

Peter Hansen and Beata Gustafva Borjesson

Rewritten by Barbara Hansen Young

Peter Hansen was born in Hostentorp, Terslev Parish, Soro County, Denmark March 27, 1839, the son of Johanne Marie Pedersen and Hans Christian Pederson. Peter, his mother and stepfather, Frederick Christian Jensen, all joined the church in Denmark. The family emigrated to America in 1862, crossed the plains in the Van Cott Handcart Company, and settled in Manti.

Beata Gustafva Borjesson was born December 14, 1838 in the city of Halmstad, Halland County, Sweden. She was the first child of Pehr Borjesson and Ingrid Lorentzdotter. When she was 22, missionaries from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints arrived in Halmstad and were preaching the Restored Gospel. Beata could not refrain from listening to their message and believed it. She joined the Church May 20, 1860. When she was told by her parents to either give up the Church or them, she chose the Church. She found sanctuary with some friends who were members of the Church until she saved enough money to pay her way to America in 1863. Beata married Peter Hansen on November 16, 1863 at Manti, Sanpete County, Utah.

Peter was a stone mason, which he had learned in his native land. Soon after their marriage, he set about to build his bride a substantial home. He also built a home nearby for his mother, Johanne Marie. His skill as a mason and builder was soon recognized and he was called to help build both the Manti and the Salt Lake Temples.

In 1878 Peter received a call from President Brigham Young to help settle Castle Valley. He and his oldest son, Peter, traveled to Castle Dale and made preparations to bring the family. They lived in a dug-out until he could build a one-room adobe house. The family moved to Ferron in March of 1881. Soon Peter had adobe bricks made to construct a very good home.

Peter and Beata brought the first fruit trees into Ferron. He constructed and used the first molasses mill in Ferron. His yield of sugar cane was so great that in addition to what he sold and gave to friends, he had a large barrel of molasses on hand for his winter use.

In 1890 he was again called to help establish another community, the town of Emery, 15 miles further south. Here he helped to construct canals, roads, homes and community buildings. He participated in the Black Hawk War as a minute man. He also found time to be on the School Board. He filed on a section of land and built another very good home of adobe bricks and stucco. He and Peter Jr. went away to work in the mines while Beata and the younger children lived on their homestead.

Beata died July 24, 1900 in Emery. After her death, Peter sold the big house in town and bought 40 acres south of Emery which he divided into 10 acre plots and gave to each of his boys. Peter spent his last years at the home of Alfred and Lydia where he died February 2, 1915, at the age of 75.

PETER HANSEN
AND
BEATA GUSTAFVA BORJESSON

Neva Beata RALPHS

BORN: 21 Feb 1896
PLACE: Ferron, Emery, UT
DIED: 7 Apr 1988
PLACE: Price, Carbon, UT

Parley Pratt RALPHS

BORN: 30 Oct 1890
PLACE: Castle Dale, Emery, UT
MARR: 5 Apr 1916
PLACE: Salt Lake City, UT
DIED: 7 Jul 1945
PLACE: Price, Carbon, UT

Hanna or Anna Marie HANSEN

BORN: 7 Sep 1867
PLACE: Mantli, Sanpete, UT
DIED: 9 Jun 1981
PLACE: Ferron, Emery, UT

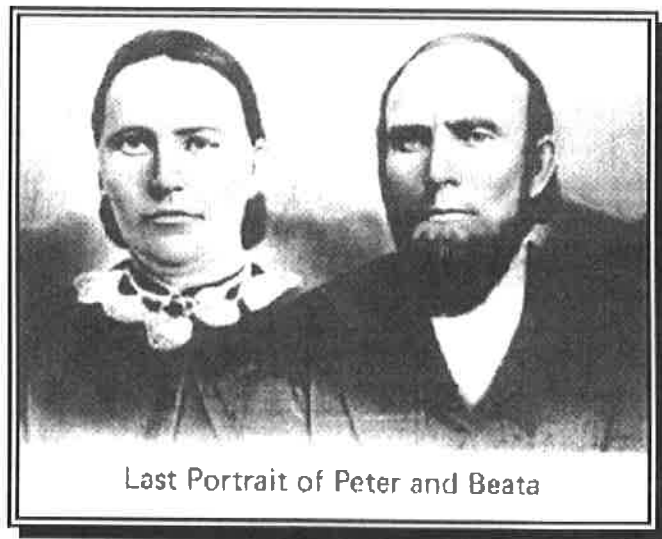
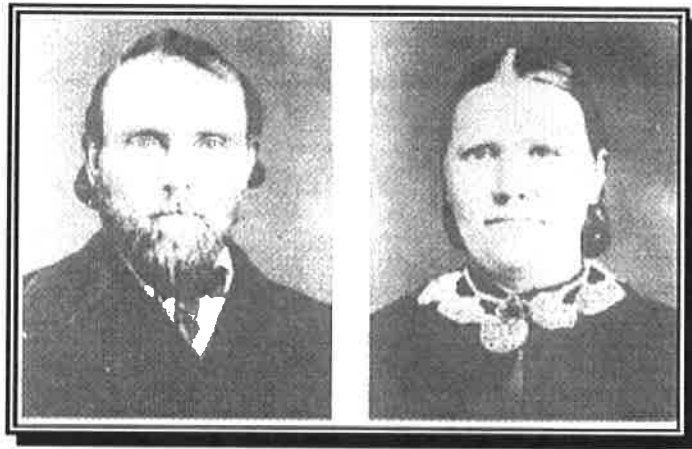
Peter HANSEN

BORN: 27 Mar 1839
PLACE: Hostentorp, Terslev, Soro, Dmrk
MARR: 16 Nov 1863
PLACE: Mantli, Sanpete, UT
DIED: 2 Feb 1915
PLACE: Emery, Emery, UT

Beata Gustafva BORJESSON

BORN: 14 Dec 1838
PLACE: Halmstad, Halland, Sweden
DIED: 24 Jul 1900
PLACE: Emery, Emery, UT

PETER HANSEN AND BEATA GUSTAFVA BORJESSON
(Parents of Johanna "Hanna" Maria Hansen)



Last Portrait of Peter and Beata

THE HISTORY OF PETER AND BEATA GUSTAFVA HANSEN

(Thanks to their daughter, Hannah, who has furnished us with these incidents in their lives.)

In the far away land in Hesterland, Denmark was born a son to Hans Cristensen and Johannah Jensen by the name of Peter Hansen. At an early age he heard the missionaries preaching the restored gospel, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He knew it was the true church which he had been searching for. He later joined the new Faith. This event changed the course of his life, and in four years new adventures were opening up for him in America.

After arriving in America, with his parents, he crossed the plains walking all the way. When they arrived in Utah they went to Manti. Peter was an excellent mason, having received training from his father and growing up in a land where it is an honor to have a trade. His talent along this line was soon recognized and he gave assistance in the construction of the Manti and Salt Lake temples.

Into his life was soon to come a companion who enriched and edified the position he was soon to take as a pioneer in the colonizing of the Southeastern part of Utah.

In the far away land of lakes and forests in a little village named Hamster, Sweden, a beautiful little girl was born to Per and Ingra Burrison. She had four brothers with whom she played with. As she grew to womanhood her mother taught her many household duties. Her name was Beata Gustava.

Her destiny and future was not sealed up in this little hamlet of Hamster. As she entered her 17th year, events in her life were to change. L.D.S. missionaries had arrived at Hamster and were teaching the restored gospel and Beata joined the church, with such faith that when her parents demanded she either give up this new faith or leave home, she sought sanctuary with some friends who were members of the church, and who were going to America.

She worked until she had made enough money to pay her way. She crossed the plains in the company of John F. Sanders. While crossing the plain she met a young lady from Sweden and they became good friends. They were popular and received many proposals of marriage to become a second wife.

Something on the horizon was beckoning her on and an unseen hand guided her on to fulfill a destiny that must have been arranged and agreed upon at some primeval date, as she also went to Manti with her friends. There she met and fell in love with Peter Hansen, who had preceded her. They were later married in the endowment house in Salt Lake City. Peter and Beata were now to plan their future together. Their home was blessed with ten children, all of them born at Manti, except one in Castle Dale.

With the colonization of the West under the inspired leadership of President Brigham Young, who is recognized as the greatest colonizer, members of the church were called to certain areas of this land to settle and develop it. Thus in 1878, Peter and Beata received a call from Brigham Young to Castle Valley and help settle this country. With some of their friends, they made the move to the valley and settled in Castle Dale.

They remained here about six months and then moved to Ferron. The amount of work involved in establishing a new community is tremendous. Roads had to be built, canals completed to bring water from source to farms, community buildings were to be erected, and homes for the family were to be built.

For temporary shelter, like others, Peter completed a "dugout" in the creek bank where his

family lived while waiting for the time they would have a home. In order to keep the high water of the floods from snatching away and drowning any of his children, a high fence was built around the front of the "home", but at times angry waters would take away most of their belongings, and then it would be necessary for Peter to return to Manti for new supplies. The trip would be made by horseback, and as in those days the money was short, the number of supplies was short also. He was not to remain long in these living conditions, as he was soon able to make "dobbies", and constructed one of the largest and finest homes in Ferron.

His services as a builder was sought after by the townspeople, and soon he was busy building homes for his friends. Many of these homes are still standing in Ferron as a monument to the ability and industry of this man. He also constructed and used the first molasses mill in Ferron. His yield of sugar cane was so great that in addition to what he sold and gave away, the family always had a big barrel of molasses on hand for winter use.

Again in 1890 Peter and Beata with the remainder of their family (four girls having married and remained in Ferron) moved on south in the valley to the location now known as Emery, where they remained until their death. Again Peter assumed the duties of a pioneer leader and helped to construct the settlement of Emery. At the outset of this new adventure, before homes were built, they again lived in dugouts.

Peter usually carried with him a large plate glass used in making a window over their "dugouts". On one occasion one of his steers, being of a thirsty nature, mistook this glass for a pool of refreshing water, and in his attempt to drink, fell into the "dugout".

After the city of Emery had been planned and laid out and the community work done, Peter became a farmer.

During the time these sturdy pioneers were conquering and settling the land, the Indians were constantly depriving them of the use of their horses and cows. Wars were being fought with them to preserve their property. About this time Chief Sandpitch was killed in Salina Canyon while he was returning from a raid on some ranchers, and during this time the Black Hawk War claimed the lives of many pioneers and Indians. Peter took an active part in this war, serving in the post of minute men.

While Peter was engaged in all these activities incident to pioneer life, Beata was encouraging him in his work and at the same time raising the family. Her abilities were equal to his in the roll of pioneer. She had a spinning wheel, and in her very fine way weaved and sewed all the clothing the family needed and used. After her family was reared and no longer living at home, she assisted other people in sickness, often performing the services of a midwife, bringing many children into the world. Her understanding and sympathy took the load off from many a shoulder of those in trouble, and her memory still lingers on in the thoughts of those she helped.

Peter found time to serve as a school trustee, thus rendering service in many ways to the people with whom he lived.

As Beata and Peter grew older, their personalities mellowed into beautiful expressions of love and kindness. Each one has filled their years with usefulness, performing the mission given them by our Heavenly Father. In retrospect, one feels that society has gained from the lives of these two people. Whatever might have been a fault or failing, has disappeared into nothingness contrasted by the accomplishments, ideals and memories of their beautiful lives. The honor is ours that we are of their lineage, and God grant that we can at some future date be in their association in a world devoid of all heartaches and pain. May we always have their memory with us to hold us together in their family of sons, daughters, grandsons, granddaughters and great grandchildren.

A BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE LIFE OF

Peter Hansen, Born March 27, 1839, at Hostentorp, Terslev, Soro, Denmark
AND

Beata Gustafva Borjesson, Born December 14, 1838, at Halmstad, Halland, Sweden

Down in Manti, back in '79
Grandpa was a young buck with a family of nine.

He was hewing stones, a temple to build
When Brigham said, "Peter, you're being called to a new field."

Gather your family, bring a sow or two
Your saw and your hammer, there'll be building to do.

So the oxen were hitched to the trusty old wagon.
It was loaded to the top, the kids came a tagging.

Over the mountain down ruts and gullies
He "Gee" and "Hawed" till he entered Castle Valley.

The country was flat with a gentle swale.
He unloaded his family and said "Here's Castle Dale."

Now Peter and Beata were real pioneer stock.
A home was soon built on an improved lot.

Peter built houses, Beata delivered the babes,
And, one of her own, young Andrew they said.

Then Peter was called by Brigham again.
He said, "Go to Ferron and start all over again."

So the wagon was filled with their worldly goods
And along they jogged as best they could.

It seemed a creek dugout was the best they could do,
Till Peter and the boys built a room or two.

They were plagued by floods; the dugout was dark,
So a precious piece of glass in the roof was embarked.

Now Beata could see to knit and to spin
Till one day a thirsty steer came crashing down in.

Thank goodness the house was almost made
So Beata moved in with the floors half laid.

Peter built and he planted in that valley so barren.
The first orchard he made took root in the town of Ferron.

Now a molasses mill was Peter's invention.
Beata fed the cane stalks into the roller construction.

The juice would roll down in a barrel so deep,
The boys kept it hot with a good steady heat.

First skimmings were green, and not worth a darn.
In the second time around, there lay the charm.

The skimmings were white and just the thing
For molasses candy and other good things.

Then Peter made beer. T'was all legal then.
Sprouted browned barley, and dried it in the sun.

He would fill half a barrel with a layer of straw,
Dump in barley, sugar and hops, and the water he'd drawn.

Then left to ferment for a day or two,
It was drained in a new barrel, and soon ready to use.

Necessity is the mother of invention they say,
It was true then, and is true right up to this day.

So Peter and Beata built, planted, and brewed,
Married off three daughters and thought they were through.

But a call came from Brigham, as others had been,
"Go settle Emery -- the town's just begun."

So with oxen a plugging and the wagon piled high
To their home in Ferron they said goodbye.

Emery was barren and the dust was thick.
Water had to be hauled from a three mile creek.

A tunnel was built to get water a running.
Homes had to be built and gardens a coming.

With pick and shovel, ox and brawn
Peter pitched in until the town was born.

He built fine homes for all of his sons.
Helped set up the laws to govern the town.

And Beata stood by him through thick and thin,
Shared sorrows and joys, and looked after their kin.

Years of struggle had taken their toll.
They had answered each call to master the soil.

With faith undaunted, they claimed their prize,
In God's Own Kingdom their future lies.

So today we honor those two, who gave their all for me and you.
Can we in turn pay homage to them, with a life that reflects their
courage and vim.

Will they rejoice when we meet up there?
When our deeds have been counted, and our records made bare?

Will a joyous light on their faces be shown -- and they say,
"They've followed our footsteps, low these are our own."

Written by Mary Thelma Hansen Olsen
for the Hansen Reunion held at Emery,
Utah May 30, 1977