

HISTORY  
of  
HANS RASMUSSEN  
and  
MAREN STEPHENSEN  
and Their Children

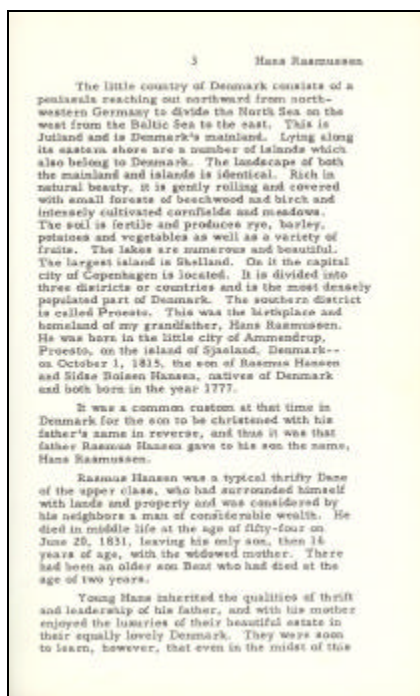
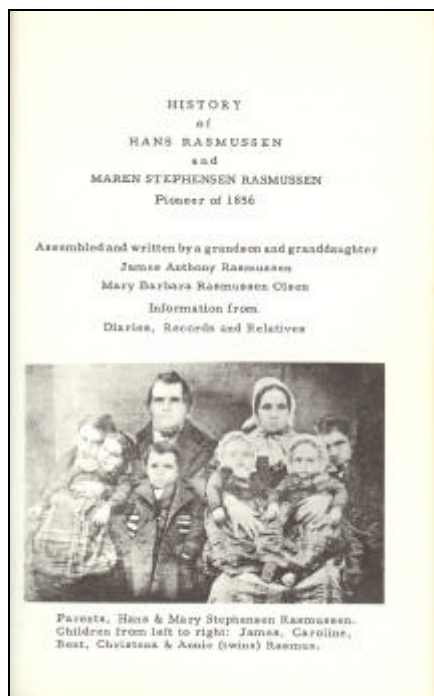
Compiled by  
MARY R. OLSEN



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A copy of the original publication was electronically scanned, and optical character recognition (OCR) software produced an electronic text document. Microsoft Word® was used to format the text. The text was manually edited with the aim being to preserve the margins (the original publication was a booklet of 9"x6" and text blocked 7x4), spelling, capitalization and punctuation, titles, image placement, paragraph indentation, page numbering and number of pages as are in the original. The typeface (Arial in this republication) and type size are not reproduced accurately; single spacing after periods is used as is the convention in the use of proportional typeface at the time of this republishing; spaces within words were removed; the two facsimiles "Emigration for the Copenhagen Conference" and "THREE GENERATIONS OF THE DECENDANTS OF HANS RASMUSSEN and MAREN STEPHENSEN" are fold-out pages in the original publication; and, of course, this note and the two images below did not appear on what is a blank page of the original. The use of the typewriter at the time of the original writing required the discretion of the typist to determine page breaks and margins; whereas with word processing software, used herewith, such formatting (the placement of page breaks, margins, orphaning, etc.) is executed automatically by the software's rules (in this case, defaults); therefore, page breaks and margins may not match exactly to the original publication. This electronic republication version 1.0 is an Adobe Acrobat® (.pdf) file.

Images of two inner pages of the original publication are given here for comparison.





HISTORY  
of  
**HANS RASMUSSEN**  
and  
**MAREN STEPHENSEN**  
and Their Children



Hans Rasmussen and  
Maren Stephensen

Compiled by  
**MARY R. OLSEN**  
222 North West Temple  
Salt Lake City 16, Utah



Emigration from the Copenhagen.

your Conference in the Spring 1856.

Family No	Name of Emigrants	Age	Sex	Place	State	Value	Exchange	Receipt	Total
1	John Petersen	40	m	Scandin					
2	Anna Petersen	38	w	do					
3	John Petersen	31	m	do					
4	John Petersen	8	m	do					
5	John Petersen	6	m	do					
6	John Petersen	4	m	do					
7	John Petersen	3	m	do					
8	John Petersen	2	m	do					
9	John Petersen	1	m	do					
10	John Petersen	32	m	do					
11	John Petersen	30	m	do					
12	John Petersen	28	m	do					
13	John Petersen	26	m	do					
14	John Petersen	24	m	do					
15	John Petersen	22	m	do					
16	John Petersen	20	m	do					
17	John Petersen	18	m	do					
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28	John Petersen	1	m	do					
29	John Petersen	40	m	Scandin					
30	John Petersen	30	m	do					
31	John Petersen	30	m	do					
32	John Petersen	9	m	do					
33	John Petersen	5	m	do					
34	John Petersen	3	m	do					
35	John Petersen	1	m	do					
36	John Petersen	49	m	Scandin					
37	John Petersen	47	m	do					
38	John Petersen	44	m	do					

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 1883 3 - 981 =

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216 0  
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 111 3 - 56 3 0 = 55 0  
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HISTORY  
of  
HANS RASMUSSEN  
and  
MAREN STEPHENSEN RASMUSSEN  
Pioneer of 1856

Assembled and written by a grandson and granddaughter  
James Anthony Rasmussen  
Mary Barbara Rasmussen Olsen  
Information from  
Diaries, Records and Relatives



Parents, Hans & Mary Stephensen Rasmussen.  
Children from left to right: James, Caroline,  
Bent, Christena & Annie (twins) Rasmus.



The little country of Denmark consists of a peninsula reaching out northward from northwestern Germany to divide the North Sea on the west from the Baltic Sea to the east. This is Jutland and is Denmark's mainland. Lying along its eastern shore are a number of islands which also belong to Denmark. The landscape of both the mainland and islands is identical. Rich in natural beauty, it is gently rolling and, covered with small forests of beechwood and birch and intensely cultivated cornfields and meadows. The soil is fertile and produces rye, barley, potatoes and vegetables as well as a variety of fruits. The lakes are numerous and beautiful. The largest island is Shælland. On it the capital city of Copenhagen is located. It is divided into three districts or countries and is the most densely populated part of Denmark. The southern district is called Proesto. This was the birthplace and homeland of my grandfather, Hans Rasmussen. He was born in the little city of Ammendrup, Proesto, on the island of Sjaeland, Denmark--on October 1, 1815, the son of Rasmus Hansen and Sidse Boisen Hansen, natives of Denmark and both born in the year 1777.

It was a common custom at that time in Denmark for the son to be christened with his father's name in reverse, and thus it was that father Rasmus Hansen gave to his son the name, Hans Rasmussen.

Rasmus Hansen was a typical thrifty Dane of the upper class, who had surrounded himself with lands and property and was considered by his neighbors a man of considerable wealth. He died in middle life at the age of fifty-four on June 20, 1831, leaving his only son, then 16 years of age, with the widowed mother. There had been an older son Bent who had died at the age of two years.

Young Hans inherited the qualities of thrift and leadership of his father, and with his mother enjoyed the luxuries of their beautiful estate in their equally lovely Denmark. They were soon to learn, however, that even in the midst of this luxury, life was not entirely a bed of roses, for this

kindly mother became ill and remained an invalid the remainder of her life. Hans grew to manhood and very ably accepted the responsibility of caring for his mother and keeping intact the fine estate which had been accumulated by his father. In his middle twenties he married Maren (Mary) Stephensen, who was born on August 11, 1820.

These young people began their lives together in all the comfort of the large and grand estate, with a host of servants to carry the drudgery of all the work. It was about this time that there came to western Europe and into Denmark religious missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with a Gospel message that soon found fertile soil, and thousands of British and Scandinavian people became converts to the new faith. Hans Rasmussen and his family joined the Church and were baptized in June, 1855, by Elder Gronbalk. Among the significant teachings that aroused the interest of these early converts, none stirred them more deeply than the doctrine that, "Israel shall be gathered from among the Nations."

Almost immediately Hans Rasmussen began selling off his estate, and by the following springtime was ready and anxious to imigrate to Utah with the main body of the Church. Having sold out and converted his property into Danish coin, he first paid his tithing, 700 Rigsdaler (one Rigsdaler equivalent to 45 cents in U. S. coin), and gave 1400 Rigsdaler to the Church Perpetual Emigration Fund. It is said that when all of this money was tied in a sack, it was so heavy and bulky that it required two servants to carry it to the Mission Office. In addition to these contributions, he also paid all of the expenses for the emigration of some thirty converts who otherwise could not have made the pilgrimage at this time.

This was indeed an eventful period in their lives, and they were not unmindful of the impressive fact that in part they were now fulfilling the

biblical prophecy of Jeremiah, "Behold I will take you One of a city and two of a family and I will bring you to Zion."

At midnight of that memorable day of their departure, this good man and his wife and family of six children, Rasmus age 11, Jens (James) age 8, Bent age 6, Karen (Caroline) age 4 and Annie and Christina, twins age 1, were gathered at the bedside of the aged and sick mother to say good-bye and a last farewell.

It is not easy to understand the feelings and emotions of people going through an experience such as this. They were not leaving their grand old home because of disunity, or in search of wealth or earthly goods, nor were they seeking more friendly neighbors or greater social recognition; all of this they already had in rich abundance. They had accepted certain religious convictions that filled their very souls with a deep satisfaction and they truly heard a voice calling to Babylon, "Come out of her my people and gather with the Saints in Zion." Their minds were made up. It could not have been a decision easily reached. It could have come to them only after days and weeks of prayerful consideration and from a great faith which literally became a "Cloud by day and a Pillar by night" leading them along.

Having said good-bye and torn themselves away from a sweet and loving old mother, with their faces turned toward the west, they gathered with a company of emigrants numbering 161 in all, and on Wednesday, April 23, 1856, under the leadership of Elder Jonan A. Ahmanson, they sailed from Copenhagen on the S.S. Rhoda bound for the Latter-day Zion in the mountains of their land of promise. Their route was by steamship to Kiel, then by railway to Hamburg, then across the North Sea by steamer to Grimsby, England, and by railway across England to Liverpool where they arrived safe and in good health on April 29. Here they joined a group of six hundred Saints from Great Britain, and the entire company in charge of

Elder James G. Willie, with Elders Millen G. Atwood, Johan A. Ahmanson and Moses Cluff as assistants, they sailed from Liverpool on Sunday, May 4, 1856, aboard the S. S. Thornton.

The voyage was made agreeable and pleasant by the ship's Captain Collins, who proved to be a friendly and considerate gentleman. He allowed the emigrants and missionaries every possible liberty and privilege, and praised them for their cleanliness and their good order and for their ready willingness to conform to all of his requests. He also permitted them to conduct religious meetings and to preach the Gospel on board ship. The Captain and the ship's Doctor with others of the ship's staff were often interested listeners at these meetings and occasionally joined with them in singing their songs of Zion. However, the ocean voyage was not entirely without unpleasant experiences. Included in this company were a number of elderly men and women and there was considerable sickness among them. Seven deaths occurred, of which two were Scandinavian children. There were three births and two weddings on board ship en route.

After a trip which kept them at sea for about six weeks, the beautiful S. S. Thornton arrived in New York, and a little steam tugboat carried the saints to Castle Garden where they were heartily received and welcomed by Apostle John Taylor and Elder Nathaniel H. Felt. On the 17<sup>th</sup> of June they left New York by railway for the city of Dunkirk, Ohio, where they arrived on the 19<sup>th</sup>. Here they boarded a small Lake Steamship by the name of Jersey City and sailed across Lake Erie arriving at Toledo on the 21<sup>st</sup>. Here they encountered some very unfriendly treatment at the hands of railroad men and were subjected to some indignities. The following day they arrived at Chicago and on June 23<sup>rd</sup> left by train in two divisions for the west. At Pond Creek they learned the railway bridge at Rock Island had broken and tumbled down while a train was crossing it. Apostle Erastus Snow and a party of brethren were on the train when the accident occurred but escaped unhurt. The company left Pond Creek on June 26

and arrived the same day at Iowa City, Iowa, which at that time had about 3,000 inhabitants, and was the western terminus of the railroad.

This place had been selected by the church immigration agents that year as a place to assemble and outfit the emigrants who were to make the long journey across the plains. In order that as many of the poorer Saints as possible should have the opportunity to emigrate at small expense, the first Presidency of the Church had directed in their 13<sup>th</sup> Epistle dated at Salt Lake City October 29, 1855, that all Saints who in 1856 were assisted by the Perpetual Emigration Fund, should cross the plains with handcarts. Consequently this cheaper, though more difficult method of travel, was now to be tried for the first time, and the first Handcart Company had left Iowa City on June 2, 1856, under the direction of Elder Edmund Ellsworth.

Here in this bustling frontier city these newcomers from Britain and Scandinavia rested from their long journey which had taken them half way around the world in about three months. The time was spent in assembling outfits with which to make the long and hazardous trek across the great plains and over the mountains to the valley of Great Salt Lake. Here, too, Hans Rasmussen carefully selected and purchased wagons and ox teams. He spent his money freely to provide for his family and friends. He purchased a large supply of farm tools and equipment and the wagons needed to haul all of it, thus spending most of his money, hoping to be repaid when he could get it to Salt Lake and distribute it among the people who needed it badly. For his wife and children he purchased a strong carriage and a team of spirited horses, and it was said that he left Iowa City with the best and most completely equipped outfit of that time. The Company was all assembled and on July 16, 1856, they left Iowa City, under the direction of Elder James G. Willie, with Johan A. Ahmanson as leader of the Scandinavian section. Also in this company was the fourth Handcart Company, the fifth division of which was made up of 100 Scandinavians.

Their next objective was an outpost in the northwest corner of Iowa, known as Winter Quarters, a settlement where the emigrants camped during the long cold winters waiting for the warm weather of springtime before venturing on the forbidding journey farther westward. They reached Winter Quarters late in the season and were counseled by President Young to remain there through the winter, but the weather continued clear and warm and the approach of winter seemed to these anxious pilgrims, a long way off. Their great anticipation to reach the end of the trail and to assemble with the Saints swayed their judgment. It was now along into October and the late Indian Summer beckoned them onward. Thus it was that they drove on into the face of one of the most severe winters ever to sweep down over the plains.

They had left the outposts of inhabited communities on the Missouri River and were well across the prairies of Nebraska when the blizzard caught them. The warm Indian Summer days suddenly changed to bitter cold with winds drifting the snow to block their way, and often forced them to remain at some crude camp for days at a time. Then before moving on they had to drive the cattle back and forth to break trail before they could bring the wagons along through the deep snow drifts. All the grass and feed for the livestock was now covered under the deep snow and at night the temperatures would drop into the twenties below zero. The weaker cattle starved and worn could not survive and many of them died of hunger and cold, thus making further delays and slowing their progress and making it necessary to abandon all extra equipment such as farm implements, etc. Provisions, too, were being rapidly reduced to the danger point and it became necessary to ration supplies to the very minimum. Grandfather Rasmussen would go out in the early morning with his ax and chop chunks of meat from the carcass of an ox which had frozen to death during the night. With this meat they would stew great kettles of soup for the company. This stew he said could have been rather appetizing if only they could have had some salt and pepper with which to season it; but

these things had been all used up. Sickness among their people was now a common experience and there were many deaths among whom was Christina, one of the little twin girls. Shallow graves were prepared by the roadside and the dead were quickly buried and left by the way as the saddened company dragged itself onward.

In the face of all the hardships incidental to such extremely difficult circumstances, these determined religious pioneers never once thought of turning back. Their faith had definitely fixed a certain destination, and their vision saw a plainly a "Zion with the house of the Lord established in the tops of the mountains." They had been prepared and were ready to make whatever sacrifice that might be necessary to reach the coveted destination.

Onward was the slogan and, "Come, Come Ye Saints," their song of marching triumph. Across the dreary windswept plateau of Wyoming they wearily pushed along, every long mile of which seemed to many of them, an endless thing. They arrived at Green River and by this time loss of cattle and horses had made going on impossible. They now set about the building of huts and dugouts for shelter, in the hope that help would somehow reach them before they all perished.

President Young had already organized and sent out a scouting party under the leadership of Ephriam Hanks to try to locate and to rescue this company which he knew was somewhere between Salt Lake City and Winter Quarters. It was near the end of November when the Scouts found the freezing and starving camp on Green River, and brought to them a supply of food which consisted mostly of buffalo meat. The company was quickly reorganized to make the trip on into Salt Lake City, and it was found necessary to leave most of the wagons and the heavy equipment and travel with the scouting party, who knew how to travel light and rapidly over the all but impassable trails ahead. They finished the journey over the rugged mountains in good time and arrived in Salt Lake City on December 16, 1856.

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And so it was that Hans Rasmussen and his family, who only a few months before had sold his large and beautiful estate in Denmark and embarked on the long pilgrimage, a man of wealth and influence then, had now arrived at the place of his great desire, to find himself reduced to complete poverty. What had been one of the finest outfits to start across the plains, was now scattered along the trail. When springtime came and a party returned to Green River for what was left of his equipment, he was sadly informed that someone had already taken that last bit of his earthly possession away.

Upon arrival the company was taken to the old Tithing Yard where they were supplied with some clothing and immediate needs, and were then assigned to the homes of Saints, where they were welcomed and ministered to by sympathetic hands, who themselves had experienced many trials and hardships. To the memory of this company and others who crossed the plains during these trying times, the Church has erected a monument at Winter Quarters.

It was now only nine years since the Mormons had arrived in Salt Lake Valley and during that time they had explored every part of the country from southern Idaho to northern Arizona, and had marked every spot that they thought at all valuable as a place for the settlement of the converts expected to join their great Latter Day gathering.

Almost as fast as they came, the immigrants were assigned to some settlement where the movement of colonization was in some degree already begun. Thus it was that Hans Rasmussen and his family were directed to go to Ephriam, where a small Fort had been constructed as protection against hostile Indians, who harrassed the pioneers almost continually, driving off their cattle and murdering the farmers wherever they could find them unprotected.

Fort Ephriam was an enclosure of about two city blocks, around which had been built a wall of rock and adobe, within which most of the homes of the people were sheltered, and where all of the cattle could be corraled during the Indian raids. To the west of the Fort was the San Pitch River along which farms had been laid out, and the creek coming out from the mountains to the East, ran by the north wall and provided water for culinary use as well as for some small farms near the little community. Here in Fort Ephriam a son was born and named for his father, Hans Rasmussen. (He was my father.) Some two years later a little baby girl was born but died in infancy. She was named Mary after her mother.

The Rasmussen family had been at Ephriam but a short time when they were directed to move on south into Sevier Valley where another Fort had been built at Richfield, and around which as the name implies lay some very rich land for farming purposes. The move to Richfield though only about seventy miles distant, proved to be a very difficult thing owing to the savage attacks of the Indians. They made the start four or five times, and once got as far as Manti and were driven back to the protection of the Fort each time. During this time it had become necessary to organize armed forces throughout the entire territory, for the protection of the settlers, and the three older sons, Rasmus, James and Bent served in the Infantry Company under the command of Capt. Magnuson. This brave company of men were engaged in many skirmishes with the Indians led by a very wily old Indian chief known as "Old Black Hawk", and from his name history records this period as the "Black Hawk Indian War."

These fearless men soon learned the art of Indian warfare and nearly always came out victorious by fighting Indian style from behind trees and rocks. Rasmus tells of a number of hair raising encounters he had at very close range and from which he escaped unharmed.

At one time he found himself on the opposite side of a large boulder from an Indian. They were both armed with revolvers and of course they both fired across the boulder hoping to find the fatal mark, until their ammunition was exhausted. When Rasmus very cautiously inched himself around the rock expecting to meet the Redskin in a hand-to-hand encounter, he was much surprised and very greatly relieved to find the Indian running away and without waiting for any further developments, he turned and ran the other way, back to his company at a pace he thinks would do credit to any foot racer.

There were times when the Indians were able to sneak close up to the settlements without being detected and thus fall upon an unprotected group. It was one of these surprise attacks that caught an entire family by the name of Kuhre while they were working in the field, and all were killed and scalped, except a little baby boy. The Rasmussen boys were the first to come upon them and found the little fellow crawling over the bodies. It is not unlikely that the Indians intended to carry the baby away with them, but were surprised and fled without him.

The family finally arrived at Richfield making their home in a dugout and during this time they endured the most exciting period of the Indian trouble. Under the direction of President Young, an effort was being made to plant small settlements on almost every stream of water that came down from the mountains that they might provide irrigation for the adjoining lands.

One of these settlements had been located on Salina Creek, about eighteen miles north of Richfield, and a few families there tried to keep in communication with the larger settlement at Richfield in the hope that they could get help in times of emergency. One day the Scouts who constantly tried to learn of the movements of the Indians, reported that a raid would likely be made on Salina. Leaders at the Fort called for a couple of young men to go and warn the Salina settlers. Two young fellows, Rasmus

Rasmussen and Meale Nielson volunteered and since it was possible to travel in greater secrecy on foot, they decided to go at night keeping close to the bank of the Sevier River as a guide and follow trails among the brush to keep out of sight as much as possible. It was a bright moonlight night and the boys had gone more than half the distance when out of the stillness that had only been broken so far by the lonely howl of coyotes, they heard the blood-curdling war-whoop of the Indians followed by a hail of arrows. They hurriedly crawled into the thick brush and were luckily lost to the warriors. Upon examination Rasmus found that his pal, Meale, had fallen with his back shot full of arrows and was unable to go on. There was no time for long consideration and with the spot marked as well as he could, Rasmus ran into Salina in time to warn the people. They gathered their cattle and belongings and proceeded at once toward the protecting walls of the Fort at Richfield, finding the wounded boy where he had fallen and to their great joy found that as soon as the arrows had been removed, he seemed to be in no serious danger, and was taken back to Richfield where they arrived that night to join the faithful Saints in another prayer of thanksgiving, that their lives had been spared. Meale Nielsen fully recovered, though he carried a heavily scarred back the rest of his life. Upon another occasion it became necessary to carry a message to Fort Ephriam and again Rasmus, who had proven himself brave and dependable, was selected to carry the message. He made the long trip on foot, hiding in the day and traveling at night, and was not troubled by Indians, but he relates that one night a band of wolves followed all too close for comfort, and that he kept his only weapon, a large pocket knife, open until he finally lost them when daylight began to dawn.

After two years, Hans Rasmussen moved back to Ephriam, where he was given a city block by the church, located just a block south of the present Rio Grand Railway Depot. Here he established his home, by digging a Dug-out to which was added a two room adobe house later and which was the home where this onetime rich young Danish Convert

spent the remainder of his life. Here he raised his family, and though they never enjoyed even the luxury of a cook-stove, he often gave expression to his joy of having been found worthy to make these sacrifices and to live among the Saints of Latter Days. He often said he would gladly do it all over again if necessary, to enjoy the blessings of his deep testimony of the Gospel.

He lived to see his family grow to maturity and become honorable and useful men and women. His life had been filled with those experiences which try the souls of men, and he met the obstacles with a faith that never faltered. Though he lost a fortune in worldly goods, he was not dismayed, he gathered strength in his great faith and with rare humility proceeded to lay up treasures where "moth and dust will not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." He died at his home in Ephriam, Utah, on August 25, 1887, and was survived by his faithful wife and his entire family, except the two little girls whom they had buried on the plains.

His good wife Maren (Mary) lived on for some twelve years a faithful Relief Society and Temple Worker. She passed away at her old home on April 1, 1899.

HISTORY  
of  
RASMUS RASMUSSEN

Material Furnished  
By  
Ethel Rasmussen  
A daughter-in-law



Rasmus Rasmussen



Hannah Andersen  
(2nd wife)



Rasmus Rasmussen was born in the city of Arnmendrup, Proesto, on the island of Shelland, Denmark, February 16, 1845. He was the son of Hans Rasmussen and Mary Stephensen Rasmussen. In 1856 his parents and five children came to Utah, crossing the plains in the Willes Martin Handcart Company. Rasmus was eleven years old at this time and he became a real pioneer. The Rasmussen family made their home in Ephraim, Sanpete County, Utah for a short time when they were directed to move on south into Sevier Valley where another fort had been built at Richfield. The move proved to be a difficult thing owing to the attacks of the Indians. During this time it had become necessary to organize armed forces throughout the entire territory for the protection of the settlers. The three older sons of the Rasmussen family, Rasmus, James and Bent served in the Infantry Company under the command of Captain Magnusen. Rasmus was a Minute Man in the Black Hawk Indian War, for which he received a pension. He also received honorable mention in the history of the state of Utah for outstanding service in this assignment.

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close for comfort. He kept his only weapon, a large pocket-knife open until he finally lost them when daylight began to dawn.

After two years the Rasmussen family moved back to Ephraim where they spent the remainder of their lives. At the age of twenty-one Rasmus married Annie Byerragard March 8, 1866. They had four sons, Andrew, Hans, Oliver and Homer. Annie was ill much of the time and the duties of the children and the home fell on Rasmus. He was a very kind man and a good neighbor, always willing to help those in need. He owned fifty acres of land about a mile from Ephraim which he farmed. He also owned a good home. He was a member of the town council and also water-master for many years.

Sorrow came to Rasmus and his family when his wife Annie passed away. He and his wife had never been to the temple, but now he could see how important this work was. After a while he met a very lovely English lady by the name of Hannah Copper Andersen. She had come to Ephraim to work as housekeeper for William Beal. Rasmus and Hannah became acquainted and were married in the Logan Temple May 4, 1885. They also did the temple work for his first wife, Annie.

To Rasmus and Hannah were born three sons and a daughter, Delbert, Charles, John and Mary Hannah. This little girl lived only three months; she passed away November 11, 1896. Rasmus and Hannah had a good life together. Then on April 19, 1908, Rasmus passed away at their home in Ephraim. Hannah married again in later years a missionary whom she had met in England when she was a girl. His name was W. A. C. Brian and he was an attorney in Nephi. They traveled many places and took care of each other for a number of years. When they were unable to be alone their children took them. Hannah made her home with her son and daughter-in-law Charles and Ethel Rasmussen for the remainder of her days.



HISTORY  
of  
JAMES RASMUSSEN

Material assembled and written  
by  
a nephew  
Clyde Rasmussen



James Rasmussen was born July 23, 1847, in the city of Ammendrup, Proesto, on the island of Shelland, Denmark. He was the son of Hans and Mary Stephensen Rasmussen. He came with his parents to Utah in 1856.

Uncle Jim was a bachelor. He lived with his mother until her death, and then lived alone until his passing, in the little house which had been the home of his father and mother, Hans and Mary Rasmussen. Since this home was located only a stone's throw from my home, I naturally saw a great deal of both Jim and his mother until his mother's death, and then of Jim until his death. I can't recall any time that I first remember Jim, but it must have been as soon as I became old enough to recognize and know who my relatives were.

Jim was a very kind and gentle man, and always seemed jolly, and so I visited him often in his home and in his work. His work consisted of butchering pigs for people around town, including our pigs, making adobes and farming a few acres of land. Jim's mother had a huge fireplace--no stove--and Jim had to haul a lot of wood to keep the house warm and for cooking. I shall never forget the occasion when we had a pig to kill. Large kettles of water were heated in the outdoor fire place, a bed of clean wheat straw was prepared on which to clean the hog, and Jim would come down with his knives, and an old pistol with which he dispatched the hog, after which it was bled and dragged onto the clean bed of straw. Then the hot water was applied, and the scraping of the bristles followed, after which the carcass was hung on an improvised scaffold and the entrals removed and the pig cut up. Upon the completion of the job Uncle Jim always cut himself a little fresh pork for his dinner.

Another part of his work was adobe making. In Jim's day many houses were built of adobes. These adobes were made by mixing a certain quality of earth with water, and piled on a bench or table, and Jim would have a mold holding four adobes. He would fill the mold and carry it

to a flat sunny place he had prepared and release the adobes, to lay in the sun and dry. After a time when they were getting dry on top they had to be turned to allow drying on the other side. And after completely dried they would be collected in piles, ready to be taken to their place of use.

Since Jim lived so close to our house, he naturally was a frequent visitor, which was nearly always in the evening. I shall never forget how he would come in and sit down on a chair just beside the door, and often tilt the chair back against the wall. The members of our family would be sitting around the table, doing various things, such as lessons for those attending school, father perhaps reading and mother darning socks. Jim had very little to say, in fact, as I recall, nothing unless our conversation was directed toward him. He would sit for perhaps an hour or so, and then leave. While he never mentioned it, I think he must have often wished that he had a wife and family, and the companionship which they afforded.

I often visited Jim in his one-room home. In fact, I often went in his house, when he was not present, as he left the door unlocked. And one of the things I used to try was smoking, taking some of Jim's tobacco and matches.

In the later years of his life he used to spend a great many of his evenings with Jim Larsen, playing cards.

One day Jim failed to show up, and finally someone called to see what the reason was, and there poor lonely Jim was found dead in his bed. How long he had been dead I don't know. I think he died of a stroke, though at that time I didn't know what a stroke was. He died May 26, 1902.

I remember his funeral. It was held out-of-doors on the east side of our house. I only remember one speaker, Uncle Charles Jensen of Redmond. If there were others, I don't remember them.

HISTORY  
of  
BENT RASMUSSEN

Material assembled and written  
by  
a son  
Clyde Rasmussen



A. Bent Rasmussen and  
wife, Sena Andersen



Bent Rasmussen was born in Denmark on November 13, 1849, a son of Hans and Mary Rasmussen. He came to the United States with his parents and brothers and sisters in 1856, and finally settled in Ephraim, where he lived his entire adult life. He married Sena Jensen in the old endowment house in Salt Lake City, and together they reared nine children: Mary, Malinda, Ben, Dora, Carrie, Selda, Fred, Clyde, and Fern. All of them, except one son, Ben, and one daughter, Fern Josephine, survived him. Bent died in Ephraim in November, 1927, lacking a few days of being 78 years of age.

Through their generosity and circumstances beyond their control Bent's parents lost their fortune coming to Utah, and became so poor that their children were forced to earn their own keep, so that as a young man Bent worked for different people, and finally found himself as a small farmer. He had five acres "out North" of town which belonged to Elsie, his wife's mother, and about 30 acres of farming land down in the "Shumway" area. He also had two or three parcels of hay land, and cow pasture shares; also some shares of water right in the Ephraim Creek, and his home lot upon which he and his family lived.

With the above assets he managed to live and raise his family in somewhat the following manner:

His milch cows, pigs and chickens and garden provided the bulk of the food requirements, any surplus of eggs, and poultry being used to barter for groceries at the local store. He raised wheat, oats, barley and peas on his land, wheat being the principal crop, and his cash crop. When ever some cash was needed he would sell 50 or 100 bushels of wheat to one of the local grain buyers, for cash which was needed to pay bills and make purchases which required the expenditure of cash. Oats and barley were raised mostly for feed to the livestock, and peas to feed the hogs. Sixty years ago the peas were thrashed in a novel way. The vines laden with peas were spread on a hard, dry clean surface and tromped by riding

horses over the vines. When the peas had been separated from the vines, the vines were gathered up and removed and then the peas were scraped up and put in the pea bin.

Other do-it-yourself practices were utilized by the family, such as cording wool from sheep and then spinning it into yarn, from which wool stockings were made and other clothing.

When a pig was slaughtered practically all of it was used. The hams, shoulders and bacon sides were cured, sausages were made and eaten fresh and some cured, the pigs feet were pickled, the head made into fingers, so that it was just occasionally that meat was required to be purchased from the butcher shop.

Bent's garden also contributed substantially to the family spread. He raised carrots, potatoes, cabbage, parsnips, the surplus of which was stored in an underground winter cellar for winter use. He had a variety of apple trees on his home lot, and the winter apples were also stored for winter use. During the later years of his farming life he never had a "job" as jobs are known today. Consequently he and his family lived very frugally, but he was contented with his lot, with no desire for riches or power. He held no grudge or spite against any person.

Bent was a very kind and considerate person. His wife's mother, Elsie Marie, lived with the family from the time of his marriage until her death, and during all of that time I (Clyde) never recall his uttering a cross word to her. Indeed she seemed to belong to the family.

Bent loved all children, and more or less fooled with them. As he walked from his home up town every child he met knew him, and he always had something to say to them, and playfully tickled them. In fact, the children got to know him as "tickleman" and once referred to his wife as tickleman's wife.

In his later years he used to make the rounds daily visiting his married children, first to Lin's, then Carrie's, Ben's and Mary's, to see how they were and leaving a cheerful thought. He used to take his grandchildren on his lap and rock and sing to them, such songs as "Ride a White Horse to Bamberry Cross", and "My Poor Nellie Gray, They Have Taken Her Away," etc.

When disaster threatened he made the best of it, as when the grasshoppers devoured all his crops he drove his dry livestock to Redmond and had his brother Hans feed them during the winter, and hauled Lucerne from there to feed his milch cows, a trip for one load taking three days, one going, one loading up and resting, and one to drive home. It was a tedious trip by team on a hay rack, of some 33 miles each way. As time went on means were found to combat the hopper hordes.

Bent lived during his young manhood days when the settlers were troubled with Indians and Bent did some guard duty for which service he was given a pension by the U. S. Government as a veteran of the Blackhawk Indian War.

Bent was a meek, humble man. He never sought or held public office, but he had a family which was the envy of many men more richly endowed with material wealth and prominence in the community.

In the hearts of his children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren who knew him, he held first place, and will be remembered by them as long as they live.



HISTORY  
Of  
CAROLINE RASMUSSEN JENSEN

Recollections  
of her granddaughter  
Aleda Jensen Chryst

Assembled by a niece  
Mary Rasmussen Olsen



Christian Jensen



Caroline Rasmussen  
Jensen



Caroline Rasmussen Jensen was born September 2, 1851, in the city of Ammendrup, Praesto, on the island of Sjælland, Denmark. She was the daughter of Hans and Mary Stephensen Rasmussen. Caroline was only four years of age when her parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with their family of six children they sailed for America in the spring of 1856.

The family made their home in Ephraim, Sanpete County, Utah, and here Caroline grew to womanhood. She met and married A. Christian Jensen whose home was in Levan, Juab County. The young couple made their home in Ephraim, living in the northwest corner of town. Here seven children were born to them. James, Annie, Almira (who died in infancy), Hettie, Maude, Tressia and Hans.

Their adobe house contained two small rooms with one bed in the kitchen and a trundle bed under it. Sometimes there would be four children sleeping in this one bed. Caroline worked very hard, she not only cared for her family but she also had the chores to do outside. It fell her lot to feed and water the horses, cows, calves, pigs and chickens. She also milked the cows no matter what the weather. Her grand-daughter, Aleda, remembers seeing her long dresses all soaked with water and mud in the winter time. Then in the summer-time she had to walk two miles west of town twice a day to the pasture to do the milking. Later on she had the use of a horse and buggy and Aleda often went with her grand-mother down to the pasture to milk the cows, so many of them. After filling the milk-cans in the buggy, they would head for home when it was nearly dark. Aleda never heard her grand-mother say that she was tired.

On wash-day Caroline would fill barrels with water that she dipped up out of the ditch that ran in front of the house. This was always done the night before so the dirt could settle before morning when it was used for the washing. Then it was carried in tubs to the back of the house where the washing was done on the old wash-board.

House-cleaning time was quite an event; Hettie, Aleda and her mother would help, also Tressie, although she had the use of only one arm. She had much the same spirit her mother had and never said she couldn't do anything. They filled all the straw-ticks with clean straw so the top of the bed nearly reached the ceiling. Straw was carried in the house to put under the carpets after they had been beaten nearly to pieces. Then it was down on their knees to stretch the carpet and tack it down. It makes us wonder if we appreciate our modern way of life enough.

As most families were farmers, threshing time meant many threshers to cook for and feed, but Caroline went about this as though it was all in another day's work. She had a wonderful disposition, so patient, good and kind. She was never too busy to pay attention to her children and their playmates. The children recall building big bonfires down by the creek below the corral and roasting ears of corn and potatoes. At one of these gala affairs Caroline's youngest daughter, Tressie, was accidentally burned over most of her body. She finally recovered after months of confinements, but was left paralyzed on her right side.

Her husband operated a butcher-shop and Caroline was up before dawn every morning preparing the chickens and other meats to be sold by her husband. When Christian would get angry or something really went wrong, he would just quit, leave his horse hitched to the meat-wagon and go to bed and sulk maybe for a day or so. Caroline did not dare to unhitch the horse, but she would carry feed and water to the poor beast.

Her oldest son James was always thoughtful of his mother, seeing she had enough wood chopped and tried to save her all the work he could. However, Caroline never asked for help from anyone. Aleda and her mother were very good to her also; they loved her so much. When Caroline had to go to Salt Lake City for an eye operation, Aleda and her mother accompanied her. Aleda says, "Grand-ma Jensen was as much a

part of all our lives as we were ourselves.” Aleda spent a great deal of time with her grandmother as she grew older and she recalls when her grandfather would go out in his wagon to sell meat, Aleda always had a good story to read to her grandmother. However, when they heard the wagon returning the book was put out of sight and grandma would get back to work.

When Caroline's mother passed away she left some money to her children. With this money Caroline had a new room built onto the south side of the two adobe rooms. But there was not enough money for the floor so for years this new room was used for the summer kitchen. When it was finally finished, Caroline used it for her room and it was her priceless possession.

Then the silent movies came; Caroline would attend some of these in company with her grand-daughter and neighbors. Her eyes were failing her so Aleda would read the printed material that was on the screen to her grandmother.

Although Christian Jensen was a rather gruff sort of a man, his grand-son, Ralph Beal, will always remember that after the death of his parents, Johnnie and Hettie Jensen Beal, Grandfather Jensen was very kind to Ralph and his older brother Milton. In fact, more so than any of the other relatives.

After a life of drudgery and service to others, Caroline Rasmussen Jensen passed away at her home February 22, 1918. Her grand-daughter, Aleda, pays the following tribute to her grand-mother: “Her beautiful love and spirit are very precious to me and I feel very fortunate to have had the joy of all my childhood with such a wonderful woman as my grand-mother.”



HISTORY  
of  
ANNIE RASMUSSEN JENSEN

Written by a son  
Dr. Ernell Jensen



Charles Jensen



Annie Rasmussen  
Wife of Charles Jensen



Children of Charles & Annie  
Rasmussen Jensen



My mother, Annie Rasmussen Jensen, was born to Hans Rasmussen and Mary Stephensen Rasmussen August 15, 1854, in Ammendrop, Praesto, Denmark. She had a twin sister who died while the family were crossing the plains on their way to Utah.

Grand-father and grand-mother heard and accepted the Gospel in Denmark and immediately began making preparations to join the Saints in Utah. My mother and her twin sister were only one year old when the family began the long trek to Utah. The family consisted of Rasmus, James, Bent, Caroline and the twins, Annie and Christine.

The Rasmussen family was comfortably situated in Denmark; it took a great deal of courage and faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ to leave their native land and come to a strange country they knew very little about and establish a new home. God blessed them for all they sacrificed that we, their grand-children, might enjoy the privileges and blessings that surround us today.

So far as I know they came directly to Ephraim, Sanpete County and established their home. Here mother spent her child-hood and developed into a beautiful woman. I know very little of my mother's life as a girl. A friend of the family living in Redmond, who knew mother as a girl, told me she was active in the ward. She had a good voice and did much singing in public.

She met my father, Charles Jensen, when she was about 18 years of age and they were married June 2, 1876, in Ephraim. A year later they moved to Redmond, Sevier County, where they lived in a log cabin for some time. My father then built a two-story rock house which they furnished comfortably.

In 1884 father was called to go on a mission to Denmark. Uncle James Rasmussen came to Redmond and stayed much of the time with mother while father was away on his mission. Shortly after returning from

his mission, father entered into polygamy. This was rather a heart breaking experience for mother.

In 1887 father was called to be bishop in the Koosharem Ward and the family, which then consisted of Charles C., Barbara Ann, Bent LeRoy and Ethel Pearl, moved to this location. Ethel, the baby was afflicted with what was then known as the Rickets. During the winter of 1887-88 father was away in New Mexico buying sheep. Mother was her young family and a sick baby spent many anxious and unhappy days in Koosharem. She stayed here 1 ½ years and then with the help of relatives and friends, she moved back to Redmond.

Here mother spent the rest of her life, loved and respected by all who knew her. Ernell, Elden and Leora were born after mother's return to Redmond from Koosharem. Mother's last days were spent in peace and happiness. After father's death, mother was left with sufficient this world's goods to enable her to spend much time with her relatives and loved ones. She died suddenly of a heart attack on April 11, 1924 and lies buried in the Redmond Cemetery.

HISTORY  
of  
HANS RASMUSSEN

Assembled and written  
by  
a daughter  
Mary Barbara Rasmussen Olsen



Hans Rasmussen & wife, Josephine Jensen



Hans Rasmussen was born May 17, 1858, in Ephraim, Sanpete County, Utah. He was the youngest Son of Hans and Mary Stephensen Rasmussen. His mother watched over him with tender care and when a friend would ask to hold the baby, his mother would say, "Be careful you don't drop him." In his teens he was known as That good-looking boy.

He recalled memories of his earliest childhood, days when Chief Black Hawk and his Indian warriors would sweep down on the settlement of Ephraim. The big drum was beat to warn the people. The men and boys would go out to fight the Indians and the women and their children were all rushed to the fort. Father remembers how he would cling to his mother's skirts and all of the women would be crying.

In his early manhood, while cutting timber in Ephraim canyon, his ax slipped and cut a deep gash in his ankle. All of that winter he was confined at the home of his older brother Bent. No medical aid was available and all home-made remedies including a cabbage poultice was tried. The wound turned to erysipelas and spread to both ankles. For the remainder of his life he suffered with big, running sores that had to be bandaged every night and morning. I remember of hearing him say that every step he took was painful to him.

However, he was an ambitious person and did not let two sore legs hold him down. In the fall of 1876 my father and his friend, James Hansen came to Redmond, Sevier County, to take up land. Father homesteaded on a fifty acre tract of land in the south field and now after 85 years that land is still in the family. Three generations have been provided for from that piece of land.

On March 9, 1882, Hans Rasmussen and Josephine Jensen were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City by Daniel H. Wells. They made their home in Redmond and here their eight children were born: Hans Leslie, James Anthony, Wilford, Mary Barbara, Charles Richard (died in infancy), Lyman Merrill, Allie Josephine, and Idella.

On December 3, 1887, father was ordained bishop of the Redmond Ward by Stake President A. K. Thurber. He held this position for 14 years. He was a kind, gentle and thoughtful man and many people came to him for advice and counsel. In those early days the people had very little cash so they paid their tithing in commodities, live stock, hay, grain, butter and eggs. Many baskets full of these eggs I carried to the store of general merchandise to exchange for money to go into the ward fund.

At that time the Indians roamed from place to place begging for food and clothing. They always made their camp in the bishop's yard. Father also served as a county commissioner and the county court-house being located at Richfield, twenty-five miles to the south, father would often spend a week there, returning home late Saturday evening. On one of those evenings mother had given the children their weekly baths and retired for the night. However, she left the kerosene lamp turned low on the table, because she knew that father would be coming soon. But she always locked her doors for she said that she wanted to know who was coming in. Mother was just beginning to doze when she heard soft footsteps at the door and someone turned the door-knob. Mother kept quiet and in a short time father returned home. He told mother that a group of Indians were camped in the yard.

Some years later father served as county treasurer and again made his weekly trips between Redmond and Richfield. There was a road that cut through the south field and around Redmond Lake. Father usually took this road because it was shorter. He traveled with his horse and buggy. One very dark night as he was coming around the lake it seemed to him that the horse was taking the buggy too close to the lake. Father pulled on the reins to get up higher on the road. The buggy finally tipped over and landed in the middle of the road. Father crawled out unhurt and getting the buggy on its wheels again, father let the horse lead the way home.

Father's interests were in farming and stock raising. This also provided for his children. He loved his family and we never had luxuries but we were blessed with the necessities of life. Our parents set worthy examples for their children to follow. Family prayers were observed night and morning. Attendance at all ward meetings was also a part of our program; in fact no one ever thought of doing otherwise. Recreation played a big part in our home. The horse and buggy were always available when we needed it. Father always had time to listen to his children whether it was joys or sorrows. When my husband passed away leaving me with three small children, my parents took us into the old home. The older I get the more I realize what it meant for them to have three lively children come into their home after they had raised their family. But they were very patient and kind and surely made my burden lighter.

In the fall of 1922 father suffered a stroke one morning and for two years mother and I waited on him. He wanted her by his bedside constantly. Often friends and relatives came to sit by him through the night so mother and I could get some rest, but father called for mother regardlessly. People often said, "Why should Bishop Rasmussen suffer like this; he has been so kind to every one." He said to me one morning about 4:00 a. m., "Go out and open the gates so Rasmus can drive in." (Rasmus was his oldest brother and had been dead for 14 years.) So I said, "I can't see him, can you?" He said, "Of course I can, go and open the gates." He often spoke of his family as if they were there. Father passed away on the morning of October 1, 1924. A more wonderful father never lived. In the words of the poet, To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die.









