

## LAWRENCE & HAZEL CHRISTENSEN

Lawrence was born Sept. 24, 1886 in Ephraim, Utah to Niels Anton and Annetta Olsen Christensen. They moved to Ferron in 1901 when Lawrence was 15 years old. He had 4 brothers and 4 sisters. Three of the girls died while children. They had a farm and raised cattle.

Häzel was born November 23, 1889 in Ferron to John Henry and Martha B swell Barton. The Bartons moved to Ferron from Sanpete County in 1886. They were also engaged in farming and stock raising. I, Hazel had two brothers, Owen and Johnny and three sisters, Millie, Lucy, and Clyda.

*Hev* My Father was a building contractor and built the first real bridge across Ferron Creek. The long timbers were logged from Ferron Mountain and treated. He hired a pile driver to set set the timbers and do the final erection of the bridge. Once while hauling logs down for the bridge one of his horses was drowned in the high waters. The bridge was a wonderful addition to the town. He was paid \$1,500.00 for the completed bridge. It was on this bridge that Lawrence and I fell in love.

I enjoyed my evenings at home. Father reading to the family stands out in my memory. My earliest impressions was one of work, to be of help whenever possible, running errand, feeding pigs, chickens, milking cows, herding cows and helping with the harvest.

My parents were firm members of the L.D.S. church, and they saw to it that we attended our meetings. They taught us to honor and respect our parents, to be loyal, honest and true to the gospel. Never steal or gosip. Mother hated gosip.

My Father also delivered mail to Molen, Utah and many times had to send his children in the buggy which was hard to do. One time when I was delivering mail the horse ran away with me and my parents thought I would be killed.

When I was growing up everyone in Ferron was poor, but of course things were cheap to buy. A yard of calico, which was never pretty, cost 10¢ a yard. I was always proud to have a new dress and of course I had to take care of it.

Once when we were living in a log house down on the Molen road and were all asleep on the floor with the door open for fresh air, we were awakened by a cry from Luch to find a panther dragging her out the door. Needless to say we kept the door shut from then on.

I attended school in Ferron and finished my education by going to the Emery Stake Academy in Castle Dale during the year 1907. I also spent one summer session at the University of Utah where I passed the state teaching test and taught school for four years.

Lawrence and I were married July 3, 1912 in the Logan temple. We went to Price by horse and buggy, then on to Logan by train.

We had 4 little girls in six years to the day. Fern, Vera, Melva and Fawn, born on Ferns 6th birthday. When they were small we moved to Rochester (now called Moore) where we homesteaded some land. Lawrence had a farm in Ferron so he would leave me in Rochester for 4 or 5 days at a time. I was always so afraid of the coyottes that came so close to the tent at night and howled. One night it rained hard and I could hear the flood in the wash below. All at once a big stream of water came running through the tent and I thought for sure that my little girls and I would be washed away. I just sat on the side of the bed and prayed all night. when morning came I could see that Dad had had pitched the tent high enough that the water couldn't reach us.

Another time while Lawrence was in town all four children started to caught and was so very sick. I thought they just had a cold, but when Lawrence came home about 11 o'clock that night he said it was whopping caught so we got everything loaded in the wagon and came to town to my mothers. We just about lost Vera.

While living out South of The Ferron Creek We had to carry water from a cistern that was at least a half block away from the house and farther away from the corel. Water had to be carried for pigs, chickens, livestock, laundry and household duties and drinking water, I remember one day I decided to keep track of how many buckets of water I carried in a day and it was over 40 and they were big buckets. I did a lot os sewing for my little girls. They would have white shoes, stockings, aprons and panties to match. Sometimes I would have as many as 36 aprons and petticoats on the line at one weeks washing. My washing was always out on the line before it was light.

I also made and sold paper hats. I had people come from as far away as Price to buy them. They were braided paper and very pretty. The people would order them ahead of time in what ever colors they wanted. I was paid 25¢per hat.

We had to haul coal by wagon from the Mountains. Lawrence was coming down with a big load and drove too close to the edge of the dugway and his horses and wagon rolled down the steep canyon. Lawrence was thrown from the wagon and was unhurt.

Our first car was a Model T. Picture below with Lawrence, Hazel and Fawn.

Hazel, Vera, Melv a and Fawn on our way to church.

One of our houses



My mother, Martha Barton died February 14, 1929 and I thought I couldn't live without her, but time heals all wounds. After her death we bought her home in town. It was such a nice home and I loved it then as I do now.

Easter was always a special time for out families. We would get together with Uncle Nels and Aunt Millie and fix lunch together and take our children and go to the hills to roll easter eggs.



When I was around 36 or older I helped Dr. Easley deliver babies. Then I would stay with the new mother and baby for about 10 days to take care of them and the rest of the family. I helped him when my two nephews Dean and Kent Barton were born.

Lawrence raised life stock and was a very good farmer, husband and Father. His farm was north of the dugway. Hazel would pack his grub box and he would leave early in the morning and farm all day and sometimes stay all night in the little house he had built. Because he had no sons his wife and daughters tromped hay, herded cows, helped harvest potatoes, carrots, corn and strawberries.

When he would kill a pig for food, he would then hang it on a block and tackle and dip it in a barrel of steaming water so he could scrape the hair off, then he would clean out the insides and cut it up. He would put the hams and shoulders in a big barrel of brine made from salt, brown sugar, water and other seasonings to cure. Then he would put it in a smoke house to give it a good flavot. It was delicious.

Lawrence

Lawrence and his favorite horse Old Bird.



We had to haul our coal by team and wagon from the Ferron Mountain. At one time Lawrence was coming down the steep road with a big load of coal and drove too close to the edge and his horses and wagon rolled down into the steep canyon. He was thrown from the wagon and was not hurt.

On February 6, 1954 my beloved husband passed away. I didn't know what I would ever do without him. I felt like I couldn't go on as we were so very close and told each other everything. Then September 3, 1961 Fawn and her family moved to Springville where Dean taught at the Utah Valley State College. No one will ever know how much I missed them. I am so very thankful for the wonderful friends and people here in Ferron.

One time when I was coming home from Fawn's I lost my brakes going down Price Canyon. I was so thankful when I got far enough down to pull off the road and stop. I hitched a ride to Price and the garage man came and fixed my car.

Another time when I was coming home from Fawn's I got in a real bad snowstorm. I had promised Eldona Ralphs I would wait for her as she was shopping and follow her down the canyon. By the time she got to Fawn's it was snowing hard. Fawn tried to stop us but Eldona needed to get home. Well the roads were terrible. We couldn't see where we were going and many cars had slid off the road but with the help of the Lord we got to Price and then the roads were good. I was in my 80's

One winter when I was in my 80's I went to Huntington and took care of an elderly lady that was much younger than I. It was so cold that when I awoke in the mornings the glass of water by my bedside would be frozen. She paid me \$100.00 a month.

# Hazel Christensen active at 90



Hazel Christensen of Ferron will be 90 years old this Friday, Nov. 23. But you won't find her withering away. She walks, smiles, plays in the senior citizen band and donates a day a week to the elementary school listening to the children read.

She is head relief society teacher besides being a relief society teacher.

She still drives her car, bottles fruit, makes beautiful quilts, along with being good to everyone.

Until two years ago she raised her own garden and canned vegetables and fruit for her whole family. She says she is so busy she never has time to be sick.

She was honored in 1977 by Carbon and Emery senior citizens on a program called "This is your life."

In 1977 she was honorary Peach Day Queen.

She has been a school teacher and a hard worker all her life.

She says she can remember when calico was 10 cents a yard.

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## birthday

Hazel Christensen will celebrate her 98th birthday Nov. 15 at the Emery County Nursing Home in Ferron.

An open house is planned for 2 p.m. in honor of all the residents having birthdays in the month of November.

Those celebrating with Hazel are James Lavell, 99; Ludine Jewkes, 85; Irene Beers, 82; Elvie Stevens, 80; Elleweas Curtis, 95; Lula Wiscomb, 71; and Lucille Grange, 87.

All friends and family are invited to attend. A program will be presented.



Hazel Christensen

### SCHOOL FOR 4 years

**crowned Ferrons Honory Peach Day Queen**

Worked in Huntington for a lady that was younger and stayer there with her. She said when she woke up in the morning her glass of water by her bed was frozen. Hazel was in her 80's.

She drove her car until she was 94.

Was honored at many birthday parties and dinners. Mostly at Sam & Alta Singletons.

*She went to school one day a week for 7 years to listen and help children read.*

Lost her husband in 1954

Her oldest daughter Fern in 1975

Second daughter Vera in 1987

Third daughter Melva in 1987

She also lost her parents, sisters, brothers, Aunts, Uncles, all of Lawrences family and many wonderful friends. She was devastated by all but kept going, never complained but said she loved life.

Her Patriachal blessing promised her that she would be healthy, strong and vigorous and that her labors would be easy and her burdens light if she was faithful. She said, "I love my Father in Heaven for his goodness and understanding of me. I have a testimony that God lives and hears my prayers. I don't know how I would ever live if I couldn't pray."

Hazel Christensen, 92, has been active with the RSVP program in Castle Dale, Utah for the past nine years. During that time, she has been involved in telephone reassurance, transportation, shopping assistance and friendly visitor services. In one year alone, Ms. Christensen put in 195 hours of volunteer work. But, project director Carolyn Randall says Ms. Christensen has greatly underestimated the time she spends on her volunteer duties.

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Hazel Christensen

Sept, 1987 Hazel had a very bad case of the shingles and had to go to the nursing home where she could be doctored. She would be 97 in November.

On her 97th birthday the nursing home had a big birthday celebration for all the patients with a birthday that month. She not only played in the band that day but danced with her grandson Roger Killpack. We were all amazed at how well she could follow him and even do the turns. It was truly a tear jerker.



Hazel passed away Feb. 1, 1989. As the nurses were putting her to bed she kept telling them that Lawrence was coming for her that night. They had no idea who Lawrence was, because they hadn't lived or known him, so they didn't pay much attention to her. When they left her room they said, "goodnight Hazel, we'll see you in the morning," but she said "No you won't." She passed away that night and the nurses asked Sandra Killpack her granddaughter who Lawrence was. They were shocked to hear that he was her husband and had been dead for 35 years.

She is buried in the Ferron Cemetery by her beloved husband, Lawrence . She was 99 years old.

One summer when she was in her 80s she decided to keep track of all the fruit and etc. that she bottled. Here is her list.

- 15 qts. apricots
- 7 qts. tomatoes
- 12 pts. chilli sauce
- 7 qts. pimento pickles
- 7 qts. dill pickles
- 4 qts. tomatoe juice
- 9 cases (5 bushel) of peaches
- 2 qts. temple peaches
- 7 pts. pimento pickles
- 2 pts. pickled beets
- 1 qt. pickled beets
- 18 qts. apples

I was born in Ferron, Utah, in 1889 to John Henry and Martha Boswell Barton, in a one-room log house located across the street from where Merlin's Restaurant now stands. We moved to the house which is now owned by Emma Barton, and that is where I grew up.

Some of the early settlers were Brother Taylor, Brother Ed King, Brother Chris Peterson, Sister Swenson, Sister Zwahlen, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Cheshire.

My school teachers were George Weggland, Lily Allred and others. We studied all the subjects in school up to the ninth grade. Mr. Weggland told my sister, Clyda; Lillian Nelson, Addie Ralphs (mother of Margie Rasmussen), and me that if we could pass the teacher examination we could teach school. We took the exam and I sent out applications. They wanted a teacher in Coyote, Utah, which is now Antimony. I went to Price and got on the train. This was my first trip to Price. I went to Provo and my boy friend, Victor Nelson, met me at the train. I stayed with his family overnight and the next day took the train from Provo to Marysville. I was met at the station by a man with a white-topped buggy and he took me to Coyote. It took all day. I had a good place to stay.

Six weeks later I found they needed another teacher in the area. I sent for Clyda and she came and taught there. We had a happy winter until I got homesick. We went to the dances and they always stopped the dance and had us sing a song. Every boy was after us to dance because we were new in town and this made the other girls in Coyote huffy. We were popular.

The school children were very nice and well behaved. I taught from the first to the fourth grade. The kids got smart. They learned to read and write. I taught there for one year and three years in Clawson.

In those days Ferron did not have many houses or people. The houses were log, one room with a little lean-to on the back. There was no running water in the houses. We got the water from the ditches. Our light was coal-oil lamps. In the spring of the year when the high water would come down the creek we rode a horse across the mud stream. The water would go clear up to the side of the horses. During the school year we walked a mile to school and a mile back.

The church had little dances for the children at holiday times. The older folk also had dances and sometimes we danced all night to the music of the fiddler. The little dances were nice. They were supervised by our parents. It was a nice way to teach manners and the boys learned to ask their partner for a dance.

At Christmas we were tickled for a new dress and a doll. I got the same doll for quite a few Christmases. It always had a new dress. We hung our stockings up and perhaps we would get an orange. There was always plenty of candy and nuts. I never knew what a banana was when I was a girl.

The stores were operated by Samuel Singleton and J. J. Rasmussen.

When we were ill we were doctored with mustard plasters, but not much medicine because they didn't have it.

I married Lawrence Christensen and we were the parents of four girls: Fern, Vera, Melva and Fawn. Mervin Duncan's grandmother was the midwife in town. I have eight grandchildren, twenty great-grandchildren, and one great-great grandchild.

I helped my husband on the farm after our children were born. I could plow with a sulky plow and tend water; cut, rake and pile hay and make big stacks of grain and hay. I did it because I enjoyed it. It is nice to be needed.

I have a testimony of the Gospel. I believe in the Prophet Joseph Smith and believe that President Kimball is our Prophet today. I am thankful for my husband and my four lovely daughters. My husband was not a church goer but he was a good man.

When Fawn was a baby she nearly died with pneumonia. We had the elders, Brother Zwahlen and Brother Peterson come. They were both good church goers you know. They came and administered to her and she got well. Sister Foote came and stayed a few days and put mustard plasters on her and doctored her up and she got well. The Priesthood was the only help we had in those days. It made us humble and thoughtful of everybody and made us good people.

I would advise young people today to live good lives, be virtuous, pure and clean. Go to church and do what your parents ask you to do. Enjoy your family. You don't need everything to begin your married life with. If we had a stove, a table, a few dishes and a bed and if the kids could be well and good, that's all we asked for. To have to struggle for things makes for happiness

I keep the Word of Wisdom, walk two miles a day and do my own work--washing and everything. (She had washed and put out four lines of clothes before 8 o'clock the morning I was there and her house was neat as a pin.) Don't give up and think you're sick, that will make you worse.

I can see to read with my glasses. A year ago I could read the finest print without glasses. I read the scriptures and my Sunday School lesson.

I belong to the Senior Citizen Band. There are 25 of us. We play the bazookas and other instruments and really have a good time. We go to every school in the county and have lots of fun.

I enjoy my life.

Sister Hazel Christensen



