

**THE ANCESTRAL HISTORY
OF
JOSEPHINE JENSEN BERRETT**





MABEL, JOSIE, BABY OGINDA



JOSIE JENSEN

"A RIVER OF WOMEN"

Josie often spoke of her ancestors who stood behind her as a "River of Women".

This history was compiled by Bonnie Berrett Dalton and Judy Ane Berrett who worked on this together for many years. As the last one left, I hope to pass this river on to Josie's progenitors in hopes it will provide inspiration and support especially during these challenging times as it has for me. Read it and feel the spirit of all these women and and the love of Bonnie and Judy who stand behind you. You may find yourself in some of these women.

JOSEPHINE MAUCHLEY BAUMAN



JOSEPHINE BAUMAN JENSEN



JOSEPHINE JENSEN BERRETT



an·ces·tor (ăn'sēs'tər) *n.* [ME *auncestre*
antecedere, to precede : *ante-*, before + *cedere*, to go
from whom one is descended, esp. if more than one
ent: **FOREFATHER**. **2.** One that goes before:

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JOSEPHINE JENSEN BERRETT

I was born in a log cabin – named Josephine because I was born on Joseph Smith's birthday, and also on the birthday of an older brother who passed away in infancy. Josephine is also a family name.

In 1904 my father built the frame house we moved into when I was two years old. It was built with big huge logs. My mother lathed and wallpapered the entire house. The children shared two bedrooms, with 3 in a bed.



I was five years old when my father left for his mission in 1907. I guess it was my turn in the family to have a special privilege as I went with my mother and father to Salt Lake where my father was to leave from. A couple of experiences I had while there remain vividly in my memory. The first one happened the day my father was to leave. We were staying with relatives by the name of Duffield and they lived very close to the heart of Salt Lake. Two of the older girls, Hazel and Ethel, wanted to take me for a walk, not knowing my father was to leave that day. While we were gone he had to leave without saying goodbye to me. I can remember how badly my mother felt and I did, too. The next incident happened several days later. We went out to Taylorsville, a little town south of Salt Lake, to visit some more relatives by the name of Bennion; they had a big family of boys, no girls. We were playing on the bank of a stream that was flowing through their property, when I lost my balance and fell in and got soaking wet. As we were only visiting here for a day we didn't have extra clothing, so they put boys' clothing on me. It was decidedly different than it is today as I was highly mortified and hated

being seen in boys' clothing; I didn't show myself until my clothing got dry.

Father was gone on his mission for two years; he converted his sister while there. Mother had an addition of a bathroom and pantry built on the house while he was gone.

I started school when I was only five years old, consequently I was always the youngest one in my class, I went to the elementary school which was five blocks away and came home for lunch. My kindergarten and first grade teacher was Miss Maggie Baer. Miss Friday was my second grade teacher, Miss Norman my third grade teacher, Miss Tanner, fourth grade, Mr. Joseph Campbell, (who was also my Bishop) fifth and sixth and Mr. A.E. Allen, principal, seventh and eighth grades.

Mr. Campbell was our Bishop, sort of a bombastic individual, well-liked and respected. I remember one time when someone upset him and as he was standing before the class, his face red and he said these words with great feeling, "Any boy that would let his Mother chop wood ought to be horsewhipped."

Mr. Allen was a small man physically and I remember him saying "Good things were done up in small packages." He taught school for many years; consequently he had all the children in many of the families in his class. Woe be unto the youngster who might have had a brother or sister before him who didn't do well in any way. And of course the opposite would happen if the pupil were bright and obedient. My older brothers and sisters must have been exemplary because I never had any trouble in his classes.

We had to walk about 5 blocks to school and it was cold in the winter. I remember one incident when I was in the 4th grade. This day I was so anxious to go out for recess, I had a piece of paper in my hand. When the recess bell rang, I threw it in the air. When the teacher asked who threw it I had to confess and consequently had to stay in for recess.

I don't remember being sick in my childhood years except on one occasion while my father was on his mission. My older brother, Jesse, went to the barber shop and while there the barber noticed the breaking out and said he didn't know what it was. Jesse went on to a dance and exposed the whole town. The next morning he came down with smallpox. My mother said, "If I ever prayed, I prayed that no one else in the town would get it." As it turned out no one did. Of course we always felt that was an answer to her prayers. We all now know it could have been the wrong time. The Doctor came and vaccinated us all but we all got it anyway. I had it so bad I couldn't even hold a spoon, but I was lucky not to have been scarred at all. I remember having mumps on one side.

My father had an intense interest in reading. I remember especially the incident of the Sinking of the Titanic. He used to sing songs to us. I can remember sitting on his lap and hearing him sing "The Bear Went Over the Mountain" over and over. I could just see that big bear lumbering over a big hill.

I can remember once Oginda and I had a spat over a doll. Mother came outside and gave her a spanking, the only one I ever remember her administering. I felt so bad about that, I'm sure even worse than Oginda did.

Money was very scarce. When we wanted candy or treats we would take an egg or two to the store and trade them for what we wanted. We would also trade eggs for groceries. I remember when I was about twelve I had only one dress. How I hated it after so many weeks.

There was an irrigation canal that ran along one side of our property. In the

summer we swam in it and in winter we skated on it. We used old dresses for swim suits, but always had a lot of fun. My father planted trees all along the sidewalk and we girls had to carry water for them from the canal by the bucketful every day all summer long.

We had a great orchard: apples, pears, pie cherries, peaches, currants, gooseberries, dewberries, raspberries, snow apples and jonathans. Snow apples were very white inside and very delicious; the kids at school always asked us to bring some. We also had a great big vegetable garden. The children would have to take turns to weed and irrigate it.

I learned to play Rock-a-bye-Baby all on the black keys on the piano. Aunt Oginda felt bad because she was studying music and I had always wanted to take lessons and was the only one who didn't get lessons.

My sister Edith and Aunt Lindy wanted to know how my father got a mustache. He said it was easy, "just put my face under a water hydrant and it would grow."

My mother would make a freezer full of homemade ice cream on the 24th of July. The kids especially looked forward to that celebration.

I think we had more fun in the wintertime. The snow used to be so high it covered the fences. There were two hills near our place, one block away, a short, steep hill we called Bitters Hill which gave us a wild sleigh ride for a block and one half. The other hill was a dug way and we would take a schooner that would hold 6 or 8 kids and walk up to the top which would give us about a 4 block ride. What a thrill! This was somewhat dangerous as it was a road traveled by cars and horse drawn vehicles.

I remember going to see relatives in a bob sleigh. We would put hay on the bottom, then quilts and warm bricks. We visited the Mauchleys in Millville and Olsens in College Ward. It was always a lot of fun. The sleigh was pulled by two horses and driven by Vern.

We also had a cutter, pulled by one horse, mostly used by the older boys to go courting. The story of my Uncle Frank's courtship was so romantic to me. He used to bring his fiance to see us in this sporty cutter drawn by a beautiful black horse. His fiance's name was Avo. They finally broke up because he was LDS and she was Catholic. Neither would give up their religion. He joined the army and married late in life and had a very happy marriage.

We had several horses, one especially I remember. We called her Shorty. She was so fat, 4 or 5 of us kids could ride her at once, except when one of the neighborhood girls, Afton Bissiger, would be one. She couldn't ever stay on and would end up pulling us all off.

We also had some sheep. One was real mean and we'd play a game with it. Some of us would get on the corral fence and others would get on a fence some distance away. As soon as we'd get a little distance away from the fence, the sheep would come pell-mell after us. Then the ones on the other fence would venture out and the sheep would go after them. We'd have to struggle to get back to our home fence before the sheep caught up to us and bunted us.

Christmas was always a lot of fun. We made most of our decorations for the Christmas tree, starting early in December: chains, lanterns, popcorn and cranberries and popcorn balls. The actual trimming of the tree was done by my mother and older sisters and brothers. We weren't allowed in the parlor until the festivities began. The tree was always in the center of the room.

My brother-in-law (Edith's husband) had a huge strawberry farm and I spent several seasons picking strawberries. The year the flu was so bad, schools were closed and my sister Oginda and I went down to College Ward to my Uncle Jim's and Aunt Lindy's to top beets. We stayed with them for several weeks and each earned about \$40. When we went home we got a Sears Catalog and picked out Christmas presents for the entire family spending the entire \$40. Many's the time I topped beets in the snow and freezing weather. I also herded cows, tromped hay, thinned beets. I would have to take the cows out to our farm before school and go back after school to bring them home. I had to weed and water vegetables. My father died when I was 9 years old. My mother was Postmistress for many years and I had to help there. She was also a practical nurse and helped with every baby that came into the world for many years in our town of Providence. She would cook and clean and wash dirty diapers and help in every way. Mother would go help nurse a woman in the morning, then go to the post office, on lunch hour go help her again, go back to the post office and then go help her at night. She would receive \$5 for delivering the baby and care for the mother for two weeks. We all had to help at home, too. We would come home to a cold house, build a fire and fix dinner. It was a real treat to come home from school and find mother there and a nice warm house.

One time I was walking home from school with a friend when we saw some apples that had fallen off a tree inside a fence. We crawled through the fence and each of us got one, not giving a thought that we were stealing. Suddenly the door of the house opened and Sister Marler, a slender little lady came out on the porch and got after us. The worst part came when she asked us who our parents were. I just hated to tell her who I was. I was so ashamed.

Mother also taught a religion class after school for many years – I guess that was something like Seminary.

My mother was working on her genealogy. When she finished it one night, she had a dream giving her all the information she had been searching for.

She also worked in the Relief Society and was an active of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

Mother never did skimp on books for us. Christmas was always a delight as there was always a good book to read and I can still remember some of the sets she bought for us.

My mother's favorite songs were "Whispering Hope" and "The Little Grey Home in the West." I can still hear her singing them.

Mother's motto was "wear it out, do without, use it up" a quote from Brigham Young. She was very frugal. She kept my father on a mission and was also able to keep things going at home with 6 children and in addition made some additions to our home – a bathroom and pantry and porch.

One time in Mother's career as a postmistress, one or two of the town's fathers decided they wanted to make Providence 3rd class and so that would necessitate the postmaster taking a civil service examination. They thought they ought to have an educated woman so they picked out a school teacher whom they wanted to have this job. Most of the townspeople were mad at them. But when the test was over, Mother came out with the highest mark.

I remember some things about the division of our ward in Providence. We were

in the 2nd Ward and had to move out of the chapel. We met in the town pavilion until we could build our own chapel. I remember one class I was in. I must have been quite small because we were sitting in a circle on little chairs. I remember not wanting to sit by two girls who were sisters because they always pinched me. Then I remembered moving to the basement of the chapel they were building for our ward, where I had my first job in the church. It was teaching in the Sunday School. And then I was secretary of the MIA, then assistant Beekeeper helping Winona Campbell.

Father was a very happy man. There was only one time that I remember him being mad. I was swinging on the screen door. He told me to quit and I didn't and so he spoke very sternly to me.

I guess the most important incident of my growing up years was my father's death. I remember several things about it very clearly. His occupation was farming but he, like most of the men in the town, worked at the Amalgamated Sugar Company during beet harvesting time. Four or five of the men would ride together in a white top biggie. It had two seats, a white top and was drawn by two horses. It was a Tuesday morning on May 10th. My father was helping harness the horses in front of a neighbor's (Leon Mathews) house, preparatory to going to work, when another neighbor came by on a horse and the two horses started kicking each other. My father was the victim of one of their kicks. I remember well when they brought him home, screaming with pain. I was asleep in the upstairs bedroom. We had a neighbor, Brother Jones, I can still remember what he looked like. There was something wrong with his upper lip and he always wore a white bandage around his head over his lip. I remember how upset Mother was at him as he was always ordering us children out of the bedroom where Father was. He died Thursday morning, May 12th. I remember my mother putting her arms around me and asking me what I was going to do without a father.

Another incident I remember. Mr. Quinney (I later worked for him), an official of the Sugar Company, took Mother in another room and gave her a check for \$100. That seemed like a fortune then.

I don't remember much about the funeral except there were a lot of people there and so many good things said about him. It was the first meeting held in our new 2nd Ward meeting house. One of the things I remember thinking was why our Heavenly Father would take our father away from us when he was such a good man and we needed him so much, and then the thought came to me, "why should we question Him?" Maybe he was kind to take him in his zenith (he was 49 years old). He could have something worse happen to him. Looking back over our life I can see how this did help us all to grow. I'm sure it has helped me to discover at an early age that there isn't any obstacle we can't overcome if we put our minds to it and this feeling has helped me to meet with courage the many problems we've had to face.

When my father died my mother had the estate probated. She gave my oldest brother and sister each a building lot, Edith's on the east of us and Jesse's on the south. We had some property in Millville which Mother sold to John Stauffer, our neighbor, and divided the proceeds amongst the rest of us. Melvin and Joyce Bitters later lived in the family home.

A few months after Father died, my mother sent my brother, Jess, on a mission to the Southern States. Jesse had received his mission call before Father's death and many questioned whether he should go at this time in view of the circumstances. Mother

insisted that Jesse should fulfill his missionary call and said: "If the Lord needs Jesse to preach the Gospel, we'll surely find a way to manage here at home and keep him on his mission." My mother would never accept money from the church. My brother Vern didn't get to go on a mission. He had to go and fight in World War I. He was badly injured, came home and then went to California to recuperate.

One of the highlights of my early life was our yearly camp out trip in the summer to Blacksmith Fork Canyon. We always went with Uncle Andrew and Aunt Emma's family (Aunt Emma was my mother's sister.) I remember one trip that our father was with us and we were just getting unloaded when someone shouted "rattle snake" and all the men gathered around a bush with sticks and clubs and finally succeeded in killing it. But I worried all the time we were there for fear its mate would appear on the scene (that's what I had been told). One time a storm blew up in the night and I woke up lying in a pool of water. Another time my brother, Vern, was driving the team that was pulling a wagon. Uncle Andrew was sitting on a seat next to him with one of his children on his lap. The road was rough and rocky and when the wagon went over a particular rocky place, my uncle and child fell out and landed on a pile of rocks, my uncle on top of the little boy. We were all so afraid of possible serious injury but luckily no one was seriously hurt.

I was teacher in Sunday School for several years of small children. I was M.I.A. secretary and also assistant in the Bee Hive class.

I've paid tithing as long as I can remember.

My mother was a sweet, gentle person but she also had great strength of character. No problem was too great for her to tackle. She became proficient in three different occupations, practical nursing, postmistress and paper hanging, besides the usual garden work and overseeing a family of six.

Mother was also President of Primary in the new 2nd ward for many years. I remember one primary day the Primary Stake President from Logan came over to see mother before primary. She found Mother out in the garden picking raspberries. She was a very fancy lady, Sister Eccles, but she stayed out in the garden until mother was finished. She owned a beautiful electric car (automobiles were very rare in those days) and she had her chauffeur give all of us children a ride all over Providence while he was waiting for her. All the kids in our ward were envious. What an experience – I thought I was in heaven.

I went to the B.Y.C in Logan, Utah; it was four years of high school and two years of college. I quit after 3 ½ years so I could take care of myself and get a job. There were some teachers there who had an effect on my life. One was my second year English teacher. My time spent there was a total waste. He was so easy-going; I don't remember ever completing an assignment. I went to class more often unprepared than prepared and at the end of the year he gave me an A. I couldn't believe it! Thank goodness my third year English was exactly the opposite. I wouldn't ever dare go to his class unprepared. He was a perfectionist and worked so hard to put a little sense in our feeble minds. His name was Mr. Christensen and I later learned he had a disease that was slowly taking his life; how I did appreciate him. Another teacher that helped me a lot was my Algebra teacher, Mr. Kemp. It seemed that the subject of Algebra scared those who were just entering high school. Everyone talked about it and seemed to be afraid of it. When Mr. Kemp gave his first test after he had been teaching it for a month or so,

every student failed it, so he spent one whole period lecturing about attitudes. I remember well one sentence he used over and over which was "Algebra is easy when one uses his common sense." Well he was right because I had no further trouble. I remember helping some of my classmates who were still having trouble.

I can remember just before I finished high school, which was after my third year. I wanted to finish and graduate but inasmuch as my father had passed away years ago and my mother was the sole bread winner, I felt I was needed to help support the family. I began to worry about whether I would be able to hold a job. It was a difficult time in my life. My first job was with Fannesbeck Knitting Mills where I was hired as a mailing clerk. I had to fill all the salesmen's orders, wrap, address and put them in the mail. I remember one day, the post master (post office was next door) and my boss were walking past my desk and Mr. Fannesbeck said to the post master, "there's a girl that never makes a mistake." Right after that he dismissed his stenographer and promoted me to her place. I was just getting used to this new job when my brother Vern, who worked for the Amalgamated Sugar Company, got me a much better job in the chemistry department of the sugar company in Lewiston, Utah, about 20 miles north of Providence. As this only lasted during the harvesting of beets in the fall (about 3 or 4 months) I was then out of a job but for only about a month. Mr. Tom Bowden was made cashier and he offered me a job as his secretary which was a full time job.

I remember riding the Interurban to work every day in the summer, but during the fall when the campaign was on, that was the busiest time. I would stay with a family, Cassie and Ronald Campbell. They had two little girls. I remember an incident that happened in the summer. I had just bought a ticket book that reduced my fare on the Interurban. The first time I used it I forgot and left it on the train. The conductor was quite concerned; he was the same one on every morning and I got well acquainted with him. He remembered a fellow that was on the train that morning and he took it upon himself to go quite a way out of his way and confronted the man with his suspicions. The man was taken unaware and readily gave the conductor the ticket book. Needless to say I was relieved and grateful.

I worked for Mr. Bowden for awhile. He was transferred to Ogden where the headquarters of the sugar company was located. They replaced him with Mr. Beveridge. Then later Mr. Roland Emmett who was cashier of the district office at Logan called Mr. Beveridge and wanted me to come and work in the district office but he didn't want to let me go. Later Mr. Emmett called me and told me what was happening and that I would surely be transferred as Mr. Beveridge was being let out. It was much better for me because I then could live at home. When I finally arrived at the Logan office I found I was to be secretary of the district office and would be replacing a long time and very efficient secretary of Mr. Sam Christensen, the district manager. Needless to say I was scared. But from then until I was married I did all of Mr. Christensen's work as well as Mr. Emmett's and the Superintendent and the Agriculture Superintendent. Mr. Christensen was let out and Pres. Joseph Quinney took his place. I was making \$135.00 a month when other stenographers and secretaries in the area, banks, etc., were making \$60 to \$90. I had very enjoyable working conditions and made many friends.

Floyd and I met for the first time when I went to Salt Lake by way of the Interurban to visit my relatives, the Batemans. They had a large family of 10 children. Wanda and Evelyn Bateman came in from West Jordan, where they lived, to pick me up.

On the way back to West Jordan we stopped at a little bakery or some such in Murray to get a piece of pie. We had just stopped when another car drove up beside us with 3 fellows in it: Alden and Floyd (Ted) Berrett and Frank Tucker. Alden was going with Evelyn. Frank had been going with Wanda (they had a breaking up at this time). Somehow dates were arranged for the next night. I never knew until later that Ted and Frank tossed a coin to see who would take me. Floyd won. Our first date was a picnic; it was then I became a little interested.

From then on it was off and on. He later went to the Agricultural College in Logan and we dated while he was there. But we both dated others.



We got married in the Logan Temple on August 7, 1929. Our country went through a great recession starting in that year. I don't remember it being too tough and yet we had to struggle. The small savings we had in a Sugar House bank were wiped out when the bank closed. Everyone was advising not to bring children in this world that was in such bad shape. Floyd was working for the Granite Hardware as manager of the paint department. We were paid by the week and by the time the end of the week rolled around we were lucky to have beans. Someone gave us two tickets for a movie, but we had to accompany them with 10 cents each, which we didn't have. After unsuccessfully trying to extract two dimes from our piggy bank we finally gave up and went out to Ted's parents place to enjoy their hospitality.

I had two miscarriages before Frank was born and we were, naturally, overjoyed when he came along and we were overjoyed when he came along. He was one month premature and we were staying at the time in the little house that we built for a garage at

Maxims For The Married

The very nearest approach to domestic happiness on earth, is the cultivation of absolute unselfishness.

Never both be angry at once.

Never talk at one another, alone or in company.

Never speak loud to one another unless the house is on fire.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of one another.

Let self denial be the daily aim and practice of each.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain a fault has been committed, and always speak lovingly.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Never allow a request to be repeated.

Neglect the whole world, rather than one another.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence.

Never meet without a loving welcome.

Never let the sun go down upon anger or grievance.

Never let any fault you have committed go by until you have confessed and asked forgiveness.

Never forget the happy hours of early love.

Never sigh over what might have been, but make the most of it.

Never forget that marriage is ordained of God, and that His blessing alone can make it what it should be.



Ted's parents' home while they were on a trip to the Yellowstone with Verdis and Erin. Ted was selling paint at Fullers in Salt Lake. Ted was selling paint in Salt Lake. I began to have labor pains early in the afternoon. Ted's niece, Beth (Eva's daughter) was staying with us and we did not have a telephone. I had to go to Tuckers about ½ mile away to call Ted. Beth was staying with us and not having a telephone, I had her go up to Tuckers (about ½ mile away) to call Ted. He happened to be waiting on a customer when he received the call and he suddenly left the customer, jumped over the counter and was on his way. Frank didn't appreciate his dad's concern and haste because he didn't finally arrive until 5 a.m. the next morning. He weighed only 5 pounds. I found a little poem that described him. I used to sing it to him when he was little and have kept it all these years. It follows:

There's nothing on this earth
That could describe your worth
My 'leven pounds of heaven
I know the angels cried
The day you left their side
My 'leven pounds of heaven
You've got your mother's eyes
You've got your daddy's nose
You're mighty like a rose
You've made life complete
Gee but you're awful sweet
My 'leven pounds of heaven



We later intended to build a house on Ted's parents' property but we never did. Frank was blessed by his father in the Union Ward and baptized by a full-time Elder in Queen Anne baptismal in Seattle.

Jeanne and Janice, the twin girls were born when Frank was 16 ½ months old. They were two months premature and were not strong enough to survive. One lived 12 hours and the other one 24 hours. We lived in the house on Dearborn that we were renting and I remember wondering how I could have taken care of three babies as Frank was barely walking. Nevertheless it was a heart breaking experience as I didn't even get to see them. I think of them often and look forward to the time when I can raise them.

Their names were Jeanne and Janice. Ted's sisters made their clothes and everyone told me how sweet they looked. They were blessed and given a name in the LDS hospital and buried in the Murray Cemetery.

A year and a half later when Bonnie arrived, we were really ready for her and so happy she was a girl. She had pretty dark brown eyes like her daddy's and so easy to take care of. (Floyd used to call her peaches and cream and Bonnie Brown Eyes) We were living then in a little brick house on 2504 Dearborn Avenue in Sugar House which we had bought for \$2500. Bonnie had one bad week of colic but after that she settled down and slept well most of the time. Her allergies began to appear when I tried to introduce orange juice in her diet but we were able to control it to a degree. When she was a child she was beset with stomach aches and we always had to get her to the Doctor to rule out appendicitis. Finally the Doctor diagnosed her trouble as allergy to certain foods: chocolate, nuts, beans, citrus fruits. We didn't have much trouble after that.

My sister, Velda, came down to help me when I returned from the hospital (they kept us in for 10 days, the doctor charged \$50). Velda was just there a few days when we got word my mother had died. My grandmother and mother were very close and my grandmother had died the previous February. I feel sure my mother just gave up when my grandmother died, just waited long enough to see my baby born. Bonnie was blessed by Apostle Hugh B. Brown in the Sugar House Ward. Dr. Nebeker was the Doctor for Frank, the twins and Bonnie.



The year 1935 had its toll on our family. In February, my grandmother Bauman died, Edith's son Arvel, died April 29th of a heart attack, my mother died in May, and Jesse's daughter, Donna died of kidney trouble in June.

A big change came in our lives when Bonnie was about 5 months old. In 1935, Ted's friend, Mr. MacKinley, was transferred to Portland, Oregon and wanted him to go with him. So we were off on a new adventure. This was quite a move to make. The people we sold the house we were living in on Dearborn Avenue to wanted to move in a whole month before, so we had to store our furniture and go and live with Ted's parents until it was time to go. Bonnie was only 5 months old

A few years later Fullers transferred him to Seattle, Washington where he was made Sales Manager of the Pacific Northwest. When we first arrived in Seattle in the fall of 1939, we tried to find the address of the church. We were told it was on University Way but we drove up and down repeatedly and couldn't find anything near the number we were given that looked like a church. We finally contacted a member and found our ward (University Ward) was meeting upstairs in Sallie Sue's School of Dancing. Just previous to our arrival they had made a stake out of what had been a district and President Alec Brown was made Stake President, and Frank Parry was made Bishop of our ward, University Ward. It was quite an experience to sit in church and view glamorous pictures of dancing girls in their glittering costumes. (I often wondered what went through the minds of the children). Little did we realize that in forty years there would be enough members here to warrant a temple to be built here.

I had two more miscarriages while were living at 3001 East 97th. Then we moved to Monroe and I became pregnant and was threatened with another miscarriage. A good lady, Sister Gillis, in the church came up and helped us. President and Sister Payne came up one Sunday and President Payne gave me a wonderful blessing. After that I felt much better and didn't have any more trouble. Ted and Cliff Foxton were co-owners of a hardware store and that summer they decided to dissolve the partnership. We moved back to Seattle and bought a little house on Palatine Avenue where we were living when Judy was born. Dr. Philip Smith was the doctor that brought her into the world.



Judy had a lot of curly black hair and eyes and was as beautiful baby. Ted's boss, Mr. Butler, came to the house to see her, he couldn't get over her, he said she looked like a "little China Dresden doll." (Floyd used to call her Little Princess).

Judy was a few months old when we sold the house and moved to a place on 8040 19th Ave. N.E. where we lived until we built our home on 13624 4th Ave. N.E.

There was a long space between Bonnie and Judy and I did long for another baby. I spent lots of time browsing in baby departments and wishing. When Judy came she

completely fulfilled my needs. I was then 43 years old and thankful for this wonderful blessing.

At one point, all of my sisters and my brother Vernal had sons who were in bishoprics:

Edith	son Melvin , counselor in bishopric
Mabel	son Preston, bishop
Vernal	son Howard, bishop
Josie	son Frank, bishop
Oginda	son Jay, counselor in bishopric
Velda	son Robert, bishop

Ted was made Industrial Sales Manager for Fullers in 1951 for Pacific Northwest and Alaska.

The man we bought the property from in Lynnwood wanted us to trade a cabin he owned on _____ River at Mt Si for it. When we (Ted, Bonnie, Judy and I) went up to look at it, all were in favor of the transaction but me, and I could see the cabin become a temptation to spend too many weekends there. So we decided to look around for a lot without a cabin. Nearby we found these 4 lots on the river and we interested our three good friends, Boyacks, Ellis' and Skidmores in buying them with us for \$600 each. That was the best money we ever spent. It is hard to describe the many good camping trips and also the barbecue salmon festivals. The children all have many memories to cherish of our activities there. Carol Skidmore suggested a name: Ber-Skid-El-Bo and the name stuck. By the way, Merrill Ellis moved to St. George and didn't have any use for it so he sold his lot for \$19,500.

I was President of the Stake Relief Society at the time we went to Salt Lake to sing in the Tabernacle at General Conference, September 9, 1966. All of the Singing Chorus' in our stake were invited to sing and when we counted noses at the time we were ready to go we found not a singer missing, and what a thrill for us all to be able to sing in the Tabernacle. Dr. Florence Madsen was the leader and she came up to Seattle to practice several times.

There was a man (a widowed older missionary) on a full-time mission in our area. He frequented our home where he gave us many spiritual experiences. At one time he gave us an unusual story. He related a story Apostle Romney told in one of his talks. He said he had a great personal problem. He made it a practice of fasting one day a week over a long period of time. At that time the missionaries were working with a family who had some habits that were hard to lick. When Apostle Romney was filling a mission he found himself working with a family that were having a hard time getting rid of some bad habits that were keeping them from baptizing. So the A.P started a routine of fasting one day a week. This lasted quite a long time.

Church Positions:

Sunday School Teacher	- Providence 1 st Ward
MIA Secretary	
MIA Assistant Bee Keeper	(helping Winona Campbell)
MIA Beehive Teacher	- Providence 2 nd Ward
Primary Teacher	- _____ Ward in Sugar House
Primary President	- Portland, Killingsworth District

RS Secretary	- Seattle University Ward	
MIA Beehive Leader	with Clara Santelman	
MIA Junior Girls Leader	- Seattle University Ward with Lydia Boyack	
MIA First Counselor	- Seattle University Ward, Gladys Linkous, President	
RS Social Relations Teacher	- Seattle Fifth Ward	
MIA Gleaners Teacher	- Seattle Fifth Ward	
MIA President	- Seattle Fifth Ward	
RS Counselor	- Seattle Fifth Ward	
RS Social Relations Teacher	- Seattle Fifth Ward and Stake	
RS President	- North Seattle Stake March 26, 1962 – January 4,	

1966

Gospel Doctrine Teacher	- Seattle Tenth Ward	
Missionary	- London South Mission	1969-70
RS Social Relations Leader	- Weston Ward, Boston Stake	
RS Mother Education Teacher	Seattle Tenth Ward	
Book of Mormon Stories Leader	- Jr. Sunday School	

Homes Lived in During Married Life:

Sugarhouse, Granite Apartments, Ted managed the apartments for rent which was \$25.00 per month

A man Ted knew had a house on Walker's Lane, south of Sugar House and wanted someone to live in it and take care of yard, etc. for rent, so we lived there for a short time.

Ted changed jobs and went to work for Fullers, and he wanted to get a little closer to Salt Lake, so we moved to an apartment in Salt Lake for a few months.

We then moved to Mrs. Sorensen's basement apartment, 1978 Douglas Street, in 1931.

We decided we wanted to build a house on the Berrett homestead, so we decided to build a garage first and live in it while we were building a house. Frank was born while we lived in the garage. At this time Ted was on the Road for Fullers with a territory in Southern Utah and east as far as Grand Junction, Colorado.

Then Fullers transferred him to the vicinity of Salt Lake to take over the industrial accounts and he decided we should move closer to Salt Lake.

So we sold our garage to Thirza and Wally moved into Sugar House at 2517 Dearborn. The twins were born while we lived here.

We then bought a brick house across the street at 2504 Dearborn Ave.

Three bedrooms, dining room, living room, full basement and fenced-in backyard especially for our little toddler, Frank. The first day we moved in, Frank climbed over the fence and there went our security.

Bonnie was born while we lived here. My grandmother, mother, nephew Arvel Bitters, niece Donna Jensen all passed away in 1935.

We sold this home for \$2500 in 1935.

We were transferred to Portland and moved there in the fall of 1935. We rented a house at 3741 23rd North East, Portland for \$37.50 per month.

We lived there for a year and a half.

We moved to a rental house on 5533 North Minnesota in the Killingsworth district of Portland. We lived there until we were transferred to Seattle in September, 1939.

We rented a house at 329 76th Avenue in Seattle for a few months.

That same year, 1939, we bought a house at 3001 East 97th in Seattle from Herman Campbell for \$3250. We sold it June 1945 for \$8500, at which time Ted left Fullers and went into business with Cliff Foxton in a hardware company in Monroe, Utah.

In 1945 moved to Monroe and lived in a farming district for a year. Then Cliff bought Ted out and dissolved the partnership. By this time the situation at Fullers had improved considerably. Mr. Byron Butler and Dick Emery, his old bosses in Salt Lake were transferred to Seattle and Ted went Back to work at Fullers.

When we moved back to Seattle we bought a little house on 9553 Palatine for \$6350 and lived there until Judy was born (Oct. 1946). We then sold it to Johnny Johnson for \$7500.

Then we moved to a house at 8040 19th N.E. in Seattle and rented it until we could have our own house built.

In June of 1949 we moved into our house on 13624 4th Ave. N.E. in Haller Lake district of Seattle. We lived there for almost 30 years. Ted had a stroke in October of 1975 and when it became too difficult to keep up we sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Maples for \$5400.

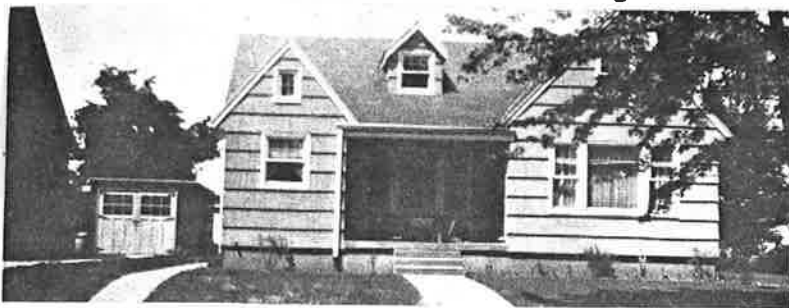
We then moved to a condominium at 13229 Linden North #201 in the Bitter Lake area of Seattle.

Property Purchases:

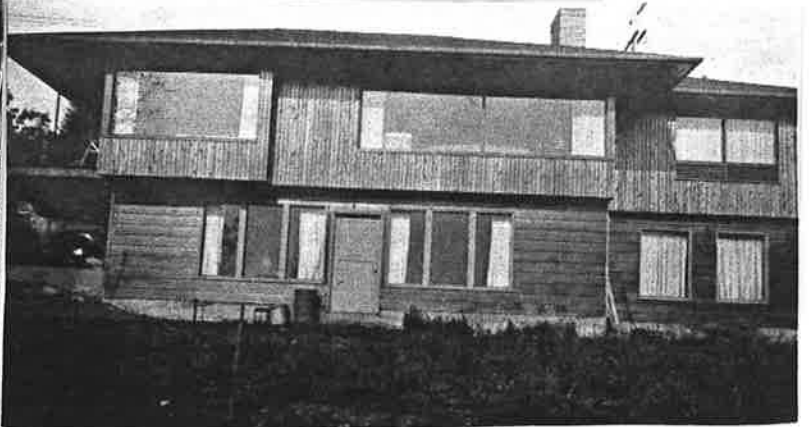
We bought 10 acres in Snohomish County, Alderwood Manor from Alice And Norman C. Morton for \$3850.

We bought property at Lynnwood for \$1000 on October 10, 1947. We sold It in April of 1954 for \$3850. It was a mistake to sell because of how the land developed in future years.

Bought Herron Island March 22, 1960.
Sorrento Hotel with George Mortensen



3741 N.E. 23rd Portland



BONNIE AND OGINDA



PATRIARCHAL BLESSING – JOSEPHINE JENSEN

May 20, 1919

Blessing No. 661 given by Patriarch J.E. Quibell May 20, 1919 upon the head of Josephine Jensen, daughter of Neils Jensen and Josephine Bauman Jensen, born 23rd of December 1902, Providence, Cache County, Utah

Sister Josephine Jensen, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ in the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I have placed my hands upon your head to give unto you a patriarchal blessing and I bless you, dear sister, with all the blessings that will be for your good and preservation, that you may fill your noble mission that was appointed thee ere thou left thy primeval abode and I say unto thee for thy comfort that thou hast kept thy first estate, hence, thou hast been added upon and if thou art faithful in keeping thy second estate, thou shalt have glory added upon thy head forever and ever and to this end thou hast been privileged to tabernacle in the flesh in the greatest of all dispensations. Therefore, seek the Lord earnestly in the days of thy youth and all shall be well with thee. Thy lineage is of the House of Israel of the seed of Joseph, through the loins of Ephraim. And through thy faithfulness and lineage, you have a legal and lawful claim upon all the rights and privileges and blessings of the daughters of Zion. Therefore, I charge thee to be faithful and get into communion with the Holy Spirit and He shall lead and guide thee into all truth and cause thee to fill thy mission with honor as an hand maiden of the Lord and as a mother in Israel to bear the souls of men, heirs to the Holy Priesthood and to the blessings of the fathers Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the multiplicity of their seed through time and all eternity. And to this end thou art born upon the earth in this particular dispensation. Run not with the giddy multitude who throng the road to death but be thou wise in thy day and time. Shun the appearance of evil and all shall be well with thee and thou shalt have oil in thy vessel and in thy lamp when the bridegroom cometh. Heed the councils of thy mother, then shall the Holy Ghost be thy constant companion and be a light to thy feet and as a lamp to thy path. This is the blessing of the mighty God of Jacob that I pronounce and seal upon you by the authority of the Holy Priesthood and seal you up against the power of the destroyer, that you may not fall, notwithstanding the hour of tribulation that shall come upon thee. And if thou desirest with all thine heart and thy faith faileth thee not, it shall be thy privilege to live upon the earth until thy redeemer cometh and this is the word of the Lord unto thee by the mouth of his servant. Therefore be humble and obedient and thou shalt eat of the good of the land of Zion all thy days and I seal this blessing upon thee through the faithfulness and strict adherence to the duties that will be enjoined upon thee from this time forth. Therefore, prepare thine heart and follow the councils of the Holy Priesthood that shall be imparted unto thee and all these blessings, with others that thou canst not at this time understand, shall come unto thee, for I seal this blessing upon thine head by the authority of the Holy Priesthood.

In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen

REMINISCING ABOUT OUR HOME IN PROVIDENCE, UTAH

By Oginda Jensen Andersen, sister of Josephine Jensen Berrett

In 1904, our home in Providence, Cache County, Utah was built by Father, Niels Jensen, and a neighbor. It was built especially for Mother to care for the children born to

her. It was made of huge logs hauled from the canyons above us. Two sides of each log were sawed off lengthwise so they became flat on those sides and they were laid one on top of the other and the ends were cut in such a way so the logs locked together at the corners to make them secure. Two by one-inch boards were nailed vertically to the logs two feet apart. Then it was completely lathed, and plaster was added to cover the boards and make a smooth surface for the inside walls. The older members of the family also assisted in the building and Mother did most of the lathing in the rooms. The exterior of the house was wood frame and the roof shingled. It was truly a family effort and when it was finally occupied on November 16, 1904, it was declared to be one of the more strong, durable structures in the area.

My parents had previously been living in a small log cabin adjacent to the new house, which Father had bought from his own parents when they moved to Idaho, and so the new home was greatly appreciated as it provided needed conveniences and space. I was the first to be born in this new home and it fairly well accommodated the needs of its eight occupants: Father and Mother (Niels and Josephine B. Jensen); two brothers, (Jesse and Vernal); three sisters, (Edith, Mabel, Josephine, nicknamed Josie); and myself (Oginda). My sister, (Velda) was born in 1910 and the family members were greatly pleased with this new arrival. My parents were fortunate to have been able to raise seven children of the nine born to them; two baby boys, Joseph and Alma, having died in infancy.

It was decided to paint the new house blue, with white trim. It consisted of a kitchen, bedroom, parlor, and closet downstairs, with two bedrooms, closets and attic space upstairs. Later a front porch, pantry and bathroom were added. The bathroom was not plumbed, neither was it heated. We bathed twice each week in a round, galvanized tub which was placed on the kitchen floor beside the coal stove, and warm water was put into the tub from a reservoir attached to the side of the stove. We draped the chairs surrounding the tub with blankets to provide some semblance of privacy. It took the combined efforts of three girls in the family to empty the water from the tub out through the back door. No one relished the idea of bathing in "used" water, so the ritual began all over again for each one. We had a most profuse, lovely flower garden of wild rose bushes and holly hocks adjacent to the kitchen door, irrigated solely from the water emptied from our bath tub. In winter time the bath water had to be carried a considerable distance to avoid a frozen icy entrance to our door. When "mother nature" called, we trod the little path quite some distance southeast to the outhouse containing seating accommodations for two and well-provided with Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues.

Our kitchen stove was something of a novelty. I think more discussions were held around it and on top of its sturdy oven door than were held around any great conference table. I have known as many as four adults to stand on its sturdy oven door at one time to warm themselves. Summer or winter, the kitchen range was in constant use – in preparing food to eat, canning vegetables and fruits for the winter months, heating the irons to iron the clothes we wore, warming the bricks to take to bed to keep us warm at night, and of course, it provided the heat to keep that particular part of the house comfortable during the winter. Truly, some of the happiest times of my childhood were spent while we surrounded the faithful coal stove with our family members, friends and neighbors.

A shed to the east of the house contained the coal and wood used for the kitchen range and the heaters in other parts of the house, and it was Jesse's and Vernal's chore to see that kindling wood was cut and the coal buckets kept filled and placed near the stoves. In the shanty was a small stove to heat water to wash our clothes, and after a period of cleaning the clothes by rubbing them up and down on a washboard set in a tub of water, we later were able to obtain a wooden washing machine, on which we took turns pulling a handle back and forth to keep the agitator turning to clean the clothes in the machine. That was a real muscle building experience as it took 200 pulls of the handle for each load of clothes. For a small favor in return, we oftentimes could get Jesse and Vernal to take a turn at this job. Mother made and dried the soap used to wash our clothes. It contained a good deal of lye and was made into squares for easier shaving into small sizes which would dissolve quickly when put in water.

Father had been doing farm work on rented property and at one time moved to Benson, Utah to operate a farm there, but times were hard and prices received for produce did not cover the needs of his growing family, so he returned to Providence and found employment at the Amalgamated Sugar Factory, located West of town, to supplement his income. He was then able to buy a twelve acre farm in Millville, Utah, on which he raised sugar beets, alfalfa, and wheat, mostly. He acquired some additional farm animals – cows, horses, sheep and Mother saw to it that we had chickens and a vegetable garden, with bush berries and a few fruit trees so we were provided with food the year round. She wasted nothing. She dried apples, pears, plums, and also canned them, or made them into preserves, jellies, and juices. The green beans were kept in a salt brine in a crock pot; the corn dried, and the cabbage made into sauerkraut. Potatoes, carrots, onions, squash and apples were stored in a dirt cellar beneath our "shanty," as we called it, which was a small structure built a few feet to the rear of our house and joined by a board walk-way. Harvesting time was a busy season. Our brothers dug the vegetables and stored them in the cellar. They picked the fruit and also helped with the farm work and the livestock, while we girls helped Mother in her numerous efforts to store food.

Since we also had beehives, the honey was kept in the shanty while still in the honeycombs as taken from the hives, later to be strained and stored. It was a great treat to put in our mouths big spoonfuls of this honeycomb, enjoy the taste of the wonderfully fresh sweet honey, and then chew the wax from the honeycomb. It was better than gum. We had to be careful to see that a bee was not still in the honeycomb before putting it in our mouths. On one occasion Mother unknowingly put a bee in her mouth with the honeycomb and was stung so badly that we thought she might have her breath cut off from the swelling. It required the quick services of a doctor to relieve her and it proved to be a real scary experience.

Once when it was time to bring in the honey for storage, Mother hired Hyrum Bitters, a professional bee man, among other things, to do the job. When he arrived donned in a hat with a rather broad rim, around the edge of which was sewn a mesh material, gathered in pretty firm around the neck to keep the bees from biting him on the neck and head, Vernal became quite intrigued about the procedure required in getting the honey from the hives. He decided to go with Hyrum to watch and so they went toward the hives. Vernal was told to stop at a presumable safe distance from the hives and was cautioned not to make any abrupt movements or sounds. Hyrum carefully removed the

top from one beehive and began to put his hands into the swarming mass of bees, when suddenly he heard a loud yell from the direction he had left Vernal and saw him swinging and threshing his arms about in all directions trying to fight off a big bee which was apparently mad at his presence there. The noise attracted other bees and soon there was a big swarm of them all over Vernal, and naturally, he ran – and he ran all over the lot, across the street and into the big ditch, the bees in angry pursuit, until he submerged himself in the water and he didn't rise to the surface until he was sure the bees were gone – almost drowning during the wait. From personal experience I know those creatures are something to be aware of.

Mother made large, tasty loaves of bread – seven or eight loaves at a time – from wheat she raised and ground, always going to Grandma Bauman's for a start of yeast to raise the dough. On one occasion as Mother opened the oven door to remove the loaves of bread, I came running into the kitchen, tripped and fell, striking my forehead on the sharp corner of the hot oven door, quite severely cutting and burning a sizable spot. Instead of waiting for her to treat the wound, I sped off up the hill to cry away the hurt and the resulting delay left me with a lasting scar.

My parents were industrious and economical and the home was paid for by the spring of 1907 and Father was able to realize his desire to go on a mission to his native land of Denmark. On May 1, 1907 he left his family of two boys and four girls in the care of Mother and traveled without purse of script as was customary in those days. How we all survived is a miracle, but it seemed to be a customary procedure in those days for men to leave their families to fulfill a mission. Through careful management and hard work she provided for her children and was able to send \$12.00 each month to Father. When he was released on May 12, 1909 and returned home, they were completely free of debt and soon thereafter Father was able to resume his work at the Amalgamated Sugar Company. Upon the birth of Velda in 1910, they rejoiced together in the many blessings the Lord had bestowed upon them.

Their great happiness was to be short-lived, however, for on May 14, 1912 Father was kicked in the abdomen by a horse while preparing to hitch the team to a buggy to take him and a neighbor to work. The accident happened at a neighbor's place and we will always remember the terrible agony he was in when they brought him home. Two days later he passed away and was buried May 16, 1912 in the Providence cemetery. His death was a terrible experience to us as young as we were, and Mother's grief was almost unbearable. Our meeting house, on which Father had worked so diligently, was practically completed. There were no seats in the chapel and so chairs were carried in to provide accommodations so his funeral could be held there. It was the first meeting of any kind to be held in the new meeting house. I remember the Sunday morning of the day of his funeral. Everything was hushed and quiet even though many people were around and in our home. It seemed strange that we weren't going to Sunday School even though we had on our best clothes. The funeral service lasted more than two hours, with a reported 500 people in attendance. There were many speakers who told of their great love and respect for Father and there were many beautiful musical selections. Fifty carriages full of sorrowing relatives and friends traveled with us to the cemetery. Father's history gives an account of his passing and services.

Grandpa and Grandma Jensen, also Aunt Hannah, Father's sister, remained at our home for several weeks and frequently came to visit us afterward, as did many other

family members.

With great courage Mother carried on. She was a practical nurse and assisted midwives and doctors with their patients – bringing babies into the world and nursing the sick back to health. She was a good seamstress and made clothes for many people, as well as for her brothers and sisters and her own children. She also acquired the knack of paper-hanging and engaged in that work for neighbors and friends. From these sources, as well as a small income from the cows and farm, we managed to get along.

Just prior to Father's death, Jesse had received a call to serve a mission to the Southern States, and he was scheduled to leave for Florida in August of 1912. Mother was firm in her resolve that he answer the call, which he did, and she continued to support her family and her missionary. In November of the same year Edith married, which caused a vacancy of three family members in the home within six months. Jesse's departure to the mission field left Mother with no one else old enough to be of much financial help. In the latter part of 1913, Mother worked as Assistant Postmistress in the Providence Post Office for Postmaster, E. P. Hansen continuing her nursing jobs in between times. She later became Postmistress. It was a civil service position and we were quite proud that she rated higher than any other applicant.

All of her life Mother was active in the church – holding positions in the Relief Society, Primary and Religion Classes, as well as the MIA and Sunday School. When Providence was divided into two wards, she served as First Counselor to the President of the Second Ward Primary, and then as President of that organization for several years. She also was a long time Visiting Teacher and Secretary of the Genealogy Class; as well as doing considerable temple work. It was as natural as eating or sleeping that we attend our meetings, and as far as I can recollect, we all later on held positions in the various organizations. Josie and I were teachers in the Sunday School at an early age; later the Primary and as secretary of the MIA. We truly had a most wonderful MIA class, taught by a most gifted and spiritual woman. There were 22 girls in our class as Josie's and my own class were combined. That teacher, Eliza Zollinger, the Bishop's wife, is truly my ideal to this day. She still recalls those days when we have an occasion to meet.

She spent much time with Grandma Bauman working on our family genealogy and they were successful in obtaining a large record on both Grandma and Grandpa Bauman's families. It was while she was engaged in assembling this genealogy that on two or three occasions she was given what we all considered to be a manifestation. She could hear a voice giving her a name and dates, and at the same time she could see the name and dates as the voice repeated them to her. She immediately wrote the information on a note pad so she would not forget it. She searched through the records she had completed, but found no name such as was given to her and so felt impressed to relate these incidences to the Logan Temple President. Since she had been given the name and the necessary dates to do the temple work for this person, she was urged by the President to perform the temple ordinances for her, which was done, and thereafter Mother never heard the voice or saw the writing again. The name given to Mother was Oginda _____ (recorded in our family bible, which unfortunately has been lost or misplaced so the last name cannot be recalled.) My sister, Josephine, (Josie, as we call her) was born shortly after this temple work was done and it was Mother's intention to name her Oginda, but since Josie was born on the Prophet Joseph Smith's birthday, December 23rd, and also on her deceased brother, Joseph's birthday; and since Josephine

is a family name, it was decided to give her the name of Josephine. It was my good fortune to be born next, and of course, it was imperative that I, being another girl, be given the name Oginda. In my early years I found it quite difficult to cope with such a strange name – no one could spell it or pronounce it, and I later found myself being called, Miss Jensen, which I thought rather set me apart from others. I learned to appreciate the name when I grew older and feel it a privilege to receive my name under such unusual, spiritual circumstances. Perhaps we two Ogindas will meet some day.

All family members had an opportunity to sing in the ward choir. Of course, anyone who could scarcely hum had the same privilege, so we realized we weren't invited to participate because of a great and special talent, but the experience was a most enjoyable one for all of us. There was a tremendous amount of excellent musical talent among our ward members. Just to be a part of the many programs, concerts, cantatas, etc., which were presented frequently, made us feel a bit important and gave us a happy feeling to know that we were a part of it all. I sang in a few duets and trios, but it was Vernal and Mabel who really had fine voices, and Vernal belonged to several singing groups who provided beautiful music for many occasions. His excellent tenor was an asset to anyone he sang with.

In fact, music was enjoyed immensely in our home. Mother could play the harmonica better and sweeter than anyone I have heard. Always during sickness, the best medicine and surest cure was the music she played. No matter if her throat was dry and her lips sore, she played for hours all the songs she knew and many she improvised. Each one in the family had a small gift for music – not a great talent, but just enough to keep the sound of music present – organ playing, then the piano, singing, clarinet playing – a variety – not excellent, but not altogether bad. Edith was our organist. She sat on the organ stool so straight and erect, with the most angelic expression on her face while her fingers carefully moved over the keys playing the songs she loved to play. Vernal took clarinet lessons and it was amusing to watch while he tried to master and control the high-pitched, sometimes squeaky notes of that instrument. He really could play quite well before other pressing matters put a stop to his lessons. Josie, Velda and I took piano lessons and so the home was almost always filled with sounds. Then we bought the Victrola with the big black horn; later the elegant new Brunswick, for which we bought practically all the records produced. From my portion of the money given to each member of the family from the sale of our farm, I bought a piano and Josie, Verda and I had an opportunity to take music lessons. Later Josie bought us a battery-run radio, an Atwood-Kent, the only one in Providence. We had nightly sessions, until 3:00 a.m. oftentimes, listening to beautiful music coming from as far away as San Francisco. It was truly fascinating and fantastic!

We heard national political news and election reports, which brought up a lively subject for the older members of the family to discuss, especially when Jesse was around. He and Vernal liked to take sides against the female family members. Though at first we younger girls were not able to participate much in the discussions, I remember with pride the great amount of knowledge the boys and Mother seemed to have concerning the affairs of our country, and other countries as well. Of course, I secretly rooted for her and I believed every word she spoke was the truth.

Too, we loved to look at photographs. We had the town's prize collection, and I recollect the hilarious laughter this pastime provided. It didn't do any good to be a poor

sport when each one's turn came to be the "goat," and though we must have all wanted to remove some of the pictures from the albums, no one attempted to do so.

Whether it was because we had a large lot and lawn, or because of the number of members in our family, our home was a gathering place for kids from all over the town, and the valley, for that matter. Run-sheep-Run, Kick-the Can, and other games requiring large crowds were some of the games we played, giving us an opportunity to run in freedom some distance over the hills and through the wooded areas; with "home base" located on our lawn. The canal, or Big Ditch, as we called it, was across the street west of our house, and oftentimes it was "dammed" for our swimming pleasure, and we used it to skate on in wintertime. When the snow came, the hills by us provided a paradise for tobogganing and sleigh riding. For as long as a mile and a half we skimmed over the snow without a stop. Bob sleigh riding was another exciting sport which kept our evenings occupied. A Bob-sleigh was a rather long, narrow box-car type of wagon with flat ski-like slats substituting for wheels. Two horses would be hitched to the Bob-sleigh and 20 kids or more would pile into it for a fast skim over the snow. Always the horses could be made to stop quickly at a street intersection and the sleigh would whiz around and around at breathtaking speed, oftentimes tipping over in the process, spilling the kids out all over the snow. The boys would soon upright the sleigh and we would be on our way again, quite often nursing a wrenched muscle or bump on the head from the fall, but luckily, no one suffered a severe injury to my knowledge.

Later on, our lawn continued to be a gathering place for girls and their dates. Sunday evenings were special. When we came through the doors following church, there would be many young fellows – from Providence, Logan, Hyrum, Wellsville, waiting to escort some young girl home from church, and you could always count on them going home by way of the Jensen front lawn. I have known as many as 30 young people gathered around our home on various occasions. Since the fellows used the street cars for transportation, each one was on his way to his home town by 10:30 in the evening. It was fun and exciting!

Silent picture shows came to Providence as another pastime to fill our evenings. A large screen was set up in the dance pavilion and thrilling wild west movies were shown to a jubilant bunch of kids. Lavinia Frank provided appropriate music on the piano to fit the mood of the show. If it was a sentimental scene, she played beautiful love songs. When a fighting brawl was being engaged in, or the cowboys and cattle came thundering down a raving, her accompaniment provided the sound effects so perfectly one would have thought the action was taking place right there in the pavilion. Oftentimes Lavinia would invite me to sit by her as she played. It got so the music she played was far more fascinating to me than the movies.

The barn on our property was located south and east of the house. Adjoining the barn was a rather large corral surrounded by a board fence. Several sheep were kept in the corral to provide clothing and meat. Through constant teasing by Vernal and Jesse and their friends, the sheep would chase anyone who ventured into the corral. It was a common sight to see a bunch of kids lined up on the fence somewhat as in a rodeo. It was a thrilling sport to run wildly through the corral with a big ram in pursuit. The lucky kids made it to the fence, but more often we received a good bump in our posteriors. At times the fence would weaken and the sheep would get out and roam the area near the house. Then we had to be on guard for those sheep chased after anyone who came near.

On many occasions our friends coming to visit, and unaware that a sheep was loose, would be chased through our lot, across the road and right to their own door. Other friends had to climb trees in their Sunday clothes, while the sheep ate their pretty hats, which had fallen to the ground.

Then there was old Shorty, the family horse and the one we kids were allowed to play around. Faithful and reliable, she carried as many as six young people on her broad back at the same time. No saddle or bridle was used and she seldom could be made to run. When she did, you could depend on everyone aboard sliding off because there was nothing to hold on to except each other. We played beneath her, around her hooves, and used her in playing games. We rode her at haying time to unload the hay in the barn.

The process used in getting a crop of alfalfa from the pasture to the barn is one I think of frequently. It was an important part of our livelihood, for if no hay was stored in the barn for the livestock, then the occupants of the home experienced considerable shortages in food and income. The usual three crops of hay were produced each summer, which involved cutting the alfalfa with a mower drawn by horses; then it was gathered into several piles by the men folk with their pitchforks as they walked over the entire field. Horses were used to pull a large hay rack around to the various piles and the hay was pitched up on to the hayrack and stomped down as firm as possible by younger members of the family in order to get as much hay on the load as possible. We took our turn to stomp the huge loads of hay, even though it was a tiring job to have to jump all over the hay rack so often to keep the hay flattened down. Frequently the men would toss a healthy looking blow snake up on the load with the hay. Within seconds, all stompers slid to the ground and the snake had to be removed from the load before work resumed. Oh, but it was truly wonderful when the hay wagon was full to the top, many feet high, to lie there on top of it and watch the clouds, and the sky, and trees and the soaring birds and seagulls, while the horses jogged along pulling the load from the farm to the barn! The hay rack was stopped alongside the barn, the horses unhitched and put in the stable, and then old Shorty was put to use. A long rope was attached to her harness at one end, and the other end of the rope was attached to a sizable hay-fork. The men would push the fork deep into the hay and then call to the person riding Shorty to drive her forward. As she walked along, the rope, through the use of two pulleys, lifted the fork full of hay up into the inside roof of the barn and along a track attached to the barn. When the hay fork reached a desired part of the track, the men would call out, "Whoa," and the person astride Shorty would stop her. Then, by tugging the rope sharply, the men would trip the hay from the fork and it would fall into the barn, to eventually reach a considerable height. Shorty then had to be backed up to return the hay fork to the hay load to again be filled and the process began all over until all the hay was piled in the barn. It required several trips to the hay field to harvest each crop of hay.

I speak of men doing this man-size job when, in reality, at the time I was able to assist, it was my sixteen year old brother, Vernal, who had the responsibility of caring for the farm and livestock due to the death of Father and because our older brother, Jesse, was serving an LDS mission. During the haying seasons it was necessary to hire a man to help Vernal who took on the load of caring for the other crops – plowing, harrowing, planting, irrigating, harvesting and numerous other jobs which went with farming. I remember him trying to plow the land preparatory to seeding it. A horse was bridled and the reins were knotted at the ends and slung around Vernal's neck and down over his left

shoulder. He guided the horse with his left hand, while he manipulated the plow with his right hand; forcing it down with all his strength in order to turn the hard, rock soil over. Up and down the farm he walked, with the sweat pouring down his face, and oftentimes we girls would run alongside him, trying to help him keep the plow upright. Following the plowing came the harrowing and seeding, and the weeding and irrigating, followed by frequent discouraging results from all his labors. He taught his younger sisters how to thin the beets in the spring time and then how to pull the mature beets from the ground with a forked knife; then top them and throw them in piles during the fall season so he could gather them up to be hauled to the Sugar Factory. Gee! It seemed to me those beets were half as big as I was, and I could barely carry some of them to the piles with both hands, let alone throw them there. We complained at times about doing this hard work, but Vernal was always encouraging and helpful, and he was more patient than anyone I have known. How Mother did rely on and put her trust in this young son! Every minute she could spare she spent with him in his efforts to fill the void in our family circle. It has been said many times that Father was a thoughtful, gentle, considerate man, and his sons, Jesse and Vernal, were like him in those respects.

Quite frequently our turn to use the irrigation water on the farm came at night time and lasted until dawn. On those occasions, Mother would help Vernal open the several water gates so the water would flow onto the crops without waste of time. She would return home leaving him, with his dog, to see that the water was diverted to all areas by use of his shovels and a lantern. I remember an exciting incident which occurred while accompanying Mother with this job. She and one of my sisters and I went to the farm in our horse-drawn buggy, while Vernal rode his horse alongside. Upon arriving at the first water gate, Vernal stopped and proceeded to take care of the irrigating on that side of the farm while Mother drove around to the other side and opened the water gates there. Then we started home on a different road than the one we had come out on. The night was so very, very dark and there were no lights anywhere except the small flicker from the lantern which one of us held. Mother slapped the back of the horse with the reins until we were traveling along at a fairly brisk speed, when suddenly the horse stopped dead still, throwing the three of us down against the dashboard. No amount of urging affected the horse – she refused to take one more step. Mother stepped down from the buggy and went toward the front of the horse and there, by the light of our lantern, she could see a wide, deep hole stretching the entire width of the road. Had the horse not stopped, we could have met with a serious accident, and we marveled that she did prevent this happening. I guess that is what is called ‘good horse sense!’

In the mornings and evening Vernal had the livestock to feed and care for, and the cows to milk. Mabel usually helped with the milking and frequently when she left this chore to do until after dark, Josie or I could be inveigled to accompany her to the barn to hold the lantern for her. The only way that I would agree to this was that she would sing my favorite songs while she was doing the milking. This she did willingly. Especially do I remember how beautifully she sang, “A Star At Twilight.” We became so engrossed in this happy pastime that usually the last cow to be milked would walk away and leave us. Frequently I had to chaperone her and her date to a show which I am sure wasn’t appreciated much.

Josie was best known to me because of our closeness in age. We both went to elementary school in Providence. I followed her by two years and invariably each

teacher would say, "I hope you'll be as good a student as Josie was when she was in my class." That was a challenge. How we did get to resent the few little dresses we had to wear to school day after day. Any young lady teacher sometime or another had a crush on Vern and you can be sure our grades were raised oftentimes simply by agreeing to carry a note home to him from teacher. Once I had a rather cute beau. He was Josie's age, but had been retained because of illness and so was just one grade ahead of me. Quite often he would ride his bicycle out to our place during the school noon hour just to give me a ride back to school. Being the shy type???, I refused to get on the bike, so one day Josie said she would ride with him if I turned him down again. She did, and from that day on he was all for her. Josie was very popular with fellows and girls and admired and loved by all.

Our responsibilities in the home overlapped and I remember taking advantage of the fact that Josie was the older of the two of us. She and I drove the cows the three miles to the pasture in Millville each morning to feed during the day, and in the evenings we walked to the farm and brought the herd back to the barn. Each day after school we had the dinner dishes to do and the house to clean. Most always we had friends to help or hinder in this chore. We had our share of thinning and topping beets, too. Jesse and Vern taught us the art of thinning and topping but we did too much fooling around when they left us alone. We hired friends to help out and that only made matters worse. In addition to helping on our own farm, we got jobs thinning and topping sugar beets for other beet growers. I look back on those times with fond memories for there were always many kids doing the same thing. We had good times even though the heat was unbearable in summer and our hands were blistered, or, in the fall, when beet topping season arrived, we oftentimes were practically knee deep in snow. One fall we each earned \$40.00 and we promptly got out the Sears catalogue and sent away for Christmas gifts for family members and our nieces and nephews. We spent our entire checks. What a glorious Christmas we had! In fact, every Christmas was a fascinating time for us. Everyone came home for that occasion. We were never allowed to see the Christmas tree until it was trimmed and lighted with candles on Christmas Eve. It was a beautiful and entrancing event. Grandma Bauman always came down from her own home to the east of us with a huge pan of her famous Knee patches – a tasty sweet pastry. Uncle Emanuel Bauman could be persuaded to put in an appearance long enough to eat and play several tunes on his accordion, while we danced and sang. We strung cranberries and popcorn in long strands to put on the tree. We made red and green chains from paper, and various colored candles were pinned to the tree to provide the light. The first tinsel strands truly added a bit of luxury. One present to each and we were content. Josie and I found our gift beforehand on one occasion. Two beautiful pairs of identical shoes. They reached well above the ankles and were of the softest kind of leather imaginable. When we were older it was our turn to provide the excitement for Jess and Edith's children and what a riot these Christmas Eve's became. They are such delightful memories – the excitement of seeing the beautiful tree completely decorated on Christmas Eve, and the enchanted look on each one's face as the presents were opened!!

Thanksgiving was like that too. We gathered around a huge table either at our home or Aunt Emma Hammond's, Mother's sister. She had four boys and they challenged us younger girls in some rather lively snowball battles, during which, on one occasion I broke my nose and blackened both eyes. I was an ideal object for the kids at

school to draw on the blackboard for many days. It was all in fun and the diversion helped me forget for awhile the coarse, woolen, itchy under clothing we had to wear for warmth. Truly, that underwear was total torture to me, extending as it did from our necks to our ankles. It was bearable so long as we stayed out doors in the cold, but once inside it felt like a thousand live creatures crawling over us. I remember one night, just prior to one of these events, Josie and I were going to Aunt Emma's to take some butter and other things for Thanksgiving dinner. A couple of girl friends were with us. The night was so dark and we were kicking along joyously through the thick dry leaves on the ground, when suddenly the four of us stumbled over a huge object lying on the ground. It immediately rose in height and when we regained our feet, the four of us scampered in all directions. We eventually found ourselves together again and Josie, the brave one, said, "I'm going back there and see what that thing is." The three of us timidly followed behind her and there stood a big cow. She had probably found the leaves on the sidewalk to her liking for a bed. We bribed one of Aunt Em's boys to take us home in his buggy. Josie's bravery made itself evident many times in our growing up years. The night preceding all holidays our crowd of girl friends got together to sleep out on someone's lawn. A big long bed was made and you could depend on it that Josie always slept on the outside. She was the most petite and slimmest amongst us, but she had more courage than anyone there. Once when Aunt Caroline, Father's sister, was visiting us with her children, we had a choice of sleeping on the floor or outside. We chose the outside because of the heat of summertime. During the dead of night I awakened, and looking out toward a sound I had heard, I saw a dark object crouched a few yards away. I slid down under the covers. Minutes later I felt Josie jump from the bed and confront a man, and in no small voice did she tell him to be on his way. By that time we backed her up with such yelling and screaming that he was glad to make tracks fast. She wouldn't hear of us going in for the rest of the night either.

We played often with friends down the block from us to the south. They had huge orchards of fruit and we were free to help ourselves. Next to this orchard was a farm on which a deaf and dumb man worked. He had been teased a great deal by boys and therefore delighted in chasing anyone who came around. Most of us were petrified and once or twice when we were running to escape him and it seemed there was no place to hide, Josie would stop and calmly talk to the man in apparent sign language to give the rest of us a chance to get away. He never harmed her or anyone else, but he half frightened everyone to death.

We had a close association with Grandma Bauman's side of the family from the Salt Lake area. Many families from that part of Utah would travel by wagon and buggy to Providence where they would spend the night on our lawn. The following morning we would get together and go to Logan Canyon for several days of camping, fishing and socializing. These were wonderful events and we had a happy relationship with these families – the Bateman's, Wilson's, and Wagstaff's, to name a few. I remember on one occasion we decided to camp down by the Logan River rather than travel to the canyon. The men always spent a part of each day fishing, and one day while they were all away enjoying that sport, the women and children decided to go swimming in the river. Everyone was having a great time until it became apparent that one of our cousins was having trouble swimming back to the bank. She was in a deep hole where the water swirled around and around and she couldn't get out of it. She screamed and motioned for

help, but the women were hesitant to go to her assistance because none of them felt they could swim well enough to be of help to her. Suddenly Mother started swimming toward the hole and everyone called to her to come back as she was not strong enough to save a drowning woman, but Mother kept going. I recall the terrible fear that came over me when I saw mother struggling in the water to save her cousin. I realized they both may drown, and so I ran until I came to a quiet spot and then I knelt down and prayed over and over to Heavenly Father to please not let my Mother drown. Later I heard voices calling me and I was relieved and overjoyed and thankful to learn that both Mother and our cousin had been saved by a man who chanced to come by. I always knew it was an answer to my prayer.

Mother was like that – courageous, generous, understanding, with a great love in her heart for others. She was called night or day by doctors to help with the sick. When the great flu epidemic reached Providence, she refused all warnings to stay away from the homes where people were ill and dying. She went into those homes and nursed the families back to health. She cared for the sick long into the night, and when a death occurred, she kept watch over the body all night at times, as was the custom in those days. She made burial clothes and stayed with the bereaved families to give comfort and encouragement.

I remember when we were older our great satisfaction in prettying Mother up for the Old Folks parties; she was not “old” by any means, but she was always invited to the parties as were other widows and widowers. We made it a point to get her a new dress, shoes, and all the accessories. She looked very sweet and wonderful. She was beautiful as we saw her, with brown hair and hazel eyes, with such a charming, gentle, affectionate personality. It was no wonder she had favorable opportunities to re-marry, but I don’t believe she truly gave the matter serious thought. I sincerely hope we didn’t influence her in her thinking, but even though some of us were quite young when Father died, it just seemed unthinkable that she would consider marrying someone else. I know she was most lonely for her companion and especially in the springtime did she mourn the loss of her husband. Even though Mother was away from the home a lot – as Postmistress, practical nurse, staying with the sick at night, performing her church duties regularly and faithfully, it seems like she was always with us, carrying out her responsibilities as a Mother with the same devotion as others who had husbands to support them.

Velda was the youngest in the family, just two years old when Father died, and surely the one who needed more care than anyone else. Velda was a pretty baby, real dark hair and such a wistful smile. It was especially difficult for Mother to have to leave her in the care of others. She had to adjust to her Grandmother Bauman and her older sisters as substitute mothers. She was subject to frequent minor illnesses which brought on convulsions, and Josie and I frequently had to run to neighbors for help on these occasions. Mabel, who was 14, took care of us younger girls most of the time, although we were with Edith and her first-born child a good deal while they lived to the south of us a block or two. Edith tells me that Josie was a round-cheeked, pleasant youngster – rather serious, thoughtful and dependable. Edith could trust Josie implicitly when she left the children in Josie’s care. She remembers one tune Josie played on the piano repeatedly, “Rock-A-Bye Baby” all on the black keys. She remembers the prayers Josie said when it was her turn to say family prayers, and how little she complained when she had one of the various childhood diseases. I remember how we laughed at one another

during our siege of the mumps, and then how seriously ill we were with the small pox. Grandma Bauman could always be called in on a moments notice also, especially if one of us had an injury or took sick. She cured all our ailments with a cup of her herb tea, or made poultices from the many plants she grew to heal our cuts and bruises. Her jolly disposition and happy laughter were a great morale builder. Never a day passed that she and Mother didn't visit with each other. They were inseparable, and as concerned with each other's welfare as any two women could be; Grandma also being a widow since 1904. When they conversed together in Grandma's native Swiss language we knew the subject was private. We often coaxed them to tell us what they were saying to each other, but they would only smile and pleasantly suggest that we study and learn the language from them as Mother did from her own parents, but, sorry to say, we never did take advantage of the opportunity. Grandma was so much a part of our lives each day, and such a dear, comforting person; we were indeed fortunate to have her guidance and counsel. Her own history will attest to her many exceptional characteristics.

Our family members were subjected to practically all then-known diseases: chicken pox, mumps, measles, small pox. Jesse had the dreaded typhoid fever for eleven weeks, then Mother and Vernal were severely ill with it. The others had to be cared for outside the home by relatives and neighbors. Mother and Velda were bedfast for a lengthy period with a dangerous type of the flu, which was causing so many deaths in the area. While the rest of us were again "farmed out" to others, Vernal remained in the home to care for the two patients. He pampered them with so much attention they had no choice other than to get well.

In October, 1914, Jesse returned from his mission, bringing a considerable amount of peanuts with him, hoping, perhaps, to produce a good crop and become well-to-do as were the peanut farmers in the Southern States where he had been proselyting for two years. But the crop failed and his dream of wealth vanished. He resumed his work at the sugar factory, married, and built a home near the end of the block to the south of us. He was back home every day to rough up his sisters and their girlfriends and later we frequently acted as baby sitters for his small children.

Mother was one to encourage the practice of giving books as birthday and Christmas gifts to each other and we eventually acquired a fairly good assortment of reading material. If there was anything Josie liked it was a good book. She joined a Book of the Month Club when she had finances of her own. Not only did she find time to read those books herself, but she shared them with others and loaned them to everyone else in town. I don't believe she had one book returned to call her own when the course ended.

On rare occasions, Mother would hitch a horse to our buggy and take us to Logan to hear a concert. She tied the horse to a post off of Main Street while we enjoyed the program inside the Tabernacle or Theater. They were grand occasions and our reliable horse got us home safely in the darkness.

Our grand old Pavilion provided wonderful dances when we grew older and they attracted people from the entire valley and beyond. Each Saturday night, and on all holidays and other occasions, you could be sure the building would be packed with couples dancing the Charleston, the two-step, or the good old waltz. Fun? It was the best ever! It was a problem to be able to afford a new dress occasionally for these occasions. Josie had us all beat in the clothes category, that and her chic figure, plus personality.

Many times I remember going without food for days hoping I could squeeze into a particular dress she had agreed to let me wear. She was never stingy, just cautious, seeing I had the habit of straining the seams of anything I might wear which belonged to her. At first, Mother instructed Jesse and Vernal to dance with their younger sisters. They dutifully tried to teach us girls "how it was done," but soon gave it up and we were secretly pleased that they did since they had a habit of mimicking our efforts when we had an audience at a family gathering. Dancing was the big thing, and we found ourselves soon dancing to music provided by large bands traveling to Logan and Hyrum from distant cities. Oh, it was something to listen to the beautiful sounds they made!

Jesse and Vernal had some rather exciting vehicles to travel around in. A charming horse and buggy duo at first and later after Jesse left for his mission, Vernal had some rather neat automobiles. Josie and I did considerable maneuvering TO GET him to take us riding. On one occasion we hid down on the floor between the front and back seats of his car and rode close to Logan before we dared let him know we were with him. The result for us was a long walk home in the dark clutching a couple of dimes as a "pay-off" to get us out. They were good brothers to us even though we harassed them a good deal.

Leone Hansen, an attractive brunette cousin from Newton, would most always attend the dances in Providence, bringing along her close girl friends whom she wanted the boys in the family to meet. It seemed the house would burst with laughter during her visits. Should Mother happen to be cooking sauerkraut that day, you could depend on Vernal scurrying out the back door with the stuff and then lighting matches all over the house to kill the odor. The combined "smells" oftentimes made matters worse but the company didn't seem to mind. Sauerkraut was always a source of embarrassment to Vern.

Frequently our cousins from Idaho would spend their honeymoon at our home, following their marriage in the Logan Temple. We found ourselves sleeping outdoors on those occasions, and also when Father's sister and her children visited us from New Zealand, as we lacked space in the house to accommodate everyone. On one such night a big, burly-looking man showed up at our bedside and gave us a real scare, but we three girls screamed so loud that he was glad to get away. We decided to sleep out the remainder of the night when Vernal came out and assured us he would sleep on the porch nearby.

We often slept outdoors on someone's lawn with our large group of girl friends preceding all holidays. They were great, happy times for all of us. We frequently went horseback riding up to the springs in Providence Canyon, and sometimes we were accompanied by boys our age. When we had a date to go to the fair in Logan, we went by bicycle, the girls on the cross bar while the boys sat on the seat and pedaled.

I visited with a neighbor recently who had just received a beautiful arrangement of dried flowers encased in a gold frame. The flowers were mostly buttercups and violets and it brought back memories of the many times we climbed the hills east of us to pick large clusters of those attractive flowers. They grew all over the hills in great abundance in the springtime and we were free to take all we wanted. We often took our small nieces and nephews along and playfully held the buttercups under their chins to see if they reflected a yellow color on the children's flesh, which indicated that they liked butter. Such simple, joyful moments they were.

We walked to the mountains further up to pick other wild flowers: the scarlet Indian flower and the delicate bluebells and lilies. Always we gathered them on Decoration Day (now Memorial Day) to place on our graves at the cemetery. In addition Mother would fashion roses and carnations from colored tissue paper, while we girls climbed the mountains for evergreens to be entwined wreath-like among her bright colored flowers. We thought they made a beautiful covering for our Father and brothers' graves. But I did not like the purple flags (Iris) which surrounded our plot. Somehow I had vengeful thoughts and resented that they should live and blossom while our loved ones lay quiet and unmoving so near by. I was glad when Jesse and Vernal dug those unwelcome blooms up and threw them away, planting grass in their place. To this day I experience no pleasure in seeing a purple Iris.

World War I had been raging in Europe since the latter part of 1914. Mother maintained all through the election year that she was going to vote for Woodrow Wilson because he was the only candidate for President of the United States who promised to keep America out of that war. Although he became President, we nonetheless became involved in that terrible conflict against Germany. Practically everyone's son and brother was needed, including Vernal, and we experienced another great sorrow when he left home in the early part of 1917. Once again there was a great vacancy in our home. On the day he was scheduled to go, large groups of his friends and relatives gathered at our home to wish him well and see him off. When the specified time arrived, I gave him a big hug and ran to the bedroom and crawled under the bed, our dog close beside me. I couldn't face up to seeing him leave. Mother then came in, followed by Vernal in his khaki-colored uniform, his legs wrapped in strips of the same color cloth, conforming to standard apparel. I could hear him assuring her that he would return safely and shortly they went out through the door arm in arm. The dog and I cried for sometime before the others found our hiding spot and I was reprimanded somewhat by Jesse for not showing more self-control and courage.

Vernal went to Camp Lewis, Washington for his training and later was sent to France. He was in the 91st Division and endured the terrible struggle of the last battle. After the Armistice was signed, he went to Germany with the army of occupation and was there for three months. When his regiment was called home, he met with an accident at Brest, France, and he was confined on his back in a hospital for three months. Then he was sent to America arriving at Fort Douglas, and again hospitalized in San Francisco, California, receiving his discharge in October, 1917(?). This latter paragraph is taken from Mother's writings. She does not speak of her great heartache and anxiety when his regiment returned and he was not with it and she was not notified as to his whereabouts for so many weeks. Vern's long sickness after the end of the war and his lengthy convalescence caused Mother and us all a great deal of anxiety. But finally, happily he returned home and entered the Utah State Agricultural College, where he received a degree in Chemistry, which provided the opportunity for him to become Chief Chemist at the Amalgamated Sugar Factory and to receive national recognition.

Edith was next to Jesse. She was the organist. I remember her as very petite and quick-witted. She was a good buddy to Aunt Malinda, mother's youngest sister. I recall Edith more clearly after her marriage and while she was raising her family. She moved away to various locations at different times, but I remember the many times she took care of Josie, Velda and myself while Mother was at work.

Mabel was our alto singer. I think I sort of adored her as we were left in her care a good deal. I think I actually prayed I could be like her when I grew up. She had gentle ways, pretty legs and beautiful brown hair. She was taller than the rest of the girls in our family.

Velda acquired more ability on the piano than the rest of us and became a fine bookkeeper. She has been the organist for many church organizations.

We all went to elementary school in Providence to and including the eighth grade. Josie then attended Brigham Young College in Logan while I finished elementary school. When time came for me to go to high school the kids my age and Velda's age traveled by interurban street car to the South Cache High School in Hyrum, Utah. Velda went to Utah State Agricultural College for two years and I for one year before finding employment. I have a fond and appreciative recollection of two of my elementary school teachers – Joseph Campbell and A. E. Allen, who was also principal. Miss Thomas and Miss Osmond were my favorites in High School, and Professor Johnson at U.S.A.C. principally because he was an outstanding music teacher and also because he loved the name, Oginda, and composed songs about it.

During our high school years we took our turn at working at the Post Office in Providence after school hours and during the summer. Mother had received her commission as Post Mistress in September of 1917, which position she held for twelve years. She was happy to be relieved by us from this trying job day after day. I thoroughly enjoyed working at the Post Office. It gave us a sense of importance to have the mail delivered to the office and then to sort it and hand it out to the townspeople when they called at the window, or to place it in the respective post office boxes. It was fun to sell stamps and money orders, and to weigh, stamp, and dispatch the large packages brought from the knitting factory next door. The time came when we knew every face from the youngest to the eldest who lived in our town and we could call them by name. They were happy years and it gave us a good feeling to know that we were finally giving Mother some help financially.

After completing BYC, Josie began to work for Fonnesbecks in Logan. She and I would travel home together on the Interurban (street car). It was then that we stopped at the confectionery for refreshments. She treated girl friends to shows and to huge dishes of ice cream covered with rich syrup bought from the one and only confectionery in town. Never did these indulgences affect her figure. But just let me weaken once and join them in this treat and I automatically had five pounds of added weight. It was a most unfair situation. We would all walk toward home together but many times she would loiter on someone's lawn or the bank of the big ditch and talk over someone's problems until long after dark, while I went on home tired of the conversation. She had patience to give everyone. She was a confidant in every sense of the word to anyone who had a problem or secret.

Josie was soon given employment in the office of the Amalgamated Sugar Company as secretary to Mr. Quinney, President of the Stake and later President of the Temple. It was a most enviable job she had and the salary was good. Josie used her influence to get friends a job during the beet campaign. She was generous to the nth degree and helped many who were in financial need. When I completed high school, I needed and wanted work. Since no short hand or typing had been taught at South Cache High School, I had to attend Utah State during the summer months to qualify for a job.

Josie promptly gave me the money for my tuition fees. After receiving some experience working as secretary in a knitting factory, I was hired by the Cache Valley Banking Company and it was not until then that Josie said she had been loaning money to individuals who were not trying to pay her back. We promptly had notes signed but I am of the opinion there were those who still took advantage of her generosity.

We shared a peaceful, happy home life. Oh, we had the usual spats and arguments and disappointments and heartaches, but I don't recall when we weren't a completely compatible, harmonious family. I could wish for such an experience for all young people.

COURTSHIP OF JOSEPHINE JENSEN AND FLOYD EDWARD BERRETT

Written by Oginda Jensen Andersen, 1996?

Only Josie, herself, could tell us where she met Floyd E. Berrett! Although she was being courted quite often by a young man whom family members thought someday might become her mate, she announced one evening that she had a date with a new young man whom no one in the family had ever heard of before. Upon being introduced to Floyd E. (Ted) Berrett, we were impressed by his friendliness and size, but figured we probably may not see him again. The first date blossomed, however, and family members looked forward to his visits. His humorous teasings and outspoken opinions brought out the best, unexpected, qualities in Josie! "His ego shows," she confided "and I don't think I should take things seriously." She seemed to want to test his sincerity where she was concerned. After all, he was a football player in the limelight, while she had the most enviable secretarial job in Logan. They had problems to overcome. He was dedicated to being prompt – always on time. Often she would test his impatience to the limit. Knowing full well the time he would be arriving at home to pick her up, she would get the lawn mower and mow just one strip down the center of the lawn and then leave the mower in the pathway to the door of the house. She would disappear into the house. It was amusing to see him rounding the corner on two wheels and coming to a stop at the front gate. He would survey the situation, take off his coat and proceed to mow the entire lawn; then put his coat on, comb his hair and present himself at the door – all the while she was making herself attractive for him inside. She truly challenged him, oftentimes regrettably.

Josie was a good cook and often invited Floyd and other guests to dinner. It is believed he tried to be on his best behavior on those occasions. However, on a few occasions he was known to ask for a knife to cut the tender, wonderful pie she had made! He brought some joyful times to her home – always spent time with Josie's mother and grandma. He pretty much ignored the girls in the home – the reason being that he had to contend with so many at his own home, having four sisters. He enticed with sweets though as he needed support.

When the school year ended in the early summer, Floyd returned to his home near Salt Lake City and traveled the distance back to Cache Valley frequently. Especially did the two of them enjoy dancing to music played by big bands coming often to the area. They went to picnic spots in the canyon with friends, and went boating at Bear Lake with others from Salt Lake. And he kept the lawn in good shape, too!

Floyd was a member of a prominent Mens' Chorus and Josie traveled to Salt Lake

to attend their concerts and other special attractions. Oginda chaperoned when they went swimming in Salt Lake. Salt Air was a special treat – speeding out over the water in open-air trains, dancing, dining, socializing, providing entertainment. And she also went with them to meetings and concerts in the LDS Tabernacle and touring the Visitors' Center on Temple Square and many other buildings and hotels. While shopping for intimate apparel, Oginda became suspicious that things were getting serious between her older sister and her beau. It was not long afterward that Floyd and Josie's engagement was announced. Their marriage took place in the Logan Temple on August 7, 1929.

I believe Josie was the best of all good companions for Floyd. They were an exemplary, worthy young couple. There was never a question as to where they could most often be found on a Sunday evening. He assisted in the Priests' Quorum in his ward while in Logan; she was a choir member.

Floyd was influential in getting the Mens' Chorus to sing in our Logan Tabernacle to a full house, after which refreshments were served by our local Imperial Glee Club, who in turn performed in Floyd's area. Many traveling groups came to Logan to perform and Floyd and Josie were on hand to enjoy.

When they married and moved to Salt Lake, I spent all the time I could with them, when they lived in their little apartment and when they lived next to Floyd's parents. In every instance it was an eventful and enjoyable occasion. Their hospitality has always been tremendous.

Floyd and Josie lived in an upstairs apartment in Sugar House while he was employed at a hardware establishment – he being in charge of the paint department (having never held even a paint brush in his hand prior to that time). He decided to paint "bathrooms only" to gain experience. It is reasonable to expect that bathrooms are the one and only areas of their apartments I can recollect at this time in life. His choice of colors was unbelievable! This first bathroom was multi-colored, each wall a different color – the floor splattered, one did not loiter there. A bed with a strong wooden headboard occupied one wall in the bedroom. When I first visited, the three of us slept in that bed. After much laughter and shuffling around, the headboard came crashing down and we scrambled to get out from under its weight. I was not invited back for an overnight stay.

I remember, vaguely, the home Floyd and Josie lived in, adjacent to his parent's home. Frank was very young, a happy, smiling boy most of the time, but when hurt he held his breath instead of crying. I had to run outside and pray he would survive. Floyd liked to come home and go barefoot around the grassy yard.

The family liked living in that area, one reason being that he wanted to paint the bathroom one of his favorite colors – purple. Josie never complained about his experiments. I did not voice an opinion.

Their apartment somewhere in the area of Liberty Park, I believe, was somewhat larger than others they had lived in. The bathroom – bright cerise was the color and it fairly shrieked at one entering the front door. We went out often to the Park for concerts, to enjoy the enormous flower beds and eat lunch. They were extremely fun things to do, and we met with their friends at Church on Sundays.

Josie's cousins on Grandma Bauman's side of the family kept in close touch with Floyd and Josie and they had family gatherings often. They were truly special people.

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On occasions when the Berretts came to Logan to visit, we traveled to Idaho to see sister Mabel and her children. We camped and fished on a large lake for several "not to be forgotten" days. Floyd had a close association with friends he had met while going to school in Logan and he met with them when coming to Logan, and Josie had good times visiting with old friends and family.

It was a sad time when Floyd was transferred to Portland, Oregon, where we had a chance to spend one vacation one year, before they went on to Seattle, Washington, where they raised their family. Our families visited back and forth for many years before illness took its toll on our dear ones.

When they came to visit in Utah during the fall season, the one big sport Floyd liked was pheasant hunting. There were a couple of companions, their wives, Josie too, oftentimes Oginda. No money was used to rent a dog to flush out the birds, so Oginda was asked to walk ahead to do the job! Honest! Not a bird was brought down. The sport they liked, not the kill.

Fishing was the greatest on Fish Lake when Jack and Oginda were invited to go along. It was hilarious to watch those amateur fishermen. If Jack had not been along to catch a few we would never have known there was a fish in the lake. Fond memories. The men "harmonized" in the evenings, sitting on the porch of the cabin under mosquito nets. Floyd, and Jack, too, could truly carry a tune!

To celebrate Floyd's retirement, Josie's four sisters, one brother and spouses drove to Seattle and landed, unexpectedly, on the Berrett doorstep. We occupied every unused space in the house, went sight-seeing and took a boat trip to a beautiful place. It was a wonderful experience at that time in our lives. Truly a happy adventure.

JOSIE AND OGINDA





JOSIE THROUGH THE AGES



The Recession, 1929
Written by
Josephine Jensen Berrett
February 18, 1980

With all this talk about inflation and bad times ahead, I started reminiscing about the great recession this country went through starting in 1929. That was the year we were married. I don't remember it being too tough and yet we had to struggle. The small savings we had in a Sugarhouse bank was wiped out when the bank closed. Everyone was advising not to bring children in this world that was in such bad shape. We were paid by the week and by the time the end of the week rolled around we were lucky to have beans. I remember some one gave us two tickets for a movie, but we had to accompany them with 10 cents each, which we didn't have. After unsuccessfully trying to extract two dimes from our piggy bank we finally gave up and went out to Ted's parents place to enjoy their hospitality.



Josie 1917



Josie 1918



Josie 1924



Josie 1926











JOSIE WITH HER SISTERS







JOSEPHINE JENSEN BERRETT, Obituary and Funeral

Obituary:

Josephine Jensen Berrett, 82, beloved wife, mother, grandmother and sister, died November 12, 1985 in Provo, Utah of natural causes.

She was born December 23, 1902 in Providence, Utah to Niels and Josephne Catherine Bauman Jensen. She married Floyd Edward Berrett August 7, 1929 in the Logan LDS temple. Mrs. Berrett was a member of the LDS church and had served in the Primary, MIA, Sunday School and Relief Society organizations. She served as Stake Relief Society president in the North Seattle Stake in Seattle, Washington. Mrs. Berrett served an LDS mission with her husband in the London South Mission in 1970 and 1971.

She is survived by her husband; one son, Frank Edward Berrett, Centralia, Washington; two daughters, Bonnie Berrett Dalton, Provo, Utah and Judith Berrett Doman, Seattle, Washington; two sisters, Oginda Andersen and Velda Craner of Logan, Utah, seventeen grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Memorial services will be held at the Holladay Fourteenth Ward chapel, 4917 Viewmont (2085 East), Salt Lake City, Friday, November 15th at noon with Wallace Berrett Brown conducting. Burial will be in the Murray City Cemetery. Contributions to the LDS missionary fund

JOSEPHINE JENSEN BERRETT

"an elect lady"

Mom's Favorite Scripture -

"Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, Which built his house upon a rock: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon the house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it."

Matt. 7:24-27



Bonnie:

This past week, 6 million members of the church eulogized a man who lived and represented in their most pure form the Christian ideals of love, dedication and service. One week to the day from President Spencer W. Kimball's death, my mother, Josephine Jensen Berrett was permitted to pass from this life. Her death was quiet in comparison to that man who so many learned to love and revere. But to those who knew my mother, her life was no less impressive. Her days were filled with service to others. Her life on this



earth has been an open book of love and service. I can't remember a time when she even entertained thoughts of fulfilling her own needs. She had a motto for life, as did President Kimball, and surprisingly similar in intent. It was "never give up." She said she got this philosophy from her own mother who had learned the lessons of perseverance in her life. As many of you know, during the last few years of our mother's life, her physical health deteriorated slowly and painfully. She knew she was failing and she fought tenaciously the disease that was destroying her physical body. Tears came to my eyes often after I had listened to a prayer that she had offered all of which were so full of faith and optimism. Once in awhile I would jot down some of the thoughts from those faithful prayers. A year and a half ago, I recorded these words, "We thank thee for the contentment and growth we get from these things that are being served to us this day. We will do the best with what we have." And when this prayer was closed, she opened her eyes and pounded her fist on the table and said, "I'll never give up." And those of us who watched her to the very end know that this is true. A great example of this motto in Mom's life took place shortly after Mom and Dad had built the house they loved so much in Seattle. And the older grandchildren will remember that house well. It was in a wooded area and in order to plant lawn, flowers and garden, they had to chop down a few trees. Huge stumps were left after most of the trees were gone and dad was content to leave them be and somehow make those ugly stumps part of the landscaping. Mother would have none of that and took to finding a way to get rid of the total stump. She found an old vacuum cleaner and used it to give oxygen to the fire in a sort of bellows effect. She worked out there in the back yard and hand-bellowed away every one of those stumps. It took her many days but she never gave up until every stump was gone. And we all know how that paved the way for the beautiful flowers and vegetables that Mom and Dad grew.

When my children returned from school on Tuesday and found that their grandmother had just passed away, they each found a private place to cope with their grief. I found my daughter Josie in her room unable to control her tears. I put my arm around her shoulder and told her that she had a great life to live up to. She said that that was what bothered her the most, that she couldn't remember her grandmother before she was sick. I vowed to myself that I would do everything that I could so that my children and my brother and sister's children who didn't remember their grandmother would have other ways of learning of her life. And that is why I want you children especially to hear today just a few of the things about your grandmother that made her such a great woman.

One of the things you may not have known about her was her intense quest for learning. Mother served in all the auxiliaries of the church. Of all the jobs she had I believe she enjoyed her teaching responsibilities the most. She taught the Mother Education class in Relief Society during my high school years. One of the most familiar sights in our home then was the dining room table covered with papers, books, clippings, and pictures as she spent the entire month in preparing each lesson. Her intense preparation bore fruit, too. She was known all over the stake for the wonderful lessons she gave. Her stake president, President Badger, often said, "in all his years as stake president, as he counseled with young couples about their problems, he always told them to go see Josie Berrett rather than to a counselor because she could give them better advice than they could receive anywhere. This intense desire for learning began at a very early age. One of her sweetest childhood memories was on Christmas morning to find under the tree a brand new book to read and devour. Later in her life she joined a book

club and after every monthly selection was read by Mom, it was loaned out all over town and hardly any were ever returned. But she had certainly received all the good from them. She only received a formal 8th grade education but she was self-taught and well-read on any subject. She could converse with anyone concerning politics, literature, child-rearing or gardening. There was a running political dialogue between her and my husband, Gene.

I know that the best bit of learning that I have yet received in this life came from my Mom. During my turbulent teen-age years when life was a most miserable experience for me, I would come home to my Mom with my eyes filled with tears and say that I would never be liked by anyone. She quietly sat me down and taught me the great Christian message. She told me that I was going about it in entirely the wrong way. Of course no one would like me if I only worried about myself. I had to "forget myself" and find someone in that school who needed me. She said, "When you get in a low mood, go out of your way to do something nice for someone else." So many times I've heard that counsel from my wise mother and I discovered that it actually worked! She not only taught that wisdom but lived it as well. After Daddy had his stroke, there were lots of low points in their lives as Mother cared so tenderly for him and Daddy tried to feel good about his life. One day in trying to deal with their pain, they decided to write to some of the people in their lives who had helped them and tell them how much they appreciated how much they had done to make their lives happier and more livable. My husband Gene happened to be one of the people that they had decided to write to. Mother, of course, would be the scribe and try to write how they both were feeling. She wrote a beautiful letter to Gene, which we have saved, telling him of their love and respect. I have no idea how many other letters they wrote at that time to cheer others. This little project was undertaken when they were going through some of the hardest trials of their lives.

Mother was a loyal wife to my Dad and that made them a great team. No matter what my Dad decided to try, she was behind him all the way. When he quit his job and moved away from their comfortable home so he could have a chance to try it on his own, she was willing to take the risks and give up some of her comforts so he could have this experience which he had desired all his life. Her support of him when he served those wonderful years as Bishop was amazing. One of the outstanding things they did while he served as Bishop was to visit and befriend any inactive member within their ward boundary. They spent literally thousands of hours visiting people, young and old to help them to see again the joys of the gospel. Mother could talk for hours relating experiences of people who had come back into activity through the tireless efforts of my father. And of course, in the background, she was no small part of that tremendous effort.

For lack of time, I will only relate one other quality of my mother's that I would like her grandchildren to emulate. Mom had a tremendous faith in the future, no matter how low things got, things would work out. This faith wasn't just blind faith. It was based on her belief that if you build your life on the gospel and did what Christ taught us to do, the important outcomes could be assured. Matthew 7:24-27 was not only her favorite scripture, but it was her life. She not only liked that scripture, she lived it. This great optimism centered around her deep faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ and was exemplified daily in her life. And I think came to a climax in 1970 when she and Daddy were called to serve together on a mission. Not many older couples were going on missions in those days. They sacrificed to go, leaving their family and many comforts to go to England where it was cold and they knew not what to expect. But it said it all

when they returned and mom said, they would go again in a minute if they were called. Less than a month ago, Mom spoke to me and said one of the last intelligible things that I heard her say. I was dressed up and I went over to her to say good-bye, not telling her where I was going because I didn't think she would understand. She caught my arm and pulled me close to her and said, "Where are you going?" When I told her that I was going to the temple, she looked at me with pleading in her eyes and said, "Oh, please, put my name in the temple, and Daddy's, too."

That is part of the picture of your grandmother that I want you children to remember and to learn more about and then to emulate. The President Kimballs and other famous men and women of the church of course inspire us to live better lives. But I want you to know that you have right within your own heritage, the model of a woman whose example if followed could bring you eternal happiness.

Mom will be missed by many but I know that she is finally at peace and for that I have great joy and I celebrate this day. My challenge to you and to myself is to honor her life by living as she lived, is my prayer ---

Frank:

Written for the family newspaper after Mom's death:

Josephine Jensen Berrett, wife of Floyd Edward (Ted) Berrett died on November 12, 1985 at her daughter's home in Provo, Utah. Her passing leaves a void in the lives of numerous friends and relatives whose lives she has touched in 82 years of exciting, challenging living. The life she lived was near-perfect. Her sweet pure dedication to living the principles of the Gospel provided a beacon for any person who came within her influence.

Josie and Floyd were married on August 7, 1929 in the Logan temple, at which time she was working as a private secretary for the Utah Idaho Sugar Company. They lived for a short time in Salt Lake, were transferred to Portland, Oregon and then to Seattle where they lived until shortly before her death. Josie and Floyd were stalwarts in the early development of the Church in the Northwest, providing strength and leadership to the saints in that area. Josie's tenacious spirit would never allow her to fulfill a responsibility without giving less than her best effort. She taught Book of Mormon stories to the Junior Sunday School children and became a legend in the whole area for the way in which she made those stories come alive for the children. When she worked with the young girls in the MIA, she endeared every girl in the ward to her and made every effort to see that every girl under her stewardship was able to participate. When she taught the mother education lessons in Relief Society, her reputation as a wise and thoughtful mother was widespread. She was sought out by many for advice, counsel, love and support. As President of the North Seattle Stake Relief Society, she guided the women of the stake in great acts of service and love. Josie was well-read and was knowledgeable on any subject that one would want to discuss. The home that Josie and Floyd created became a haven for anyone in need of solace, comfort or companionship. A delicious home-cooked Sunday dinner was always enjoyed by more than the immediate family: lonely service men, hungry missionaries, lost relatives, a new family in the ward, or people just passing through. Josie's lifetime of service was climaxed by a mission call to service with Floyd in the London South Mission in 1970. Floyd and Josie welcomed the call at a time in their

lives when it required sacrifice, financially and in terms of closeness to family. Josie called it the best experience of her life and would have returned the next day, had she had the opportunity.

Josie was a strong, quiet woman who learned from pioneer parents the time-worn values of integrity, service and love. She loved and worked beside a strong vibrant man and together their influence on the lives of a multitude of saints in Seattle and elsewhere can never be measured. She is remembered with love and respect; all of us who knew her will try to live our lives better to honor her memory.

MY ANGEL

When I was young I thought
Angels had wings, and
Halos and carried harps.
Angels sang songs all day
And talked to shepherds and
Old men at night.
I never saw an angel
until I heard my mother pray
And saw the tears of
Long and faithful years flow from
Sweet, believing eyes.
Then I knew—
Angels are people too

Memorial Speech for Josephine Jensen Berrett given by her daughter, Judy Ane Berrett
November 15, 1985

It is not an easy task to speak at my mother's memorial, but it is one I welcome as I feel a need to express my love and perceptions of her to all who remain and were closest to her. I want my tribute to be perfect, because in my perception, mother was perfect: Perfect in faith, perfect in hope, but especially perfect in loving. It is to the latter that I wish to address my remarks.

The scriptures where Christ tells us to be perfect can often be misunderstood when read out of context. Our cultural syntax also often confuses the word, "perfect". Reading the scripture in context, we find Christ is asking us not to become "perfectionists" in achievement or task-related behavior, but rather perfect in loving.

The scripture "Build your house upon a rock," (Matthew 7:24) which is printed on the program was Mother's favorite, one she quoted often. Reading all of Matthew 7 gives further illumination to verse 24. I believe Christ is referring to the foundation one builds his life upon as his the core motivation for actions. Is it based on internal or external reward? Is it motivated by love or seeking reward among men?

A sure test for analysing one's intent is the formula given to us by Christ in these passages. When the storms come into life, as they surely will, reaction to them can be a barometer of intent and motive. If built upon sand, the reaction might be, "why me?" I've done everything right, paid tithing, served mission, attend temple, do my home or visiting teaching etc. I am perfect in performing required duties, where is my reward? In other words my intent or motive for doing is for reward. One may become bitter and turn from the Lord. If the intent is for reward, the foundation of sand will not provide support. If the intent is love and charity, the foundation will stand as illustrated by the life of Job and also the life of Josephine Jensen Berrett. As I watched and observed the storms in her life, they washed away and exposed a foundation as polished and pure as crystal.

Charity~the pure love of Christ. Paul gives us further definition of action words of intent of an individual motivated by love: Suffereth long, kind, envieth not, is not puffed up, does not behave unseemly, seeketh not her own, not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth ~ It is built upon a rock. These actions words describe the life of my mother.

How did she get to be this way? A loving personality can simply be born but studying the family she was nurtured in provides further insight of a loving environment where she learned to value herself. It is important to me to see that my mother had a love of self because one must further value self before one can value others. This carried into all aspects of her life and my mind floods with memories and examples of these actions which I want to share.

I have wonderful memories of watching her enjoy her garden, especially her roses and dahlias. Most sunny days when I would come home from school, I would find her in the midst of her flowers. They all had names and I treasure the knowledge she passed on to me of some of her favorite roses: Peace, Queen Elizabeth, Tropicanna, Golden Showers. To this day, the heavenly smell of roses are associated with my Mother and days spent with her in her rose garden. She inspired in me a love for the wonder of environment created by God and she valued these above the things of man.

She loved to read and was inspired by lofty thoughts. She would clip inspiring thoughts and paste them in her personal book. She seemed to know when to place a thought on my dresser or include one in a letter when I was away at college.

She had an affinity for the writings of great thinkers, both secular and religious; Ernst Ligon, Emerson and Brigham Young were some of her most oft quoted.

She enjoyed her children and grandchildren. As a Mother Education Leader for many years, she inspired many parents with her basic philosophy "that the enjoyment of children is the greatest gift you can give your children." She made each of her children and grandchildren feel most important. When she took me shopping, it was a fun excursion, not one to be endured. We would take the bus to downtown Seattle and then she would treat me to a hamburger and chocolate soda, one of her favorites. She would tirelessly push me on our swing outdoors and would sing at the top of her lungs, the poem by Robert Louis Stevenson, "How would you like to go up in the Swing?"

Mother served others, but also took good care of herself. When she needed to relax, I would find her doing cross-word puzzles with her favorite cup of Postum. When she needed a lift, she would go downtown to buy a new hat and recommended this remedy to others. Daddy, do you remember how many hats she had in her closet?

She had a sense of fun and got much joy from our Daddy with his keen sense of humor and wit. I remember her saying she couldn't imagine being married to anyone other than our Dad. She adored and loved him and it was reciprocal. They were an amazing team in serving others.

I have wonderful memories of the numerous dinners where they entertained missionaries and members of the ward with food prepared with her love. There was much warmth around the table and she always prepared more food than anyone could eat. Her motto, which she expressed to me often was, "Error on the side of generosity." After dinner, our guests felt so comfortable in our home, that our living room floor would be a resting nap place for well fed souls. Food was one of the ways she shared her love with friends and family; varieites of cookies at Christmas, roast beef dinners every sunday, pies, pots of chili with pickle juice as her magic seasoning ingredient are some I remember with nostalgia.

Her church service was motivated by love and I remember the hours she spent as Relief Society President hand embroidering temple aprons and dressing the deceased in preparation for burial. One of her highlights was the Stake Singing Mother Chorus that she nurutured during her leadership. She was known as the "child psychologist" in our Stake and many sought her advice, but her services performed less in the spotlight are the most endearing. Grown men and woman comment to me how they loved listening to her tell Book of Mormon stories as children when they were in Junior Sunday School. She enjoyed her woman friends and spent many hours talking on the phone to them, not gossipping but I would often eavesdrop to listen to her discussing ideas.

As a young girl, I felt my mother was my best friend. I could tell her most everything and am sure I embarrassed her by some of my frank questions and comments. She provided consistent unconditional love for her family and had the ability to lift, inspire and encourage all of us when we were depressed or discouraged. "I can't" or "no" were words that didn't exist in her vocabulary. She was a model of positive thinking, a doctrine she lived and breathed.

She taught us to think of others. She intuitvely knew when to use a "teaching moment" to teach core values. As she drove me to Girls Camp, I was expounding how much fun I was going to have. As she let me out, her last words to me were, "Judy, make sure others have fun, then you will too." I took her words to heart and was consistently voted "The friendliest girl at Girls Camp.

Mother enjoyed life and modeled regard for herself. This brought great security to me as a young developing woman. It provided a foundation for her to share love and charity with others which culminated in her love of God. Her greatest testament of her love for the lord was evidenced by her actions: "patient in suffering, beareth all things, endureth all things". Never did I hear her complain or ask."why me?" when enduring sorrow or hardship. We as a family found it difficult to watch her suffer, but I see clearly now that it was a necessary experience in demonstrationg to herself, to all of us and to the Lord, the foundation that she built her life: the rock of charity, the pure love of Christ.

NIELS JENSEN

Father of Josie Jensen Berrett



Many years ago in a land across the ocean in the Country of Denmark lived a family of Danes by the name of Jensen; the Father being Hans Pedersen Jensen, and the Mother, Kirsten Nielsen Jensen.

Niels Jensen was the third eldest in this family of eight children, namely, Hannah, Caroline, Niels, Erastus (Rasmus), Sine (Jensine), Peter, James, (a sister, Ida Elizabeth, being later born in New Zealand).

Niels was born August 29, 1862 in the Parish of Humble, of the County of Svendborn, on the Island of Langeland, Denmark. From this Island one could look anywhere and find water. On one side could be seen the North Sea, the Baltic Sea from the City of Copenhagen, on to the Isle of Bornholm situated a considerable distance to the East.

Denmark, composed of one large peninsula and a group of smaller Islands, was chiefly a farming and fishing area and this was the mode of life of the people living there.

About the time Niels was nine years of age, England became interested in populating and colonizing New Zealand. Queen Victoria of Great Britain called for 100 girls and 100 boys to leave their native land and go to New Zealand where they would have a good opportunity to find work, build homes, marry and populate this new and vast country.

It was a great struggle for the Jensen family to provide for the necessities of life, and difficult for young girls to find suitable work in Denmark, so when the Queen offered to pay the expense of the voyage of 1900 miles to New Zealand for these young people, Hannah, then 15, the oldest sister of Niels, volunteered to leave her beloved family and home and go to that land of opportunity. They set sail in the year 1871 and were many weeks on the ocean before reaching their destination.

A few years later the Queen offered the families of the young people free passage to go to New Zealand to clear the land of timber and settle new areas. Niels' family took advantage of this opportunity and he with his parents, his sister, Caroline, and three brothers, Rasmus, Peter, and James, after selling everything they owned, boarded a cattle boat in March of 1873 and left their home to seek their fortune in New Zealand. Sine died 9-25, 1871.

It was a long, stormy voyage, during which the engine on the boat broke down and they were left to drift aimlessly until finally another boat signed them and towed them to the shores of their new home. This was the way they got to New Zealand.

The family settled in LeBon's Bay, Canterbury. Queen Victoria issued each family so much land – depending on the size of the family – and Niels' Father was issued 80 acres of timber land, which was paid for in small amounts each fall until the land was paid for, and then they were given a deed of ownership.

Niels helped his Father as much as he could to clear the land, run the sawmill and do various other jobs to help support the family. Their nearest neighbors were sheep and cattlemen, who frequently gave Niels and his brothers work of various kinds. Niels' Father was a professional gardener and he often helped plant the gardens for neighbors. Ofttimes the only pay he would receive for a days work would be a quart of buttermilk, and the family would relish a meal of bread and gravy with a cup of buttermilk.

Hannah married John Hansen on December 12, 1874 at Timory New Zealand and their first son, William, was born October 31, 1876. They were exceedingly glad to be reunited with Hannah's parents, Hans Peter and Kirsten Jensen, and with the three brothers and two sisters of Hannah – a new baby sister, Ida Elizabeth Jensen, having been born April 26, 1876 in New Zealand. They were all very happy together but enjoyed very little of worldly goods. In their homes was evidence of a strong bond of love, which was more priceless than any material wealth.

In 1881 Niels' family received a letter from Mother Kirsten's sister who lived on the South Island of New Zealand. This letter brought the news that this sister had joined the L.D.S. Church and that she was sending the L.D.S. Missionaries to see the Hans Pedersen Jensen family and she urged them to listen to the missionaries for she knew the message they brought was true. This was indeed what the family had been seeking for so long. Many ministers of different religions had urged the family members to join their churches but they had not joined any of them.

Shortly thereafter Elders Bromely and Hinckley brought the gospel message to the home of Hans Peter Jensen and was accepted by the members of the family, except Caroline, whose husband refused to let her have anything to do with the missionaries or their teachings. On March 6, 1882 Hans Peter Jensen, Kirsten, Rasmus, Niels, Peter, and James were baptized. Hannah and husband, John, were baptized January 18, 1880, and Ida Elizabeth was baptized in 1884. On March 12, 1882 Hans Peter Jensen was ordained an Elder and Niels Jensen was ordained a Priest, and this same day the missionaries organized a branch, with the Jensen family the only members.

Soon afterward Hans Peter Jensen decided they were going to America with some other converts who were going to Zion. Once again the Jensen family sold their land and everything they owned in preparation for their long voyage. They crossed the channel by sailboat, then boarded a train to take them where they were to transfer to the main boat. On their way to America they had many trying experiences. They ran into a great storm which lasted several days and they were nearly shipwrecked. No one was allowed on deck and everyone had a bad case of sea sickness. It took 21 days to reach Honolulu, their first stop. Here brown and white sugar was loaded on board and the family was glad to be able to gather some from broken bags for their own use as food was not plentiful. A whale was harpooned and brought on board which provided a little extra nourishment. The family arrived in San Francisco and took a train to Utah to join Hannah and John who had arrived earlier.

Niels came with his family to Providence, Utah and where his Father bought four lots for \$400.00 and built a home; living there for a short time before moving to Benson, Utah to work for wages on a farm. They remained in Benson about 3 years and then returned to Providence.

About this time homesteading land in Idaho was in process and Rasmus, who was now 18 years old, applied and received a homestead by Rexburg, Teton, Idaho and persuaded the rest of the family to go with him. Niels remained in Providence and bought the property in Providence when Hans Peter Jensen moved to Idaho. Niels lived in the home which had been built before the family moved. He worked faithfully in the ward organizations and on the Temple in process of being built in Logan, Utah. He became acquainted with the family of Isaac and Josephine Bauman, who lived on the Northeast corner of the block adjacent to his property. Niels married their oldest daughter, Josephine, on November 28, 1880 in the Logan Temple, and they continued to occupy the home he had been living in. Niels had about eight acres of land in his 4 lots – Henry Braegger had one lot on the Southwest corner of the block, and with Bauman's lot on the East, these three owned the ten acre block.

The following year after Niels and Josephine were married, their first son, Jesse, was born on October 10, 1889. They lived here one more year and then moved to Benson Ward, Utah where they rented a farm and here their first daughter was born on September 7, 1891. They named her Edith. After two years of farming they decided that they would be better off back in Providence and they returned in March 1892. Eventually cows, horses, sheep, chickens, and pigs were acquired, and with their garden and fruit orchard they could raise most of their food and could live quite independently.

Their second son Joseph was born December 23, 1894 but lived only a little over two weeks, but a year later, on March 8, 1896, they were blessed with another son, whom they named Vernal.

Niels and Josephine worked hard. She was a good seamstress and made most of their clothes and still found time to sew for others, and by careful management now had saved enough money to purchase 12 acres of land in Millville. Their second daughter, Mabel, was born September 19, 1898. Two years later typhoid fever hit the family and they were all quarantined in and no one could leave the place. Their oldest son, Jesse, was in bed almost three months; vernal was down at the same time and then Josephine herself came down with the fever and gave birth to her 4th son, Alma, who only lived 12 hours.

The sugar factory west of Providence was completed in 1901 and Niels acquired work, getting a good job running the inside battery ?? On the 23rd of December 1902 their third daughter, Josephine, was born and things were going much better for them. With the opening of the sugar factory they could now raise sugar beets on their land in Millville. And by 1904 they were ready to build their new home. A neighbor, Traugott Bitter, was a carpenter who lived in the next block and he consented to build the house with the help of his 16 year old son, Hyrum. The Jensen family all helped with the building – Josephine doing all of the lathing – and they moved into the new home on November 16, 1904, in plenty of time for their daughter, Oginda, to be born there. Now with six children the house was greatly appreciated. It was a two story house, having three large rooms and a pantry down stairs and two bedrooms up stairs.

In two years the new home was all paid for and the family was out of debt, so Niels decided to accept a call to go on a mission back to his native homeland, Denmark. He left on the 1st of May 1907. The family worked hard to run the farm and support themselves and Niels on his mission. During this time all the children got the small pox and again the family was all quarantined in. The neighbors would have to bring them food and leave it on the porch.

Niels returned from his mission on May 12, 1909 and started working again at the sugar factory. Their last child, a daughter, Velda, was born January 27,, 1910; she being the 7th living child.

Niels had a very good disposition and had many friends and always had time to visit with them. One of his best friends was Clarence Hammond, who lived South of Niels' home about two blocks. Niels was a Democrat and Clarence was a Republican and they would stand on the corner by Niels' home talking for hours at a time, Niels all the while whittling on a stick of wood. When they got tired of standing they would stoop down and talk for awhile and when they were tired of stooping they would stand again. Many times Josephine would have to keep Niels' supper warm for him until the two men were through discussing their views. The cows also had to wait to be milked and oftentimes this would be at 12 o'clock at nights. His friends were always ready to help him. When he built the new home, Goff Stauffer, the Joneses and other neighbors were all there with their teams to help move the old cabin to the back to used for a grainy, and all the pay they wanted was a barrel of beer and a social time together.

Niels was the water master on the canal west of his house for about 20 years and whenever the water broke out of the ditch, the water would have to be shut out of the ditch until it could be repaired. There were at this time many fish in the canal and with the water out, one could catch the fish with his hands and many times Niels would bring home a half a gunny sack of fish for the family to eat.

Three years after Niels returned home from his Mission he left for work one morning, stopping at Leon Mathews about a block away to help hitch the team, which Leon worked at the sugar factory with, to his buggy to take them to work. Leon had a stallion horse on his place and a man had just come from taking his mare to the stallion and had stopped to talk to Niels where he was fastening the tug to the buggy. For some reason the mare suddenly wheeled around and struck out with both feet at the team and one hoof hit Niels in the stomach. They carried him home and called Dr. Eliason, but Niels could not fight off the peritonitis which developed and he passed away two days later on the 16th of May 1912. Following is a newspaper clipping concerning his services:

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING – NIELS JENSEN
Providence, Utah – March 6, 1893

A blessing given by Oct Lilyenquist, Patriarch, upon the head of Niels Jensen, son of Hans P. Jensen and Kyerstin Nielsen. Born August 29, 1862, Langland Denmark. Brother Niels, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood, I seal upon you a father's and Patriarchal blessing, with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and of the new and everlasting covenant, with health of mind and body that these blessings may rest upon you in mighty power and fill thee with the light of life, with faith, hope and charity, and the testimony of Jesus, and be a shield and a protection unto you against accidents, pestilences and death, and you may live long upon the earth, and preach the gospel of the Son of God in Zion and in foreign lands. Help to gather Israel and build up the new Jerusalem and redeem Zion. Listen to the still small voice and put your trust in the Lord and you shall enjoy the revelations of the Holy Spirit and understand the signs of the times, and have power over the plagues that are coming upon the earth, and to heal the sick and raise up the dying, and travel in safety on land and at sea. The Lord has a great work for thee to do. Prepare thy heart and inform thy mind for the time is not far distant when you will be called into the ministry in the interest of the living and the dead, for you shall stand as a Savior upon Mount Zion. You shall be blessed in the labors of your hands, in your fields and orchards and enjoy the riches of the earth, and do much good to the poor and needy, the new comer and stranger. Be liberal in your feelings and the Lord will be liberal unto you, and many shall rise up and call thee blessed by and by. Thou art of Ephraim and an heir to the fullness of the Holy Priesthood, with crowns and kingdoms. The riches of heaven and of the earth belong to the Lord, and it is his good will and pleasure to bestow freely thereof unto you through your faithfulness, even until your soul is fully satisfied.

The Lord bless thee and his Holy Angels guide and protect thee until you shall stand on Mount Zion in the morning of the first resurrection, and become a king and a Priest unto the most high. All of which seals and blessings I seal and ratify by virtue of my office through your faithfulness and seal you up unto eternal life in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen

GOOD CITIZEN DIES AT PROVIDENCE (1912)

Providence, Utah, May 21, 1912. Funeral services over the remains of Niels Jensen were held in the auditorium of the Second Ward meeting house, Sunday, May 19, 1912.

The house was filled to overflowing; well over 500 people being present. There were 55 carriages following the remains to the cemetery.

The opening prayer was offered by Bishop Lehi Olson of River Heights, and the benediction was pronounced by Bishop O.F. Rice of Logan. Beautiful music was rendered by the choir. Brother Amos Brown sang a solo, accompanied by the choir. Alma M. and Hazen R. Mathews sang a duet. H.B. Campbell sang a solo, assisted by the choir. The speakers that eulogized the good works of Brother Jensen, and his devoted labors in the Gospel of Christ, were: C.M. Hammond, A.M. Mathews, A.M. Hammond, John Stauffer, H.J. Mathews, President Joseph Quinney, and Bishop Joseph Campbell.

labors in the Gospel of Christ, were: C.M. Hammond, A.M. Mathews, A.M. Hammond, John Stauffer, H.J. Mathews, President Joseph Quinney, and Bishop Joseph Campbell. E.D. Mathews read a letter of condolence from the Amalgamated Sugar Company and its employees.

There were many of the Sugar Company employees present

Brother Jensen's life was an open book to all who knew him. He was devoted to the work of the church in his ward.

He belonged to the 12th quorum of Elders, and the members of the quorum were the pall bearers.

He was born in Hardenburg, Denmark, August 29, 1862. He went to New Zealand when a boy with his father's family. They remained there for a number of years, when the LDS elders found the family. They were ready for the Gospel message, accepted the truth and became true Latter-day Saints.

They emigrated to Providence, Cache County, April 1882, and lived here a number of years, when the family moved north into Idaho, except Brother Niels Jensen, who remained in Providence where he helped to build up the ward and became acquainted with the family of Brother and Sister Isaac Bauman. He married their oldest daughter, Josephine, November 28, 1888 in the Logan Temple. From that union they have nine children, seven of whom are living. The family have the entire sympathy of the whole community. Brother Niels Jensen returned from filling an honorable mission to his native land of Denmark just three years prior to the time of his death.

Taken from newspaper clipping:

Niels was a gentle, kind husband and father. His wife, Josephine's life sketch attests to the great devotion they had for each other, and to the love and happiness they enjoyed as man and wife and as a family group. His passing on May 16, 1912, at the age of 50, caused her deep grief to her last day, although she carried on bravely over 23 years to provide for her children and to care for her aged Mother.

Hans Peter Jensen and Kirsten Nielsen Jensen sealed in Logan Temple, July 23, 1884

The following children: Hannah, Niels, Rasmus, Jensine, Peter James, Ida Elizabeth sealed to Hans Peter Jensen and Kirsten Nielsen Jensen on March 18, 1885. Carl Jensen Meyer sealed August 29, 1957.

**NIELS JENSEN
KILLED BY HORSE**

Niels Jensen of Providence, Utah, who for several years has been an employee at the Logan Sugar factory, died at the family residence Thursday May 16, at 11 a. m. Death came as a result of injuries received two days previous, when he was kicked by a horse.

Early Tuesday morning in company with Leon Matthew, a neighbor, Mr. Jensen was hitching a team up when one of the animals kicked, striking him in the region of the abdomen. His condition was at once considered serious, so a doctor was summoned, and all possible aid ministered. His injuries, however, were internal and beyond the power of man to heal.

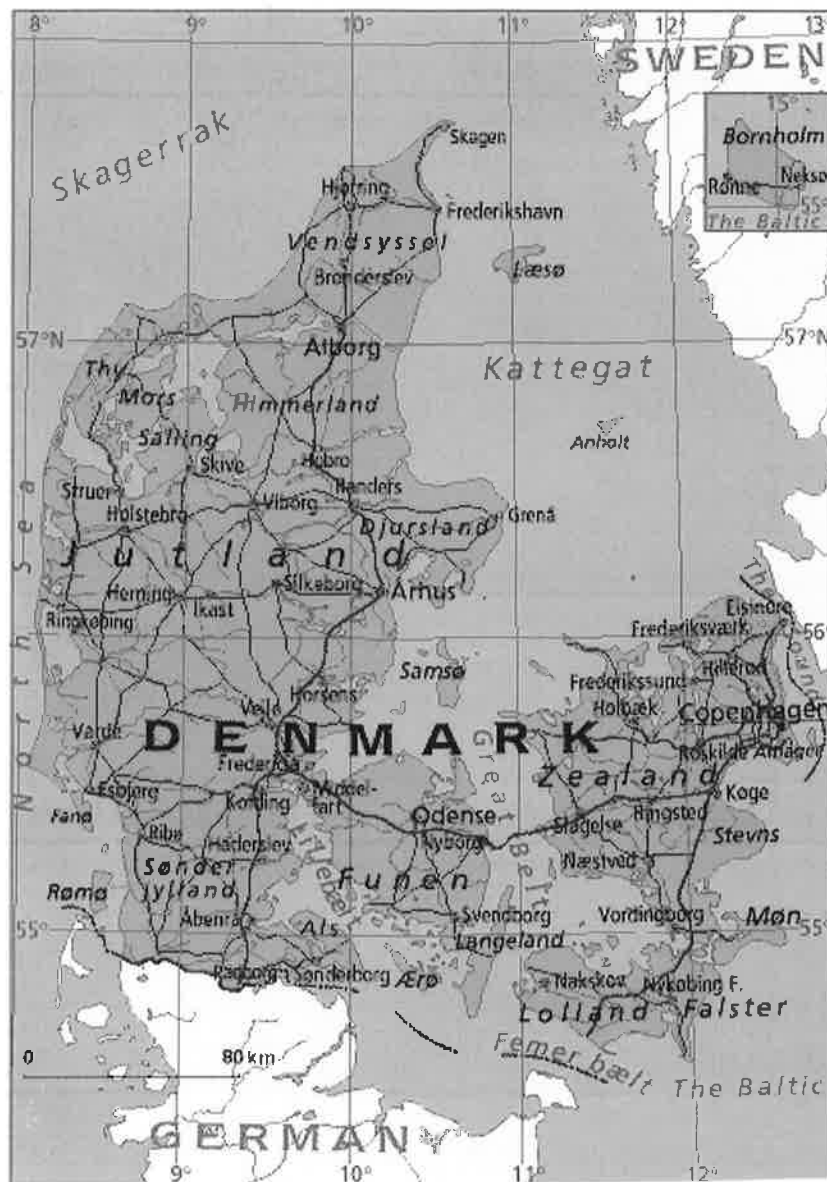
Deceased was a highly respected citizen and an earnest church worker. He was 49 years of age, and leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his passing.

Funeral services over the remains will be held in Providence Second ward meeting house Sunday at 2 p.m.

A SKETCH ABOUT THE LIFE OF HANNAH JENSEN

Sister to Niels Jensen who was the husband of Josephine Bauman

Hannah Jensen was born at Uylland, Denmark, September 8, 1856. Her father was Hans Peter Jensen and her mother Kirsten Neilson Jensen. In order to require the necessities of life, the parents worked very hard and while they were at work, Hannah, who was about 8 years of age was left with the care of her young brothers and sister. She went to school when it was possible for her to do so and memorized her lessons at night. As more years came, additional children were born to the family. About this time Hannah was 15 years of age. England was interested in populating and colonizing New Zealand so Queen Victoria of Great Britain called for 100 girls and 100 boys to leave their native land and go to New Zealand where they would have good opportunity to find work, build homes, marry and populate this new and vast country. Hannah was one of the girls who said farewell to her family to make this voyage. The voyage was paid by England so there was no problem of expense; however Hannah was sea sick and homesick but even so, they had many merry times on the ship. The girls had their living quarters at one end of the ship and the boys on the other end with lattice railing between. A friendly girl names Annie, said to Hannah, "come with me down to talk to the boys. I have a brother there names John." They had short visits several times on this long voyage. When they arrived in New Zealand, they were in quarantine a month, then taken to a station where rich farmers and plantation owners came to get these young people for work. A rich Jew, dressed very well with a high



silk hat and cane, came and talked very fast to Hannah who couldn't understand a word he said and left her ever so bewildered. But he was kind and took her hand and helped her into his find surrey and high-spirited horses carried the surrey off down the street. As Hannah and this stranger rode through the everlasting forest, Hannah's heart was heavy and tears fell. She tore bits from her handkerchief and let them fall along the roadside for she thought she may want to find her way back to the ship. Many thoughts came to her mind; would she ever see her father or mother or brothers or sisters again? But finally they came to the plantation. There was a very large house and buildings all around, some large and some small as far as the eye could see. Hannah was taken in to meet the mistress who was very kind and tried to make her understand by motions. She was quick to learn from the ten children in the family as Hannah helped care for them. There was a nursery and a nurse there to rear the small children and babies. The mother of the children would just peek in at times. The children had a study room and a tutor came each to teach the older children. At times, Hannah would hear the children cry over their hard lessons and she would try and comfort them. In doing this she soon learned the English language and the eldest boy, who was about 16 years of age, was especially good to help Hannah understand and speak English. It was Hannah's duty to wait on the mistress most of her time and serve breakfast to the Mr. And Mrs. In bed. Also she would serve refreshments to company in the evenings while they played games. The mistress told Hannah that she could have what money she found on the floor sweeping and cleaning up the den after their patties. With the money that Hannah found on the floor, she was able to buy material for a dress. In the sewing room a seamstress worked every day sewing for this large family. Hannah would slip in and visit with the seamstress who would hand her bits of handwork which helped her learn to sew. As time went on, she spent a little more time in the sewing room and with the dress-maker's help, Hannah finished her dress in her spare time. At this time, she didn't know it would be her wedding dress.

She made friends with all these good people who were so very kind to her and who had helped her in so many ways. At times, she would think about the friends on the ship and John. She wondered where he and her dear friend Annie were; but then, she was so busy with all the duties and so anxious to learn all the different kinds of work that she gained quite an education while she lived at this place. She lived and worked here for nearly three years. Then one day she was out sweeping the front porch and turning around to go back inside; there before her stood John. He looked at her and said, "At last I have found you!" He told Hannah that he had been everywhere in every corner on the two Islands looking for the little Danish girl he had seen on the ship. At that moment that John had seen Hannah he had said, "There's the girl for me!" But when the ship landed in New Zealand they all went different ways and John lost track of Hannah. Some time after finding Hannah, they were married, December 12, 1874 at Timory New Zealand. John Hansen was born May 26, 1848 at Snesive Sealand, Denmark. He was a builder and a mason and worked very hard at that trade. John and Hannah were very happily married and went to work to finish their home. A son was born to them October 31, 1876 and was named William. Two years later a baby girl was born but died shortly after birth.

About this time Hannah's family arrived from Denmark along with an aunt and her family. They were all very happy together but enjoyed very little of worldly goods. But in their home was evidenced a strong bond of love which was much more priceless than any material wealth.

Many ministers of different religions came to them and wanted them to join their churches but they joined none of them. Then one day, a Mormon missionary came to New Zealand, an Elder Wright from Logan. He came to their home and John and Hannah were quick and anxious to accept the Gospel and teachings of the life and doctrines of Jesus Christ. Hannah's father and mother and family were all converted except for one sister, Caroline. Her husband was very bitter and would not join or let any of his family join the Church. Caroline was very sad indeed as she knew all her people would go to Zion and leave her. At this time she didn't know that 18 years would pass before she would hear from another Mormon missionary. John and Hannah started making plans for another voyage, this time a happy journey together! December 13, 1880 a baby boy was born to them, John or Johnie. William and Johnie were blessed by Elder Shreeve and John and Hannah were baptized January 10, 1881 and were confirmed by Elder Burnette in the New Zealand mission. Their friends turned against them and could not see why they wanted to sell out to go to Utah. They had to sell at such a sacrifice but felt sure they were doing the right thing, for the Gospel meant everything in the world to them. Encouraged by the missionaries, Hannah and John and their little family started the long voyage to Zion. They arrived in Logan, Utah May 28th, 1881 and became members of the 1st Ward. They accepted calls of service in the Church and were anxious to learn more about the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They had in their home the Holy Bible, the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, Pearl of Great Price, a Latter-day Saint hymn book and a few other text books. Brother Hansen, a builder and mason, worked on the tabernacle and the Temple.

As soon as the temple was finished, Brother and Sister Hansen went through and received their endowments and were sealed together for time and all eternity. Hannah was called as second counselor in the Relief Society and was also set apart as a visiting teacher. At this time they lived in the Joal Ricks home, 1st East, 2nd South, and were in the 7th Ward in Logan.

June 24, 1885, a baby girl was born to them who was named Annie, a namesake of her grandmother. While here in Logan, they gained many friends and Hannah would go out to help the sick to gain their strength once again. She would also go out at many times to give a helping hand in time of need. Times were very hard, and John had a difficult time finding work. He was given a slip of paper or scrip, cashed only at certain places, which in turn he would receive the necessities of life. Brother Hansen worked so hard as a mason to provide the necessities for his family that in time, his health was effected. He had a chance to homestead a piece of land two miles east of Newton. They moved to Benson Ward where John build a two-room small log house and their little family moved out on this farm. Hannah's father and mother and family lived at Benson Ward at this time and they spent many happy hours together. After two years in Benson Ward, John moved his family to the farm. There were quite a number of families scattered around what was called the Alto Flat, a branch of the Newton Ward. Undying perseverance, many trying hardships, and endless days of loneliness were endured but this little family was successful in making a living. Friends and neighbors joined together and had good times. Surprise parties, dances and fun evenings were held in the Alto schoolhouse. Hannah Hansen and Sister Chantrell were Relief Society teachers and drove miles with the horse and buggy to visit the members. Hannah went out to help the sick. She also helped her neighbors with quilting and sewing and made many yards of crocheted lace, knitted stockings for her family and did many kinds

of handwork.

John Hansen and his two sons worked very hard and it wasn't long until the yard became alive with animals, chickens, ducks, turkeys, and the grain fields turned from green to gold. Evenings were spent around the table with the Church books and hymn book. The family would sing the hymns, a favorite was "Come all ye sons of God who have received the Priesthood. Go spread the Gospel wide and gather in his people." Brother Hansen was Superintendent in the Alto Sunday School for a short time. The family went to Newton to Sunday meeting and Church entertainments and it wasn't long until they became acquainted with many and had many friends.

January 24, 1898 brought the sudden death of Brother John Hansen which cast a gloom over the whole community. His wife, Hannah, and children were stunned with grief and a broken home. Sister Hansen carried this deep grief to her last day. The ages of her family at this time were William 21; John 17; and Annie 11. The children did all they could to comfort their Mother. Her mother from Teton City, Idaho stayed with the family for three months. The following fall, the family moved to Newton. William married Amanda Hogensen April 26, 1899. Three years later, John married Marinda Alice Barker December 3, 1902. They bought the Nephi Benson home south of the square. William and John built a small home for their mother a few steps from John's home. It was a great comfort for her to be near her children.

December 2, 1903, Annie married Ernest Jensen and they built a home two blocks away. Hannah Hansen, the mother, was always willing to go to her children in need or sickness and the families spent many pleasant hours together. She, indeed, was a kind and loving mother. Sister Emilia Jensen was a dear friend and neighbor who very often called Sister Hansen to help in sickness and confinement cases. In 1904, Hannah Hansen was called as First Counselor in the Relief Society to President Bessie Ballard. She acted in this office until February 1915. She was then appointed to care for the dead with Sister Martha Jenkins as helper. This was a great responsibility and entailed hours of work. After death they would wash and prepare the remains to be layed out. Then they would place ice packs around and cover the remains over with white sheet and put the corpse in a cold room. Help was called in if needed to sew the clothing and dress the remains for burial. Sister Hansen was faithful and carried on this work until her health gradually declined. In the beginning of her illness she said, "I know I will not get well." She died August 22, 1917 at the home of her daughter who had cared for her the last part of her illness. A host of relatives and friends attended the funeral services in Newton meeting house August 24, 1911.

SOME EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF HANS PETER JENSEN FAMILY



The family of Hans Peter Jensen lived in Denmark until 1871 when the Queen, desiring to colonize New Zealand, asked for 100 boys and 100 girls to volunteer to go there free of charge to build a colony and till the land. Hannah Jensen, 15 years of age, was one of these girls. Three years after she got there she met John Hansen, whom she married. Meanwhile, a few years after these 200 young people had left Denmark, the Queen offered the families of these boys and girls free passage and some money if they would follow them. The rest of the family of Hans Peter Jensen took this opportunity to go to New Zealand. It was a long, stormy voyage, during which their ship's engine broke down and they drifted for many days before they were towed to shore, where their engine was fixed and they were able to continue on their way. They had to work hard in New Zealand but it was better than the crowded country of Denmark. They joined the church there and Hannah was married 1874. In 1881 she and her husband moved to Newton, Utah where they lived the rest of their lives.

Peter Jensen bought four lots in Providence, paying \$400 for them. They lived there until 18____, when they homesteaded some land in Teton, Idaho and lived there all the rest of their lives.

Niels was married while living in Providence and lived in Benson. He bought the property in Providence when his father moved to Idaho.

Caroline married while she was in New Zealand and remained there all of her life, excepting a visit to America.

James was 6 weeks old when he left Denmark.

All the family joined the church after the missionaries came to New Zealand and were baptized in New Zealand in 1881, in March, except Caroline, whose husband would not join and would not allow his wife or children to do so. After he died his wife and some of the children came to Utah and went through the temple.

John Hanson was one of the original 100 who came to New Zealand. Hannah met him on the boat but was separated after landing, and it was nearly 3 years before she saw him again.

Hannah married – John Hansen in 1874 in New Zealand, sealed in Logan temple in 1885

Caroline married -- _____ Meyers

Niels married – Josephine Bauman, 28 November 28, 1888, in Logan temple

Rasmus never married, died 1894, at age of 29.

Peter married

James married

Ada married

(there is one child who died as a baby)

JOSEPHINE BAUMAN JENSEN

I was born 25 November 1870, Midway, Wasatch County Utah. Lived there until _____ years old then moved to Salt Lake. Lived there until the year 1876 then moved to Providence, Utah. Lived there two years then moved to Millville and there started to school at the age of 8 years. Had two miles to walk and suffered much with the cold being scantily dressed. Passed through three readers the first winter.

Lived at that place two years then moved to Paradise; lived there one year then moved back to Providence, Utah. Lived there until the year 1883 when I moved to Ogden. Stayed there two years until May, 1885. Attended the Central School of Ogden. Moved back to Providence, Utah; continued in the district school the next year, after which was obliged to help make a livelihood. Went out doing housework and selling fruit, and at the same time, doing all the sewing for mother's family.

Was married Nov. 28, 1888 to Niels Jensen in the Logan Temple. Located in Providence, Utah; nearest neighbor to father and mother. Was still able to help mother out in sewing, etc.

October 10, 1889, a son, Jesse, was born. In March 1890 we moved to Benson Ward, Utah, where daughter, Edith, was born Sept. 7, 1891. In March 1892 moved back to the old home in Providence. Had a struggle renting farm; went to dedication in Salt Lake.

In May 1893 had a severe attack of appendicitis; was helping grandmother with her temple work. Laid up over a month. Had a son Joseph Leroy, named after the Prophet, Joseph Smith. He was born December 23, 1894, who died January 10, 1895, which was a severe blow on the happy family.

Was put in as Relief Society teacher the following summer. Went out a great deal to help and sit up with the sick.

In March 8, 1896, a son, Vernal, was born. Worked hard and economized and went out sewing between times to help keep the family; and through persevering bought 12 acres of land. Helped father do temple work.

On Sept. 19, 1898, Mabel was born. When she was two years of age, a siege of typhoid took hold of the family; Jesse, the oldest son, being confined to his bed for 11



weeks. And at the same time Vernal was down with it. And then I took down.

On November 30, 1900, Alma Leon was born but only lived 12 hours. Did not gain my health for some time after that. Did not get strong until after Josie was born 23 Dec. 1902. As she was born on her brother's birthday we named her Josephine.

In the year 1904 started to build. Did most of the lathing on the house and helped to work the lots while husband worked at the Sugar Factory. Moved into the new house Nov. 16, 1904.

Oginda was born Jan. 29, 1905. Finished paying up all our debts and on May 1, 1907, husband left for a mission to Denmark. And while he was on his mission the children and myself struggled along and kept the family, also sending enough money for the missionary so that when he was again released on May 12, 1909, we had a clean sheet to start on, having been able to keep out of debt. Jesse was then 19 years of age.

Husband began work at Sugar Factory. Velda was born Jan. 17, 1910, making nine children in all, two having died and seven living.

All went well and were enjoying peace and happiness until May 14, 1912, when my husband met with an accident while on his way to work, being kicked by a horse which caused his death on May 16, 1912, which was a very severe blow to us. Jesse who had a call to go on a mission previous to his father's death, left for his mission field to the Southern States in Aug. 1912. Went to Salt Lake City with him and went through the temple there. Grandpa Jensen stayed with us from the time of my husband's death until October. On Nov. 27 Edith married to Hyrum Bitter which caused a vacancy of three persons in the home within 6 months. Worked very hard in field and garden helping Vernal who was 16 years old to keep up the farm work. Started to work in Post Office for E.P. Hansen in Sept. 1913 and worked there until May 1919. Was able to keep Jesse on his mission and he was released in Oct. 1914 and also came home with a clean sheet to start on, no debts.

Worked in Post Office and did nursing in between until May 17, 1917 when I got my commission as Postmistress. Have been doing a great deal of temple work, first helping grandmother on her record and then helped father with his. And finally succeeded in helping to obtain a large record on mother's genealogy, and have put in all the time available in working in the temple.

In May _____ when the ward was divided was put in as first counselor in the Primary to Ena Miller. And in Sept 1910 was put in as president of that association, and held that position until some time in the fall of 1914 when I wished to resign on account of the many duties I had to attend to in keeping the children at school, etc.

On March 31, 1917 was called to part with my only son at home to help in the great War. He went to Camp Lewis, Washington, for training and in July started for France. Was in the 91st Division. Saw and endured the terrible struggle of the last battle. And after the Armistice was signed went to Germany with the Army of occupation. Was there three months, and when his regiment was called home, he met with an accident at Brest, France. Was confined on his back in a hospital three months. Then he was sent to America and got to Fort Douglas in July 1918. Came home on a furlough but had to return to the hospital and was sent to San Francisco and got his discharge in Oct. 1918 being just 1 year and six months in the service.

I am strong for religion being taught in high schools for I think that religion is very essential in forming the life and character of a student. For without it one loses the highest

aim in life. For it teaches the very best of life, and tends to bring out the best there is in us. Our minds are drawn out toward everything that is ennobling and good, and our highest ideals are constantly turned to a Supreme Being and loving the past our Savior trod. There is so much in different studies that tend to draw us to forget our God and make us feel independent of a higher being and think that everything comes about naturally. I think there would be much less crime committed if religion were more freely taught.

JOSEPHINE BAUMAN JENSEN 1870 – 1935

Written by Velda Jensen Craner, January 1960

Josephine Bauman Jensen was born November 25, 1870, in Midway, Utah. She was the daughter of Isaac and Josephine Mauchley Bauman. She lived in Midway until the spring of 1877 when the family moved to Cache Valley, living in Millville, Utah for a time, then finally settling in Providence, Utah where she lived the rest of her life. It was in Millville where she started school and passed through three readers the first winter. Her most loved subject was art, but that was prohibitive and many times she received a sharp whack on her knuckles for engaging in that activity. In 1883 the family moved to Ogden, Utah and for two years she attended central school and when they again returned to Providence, she continued in district middle school. As her two older brothers died in infancy she was the oldest to help take care of the smaller brothers and sisters. She learned to sew while very young and was soon making all the clothes for her brothers and sisters. She was employed as a seamstress and in selling fruit to help the family earn a living.

She grew up to be a beautiful young woman with dark brown hair, turning gradually gray, hazel eyes, and a slender figure. She had a wonderful disposition – always so thoughtful of others, and truly living the Gold Rule. No problem was too great for her to tackle. Her parents were faithful members of the LDS Church and Josephine was a dedicated teacher in the Primary

About the only recreation in those days was community dancing; and it was at one of these dances that she met my father, Niels Jensen. I remember her telling me that just as soon as she saw him, she knew he would be the man she would marry. They were married November 28, 1888, in the Logan Temple.

Their nearest neighbor was Josephine's parents, Isaac and Josephine Mauchley Bauman, and she continued to be of help to them.

On October 10, 1889 her son Jesse was born and the family then moved to Benson where daughter Edith was born on September 7, 1891. The farm on which they lived did not produce well that year, so Niels decided it was best to return to their home in Providence. Josephine occupied her time in responsibilities as President of the Primary and helping her mother with genealogy which proved to be a great accomplishment.

A son was born to Niels and Josephine on December 23, 1891, named Joseph LeRoy Jensen, but he lived a short time to January 10, 1894. This was a severe blow to the happy family. She found happier times in being sustained as Relief Society teacher and assisting with the sick and elderly of the ward.

On March 8, 1896 Vernal was born, after which she found great satisfaction in the results of her work with her father in connection with his genealogy. Through prayers and

perseverance the family was able to purchase 12 acres of land in Millville which proved to be of financial help and they rejoiced and gave thanks to the Lord for his blessings. Mabel came to them September 19, 1898 and agina on November 30, 1890 Alma Leon was born, but lived only 12 hours.

A siege of Typhoid Fever almost caused the severe illness of several family children, but Josephine escaped to give birth to a daughter, named Josephine. She was named after her mother and grandmother and the Prophet Joseph Smith, as her birthday was December 23, 1902. She was called Josie – never Josephine.

My father's family had emigrated from Denmark, to New Zealand than to Logan, Utah. My father's father bought four lots in Providence, Utah. My father's brother, Rassmus, moved to Teton, Idaho, and did so well there that he persuaded his parents and brothers and sisters to join him; which they did, all except my father. He bought my grandfather's property in Providence, and when he and mother were married made their home there, living for many years in a log cabin.

In the latter part of 1903 the cabin was torn down and a new five room home was built I can remember them telling me that father and grandfather built it and that it was a sturdy structure. All family members helped in the project, Josephine doing the lathing. The family moved in on November 4, 1904. My sister, Oginda, was born on January 29, 1905.

On May 1, 1907 my father was called on a mission to the Church to his old country of Denmark. This was one of his life-long dreams, to go back to his country and preach the everlasting Gospel. He had six children then, the youngest, Oginda, being just six months old. In those days they traveled without purse or script, and as I read his diary of the many hardships he had to endure, I feel very humble indeed. He had a strong testimony of the Gospel and I know he did much good. Of course, during this time, things were difficult for my mother too; six small children to take care of and she managed to send father \$12.00 a month. She had a small farm and enough to eat and managed to get along those two long years. Through faith and sheer determination Josephine provided for her six children and kept her husband on his mission, meanwhile keeping out of debt. He returned in early 1909.

I was born January 27, 1910, and two years later, May 16, 1912, my father was accidentally killed by a neighbor's horse kicking him in the stomach. Time, they say, heals all wounds, and by the time I was four years old my mother was put in as post-mistress of our little town of Providence; which position she held for twelve years. It was in this same year, August 1912, that my oldest brother went on a mission to Florida. After father's death, mother sold the land we owned in Millville; and just kept a few cows and chickens.

After my brother returned from his mission he was employed with the Amalgamated Sugar Co., along with his younger brother, Vernal. Some of the older girls worked in the Logan Laundry.

Mother was a practical nurse, and nearly every expectant mother would engage her services when they were going to be confined. For this service, 10 days or more, she charged \$5.00. She also was an expert paper hanger, and this she did for many years, even though we pleaded with her not to. For this she also received \$5.00 per room.

She had a strong testimony of the Gospel; and I remember of a manifestation she had of a 'voice' telling her to go to the Temple and do her work for her. This happened many times; when mother told father about it he insisted they go to the Temple and tell the

President. President Sheppard told her by all means to do the work, as she had all the information needed. Mother did so, and never heard the voice again. When her next daughter was born she named her after this lady, Oginda.*

She served as a visiting teacher in the Relief Society; and when Providence was divided into two wards she became the second Primary president of the second ward. She also taught Religion classes in the schoolhouse, one day a week after school. She was also secretary of the Genealogy class, and did a great deal toward obtaining a large record of her dead ancestors.

One cold winter morning after mother had made the fire in the kitchen stove, she was standing on the oven door getting dressed when she accidentally slipped and sat directly on the stove. She burned herself very badly and was in bed for two months. She never did recover completely from this accident; it seems it affected her nerves so badly. Her health began to fail steadily after this, and she died May 15, 12935. Doctors report said she died of hardening of the arteries.

She was the mother of nine children – two sons having died in infancy; and her oldest son, Jesse, died March 10, 1958. She has 327 grandchildren; 44 great grandchildren.

*Oginda reports that this event occurred before the birth of Josephine. She was to be named Oginda but when Josephine was born on Joseph Smith's birthday, December 23rd, she had to be named Josephine and Oginda was reserved for the next daughter born.



VERN, NEILS, MABLE, EDITH VELDA, JESSE, JOSIE, JOSEPHINE WITH OGINDA

JOSEPHINE JENSEN, Tribute to Josephine Bauman Jensen

By Newell J. Olsen, son-in-law

Mother Josephine, I speak this name almost in reverence because to my memory it represents the sweetness, the gentleness and the purity of love unfeigned toward all mankind. The symbol of charity that vaunteth not itself that was not puffed up, from a humble heart that gave in secret. The courage that knew not fear and a power of production that filled her beautiful soul with pride and with honor. A pride that asked not from any man.

I see Mother Josie and Father Niels (whom I never knew, but the monuments that he built bear their own witness to his greatness) commence their lives together with four strong hands, and with faith unchallenged as their only assets and as their working tools, Inch by inch they built the hard way, until they had a clear title to a home, to several building lots, and to a small farm. One by one their union was blessed until they had a family of eight. Then the call came, God needed Niels to preach the gospel in a foreign land. There was not a moment lost in accepting this challenge, only a short period of preparation. Josie put on the mantle of the provider, she filled the shoes of both father and mother. She cared for that family and somehow kept her man on a mission. To hear he tell it, God was the provider. And Niels filled an honorable mission only to return home to be accidentally killed. God needed such a man as he and he called him home.

Though her life was hard it was never dull and she always carried a beautiful sense of humor with her.

Josephine accepted the loss of her beloved husband in stride and sent her oldest son on a mission, although her tithing receipts grew smaller, they never stopped.

This small fortune in property represented their retirement, their pensions. It had been saved by frugality and by aching backs over the years. They had never prepared a will and that time came when the law must be satisfied and probate of their small estate must be made. This law gave Josie her home, the balance went to the children. From that day on she must provide for herself. Yes, Mabel and I got her full share, and I accepted it in stride, never realizing that it represented years of backbreaking work for Josie and Niels. We moved out of state and to all appearances forgot Josie. Time and memory has brought back full remembrances and a realization of an unpaid debt that now I can never pay to her. I can repent and plead with my God for his forgiveness. O yes, Mother Jensen will forgive me – that is the kind of heart that she carried all of her life. But in my mind and in my memories, there will never be a full restitution. And in my heart I will always know that America grew to record its greatest moments because of patriots such as Father and Mother Jensen. And that through the quality of man that their posterity represents, this country has been fully blessed and that heaven was complimented when these noble parents entered therein.



PATRIARCHAL BLESSING – JOSEPHINE BAUMAN JENSEN
Providence, Utah – March 6, 1893

A blessing given by Oct Lilyinquist, Patriarch, upon the head of Josephine Jensen, daughter of Isaac Bauman and Josephine Mauchley. Born Nov. 25, 1870 at Midway, Utah.

Sister Josephine, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood, I seal upon you a father's and patriarchal blessing, with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and of the new and everlasting covenant, with health of mind and body that you may live long upon the earth, and be a joy unto your companion; a leader among your sisters; a teacher of righteousness, and a worthy mother of your children, and bring them up in the fear of the Lord, and prepare them for the high exaltation in store for thee and thy posterity. For the noblest of spirits shall become your sons and daughters and much will be required of thee in the rearing of them. And, also, in the redemption of the dead, yea, even of your kindred that are behind the veil, for you were born into the world with this great mission upon thy head, and blessed art thou, for you shall live and fulfill all and never stumble or fall, for the power of God shall rest upon thee in great glory. You shall enjoy the revelations of the Holy Spirit and grace sufficient for your day. And the Holy Angels be your companions, shields and protect thee against pestilences and death; aid and assist you in sanctifying your home and habitations and in rebuking the destroyer and in reclaiming the wayward and erring ones. You shall be a teacher among and unto the youth of Zion, and stand as a Savior on Mount Zion and wash your garments white in the blood of the Lamb, and gain the victory over sin, hell and the grave.

Thou art of Ephraim and one of God's elect and thy name is written in the Lamb's book of life, and, with your companion, an heir to the fullness of all blessings with crowns and kingdoms enjoy the riches of eternity with the blessings of the earth, be full of faith, hope and charity and of the love of God, and with all the redeemed of your kindred stand on Mount Zion in the morning of the first resurrection arrayed in the robes of righteousness and wear a glorious crown. The Lord bless thee with all these blessings and I seal them upon thee by virtue of my office and seal you up unto eternal life, in the Name of Jesus Christ -- Amen



HISTORY OF JOSEPHINE MAUCHLEY BAUMAN

by her daughter – Josephine Bauman Jensen

Josephine Mauchley Bauman was born November 30, 1844 in Straubenzell Ct., St. Gallen, Switzerland. Is the daughter of Serge and Maria Kathrine Mauchley. Her childhood days were spent happy and contented on her father's farm and in going to school. But when she was 12 years of age her mother died, leaving three children, mother, who was the eldest one, and a brother and sister. But there were five other children in the family, left from a former wife of her father, which made 8 children in all. And in a short time her father married again—a sister of her mother's, who also had two sons. Now this is when mother's troubles began, as the step-mother was a very stern and harsh woman, and her two sons caused much trouble among the older children; and in consequence one after another left home, which made it hard for the younger children, to see their peaceful home thus broken up.

Their father, however, was very kind and indulgent with them and did all he could to make home pleasant and saw to it that the children did not want for bread. For he owned a small farm and was able to make an independent living. Mother received a common school education and was brought up in the Catholic church, but when she was 18 years of age, she in connection with her father, step-mother, brother, sister and one half-brother, accepted the Gospel and, just as the bells were tolling the old year out and the new in in 1863, they broke the ice of the river and were baptized and confirmed as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The people around there in those days were very prejudiced against the Saints and missionaries, and they had to hold their meetings in secret at the homes of the Saints and often had to abandon the singing for fear that they would be overheard and their meetings broken up by some lawless individuals. So they decided to emigrate. The following May they started on their journey to America. They were over fifty days crossing the Atlantic, landing in New York. From there they traveled by rail to Florence, where they equipped themselves with ox teams, wagon and provisions, preparatory to crossing the great plains to Utah. After they had traveled three days they were called to part with their dearly beloved father and, with sorrowful hearts, they buried his body by the wayside, feeling that they had lost their best friend.

Now mother's whole time was taken up in caring for her poor step-mother for she had already taken sick on the ocean and continued bedfast the whole journey until, just three days before their arrival, she was also called to join the father on the other side. Thus the children were left without father or mother in a strange land among strangers, and without any means of their own for support, for their father had been too liberal with his means in helping others to emigrate. Consequently the children were separated and



each had to go to strangers to seek employment. Mother went to live with a family in Payson, Utah, where she worked for her board and a few clothes for one year. Then she was married on September 22, 1864, in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City and lived in Sugar House Ward, where father worked in the woolen mills, then under the supervision of President Brigham Young. Mother was also employed there in winding bobbins. But wages were so low and produce so high that it was very hard to keep the wolf from the door and get the bare necessities of life. Wheat was \$7.00 a bushel and, of course, everything else sold accordingly, and, to make matters worse, father was stricken with what was then called mountain fever and was bedfast for six weeks. Had it not been for a few bushels of wheat that mother had gleaned herself the previous summer, they would have had practically nothing to subsist upon, as the winter was a very severe one and what few potatoes they had were frozen. They suffered much from the cold also, as wood was scarce and green at that.

January 2, 1865, their first son was born, and when he was 17 months old they had the sorrow of having him drown in a pool of water near the house. They lived here three years and then moved to Midway, Wasatch County, where father put up a loom to weave clothing for the destitute little children in the town. And here they were again called on to part with their second son when 8 months old, leaving them for the second time bereft of children. In those days they built their little huts in a circle in order to make a corral for their cattle, as the Indians were very hostile and would drive them off and take whatever they could get hold of. But later they became more friendly, and the people began to scatter out and build little cabins for themselves. These little cabins were very crude in the extreme, for the roof would let the rain in and the wind could be felt through the cracks of the wall, and nothing but the ground for a floor. Later they lived in a dugout, which was somewhat warmer. They lived in Midway nine years, but as the winters were so severe they decided to move to Salt Lake, and in the spring of 1877 moved to Cache Valley, where mother has lived ever since with the exception of two years that were spent in Ogden. Mother was obliged to move a great many times until the home that she now occupies was purchased and in which she has lived for over thirty years. She is the mother of nine children, three having preceded her to the other side. She was left a widow February 28, 1904. She was a faithful wife and devoted mother, strictly honest and industrious, and always ready to give a helping hand wherever needed and often going without herself to help others. She was first called as a teacher in the Relief Society in 1881 and has labored off and on in that capacity ever since. She bears a strong testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel, has enjoyed having great manifestations through dreams in regard to her kindred dead, and has helped in obtaining a large record of her dead ancestors. She will have the joy when she meets her loved ones on the other side of having done the work for them. And now at the age of 71 she feels well and hearty and enjoys life and the association of her children and brethren and sisters. She has twenty-two grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Addition:

Josephine Bauman died February 13, 1935, in Driggs, Idaho having lived the previous year with her son Frank and his wife May in Driggs, Idaho. She was 90 years and 3 months of age. There were 5 living children at that time; 35 grandchildren and 28 great-grandchildren.

Isaac Bauman had a second wife (polygamous) and a son by her named Alma. This was verified by Lindy (Melandia Olson) a daughter of Isaac and Josephine Bauman. Also by Josephine Bateman, August 20, 1961 – at the Mauchley Reunion in Wellsville, Utah, to Evelyn Bateman Spratling.

(The names of the two sons of Maria Theresia Egger, were Jacob Anton and Joseph Justin Egger, father not known.)

The following is a postscript written by Josephine Jensen Berrett, (daughter of Josephine Bauman Jensen) about her grandmother Josephine Mauchley Bauman.

I would like to add a few recollections I had of my grandmother – maybe these memories could give you a picture of the kind of woman she was.

First of all I remember her great sense of humor. I can just see her now sitting in our kitchen, sometimes telling us of the many hardships she had endured. Suddenly she would stop short, throw her hands in the air, then clap them on her knees, laugh through her tears and say “Oh, what’s the use thinking about the unhappy things, we have such a good life now.” She would always make me feel good when she did that.

My grandmother was left a widow in 1904 and my mother in 1912. They were great companions. I remember someone saying mother was more of a mother to grandmother than grandmother was to mother. I don’t think a day went by that they didn’t spend some time together. If grandmother didn’t come down to our place, mother would always go up there to see what was the matter. Sometimes she would find her sick and I can remember one time mother gave her an aspirin for some ailment she had which relieved her pain almost completely. This seemed like a miracle to grandmother.

She was always such a good sport. She entertained the Relief Society sisters many a time playing her harmonica and step-dancing to the tune she played. She tried to get out of it some times by saying she didn’t have her harmonica with her but they overruled her by producing another one which she didn’t like, so after that she always carried her own harmonica in the pocket of her apron. I remember Grandma always having an apron on, one that tied around the waist. When she died and her daughters were going through her things they found drawers and drawers of aprons and handkerchiefs, never used, that relatives had given her for Christmas and birthdays. One time the Relief Society had a mock wedding ceremony and they dressed grandma up as the groom. I can still see her in my mind. I wish we had a picture of her in that role.

Grandmother lived at the top of a slanting hill and we lived at the bottom about a block away. One day we had a terrific snowstorm, about two feet of snow had fallen when we awoke in the morning. I remember my mother asking my brother, Vernal, to go up and shovel a path so grandma could come down. He went out to do so but soon came back laughing, full of glee and wanted all of us to come out and share his mirth. Grandma had dressed in an old pair of man’s overalls, boots, man’s hat and gloves and was trudging half way down the sidewalk to our place. She must have been in her eighties then; she was game for most anything.

Every holiday or special occasion in the family grandma would always appear with a big platter of what we called “knee patches” she had made. They were a bread-like sweet dough, rolled flat and fried in deep fat and sprinkled with sugar. How we did love them!

She grew quite a few plants in her south window. One I remember was like an iris-leaf that she would pound with something heavy until the juice appeared. Whenever we kids had a sore anywhere we'd always go and have grandma bind us up with this medicine plant we called it and it always seemed to cure us of whatever was wrong with us.

Grandma was a small person. In her later years she was only about 4 feet tall with merry dark eyes. She always tried to make the best of things and I never heard her complain. I can still see her going to the grocery store with a basket of eggs on her arm to exchange for groceries.

She had a stroke when she was in her eighties which she fully recovered from. It had paralyzed one side.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GRANDMA BAUMAN (Josephine Mauchley Bauman)

Written by Oginda Jensen Andersen

Played harmonica, dancing all the while she played.

Walked into the canal, or big ditch, during a stormy night while returning from church and lost her false teeth. She tried in vain to find them in the dark but could not. They were found later but she never again put them in her mouth as cows and other animals used the water in the ditch.

She made luscious knee patches for all family gatherings. She taught us to make dumplings, and we ate them for a treat.

She crushed special kinds of leaves and herbs and placed them on our bruises, sores, and cuts and always they provided the needed cure.

She was careful at bathing time to always have a portion of her garments on. The galvanized tub would be placed on the floor, filled with warm water from pans heating on the stove, and she would proceed to bathe one portion of her body at a time, replacing the scrubbed part with clean garments, but never at any time removing the soiled garments completely until her entire body had been washed and clean garments put on. The garments in those days were not pretty – made of factory material as they were – and it required a lot of boiling on washdays to make them look anything near white. They were more beige than white, but she was extremely particular about keeping them on, so important they were to her.

I can remember how she would bend over and slap her knees when something amused her. She was cheerful, it seemed, most of the time, and she was indeed a second mother to us.

You remember her in the big overalls and boots coming down to our place in the deep snow.

She raised vegetables and wonderful fruits which she shared with all.

Everyone called her Grandma, and I didn't like that very much, because I considered that she was OUR grandma. Josephines, they were, and our mother always called grandma "MA." While grandma call mother, Josephine. Never a day went past that they didn't see each other. Grandma lived up the hill about a half a block to the east of us and when they had confidential matters to discuss, they would converse in the Swiss language, so we kids couldn't understand what they were saying. We used to coax them to tell us what they were saying to each other, but they would pass our pleas off good-

naturedly, so we would not be offended. (Serves us right for not learning the Swiss language ourselves, don't you agree?)

She would make what she called a tick in a mattress-like shape, sewing around the edges by hand and leaving an opening so that we could help her fill it with straw and then pound it together evenly. After which she closed the opening and this tick was her bed mattress. I remember those dry straws sticking into our bodies right through two or three quilts she put over the mattress.

At harvest time she peeled peaches for days at a time for Mrs. Clarence Hammond, along with other ladies. She had to wear a clean dress every day and was required to put a net over her hair. Every hour the ladies had to wash their hands and arms as Mrs. Hammond was very fastidious. Grandma was rewarded for this service by being fed a nice dinner each day, and by being paid about 50 cents daily in addition to the meal.

Grandma lived the latter part of her life with an unmarried son, Emanuel. He was very talented musically. He sang with choruses and played a few instruments. He belonged to a band and they played for dances and always played for those who were ill, and for weddings. His greatest love was the accordion and everyone in Providence will remember his playing for ward functions. He had a good job, with the Sugar Factory or railroad, but he was most careful how he spent his pay check when he got older. Grandma was pleased with his accomplishments and she always wanted him to look his best, so she would gather in the eggs her chickens had laid and would take them to the store and trade them for a hat or a pair of shoes for Emanuel. She wanted him to look respectable at church also. While mending his clothes, she frequently would find some money in the pickets, but she would always give it to him and would never spend it for the things they needed in the home, or for herself. Looking back on it now, I don't know what personal income she had; they must have eaten chiefly from the garden produce they raised, and I know Mother made clothes for her. Emanuel's pay checks were always BANKED entirely, and the irony of it is that when he passed away it was found that he had several thousand dollars in the bank, to the extent that even we nieces and nephews, and there were many, received over \$200 apiece. Wow!

Through it all she was a dear, happy, loving Grandma, who never complained and was grateful for life and for her loved ones. When asked to talk about her early life, her eyes would fill with tears, but she would brush them away and say "why should I speak about those things when I have it so good now?" She was in her 70's before mother could put together a short history which does not do justice to her many experiences and sacrifices, but she will always live on in our memories. She had a way of endearing herself to everyone, young and old. She loved to watch the kids sleigh ride down the hill past her place and she always had a small "goody" in the pocket of her apron to pass around. She always wore an apron tied in the back around her waist. Dozens of aprons were found in her home after she passed away, some she had never used.

An experience told by Leonard re his Aunt, Josephine Bauman:

"When I was about five, I was very sick with measles and had such a severe sore throat I could not swallow milk. A dear tiny lady visited us, Aunt Josephine Bauman. She found something to ease my suffering throat. She scraped apples, soft and fine with the edge of a spoon. This I could swallow. I was always sure she saved my life with it. She said she liked apples that way too, because she didn't have any teeth. Many of you can remember her playing the mouth organ and step-dancing at the same time. Can't you hear her laughing when she'd get out of breath and sit down?

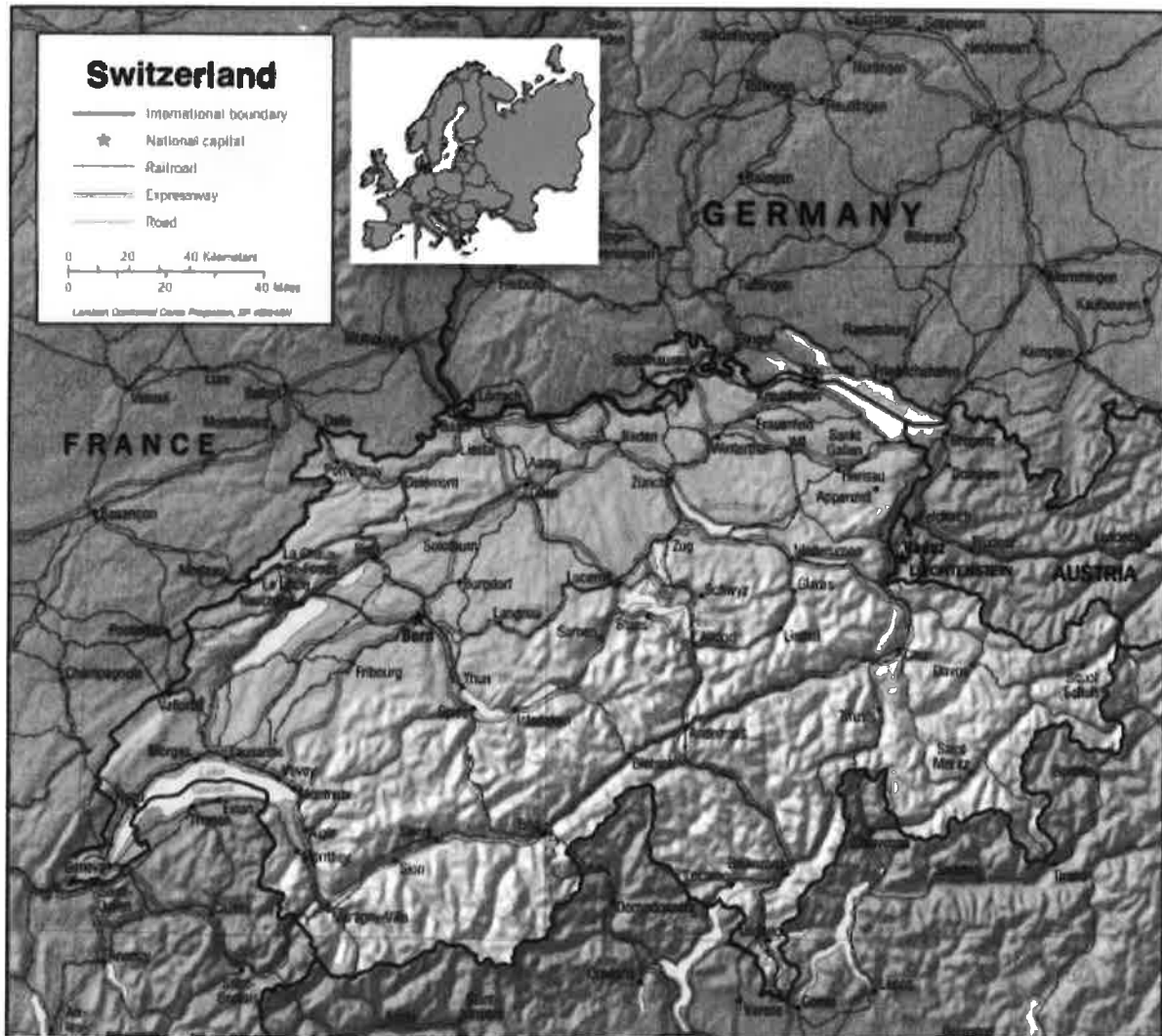
HE CAME ALONE – History of Leonard Mauchley
Rewritten 27 November 1960 by Reta M.F. Mauchley, daughter-in-law

Leonard Mauchley was the fifth child of Johann Sergius Mauchle and Maria Barbara Mauchle. His father and mother were full cousins. They had six children, two girls and four boys, who were all born in St. Gallen, Switzerland.

Leonard's mother was his father's first wife, she died and he married Maria Katherina Egger, there were four children by this union. She died and he married a third time, a sister of the second wife, Maria Theresia Egger.

They belonged to the Catholic Church. Leonard went to confession to have the priest forgive him of his sins. Apparently he did not give the Minister the price he wanted, so he was told he'd have to go elsewhere to have it done. He went home and told his father and they were quite upset about it.

Soon after this the Mormon missionaries came to their door. They accepted their



message and were desirous to be baptized. On the midnight hour as the bells were tolling the old year out and the new year in this family received their new birth into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It was in the year 1862-1863. As each one was baptized in the ice cold water, they ran to a little shack nearby to change their clothing.

They soon got the spirit of coming to Zion, another incident which might have helped was that the previous Fall the crops were scanty. Leonard's father went out to buy some food for the family. He was unable to purchase the food he felt his family needed. He came home, laid his purse on the table and said, "I am going to Zion where I can buy the things we need."

They began to settle up their affairs, sold their little farm, with a small pasture and a few head of cattle. They were ready to leave the 23rd of May 1863, on the ship "Antarctic." (from Liverpool, England)

Johann Sergius Mauchle, his wife Maria Theresia Egger and their four youngest children came to America, the four older children did not accept the Gospel and stayed in Switzerland.

Johann Sergius accepted the Gospel whole-heartedly and was liberal with his means. Helping pay the fare for some of the other converts who couldn't come without help.

They landed in New York after spending fifty days on the water. From here they went by rail to Florence, Nebraska, where they spent ten days to repair wagons to start across the plains. After traveling three days, Johann Sergius died of cholera and exposure on August 3, 1863 and was buried by the wayside.

As they crossed the plains all the money was put in a strong box and locked up to protect it from thefts, so none of it would be stolen. The company they came in was the "Nebeker Company." Being short of provisions they asked permission to use the money.

Johann Sergius did not give his consent, but after he passed away they persuaded Leonard and his stepmother Theresia to lend them the money, promising to pay it back when they arrived in the valley.

Theresia died of cholera three days before entering the valley and was buried at the head of Echo Canyon. She was bedfast the entire way. They remarked how very kind she was to her stepchildren.

As a result of the death of the father and stepmother the four children were left orphans. The money they saved to establish themselves had been spent, and no one seemed to accept the responsibility of paying it back. The children were able to find homes with good latter-day Saints. They had to be separated as they found refuge in different homes. They worked hard for their living, along with their salvation. All staying firm in the Gospel. Their ages ranged from fifteen to twenty-one, Leonard being the eldest of the four.

Source of reference – Shipping records in Historians Office

Personal knowledge of Leonard Mauchley as told to his children

Leonard was a weaver by trade and he lived in different places in the valley wherever his employment took him.

Leonard's first wife was Anne Graf. They had no children. She died after they had been married eight years.

Mary Kropf was his second wife. They had fourteen children: Sarah, Jeanette,

Leonard Sergius, Rachel, Peter Frank, Elizabeth, Louise, William (stillborn), Josephine, Alma, Hyrum, Lawrence Morris, Arnold and Milton.

In 1892 he and his wife, Mary Kropf, moved to South Taylorsville, now Bennion, in the basement of Charlie Kropf's house, which was later owned by Clifford Langdon, on 6200 South just west of the 64th District Elementary School on the corner of Redwood Road and 6200 South. This is the present location of the Bennion Ward House. They had six children at this time. The 64th District School was later called Madison School. There were only two teachers for eight grades. Before the school was discontinued it was reduced to three grades and two teachers.

The family lived in the basement one winter, then he purchased a one acre piece of ground at 6200 South and 2042 West, on the south side of the road. While they lived there, their family increased to eleven children. The house was moved to a quarter section of dry farm land which he homesteaded. This was near the Oquirrh Mountains west of Bennion.

From there they moved to West Jordan on the Cundick corner for a short time. While they lived here Lawrence Morris, the twelfth child was born. From here they moved to 5400 South west of the upper canal on property owned by Alexander Lee, where Arnold, #13 was born. They lived here about three years and he worked as Custodian for the Madison School, which position he held for six or seven years. In 1901 he purchased a four and a half acre piece of ground at 5959 South 1300 West, where Hyrum lives now. Milton has last child was born here.

Leonard wove blankets and carpets. He was professional in his weaving and did this kind of work for thirty years. He used an old hand shuttle loom that he brought from Switzerland. People all over Salt Lake Valley knew Leonard through his weaving. He was an artist in matching colors, and because of his fine work he made many friends.

Mary Kropf passed away April 20, 1906, at 5959 South 1300 West. Leonard died at the home of his daughter, Josephine Parker, December 15, 1922, age 81 years, 9 months.

Additional notes of interest:

One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Company "Ship Antarctic"

Captain George C. Stouffer sailed from Liverpool, England, May 23, 1863 with 486 souls of the saints on board. John L. Smith, President of the Swiss and Italian Mission, Jesse N. Smith, President of the Scandinavian Mission, and President George Q. Cannon visited saints on board the afternoon of the 22 May. Elder John Huber was appointed to take charge of the Swiss and Italians under the direction of President Needham, who had been appointed to preside over all the saints on board by the European Mission President, George Q. Cannon.

The emigrating saints landed at Castle Garden, New York, on Friday, July 10, 1863. In the afternoon of the same day they commenced their railroad journey to Albany. Thence the journey was continued, via Niagara to Detroit and thence to Chicago, Quincy and St. Joseph. From St. Joseph the emigrants went by steamboat up the Missouri River to Florence, Nebraska.

Most of the emigrants who crossed the Atlantic in the "Antarctic" crossed the plains in the companies led by Captains John R. Murdock, John F. Sanders and Wm. B. Preston, respectively.

(Millennial Star 25:346)

Captain Peter Nebeker's Company Fourth Church Train

Captain Peter Nebeker's ox train of about 70 wagons and 500 emigrating Saints left Florence, Nebraska, July 25, 1863. Fifty of these wagons were loaded with machinery and baggage of the emigrants and 18 belonged to an independent company which traveled with them. On the 21st of August a terrific thunderstorm was encountered, during which Amelia Stumpf aged 28, a German emigrant, was instantly killed. Besides this, two aged persons and five children died enroute. The company lost about fifty of their cattle en route but finally arrived safely in the great Salt Lake City September 25, 1863. In the company were five returning missionaries, namely, Joseph Bigler, George Peacock, John Needham, Carl C.N. Dorius and his brother John F.F. Dorius.

(Church Chronology)

History of the Scandinavian Mission p. 178, Journal History of Aug. 5, 16, 24.

Deseret News 13:64. No roster of this company has been found.

Ref: Church Emigration 1858-1869-1881 Vol. 111

Located at the Historians Office Room 310

Research by Reta M.D. Mauchley, 5 September 1961

Historians' note: May 18, 1966 (Evelyn Spratling and Paula Wilson)

John Huber, who had been appointed to take charge of the Swiss Saints, under the direction of President Needham, evidently was not a missionary from Midway, as had been indicated in some histories. He was not listed as one of the missionaries returning home with the Peter Nebeker Company. He is however, mentioned in the Millennial Star, vol. 25:1863, "Elders Thomas Yates, Robert Wilson and John Huber from the Swiss and Italian Mission emigrating with this company feel thankful to God for the privilege of gathering with the Saints, to be placed in a sphere where their usefulness can be more widely employed."

John Huber was the Elder who baptized and confirmed the Mauchley family at midnight December 31, 1862, in St. Gallen, Switzerland. He was influential during the lives of the Mauchley children, particularly that of Mary Magdalena. John Mauchley went to Mill Creek with the Park family and the other three, Leonard, Josephine and Mary went to Payson. Why they went to Payson was not clear until now.

In the history published by the Wasatch County Daughters of Utah Pioneers, titled "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains" is the following quote: "In 1863, John Huber went to Payson where his mother and stepfather, Martin and Anna Elizabeth Naegeli, met him, they had immigrated in 1861. John was married in Payson in October and the following spring 1864, John, with his wife and his parents moved to Midway." It is supposed that Mary Magdalena went with them and lived with the William Walter Wilson family. The next year, July 1865, she became the plural wife of William Walter Wilson. Josephine worked for a family in Payson until her marriage and Leonard was able to support himself by weaving.

MAUCHLEY HISTORY

Compiled by Evelyn Spratling

On January 1, 1863, as the bells of St. Gallen, Switzerland, were tolling the old year out and the new year in, a few people were not celebrating with the rest of the townsfolk. This humble group was furtively walking four miles in the darkness and cold to a secret place where they could hold a baptism in the icy river. They began by breaking the ice.

These were some of the most important people in all the world to you and me. Johann Joseph Sergius Mauchle, 49, his wife Maria Theresia, 53, his four children, Leonhard, 21, Maria Josepha, 18, Maria Magdalena, 16, and Johann Baptist, 15. Elder John Huber of Midway, Utah, had converted them and he now baptized and confirmed each one a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They changed into dry clothing in a small shed nearby, before walking home. Their hearts were filled with joy as they contemplated what the New Year had brought to them. Little did they know the sorrow and hardship it had in store for them.

The Mauchle family had been good Catholics. Leonard relates that at one time he went to confession to have the Priest forgive him of his sins. Apparently he did not have enough money to satisfy the Priest so he was told to go elsewhere to get his sins forgiven. This troubled both Leonard and his father. Surely such experiences helped to prepare them to listen to the Elders when they came knocking at the door. John recalls that when they left for Zion later, the Priest said, "Go ahead and go to America. We won't miss you."

The meetings of the Saints had to be held in secret in the homes of the members. They could not even sing lest lawless people would hear and break up their gatherings. Such was the prejudice against the Church in Switzerland. If only they could have known that less than 100 years later, 100 miles away, a glorious Temple would stand to testify of the truthfulness of the Gospel they had just accepted. If only our grandparents could have raised their heads proudly to say "This is my church. I am a Latter-day Saint," for all the world to hear and marvel.

Sergius, as he was called, was a man of small stature. Mary, Josephine, and John were short like him. Many times my own father, Phil Bateman, has told me that he could raise his arm and Mary could stand under it and not touch a hair of her head. Leonard was the largest of the family. In later years he was fondly called "Santa Claus" by the children.

They were farmers, well to do, with a beautiful home, fields and cattle. Even so we have record of scanty crops the previous year. Sergius went out to buy food for his

family and could not purchase what he wished. He came home, placed his purse on the table and said, "I am going to Zion where we can buy the things we need."

The farm and home and all their property was sold at a loss to hasten their departure. On May 23, 1863, they left for America. They sailed on the old wooden steamship, "Antarctic." Elder Huber was their guide and interpreter. They were 50 days crossing the Atlantic Ocean from Liverpool to New York, landing July 19, 1863. John's history tells us he recalls their diet aboard ship to be salt pork and sea biscuits. Besides such insufficient food, can you picture how impossible it would be to maintain any measure of cleanliness or degree of health throughout those 50 days? John recalls for instance, that they all had to have their hair clipped close to their heads to get rid of lice. It is no wonder that Theresia fell ill and was never well again.

They did not travel in this manner because they were poor. It was the only way of travel in those days. Sergius had means and he gave freely to those in need. We have record of at least seven converts whose emigration he paid, who would never have come to Zion, otherwise. There is evidence that he helped many others for he accepted the Gospel wholeheartedly. He believed and lived the commandments.

Uncle John's history states that he entrusted his money to the missionaries to spend as the family needed it. This would seem necessary, especially in America, where the Mauchle family could not understand a word of English. Some histories infer that this money was dishonestly used by these men, for there was none left when they reached the Salt Lake valley. I try to have faith that the money was spent for the welfare of the families and those who were helped by grandfather. It was a long and expensive journey of over four months from St. Gallen to Zion. Mary often said that it was because of her father's "free heartedness" that the funds were gone. All the histories speak of his generosity. Leonard's own words to Josephine Bateman concerning this matter were, "the church owes our family something, because of all the money father gave to others to help them come to Zion." The Perpetual Emigration Fund was launched in 1856 and withdrawn in 1887 (\$1,000,000 in debt). I feel the money went into this.

After arriving in New York, they traveled by rail to Florence, Nebraska (Winter Quarters) from whence the wagon trains began the journey across the plains. Here they spent 10 days to repair wagons, get their provisions and supplies and prepare for the arduous trip ahead. They left August 1, 1863, in the Cannon Company with Captain Nebecker in charge. They may have traveled in two wagons. John says they started out with 4 oxen and a cow to supply them with milk, and when one of the oxen died the cow was yoked in his place.

August 3, 1863, three days after leaving Winter Quarters, Sergius, worn out by overwork and exposure, contracted cholera and died. He was buried by the wayside. It is hard to visualize the sorrow of this family to lose and bury their beloved father and travel on. He had been a kind and indulgent father and did all he could to make their lives happy and pleasant. They had lost their dearest friend. Maria Theresia had been bedfast ever since she was stricken on the ship. She was the third wife of Sergius. He had lost his first (Maria Barbara) and second (Maria Katharina) by death. She was stepmother to all four children. Josephine, Mary Magdelene, and John were the children of Maria Katherina. Leonard was the son of Maria Barbara. There were other children left in Switzerland. They were older (see family group sheets) and some had died. Maria Theresia had no children by Sergius Mauchle. However, she was very good to her

stepchildren. Josephine's history speaks of her as stern and harsh. Two older sons (illegitimate) made trouble in the home in Switzerland, causing the older ones to leave, and almost break up the peaceful family. Mary's history reports that she had sewed money in the clothing of each of the children to have in time of need. It is sad to relate that when the Pioneers reached Echo Canyon three days before they would arrive in Salt Lake valley, this good mother died of the dread cholera.

Thus, four young orphans were left to complete the journey to Zion. Four young people who could not speak a word of English. Truly our grandparents suffered much that we might be here today. They were in a strange land with no means of support and no relatives. The pioneers coming into the valley camped on Immigration Square in Salt Lake City where the City and County Building now stands. Kind hearts turned to the Swiss orphans. Leonard and Josephine went to Payson with a family where she worked for her board for a year until she married Isaac Bauman, September 22, 1864. Leonard had learned the art of weaving and was independent. Elder Huber took Mary to Midway with him where she worked for her board in the home of William Walter Wilson. Two years later she married him in polygamy. Several of his children were older than she was at the time. John was taken by Elizabeth and John Parks to their home in Millcreek to earn his board and clothing. It was 4 years before he saw and heard from the other members of his family. Poor homesick little guy. The parks family taught him English and loved him as their own. In fact they wanted to adopt him, but his sisters felt this should not be.

Aunt Josephine was married on September 22, 1864 in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City, to Isaac Bauman. They lived in Sugar House Ward, where he worked in the woolen mills, then under the supervision of President Brigham Young. She was also employed there in winding bobbins. But wages were so low and produce so high that it was very hard to keep the wolf from the door and get the bare necessities of life. Wheat was \$7.00 a bushel, and everything else sold accordingly. To make matters worse, Isaac was stricken with what was then called Mountain Fever and was bedfast for six weeks. Had it not been for a few bushels of wheat that she had gleaned herself the previous summer they would have had practically nothing to subsist on, as the winter was very severe and what few potatoes they had were frozen. They suffered much from the cold as wood was scarce and green.

January 2, 1865, their first son was born, and when he was 17 months old they had the sorrow of having him drown in a pool of water near the house. They lived there three years and then moved to Midway, Wasatch County, Utah, where the father put up a loom to weave clothing for the destitute children in the town. Here they were again called on to part with their second son when 8 months old, leaving them for the second time bereft of children. In those days they built their little log huts in a circle in order to make a corral for their cattle, as the Indians were very hostile and would drive off and take whatever they could get hold of. But later they became more friendly and the people began to scatter out and build little cabins for themselves. These little cabins were very rude in the extreme, for the roof would let the rain in and wind could be felt through the cracks of the wall, and nothing but the ground for a floor. Later they lived in a dugout, which was somewhat warmer. She was the mother of nine children and her husband died February 28, 1904. She died February 13, 1935, in Driggs, Idaho at the home of Frank Bauman, at the age of 90 years.

Leonard had brought his hand loom from Switzerland. He wove blankets at first, but his real profession at which he worked for 30 years was carpet weaving. He became famous and known as the best weaver in Salt Lake valley. He was an artist at matching colors and all of his patterns were beautiful. I am thankful I can remember going to his little house on top of the hill to watch his hand loom fly back and forth. I remember the faded orange house standing alone on the dry hill surrounded by a lawn of dry June grass and Indian paint brush. As children we picked bouquets of this wild flower while waiting for mother. It was a wonderful trip in the buggy from our home in West Jordan to Uncle Leonard's, all of two miles. It had been fun, too, before going, to tear the carpet rags just the proper width, sew them firmly, and roll them into big balls in preparation for his weaving. He would bring out his various spools of carpet warp and he and mother would decide on the colors and patterns of the new carpet. It seemed more important then, than the choosing of a thousand dollar rug today. I can still hear him say, "No, Josephine, you need more black there, or red would look good here."

Uncle Leonard left a fine family. He and his wife, Mary, had 14 children. She died in April, 1906. He passed away December 15, 1922, aged 81 years and 9 months, at the home of his daughter, Josie Parker, in Bennion. There is an excellent history of Leonard, written by Reta Mauchley.

When I was about five I was very sick with measles and had such a severe sore throat I could not even swallow milk. A dear, tiny lady was visiting us, Aunt Josephine Bauman. She found something to ease my suffering throat. She scraped apples, soft and fine with the edge of a spoon. This I could swallow. I was always sure she saved my life with it. She said she liked apples that way, too, because she didn't have any teeth. Many of you can remember her playing the mouth organ, and step-dancing at the same time. Can't you hear her laughing when she'd get out of breath and sit down?

John tells many interesting experiences in his history. While crossing the plains he and another boy decided to ride the loose oxen following the wagon train. They were having great fun until they noticed they had lagged far behind the train, and a band of Indians was rapidly approaching them. The oxen wouldn't hurry, but Indians did and they were two very frightened boys. The Indians often stole cattle, and children, too, sometimes. The Captain of the train happened to see the danger. He stopped the train and hurried back and rescued them. The boys were not punished, but they were so severely scolded that they didn't try that again. Most of the time the Indians were friendly, and the Pioneers kept them that way by giving them what they asked for.

As John grew older, he herded sheep for John Parks, usually alone, but he had no trouble with the Indians. Pioneer life was hard, but John had learned to work when very young in Switzerland. At the tender age of seven he had a job in a factory threading needles all day. He walked four miles to his job every day and back home at night. His history vividly recalls one of the grasshopper plagues, working on the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, shaking hands with Brigham at a Sunday School party, the fun they had dancing the schottish and polka, sleighing parties, etc. We fondly called him "Uncle." All my life I have known of his great kindness to my grandmother, Mary Magdalene (his sister), my mother, her brother Walter, and sisters, Mary and Della.

Mary Magdalene had lived in polygamy and was widowed before her youngest child was born. They were extremely poor. John rode a horse from Salt Lake to Midway where they lived. He arranged for them to be brought to Taylorsville where he rented a

little log cabin for them to live in where he could see to their needs. Later he rented a little house, then he built a lovely three room brick home in South Taylorsville, Bennion, where Walter Wilson lived all his life. The home has been remodeled, of course. Uncle herded sheep a lot, but this was his home and he looked after his widowed sister and children. He was 39 years old when he married Mary Ann Bauman. He brought his bride here and they all lived together for 15 years. This brick home was built for his bride, but she was willing to share it with her husband's widowed sister and children. Mary, his sister, died in his home.

Aunt Mary Ann was a very special person. We loved her dearly. My first remembrance of this sweet family was when they lived in Nivley and Uncle hauled milk. This he did for 18 years, never missing a day, and was retired at age 75. We visited back and forth and I thought it was a romantic place and that he was a great man. It was a real celebration when they came to stay at our home in West Jordan. They have always been very important in my life. First, because of his great kindness to my dear mother and her family, and secondly, because we knew each other so well as children. I was proud when my youngest daughter was born on Uncle's 81st birthday.

Aunt Mary Ann died in May 1931, after which Uncle lived with Dora and Myrtle. He lost his sight in his later years, but never his sense of humor. He loved to chuckle at a joke. John died February 22, 1945, aged 96 years.

JOHANN JOSEPH SERGIUS MAUCHLE

Born	Bruggen, Straubenzell, St. Gallen, Switzerland – 29 March 1813
Baptized	1 January 1863 – St. Gallen, Switzerland, by Elder John Huber
Married	1835 – Maria Barbara Mauchle – she was his full cousin and died in Switzerland
Married	1844 – Maria Katharina Egger – my grandmother, she died in Switzerland
Married	1857 – Maria (Rosina) Theresia Egger – she died three days prior to their arrival in Salt Lake Valley and was buried in Echo Canyon
Died	3 August 1863 of cholera, after three days of travel out of Florence, Nebraska (Winter Quarters)
Endowed	25 January 1905, Logan Temple
Sealed	24 January 1915, Logan Temple, to wives
Sealed	1 April 1915 Logan Temple, to parents

Johann Sergius Mauchle joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Switzerland. He was baptized with his family, 1 January 1863, while the bells were tolling the new year in and the old year out.

He was a well-to-do man, a farmer. Selling out his beautiful home and property for a small sum, he started out for Utah for the Gospel's sake with his wife Theresia and four children: Leonard, son of first wife, Josephine, Mary and John, children of second wife.

They landed in New York 13 July 1863, after spending about 50 days on the Atlantic. Then went by rail to Florence, Nebraska, where they prepared for their trip to Utah. They spent ten days to fix up wagons to start across the plains. He helped seven other souls to emigrate.

After three days of travel from Winter Quarters,, the father, Sergius, died of cholera and exposure, 3 August 1863. He was buried by the wayside.

Three days before they entered Salt Lake Valley, the stepmother, Theresia, died of the same sickness, being bedfast the entire way. Have heard my mother, Mary Mauchley Wilson, say how very kind she was to them, she even sewed money in their clothing to use in time of need.

Thus the children were left orphans. They were taken to Payson, Utah, except John, who was taken to Millcreek by Elizabeth Hill Park, where he remained for many years. From Payson the others went to Midway, Wasatch County, Utah, where they lived and later married.

John Huber was their guide.* They crossed the plains with the Capt. Nebeker Company.

This information was compiled by Josephine Wilson Bateman, a granddaughter.

*Before the ship Antarctic sailed from Liverpool the Mission Authorities appointed John Huber as guide for the Saints from Switzerland. They crossed the plains with the Captain Peter Nebeker Company. Mary Magdalena went to Midway with John Huber, where she lived in the home of William Walter Wilson and worked for her board and keep. July 22, 1865, nearly two years later, she became his plural wife.

Following is a history of JOSEPHINE JENSEN BERRETT written by Cindi Savage, edited and added to by Bonnie Dalton and Ane Berrett, June 10, 2006

JOSIE: THE CHILD

Josephine Jensen Berrett was born in Providence, Cache County, Utah, on December 23, 1902. Josie was the seventh of nine children born to **Niels Jensen** and **Josephine Catherine Bauman Jensen**. The eldest child was **Jesse Niels Jensen**, followed by **Edith Jensen**, **Joseph Leroy Jensen**, (died 17 days after he was born) **Vernal Jensen**, **Mabel Jensen**, and **Alma Leon Jensen** (died the same day he was born). Three years after Josie was born **Oginda** arrived and five years later, in 1910, **Velda** the youngest sibling completed the Jensen family.

Josephine Bauman Jensen was born on November 25, 1870, in Midway, Utah. Josie describes her mother as, *"a beautiful woman; dark hair, turning gradually gray, hazel eyes, and a slim figure. She had a wonderful disposition; always so kind and helpful to everyone, and always lived by the golden rule."*

Josie's father immigrated to the United States from New Zealand, but he was born in Denmark. He had a great desire to go back to Denmark some day. His father had purchased four lots in Providence but moved to Teton, Idaho, where the rest of his family soon joined him. Niels didn't join the rest of his family in Idaho, but bought his father's four lots in Providence and lived there the rest of his life.

Velda, Josie's youngest sister, describes how their parents met, *"About the only recreation in those days was community dancing; and it was at one of these dances that she met my father, Niels Jensen. I remember her telling me that just as soon as she saw him, she knew he would be the man she would marry. They were married November 28, 1888, in the Logan Temple."*

Niels and Josephine made their home in a log cabin on Niels' property in Providence. In 1903 the cabin was torn down and a new five-room home was built. Josie remembers being told about their new house, *"I can remember them telling me that father and grandfather built it and that it was a sturdy structure."*

Oginda adds that, *"It was declared to be one of the more strong, durable structures in the area."* Neighbors, the older children, and even their mother, Josephine, helped in building their new home.

The Jensen homestead was a place of joy and happiness but there were also times of great sorrow. The Jensen children remember this home with tremendous fondness. Even though Josie was born in the original log cabin, her childhood memories focus around their new home.

The house was finally finished and occupied on November 16, 1904. Oginda describes their beautiful but modest home with great pride. *"It was decided to paint the new house blue, with white trim. It consisted of a kitchen, bedroom, parlor, and closet downstairs, with two bedrooms, closets and attic space upstairs. Later a front porch, pantry and bathroom were added."* When Josie's dad was on his mission, Josephine, her mother, had saved enough money to add the addition.

Edith remembers Josie, as a round-cheeked, pleasant youngster, who was rather serious, thoughtful and very dependable. Edith felt like she could trust Josie to baby-sit the younger children. Oginda recalls, *"She (Edith) remembers one tune Josie played on the piano repeatedly, 'Rock-A-Bye Baby' all on the black keys. She remembers the prayers Josie said when it was her turn to say family prayers, and how little she complained when she had one of the various childhood diseases."* Josie and her sister Oginda had fun laughing at themselves when they had the mumps and were very ill with small pox.

Josie was also known as the Jensen with courage. Two occasions typify her self-confidence and bravery. It was customary for the girls to sleep over on someone's lawn

right before a holiday or when people came to visit. When Niels' sister came from New Zealand the girls were given a choice to sleep on the floor or out on the front lawn. They chose the lawn and got all wrapped up in a row with blankets. Josie was always at the end. Long after the girls had gone to sleep there was a rustling sound. Oginda was so afraid that she hid under the covers. Josie, however, stood up and in no small voice told a stranger that had happened upon the girls, to BE ON HIS WAY! That's when all the girls began to scream wildly. They were all so afraid that they wanted to go in, but Josie refused and Vern promised to sleep on the porch.

On several other occasions the Jensen girls and friends would play in a nearby orchard. A deaf and dumb man worked on the farm next to the orchard. Some of the children in town had been mean to him and had teased him. He learned how to effectively stop the teasing. Whenever children came near he would chase after them, scaring the kids terribly. Whenever the girls and their friends came near and he started to chase them, Josie would turn around and attempt to talk to him in a kind of sign language. All of the other girls thought this was incredibly brave. The other girls were frightened of him and couldn't believe Josie's bravery.

Another dark night, right before Thanksgiving, Oginda and Josie were taking some butter to Aunt Emma's for Thanksgiving dinner. They were kicking the thick piles of leaves along the road when they stumbled over a huge object lying on the ground. Oginda remembers it vividly, *"It immediately rose in height and when we regained our feet, the four of us scampered in all directions. We eventually found ourselves together again and Josie, the brave one,, said, 'I'm going back there and see what that thing is. The three of us timidly followed behind her and there stood a big cow!'"* Oginda also remembers, *"She was the most petite, slimmest amongst us but she had more courage than anyone there."*

Besides her courage, Josie was known for loving to read good books. When she was older she joined a "Book of the Month" club and relished every book she received. She was known for her generosity as well and Oginda claims that when she had completed her book club she hardly had a book left to call her own. Josephine made an effort to encourage the children to exchange books as gifts. This provided the family with a nice assortment of different books. Josephine gave her children several sets of books that they enjoyed.

The Jensen family activities focused around their little blue house. The kitchen was the most popular room in the house and the stove was something of a novelty. During the day it was a cannery, laundry room, bakery, and gathering place. At night it became a luxurious bathroom and spa. An old tin tub was brought in and chairs draped with blankets circled the tub providing a unique kind of privacy. They heated the water in a reservoir attached to the stove and then poured steaming water into the tub. It took three girls to empty it out the back door. There was a lovely flower garden out the back, irrigated by bath water. In the winter, it made the back stairs a frozen hazard.

The kitchen was also a place of lively and exciting conversations and debates. Josie's mother, Josephine, was known to be able to hold her own in political discussions. Their mother's knowledge of world affairs was a great source of pride to the girls. She wasn't afraid to take on the men in the family. Politics greatly interest Josie and remained so the rest of her life.

Besides the political debates, Oginda remembers the old stove and lively conversations in the kitchen with fondness, *"I think more discussions were held around it and on top of its sturdy oven door than were held around any great conference table. I have known as many as four adults to stand on that oven door at one time and warm themselves from the stove."* Many every day things depended on that old stove. It was used to heat the irons for ironing, the bricks to heat their beds and for boiling clothes on washday.

Josie's father did a lot of farming, but when times were hard he found employment at the Amalgamated Sugar Factory west of town. Later many members of

the Jensen family were able to earn good wages at the sugar factory. Niels used the money he earned to buy twelve acres in Millville and greatly expanded his farming business. He had cows, horses, sheep, chickens, a vegetable garden, bush berries, and fruit trees. He also raised sugar beets, alfalfa and wheat.

Josie had many memories harvesting the three crops of alfalfa each summer. Getting the alfalfa to the barn was essential for the families' livelihood in order to feed their animals during the winter months. The men would cut the alfalfa and gather it into piles. Horses pulled a large hayrack up to each pile. The men would then pitch the hay onto the hayrack. This is where the younger members of the family made their contribution. They would stomp the hay down as it was piled onto the wagon. They wanted to get as much hay in one load as possible. This worked well until a blow snake was accidentally thrown up onto the load. All the children would scramble until the snake could be found and removed. Even though this was a tiring job the ride to the barn was worth it. Oginda reflects, *"oh, but it was truly wonderful when the hay wagon was full to the top, many feet high, to lie there on top of it and watch the clouds, and the sky, and trees and the soaring birds and seagulls, while the horses jogged along pulling the load from the farm to the barn!"*

Josie and Oginda were so close in age that they found their chores in the home and on the farm overlapping. Each day, after school, they had to do the dinner dishes and clean the house. Oginda remembers always having friends over and it hindering their progress in getting things done.

Besides the usual washing clothes with a washboard and preparing meals, they also had the duty of watering trees their father had planted along the sidewalk. Oginda remembers carrying heaving buckets of water from the canal to water the trees.

The two sisters also drove the cows three miles to the pasture in Millville each morning. In the evening they would then bring the cows home. Josie's older sister Mabel, helped with the milking and frequently waited until dark to get it finished. She would often coax Oginda or Josie to come along. They loved to hear her sing while she milked the cows. Oginda remembers Mabel beautifully singing "A Star At Twilight."

The whole community had tremendous activity around the sugar beet harvest. Like many of her friends, Josie spent many days thinning and topping beets on her parents' farm and for other beet farmers. Jess and Vern taught their sisters how to thin and top efficiently but they had a tendency to have a little too much fun when their brothers left. The boys taught the girls how to thin the beets in the springtime and then how to pull the mature beets up out of the ground using a forked knife. In the fall they had to take off the top and throw the beets in a pile so they could be taken to the Sugar Factory. Oginda remembers, *"I look back on those times with fond memories for there were always many kids doing the same thing and we had good times even though the heat was unbearable in summer and our hands were blistered, or, in the fall, when beet topping season arrived, we oftentimes were practically knee deep in snow."*

Following the example of their parents, the whole family was industrious and economical. Their blue and white trimmed home was completely paid for by the spring of 1907. IN less than just three years! This made it possible for Josie's father to finally realize one of his life long dreams. On May 1, 1907 Niels Jensen left his wife and six children to serve a mission in his native Denmark. Velda, Josie's youngest sister, describes how he felt about this event, *"This was one of his life long dreams, to go back to his country and preach the everlasting Gospel. He had six children then. . . In those days they traveled without purse or script, and as I read his diary of the many hardships he had to endure, I feel very humble indeed. He had a strong testimony of the Gospel and I know he did much good. Of course, during this time, things were difficult for my mother too; six small children to take care of and she managed to send father \$112.00 a month. She had a small farm and enough to eat and managed to get along those years."*

Josie remembers the day he left since she was somehow chosen to go to Salt Lake with her parents and see her father off. Unfortunately, two young girls they were staying

with, took little Josie for a walk and arrived back too late for her to say goodbye to her father. This was a source of great sadness to little Josie. About that same time, Josie and her family were visiting. Josie fell in some water. They had to put her in some boys' clothes until hers could dry. Little Josie was so humiliated about wearing "boys" clothes that she refused to go out and play until her clothes were dry. She waited in the house until she could put her own clothes back on.

Their Father's mission was a good learning experience for the whole family. It taught them that if they all pulled together they could make ends meet. When their father returned, it was to a family that had learned self-reliance and faith.

On May 12, 1909, Niels Jensen was released from his mission and returned home to his family. This was one of the best times of their lives. Thanks to the hard work of everyone, they were completely out of debt and had even built an addition onto the house. Niels was able to go back to work at the Amalgamated Sugar factor and the Jensen home life resumed with great happiness. A year later the last sibling was born, Velda. She was a source of great joy to the whole family.

On May 14, 1912, just three years after Josie's father had returned from his mission, tragedy struck. They had experienced sadness in their lives before with the loss of their two baby boys. Nothing, however, compared to the heartache the family endured that week. While hitching a team of horses to a buggy, a friend came by on a horse and the two horses started kicking each other. Niels was kicked in the abdomen and seriously hurt. Josie recalls that morning, *"I remember well when they brought him home, screaming with pain. I was asleep in the upstairs bedroom. We had a neighbor, Brother Jones. . . I remember how upset mother was at him as he was always ordering us children out of the bedroom where father was. He died Thursday morning, on May 16, 1912. Mr. Quinney, who Josie later worked for at the Sugar Factory, took her mother in another room and gave her a check for \$100."*

The funeral for Niels Jensen was a sad but inspiring occasion. It was the very first meeting to be held in the new Second Ward meetinghouse. They were in the process of completing it and Niels, himself, had helped with the construction. Chairs had to be brought in since the seating had not been completed in the chapel. The funeral was on a Sunday and the younger children thought it was very strange to be dressed in Sunday clothing and yet not be going to Sunday School. The funeral services lasted two hours. There were many speakers sharing their love and respect for Josie's father. One memory of that day remained with all the children. It was the sight of fifty buggies lined up carrying friends and relatives that accompanied the family to the cemetery. It was an awesome and yet sobering sight.

Josie remembers asking herself at the funeral, *"Why would Heavenly Father take her father away when he was such a good man and when they needed him so much?"*

With her husband gone, Josie's mother became very skilled in a number of occupations. She was a practical nurse, assisted midwives and doctors with their patients, took care of sick families, was a good seamstress, and also hung wallpaper. The job that the children remember most was her employment at the post office. She held the position as Assistant Post Mistress. When the post office was upgraded, Josephine took a very difficult required test. Even though there were many others who attempted the examination, Josephine received the top score. She was offered and accepted the job as the Post Mistress. The girls remember helping her at the post office and felt very important in fulfilling the duties there. They were also pleased to learn the name of everyone in town. There were no support groups of federal programs for displaced widowed housewives. Josephine was left to her own devices to support her family and she took the job very seriously and worked very hard. Perhaps having her husband gone on a mission built her confidence in taking care of her large family. She took on the responsibility with courage.

Josephine was not only busy earning a living, but always served faithfully in her church callings. She worked in the Relief Society, taught religion classes (somewhat like

seminary) and served in the Primary. When she was serving as Primary president a memorable event occurred for the Jensen girls. A very fancy lady drove up to the Jensen homestead one day. She was dressed in expensive clothes and was driven by a chauffeur. She was the Stake Primary President. Josephine was working in the garden and so the lady went to the garden to speak with her about Primary business. The fancy lady instructed her chauffeur to give the children a ride in her very modern car. Josie remembered how exciting it was to drive around town in the luxurious automobile. They were the envy of all their friends.

Josephine's mother, Grandma Bauman, was a great strength to her daughter and her family especially at this time. Josie saw her mother and grandmother enjoy a very close relationship. Josie loved her grandmother and greatly admired her. Josephine and her mother visited with each other every day and did a tremendous amount of genealogy together.

It was only six months after their father's death that Jesse, the eldest son, was called on a mission to the Southern States. Even though it added even more financial stress, Josephine was firm that he should still go and fulfill his mission. This left Josephine with only her 16 year-old-son, Vern to help run the farm. Josie and Oginda loved Vern and admired him greatly. He was always patient and gentle with them.

Josephine and her husband set an inspiring example of faithful service in the Church. The family was active in the Church and very prayerful.

With seven children and a farm to run there was always work to be done. There were also times of great fun. The Jensen family played together as much as they worked. Their large lawn was the gathering place for kids from all over town. They would play games like, "Run Sheep Run" or "Kick the Can." Then there were always the animals that provided entertainment. Josie and her siblings made up quite an amusing game with a mean old sheep. Oginda recalls the amusing sport of "Run Kids Run" when the sheep tried to butt them: *"It was a common sight to see a bunch of kids lined up on the fence some what as in a rodeo. It was a thrilling sport to run wildly through the corral with a big ram in pursuit. The lucky kids made it to the fence, but more often we received a good thump in our posteriors. At times the fence would weaken and the sheep would get out and roam the area near the house. . . On many occasions our friends coming to visit, and unaware that a sheep was loose, would be chased through our lot. . . Other friends had to climb trees in their Sunday clothes, while the sheep ate their pretty hats which had fallen to the ground."*

Another farm animal that allowed for fun entertainment was their old horse "Shorty." He was the only horse the kids were allowed to play around. They had as many as six kids on her back. When they could hold on no longer all six would come tumbling off. They would swim in the canal in the summer or hike through the hills gathering wild flowers. Oginda and Josie would often take their smaller nieces and nephews with them on these walks. The violets and buttercups were quite beautiful. They would hold a buttercup under someone's chin and if it reflected yellow that meant they loved butter. I remember Grandma Berrett playing the same game with me when I was younger.

The winter brought with it some of the best fun as the kids would enjoy wild sleigh or schooner rides. A favorite was the bobsleigh. Josie remembered putting hay on the bottom of the sleigh and then packing it with quilts and warm blankets.

Looking at old photographs was a very enjoyable family pastime. Oginda claims, *"We had the town's prize collections, and I recollect the hilarious laughter this pastime provided. It didn't do any good to be a poor sport when each one's turn came to be the 'goat,' and though we must have all wanted to remove some of the pictures from the albums, no one attempted to do so."*

Music was another favorite pastime. Almost all of the children played one instrument or another. Vernal had a beautiful singing voice and played the clarinet, Jesse played the cornet, Edith played the organ and Oginda, Mabel and Velda played the piano.

Their mother played the harmonica and the family spent many wonderful hours listening to her play. Oginda remembers her music to be the best medicine, *"Mother could play the harmonica better and sweeter than anyone I have heard. Always during sickness the best medicine and the surest cure was the sweet music she played. . . she played for hours all the songs she knew and many she improvised."*

Not only did the family play music on instruments but they also enjoyed listening to beautiful music on an old victrola with the black horn. They later bought a new Brunswick with dozens and dozens of records. When the family later sold the farm Oginda bought a piano and Josie bought a batter-run radio that was the only one in Providence. They often stayed up half the night listening to music from as far away as San Francisco.

The family took many family camping trips up Logan canyon. These trips were always full of adventure and fun as relatives and friends came from all over to join them. On one occasion one of the men spotted a rattlesnake and all the men gathered around with clubs and were able to kill the snake. For the rest of the trip that the snakes' mate would soon show up.

It was customary for the men to spend part of each day fishing. One afternoon while the men were fishing the women and children decided to go swimming. All of a sudden one of Josephine's cousins was caught in a whirlpool of deep water and was unable to get out. She was screaming and waving for help. All of the other women were afraid to try and help her since they didn't feel they could swim well enough. Josephine (Josie?) courageously swam toward her cousin in an attempt to rescue her. The other women called for her to come back for fear they both would be lost. The two women were soon struggling together. A man happened to walk by and was able to rescue both of the women. Oginda had to run to pray in the midst of the crisis and felt like her prayers had been answered.

When Jesse came home from his mission he married and set up his home near by. The family still saw a great deal of him and yet he had his own family. Josie and her sisters did a lot of babysitting for their nieces and nephews and loved them dearly.

Christmas was a very joyous time for the Jensen family. They began early in December making decorations for the tree. They strung cranberries, made paper chains, and popcorn balls. The older children were the ones who trimmed the tree for the younger family members. Josie had warm memories of going into the parlor and seeing the tree all lit up for the first time on Christmas Eve. It was a magical sight. Oginda records, *"Uncle Emanuel Bauman came long enough to eat and play several tunes on his accordion while the rest danced and sang. Grandma Bauman always came down from her own home with a huge pan of her famous knee patches (a tasty sweet pastry)."* In the evening they would open one gift and then contentedly go to bed.

One Christmas Josie and her sister Oginda found their gift ahead of time. It was identical pairs of beautiful shoes. They reached to above the ankles and were made out of very soft leather. The girls were tickled!

One Christmas stands out as very special for Josie. There had been a very bad flu epidemic and the schools were closed. Josie and Oginda went to stay with their Uncle Jim and Aunt Lindy to work. They were busy doing the popular job of topping beets. They stayed there several weeks and each earned \$40. It was before Christmas and so when the girls returned home they got out the Sears catalog and picked out some very special gifts for the whole family. They were especially excited about giving their younger nieces and nephews gifts.

Thanksgiving was another wonderful family occasion. Oginda writes, *"We gathered around a huge table either at our home or down to Aunt Emma's, mother's sister. . . She had four boys and they challenged we younger girls in some rather lively snowball battles."*

Despite the hardships and tragedies, the Jensen family remained close and loving. Judy describes them as "gentle little gnomes." They were smaller in stature and very

kind and peaceful people. Josephine loved all of her children but Vern had become her most trusted and valuable help. He had become the man of the house.

In 1915 when Josephine became the Assistant Post mistress in Providence the decision was made to sell the farm. The children were each given a portion of the profit and used the money as they wished.

World War I was still going strong in 1917 after three long years. Everyone was needed and it was *"with great sorrow"* that Josephine and her family said goodbye to Vern. He went to Camp Lewis in Washington for training and then was sent to France. He was in the 91st division and was part of the terrible battles just before the end of the war. In October 1918 he was discharged and returned home to a relieved family. He went to Utah State and became a chemist. This allowed him to work as Chief Chemist at the Almagamated Sugar Factory.

Josie's mother remained single the rest of her life. Her daughters took pleasure in prettying her up for the old folks parties. Oginda recalls, *"Mother was not old by any means, but she was always invited to the parties as were other widows and widowers. We made it a point to get mother a new dress, shoes and all the accessories. She looked very sweet and wonderful. She had such a charming, gentle, affectionate personality, it was no wonder she had favorable opportunities to remarry, but I don't believe she truly gave the matter serious thought. . . it just seemed unthinkable that she would consider marrying anyone else. I know she was most lonely for a companion and especially in the spring time did she mourn the loss of father."* Josie confirmed that there were widowers and suitors that came around and that she used to cry as a youngster in fear that her mother would remarry.

Oginda sums up the kind of home life that Josephine and her seven children enjoyed, *"It was a peaceful, happy home life to me, oh, we had the usual spats, arguments, disappointments and heartaches, but I don't recall when we weren't a completely compatible, harmonious family. I could wish for such an experience for all young people."*

JOSIE: THE YOUNG ADULT

When Josie finished elementary school she was lucky enough to attend Brigham Young College at Logan. It was a four-year high school and two year college. Josie had a keen desire to learn. She didn't enjoy instructors who didn't require her best effort. One algebra teacher taught her a valuable lesson about attitude. When the whole class was doing poorly in his class, he spent the entire class period convincing them that their attitude was preventing them from success in the class.

After only three years Josie made a very hard decision. Instead of graduating from high school like she had planned, Josie left school to take a job. She felt a keep responsibility to financially take care of her and help the family. Josie became concerned

about being skilled enough to hold a job. Her first job was with the Fonnesbeck Knitting Mills where she worked as a mail clerk. Her responsibilities included filling the salesmen's orders, wrapping and addressing the packages and mailing them. Her fears of inadequacy were put to rest, when one day she overheard the postmaster and her boss talking. Her boss, Mr. Fonnesbeck, made a very complimentary comment to the postmaster, *"there's the girl that never makes a mistake."* Josie was indeed a very capable and exact employee at all of her subsequent jobs. It wasn't long after hearing that conversation that Mr. Fonnesbeck dismissed his stenographer and promoted Josie in her place.

While riding the interurban into work she got to know the conductor. On one occasion Josie purchased a book of tickets. She had only used the ticket book once and left it on the streetcar. When the conductor became aware of her situation he remembered a man getting off the car that day after Josie. He took it upon himself to confront the man and was able to return her ticket book.

She was just getting used to her new job when Vern assisted her in attaining a better job. It was in the chemistry department of the sugar factory in Lewiston. This began a very enjoyable and successful series of positions in the Amalgamated Sugar Factory company. Josie's final position there was a job of great envy. She worked as the secretary of the district office, and district manager, Mr. Sam Christensen. She made \$135 a month when other secretaries in the area, doing similar work, made only \$60 to \$90. Josie had very fond memories of those years at Amalgamated Sugar Company. It was a wonderful time in her life when she made many wonderful friends and felt great personal satisfaction.

As Josie and Oginda grew into their teen and young adult years, their activities changed. Instead of "Run Sheep Run" it was more like "Run Jensen girls Run." They had many young men and young women visiting and were involved in lots of fun activities. There was a "grand old Pavilion," in the middle of town that was a wonderful community "hot spot." Each Saturday night it was packed with couples dancing the Charleston, the two-step, or even the waltz.

Josephine asked Jesse and Vern to look after their younger sisters at the dances, but they soon left the girls to themselves. This was greatly appreciated by Josie and Oginda, especially since Jesse and Vern delighted in later imitating how the two girls danced. Oginda remembers, *"Dancing was the big thing, and we found ourselves soon dancing to music provided by large bands traveling to Logan and Hyrum from distant cities. Oh, it was something to listen to the beautiful sounds they made!"*

The community enjoyed silent movies whenever they came to town. A large screen was set up in the Pavilion. The moviegoers enjoyed watching the events on the screen while a young woman played the piano in harmony with the mood of the scene.

Another fun activity was horseback riding up to the springs in Providence Canyon. When the young people went to the fair in Logan they went by bicycle. Oginda recalls, *"the girls on the cross bar while the boys sat on the seat and pedaled."*

Things got exciting whenever their cousin, Leone Hansen, came to town. She was an attractive brunette who lived in Newton. She would bring some of her girl friends along and attend the dances with the Jensen cousins. Vern and Jesse were always excited to see her come also. Oginda remembers the visits, *"it seemed the house would burst with laughter during her visits. Should Mother happen to be cooking sauerkraut that day, you could depend on Vernal scurrying out the back door with the stuff and then lighting matches all over the house to kill the odor. . . Sauerkraut was always a source of embarrassment to Vern."*

If there was one thing they all wanted, it was to look their best for the dances. After she started working, Josie had a nice wardrobe. Poor Oginda would starve herself for days in order to fit into one of Joie's dance dresses. She said, *"It was a problem to be able to afford a new dress occasionally for these occasions. Josie had us all beat in the clothes category, that and her chic figure, plus personality."* In addition to Saturday

night, it was Sunday when the Jensen front lawn was really a-buzz. Young men from all around would show up to escort young ladies home from church via the Jensen homestead. Many would sit and talk for hours. It wasn't unusual to have as many as thirty young people all visiting on the lawn on a Sunday evening.

Josie was popular with the young men but also a trusted friend and confidant. It was not unusual for her to spend long hours talking over problems with friends. She was generous with her time, patient, and had a good listening ear. Josie was also generous with her money. Often on the way home from work she would treat her girl friends to shows or to huge dishes of ice cream from the only confectionery in town. She also loaned out a lot of money to friends who needed help. They weren't actually loans since she was rarely paid back. She was able to be generous because she had one of the most envied jobs in the town.

The town pavilion was used for many other things besides just dancing. They held plays and concerts there also. It was very exciting to be a part of any of these productions. Josie remembers an experience that taught her a life-long lesson: She had sewn a beautiful bed jacket for her trousseau. A friend asked to borrow the jacket for her costume in the community play. Josie was hesitant to lend her the jacket for two reasons. First, it was a special treasure she had taken great care to make for her trousseau. Second, the young girlfriend was not at all careful with her own clothes. Josie was worried that the jacket would be ruined. All of her friends agreed and urged her not to lend it to the girl. Even her mother, who was very generous, encouraged Josie to not lend the jacket. This became a very difficult decision for Josie. She stewed about it a long time and then came to a decision that surprised many. She graciously allowed the friend to borrow her prized bed jacket. The act of lending the jacket was not the lesson. While pondering her decision, she came to the conclusion that material possessions were not as important as people. She felt good about her decision and lived the rest of her life trying to always put people before material things.

JOSIE: THE FIANCEE

In a tape-recorded interview made by her daughter many years ago, Josie revealed her first impressions of Ted Berrett. She seemed to have a little trouble remembering what her first impressions really were. Her daughter was urging her to divulge some wildly romantic encounter. Josie just laughed and simply said, "*His height.*"

The truth about their first meeting had something to do with the flip of a coin. Ted and his best friend, Frank Tucker, were with a large group of young people. The two of them flipped a coin to decide which of the Jensen girls they would pursue that evening. Josie was no doubt a little impressed with the tall Ted Berrett. After all he was a football player at Utah State College in Logan and enjoyed a great deal of popularity.

Even though Josie was just a hometown girl, she had a very responsible and lucrative job and was one of the most popular girls in Providence. She had many young men interested in her and vying for her attentions. When she met Ted she was dating a plumber who many people thought she was going to marry. The family was surprised when after her first meeting with Ted, she announced that she had a date with a college boy. No one in the family knew anything about him and suspected that it would be a one-time affair.

Oginda's memory is much clearer than Josie's when it came to remembering her first impressions of Ted Berrett. "*We were impressed by his friendliness and size, but figured we probably may not see him again. The first date blossomed, however, and family members looked forward to his visits.*"

Ted began his courting of Josie and the family at the same time. He gave her mother and grandmother a great deal of attention and kind of ignored the younger girls. Oginda thought it was because he has so many girls at home. She did say that he brought "sweet treats" for the two younger sisters wanting their support as well.

"His humorous teasing and outspoken opinions brought out the best and unexpected qualities in Josie" were Oginda's thoughts on their relationship.

Josie made the comment to Oginda, *His ego shows and I don't think I should take things seriously."*

Perhaps to test his sincerity, Josie teased Ted a little. He prided himself on his promptness and arrived right on time for all of their dates. Josie would take the lawn mower and mow a strip down the middle of the front lawn, leaving the mower in the pathway to the front door of the house. With the trap set, Josie would disappear into the house to finish getting ready for her date. Oginda remembers how they all sat by the window to watch his arrival. *"It was amusing to see him rounding the corner on two wheels and coming to a stop at the front gate. He would survey the situation, take off his coat and proceed to mow the entire lawn; then put his coat on, comb his hair and present himself at the door."*

Josie was a wonderful cook and entertained Ted and other guests for dinner. Ted tried to be on good behavior during these meals, but by the end, he put manners aside and asked for a knife to cut into one of her tender pies.

After the school year was finished, in early summer, Ted moved back to Salt Lake City to live with his family. The courtship continued, however, with Ted making the long trip to Logan on the weekends. No one knows how long they dated before Josie became smitten. She remembers him calling once from Salt Lake and telling her to find a date for his friend, Frank Tucker, that Sunday night. Josie remembers being very excited all through Church.

The traveling back and forth to Logan got tiring at times. One night while Ted was driving back to Salt Lake late at night, he fell asleep. When he woke up his car was hanging off a cliff. One wheel was hooked onto a small guard post. He called Josie in the middle of the night to tell her about the close call. It was upsetting for Josie to be awakened in the middle of the night with such a frightening story.

Oginda recalls the activities that Ted and Josie enjoyed in their courting days, *"Especially did the two of them enjoy dancing to music played by big bands coming often to the area. They went to picnic spots in the canyon with friends, and went boating at Bear Lake with others from Salt Lake, and he kept the lawn in good shape!"*

On occasion Josie would travel to Salt Lake to see Ted. He was a member of a prominent Men's Chorus and she often went to attend his concerts. Oginda was chosen to chaperone when they went swimming in Salt Lake. Oginda has fond memories of attending Salt Air, which was a special treat. They rode in an open-air train speeding over the water. They danced, dined and socialized. Oginda also accompanied them while they attended concerts in the Tabernacle and toured the visitor's center on Temple Square.

Their friendly courtship blossomed into engagement. Oginda knew things were serious when Josie invited her shopping and began looking for intimate apparel. It wasn't long afterward that their engagement was officially announced.

Oginda's relationship with Frank didn't end the same way. After a date, she and Frank were sitting in the family kitchen when he slumped over and died. They suspect he had a heart attack. This was very hard on Ted and he names his first and only son, Frank.

Oginda concludes her remarks about Josie and Ted with this tribute: *"An exemplary, worthy young couple. There was never a question as to where they could most often be found on a Sunday."*

JOSIE: THE WIFE

When plans were being made for the wedding day a Trousseau Tea was held in Josie's honor. Instead of a wedding shower, it was customary to have what was called a Trousseau Tea. This was a party for the bride where she had the opportunity to display all the things she had saved and made for her trousseau. Quilts, linens, dishes, were among the items displayed. Josie was twenty-five years old when she married, and with such a wonderful job, chances are she had a beautiful display of items.

While accounts of the actual wedding day are a little sketchy Josie remembers it as a wonderful day. She and Ted were married in the Logan Temple on August 7, 1929.

After the wedding her brother hosted a lovely wedding breakfast. When the celebrating was done the couple drove to Yellowstone Park for their honeymoon. They stayed in the Lodge at Yellowstone for a couple of days and then went back to Salt Lake to begin their life together.

It was hard for Josie to move so far from her mother and grandmother. She had enjoyed such a close relationship with all of her family members. While she loved her new Berrett in-laws, they were definitely a taller and livelier group.

JOSIE: THE YOUNG MOTHER

Josie and Ted made their first home in Sugar House in an upstairs apartment above Granite Furniture. After selling radios at night Ted got a new job. Oginda remembers this to be the beginning of Ted's career as a paint specialist. He worked in a hardware store and was in charge of the paint department even though he had never even held a paintbrush in his hand. To become more knowledgeable about the paint products, Ted began to experiment with his new passion – PAINT! Oginda remembers one room of their new apartment, *"He (Ted) decided to paint 'bathrooms only' to gain experience. It is reasonable to expect that bathrooms are the one and only area of their apartments that I can recollect at this time of my life. His choice of colors was unbelievable! This first bathroom was multi-colored, each wall a different color, the floor splattered, and one did not loiter there."*

Oginda also remembers the headboard in their first honeymoon bungalow. *"When I first visited, the three of us slept in that bed. After much laughter and shuffling around, the headboard came crashing down and we scrambled to get out from under its weight. I was not invited back for an overnight stay."* Ted was the janitor of the apartment building and so they enjoyed free rent.

Ted and Josie decided to move closer to the Berrett family. Ted built a small apartment in the garage next to Grandma Berrett's home. On August 25, 1931, Frank Edward was born. He was named Frank after Ted's closest and dearest friend, Frank Tucker. His middle name, Edward, was a Berrett family name. Ted's name was Floyd Edward Berrett. Oginda remembers little Frank at their new apartment, *"Frank was very young, a happy, smiling boy most of the time, but when hurt he held his breath instead of crying. I had to run outside and pray he would survive."* The colors Ted chose for this new bathroom was one of his favorite colors, purple.

Ted enjoyed the close association with his family. It was a rather long commute and when Ted arrived home he would take off his shoes and socks and run through the grass.

They then moved to Sugar House and lived in a house on 2504 Dearborn Street where twin girls were born on January 14, 1933. They named the little girls Janice and Jeanne. The girls were premature and both of them passed away the next day. Josie didn't ever say very much about this obviously tragic event. She did say that they paid the doctor sixty dollars for the delivery when the cost of a single delivery was only fifty dollars. She also said many times that she never got a chance to see the babies alive.

Beth Booth, who was just a young girl when the twins died, remembered the sad event. She vividly remembers seeing the two small babies in the same casket, side by side, with their two little arms linked together. The casket was somewhere in Grandma Berrett's home. They were buried in Salt Lake, where Ted and Josie would be put to rest, decades later.

Their next home was near Liberty Park. They needed a home with a fenced-in yard where Frank could safely play. It did have a nice fenced-in yard, but it was not successful at keeping Frank safe. The day that they moved into the house, he climbed over the fence. They hadn't lived there long before the bathroom painting bandit struck again. This time the color was a bright cerise. Oginda recalls, *"... it fairly shrieked at one entering the front door."* She insists that Josie never complained and was careful

herself not to voice any opinions. Since they were living so close to the park they frequently attended concerts and enjoyed the beautiful flower gardens there.

Their social life as a young couple focused a lot around family. They were especially close to Josie's cousins on Grandma Bauman's side. They got together to socialize often. Ted's side of the family was also visited regularly and family gatherings were a lot of fun. Beth remembers fondly calling Ted "Uncle Dudley" a nickname that stuck. She remembers him as a real tease, making all the kids cry. Their tears didn't last long, however, and they were always back for more. Beth remembers, with great pleasure, the day she was the one to "get" Uncle Dudley. *"One time I got him and without him knowing it was going to happen. I don't know how I was so lucky, but I was. In 'those days' they had things like firecrackers that if you stepped on one it would explode with a 'BANG.' I put one on the toilet seat between the top and the bottom and when he sat down the 'firecracker' gave him a pretty good bang."*

Whenever Ted and Josie made the trip to Logan there were many people to see. Ted had enjoyed a close relationship with many friends from his college year at Utah State. Visiting these friends was always a must. Josie especially loved trips to Logan and the chance to visit with her beloved family and special friends. When they arrived in Logan they often made a trip to Idaho to see Josie's older sister, Mabel. They camped and fished on a large lake there making many wonderful memories.

The young Berrett family lived in two more homes in Salt Lake on Dearborn Street. They first rented one home and then bought a small brick home on the same street. On May 1, 1935, two years after the twins' death, Bonnie LaRae Berrett was born. Bonnie joined the family while they lived in one of the two Salt Lake houses. It must have been a joyous occasion. What a blessing this new baby daughter was after such a great loss.

Oginda remembers it to be a very sad day when Josie and Floyd were transferred to Portland, Oregon. It was in September of 1935. The family still spent their yearly vacation visiting their families in Utah, but their regular association was greatly missed. These vacations were an opportunity for Ted to do some pheasant hunting. On one occasion, Ted performed perhaps one of his greatest sales jobs. They decided not to pay the money for a hunting dog and instead, talked Oginda into taking the dog's place. Her job was to walk ahead of the group to flush out the birds. Oginda added *"honest!"* to her claim of being the designated "bird dog."

When the yearly vacation was a fishing trip with the family there was a lot of fun but not many fish were caught. The men did enjoy sitting around the fire and harmonizing. Oginda claims, *"Floyd and Jack (Oginda's husband) could really carry a tune!"*

The move to Portland was hard on the family in several ways. Ted started a new job and began kind of a new lifestyle. He became less active in the Church and began drinking and smoking. Cigars were his cigarettes of choice. He also took up a new pastime of gambling with friends. These habits continued when they moved to Seattle. I'm sure this was a great source of sadness to Josie.

In September 1939, Ted was transferred to Seattle, Washington and made Industrial Sales manager of the Pacific Northwest and did quite a lot of traveling to all the states in the northwest and Alaska. They rented a small brick house in the Greenwood area. Bonnie was only four and Frank was about 8 when the two of them walked to go to the movies together.

Josie was described as a patient and kind new mother. She had experienced the ultimate heartbreak for any parent and had matured beyond her years through that experience. She was supportive of her husband's job relocations and made their house a home wherever they moved.

JOSIE: THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY

In about 1940, Ted and Josie purchased a house at 3001 East 97th Street. This home held many special memories for both Bonnie and Frank. It was a wonderful location on a dead-end street. Behind the house were some big woods and a ravine. There was a long row of roses and a basketball hoop. The kitchen had a long bar and there was a fireplace in the living room. Frank had a bedroom downstairs.

The Berretts made close friends with the Werelius family next door. Bonnie remembers her mother visiting in the mornings with Mrs. Werelius. A special memory involved a party that the Werelius's invited Ted and Josie to attend. They were supposed to dress up for the occasion and so Ted went dressed as a woman and Josie went dressed as a man. They were quite and unlikely couple.

At about this time, Ted and Josie became good friends with the Boyacks who were in their ward. This was one association that they would enjoy for years to come.

During the next several years, two other couples joined them, the Ellis's and the Skidmores.

Once in Seattle, Ted resumed his vices of smoking, drinking and gambling. On one occasion the bishop of their ward happened to stop by. Ted was sitting at the table with some of his buddies drinking and playing cards. The Bishop sat down and asked, "How do you play this game?" It must have made an impression on Ted. This was the beginning of his reactivation. Frank remembers asking his father about smoking and saying, "We aren't supposed to do that are we?" Frank claims his dad quit right there and then. The respect of his son must have been more important to him than any vice. The same bishop soon asked Ted to accept a calling as the Sunday School Superintendent. It was a very busy and responsible calling.

Frank and Bonnie have fond memories of this home. They attended Maple Leaf Elementary School. Frank loved basketball and baseball and was a star in his school. Bonnie and Frank remember fun evenings spent as a family playing card games like: May I, Rook, Hearts and Uno. There was even a time when Ted had several boxes of chocolates left over from a sales promotion. Bonnie remembers many nights playing card games while eating the delicious chocolates. Other games the family played were Checkers, Chinese Checkers, Monopoly, and Scrabble. They also enjoyed reading and listening to music.

Josie was actively serving in the Primary and helping out at the elementary school. She was busy in the fall canning fruit and vegetables (peaches, pears, tomatoes, and cherries). She and Ted enjoyed working in their garden, a pastime they enjoyed wherever they lived.

Christmas was a wonderful time. Even though the extended family did not live close by, Ted and Josie carried on some of the traditions of their own families. On Christmas Eve they opened gifts from each other and the next morning Santa left gifts for the children. The traditional Christmas Eve meal consisted of delicious hamburgers with all the trimmings and root beer floats. Christmas day was highlighted with a delicious turkey dinner complete with Josie's famous pumpkin pie.

The family bought a goat while living at this home. Bonnie had milk allergies and so the goat was purchased to provide goat milk for Bonnie. Ted loved animals so much that he was very happy to add another animal to his collection. There is some controversy as to who actually milked the goat. Frank groaned when asked about the goat, insisting that he was "chief goat-milker." Bonnie remembers her father milking the goat. I guess "only the goat knows." Milking the goat was just one of Frank's chores with animals. He also raised chickens and rabbits. He sold the eggs and the meat. He sold his eggs for a dime apiece.

When Frank began earning money, his mother took the opportunity to teach him a very valuable gospel principle. She showed him how to count his money and figure out his tithing. This boyhood lesson made a tremendous impact on Frank; he felt his mother's testimony of tithing.

Josie was very big on fixing a family breakfast each morning, but a little low on creativity. Frank remembers morning, after morning, after morning eating nothing but Cream of Wheat. She also religiously served juice and toast. The bright spot of the meal was her delicious, homemade pineapple-apricot marmalade. There weren't many foods that Josie prepared that Frank didn't absolutely love. She was a wonderful cook.

Bonnie and Frank remember those early years of their mother as a very loving and caring parent. Several people mentioned the fact that she never raised her voice. Frank said she was supportive and encouraging of any activity he pursued. Bonnie describes her mother as also very hospitable and a peacemaker. She seemed to be able to see a need and fill it. She raised her children with "persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness, and meekness, and by love unfeigned. . ." (D&C 121:41)

Bonnie spent many wonderful afternoons with her mother shopping. They took the bus downtown and, while her mother shopped at the Bon Marche, Bonnie played with

other children in a play center. When Josie finished her shopping she picked up Bonnie and the two of them went to the Bon Marche lunch bar. They enjoyed a wonderful lunch that always included a chocolate soda.

It does need to be recorded that Bonnie was able to think of one time when she was punished. She was playing in the woods and ravine near their home and didn't come back at the time her parents instructed her to. Friends were coming over and there wasn't time left to clean her up. Her punishment was that she had to stay in her room while the friends were visiting. She remembers sitting at her bedroom window and sadly watching the other children play.

Sunday dinner was somewhat of an event. Ted and Josie were always inviting missionaries, servicemen or friends over to enjoy a Sunday meal with them. Josie's traditional Sunday dinner menu included: pot roast, gravy, mashed potatoes, orange rolls, green peas, green pineapple date Jell-O, and pie.

Fried chicken, pork chops, steak, corn on the cob, and barbecued salmon were just a few of the appetizing foods on the menu for dinner during the week. What wasn't quite as appetizing was the friction between Frank and Ted. Often, because of his father's criticism, Frank would leave the table and retire to his room mad and frustrated. On those occasions, Josie would later bring Frank down a plate of dinner. Understanding his father's constant criticism was always a great source of frustration to Frank and remains so today. While there is plenty of evidence of his love for Frank, he often was moved more quickly to criticize than to show support. In later years, Frank learned to ignore his father's comments. It didn't help their relationship much, but it kept peace in the house. Josie was often caught between her husband and her son. Her great dislike for contention must have made this very difficult indeed.

After five wonderful years at the home on 97th Street, Ted made a decision to leave his job at Fuller paint. He moved his family to the small, rural community of Monroe, Washington. Ted, with a former colleague from Fuller Paint, went into business together. Cliff Foxton was the one who originally bought the hardware store and encouraged Ted to move to Monroe and become partners with him. Josie was able to help out with the new business also. She used her skills as a secretary to assist in keeping the store's books.

At first this was a very difficult time for the family. Frank and Bonnie had to leave a bustling Seattle neighborhood, schools they loved, and many friends. They moved to a secluded country community and to a farmhouse about five miles out of town. The rural way of life was very different. There were some advantages to life in the country. Soon after they set up house, Ted bought a horse for Frank that he named Chico. Frank was also given the dog, "Trigger." Josie and Ted resumed one of their favorite pastimes by planting a large garden.

Frank accepted a job from a farmer who had a large Filbert orchard (a filbert is a nut). Frank's tough assignment was to ride his horse through the orchard and shoot blue jays. I'm not sure how many blue jays he actually shot, but I am sure he loved the job. He would have probably been willing to pay the farmer instead, just for the chance to ride his horse around shooting at things. What young kid wouldn't have loved that?

Frank remembers vividly how he broke down the barriers between himself and the country kids. He was invited to play some football with some of the local boys and it was apparent that they thought he was a soft, city kid. They were all surprised when on one of the first plays of the game, Frank fearlessly tackled a huge Indian kid, Milton Stites. He didn't just knock him down, Frank claims he "flattened" the kid. The kids gained immediate respect for the city kid while Milton and Frank became good buddies.

Josie developed a close relationship with Cliff Foxton's wife, Freda. Ted and Josie were instrumental in fellowshipping Freda and her two daughters into the Church. Bonnie and Frank remember going to pick up Freda and her daughters to attend Church meetings. Cliff was there when they left and was furious that they were going to church.

As the year progressed, a fire devastated the hardware store. Insurance money was used to buy a new store. But Ted already wanted to move back to Seattle. The partnership was a little strained and Ted decided to make the break. The decision to go back to Seattle was explained diplomatically to Cliff and there were no hard feelings. This was because one of the major reasons for leaving was tied to a very exciting event in the Berrett family.

Josie had been trying to have another baby and had experienced several miscarriages. While they were in Monroe, she got pregnant again and had to go to bed to keep the baby. This was a perfect excuse to move back to Seattle where Josie could receive expert medical care. They were happy to go back to Seattle and yet there were many things they would miss about the rural community. The whole family awaited the arrival of this new baby with great anticipation.

They rented a little white house at 9553 Palatine where Judy was born. On October 11, 1946 Josie gave birth to her fifth and last child, Judith Ann Berrett.

They then moved into a second rental home, 8032 19th N.E. where they lived for two years. Ted looked in the paper regularly trying to find a good lot to buy on which to build a house. In the summer of 1949, he was successful and plans were made for the construction of their final home. Judy was growing fast and learned to walk in this home. Bonnie remembers a great big peach azalea in the front yard.

It was sometime after their return from Monroe that Ted and Josie bought some property in Woodinville. They had enjoyed the country so much that they wanted to have a little piece of it to call their own. Ted kept a horse there, built a crude kind of shelter and planted a very large garden. He enjoyed spending time there where it was peaceful and quiet.

Their house at 13624 4th Ave. North East was the home Judy grew up in and the older grandchildren remember. Bonnie attended all four years of high school there and Frank was on his way to BYU.

The house was a brick rambler with a full daylight basement. There was a deck located on the main floor just off of the dining room with a carport underneath. Windows in beveled glass covered the front of the house next to the door. On the inside, the windows were box-like shelves. Josie put nice figurines and varieties of cactus plants on the window shelves. The entry had a novel telephone seat/desk. It was next to the descending, wooden staircase. An old black telephone rested on the side of the square, built-in seat. To the right of the entry and telephone seat, was a small kitchen. It had yellow counter tops and white cabinets. They later built in a table with a cushion bench surrounding it. There were two windows above the table overlooking the deck. The living room was straight ahead from the front door. It had large windows, a floor to ceiling pink sandstone fireplace and a small stack of built-in shelves around the corner from the fireplace. Treasured photo albums were stored on those shelves. Decorative, beveled glass separated the living room from the staircase. Adjacent to the living room was a good-sized dining room with a door to the outside deck and another door to the kitchen. There was a built-in buffet with a mirror along the wall in the dining room. Two bedrooms and a den with one bathroom were located along a hallway to the left of the entry. The hallway had a unique set of closets from one end to the other.

The basement had a large family room, laundry area, workshop area, bedroom, bathroom, and storage area. Later, a swing was added to the storage room area. Ted put the swing up for Judy, but the grandchildren loved it too. The end of the basement was eventually turned into a small apartment that they rented to missionaries.

There was a rose garden in front to the right of the house and beautiful shrubs, plants and flowers filled many of the flowerbeds all around the perimeter. There was also, of course, a garden and fruit trees in back. When they first moved in, construction had created a rather unsightly problem. Huge tree stumps were left from trees that had to be cut down to build the house. These stumps sat in the middle of where the front lawn was supposed to be. Ted tried to convince Josie that they could somehow successfully

landscape around the tree stumps. Josie was not the least bit persuaded. She was determined to get rid of them, even if she had to do it herself. Josie spent hours in the front and back yards burning the stumps, with only an old vacuum cleaner to fuel the flame. With the large stumps finally gone, Josie and Ted planted a beautiful yard of lawn and shrubs.

Ted did a lot of the work on the house himself. Judy said that Josie was always a little disappointed with Ted's finish work. He knew a lot about paint, but wasn't much of a carpenter. Despite some rough spots, it was a beautiful home and enabled the Berretts to entertain large groups of friends and family on a regular basis.

Ted and Josie had some life long friends by this time. The Berretts, Skidmores, Ellises and Boyacks became close friends. On the Fourth of July they would often pack a big picnic and spend the day on some property on Mercer Island that the Boyacks owned. The couples were always looking for property they could purchase to have as their own camping spot. They eventually purchased a lovely piece of property in North Bend at the base of Mt. Si right on the North Fork(?) of the Snoqualmie River. They affectionately named the site, Berskidellbo in honor of the four owners.

Berskidellbo became the new and favorite picnic and camping spot for the Berretts and their friends. All have fond memories of outdoor cooking, tubing down the nearby Snoqualmie River and hilarious campfire antics. The children could hear the adults roar with laughter as they stayed up late entertaining each other. Ted was usually the star of the show with his rather off color songs, rewritten Shakespearean monologues, or ukulele concerts. He knew quite an assortment of songs that he could play on the tiny guitar. Just watching this huge man awkwardly playing the small, string instrument was hilarious.

Ted may have been the most entertaining at Mt. Si, but "the willey" was a Mt. Si icon. It was proudly perched a short way from camp up a little hill. Many interesting and unexplainable things took place in that small wooden shanty. There wasn't a person at camp that didn't gratefully visit "the willey" on a regular basis.

It took awhile to completely finish the Berrett homestead. The landscaping alone took a few years. Judy was eleven years younger than Bonnie and almost fifteen years younger than Frank. Her childhood was just beginning in this new home. While the surroundings were different from the home at 3001 East 97th Street, Judy did many of the same things Bonnie enjoyed as a child. Josie dressed Judy up and took her on the bus to go shopping at the Bon Marche. Judy remembers Josie's love for hats. This was a common afternoon purchase. Josie told Judy that she would buy a hat to cheer her up when she and Ted had a spat. The outing always included a hamburger and chocolate soda at the Bon Marche lunch bar.

Breakfast changed a little though the years. Josie began fixing a delicious cracked wheat cereal. Judy remembers the same delicious dinners that Frank did: chili, pot roast, chicken, pork chops, liver/bacon/onions in tomato soup and sauerkraut. She loved to come home at night and walk in the door to the wonderful smell of Josie's cooking.

Judy confirms Frank's claim that the laundry was always finished and put away, something many mothers find hard to believe. Especially since Josie was kept busy with many demanding church callings. She was the Stake Relief Society President for many years and also served as the stake Mother Education leader. *(insert something about the RS Choir that sang in SL) She served in the primary and Judy remembers her telling the most marvelous Book of Mormon stories to the children. She had a way of catching their imagination so they didn't want to miss a word.

Josie loved to read and tell stories to her children. Some of Judy's favorites were *'Little Black Sambo,'* *"Chicken Little,"* and *"Teddy of Bumkin Hallow."* Many of the grandchildren still remember vividly being snuggled in bed while she told the story of *"The Little Red Hen."* The children in the 10th ward loved it when would tell them Book of Mormon stories.

Material things were not of importance to Josie, but she was thoughtful where here her children were concerned. When Judy was young she became very miserable with a bad case of the measles. To cheer her up, Josie bought her a "Tony" doll. This particular doll was new and had the unique feature of long hair that could be set and styled. Judy was delighted and enjoyed hours of styling and setting her new doll's hair.

Josie noticed that Judy was a challenging child. She was often hard to get to bed at night or put down for a nap. Although Josie never yelled she was often exasperated in her attempts to get Judy to obey. One day Judy pushed Josie to her limit and refused to practice the piano. Josie, who had always wanted to take lessons and was unable to, was frustrated with Judy's ungrateful attitude. When she found her hiding in the basement to avoid practicing she sternly scolded Judy. Josie told her in no uncertain terms that she needed to be very grateful for the opportunity to have piano lessons.

Josie began fasting once a week as Judy entered the teen-age years. She jokingly told Judy one day that she was fasting so Judy would make it through high school without getting in trouble with the boys. Perhaps she wasn't joking.

Judy was never afraid of getting in trouble with Josie or Ted. When Bonnie dented the car in the carport, Ted came unglued. Bonnie ran to her room crying and Judy took matters into her own hands. She stomped into the living room with her hands on her hips and said in a firm voice, "You hurt my sister's feelings! Go tell her you are sorry." Judy adored Bonnie and couldn't stand to see her sad.

Many people who knew Ted and Josie felt certain that she had more control over things than it appeared. She confessed to friends that when Ted was unkind to her, she would just go out and buy a new hat. She referred to Ted as being much like an adolescent who hadn't grown up. In spite of his gruff outward behavior, it was evident how much he loved his wife. He often took Judy shopping to help him pick out a special birthday gift for her. Money was no object when picking out presents for Josie.

Josie spent her days caring for her family and yet she did enjoy other activities. She did a lot of studying for her Relief Society Mother Education classes. It normally took all month to prepare one of her masterful lessons. The dining room table was piled high with books, pages, and references she wanted to include in her lesson.

Josie did beautiful crochet work. In 1973 when she was visiting Bonnie and Gene and their family, she crocheted a large poncho for each of the girls in the color of her choice. She also enjoyed doing needlepoint and embroidering temple clothes for the dead.

In the summer months, her passions turned toward her garden and especially her flowers. She grew beautiful chrysanthemums, dahlias and roses of all colors. Ted created a special rose garden with a trellis just below the deck that was full of spectacular colors in the summer.

Josie loved classic literature. She owned a set of the Harvard classics and a leather bound copy of Shakespeare's works. She loved to read Emerson and was especially interested in his philosophical ideas on the "law of compensation." Judy remembers her mother reading several books on child rearing, one of whom was Ernest Ligon. When Bonnie didn't have any recollection of her mother reading books on child rearing, Judy comically added that she (Judy) must have driven her mother to them.

While Josie enjoyed the classics, she kept up with current events by reading the newspaper and indulging in a little less intellectual material by subscribing to *The Reader's Digest*. The news broadcast was a must and when the political conventions came around, the family survived on TV dinners. Josie was glued to the political speeches and the events of the conventions. Her love for politics invited some lively conversations with friends. Ted and Josie were staunch Republicans. She loved Richard Nixon. The Boyacks, who were close friends, were earnest Democrats and the two couples had some heated debates.

Josie was as passionate about the Gospel as she was about politics. Two of her favorite scriptures were Matthew 7:24-27 and D&C 82:10:

*Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them,
I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:
And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew,
and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.
And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not,
shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:
And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew,
and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.*
Matthew 7:24-27

*I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not
what I say, ye have no promise.* D&C 82:10

One of Judy's fondest memories was when she and her parents would go to dinner and then to see one of the new musicals that had just come out, such as: *South Pacific*, *Carousel*, or *My Fair Lady*. After they saw the movie, they would buy the album and listen to for weeks on their stereo set. One of Josie's favorite songs was *Sunrise, Sunset*. And who could forget Judy singing all the songs from *South Pacific* at the top of her lungs.

One of Josie's closest friends was Lydia Boyack. She was so supportive of Josie's whole family that she even attended a performance of the high school choir Judy performed with. The Ingraham High chorus put on a special concert just before leaving on a tour of Japan. The morning after the concert, Lydia passed away. It was believed to be a heart attack. This was very sad for Josie since they were so close.

While Josie was careful to dress up when she was going out, she wasn't as concerned about her appearance around the house. Judy remembers some dusters she wore and there were those who had questions about the toilet paper carefully wrapped around her head. No one is quite sure if the toilet paper kept her hair in place or just provided a little comical relief for the family in the morning. The fact is, she was so good and kind that she looked beautiful regardless of what she wore.

When Frank was called on a mission in February of 1949, he left his family for two and a half years to teach the gospel in Uruguay. Bonnie remembers well the family trip to New York to pick him up. They flew to Detroit where they purchased a new car and drove it back east to pick up Frank from his mission. It was a wonderful reunion. Just to hear Frank's voice again after all those months was great. They stopped in Washington D.C. and Niagara Falls to do some sightseeing. The family then drove to Utah and spent time visiting relatives and getting Bonnie settled for her first year at BYU. Frank returned home to Seattle to work for a month and was soon on his way to the Y for his sophomore year.

That year Frank happened upon a spunky but darling sophomore, Irene Fuller from Washington. She bummed some money from him for a class field trip and "that's all she wrote. . ." The two of them dated the rest of the year and then in the summer Irene had a chance to meet Frank's family. She was invited over for games one evening. Josie immediately put Irene at ease with her kind and gentle ways. Ted was as big a tease as ever. He kept trying to get Irene to eat some peanuts he had. When she kept turning them down he got a bit frustrated. It wasn't that he cared if she ate peanuts or not; it was because the peanuts were rubber. Irene had inadvertently ruined his practical joke.

There were other occasions when Irene spent time with the Berretts. Mt. Si was a memorable outing. The kids all lined up and were jostled up and down on the famous "bouncing log." It was a riot to watch. This camping trip included Irene's first "dry shave," compliments of Ted.

The first Berrett sibling was about to leave the next and start his own family. Frank and Irene were married on December 17, 1954 in the Salt Lake Temple. Irene and

Frank had a reception at Frank's home Stake Center. It was obvious how well known and loved the Berrett family was. Dozens of couples came to the reception to meet Frank's new wife and celebrate with the whole Berrett family.

On August 7, 1957 Bonnie was married to her sweetheart, Gene Wray Dalton. Irene remembers Josie being so pleased with Gene and happy for Bonnie.

As Frank and Bonnie began their own families, Josie entered a new phase of her life, being a grandmother.

JOSIE: A GRANDMOTHER

Josie was as natural a grandmother as she was a mother. Her gentleness and kindness were always inviting. When the grandkids visited she remained calm in spite of the chaos going on around her. She tried very hard to give her grandchildren a little special attention whenever she had the opportunity.

Frank and Irene lived relatively close and invaded the Berrett's home on a regular basis. It must have seemed like an invasion of chimpanzees, watching Scott and the rest run hooting and hollering through their front door. Josie often acted as a buffer between the young children and Ted. He would become easily agitated and frustrated with the noise and confusion.

Bonnie and Gene were soon living in Boston and that made it hard for Josie and Ted to visit them very often. There were a few trips to Boston and the Dalton's occasionally packed up all the kids and made the pilgrimage to Seattle to get some needed family time.

Whenever Josie was able to visit Bonnie it was a very special time. When she came to visit she always found things to do to help out. She would wash windows, do mending, or catch up on laundry. Josie often did the things that any young mother finds impossible to keep on top of.

Josie was helpful and never critical or judgmental of her daughters or daughter-in-law. Irene remembers that Josie was not one to offer advice but was a good listener and always open to questions.

Most of the older grandchildren remember their grandmother telling them stories and treating them to homemade goodies. Josie often gave the grandchildren pajamas for Christmas. They could also depend on a card in the mail with some money enclosed

when it was their birthday. As more grandchildren were born, the number of gifts and cards grew larger and larger. This never prevented Josie from trying to make each grandchild feel special. When the families were complete, Ted and Josie had seventeen living grandchildren and two deceased.

Once when Frank and Irene and their children were visiting Ted and Josie, the kids went down to the basement to play. On that particular day, Josie prevented two very ugly events from occurring. Josie went down in the basement for some reason and smelled smoke. She found a tent that the grandkids had made with some old blankets and quilts. Karlan and Britt may remember this event vividly. The children had put a lamp in the tent under the blankets. When they left the family room to play elsewhere, they forgot to turn off the lamp. It was left resting against a quilt. When Josie went into the family room to investigate the smoke, the quilt was on fire. With great speed, Josie rushed the quilt outside and put out the flames. She had done this so quickly that no one in the house even knew what had happened. Josie privately showed the tent-building grandchildren the black hole burned through the quilt. She made it clear how dangerous it was to put the lamp under the quilts. Amazingly, Frank and Irene weren't told and neither was Ted. Josie never mentioned the incident again. This was only one of many things that Grandpa never found out. One ugly incident that Josie was able to avert that day, was a possible house fire and the second, Ted's reaction if her ever found out.

Josie was always willing to care for the grandchildren and never acted like it was a burden. She took the opportunity to share some of her life long lessons with her posterity. One principle she never got tired of teaching was honesty. She warned against thinking that a little white lie was OK. She taught how important it was to even return small change if overpaid by a cashier.

It must have been challenging to have grandchildren visiting with a teenager still at home. Judy was constantly rescued by Josie as the invading grandchildren attempted to roust her from bed early on Saturday mornings.

Saturday morning was almost like a holiday. Josie and Ted prepared a huge meal. This breakfast even had its own name and was affectionately referred to as an "Ulcer Breakfast." The name had something to do with the possible result of eating all the tasty but greasy breakfast food. Pancakes, fried potatoes (it took forever because they were loaded in the fry pan raw), bacon, eggs and juice. Just going into the kitchen would make hour eyes water with the strong smell of onion. It is debatable whether Ted's fried potatoes actually had more potatoes than onions. And of course, it wasn't an Ulcer Breakfast without the controversy over the thickness of the pancakes. Josie like them thick and Ted liked them thin. One of them would be watering the batter down while the other was adding more pancake flour. The battle of the pancakes almost always ended with a pitcher of left over batter. Irene would have never thrown it away and would have certainly found some kind of use for the left over batter; she might have used it as paste to put up wallpaper, or filled in missing grout around the bathtub; she could have even attempted to devise a recipe that turned the old batter into chewing gum. Her talent for using everything was unsurpassable. As it was, however, the batter always went to waste. On a visit to Frank and Irene's home, Judy concocted a perfect plan to use up the usual pitcher full of leftover pancake batter. She talked the grandkids into giving grandpa a special drink that she had fixed. The most important ingredient in the special beverage was a cup of pancake batter. When Ted tasted the drink his revenge was swift and sure. All those involved were hunted down and treated to a "dry shave." For once, instead of just being poured down the drain, the batter provided some fun entertainment.

Judy was often the instigator of practical jokes on her dad. Josie was usually amused watching Judy and the grandkids plot and plan. She didn't even seem to mind when Judy and her gang of nieces and nephews, drew a big flower with lipstick on the top of grandpa's head. He was taking a nap on the couch in Frank and Irene's living room. The loud snoring alerted Judy and her little gang to their victim's unconscious state. His bald head just seemed to cry out, "DRAW ON ME!" and so they did.

Some time in 1964, Ted was dealt a blow that was completely devastating. After about thirty years of working for Fuller Paint he was let go. The company had been sold and all of the employees close to retirement were fired. This mollified the retirement benefits these older employees had been working toward all their lives. Ted was one of the older victims. His dreams of spending retirement years traveling and in comfort were in great jeopardy. Judy was still in high school and remembers it well. *"He came home looking crest fallen. He cried and kept crying for what seemed like months. My mom sat with him and comforted him trying to assure him that everything would work out."* Oginda recalled the incident with sadness also, *"We knew he was in a bad way so to cheer him up we (Oginda, Velda, Mabel, Edith and their brother Vern) drove to Seattle and landed, unexpectedly, on the Berrett doorstep. We occupied every unused space in the house, went sight-seeing, and took a boat trip to a beautiful place (Victoria). It was a wonderful experience at that time in our lives."*

Being fired was more than a financial blow to Ted. He was distraught, humiliated, and fearful of the future. It was humbling to have to go around trying to find work in an industry where he wasn't a young rookie, but rather, a veteran. Even though he was well-known in Seattle no one seemed interested in hiring a man so close to retirement age.

About the same time, he was released from the Stake presidency. It was an attempt to relieve the stress of his calling during this difficult time. This was a decision that Gene and others felt was more hurtful than helpful. When the release came, some general authorities stayed with Ted and Josie and prayed for him and blessed their home. It was a comforting and spiritual experience for Judy.

Losing his job and retirement and then being released was a heavy emotional blow. Ted would wake up at night as if he were fighting demons. Judy recalls her mother getting up with him and praying until he felt peaceful enough to go back to sleep. It seemed like they were up at night a great deal during that time. Josie remained supportive long after others felt like he should have been able to come to terms with the loss and move on.

In an attempt to ease the financial burden, Josie worked full time for Merrill Boyack at his insurance business. She was able to use the secretarial skills she had developed in her youth.

Ted got a job with the Rudd Paint Company and even though it wasn't his dream job it gave him an opportunity to work again and focus on other things.

On September 10, 1968, their last daughter Judy, was married to Alan Doman in the Salt Lake Temple. When it came to the wedding expenses, finances were tight. Josie and Judy scurried all over town trying to get the best deals and still have a nice reception. When Judy left, Ted and Josie were on their own for the first time since Frank had been born in 1931. All of their children were married, starting families of their own and happy. It wasn't long before Ted and Josie were making plans for something they had always wanted to do.

Ted and Josie soon received a call to serve as missionaries in the London South Mission. So they packed their suitcases and on January 3, 1970 entered the mission home in Provo, Utah to prepare for their 18 month mission. This was a wonderful time for Josie. She served as secretary to the Mission President and was able to be of service to many of the young elders and sisters. Their mission was full of wonderful experiences and their children couldn't wait to receive their letters.

While driving in England, Ted blacked out and was in an automobile accident. His injuries were minor compared to what could have happened. However, he spent several weeks in the hospital recuperating. During his hospital stay, every member of the Wembley Branch where they were assigned, came to visit him. Unbeknownst to the members, before the accident he had been called to serve as president of that small branch. Being in the hospital afforded him the opportunity of having a "personal interview" with each person and a chance to get acquainted with the whole branch.

Shepherding the members of the Wembley Branch was one of the thrilling experiences of their whole mission.

Before Ted and Josie came home, Gene was able to arrange to do some teaching in London and in Wales. Bonnie and the girls joined him so the whole Dalton clan had the opportunity to spend time with Ted and Josie while they were still in the mission field. They lived with Ted and Josie in Reading during the last few months of their mission. When their mission was completed, they all traveled together for an unforgettable experience to the Aran Islands located on the west coast of Ireland. This was a wonderful time for all. After eighteen months Elder and Sister Berrett returned home to Seattle in 1971.

For about four years, life for Ted and Josie was finally the way it was supposed to be. They were enjoying the chance to do things they hadn't had time to do before. However, 1975 proved to be a very hard year for the entire Berrett clan. Judy gave birth to her second son, Jacob on August 20, 1975. There were serious complications and Jacob's lungs were not fully developed. Josie tried to be as supportive as she could. She helped with baby-sitting as Judy went back and forth to the hospital. It was very hard for Judy to see her new-born experience so much pain. In spite of the doctors' every effort, little Jacob passed away just ten days after he was born. Josie was there to comfort Judy as she mourned the loss of her son. This was an experience she herself knew all too well.

Shortly after Jacob's death, Ted was sitting at dinner one night and became confused and had difficulty speaking. He went to the doctor to have some tests done. They hooked him up to a heart monitor, which he wore for twenty-four hours. The results were inconclusive. Ted loved to go to auctions and often came home from one with some pretty odd things. Just after his monitor was taken off he went to an auction. Late that evening, Josie received an emergency call from Harborview hospital. Ted had experienced a stroke. Judy remembers consulting with the doctor vividly. The doctor was not hopeful at all. *"If he lives he's going to be a vegetable."* Josie may have been in shock, but Judy remembers feeling pushed over the edge emotionally. The loss of her son and now her father's critical condition was just too much in one short month.

The doctors were wrong. Ted survived and even though he lost full mobility, he was far from a vegetable. The greatest loss was his ability to speak. He was in the hospital for months working to rehabilitate and learn to walk again. Josie was afraid to drive on the freeway, so Judy drove her mother back and forth daily.

The stroke brought many changes to Ted and Josie's life. They soon sold the house and moved into a condo. It was perfect for them: all on one level, easy to get around, and next to a picturesque little lake. The location was ideal because Josie only had to drive a short distance to the store or to church. Judy lived fairly close and was vigilant in checking on them and assisting her mom.

A bright spot in Josie's later life was a memorable celebration. On Monday June 25, 1979, the entire Floyd Edward Berrett family gathered in Utah to celebrate Ted and Josie's 50th wedding anniversary. August 7, 1979 marked fifty years together. The party was held at the Homestead in Midway, Utah.

The festivities began at 6:00 with a dinner for the immediate family. There were some remarks and the presentation of several gifts. At 8 p.m. friends and extended family were invited to a reception in their honor. Several people shared memories of the couple and after a slide show there was a stunning and climatic ending. Bonnie and Judy somehow convinced (probably bribed) all of the grandchildren to be a part of a dramatic and ceremonious candle lighting. If this wasn't enough, all stood and sang, "You Light Up My Life." There are some grandchildren who may deny any participation in this, but the truth is, all of the grandkids were happy to take part. It was nice to have this special celebration while Josie was still in good health. She and Ted enjoyed the evening.

Josie soon began to show signs of Parkinson's disease and it wasn't long before she became incapable of taking care of Ted and herself. It became necessary for them to sell the Condo. After some discussion among the children, it was decided to do some

remodeling in Judy's home so that they could have a semi-permanent and private place to stay. They had a room with a window seat and garden view that Josie loved, and private bathroom. They loved being close to their grandchildren and were a great blessing to them while living in Judy's home. While Judy was going through her divorce, Bonnie became the primary caregiver for their parents. Special beds were arranged in one of the bedrooms and Ted and Josie spent their remaining years with Bonnie. The Dalton family made every effort to make them happy and comfortable. It was nice to have them in Utah again where friends and relatives who had known them for many years could visit them. The Dalton grandchildren were delighted to have a chance to be close to their grandparents and to help care for them. It was fun to sometimes see signs of Ted's sense of humor. During his illness, in spite of his inability to talk, Ted found ways to communicate with his family.

Josie was becoming more and more disoriented and confused. She was having a hard time breathing and swallowing. Josie's sisters from Logan visited her for the last time. Ted spent his days sitting by her side. Within just a few years of her illness, Josie passed away in Bonnie's home on November 12, 1985. It was a bittersweet day. Ted was very sad and sobbed uncontrollably. Bonnie and the others, who were there at the house, felt a great loss. They were comforted, however, by the thought that her suffering was over and she was finally at peace.

Josie's funeral was a time for earnest reflection. People were reminded of her kind and gentle spirit. They thought about the lessons she had taught them and the example she had been. It was a wonderful day knowing that she had lived a righteous and noble life. She was so uncommonly good as she passed through a rather common life experience.

FOODS FROM OUR ANCESTORS to HER PROGENITORS

A little Christmas gift of self to Josie's posterity. As I study our ancestors stories, it is apparent they survived simply from the fruits of their labors with the land. The foods my mother, Josephine Jensen Bauman, served were such. I remember simple dinners of vegetable dishes such as these: Pork chops and sauerkraut, Liver with bacon, onions with tomato soup and green beans with onions, hamburger and tomato sauce. Breakfast was always a simple porridge of Cream of Wheat or Cracked wheat. Only at family gatherings, did the special "ulcer breakfast" emerge or at Thanksgiving and Christmas celebratory foods. Frank loved her pumpkin pie and Bonnie her Lemon Meringue pie. I have fond memories of her date cake she always brought to our picnics at Mt Si

JOSIE BERRETT'S SHIRRED EGGS

Place eggs in a baking dish sprayed with cooking oil. (or use individual ramekins) Break eggs into dish. Pour 1 T half and half per egg salt, and freshly ground pepper. Sprinkle with Swiss, jack or cheddar cheese. Bake 15 minutes @ 350.

My Variations:

Sprinkle with crumbled bacon

Place in muffin tins lined with Canadian bacon

Bake in small brioches with tops cut off, garnish with tarragon and chives

Place in seashell liberally greased. Make nest of shredded cheese. Place egg in nest and top with cheese and bacon.

JOSIE BERRETT'S BANANA BREAD

2 eggs	2 c flour
1 c mashed banana	½ t soda and salt
1 t vanilla	1 ½ t baking pwd
1/3 c buttermilk	1 c sugar
½ c veg oil or butter, melted	1 c chopped nuts
1 T lemon juice	grated rind of 1 lemon

Mix wet ingredients together. Add dry ingredients. Turn into well-greased loaf pan. Bake 325 for 1 hour. Sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar on top.

JOSIE BERRETT'S BEST ORANGE ROLLS

1 ¼ c milk	1 ½ t salt
8 T butter	1 egg
1 pkg rapid rise yeast	3 1/2 c flour
2 T sugar	

Heat milk and sugar add butter until warm. Sprinkle yeast over mixture, cover with plastic wrap and set aside for 10 minutes to soften. Whisk egg into milk mixture. With paddle attachment combine flour and salt, then add mix milk mixture in steady stream until moistened. Add butter one piece at a time. Using dough hook, knead about 4 minutes. If knead by hand, do not add more flour. Transfer to bowl, cover and place in warm oven until dough doubles, about 45 min. Punch down, replace cover and rest 5 minutes. Turn dough onto lightly floured work surface.

Roll dough out. Cut small pieces and place 3 in muffin tins to form clover-leaf rolls. In center of roll, add 1/3 T of topping mixture. Let rise in tins until ready to bake. Bake 400 for 10 – 12 minutes. Topping: mix together ½ c softened butter, ½ c sugar, and grated rind of on orange and place 1 teaspoon of mixture in center of clover leaf roll shape.

FLOYD AND JOSIE BERRETT'S FRIED TOMATOES

Slice tomatoes, and dredge in mixture of flour and salt and pepper. Cook very slowly in butter. Just before turning slices, sprinkle with brown sugar. Watch to see that sugar and butter do not burn. Add 1 t soda, then a goodly amount of cream or milk, enough o cover bottom of pan up to ½ inc. Continue cooking until cream is hot and blended with butter and sauce. Serve over buttered toast.

JOSIE BERRETT'S FAMOUS DATE CAKE

(She made this for our outings to BER-SKID-EL-BO, our property near Mount Si on the north fork of the Snoqualmie River)

2 c dates, coarsely chopped
1 ½ c dark brown sugar
¾ c butter
2 c flour
¼ t salt
2 eggs

½ c milk
4 oz unsweetened chocolate
1 t vanilla
1 c nuts
1 c boiling water
1 t soda

Cream butter with ¾ c sugar. Add eggs and dry ingredients except for soda. Blend in dates and nuts. Cook and cool ¾ c brown sugar, ½ c milk and chocolate. Add vanilla. Add to ingredients. Combine 1 c boiling water with baking soda in small bowl. Pour into batter. Pour into parchment lined 10-inch spring form pan or 9 X 13 pan. Bake at 350 for 1 hour.

PUMPKIN PIE

1 ¾ c pumpkin puree
½ c brown sugar
*3 eggs, separated
½ c cream
½ + c whole milk or coconut milk
2 T honey or molasses

1 ½ t fresh or ground ginger
1 ½ t cinnamon
¼ t freshly grated nutmeg
½ t salt
1 t vanilla extract or 3 T rum
¼ t cloves

Refrigerate dough lined pie shell for about 15 minutes, and then freeze about 20 minutes. Remove from freezer and press doubled piece of heavy-duty foil inside pie shell and fold to shield fluted edge. Distribute pie weights over foil. Bake on rimmed baking sheet at 375 for 15 minutes. Remove foil and weights. Bake for 5 minutes more. As soon as pie shell comes out of oven, adjust oven rack to lowest position and increase temp to 400 degrees. While piecrust is baking, whisk cream and eggs, sugar and spices pumpkin and pour filling into hot pie shell. (Ladle any excess into pie after it has baked for 5 minutes. Bake at 400 for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to 300 and continue baking until edges of pie are set about 20-35 minutes longer.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1 c sugar
¼ c cornstarch
1/8 t salt
1 ½ c water

6 large egg yolks
1 T lemon zest
½ c lemon juice
2 T butter

Filling: Mix first four ingredients over medium heat in a non-reactive saucepan. Simmer and whisk until thickened. When mixture turns translucent, whisk in egg yolks two at a time. Whisk in zest, lemon juice and finally butter. Bring mixture to a good simmer, whisking constantly. Remove from heat, place plastic wrap on surface of filling to keep hot and prevent skin from forming.

Meringue: Mix 1 T Cornstarch, with 1/3 c water in saucepan, simmer until mixture thickens; cool. Mix ¼ t cream of tarter and ½ c sugar. Beat 4-6 egg whites until frothy; beat in sugar mixture, 1 T at a time until mixture forms soft peaks. Add cornstarch mixture, 1 T at a time, beat until mixture forms stiff peaks. Remove plastic from filling and return to very low heat to ensure filling is hot. (will ensure meringue doesn't weep) Pour filling into pie shell. Immediately distribute meringue evenly around edge then center of pie to keep it from sinking into filling. Make sure meringue attaches to piecrust to prevent shrinking. Use spoon to create peaks all over meringue. Bake pie until meringue golden brown about 20 minutes at 325

JESSIE OTTLEY BERRETT'S OATMEAL COOKIES

(I didn't know my grandparents, but remember visiting my Grandmother Berrett as a little girl when she had a large dish pan full of oatmeal cookies which she graciously offered her youngest grand child.)

1 c raisins	2 1/2 c flour
1 c hot water	1/2 t baking powder
3/4 c shortening or butter	1 t baking soda
1 1/2 c sugar	1 t cinnamon
2 eggs	1/2 t cloves
1 t vanilla	pinch salt
2 c oats	1 c chopped nuts

In a saucepan, cook raisins and water for 20 minutes. Reserve water. Cream shortening or butter with sugar and eggs, vanilla and 1/2 c reserved liquid. Sift together dry ingredients and mix with wet ingredients until blended. Add oats, chopped nuts and raisins. Drop on lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake for 12-14 minutes at 375.

KNEE PATCHES

(A treat grandma Josephine Jensen Mauchley Bauman would bring for Christmas to the Jensen household- an old Swiss recipe- see history of Josephine Jensen)

1 c sugar	1 2 eggs, beaten
2 T cinnamon	1/2 c milk
2 c flour	1 qt vegetable oil
1 t salt	

Stir sugar and cinnamon to make cinnamon sugar and reserve. Combine flour and salt in large bowl. Make a well in center of flour and add eggs and milk. Stir with fork until dough comes together. Turn out onto floured surface and knead until it comes together with no dry flour remaining. Let dough rest. Place oil in Dutch oven and heat to 350 degrees. Make dough balls the size of walnuts. Roll into disc until thin enough to read through or see light through. (Dough will be tacky so keep flouring your rolling pin to keep it from sticking. When oil has reached temperature, quickly place discs into dough and fry on each side until golden brown. Dust liberally with cinnamon sugar.

JOSEPHINE JENSEN BERRETT'S QUOTES

Her motto: Never give up

Her scripture was from Matthew 7:24-27, build your house upon a rock

(The following quotes were those Josie lived by. The dining room table of my childhood was always covered with articles, books and quotes which my mother spent a good time working where she prepared lessons to teach at Church. Our bookshelf was full of books. Her favorite Harvard Classics and many spiritual and books on child rearing. She was called to teach mother education courses in church and she had her favorites here as well. Ligon, Emerson etc. I was fascinated by the quotes and began the habit of collecting them and incorporating their wisdom into my life and heart. There are so many to choose from but I chose the ones I heard her speak of the most often Here are a few with themes and values important to my dear mother to share with you, her posterity

On home and generosity:

"Error on the side of generosity"

She viewed making a secure home and providing hospitality an important work an important work. She had a scrapbook of pictures and quotes with these themes.

"No home, no country, no civilization"

Truly the love of home is interwoven with all that is pure and deep and lasting in earthly affections
Home, Sweet Home, has been universally acclaimed the grandest song in the English language.
-Henry W. Longfellow

HOME

One man paints a picture and one sings a song,
And one, in a poem, his soul can express;
But could I but build me the home of my dreams,
My heart would, its holiest secret confess.

The things I have never dared put into words,
My childhood's firm faith in the fairies, I'd bare--
Idolatrous worship of Beauty and Love,
I would tell, by building a shrine for them there.

The home I would build would avow my belief
In the goodness of God, the friendship of man;
Like rich, precious tapestries, there I would store
All the joys I had carried in Life's caravan.

My home too, a place where the man could take off
The drab garb of serfdom, the world makes it wear;
A place where the visitor chancing to come,
Could leave at my door-way, the sandals of care,

A home where the heart could dance, care-free and wild;
A place where the soul could hold silence and prayer,
With the God of all understanding I'd live,
Dispensing a wide hospitality there.

On building character:

(Mother talked often of men who were leading the church who had not passed through their own fire of transformation as not as effective in serving their flock. She valued her husband's journey as what she witnessed in her own family as providing a blessing of a great refining fire which offered the soul empathy and ability to really listen to others. I witnessed first hand the ability her husband had to reach out to all people in love and service. He was one of the most effective Bishops in the church as a result. She valued the words of Emerson with this theme on "The Law of Compensation" and would speak of it often in her letters and in person)

"As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and shortly shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts, learns his ignorance and the insanity of conceit, has got moderation and real skill"

"Strong people make as many and as ghastly mistakes as weak people. The difference is that strong people admit them, laugh them, learn from them. That is how they become strong

Justice and Mercy was a strong theme for her

Another she often spoke of, EXCERPTS FROM THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

But then in spite of all his misery, he miraculously becomes conscious of beauty as he watches some water snakes:

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.
Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

And miraculously, at the climactic and dramatic center of the poem, he is so moved by the beauty of the snakes that he exclaims, "Oh happy, living things as a spring of love gushed from my heart, and I blessed them unaware."

Earlier he had violated the law of love by shooting the albatross; now he fulfills the law of love by blessing the snakes, the lowliest of God's creations. He has come to recognize the sacredness of life, and the unity of all living things.

"The self-same moment I could pray: And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank like lead into the sea."

"The greatest discovery in my life is that human beings can alter their lives by altering their attitudes of mind."

--William James

"Small minds discuss persons; average minds events, great minds, ideas

"Be Kind: Remember everyone you meet is fighting a hard battle"

Who, when, where should we do kind deeds to? The one you are associated with at the present time.

Tolstoy

"Give a man a fish and he eats for a day. Teach him to how fish and he eats for a lifetime"

A capsule course in human relations:

Five most important words: I am proud of you

Four most important words: What is your opinion?

Three most important words: If you please

Two most important words: Thank you

Least important word: I

On Education: Reading and Learning was a very important value

Record your purchases of books, records, magazines and newspapers as the most important investments you can make for your children, and yourself

Out of the fragments of time that most of us waste, some have learned languages, have written books, have become learned. Longfellow translated the Inferno by snatches of ten minutes a day, while waiting for his beverage to boil

One hour daily would make an ignorant man well informed in ten years.

Hopeful critics say we live in the greatest flowering of the arts every know. Today, they add, the common man enjoys a renaissance once enjoyed only by princes in palaces. Amid the abundance of modern communication, you and your family can feast with the discrimination of gourmets. Or you can starve and shrivel your minds. It is up to you. Will you be content with the crumbs when you can have the best.

Men give me some credit for genius, but all the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject in mind, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. The result is what some people call the fruits of genius, whereas it is in reality the fruits of study and labor.

--Alexander Hamilton

"More than to give information, a teacher needs to help guide a student's mind to think, and even beyond that, to help him shape his character. Giving information is easy. Forming a thinking mind is hard. And shaping a strong character is hardest of all, partly because it must be shaped mostly from within. Giving information is only the beginning of a teacher's responsibility; the end is to stimulate, excite, motivate, lift, challenge, inspire.

-Bruce B. Clark

"A teacher affects eternity, he can never know where his influence stops

-Henry Adams

On family and parenting:

(Josie often told me parents can make a lot of mistakes but if your child knows you enjoy being with them, it can cancel out a lot of those mistakes- that was a comfort to me as a new parent. She read widely on Parenting and was considered the expert on Parent education in our Stake. Our Stake President in a conference called her the best child psychologist. She certainly was the best mother for me)

"But the enjoyment of children is not a luxury or a by-product of parenthood. IT IS THE VERY CORE OF IT. Parents are often so concerned with teaching, training, correcting, protecting children that they lose the capacity for simply marveling at them, for responding to the wondrous miracle of their growth as it unfolds."

(This was a talk underlined in red)

Parenthood is important. Certainly, the parent has an obligation to provide guidance to his child and not to let him grow like the lilies of the field. But whereas in technology we can speak of man dominating and molding his inert material, the more a parent tries to dominate his child, the less he is doing his job. We speak of the influence of heredity, yet often the child surprises the parent; He is a creature of God rather than of the parent, and even more a creature of his own free choice.

A family is an undertaking which is never finished. A family consists of a network of the most intimate, delicate personal relations conceivable. Its bonds are those of affection, but, like electric wires, they are subject to tension. Such tension is inevitable when the members of the family are independent and determined personalities; and when tension is absent, there must be something wrong either with the members or with the kind of relationship. Thus, domination by one partner may eliminate tension but crush the personality of the other.

Parents are united with children not by choice but by nature; so to some extent, they are strangers to one another. A family provides a rich and satisfying experience to its members just because they represent different points of view. We want harmony but not the kind we expect to find in a regiment. The harmony of a family is one which accepts contrasts and even discords. In short, the very things we value in a family, make for trouble.

So if we take success to mean elimination of tension and suffering, then, since there is no guarantee of happiness, to expect success is to hope for something which is both impossible and undesirable. The intimate togetherness of a family calls, not for driving pressure, but for patience, forbearance and forgiveness. We may therefore wonder whether the increasing number of breakdowns in the family may not be due to the fact that we expect, indeed, demand success in an area where it does not belong.

She often talked about the book, "Flashes from the Eternal Semaphore" by Leo J. Muir as a great inspiration and in her papers I found a letter to a publisher to order it for her children. I found it and sent a copy to each one of you per her wishes.