

INGA OTELIA EILERTSEN HARTVIGSEN
By Dr. Boyd Hartvigsen

Inga was born in Kasfjord, Norway, November 5, 1884, to Eilert Nikolai Israelsen and Anne Margrethe Olesen. Her father was a carpenter and built a large home with a basement and three stories. Their well was in the basement. He didn't do farm work as it was done on shares by families who were allowed to build a house somewhere on the large farm. They would cut hay, hang it on a fence to dry, then store it in a barn.

Their animals consisted primarily of cows and goats. Inga talked about milking the goats and making gjetost (goat cheese). They had a horse and a two-wheeled cart. The hills were so beautiful. The fishing boats would come to the coast adjoining their land. The fishermen would clean the fish and lay them out to dry. Inga enjoyed fish greatly, particularly cod and trout. Fresh water streams came out of the mountains and they would catch trout in the streams.

Missionaries loved to fish for trout. Inga said that missionaries stayed with them often. Even the son of a church president was there while on his mission. Her mother treated them wonderfully, but would have nothing to do with the gospel.

At Christmas time they would start cooking and baking three weeks ahead. They would bake dough rolled out flat (flat-brod) to eat with fish.

When a boy showed his favors for a certain girl, he had to get into the house, unknown, through a window and lay a wreath upon her bed without awakening her.

Inga's father died in 1903. He had been very favorable to the gospel as her sister Mary's writings beautifully portray. Four sisters, first Mary, then Ellen and finally Anna and Inga left Norway, their beloved home, their parents and one brother, Marcus, for love of the gospel. Inga also left a girl friend by the name of Ena with whom she had spent much time. Inga emigrated in 1906 as a passenger on the ship, S. S. Arabic, leaving Liverpool on May 25th and arriving in the United States on June 2nd. She came with her sister, Anna, her sister's husband, Andrew M. Nielsen, and their daughter, Nannie. Apostle Widtsoe's mother came on the same ship. Nickoli Jorgensen was the missionary who came with them. They went to Hyrum, Utah. Then Inga went to visit her sister, Ellen, Mrs. J. F. Hartvigsen, on whose farm in Idaho she met for the first time her future husband, J. F.'s brother, Hyrum J. Hartvigsen.

In 1906-07, Inga and Mary moved to Logan. Inga was baptized into the Church, July 6, 1907, by Nicholi (Nick) Jorgensen, and was confirmed the same day by a cousin, Andrew M. Israelsen. Inga and Mary rented a room and they took a course in dressmaking. Then in 1908-09, Inga moved to Salt Lake City where she lived with the Bendiksen's whose home was located across the street from Liberty Park. She worked in a ladies' ready-to-wear store. In 1910, she took a nursing course in Salt Lake City from a Mrs. Roberts, who was called "Mrs. Dr. Roberts", her husband being a medical doctor there.

Inga had filed on 120 acres of land adjacent to J. F. Hartvigsen's farm in Idaho and had a cabin built on the land. She visited and lived with her sister, Ellen, Mrs. J. F. Hartvigsen, for three years while she was proving up on the land, and thus was able to own it.

After two years of medical school and working to earn money, Hyrum returned home to the farm in the Cherry Creek area, where his father and mother now lived. He courted Inga and they were married by Anthony H. Lund in the Salt Lake Temple, September 25, 1912. They spent the summer of 1913 working on his dad's farm. In the same year, J. F. Hartvigsen, and his wife, Ellen, bought Inga's land for \$2,700.

Hyrum and Inga took the train to New York City where their first son, Hyrum, was born; he died three days later. His body was shipped back to Hyrum, Utah, for burial. Vaughn was born December 5, 1914. The baby cried so much that it disturbed Hyrum's ability to study, so Inga and Vaughn went with the Tout family to Ogden, and thence to live at Bendiksen's in Salt Lake until Hyrum returned after getting his M.D. In June, 1916.

They lived in Rigby, Idaho, a few months, where Dr. H. J. Hartvigsen began his medical practice, then moved to McCammon, Idaho, at Christmas time. Dean was born May 22, 1917. Then they moved to Downey, Idaho, on January 1, 1920. Boyd was born March 30, 1921. Inga helped Hyrum, in particular on delivery cases. Sometimes two babies would be due at the same time, and Hyrum would travel to help Inga after he had completed his case, to find all in order under her care.

Since I, Boyd, am writing this history, I will now refer to Inga as Mother, in which role she was truly wonderful. She was of poor health in the ensuing years, and my parents would always have a local farm girl live in with us to help her with the more strenuous tasks. Even so, Mother was a superb cook and would prepare the most delicious meals--many dishes of Norwegian tradition. She was a most kind and gentle person with her family, always thinking of their protection and welfare before her own. She was given a special gift to fore-see certain events in her dreams, and because of this I was especially careful to abide her wise counsel. Others also recognized this gift.

My lovely sister, Lila, was born October 31, 1923, at home in Downey. Dr. Cutler from Preston, Idaho, was the M.D. in charge when both Lila and I were born. Mother gave us a happy childhood. Dad was busy as a country doctor, and Mom would always have a neat, orderly home and all well in hand when Dad would come home. She respected him as patriarch of the family. Because of her liking of trout, Dad would go on fishing trips, often taking the whole family.

As a family we would visit with the J. F. Hartvigsen (Ellen) family, the David W. Christensen (Mary) family, and always take a trip to Hyrum for Memorial Day, and visit the Andrew M. Nielsen (Anna) family and the John and Nannie Nielsen Jorgensen family. I remember well our great love for all of these close relatives. The first lengthy trip from Downey was taken in August, 1926, when Mom and Dad took us all to San Francisco where Dean and I had our tonsils removed at the University of Stanford Medical School Hospital by a specialist. I remember the trip well, but Mom and Dad had to be special parents with that task.

In 1929, Mother was appointed by Gov. C. Ben Ross to handle relief to needy people in the Downey area. She was a personal friend of Mrs. Ross. The depression had hit hard, and Dad's patients were paying in potatoes, eggs, half a hog, etc.; but Mom took everything with thanksgiving and concerned herself with the less fortunate. I remember the beautiful flowers, the vegetable garden between the house and garage, the old washing machine in the garage, and the small wood-burning monkey stove on which she used to make soap in a big metal tub. She was the first to awaken and see our neighbor Johnson's house on fire and to give the alarm.

By 1934, Vaughn was at the university in Pocatello, Idaho. Dean was to begin university studies and Dad needed hospital facilities close at hand, so we moved to 314 South 10th in Pocatello. In October, Mother's health was growing poorer, but even so she and Dad enjoyed getting together with Amil and Cora Hartvigsen to play pinochle cards.

With her children graduating from high school and college and World War II upon us, the boys went overseas. Our parents sold their home, and in 1947 built the home they desired in Pocatello.

Mom always encouraged us to get an education and avoid wasting time. For example, I was discharged from the army in February, 1946, after being away from Midge, my wife, for eighteen months. While I was still in Japan, my mother had been instrumental in my being accepted into the University of Oregon Dental School to attend classes beginning within two weeks (in March), or the following September. Through her wise counsel, I entered dental school in March, graduating a year earlier than the September class.

We were all back home by 1951. Dean was now in medical practice with Dad; I was beginning dental practice; Vaughn was acting as clerk-typist with the Idaho State Highway Department, and Lila was with her M.D. husband, Keith Pearson, in Salt Lake City. Mother had seen her dreams for us come true, but had even poorer health. Midge and I moved into the basement apartment of their home, helping to look after Mom.

One evening in 1952, she opened the basement stair door and fell down a few steps to a landing. We were all there quickly to help her and she recovered fairly well, but began failing rapidly. I talked with her and was at her side often. She had a strong testimony of Jesus Christ and his Church and of the scriptures. She was indeed a saint. She had been confined to bed for a few days, and Dad had been feeding her intravenously. On June 2, 1953, she told me she had seen her son, Hyrum, the night before, and she would be leaving us. She asked me to promise to watch after the others. That evening Dad called me from downstairs. I came quickly and found that Mother had been called home. Her brown hair and her appearance in death was as if years had been erased from her 68 years of mortal life.