

## I REMEMBER GRANDMA

BY Inez Peacock Forbes

A short History and Some Memories of my Grandmother - Hannah C. Christensen Allred

In the words of her husband she was a perfect wife; to her children a perfect Mother and to her grandchildren--She was a living symbol of all a Grandmother should be.

Johannah Christene Allred was born in Denmark, Nov. 22, 1848, the daughter of Casper Christensen and Maren Lund. Her parents embraced the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints in Denmark and sailed for America when Hannah was just a year old. Their first child, a son, Johannes, died in infancy in Denmark.

The Christensens arrived in America in 1869. The voyage on the sailing vessel lasted six weeks. They first settled in Minnesota where two of Maren's brothers were living. Casper's health and finances would not permit him to come west at this time. They lived in Minnesota six years then crossed the plains to Utah. They first settled in Spring City, Sanpete County, Utah. Here they engaged in farming. As a young girl in Spring City, Grandma helped her parents all she could. She also obtained what education she could get in the pioneer schools. Her father and mother taught her much of what she learned. She was bright and quick to learn. She took advantage of every opportunity to learn what she could.

While she lived in Spring City, she participated in the social and church affairs of the town. It was here that she first knew the young man she later married, although neither of them knew at the time the events that would bring them together.

Grandma's father was one of the first men to move to the Muddy in Emery County and to begin a settlement there. Just imagine what it would mean to a young, beautiful girl to move to a place of desolation like it was on the Muddy Creek at that time. They moved into a drafty, barren log cabin and this was to be their home for the next several years. Grandpa Christensen was Postmaster and the first Bishop on the Muddy. Grandma helped him with his work. Although she was just a young girl with very little learning, she also began teaching school to the young children of those early settlers. When the Allred's moved from Spring City to the Muddy, young Isaac found the pretty girl he remembered in Spring City. Later in life he teased her by saying he remembered her in Spring City when she helped her father herd cows.

Isaac and Hannah were married 20 March 1889 by her Father, Bishop Casper Christensen. He was also the Justice of the Peace so there was no doubt about his authority. Later in the spring they traveled, with other members of their family, to Manti and had their marriage solemnized in the Temple by President John T. McAllister, 12 June 1889.

Grandma's first home was a dugout on the Muddy and when she talked about it in later years, she was just as proud of it as she would have been with a nice home. She said there was no floor but the ground became as hard as cement and swept up nice and clean. They had a board ceiling and this prevented dirt from falling on them. Her next home was a nice, roomy log cabin. It was here her first baby was born. He was a baby boy and they named him Isaac Marion.

He was taken from them at the age of sixteen months by typhoid fever. From the Muddy they moved into a small rock house on their homestead southeast of the townsite of Emery. It was here that their first baby girl was born, my mother, Mary Johannah, 25 June 1894. Later they moved the log house from the Muddy to the homestead and added another lean-to room to it. This made quite a comfortable and roomy home and they lived here until they moved to their home in Emery. They had many happy times down on the homestead even though they did have to work hard and were rather lonely at times. Grandma had to carry all her water from the ditch. In the winter they would have to break the ice and melt snow. She had a fireplace for warmth and cooking. Life was not easy. Uncle Merrill and Uncle Harvey were born while they lived at the homestead. Merrill, Mar 12, 1897, Harvey, June 17, 1900. Mrs. Miller from Miller's canyon delivered the babies.

Grandma loved and enjoyed her children. She was patient and kind to them. She expected them to help her and they were obedient children. She liked to tell this little story about Uncle Harvey. He was a cute little boy with a lisp. He had a hard time pronouncing his s's. One day Grandma sent him to the store for some salt, soap and sugar. He dashed in and said to the storekeeper, "I want thum thalt and thoap and thugar". The Storekeeper was amused and asked, "What have you got to put them in?" The little Harvey looked up at him and said, "Well, don't you have thum thaper thacks?"

On February 21, 1903 Grandma had another baby girl born to her. This was after they had moved to their lovely home in Emery. The whole family was thrilled to get this little sister. Aunt Theora was a beautiful baby and girl. She only lived to be twenty-two years old. I remember her as being beautiful, talented and kind to us children. A baby boy, James, was born 22 Jan. 1906. This baby only lived sixteen months. He passed away with whooping cough.

When Grandpa went on his mission, the burden of caring for the home and family fell upon Grandma and her young children. Things were far from easy. After Grandpa had been gone for six months, Grandma gave birth to a beautiful baby boy. She named him Howard. W. P. born 26 July 1908. This baby only lived thirteen days. Grandma's grief was two-fold. Not only did she lose her baby but she didn't have her companion with her to comfort and cheer her; he didn't even have the chance to see this little child of his. He was born and he died while Grandpa was on his mission. Later her sister-in-law, Tina Christensen passed away from complications of child birth. She left an infant daughter. Grandma took the baby to raise as her very own. She and her children, especially my Mother, May, were very thrilled over this baby, but in six months she too was taken from them by illness and death. This was the fourth baby that Grandma had taken from her.

The family suffered from crop failures and as a result Grandma had to get in touch with the Manti City bank and mortgage the farm for enough money to keep Grandpa on his mission and to take care of the family while he was away.

Mother tells a little story about Grandma while Grandpa was on his mission. They had raised a couple of calves by bucket feeding. In the spring they sent them on the mountain when the cattle went up. The next fall when the cattle came off the mountain, Grandma and the children were outside watching the cattle go down the street. Suddenly Grandma said, "Well, there's our calves". She hurried into the house and got a bucket, then came back to the street and called

"Calfie, Calfie". The two calves came running out of the big herd of cattle and came running over to her and they were able to get them into the corral.

When Grandpa came home, Grandma helped him get started with his home life again. There were many sacrifices to be made in order to buy machinery, pay the mortgage and improve on their property. they had another baby son born to them after Grandpa came home, Glendon Ludean, born 14 September 1911. As the children grew up, they tried to give them all the opportunities they could afford. Their home was open to their friends and they had many good times. They bought a lovely Kimball piano and Aunt Theora learned to play. She grew up to be a beautiful, talented girl and played in the orchestra and for church functions. The orchestra would come to Grandma's place to practice.

In 1912 my mother married Edward Lynn Peacock. they first lived right close by Grandma's place, then they moved out in the cove field. they had three children, then in 1918 my father died during the flu epidemic. My Mother was very sick at the time and Grandma was alone with her and the babies when my father passed away. She stayed with us and took care of us until after the funeral and until mother could be up. After that Mother moved back to town with Grandpa and Grandma. She went to work at Grandpa Peacock's store and we three children lived with Grandpa and Grandma Allred.

My earliest recollections are with them at their place. I remember Aunt Theora lifting me on a chair and combing my hair. She always made a big fuss over Vivian and me. I remember Uncle Harvey taking my picture. I was sulky with the first picture but then I brightened up and he took another one. I remember Uncle Harvey coming home with the small pox and one day when he was recovering, he stood at the kitchen door and played the harmonica and Vivian and I danced in the kitchen. I vaguely remember Uncle Merrill coming home from the service. We went up town to meet him and every body was very happy.

After Mother married again, Vivian and I spent much of our time at Grandma's place. Her home, the spacious yard, the big barn and the orchard was a place of enchantment to me. Vivian and I would take our doll houses and climb the crab apple trees and play 'little doll' by the hour. If we couldn't be outside to set our doll houses up somewhere, we would take them upstairs and enjoy ourselves there. It was fun to do things at Grandma's house.

I'll never forget the sadness that was in Grandma's house when Aunt Theora died. Theora was a tall beautiful girl with dark wavy hair, blue eyes and very white skin. She and Grandma were always very close and Grandma was so proud of her. But she was never very strong. She went to Salt Lake City one winter with her good friend Iva Broderick and took a job for a family. One day some boys from Emery took the girls out to Salt Air. As they came off the Giant Racer Aunt Theora Collapsed. Grandpa and Grandma went to Salt Lake to be with her. They had her at Aunt Celia Williams place. Her bed was on the screened porch. One day Grandma was sitting by her reading a letter to her. Aunt Theora leaned against Grandma into an eternal sleep. My Mother and my Grandma had lost the little sister that they were so thrilled over.

Grandma always had little projects of her own. She raised chickens and always set eggs in the spring. Grandpa had made individual pens for the broody hens. Grandma would usually set thirteen eggs under each hen. It was exciting to go down in the yard with her to feed the hens and watch for day they would come off

with their baby chicks. It was fun going through the three hen houses, the barn and the granaries hunting for eggs. She would sell chickens now and then and quite often we would have chicken to eat. She could clip off their heads with an ax as neat as you please, scald them, pick the feathers and clean them. The down feathers were used for stuffing pillows.

Grandma had a little galvanized gallon bucket that she used to put eggs in to send to the store. It held exactly three dozen eggs with just enough room on top for two more eggs that we could have to spend for candy or any other thing our hearts desired. She always kept records of everything she did. The last thing she would do at night was take out her daily record book and write down the transactions of the day. If she sold a cup of cream it was recorded under Sold - 1 cup cream - 10¢. If she gave us any money it was recorded under expenditures - Vivian - 10¢, Glendon - 25¢ spending money. Grandma contributed quite a bit to the family living with her projects. She sold milk, cream, eggs and butter. Butter making was a science with her. Everything had to be just so. The cream just sour enough, the churn, paddle and molds had to be scrubbed, scalded and cooled. She would set down and patiently churn the cream until the golden flecks began to appear. Then it had to be gathered very carefully and taken out of the churn and worked over with the paddle until all the buttermilk was out. Ah! that delicious buttermilk. After the first molding it was set aside for a while with a damp cloth over it. Then it was worked again and pressed into the wooden mold, turned out on a special oiled paper and wrapped just so. If there was a tiny speck of foreign matter in it, it was carefully removed with a toothpick. She always turned out a perfect pound of butter. Grandma was always very methodical and thorough in everything she did. For a long time she made a pound of butter without salt to send to Grandpa's cousin in Castle Dale who had sugar diabetics and was blind.

She was Secretary and Treasurer for the Relief Society for twenty-five years. She always took care of the dime fund and other Relief Society money. When anyone needed change she would take her box off from the top of her wardrobe and carefully count out the change, replacing the exact amount of money back in the box. She made sure every penny from every district was accounted for. I used to think that little box was Grandma's own treasure. She guarded it so carefully and wisely. Imagine doing a job like that for twenty-five years. Vivian and I used to go with her out to Lulu Anderson's when they wanted to work on the books. One winter night we had to go there, it was cold and wet. Grandma put on her coat, gloves and overshoes and bundled us up in our winter togs. She took her books and the lantern and off we went, down the street and up the long dark lane to Anderson's. Vivian and I had a great time playing with the Anderson girls while the Relief Society officers worked on the books. It was one o'clock when they finished. We started down that lonely lane and I recall I was scared and held close to Grandma. The lantern made long ghastly shadows of our legs as we walked along. the coyotes were howling on the low hills south of town and the wind was moaning through the bare trees. Grandma seemed to sense we were scared because she kept up a merry chatter with us all the way home. I was so glad when we entered her house and shut the door behind us.

It seemed that I was sick an awfully lot when I was young, and Grandma and Grandpa always were there to take care of me. One time Mother had made a bed for me on a trunk. I was really sick and Grandma came and fed me senna tea. She always made our cough medicine and canker medicine. She had a shelf in the pantry where she kept her supply of ingredients: Gold seal, cayenne pepper, mustard, sulphur flowers, yarrow, senna leaves, pine tar and other things, enough for a witches brew. Many of the remedies she learned from her father-in-law, Great Granpa Wiley P. Allred. The cough medicine was good but some of her concoctions

were terrible to take but effective in their cure. Maybe we just got well by chance so that we wouldn't have to take any more medicine. When I was on the mountain and got sick because my heart was bad, Mother sent me down to Grandma's to stay. When I had my tonsils out they brought me back to Grandma's to stay until I got well.

Grandma taught us how to do things in the house and for ourselves. When I was real small she took me with her up to Grandpa Christensen's when she was taking her turn staying there when he was old and sick. She put me in a high chair and taught me how to darn a sock. We were taught how to peel apples and string them on a string for drying and we were always a part of the work that had to be done. She could always find us plenty of dishes to wash. She was kind and good to us and helped us with our lessons and listened to our stories. If they were supposed to be funny she laughed whether they were or not. She let us do things to enjoy ourselves, like making honey candy and popcorn balls. She was a good cook and all of us loved to eat at her place. It seemed there was always good food and plenty of it. I especially remember her soda biscuits and honey; rice custard and bread pudding, danish dumplings and sweet soups; and her wonderful cookies: oatmeal, sugar and honey cookies. She kept a three gallon crock on the bottom shelf of her pantry cupboard and it always had cookies in it and all of the grandchildren were free to run to it. If we didn't go help ourselves, Grandma would say, "There's some cookies in there if you want some".

One spring Glendon brought two baby magpies home and made them a cage in the poplar tree by the cellar. He cut their tongues so they would learn to speak. Grandma named them Pretty Jack and Pretty Jill. When they were about grown, Pretty Jill flew away, but Pretty Jack stayed. Grandma fed him and took care of him and talked to him. Soon he was repeating everything she said. He would fly to their bedroom window in the morning and squak, "Pretty Jack, Pretty Jack, Good morning, Good morning". When Grandma would go out in the yard he would perch on her shoulder and say "Grandma, Grandma, Pretty Jack, Pretty Jack". Grandma would feed him little morsels of meat and he really knew that she was his caretaker.

One year Grandma had Mrs Lizzie Olsen come down to help her make some dresses for Christmas. One for her, one for Vivian and one for me. It was amusing how she tried to get us fitted and the dresses made without letting us know that they were for our Christmas. So on Christmas morning we were both pleasantly surprized with a tan flannel dress with red flannel trim.

Grandma liked to take little trips. She enjoyed going out to Red Creek to visit with the folks when they lived out there in the summer time. On one of these trips some of us hiked up to a new coal mine that had just opened up way up on the side of Red Creek mountain. The road made two big cut-backs and was quite a lengthy walk. When we started back one of the girls said, "We would just go down the point of this mountain if Grandma could and we wouldn't need to make that long walk". Grandma said, "Well, I think I can get down this mountain if you can". So we came off the point of the mountain. It was so steep we had to sit down and scoot off. But Grandma was a good sport. She scooted off alright and we all had a good laugh.

One summer when I was fifteen, Grandma wanted to go out to Red Creek for Mother's birthday. Grandpa had to work and couldn't take her. She fretted about it and finally said, "Inez, you drive a car, don't you?" I had a little driving experience but Grandpa had a brand new Chevrolet pickup and I didn't

like the idea of being responsible for it, but when Grandpa came in the house, Grandma said, "Pa, Inez can drive a car. She can take Annie and me out there." I could tell he didn't like the idea. He went out to the equipment shed, but I guess he hated to see Grandma disappointed, because he soon came back in the house and asked me, "Are you sure you can drive this truck?" I told him I had driven Dad's a little bit. He said, "Alright then, but you be careful. Be sure you put it in second when you do down the coal dugway and when you go up the hairpin dugway, and again when you come back home". Grandma cheered right up and got ready to go. We went up and got Aunt Annie (her sister) and a way we went to Redcreek. We spent a few hours with Mother and had a delicious birthday dinner. When we got back home Grandma just chattered around the house bragging to Grandpa about how well I had driven the truck and that he didn't have a thing to worry about. (I was the one that was scared all the time).

There used to be a big poplar tree that stood by the path leading from the front door to the front gate. It had a limb that grew out and up and hung slightly towards the path. Everytime Vivian and I would leave the house we would run and jump, catch hold of the limb and swing around on it. It was great sport. One day a couple of boys on a horse stopped by the gate and called to Vivian to come out and talk to them. As she came out the house she made a big jump for the limb and missed. The force and direction of her jump swung her clear around and she landed flat of her face on the old board walk, facing back toward the house. It just really hurt her. Her face and chin were all bruised and skinned and the breath was knocked right out of her. Grandma heard her cry and came running out of the house. She took one look at Vivian lying there and said, "Land sakes! we'll soon fix this." Around the house she went to the woodpile and came back with the ax. Then she deliberately chopped off our swinging branch. After she got the limb chopped off then she attended to Vivian. Even's Vivian's pride was hurt, after all, there were those two young boys laughing their heads off. It really could have been serious so I guess the limb did have to go, but I never looked at that jagged stump that was left on the tree without wishing I could take another swing.

Grandma enjoyed life. Even though she had gone through a lot of hardships, had several severe illnesses of her own and was bothered with rheumatism, and had lost her babies and her daughter, she still had a cheerful attitude toward life. She enjoyed her family and her grandchildren and was always pleased about each new baby in the family. She was concerned over the mother's until the ordeal was over and everything was alright. She grieved when Theora died and worried over Glendon and Vivian when they were hurt, but she never took a negative attitude about any trial she had to bear. She read a lot and was intelligent in her thinking and in her conversations with people. She wanted to be part of things that went on in her family and the events that took part in the community, school and nation. Everything that Grandpa ever did for her was just about perfect in her eyes. Everytime they improved on their home or bought something new, Grandma was always well pleased with it. She always wanted people to think well of her and I never heard her say anything bad about anyone. She was honest in all her dealings with people and expected people to be honest with her. She was dedicated in any work she ever did in the church or for her family. She had great faith.

One time a girl stole some material from Grandma that she had bought for a new house dress. I knew the girl had taken it and I wanted to go to her place and get it, but Grandma wouldn't let me. In a few days the girl's little brothers all came out with new shirts made from Grandma's material. She laughed and said, "Oh well, I guess they needed it more than I did".

Grandma had a sense of humor and could laugh at a joke or a funny situation and have as much fun as anyone, but she was too honest herself to understand teasing very well. When Mother was expecting her last baby we were all planning on a baby brother. Aunt Hulda (Grandpa's sister) was staying with us at the time. The night the baby came they made me leave the house for a few hours. When I came home Aunt Hulda called to me and said, "Come on in and see your little baby brother". Grandma chirped right up and said, "Oh, it isn't a boy, it's a cute little baby sister".

All through the years Grandma and Grandpa were very free with their means where their grandchildren were concerned. One year a sale catalogue came and it offered three dresses for the price of one but there was no choice of style or color. Grandma sent for them and we received three beautiful dresses. I was in high school and Vivian was in college and we both used the dresses and they they really helped us out. I remember Grandpa helping out some of the other grandchildren with their school clothes. They were always so good to all of us at Christmas time and tried to remember each one of us. It made them happy to give us something. Even after I was married and we spent Christmas in Emery, they gave us a card with a dollar bill in it. It really meant a lot to me.

Sometimes Fred and I would stay at Grandma's when we made a trip to Emery. It seemed to please her to get up in the morning and make a big pan of biscuits for us. She and Grandpa made several trips to Alpine to see us and we would have some good visits. She would tell me how good the other girls (cousins) were to come and help her out, Betty Jean, Richine, Genevieve and the others. She always appreciated everything that anyone did for her.

She liked going places with Grandpa. They had several good trips. One to California to visit Vivian and one back to Washington D. C. to visit Glendon and his family. This was a great event in her life. It was during the war when reservations were hard to get, but they were able to get train reservations and everyone treated them like dignitaries. Iva and Glendon took them everywhere.

Grandma had failing health for several years, but when Grandpa got sick with ruptured appendix, she really began to go down hill. After Grandpa's operation they were staying with Mother until their strength returned. One night Mother had taken care of their needs and petted them up before they went to bed. She overheard them talking about how good Mother was to them. Grandma said to Grandpa, "We were surely lucky when we got that little girl".

It was just a few nights after this that Grandma slipped peaceably away in her sleep. She was still at Mother's place and Uncle Harvey was staying with her that night. The family was saddened but happy that the Lord had called her home so kindly without suffering or pain. She died 16 Sept. 1948 almost 80 years old.

I am so happy that I had the opportunity of having a grandmother to grow up with. My memories of her are all happy memories. I never remember her ever speaking cross to me. My life has been richer and my world a better place to live because Grandma was there.

Funeral Services for Hannah C. Christensen Allred were held 20 September 1948 in the Emery Ward Chapel at Emery, Utah Bishop Byron C. Peacock presiding and conducting.

Services were as follows:

Family prayer at home - Patriarch Jewkes  
Opening Prayer - Bishop Gerald L. Olsen  
Opening Song - by Choir - "O My Father".  
Speaker O Carl Albrechtsen  
Song - by choir - "Sister Thou was Mild and Lovely".  
Speaker - President Eldon G. Luke  
Song - by Mrs. Ole (Eve) Jensen - "Songs My Mother Used to Sing".  
Speaker - Albert Alrecksen - Nephew  
Song - by Elaine Fredrickson - "Home".  
Speaker - President I. F. Killian  
Closing Prayer - Niels Hansen  
Closing song - by choir - "Til We Meet".

Dedication of Grave - by Hans Christensen - Brother.

Pallbearers were sons and gradsons: R. Merrill Allred, Harvey Allred  
Glendon L. Allred, Jim M. Allred,  
Wayne Christiansen, Mervin L. Peacock.

A wonderful large crowd attended the services.

November 18, 1976 - I received a letter the other day from Aunt Lydia Peacock who resides in Hemet California. She is 92 years old at this time. This is what she said in her letter concerning my mother and my grandmother:

"I always loved my favorite brother-in-law's little children and you were one of them. When your father died my heart ached for your mother and her three little children. Your mother was one of my special relatives. Your Grandmother Allred was also one of my favorites. She was Stake Secretary of the Relief Society and I was Ward Secretary. I used to go to her house so she could check my books to see that I had no mistakes. Then I had to walk home on the frozen ground one mile and sometimes in snow".

Everyone always spoke well of Grandma Allred. She was loved by everyone.

Inez P. Forbes.