



THE CHRISTOPHERSON TAPES

AND PAPERS

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COMPILED

AND EDITED

BY

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Grandmother Christopherson  
as told by her son, Joe Christopherson.

I seem to remember that we were talking about my mother being converted to the church. From that family, that she was studying with. And probably, she may have had my father as one of her teachers. I don't know, he never did say in his diary whether he did or not. But, she had been studying with this family in direct opposition to her parents. And I guess girls at that time were just about as headstrong as they are today. And it just seems to me that she must have had a real strong will. In order to overcome her parent's objections and go eight to ten thousand miles with a comparatively strange man and to marry him. And to never see her parents again. Her father and her mother. And she must have had really lots of faith to have accomplished this.

And in the short while that I knew her, which was about oh, I think, thirteen years and a half. I was that old when she died. And of course she was my, I guess she was my mother, my mamma. And anything that I wanted to know, well I'd run to my mamma. And I got lots of, she answered lots of questions for me. Gave me lots of council. Even for a small boy, you see. And built a lot of faith in me. I still have quite a bit of faith in church. And as I grow older, as old as I am now, I'm over eighty, and I think back to this one person. That was my entire life was given me by her. I think, too many of us, we do not appreciate our mothers.

Now, see I have about sixty-three grandkids. And sixty great-grandkids and the one great, great, grandson. I'm just a little bit over eighty years old and as of today, this is May the seventh nineteen hundred and eighty-one. And that is my family, you see, would be almost a hundred and forty some. And Grant's family was, he had ten kids. I don't know how many grandkids he has but, he must have quite a bunch. Maybe thirty, maybe more, great grandkids probably about as many, I don't know. And then, Mick has quite a bunch of grandkids and kids. Mae has quite bunch of kids and grandkids. And so, I think that she will have, direct descendants just now, now I'm speaking of my mother, direct descendants of quite a bit over two hundred, maybe 250. And they're just beginning.

You see, she was a hundred years old on the 26th of January 1979. Her birthday was in 1879, see. So, the hardship that these women had. They didn't have automobiles, they didn't have electric mixers, they didn't have telephones, and they didn't have tractors or mixers or (prompt from Mom in here) washing machines or dryers or. Oh, just think of all the things that, that she didn't have. But she did have a wash board, I can remember that.



Course, my stepmother had a glass washboard and she was very proud of it. She was very, very proud of her glass washboard, there weren't very many of them in the country. Most of 'em was brass or steel or something like that.

And they burned wood and coal in an old, dirty stove. They didn't have vacuum sweepers, vacuum cleaners, and you can think all the things that they didn't have to do anything with, and still, she will be remembered as a mother of this horde. Is that a word to be used? I don't know, a group, a big group of nearly, it will be over a thousand within another 10, 15, 20 years probably.

And all of this from just one little woman who was five foot tall. And she only weighed about 125 pounds. And she was very, very converted, had faith. She was faithful to the day of her death. And it just makes me feel lonesome very, very lonesome when I think about what I could have done for her. Helping her even, even as young as I was I could have done a lot, but I didn't. I was like all little kids I guess.

They never had any doctors, you see. All of her, until the last two or three, I think, didn't even have a doctor for them. But the first babies, were all pioneer babies and they were all taken care of by a midwife. She was named Abby Neves. And she lived across the road from my mother when they lived in Burlington on the ranch there. Then we moved to Meeteetse, and I can remember that they had a spring seat on the wagon. And my dad, he sat on it, and the spring was way down low, you know, fat, and she was on the other side, and she was even carrying her baby. I think it must have been Mick, because this was along about, October or November of nineteen hundred and three when we moved to Meeteetse. And I was sitting on I suppose some hay or a bedroll or something behind the seat. And I can remember that seat and her sitting there.

Of course, Dad, he wasn't a very big man but he was oh, bout five foot eight and he wore size eight shoes and bout 30, 2, 3, 4, belt and about sixteen shirt, sixteen and a half maybe, sixteen I think. And he weighed about a hundred and fifty-five, sixty, most the time that I remember him.

So, I suppose that there's just about all I can tell about that, unless sometime, have a personal interview to answer questions for you face to face with a tape recorder. Then I could maybe be able to tell all that other stuff that I couldn't recall right quick and it wouldn't be very fitting, or practical to me just guessing what was interesting to you.

You know, my mother was sposed to be, well her great grandmother I think was a German princess. And when I was a kid, my uncle Andrew, he told me about this even in 1918, 17, 16, 17, 18, along in there, just before he died. He figured on going back there and claiming this castle by the Rhine River that his great grandfather had there. But, he died and the war came on and I've never heard anything more about it so I don't know what they ever did with it. So, we don't have any castle anymore in Germany.

## Miracles and Dreams

Saturday was a very nice day. It was warm, there were shirt sleeves. There was no wind, it must a been 60, 55, 60 degrees. And I really appreciate this nice weather. Kevin and Tony, they're even now, right now this minute, it's two o'clock in the morning. And, they're down the river floating the river in a canoe, hunting beaver. They did here the other night. Oh, a week or so I guess. They got about 15, 20 beaver. And they're looking for beaver again tonight. But I don't know how many they'll get. Last night they got some coons, coyote or so, or something like that. But anyhow, their mother called up and they weren't here, so I talked a while with her.

And I want to tell you, Greg, I think that you have, I believe the most, one of the most wonderful mothers in the world. She really thinks a lot of you boys. And she is very concerned about everything that you do, that it meets with the Lord's approval. She is a really converted woman. I sure love her. She's really super, really super, super, super. I don't know whether you understand that kind of talk anymore, but we used to use 'em.

I told her I was going to send you another tape shortly and now, I don't know exactly how to, what sort of a letter or a tape to send you. I thought maybe I might be able to send you a sort of a testimonial of my life. There's been an awful lot of time in my life, that well, my whole life, I've been guarded with a guardian angel. Now, I don't know whether they teach that anymore or not. A guardian angel that follows him and keeps him out of trouble, one thing another. But I seem to think that when I was young, that is what I had was a guardian angel. And that he saved my life numerous times. I suppose probably, I could maybe, enumerate at least oh, I know about, maybe ten times that if I hadn't had protection of some sort, that I would never have survived. So, my life and my story, today will be mainly constructed around this testimonial of my life.

It was my family, and my guardian angel. And with a few, how would you say, interjections, can't think of the word. When you get old you learn a whole bunch of words in your lifetime and maybe some of the newest ones you learn you forget them. You can't recall them when you need them right quick. So, I might have to change some of my story.

But anyhow, I don't know exactly where to start, whether to tell the story about when I was about 16 or 17. I'd been with my horse all day. We'd been riding cattle, one thing and another, and I came in pert near home, was about two,



three miles further to where we lived from my uncle's farm. And my horse was tired. So I thought well, I'll just stop, and I'll just get me a bite to eat, and catch me a different horse. So I went down, my uncle wasn't home, he's an old bachelor anyhow. But anyhow, I stopped there, and I got me a piece of bread and some butter on it and then. I went out to the corral, looked the horses over. He had quite a bunch of horses in there. I don't know, eight or ten horses. I didn't know any of them. They were all strange horses to me.

But I looked around and I saw one that looked like it had been used, he had a sweat ring, around where his saddle marks, they called them. Where his saddle, where he sweated and all that. So, I went up to him, and he was gentle, and I put my arms around his neck, and got a rope on him and led him out. And I put my bridle on him, he stood right there, changed my saddle from my horse to this horse, put it on him, set it up, cinched it up, and got on him and he just reared right over backward kabang, and I threw myself off, I don't know how I ever did it. Threw myself off over the horse's head and I landed there and he was a laying on his back, and he busted the saddle all to pieces.

But, you see there, I could just as well been in that saddle with the horse right on top of me. So, something saved my life, right there, you see. So, that was one of the times, I thought about. Well anyhow, I caught, got my horse, I put my own, saddle back on him and I went on home. But, I was really, really scared. I didn't think about it too much but I learned that saddle horses are something that you don't use them unless someone tells you that they're safe. So, I learned that, about saddle horses at that time.

Then, another time I and my uncle, he had a Ford car, that was about 1916, 17, I was about 17, 16, 17 years old, along in there. And we were coming, I was driving the car, in those days they didn't have coupes and sedans. Everything was open of course, these cars were sports cars, lots of stuff now. But, they were called touring cars in those days, they were open. And I was driving down this road, and there were Fords, they had a quick trigger action on the steering. I went to make a turn, coming down the hill and the front wheel, it hit a rock and it jerked that steering out of my hands, and the car just tipped right on over, right on the back. And me and him, we were both underneath this car. And I crawled out from under, had opened the door, so we could crawl out. But, weren't hurt except that I did have one of my thumbs was just about cut off. And he had one shoulder thrown out a place. There were some people came by and we tipped the car back onto its wheels. Then they pulled his shoulder into place. I wrapped a handkerchief around my thumb.

Anyhow, we started for home again. And that was another time that I just as well been killed as not being under that car. But didn't, so it was absolutely clear. Remember those old Ford cars, how small their body was. We didn't have much room in that front seat. And only one door to crawl out. We both crawled out of there and went home. So that's a couple of times.

I think of some of these others, I don't know. That might carry it up to the time when I was working in the mine with my brother. Now, he was 16 years old, about 15 and a half, maybe something like that and I was about oh, around 17, 18, something like that. I guess I was 18, over 18, 18 in July and this was along in December. We were working down in this mine and all of a sudden the doggone light went out. There was about 10, 20 ton of rock fell and it just missed me and blowed my light out.

When I got my lamp lit again, I looked and there he was under the rock. He was dead. He got killed in the mine with that rock. Well, that was another time that I must have had something which kept me from getting killed.

You know, my story's kind of disjointed and has to be, sometimes jump two, three years one way and then I jump back again and things like that. The way I tell a story, sometimes it's continuous unless you want to date it sometime, then I might be able to figure out most of the dates.

But anyhow, I was thinking, now this would be long after I was married, and I had this mine to run. I'd been working in this mine for quite awhile and I was coming up to go to my dinner, lunch, or whatever they call it. We call it dinner. I suppose it must have been in the middle of the day or something like that. But anyhow, I was going up this entry way to this mine, you see. Into the hill that was about oh, 6 or 700 feet, something like that. And I was going up to have some dinner and I was just about half ways up and I happened to see a light, some sort of a light. Oh, it just seemed like it was in the corner of my eye.

So, I stopped. What in the dickens is that light? So I stepped back about, oh, two or three feet and looked and looked and I couldn't see anymore light there, so I says, "Must a been some crazy thing." So I started back up the slope and there was about 50 - 100 ton a rock that fell right square in front of me. And I'd a been right under the middle of it if I hadn't stopped for this light, to see what this light was. So in thinking about that later, I am of the firm conclusion that, that was another time that a guardian angel had saved my life.

So, I don't know, I'm kinda, a little bit spooky when I get to thinking about all these different times that I've saved my life. I don't know how many more times that in meeting cars on the road which I didn't get hit. So, I just don't know. Makes you wonder, and so, of course now there's a few other times I have time to tell you about. But I'll miss up for now. Because I don't want to make it run too long.

But I do want to tell you about this, when I was running this mine. And I would deliver coal, and I'd talk with these customers, some of these guys. And there was one old, fella I was acquainted with and then there was another guy, and I'd ask him about this fellow. I says, "He still mad at the, at the bishop?" "Yes," he says, "Believe he is but, I want to tell you my story."

And so he says, "I don't know why I'm telling you this," he says, "I just feel like I want to tell you this story. But maybe it might help you some time." He said, "I had a dream the other day." Now he says, "This is true, I did have a dream." He says, "I'd a been praying about," he'd been having trouble with the bishop too, a lot, something I don't remember what it was. The stake president I guess it was, that he was a fightin' with about some land that Burlington where they'd changed the town site and made the land different, or the stake, I don't know what the fight was. Anyhow, he was mad at the stake president about this.

But anyhow, he says, "I was sore at this stake president, I just didn't know what to do." And he says, "It got to botherin' me." He says, "That bothered me and bothered me. I didn't know what to do." So he says, "I prayed, I got right down on my knees and I prayed, and I prayed, for day after day." And he says, "Every night and morning I would pray." He says, "And finally I asked for an answer to my dream, or to my prayers." And he says, "One day there I dreamed a dream. Now, lots of people don't believe in dreams. Lots of people think they're silly. But, I believe they're almost a direct answer to prayer sometimes.

"Now, what I dreamed was this dream about this stream, that is a little trout stream. Oh, about, oh it was 10, 20, 30 feet across, or something like that, water trickling down, and little bitty puddles, or pools and fish and you could see the fish in there and these fish were jumping around and floppin'." He says, "There was so many fish in there and there was a lot of them and some of 'em even flopped out, clear out on the bank." And he said, "They just lay there, and then they'd flop and flop and flop and flop, and, then some of the little fishys, then they'd flop and they'd get



back in the stream, and away they'd swim. But, there was some big fish. Great big ol' trout that got out on that bank, and was floppin' around. And this one flopped and flopped and flopped, he never did get back in that stream and he died right there out on the stream bank."

And he says, "That was my dream and I wondered and wondered and wondered if that was the answer to my prayers." He says, "I thought about it and I'm even today, I'm pert near sure that, that was the way the world is. That we just are a little bunch a little fish floppin' around on the ditch, on the stream bank, and they finally flop in and get back in the stream and away we'd go and if we don't get back in that stream," he says, "we're gone, we're done for. So that's my dream." He says, "I don't know, I'll just tell it to you for what it's worth."

And so, I thought well, that's quite a story. And I thought, course that was, that would be oh gosh, I don't know. That was forty, maybe fifty years ago, no, I'd say forty years ago. But I've thought about it, and I still remember that, him telling me about that dream. And, I believe there is a direct answer to some of us and flopping and gettin' back in the stream, that means to repent, and begin a life anew. I think maybe that's what, he said that, that's what was his.

It was of course years and years later that I had a dream. Now this dream I'm, this is actually true, this is just as true as anything it just seems like, just like it had happened to me. And, I just couldn't keep but anyhow, I dreamed, I didn't dream, I was a, this is actual fact. But I found out later it was a dream.

But I woke up at night and there was a couple a guys there standing one beside, each side of my bed. And it was sort of a three-quarter bed or something like that, I guess. And I didn't have no pajamas on or nothin' I had my underclothes is what I was sleeping in, that's what I used to sleep. Maybe we do yet, I don't know. Sometimes I do. But anyhow, these guys, one of them took one hand and one took the other and they said, "Well, let's go." I says, "Let's go where?" "Well," he said, "We're going to the party." "Oh," I says, "I'm not, I'm not goin' to the party, I'm not dressed, I got to get some." "No, no, he says, we're going, this is a go as you are party. This is come as you are." And, "No," I says, "I'd like to get me some clothes." "No, no, no, no," he says, "We're going to this party." And they took me. You know, it seemed like we walked a ways, pretty quick we come up to a house and he says, "Well, the party's in there." And so, I thought, well by golly there must be some room in there

somewheres where I can get me a pair of trousers and a shirt, or coat, something. And so he took me right through the door. They did, there were two men, see, and they turned me loose right through the door.

And they said, "Well there's your grandparents. Go get acquainted with them." And you know, I looked around this room, it was a room about, it must a been about 25, 30 feet long and it had chairs all the way around, or benches, or something. They were seated side by side clear all the way around. There must have been oh, thirty or forty people there. And I looked at them and, I looked and I looked, and there wasn't one single one that I was acquainted with. Not a one that I could. Not even my mother and father. They might a been there somewheres but I didn't see them. They weren't there that I could see. And so, that's the dream that I had.

I used that to tell about. It must have been that we were supposed to get busy with genealogy and look up our parents. I must have had a guilty conscience. You suppose that's what it was? But anyhow, that was a spooky dream that I had about my ancestors. And of course, it really made me sad that I couldn't see my mother in there. But she must have been there because that was my ancestors.

And since I've hunted, I've seen some of the pictures of some of the grandparents, it just seems to me like I could remember that some of them did look a little bit like that. But, you have grandparents that run a long ways back. You see, every generation they double. And so, it doesn't take very long and you run them up to about fifty. Just incidentally, while we're talking about ancestors, my mother's genealogy, that is her grandparents. What do you call that, genealogy sheet? I don't know, they, go back to oh, about 1450, 1500 if I remember right. My dad's genealogy only goes back to my great grandfather. They changed names there and we haven't been able to find the newer ones. You see, my great, grandfather's name was Christopher Thoreson. And my grandfather's name was Lauritz Christopherson. So that's where we got our name changed.

I don't know, we were wondering a few other things that would be interesting to talk about. I suppose maybe the best way to explain this out would be to tell it this way. I've had people say to me, "If you had your life to live over again would you do it different?" And I've thought and thought and thought, and I don't dare say that I would do it different. Because if you did it different you might have a different wife, you might have different children, you might not have any kids at all. Oh, there's everything in the

world that could happen if you had your life to live over again. So, I always say anymore when I think about it that I wouldn't dare say that I would change anything. So, in my thinking and theorizing, and whatever you call all these words, I have come to the conclusion, everything that you do in your life is a cornerstone on which something else is built. If you hadn't done it this way, you would not have this, or you wouldn't have had this. So, I think that your life is tied in, seems like, with every day events.

To me, whenever I think, or begin to think too much about life. I immediately revert to my mother. Now, if it hadn't been for my mother. Oh, she was a very, very courageous woman, I guess is what you would call it. She was less than 20 years old and left her family and came eight to ten thousand miles, and marry a man that was of a different faith than she'd been raised in. She had been raised a Lutheran and of course she was a convert before my dad married her. But anyhow, everything that I am, or that my kids will be, my grandchildren, and my great grandchildren, and on. They are all tied to my mother. Because she was such a courageous woman and did that. And although this happened about eighty years ago, you see it's quite awhile.

And I don't know exactly how to impress upon anyone listening to this tape, they have somehow got to be impressed with the fact that they are what they are and where they are. Everything is tied to that one thing that my mother was married to my father in the temple about 80 years ago, 80, 82, 3, 81 years ago nearly. In 1900, anyhow. And so, I have to think, how should I say it. That I am what I am, because of my mother, and everything that I am or ever will be is still tied to her.



Joe to Phills Family

Dear Kids;

This Wednesday night the 6th of January. Wednesday? Tuesday? Well anyhow it's the 6th of January, and so, I thought I'd write a tape for you. I think I'll just address it to the whole family. Phil, Vi, Greg, and what's, Kevin and Gail.

But anyhow, in going through life, we have so many different things that we can use to think about. You know, we, we're living in this house that our bishop made, built. Now, he built this in 19 hundred and 10. And he had a wife, but they never had any kids. And, when we built our house in Meeteetse, the big log house, he did a lot of work for us. Carpenter work on this house. And then, after I bought this Meeteetse Church, well he worked for the Branch of the Burlington Ward. And so, we became very well acquainted with him. Well I did especially.

They didn't have any doctors in this Burlington Flat or anywhere close. Usually you had to go clear to Red Lodge, or Billings where there was a doctor. So, this bishop's mother, her name was Abby Neves. She took care, as midwife, of my mother when I was born. And she took quite a bit of care of the other kids when they were born. You see, we didn't have any doctors in those days at all. It was a long time before we had to bother much with doctors I guess. But anyhow, we managed to be born, and live, and die, and one thing another. Within the whole order.

Well, my folks lived right across the street, or the road from this Abby and her husband. And these boys, there were Chester, and Wilford, and Will, and Hyrum, and Dick, and Nancy, Alice, and then I think there were two or three other kids.

Anyhow, in order to get this kind of in perspective, I guess you would call it, this story about our Bishop that we had there, this was in 1930, you see. He used to tell me stories about how he did when he was a young man. When he would, well they, pert near everybody used tobacco, and they chewed what they called horseshoe tobacco, big ol' plugs a tobacco. In fact, I can remember what they looked like. They were about half inch thick and about three, four inches wide and about a foot long. And, there were horseshoe plugs, and then there were star plugs. There were two different brands. And the guys, they'd buy a plug a tobacco and then they'd just stick it in their pocket and then, when they'd want to take a chew, well they'd bite or bend a piece off the

end of it and chew it. So, he was chewin' away, he got in that habit, now this before he was bishop, no big deal of course, and he chewed tobacco. And he was telling me about how he knew that he ought to quit but he says, he couldn't. He says he was just like all the rest of the people. He says, "I just couldn't, I just couldn't quit chewin'."

So he says, "One day I was goin' past a pig pen, and just on impulse I just grabbed my plug a tobacco and threw it right out in the middle of that pigpen and went on to the house. Oh, I was feeling really righteous," he said, but after he'd been there about a half hour, he got thinkin' about that, how bad he wanted a chew a tobacco. So, he says, he just went on and "I just, just kep' a thinkin' about it." And, he says, "You know what I did?" He says, "I waited till it was about dark, when nobody would be looking. And then I went, and I crawled out in that pigpen, had my rubber boots on, and I dug that plug a tobacco up and, took it, washed it all up, and bit me off a piece, chunk a tobacco. Boy, it was sure good." And so, he says, "It's a terrible thing to get mixed up with. Tobacco, oh," he says, "It's awful. But," he says, "Finally, I managed to quit." I guess maybe, when he was sent on a mission or something. I don't remember exactly but. Anyhow he quit.

And then, another story he told me. That I thought was really neat. There's that word they use anymore, the kids use an awful lot. Anything's neat, you know. He was a carpenter, and this little, oh, we call it our little garage down here that's built with the two by fours. And it was, the whole thing, the whole house was built with two by fours. Laid edge to, flat ways to flat ways. Made a wall four inches thick and then all nailed together it's all one solid two by four. Well anyhow, he had his workshop in this building and carpenters built furniture, coffins, tables, bedsteads, and all this stuff that you could. Anymore you can go down to the furniture store and buy it. But, at that time, you usually had a set of tools and made your own furniture. Or you would find a carpenter that would build it. Now he was an excellent carpenter. He built lots of cupboards and things.

He told me one day he was building a bed for a couple. They had just got married, and someone had hired him to build a bed, bedstead for a wedding gift for this couple. So he was busy sanding, and planing, and sawing, and the thing it takes to do things like that. So he was really busy, and here come a guy and, he says, "I just didn't notice him, I looked up to the door, the door was open," he says, "I didn't notice him come in. And he says, 'Good day.,'" And this bishop, he says, "And I looked up and saw a pretty nice

looking man. He tipped his hat, and he says, 'how are you this morning?'" And Hyrum, the bishop, he says, "You know, I just must a got off the wrong side the bed, or something." But he says, "I said, 'pretty good.'" And he tried to enter in a conversation with me and I just kept answering him short, but, I was really in a hurry. I was busy building this bed, and it had to be done that night for that wedding. And I didn't have time to go foolin' around and talk with everybody that showed up. So, I said, well, I didn't say anything for a second or two. I just, by golly, just acted oh, like I didn't want to be bothered with him. I really, I don't know, I just can't think of it yet."

And he says, "This man he stood there and he tried almost a minute or two to get into a conversation with me. And I wouldn't get in the conversation. So, after a while, he must a got discouraged, but he says, 'Well, good day'. And so he stepped to the door." And he says, "All of a sudden, I come awake. Who was that guy." "So," he says, "I thought well you know, what's that?" So he says, "I run to the door and he was gone. There wasn't anybody there." He says, "I went up the road about 25, 30 feet and down the other side the house and I looked and he wasn't there." And he says, that is the bishop was talking, still to me. He was explaining what had happened. And he says, "You know, I just tumbled, now what made me be so short with that man. Why was I rude to him. And I, I would have done anything in the world to recall my words. But, he was gone." And he says, "You know, it bothered me, and so bothered me, and even yet I can see him, when he tipped his hat and says, 'Well good day,' and went on."

And he says, "I have come, after reasoning and reasoning" he said, "It couldn't have been anything but one of Christ's unseen apostles, or an angel, or that." And he says, "It could have been one of the three Nephites." You remember the story about the three Nephites, you know, they were permitted to never die. They are here all the time even yet. So he says, he learned a lesson there. He says, that he would never, never under any consideration, would he be rude to anyone again. And he says, "I've tried to keep that as my motto. That never would I do anything, or say anything to hurt anyone's feelings. Or to cause any hard feelings. Because, how much have I missed that I don't even know about." He says, "It just spooks me to even think of it." And, he told me that story about, 19 hundred and 35, 6, along in there. That would be about the time that Phill would be about four or five years old.

So, you see, I've had that story in my mind for a good many years. And I've tried to use that as a code to live up to for myself. That I don't willingly want to hurt anyone's

feelings. Over any consideration, no matter what they would do.

So, I don't know in living our, see we didn't have very much religion, or that is we weren't very active in religious activity in the early part of this century. That is, after my mother died it seems like we became very inactive. Until in the 1930's we became active again. And someday maybe, if I haven't already told you, I'll tell you how we became active in the church again. And how much it has meant to us that we have learned so much and we find as the time goes on and your life goes on and your remembrances, the older you are the further back it seems that you can remember. And the pleasures that you can reconstruct in your minds, or the things that happened to you, or that you can remember about that went on. So, I don't know, we have so much joy that we enjoy by participating in this church work. Of course we've had our oh, I don't know, whatcha would call em', sometimes we think that really our feelings are hurt. And sometimes, it's our fault and sometimes maybe it ain't, and all we know and that old stuff. But anyhow, we find out that we forget just about most of that.

I think about this Bishop's brother-in-law. He went on a mission from Burlington at the same time that my dad did. And they traveled together clear to when they were in Utah. And, he fulfilled an honorable mission, and then he became angry at the stake president for something, and swore he never would go to church again. And, I don't think he did. But, he never repudiated the church, no, no. So it was all just mad at one man. They just had the one son and he died. And he had two or three daughters, but there's one of them that is an outstanding woman and she was married to a Catholic, and while she was married to the Catholic, she became active in the Mormon Church again. Her son became active in the Mormon Church, and he is now the Bishop of the Meeteetse Ward. And his brother is a Catholic, and they had a great big hardware store over in Powell, but he's a Catholic through and through. And his dad was a Catholic, but his mother was Mormon, and she is so proud of him. That he became through just desperate will. His father was a very, very devout Catholic. And they had quite a bit of money, and he gave his money to the Catholic Church, paid his dues into that, whatever it is. And his wife was a Mormon, and she paid her tithing and stuff into the Mormon Church. And, just think, the mix up that a person gets, just by him being hard headed, or something like that.

Now for me, I just want to tell about a few of the things that have happened to me. Now, I worked in the mines and one day I was coming out, walking out, and I walked, and I

happened to look over my shoulder, or I thought I did, but anyhow, I could see a light, bright light over my shoulder, and so I turned, and I stopped, and I backed up, and I saw that bright light. So I stopped to see if I could find out what it was. Well, it wasn't very far to the edge of this tunnel so I just stepped back there, what was that thing there. So anyhow, I messed around there another ten seconds and then I'm moseying' on up the slope again. And, all of a sudden about 50, 100, ton a rock fell right square, it wasn't over ten foot in front of me. I'd a been right under the middle of the thing if I hadn't stopped and looked at this bright light that was over my shoulder.

Now, I don't know, I sometimes people, they get spooky, they don't say, talk about it too much. But, since I was a small boy, I was taught by my mother we have guardian angels that accompany us all the time, and that if we will but follow their lead, that we will usually be kept from too much harm. And so, what was that bright light that I saw? I know I saw it, there's no doubt about that.

And another time, I'd been riding and I came to my uncle's farm. I thought I'd stay there but he was gone. He had some horses out in the corral, I don't know, six or seven horses I didn't know, I wasn't acquainted with any of them. But, they looked like they was old saddle horses. I thought, well I'll just take one of them and let my horse rest awhile, I'll go home and come back tomorrow and change back. So I stopped there, and I went in the house. I got me a piece of bread, and some butter on it. We used butter in those days, they didn't have anything but butter. They didn't have margarine, so I know it was butter. But anyhow, I come back out. I looked at this horse. I looked at him, and he had the saddle mark. Course you remember, saddle marks are caused by sweat around where the saddle's sitting, and where the cinch goes around the middle of the belly of the horse. And now this horse had saddle marks where he'd been sweatin', he'd been used. So I thought, well I'll be safe with that horse, so I caught him. I put a bridle on him and I put my saddle on him, and got the horse loose, put the saddle on him and led him out the gate outside the corral, and got on, clear up on top and it was just about ready to head for home and that's when I got turned upside down, right over backwards, ka smash. And I lit out there in front of that horse about two, three feet in front of his head. He was laying right on his back and just smashed the saddle. And if I hadn't got away from him there, I'd a been killed right then. Now this is true. That's another time when something has sure saved my life. Did I have a guardian angel at that time? I must have.



My uncle and I were going down a rode in a Ford car. You know, in those days they had model T. Fords, and of course I was about seventeen I guess, sixteen, seventeen, something like that. So, he let me drive the car and we were driving right down the road, going just fine.

And those Fords, I don't know, if you ever get a chance you want to drive one just for fun. They're just like a bicycle. They just zip, one side and zip on the other. That's how good they turned, so anyhow, goin' around a little curve there, and this curve was on the hillside. And it bumped against the rock. You know how a bicycle will take a turn and I hit that rock, I suppose with my left front wheel. And that thing turned right upside down. It busted the windshield all to smithereens, and was right down onto the steering wheel. I wasn't hurt a bit. I just opened the door, and crawled out and so did my uncle.

So, I don't know, there are so many automobile accidents. Maybe the guardian angel wasn't, didn't have to be so careful with that one. Ju spouse? But I thought he did. And, I don't know, through my whole lifetime, things happened to me like that.

And, now we don't have any idea how many times we don't get killed. When we meet someone on the highway. Especially those old roads that didn't have the median strip in the middle. We used to meet them pretty regular. And there were people that got drunk in those days too. So, that's just a few of the things that could happen to us when we are living our life. We are trying to build faith. Which, I don't know, sometimes we, we wonder too much about faith.

This is from a tape Dad made for the missionary grandsons.

That won't be very loud. I'm going to try to keep this tape down not too loud or too harsh to enjoy it. I don't know, exactly how it will sound. But, this is about the oldest one of our tape recorders. We have two or three stereos, but this is the old pioneer one. So far it will be recording. So I will stop it and rewind it, and see what it sounds like. Well, I gave it the test for recording. Sounds a little rough but maybe it's my old gravelly voice instead of the recorder. So I will use it.

Now I, as you know, I've written to you on tape two or three times. Now I'm talking to all three of you boys. Greg, and Richy, and Myron. And I have a little project in view. And I would like for each one of you to participate in this project. It's very simple. And, I seem to have the feeling that I want to do this. But I wish you boys would enter into the spirit of it. Because, I believe that it would be worth it to you sometime in the future, if not now. I'm speaking to all of you at once. And I will try not to get like as if I was talking to any one particular boy. Or their parents or anything else. But, it's sometimes it's kind of confusing to try to cover too much ground with one cycle.

Now, of course I want to talk about my mother. It'd be your Grandmother. And, I am going to give you a string of facts and I want you to write a story using these facts. Interposing with fiction to make it interesting. You know, like some of these Bible stories. I read the story of Ruth and her mother-in-law, and it was written up in fiction style, and it was really amazing how much more interesting the story could be, in bringing it out in story form.

Now, my mother's family, she had eight brothers and a sister. And her father and mother and that was the entire family. She was born January 28, 18 hundred and 79. So see, she was only a hundred years old last year, or the year before last. Now the thing that seems to me to be unique in this, it is very thought provoking. Is that her family were Lutheran. Lutheran is a state church and people were absolutely were, you might almost say forbidden to use or join any other church.

Now she was a girl born, you see, over a hundred years ago. Now, her parents were, they weren't wealthy, but they were of the highest class, oh, you might say people do like doctors and lawyers, and the professions. And the tradesmen. You see, her brothers, every one of them was trained, has a trade. One of them a watchmaker, and one was a carpenter,

and one was a machinist, and one was a musician, and like that is the way they were all raised. They all went to school. They all were very intelligent and they all went to school. So it definitely it was not a trashy family.

Now she went to the school that was furnished by the kingdom in Norway, whatever it was. And she studied English in this school. She could speak English which may have been why, it seems to be an interesting fact that she joined the church. Our church. The Mormon church, the Latterday Saints, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints. Now she was the only one of that whole family that joined it. The first time. In that was in, there's one of her brothers that joined it eight years after she'd joined it.

So you see, her parents never did join the church. Never did evince any interest in the church. Didn't want to have anything to do with it. They were loyal Lutherans, had been that way all their lives and all through their history had been the Lutherans. And at sometime she had become interested in the missionaries.

Now, she was born in 1879 as I said, and in 1899, when about April, August I think it was. She joined the Mormon church. And I wonder why was she chosen to be the representative of her family? As they say, that you're chosen, one of a family, one of a state, and one of a nation. So that she measured up to all those criteria and joined the church. Now that's all I have to go by, is her church records. That it was along in August in 1899.

Now whether my dad was a missionary working in that district. But whether he had oh, anything, what do they call it. Proselyting? He evidently was proselyting this family, or was one of the elders that was proselyting this family that she lived with part of the time. Which was about four miles from her home. That she would go over in a boat, a row boat and she would stay over with some girls that were in this family. That's all I know of it. It was a family and I presume it was a Mormon family that the missionaries were privileged to associate with. And that she was, they were high enough class so that she could associate with them.

And now, her mother, my mother's mother was, now I'm going now from what my mother's brother, the oldest boy in the family, Andrew, told me. He told me that the family, they owned a castle on the Rhine River and that he and my mother, that Andrew, and Hannah, my mother, that they used to go over and visit in the summertimes with these people in this castle. Now, as I gather it, they were dukes, or archdukes. That would mean they were cousins and brothers and sisters of

the princess and like that. They said that she was a German princess. But, that is as close as she was of this family, that were cousins to these. Now that seems to be only just some interesting sideline.

Because my uncle, now this was during the world war, the first world war, you see. In 1900 and oh, 12, 13, 14, along in there, and 15, 16. And they lost it, during this world war. The Germans, they took them, and it may have been that my mother and her brother, and folks were ostracized and sent away on account of being a little bit of Jewish. And, German Jewish, you see. That's the way that was explained to me. There weren't enough of any one race, so they weren't pushed around. Of course, this is just something to add for flavor, in your story if you want to use part of it, or not. Just however you want to do it.

But, at sometime, you see, she was during this period of time in her years, younger years, it 17, 18, 19, 20. Let's see, when she was, 1899, that'd mean she was 20 years old, when she was baptized. And, of course my dad didn't enter into the picture until along about that time as a missionary. And we don't have too much from him, other than he was a missionary, you know what missionaries are. He was a Mormon missionary.

Some people were very devoted to Mormon missionaries and other people didn't have very much respect for them. Which I suppose is a common enough attribute of their lives today. But, it will give you something to think about.

So you see that she was a convert and baptized in the church a year before she came to America. And she came to America a lone single woman. Now, we don't know her urges. We don't know what her plans were. We don't know what she believed. We just don't know anything other than that there must have been some very special reason for her to leave her family and come oh, 7, 8, 10 thousand miles, however it is, and marry a man that she had known only a year. And he was 35 years old, you see, he was 15 years older that she was.

And, of course, to me and you and my other sisters and brothers he was my dad. And I thought a lot of him. But the story that I want to bring is my mother's story, instead of my dad's story, you see. Because, why would she come that far.

Now, when she came with him, they were not married, and they traveled on this boat. I think it was named the Steamship Wyoming. And he brought her clear to the to the church offices. And they were together, and he went down to

this church office, and he said he looked around through these foyers and oh, what do you call them. Alleyways and one thing another. He went through there. And he found this one door that was open, that he could push open. So he pushed it open and there was a man in there that asked him what he could do for him. And he says, "Brother, I come from, I'm a returned missionary." He says, "I came from Norway and I'm looking for a place that I can report my mission." And this man says, "Well you can report it right here." He says, "I'll take your report." And my dad says to him, "And I brought along my girl friend." Now I don't know what words they used. I suppose it would be permissible to use girlfriend in there. "And she wants to get married in the temple. And now what can you do about that." Well, this old man he says, "Bring her in here and I'll interview her."

Now you see, my mother there she'd been a member of the church for a year and she had, well anyhow, she had been in the church a year. And so she thought that she could get her endowment papers, you see, and maybe they would allow her to be married in the temple. So this old guy says, "Well, he says, bring her here." Course, I say, that she was an educated woman, she was. She could talk English just as well almost, it had a little bit of accent. But it wasn't bad, it was very, very, kind of a cute accent. She had a high voice. She was an exceptionally good singer too, come to think about it. And some other things.

But anyhow, he gave her, her interview, and he decided that she was ready to be married. That she'd taken all of the strategies that was included in that course of marriage and stuff. And so, he says, "I'll tell you, you come down here tomorrow to get married in the temple." And he says, "I'd like to perform the ceremony myself for you. If that would be all right."

And, evidently it was all right because they were married in 1900, about September. That's about a year after she'd been married (sic) {I think he means baptized.} Now I have the dates if anyone wants to really check up on the dates for accuracy.

So, then she raised us kids and when she had, when I was 13 and a half years old. My sister was about 11 and she died. That was all that was expected of her. That was her whole mission was to give us a I suppose that would be your body, my body, she was the instrument. She has about 70 grandkids, grandchildren, and 70 great grandkids, and two great great grandsons at present. That was in our family. Now, when some of the other kids are married and she was a grandmother to probably another 35, 40.



And then her brother, after she'd been married for eight years, he joined the church. And he married a Norwegian girl and raised about six boys and girls. So, all these things we give credit to this little lady. I still don't know how this could be but because just think of it, that she definitely was the grandmother, great grandmother, whatever you want to call it. For about, nearly two hundred of us. All just one human.

She was a small woman. She was approximately, exactly five foot high. And she evidently must have been just as brave as the girls that you see today that drive these trucks, forty or fifty ton on the trucks. Airplanes, they fly airplanes. And the cowboy girls, cowgirls. She, telling about her escapades when she was a girl. That she would jump out of the dock windows, doors, they used to put the gang-planks on and load the ships with fish.

You see, that's what her father was, a fish supplier. He had a canning, oh, how would you say it. Where people would bring their fish to have it canned up and a lot of it was put in buckets, saltin' it down in brine in buckets, but anyhow, that was what he was. He was the superintendent of this factory, the one taking care of loading these ships, you see.

So, she had a very strict upbringing. And she was something to be proud of. And still, she was strong enough within herself, had courage enough so she could, she wanted to go to America. She thought that was the opening up of the world, was to go to America. And of course, her faith was in the church works. And most of my faith that I do have, I think, is a direct spillover from hers. She's a wonderful woman.

Do you think you can make a story? Now, of course this can be carried on, you don't have to stop at any particular place. It can be carried on for four, five more generations, or ten more generations in imagination, you see. And of course her personal story clipped off right short there in May of 19 hundred and 15. Just almost 15 years from the time she was married. Her, no it was more it's about from, because she didn't have a life from 20 years until 1915. So, she'd be 35 years old when she died.

It was me that was 13 years old when she died. And, I wasn't did you say smart enough? I guess we could say I wasn't smart enough to take advantage of course, there was other things, in those days too. We didn't have radios. We didn't have televisions. We didn't have automobiles or trains, or well we had trains but we didn't have them that were, or airplanes that would fly across in 5, 6, 7, 8 hours. So things have changed a whole lot in that way.



So if you can imagine a story, put your own place as part of that family. And your mother as part of that family. And then you can give credit to your father for being smart enough to find, to pick out a person of that family for his mate.

And you already have the personally, the qualifications just absolutely impossible to measure what you can't do or what you could do if you were willing to use your entire time in proselyting and missionary work. It's just something to know that there is a place for us. And that it was, that we do have a place where we can give credit. So, I don't know what else I could say that wouldn't make it worse. I will make some copies of this. I think I'll save one and if you boys don't want to. Then I'll get the girls to. What's a challenge for you. Will that be all right?

You know how much I love you boys. The grandmother, your grandmother that I chose for my forever sweetheart I think is something.

I hope and pray that you'll take advantage of the opportunities that you have here upon this earth. Because the rewards are limitless. Absolutely limitless.

It's two days after Christmas, now. It's the 27th, I believe of December 19 hundred and 81. And it has probably been two or three weeks since I thought about this other scheme. I still have a mind for that. And I don't know what we could do that would quicker cause the families which are supposed to be what we are advocating as a church, a nation now.

I do know that in being a member of a family and its joys and on the, well whatever there happened to be with a family. We we've really enjoyed this. And a, (I think Dad went to sleep for a minute.) But, Sunday, Saturday, Phil was up from Casper, Danny was over from Riverton and we sort of had a family get together. Connie was down from the, North of, what do ya call it? Section nineteen? In the Burlington addition.

Of course we live on the south side of section 19. We have really enjoyed living here. Our house, as you will all remember, is old. 1910. That makes it so that it's almost impossible to build another one. (Sounds like he went to sleep again.) Well, this recorder has been running for three or four minutes, now I guess. I forgot to stop it.

You know, Phil has 16 of those great big oil tankers. Danny has over 700 telephones that he has, rented out, that's

two way radios. Myron has a half a million dollars ... (long space of silence, just breathing now.) I'm gonna send this probably without any salutations.

And I did mention the three grandsons, but there might be two or three grand daughters that could get in on this project for me. Get progenitors name now. As I, in my own thoughts she is supreme. Just think of it.

(No sound except the clock ticking.)

There see, each one of you kids use your imagination and come up with something. Because I tell you, there's to me, if it hadn't been for her, I'd have never been born. And each of you would never have been born either. Because, the jigsaw puzzle would have been different.

(Only the clock ticking again.)

All, all of us have been having good health and we've all enjoyed our various communications from our children, grandchildren from all over the world. And there's a nice enjoyable world to live in and we are having the time of our lives. We will only have not too many years left before we will be going on.

(Gone to sleep again.) (Mom says, I love you.) (Snoring and loud breathing)

It's a kind of a sloppy way of finishing up this letter. But a, sometimes we, we get more fun in doing it, differently and not so astutely and so a, oh, bigshot stuff. Because we're all a bunch a kids. And we're living here one big family and we enjoy ourselves immensely on this earth now.

I do not know how much tape there is left on this reel. ... there's hardly any.

(Sounds like he has gone to sleep again.) ... (He woke up and turned off the recorder.)

End of tape.

## Stories and Cousins

I'll tell you a true story. When I was a little bitty kid about five years old, six years old. Now, I can remember this just as plain as if it were yesterday. You see, whenever I was with my dad all the time. When he walked I had a hold of his hand, and I was right with him, every day. I was wondering how in the heck he didn't get tired of me and just chase me off of the place.

But anyhow, he decided we'd go to the mountains and get some logs, you see. So, of course I went with him. And we sat on this doggone wagon all day long. You know, the horses, they don't walk very fast, and we had about 35 miles to go. And they walk about three miles an hour. So that would be about ten hours, and just walk, walk, walk, walk. Boy, oh boy, I was tired when we got there. Dad says, "Well, here's where we'll camp for tonight, right here by the creek." So we stopped. And anyway we had a bed roll, you see, that's a roll of bedding, and then it's wrapped up with a tarpaulin to keep it from getting wet in case it rains. So anyhow, we threw that out, and Dad, he gathered up a few dry sticks, and he says, "Well, I'll leave them here."

And he says, "I'll tell what, you just sit down there and rest," he says, "Just wait there and I'll run down and get a bucket full of water." So, my dad, he grabbed a bucket and he started down after his bucket a water and he hadn't much more than got a hundred feet from the camp, and I heard a bear coming. Boy, talk about anybody scared of bears, that was me. So, I started to screaming, and man if you heard anybody ever scream why, when they were five, six years old then you can just remember, that was me. I can remember myself even yet, how scared I was.

So I run and, I climbed up a tree. I just climbed clear to the top of it and just screaming just as loud as I could. And boy, I could hear this old bear, he says buuu and buuu. That's the way an old bull sounds as they walk up the road, that's what it was, and I thought it was a bear. But anyhow, Dad came back with a bucket of water after while. He wasn't worried much about me screaming and everything else.

So, there I was by golly, and Dad had the bucket of water and he set it down and I was a screaming and a screaming and I says, "A bears gonna eat me, a bears gonna eat me." And he says, "Well, I'll tell you what. Now, why don't you just take, and open your eyes, and shut up for a minute." And so I opened my eyes and shut my mouth, and you know, that tree had just bent right over until it was just one inch from the ground. And there I was, had my arms around it and I was

still just a screaming. So, that's the kind of stuff that happened to me when I was a little bitty kid.

Another time when I was a little bitty kid about the same age. Maybe I was a year or so older. And of course, you know kids today, they have to ape their parents, they have to have, it's trucks now but in those days they were different occupations. And I was going to be a coal miner, you see. So I had an old lamp, a miner's lamp, and it looked like a little bitty coffee pot. It had a little bitty neck on, and wool wick. And it burned oil, let's see, about like lard oil, miner's oil, things like that they called it. But I had this little one, and then they give me an ole pick. And, they had sawed the handle off a little ole wore out pick. I was about six or seven years old, and I had this pick. It was just the right size for me, and then I'd put it on my shoulder. And I had the cap on.

So, I went down in the air shaft, see. It ran down by the side of the mine, of the main shaft. It was only about four, three, four foot wide and was just down there. It went down about eight or ten, twelve feet, something like that and then it turned a little bit so that it was dark in there. Or just about dark.

I'll finish about my story. If remember right I was just about where I was going down to play that I was gonna mine coal. Well, there I was. I had, the little pick over my shoulder. I went down this mine, it just kind of drove back into the hillside. It was only about four feet high. So it was just about the right height for me, to walk in.

I don't know, that clock striking. I don't know what it said. I'll look here. What time was it? Be eleven o'clock. Well anyhow, it's eleven o'clock at night now, so. Or in the evening, guess.

But anyhow, I was pickin', pickin', I was pickin' at some coal, or rocks, or something, with the pick. And I had a little bitty shovel then, that I don't know if I put it in little buckets, cars, or sleds, or what. But anyhow, I can remember having the shovel and this pick. And I would pick, and pick until all of a sudden I thought I heard something so I turned my head right quick to see what it was, and by gum something just jerked my hair. Man it just, oh it was just terrible. So I, well, so what, so I went back, and picked a little while longer. And all of a sudden I felt tugging again. So I turned right quick and, and it jerked my hair like, more. So anyway I thought, by gum I'd better head for home. So I picked up my, I don't even know what I did. Maybe I just dropped everything. Probably did.

But, I headed for the house, and my mama of course. Everything was your mama when you're that age. So I got there, and just a screaming like wildfire. And this here ghost was still a pulling my hair. When they have ghosts in empty coal mines, and in empty houses, and the cellars, and everthing else. You gotta be careful or else ghosts'll get you. Well, the ghosts were sure after me that time. So, I went in there and I was still screaming just as loud as I could about the ghosts going to get me. I don't know how come I didn't fall down, but I got to the house.

My mama wanted to know what in the heck I was, what happened to me. And I told her, well the ghosts were trying to get me. The ghosts gonna get me, the ghosts gonna get me. And I says, he's pulling my hair. The ghost's pulling my hair. So he's goin' get me. So I went and I jumped up on her lap. It didn't make much difference though. She says, "Well, do this, be careful, and let me look and see what I can find." So she's very careful, and I couldn't feel a thing, she's just careful. She says, "I'll betcha this is what it is. I'll betcha that's that great big wad of gum that you had last night." And sure enough, that's what it was. And I thought it was a ghost. But anyhow, I was scared. Sometimes I get scared of ghosts yet. Don't you?

But in a more serious light. I go back to my mom. Now see this was in about, probably, about 1912, or 13, or 14. Probably be about 1914. So, she died in 1915, so it would have to be at least a year before she was dead. And her sister had come from Norway to live with us a while. Now that was, her sister was about, oh about 17 and my mom was about 35, you see, so she would a been oh, about 15 years difference in 'em. And of course, my mom was about, well, she was the only member of the church in that, in that whole family of about.... I guess. Some of these days I'm going to get busy and count them all. But there's about seven boys and these two girls. Alvilde and my mom, and her name was Hannah. She visited there a year or so, and it was about oh, I don't remember. I really don't remember the dates too much for sure. But, I think it must have been around 12, 1912, 13, 14, along in there.

But anyhow, she decided she was gonna go back to Norway, my aunt Hilda. And Hans, my uncle Hans, he was going to accompany her to Norway to visit with his folks, before they died. They had their reservations made on this ship. And he'd made arrangements for the money, for the ticket, for them to go there to Norway. And he thought he had enough money for the ticket.

But, something came up and he had a chance to work for a



couple of weeks more and get a little bit more money. So, he decided he'd take that. And, they had it all doped out for when they would leave New York. When they would go through the Atlantic Ocean and on. And so, that's what they decided. And he had a chance then to go to work steady. I think that was what it was, or something like that. But he says, "No sir." He was going to go to Norway, and he was going on that ship, because they had it planned. And they had reservations on that, so they were going. So, they went, and they were to leave Cody by the train. They had to go to Billings, and then on the railroad clear to New York.

But anyhow, they decided the day that they were to leave on this boat, and he had an offer at this job to work, and he wouldn't do it. I don't know what happened, I don't remember. He told me a thousand times, oh, maybe nine hundred. But he fell down or something, and broke his leg. So, he didn't have money enough, to pay for the doctor to set his leg, and to go on. And he thought he could, he had a home and his sister would take care of him.

So, she decided to wait until the next year to go home. So he decided he wouldn't go to Norway then. And the ship, ocean liner, they're ships I guess aren't they. But anyhow, he found out that if he had gone on this ship, it was in the war zone, and that ship was shot by the German submarines, and sunk with all the lives on it. And if had gone to Norway, he and his sister would have both been on that ship and they would have been no more.

He has used that dozens and dozens of times as proof, that he wasn't supposed to go on that ship. No sir, that he had different chances to stay, but he was obstinate, he wanted to go anyhow, and when he went to countenance, or to argue with the Lord, about going on this ship. The Lord says, well, about the only way to stop him, I guess, is to break his leg. So that's what he did. He broke his leg. And so, he stayed. So, the next year they went. They didn't have any trouble. And he went on a mission.

He was the only one that ever joined the church out of the whole family. And, that was probably, I don't know, that's his faith promoting. That he knew, that the Lord just naturally spoke to him. To force him to do what He wanted him to do. Just like in oh, was it Jonah? Was he the guy that had all the troubles, doing the thing He wanted him to do. And finally, when he come out of it he had to do it anyhow? No matter what he'd do. No matter how he did anything else he'd still get in that same mess. Well anyhow, that's the way with Hans.



Then he went on his mission, and he met a woman there, and they're married and they had three, I think three girls and three boys. He was my uncle so his kids would be my cousins. Now, I'm about, close to twenty, oh, twenty three, four, five years older than any of his kids. They live in Lovell, and I was in Lovell.

I had Sonja. Now, Sonja, she's Connie's girl. And, she's seventeen, eighteen years old and she is driver for our car. You see, I'm blind, I don't have any driver's license so I can't drive anymore. But anyhow, I have Connie's girls to drive a car for me whenever I want to go anywheres that the Mom can't go. And so, I was talking to these girls and, the boys all live, they live in Minneapolis and in Utah, and like that. But there's three girls live in Lovell, Wyoming. So I stopped to visit with them, and I was telling them about these little.

Oh, there's Tamara, and Gaylen, now that's Connie's little kids, and so they went with me and Connie, er me and Sonja when we had something we had to get over to Lovell to the store. And anyhow, we visited with, and I introduced these little Tamara and Gaylen to my cousins and how much I thought of them. Boy, I really made a big fuss about my cousins. When we were going home, well, Gaylen says, "Granpa?" I said, "Yeah, what?" "Grandpa," he says, "You know I didn't know old people could have cousins." So he found out about, even old people could have cousins.

Joe Christopherson talking to Phoebe

Hello Phoebe, I seem to remember that that is your name. Now it has been two, three months since I heard your voice on the disk. I believe it's your Christian program of some sort and in this interview with this preacher. Was he a minister of some sort? He was talking to you and you invited someone of the listeners, that you would be glad to exchange letters with them. Now it must have been June, along in that, that program must have come out on. And now here it is October.

But I had my forever sweetheart, Coke, she's lived with me for sixty years. And we have a fairly nice family. And if your interested someday I might tell you about them. But I, was just wondering, it's hard for me to start a conversation with someone I'm not acquainted with. Now, all that I have to go by is the sound of your voice, and that you didn't sound as old as I am, that you had one girl that was nineteen, one daughter, and a boy that was seventeen I believe it was. And that you are blind.

Well now, what drove me blind was scar tissue on my retina and from the capillaries bleeding in my retina, and when they healed up well, it left scars all over my tissue so it's 90 to 92-3 % blind. 5, 6, 7, 8 % sight. I can see so that I don't bump into people on the street or anywhere. I can see a house, or a car, or a horse, or a cow, and I can tell the difference between a cow or a horse usually, but that is just about the limits of my vision. I don't feel sorry for myself. I enjoy living and in fact I have about 20, pert near 20 years of bonus life now. I had a couple of heart attacks in 1962 which is 19 years ago, and I was just nearly dead from the second one. So all the life that I have had since has just been bonus. Course I don't hurt, I feel good, and I live healthy.

And we have a nice home, and we have a couple of automobiles. We have a Cadillac, and Oldsmobile, and so we have nearly everything that you can imagine. In our electronics I think we have five or six tape recorders, and eight tracks, and like that. Stereo outfits, and my .... I have to feel around here, and feel this pause button, and when I can't think of anything to say then I'll push this pause so I'll do a little experimenting right now. Catch that stereo cassette I have two of those players. That is, when you put two speakers on em they sound pretty nice. One of them has, two of them have the stereo, have the two microphones, and the two speakers. Then I have a copier, a cassette copier it's one I bought from the, what they call this Radio Shack and it's this dalby that, had the system of the dalby it copies almost perfect from these. Now this one

I'm using a pioneer radio to dictate this letter because I had my big tape stereo, something happened to it so it doesn't record and I had to send it in and haven't got it back yet so it will just be ordinary tape on this one. Now I have plenty of tape I have about 500 cassettes and oh 2, 300 eight tracks and about half the eight tracks about 20 or 25 that are blanks and 350 no 250 blank cassettes. Besides another 100 or so that aren't worth keeping and so sometimes I use those to write to.

I have three boys, grandsons now they are they're all cousins all different names. but they write to me often on tapes and I write to them. So its quite a little bit of enjoyment on tapes. Now I don't know what might be interesting.

I live about a hundred miles from the Yellowstone park. directly east of the Yellowstone Park. I've been to the park. See I've been blind about five years. So it's nothing new. There's no hopes of getting my eyesight again, the opthomologist said that I won't ever regain my sight but it is better than being blind being legally blind just having that little bit of vision that sight of 10 %. Now, some of the other activities I have. I play sort of a old fashion piano I don't know, I used to years ago play the piano for the kids in the 1930's, 25, 6, 7, 8, 9, 30 s, 35 but after that the kind of music I played went out of style but I'll play a little bit on if I find a tape I'll copy off a little of it so you can hear the way it sounds. Some people still enjoy it. My wife likes to listen to it. I like to listen to it myself so maybe you'll enjoy it.

And I'll sure be glad to hear you on a tape. Now if you need a tape to write I can send you ... maybe I'll throw an extra one in in this envelope. But I don't want to write anything on it because if I did you might save it. Instead of using it. Maybe that's the way I'll do it. I don't want to wait. It takes too long it could be that you'll just throw it in the coal bucket. Is that what you use there?

We don't we have a butane, propane like heat and in our house. We have desiel fuel in our furnace and we have propane in my Cadillac. It burns it burns about the same but it only cost about half as much. You see the price of propane is around 70 cents a gallon and the other is about a dollar thirty two, three, four along there so its about half price. And it runs about the same amount as gasoline.

Now, I wonder if that wouldn't be about all I want to say until I hear from you. I wouldn't want to be wearing my voice out it wouldn't do you any good would it. I'm eighty

years old, my wife is 68, we've been married 60 years. And we knew each other when I was four years old and she was 2 years old. And she was gone about seven years, lived in Colorado and then they came back and we was married. I was married when I was nineteen and a half years old and she was seventeen and a half. And we've been married every since that. And she still has color in her hair. It's oh the hair that is dark is dark and the gray hairs are gray so it makes a salt and pepper effect. Course, I can't unless I get awfully close, I can't see it. But I still imagine how it would be. She told me how it is.

Ok, now I'll see if I can find this tape of music and I will put this in the copier and copy this tape and send it to you. I'm Joe Christopherson and if I can get this to run I'll put this on here.

Piano and guitar playing.

Recitation of burglar boy. Sent to Jessie.

Oh, let me tell you about the burglar boy who went to rob a house. He opened the window and then crept in as quiet as a mouse. He looked for a place to hide himself till the people should go to sleep.

Says he now from the chief I'll make a quiet sneak.

So under the bed the burglar crept, he crept up close to the wall. He didn't know it was an old maid's room or he wouldn't have had the gall.

He was thinking about all the money he'd get as under the bed he lay.

The clock struck nine he saw a sight that turned his whiskers gray. At nine o'clock the old maid came, oh dear, I am so tired she said. And thinking that everything was all right she didn't look under the bed.

She pulled out her teeth and her bum glass eye and the hair came off of her head.

And the burglar boy he had seventeen fits as he looked from an under the bed.

From under the bed the burglar crept, he looked a total wreck. The old maid wasn't asleep at all and she grabbed him by the neck. She didn't faint nor scream at all but was just as cool as a clam. Thank God, my prayers are answered and at last I've got a man. So then she pulled out her revolver and to the burglar said. Now young man you must marry me or I'll blow off the top of your head. The burglar looked around the room, and seeing no place for to scoot.

He looked at her teeth and her bum glass eye and said for gosh sakes shoot.

Another song:

It's a long time to come, I remember it well.  
Alone in a cottage a maiden did dwell.  
She lived with her mother and father sirene.  
And her age it was red and her hair was nineteen.  
This maid had a lover who close by did dwell.  
Cross eyed in both knees and hump backed as well.  
And he said, "Come and sit by the light of yon star.  
For you are the eye of my apple, you are."  
Now this maid and her lover sat in the tree of yon shade.  
Quickly he opened the knife of his blade.  
And he cut threw the throat of this damsel so fair.  
And he drug her around by the head of her hair.  
Her father on seeing this now did appear.  
Sobbing and crying with eyes in his tears.  
And he grabbed that black villain by the hand with his throat  
And he shot him with a horse pistol he'd raised from a colt.

Another Song:

He met her in the garden when the world was very new.  
When it contained just two. And dress makers were few.  
Well, Eve says, "You know Adam I've a fig leaf dress that's  
all. When Autumn comes the leaves will start to fall."  
Then Adam says, "My darling, I've a dandy scheme for you.  
When Autumn comes I know what we can do.  
You wear a tulip a big yellow tulip. And I'll wear a big red  
rose." Adam's expressing his ideas of dressing proves that he  
invented clothes.  
The girls in our city are all very pretty. And each one has  
charms she shows.  
So if styles get more daring, the girls will be wearing just  
a smile and a big red rose.

Another Song:

Oh, I've got to see a doctor. I've got to see the doctor.  
Cause there's something wrong with me.  
What can it be? What can it be?  
It isn't diabetes, it must be girl ietis.  
Have you a girl on the brain? They said in fun.  
Yes, doc, just one.  
Ever since she told me that she loved me.  
I'm a nut, I'm a nut.  
Ever since we had that first big hug.

I'm a bug, I'm a bug.  
I can't touch a bite to eat, something's wrong with both my  
feet. I bump into people on the street.  
Like a fool, like a fool, like an awful fool.  
Ever since she said she liked to kiss me.  
Darling, I'm as daffy as can be. Oh, can't you see.

I lie awake a thinking till the dawn begins to peek.  
The druggist gave me something, but I'm danged if I can  
sleep. Ever since she told me that she loved me.

I spose that was d'mom 60 years ago? Hmm, I don't  
remember being sick over it. Now I'll sing you another one.  
You know its, it's a little different. This is well, I'll  
sing it first and it's self explanatory, you know.

Another Song:

I had girls by the score, yes, a hundred or more.  
Each one as nice as could be.  
It was hard to decide which to take for my bride.  
They all look lovely to me.  
While I was trying to choose one, I met a wonderful girl.  
She came tripping along, like a beautiful song.  
Putting my hand in hers, I was growing very fond of Molly,  
When along came Ruth, along came Ruth.  
I thought of all the love of Dolly.  
When Ruth came along, my head began to merry-go-round.  
I almost married Molly. I was making love to May.  
When along came Ruth, and to tell the truth, she stole my  
heart away.

You don't think that's the way it was do ya huh?  
I have this old home sweet home song. You know that's  
supposed to be really good, home sweet home. But this one  
was a little bit different, I don't know.

Another Song:

Alexander Brown sat alone on a bench. He wished he could die  
right there. For when a woman starts to sit. There's trouble  
to git. But men get more than there share.  
Now he ventured out in the night so far.  
And he forgot the keys that unlocked the door.  
When he roused the neighbors in the morn about four.  
Mrs. Brown used language and it made him quite sore.

So you know how it is boys after you eat your dinner. Is  
that what they call it? Well, anyhow they get up and they  
say well, I think I'll go get the mail. So they got to town  
to get the mail. He's goes down and he goes past the pool  
hall and he sees Jake in there and he. Hello Jake, hello  
Alec, want to play a little game of pool? All right I'll  
play one game so they play. So one thing and Jake looks at  
his watch and says by golly I've got to go home. So Alec  
looks at his watch and says gosh I've got to go home too.  
So he went. And when he got home he reached in his pocket  
for his key so he could get in the house ya know. Found out



he forgot it. So he there was only one thing to do and that was take a chance. So he raps on the door. Rap, rap, rap, rap, and his wife sticks her head out the second story window and she says who is it? And he says its me darlin' and she says oh it is well you just sit right down and when I get ready I'll come and let you in. So then this old thought goes through his mind and he sings.

Oh, the party that wrote that home sweet home.  
He never was a married man. He never did have a loving wife.  
To greet him with a frying pan. He didn't know that a  
welcome mat meant family cars and things like that.  
So the party that wrote that home sweet home.  
He never was a married man.

Indeed he wasn't either.

#### Donkey Song:

This little song was one my dad taught me when I was about seven or eight years old. Near as I can remember. Its supposed to be a sad song you know about a donkey. Oh, I hmm, I don't even remember it. (Mom reminds Dad.)

Oh, I used to own a donkey, a bobtailed ugly cuss.  
He was born about the spring of forty-nine.  
His hide was full of scars, from stopping railroad cars. And  
he had blind staggers and ring boned deaf and blind. He'd go  
in the saloon, put his foot in a spittoon.  
Kick the bar into the street just for a joke.  
When he laid down and died. All the mules in Jersey cried.  
Empty is the stable, Davy's croaked.  
Oh, he's gone to join the angels with spit curls on his brow.  
And he died with the appasoodic in his head.  
He died at half past four and he went to the beautiful shore.  
Empty is the stable, Davy's dead.

I made this tape for one of my daughters about a year or so ago. So its not too fresh. And the way I play the piano on the tape and then I use it to play and accompany the guitar. I have a 12 string guitar. Sometimes I have a little fun doing that. But then its not too practical because I don't know, there's something about tapes that if you don't use them just that very same hour they'll stretch enough so that you're guitar's out of tune. And it makes a mess but sounds like this was ....

I have a twelve string guitar and I have a six string guitar and a five string banjo that I know I play. I've got a piano that I've used most of my life. Its about a hundred years old. Mom felt sorry for me. It wouldn't hold a tune.

I had to tune it about every week or so. So she bought me a new one. A new Worlitzer piano and that's mainly what I've been using the last two, three years. I thought it might be well to explain how I made this tape with the piano and the guitar accompaniment. There's quite a bit more left on this tape. I'll do some more of those goony songs someday if your interested in them. If your not well you don't ever need to mention them again. Cause they're songs I used to sing about fifty, sixty years ago when I was a kid.

Course you know I used to be a kid but, now I'm pert near old as Santa Claus but I don't know I never had a mustache. I was clean shaven all my life. So I don't know what I'd look like with white whiskers but I've got white hair and clean shaven. I'm about 5 foot 10 inches tall and weigh about close to 200. My wife is about 5 foot 3 or 4 and she weighs about 134 or 5 I believe it is. Just nice pleasingly plump. She broke her hip the 3rd of June so they had to pin the ball on the hip so she's been pretty crippled all up the rest of the summer you know with that. But she's home with us now. We bought her a wheel chair and we have a walker and her hospital bed and everything that she would need there for the house.

Her daughter came and took care of her for a month. She's fifty, fifty-eight years old I guess. No, ya ... ya I think no, 57 I guess. She was born in 1923 whatever that is ... be 57 wouldn't it? Ya, so she has white hair, just as white as snow. My wife doesn't have white hair she has oh its dark enough so you can tell its dark. And, I call her my forever sweetheart. And we have been forever sweethearts for I guess oh ... I enjoy every minute of living with her. And the rest of the family. Well, I'll see you someday maybe.

Or maybe you want to write to me maybe not so suit yourself thank you take this opportunity if you want to I can tell you a lot of things I've had a good long life over 80 years old I was born in July and its October now so July, August, September, October what's that, November that's 80 years and about 3, 4 months old. And I've lived here. I was born in this valley and there weren't too many people and there weren't too many babies born when I was born. They didn't have doctors when I was we just grew up wild we had midwives what took care of the women. If we'd a had doctors they wouldn't a been any good anyhow cause if you really got sick you died. My mother had, got tuberculosis and died in 1915 she was about 35 years old.

This is from an interview with Jessie and Harry while Mom and Dad were still at the ranch.

Dad: Went to get married, ... he owned a.

Mom: How come he come up here, Joe?

Dad: Now, I think probably we already told that a dozen times.

Mom: Not on tape.

Harry: Haven't got on a, on a movie.

Dad: Well, at that time, I think Coral oughta tell this, she can tell it a whole lot better about. Coke, you come tell about how they got married there. In a ... Mom says, "In Salt Lake?" In Salt Lake. Just start to talkin' and that's all there is to it.

Mom: Well, seems like they, he went in there and went all through the business office, you know, hunting somebody that would give them a recommend and would marry them. So they could go to the temple. And he wanted to report his mission. So, finally he came to a, finally found somebody in an office. You know who he was. And went in and he said, "Well, what can I do for you young man?" And Joe's dad says, "Well, I got me a wife when I was in Norway, and I came to report my mission, and we want to be, go to the temple and be married and sealed."

Dad interjects here: He wanted a recommend first.

Mom continues: And, course he needed a recommend, you know, to go to the temple. And this man says, "Well I'll not only write you a recommend." He says, "Young man, but I'll go with you and marry you." That was Lorenzo Snow.

Harry: That was the president of the church.

Jessie: Now, how come your dad came up to ...

Mom: Oh, you never turned it on. .... I mean not to record.

Harry: It was going back and forth.

Dad: It will be all right.

Jessie: Now, you told me one time bout how come he came up here and how he worked on the ward and was called on his mission an ... I never got the story straight.

Dad: Might ought to tell about when how come he came to the country at all.

Jessie: Yaaah

Dad: Cause, see my dad was born in 1864, and he was 12 years old when his dad got that call to come work on this Manti temple. So, that's 1876 was when they came over. And so, we had a picture of grandad standing right by the temple when it was six foot high. He was working on that temple at that time. He was a stone mason, and he had a farm there, in Fairview, it's about 30 miles from, from Manti. He picked rocks, it was stony ground. So he gathered all these rocks and built a fence around this farm. And, that's where his farm was.

Paul Badura, his boss has got a farm there in Fairview. And he says, I know where that farm is. There's a farm down there that's fenced with rocks. I says, I'll betcha that's, that's the only one around. So, that's sort of a history of of that farm. Then Dad, he was a sawmill man. After he grew up, you see. ... He worked on the railroad down there in the ... He rode a runaway train. It wasn't the whole train, it was just about half dozen boxcars. From that Soldier's Summit, you know. Come down about half way from that I guess, that's when they broke loose. He was on that, all alone on that, on those boxcars. He'd gone, climbed up to set the brake, couldn't, decided he'd just ride it out. See what happens. It didn't jump the track and went pert near, half ways to Provo before it ever stopped.

Harry: Did this on a runaway train?

Dad: Ya, it was on a runaway train. Then he got into this sawmill business, somehow or other. And, while he was in that business he had a shingle mill. He made shingles.

Incidentally he told me about a dozen times how he made shingles. You saw off blocks of wood, and you have a little rip saw, and you just turn this block over and just saw off the shingle, turn the block over, and the thing is built wedge shaped so every time you saw it, it makes a little wedge. So every time you turn the block over it makes a wedge. But he had these sawmills and then he bought another sawmill. And I guess in those days they, they had down payments or something like that. But anyhow, it burned up before he got it paid for. So in order to pay for it he had to sell his other two sawmills. And that left him all alone there in Utah. He didn't get along too good with his parents.

His brother came up to Burlington flat, with the Snyder bunch and the Hawkins. His brother was married to Lottie Hawkins. So that's how come Dad came from over the mountains there. You know, they're having a trek over that today. These whatcha callums those oh, Historical, hysterical Society was it? And they're coming over that.

He came over that you see, through Riverton, and then through Pavillion, and then up over the mountain there, come up the Padlock ranch, and then over to Grasscreek. And then over to Gooseberry, and then they went up Gooseberry, you see, what they call Rooster Creek. And then they go up Rooster Creek, and over the divide and then, when they go over the divide then it's Iron Creek. You go through Iron Creek down to about three miles above Meeteetse. Right through the middle of the O.B. Mann place, you remember that. That was the road that he came in on.

Harry: Right down Iron Creek, huh.

Dad: Ya, right down Iron Creek And then he said he came all the way down the Greybull River and he passed all these good ranches here. That was in 1893, a course.

Harry: It was all just sagebrush then.

Dad: It was all just sagebrush. All those good places, the only ones that was taken up was Strong Osborn's and the YU Ranch. They were taken up but all the rest were vacant. He says he went past all that good land and come down to Burlington and got into a bog hole. Harry: Out in the alkali huh?

Dad: Ya it's a good ranch now, you know, they drained it and it's a good place. So, he was inactive while he was in Utah, in the church. But, he became active here because he was a musician. He played the banjo, and the guitar. Uncle Charlie, he was a violinist. They played for dances, you know. They had these, I spose either Mutual, or something to take the place of that.

But anyhow, in the process of events he finally became active in the church again. And then this bishop called him to go on this mission to Norway. So, he went. He had plenty of trouble getting there. He hadn't, in those days, you had to, it's all team and wagon. He went with Lars Nelson, and his wife. He was going, Lars was called on a mission at the same time. And they hadn't gone very far when Dad got sick. He had what they called the walking typhoid. And, he just almost died with it. It was two or three weeks, I guess, before he ever, and it was a toss up whether he'd live or not. And the people they didn't want to have him around so they stuck 'em out in the granary or something like that to stay where if you live, you live and if you die, you die.

That was the philosophy that they had in those days. So, when he finally did get well, then he went to the authorities there in Salt Lake, and said had been called on a mission, or reported there, and they found out that they didn't even have any record of him being a member of the church. But, he was, because since that time I've got a record of his original membership. Whatcha call the certificate of membership, I guess. It said, this is to certify that Joseph Christopherson is a member of this particular ward there in Utah, I forget what the name of it was. And, signed by this Calvin Moore, I think. This was his bishop. But anyhow, there in Utah they found out that they didn't have any record of him. So they baptized him one day, and give him ordination and stuff, and sent him on his mission. Probably that's a record. To be baptized one day, ordained the next day, go through, get your endowments the third day, and then go on the mission the fourth day. That's just a record.

Harry: How'd he get to the coast then, and on across?



Dad: Oh, they had trains, you see, they had trains at that time.

Harry: In '69 they had trains clear across.

Dad: That was in 1893, 1894, no that was about 1898 when he was called on that mission.

Harry: Then what'd they do? Go on a ship?

Dad: New York on a ship, then he went on the steamship Wyoming. Now, he said he crossed the ocean three times, and every time it was on the steamship Wyoming.

Phil: I didn't know they had one. Where'd they dock it?

Dad: Must a been in New York somewheres. And I don't know about now.

Somebody: Not in Wyoming.

Dad: But, when he got to Norway that's when he met my mother. He converted her, you know, her parents were Lutherans. They never did ever join the church. And so, .. she had three brothers that came to this country. Hans, and Andrew, and Siguard. Hans joined the church but Andrew and Siguard never did join the church.

Phil: Siguard always went to church.

Dad: Yeah, but he never joined it.

Phil: I'll be darned.

Dad: So, a they were Lutherans, you know. Uh huh. One time when we were looking at the genealogy sheets Uncle Hans was there and I said. "How come that you wasn't sealed to your parents?" He grabbed the paper and says sure ain't, guess we'll have to go to Salt Lake and get that done.

Harry: That'd be something, to do everybody else's work and not be sealed to your parents yourself. ... And Hans passed away. What, five or six years ago?

Dad: Oh, it's more than that.

Harry: Been longer than that huh?

Dad: Oh it'd be, course I don't know, time goes so doggone fast anymore. You see, it's five years since our 50th anniversary. And I know it was before that. Two or three years, must be, maybe even up to ten years it'd be.

Harry: See, my dad's been dead ten years now.

Dad: Could have been about the same time. That's how time flies.

Harry: Now, my dad was born in 1880, so in four more years he would have been a hundred. He died when he was 87, he'd be 97 now, 96.

Dad: My dad died at 64 he'd. He came to this country in 1876. Just a hundred years ago.

Harry: Just a hundred years ago when he came over, 12 years old.

Dad: 12 years old. And a couple a guys lived up here, name of Bob and Jack Fenton. They had a farm had a farm above Burlington. Between Burlington and Meeteetse. Just,

well, right now it's right on the county line. On Big Horn, Park counties. Right in there so that's where Fenton was. Well, he was visiting with those guys. They came from England, you see. Somehow or other they mentioned dad or they mentioned what ship they came over on and by golly, it was the steamship Wyoming. And, by golly, in 1876 when they. Come to find out they'd played together on this ship.

Harry: It was just a passing acquaintance so they didn't remember it huh?

Dad: Well, they were just kids a playing, English and Norwegian kids.

Harry: So they didn't even talk ...

Dad: Well, they played together, you know how kids wouldn't make it up. That was on the Wyoming, and when he went on his mission it was on the Wyoming. And when he came home again it was on the Wyoming.

Harry: And then, actually he just barely got back and brought his wife with him. And then they got married in Salt Lake.

Discussion here between Harry and Dad about Church Presidents

Harry: Where did your Mom and Dad first live when they got married? You say this picture was taken just four days afterwards, and that was down at Fairview?

Dad: Ya, that was Fairview.

Harry: So they took this picture.

Dad: See, they went down there to visit his folks, while they had trains that went on down to Fairview in those days, you see. I don't remember just exactly where ... I guess the train went clear on down around the mountain.

Now there is a discussion about trains and where they go.

Dad: I know in 1908 there was a railroad into Cody 'cause I know my dad he had ..... don't know if it was his ... she had the same name, Christopherson. And he might of, but we can't nowhere hook in with our genealogy study now. I just think that she was kind of maybe an imposter, see. Because he was supposed to be Henry Christopherson, her husband, he was dead. She had these three girls and two boys, Carl and Arthur and the girls were Dora and Laura I forget what the other one was.

But anyhow, we've got this Laura, she came to visit with us and her mother came. And that was in 1908. Dad called her Abby. So, he may have, some how or other ... but they got along pretty good. And we went up to Kerwin. And I know that when that there when we took her home that we took her to Cody and put her on the train, and then Dad, and me, I was

just a little kid, you know, I was bout seven years old I got on the train with him, and they just sat there on the coaches, and the train was there for a while.

Pretty soon the train began to move. And, by golly, I got kind of worried, and Dad says, No, it's just gonna turn around. So, quite an operation, run it up into a "Y" and turned around and back into the station again. And when they backed into the station then Dad, well, he says, we better get off they're about ready to go. He knew all about these railroad trains. But, me, bein' only bout 7 years old, I didn't know too much about trains.

So, I know they had the railroad there, that was in 1908. That's in, in Cody. You know, they put it on the other side the river, they figured on this side the river and somebody was going to hold up the railroad companies or what. For the land. Like Powell they figured on havin' it go that up main street, had it all figured out, a great big, nice wide, street, have room for everything in it. But, they charged so doggone much for the lots that they went over one street and bought lots. And by golly, that's the way Powell is now. That one street where now they, I think they've got that bank, and I don't know if they even have the bank there anymore. And that IGA store, it was there, on the wide street, but the main ... over on the narrow street. And that's what they did. They just charged too much for those lots. So that's, I think what happened to the railroad there at Cody. And then they brought it on down, see they, first brought it down as far as Worland, I think.

They were working towards trying to open up the Gebo and Crosby coal mines. That's as far as they wanted it, Kirby. It ended there at Worland. And then, they got it on to Kirby. At Kirby they had these big steam generators stuff like that, so they made the electricity for Thermopolis. They got that. They had the dam up there in and so they decided they wanted to build this railroad there. Phone rings, end of that side of the tape.

Jessie: I want you to finish telling me about the building.

Dad: I don't know, I really don't have the slightest idea about it. This building that they built, it was about, oh, it must been probably sixty feet long, and there was two rows of benches in it. And it was, seemed like it was pretty tall, but it had almost a flat roof, and it was all built of logs. I went to Sunday School in it. That was in 1914. When my mom died, you see, well, I took the wagon and a team wagon went with a ton a coal on it. And that was to

Burlington, that's all alone, you see. Before I was 14 years old. And stayed with this Neves that was just across the road from where the folks' homestead was.

So, the mom, she was very oh, affectionate I suppose Grandma Neves, Nancy Nelson's mother. Chester Neves' mother. And so, they were just like folks to us so I stayed with them when I come down to bring this load of coal down. And then, we got ready to go to the church and I went to church with them. To Sunday School, so I was 13 then in 1914. So that's the first time I ever went to church in Burlington. And it was in this old building. And it was, we had for partitions, that had the different classes in Sunday School. They had calico curtains strung on wire, they make exes across that way. And they had little old cubicles in this church for each different class to separate them. Now that was in 1914. See, and they used that building until, I think, I believe it was, it was either 1919 or 1929. When they built this new church that they have.

Jessie: Now you were born here in Burlington.

Dad: I was born on the ranch down there. Two miles from Burlington.

Jessie: What do you remember about the time when you were old enough to remember until you were 14.

Dad: Well, when I was three, we moved up to Meeteetse. When I was three. That was in 1903. I was less than three, I was only two. But, I can remember a lot of that. I can remember seeing the telephone line, course, I thought it was clothes line, you know, and it kind of tickled my mom, she thought that was really funny, 'cause I thought that was clothes line. I was really embarrassed, so I can remember about that. And then I can remember another thing was the dead colt laying out the side of the road. Little bitty dead horse, and even today, 75 years after that, 73 years, well, I go up there past that place and I just almost instinctively look to see where that dead colt's a laying there by that old rock I expect it to be still there, just instinctively. It isn't there a course. So a few things like that I can remember when we moved there to Meeteetse. To the coal mine.

Jessie: Is that the Black Diamond mine?

Dad: Um hm. It was the Black Diamond mine. Then we lived there for 20, 20 years.

Jessie: That was where you hauled the coal from, the Black Diamond mine down here to Burlington?

Dad: Um hm.

Jessie: Did you work in the mine any time?

Dad: Not then. Until, I worked in the mine in 1919, 20 along in there. That was the winter that my brother got killed in the mine. I was with him when the rock fell. Missed me about three or four times there in less than ten

seconds. I just kep a jumpin' around I don't know what caused it. I was in the dark, the first rock that fell blew out my light. But anyhow, finally when everything calmed down, I lit my light again and see that the rock had covered him up. So I run out to another room there in the mine and called Siguard. He went in, he had to get a crow bar to pull him out. To lift up the rock.

Jessie: Which brother was he?

Dad: It was Rex, he was four years younger than me, be about 16.

Jessie: But what did you do between the time you were three or two and fourteen.

Dad: Well, what all kids do. Well, of course we had an organization there. The church came up with an organization, they had Sunday School right there at the mine. Henry Woodruff, you know him, he's the nephew of President Woodruff. We had Sunday School there. And the Monk girls, they lived down the river about oh, ten miles from Meeteetse, I think. About six miles below the mine. And then the Bennions, some of those would come to Sunday School. And then the Robinsons once in a while, they came.

Jessie: Well how did you meet Mom?

Dad: Well, I didn't meet her, she just pushed me down the stairs. No, I guess I pushed her down. She claimed I pushed her down..

Jessie: Was she living up there too?

Dad: Oh yeah, her dad worked for my dad in the mine.

Jessie: Oh, well that's what I wanted to find out. I knew she was born in Burlington too. But, I thought you guys grew up together in Burlington. I guess I had it all mixed up.

Mom: The thing was, that we lived in that same house where they had school, for a school house after.

Jessie: The schoolhouse, you lived in the house that they had been having school in.

Mom: No, that they had school in after we left.

Dad: Then they moved out. And then they had, this Bob Pride worked for us. He lived in this other house, what we finally called the scale house. Where we had the scales, there was only a room there. But, I don't know how they did it. But, this Bob Pride, he was a widower He had four girls, Lilas, Ruby, and Mary, and Janet. And Maggie, that'd be five wouldn't it? And then he had a boy too, but he was older and he never came up there at all. But, he'd been married to this George Young's sister, see. Er ya, John Abraham's mother. George Abraham was married to a Young. And this George, George Young, I wanted to tell you about him. My mother was in Norway, she was acquainted with, er my dad met some of these girls, that they knew there in Norway. So this here one girl that he met, I guess she joined the church, but after my mom was in this country and married to her then this



girl she wrote to her mother and wanted to get a ticket to come to this country. So Dad, he loaned her the money to come, to bring this girl here. So, when she came she lived with us for a while.

And, and I can remember, and one day, we had the what we called was the dining room, I don't know what it was. Anyhow, it was we'd all eat our dinner or supper sumpin' like that, must a been supper. But anyhow, this Lena was there and George Young was there, and George Young was one of our coal diggers, or Dad's coal diggers. So they were there and my dad says, "George, he says, I'll tell you what I'll do," he says, "I'll just make you a proposition, he says, "If you'll, will marry Lena I'll give you that bed that big, brass bed." And, George says, "Well how about it Lena?" And she says, OK or words to that effect. So that's how they got, that's how come that ... Well, Prides happened to be up working for Dad, because George Young had been working for Dad at the same time. And I suppose that just oh, what'd they call that when, grapevine? Personal ....

But anyhow, these Pride's came and so, they were living in this building. And this Janet Pride, we ran around all together. See, we were the same age. She was about, oh, around 7 years old, something like that. And it was her chore was to do the dishes. The older girls, they were about 12 or 14, along in that. But, Janet, she was only about seven. And I was about seven. So I, me and Janet, we played together all the time. We used to do the dishes so, when the time come to do the dishes, well, she just up and disappeared. Course I went with her, so we hid in the cellar. Right down where it was, boy it was dark. It didn't even have a stairway. You had to climb down through a hole. To get down in there, and then we pulled the cover over the top so they can't find us. And we just sat there. Until we figured that they'd be through with the dishes and then we came out and they'd never even missed us. Then her sister says, "Well when you gonna get those dishes done, Janet?" So we had to do the dishes, or she did. And I helped her course.

Jessie: When did Mom's family go up there? You know, her Mom and Dad, when did they go to Meeteetse?

Dad: 1903, when they moved up to the.

Jessie: No, the Robinsons.

Dad: Oh, the Robinsons, that was about 1906.

Mom: That was after Eveline was born, Eveline was the baby.

Harry: You were three or four years old.

Mom: Mm hm.

Dad: Then we was playing on top of this, up there in our upstairs. And I had, she claims I did, anyhow, had an iron horse and she was gonna take it away from me.

Mom: I was not! This is wrong. Don't tell, he doesn't tell it right. I had his iron horse, and he's a selfish one. And I couldn't play with his iron horse, and I was a stubborn little girl, so I hung on. And so he was stronger than me, so we were close to the edge of the stairs, and he yanked it away from me, and course I was pulling too, and over I went. Down the stairs, knocked me out.

Jessie: Now, how old were you at that time?

Mom: Me? Bout four years old.

Jessie: So, you two kinda grew up together.

Dad: Well, she had me, she had the, she had me all cornered before that. So, I didn't have a chance. Did I?

Mom: And, that was Mary MacIntosh that was working for Joe's mother. And she wrapped me up and took me home to my mother. I think by that time I'd come to. But my mother always thought that Joe pushed me over the edge. So when I grew up, and had children of my own, and found out how children do, this is why I know what happened. We were fighting over the iron horse.

Jessie: OK, was it, you started working in the mine, it was after you got married then.

Dad: Oh, no.

Jessie: You were working in the mine before you got married.

Mom: That was what he was doing when I came back from Colorado. And the first time I saw him after I came back, why, he delivered a load of coal to my sister. I was living with my sister. He came in with whiskers, about three days growth, three or four days growth. And a dirty face, and he come in and pedaled his usual line of funny stories and laugh and I thought, my gosh I've never seen anybody with such a big mouth.

Dad: You better stop talkin'.

Interrupted by visitors

## Forordination or Predestination

I woke to look upon a face, silent, white and cold.  
Oh dear, the agonies I felt can never half be told.  
We'd been together but a year. Too soon it seemed to see  
Those gentle hands outstretched and cold that toiled so  
faithfully.  
My waking thoughts had been of one who now to sleep had  
dropped.  
It was hard to realize dear friend. That my dollar watch had  
stopped.

So betcha I surprised you that time didn't I. You thought  
that was going to be a really sad story. I don't know about  
the sad story but I tell you about a few other things.

I was just wondering if you thought or you believed in  
predestination or foreordination? You know this seems to be  
a common belief with some people. I just wonder if we get  
the wrong ideas.

As I talk I have to form my sentences and words and  
thoughts. They sometimes really don't seem to make much  
sense. But you wanted to know about my story or my family  
story as much as I could tell. So that's what I am trying to  
formulate. I told you about my mother and sometimes I  
wonder. That seems to be almost predestination that she was  
to be my mother. That it's predestination that your grand-  
mother, my wife, was to be your grandmother. The different  
things that come that causes you to wonder.

Now she was living in Colorado. Of course we'd known and  
played together when we were kids. Three, four, something  
like that. I hadn't seen her for about ten years I suppose.  
I'd never even thought about where she was or anything else.  
It just never entered my mind. Then her mother died, and her  
father died within a year or two of each other. She had no  
place to go to be at home but she did have one sister that  
lived in Meeteetse. So she and her two sisters came to  
Meeteetse to live. Now that's one set of facts.

My patriarchal blessing says that I would at I suppose.  
You see, I don't see anymore and I don't have anybody to read  
it to me so I just have to remember. It says, at the  
appropriate time that my future wife would be made known to  
me and that she would be a very wonderful woman and that we  
would raise posterity, they called them in those days.

Of course when I was a kid there wasn't any church  
organization in Meeteetse. And the only time that we had any

contact with the church was when we'd see some of the officials or something, that would be traveling around. Now this one Patriarch, he lived down to Penrose. Penrose is a little town down by Lovell and Byron, along in there. It's almost on the road to Byron.

Now this Patriarch lived on a farm there. He said that when things would start to go bad for him there on the farm, the cows would knock down the fence and get in the stack yards, and the horses would get hard to catch, and irrigation ditch would be turned off, and just all the different things that would go wrong. He saw it was kind of bunching up to devil him.

So he says, "Well, I guess it's time for me to go out and give some blessings." So he would take his buggy and horse or horses, he had a single horse if I remember right. I do know he had a buggy and either a horse or horses. But there was quite a bunch of people that used single horses.

We had a single horse when I was a kid, and my folks used a single horse. I once started to school driving a single horse on a buggy and Mick, Amelia, see that's my sister, we would go to Meeteetse with a single horse and a buggy and when it would get cold, that would be in 1912. I'd be eleven years old when we were going. She would be two years younger than that. That would make her about nine years old when we were going to Meeteetse and that single horse with the two of us. And when it would get really cold, well we'd have the side curtains on this buggy. And this horse, we'd used it enough during the good weather so that when we started down the road it would just go right on down the road and go clear up where we'd put it in the barn.

We'd take it to school a day then at night we'd start for home. And tie the reins up, lines I guess they called them. And we'd, both of us, just crawl down in the bottom of this buggy behind the dashboard. It had a kind of leather dashboard with a whip socket. We'd have a quilt and we would just wrap ourselves up in it and old horse would take us home. And when she'd get by the barn she'd stop and then maybe my dad would come and get us out and we'd head for the house where it was warm. Anyway, that's how we would go to school.

But anyhow, I was talking about this patriarch and how he traveled. Now, he'd come, this was in 1908 that he came. No, it was 1910 because I was eight years old that he gave me my patriarchal blessing. You're not allowed to do that anymore I don't think, or I don't believe it's encouraged.

But at that time it was. Whenever they were old enough to be baptized then they were old enough to have their patriarchal blessing.

Now there's a years or months study in just these patriarchal blessings. Are they cut and dried? Or are they just a pattern? Now to me I thought perhaps they were a pattern of what could be my blessings if I would live so that I would be approved to have those blessings. And I have really a nice blessing. And that was part of it that at the appropriate time that I would meet my wife or the girl that I was to marry and as I previously mentioned that we would begin a family.

Now, if you would say that that's predestiny, or predestined, or foreordained by this patriarchal blessing well, I have another little story that you can tie onto that. Now, when I was about 18 years old I had a girl friend and she was an orphan and I had a job. I worked for an oil company, the Ohio Oil Company, and she was taking care of, working for a widow woman that had a crippled boy and she got so she wasn't too fond of that job.

Anyhow, I'd gone about with her almost a year. And then we had decided that we were going to get married when we got to be old enough. She was a nice girl, a really nice girl. She was nice looking. I was working out to this oil field and one day the bookkeeper out there to the oil field told me that a woman had called me up and wanted to talk to me. So I called her up and she says that she decided that we shouldn't wait any longer to get married. That she was going to leave that place where she was staying and that if I wanted her I'd better come on because that was the way it was.

So I came to Meeteetse with a guy on a loaded truck. It had some oil well casing on it. And it rained and rained and rained and rained all day. It was about 10 o'clock at night, something like that when I got to Meeteetse. I was going to see her right away when I got there but it was about 11 o'clock that night so I stayed with this here truck driver in a hotel. And then I thought I'd better help him take that load on up there where he was going to unload it. So I did that and then it was about one or two or three o'clock when I finally got back to Meeteetse and decided that I'd go see Mildred.

When I went there she was very glad to see me. Oh boy, oh boy, she was glad but anyway she had a date to go to the movie that night because I hadn't showed up. So she thought she was going to the movie with this guy and he had a sister. I can't even think of her name. But it doesn't make any



difference. I didn't like her very good. But Mildred wanted me to go to the movie with this girl. I decided I wouldn't go with her so I went home. Maybe I was poutin' or something but I never went back or anything else to see her and then in about a month or two she married this other guy. So maybe it was a scheme to get rid of me. Spouse? But anyhow it didn't make me mad but, just one other thing, I knew her for years afterwards. And you know, she was barren. She never had any kids. Wouldn't that been something if I'd a had her for a wife.

So I was beginning to think about a few little things that turn up. And so I thought well maybe, by golly, I wasn't supposed to marry her. So that was okay. I just practically forgot about her. And it was I guess that fall when I was about, well I was 18, no, that's 19. You see I was 19 in July and that was in that summer when I was just about 19 when Mildred and I decided we was going to get married.

Then in October well, Coral and her sisters came back from Colorado. Now I was helping Dad with his coal mine and I'd drive the team in to Meeteetse and haul some coal and one of his customers was the barber. I'd take a couple ton of coal into them and this barber was married to Coral's sister and of course she was there and she knew that I'd known her when she was there before they had gone to Colorado again.

I don't know how we started going together. We went to dances, parties, anything else. And then in December my brother was killed in the mine. I felt pretty bad about that and she just seemed to take over. And she just sympathized with me and all that stuff. And first thing you know we almost considered ourselves as boyfriend and girlfriend. So we went together the rest of the winter.

You see, I had worked over in another place there from about December until about February, something like that. And then I don't know, I came home. So finally we decided maybe we'd get married when we got old enough. She'd come out and visit with my sisters Amelia and Sophie once in a while and stay overnight. And one day, my stepmother and my dad, I guess they'd probably been talking about, around their oh, when they were visiting each other. But anyhow they come up with a proposition that why didn't we get married right now. Because they wanted to go to Utah on a visit.

See, my stepmother came from Utah. So she wanted to go down to Richfield, Utah and Panguich and two, three other towns like that. So I talked it over with Coral and finally she said that would be okay. Of course I don't know, we may a used different words than okay and stuff like that. But

anyhow that's the meaning of it. But we decided we'd get married so they could go on their trip. So that we could take care of the farm and mine and plowing and all that stuff. And take care of my sisters and her and Sophie. The little kids, there was Grant. So, that's how come we got married early.

You see, we'd figured, see, we got married on April the 2nd in 1921. That was just about as early as we could. Now it was an open winter just about like this winter when we went to Cody to get the drive no, not drivers license what do you call it, not a dog license either, marriage license. Well anyhow, we got stuck right in the middle of the highway with the car in a mud hole so it wasn't frozen. That was April the first or second. But anyhow, we got married that time.

Now was that foreordained? Was she the one that had been saved for me? From before you were born. You know it's hard for me to remember words sometimes. I'm getting kind of old. What is that word you use there for before you're born and then after you die they have a different word? But anyhow, that's how come that we were married.

And I still wonder, was that predestination? Was she the one that was foreordained for me? You know we sometimes have faith that some of our beliefs do come true. I'm not afraid of predestination but predestination or foreordination kind of shows how your life pattern is all cut and dried for you. And if that were true you would lose your free agency. So there are so many things to take into consideration in your beliefs or the faith you have. That I don't dare say that that's really predestination or foreordination that we were to be. That she was the one that I was to marry.

It just seems that all these different things happened. If her parents hadn't died so that she was an orphan and had to find a home. I don't imagine that we would ever have gotten together because it's five, six hundred miles. DeBeque Colorado is down the other side of Craig, Colorado. You know where it is about by Grand Junction. Those are some of the things that you have to think about.

But, I do have quite a bit of faith and I think that it just seems like each pattern of a jigsaw puzzle almost has been put in. And I fit in the pattern some how from the time my grandfather left Norway to work on that Manti Temple until my dad's sawmill burned up and he was to come up to the Big Horn Basin. And he was to go on a mission in Norway. And he was to meet my mother there and bring her three or four thousand miles so they could be married in the temple. And that I was first born. It just makes me humble.

So many things seem to fit together to produce this knot-headed me. And I have always had the belief that I had a guardian angel that watched over me all the time to keep me from getting into too many different difficulties. And seems like it had enough.

Then there are a few other things that make you think that and then you will remember this and that. And so I don't know, anyhow it's a story. Now you can take it for whatever you want to. But then there's another thing that I have learned, well, I don't know whether I've learned it or not.

They say that you should be very careful about what you pray for. It might come true. Now that sounds a little far fetched but I knew a man, now he was about 35 years old I guess and he'd been married. His wife had divorced him and he came over to our country and most of the people thought that he was just a little bit addled. Is that the way you say it?

Just talking, Grandfather Joe.

The assertion was made that if half the people would go to church there wouldn't be room enough in the buildings for them even now. And now I think that they have more temples than they used to have stake houses. I believe there are 31 temples. And there could probably, I haven't the slightest idea how many but I suppose, maybe ten thousand could be in the temples at the same time.

We'll come quite a bit, a ways when we remember that when I was a kid, you'll hear that quite a bit. That expression about when I was a kid. Course, I used to be a kid. I had kid thoughts just like they do now. I had the girls, and we had horses up until about 1917 and 18. In 1918 I bought an automobile. From then on I had different viewpoints of this world than we'd had before.

Before that everything was horses. If I had to go to town, I'd have to go to the pasture and catch me a horse. And put a saddle on him and ride him to town. And then there's the old biddies, course they had old biddies in those days. They'd see me a runnin' my horse and they'd tell my dad how I was running my horse so fast that I might get hurt if I wasn't more careful. But then I wasn't more careful and I run my horse and I did a lot of things that I shouldn't a done. And so I lived, and lived, and lived and lived even about till I was going to school.

I went to school at eleven years old and rode a horse three or four miles clear to Meeteetse. And there were some blizzards and strong storms. Course the horses were pretty well broken in those days. And they knew where they were supposed to go. When they would come home they'd know where to go so all I had to do was cover my head up with a sack or something. Course we didn't have parkas. They hadn't invented them yet. Maybe they did. But I didn't have one so I wrapped a big rug or some doggone thing around my face. I forget what it was. And so I'd ride home.

And then my sister rode with me sometimes in a buggy. She'd get right down by my feet. The horse was broke to drive single in the shafts they called them and she'd go home that way. My sister would meet us with a team out on the road. She would drive out so she wouldn't hook up with, smash 'em up, one thing another. The horses knew quite a little bit in those days. Well anyhow, my sister used to climb down under or behind the dashboard and then I would. After I got the horse started out when going through town about by the bridge. I would climb down in by the seat or by the dashboard. In front of the seat there's just a little

bitty place away from all the little old breeze. And that's the way I went to school. And then when it got too cold, my sister stayed home and I rode the horse back.

I was eleven years old, that was in 1912. So I knew quite a bunch about horses. And I had horses all the time, and girls, girlfriends. We had to have horses. If we would go to dances we would go on our saddle horses. I used to play the banjo and piano and stuff like that there. I'd play the banjo for the country dances and sometimes there'd be some other guy there. He'd play the fiddle and I'd play the guitar for the dances.

I'd take my girlfriend to the dance but I'd never got dance. I had to play for the dance so I wasn't too crazy about playing for dances. Sometimes I'd get more money for playing for a dance for two, three hours than guys would work a whole day, hard work, sometimes. I thought I was pretty big shot gettin' money for doin' fun stuff like that.

Then when I was about fourteen or fifteen, I think it was, my mom had bought a new piano in 1912. I was taking lessons on that and the school teacher would teach me. This was after I'd been graduated from the eighth grade. When we were graduated with an eighth grade education, we were educated. Anything after that we were like college graduates. And all that stuff and stuff, big shot stuff.

We had a course that I took in one year. We hired a teacher from Oklahoma. She was an Indian, three-fourths Indian, something like that. Anyhow, I'll tell you a little bit about this course. It had bookkeeping. I had an entire course of bookkeeping. I took two years of that, and of course now we talk about years, but in those days it didn't take us very long to do a year. We didn't stall around. Whenever we went to do something, we did it. So we did our bookkeeping in what was supposed to take nine months in about three months.

Then I had some law. I studied some Algebra and I studied some Latin, and two or three other things. Of course I didn't know that we were only supposed to study four things in high school or I wouldn't a been so ambitious. But I studied about eight I think. I also had typewriting and shorthand besides bookkeeping.

Anyhow, this is just a background about this school teacher I had. She wanted me to take music lessons. Or my dad wanted me to take music lessons. She was a piano teacher so on Friday night I'd take an extra horse into town and then when we'd go home, she'd take a saddle horse and I'd take a saddle horse. You see, I was about fifteen years old. We'd



go out to what we called the badlands. Up through the creeks in there and then shoot rabbits.

In those days we used rabbits for fresh meat. The fresh meat we had was chickens and rabbits, and sage chickens, and ducks, and things like that. So we did a little hunting pert near every Friday. Well, we'd do some hunting on that. She was an exceptionally good teacher. She had this style of playing the piano that some people like. Some people don't too much. But, I learned to play by note some. But then it's so much more fun to play by ear that I just almost forgot all the notes I knew and went on playing by ear. Or, as we called it in those days faking it. We'd fake like we was playing in the orchestra and things like that. We could play in the orchestra and it wouldn't make any difference. It'd sound just as good or better than what they had.

Then in the winter times we had skating parties, and girls, 14, 15, and 16 years old and we'd skate. We skated up on Meeteetse Creek. In the winter time it would freeze over and we could go right on up the creek. And so we'd, along in the fall, take a pair of pliers and cut the wires in the fences that crossed the creeks. Then we could skate and they didn't know about it. A person left it that way until after spring and then we'd get up early and there wasn't any ice there. There wasn't any stock or anything ever got on the ice anyhow so we were plumb safe cuttin' the fences like that. Then we would skate up, sometimes on the noon hour, we'd go up two, three miles from the creek and then just come skatin' back. Although sometimes like that we'd be goin' what, thirty miles an hour? How fast can you skate? There were places that you could go pretty fast anyhow.

So we weren't bothered with any Sunday Schools or anything like that. In those days we didn't ... The last Sunday School I can remember going to was about 1910, something like that. They used to have the ward up at the head of the Greybull River. It's now Mayes ranch. One of the Apostles, David Owen Woodruff, the brother of President Wilford Woodruff lived there on this ranch and we did have Sunday School and church at that time. That was in 1906 up until 1908 or 9. After that everybody moved away. They all went back to Salt Lake, or to Cowley. Anywhere in the world except Meeteetse. Our family stayed at Meeteetse.

That's the way it was in those days. I was talking about this patriarch. He would make trips all through the country to visit with each family. He would come and give these patriarchal blessings. Usually the one who scribed was the parent of the boy or girl. My patriarchal blessing was given when I was eight years old. My dad was the scribe. I have that and I have had quite a little bit of fun reading it.

Now, I was about the only boy that was in the country. That had the age that was when I was around 17, 18 years old. Of course all the men that were old enough had gone to the army, that's world war one in 1912-15-16. I was just about two months too young and they wouldn't take me or I'd a been gone too, I guess. Maybe I'd been dead and wouldn't have to worry about anything. So maybe we're lucky, maybe I was lucky, and maybe, I don't know.

I think that the things that we had in those days, you see, when we'd go to the stake, which we did about once a year, sometimes. After we finally became active in the church. It would take us a whole day to drive down, with a team to church.

Me and my forever sweetheart went to California last summer on a wedding tour for our granddaughter when she was married in Capistrano. And it only took us one day to go a thousand miles, two thousand miles, fifteen hundred miles, whatever it is. Less time actually than we used to have to go to a stake meeting.

Just this last summer Coral, my wife, you all know she broke her leg and anyway she had to have surgically put in a pin and a ball. She's been in wheelchair and on the walker since that. She was in the hospital about, oh over thirty days. And she was in bed for days after that. But that gives her something to talk about so I won't mention it anymore. She'll probably tell you all about it. Maybe she already has or somebody has.

### Beginning of Our Activity.

We were living in Lovell and the ward teachers came and they were on the other side of the table. And, they made a big fuss about us, that we were strangers to them. ... so. Oh boy, they were really nice to us. And they wanted us to go to church, so we went to church. That evening they had sacrament meeting. So we got ready and went to church.

I was working in the sugar factory, so I didn't have much time for anything. But anyhow, we went to church that one night. And when we came in the door, there everybody was on the stand. They didn't have ushers. We came in the door, and we sat down in the first couple of benches about two, three benches up. We thought they would come and see us. But they just went right ahead and started the meeting. And they had the meeting and the sacrament service.

It had been a long time since we had been to where there was sacrament service. But anyhow, here they had the sacrament service. The deacons, they came, but they didn't bring us any sacrament. They passed us up. Never said a word. Didn't even come back and say hello or anything. And so, we stayed to the end of the meeting. Nobody came down to talk to us so we went home. And we never went back to church for, (Mom says: And we didn't have anymore home teachers either. 14 years.)

I don't know, whether that was their fault or that was our fault, or what. But it was how a person, I guess, should not do. When we had finally after seven years, you see, that was in 1930 some. Well then the bishop of, some brothers, we call them brothers now, course when we talked to them, we didn't think much about brothers and stuff.

But anyhow, our kids were growing up pretty wild, and it was seven years, there'd be, three, four kids and they didn't know anything. Because we were mad at the church. Anybody that would do us like they did down in Lovell there, no, we wouldn't have anymore to do with them. So we just washed our hands of the whole works, you see. Course that hadn't been for years since gosh I don't know, probably ten years before that since we'd had any church services in Meeteetse.

But anyhow, these guys, they were peddling or selling garden produce. They'd bring up and sell garden produce and we'd trade 'em coal for that. And so, finally they wanted to know if we went to church. We told 'em we didn't go anywheres, there wasn't any church there. Didn't have any church in Meeteetse, not a thing.

There was a couple of old churches there but they didn't use 'em. So we didn't. They wanted to know why we didn't get active and have our kids baptized, and one thing and

another like that. So they could get some benefit out of the church. And of course, we were not very enthusiastic about it. But they were persistent.

And finally I said well, we belong to that Burlington Ward. I said it's 35 miles and they're not very crazy about us. They don't want anything to do with us. It's too much of a bother. But, they must have gone right down to the bishop and told him about it because it wasn't very long till the bishop came up and visited with us. So, we finally had a meeting up there.

I don't remember where it was, I guess in the house or something. And they had our kids baptized when some of them didn't even have a blessing. Then they wanted us to have Sunday School. So, how could we have Sunday School. There weren't any Mormons in the country, only us. And another family or two. And so, they said well, that they'd help us. I was a deacon, I'd been made a deacon when I was 12 years old so I had the most priesthood of anybody in the class, I guess. Anybody in the whole class there in Meeteetse.

(Mom says: No Grant.) Anyhow, my brother, he'd been in Lovell, so he was a teacher. He out ranked me, I guess that's the way it was. So anyhow, we had this Sunday School, and it went on for awhile.

So they thought we'd ought to get advanced in the priesthood so that we could have sacrament, bless the sacrament. They did that all for two or three times. Guys that came up from Burlington. So they made us into priests. And see, that's jumped clear from deacon to priest in one jump. And, Grant, he came from a teacher to a priest. And there was Edgar, and Sonny. Oh, his what's his name, I forget. What was his name? I don't know. But we call him Sonny anyhow. So, he was made a priest, so we had four priests. So, we run that thing for two, three years with, didn't have anymore priesthood than the priests so we had sacrament.

And finally they said we had to have a little more authority than that. So they got the stake president and me and Grant were voted to be elders. And I was the presiding, because I was the oldest, I guess, they didn't want to hurt my feelings, or something I don't know. So they made me the presiding elder. And, my brother, Grant, he was the first counselor. And Sonny, he was the second counselor. So, then

we had Edgar, I think, was the clerk or something like that. So then we could have Sunday School all by ourselves in case Burlington didn't come up, of course. And, it didn't take very long until they found out that they couldn't make it every Sunday. So, we had our Sunday School every Sunday. There were the two, three, four, families, were all that ever came. You see, we had about 25 people. Na, maybe only about 20 that came. But anyhow, there was some people that came from town, finally.

And then, they decided that we should have, hold sacrament meeting. So that's when I was made the Presiding Elder of the Meeteetse branch of the Burlington Ward. And it was quite an honor to be that, you know. And then finally, well our house, or home was a 12 room house. We had lots of rooms we were using that for the church. So we'd have the meeting in the main room. It was 40 feet long and had 16 feet wide. And had plenty of room for the people that were there. But anyhow, it was quite a bit of extra work for the mom to get ready for the Sunday School and the church. Every Sunday, more work on Sunday than there was any other day.

So, we finally looked over this old Baptist church in Meeteetse. It hadn't been used for three or four years, five years. Something like that. It had a big crack in the side of it. And this was right during the depression times. Boy this was really, everybody was, didn't have any money. See, this was in 1930, 31, 2, 3, and 4, along in there.

But anyhow, I looked up this, just an old lady that used to hold Baptist Sunday School. So I talked to her one day. And I says, what do you think they'd take for that old church. She didn't know. She'd been coming up to Sunday School, up to our place. So, I asked her, why didn't she find out for me. And so she wrote to them and they said, this Baptist Mission Society, they said, to make an offer. And I said, the shape the thing is and everything else, I wouldn't offer over about, oh, I says, 150 dollars for the whole thing. That looks to me like that would be plenty. So, she wrote to them and got a letter back that says, that would be all right, that they would accept that money. So I gave them a check for 150 dollars for that church.

And then, I told the bishop what I'd done. And so he said, "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll see if we can get the church to help us fix it up." So, he wrote to the presiding bishop and the stake president, stuff like that. And they gave him permission. It was 800 dollars to fix this church up. So, I gave, I don't remember how I had the deed made, but anyhow, I think maybe I just had a title, a deed for the lot from the church. Because I paid them cash, you



see. So, I gave that to our bishop for our part. That was the 150 dollars for this old church.

And so it was our next project to fix this church. We took all the, it had a set of pews, it must have had about, maybe 14 pews, that is, the benches, whatever you call them. But they'd been weathered and the rain had come in the broken windows, and everything like that. So they took them out and revarnished them and they looked almost like new.

The bishop was a carpenter. Someday I'll tell you some stories about this bishop, boy oh, boy. He was a wonderful man. Incidentally he built the house we're living in now, in this town. And I think of him quite often.

Anyhow, to get back to this story of this church. They lowered the ceiling, and made a new plaster ceiling instead of it being so high, lowered it about six or eight feet, something like that, seven feet. And put all new window glass. And a set of new shingles on it. And of course the church furnished that 800 dollars in cash. And then we had our help, the Bennions helped and then there was some others that finally helped us a little bit. So, finally after we got this church about ready to occupy, we had our meetings there.

Then we built up to about, around a hundred. There was two, three other families that had come in. And so, we had the regular branch, ward, er yeah, branch ward. We had a set of books, and that whole thing to take care, for the branch ward, a branch of the Burlington Ward.

So that's how we finally got started being active in the church. You know, it was just kind of oh, I don't think it was forced on us but, we in looking back, it has really helped us in our lifetime. There's opportunity, we got to work in the church.

You see, there was so much to be done and a few people to do it. And nobody that knew how. We had to learn everything there was about the different departments of the church. So, we went up until about, that was in 1930 what, 5, 36.

We used that church then until about 1950, 1 or 2. Would be oh, twenty years nearly when they, 17, 18 years that we used that church. And by that time we had grown big enough. Then we had Glen Nielsen, the president of the Husky Oil Company, and he had lots of money, and big ideas.

He decided we should well, before that, we thought we'd ask the church for something to make us some rooms. Addition

onto this old church for the different departments. See it was just one room, in that Baptist Church. But anyhow, this stake president, looked it all over and decided that it wasn't worth fixing up that way. So, he says, we ought to start to thinking about a new church. There was a woman up there, she's still living up there. She says, well I'll give the land for a new church. And so, they moved it about, oh, two blocks, three blocks, something like that, four blocks. And they built a new church.

And of course now there's about a million details goes in that and a thousand stories that goes to building this church. And, now a lot of them are really interesting. There's one I want to tell you about shingling it. So, if I don't get around to tell it in this tape, maybe I'll tell it some other time.

But anyhow, we got it ready to go, ready for dedication in 19 hundred and 54. And, it was dedicated on November the 24th, I think. I know it was in November in 1954. And that was 26 years ago, see. And, it was a wonderful church, it cost us, oh, we had to dig up around 30, 40 thousand dollars, among the members of the church, then they got the church participation to finish it, you see. So, it cost about 85 thousand dollars. And a church just exactly like it now would cost about, around 200 thousand. So, you see how good a church it is now, according to the inflation and stuff. And it looks just as good as it did the day it was built. We're really proud of it.

But, so we, we grew with that. And then, they made a new bishop. They didn't need a branch president anymore, so they had another man around there, his name was Vern Asay, made him bishop and I was the ward clerk after that, you see. So I took care of all of the clerking, that part of thing. I have to wait till the tape clicks off so I can keep talking till that.

But anyhow, I was going to tell you this story about when we were building it. And, the contractor, he's, course there was a lot of labor, home labor. You know, the different wards, that had helpers, to help us, a day or two or something like that. But anyhow, they were ready for the shingling of it, you see. So, they decided that certain day to shingle this building. And, there were guys comin' up from Lovell, some guys from Cody, and some guys from Powell, and some guys from here and there, and some from Burlington.

Anyhow, they all came up ready to shingle and it was eight o'clock, or seven o'clock Thursday morning, seven thirty. They said we'll have a prayer and start shingling, work at

eight o'clock. And, about quarter to eight, seven o'clock, along in there, we were waiting for this prayer and the wind was blowing. It had been blowing all night. It was blowing about 40, 50 miles an hour. It was blowing rocks. I lived about three miles from town at the mine. And it was blowing there so hard, it would blow little old pebbles, they were all over the ground, and up the river, a mile or two up the river it was blowing. And it blowed the haystacks, ruffled them up, and blew hay all over everything.

But anyhow, we went there for this shingling and you can imagine what that would be. Shingling that house in that windstorm. And, at eight o'clock that wind stopped. It stopped. It never blew a breath. And it didn't blow a breath until noon.

We stopped at 12 o'clock, we stopped to eat lunch, and there was some people, they had told me they wanted some coal. So I went out there to load the coal, between 12 and 1 o'clock. And, the wind was blowing out there just as hard. And I says, well they aren't gonna get that church done. I came back to town and there wasn't any wind there. It blowed there a little bit at noon hour, not very hard, but it blowed.

And at one o'clock, it stopped again. Just absolutely stopped. Just clear stopped. And so, we finished the house, finishing just almost, but at five o'clock the wind started blowing. And they gathered up all the loose shingles there were. And this carpenter says, well, I'll finish it up next time the wind stops. So, three or four days from then they finished it. So, that was the testimony to me that there is a Lord, and that he does help us. And, he takes care of us. And that if we plan things, and plan them through the Lord's help, that he will help us on that. It's been really a testimony to me for years and years.

See, that was in 1954, which is 20, 26 years, isn't it. And, I can remember that just as plain as if it was yesterday. So I don't know, it's a. I can think of some other things, maybe to tell.

At that time we were part of the Big Horn Stake. And we had to go to Lovell for our stake meetings. And so, we learned quite a bit about making the bookkeeping part to take care of us.

I been talking so long tonight I'm almost hoarse. I don't know whether you'll be able to understand it or not. Kind a rough it.

So, now we moved to Burlington, we don't live in Meeteetse anymore. And they have a church over here, we have to help building on that. But anyhow, I wanted to tell about when we was, dedicating that church there. Of course, I don't know, maybe I better back up on that too.

The day that it was to be dedicated was a stake meeting. So we had been down there to conference is what they call it. So we'd been to conference, and we were standing there and the bishop, er president, er not president, but apostle, Sterling a, Kimball you know, I'm gettin' kinda rattled, that's why, what's his name, Kimball. What's his name? I've been saying President Kimball so long now that. But anyhow, he was the conference speaker down there in the conference. And he was talking about families, you see, he was trying to impress people about these families. So when they ...

I noticed this tapes just about gone. So I'll finish this story about the dedication of this church next time I make a tape for ya. And it's quite, it was, Spencer W. Kimball was the Apostle that was there. We're well acquainted with him through this dedication of the Meeteetse church. We had quite a conversation with him there.

And I don't know, how much I run out on this tape and so I had to back up. So I don't know how far I went back. But anyhow, it's just about through, and I just thinking, this was just, what a wonderful time, how much fun we had. How much enjoyment we had throughout our church work for this last, oh, forty years, I guess. Maybe fifty, fifty to eighty is fifty years. We had fifty years of real enjoyment and pleasure in our church work. And we, I think we have done quite a little bit of, help to people. We helped 'em go on, quite a bunch to prepare for the temple, when we were in genealogy there in Meeteetse. We worked in that for oh, for three, four years, I forget. Until we came down here.

It was after I had my dream, you see, of course. We'd been draggin' our feet before that. And I think maybe that's what helped us, kinda limber up before we commenced doing what we should be doing. Don't you think? I wonder, sometimes I wonder, but I guess maybe, they say the Lord works in wondrous ways to, to give blessings. To impart. Is the that the way it went?

End of tape.

Things I remember about my parents. Maria E. Keele Robinson (May) and Fredrick Walker Robinson.

As I remember my Mother, she was a very caring person. She was born in Panaca, Nev. I can't remember the year. The day was Aug 14th I believe.

There was a family in Burlington, Wyo. that we used to go see. The lady, Lottie Johnson, had started to school with my mother. Seems my Mother & Lottie were both staying with Grandparents to go to school in So. Jordan, Utah. As my Mother's parents lived in Panaca Nev. Where my Mother was born. My Mother's father (Jacob Keele & Wife Melissa MacIntosh were freighting goods from Panaca or thereabouts to Salt Lake City. As My Mother's Parents lived in West Jordan & my Mother reached the age to go to school it was decided for her to go to school there. As her Grandparents. The William MacIntoshs were living in West Jordan that is where my Mother stayed and started to school.

Well as I do not know how come the Keeles (that is the Jacob Keele family) moved to Fruita Colo.

Anyway Jacob Keele married Melissa Jane (MacIntosh) Keele in the Endowment house. As at this time the Salt Lake temple was just in the first stages of being erected. The tabernacle was there, I know because my Grandfather, Jacob Keele told me about the acoustics of that building, and about the Organ. As this to be somewhat of my mothers story. And of course there was my Father or Dad.

Anyway the story is: My Mother had been engaged to marry a very different man than Fred Robinson. She tells how she & this "man" (not my Dad) were going to a dance but on the way the 1st fiance told my Mother every thing was fixed for that "man" and my Mother "May" were to be married that evening. My Mother said, "All right, but we must go get Ma and Pa, her parents, to be there but "he" said, "No." So Mother said, OK take me home and we'll call it quits. Or words to that effect. So she was single.

Anyway after that Fred appeared. He and his cousin Dick Burkit had come from Montana. I don't know the means of transportation, probably horse back as that was the way most generally young men traveled in those days. My Dad was about 30 years old. I know he wore a mustache, as he did about the rest of his life.

As I know very little of my Dad. I know the name of his parents, but where they were from to Helena, Montana I do not know. Nor how come they were there. (Marinus Mark Robinson a printer.) My Grand Parent.



I know at one time they were around or in Milwaukee, Wis. as my father told me something of that city, how there were clocks in about all the main business houses as they about all had towers on them.

I saw that when we went to that city. As that was a phase of my life I will write about another day.

As this is about my father I will go on. His father was in the printing business. There were his father, Marinus Marcus Robinson, his mother Andulesia Rosie Walker Robinson, a brother Royal, and a sister that died when she was nineteen. Royal never married.

Any way my Mother and her sister, Alice Keele were to a dance. Before that time my Mother had, had typhoid fever and had lost her hair. It had come in very curly as it was still quite short. Anyway when my Dad and his cousin Dick went to the dance they saw the Keele sisters for the first time. But my Dad told Dick, there is the girl I will marry. See, that one with the curly black hair. Well, anyway he pursued that course and they were married. As Grand Junction was the County Seat they had to go there for their license. I have facts from the court house in Grand Junction. I don't know by what means they went there. Probably by stage coach.

They were married in Fruita, Colorado. I don't remember who the witnesses were. I know Alice married Dick Burkit the same day. Mother never said what she wore. But she said Aunt Alice wore her newest red dress. As she and Dick hadn't intended to be married when Fred and May were. But probably thought it was as good a time as any.

I don't know just where they lived at that time probably in a tent house, as my Dad was digging coal for a living. They received some gifts. They informed my Grandfather and Grandmother Robinson of their marriage. They, Dad's parents sent them some silverware. I remember the sugar shell, it was called, also a butter knife.

I think all of their possessions were burned. They thought the man my Mom wouldn't marry did it out of spite.

Most of these things I remember my folks telling me from time to time. There are none of my family (save one sister Olive) living. And Olive is around eight years younger than me. (Coral)

A few incidents ( I am not to sure of how some words were spelled) Mother said, "Before they had children my Dad was squatted doing his daily chore, and Mother saw him there so

she proceeded to throw snow balls and filled his pants full." But my Dad didn't take that without doing something about it so he got icicles off of the eaves and took her down and ran them up her pants legs. I don't know what manner of dress but I do know it wasn't jeans or overalls or anything of that kind. Because women did not wear that kind of apparel. My dad used some tobacco. That is chewing tobacco as many men did at that time. Anyway their 1st child was a girl (Annie Jean) was her name. Anyway there a shelf at the back of my parents bed and Annie wasn't very old but she had seen her Dad get something from that shelf and take a bite of it. So she thought it must be good so she wanted to taste it. So she bit off some. And spit & sputtered and. "said Oh, nassy kill papa's baby."

Later quite a few years as they had a baby boy three or about three years younger than Annie (they named him Jacob Robinson the Jacob for my Mothers father Jacob (Jake) Keele.

Then about 2 1/2 or so years later they (begat) another son and named him Donall Keele Robinson. When he was a little tyke he was always into mischief. My parents were all ready for church but Don couldn't be found. They lived near a river and of course their worst fears were that he had gone there, but no sign of him. First they had looked in the cellar, but didn't see him. But something prompted my Mother to look in the cellar again. In fact to search for him there. Well she found him. I suppose when he heard her call him, "Don, Don where are you" he moved some lining aside and said "Boo" my mother sure felt relieved, but didn't know whether to scold him or hug him. But, as he was probably a pretty dirty little boy with cobwebs and such she only took him to the house to clean him up. She never said.

I do not know if they got to church. Was that in Colorado or Wyoming? I did not find out. I know my brother, Roy Richard was born in Burlington in the year 1900. I've forgotten the day. The last day of 1900.

As Don was eating the food was hot to him He opened his mouth and "sot mama sot>" "Bo Bo" (blow).

Oct. 1988

I want you all to know how it was when I was a child. Maybe around the time I was five years old employment was scarce. There were many rich people. In order to make a living my Mom & Dad took in laundry to do for them. My Dad had to haul the water from the river to a barrel. They did

laundry for the Fred Whitney family they bring up (maybe Dad went & got it). Anyway one day there was a linen table cloth. When Mom was to put it in the washing machine there was gold bracelets, ring & things fell out Mom gathered them up sent all back with the clean clothes. We were never tempted to keep things that wasn't ours.

Mom writes: I guess this is all Meeteetse Church History.

12 miles below Meeteetse. Orvin and Cliff Bennion were called on missions for the Church. Orvin to Canada, Cliff to the northern States. Eventually Brother Asay was called to be the Bishop. He wanted Joe to be the ward clerk, Grant and Sunny (Lewis) Bennion as counselors. Any way we move to Burlington. Grace Johnson and Liliias Linton were the clerks. I was the 1st Primary pres. I didn't know a thing about it. We struggled along, my small kids and I. Then Violet and Pete Peterson moved in to town. She became my Sec. Liliias Linton said she was ready so she was my 1st counselor. (Jinny) Grace Johnson another great helper. She brought kids over from Grass Creek every week. They really had nothing there in the way of schools, church etc. It was a boom oil town.

Sure going to take more than one tablet to do all of this. After we moved into our new LDS Church we could do more of the Primary program as we really needed to do this. We all of us got a really nice organ and I put in a lot of time practicing. When Joe would come into the Bishop's meeting I would come along to learn to use the different settings, the pedal etc. I had been practicing with that to instead of playing the organ. But, I did what I could.

That day and we had gone to Lovell for stake conference. Bro Kimball was there and as most of the time his talks were about family. So he asked for all the couples that had from one or two children to stand up. Joe was in the chapel, I in the rec. hall. We both stood up then Bro. Kimball went on up to 10 Joe and I still stood. Finally he said, Well Bro. How many do you have? Joe said 16. So Bro. Kimball congratulated us. That evening when Bro. Kimball have his dedication speech, he said, Imagine my surprise when there the sweet wife and Bro. Christopherson was at the clerks desk. They really must believe, and have great faith.

Today is Wed. April I think about the 8th. Next Sunday the 15 is Easter. TaMara's birthday I believe she will be 15. Anyway I listened to General Conference of my radio. Barbara Winder was Released as R.S. president to have a new calling to go with her husband to the Tahiti Mission to work there. I think Sister Kapp will be the new R.S. president. After I write a while my hand kinda don't do so well.

March 23, 1987

Dear Son,

I have been thinking of your phone call about my folks. The thing is my mother had been layed up. She had had a bad fall, injuring her spine, so was paralyzed. We had to help her turn over in bed. For almost a year. I used to sing to her in the night, or read to her.

We had been contacted by the Elders. They came to see us really quite frequently, especially after mother was crippled. They blessed her many times.

In the fall of 1918 we moved from Dad's homestead to the town of DeBeque. While there the Elders continued to visit us.

My brother Don had joined the navy. While in the navy the flu struck. He very near died, but when he was well enough he had a furlough so came home. It was really a great thing, because mother got well enough to be up and around. She helped prepare thanksgiving dinner. We were all so happy. (Don was at a navy base in N.Y.

About the 1st of Dec. most of us got the flu. We lived in a small 2 room home. Used the front room for a bedroom living area. My sister Eveline and I shared the same bed. We were both in bed with the flu around the first part of December.

One early morning Daddy woke us, had us move out of that room. He told us Mother had died. Seems I barely remember that time as I was quite ill.

There was no mortuary in the town. There was a lady that was working for the mortician in Grand Junction, So she made the arrangements for my mother's burial. I scarcely remember what went on, until the day of my Mother's funeral.

At that time, a war was on and also the Spanish Influenza. So many people were dying at that time flowers were scarce. For Mom's funeral there were carnations. For a long time after I did not like that odor.

Did I ever tell you? My Mom had really black hair and Blue, Blue eyes? She really was a pretty lady and I mean lady.

She always dressed her hair, she never combed her hair. She dressed it. When I was about 13 years old she had to

have her right breast removed because of cancer. As I was the eldest girl I had learned to dress her hair.

We had many fun times. One can you know, even though you are poor financially, you don't have to be poor in spirit.

I guess I better tell you how come we were there, 20 miles up in the mountains. My Dad had taken a homestead up there. We lived there until the year 1918. Dad and the boys, there were three boys. Jake the oldest 17, Don, 2 yr's younger and Roy 3 years older than me.

Perhaps you remember your Uncle Don? He and his wife Anna used to visit us, when you were small.

I may as well stop this letter. I really don't know what to tell you more.

There at DeBeque the town is on the other side of the river from the highway now. When I lived there and went to High School, after Mom died, I would walk to school and cross a bridge over the river. We lived on what they called Boneta Flats.

The railroad was on the same side of the river as the town. The river in those days was called the Grand. Then when it got to Grand Junction the Gunnison joined it. Then from there on it was called the Colorado. The Gunnison is south of there. Maybe if you will look at a road map what I am saying will become more clear to you.

My brother Jake was killed by a snow slide. He, my Dad and Bro. Roy were up in gulch getting timber to make railroad ties. They had stopped work to eat lunch. The snow covered my brother and my Dad. Bro. Roy out ran it. He managed to find our Dad and dug him out. But they couldn't find Jake. So they got the team and drove down to our Uncle Harve Bolts house and phoned for help. There were many men came to help. They found Jake under 20 ft. of snow. Mom and Dad prepared him for burial.

Someone went to town for a casket and some material, white so made Jake what she called a shroud.

There were Elders stationed in Grand Junction. They contacted them. They came up on the train and made the funeral arrangements. So he was buried in DeBeque cemetery.

Well I sure love you people. I hope this isn't too garbled, so you can make head or tails of it. But life must go on.

Love, Mom



\*This is taken from Mom's three subject notebook.

17 July 1986

21 July 1986

Should really go to sleep. But -- I really need to tell another part of my story. The year I graduated from the 8th grade in Little Country School house. Teacher named Grace Marble. Place 14 Miles up Roan Creek on Dry Fork. Well there were several children needed to go to school. The men in the community got together and built a one room school. That is, school house I took the seventh and eighth grade in. My Sister Evelena did the janitorial work and got \$10 per month for our services.

Had nice thunder storm. Didn't last long. Well, this evening Gaylen transplanted some violets and then he went home and brought back two strawberry plants, and four raspberry plants and planted them for me. He sure enjoys that, especially when out to keep him company. Me sitting in my wheel chair. Might as well have some high faluting music. So turned the C-span station on. No melody, just finger exercise.

Tues. 22 July 1976 \*(I think it should be 1986)

Well, I finally tumbled what was causing my spots like bug bites. The sores in my privates, also in my mouth. The frequent urination, all of wakefulness. Too much sugar in my blood stream. My blood was getting too much sugar to handle. See, so I'm going to remedies (sic) that little deal. See you soon, no more sugar for quite a while. Also one symptom is loss of weight. So I weighed, I weigh just 100 lbs. with clothes on. Can you imagine that. I need to write to Nellie May Mayes. To clue her in. How come Joe's family, her Dad's sister came to be Joe's mother. There are so many things I am planning on doing.

July 28 19-6 \*(Must still be 1986)

Monte Dobson wrote I was the cement that held the family together. Quite a thought. Huh?

Since this all came about there have been quite a few things that have happened. The date 22 July, well one thing, Connie has a problem voice wise. She thinks probably Sat. the flu bug struck again. She feels better today. Will go to work again at the K Mart in Cody, Wyo. I sure admire her get up and go. Seems my get up and go has already give up. Same day same place, on the edge of my bed. Had a good breakfast. Scrambled egg, buttered toast, and postum without sugar.

We we had a birthday cake for Orvin the 24th of July. Orvin being my second son. And that being his 60th birthdate, had him and Shirley come partake of cake and punch, (you know, the kind you drink.) Anyway they came, brought me a lovely dress. Plain simple lavender in color, and a nice fit. Just what I needed, because you see, I had a closet full of dresses etc. But, I had shrunk out of them, so had naught to wear. So, as of today I have 2 dresses that fit. Anyway while being Org and Shirley had to leave early before it got dark, as he had to go to the farm to get an engine or see about one there, they left. So I invited the Ditto's to come have some cake and punch, (the kind you drink.) So then Connie and Ken came over. All had a nice time. Then Jessie and Harry appeared. So they had cake and punch and shared in the yaking. We all had a nice get together. Org brought me a new dress, size 10, sure do like it, a lavender one, shirt type. Well I am sorta starting to get ready to take a trip to Provo. Will go sometime next week.

1 Aug 1986

Well, the last day of July has come and gone, so here it is the 1st (first) Day of Aug. That is, it, is the first morning of Aug. 1986. (Fri.) about 1:30 o'clock. Mon. will be the 4th (fourth) day, Oscar's birthdate. Will probably call him to say congratulations. Funny that writing of that word came out all wrong. Sometimes my fingers seems to know more than my head.

Went to sleep. Woke up. My mouth so all dry. Almost as though it had grown shut. Isn't it marvelous the human body with proper amount of openings. Such as the mouth to put fuel in to keep this machine going. Then a way, and a place for to cast off the wastes? Quite a thought, Huh? I really had the intention of going back to bed and to sleep. Then was thinking about talking to Joan, (Elinore's Sister.) Telling her about my first job. How I put in 10 hours a day, working in a restaurant for \$1.00 (dollar) a day. Helping. Supposedly waitress job. But along with that it consisted of doing dishes. Scrubbing wall, clothes, etc. You name it, I did it. That was the summer after Mother's death. I was 15 years young. Did ironing of table cloths, napkins also. Washed them on the board. No washing machine or laundromat either. Oh, you people now sure have it tough. (Don't we though?) Maybe we need to transport or reverse to those good old days. Don't you think? It only took me about 10 days to earn a pair of shoes. Wasn't that something? I had started to High School that year. The first of Jan. That was the year (1918) of the flu epidemic that my mother died before Christmas. So I started to school as a Freshman 1919. Just

horses mainly. Had a school bus, but I walked. The school had been open the fall for nine weeks then closed for nine weeks because of the flu. That flu (Spanish Influenza) was really something. Sometimes whole families were stricken. Sometimes only one in a family. It was no respecter of persons. I worked for a woman in a restaurant that had lost her husband. Had several children to support. At that time no aid, no food stamps, no help from County, State, or Country. Had to make it on you own. That year there were no Doctors in the town. May not be any yet. No undertakers. Just a lady that did under the direction of a mortician. (I guess that is the way it was spelled.) don't know. My dictionary is to large for me to handle. No sweat for a lot of young people. Anyway spelling by phonics will have to do. But as I was saying. Because of the "Flu." my mother didn't live over night. Had her funeral in our small home. Two rooms and a sorta kitchen. No water. Nothing that today that I have in my home. No rugs, no couches, only beds (some people didn't even have that) a cook stove, table and chairs. Dresser perhaps. Anyway, families would sure be put out. Even those starting out in life as a family. (See) Don't think you're too put upon. What if you lived in a tent? Or had to squat behind a bush. I has been done.

3 Aug 1986

Just listening to the singers on Temple Square in S.L.C. This lady can really sing the high notes. She has a real high voice. Now the Organ playing some Bach's finger exercises in D major.

13 Sept. 1986

My head was playing tricks again about the date. Anyway, Dan will pick me up at the Greybull Airport and take me to Riverton, then tomorrow we will go on to Riverton in Elenore's Lincoln. Just Elenore, Dan, son Terry, and I will go to the West Jordan River Temple. Terry is to go on a mission to Little Rock, Missouri. The 1st of Oct. so he desires to get his endowments in that Temple. He attended the Dedication of that Temple.

\*That is all there was in that notebook.

\*The following is taken from Mom's steno notebook.

1 Aug 1986

A Disertation on the Human Body

I was thinking about what a marvelous thing this Living Breathing human machine is. It can run on its own, no one has to feed it or any thing like that. Anyway, I suppose the Supreme Beings wanted some place for his spirit children to dwell. So they created a world on which to place these human machines. So we have a beautiful place called Earth on which we dwell to do any we cared to live. Some were smarter and became leaders so that is how it is.

About the body itself. To begin with there are two people, male and female so there can be more people as we means to procreate. It always takes two to make one of these machines, as you know.

The reason is to live here for the first step toward our progressing, so we may go onward and upward. You know we are told "As man now is God once was." So now man become Gods if that is our goal, Eternal progression. One day at a time, we become older and wiser, we hope.

So this human machine some times breaks down. But, the Lord has provided human mechanics to help fix us, so we may go on to our destiny, as we so desire.

\*This same notebook also has the Town Gossip story

Tuesday 14 July 1986

Seems I decided on the 24th Id wear a long black dress and other things so I could be the town "Gossip." Don't you think I could be a good one? Sees all hears, and understands nothing, and miss construez (sic) every thing. Anyway, I live on a busy street. People walking, cars and pickup trucks, some large trucks, tractors, hay baler stackers. Oh, nothing better to do. So I use my eyes, my ears. Oh, you know maybe I'll just be too old and useless even as a town Gossip. Anyway, I use my phones a lot. I only have three in my home, you know, so if some one calls I can get to one quick. I move so fast any more and I always had the name of slow poke. You know some little feller's trike needs to be oiled. May be I'm the only one that hears his squeaky wheels. I have heard it said, the squeaky wheel always gets the grease. Well, you know if I wasn't watching I'd miss seeing the first Robin. And enjoy seeing them building their nests, and watching papa Robin seeking worms for the mama bird while she keeps the eggs warm. So they can have babies to feed. Really that's what this world is all about. "Procreation. For both man and beast. Then there are the starlings. I hear they move in on some other birds property. Just like people. Some men covet another man's domain. But

some women are worser, as one of my kids used to say, worser. These are just an old women's ramblings at midnight. Some day someone might read this and see what some one really lets run through his or her mind. Good night. Coke

Now I got that off my chest maybe I'll sleep. Saw two rainbows arching the sky at sunset. Really was beautiful.

This was taken from another one of Mom's notebooks.

Things I remember about my parents. Maria E. Keele Robinson (May) Fredrick Walker Robinson.

As I remember my mother, she was a very caring person. She was born in Panaca, Nev. I can't remember the year. The day was Aug. 14th I believe.

There was a family in Burlington Wyo. that we used to go see. The lady, Lottie Johnson, had started to school with my mother. Seems my mother and Lottie were both staying with Grandparents to go to school in So. Jordan, Utah. As my mother's parents lived in Panaca, Nev. Where my mother was born. My mother's father (Jacob Keele & wife Melissa MacIntosh were freighting (sic) goods from Panaca or thereabouts to Salt Lake City. As my mother's parents lived in West Jordan & my mother reached the age to go to school it was decided for her to go to school there. As her Grandparents, the William MacIntoshes were living in West Jordan that is where my mother stayed and started to school. Well, as I don not know how come the Keeles (that is the Jacob Keele family) moved to Fruita, Colo. Anyway, Jacob Keele married Melissa Jane in the Endowment House. As at this time the S. Lake temple was just in the first stages of being erected. The tabernacle was there, I know because my Grandfather Jacob Keele told me about the acoustics of that building, and about the organ. As this is to be some what of my mother's story. And of course there was my father or Dad.

This part is taken from a tape that Mom made one year.

Sociable. But, young Joe, liked what he saw. ... and asked her to dance. Sure, she said. He came to have a good time so they danced and danced. At that time, he had cultivated a very silly high ... laugh for no reason, really. Guess he felt pretty gay. It was her first party in Wyoming. It was great to be alive, and have a dancing partner. She didn't know he played the banjo. Everyone was wanting him to do so. So, he sang, It's a Long Time to Come. I remember it well. Sure is some balled up ... sure is some ballad. The gang wanted more, but that was all.



So, some more dancing. Well, their first date was to a dance on Sheets Flat, at the school house. More fun, the car broke down. Had to spend the night at Levi Snyder's. Her brother and his sister was along. The next morning they saw what the car needed, got a man with a new Ford touring car to take them home. He sat in the front seat and others in the back. Had the brother, Don, sort of peeved. We, Micky and I, tormented him so much. But, to Joe it meant that Micky's house there were two girls had come up across the field to visit a neighbor girl, and the school maam. Well, Joe and Don, walked them home.

Burned Micky up. But, it didn't bother Coral. She and Sophie, Joe's younger sister, had other things to do. But, from then on she was Joe's girl. He says, he was her ... he says, he never really meant to marry me. But, she took him so serious he never wanted to hurt her feelings. So, his dad set the date. So she says, off they went to Cody to get the license. Well, her brother and his sister, Micky, went along, also baby boy, Grant. Baby brother, Grant. When they were on their way, found a mud puddle in the middle of the ... of course, in those days the road from Meeteetse to Cody was a dirt road. And so much, so much mud puddles they were drowning a seven passenger Studebaker touring car Joe had just acquired. Their "courtin' car" had been a Maxwell like Jack Benny's. Had to push the car all out, the car out of the next mud hole. Otherwise, the trip was uneventful. Nice, warm, sunny spring day. When they got back, everyone of course, insisting on Joe and Coral, they, why wait until tomorrow to get married. Why not today? The second of April. So, Joe's dad tied the knot. .... Later .... Well, I thought I'd give a little bit more explanation. I had worn a white dress. The latest thing, box pleated skirt. With a band in the skirt with ... on it. So, my blouse had some blue embroidery on it.

So, I was all ready to, as ready as I ever would be, I believe to be married. Seems as though Joe's daddy and stepmother wanted to go on a visit to her people in Utah. She hadn't see them for a long time. And there was, they figured that Joe and I were chaperone enough for his sisters. We had men to cook for. So, I took the breakfast shift, Micky took the lunch, the dinner shift, and Sophie did the supper. We got along really well for girls that weren't very well acquainted, really. You see, I had been living in Colorado for seven years. And they of course, were in Wyoming. Seems as though I'm kinda dumb. I believe I have to practice quite a bit on this before I really would make a permanent tape.

I really fell in love with Joe's dad, just seeing my own

dad had been dead about three months. When I came to Wyoming, that is when Joe and I got married. And Joe's dad was really nice to me. He was a lovable man. He used to read to me from the, from the Scandinavian paper. He could read it in Norwegian and translate it in to American as he read. He really was a smart man. He hadn't had much education, school education. But, there were many, he had many accomplishments that many of us never do attain. Pert near every time he went to town he would usually buy cheddar cheese and a pocketful of mint candies. Then he would pass the mint candies around. The kids all, even though they were pretty well grown they still expected their dad to bring them this candy. He used to read a lot. He loved to read. His wife, this is his second wife I'm talking about. Her name was Ann. She objected to his reading so much. You see, when she was a child she had, didn't have good eyesight at all. She was quite, oh bout ten years old, before she could see well enough to go to school. This is what she told me. So naturally, with her poor eyes, she didn't enjoy reading. She liked to play cards, and visit. She was a very good cook and I learned many things from her. She taught me how to make chow, sweet pickles, and many things that I didn't know how to do. So, I really always enjoyed her.

I guess this is all I'll say tonight, because I have a scratchy throat and I don't like to talk when my throat is scratchy. By this time my mouth is so dry that my lips are sticking to my teeth. So, good night, see you another time.

That is all that is on that tape.

STORY OF GRANT ZORAM CHRISTOPHERSON  
SON OF JOSEPH CHRISTOPHERSON AND HANNAH OPHEIM

As I sit down to write this history I consider the fact that I am now 63 years old and for this reason some of it will be absent or parts left out all together.

The first memory I have is of playing in the road between the two homes. The houses were of log and situated on the old coal mine. The mud in the road was excellent to play in after a rain. It would squish up between our toes, "delightful." Meeteetse Wyoming was a very small cow town three and a half miles from the mine. As far as I remember I went to town only once. This was riding in the back of a buggy to a Christmas play or something. My only friend was Henry Woodruff who lived in the house across the road. I remember at one time we got angry with each other and he said, "I'll get an ax and chop your head off." I said, "I'll get a pick and pick you." I'm sure we had some wonderful times together doing the things little boys do like catching snails, snakes etc.

The Woodruff's moved to Salt Lake City (Murray) shortly after that. I remember of them loading their furniture in a wagon and heading down the road. I believe they went by train however. I suppose they left from Cody. I shall always cherish them as the closest family friends we could possibly have.

Somehow I acquired a step mother. She was very good to me. Since she came from Lovell we finally moved there. I was only eleven at the time. We loaded the piano and a few belongings on a wagon and headed for Burlington which was our first stop. It was a great experience for me. My father let me drive the team some of the time. Old tom and bill didn't need driving but I didn't know that. My sister Sophie rode old Jack and drove the two cows, Old Bell and Minco with the braille knobs on her horns. (minch is Norwegian of my cow) Before we got to Lovell they (the cows) started giving salty milk. Why? I suppose they didn't get enough water on the way. The road was long, hot and dusty. My father would sit on the edge of the wagon box and play the piano to break the monotony, we did finally arrive though. We moved into a painted house. Painted! imagine that. I ran around behind looking for the back house (out house) but there was none. It was then that my stepmother's grand son took me under his wing and showed me the bathroom with the porcelain tub you could lay down in. and the flushing toilet. and paper in rolls. New paper to use. No catalogues, at eleven I was growing up fast.

I acquired many friends in Lovell. The larger school was quite different from the old coal mine school where we had only eight pupils. Also, I was introduced into the church by a girl. My first love. I didn't know or care that she was my cousin. I only know she was beautiful, sweet and fair with long blond curls. I didn't know that the boys were laughing because I sat with the girls. It took me several months to find it out. By that time I didn't care. You see it was great; all the girls made a fuss over me. But you see, all good things must come to an end. Since then I have wished many times that the girls would make a fuss over me again, but it never happened.

At any rate I gained many experiences in the old west ward in Lovell. It was there that I learned my first lesson concerning our Heavenly Father and his Son Jesus Christ. There I learned the songs of the Gospel. Also I received the Aaronic Priesthood under the direction of Bishop Carlton. He was truly a great man. I shall never forget his method of directing the activities of a sacrament meeting. He was a fine looking and inspiring man. He would stand up at the pulpit, pull his shoulders back and inspire the boys by his very looks and actions. I learned the functions of a deacon by faithfully performing the duties and assignments of the calling. I also went to Primary in the west ward. It was great. I also went to Mutual. You see I had none of these in Meeteetse. Can you see how wonderful it was to me?

My next love was my fifth grade teacher, Edna Robertson. It was she that gave me a love for music. Of course my father and my uncles were very musical. They were always playing and singing. I learned about the Banjo and even played a duet with my father in church. Getting back to my fifth grade teacher, every morning she would separate the school room into two groups, altos and sopranos. She put me with the alto group and with her pitch pipe she would start us off and we sang many songs two parts. The sopranos would go over their part and then the alto. She would then put them together. I sure loved it.

We had moved into a house below the tracks and there were German beet workers for neighbors. I thought they were odd. They could hardly talk English. I soon got used to them and had a good friend by the name of Alex. Also the first train. It was at night. I heard this terrible noise. Then this awful wailing. The house was shaking, so was I too scared to move. the noise finally quit. Growing more faint in the distance. By then I knew what it was. Every day there were 2 freight trains and one passenger going each way. They all were pulled by the huge locomotives. Sometimes the freight had three engines on them and pulled 150 cars. I loved to

count the cars. The locomotive was something to see. They went past especially going west. Their great drivers churning away, their billowing smoke and their fire boxes showering sparks. And the train whistles. You can't imagine how mournful they sounded on a dark night or a foggy day. I learned some of their signals. Two long and two short meant they were approaching a crossing. Two short meant we're pulling out. You have never been thrilled like I was over those trains. It was up grade towards Cody. We used to soap the tracks. Here would come the train pulling out of the Lovell Depot. They pulled past our house with not enough momentum to carry them along if it was slick. They would hit the place where we had soaped the tracks for fifty yards and their drivers would sure spin, clanking up a storm. Of course the engineer would just hit the sand lever which spoiled all our fun. Once we got a string of box cars moving that was on a siding. We nearly killed ourselves trying to set the brakes. It was only creeping but had a great weight pushing. The result, we finally got it stopped before it reached the depot clear down to Kane about 20 miles away. As it was, the crossing to our place was blocked for over a month.

It was getting very difficult for my father. It was during the depression and he was getting quite old for hard work. Nevertheless he use to stack sugar during the campaign and he worked at the brick and tile. I believe he sheared sheep one or two springs and in the fall he and I would cut clover on the ditch banks. This was some of the best clover seed you could buy because there were no weed seed in it. I do know that things were very difficult for him but we always had plenty to eat and a house to live in. I sure don't know what more you could ask for in those days.

My experiences in Lovell have been very crucial in forming a background on which to build my life. Some of them were good and some were not. I associated with those out of the Church as well as those within. The Priesthood was a great boon to me even though I was only an ordained teacher when I moved to Meeteetse. I had completed the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades in Lovell during the three years I was there. It seems a lot longer because I learned to skate. And many other things like scouting. Oh, how I loved to skate. Every night after school until about nine o'clock, the pond was well lighted and we played tag and other games. We loved to skate with a partner. Usually with a girl. It was great. (I now weigh 220. I wonder how well I would do.) (Say, I'll bet I'd be cute, especially if I was figure skating or jumping over barrels.)

My brother Joe had a coal mine in Meeteetse and I went to



live with him and Coral who later became my sister-in-law. No, she already was. Hey, what's going on here? Oh, well you'll find out later.

I started my freshman year in the Meeteetse High School. By the way, it was the third year that Meeteetse had a high school. I delivered coal in the old Ford truck after school and Saturday and Sunday and helped in the mine at other times for \$15 per month, and board. This kept me in spending money and some of the necessities also. I consider this very valuable to me because I learned to work at an early age and depended on no one for my support. I could have used some more supervision but didn't get it and soon I was running wild. In my Junior year I became impossible. Staying out every night until I could hardly do my work. I lost out in school, quitting before the end of the year. I'd sure like to go back now.

I lost my faith and almost by belief in God but now I know that he was watching over me because even though I started smoking and, yes, drinking, I kept my virtue and have never taken the Lord's name in vain. Now, as I ponder the situation, what a glorious blessing to be protected by our Father in Heaven during those years. I could have strayed and become rotten morally. I may not have ever overcome it. What a narrow escape. The Lord will not let us be tempted beyond our ability to withstand.

We used to love to dance. Sometimes we would dance till morning. Good clean dances. No drinking or smoking in the hall. In fact, very little outside. The ladies didn't smoke. How about that? Those were the times when you danced with the girl. And the music, melodies we all loved. Sometimes we would sing with the orchestra while we were dancing. And the rhythm. Boy and girl stepping in unison to every conceivable time. As you led the girl through the steps whether it was a waltz, a fox trot, a rag, or whatever, most girls could follow and not miss a step. Others couldn't, but that was okay, because they were all fun to visit with.

We would take our girl to the dance and only dance with them four or five times. The first, the one just before supper (sandwiches and coffee at midnight) and always the last. Even if someone else had asked her, we always cut in for the last dance. How would you like to dance with nearly every girl in the hall? Some of them you would like to dance with twice or more. It is an easy way to fall for a girl. They are all different. All feel different in your arms. And to talk to. Many are interesting and fun.

We loved the box social. The girls brought lunches for two and the boys bid on the beautiful boxes not knowing which girl prepared it. There were some really fancy boxes and some had better lunches. We got to eat the lunch at midnight with the girl who prepared it. Talk about fun. You didn't know who it would be. After lunch we would fly to dancing until daylight. And the last dance of course was a waltz cheek to cheek with your sweetheart. Well, that could be better than smooching in the car. I mean in the truck. You see, I use to deliver coal before the dance and then drive the coal truck home. Very often Olive would ride in with me and I would drop her off at her nieces or at the hall and then pick up my girlfriend. Olive seemed like a sister to me. Actually she was Coral's sister. She was my brother's sister-in-law. I was so wrapped up in other girls, especially Zuma, that I hardly knew Olive existed. She used to ride with me often going and coming from school and to dances. I suppose she felt the same about me. You don't pay much attention to your sister. However, just to be unconventional, I suppose, I reached over and touched my nose to hers. With a coquettish little, she turned those big blue eyes sideways at me and said, "Tingy." That was my undoing. I haven't thought straight since.

I became opposed to the Church and lost my faith. Still, there was one incident which makes me wonder. I shall never forget it. There were still outhouses all over town and behind a boot-leg joint there was one. Inside there as a Bible being used for, you can imagine what. It shocked me terribly bad and I took it and destroyed it. I didn't know what to do so I burned it. I decided that if they had to do without paper, it would be very fitting.

In the summer I would work on the ranches putting up hay. I learned about horses and learned to love them. We worked twelve teams in the hay field. I started on the rake, then the mower. I drove stacker team and stacked hay. But what I liked best was the buck-rake, pushing hay out of the field and putting it on the stacker head. I used to wrangle the horses in the early morning and feed them grain. We were always through at five thirty, unharnessed, and in to supper at six. Then half the night goofing around. I remember one good grey team. We watered at Iron Creek and rode a horse in to dinner. One of my horses would let you ride him but the other one was a bucking horse they used in the rodeo. I watered my team and somehow sprung up on the wrong horse. He was so surprised that he didn't do anything for a few seconds. Then he unwound and it was me that was surprised. I grabbed for the hame, but there was no hame. I grabbed for his mane or a strap, but there was nothing. Not even a neck. In fact, there wasn't even a horse. It was just as well

because if I would have stayed a couple of jumps, it would have been worse. I never told the fellows that I had made a mistake, but let them think I was just smarting off. Boy, I'll tell you, I sure was a great guy. Not afraid to pile into the middle of old slim with nothing on but a harness.

### Brief History of Lauritz Christopherson

This is the story of Lauritz Christopherson as I, Jessie Christopherson Mangus, understand it. I compiled this information from dates that have been verified.

Lauritz was born April 14, 1830 in Christiania, Norway. (Christiania is now known as Oslo.) He was the son of Christopher Thorsen and Sorine Katrina Andersen. He married Karen Henrikke Johansdatter the 16th of November 1855 in Christiania, Norway. I have a copy of their marriage certificate.

They must have lived somewhere around Christiania because four boys were born to them there. Christian August was born 12 April 1855. He died 8 September 1858. That was just four months before John C. Adolph was born December 19, 1858. John lived for nearly seven years and died March 18, 1864. There was another boy born on June 5, 1862. He was named Charles Ephraim. Then my grandfather was born the 3rd of September 1864. He received the name Joseph.

On November 19, 1866 Karen died in Christiania. Lauritz was left alone with two little boys, Charles Ephraim 4, and Joseph 2, for three years.

Then he met Olivia Wilhelmina Fjellner. She was born in Alno, Westernorrland, Sweden. They were married in Christiania December 12, 1869.

There were four boys born to this union before the family

emigrated to the United States. Oscar Wilhelm, born August 20, 1870; Fritjof Brigham (Fritz), the 3rd of April 1872; Ludvik, May 29, 1874; and John Rikhard, born 2 July 1875.

They left Norway with these six boys (the researcher only mentions five) on the 7th of September 1875.

Information that came from a researcher is quoted as follows:

"Lauritz Christopherson with his wife and five children: Charles Ephraim, Joseph, Oscar William, Fritz Brigham and Ludvik left Christiania (Oslo), Norway on the 7th of September 1875. They sailed on a Danish steamer "Christiania" to Copenhagen, Denmark. There they changed steamers for London, England. At London they boarded a train which took them overland to Liverpool. They went on board the steamer "Wyoming" and crossed the Atlantic Ocean in 11 days. They landed in New York on September 27, 1875. They then took the train for Utah by way of Omaha, Nebraska. Then they changed trains and continued to Utah. They landed in Salt Lake City on October 6, 1875. They remained there eight days and went to Fairview, Utah."

I found some information about the sailing of the "Wyoming" in a book called Saints on the Seas written by Conway B. Sonne. The "Wyoming" left Liverpool on the 15th of September 1875 with 300 LDS passengers led by R. Morris as the Company Leader. The Master of the ship was J. Price.



The Wyoming arrived in New York City on the 27th of September 1875.

My understanding is that Lauritz was asked to come to this country and to Utah specifically to work on the Manti Temple, since he was a stonemason by trade.

They settled in Fairview, Utah where less than a year later 2 year old Ludvik died on August 11, 1876. They then had two more children, Lauritz Jr. who was born 7 November 1878 and Olivia Wilhelmina on October 14, 1880. Lauritz Jr. died when he was less than 5 months old on March 15 1879. The only girl to be born in the family died when she was less than a year old on the 2nd of September 1881. So you see, there were ten children altogether and only four of them grew to be adults.

It seems Lauritz spent the rest of life in Fairview, Utah. He died there on 30 October 1907.

The following is taken from an interview that I had with my Dad before he left the farm outside of Burlington, Wyoming and moved into town. This was done with the use of a tape recorder so they are Dad's words.

"My dad was born in 1864, and was 12 years old when his dad got that call to come work on this Manti temple. So that, 1876 was when they came over. And so, we had a picture of Grandad standing right by the temple - this was when it was six feet high. He was working on that temple at that

time. And he was a stonemason, and he had a farm there in Fairview. It's about 30 miles from Manti. Where he was he picked rocks, it was stony ground. So he gathered all these rocks and built a fence around this farm. And that's where his farm was."

## FAMILY HISTORY

The following records are copied from a paper received from France Christopherson, son of Charles Ephram Christopherson. Copied by Ressman Christopherson, son of Fritz Brigham Christopherson.

### Births

L. Christophersen	April 14, 1830
Charen Henrika Thompsen	1828
Olivia Wilhelmine Fjelne	Feb. 19, 1843
Christian August Christophersen	April 12, 1855
John Christian Adolph	Dec. 19, 1858
Ludvik Christophersen	May 29, 1874
Youg (John) Ricart	July 2, 1875
Laurits	November 7, 1878
Oliva W. (ju)	October 14, 1880
Joseph Christophersen	Sept. 3, 1864
Oscar Willhilm "	Aug. 20, 1870
Fritjof Brigham "	April 3, 1872
Baby Bo	November 7, 1904

The above information comes from a very old and deteriorated piece of paper which appears to have come from a family record book of some kind. There is no indication of who made the entries but I feel it necessary to copy the information at this time because of the bad condition of decay. Please note the following possible errors in copy. The first Olivia

Wilhelmine Fjelne above could be Olivia. The dot above the first a leaves doubt as to the correct spelling. However you will note the second Oliva above was clearly spelled. The Fjelne appears to have left no room for the letter n making the word Fjelner as we have always assumed it to be. Attention is called to the spelling of Christophersen which we now spell Christopherson. The name Laurits is clearly spelled an s. We have always assumed this to be a z.

The second Oliva has a small ju following the W. Do not recognize the meaning of this unless it is for junior. Please note the spelling of Oscar Willhilm. This is assumed to be William by the children in his immediate family. Fritjof Brigham's name is treated as Fritz by his immediate family. The word Baby bo at the bottom of the page is assumed to mean Baby Boy.

#### Page 2

#### Deaths

Christian August	September 8, 1858
John C. A.	March 18, 1864
Charen Stenrika	November 19, 186
Ludvik	August 11, 1874
Young Ricart	April 28, 1876
Laurits Ju	March 15, 1879
Oliva W. Ju	Sept. 2, 1881

Please note the following: Was not able to read the last

figure in the death date of Charen Stenrika. Please note the spelling of Charen. This has been carried in most records as Karen. Young Ricart now appears spelt different than Youg. as before. The use of Ju now appears on the last two names above which indicates the person making the entries used it for both male and female members to designate Junior. The name Oliva now appears for the second time spelt the same way.

Fritz B. Christopherson was born in Christiania (Oslo) Norway, on April 3, 1872. He was born in the LDS Missionary Home because his Mother was a reader there. The family left Norway on September 7, 1875. They sailed 11 days crossing the atlantic ocean aboard the Steamer Wyoming to New York. They Arrived at their destination, Fairview, Sanpete County, Utah on October 15, 1875.

Fritz Spent his boyhood days herding cows on the mountains east of Fairview. As he grew older he was taught the brick and stone masonry trade by his Father. They built many of the houses and buildings in Fairview.

While he was working on the east mountains in 1894 he met a young lady named Frances Brady. She was cooking for the men at the saw mills. After a short courtship, they were married on January 30, 1895.

Their son Arlie was born Oct. 30, 1895. By the time their 2nd son, Leile was born on July 31, 1897, Fritz had nearly



completed the 2 story red brick home he was building for his family. Their daughter Vearnell was born on Sept. 7, 1899. The next 3 sons passed away in infancy. Their 2nd daughter, Olenna was born April 20, 1908. The 8th child only lived 3 weeks.

In 1911, Fritz Went to Wendell, Idaho with his older Brother, Oscar, in search of brick work. He was impressed by the countryside in Idaho and finally purchased a farm in Springdale, Idaho. They sold their home in Fairview and the family moved to Idaho. Their 3rd daughter, Vida, was born Aug. 3, 1913.

Fritz and Frances were married in the Salt Lake Temple for Time and Eternity on April 8, 1915 and their children were sealed to them. Their 10th child, a son Ressiman, was born on Feb. 1, 1916.

The family moved from the farm in Springdale in 1917. He built two brick homes there and the family lived in the red brick home on North Normal Avenue for many happy years.

From 1920 on, Fritz searched for work in many places. He traveled to Sidney, Nebraska and in 1922 he went to San Pedro, California where the family joined him. They moved to Long Beach, California where they lived for about a year. They also lived in San Diego for a short time. In 1924 they moved to Oakland, California where they lived until 1929. The great depression was in full swing and there was no work.

The family moved back to their home in Burley, Idaho. Fritz Worked at any kind of a job that was available. Frances cared for women with new babies and somehow they managed to survive. Frances had a wonderful ability to manage money and she really practiced it during those hard times. Her family was always well fed, and because she could sew her family never had to worry about clothes. Frances was truly an artist with her hands. She created many beautiful things which she left to her children.

In 1941 Fritz and Frances sold their home in Burley and moved to Oakland, California to be near their older children, Arlie, Leile, and Olenna. Fritz developed a heart condition and could no longer do brick work. He passed away on April 10, 1944 at the age of 72 years. He was buried in Mountain View Cemetery in Oakland on a hill overlooking the City he loved.

When Frances was visiting her youngest Sister, Ellen, in Fairview, Utah in 1945 she was introduced to Peter M. Peterson, a resident of Moroni, Utah. After several months of corresponding, they were married in Mesa, Arizona on February 14, 1946. His family of one daughter and 5 boys always treated Frances as if she were their own Mother. P.M. (as he was called) and Frances spent 16 enjoyable years together before he passed away on March 9, 1961 at the age of 93 years.

Frances was able to manage her own affairs until the time of her passing on May 17, 1968, at the age of almost 91 years. Her lifetime bridged the period from the Horse and Buggy days to the present time when man has walked on the Moon.

Memoranda Copied from the Christopherson Family Bible

Lauritz Christopherson and wife and five children left Christiania Norway on the 7 day of September 1875 with Danish Steamer from Christiania to Copenhagen, Denmark. There they changed for London, England. There they took trains over England to Liverpool. Went on board steamer Wyoming and crossed the Atlantic Ocean 11 days. They landed in New York Sept 27, 1875. There they took the train for Utah by way of Omaha, Nebraska. They they changed trains and took one to Ogden. They then took the U. C. R. R. to Salt Lake City, where they landed Oct. 6, 1875. They remained there eight days and went to the country Fairview Utah.

Burlington Wyo. Oct. 29th 1903

A patriarchial blessing or fathers blessing given by George H. Crosby upon the head of Hannah Emilia Christopherson, daughter of John & Sophie Opheim. Born in the Bengun confrance in Norway Jan 26, 1879.

Dear Sister Hannah in the authority of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I place my hands upon [your] head and give unto you your patriachial blessing. Thou art a daughter of Zion even of Joseph through the loins of Ephraim and the Lord has blessed thee to come forth upon the earth to assist in the establishment of His great latter day work. Therefore be exceeding glad that thou has been permitted to gather to Zion. Thy heart will greatly rejoice in laboring for the upbuilding of the same. The Lord has blessed thee with a good and king husband who will love and cherish thee and provide thee a good home. Thou shall also be blessed with a numerous posterity. Many sons and daughters shall be born unto thee in as much as you will observe the word of wisdom. Many years shall be added unto you and each of your children. Set before your children proper examples and teach them to pray and the Lord will preserve their lives that they shall grow up in his fear that not one of them shall go astray or be lost. Tend strictly to thy secret prayers before the Lord and also pray in thy family when called by thy husband and the spirit of the Lord

will be thy constant companion. It shall be in thy habitation. That thy home shall be a peaceful and happy one and the earth shall yield forth of its strength for thy sake. And in as much [as you] are faithful in the payment of your tithing and offerings thou nor thy children nor the children's children shall never lack for bread and of this world's goods thou shall be greatly blessed. I seal and confirm all thy former blessings upon thy head and I bless you dear sister to yet perform a great work for and in behalf of thy head. Even in the house of the Lord, for unto thee and unto thy father's house vast numbers are looking for deliverance. Put thy trust in the Lord and he will never forsake you and every righteous desire of thy heart shall be granted unto thee. And I bless you dear Sister to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection crowned with glory and exaltation and eternal life in the name of Jesus Christ.

Amen



Meeteetse,

Wyo.

Burlington Ward

Sept. 30, 1912

Patriarchal Blessing given by J. C. Berthelson upon the head of Joseph Christopherson Jr. Son of Joseph and Hannah Emelia O. Christopherson. Born July 29, 1901 at Burlington Wyo. Joseph, thou art like unto Joseph that was sold into Egypt. You will bare with patient persecutions rather than suffer wrong than to do wrong. You will be blessed with horses, cattle, and sheep. You will be wealthy for the Lord can trust thee. You will bless everything under your care and you will send many thousands of dollars to purchase land in Jackson County. You shall be blessed in all that you undertake. You are recorded with the first born in Israel and I Bless you to hold and maintain the blessing of the first born in your father's house. You will preform a mission in the foreign countries in the east and also one to the Lamanites. You will be gifted in speaking and explaining the Doctrines of the Gospel. You will know an Ephriamite where ever you see him. You are endowed with power to heal and bless for there are gifts that are with you. Thru your father's blessing you shall receive much information by the spirit of the Lord for you will follow its teachings, you will aid in building temples and be a chosen recorder in one to the them. The Lord will reveal to you when you are of age

the one women was foreordained to be your wife. I bless you with power to choose the good to live a pure life and have power to all evil for it shall flee at your command. You shall not be sick when you depart this life but shall sleep. ----- fully into the other word. Honor your father and your mother and you shall inherit these promises. I seal them upon your head as a Patriarch in the church of Christ.  
Amen





