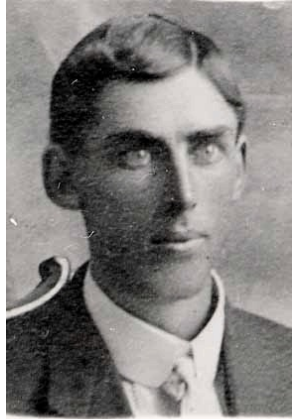
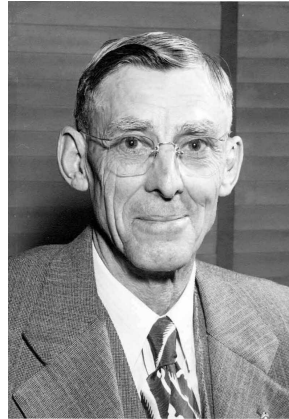


*Some of the memories I have of my Dad and Mother,  
Peter Oliver Hansen and Emily Leyshon Hansen  
By Ethel O. H. Wood*



Peter Oliver Hansen



*Peter Oliver Hansen*

Dad was born 14 February 1883, Spanish Fork, Utah. He married Emily Leyshon, 30 May 1906 in the Salt Lake City Temple.

I asked Dad to tell me the story of his life. He said, “There is nothing to tell. Only work and how mean I was.” He said they were always getting into trouble. The big boys would make the smaller ones fight. It was one of these fights that Dad got expelled from school.

Usually they had to fight each other until they were so tired they couldn’t fight more, if they stopped the older boys were there to see that they kept on. But this one day they were in the school house, throwing chalk and erasers at each other and the teacher came in, it almost hit him. He sent five of them home and said to stay there until they could act better. Four of them went back but Dad wouldn’t go. The teacher came to talk to him and his dad, three or four times but Dad told him he had enough of school. He had to stay out pretty soon anyway and do the farm work. He was the oldest boy in the family and had to stay out to help on the farm. All he went to school was the middle term, but he said the other boys got to go to school.

Dad, wanted to be a carpenter so he took a correspondence course. Erick Hansen took him out on jobs with him. Dad, helped build some of those nice homes in the Bradford Lane, and some others around town. Later he helped John K. Johnson build. He never did get to have carpentry for a trade though. His dad died about the time he was married and he had to help his brothers on the farm. He was like a father to them.

Grandpa, left his farm to his boys and girls to divide. Dad and Mother worked hard to make a living. Mother had a nice home for Dad, and the family, it was always clean and she

cooked good meals. Dad did every thing he did well, so soon he had a good farm. He built his barns and chicken coops by himself. He had good buildings in the old place and in the new home also. Dad built most of the buildings and house by himself. He had a good hatchery business when he retired.

Mother used to get upset sometimes because there were things she wanted done in the house. But the house was always the last. Dad would say, "I will do it, but these other things are where we get the money to fix the house with." Mother would always understand and would wait. What Dad thought was right, was right with her.

Dad told me he lived in a log house when he was young. Later they built the house that Uncle Henry lives in, 791 E 2 N in Spanish Fork. Grandma's and Grandpa's house was on the same lot. The log house is still there and they stored grain in it.

When Dad got married he lived in the little blue adobe house not too far from his parents. That is where I was born on the 5<sup>th</sup> of March, 1907. The house was torn down in 1971. They only lived there about one year and then they moved to Palmyra on a farm. Dad built his house and also one for his brother, George Hansen. Later he built a room on the back of the house so we had three rooms and a cement cellar to keep our fruit in. And there was a special place in the wall to keep the butter and things cooler, it was put in flat milk pans, the cream would come to the top and they would skim it off and have enough to keep us in butter and have good cream to put on fresh fruits. There were big brine barrels in there too, this is where Dad, cured his ham and bacon. As long as I can remember Mother, always had her fruit shelves full of nice fruit and vegetables. Sometimes she would bottle beef for the summer. We never had freezers like we do now.

I used to like to go to my Grandma Hansen's house. It seems like she always had pie or something good to eat when we went there. Mother used to worry and be afraid we would dirty Dad's Mother's house so before we got there she would always say, "Now when you go in the house, sit on a chair and don't dirty Grandmas Hansen's house." We were pretty good kids most of the time, I think. She had everything all neat and clean. You could see yourself in the stove, she had it so clean and shiny all the time, even the top. It was an old black stove with legs and all those fancy designs on it. She had home made carpet on most of the kitchen except around the stove. Everything was always clean and neat. She had a panty where she had all her dishes and her food. She had pans of milk for the cream to rise to make butter. That is where she kept her pies too. I remember one day I went in the panty with her and she had three pies. I asked her why she made so many, there was only her and Aunt Serenna, and she said, "Oh, I like to have them when the boys come to see me." Most always they were apple pies, and they were real good. She made the best ginger snaps too. In the summer we would go out in the yard and play, she had a hedge and a pretty lawn. Grandma liked flowers and had a small garden. There were little pink and white daises in the lawn. I asked her if she planted them there and she said they just came up. Grandma had a vegetable garden and a few fruit trees. We went there to get plums.

I think the youngest I remember was when we got lice. We had to wash our hair in coal oil to kill them. We had to bath and wash all our clothes and bedding. I don't remember how long we did this. I hated to get my hair washed, it would sting my face. Mother was so upset and Dad said, "If you would be clean like me, you wouldn't get them." He was the only one that didn't get lice. One time Mother and I were talking and I was telling her how I remembered one ward day. I was sitting on a big fat woman's lap, under the bowery, Mother said I was about four years old then, and that is where we got the lice.

When we were real young, Dad bought a coal oil incubator and hatched his own chickens. He used to keep it in the lean-to he built on the house at first. I remember how we didn't like the smell of the coal oil, we had to sleep in that room. Dad would turn the eggs night and day one at a time. It wasn't like it is now, you can just tip the tray with dozens of eggs all at once. Later he built a cement house back of our house and had more incubators in it. Then he would brood the chickens in the same building. There were windows all on one side facing the south. He built this business up, and after we moved to the new home he had a nice large building and had a good hatchery, and sold chickens all around here.

Mrs. Fred Meldrum told me Dad was so good to them. She said that when Fred would go to Oliver's he would tell him all he could to help him improve his business and to improve his chicken stock. Mr. Meldrum was in the chicken business too. He said most people wouldn't do that, they would be afraid they would spoil their own business. Dad was always good to help anyone in anyway.

It seemed like someone was always after him to do something. He built barns, fixed lights, planted and cultivated beets, etc. He had a good team of horses and could drive straight. So he had a few jobs to cultivate beets for people. He always had to do them for Uncle George and Uncle Henry. We used to get mad sometimes because he would always have to stop and do them if we were going some place or not. He would say they have to be done. Once in a while he would take us where we were going and then come back and get us.

When World War I broke out Uncle Henry had to go serve. Grandma Hansen took it real bad. We went up there to see him before he went. She depended on Dad a lot because he was the oldest boy. She thought Dad would be able to help him stay home. She just knew he would get killed and never come back. I felt so bad for her because she worried so much. Dad told her that Uncle Henry had to go, he didn't want to be a slacker. Dad took care of his farm while he was gone, and he took care of it like it was his own. The day the armistice was signed we were topping beets in the field. The sugar factory whistle started to blow. We didn't know what was the matter because it wasn't noon yet. Then here came Dad back, his horses on the run, he said "The war is ended." We all threw our knives and started to jump up and down and make all the noise we could. All over horns were blowing, whistles were tooting and all the people making all the noise they could. I'll never forget what a happy day that was. Mother laughed and cried all at the same time. Dad would have had to go the next draft, if it hadn't ended because he had his physical. Dad didn't have to go because by then he had several children and Uncle Henry

could come home so it was a happy time for us. We would still have to top beets though because all three brothers worked together in them.

Dad used to work on the light and telephone lines. One day after he had gone to work Able Beck called and asked Mother if Dad was home. He was so excited that Mother knew something was wrong. She said “No” and just hung up. The power was off so she just knew Dad had touched the wires and got killed. She was so worried and I was scared too. After a while Mr. Beck called back and said, “your husband is ok.” Then later he came and said he thought he had killed Dad. He was supposed to have the power off but never, and Dad had blown the fuse in the power house. He told us he had expected to go down there and find Dad dead, but he was ok. Dad told us he felt like there was still power there so he touched it with his pliers to see. It threw the pliers to the ground, anyway Dad saved his life.

I can remember when Dad got his first car. It was a Model T Ford. It was one of the first cars in Palmyra. He came down our lane so proud in his new car. I think he was the proudest man in town that day. He had to take us all for a ride, that was really a thrill. He had to show us how fast it would go and all the things it would do. We were all so happy, only Mother was a little nervous because she said Dad had to show off.

Aunt Lettie, Mother’s sister moved to Idaho. They kept telling Dad, how good it was up there and wanted him to come up. So Dad, and some others went to Idaho. When Dad came down our lane so dusty and tired we knew he didn’t like it there. He got out of the car and sat on the grass under our summer apple tree. He said, “they can keep Idaho, I like it here.” The wind blew all the time he was there, and he didn’t like the water. He took an apple off the ground and started to eat that and said, “They don’t have apples like this either.” It was the month of July and our yellow transparent apples were just right to eat. It made us happy that he didn’t like Idaho because we didn’t want to move.

Our parents and neighbors used to visit each other a lot. On Christmas, New Year’s and lots of other times they would have parties. All the children got to go with too. We would play until we got tired and then go find a place to sleep. On a couch or in a corner on a pile of coats or something. Or go bug their dads to go home, or sit on his lap or beside him like I used to. The men would play games and talk and the women would talk and do fancywork.

Ward day, was fun when we were young. The men , would go down to the mouth of the river by Utah Lake, and build what they called a bowery. It was poles with willows on top to keep out sun . They put benches under it, to sit on, to have a program. Dad was always one to help because he was a good carpenter. Ward days were held on the 11<sup>th</sup> day of August every year unless it came on Sunday. They had games, races, swimming in the lake and a program. It was like the 4<sup>th</sup> of July and us kids looked forward to it just as much. The women packed lunches with all of us helping. We went early and stayed all day. In those days we had horses and buggies, it was before we got cars. Some had Surreys that had a top on them and two seats. Those that had them thought they were real special. Some just took wagons and all the family

would go that way. It was fun to see all these people going to ward day. Sometimes they would race to see who would get there first. Dad liked to do that.

The sand was so deep down there in places it was hard to walk. You could even have fun just playing in the sand. The men used to play horseshoes and baseball. And us kids went swimming. Dad didn't like us to go very bad, he was afraid of the water. But he let us go if we wouldn't go out too far. You could go almost a city block before the water would get up to our heads. At Lincoln Beach he wouldn't let us go in the lake because he told us there were big holes and there was an undertow. Uncle George almost go drowned in there once. There was a plunge at Lincoln Beach and he let us go in there sometimes.

After we quit going to the lake for ward day we started to go to Castle. It was a resort up in the canyon about eight or nine miles. There was a plunge inside and out. It was warm sulphur water. They had a place for programs and dances and sold candy. We went there for a while and then got to going other places. Castle isn't there any more. But it used to be a fun place to go.

When we were still at the old home Dad got real sick. The doctor didn't know if he would live for awhile. Mother was worried, she fasted and prayed and asked us to pray that Dad would get better. He had liver trouble and was in awful pain. I came in to take the bread out of the oven and I guess I let the door shut to hard, even the jar of that hurt him because he said, "Can't you be more careful?" I felt so bad because I tried to be careful. Mother told me to take the young ones outside and play. So I took them by the barn, it was far enough away so Dad couldn't hear us. We spent most of the day outside as I remember. The doctor came and was there so long. I was so worried. Finally Mother came out and said she thought Dad would be ok now, the doctor said he had passed the crisis and gradually he got better. He was so skinny and his beard so long the people called him Abe Lincoln. For a long time he was so weak he could only walk a little way. One of us would walk beside him and help.

I found him an apple limb that looked like a cane, it even had a handle on the end. Dad used that to help balance himself. He would walk a ways and lean on a tree to rest and then walk back. Each day he got a little stronger, but it took a long time. That fall the ward dug all our beets, it took a day and a part of another one. Dad did not want them to do it, but they said he had done so much for all of them they wanted to pay him back a little.

Our house was real cold in the winters. We never had heat at night, we could stand on the bed and write on the ceilings and walls in the frost. (Not just in the windows) But we all stayed pretty healthy most of the time. The snow was so deep we could walk over fences and irrigation ditches, where the wind had blown the snow. And it stayed on them for quite a while.

Our house was small, we all had to sleep in two bed rooms, three in a bed. So Dad decided we needed a larger house. He bought an old brick house up in the fields from us. It took all of us that were big enough to tear it town. Dad took off the roof and windows and doors, then pushed over the brick walls. We had to clean the bricks and put them on the wagon and take them to our new place. Dad did most of the work on our house. He had help putting up the

bricks. It was a happy day when we moved into our new home. Although we never had the outside doors on we were happy to be there. We hung a canvas over the doors to keep the cold out. Dad built on the house as he had time and money. It wasn't until after I was married that they got it like they wanted. It was comfortable when I left.

They had a good cow barn and good dairy cows. We always had cows, chickens, bees and a good garden and plenty to eat. Dad loved flowers and always had a pretty garden, and shared it with everyone.

Dad helped build the church in Palmyra, he was always good to give to the church, but never went to church too much. Mother and Dad always saw to it that we went. He was generous with everything he had. He gave people vegetables, apples, honey and about anything he thought they needed. More than once he has helped Aunt Sara, buy Christmas for their family. If he hadn't sometimes they wouldn't even have food or heat to keep warm. Mother said they went there once and Aunt Sara, was sitting in a big chair with a blanket around her to keep her warm, she was sick. I went with them that day.

He never got pay for what he did most of the time, and he never expected it I don't think. He was just willing to help people in need. He was happy when he was helping people.

We went on trips, Dad liked to take us to the canyon. Some times we would ride all day just stopping long enough to eat our lunch. One time we went on a trip to Strawberry with the Thomas family. We camped at the west portal for a few days. Dad went from there up to Horse Creek to fish, he caught them with his hands and a pitchfork. They were big like the salmon you buy in the store. We had to slice them round ways to fry them. Then we saw a sage hen and I think we killed it with a rock. Dad didn't like to fish much, he didn't like to sit all day waiting for them to bite. We went on picnics a lot. One time we were up Little Diamond with Aunt Lettie and a big rattler came almost to the table, we all left, Dad killed it but that was all we wanted to stay that day. Dad said rattlers usually run in pairs so we wouldn't dare stay there.

Aunt Sara my mother's sister. Sara Leyshon (Sornsen) Joseph Sornsen's wife moved to California while I was still young.

Dad was a devoted husband and he loved Mother very much. When she got sick with cancer he stayed at the LDS hospital for a month. He hardly ever left her side day or night. He would go to Erma's once in a while and take a bath and shave and be right back. He would hardly even take time to eat. When she came home, he took care of her until she died on the 10<sup>th</sup> of September 1942. He got tired but no one could take his place for long.

My mother had four half brothers and sisters. Grandpa Leyshon was married to Lettie Davis in 1870 in Wales. She died soon after her fourth child was born. Two of the children were stillborn. Alice and Joseph lived with Grandpa and Grandma Emily Leyshon after they were married for a while. Alice had a child out of wedlock and gave it to a family in Salem. She went to Salt Lake to live and they lost track of her. Joseph ran away and joined the Navy. He was

killed in California and they sent his body to Aunt Sara, his half sister. She was also in California then. They sent the flag to Uncle Hy to keep. I guess because he was the only living brother at the time. There wasn't too much said about the half brothers and sisters. I never knew about them until a few years ago. Aunt Mary, said they supposed Joseph, was killed for his money, he wore a money belt and it looked as though it had been full. She said they never put money in the bank, they had a pouch on a money belt and saved it that way.

I don't know much of Mother's young life, only that she lived with Aunt Martha Arnold when she was young. (Aunt Martha Arnold the daughter of Grandma Leyshons' step father. Aunt Martha, is my mother's aunt. Martha, married George Jarvis, and lived in Spanish Fork.) She said Aunt Martha, was good to her but was very strict. I asked why she lived with her, it was because she came from a big family and it was hard for Grandpa to provide for them. I asked her why they didn't take turns going there and she said some of them wouldn't go and some of them couldn't get along with Aunt Martha. Aunt Lettie said if she had to stay she would run away. (Aunt Lettie Leyshon - married Nephi Beck moved to Idaho when her family was still young.) Dad said Aunt Rose was good to mother also. She stayed in Salt Lake two winters and went to school. Aunt Rose paid for her schooling, bought her clothes and everything she needed. Dad said he gave Uncle Everett Seeley two hives of bees, and some wheat for flour during the depression. If they didn't have wheat to make flour they had to eat barley flour and it wasn't as good. Dad said it was more creamy than wheat flour. At Christmas time Dad made their little girl, a play cupboard, and that is all the pay they got for being so good to Mother those two winters. Dad didn't know what relation they were to us, it was some way through the Arnolds, and we always called them Aunt and Uncle.

Dad and Mother got married after the last school year Mother was in Salt Lake, 30 May 1906. They worked hard together and had a nice home. Mother was a good housekeeper and a good cook.

Sometimes I wondered how she could work so hard and get so much accomplished. She was patient, loving and kind to all of us. When Dad was sick she watched over him day and night. I can remember one time I had an ear ache and Dad held me on his lap and put his warm hand over my ear and held me until I could go to sleep, sometimes it was for hours. Mother always had babies to tend so he took care of the older ones at night while Mother got the babies to bed. When my sister Vera was sick, Mother was up so many nights only half sleeping. I can still see her in my mind scrubbing clothes on a wash board in a number three tub by Vera's side. She had Vera a bed in the kitchen where she could still do her work and be by her. This was the day before Vera died. She wanted a drink so we put her medicine in the water and took it to her. She put it to her lips, got up and dumped it in the wash tub and went to the flowing well 10 or 12 rods from our house and got a fresh drink of water before we could stop her. Mother felt so bad she cried and wouldn't give her no more junk. That night Vera died. Mother was asleep at the time and I guess Vera just went to sleep too. Mother said she was sleeping so peacefully that she went to sleep too. She really felt bad when she woke and found that Vera was gone.

When Ray was a baby we didn't think he would live, he had liver trouble so bad. Mother had to bathe him in salt water every twenty minutes to keep his fever down. For a while it didn't look like we would have Ray with us long. He never did get too well, but he lived until he was twenty nine years old.

When I got married she was always there to help us if we needed her. She helped me with all our babies until she was too sick herself. John and Mark loved their Grandma and she loved them. We used to go down to see them once a week, mostly on Sundays and had dinner. Her cooking was so good but it was too much work for them to have us there. We told her we weren't coming for dinner on Sunday anymore, and instead of being relieved, she felt bad. We went after dinner or another day.

Sometimes I look back and think how much Mother wanted to go to church and the Temple. But she always had company on Sundays and couldn't go. She loved her family and she would never let them know how much she wanted to go. When we were married she wanted to come to the Temple with us real bad and wanted us to wait a little longer. We had it all planned and being young we decided to get married anyway. The day came for us to go. Mother had just had a new baby (Everett) a month before and three of the youngest children had the measles. I'll never forget her sitting in the rocking chair with the baby on her lap and one of the sick children on each knee. She had her lap full, and her eyes full of tears. She felt so bad, because she couldn't come with us. And partly I guess because I was the first to leave home. I almost thought we had better wait, but she said she couldn't go until the baby was weaned, and it might be bad luck to postpone the wedding. Mother went to Relief Society most of the time and block teaching. All the ladies loved her. I think every one that met her did.

Mother helped Dad with the chickens besides all her work in the house. Wendell helped do a lot of it too. Wendell never did get too well after he had diphtheria, it left him with a bad heart. Dad and Mother did anything that anyone told them to make Wendell feel better. I don't think he ever thought he would get better. When he started to go with the girls, if he thought they were getting to like him he would stop going with them. There was one girl he thought a lot of, she died about the same time he did. He always said he would never marry because he couldn't support a wife. Vera and Wendell died before Mother did, and when she was sick she worried about Ray being left with her not there to take care of him. She said no one had patience with him like she did. About the last thing she said before she died, was that Rene (Syrenus) and I would see that Ray was taken care of. Her thoughts were always of some one else. Ray's sickness left him with bad nerves, he shook so bad Dad couldn't trust him to drive the car so he couldn't go places much. His life wasn't too happy for that reason. He never felt too good most of the time. He never lived too long after Mother died. When he died the doctor said he was just worn out, none of his body was good, it was more like an old man. I think Mother was happy to have him with her again, that's the way she was, always wanting to help the ones she loved the most, and who needed her the most.

Dad married Sara Warner almost a year after Mother died on 21 April 1943. He came to all his children to see if it was alright that he got married again. I told him if he was happy that



was all that mattered. Sara needed a companion and so did Dad. They have been happy and Sara has been good to me. I think both their lives have been happier being together.

Dad was 89 years old the 14 February 1972 and he still takes care of his garden and has a shop in his back yard where he does carpenter work and repairs for his neighbors. He also has a place fixed where he raises flowers and tomato plants, he planted me some tomatoes then transplanted them into individual pots to plant right in the ground. He is so patient, he takes these little tiny plants and plants them out, takes care of them and gives them to each of us and to his friends, he says he sells them cheap, but never takes money for them.

Sara hasn't felt too well and he helps her with all her work too. I think if Dad couldn't work he wouldn't be happy. He says when he can't work he is just going to go and that will be the end. I hope it is that way for him because he hates to have anyone take care of him.

*History of Peter Oliver Hansen*  
*By his daughters Ethel, and Elma*  
*In the year, 1972*

On February 14<sup>th</sup>, 1883, a valentine was delivered to the home of Peter Petersen Hansen and Olena Olsen Hansen. This valentine, a baby boy, was the second born child of a family of seven, three boys and four girls. He was blessed and given the name of Peter Oliver Hansen. His first home was a one room log cabin on 8<sup>th</sup> East 2<sup>nd</sup> North in Spanish Fork, Utah. His first schooling was in a little red brick school and his first teacher, Agnes Angus. He was taught to help with chores around the home and as he grew older, his help was required on the family farm in Palmyra. Because of the farm work he was only able to attend school two out of four quarters. He went to school until the 8<sup>th</sup> grade. Just before graduation from the 8<sup>th</sup> grade he relates that during recess one day everyone was throwing chalk and erasers while the teacher was out of the room. Just as the teacher, Dave Lewis came in an eraser hit the wall just beside his head. Mr. Lewis asked who was throwing the erasers and as normal children are, "no one knew a thing about it." At the end of class Mr. Lewis called out five names, one of which was Oliver's, to stay in after school. These boys were expelled and told not to come back until they could learn how to behave. That ended the formal schooling for him. He stated that he never learned how to act and besides he knew as much as his teacher anyway. His education never ended there, however as he took correspondence courses in carpentry and apprenticed as a carpenter with Erick Hansen. He says he could shingle a roof faster than this teacher and recalls nailing some of his fellow workers to the roof.

He also learned cabinet making and made some beautiful finish work. Some of the old homes on which he worked are still standing. Among them, the Bradford homes along the highway south of Spanish Fork.

His fine parents taught him thrift, kindness, and honesty. Very early in life he started helping his father on the farm and learned to be a good progressive farmer. The Hansen family was always seeking newer and better ways in farming. He has mastered many things. From his talented mother he learned simple sewing, how to knit and crochet. He recalls how on long winter evenings he would pick up his mothers knitting and work on it. Most of their clothing such as stockings and sweaters and such were from wool corded and made into yarn by hand. The wool for their quilts was also washed and corded by hand.

His mother also instilled in him a love for flowers. Her grandchildren all remember her pleasant yard and the beautiful trees and daisies in her lawn. Father's flowers have been a joy to himself, family and friends. Everyone in need of flowers for a wedding or other occasion could go to him and get the flowers they needed.

In his early childhood the only means of heat was wood. One time on a trip to the canyon to get wood, the ax he was using bounced on the wood, causing the ax to hit his big toe and chop it in half. It was a long trip down the canyon for help in a wagon and team. He lost half of his toe but was thankful that the incident was not more serious.

After his temple marriage at the Salt Lake Temple on May 30, 1906, to Emily Leyshon, the couple lived in Spanish Fork for about one year. Shortly after his marriage his father died leaving him, the eldest son, the responsibility of helping his mother raise her family.

Dad and Mother's first child, Ethel was born to them in Spanish Fork and then they moved to Palmyra so Dad could be on the farm and not have to drive to the farm each morning. Here he built a two room frame home. He also built a home for his brother, George in Palmyra. Seven more children were born to them in this home. By this time he had enlarged the home by building on a bedroom and cellar.

While we were still very young, Dad bought his first incubator. At first it was kept in the back bedroom. Later he built a cement building where the chicks were hatched and brooded. It was fun to watch the baby chicks break out of their shells. This first incubator was coal oil and the eggs had to be turned one at a time twice a day. He was always seeking ways of improving his stock, both cows and chickens. He received instruction and information from the Extension Service in Logan and kept a lot of records and was able to improve his breed of chickens. He became known throughout the State for his chickens. He helped organize the Utah Poultry Association in this area and served in many capacities on the board of directors for 9 years. He also served on the state board of directors and was president for one year.

While we were children he was line man for the telephone and light company. Both of which he helped bring to Palmyra. One day as he started to work on the line, which was supposed to be dead, he thought he could hear them humming as if they still had power in them. While testing them he blew the main fuse and fixed the line. Electricity was new and frightening then.

We all remember Dad's first car, a Model T Ford, with curtains you could snap on in cold windy weather. He spent half an hour learning to back it up and shift and go forward. Then he brought it home to give us all the ride of our lives. We were all so proud and happy about our new car. Dad was a little on the "dare devil" side and liked to give Mother a thrill. She was pretty nervous of the new car. It went so fast, 40 miles per hour, which was quite a change from horse and buggy!

Shortly after we got our new car Dad went to Idaho to look over the land. Some of Mother's people had gone up to homestead the land and wanted Dad to come also. However, he knew when he came home, all tired and dusty, that he had not like it there. It was July and the summer apples were ripe and as he got out of the car he picked an apple and sat in the shade to

eat it. He said they don't have shade like this up there or apples either. Just wind and dust! We were glad that was the end of Idaho for us.

On Christmas, New Years, or just any time our parents and their friends found an excuse, they had a party to which all the family was invited. There was good food and lots of fun for everyone. When the children got tired they were put to bed, sometimes on a stack of coats or a quilt. The older ones watched the men play cards. The women would visit or do fancy work. The ride home seemed long. Often in summer we walked home if it was close enough. One time there was a porcupine in the trees where we crossed the ditch so Dad took us across one at a time, as he said they could throw their quills.

Ward days were fun. Most of the time we went to the lake where the men had built a bowery and we had our dinner in the shade. After which there were games and races and a swim in the lake. The lake was clean and clear and the sand clean and deep. Dad was afraid of the lake as he said it had an undercurrent and uncle George had nearly drowned at one time.

In the year 1918, a bad epidemic of flu hit our town. Dad and Ethel were the only ones well enough in the family to take care of the rest. It was a long hard struggle but we all managed to survive.

During World War 1, Uncle Henry had to go to war. This left Dad and Uncle George with the responsibility of taking care of his farm. Grandmother was very upset on having a son, her baby boy, in the war.

The day the armistice was signed, people went wild with joy. Whistles blew and made all the noise they could. We were topping beets at the time and wondered what all the noise was about. We saw Dad coming back with his horses on the run and he shouted, "The war is over, they have signed the armistice." We threw up our beet knives and all joined in the noise. We were so glad to have it ended.

In 1922 Dad took sick. We were all afraid he was going to die. He was in so much pain he couldn't stand the noise we made so we stayed outside as much as we could. He was sick for a long time and by the time he was able to be around again, the people called him Abe Lincoln because his beard was so long and he was so thin. That fall the ward topped our beets. They said, "you are always doing things for us, it is time we did something for you." Dad was weak for a long time after this sickness. He had ordered some apple trees to plant up at our new place and when they came he was still so weak, and tired so easily, he would have to sit on the ground and rest. The kids helped by holding up a shovel for him to line up the new trees and helped carry water to put around the roots of the trees as he planted them.

By 1920, we needed a new home as our family had increased to seven. Dad brought an old home up by what is now the airport, tore it down and moved it and built a new home. We all helped clean the bricks and helped put lath on the walls and what other small jobs we could do.

It was cold before we got our new house finished but we were impatient to move before winter so we put canvas up at the doors and windows. It was pretty drafty but we were glad for the extra room. Dad worked on the house as he could and soon had it livable.

Dad was a good provider. We always had cows, chickens, all the vegetables we could eat, apples, berries, honey, fresh meat in the winter, when it would keep, and meat cured and stored in the wheat for the summer.

Dad was free with his time. If anyone needed help he was there. If the church needed a carpenter he was there to help. Dad helped build the new Palmyra church and he also built most of the barns in Palmyra in those early days. He always said "I can't get up and talk but if there is something to do with my hands I am glad to help." One time when he was 80 years old and supervisor of the ward welfare farm, Bishop Winter found Dad cleaning a ditch. When he asked him why he was doing that he said, "the young men get too tired."

Dad always loved the mountains and went hunting with his boys. He loved to cook in the canyon. When he was 85, he went hunting with the boys and said he guessed he was through hunting deer because his sons and grandsons had beat him to the top of the mountain. He hasn't gone since.

Dad was a devoted husband and father. He loved our mother very much and was considerate of her needs. When mother was sick with cancer he sat by her side, sleeping in a chair by her bed, leaving only long enough to eat. He often sat in the big rocker with a sick child on his lap most of the night so our mother could rest and then would be out to work on the farm the next day.

In 1932-34, Dad had some bad years and was in danger of losing his farm and home. He went to the bank for a renewal of his loan. The banker raised the interest from 8% to 10%. Dad refused the loan saying that he was going over to Provo to take out bankruptcy. The banker then told him he would help him get a farm loan. At that time he told Dad, "the Hansen name is too good to have you spoil it now." Things went better for him after that.

One time as Dad was going to Spanish Fork to vote, he unknowingly took some chickens up town on top of his car. The people had a good time teasing him about advertizing his politics and catching the chickens up on main street. Another time, as he was going up to vote, Mother asked to go vote also. He asked how she was going to vote and when she told him he said "I might just as well not vote, you will just cancel me out." We are not sure whether she got to vote or not.

On September 10, 1942. Mother passed away and was buried in Spanish Fork.

Dad found a new companion and was married on April 21, 1943, to Sara Warner, a widow of his friend, “mog” Warner. They have had a happy life together and have been a real comfort and help to each other.

At 89, Dad is still active, growing plants for all his family, taking full care of his yard, besides helping out with repairs for his children and church and friends. Whenever they need lights fixed or some carpenter work done, he is willing to help.

God bless you Dad that you may be active and well until He sees fit to call you home to be with your wife and loved ones and continue your life together.

Eleven children were born to Peter Oliver Hansen and Emily Leyshon:

	Birth	Death
Ethel Olena	March 5, 1907	28 May 1982
Arthur	January 13, 1909	21 May 2003
Elma	October 3, 1910	1 April 2002
Wendell	August 7, 1912	September 28, 1937
Bert	September 23, 1914	23 May 1997
Vera LaRue	August 7, 1916	November 8, 1920
Oliver Ray	November 22, 1918	January 9, 1941
Erma May	September 16, 1920	17 Dec 1988
Dorothy	September 6, 1922	30 Jul 2003
William Eugene	November 6, 1924	
Everett	February 13, 1927	

One memory I (Cathie Wood) have of Grandpa. One day Michael, Richard and I were walking home from school. Grandpa stopped his car and offered us a ride home. We told him “no”. He persisted and we told him that we could not ride with strangers. He also offered us a piece of candy to which we told him not that we could not take things from strangers either. We kids did not recognize him or know who he was. Well the next Sunday, Grandpa told Dad how proud he was of him and the way he was teaching his children and that he was doing a real good job. Then he added “but you get those kids over to meet me, so next time I want to give them a ride they will go with me.” Dad got a good scotch blessing from Grandpa in a kind way. Then every time I saw Grandpa he would say “Cathie, do you know me now?” To which I would respond “Yes, Grandpa I know you.” I remember him saying this even 3 or 4 months before he died, when I went to visit and have this 4 generation picture taken with him. Grandpa was a wonderful, giving man, I loved him so much.

## *Flowers for the Living*

By Mrs. Nellie Larsen

When Oliver Hansen of Spanish Fork was asked what he had done during his life (he’s almost 80) he said, “Work, just work, not a thing interesting, only work.”

But what is any better in this life than work especially when one has done so much of it just to help out his family and friends and neighbors, and his church as Oliver Hansen has done? He is exceptionally gifted in doing so many things with his hands, such as carpenter work, cabinet making, electrical work and just fixing most anything, and he is so willing to help others when they need his help. But he does not have time to waste. When asked if he could be interviewed for this write up he said, "Well, now if it doesn't take too much time, you see. I have to take Sarah to town to do her shopping, then I've promised to water the new Seminary lawn, then we are going to a birthday party----". Even though Oliver is retired from a regular job he is a very busy man.

Oliver is a wise man. He says he did not get the opportunity of very much schooling but he certainly has taken advantage of learning from experience. His step-daughter summed it up very well in a letter to her mother just last week. She wrote, "He has such sound wisdom in such a quiet way. He uses action, not words." He is often called on for advice and council by friends and especially his family.

Being the oldest of seven children, and his father a farmer, Oliver was taught how to work and take responsibility from the time he was very young. He was born in Spanish Fork and the Family lived there but the farm was in Palmyra so they drove back and forth in their wagons to do the farm work. But his childhood wasn't all work. He remembers playing "steal the stick" and other games with the neighborhood children. He attended school in the Little Old Red Brick school house and says Agnas Angus was his first teacher.

Soon after Oliver married Emily Leyshon they moved to Palmyra to make their home. Eleven children were born to them and, of course, it took a lot of hard work and good management to rear such a family. Their's was a happy home. They found time to bundle the family in the wagon or buggy, and go for a visit to the neighbors, then to have friends and neighbors to their home. Everyone was always welcome at the Hansen home and so many remember the good meals Emily seemed to always have ready. Oliver says, "We had such good times in those days. Seems like people just don't have the time to visit now like we used to."

Oliver and his brother George worked together. For many years they operated a hatchery, hatching some ten thousand chicks each week from February to June. They supplied baby chicks for many people in Utah County, as well as raising chickens and selling eggs. Oliver did a lot of work in improving breeds of chickens. He received information and instruction from the Extension Service in Logan and kept a lot of records and was able to improve his breed of chickens. He was a good chicken man and became known through out the state as such. He helped to organize the Utah Poultry Association in this area and served on the board of directors for nine years serving in many capacities. He was President of the association when they built the building in Spanish Fork (now occupied by Osborn Manufacturing Co.) He also served on the State Board of Directors and was President of the State Association for one year.

Oliver took a correspondence course in carpentry in his early life and has done a lot of carpenter work. He helped build many houses in Spanish Fork, such as the Pleasant Bradford,

Frank Thomas, and Wells Robertson homes. He helped remodel the old Pavilion and he drew plans and helped build the old Palmyra Church house. He is still doing some carpentry work and has helped his children and step-children build their homes. He is an expert cabinet maker and has built quite a lot of furniture. He also has done electrical work and worked for the Palmyra-Lake Shore Light and Telephone Co.

Just recently he and Munda Geslison and others have done a lot of work on the 5<sup>th</sup>-8<sup>th</sup> ward chapel, and Oliver, along with others, has planted the lawn and shrubs around the new Seminary building. He has a well equipped modern workshop in back of his lot where he spends a lot of his time making things and repairing articles mostly for other people. But people know and remember Oliver Hansen mostly because he is such a good, kind and thoughtful person. He has always been one to remember his neighbor in need. He loves his well kept garden and shares flower starts with anyone who wants them. He has good judgement and at present is manager of the 5<sup>th</sup> ward farm which is a very successful project in that ward. He has been High Priest leader in the 5<sup>th</sup> ward and is always ready and willing to lend a helping hand to the Church whenever needed. There has been sadness along with the happiness in Oliver's life. He lost his wife Emily, and two grown sons. But in 1943 he married Sarah Warner and the two families have been very happy these many years. He is dearly loved by his eight living children and their wives and husbands, his 31 grandchildren, his 30 great-grandchildren, his 7 step-children, 29 step-grandchildren and 6 step-great-grandchildren.

He enjoys family outings and parties and really likes to go deer hunting every fall with his sons.

At the 1952 Utah poultry convention in Salt Lake City, Oliver gave the President's report and among other things he quoted the Ten Commandments of success written by Charles M. Schwab. Oliver really lives these commandments to the best of his ability and suggests that they might be a help for others. They are (1) Work hard. Hard work is the best investment a man can make. (2) Study hard. Knowledge enables a man to work more intelligently and effectively. (3) Have initiative. Ruts often deepen into graves. (4) Love your work. Then you will find pleasure in mastering it. (5) Be exact. Slipshod methods bring only slipshod results. (6) Have the American Spirit of Conquest. Thus you can successfully battle with and overcome difficulty. (7) Cultivate personality. Personality is to a man what perfume is to a flower. (8) Help and share with others. The real test of business lies in giving opportunity to others. (9) Be democratic. Unless you feel right towards your fellow man you can never be a successful leader of men. (10) In all things do your best. The man who has done his best has done everything. The man who has done less than his best has done nothing.

His living children are: Mrs. Syrenus (Ethel) Wood, Spanish Fork; Arthur, who married Madge Wyler, Benjamin; Mrs Bruce (Elma) Willes, Benjamin; Bishop Bert, who married Mary Adamson, Lake Shore; Mrs. Joe (Erma) Horton, Richland Washington; Mrs. Leon (Dorthy) Lyke, Redlands, Calif; Bill, married to Norma Nell Straw, Palmyra; (living in the old home); Everett, married to Cleo Chapple, Palmyra.