

HISTORY OF ANDREW OLOF LARSON

The Scandinavian countries provided a substantial number of immigrants for early-day Utah, among whom were my ancestors. My father, Andrew Olof Larson, came from this background. His father, Niels Christian Larson, called "Chris", and his grandfather, Sven Larson, were some of the first settlers on Ferron Creek, Molen, Emery County, having answered a call to go there by church authorities, and being set apart by Orson Hyde. Chris married Anna Susanna Anderson in Richfield on March 27, 1882, and they, with her half-Indian son, Peter Manassa, took a home on a 20 acre plot. Two children were born, John Christian, Dec. 31, 1882, and Sarah, Jan. 29, 1885. Both died of Diphtheria the winter before Andrew was born, Sept. 11, 1887. Three years later, Nathan Alvin was born. Although their family wanted a large family, only two children lived to maturity as Peter died of a rupture appendix on may 27, 1898. Later the family moved to Ferron on another 20 acre farm. This was their home from that time on.

To get the feeling of the time, perhaps we should pause here and consider the national events of the year 1887, when the subject of this history was born. Grover Cleveland, a Democrat, was president, and on Jan. 20th Pearl Harbor was leased from Hawaii as a Naval Base, and free mail delivery was provided in all communities of the nation with a population of at least 10,000 people. Author Eugene Field wrote the poem "Little Boy Blue" endearing himself to Americans. Another thing of interest, especially to Latter Day Saints, was that John Taylor, Church President, died on July 26th and Wilford Woodruff wasn't sustained as president until April conference of 1889.

Not a great deal is known of the early life of the two brothers except that they experienced things of the time as any normal boy would. Andrew was fascinated with butterflies, and more than once he got a scolding for chasing them when he should be hoeing the corn. While working in the fields he found several arrow heads, but his parents, not realizing their future value, gave them away. Cousins have related that Andrew was a quiet boy, with his head always in a book, while Alvin was of a more vigorous type, sometimes getting into scrapes. This, of course, influenced their parents reaction and Mother Larson was said to have favored Andrew while their Father was partial to Alvin. It has been said that Andrew instigated and helped dig a cellar for their food storage, and that he was very considerate of his Mother. She was a good Mother, and seeing their needs, helped her boys get money for schooling by selling chickens and eggs. Andrew went to the neighboring town of Castle Dale to attend the Emery Stake Academy, then on to the State Teachers College. With these credentials he secured a teaching position in the small town of Lawrence. On Dec. 23, 1909, he married his sweetheart, Diantha Sephronia Petersen of Castle Dale in the Salt Lake Temple. While back attending the Academy again, their first son, Andrew Warren was born on Oct. 19, 1909, weighing only 3 or 4 pounds. Sephronia had contracted typhoid fever, and for two months it was feared that neither of them would live. Andrew attended the University of Utah in Salt Lake City in 1910-11. I "Frona" was born July 16, 1911 in Castle Dale. My dad taught school and was Principal in Castle Dale in 1912-13. Noal was born Sept. 17, 1912 and Sanna Irene came along Nov. 14, 1913. The family then moved to Logan for dad to attend the Agricultural College where he taught

some classes and graduated with a B.S. degree in Entomology in 1916. Chloe was born April 11, 1916. Dad had originally planned to be a medical doctor, but the increasing family and their support made him change to Entomology.

Dad was a great one to read everything he got his hands on. While he was going to school he would often read his lessons aloud to Mother as she did her work in the kitchen, but most usually it was in the evening when we children were in bed. He would read and Mother would sew or mend, and enjoy the things she heard, thus benefitting both of them. Many novels were enjoyed this way.

The following is an incident Warren remembers concerning Dad that took place while he was going to school in Logan. The event was a three-day zoological collecting trip on which Dad accompanied some of the staff members, probably Dr. Titus and perhaps Mr. Jerry Thorne. They saw a rattle snake and wanted it whole, but without injury. Dad fixed a lasso on a stick and caught the snake, then one of the men held it just behind the head and forced the head into a cyanide bottle to kill it. It did kill the snake, but it also broke the bottle at the mouth, making it unusable afterwards for insect collecting which was the main reason for their trip.

At the close of the school year, Dad took all of us with him to the Austin Ranch, out of Price, where he was to work for the summer on a study of grasshoppers. There we had the use of a small two-room cottage for our living quarters. At one time during the summer Dad had collected several two quart jars full of grasshoppers to be used for examination and study. Aunt Myrtle came for a short visit and saw him collecting and preserving them. The conversation went something like this, "Andrew, what are you going to do with all those grasshoppers?" Dad had never lost an opportunity to tease his friends and relatives, and so replied, "They are for grasshopper pie." Quite a discussion went on about grasshoppers and pie until finally Myrtle decided Dad was telling a tall tale. About the first of Sept. our house was moved about a mile away to be made into a one-room school house, and when sessions began, this is where Warren started to first grade. Since Dad's work was not finished, one end of a large implement shed was cleaned out, rag carpets were nailed up as walls and where they came together was the door which was to be fastened at night by weaving nails in and out. He had thought that we would be there only two or three weeks at the most, but it was until October or early November that his work was completed. One of the most vivid memories I have of this time was when the pigs got out of their pen, and while they chased and tried to pen them, they ran squealing through our house. We kids jumped on the beds and shouted with he rest of the excitement.

Living in Manhattan, Montana, (near Bozeman) was another interesting experience. That was Dad's first teaching position after getting his degree in Logan, and of course we lived there through the winter. It was real cold, and I can remember walking to school with Dad & Warren, going past the city jail. When it was coldest, Dad warned us to keep working our noses back and forth so they wouldn't freeze. One cold night the coal stove in the jail got too hot and burned the place down. It was big news to me, a first grader, but about all I can remember is hearing that the prisoners were drunk, and only some of the escaped.

The wages for teachers wasn't much, and I can remember people feeling sorry for the teacher, Mr. Larson, with his big family of five little children. One night a knock on the door revealed someone who thrust a large portion of a freshly butchered hog into Dad's hands. He didn't know who brought it, and mother was rather dubious about using it at first. It was excellent meat, and helped meet a pressing need. At another time, someone gave us a sack of potatoes which were greatly appreciated. One more memory of Manhattan was of the dandelion greens that we gathered in the Spring and used like spinach. They were the biggest dandelions I have ever seen, and the greens were quite delicious to eat.

Next Dad got a position with the Government and we moved to Alhambra, California. There hadn't been any Latter Day Saints organized in Manhattan, so Dad immediately inquired about the church only to learn that there weren't any organizations in Southern California, and that the nearest branch was the one on Adams Street in Los Angeles. Of course we went there for awhile even if it was ten or fifteen miles to drive. In the meantime Dad learned of a family named Carrol who had moved to Monterey Park, a neighboring town, from Canada, and he looked them up and the two families became close friends. In trying to get a branch organized, Dad was told to forget it, as Mormons weren't very popular, and those that were there preferred to remain anonymous. That didn't set well with Dad, and with diligent sleuthing, he learned of a few other members, and got permission to hold cottage meetings with the missionaries in the various homes. Then Pres. William J. Reeves, and conference Pres. Axel A. Madsen came to Alhambra and organized a Sunday School with Dad as Superintendent, William Carrol and Charles E. Norton as counselors. Elder Thomas C. Woodland was placed as presiding Elder, and Margaret E. Carrol as branch clerk. That occurred on Oct. 1, 1920 in the W.O.W. hall on West Main Street, between Garfield and First Streets.

For his work, he shared the same office building with Roy E. Campbell, who worked in a different division of the Bureau of Entomology. Dad's work was in the "Plant Quarantine Division of the Food and Truck Crop Investigation." Under the Division Chief, E. A. Back in Washington, D.C. C. K. Fisher joined in the work here, and was transferred to Modesto the same time Dad was. Also, Perez Simmons worked with him as an assistant for a time.

It was necessary for Dad to have a car in his work, and so not long after our arrival in Alhambra, he bought a used Model T Ford. Some time in the summer or early fall Dad took us to Long Beach for the day. On the way home the road crossed the Rail Road Tracks near a passenger station, probably Whittier. There were at least three sets of tracks to cross. The wig-wag was going, and there was no gate, so Dad assumed beings a train had stopped, he could go on across. Just seconds after we had crossed all the tracks, a limited passenger train shot past the back of our car, too close for comfort. Dad later said that after he started across, he saw the train coming, but had he stopped, we would all have been killed, and so he pulled down the lever and sped as fast as he could. In those days most cars did not have floor feed, but hand operated levers at the side of the steering wheel, and were easily operated by one finger from the right hand.

Another similar incident occurred when some of us were returning home with Dad from one of his inspection trips in the country. We came to the tracks of an electric train and as I think back, there didn't seem to be a bell. He was almost to the track when he saw the train coming, and both it and we stopped. It was a frightening thing, for it was so close that Dad had to stand on the cow catcher to crank the car. In spite of these two incidents, Dad was a good driver, and I can't remember of him being in a wreck.

On June 10, 1923, the Alhambra Branch of the church was made into a Ward with Dad as it's first Bishop, Glen W. Wilcox and Ammon M. McFate as counselors, with Rex Petersen as Ward Clerk. In May 1925, the Baptist Church on North First Street was purchased and renovated to be an L.D.S. Chapel. It was rather interesting to learn that the Baptists wouldn't sell it to the Mormon's and so several in-between buyers were arranged before it was obtained. Pres. Heber J. Grant dedicated it Dec. 6, 1925, and it served its purpose until several years later when the Alhambra Ward was built.

It may be interesting to know about our homes in Alhambra. The first one was on the south side of West Main Street, in the middle of the block, between Electric & Margurita Avenues. When Dad got the position in Alhambra, in 1919, he went ahead of the family to locate a place to live. He tried for a couple of days with no results, and was on the inter-urban headed for Los Angeles to meet our train from Utah when he noticed a man putting a "For Rent" sign out in front of a house. He got off at the next stop and went back, asking to rent the house. When the man learned there were five children, he didn't want to rent it, but Dad told him that he would see that it was kept in good shape, and so he was persuaded to let us have it. We lived there about a year or two, and then Dad bought a big old house on South Electric Avenue. We couldn't get to it from Main Street going South on Electric as there was a dead-end against a big orange orchard. Ours was the last house going North and was against the Southern end of the orchard. Eventually, the street was cut through it and houses were built along it. Our house was 415, and had a large fan leaf palm tree in the parking area by the curb, several orange trees, and a big old barn in the back of it. With the help of Grandad Petersen, the barn was torn down, and some of the materials were used to make chicken pens, and a shed at the back of the garage that we children used as a play house, club, or what ever we needed at the time.

The house had an upstairs with two bedrooms up and two down. When we first got the house, the lights throughout were of gas with mantles to light, and were a worry to our parents because of the danger of fire if we children were to light them, and so as soon as possible they were changed to electric lights. There was a large living room with a den at the far corner that had a massive dark brick fireplace. The dining room was large, as was the kitchen. A wide cement veranda was on two sides of the house, being roofed in front, with only beams across it on the side. I will always remember the beautiful row of cala lilies that boarded the side veranda, dozens of blooms each spring. We had a sink and running water in the kitchen, but there were no modern appliances as we have now. I can vividly remember wash day when we had to get up extra early so that we could help Mother with the washing. The washing machine was one that operated with hand and foot power

and Dad would carry the water out to the veranda by the kitchen door, and would work the first couple loads. By that time we older children would be there to take our turns. Then by keeping going through breakfast, Dad was able to get the heavy work done for Mother before he left for work. We children didn't particularly look forward to wash day.

Dad's work often called for him to make trips north to Modesto and the Stanislaus County Area and he would drive the car so that he would have transportation around to the places he had to go. At that time, the road over the Ridge Route was a long crooked one with only one lane of traffic each way. As it was a rather monotonous trip alone he would often pick up hitch-hikers. On one such trip Dad had picked up a man and had him riding in the front seat with him. A little later he picked up a second and still later he picked up at least one, or perhaps two more to ride in the back seat with his second passenger. After some distance Dad happened to look in the rear view mirror and saw a pistol being handed from one to another in the back seat. Dad became worried, but characteristically of him, he did not show it, a few miles up the road they came to a melon stand, and Dad suggested they stop and all have a piece. To this the passengers agreed. They were eating the melon when one of his "guests" came up and showed him the beautifully polished pistol he had won on a punch board somewhere. There was no ammunition. Dad took the gun, admired it, and gave it back to him. In a few minutes the melon was gone and they all got back in the car and resumed their trip.

Probably in April or May 1926, Dad was getting ready for a trip to Modesto, and as he and Mother were distributing their finances, they commented on a ten dollar gold certificate he had. Sanna examined it, asking if he could pass it being it had a tear in one corner. George T. Talley accompanied Dad north as he had a brother in this area that he hadn't seen in some time, and so the two of them shared a room in the Hughson Hotel. Dad was to stay longer than Mr. Talley could, and so the latter arose and left to catch the early morning train. Dad dozed off again, and was awakened suddenly by someone closing the door of his room, and he saw a key swing from the lock. He jumped up and grabbed his pants to find that his money was gone. He immediately called the desk, and a man was stopped and the money found on him. He was apprehended, and when the case came to trail some time later, Sanna and Mr. Talley were called as witnesses to testify. It was a real occasion for her to go and miss school. She got a new white blouse and red skirt to wear. To make the story short, the defense lawyer put up such a sob story about the accused, that much to the surprise of the District Attorney and everyone else, the jury found him not guilty. That afternoon as they walked down the street, Sanna and Dad saw the thief and the lawyer and stopped to talk to them. Dad told the lawyer that he was the worst liar he had ever seen, and the reply was, "I may be, but I won my case".

Those Alhambra days were happy days. The family took many trips around Southern California to see the parks, beaches, mountains, etc. As a church leader and a father, Dad went on many Father & Son outings, and there were lots of tall tales related when they came home. It was not all fun, tho. There was a family to support, and Dad was a good manager. Once, to earn extra money, he spent his two weeks vacation working as a laborer with the city street crew. In the late spring, the vacant lots had to be cleaned of weeds as a

fire control measure, and he and Warren and Noal would do this, first, to earn money, and secondly, that the boys would learn to work. Another financial aid was his try at making money selling Real Estate. There were at least 3 lots that I can recall, that he bought and sold, one being at a loss.

Dad, being mindful of his opportunity, got permission to attend classes at the University of California, where he obtained his M.S. degree in 1924. His last child, James Christian, was born during this time, April 30, 1923. Dad grew in stature as a Bishop as well as his profession. He was well liked, dependable and efficient. Mother was the second Relief Society President in Alhambra, and she was active in the Parent- Teacher Assn., receiving a life membership pin.

The following experience, written by Dad, is one that happened while he was Bishop in Alhambra. One morning while working at the "lab", one of the missionaries called me to the phone, and told me that he and his companion were going to Monterey Park to visit the Saints for the day. There was no apparent reason he should have told me, but it later proved beneficial. Later that day their landlady called me to the phone and told me there had been an accident, and one of our friends had been run over by an automobile, and his sister was wanting the elders. I told her that I would come for the sister and we would find the missionaries. Mrs. Molton, the sister, and I drove out to Monterey Park and inquired at the Bentley's if they had seen the missionaries. We were told that they had been there but had gone further out to see Nellie Carrol. When we arrived there, we were informed the missionaries had gone to Phillips in Wilmar. We found the missionaries there and they came back with us to Alhambra. We went directly to the hospital and inquired if we might administer to young Overson who had been hurt by an auto. The attendant asked if we were Catholic, and we said "no, we were Latter Day Saints, and believed in administration with oil for the sick." We were told that it was useless to try as he was almost dead, his skull having been crushed into his brain. We went into a corridor where he was lying covered over with sheet. And when we lifted the sheet, his head was all black and swollen, and he was unconscious. The sight caused Elder Tom Price to faint, and we had to carry him out to the car. We returned and Elder Gilbert Lewis anointed Overson's head with oil, and I sealed the anointing. While praying, I felt impressed to promise him that he should be restored to his normal health and strength. For several days he lay unconscious. The Alhambra newspaper reported the accident and said that it was remarkable he was alive. Day after day the papers stated "Young Overson still alive". Doctors from Los Angeles came to examine him. After several days he regained consciousness only to take a setback and run a temperature. The doctors said he couldn't possibly live with such a temperature. By that time his Mother had arrived from Utah. She sent for me to come and administer to him again. I got my Father-in-law, James Petersen, to assist, I did the anointing, and he sealed the anointing. He also promised Overson that he would get well—to his normal health and strength. After a few weeks I met him and his sister on the street, and he said he was all right except he saw double. I told him that he would get well as promised. Later, he came to church and bore testimony that he was completely restored to health and his normal vigor.

At another time in Alhambra, "Bishop Larson" and Mother were going to make an evening call, and went to the garage to start the car but were disappointed as it refused to turn over. Dad was puzzled as there had been no recent evidence of any trouble, but they went back in the house, and he said that he would get it fixed the next day. In the morning he found a five gallon can of gasoline had been carelessly left behind the car, and if it had started and the gasoline run over, there might have been disastrous results. This time the car started with no trouble at all, and so they felt the hand of the Lord and his protection.

Then there was the time Dad, Warren and some others were on a trip in the mountains, I don't remember the details, but at home, Mother became nervous and concerned about them, and felt the urge to pray in their behalf. At that very time they were going down a steep grade and very nearly slipped off the road into the canyon. Dad whirled the steering wheel, and the car righted itself, not a moment too soon.

Dad was transferred to Modesto to continue his bean weevil investigation work in that area, and so he was released as Bishop, and Marriner W. Roskelley was sustained to replace him on Jan. 1928. In Modesto there was a small group of church members meeting in an old Holy Roller church that they had purchased and refurbished for their use. It was on 4th & F streets, and soon after our arrival they started excavating for the basement of the cultural hall to be added to the church. Soon Dad was put in as Ward Clerk to Branch President A.E.H. Cardwell, and later on Mother was sustained as Relief Society President with Icy Virgin and Jennie Norton as counselors. Dad continued his work with Mr. Fisher in their office on the first floor of the Elks Bldg. On Eye Street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth. At times others were needed to count the weevil and their eggs in the bean samples, then usually the extra helpers were Irene Schrock, Icy Virgin and myself.

About the time we became really oriented, Dad was transferred to Corvallis, Oregon to head the work on Pea Weevil control in the whole Northwest, and just before we moved, Warren left on a mission to Sweden. The move was to have been to Coeur D'Alene, Idaho, but pressures and politics brought the move to Corvallis. Again Dad hunted up the church and found no organization closer than small groups, one 36 miles North in Salem and one 40 miles South in Eugene. The choice was Salem, and for awhile Dad was Branch President, and Noal, Clerk. Cottage meetings with the college students and the missionaries were held in our home many times on Sunday evenings.

Our move to Corvallis gave us a thing of excitement and thanksgiving. Dad obtained a local independent trucker to take our furniture, and the possessions were loaded and on their way late one afternoon. The family spent the night in Modesto before starting north early in the morning. With seven of us to ride in the car, it was crowded and it was decided to let Noal ride in the cab with the trucker taking the furniture. The morning that we left, Mother kept worrying about him being in the truck, and said that when we caught up with it, we would take Noal with us even tho it would be crowded. So we did, and we children fussed a great deal because it was a long ride and we were packed in like sardines. In Corvallis, Dad had rented a big old house that was about as ancient and ugly as could be, but it was all he could locate at the time. We went right to it and waited for the furniture

to come. After a couple of days a telegram came saying that there had been an accident, and the truck had tipped over. Oregon roads at that time were quite narrow, and so in hugging its side of the road, the trucks dual wheels had caught on the edge of the pavement and in trying to right it, the truck tipped over. The driver was unhurt, but he had picked up a hitch-hiker to take the seat Noal had used, and the truck fell on him and killed him. We were grateful that Mother had been fore-warned to get Noal with us. Some of our things were lost and broken, and so it was a job to settle with the insurance company.

A few months after our arrival in Corvallis, the following letter came from Joseph W. McMurrin, President of the California Mission in Los Angeles, Nov. 14, 1930.

Elder A. O. Larson
602 No. 9th Street
Corvallis, Oregon

Dear Bro. & Sr. Larson,

Last Saturday and Sunday I attended the meetings of the Fresno District Conference in Modesto. In the afternoon service on Sunday, the Modesto chapel was dedicated. We had a fine turn out of people. I think the recent conference was one of the biggest conferences, from the stand point of numbers, we have ever held in the Fresno District. I know one or more spoke during the conference regarding the fact that the meetings were the largest they had ever seen in Modesto.

I was very much disappointed when I reached Modesto and commenced to make inquiries about the Larson family, to learn that they had moved away, out of the Mission altogether, and taken up their residence in Oregon. I cannot tell you how sorry I am that it became necessary for you to make the move. I had labored under the hope that your residence in Modesto would be of a permanent character, and hoped we were to have your help and influence in the interest of the Lord's work in Modesto for long years to come. I had never been informed of the change you made, so that when I learned of it on inquiring about you it was a great surprise and a very great disappointment.

I know that some time ago when you were back in Washington that there had been some intimation that you might be transferred. At the time, my understanding was that if the transfer was made, it might delay the call of your boy to go into the mission field, and later on when I discovered that he could respond to a missionary appointment, I decided that you were not to be transferred, and that was very much in harmony with my feelings.

Of course, I realize that the transfer will not in any way interfere with the service you can give to the building up of the Lord's work for that service can be given in the Northwestern Mission, but the needs of Modesto, particularly when I look into the future of the Modesto Branch, seem to call very strongly for the help of the Larson family, and I have allowed myself to feel that there was no need of any anxiety, particularly about the future, because of the presence in Modesto of so fine a family, and now all at once it is discovered you have

been taken hundreds of miles away from that territory. Your going is one of the biggest surprises and big disappointments that have come to me since operating the California Mission.

I sincerely hope that the Lord's blessings will attend you in your new home, and hope that you may prove to be a great blessing to the work of the Lord where you are now located as you have been while living in Alhambra and since moving to Modesto. I had rather entertained the thought that in due time it would be necessary to relieve Brother Cardwell of his responsibility as President, because of the permanency of his residence in Tracy and that was too far away from Modesto to be satisfactory to the people of Modesto, and have felt that when the time came to release Brother Cardwell, we should not be put to any anxiety as to who might succeed him, as Brother Larson stood prominent as the man for the place. Now we are in as much anxiety about that situation as we have been in days gone by, before the Larson family lived in Modesto at all.

Of course we cannot see the end from the beginning. There may be a purpose in your being transferred to Oregon, that is not at present apparent. A purpose I mean connected with the work of the Lord, and opportunities for service may even become greater in some future time in either your present place of residence, or other sections to which you may be found, that will abundantly establish the fact that the work of the Lord was not injured by taking you away from service that we hoped to receive from you in Modesto.

I felt that I would like to write and express to you the very great appreciation I have for the very fine example and splendid influence you have always maintained as a member of the Church, and the high regard that Church members have for you in the various sections where you have resided.

I hope that good news comes from your son, and I trust that his experience as a preacher of the Gospel will be of such a character that his feet will be forever established in the path of honor and duty, and that he will always be a source of joy and comfort to his parents.

May the Lord's blessings attend you, and may you have many opportunities to speak and labor in the interest of the Lord's work.

I thank you for the fine help you rendered in the cause of truth, while you resided in Modesto.

With every good wish for your future well being and happiness and for your continued success where ever your lot may be cast, I am

Very Sincerely,
Your Brother in the Gospel

Dad's office in Corvallis was at the college, and he took advantage of this and added some graduate work to his schedule. Frank Hinman and Tom Brindley were associated with

him. Frank was quite a short fellow, and was not married, and a little bashful around females, but he was a prince of a fellow, clean living, a good worker. Years later we learned that he met his death from a fall while hiking in the mountains of Hawaii. Brindley was a very fine fellow too, but more sociable and out going. He was in charge of the work in Idaho under Dad's direction.

Corvallis and Oregon State College proved to be a real drain on Dad's finances. Warren was being supported on his mission in Sweden, and there were three of us in College, and upon his return, four. Added to this, with the tight money situation, Dad lost the house he had purchased in Modesto, on Stanislaus Street. Corvallis was also the place where he gained more family. Sanna married Lyle G. Williams, Mar. 23, 1932, and I, Frona, married Charles A. Johnson, Aril 17, 1933, Noal married Ilo Alberta Carter, Sept. 21, 1934, and Chloe married Joseph William Cook, Feb. 14, 1936. Warren married Francis Vannee Thompson, Aug. 23, 1936. James, being younger, had schooling and the service before him and so wasn't married until Feb. 1954.

During the early part of Dad's life, he had quite good health, but while he was traveling in Oct. 1918, doing peach inspection work, he had a severe dose of the flu. That was the year that hundreds of people died of it and the complications. Mother left we children with our Petersen Grandparents and went to take care of him. Everyone in the hotel was down with the flu except the woman in charge, and when Mother came, she turned over the keys to her, gave up and went to bed with it too. As soon as Dad was able to travel, Mother brought him home to gain his strength, but being an "Eager Beaver", Dad didn't convalesce long enough and years later he had disastrous results. During the Alhambra years he suffered occasionally from Quinsy, an inflammatory condition in the throat and around the tonsils, bringing fever and pain. He had his tonsils removed, or partially so, twice. Once he was to have a Bishop's meeting at our house and he could hardly talk or hold his head up. Mother tried to persuade him to call it off, but he wouldn't. He had his counselors administer to him, and he was able to go through the meeting and accomplish the necessary work. Soon after he had his tonsils removed for the third time and I don't remember him having any more Quinsy after that.

In Corvallis he began feeling so very tired, and started shaking a little—the result of that bad flu in 1918 and another in 1920. As his condition became worse, he felt he couldn't go on carrying the load of his work, and so he was transferred to Twin Falls, Idaho, in the Spring of 1936. Here he worked as associate entomologist with other Government men as long as he could, and retired in 1939. The fellow employees gave him a testimonial dinner at Rogerson Hotel with 32 persons attending. Speakers of the evening included Albert M. Murphy, toastmaster, F. H. Harris, Walter E. Paey, F. R. Larson, David Fox, J. R. Douglas, (chief of the local bureau) and Gerald Thorne of Salt Lake City, (a bureau of Plant Industry official). Mrs. Nellie T. Ostrom presented a vocal selection, and Dad was given two traveling bags as a departing gift.

In a way, they hated to leave Twin Falls for they had some very dear friends there. As they had done before, every time they moved to a new place, they became active in the church,

and these friends were special. Dad had served as Ward Clark to Bishop Arrington, and Mother was active in Relief Society, and Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

They moved to Logan, Utah, so they could do temple and genealogical work. The shaking settled in Dad's right side and gradually became worse so that it racked his whole body making it hard for him to do simple things like feeding and dressing himself. Doctors told him the toxins from having the flu the years before, had affected his nervous system, and they couldn't do anything to help him. Then it was the long trail down, with no hopes of improvement. James had joined the service, and they were lonesome in Logan so far away from any of their children. Dad finally became unable to go to the temple, so they sold their home, moved to California, and eventually settled in a small house built for them by my husband, Charles, here in Empire. Mother was good to help Dad, and it was a steady, not particularly cheerful service, for in a way she felt cheated and bitter. Their children were raised and gone, and she had hoped to travel with Dad to Washington D.C. and other places he had been, and in general, relax and enjoy their declining years. She got arthritis, started shaking slightly, had some small strokes. Dad needed her, and the family worried for fear she would go first.

Dad died about 1:00am Nov. 2,1948, on the day Harry Truman was re-elected President. It was a relief to see him resting quietly in the casket for he had shaken night and day for so long. I know it was a relief to him, too. Immediate cause of death was listed as Bronchial Pneumonia by the physician, Harry B. Stewart. He was buried in the Odd Fellows Cemetery on Scenic Drive, Modesto, to be joined by Mother in Sept., 1959.

A reporter writing the death notice for the Modesto Bee Paper asked Mother what Dad's hobbies were. She hesitated and then answered that he had none as such other than his family and his church. He was true and faithful to each. Each had a place, and he devoted his whole mind, time, and effort to each in its turn.

It has been said that behind every successful man is a good woman. This was very true in Dad's case. Mother backed him in all he did, and was always there to help when needed. She was successful and accomplished in her own way, too. She was a self-educated woman, and evidenced this in being an executive in organizations like the P.T.A., the D.U.P. and the Relief Society. She was a temple worker in Logan, also a genealogical missionary called to help others at the library. When Dad was failing, it was she who gave up things she wanted to do to be with him and care for him. It could be said that they were sweethearts, loving each other, and were excellent examples of what parents should be.

Sometimes one doesn't know the true picture of others until time lets out its secrets. After the family moved to Oregon, I married and moved back to Modesto, and then visited in Alhambra on various occasions. It was in both these places that I learned of them and the many good things my parents had done for others. People reciprocated and did kindnesses to me because my parents had been so good to them. They were especially kind and generous to people who were sick, and those who were down and out, helping them to get going again.

Appreciation of them has been most generous, and although I lived under their roof at the time, I didn't know what they had done.

Dad was courteous and listened to fellow workers and those he came in contact with, but he was one of them only to a degree. I've never heard him tell a dirty story although he was the first to appreciate a funny one. He was very upset and reproachful when we children told anything shady or suggestive. To be one of the boys, he joined "the Old Fisherman's Club" in Modesto, but I doubt he went to any of their activities over once or twice. He bought tickets, and made contributions like the rest of them. His standards were of the highest, beyond reproach, and he avoided anything else. People seemed to sense this and accepted and respected him for what he was. Not only was he clean of mind and speech, but he was physically clean. My memories of Dad were always of him in clean clothes. He was not mechanical, and so had no call to crawl under the car to fix it, and as his work wasn't the dirty greasy kind, it was almost his nature to be clean. He saw to it that we children were washed and clean, too, as sticky dirty fingers handling things really irked him. At the last he was almost fanatical about being clean. He wanted to bathe nearly every night (and that was a real ordeal because of his shaking and helplessness) for he wanted to be found clean when he died and was taken to the mortuary. Who of us would worry about that?

Cards and games were one of Dad's favorite pastimes. Years ago when we were children, we played Rook, Crokinole, or Checkers, etc., and in later years it was Bridge, Cribbage, Pinochle, and Solitaire. As the paralysis and shaking took hold, it relaxed him to play Pinochle when he could get anyone to play with him and Solitaire when he couldn't. He never gambled or played for "blood", but always in fun.

Being a "book worm" as he was described as a boy, he really wasn't athletically inclined, however he was an excellent foot racer at one time, I've been told by different ones. Once when our family was in Emery County, Utah, for a vacation, and attended a Pioneer Day Celebration, we participated in some races and games for the children. One of the boys, Noal, I think, won a race, and some woman asked who that boy was, and upon learning, she said, "well, if he is Andrew Larson's son, he comes by it honestly." Dad did coach basketball along with his teaching school both in Castle Dale and in Manhattan, and did exceedingly well. Basketball and football games were a joy to him, and when we were in Corvallis, he attended nearly all the College games, and could get as worked up and excited over them as anyone else. It has also been said that early in life he was a good marksman with a gun, once having killed four rabbits with two bullets.

As Dad grew older, he could have been called a meek, kindly man. Once in Empire a year or two before he died, a persistent magazine salesman came to his door, and I listened as he talked to him. The peddler gave him a pushy line, and when he was pausing to get his breath, Dad said, "No, I don't believe we want them," where upon the peddler proceeded to give his second "come on". Again Dad quietly listened and said, "No, I believe not." This went on for several minutes, and I wondered why Dad didn't close the door on him. Finally, the man saw that he was getting no where, and left like a deflated balloon.

Evidently he had never encountered this quiet, polite, yet firm resistance before.

Dad was a different man around Mother's brothers and sisters than he was to we children. He was a known joker and teaser. He delighted in little jokes and would get quite a twinkle in his eye for those of his own age bracket, but for we children, we were to mind, and that was that. Discipline was a spanking or a switching with a willow. At times he would grab the erring one by the ear, a very poor thing to do, and see that we did as we were told. I have searched my memory and can't remember the time that our parents said "I love you" to one of us, but I KNOW for certain that they did love us, and it was just their way. Mother said they had known a couple earlier in their lives who were know scrappers at home, but in public they were "honey" this, and "dearie" that, and they surely didn't like the gushie names they called each other to cover their fights. This evidently influences their lack of showing affection to we children.

To illustrate Dad's teasing nature, the following stories are told: his sister-in-law Irene Petersen was being courted by two fellow, one, Clifford Ostler who had known her previously in Utah, and had come to Alhambra to press his attentions. One Saturday afternoon they, with her sister Myrtle, and brother, Rex, got on the street car headed for Los Angeles to go to a show. Clifford and Irene had been talking about getting married, and quite suddenly they decided to get off and get Dad to perform the ceremony that night. They were seated at the rear of the car, and so when they got off, the others seated at the head, didn't realize that they were gone until they got off in the Los Angeles Station. It was probably around 9:00p.m., when they arrived at Bishop Larson's with the Petersen Grandparents, and Irene said "Andrew, will you marry me?" The reply was, "No, I am already married to your sister." Dad teased like this for a while, and finally he said he would perform the ceremony on one condition, and that was if she would go call the kids to witness it. We were in bed, and she tried, but Warren and I were the only ones she could arouse, and so we attended their wedding-----I, in my nightgown. That was Sept. 29, 1923, and the first wedding at which Dad officiated. He later teased Irene, saying that he had practiced on her.

The second story is about the time in Joe's Valley, above Castle Dale, in July, 1926, when a big group of Mother's Petersen family were assembled for a few days vacation on her brother Leo's farm. The gang had picked fresh peas and strawberries, and were preparing the meal. The men were freezing a big freezer of ice cream, and at the moment, some of the sister-in-laws were preparing the berries to put over the ice cream. Dad had been teasing them, and one of them, as she reached for the sugar to mix with the berries, got a thought. They mixed a few mashed berries with salt instead of sugar, and asked Dad if he would taste it to see if it was sweet enough. They gave him a big stirring spoon full, and after a moment, he rushed to the door to spit it out. The women laughed and laughed to think that they had gotten even for once. Dad said it was the most nasty thing he had ever tasted.

Regardless of where we lived, the missionaries were always to our home to eat, relax, or hold cottage meetings, and Dad teased them constantly. Once at Easter time we had a

plate full of colored Easter eggs, with some false rubber ones among them. They were placed so that the missionaries were sure to take one, and then we all watched to see the fun of them trying to crack and shell it. At another time Dad got a small jar labeled "Berry Jam" to take to a picnic, and when he handed it to someone to open it, out would pop a make believe snake on a spring. It was all in fun, and Dad was playful, but he never did do any "dirty tricks" or try to hurt anyone.

While mentioning missionaries in our home, I should add, perhaps the one of them who attained the greatest acclaim in life was probably Alexander Schreiner, who is the famed Tabernacle Organist. It is a thrill to know that he was in our home when he was on his mission in Southern California years ago.

This history would not be complete without some statistics that have not previously been mentioned:

ANDREW OLOF LARSSON

Baptized by H. C. Hansen, July 2, 1896
Confirmed by L.S. Beach, July 2, 1896

Made a Deacon
Made an Elder by J. D. Killpack
Was Ordained a High Priest by Richard R. Lyman
Was Married by J. R. Winder in Salt Lake Temple, Dec. 23, 1908

Height....5'11 ½"
Weight...155 lbs.
Eyes.....Blue
Hair.....Brown

He was given four Patriarchal Blessings—

1. May 29, 1904, Emery Stake, by Fredrick Olsen
2. June 14, 1914, Castle Dale, Emery Stake, by Charles Pulsipher
3. October 11, 1924, Alhambra Ward, Los Angeles Stake, by James Thomas
4. July 31, 1926, Salt Lake City, Utah, by Church Patriarch, Hyrum G. Smith

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Listed below are the various positions he has held in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

In Ferron, Utah; (age 12 Or 14) Secretary to the Deacons Quorum

Sunday School teacher

Castle Dale, Utah;

Sunday School teacher

Sunday School Superintendent

Pres. of Young Men's Mutual Improvement Assn.

Salt Lake City, 11 Ward , Sunday School teacher

Logan, Utah; 8th Ward

Y.M.M.I.A. teacher

Sunday School training class teacher

Alhambra, Cal;

Ward teacher

Sunday School Superintendent

Bishop

Modesto, Cal;

M.I.A. teacher

Sunday School teacher

Branch clerk

Corvallis, Oregon;

Sunday School Superintendent (for the short time it was held)

President of the Salem Branch

Twin Falls, Idaho;

Ward teacher

Ward clerk

Logan, Utah;

Genealogical chairman, 9th Ward

Logan Temple;

1847 Endowments from Oct.10,1939 until April 2,1945

In connection with his schooling, it is well to note that he was in 3rd year High School when his first child was born, he was completing his college course when his 5th child was born, and the 6th one was born just before he received his Masters degree. To obtain money to get through school, he worked at various odd jobs, and taught school when he could. Here is a list of some of the jobs he had or did; shoe store salesman, Worked with the State Auditor in the State and County Bld, in S.L.C., worked with the Chemistry Dept. in the Lab., janitorial work, polished floors, dug potatoes, built pig pens. He had a High School teachers certificate, for life, in the State of Utah.

The following story was told to me, Froma L. Johnson, by two persons on different occasions, the facts being the same. Aunt Nellie Larson wrote and related it in January or February of 1962, then her son Leo told us of it on our visit to his home in Page, Arizona '63.

Coming from Southern California, Elmer Loukensack and his wife chose Hurricane, Utah, as a nice little town in which to spend their retirement years. They had been there for some time, during which they were active in church work, but after hearing them comment several times about having once been inactive, they were questioned about it. Brother Loukensack was called to talk in Sacramento meeting, and asked to bare his testimony. During their stay in Hurricane he had associated with Uncle Alvin considerably, and seemed to enjoy his company. Here is the story told at that meeting:

Elmer was the son of some inactive Latter Day Saint people, living in Utah. He was baptized, and that is about all he had had to do with the church. When he married, the girl happened to be Catholic, and he promised to bring up their children in the Catholic faith. They moved to Southern California, and eventually settled in Alhambra. As time went on, they gave birth to a daughter, and were very happy. One time when the girl was small, she became very ill, and after much doctoring, she was pronounced a hopeless case. The parents begged the doctors to save the girl, but they could find nothing to help her. They said help would have to come through a church or a priest. The mother immediately sent for the Catholic Father, knowing that this was the answer, only to be told he was too busy to come, but would send some Holy Water. Next, the parents sent for Amie Semple McPherson who was at that time holding revival meetings, doing healings, and causing a great stir in Southern California..... and all over the country. She also replied that she was too busy, but if they would bring the child to her meetings she would pray for her. The girl was too ill to be moved, and they feared each breath would be her last. Then, in desperation, the mother turned to her husband and said, "Why don't you try your mormons?" He didn't know any mormons, nor where to find them, but after several inquiries he was given a name to contact. This was done, and a Bishop Andrew O. Larson, upon getting the call, said he would bring a companion and come. Within a few minutes they were at the Loukensack home, administered to the child and quietly left.

It was a miracle... the child started to improve the minute they lay their hands on her head and asked for a Father's blessing. It was a startling thing to the parents and doctors alike, and they were greatly impressed. She kept improving until she was completely well and as healthy as anyone. At the time the story was related, she had grown to maturity and was the mother of a fine family. After thinking about it, the Loukensacks decided to go to church and become active. At their first visit to Alhambra Ward, they asked to see Bishop Larson, only to be told he and his family had moved away... to Modesto. When the talk was over Uncle Alvin rushed up and told Loukensack, "Bishop Larson was my brother!" Loukensack threw his arms around him and hugged him, saying, "Sure, I should have known by the name, and I have always felt so close to you." All those years he had hoped to see and thank Bishop Larson for the prayer he had offered, and for its bringing their family into church and activity.

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Dad made several trips to Washington D.C. in connection with his work, and to do research before getting some of his papers published. The following is a copy of one of his letters' written to the family from there, dated March 5, 1927.

Dear Sweethearts:

Today has been nice. I carried my overcoat instead of wearing it home this evening from the White House. Yes, I have been working in the White House today, and part of yesterday. You know the President moved out, and it had to be fumigated, and Dr. Cotton asked if I would like to help. I certainly did want the chance as it gave me an opportunity to get in all the rooms and on the roof. I can now say I have been through it from cellar to garret. I also took a ride on that horse of the Presidents that the newspapers have so often commented on. I sat on the Mrs. " bed, and in Andrew Jackson's rocking chair, and in chairs in most every room. Dr. and I measured all the rooms on one floor. If I ever go into commercial fumigating, the fact that I have helped to fumigate the White House won't hurt me. While I didn't accomplish so much on the manuscript, I think I seized a very rare opportunity.

Shall I rave on about the White House? Well, I looked into a mirror and could see myself an indefinite number of times. I asked one of the men how many times he could see himself in the mirror. He said four. I told him I thought I could see myself a lot more times than that. He looked and said he had been there 33 years and had never noticed that before. One of the tables of mahogany has carved birds for legs with flowers and fruits between the legs along the sides. There are carved cross pieces diagonally between the legs, and in the center there is a carved bird nest and five eggs. They are fumigating for moths, silver fish, cockroaches, etc., but mostly for carpet beetles. It seems that one of the rugs came from Persia about 1912 and had a kind of carpet beetle which did not exist in the U.S. So far it has never been found in the U.S. outside of Washington D.C., although it has spread some from the White House.

We used 150 lbs. of cyanide today, one lb. to 1000 sq. cu. ft. and fumigated only the 2nd floor and part of the attic. There will be more next week but I shall not assist. The East Room has the rugs and upholstered furniture and brickwork filled into it and will be fumigated with about 75 lbs. probably Monday.

There are some rugs that are worth a fortune. I don't suppose the bed Mrs. C. occupies could be bought very easily. It is carved mahogany and every one raves about it. Cal's bed is of brass. One of the brass rods at the foot is loose. The covers are folded in piles, but the mattresses were still on the beds. Orchids were still in Mrs. C.'s bathroom. The paper said she spent most of the day at the new home superintending things, so that everything would be in readiness when the President came. Probably they don't know how many servants they have but I don't. There must be dozens of them, and that many special police and detectives extra. Three of the men working with us were 2 colonels and a major, and I don't know Forbes' title. Colonel Cheney and Col. Mehesy or some such name and Maj. Marsh. There were about 7 others directly under Forbes and all doing as we said. One day when I was a straw boss in the White House!

Love,

A.O.L.

- 417
- (32) With F.G.Hinman
Insects Found on Pea Fields in the Willamette Valley, Oregon
after Harvest
Jour. Econ. Ent. 25: 971-976
- 1933
- (33) With T.A.Brindley and F.G.Hinman
The Local Dispersal of the Pea Weevil
Jour. Econ. Ent. 26: 1063-1068
- 1935
- (34) With T.A.Brindley and F.G.Hinman:
Some Recent Additions to our Knowledge of the Biology of the Pea Weevil
Jour. Econ. Ent. 28: 668-670
- 1938
- (35) With C.K. Fisher:
The Bean Weevil and the Southern Cowpea Weevil in California
U.S.D.A. Tech. Bul. 593
- (36) With T.A.Brindley and F.G.Hinman
Biology of the Pea Weevil in the Pacific Northwest with Suggestions
for its Control on Seed Peas
U.S.D.A. Tech. Bul. 599
- 1942
- (37) With H.C.Hallock
Time of Planting Susceptible Beans in Relation to Curly Top Injury
in South-Central Idaho
Jour. Econ. Ent. 35: 565-569

He was a member of the American Assn. for the Advancement of Science, the American Assn. of Economic Entomology, and the Entomological Society of America, being Secretary and helping to start the latter organization in Southern California. Many times he presented papers of his work and findings at the various conventions.

Compiled by his daughter

Anna L. Johnson