

PERSONAL RECORD

Name: Lucy Cordelia Hansen Nielson
Father: Hans Christian Hansen Mother: Mary Lenora Morley
Born: 1 June 1889 at Molen, Emery Co. Utah
Blessed by and baptized by: Elder Hans Christian Hansen
on 1 of June 1897 at Molen, Emery Co., Utah in Ferron Creek
Confirmed on 1, June, 1897 by Elder Lyman S. Beach
Married to Niels Wilford Nielson (Hune) on 25 Sept. 1912
Where: Castle Dale, Emery, Utah by J.P. Archer Willey
Endowed and Sealed at Manti Temple, Manti Utah on 13 July 1916
Sealed to Niels Wilford Nielson (Hune)
Patriarchal blessing by Charles Pulsipher on 24 June 1912
Special appointments: 1- Molen Ward Sedetary of Primary
2- Councilor in Primary Presidency,
3- Teacher of Sunday School
4- President of Y. W. M. I. A.
5- Secretary and Treasurer of Amusement Committee
6- Set apart by Elder William M Larsen to
Temple View Stake Library Committee
on 3 May 1956.

I was born the Tenth child in a family of eleven, Five years after my parents, with three girls and one boy had left Manti Sahpete Co. Utah, to take up pioneering residence in Molen, Emery Co. Utah. They having buried two boys and a girl in Manti.

This small community was being established on Ferron Creek. My home was built of logs and adobe, with blue clay spread over the floor as a roof. Mother raid every morning she threw cold water on the floor to rid the place of fleas which crawled from the cracks of the dry earth by the thousands. And lizards were numerous.

I remember my trundle bed, my swing beside mothers big spinning wheel. My doll was made of an old apron doubled and rolled tightly then tied with a strip of cloth. Above which was the head. There were no arms or legs but it was a loveable companion.

I remember sitting astride my father's foot and enjoying a hilarious ride while he sang "Oh Susanna," or "Sweet Betsey from Pike" or "Good by, My Love Goodby". I remember listening to my parents and older sisters and brother sing hymns. There were Charlotte (Lottie), Effie, Ellen and Lafayette. Lottie and Effie were married so weren't always with us, they joined with soprano, Alto and tenor voices. Father was tenor, mother soprano. Father was a fine violinist. Lafayette played the harmonica and "Little Joe", an insturment of the guitar family. Lovely music, sweet voices and wonderful memories.

~~My father led the choir taught by the priesthood classes, presided over Sunday School. Was 1st Councilor to Bp. Hans P. Rasmussen and Bp. Lyman S. Beach.~~

His time, finances and support was at call anytime I was set apart by Bp. Arnold Hunt, May 3 rd 1959 genealogical committee, Harvard ward, Liberty Stake, Salt Lake City Utah.

Often he has been acting deputy sherrif when outlaws made raids on the railroad express at Price.

I remember one such episode, when Sherrif Tuttle was shot by the "Mickle boys" who robbed a train in Price, tore down the telegraph line and rode between our house and corral on their way to the "Robbers Roost". the robbers got gsay in the bad lands of the desert now being mined for uranium. Sherrif Tuttle was wounded. He carried the bullet to his grave many years later.

Mother held many offices in the ward, Primary President, 16 years, teacher of Sunday School and Relief Society. Sewing for the dead, s who were buried in coffins made by my father.

I've been a problem child. I remember following mother, impatiently teasing for my beans, I had had a serious illness and had learned how good beans were, She would put some on to cook and I could not wait until they were done. When she put some in my little cup I'd sit on the hearth of the fireplace and enjoy my delicious snack.

Pa made a swing for me in the chaff house with a heavy logchain. It came down on me, smashing my nose, I was alone and when I got to the house I was covered with blood. I remember Bp. Lyman S. Beach and father administering to me and Bp. pushing my face back and adjusting my nose, By the way, Bp. Beach was our dentist, doctor, bonesetter and all in a found help in need. He had the misfortune of a serious accident in Price Canyon, cutting ties for the railroad. His leg was badly broken, not properly set, and as a result his right leg was shorter than the left. He walked with a decided limp.

I fell off a teeter totter and broke my right arm, I attended Primary, Sunday School, Fast meetings on Thursday, until they were changed to Sunday. I learned to pay tithing everyday as I gathered eggs My school teachers of the District school, were Mr. Warf, Mr. George A. Weggeland, Miss Emily Borgensen, Mr. Peter B. Johnson, and Thomas A. Ellison, under whom I graduated 27 May 1906 from the eighth grade also Nephi L. Williams Jr.

I attended the Emery Stake Academy at Castle Dale, Emery Co. Utah during 1906 and 1907.

George F. Hickman, Principal, John T. Hand, Archer Willey, Dan Thomander, Frank Buyman, Mrs. Elmer Day, and Miss Laura Hickman were teachers. I studied Book of Mormon under John T. Hand, who also taught music Sister Day taught Home Ed., Bro. Thomander and Frank Guyman taught mathematics. Bro. Willey was my Geography teacher and home visitor.

During this winter these wonderful teacher brought to our isolated communities such treats as Elder B.F. Roberts and the musicians of Professor Andelin, and Arvilla Clark saturday. Miss Hickman developed the dramatic talent of Louise Kofford, Melvin Hill, Perry Snow, Lucinda Bunderen and others. She directed the "Merchant of Venice" which was very well given all thru' the county and won her praise.

These teacher were chosen by the L.D.S. Church School Committee They were all true blue latter day Saints, in all their activities.

Finances were unavailable for more school years. 1906 and 1907 were my last. I never learned to play any musical instrument. I liked to sing, but wasn't very good at that. I have no talent for fancy work that is common to most women.

I had the privilege of knowing my grandmother Hansen. She spent a short time at our home in Molen, not long before her death. She gave me a string of beads, of which I still have a few. Her home was always Manti.

I have had my prayers answered many times. When planting my garden seeds. I remembered the Sunday School song- We Are Sowing Daily Sowing It so nicely fitted what I was doing. Another song I love is- Should the changes of Life, Like the Tides Ebb and Flow- The Chorus- We'll Up and Go Try it Again, Again, We'll Up and Go Try it Again.

There was never a valley but hilltops appear,
Nor a storm was not spent to a calm.

Nor a pain without pleasure,
Nor a wound but there's always a hope,
Balm, though fear

June 24, 1912 when Patriarch Charles Pulsipher was in the Molen Ward giving Patriarchal Blessings to those desiring them, that was before the riling of these days which requires a recommend from the Bishop. Niels, my future husband, was in the crowd waiting their turn as he sat before Bro Pulsipher, who placed his hands on Niels' head, He paused before speaking, then leaning forward so he could look into Niels' face, he said, "Son you have never been blessed and named". Did you know that? Niels who had been christened in the Lutheran Church as a baby, said "no". Brogner Pulsipher then with Niels' consent proceeded to bless and name him. Brogner received his patriarchal Blessing. Now, since this was the first time in their lives that Bro. Pulsipher and Niels had ever met, it is a lasting testimony to me that the blessing and naming of babies is very necessary. Niels at this time was 26 years old.

On 26 June 1905, the farmers, my father included, went to the head of the Petersen Ditch on the Ferron Creek, to do some rebrapping to keep the high water from washing out the dam. My father's team and wagon was being used to stretch the wire and brush into place. It had rained in the night before, and that with the melting snow was more than a reservoir on Gerron Mountain could hold. The banks gave way and while these men were working several miles below a wall of water rushed down on them. The team, with my father in the wagon, panicked and made for shore. As the water hit the wagon, it lifted the wagon box above the standards and whirled it around. Father was thrown overboard. He saw the box might hit him so he swam under and tried to get the lines so he could control the team, but failed. The hind wheels of the wagon turned over, thus disconnecting them from the front wheels. Now the horses were free from everything but the front wheels of the wagon, and they left for home.

Since the other men were working on the bank of the creek farthest from home, they could only watch and pray. Father, an expert in the water swam after the horses, which left him far behind. His hat, coat, lunch were gone. The wagon box caught in the wire and brush so there it hung in the water.

When the horses arrived home, the gate was shut so they stood there waiting. I was watching the bees at swarming time in fathers absence. I saw the horses and, oh, I was scared, I knew something dreadful had happened.

Mother was recovering from a very severe illness. I did not dare tell her about the horses. So I went in and told her since Pa wouldn't be home for dinner, I thought I'd go up to my oldest sister's for a little while. She said to be home in time to fix supper for Pa.

As soon as I was out of her sight, I ran to the horses and getting up on the wagon tongue I turned them around and hurried them back to find Pa.

With tears streaming, I was praying that he was alright. I met Pa about a mile from home. Every thread of his clothing was wet. He was bareheaded and worrying about Ma. Should she have seen the team. He hugged me tight and asked "What about your mother, does she know? I told him what I had told her. He "Thanked God."

Did not go on back with him but went back to mother. She was not surprised when I returned so soon for I told her Lottie (my sister) wasn't home. I don't think she ever knew just what happened.

That was the day Bro. George Biddlecome and daughter Rachel, drowned in Ferron Creek, four miles above Ferron, in the same flood. Pa never found his hat, coat lunch, quilt, standard, Kingpin, axe

crowbar or pitchfork, but the most important of all, his life was preserved.

It would take a long time and lots of paper and ink to write all the experiences of my life. I have had dreams come true. As has my son. On one occasion, we were spending a few days at Emery with Niels' Parents. During the night Dee, aged about three, sat up in bed crying very hard. I hurried to his bed to comfort him. He sobbed "They shot my cat and threw her on the shed." "Of course", I coaxed him, "it was just a dream," So vivid did it remain with him, he could scarcely wait to get home. As soon as he could get there he climbed on the shed and ran to the south end and there sure enough was his mother cat, shot dead.

The Two baby kittens were nearly starved, so badly, one died, the other Fen with a spoon, grew well and fat under Dee's tender care.

When Dee was four years old, His father brought a little puppy home from Cleveland, For the next eighteen years, there were inseparably

SOME FAMILY HISTORY OF HANSENS LINE

BY LUCY HANSON NIELSON

My paternal grandparents Jens and Charlotta Sophis Dorthnea Petersen (Mikklesen) Hansen of Kizerpft, Roskilde, Denmark were well-to-do farmers with two small children, a girl Karen Maria and a son Hans Christian. When the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Erastus Snow, George P. Dykes and John E. Forsgren were sent from Salt Lake City on the 19 Oct. 1849, sought them out and converted them to its principals and ordinances. They were baptized by a Danish missionary Fredrick C. Sorensen in April 1852. Ice was cut for this ordinance in a river and grandmother was baptized first. A note from a family history written by their youngest son Joseph Hansen of Price, Utah. "She was baptized first because the Elder thought she might get scared and back down. They did not know my mother, she never did back down as subsequent history proves most conclusively (end of quote).

Jan. 7 1853 this family with 292 other Danish converts left Liverpool, England on the Good Ship Forest Monarch for New Orleans, U.S.A. This three year old boy was my father Hans Christian Hanson.

Grandfather had sold his possessions and turned several thousands of dollars into the keeping of those entrusted with the Company Funds, to provide means of transportation across the plains and become established in "Zion" Salt Lake City, Utah. Upon their arrival in St. Louis, Missouri. The funds had dissipated and only one old, bony, yoke of oxen and a wornout wagon was available to accommodate this family of five and that of grandmother's sister, her husband and three small children. This was a great faith testing experience for these people who could not yet speak the American language. The belongings of my grandparents were packed in two large wooden boxes, one of which was four inches higher than the other. On these boxes were made their bed. On 14 Feb. 1853 grandfather's birthday, grandma gave him another girl baby, Geraldine, born in midatlantic and on this very uncomfortable bed. These were most disagreeable conditions for there was no place to wash and dry baby things. On board ship "Forest Monarch" Atlantic Ocean Grandmother's sister and family remained in Iowa. Lost the "faith" and never saw each other again.

They encountered the fistfuls of pioneer travel across the plains until they reached Emigration Canyon and had their first sight of "Zion", Salt Lake City, 29 Sept. 1853. They noted again from Uncle

FAMILY HISTORY FOR THE HANSEN FAMILY LINE BY LUCY HANSON NIELSON

Joseph's writings:" Eight months and 22 days had passed since leaving their home near Copenhagen, Denmark, Brandmother remarked her disappointment was so great she would have rather laid down and died than have to spend the rest of her life in such a desolate location" She did not have to live here, for on Oct 2 nd 1853, they took up their journey again, and finally arrived in Manti, Sanpere Co. Utah. a far more desolate situation.

It was 16 Oct. 1854 Jens Hanson filed declaration to become a citizen of the USA. Thrift and frugality became their way of life. No hide was discarded. Any fit for tanning was tanned and any left was used as "rawhide" for fixing fences etc. Grandfather was an expert tanner and blacksmith. No piece of metal was too small for some use from a horse shoe nail to a carper tack. Plow shares, wagon repairs and all other necessities were tooled there by him.

When Johnston's Army's wagons and provisions were burned and later discarded at the out bread of the War between the States, every bit of the metal was retrieved and much found its way into grandfather's shop, to be made over into things useful to the pioneers of Sanpete Valley.

Hans Christian Grew up under these conditions. During the famine created by the cricket invasion he and his older sister Karen Maria were sent out to gather "greens" for breakfast many times. These were eaten with only salt for seasoning. There was nothing else to eat He learned to speak Indian and play their games. His choice was the bow and arrow with which he became an excellent snot.

During his childhood he became an efficient herdsman. Daily herding the cattle along the river and keeping them from the unfenced fields. Two older indian boys learned of his noon lunch and made it a point to be on time. One day grandme gave him bread and milk in a tight lidded gail and a stought string, telling him to tie it to a willow and let it be out of sight in the stream beneath the water. Then to tell the indians he didn't have any lunch. They he wasn't telling the truth, so they broke tingly willows and switched his bare legs until he found his bucket and they ate it as before. Then his mother made two lunches so her little boy would not have to go all day without a bite to eat. When she made raw onion sandwiches they would not eat them but daddy did.

When Indian troubles were so bad in 1866 Hans C. joined the U.S. Army or what represented the army in Sanpete Valley, Being a messenger He owned a swift mare Black Bess who saved his life many times by speed and her keen sence of smelling the enemy lying in amush.

He was mustered into service on 1 april 1866 as a private in Capt. John Tuttle's Co. B. Infantry 2 nd Regular Sanpete Military District Militia of the territory of Utah was released 1 Nov. 1886 and again served as a private in Capt. Daniel Henry's Co. A Infantry 2 nd Regular Sanpete Military District from 1 May, 1867 to Nov. 1867. During Manoeuvres he was snot thru his right leg below the knee, and was retired from the services.

His father Jens Hanson was 1st Sergeant under Capt. Tuttle, often standing guard in the bastions of the fort. He had a regulation sword salvaged from supplies of Johnston's Army. Hans C. Hansen, was a musician having a tenor voice. He played the Violin). He lead the choir in Manti and in Molen after they moved there,

It would not be fair to grandmother Charlotta Sophia Dortnea Petersen Hanson, if I did not mention her wonderful pioneer qualifications. Her life was changed from one of security and comfort to that of poverty, danger and insecurity. Her faith in the Gospel never faltered and being a loving mother instilled it into her children. She was a member of the Manti Choir, assisted those less fortunate. She used her ingenuity in making and remaking clothing, and encouraged her husband, when the going got tough. She outlived him by many years. One bit I remember about her, was her way of sitting on the hearth by the fire place, knitting by firelight. I was about four years old at this time. I wasn't included in those who took her back home to Manti: by team of horses and covered wagon. I remember I kicked, scratched, and pulled my sister's hair. I was left in the home of my sister Effie L. Christensen. I still remember her patience and loving care and hope I have been forgiven.

She gave her consent for her husbands entering plural marriage. He married a Danish Maiden emigrant at Manti. Miss Maren Andersen, Born 8 June 1833. They were married in Old Endowment House, Salt Lake City, 17 Sept 1863.

As the daughter of Isaac Morley Sr. in charge of the affairs of the settlers of Manti and Sanpete Co., My mother Mary Leonora Morley grew up in every strict home. She learned implicit obedience to the laws of the church. Had the privilege of meeting the important people visiting this faraway outpost of civilization. Her companions were chosen with care and the educational facilities were taken advantage of. She attended the early schools, was taught all the womanly arts with knitting needles, needles and thimble and kitchen utensils. She was an avid reader especially the "Standard Church Works". Loved to sing and owned many Hymn books (I have her Primary Songbook of the early 1900?) was taught the Highland Fling Dance.

Her hands have fashioned hundreds of pieces of knitted lace, hose and jackets. Temple aprons were her special assignments thru' the Relief Society.

She lived thru' the trials of pioneer days altho' she was born in Manti the 26 March 1852. She told me how, when the indians were on the rampage threatening to wipe out the colony, her father parleyed with Chief Aaropine, and to prove he did not have a "forked tongue" (Meaning a liar) was forced to allow the indians to take his baby son to their mountain home as hostage.

When told of the demands of the indians grandmother refused bluntly. It was hours later, after prayers, tears, and arguments, that she agreed. Fearing the torture and death only savages could think of, the rest of the day, the long night and next day until their return was anguish, only those who have under gone it can imagine. The baby was returned on time and in very fine spirits, no harm had befallen him.

In the prayers offered by Pres. Brigham Young setting grandfather apart for the Manti Mission he was promised if he lived up to the Gospel's laws and "Keep the Commandments of God" not a hair of his head or of his children would ever be harmed by the indians. This prayer was answered fully in their lives and especially in behalf of this tiny bay.

Mother was also a member of the Manti Choir and thru' Choir practice every Thursday night, a romance came to her. James C. Brown was Choirster. Hans C. Hanson became her steady escort home. On 3 Jan. 1870 they, with several other couples, went to Salt Lake City, were

married in the Old Endowment House by Daniel M. Wells. One of the couples being Robert Johnson and Annie Hougard. They later made their home in Orangeville, Utah as pioneers in the late 1880's

Eleven children were born to the Hansen family. Being the tenth. During the early married life of my parents, a friend became in need and persuaded my father to mortgage his farm to obtain money to meet the bill and my father lost his farm thru' foreclosure.

At this time tragedy also came to my parents in the loss of two children with scarlet fever. Their little girl Edwinnette died July 3 rd, their little boy Hans Willis died July 4 th 1883. They are buried in one grave in Manti cemetery.

About this time explorations were being made in Castle Valley over the mountains to the east of Sanpete Valley. Father made investigations and eventually located land in what was named Molen, after the surveyor, Micheal Molen, and moved his family there in Aug. 1884. There they resided the balance of their lives.

Hans Christian Hansen was 1st Councilor to Bp. Hans Peter Rasmussen for many years and was also ward clerk for several years. Was ward choirster, ward teacher and Sunday School teacher.

He was 1st councilor to Bp. Lyman S. Beach and finally was Presiding elder in the Molen Ward when it was joined to the Ferron ward.

His hands fashioned the caskets for the dead, His team furnished transportation to the cemetery. His wise council gave comfort, his finances, aid. He worked on all civil projects, building canals, the school house, the two meeting houses and many of the homes. He was often called to administer to the sick. Was present when the giant tree fell on his companion in Price Canyon, Lyman S. Beach. The fractured leg healed but was several inches shorter and Mr. Beach always walked with a decided limp. They were cutting ties for the railroad

Mary L. Hansen was called to many ward offices. She was president of the Molen Primary for 16 years. She was Sunday School teacher and worked in the Relief Society. When the Genealogical Society of Utah was organized she bought a Life membership.

My parents were at the dedication of the Manti Temple. They heard the "Heavenly Choir" sing on that occasion.

Uncle Joseph Hansen says. "On the 21 st day of April 1877 President Brigham Young dedicated the spot for the building of the Temple on the hill northeast of Manti. I saw a great crowd of people who had assembled on the hill to witness the services. The Manti Choir directed by James C. Brown, sand Father and Dorthes wer members. Two days later Hans and I were plowing in the Danish field, when at about eleven o'clock Fred Cox rode up to us and said the oxen wer wanted on Temple hill at one o'clock today, to start plowing the ground for building the temple. These oxen with Hans driving broke the first ground for that sacred edifice."(end of quote) This shows the spirit which controlled these people, spring plowing, planting crops for their food laid aside to break ground for a building, and no complaints, no ~~with~~ murmuring.

My parents left many testimonials to the goodness of our Heavenly Father. They had many brushes with death in serious accidents and they always acknowledged His hand in their blessings. Family prayer was rigidly practiced, night and morning. I know of having Jews, Lutherans Presbyterians and Friends (Quakers) at my fathers table but he always asked the blessing on the food regardless

Hans C. Hansen was a modest man who seldom spoke of his heroic episodes of indian war days.

Uncle Joseph Hanson said " Hans was 15 or 16 years old when with Robert Johnson were sent to Ephriam with a war message on a very dark night. On their return when some three or four miles north of Manti, they heard horses running very fast near them. Hans was riding a mare Queenie, who was one of the fasters horses known. Robert could not keep up with Hans on his horse so both boys rode Queenie and out ran the horses that seemed to be pursuing them.

A company of men left Manti immediately when the boys reported the incident to Capt. Tuttle. They found a band of wild horses who had been stampeded by indians, who could not catch the bowy themselves, hoped the wild horses would. They recovered Robert's horse and saddle.