

MIMA AMELIA HARTVIGSEN CROOKSTON

Mima Amelia Hartvigsen was born 20 June, 1873. She was a twin. Her twin's name was Mina Elizabeth. Her parents were Peter Andrew Hartvigsen and Teralena (or Tarolina) Nielsen Hartvigsen. She was born in Hyrum, Cache County, Utah.

Her sister Teena Josephine was married to David Crookston 27th of Jan 1887 in the Logan Temple. Teena Josephine gave birth to two daughters, Emma on 21 Jan 1888, and Tena Josephine born on 24 Oct 1889.

She died on the 22nd of Nov. 1889 leaving the two baby girls. David then married Mima Amelia (her sister) on 29 Nov 1893 in the Logan Temple. These two girls called her Aunt Millie.

David and Mima had six children. Their first was a son, David James born 20 Feb 1895 and died 2 Mar 1895. Russell Lowell was born 6 Feb 1896. He died following service in WW I 28 Apr 1920. Family members believe that Russell died from immunizations given while serving his country. Jesse Leroy was born 14 Feb 1898, Jennie on 17 May 1900, Helen on 11 Apr 1902, and Bessie on 17 May 1904.

Baptism date: 26 Nov 1893 Death Date: 15 Sep 1945
 Burial 18 Sep 1945
 Logan Utah Cemetery

MEMORIES OF GRANDMOTHER BY LUANA JENSEN MORTENSEN

Grandma and Grandpa Crookston lived across the street from the Hyrum 2nd Ward Church house. When I was a child Grandfather was a janitor at the church and he would take my brother Reed and myself over to the church while he cleaned it. I remember spending a lot of time playing the piano there.(thumping on it).

Their house faced south with the living room and a bedroom in the front and a front porch. The kitchen was on the north-east, and a pantry on the west side. A root cellar was behind the house and fruit trees on the west side. The woodpile and chopping block were behind the house - east side and also the outhouse. The barn and outbuildings were on the north of the property. A large garden was on the east. Uncle Jesse's house was on the same block east of Grandpa's and he had a nice garden too. The house had an upstairs with two bedrooms and a long stairway. Grandma would dry corn outside on a table covered with a metal screen. After the corn had dried she would put it in bags and hang it down over the stairway.

Grandma was a good cook. She made the most delicious pies--mostly raisin, rhubarb, gooseberry, apple, and pumpkin. I used to help her churn butter. I never liked the buttermilk though. And I did not ever try the head-cheese that she made. Everything else was delicious--cured hams, lots of fresh and canned fruits and vegetables.

She was a good seamstress. My folks did not have much and grandmother made dresses for me out of some of her old ones. They fit nicely and looked quite new.

Grandma was also very neat--everything was put in it's place.

Grandma and Grandpa liked to read. Their book of "One Hundred One Best Poems" was my favorite. I would read and memorize those poems. They liked poems by Edgar A. Guest such as "It Takes A Heap of Living in a House to Call It Home". They also liked Zane Grey novels such as "The Purple Sage".

THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION WAS GIVEN TO KARLA MORTENSEN GRANT ON Aug. 7, 1973 AS RECORDED ON A CASSETTE TAPE: (BY HELEN C. JENSEN)

When I was 6 years old my dad and mother went to Logan. He borrowed the neighbors horse and fancy buggy. As he was going over the Logan bridge there were some people shoveling gravel under it. It rattled the bridge. The horse became frightened and it ran a couple of blocks right into a telephone pole and left the buggy at the pole and the horse went on. My mother's head hit the post and split it open. Her leg was broken in two places, up by the hip. She was in the hospital for a long time. They brought her to the hospital and her one eye was right out of the socket. They operated and put the eye back and she could see out of it alright after that, but she always had a little scar on her forehead and she was always lame. Six weeks after she had her leg set with a bucket of rocks tied onto her leg. She laid flat on her back for 6 weeks and she used to sew even laying flat on her back. She would sew things for us kids. All this time Dad was good to us.

Six weeks later mother decided to go to church. We had a little irrigation ditch in front of the home and the sidewalk had a narrow bridge on it. It had been raining. Mother came along on her crutches and she slipped on that bridge. Her leg was broken back in the one break. After that mother always had a stiff leg. She could never bend her knee--it was always stiff and made her limp. She never missed anything and did her own work. No one had to wait on her after she was able to get around again. She lived to be 72 years old.

She had 4 strokes but came out of them all, except the last one when she finally died.

(By Luana: I can remember when Grandma had one of her strokes. It was on the night that Uncle Bill and Aunt Bessie had their wedding reception in the evening at Grandma's house. They had strung colored electric lights outside on the lawn. That was in June 1935. Grandma had the stroke during the reception and needless to say it ruined the festivities)

From Helen C. Jensen's taped interview: They had to put mother to bed right in the room where they had the trousseau put up. She had her first stroke when she was 52 years old, and they always said there were hopes until you were over 60. The last one she had was in her 70th year, and she lived to be 72 years old. She was in bed for a long time. We would take turns going to the home and taking care of her. I'd go up there and stay 3 or 4 days, and then Jennie would come and stay 3 or 4 days until she died.

When my husband Warren had Typhoid, mother came to our house and stayed. She helped doctor Warren all the time. We were blessed and never got the fever.

Bessie was 4 years old when we moved to the house across from the 2nd Ward church. The first home was out in Blacksmith Fork Canyon. We had our own pig to kill. We made yeast with potato water. Old lady Tellefson had a starter and if the yeast ran out she would give us some. We'd take a little bit of sugar. She took the sugar out and poured the yeast starter in our bucket. It was kind of good, so sometimes we'd taste a little of it on the way home.

Mother made the most delicious pies. She made pie every Saturday. She would not make it on Sunday. I remember once Emma and her husband came there and he brought some eggs with him and he said, "Aunt Millie, will you make me a custard pie?" And she did make him the custard pie on Sunday.

AUDIO CASSETTE TAPE RECORDING BY MARY CATHERINE JENSEN ROBINSON OF HELEN CROOKSTON JENSEN ON FEB. 14, 1976.

"I was born in Blacksmith Fork Hollow on April 11, 1902 in a house with two rooms and a shanty & cellar underneath. There were two fish ponds stocked with English Brook Trout. Father had a good old team of horses called Rock and Button, a Collie dog and lots of chickens, geese, and ducks. A cow and a few pigs completed the livestock. We had a good orchard, garden, and pasture. The rest of the land was in alfalfa. There were springs on the hill where the best watercress grew. We used coal oil lamps. The plumbing was outside and the culinary water was carried from a spring a good half-block away. The washing was done on a washboard and all the sewing was done on the old sewing machine.

Mother was a good cook and housekeeper. She was a wonderful hand to make over and make the best of everything. She made excellent butter and when father was away she used to go across the hill to Hyrum and to Unsworth's store to take butter and eggs to sell for groceries. Butter was 17 cents a pound and eggs were 9 cents a dozen.

My sister Josephine worked for her room and board in Hyrum so she could go to school. So when we other children were old enough to go to school we moved to Hyrum across the road from the Second Ward Church. This was in 1905. Our home was a three room frame home. Dad built 3 more rooms doing all of the carpentry work himself, even going to the canyon and getting out the logs for it.

Mother died on Sept. 5, 1945. Dad was so lonesome and didn't know how to do anything. Mother had always done all the work and no one could do it good enough to suit her. Even when she was dying she would raise up from her bed and tell Jennie or me that we were putting some of her things in the wrong drawer in her bedroom.

Dad stayed with Phyllis and Jess most of the time. He died on Mar. 13, 1948 at Jennie's home in Wellsville, Utah at the age of 86 and was buried in the Logan Cemetery on Mar. 16, 1948. He did not suffer long--only about a week and died of a cerebral hemorrhage.