

The Jens Franklin Anderson Story
1877-1932



Jens Franklin Anderson was born 14 November 1877. His father was Joseph Smith Anderson, born 3 October 1855. His mother was Annie Margaret (Margrethe) Nielson, born 20 March 1858. They had been married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City on 6 December 1875. He was twenty and she was seventeen. The next year a baby girl was born on 8 October 1876. They named her Ada. What more could they ask for. They had a nice log cabin with a wood floor and an attic. Now they had a sweet baby girl.

Now a year later, Jens Franklin was born. I'll bet Joseph S. was happy for a boy, with all the work needing to be done. He was soon interested in the world around him.

On 19 August 1880 there was another baby girl born, named Sidsel Ann, but they were not to keep her very long as she died 2 November 1880.

Then tragedy struck again. Five year old Ada was sent across the street to Christensen's to get some toothache medicine. It must have looked good to her as she drank it on the way home. She died from the effects 5 August 1881. This made a sad, sad family, but life must go on. On 28 April 1882 another baby boy for Joseph S.. They named him Joseph Lars. The next six years Annie was to have three more babies who only lived a short time.

About now they had built a nice new house, with a large room with a fireplace, a pantry, a big closet, a nice large front porch and a small back porch. There was a large attic above the large room. Awhile later they built four more rooms on the north. Two rooms upstairs and two rooms downstairs. Also a hallway with stairs. These were beautiful rooms. Each room had a chimney where a stove could be. The attic was now more available and part of it was made into another bedroom.

Edna was born 23 September 1893. A beautiful healthy girl. Eva was born 12 October 1896. Another healthy girl. And another girl was born 7 December 1898. They named her Estella. Then on 9 July 1901 another bouncing baby boy was added to the family. Now what a happy family with lots to do and learn.

Annie taught the children to work hard, to study, to sew, to cook, to always do their best and to love the church. Annie was Relief Society president for several years. Annie Margrethe died 6 November 1908 leaving three girls and a boy still at home without a mother. Edna was 15, Eva was 13, Estella was 10 and Lester was 7. Annie C. was around and I'm sure my dad Franklin and Eliza helped them when needed.

Joseph S. had two older brothers, Anders Peter and Christian. These two had been born in Denmark. Joseph S. was born in Fillmore. All three brothers had married Annie's. When his brother Christian died 3 October 1877 and left a family, Joseph S. helped her and then married her. They were parents of two sons. The first one died soon after birth. The second son, named Soren, lived with his mother. They had remained in her home. This Annie was known the rest of her life as Annie C..

In the meantime, Joseph S. and Annie had acquired more land and owned a molasses mill and were part owners of a saw mill in the canyon, north of the upper loop of the present resort. His sons Franklin and Joseph Lars helped him raise the cane for the molasses. He took barrels of it to sell as far away as Ely, Nevada. All of the family worked at the molasses mill in the season and one day Estella lost two of her fingers as she was putting cane into the cane grinder.

Joseph Smith's father was Jens Anderson and his mother was Ane Pederson. They had come to Utah as L.D.S. saints from Denmark. Brigham Young, hearing that Jens was a wheelwright, asked him to go to Fillmore. There they were given a small room in the fort. Jens became very ill and died when Joseph S. was eighteen days old. Ane was left with three small boys and none of them could speak or understand English. Their neighbor, John Lovell, was asked by the bishop to take care of them. John already had one wife and family but he admired Ane very much so he asked her to marry him. I guess he thought that was the best way to care for them. They all moved to Deseret, as the saints were spreading out through the area.

At Deseret the people gave Indians food to get them to help with the work of clearing greasewood and brush that was growing all over the valley. It was a big flat area and a river with plenty of water. They tried to dam off the river, to get the water out on the land, for eight hard years, with the dam washing out almost every year. So many decided to find another location. Some of the people had been herding animals in a meadow formed by water coming down a creek from the canyon. They called it Oak Creek and the new settlement Oak Creek.

Two young men, Peter Anderson and George Lovell, were the first ones to the site. They set up camp and started making a ditch to carry the water more to the south. When more people got to the site they sent a man to Salt Lake City to the Territorial Government. They thought at first the town should be square. The government people came and said to make it eight blocks long and three blocks wide. Church officials came and said to have wide streets. There was twenty four blocks with eight lots to a block. Measuring was done and lots divided. The head of each household was given a chance to draw for a lot. Several young men on hand wanted to get lots. Peter, Joseph S, and Christian were among them.

One history says there were only five homes built in Oak Creek the first year. There were twenty three families moved to Oak Creek in the summer and fall. They camped in tents, wagons, dugouts, etc.. They needed to get ready for winter. Houses, dugouts, ditches, corrals, fences all needed to be made. Everyone pitched in building, digging, getting logs from the canyon, or doing whatever needed to be done.

In the fall of 1868, John Lovell moved his two families to Oak Creek. They built a two room adobe house, with a fireplace in each room, for Ane and her boys. They had moved everything movable from Deseret, on a California type wagon, drawn by a team of mules called John and Tom. They tied a pig to the back of the wagon, but the pig didn't make it. They had hoped to kill it for meat and shortening for the winter, but the twenty two mile all day trip was too much for the pig.

There was lots of work to be done when Franklin was growing up and, he being the oldest, a lot was expected of him. I'm sure he enjoyed fun times too, like fishing, hunting, swimming, playing ball, dancing, horseback riding or anything that was going on around town. They tell a story about him and some of his friends taking apart a wagon and putting it back together again on top of the church house. I'll bet when Joseph S. found out about it that it didn't take them long to get it down again.

When Franklin was about twenty five years old he started stopping by Eliza Hartley's home. Eliza was the daughter of Farwell Hartley and Caroline Carlson. He'd sit on his horse while talking to her. She was embarrassed because she didn't have shoes so she would sit on the grass and cover her feet with her dress. Later he'd take her for buggy rides to the canyon, fields, etc.. After six months of courting they were married in the Salt Lake Temple 3 April 1902. She was eighteen. They camped out at Fool Creek in a tent for the next six months so he could work for his uncle, Lars Nielson of Leamington. I'll bet Eliza wasn't very far from him as he worked. In the fall they moved back into Oak Creek and started to build their house, a room at a time. I think the first room built was the middle room. It was used for everything. There was also a pantry, a place for a stove, a front porch and a small back porch. LeRoy says they had a big tent. Later they built the two west rooms. Then before Marlow was born in 1924, they built the two east rooms with a basement under and put a furnace in it. No more frost on the windows. The back porch was enlarged and screened in. We could sleep out there in the summer. The kitchen was moved into the northeast new room. It had lots of cupboards with shelves and doors on them and a big flour bin. There was also a cooler cupboard down in the corner where milk, butter, etc. were kept. The pantry was made into a bathroom when culinary water was piped in. The first stove I can remember in the new kitchen had a nice oven for baking. It had a water tank at the side of the oven. It held about six gallons of water to heat. This had to be filled as needed by carrying water from the ditch. This tank had a lid you could lift up and dip the water out. Later a water jacket was put in at the side of where the fire is and a nice fifty gallon tank was installed. Now there was hot or cold running water anytime.

The big new southeast room was used as a dining room and for entertaining. It had a large extension table with leaves to put in to make the table the right size for family or company. Many times it was out to its fullest capacity.

The year after Eliza and Franklin were married they were blessed with a healthy baby boy. They named him Loy. He was born 30 April 1903. Then on 26 December 1904 another baby boy arrived. He was named Lawrence. He was a busy lad, running everywhere almost at birth. On 23 October 1906 another baby boy. They named him LeRoy. I'll bet all these boys looked good to farmer Franklin. Again on 8 May 1909 another baby

boy they named Norvel Reuben. Whooping cough was going around and the baby contracted it and he died on 25 July 1909. Then with little time to grieve, another baby boy was born 16 June 1910. They named him Osmer Lars. He lived and worked hard and enjoyed life, but in a rock throwing incident one of his eyes was put out. He tried to wear a glass eye, but he couldn't wear it very long.

On 3 September 1912 a baby girl was born. Mom called her a blue baby as she couldn't lay her flat or she'd turn blue. Later they thought it may have been Pneumonia. She was named Alice. Oh, dear god! She died 2 March 1913. Mom said she didn't wash a certain place on a window, where Alice had left a handprint on it, for a long time.

On 19 February 1914 another baby boy arrived. He was a mischievous, little red headed, freckle faced, interested in everything boy named Carl. He had really got going good when on 5 April 1916 another baby girl arrived. No! Wait! Two baby girls! Girls! Twin girls! Joy of joys. They were named Ada and Eda. Grandfather Joseph S. came to visit several times a day to watch them.

Franklin and Eliza sure had their hands full when on 27 February 1918 another baby girl they named Elva came along. Then on 23 August 1920 another red headed, blue eyed girl they named Ann. What a load for a young couple married a little over eighteen years having had eleven children. What a houseful. But that wasn't all, for on 31 March 1924 another baby boy arrived. His name was Marlow. Grandfather Joseph S. came over and said, "Well Eliza, now you've got your full dozen".

One day mom caught Eda and me looking at a picture of her nursing the two of us out in the tent. She grabbed it and said, "Dad took that". We never saw that picture again. I thought it was neat but she was embarrassed.

Franklin worked hard all his life and especially now, to make a good home for his family. He always had plenty of wood for heat and cooking. He built good corrals, sheds and fences. He always took good care of his animals. There was a good chicken coop and chickens for eggs. A pig pen and pigs so they could kill some for meat to eat and lard for shortening and making soap. He raised hay, grain, corn, potatoes and melons. They had two orchards where he raised cherries, apples, peaches and pears. They sold lots of these things to people who stopped by for some and also took loads to Deseret, Delta and Leamington to sell. We always had plenty of milk, eggs and butter, etc.. They raised cane and worked at the molasses mill in the fall and had some of that to use. Dad loved his family and saw to it that they had what was needed. Mom really made good delicious molasses candy. She did a lot of sewing, making clothes, quilts and knit stockings for the family. She corded wool into batts to put in the quilts she had pieced out of left over material or the good parts of used clothing.

Franklin raised lots of grain and would haul it from the field and put it in stacks in our big yard. Two stacks were wheat, one of barley and one of oats. When the threshing machine came it was pulled between the stacks. There were a few workers come with, as they helped each other. The thresher had a big pipe that blew out the straw and Dad would direct the pipe so it would go where he wanted it. Some of the men pitched the grain bundles off the stack into the thresher. The grain came out spouts into sacks, which some other men carried to the granary and dump it into the bin. It was always fun to hunt for eggs in the fresh straw and us kids got to be in the bins to push the grain back.

Franklin was on the school board and also the irrigation board. He was given the job of turning the water for day or night turns. They paid him thirty cents a day for this job. He kept the job until they changed the system.

All the girls worked outside as well as in the house. When no boys were around to ride the stacker horse I usually did that. One day the horse stepped on my chapped foot as I was trying to get on it. One time Eda fell off and the horse stepped on her chest. No ribs were broken but the horse's foot print was there quite awhile. She didn't feel too good and she was kept in bed. She never liked horses after that.

We all worked hard but also had fun. We would camp in the canyon. We chased through the corn. Dad had a big corn field and cultivated it every week after water turns and had it free of weeds. We tromped hay, we hiked in the hills, played hide and seek, played ball and other games. In winter we'd sleigh ride down the jack hill east of our home. We'd tromp over the snow drifts. Dad would take us for rides in a two seat sleigh pulled with horses. It sure was fun. We would have candy pulls and parties. We had big dinners when relatives and friends would come. We picked peas, beans, washed dishes. We didn't mind the regular dishes but the cream separator and the kettle the cereal was cooked in was aggravating. Dad had a two-seater buggy with curtains

that could be pulled up or down. We'd go for rides in the canyon or over to Leamington to visit relatives there. Dad really enjoyed visiting all those Nielson families.

Dad always pulled our teeth and fixed our shoes when needed. We girls would sometimes walk to the fields, to take the cows down to pasture, with one of the boys. Indians would come to our house and mom would give them food so they wouldn't cause trouble. One day a big Indian was watching mom and said to Dad, "Heap good squaw" and Dad said, "Yes, heap good squaw". Dad always helped his neighbors, hauling wood, fixing or greasing wagons or taking care of animals, etc.. He took care of his brother Joseph Lars' family while he went on a mission.

Around 1928 or 1929 Dad bought a Buick car that had a top that could be folded down, four doors and two seats. We started to go to Fillmore one day and while going through the hills south of town there was quite a steep incline with a dug way on one side. I suppose horses pulling wagons made it fine but the car didn't want to. It started rolling back down the hill. Dad opened the door and put his foot out trying to guide it and to see where to go. I wondered if he was going to jump out and leave us but he quickly turned the steering wheel and backed the car into the hill. Then he turned the car around and we came home.

As in all families there is illness or accident. Mom had a lump come on the side of her neck and had a dream that it could be drawn off with egg and salt. So she kept working with that. It turned black and looked and felt terrible. She kept at it for fourteen years when it finally came loose and dropped off. She had to wear a scarf to hide it as it was scary to some people. We kids had all kinds of diseases. LeRoy got kicked by a horse. He also had small pox. Eda had also been hit in the head with a rock. What a bloody mess. Lawrence died at age fifteen from a lung disease. Later it was thought he had rheumatic fever. Marlow was playing at the washing machine and his arm went up over the top wringer and then down back in between the two wringers. His arm was broken in two places, both bones. Then one day I was hammering and Marlow put his finger on the nail just as I hit it. The nail made a hole in the bottom side and the hammer bruised the top. I locked up a hen with baby chicks but a skunk got in and killed all the baby chickens. It was always interesting to go see the mother pig with ten or twelve little piglets and to watch the curly lambs. We had to have funerals for dead birds or mice and make a grave for them and put flowers on them.

Eliza could tell stories of many kinds and every night at bedtime everyone would gather around to hear the stories. She taught Primary and Sunday School for many years and used some of the stories in her classes too. Dad always supported mom in her church jobs and always had meals ready when she and the children came home. He never did much in the church himself but was an Elder. Once in a while Dad liked to tell the story about when his father, Joseph S., and a group of men were camping in the canyon working on a road. They found bear tracks. So nothing would do but they go after that bear. They took up their guns and headed out. They tracked the bear for a long way, then lost the tracks. They sat down to think and rest when they saw the bear across the canyon. The oldest man with the best gun was given the first chance to shoot. He missed, so they all started shooting. The bear growled and started sliding down the mountain hitting into trees as he went. Then he slid out of sight. Joseph S. went to see where the bear was and he started sliding down the hill along the bear's trail. His companions shouted, "The bear's not dead". Joseph S. tried to stop but he couldn't. When the group found him he had landed on top of the bear, but the bear was dead. They dressed out the bear and when they saw the liver they decided they were hungry. So they sliced it up and made a fire. They put the meat on sticks over the fire and soon enjoyed every bite. They then buried the carcass of the bear in the snow. When they finished their work on the road they dug out the bear and headed home. When they got to Oak City they invited everyone to a barbecue of bear. Nearly everyone came to taste but few came back for seconds.

Franklin had worked hard all his life. Then in the last years of his life his hands started to swell and he would soak them in sage brush tea, which was a regular thing to use on horses and cattle. He would hold his arms over the stove and soak them in hot water on the stove. He would hold them up, he would hold them down. Nothing seemed to help. It was very painful all the time. The doctor in Salt Lake City, when they took him up there, said it was bone cancer. Little was known about cancer then and they said they would have to scrape the bones. He died 22 November 1932. He was greatly missed by family and friends.

Times were very hard after that. Carl did the best he could with the farm but he had lost his big toe and the next one to it when he was trying to get saw dust out from under the wood saw. Loy went to work on the railroad to help out. LeRoy was away from home working. Osmer spent his last few years in a rest home in Nephi. He had been hurt quite bad when a team of horses he was working with had run away with a hay rake.

He was never very good after that. He died 16 March 1972. Loy died of a stroke 28 January 1965. Ada and Eda were each given a city lot when they got married. They had to pay four years back taxes on the lots.

This history was written by Ada Anderson Jacobson, a daughter.

Notes

During most of these years babies were delivered by a midwife who was a woman trained in child birthing. She came to the home when the time came.

Once in a great while a doctor would travel around to towns and stay a few days caring for any problems and taking out tonsils. Dad's tonsils were taken out on our new dining room table in the new front room. Also several of us children had ours out then too, in our turn as well as several of the neighborhood children.

Brigham Lovell, Joseph S. Anderson's half-brother, was the first white child born in Deseret.

Water for home use was carried from the ditches. Finally in the fall of 1913 and spring of 1914 culinary water was piped to town.

Electricity was brought to town in January 1926.

Dad had tried to dig a well but it was a disappointment.

There was a community ice pond south and east of town. During the winter months the men would cut the ice with a special saw. They would store the ice in icehouses in saw dust saved for that purpose.

Dad always carried a stub of a pencil with him. He did his figuring on a post, a board or granary door. Most was done just east of the granary door.

I'm sure some years were harder than others. I know there was no money. A friend told me we were poor but I didn't know it.