

## Luella Frank Jensen

*A Sketch or History of My Life – Started in January 1960*

I was born 4 December 1891 in Providence, Utah, the second child and eldest daughter of Louis and Ella Elizabeth Haderlie Frank. Our family consisted of twelve children, four sons and eight daughters. They named me Luella after both of my parents and my twin brother was named Louis Winfield. He lived only nine months – died of pneumonia. We were born at the home of my mother's parents, John Ulrich and Anna Zollinger Haderlie. Dr. Ormsby and Elizabeth Fuhriman assisted in bring us into the world. Elizabeth recently returned from studying Obstetrics and this was her first case. She said she was about ready to resign her profession as it took five days to get us here.



Louis and Luella Frank – 5 Months Old

When I was two years old we lived in Logan Canyon during the summer, where Father hauled logs for Crowther's Saw Mill. Mother said she gave me a cup with bread and milk in it, and when I was so quiet she found me behind the door feeding a water snake. Father got the lumber out to build a home and got the frame work up and roof on. This was later sold to Jacob Zollinger and is the home where William R. Zollinger lived.

We left here and moved to Nounan, Bear Lake, Idaho, on the church ranch. We were living on a hill. The snow had become drifted and crusted. Father made me a hand sled and gave me a start down the hillside. I went out of sight in a snow bank at the bottom of the hill. Father could always find something to laugh at and was laughing while Mother was nearly frantic until he got me out safely. We lived in four different homes while in Nounan. At one home there was a water pump on the porch. One morning when it was covered with frost, I put my tongue on the spout, and it stuck there. So like a child, I pulled it off – the skin stayed with it. It is surprising "how I can talk", but nothing very hot can go into my mouth to this day. We lived in Nounan about 3½ years. I went to school in Nounan 1 year. The winters were really cold; we wore woolen clothes and leggings. We could walk on the crusted snow 2 or 3 miles. My sister Hazel went with me. One day as we were standing by the stove to get warm, I had my back toward the stove which was red hot, and my dress got burned, burning the back out. My teacher was Ella Mae Morgan, a red head. She later became Mrs. Nephi Skinner.

One day Hazel and I were playing by the mowing machine, I was on the seat and happened to put my foot on the gadget that moves the knife as she touched the knife, so it cut her finger, not bad however, but she insisted that I put my finger on the chopping block and let her hit it with the hatchet, which I did as I always gave in to her. I am still wearing the scar. Of course, she got spanked.

Another time, Hazel and I took our brother Austin to school with us as Father and Mother went to Montpelier to shop. We were told to hurry home after school was out, but instead we played with other children, so when we got home we were punished and sent to bed, but Austin got some candy. Of course, we were really mistreated we thought.

Another time Hazel and I were to do the churning while Father and Mother were doing the evening milking. Mother fixed it all ready in a big barrel churn on the platform outside the kitchen door. I suppose we were told not to open the churn. But like children anxious to get done, we decided to peek, and while I lifted the lid, she moved the crank and the butter in the curd stage was emptied on the platform. Well again like children, we got a big dishpan and a dipper and gathered it up dirt and all. We really had speckled butter. Mother picked out all she could, then finished churning it. Then she rendered it and used it for cooking. That's once we really deserved a spanking we didn't get.

We had 3 lambs, really playful. Hazel, Austin, and I each claimed one. They would give us a real surprise at times with a run over our large woodpile, and we would get a bunt, all unexpected, sending us in circles or head over heels. Father had a large brood sow that was a real pet. Hazel and I used to take a small bucket and each sit on one side of her and pretend we were milking, but no milk. We would gather bird eggs along ditch banks and anywhere we could find them. We knew practically each bird and their eggs. Sometimes we boiled them and decided to have a play dinner. Sometimes there were birds in them when we opened them. We never did eat any of the eggs, but we did pretend. We gathered pine needles for some kind of tea we thought, and at one time, Father had been shoeing a horse, and we gathered some shavings from the hooves for coconut. Our play table looked inviting, but I'm sure it wouldn't have been very nourishing.

One summer Mother's parents came in a ludon or white top buggy to visit us. Grandpa used to chew tobacco, and he left some in the buggy, I suppose to finish later. Hazel and I got it and chewed it while we played in the buggy. Well, we were really sick. We gave up that habit in a hurry.

We got our drinking water from a clear creek that ran though our back yard. Hazel was lying on her stomach getting a dipper full, I stepped over her, not even touching her, anyway she fell in. We thought she was doomed as the creek emptied into Bear River several blocks away, but she came out safely. Another time I was bringing a small bucket of water to the house. It

was just starting to rain, a clap of lightning came, it must have struck the bucket as I spun around like a top and was sick for several hours.

Bands of Indians used to come through the valley, and when we disobeyed Mother, she said, “The next time the Indians come, I’ll have to give you to them.” One day we were gathering thistles to eat. We would strip them and skin them, and they were really good to eat. While doing this, we heard Indians coming. We sure picked up our feet and ran to the house and crawled under the bed to hide. We saw a buck go past the window on his pony. They camped outside our place several days. Father had several squirrel traps and caught squirrels for the County. He had to cut their tails off, then he got paid so much for each. He took them to the Indians after cutting the tails off. They rolled them in some kind of mud and baked them in their bon fire. They would break off the dry mud, and the skin came off with it. The meat looked like chicken breast. A papoose was born while they were camped there. Father took us to see it. We thought it was really cute. Though I was afraid of Indians then, I love to have them come to see me now.

I was baptized 28 July 1900 by Alfred Brigham Crabtree in Bear River just south of the bridge leading to Georgetown, Idaho. Bishop Edgar M. Lindsay confirmed me in Sacrament meeting. We moved back to Providence in August 1900 so mother could take care of her parents. I started here that fall with Diana Hammond as my teacher. I attended each grade in our public school with the following teachers: Diana Hammond, J. R. Thompson, Joseph Campbell, and Lorenzo E. Tibbitts. Mr. Tibbitts was the Principal.

During the summers while I was growing up, I helped my father on the farm – helped haul hay. I would pitch hay onto the hayrack on one side of the wagon and father on the other side. Father farmed Grandfather Haderlie’s farm. At different times I herded cows, sometimes Hazel went with me. We took some lunch and stayed practically all day. I love horses, and we had a very good riding pony. We called her Babe. She was a bay mare with a white stripe face. She was a wonderfully fast trotter. I used to drive the cows to pasture and bring them home. I would race any of the boys or girls in town and always came out ahead. I learned to milk cows. At one time, we had a roan cow called Shorty. I liked to milk her. She had a loose hanging wart on one teet. I pulled it off, away she went, tipping the milk over and me sitting there on the milk stool, while she ran round the corral. I worked in the sugar beet field, hoeing, thinning, and



Hazel and Luella Frank

topping. In fact, I helped with the beet harvest the fall before I was married. Grandfather had several hives of honeybees, and in the summers, he took them out of the shed. Hazel and I tacked strips of carpet around to enclose our bed and slept there. Mother stored the coal heaters there for the summer. One morning, Father came to wake us. He laughed and said, "You girls better wake up and look at yourselves." We were really painted up like Indians with soot from the heaters and our clothes were hanging high up in the apple trees. We found it was a prank by Eliza and Julia Gessell, our neighbors.

I joined the young ladies mutual when I was 14 years old. Mary A. Marler Tibbitts was the president. I also enjoyed being on programs in school and other organizations. The school always held a program of drills and singing, dialogues, and recitations and a children's dance on Washington's birthday. I sometimes wish we had drills now-a-days. They were beautiful where we carried the stars and stripes. I had a good singing voice and took part in many of the programs both in school and the ward as I grew older. I joined the ward choir when I was 15 years old. Joseph A. Smith Sr. was the conductor. Emily Maddison was the organist. In May 1907 when our 8<sup>th</sup> grade students graduated, each Principal in the County took their class to the Brigham Young College in Logan and all took the examinations together with a teacher rather than our own watching each class. We spent 2 days taking examinations, then the students from the County held the graduating exercises at that same place, and my average was 96 per cent. We received our certificated there. From this exercise, I went to the home of Dr. and Mrs. O. H. Budge where I had promised to help with the house work and the children.

Soon after joining the mutual, I learned to waltz at one of the ward dances. Alfred B. Crabtree, the same man who baptized me and whom we affectionally called Uncle Al had the courage to teach me for which I am grateful. All our entertainments were held in the ward chapel in the rock building. The red brick portion was added in 1925. In 1905 a large pavilion was built across the street from our chapel with the best dance floor in the valley and a good stage where traveling groups came and some of our local talent performed. The young folks from all around came to enjoy themselves.

About twelve of we girls held lots of Halloween parties and candy pulls at one home or another, also surprise parties – never a dull moment. One evening some fellows from Millville kept bothering us, so we finally saw a chance to get rid of them. While part of the girls talked to them, the rest of us unharnessed their horse and put the harness in a canal. While they look for it we got away from them, "A mean trick." But it worked.

I stayed at the Budge home until August 1907, then came home to get ready to go to College. I wished to become a school teacher or a nurse, but I was disappointed, I couldn't save much money for school as my wages were \$2.00 per week, and Dr. Budge fixed my teeth – \$1.00 each week went on that bill which was \$10.00. So I got a few clothes and that's about all.

My folks didn't have the means to send me. Grandfather had promised he would send me, but he must have forgotten. He didn't say anything when it was time, and I wouldn't ask him. Father said he'd borrow the money, but I refused. So I went to work for different people in their homes, going back to the Budge home 3 different times when they needed me. They treated me like one of the family. I also worked at the Jacob Gessell home a short time, at the Horton Hammond home, at the John Spande home, at the J. E. Johnson home, and at the Charles H. Hart home – was only at this home about ten days when I got the mumps and exposed their children. Mrs. Hart was surely mad at me. I was only 16 years old and there were 17 rooms in the house, 5 children and a nephew, James Osmond, staying there going to College. It was a cold January day when I woke up all bloomed out with mumps on one side. The day before I worked hard all day, helping her to cook and she served 42 women of some club or other. I even went out and milked the cow as we ran out of milk for cooking. But when I had the mumps she was going to let me walk home to Providence. But the nephew said, "I'll miss a class in school to take her home," which he did. He hitched up the dappled grey and took me home. I have never seen him since but would certainly like to thank him for his kindness. I didn't go back there to work.

I learned a variety of ways to cook and do house work. In the fall of 1908, I went to work at the American Steam Laundry on East Center in Logan. I got \$6.00 per week which was the biggest wages I had made thus far. I had to walk to Logan to work and home again. Included in the group who worked with me were Irene and Desta Campbell, Malinda Bauman, Edith Jensen, Malinda and Estella Jones and my sister Hazel. Some of the girls quit before I did. Sometimes in warm weather, I helped milk cows both morning and night. I had the privilege to take only 13 organ lessons while I worked at the Laundry – had to get up early and practice before leaving home at 7 a.m. to walk to work, then take my lesson during my noon hour. My teacher was Mr. Smurthwaite, the first man who played the pipe organ in the Logan Tabernacle. After working at the laundry about a year, I quit. I worked at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ault and helped them move to Logan. I also helped at the George Marler home when Mrs. Marler broke her hip. I then went to work at the home of Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Budge in November 1909. The later part of January 1910, I quit there to be home with mother as she was expecting a baby. I asked her when it was to arrive but got no answer. I had been keeping steady company with Gottfreid Valdemar (Fred) Jensen for 1½ years, and we were planning to be married. Not knowing when mother's baby was due, we planned to be married 27 April 1910. The baby came 15 April. We were encouraged by neighbors and friends to go ahead when we had the date set which we did and were married 27 April 1910 in the Logan Temple by President William Budge. We would have waited until June, but not knowing the details, we were married. I came home to help with the work. I taught the Primary class in Sunday School for a year before I was married.

After our marriage, we lived in Millville for 5 months. I worked in Religion Class and sang in the choir. We moved to Providence in October 1910. Our first child and eldest son was born, Frank Valdemar, 30 May 1911. I joined the Relief Society before he was born and have worked in that organization since that time having served as work director, chairman of committee on burial clothes for 4 years, social science leader 2 years, have been chorister for 18 years and am still holding that office. I am also a visiting teacher, which I have done for more than 30 years. Harry was born 16 January 1913. That year we had a lot of snow. I was asked to work on the Old Folks Committee, which I did for 18 years and really enjoyed that work. We held a party twice each year and went to a lot of work and expense for these affairs. Most of the married people in town would attend, but all over 60 years were honored guests, as were widows and widowers. This was our winter parties. Then the summer parties were with the Stake and only the guests were invited. Our ward was divided in 1909 but the two wards still met together for the winter parties. We held these parties in the Pavilion where we had the basement to serve the dinners from long tables then the stage for the programs. The two Ward Committees would meet together and choose some of the members to act on various committees, programs, games, music, and the dinner, then the women would meet after visiting or calling each woman in town to see if they wanted to help with dinner. Then we would put them in groups with a chairman. They would meet and decide on their menus. Some chose to serve dinner and some supper. So we had 2 big meals, then between meals relays and games, and some old time dances. More program after supper and a dance - a big day and all worn out.

Ethyl was born December 11, 1914 and Dorothy March 4, 1917. The night before Dorothy was born it snowed so much, the snow was up to the top of the fences. The Doctor had to come with a horse and cutter. That day Father was in Salt Lake to meet the train bringing the soldiers from the Mexican border. My brother Austin was with them. The boys were home on leave and then they were stationed at Fort Douglas, Salt Lake City.

In the fall of 1918, an epidemic of flu was raging and Fred had pneumonia. We all caught it from him. His mother came to help us, but she got sick and had to leave. My sister, Genevieve came and wore a mask. She mixed the mustard plasters then brought it to me. We were all down with flu. Fred on one end of the bed and me on the opposite end with a child by our feet and one in the baby buggy and one on chairs where I could reach and test their temperature. I would kneel in bed and put the plasters on Fred and then take them off and rub with oil. He was really bad, the Doctor said after that he didn't expect he would get out alive. Bishop Godfrey Fuhriman wore a mask and came in and administered to him. He was healed. The disease went like the wind as Brother Fuhriman prayed for. Therma was born 11 January 1919. She was a small baby but a full time baby. All were well again and very grateful to be alive to raise my family as many pregnant women died from flu.

Marjorie was born 7 August 1921. Clark G. was born 10 March 1924 – everyone happy for another boy. In 1942, he was drafted into the army of World War II. After about 1½ years, he was released having had a nervous breakdown and was in the Bushnell Hospital at Brigham City. LuDene was born 22 March 1927. Another small baby, but she grew and did well. I had my tonsils out during this pregnancy. Hal Ramon was born 28 February 1930. He weighed 9½ pounds. Dorothy and Therma had small pox in September before Hal was born, and we all had to be vaccinated. I was sure sick, but the baby did well. In March 1932, I had a terrible hemorrhage, almost lost my life. This proved to be a false conception. I was 4½ months pregnant. No baby, but normal afterbirth. The following year 11 February 1933, Stephen Louis was born. He weighed 11 pounds and gained 1 ounce each day for several weeks. This baby seemed to bring me good health again. I have been normally well since.

During the years we were raising our family, we enjoyed entertaining our many friends, had sleigh riding parties and surprise parties and enjoy working in the ward. I am the ward chorister for Community, also chorister in Primary and a class leader. I sing in our ward Relief Society chorus conducted by Mary Zollinger. Since our families are married, we have traveled considerable to visit them in Seattle, Washington, California and Ogden. Naturally we try to help them when they have sickness and trouble. We enjoyed a trip to Palmyra New York to the Church Pageant in August 1953. We traveled in 2 chartered buses with 60 people, temple officiators and their companions. We followed the Old Mormon Trail as well as we could going East, visiting many points of interest en route. On our return, we visited Washington D.C. and points of Church History. On our way home when we were in Vernal, Utah, Fred took sick. He had a ruptured appendix and was operated on soon after we got home. Thanks to the new drugs and faith and prayers of family and friends, he recovered.

I worked at the Logan Cache Knitting Mill as a seamstress for 14 years. I have always done the sewing for my family and some for friends. I retired in December 1956, and on 8 February 1967, I was set apart as an officiator in the Loan Temple by Nolan P. Olsen and enjoy the work very much. I am chorister in the Elizabeth Camp D. U. Pioneers. This is the 3<sup>rd</sup> time I have had that job. I have been working on and sending for Genealogy on both Frank and Haderlie records coming from Sweden and Switzerland.

On 27 April 1960, our family entertained at a lovely dinner for our Golden Wedding anniversary at Hal's beautiful home in North Ogden. Dinner ware and glasses were gold trimmed. A beautiful wedding cake trimmed in gold was the centerpiece. It was a lovely evening. They took some moving pictures, and we enjoy seeing them occasionally. Therma came from Seattle. Marjorie, Frank, and Ethyl couldn't come. So very happy we were all together. Then as on 21 May 1960 when Stephen went on a fishing trip in Montana, he was killed. We are very sad from this and do miss him so very much. He was a wonderful son. I

feel as though my life was spared in 1932 when I had a terrible hemorrhage to bring him into the world. He was so good to us, and we all loved him so much as we also love his dear wife ReNae and their children. Hal and Stephen were inseparable and in business together. This shock has been hard for Hal. I'm so thankful for my work in the Temple, seems like we are close to him.

In December 1962, I was ill. The Doctor thought I had inner ear infection, but it proved to be high blood pressure caused from my gall bladder. It took sometime to get me ready for the operation. On February 5, 1963, I was operated on. They took out 3 large gall stones the size of pullet eggs. I was on the table 1½ hours and in recovery 2½ hours. I got along exceptionally well. Had a wonderful blessing by President George Raymond and Albert Westover before I went to the Hospital. Also the faith and prayer of my family and friends. Fred took care of me after I came home, Harry and Ann and Owen and LuDene came, did the cleaning, Ann bathed me until I was able to bend to do it. Ann also did the washing. Then I was able to go back to the Temple 1<sup>st</sup> of April 1963.

We had a lot of raspberries in September and October, so Fred and I were very busy. He couldn't work at the Temple; he quit the previous June, but he took me over and came for me. On October 31<sup>st</sup> I was ill, went to the doctor November 1<sup>st</sup> and they operated that day (hernia). I got along so very well, Fred was sick then, and he just didn't feel like he could drive me over to the Temple anymore. His appetite failed, and he got worse until January 7<sup>th</sup>, 1964. He went to the doctor, and they put him in the hospital where he gradually got weaker and his kidneys were worn out. He passed away February 8, 1964 – was relieved of his suffering.

March 24, 1964, Clark had a nervous breakdown and was taken to the hospital. Got better and was out for a month then had a relapse – was back in the Vet's hospital for several months. Finally got home, no interest in anything, now April 1965 he is better and able to work again. I spent 3 months each winter 1964-1965, 1965-1966, 1966-1967 in Glendora, California with Ethyl and family. Clark had another breakdown in July 1966 and in Vet's hospital. My knees are worn out and some arthritis in them so can't take the steps at the Temple since April 1966. They gave me a nice release in April 1967. I went to California January 29, 1968 and came home March 29, 1968. Clark back in Vet's hospital during the winter 1968-1969. I quilted 9 quilts for grandchildren during March and April 1970. I quilted 4 quilts for Stephen's children, makes 27 quilts for grandchildren. I have one more to do for Bruce. Ethyl and Monroe and Rob came July 7, 1970 – left July 17. Roy and Therma and Lynda came July 5, 1970 – left July 23. Was nice to have them visit again. Hal was operated January 25, 1971 for gall stones, 2 inward hernias and appendix. Getting along OK. April 1971, Bonnie at Speth's in bed, having so much trouble with pregnancy. LuDene finally gave out and sick again. Dorothy having no acid in stomach then later gall duct trouble. Ann had a heart attack May 26, 1971 was gone in a few

minutes. We are all broken hearted – surely miss her. Therma and Roy and Lynda came from Waco, Texas. Monroe and Ethyl came from Glendora, California. Harry is so terribly saddened.

Therma and Lynda came for Christmas 1971; they came by plane. Stayed 8 days. On December 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1971, my family entertained, honoring my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday anniversary, which was December 4<sup>th</sup>. It was a surprise dinner, held in the 1<sup>st</sup> ward recreation hall. The dinner was served at a long table, centered with a beautiful three tier cake with pink trim. Twenty enjoyed the evening of games and music following dinner. My granddaughters Bonnie Speth Loosli and Vickey Jensen DeHek sang duets.