



Frederick, Sr., and Anna Johanna Christensen Anderson  
L to R. Denna Anderson Vance, Annie Cathrine Anderson, Anna Johanna Christensen  
Anderson (back), Frederick Anderson, Sr., Hannah Anderson Hammelwright, James  
Erastus Anderson, Erwin Andrew Anderson, (front), Mary Elizabeth Barveson Anderson (back)  
Parley Pratt Anderson, Levi Anderson (Lee), Clint Clawson (carriage) Niels Christen  
Anderson, Joseph Anderson

Anna Johanna Christense, (Jensen) Anderson  
Frederick Anderson, Sr.



FREDERICK ANDERSON, SR., FAMILY (Taken about June or July, 1897)  
Front row, sitting (L to R)  
Parley, (on Lap), Frederick, Sr., Jim, Hannah, Niels, Anna Johannah,  
Ervin (in arms)  
Standing: (L to R) Fred, Jr. Dena, Annie, Emma, Joseph



*Ray* DEAN VANCE - CASTLE DATE

~~My Mother's name was~~ Anna Johanaen Christian Anderson ~~She~~ was born March 15, 1855, in Aarhus, Denmark. *Died 11 May 20, 1928.*

At the age of nine years she was sent to United States with a brother who was eleven years old. The voyage was made in a small sail boat, the people were all strange and the food was poor such as beans and hardtack. It took nine weeks to reach New York from Denmark.

After landing in New York she traveled in a box car to Nebraska. From there she walked most of the way to Fountain Green. Once in a while, one of the teamsters would take pity on her as she was so small, and let her ride on the tongue between the oxen. When she arrived in Fountain Green, five months had passed since her departure from Denmark.

An uncle took her to his home. Shortly after she found work. She received twenty-five cents a week. She remained there for some time. Later she worked for a month to earn a calico dress of which she was very proud.

Two years after her arrival in Utah, her parents immigrated to Utah. They lived in the Fort at Fountain Green, the first winter. In the spring, they built a small log cabin.

She did not go home to live with her parents, she worked and supported herself. Her schooling was very meager but she was a splendid seamstress and cook. April 5, 1875, she married Frederick Anderson in the old endowment house in Salt Lake City. They made their home in Fountain Green for three years.

Anna J. C. Anderson

Special to The Tribune.

CASTLE DALL, Utah, May 23.—Mrs. Anna Johannah Christensen Anderson, died Sunday, May 20, at the family home, after a long illness.

Mrs. Anderson was born in Round-holt, Denmark, March 13, 1833. When she was but 9 years old, she, with

brother 11 years old, migrated to Utah. She walked nearly the entire way across the plains. Her parents

came two years later. She was married April 5, 1875. In

the endowment house at Salt Lake City to Frederick Anderson. The

were among the first settlers in Emery county.

She is survived by the following sons and daughters: Frederick, Jr.

Mrs. Anna Clawson, Joseph Anderson, Mrs. Hannah Henningsworth,

Dean Vance, Mrs. Emma Adams James, Nels Parley, and Lee Anderson. She is also survived by thirty

one grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. Four brothers, James

Jensen, Nels Christensen and Joseph Christensen, all of Fountain Green

and Bishop T. Y. Jensen of Castle Dale, also two sisters, Mrs. Mary

Nielson of Mt. Pleasant and Mrs. Marie Christensen of Grand Junction,

Colo. She was an active worker of the Relief Society for many years. The

funeral services will be held in the Castle Dale ward chapel at 2 p. m.

under the direction of Bishop

tson.



## History of Fredrick Anderson Jr.



My father was born in Tavling, Denmark on August 29, 1850. Grandfather sent him away from home at the early age of seven years to make his own living. He worked for one of the wealthy lords of Denmark and was treated like a slave. At night when the lords came home from their nightly party, my father was expected to be up and awake to take care of the team. He had no shoes until he was thirteen and then he had wooden ones. On cold winter nights he suffered going out to tend the team. One night he was so tired and sleepy he went to bed. When they came home, he awoke and heard the man say, "I'll fix him in the morning." He didn't close his eyes the rest of the night. In the morning he was whipped with a strap which left welts which he carried the rest of his life. He was whipped many times for things he was not guilty of.

Father worked for his clothing and board. He had his first leather shoes at the age of twenty-one. He had Sundays off and on these days he would patch his clothes and sew straps on the wooden shoes. They were always wearing out. When he was twenty, he made thirty-five dollars a year.

My father came to Utah in 1871 and lived in Fountain Green. In 1880 he moved to Castle Dale. There were eleven children in our family. They are:

Fredrick Anderson Jr.

Anna A. Clausen

*Clausen*

174  
3-  
Joe Anderson

Hannah A. Hamelwright

Deanie A. Vance

Emma A. Adams

Jim Anderson

Niels Anderson

Parley Anderson

Ervin Anderson

Lee Anderson

At this time, August 6, 1957, six of them have passed away.

1/2 My mother was born March 15, 1855 in Roundholt, Denmark. She at the early age of nine years came to Utah with strangers. She lived in Spring City and had nothing to eat but potatoes. She was nearly starved when her uncle found her and took her to Fountain Green where she lived until she married my father.

I, Fredrick Anderson Jr., son of Anna Johanna Jensen and Fredrick Anderson Sr., was born March 1, 1876 in Fountain Green, Utah. Being the oldest in my father's family, I had a lot of responsibility placed on me. I was four years old when we moved from our Fountain Green home to Castle Dale in the fall of 1880. We drove an oxen team on the wagon and were one long week on the road.

Father took up some land and made a dugout where we lived through the winter. The next summer we built a log room on this land which we were homesteading. We lived in this log room for some time. This land was between Orangeville and Castle Dale.

61  
6

Later we moved into Castle Dale and built another log house with a dirt roof. Father wet the dirt and smoothed it nicely. It looked good, but when it dried, it cracked. When it rained, mother had a real job of cleaning because the rain came through mud and all.

Father owned and used a yoke of oxen named Pat and Dick for several years on the farm. I loved to be with him and help with the many duties that come with farm life. One was watching him cut grain with a hand-cradle, bind it by hand with straw, and later flay the grain out on a large canvass.

We made several trips to the Mt. Pleasant grist mill with the grain. Later the people of Crangeville purchased a burr mill which ground the wheat between two large stones. When it came out, it resembled the cracked wheat cereal of today except for the chaff in it.

Father bought a few sheep. When I was twelve years old, I went with him to Huntington where he leased four hundred more. We walked and drove the sheep to Castle Dale. From there we rode a pony and drove the sheep to Joes Vallev where father leased enough more to pay him, my brother, Joe, and me to stay with them summer and winter.

During one of these summers on the mountain father heard a noise one night and grabbed his gun and ran for the herd. There was a bear eating a sheep. When he saw father. he came for him. Father tried to get the gun out of his scabbard but Mr. Bear was too fast for him. He knocked him down and tore one knee cap and made several

7  
196

deep gashes in his legs. We were fortunate enough to have a faithful dog named Polly who came to the rescue and bit the bear until he ran away. Father lay in camp for six weeks with his wounds. I soaked plugged tobacco in water and poured the juice in the wounds. That was the only medicine we had in camp. Joe was then ten and I was twelve. We tended the sheep while father was down.

I spent most of my young life with the sheep instead of going to school where I should have been. At that time there was no law to force children to go to school.

When I was twenty years of age we built a brick house that still stands at the end of Main Street in Castle Dale. One can still see it as he travels west on Main Street in the town.

I quit the sheep and on June 15, 1899 was married to Elizabeth Borresen, daughter of Mary Deseret Kennv and Peter Borresen. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple for time and all eternity. One of my best friends, Soren Paul Hansen, and Clara Seely went with us to the Temple where they were also married. That was the happiest day of our lives.

Elizabeth and I moved to Sunnyside. I worked in the coal mines in the winter and was a brick layer in the summer. We lived in Sunnyside for three years, then went back to Castle Dale where we had a little home for awhile. Later we moved to Hiawatha coal mine and then to Price. During this moving our eight children were born. They are:

Neldon Fredrick	born March 4, 1900	Castle Dale
Vada	" April 2, 1902	" "



5  
168

Earl	born	April 28, 1904	Sunnyside
Loren Leroy	"	Jan. 16, 1907	Castle Dale
<del>Rena</del> <i>Rhea</i>	"	May 16, 1910	" "
Clell E.	"	July 20, 1912	" "
Lavon	"	Oct. 28, 1915	" "
Len	"	Oct. 11, 1919	" "

We had a lot of sickness and trouble while in Price. We lost our six year old son, Earl, with diptheria. I had a sun stroke and couldn't work for three years so we went to our home in Castle Dale where we lived until my wife died on January 3, 1945.

I started laying brick all the time. It took me away from home often which I didn't like. I first worked with Lars Christensen and Vic Ungerman. We built the store that belonged to Jim Petersen. It is now the Castle Dale Co-op. I worked for \$1.50 a day. The next large building we built was the Emery County Academy that stood on the bench in Castle Dale. I worked on this building for \$3.00 a day. The next large job was the courthouse in Price. I was paid \$5.00 a day. There was lots of work for a brick layer.

I worked for Lars Gunderson, a contractor, for several years. We built all the school buildings in Helper, Castle Gate, Price, Huntington, and some other towns. Lars gave me the front of the high school building in Huntington to lay. I call it my master piece. The school is on the west side of Main Street.

On November 13, 1947 Mrs. Minerva Guymon and I were married. I followed the trade of brick mason until 1952.

At the age of seventy-six I was reluctant to lay down my trowel and brush but my eyes were too dim to go on. I had both of them operated on for cataracts in the Salt Lake General Hospital. Since then I have been content to go to the T emple and do work for men who died before they had a chance to do it for themselves. I have been a block teacher from the time I was married and I still go teaching. I was ordained a High Priest in 1947.

At this writing I am eighty-two years of age and I can work in the T emple for one name a day. I haven't missed going to the T emple very many days in the last year. Minerva and I are getting along well. I am thankful for our good health and strength.

Funeral Services were held Monday June 12, 1961 - for Fred Anderson Jr. 85, who died Thursday June 8th. in a Pruce Hospital.

The services held in Huntington were conducted by Vernon Lamaster included remarks by Maurice Jensen, Kenneth Brasher, and Bishop Drannon Sely, all of Huntington and Carlos Larsen, Castle Dale. Music was furnished by a double trio of Castle Dale including Beth Hassinger, now Stilson, Ida Snow, Valoy Cox, Margene Ashley, Ellen Behring, accompanied by Pearl Barton; a vocal solo, Reva Gordon, accompanied by Ora Larsen; Male Chorus from Huntington & Ezra Harrison, Bud Nielson, Perry Wakefield, Errol Kilster, Laver Black, ~~Lee~~ Lynn Seymour and Clyde Johnson. Prayers were offered by Henry Katchner and Frank Seymour, Prayer at the home was by Brent Gaymer; and the grave was dedicated by Darley Anderson; prelude and postlude music was by Ora Larsen.

All of the sons and daughters of and grandchildren of Brother Anderson were present and most of the family of Sister Anderson; many friends and relatives from out of town were also present.

## A True Bear Story

Fred Anderson and small son, Joe were herding their sheep in Upper Joe's Valley. One evening about sun down, Mr. Brother Anderson was alone; his sheep running about and he thought the Coyotes were after them. When the last sheep passed near the camp, Mr. Anderson, in the dusk, noticed an object, but was still unable to determine what it might be. There was just one sheep left between the bear and camp when Brother Anderson appeared on the scene, and instead of the bear going from the sheep, he gave a sniff and plunged for Brother Anderson with such force he fell backward and the bear with his claws cut the knee to the bone just above the knee cap, and in the other leg, Brother Anderson suffered severe lacerations, just below the knee. At the darkest moment, his faithful faithful dog appeared, chased the bear away and no doubt saved his life. Brother Anderson carried his gun at his side in a scabbard, but the bear was too swift for him. As a result of these wounds, he was in bed six weeks, at the sheep camp with just his small.

sons Joe and Fred to care for him; and the sheep. He carried the stars to the grave.

On another occasion on East Mountain Brother Anderson came face to face with three bears, one following behind the other, (just like the story of "The Three Bears" "The Three Bears") papa, mama, and ~~baby~~ baby bear. The first big one stood on his two hind feet in front of Brother Anderson and almost near enough to slap him in the face; which startled him so he didn't have presence of mind enough to grab his gun from his scabbard. He just shouted "What in the world are you doing here?" The bears turned and walked away and Brother Anderson shot in the air.