

Personal History of Ethel Olena Hansen

My name is Ethel Olena Hansen, my Father was Peter Oliver Hansen and my Mother was Emily Leyshon. I was born March 4, 1907 in Spanish Fork, Utah. I was blessed April 7, 1907 by William Grotegut. I was baptized August 1, 1915 in Palmyra, Utah in the Spanish Fork River by Leo M. Banks. I was confirmed August 1, 1915 by Thomas Halverson. I, married Syrenus Wood on March 16, 1927 in the Salt Lake Temple. I also took out my endowments on March 16, 1927. My special appointments were: 2nd counselor in the MIA, Sunday School teacher, Primary teacher, Relief Society visiting teacher, Quilting chairman.

I was born in Spanish Fork. When I was less than a year, Mother and Dad moved to Palmyra. We lived in our old home until after I was twelve years old. We then moved east of there in a brick home Dad built.

I was Second Counselor in the Young Ladies MIA and Primary teacher. I had the ladies leading part in the road show. We had many good times in the MIA activities and ward dances, and Lake Shore ward dances. I met and fell in love with my husband at a dance on July 24th. We married the March after on the 16th, 1927. We lived in a house in the River Bottoms road by the side of the hill just west of the City Cemetery. After about a year we moved back to Palmyra in the old home I was raised in. It was there John was born, April 29, 1928. Mark was born in my Dad's new home. He was born March 12, 1930. Then we moved up in the Bottoms across the fields from the power house. Evelyn was born in that house March 20, 1932. From there we moved farther west in the River Bottoms in a log house. It was there John started school. We run a big farm and 8 milk cows, and my Dad gave us turkeys to raise 2 years we were there. From there we moved back to Palmyra in Tom Roache's old home. Allen was born that year April 27, 1936.

We got tired of moving around so we bought our home in Spanish Fork. LaRene was born about 6 months later, November 10, 1937. All our other children were born here except Oliver, he was born in the Hughes Hospital the day before Christmas, 1945. That was a very special Christmas even though I hated being away from the rest of the family. All our children are very special even if everyone is different in some ways, they are all good and we love them.

Paul Ferris was born February 19, 1940. Robert William was born March 18, 1942. That fall my Mother died September 10, 1942. Mary Karen was born January 26, 1944. We love all our children and hope we will all live good lives and be happy, and someday be worthy to live together as a family with our Heavenly Father.

Other special events is when they went on missions. John went to Western Canada, Bob to Germany and Oliver to Texas. Mark always wanted to go on a mission too but he felt like we needed him at home. At that time his Dad was in the hospital, so he worked and gave me his money to help us make ends meet. For some time after his Dad was out of the hospital he helped, about five years. He is very kind and considerate to us always. All our children have

been good to help indifferent ways. John has gone shopping with me and bought his younger brothers and sisters presents we couldn't afford. When the young ones grew older we had more and they didn't need to do like the others did, but I know if they had to, they would too.

When they got married I was so proud and happy for them all. And when John and Mark were put in the Bishopric, John as Counselor and Mark as ward Clerk, was a happy and wonderful day. I was so proud to think my sons were worthy to be in the Bishopric. Everything they do, and all those things that makes mothers so happy to know they are our children.

When Syrenus was in the ward Genealogy class we had many happy times together. One special time was when we took a bus load of people to Manti to do sealings. Ferrin and Fay Wood, Syrenus' brother, stood proxy for 23 couples and we were proxies for 22 couples. The bus load of people were for the children. After the session a guide took us through the Temple. We saw the Spiral staircase, the next to the largest kind in the world. They explained all the paintings and etc. And took us to the Solemn Assembly Room. And another special thing we had the privilege of being the leading couple through the session.

We also went to Logan on a Temple excursion with the Stake. We had many good trips at that time. Then when I went to California I had the privilege of going to the Los Angeles Temple. Bob and Yvonne were married in the St. George Temple so I went there also.

We had some very nice trips to California to see our family there.

I have a few hobbies, making quilts and handiwork, I even help my husband carpenter. I worked for Dr. Hughes cooking in the hospital from 1957 to the time I retired in 1969 and the hospital closed. I worked as long as we had a job. I liked to cook there and liked my boss.

It was a very happy day when my husband was ordained a High Priest. No one knows how happy it made me feel. We also went to the Temple again after about 20 years. I went alone some, but not with him, so it is good to start again.

Story of My Life *by Ethel Olena Hansen (Wood)*

I was born 5 March 1907 in Spanish Fork, Utah. When I was about one year old we moved to Palmyra, west of Spanish Fork about three miles.

Grandpa Hansen had a farm in Palmyra and my Dad helped him farm it. When Grandpa died the farm went to the boys and girls. Dad ran his and helped the other boys. Later he bought more ground of his own. It was east of where Grandpa's farm was.

In those days, there was coyotes out in the country. I don't remember them but mother used to tell me how frightened she would get when she would hear them howl, especially if Dad was out working on the farm or some place at night. Most of the farm had to be cleared of trees and sage brush. There was more on uncle George's field because it was down near the river. The river divided Lake Shore and Palmyra.

I can still remember them pulling trees and leveling ground for farm land. That was some of the best ground. They raised good crops because the soil was good and also they were good farmers. Dad helped both his brothers farm. Uncle Henry had a farm between ours and Uncle George. Dad did most of Uncle Henry's work while he was in the army. Mother worried Dad would have to go in too, but the war ended. We were topping beets in Uncle Henry's at the time. The sugar factory whistle started to blow and you could hear horns honking and whistles. We didn't know what for, until Dad came back from taking a load of beets. It was sure something, everyone started to scream, jump up and down and make all the noise we could. Mother was so happy she laughed and cried at the same time. Now Dad didn't have to go to war and Uncle Henry could come home.

It was pretty by the river, there was grass and wild flowers. We used to have good times down there. We burned the trees and brush and had big fires and sometimes would cook wieners on them and bake potatoes in the ashes, go there on picnics and Eastering or down to the Utah Lake. The only thing that stopped me from having more fun was the worry of snakes. They would frighten me so bad, if I would run into one unexpected, they would just petrify me. One time Elma, and I went picking wild flowers down by the river. We decided we'd better get a stick so if we saw a snake we could kill it. She got her one, I bent over to pick up what I thought was a stick but it was a snake. I just stood there with my hand down to pick it up and couldn't move. All I could see was the snakes eyes. Elma, said I just stood there bent over the snake and neither one of us moved. She spoke to me and we still didn't move. She saw what was wrong and came back and gave me a push over the snake. Then I started to run. I ran two or three blocks through the plowed ground with her after me, calling, "it's not coming." Finally I stopped but that was the end of the wild flowers for that day. She often tells of how scared I got.

Another time when a crowd of boys and girls went Eastering, a similar experience happened. They all knew how I was about snakes, so the boys killed one and started to chase me with it. They couldn't catch me so they threw it. It lit right in front of me. Again all I could see was this snake, only this time the whole body. Seemed, like to me, I was going around in a circle and there was snakes all around me. They tried to tell me it was dead. But I just stood there and couldn't hear nor move, so one of the boys took hold of my hand and pulled me away. Then I started to run again until they finally convinced me the snake was dead and wasn't coming after me. I've been frightened many times, but not like that again. Even a picture of them makes me cringe.

Our first home in Palmyra ,was a two room lumber house. Later Dad built a room on the back and a cement cellar. We kept our fruit, butter and milk in there.

Dad was a good carpenter and he helped other people build a lot. Seems like he could do most anything and do it good. He helped people put in lights, fix telephones, and even farm. Plant beets, cultivate them and etc.

When we first moved there, Dad and Mother had to haul water. Then they dug a well about twelve rods east of the house. It was a big flowing well and watercress used to grow in the ditch that ran from it. That sure tasted good in the spring.

Between the house and the well, Dad planted our garden. We had about everything. There was, an apple orchard above the well and some bee hives in there. Then we had green onions, asparagus, gooseberries, currant bushes in between the trees, and between the rows of trees we had a strawberry patch and our vegetable garden. We had plenty of fresh meat. Beef, pork, and chickens in the winter we had cured hams and bacon, milk, eggs and grain to make our own flour. About everything we needed to eat we had.

It was picking strawberries, that I got my only whipping, I can remember Mother giving me. I had been to Sunday School and went out and picked strawberries in my dress. I don't remember of Dad ever giving me a whipping, he would talk to me. There was time I probably needed one though. Like the time I was looking at the catalog, Dad said "it is time to go to bed". I said I wanted to look at the catalog and kept on turning the pages. He turned off the lights and I still turned the pages until I did every page. He asked me if I could see a lot and I said yes, I could see it was good. When I got through I went to bed, and that was, that I had my way, he had his. He could have just reached over and gave me a swat but he never. I was sitting on the floor beside his bed.

We used to celebrate Ward Day in Palmyra. It was held on the 11th of August except if it came on Sunday. We would all go in buggies or a wagon, take lunches and have a program, play games, go swimming in Utah Lake and lots of fun things. Most of the time it was held by the mouth of the river at Utah Lake. (Spanish Fork River) You could walk almost a block in the lake before the water would be too deep. It was sandy on the bottom and not many holes in it there. Dad would never let us go down by Lincoln Beach, because he said there was deep holes and an undertow. There was a warm water plunge and we swam in that. It used to be a resort. The water is low now and there is big holes in it. You can see why my Dad was afraid to let us go in there. Some of the holes you could put a house in along by the rocky shore, and others as big as a car.

It was at one of these ward days we got lice once. I told my mother, I remember sitting on a big lady's lap in the bowery. She said that is where we got our lice. Dad said we were dirty is why we got them. We should be clean like him, he never got any. We had to wash our hair in coal oil to get rid of them and wash all our clothes and bedding. I don't remember how many times. I sure hated to get my hair washed, it stunk and got in our eyes and burned our skin.

The men would work a week ahead of time, getting ready for Ward Day. It used to be as important to us as the 4th of July. We went there until I was quite old for Ward Day. Everyone seemed to have a lot of fun. Men played horseshoes and baseball. We all had races and they had home made ice cream and good things to eat. It was almost like we celebrate 4th and 24th now only didn't cost so much money and we all had fun.

People visited a lot when I was young. Dad and Mother went to our neighbors to eat and play cards. They took us with. The children would play until they got tired then they would either go to sleep some place or go bug their Dads like I did. I couldn't sleep with so much going on so I would sit on Dad's lap or beside him and watch. The women had quilting bees as they called them. They went around to each other's homes in the summer and put a quilt up on the lawn. The children would play and the women quilt. At noon everyone had a lunch, it was more like a picnic. The lady whose place it was, furnished the food.

They did the same with rug rags. Everyone in the big circle on the lawn cutting rags and sewing them. We brought our sewing machine out and sewed them together. I thought I was pretty good because Mother, let me sew on it too. They would get them wove into stripes as long as the room then they would sew these together to make it as wide as a room. The weaver was a yard wide so sometimes it would take four or five stripes to make one carpet. We had straw under our rungs and tacked them down all the way around. The straw was used instead of rug pads. Straw was used for mattresses too. Mother made a cover of ticking, they called them straw ticks. Once or twice a year we would put new straw in them, and once a year under the rug. We used to fill our tick so full of straw it was hard to stay on the bed the first few nights, but it was fun.

I can remember when we got our first car. It was a Model T. Ford. Dad came home so proud, with a big smile on his face. He came down the lane like he was the happiest man in town that day. It was almost the first car in Palmyra.

Dad, loved to take us for rides and he liked to show off a little too. He had to show us how fast it would go. Mother used to get scared, but Dad, was a good driver and never wrecked his car.

Uncle Hy and Aunt Myrtle were very special to us. More often after we were married, they would come and bring Grandma Leyshon to see us. Uncle Hy would help us do different things whatever we had to do. We went to the canyon a lot together also.

Aunt Lettie Beck was my favorite Aunt I think, but I liked them all. Guess I knew Aunt Lettie better because Mother used to take us there to see here quite often. And they came to see us. We had many good times with our cousins. Now I hardly know them. They moved to Idaho and bought a farm, and was doing so good they wanted Dad, to come and see it. So Dad and some others went to Idaho. I will never forget the day he came home. He got out of the car all tired and dirty. Sat on the lawn under our early apple tree and said, "they can keep all of Idaho."

The wind blew all the time he was gone, the water wasn't good and they don't have apples like these there either. He ate an apple and had a good drink of our well water. He missed our green mountains too.

Dad used to block two rows of beets at a time. Art, would thin one and I the other and keep up to him. Sometimes, we would be out of school five or six weeks in the spring, and again in the fall to top beets and dig potatoes. Some years we would have to dig beets out of frost and snow. Mother made us an oilcloth apron to keep us dry at those times.

Art and I were good pals when we were young. I think I was as happy as he was when he got his first Bee-bee gun. He used to let me take turns shooting it.

We went to school in one-room school house. One teacher taught four grades. There was a big stove in the center of the room. Aunt Fay's mother, Mrs. Otela Huntington, was one of my teachers there. After fourth grade we went to town in a covered wagon pulled by a team of horses.

The first year in school was hard for me. I was scared of my shadow, Dad told me. He used to walk with me part way to school. My cousin, Clements Hansen, came passed and walked with me some of the time. After I got there, I hated to stay because I didn't know anyone. After Art, started school, it wasn't so bad for me.

We had a one-room church also. It had a big coal stove in the middle of the room. For Sunday School they would divide the room into classes. There was a curtain hung on a wire and they would pull these shut. For dances they put the curtains next to the wall and the benches around the wall and danced around the stove. Mother saw to it we always went to church. Ever since I can remember I knew the Gospel was true. I remember one teacher telling me about prayers. I came home and decided all my brothers and sisters should pray too. I decided I would say my prayers always and I have since then. I told them how, but some didn't think it was necessary. I don't know how many said them.

I was baptized on a summer day, 1 August 1915. We were baptized in Spanish Fork River, down by Ed Banks' home. Leo Banks' baptized me. The boys went behind one sage brush to dress and us girls behind another one. It was cold when we got out of the water but none of us caught cold. Thomas Halverson confirmed me, 1 August 1915. I'll never forget the feeling when they said "receive the Holy Ghost," I knew I had. I felt a tingle from my head to my toes. It was a wonderful feeling. I knew I had to try and live better from now on. I have tried to live good. Guess I did a lot of things I shouldn't some times though.

Christmas, was different when I was young. We were happy just to get a doll and maybe a paint book or some small toy. If we got more, we were real lucky. One year I got a doll and a rocking chair. I was so happy. One year Aunt Serenna gave me a small doll and I got one for

Christmas too. I think I loved that doll the best of any I ever had. (Serenna, was Dad's old maid sister.) Her and Grandma lived alone. She died when I was twelve years old.

I'll never forget one Christmas. I told Dad, I heard old Santa Claus on the house with his sleigh bells. He got such a kick out of it, he laughed. I've thought about it later and wondered if he rung the bells because, I did hear them. We were older then, when we still believed in Santa and I guess he wanted me, to go on believing as long as possible. I think we were happier over Christmas than they are now. We give our families so much they don't appreciate things like we did, or it seems to me.

Dad, got real sick with Liver trouble or Kidney Stones. I do know he was sick with Kidney Stones after we moved to the new house. He was real sick and almost died at our old house. Mother fasted and prayed he would get better and asked us to pray too. Dad, was so sick this one day the Doctor said he didn't know if Dad, would live through the day. He couldn't stand us to even walk on the floor, it hurt him so bad. Mother, asked me to take the family we had then, go out where Dad couldn't hear us. So we spent most of the day out by the barn. When Mother, got us in to supper, she said Dad, felt a little better and he was going to live. It took Dad, a long time to get better. He was so thin and his whiskers were long. The people use to call him Abe. He looked just like Abe Lincoln. He was too weak at first to walk by himself. I found an apple limb that looked like a cane, it even had a handle on it. I would get on one side and help him walk. He went a little ways then he would rest. Each day he got a little stronger. That fall the ward put up Dad's beets for him. They said he had helped most of them and it was their turn to help him. There was such a big crowd that came, they got them dug in a day and half.

At thrashing time, the men used to take turns helping each other thrash out the grain. The women cooked big meals for all the help. We had a big table outside and all the men ate to the place where the thrashing was being done. We cooked breakfast, dinner and supper. All of them big meals. We worked hard all day to get all the food done and the dishes washed in time to feed them the next meal. Sometimes it took more than one day to thrash all the grain.

One day Dad was working on the light line and Able Beck called to see if Dad, was home. When Mother said no, he just hung up. The power was off so mother thought Dad, had been killed. He had gone to work on the line. She was so scarred it made me afraid too. In a little while he came and said Dad ,was ok. He had put out the power, but he did it with his pliers. Dad, told us later he felt like the power was still on so he touched it with his pliers to see and it threw them to the ground. If he hadn't done this he would have been killed. Mr. Beck, was supposed to have it off, before Dad, started and he never did. He sure was a scared man.

Dad was a telephone and light man for a long time. This gave them extra money to live on. He did a lot of this work in people's homes and lots of times without pay.

When I was almost twelve years old, I had a dream. I dreamed that we were in Grandma's house and in the front room was three coffins. One small one and two large ones all in a row. I worried some over this and told my Mother.

One night sometimes later, I was asleep and I heard my name called. It woke me up and I sat up in bed and saw my sister, Vera LaRue, standing in the window. We never had curtains on our windows then. She was dressed in a white dress and had a white ribbon in her hair. As soon as I looked at her she started to drift away in the orchard. I say drift because she moved slow and her feet didn't touch the ground. It looked like she was floating. I watched her as far as I could see her, and then looked in bed beside me. She was there and my sister Elma. All three of us slept in the same bed. I shook Elma, and asked her to wake up Vera, and see if she was ok, and I said pinch me to see if I'm awake. She was so sleepy she just said sure she is ok, there she is, go to sleep. Then I saw Vera, move and I knew she was ok, so I laid down again but it was hard to go to sleep. What I had saw made such an impression on me I was wide awake. I couldn't sleep with the window open any more. I was afraid to look that way so I hung a big quilt over the window. Mother asked why I put it there I told her I couldn't sleep with it so light in the room. That quilt hung there for a long time, then we finally got a heavy curtain for the window.

I didn't dare tell anyone of what I saw because I thought they wouldn't believe me. I've always wished I had told Mother about it. Because later, I couldn't tell either, I didn't think they would believe me after it had happened. I thought no one as young as me could ever have that happen to them. Only the leaders of the Church and etc. But I know I was awake and I saw all I've told you I did. I'll never be more awake. Soon after this experience we got the Diphtheria in our home. Elma, was real sick with it. My brother Wendell, had it also and it left him with a bad heart. Vera, got it too and got acute Brights Disease after and never got better. She died the 8 November 1920. There was snow on the ground. People were afraid to come inside to see her, so the coffin was put in front of the window and they walked past to see her. Only a few came in, the Bishop for one.

There wasn't much of a funeral. They had a song and a prayer, and a prayer at the grave. The road was too bad to travel so the Hearst had to go up through our fields. It was a white buggy pulled by two white horses.

Within two months time two of my Aunts had died. One on December 11, 1920. This was Aunt Serena Ann. Aunt Rhebe Areva. This making the three coffins, I saw in my Grandmother's living room. Mother said, "looks like your dream came true." Vera was dressed just like she was when I saw her that night, a ribbon in her hair and it was combed the same. I often wished I had told someone before it happened then I know they would believe me. But it was too late after, they would just think I was telling a story.

I've had quite a few dreams, as sort of a warning of trouble or death in our family. I hate to dream those dreams because they most always have come to be a warning to me of trouble. For one, I dreamed of doing a dirty wash and never get done. Then another cooking and feeding

a big crowd of people, sometimes I know them, sometimes I don't. Then before little Billy (a grandson) died, I dreamed there was a big dirty river of water. It was real muddy. It was so thick and dirty it seemed like and it had a big whirl pools all over in it. There was a small child on the edge of it and I was trying to get it out before it got out in these big whirl pools. But I never did get it out. I woke up then. I worried all the time, I was afraid one of my grandchildren was going to get drowned. But when Billy died, I knew what that dream meant. I never really know what they mean until after they happen.

The next year we moved to our new house. It was east of where we were. It was a long hard struggle. We had to improve as we got time and money. We were glad to have it because we needed more room. The doors weren't on and we put canvas up to them to keep out the cold. It wasn't until after I was married that it was complete, or like they wanted it. Although it was comfortable when I left.

We all had to work hard especially in the spring and fall to do the beets and pick apples and dig potatoes. Mother's health wasn't very good before she had her babies. Her legs were so bad, she could hardly be on them sometimes. She needed help, so me being the oldest in the family it was for me to do.

Every Wednesday I had to stay out of school and wash. We had a big wash, it took all day. There was so many stockings to turn and hang out, I got so I hated it. We had to hang each stocking on a barb on the barb wire fence to dry. I asked mother, if I couldn't do the wash Saturday instead of staying out of school one day a week to wash. I would miss one day and be unprepared the next, because I didn't know what to do. School was hard for me anyway, when I went every day. But she told me, no, we had to clean the house on Saturday. Every chair had to be scrubbed, the wood work washed and stove polished and the floors scrubbed. We had a large family and all of us had to work hard.

Dad, had also bought more land, the girls helped out in the field just like the boys. I helped Dad, paint and work on the house. I liked to help my Dad, all I could. He taught me how to varnish, paint, wall paper and etc. All those things came in handy after I was married. Now I do all my own.

Dad, had quite a few bees also. He taught me how to take care of them some. One day one of the boys came from the old place and said there was a swarm of bees down there. Dad wasn't home so I said I would go catch them. I went down and put on a bee veil and started the smoke going, and smoked the bees, put a box under the tree branch where the bees were and shook the limb like Dad, had taught me to do. The bees went all over me, only a few got in the box. I was so surprised, I didn't know what to do. I just stood there. Then I heard Dad, laughing. There he was back of a tree, he had saw it all. I had on a low neck blouse and the bees were buzzing around on my bare stomach like they do on a window pane trying to get out. Dad, could see what had happened so he told me to hold still and hold out my arms so I wouldn't squeeze the bees and make them sting me. He took off my blouse, the bees flew away and I

never go one sting. The bees, swarmed over again in the same tree and Dad caught them the next day.

I was always after Dad, to let me learn how to drive. So one day on the way home from getting honey and eggs from the old place, he gave in. I ran the car into the fence. I got out and wanted to have Dad, drive it out. He said, "get in and drive it out." All he said, "you will have to learn to drive down the road not in fences." It never hurt us nor the car, but boy did we have a mess of eggs and honey all mixed together, egg shells and all.

Boys and girls went in groups when I, was growing up. Six or eight of us. We went to dances, Utah Lake to boat ride, to ball games and to track meets in school. We spent many a good time to Lake Shore Ward dances. They used to have more dances than we did and we had as much fun there as in our own ward. We did this from the time I was fourteen until I met my husband. Then I started to date alone or with David and Leorne Thomas Warner, she was my girl friend and David was Rene's friend. They are married too. We still believed in changing partners to dances and we had a lot of fun.

Rene and I knew we loved each other the third time we went together. He told me he loved me but wasn't good enough to marry me. I told him he was and I wanted him. So we made plans to be married. We went together nine months and were married 16 March 1927 in the Salt Lake Temple by Joseph Fielding Smith. He is now President of the Church.

Syrenus, is good to me, his family and all his friends. But I'm getting ahead of the story.

Before I was married, I taught Primary a few years, the oldest boys. Sunday School, the seven and eight year olds for a few years and was the second counselor in Young Ladies MIA for about 2 years. I liked it all and I know I learned more than they did. I taught the small children in Sunday School also. I was about 14 or 15 when I started to teach them.

After I was married I had the Blue Bird girls for a while then the Sea Gull girls.

I went to Relief Society, some and was block teacher (visiting teacher) for quite a few years. After I got quite a few children, I never went as much, because if you have three children to tend its hard to get much out of a lesson, they would miss their nap and was tired and cross.

Part Two of Dad and I

We went to Salt Lake and was married in the Temple 16 March 1927. Dad came after me in a borrowed car, his broke down. It was a wonderful day. I loved Dad, then but I love him more now. We have had a few differences and maybe a fight or two but we still love each other. Mother and Dad Wood went with us to the Temple and took us out to dinner after. My mother couldn't go, our three youngest brothers and sisters had the measles and she had a new baby the 13 February (Everett). She wanted to go real bad but couldn't go.

We lived in my parents home for about one month. Then we moved to the River Bottoms in Ben Koyle's place. Dad gave us a cow and some chickens. Dad Wood, gave us a cow and a team of horses. Dad did some farming. We were pretty pinched. I remember in the spring we didn't have much to buy groceries with so we ate bread, butter and water cress for lunch. For breakfast we could have cereal, fruit, and eggs. Mother gave us fruit and we had honey. Dad had bees too.

Grandpa and Grandma Hansen gave us quite a few things to help out; especially chickens and some meat. They raised a lot of chickens and their own meat.

Next year we moved back to my old home. There, John, was born 29 April 1928. When John was born, I had pains for almost 34 hours. The Doctor told us John couldn't be born for a least seven hours. Maybe it would be two weeks. I was already worn out from having pains so long but they weren't doing any good. When the doctor left, Mother said we should call the Elders to administer to me. I said, anything that will help me, so she called them. They gave me a wonderful blessing. As soon as they asked the Lord, to bless me and help me to have my baby normal, the pains changed that quick. I could hardly wait until they were done to tell them I knew the pains were right now.

Dad, went and got the Doctor and he said she can't be ready but he came anyway. John was born one and a half hours later, but not without problems. During that time Doctor Hagan kept saying it's a miracle, I don't understand it. But we knew that it was the power of the Priesthood that helped me to have my baby. The doctor, wasn't a member of our church or at least he didn't go to church, but he was a good Doctor.

It was so cold Dad, had to chop wood most of the day to keep us warm. It was old apple limbs he had to chop from Grandpa's orchard. When morning came and we got up there was a snow drift under the door where the wind had blown in during the night.

We lived there still when Mark was born, 12 March 1930. Only Grandma, had us come to her house so she could take better care of us.

Then we bought a small farm up in the head of the bottoms. Evelyn was born there, 20 March 1932. Dad was real sick the night before we were going to have Evelyn blessed, he was sick all night. He had eaten rotten catsup on beans at his mother's place and they poisoned him. He run off the bowels and vomited until it was straight blood. And had cramps all over in his body. He didn't want the Doctor to come, but after we did all we could and he was still sick, I went to our neighbors and called him. I think Dad, would have died if I had left him go much longer. The Doctor gave him a shot and he got ok. I went alone to get the baby blessed the next day and my Mother and Dad came up while I was gone. Dad was so white and they couldn't wake him up, so it scared Mother. She sure did get after me when I got home. She said Dad could have died and I left him all alone. But he was ok then. It was the shot the doctor gave him

that made him sleep. Then, he was weak from the loss of all the blood. It took a while for him to feel good again.

One day when John was out in the field playing, he found a dollar. He came home and said, "Look, Mamma, I found a big penny." I said, "Let me see it," so he did. I asked him if we could go to the store and buy some sugar and candy. He said yes, so we went and got 10 lbs. sugar, about 56 cents then, some cereal and candy. In those days you could get a good bag of chocolates wrapped in paper for 5 or 10 cents. They were happy over the candy and I was glad to get the sugar. I think it was an answer to a prayer. Dad and I didn't have much money that week so we debated whether we should buy groceries or pay tithing with it. We paid the tithing. I told Dad, I knew we would get some sugar some way, because the Lord tells us if we pay our tithes and offerings He will provide for us. And He did. We have never missed a penny we have paid to the Lord for His work here on earth. Seems like the more you pay the better you are blessed. When the boys were on their missions and when we paid on the Provo Temple and our new Church and Stake House we always had money to pay our bills and got the payment on the Church paid ahead of time, too. I know the Lord, blesses us if we try and do what we should.

We raised strawberries while we were in this home also. John and Mark used to go out every morning with their little red wagon and pick strawberries and eat them. Sometimes before breakfast or before they were dressed. We had about 1/4 acre of them. We gave berries to both of our parents.

One day John came in and got the fire shovel. I asked him what he was going to do, he said "Catch a big bug." He was always catching bugs. At first I never thought too much of it then I decided I had better go see, because he said a big black bug. It's a good thing I did, because there he was trying to catch a Tarantula. He had a fire shovel and would put it under the bug for it to crawl on, but it only would go farther up the wall. I grabbed John, and told him to stay away. I went and got a bottle, 2 quarts, and put it over the spider, it crawled in and I put on the lid. It was big enough to fill the bottom of the bottle. He wanted to show it to his Dad, when he came home.

That ground wasn't enough so we let it go back and rented the Laurence place, south of Grandpa Woods. We rented that farm for two years or more. Two summers Grandpa Hansen gave us turkeys to raise to help us make more money. One year we raised about 65 of them and the next a few more. We built a brooder in the side of the hill. We had two old ovens, put them in the hill and covered them with sand. The door opened towards the edge of the hill and we would make a fire with logs in them. Once or twice a night is all we had to tend the fire because it only took a little to keep the sand warm. On top of the sand we built a shed and there we had the turkeys. When the turkeys were larger they used to roost on the house and in the trees. Grandma, worried because they roosted on the house, because she said it wasn't healthy for us. It was a two-room log house with a summer kitchen on the front. I always kept the house clean and I didn't think it was so bad.

At day light the turnkeys would be up and on their way out to the field to eat grasshoppers. I could hear them flying off the roof and that was a sign for me to get moving or maybe they would get ahead of me and we would lose them. You had to be there to keep them together and head them back home when they got full. They were a lot like sheep, where one went they all decided to go. When they got full enough they would lay down. So then I would turn them back. We would get home in time to get the children up and get breakfast. The turkeys would lay in the shade then the rest of the day, and in the evening they would be on their way again, so I had to be ready to go with them. In the afternoon I would take John, Mark, and Evelyn, she was the baby, and we would all go herding turkeys. Dad couldn't do it he had 8 cows to milk and big farm to run. That was two busy summers and we never got to go much while we were getting the turkeys raised.

John started school from that home. The first day was hard for both of us. I took John over to the corner and put him on the school bus. Then I cried a little. So Dad, took me to school to see how John was doing. There he was outside in the corner of the Thurber school house crying. I took him in and went to town when we came back there he was again. So in we went again. The next day, I only took him in once and he stayed after that it was ok. Finally we both got used to going to school and felt better. John, had never been around people much so it was hard for him to get used to school.

Seemed like John, got all the kid diseases the first year of school. In the summer, we got the Scarlet Fever. We thought it was tooth rash on Evelyn, she got it first. We all got it except Dad. Mark, got it from Evelyn and then John and I. Mark, was sick for about three months, all the time we were sick, I never had such a sore throat in my life. It hurt so bad to swallow, I just let the saliva run out on a towel I put on my pillow. One night Mark, was so sick we were afraid he would die. The Doctor came to see him and told us if he chokes up, be sure and call me because he could choke in 20 minutes. Well in the night he started to fight for breath. Dad hurried for the Doctor and I knelt down by Mark's bed and prayed and when he couldn't get any air in, I would blow in his mouth. Then he would be ok a little while and be like that again. He would fight with his arms to get breath, that was a long time. Dad got to Doctor Hogan, he had the flu so he had to get Doctor Hughes. It was Doctor Preston's Dad. As soon as Dad, told him he came. He hurried so fast he even had his shoes on the wrong feet. When I saw who came, my heart sank. I was afraid of him. He was the school Doctor and I thought he was mean. I started to cry. He turned to me and said, "Go in the other room, we don't need you." Then Mark started to cry. He said, "Cry, that's what we want." Then Mark, did scream. He took a teaspoon and dug the hard scab out of Mark's throat and Mark, started to get better from then on. He said, if that had stayed there much longer he would have been dead. So he saved Mark's life, that night, along with our prayers.

Dad, waited on us and took care of us all the while I was sick, he even mixed bread once. He often tells about cleaning his finger nails. He started with four loaves of bread and ended up with ten. He would put in too much flour, then add water, have to add more flour until at the end it was ten loaves. It was a little hard but tasted good. After he got done he came and showed me

how clean his hands were and said that's a good way to clean your hands even your finger nails. I wasn't sure if I wanted bread or not. Dad said, "Well, it is sterilized." He did wash his hands before though. I think he was just teasing me.

We had melons and they were just getting ripe when we got better. I think John, ate them three times a day. That was the first thing we ate when we got better. They were cool and would go down our throats good. We ate a lot of them.

The next year, we raised them again because they had been so good. Dad used to give them to all the little kids that came there. He said, "You can have as many as you can pack." One boy got his arms so full he dropped them and had to eat some of them. They never stole melons from us because they knew Dad would give them to them if they asked.

This year, John and his cousin Charles plugged all the melons we had in a patch down by the river. Mark looked on. There was about ½ acre. We never knew it was done for a few days then all the ripe ones were sour. None of those never did get ripe before the frost. We had a few in the garden to eat.

Then those two little boys found our setting hens nest and broke every egg. There was chickens in all of them scattered around on the ground. We put chickens from my Dad's with the hen and she was happy anyway. An other time they made a fire by the hay stack. The water ran down beside it or I guess we wouldn't have any had to feed our cattle that year. We all poured water on it to put it out.

The next year we moved back to Palmyra, in Tom Roaches old home. Allen was born there 27 April 1936. We ran Frank Hughes, farm when we lived there and cows and horses. We farmed with horses then. Dad, fixed his own machinery and cars.

Seemed like there was always something to fix, but Dad did a good job of it. One day, I heard a lot of pounding and went out to see what was happening, but too late. There was an old car out there. Dad, was going to fix, John had hammered all the windows out but one small window in the back. Even the ones on the instrument board were broke. I asked him what he was doing and he said, he was helping Dad, fix the car.

From there we moved to the house we live in now. We got tired of moving all the time, so we bought this house for \$1,200.00. We had to do a lot of fixing on it. There was three rooms finished when we moved here, and the outside of the rest of the house. We built the rest of it a little at a time as we could afford it. So today it is quite comfortable but not modern. But I love it, it is home to us.

Dad go a job at \$3.60 an hour, we thought that was good times.

LaRene, was born the first year we were there, 10 November 1937. That summer, I got me a new Singer sewing machine to sew baby clothes. I had my Mothers, old one before that.

We had a gas washer then too. We never had electricity where we lived before. Seemed like every time I would wash the washer would get something wrong. If Dad, was there he could make it go but if he left it would stop. One day I got mad, because it stopped and I told Dad I was going to buy my a new washer. He said ok. If you can get one. So I went to town to Hawkins store and told them I needed a washer but didn't have the money. He knew us and trusted us so when Dad, came home I had a new Maytag washer. We paid it off in monthly payments. That was the first electric washer I had. Sure was nice to wash and know you would get it done the same day you started it.

Another time we were protected, I know is when we were going to the Canyon one Sunday.

Dad, didn't believe we should go on Sunday, neither did I, but my sisters were here on a visit from California, one of them, the other from Washington and they said that is the only time they could all get together. We got almost up to Palmyra Park and something went wrong with the steering of the car. We wasn't going fast but before Dad could get it stopped the car tipped over the bank. We lit on top of some trees by the side of the river upside down. It never even dented the care and never hurt none of us. The only damage that was done was the battery spilled acid on the car seat and on some of our clothes and ruined them.

There was a car full of us, all but John, was home then. We got the one door open that was sort of up and started to climb out onto the bank. Rea Huff, came along and she and her husband helped us onto the bank. She said she didn't think we would ever stop coming out of the car there was so many of us in there.

Dad, was sure then we didn't need to go on Sunday and he took the car home. We had to have a wrecker lift it out of the river bank. If we had went over to the ground we would have lit in water. The river was high and it was around the trees. We probably would all have been drowned or killed.

Dad, got a job at Ironton, after his job to the Canyon was done. (Part of Geneva plant) It was between Springville and Provo. It is torn down now.

Dad, was put in Genealogy and we went on Temple trips. This one time we went was before Paul was born and I was having trouble with my legs, and my bowels didn't work good either. I had to take mineral oil all the time I was pregnant. One time I took three gallons before one of my babies. It was always worse at that time. This one time I thought if they will bless me in the Temple I know I will get better. I didn't know how I could ask them special so when I was being washed and anointed for this other lady I was going though for, I asked to myself it he would bless me too. I wanted to be so, I could have my babies without taking mineral oil and my

legs being so bad. I think the one that was giving the blessing to me was inspired to bless me too. I had the feeling she was anyway. She paid special attention to my legs. She told me as I was going out, you have bad legs. And do you believe I was blessed, I never took any more mineral oil and I still don't have to and my legs were a lot better then and for the rest of my children, they wasn't as bad as they were with Allen. So I know if you ask in faith our prayers will be answered. I know mine was that time and other times too. Paul was born some months after this. On the 19 February 1940. Grandma Hansen helped us when all my children were born until Robert, then she was sick.

Surela Riches, came when Robert was born 18 March 1942. Doctor Hogan, was our Doctor then. He was a good man and we liked him.

Mother was sick with cancer that year and died the 10 September 1942 the same year Bob was born. I told about her sickness in Dad's story (Grandpa Hansen).

For Karen, we had Mrs. Poulsen. She was the same one that delivered Dad and I. Doctor Hogan was our Doctor then too. Karen, was born 26 January 1944. Just two years after Mother died. I missed my mother, because she had been with me always when we were sick and was so good to us all. She thought your Dad was such a good man too.

Mrs. Poulsen was there but the Doctor didn't make it on time. I was so scared, I started to cry and cried so hard and couldn't stop. They told me the baby was here and I was ok. Then the Doctor came and I was a little more quiet. But when I went to speak and my voice was gone. They tried every way to get my voice back. Aunt Elma, came up and put a steam tent over me every day and they rubbed me and all but still my voice was gone. I would think I could talk and as soon as I'd try it would be gone. I could whisper if I wasn't upset. The doctor said it was nerves. As soon as I got up out of bed my voice came back. They had to give me a pan to hammer on when I wanted something then they would put their head down and listen to see what I wanted. They kept us in bed ten days then.

Dad was working at the Steel plant and we had things better than we had ever had them. We went to shows about once a week for 25 cents each. Went on fishing trips on Saturday and Dad, helped you all fish. He was so good with putting on hooks and etc. We went on picnics a lot too. We had many good times together.

Oliver, was born 24 December 1945. I sure hated to be in the hospital (Hughes Hospital) for Christmas. Doctor Hogan, said he wanted me to go there so I could rest. He told me if I came he would let me go home for Christmas Day, if they took me home and put me to bed. So I went. I was worried for fear Santa wouldn't be able to come right. But he did fine. The Doctor didn't come that day at all, he came the next morning just like nothing had happened. He laughed and said you didn't want to go home did you. He, let me go home that day. They took me out on a stretcher and I had to go to bed.

All went well for about two years then Dad had trouble with his nerves and had to go to the hospital. After that we had a few bad years. It took Dad, a long time to get back to his old self. He didn't want to go to church or have company. I guess he was afraid of what people would say because he had been in the hospital. We were having a hard time with nothing coming in, so Mark got a job at Geneva. He gave me all his checks for about five years only keeping out about \$10.00 for his own use each pay day. All our children were good and my Dad too. He finished paying off our house. John, would go to town shopping with me and buy the children things I couldn't afford, especially for Christmas.

We bought a farm on the bench to have something for Dad and the boys to do. We rented ground to go with it and had cows. One time when the boys were trying to start the truck I was standing by it watching them. They had a can of gas to pour on the carburetor to start it. Paul and Allen was there. One poured on the gas and the other pushed on the starter. The gas caught on fire and was all inflame. Paul, got burned a little so he threw the can, it lit on me. The flaming gas was all over the front of my blouse and one arm. I ran up the lawn trying to beat out the flame. The boys said lay down and roll, but, I was too excited to hear for a while. Finally, I lay down on the grass and did what they told me, they ran after a rug and put that on me also. Soon the fire was out. My shirt was almost all burned off in the front and one sleeve. I had, first, second and third degree burns all down one arm and hand, up to where my garments were. There was a mark around my neck where the garments went. I didn't get burned bad on the neck though. And there was on place on my side where the sewing had come undone in my garment about one inch long where I got burned. My garments didn't even get scorched. When Doctor Preston Hughes saw that, he said, well no one can tell you now that your garments aren't a protection to you. I said, I knew that before.

I know that our garments can be a protection to us if we try to do what is right, and I also know that prayers are answered if we are humble and aks in faith.

Gradually things all worked out, Dad got to feeling better all the time. But we got in debt pretty bad buying machinery and etc. So, we either had to sell the house or the farm. We sold the farm and paid our bills. Dad went back to work for Spanish Fork City.

For a number of years, Dad never went to Church. I would ask him and he would say he wanted to rest for a while, but would go one of these days.

I worked for the Springville, Cannery for five summers. The hours were long and I would have to come home and work for hours after, doing our work and bottling fruit for our family. We needed a lot of fruit. All our children were good to help, but it was still hard on all of us. Even Dad stayed up to help.

Sometimes, they didn't do the work like they should but I think all my family is choice people, we couldn't get along without one of them.

Dad, was so good to me, when our family was young he helped with you many times. While I sat and fed the baby of the family, Dad would help the rest of you get to bed and say your prayers, and tuck you in bed. Maybe Oliver, and some of the younger ones never had this choice experience, with your Dad, but the others did. It was because, he wasn't feeling good at that time.

Shortly after Dad started for the City, I go a job for Doctor Hughes. I was cook. I started in 1956 and worked until August 1969. In March that year, Dad was 65 and he retired and I let LaRene, work half time for me so I could have time off with Dad.

I've forgotten to tell some of the most important things that happened. Guess there will be many experiences not in here.

While Bob, was on his mission, Dad started to go back to Church with me. This one day, I got all ready to go to church. I even got to the front door, something said go back and get Rene. I went back in the front room and said, "Will you go to Church with me. Dad, said I guess it will be ok., but I'm not ready and you will be late." I said, "Oh, I got plenty of time and I'll help you." I got his cloths all ready and even helped him with some of them. A few times while we were getting him ready, I thought he would back out. He said, maybe you had better go or something to like that each time. I knew he wanted to go this time so I would encourage him again, all the time with a prayer in my heart he'd get there this time. I knew once he started, next time would be easier. Well, finally we got there. And this time I was thankful for the Holy Spirit that told me Dad wanted to go. It took a long time for that prayer to be answered but the Lord didn't forget.

Before we retired we built a boat, that took two years. We also built a sleeper on our truck. After we got the sleeper built, we took a trip to California to see Allen and Marty, Jean and their family. We took LaRene, and her family with us. They all had a good time. Allen and Marty was so good to us all. Allen took them to the ocean and they gathered clam shells. They had picnics for them and lots of fun things.

LaRene, was pregnant with Russell, at the time and she got a blood clot in her leg. So we had to make our visit shorter than we planned. We were so worried over her, but she made it ok. We got some pills Jean's Doctor gave her.

We went on another nice trip down there. Dad and I, last summer. We went to see Karen. Her and John, took us to see Allen and Marty and to Jean's and our grandchildren down there, and we went to Disneyland with Karen and John and children. After we got back to Karen's we went to pick up English walnuts from one of their friends orchards. He gave them to us. They were now trees and not enough to get the pickers in for. We go a gunny sack full for us and Karen got two or three sacks. We have enough for two years.

One of the saddest days was when we first knew little Billy had Leukemia. John, called us and told us Karen had a baby girl. Syrenna Lyn, 21 November 1969. We planned on going down there but we never had our check at this time, so I said if Karen don't need us we will wait until we get our check and come down. They said ok, the neighbors was taking care of things for them. They had good neighbors, when one was sick they all took turns of bringing in meals. Well, three days passed and it was the day Karen came home. We got a call from John, and he said, "Mom, come down, Karen needs you." All the things that went through my mind then in those few minutes you won't know. Then I finally was able to ask John, what was the matter, is Karen ok, is the baby ok. He said, "yes, they are ok, but Billy has Leukemia and Karen needs you." I said we will be down there as soon as we can. It was then 7:00 p.m. At eight we were ready to go. Dad had Phillip's 66 card he hadn't thrown away. I had \$22.00 check and all our children gave us \$15.00 each, so we had money to go. All this was done in one hour. We got there the next day. We traveled most of the night. Karen was almost in shock. She was weak from having a new baby for a few days she really worried us. She never even cried. Then gradually she started to talk and cry some and go to feeling better. All wasn't well even then they had to learn to get used to the idea that probably Billy, would never live. The Doctor never gave them but very little hope. Then the sad day came when we had to say good-bye to little Billy, 6 August 1970 just 9 months after we knew he was sick.

They came to see us in June, John was out of school and was looking for a job. Billy, had been sick off and on ever since he started. He was sick after they got here and was in and out of the hospital all the time for three months. When Billy, was here he loved Grandpa to take him for a walk to see the horses. He called horses a cow and even a bird was a cow. He loved his Grandpa and Dad took him a lot. I took him too and he loved me too. He was such a sweet little guy. I'll never forget the last time they took him to the hospital. I told him good-bye, he waved and smiled so sweet and he was so sick, yet he could still smile. I could have cried. We went to see him the day he died and he wanted me to hold him. I took him and kissed him, then he wanted to go back to his Dad. He loved John to hold him and he was good to him and so was Karen, so kind and patient all the time. Only once I saw John, get cross with Billy.

We went on many good trips too. Fishing with some of the family, our grandchildren and on picnics and sometimes hunting.

One trip Bob, and I got lost coming off the mountains with a deer. I guess we would still be there but we let the horse go and she took us back. I was so scared that night and tired. I know I prayed and so did Bob. We never had no matches, flashlight, coats or nothing and in the mountains. After dark when we got to the road we were three miles away from where we were camped down the canyon. I told Bob to get on the horse and ride. He didn't want to, he said for me to. I knew he was about worn out so I finally, convinced him I wasn't tired so he got on and rode. I held to the horse. I was so hungry and tired I didn't think we would ever get to camp. John, said if you had only let the horse go she would have brought you right back the way you came. Dad had a big kettle of stew made for us, nothing tasted so good, ashes and all.

One of the most wonderful days in my life was 6 February 1972 Dad was ordained a High Priest. Soon after we went to the Provo Temple dedication. Another time, a session in Manti Temple with Uncle Willis and Aunt Mabel and had lunch. After not having gone for a long time that was three happy days.

We are helping two families in our ward make their Book of Remembrances. When they get done we will be assigned others. It's so wonderful doing things like that together again.

I am thankful for my husband and all my family and all the blessings we receive all the time. There is so many things, I've not told in this story but its long already. I could write a Book of all the experiences we have had, and I guess we will have more.

I should tell our grandchildren how Grandpa got his thumb cut off though. One day we were bailing hay down in the field. The bailer go plugged and Grandpa put his hand in to pull the plug out and never stopped the bailer. The big needle that tied the bails came down before he could get his hand back out and cut his finger off and the thumb, and cut his hand all real bad. They sewed his finger back on but couldn't his thumb. It was sore for a long time and his finger is still stiff. Later him and Bob, was fixing a trailer and he got that same finger mashed again, but it got as good as it was. Then last year he got it between the boat and the car and his finger nail took almost seven months to grow back on. Seems like it gets in the way because it is stiff and is out in the way all the time.

I wanted Dad to write his story but he said there is nothing to tell, he just gets up and goes to work, comes home and goes to bed and starts over again the next day.