Neva Ralphs

Castle Dale Stockman Dies of Injuries

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Mr. Jensen was born here on October 30, 1890, son of John Young and Sarah Nielsen Jensen.

He received his education here and was always very active in Church and civic affairs.

He filled a mission to Denmark and the eastern states for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints from 1913 to 1915. He served as superintendent of the Sunday School a number of years. He was counselor to Bishop Carl Berry.

He worked in the high priest quorum 15 years and was one just released as president of same the Sunday before the accident.

He was also president of the Consolidated Cottonwood Canal Company at the time of his death. He was also a prominent farmer and livestock raiser

April 5, 1916, he married Neva Ralphs of Ferron, in the Salt Lake City Temple.

He is survived by his widow; two sons, Sgt. Don Jensen, overseas, and Ralph Jensen, Sunnyside; two daughters, Helen and Elaine Jensen, both employed at Salt Lake; three grandchildren, and the following brothers and sisters;. Ralph Jensen and Mrs. Blanche Faddis, of Salt Lake; Ray and Alvin Jensen, Castle Dale and Harold Jensen, Reno, Nev.

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Funeral Services Held For Ernest Jensen

died July 2 1945

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Opening song was rendered by the Ward Chorus.

Bishop E. A. Nielsen gave the opening prayer followed by a mixed quartet which sang "Home on The Range."

The speakers were Bishop Samuel H. Larson, Bishop Carl Berg, President J. Funk Killian, President Elden G. Luke, Nephi L. Williams, and Bishop Johansen.

Bland Fox sang "School Thy Feelings" and Mrs. Freeda Behling of Ferron sang "I Shall See You Face To Face."

The Ward Chorus sang the closing song.

The closing prayer was offered by Carl Bott.

Interment was in the Castle Dale City cemetery under the direction of the Witbeck funeral home and the grave was dedicated by Leon P. Ralphs of Ferron.

This was one of the largest funerals ever held here, due to the many positions of trust Mr. Jensen has held in Ward and civic affairs. Respect was paid him and his family thruout the county and stake.

His entire immediate family was in attendance with the exception of his son, Don Y., of the armed forces, who is overseas and one brother, Harold, who was unable to attend due to transportation difficulties.

Lunch was served all out of town people at the Jensen home by the Jensen family assisted by the Ward Relief Society.

CARD OF THANKS

It is with a deep appreciation we extend to the people of this community our heart-felt thanks for the many acts of kindness extended us during the illness and subsequent death of our beloved father. Also for the many beautiful floral offerings and sincere expressions of sympathy.

The Jensen Family.

ERNEST EUGENE JENSEN AND NEVA BEATA RALPHS
(Parents of Ernest Relph Jensen)

ERNEST EUGENE JENSEN

Ernest Eugene Jensen was born October 30, 1890, in Castle Dale, Utah, to John Young and Sarah Nielsen Jensen. He was the fourth child of a family of eight children. His parents were among the first settlers in Castle Dale. Originally when they moved from Sanpete County they lived in a wagon along the river bed, but were the fourth family to build a home in the Castle Dale townsite. That log cabin still stands on the property owned by Elaine and James Jensen, and has recently been used as a granary.

Ernest was a typical young boy, full of jokes and humor, and yet as his mother said, he was Ernest by name, and earnest by nature. His schooling consisted of the eight grades offered by the schools, and then one year at the Emery Stake Academy.

Following this he accepted a job at Paradise Ranch below Ferron. While working at Paradise Ranch he would go into Ferron on the weekends where he put up his horse and stayed with the Hannah Ralphs family of boys, and two young daughters.

After he returned from his mission to Denmark and the Albany, New York Mission, he returned to Castle Dale and soon was courting Neva Beata Ralphs. In April of 1916, they left Castle Dale, with a horse and buggy to travel to Price where they caught the 9:00 a.m. train to Salt Lake City. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on April 5th and stayed in the city to attend April Conference and do some shopping for materials for a harness shop. He managed the Harness shop on main street in Castle Dale for one year, but soon decided to sell out and go into farming.

Neva Beata Ralphs was born February 21, 1896, in Ferron to Parley P. and Hannah Hansen Ralphs. She was the sixth of eight children. Her father passed away when she was seven years of age. Neva attended eight grades of school in Ferron, then attended the Emery Stake Academy in Castle Dale for two years and one year at Westminister College in Salt Lake City, where she worked for her room and board.

Ernest and Neva are the parents of five children. Dora passed away in infancy, Ralph and Elaine reside in Castle Dale, Don in South Dakota, and Helen in Colorado. They have 15 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren.

Ernest loved to farm. He loved his animals, and through his love of animals became an animal doctor of sorts. He went all over Orangeville and Castle Dale to care for sick animals. He served most of his married life on the Water Board of the Blue Cut Canal, and at the time of his death, July 7, 1945, was the President of the Association.

He dreamed of someday having a dam built across Straight Canyon, and had presented that proposal to the State Water Board several times. Soon after his death, the plan was approved and eventually funded, and completed.

Neva will probably best be remembered for the hundreds of school lunches she served after Ernest's passing. She also was called to serve a mission in the Northern California Mission in 1952. Her hobby is quilting, crocheting afghans, gardening and doing good deeds for others.

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Neva Beata Ralphs Jensen

Neva Beata Ralphs Jensen was the sixth child of Parley P. and Hannah Marie Hansen Ralphs. She was born in Ferron, Utah, February 21, 1896. The following history is taken from her own writing and will be told in the 1st person.

When I was born, my father hitched the horses to the wagon to go to Molen to get Sister Stringham to come and help my mother. There were five sons in the family so I was very welcome. Mother says she would sit up in bed and hold me because she was afraid my father would roll over on me. After the excitement of my birth was over, Father went to the store and bought Mother a dresser and table and a plow. He took the boys and went to the farm and started to get the ground plowed.

Mother's health was not very good so Aunt Eda Ralphs had a baby girl six weeks before I was born and had plenty of milk for both of us.

My early recollection of my father was that he would sit me on his lap while eating and as I got older he would always sit me at his side. One day I sneezed at the table and he slapped me across the face. That was a well learned lesson and one that I shall never forget.

My father died when I was seven years old. He was very ill with ulcers of the stomach. I remember one Sunday night there was a special meeting and we had talked our father, or Pa as we called him, to go with us. The boys had not come home to do the chores so Father went to feed the stock. He climbed on the haystack and as he lifted the hay with the pitchfork he was dizzy and fell off the haystack. That was the last time he was ever outside before he passed away. It was summer and very hot weather. In those days there were no screen doors and the flies would come in and it was my job to keep the flies off him. I would get a branch from the trees and keep waving it over him. He looked at me with his deep blue eyes and I knew he could see me. I would look out the window and see my cousins, Hazel and Iva, playing and I would get real tired, so the boys would relieve me so I could play a while.

When I was blessed and given a name, my parents were going to name me Hazel Beata, but Aunt Eda named her baby first and they named her Hazel. Mrs. Killpack was sitting by Mother and said, "name her Neva Beata." The first girl in the family was to be named Beata after our Grandmother Hansen. I did not name either of my daughters Beata, but my Grandson, Gregory Peacock named their first daughter, Andrea Beata.

I was baptized in the Molen Ditch in Ferron July 3, 1904 by John E. King, and confirmed that same day by Don D. Duncan.

When I was small, most of our family would travel to Emery in the wagon to visit our grandparents. Then Grandmother Hansen passed away and as Grandpa's mother lived with them, she had to be taken to Ferron to live with Aunt Eda. Aunt Eda had the large rock house and a room for Bestama. She had never learned to speak English as she had lived in Denmark before coming to America. I could understand a few things she said. I would hold the yarn on my hands while she unwound it into balls and knit our black stockings. Oh, they were itchy and didn't look very good but they were nice and warm. I would carry out the ashes from her stove and mother would send food for her to eat as she loved soup with Danish dumplings. We were sad when they moved her back to Emery to live with Uncle Alfred. Grandpa had built each of his 4 sons big brick homes and he was living with Uncle Alfred then.

Mother bought the first piano that had been brought to Ferron. I was the one to learn to play it. I took lessons from John T. Hand, a teacher at the Emery Stake Academy, then later from George Wiggland, the principal of our school. I didn't like to play the scales. In order to pay for the music lessons, I would carry a two quart bottle of milk up to Mr. Wiggland's home, which was about 1 mile from home. Sometimes it would be after dark when the boys would get the chores done. Mother wanted me to learn to play the hymns and for primary which I did and really enjoyed being able to do this.

The water we had to drink was settled in a large wooden barrel out by the ditch that ran by the lot. When the water was muddy we would put milk in it to settle it. We would fill the barrel with a bucket from the ditch then put a tub over it to keep the horses and cows that would stray along the street from drinking it.

There was always plenty of work to do and mother had taught us to get out and find work so that we could help out with family expenses. I would tend babies for our neighbors, wash the dishes and dust the furniture. When I was older I went to wash once a week for Kay Funk. Mrs. Funk was not very well and had a big family. They had a washer that had to be turned by hand. Sometimes their boys would turn it for me if they were around. I would mop the kitchen floor and for this she paid me 25 cents. I was happy to get it.

Mother would take the family to the farm to pull weeds out of the sugar beets they were trying to raise. At the bottom of the farm was a row of trees and a ditch. We would start to hoe and work up to the top of the row and then back. Then we could rest under the shade of the trees and have a cookie or something to eat and drink.

When I was in my middle teens I went to work for women that were in bed with new babies, as the mothers stayed in bed at least ten days. I stayed with Irene Zwahlen. Fred, her husband had butchered a pig and when I came the next morning there it was on the table, head, feet and all. He wanted me to cut it up and cook some for breakfast. I didn't know how to do it so he cut some off and we had hot biscuits, pork and gravy for breakfast. I always just made 25 cents a day. I worked and stayed at Lacoin Wareham's and George Duncan's and for the work I did there they gave me a live goose.

Mother taught us to kneel down and pray each morning. When I was 6 years old I went to school. My first grade teacher was Ada Williams. She was so pretty and I loved her very much. Then there was Lillie Allred and Chloe Day, who only stayed until Christmas, then Elsie Lord took her place. She was a very small person. Joseph Zwahlen was my 4th grade teacher. I didn't like the idea of having a man teacher but from then on it was Fred Killpack and George Wiggland.

Mother took her family to Castle Dale to go the Emery Stake Academy. I stayed in Ferron with Leon who had married and stayed in our home. Mother and the family rented the wash house from James Peterson. There was a small kitchen, large living room and a very small bed room. It was so cold that Irene said her long hair would be frozen to the wall. The Peterson's had children the same age as Mother's so they got along good living there.

The next year I went to live with the family in Castle Dale. We lived in the incubator apartments. There were several girls living there going to school. Oscar Keele from Emery and Vada Olsen clerked in the Coop Store. Our cousins lived with us and at night the girls would come to our apartment to make candy and popcorn. The boys would stretch the honey candy and whip the divinity. We had a big screen wire popper that did a lot at a time. Ernest Jensen used

to come to see Elwin and I thought he was so nice. He teased me that he was going to marry me.

For my last year at the Academy, Irene and I rented an upstairs bedroom from Jasper Peterson. We had a small cook stove, 2 chairs, a looking glass, a tub to bathe in and a curtain across one corner where we hung our clothes. A wooden box with a curtain around was our wash stand. Our dishes were left on the table with a cloth covered over them when not in use. We didn't have many clothes. Mother would send us our bread and butter and fruit. We bought milk from the Bott family.

Soon after school started, I went to town at noon and there I met Ernest Jensen. He invited me to go to his home and have dinner with them. He told me he was getting ready to go on a mission to Denmark and would be leaving in a few days. I was so shy to be with his folks. His sister, Blanche had lost her husband and was living with the family, along with her 2 little girls, Nona and Buelah.

Ernest asked me for a date that night. He came and we went buggy riding. The next night we had a date, and also the third night, and then he was going on his mission. The next morning I went to the privy or toilet. It was out in the lot under the apple trees. As I was coming out of toilet, I saw Ernest at our door so I went back in and stayed until he left as I didn't want him to see me at the toilet. When I got to school, his brother Ralph, told me they had left that morning as it was cloudy and the road would be bad if it stormed, so they went to Price in a buggy and then took the train to Salt Lake City. I was heart sick that I didn't get to tell him good-bye. I knew then, he was the one I was going to marry.

I was in the 2nd year of high school and enjoyed the teachers very much. I loved our Home Ed. teacher, Sister Day. She was a mother to all the homesick kids. She would put her arms around us and we could tell her all our troubles. We went home for Thanksgiving and Christmas. In those days Ferron was such a long way from Castle Dale.

After I finished school I loved to go back to Castle Dale. The dentist was in Castle Dale so I found a way to go and get my teeth fixed. I stayed several days because I couldn't find a way home. I loved to stay at Orange Seeley Jr.'s house. His daughters, Leona and Mable, were in love with my brothers, Mirl and Cliff, so I was welcome to stay with them. While I was there mother called and said I was to come home. Elwin would start out on the horse and I was to meet him walking. He didn't start out when he should so I walked in the dark nearly to Clawson. There was not a soul on that road except me. I was angry at my family for expecting me to walk all the way alone.

After completing my schooling at the Emery Stake Academy, I had the opportunity to go to Salt Lake and attend the West Minister College. I worked for a Dr. Flood and his family. They were good friends to our Dr. Graham in Emery County and asked me if I would like to work for them. My tuition was paid for so that is the way I got to go. Mother sent me a little money to pay my bus fare to and from school. My work at the Flood's consisted of caring for their lovely little daughter named Madelea. The Dr.'s mother was very old and I would feed her the evening meal. When I came home from school I washed all the dishes and swept the kitchen floor. On Saturday, I did the wash that was not sent out to the laundry. This was done on a wash board. Then I mopped the big kitchen wood floor and in the afternoon when the work was all done, I could go and visit my friends the Samuelson's. Their daughter, Hazel was my age and, along with Carrie the youngest girl, we would go to a picture show on Sunday afternoons.

Then Monday morning I would take the bus to school and go back to the Flood's that afternoon.

When I finished my first year at West Minister College, I went to Altonah to help out my brother Will's family. Bertha was ill and they had Vendetta, Wilma, Harold, and Dennie. Every Friday night there was dance in one of the small towns and I played the organ in the orchestra. We traveled in a wagon. I would ride a horse from Will's farm to town and then go with the young folks to the parties and dances. I stayed with them until late summer.

I then returned to Ferron to help Leon and Surelda in the Telephone Office. I listened in when Ernest called his folks to tell them he was in Price on his way home from his mission. Because of World War I beginning, the church took all their missionaries out of Europe and Ernest had finished his mission in the Eastern States. Monday a call came in for Neva Ralphs. I said, "Just a minute, please." I had to have a little time to compose myself. I was so excited. He wanted to come and see me that night so I hurried home with the good news to get the house in order and to bake a cake. I watched the road until I saw him in his black top buggy, with one horse, come down the meeting house hill. My heart was beating so fast and when I saw him I knew I was in love with him. Out courtship lasted from October until the 5th of April, 1916, when we were married in the Salt Lake Temple by Joseph Fielding Smith.

Ernest came to Ferron, stayed over night then drove to Castle Dale to go to the court house and get our license. I stayed at his home and went with their family to church on Sunday and then left Castle Dale at midnight to drive by horse and buggy to Price where we caught the train to Salt Lake City. Just we two went along.

Mother made my white wedding dress. It was Crepe De Chine. She also made my petticoats. I had a new summer coat also a new hat. I wore my hair in a bob at the back and put curlers (rag) in the front. We stayed in Salt Lake and attended General Conference and Ernest did some shopping for his harness shop. My wedding ring cost $5.00 but it was so beautiful and I was so proud of it.

When we returned to Castle Dale, we had gone upstairs to bed in the north west bedroom. We had just got in bed when Ernest's crowd came to shivaree us. They put a ladder up to the window but we hurried to get dressed and went downstairs. There was a big crowd so Ernest's brother, Ralph, went to the drug store and bought candy and nuts to treat everyone.

The next night we stayed in Ferron at Mother's and when my crowd came, Mother made cake and punch for them. My girl friends had given me a linen shower. I had 3 quilts, 4 sheets, and several pair of pillow cases, dresser scarfs and 2 table cloths.

Ernest had bought out his brother, Ray's, harness and shoe repair shop that was in the front part of a building in downtown Castle Dale. He had papered and painted the next room which was our living room and bedroom. The kitchen was at the back of the building. Mother made curtains for the 2 windows and his folks gave us a rug and a dresser. Mother gave us our bed and bedding and a cow. Ernest bought a kitchen cabinet and we used the table that Ray and Alvin had used before us. I still have the table in the basement. Ernest bought the coal range. It had a hot water reservoir on it. We had to carry all the water we used from across the street by the Huntington Store. I took our clothes to Grandmother Jensen's to wash.

We started our family very soon and I was not well and was so homesick. I started to make clothes for the new baby we were expecting. My mother-in-law

was such a good seamstress and she had a sewing machine, she was also the best cook.

I planned to go to Ferron to have my baby. Dr. Graham was my Doctor and my baby boy was born Dec. 23, 1916 in Ferron. Ernest had taken his tools to repair harnesses and shoes and rented a small building as we stayed six weeks. When we moved back to our home in Castle Dale the house was cold and our baby had pneumonia. Dr. Graham had been called into the Service so we called Dr. Easly from Ferron. He examined our baby and said he would live only a short time. Grandma Jensen sent to get a good nurse, Mrs. Anderson. She came and stayed right with us until our baby was better. Grandpa Jensen and Ernest administered to him and our baby was saved. We prayed for him always. Mother wanted us to name him Ralph Jensen so we did. When Ralph was about one year old, we bought our home. We paid $900.00 for it. It had three rooms, had five outside doors and seven windows and the ceilings were 11 feet high. The first winter was so cold that my feet nearly froze. I used to say if we could walk on the ceiling we could be warm enough. After several years we lowered them 2 feet and later built three bedrooms, a bath and back porch.

Ralph learned to talk when he was not yet 1 year and we bought him a little red chair for Christmas. We set him on it and he stood up and walked to us. We sent to Sears and bought a sewing machine for $26.00, which I still use and a rocking chair for $5.00. Grandmother Jensen let us have the high chair which they had bought for Ernest when he was a baby, so we were getting all comfortable in our new home.

Ernest's health was not good to be confined to the shop all day, so he traded around, got 80 acres of land, started to farm and his health improved. He also owned 10 acres of hay land out east of Wilberg's and he had a good team and wagon and began to haul freight from Castle Dale to Price. It would take him 3 days to make the trip. I went with him the first summer, then when we were expecting our second baby, I stayed home.

Our next baby was a big boy, born Jan. 24, 1920. We didn't have a Doctor, so we called Dr. Hill from Huntington. Before he would come, we had to have the money ready, so Ernest borrowed $30.00 from his father. Aunt Dea Jensen came and took care of us until Mother could come. When she got there, my brother, Cliff, called her from Boise, Idaho and said their 2nd pair of twins had arrived. Since they needed her more than we did she left to go stay with them. Aunt Dea got the flu so we just managed the best we could. I was so weak and of course had to stay in bed 10 days. That was a sad time in our lives as so many people were dying of the flu.

Grandmother Jensen said it was her turn to name the baby since my mother had named Ralph so she named him Don Y. Jensen.

I was called to work in the primary as a teacher, then later as organist and counselor. Ernest was called to be a counselor to Bishop Samuel Larsen and he was a counselor in the Stake YMMIA and a teacher in Sunday School.

Our third baby, a little girl, was born Oct. 4, 1922. It was a cold morning and we had not put our heating stove up yet. Dr. Nixon was our Doctor and charged $35.00. Our baby girl was only three days old when she became very ill. They asked me what I wanted her named and Grandfather Jensen blessed her and gave her the name of Dora. She died of bronchial pneumonia. Ernest's sister, Blanche Faddis, made the baby clothes and Orson Madson made the little casket. We bought our cemetery lot and buried her the 7th of Oct. 1922. That was a sad time in our lives but we knew she would be ours in the eternities.

In a year and a half we were blessed to have our 2nd baby girl born April 12, 1924. Dr. Nixon came to deliver her and Mrs. Foot from Emery was the nurse. We named her Helen. When she was 12 days old our house caught on fire but with the good help of men passing by who saw the fire on the roof, we were able to put it out. It was a windy cold day. I wrapped my baby and ran as fast as I could to Grandmother Jensen's.

On June 29th, 1927 we were blessed with another beautiful baby girl, who we named Elaine. When she was 6 months old she became very ill and had gone from 20 lbs. to 10. Dr. Nixon was treating her but she continued to go downhill. Dr. Henzie was not allowed to practice medicine at the time but because of the shortage of Doctors they did allow him to help people out. He was able to find a diet that would agree with Elaine. We were not allowed to pay him so Ernest would take food and grains to him to help him out.

Ernest was anxious to get more land to support our family so we homesteaded on 620 acres out by our farm. We had our garden in town and our chickens so we spent a lot of time on the road. Then when school started, we began spending more time in town but we still had to live a certain amount of time in the cabin on the farm.

As the children grew up, they each were able to have music lessons. Mother had said that whichever girl was able to play the piano best would get the piano. Irene and I both played well, so I gave Irene $100.00 for her share of the piano, as I wanted my children to play. When they were older we bought a clarinet for Ralph and a french horn for Don. Helen played in the band for 6 years and used Ralph's clarinet. Elaine concentrated on the piano and plays very well. I washed and ironed for Mrs. Brady to pay for the lessons and also tended Mary Lou Young to pay Nellie Bunnel Young for Elaine's lessons. I spent many hours making donuts, cooking dinners and helping with carnivals in order to help the band members buy new uniforms. Central High School always had a very good band.

Ralph was the first of our family to marry. He married Velda Mae Jones. They came to get me to go to Orangeville to have Frank Killian, the Stake President, perform the wedding ceremony. They lived with us for a while then got a small apartment. Soon Ernest helped them to get the Dorian Christiansen place and they have lived there since that.

Sadness came to us when Ernest had an accident. He had been to the farm working and took the harness off the horses and put a saddle on one to go across the creek to get the cows. The horse started to buck and threw him off. Several neighbors saw the accident and came running to help. I ran to the house to call Dr. Turman and to call the ambulance. Mr. Witbeck was out of town with the ambulance but Dr. Turman came and gave Ernest a Hypo as he was injured very badly. Dr. Turman wanted him rushed to the hospital. George Anderson from Emery was visiting his in-laws, the Larsen's, so we took a mattress off the bed and the men carefully lifted Ernest into the back of their truck. Alvin, his brother, and Jack Vance, a cousin, rode in the back of the truck and I sat in front with George. He had crushed a vertebrae and would probably have been an invalid if he had lived. He lived 10 days. I stayed with him most of the time but the hospital was so crowded that they finally moved Ernest to the men's ward. I couldn't stay with him then so I went back to Castle Dale to water the garden and get a few things.Then during the night, he passed away. This was July 7, 1945. His funeral was held July 12, and the building was packed. Ernest had just been released from being the Stake High Priest Group Leader for 17 years. He was well thought of in the community for his eagerness to help the town grow as well as his being a horse doctor of sorts.

Don was in the service in Germany. The war was nearly over but Don had been asked to stay in the occupation army to help clean up there. Elaine and Helen were working in Salt Lake, but Helen stayed home with me to help me get the estate straightened out. Helen was called to serve a mission in the Southern States. She left Jan 7, 1946. While Helen was serving on her mission Elaine married James A. Jensen of Huntington on Dec. 10, 1947. We had a lovely trousseau tea for her in our home following her temple marriage in the Salt Lake Temple.

I started to manage the school lunch in 1947. Crystal Rosenberg was my helper. We had many experiences, one was that I learned I needed to have a recipe. I was cooking rice for rice pudding and just poured a bunch in. Needless to say we fixed rice for days. The WPA had prepared a cookbook that was helpful, and then later when the Government took over the school lunch program, they sent a monthly menu and recipes which made planning the meals easier. I was really grateful to have the work as it filled my lonesome hours It was a joy to feed the hungry children and they were so appreciative of the good meals we fixed. Many of the students still introduce me as the best cook in Castle Dale.

Helen returned from her mission and stayed home with me until her wedding to C. Herschel Peacock from Emery. They were married March 24, 1950 in the Salt Lake Temple. Herschel was attending BYU so they lived in Provo a couple of years while he completed his master's degree.

In 1952, Bishop Glen Bott came to my home and asked me to serve a full-time mission. I said,"Oh Bishop, I would be happy to support a missionary but there is no place in the mission field for an older lady like me." He looked at me very seriously, and said, "Sister Jensen, I am here to ask you to serve a mission for the Lord." I then said I would try. I received my call to serve in the Northern California Mission.

While on my mission I labored mostly in Modesto, Fresno, and San Jose. There were 31 converts that I taught - most of them have remained active and have visited me in my home. I've had the privilege of attending the Temple with them and with their children as their children were married.

I have fifteen grandchildren, one preceded me in death. Eleven of them have been through the Temple. Six grandsons have served missions, and two great grandsons also.

I love to travel. Maysie Peacock and I went on several trips together. I have been to Hawaii, the Caribbean Islands, the Southern States, The World Fair in Seattle WA, the Hill Cumorah Pageant, and to sixteen different Temples.

I have always tried to be with my grandchildren for their special days. I have attended their baptism, graduations from high school and college. I have attended their farewells and welcome home meetings. I have rejoiced to be able to go to the Temple with them for their endowments and weddings and have always helped with their wedding receptions. It has given me great pleasure to make each of them quilts for their weddings as well as afghans, pillow cases, dish towels and hot pads.

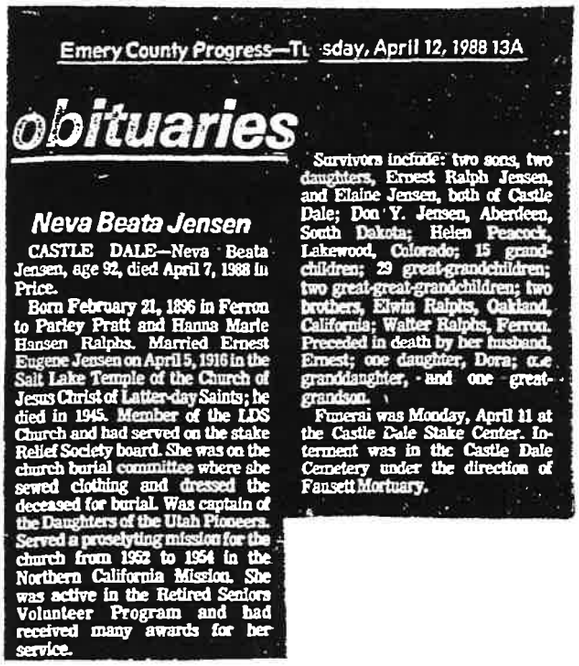
When I was 90 years old I was invited to speak at Stake Conference on the subject of tithing. This was a good subject for me as I have always had a strong testimony of the blessings of paying tithing. This turned out to be a frightening experience for me as they televised the conference proceedings due to the recent coal mine accident at Wilberg Mine where so many miners were trapped and killed. I could not read my notes because of the bright lights but I knew my speech so well that I was able to give it OK.

I sum up my life like this: I have lived to see the horse and buggy to the Model T, bicycle to motor bike, airplanes to jets, to man on the moon; water out of ditches put into barrels to settle to hot and cold running water in my home. Washing done in a tub with a washboard to automatic washers and dryers and indoor plumbing; treadle sewing machines to electric ones that do fancy stitches; outdoor toilets to indoor toilets ; number three tubs to bathtubs; foundation corsets to bras and girdles; cotton hose to panty hose; petticoats to slips; three-corner diapers to pampers; coal and wood burning stoves to electric and gas ranges to microwave ovens that cook food in seconds.

I shall find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read, and all the friends I want to see.

Neva Jensen fell on her cane early the morning of April 5, 1988 and was taken to the Price Hospital. This was her 72nd wedding anniversary and although she was in severe pain from a puncture in her lung as well as several broken ribs, she remained alert and was able to reminisce about her wedding day. She lived 60 hours and during this time was able to tell us all the things she wanted done at her death. She died as the sun went down April 7, 1988.

Her funeral was held April 11th in the Castle Dale Stake Center. All of her children, and grandchildren were in attendance except one. She had planned the services and it was all performed by her grandchildren and great grandchildren. She had wanted a large attendance at her funeral and this last wish was granted. Even though most of her friends and relatives from her generation had preceded her in death she had stayed vital and young in the hearts of many and was well loved and respected.



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obituaries

Neva Beata Jensen

CASTLE DALE—Neva Beata Jensen, age 92, died April 7, 1988 in Price.

Born February 21, 1896 in Ferron to Parley Pratt and Hanna Marie Hansen Ralphs. Married Ernest Eugene Jensen on April 5, 1916 in the Salt Lake Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; he died in 1945. Member of the LDS Church and had served on the stake Relief Society board. She was on the church burial committee where she sewed clothing and dressed the deceased for burial. Was captain of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. Served a proselyting mission for the church from 1952 to 1954 in the Northern California Mission. She was active in the Retired Seniors Volunteer Program and had received many awards for her service.

Survivors include: two sons, two daughters, Ernest Ralph Jensen, and Elaine Jensen, both of Castle Dale; Don Y. Jensen, Aberdeen, South Dakota; Helen Peacock, Lakewood, Colorado; 15 grandchildren; 29 great-grandchildren; two great-great-grandchildren; two brothers, Elwin Ralphs, Oakland, California; Walter Ralphs, Ferron. Preceded in death by her husband, Ernest; one daughter, Dora; one granddaughter, and one great-grandson.

Funeral was Monday, April 11 at the Castle Dale Stake Center. Interment was in the Castle Dale Cemetery under the direction of Fausett Mortuary.

Old barns—a page of history

By Elizabeth Hanson

Old barns are beauty in rustic settings; old barns are eye sores in rundown surroundings. But they are a part of our pioneer heritage, and mark an era that is fast falling into an un-preserved past.

Pioneer Emery County men felled the trees, sawed the lumber and constructed the barn with rock foundations, packed earth and sometimes even sections of concrete, hidden now by layers of humus. The four corner posts had to be long, straight and strong to bury six feet in the earth to hold firm against the strong winds. These corner posts were often charcoaled at the bottom to prevent decay.

Barns of note were equipped with Jacksons forks, a four foot board fastened to curved tines. A man had to know how to shove the tines into a pile of fresh hay and lock the frame before signaling the derrick horse rider to go forward and lift the fork with an attached ropel through the loft and along the metal track. The stacker would jerk and trip rope, dump the load and send the fork back for another bite.

Storing hay was only one service performed by the family barn. It also sheltered animals, equipment and was the headquarters for the do-it-yourself man of years gone by. It was also a playhouse: how many of us remember running around the stringers in a tag game, jumping down into the hay, hunting for the old hen's hidden nest and maybe breaking a few eggs on the old barn door? Or holding a tin cup or an open mouth while father squirted it full of warm, foamy milk?

These happenings are scarce in the modern age, and the old barn structures would just not hold up under that type of activity. But the old barn wood is still valuable and if fast finding its way into the modern world to line family rooms and commercial buildings. The land on which they stand has apparently become more valuable for residential and industrial purposes, and one by one the old barns in Emery County are coming down, and an era will be gone forever.

Maybe a few of the most notable should be identified and preserved as part of the living farm concept on which Emery County was founded. Future generations will be robbed of a precious heritage unless the present generation can see the beauty of a barn.

The horses keep chewing away the boards on this Castle Dale barn built sixty years ago by Ernest Jensen. Note the hay in the loft.

COUNTRY LIVING

90 years a native

By ELIZABETH HANSON
Staff writer

A sterling character is a victory she earned during a lifetime of righteous living. Neva Beata Ralphs Jensen of Castle Dale will be blowing out 90 candles on the cake as her entire family gathers to honor her at dinner Friday.

Neva was born Feb. 21, 1896, to Parley and Hannah Hansen Ralphs in Ferron. She was the first girl after five boys in a row. "My mother held me all night long for fear father might roll over on me," she said. Babies had been smothered in such fashion. Two years later my sister Irene was born. We continue to share our love. She married Arthur Lemon of Ferron.

When Neva was seven, Parley passed away, leaving Hannah with eight children, two farms, cattle and a $2,000 life insurance policy. Hannah remodeled the house and sent one boy on a mission and another to college.

Neva met Ernest Eugene Jensen of Castle Dale at the Emery Stake Academy. After three dates in a black-topped buggy, he went on a mission. The courting resumed upon his return and plans for marriage were made. They bought a license for $2.50 at the old courthouse. On Sunday night they left at midnight in horse and buggy to drive to Price in time to catch the 9 a.m. train to Salt Lake. The horses were left at a livery stable.

That night they took rooms at the Little Hotel in Salt Lake. They bypassed breakfast the next morning to be at the temple early, thinking they would be married by lunch time, but it was 5 p.m. before they left because of the large number of missionaries in sessions.

Since they were married April 5, 1916, they honeymooned in conference sessions and did some shopping for the harness shop along Castle Dale Main Street before returning home to room next to the shop.

"Mother gave me a bed and bedding. Ernest had bought a new kitchen cabinet, a second-dhand Monarch range, a hand-me-down round table and dresser, and we had a pretty rug on the floor," she recalls.

A year later, Ernest decided to go into farming. They had Ralph. Don, Elaine and Helen joined the family. Dora died at three days old.

They enlarged the home in town where Neva still lives. They also homesteaded several summers on a quarter section southeast of Castle Dale to gain grazing acreage for the cattle.

"We took cows, pigs, horses and kids and lived in a log cabin. The wind blew blue clay particles into everything. The boys bought 20 lambs from Jorgensen's ranch. We had plenty of milk and fed them on bottles. One day we all went into town. When we came home we found out the pigs had got out and eaten up all the lambs," she said.

The Jensens belonged to a dance club where such favorites as the Spanish waltz, Danish slide off, Virginia reel, polkas, schottisches and quadrilles were played. Ernest and Nephi Williams played harmonica while Erastus Larsen pumped the organ.

Every town had an Old Folks committee that planned a big celebration once a year. "We would gather up the old folks at 11 a.m., serve them a big dinner and have a program in the afternoon. Everyone had chickens, beef, cream and eggs and it was not hard to fix a meal," she said. "It was something the young folks did for the older."

Neva worked on the sewing commitee for years before there was a mortuary in town. She helped Mary Rasmussen make the pleated robes and lay out the dead. " Ernest and I would leave our children and sit up all night. We would change the wet cloth on the deceased face. We did it to spare the immediate family." It was customary for the deceased to lie in state in the family home the night before the funeral.

When Ernest died suddenly of an embolism caused from a leg fracture in a horse accident, it was Neva herself who kept vigil the night he was brought home for the last time. She could not believe they were so soon parted, after only 29 years.