

ANE KERSTINE CHRISTENSEN JOHANSEN

Ane Kerstine Christensen Johansen was born in Valsted Aalborg, Denmark, May 29, 1836. Her parents were well to do religious people, who were members of the Lutheran Church. Her father was the wealthiest man in the city where he lived. He owned a farm, a hotel and a store, which provided them with a very good living.

About the year 1850, Mormon missionaries came to their home. Her father, Mr. Christensen became very interested in this plan of life and salvation which they were teaching. That he might learn more of the Gospel, he hired two missionaries to help him for two months. At night the two older daughters, Ane Kerstine and Annie Mina would listen to the wonderful message of the Prophet Joseph Smith, the visitation of the Father and Son to him, and of the restoration of the true Gospel to the earth again.

The father had faith and believed in the testimony of the Elders, but deferred his baptism four years, hoping that his family might also receive this glad message. In the year 1854 her father was baptized. He then remained there another four years. At that time Elder Flegar said to him, "Brother Christensen, if you prepare to go to Zion, I will promise you one of your daughters will be baptized and accompany you."

The daughters learned to spin and weave. They also had the experience of directing the employees that worked for their father in the store, hotel, and on the farm.

Mr. Christensen began making preparations for his departure to Zion. He sold his possessions, bought his wife a good home, and made arrangements for her to be provided for. Mr. Jacobsen who bought his place was to pay her a certain amount each year. This amount was very liberal for her and her two daughters; the two daughters \$500.00.

On the 30th of January, 1858, Ane Kerstine was baptized into the Church. Since it was very cold, the thick ice was chopped in order that the ordinance might be performed. About two weeks later they started for Zion.

The friends and relatives of Ane Kerstine and her father were very sorry about the departure for America, and prepared to keep Ane there. The company had planned to depart at four a. m. on February 14th, 1858, but instead they left at one a. m. This was three hours earlier than they had planned. Mads Jacobsen and wife, very dear friends of Mr. Christensen, had bid them goodbye the night before they were leaving. The next night Mads Jacobsen could not sleep. He arose from his bed. His wife asked, "Why are you getting up now?" He said, "I cannot sleep, I feel sorry about our friend Mickel and his daughter leaving for America. We will never see them again. I want to go see them once more before they leave." "I cannot sleep either, I will go with you," said his wife. They arrived at the Christensen home just in time to bid a last farewell to the departing friends.

When Mr. and Mrs. Jacobsen were returning home, they met all the young people of the town together. They were going to the Christensen home with the intention of kidnaping Ane Kerstine. When they learned that they were too late they decided to meet the next night at the home of the man who had bought Christensen's property, a Mr. Jacobsen. He and his wife were with the crowd.

The next night the crowd met at the home of these people. They were all very angry, and were saying terrible things about the Mormons. Mr. and Mrs. Jacobsen were very angry and were planning to prosecute the next Mormons that came there. While Mrs. Jacobsen was speaking these vile threats, she became paralyzed and was helpless for the rest of her life.

Can we imagine the sorrow and grief surrounding the separation of the father and oldest daughter, to leave for an unknown land, for the sake of a very unpopular religion, from the mother and two daughters who never expected to meet again. Their grief and sorrow cannot be described. If death had taken their dear ones, it would have seemed easier to bear, but to think of them going with the hated Mormons was a terrible thought.

Their voyage over the sea was made in a sailing vessel, and it took them eleven weeks to make the journey. The emigrants suffered very much. A number of them were buried at sea.

The company landed in New York. From there they traveled by train to Florence, Neb., where they stopped for some time. Here they made preparations for the rest of the journey to Utah. They bought horses and cows, a wagon and a cook stove to bring with them to Zion.

In the company that crossed the plains at this time were Caroling Newbellly Oman. Also some of her people, including a brother who was drowned in Green River some years later when he was returning from the East after emigrants. Marie Sorenson who was the first wife of Bishop A. C. Madsen of Gunnison. She had her belongings in Ane Kerstine's trunk. Ane Kerstine had many beautiful clothes, also some very fine dress patterns. She had plenty of bedding, pillows, feather beds and the like. The ticking was of home spun yarn and cotton warp. At one time she cut one of the woolen ticks into a pair of trousers for Swen O. Neilson. She had also a gold watch on which her name and the date of her birth was engraved. After she was married she traded her watch for a spinning wheel. She traded some of her dress material for seed wheat.

The young ladies of the company walked and drove the cows. Ane Kerstine rode a horse for about half an hour; this was her only ride on the whole trip. One day a large herd of buffalo were seen in the distance on a stampede. One of the men fired several shots in their direction, which turned the herd. It was this that saved the herd of cows.

Some of the company were buried on the plains, with not a thing to mark their final resting place.

Ane Kerstine became acquainted with Peter Johansen who was also in the company. The company was in charge of Captain Homer, and it reached Salt Lake on September 28, 1858. While they were in Salt Lake, the stove which her father had bought and brought all the way in his own wagon was taken from him and given to some official. This was very displeasing to him.

The company all went directly to Ephraim, where they arrived in October, 1858.

On November 21, 1858, Ane Kerstine and Peter Johansen were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. They lived in Ephraim that winter. Sarpete Valley was mostly settled by Scandinavian immigrants, and they all gathered in Ephraim in winter where there was a fort for protection against the Indians. In the spring of 1859, they were among the first pioneers to come to Mt. Pleasant. They lived in the fort and helped to build it. Six couples were called by leaders of the Church to settle Mt. Pleasant in the spring of 1859. They helped build a fort one block each way, with Pleasant Creek running through it. On the bank of this stream they made a dug-out with dirt floor and dirt roof. Their window was cloth stretched over to let the light in. It was there that their first son McCarl was born. They moved from the fort to a two room cellar, where they lived until 1862, when they built a home where they raised their family, three blocks east and one south of the intersection of Main and State in Mt. Pleasant.

McCarl Johansen, their first son was born Sept. 4, 1859. He was one of the first children born in Mt. Pleasant, Utah. In the year 1868, Ane Kerstine consented to her husband to enter the plural law of marriage. He then married Larsena Jacobsen. For ten years they lived in one house, Larsena having five children born to her in that time. One remarkable experience was that on the 19th of March, 1875, Sena gave birth to Andrew, and on the 20th of March, Ane Kerstine gave birth to a girl, Mary Emma. They were both moved into the same room at the time.

Ane Kerstine was not used to hardships, but it was necessary to adapt herself to pioneer life, which she did wonderfully well.

In the year 1862, she had the joy and pleasure of her sister Annie Mina coming to Zion. Their mother and sister Marie never embraced the gospel; they always remained in Denmark. In the year 1897, her nephew Christian Dahl came to visit her and her sister. He remained there six years, then returned to his home.

Ane Kerstine was the mother of four sons and six daughters. She was a teacher in the Relief Society for many years. She was very liberal in visiting and assisting immigrants when they arrived here. She died December 22, 1899.

Mickel Christensen married into polygamy, had three wives but no children in Utah.

Autobiography of

A N N A N E L L I E N I E L S O N J O H A N S E N

as told to Mable J. Palmer

I, Anna Nellie Nielson Johansen, was born in Fairview, Sanpete County, Utah, 3 August, 1880, in a two-roomed adobe house on the same lot where the large home was built later. My father was Swen Ole Nielson, son of Ole Nielson and Pernellie Baum. My Mother was Rachel Violet Atkin, daughter of William Atkin and Rachel Thompson.

I was baptized by Parley Young on 12 August, 1888, in Cottonwood Creek, Fairview, Utah.

My childhood memories are happy ones. Each spring our family would go up to the ranch nine miles from Fairview, past Milburn to put in the crop. We lived in a one-room log house while they broke and cleared the land. After the crop was in, we moved up onto the mountain to the sawmill where Dad employed 40 men. They felled the trees with axes, hooked chains around the logs and pulled them with a yoke of oxen to the mill. As the logs were sawed, a man would catch the board in his hands, carry it to the edging machine, and from there, he carried it to three-cornered piles to dry. The lumber was hauled by wagon and team through the mountains to the railroad near Price, Utah. At the lumber camp we lived in rough lumber shacks, about 30' by 16'. The main building served as kitchen and dining room for the crew, who slept in bunk houses. We had two hired girls, one to look after the children, and one to help Mother cook. My happiest memory is of the nights of the campfires with the men around it playing their harmonicas, jews-harps, singing, and step dancing.

In my sixth year, my dear little sister Mable, who was two years younger than I, became very ill while at the ranch. Will and I would bring wild flowers to her. She died of diphtheria and is buried in Fairview.

When I was eight years old the big home was built in Fairview, and we didn't go to the ranch or saw mill any more.

At the saw mill, Dad kept a stock of supplies for the convenience of the men. He took the remainder of the stock to Fairview where he opened up a store in the old two-roomed adobe house. The next year he built a big store, which was known as Swen and Lars Nielson Mercantile. It had a dance hall over it that would accommodate 80 couples. Dad expanded the store, and bought out Uncle Lars when he moved to Canada in 1900.

Dad built a millinery shop for me on the north side of the Mercantile. There I made a lot of the hats I sold, made of buckram forms covered with velvet, or wire shapes covered with chiffon, ribbon and artificial flowers. The Mercantile was sold to John Christensen in 1917, and Dad moved to Provo and built a store there.

As a child I had rheumatic fever, and was unable to attend school regularly. However, with the help I received from two different school teachers who boarded at our place, Miss Mary Nielson, and Miss Sadie Wiling, I was able to keep up with my work. Two teachers I remember especially were Guy C. Wilson (who later taught my daughters Mable and Nellie at the Brigham Young University) and Eli Ezra Day. In the winter and spring of 1899 I went to the Brigham Young Academy and boarded at Professor Briant Hinkley's home. The next year I stayed at home, because of Mother's illness.

When I was about ten years old, Mother was very anxious to go home to Atkinville near St. George. She took Will, Lu, Stell, Sina and me with her. We took the narrow gauge train from Moroni to Nephi, went on the wide gauge train to Milford, where we were met in a white-topped democrat drawn by two horses. The sand was heavy, and it took three days to drive to St. George, then we continued another seven miles and forded the Virgin River to get to Grandma's place in Atkinville. I remember the tamarac-lined drive up to the house, also the fishpond stocked with carp that were delicious. We stayed there for about two months in the winter. Grandpa like to talk about his handcart experience, and Grandma would say, "Shoot oop William, I want to hear no more about it!"

My next trip to St. George was when I was about 13. Uncle Joe Atkin and President J. McAllister of the St. George temple came to Salt Lake to conference, and they took me back to St. George. Grandma Atkin had moved to St. George then, where

Grandpa officiated in the temple, and I became acquainted with the young people in St. George, including my cousins. I was down there during the grape season and watermelon season, but after about six weeks I returned home with Uncle Al Atkin as far as Milford, when he went for supplies, and then on home by train. It took eight days to get home.

Before I started school Dad took me to Salt Lake City. We rode to Thistle Junction with the mailman in a buggy and caught the train to Salt Lake. While there, Dad took me for a ride on the first electric street car in Salt Lake City. I was there when Teddy Roosevelt led his regiment through Salt Lake on his way from the Spanish American war. I also saw him when he was President of the United States. I also saw President Harrison and Grover Cleveland.

In 1898 Dad, Mother, Uncle Lars, and I went to Omaha, Nebraska to the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. President McKinley was there and spoke. There were miles and miles of exhibits. Again in 1899 I went with Dad to Kansas City and Omaha for the Exposition and to buy goods for the store. Dad was on the State Board of Equalization, so we had free passage on the railroads. He took his family with him on many trips. After Mother died, dad took all the family to Los Angeles, with the help of Aunt Gustie Erickson. On another trip we visited San Francisco on a buying trip for the store.

We had parties any time we wanted at our home. There was a gang of about 20 kids who went out together, went buggy riding, horse back riding or dancing. My older brother Will was my constant companion. My closest girl friends were Lizzie Peterson (Anderson) and Emma Christensen (Hales). There were a lot of young people in Fairview, and one group would start to sing a song and others would pick it up until the whole town was singing.

Many important people were guests in our home. George Albert Smith had the agency for Studebaker wagon Company and often stayed at our place and went out selling with Dad. Reed Smoot was in the lumber business and visited us very often. Mother was a wonderful and charming hostess. Everyone loved her, and she entertained many of the church leaders, such as John Henry Smith, Apostle, Father of George Albert Smith. Mother sewed beautiful clothes for us children, and she loved it.

Mother died 26 October, 1900. Will was on a mission in Sweden at the time, so I was the oldest one at home. I sold out the stock in my millinery shop -- it was turned into a post office, and I stayed at home for three years to take care of the family. Lu, Stell, Sina and Frank were at home with Dad and me.

In the winter of 1901 I had typhoid fever. A widow woman, Jennie Poulsen, came from Manti to nurse me. She and Dad were married about June or July in 1902, in the Manti temple by President McAllister, and they lived with her three children Ernest, Leonard, and Blanche (who were ages about 15 to 18) in a rented house across the street until their new house was built. After I was married in December, 1903, Stell, Sina and Frank lived with Aunt Jennie until they went away to school. Frank was sickly, and Aunt Jennie took very good care of him until he died 20 January, 1905.

I was always popular with the boys, and was on the verge of accepting a proposal of marriage when I met John Johansen at a fourth of July celebration. I went with him steady until our marriage on December 16, 1903. Dad and Aunt Jennie went and had it shipped to Mt. Pleasant to John's old home. John's sister Mary went through the temple with us. Our reception was the next day at my home in Fairview, with 150 guests and many beautiful gifts. My girl friend Emma was hostess for the reception. Older people called in the afternoon, young people in the evening.

That winter John and I lived in his old home in Mt. Pleasant. In the spring we collected our belongings and started for Canada. Although we arrived in Canada in a blizzard at 3 o'clock in the morning, we were met by Alef and Gustie Erickson and many warm-hearted people of Stirling who turned out to help us unload our things. We stayed with Ericksons for about ten days until we could get settled. There were many of our friends from Utah who had moved to Canada, including Alef and Gustie Erickson, and their children Lief, Allen, and Nell, who was married to Allie Bennett, Joe and Emma Nilsson, Jenny and Will Knight, Mark and Geniveve Brimhall, the Bert Kirkhams, J. U. Allreds, and others, most of whom were living around

Raymond. We had many happy times and made many life-long friends there. John worked on the construction of the opera house and the tabernacle.

We moved our cattle, about twenty head, to Uncle Lars' ranch at Mountain View. We had many reverses and hardships in our early years of marriage, but this is reported in John's life story. One of the compensations was when John Vivian was born -- what a happy thing it was to have a baby! He had white hair, and when he grew older, he used to ask, "Mama, do you think the Lord loves little cotton tops?"

In the summer of 1906 we moved from Raymond to Woolford to work on the J.M. Tanner place. We were living in a tent on the west side of what we call the half-section, and it rained for thirteen days without letting up. Vivian was just a year and one half old, and had to spend a lot of time on the bed because the rain made a river through our tent. There was a board on the ground from the bed to the table, and from the table to the stove. Brother Dennis Harris, who lived just one half mile south of us, came in his buggy and took us to his home to get us out of the storm. Their hospitality meant so much to us. During the same summer, while we were living in a tent, I cooked for eighteen men while they were building the big granary. The next summer we stepped up the scale. We not only had a tent, but we also had a portable granary to live in.

One experience I remember this summer was losing John Vivian. He went out to play, and I couldn't find him. It was only through his toy, a little handcart, that he had dropped near a big badger hole that I was able to find him. He had chased a badger into the hole and crawled in head first after it. He got wedged in there and couldn't get out.

That summer the Woolford branch of the I.D.S. Church was organized. Wm. Anscough was the President. The Superintendent of the Sunday School was John Johansen with Walter Pitcher and Alonzo Lamb as councilors. Nellie Pitcher was the Primary President, and Sister Eunice Harris was Relief Society President. Sister Harris, (we called her Auntie), would call for me on the old horse "Scrooge" to go to Relief Society. The horse couldn't carry both of us and Vivian, so Auntie Harris would ride about half a mile, tie the horse to a post and walk on. When I'd get to the horse I'd ride a ways and tie it up for her. The one on the horse carried Vivian.

We'd haul our water in a barrel from Rush Lake on a stone boat. We'd dip the water with a bucket and strain it through a couple of dish towels to get the wigglers out. After we had built our house by Rush Lake, across the road from Steed's home, we had the water barrel standing on the stone boat by the door. The children were warned not to waste the water. One day I caught Alice Steed and John Vivian inside the barrel washing the mud off their legs so they wouldn't waste the water.

The most wonderful experience of my life is the privilege I've had of being a mother. When our first baby came I loved him so much that when I found I was expecting another child, I thought I had no more love to spare; but when Donna came she was so sweet and beautiful, I had plenty of love for her. Fourteen months later Swen came. He was so glad to be here that he let Donna wag his ears and steal his bottle, and he was always good natured. As each of the other five children came, they brought their share of love. The Lord had certainly blessed me and inspired me in the raising of my children. You are entitled to wisdom in raising your family. I felt that the Lord had placed these children in my care and given me the responsibility of raising them, and with His help I'd do the best I could.

When Swen was a baby, we spent days preparing to attend the July 1st celebration in Cardston. The town was going to have a real treat by having the privilege of seeing my three children. Vivian was dressed first, so I sent him out to his daddy, who was greasing the buggy. Donna was then dressed in a beautiful new dress with eyelet embroidery that had been sent from Utah. To keep Donna busy while I dressed Swen, I gave her a catalogue and a pair of scissors so she could cut out pictures. I dressed Swen and sat him on the floor. When I turned to Donna I saw to my despair that she had taken the scissors and cut from one eyelet to another across her dress until the whole bottom had fallen off. At the same awful moment I heard a crunching sound, and there was Swen sitting in a box of eggs I had purchased for setting hens, they were mashed under him. Just then Vivian appeared in the door with a big black ring of tar encircling his perfectly

white hair. While his Father was greasing the wheel of the buggy, Vivian had taken the burr from the wheel and placed it on his head.

Much disheartened, but still determined to attend the celebration, we redressed the children and started for Cardston in the buggy with an umbrella over our heads to keep the children from getting sunburned. A strong wind came up. The umbrella turned inside out and flew out of my hands into the field. John hurried after it, losing his hat at the same time. He finally caught up to his hat, retrieved the umbrella, and with no further mishaps, we reached Cardston. However, the celebration was somewhat of a disappointment, as we were practically strangers in the town, and I had to sit in the buggy and tend Donna and Swen as there were no seats to be had, while John and Vivian watched the ball game. Jane Anderson saw me sitting in the buggy and came and spoke to me, and we have been good friends ever since. We would often stop at their farm as a half-way rest stop when we went to Cardston.

In the fall of 1911 we drove out over our field which had taken first prize in field contest in Alberta for the best stand of grain. Brother and Sister Harris said, "We hope you get this crop." John assured them we would be able to cut the grain before the first of September. But on that night, the 28th of August, it started to snow. The crop laid on the ground all winter. On a Sunday the following spring, April 8, I saw that the fields were on fire. I got on our old horse Sam, and rode to the school house where everyone was at church. The people left church and through the heroic efforts of the men who fought the flames with their coats, or sacks, or anything they could find, the fire was stopped, and saved the grain fields. Two horses were killed in the fire.

The next day, April 9, 1912, Verl was born, and on that day they were cutting grain, threshing and seeding all at the same time. Doctor Lynn of Cardston stayed with me for 26 hours until Verl was born. Because of this difficult experience, Dad decided that something must be done to get a hospital so that women would not have to suffer so much. He did a great work, along with others, in the establishment of the Cardston Municipal Hospital. When Verl was a baby, all five of the children had whooping cough at once, and they were dreadfully sick. How thankful I am for what we have now, that science has made it possible that children can be inoculated against so many diseases. The Relief Society used to do so much for people who were sick. Now those who are ill can go to the hospital.

I was fortunate in having some of my family living near us. In October 1909 my sister Stella and her husband Bob Oldroyd moved to Canada and lived here until 1929. Their daughter Gwen was born here.

In came to visit us when John Vivian was born, and returned each summer after. She owned and operated a theatre in Cardston from 1916 to 1924. She moved to the States for a few years, but has been back most every summer, spending much time in Waterton Lakes.

Will and Anna, with their children Rachel, Ruth and Sina, moved to Canada at the beginning of the war. Rachel died here and they took her to Fairview for burial. Two sets of twins, Swen and Ida, and Goldie and Golden, were born in Canada. Will died in Lethbridge, October 1918, and was taken to Fairview for burial. Lu went along with Anna to Utah to help with the children on the train.

My father also made an occasional visit from Utah to see us at Woolford. When any of my family came from Utah, they would quite often bring us some apples. We were so happy in 1914, while attending the Dry Land Congress in Lethbridge, to find that apples were being grown in British Columbia, and that we would be able to get them.

In the spring of 1914, we moved our house and barn to E $\frac{1}{2}$  Sec. 1-3-W24th to be near the canal for water and his work. The children were old enough now to ride the extra distance to school. With the beginning of the World War prices were good, so we took our six small children to Utah by train. There we saw John's sister Mary, who was ill in the hospital. She asked us to take Omer and teach him how to work. After her death, Omer Porter, (who now goes by the name of Jim), came and lived with us for seven years as my own son. His brother Reed also lived with us for some time.

After returning from Utah, I had to be operated on, and I was released from the hospital the day before Christmas. John came for me even though the snow was very deep. We finally reached home, and Daddy so proudly opened the bedroom door to show me the room they had papered as a surprise for me. It was truly a surprise for everyone -- all of the paper had come off the walls and was half standing and laying all over the room. John grabbed it up in his arms and pulled it out through the door. However, that was a very joyous Christmas with our dear family.

Christmas has always been a sacred time in our married life, preparing for Christmas and the events surrounding it. We didn't have a lot of presents. Most of the shopping was done in the Eaton's catalogue. Little things always pleased the children, even if it was just a comb or a pair of socks. Many of our gifts were little things we made by hand. Over the years I can remember the ways we decorated for Christmas, particularly after the addition was made to our house. Red and green streamers would be twisted and stretched across the parlor and dining room, with a large decorated Christmas tree standing in the bay window, and gifts piled on the window seat. We always had a huge stuffed turkey, lots of vegetables from our root cellar, brightly colored hard tack candy and other good food, seasoned with fun, laughter, and usually some friends. Christmas morning there was always a line-up in our bedroom, littlest first, to go into the parlor to see what Santa had left. Christmases have been such happy times.

There has never been a birthday in our family without a birthday cake, and usually a party and a few coins in the bottom of the dish of mush at breakfast time.

The older members of the family will remember Donna's 13th birthday party. Everything was ready, and Vivian got into the sleigh and drove to the townsite to gather up the young people. It was the 24th of January, and a storm came up and the temperature started to drop. When Vivian reached Arthur Pitcher's home, he looked at the thermometer on the porch, and it said 40° below zero. He turned around and drove home and put his arms around Donna and said, "Never mind, sis, there are lots of us here and we can have a good time anyway." So we sang songs, played games, and everyone had a wonderful time.

There was a good community spirit in Woolford, and the meeting house was the social centre for the whole district. The people brought their whole families for entertainments, and the babies lay on the benches to sleep with coats over them. As soon as they were big enough to stay awake, they started to join in the dancing. At almost every gathering at the church we furnished a six-quart freezer of ice cream. However, much of our recreation was of necessity in the home, with the children having their friends to sleep over night with them. Many hours were spent in popping popcorn on the coal stove in the kitchen, or pulling taffy, playing checkers or blind-man's buff, or dancing to the phonograph in the parlor where the carpet would be rolled back. There was a family Valentine box with home-made Valentines every year, and Easter was the time for hiding, finding, and rolling Easter eggs on the nearby hills.

Living out in the country as we did, four miles from Woolford, our place was often a point of stop-over for anyone traveling through, and they were always welcome to a meal and a bed. One bitter cold winter day a man came to the door. When we opened it he fell right onto the floor. He was Elden Myers from Gardston, riding through on horseback. His feet were badly frozen. We soaked them in coal-oil. I cut up a quilt to get the wool bats to wrap around his feet. We were snow-bound, so couldn't get him to the hospital, and he stayed with us for ten days. The doctor said it was a miracle he didn't lose both of his legs.

Living so far from the hospital and doctors, it was necessary for us to depend on the inspiration of the Lord in emergencies. On one occasion, John was unloading cattle in Gardston, and got his thumb mashed in the door of the train. The doctor removed the thumb nail, but it wouldn't heal, and it developed an abnormal growth which they called "proud flesh". For six weeks he endured pain with it, and went down from 160 pounds to 119 pounds. Dr. Lynn decided that the thumb would have to be removed. After we had prayed about it, I felt inspired to make a poultice of equal parts of sugar, flour, cream, and a little boracic acid. After having it on for about an hour, the thumb started to drain. When John went back to the doctor the next day, he was amazed. We continued poulticing and saved his thumb. Another time, Ray got a bad gash on his head, and blood was streaming from it. I dumped the sugar from the sugar bowl on it, and it stopped bleeding.

There were many other such incidents, where, with the inspiration of the Lord, we were able to rise to the situations.

Nothing was so beautiful as those fields of grain, and there was no greater satisfaction than to have the grain bins filled. For years we farmed about one thousand acres of land with horses. It was thrilling to see 30 or 40 of them lined up going to the fields.

The work of planting and harvesting required a crew of at least 12 to 15 men, and one or two hired girls. I really enjoyed those days when the men would come to the table loaded with good food, and the way they enjoyed eating was a source of pleasure to me. When the threshing machine was replaced by the combine, with it went the romance of the farm and fields, the horses, stooks, and crews of men. We have had broken-hearted boys come to us with a "don't care" attitude, but somehow after they told me their story, I found they were good boys just run up against a snag, and needed a little help.

John handled horses very well. One sight I shall always remember was when they moved the big granary from the half section to just west of the house. Four drivers handled the 32 horses. When John signalled with his hat, every horse started to pull at once. It was a beautiful sight.

I wouldn't change my experiences for anything. I loved the farm, the rolling hills, with Old Chief Mountain in the background to remind us every morning that we should stand four square to the world.

Living four miles from school, it was somewhat of a worry about the children, until they would come into view over the hill. They took cold lunches with them, so I tried to have something hot for them to eat as soon as they got home. On the cold days in winter we heated bricks in the stove for the foot warmer, bundled the children in quilts in a sleigh filled with clean straw, and waved them off to school. One very cold day I stood by the window watching for them, fearing they would be frozen. At the sound of the sleigh bells, I hurried to the door, and the children were all singing "We'll never let the old flag fall."

During my lifetime I've had several serious illnesses. Many times my family have knelt around my bed to pray for my recovery. One time when I was in the Cardston hospital, so very ill that I was only half conscious, I kept wondering how I could get word to President Edward J. Wood to put my name on the prayer roll in the Temple. I felt someone's hand on my brow, and looked up into the eyes of President Wood. He said, "Sister, I feel that you need my blessing." He had felt the impression so strongly that he had left the Temple to come to my bedside to give me a blessing, and without taking time to call on any other patients, he returned to the Temple. That was the turning point in my illness. My fever broke, and I immediately started to recover.

One by one the children began to leave the nest, and to make a life for themselves. Omer and Reed Porter went to Sacramento, California, to live with their sister Veri Lovell. John Vivian left for a mission to the North Central States on October 25, 1925. While there, he met Amelia Peterson of Smithfield, Utah, whom he later married in the Logan Temple 21 Dec., 1928. After a very successful mission he returned no longer as "Vivian", but as "John V." John V. and Amelia lived in Calgary for four years working for Great West Distributors. Later he started his own "Sturdie Oil" business in Lethbridge.

Donna went to Normal School in Calgary, taught school three years in Whiskey Gap, Twin Lakes and Aetna, then went on a mission to the Western States from Nov. 1928 to August 1930. While John V. and Amelia were on their honeymoon, they visited Donna in Council Bluffs, Iowa. We had hoped to send all of the children on missions, but the hungry 30's put a stop to that. Following her mission, Donna taught school at Park Bend, and there met and married Gerald Frank from Hillspring in the Alberta Temple, 2 April, 1931. Five years later, in August 1936, Gerald died very suddenly, and Donna moved back to live with us for a short time before teaching school in Raymond. There she met Ralph Meldrum, and they were married 10 July, 1940 in the Cardston Temple, with her wedding reception at our home at Woolford.

Swen wanted to see the world, so he went to Sacramento, California to be with Omer and Reed Porter. He worked there for about three years, then returned for a



visit and stayed to farm in the Woolford district, where he married Alice Stoddard at her home on 19th March, 1934, and settled on a farm in Woolford.

Ray attended Raymond and Olds Agricultural Colleges. On the occasion of a trip to Utah with John V., he met Amelia's sister Bessie, and three years later they were married in the Alberta Temple in Cardston, 14 December 1933, and had their wedding dinner at the farm. For a while they lived in Champion, then Lethbridge, working for Great West Distributors.

Verl and Anna each had two years schooling at the Technical Institute in Calgary, and while there, each lived with John V. and Amelia. Verl worked at the Reco store in Lethbridge, making slip covers for furniture, and draperies. Anna worked at the Logan Garment Company.

Mable and Nellie went together to the Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah in the fall of 1936. The following year, my niece Ida Nielson, lived with them. At New Years in 1938, John and I took Verl and Anna down to Provo where we rented a house, and the four of our daughters and Ida all went to the B.Y.U. together for the winter quarter. During this time Verl became engaged to Theron Lambert, and Nellie to William M. (Bill) Pratt. Verl and Theron were married 16 Sept. 1938, and Nellie and Bill on 22 Dec. 1938, both in the Alberta Temple, with their wedding receptions at home on the farm. Mable worked at the Ellison Milling Company in Lethbridge as a stenographer for three years while waiting for Delbert Palmer to return from a mission to Argentina. They were married one week after his return in the Alberta Temple on July 30, 1941, with a reception following at home in Woolford. Anna returned to the Brigham Young University, and graduated in Home Economics and taught school in Richfield, Utah.

Other than for a hired man, we were alone on the farm without any of our children. Most of the family came home for Mother's Day in May, 1937. After a wonderful day, family after family pulled out. Ray and Bessie stayed behind with their arms around us, and we cried and said, "If only you could come back to the farm." Two days later they surprised us by saying they were coming back home to live. Having them there relieved us of a lot of responsibility. They always made everyone welcome when they came home for holidays and Christmas. Having their children there placed us in the wonderful role of grandparents. The farm went through a cycle of prosperity under their hands. They had such a good understanding of the farm and were happy there. One day, we were looking over the sea of golden grain, and Bessie put her arm around me and said, "Who would want to go to heaven from here, Mother!" I shall be eternally grateful to Bessie for her understanding and consideration of me.

My father, Swen O. Nielson, died 14 June, 1936, leaving an estate to be settled. It was necessary for John and me to make several trips to Utah to see about it. In the spring of 1942, John and I left Bessie and Ray to run the farm, and moved to Fairview to take care of our portion of the farm, sheep and cattle that we inherited. We built a home across the road from the old home where Stell and Bob Oldroyd were living. Nellie and Bill and their children Richard and John Pratt moved in with us, and were there when Ray was born. Anna was teaching school in Richfield that year, and she married Harold Y. Anderson of Spanish Fork in the Manti Temple, 31 July 1942, and had their reception at our home in Fairview. Soon after Harold went into the airforce, and Anna taught school at Murray, Utah. The next year Harold was stationed at Fort Sumner, N.M., and Anna lived there doing sewing. Later she taught school in Sacramento while Harold was in Japan with the airforce, until the end of the war.

I always loved Fairview as a girl. Memories of childhood and friends were sweet. There we renewed many of our old friendships.

In the fall of 1944, when the mountains were brilliant with autumn colors, all of the family came to visit us, and insisted on us coming home to Canada. Nellie and Bill and family moved to Delta, Utah. We sold out to a sheep man from Fountain Green named Cook, and were back in Canada for Father's Day, 1945. We moved into an apartment in John V's oil warehouse, and almost every day he slipped in to visit with us for a little while. It was good to be back living near our children again.

In February, 1946, Verl and her two children, Allan and Roger Lambert, flew from Boston where she and Theron had been living. They stayed with us until her

twins, Glen and Dale were born, after which they moved to San Diego, California in June, where Theron did research work for the U. S. Navy.

While we lived in Lethbridge, John was made a member of the Lethbridge Stake High Council, of which our son, John V., was also a member.

On December 16th, 1945, we celebrated our 42nd wedding anniversary with a dinner at Donna and Ralph's home on their farm near Raymond. Those of the family gathered there decided it would be fun to have a mock wedding ceremony. They soaped my fingers to get off my old wedding ring, and put an old lace curtain over my head for a veil. I walked up the aisle on John V's arm toward John who was waiting with young Frank as best man. I said, "I hope the Lord will forgive me for having eight children before I was married." When the part in the ceremony came to place the ring on the bride's finger, Frank handed over a box that had in it a beautiful diamond and wedding ring to match. I was so thrilled I was weak. The centrepiece on the table for the delicious meal was a wedding cake with a bride and groom on it.

John loved the farm as always, and spent a great deal of time traveling back and forth from Lethbridge to Woolford, so we bought a house in Cardston and moved there in July 1947. One month later, our oldest son, John V., who had always been such a pal to me, died suddenly of a cerebral hemorrhage, on August 24, 1947, at the age of 42. It seemed such a shame that a man as young as John V., with such abundance of prospects, should be taken away from his young family. The Lethbridge Stake House was packed for his funeral, with many tributes from friends and business associates. At word of his death, the members of the church at Dalbo, Minnesota, whom he had helped to convert to the Gospel, held a memorial service for him in the Springdale church. How proud I am of Amelia, and the way she has carried on the oil business and raised their three children to be such fine, capable, honorable, well-educated children.

Before John V's death, he had laid the ground work for a propane company. Delbert Palmer had been preparing to go into business with him. After John's death, Amelia, Delbert, Ray and Chester Asplund formed a company, each owning shares in it, and developed a very successful business called Sturdie Propane Ltd. Three years later, Ray became afflicted with multiple sclerosis, and was eventually confined to a wheel chair, so Sturdie Propane Ltd. was sold, and the company was sold.

When Ray decided to go into the propane business, he and Bessie and family moved to Lethbridge, and it tugged at our hearts to realize the old home was left empty. John hired different families to stay and work on the farm.

The first Christmas we lived in Cardston, 1947, we had another old-fashion-ed Christmas with all of the children and grandchildren coming home. John had finished off the three upstairs bedrooms, and moved furniture in from the farm, including the old sideboard and writing desk. The house was gaily decorated with the traditional reindeer and familiar tree ornaments. Anna and Harold and their new baby Wayne were with us. Only Verli's and Nellie's families were not able to be there. Donna and Ralph and their three beautiful daughters, Nellie Ann, Donna Ruth, and Carol were the first to arrive; then Delbert, Mable, and David and Howard. (With each group that arrived there were hugs and kisses all around.) Amelia was there with Viola, Frank and Joyce, (we all choked up to think that John V. wouldn't be with us), Ray and Bessie with Carl, Gerald, Clara and Arthur; (all 24 of which slept over night with us) Swen, Alice, Jim and Reed came, but returned to Woolford for the night.

The kitchen furnished a great attraction with its piles of hamburgers, cinnamon rolls, donuts, fruit, punch, etc. A program followed, with all the children taking part, singing of Christmas carols, and a visit from a small Santa Claus about David's size passing out popcorn balls. By the Christmas tree heaped with countless parcels, we all knelt in family prayer before the little ones were tucked in for the night. It was thrilling to see the love the children and grandchildren have for each other, and throughout the following day with the opening of gifts, and turkey dinner, just being together was pure joy.

During the next few years John and I made several trips to visit Verli and Theron in San Diego, Bill and Nellie in Wendell, Idaho, and Anna and Harold in Provo, Utah. The Christmas of 1952, we went with Ray and Bessie and Kenny to California, where Ray was taking treatments for his M.S., and we all had Christmas

with Verl and Theron and their family, Allan, Roger, Glen, Dale and Linda. We also spent two months in Mesa, Arizona.

However, the treatments didn't help Ray, but even though he is confined to his wheel chair, he is cheerful, is undisputed head of the family, and has done a great deal on the Building Committee for the building of the Lethbridge 3rd and 4th ward chapel. Bessie has been so wonderful in making a perfect home life for their family.

A high light of our married life was the celebration of our Golden Wedding. It was held on the 3rd of August 1953, so that our family could all attend. The only one of our descendants who was not able to be with us was Frank Johansen who was in Argentina on a mission. My sisters, Stell and Lu, and Will's daughter Ida and her husband Bert Felt, and family, also came for the celebration. Under Amelia's direction, every one of our children and grandchildren prepared a page for a scrapbook of memories. It was wonderful, and I get so much pleasure looking through it. At that time we had 29 grandchildren and 1 great grandchild, Linda Janay Brandley. Since then, four more grandchildren, Kevin and Ralph Lambert, Jean Johansen and Barbara Anderson have come to bless us, and one more great grandchild, Cheralyn Dawn Brandley.

A calling reception was held on a Sunday afternoon in August, and over two hundred of our friends called to congratulate us. Many stayed all afternoon and visited on the lawn in the warm sunshine. Verl made lovely corsages for all of the girls to wear, and our family looked so nice, and we were proud of every one of them. We received many letters and telegrams of congratulations also.

In the spring of 1955, Nellie and Bill Pratt and their children, Richard, John, Ray, Brent, and Marilyn moved from Wendell, Idaho, to the farm at Woolford. John was happy to have a member of the family living on the farm. He brought in the electricity, painted the buildings, and took great pleasure in seeing the old home come to life again. Nellie's family called to see us often, sometimes staying for meals or over night.

We had a wedding breakfast for our grand daughter Joyce Johansen and Robert Linebarger following their marriage in the Alberta Temple on June 7, 1957. Vivian Woolf helped us to prepare and serve it. John was so proud of Joyce, and told how he had had "great joy and rejoicing in his posterity."

This brings my story up to the point of the greatest sorrow of my life. John's sudden passing on August 23, 1957, was just ten years after our son John V. was taken. It is hard for me to mention, but an account of it is written in his story. I am grateful to have had him as many years as I did. He has been thoughtful all the days of his life. He was a good husband and father, was a man who had great faith, was thrifty, hard working, and optimistic. I'm sure he didn't think that I would outlive him. I'm glad that he was able to live actively all the years of his life, and I'll have to carry on so he can be proud of me. All of the children came home and rallied round me.

It was a comfort to have Jim (Omer) Porter come here for John's funeral. We have taken great pride in his accomplishments. A bulletin from the M. J. State Highway Dept. states that "O. J. Porter is probably the world's outstanding authority on Soils Mechanics and Foundations of any nature." As a consulting engineer of the Porter, Urquhart, McCreary and O'Brien Associates, he has supervised the construction of the New Jersey turnpike, many government airports in the United States, Africa, and Central America, and other major projects. He and his wife, Florine have four children, James, Marie, Laura and Billie Jean. He was enroute from Central America to London, England, to speak at a convention when he heard of his Uncle John's death, and cancelled his appointment and flew here from New York City.

One more event I must mention was the wedding breakfast for Frank and Ann Wright on the day of their wedding in the Alberta Temple, July 10, 1958. Ann's Father, (her Mother being ill) and all our family were there, with the exception of Delbert, Mable, David and Howard Palmer who were touring Europe at that time. Their three younger children, Kathy, Craig, and Brian attended the reception at Amelia's in the evening.

The benediction of our lives has been our children, who have made a well-

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LIFE STORY OF PETER JOHANSEN

Peter Johansen, son of Johan Albert Kaspersen and Karen Hermensen Larsen was born in Store Valby, Roskilde, Denmark on December 18, 1827. His parents belonged to the state religion of Denmark, the Lutheran Church. He was the youngest of eight children, four boys and four girls. His mother died when he was only eight years of age, and when he was fourteen years old his father passed away. His father was a harness maker by trade.

After the death of his parents, Peter Johansen went to the city of Copenhagen to seek work. He secured a position with a harness maker. His second position was a job as coachman for a very wealthy man where he was treated royally, just as one of the family. While serving as coachman he heard the Gospel and believed the testimonies of the Elders. He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, being baptized in the year 1857 at the age of thirty. When it became known that he had joined the Mormons, he lost his job as coachman and was cast out from the family. Three of the youngest of his sisters and their families joined the church, the eldest of the sisters and none of his brothers ever joined. In the early part of the year 1858 Peter Johansen and two of his sisters, Sedse and Kirsten and their families prepared to go to Zion. They sailed from Hamberg early in the year 1858 in a sailing vessel. The voyage occupied eleven weeks. The conditions on the vessel were very difficult. The water became bad causing much sickness among the passengers on board. After a hard voyage over the sea they landed in America early in the month of May.

Soon after arriving in the State of Iowa preparations were made to come west across the plains with a company known as "Captain Homer's Company." Peter Johansen was given the position as a teamster. It was while on this journey west that Peter Johansen met Mickel Christensen and his daughter Ane Kerstine Christensen. The company arrived in Salt Lake City in September 1858. Peter Johansen went to Farmington, and worked for Mr. Height until early in November. He left Farmington and came to Ephriam, Sanpete County where Mickel Christensen and his daughter "Stena" had come for the winter.

On the memorable day of November 21, 1858, Peter Johansen and Ane Kerstine Christensen were married by a man named Koferd (believed to be in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City). In the spring, early in March, Peter Johansen went with a company of men to Mount Pleasant. The company camped in the foot hills across the river and commenced cutting cedar posts. This they continued to do until the early part of April when they got their families and came as the first company of pioneers to settle what is now Mount Pleasant, Utah.

Owing to Indian hostilities, the saints were compelled to leave the primitive homes they had built of dugouts or small log cabins, and build a fort around the block from Main to First North and east. They built a wall 12 feet high and 8 feet thick at the bottom with port holes at every 12 feet of rough stones laid in mortar of clay. On the inside, butting the wall, small houses were built, also dugouts to serve as homes of the people. Here Peter Johansen and his wife lived when their first son was born on September 4, 1859. They named him McCarl after his grandfather. In 1860 they bought the lot on 4th south and 2nd west. They were living there in a two-roomed cellar when their second son Peter was born. This constituted the family home until late in the fall of 1862 when they moved to 1st South and 3rd East where a two-roomed adoble (white) house had been built. They were nice large rooms and the first the family had known anything of comfort. In the year 1862 Mrs. Peter Johansen's sister Mina Christensen on her way to Utah called to see Mr. Hans Nielson and family, and found them regretting very much having left Utah and the Church.

Peter Johansen, like many others of the early settlers, filed on 160 acres of land, of which he was only permitted to retain ten acres for himself, the remainder was distributed in similar sized tracts to other settlers. This was the prevailing custom adopted by Church authorities in Mount Pleasant.

Peter Johansen served in the Black Hawk Indian war, assisted in all the pioneer work such as building roads, canals, ditches and all public improvements. He worked on the Manti Temple. He was president of the Elder's Quorum for 20 years in succession, after which he was ordained a High Priest and chosen to act as counselor to President Jacob Christensen, which position he held at the time of his death.

Life in the home of Peter Johansen is described by his daughter Mina J. Miller as follows: "Our home was a large house with five rooms on the first floor and four bedrooms upstairs. There was one bedroom on the first floor for guests. Our kitchen was 16 ft. by 24 ft. There were four wood-burning fireplaces in the house (no heating stoves at this time). There were no grates in those days, just pine logs laid on rocks. Our cook stove was large six lid stove with large oven. Cedar wood was used in cook stoves. Our Mother and Father always wanted us to bring our friends home and not walk the streets. As we all grew older, many evenings our home would be crowded with young folks, different ages in different rooms. Father insisted that those of our friends under sixteen years of age should go home at 9:00p.m, but 11:00 p.m. was the time to all go home. Mother was the kindest and most understanding mother of all our friends in those days. The young people between ages 10 and 14 would put on plays or "theaters". We had a very large living room, with one end being used as a stage. All of the youngsters in that part of town would come to see the theater. We had a happy home."

In the year 1869 Peter Johansen married Miss Larsena Marie Jacobsen in polygamy in the Salt Lake Endowment House, January 18, 1869. They had four boys and two girls. The first wife Kerstine had four boys and six girls. For a period of ten years the two wives and their families all lived in one house which had been enlarged to accommodate their needs, then a small two-roomed house was built on the same lot to accommodate the second family. At the time of the manifesto another house was purchased four blocks away (a distance required by law) for the second family.

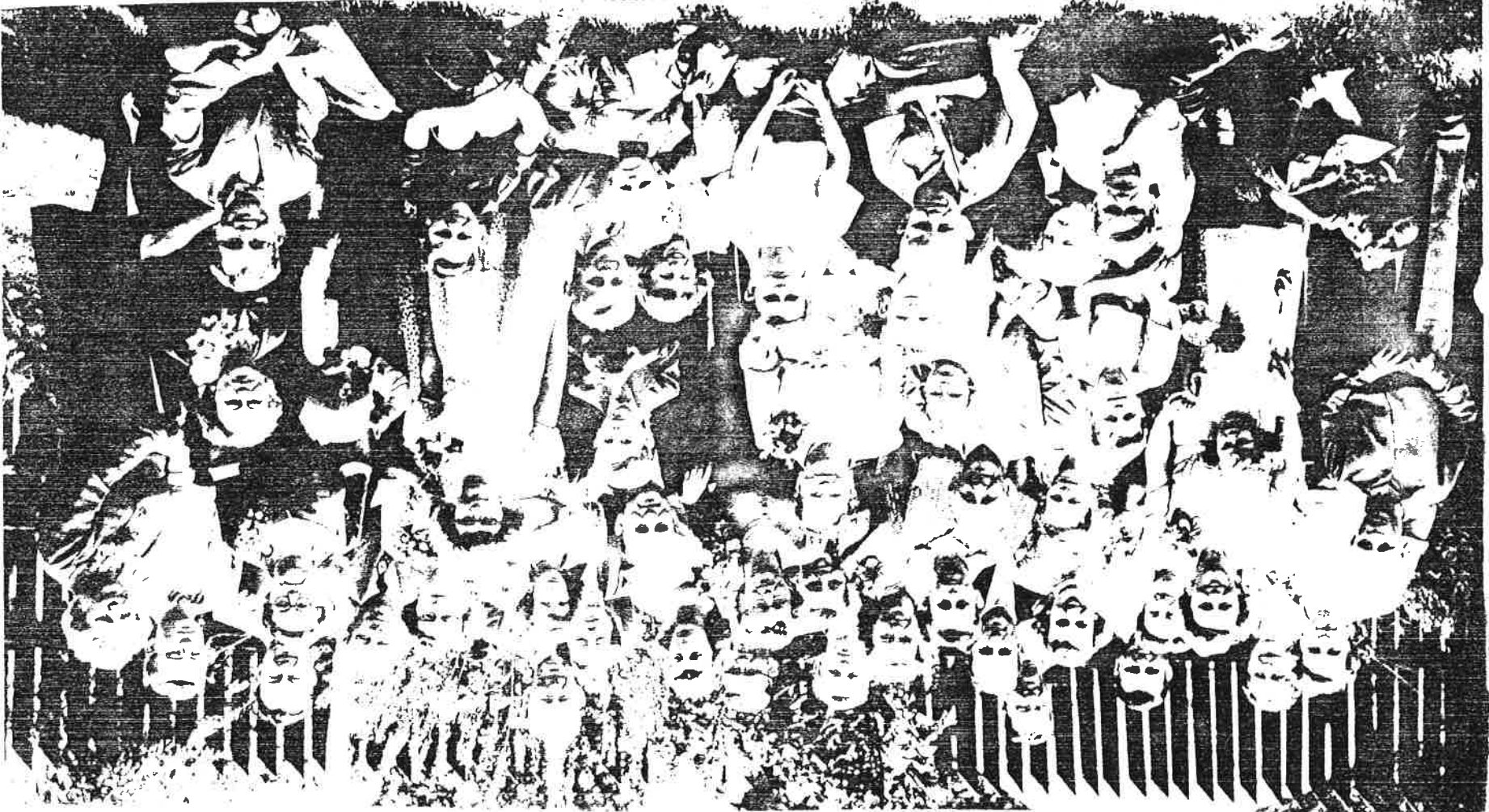
Peter Johansen was a very hard working man, honest and had great faith. He became almost an invalid with rheumatism for the last many years of his life and always walked with a cane. He died October 2, 1895 and is buried in Mt. Pleasant Utah. (See Family Group Sheet of Peter and Kerstine Johansen attached)

(Note: We are indebted to Cecelia J. Rasmussen for the stories of Peter and Kerstine (also spelled Christine) Johansen. Minor changes and additions were made by John A. Johansen). M.J.P.

Mina	John	Peter	McCarl	Cecelia
Sina	Parley	Olsen (Son of Caroline-deceased)	PETER	KRSTINE
Charlie	Caroline (in photo)	Mary		

POSTERITY OF JOHN A. AND NELLIE JOHANSEN

AT THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING - AUGUST 1953



Amelia J. Calvin B. Theron L. Gerald Jo. Bill P. Ralph M. Delbert Pa.  
 Bessie Jo. Alice J. Viola B. Swen J. Clara Jo. Joyce J. Anna A. Harold A. Carl Jo.  
 Richard Pr. Verl L. Allan L. John Pr. Nellie Pr. Nellie M. Brian Pa. Kable Pa. Stell O. Lu N.  
 Linda L. Glen L. Dad and Mother Johansen Ray Jo. Carol M.  
 Dale L. Kathleen Pa. James B. Wayne A. Grace Pa. Donna M.  
 Marilyn Pr. Reed J. Brent Pr. Ray Pr. Howard Pa. Roger L. Donna M. Arthur J. Kenneth Jo. Jim J.  
 David Pa.  
 A-Anderson, B-Brandley, J-Johansen, Jo-Ray Johansen's, L-Lambert, M-Meldrum, Pr-Pratt, Pa-Palmer,



BIOGRAPHY OF

J O H N A L B E R T J O H A N S E N

Written by

Mable Johansen Palmer

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The story of John Albert Johansen, my father, is one of a man always struggling to do what was right, working continually to make living conditions better for his family, the community, and for the generations to follow after him. We, his posterity, look to his life and accomplishments with pride.

John Albert Johansen was born into a Mormon pioneer home in Mt. Pleasant, Utah on May 13, 1877. He was the ninth child of Peter Johansen and Ane Kerstine Christensen Johansen, with six sisters just older than he. His arrival was assisted by a midwife, Sister Larsen.

John's parents had immigrated from Denmark. While his father, Peter Johansen, was yet in Copenhagen, Denmark employed as coachman for a wealthy man, he heard the gospel of Jesus Christ, joined the Church and prepared to go to Zion. In the same company was Mickel Christensen and his daughter Ane Kerstine. They were well-to-do religious people from Valsted, Aalborg, Denmark. Brother Christensen had tried for eight years to convert his family to the church, but when he could not, he left his wife and remaining family well provided for and started with Ane Kerstine for the centre of the church in Salt Lake City. It took them eleven weeks by sailing vessel to cross the ocean. They crossed the plains from Florence, Nebraska to Salt Lake City, Utah in Captain Homer's Company. The money to outfit this train was furnished by Michel Christensen. They suffered many hardships crossing the plains--Kerstine had only one short ride one day and walked approximately 1,000 miles--but during this time Peter and Kerstine fell in love.

Peter Johansen and Ane Kerstine Christensen were married at Ephriam, Sanpete County, Utah on November 12, 1858. The following March they formed part of a group of six families who started a settlement at what is now Mount Pleasant, Utah. Owing to Indian hostilities the Saints were compelled to build a fort around their homes. The wall was twelve feet high of rough stones laid in mortar of clay. On the inside butting the wall small dugouts were built to serve as homes for the people. Peter Johansen took an active part in the pioneer work such as building roads, canals, ditches and other public improvements. He also held many responsible positions in the church.

People marvelled at the grit and spirit of Kerstine Johansen. She had come from a life of luxury and leisure to one of poverty and hardships, all for the gospel. She cut up her beautiful clothes and feather ticks to make clothes for her children, traded her gold watch for a spinning wheel, and her dress material for seed wheat. She consented to her husband entering plural marriage with Larsena Jacobsen. For ten years they all lived in one house, until a separate one could be built for the second wife and her family.

Peter Johansen had sixteen children. In the family of Ane Kerstine the children were as follows: McCarl, Peter, Caroline, Sina, Ane Kerstine, Cecelia, Annie Mina Christina, Emma Maria (Mary), John Albert, Charley Antone. In the family of Larsena Marie Jacobson the children were: Martin, Joseph, Andrew, John Christian, Ella Maria, and Augusta Martena. (For further information see the history of Peter Johansen)

The home of this large family was a happy one. The two-story adobe house with spacious rooms was one of the nicest in town. It was a home where the neighbors came for parties, and centre of social activities for the family. Near the home was the seventy acre irrigated farm that was the livelihood of the family. John grew up much the same as other pioneer boys. He chopped and carried wood for the two huge fireplaces in his home, herded cows, weeded in the gardens and the grain fields, and helped at the church house.

On John's eighth birthday, May 13, 1885 he was baptized in Pleasant Creek by Peter Mundson and confirmed by his father, Peter Johansen.



One of the chief desires of the Johansens was for the children to receive a good education. However, with the family being farmers it was sometimes a little difficult. When school started in the fall the six older sisters went to school and John helped to harvest the crop. When Spring came, John stayed out of school to plant the crop, until he went away from home to school he never attended a full year.

When he was eighteen years of age his father died. Although they had no money his mother was determined that he should go to school. That year they had a good wheat crop but there was no market for it. John and his mother took the wheat to the mill, had it ground into flour, and took the flour to Provo in a wagon. There it was traded for rent on an apartment and for enough bread for the winter, and enough of it was sold to pay his tuition for the year. However, the next two years there was a market for their produce and it was easier to obtain money.

During his second year at school he was one of fifty students chosen from the Brigham Young Academy to represent the fifty years of Karl G. Maeser's active years in school teaching. The same year he was attracted to the game of football. At the beginning of his third and last year he was made captain of the football team. That year on New Year's day, 1898 his team defeated the University of Utah to win the State championship, which was the climax of a season when they were undefeated. This event remained somewhat of a record---so much so that in the Brigham Young Almanus magazine of May 1954 showed his picture and described him as "Versatile Mr. Johansen played tackle, end and quarterback on the championship squad." He and the other surviving members of this team, Orvil Larsen of Thatcher, Arizona, Jesse LeFevre of the Uintah basin, and Frank Cox of Manti were all honored at the Alumni Day on June 5, 1954.

John Albert Johansen received a Special Certificate in Normal Training from the Brigham Young Academy, Provo, Utah on 26th day of May, A. D. 1898, signed by Benjamin Cluff, President. Through the recommendation of Vice-Principal Brimhall he obtained a school teaching position in the town of Monticello in Southern Utah. While teaching that one year he saved enough money to start him on a twenty-eight months mission in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia.

When John entered the mission field he had practically no experience at preaching and was very timid. He and his companion were staying with some people in New York by the name of Haven. John used to wander in the woods near by studying the scriptures and trying to think up speeches, but no matter how much he studied and thought he always became so frightened when he arose to speak that he couldn't remember what he had planned to say. Dr. Maeser had told him upon one occasion that if he practiced preaching aloud he would become accustomed to his own voice and would not be frightened. As he was walking in the woods, he came into a clearing where there was a stump about as high as a table, so he laid his text on it. It seemed to give him an idea, so he hung his hat on one tree, his coat on another, and his vest on another. Using these as an audience he began to deliver a sermon. Each following day that week he repeated the process. On the fifth afternoon as he completed a glowing address on baptism, there was a clapping of hands in the bushes. It was his companion and Mr. and Mrs. Haven. Mrs. Haven was so touched by the earnestness and sincerity of his testimony that she applied for baptism that night. She carried on a correspondence with him for over thirty years.

Another interesting experience happened when John and his companion had made an appointment to hold a meeting in a new district and his companion received his release and left for home. John still had practically no experience but there was nothing for him to do but go on with the meeting. As he started down the road that evening alone with his brief case, his heart was heavy, because he was afraid that he would not be capable of delivering the Lord's message to the people. As he walked the six miles through the woods he dropped to his knees in humbleness several times and prayed to his Heavenly Father for direction and guidance in what he should say. In the meeting that night the congregation sang the first song (because John couldn't carry a tune) then he opened the meeting with prayer and commenced to speak. The entire audience was held spellbound for one and one-half hours, and when he finished the closing prayer they clambered around him asking for more. He couldn't tell them much more, in fact he couldn't remember a word of what he had just finished saying. It was not he who had spoken to the people that night; he was merely a medium through which a message was delivered to those people from a higher power.

On Christmas day in 1899, in the same mail that John received a present from his mother, he received news of her death.

After his mission was completed he taught school in the town of Woodside, Emery county, Utah. The year following he worked in the Parlett Asphalt mines.

Romance blossomed for John at the 4th of July celebration in Fairview in 1903 when he began a courtship with the pretty and popular Nellie Nielson of Fairview. They were married six months later in the Salt Lake temple on December 16, 1903. That winter the young couple lived in Mount Pleasant.

About the time they were married there were stories circulating about the prosperity of Canada. Settlers were moving up from Utah, buying land cheaply, raising big crops and getting rich. The picture looked bright, so the newlyweds, John and Nellie, gathered together what they had and started for Canada by train. Following is the account of their life in Canada as written by John in his family record book in February 1918:

"March 15, 1904 I left Mt. Pleasant with freight and stock along with Alonzo Nielson. Two days later my wife with Nels Nielson and family started, meeting us at Great Falls. We arrived in Stirling on March 22, 1904 at 2:00 a.m. with a real North blizzard and -14° below zero. We settled in Raymond, bought a house in town and 160 acres of land south-east of town and south of Sterling seven miles. The first year I broke 45 acres walking behind a sulky plow drawn by two horses, put it in and reaped eight bushels of wheat and a lot of regret. I broke more land, 120 acres and put into fall wheat that in the next year I had 280 bushels of wheat and 100 bushels of oats which sold for 52¢ per bushel.

"On October 14, 1904 our son John Vivian was born.

"In the spring of 1906 I again put in some crop then came to Woolford to work for J. M. Tanner. The loss of two crops had left us owing \$1200. We turned all our cows and everything we could sell on the debt and bought a tent to live in for the summer. For eleven days it rained steady, that I never hooked onto the plow.

"I put in one hundred acres of oats on shares then broke sod by the acre for Tanner until July, then went to Mountain View and put up hay for Uncle Lars Nielson. We came back to Woolford, harvested the oats, put in 100 acres of fall wheat. Nellie (my wife) cooked for all of Tanner's crew (of sometimes as many as 20) as well as for Lars and I. In October Nellie went to Raymond for the winter. I plowed stubble and thrashed until November 15th when real winter set in. I then hauled timber until December 23 (with the temperature sometimes -15° below zero) to fence the land I was buying from the church. I went to Raymond for Xmas and peddled Xmas trees all around town.

"That winter was hard and cold. Donna was born January 24, 1907 and Nellie was very sick, it being six weeks from Donna's birth until she sat up the first time. We were truly in hard circumstances. Tanner owed me money, I had lots of oats in a bin at Woolford, but the snow was so deep I couldn't haul them. In February a chinook came. I got a job skinning cattle for the Sugar Company, as they had lost about 2000 head in a blizzard. This was my chance, and I made from \$10.00 to \$25.00 a day for a while until I had \$375. Then I went to Mountain View and helped Lars break steers to work which we brought to Woolford and used to plow, breaking sod on the E½ of Section 1, Township 3 Range 24 West of the 4th Meridian. We used the horses to plow for Tanner to pay the living expenses. We broke that summer about 120 acres, put 50 to fall wheat, then went to Mountain View and helped Lars put up hay.

"That season was wet and cold, the crops late, and on September 10th it began to snow, which left our crop under 42 inches of snow. Our hopes were worse shattered than ever. After the snow went off it froze, still with hopes we worked on gathered that grain, cutting it all one way, and finally when threshed was worth 30¢ a bushel. My share was one-half, which wouldn't pay for harvest expenses.

"I borrowed \$200 from Walter Pitcher, bought a team of horses from Alonzo Lamb and went to work for Walter Pitcher hauling grain from the thresher, then stayed on his farm north of Woolford for that winter. Aside from tending Pitcher's place, I watered 500 head of cattle from three different fields and 200 horses for the Eldridge ranch.

"In the spring of 1908 on March 28 Swen Ole was born, and we had a long spell of sickness with him and Mother. We built a house on the East bank of Rush Lake. I plowed some for H. R. Eldridge and Wm. Thompson of Spring Coulee. The crop was very good and we moved the barn from Raymond. We spent Xmas holidays with Amos Peterson in Magrath and D. A. Bennett in Raymond.

"Summer of 1909 was good. Stell and Rob Oldroyd (Nellie's Sister and brother-in-law) moved to Canada in October. Ray was born October 25, 1910. I bought SE $\frac{1}{4}$  of 13-3-24 West 4th and plowed about 80 acres although it was dry, so dry that spring grain didn't amount to anything at all. My fall wheat went 40 bushels per acre.

"In the spring of 1911 I skinned 600 head of cattle for the Knight Sugar Company on the -K2 ranch. That year we had in a good-sized crop, but it was cold and wet so that spring grain didn't ripen. The fall wheat was good but couldn't get it threshed, and we were extremely hard run. The bank dealt us so much misery I gave them a chattel mortgage on 14 head of horses for \$750 debt. In the spring of 1912 we threshed 4000 bu. wheat and 1200 bushels of oats. On April 9 Verl was born and Doctor Lynn was at our place for 23 hours without leaving. The summer of 1912 was fairly good, yet we had some eal worm in the winter wheat.

"In 1913 I borrowed money and bought 41 head of heifers from Arnold Jensen. I had 250 acres of winter wheat but on account of ealworm it only went about 10 bushels per acre, which again left us cramped for means having the bank to pay. But the Royal Bank manager, Mr. Dickey was very good to me. On September 9, 1913 Nellie went to Cardston where Anna was born.

"In the spring 1914 we moved our buildings all over to E $\frac{1}{2}$  Sec. 1-3-24. I had the Woolf ranch to look after. In August of 1914 the war broke out. Although the crops were short prices were good, we cleared our bank account, and went to Utah for a trip. There we saw my sister Mary at the hospital where she died shortly after our return. Nellie took sick and was operated on and returned home the day before Xmas. That was a joyour Christmas.

"In 1915 we had a large crop. After threshing we moved to Raymond for the winter and left Vern Woolf on the place. Mable was born on February 7, 1916. Before moving to Raymond we bought our first car, a Ford for \$600. Returned in March 1916. Crops good and prices good, good health, general prosperity in 1917. We built an addition to our house which give eight good-sized rooms with modern bath and a half basement. But it was a very hard summer on mamma with so many workmen to wait on, and the house all torn up in building. But the home of that winter was certainly happy. We had good help for mamma and we were extremely happy. On November 22, 1918 our last child, Nellie Elizabeth was born.

"Never had I experienced such feelings as on the 10th of February 1918 when Patriarch Henry L. Hinman came to our house and after dinner he dedicated us, our children, our lands, our home, our all to the Lord and pronounced wonderful blessings--the blessings of earthly possessions, of lands and herds, and of a numerous posterity that many should call our name blessed, and that we should never lack for a man to stand up and bear our name. The blessings of health, strength and happiness. The Eternal blessings of union and eternal posterity. The meeting was presided over by Bishop Arthur Pitcher and after the dedicatory prayer he turned it into a testimony meeting where all bore strong testimonies of the presence of the spirit of the Lord. All were in tune with the spirit and those who were here were personal friends and here by invitation. Present were Bishop Pitcher and wife, Mrs. May Pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Steed, Bro. & Sister J. A. Nelson Jr., Bro. & Sister W. W. Roberts, Bro & Sister N. S. Richards, Bro. & Sister A. Lamb, Bro. & Sister J. W. Lee, Vivian Olsen. The blessings were all on condition that we live the gospel truths."

In the spring of 1917 John's nephew (Mary's son) Omer James Porter came to live with the Johansens, and remained as a member of the family until November 1923. His brother Beed was also there for nearly two years, when both boys went to Sacramento, California to live with their sister Verl Lovell. Omer, who has come to be known as Jim, has become internationally known as a consulting engineer. He cancelled a speaking engagement in London England to fly "home" for his Uncle John's funeral in 1957.

John Albert Johansen was ordained a Seventy in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Anthon H. Lund on June 7, 1899. He was ordained a High Priest by Heber J. Grant on May 18, 1913, and ordained to the office of a Bishop of the Woolford Ward on April 13, 1924 by Stephen L. Richards.

In tribute to John Johansen, Lester Lee said at his funeral, "We think of his coming to Canada with his good wife, Sister Johansen, at the turn of the century. They came to a land that was new and was raw, and if he was going to have the kind of a home in a community and a country that he would want to live in, he would have to do something about it. He had high ideals and standards, and he set to with that thought in mind, that he would try to create an environment and a condition where he could raise a family, that would be profitable to them and that would be worthwhile....In checking over we find that he played a very important part in going among farmers and people, selling to them this hospital that is so important to us now. Strange to say, at that time there was a lot of opposition to it. It was W. T. Smith, the father of President Willard Smith, who looked after the west end of this district, and John looked after the eastern part, persuading the farmers and ranchers to allow them to tax their lands so that they could have this fine community hospital started. He made many trips to Edmonton to carry that thought and that view with the Government of that day. Later Brother Joe Low assisted in carrying on that fine work. So we find that he had a goal, he had a purpose in life, and he was serving his fellowmen."

The first hospital in Cardston was under the direction of Dr. Lynn, and it was later made a municipal hospital. John Johansen was recommended and chosen from District No. 8 to act as their board member. He served as such from 1917 until 1937, and was chairman of the board for fourteen years. During the time the new addition was built to the hospital, he was chairman of the housing and property committee, and took a very active part in this accomplishment. Because of his activities in the furthering of health problems, he was chosen as one of five men in the Province to act as a director of municipal hospitals, serving in that capacity for four years.

Another improvement that he helped to establish in the district was the telephone. The only rural line going out from Cardston was No. 1 line at Raley. In order to get a line into Woolford, John took it upon himself to make the arrangements. He rode on horseback all over the country to get people to sign up signifying they would take a telephone. It was his work that put the No. 2, 3, and 4 lines into the district.

When he first came to Canada, he joined one of the farm organizations in Raymond. By uniting, the farmers were receiving considerable benefits through a reduction in price of some of the things they had to buy, and receiving a higher price for the things they had to sell. The organization also gave the agricultural people some protection from peoples or organizations who might wish to usurp them. He helped to organize the rural people into locals, where they could meet together, pooling their thoughts and ideas that they might act as one in social legislation for their personal welfare. The United Farmers of Alberta came into power in the Alberta Government in 1921, with George L. Stringam as the representative from the Cardston district, and John worked closely with him. To quote Lester Lee, "Through the years that he worked with that fine organization he became widely known in this province. He acted as director on that organization's provincial board for many years, and fortunately, for my own personal experience, it was I who followed him in that same capacity. In going through Calgary and Edmonton, and meeting with some of those people with whom he had laboured, some of those prominent men in the Province of Alberta and in Canada, I soon found that he had developed an understanding and appreciation with those people for integrity, for wisdom, for good sound judgment, and he had built up a friendship among those people that to this day when we meet they often ask, "How is my good friend John?"

For twelve years he served as director for the U.F.A., organization in the Lethbridge constituency. Several times he went as a representative to Winnipeg to get the cooperation of all the Provincial organizations. All of the farmer and labor groups of Canada united in forming the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, and in the federal election in 1935, John Johansen ran on the C.C.F. ticket for member of parliament to Ottawa.

A hobby of his that helped him in this work with the U.F.A. was that of finance banking, and marketing. The Alberta Wheat Pool was formed as an outgrowth of the U.F.A. because of a need to stabilize the grain market. The purpose of this organization was and is "service without profit." John signed the first wheat pool contract he ever saw, and helped to sign up a large number of farmers into the organization. He was elected as delegate to the wheat pool for district No. A 4, and he served from 1923 to 1942. The many meetings and conventions involved with the U.F.A. and Wheat Pool and church, kept John away from home a good deal of the time. As John Smith said, "Sometimes when you think of what they have done, you would think that possibly Sister Johansen raised the family and Brother Johansen didn't have anything to do with it, because he was so busy all the time with civic affairs, religious and business affairs. Nevertheless, there was wonderful cooperation in the family."

Wherever John has been, or whatever public work he has done, the consideration uppermost in his mind has always been that of religion. He has always set the highest standards before his family. He was humble and prayerful, and has preached the Gospel whenever he has had an opportunity.

He has held many church positions. In 1904, in the Taylor Stake, he was a member of the Stake Sunday School Board. After moving to Woolford, he was made Superintendent of the first Sunday School there on May 13, 1906. When Woolford was made a ward, he was selected as second counselor to Bishop Leo Harris in 1913, and later first counselor to Bishop W. F. Ainscough Sr., in 1915. At the death of Bishop Arthur Pitcher, he was ordained Bishop of the Woolford Ward on April 13, 1924, by Stephen L. Richards. His counselors were Joseph Steed and Amos Peterson, and later W. W. Roberts. During his office the Woolford meeting house was completed and paid for. He served successfully in this capacity for five years when he was appointed to the High Council, traveling throughout the Alberta Stake with C. W. Burt and later Lester Lee as companions, from 1929 to 1942.

Of John Johansen's family, John Smith stated, "These children have all been educated well. They have all learned how to work and have learned how to make their way, and they are not only a credit to the family, but they are also a credit and worth to the people wherever they have located in the various communities. A family with a lot of determination and a lot of generosity."

In May of 1937, Ray, Bessie and family moved to the farm to live with Dad and Mother. Before this time, in 1936, Mother's Father, Swen O. Nielson had died, leaving an estate in Utah, to be divided between three daughters surviving him, Mother, Stella Oldroyd and Lu Nielson. In order to settle the estate, it was necessary for Dad and Mother to make frequent trips to Utah. Half of the ranch and sheep at Fairview was turned to them. In 1942 Dad resigned positions in the U.F.A., Wheat Pool, and High Council, and left Ray and Bessie in charge of the farm. They moved to Fairview and built a home across the road from the old home where Stell and Rob Oldroyd were living. Nellie and Bill Pratt and their children, Richard and John moved from Delta to live with Dad and Mother and help with the sheep and farm land. While there they renewed the friendships of their youth, and took an active part in the Wilburn Ward.

In the autumn of 1944, all of the family visited them there at the time of year when the mountains were arrayed in all their splendor. At this time we persuaded them to sell the ranch and move home. In the spring of 1945 they moved to Lethbridge, into the apartment in John V's Sturdie Oil Warehouse.

While in Lethbridge, Dad was called to serve in the High Council of the Lethbridge Stake, under President Asael E. Palmer. His son, John Vivian, was also a member of the High Council at the same time.

Dad's love, next to his wife and family, was still the farm at Woolford. He spent so much time traveling back and forth so as to be near the farm, that they bought a fine big home in Cardston, one and one-half blocks west of the elevators,

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in June, 1947.  
On August 24, 1947, their oldest son, John V. died suddenly.

Just before Christmas, 1947, Ray and Bessie and family left the farm to move to Lethbridge to join a partnership to form Sturdie Propane Company, and Dad once again took over the management of the farm with hired help.

With their home established in Cardston, the members of the family living in Lethbridge, Raymond and Cardston were able to visit Dad and Mother on special occasions and often in between. During July and August the families living long distances (Lamberts from San Diego, California - Andersons from Provo, Utah - Pratts from Wendell, Idaho) would make an annual visit and usually stay for two weeks time, visiting their parents and other members of the family. During July 1950 the family all came home at the time of the Cardston Stampede. It was decided to enter a float in the family section of the Cardston parade. For years Dad had ridden in the parade with Jim Johansen and had taken several prizes for the best saddle horse and riding outfit. With his usual enthusiasm he arranged for 13 riding horses and saddles so that all of his sons and grandsons who were old enough could ride with him. The women and children rode on the float decorated as a houseboat, with the banner over it "A FAMILY UNITED SAILS ON IN HAPPINESS." Bill and Mother rode in the car pulling the float. As the parade moved down the street Dad called out to people watching to let them know that the thirteen riders were also part of the Johansen Family Float. The \$20.00 prize money was distributed in \$1.00 bills to the grandchildren.

A highlight of the later years was the Golden Wedding celebration held 3 Aug. 1953 at their home in Cardston. Forty-five of their descendants were present (as shown in attached photograph), with the only one not there being Frank Johansen who was on a mission in Argentina. Also present were Mother's two sisters, Lu Nielson and Estella Oldroyd and a niece Ida Felt, husband Bert and three boys. At a calling reception over two hundred people called to extend congratulations and lingered on the lawn in the warm sunshine to visit. Each child and grandchild prepared a page for a scrapbook that told of memories and love and respect for parents or grandparents, as the case may be.

In the spring of 1955 Bill and Nellie Pratt and family sold their holdings in Wendell, Idaho and moved to Woolford to live on the farm. Dad took great pleasure in seeing the place fixed up again, painted all the buildings, built feed lots, and brought in the rural electrification. Almost every day he drove to the farm, did a little fixing up and mending and rode his horse Goldie. During the summer of 1956 the Pratts invited all of the family to the farm for a party. They had fixed a ball diamond north of the house. The family were all delighted to see the vigor with which Dad pitched the ball for the softball game, and really run the bases. As we gathered in front of the house for a program, and the last light of day faded behind Old Chief Mountain, Dad recited "Laska" for us, as we had loved to hear him do it when we were kids.

On his 80th birthday, May 13, 1957 a calling reception was held for dad at Swen's and Alice's home in Cardston. The family and many friends called to visit and extend their best wishes from all the surrounding district.

Even at 80 years of age dad continued to be active in the Church, acting as a guide at the temple, and teaching a class in the High Priest quorum and in Sunday School.

In the latter part of June Dad was operated on for prostate gland in the Lethbridge Municipal hospital, but did not regain his strength as he expected to do.

During August while Anna and Harold were visiting home, the family went together to the temple to seal family groups on our line. Mother's cousin, Simona Williams and husband Chet were also present. It was a very inspirational evening, and in the few minutes following the sealing Dad spoke to us with great feeling, and told how he had had "great joy and rejoicing in his posterity, which is one of the greatest blessings and rewards to mankind."

On August 22, 1957 Dad and Mother rode out to the farm and visited every field. Dad patted Goldie on the neck and said, "I guess we won't go for a ride today, Goldie, Mother is too tired." During that night Mother got up to see if there was anything

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he wanted and he said, "Just a kiss," then added "I love you." He dropped into a sleep from which he did not awaken.

All of dad's posterity were present at the funeral except Dale Lambert who had just undergone an operation on his leg. Dad's nephew who had lived with us, O. Jim Porter flew from New York city, a nephew Bryan Johansen and family came from Huntington, Utah, and Mothers sisters Stell and Lu were also present. The huge crowd that attended his funeral in the Stake house in Cardston, and the high tributes paid to him showed how very successful his life had been. All of his posterity are honorable citizens. His great deal of power, drive and executive ability were pointed out in his accomplishments in community efforts. Even though he was eighty years of age he was never an old man, as he was active and energetic. As Dennis Burt said, "He was a cheer to us all" to his last day.

Written by

Dated December 9, 1959

--Mable J. Palmer--

D E S C E N D A N T S     O F  
JOHN A. SERT JOHANSEN and ANNA NELLIE NEILSON  
As at December 1, 1959

JOHN VIVIAN JOHANSEN born 14 Oct. 1904 at Raymond, Alberta--Died 24 Aug. 1947.  
Married to Amelia Hulda Peterson of Smithfield Ut. 21 Dec. 1928 in Logan Temple,  
Children:

Viola Johansen born 9 Jan. 1930 at Cardston, Alberta.

Married to Calvin Selk Brandley 19 July, 1950 in Alberta Temple.  
Their children are:

Linda Janay born 22 May, 1953 in Lethbridge Alberta,  
Cheralyn Dawn born 8 May 1957 in Lethbridge, Alberta.

John Frank Johansen born 15 Aug. 1931 in Cardston, Alberta.

Married to Ann Wright on July 10, 1958 in Alberta Temple.

Joyce Hulda Johansen born 30 May, 1936 in Lethbridge, Alberta

Married to Robert Neal Linebarger on 7 June 1957 in Alberta Temple.

DONNA JOHANSEN born 24 Jan. 1907 in Raymond, Alberta.

Married to Gerald Frank 2 Apr. 1931 in Alberta Temple. Gerald died Aug. 1936.

Second marriage to Ralph C. Meldrum 10 July 1940 in Alberta Temple.

Children:

Mellie Ann Meldrum born 29 April, 1942 in Cardston, Alberta.

Donna Ruth Meldrum born June 20, 1944 in Cardston, Alberta.

Rita Carol Meldrum born 7 Aug. 1945 in Raymond, Alberta.

SWEN OLE JOHANSEN born 28 March 1908 in Woolford, Alberta.

Married to Alice Stoddard of Cardston 19 Mar. 1934 in Cardston, Alberta.

Children:

James Swen Johansen born 26 Nov. 1942 in Lethbridge, Alberta.

Leonard Reed Johansen born 14 Jan. 1947 in Lethbridge, Alberta.

RAY WILLIAM JOHANSEN born 25 Oct. 1909 in Woolford, Alberta.

Married to Bessie Ingeborg Peterson of Smithfield Ut. 14 Dec. 1933 in Alta. Temple,  
Children:

Carl Ray Johansen born 1 Oct. 1935 in Cardston, Alberta.

Gerald Albert Johansen born 19 June 1937 in Cardston, Alberta.

Clara Ann Johansen born 18 Dec. 1938 in Cardston, Alberta.

Arthur William Johansen born 18 May, 1942 in Cardston, Alberta.

Kenneth Malcolm Johansen born 19 June 1951 in Lethbridge, Alberta.

Bessie Jean Johansen born 23 Nov. 1954 in Lethbridge, Alberta.

VERL JOHANSEN born 9 Apr. 1912 in Woolford, Alberta.

Married to Theron Lambert 16 Sep. 1938 in Alberta Temple.

Children:

Theron Allan Lambert born 27 June 1940 in Payson, Utah.

Roger Joseph Lambert born 18 May 1944 in Medford, Mass.

Glen Ray Lambert (twin) born 1 Mar. 1946 in Lethbridge, Alberta.

Dale John Lambert (twin) born 1 Mar. 1946 in Lethbridge, Alberta.

Linda Gay Lambert born 8 Feb. 1948 in San Diego, California.

Kevin Mackay Lambert born 29 Apr. 1954 in San Diego, Calif.

Ralph Eric Lambert born 7 Oct. 1955 in San Diego, California.

ANNA JOHANSEN born 9 Sep. 1913 in Cardston, Alberta

Married to Harold Yates Anderson in Manti Temple July 31, 1942.

Children:

Wayne Anderson born 10 Sep. 1947 in Edmonton, Alberta.

Barbara Noreen Anderson born Nov. 2, 1955 in Calgary, Alberta.

MABLE JOHANSEN born 7 Feb. 1916 in Raymond, Alberta.

Married to Asael Delbert Palmer of Lethbridge 30 July 1941 in Alberta Temple.

Children:

David Asael Palmer born 23 Nov. 1942 in Calgary, Alberta.

Howard Delbert Palmer born 4 Dec. 1946 in Lethbridge, Alberta

Kathleen Joan Palmer born 23 Sep. 1949 in Lethbridge, Alberta

Craig Johansen Palmer born 18 Dec. 1950 in Lethbridge, Alberta

Brian William Palmer born 29 Jan. 1953 in Lethbridge, Alberta.

John Palmer born 10 July 1955, died 11 July 1955 in Lethbridge, Alberta.

NELLIE ELIZABETH JOHANSEN born 22 Nov. 1917 in Cardston, Alberta.

Married to William Marion Pratt 22 Dec. 1938 in Alberta Temple. Children are:

Richard William Pratt born 15 Feb. 1940 in Hinkley, Utah.

John Albert Pratt born 15 Aug. 1941 in Cardston, Alberta.

Ray Grant Pratt born 8 Jan. 1943 in Mount Pleasant, Utah.

Brent Kieth Pratt born 7 Aug. 1947 in Gooding, Idaho.

Marilyn Marie Pratt born 30 Jan. 1949 in Delta, Utah.

Larry Pratt born Jan. 7, 1951 in Provo, Ut. died 10 Jan. 1951 buried Lehi, Utah.