

@TITLE = History of Niels and Maud Johnson

@SUBTITLE = As Related by Pearl Beutler

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = My parents were honest and industrious people. They were good neighbors, and they weren't afraid to go the second mile in giving service to those in need.

As children we called our Mother and Father Ma and Pa. I don't recall when we started calling them Mom and Dad, but I'll refer to them here as Mother and Father.

They were good parents. We didn't have a lot of wealth, but we had the necessities of life. We didn't have a modern home, but there were many people who weren't any better off than we were. I was one of the older children, and as I think back on the important things in life, we had most of them.

My Mother and my Father gave me confidence in myself. At times in my life I lost this confidence in self, but it was never long before I gained it back again.

We were a happy family, but we also had our ups and down, our sick spells, our disappointments, worries, and concerns. But the important thing was how we met our challenges. This determined what we are today.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = When Mother was having her family, there were no hospitals or nursing homes where we lived; Mothers had their babies at home. After Mother had a child, Grandma came up each morning, bathed and dressed the baby, and gave Mother a bath.

Before we were old enough to work in the beet fields for the farmers, Mother picked raspberries and gooseberries for Alvin Allen. She always took berries for pay. As the older girls, Edith, Violet, or I tended the little ones. The berry patch was a block and a half from our house. At noon one of us carried a bowl of bread and milk and a bottle of cold water to Mother for her lunch. The other one carried the baby to be nursed. Mother drank the cold water before nursing the baby. She felt if she didn't that her milk would be too hot and cause the baby to become ill.

After we started working in the fields, Edith, Violet, or I stayed home from the beet fields or from school to care for Mother and to do the household chores. One day it was my turn to stay home. The rest were going to the beet fields. I got up early to prepare breakfast while Dad milked the cow.

Now I really didn't know how to make mush, but I thought I did. I had seen my Mother take flour and put it into water and stir it so all the lumps were out of it and pour it into the boiling water on the stove. So I put a kettle of water on the stove and took the flour, about as much as I figured we would eat, and stirred it into the cold water until there were no lumps left. This I poured into the boiling water. After it came to a good boil, I put on the lid and set it away from the hottest part of the stove so it would stay warm until the family was ready to eat breakfast. Then I went about putting up lunches for those going to the beet field.

When Dad came in he said, "Is breakfast ready?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "Well, what's this in the kettle?"

"Well, that's the mush."

He asked, "Pearl, how did you make this mush?"

I told him. He was disgusted. He put on another kettle of water and put in the oatmeal to make the cereal.

By the time breakfast was eaten, I had all the lunches prepared and placed in buckets in their usual place at the north side of the table. It was my responsibility to put up lunches all the time, whether it was for school or for work, so this wasn't a problem for me. I was accustomed to it. As they

left the house each took a lunch pail and away they went with Dad to the beet fields.

After they left I began cleaning the house. I picked up what I thought was a bucket of lard. Instead of lard it was a bucket of lunch. Now I knew my Dad would be cross with me. I felt so badly I went in by my Mother and began to cry. I knelt down by the bed and just sobbed. I had made the mush wrong and now I had sent the lard to the beet field. She put her arm around me and told me not to worry, things would turn out all right.

As it happened, that day Elva Anderson was helping with the beets. She got sick and walked home. She left her lunch with them, so they all had plenty to eat. A blessing in disguise. Yet not. We usually didn't hire others to help us thin the beets. Elva asked for a job. She was about Edith's age. Dad felt we were a little behind in our work, so he hired her.

Elva hadn't been taught to wipe her nose. As a result she always had two strings of discharge coming from her nostrils. We called her, to her back, Elva Lamblegs. So the beet thinners didn't care about eating her lunch, but Dad divided it and each ate.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Tracy Reynolds lived to the west of us. Her husband was one of the section crew members of the railroad, so he was away much of the time. Many a night I was sent to stay with his wife, Tracy, because she was afraid to stay alone. Their first baby was a girl named Emma. When Emma was a year and three months old, Thomas was born. When he was one year and about three or four months old, a set of twins came. And a year and a half later, more or less, another set of twins was born to them. They had six children under five.

Mother was very good to Tracy. When Tracy was ill, Mother bathed the babies, fed them, cleaned the house, and helped her with the housework. Many times, almost all one winter, Mother had me stay with her helping to dress the four babies and feed them before I went to school. Many Saturdays I helped her clean the house and care for the babies. Mother never accepted anything for this.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Father was a good worker. He worked hard at what he did. He had no special training. I suppose he could be called a a common laborer. He was a genius at herding sheep, so he could always get a job doing that. As I grew up, he was away from home some of the time, yet I remember some choice experiences with him.

One night as my Father was helping me get ready for bed by putting my sleepers on, I complained that they were too tight, so he cut the feet out. That didn't please me, so he sewed the feet together again.

When I was little, he loved to play with us. He loved to play on the floor. On his hands and knees he would play the bear. He growled and came after us.

Sometimes he made the cats dance. He put paper on their feet. Then he played his harmonica. He'd tell us, "See, the cats are dancing to my music."

Dad told us the most interesting stories. Only when I was older did I realize these were stories ? that the cats were trying to remove the papers from their feet while he played, not dancing.

Other times he opened the door and played his harmonica. The dogs howled and howled.

He told us if he wanted it to rain all he needed to do was climb a mountain and stick his finger in a cloud. The water would run out through the hole!

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Dad was sexton of the cemetery. The week before Decoration Day he received cards from former residents of Hyrum asking him to clean the cemetery lots for Decoration Day. We girls did most of this work. (?We girls?

usually refers to Edith, Violet, Bertha, Beatrice, and myself. As Edith got older, she didn't do a lot of work with us.) We used a rubbing hoe to clear the weeds and alfalfa off the cemetery lots. Then we raked the ground to make it smooth and even.

A few days before Decoration Day, Dad had us clean all the lots that hadn't been cleaned. He said that made a cemetery look prettier and more cared for. This of course was *gratis*. It was a lot of hard work, but it gave us a feeling of satisfaction.

About a month before Decoration Day, Mother started making paper flowers to put on the graves. This was a special art of Mother's. She could make beautiful paper flowers. Decoration Day we were up early, at least by 6:00 A.M. We had snowballs, lilacs, tulips, peonies, lillies-of-the-valley, and other early flowers picked, made into bouquets, ready to place in big tubs to carry over to the cemetery. Most of these flowers were put on the graves of relatives, but we saw to it that all graves not decorated had some flowers.

This was a busy day at our house. We had many relatives come each year. Special relatives and friends asked Mother and Dad to take care of the baskets they used on the graves, to keep them at their home. The next Decoration Day when they returned, they picked up the baskets to fill again with flowers.

Mother always made a big kettle of chili. She made lots of bread and dripper pancakes.

Violet and I did a lot of dishwashing, but we enjoyed the company. I still remember how fast and continuous Mother's cousins, Nell and Emfy talked.

At sunrise World War veterans lined up at the cemetery's gate and marched to the grave of each World War veteran soldier, fired a shot over each grave, and placed at the head of the grave an American flag waving from a flag staff about two inches high.

When I was a child, this day was not a pleasure-seeking day, but a day to pay respect and reverence to those who had gone before.

After we decorated the graves, we returned home and put on our Sunday clothes. Then we went to a patriarchal meeting.

@SUBHEADER = A Primary Cake

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = I was about eight years old when I had this experience. We had no water in the house until the year after this happened. Washing was an all-day job. We helped as much as we could before going to school, but we weren't much help. Mother would still be washing when we got home from school. All the water had to be carried in the house, heated on a coal stove in the boiler, and then transferred to the washer. The washer and wringer were operated by hand. We had electricity in the house, but we didn't have an electric washer at this time. The rinsing water was carried in from the hydrant outside and emptied into the two rinsing tubs.

It was Primary day and Mother was washing. My Primary class was having a party. I told Mother I wasn't going to the party so she need not make a cake for me.

When I got to school, my friends persuaded me to go. After school I hurried home. Mother was still washing. I told her I needed a cake, that I had decided to go to the Primary party. She stopped her work to make the cake.

We had no milk, so she used water instead. We had no powdered sugar for frosting, so she sprinkled grandulated sugar on top of the cake before baking it. Then she put the warm cake on a pretty plate. It smelled so good as I carried it to Primary. The love and understanding of a mother is wonderful.

@SUBHEADER = In the Fields with Dad

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = We learned many lessons working with Dad. He took Albert,

Edith, Violet, Bertha, Beatrice, and myself to the beet fields to work. This money helped buy school clothes and pay expenses. Beatrice was only five years old the first year Dad took us out to the beet field. I was about eleven. He instructed us that we should give an honest day's work for a day's pay and that we should do our work well. We were never allowed to do sloppy work. Because of this many farmers in Hyrum hired us to thin, hoe, and pick beets.

Dad was pretty shrewd. He knew who we should work for and who we shouldn't work for. Men came to the beet field and said, "Mr. Johnson, I have heard that you and your family do a good job of thinning beets. How about doing mine?" Dad had the ability to know whether these men were honest and whether they were telling the truth about the condition of their beet fields. He could tell just by talking with them. A lot of that rubbed off on us girls.

We were told that we must rise early. We didn't lie in bed late. We were out in the beet fields early, much of the time before the sun came up.

Dad worked with us two or three years and then we went on our own. He taught us if we made a bargain to keep it even if we came out losers. Some people I could trust and some people I couldn't; he taught me that. "If a man comes to talk with you and he wants you to do something for him and he stands there and all he can talk about is how honest he is and how he never cheats and his beet field is just so-and-so and I'll pay you and I'll be honest with you," Dad said, "Put your hands in your pockets and hold onto every penny that you have."

Dad told us to quit early on Saturday. "Then you can go home and get ready for Sunday."

One day we left the beet field in the middle of a Saturday afternoon. We started walking the mile and a half or two miles home. We got down by Dick Petersen's place, a block or so above our home. Dick Petersen saw us coming. He was always a cheap guy anyway. He stopped us and said, "Say, would you girls come in and pick some strawberries for me? If you pick these rows, I'll give you a certain amount of the berries you pick." It was a large amount, we thought. We knew we could have all the berries that we wanted for one meal, which we thought was a good offer. So we took him up on it. We picked strawberries until just about dark.

When we got home Dad said, "What kept you so long tonight?" We told him of our experience. He said, "All right now, get your paper and pencil out and figure how much money you could have made up in the beet field during the time that you picked strawberries." We did.

Then he said, "How many strawberries could you have bought?" We figured that out and found we could have brought two or three times the amount of strawberries that we got from Dick Petersen.

Another lesson learned. We should do a little figuring for ourselves, not depend on another man's persuasions.

We had a large garden and were taught how to plant it, how to cultivate it, how to hoe and water it, and how to harvest the crops from it. When Dad was home, he cultivated while one of the girls drove the horse. When Dad wasn't home, Mother did the cultivating. I did not like to ride the horse no matter who did the cultivating. It was a hard job for me to keep the horse walking straight and not step on the plants. It was hard to keep the horse going straight and not cut out any of the plants. It was just hard for me to do, and I didn't like it.

One day when Dad was going to cultivate he told me to ride the horse. Mother knew I didn't like to and she knew Edith did like to. Somehow or other she sent Edith out to ride the cultivator. I was supposed to stay in and help

her get dinner. She told me to bake a baking powder bisquit cobbler. This I did but forgot to add the baking powder and soda. When it came out of the oven it was flat as a pancake. I all but cried. Mother said, "Well, hurry quick, get another bottle of fruit from the celler and get the flour, and I'll hurry and make one and we'll have it ready for dinner." Due to her patient nature, there was no scolding. She still loved me and helped amend the wrong.

@SUBHEADER = Preserving Food

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Preserving food wasn't easy. We had no refrigerators, no freezers, and no pressure cookers. To harvest the food and store it for winter use was a big job. What we raised in the garden plus what we purchased from the farmers in the field was our winter food supply.

We had a tree of summer apples and a tree of winter apples. Because these apples were gone long before winter set in, Father saw it to that we had apples stored away in the fall to last us through the winter.

We raised plenty of potatoes, corn, green beans, dried beans, red beets for pickles, as well as cucumbers for pickles. Our preserving method kept the beans in good condition most of the winter. We picked the beans, snapped them, and broke them into pieces. After washing them, they were placed in a crock. While we did this, Mother made a brine to cover the beans. Brine is made from salt and water. When an egg floated on the water, there was enough salt in the water to preserve the beans. The water was then poured over the beans. A clean white cloth was placed over the top of the beans. A big crock plate covered the cloth, and then a weight on top, which was usually a large rock. After a month or six weeks, the cloth got slimy and moldy. We then removed the rock and washed it good, removed the plate and washed it, and put on a clean cloth. Then the crock was covered again as described.

During the winter when the beans were taken out, they were added to cold water, brought to a good boil to remove the salt, and then they were ready to be prepared to serve.

This was also the method used to cure meat. Dad got a big barrel and filled it with boiling water. The pig was killed and then dipped into the boiling water so the hair could be scraped off easily.

When the pig was butchered, Dad helped us make a football from the bladder. We used all kinds of things out of that pig to entertain us in the winter months.

We covered the pig with brine, and it was then stored for winter use.

We butchered pork around Thanksgiving time, so we had pork ribs for Thanksgiving. They weren't put in the brine, but were fresh. We didn't have turkey or chicken for Thanksgiving.

The carrots and potatoes were stored in the pit cellar which was about twenty-five feet from the house. The pit cellar was built by digging a hole in the ground, placing poles overhead as support beams, and boards placed on the poles. Then the whole thing was covered with sufficient dirt to keep out the frost. In this room were three bins for carrots, potatoes, and cabbage.

There were steps going down into this root cellar. A door was laid flat, which we had to lift to get into the cellar. We also had a fruit cellar built the same way, only it was larger.

We stored bottled fruit, pickles, dried corn, and beans in the brine on shelves. This cellar was built alongside the wall close to the kitchen. It also had stairs, but there was a cover over the stairs, not a flat door like the pit cellar. We went out the kitchen door, through the porch, walked by the house, and there was the fruit cellar.

Drying the corn, however, was the most fun of all. On this day Mother took us to Grandpa Hulse's. Grandpa had a screen or else a heavy cheesecloth

on a frame. This frame was placed on saw horses. Then we went to the creek and cut off some long willows. The foliage was left on them.

The corn was cut off the cob and placed on this frame in the sun to dry. The children stood with willows in hand to shoo the flies off the corn. Then we always had a good dinner at Grandma's. I don't know who could make cookies or sour cream cake as good as Grandma Hulse. We enjoyed this day of drying corn.

The biggest problem in our harvesting was the dried beans. Mother had a large canvas under the shade tree at the side of the house. We pulled the dried beans up and placed them on this canvas. I never could understand why they put all the beans on that canvass ? white beans, speckled beans, chili beans, any kind of beans that were raised in the garden for winter use were placed on this canvas in a big heap. As a flail to thresh the beans we used a partly worn-out broom or a couple sticks tied together. The threshed beans were gathered into a pile; the dried vines were carried to the pigs or to the cows. In the morning when the east wind was blowing out of the canyon, Mother got the beans ready for separation by putting some beans in a bucket that she held high over her head and poured out the beans a little at a time. The beans fell in one place, and the wind blew the chaff away. The beans were then gathered and put into sacks. Our winter job was to sort the beans ? to put the white beans in one sack, the speckled in one sack, the brown in one sack. I never could figure out why they didn't thresh them separately so we didn't have to do all that work.

One day as we were sorting beans, Mother said to us, ?If you girls get the beans sorted, you may go to Grandma and Grandpa's place with me.? Violet and Bertha were always faster than me, and I worked as hard, but I just wasn't as fast as they were.

This was one time I was a little dishonest. I could see they were going to be finished before me, so I slipped the rest of my unsorted beans under the bed, which was at my side. All of us went to Grandma's place. I never remember what happened to the unsorted beans under the bed. I suppose they were just put back in the sack of mixed up beans.

@SUBHEADER = Mother's Talents

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Mother was a woman of many talents. She could wallpaper as well as a professional. She was an excellent seamstress and no one could quilt better than she. She enjoyed sharing her talents with neighbors, friends, and her sisters Alice, Ethel, and Jenny. She made Jenny's wedding dress. As I think back on her life, I am amazed how she made time to serve others when she had such a large family, which she did not neglect.

Mother taught her girls household chores ? how to clean house, how to cook, and how to sew. I will be eternally grateful to her for keeping us clean and neat and tidy to go to school and to church.

We had an aunt who lived in Hyrum. Mother sewed for her children. They had clothes, but they wore the dresses made for school for everyday. Sometimes I thought they slept in them. We were taught differently. Mother made our clothes as well as Aunties ? two dresses for school, one for Sunday. When we came home from school, we changed our clothes, hung them up, and put on everyday clothes. We got a new Sunday best dress for Christmas, a new best dress for the 4th of July, and two new dresses to start school.

No patterns for dresses were sold in the stores in Hyrum or Logan until I was in my teens. Because she had no patterns, Mother looked through Montgomery Ward Catalog or at dresses in the store. Then she cut her own patterns. When patterns were available, she was happy to purchase them. She said it made sewing much easier.

We had two cousins who lived in Ogden. They were my Dad's uncle's daughters. Their names were Beatrice and Myrtle. They were older than us. One taught school and the other was a stenographer. They dressed well. Every fall they sent us the dresses they had worn the previous winter and didn't want to wear this year. We usually got a big box of clothes from them. They did the same in the spring. Mother took these clothes and made them over for us. She made our coats and dresses. The thing that was fun about it was Edith got her first choice; I got the second choice, then Violet, then Bertha and then whoever else came along. The second time the box came I got my first choice; then Edith got her choice last, etc. The first store-purchased coat I had was the year I started college.

I appreciated my Mother dressing us respectably and teaching us how to keep the house clean and neat and how to keep ourselves clean and neat. Dad went along with this, too. He always told us if we polished our shoes well and combed our hair we were well dressed.

One day the Relief Society sisters were quilting in our home. I was in the kitchen, but I heard them talking about different girls who hadn't done what they were supposed to do and their parents felt badly and disappointed. One of the women said something about Pearl. I didn't hear what she said, but I heard my Mother say. ?I don't worry about Pearl. I know Pearl won't do anything that isn't right.? I knew my Mother had a lot of confidence and faith in me. I made it my policy to keep her confidence.

Another time when I was going on a date my Mother said, ?Pearl, I had a dream last night about you, and I want you to be on guard tonight.? Well, I was on guard during the time I was on the date, but nothing unusual happened. Maybe it was because she had the dream and I was on guard.

I love my Mother. After I was married, when I got lonesome and a bit discouraged, a visit with Mother put me on top of the world again. Just to go home and be around her and eat at her table buoyed me up and gave me strength to go on.

@SUBHEADER = A Temple Blessing

One time when Dad was herding sheep, Mother was very, very sick. Her feet were swollen and ached. She hurt all over. Sunday morning some of us went to church. The Bishop asked how Mother was, and we told him how sick she was. He stopped in after church to see her for a few minutes. He asked if there was something he could do.

She replied, ?I just don't know, unless you give me a blessing.?

And he said, ?How about taking you to the temple tomorrow.?

It was customary at that time to take the sick to the temple for a special blessing. Mother agreed. She would be ready. Bishop Clawson said, ?Brother Joe Nelson and I will be here in the morning to take you.?

Mother had had severe attacks of gall stones starting from her married life. Many times we were afraid she was going to die she was so sick. This was the cause of her sickness at this time.

The next morning Bishop Clawson and his counselor, Joseph F. Nelson, came to the house to get Mother to take her to the temple. Mother's feet were so swollen she couldn't put on her shoes, so she put on old pair of Dad's. She walked to the car with the help of the brethren.

Edith was assigned to take care of the children, and Violet and I were to herd the cow for the day. Now Grandma Johnson had deeded a pasture to Uncle Christian Thomspen (Dad's sister's husband). We put our cow in this pasture until the feed was eaten, then we herded the cow along the roadside.

This particular day we had to herd the cow. There was always good feed below the cemetery hills. There were a couple streams of water and not much

traffic along that low road. Violet and I forgot about the cow. We got busy talking and playing house, just having a lot of fun. When it was time to go home we couldn't find the cow. We looked and looked, but couldn't find her. So we went home.

Mother was home from the temple, and she had her shoes on. The swelling had gone out of her feet and she seemed to feel well. We told her we couldn't find the cow. She wasn't angry with us, nor did she scold us. She told us where to look for the cow. She said, "You girls go this way and I'll go out to the red bridge and see if the cow is there." She walked at least a mile and a half to the red bridge and there found the cow standing under this old red bridge.

Mother told us later that while she was at the temple the brethren gave her a blessing. They told her if she continued to be as faithful as she had been in the past, watched her diet and ate properly, the Lord would bless her and she would never have another attack of gall stones.

Years later when Ernest and I visited Mother, she wasn't feeling very well. She didn't know what to do. Ernest said, "Why don't you go to a chiropractors. Go to Dr. Hale in Logan." Now my family had never gone to chiropractor before, but he persuaded her to go. She got the street car and went over to Dr. Hale for a treatment.

It is interesting to note that she crossed the old red bridge in the street car where she had found that old cow many years ago.

As Dr. Hale began working on her body, he said, "You have a nest of gall stones in your gall bladder, and I hardly dare to give you a treatment. How long have you had that nest of gall stones, or did you know you had one??"

She replied, "Yes, I knew. Years ago I had severe gall stone attacks. At one time I had gall stones very badly, but they haven't bothered me for a number of years."

He said, "Well, I don't believe I had better give you a treatment because I might stir them up and you'll have problems again."

This experience verified she had gall stones. The Lord had caused a wall to be built around these gall stones and kept them in a spot where they didn't bother her. She had had seven children at the time she went to the temple and received a blessing. She had seven more children after that. She was never bothered with the gall stones again.

Dad never had his patriarchal blessing because he felt he was never worthy of one. O. M. Wilson was a patriarch of the Hyrum Stake. Many times when he met Dad downtown he said, "Niels, the Lord has a special blessing for you. Come up to the house any time and I'll be glad to give it to you." Dad never went though he was invited many times.

@SUBHEADER = Butter, Bread, and Gravy

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = When Mother was sick Dad liked to wait on her and take her meals to her. At certain times, like when the cow was dry, we didn't have sufficient butter for all. When the cow was fresh, we'd have plenty of butter. As the milk got less, we didn't have as much. Sometimes dinner consisted of bread and gravy, milk and fruit. When he took bread and gravy to her, he put a little butter on it. Even if we had only a little butter, he spread the one side of the bread with butter and put that buttered side on the plate and then put gravy on top.

When I got older and helped care for Mother, I said to her, "We'll have bread and gravy tonight for supper."

And she said, "That's fine, Pearl, but please don't put any butter on my bread like Dad does."

I said, "Why??"

She replied, "I just abhor that. I don't like that at all. I would rather have the bread without butter on it."

All these years Dad had paid her the courtesy of letting her have butter on her bread with gravy thinking he was giving her a treat. She had accepted his kindness to her with gratitude, not complaining.

@SUBHEADER = As a Team

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Dad knew how to make friends. We learned this from him. He rented the land, plowed it, and got it ready to plant beans. We helped plant the beans and cultivate the land. We hoed, watered, and picked beans.

We didn't have a factory in Hyrum when we first started picking beans, so we put the beans in large seamless canvas sacks. We filled these sacks full of beans. They had to be delivered before dark at a certain place in Hyrum. Dad came home from work a little early and put the sacks of beans in his rig. Then he'd take them to the lady's place where they were graded and weighed.

There were lots of people there some nights and Dad helped the worker lift the sacks. He talked with her as they worked. When all the others had gone, he opened his sacks and showed her what grade his beans were. Then they were weighed. He always got a good grade and made good money. This was our way of earning money for school and our way of helping to buy our clothes.

In our home we worked like a hive of bees. We all worked together for the whole group. When there was linoleum to buy, we all chipped in to buy it. When there was a new stove to buy, we did the same. We were all paid when we went to the bean field or the beet field. We picked berries and were paid. So we had our own money and learned how to save and what to buy. This was a good lesson that our Mother and Father taught us.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Our birthdays were very special days. Mother always cooked us a good meal. We didn't receive expensive presents, very few presents at all. Each child received a delicious treat of peanuts. This was a desired treat and always made the child feel very special. Dad always saw to it that on our birthday we had nuts, usually peanuts ? and it was a good size sack of peanuts.

One time when he was herding sheep he sent some money home and told Mom to buy me a birthday present. Mother went to town and bought me a cream picture and a sugar bowl. I wrote to Dad and thanked him for the birthday present. He wrote back: "What a present! She didn't even buy you any nuts at all."

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = We didn't have a radio or a television when I was growing up. The custom during the winter (besides sorting the beans during the daytime) was to sit around the kitchen table in the evening playing games, eating apples, or popping popcorn.

Grandpa had a phonograph with a cylindrical record which he played for us. When I was about fifteen, Edith bought a phonograph. We called them gramophones at that time. This gramophone had flat records, and we could play music.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = The lady told us she was going to travel all summer and wouldn't be home until fall, but as we approached her house, we could see she was home. We knocked at her door. I said, "Oh, you're home. What happened? I thought you were going away?"

She replied in an ugly way, in an ugly voice, "Yes, I was, but because of him," pointing to her son who had just graduated from high school. "Instead of going off to work like he said he was going to, he decided to stay home. Now I have to stay home and take care of him."

My heart would have broken had my Mother talked that way about me. She

never felt it was a chore or a drudgery to care for her children. She loved them and felt it was a lesson and a service to care for them.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = We didn't take many trips together as a family, but we did go fishing and chokecherry hunting together a few times. The girls slept on the ground. Mother always slept in the wagon because she was afraid of rattlesnakes. She didn't do chores or any work at all when we were on these trips camping with Dad. He cooked the meals, served the meals, and clean up the mess.

After Violet got married, she and her husband, David Thompson, took us to the canyon where Dad herded sheep. I don't remember who went with us. Dave couldn't stay over, so he helped pitch the tent before he left. Dad knew we were coming so he came down and visited with us before going back to the sheep. He told us before he left he would send Reed down to stay with us for the night. We felt that we were big enough and old enough we wouldn't be worried or nervous. Soon Dave left to go home. We had supper and then Dad went back to round up the sheep. When it started getting dark, we got a bit nervous.

There were two men that came in a wagon. They drove around in the clearing where we were. When they saw it was a bunch of women, they turned around and left. David passed this wagon on the way going out of the canyon and recognized the fellows. He went on home.

It wasn't long before we heard scratching on the outside of the tent. We sat still with our ears perked up to hear the noise. Soon we heard more scratching. Then we heard a sort of a growl and funny noise and knew it was Reed. We called to him to quit scratching and scaring us and to come in.

Early the next morning a sister and I decided we would have breakfast with Dad. We headed for the mountainside. When we got a ways up the mountainside we heard the noise of the sheep and knew where Dad was. As we got closer to the herd of sheep he came over to us. He was as pale as a ghost.

He said, "What's the matter? What's wrong down there in the camp?"

We said, "Nothing. We're all okay."

"Are you sure? None of you got hurt or are sick? Nothing wrong?"

We assured him everything was fine and asked him why he was worried.

"Well," he said, "My chin has itched all night and all morning and I have been very nervous. Something is wrong somewhere with somebody in the family or something that belongs to our family."

As we stood on the mountain he said, "Now, can you two girls see that road that goes along the bottom of the mountain down there?"

We said, "Yes."

He said, "That's the road you go towards. When you get to that road you turn to the left and you'll find the clearing where you're camped. Go right in there and stay until I come down now. Now don't miss the road and don't get hurt going down."

It wasn't long before we got back to the camp that Dad came. He was mad then. Now I haven't seen my Dad angry very many times, but he was quite angry that morning. He said that all summer long he and Reed had cut down posts and cut down trees and trimmed them during the afternoons when the sheep were resting and they didn't have to be right with the sheep. He was going to have them hauled down to sale for fence posts. Somebody arrived during the time he had come to see us the day before and had stolen all the posts he and Reed had cut.

When Dave came up to get us, we told him about Dad's experience. He said, "I know those two men who came up in that wagon." They were the ones, no doubt, who had stolen the posts. He said he noticed them by the highway as he

went onto the main highway. Someone had been there and had fed their horses oats. They had been in a big hurry because they didn't let the horses eat all the oats. So when Dave went down he reported this to Ernie Peterson, the man Dad was herding sheep for. Ernie reported it to the sheriff.

The sheriff said, "Well, here are some papers. I know these two people, too, and they aren't too honest, and so you take these papers up to Niels. He should sign the complaint. Then I'll arrest them and put them in jail."

Ernie went back with the papers for Dad to sign. Dad said, "No, I won't put anyone in jail. You go back and have the sheriff talk to them. Tell them if they will haul all those posts over to my home that we'll call it square."

So Ernie went back and talked with the sheriff. The sheriff and Ernie went to the home of these two fellows. They had already sawed up all the posts and cleaned everything up. The wood was stacked in their basement.

They went back to Dad. The two fellows offered to go back to the canyon and replace the same amount of posts that Dad had trimmed and piled. If they would do that, would Mr. Johnson call it square. Dad agreed. They came up, but he never saw the men. They replaced the posts and trees. They sawed and trimmed the trees, but Dad said it wasn't even worth hauling home; it was just trash that they put down.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = After I was married, Ernest and I decided to visit Dad, who was herding sheep in the Franklin Basin. At that time we had two boys - Mark and Lloyd - and Ruth Ann about two years old. Dad knew we were planning the visit. I spent the day baking bread, cookies, cinnamon rolls, and making some goodies and food to take with us. Ernest put a mattress and blankets along with food and supplies we needed into the two-wheeled trailer we pulled behind the car. He tied a canvas over top, and we were on our way. We planned to return home the next day. Dad was happy to see us. So was Reed. Reed was Dad's campkeeper for the summer.

We arrived late in the afternoon. We ate supper with Dad and Reed. Dad wanted Mark and Lloyd to sleep with him in the sheep wagon. He said, "You two boys sleep over here with me."

Lloyd protested. Dad took the boys into the sheep wagon and showed them where he slept. It was a board that lowered from the wall with a couple of legs on it. There was a mattress. Mark was tickled that he was going to sleep with Grandpa, but not Lloyd. Lloyd protested, "I won't sleep with him; I won't sleep with Grandpa."

They talked and talked, but he wouldn't sleep with Grandpa. Finally Dad said to Lloyd, "Look, you don't need to sleep with me. You sleep over here with your brother Mark. You sleep against the wall over there, and Mark will sleep by you, and I'll sleep by Mark."

Lloyd agreed. He was willing to sleep with his brother Mark. Ernest and I slept in the little cart,

The next morning Dad was up early with the sheep. When he got them settled for the morning, he came back and cooked breakfast for us and visited until it was about time for us to go home. After dinner with them, Dad said, "Say, Pearl, Reed is kind of tired of this sourdough bread, and if you leave some of your cinnamon rolls and your bread and some of the food that you brought up here Reed would sure be happy."

I said, "Sure we'll leave it with you, we brought it up for you."

He said, "I know, but you have quite a bit there that you've made. I'll give you part of a lamb for the food that you brought up and that will be a fair exchange."

When I got home and prepared that meat it didn't taste half as good as

it did up in the canyon with Dad.

Dad was always a good host. He made us welcome. He did everything to please. He waited on us and kept us happy while we visited with him.

Dad was the finest of shepherders. He never wanted for a herding job. Frequently one sheepman would pay more than another to get Dad to work for him. He herded sheep for Wally Petersen, Verlo Petersen, Gennie Petersen, and Ernie Petersen. They all respected his abilities to herd sheep.

One time he promised to herd sheep for T. W. Petersen. When Wally Petersen heard that Dad was home and looking for a job he came up and said, "I will pay you more than what T. W. is paying you if you will work for me."

But Dad said, "No. I promised that I would work for him and so I must keep my promise."

Dad always brought in the fattest lambs, the best ewes, and lost fewer sheep. He did this even though given the poorest herds and the poorest grazing area. His sheep still brought the highest market price. Dad knew how to handle sheep. He had that art. But it was a job he didn't care to do.

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@TITLE = History of Niels and Maud Johnson

@SUBTITLE = As Related By Mildred Beatrice Lundberg

@SUBHEADER = Reflections

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = I love my Father and Mother very much. They were good to me. I hope my children may say the same of me.

We had a humble home, which was one of our greatest blessings. We learned how to work and support ourselves and our loved ones. Other children around us were of the same modest means and had to work like we did to support our families.

After my Mother and Father died, I received \$41.98, which was my share of their estate. My mother-in-law, Grandma Lundberg, asked me, "Beatrice, really, what did your Mother and Father leave you after all those years?"

I looked her straight in the eye and said, "Grandma Lundberg, I'll tell you what my Mother and Father left me; it is one of the greatest inheritances that I could ever have. They left me a good name and the knowledge of how to work for a living and how to give a good day's work. They gave me the knowledge how to help others and to help myself."

This knowledge not only enabled me to get through the years that I've lived alone but was a great help when my husband was alive.

As I reflect on the lives of all my brothers and sisters, there is not one of them that has had to go on relief because they didn't have the knowledge of how to work. They, too, learned how to work and support their families.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = The first thing I remember about Mother and Dad is what happened on one of my first birthdays. Dad always came home from town the night of my birthday. I remember it so well with a huge sack of candy. As I look back on it I'm sure the sack of candy wasn't nearly as large as I thought it was, but he brought me home a bag of candy. Then I got to share it with all the other kids. We made as many piles as there were children and each child took her choice of the piles. I got the last pile because it was my birthday.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH =

@SUBHEADER = Working

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = When Dad took me on his lap, that was so nice. I don't remember him giving me many hugs or kisses, except when he left or when we left, but I do remember him taking me on his lap. When I was

five-and-a-half-years old, I wanted to go into the beet fields with my Dad and my older brother and sisters to help thin beets. The children who went were Violet, Pearl, Edith, Albert, and Bertha.

Mother got up and prepared our lunches in eight- or four-pound lard buckets. Lunch was often a variety of sandwiches and maybe two or three little bottles of fruit. Then there was a cookie or piece of cake for desert. We took our lunches and got in the horse-drawn buggy, a single-stave buggy, in which Dad took us to the fields. We left home about seven in the morning.

On the way to the fields we rode past a canal. It wasn't large, but I thought it was like the Atlantic Ocean. Dad drove the horses into the canal so the wooden part of the wheels on the buggy got soaked. This prevented the iron rims from coming off. The horse waded in the canal a quarter of a mile or so. This stretch of road into the canal was well traveled by buggies going down into the canal.

When we came onto the road, we trotted the few miles to the fields where we did our work.

Because beets do not grow well when they are crowded, the beets needed to be spaced or thinned. Dad spaced the beets for me and my older sisters. We crawled on our hands and knees pulling out all the beets around the one Dad had spaced. Being young as I was, I guess, I didn't want to pull out all the beets. I'd find a clod of dirt, bend all the beets over but one, and cover them with the clod. This made the one beet stand up that Dad wanted left to grow. I figured if this one beet drooped over it might die, so while I buried the other beets I propped up the one.

When Dad came back to check on how I was doing, he said, "What are you doing?"

I said, "The beet wouldn't stand up and I wanted to make the rest fall down so it would stand up by itself."

Dad smiled and said "Honey, I want you to know that beet will live." Then he showed me once again how to pull out all the beets but one.

Dad spaced for two or three people. Gradually I would get behind the others because I couldn't thin as fast as them. Dad gave me what we called a little "skip." This skip was where he thinned the beets. When I got to that spot, I saw that Dad had thinned all the beets. Then I was up with him.

There was great wisdom in this; if I got too discouraged I wouldn't want to come again, but when I could keep up with the others I thought I was really big.

I said, "I'd like to go back tomorrow." And I went back the next day and the next.

At lunchtime we went to the water hydrant for a bucket of water. We used an empty lunch bucket as a waterbucket. We all drank out of the same bucket.

Working in the fields taught me a great lesson about working, and as time passed I got proficient at thinning beets.

This first day out I had to go to the bathroom. I told Dad. He said, "Honey, you run right over there. You see that clump of trees over there? You go over there to the bathroom."

I went over to where he pointed and I hunted and I hunted. I couldn't find any bathroom. I yelled back to him, "Papa, I can't find the bathroom in the trees."

Then he explained to me that there wasn't really a bathroom, but I could hide myself and sit down among the trees.

Our home did not have an indoor toilet ? we had an outdoor toilet ? so it wasn't unusual to run outside to the toilet.

Many years later, when I was fifteen or sixteen years old, Dad said the

toilet outside had to be moved because it was getting full. Pearl, the third from the oldest, and I were assigned to dig the eight-foot-deep hole. Dad measured off the distance and showed us how to start digging and how to keep the hole square.

We were very good workers. Pearl would dig for fifteen minutes and then I'd dig for fifteen minutes. The ground wasn't too hard because we had good sandy soil. As the hole got deeper and deeper it became harder and harder to get in and out of that hole. Pearl ? oh, how we loved her and what what a good boss she was ? she said, ?Beatrice, why don't you dig for fifteen minutes and then I'll time you while you rest in the hole for fifteen minutes so we don't have to keep getting in and and out of that hole.?

I thought that was a pretty good idea. So I finished digging the eight-foot toilet hole because Pearl could hardly get in and out. She timed me. She'd let me rest for fifteen minutes and then dig for fifteen minutes.

I'm sure if anybody made that proposition to me this day I would say, ?No!?! But then I wasn't quite smart enough, and we always obeyed Pearl's wishes.

In the beet fields Dad let us rest at the end of the rows. At five o'clock we quit work. We crawled in the buggy tired. Dad took us home and Mother had a lovely hot dinner for us.

As time went on we became skillful in the beet fields. There were people all over Hyrum wanting Niels Johnson and his daughters to do their beets.

I remember working for C. J. Nielson. His beets were very weedy. This made it difficult to pull all the little weeds. Almost as soon as we got done there were more weeds growing. He complained that we didn't do good enough work.

If someone was not happy with our work, we went back and did it over again. C. J. Nielson's beet fields were hard to weed because he never cultivated his fields. The ground was hard.

Dad was particular whom we worked for because we did good work. If they didn't cultivate and care for their beets, the work was too hard. So Dad told C. J. Nielson, ?No. We won't do your beets.?

But we did beets for Edwin Clawson, Burt Neielson, and Leo C. Nielson. When we did their beets we liked to go back and hoe them because there weren't many weeds. They cultivated them like they were supposed to and it wasn't hard for us to pull all the weeds in the beginning.

Dad taught us that we could have fun as we worked.

Later, when Dad had other obligations, we went to the fields by ourselves. Edith, the oldest, didn't go with us much. Pearl was the oldest that went, and she was in charge. We took the buggy and wagon.

Every once in a while we raced another wagon. One day as we were racing we lost a piece of harness from the wagon. Bertha spent the rest of the day looking for it.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Dad helped support his family by cutting cedar posts. He made trips into the mountain to cut these posts. Now we had about an acre, an acre and a half on our place. We kept a cow and the horse and buggy behind the house. On one side of the house was a lane. Dad lined the fence that ran alongside the lane with the cedar posts that he brought down from the mountain. People came all the time and wanted to buy cedar posts. If Dad wasn't there, Mother sold them. At times he took orders. Then he would have many cedar posts for the person who ordered them. They would come and pick them up. I never saw any money change hands, but I'm sure he got paid when they picked them up.

Dad was always honest. Everyone trusted him because he was as good as

his word. If he said he would do something, he'd do it.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Years later Dad became a sexton for the cemetery. One of the projects undertaken by the cemetery was to plant pine trees. It seemed like these little pine trees were planted every few feet. Almost every day we went to the cemetery, dragged out these great big hoses, and watered the pine trees. The reason we had to go so often is because we couldn't get the whole cemetery watered in one day. Dad cut the lawn with a push mower and dug any graves that needed to be dug. I don't know how much they paid him, but he worked there for a number of years. We enjoyed helping Dad and playing on the headstones.

Sometime later Mother took over the job of mowing the lawns. Then we really needed to help mow the lawn and water the trees because there wasn't a sprinkler system.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Later in Father's life he no longer worked as superintendent of Hyrum City Water Works. Then he went to work for Wally Peterson herding sheep. Wally said that he always got more and better sheep with Dad caring for the sheep than any other person. He said he could depend on Dad no matter where or when he went. He never left the herd unattended no matter what the trouble. He watched them carefully.

Wally sought after him to herd his sheep and offered him more money to continue working for him.

This meant that Dad left the family and was gone for many months at a time. But it was a way for him to support his large family. The children helped support the family by working in the summertime. In the winter we helped by tending children.

Mother took money when we were young and put it away. When it came time for school and time to buy clothes, we all went to Logan and bought our new clothes with the saved money.

But it was bad for Dad and bad for us not to have him around. But I remember the joy when he came home.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Dad was proud of our work in the fields. We did a lot of work in the beet and bean fields. We planted beans in the spring and harvested them later in the year.

Our bean patches were next to Brother Allen's bean field. Dad rented this land. Brother Allen would come over and say, "Well, I will have you a race today with one your daughters against one of my pickers to see who can pick the most pounds of beans in a certain amount of time."

Dad would reply, "I'll be glad to do it."

The time was set; maybe ten minutes, fifteen minutes, whatever they choose. Every time Dad chose Violet because she was our fastest bean picker. Heaven to Betsy, I wasn't. He gave Violet the best row we could find.

His daughters didn't compete against each other, but when he brought children from the Welfare Farm to pick his beans, he had competitions between one of them and Violet. Almost every time Violet won. She was a very fast picker.

Dad had us in competition with anybody; being the best worker or the best dressed. He always said he had the very top for kids. It made me happy to know he thought this of us.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Edith and Dad went into the chicken business. They build a big chicken coop. Edith worked at the telephone office and Dad wasn't home all the time so we had to care for and feed the chickens. I didn't mind feeding the chickens, that wasn't the worst of it, but on Saturdays we took straightened-out hoes and scraped all the manure off the floors from under the roost. That was the most terrible job. I detested this job more than any other

in my life.

From this business association they sold eggs. I'm sure they made good money doing it ? I don't know how much ? but at least we had all the eggs and chicken we wanted to eat. (And I used to wonder why we had chicken every Sunday for dinner!) Mother killed the chickens on Saturday; we plucked the chickens. When I got a little older, we got rid of the chickens.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Albert had a Model T-Ford. When he left on his mission in 1929 he let Dad drive the Model T. Dad used it often to take us to pick berries or beans. One day something went wrong with it. He told Mother, ?I know we can fix this car if you'll come out and help me. You watch where I take the parts from and then when we go to put it together we'll be able to do it.?

Mother watched him. She was out there the biggest part of the day, I think. When Dad starting putting it together he came in the house and said, ?Maud, you'll have to come help me because I've got too many parts out there; I can't find where they all go.? Only when Mother helped him did they find a place for every part. Mother was handy this way.

@SUBHEADER = Family Entertainment

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = In the wintertime whenever we had to go any place we rode in a sleigh called a cutter. It had thin runners and one seat, like a little rumble seat or a little place in the back where one could put tools or things like that to be transported. The sleigh was drawn by one horse. In the winter time when it snowed, Dad hooked up the horse to the cutter sleigh. It was about this time, about 1929 or 1930, that he became the superintendent of the Water Works in Hyrum City. He was superintendent for a good many years.

I remember what a delight it was when we got out of school and Dad would be on his way home from another place in town. He would stop to give us a ride. If we didn't get a ride home with him, the neighbors had a big sleigh with runners about eight feet long. Their sleigh was pulled by a team of two horses. The runners on these sleighs seemed to be a foot wide; I suppose they were about four to six inches wide. No matter what was in the sleighs, even if they were hauling cow manure, we jumped on the sleighs. The runners had kids stashed on them.

But Dad has small runners that were not wide enough for a person to stand on, but with wide runners a horse could pull us along at a nice gait. We always got home early.

In the summer he used his horse and little buggy.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = On Friday nights Dad took Mother to the movies. Along with the regular feature there was a continued show ? which was usually a wildwest show. Because there was usually a baby, we older children stayed home. If the baby cried, one of us walked all night with it. We had fun tending the children and didn't mind doing it. Mom and Dad loved to go to the movies.

On Friday afternoon we went to see the movies. Mom and Dad gave us a nickel to buy a candy bar, or maybe we got a penny to buy an all-day sucker. This way we got to see the movies and so did they. Mother just couldn't wait until the next week when Dad took her to the show to see the continued movie that always ended with a cliff hanger. Once in a while they had live entertainment.

Because the movies were silent, many times you could hear people reading the subtitles to their children or to people who couldn't read.

Sometimes Mom and Dad invited friends home to play cards, a game they called ?high-fi.? They sat for the evening and played cards, which they enjoyed.

In the wintertime when we weren't so busy, after dinner and the dishes done, Dad would say, "Go down in the cellar and get a big pan of apples." And we would.

Dad tried to make peanut brittle for us. To this day I can taste that peanut brittle; it went to sugar every time because all it was was caramelized sugar. Then he dumped in peanuts. I remember thinking, why does he waste those peanuts on that burned sugar? I never did like it. I wish he could taste the peanut brittle that I could make for him now.

And he popped the popcorn that we grew. If it didn't pop, he fixed it some way in the oven. We called it parched corn. He covered it with grease and salt, put it in the oven, and stirred it often. We ate this parched corn as a treat for our family home evening with apples.

Every fall we picked apples. We had three great big bins of apples in the cellar. Levi J. Anderson, who lived quite a ways out, asked Mother every year, "Maud, how many bushel of apples do you want this year?"

She always told him, "Twenty."

Now, we couldn't afford to buy twenty bushels, but Levy J. Anderson called Mother when the apples had been picked and would say, "Maud if you'd like to come strip the trees, you can have the apples for 25 cents a bushel. So we'd go out and strip apples off the trees."

Because the apples were the ones that were left, they were always high in the tree. This made them more difficult to pick. We got strong, tall ladders and went out. (I think that is why we are all so tall ? because we stretched so picking those apples!)

I think Levi Anderson delivered the apples right to the house. We carried them to the bins in the cellar. And we had apples from around October until the next April. By April most of the apples were shriveled. We would have to dig around for a good apple.

At Christmas time, while out of school for Christmas vacation, our duty, and one we detested, was to sort the apples, to throw away the rotten ones or the ones starting to turn rotten and put the good ones back in the bin. But we always had apples ? to cook with or eat or whatever we wanted to do with them.

@SUBHEADER = Training

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Dad taught us the true meaning of prayer. He made certain we went to church on Sunday. He didn't always go and Mom didn't always go. It seems like there was a lot of sickness in the home, not bad sickness, but there was a lot of communicable diseases, and it seemed like we were always quarantined with the chicken pox, mumps, or scarlet fever. And so there were many times that Mother wasn't able to go. Usually she attended Sacrament meeting in the evening. At that time some of us stayed with the younger children. Of course we always didn't want to go to Sacrament meeting because it was at night ? from 7:30 to about 9:30 or 10:00 at night.

I'm grateful for my Dad and for the things he taught me, for our good name. People often said, "Oh, you are one of Niels Johnson's daughters?"

I answered, "Yes." I felt proud.

We were never taught to think we were better than everyone else, a little bit above other people, but we felt proud of our family. We felt loved in our home. No one could have loved us any more than what our Mom and Dad did.

When I look back on the work and the hardships that we had, I don't think they were so terrible. It was a learning experience in our lives. That is what we are sent here for, to overcome hardships.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = In our home we always had prayer on the food before every

meal. Mother had dinner at five in the evening for us. We always ate together because with so many children Mother didn't want to serve dinner all night. After dinner we turned our chairs around, knelt down, and had family prayer. If Dad was there, he called on one of us to pray; we all took turns.

We had many good times with Dad in the ward. Every fall the youth program of the church, MIA, had a roundup or a bazaar. I wasn't in the MIA when he was superintendent, but I remember going over to the church for the big dinner. We never went for the dinner, but we went. Dad was in charge of cooking hamburgers and hot dogs. Dad fixed us a hamburger or a hot dog. We were so happy. We'd go away and eat it.

There were many beautiful quilts and pillow cases and everything like that. Mother was active in the Relief Society and did her part while Dad helped in the booths outside.

Dad was a man of great faith. There was plenty of sickness in our home with fourteen children. Dad called in the elders to administer to the sick children.

I learned the testimony of prayer. This is one of my experiences with the power of prayer.

I slept with June. One night she constantly pecked me on my back with her fingers. Like any child, I bawled and called out to Mother. I said, "June keeps slapping me on the back with her fingers; she just pecks, pecks, pecks."

Mother said, "June, you quit doing that." Then she went back to bed.

The minute Mother turned out the lights, June started again. I got upset. Mother got up again and found June glassy-eyed. Mother knew she was sick, but she didn't know what was the matter with her.

It was early in the morning when she called the doctor. He came right away and diagnosed June as having spinal meningitis.

At the same time Reed was in the other bedroom with pneumonia. The Doctor (who was a Latter-day Saint) looked at Reed. He said to my Mother, "This boy is going to die unless someone greater than I am can save him."

He called a hospital in Logan to get some serum to give June for the spinal meningitis. At the time there was an epidemic in Hyrum. Around five children had it. Because of the epidemic there was no serum, so the doctor called a Salt Lake City hospital. The Highway Patrolmen carried the serum from one town to the next. In each town it changed hands. It was around 3:00 P.M. before the serum arrived in Hyrum. The doctor came to the house and changed the fluid in June's backbone. The fluid that came out was cloudy; the serum they replaced it with was clear. The cloudy fluid was a symptom of spinal meningitis.

As I recall, of all the people that had spinal meningitis, June was the only one who rose from her bed without being crippled in any way. There was one that was deaf, another was crippled.

Reed was very ill. Dad said, "I think the Lord needs our boy." Now, Aunt Alice (Mother's sister who lived in Hyrum) had a baby who contracted pneumonia. That night, in the middle of the night, they sent word for Mother or Dad to come down because Aunt Alice had lost her little boy with pneumonia. The minute they received this news Dad looked at my Mother "I can still see it" and said, "Maud, we're going to keep ours. The Lord needed one of them, and now we're going to keep ours."

From that day Reed began to get better. June got better, and everything was fine.

Dad knew the power of the Priesthood. He used it when it was needed and he knew its healing influence came from our Heavenly Father. He used the Priesthood that he had.

Another time when one of us was ill Mother's brother was home. Dad and Mother's brother didn't see eye-to-eye all the time on everything, but Dad asked if he would administer to the child who was ill. Of course he did.

After he left the house, Dad said to Mother, "Let's get someone else to administer to the child; I don't care for the man, and I don't think the prayer went any higher than the ceiling."

So Mother, being the woman she was, said for him to go ahead and get whomever he chose. The Lord did answer their prayers and blessed us.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Whenever Dad was around and we were getting ready for school or church, he would open the door and tell us, "Even though you're tall girls, stand up straight and be proud of your height."

He told us we were born of royal heritage, which I never did believe.

Years later doing research on our genealogy we found out his great-grandmother was married to a Lord. When his great-grandmother died, the Lord married another woman who did not like her daughter, so the daughter was sent to live with servants. Later she immigrated to America.

He told us that even though we didn't have enough money to own three or four pairs of shoes, we should keep our shoes shined. He maintained the first thing an employer looked for in an applicant's appearance was clean clothes and polished shoes. If an applicant did these two things, he would get a job. He was proud of all of us.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Every fall we went to the canyon to pick chokecherries. Mother fixed our picnic lunch.

I only remember once sleeping overnight with Mother and Dad. The night we slept out, we went by the Power Plant and stayed overnight. Mother said she didn't like to go because she had to take all of her bedding. The bedding would get in the dirt and have to be cleaned. This was an enormous job.

We picked tubs of chokecherries. We filled the wagon until there was only room for the children.

When we got home Mother made chokecherry jelly. We had this jelly on hotcakes much of the time. We liked it a lot. To eat a chokecherries raw was terrible, but when put in a jelly, it is delicious.

When Dad herded sheep sometimes we went to the mountains for a Sunday afternoon or maybe some Saturday.

Dave Thompson, Violet's husband, took us to see Dad in the mountains. Dad always fixed us a delicious dinner of hot biscuits and meat, perhaps a lamb roast. I remember how good it was. And he fixed potatoes and vegetables. Usually he had a little candy tucked somewhere.

These were joyful days with Dad.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = One day when we were visiting him in the canyon I asked him where he got his water. He looked up at the few clouds lingering around the side of the mountain. He said to me, "Come, I'll show you."

He took me off to one side and said, "Do you see those clouds up there?"

I replied, "Yes."

He said, "Well, Daddy goes up there and pokes his finger in a cloud. When the rain comes down through the cloud I fill the bucket and then bring it back."

For years and years I believed him. But now I know he got that cool spring water from the little spring that was a little way up the hill.

Dad never forgot the Lord, not even when he herded sheep. When he left home, he asked Mother, "Do you have my book in my bag?"

He used a flour sack to carry his things in; we didn't have a suitcase. He carried with him *The Bible*, *The Book of Mormon*, and *Essentials of Church History*. He could recite from these books. He studied and studied. He believed

in the Lord, and he knew what was right. His good points were far greater than the few failings he had.

I never did hear Mom and Dad quarrel. They must have had disagreements in their life, but I never heard them argue in front of me. It was a great thing that they settled their differences elsewhere.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = In the summer we looked forward to the time when the Ringley Brothers Circus came to Logan. We never could afford to go into the circus, but we did go to the big parade of all the animals ? elephants, monkeys, etc. ? and clowns. There was something for both adults and children at the circus.

Dad put us on the streetcar that went from what we called the Bamburger in Hyrum to Logan. Mother stayed home to care for the children too small to go.

After the parade we got to see the elephants and monkeys do tricks in their cages. Then we went to the circus grounds and looked at the animals where they were kept in the back. Many people did this.

Dad bought us an ice cream cone or some little treat. Then in the evening we went back to Hyrum.

Decoration Day was a special time. We didn't go to work on this day. We got up in the morning and picked tubs of lilacs. Then we made bouquets out of them. We went over to the cemetery and decorated the graves.

Al Gaier, a candy shop owner, brought his car with big padded containers of ice cream. Maybe we had fifteen cents to spend. We could have a candy bar, an ice cream, and maybe something else. This made Memorial Day special for us.

One of the highlights was a meeting at eleven o'clock. We sat in the grandstands and listened to the speakers. I don't think I heard much of what the speakers said, but these were good times.

@SUBHEADER = My School Ring

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Dad gave me the \$11.75 for my school ring. He said, "This is your gift from your Daddy for your school ring, and I am so proud." When I was a senior in high school I didn't know if I was going to finish school or not, but Dad gave me the money and I was able to purchase the school ring like all the other students.

I loved this ring and wore it every day of my life until one day I got on the combine. I was helping a man combine. David wasn't home and I didn't know if he was coming or not. So it was left up to me to help on the combine and stack the sacks of grain as they came off the combine. Someone came along later, picked them up with a wagon and team or in a truck, whatever we had. That night when I washed my hands I discovered my ring was gone. It had worn thin and popped off some place along the way. The ring had a lot of sentimental value because this was the last thing my father gave me before I left home to get married. It had more sentimental value than I realized. I often wish that I had that ring. As it happened, it was the last thing my father gave me before he passed away. It would have meant much to me to have it and show my children and tell them about it.

I was always proud to be Niels Johnson's daughter. I didn't feel inferior in any way. We could be trusted and knew how to work hard. We were honest in our dealings. These things are worth more than anything I can think of.

@SUBHEADER = Getting Married

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = We were sad when Dad went to herd sheep because he missed out on many things we older children did as we got older. We missed having him around. But it was always a joy when he came home from herding sheep. Perhaps he would come home and spend a week or two. Then he would go back.

When I got older, I was going with David Lundberg. Dad said to me,

?You'll let me know when you are going to get married; won't you??

I said, ?Oh, yes, Papa, I will.?

David wrote to me that he was coming up to get married. We had planned on getting married a few times, but when his job fell through we didn't get married.

This time before he came to visit, he bought sixty acres of ground that I now live on. He told me he had purchased the land and was coming to get me. The date to get married was set for the 12th or 13th of April.

I wrote back to him and said that he could come see me but I wasn't going to get married because it had been too long.

David came about the 11th or 12th of April and he talked me into marrying him, which I did on the 14th of April. We got our license the day before.

I forgot the promise that I made to Dad about letting him know when I was going to get married. I never did go to the mountains and tell him I was going to get married. To this day I feel guilty about this.

The next time I saw Dad he put his arms around me and tears came to his eyes. ?Honey, you didn't let your Daddy know.?

I felt I had let Dad down, and I feel badly about it now, but there is nothing I can do because it's too late, but not forgotten.

After being married for sometime, I went home to visit the folks. My two front teeth on the bottom had begun to turn color. Dad looked at them and said, ?My land, what have you done to your mouth? Have you got hurt or something??

I didn't know what he was talking about until he told me that my teeth had grown crooked. ?You had such beautiful teeth. What's happened to them??

I hadn't noticed that they had gradually gone that way. He said, ?Now that isn't any way for one of my daughters to look. I want you to have those fixed because they just look terrible when you smile.? I never did because I never went to the dentist.

@SUBHEADER = Mother

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = My Mother was one of the choicest mothers anyone could ever have. In my patriarchal blessing I was told: ?Beatrice Mildred Lundberg, the Lord has given you one of the greatest blessings that He ever gives unto one of His children, and you were born of goodly parents.?

I was born of goodly parents and am grateful for my heritage. My parents taught me many principles that have helped me in teaching my children so that we might return and live with our Heavenly Father. My Mother, how she was loved; and my Dad, how he was loved.

@SUBHEADER = First Memories

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = The first thing I remember about my Mother is seeing her put up our lunches. In the summertime and wintertime the table was always loaded with slices of bread and butter ready for sandwich making. We always had nice lunches ? sandwiches made from some kind of meat, usually deviled ham, bologna, or leftover pork or beef. If we wanted another sandwich, we could have jam, cheese, or something like that. I never did like jam sandwiches so I never took any of them. Then Mother usually sent some cookies or something special.

She was a wonderful cook. I used to wonder how she cooked all those big meals for us, but as I got older I saw she had it well planned. I'm sure before Mother went to bed she had the next day's work planned.

There was never a time when we got up that Mother didn't say, ?Today you can have eggs or you can have a bowl of cereal for breakfast, or if we were too full after supper to eat our bread or rice pudding, we could have it for

breakfast the next day if we wanted. We enjoyed that.

Mother believed in three square meals a day. We weren't allowed to piece during the day ? grabbing a little piece now and a little piece then.

Often we asked Mother, ?Can we have a sandwich for supper tonight??

She replied, ?No.?

We wanted to know why not.

She told us, ?Because I want to fill you up the first time. When you have sandwiches, an hour later you're hungry and you come back for a sandwich all night long. I want you to eat your meals and get through with them.?

If we wanted a treat at night, though, that was all right.

We had very simple meals, usually potatoes and gravy, some meat, vegetables, and fruit. We had all the fruit or bread and jam we wanted. We had our own cow and churned the cream into butter by pouring the cream into a two-quart bottle and then pounding the bottle on our laps, so we always had butter except when the cow was dry. I guess we went without or had to buy it, but I don't remember ever buying butter. And I don't remember being without butter very often.

Sometimes we put lard and butter on bread and added salt and pepper. Then we ate it. As I think of it now, I don't know how we ate it, but nevertheless Mother let us do it.

Even though we were poor, I never remember going hungry during the depression. We always had food to eat and clothes to wear.

Once I asked Mother if I could put some vanilla in a chocolate cake, and she said ?No, my girl, the chocolate is enough to flavor it. We don't need to waste the vanilla by putting a teaspoon of vanilla in it.?

I wondered if I'd ever be that way. So far if I've wanted to use vanilla I've been able to, but I'm sure that I have had more in my lifetime than Mother ever had.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Mother told us stories about when she was a little girl. Her parents couldn't afford shoes for Sunday school and shoes for everyday so the children only had one pair of shoes. When one pair of shoes wore out, then they tried to get another pair. And so they went barefoot a lot, especially in the summer. In the wintertime when they went out to skate, which was one of their main recreational activities, she couldn't wear her shoes because they would wear out too quickly. Mother wrapped gunnysacks around her feet so she could skate, and then ran down to the canal close to their place.

Mother was the eldest of eleven children. She took care of the younger children because Grandpa didn't make enough money to support the family. Grandma went to work for the Bandles at the mills. Mother carried the babies to Grandma during the noon hour or maybe once through the day to be nursed. Mother cared for the children all the time.

Mother was taught how to cook and sew and keep house.

When the Bandles Mill left Highland, Grandmother got a job as janitor in the bank in Hyrum. Grandma was as honest as the day is long; she never cheated anybody, she never stole a penny from anybody. Mother was the same way. Mother always gave generously of whatever she had.

@SUBHEADER = Indians, Tramps, and Gypsies

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Indians knocked on our door every once in a while ? and Mother was a little frightened of them. Mother gave us instructions what to do if an Indian knocked on the door when she wasn't there. ?Now, if an Indian comes and I am out any place, just give them whatever they want. If you can't understand them, give them a bottle of fruit and jam and loaf of bread and let them go on their way.?

Quite a few tramps came by our house. Mother gave them handouts, and

then they went on their way.

When the gypsies came, though, she didn't like it. They roamed the streets of Hyrum. She was frightened of them. I never remember the gypsies coming to our place, but I do remember Indians and some men who came asking for food. Mother was most generous with these people.

@SUBHEADER = A Caring Mother

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = We never wanted for the necessities of life. We had food to eat, a roof over our heads, and coal to burn.

Most of the money Dad earned, he sent to Mother. She provided for the children. She never squandered the money. She made sure we had coal and flour. The flour was kept in the ?middle? girls' bedroom. And there was always plenty in the cellar for us to eat. The only bills we had to pay were the electric bill, the water bill, and property taxes. I never felt I was deprived of anything.

When one of the children got hurt, either physically or emotionally, Mother put her arms around her neck and said, ?My girl, I wish I could take all the hurt from you, but there's no way I can.?

When we were sick, Mother was at our side at a beckon or call. She worried about us, stayed up at night with us, and let us sleep on her arm when we needed comfort. She was everything a mother should be. She supported us in whatever we did.

Even though she had many heartaches, she never told anyone about them; She kept them to herself. If she talked to someone, I don't know who it was.

We knew that she cared for us, and we knew we had many lessons to learn.

I look back at it now and I think what a giant of a woman she was to want to take our hurt from us, because there are things in life that hurt, and things that make you feel bad, things that each one of us have to face that no one else can face for us. But we can give encouragement, which Mother always did.

I never saw Mother lie in bed late in the morning. Not once. She wasn't a lazy person at all. Most of the time when we got up, Mother was putting up lunches, doing the wash, or outside doing work that needed to be done.

In the fall there was always a breeze coming from the east. Many times Mother would be harvesting the beans when we got up. She threw the beans up in the air and the wind blew the chaff away.

We had every kind of bean. The beans and corn were kept in the boys' room. She built a little closet in the boys' room where she hung the beans and the corn and the other things she dried.

It was rare when she sat down. Sometimes when we got through eating she would say, ?I just need a little nap, a five-minute nap.?

We replied, ?Mother, why don't you do lie down??

?Oh, I just need a five-minute nap.?

Then she lay her head on the table and dropped off to sleep for five or ten minutes. She would be refreshed and ready to work again.

She didn't stay up late. She liked to retire around ten. We would ask her if we could stay up a little longer. She would reply, ?You can stay up until half-past ten or eleven.? But she wouldn't let us stay up later than that.

When we got older and had studies, she told us, ?You can't stay up late because it takes too much coal to keep the house warm.?

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Mother always made quilts for our beds and all our clothes. I think I was a senior in high school before I bought my first coat. She sewed our pants, our bloomers (as we called them), our bras, and slips. These were made from flour sacks. And, of course, she made all our dresses. We had a new

dress every Easter and every Christmas. When we graduated from Seminary or had some big affair in church, we always got a new dress.

Mother never bought a pattern. We got the Montgomery catalog or a clothes catalog and we could choose the dress we wanted. Mother made it.

When I graduated from the religion class in the 8th grade, I asked Mother for a new dress. She made me a red silk dress that was lined with light tan material. The front was like a vest. I will never forget how proud I was of that new dress. I was never ashamed of what she made me because she did such a lovely job.

Mother was always well groomed. She combed her hair first thing in the morning. Sometimes her dress was patched, but it was always clean. She always wore hose and shoes.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Because Dad was gone all the time, she did the irrigation. She went to the canal and turned the water down to the garden. Then she sent the water down a row. We stood at the end of the garden and told her when the water was to the end of the row. Then she changed the water to another row. This way we wouldn't waste any water.

We took the water at twelve Midnight because we got six hours of water instead of four hours. One night she asked me if I'd go with her to set the water. I told her I would go with her.

When we got to the garden she said, "Now, you sit here and I'll walk down to the bottom end and see if the water is through. I'll call and tell you when it is through."

Well, before she got very far I had gone to sleep. I toppled over in the ditch. I was wet and cold and she had to take me home. I wasn't much help to her then.

When we got old enough to pick beans, Mother got up and woke us, fixed our lunches, and saw us off. When we got older and worked in the berry patch, she would usually lie in bed a little bit longer. We could get up on our own. We started eating cornflakes. This was the first time in our lives we ate cold cereal. It was unheard of. Mother told us she couldn't afford it for us. But in the summertime we had cornflakes with the berries we picked.

Sometimes we picked berries on shares. We got half of what we picked. When we brought home these berries, Mother canned them immediately. It seems we did this all summer. The strawberries came on first. After the first berries came on, we never opened any canned fruit. We had fresh fruit in its season. We had strawberries for breakfast, dinner, and supper; then we had raspberries for breakfast, dinner, and supper; then, applesauce, apple jelly or jam, or perhaps stewed apples. We had apple, strawberry, or raspberry jam. We never opened any of the canned fruit until the autumn.

Because we didn't have a refrigerator, we used the "cooler cupboard" in the pantry. A little breeze blew in from the mountains and cooled the milk. We skimmed the cream and churned the butter. And we always had plenty of bread. Sometimes we had bread and milk for supper.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Mom and Dad raised a pig or two every year for our meat. In the early fall they would kill the pig. The pork was stored in a barrel of salt water in the boys' room.

I remember them putting the cooked jowls, bacon (the thin part of the bacon that was too small to cut up), the hams, back, and shoulders "the whole bit" in this barrel. After it was cooked, she would grind all this meat together and add spices. We called this "finkers." All the other pieces were put in the salt water.

When we wanted a piece of meat, she took it out of the salt water. The meat would be frozen on top, it was that cold. She sliced the ham and cut the

meat off the bone. We used the bone to cook with a big pot of white beans. She parbroiled the meat and then fried it. I don't think I've ever tasted any better meat when I was a girl.

We seldom had bacon for breakfast. The slices of bacon were very thick and many times the bacon was our meat for supper with our potatoes and vegetables.

Mother knew how to be conservative and she knew how to live the Law of the Lord by eating meat sparingly. Mother taught us to eat foods that were good for us.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = I'm sure not one of us realized what mother really taught us as life went on. We got home from school about four o'clock. She had one of us peel potatoes, another one sliced meat, another one set the table. She helped us with the gravy. We thought she'd do these few things and we were cooking supper. After she tasted the gravy and got it ready, we sat down about five o'clock to eat.

One day Lorraine helped a neighbor can fruit. When she got home, she said, "I'm so tired. We canned twenty-four quarts of fruit." Mother and I had canned over a hundred bottles of fruit that day.

In our cellar we had shelves and shelves of fruit and crocks of jam and preserves. They were there when we wanted them.

@SUBHEADER = A Woman of Service

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = On Saturday we got ready for the Sabbath. We got our clothes ready, ironed our clothes, curled our hair, and shined our shoes.

Because there were so many of us, Mother didn't always make it to church. She cooked for us. We had a roast, mashed potatoes with gravy, and vegetables. Once in a while she made a pie or cake, but not too often.

Mother's brothers and sisters often came to visit on Sundays. There would be four or five cars parked in front of our house. Sometimes they stayed for dinner, but usually they only visited for the afternoon. It was a delight to see them. Mother made them welcome, as she did no matter who came into her home.

Many times Grandma and Grandpa came up with the horse and a buggy with a top. It was a one-horse buggy with two seats. Sometimes on a Sunday Grandpa took us to visit Aunt Ethel's place, which was eight miles over and eight miles back. We arrived in the morning and had a nice dinner with Aunt Ethel. Then we visited and played with our cousins - mostly boys. I think there were only two girls. This is where I learned to ride my first bicycle.

Later I took a vacation to California. It was one of my most joyous vacations. Mother, Violet and Dave and their girls, Myrtle, and I went to California to see Edith. Dave drove us. There were trees all along the sidewalk, and it was very beautiful.

Dave Thompson would do anything for Mother. The first mention of going anyplace on a Sunday afternoon, he'd say, "Should we go get your Mother?"

Mother was loved by everyone who knew her. I never heard her speak guile of anyone. Sometimes when we made fun of one of the neighbors, she'd say, "That's all right, she's a good neighbor, and you don't need to say those things."

One day a neighbor asked Mother if one of her girls could help her because she was having a big party that night and was behind. Mother said, "Yes, Beatrice is here. She can come and help you."

So I helped her. I mopped the kitchen and the staircase. I dusted and helped with other cleaning. Finally we were done. The lady said, "Well, thanks a million. I think that's all I need you for now."

I stood there, I guess, and she handed me fifteen cents. I was furious.

When I got home, I said to Mother, "Look at this. She only gave me fifteen cents for working for her all afternoon."

Mother looked at me and replied, "Well, my dear, you didn't need to take any money. After all, she needed you, and you just didn't need to take any money from her. It was nice just to be able to help her."

I have thought of that many a time. It is nice to help, but then, as a girl, I thought that was the most pitiful thing that had ever happened to me because the lady didn't pay me more. Now I see the wisdom in what Mother was trying to teach me.

Mother never held any great auxiliary positions in the church, but she was a Relief Society teacher and a faithful Relief Society member. She visited other members. It was hard for her to go to church with a big family, especially because she always had so many little ones. She always made it possible and taught us that we were supposed to go and do the things that our Heavenly Father expected of us.

Our neighbors respected her and loved her, and they visited her often. Many times they asked her advice when they got downhearted. Sister Anderson, who lived on the corner, came to visit Mother quite often through the day.

Whenever we butchered, she sent a piece of meat to the neighbor. I don't remember the neighbors sending any back, but she and Dad were always willing to help someone else in need. No matter what it was, if they could, with their own labor and their own time, do it, they would. They always had time for people.

Mother always went to Relief Society. She loved this organization and the things she learned there. When the older ones got old enough to tend the smaller ones, she would ask, "Who would like to come home at 1:30 and tend the kids so I can go to Relief Society?" I always liked to do this. I don't remember the classes I got out of, and I don't know why I did because I loved school, but I liked going home and tending the little ones. She was gone from a few minutes to two until about five.

When she went to Relief Society, she had supper on the table or on the stove before she left. It was usually a big pot of soup or a big pot of dry beans, chili, or something of this nature. But I never remember us ever eating spaghetti or much macaroni.

We had family prayer, and Mother reminded us to have our own prayer. Many times in her life she turned to her Heavenly Father for help, and I know He was always there to assist her, for things went well.

She and Dad taught us how to pay tithing on all the money we made. We always paid the bishop the ten percent. This taught us early in life to do these things.

One time she needed to buy a pair of shoes for one of the children. She didn't have enough money to buy the shoes and pay her tithing. She paid her tithing, and it wasn't long until somebody came along and paid her money they owed her. Then she was able to get the shoes. Incidents like this helped me realize tithing is a blessing and we do receive great blessings from it.

There never was a time that Mother didn't have money hid away when one of us needed a nickle, dime, or quarter. I don't know where she always got the money, but she always had a little extra stashed away.

She took care of Albert's money for him. He'd come in and say, Mom, I need this much. If he put down half a hand that meant that he needed \$5. If he put up his whole hand, he needed \$10. He loved Mother, as we all do. She was good to each one of us.

She was a great woman to work in the women's relief organization of the church, the Relief Society. The leaders asked her, "Maud, could you or one of

your girls help with this, take something to these people.? She always did it.

It was a general belief that when there was a death, someone had to stay up with the body until they were buried. Many, many nights she sat up with the dead. She always did this willingly.

She made us feel it was our duty and our obligation to take church jobs. She looked on them as opportunities one should never turn down because the chance may not present itself again. So when we were asked to do anything in the ward ? and we were all asked to participate and help ? we did.

Before I got married I was the Sunday School secretary. Often I helped teach classes. I appreciate having these opportunities. Mother taught us we had a responsibility to go to our stake and ward meetings. And we were always encouraged to go to the MIA. It was our goal to attend 100 percent of our meeting.

One time I was asked to act in a church play. This is when I was in the Gleaner class, when I was older. I didn't think I could, but Mother said, ?Of course you can.? And she made me feel like I could do anything I wanted if I put my heart in it. This made life easier for me.

Mother was interested in our school studies. She didn't graduate from eighth grade ? I don't know how far she went ? but she wasn't a fluent reader. She loved to have someone read to her. Many nights she sat at her sewing machine in the corner and sewed until ten or eleven at night. She loved to have one of us read to her while she sewed. I remember reading her *The Book of the Rosary*. How she loved it.

She loved the finer things of life; she didn't have much, but she got along the best she could.

Later in life we bought a phonograph. I loved listening to records. On day I put on a record while doing housework. The piece as called Humoresque. It was a slow tune. Now, we were in a hurry to go someplace, but I had to get the floor mopped before we left. I was moving slowly, keeping pace with the tune. Mother yelled, ?Beatrice!? I was so frightened I jumped out of my wits. She said, ?If we're going to go you've got to mop faster than that.? But she did appreciate good music.

Mother liked good candy. If we bought her a Hershey bar she would say, ?That's the poorest candy anybody can buy.? She liked good chocolate.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Later in Mother's life, when there were eight children left at home, Mother took the bus to Logan to do temple work. She left after we left for school. She would be home about three or four in the afternoon. She did this many times. She was a dedicated temple worker.

I remember hearing how bad her attacks of gall stones were. She was given a blessing in the temple. They told her if she remained faithful, as she was, and did the things the Lord asked her to do, she would be healed. From that time on Mother never had an attack of gall stones. I remember her telling us about this.

All fourteen of her children were born in the same home. The doctors always came and took care of her. Grandmother cared for her after every birth. She didn't die until my baby was five weeks old. She made Mother stay in bed until the baby was two weeks old ? fourteen days. Then Mother could get up. All this time Mother would only be able to sit in a chair while the bed was made. Other than that she had to lie in bed.

When I had twins, she cared for me. She sent Myrtle out to stay with me. I had to stay in bed for fourteen days. I couldn't believe it because on the third day I was ready to get out of bed.

Mother, up to the time of her death, had excellent health. She kept herself trim and neat looking and she didn't have any problems. We didn't have

many doctor's bills. If one of us was ill, she had a home remedy. Seldom did we see a doctor unless someone had an appendix removed or to get eye glasses. @FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Mother was a follower of Christ. She was without guile. She was always doing good for other people; she always helped her family and her neighbors. If anybody needed anything, they called for Maud.

Aunt Alice sent her children to have Mother cut their hair. Mother cut our hair, including Dad's and the boys'. She seemed to cut it the way we wanted it. Mother would get upset when Aunt Alice sent her boys on a Sunday for their haircuts. One day she told them, "If you don't come up on a Saturday, I won't cut your hair any more."

The next time they came on a Sunday, she sent them home, telling them to come the next Saturday.

If Aunt Ethel was sick, Mother visited her when she went to Logan. When Violet lost her husband, Mother caught the Bamburger and spent the day. She came home at six o'clock that night.

She was a joy to each one of her girls when we got married. She supported us in whatever we were trying to do. "By their fruits you shall know them." All Mother's daughters are active in the Mormon Church and have been married in the temple. One son is a bishop. She and Dad taught us well. As they say, "Train a child when he is young and when he is old he will not depart therefrom."

We all make mistakes. We are sent here to prove ourselves, to see our mistakes, and to benefit from them. Mother's family has truly done this.

@SUBHEADER = Duly Punished

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = I never remember being spanked by my Dad, but I remember being spanked twice by my Mother. Every morning I would lose my coat. I would come in the house and throw down my coat. You can imagine with fourteen kids it was difficult keeping the house clean. We only had four rooms. I could never find my coat when it came time to leave. Many times Mother told me, "Beatrice, if you don't hang up your coat, I'm going to spank you." She said, "There's a place in the hall for you to put your coat, and you never do."

To find the coat we had to go through everything - the beds and everything. She warned me and warned me. One morning when I came out bawling, "Mother, I can't find my coat." she spanked me. It hurt my feelings more than it hurt my bottom.

The next time I lost my coat, and everyone was looking for it, I stood looking in the mirror that was across from the table, the big round table that we had in the kitchen, and here I could see myself in the looking glass. I stood there making all kinds of horrible faces in the glass of me bawling. I pulled my face this way and that way, and I guess Mother happened to see me, and she had found my coat. So I really got a spanking that time. And I went to school crying. But I never left my coat down after that, as I remember.

One other time she spanked me. She called me and called me and I didn't answer her. Dad has sent me down to Pete Pumps to get putty to put in a window. When I got the putty back to Dad, Mother came out and said, "Young lady, the next time I call you, you answer me." And she spat me.

And I bawled, and then Dad said, "Well, I told her to go down to Pete Pumps for me and there is where she was."

Mother apologized. But I took the best of the advantage, I stood and sobbed and cried, and I was going to show Mother that she had no right to spank me.

But Mother and Dad were not people to beat their kids. When Mother spoke, though, we paid attention. We knew she meant business. When she asked us to do something, she didn't have to ask a dozen times. We did what we were

asked right then.

@SUBHEADER = A Source of Strength

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = On parents' day in high school, Mother went to school. I watched for her. It thrilled me stiff for Mother to come to school. She always looked nice. I was proud to have my Mother come to school so I could show her off and say, "This is my Mother." I still feel the heart throbs like my heart was coming up into my throat when I saw Mother coming across the last two or three miles. There were no homes on the way to high school. She came down the hill. I know she was proud of all of her girls.

She washed early in the morning. On wash day she got up and had the clothes through one water before we ever made it to school. All the clothes were piled on the table she boiled all the white clothes. She had us punch these clothes while they were boiling before we left for school. She was the first lady in the neighborhood to get her washing out on the line. She always said, "Well, I'm not going to have Merilee Rose or Anna May Larsen beat me with the clothes on the line." So Mother was the first one with clothes on the line.

I'm not saying she was the first one to get through washing, because I'm sure she had a bigger family than any of them. We were lucky if she would be done washing by the four in the afternoon. Many a time she scrubbed the floor when we got home. Sometimes she asked one of us to scrub the floor, but not often.

Every Saturday we scrubbed the wooden chairs, the woodwork, and the oil cloth that went up halfway on the kitchen walls. We cleaned the house for Sunday. The chairs were bare wood we scrubbed them with lye water they were white. When new, the oil cloth had a design on it, but it soon faded with the many scrubblings we gave it. I wondered why we always had to do this, but since I've had my own family I sympathize with her. Fingermarks must have been everywhere.

In the winter the kitchen was the main room where we stayed. During the week we couldn't build a fire in the living room because it took too much coal, so most of the time we were in the kitchen playing or working at the large table in the center of the room.

In the Spring and Summer, Mother kept a nice yard. She had flowers and a beautiful garden. We had a neighbor named Alvin Allen who hired one of us to sit on his horse to make it go through his rows. I know that horse knew more than we ever did, but we sat on the horse for him. Then he cultivated Mother's garden. We hoed out the weeds between these cultivations. And Mother helped with the hoeing.

Mother also picked many berries. When we got older and picked berries for other people, Mother picked her own. If she needed help, she asked us if we would help her.

@SUBHEADER = Holidays

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = In our home we were taught not to fight, quarrel, or argue. If we were playing games and there were words or anyone quarreled or fought, accusing someone of cheating or somebody doing this and that, Mother would say, "If you can't play decent, don't play at all." And we had to put the game away. So we learned quickly we hadn't better fight and quarrel. We loved to play, so we worked out our differences.

Christmas time was most enjoyable. With so many children, it was difficult. I always got a new doll and sometimes I got a buggy and a set of dishes. As we grew older we got something like a watch, a ring, or clothes?

usually things we could use.

The highlight of our Christmas to me, when I look back on it now, was the big dinner on Christmas eve Mother prepared. It was always chicken and maybe a big pot roast with all the trimmings. We had any kind of pie. It was much the same at Thanksgiving. We always had mounds and mounds of pies and big dinners.

After our Christmas dinner, we gathered in the living room and sat around our tree. We couldn't afford electric candles, so we had candles. We wanted to light them. Sometimes we could light them for a few seconds, but not for long because she was afraid the tree would go up in smoke.

We sang songs, played games, and then passed out gifts. We exchanged gifts from one to the other. When a gift cost too much for one, two of us went in together for the gift. Then we all went to bed early so Santa Claus would be sure to stop at our house.

I think I was in the eighth or ninth grade when I happened to stay up one night. The others had gone to a dance or something after the party at home. Dad said, "Beatrice, would you like to help Santa Claus fill his socks tonight?"

Well, I felt so thrilled I didn't know what to do. I thought sure Santa Claus would come in that door any minute. And then I found out who Santa Claus really was. And I got to help. I was a little disappointed, but yet the joy of being able to help was something that I'll never forget, the joy of that night that I got to help Santa Claus fill the socks of my other brothers and sisters.

Every year we got Parchassi and an Old Maid card deck. We got most of the games we wanted. We played a lot during the holidays. We had many friends, but we didn't need our friends on occasions like this because we were sufficient unto ourselves there were so many of us.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = When we were younger, we pulled the wagon out to Anderson's pond. It seemed to be eight miles, but I am sure it wasn't more than a mile. We would have a weiner roast. We pulled the little kids in the wagon. After we had our fun, we turned around and came back.

There was a lot of kids to be taken for a pull, but Mother thought these things were important. We were in 4-H clubs. Besides the outdoor activities, we learned to cook and sew. She let us do these things and insisted that we did when we were able to get time off from our farm work - picking berries or whatever.

Each of us had her own friends as she was growing up. I invited my friends home. Mother fixed something for us to eat. Many times she fixed waffles. We had a waffle iron. No one else in the community had one, I guess.

It is an interesting story how we got the waffle iron. Pearl and Violet went to the fair in Logan. As they walked around, a man said to them, "Put your quarter down, and you might get your choice of these gifts."

So they put a quarter down and won the waffle iron. Until I left home I remember we were able to have waffles. Because other people weren't able to have waffles, many times I had a girl friend over for a waffle supper. We had apricot marmalade and whipped cream on top of it. Those girls ate and ate and ate until I was almost ashamed for them.

So Mother did things for us like this that we might have a happy life with our friends as well as with our family.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Mother knew how to fix anything that was broken. She could see how it worked. If some little thing needed to be built or something done, Mother was able to do it.

We needed a porch built on our house so she had someplace to wash in the

summertime. She got some boards and built the porch.

I mentioned the storage area she build in the the boys' room. When three boys were gone, she hung things in the one boy's room. She did the same in our girls' room. She was always building and fixing some little thing where we could keep our clothes or things.

She did the wiring and things like that so we didn't have to go to the store. Mother knew how to repair.

She had a way of knowing what to do in times of emergency. Much of the time she was alone with the children. I'm sure it wasn't easy for her, but she seemed to know exactly what to do.

If she was disappointed, and I'm sure she was many times in her life, she never let us know about it. She did the things she was supposed to do. Each one of us went back to her for counsel or advice. She would give it to us. It was important for us to know she was always behind us 100 percent. If we did something that wasn't right, or if we did something wrong, she would still be with us. She would counsel or give us advice if we asked her help. She was a Mother of one in a million. I don't think anyone had a Mother any better than what she was to her family.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = There was one place in town where we bought material for clothes. The lady who ran the store was Maud Linquist in Hyrum. When Mother entered the store, she'd say, "Now, Maud, I've got to have something, but not too expensive."

When Mother said this, Maud Linquist knocked off quite a few dollars if Mother really wanted to buy it.

The same thing happened when she went to Logan. She always traded at the Jessup Jesse Shoe Store. When she went in to buy shoes, he always gave her a good deal. She shopped where people knew her.

The only time I remember Mother and Dad owing anything was when they borrowed \$60 from the bank. I don't even remember what it was for, but I remember they wanted to pay off this note for \$60. Because we worked in the bean fields and helped earn the money, they asked us if it was all right to take \$60 to pay off the note. Of course we told them yes, and they paid it off.

When the depression came, we had no bills at all. This was commendable for a family of fourteen. All we had to pay was the light bill, the water bill, and the property taxes. My parents were thrifty, hard-working people who were taught the ways of the Lord.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = In one of Dad's jobs, he traveled a long ways to the bench. By this time there were a few automobiles around the country. We girls were embarrassed to ride in the wagon, so we lay down in the wagon so nobody could see us.

One day as we were going past Grandma's place, which was about a mile in the country from where we lived, we were all lying down. Our lunch buckets were lined up behind the backboard. Dad was in the seat driving the horse.

Usually when the horse deficated, Dad put his foot on the horse's tail so the manure wouldn't come back on us. But this time Dad didn't see it in time. The horse lifted his tail. The horse had diahrrrea and manure went all over the lunch buckets and all over us.

Dad didn't have time to take us home, so when we got to the bench on the river, we washed ourselves off and cleaned the lunch buckets.

After that we were cautious where we "slept." Dad got quite a chuckle out of it. He had a good sense of humor. And Mother had a sense of humor. She would have to have with the children she had.

@SUBHEADER = A Continued Source of Strength

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = When one of us got married, Mother helped each one of us in her own way. Never once did I go home but what I went away with a batch of what we called the big flat peas or with a sack of corn, dried corn, a sack of chili beans, and a sack of white beans. She seemed to always have plenty of these things for each one of us when we went home.

If Mother didn't think we looked just right when we went to visit her, or if our clothes weren't quite right or weren't what she thought they should be, she would say, "My girl, if you buy a little material I'll be glad to make you some new clothes."

Every time I went home she made me new clothes. Before she passed away she made me a beautiful blue corduroy jumper and a white blouse. When I got home, David said that was the prettiest outfit I had ever had in my life.

Mother loved David, my husband. David thought the world of her. When she came to visit, there wasn't anything that he wouldn't do for her because he loved her. She was a woman who was easy to love and most people loved her.
@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = I remember when Dad died she stood by the heater in the living room with tears in her eyes and tears running down her cheeks. She said, "No one will know how I loved that man."

I know she must have loved him through all the toil and the strife they went through. Life wasn't easy for her; it was hard, but she never complained about how tired she must have been or how much she had to do. She never was too tired to sit up at night and make a new dress. She was never too tired to help someone.

@SUBHEADER = Final Comment

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = My heart is full when I think about my Mother. She was one of the greatest blessings the Lord gave to us. There isn't a night when I kneel to say my prayers that I don't thank my Heavenly Father for my Mother and Dad and for the things they taught me. What they did for me was much greater than their faults.

My Dad had a weakness. Because he recognized this, he spent many of his last years herding sheep in the mountains. He seemed to know or had a fear that he would die out in the mountains and not be found. This was exactly what happened to him.

He had characteristics that surpassed his weakness. We all have mountains to surmount, like he did, and I'm sure that if we do it as well as he did and as well as Mother did, we will be rewarded well for it.

@PAGE BREAK =

@TITLE = History of Niels and Maud Johnson

@SUBTITLE = As Related by Myrtle Blanche Winn

@SUBHEADER = Childhood Memories

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = The United States declared war on Germany April 6, 1917. The first men to go in the Armed Services were the young unmarried men; the next, the young married men; then the young married men with one or two children.

Papa had his draft papers filled out and was to be in the next group called for service when the war ended. If he had been called into the Armed Services, it would have meant leaving his wife and seven children at home, for I had just been born on November 4th, 1917. I was the seventh child.

During this time, commodities were rationed. Because we had a growing family, we needed more flour. When Dad told the miller, he put an extra ration of flour in a grain sack used for bran or shorts which was used as pig feed. One could have all the pig feed one wanted. This way we were supplied with a necessary staple.

The year I was born Mama hauled all the hay. We planted hay for our cow on part of our place. She cut the hay with a scythe and then rake it into

piles with the pitchfork. As the hay dried, she turned it so the underside would dry. She hauled all the hay to the barn in her apron. It wasn't often we had to buy hay because we ran out. If we did have to buy hay, we didn't pay much for it.

Mother worked until the older children ? Edith, Pearl, Violet, and Bertha ? were old enough to work in the berry patches, in the beet fields, or in the bean patches. When the children started going to the fields, she spent her time washing and ironing clothes, cooking meals, sewing or patching clothes, or storing food for winter. She was a neat housekeeper and a good cook.

When I was a child, Papa was away much of the time working on the railroad or working in the canyon herding sheep, but I do remember him playing with us. He had an enormous sense of humor and loved to play tricks or joke. He loved to tell us stories and kept us spellbound with his tales.

Papa told us of the time he was in the mountains working very hard. He lost his canteen. He was very thirsty and the heat was unbearable. He thought he would die if he didn't get water. Just as he thought he was taking his last step, a cloud settled above him. He immediately poked his finger into the cloud and water trickled out. He drank to his heart's content, then took a piece of cloud from the outer edge to plug the hole.

His stories were usually about clouds, rain, the hills where he herded sheep, snakes, deer, fish, or other things in nature. Only after we grew older, did we realized many of these stories were tall tales.

He got on the floor and played with us. He put an elastic or a string over the cat's feet. He told us, ?The cat has to have its dancing shoes on.? Then he played his harmonica and told us the cats were dancing.

Another favorite story of his was when he was herding sheep in the Nevada desert. One day his dogs went off chasing a jack rabbit. He called and called to them, but they didn't return, so he finally left them and went back to camp.

In a day or two the camp was moved so the sheep would have more grass for grazing. Early in the spring on his return through that same area, he heard someone calling his dogs. He listened and listened. Finally he realized it was his voice; it was thawing and he was calling his dogs. Sure enough, the dogs came running back to him.

When we asked him where the moon went when it was waning, he said the moon was made of green cheese and that mice ate it. ?That's why it gets smaller,? he told us.

We pointed out to him that it got big again, and he said Heavenly Father put back a new piece of cheese when it was all gone.

Dad told us, ?My daughters, you came from royal blood.? Then he would take us by the hand and show us the purple blood in our veins that proved what he said. I was fifteen or so before I found out that blood is red.

Often he was a horse for us to ride, a tiger or some other animal ready to pounce on us. This made us run.

And Papa could make money appear or disappear out of our sleeves or out of our ears. This fascinated us. Or he would make a dime pass through our head by putting one hand to the right ear and the other hand to the left ear. This made us very excited.

@SUBHEADER = The Hotel Woman

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = When we played outside the house, we called Mama the hotel lady. We played in the corner of the L-shaped area outside the house. We made a playhouse out of bricks and boxes and orange crates and whatever we could find. Mother would call one of us to tend the baby when it woke up. We

told the others, "I have to go now because the hotel woman needs me."

While playing we had all kinds of dishes. If we didn't have enough of Mother's broken dishes to use, we made dishes out of lots of things. We used broken bottles, pieces of things we could find. Sometimes we made a small hole in the ground, put sand in it, flattened it out, and poured water over it. When it got dry, we had a sand dish to use.

We used different things for food. We pulled leaves off trees and used that as our meat. We used box elder flowers for fish.

One thing we really liked to eat were peas in cherries. We made sure no one was looking. Then one of us would climb a cherry tree and get a handful of cherries. Then we went to the garden and picked some peas. We then removed the stones from the cherries and stuffed the pea in the cherry. How we loved this treat!

Mother was not of a cross nature, even with as many kids as she had. She loved us and played with us. But when she called, then we had to go.

@SUBHEADER = Early Memories

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = When I was in elementary school, a boy gave me seven pennies for my birthday. They were in a wooden box. Bea got into my birthday box and then teased me about having a boyfriend. I got mad and called her a "son of a bitch." I had no idea what I was saying.

She told me she was going to tell mother what I had said. I told her I didn't know what it meant. So she explained to me what I had said, and then she went and told Mama what I had said.

Mama looked at me and said, "Thank you, my daughter. I didn't know you thought that of me."

I went in on the bed and cried my eyes out. I cried and cried. I felt so badly about what I had said.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = We had to do manual labor for survival. Papa worked for the railroad, then as a water sexton for Hyrum City, as a common laborer, logging wood, and as a sheep herder. His congenial personality helped him obtain employment. His motto was: "Do a day's work for a day's pay." He taught this to his children.

While Papa worked as sexton for Hyrum City Cemetery, pine trees were planted. We carried water to the little pine trees every day. Now these trees tower into the sky. They help make a beautiful cemetery.

Papa took care of the grounds and dug graves as they were needed. The law did not require the dead to be placed in a vault when buried, and it upset Papa when he found a grave where the earth had given way.

After Papa quit working in the cemetery, Mother cared for the grounds. I remember she always had a patch on her dresses in the stomach area. She wore her dresses out in that spot by pushing the mower.

We always worked in the cemetery. When school let out, all the students who walked by the cemetery crossed the street so they wouldn't walk on the side of the street next to the cemetery. But I wasn't afraid to walk by the cemetery. In fact, we always walked on that side of the street.

@SUBHEADER = The Depression

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = During the depression, it was hard to get work. Papa worked for the City of Hyrum reading water meters and fixing broken pipes. In doing this work, he drove an old Rome horse and buggy. Everytime he met a man on the street, he stopped and talked to him. The horse was soon trained to stop because Papa did this.

When we, his girls, took the horse to the beet fields, every time we passed anybody that horse stopped, and you just could not make that horse go until they passed by.

Dad told us, "Beware of any man that puts or keeps his hands in his pockets. He'll cheat you." Dad stood tall and straight. And his promises were kept.

During the depression we never went without food at all. We had plenty of sugar and had plenty of fruit and everything. My Mother and Dad always made sure we had food and coal. They brought " it seems to me just a little pile of coal " tons of coal and dumped it in our bin. And Dad always brought logs home from the mountains to burn. It seemed our lane was full of logs and wood all the time. He also brought home cedar posts to sell and then he had wood that he brought home for us to burn. Maybe it wasn't so much, but it seemed like a lot to me.

We always had flour. Mother always had a great big bin that she kept her flour in, plus she always kept flour stored in Albert's room. We also had sugar " always hundred pound sacks of sugar.

Our cellar was always full. The cellar was outside but was attached to the house. It was underground. We always had any kind of fruit we wanted.

During the depression the government paid you \$5.00 to kill a cow " to put it in the gulch and shoot it " five or seven dollars. I can remember that. We had two cows. I believe we had a cow that was taken out and shot. We kept one cow all the time. We raised a calf every year off of it. We always had chickens, too, and we always had pigs. We had a weiner pig (or two pigs) and raised it until it was big enough to butcher.

It was during the depression Papa was fired from this job. He left home to herd sheep because he couldn't get any other work. From then on he was gone most of the time. He traveled far to herd sheep and didn't get home very often.

@SUBHEADER = As a Sheep Herder

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Papa took his sons with him, at one time or another, to herd sheep. The boys spent the summer months with him at the sheep camp.

He was a good cook and made tasty food; he insisted on cleanliness. He taught them to care for animals and themselves while in the mountains, how not to panic if they became lost. He gave them survival lessons, how to find a marker or identify where they were by looking at the mountains, by walking downhill or following a stream.

All of his sons were good hunters. It was while the boys were with their father they were taught how to use and care for firearms. It was because of this teaching that Boyd took the highest shooter in his Battalion in the Army Sharp Shooters. He was awarded a medal for this. Reed also qualified the first time he was up as a Sharp Shooter. Out of 200 enlisted men, only about five or six qualified for Marksman the first time up.

They loved to fish and found much joy in being in the mountains, as did Papa.

Sometimes the days were long because there would be days and days of seeing no one. Sometimes Papa or one of the boys waited on a road for a passerby to take a letter to town and mail it for them. Often it was three or four days before someone would come along to post the letter for them.

Papa had many friends who frequently visited him. Papa loved these visits. Sundays were good days to visit. If there were other sheep camps in the area, they would enjoy an afternoon relaxing and visiting with each other.

Mother saved the Church Section of the Deseret News and sent them to Dad. He read these over and over. He often read the scriptures and usually carried *The Bible*, *The Doctrine and Covenants*, or *The Book of Mormon* in his hind pocket to read in his spare time. He wore several books out this way.

@SUBHEADER = Household Duties

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Every year in the spring and in the fall, our house was calcimined, that is, it was painted with a white wash. We added water to this powdery substance.

Every Saturday we washed the oil cloth that went half way up the kitchen walls. Every Saturday we washed our cupboards and scrubbed the chairs ? just like I did my spring cleaning after I got married. We cleaned our house like that every Saturday.

And every Saturday Mama made certain our clothes were ready for Sunday morning. There was no getting up on Sunday morning and having to hunt for something.

Mother had a beautiful wash. We often said, after she died, ?Mama would turn in her grave if she saw our wash.?

When she hung her wash out, it was hung out by color and size. She put the clean laundry on a table. She shook the laundry, separated it by color and size or who it belonged to. Then the laundry was hung on the line in that order. The pinks would be in one section, the blues in another, etc. It was a beautiful sight to see.

@SUBHEADER = A Compassionate Servant

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Mama was a woman of service. She knew the meaning of sorrow and the blessings of love. She had no thought of her own reward, but she was a blessing to her fellowman. She expressed her love in many ways.

She often helped other people who needed their homes cleaned. I remember the time she took some of us to help her clean Wood's house. The woman was senile and was cared for by her husband, who was very old. Their place was so dirty ? they had bedbugs, and the wooden floor was black with filth. They had braided rugs that were on the floor and were almost stuck to the floor.

One day we went to clean their two-room house. We calcimined those rooms. We couldn't afford soap, not even for our own house. So we used lye to clean. After we calcimined the room, then we cleaned the floors with lye. When we got through with the floors, they were almost white. Our hands were all eaten with the lye because we used it in such high concentration. Everything was spotless when we were through.

We took a feather and soaked it in kerosene. With this feather we had to wash the coils on the beds. Then we had to cover the springs and go along the edge of the mattress, on the buttons, underneath the buttons to kill the bedbugs. And we had to go all around the mop boards ? and mop boards were then six inches high.

That day for our lunch we went down to the spring. We took off our clothes and washed. While in the bushes we changed into our clean clothes. Mom brought our lunch. After we finished lunch, we put our dirty clothes back on and went back to finish the house.

When we got back to the house, we found something all over the floor. I imagine it was cottage cheese that Mother had made for her. The lady had spilled this all over the clean wooden floor.

I said, ?Mama, why do you do this??

She said, ?It's compassionate service.?

I thought it was terrible that Mama did all that work, but it was giving of herself. She said that she couldn't get up and teach a lesson in Relief Society, but she could do this work ? which is the greater of the two by far.

I remember another family she cleaned a house for. One of the parents had died, and Mama went up there to clean the house. We stayed up there that night to sit with the dead after the house was clean.

I often went with Mother when she went to sit up with the dead. The dead

were taken home from the mortuaty after they were embalmed. She put two chairs together and placed a quilt on them. This is where I slept. She would crochet and embroider and do all the fancy work while she was sitting up with the dead.

Many times she was asked to sit up with the dead. It was believed that you could not leave a dead person alone without someone to watch them. It was probably superstition that the cats would break in, perhaps break the doors or windows to come in and get the dead.

Often after staying up all night she went home and worked the next day without any sleep at all. Maybe she took a five-minute catnap, but she was always up without going to bed. Many times she was called upon to help dress the dead.

My mother was an excellent cook. She always made our bread, pies, cakes ? pastries and all that. It seems she was always taking bread to someone. No one could make pickles quite as good as she could, and her jam always had that extra good flavor.

Besides being good in the kitchen, she was professional at doing wallpaper. She could start in the middle of her ceiling putting on the wallpaper. Sometimes she bought wallpaper that needed to be matched. The match was perfect. We always had our front room wallpapered. (There were two beds in the front room.) And she wallpapered the kitchen.

The neighbors called her in when they got ready to wallpaper. She always went to help them, especially in putting the wallpaper on the ceiling. She could hang wallpaper as well as anyone trained in the business.

Mama had other talents no one in the community could surpass her in ? quilting, crocheting, and embroidering. She was loved by her neighbors and they sought her counsel and advice. When new babies were born, she was sent for.

Tracy Reynolds ? the neighbor on the west ? had her second pair of twins. The first pair were one-and-a-half years old. The family came down with the dreaded disease influenza. No one dared to go in to help her. When Tracy contracted the disease, Mama put on her mask and went in each morning. She bathed, dressed, and fed the babies until Tracy was able to do the chores herself.

With tears in her eyes, Tracy thanked Mother saying, ?I'll never be able to repay you.?

Mother loved the Lord and tried to keep his commandments. She was a faithful block teacher for many years, being a faithful member of the Relief Society. She rendered a great service to this organization: she helped with the sick, with the needy, the dying, the dead. After she raised her own family, she spent many, many hours in the service of her community, helping anyone who needed it.

Mama, being such a good seamstress, was asked by many people to sew for them. They offered to pay her well. She told them, ?Bring over the material.?

When they arrived, she would say, ?I just don't have the time, but just leave the material and I will help you.? Then she completed the article and return it without accepting any pay.

She learned to be an expert in sewing shortly after she was married. Her mother gave her some material so she could make herself a suit. She didn't have confidence in herself to sew this material, so she asked Mrs. Selby to sew the suit for her. Mrs. Selby was too busy with other sewing she had promised to do, but she told Maud she had seen the doll dresses and hats she had made and anyone who could sew that well could make her own suit.

So with a little help and a few suggestions, Mother sewed her first suit and was proud of the finished product. This talent proved to be a blessing to her family. She sewed all the girls' clothes, including dresses, coats, and underwear.

My sister Beatrice and I were named after Aunt Myrtle and Aunt Beatrice who lived in Ogden. They were Dad's cousins. They always gave us Christmas presents. I can remember one year they gave me a great big boy doll ? it was enormous. They always gave us clothes, plus a toy.

Aunt Beatrice and Aunt Myrtle always dressed in the latest styles. They sent all their old clothes, which weren't worn, to Maud. She remodeled them for us.

Mama had us look in a catalog for the types of clothes we wanted. We could choose anything we wanted: a blouse off one pattern ? perhaps a sleeve off one blouse, the collar off another ? a skirt off another pattern. Mama sat down and cut the pattern out of newspaper and cut out our dresses, blouses, skirts, whatever. These clothes fit us perfectly.

I can remember once she made a most beautiful suit. Boyd said ? and this was after he was married ? ?Where did you get your suit??

And she said, ?Well, I made it.?

He said, ?I'd rather have a beef steak. You can't wear a beef steak on your back and keep you warm!? And he said, ?Well, Mom, you shouldn't be so stylish.?

Nobody could surpass Maud in many things. She made quilts for her girls when they got married. Our beds were covered with beautiful quilts. Any quilt you wanted, she knew how to make. And she made quilts for neighbors, too. People came and asked her to do things, and she did them. She never turned anyone away, no matter what they asked of her.

She was very particular about how she looked. Her hair was always combed. The very first thing she did when she got up was to comb her hair. Her dresses were neat and clean even if they were patched.

Her embroidery work was fantastic. She made beautiful pillow slips. And she would crochet all her children's slips and dresses. She made rolled roses on the clothes she made for her grandchildren. These dresses were beautiful. I saved the dress she made for Lonnie Kay, but it burned down in our house. I can still see those roses. They were crocheted on the neck and the sleeves and the slips. There was a line of rolled roses on the bottom and all the way up the front of the dress. The roses started at the bottom and then went up towards the center.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = During summer Mother picked berries for Alvin Allen and Ole Thompson on shares. By doing this she earned enough to supply our family with the smaller variety of fruit for winter use. Pearl and Edith, the two older girls, were left home to care for the little ones.

At noon the baby was carried over to the berry patch to be nursed, and a bowl of bread and milk was taken for Mother to eat.

Papa hired out to do farm labor because work was scarce. The children went to the beet fields with him to space the beets. The younger children pulled the double beets out, and the older children learned to thin the beets by themselves.

We were taught to do an honest day's work and to do a good job. Papa was very dependable and honest, and he made certain we did good work. He made us do the work over if we didn't do it well. He insisted on honesty and fairness.

Soon we had a good reputation, and we had all the work we could do. We were all respected. We had much fun and many exciting experiences while working in the fields.

Pearl made us get up at two o'clock in the morning so we could be down in the fields first. We got there before daylight so we could hide. This way we got the first rows that the other people had picked or else we could pick our choice of rows. We didn't want to pick the same rows we did before because we picked clean. The other pickers didn't pick so clean, and we could go over their rows and get more berries than by picking our rows again.

Papa never accepted second-rate work. One day Violet was planting beans. Papa was making the furrows and Violet was supposed to measure with a stick how far apart the hill of beans should be planted. She didn't want to do the work, so she planted the beans closer and many together. Soon all the seeds were gone. Papa never said anything to her, but when the row was finished she had to pick up all the beans and replant them properly by using the measuring stick. She wanted to pick up only the "extra" beans, but Papa made her pick them all up and start over again.

We all learned obedience from these kinds of experiences.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = We were never without a job. Mother told us we could babysit for nothing because it was good for us to do something constructive and it was good to help people without getting paid for it. Dad also made us help people. I don't remember anybody coming to help us.

We always had jobs picking vegetables or fruit. When we picked raspberries, we picked by shares. We picked them and got a half or a third of what we picked. Then we took them home and canned them.

We planted and picked beans. Mama brought our lunch to us in the little red wagon. When she got to the bean field, we ate.

After we finished picking beans, we hauled them to the bean cannery to sell. We placed one bag of beans in the bottom of the wagon, three bags across that one, and then one bag on top. One of us pushed and the other pulled. Bea and I worked in the factory, so while we stayed to work at the factory, the others pulled the little red wagon home.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = We got some of our apples from Levi Anderson. We delivered the newspaper to him all year round. The delivery of the newspaper was pay for the apples. We picked the apples, and used them for our winter supply. Every night during the winter months, we got a bowl of apples from the cellar. This kept us in apples from fall until March or April.

During the winter we went down in the cellar and sorted the apples. We took the rotten ones out so the rest wouldn't spoil.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = If anyone complained about the work that we did in the fields ? in the beet fields or picking berries or anything ? Dad made us do it over or he wouldn't let us get paid for it.

I can remember once we had to hoe somebody's beets over because the field was weedy. It was not our fault. We had weeded them. About a month later the man came and said the weeds were thick in there ? that was because he never kept his weeds down in the first place and the weeds kept coming up. We had to go back and weed his place again.

We picked dew berries for Victor Peterson. Dew berries grow very long succers. These need to be pruned every year. The berries grow in clumps under the bushes, so to get to the berries one needs to lift the bushes. We pruned his bushes for him, and in so doing made it easier for us to get to the berries. He said we broke all his vines off the bushes, so we never got paid for that job.

Those two complaints were the only two that I remember.

@SUBHEADER = Nicknames

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = There were many nicknames placed on the people of Hyrum. Pete Anderson was called Pete Pumps because he pumped gas. Papa had his share of nicknames. He was called Niels Cedar Post because he logged and sold poles, also Niels Kill-a-Pig because he butchered so many pigs.

Spring almost always found him with a pen of weinners for sale. One spring after selling all but the runt of his piglets from one of his sows, he put the runt in with another sow whose piglets were younger. A neighbor, Pete Anderson, came by and wanted to buy a pig. Papa took him to the pen and immediately Pete wanted to buy the runt. Papa told him what he'd done, but Pete insisted that was the weinners for him, so Papa sold it to him. The runt never did grow very much was finally sold to another neighbor (Glen Henderson) who butchered it and roasted it whole.

Papa logged poles from Blacksmith Fork for the Utah Power and Light Company, and also for the railroad or neighbors. He used the poles to barter for something we needed. One time he traded Lou Bent Nielsen a ton of mahogany wood for a ton of hay. Brother Nielsen was very disappointed because the ton of wood was much smaller than the ton of hay.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = We always loved to go on outings. Papa fished in a place so often it was called Niels' Rapids. Reed said he got fish there that had to be cut in several pieces before they could be fried for supper. And Papa took us to Blacksmith's Fork on outings. He often fixed our meals for us. Mother would get to relax.

Sometimes we went to the canyon in our one-horse wagon to pick chokecherries. Mother and Papa rode on the front spring seat while we rode on the back or ran or skipped alongside the wagon. We took the tub in which we took our weekly baths, the boiler used for washing clothes, and other containers to transport the chokecherries home.

Chokecherries are very bitter, but Mother made them into a delicious jelly. This was a treat on Mother's delicious homemade bread with fresh churned butter.

Every Easter we hiked up to ?the Point.? ?The Point? was the top of this mountain. When we got to the top, we could see Bear Lake. Mother made us whatever we wanted to eat on the trip ? pie, cookies, or Merry Widows. Merry Widows were cakes filled with jelly.

One year Albert said he wanted a cream pie ? that is, a pie with nothing in it but cream, so she made one for him. He couldn't eat it, and never asked for cream pie again.

We saved our pennies from Valentine's Day to Easter. We bought our candy for Easter with these pennies. Sometimes we bought the candy early and let it get stale. We thought it was better that way because it lasted longer!

Every Fall we went to Anderson's pond. We put our lunches in the little red wagon and pulled it to the pond. We spend the afternoon there eating and swimming.

@SUBHEADER = Entertainment

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = We always played many games. We played Twenty-one with matches ? we didn't find out it was a gambling game until many years later ? or we played with beans.

We played Rook, a card game. Or we played Run-around, or Parcheesee as it is called.

We played games all the time, but as soon as we quarreled, Mother made us put them up. She said it wasn't any fun to quarrel. ?If you quarrel,? she told us, ?then you aren't happy.? We would have to put up our games.

When we played with Dad, and he was losing, he would get up and walk around his chair three times. He said that brought him good luck.

Mother was the best Pinnochle player. Bea and I were good, too. We don't play these games any more because they are gambling games. After Bea and I got married, we played these games all the time.

Even while we canned or worked we played games. We played ?I'm hiding, I'm hiding, and no one knows where.? We laughed and had a good time. We hid in the clock or in the window or the flower pot or wherever. We did this while we prepared beans for canning.

Then we used to play ?Crossing the Plains.? We played it two ways. I took a pig and you had to take a cow for ice cream or something. I'd feed my pig, and then you had to feed your cow. When you came along, you would say, ?I have to eat my ice cream.? Then I would have to say, ?I have to eat my pig.?

The other way to play was you had to take something beginning with the first initial of your name. I would take ?matches.?

For our birthdays Dad brought us home a bag of nuts. Mother cooked us a birthday dinner, usually chili or soup.

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = At Christmas time the nuts and candy were always placed in piles before going into the stockings, to see that each child had the same number and same kinds of candy and nuts. This always eliminated any bickering. Treats were always equally shared by all.

Christmas was a special time for us all. We followed Papa's Danish tradition in celebrating Christmas.

There was always much preparation going on to prepare the feast and activities for the evening. Every child had many tasks to perform to make the evening more glorious. After everyone enjoyed a delicious meal, the dishes were washed, and things put into place. Then the family gathered around the Christmas tree to exchange gifts. Everyone was thrilled and excited. This was togetherness in its fullest, and Santa always came with more gifts before morning.

@SUBHEADER = Religious Upbringing

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Each child was welcomed with a strong bond of love. Their sense of togetherness developed as they grew in size and numbers. Many standards were set for the children to abide by. Discipline seldom seemed to be a problem with the children. Much of the disciplining was left to Mother, but Papa always supported her decisions and enforced his own punishment when necessary.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the Mormon Church, played an important part in our lives. It was a source of happiness and support for us. We received a great joy from the Church and felt it important to support the Church.

On April 30th, 1919, Mother and Papa were married in the Logan Temple. This brought joy and happiness to the family. Seven children accompanied them to the temple to be sealed to their parents. The children were Niels Albert, Edith Leora, Mary Pearl, Violet Jessie, Bertha Annie, Mildred Beatrice, and Myrtle Blanche. They dressed in white, knelt at the altar to be sealed to their parents. Mother felt her joy was complete.

She made many visits to the temple after this memorable day. She had seven more children after this.

Alvin Allen, the chairman of the genealogy society of the ward, made the statement Mother did more temple work than any other person during the last years of her life.

She spent many Saturdays with her Father, Mother, and Uncle John Buckley in the temple doing sealings for the dead.

It was on one of these occasions Brother Cranney, first counselor to President Joseph Quinney, paid tribute to Mother for her faithfulness by

saying, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things the Lord has in store for them that love him and keep his commandments."

Mother always saved fifteen to twenty-five cents to give to the visiting teachers each month. She put this money in her sewing machine drawer. She didn't have much money, but when she got some, she always put away the portion that was to go to the Church. In those days, the visiting teachers collected the money for Church welfare.

Mother always paid her tithing. She always saved her money right when she got paid, even though she didn't pay her tithing until later. Many times she needed something, but she never used her tithing money.

Papa was called to serve the Mutual Association or YMMIA as a counselor along with Brother Albert Nielsen and Don J. Allen. Knowing he should take his turn conducting the meetings made him very reluctant to accept this position. The brothers promised him he would not have to conduct meetings if he felt he couldn't, so Papa accepted the position.

Soon, seeing his responsibility to take his turn in conducting the meetings, he accepted the challenge and within six weeks was taking his turn.

Mother and Papa sent their son Albert on a mission to the Northern States Mission. Mother watered and mowed the lawns in the cemetery to support Albert. At this time Papa was water superintendent for the city. The girls rented land and planted and pickled string beans. They also worked in the beet fields. Through their combined efforts, they were able to support Albert in the mission field and care for the needs of the family of eleven at home.

In 1935 my sister Pearl went on a mission. She also was sent to the Northern States Mission. This wasn't a hardship on the family because the oldest girl, Edith, supported Pearl on her mission. Nevertheless, it brought joy and the blessings of the Lord to the family.

We always went to church. I don't know how our parents taught us to have the desire to go to church, to say the blessing on the food, and to be honest. But they did.

In those days they gave one a blessing in the temple, like a patriarchal blessing, only they called them temple blessings.

Mama spent many hours doing welfare service. There was a welfare center? I think it was in Logan. In the morning, Mama would catch a ride to Logan with somebody. She stayed there all day long and then came home at night with them. They sat and made quilts, sew clothes, do projects for people on welfare. The Church always took care of its own. Those people needed help.

She spent more hours doing welfare work than anybody. She loved to do it; she loved to sew, to whip up a dress. She knew how to cut the necks and sleeves. She could just look and see how it needed to be done.

Mama used to help people that we thought were poor. We were probably as poor as any of them. Dad sent her \$30 a month. That is what we had to live on.

Papa had a special gift of premonition. It was manifest to him many times when there were deaths and sickness in the family.

We had considerable sickness when June was about five. She had spinal meningitis. June, Beatrice, and I slept in the bedroom with Mama. That night June woke and stated to cry like she was having a nightmare. Mother called for Edith who worked at the telephone office. By the time Edith got home, June was delirious. About 4:00 A.M. we called the doctor.

Papa came home one night and asked Mother what was wrong with June. Mother said she just didn't know but June was very feverish and really sick. Papa looked at her and knew it was serious and said he was certain she had spinal meningitis.

So Dr. Baird was called who examined her and then summoned Dr. J. C. Hayward before it was confirmed as spinal meningitis. They gave her a spinal tap and got over a quart of fluid. She was very ill.

Reed, at this same time, was very sick with pneumonia. Papa was sure there was a death to come. He could always tell if there was trouble by the way his chin itched.

Aunt Alice Bostock (mother's youngest sister) had a boy Bernard who also had pneumonia and was very sick. At this time there were no drugs for the treatment of these diseases. Bernard died within a short time. After his passing, Papa told Mother that he knew now their two children's lives would be spared.

Papa and Reed were at the sheep camp at the time Violet's husband, Dave, was killed suddenly while working for the railroad. It was a shock to all the family. While there was no way to send the news to Papa other than driving up into the mountains, Papa had already sensed there was trouble at home. He had not left the sheep camp area for three days anticipating the news that was to come from home.

As Wally Petersen (the employer of Papa) drove to the camp, Papa met him as he stopped and immediately asked what the problems at home were and if it was Mother. Papa had told Reed three days before they would be going home and to have things in readiness so they could leave.

The people in Hyrum had a great respect for the Johnson Family. Years later, in January of 1960, Edith died. Her body was taken from Neola, Utah, to Hyrum for burial. The family had been gone from Hyrum for over ten years. The people from Hyrum Second Ward insisted on preparing lunch for the family after Edith's funeral. There had been a superior bond of love and respect developed through the years with the townspeople.

Grandpa Hulse often related a story to us that was told to me by every one of my mother's sisters. Aunt Ethel had asthma very badly when she was a little girl. This lasted until she was eleven years old. At this time she was very sick. Grandpa had started to smoke by this time. He said he prayed to the Lord and said, "If you will heal that girl, I'll never smoke another cigarette in my life."

He threw his cigarettes away and didn't smoke for years and years.

She never had asthma after that.

After Aunt Ethel got older, Grandpa started smoking again. Aunt Ethel got asthma worse than she has ever had before in her life. From that day until she died, she had asthma. Grandpa did quit smoking again, but it didn't make any difference.

I can't remember Grandpa Hulse going to church, but Grandma Hulse went.
@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = There were many times when we were afflicted with disease.

At the time Papa worked for the railroad he was often required to leave home on Monday morning and not return until Saturday evening.

While working for the railroad an epidemic of influenza broke out. This was the result from World War I. Dr. Eugene Worley was the Doctor of the City and was called when Papa took sick. Dr. Worley had been called to almost all of the men's homes who had been working for the railroad. Drinking from the community dipper caused the spreading of this dreaded disease. This epidemic took the lives of many people.

Funerals were not held in churches, but in the open, because of the fear the virus would be contracted.

One time Reed broke his leg, and he was very sick. He had his leg in traction. They put rocks in a bucket and used this as weight for the traction. This helped to straighten his leg.

Another time I came home with scarlet fever. The older girls had to go live with Grandma Hulse. In those days a sign was placed on the house ? it was red with black lettering. It read ?Measles,? ?Diphtheria,? or ?Scarlet Fever.? No one could go in and no one quaranteened could go out.

I just got over scarlet fever and the rest of the younger children came down with it.

Then Mama came down with quinsy, a terrible sore throat. She couldn't eat or talk. She had a terribly high fever. Mama wouldn't let me tell the other children that were staying with Grandma Hulse that she was ill. I used to take lysol and put three or four drops in a syringe of water and then take the hose and put the water down her throat, as far as it would go. Mama lay on the edge of the bed and let the water run out into a pan. Then when the girls came up to see if we needed anything, or if Grandma came up, when Mama talked to them they couldn't tell she was so sick.

When we were all better, we fumigated the house. We had to take all the clothes and wash them, take all the books out of the cupboard and put something in each room to fumigate it.

When Mother was sick or had a new baby and only Papa to help, he always prepared her meals and would take her the very best of what they had for her to eat.

Mama used to suffer with gall stones. The doctor wanted to operate, but Papa wasn't converted to operations. One night she had a bad attack. Papa called to the girls in the bedroom, ?If you want to see your Mother alive, you'd better come quick.?

He then called to Albert who was in his bedroom. Mama was very sick. She cried as she saw her little ones come in to see her for the last time. But seeing all these little ones that needed her help and guidance, her faith was revived, and she asked for the elders to come and administer to her. Edith and Violet were sent to get Christian Thompson to administer to her. Albert and Pearl were sent for Grandma and Grandpa Hulse.

Through her faith and the blessings of the Lord, her life was spared; she again gained her health and strength. After that experience she gave birth to five more children.

Another time she suffered with gall stone. Her feet were so swollen she was unable to put her shoes on. Bishop Edwin Clawon called to see how she was. She told him she felt that if she could go to the temple and receive a blessing she would be made well again. The bishop took her to the temple. She had to be carried out to the car and from the car into the temple. There she was given a wonderful blessing. The Lord promised her if she continued to be faithful in serving him and keeping his commandments, she would never have another gall stone attack.

Mama said as she was being given the blessing she could feel the water run out of her legs. When she opened her eyes, she thought surely the floor would be covered with water. To her surprise the floor was dry and the swollen legs were normal. After the blessing she walked out to the car and felt perfectly well.

On her arrival home she found that Pearl and Violet had been playing and forgot to herd the cows. The cows were lost. Mama walked from home out to the old red bridge, a distance of two miles, to find the old red cow. She found her and brought her home. The Lord had truly blessed Mama; she never had

another attack.

One time she went to Dr. Hale for a treatment. He asked her how often she had gall stone attacks. She related her story to him. He advised her not to take any more treatments for fear the gall stones would be upset, for she had had a nest of them in her side.

@SUBHEADER = The Hulse Family

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = We used to take the cows to Grandpa Hulse's pasture. He had one of these swivel chairs that came from the bank. We used to go in the house, and he would send us home.

Grandma always had a white cake with coconut on it or else some bisquits for us. We put butter and sugar on the bisquits. Every morning of Grandpa's life, she made bisquits.

When we got sick, we asked for Grandma Hulse to come. I remember them as kind people.

Grandma Hulse used to take her grandchildren shopping all the time. Each child put out the money that he or she had on the counter. I can still see and hear Grandma fumbling in her purse to pay what we couldn't afford. She was a dear lady, and that is something I will always remember.

@SUBHEADER = A Baker's Dozen ? Plus One

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Whenever we bought eggs from the neighbors ? because there were thirteen of us in the family ? they'd give us what they called a baker's dozen. They'd put one in for good measure in case we broke one on the way home. When there got to be fourteen of us, we got a baker's dozen plus one.

No matter when we'd go to the store, we'd buy a dozen of anything they had, and they gave us fourteen because there were fourteen children.

When the thirteenth child was born, Mama was asked if that was the last. She replied, ?Oh, I suppose we will have a baker's dozen.?

When the fourteenth was born, Mama said, ?We had our baker's dozen and now one for good measure.?

Never once did Mama complain about the work, worry, and hardships that came with raising a large family. She was a strong woman, knew how to work, and wasn't afraid to do her part. I never once heard Mama complain about the children she had.

@SUBHEADER = Teachers of Love

Beatrice and I loved to go home with our little ones. Mother was a real Grandma to all the grandchildren. She nearly kept Lonnie Kay and Jay in clothes until she died.

Mother made me several dresses after I was married and mailed them to me. When our house burned down, she made me three dresses and the children some clothes. Papa also sent me \$60. With this money we bought us a sofa.

Our parents were always concerned about our welfare and helped us whenever they could. I remember going home several summers and picking fruit and then canning it. I took this food home to the Uintah Basin with me. This way we always had plenty of canned fruit and jam.

Mother always gave me a sack of dried peas and beans which we enjoyed all winter. I'm sure she gave all the children the same things.

Violet was very good to Mother and Dad. She was a comfort to Mother and helped her a lot. She had new cupboards made for Mother and put new linoleum on her floor. I'm sure she did many other things I don't know about.

I love my parents very much. I really didn't know how much I loved them until I had children of my own. Then I discovered what a mother's love is all about. As the children grew older, my love and appreciation for my parents

grew. Today I marvel as to how they raised fourteen children and taught us all to be good workers, to be honest people, and to be good citizens.

Everything I have been able to accomplish in my life, I must thank my parents for. They taught me well.

Mother and Dad were well loved by their children and by their neighbors. I never heard my Mother say anything mean about anyone.

About my Dad:

*You can catch a fish for a boy all his life,
and he'll always be hungry.
Or you can teach a boy how to fish,
and he'll never be hungry.*

My Dad taught us how to fish.

Together they gave us the courage to face life with all its ups and downs.

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@TITLE = Appendix A ? Background of Amy Maud Hulse

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Charles Wesley Hulse was a dyer and a farmer. He and his wife, Ann Smith, lived in a small town on the Wyoming-Nebraska state line known as Deep Creek or Willow Springs. Here they had a son whom they named Charles Wesley. He was born on the 22nd day of September, 1862.

Twenty days after his birth his sister died. Shortly thereafter the family began their trek cross the plains.

The Hulse family traveled to Salt Lake City, Utah, where they settled. Two years later, on the 27th of November, 1864, they moved to Milville, Utah. Here Joseph was employed by the railroad company.

Eliza Ann Buckley, daughter of Edmund Buckley and Alice Green, was born the 27th of February, 1863, at Mossley, Lancashire, England. When Eliza was six weeks old, her folks immigrated to America. They settled in Bountiful, Utah, but later moved to Franklin, Idaho.

When Eliza got older, she worked between Franklin and Brigham City, Utah. While at Brigham City, she lived with her sister. While in Franklin, she lived with her step-sister, Elizabeth Hulse. On one of these visits, she met Joseph.

Joseph and Eliza fell in love and were married in the Logan Temple of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the 10th day of December, 1886. They made their home in Milville. A short time later they moved to Brigham City. Here they both worked in the woolen mills owned by Eliza Ann's father, Edmund Buckley.

Their first child, Amy Maud, was born in Brigham City, Utah, on the 28th day of October, 1887. Later they moved back to Milville where Joseph William and Wesley Warren were born.

Their next move was two miles southeast of Franklin. Here Joseph and Eliza worked in the woolen mills where knitted goods, blankets, and beds were made. While here Joseph did some farming. Two more children were born here ? Alice Ann and George Leroy.

The familys attended church regularly and always had family prayers. Joseph taught Sunday School.

Church and school were held in a little frame school house. Maud, Will, Verile, and Warren walked a mile-and-a-quarter to school up Cherry Ville, now East Franklin. On Sundays Joseph took the family to church in a horse-drawn wagon.

They moved back to Milville where they lived across the street from the school. Joseph worked as a logger in the canyon during the summer. In the fall he worked on the header and thresher. Lavon, a son, was born to them while they lived here.

In 1903 they moved to Hyrum, Utah. Here Jennie and Kenneth Grant were born.

As the oldest girl, Maud kept house and tended the younger children while her Mother worked in the woolen mills. Maud's sister, Jennie, tells of Maud slapping her and Lavon because they walked on her clean floor before it was dry. Jennie and Lavon ran up to the woolen mills to tattle to their mother. She heard their story, gave them a spanking, and sent them home. Because the family moved so many times and because Maud was needed to do the household tasks and tend the children, she was only able to complete the third grade in school.

During Maud's spare time, she made doll dresses and doll hats. These she sold to her friends for an egg each. She learned the value of work and also the joy one receives from doing a job well.

At the age of eighteen, Maud married Niels Albert Johnson.

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@TITLE = Appendix B ? Background of Niels Albert Johnson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = James Johnson, son of John Peder Johnson and Ane Hansen, was born the 11th day of September, 1844, in Sengelose, Denmark. James' parents and four younger brothers and one sister said goodbye to James, John, Emma, and Anna on May 25th, 1866, as they set sail for America. James was twenty-one at this time. John and Ane planned taking their daughter, Ane, with them when they left Denmark, but when they got to Copenhagen they found that through some misunderstanding only five children could accompany them to Zion instead of the six, as planned. Ane Margaret, just fourteen years old, was left behind with her sister Emma and her two older brothers. Marie Kirstine Larsen, daughter of Christen Larsen and Inger Nielsen, was born on the 24th day of August, 1842, at Vandles, Copenhagen, Denmark. She and James were married about 1867.

Their first child was a girl, Ane C., who was born the 22nd day of February, 1868, at Fredrick Brough, Denmark.

Six years later, in 1872, James wrote to his parents and said he and his family were making preparations to join them in Utah. John immediately sent money so that his daughter, Ane, now twenty, could come with James. James rejoiced to be united with his parents and his brothers and sister in Cottonwood, Utah. The family changed the name Johansen to Johnson.

Niels Albert, their last son, was born in Hyrum, Utah, on the 8th day of November, 1884. He grew up in Hyrum. He probably completed school through the 4th or 5th reader, a reader being higher than a grade is now. He was an excellent reader and had beautiful penmanship. His spelling was phoenitic, but could be deciphered.

Niels helped his father Jens in his store which was located on the northwest corner one block west of the cemetery. The towns people often brought butter, eggs, or other commodities into the store to trade for items they needed. Niels' job was to form the butter in small wooden molds to make a pound of butter. The patrons could use the butter for bartering. As little money was available, food was bartered for other necessities.

Niels was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the 7th September, 1893, by Alvin A. Allen. On the 7th of September he was confirmed by N. C. Christensen.

Niels knew how to care for horses and was an excellent trainer for sheepdogs. While at sheep camp, Niels had a "one-man" horse. He was traded a horse with a sore hoof from a fellow who had been doctoring the horse. Niels took over the doctoring and within a week the horse would lift up his hoof so Niels could care for the wound. If anyone else approached the horse, he would be kicked.

Niels loved nature, the beauties of the world, and the animals that roamed the hills. He never killed anything just to kill, only to protect his sheep or for food.

He had an immense love for his sheep dogs, and they felt the same love and devotion toward him. Many of his dogs loved only him and no one else could get near.

Sometime in early manhood Niels wooed and won Amy Maud Hulse. He tells the story how he met her: he was at the foot of hill approaching the main part of town driving his team of horses. As he approached the center of town, Maud was crossing a street. She turned to look at him, tripped, and fell. He said, "She truly fell for me."

On the 1st of November, 1905, Niels Albert Johnson and Amy Maud Hulse were married in Logan, Cache County, Utah. in Logan, Utah.

Their first home was on Main Street across the street from where Niels had worked in the store for his father. At this time a mortuary stood there owned and operated by Christian Thompson, who was married to Niels' sister Annie (Ane Christine). Niels and Maud lived here until they had two children, Albert and Edith.

The night before Mary Pearl was born, Neils moved his family in with his mother who had been left a widow for over two years. This second home was one and a half blocks east or right across the street from the cemetery. It was here the family lived until about the end of August, 1950. Niels was ordained to the office of a Teacher in the Priesthood on the 30th of March, 1904, by C. C. Petersen and ordained to the office of an Elder on the 27th of April, 1919, by A. A. Allen. Three days later he received his Temple Endowment (30 April, 1919) in the Logan Temple. At this time his wife and seven children were sealed to them. This was a glorious occasion for the family.

To this union were born fourteen children - ten girls and four boys.

@TITLE = Appendix C

@TITLE = Funeral Services for Niels Albert Johnson

@TITLE = <P14B>Held in the Hyrum Second Ward Chapel<P255D>

@TITLE = <P14B>On December 18, 1944<P255D>

@TITLE =

@INDEX = Choir "Sometime We'll Understand?"

@INDEX = Invocation B. M. Thompson

@INDEX = Choir "My Prayer?"

@INDEX = Speaker D. J. Allen

@INDEX = Duet: Lee Nielsen and Lois Clawson "In the Garden?"

@INDEX = Speaker President Edwin Clawson

@INDEX = Piano Solo: Vinnie Clawson "Variations?"

@INDEX = Speaker Leo Nielsen

@INDEX = Male Quartet "The End of a Perfect Day?"

@INDEX =

Garnel

Larsen, Lee Nielsen, Grant Nielsen, Ivan L. Larsen

@INDEX = Speaker Albert Nielsen

@INDEX = Benediction Joseph F. Nielsen

@INDEX = Dedication of the Grave Ernest Beutler

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@SUBTITLE = Funeral Services for Niels Albert Johnson

@SUBHEADER = Choir: ?Sometime We'll Understand?

@SUBHEADER = Invocation: B. M. Thompson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Our Father in Heaven, we bow our heads before Thee this afternoon and thank Thee for the privilege we have had of coming here, for the privilege of gathering here as friends, as relatives, children, and loved ones of this man who has been called from this sphere of action.

We bow our heads, our Father, to ask a blessing that Thy spirit will comfort and console his wife and his children and his grandchildren, that they may always remember him for the good things he did in life as a husband and father and grandfather and the sacrifices which he made for them. We pray, Father, especially at this time, for his son who is in the Armed Services defending right and truth, who is on the battlefield. Wilt Thou give unto him a blessing when he shall learn of his father's death. Be there with Thy Holy Spirit to comfort and console him in his lonely hours.

Our Father, we ask Thy blessings upon all of us. Help all of us day by day, as we walk through this life, as we strive to be better. Help us that we may always see good in man. Help us that we may always hold high the good in everybody. Help us that we might always remember this man for what he did and what was honest and good.

Our Father, wilt Thou be with us in this service. Bless those who might speak, inspire them with words of comfort and peace that they might bring this family of sorrow a message that wilt lift them up in this sad hour. Be with us always, our Father. Bless us that we may always strive to serve Thee and keep Thy commandments. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@HEADER = Choir: ?My Prayer?

@HEADER = Speaker: D. J. Allen

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = My brothers and sisters, I trust that the opening prayer might be answered in my behalf, that I might be able to say a few words on this occasion, and it will not detract from the Spirit of the Lord which is present.

I am honored in being asked by the family to say a few words this afternoon in behalf of my good neighbor, Niels Johnson.

It is a little over thirty years since we built our home next door to this family, and we have lived and associated with him since that time. I don't remember an unpleasant thing over that period of thirty years that has existed between their family and ours. I contribute this a great deal to the life of Niels. He is a man whom we have known as well as anyone, and I have known him as a man who lived for his family. He has been a man who has minded his own business and taken care of his own affairs. He has been an honest man. I don't think he has let any of his obligations lapse. He has lots of times borrowed a few dollars from his neighbors and friends, and he has said that the money would be returned, and it was. If Niels went away before that time, he told his wife that it was to be paid at such and such a day, and it was taken care of. He has never taken anything off of anyone. He has always been that way in dealing with his fellowman, and he has taught these traits of character to his children.

I hope and pray that the Lord will be present with Reed, who is overseas in the service of his country, when he gets the news of his father's death.

It's going to be hard on Reed because he did think a great deal of his father. All of his children thought a great deal of him.

We have noticed this family and during the entire thirty years since the children have become old enough, they have gone to church. They have always come to every activity in the ward; they have been neat and clean in their appearance, and I will tell you this took an effort on the part of the father and mother. It has been admirable and beautiful to see this family go through their infancy. Niels has a lot to his credit, because he is a man who has worked hard all of his life. He has never felt that he could shirk. He felt that he wanted to give them everything a father could give, and he has given them all he could.

He has worked with his children since they were first able to work. He contracted beet fields, and he took his boys and girls with him, and he taught them the value of honest work. He worked side by side with them, and I don't believe there is a family that wouldn't want them to come back and do their work the next summer. He worked side by side with the children, and I know they enjoyed working with their father. They weeded the beets and picked the berries. Now, we can see that they are the very best citizens, among the highest type of people that we have.

Niels, in his later years, took to sheepherding. There is an art in that thing. Some people think that this can be done by anyone. My neighbor Wally Petersen has told me how valuable Niels was. He kept the sheep on the best of feed, and Wally has told me that the lambs from Niels' herd was above average because he knew how to take care of sheep, which is a quality very few possess.

I want to relate just one incident. I went with Wally one afternoon to see one of his herds. They were short a number of sheep. He said that there were over 300 head of sheep short. The herder was a stranger, and he didn't know that these sheep were gone. They had strayed, and it took him two days to find these sheep in the brush country there. Wally said at the time, "If Niels Johnson had been herding the sheep, they wouldn't have strayed from the herd." He gave them the right kind of care. This is a wonderful trait of character for a man. A loss of that kind is serious as it involves a loss of a lot of money.

Niels has gone along with his family and has supported them with his two hands, and they have helped from the time if they were able. And they have certainly been a fine family. They have all thought a great deal of him. He has had lots of good characteristics in his life.

Several years ago he and I were called to work in the Mutual Improvement Association. I remember when Bishop Clawson called us and appointed us to that office. He said, "I'll work and do anything I can on the outside, but don't ever ask me to preside over a meeting."

Less than six weeks later Niels did preside over a meeting, and he did it well. He took an interest in it. We had several social affairs which Niels helped with at that time. He got a lot of joy and pleasure out of this work here in the ward. His children came naturally by his inheritance. They think just as much of their father as any children could do. It is a mighty fine family. I do not feel that I should say more at this time, but I hope and trust that the Spirit of the Lord will be with Maud and her children, that they will be able to stand up under this sorrow, and may the Lord bless you all, I pray, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

@HEADER = Duet: Lee Nielsen and Lois Clawson <R>? ?In the Garden?

@HEADER = Speaker: President Edwin Clawson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = What a wonderful thing it would be if we could walk and talk

with our Heavenly Father. As this young couple were singing to us, my mind went back when we had the opportunity. Niels has finished this mortal life and now will have the privilege of going back to that Father who gave us life and will have the opportunity of walking and talking with our Heavenly Father. I was very much pleased with the testimony of Brother D. J. Allen, a neighbor of the Johnson family. I don't know where we could get better information and more the truth than from those who live next door. I believe Donald spoke the truth.

I have had the opportunity of working in the church and out of the church with Brother Johnson and his family; so I'd say I'm in a position to testify today to you of some of the qualities that Niels Johnson and his good wife Maud and his children possess.

In all that we say and do, let us remember Brother Johnson and his entire family have depended upon the work of their hands. Some people have the privilege of having other things to assist them, and so taking everything into consideration, Brother Johnson and his family will be a success.

Brother Niels Johnson and his children have worked for me many years. I used to raise a number of acres of sugar beets. My first experience with these people was when they came and did all the hand work on those beets. Brother Johnson and his four girls and sometimes Albert would come into the field and do that work. After I had him one year, there wasn't a year went by but what I wanted the same family.

A rather outstanding quality of these people was that they would do better work when you weren't there than when you were watching them. Niels, Maud, and every child have been taught to practice that thing; they need not have an overseer. When you tell these people what you want, it will be done. It was quite a hard matter to get these people to work for you. Why? Because so many people wanted them.

We also want to keep in mind that two missionaries have gone out. I remember it as if it were yesterday, and I want to tell you when I went into that home, I was nervous. My counselors ? Brother Joseph F. Nielsen and Leo Nielsen ? and I recognized their condition, and we almost hesitated thinking that it was too much to ask of the family, but we thought it was the wise thing to do, to give them the opportunity to send their boy. Maud came to the door and said, ?Come in.? Brother Niels said, ?I know what you're here for. You want our boy Albert to go in the mission field. We'll see that he has sufficient money to keep him in the mission field.? I was surprised, yet I was quite confident that they would accept. You people remember that this ward stood behind this young fellow 100 percent. I don't know of a missionary party held in this ward that received more than this young man.

Later Pearl was called as a missionary. Some of the members of the family assisted, that's true. If we as officers of the ward had withheld this opportunity from this family, it would have been a very serious thing.

Today we have two young men from this same family who are serving their country; this young man sitting here, and the boy who is over at the front. It is really surprising what these young men can do and what they will do. I want this family to realize that they still have two members working in the very same thing that this boy was working in before.

I also want to mention one other thing in this family. Brother Niels Johnson and his good wife followed the payment of their tithing. I don't believe there is a member of this family that hasn't gotten their name on the tithing record. I remember that there wasn't a month that this family didn't bring in their tithing. From the very time they were able to work, they recognized that they belonged to the Church, and they are still faithful and

true to the Lord. So I want the members of this family to know that the Church appreciates your splendid work, and you will never lose anything by it. It will be outstanding to you all the days of your life.

Another outstanding thing of this family is that I don't believe that there was a day but what one or two automobiles weren't in front of the home. They like to come back. They like to visit with their mother and father. I'm trying to read between the lines that they love their home. They want to enjoy once more that wonderful influence of the mother and father. I want to say here that Maud has performed her work well. She is entitled to a great reward, and she will receive it as a mother of fourteen children. I'm sure there are many people who don't realize just what that means.

I'm going to read to you a thought I have when I think of the life of Maud in connection with Niels here. You know, sometimes these faithful people can go by. They live their lives and for the time being we don't recognize them. After they have gone, we realize that they performed a marvelous work. Then I read this statement, and I want to pass it on to you. It's taken from the book entitled, "This Day and Always."

@SUBHEADER = The Making of a Man

But it isn't the nature of things for us suddenly to become something that we are not. A man is what he is because of what he has been. We have to live the part we want to play.

A man must begin to do what he would like to be ? if that's what he wants to be. He must travel the road that leads to the destination he has in mind ? if that is where he wants to go. Neither here nor hereafter shall we suddenly find ourselves becoming overnight something that we are not, with qualities we have not earned, or enjoying a way of life we are not fitted for.

The traits of character which early become evident in a child are very persistent, and if you want to make a noble and useful man, you must begin by making a noble and useful boy. If you want to make a virtuous and lovely woman, you must begin by making a virtuous and lovely girl ? and it takes more than food and clothing and shelter, more than four walls and a roof and a name to do this thing.

When I read that, I thought of this family's qualities and their dependability. They are God-fearing, clean-living, and so I'm positive that the record of this family will live long after they have passed beyond.

I heard a man say the other day, and I think it's true ? in fact, I know it is ? whenever Niels received his check he would go to Maud and say, "Here, you use it." If Niels didn't come home, the check was sent to his wife. She was the one who handled the finances, and she has been a real successful woman.

I want to leave this testimony with you that I know that this was a man who possessed many good qualities. The trouble is that many of us could see his faults. We could see them, but you and I may have faults that are a whole lot worse. So as the scripture says, "It is high to be a judge." I would not pass judgment on any man or woman.

May our Heavenly Father bless Maud. May we realize and understand that some power higher than that of man controls our lives. Niels has finished his life and has been called home. It won't be long until you and I are called upon to pass through that same experience.

My testimony is that this is the truth, that God lives, that He is able to see and to hear, and that he will reward us for the good things we do. This I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@HEADER = Piano Solo: Vinnie Clawson ? ?Variations?

@HEADER = Speaker: Leo Nielsen

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Dear Brothers and Sisters, I feel highly honored in being asked to say a few words here this afternoon. I don't believe in long sermons. I believe we have had a spiritual influence, and I can highly endorse every remark that has been said by Brother Clawson and Brother Allen. Having been acquainted with Niels all my life, and having been a personal friend, one can always depend on him anywhere, any time.

As I sat up in the choir, I wondered what could be more beautiful than the spirit of this meeting. How beautiful it is. What a wonderful feeling it is, and what a wonderful feeling there was when Sister Clawson was playing that beautiful selection on the piano. How artistically it was arranged, and what inspiration it added to the meeting.

I hope that the few remarks that I make will not deter or detract from this wonderful spirit. Many good things have been said about Brother Johnson, and I want to endorse them all.

Two or three years ago I was asked by the superintendent of the Sunday School to say a few remarks here in the ward as to the life of some great person, and also speak of their predecessors, their mother and father, and especially the mother. I thought the ward over and set them in the balance, and I selected Sister Maud Johnson, and I told of her mother, Sister Hulse. I used to live as neighbors to Sister Hulse, and she used to work for Tom Baron, who ran the woolen mills. Sister Hulse had a large family of children, and she would go to work every morning at the woolen mills and work all day. I have seen her come home at night so tired that she could hardly drag. Then she would prepare an evening meal and do her washing so that she could be back to work in the morning. I know how hard she worked to make a living in this life.

Some people have to do a lot more to make a living in this life. They have to use their hands. A lot of us use our heads more than our hands. This good woman used her hands. Then I went on and talked of the value of this good woman. Then I spoke on the life of Maud Johnson here in our ward. President Clawson has told you how faithful this family was and remarked how they paid their tithing.

When we think of the average family in the United States, most of them have one or two children; some of them only a dog, a cat, or a monkey, or something else instead of a child. Then think of a family of fourteen children, and the husband and wife, making sixteen. Multiply that by three, thinking of three meals a day, and then consider when you go into a restaurant today what it costs you, figuring one dollar a meal, three times a day, and just see what it costs. The enormous amount of money to be paid out had to come from somewhere. They didn't pay out that much money, but they used their heads so that they could possibly live and meet all these obligations that they had to meet here in life. These are a few things that have been running in my mind.

No person could do more than Brother and Sister Johnson could do, as Brother Clawson said, sending two in the mission field. Niels said that they were in better circumstances when he returned than when he left. The Lord opened up the way, and the money came from somewhere. It is just as many people have testified who have sent a boy in the mission field, the Lord has opened up the way, and He has told us in scriptures if we keep His commandments and the covenants He gave us we will receive the blessings He has in store for us. For the Lord has said: "I the Lord am bound when ye do what I say, but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise." I want to tell you, brothers and sisters, this family has done what the Lord has said. They are entitled to a mansion on the other side because they have sent up material for

the making of this great mansion. There is nothing that we can say that will exalt Brother Johnson in the Kingdom of Heaven. He has finished his mission. He has graduated from this life. The scripture says, "The glory of God is intelligence." And if we want to be glorified, we must gain that intelligence. We must send up material for that home on the other side that it might be ready for us. And if we do not obey the Lord, we have no promise. So let us live as we know the covenants requires, that we might merit the great blessings that are in store for the people of this land.

I pray that the Lord will be with Sister Johnson in her trials. There will be many times that she will feel that his spirit will be with her, and many times she will feel that she could just reach out and touch him. And these boys in the Service, God bless them. I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@SUBHEADER = Male Quarter: "The End of a Perfect Day?"

@SUBHEADER = Speaker: Albert Nielsen

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = My Brothers and Sisters, I feel it an honor to be asked by the members of the family to say a few words here this afternoon. I can endorse all that has been said here.

I happen to be the other member of the Mutual Presidency. Brother Johnson and I were at the head of the Mutual here at that time, and I can say that he did excellent work at that time. He said if we didn't call on him he would be willing to do the best he could; but Brother Johnson wasn't the kind of man to want to shirk any responsibilities, and when he saw that that was one of his responsibilities, he presided at the meeting and took charge just the same as any of the rest of us. He was that way.

He worked with me on the farm. He, Albert, and his girls " all worked in the sugar beets. I never did have a better job of work done in my life than this Johnson family did in the sugar beets. In the hay or any other place that they worked, they did a splendid job.

Sometimes, it's true, we look at a man's faults and failures, and I wonder sometimes if we had taken Niels's side, he might have been more prominent in the Church. I know that a great many times if we had put our arms around Brother Johnson, he might have done a lot better along some other line. Maybe we will be held responsible for not doing this.

I hope and pray that we can see more clearly, and I think when we get on the other side, we will be able to see more clearly than we do here. I know that there is a resurrection. I know that God lives and that this family will meet again, and I know they will love him as they did here on this earth.

As Brother Leo Nielsen said about feeding the family, I talked to Brother Johnson, and I know that he was thrifty, and he told me how much it cost to feed every member in the family. He knew just how much it took for that family. He knew this was a good way to figure. He also figured his tithing. His tithing was taken out first.

I have had a good many talks with him about other principles of the gospel. He understood the gospel a lot better than I did myself. He told me a lot of things that I believed valuable and that I have tried to put in my life.

I am happy to be acquainted with Brother Johnson and the Johnson family because I don't know where there is a nicer family anywhere in the world than the Johnson family. I pray that the blessings of the Lord will be with them, help them that they may continue as they have done in the past. This is my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@SUBHEADER = Benediction: Joseph F. Nielsen

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Our Father in Heaven, we come before Thee at the close of

these services. We thank Thee for the many blessings that have been bestowed upon us. We thank Thee for Thy spirit that has been here. We thank Thee for the words of counsel we have heard, and we ask that we might remember the things that have been spoken, that we might go forward and serve Thee better in the future than ever in the past.

We are thankful that we have had the privilege of knowing Brother Johnson and having had the chance to labor with him, that it has been a benefit to us. And we pray, Heavenly Father, that Thou wilt bless them, bless these children that they might continue in the work that their father and mother has taught them. We ask Thee to bless Sister Johnson. We know the many trials and the many things she has been through. We feel that she is worthy of Thy blessings. May Thy spirit rest upon her in her days of trial and loneliness that she may be called upon to go through.

Bless those sons of hers. We know that they will do their work well. We pray that Thy spirit will go with them. Keep them clean and pure in everything that they will be called upon to do.

Bless us as we go to the cemetery that we will be protected and that Thy spirit will be with us. We ask these blessings with all others Thou seest we need, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@SUBHEADER = Dedication of the Grave: Ernest Beutler

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@TITLE = Appendix D

@TITLE = Funeral Services for Amy Maud Hulse Johnson

@TITLE = <P14B>Held in the Hyrum Second Ward Chapel<P255D>

@TITLE = <P14B>On 20th January 1945

@TITLE =

@INDEX = Song: Choir ?Oh, My Father?

@INDEX = Prayer Leo C. Nielson

@INDEX = Song: Choir ?The Beautiful Golden Gate?

@INDEX = Speaker Sarah Ann Allen

@INDEX = Speaker Alvin Allen

@INDEX = Song: Venice and Lee Nielson. ?I've Done My Work? <R>

? Accompanied by Arlene Larsen

@INDEX = Speaker B. M. Thompson

@INDEX = Piano Solo: Vinnie Clawson ?The Rosary?

@INDEX = Speaker President Edwin Clawson

@INDEX = Remarks Bishop Levi J. Anderson

@INDEX = Song: Choir ?Sometime We'll Understand?

@INDEX = Prayer LaVon Larson

@INDEX = Dedication of Grave William Hulse

@INDEX =

@INDEX = Original Transcribed by Shirley Clawson, Martha Nielson, Patricia Wood

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@SUBTITLE = Funeral Services for Amy Maud Hulse Johnson

@SUBHEADER = Song: Choir ?"Oh, My Father"

@SUBHEADER = Prayer: Leo C. Nielson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Our Heavenly and Eternal Father, we have met here this afternoon as friends, neighbors, and relatives of Sister Maud Johnson to pay honor and respect to her and her family here. Father in Heaven, we know of

the good works that she has accomplished in this life. She has been faithful in all things Thou has declared unto Thy children to get into the Celestial Degree of Glory.

Bless us that we might have the inspiration of Thy mind and will today, that those who are called upon to speak may speak words of encouragement to the family of Sister Maud Johnson. We know of the good work she has accomplished in this life. She has kept Thy commandments; she has been honest; she had replenished the earth, which is the greatest thing mankind can accomplish here on earth.

She has been faithful in the services of Thy Church. She has attended to her sacrament meetings faithfully, her tithing, and all Thy commandments. She has gone to Thy Holy House here and been sealed to her husband for time and eternity.

Wilt Thou bless her with the greatest blessings that are given to the faithful and the mothers of Israel. Bless her with every gift and blessing that she has merited in life as we realize that we are to pass through a schooling. And, Father in Heaven, she has taken advantage of the opportunities in this respect.

We pray that Thou wilt bless this family present with us here; bless and encourage every one of them. Thou knowest the courage that is in their hearts. And in a special manner, wilt Thou bless her son Reed who is in the Armed Services of his country. Grant him the righteous desires of his heart.

We pray for every gift and blessing we stand in need of this day, and we do it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@HEADER = Choir: ?That Beautiful Golden Gate?

@HEADER = Speaker: Sarah Ann Allen

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = With the passing of Sister Maud Johnson, the Relief Society of our ward has certainly lost a very much loved member and a dear, faithful friend. In thinking of her life and personality as we knew her, these lines from the Bible come to our minds. From Proverbs 31st Chapter, versus 10-20, we read:

@POEM = Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

@POEM = The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

@POEM = She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

@POEM = She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands...

@POEM = She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens...

@POEM = She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms...

@POEM = She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

@POEM = She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

@POEM = She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

@POEM = She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple...

@POEM = Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

@POEM = She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

@POEM = She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

@POEM = Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he

praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

We love her for the many blessings we learned from her life and her example. They were lessons of industry, thrift, of faith and trust, of dependability, of love for and service to all God's children. They were lessons of deep appreciation for little things done for her. Whenever help was needed, Mrs. Johnson was there. We knew that her responsibilities at home were heavy, but she never once said she didn't have time if we needed someone to help us make a quilt or spend the day at the Welfare House or if someone was in need.

She was a friend to all, humble and sincere. The most backward and humble among us found her a real companion; there was not one among us who did not love and admire her for what she was and did. Emerson says: "A friend is a person before whom I may be sincere and before whom I may think aloud." Sister Johnson was such a friend.

The name of Sister Johnson will long be held in loving remembrance by her children and her children's children. All of you realize that motherhood doesn't come easy; we know it is a struggle. The family have all shared this struggle, and through this struggle has come the growth that has made them what they are today.

I have a little poem.

@POEM1 = The tree that never had to fight
@POEM1 = For sun and sky and air and light,
@POEM1 = That stood out in the open plain
@POEM1 = And always got his share of rain,
@POEM1 = Never became a forest king,
@POEM1 = But lived and died a scrubby thing.

@POEM1 = The man who never had to toil to live,
@POEM1 = Who never had to win his share
@POEM1 = Of sun and sky and light and air,
@POEM1 = Never became a manly man,
@POEM1 = But lived and died as he began.

@POEM1 = Good timber does not grow in ease,
@POEM1 = The stronger wind, the stronger trees,
@POEM1 = The farther sky, the greater length,
@POEM1 = The more storms, the more strength,
@POEM1 = By sun and cold, by rain and snow,
@POEM1 = In tree or many good timbers grow.

@POEM1 = Where thickest is the forest growth,
@POEM1 = We find the patriarchs of both,
@POEM1 = And they hold council with the stars
@POEM1 = Whose broken branches show the scars
@POEM1 = Of many winds and much of strife,
@POEM1 = This is the common law life.

"It is a wonderful thing, a mother. Others can love you, but only a mother understands you. She works for you, looks after you, loves you, forgives you anything you may do, understands; and the blessedness of her peaceful presence is never fully realized until she is called away."

We will miss Sister Johnson; her family will miss her. But out of the days of our living we learn to know that all the circumstances of our life cannot be controlled. There are limits beyond which we cannot order our lives. We learn in the hour of despair that time and goodness of God have a way of erasing all burdens and healing all wounds. We learn that we save ourselves much bitterness if we can learn to say with that faith that is possible to all, "Thy will, oh Lord, not mine, be done."

Should the dark days come when we question the goodness of God, let us try to remember that He is the creator and that we are neither the end nor the beginning. Having learned to trust Him, we will find a peace that gives us courage to endure to the end.

@POEM1 = I cannot say ? and I will not say
@POEM1 = That she is dead; She is just away.
@POEM1 = With a cheery smile and a grasp of the hand
@POEM1 = She wandered off to a better land.
@POEM1 = And left us dreaming how very fair
@POEM1 = It needs must be, since She is there.
@POEM1 = But you, oh you, who so wildly yearn
@POEM1 = For the old time step, and the glad return,
@POEM1 = Think of her faring on as dead.
@POEM1 = In the loves of there, as loves of here,
@POEM1 = Think of her just the same I say,
@POEM1 = She is not dead, She is just away.

@SUBHEADER = Speaker: Alvin Allen

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = I appreciate the privilege of speaking at these services. I believe I have been as intimate with this family as anyone in the ward, as I have had every one of them in my employ. My work has been of such a nature that it required children of all ages. Their work with me has covered several years. I have never seen a time when I would not want them to come again. They are dependable.

If I wanted to pay tribute to the whole family, I need only to recall the many eulogies paid them a little over a month ago when the funeral services were held for their father. Many fine qualities were named that were possessed by the father, mother, and children.

In speaking with some members of the family, they mentioned some things to use in my remarks at the funeral. When considering what text to use as a foundation of my remarks, four lines come to my mind. These lines were composed by a young lady of our Church while she was strapped to a bed in the L.D.S. Hospital at Salt Lake City. Her sickness kept her in bed for over a year. She was a poetess, and each day for a whole year she had the nurse take down as she dictated a gem of thought expressed in two lines ? maybe four, six, or eight lines. One that impressed me greatly was these four lines:

@POEM = Our moral attitude in life
@POEM = And ways of spending time
@POEM = Are shiny swamps in which we sink
@POEM = Or stones on which we climb.
@POEM =

I will not say anything about the actions and deeds in life which will draw us towards these many shiny swamps. I want to mention some of the stepping stones that Sister Maud used in climbing to heights ? her high ideals of the gospel plan. Faith was one of those stones. She believed in the restored gospel. She acted on the Savior's words: "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it

shall be opened unto you.?

Her faith led her to another stepping stone ? repentance. When she found that certain actions or modes were contrary to the high ideals of the gospel, she turned from these things. She believed that in order to possess another of these stones, the Holy Ghost, she tried to keep her mind and body in tune so it could enter and be a daily guide.

Her works showed that she had great faith in another of these stones leading to great heights, temple work. She was a firm believer in the words of Malachi, the prophet, that the Lord was to send Elijah, the prophet, and restored temple work. I looked over her temple work which covered several years and found she visited the temple on our stake temple mission days very often, doing endowments for one, two, and sometimes three each day, an average of about thirty names each year.

Maud believed that eternal progression was part of the great plan of salvation.

I want to ask all present, do you believe in eternal progression? When you look into the starry heavens, what do you see? Astronomers say there are millions of planets. Why all of these? Most people of the world today think this earth is the only one inhabited.

@POEM1 = I love to read and think about one of our hymns.

@POEM1 = If you could hie to Kolob,

@POEM1 = In th' twinkling of an eye,

@POEM1 = And there continue onward,

@POEM1 = With that same speed to fly,

@POEM1 = Do you think that you could ever,

@POEM1 = Through all eternity,

@POEM1 = Find out the generations

@POEM1 = Where God began to be?

@POEM1 =

This indicates there are many gods. Yes, many gods and many planetary systems like the one this earth belongs to. Do you believe that saying of the Prophet Joseph Smith? (The words put in verse form by President Lorenzo Snow.)

@POEM1 = As man is, God once was,

@POEM1 = As God is, man may become.

@POEM1 =

Eternal progression will bring God's children to these heights. Many who have lived on an earth like this one have attained to that condition in eternal life, that they have been given an earth to people with their own offspring.

We do not all reach the same degree of glory. The Savior said to his apostles: ?In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, ye may come also.?

This statement applies to all of who live the gospel. We will get the degree of glory our works entitles us to enjoy. God's children, who prepare themselves, will receive the greatest gift God can bestow upon them, eternal life; and eternal life is ?To know thee, the only true and living God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.?

To attain these blessings we will not have smooth sailing. We could not appreciate sunshine if there were no stormy weather. A taste of the bitter makes the sweet seem sweeter.

On life's journey there will be tired feet, heart aches, weary and

bewildered minds; but all in all, joys will outbalance the sorrows.

What should be our object in life? Let us consider a few scriptures for an answer. From Luke: a vain rich man hoarded up his wealth in strong vaults and barns and said to himself, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

Paul to the Corinthian saints: If there is nothing after this life, why struggle against evil? Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die. Joshua had led Israel from the wilderness into the promised land of Palestine. Israel had begun to depart from the righteous path and take up with evil practices of the heathen nations about them. Joshua tried to reform them, and said, "Serve ye whom ye will; but for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

I ask the Lord to bless and comfort you who are called to mourn at this time. Do not brood too much. Your mother is right where she desired to be. When the doctor said she could not walk again, she told you children she hoped she could be taken as she did not want to be a burden to anyone. I pray that all of you and all of us may so order our lives and be given power over evil that we may say with Joshua, as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. And I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@HEADER = Song: Venice and Lee Nielson <R>? "I've Done My Work?"

@HEADER = Speaker: B. M. Thompson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Not many mothers have so great an honor as Aunt Maud by having thirteen children meet with tear-dimmed eyes and pay tribute to her as she had paid tribute to them. The one son who could make the complete family that she has had here in life of fourteen children is eight thousand miles away.

Today I don't know whether he knows this funeral is going on, but he had been informed through a cablegram of the death of his mother. When his last letter was received, it was written to her and came here about two days after she died. He hadn't yet found out his father had died. Reed is a representative of America in America's Armed Forces, fighting for freedom, fighting for rights of mothers who have children and to know that those children might grow up in a free land where they might love and be with each other.

I would like to have read Reed's last letter here this afternoon because it was a beautiful love letter. If you had read the beginning of it and the end and didn't know that he was her son, you might have thought that it was a letter to his sweetheart far away in America because he started his letter with My Darling Sweetheart and ended it the same way.

Along with the letter was a little clipping that he had taken from some newspaper and that was something he thought would make his mother feel better or make her better understand his feelings toward her, that it expressed his thoughts and his hopes.

Now, it is written in Army style and possibly isn't the most appropriate poem at a funeral service, but some members of the family thought it would be nice to read so that a part of Reed might be reflected into his mother's funeral service.

CASE OF THE G I

@POEM1 = I go to sleep in a GI bed,
@POEM1 = On a GI pillow I rest my head;
@POEM1 = My blankets, they are GI, too;
@POEM1 = Then, GI sleep and think of you.

@POEM1 = A GI bugler wakes me up.
@POEM1 = I drink GI drinks in a GI cup.
@POEM1 = The powdered eggs are GI, too.
@POEM1 = But GI wish I were with you.

@POEM1 = At night my GI prayers I say.
@POEM1 = We'll have GI peace some day,
@POEM1 = And when this old war is through,
@POEM1 = This GI will return to you.

@POEM1 = Now GI stands for government issue
@POEM1 = But, my darling, GI miss you.
@POEM1 = GI hope you miss me, too,
@POEM1 = For GI love you, GI do.

Now, the letter he had written along with this was on the same plane showing how much he thought of and loved his mother. He wanted her to know that. I believe the other thirteen children, if we could read the letters they have written to their mother, would be just as loving and just as kind as that letter. They were not any more proud of their mother than she was of them. She was very proud of her fine big family, and we who have lived in this ward and grown up with them have reason, too, to be proud they have been a part of this ward because their contribution to this ward has been great.

There aren't many families who have contributed more to the helpful advancement of the ward than they have. They have been regular in attendance at Sunday School, Primary, Mutual, and Sacrament meetings. Not one or two, but many of them and usually nearly every member of the family have been out to Sunday School and Sacrament meetings. I am sure that the Bishop that is now presiding over the ward here is grateful for this family, for I am sure the ward bishops that have presided here, if they were to speak, and if they should speak, would say that they have really been a helpful family.

Aunt Maud wasn't one who was boastful. She wasn't one who desired fine clothes for herself, but she always desired that her girls and her sons, if possible, should have the best, and I rather think that so far that their means provided that the best be given to them.

I think of an old scripture that we hear quoted often. I shan't quote it in full but a part of it. The 23rd Psalm, and also a little of the 24th. But the 23:

@POEM = The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want
@POEM = He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
@POEM = he leadeth me beside the still waters.
@POEM = He restoreth my soul;
@POEM = he leadeth me in the paths or righteousness for
@POEM = his name's sake.
@POEM = Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
@POEM = I will fear no evil;
@POEM = for thou art with me;

@POEM = thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

At the death of Uncle Niels, Aunt Maud was quickly reconciled to the will of the Lord. She knew that the Lord giveth and the Lord taken away. And she fit herself into the Lord's plan by feeling that it was the will of the Lord. The boys and girls are going to miss their mother, that is true, but they should feel, at the same time, that their mother wouldn't want one of them to grieve over her passing. She wished them to adopt in their lives that "the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

I couldn't help but think of her as being one of those who answer the ancient scripture in the 24th Psalm, where it says:

@POEM = The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;

@POEM = the world, and they that dwell therein.

@POEM = For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established

@POEM = it upon the floods.

@POEM = Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?

@POEM = or who shall stand in his holy place?

@POEM = He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;

@POEM = who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,

@POEM = nor sworn deceitfully.

I don't say this because she was my aunt, but I say it because I believe it; that she never swore deceitfully, nor did she lift up her soul unto vanity. She was humble; she was a kind, loving, sweet mother. I am sure that no son or daughter ever came into a home where they were more welcome than they were. And if they all came home on the same day, the more welcome they were. She had love and kindness and a welcome for all. Her home wasn't large, but her heart was.

These blessings I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ.

@SUBHEADER = Piano Solo: Vinnie Clawson ? ?The Rosary?

@SUBHEADER = Speaker: President Edwin Clawson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = I would like to direct my thoughts in what I may say directly to the family here this afternoon. This is the service for their mother, and I am sure that they are more interested in this than any of us. Therefore, if the Lord will permit, I would like to mention some things that are very important in the lives of these sons and daughters. I could take a great deal of time in relating to you some of the things that have happened in the life of Maud and this splendid family. I believe you all realize that Maud was an outstanding mother.

During her time she raised this family, she never asked anything of this family but what she was willing to do herself. I would like to have you sons and daughters, when you settle down, to go over the instructions and life of your mother, and you will find that in every request that she made of you, she was willing to do herself. First of all, she wanted to be honest. She was honest with the Lord in fulfilling the requirement as she saw fit to do.

She asked you people to work, and I appreciate the fact that you are hard-working people. I don't think there is one of you that has worked any harder than your mother. Your mother was saving. She knew what a dollar meant. And I think you people know that.

Your mother was taught to have faith in her childhood, and she asked you people to have faith. And I want to remind you that your mother not only had faith but worked with it. I have been in your home on several occasions when it required faith to be healed. I remember now very definitely one of you was

very, very sick; and I was called down to your home. We laid our hands upon your head and gave you a blessing. That was faith on your part. What did your mother do? Did she stop and say, "Will that faith make this person whole?" No. Maud, your mother, went on just the same as she had before, keeping care of your nourishment, and she sat up with you all night for several nights.

Do you think that faith alone is sufficient? The scriptures say that faith alone is not sufficient, but it also tells us that faith is a gift from God. And I want to tell you as sons and daughters that Maud had faith. In the passing of Maud, I am quite certain some of the members cannot understand and can't figure it out and possibly will take a long time before you find out why this mother was called.

I want to go over this last month. An accident happened; it could happen to you; it could happen to me this afternoon. We are mortal men and women. This mortal body is subject to the things pertaining to this earth. Maud couldn't walk again. I wonder if that isn't some consolation in knowing that she is out of suffering.

I saw my mother-in-law in bed for nearly five years, and I saw her suffer so much that some members of the family couldn't stand it and had to leave the room. Possibly it is the wisdom of God that Maud should be called. Do you realize that Maud loved her mother just as much as you loved her. And yet she had to go. Now you children, you children are taking upon yourselves as mothers and fathers, and it won't be long until possibly your children will be called upon to go through that same experience. I want to call your mind to the fact that even the Master, Jesus the Christ, although he had power over life, yet His mother saw him placed on the cross and there was allowed to suffer until he passed away. So you and I will be called upon sometime in life to go through a similar experience. It is natural, and it is that which God has outlined. We are born, and we must pass away.

Your mother, I believe, would have loved to be here with you as much as you would like to have her be here. But what about Niels? What about your father? What about those loved ones who are on the other side?

I wonder if there isn't rejoicing there this day. Maud, as valuable as she was, I believe can fit into the program hereafter. Possibly I spoke to you here this afternoon as a man who has had experience of going on the other side. That is not true. But I have sufficient knowledge, and I think you have, that Maud here, whose body lies before us, can think just as clearly and act more wisely than she did a week ago. I say that because Maud is more whole today than she was before she left. This body was a blessing to her as long as she lived, but today Maud's spirit has separated from this body and gone on the other side.

I heard a little story not long ago? you can take it for what it is worth. It went something like this. An Angel stole away from heaven and came here to earth. He visited the cities, the hamlets, the forests, the vales, and the beautiful gardens, and the flowers; and he was so taken up with what he saw that before he knew it, the sun was going down over the western hills. He looked at the beautiful flowers, and he plucked a beautiful rose and then several of them and made a beautiful bouquet. And then he thought, surely this is the most beautiful thing I can take back with me. And then he saw a child with a smile upon his face, and he thought, I will take that smile back. And then he happened to see the child's mother's love, and he decided, I will take that with me also. So he returned back, and before entering the Pearly Gates he looked at the roses; they had faded and wilted, so he cast them away. He looked at the smile, and it had vanished. Then he looked at the mother's love, and these are the words he said, "Here is the thing that I have found on

earth that would keep its fragrance on the way to Heaven ? a mother's love. And so this afternoon I want to say to these children that Maud has not lost her love for you and cannot lose it.

I don't care where you go, as sons or as daughters in your several homes, you still have that most precious thing that God gave to mothers. And that is your mother's love. It will direct you in times of sorrow; she will be there. In time of temptation, she will be there to help you. I want you children to remember this is only a short mission for your mother. You, in turn, if you follow in the footsteps of your mother, she will finally come back and live with you again. I want to remind the family here of a few of the things which Maud has given you.

First of all, she taught you to honor Joseph Smith. He is a Prophet of God, one of the most wonderful things that could come into your lives.

Second, she taught you that Joseph Smith, the prophet, was called of God. That he actually saw God the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ.

She taught you to respect your neighbors, your fellowmen. She taught you to honor the bishop of your ward. She taught you to respect the aged and those who are feeble. She taught the boys to honor the Priesthood, and I remember very definitely what Maud told me at one time when some of these boys were ordained in the Priesthood. She said, ?I am asking these boys to go to sacrament meeting at least twice a month, and when they go, I am going with them.?

In conclusion I want to read a little tribute to Maud entitled ?Memories of Mother.?

@BODYLESS =

@POEM1 = As I sit in the peaceful twilight

@POEM1 = At the end of a busy day,

@POEM1 = My memories carries me backward

@POEM1 = Upon life's great highway;

@POEM1 = And then I think of childhood days

@POEM1 = When at my mother's knee

@POEM1 = I listened to sweet stories there

@POEM1 = That made life real to me.

@BODYLESS =

@POEM1 = I'll ne'er forget that tender smile ?

@POEM1 = To me it seemed divine,

@POEM1 = For there is nothing quite so dear

@POEM1 = As thoughts mother mine;

@POEM1 = I fancy I can hear her voice ?

@POEM1 = Its notes so sweet and clear,

@POEM1 = As she would sing while at work

@POEM1 = To bring her loved ones cheer.

@POEM1 =

@POEM1 =

@BODYLESS =

@POEM1 = And when I think of days of pain

@POEM1 = When by her tender care

@POEM1 = And through her loving sympathy

@POEM1 = It seemed less hard to bear;

@POEM1 = Then I recall the many times

@POEM1 = When she would join our fun;

@POEM1 = Alas, whose happy days were passed

@POEM1 = When hardly well begun.

@BODYLESS =

@POEM1 = And then came girlhood's happy hours,

@POEM1 = Then next was womanhood

@POEM1 = And when others seemed to care

@POEM1 = She always understood;

@POEM1 = And so from out the busy past

@POEM1 = No other seems so near;

@POEM1 = For no one else can take the place

@POEM1 = Of that sweet mother dear.

I pray that the spirit of peace and strength and wisdom will be yours. Now, you young ladies here and you sons, don't grieve too much. God has blessed you with, and every person with, a power to shed tears. When you feel like it, have a good cry. When it is all over, collect your thoughts, reason it out, and God will bless you because of your splendid efforts.

This I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@HEADER = Remarks: Bishop Levi J. Anderson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = The Master, when he came into this world, said, "I came here that you might live more abundantly." I think Sister Johnson has partaken of that life and has had life more abundantly. She has raised a wonderful family. She has taught them the gospel and the right way of living. If we all could look over these records which are recorded in the books of this church, the life of Sister Johnson we would see that she has filled a wonderful mission. I will remember Sister Johnson. I believe she was the first person in our ward that came into our home and offered assistance when my mother died. So I think she has lived a good life, raised a wonderful family. She has taught them the Gospel of Christ, that teaching that should bring them to an eternal life. I don't think they should grieve over their mother's passing. They should be thankful that she has been a wonderful mother and that memory should live with them all their lives. And they should give it to their children and their children's children. They have a wonderful mother.

I pray that the Lord will bless them with strength and courage and determination to live the Gospel of Jesus Christ. And I pray that this will be their lot, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

In behalf of the family, we want to thank you for your presence here this afternoon for the music, the songs, they have been beautifully presented and everything that has been done to help the family out. And they thank you from the bottom of their hearts.

@SUBHEADER = Choir: "Sometime We'll Understand"

@SUBHEADER = Prayer: LaVon Larson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Our Father in Heaven, we a few of Thy children bow our heads before Thee at this time in grateful appreciation and pay tribute to our loved ones. When it is time for us to depart from this life, wilt Thou help us to live the kind of lives that will reunite us with our loved ones. We are thankful for the example Mrs. Johnson has set of thrift, integrity, and industry. Wilt Thou bless the family, especially the sons and daughters who are called upon to mourn this day. May they look forward to that day when they may be reunited with their father and mother again. May they so live that they may be able to see them again. We humbly pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@SUBHEADER = Dedication of Grave: William Hulse

@PAGE BREAK =

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@TITLE = Appendix E

@SUBTITLE = Johan Peder and Annie Johansen

@POEM = Excerpts from the Biographies of Johan Peder Johansen and His Wife, Annie

@POEM = Written by their Granddaughter Blanche J. Nielson

@HEADER 2 =

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Johan Peder Johansen, Sr., of Danish descent, was born in Norway in the year 1778. Just a few years after Johan's birth, France was engaged in a fight for liberty, and repercussions of the revolution were felt in all European countries. Mere boys were called into the conflict, most too young to bear the burdens and fatigue of such campaigns. Struggles raged throughout Johan's youth. He grew up with the dread of invasions, hunger, and poverty.

The Norwegians have been sailors since the dawn of history, and it was almost mandatory for all boys at an early age to go to sea. It can be assumed that Johan spent his time at sea during his boyhood. He had little, if any, opportunity to attend school, yet through varied experiences he became educated and well trained to meet life's battles.

It was in the neighboring country of Sweden that Johan's life companion, Ane Margete Sjelander, was born in the year 1784 in Skane. She, too, endured the sufferings of war. In fact, it was due to these wars that Johan and Ane Margete were unable to get married until he was 35 years old, and she 29. On September 30, 1813 ? a short time after Napoleon was banished to the Island of Elba ? Johan, now free from military duty, and Ane Sjelander were united in marriage at an Evangelical Lutheran church in Copenhagen, Denmark.

Because of the heavy taxes levied to meet the expenses of war, great suffering and hardships were experienced by the common people. Under these conditions, Johan and Ane made their first home on a small farm in the town of Sengelose in Copenhagen Amt (County), about ten miles out of Copenhagen City. This farm was owned by a lord, as was most of the land at this time. The lord lived in a large house in Copenhagen called a manor or castle; his towns, farm lands, meadows, and pastures were nearby. The lords were very strict with those living on their lands and demanded a large portion of what they raised as taxes.

It was in Sengelose that Johan Peder Johansen, Jr., was born on April 1, 1818. There were three other children in the family: Charles born in 1814; Mary born in 1821, and Margaret Sophia born in 1824.

When Charly and Johan were mere lads they helped on the farm and worked with their father as turf diggers. Turf was a firm, smooth mat of dried grass underground, dug and used as a fuel in place of coal. The land was divided into three-acre farms which were too small to produce a living for a family ? many men and boys were hired as turf diggers by the king.

In the winter, a short time before Johan's twelfth birthday, his father was seriously injured in an accident. While driving to Copenhagen his horse became frightened and ran away; he was thrown out of the sleigh and lay for two hours in the snow before help came. When found, he was almost frozen. Although Johan Sr. was given the best of care, the exposure caused pneumonia and on May 15, 1830, he died at the age of 52. He was buried in a little church yard in Copenhagen.

By the time Johan Peder Johansen, Jr., was old enough to farm the land, every man was his own master and could live where he wished and raise the crop he liked. The lord who owned the land taxed the subjects only a small sum of money or produce as rent. Trade guilds were formed; men engaged in any kind of trade had to belong a guild. The guilds were much like the unions of today ?

trade rules were made and officers chosen to see that the rules were obeyed.

Ane Margete, a widow only 46 years old, was left with four children to support. Charly, her oldest, was 16 and Margaret Sophia, her youngest, was just 6 years old. The mother worked very hard from early morning until late at night. With the help of the boys she raised flax, spun it, and wove linen to sell.

Ane was a devout Lutheran woman who taught her children to love God and keep His commandments. She was a loving mother ? all of the children were mindful of her even after they married and had their own homes.

In 1849, Mary, just 28 years old, suffered with dropsy and died leaving two small sons and her husband. One son later owned and operated a five-story office building in Copenhagen. In the early nineties he came to America in search of his pioneer relatives; unable to find them, he returned to Denmark.

Charly married young and became the father of five daughters, Hannah, Ane, Sophia, Maria, and Josephine. He lived in a village a short distance from Copenhagen where he was a railroad station master and also owned a grocery store. Later he became a railroad supervisor and was transferred to a railroad town a few miles out of Copenhagen. When he was away from home, his wife and daughter ran the store.

Johan gave up turf digging and worked as a contractor, building canals for irrigation purposes. As a young man Johan was always full of life and fun; he loved to play jokes and cause excitement. While building canals, Johan boarded and roomed at a place where several young girls were hired to do the housework and cooking. The men had to go through the girls' bedroom to get to their own sleeping room. One night as Johan went through the girls' bedroom, he put an eel into one of their beds. On going to bed, the girl felt something cold and slimy moving in the bed. On finding the eel, the girls became so frightened they all screamed. No one ever admitted having done such a thing.

At the age of 22 John Peder Johansen married Ane Hansen Anderson in a small Lutheran church in Copenhage on February 11, 1940.

Ane's father, Lord Hans Anderson, gave them a small dairy and produce farm three miles out of Copenhagen in the town of Margli on the Zealand Island. Here they raised garden produce, bought cows and sold butter and cheese. Twice a week Johan journeyed by wagon and team to market row in the Copenhagen harbor, where he sold his produce and dairy products; later the older boys helped him in this work.

In 1850 Johan and his family moved to the little village of Vridslosemagle and Johan became night crier in Copenhagen. Often to create a little excitement he would journey out to the church yard at midnight and crow loud and clear to frighten the people in reach of hearing. It was thought an ill omen for a rooster to crow at the hour of midnight. He never outgrew playing pranks on anyone he knew he could frighten.

The Johansen family belonged to the Luthern Church, but when the Danish L.D.S. Mission was organized in Copenhagen under the direction of Elder Erastus Snow, Johan became very interested. He bought the Book of Mormon and read it through several times. It was easy for him to understand, and proved to be a shining light of guidance to Johan. He urged the rest of his family, including his wife, his mother, his brother Charley, and his sister Margaret Sophia, to read the book. They refused. With faith, Johan continued to read and study about the Gospel with a prayerful heart until, on September 18, 1853, he announced to his family that he was going to be baptized that day and

become a member of what he termed the greatest church on earth. He was baptized in an irrigation ditch not far from his home by Olaf Pederson, a recent convert to the Church. He was confirmed October 19, 1853, by Elder O. P. Hansen. His membership in the Church greatly displeased his wife and the others in his family.

Johan was of strong character, a man of honor and principle, brave and fearless. Each day he prayed for guidance that Ane might be led to the truths of the Gospel. On March 17, 1854, six months after Johan was baptized, his fourth son was born. Johan's heart rejoiced. He wanted to have his son christened ?Erastus,? to name him for Elder Erastus Snow, but Ane, still not a member of the Church, refused to give him such a name. Her choice was Karl (Charles A.), which name he was given.

The following year there were trials, sickness, and disappointments, but Johan had an abundance of faith and prayed often to the One he knew was near to help in time of need. He became a devout Latter-day Saint, and urged Ane to join the Church so they might be more united. Finally she consented and was baptized August 6, 1855, by Olaf P. Pederson and confirmed the same day.

Johan's prayers had been answered. Now his great desire was to leave the land of his birth and join the Saints in Utah, but Ane hesitated. Again Johan had to be patient a few more years. Johan always had a deep love and respect for his mother, now in her declining years. He begged that she, too, would join the Church and come to Zion. Although holding no harsh feeling toward Johan for being baptized, she was perfectly satisfied with life as it was. Yet many of her nights were sleepless for she knew that Johan, with his determined mind, would soon leave his native shores. But God did not will that Ane Margaret should live to see the sad day of parting.

A hard worker all her life, Ane Margaret was blessed with health and strength to bear life's burdens. In 1858, shortly after her 74th birthday, she went to visit her Johan, Ane, and their new baby, Joseph Smith Johnson. On returning to the home of her daughter Margret Sophia Jacobson suffered a stroke and never regained consciousness. She left this life 24 hours later; at her bedside were her daughter and two sons, Charly and Johan.

When Jacob Erastus, the youngest son, was three days old, the Johnson home burned to the ground. The mother and baby were carried to the home of a neighbor. It was about this time that Johan took a chance on a lottery in a foreign country and won one thousand dollars. With this money and the help of Ane's father, another house was built across the street from the former one.

Ane was ill much of the time after the birth of Jacob (April 23, 1862) and spent much of her time in her home instead of helping on the farm. Until then she had worked hard on the farm, while rearing her large family. Johan and Ane were now the parents of eleven children, two having died as babies. The two older boys, Johan and James, went to work in the Copenhagen harbor, and Emma did housework for other people. Ane, Charles, and Maren attended district school in Copenhagen for a short term.

All this time Johan was trying hard to get enough cash on hand to set sail for America. Already they had waited so long he knew the three older children would never leave Denmark. He still had very little money, but Elder Snow told him the Church would help him and his family to the Valley; there he could work and pay the loan. When Johan told his wife and three older children of this plan, they refused to leave. Elder Snow said: ?Brother Johansen, make it a matter of prayer and all will be well; your wife will be ready to go, and the other members of your family will follow in a short time.?

It was 1866 before the Johansen farm was sold and preparations were made

to journey across the ocean to Zion. Johan's brother Charly and family were very sad to have this parting. They refused to join the Church and thought Johan was foolish to leave their farm and start out on such a long and needless journey.

Conference was held on the morning of May 21, 1866, at Copenhagen Church. After prayer, the Saints were told what they could take with them. The names of all the Saints expecting to migrate were recorded; on Page 5 of the Scandinavian Mission Report appears the name of Johan Peder Johansen, age 48, a farmer from Zeeland Island; Ane, 46, his wife; Karl, age 11; Karen Maren, age 9; Joseph S., age 8; Peder, age 6; and Jacob, age 4.

The 563 immigrants left the harbor in Copenhagen on a sailing vessel going to Hamberg, Germany, where they joined other immigrants who were to leave for New York City. Friends and relatives gathered at the harbor; there was much confusion and sorrow as the ship sailed out of the Copenhagen Harbor. President Widerborn went with the Saints to Hamberg.

At Hamberg, the Saints were checked and assigned to berths on the ship ?Kenilworth.? They were organized into 48 ?messes,? each ?mess? composed of 16 to 20 members, with a leader for each group. The 684 souls to leave were from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

At 7:00 P.M. on the evening of May 25, 1866, after a dedicatory prayer by President Widerborn for the ship and all on board, the ?Kenilworth? lifted anchor in the River Elbe and began its voyage across the German sea and out into the great Atlantic.

When just four miles out from Hamberg, the river was so low the ship was unable to pass over the bar without help. The route was around the north of Scotland; they sailed so close to the Norwegian shore that all could see the rocky cliffs. The winds were favorable for the first three weeks, and the ship made good headway. For the next five weeks there was a continual wind and a dense fog, making the voyage long and dreary.

Although not Mormons, Captain Brown and his crew were kind and considerate to the passengers. The sick were well cared for, but twelve died during the trip. One man, Jens Hanse, wilfully jumped overboard just when land was sighted. On July 16 the ship anchored off Staten Island and on the morning of July 17 the passengers went ashore at Castle Grove.

Elder Thomas Taylor was there to make arrangements to convey immigrants from New York to Wyoming, Nebraska. The owners of the railroad, hoping to profit at the expense of the Saints asked an unusually high price to take them westward. The Civil War had just ended, and Elder Taylor made a special trip to Boston to make arrangements for the Saints to go over a new route 700 miles longer but much less expensive.

After supper at Garden Grove, the Saints began their journey on a large freight steamer to New Haven, Connecticut, arriving there July 18. They remained but a short time before journeying northward by train, passing through Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont to Montreal, Canada. From there they traveled alongside the St. Lawrence River in poor and dirty freight cars loaded with cattle. On the evening of July 20 the train was derailed near Port Hope on the banks of Lake Ontario, but not one immigrant was injured. The Saints ferried over the St. Clair River to Port Hudson, Michigan, where better cars were waiting to take them on to Chicago.

In Chicago the Johansen family stopped a few days seeking shelter from the scorching sun in a grove of trees. From there they travelled westward; a steamer took them across the Mississippi. The ride through Missouri was very disagreeable. People were at the station to insult them. On July 27th they

reached St. Joseph, then sailed for two days up the Missouri River. Johan and his family suffered insults and abuse ? the wicked crew tried several times to sink the boat. On Sunday morning, July 29, they made camp at Wyoming, Nebraska. As a result of the long journey in the burning heat, Ane and many others were too ill to stand up.

Brigham Young had sent 450 teams and wagons to assist the poor immigrants across the plains. The Church wagons had waited a long time; the Saints should have arrived the first of July instead of the last. Preparations were hurriedly made so the Saints would arrive in Salt Lake City before winter.

On the morning of August 2nd, the Johansen family left Nebraska in Captain Joseph S. Rawlins Company. After spending two months on the sultry plains, they arrived at Public Square in Salt Lake City October 1st, weary and ill from the long, tedious journey.

The Johansens went to South Cottonwood where they lived with the C. F. Meyers family. There Johan built a one-room dugout for his family and established a homestead during that first year in Utah. The land in South Cottonwood at that time was like a wilderness covered with bunch grass and sage brush. Johan Johansen took up ten acres of ground in what was known as "the big field." A mud fence four feet high was built along the east side to keep out stray cattle. Each farmer within the "big field" planted and cared for his own land. Johan, with the help of his sons Charly and Joseph, cleared sage brush, dug ditches, and planted. Just when the crops were growing nicely, what seemed to be a dust storm proved to be grasshoppers. Men, women, and children tried desperately to rid the fields of the pests, but still it was the fourth spring before a good crop was raised. Before long this land proved to be valuable.

When the boys were older, Johan got a quarter section of land for them in Pleasant Green, paying one dollar per acre. Johan was a little slow in getting a small house and water on the ground, so his claim was jumped by another man. After a friendly talk, each decided to take eighty acres.

Johan could make almost anything, so he made most of their first furniture in Utah: two beds with rope "springs," a table, a cupboard, a bench, and several three-legged stools to be used for chairs. In the winter Johan wove baskets and made wash boards out of braided willows. He also mended shoes for his own family and for others.

Johan was unable to speak or understand the English language, so when shopping in Salt Lake City he would always take his daughter Mary with him to do the speaking. If he was unable to get what he wanted at a "Mormon store," he would go without it rather than disobey the church leaders and buy from a gentile.

No unnecessary work was ever done in the Johansen home on Sunday. Johan walked three miles to church because he said the horses needed to rest on the Sabbath as well as man.

In 1870 Johan built a one-room adobe house with a room in the attic, to replace the dirt-roof dugout. A great deal of hard work was required to provide for his family, yet Johan was never too tired to bring laughter, warmth, and sunshine into his home. With his jovial disposition he was able to drive away the darkest cloud.

For two years after coming to Utah Johan worked for Brigham Young during the winter months hauling logs from Cottonwood Canyon.

The Johansen home was always open to young and old; Johan and his good wife respected all ages. When the grandchildren came romping and shouting with happiness, Johan played with them like an over-grown, rosy cheeked boy

himself.

Letters came often from loved ones across the sea. The four children in Demark, as well as Johan, Ane, and their five children in Utah, yearned to be united again. After six years of waiting and praying, Johan received a letter from his son, James, stating that he, his wife and four-year-old daughter Ane C. were making preparations to join them in Zion. On receiving this good news, Johan immediately sent money so that his daughter Ane, now 20 years old, could come with them.

In 1874 came the sad news from Denmark that Johan's sister Margaret Sophia, age 50, had died. Margaret, kind and considerate, had been left a widow in young womanhood with two sons to rear. She never remarried. Unable to leave home to work because of the boys, she converted her home into an orphanage, cooking, sewing, and mending for the homeless. She was loved as a mother by hundreds of children who were left in her care until they could be placed in suitable homes.

In 1874 a smallpox epidemic broke out among the soldiers in Copenhagen. Help was badly needed so Margaret volunteered to go as a nurse. Her sons begged her not to go, fearing she might fall prey to the dreadful disease. But she said, "Boys, I know when duty calls I must answer and do what I can to help the suffering." That was typical of the Christian spirit of Margaret Sophia. After working almost day and night for several weeks, fatigue wore down her resistance. She contracted smallpox and never recovered.

In 1875 Johan sent for his daughter Emma. It was not until 1883 that the Johansen's eldest son Johan and his three motherless children arrived in Utah. What a happy reunion when all were together again.

The Johansen's last home in South Cottonwood was a three-room brick one. For 51 years Johan and Ane enjoyed life's blessings and hardships together. On June 3, 1891, Ane suffered a second stroke and died. Johan remained in the old home and farmed his land until a few years before his death.

Johan loved to dance, and to celebrate his 83rd anniversary he left his sick bed to dance a jig. His daughter Emma cared for him until a few months before his death when he was taken to the home of his daughter Annie Meyers at Riverton. It was here he passed into eternity August 28, 1901, at the age of 84. He was laid to rest in the Murray Cemetery.

Johan was a devout Christian all his life, always ready to lend a helping hand when it was needed. Bishop Joseph R. Rawlins, speaking at his funeral said, in part, "I have known this man for 52 years, and I have never heard one evil word spoken against him. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. His laughter and kindness radiated good will wherever he went. His loved ones, as well as his friends, will miss him, for in passing we mourn the loss of a real character who had an abiding faith in Jesus Christ and in his fellow men. Today he will clasp the hand of a devoted wife and together they shall journey on forever, for what is bound on earth shall be bound in heaven."

It was in Copenhagen one year later (1902) that Charles Johansen answered the call of the Master. He died at the age of 88 at the home of his daughter, his wife having preceded him in death. He was active until a few years before his death. He was station master and also managed his store business. Three of his five daughters survived him.

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 @SALUTATION = BORN: 8 November 1884
 @SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
 @SALUTATION = BAPTIZED: 7 September 1893
 @SALUTATION = ENDOWED: 30 April 1919
 @SALUTATION = MARRIED: 1 November 1905
 @SALUTATION = PLACE: Logan, Cache, Utah
 @SALUTATION = SEALED: 30 April 1919
 @SALUTATION = DIED: 13 December 1944
 @SALUTATION = PLACE: Wendover, Wells, Nevada
 @SALUTATION = BURIED: 18 December 1944
 @SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
 @SALUTATION = FATHER: Jens Johansen
 @SALUTATION = MOTHER: Marie Kirstine Larsen

 @SALUTATION = **W I F E :**
 @SALUTATION = NAME: **Amy Maud Hulse**
 @SALUTATION = BORN: 28 October 1887
 @SALUTATION = PLACE: Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah
 @SALUTATION = BAPTIZED: 29 October 1895
 @SALUTATION = ENDOWED: 30 April 1919
 @SALUTATION = DIED: 15 January 1945
 @SALUTATION = PLACE: Ogden, Weber, Utah
 @SALUTATION = BURIED: 20 January 1945
 @SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
 @SALUTATION = FATHER: Joseph William Hulse
 @SALUTATION = MOTHER: Eliza Ann Buckley

 @SALUTATION = **C H I L D R E N :**
 @SALUTATION = NAME: **Niels Albert Johnson, Jr.**
 @SALUTATION = BORN: 21 May 1906
 @SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
 @SALUTATION = SPOUSE: Sarah Lucille Poppleton
 @SALUTATION = DATE OF MARRIAGE: 28 November 1933
 @SALUTATION = DATE OF BAPTISM: 26 May 1914
 @SALUTATION = DATE OF ENDOWMENT: 11 February 1926
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 @SALUTATION = NAME: **Edith Leora Johnson**
 @SALUTATION = BORN: 3 December 1907
 @SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
 @SALUTATION = SPOUSE: Ernest George Knowles
 @SALUTATION = DATE OF MARRIAGE: 6 December 1952
 @SALUTATION = DATE OF BAPTISM: 15 February 1915
 @SALUTATION = DATE OF ENDOWMENT: 5 October 1959
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 @SALUTATION = DATE DIED: 8 January 1960

@SALUTATION = NAME: **Mary Pearl Johnson**
@SALUTATION = BORN: 24 August 1909
@SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
@SALUTATION = SPOUSE: Ernest Felix Beutler
@SALUTATION = DATE OF MARRIAGE: 16 June 1938
@SALUTATION = DATE OF BAPTISM: 16 October 1917
@SALUTATION = DATE OF ENDOWMENT: 3 October 1935
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@SALUTATION = NAME: **Violet Jessie Johnson**
@SALUTATION = BORN: 26 March 1911
@SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
@SALUTATION = SPOUSE: David Joseph Thompson
@SALUTATION = DATE OF MARRIAGE: 20 September 1932
@SALUTATION = DATE OF BAPTISM: 29 April 1919
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@SALUTATION = NAME: **Bertha Annie Johnson**
@SALUTATION = BORN: 10 April 1913
@SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
@SALUTATION = SPOUSE: Clyde Vasquez Nye
@SALUTATION = DATE OF MARRIAGE: 6 August 1930
@SALUTATION = DATE OF BAPTISM: 12 April 1921
@SALUTATION = DATE OF ENDOWMENT: 7 February 1934
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@SALUTATION = NAME: **Mildred Beatrice Johnson**
@SALUTATION = BORN: 7 January 1916
@SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
@SALUTATION = SPOUSE: David Otto Lundberg
@SALUTATION = DATE OF MARRIAGE: 14 April 1937
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@SALUTATION = NAME: **Myrtle Blanche Johnson**
@SALUTATION = BORN: 4 November 1917
@SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
@SALUTATION = SPOUSE: Earl Alonzo Winn
@SALUTATION = DATE OF MARRIAGE: 22 November 1939
@SALUTATION = DATE OF BAPTISM: 17 November 1925
@SALUTATION = DATE OF ENDOWMENT: 22 November 1943
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@SALUTATION = NAME: **Boyd Dean Johnson**
@SALUTATION = BORN: 25 September 1919
@SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
@SALUTATION = SPOUSE: Annie Francis Kanfoush
@SALUTATION = DATE OF MARRIAGE: 8 July 1946
@SALUTATION = DATE OF BAPTISM: 27 September 1927
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@SALUTATION = NAME: **Maud Lorraine Johnson**
@SALUTATION = BORN: 5 October 1921
@SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
@SALUTATION = SPOUSE: Merritt Meredith Willis (div.)
@SALUTATION = DATE OF MARRIAGE: 29 April 1941
@SALUTATION = DATE OF BAPTISM: 22 October 1929
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@SALUTATION = NAME: **Coy June Johnson**
@SALUTATION = BORN: 10 June 1923
@SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
@SALUTATION = SPOUSE: James Thomas Stevenson (div.)
@SALUTATION = DATE OF MARRIAGE: 9 February 1946
@SALUTATION = DATE OF BAPTISM: 23 June 1931
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@SALUTATION = NAME: **Reed Alden Johnson**
@SALUTATION = BORN: 25 February 1925
@SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
@SALUTATION = SPOUSE: Dorene Rogers
@SALUTATION = DATE OF MARRIAGE: 16 June 1947
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@SALUTATION = BORN: 31 December 1926
@SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
@SALUTATION = SPOUSE: Arthur Elmer Jones
@SALUTATION = DATE OF MARRIAGE: 20 October 1943
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@SALUTATION = NAME: **Alda Lee Johnson**
@SALUTATION = BORN: 7 December 1928
@SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
@SALUTATION = SPOUSE: Denton Clyde Hall
@SALUTATION = DATE OF MARRIAGE: 2 September 1948
@SALUTATION = DATE OF BAPTISM: 7 December 1936
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@SALUTATION = NAME: **Keith Deloy Johnson**
@SALUTATION = BORN: 25 October 1931
@SALUTATION = PLACE: Hyrum, Cache, Utah
@SALUTATION = SPOUSE: Lorene Gertrude Hill
@SALUTATION = DATE OF MARRIAGE: 25 July 1955
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