

Hans Jorgensen

by Leah J. Humphreys, Oct 1988

The following was obtained from the Daughters of the Pioneers in Salt Lake City Utah.

Birth Date and Place 29 Nov 1775 Bederslev, Odense, Denmark

Death Date and Place 19 March 1878 at Logan, Utah

Father Jorgen Christensen

Mother Elsa Maria Jensdatter

Who married and Date 4 July 1853 at Council Bluff Pottawattamie, Iowa, Dorthea Christensen

Year arrived in Utah 1 Oct 1852

Name of Company Fosgren

Who wrote history and date Rebecca Frost, Aurelia F. Turner and James Hansen

Who submitted history and date Leah J. Humphreys Oct 1988

Address Millville Utah 84326

Telephone No. 801-752-0155

Camp Name Luzannah G Hovey

County name Far South Cache County

Camp Historian Leah J. Humphreys

Address 444 East 3rd. South, Millville, Utah

County Historian Rhea L. Schenk

Address 811 W 3200 S, Logan, Utah 84221

Sources: From "An Enduring Legacy and History of Hans Jorgensen and Wife 7 pages

History of Hans Jorgensen and Wife

One year after the gospel was carried to Denmark, by Erastus Snow, the message of truth came to the ears of James Hansen who readily understood and accepted it.

Shortly after, he was called on a local mission and embraced his first opportunity to deliver his glad message to his father, Hans Jorgensen.

After making a short visit to my relatives in Fyen, I secured employment in Copenhagen, where I shortly afterwards made acquaintance with the Latter Day Saints. I became a member and was baptized 25 Aug 1851. I was ordained a Priest and was set apart to labor as a missionary in Fyen.

We visited my parents who received us with joy. We held several attended meetings. One evening after I had addressed a large gathering, my father went into his garden, where he bent on his knees in earnest prayer pleaded with the Lord to give him understanding and discernment as to whether the message which I was proclaiming was from God. When he returned to the house, the sign was given him, which caused his whole body to shake terribly and

he felt unworthy to enter the room in which I was sitting. With trembling voice and tear drenched eyes he now requested me to baptize him, which request was granted that same evening. My Mother was baptized at the same time. And a short time after my four brothers and several other people were added to the fold of baptisms.

Meanwhile a spirit of persecution made itself felt in the neighborhood and rabble banded together to do us harm. One evening when we were at my father's house holding a meeting, the place was surrounded by armed men who said the priest had offered them money if they would give us a good threshing. One of the mob with a cudgel in his hands started for me, but I and Elder Andersen succeeded in slipping through the door and escaped through the field. My parents then became the objects of derision; they wrote on my fathers back with chalk and subjected him to a great deal of derision, but did him no bodily harm. The persecutors then ran out of the house for the purpose of finding me and my companion; we had hidden ourselves in a ditch behind a fence. Here we lay listening to their awful cursings and their declarations that they would not return to the house until they had killed us. After midnight we returned to the house and sung hymns of praise. We had prayed that the Lord would strike them with blindness, which he literally did, for they did not find us. (Taken from history of Jens Hansen)

And now to the story by Rebecca Frost: When his son brought him the message of the gospel, he was a man of about fifty six years and a butcher by trade. He was in the habit of using tobacco, tea and coffee and always had his toddy jug on the table at meals and often between. So when the principals and commandments of the new church were explained to him it took sometime for him to accept for he knew he had much to overcome. But day by day he studied the scriptures, decided and accepted it literally. For he said, "If it is worth anything, it is worth every thing." He abandoned his old customs, began a new life and never till the day of his death, did he go back to his old habits.

It was the year, 1851 that he and his good wife, Karen Kistina, were baptized, December 10, 1852 they left their native land to join their lot with the Saints in Utah.

Steamer's were not known in those days, so they embarked on a sailing vessel, being on the water over three months.

The poor accommodations and food were too much for the woman, who was in delicate health. She was ill during much of the voyage and died near New Orleans. She was taken to a small island to be buried. The vessel sailed on up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, Missouri. Arriving there April 1, 1863. (Another article said 1853)

Here the company provided themselves with outfits to travel across the plains, under the leadership of John Fosgren.

After they were ready to start, Hans Jorgensen, (my father) with most of the other saints in the company, turned over their money to a man for safe keeping and have it exchanged for

American money. But he never returned any of it, which was a hard blow to the faith of those who placed such confidence in him, as well as a financial loss.

H. P. Benson, a man in whom the Scandinavian people had much confidence told him not to worry over the matter, for someday he would be better off than that man and this proved to be true for that dishonest man died an apostate pauper.

As the company journeyed along, father was advised to marry, but we shall leave him plodding along behind an ox team, with all his belongings in a wagon.

Let us turn our attention to one of the company with cheerful hearts and vigorous tread. When it neared noon and the girls expected soon to reach their midday camping place, they would gather up sticks and other combustible materials in their aprons. Very often, however, their loads became too heavy before the time for stopping arrived, so they would discard their loads and start gathering again. This was often repeated several times, but they consoled themselves with the thought that the next company might receive the benefit of their labors.

Dorthea Christensen, our heroine, was born in Odense, Verborrie, Denmark, May 1, 1827. Her father's name was Christen Andersen, a carpenter, by trade. He was an indulgent father and would often enjoy a romp with his children, when he returned home from an absence of a week or more. However, they never took advantage of him for when they quarreled or otherwise acted rude, he would speak to them once or twice and if they didn't heed, he would throw his red cap at them. They understood the danger signal and all were quiet.

Dorthea's usefulness started by her taking care of geese. The geese were staked out and she moved them several times a day. She often tended sheep also. It was at this time she learned to embroider on net cloth, which she enjoyed very much, but she was not privileged to do much of that kind of work, for hard manual labor was her lot through life. I remember, when she was old, of her seeing some of the work similar to what she did while watching her father's sheep, and it moved her to tears.

Her mother Anna Maria Andersen, was left a widow while the children were small. Consequently they had poor chance for education but were obliged to go out to work as soon as they were able. Mary Ann, the oldest daughter, was hired by a well-to-do farmer by the name of Niels Hansen. She remained there eight years.

When she left to get married, she had been so faithful that they came for her sister, Dorthea. Her annual wages were fixed at \$10. in cash, two pairs of wooden shoes, five pounds of wool, with which to make clothes and stockings, and two suits of underwear made from home spun flax.

Perhaps it would be interesting to relate what work was required of her in return. She would rise very early and milk the cows while the housewife got breakfast. Then while the men got their teams ready she would help with the house work and be ready to go with the men into

the fields and work until noon. After dinner while the men took their nap, she again milked the cows as was the custom then. Then again to the field until evening and to the cows for their last daily milking. This was the program during harvest time, which was followed by the gathering of their fuel from swamps. It was a turf made from certain kinds of sod. The evenings were spent carding wool and spinning yarn. After a certain hour, Dorthea was allowed to work on her own wool. These are some of the things she had to do, and must have been very faithful for she was much liked by the family, especially one of the boys, Hans Christian. Later they were engaged and were to have been married, when something unexpected happened. Dorthea accepted an invitation to attend a meeting of the Latter-Day-Saints, and enjoyed it very much. She went again a number of times and was converted to the gospel. Her sweetheart was much opposed to this and tried hard to persuade her to give up the faith, but all in vain. His father also tried to tempt her by promising that if she would stay and marry his son, they would be given the farm. But she was convinced that the message was from God and was baptized Nov. 5, 1852. She and her Mother and two sisters started for America one month later, 10 Dec 1852.

Having saved enough money to pay her transportation on the water, Dorthea succeeded in getting her belongings hauled across the plains, for tending Niels Christensen's wife, with her children. (This family later settled in Ephriam)

It was while journeying toward Utah that my Father and Mother met and were married July 4, 1853 at Council Bluffs.

They resumed their journey reaching Salt Lake City, Oct. 1, 1852. Here they fashioned a dugout to live in, in the Fifth ward.

Father assisted in digging the first foundation of the Temple there. Mother went out doing washings and any thing else she could to help along.

Their first two sons were born there and here also they suffered with the Saints, through the grasshopper invasion and consequent, famine, living on sego roots, with occasionally, a little course bread. Mother said she thought she would surely starve to death, while in a delicate condition. But she also was blessed with a healthy constitution and survived it all.

At one time she was asked to wash for Heber C. Kimball's family. When she reached the place she found a wagon full of clothes awaiting her. She worked at them for two or three days and when she had finished, they paid her two dollars. Well, Mother went home as proud as a peacock and hastened to show her invalid neighbor her prize. The poor lady was so jealous, she became sick and had to remain in bed for several days.

In the fall when her eldest son was beginning to walk, mother used to glean wheat in the fields. She took her boy and her sacks along and in the evening when the sacks were full, she found it difficult to get home with her burdens. The little chap refused to walk. He would either sit down or go back.

The family lived in Salt Lake City for two and a half years then moved to Brigham City, where they lived nine years.

It was during this time that the call came for all the Saints to move south because of Johnson's Army. When they arrived home and got comfortably settled, they made preparations to go and receive their endowments. Mother had gotten the clothes ready but, in looking them over, she found some little article missing. She decided to call on a neighbor to help her. Leaving the clothes on the table, and the children all asleep. She had been away but a very short time, when the alarm "Fire" was heard. The cloth window blind had come in contact with the lighted candle and the straw roofed house was in flames. By working quickly they saved the children, unhurt. But the trip to the city had to be postponed until a later date.

The family moved to Logan, April 18, 1865. It being five years after the town was settled. Here they made a permanent home at 392 4th North which they owned until they died.

Father and the older boys helped to make the upper canal, known as the "Logan and Richmond Canal." There were no scrapers in those days and all the excavating had to be done with pick and shovel. The boys also assisted in building the first railroad from Ogden to Cache County. I remember, as though it were yesterday, the first whistle of the "Puffing Willie" as that engine was called.



Children of Hans & Dortha Jorgensen
Back row: Maria, Rebecca, Moses, Mary
Front row: Joseph, Abraham, Jacob, Isaac

My parents having five sons, thought it well to secure some land for them. Accordingly they got two loads of rough lumber, with which to build a shanty. They crossed David Reese's ferry and would have settled near his ranch, but were told that Reese's had received a right of some kind to claim the range for miles around for grazing. So they moved farther north and east, unhitched their teams and camped for the night. Father, then knelt and blessed the land for the good of his family and their children after them. The Lord heard this prayer, for in the exact spot, where he knelt, a Sugar Factory now stands (it is now the Cache Valley Cheese Factory" where his grand children have worked, and

many grandchildren are located in comfortable homes on the land that was claimed by Father and his sons. Yes the desert was made to blossom like the rose. But many difficulties had to be overcome. First there were numerous bears that made their home in the brush along the river

bank. At night we would hear them growl and bark, wolves howl, foxes yelp until a chorus of sounds fell on our ears as we lay in our little one room shanty trying to sleep.

One evening my brother Jacob stayed away fishing later than he should, so mother rushed him off, after the cows, eating a bowl of mush as he went. And sent his faithful dog into the brush and it brought out the cows alright, but with them were a mother bear and her four cubs. As he turned home the bears followed him. When he ran, she ran, and as he slowed his pace she would. However, when he reached home she was close behind him. Mother had heard that bears were afraid of fire and smoke so she gathered up all the rubbish she could find and kept a smudge going most of the night. When Joseph was down by the river he met a bear. He turned around to go the other way and met another. He quickly pulled off his cloths jumped in Bear River holding his clothes, he treaded water. When he came to the other side, he walked down to where there was no bushes and swam across and went home.

Two other families moved out onto the prairie land the same Spring and were our neighbors. But before many years lapsed they gave up their claims and we were alone again.

Although Mother received a very meager education she had learned the Bible from Genesis to Revelations and many of our Sunday hours and evenings passed pleasantly away listening to her interesting Bible stories.

As children grew older my father and brothers stayed in town to take care of the farm and work. The boys often freighted to Montana.

Oh, how eagerly we watched the Western road on Saturday afternoons for Father often used to spend Sundays with us. He always brought something nice for us. He was a good gardener and brought us fresh vegetables and fruit.

As the country around became more settled the bears and other wild beasts were driven to the mountains and were seldom seen in the valley.

One morning mother found that the sheep had been frightened and some had escaped the corral. She was very troubled by this, being alone with the younger children at the time. The following night, however, she and the eldest girl made their bed on a low shed to watch for the intruder. About midnight they were awakened by the sheep pressing against the fence. On looking they saw a large beast resting his fore paws upon the fence, but it was too dark to discover what it was. My sister had a gun and would have fired at the beast but mother decided that it was not save to make war on it, thinking, perhaps, it was a bear. They began shooting which caused the bear to go off leisurely. He soon returned to the fence again, but they continued clapping and shouting frightened him back to the river. He crossed it and started through the woods toward Smithfield. The next day a large grizzly bear was shot at the town, which evidently was the same one.

Later the boys started to dry farm as there was no water available on the ranch. However, they were not satisfied with that and tried to get water on their land by means of an engine pump, but failed, not to bring the water upon the hill, but it proved too expensive for irrigation. Later they assisted a project to take a canal out of Bear River, my eldest brother playing a very important part in this undertaking, and made contracts for much of the work.

Father died 19 March 1878 being 82 years old. A neighbor placed on his casket a wreath of flowers with a verse in the center written by Eliza R. Snow "Tis good to die as he has died, he smiled amid death's conquering gloom. While angels waited by his side, to bear a kindred spirit home."

Let us draw back the curtain and take a peep at our first Logan home, about this time of the year, when the family is moved back from their summer home and when things are in readiness for King Winter to reign. We shall first see the animals comfortably located. Along the north side of the several low buildings were joined together, covered with straw for pigs, sheep, cows and horses. Then across each end was a long shed provided for the loose cattle. In the lot could be seen a potato and other vegetables pitted. Our house was a three room log house. The room to the north was used for a granary, and by the way it was never known to be empty while father lived.

The middle room was used for the boys bed-room, but at this time of the year, we shall see other things here of much importance to the family. One is a bin full of flour, and some bags of dried apples and peaches, also a bag of herbs for medicine. On a trunk in one corner will be seen two or three rolls of home-woven cloth; one linsey (a coarse wool) of different home-dried colors for the girls dresses. One roll of genes for boys suits. Perhaps, some cloth has been taken from both rolls or perhaps we are waiting for the tailor, who has promised to come in time to get the boys fixed up for Christmas.

From this room there is a door to the west, leading to the street, where in the summer marigolds, morning glories, four-clocks, amber etc. line both sides of the path. The door to the east side leading to the yard and to the cellar, which was built against the east side of the house. In the cellar we shall find shelves on both sides, the top ones usually laden with cheese, suspended from the ceiling by wires, so as to keep the mice away. The supply of cheese has been brought from the ranch and will be used and sold during the winter. The low shelves are used for milk, though now not so plentiful, and in these days we expected our cows to be dry three or four months of the year. There is also a barrelful of meat and some sausages, some which are cured and kept in bags and buried in the wheat for summer. On the bottom shelf are some jars of peach preserves, etc, and a keg of home made molasses. On another shelf are several pans of lard turned up side down on the shelf, and a bucket of tallow used to grease the boys high boots and for wagon dope. Several bunches of candles are hanging from the roof. These have been made by dipping the wicks into warm tallow, letting cool, then repeating the process until large enough.

The south room of the house is the kitchen, living room and bed room. It was the first provided with a fireplace, after wards replaced by the Franklin stove. A table, three or four chairs, a trunk and a bed; also a trundle bed where the main furniture.

It was my privilege to occupy the Trundle bed and many times have I wakened before daylight and Mother's knitting needles would be going click, click in the dark. She always provided us with good warm stockings in winter although we often went bare-foot in summer.

Mother lived to see all her children married, and at the time of her death, 3 Oct. 1902, she was the Mother of eight children and twenty five grandchildren. The children named in order are Jacob, Isaac, Abraham, Anna Maria, Mary Kistina, Hansine Rebecca, Joseph Christina and Joseph Christian and Moses Peter.

When Father died he had all his children come around his bed and gave each a Fathers blessing.

Mothers funeral services were held in the Logan Tabernacle and many beautiful floral gifts covered the casket. Many words of praise were uttered by the speakers for her faithfulness and work accomplished, and the good example left for her children.

Rebecca J. Frost
Revised by Aurelia F. Turner (historians)
Few incidences added by Leah J. Humphreys

Maria Jorgensen Was a Resourceful Girl

Note: This is Jens Hansen's ½ sister. Jens' mother was Maren Kirstine Pedersdatter Munch. Maria is the daughter of Dorthea Anderson Hans' second wife.

Life was hard on Utah's frontier. Without the help of children it is difficult to imagine how farms, ranches, and towns could have succeeded. The Hans and Dorthea Anderson Jorgensen family left Logan and settled some three miles west of Smithfield in 1869. Years later a small town would develop around them and be called Amalga after the Amalgamated Sugar Company factory. The land the Jorgensens, chose was on a sagebrush plain not far from the Bear River. The river banks were high, though, so the family built a rough lumber dwelling near a spring and used that water, carried by the bucketful, for home and garden. Long, snowy winters, frosty springs, and hot, dry summers made survival challenging. Bears, wolves, and coyotes roamed the area, and livestock had to be "watched continually." The Jorgensens had no neighbors nearby and had to be self-sustaining. Often they dug roots along the river banks for food.

There was a lot of work to do, and the eight Jorgensen children, five boys and three girls, helped with much of it. The family raised sheep. The wool was sheared, "washed, carded, and spun into yarn, then hand-knitted into socks, caps, sweaters, and mittens; also woven into cloth, and the clothing sewed by hand." Keeping the family in shoes was more difficult: "In summer the children, and sometimes the parents, went barefoot or wore moccasins made by the Indians."

With no bridge across the Bear River at that time, "the Jorgensen children soon learned to handle a rowboat skillfully on the swollen stream. One day William Pitcher of Smithfield came seeking assistance in crossing the river. Maria, then about nine years old, said, 'I can take you over.' The man seemed very frightened but in a great hurry to get across. Maria, instructed him to remove his saddle and place it in the front of the boat for balance, then tie his horse to the rear of the craft and sit in the back to keep the animal from striking the boat with his feet while swimming. The little girl rowed northward around the bend for some distance, keeping near the bank and away from the main current of the stream, until she reached a sandbar, from which the man was able to make the landing safely. Back again at home, Maria rushed into the house exclaiming: 'O Mama, see what I have! I took a man over the river and he gave me fifteen cents. I know it is fifteen cents; I can see the five on it.' The mother said, 'It is fifty cents!'"

Maria used the money to buy a bright calico print with a leaf design to make her first "store" dress. Her clothing was usually made of a homespun fabric. She remembered wearing the new dress when the Sunday School, children lined up along the road to Logan to welcome Brigham Young to a church conference in Logan. They threw flowers in front of the venerable leader's carriage, and he nodded and smiled at them.

Once when her father and brothers were away from home, Maria's mother discovered a break in the fence and decided to sleep on the roof of a small shed in the corral to protect the sheep. In the night the little flock became restless and woke her up. In the moonlight "she saw a large bear standing upright, his front feet resting upon the fence rails, apparently about to jump into the corral." Maria, who had a gun, wanted to shoot the intruder, but her mother was afraid the girl might only wound the animal and enrage it. So they waved their arms and shouted instead, and the bear walked away. When it returned they again frightened it off.

The remarkable thing about Maria's life in Amalga, may be that it was in many ways typical of childhood in a frontier Utah settlement. Children worked hard and faced many challenges. They also found joy in small things like 50 cents worth of bright calico or playing hide and seek among the willows and brush along the river.

When she grew up, Maria married William Toombs, Sr., raised a family, and cared for two foster children. She also "officiated at the birth" of over 200 children. She outlived all of her siblings. In 1951 when the town of Amalga, decided to compile its history, Maria was 91 years old. In a photograph of the town's elderly residents she looked lovely in a "store-bought" dress and hardy enough to still row a boat across the river.

Source: Amalga in Retrospect: The Story of Amalga, Utah (Amalga, 1951).

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This is taken from the Daughters of the Pioneers March 21, 2000
Name of the Pioneer Hans Jorgensen
Birth Date & Place 29 Nov 1795 Bedersliv Odense Denmark
Death Date & Place March 29, 1878 Logan Utah
Spouses (1) Maren Kirstina (2) Dorthea Christensen
Parents Jacob Jorgensen & Melvina Margarett Munk
Written by Rebecca Frost (Later revised)
Submitted by Lucile Christensen Belliston, 3055 W 2775 S West Haven, Ut 84401
Camp Name Handcart
Historian Bonnie Clark 1526 W 330 S Ogden Ut 84401
Company Name Weber West

The Romance of Hans Jorgensen & Dorthea Christensen

“Two shall come from lands apart,
And find each the way to the other’s heart;
For miles and mountains cannot hide
The two fate christened Groom and Bride.”

In Denmark in the early eighteen hundreds, a jovial man, butcher by trade, by the name of Hans Jorgensen, lived with his wife, Maren Kistina Jorgensen in fairly prosperous circumstances. He was at the time this story begins, about 56 years old, fond of his toddy jug and his pipe, and quite content with his mode of living.

One day Hans Jorgensen looked up from his butcher’s block to see his son, James Hansen, standing in the doorway. The boy had come to talk about the New Gospel he had heard at a Mormon Missionary meeting. Shortly after that day, Hans’ friends were surprised to see him minus his pipe, and were quite astounded upon visiting his house, not to be offered liquor by way of refreshment.

Thereafter he often said of the Gospel: “If it is worth anything, it is worth everything,” and he subsequently gave up everything—his home and business, his friends and country, and with his wife was baptized in 1851, sailing the following year for America, aboard a small sailing vessel.

Before he reached the new land, Hans Jorgensen had also to give up his wife in the new cause, for the hardships of the rough sea journey caused her death near New Orleans, and she was buried on an island. The vessel sailed on up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, Missouri, arriving there April 1, 1853. Here the company prepared themselves for the long perilous trek across the plains to Utah. Their leader was John Fosgren.

The faith of the group was put to a hard test when their money, which they turned over to Fosgren to be exchanged for American coin, was never returned to them. H.P. Benson, a man in

whom the Scandinavian people had much confidence, consoled them by prophesying that they would all some day be better off than Forsgren. This proved true, for this dishonest man died an apostate pauper.

As Hans Jorgensen walked beside his ox team toward Utah, the land of the Saints, all his earthly goods in a canvas-topped wagon, he sometimes found himself longing for a companion to make gentler his harsh existence. He was not yet aware of a sweet-faced girl in the company, one of a group which walked ahead of the wagons to gather the wood for fires when camp was pitched.

Dorthea Christensen had heard and embraced the Gospel in her Father's home in Odense, Veborrie, Denmark. Christen Andersen, a carpenter, was an indulgent father, and would often enjoy a romp with little Dorthea and her brothers and sisters. However, they seldom took advantage of him, for when they quarreled or otherwise acted rude, he would speak to them once, and if they did not heed, he would throw his red cap at them, which was a danger signal all understood.

While still a young girl, Dorthea was given the task of tending her father's sheep and geese. While waiting for the animals to graze their fill and be staked out in another place, the girl learned to embroider on net cloth. This kind of work she loved above all things, and her children remember her accounts of the pretty flowers she sewed while the sheep bells tinkled around her, and how once upon seeing a sample of such a piece of net embroidery, tears came to her faded eyes remembering her childhood. She was born in Odense, Veborrie, Denmark, May 1, 1827.

Dorthea's mother, Anna Maria Andersen, was left a widow while the children were still small. Consequently they had a poor chance for education, but were obliged to go out to work as soon as they were able. Dorthea, when she was old enough, took her sister's place in the household of Niels Hansen, a well-to-do farmer, where she had to milk the cows, work in the fields, spin and card wool and help with the housework. She worked there eight years. When she left, her wages consisted of \$10.00 in cash, two pairs of wooden shoes, five pounds of wool with which to make clothes and stockings, and two suits of underwear which she herself had made from homespun flax.

The willing, cheerful girl was liked by all the Hansen family, and by one of the rich farmer's tall sons. He liked her so well that he asked her to marry him. Hans Christian Hansen and Dorthea Christensen became sweethearts and were to be married when something unexpected happened. Another "Hans" of whom as yet she had not heard, was to claim her hand.

The girl went one night to a meeting of the latter-day Saints and came away with a great deal to think about. When she explained to her lover the strange and beautiful feeling the words of the missionaries awakened in her, she was troubled to find him displeased and angry. A short time later she choose the Mormon Gospel instead of the ring her recalcitrant lover wished to give her, and was baptized on Nov. 5, 1852. The promise of rich Mr. Hansen to give them all his

lands and cattle if Dorthea would marry his son, could not tempt her, and she sailed with her mother and two sisters on Dec. 10, 1852, for America.

For many weeks the man Hans Jorgensen and the girl traveled in the same company on the way to Utah, without knowing that fate planned to mate them. At last on July 4, 1853 by a campfire at Council Bluffs, these two were united before God. Thereafter, they walked hand in hand beside the oxen, and when night fell and camp was pitched, they shared the same wagon. They talked eagerly of reaching the valley of the mountains where they could help build the Temple in which they could pledge eternal vows.

Reaching Salt lake City, Oct. 1, 1853, after great hardships on the plains, Hans Jorgensen and his young wife made a dugout in which to begin a home. They lived there (in what later became the Salt Lake Fifth Ward) for several years. Hans Jorgensen soon went to work with his neighbors to begin digging the first foundation of the Salt Lake Temple. His wife did washings and housework for the more prosperous inhabitants. Soon she had two little sons to demand her care and the little family survived the grasshopper invasion and consequent famines, managing to survive on sego roots and when extraordinarily blessed, on coarse bread.

At one time brave little Mrs. Jorgensen was asked to do a washing for the Heber C. Kimball family. The washing turned out to be a wagon full of clothes which took her three days to scrub clean. When she had finished, two round silver dollars were laid in her palm. The money must have looked like the great fortune to her after the desperate circumstances she had been through, for she went from door to door among her neighbors to show them the prize. One of the neighbors who was an invalid, became so jealous of lucky Mrs. Jorgensem that she had a relapse and had to take to her bed.

In the fall when the harvests were gathered, the Saints who had been unlucky with their crops, were allowed to glean enough wheat for bread from the full fields. Young mother Jorgensen took her little son, just beginning to walk, into the fields with her. In the evening when the sacks were full and little Jacob was tired, she found it a problem to manage her burdens, for the little boy would be unable to walk farther and would sit down in the stubble and cry for his mother to carry him.

The Jorgensen family lived in Salt Lake City about two and a half years, then moved to Brigham City where they made their home for nine years.

Soon after settling in Brigham, Mrs. Jorgensen began spinning the thread that was to be woven into temple clothes for herself and her husband. On the day that they planned to make the trip to the temple in Salt Lake, she had laid out their white clothes on the kitchen table to pack them. Noticing some little article missing, she decided to borrow it from the neighbor. Being early in the morning, the children were all asleep. A candle still burned near a window where dawn was just showing. From the neighbor's house some distance away, the mother some minutes later heard the shriek f "FIRE"! By working quickly, she was able to get the children out unhurt, but the trip to the temple had to be postponed until a later date.

Five years after the settlement of Logan, the family moved there on April 18, 1865. This became their permanent home, where the remainder of the lives of the mother and father were spent.

Mr. Jorgensen and his older sons helped to make the Upper Canal, known as the "Logan and Richmond Canal." All of the excavating for the canal had to be done by the tedious pick-and-shovel method. They also helped build the first railway from Ogden to Cache Valley. On the day that the first "Puffing Billie", as the train engine was called, pulled into Cache County, there was much celebrating among the Saints who had given brawn and muscle to make such a triumph possible.

Having at last received the blessing of the Lord on their crops and herds, the Jorgensens now prospered. The father began thinking of presenting his five strapping sons, Jacob, Isaac, Abraham, Joseph, and Moses, with lands of their own to till. Gathering two loads of rough lumber with which to build a shantym, the father and his sons set out across David Reese's Ferry to find virgin land. A little North and East of the David Reese ranch, they unhitched their teams and set up camp. Hans Jorgensen knelt down in the sagebrush with his five sons and asked God to bless the land for the good of his family and their children after them. The Lord heard his prayer, for on that spot and on the surrounding acres now rest the homes of many of his grandchildren, who are to this day prospered by the Lord.

It was well that the family had a fearless protector and five sturdy boys, for when the Wolf of Famine no longer waited at their door, there were more actual flesh-and-blood prowlers waiting to seize them.

Numerous bears lived in the dry brush along the river banks. One evening Jacob stayed late at his fishing. It was after dark when he went to bring the cows out of the brush for milking, eating his supper of mush and milk on the way. His dog sent into the dense undergrowth, soon began baying the cows out one by one. But with the last cow came a mother bear and her four cubs! They padded along behind the herd, hurrying or slowing down as the boy did, their greedy eyes fixed upon him. When Jacob reached home, the she-bear had come up close behind him. Seeing the strange procession approaching the house, Mother Jorgensen called the other boys to help her gather fuel for a bonfire, which eventually frightened the bears into the woods, although they were for stalking the house all night.

Bears were often a grave menace to sheep and cattle in that vicinity. One morning Mother Jorgensen was alarmed to find that the sheep were in a panic and that some of them were missing from the corral. None of the boys were home and she was alone with the younger children. That night she took the eldest girl and made their beds on top of a low shed in the yard to watch for the sheep. About midnight they were awakened by the sound of sheep milling against the willow fence. They could distinguish a large beast resting its forepaws upon the fence. It was too dark to determine what it was. Although they had a gun they decided against firing, since if the intruder were a bear, it would surely attack them if wounded. The two stood up on the roof and clapped their hands and shouted, which caused the bear to go off leisurely.

They kept up the pseudo applause throughout the night each time the bear returned, until he finally loped across the river near morning. The next day a full-grown grizzly bear was shot near Smithfield, evidently the would be “kid” napper.

The Jorgensen homestead in Logan was a typical pioneer abode. A three room log house stood toward the front of a large cleared space. Along the north side of the yard were grouped several low buildings, straw-covered, where pigs, sheep, cows, and horses were comfortably housed. Across each end of the yard was a long shed for the loose cattle. Potato and vegetable pits were situated near the house. The north room of the log cabin was used as a granary, the middle room as the boys’ bedroom and part of the year as a store room for flour, apples, dried fruits and dried herbs, which were used for medicine. Home woven rolls of cloth-lindsey for the girls dresses and genes for the boys’ suits, were stored here. The south room of the cabin served as kitchen, living room and bedroom. First provided with an open fire-place where cooking and roasting was done as well as “shin-toasting” in cold weather. This kitchen later boasted a Franklin stove. A table, three or four crude chairs, a trunk and a bed as well as a trundle bed in which most of the children had their turn, were the main articles of furniture. In the cellar built against the east side of the house, shelves lining the walls were always laden with cheeses, the top shelves suspended by wires from the ceiling so that mice could not get at them. The lower shelves were used for milk—great quantities of it unless the cows were dry—which they were three or four months out of each year. Barrels of meat and sausages, some of which was cured and buried in the wheat for summer, were kept here. The shelves next to the floor were used for preserved fruits and jams and four kegs of home-made molasses. On the other shelves stood large pans of lard turned upside down, a bucket of tallow for greasing the boys’ high boots and for wagon dope. Bunches of tallow candles always dangled from the roof.

The house was surrounded with sunny marigolds, cool morning glories kissed the window panes, and four O’clocks, amber and other flowers bordered each side of the path. Here Hans Jorgensen and his wife kept their family of eight children well and hearty by the labor of their hands and their faith in the goodness of God and the divinity of the Gospel.

As the children grew older, the father and older brothers stayed in town to take care of the farm and work. The boys often freighted to Montana and would bring home tokens of their travels to their eager sisters. Later the boys tried their luck at dry farming on the ranch, to which very little water was available. Meeting with scant success, they tried to get water to their land by means of an engine pump but found it difficult to bring the water over the hill. The problem was solved when a group of farmers, the Jorgensen boys among them, dug a canal from Bear River, which thereafter was used to irrigate their lands.

So the family prospered, new land was cleared and settled, the cattle multiplied. Mother Jorgensen schooled her little ones with but one text book to help her—the family Bible brought from Denmark. When they were older, they attended Sunday School and learned to count as precious, their birthright under the covenant.

On March 19, 1878, five sons and three daughters stood with their mother around the bed of Hans Jorgensen, now 82 years old. With trembling hands he blessed each one and closed his eyes in death. A neighbor spoke for all who knew him, when he placed upon his casket a wreath with a verse in the center written by Eliza R. Snow: "Tis good to die as he has died, He smiled amid death's conquering gloom, while angels waited by his side, to bear a kindred spirit home."

Mother Jorgensen lived to see all her children married, and when she passed away on October 3, 1902, left behind her children, Jacob, Isaac, Abraham, Anna Marie, Mary Kistina, Hansine Rebecca, Joseph Christian and Moses peter, and twenty-five grandchildren.

From the lives of this faithful man and his wife, all of their numerous descendants can derive inspiration and example. They have joined hands in another world for a journey across the plains of Eternity.

Originally written by Rebecca J. Frost. Later revised.