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# Family History of J. Peter J. Winter and Rasmine Christensen





## Forward

### Why This Book

May this book help future generations to understand their heritage--to love and appreciate it . . .

And to honor the pioneers living and dead who made it possible. . .

### Now

It is my sincere hope that every member of our family will read and treasure this Book of Remembrance and that each one of you will find something in it that will inspire and challenge you

- To promote closer unity and preservation of family ties
- To encourage better record keeping-- statistical, historical, and pictorial
- To stimulate genealogical work both in searching out our ancestors and in doing Temple work for them
- To obtain for ourselves and them Eternal Happiness and Eternal Life, and
- To give greater purpose, meaning and significance to our family . . .

### And Forever

F.L.W.

## Dedicated to the People Who Mean the Most to Me

To the memory of grandparents great and near who braved the hardships and privations that I might have the right to worship and live in freedom and peace, and to those who pioneered a wilderness with eyes to the future.

To my mother and father for giving me life and surrounding me with love, laughter, and security--through faith, work, and knowledge.


To my husband whom I love and his parents for giving him to me, and to our brothers and sisters.

To my children and their children and their children. Let them profit from the lives of their ancestors, passing on to their children only that which is good and true. The following thought is dedicated to my loved ones:

### Let There Be Peace

Let there be peace among you--  
If there be Hatred . . . Love  
If there be Doubt . . . Understand  
If there be Fear . . . Faith,  
Faith in the Lord  
Faith in yourself, and  
Faith in the goodness of others.  
For within each home lies a tiny nation  
Of untold numbers to be born  
Who knows, if there'll live within your  
portals  
A leader to shape the destiny of man . . .

F.L.W.



## Acknowledgments

Many people have provided photographs and histories for this compilation. Faye L. Winter (Chris' daughter-in-law) has written many of the histories provided in this book and also the Forward pages. Onita Wade (Eva's daughter) provided several pictures and most of the documents on Peter and Rasmine. Ramona Wilson and Eunice Lindhardt provided several pictures and histories (Sarah's daughters). Ramona also helped contact relatives and collect information. Farrell Winter (Alma's son) provided many pictures and helped contact relatives and collect information. Max and Joyce Winter (Alma's son) provided many pictures and histories. Voniel Jacobson (Tony's daughter) wrote a history of her father and provided several pictures. Ray and Louise Linton, Boyd and Vera Hiskey, and Marva Willis (Hyrum's daughters), all wrote histories of their father and mother and provided several pictures. The family history group sheet was made by Ben Winter (Hyrum's son). Nadine Keeley and Ann Winters (Annie's daughters) provided several pictures and a history on Annie. Leo Bendixen (Sarah's son) provided several Danish translations. John Nelson also provided several Danish translations. Mercedes Morgan (Marie's daughter-in-law) and her son Dennis Morgan provided pictures of Marie and Jay Morgan. John Bendixen (Eva's grandson) had a major part in scanning and enhancing the photographs, taking pictures of headstones, and also in the computer work involved in producing this history.

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## 1. Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter and Rasmine Christensen by Faye L. Winter

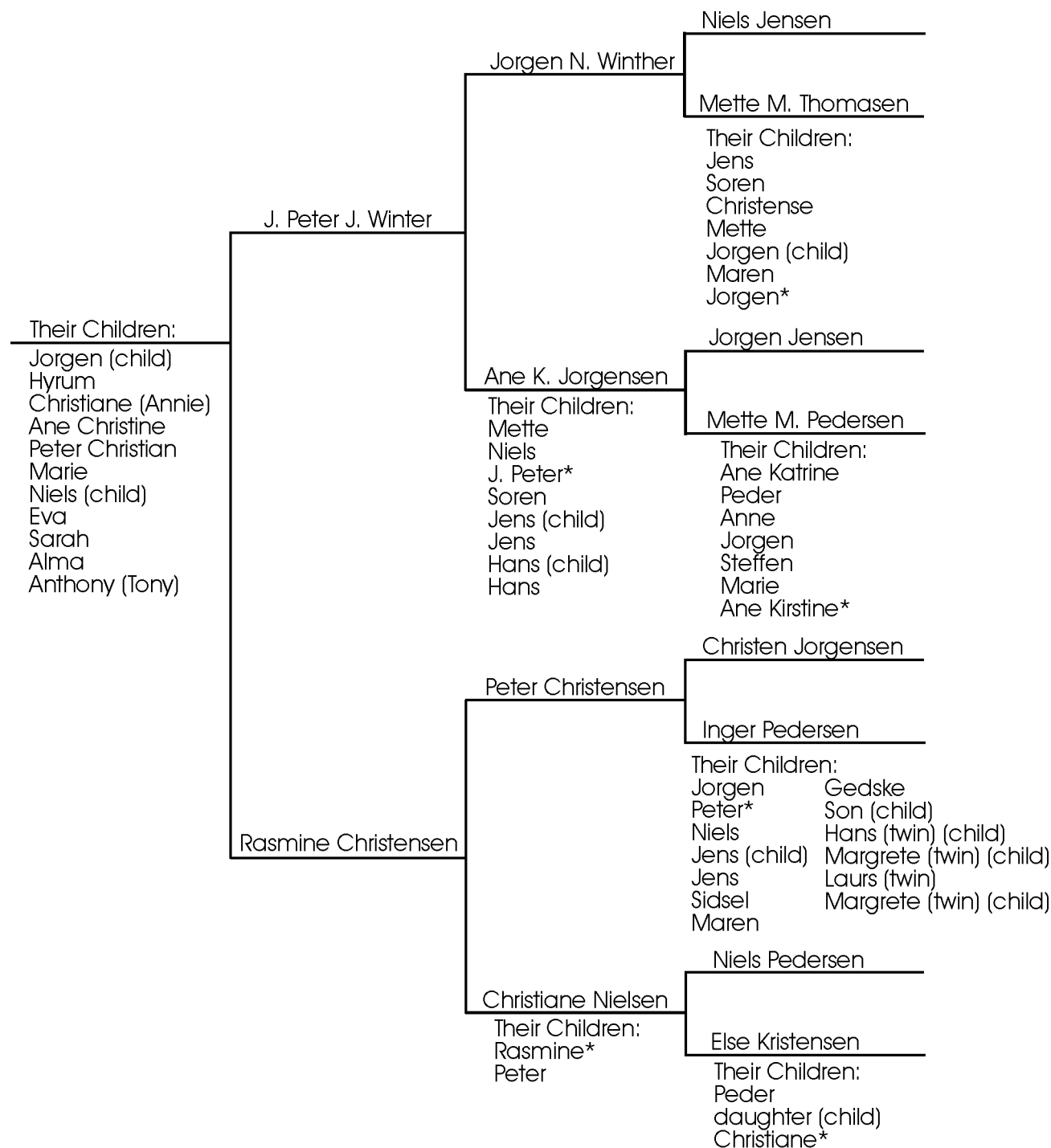
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Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter was born 27 March 1857 at Barret, Vejle, Denmark. He always went by the name of Peter. Peter was the third child of Jorgen Winther Nielsen and Ane Kristine Jorgensen. Altogether there were seven children. The oldest child was a girl, Mette Marie, then six boys, Niels Broe, Jorgen Peter, Soren, Jens Christian, who only lived two years, so his parents named the next son Jens Christian, the youngest was Hans Peter. They all used Jorgensen as their last name. Only Jorgen Peter Jorgensen used the Winter name as a surname.

Jorgen Danish Army



Figure 1. Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter, Danish Military, About 1879-1880



**Figure 2. Family Pedigree Chart**

**NOTE:** This pedigree chart only includes Peter and Rasmine's grandparents. For a more complete genealogical record, refer to the genealogy files. An asterisk (\*) indicates which child is the direct descendent.

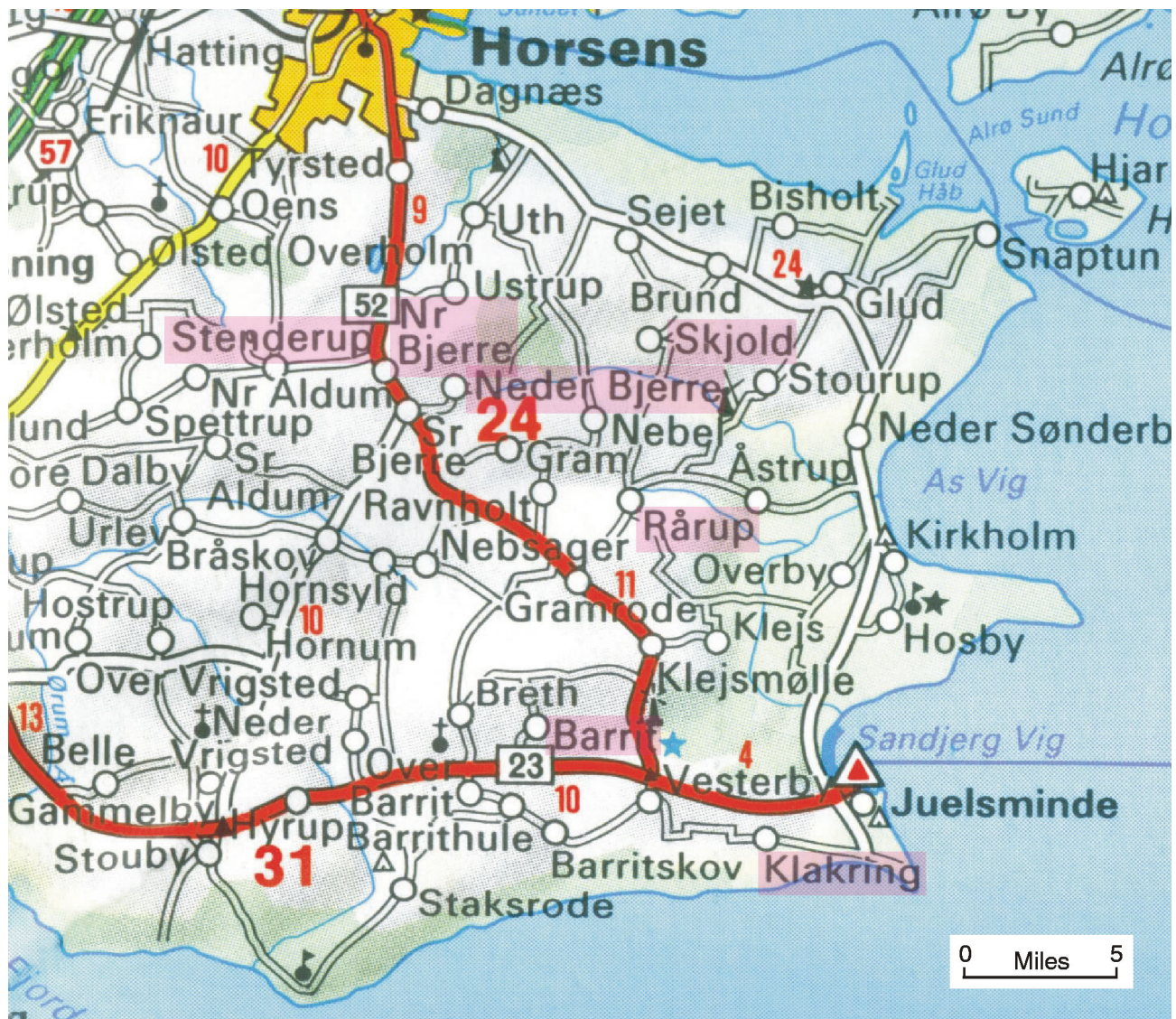


denmark\_map



Figure 3. Map of Denmark





**Figure 4. Detail Map**

Peter's boyhood days were the same as all Danish boys at that time. He started school at seven and graduated at fourteen years of age. He grew into a handsome young man, his hair was light brown and his eyes were blue. He stood five feet eleven inches tall.

Throughout his life he had a great love for horses. He groomed and fed them well. While in the Danish army, he helped groom and care for five hundred cavalry horses. When he cracked his whip they would stand. While in the army, he captured some German soldiers with a pitchfork.

Peter's parents were Lutherans and remained Lutherans all their life. When Peter was twenty-four years old, he came in contact with some Missionaries from America and became so very impressed with this new Mormon religion, he was baptized a member, 29 March 1881, at Horsens Ford, Denmark by Elder

Lars Nielsen from Fountain Green, Utah. He was confirmed the same day by Elder Jorgen Jorgensen. At this time he became very interested in a young schoolteacher by the name of Rasmine Christensen. She was also a convert. She had been a girl friend to Peter's brother, Jens Christian, and that she had given him up because she had joined the Mormons and he wouldn't join.

Jorgens mother



**Figure 5. Anne Kirstine Jorgensen, Mother of Peter**

Every so often, the Lord in his goodness to the people on earth, sends down a choice spirit that spends their time on earth teaching by example and deed - the true spirit of living. Rasmine Christensen was that kind of person. She was born 1 July 1859, at Bjerre, Denmark, to Peder Kristensen and Christiane Nielsen. Rasmine had one brother named Peter Christensen. When her father died her mother married Soren Kok Sorensen and they had three boys and two girls.

Rasmine had a good home life. Her father had a country estate or ranch. He was considered well to do in those days. They had hired help both in the home and outside as well.

After Rasmine graduated from school, she became a teacher in the Lutheran school. She taught a Bible class, reading, writing and arithmetic. She taught the fine arts of embroidery, netting, knitting and crocheting. She was also a very fine seamstress.

Rasmine was a Lutheran, the same as all her family. When the Mormon Missionaries came into their area, Rasmine was secretly converted by the Elders and she was baptized in Horsens Denmark. She was baptized by Elder Jorgen Jorgensen.

When the Lutheran minister heard she had joined the Mormons he was very angry and told her if she would give up Mormonism he would raise her wages and she could continue teaching school; if not she would have to give up her teaching position.

Rasmine had kept the fact she had joined the Mormon church a secret from her parents. When she lost her teaching position she told them the reason why. Her parents were also very unhappy with her choice. They thought she had shown very poor judgment; but even though they were disappointed with her, they never disowned her. She gave up a lot for the religion she believed in. She gave up the young man she loved, Jens Christian Morten Jorgensen. He later became interested in her younger half sister and they eventually married and remained Lutherans the rest of their lives.

Rasmines mother



**Figure 6. Christiane Nielsen, Mother of Rasmine and  
Else Birgette Sorensen, Half-Sister of Rasmine**



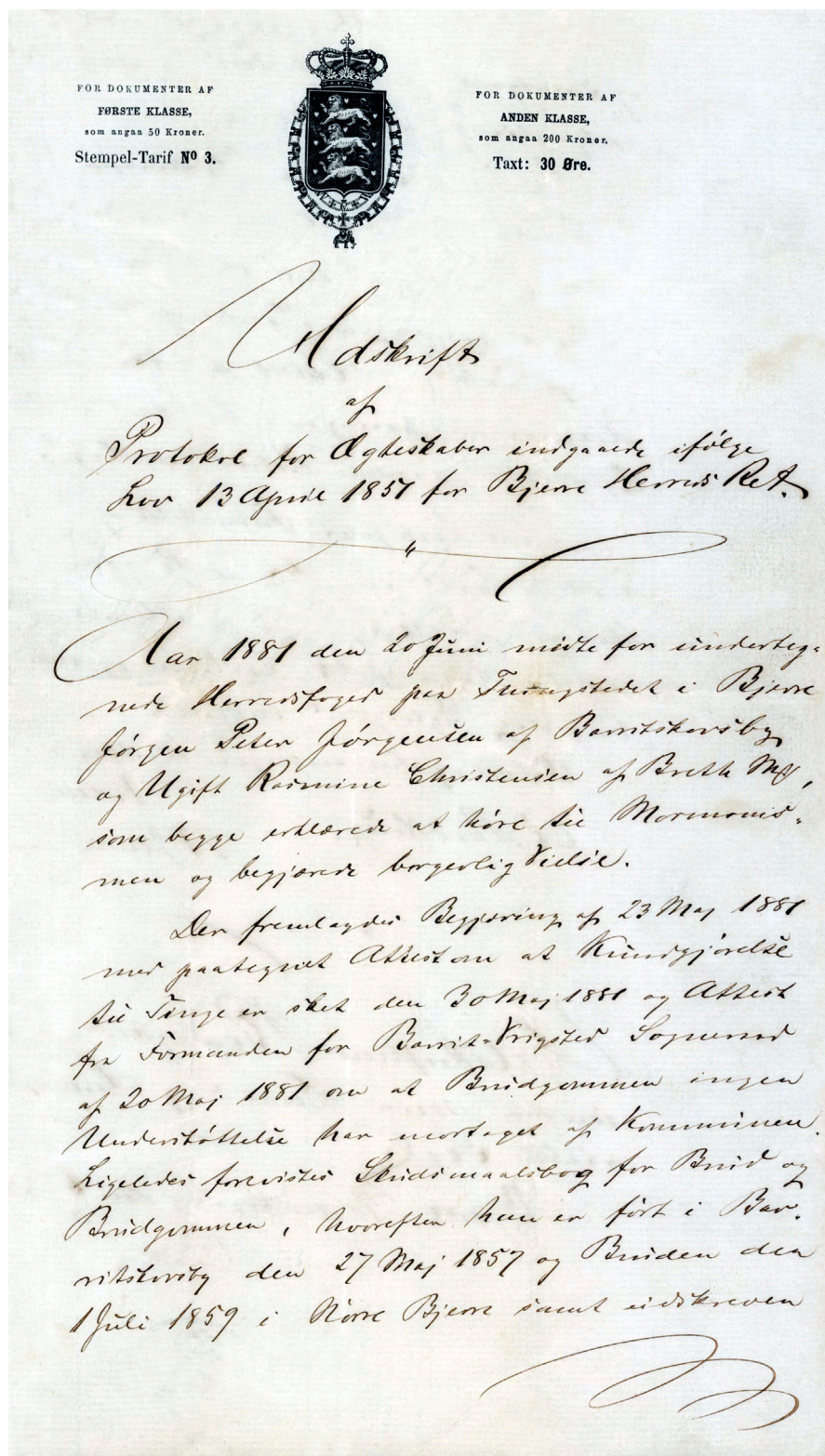
Rasmine moved to Copenhagen and got another job. She became active in the Mormon Church and met other converts. Among the new converts she met was Jorgen Peter Jorgensen, an older brother to her lost love Jens Christian Morten Jorgensen. Peter was a serious young man and sometimes quite gruff. Jens had been very kind and had a very loving disposition.

Rasmine and Peter started going together, fell in love and were married by a judge, in Bjerre Denmark, 20 June 1881. They remained true to the teachings of the Church and remained active. Peter was ordained a deacon two months after they were married, 2 Aug. 1881, in Horsens, Denmark, by Elder Lars Nielsen. The following year he was ordained a priest, 2 Apr. 1882, in Vejle, Denmark by Elder W.C.A. Wirsing.

jorgen-rasmine.tif



**Figure 7. Peter and Rasmine (About 1882)**



Page 1

Figure 8. Transcript of Peter and Rasmine's Marriage Record



af Stolen og Konfirmation respektive i Aars  
1871 og 1872. Vaccinationsattest forvortes  
og Samtykke fra begge Forældre til Afskedsbrev  
Indgaaelse frembragtes.

Den Forlovere makte Klokkeren Jensen  
og Lantmand Christen Knudsen, Hovs  
og indvortes for al der ikke for nogen af  
Siden er nogen Hindring for Indgaaelsen  
af Afskedsbrev. Allet an Børnenes Op-  
dragelse er ganske vel Regjeringen. Med  
Afskedsbrev er indet Forbud medlagt.

Efter forbeholdet Forbindelse og den for-  
nødte Erklæring fra de Paagældende  
blev derefter Afskedsbrev mellem de for-  
nævnte Børnepolk forlovet og med fuld  
beretiget Efterskud indgaaet.

Afskedsbrev og Forbindelsen sluttet.

A. Brostrup.

Vidner.

N. Jensen. Skive.

Udskriftet af Brevet bekræftes  
inden min Haand og Herredstov.  
riets Segl.

Bjerre Herredstov den 6 Juli 1887.

Ansvar.



**Transcript of Marriage Record entered into according to law 13<sup>th</sup>  
of April 1851 for Bjerre District's Court.**

On the 20<sup>th</sup> of June, 1881, Jorgen Peder Jorgensen of Barritskovsby and unmarried Rasmine Christensen of ? who both declared to belong to Mormonism and desired civil wedding met before the undersigned district bailiff at Bjerre.

An application of May 23, 1881 was presented with signed certification that the announcement went out the 30<sup>th</sup> of May, 1881 and certification from the parish representative of 20<sup>th</sup> of May 1881, that the groom has not received any support from the superintendent.

. . . where after the groom is born in Barritskovsby, the 27<sup>th</sup> of May, 1857 and the bride, the 1<sup>st</sup> of July, 1859 in Norre Bjerre. Together with transcript from the school and confirmed respectively in the years 1871 and 1873. Vaccination certificates were demonstrated and permission of their parents for the marriage was presented.

. . . N. Jensen and Christen Knudsen of Horsens attest there is not any hindrance for the marriage from either side. Certification that the government assumes responsibility for the upbringing of the children. There is nothing presented to forbid the marriage.

After the engagement required by law and the expected declaration from the parties in question, the marriage between the before-mentioned parties was thereafter lawfully and with full civil validity entered into.

Resolved and transaction concluded.

Witnesses:

A: Brostrup B: Jensen Skive

The transcript's accuracy is confirmed under my hand and the District's bailiff's seal.

Bjerre District's bailiff, the 6<sup>th</sup> of July, 1881.

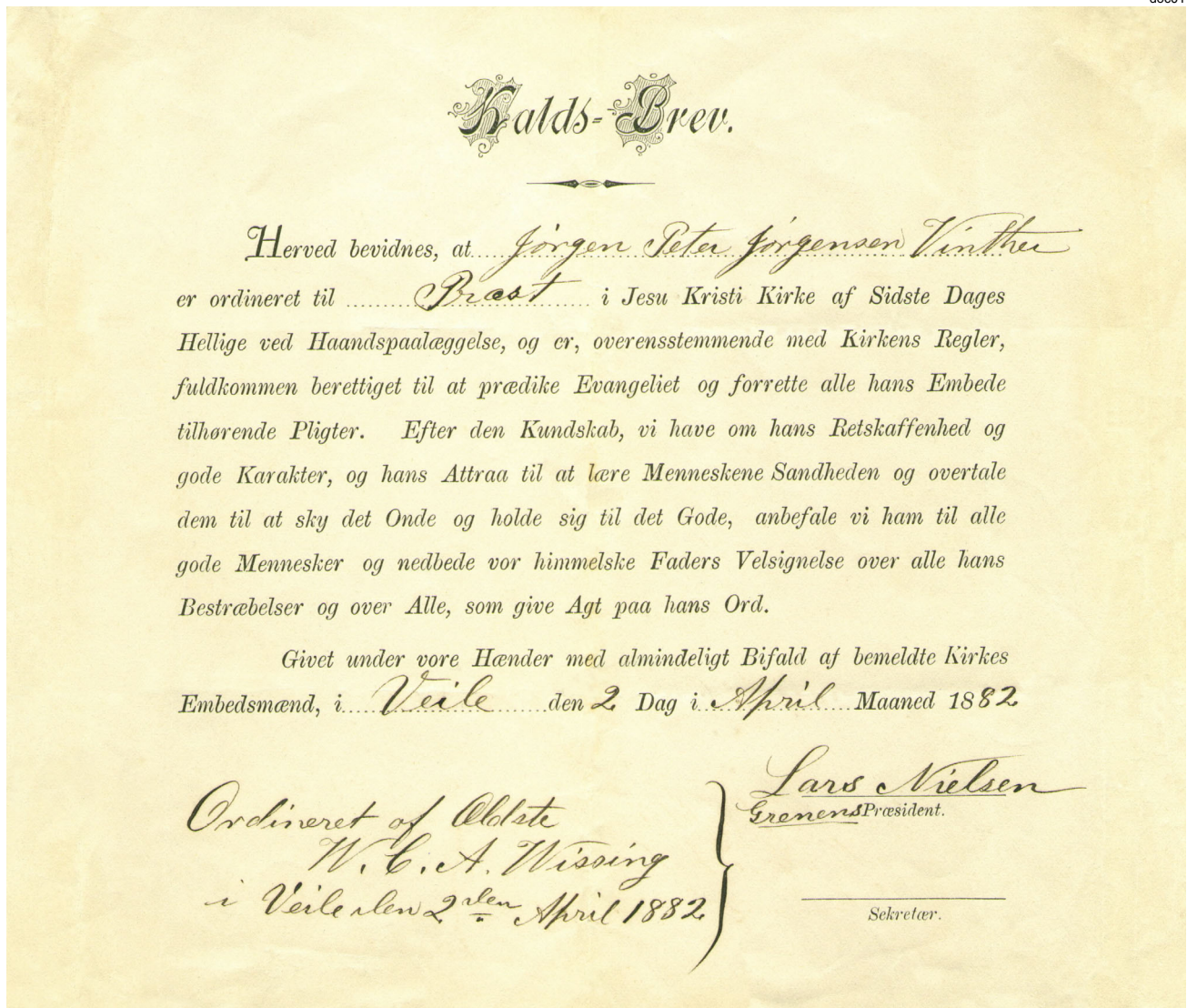
[His signature]

Bjerre Herred seal

***Translation***

**Figure 8. Transcript of Peter and Rasmine's Marriage Record**





### Certificate of Ordination

This certifies that Jørgen Peter Jørgensen Vinther was ordained a Priest in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints by the laying on of hands and is, in accordance with the Church's regulations, fully authorized to preach the Gospel and conduct all authorized duties belonging thereto.

According to our knowledge of his uprightness and character and his desire to teach truth to his fellow men and persuade them to shun the evil and hold fast to the good, we recommend him to all good people and call down our Heavenly Father's blessings upon all of his efforts and over all who pay heed to his words.

Conferred under our hands with universal approval of the said Church's officials, in Vejle this 2 day of April 1882.

(Signed by) Lars Nielsen, Branch President

Ordained by Elder W.C.A. Wissing in Vejle the 2<sup>nd</sup> April 1882

**Figure 9. Peter's Priest Ordination Certificate**

With the encouragement of the Elders, they planned to go to America to live with the Saints there. They worked hard and saved their money so they would be able to join the Utah Saints in Zion, the land of Promise. They were told they would need to take very little with them, as they would be able to get everything they needed in America.

They left Denmark with very few of their possessions, a few cloths and food to eat on the boat, leaving behind families, friends, and a nice home - to travel to an unknown new frontier. They left, 16 June 1882 on the German ship "Hamburg." It was a long hard trip; the sea was rough and there was a lot of sickness on board. A baby died and it was wrapped in a blanket and lowered into the water on a plank. A few moments later they saw a shark. While on board, they met others going to Utah, among them was Margareth Juillard who was going to meet her husband who had gone to America ahead of her. She was the mother of Emma Lund Dalby and Grandmother to LaMar Dalby. They also became friends with Mr. and Mrs. Knud Bendixen. Years later their two sons Erhardt and Embro married Rasmine and Peter's twin daughters Eva and Sarah.

It took the group ten days on the train to travel from New York to Utah. The trip both by ship and train was a great ordeal for Rasmine because she was nearing the end of her first pregnancy and she had been so very ill. In Salt Lake City they stayed the first night at the Tithing Office, it was located where Hotel Utah stands.

They were met by Lars Nielsen, the Elder from Fountain Green that had converted Peter to Mormonism. They traveled by wagon and team from Salt Lake uphill and down to Fountain Green, Sanpete, Utah. The roads were rough and sometimes almost impossible to travel. A few days after they finally arrived in Fountain Green, 19 Aug. 1882, Rasmine gave birth to their first little baby, a boy they named after his father. He lived a few short days.

Times were very hard for this young couple, money was very scarce. Peter worked hard at any job he could find. It wasn't the easy life missionaries had said it would be and it was hard to buy the things that would have made life a little easier.

While living in Sanpete County, three more children were born to them. Hyrum Peter was born in Fountain Green; Christjane Rasmine was born in Wales (they called her Annie and it was the name she used all her life); Ane Kjerstine was born in Moroni, (she was called Christine all her life).

Christine hadn't been named yet and one night Rasmine stayed up late to finish making a dress for her to be named in. Peter was away herding sheep for John Aagard, so she was alone with her three small children. While the children slept, Rasmine would crochet. All at once a strange feeling came over her and a voice said blow out the light. She resisted two times and again the feeling was so strong she blew out the light and looked out of the window. She couldn't see anything, so she undressed in the dark and went to bed.

The next morning a man came to the door and demanded food. She fed him and then he wanted money and other things. Little Hyrum fussed and the man spanked him. An elderly lady who lived about a mile away saw this man go to

Rasmine's house and she knew Rasmine was alone with her children. She hurried over there in her horse and buggy. She ordered the man to leave. When he didn't, she pulled a handgun from her pocket and he left. She told Rasmine she had fed him the night before and that he had escaped from jail.

Peter and Rasmine were married in the Manti Temple and had their four children sealed to them 5 Dec. 1888.

They moved to Levan in May of 1890. At first they lived in an adobe house two blocks south and two blocks east of the L.D.S. chapel. Peter Sorensen lived there later for years after. Peter bought some lots from Erasmus Sorensen south of the creek that runs through Levan (Chicken Creek). The creek runs from the East (San Pitch) mountains and when there is water in the creek it empties into Juab lake.

On one of these lots was a one-room house with a lean-to on the East side. (A lean-to is another room that has been added later and it leans against the original room, using part of the house for a wall). Rasmine didn't want to move out across the creek but Peter did. At this time there were several homes south of the creek, Erasmus Sorensen had a house on the east of the main road that went to Gunnison, where he took care of his business. He had a Livery Stable and he sold feed to the people traveling from Gunnison and parts south for their weary animals. If the travelers needed a place to sleep he would send them across the street to his wife, who kept a house to accommodate travelers. Her name was Mary Ann. There was more than one Christensen family that lived there and more than one Sherwood family. There was a Moss family, a Duffin family, Rasmine Hansen and others who built homes south of the creek. There were three or four homes at the point of the mountain. Joseph Skinner had a peach orchard there as well as a home. Erastus W. Peterson had a home just south and west of the point of the mountain. Peter and Rasmine's home was located on the North West corner of Plat four, on the south side of the creek. Because there were so many children born to the families south of the creek it was called "kidville."

The older girls in a family would leave home early to work for their board and room. They took care of children or they would do outside chores. Some time they would even get money.

In this small home on the south side of the creek, the rest of their children were born. They were, Peter Christian (who went by Chris), Marie Elizabeth, Niels Jorgen (who passed away a few months after birth), twin daughters Eva and Sarah, Alma, and Anthony. It was a small home and living conditions were crowded. Folding cots were used. Some of the early settlers had living conditions much worse, they slept on the floor, and some lived in dugouts.

Peter bought a shanty that was up in Spring Canyon, from Hans Anderson. With his oldest son Hyrum, they drug it down to the east side of their home and it was used as a summer kitchen. Almost every one had a summer kitchen. This made an extra room in the house for living and sleeping. All the meals were cooked and eaten in the summer kitchen. Most families maintained a big garden. All their surplus fruits and vegetables were bottled or dried in this handy room. Some families used the summer kitchen year-round; others used them for what they were - summer kitchens.



Drinking water and culinary water was carried from springs in the canyon to town in ditches. To carry water across the creek they built a flume from lumber putting it together with nails. More than one flume was built. They were two feet wide and one and half feet deep. One such flume ran across the creek by brick-maker Christensen's house. (Cecil and Mayrine Stephensen later bought this house). Once a week the water was turned into this flume so people could get their barrels full before the animals got in the water. They would get up at four o'clock to do this. These flumes were often used as walking bridges. Children often played on them and accidents sometimes happened.

Jorgen Peter Jorgensen was the water master for several years. A water master would measure the water in the ditch and allow people in town to use the water a certain length of time for each share of water they owned or rented.

The Winter family maintained a large garden and fruit orchard that fed the family year-round. The orchard consisted of pears, apricots, peaches, plums, prunes, and apples of all kinds such as Winter Parmains, Maiden Blush, Codlins, Early Harvest, Roman Beauty, and Jonathons. They also grew cherries, elderberries and gooseberries. If the trees were inferior Peter would graft new limbs on them.

PICT5931



**Figure 10. Niels Jorgen Winter's Headstone, Levan City Cemetary**



doc05b

**MARRIAGE \* CERTIFICATE.** — Copy

This Certifies that on the 5 day of December A.D. 1888, at Monte  
in the County of Sanpete and Territory of Utah, Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter  
of Levan in the County of Juab, and Territory of Utah  
and Rasmine Christensen, of Levan, in Sanpete  
County, in Utah Territory, were

**United to each other in Lawful Marriage,**

in the presence of John Alder and Charles D. Evans  
by Daniel H. Wells, an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,  
who, upon due inquiry, found no legal impediment to said marriage; and that said marriage ceremony was performed according to the rites  
and ordinances of said Church.

\* WITNESSES: \*

John Alder  
Charles D. Evans

Jorgen P. J. Winter  
Rasmine Christensen  
D. H. Wells  
Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Figure 11. Peter and Rasmine's Temple Marriage Certificate



**Figure 12. Winter Family Picture, Approximately 1897 (Left to Right)  
Peter, Hyrum, Sarah (on Peter's Lap), Chris, Annie, Eva (on Rasmine's lap), Rasmine, Christine, Marie**





**Figure 13. The “Old” Place, About 1903, Levan, Utah (Left to Right)  
Sarah and Eva, Annie, Christine, Rasmine, Tony, Chris, Alma, and Marie**

**This home was on the south side of Chicken Creek where it crossed the Highway 28 to Gunnison (on the south-east side of this intersection of the creek and highway). The building to the rear was a summer kitchen. These buildings were later torn down and the lumber used to construct a chicken coop at the new JPJ Winter home in Levan, Utah (See [Figure 22](#)). Farrell Winter (son of Alma) owns this property today (2005).**

Family2c



**Figure 14. Winter Family Picture, About 1908**  
**Back Row: Annie, Rasmine, Christine, Marie**  
**Front Row: Eva, Hyrum, Anthony, Jorgen Peter, Christian, Sarah; Front: Alma**

Source of Information

No.	NAME	BORN			WHERE BORN	
		Day	Month	Year	Town	County
	Jørgen Peter Jørgensen Winther	19	Aug	1882	Fountain Green	Tanypete
	Kyrum Peter Winther	25	Oct	1883	—	—
	Christiana Rasmie Winther	3	Dec	1885	Wales	—
	Ane Christina Winther	30	Jan	1888	Moroni	—
	Peter Christian Winther	8	Apr	1890	Levan	Jualb
	Maria Elisabeth Winther	30	Aug	1892	—	—
	Niels Jørgen Winther	12	Oct	1894	—	—
	Eva Winther	28	Sept	1896	—	—
	Sarah Winther	28	Sept	1896	—	—
	Alma Winther	21	July	1899	—	—
	Anthony Rudolph Winther	24	Sept	1901	—	—

1958 269

Ja J fordrager herandre i Sær-  
hed, og beflitter eder paa at bevare  
Kondens Genhed i Fredens Vaand.

som har bragt Fredens Budskab til  
sine Medmenneker, har i større eller  
mindre Grad erfaret den Glæde, som  
ingen jordisk Magt kan bringe. En  
saadan Glæde bringer med sig en  
Himmelsk Fred, hvorefter Hjertet  
fontner af jublende Følelser; thi

Relief Society teachers should be selected with the  
greatest care. They should be women of prudence and  
wisdom and should have a broad and intelligent sympathy.  
They should be imbued with the spirit of the gospel and  
should perform their labors with prayerful hearts. They  
should have a friendly interest in all the families in their  
district. Their visits should not be made with a listless,  
half-hearted attitude but with the spirit of enthusiasm and  
with a keen appreciation of the opportunity of coming in  
close personal relationship and neighborly communion with  
their co-laborers. If the teachers have this truly demo-  
cratic spirit they will enjoy their labors and will be wel-  
come in every household.

Figure 15. Family Record



The Winter family was self-sufficient; they raised their own meat, butchered, cured or bottled it. To cure their meat they would soak it in a barrel of brine for ten days to two weeks. It was then dried and hung in a cool dry cellar to be used as needed. Vegetables and fruits were dried or bottled in two quart bottles. Some of these bottles had red rings and glass lids, a wire was permanently attached to the jar, the wire was clamped over the glass lid and the jar would be sealed. All their root vegetables would be stored in cool dry root cellars, to be used, as needed, for their winter treats.

Not having a doctor when needed was a big worry to people in Levan. The closest doctor lived eleven miles away in Nephi; the transportation was by horse and buggy. Doctoring was done by their own skills or that of a neighbor. The Winter's had a big doctoring book they used on their family. Their greatest healer was faith in prayer and consecrated olive oil. When their young son, Alma stepped on a rusty nail while crossing the flume, he had to be lifted from the nail and his foot was healed by faith and olive oil. Dr. Minor made many trips out to the Winter home when he was needed. William Tumbridge doctored in Levan. He was a self-taught man and made his medicines from different herbs he found in the mountains. John W. Shepherd, who had experience on the battle fields in Europe, assisted in the setting of bones. Florentine Rosequist was a midwife and delivered many babies when doctors were unavailable.

Peter worked hard and saved his money and was soon able to buy ground on the Levan ridge, where they raised dry land grain. Dry land grain is planted in the fall; it grows and is harvested without irrigation. Water is scarce in Levan.

It is recorded that one of the Apostles said the day would come when there would be water on the Levan Ridge and there would be homes from Nephi to little Salt Creek.

Peter always planted his crops by the sign of the moon. That sign was used by the Indians and was called the planters moon. He branded his cows in the full of the moon and he claimed that was why his brands wouldn't grow or leave such big sores.

Hans Andersen gave him a job hauling freight to Eureka. They would butcher animals and haul all kinds of produce, eggs, butter and vegetables over to this booming mining town. Instead of being paid in cash all the time they would take furniture as payments. This was a very miserable job. It took him away from his farm and family and it was hot in the summer and bitter cold in the winter. They were all happy when he gave up the job.

Peter had built a large room on his house to accommodate his growing family. While he was freighting he got beds, dresser and clothes cupboard or wardrobe from Eureka. Before getting the wardrobe, they hung their best clothes in a corner of the room and covered them with a curtain. Some of this furniture is still in the family.



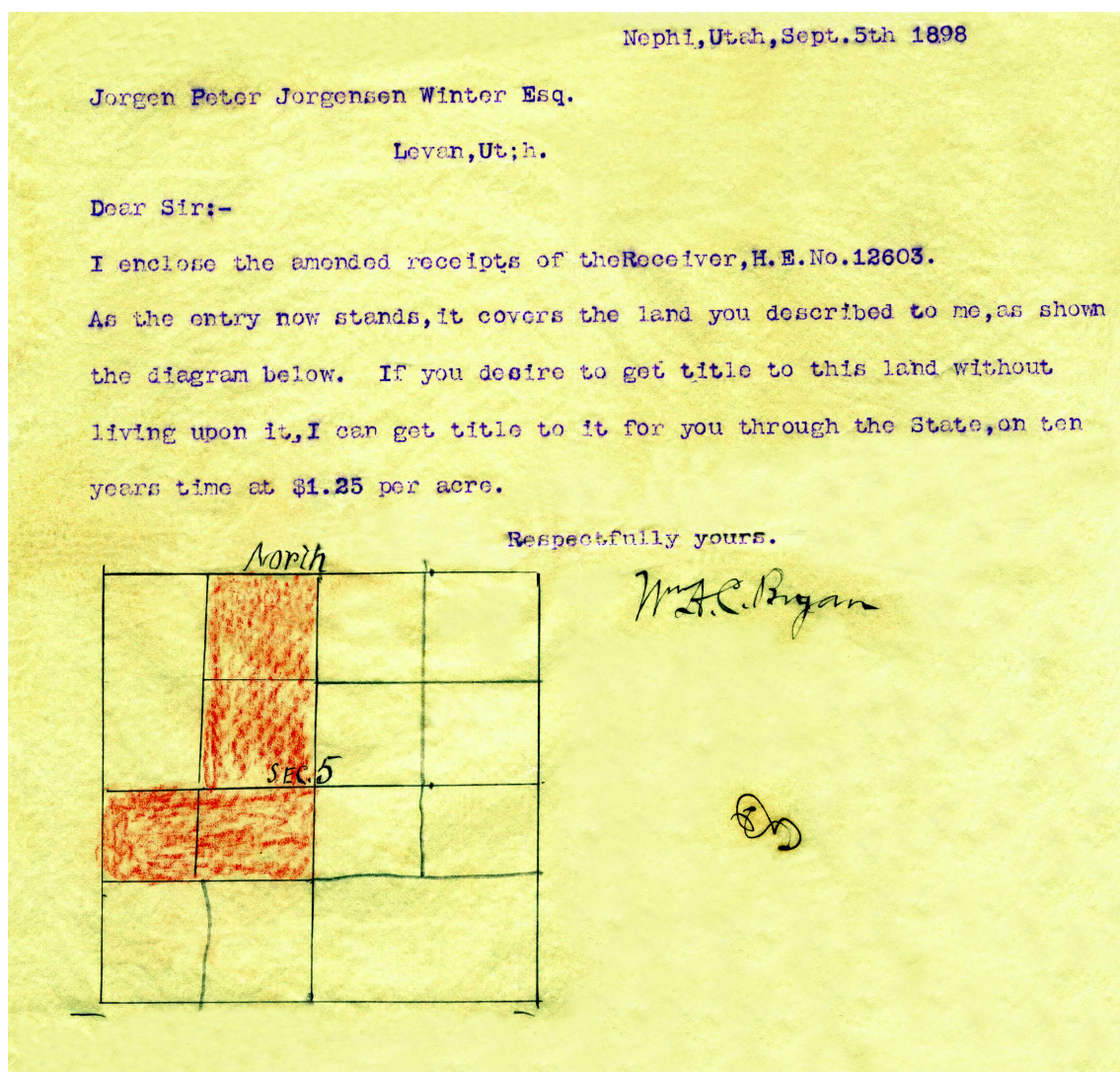
Copy of Notice  
Notice is hereby given that the  
Undersigned has this the third  
day of February 1897 located and  
claimed this spring situated on the  
bench in spring Canyon and also  
the Springs in the hollow about  
40 yards in a South direction from  
the above mentioned spring the  
Springs are situated about one  
and a half mile in a South  
Easterly direction from Levan  
Juab County, Utah. I claim the  
same for Irrigation Purposes  
on this the third day of February  
1897 J. Peter J. Winter  
Witness J. C. Seabury

#6784—

FILED FOR RECORD AND RECORD.  
ED AT THE REQUEST OF  
J. P. J. Winter  
Feb. 4 1897  
AT 3<sup>45</sup> O'CLOCK P.M. IN BOOK No. 22  
PAGE 221  
Lottie Farmer  
Recorder, Juab County, Utah  
Fees 50¢  
Pd.

Figure 16. Peter's Water Rights to Springs South East of Levan





**Figure 17. Peter's Request for Land**

With so many people moving to Levan, many of them from Denmark, it was given the name of Little Denmark. Peter and Rasmine belonged to a Danish group that met every week in the tithing office. They would talk and sing in Danish. Some of the Danish people never did master the English language. The Winters did.

The Winters were a religious family and they stayed active in the Church. Money was very scarce and tithes were paid to the Church with eggs, butter, chickens, grain and hay.

Levan was a thriving little community in the early days. A co-op was built where they sold dry goods, hardware, and machinery. Later on, an ice cream parlor was added on the north of the building. Joseph Bosh had a small barbershop on the north side of the ice cream shop. All three stores were in the vicinity where Farrell Wankier now lives. James E. Taylor and Co. had a store

that was General Merchandise and Farm Implements. Martin Mangelson had a store for all kinds of Farm Machinery. The Taylors had a molasses mill for the sugar cane that was grown by the early settlers. H.C.L. Jorgensen had a furniture and honey shop. In Levan in 1912 Daniel Morgan started a broom factory and made straw brooms. Women were very happy about this; they had used brush tied on a stick with rags. There was a blacksmith shop that was in great demand. The ladies were happy when a millinery shop was opened. Levan was proud of its opera house and dance hall. If the needed necessities which couldn't be found in any of the stores in Levan, they would travel to Nephi or Moroni. If they weren't satisfied with those choices there was always the mail order catalog. This was very slow and sometimes they had to wait two months for their orders to be complete.

Rasmine had many opportunities to use the teaching, cooking and sewing skills she learned in Denmark. She taught her family the skills that made them self-reliant. She made clothes for her large family. When one child out-grew an article of clothing and if there was any wear left in it, she would make something practical for a smaller child. She made moccasins with leather soles and overall or cloth tops for the children. When they were in school or church they wore shoes that were bought in a store. She made caps, shawls, mittens and socks from wool she gathered, washed, cleaned, dyed and spun into yarn. She taught her children to read good books, to pray, and to pay a full tithing.

Peter played the accordion and the family would all sing. They all had good singing voices. Peter and Rasmine would sometime sing and entertain their family in Danish. However, they never encouraged the children to speak anything but English. The accordion was in the family for years, then Peter traded it to the Beard family for another one. Accordion music was never the same after that.

Peter was called on a Scandinavian Mission, 14 April 1908. He was to leave no later than the 27 May 1908. When he had to go to Salt Lake City for his physical examination, he failed to pass and returned home a very disappointed man. On 12 April, 1909 he was called on a two-year service mission to the Manti Temple.

Rasmine stayed with their family while Peter went to Manti. The children that were at home were all old enough to help her. Annie and Christine, the two oldest girls, had married and left home. (Annie married James Aagard on 1 June, 1904; Christine married Schuyler Taylor on 22 September, 1909.) The two oldest boys worked the farm, and helped anyone that would give them a job. When the girls worked for other people the money they earned helped them to get the things they needed. Peter stayed in Manti, coming home when he could to see his family and see how they were getting along. At times when he couldn't come home, Rasmine would leave the younger children in the care of the oldest and then she would go to Manti to see Peter.



## DENMARK.

### NOTICE TO AMERICAN CITIZENS FORMERLY SUBJECTS OF DENMARK WHO CONTEMPLATE RETURNING TO THAT COUNTRY.

*The information given below is believed to be correct, yet is not to be considered as official, as it relates to the laws and regulations of a foreign country.*

Military service becomes compulsory to a subject of Denmark during the calendar year in which he reaches the age of twenty-two years.

In November or December of the year in which he becomes seventeen years old, he is expected to report for enrollment on the conscription lists. If he neglects to do so, he may be fined from 2 to 40 kroner; but if his neglect arises from a design to evade service he may be imprisoned.

In case he fails to appear when the law requires that he be assigned to military duty, he is liable to imprisonment.

When one whose name has been, or should have been, entered on the conscription lists emigrates without reporting his intended departure to the local authorities he is liable to a fine of from 25 to 100 kroner.

A person above the age of twenty-two years entered for military service must obtain a permit from the Minister of Justice to emigrate. Noncompliance with this regulation is punishable by a fine of from 20 to 200 kroner.

The treaty of naturalization between the United States and Denmark provides that a former subject of Denmark naturalized in the United States shall, upon his return to Denmark, be treated as a citizen of the United States; but he is not thereby exempted from penalties for offenses committed against Danish law before his emigration. If he renews his residence in Denmark with intent to remain, he is held to have renounced his American citizenship.

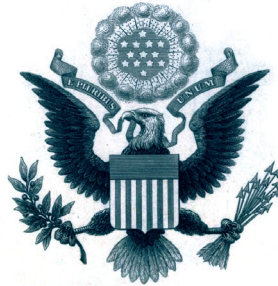
A naturalized American, formerly a Danish subject, is not liable to perform military service on his return to Denmark, unless at the time of emigration he was in the army and deserted, or, being twenty-two years old at least, had been enrolled for duty and notified to report and failed to do so. He is not liable for service which he was not actually called upon to perform.

Passports are not required to secure admission to Denmark, but they are useful or necessary as means of identification, or in proof of citizenship. They should be exhibited whenever evidence of citizenship is required.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,  
*Washington, April 10, 1901.*

Figure 18. Travel Document for Denmark

*Good only for  
two years from date.*



*United States of America,  
Department of State,*

*To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:*

*I the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States of America,  
hereby request all whom it may concern to permit  
Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter  
a Citizen of the United States*

*Description:*

*Age 51 Years*

*Stature 5 Feet 6 Inches Eng.*

*Forehead high*

*Eyes blue*

*Nose short*

*Mouth ordinary*

*Chin ordinary*

*Hair blond - dark*

*Complexion light*

*Face small*

*safely  
and freely to pass, and in case of need to give  
him all lawful Aid and Protection.*

*Signature of the Bearer*

*Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter*



*Given under my hand and the  
Seal of the Department of State,  
at the City of Washington, O  
the 9<sup>th</sup> day of May  
in the year 1908, and of the  
Independence of the United States  
the one hundred and thirty-second.*

*Wm Root*

*No. 52283*

Figure 19. Peter's Visa



The Levan Ward always had a big tree for the town Christmas. Every family would put a gift under the tree for each of their children. This program didn't last many years because some children got so much and others didn't get anything. While Peter was in Manti on his mission the family had their first Christmas at home. The twins were about fourteen and they were afraid Santa wouldn't find them at home. Hyrum was the one that was responsible for this first Christmas at home. They never forgot it.

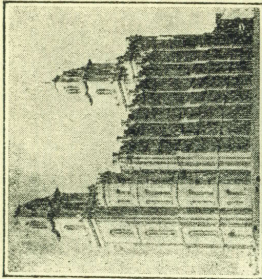
Peter was given an honorable release from his Mission, 15 June 1911. That year two more members of his family, Chris and Marie, married and left home. (Chris married Marnie Crystal Jennings on 27 September; Marie married Eugene Jay Morgan on 13 December.)

Levan Ward House



Figure 20. Levan Ward House

doc04



"Harkness to the Lord"

*The Manti Temple*

P. O. Box B.

Manti, Utah May 6 1919

To Whom it may Concern:

This letter of commendation and release from his mission  
years services as a worker in the Manti Temple of our God is given to  
Elder J. P. B. Winter. This mission has been honorably filled  
to our entire satisfaction and a blessing to the Saints to whom he has  
administered. He has performed every duty required of him faithfully and  
well. We therefore cheerfully give this letter of release, and pray God,  
our Eternal Father to bless Elder Winter abundantly  
in his continued labors at home or abroad.

Your Brethren in the Gospel,

*Lewis Christensen*  
*P. O. Manti Temple*

Figure 21. Peter's Release Papers from Manti Temple Mission



In 1914 Peter had a chance to buy a tan brick home from Peter Hoffines. It was built on the southwest corner of Plat 23, two blocks west of the highway going to Gunnison. Peter harvested good crops that year and was able to pay fifteen hundred cash for the house (which was a lot of money in those days). So Rasmine was finally able to move from the south of the creek, where she never wanted to live in the first place. There was an attic that had space for two rooms, but it was unfinished. The Hoffines boys used a ladder to get to the attic and that is where they slept. Peter hired a man to build a stairway and finish one of the rooms upstairs. Until the room was finished, Peter and the boys slept in the old house where a stove and beds had been left. When the upstairs room was finished they returned home. The girls were given the finished room and the boys slept in the attic. In the winter they would pitch a tent upstairs to make a warmer place for them to sleep.

Rasmine was asked by the Relief Society to take care of the Sunday eggs that were given for Tithing. Peter would take her around town in one of the two buggies he owned. One buggy was a two-seated white top and the other was black with fringe around the top (see [Figure 129](#)). These buggies were pulled by a well cared for team of horses. Peter also took Rasmine and Margarethe Jensen, their neighbor across the street, around the Ward, block teaching (or Visiting Teaching as it is now called). Like today, the Relief Society sisters would help if there were anyone in need. Many times Rasmine would send her daughters to deliver food and bread to the sick or some of her fresh Danish Pastry to cheer a friend.

Their oldest son Hyrum was married to Minnie Chloe Shepherd, 2 January 1918. Peter was again called to be a temple worker at the Manti Temple on 7 May 1918. He again stayed until he was given an honorable release. About four years later the twins married and moved to Mills with their new husbands. Two years rolled by and Alma and Anthony were the last ones to leave home. The very same day, on 3 Dec. 1924, they both left home each going in different directions - Alma to go on a Mission for the church and Anthony to be married. Rasmine went with Alma to Salt Lake to see him off on the train, and Peter went with Anthony to see him married in the Manti Temple.

Peter was a strict man with his family. He expected them to do as he asked, and they did. Everyone knew he was head of his household. He had a favorite chair, a certain knife, fork and spoon and he always sat at a certain place at the table. Peter had a stern look. He demanded respect from his family and he got it. His grandchildren always knew they could get one of his peppermints. He bought them by the bag, a big one for ten cents. Peter always wore a full beard and mustache that he washed every morning and he kept it well groomed. He never put his socks on the same foot two days in a row; he claimed if they were rotated they lasted longer.

Pic077b



*Early 1950's*

Pic103



*Early 1990's*

**Figure 22. The Winter's "New" Home**

On the 20 Dec. 1924, Peter went to the post office to mail Alma a Christmas package. He suffered a heart attack and fell backwards striking his head on the foot of Niels Andersen (the young man who latter married his granddaughter). There was as usual a large group waiting to get their mail from the postmaster. They cleared out of the post office at once. Elmo Tunbridge had his horse and left to notify Peter's son Chris. It is said that was the only time Chris ever harnessed his team with out first using the currycomb on his horses. Chris and his son, LaMar, hooked the team to a big sleigh and rushed to the post office. When they got there, they found that Peter had passed away. They lifted him onto the sleigh and Eric Wankier drove it home, Chris hurried on ahead to tell his mother what had happened.

Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter set a good example for his children to follow and he headed them in the right direction. He taught his sons like the Prophets of old that you don't live by bread alone but by the sweat of your brow. He was laid to rest in the Levan Cemetery, 24 December 1924.

In just one month, the last three members of Rasmine's family left home. Alma was not called home for the funeral. He had just started his Mission and it was decided that his father would want it that way. After Peter's death, Anthony and his new bride lived with Rasmine for a while. They bought a home of their own and moved into that. When Alma returned home from his mission, he married and bought Anthony's home and Anthony and his family moved to Fountain Green.

Although some of Rasmine's family visited her every day it was natural for her to be lonesome. The years of hard work were taking their toll, and her eyesight was getting so dim so she couldn't do the lovely handwork she loved to do. She couldn't read the good books she always wanted her family to read. Her family, her children and her knowledge were her life. Her religion that she had spent her life upholding was ever in her thoughts. She often said, "There will come a day we will regret we haven't done more in the Church."

In 1932, Rasmine's brother, Peter, whom she left in Denmark fifty years before, and his wife Bernie came to see her. Peter and his wife had left Denmark and moved to Hudson, Wisconsin. Theirs was a heart stirring reunion, never to be forgotten. It was the fall of the year and Uncle Peter and Aunt Bernie, as every one called them, marveled at the big juicy peaches that were on the trees. The mountains were a beautiful sight to see; before coming west, they had never seen the mountains. They were surprised the cows could graze on them without falling off.

Many family get-togethers and canyon parties were enjoyed while they visited Utah. Although Uncle Peter and Aunt Bernie never returned to Utah again, Rasmine's children and grandchildren remembered them and loved them.

Peter and Bernie



**Figure 23. Uncle Peter and Aunt Bernie**

In June 1937, Rasmine's youngest child, Anthony, was working in the fields in Fountain Green with a team of horses. His son, Orris, was standing beside him on the machine. Lightning struck Anthony, killing him instantly. It didn't hurt Orris; and he was able to hurry to town for help. It was a tragedy that Rasmine never got over. She hated electrical storms and didn't like being alone when ever mother nature was discharging atmospheric electricity. She would sometimes hide in the cellar.

Rasmine was small in stature, not much over five feet tall. When she was a young girl, she had long dark curly hair. After she married she wore her hair in a knot at the back of her head. When the twins were little she would let her hair down so they could brush and comb it. Rasmine was very neat and clean. Every morning before anything else she would wash good and fix her hair in a neat bun. She was not only clean with her person, she kept a clean house and hated the sight of a dirty dish, and always kept them cleaned up.

Rasmine was a very good cook and kept her family well fed and cared for. She was a good listener and had the patience to hear what her children had to say. She loved to hold and rock her grandchildren in her rocking chair. She would sing a little lullaby in Danish as she rocked. All the youngsters loved grandma and her old rocking chair. She was always treating them to her delicious homemade bread, spread with thick yellow sweet cream and sugar. Her cinnamon rolls and homemade bread were well known by her family and the sick and needy of Levan. The family loved her "canapus," a form of cottage cheese, she learned to make when she was a girl in Denmark. Many times she would tell about the different cheeses they made in Denmark. She remembered often the mild beer "Ale Bra" they dipped bread in. She would have liked to taste them all again.

When she was 79 years old, she came down with a bad cold. Because of her age, her constitution was weakened and in spite of the loving care and attention given by her family, the cold turned into pneumonia, and she passed away, 2 March 1938. She was buried beside her husband in the Levan Cemetery.

Rasmine gave up much for her religion - family, friends and comforts to come to America to live in rather humble conditions with the saints in Utah. She spent every day in furthering the work of the Lord, by deed and example, to every one who came in contact with her. She taught her nine living children with a firm and loving example, the true way in which to return to their Father in Heaven. Those who knew her were very fortunate to feel her true, strong character. For the posterity she left, it is only right that the story of her kindness and goodness to all mankind be written as it was, and the thoughts she started writing in her Temple book, 17 April 1917, be copied that they may be read. After her death, her children found the following letter she had written to them:

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

I thank you very much for your kindness. All the good you have done for me. I pray often to our Heavenly father that I may have wisdom to say and do what is right to my big family. I am blessed with a good family. It is my greatest desire that they may be instruments in the hands of the Lord and do much good and help build Zion.

May we do a great work here in our earth life for our soul's salvation, that we as a family shall not drift away from the church but be steadfast, and I hope that we as a family may be united. May we have love, peace, harmony, stand together, help one another so our Heavenly Father can be pleased with us. The Lord has been good to us, he has blest us, been merciful unto us. Let us not forget to thank him and serve him all the days of our lives.

May the Lord bless us all as a family all ye have blest us with. My dear boys, when you have put your grain in, ask the Lord to bless and it and protect it. My dear girls and boys, pray to our Heavenly Father for wisdom to raise your children, learn them to pray. O my children be humble, prayerful, faithful, say "thy will be done, Oh Father." Read Holy books, remember your meetings, pay full tithing, the faith will never leave you. Oh, may we all be faithful, may we withstand temptation.



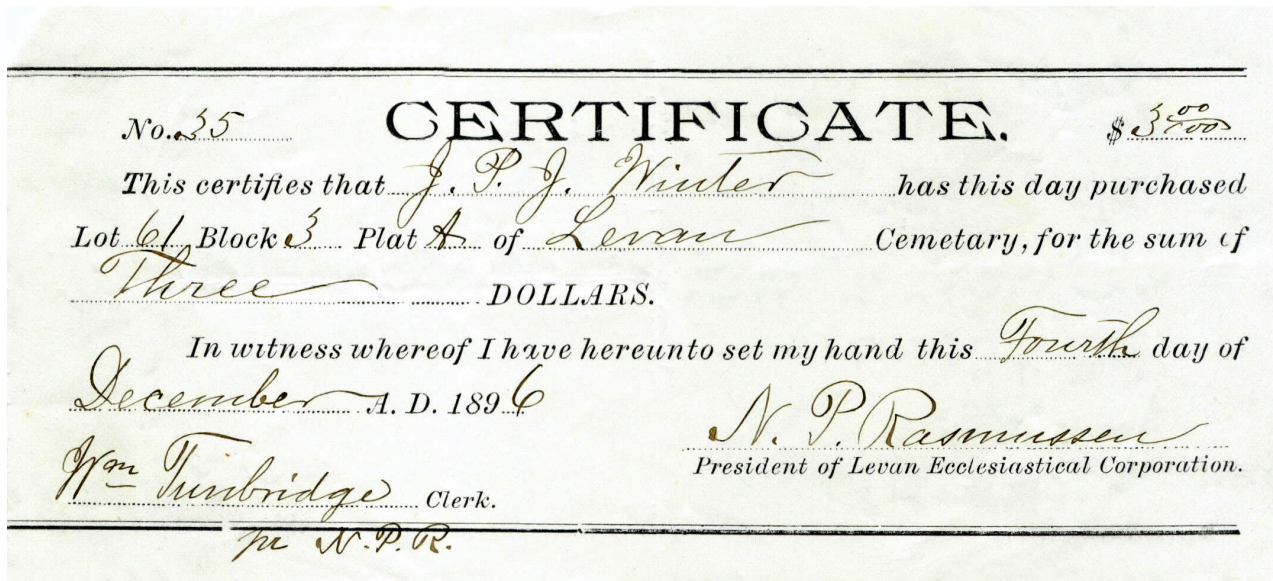


Figure 24. Levan City Cemetery Lot Certificate



Figure 25. Peter and Rasmine's Headstone, Levan City Cemetery

Learn to live by the principles she lived by and endured to the end. It was her constant prayer and teachings to her children and grandchildren, that they would live by the Laws of the Lord and the laws of the land, that they would all endure to the end and live as a family in the service of the Lord on earth and in due time all be joined as a family in heaven. No sweeter, no greater tribute could be paid to her than by living her example and by teaching the example she set.

Read often the life story of a true spirit and dedicated person, who with all her heart taught and lived the true principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Learn by her good life that she braved the hardships and privations so that her family could live in peace and harmony by living the gospel. Live as a true Latter-Day Saint, so that the good name she gave to her posterity can continue on without blemish and to leave it as it was so lovingly given.

How the challenges of the day are met is ours. Basically, the same experiences, temptations, trials and errors that are faced in each generation were faced in hers. How much farther ahead each generation would be if the truths passed down could be accepted without having to learn by trial and error.

Living and loving by her example is indeed a great challenge and responsibility. The following thoughts and words are those Rasmine lived by:

"We ought to appreciate that we have the Bible, which is so desirable and precious to the world and to us."

"The more a person knows, the more he likes to learn. The less he knows the more he knows it all."

"Children should tell their parents daily that they love them."

"The best friend we have is the one who knows all our faults, and is still our friend."

"I never lick my boys the world will do that for me."

"Winter is on my head but eternal spring is in my heart."

"The still small voice whispers only to him who listens."

"What we do here in one year will take ten years on the other side"

"If you in the morning throw moments away, you can't pick them up in the course of the day."

"Read sacred things."

"Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your reputation."

"Let us be humble, prayerful, faithful, and Glory to God Our King."











These are but a few of the truths Rasmine lived by. Her son-in-law said, she was the kindest, sweetest and most considerate woman he had ever seen. She never said an unkind thing about anyone in all the years he knew her.

These are the thoughts, memories, experiences, and expressions of many family members I have talked with. I have gathered notes from her children, from in-laws, grandchildren and friends. All who knew her loved her. I am sure I would have loved her too.














## 2. Family Group Sheet

family group sheet 1

<b>HUSBAND</b> <u>WINTHER or WINTER, Jorgen Peter Jorgensen</u> Birth <u>27 March 1857</u> Place <u>Barret, Vejle, Denmark</u> Chr. _____ Married <u>20 June 1881</u> <u>20 Dec 1888</u> Place <u>Barret, Vejle, Denmark</u> <u>Manti, UT, LDS</u> Death <u>20 December 1924</u> <u>Temple</u> Burial <u>Levan, Juab, Utah</u> Father <u>WINTER, Nielson Jorgen</u> Mother* <u>JORGENSEN, Anna Kjerstine</u> Other Wives (if any) _____		 
	<b>1st Child</b> <u>WINTER, Jorgen Peter Jorgensen</u> Birth <u>19 August 1882</u> Place <u>Fountain Green, Sanpete, Utah</u> Married to _____ Married _____ Death <u>27 August 1882 Fountain Green, UT</u>	
 	<b>2nd Child</b> <u>WINTER, Hyrum Peter</u> Birth <u>25 October 1883</u> Place <u>Fountain Green, Sanpete, Utah</u> Married to <u>SHEPHERD, Minnie Chloe</u> Married <u>2 January 1918 Manti, UT, LDS Temp</u> Death <u>1 February 1953 SLC, UT</u>	
 	<b>3rd Child</b> <u>WINTER, Christiane Rasmine</u> Birth <u>3 December 1885</u> Place <u>Wales, Sanpete, Utah</u> Married to <u>AAGARD, James</u> Married <u>1 June 1904 Manti, UT, LDS Temple</u> Death <u>1 September 1971 Powel, WY</u>	
 	<b>4th Child</b> <u>WINTER, Kjristine</u> Birth <u>30 January 1888</u> Place <u>Moroni, Sanpete, Utah</u> Married to <u>TAYLOR, Schuyler Patterson</u> Married <u>22 September 1909 Manti, UT, LDS Temp</u> Death <u>2 November 1973 Provo, UT</u>	
 	<b>5th Child</b> <u>WINTER, Peter Christian</u> Birth <u>8 April 1890</u> Place <u>Levan, Juab, Utah</u> Married to <u>JENNINGS, Marnie</u> Married <u>27 September 1911 Manti, UT, LDS Te</u> Death <u>26 September 1950 SLC, UT</u>	

Part 1



		WIFE <u>CHRISTENSEN, Rasmine</u> Birth <u>1 July 1859</u> Place <u>Barret, Vejle, Denmark</u> Chr. _____ Death <u>2 March 1938</u> Burial <u>Levan, Juab, Utah</u> Father <u>CHRISTENSEN, Peder</u> Mother* <u>NIELSEN, Christiane</u> (other Hus. if any) _____ Where was information obtained? <u>Family Records by Leslie Ben Winter,</u> *List complete maiden name for all females. Grandson
		6th Child <u>WINTER, Marie Elizabeth</u> Birth <u>30 August 1892</u> Place <u>Levan, Juab, Utah</u> Married to <u>MORGAN, Eugene Jay</u> Married <u>13 December 1911</u> Death <u>13 December 1981</u>
		7th Child <u>WINTER, Niels Jorgen</u> Birth <u>12 October 1894</u> Place <u>Levan, Juab, UT</u> Death <u>22 December 1895 Levan, UT</u>
		8th Child <u>WINTER, Eva</u> Birth <u>28 September 1896</u> Place <u>Levan, Juab, Utah</u> Married to <u>BENDIXEN, Erhardt Knud</u> Married <u>29 March 1922</u> Death <u>1 June 1992 Bountiful, UT</u>
		9th Child <u>WINTER, Sarah</u> Birth <u>28 September 1896</u> Place <u>Levan, Juab, Utah</u> Married to <u>BENDIXEN, James Embro</u> Married <u>29 March 1922</u> Death <u>6 July 1992 Levan, UT</u>
		10th Child <u>WINTER, Alma</u> Birth <u>21 July 1899</u> Place <u>Levan, Juab, Utah</u> Married to <u>ROSEQUIST, Ruby Evelyn</u> Married <u>1 May 1929 Manti, LDS Temple</u> Death <u>5 November, 1987 Levan, UT</u>
		11th Child <u>WINTER, Anthony Rhudolph</u> Birth <u>24 September 1901</u> Place <u>Levan, Juab, Utah</u> Married to <u>HANSEN, Gladys</u> Married <u>3 December 1924 Manti, LDS Temple</u> Death <u>9 June 1937 Fountain Green, UT</u>

Year 1920

Year 1921



### 3. Various Pictures

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Danish family02



Figure 26. Unknown Danish Family

Danish family03



Figure 27. Unknown Danish Family





Danish family01c

den ældste Søn Jorgen  
Hans.  
Sejer  
Günar der ved Olga  
Emma hun står bag ved hendes Fader  
Alvina står bag ved Olga  
Elenora der sidder ved mig  
Anna ved hendes Fader. Hendes Mand hedder Brogaard

The oldest son is Jorgen  
Hans, Sejer  
Gunar - the one with Olga  
Emma - she stands behind her father  
Alvina - stands behind Olga

Elenora - the one that sits by me  
Anna - by her father  
Her husband is named Brogaard (bridge-farm)

**Figure 28. Elsa Winter's Family (Rasmine's Half-Sister)**  
**Back Row: Alvina, Jorgen, Emma, Hans (or Sejer), and Sejer (or Hans)**  
**Front Row: Gunar, Olga, Elenora, Mother Elsa Winter, Father Mr. Brogaard, and Anna**

## 4. Letters

---

### Letter 1

Breth Mark 2 May 1899

Dear Brother and Sister-in-Law:

In a few words I'll announce the sad news that our mother and mother-in-law Christiane Nielsdatter has past away today and will be buried Tuesday 9 May. Dear sister-in-law, you may believe it was a hard shock for my dear wife, that she so suddenly lost her mother. Last Monday while she was here with us, toward evening she became ill and never recovered again. When I asked her how she felt, she said it will take a long time to get well this time and she laid sick for 8 days before passing. She had been ill for longer periods before. I should have written but time does not allow it at present. But we await hearing from you before long.

Best wishes from us all

Chr. Winther

(Jens Christian Martin Jorgensen Vinther, brother of Peter)

Dear sister, mother was so happy for your last letter and for the photograph. I am so happy she received it before she died. She had been so well for the last year. She wanted so much to help out. She was tending our little girl, who is now 6 month old, and really loved her so much. I am sorry I forgot to send off the letters. I am going to miss mother so much. Father also is very sorrowful.

We had the priest for the last day. She prayed for all her children and grandchildren and read the Psalms land. She had our savior in her thoughts toward the end.

Best wishes

Marie Winther

(Rasmine's half-sister who married Peter's brother Jens Christian)



## Letter 2

OXENHAVE KLOKRING  
25 JULY 1932

Dear Sister-in-Law and Family,

Thank you for your letter; it is sad that our brother Peter would die so quickly, but then he didn't suffer so much. Our brother Hans Peter Jorgensen Vinther died Thursday, 21 July and will be buried tomorrow 26 July. He was born 18 February 1870. I will give you the dates as I have found them.

Rasmus Rasmussen Born: 18 Jan. 1810, Died: 13 June 1877  
Elisebet Chr. Jorgensdatter Born: 10 Apr. 1817, Died: 17 Sept. 1884  
Soren Rasmussen Born: 23 Apr. 1853, Died: 13 Apr. 1920  
Marie Rasmussen Born: 23 July 1865, Died: 3 June 1908  
Mads Sorensen Kogh Born: —, Died: 1896

Birte Kirstine Madsenkogh Born: 8 May 1863, Died: 6 Dec. 1929

Our Brother and Family:

Niels Broe Jorgensen Vinther Born: 29 Apr. 1855  
wife: Mette Marie Vinther Born: 28 Oct. 1859 Died: 3 Mar. 1901  
daughter: Julie Nathalie Vinther Born: 14 June 1883  
daughter: Karine Eugenie Vinther Born: 31 May 1884

That is what we have been able to find. We are all well but we have bad times. It is very hard to be able to pay our bills. Maybe it is the same with you. It is bad all over the land. I'll let my wife use the rest of this paper. Best regards from me and the children.

Chr. Vinther Oxenhave  
Klokring St. Denmark

(Jens Christian Martin Jorgensen Vinther, brother of Peter)

Dear Sister and Family:

I better send you my regards also dear sister, my husband has written all the information. Rasmus Rasmussen was the husband of mother's sister Kirstine from Lindvig, and Soren Rasmussen was their son married to cousin. Dear sister, how are you? Are you well? Our brother Peder wrote, he and his wife visited you. I gather you were happy to see them. I can't remember how old you are. You must be past 70. Yes time flies and one is getting old. I hope you will stay well when you receive this letter. Let us know when you receive this letter, and we will answer soon.

Best wishes from me, husband and children. Say hello to your children.

Marie Vinther

(Rasmine's half-sister who married Peter's brother Jens Christian)

### Letter 3

Have received your letter, where you state you are all well and the same is the case here. We are a little slow in answering this time, because my sister is expecting and she generally has a hard time. We were waiting to see how she made out. But this time it happened rather fast, it only took 6-7 hours. So she has a little girl and her name is Vilhelmine or Nielssine Marie.

All my father's brother's names are:

- Soren Nielsen Brog, no children, and
- Jens Nielsen Brog and his children namely:  
Soren Jensen, Knistian Jensen, Niels Jensen and Mette Marie Jensen, all have the name Brog as surname.

Then my mother's sister Mette Marie Nielsdatter and her children are:

- Norten Petersen and
- Ane Marie Petersen.

Then my father's sister Knistens Nielsdatter and her children namely:

- Niels Jensen (alive) and
- Soren Jensen, is dead now.

—

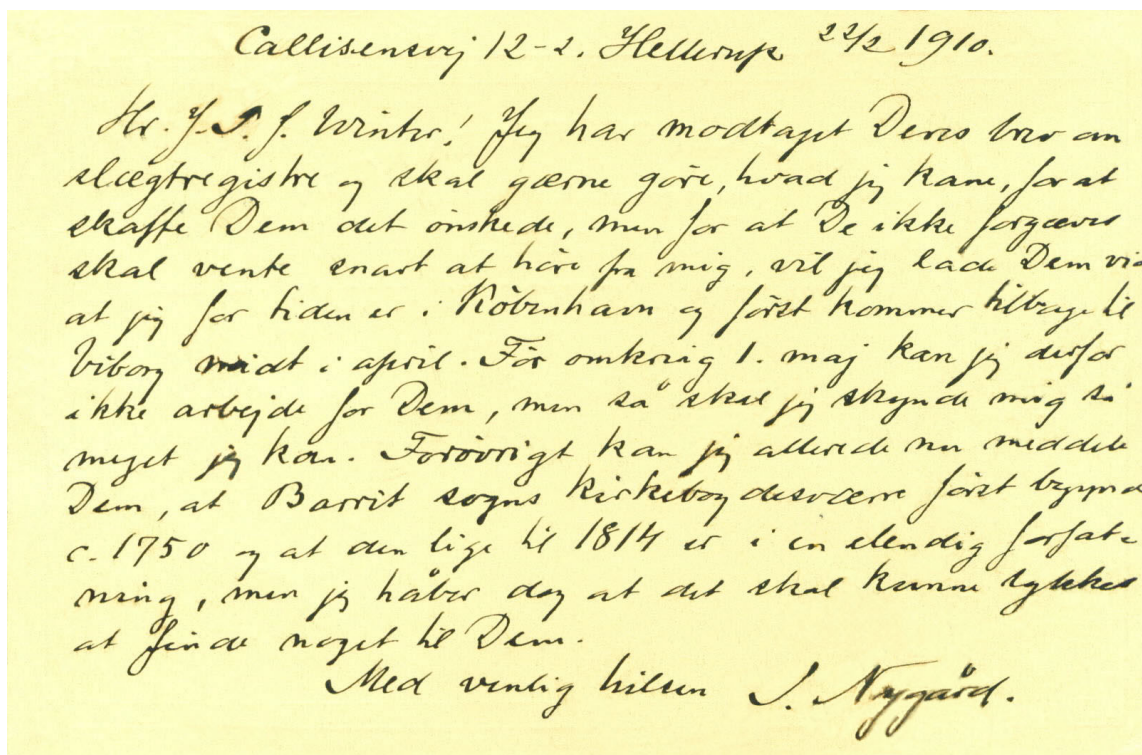
knows no more about my father's end.

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Front

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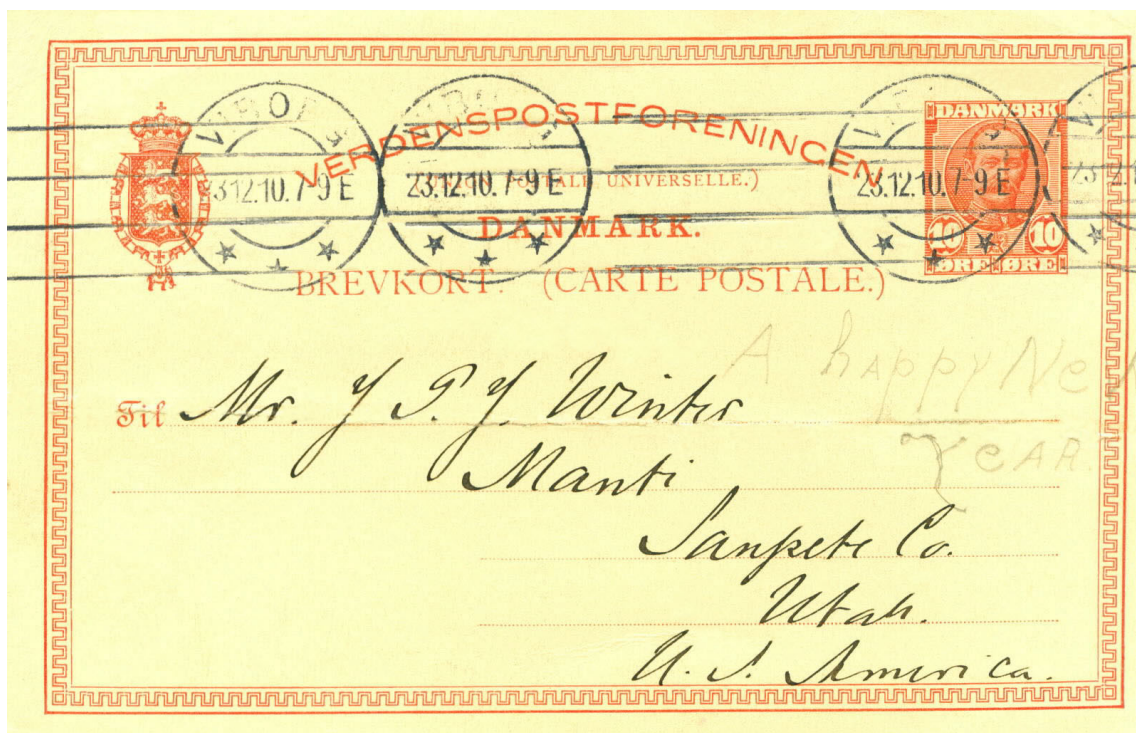


Back

Figure 29. Letter 4

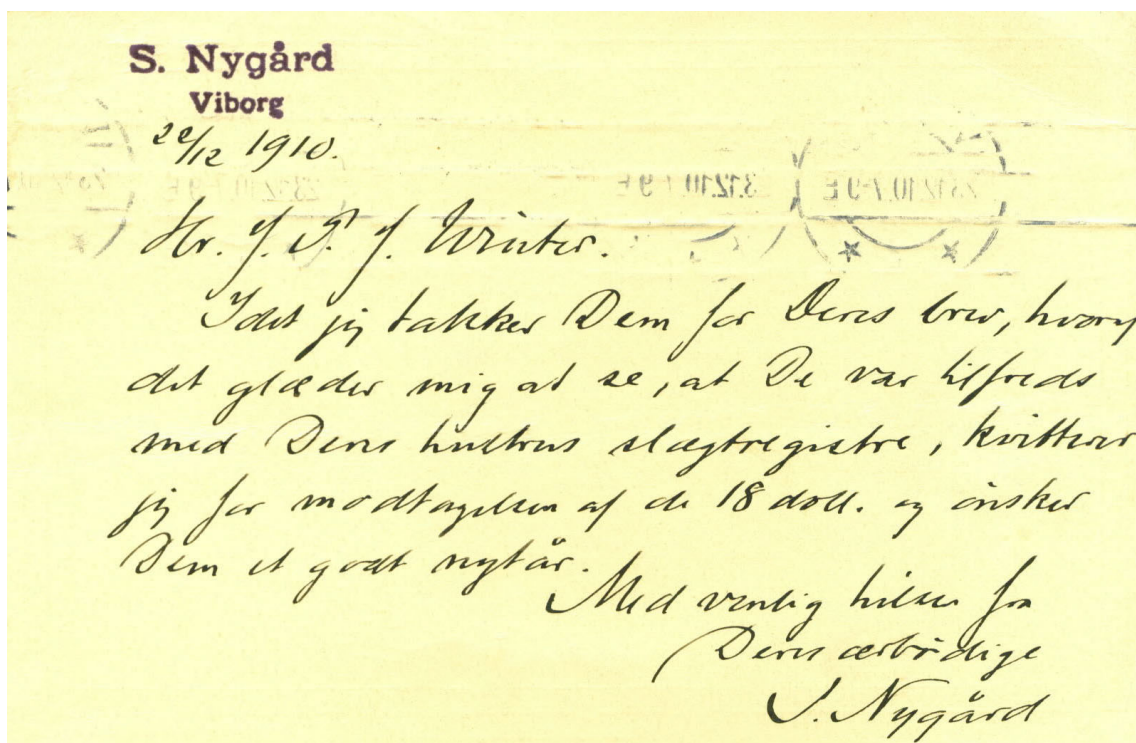


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Front

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Back

Figure 30. Letter 5



#### **Letter 4 Translation**

(Letter from genealogist in Hellerup, Denmark, to Mr. Winter in Manti, Utah)

##### ***Front***

To Mr. Winter  
Manti, Sanpete County, Utah  
U.S. America

##### ***Back***

Callesensvej (street name) 12-2 (likely means building 12, apartment number or door number 2) Hellerup (town) February 22, 1910.

Mr. Winter! I have received your letter concerning the ancestral chart, and will gladly do what I can to acquire what you desire. But to make sure you aren't waiting in vain to hear from me soon, I will let you know that for the time being, I am in Copehagen, and will not return to Viborg until mid April. I can therefore not work for you before about the 1<sup>st</sup> of May, but at that point I will hurry as much as I can.

In addition, I can already share with you that Barrit parish's churchbook (records) unfortunately began [to record events] ca. 1760, and up to 1814 those records are in terrible shape, although I hope to be able to find something for you.

With friendly greetings,  
S. Nygard

#### **Letter 5 Translation**

##### ***Front***

To Mr. Winter  
Manti, Sanpete County, Utah  
U.S. America

##### ***Back***

S. Nygard  
Viborg (city)  
December 22, 1910

Mr. Winter,

While thanking you for your letter, where it pleased me to see that you are satisfied with your wife's ancestral chart, this is my receipt for receiving the 18 dollars. Wishing you a happy New Year.

With friendly greetings,  
S. Nygard

## 5. Peter's Patriarchal Blessing (1883)

---

Fountain Green 18 March 1883

Patriarchal blessing given by K. H. Brun on the head of Jorgen Peter Jorgensen son of Jorgen Winther Nielsen and Ane Kjerstine Jorgensen born 27 March 1857 in Brethe, Veile County, Jydland, Danmark.

Brother Jorgen, in the name of Jesus Christ I lay my hands upon your head and seal upon you the blessings of the fathers and Patriarch which shall be a comfort throughout your life because you are blessed of the Lord and numbered among the seed of Abraham therefore you received the gospel in the land of your fathers or through the Lord's appointment, gathered in the Valley of Ephraim where you, if you will be faithful, will learn to know the will of the father and you shall receive your covenants and ordinations in the House of the Lord through which you shall learn to know and understand your destiny and purpose for you were instructed and taught in the spirit world and held back to come forth in the last hour to help build the kingdom of God and temples in this promised land. You shall be a father in Israel and the Lord shall bless you with fruits of the earth and fruits from your loins. Flocks will come to you and the Lord will deliver to you the necessities to your family and to building God's Kingdom.

You are of Ephraim and through this line you shall receive your exaltations and priesthood which belongs to the new and eternal covenant. You'll sit in council among the Elders of Israel and be a hand to organize the Stakes of Zion. I seal you to come forth in the morning of the First Resurrection in unison with your wife and family and your father's fore fathers.

Receive Kingdoms and powers immortality, and the crown of the eternal life in your fathers kingdom.

All these blessings I seal upon you through your faithfulness and by the power of the Priesthood.

So be it. Amen

K.H. Brun — Patriarch

Lars Nielsen — Secretary

## 6. Rasmine's Patriarchal Blessing

---

Fountain Green 18 March 1883

Patriarchal Blessing given by K. H. Brun on the head of Rasmine Christensen Winther, daughter of Peter Christensen and Christiane Nielsen. Born in Brethe, Veile County, Jydland. Danmark, 1 July 1859.

Sister Rasmine, in the name of Jesus I lay my hands on your head and give you a father's blessing. Be thankful to the Lord for his grace to you even if you have been despised of people. The Lord will raise you up. Because, dear sister, your eyes will see and your ears shall hear those things which the people of the world cannot comprehend. For you shall go into the Temple of the Lord, and receive blessings and teachings and sealings through the Lord's servants who shall give you all rights to return back to your Father and your God. For the Lord has given you progenitors and may you seek wisdom so you may build a foundation in their young hearts that they may love their father and their mother and have love and respect for the people of the Lord so that their lives may be spared. That they may live in the land of Joseph, that they may live in the future, they may be an honor and joy in their father's house because he has prepared you to take an active part in the Spiritual World in the redemption of the sons and daughters of God.

You are counted among Israel's mothers related of Ephraim, rights to inherit all the blessings that belongs to the new and everlasting covenant. Be a support to your husband and a loving mother to your children. Then shall the hand of the Lord rest over you.

You shall win and overcome through trials and temptations and receive from the Lord's hands all of your hearts desires. In sacredness your name is written in the book of life. And you shall come forth in the morning of the First Resurrection in unison with your husband and those who the Lord has given you. And receive full exaltation and the crown of Eternal Life.

I seal you with these blessings by the power of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood.

In the name of Jesus Christ. So be it. Amen

K.H. Brun — Patriarch

Lars Nielsen — Secretary



## 7. Peter's Patriarchal Blessing (1919)

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Manti, March 18<sup>th</sup>, 1919.

A Patriarchal Blessing by Andrew Thomson Jr. upon the head of Jorgen Peter J. Winter, son of Jorgen Winter Nielsen and Ane Kirstine Jorgensen born March 27, 1857, Barrit, Denmark. Brother Jorgen Peter J. Winter by virtue of my calling I lay my hands upon thy head and pronounce a Patriarchal Blessing upon thee, and I pray God the Eternal Father that He will indite the same. Dear Brother Winter the Lord loveth thee, because of thy humility and uprightness before Him in your walk and in your doings with your fellow man. His eyes have been upon thee since thy birth, thy guardian angel has watched over thee and the shafts of death have not had power over thee, but the Lord has multiplied his blessings upon thee by day and by night, He has given thee power over evil and unclean spirits and he has prepared thee to be a savior unto thy progenitors, therefore I say unto thee lift up thy head, in rejoicing that thou are numbered with the saviors upon Mount Zion and thy works shall follow thee and thy blessings, because of thine integrity shall be many and the Lord will remember thee in the hour of trial and he will shower upon thee the comforting influences of his holy spirit to buoy thee up and magnify thee among thy fellows and especially thy family, thy sons and thy daughters shall raise up and bless thee because of thy noble walk and efforts to impress upon them the eternal principles of truth. They shall seek thee for council and the Lord will give thee wisdom to direct them in the paths of all truth.

Thou are of the lineage of Joseph through the loins of Ephraim. Thou art a son of Zion of whom much is expected and if thou wilt draw near unto the Lord thy guardian angel shall warn thee of danger and the blessings of the Lord will be poured out upon thee, the spirit of light that the powers of darkness shall not prevail against thee. Thou hast been numbered among the chosen of the Lord and thou hast received the keys and powers of the Holy Priesthood of the Son of God, to prepare thee for the glories and exaltations that thou shalt be permitted to receive, namely glory, exaltation with thy loved ones and kindred, worlds without end, passing by the angles of Gods to endless progression. I seal thee up against the power of the destroyer to come forth in the morning of the resurrection with thy wife and children and progenitors to receive the welcome plauded, well done thou faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I make thee Lord over many. I seal upon you theses blessings though your faithfulness in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ Amen.

*Andrew Thomson Jr.*

## 8. Family Reunion, Levan City Park

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Pic011



**Figure 31. Family Reunion, July 1978 (Left to Right)  
Sarah, Eva, Marie, Alma**

## 9. Levan Relief Society

Levan Rel-Soc



Figure 32. Levan Relief Society (Left to Right)

**Back Row:** Nina Taylor, Hazel Bosh, Reba Mangelson, Nina Morgan, Onida Worwood, Geneva Anderson, ?, Sarah Winter Bendixen, Eva Winter Bendixen, Lorene Morgan, Marie Wood, and Virginia Hansen  
**Front Row:** Esther Paystap, Norma Winter Anderson (daughter of Chris), Eva Stephensen, Clara Winter, Mennell Christensen, Christine Winter Taylor, Florene Taylor, and Cora Wankier



Levan Rel-Soc02



**Figure 33. Levan Relief Society, 1958, Teachers and Class Leaders (Left to Right)**

**Vera Christenson - President, Vanice Taylor and Edna Sherwood - Counselors**

**Back Row: Leora Christensen, Grace Christenson, Olive Polson, Edna Morgan, Ruby Winter (Alma's Wife),**

**Florance Rosequist (Ruby's mother), Faye Winter (LaMar Winter's wife), Reba Mangelson**

**Middle Row: Cora Wankler, Emma Dalby, Louise Francom, Sarah Winter Bendixen, Louise Taylor,**

**Christine Winter Taylor, Gertrude Shepherd, and Nina Morgan**

**Front Row: Clara Winter, Annie Polson, Marnie Winter (Chris' Wife), Barbra Powell, Eva Winter Bendixen,**

**Viola Shepherd, and Leona Mangleson**

## 10. Remembrances of My Father, Hyrum Winter, and Our Home Life by Louise Winter Linton, Daughter

---

My father, Hyrum Peter Winter was born Oct. 25, 1883 in Fountain Green, Utah. (Also see [Figure 63](#).) His parents were Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter and Rasmine Christensen Winter. They were both from Denmark.

Hyrum married Minnie Chloe Shepherd. She was the daughter of Augustus and Martha Gardner Shepherd who was born in Gunnison, Utah.

Hyrum lived most of his life in Levan, Utah. He was a hard worker and did everything to could to take care of his family. The first big important thing I remember him talking about and being proud of, was when he built our white brick home which he always said had the best foundation of any house in town. Hyrum had a big beautiful fruit orchard on the same lot where our house was. I think he had more different kinds of apples than any other orchard. They were wonderful and in the winter we could always go to our apple pit and have our choice of which one we wanted to eat. I believe our favorite was the large, pretty yellow Banana apple. We always put one on a plate with Christmas cake or cookies for Santa Claus when he came during the night.

Hyrum mission2



**Figure 34. Hyrum Winter (from Missionary Class Photograph)**

During Summer months, we had melons and grapes, cherries, plums, pears, peaches and a garden full of good vegetables. He worked hard on land he owned north of Levan and also on a farm which he took care of for a man who lived in Salt Lake City, as I remember. He grew mostly hay and wheat there.

Papa always had several cows, horses, a herd of sheep, chickens, and pigs. We girls had to take the cows and sheep down the lanes and ditch banks to let them eat grass and weeds for a lot of their food, but Papa had large hay stacks at home that were in our large stockyard. This yard is where he also had a good-sized chicken coop.

We all worked out in the fields hauling hay and picking many apples to help Papa with his work. He also helped us in the house when Mom was sick or out helping doctors deliver babies or taking care of the sick. He could mix a batch of bread and bake it. He made sure we were fed. Mom was a nurse that was called by doctors or neighbors to help them take care of the sick and even make mustard plasters for children or adults that were sick. We never had a car, so Mom had to walk across town to help others. When she helped doctors deliver babies in their homes, she would go back to the home every day for ten days after the birth to care for the mother and bathe the baby.

My parents were always hard workers and had hard times, especially during the depression years, but they loved to have good times and entertainment too. They were good dancers. All of us young girls liked to go to our town dances. Our fathers were such good dancers and they would dance with us. They taught us the good old dances such as the Danish Tucker, square-dances and etc. My father liked music and always ask me to play the organ or piano. He would stand right by me and would usually ask me to play hymns. His favorite seemed to be "Oh My Father" and "Oh Galilee, Sweet Galilee" and others from the Hymn Book.

Papa was always proud, I thought, to hear Mom and her cousin, Florence Rosequist sing. Mom had a good alto voice and Florence had a pretty soprano voice. They sang in public often. I was honored to accompany them on the piano, on occasions. Especially when they sang at Uncle Tony's funeral in Fountain Green. (See [Section 25](#).)

Papa had a shoe last. It was a heavy iron, the shape of a foot. He always kept our shoes resoled and re-heeled. If any of our friends or little cousins came to visit with worn shoes, he would fix them.

After all of us six children were married, Vera and Boyd invited us to come down to Teasdale for dinner. After the blessing on the food was said, Papa sat looking at all of us and said what a good group it was. Then he said, "There isn't a dud in the bunch."

We love each other and we all loved our parents and we are happy and thankful for the things they taught us.

We all love our children and grandchildren, like they loved theirs.



Hyrum mission3

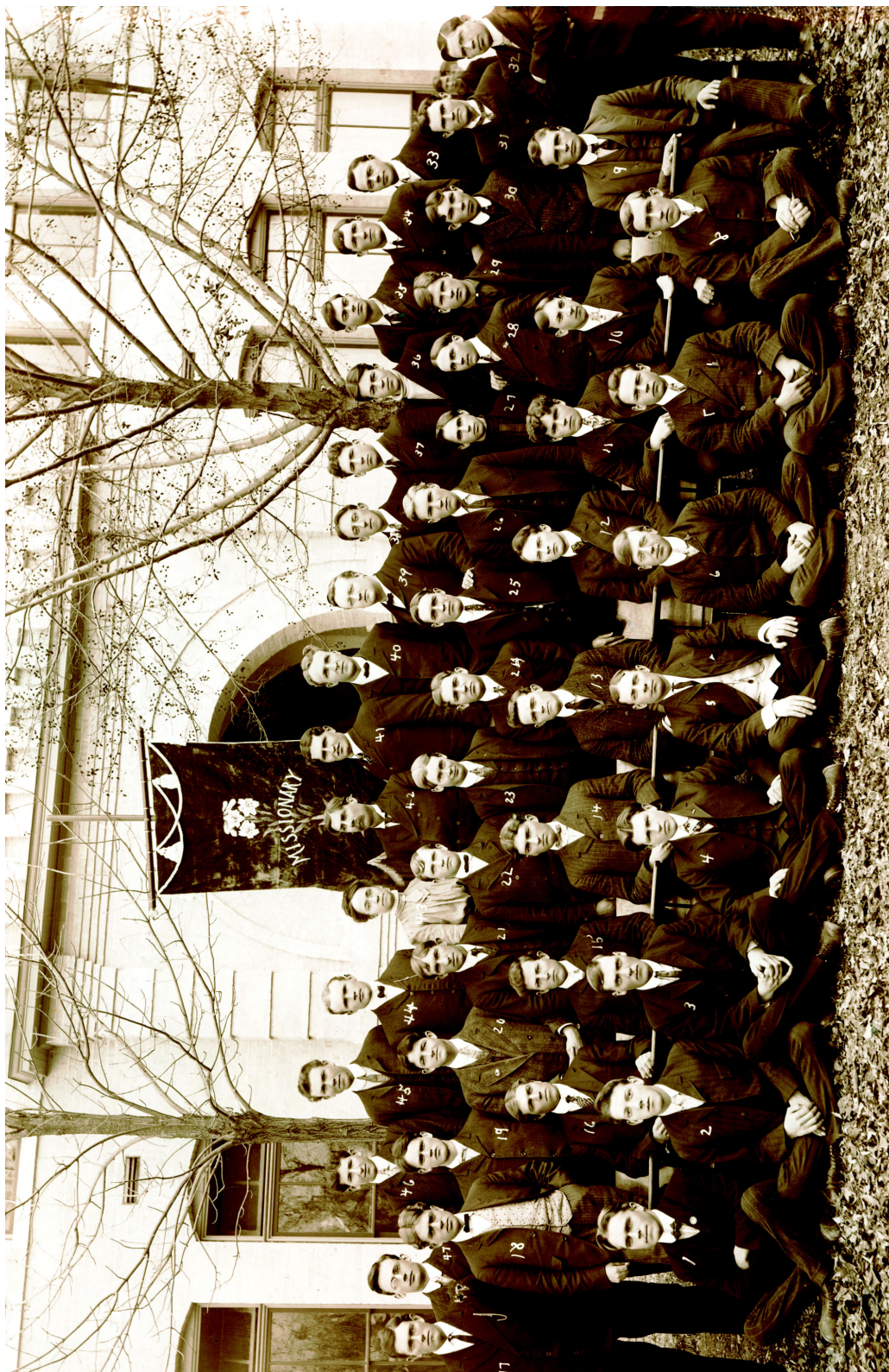


Figure 35. Hyrum's Missionary Class 1905-06, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah



- |                           |                       |                              |                         |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. N. P. Anderson         | 14. Leon Ralphs       | 28. Leonard Peck             | 39. A. C. Lund          |
| 2. Lawrence Monson        | 15. Thomas Allred     | 29. Verne Nelson             | (Professor)             |
| 3. <b>Hyrum P. Winter</b> | 16. Henry Sudweeks    | 30. T. E. Foote              | 40. O. W. Jarvis        |
| 4. S. N. Burgi            | 17. Alfred Jonson     | 31. S. S. Gardiner           | (Instructor)            |
| 5. Geo. A. Christensen    | 18. Jos. C. Clark     | 32. W. H. Boyle              | 41. Asa J. Clark        |
| (Class President)         | 19. A. V. Watkins     | (Prn. Prep. School)          | 42. Geo. H. Brimhall    |
| 6. W. A. Miller           | 20. Wm. Kendall       | 33. <b>Seymour Rosequist</b> | (Pres. BYU)             |
| 7. Gilbert C. Knudsen     | 21. Ira M. Markman    | ( <b>Ruby Winter's</b>       | 43. Miss E. A. Holbrook |
| 8. G. Edward Abel         | 22. Henry M. Jennings | <b>father</b> )              | (Instructor)            |
| 9. Louis Fugal            | 23. A. L. Harper      | 34. Wm. Ashby, Jr.           | 44. Samuel H. Blake     |
| 10. Eugene Harrison       | 24. Ira Anderson      | 35. Thos. H. Murray          | 45. Wm. A. Bowles, Jr.  |
| 11. Stephen A. Simmons    | 25. Albert Holyoak    | 36. Reno Ferre               | 46. S. J. Francis       |
| 12. Edwin Hutchings       | 26. Wm. A. Madison    | 37. G. T. Rashband           | 47. Chas. D. Gray       |
| 13. D. Ray Allred         | 27. Geo Comer         | 38. Wm. Howe, Jr.            |                         |

Figure 34: People in Missionary Class 1905-06 Photograph



Figure 36. Hyrum Peter Winter



Figure 37. Hyrum Winter and Minnie Shepherd — Engagement Day

## 11. Biography of Hyrum Peter Winter and Minnie Chloe Shepherd Winter As Remembered by Vera Winter Hiskey, Daughter

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This is a short life history of my Father and Mother — Hyrum Peter Winter and Minnie Chloe Shepherd.

My Dad was born October 25, 1883 in Fountain Green. Utah. He was the second son and child of Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter and Rasmine Christensen, both from Denmark.

My Mother was born April 13 1889 at Levan, Utah. She was the second child of Augustus Shepherd - of England, and Martha Eliza Gardner - of Gunnison.

My Dad moved with his family to Levan when he was a small child, so both parents grew up in Levan. Their lives were about the same as any child growing up in those days. People had to work hard for a living and the children were expected to help. There was farm work to be done and a lot of cows to milk, pigs and chickens to tend and all things that go with farming. They both left home to go to school in Provo and graduated from the 8th grade there. They spent several years working away from home. My Dad worked in Idaho, Provo, and Gunnison and eventually returned to Levan. My mother worked in Provo for Senator Smoot and Jesse Knight. She also spent time working in Richfield and Gunnison.

hyrum and jay



**Figure 38. Hyrum and Oldest Child Jay**



They were married, after quite a long courtship, in the Manti Temple on January 2, 1918. They built their home in Levan and lived there while they raised their family which consisted of two boys, and four girls:

Born:

Jay Shepherd	November 8, 1918
Ramona Louise	January 14, 1920
Marva Lodeen	September 19, 1921
Barbara Fay	March 4, 1924
Vera	October 27, 1926
Leslie Ben	July 8, 1930

We had some real good times while we were growing up. Although the depression made financial conditions very bad and we almost lost everything we had, we still had a cellar full of fruit and plenty to eat. There were times when money was very scarce but Papa & Mama worked real hard to support their family, and I am grateful to them for teaching us the right way to live and how to work.

hyw03



**Figure 39. Jay, Marva (Front), Barbara, Delwin, and Louise (from Left to Right)**



**Figure 40. Hyrum and Minnie Winter Family, Approximately 1940 (Left to Right)**  
**Back: Louise, Marva, Jay, Vera and Barbara**  
**Front: Hyrum, Minnie and Ben**

Mama used to go help the doctors deliver babies and she was gone a lot. But she was a good nurse and people were always coming for her to help. It didn't matter if it was in the middle of the night or in the day when an expectant father came for her. She always went. She made \$1.00 a day and she usually worked for them about ten days. She helped to bring many babies into the world.

Papa was always willing to help us girls fix meals or do whatever he could to help us when she was gone. He has mixed many batches of bread and even sewed up his own overalls lots of times. He had a lot of farm work to do besides.

I remember how he used to go out hauling wood with the horses and wagon. He worked so hard to make big piles of wood so we would be able to keep warm in the winter. He would take the boys with him and lots of times it was long after dark before they got home. I can remember how scared I was for fear they were lost or had some kind of trouble. It was always a relief when they were home again.

Some of the good memories I have are these:

All kids are starving when they come home from school and I can still smell the homemade bread and pies (seven or eight at a time) and ham and potatoes cooking when we came home from school. Mom was a real good cook, and it made her happy to keep the cellar cupboard full of good things to eat. I remember how we used to congregate down the cellar steps after a dance and eat pie or just plain bread and jam and milk.

In the fall of the year, we had a family project of apple picking. Barbara, Ben, and I used to climb the trees and throw the apples to Mama and Papa and whoever was down there to catch them. Papa would put them in the apple cellar that he had dug and put bins in. Our apple pit was always full of good apples all winter. It was a lot of fun to work as a family to get the apples picked every fall.

We used to enjoy good trips to the canyon. On the 4<sup>th</sup> and 24<sup>th</sup> of July, the whole town used to go to the canyon to celebrate. We usually took Aunt Floy and her three boys with us in our wagon and we really had some good times. One time, as we were going up the canyon, some of the men in town wrapped up in white sheets and kept running across the road and then hide behind trees. It really frightened us kids. We thought they were ghosts. Another time, when we stayed all night, we were awakened early in the morning by a huge rock that rolled down the mountain and it looked like it was coming right into our camp. It stopped though before it got there. We used to have good ball games too. Grown-ups and children together. And the people in town who owned the stores would take wagons that kept ice cream and pop in them and it tasted so good up in the mountains. These were only a few of the good times we had. There were the good Christmas and Thanksgiving parties that we used to have at our grandparent's place. And the happy hours that we spent with our good neighbors. These are memories that we will always treasure.

Financial conditions forced Papa to go away from home to work when I was in Junior High School. He went to Provo and worked at the Steel Plant. He wasn't very happy about leaving home to work, but he had to earn a living. I don't remember just how long he worked up there, but he would come home on weekends.

Then after Jay and Marva were married, Papa and Jay went to work up to Tooele at the Tooele Ordinance Depot. That lasted for a while, but he finally came back to Levan and went to work on the section fixing railroad ties and etc. This was hard work and he was out in the cold all winter but at least he was home. He worked here for several years until he took sick with heart trouble and had to quit. Mama was finally the one who had to go to work. She convinced Papa that they would have to go someplace where she could get a job. Marva was still living in Tooele so they moved up there. Mama took some kind of a test and passed it and was hired to go to work out to TOD (Tooele Ordinance Depot). They were very lucky that she was able to get this job. She enjoyed it and they lived in the basement of the Jay Dobson house. They were very good friends with Beverly and Jay Dobson. Papa stayed home and kept house and cooked meals while Mama worked.



hyw01



**Figure 41. Hyrum and Minnie Winter Family (Left to Right)**  
Vera, Karlene, Barbara, Kathy, Nelda, Jay, Hyrum, Barry, Minnie, Dianne, Louise, Marva and Grant

hyw02



**Figure 42. Hyrum and Minnie Winter Family (Left to Right)**  
Hyrum, Maurine, Jay, Dianne, Minnie, Karlene, Karan, Louise, Marva, Vera, Grant, Barbara and Barry

In February of 1951 or 1952 (?), Mama was hit by a car while she was waiting for her ride to come home from work. She was badly hurt and had to stay in the hospital for ten days or so. I went up and stayed with them for a while to take care of Mama and help out. She recovered from her injuries and went back to work. As I mentioned before, she was very lucky to have this job because it was the Social Security that she got from this job that supported her after Papa died and she was too old to work any more.

I feel that our parents did a very good job raising their family. They set a good example for us and we all grew up to be good members of the Church and were all married in the Temple. We are all still active in the Church and at the present time we have two Bishops - Boyd and Ray. Ben had served as Bishop for several years before Ray and Boyd. They are the proud grandparents of 28 grandchildren. 17 Grandsons and 11 granddaughters. To these have also been added nine great-granddaughters and 10 great-grandsons. Seven of the grandsons have served LDS missions and five have served their country. Two of these served overseas in Vietnam and Germany. Ben also served in Korea. He was in Korea for one year.

In January 1953, Papa got sick and had to be hospitalized. The Dr. said it was influenza and heart trouble. He was in the LDS Hospital for nine days. He died there on February 1, 1953.

Mom worked for a short time after Papa died. But when she quit, she sold her home in Levan and bought her a home in Nephi. During the 18-1/2 years that she was a widow she spent a lot of time with her children. She would visit with each of us and then go back home in Nephi. Barbara lives in Nephi and she kept good track of Mama. We were all happy when she would come to see us and all the grandchildren enjoyed having her. Both Mama and Papa were always willing to come to our places and help us out whenever we needed them. They were good parents and we all loved them dearly.

On September 26, 1971, Mama passed away with a heart attack. She had seemed to feel better than she had for several months so when she died so suddenly it was a big shock to all of us.

We, the children, would like to thank our parents for being the good parents and people that they were. We love them and respect them in every way.



## 12. Biography of My Father and Mother: Hyrum Peter Winter and Minnie Chloe Shepherd by Marva Willis, Daughter

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Hyrum was born in Fountain Green, Utah, on October 25, 1883, to Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter and Rasmine Christensen Winter. Both of his parents came from Denmark.

I don't remember my grandfather very well. He died mailing a letter to my uncle who was on a mission at the time. I was only about three years old at the time of his death.

My grandmother was a cute little chubby lady with a bob on top of her head. She spoke very broken English, and was pretty hard to understand. We didn't spend very much time with them but I remember playing "I Doubt It" with her. She was fun to be around and loved to play games with her grandkids.

I remember spending one Christmas at their house. I mostly remember all the good food.

Minnie Chloe Shepherd Winter was born in Levan, Utah on April 13, 1889, to Augusta and Martha Gardner Shepherd.

The first recollection I have of my dear mother is when I was very small. I always remember seeing her work so hard and so long. Not only for her husband, children, brothers, sister, and parents, but anyone who needed her. It seemed there were so many people who did need her.

hyw05



Figure 43. Boyd and Hyrum

hyw07



Figure 44. Hyrum and grandchild at a Picnic



She served most of the ladies in Levan it seemed. Women who were having babies, and many who had problems she could help with. Mama worked with the doctor at that time and in those small towns in Utah the women had their babies in their homes. The doctor would call her or the family would call her. She would walk all the way to the person's house to help deliver the baby, another stay and take care of the baby. She would go after for days, because at that time women stayed in bed for days. She was so good. Most of the time she hardly got anything for all that work. Some times a couple of dollars and a lot of the time nothing or some fruit, eggs, or anything the person could give her.

Mama was real good with sick people. One time I remember her taking care of Miss Jones, a schoolteacher that was boarding with one of our neighbors. Miss Jones fell on a potbelly stove she had in her room. She got terrible burns all over her hand, and clear to her shoulder. It was a horrible burn. We didn't have a doctor in town. Not too many people with cars, so people had to take care of themselves. Mama took care of her until the burn healed. It took a long time.

My dad was a stately man, about 6 feet tall, thin, pretty blue eyes, and brown hair. He wore bib overalls most of the time and long sleeve, blue work shirts. It was nice to see him dressed up sometimes. (Pretty handsome man.)

When I was about 4 or 5 years old I loved to sit on his lap and make spit curls in his hair. He had a little natural curl in his hair so it was fun to work with. He used to bounce us on his knee and sing Danish songs to us. He was a lot of fun to play with when he had time. This didn't happen too often because he was so busy working on his farm, and working in the garden and orchard. He was fond of his grainery and lot. We had a great orchard, with every kind of fruit you could imagine. A lot of different kinds of apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, a great raspberry patch, and strawberries. He also had a great vegetable garden.

In the corral he had a pigpen with quite a few pigs that stunk to high heaven and produced tons and tons of flies. He had a number of cows. He, my mother and two brothers milked twice a day. The milk helped a lot to feed his family and sell the rest. He filled 5 gallon cans and took them outside the gate to be picked up each morning by someone to sell. This helped a lot to make money during the depression. He had two big horses, they had huge feet. He used these horses to help him on the farm.

My dad was a very meticulous man. His grainery was an example of this wonderful trait. In this grainery he kept his tools. He was very fussy with them. We weren't allowed to touch them. One time my brother Jay took steely marbles out of some of his tools to play with. He was reprimanded pretty severely. Jay never did that again.

In the bins upstairs in the grainery he put the wheat that he harvested each fall. He was pretty strict with his children and fussy with his possessions. When I think about it now it amazes me that he would allow us to use the wheat bins, filled with wheat as a swimming pool. We would play in the bins for hours (but we never touched his tools).

I remember one time all of us kids were supposed to go to the field and herd the cows back home. We were supposed to be home in time to go to church. We messed around on the way home and were late getting home, making us late for church. He took each one of us to the grainery for a good switching. I remember the fear of the switching, but I don't remember the switching. I never found out from my brothers and sisters if they got a switching or not.

Mama was a very religious woman. I remember she insisted on all of us going to our meetings. We fought her sometimes because we thought if our friends didn't go, why should we, but she was persistent. It really paid off because all of her children have been married in the temple and have stayed active in the church. I thank her very much for helping all of know how important this is in our lives. Thank you mama. I love you so much, and am looking forward to seeing you again, and being with you, if I can live worthy.

Another thing I remember about my dad was sitting around in the evening and him peeling apples for all of us. He liked to tell us stories about some of the pranks he pulled as a boy. He was fun to listen to.

hyw09



**Figure 45. Minnie Chloe at Her and Hyrum's Home in Levan**

hyw06



**Figure 46. Minnie Chloe and Hyrum on Marva and Grant's Porch in Tooele**

My dad was a very hard working man. He worked very hard on the farm. He hired men to help him in the fall when it was harvest time. My mother was so good and willing to fix good hot meals for all the men. It was a hard job too because she had to cook on a coal or wood burning stove. It was hot and miserable when she had to cook.

My mother had a hard life. It was depression time while she was raising her family. Money was really scarce; with six children it was really a struggle for her. She had a couple of lady cousins that hadn't married and had pretty good jobs in Salt Lake. They would give all the dresses, shoes, etc. to mama. She would take them apart and make dresses for her four girls. She usually managed a new dress for each of us on the 4th or 24th of July. She also made dresses out of the flour sacks that had a cute little print on them. She really did a great job with what she had to work with.

She worked so hard to keep all of our hair washed, braided, and on Saturday night, no matter how tired we all were she would wind our hair on rags or papers, so we could have pretty ringlets on Sundays. That was quite a job because she had to carry the water in from out side, heat it, and bath us and wash our hair each Saturday. That #3 tub really got a work out each week. It was so cold in the winter in that small room off the kitchen.

Minnie Chloe Winter (2)



**Figure 47. Minnie Chloe Shepherd Winter**



I remember helping hall hay and stacking it into big stacks in the hay yard. I usually rode the derrick horse. I can remember running into big snakes sometimes, and it scared me to death. I have always hated and been scared to death of snakes. For a few years I got big boils on my arms and legs so he let me ride the horse to protect my boils, or let me work in the house. My sisters accused me of being my dad's pet. I asked him if I was and he said if I was it was because I looked like my mother.

My dad used to tell me about me liking to watch him butcher the pigs for meat to cure for the winter months. He said when I was about three I went up to one of the big pigs, hanging up after butchering, and saying, "papa will you make this big pig all sausage?" Mama made the best sausage. It was a terrible job though. He told me one time about burning my finger and swearing at the stove. "I wonder where I heard those swear words."

When Louise and I started going out with our friends, my dad wouldn't let Louise go unless she took me with her. Neither one of us liked this very well. Louise didn't like taking me with her, and I didn't like going with her and her friends.

hyw04



**Figure 48. Four Generations: Marva, Tracy, Minnie Chloe and Karan**

As we got older I remember mama being much stricter than papa about getting home early, and going to church when our friends didn't have to go.

When I got married, and moved to Tooele the whole family cried, even papa. It was hard to leave home, and always a lot of fun to go home for a vacation.

It was always fun to go home with Grant. He got along real well with my family, and he liked helping make things easier for my mom. She had never had any conveniences, like running water in the house, or a built-in cupboard. He piped the water into the house, built her a nice cupboard, and put a sink in the house. He wanted to put a bathroom in the house, and he and my dad were starting to work on it when papa got sick, and we were building in Tooele, so that never did get finished.

As my children came along they loved going to Grandma and Grandpa Winters in Levan. Barry really liked going with Ben and Grandpa to haul wood from the canyon. He also loved herding turkeys with Ben. Karan was papa's special little girl, and they loved each other. One time we were taking Grandma and Grandpa for a ride. Karan got carsick, papa could see that she was going to throw up, so he held his suit pocket open, so she could throw up in it. That's unconditional love I'm sure, knowing how fussy my dad was.

hyrums daughters



**Figure 49. Hyrum's and Minnie's Daughters (Left to Right)  
Vera Winter Hiskey, Louise Winter Linton, Barbara Winter Jones, and Marva  
Winter England Willis**

When papa got so sick with heart trouble they had to leave Levan and move to Tooele, where we lived. My mom went to work at Tooele Ordinance Depot. That almost killed my dad. He felt so bad about her having to go to work. He was so lonely and bored. They lived with us for a while, then they found a basement apartment with a real nice family, the Dobsons. They really liked it there because the Dobson's were so nice to them. They lived about 1-1/2 miles from us. Papa would walk up to my place almost every day. He was such a big help to me. He helped me can fruit, hang clothes, and anything he could find to do. He was happy doing it, and it kept him from being so bored.

I was working at J.C. Penney Co. part time, so he tended my youngest son Brent quite a bit. Brent was a real tease and would hide from my dad, and was quite a hand full at times. Papa was so patient with him.

One night mama was working the afternoon shift. She fell and got hurt pretty bad. I have never seen my dad so shook up. He really blamed himself for what happened. He cried. I had a hard time getting him calmed down. He was so relieved when she got better.

Not too long after this happened he got the flu. I hurt my back about the same time, so couldn't go check on him. After I got a brace for my back, Grant and I went to see them. He was so sick. I called Salt Lake and talked to his doctor. We took him right in to the hospital. The treatment didn't do any good. He only lived for about two weeks after that. It was so hard for mama and all of us. We kept thinking if we had of gotten him there sooner he might have been able to get better.

Mama stayed in Tooele for a while after that. I don't remember how long. She decided that she would sell her house in Levan and buy a small home in Nephi. She was close to Barbara and Ron and their kids. She liked it there because she knew a lot of people there. Her house was small, and she didn't have much yard work.

I missed having him come up every day. I missed hearing his foot steps coming up to the house. It was so sad for me and my kids and Grant. He was a great father and I loved him and missed him so much.

In 1971, the year before she passed away, she came and helped me after I had surgery. She was such a special mother, and I'm sure she didn't get near as much thanks and appreciation as she deserved (thanks mom). When we moved to California, in 1957, she really hated to have us go but we tried hard to have her come and stay in the winters as often as she could. She even helped us out when she did that, because I got a job and she stayed with Kathy so I wouldn't have to leave her with strangers. Brent was still in school too so I'm sure he really enjoyed having her here. She was always so good to all of my children. Karan was home part of the time too, so she also benefited from having her grandmother here, the way I remember Barry was either on his mission or away from home going to college. Grant was so good to her and she was so good to him too. They really liked each other.

She was a good influence on our lives, and we all love her so much and miss her and papa a lot.



PICT2570



**Figure 50. Hyrum and Minnie's Headstone, Levan City Cemetery**

### **13. Christiane (Annie) Winter and James Aagard by Their Daughter Anne, 1978**

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Christjana Rasmine, known as Annie, was born 3 December 1885 to Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter and Rasmine Christensen at Wales, Utah. She was a pretty blond, blue-eyed girl. She grew up doing the things most young girls at that time did. She was a willing worker, and being one of the older children of eleven in the family, she helped with the younger ones. When she was thirteen years old her folks moved to Levan. Annie was a kind, thoughtful girl to her family and to her mother and father, and never questioned their advice to her. For recreation it was a sleigh ride in the winter, or swimming in the summer time. When she was older her folks allowed her to go dancing.

James Aagard was born, 23 May 1885, in Levan, Juab Co., Utah. He was the fourth child born to Niels Jensen Aagard and Bolette Marie Rasmussen. He had two sisters, Serena, who died young, and Mary Aagard Andersen, and two brothers, Niels and Sonnie. James was a good-looking lad with brown hair and blue eyes. His boy hood days were not easy ones, his father died when he was six years old. He didn't receive much education, as he needed to find work to help his mother with the living expenses. He was a hard worker so it wasn't hard for him to find work. He worked on the railroad for a couple of years. The railroad workers lived in a big tent, which was about the size of a circus tent. They had a big stove in the middle of the tent which they huddled around to keep warm when they weren't working. James, or Jim as he was called, also herded sheep and worked on farms. He never quit in the middle of a job no matter how much he disliked it. The biggest share of his money went to his mother.

Jim liked horses and dogs, and had a lot of fun riding burros that he and his friends would catch out on the desert. He was a big tease and loved to play pranks on people. They used to go around scaring people by playing tic-tac-toe on their windows, which they did by making a weird noise with the knuckles of their hands or with a spool on a stick that had notched edges, they wound the string on the spool and then they gave the string a fast pull, the spool would spin around on the stick and the notches of the spool would hit the window making a loud noise. They also liked to take apples and melons from people. One time they swiped a man's apples. He took after them and they hid in his outdoor cellar. The man sat on the cellar door and wouldn't let them out for a long time. The following Sunday they had to get up in church and ask forgiveness. Once when Jim was about fourteen years old, he and his friends were swimming in their "birthday suits" and some girls came along and hid their cloths. They didn't find them for a long time.

When he was almost seventeen, he was very bashful and he had his eyes on Christjana Rasmine Winter.

One evening she was out milking the cow when James Aagard, a handsome young man in town, came riding by on his horse. He stopped and offered to milk the cow for her, and their friendship began. Annie's father was very stern looking and he was very strict. He was very particular who his daughter went

with, most of the young men were afraid of him. Jim was very smart to see his opportunity to become friends of the family by milking that old cow, and he did. It wasn't long before they were dating. After that their romance began. Theirs was a lively courtship, with run away buggy rides, and near disastrous tip overs.

They were married, 1 June 1904, in the Manti Temple. Jim was nineteen and Annie was eighteen. Their first home was a small log cabin in Levan. It was hard to find work so Jim went to nearby towns to get work. He went to herd sheep for an uncle in Fountain Green, Utah. Annie missed him a lot, but she kept busy scrubbing, painting the inside of their home and making pretty quilts, pillowcases and rugs to brighten their humble dwelling. Jim would come home as often as he could but he was away months at a time.

Annie-Jim 1904



**Figure 51. Annie and Jim Aagard, 1904**



Months slipped away and Jim and Annie's first child was born. A son named James Edger for his father, they called him Ed. Annie's days were not so lonely now, she had some one to care for and play with. The years passed and their family grew, Niels Orlando called Lan, Peter Reuben, Rudolph, and then a little girl, Geneva Marie. Jim still had to make their living away from home. It was hard on Annie with five small children to tend. When their fourth son Rudolph was around four, he became very ill with a mastoid behind his ear. Annie worked with him day and night, doing every thing that was possible. The doctor did what he could, but Rudolph passed away. The sorrow was almost more than they could bear. Annie's folks, friends and neighbors were a great comfort and help at this time.



pcit5542

**Figure 52. Rudolph Aagaard's Headstone, Levan City Cemetery (Son of Annie and James Aagaard)**

About six months after the death of their child, Jim had a chance to go to Wyoming and get a start on his own in the sheep business. So in the spring of 1915, he went to Burlington Wyoming to see what the opportunities were. He was in Wyoming away from his family for five months and sent for them to come to Wyoming, because he was sure he had found what he wanted there. Annie was very reluctant to leave her parents, brothers and sisters. However, she got her family of four young children ready and they went with Jim's uncle Andrew Aagard by train to Wyoming. It took several days with all the layovers. Jim met his family in Lovell, Wyoming with team and wagon, and went the rest of the 35 miles to Burlington on a rough dusty road.

Annie04



**Figure 53. Annie Winter Aagard**



annie01



**Figure 54. Annie Aagard on the Ranch**

annie03

jim01



**Figure 55. Jim Aagard on the Ranch**

jim02



**Figure 56. Annie Aagard**



**Figure 57. Jim Aagard**



annie-jim family



**Figure 58. Annie and Jim Aagard Family**  
**Back Row (Left to Right): Edgar, Orlando, Reuben, Clifford, Robert and Morris**  
**Front Row (Left to Right): Annie, Geneva, Jim, Annie, Mary, Nadine and Beatrice**

The new home that was to be theirs was a three room log house, one room was feed storage for the sheep, the roof was of dirt. Annie's heart sank when she saw all the work that had to be done to fix it up. She was used to hard work, and she worked hard and long to make it livable. When it rained, the pans she set about couldn't catch all the drips and the floor would become wet and muddy.

Annie was very shy and it was hard for her to become acquainted with people. As the years went by she made many choice friends. Her greatest happiness came from her children. She loved them dearly and no sacrifice was too great for them. She went without many things for herself so that her children could have more.

Jim was able to buy the eighty acres of land they were living on and buy more sheep from his uncle. On the land they planted fruit trees, berries and raised a big garden. He was able to add to his acreage as the years went by.

They were all taught to go to bed early and get up early. In the fall of 1916, another son Clifford Christian was born. Jim was anxious to build a different house for Annie so she could have more comforts. He started getting logs from the mountains; it was a long way and had to be hauled by horses and wagon. It was a long slow process. The years slipped by and another son Robert Lee was born. In a couple of years they had another girl Annie, they called her Ann. Then another little girl, Mary Vera was born. Jim worked long and hard on the new house. They had a house warming and invited all their friends and neighbors. One of their neighbors brought his fiddle and they danced. Shortly after they moved in to their new home another boy Morris was born. Two girls were born after that, Beatrice and the last one Nadine, making an even dozen, seven boys and five girls.

When the children were sick they relied on prayer and a big black doctor book. Each spring Annie would brew a big kettle of sagebrush tea that was a blood tonic. She used mustard plasters for pneumonia and croup. A little turpentine and sugar was good for worms, bread and milk poultices were used for infections, and sulfur blown down the throat with a straw was used for sore throats.

With a large family many nights were spent tending the sick. Annie loved to gather her family around her and tell them stories, read to them, hear their prayers and tuck them in to their beds at night.

Annie was a good cook and loved to keep her family well fed. She loved to "can" and have her cellar shelves full of fruits and vegetables. At one time Annie broke her leg, but she didn't go to a doctor. She hobbled around on one leg and held onto chairs to do her work.

When the children left home for school or missions, Annie and Jim would always look anxiously for letters to let them know every thing was going well. Annie always wrote them words of encouragement and always ended her letter with "May the Lord bless you" - Love Mom.

Annie and Jim taught their children the joy of work. They set the example and expected the same of their children. They were taught there was no place in the world for an idle person if you had a strong body. They were taught cleanliness of body, heart and home. Each spring the whole family was involved in spring house cleaning. Every item that could be carried outside was carried out, scrubbed and sunned. Fresh straw was put in the straw ticks and under the carpets.

Wyoming was a cold place; quite often temperatures would go down to forty-five and sixty degrees below zero. In 1935 it got down to sixty-five degrees below zero, and when Cliff was tending sheep, jackrabbits would freeze to death in their tracks. Jim had many close calls with Wyoming's winter weather; but was able to survive. He was a healthy man and had very little sickness.

annie02



**Figure 59. Annie Winter Aagard**





**Figure 60. Annie and Jim Aagard**

Pic066



**Figure 61. Erhardt and Eva Bendixen, and Annie and Jim Aagard in Burlington Wyoming**

Pic055



**Figure 62. Annie Aagard and Eva Bendixen, in Burlington Wyoming**

Annie had several close calls with death. One time she had a severe gallstone attack. Another time she was taken to the hospital with erysipelas. She was very ill for ten days. One morning, 1 Sep. 1971, Annie and Jim got up early as usual, Jim going to the field and Annie doing her work. It wasn't long before she wasn't feeling well and called her daughter Geneva who lived near by. Geneva called her two brothers, Orlando and Morris, they came and administered to her and rushed her to the hospital. All the children were at her side but Nadine who lived in Hyrum, Utah. Annie passed quietly away that evening at the age of eighty-four. There would be a great emptiness in the lives of her husband and children, which could only be filled by the wonderful memories they had of her.

Jim moved in with Geneva, his daughter, her own husband died several years before. Jim slept and ate there, but most of the time he was at his own place. He was still being busy at something. His children and grandchildren loved and liked to be with him. Early morning on the 20 Nov. 1973, Jim and Geneva had an early breakfast and then he walked to his place to start a fire in the kitchen range, a wood stove to warm up the house so the water pipes didn't freeze. It was a cold morning and he was in a hurry. He had a small can of stove fuel and poured some on the already burning fire. The flames leaped high, burning his face badly, and starting the wall on fire. Jim tried to put out the fire, but was overcome by smoke, and collapsed on the floor. Denny Davidson, a son-in-law, saw the fire, rushed in, found Jim and pulled him from the fast burning house. He was rushed to the hospital; complications aided by his advanced years were more than he could fight. He passed away, Sunday morning 25 Nov. 1973, a little over two years after his beloved Annie. A tribute was paid to Jim by a person who said that he was sure Jim Aagard was the best thought of man in Burlington. What wonderful memories the family left would have of their folks, and the good times they all had as a family.

(Story from a tribute to Annie and Jim, by their daughter Anne, in 1978. At that time they had around 195 posterity.)



## **14. History of Ane Christine (Kjirstine) Winter Taylor by Heber and Vinease Taylor, February 1971**

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Ane Christine Winter Taylor was the fourth child of Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter and Rasmine Christensen Winter. She was born 30 January 1888 at Moroni, Sanpete, Utah. Her family came to Levan and she commenced school at Levan. (Also see [Figure 32](#) and [Figure 33](#).)

Christine and Hyrum



**Figure 63. Christine Winter Taylor and Hyrum Winter**

Christine grew up in a family of 9 children; so she learned to work, sew, and cook at an early age. When she was only 14 years of age she sat up at night with the dead and helped to sew burial clothes for them. She sat up many nights with the sick, sometimes staying two or three days at a time. She sewed for many people in Levan, making many wedding dresses. She worked for many people living with the family and taking the full responsibility of the home and children. She was a very good cook. Chicken soup with Danish dumplings was one of her specialties. She took many a bowl of soup to the sick. When any of the family was sick, they could always count on Grandma's chicken soup and it always helped to make them feel better.

Christine was married to Schuyler P. Taylor on September 22, 1909 at the Manti Temple. They were blessed with five children: Hyrum Rex, Heber "C," Gordon Lee, Howard Winter, and Fern Winter. When Rex was a baby, Schuyler was called on a mission. She was left to care for a baby and two children from her husband's first marriage, the home, and the farm.

Christine did all the sewing for her family and for many others. She was very gifted in this. She could take a hand me down coat and make a child's coat that was beautiful and a delight to the child. I don't think she has a grandchild that hasn't worn something pretty and nice that she has made.

She has made countless quilts. She kept her family well supplied with lovely quilts and many of her grandchildren have quilts she has made.

She loved flowers and always had a beautiful flower garden, especially beautiful roses. She gave many slips and cuttings to friends and neighbors; so they could enjoy her flowers.

She served in the Primary Presidency, and was a Primary teacher and Sunday School Teacher for a number of years. In 1959 she was set apart by Bishop Collard to work on a Genealogy Committee.

Christine was put in as a visiting teacher while Sister Margaret Mortensen was Relief Society President. Sister Mortensen was put in President in 1906. As near as we can figure Christine has been a visiting teacher for about 60 years, and was still serving as one when this history was written. Her husband, Schuyler, died in 1943. She was a widow for over 30 years.

Christine had little formal education, but was well blessed with the education one gets from life, in her case a hard life. On one occasion when we were shopping for a milk bucket, Mom was with as she usually was. She liked to go with us, and we liked her to go with us. Money was scarce as it always was on the farm and we were looking for a cheap milk bucket. We had passed by a heavy, expensive galvanized bucket, and as Mom came to it she said, "If I was still milking cows I would buy this one if I could afford it." We bought it and the bucket is now probably over 30 years old and we are still using it.

Christine



**Figure 64.** Christine, Levan Relief Society Picture (See [Figure 32](#))





**Figure 65. Christine Winter Taylor**

When Dad died there was a large doctor and hospital bill. There was also some debt left owing on the farm. Part of the farm was turned over to Dad's first family as their part of the estate (which was only fair). Mom sold horses and other farm animals and after many years taking every thing that came off the farm to pay on these obligations, she was able to pay these bills, and the last few years of her life was spent in what was to her almost luxury. She was finally able to occasionally buy a new coat or dress or pair of shoes. She always liked nice shoes.



She has 21 grandchildren and 52 great grandchildren, and now 4 great great grandchildren. She loved them all and they all loved her. She was always a willing baby sitter and did a lot of this for her family. If any of the grandchildren was sick, she was always there to help care for them. She always had time to read and play with them. They loved to have her along on family trips and vacations. When they were grown and had families of their own they still loved to come to her house and bring their children to see the cellar with the trap door, to play the old phonograph they had played when they were kids, and to have some of the good cookies from the cookie jar that was always full. Her life was truly one of service.

Part of this history was given in Relief Society February 9, 1971 by her daughter-in-law Vinease Taylor honoring her as the oldest Visiting Teacher. At that time she was 83 years old.

PICT5933



**Figure 66. Ane Christine and Schuyler Taylor's Headstone, Levan City Cemetery**

## **15. Peter (Chris) Christian Winter and Marnie Crystal Jennings**

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Peter Christian Winter was the fifth child of Jorgen Peter Jorgensen and Rasmine Christensen. Both parents came from Denmark after joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

Peter Christian was born on the 3 April 1890 in a small house in Levan, Juab County, Utah. The house was located on the south side of the creek that ran from Chicken Creek Canyon down through the southern part of Levan on the east side of the highway that went to Gunnison in San Pete County and emptied into Juab Lake.

There were several homes south of the creek that were later torn down and the ground farmed. Only one house remained until the year 1979 and then other houses were built.

There were big families that lived south of the creek, and that area of town was often referred to as "Kidville."

Peter was known throughout his life as Chris. The children played in the old creek digging dens and hideouts. As the years passed Chris often reminisced and said, "The kids playing in the old creek were so wild they couldn't be told from the coyotes." He said his hair was snow white and went straight back because he could run so fast, and he had freckles as big as nickels. In later days his hair turned dark and his freckles blended with his brown complexion.

Peter Christian was baptized a member of the L.D.S. Church 4 June 1898 by Martin Nielson and confirmed the next day also by Martin Nielson.

Chris's parents were very strict with their children and taught them the wonderful advantage their Mormon religion was to them. They were taught to pray, pay an honest tithe to their Church, and to read good books.

Chris along with his brothers and sisters obtained his education in Levan. He started school when he was six years old. When the school day was finished, he wouldn't stay at the school grounds and play with the other boys and girls but would run home and help with chores.

When he was twelve years old, he learned a valuable lesson. He, along with other boys were caught stealing apples from the cellar of John Morgan. The boys ran. Chris was caught and taken to the City Hall. He wouldn't tell who the other boys were. They were later identified and they were lined up in church the following Sunday and asked forgiveness of the congregation. This was a common practice in the church at this time whenever anyone did anything wrong. Chris remembered this incident all his life and taught his children the virtue of being honest.

Chris completed his formal education at the close of the school year 1904. Because of their large family his folks were unable to send him to Provo to continue his education when several of his friends went. He stayed at home with his older brother and sisters and helped his parents.



Peter Christian was ordained to the office of Deacon in the L.D.S. Church by his father on 1 March 1906. He was ordained to the office of Priest on 1 February 1909, under the hands of Elder Henry Hendricksen. He was ordained to the office of Elder on 24 September 1911 by Elder Henry Hendricksen.

When Chris became interested seriously in girls, his main interest was in a local girl, Marnie Crystal Jennings. Marnie had many admirers when she was a young girl. She was never without a partner when there was a dance or party. She started going with Peter Christian Winter when she was just over seventeen years old. Marnie and Chris had many friends their age and they had many good times together. They became close friends and joined other young couples in dancing and going to shows.

Marnie Crystal Jennings was the third child of Mansfield Fredrick Jennings and his wife Martina Hansen Ramlose Jennings. She was born in Levan, Utah 29 September 1892. She had two older sisters, Fanny Clarissa, and Alice Lila, and two younger brothers, Mirl Fredrick and Charles Edward. Her parents were both members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Her mother, Martina, came from Denmark; she was a convert who had been disowned by her family for joining the church.

Marnie's parents lived in Levan, in the home located three blocks south and two blocks east, of the L.D.S. ward chapel, on the north east corner of the block. Years later Marian and Fern Wankier bought this place and remodeled it.

Marnie's father was a good man and a hard worker. Her parents were just getting a good start financially, in their married life, when her father was lifting on a wagon and the belt he was wearing on an old rupture, slipped, causing a strangulated hernia. He suffered great agony and died, 10 June 1898, before they could get help for him. His grief stricken wife was left to raise five children alone. The oldest was eleven, Marnie was six and the baby was just one year old.

Being a widow and trying to make a living for five children wasn't easy. Marnie's aunt Clara, her mother's older sister was the only family member to help them. She would bring cloths, food and probably money though money was very scarce. Aunt Clara was always remembered for her great kindness in times of need.

Marnie's mother took in boarders, the only way she had of supporting her family. Marnie was just eight years old when she left home to live with a family where she tended babies, did chores, washed dishes, and ironed for her board and room. At one home she slept on the floor behind the kitchen stove with a blanket to keep her warm.

Chris and Marnie enjoyed a two-year courtship and made plans to be married. On 27 September 1911 they went as far as Nephi in a horse and buggy where they took the train up Nephi Canyon and on to Manti where they were married in the Temple for time and eternity.

Marnie02

Marnie01



**Figure 67. Marnie Crystal Jennings, About Seventeen**

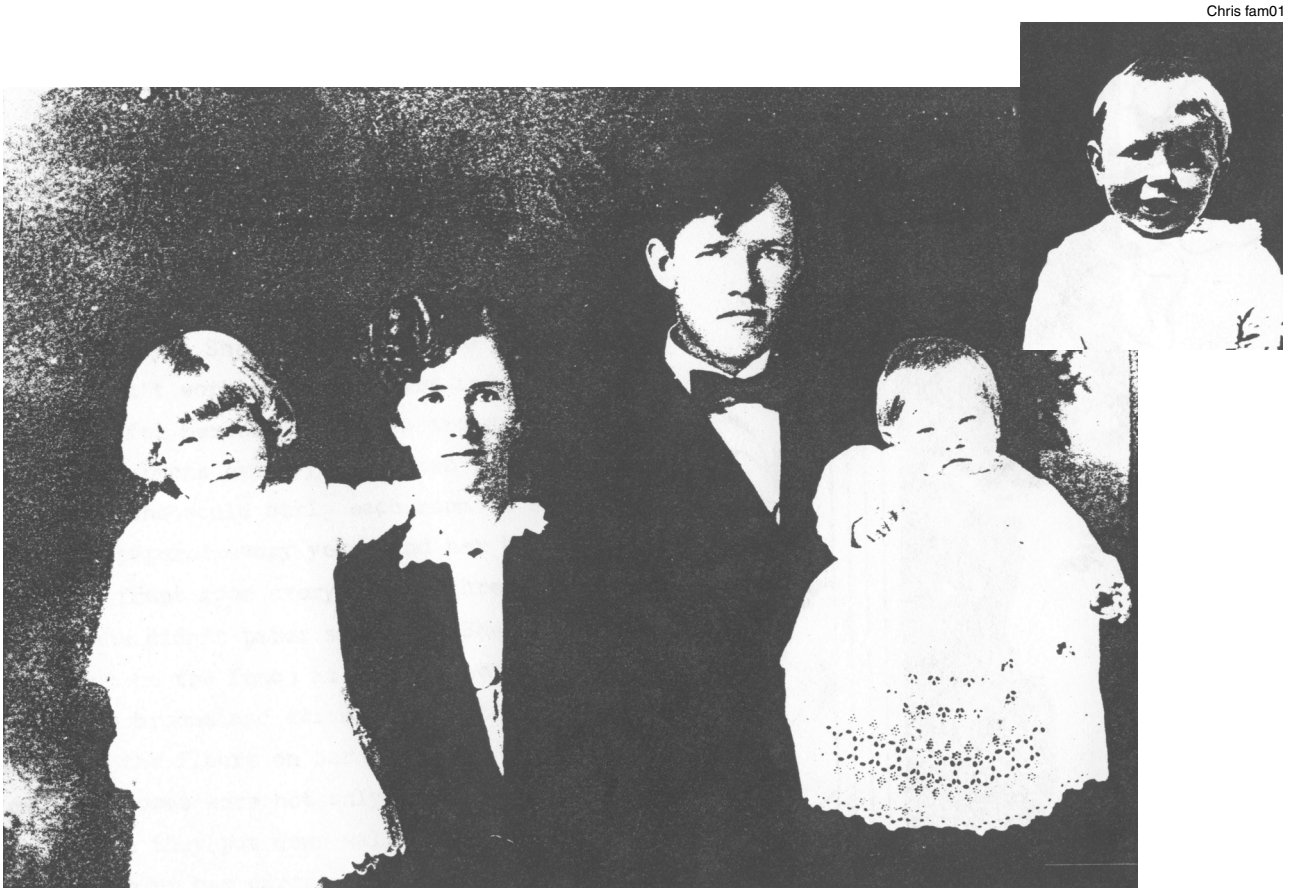


**Figure 68. Marnie Crystal Jennings, About Twenty Two**

They returned to Levan to make their first home. They had precious little to start their married life. A few days after they were married Chris bought a team of horses and obtained work at the Starr Ranch north of Mona. Chris left his bride with her mother where she helped with boarders.

Their first baby, a little girl named Norma, was born 17 June 1912. Eighteen months later Chris obtained a very good job in Nephi running the gristmill east of Nephi at the mouth of Nephi Canyon. A house was provided for them by the old mill run, and here on 13 July 1914 their second child, a son, LaMar Christian was born.

Marnie had to keep a close watch over her children. There was the ever-present danger of falling into the creek, falling under the water wheel, and quite often the teams that brought the grain to the mill would become frightened and run away. One day a team ran away and the wagon hit the corner of the house. Norma and her little brother had just been sitting on the doorstep.



**Figure 69. Chris and Marnie Winter Family Portrait, 1915 (Left to Right)  
Norma, Marnie, Chris, and LaMar; Also Ray, 1921**

Many times on a bright sunny day, Marnie and Chris would take their little family across the ridge to Levan, in their horse and buggy to see their grandparents, relatives and friends. When they got home at night they would cook a big long Danish sausage called "Pilts" with potatoes for their supper.

They kept this job for four years. Chris was always eating whole grain while working at the mill, which caused a severe stomach ailment. For his health's sake they decided to use their savings to buy a farm and home in Levan. The owners of the mill tried to get them to change their minds by offering higher wages and better benefits. It sounded good to Marnie and she would have liked to stay, but Chris had enough working for the other guy. They still thought it was better to return to farming.

Marnie and her sister Lila, who was married to William Worwood, and lived in Levan, would take their children and drive by horse and buggy to Centerfield, to visit their mother who had moved there after marrying a man by the name of Herbert Beck. Chris always made sure they had plenty of food to last them while they were gone. He had heard "old Beck" was too tight to feed them. The trip going out to Centerfield would take a big days drive. The same back. Marnie was always disenchanted with Mr. Beck. She always said



her mother had it harder when she was married to a well to do man, than when she was working on her own to make a living for her five children. Her mother left him soon after her marriage and returned to Levan. She died in Levan, 24 August 1919. This was a sad time for Marnie to loose the mother that had done so much for them.

Chris was a hard worker and they were both good managers so it wasn't long before they started to reap the benefits, buying more land and animals.

He was ordained to the office of Seventy 16 November 1919 by Elder Thomas W. Vickers. Chris was an active, faithful member of the Church of Jesus Christ. Ray Edward, their third child was born 23 January 1920, in Levan. Soon they were financially able to build a new home two blocks south of the Levan Ward meetinghouse on the northwest corner of the third block. They had a young orchard and maintained a big garden at the east of the house.

Many times Marnie was left with the children, to oversee the running of the place, while Chris was working away from home supplementing the family income. She had to see the animals were tended and the chores done. LaMar would help her do this, when Ray was old enough he helped. Norma helped in the house.

Chris worked in the Sunday School Superintendency from 29 June 1919 until 29 April 1923, with Schuyler Taylor (Christine's husband) as Superintendent and Gilbert Shepherd as First Counselor.

Marnie always worked in the church. She taught a Sunday school class seven years in succession, her class had the record of being the best in the Stake. She was a visiting teacher in the Relief Society for over twenty years. In those days it was called "block teaching." She taught primary for fifteen years.

During all the years they lived in Levan, their family was very close with that of Schyler and Christine Winter Taylor, Chris' sister and her husband. Schyler and Chris were in the Sunday School Superintendency together for years. One Sunday they would have dinner at Marnie's and the next Sunday Christina would have them up to their place. They would always make home made ice cream, sometimes more than one freezer full. Their families always remembered the good times they had together.

A great tragedy happened to the Winter family on 20 Dec. 1924. Chris's father, Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter, was at the post office mailing a package to his son, Alma, who was on a mission, when he died suddenly of a heart attack, falling on the feet of Niels Anderson. Chris was sent for and he quickly hitched the team to the sleigh and with his son, LaMar, drove to the post office. They lifted Jorgen into the sleigh, and Chris walked ahead to break the news to his mother. It was a sad time knowing that Alma, son and brother, would not be able to come home to the funeral. Having a large family at times like this is a blessing. They all drew near to their mother with their love and comfort.

From 29 April 1923 to 1934, Chris was again put in the Sunday School. This time he was First Counselor, Schuyler Taylor was Superintendent and Herman Christensen was Second Counselor. Schuyler Taylor remained as Superintendent and Chris remained as First Counselor from 15 July 1928 until

1934 when Herman Christensen was released and Leonard Francom was sustained as Second Counselor in his place.

Through all the years Chris remained close to his mother. He loved her very much and was proud of her. One memorable Ward reunion he waltzed with her and everyone left the floor to watch them. It was a happy time for both mother and son.

Chris mixed well with the young friends of his family. Their home was always a gathering place for the young people. They would come and play games, play the phonograph, play the piano and sing. After they were usually treated to ice cream and cake. Music was important in their lives. Norma played the piano, LaMar the saxophone, and Ray the trumpet. Every Sunday morning while they were getting ready for church they would play the record player.

In small towns Halloween was always fun for the young people to go trick or treating. At one time to make sure no mischief was done Chris hid in the shed. When a group of "trickers" came to take his big wagon, he joined the group and pushed the wagon into town. When they had it pulled where they wanted, he made them take it back where they got it. They all had a great time.

Marnie03



**Figure 70. Marnie Winter**

Chris02



**Figure 71. Chris Winter, About 1927**

Many times when school was out and during the Christmas holidays and the long winter evenings, Chris would hitch up the team to the big bob sleigh and they would soon have a group for a sleigh ride. They would all return home for hot chocolate and cake.

Chris was the health officer for many years. When any member of any family came down with a communicable disease Chris would have to post a sign on the house quarantining the family. The children of the quarantined family could not go to school until the end of the incubation period, about a week or ten days, to see if they got the disease then they would have to stay home.

In 1925 after good crops and with savings Chris bought his first car, a Model T Ford. It was a prized possession. He brought the car home, drove it into the garage, pulled on the steering wheel, called "whoa," and pushed the end of the car out of the garage. He was kidded about it the rest of his life.

Chris worked as First Counselor in the Mutual Improvement Association with Herman Christensen as President and Clark Wood as Second Counselor from 1930-1933.

All too soon Chris and Marnie realized their children were not children any more but young adults. Their only daughter Norma was ready to leave their home and make one of her own with Niels Andersen, a local young man. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple, 19 Sep 1935. They made their home in Levan, far enough away so Chris had to put on a hat to go see them but close enough he could see them every day.

Along with the farm Chris owned, he helped run and. manage the big Salt Creek Ranch south of Levan for two years, 1934 to 1936.

The years continued to take their toll and the time came when Grandma Rasmine Winter, Chris's mother, was called home. She died 2 March 1938 of pneumonia, fourteen years after the death of her husband.

On 6 December 1939 at the Manti Temple where Chris and his wife Marnie were married, their youngest son, Ray Edward, was married to the girl of his choice, Mary Jane Jensen, from Centerfield in San Pete County.

Chris was called to work in the Manti Temple for three months with five other men from Levan. On 9 Dec. 1939 he was called on a Stake Mission.

On 20 November 1940 his oldest son, LaMar Christian, married Faye Lynwood Larson of Gunnison, San Pete County, in the Manti Temple. Ray and LaMar built homes on the south end of the same block as their parents. They worked together on a sharecrop oasis and bought and sold animals.

Chris spent his entire life in Levan; except for the four years he ran the gristmill in Nephi. He enjoyed working on the farm, and taught his boys to love farming. They got up early, put in a good days work, and would quit for the day. He often told them they would never have anything if they carried a dinner bucket and worked for the other fellow. He loved the fall of the year with its beautiful colors, warm days, and cool nights.

His farm was always well cared for, and he was proud of the way it looked. He loved animals and with his sons they soon had a large herd of Hereford cows.



Each spring it would take the entire family of adults to brand and vaccinate the animals so they could be driven to the meadow. The wives kept the brands hot and the needles and medicine ready to use. On one of these occasions, Grandma Marnie Winter was watching the procedure from the fence and fell onto a spike harrow. She received a terrible bruise on her leg that caused her great pain for many days. The boys were taught by their dad that they could never starve money out of an animal, so they kept only the best and strongest cows which were always well taken care of. With so much farming to do, it was decided that they should get a tractor. But it never replaced Chris' love for horses. He always kept a well-matched team.

With the boys married and living close by and all working well together, Chris decided to turn the farm work over to the boys. He took a job on the State road to keep it in repair. Gilbert Shepherd was his working companion. He worked this job for five years. On this job he had two of his fingers taken off while trying to fix the fan belt on the truck. He was indeed a happy man when he quit this job and went back to working with the boys again.

For several years he bought milk cows for a big dairy in California. He enjoyed getting out and meeting farmers, and he made many friends.

Chris fam02



**Figure 72. Chris and Marnie Winter Family (Left to Right)**  
**Ray Edward, Peter Christian, Norma Marnie, Marnie Crystal, and LaMar Christian**

Chris and Marnie worked many years together on the Genealogical Committee, both in the ward and stake. Chris was chairman in the ward for three years before he died, 1947-1950. After he passed away Marnie remained on the committee as secretary for four years. She was released 19 December 1954.

In later years Chris again worked in the Sunday School, this time as a teacher. He taught his children as his parents taught him, to pray, pay an honest tithe, and go to church.

Chris was a big, robust man, a good six feet tall, and he weighed around 220 lbs. He was quick on his feet and very active. He was very clean and took great pride in his appearance.

Chris' death was very sudden and a great shock to Marnie and all her family. During the spring and summer of 1950 he didn't feel well, so after being persuaded by his family he decided to go to Salt Lake for a check-up when the crops were in. The family didn't think anything too serious could be wrong with him. He walked from town to the hospital a big strong healthy man, they put him in the hospital and he passed away in just ten days, 26 September 1950. The cause was a rare blood disease that kills all the white corpuscles. Marnie stayed with him to the end. They had been constant companions and went every place together.

His death was a shock to everyone who knew him. He was respected by all that had any dealings with him. At the time of his death, he was an active member of the Seventy First Quorum of the Seventies of Juab Stake.

He was survived by his wife Marnie, one daughter Norma, and two sons, LaMar and Ray. He had ten grandchildren that he thought the world of: Dee, Betty, Rex, and Earl Anderson, children of Norma and Niels; Richard, Leon, Carol, and Judy, children of LaMar and Fay; Bonnie and Bruce, children of Ray and Mary Jane. He was also survived by the following brothers and sisters: Hyrum Winter, Mrs. Christine Taylor of Levan; Mrs. Annie Aagard of Burlington, Wyoming; Mrs. Marie Morgan of Mapleton; Mrs. Eva Bendixen; Mrs. Sarah Bendixen, and Alma Winter all of Levan.

Funeral services for Peter Christian Winter were conducted in the Levan Ward chapel on Saturday, 30 Sep 1950, at 2 p.m. His age: 60 years, 5 months, and 13 days. His interment was at the Levan Cemetery at 4 p.m.

Prayer in the home was given by Erhardt Bendixen, a brother-in-law. Invocation was given by Lorenzo Mangelson and the benediction by Clark S. Wood, of the bishopric. Rex Taylor, a nephew from Provo, gave the graveside prayer. Musical selections consisted of "My Father Knows Best" by James Christensen, Clarence Paystrup, and Woodrow Beard, accompanied by Ned Mangelson; vocal duet "Beyond the Sunset" by Nina Taylor and Cecil Stephensen, accompanied by Fern Wankier, with Thela B. Wankier as reader; vocal duet "Sometime We'll Understand" by James P. and Herman W. McCune of Nephi accompanied by Fern Wankier. Speakers were Christian Christensen, Clair Collard, James H. Ockey, and Bishop LeGrande Mangelson.

Marnie's last years weren't happy ones. Although her family tried to make things pleasant for her, and take her with them whenever they went any place, she was still lonely. She made two or three trips with her sons LaMar and Ray and their families to Santa Maria, California to see her sister, Fanny who was not well.

Marnie suffered two strokes. She didn't dare stay alone at night after the first stroke. Her three children lived close by and they took turns staying with her. Her second stroke was more severe, she never got over its complications, her leg finally had to be amputated at the knee, 30 December 1959. She went into a coma and passed away, 8 January 1960, at the Juab Co. Hospital.

Marnie's older sister Fanny died in California the day before Marnie, on the 7 January 1960. Her body was brought to Levan and the family had a double funeral for the two sisters that had been so close in life. They were buried at the sides of their husbands, who had preceded them in death, in the Levan Cemetery 12 January 1960.

PICT0032



**Figure 73. Peter (Chris) Christian and Marnie Winter's Headstone, Levan City Cemetery**



## 16. Tribute to Marie Winter Morgan May 1980

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I wish to pay homage to a beautiful friend, Marie Winter Morgan. (Also see [Figure 31](#))

Marie's heritage began in Denmark. A corner of Marie's heart holds a great love for the homeland of her beloved parents.

Marie's grandparents disinherited her mother because she joined the LDS church. She never heard from them again. Marie's father's parents kept in touch after they came to America.

What a deep testimony of the church Marie's parents had to have had to give up their parents and homeland to come to America.

Thus the seeds of love for God and the church were instilled in Marie.

Marie01



**Figure 74. Marie Elizabeth Winter**

God blessed Marie's parents with eleven children. Nine of these grew up into adulthood. Marie was the sixth child. Marie's parents took out their endowments in the Manti Temple. Their nine children were also married in the Manti Temple. Marie's father was an ordinance worker at the Manti Temple.

Marie was born in Levan in the year 1892, four years before Utah became a state. The LDS church was sixty-two years old when the year Marie was born. The prophet of our church at the time of Marie's birth was Wilford Woodruff, as you know he was the fourth prophet of the church. Marie's life has been blessed with the wisdom and divine guidance of nine LDS prophets. I'm sure had those nine prophets personally known Marie, they would have been proud of her, as an example of the LDS church.

Jay01



**Figure 75. Eugene Jay Morgan**



Marie listens to the prophet. She tries to live her life in accordance to the guidelines of the church.

This coming August, Marie will be 88 years old. She is truly young of heart, vigorous of spirit and soul. She has a zest for living and learning and most important a humble stimulating love for God. She extends love, compassion, and understanding always.

The adage cleanliness in next to godliness fits Marie to a "T." She is meticulous about her person. Her home is immaculate and her yard is very well kept. No wonder her mind is clear, her thoughts uncluttered, because her surroundings are in good order. Marie does her own work.

One day I was driving past Marie's home. I saw her on the next to the top rung of 6-foot ladder painting the outside window trim. Now there is nothing spectacular about that. She was only 85 years old then.

Marie and Jay02



**Figure 76. Marie and Jay Morgan**



Marie has a gift for narrating stories and material she has read. She used to visit rest homes and hospitals, and tell stories to the sick and lonely. Imagine the love those people felt for Marie. Imagine God's love for those kind deeds.

Marie never wastes time reading junk. She reads good material. If you are trying to find something in the Bible, Marie can tell you where it is to be found.

Marie honors her mother and father by her creed and conduct of living. Right is right and wrongs no one. She has always and does live in a manner as to command respect. Most important, Marie respects herself. One's self respect is the key to happiness.

December 13, 1911 Marie was married in the Manti Temple to Jay Morgan. They had three sons and one daughter. They have 12 grandchildren and 16 great grandchildren. There are two sets of twins born to their grandchildren.

Pic087



**Figure 77. Alma Winter, Marie W. Morgan, (? - boy), Ruby R. Winter, Eva W. Bendixen, Erhardt Bendixen and Jay Morgan at Eva and Erhardt's House in Levan**

Marie loves our country and our state. Marie and Jay sent two boys to war. Max served as a naval pilot in World War Two. Jack served in the secret intelligence service in the Korean War. Both were dangerous capacities. God willed both boys return home to Marie and Jay safely. Marie thanks God each day for this blessing.

Time passed on. Marie has had happiness, sorrow, and some serious health problems in her life. She has mourned the death of her beloved husband, a son, and two grandchildren. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Marie has been a widow for about 20 years. Daily on bended knees Marie asks our heavenly father for strength and courage to go forward.

When Marie enters this church chapel and looks at the magnificent pulpit and the stately benches, a sacred love must engulf her soul. Marie's husband Jay designed and supervised the construction of the original pulpit and benches when he was the manager of the Wright Planning Mill. These splendors are made of black walnut. The pulpit has since been changed and is larger now, but the noble benches are the same. Jay also designed the pulpit and benches for Marie's loved childhood church in Levan.

Marie has a deep love for the church missionary program. For without the LDS missionaries, Marie's destiny would not have been the USA or Utah.

Marie has a favorite quote from one of the general authorities, "It isn't the position that glorifies and exalts the person. It is the person that glorifies and exalts the position."

Marie has always served in various church positions. Marie was set apart as a teacher in the Kolob Stake Primary for four years 1943-1947. In 1947 the Kolob Stake Primary was reorganized. Marie was set apart to be president of the Kolob Stake Primary. She served again four years 1947-1951. Marie has served as a teacher in all of the church auxiliary organizations and also the spiritual living teacher in the Relief Society.

In 1961, two weeks after the death of her beloved Jay, Marie was called to serve as a teacher in the Stake Sunday School, she again she served four years.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Richard Sheridan must have written these lines for Marie Morgan: "Won't you come into my garden? I would like my roses to see you. I wish to account some gifts of love."

One day Marie went to lunch with me and some of my friends. I introduced Marie to one of the ladies. Come to find out they knew one another years ago. They had lived as neighbors to one another. My friend said, "Oh how I used to wish my children would act as nice as the Morgan children." What greater compliment can cross a mother's ear?

On another occasion, Marie and I were walking down the street in Springville. We met a young mother and her child. I again attempted to introduce Marie. This lady said, "Marie was the best MIA teacher I ever had." What a beautiful tribute.

On another day, Marie and I went shopping. Marie said, "I would like to get a new skirt." I said, "I know the most beautiful sales lady in this store." "She is



not only physically beautiful but has a tremendous inward beauty." We went to the department and found the sales lady. This lady was overjoyed to see Marie. Come to find out this lady was a teacher in one of the wards when Marie was president of the stake primary.

A few days later I saw this same lady. She told me Marie had been the most significant influence in her life. She said the lessons Marie taught had left a lasting impression. She said she would never forget the wisdom Marie had taught her.

Marie's heritage had again extended our Father in Heaven. I pray Marie will be blessed. Father, only you know her needs. Please help each of us to plant seeds of kindness. Please, I ask that we will have courage and strength to cultivate righteous deeds for our heritage. God please strengthen our roots so our heritage will be full of love, faith, hope, and charity. Please Lord let us build our heritage from living daily the Ten Commandments.

I ask this in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

P5280580



**Figure 78. Marie and Jay Morgan's Headstone, Springville Evergreen Cemetery**



## **17. A Final Tribute to Marie Winter Morgan**

### **Given by Norma Metz at Marie's Funeral on December 16, 1981**

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Marie's Beloved Family and Friends — A final tribute to a beautiful soul. To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die.

Marie's season has been long. Her purpose under heaven directed by God has touched many lives. Her light did shine before us; we did see her good works. I know her good did glorify our Father in Heaven.

Marie will be blessed, she did hunger and thirst after righteousness. I know goodness and mercy followed Marie all of the days of her life, and I know she will dwell in the House of the Lord forever.

Please reflect on the goodness of God. None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.

For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Richard Sheridan must have written these lines for Marie Morgan: 'Won't you come into my garden? I would like my roses to see you.'

My personal farewell tribute to Marie Morgan is: I am sure God is saying, "Marie, come into my Heavenly Kingdom. I want my angels to see you." I ask God to bless Marie's beloved family, and grant them peace. I know you will all meet again for everlasting life.

For Marie's many, many friends, I ask that you cherish her memory by standing for the examples she lived by, and remembering each individual contact. Marie's earthly life won't end as long as she is remembered and loved, Marie will be remembered for a long, long time.

I now say farewell to Marie until again we meet. May God bless her dear spirit.

I ask this in our Savior's name, Jesus Christ, Amen,

## **18. Eva and Sarah by Faye L. Winter**

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Eva and Sarah are twins. Their parents, Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter and Rasmine Christensen Winter, were converts to Mormonism and they emigrated from Denmark to Utah in 1882. Aboard the ship, there was a lot of sickness and the sea was rough. After landing in America, the train ride to Utah was a long ten days. From Salt Lake City to Fountain Green, was a rough ride in a wagon up hill and down, over roads that were almost impossible to travel. The Winters first settled in Fountain Green, Sanpete County. After reaching their destination, Mrs. Winter was very sick and their first baby, a boy, was born. Due to the many hardships his mother had endured after leaving their nice home in Denmark, the baby only lived a few days.

While living in Sanpete County, three more children were born to the Winter's. Hyrum Peter was born in Fountain Green, Christjana Rasmine was born in Wales, and Ane Kjerstine was born in Moroni.

The Winters moved to Levan in 1890. For a short time they moved into an adobe house two blocks south and two blocks east of the L.D.S. chapel that still stands today — one hundred years later. Levan was an active, still-growing town. It was settled in 1870. The original settlers moved there from the valley by the west mountains, called Chicken Creek Settlement. Water was scarce and they were advised by Brigham Young to move closer to the eastern mountains where they could use the clear water that flowed from springs coming out of both Chicken Creek and Pigeon Creek canyons. The town was legally marked off in squares and ditches were dug by teams of horses and big oxen teams. Culinary and drinking water flowed into town in the open ditches. Big flumes were built to carry water to the people living on the south side of the creek that divided the town. The creek ran from the east mountains (San Pitch) to the west. These flumes made of lumber were about two feet wide and one and a half feet deep. They reached from one bank to the other. Every week water was turned into these flumes and people would get up at 4 o'clock in the morning before the animals would get in the water and fill barrels with enough water to last a week for drinking and culinary use.

Mr. Winter bought two lots south of the creek from Rasmus Sorensen and moved there. One lot had a small one-room house with a lean-to on the east side. (A lean-to is a room that was added to the house. It is lower than the roof, but has rafters leaning on the house or wall for support.) Peter Christian was born the year they moved in, and Marie two years later.

There were several homes south of the creek, and it was called "kidville" because everyone had large families. The homes were owned by Duffins, Sherwoods, two different Christensen families, Moss's and others. One family with seven children lived in a dugout for years.

(For additional pictures of Eva and Sarah, see [Figure 31](#), [Figure 32](#) and [Figure 33](#). For additional pictures of Eva, see [Figure 61](#), [Figure 62](#) and [Figure 77](#).)



**Figure 79. Eva and Sarah Winter**

Rasmus Sorensen owned a home and livery stable and he tended the animals passing through town. His wife, Mary Ann, lived across the street in a home that was used as a hotel. Just twenty years after it was settled, Levan boasted several stores, a butcher shop, post office, ice cream parlor, tithing office, opera house, dance hall, at least two hotels, and others.

The older girls would leave home early and work for other families for their board and room. Sometimes they were lucky enough to get money by tending young children, doing dishes, washing clothes, and doing outside chores tending chickens/animals, and bringing in the wood to be burned in the stove for cooking and heating. Money was scarce and people were in humble circumstances. Sleeping on folding beds (sometimes several to a bed) and on the floor was not unknown to some families.



Neils Jorgen was born 12 October 1894. He died 22 December 1895. (See [Figure 10](#).)

It didn't matter how many children there were in a family, the prospect of a new baby was looked forward to with great anticipation. With the help of mid-wife Florentine Rosequist, twin girls were born to the Winter family 28 September 1896. There was that added bonus — two babies instead of one. Eva was born 45 minutes before Sarah. Eva was mama's little girl and Sarah was daddy's little girl. Sarah, the bottle baby, was lovingly tended by her dad and older sisters. Annie and Christine were like little mothers to both babies. If they were cross or if anyone had to get up with the twins at night, it was Annie and Christine.

Baby buggies were an unknown luxury to the Winter family. To be clean, warm, well fed, and able to enjoy the bare necessities of life was important to the family, but there were no frills. Mr. Winter bought an express wagon instead of a baby buggy. The older children would pull the babies in the wagon — one in each end — until they were asleep. Wherever the family went, the wagon and babies went also. For three years, the twins ruled the family. They agreed years later that they were petted and spoiled by their siblings. When Alma was born, they shared the glory with him.

Mr. Winter bought a shanty in Spring Canyon from Hans Anderson. With the help of his oldest son, Hyrum, and his team of horses, they drug the shanty down east of their home and it was used as a summer kitchen. All meals were cooked and eaten in this building. The summer harvest of fruits and vegetables were processed here and preserved in two-quart bottles sealed with red rubber rings, glass lids and a heavy wire attached to the jar that fit over the glass lid. These bottled treats were the family's winter food. The meat they used was cured in brine, smoked in smoke houses, or bottled. Mrs. Winter was an excellent cook and she made sure her family was well fed.

Mr. Winter also added another big room on the house, which made sufficient room for his growing family. A heavy wire was strung across a corner of the room and their best clothes were hung there and covered with a curtain.

The twins remained the same size as each other. They had long blonde curls, looked alike, and were always dressed alike. If they couldn't get clothes the same color and design, they didn't want them and would go without. Whenever possible, their clothes, as well as the clothes of all children in those days, were made over from "hand-me-downs." If ever an article of clothing was out-grown and it still had wear in it, it was handed down the line to the next smallest. However, because two dresses couldn't be made from one hand-me-down, the twins would usually have new material.

Mrs. Winter would make moccasins with leather soles and denim tops for her children to wear. For school and church, they would wear store shoes. Mrs. Winter had been a schoolteacher in Denmark and her skills were a great asset in teaching her own children how to be self-sufficient.

A new baby brother, Anthony, was born in 1901. He was such a beautiful baby the twins could hardly keep their hands off him, but Florentine Rosequist, the mid-wife, would slap their hands and make them go away.

The twins started school in Levan with other boys and girls their age who were friends and neighbors throughout their lives. Some of them were Ole Christian, Sonne Aagard, Floyd Bosh, James Peter Christensen, Alma Dalby, Arvilla Jackman, Lester Albert Jackman, Fred Perris Jackman, LeRoy Jackman, Amanda Malmgreen, Viola May Morgan, Edna Arvilla Morgan, James Nathaniel Morgan, Ira Robert Morgan, Heber George Agusta Shepherd, Glen Ervan Sherwood, Fred Stephensen, Abbie Johanna Christensen, Eliza Thompson, Minnie Thompson, Erick P. Thompson, Arvill Wankier, Carrie Anderson, Vera Marigelson, and Clara Othelia Paystrup. Many of the ones they went to school with married their classmates and lived their lives in Levan. Some of the ones listed were a year or two older or younger.

Eva and Sarah were three years older than Alma and it was their responsibility to keep an eye on him. It was good they were twins because it took two to keep him out of mischief. One day Alma climbed the ladder to the top of the haystack. One of the horses ran under the ladder, causing him to fall to the ground. He broke his arm and cut his lip. The scar that was caused by the cut lip was a reminder the rest of his life of that ill-fated day.

When the twins were in need of coats that were the same size, color, and made alike, they couldn't find any in Levan. They went to Nephi in the covered wagon with their folks but didn't have any better luck there so they came home without them. So they ordered some from a catalog. They waited and watched for the mail every day. After a long time, the coats finally came, making two little girls very happy.

When the twins were eight years old, Annie, their oldest sister, was married to Jim Aagard. Jim had a job herding sheep and he was away from home a good deal of the time so Annie would visit with her folks every day — sometimes twice a day. With eight brothers and sisters, there was always something going on at the Winter home.

The flume east of their house, built in back of brick-maker Christensen's, made a bridge for crossing the creek when there wasn't water in it. One day the twins, with Alma, dared each other to walk across it. It was scary. The flume was narrow; it would shake slightly as they walked on it; and it was a long way to the bottom of the creek. All went well as they walked shakily across until Alma stepped on a big rusty nail. The twins tried to pull him off the nail, but his foot was held fast. Eva had to run for help. Rasmus Sorensen was the one she found and he came to their rescue. The doctor lived in Nephi and had to come across the ridge with horse and buggy, so the Winters' relied on faith, prayer, and a big, black doctor book for solving many of their problems. Alma was administered to and the consecrated olive oil was poured on his foot and it healed without complications.

Because the Winter home was close to the big creek, it was a hazard. They were always warning their children to stay away from the creek when it had water in it. In the spring, with the melting snow from the canyon, it would be booming with muddy water and many times an unexpected cloudburst would send water rolling down the creek, making it very dangerous. One day a neighbor boy fell into the creek and was swept down stream. Before anyone could pull him out, he had drowned. Eva and Sarah never forgot that day and



**Back Row (Left to Right):** Irvin Duffin, Merl Wankier, Albert Newman, Lloyd Jennings, Elmer Sherwood, Reuben Mangelson, Jay Stephensen, Merl Brown, Wilks Hofheins, Ellis Bosh, Fred Stephensen, Clarence Brown, Wallace Peterson, Alvin Stephensen.

**Middle Row (Left to Right):** Grace Shepherd, Eliza Thompson, Anna Anderson, Elease Christensen, Arvilla Jackman, Vernus Shepherd, **Eva Winter**, Virginia Nielson, **Sarah Winter**, Delores Dalby, Edna Morgan, Blanche Francom, Viola Shepherd, Amanda Malmgren, Malinda Duffin, Lena Fairbanks.

**Front Row (Left to Right):** James Christensen, Josephine Taylor, Linden Iverson, William Christensen, Winn Hendricksen, Abbie Christensen, Dewey Moss, Melvin Christensen, Anna Malmgren, Heber Shepherd.

**Teacher:** Dora Mangelson.

**Figure 80. Sarah and Eva's School Picture**





*Eva (Left) and Sara (Right)*

**Figure 80. Sarah and Eva's School Picture**

were always mindful of the dangers. However, when the creek was dry it was a great place to dig caves and play Indians.

Alma was always "on the go" with the twins trying to keep track of him. They could usually find him over at the Christensen's one of the neighbors. They had a young daughter, Matilda, who had polio. She was always so happy when the twins would let him play with her.

The twins would play horses with Alma and Anthony and the boys would play house with the girls. Anthony grew up fast and was soon almost the same size as Alma, so when the four were playing together people thought they were two sets of twins.

Living in Kidville with a lot of neighborhood kids made it easy for playing. They would get together and play their favorite games — Run Sheep Run, Tag, Hide & Seek, Annie-I-Over, Hopscotch, and a marble game called Perg. In the winter, along with other winter games, they had sleighs — both store bought and homemade. Their favorite places to slide were in the creek.

Mr. Winter played the accordion and the family would all sing together. They all had good singing voices. Sometimes Mr. and Mrs. Winter would entertain their children by singing Danish songs. The twins' brother, Chris, learned to play the accordion. The accordion was in the family for years until Mr. Winter traded it to the Beard family. The one they traded it for never worked.

Money was very scarce in Levan and tithing and bills were paid in labor exchange or harvests. The tithes were paid to the church by eggs, chickens,

butter, hay, or grain. All of these tithes were gathered and taken to the tithing house — a building built for the purpose of collecting tithes. The bishop would then see that the food and needed items were given to the poor people.

Levan was a town made up of mostly people that had emigrated from the old country, Denmark; so Levan was often referred to as “Little Denmark.” Every week the Danish people would meet in the tithing house and hold regular group meetings. They would talk over old times; and if word was received from family members left behind in Denmark, it was shared. Testimonies were shared. Eva and Sarah recalled the time they had gone to one of the meetings with their folks. The Stephensen family had sung songs in their beautiful voices.

Indians would often come to Levan with big sacks on their backs and expect the people living there to fill them with food. One day a squaw came to Mrs. Winter’s and begged for food. Eva and Sarah were at home with her and when the squaw saw them she was surprised to see two alike. She told Mrs. Winter she wanted them both. Mrs. Winter signaled for the twins to leave the room and she continued to put food in the squaw’s bag until it was full. She expected the squaw to leave, but she waited a long time for the twins. She finally decided she wasn’t going to get them and left — probably leaving Mrs. Winter with an uneasy feeling of the twins’ safety.

Throughout their lives, Sarah and Eva could only remember one time they ever had a spanking. Gypsies passing through Levan stopped and set up camp under the big bridge that crossed over the creek near the Winter home. Mrs. Winter told the twins to stay away from the gypsy children because they were lousy. Children are sometimes drawn to each other and soon they were all playing. One adult gypsy woman told the twins they would never have a happy life. When they told their mother about it, she knew they had disobeyed her and she was so angry she gave them a spanking and washed them and their blonde curls in lye water and put them to bed. After that, she had to heat water and scrub and boil their clothes. It was a lesson they never forgot. Mrs. Winter didn't believe in spankings.

In 1908 Eva became very ill with kidney infection that turned into Bright’s disease, a degeneration of the kidneys named after Dr. Bright. Dr. Minor was called from Nephi and he came with his trusty buggy and horse. He told her folks to make her comfortable and he sat in his buggy a long time expecting to be called back at her death. Her father and brother administered to her and she was much better the next morning. Her strength weakened and she was run down enough to get scarlet fever. She lost most of her hair. Her sister, Christine, insisted on making the twins new dresses to have their picture taken before anything else happened to them. Christine was a very good seamstress and she made them fancy white dresses with rainbow colored sashes she was able to buy at the store. Eva’s hair had fallen out and was very thin, but Christine combed it to look like Sarah’s for the picture ([Figure 79](#)).



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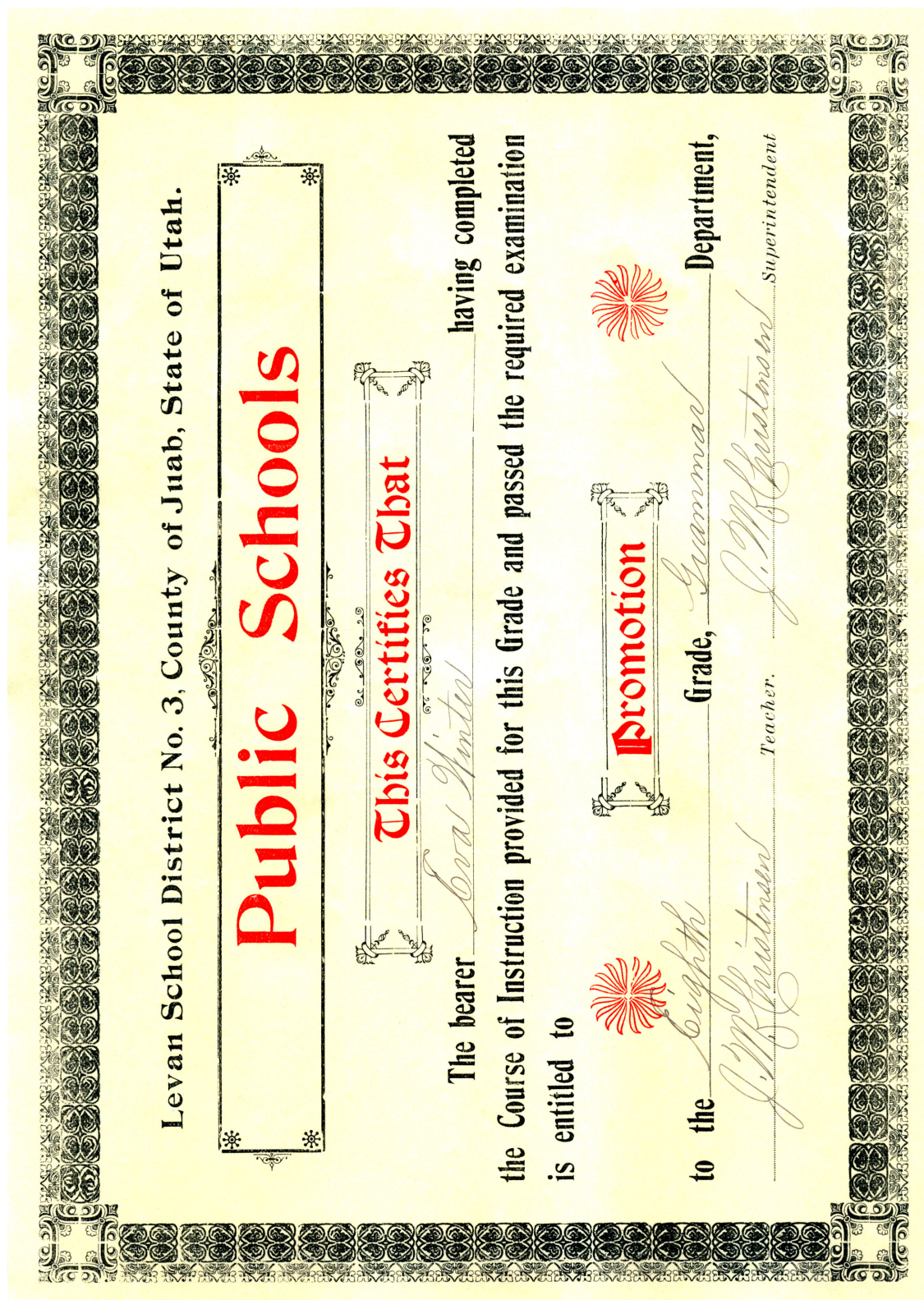


Figure 81. Eva's Promotion to the Eighth Grade



In the summer the children that didn't have work to do at home were responsible for herding the cows in the lanes and in the mountains so they could feed there and save the feed that had been harvested for winter use. One day with Anthony, Alma, two neighbor children, Lloyd and Alice, and the twins drove the cows up Spring Canyon to feed for the day. When it was time to take them home, they couldn't find the cows nor hear the big bells they wore around their necks. They were a long way from home and it was getting dark. The younger children started to cry. Winters had always taught their children to have faith in prayer. Eva had them all kneel down under a big cedar tree and they prayed they would be able to find the cows and get home safely. A few minutes later they heard the cowbells and soon found the cows. The children each grabbed a cow's tail and had the cows drag them home.

One of the highlights of the Winter family happened soon after this. Mr. Winter was called by the church to go on a mission back to the Scandinavian country. No doubt he at once dreamed of converting more members of his own family and the family of his wife. As it turned out, the dream never came true. He didn't get to go because he couldn't pass his physical. The whole family was very disappointed.

Christine married Schuyler Taylor, a widower with three children, in September 1909. Marie was the next oldest girl, so she was given more responsibilities. Marie was a live-wire and didn't like being tied down.

Stake Conference was held in Levan 30-31 October, 1909, and the new chapel was dedicated. Pres. Joseph F. Smith and other dignitaries were in attendance. Seven sets of twins were on the front row. There were two sets of Dalton twins, two sets of Sherwood twins, one set of Lundstein, one of Leeds, and Sarah and Eva — the Winter twins. They were acknowledged by the President and they all got to shake his hand. There were five hundred in attendance at conference and the chapel had a seating capacity of only four hundred.

Mr. Winter was called to the Manti temple on a work mission. He stayed in Manti but would come home and check on his family as often as he could. When he couldn't get home, Mrs. Winter would go there and do temple work; stay overnight; and come home the next day — leaving the younger children in the hands of the older ones.

Before Mr. Winter left on his mission, he told Marie she was to help her mother and watch after the younger children. If she would be a good girl and mind, he would buy her a trunk.

Marie loved being with her friends and having a good time. She just loved dancing and she would go whenever possible. One night she was to tend the younger children and there was a special dance in town. Marie left the twins, Alma, and Anthony alone and went to the dance. Rasmus Sorensen had spent the evening with his buddies and was returning home drunk. He was staggering along the road singing and shouting at the top of his voice. The frightened twins put out the lights and waited in the dark for Marie to come home. Chris, their brother, came home and gave them candy and nuts. As it turned out, it wasn't Marie that got the trunk, it was Sarah. Mr. Winter bought another one for Eva.



Figure 82. Eva's Diploma

For years, Levan had a community Christmas program and a decorated tree in the church. Families would bring their Christmas gifts for their children, tag them, and put them under the tree for Santa to give to the children. Some parents would go overboard and give their children many expensive gifts, but many of the children didn't receive anything. After seeing the disappointment on so many children's faces, the program was discontinued. The Winter family had their very first Christmas at home after Mr. Winter was called on his mission to the Manti temple. While he was away, Hyrum, the oldest brother, planned Christmas. He brought home a tree to decorate and told them Santa was coming but after so many years of disappointments, Eva said Santa would never come to their home. Hyrum told them to go to bed and in the morning they would see. Hyrum gave Alma and Anthony harmonicas; Eva and Sarah received brush and comb sets. He gave his mother a beautiful throw rug with big roses on it. It was the most joyful and beautiful Christmas they ever remembered.

Chris, their brother, was married to a local girlfriend, Marnie Jennings, September 1911, and they moved to Nephi, where Chris worked in a flour grist mill.

Marie married Jay Morgan the same year and they moved to Nephi, where he taught school.

Unlike Marie, the twins were not allowed to go to many dances and they missed out on a lot of fun and parties.

When the twins were about to graduate, Sarah had been scrubbing down the walls of the summer kitchen and making soup for supper. When she turned to stir the soup, she became so ill she had to lie down. She had such a pain in her chest; Dr. Minor was called again. Sarah had pneumonia. Her fever was so bad her father put her in a tub of ice water twice a day until her fever came down. Again Dr. Minor would come and sit in his buggy waiting for a change — this time in Sarah's condition. Sarah got better, but throughout the year she had recurring bouts with pneumonia. She was too sick to go to graduation exercises and even though she tried to get Eva to go without her, Eva didn't go either. They were given their diplomas later. They attended two years of high school.

One of the most sacred experiences in their lives happened in Sacrament Meeting in Levan. A man was preaching and all at once, he stopped talking. He turned so white he had a transparent look. He then started talking again and no one could understand what he was saying. He was talking in tongues. A man in the audience got up and interpreted what he was saying. This was an experience that was talked about and never forgotten by everyone that attended church that day.

Even though the twins were young ladies, they still herded the cows in the lanes. When they drove them west, they would pass the new tan brick house that Peter Hoffine built. They thought it would be so nice if their dad would sell their home south of the creek and buy it. Their dreams came true when Mr. Hoffine decided to sell his home and move. Mr. Winter had a good crop that year and bought the house for \$1,500.00 in cash. That was a lot of money in those days. It was a lovely home with space upstairs to make two nice rooms.



Mr. Winter hired a man to make stairs and finish one room. Mrs. Winter and the girls moved into the new house. Mr. Winter and the boys stayed in the old place where the beds and stove were left until the other house was finished. The girls got the finished room and the boys slept in the unfinished part of the attic. In the winter, the boys pitched a tent upstairs and it made a nice warm room.

Eva and Sarah would run all the errands for the family — running to the store and carrying food to the sick. Eva was the spokesperson for the girls and Sarah would stand by. After one bad day of making several trips, Sarah rebelled and said she wasn't going any more. The errand running was then left up to Eva. All the trips going and coming took its toll on Eva's clothes and shoes. Mrs. Winter told her she would have to wear Sarah's so they could get new clothes alike.

Even as they grew older, the twins still looked alike and it was hard to tell them apart. Even their brother-in-law couldn't tell them apart and referred to them as the "girls." Eva and Sarah's boyfriends were Willis Shepherd and Reuben Mangelson.

When Eva and Sarah's parents came to America from Denmark, they became acquainted on board ship with the Bendixen family. The Bendixen family settled in Salt Lake Valley and the Winters moved farther south. Mr. Bendixen had his arm cut off in an industrial accident and thought he would be able to make a living with his boys at farming. They moved to Delta and later to Mills, in Juab County. They bought a small farm and settled down to make a living. Mills had its own school with about thirty students and two teachers. They would write their own plays, produce and act in them. Mills had its own Branch in the LDS church and the Bendixen family was very active.

When the war broke out, their son, Embro, went into the army from Delta. Erhardt worked at Kennecott. They moved back to Delta for a while and then moved again to Mills, becoming reacquainted with the Winter family in Levan. Embro returned from the war and the two Bendixen boys started a serious relationships with Eva and Sarah. Erhardt chose Eva and Embro chose Sarah.

They were married in a double ceremony at the Manti Temple, 29 March 1922. After a family dinner, the young couples took their belongings in a wagon and moved to Mills. One terrible windy day, Erhardt and Eva's home blew down and they had to move in with the Bendixen's while another home was made ready for them.

Neither of the twins liked Mills. They were always finding rattlesnakes in unexpected places in the house. Tramps would find Mills when the trains would stop for water and would always come to their place for a hand-out. This was frightening to the young brides. Mills was a close-knit community and the Bendixen family held many different positions in the church.

Eva and Sarah started their families about the same time. Eva went to Levan to have her first baby — born 26 May 1923. After little Onita was born, Eva didn't have a speedy recovery. The doctor was out every day and she kept declining. The doctor was worried and couldn't find the solution. He finally discovered that Eva was to have had twins but the one hadn't been born when Onita was



**Figure 83. Sarah (Left) and Eva (Right) in Mills, About 1924  
with Leo and Cleo (in Baby Buggy), and Onita (in Eva's Arms)**

and the other baby had died and the poison was going throughout Eva's body. After an operation, Eva started to regain her health and returned to Mills.

Sarah gave birth to twins, Leo and Cleo, in Mills just five months after Eva's baby, Onita, was born. What a time they had with the three lively babies. They shared their joys and sorrows, their ups and downs, like always. Four years later Eva had another baby they named Keith. The rest of their children were born in Mills.

As their families grew older, they would camp out in an old wooden wagon. They fished for carp in the spring while the men irrigated the farm. They would listen to the frogs croak until they were finally lulled to sleep. Day and night they would fight the mosquitoes. It was always a fun trip for the family.

At Christmas time in 1929, both Sarah and Eva had new babies. Ramona was born on 21 December to Sarah and Embro. Two days later, on December 23, Homer was born to Eva and Erhardt. What a lovely Christmas it was for the two Bendixen families.

Still, Eva and Sarah hated Mills. Eva disliked it more than Sarah did. She would never talk about her life there. Sarah's twin son, Leo, remembers Mills with happiest of memories. Eva was left alone much of the time because Erhardt's



*Cut this off and give to Parties married.*

**312157**

# Certificate of Marriage

STATE OF UTAH

SAN PETE COUNTY

**This Certifies that**

*Erhard Christensen of Mille in the State of Utah and*  
*Eva Winter of Logan in the State of Utah, were*  
*by me joined together in Holy Matrimony according to the Laws*  
*of the State of Utah at Manti in said County on the 29<sup>th</sup>*  
*day of March in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred Twenty Two.*

Signed \_\_\_\_\_

Signed IN THE PRESENCE OF  
*Frederick L. Miller*  
*Arthur N. Wallace*

GROOM  
 BRIDE

Witnesses  
*Lewis Anderson*  
 Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Figure 84. Eva and Erhardt's Marriage Certificate



Erhardt Bendixen2



**Figure 85. Erhardt Bendixen**

Eva Winter Bendixen2



**Figure 86. Eva Winter Bendixen**

job with the railroad on the bridge builders gang took him away from home weeks at a time. They sold their farm and continued to work on the railroad. Keeping busy at home and working in the church was the life for Eva and Sarah. In 1932, Sarah had a baby girl, Eunice, born 2 May. Eva's baby girl Nadine was born 9 June, about a month later. Being twins, their lives revolved around each other; closer than most twins. Nadine was Eva's last baby, but Sarah had Warren two years later in 1934.

Embro sold his holdings in Mills and moved to Salt Creek Ranch for two years where he sharecropped with his brother Chris Winter and brother-in-law Schyler Taylor. Embro heard there was a home and farm were for sale on the north side of Levan, across from the park. He bought it and moved his family there.

Life for Eva in Mills reached its lowest ebb. Sarah and her family were in Levan; the twins were separated. She remained in Mills until 1938, when her mother passed away. Because her mother hated for Eva and her children to live in Mills alone much of the time, she willed Eva her home in Levan ([Figure 22](#)). They moved as soon as they were able. Once again the twins were near enough to see each other often. Eva was happy again.

Here in Levan they continued raising their families. All too soon, the children were grown and leaving home. Eva's daughter, Onita, went on a mission for the church in California in 1946. Sarah's son, Leo, went on a mission to Denmark in 1946 after serving in the United States military. Ramona married



**Figure 87. Embro and Sarah Winter Bendixen**

Kenneth Hoyt in 1948. Leo married a girl from Denmark in 1949. Keith, Eva's oldest son went on a mission in 1949. Eva's boy Homer married in 1951. Both Keith and Homer served in the Korean War. Eva's youngest daughter, Nadine, was married in 1952. Keith returned from his mission and married in 1953. Warren, Sarah's youngest, married in 1954. Sarah's youngest daughter, Eunice, married in 1956 and Eva's oldest daughter, Onita, married in 1958.

Tragedy struck the Bendixen's in 1961 when Cleo, Sarah's twin daughter, passed away suddenly with a heart condition. It was a shock to them even though they knew about her condition. They weren't prepared for this sudden demise. It is hard to say she was out of her misery for she did suffer frequent attacks. Cleo was a sweet, soft-spoken lady of high regard to both friends and family. She was a sympathetic listener and a gracious lady.

Erhardt was the next to break the family ties with his death in 1974; Embro next in 1986, with Eva following, and Sarah the final one. Eva and Sarah passed away about a month apart in 1992.

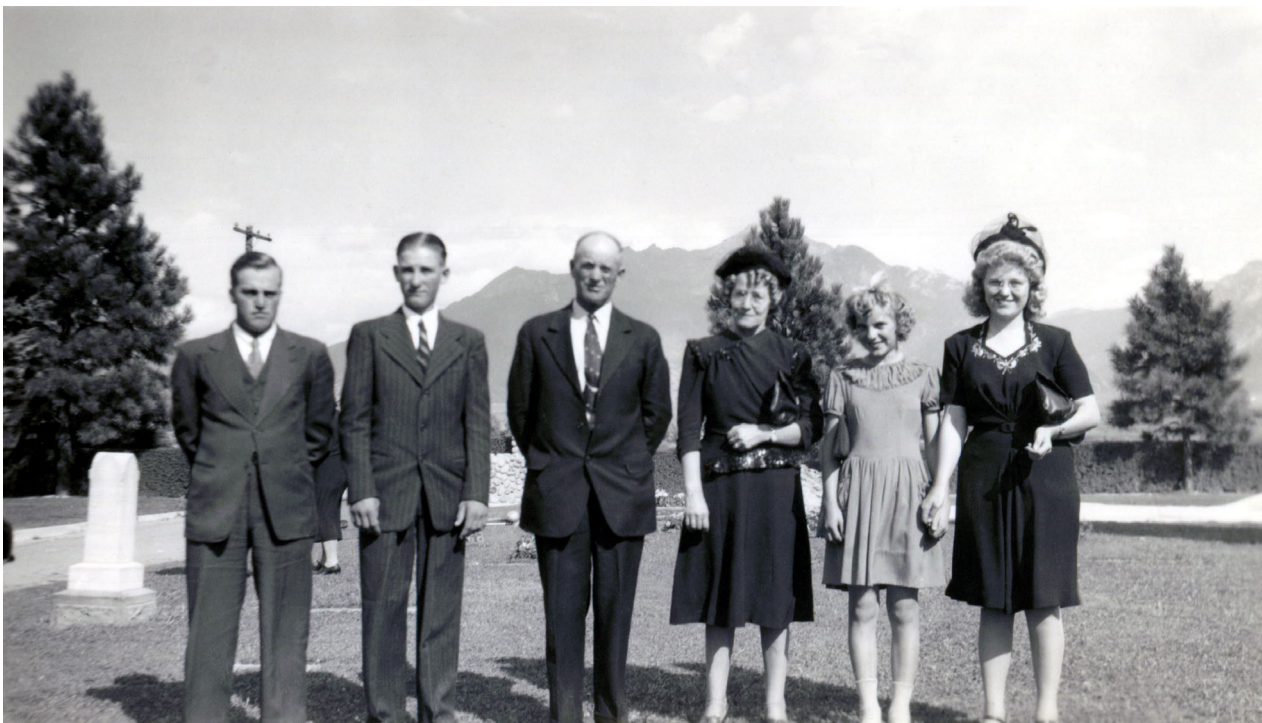


pix014b



**Figure 88. Embro and Sarah Bendixen Family, September 1945, Sandy City Cemetery (left to right): Warren, Ramona, Sarah, Embro, Cleo, Eunice (Leo was in the service)**

pix015b



**Figure 89. Erhardt and Eva Bendixen Family, Sept. 1945, Sandy City Cemetery (left to right): Keith, Homer, Erhardt, Eva, Nadine, Onita**



Pic106



Figure 90. Eva and Erhardt Bendixen Family (Left to Right)  
Erhardt, Eva, Keith, Nadine, Homer, and Onita

Pic013Pic013



**Figure 92. Eva Winter Bendixen**

Pic027b



**Figure 91. Eva and Erhardt Bendixen**



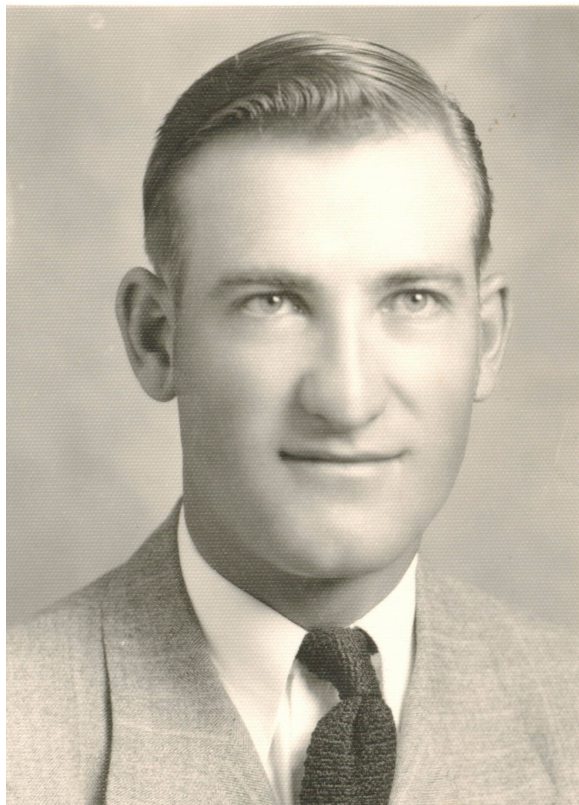
Benpix035



Keith Bendixen



Benpix036

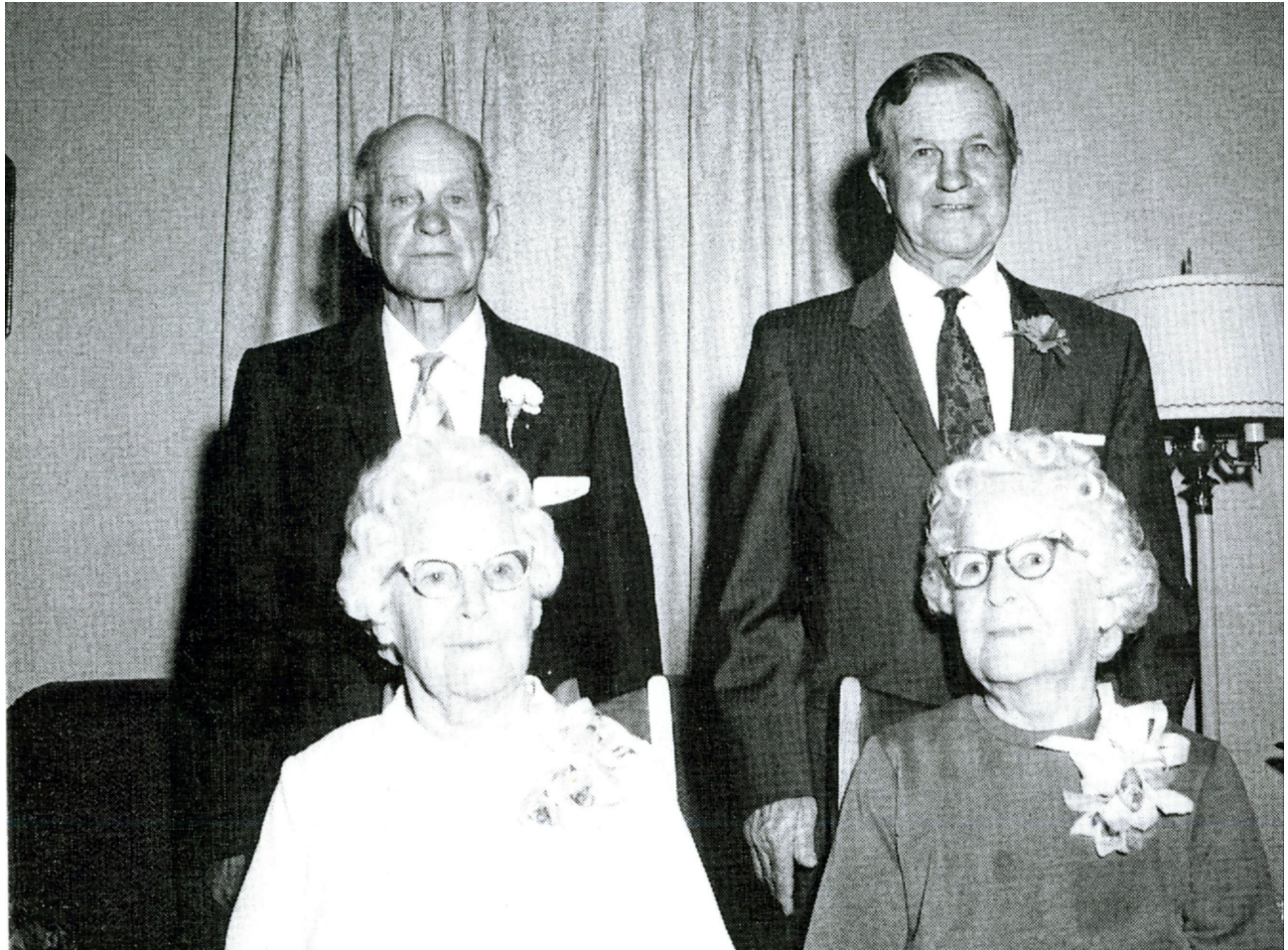


Benpix037



**Figure 93. Eva and Erhardt Bendixen's Children: Onita, Keith, Homer, and Nadeen**





## Levan Couples Feted Recently at Double Golden Wedding Anniversary

(The Nephi Times - Newspaper for Nephi, Juab County, Utah, April 13, 1972)

**Levan** - Observance of a golden wedding anniversary is a not-too-uncommon occasion, but the observance of a double golden wedding anniversary by twin sisters married to brothers must be a most uncommon occurrence.

On March 29, 1922, Erhardt Bendixen and his brother James Embro Bendixen, took twin sisters, Eva Winter and Sarah Winter to the Manti Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for marriage.

Recently the two couples were feted by family members on the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of this double marriage at a double golden wedding celebration.

Children and grandchildren of the two couples honored their parents at a dinner held at the Levan Ward Cultural Hall on Saturday, April 1. A turkey

dinner with all the trimmings, and featuring a beautiful wedding cake, was enjoyed, after which the families gathered to honor their own parents.

A special guest at the dinner was a sister of the ladies, Mrs. Christine W. Taylor, also of Levan.

All members of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt Bendixen were present at the conjoint party at Levan with the exception of two grandsons.

All members of the family of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bendixen were present at the conjoint party at Levan with the exception of two grandsons who are missionaries in South America.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bendixen were honored at a family dinner at a restaurant in Provo on Wednesday, March 29. It was hosted by Dr. and Mrs. Leo E. Bendixen and daughters Ann and Sarah Lynn.

**Figure 94. Eva and Erhardt, Sarah and Embro  
50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary, March 1972**





**Eva and Sarah Winter Bendixen**

## *Bendixen sisters to celebrate birthday*

Eva and Sarah Winter Bendixen will celebrate their 90th birthday anniversary Sunday, Sept. 28.

They were born in Levan Sept. 28, 1896. They married brothers, Erhardt and Embro Bendixen March 29, 1922 in the Manti LDS Temple.

Eva has four children, Onita, Keith, Homer, and Nadeen; 19 grandchildren; and 25 great-

grandchildren.

Sarah has five children, Leo and Cleo (twins), Ramona, Eunice, and Warren. She has 20 grandchildren and 31 great-grandchildren.

**Figure 95. Sarah's (Left) and Eva's (Right) 90<sup>th</sup> Birthday, The Times-News, Nephi, September 25, 1986**



pix003

pix005



Figure 96. Erhardt and Eva at Home in Levan



Figure 97. Sarah and Embro at Home in Levan

PICT5552



Figure 98. Eva and Erhardt Bendixen's Headstone, Levan Cemetery



Eva funeral 01

Eva funeral 02



In Memory of  
**Eva Winter Bendixen**  
September 28, 1896  
June 1, 1992

Funeral Services for Eva Winter Bendixen  
12:00 Noon, Thursday, June 4, 1992  
Levan L.D.S. Ward Chapel, Levan, Utah

Family prayer ..... Bishop Scott Hadley  
Prelude music ..... Fern Wankier  
Conducting ..... Bishop LeGrand Hunt  
Invocation ..... Ralph Wilson  
Musical selection ..... To be announced

Ladies Chorus  
Accompanied by Fern Wankier

Tribute to Grandma ..... Cindy Hadley  
Speaker ..... Gill Simonsen  
Musical number ..... To be announced

Lawrence Brough  
Speaker ..... Golden Mangelson  
Musical number ..... To be announced

Ladies Chorus  
Accompanied by Fern Wankier

Remarks ..... Bishop LeGrand Hunt  
Benediction ..... Marion Wankier  
Postlude music ..... Fern Wankier

Dedication of the grave ..... Norman Sackett  
Interment Levan City Cemetery, Levan, Utah

Funeral Directors  
Anderson Funeral Home, Nephi, Utah

## Eva Winter Bendixen

Eva Winter Bendixen, age 95 passed away June 1, 1992 in Bountiful, Utah.

Born September 28, 1896 in Levan, Utah to Peter J. and Rasmine Christensen Winter. Married Erhardt K. Bendixen March 29, 1922 in the Manti LDS Temple.

She was an active member of the LDS church serving in the Relief Society, Primary, Sunday School, Temple Work, and Family History.

She loved home and family and is survived by four children, Onita Wade of Bountiful, UT; Keith and Arlene Bendixen of Kearns, UT; Homer and Geniel Bendixen of Holiday, UT; Nadeen Sorensen of Pleasant Grove, UT; 18 grandchildren, 41 great grandchildren: and one twin sister, Sarah Bendixen.

### Pall Bearers

James W. Wade	Lewis H. Bendixen
Robert K. Bendixen	Randy K. Bendixen
John E. Bendixen	Kent E. Bendixen
Don B. Bendixen	Kim Sorensen
Micheal R. Bendixen	Steven Sorensen

Eva funeral 03

Eva funeral 04 Eva obit

*What you are is God's gift  
to you*

*What you do with yourself  
is your gift to God*

*One of her favorite thoughts*

## Eva Winter Bendixen

LEVAN—Eva Winter Bendixen, age 95, passed away June 1, 1992, in Bountiful, Utah.

Born September 28, 1896 in Levan, Utah, to Peter J. and Rasmine Christensen Winter. Married Erhardt K. Bendixen, March 29, 1922 in Manti LDS Temple. She was an active member of the LDS Church, serving in the Relief Society, Primary, Sunday School, temple work and family history.

She loved home and family and is survived by four children, Onita Wade, Bountiful; Keith and Arlene Bendixen, Kearns; Homer and Geniel Bendixen, Holladay; Nadeen Sorensen, Pleasant Grove; 18 grandchildren; 41 great-grandchildren; one twin sister, Sarah Bendixen.

Funeral services will be at 12 noon Thursday, June 4, 1992, in the Levan LDS Ward Chapel. Friends may call at the church one hour prior to services. Burial: Levan Cemetery. Funeral Directors: Anderson Funeral Home, Nephi.

T 6/3

N 6/3

Figure 99. Eva's Funeral Services and Obituary

## **19. Patriarchal Blessing of Eva Winter Recorded in Book "A" Page 158, June 29, 1920**

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OFFICE OF  
JAMES W. PAXMAN, PATRIARCH  
JUAB STAKE OF ZION  
OF THE  
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST  
OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Number 158

NEPHI CITY, UTAH, JUNE 20, 1920.

A BLESSING GIVEN BY JAMES W. PAXMAN, PATRIARCH, UPON THE HEAD OF  
Eva Winter

DAUGHTER, OF JORGEN PETER J. AND RASMINIE (CHRISTENSEN) WINTER  
BORN SEPTEMBER 28, 1896, AT LEVAN, UTAH.

DEAR SISTER: According to thy desires I lay my hands upon thy head and give unto thee this Patriarchal Blessing, which shall serve as a guide to thy feet and be a strength to thy faith.

The Lord has held thee in remembrance throughout all thy days and shielded thee from temptation and sin and has established thee in the faith of the gospel, and through the power of this gospel he shall redeem thee and give thee glory and exaltation in his Celestial Kingdom.

Through thy birth thou art entitled to the blessings of eternal life, even to be numbered among the chosen seed of Israel for thou art of the royal house of Joseph, coming through the loins of Ephraim.

Thou shalt bask in the light of truth for thy heart has been made responsive thereto, and if thou will continue to walk in the light of this truth, thou shall be greatly increased in thy conception thereof and walk before the Lord as becometh a daughter of Zion.

I bless thee, dear sister, that thou mayest be preserved in purity and be endowed with graces and virtues that make for true womanhood—that thou mayest be a worthy example among thy sex, and influence thine associates to deeds of righteousness.

I bless thee also that thou mayest in the due time of the Lord become an honored mother in Israel, and rejoice in thy posterity. Through the exercise of faith, thy companion in life shall be attracted to thy soul and shall fulfill the desires of thine heart.

Seek ye wisdom and knowledge and learning under the guiding influence of the Spirit of the Lord and thou shall be greatly enlarged in thy capacity and be able to do much good among thy fellows, for the Lord loveth thee and will surround thee by his protecting angels and protect thy life from the wiles of thine adversary; and to this end do I seal thee up against the destroyer until the day of redemption.

Therefore thy feet shall tread the paths of virtue and thy faith shall be increased day by day until thou shall obtain rest in the Celestial Kingdom of our Father.

This dear sister is thy blessing to be obtained through thy faith and faithfulness, and I seal it upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ. AMEN.

Sarah Winter Scribe.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "James M. Payman". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial "J" and a trailing flourish at the end.



## 20. History of Sarah Winter Bendixen

My Mother and Father came from Denmark. There were 11 children. On September 28, 1896 I was born to Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter and Rasmine Christensen. My twin sister Eva was born 45 minutes before me. We are identical twins. I was born in a two room home across the creek in Levan. The summer kitchen was in the mountains. My Dad brought it down and put it over the cellar next to the house. We cooked out there in the summer. In December I went out in the summer kitchen to clean it up and I got pneumonia and had it several times that winter and couldn't graduate from the 8<sup>th</sup> grade. I was put in a tub with ice in it several times, and the windows were out. My fever was 108 degrees. Dr. Minner thought I was dead but I was getting better.

When the Levan Ward Building was dedicated, Joseph F. Smith gave the Dedicatory Prayer. He had us seven sets of twins sit on the front row, and after the meeting he came down and shook hands with each of us. When I was about 9 years old we wore a circle shawl. We went to Nephi in a covered wagon and bought Eva and I a coat. We were very proud of them. They were tweed trimmed with red. We had to make our own fun. We went down the hill on a home made sleigh and I tore my new coat. I cried and cried but Mother was kind and loving and she sowed it up so you couldn't see the tear. We also played run sheep run, I over the house and etc. We never had many clothes, a Sunday and school dress and a work dress. Mamma knitted stockings for us all.

sarah letter3

Levan Utah.  
Jan. 5, 1909.

Miss Josephine.

Dear Friend.

Be kind and be gentle to those that  
are old for kindness is dearer and  
better than gold.

Your Schoolmate.  
Sarah Winter.

Figure 100. Sarah's Letter to Josephine

When I was older we moved to a bigger house in Levan (See [Figure 22](#)). Dad wanted to stay out to the old home but soon we got him to come in and we were all happy there. It was really a nice place. It's where Eva lives now.

While my Dad worked in the Manti Temple one Christmas Hyrum gave Mother a beautiful rug with pink roses on it, Eva and I got a swish broom with a mirror on it, and Alma and Tony got ties. That was our first Christmas. Every year after that we had a Christmas tree and an orange in our stocking.

The Winter family asked the Bendixen family to come up for dinner. Embro had just came home from World War I duty. We had soup for dinner. Embro couldn't tell Eva and I apart. Erhardt and Eva were already going together. Embro put his arms around Eva thinking it was me. We went to a few dances. Embro just wanted to dance with me but Rubon Mangelson wanted to dance with me also. So I danced with both of them. We went together about 2 years.

I was 26 when we got married. We got married March 29, 1922. Frank Taylor drove Erhardt, Eva, Embro and I in his car over to the Manti Temple to be married. We were 4-1/2 hours going over. We got home at midnight. Mother had a chicken dinner for us. We all really enjoyed it. Then we went to Mills that night to live. Both Erhardt and Embro each had their own buggy.

We lived in a two-room home close to the hills. Then we added on a bedroom and washroom.

Embro bought a one-horse buggy from Hans Anderson for \$43.00; it had a top on it. I drove up to Levan and Eva rode with. We had a horse called Libby.

Embro was President of the Mutual. I cooked pork and beans for one party and we played games. The Church meetings were held in the schoolhouse. We had to make our own fun. We went on wagon rides and hauled hay. That was fun. And we went on sleigh rides and played in the snow.

When the twins were born, October 21, 1923, Leo was born 15 minutes before Cleo. We didn't know we were going to have twins, and we were really thrilled to have them. Leo weighed 4 pounds and Cleo 4-1/2 pounds. Embro always held Cleo and I held Leo because he cried a lot because his navel wasn't tied right. We called the Doctor and he said to tie it tighter so Embro did. We had swings for them in the living room. They had fun in them. Leo fell out of it once, then I put a pillow in front of him. Embro made a bed for two for them.

We went on the train up to Levan to visit my Mother and Dad. The conductor held Leo all the way till we got to the station which was 2 miles west of Levan. My Dad was their waiting for us. Both babies cried a lot and then Mrs. Taylor (the Bishops wife) cooked some mush for them. Cleo only ate a little but Leo really enjoyed it.

When they started eating food from the table one day I came in and there they sat on the floor with a bowl of potatoes that I had cooked earlier eating them. That was really cute. I got mad at them but I shouldn't have. Mostly what we ate were potatoes and chickens.

Embro-Sarah



**Figure 101. Embro and Sarah Bendixen**



Benp038



Figure 102. Embro and Sarah Bendixen Family (Left to Right)  
Warren, Ramona, Embro, Eunice, Sarah, Cleo and Leo

I got my teeth pulled and got false teeth. That wasn't fun. My wisdom teeth had grown around my jaws and they had to be cut out. My sister Christine tended Leo and Cleo while I had them out.

When Leo and Cleo were one year old my Dad walked to the post office with a package for Alma who was on a mission and he died of a heart attack in the office, December 20, 1924. He just handed Clark Wood (the post master) the package and he fell over dead.

After my Father died Mother gave us \$100.00 and we bought the dining room table, chairs, buffet (china closet) and rocking chair. We were sure glad for it and took really good care of it. And only ate the most elaborate meals on it.

We didn't think I could have any more babies but after 6 years we did get Ramona, 4 pounds. I fell over backwards after Embro had mopped the floor and she came early. My dad came to me and said, "sit up, get up" three times. When I did get up then the pains started. And the Doctor said "we'll take it" and she came soon after that; December 22, 1929. She was skinny and cried a lot.

Then about 2-1/2 years latter Eunice came, May 2, 1932, weighed 4 pounds. The Doctor got on the wrong road and got there after she was born. She laird for 5 or 6 hours. She came early also.

Then 2-1/2 years later Warren was born, July 12, 1934. He was a big healthy boy. He weighed 6 pounds.

When Warren was 6 weeks old we moved to Salt Creek because Embro got a job on a farm there. I didn't like it there. There were two old bachelors in a house across the street and I felt uneasy. Tramps would stop in and I gave them sandwiches because I didn't want them in the house. We lived there 2 years. Embro bought a cow from Tony (my brother). He went to Fountain Green to get it. We went in every day to Levan to see Mother. She liked Embro and he was good to her. Warren liked Mother also. She really liked the boys.

We moved to Levan on Thanksgiving Day. We bought the home and fields. We lost the twins little books in the move. There were 79 acres of land. Both Embro and I were happy about the move. I wanted to live in town and Embro wanted to live on the farm.

Soon after we moved there we remodeled the kitchen. We put the steps to the cellar in a different place. We brought a room up from our home in Mills and made 2 little bedrooms, one for the boys and one for the girls.

We all liked it in Levan. Eva came up often to visit us. Mother lived with us for a while.

Mother had been sick for along time of pneumonia and passed away March 2, 1938 in her own home. Eva and Alma were with her when she died. Because Eva lived in Mills she got Mothers house and I got 17 acres of her land.

We had tramps that came to Levan also. We always gave them something to eat. Leo wanted to see where one of them went (he had on a straw hat and long coat) but when Leo got around the house he couldn't see him. He looked in the yard and down the road for him. We wondered if he was one of the three Nephites.



Every year on the 4th of July we always went to the Celebration in Payson — to the parade and etc. and took a lunch with. We bought a sundae at the drug store. It was really good.

Every year we went to the Ute Stampede in Nephi — the rodeo and the parades. We always had fun at both.

Lots of times when we went to Nephi we would go to the drug store and buy sundaes for each of us. We really enjoyed them.

Every summer we had a garden and I bottled the peas, corn, and beans and we grew radishes and lettuce and we enjoyed eating all of it fresh also.

Every other day during the time the raspberries were on we — would all get up at sunrise and go out and pick them and then we would come in the house and eat a dish of them and then I would bottle them. The girls would help with all of the bottling. And we would sell some to the town people,

We all enjoyed the home made bread and butter I made. Eunice would carry the buttermilk up to Alma who was sick.

Summer and winter after we had washed the clothes we always hung them out on clotheslines. In the winter we would bring them in frozen hard and have to dry them in the house.

I taught the boys classes in Primary and Sunday School for 13 years. They wouldn't let me have another class because I could teach them better than any one else. But I really enjoyed it. We had a party and the boys donated money and bought me some candy because they really liked me.

After Leo and Cleo graduated from high School, Leo worked in Nephi taking care of chickens and Cleo worked in Nephi at a Restaurant and Bus Stop. That was really hard on her and she got Rheumatic Fever and had to stay right in bed for several months. It really hurt all of us to see how Cleo suffered. It took her a long time to recover so she could get up and do anything. She was a good housekeeper and cook. Then she started working at a furniture store in Nephi. We got carpet for the living room and a couch and the kitchen stove. Cleo was really good to help us get things nice,

Dad and Leo took care of the farm in every way and after Leo went into the service, Ramona and Warren helped Dad. Eunice herded the cows and sheep and helped me in the house.

Leo got drafted in the service while Cleo was working in at the furniture store. I cried many times after Leo left because it was hard to have him go. He went in the Air Force.

Food and gas was rationed. We had to use stamps for them and only got so many a month. You could always see soldiers hitchhiking. One day when we were coming home from shopping in Nephi we stopped and picked up a soldier and let him out right by our place and when we got in home we found Leo there — he had come home on a furlough. We were really happy to have him home. While he was home we went up the canyon and shot the 22 rifle. We all did good and had a fun time.



When Leo came home after World War II was over the rations were taken off so we all went on a trip to Yellowstone and to see Annie and family in Wyoming. We all really enjoyed it and had a good time. I was out of the car by a little bear and here came the Mamma bear and I just got in our car in time. I wanted to take the little bear home with me. We saw Old Faithful go off also. We really enjoyed visiting with Annie, Jim and their children. Anne showed us the grainery where they first lived but then they moved to a nice home.

Several months after we got home Leo got called on a Mission to Denmark. Cleo wanted to be a Missionary but her health wasn't good enough. Leo just had a candle to study by in one area, he lived by one of my relatives. While he was gone, members that came over to Utah came to Levan to see us and I always fixed them a good meal. When Leo came home he gave a good missionary report. Leo and Ellen met in Denmark. Ellen came over months before Leo, and when Leo got home they started going together and decided to get married. Ellen was really surprised that we had an outside toilet and no hot water inside because she had both in Denmark.

While Leo was gone, Cleo went to Salt Lake to work at the Church Office Building and she lived at the Beehive House. She really enjoyed living there. When Leo came back from his mission, Cleo came back to live with us again.

After Eunice graduated from High School then Cleo and Eunice went back to Salt Lake to go to the L. D. S. Business College. That was really a wonderful experience for both of them.

Ramona and Eunice and families were with us for Fathers Day and I was getting ready for Church. I just stood up to put my garments in my nylons when I fell and broke my right arm and leg. They called an ambulance and we first went to the Nephi Hospital but they sent us to the Provo Hospital where they set my arm and put eight pins in my leg to help it mend. After several days in the hospital I went to stay with Eunice and Nelson to finish recuperating. The doctor insisted I needed a therapist to strength my leg so I could soon walk. But he was too rough and it caused some of the pins to come out. I was in a lot of pain so I went to the Payson Hospital to have a new hip joint put in. Then I went home for a while until we found out Becky had cancer, then Ramona went to West Valley to help her and I came back to Eunice's to finish recuperating. Embro asked the first doctor why he didn't put in a new hip joint but the doctor thought it wasn't necessary.

One time when I was staying in Levan, Embro got feeling worse so he went to the Doctor and found out it was his heart. We came up to visit Eunice and family and I stayed with her and Ramona took Embro to the Provo Hospital and he had open-heart surgery. Eunice and I went down to be with him during the operation also. He got along really good but a few days later complication kept on setting in. We visited him once more together. Eunice went down and spent a day with him and several others did also. Ramona was with Dad most of the time and I stayed with Eunice. He died Monday morning June 25, 1986. We all felt really sad.

Since then I stay with Eunice during the winter months and Ramona during the summer.

When I am living in my home in Levan and are lonesome and afraid, Embro is with me. It is really comforting to me.

PICT5533



**Figure 103. Sarah and Embro Bendixen's Headstone, Levan Cemetery**



Sarah funeral 02

Sarah funeral 01



In Memory of  
**Sarah Winter Bendixen**  
September 28, 1896  
July 6, 1992



**SARAH WINTER BENDIXEN**

Sarah Winter Bendixen, 95, died July 6, 1992 at the home of her daughter in Levan.

She was born Sept. 28, 1896 in Levan to Jorgen Peter Jorgensen and Rasmine Christensen Winter. She married James Embro Bendixen March 29, 1922 in the Manti LDS Temple. He died in 1986.

She served as Junior Sunday School coordinator, and taught in the Sunday School, Primary, and Relief Society. She also served on the stake Sunday

School board. She loved her home and family.

Survived by four children and their spouses, Leo and Ellen Bendixen of Columbus, Ohio, Ralph and Ramona Wilson of Levan, Nelson and Eunice Lindhardt of West Valley City, and Warren and Donna Bendixen of Santa Maria, Calif.; 19 grandchildren; and 50 great-grandchildren. Preceded in death by a daughter, Cleo.

Pall bearers — Christian Bendixen, Wayne Bendixen, Ben Lindhardt, Paul Bendixen, Ted Lindhardt, Gary Bendixen.

Honorary pall bearers — Gene Bendixen, Jim Bendixen, Terry Hoyt, Tony Bendixen, Mark Hoyt, Don Lindhardt, Dennis Hoyt, Nels Lindhardt, Roy Lindhardt, and Ralph Wilson.

Sarah funeral 03

Sarah funeral 04

Funeral services for  
**SARAH WINTER BENDIXEN**

11 a.m., Saturday, July 11, 1992, Levan LDS Ward

Family prayer . . . . . Leo Bendixen, son  
Prelude music . . . . . Fern Wankier  
Conducting . . . . . Bishop LeGrande Hunt  
Invocation . . . . . Christian Bendixen, grandson  
Musical selection . . . . . "Abide With Me"  
Ann Woods  
accompanied by Nancy Hoyt, granddaughter  
Eulogy . . . . . Warren Bendixen, son  
Piano solo . . . . . "Thou Shalt Love the Lord"  
Roy Lindhardt  
Speaker . . . . . Heber Taylor, nephew  
Musical number . . . . . "How Great Thou Art"  
Terry, Mark, and Dennis Hoyt, grandsons  
accompanied by Natalie Hoyt, great-granddaughter  
Benediction . . . . . Gene Bendixen, grandson  
Postlude music . . . . . Don Lindhardt, grandson  
Dedication of the grave . . . . . Warren Bendixen, son  
Levan Town Cemetery

**The 23rd Psalm**

The Lord is my shepherd  
I shall not want  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:  
He leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul.  
He leadeth me in the paths  
of righteousness for his name's sake  
Yea, though I walk through  
The valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil:  
For thou art with me  
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me  
In the presence of mine enemies:  
Thou anointest my head with oil;  
My cup runneth over  
Surely goodness and mercy  
Shall follow me all the days of my life:  
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever

**Figure 104. Sarah's Funeral Services**



## 21. Alma Winter

### Compiled by Ruby Evelyn Rosequist Winter

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Alma Winter was born, 21 July 1899, at home, which was south of the creek that runs east to the west through the south end of a Levan. (If there is water in the creek, as there is occasionally during the spring when there is a big run off of heavy snows, or a cloud burst, the water empties into Juab Lake.) (See [Figure 77](#).)

When Alma was born, there used to be several homes on the south side of the creek. They were all torn down or moved, except the one owned by Bill Sorbe. Around 1976 Richard and Ann Stowell built a new home across the highway from where Alma was born. There have been four more homes added to that area since.

At the time of Alma's birth, there weren't any doctors in town. The nearest doctor was eleven miles away in Nephi. They had to travel by horse and buggy. Babies were born with the assistance of a midwife named Florentine Snow Rosequist. Alma was the tenth of eleven children born to Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter and Rasmine Christensen Winter. Alma had five sisters and five brothers, two brothers died young.

Alma03



Figure 105. Alma Winter, 1918

Alma02a



Figure 106. Alma Winter, 25 Years Old, Western States Mission

Alma was blessed, 1 October 1899, by Niels P. Rasmussen, in the Levan Ward Chapel. He was given the name of Alma, he always assumed his parents picked his name from the Book of Mormon.

Alma was always tended and watched over by his twin sisters Eva and Sarah. They were four years older than he was; they played well together. After Anthony was born, people used to think they were two sets of twins. The boys played house with the girls and the girls would play horse with the boys.

Alma always liked to climb. One day when he was around four, he was climbing up a ladder to get on top of the haystack. A horse ran under the ladder and tipped it over. Besides breaking his arm, he sustained a bad cut on his lip. The cut left a scar that reminded him of that accident the rest of his life.

There used to be a flume across the creek. It was about two feet wide and about one and a half feet deep. It was used to carry the water to the south side of the creek. It was built of lumber and held together with nails. In some places the flume was thirty feet from the bottom of the creek. When the water wasn't in the flume the kids used to dare each other to walk across it. Alma was about five years old when the twins and some of their friends decided to cross the flume. Alma stepped on a rusty nail and they couldn't pull him off. One of the twins ran to their neighbor, Erasmus Sorensen for help. Unless it was a matter of life or death, everyone either doctored at home or relied on the skills of their neighbors. The sure cure the Winters used was, faith in the Lord and consecrated olive oil. Alma was administered to and they poured the olive oil on his foot. The foot healed without any complications. It was a miracle he didn't get blood poison.

When Alma was little they hauled all the water they used for drinking, cooking and washing in big wooden barrels. They had to get up early in the morning to get it from a ditch, three blocks away, before the animals would get in it. Later Levan put in a cistern and then tapped water. Alma's mother used to say she would give up all she had rather than give up the tapped water.

Alma was always a kind, thoughtful, tender hearted little boy. Even when he was small the neighbors called him a little missionary. He would get up early, wash up and comb his hair and go visit the neighbors. The Christensen family would always say, "Here is our little missionary." The Christensens had a little girl that had polio. Whenever the twins went after Alma, she would beg them to let Alma stay and play with her. The days were long for her.

There were so many children living on the south side of the creek it was called kidville. They had a lot of fun together. They made their own fun. They played in the creek, and dug caves. Some of the games they played were, run sheep run, hide and seek, blind man's bluff, kick the can and marbles. Alma's older brother Chris said the kids in kidville were so wild they couldn't tell them from the coyotes. In the wintertime they had a sleigh riding hill and they had their own homemade sleighs.

Alma was baptized, 3 Aug. 1907, by Henry Hendricksen, and he was confirmed a member of the church the next day by his father.

Alma started school in Levan when he was six years old. His teachers were, Mable Douglas and Maude Moslander. The principle was Ivan Dalby. Alma's early classmates were, Owen Poulsen, Dewey Moss, Ervin Duffin, Peter Iversen and Vivian Jacobsen. He had these friends throughout his school years. Some of his friends called him "Swen" and others called him "Al."

When he was young, he helped his sisters herd the cows. Some time they would herd them in the foothills east of their home. In the evening they would go back after them. One evening they couldn't find the cows and it was getting dark and they became frightened. They knelt down by a tree and prayed that they would find the cows. When they stood up they could hear the bell that was on the cows neck. This incident remained a token to him that the Lord listens to and answers prayers.

Alma graduated from primary when he was fourteen years old. He was then old enough to go to conjoint meeting on Sunday night. This meeting was about the same as the M.I.A. meeting that is held for the young adults now. The main difference was they didn't have as many activities that they do now.

Alma went to Jr. High School in Levan. When he graduated he went to Nephi and lived with his sister Marie and her family so he could go to High School there. His brother-in-law, Eugene Jay Morgan was a teacher at the High School and he taught iron works and shop. After a school bus was provided, more students continued their education in Nephi. Alma enjoyed the extra classes he could take after school like the religious class. He enjoyed being in the school plays. He enjoyed sports and played baseball and basketball. Alma attended Sunday School all his life, and he never missed going unless he was sick or it was impossible for him to make it.

The first Christmas the Winter family had at home was when their father was on a Temple Mission at Manti. They used to have a big Christmas tree in Church. Every family would put a gift under the tree for each child. This program didn't last long because some children would get so much and others didn't get anything.

One day Alma and his brother Anthony, were walking with friend Orlando Taylor on the street in front of Victor Stephensen's house when lightning struck one of the trees, knocking Alma and Orlando to the ground. Anthony didn't get hurt, only frightened and he ran home. Years later, Anthony was killed by lightning as he farmed in Fountain Green.

Alma used to own a black thoroughbred racehorse called Jeff. He raced him with other horses on the 4th July and on the 24th. He won some and lost some.

Alma held the offices of Deacon, Teacher, and Priest. He was ordained a Priest, 6 May 1917, by his brother-in-law Schuyler Taylor. Bishop Erastus P. Peterson ordained him an Elder, 17 Nov. 1924 at the age of 25. He was ordained a Seventy, by Elder Antone R. Ivans, 14 May 1944.

Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith gave him his Patriarchal blessing, 2 December 1924. Alma had been called to bless babies and administer to the sick; he was baptized for the dead; and he has seen the sick healed.



Alma was called on a Western States Mission 3 Dec. 1924, and was set apart for this calling by Apostle John A. Widsoe. He labored in Pueblo and Trinidad, Colorado. His companion was Elder Orion Burgess. They made friends with the family of John Lane. Lane, his wife and two daughters lived on a ranch near Pueblo, Colorado. This family was converted and baptized members of the Church of Latter Day Saints. Alma and Orion spent their first Christmas away from home with this family. When Alma had been on his mission about three weeks, he received word from home that his Dad had died and been buried. His family hadn't let him know because they didn't want him to come home and break into his mission. This was a great shock to Alma and very hard to get over. (See [Section 22](#).)

One of the interesting experiences he had on his mission happened on the 4th July 1925. The missionaries in the Pueblo district climbed Pikes Peak. It is the highest peak in Colorado. They left Manitou at daybreak. Some people went by burro, and some by the cog-railroad. Alma and his friends walked. It took all day to go up and back. That night they went to a show. After a hike like that I imagine they were glad it wasn't a dance.

Another nice trip he had while still in Colorado was going by train through the Royal Gorge in the Colorado Rockies. The train would stop for ten minutes to let the passengers get out of the train and look at the beautiful view. The Colorado River was like a ribbon at the bottom.

Alma mission04



**Figure 107. Alma (on the Right), Western States Mission**

Alma had some special experiences in his life. He was appointed to preside over the Pueblo Conference in the Western States mission on 10 Aug. 1926, by the mission President John E. Knight. Heber J. Grant was president of the church at this time. It was a very special occasion when President and Mrs. Heber J. Grant visited the Mission while Alma was there. He was released from his mission 23 Nov. 1926.

When he first got home from his mission, he was walking in Salt Lake when a young woman came up in back of him. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. When she saw he wasn't who she thought he was, they didn't know who's face was the most red.

Alma went on a trip through Yellowstone Park with his sister, Annie, and her husband Jim, and family. It was before Yellowstone was such a tourist attraction. The roads were just graveled and not in very good shape. Old Faithful was still faithful, and it would erupt every hour going up in the air 100 feet. You could find plenty of fish any place in the park. All kinds of animals roamed freely around the park. Grizzly bear and black bear would raid the campgrounds. The bear begged for handouts, and usually got them until feeding bears was outlawed. Deer, elk, buffalo and moose were everywhere. An accident almost spoiled the trip for everyone. The car Annie's son, Edger, was driving lost its brakes and backed over a steep embankment and tipped over. There were seven people in it: Edger, his wife and five children. When help got to them no one was hurt. It was another miracle.

The summer after he came home from his mission, he went with Elgin and Russell Gardner up to Idaho to look for work. At night they came to a town and decided to go to a show. When the movie was over, they got in truck to go and found someone had taken Alma's suitcase. It contained his best suit and all the clothes he had except the ones on his back. It was a hard lesson, but he learned never to leave things out to tempt people. It was best to put them under cover and under lock and key. They got jobs picking up potatoes and working on a ranch in Shelly, Idaho.

Alma met his future wife at church in Levan. She was born and raised in Levan, but when he went on his mission, she was just a girl, now she was a young lady. Her name was Ruby Evelyn Rosequist. (See [Figure 33](#).) She was nineteen and Alma was twenty-nine. They started to meet at the Jackman store quite regularly. It wasn't long before they were dating. They dated for a year going on picnics and canyon parties. They went on sleigh riding parties, being pulled by two fast horses. I guess Alma still liked to race, he was a very fast driver. They were married in the Manti Temple, 1 May 1929. When they returned to Levan they had a big wedding supper at the home of Ruby's parents (Ruby's father Seymour was in Hyrum's missionary class, see [Figure 35](#)). All their friends and relatives were invited. They were "Shivered" around town by a group of young people. They honeymooned in their own home that Alma had bought from his brother Anthony. (See [Figure 133](#).) During their honeymoon they went up to Provo and bought furniture and other things they needed to set up house keeping in Levan.

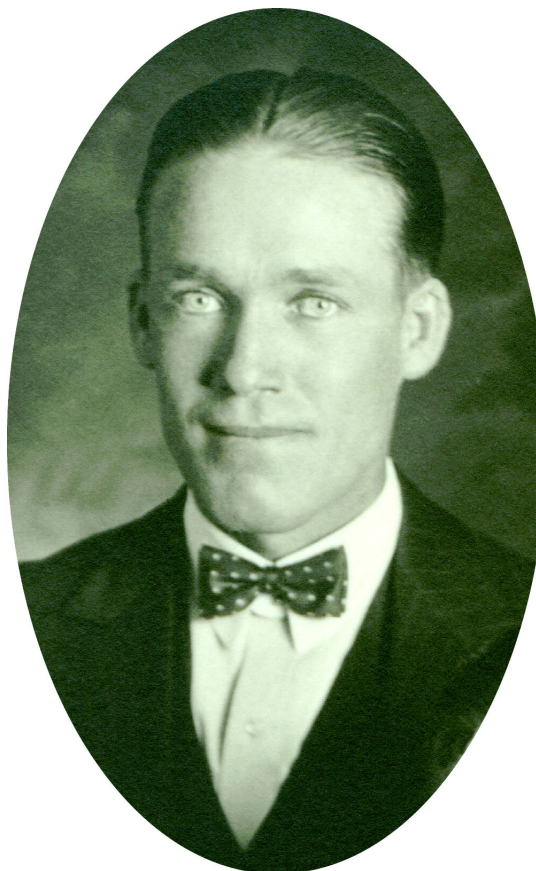


Ruby 18 old

Alma mission02

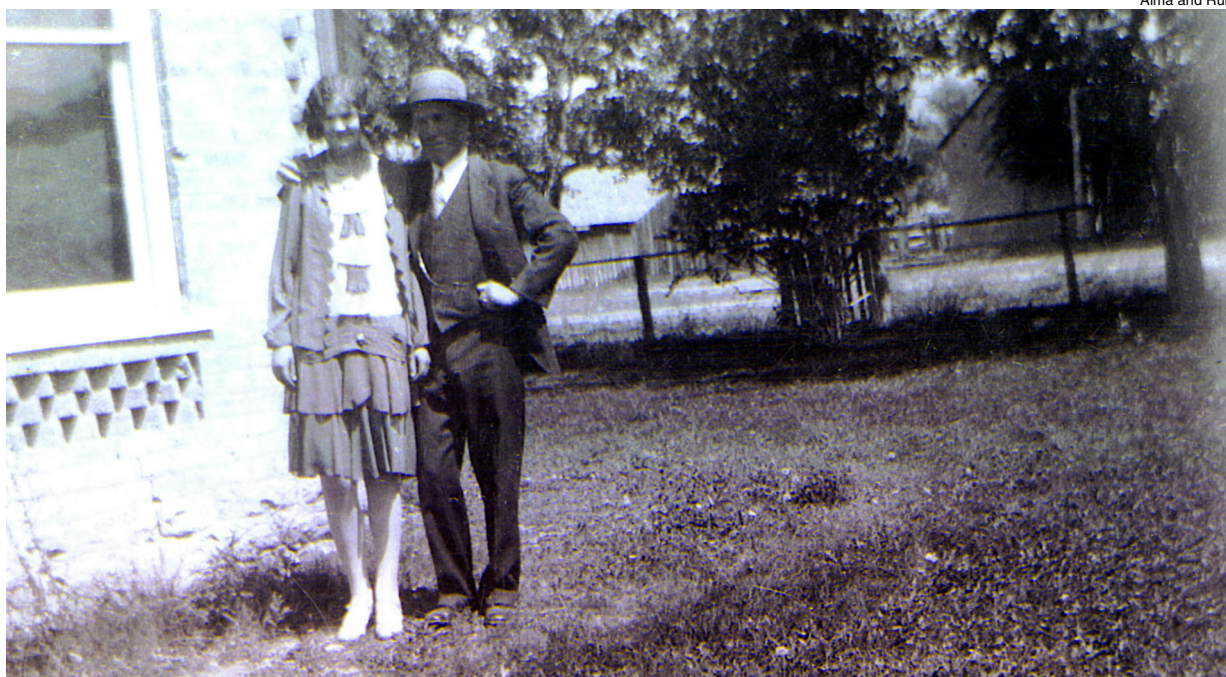


**Figure 108. Ruby Winter, Age 18**



**Figure 109. Alma Winter, Western States Mission**

Alma and Ruby WD



**Figure 110. Ruby Rosequist and Alma Winter, Wedding Day, May 1, 1929**



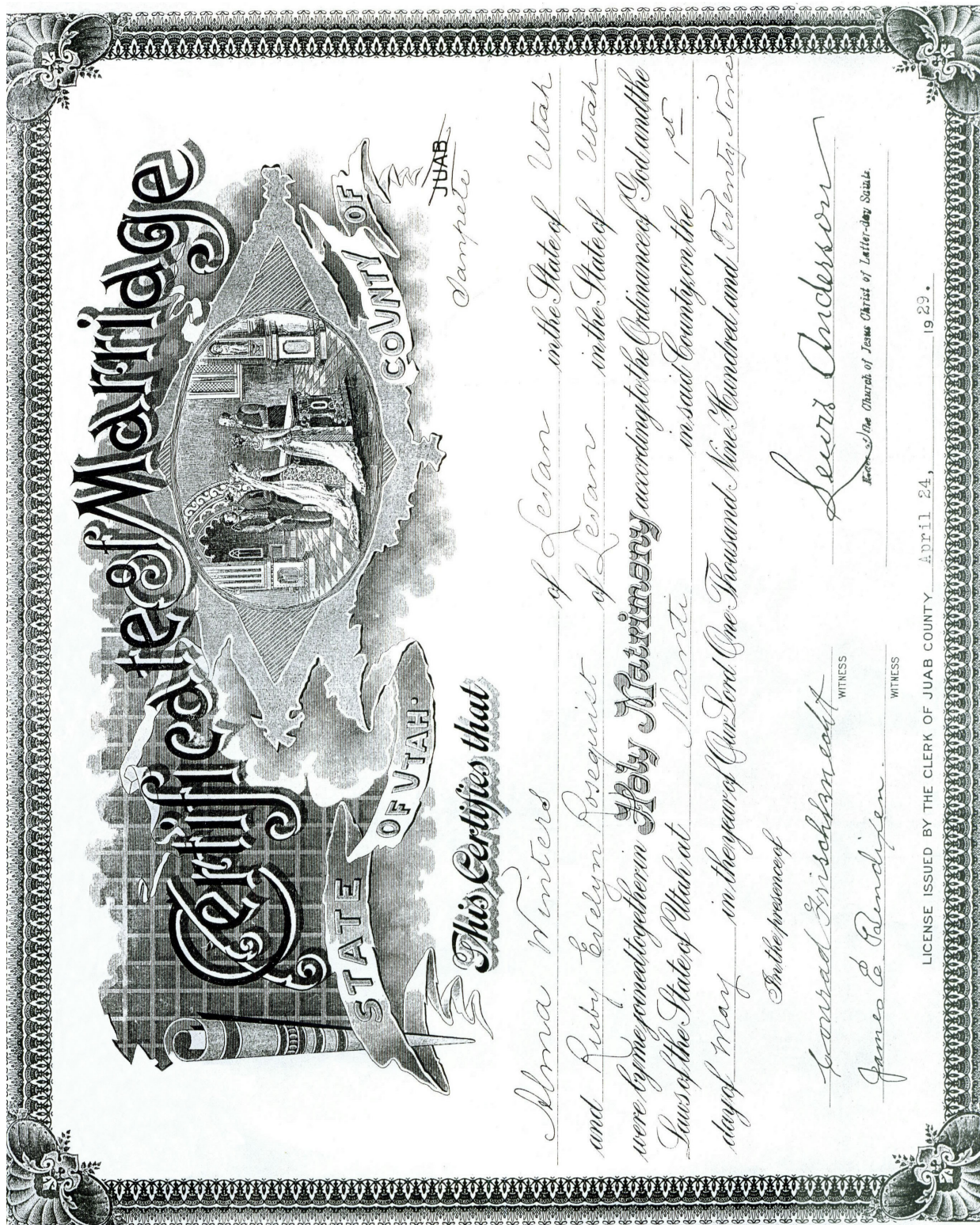


Figure 111. Alma and Ruby's Wedding Certificate



Alma held many positions in the church. He served in the Sunday School as a teacher in different classes. He was 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> counselor to the Superintendent. On 14 Feb. 1932, he was put in as Superintendent, with J. Lenard Francom and Evan Shepherd as counselors. Vinnie Christensen was secretary and treasurer. He was released from that calling 27 November 1935. He was a teacher in many organizations. On 8 January 1944, Alma was called on a Stake Mission. Gilbert L. Shepherd was his companion. Their mission was Levan. Will L. Hoyt was the Stake President at the time. Alma was set apart for this calling on a Tuesday evening at the stake Seminary 11 January 1944. He was released 1 April 1946.

Alma and Ruby raised four fine sons. They all went to college. They all have good jobs and are all active in the church. They all married lovely wives and they have all been blessed with special families. Alma had a lot of sickness in his life and the boys and their families were there when they were needed most.

Farrell



**Figure 112. Farrell Winter, 1930**

Farrell and Vern



**Figure 113. Farrell (Age 5 Years, 9 Months) and Vern Winter (Age 1 Year, 7 Months), 1931**



Alma Ruby Far Vern 34



**Figure 114. Alma, Ruby, Farrell, and Vern, 1934**

Far Max Ruby Vern Sey 45



**Figure 115. Farrell, Max, Ruby, Vern and Seymour, 1945**

Dwight Max Farrell 45



**Figure 116. Dwight Anderson, Max and Farrell 1945**

Ruby Max 45



**Figure 117. Ruby and Max 1945**



Alma and Ruby family 51



**Figure 118. Alma and Ruby Winter Family, About 1951**  
**Back Row (Left to Right): Seymour, Farrell, and Vern**  
**Front Row (Left to Right): Ruby, Max, and Alma**












	<p><b>HUSBAND</b> <u>WINTER, Alma</u></p> <p>Birth <u>21 July 1899</u></p> <p>Place <u>Levan Quab co Utah</u></p> <p>Chr. _____</p> <p>Married <u>1 May 1929</u></p> <p>Place <u>Manti Temple<sup>405</sup> Manti Utah</u></p> <p>Death _____</p> <p>Burial _____</p> <p>Father <u>WINTER, Jorgen Peter Jorgensen</u></p> <p>Mother* <u>CHRISTENSEN, Rasmie</u></p> <p>Other Wives (if any) _____</p>
	<p><b>WIFE</b> <u>ROSEQUIST, Ruby Evelyn</u></p> <p>Birth <u>27 May 1909</u></p> <p>Place <u>Levan Quab co Utah</u></p> <p>Chr. _____</p> <p>Death _____</p> <p>Burial _____</p> <p>Father <u>ROSEQUIST, Seymour</u></p> <p>Mother* <u>SHEPHERD, Florence</u></p> <p>Other Hus. (if any) _____</p> <p>Where was information obtained? _____</p> <p>*List complete maiden name for all females.</p>
	<p><b>1st Child</b> <u>WINTER, Farrell Rosequist</u></p> <p>Birth <u>17 Feb. 1930</u></p> <p>Place <u>Levan Quab co Utah</u></p> <p>Married to <u>CRICKETT, Wilma Jean</u></p> <p>Married <u>20 Sept 1957</u></p> <p>Place <u>Logan L.D.S. Temple Logan Utah</u></p>
	
	<p><b>2nd Child</b> <u>WINTER, Vern Alma</u></p> <p>Birth <u>23 May 1934</u></p> <p>Place <u>Levan Quab co Utah</u></p> <p>Married to <u>COLVIN, Carol Anne</u></p> <p>Married <u>29 Sept 1956</u></p> <p>Place <u>Salt Lake L.D.S. Temple S.L.C Utah</u></p>
	
	<p><b>3rd Child</b> <u>WINTER, Seymour J.</u></p> <p>Birth <u>23 June 1937</u></p> <p>Place <u>Levan Quab co Utah</u></p> <p>Married to <u>XIELSON, Carol Jean</u></p> <p>Married <u>10 Nov 1962</u></p> <p>Place <u>Orem Utah</u></p>
	
	<p><b>4th Child</b> <u>WINTER, Anthony Mack</u></p> <p>Birth <u>23 June 1944</u></p> <p>Place <u>Levan Quab co Utah</u></p> <p>Married to <u>Joyce Ashmore</u></p> <p>Married _____</p> <p>Place <u>Los Angeles Temple, Los Angeles, Calif.</u></p>

Figure 119. Alma and Ruby Winter's Family Group Sheet

He was a farmer for years. After that, he became the custodian of the Levan Ward Church for twenty years. Ruby worked at his side all of those twenty years. There were many changes throughout this time. They saw many people called for different assignments and releases. Both the church and recreation hall changed on the inside. While Alma was custodian, they helped with 111 funerals at the church and 69 weddings in the recreation hall.

Alma's advice to his family is to live honest upright lives. Be good to your companions and family and they in turn will be good to you. Keep up the faith and live your religion. Pray often every day and ask the Lord's guidance in decisions you have to make and problems you have to solve. The Lord will help you.

Alma suffered with poor health for many years. Many times he would rally and feel better, but following each sick spell, he would get weaker. He got so he hated to leave the home he loved. Whenever he had to see his doctor, he was anxious for the boys to take him home again.

Alma01

Ruby01



**Figure 120. Alma and Ruby Winter  
Age 66 and 56, Taken Feb. 22, 1965**



On the 5<sup>th</sup> of November 1987, Alma had felt unwell all day. He hadn't eaten anything and Ruby had fixed him some nice chicken broth hoping it would tempt his appetite. He took a few sips, but that was all he wanted. He got his walker and started to go back to the front room to lay down. As he came to the door, Ruby saw his hands loosen on the walker. She told him not to let go because she was in back and she couldn't reach him. Alma slumped to the floor unconscious. Ruby called her nephew, Heber, and her niece, Ramona. They arrived soon after but Alma had passed away. He died in the home he loved and lived in all his married life, with the companion he loved, chose and lived with for 58 years. He loved his children, his grandchildren, and great grandchildren. They all loved and respected him. Alma was a good man. He lived true to his faith. He was a Seventy in the church at the time of his passing. He lived to be eighty-eight years old. He was buried in the Levan Cemetary, 9 November 1987.

### **February 1990**

There has been a lot of things happen in my life since I first started this history. The boys were all in school and college. We had been custodians at the Church for 3 years, J. Clair Collard was the Bishop. The boys all graduated from High School, and then they all went to college. Farrell went with the National Guard to Korea and Seymour went to Bemburg Germany, he was in the army. It was sad time to see them go so far away and especially at war times. We were glad when they returned home okay. They all went to work at the jobs they were educated for. I worked at School Lunch program and Turkey Plant and for 20 years Alma and I took care of the church and recreation hall. We saw a lot of changes take place in both of the buildings. The last few years Alma's health wasn't good so I had to do more to help him with all there was to do down to the church. I learned to drive a car which was a big help to go back and forth to work especially at night and in the winter. The boys all got married and have families at this time. I have 15 grandchildren, 16 great-grandchildren. Some call me Grandma Great, so they can tell me from their grandmothers. The last few years of our married life were hard years. Alma's health was gone, he had cataracts taken of both eyes. He had heart failure but we did celebrate our 50th Wedding Anniversary with the family. They had a big party for us at Chuck-A-Rama, with Wedding Cake and all the trimmings. We had family reunions on the date next to Alma's birthday, on a Saturday. We always had such a good time. We still have them, families should get together every year.

Alma and Ruby family 70s



**Figure 121. Party at Levan Park for Alma's Birthday (Left to Right)**  
**Back Row:** Alma, Ruby, Farrell, Alan, Vern, Carol, Carol Jean, Seymour, Julie, Max, Joyce, and Jeff  
**Front Row:** Gregory, Debbie, Lynette, Pauline, Cherise, Gary, Chad, and Mark



MR. AND MRS. ALMA WINTER

## *Winter Golden Wedding Noted by Family Members*

Mr. and Mrs. Alma Winter, Levan, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary recently. A family dinner was served in the dining room at Chuck-A-Rama in Salt Lake City. Present for the dinner were their four sons, Farrell, Vern, Seymour and Max Winter, along with their 14 grandchildren.

The Winters were married May 1, 1929 in the Manti LDS Temple.

Alma Winter was born in Levan to Peter J. and Rasmine Winter.

Ruby Winter was born in Levan, the

daughter of Seymour and Florance Rosequist.

Levan has been the home of the couple for 50 years. They have both been active in the LDS Church. Mr. Winter has served two LDS missions, was superintendant of the Sunday School, and a teacher in all the organizations. Mrs. Winter has been active in all the auxiliaries of the church and was a member of the Levan Ward choir.

Mr. Winter's occupation has been as a farmer.

**Figure 122. Alma and Ruby's 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary Announcement**  
**Tuesday, May 22, 1979, THE HERALD, Provo, Utah — Page 19**





**Figure 123. Alma and Ruby Winter, 50th Anniversary, 1979**

Alma died the 5<sup>th</sup> of November and was buried the 9<sup>th</sup> of November, 1987. He died at home. I was home alone with him when he passed away. He is burned in the Levan Cemetary. He was 88 years old. I didn't think he would ever live to be that old as his health was poor for so many years. I am 80 years old, on May 27 I will be 81. The children and their families are so good to me. Someone comes every week to help me. My health isn't as good as it used to be, I have Macular Degeneration of the eyes, also arthritis in my legs. I guess it's like the reading says: "It's one of those things that make little sense. I see greener pastures but can't jump the fence."

On my 80<sup>th</sup> Birthday, I had collected this reading to use, but didn't get to do so, Debbie made a copy of it.

I have seen lots of changes in the town. We used to have a schoolhouse. Now the children all have to go to Nephi. They have three big school buses to haul them in. We used to have a good grocery store, sometimes two, now we don't have any. Also we do not have a gas station, we have to go to Nephi to get gas. Seymour has brought me 5 gallon cans several times when he comes, or I couldn't drive car. We have Sunday School, Mutual, Primary, Priesthood



Meetings and Sacrament Meeting all Sunday Morning from 9:00 o'clock until noon, three hours of meetings. We have a new building called the Community Center. It houses the fire station, courthouse, town meetings and etc. We have cement parking space west of church so people can park off the street. The interior of the church has all been remodeled with new classrooms and rest rooms.

We had our stokeamatic heater replaced with a propane heater stove. I have lived in this house for 60 years. It is my home and has lots of memories for me that no other place can have. I hope I can live here until my time comes to join my loved ones that have gone on before me. I am the only one left of my family. Geneva (my sister), her two children, Marlene and Dwight have all gone on to a better life we hope. All of Alma's brothers and sisters are gone, but the twins Eva and Sarah, they are 93 years old. They live here some of the time and up north with their children, and are in good health, have keen minds and get around good.

We have had a drought, this will be the third year we have had very little snow. So far this winter in December 1989, January 1990, today is the first of February 1990, it snowed 3 or 4 inches in the night and today some fine snow is falling. We have had to shovel paths only twice this winter.

Farrell had cataract taken off his eye on 29th of January 1990, he was only in hospital a few hours after operation until he could go home. They open a small place on eye and insert a lens. Alma was in hospital five days with each one of his eyes when they took cataract off. We hear and see some wonderful things they do in the medical business today, transplant organs from one person to another, planes going overhead and helicopters flying in all kinds of weather.

The History of Levan book that Geneva spent so much time gathering material for so many years and then she passed away before she finished it. Dwight gave material to Daughters of Pioneers and Maurine Stephensen who was President at the time spent a lot of time arranging and putting it together and it was published in January 1989. It was dedicated to Geneva. It is a nice book and a real contribution to Geneva and lots of information about Levan.

Max and Joyce's oldest daughter was married on 13th of January 1990 in Salt Lake Temple. It was a beautiful wedding. They have the youngest children of my family. They have 2 boys and 2 girls yet at home. The other boys families are all grown, some married and some going to college. Vern and Carol's daughter Pauline is to be married on 7<sup>th</sup> of April 1990 in Salt Lake Temple, then their family is all married.

I think my life is much like the saying of a conversation overheard in an Orchard — Said the Robin to the Sparrow, "I should really like to know why these anxious human beings rush about and worry so." Said the Sparrow to the Robin, "Friend, I think that it must be, that they have no Heavenly Father such as cares for you and me."

I'm sure I couldn't go on if it wasn't for the wonderful family I have and for their families their prayers for me each day and I know the Lord does hear and answer prayers. I have seen the times many of them when Alma was so sick we have prayed that the pain might go and we would know what to do and I've

seen him get relief. I have been inspired to know what to do to help him, I hope I can live the rest of my life so I cannot be a burden on any one, that I can keep the faith and hope tomorrow will be better than today and that my children and their children can always keep the faith even when dark days and discouragements comes your way, remember there is a silver lining in each cloud and don't forget to pray. Your Heavenly Father will help you. This I know from experience. It might not always be the way you would like, but in time it will prove to be the right way. My prayers have been answered so many times I couldn't go on a day if it wasn't for prayer. When Vern was a senior in High School they had just got their school rings. He was on his way home from bus, it was winter and the boys thought they had to throw snowballs at the girls. He threw a snowball and when he did, his ring slipped off his finger. He looked for it but couldn't find it. He felt really bad, so next morning I prayed before I went to look for it, that I could find it. Geneva went with to look for it, we looked everywhere and asked people along the way to watch for it. Geneva went down to school house, which was a block away to see if anyone had found it and to look for it. I met her on corner and had given up finding it. We talked and decided to give up, I happened to look down and there in the slush laid the ring. It had been run over and bent but could be sent back and fixed. I know my prayer was answered because the slush and ice made it really hard to see if you hadn't been right where it was. Don't be afraid to ask for help even in your school work. The Lord will bless you and help you find the way.

One of the world events that happened last year was the opening of the Berlin Wall in Germany. This made it possible for people from East and West Berlin to go back and forth and visit and stay if they wanted. Communism is loosening ground in some countries. We had an earthquake, the center was in Sanpete County, but it shook us pretty good.

The young Mother set her foot on the path of life. "Is the way long?" she asked. And her guide said "Yes, and the way is hard. You will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning." But the young Mother was happy, and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children and gathered flowers for them along the way and bathed with them in the clear streams. And the sun shone on them, and life was good, and the young Mother cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this." Then night came and the storm and the path was dark and the children shook with fear and cold and the Mother drew them close and covered them with her mantle. The children said, "Oh Mother, we are not afraid, for you are near and no harm can come." The Mother said, "This is better than the brightness of day, for I have taught my children courage." And the morning came and there was a hill ahead, and the children climbed and grew weary, but at all times she said to the children, "A little patience and we are there." So the children climbed and when they reached the top, they said, "We could not have done it without you Mother." And the Mother, when she lay down that night looked up at the stars and said, "This is a better day than the last, for my children have leaned fortitude in the face of hardness. Yesterday I gave them courage, today I have given them strength." And the next day came strange clouds which darkened the earth, clouds of war and hate and evil, and the children groped and stumbled and the Mother said,

"Look up, lift your eyes to the light." And the children looked and saw above the clouds an everlasting glory and it guided them and brought them beyond the darkness. And that night the Mother said, "This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children GOD." And the days went on, and the weeks and the months and the years, and the Mother grew old and she was little and bent. But her children were tall and strong and walked with courage and when the way was hard, they helped their Mother. And when the way was rough, they lifted her for she was light as a feather and at last they came to a hill and beyond the hill they could see a shining road and golden gates flung wide. And the Mother said, "I have reached the end of my journey, and now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone and their children after them." And the children said, "You will always walk with us Mother, even when you have gone through the gates." And they stood and watched her as she went on alone and the gates closed after her. And they said, "We cannot see her, but she is with us still. A Mother like ours is more than a memory, SHE IS A LIVING PRESENCE."

I dedicated this reading to my Mother, Florance Rosequist, and to Alma's Mother, Rasmine Winter, and now I dedicate it to my own family and their families in the years to come.

PICT5545



**Figure 124. Alma and Ruby Winter's Headstone, Levan City Cemetery**



Alma funeral 01

Alma funeral 02



In Memory of  
**Alma Winter**

July 21, 1899  
November 5, 1987



**ALMA WINTER**

Alma Winter, 88, died Nov. 5, 1987 in Levan.

He was born July 21, 1899 in Levan to Jorgen Peter and Rasmine Winter. He married Ruby Rosequist May 1, 1929 in the Manti LDS Temple.

He was a farmer and was employed many years as the custodian of the Levan LDS Church.

He was a Seventy and served a mission to the Western States. He also served a stake mission and in many other church positions.

Survivors are his wife, of Levan; four sons, Farrell Winter and Seymour Winter, both of Bountiful, Vern Winter of Kaysville, and Max Winter of Layton; two sisters, Sara Bendixen and Eva Bendixen, both of Levan; 15 grandchildren; and 12 great-grandchildren.

Pallbearers — Alan Winter, Gary Winter, Greg Winter, Chad Winter, Mark Winter, and Jeff Winter.

Honorary pallbearers — Brian Winter, Paul Gines, David Nystrom, and Todd Stevenson.

Alma funeral 03

Almas Obit

**FUNERAL SERVICES**

Monday, Nov. 9, 1987, 11 a.m., Levan Ward Church

Family prayer	Max Winter
Prelude and postlude music	Fern Wankier
Conducting	Bishop Lee S. Spring
Opening prayer	Farrell Winter
Remarks	Bishop Lee S. Spring
Tribute	Lynette Winter Gines
Song	"I Heard Him Come"
	Pauline and Cherise Winter accompanied by Carol Winter
Speaker	Alan Winter
Song	"The Test"
	Pauline and Cherise Winter accompanied by Carol Winter
Speaker	Heber Taylor
Organ solo	Fern Wankier
Closing prayer	Jeff Winter
Dedication of grave	Vern Winter

Levan Cemetery

**Alma Winter**

LEVAN—Alma Winter, 88, passed away November 5, 1987 in Levan, Utah.

He was born July 21, 1899 to Jorgen Peter and Rasmine Winter in Levan. Married Ruby Rosequist on May 1, 1929 in the Manti L.D.S. Temple. He was a Seventy in the Levan L.D.S. Ward. Served a mission to the Western State area. Served as Stake Mission. Served in many church positions. He was a farmer and employed many years as a custodian for the Levan L.D.S. Ward.



Survived by wife, Levan; sons, Farrell and Seymour, Bountiful; Vern, Kaysville; Max, Layton; sisters, Sara and Eva Bendixen, Levan; 15 grandchildren; 12 great-grandchildren.

Services Monday Nov. 9, 11:00 a.m. at the Levan L.D.S. Ward. Friends may call Sunday 6-8 p.m., Anderson Funeral Home in Nephi and one hour prior at Church. Burial: Levan Cemetery.

T 11/8 N3 11/8

Figure 125. Alma's Funeral Services and Obituary

## 22. Letter to Home from Alma During His Mission

Alma letter 01

WESTERN STATES MISSION  
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF  
LATTER-DAY SAINTS  
538 E. Seventh Avenue  
DENVER, COLORADO.

JOHN M. KNIGHT, President

Jan. 2 1925

Dear mother & all.

I can not express to you, in words the grief & thoughts that has come to me, since, receiving the news of the death of our beloved Father, which I received a week ago.

It certainly, makes one think, who is away from home, & also those who are at home.

But I can say, that the Lord has blessed me, in that I have come to acknowledge his hand in it, & to comfort me.

Since coming into the mission field, I have read some of our life here & also the hereafter, & the blessings that will come to us if we live the Gospel of Jesus Christ, & follow in his footsteps as has been commanded of us. And when I look back upon

WESTERN STATES MISSION  
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF  
LATTER-DAY SAINTS  
538 E. Seventh Avenue  
DENVER, COLORADO.

JOHN M. KNIGHT, President

my address 126 N. Chestnut St.  
Trinidad Colo. 192

<sup>beautiful</sup>  
the life & character of my dear Father &  
mother I am indeed thankful that  
I have been blessed with goodly Parents  
& that there is indeed a blessing  
in store, for them on the other side.  
In the 76 section of the Doctrine & Covenants  
the life hereafter is pointed out to us  
very beautiful, & that if we will <sup>live</sup> the  
Principles of the Gospel & keep his  
Commandments, there is indeed a  
store of blessing - awaiting us in the  
Kingdom of God,

Dear mother I am certainly sympathetic  
with you, & all the family & I pray  
that the Lord's blessings may be  
showered down upon you all & comfort  
you in your sorrow, that you may  
see the Lord's hand in it.

I appreciated very much the Xmas box  
you sent me & wish to thank you all



WESTERN STATES MISSION  
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF  
LATTER-DAY SAINTS  
538 E. Seventh Avenue  
DENVER, COLORADO.

JOHN M. KNIGHT, President

31

192

for the words, of encouragement & sympathy.  
As it sure seemd good to hear from home  
I shall never forget, Elder Burgess's  
words of comfort, the night I received  
the letter, he himself had experienced,  
the same, since coming into the mission  
field, his mother dying shortly after  
he arrived in the missionfield.

So you see we can both sympathize  
with each other.

I hope that these few words, will be  
a comfort to you, as the words from  
home was to me. And praying the  
blessings of the Lord upon you all,  
that you may put your trust in him  
at all times. I remain your loving son  
& Bro. in the Gospel.

Alma.

P.S. Will write you the news later.  
We are all well & hope you are  
the same. Tell the kiddies & all. Hello!!

## **23. I Remember When by Alma and Ruby Winter**

---

I remember when we lived out across the creek to the old place (our name for it), we had a ditch or flume it was called. It was made in the shape of a V, a board on side and a piece of 10 inch plank and 2 X 4 on top of plank, quarter round in bottom to keep water from leaking out. This ran from below Cecil Stephensen's house over across the creek. We took the city water there, this watered the garden and orchard, also ran into cistern, this water was used for household use. The water we used for drinking was hauled in barrels from the field ditch over by Christensen's, about 2 blocks away. Finally after many years there was a water system put in and we had piped in water, but we still took water from the flume for irrigation for a long time.

I remember when it was bath night, the round No. 3 tin tub was brought in, water poured in that was heated on stove and we all had a turn of cooking on one side, while the other side froze. The bedrooms were cold, a brick or flat iron was heated and wrapped with cloth and put in bed to help warm your feet and the bedding. The fuel that was used was mostly cedar and pine wood hauled from the mountains. This then was chopped with an ax and packed into a box by the stove where it was burned and used for heat and cooking.

The washing was done in a tub with a scrubbing board, then a boiler was placed on an iron tripod outside or on the stove inside and the clothes were boiled in soap water again, then rinsed and hung out on lines to dry. The soap used was homemade. Fruit was mostly dried. The soap was made out of animal fat from pigs and cattle. The fat was rendered out from the waste fat of animals and also fry grease and etc. Lye and water was added to a big cooper kettle where it was boiled down until it formed a string of soap, then when it was done this was then poured into a tub and cooled and cut into squares set out on board to dry and used as bar soap. Some grated, also for washing it was good soap, cleaned clothes good.

We raised red currents, gooseberries, raspberries, apples, early harvest, codling, Williams favorite, little white peaches that were so sweet and good. Most of the fruit was dried, blue plumbs were made into preserves, red mush and sweet soup was made from the fruit and juices.

I remember when it was time to put the hay up for animals to live on all winter. The hay was cut with a team of horses hooked onto a mowing machine. The blade was lowered and the horses pulled it through the hay and when it was all cut it was left to dry a few days then it was raked in rows and then piled ready to haul. They had a hay rack that the hay was piled on, it took two men, one on each side of rack and was pitched up onto the wagon, a man on wagon tromped and loaded the rack when it got as high as the men on the ground could reach, the middle was filled in good and the load rounded out and they were homeward bound with it. When it reached the stack yard there was a derrick with a big arm, which was threaded with a rope, that went through a pulley, that had a big hay fork on the end. This fork was pushed down into the hay and clamped, this held the hay, there was a derrick horse that was fastened

to the end of the derrick rope, this was fastened with a clevis. The derrick horse had a rider, they pulled the hay from the wagon up on the stack. A man on stack would call where to dump the hay, man on wagon would dump the hay and pull hay fork to wagon so fork could come back to wagon. Some high stacks of hay were stacked, this way when hay was used, a hay knife was used to cut pieces of hay loose so it could be fed to animals.



**Figure 126. Max Winter on Farrell Winter's Pinto Horse, 1946, Levan, Utah**



**Figure 127. Max and Alma Winter  
Tree cut in front of Alma and Ruby Winter's  
home in Levan, Utah. The Carolina Popular tree  
stump measured 6 feet across.— F.W.**

I remember when we planted the wheat with a team of horses and also when we would go out on the ridge to plow we would take a grub box full of food and camp out in the field with two plows. It would take 10 days to do 40 acres. When the grain was ready to harvest, header boxes were put on the wagons. The header cut the grain, this was pulled by 4 horses, it elevated the cut grain up into the header boxes. A man loaded the grain into the boxes and one drove the horses even with the elevator to load it when box was full, another wagon would take its place and the full load would go over to the stack yard, where it was made into a stack. When grain was all cut and stacked then the thresher crew would come to thresh. The first one I remember was the horse power thresher. The thresher was pulled by four horses that went round in circles, the grain was pitched up onto a platform. Two men fed the bundles into the



thresher and the grain came out into half bushels and put into sacks. One man held sacks, one man emptied the half bushel and they tied the sacks when full and put away from machine. The people whose grain was threshed fed the men their dinner. The grain that was cut with a binder and was tied into bundles, came before the header, this was a later way of doing the grain. After or while grain was threshed, the straw came out on the straw carrier and was stacked by a man that had to keep straw away from machine. All the work was done with horses and men. Then came the steam engine that took place of the horse power in the threshing of the grain. Then came the harvester, this was run with diesel power. It was pulled with a tractor, one man ran tractor. One man sacked the grain and dumped the straw in piles. Then came the power driven harvester, one man drives the harvester, it cuts and grain goes up an elevator into a truck that is driven alongside the harvester used to cut 10 acres of grain a day. Now they cut big fields of many acres of grain in a day, load it and take to mills all in one day.

The hay was first cut and raked and dried before it could be hauled and stacked. Then came the bailer that picked hay up and tied and made bails all at the same time. Now they make big round ball of hand and straw square ones, that weigh a ton apiece and small 100 lbs ones. A loader tractor comes and picks up a load of bails at a time, brings to stack yard and unloads, only takes one or two men.

almas cutter



**Figure 128. Alma Winter's Cutter: Vern, Marlene Andersen, Seymour, Max, Dwight Andersen, and Vance Christensen**

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I remember when we milked the cows by hand. When we were kids we took the cows to the fields or herded them along the streets to eat the green grass that was growing along the roadways, every lot had a fence around it so animals didn't bother the gardens. We would take a book along to read or we would make whistles out of willow limbs. We had to watch cows so they didn't eat green hay and get bloated, if they did they had to have a piece of hose stuck down their throats to relieve the gas, and if they got too much grain they had to be stuck with a knife in the stomach, to get relief and lots of times they died. They had to be milked and the milk strained into pans and put in a cool place for cream to raise, then it would be churned by hand, the surplus was placed in buckets and sold to the cream man. A man would come around once a week, weigh the cream, put it in a can and sell it to the creamery. They would send a check back to pay for cream. Milk was fed to pigs, chickens and calves and people. Then later milk was sold in 5 to 10 gallon cans. A man would gather it every morning, now very few farmers have a milk cow.

I remember stories, the Levan Co-op owned by A. F. Jackman, W. W. Beard ran one. Bishop Taylor, John Worlock Shepherd and John Nephi Shepherd. A butcher shop owned by D. Bosh and one by Eric Peterson. You could go and they would cut off any kind of meat you wanted, later Julius Bosh had meat and groceries in one room of his house.

I remember schools. We used to listen for the school bell, it would ring a half hour before school started and the second time it rang you were late. We used to line up outside of school house and march into your different class rooms. There would be a half hour for recess both in morning and afternoon. Everyone walked to school, in the winter, a man with a V shaped sleigh drawn by a horse would go on sidewalks and make trails. Sometimes we'd fall in drifts trying to get there. Alma's first teacher that he remembers was Mabel Douglas. Ivan Dalby was 8<sup>th</sup> grade teacher. If you wanted to graduate from High School you had to go to Nephi for two years, as there was no bus to take you.

I remember the first phonograph we had, it had a horn on it that music came through, then the Edison had cylinder records, needle had diamond point. You had to wind it to make it play.

I remember when my Dad, J. Peter Winter, used to haul fresh meat and eggs to Eureka to sell to the stores in that mining town. He would take orders from the stores in Eureka for the amount of meat and eggs they would need the next week. People would kill and have the meat ready by a certain day. He would pick it up and wrap it in sheets, haul it over to stores in a covered wagon drawn by two horses. When weather was bad he'd have three horses as the roads were just gravel. No hard surfaced roads like now. The trip took three days over and back. In the winter he'd have a lantern lit with a quilt over it to keep his feet warm. When he quit, Julius Bosh took over the job. They hauled meat and eggs over there for years. People would raise the pigs, a man would come to your place, you had to have a tub of boiling water ready. They would kill the animal. They had a trough they would put pig in, then scalded him with the hot water, then they would scrape the hair off with a sharp scraper. Then they would hang it up in a tree or scaffold, take insides out and let meat hang over night to cool and next day haul to market. Those that people kept for their own use, the

pork they would cut them up the hams and shoulders they would smoke and salt. Some people would put them in barrels with brine water or salt water for so long. It would be cold weather when killed for home use. The fat was rendered and put in buckets to use for cooking. The small intestines of the pork was sometimes scraped and cleaned really good and then stuffed with fresh sausage meat. Liver sausage and head cheese was made. A parcel of fresh sausage meat was sent around to relatives and friends, it was usually a roast of back bone, ribs and sausage. There was always enough to share with someone else. Then when they fixed their meat they would share with you. We used to bottle sausage and loin. We would roast or brown meat, buy some beef sausage and mix with the pork. We would put meat in hot bottles, fill bottles with hot grease and seal. When opened it was really good. The meat didn't spoil as much as it does now, there was no refrigeration.

I remember the holidays how they celebrated them. The 4<sup>th</sup> and 24<sup>th</sup> of July, the parades they had, especially on the 24<sup>th</sup>. Early in the morning there would be dynamite set off and guns shooting, then the band would come and stop at every corner and play. It would be on a wagon all decorated up, drawn by two horses and a driver. People made their own beer at that time, especially the older people, it would be hops and grain, they would treat the band, by the time they went all over town they were feeling good. Then the parade, they really had big parades, sometimes they would have names of girls and sell tickets on them, the one that had the most money spent on her was queen of the parade. Then a big program in the afternoon. For the children's dance, all had to have a new outfit for this; and in the evening a big dance for the adults. At Christmas time it used to be about the same, no parade but a big Christmas Tree in the Church. Some people hung gifts on it for their kids, later on they just had the decorated tree and a big program. The stores used to put their Christmas gifts and toys out a couple weeks before Christmas, people would get their shopping done in that time. There wasn't toys out the year round like now. Lots of things were home made, all the decorations on the Christmas trees. Kids would make chains out of paper string and popcorn and cookies. Christmas Eve people would go caroling, have parties and Santa would come. They used to have big tree decorated down by school house. We had a program and Santa gave sack to each child. Then it was moved up in front of church, they used to have tree in meeting house, until later years, it was only outside. We used to have big supper on Christmas Eve and then go down to church, gather around Christmas Tree, sing songs and have a little program and come home and Santa would come. They were sure happy days.

Worlock Shepherd had a confectionery store. He had little fancy tables and chairs, palm trees set around a place to make drinks. He used to make his own ice cream. On the July holidays the highlight of the celebration was to go down and have a nut sundae or a banana split, sitting by one of those tables. I remember tubs of ice with bottles of soda water in them to cool off. He had his own ice house.

Yes those were the good old days that I remember, much change has occurred over my lifetime and how happy I am to be a part and see all of these neat things in my and our lifetime.





**Figure 129. Marlene and Dwight Anderson, and Farrell and Vern Winter  
24<sup>th</sup> of July Parade, 1943, Levan Utah, J. Peter J. Winter's Old Surrey**

**This is the old surrey with the “fringe on top” which Grandma Rasmine Winter gave my brother Vern when he was a little kid. We ran around the countryside and the town of Levan in this old buggy for several years before it fell apart. Vern is driving and I (Farrell) am sitting in the center holding Dwight Anderson on my lap, Marlene Anderson is on the left. (Dwight and Marlene are our cousins.) Old Pet is the horse.**

**— Farrell Winter**

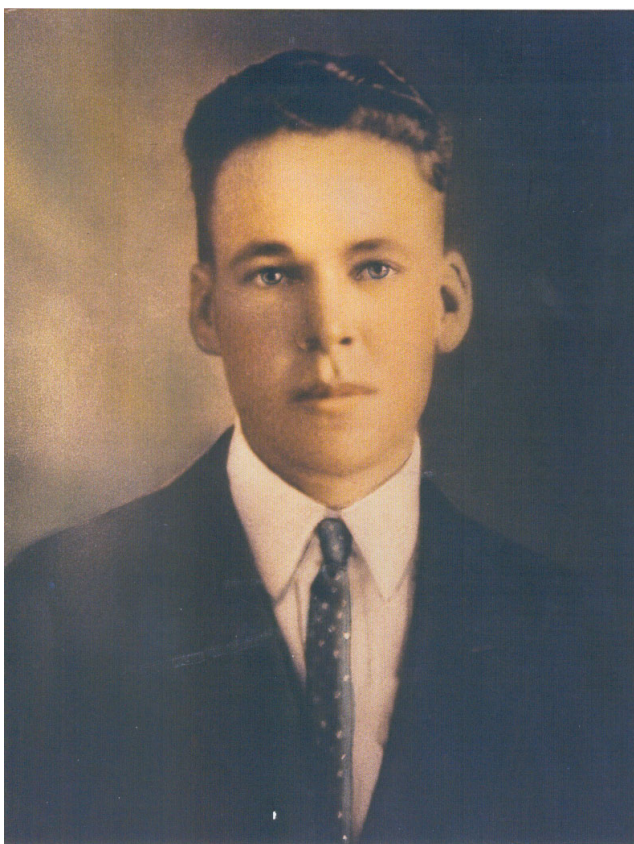
## **24. Memories from the Life of Anthony Rudolph Winters Compiled by His Daughter Voniel Jacobsen in 2004**

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Anthony Rudolph Winters was born on September 24, 1901, in Levan Utah. He is the son of Jorgen Peter J. Winter and Rasmine Christensen Winter.

Tony grew up in Levan, Utah and attended the elementary school there, and high school at Nephi, Utah.

Tony was a farmer and he and his brother, Alma, operated their father's farm, which was near Levan. He was a wonderful son and brother. When Alma went on his mission Tony helped to support him.



**Figure 130. Anthony Rudolph Winters, 1920**

On December 3, 1924, he married Gladys Iona Hansen in the Manti Temple. Their happiness was marred when his father died suddenly of a heart attack on December 20, 1924. At this time it was decided by the family that it would be better if Tony and his new bride moved in with his mother so they could help her. They lived with her until just two months before their first child was to be born. They decided it would be best if she could move home and be with her own folks when the baby came. Her mother was a wonderful midwife and had much experience doing so.

Tony b



**Figure 131. Anthony and Gladys Iona Hansen Winters**

Orris was born on October 2, 1925, in Fountain Green, Utah in the home of Mom's (Gladys') mother and father — Hans Christian and Caroline Marie Jensen Hansen Bogh. In fact, both Mom and Orris were born in the same room. While she was there Daddy bought a home for them in Levan, and she stayed with her folks until it was ready. She remembers coming home to two rooms all newly wallpapered by Tony just for her and the new baby, She always referred to this house lovingly as "my first house." It was here their precious daughter Irene was born on April 27, 1928. Their joy was full with their little family.

In 1929, when Irene was 11 months old they moved to Fountain Green. Mama's Aunt Luvina Aagard (grandma's widowed sister) owned a farm just South of Birch Creek on the road to Wales just about four miles south of Fountain Green. She asked Daddy to come and run it for her. There were some old buildings and a house on the farm.

Work on the farm in those days was not easy! It took many weeks of planting, cultivating, and watering to mature the crops before they could be harvested and used for family consumption or sold. Nearly all of this was accomplished by manual labor such as loading a hayrack, drawn by horses, with hay a fork full at a time. After loading, the wagon made its way to the barn where the hay was unloaded by the same method. In those days, other crops were done much the same way.





**Figure 132. The Home of Hans and Caroline Hansen Bogh, Parents of Gladys, in Fountain Green, Where Orris was Born**



**Figure 133. First Home Purchased by Anthony and Gladys in Levan, Where Irene was Born (This Home was Later Sold to Alma)**



**Figure 134. Farm House in Fountain Green**

### **Orris' Fond Memories:**

The house, which had two rooms and a screened porch, had been newly painted prior to our moving in. The fragrance of that new paint (Calcimine) and the sound of the blackbirds which sang incessantly during the day, along with the croaking of the frogs at night, stamped an indelible impression on my mind. To this day, a whiff of that particular kind of paint or a sound similar to that emitted by the wildlife of the pond takes me back for a fleeting reminder of those happy days. We lived in the house during the summer and moved into town in the winter. Mama has often said that living on the farm was one of the happiest times of her life.

The work on the farm was accomplished by horse-drawn equipment. One of the things I remember about the care of the equipment is that Dad would park the wagon in the shallow pond overnight. The wagon had wooden wheels and steel rims. As the wood dried out, it would shrink, causing the steel rims to become loose on the wheels. By soaking the wheels in water, they would expand and hold the steel rims on.

Some of my earliest and fondest memories are associated with this farm. The frame house was located above a large pasture which had a good-sized pond on one side. Our drinking water came from a flowing well situated near the pond. It is still the best water I have ever tasted. Mom cooked on a coal-burning stove with water carried from this well. At night, lighting was provided by kerosene lamps. As there were no power lines to the farm — no electricity was

available. Therefore, there was no refrigeration and the other electrical conveniences were not at hand, nor did they seem necessary at the time.

I remember that sometimes Mom would take Dad's lunch to him in the field where he was working. Irene and I would tag along, enjoying these occasions immensely.

On Sunday our family would attend church in Fountain Green. Dad had a 1928 Ford Model A Coupe Phaeton in which we rode to town. He never did any work on Sundays, except the chores like milk the cows and things that must be done. They lived their religion, had lots of faith, and always went to church. My Mom stated that no one lived their religion better than my Dad.

As I said, Dad owned a 1928 Ford Model A Coupe. The shelf behind the seats was occupied by Irene and Betty, and I stood on the floor in front of Mom. I remember many rides through the canyon to Nephi and Levan with stops at the mill in Nephi to trade wheat for flour. Because of his long days of hard work, Dad sometime would fall asleep in strange places — including on the stand while he was bishop. One night while returning home from Nephi, Dad fell asleep at the wheel and ran into the barrow pit bumping my teeth into the dash board.

He liked to go to movies and seemed to especially enjoy comedies, for he had a great sense of humor. However, his favorite movie was "Smilin' Through." Mom told us that he said she had to see it because he thought it depicted how things were going to be in the hereafter. Since then many of our family members have also enjoyed this movie on video.

Irene remembers that all six of us rode in this one-seated car when we rode to Levan to visit relatives and etc. During these rides Mom and Dad would sing all the way, and wanted us kids to join in. Daddy taught us how to harmonize.

Sometimes at lunch time, Mama would pack a lunch and bring the children to the farm, so we could have a picnic with Daddy. It was spread on a quilt on the ground out behind the house by the potato pit. It was so fun and so good. We also sat there to sort potatoes in the fall.

Years ago during the Lamb Day celebration, which is held in Fountain Green every year, usually in the month of July, boxing matches used to be part of this celebration. He enjoyed the sport of boxing and loved to attend these bouts — sometimes participating. Most often he would observe and listen to other matches on the radio.

They always had many friends whom they invited over — usually Urban and Ethel Madsen, and they would play Pollyanna, a popular board game at that time.

Daddy always wore blue and white stripped overalls and a big straw hat when he was working on the farm. Upon entering the house, he always put the hat on top of the cupboard just inside the kitchen door. It sat there for years after he died. Mama couldn't bear to get rid of it.

Daddy and Mama loved to dance. Mama said Daddy was a real good dancer, and all the ladies wanted to dance with him. Irene and Betty remember how



they loved it when Daddy got home. Although he had worked hard all day, he would turn on the radio and teach them how to dance, or play his harmonica while they danced.

Dad liked to play the harmonica. The songs remembered most were "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and "Dem Golden Slippers." He would tip his chair up against the wall and play his harmonica while we children would sing and dance around the kitchen floor. He also had a beautiful singing voice and sang in the ward choir. He and Urban Madsen sang many duets at various functions. He also had a banjo that he probably acquired through a trade. He was quite adept at trading — anything from pocket knives to cows and horses or wagons. He just seemed to enjoy doing it. Later the banjo was sold to one of the Coombs boys — maybe because money was needed for a family emergency.

Daddy milked several cows; we always had lots of milk. He had a big shed and a little room that had a separator in it. He turned a handle and ran the milk through the separator, and it separated the milk from the cream. Irene loved the sound the separator made as it was being used. Lots of times, Daddy would be humming or singing. She remembers him letting a pan of milk turn to clabber (solidify). It would have nice thick cream on top. Then he'd sprinkle sugar on it and eat it. He could never tempt any of us kids or Mama to share it with him, but he seemed to enjoy it.

**Orris says:** During the summer after school was out, Dad would take me to the farm with him — my duties commensurate with my abilities as I grew over the years. I would herd cows in the fields, separate the milk as Dad brought it in from the milking shed, feed the stock, tromp hay and etc. I did not always do these things willingly, and in fact, became quite adept at thinking up excuses for not going to the farm. At the same time, I also developed a knack for thinking up excuses for driving the car. At the age of six years, I would occasionally be allowed to sit on Dad's lap and operate the steering wheel and gear shift lever while he took care of the brakes, accelerator, and clutch. Later when I could reach the floor controls, Dad would let me drive to the farm sometimes. Being able to drive was later to prove very beneficial.

After moving to town, Dad would drive to the farm each morning and return at night. In addition to the general farm work, he operated a dairy on the premises. The milk was separated and the cream sold. The remaining milk was fed to hogs which were part of the operation.

We lived at the farm most of the time, but the first winter we moved into Odvin Rosquist's house. We lived there just three months and then moved back to the farm. The next winter we moved up to a house owned by Wilford Coombs. It was here on March 23, 1931, that Betty was born — another wonderful daughter.



**Figure 135. Rosequist Home Rented in Fountain Green**



**Figure 136. Coomb's Home Where Betty was Born**

While we were living in the Coombs home, Daddy was ordained a High Priest and set apart as a counselor to Bishop Joseph R. Christiansen on February 21, 1931. A few months later on September 20, 1931, Joe was called to be Stake President and Daddy was called to be Bishop of the Fountain Green Ward. He called James F. Robertson as First Counselor and Ole A. Allred as Second Counselor with Urban S. Madsen as Ward Clerk.

He served with distinction in that capacity for four years. Many times he would come home after dark from his day's work on the farm, rushing to do his chores, and then leaving to take care of his duties as the bishop of the ward. Mom would often sit up many nights waiting for him because he had been called to one of the homes in the ward where a family needed his faith, love and friendliness. He would always be right there whenever there was a death or sickness or anything that needed his help. Mom was always helping him fulfill his calling.

It was nice to find one of the admission tickets Daddy used to get into General Conferences and also an old picture of the Bishop's Store House — or tithing office as it was called.

Tony-church in Ft Green



**Figure 137. The Church Where Bishop Winters Served**

Before Christmas, Mama was always busy making goodies. Divinity and raisin-filled cookies were her specialty. She also made many pies and cakes. Daddy loaded them into the car. Grandma was called to stay with us children, and together Daddy and Mama delivered the goodies to neighbors, friends, the sick and the lonely, and anyone who needed some love and a helping hand. They just loved to go visiting and take their treats. And they were loved in return.

After this we didn't move to the farm anymore, but we moved into another house owned by James Lund. This was a nice house. While living here another wonderful daughter, Voniel was born on April 30, 1934. This home is just one block north of the family home they later purchased, and where all their children were raised. The Lund home is still standing.





**Figure 138. Rented Lund Home Where Voniel was Born**

We were a very happy family. Tony was a very busy man — what with farming a large farm and performing the duties of Bishop. He seemed never to have much time for himself, although he was always a wonderful husband and a devoted father to his children. It seemed that every night after working on the farm there was always a long list of calls waiting for him, but he always approached them cheerfully. He really gained the love and respect of all the towns people.

There were many changes taking place in Fountain Green during these years. In 1929 the Moroni Stake was organized. In 1930 the city adopted the "Gladiola" as the city's emblem, the Municipal Hall was purchased from John E. Aagard, and the population of the city at that time, according to the U.S. Census, was 982. In 1931 the Seeley/Whitaker store was sold to Howard Stillwell, and the Wool City Bank participated in the 24th of July parade in Salt Lake City. In 1932 a permit was issued for the open air dance hall (Greenona), and a swimming pool was constructed and put into use. In 1933 there was a plague of grasshoppers which destroyed many crops, there was The Great Depression and wages were \$1.00 per day. In 1935 the city water system was enlarged and modernized (iron pipes replaced the wooden ones), and ground obtained for a city park.

They finally bought a home from John Yorgason and began to remodel it. Daddy tore it down to the square and put a new roof on it. They were so anxious to move in. They moved into this home in the fall of 1935. It wasn't entirely finished, but it was comfortable. They lived there two winters and one

summer. They had so many hopes and dreams for remodeling, but the good Lord had other plans.

Mom lived in this house until her death on October 17, 1988. It was always lovingly referred to as "Grandma's." Countless gallons of homemade root beer and hand-cranked ice-cream have been shared there. To us, her family and all those who entered, it has always been a haven of peace. The home is still standing and is owned by Voniel, who purchased it from her siblings when their Mother died. It has been renovated and is still used today by our family.

Irene remembers how Daddy always helped Mama with flowers on Decoration Day. We went down to Grandma's and Aunt Devona's. The bouquets were made and then taken to the cemetery. Daddy was out in back playing baseball with the boys. When Mama called to say she was ready to go, Daddy told her that if she didn't mind, he'd rather not go to the cemetery this time. He'd be up there soon enough. He was killed nine days later.



**Figure 139. Home Purchased in Fountain Green 1935**





**Figure 140. Fountain Green Home as it is in 2004**

### **The Death of Daddy as Taken from the Writings of Mom:**

It was a beautiful morning June 9, 1937. Irene had gone up to the Springs for breakfast with her class. As usual I had prepared a lunch for Tony and Orris before they left for the farm. Orris didn't want to go that day but Tony said "yes you better come with me; I may need you." They left and the day passed on and I was busy as usual. Irene came home and I put all the girls down for a nap. I got ready and tried to do my ironing but it was a futile process.

A shower came up and I saw a wicked streak of lightning in the direction of the farm. It just seemed like I felt something was wrong. I pulled the cord on the iron and thought I would start an early supper — thinking That Tony and Orris would come home early since they would be wet from the rain.

It wasn't long until Orris came in crying and told me that Daddy had been struck by lightning. He said "hurry Mama." I took my three girls across the street to my neighbor Olevia and ask if they could stay with her. I also asked her to call my Aunt Luvina and tell her — I didn't know what I would find at the farm.

Orris and I got in the car and he kept urging me to hurry. He had never driven the car before by himself, but this day he drove it home to get me. The roads were terrible; they were graveled at that time and they were muddy from the heavy rain. It was very difficult to drive. I just don't know how he made it — but he did!



When we got to George Cook's farm, he was sitting in his car. Orris said, "Get him to come with us because we will need him." When we got to the farm the horses were at the gate. I said to Orris, "See he's alright there are the horses," but Orris kept saying to come on. We climbed through the fence and ran down to the spot where we found Tony laying partially covered with soil. The horses had made a round with the plow and covered his legs. Tony was lying on his face. I turned him over, but he was gone.

By this time Orris had told me that he had been sitting on the plow and Tony was standing on it when the lightning struck. He unhooked his Dad from the plow and then ran to the neighbors for help, but no one was home so he ran to the car and came for me. He surely was a hero that day!

By this time George and Douglas Cook had followed me and were there to help us; soon after Aunt Luvina came and I asked her to call the doctor. We put Tony in George's car. I held him as good as I could all the way home. The Doctor was there soon, but he pronounced him dead! He said he had died instantly. The world just crumpled before me!

Needless to say, this tragedy was a very severe blow to us and completely changed our lives. It just seemed like the end of the world for all of us. I felt that it would be impossible for me to go on living. But the Lord was very kind to me because I was blessed with especially good children. I think the hardest part was to see my children grow up without the loving guidance and care of their wonderful father. He just loved them so much and had such great plans for all of them.

This, just below their house on the farm, is where Daddy was killed. He was killed on the far side of the large sage brush near the middle of the picture. The field is still worked to this day.

Tony-Site\_of\_death



**Figure 141. Site on Farm Where Tony was Struck by Lightning**

### **The Death of His Father as Told by Orris in His Own Words:**

On June 9, 1937, when I was eleven years old, the worst tragedy experienced by our family, and indeed, the most traumatic experience I have had up to the present, (August 1998) befell us. I was with my father on the plow, a double-bottom plow pulled by four horses. I was sitting on the seat, and he was standing on the frame not over two feet in front of me. His intentions were to complete a couple of rounds to establish the boundary of the field and to get the horses settled down so that they would present no problem for me. Just as the second round was completed, a thunderstorm came up, and the second or third bolt of lightning struck my father, there was a great flash of light and a tremendously loud noise. My father toppled from the plow frame and was being dragged by the horses that were frightened and were doing their utmost to run away, although they could not pull the double-bottom plow very fast. Even so, they didn't stop until they came to a fence over a quarter mile from where the lightning struck. I managed to free his foot from the plow frame where he lay prone in the furrow, and, as it seemed to me trying to get up. He was holding his head up, eyes open, and his arms were moving, albeit without coordination. The doctor later said that he had been killed instantly, and that these movements were merely muscular reactions.

Having tried unsuccessfully to revive my father, I ran to the adjoining farm for help. Finding only two young girls at home, I ran back, checked to see if Dad had revived, and then proceeded to the car where I drove to town to let mother know and to get help.

On the way back to the farm with Mom, we passed George Cook and his grandson, Douglas, irrigating their farm. Mom called to him that Dad had been struck by lightning and could he please come and help us. He followed us in his car and helped us lift Dad into the car and take him home. We put him on the bed and waited for Dr. Dice to come.

When Dr. Dice arrived, he commented that Dad looked so peaceful laying there that he didn't appear to have died a violent death. However, after removing his clothes and examining his body, he pointed out the places where the lightning had entered and exited his body. He questioned me extensively as to what had happened because he had to fill out a cause of death report.

I felt very close to my father, and his death was a great loss to me. I have missed him continually since that day.

However, great as the loss of our father was for us children, mother was the one who really felt the loss most. Left alone with four children from ages eleven to three, life was anything but easy for her. This happened during the depression, and my father left very little whereby a family could be supported. As I recall the insurance barely paid off the mortgage. Besides my mother's grief and sorrow, it was left to her to support her family. I remember her working at anything she could to support us. Among the things she did was to go to people's houses and can meat, fruit, and vegetables for them. Later, during the war, she worked at the parachute plant in Manti, riding 29 miles each way on a bus provided for the workers. She was also the City Treasurer, holding that position for thirty-odd years. She also was the registration agent and held elections in our home for many years. Even when the elections were moved to the City Hall she continued to work in that position.

## L.D.S. Bishop Killed by Lightning

Fountain Green  
Man Hit  
While Plowing

Special to The Tribune

FOUNTAIN GREEN—Bishop Anthony R. Winters of Fountain Green, 35, was struck by lightning and instantly killed late Wednesday while plowing on his farm two miles from here.

Bishop Winters was on the plow beam and his 11-year-old son, Oris Anthony Winters, was riding on the plow seat. The boy said he noticed a blinding flash and a bright light envelop his father, who toppled off the plow and was dragged about 20 feet before the horses could be stopped. The boy ran to a near-by farmhouse for help, but finding no one home, drove two miles to town and notified his mother. Examination by Dr. H. E. Dice revealed the lightning had struck on Winters' left forehead and singed his hair, but no other burns were found on his body. Dr. Dice said death had been instantaneous.

Bishop Winters had lived in Fountain Green eight years, four years of which he had served as L. D. S. bishop. He was an active L. D. S. church worker and also had served as bishop's counselor, Sunday school superintendent and had held various offices in L. D. S. auxiliary organizations. He was born in Levan September 24, 1901, a son of Peter L. and Minnie Christensen Winters.

Surviving are his mother, his widow, Gladys Hansen Winters, and four sons and daughters, Oris Anthony, Irene, Betty and Voneil Winters, Fountain Green; three brothers and five sisters, Hyrum, Christian and Alma Winters, Levan; Mrs. Annie Aagard, Burlington, Wyo.; Mrs. Edward Morgan, Springville; Mrs. Christian Taylor and Mrs. Sarah Bendicts, Levan, and Mrs. Eva Bendicts, Mills, Utah.

Funeral services will be conducted at 2 p. m. Sunday in the Fountain Green L. D. S. chapel by Bishop Irvin P. Oldroyd. Interment will be in Fountain Green cemetery, under direction of Ursenbach funeral home.

## Ft Green News

Most impressive funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon at the ward chapel at 2 P. M. for Anthony Winters, 35, former bishop of the Fountain Green ward, who was killed by lightening while plowing in a field south of the city. His 11 year old son, who was with him at the time, was not injured.

The services were conducted by Bishop Irvin P. Oldroyd. Prayers were offered by S. P. Taylor of Levan and Perry Allred of Fountain Green. Speakers were President A. H. Belliston of Juab Stake, Nephi; James F. Robertson, Ole A. Allred, John E. Aagard, Monte Robertson, James C. Aagard, Niels E. Mikkelsen, all of Fountain Green and LeGrand Mangelson of Levan, all of whom paid wonderful tributes to his life and his character and stressed his great dependability, his willingness to assist any one, and his honesty and devotion to his family and friends.

Musical numbers consisted of a vocal solo, Urban S. Madson and a vocal duet by Lee Taylor and Mrs. Christian Winter of Levan. The ward choir also furnished 3 numbers. The grave was dedicated by N. M. Jensen. The high priests quorum, of which he was a member, sat in a body on the stand.

Figure 142. Newspaper Articles About Tony's Death and Funeral



These are some of the fond childhood memories of my dad and mom and the good times we had.

Tony was always very active in the Church. He was a man with a very strong character, ready to lend a helping hand to others. He was very ambitious and was honest in all his dealings. He was a wonderful husband and a kind and loving father. He was loved by the old and the young. When he was killed by lightning, a tombstone was placed at his grave by the people. Betty said that Victor Rasmussen told her he was a school boy at the time of his death and he remembers all the children bringing a dime to help pay for the stone and to show their love for Bishop Winters — what a tribute! (See [Figure 144](#).) She said she has been told many times, by different people, of how they admired Daddy for his integrity, kindness, understanding, and helpfulness.

I am sorry I cannot contribute to the memories of Daddy — I was only three years old when he died, and my memories are nil. But suffice it to say that through experience, I know he is very close. Being the daughter of Tony and Gladys Winters is an honor and a great blessing in my life. Everyone I have ever met, who knew them, loved them. They always mentioned his flawless character, great dependability, his willingness to assist any one, and his honesty and devotion to his family and friends. Their names and the good things they have done will linger on forever.

We had wonderful parents, who loved each other as well as their children. They were wonderful examples of faith, courage, and love. We were really blessed to have such parents. What a heritage!



**Figure 143. Tony's Wife and Children, Taken in 1971 (Left to Right)  
Betty, Voniel, Orris, Gladys, and Irene**

## 25. Anthony (Tony) Winter Funeral Services

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Funeral Services for  
Anthony R. Winter  
Held at  
Fountain Green, Utah  
Sunday, June 13, 1937 2:00 P.M.  
Born September 24, 1901 in Levan, Utah  
Son of Jorgen Peter Jorgensen and Rasmine Winter  
Died June 9, 1937 in Fountain Green, Utah  
Bishop Irvin P. Oldroyd Conducting

### Conductor Bishop Irvin P. Oldroyd

We will begin our services by the choir singing "Beyond" after which Brother S. P. Taylor of Levan will offer the opening prayer. The choir will then sing "Some Day 'Twill All be Over."

#### "Beyond"

1

Beyond Earth's latest sunset  
There lies a country bright,  
Where fadeless day is glowing,  
That never sinks to night.

#### Chorus

"No night there!" No sorrow and no fears,  
"No night there!" No pain, no death, no tears,  
"No night there!" Where care hath passed away,  
"No night there!" But endless, fadeless day.

2

Beyond earth's final heartache  
There lies a land of peace,  
Where sorrow never cometh,  
Where pain and trouble cease.

3

Beyond earth's latest suffering  
There lies a country fair,  
Where dwellers are immortal,  
No death can enter there.

4

O land beyond the sunset,  
Where time shall be no more,  
Some bright ecstatic morning  
We'll sight thy peaceful shore!

### **Opening Prayer by S. P. Taylor**

Righteous and eternal Father who dwells in heaven, in the name of Jesus Christ, we, a few of thy children have met together this beautiful Sabbath day to pay respect to our dear brother who has gone home. We are grateful, Heavenly Father, to have known Brother Tony, and to see the good honest life and the good honorable examples he has set for us. We are grateful to thee, Heavenly Father, for the gospel, and the testimony that we realize that some time, someplace, we will meet Brother Tony again, to shake his hand and that we will live on together forever in eternity. We ask thee to bless the brethren who are called upon that they will be able to say words of consolation to Sister Gladys and children. We ask thee to bless each and everyone of us that thy spirit will be here in abundance. We pray for these and all other blessings we should have in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

### **“Some Day ‘Twill All be Over”**

#### **1**

Some day 'twill all be over  
The toils and care of life,  
Some day the world be vanquished,  
With all this mortal strife,  
Some day, the journey ended,  
I'll lay my burden down,  
Some day, in realms supernal,  
Receive at last my crown.

#### **Chorus**

Some day, some happy day,  
The Lord will wipe all tears away,  
And I shall go to dwell with him,  
To dwell with him, some happy day.

#### **2**

Some day I'll see the mansions  
Of Heaven's city fair,  
Some day I'll greet with pleasure  
The dear ones waiting there,  
Some day I'll hear the voices  
Of God's angelic throng,  
Some day I'll join this chorus  
In Heaven's immortal song.

#### **3**

Some day I'll see the Saviour,  
And know him face to face,  
Some day receive, unmeasured,  
The blessings of His grace,  
Some day He'll smile upon me  
From that white throne above,  
Some day I'll know the fullness  
Of His undying love.



### **Conductor Bishop Irvin P. Oldroyd**

Due to the many numbers on the program, I shall read several parts and ask them to follow in that order. Our first speaker will be Pres. Belliston of Juab Stake. Pres. Belliston has another funeral to attend, so it will be necessary to excuse him. He will be followed by Brother James F. Robertson and Brother Ole A. Allred.

### **Pres. Belliston**

My Brothers and Sisters, I am honored today in being invited to take part in these funeral services. I represent the stake Brother Winter formerly belonged to, and I would like to say to the good people, that his former Bishop, Brother Peterson, would liked to have been here today, but his services were needed elsewhere. This sudden death of our brother has been a shock to us, as it, of course, has been a shock to all of you. There are many unanswerable questions that might be asked in regards to this death, and the means by which it came about, questions that are unanswerable, but in the space of life there are some things that are worse than any death that comes from any source.

Today this good sister and all those who are bereaved, have many things to look forward to, and I think, not so many things to look backwards upon. This couple have lived the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They have rendered service to their fellow men. They have imbued in their very beings the testimony of the divinity of this latter-day work.

I had a brother come to a similar end one time. He had one of his brothers holding his hand at the time, and he escaped injury at the time as did the little boy in this instance. And while it brings a shock and a trial that seems unbearable to us, yet when we reflect upon it and know that death of this nature comes through no act of ours and no precaution and no safety could have been provided beforehand to have prevented it, we must accept it as fate over which we have no control, and seek to the giver of all good, who is the source of all comfort that can come to the heart. For He alone can bless and comfort and engender into the hearts of these people whose hearts are bleeding today. Pray that the spirit of hope and of comfort will be with Gladys and her children.

I have had the privilege several times just recently of witnessing the ceremony, in the house of the Lord, in uniting husband and wife for time and all eternity, and I have been impressed as never before with this ceremony, and have reflected upon it in that it opens the gates to the highest blessings that can be obtained in the celestial glories. These good people have had those blessings pronounced upon them and so far as I am able to perceive in their lives, they have not forfeited any of the privileges or any of the possibilities of attaining these great heights in the Celestial Kingdom of our Heavenly Father. With these things in our minds and the assurance that those blessings are ours through all time and throughout all eternity, it can brace up and assuage the grief of these grief stricken people here today. There is no question as to the hereafter, we have so many evidences of its reality. The greatest testimony of all people has been, and is, this assurance that burns in every fiber of our beings. When we partake and engage in the work of the Lord, we ask His

guidance and accept the dictations of the spirit of our Heavenly Father. There is no end to these blessings and the comfort that it brings to the hearts of Latter Day Saints. We all have to go through these experiences, even Christ Himself, had many bitter experiences. Even the last one that he had before being nailed upon the cross: He so suffered that He prayed to God our Eternal Father, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, never the less, not as I will, but as Thou will,". We are told by the Apostle Paul, "Though He was a son of God and an eminent prophet, rather learned He obedience to His Father's will." So we needn't complain if there comes into our lives experiences that are bitter and hard to bear. Even under these conditions it is possible for us to pray unto the Lord. Pray unto Him, "Thy will O Lord, be done, and mine."

If this accident could have been averted by making some precaution beforehand, or in any way could we endeavor to avoid such a thing, then there might have been a remorse of conscience that such precaution had not been taken. I am sure nothing we could do would control it. We would control in a measure, the elements. It is electricity in the heavens, and no one has any control over it. It is hard to say in the presence of those who are bereaved, that such an instance as this came from the Lord. Could it be, or don't you think it quite possible that it did.

Brother Winters has rendered service to his community, serving well, and I am sure he has done his part, and has been a servant of the Lord, obedient and willing and ever exercising the powers that the Lord, has given him for the benefit and blessing of others. And his wife has gone hand in hand with him, sustained and supported him in his work, helping him to exercise the authority of the Priesthood in the various callings of the church. There is nothing in the program of the Gospel of Jesus Christ that will set the husband over or above his wife if she is equally virtuous with him, and I sometimes think her sacrifice is greater than his. The mother performing these various duties, being a guide in the home, having so many little duties to perform that the passions of man cannot cope with.

At this moment, I am reminded of a talk that B. H. Roberts once gave at the tabernacle in Nephi, and I wish never to forget it. I was only a young man at the time. As he was talking, he said, "If there is one big thing that I could do that would insure my salvation in the kingdom of my Heavenly Father, I would be willing to sacrifice everything to the accomplishment of that one thing, but it is these insignificant little things that we do each day that determine our salvation." He turned to the Apostle at his side and had him recall that statement. It is the overcoming of these little things that prepares them for the greater and determines what we are. So we cannot overlook the little things and accomplish one big object and insure ourselves salvation in the kingdom the Heavenly Father.

This family, this dear wife who has these beautiful children, oh what a blessing that she has them today, for they comfort and console her, for they are Tony's children. Uphold and sustain them that Tony lived here and someday you will all be reunited and take up this family and go forward throughout time and all eternity.

What would people of the world do under these same circumstances when they know nothing of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Where do they look for consolation when they know nothing of these wonderful truths, these wonderful truths that are known to the people of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. What blessings to have the belief and the burning testimony in our hearts that God lives and Jesus is the Christ. Joseph Smith is the prophet who re-established the church of Jesus Christ in the earth. Here a man has obeyed the principals of the gospel, injured no soul, loved righteousness, and despised wrongdoing. I feel and know that in addition to the spirit's promised state of joy, and rest in paradise, there will be a glorious reuniting of body and spirit and a future full of happiness. When this time cometh, none but God will knoweth, but we do know that all men shall come forth from the death and we do know that the righteous will be crowned with everlasting life and salvation in the Celestial Kingdom of our God. I pray for the blessings of heaven to be upon this family and this dear old mother who has endured these many years without her companion. Protect these children and may they ever have friends who will administer to them in all the material support by words of affection and encouragement in the time of need. We sometimes get more hungry for spiritual food than we do for the material things of life. God bless and keep this family, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

I regret very much to have to leave.

### **Brother James F. Robertson**

My dear brothers and sisters, I trust while I occupy this position that I might say something that will draw each and every one of us to a more perfect life. As far as to say anything about Tony Winters, I have said that while he was in mortality, as I stated before his face and which I am here to bear testimony that these good people of Fountain Green have said the same good thing that I am today. They said the good things about Tony Winters to his face. He knows that they were his friends.

This sweet old lady that sits here on the front seat has said somewhere in the neighborhood of two years ago, "Would to God that my boy had never gone to Fountain Green to live." If she could stand where I am standing now, and look over this splendid congregation and look at over the many friends he has made here in Fountain Green and in this stake, she would say, "Praise God that my boy went to Fountain Green," I am positive she would say that if she could look over this splendid congregation. This congregation tells to you just what kind of a man Tony Winters was.

Just a word about his wife, as Pres. Belliston told you that she was I need but say, I bear my testimony to that fact. I believe I was as close to Tony Winters as anybody except his immediate family. I believe that he told me things that he told no other man, only his immediate family. I lived on the farm just this side of the one that he was killed at. While he was in the bishopric, he done his chores from one o'clock in the day to ten o'clock at night. He rendered untiring service to the church. He shirked no responsibility given him. We as mortals here upon this earth, we don't understand these things. He built up for himself a monument among this people.



I can say now that he was forewarned that he wasn't going to stay here among this people very long, but little did I think that I would occupy this position. I thought that I would be gone far ahead of him. And this little boy who sits in the middle of this bench, I have watched Tony pass my farm with him between his knees, driving him to the farm and fetching him home. I see Tony then in later years sitting at the boy's side, the boy driving the car. I don't know just the age of the boy, somewhere in the age of ten or eleven. This boy drove his father to the farm and, brothers and sister, I believe that Tony Winters was preparing that boy for the mission that he performed last Wednesday.

I believe that Tony Winters was called to labor among the people. I am positive that he will be a leader, and I am positive that he will make friends by the score. Now I don't feel like talking anymore. I thank God that He has given me strength to stand before you people and tell you the things that I have told you about him.

As I stated in the first place that he did his chores from 1 o'clock in the day to 1 o'clock in the night. This dear little wife of Tony's sat to home and waited for his coming. She knew or had a good idea that everything was alright, she knew that he had been serving God. She knew that he had been keeping God's rules. She knew that when his chores were done and his days work was finished, Tony would be home because he was one who believed in living the commandments of God and brothers and sisters, when prohibition was preached by our authorities, Tony Winters was behind them. I bear you my testimony that Tony Winters has never tasted this. I bear you my testimony that he has stayed behind the authorities in the example he set to the world.

I pray that God's choicest blessings will be upon Sister Gladys and upon these children, as far as Brother Winters is concerned, I know that he is called to be a leader, called to be among the people and perhaps at this very moment he is talking another meeting, telling his experiences on earth. I am positive that God will be good to this family and they know that because they live close to Him and Keep His commandments, the corridors of heaven will be open to us.

I pray that these blessings will be upon this dear old lady. I hope and pray that when she leaves this congregation and looks over the multitude that has come out to pay their respects to this family, I hope that they will praise God that Tony Winters came to Fountain Green. May his choicest blessings be upon each and every one of us, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

### **Ole A. Allred**

In the passing of this good brother from this sphere of action, I feel today like I was parting with one of my very best friends. When I heard of this accident, it stunned me, I don't suppose that I have come out of it yet. I can't realize that this has happened. This goodly crowd bears testimony of the high esteem in which they held this brother better than any mortal man could express in words. This expression gives a thrill to those who see this good crowd today from far and near. It should be a testimony for those people that are called upon to morn throughout the time that they live. Of the high esteem that these people hold this good man. Brother Tony, as brother Belliston said was a man that never shirked his duties. The road was never too long, nor too muddy, nor

the night too dark for this man when he knew somebody was suffering and needed his help. He was ready and willing to go any hour of the night or any time. You may find men that may do more in the years to come, I question that even, but you will never find a man that will do more willingly and have the interest of the people at heart more than this man had. I know him. I was impressed with that man when I met him. You know I always thought quite a lot of Sister Gladys, the woman he married. She was a neighbor of mine. She was with my children. I felt that they were always in good company. I have a lot of respect for her and her family. When I heard that this young man should take her for time and all eternity, even if the children are not our own, we like to see them do well in choosing a mate. This young man won her and he got just as good a girl as he could have got, and I say to Gladys, she has got a real man, a man of God to look forward to. Some day to meet for her own, as her husband and the father of her children.

And this young man who was with his father saw something that he will never forget. And as the years may come and go and he goes with his pals, I hope that he will never do anything but what he will be willing for the spirit of his father to be here with him and do nothing and say nothing but what he would be willing to have his mother see and sanction.

I feel out of place here today, I feel like I should be sitting with the mourners, but I hope that we will all strive in every way to live lives that when we are called from this sphere of action that we will be just as ready and prepared to go as I think this young man is today. His earthly remains will be laid in the earth yet the memories of this good man will live in the hearts of his friends forever. Men are of two kinds, and he is the kind I would like to be. Some people are virtuous and a few express their lives by what they do. That sort was he, no flowery phrase or lightly spoken words of praise won friends for him. He wasn't cheap or shallow but his course ran deep and he was pure and you know the kind you meet in life you find whose deeds outnumber their words so far that they are more than what they seem they are. That's the kind of man that I found Tony to be. He was a man that I learned to love, and God bless his memory, may his memory live in the hearts of his friends forever. And may his family look on the bright side of life and see what is in store for them if they will strive to do their duty in the word of God. And this aged mother, you know I always did say "God bless the mothers of Man." If there is any man on earth who respects his mother.

May God guide you in the path of righteousness and when you go to that kingdom may God say of you, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," that you may enter into the joys of the Lord God. God Bless you all. Amen.

### **Conductor Bishop Irvin P. Oldroyd**

Brother Urban Madsen will sing by request "O My Father" following we will hear from Brother Legrande Mangelson of Levan, Brother John E. Aagard and Brother Mont Robertson.

## **“O My Father”**

### **1**

O My Father Thou that dwellest  
In that high and glorious place,  
When shall I regain Thy presence,  
And again behold Thy face.  
In Thy Holy habitation  
Did my spirit once reside  
In my first primeval childhood  
Was I nurtured near Thy side.

### **2**

For a wise and glorious purpose  
Thou hast placed me here on Earth,  
And withheld the recollection  
Of my former friends and birth,  
Yet oft times a secret something  
Whispers, “You’re a stranger here”  
And I felt that I had wandered  
From a more exalted sphere.

### **3**

I have learned to call Thee Father,  
Through Thy spirit from on high,  
But, until the key of knowledge  
Was restored, I knew not why.  
In the heav’ns are parents single  
No, the thought makes reason stare.  
Truth is reason, truth eternal  
Tells me I’ve a mother there.

### **4**

When I leave this frail existence,  
When I lay this mortal by,  
Father, Mother, may I meet you  
In your royal courts on high.  
Then, at length, when I’ve completed  
All you sent me forth to do,  
In your mutual approbation  
Let me come and dwell with you.



## **Legrande Mangleson**

My dear brothers and sisters, if the Lord will grant me his spirit today, I would like to say a few things of interest to you. The brethren who have preceded me have said some wonderful things about Anthony. He was Anthony to me, and Tony to you. Brothers and sister, I suppose he is that and we notice too, that his is also Bishop, as many of them have remarked to me. These brethren have told you of their love for this man during their acquaintances during his manhood, but the last number of year I have not known him very much. I have met him a few times in Levan, but not often at that. I have been away to school and he has been over here. When I was called on a mission, I thought I wonder why he isn't called also. Because he came over to live with you. As these men have born witness to you while he labored in your ward. As a boy when he lived in Levan, when he was asked to talk, as I remember back in my childhood, when I went to Sunday school, when I went to Priesthood meeting, Anthony was always there, and what a boy does when he is young will bear fruits when he is old. My brothers and sisters, on occasions like this we think God is unjust to take a man from this earth like this. Isn't it a wonderful thing, my brothers and sisters, and I presume most of you are members of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, to have faith. One of the grandest things in the world is the faith that we have. If we can think of any other reason in the world to justify our Father in Heaven today to have caused this thing that brings you and I together, and on such occasions as this, let this heart of ours forgive all men. God has said, I will forgive when I will forgive, but you are to forgive all men.

Brother Winters and I started over to Fountain Green one night shortly after I came home, in an old open air car. He was not married at that time but he was going with sister Gladys, and he got me in the notion to come over here with him, but lo and behold we only got halfway between Nephi and Levan and something went wrong with the car, so I never tried to get to Fountain Green anymore to see the young ladies, but Anthony kept on coming.

Coming back to the statement I wonder why he did not go on a mission when I did. Maybe he had a mission to perform here. If he had gone on a foreign mission he might not have come back and married Sister Gladys, but he came here and was your Bishop and these brothers and sisters have testified to you that he served you well and it gives me great pleasure. And so as he has filled his mission here, so he has gone on to fill a greater mission. The Lord probably needs him for it. We come here and the principles of this Gospel are: We are to get pain and joy, health and sickness, we are to have life, and death. We rejoice when babies come into this world and we sorrow when we have to go out of it. But one man has said and I will just read you these words, "Why fear death. It is one of the most beautiful adventures in life." We have all got to go through it sometime or other, and this is what you and as members of this church have to bear witness to the world, that life is sweet and death is lots sweeter. Then you appreciate the gospel of Jesus Christ. So I am thankful to sister Gladys and also to the Winter family for giving me this opportunity of saying these words today. Brother Tony and I used to run around together as boys, we had many good times. There weren't many boys in the town but we got together through church socials and I want to say this that he was at all times wanting to have a good time, but he wanted to have it in a good way.

One brother said that when President Grant and the authorities were preaching prohibition that brother Winters was back of that. Brother Winters always kept the word of wisdom. He never said a damaging secret of any kind. He never used bad language that I know of. We used to go car riding together and out having good times together.

I want to leave with you the words of the prophet Joseph Smith that it might comfort you. "The Infidel will grasp at every straw for help until death stares him in the face, and then his infidelity takes its flight, for the realists of the eternal world are resting upon him forever in mighty power, and when every earthly support and prop fails him, he then sensibly feels the eternal truths of the immortality of the soul." And so Brother Winters soul will be immortal and you and I will soon follow him and meet him on the other side. May the Lord bless his wife and his children. May this boy never do anything that will mar their happiness or do anything that he would not do in the presence of his father. But yet, coming from such good parents I am sure he will be able to do so, Brother Winters being on the other side having a broader view, will likely forgive this boy even though he may do things that we do not approve. May the Lord bless us I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

### **John E. Aagard**

My friend, I can say that I feel the greatest honor and I am certainly proud that I have been asked to say a few words today and I thank the family for this invitation. Things have been arranged that for a while I was afraid, that I might not be here today, but the more I thought of it, I thought things could wait although they might not turn out as I myself like them, this is one thing that I could, \ not put off.

I was thinking when brother Jim and Ole were talking, what a wonderful thing it is to have a real pal. I pity the boy or girl who goes through life without a real pal. There might not be many of course, but if they have one, they are alright. Tony came over here and he certainly found some real pals. So he isn't alone. I want to say to this good mother here, "Your boy came to this town and found a place in the hearts of the people that few men find. There are quite a few speakers today, and, we are told that we are not to take up too much time, but there is one characteristic that I would like to mention on this occasion, of true thoughts of home, that could be said about Tony, but there is one thing I contribute his whole success to, and that was his home life, to the joy of home. I would just like to read a few words here:

#### **Poem**

I contribute this as being his great success in this town was his love at home. He expressed to me and his wife expressed to me, he would say over and over, "Oh, how nice it is to be at home with you," and he made it a home. We are urged as fathers that one great thing, if we would only make our children our pals. He certainly made this boy his pal, going with him continually, riding on the plow with him. I don't think Tony would have won the hearts of the people or made the success that he did here if it hadn't been for his love of home. It was that love that his wife gave to him that made him work. It has just been spoken that if brother Tony had, gone on a mission, that he perhaps would not

have married the woman he did, but I believe he would have married Gladys if she had been in the isles of the sea. Our neighbor from Levan, Brother Taylor, just said, of all the goodness that his mother had more goodness in her than any person that he has ever seen and this son must have inherited it from her. May the blessings of God be upon this good mother and the wife and these children. May this thing that has happened so suddenly cause us to be a little more kind to each other, our turn might come any time. I ask the blessings of the Lord upon this good mother, Gladys, and her children. I broke this news to this boy's schoolteacher and he said, "I never saw a boy so proud of his father." God help us to be more proud of each other, that it may come and leave us with the good feelings in the hearts of the people as this has done. I don't know where one would sit, you would not need to be on the center row, you could be any place in the house and you would be among the mourners. God help us to be more thoughtful of each other and God help us to spend a little more time with each other, I pray in the name of Jesus, Amen.

### **Lemont Robertson**

I probably wouldn't be standing here today if it wasn't for Tony Winters, for it was through the faith and confidence of this man in me that I was privileged to go on a mission. And since finding out that the family desired for me to stand upon my feet today and say a few words I have had a prayer in my heart continually that I might have the power to show control over my emotions that I will be able to say the things which I feel in my heart. I would like to pray also for the spirit of Tony Winters to be with me. I would like to say the things that Tony would have liked me to say. When the speakers that preceded me in this position today mentioned of Tony's desiring to go on a mission, his talk of how he would like to go. In the past few weeks I have had the privilege of sitting on the ditch bank and in automobiles and talking to him about the principles of the gospel, and his words say the same. Tony's humble desire was that he might fill a mission. Tony certainly has had that desire fulfilled today because he has been called, Tony Winters has been called on a mission. He will do missionary work, he will be very successful just as he has in this life in mortality. No speaker today could say anything that would add or detract from the sermon that is preached by this crowd and these beautiful flowers. And the way people are wiping their eyes with their handkerchiefs. Tony Winters was a real honest to goodness man. He was a God fearing man. He believed in living the principles of the gospel, and the greatest tribute that I can pay to Tony Winters today would be to just briefly illustrate in my little way the sudden passing of Tony Winters. A short time ago I had the privilege of standing at the ocean edge and watching a ship sail out into the ocean and this ship just kept getting smaller and, smaller and finally it just appeared as a ribbon in the distance and finally I heard someone say "It is gone." And I just thought to myself "Where has this ship gone." The ship was just as large in the distance as it was when it left our sides. I thought just how much that was like the thing we call death. It is just a separation of the body and it is all in the Plan of Salvation. My brothers and sisters in the early days of navigation when the sailors would go out into the seas without a compass, they were very fearful that perhaps they would never reach their destination, but after the invention



of the compass they sailed out into the ocean fearlessly because they found out that this compass would guide them to the place that they wanted to go. This far, in Tony's life he has made two voyages. He is on the second voyage now. About 36 years ago if we could look back into the spirit world, I am sure that we would see much the same picture as we see here today because spiritual children who had the privilege of associating with Tony in the spiritual sphere of our existence sorrowed because the time had come that he would go here upon earth and take upon himself this mortal body. Perfect himself as God and the Savior have and are perfecting themselves today. No doubt these spiritual children felt as we do today. But now the tables have changed somewhat. We are the ones that are grieving. We are very sorry to think that Tony had to be called back home. Just like one fellow said, "They leave us to go on a journey." Today Tony has gone back home to those spiritual children that have been here and passed on. If you stop to think of the members of this ward that have lived and died, that Tony is associating with, perhaps we would not feel as we do. He is having the privilege of telling them of this stay here and how we are progressing.

There are many here in the house that are concerned about the second voyage that Tony is now on. That is the voyage that he took Wednesday. He sailed out of our sight. Is it gone, just because it left the sphere that we can see. One great scientist who had spent about fifteen years trying to disprove life after death said, "I have come to a definite conclusion that there is such a thing as the immortality of the soul." He said, "think for just one moment, a child is born into this world, just a helpless baby and they live and go through all sorts of trials and tribulations. Sometimes it takes 30, 40, or 50 years to perfect themselves." He said, "What would be the reason to get them partly perfected and just annihilate them and make it impossible for them to live on." "Another reason why I believe in a life after death is because we believe in the Lord, that he is all powerful. I can't imagine a Father who is all powerful would suffer his children to be annihilated if he could stop it." Then he put forth the question, "What could be the reason of this existence if we come here and take upon ourselves this body and take upon our experience and then have this thing called death happen to us, what would be the purpose of it?" Ponder these things in your minds, brothers and sisters, there is a life after death. The Savior gives us a stronger testimony than any other man. One thing He said, "Verily verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming and now is when they that are dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God and they that shall hear shall live." Perhaps those dead are hearing the voice of our Tony today. He is accomplishing the work here today. Then He said more, "The hour is coming when they that are in their graves shall hear his voice and come forth. They that have done good come to the resurrection of life and they that have done evil, no resurrection of life." Brothers and sisters when the time comes for this mortal body to leave this sphere and to again reunite with that spirit that may perhaps be right in this earth.

There is no doubt but what this man will go to that place prepared for the resurrection of the just. What was it the Savior said, "In my Father's house there are many mansions. If it were not so, I would not have told you, I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go to prepare a place for you I will come again and

receive you unto myself." Brothers and sisters, I know that as well as I am standing here that He did come the other day and receive Tony. Tony has work to perform and he will perform it honestly. Everything that is said in his behalf today will give his wife and his mother comfort and strength. Tony was a man that liked to be the background. He liked to serve people and be on assistance any place that he could. He liked to help people out at all times. Today I have picked up a little poem and with your permission I would like to read it. It is in consolation when death comes into a family.

He certainly will restore Tony back to this family. They don't need to worry only in behalf of themselves, if they can so order their lives and live the gospel of Jesus Christ as nearly as did Tony, they will again unite with him. They will have that same sweet family relationship and association that they have had in mortality. May the Lord bless and give Gladys the strength to rear these children the way Tony would like to have them brought up and may his comforting influence always abide by the members of his immediate family and those who are called upon to be so grieved at this time. It is my humble prayer and I ask it in the name of our humble Savior, Amen.

### **Conductor Bishop Irvin P. Oldroyd**

We will now be favored by a vocal duet by Lee Taylor and Chloe Winter, they will sing "Sometime We'll understand," accompanied by Louise Winter.

The next speakers will be Brother James C. Aagard and Brother Niels E. Mikkelsen.

### **"Sometime We'll Understand"**

#### **1**

Not now, but in the coming years,  
It may be in the better land,  
We'll read the meaning of our tears,  
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

#### **Chorus**

Then trust in God through all the days,  
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand,  
Tho dark the way, still sing and praise,  
Sometime, sometime we'll understand.

#### **2**

We'll catch the broken threads again,  
And finish what we here began,  
Heav'n will the mysteries explain,  
And then, ah, then, we'll understand.

#### **3**

We'll know why clouds instead of sun  
Were over many a cherished plan,  
Why song has ceased when scarce begun,  
'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

4

Why what we long for most of all,  
Eludes so oft our eager hand,  
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,  
Up there, sometime we'll understand.  
God knows the way, He holds the key,

5

He guides us with unerring hand,  
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see,  
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

### **James C. Aagard**

Missionaries are very often called to talk at services similar to these, while in the field, but it is not the same. There it is part of the job, which we do the best we can. Now it is a sacred privilege to do what honor can be done in this way to the memory of a good and true friend: a man who was respected and loved by all who knew him well.

There are different ways of measuring the worth of a life on the earth: one his record of achievement in the world of public affairs, another, what he does to the hearts and lives of those with whom he associates. Every life lived on the earth, no matter how long or how short it may be, leaves the world a little different for its having been lived. Each one of us makes the world a better or a worse place in which to live by our giving it something worth while or by taking away that which has been given by someone else. It is true that of the world's billions of lives each one is but as a grain of sand in an hourglass, but as the sand flows in a tiny stream each grain takes its place in the stream of time. So each life takes its place and does its part in the line of life that began ages ago. I think that there is no one here who will disagree with me when I say that the world is a better place in which to live because of Brother Winters having lived in it. He gave more than he took from others, and what he gave will live always in the hearts of those to whom he gave.

I will not say much about his public work. Most of you who are here know more about that than I do, and you all know that the record he has made as a presiding officer in this ward stands as high as the record of any other man, and high among the records of the church. It is recognition of something great in a man when he can come to a new place, unknown to all but a few, and be so soon given positions of responsibility which he never failed to give his best to.

Brother Winters was better known to me as a man, as a good and true friend, as an honest and faithful worker, and as the husband of another of the finest friends I ever expect to know. I think it will not be ill to mention Sister Winters here. To me she has always represented what that old word "helpmate" means, a woman who gives the very best she has to the man she loves because she wants to and is happiest in doing it. I know Tony appreciated her and was made happy by her. To me she has always been something more than a dear



cousin and true friend, and I think that all who know her think of her as one of God's finest women.

Of the two measures of a man's worth, I believe the latter is the greater. You who are here, are bearing testimony by your being here, that he is great in your esteem. No matter where he was or what he was doing or whose company he was in, he was a man, a man who thought clearly, whose judgment was almost invariably sound, and who had the courage to live his convictions.

One of these convictions was that when a responsibility was given him, it was given to be done, and never once in the short ten years he has been among us have I ever seen him fall down on anything he was given to do. You know his faithfulness to his religious duties, and he was just as faithful in his private dealings. No matter what his job, whether it was farm, sheep, or the various public work he did besides his church duties, whoever gave him the job could rest assured that it would be done. He was a man who could not be driven to do something he did not believe in or to do his work in someone else's way, but if left to do it in his own way did it as it should be done. And never have I heard of his being dishonest in any way. In these approximately ten years he has won his way into the hearts of the members of this ward as few other men have done. There is a poem, written by Edgar A. Guest about men like him, which I would like to read. Most of you have probably heard it but it is one of these that will not be damaged by repeating, nor will it hurt this occasion.

His faith was as faith should be, a simple and complete trust in the power of God, and in the gospel of Jesus Christ. He has had hard times and difficulties as have many others, but he never let them get the best of him. He kept on in his faithful way, assured that finally everything would be alright.

In conclusion I would like to quote from a talk he delivered from this pulpit on a like occasion. The paragraph expresses his faith in the everlastingness of life, even beyond the grave.

"We have been placed here on earth and there is a job for each of us to do and if we refuse, it is done anyway. Our bodies are laid away and go back to the elements of mother earth. There is something about it that tells us we will live again so near like we were before that we will not be able to distinguish between mortal and immortal. We believe that husband and wife will again be united with each other.----- I believe that as surely as I stand here that there is work to do when we lay our bodies down, I believe that the Prophet Joseph is still preaching and carrying on and that we progress."

Life is long measured from its known beginning in the uncounted ages before the earth was formed until the eternities which know no end, but this part spent here on the earth is short. Tony has left this part of it, but in going had left the members of his family what I believe to be the finest and greatest heritage a man can leave, the name and character of an honest and sincere and true man.

May God grant comfort to them in their sorrow, may He give them the strength and courage to keep that heritage always as fine and clean as it has been given them, and to live their lives according to the principles that built it. Amen

### **Niels E. Mikkelson**

If you had been sitting where I have been sitting this afternoon, my brothers and sisters, you would have seen among the young and the old, the handkerchief going to the eye and tears rolling from the cheeks. It is a mighty good thing, my brothers and sisters that we can cry. I mean that heart of ours will melt sometimes because at that period in a man's and woman's life come to them the divine realities of the past and present, in solemn thought to think, to study.

There has been a lot of fine things said, and I am just wondering what I can say or what tribute I can give over the dead body of my neighbor that he has not been given by the speakers who have preceded me. I want to thank Sister Gladys for the honor given me today and I shall repay her in a measure with some kind words before I sit down. I am not going to forget Bishop's old mother. I know but little of her life only what I have been told, and I hope that she will be able to hear me, because as we count time, there will not be many years until she will pass over the great divide there to meet her husband and her son. To you Sister Winter, has felt the misfortune of losing your companion some years ago, but along with that has also come the joy and satisfaction of bringing into this world some fine boys and girls, eleven in all. I imagine as she looks over her group of living boys and girls today, there comes into her old kind heart and soul the feeling that I may thank God that I'm here and I have had the sacred honor of bringing these children into the world. I do not know what she said, but I have an idea of how she felt when she pressed her lips against her boys cold face, and smoothed his hair and forehead with her tender hand. She evidently did it with faith knowing full well that God gave him to her and has taken him away, and that ere long she will meet him again. Sister Winters you have outlived your youngest child. Once a resident of our city, a real mother, kind providence bless your memory.

I picture now another mother in a home, a close neighbor of mine, Gladys' mother, and I told her before I left the home of the Bishop where she remained during funeral service because of illness, that I would speak a kind word for her. Caroline, I haven't forgotten your visits to my parents home in the days of long ago when trouble, sorrow, and sickness came. How you were a real friend and nurse, and things always seemed better at the end of your visit. You too have raised a fine family and in that group of boys and girls is one who happens to be the good wife and companion of the man we are speaking of today, Brother Tony. God bless her memory, and I say long live that kind of a woman to bless mankind in the world.

I want to refer very briefly to this young boy. I know him. He has sat upon my knee and I have talked to him. He has played in the yard with my boys and my boys in their yard, and in the presence of this boy, I want to say, I am his friend and I am going to call him a hero. He was on the scene that fatal day when his father was struck by lightning. When his father fell off on the ground, the horses started to run, we don't know whether he was hurt or not, but he quickly gets his father and liberates him or takes him away from the plow. I thought that was fine. That was the heroic act this boy performed. Then on the impulse to get help out across the fields to the neighbors he ran, but there was

no one there, only two small children. Then he saw the car standing there and the thought came to him, I must get my mother. I don't know whether he had ever driven the car home alone or not. It has been said that he would do that with his father in the seat. I ask him how did you get it to go. Oh, he says, he had a little trouble at first but it finally took and he come to town to get the best friend in the world, his mother. They summoned help, and off they went to the fatal spot and there picked up their cold and lifeless father. It is a scene that as long as he will live, he will never forget. I will say this, Oris, you are a hero, you are a hero now.

Brother Tony, my good neighbor for five months, before your place I noted these words, I am not a poet and I am just going to summarize in a few words that I have written what I think of him:

Bishop, (I seldom ever called him Tony) I would address him as a Bishop. Once a Bishop, always a Bishop to me, it makes no difference who they are. Bishop, you have surely been a good neighbor to me, a friend and a father to all. The great God who blessed your aged mother and gave you birth, gave you a friendly smile and sympathetic thoughts, a willingness to give the best of kindness to all in good measure. Your many duties as bishop of the ward, your willingness to forget self and sacrifice during the day and, the hours of the cold and chilly night to visit the sick and the downcast giving them your solemn hand with a prayer and a blessing that God will not forget soon. You cast your bread upon the water that someday will return to you, and this is that fateful day. Kind providence gave you a fine little wife and real worker, a mother full of the same kind of faith, who was willing to help and stand with you in all your labors, and four fine children possessing the same fine qualities of their honored parents. As sure as I stand here to day, I say that this mother and these children, though they have lost for a while a husband and a father, will meet life's problems with a determination to win and succeed. And I say in conclusion, knowing as little about their parentage, Sister Gladys and these children, I am sure that while the days will be lonely, the vacant chair will not look good to them, just as sure as God sends the sun out in the eastern sky and sets in the west, this thing will in time not look so bad to her as it does today. God bless her and those little children, let us not forget them. It is when she returns home this afternoon, it is on the morrow, it is the next day, when the hand moves out to her and the kind word is said that is going to brace that woman up and help her forget the happenings of this day. Brother Tony, I rejoice that I have had companionship and association with you: I am mighty glad that he has seen fit in his religious capacity as a bishop to call upon me time after time into the sick homes and visit among them, and I know as he joked with them and passed a good night together, there was left a friendly feeling. And as has been said today, this group of friends and his neighbors, and not only our own home town people but people who have come from far off, wanting to give honor to a kind and loving friend, a real father. Bless his memory, and may this sad accident, this unavoidable accident prove to us to be a lesson that we have no lease on life. Brother Tony could not say that he had a lease upon life. He did not say, and could not say, "I am different, I stand out alone. I carry on." It was only just a few years ago, and I want to tell you, one young man in our community said, "Oh, death will never get me, I am a big



husky fellow." And so he was. He lies today under a mound in yonder cemetery. I like to hear a man say, brothers and sisters, that they are ready to go, that they have set their house in order. Not many of them say that. I do not believe that Brother Tony could have said that. I couldn't but I have heard some men say that they have set their house in order on his will with me now, and I don't care when that time is come. Oh, that is the way to feel. Then when the time comes upon us we will be ready to slip out. May the Lord bless us, my brothers and sisters, and bless this kind and good family, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

### **Conductor Bishop Irvin P. Oldroyd**

At the close of this service Brothers and Sisters, I hope that the many fine things that have been said, the music by our choir and by our singers, will be a source of comfort and consolation to the good family, this good wife and mother, these brothers and sisters, and all who feel keenly the loss of Brother Tony at this time. I feel to ask the Lord's blessing to be with them and may he ever comfort them in their hour of need. The concluding song by the choir will be number eight, "There is a Hope Beyond," the concluding prayer will be offered by Brother Perry Allred. The dedication of the grave will be by Brother N. M. Jensen.

In behalf of Sister Gladys and the family, I desire to thank all of you for your presence here today, and for the beautiful flowers and car contributions and so on, everything that has been extended her, she is very appreciative of it and she told me yesterday to express that appreciation and thanks to all of you.

### **Closing Prayer by Perry Allred**

Our Father who art in Heaven, we humbly bow before Thee at the close of this meeting. We feel to thank Thee for the spirit of humble worship and true friendship that has been shown throughout this meeting. We ask Thee to let this spirit of humbleness be with us and this family that we may live in a more worthy manner before Thee. We thank Thee for the good things that have been said of our friends. We ask that Thy blessings may be upon all of the members of this fine family. Bless them that they may so live and order their lives from day to day that they may be worthy of the choicest blessings hereafter. Be with this procession, protect it that no accident or harm may befall it. These blessings we invoke on this occasion, and we do it in the worthy name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

PIC0027



**Front**

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**Rear**

**Figure 144. Anthony and Gladys Winter's Headstone, Fountain Green City Cemetery**

## **26. Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter's Citizenship Certificate**

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(See foldout document.)



