

FROM THE JOURNAL OF
CARRIE WANDA MALMGREN HANSON
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MY FATHER, SWEN EDWIN MALMGREN, WAS A LARGE POWERFULLY MADE MAN, WITH FEATURES CHARACTERIZED BY AN EXPRESSION OF GRAVE AND STEADY GOOD COMMON SENSE, UNITED WITH MUCH KINDNESS IN HIS LARGE BROWN EYES THAT LOOKED THROUGH INTO YOUR VERY SOUL. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIS WHOLE COUNTENANCE THAT WAS SELF-RESPECTING AND DIGNIFIED, YET UNITED WITH A CONFIDING SIMPLICITY. HE WAS ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHOSE QUALITY CAN SEEM TO JUSTIFY THE HUMAN RACE.

HE WAS A MAN WITH THE GUTS TO STAND AND SEE A BAD TIME THROUGH AND FIND OUT WHAT HE'S GOT INSIDE. HE ALWAYS TOLD US THE MOST COURAGEOUS PERSON IS THE ONE WHO FEARS NO ONE AS MUCH AS HIMSELF. HE WAS THE MOST HONEST MAN TO EVERYONE I HAVE EVER KNOWN. I REMEMBER ONE DAY WATCHING MY FATHER DIG THE SOIL WITH EXPERT SKILL, I WAS ABOUT TEN, HE DUG THE GARDEN RYTHMICALLY, EASILY, NEVER WASTING A MOTION. I WATCHED HIM FACINATED AS HE FINALLY STRAIGHTENED HIS BACK, STRETCHED HIS ARMS AND STRETCHED

OUT ON THE GRASS UNDER THE BIG SILVER MAPLE, PUT HIS HAT OVER HIS EYES AND LET OUT THE LONGEST, MOST SATISFIED SIGH ANYONE EVER HEARD IN THEIR LIFE. HE REVEALED TO ME, WITHOUT A WORD, THE SATISFACTION HE FELT OF A GOOD JOB WELL DONE. ITS GREAT WHEN ONE FEELS THE AFFECTION AND LOVE OF THE PAST, THEY ARE AMONG THE LASTING THINGS.....THEY NEVER LEAVE US....AND NEVER IS A LONG LONG TIME.

MY LOVELY MOTHER, SORENA, GAVE HER CHILDREN THE SENSE OF SAFETY IN HER NEARNESS....THE CALM SWEET NATURE THAT WAS IN HER AND CAME OUT OF HER LIKE A WARMTH AROUND. SHE HAD THE MAGIC SECRET OF BEING EVERYTHING TO ALL OF US, AS IF THERE WERE ONLY ONE OF US, YET NEVER SEEMING TO BE HURRIED OR TO HAVE TOO MUCH TO DO.

OUR HOME WAS A LARGE FARMHOUSE WITH A CLEAN SWEEPED YARD AND

SHADED BY A MASSIVE SILVER MAPLE TREE. I REMEMBER THE AIR OF ORDER AND STILLNESS, OF PERPETUITY AND UNCHANGING REPOSE, THAT SEEMED TO BREATHE OVER THE WHOLE PLACE. NOTHING WAS EVER OUT OF ORDER, NOT A LOOSE NAIL, NOT A PARTICLE OF LITTER IN THE YARD WITH ITS FLOWER BEDS AND VEGETABLE GARDEN SURROUNDING THE HOUSE.

WITHIN, I REMEMBER THE LARGE CLEAN ROOMS WHERE EVERYTHING IS ONE AND FOREVER IN PLACE AND WHERE ALL HOUSEHOLD ARRANGEMENTS MOVE WITH PUNCTUAL EXACTNESS OF THE OLD CLOCK IN THE CORNER. IN THE FAMILY "PARLOR", I REMEMBER THE BEAUTIFUL BOOK-CASE WITH ITS GLASS DOORS PROTECTING ALL THE BOOKS IN DECOROUS ORDER. THE BEAUTIFUL PIANO WE ALL TOOK LESSONS ON, THE MARBLE TOPPED TABLE, ALL SPECIAL PEECES WE LOVED.

OUR SWEET MOTHER MANAGED THE HOUSE WITH ONLY THE HELP OF HER DAUGHTERS. THE KITCHEN FLOOR WAS NEVER STAINED OR SPOTTED, THE CHAIRS WERE NEVER DIS-ORDERED, THOUGH MEALS FOR A LARGE FAMILY WERE PREPARED THREE, SOMETIMES FOUR TIMES A DAY. THE FAMILY WASHING WAS DONE IN THIS ROOM, POUNDS OF BUTTER AND MANY LOAVES OF BREAD IN SOME SILENT AND MYSTERIOUS MANNER WAS BROUGHT INTO EXISTANCE.

OUR MOTHER WAS A BRAVE, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, WITH COURAGE AND WIT AND WOMANLY SWEETNESS TOO. SHE HAD HER 13 CHILDREN AT HOME. SHE GOT ON WITH THE BUSINESS OF LIVING WHILE EVERYONE AROUND WAS PREOCCUPIED WITH TALK AND THEORY. SHE TAUGHT US ALL TO VALUE THE THINGS SHE VALUED.

WE, THE FAMILY , ALL GREW UP WITH THE SAVOR OF INDUSTRY, THE ULTIMATE SECRET OF WHICH THE BEAVER, THE ANTS AND THE BEES HAVE NOT YET REVEALED TO MAN.

THESE TWO SPECIAL PEOPLE, BOTH FROM MORMON PIONEER STOCK, WERE MARRIED AFTER A WHIRLWIND COURTSHIP ON OCTOBER 25, 1893. MOTHER WAS 17 AND DAD WAS 27.

ETHEL, THEIR FIRST DAUGHTER WAS BORN THE FOLLOWING YEAR,

SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, GENTLE, AND SWEET AND SPOILED. THEN ADORABLE AMANDA, WITH A SMILE AND DISPOSITION OF PURE SUNSHINE. ANNA CHRISTINA WAS NEXT, BLONDE, BEAUTIFUL AND LOVING. THE FIRST BOY EDWIN HERBAN WAS NEXT, RESEMBLED MOTHER'S SIDE OF THE FAMILY, BLONDE, BLUE-EYED AND A MARVELOUS SENSE OF HUMOR ALL THROUGH HIS LIFE. MAE JOHANNA WAS NEXT, A TRUE SUN GODDESS, SHE HAD HAIR LIKE THE SUN. SWEET LOVING AND ROUND OF FACE. RUBY WAS #6, A JEWEL TO BE SURE. HAZEL EYES, BROWN HAIR, GORGEOUS GIRL. THEN ANOTHER BOY, CLEO ERIC, FATHERS IMAGE, NEED I SAY MORE? HE WAS A LOVING BROTHER. GENEVA SORENA WAS NEXT, VIVACIOUS, FUN-LOVING, AMBITIOUS, LOVELY BIG BROWN EYES AND THE DARKEST HAIR OF ALL THE GIRLS. SHE WAS THE LIFE OF THE HOUSEHOLD. CARRIE WANDA, MYSELF, I WAS PROBABLY ALWAYS SHY, EVEN WHEN ALONE. IT SEEMS TO BE A QUALITY IF IT CAN BE CALLED THAT, INHERENT IN ME, THE RESULT OF MY ENVIRONMENT. HOWEVER, I FIND LIFE INTERESTING, FASCINATING, FULL OF EXCITEMENT, EVEN WHEN I SUFFER, AND THEREFORE, I CAN ENDURE MY SHYNESS. I AM DEEPLY GRATEFUL TO MY PARENTS FOR MY LIFE HERE ON EARTH IN THIS DISPENSATION OF TIME.

I AM EXTREMELY FOND OF GARDENING, GENERAL HOMEMAKING, KNITTING, CROCHETING, ANY ONE OF WHICH USUALLY CALMS ANY SLIGHT RUFFLE IN MY MIND, ANY TRIFLING VEXATION OR ANXIETY. VENICE WAS #10, BLONDE, BLUE-EYED, SWEET, THOUGHTFUL, LOVELY VENICE; MY LIFE-LONG PLAYMATE AND LOVING SISTER. VELMA WAS NEXT, ANOTHER BLONDE BLUE-EYED BEAUTY LIKE MOTHER. GWENDOLYN HOPE, #12, MY MEMORIES OF THIS ANGLE ARE SO SWEET. SHE WAS A BLUE-EYED BLONDE DOLL. WE LOST HER TO OUR HEAVENLY FATHER WHEN SHE WAS 12 OF SUGAR DIABETES, AND IT WAS DEVASTATING TO OUR FAMILY, OUR SECOND DEATH. RUBY DIED AUG. 17, 1924 OF CHILDBIRTH. HOPE DIED AUG 1930. EDITH IRENE # 13. BROWN EYED, BROWN HAired IRENE.

WE HAD SUCH A WONDERFUL FAMILY AND HOW GOOD WUE GROWING UP WAS IN THE SMALL TOWN OF LEVAN, UTAH, WHERE OUR GRANDPARENTS SETTLED AS PIONEERS. WE HAD PLENTY OF FREEDOM AND DISCIPLINE,

THE TWO SO WELL BALANCED THAT ONE NEVER DISTROYED THE OTHER.

I REMEMBER WHEN WE LITTLE SISTERS PICKED CURRANTS WHICH GREW ALONG THE DITCH BANKS AND PLAYED HIDE AND SEEK IN AND OUT OF THE OPENINGS IN THE BUSHES ON OUR WAY TO THE PASTURE WITH THE COWS. HOW HAPPY WE WERE THOSE YEARS WE SPENT GROWING UP IN THE QUIET COUNTRYSIDE. OUR FATHER AND MOTHER LOVED THEIR LARGE FAMILY AND WERE LOVED IN RETURN. THEY WERE GENTLE AND LOVING TO ALL OF US.

OUR DINNER PARTIES OF 40 OR 50 PEOPLE, CHILDREN ALWAYS INCLUDED, WERE HANDLED BEAUTIFULLY BY OUR MOTHER. ALL SIT-DOWN DINNERS. HOT DELICIOUS FOOD, NEVER ANY STRESS OR STRAIN ON MOTHER'S SWEET FACE. IT WAS MARVELOUS HOW SHE COULD COPE WITH ANY SITUATION AND REMAIN SO CALM AND SWEET.

WHEN I VISIT THE OLD HOME I FEEL THE AFFECTION OF THE PAST AND CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF ALL OUR VOICES UNDER THE "BIG TREE" WHERE WE ALL PLAYED AND IT SEEMS THE WIND STILL SINGS OLD SONGS IN THE LEAVES.

I WATCHED MY OLDER SISTERS AND BROTHERS FALL IN LOVE AND MARRY, AND WHEN MY TURN CAME, HE WAS A TALL, DARK, HANSOME MAN LIKE MY FATHER, WHO COULD PICK ME UP AND WHIRL ME AROUND AND WHIRL ME AROUND AS THOUGH I WAS A CHILD. HE WAS LOVING, GENEROUS, DEMANDING, AND HE MADE MY LIFE DIFFICULT AND WONDERFUL AND I STILL TREASURE THE YEARS WE HAD TOGETHER WITH OUR WONDERFUL FAMILY. I LOVED HIM AND ALL TEN OF OUR CHILDREN FROM THE FIRST MOMENT I SAW THEM, AND I'VE LOVED THEM EVERY HOUR AS THEY GREW AND CHANGED.

MY HUSBAND, HARRY DEAN HANSON, MADE FRIENDS WHEREVER HE WENT, HE WAS INTERESTED IN EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING, AND HIS INTEREST DREW PEOPLE TOWARDS HIM AND OPENED THEIR HEARTS.

WE WERE MARRIED MARCH 5, 1932, AND OUR FIRST DAUGHTER WAS BORN NOV. 15, 1932, WANDA JEAN, SHE WAS A CHILD OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY AND GRACE, BLONDE AND GOLDEN, IMPATIENT WITH LIFE, BECAUSE SHE FOUND HERSELF UNABLE TO SAY THE THINGS WHICH THE OBSCURE IMPUL-

SES OF HER HEART SUGGESTED. SHE WAS ALWAYS SEEKING FOR A MEANING IN LIFE. SHE IS A MOST SELF-POSSESSED WOMAN NOW. NO YOUNG WOMAN I HAVE SEEN COULD WEAR HER CLOTHES WITH SO MUCH GRACE.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER, WE WERE BLESSED WITH OUR GERI, OUR VIVACIOUS DARLING. BROWN HAIR, BROWN EYES LIKE DADDY. NOW SHE IS A WOMAN SO NATURALLY VALIANT THAT NO WEAKNESS COULD MASTER HER FOR LONG. I WISH EVERY MOTHER COULD HAVE A GERI.

SHIRLEY, OUR 3RD DAUGHTER, STRONG, SENSITIVE, GENEROUS, SWEET, AND BEAUTIFUL BLUE EYES AND BLONDE HAIR. SHE LOVES HER FAMILY AND WOULD GIVE HER LAST POSSESSION IF ANYONE NEEDED IT.

MARY, OUR 4TH DAUGHTER. SO PERFECTLY GORGEOUS. SHE WAS LIKE A DOLL, DARK BROWN HAIR AND EYES LIKE DADDY. SHE WAS ALWAYS SO CALM, QUIET, AND ADORABLE.

CAROL, #5, BROWN EYES, BLONDE HAIR, SWEET AND LOVELY. CAROL GOT WHOOPING COUGH WHEN SHE WAS ONLY 5 WEEKS OLD AND WE HAD TO WATCH HER DAY AND NIGHT FOR THREE WEEKS TO SAVE HER. DOAD, MY HUSBANDS MOTHER, STAYED WITH US AND WE SAVED HER. SHE LOOKED LIKE A DITTLE DRESDEN DOLL. DR. MURPHY SAID, " ONLY LOVE COULD HAVE SAVED HER". CAROL NOW HAS 9 LOVELY AND STRONG CHILDREN. SHE IS VERY BEAUTIFUL, ARTISTIC, INTELLIGENT AND A LOVELY DAUGHTER.

JOY, OUR 6TH DAUGHTER, LOVELY, FASCINATING IN HER VIVID WAY. PEOPLE TOUCH JOYS HEART - SOME SLIGHTLY, SOME DEEPLY. NEVER HAS JOY BEEN A VERY TRANQUIL PERSON. SHE IS SWIFT TO FEEL THINGS, QUICK IN HER RESPONSES TO THOSE WHOSE LIVES TOUCH HER OWN. I ALWAYS FELT JOY WAS LIKE A RUNNER, POISED IN FLIGHT, AND ONLY RESTING BEFORE GETTING BACK INTO THE RACE AGAIN. SHE HAS SOMETHING MORE POTENT THAN ANY BEAUTY-- A SWIFT EXECTANCY, AN ARDENT WARMTH THAT MEKES HER GLOW. GLAMOROUS IS THE WORD FOR JOY.

HARRY DEAN, JR. #7, OUR FIRST SON AND WHAT A WONDERFUL BEAUTIFUL SURPRISE HE WAS AFTER 6 DAUGHTERS. HE HAS DARK HAIR, DARK EYES LIKE HIS FATHER AND MY FATHER. SWEET, GENTLE, AND AL-

WAYS CONCERNED ABOUT EVERYONES WELFARE. DEAN IS 6 FT. 7 IN. TALL STANDS HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE A CROWD. BREATH TAKINGLY HANSOME AND A SON TO BE PROUD OF.

VENICE GAYE, #8, BLONDE, HAZEL EYES LIKE MINE, BEAUTIFUL DIMPLED CHEEKS, NATURALLY SWEET. GAYE. SHE LOVES THE WORLD, ESPECIALLY HER FAMILY. I ALWAYS WANTED MY CHILDREN TO BE NATURAL, ANYTHING ELSE IS HYPOCRISY, FREEDOM IS MORE VALUABLE THAN MINCING MANNERS, AND GAYE IS MY TRUE REWARD. SHE IS SO NORMAL AND BEAUTIFUL, SHE IS REFRESHING TO KNOW.

JON CONRAD. #9, OUR SECOND SON. JON IS OUR TRUE SWEDE. WHITE HAIR LIKE MY GRANDPA, HIS GREAT GRANDPA MALMGREN, AND THE STATURE OF A TRUE SWEDE, VERY HANSOME, JON HAS ALWAYS BEEN OUR SEEKER, EAGER TO SOAK UP ALL THE LOVE AND LEARNING WE COULD GIVE HIM. JON IS A DEPENDABLE, SINCERE, LOVING MAN. JON'S FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL WAS A DAY TO REMEMBER. I WAS WATERING THE YARD AND HANGING CLOTHES WHEN I SAW A LITTLE BOY RUNNING TOWARDS HOME. I WALKED UP TO MEET HIM, HE MET ME HEAD-ON WITH, "I DON'T LIKE THAT DAMN SCHOOL. I HAD TO SIT THERE SO NOBLE, I COULDN'T EVEN WATCH THE BIRDS IN THE TREES OUTSIDE THE WINDOW". I THOUGHT HARD FOR A MOMENT, "WELL", I ANSWERED, "IF YOU PLAN TO BE A BIRD-WATCHER, YOU HAD BETTER COME WORK IN THE GARDEN ALL DAY."

I TOOK HIM BY THE HAND AND LED HIM TO THE VEGETABLE GARDEN AND TOLD HIM 6 ROWS NEEDED WEEDING. BY LUNCH TIME HE WAS READY TO RETURN TO SCHOOL WITH A NOTE EXPLAINING WHY HE HAD DESERTED HIS CLASS SO EARLY THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL.

BONNY JAN #10, THERE NEVER HAS BEEN A BETTER GIRL THAN BONNY. SHE IS QUIET, NOT BECAUSE NOTHING EFFECTS HER BUT BECAUSE SHE HAS FROM HER CHILDHOOD, MADE A WORLD COMPLETE IN ITSELF... A WORLD FILLED WITH THE PEOPLE AND THINGS SHE LOVES. IN THAT WORLD SHE LIVES AND WORKS AND FINDS CONTENTMENT.