	photo	145
first one up	84, 89	Jenson, Hilma Francis (Nielson)	
hair	88		28, 36, 87, 152, 155, 156, 158-160
hands, roughened by work	88	Aunt Katie Webster	78
health	84, 92, 93	grandma's coffee	35
home life	90	grandma's wine	28
humor	32	potatoes	37
immigrate to USA	13, 75-76, 109	scarf or huvudkläde	31
marry William M. Webster	26, 77, 149	photo	145
meals	83, 87, 89	Jenson, Martha Josephine (Brian)	
milk cows	88		27, 151, 155, 157
milk sold	85	marriage, Aunt Katie	78
move to Arizona	15, 18, 130, 147	photo	145
move to Rabbit Valley (Fremont, Utah)		Jenson, Mary Ellen	151
	20, 76, 131	Jenson, Wayne Clarkson	152, 157
original letter	94	photo	145
peace-maker	89, 90	Jenson, William Charles "Willie"	
personality	87	Wife: Josephine Martha Ellett	
photo	4, 71, 72		54, 127, 131, 143-164
sew clothes	86	birth	14
shoes	87	farm	27
speak Swedish	33	Little Colorado Settlements	18
Sunday School teacher	77	lose fingers	158
wash day	85	marry	151
weaving carpets	30	mission to Sweden	29, 152
winter	77	move to Arizona	15, 130, 147
wore dresses	86	move to Rabbit Valley (Fremont, Utah)	
Fremont			20, 131
photo	5	photo	4, 143, 144
Grigg, Permelia Leah (Taylor)	110	taxidermy	157
live with Hilma Fredrickson Taylor	111	top for nephew	128
photo	106	winter	77
Hansdotter Anna Stina	54, 55	Lee, John D.	17
Husband: Lars Nelson		Log cabin	
family relationships	129	how to move a,	79, 113
photo	49	Loom	28, 30, 31
Hoalst, Charles	112	Lundgren, Wilhelmina	31, 33, 38
move family to Idaho	109	Aunt Mina	55, 132, 136
photo	106	Mathias, Margaret (Webster)	78

- Maxfield, Sarah Elizabeth "Libby"
 Husband: Lars Nelson
 29,55, 57, 58
 photo 50
 Meals 84
 Molasses 83
 Money 84
 Morrell, Julia Anna "Annie" (Taylor) ... 132
 Morrell, Maxine 92
 Nelson, Alfred Frank 55, 56, 58, 61
 photo 49-51
 Nelson, Charles Maxfield "Max" 58
 photo 51
 Nelson, Gladys Elvira (Timothy) .. 57, 58, 62
 photo 50, 51
 Nelson, Golda Elizabeth 58, 61
 photo 51
 Nelson, Henry LeRoy 56, 57, 62
 photo 50, 51
 Nelson, Hilma (Tanner) 54, 55
 photo 49-51
 Nelson, Ione (Blackburn) 34, 35, 37
 berries 36
 grandmother's quilts 31
 Nelson, Iva Ellen (Powell) 56-58
 photo 50, 51
 Nelson, Lars ... 23, 49-67, 77, 109, 131, 152
 Wife: Anna Hansdottor/Anderson
 Wife: Sarah Elizabeth "Libby" Maxfield
 birth 9
 candy test 60
 cards & racing 58, 60
 death of Anna 29
 Depression 61, 62
 feet crack on Plains 12
 immigrate to USA 11, 129
 Little Colorado Settlements 18
 Long Nose 59
 marry 26, 29, 129
 move to Arizona 15, 130, 147
 move to Cedarview, UT 56, 128
 move to Rabbit Valley (Fremont, Utah)
 20, 131
 photo 4, 49, 50
 Nelson, Lewis Peter 55-58
 photo 49-51
 Nelson, Verland Silas "Bill" 56, 57, 62
 photo 50, 51
 wrote memories of his father, Lars ... 58
 Nilsson, Elna/Ellen 3-46,131
 Husband: Jons Fredrickson
 attend Church 32, 38
 berries 36, 77
 cheese 38
 coffee 35
 convert to LDS Church 14
 cow with bell 28
 death 38
 don't slam the door 35
 garden 25, 27, 36, 151
 honey 25, 28
 humor 32
 immigrate to USA .. 13, 75-76, 109, 130
 Little Colorado Settlements 18
 live with Hannah 29
 magazine from Sweden 38
 make shoes 23
 marry 9, 14, 130
 move to Arizona 15, 130, 147
 move to Rabbit Valley (Fremont, Utah)
 20, 131
 names, many 9
 operation on pig 23
 photo 3, 4
 photo, log cabin 5
 photo, remains of rock wall 5
 pioneer life 25
 Postum kill me! 35
 rock Tommy 35
 scarf or huvudkläde 31
 speak Swedish 27, 33
 stay with Katie 29
 visit Hilma 111
 weaving 13, 21, 23, 28, 30, 31
 Nilsson, Johanna (DuVander) 58, 130
 crossing the Plains 11
 immigrate to USA 11

Nilsson, Nils		
crossing the Plains	11	
immigrate to USA	11	
Little Colorado Settlements	18	
move to Arizona	15, 130, 147	
Nilsson, Pehr		
convert to LDS Church	9, 129	
crossing the Plains	11	
death	12	
immigrate to USA	10	
Malad, Idaho	12	
Nilsson, Soren		
crossing the Plains	12	
immigrate to USA	11	
Little Colorado Settlements	18	
move to Arizona	15, 130, 147	
Original letter by Katie F. Webster	94	
Patriarchal Blessing	43	
Pectol, Fontella (Webster)	93	
Perpetual Emigrating Fund	12	
Pioneer Pig Operation Story	23	
Preston, William B.		
Bishop	12, 53	
Captain of pioneer company	12, 53	
Rag Rugs	21-23, 30, 31, 77, 131	
gravestone	127	
Reese, Heber	93	
Robinson's Hotel in Salina	93	
Sailing to America		
Fredricksons	76	
Nilssons	11-12	
Sampson, James Knox Polk	78	
Saturday night bath	82	
Searle, Tom	34, 37	
berries	37	
cheese	38	
grandmother's death	38	
rock Tommy	35	
Searle, Verda (Albrecht)	33-35, 38	
berries	37	
home with grandmother	33	
Sewing	86	
Shields, Rhoda (Taylor), photo	106	
Shoes	87	
Smith, Lot		
Little Colorado Settlements	18	
Sorensen, Kjerstie	130	
Husband: Pehr Nilsson		
confront Indian	25	
convert to LDS Church	9, 129	
crossing the Plains	11	
death	26	
immigrate to USA	10	
Malad, Idaho	12	
Stoddard, Frank		
move family to Idaho	109	
photo	106	
Tanner, Jesse	55-58, 62	
photo	51	
Taylor, Alvin	34-36	
berries	36	
berry pies	37	
cheese	38	
garden	37	
grandmother's loom	31	
Postum kill me!	35	
Taylor, Amos Sander	110, 112	
at Taylors	111	
farm	111	
marry	112	
photo	106	
Taylor, Bryan Ernest	110, 111	
photos	107	
Taylor, David, miner	109, 110, 112	
photo	106	
Taylor, David Alvin	56, 57, 127, 131	
Bear scare	131	
marry	132	
photo	125	
top for Christmas	128	
Taylor, Ellen Frances (Beebe)	110, 116	
birth	109	
marry	111	
photo	106	
school	110, 111	
Taylor, Hannah, see Fredrickson, Hannah		
Taylor, Hilma, see Fredrickson, Hilma		

Taylor, Hilma Lear (Keele)	111, 112	Treats, jelly	83
photo	106	molasses	83
Taylor, Howard	109, 110, 112	Turner, Reba	93
Taylor, James Allen	109	Wall paper	81
Taylor, Joe	109	Wash Day	85
Taylor, Louisa (Taylor)	109	Webster home	
Taylor, Mary (Stoddard)	112	beds	79
children	110	board floors	80
move family to Idaho	109	description	79
photo	106	kitchen	80
Taylor, Margaret Ellen (Searle)	33, 127, 131	logs	80
death	132	pole fence	82
marry	132	rebuilt cabin	79
photo	125	storage room	79
Taylor, Maude Adelia	110, 111	trees	83
photos	107	two stories	79
Taylor, Robert	109	upstairs cold	80
photo	106	wall paper	81
Taylor, Ruth (Hoalst)	112	white-washed walls	81
children	110	Webster, Alice	27, 85, 86, 88, 91, 92
move family to Idaho	109	photo	73
photo	106	Webster, Katie, see Fredrickson, Katie	
Taylor, Thomas Albert	131	Webster, James Brose	92
death	128	Webster, James Edwin "Jim"	83, 94
Taylor, Thomas Alvin	26	photo	73
Wife: Hannah Fredrickson		Webster, Loren	28, 33, 79, 86, 88, 91, 93, 94
death	127	photo	73
marry	131	Webster, Mabel	77, 81, 84, 85, 86, 90, 92
photo	125	photo	73
Taylor, Violet "Vi" Gladys Taylor (Douglas)		Webster, Nancy Atella "Tella"	85, 86
.	116	photo	73
birth	110	Webster, Pearl	85, 86
photos	107	photo	73
Taylor, William		Webster, Rose Ellen	
death	110	father, religion	91
move family to Idaho	109, 112	father's, death	92
photo	106	Webster, William M.	
Taylor, William Franklin "Frank"	26, 128	clear land	27
Wife: Hilma Fredrickson		Webster, William Moorhouse	
birth	109	Wife: Katie Fredrickson	
move family to Idaho	109, 112		27, 72, 77, 78, 79, 88, 89, 91, 92
photo	105, 106	white wash	81