

## Karen Marie Hansdatter 1844-1921

(oldefar Peder Hansens halv-søster)

Karen Marie Hansdatter blev født i Skafterup i 1844. Hendes far var Hans Rasmussen (1801-1852). Moderen var Mette Pedersdatter (1810-). Ifølge sønnen (se senere) udvandrer Karen Marie og hendes to brødre Hans Hansen (med kone og barn) og Morten (Martin) Hansen til Amerika omkring 1870/1872. I USA gifter hun sig den 9.marts 1874 med en ligeledes udrejst dansker Thomas Christian Larsen. I ægteskabet er der disse børn:

- Hansina Sophia Methea Larsson, den 14.oktober 1874, Pleasant Grove, Utah
- Thora Christina Larson, 12.maj 1876 (1876-1885)
- Martha Marie Larson, 7. december 1878-1964
- Thomas Christian Larson, 2.marts 1880 (1880-1957)
- Camilla Louise Larson, 2.april 1882 (1882-1955)
- George Washington Larson, 22.februar 1884 (1884-1969)
- Martin Magnus Larson, 11.juli 1885 (1885-1961)
- Thora Christina Larson, dør 24.december 1885
- Maud Marie Larson, 19.november 1887 (1887-1964)

(det er fra sønnen Thomas Christian Larson de fleste oplysninger om moderens liv stammer)



Karen Marie Hansdatter



Thomas Christian Larson



Hansina Sophia Methea Larson



Martha Marie Larson



Thomas Christian Larson



Camilla Louisa Larson,



George Washington Larson



Martin Magnus Larson



Maud Marie Larson, 1887-1964



Fra venstre: Karen Marie Hansdatter Larson, Thomas Lauridsen, Martha Marie Larsen, Nola Matilda West, Hansina Methea Larsen



## History of Karen Marie Hanson Larson, By Martin M. Larson, a Son

Karen Marie Hanson Larson was born Sept. 29, 1844 in a little town of Skafterup in County Soro, Sjelland, Denmark. Her father was Hans Rasmussen and her mother was Mette Peterson who became Hans Rasmussen's second wife, the first having died. There were seven children in the family, Peter Hanson and Niels Hanson, born to the first wife, and five children born to the second wife: Hans Hans born 1837; Annie Sophia born 1840; Mette Christine born 1842; Karen Marie Hanson born Sept. 29, 1844; and Martin Hanson born in 1846. The family were members of the Lutheran Church. Mette Christine and Annie Sophia passed away; the other children completed schooling, considerable of which was study and learning of the Lutheran Bible.

The living children of the second wife joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and decided to come to America, the land of Zion. Father Rasmussen had died in July 1851 and mother Rasmussen who had reared the children had died in Skafterup Nov

25, 1867. Hans had married and had a little girl named Minnie and a small baby.

Employment being scarce in Denmark, they went to Copenhagen and to Hamburg, Germany for employment. As soon as they acquired enough money for ship fare across the North Sea, they set sail for England. Soon after landing they obtained employment in the Salt works at Northrup, where they worked for about a year accumulating money to pay ship fare to America. While working at the salt works Hans' wife and baby contracted small pox which was then a raging epidemic in England. Both passed away and were interred there. So Karen Marie assumed for Hans the care and rearing of the girl Minnie.

When they acquired the funds necessary for ship fare across the ocean they took passage on a sailing vessel and were five and one-half weeks reaching port at Brooklyn.

Karen Marie, my mother, obtained employment as a domestic where she could keep the little girl while the men sought work. Both men were successful in finding work at Pittsfield, Warren Co., in the Northwest corner of Pennsylvania, at a rock quarry known as the Daugst. Mother moved west with her brothers. There they met and developed a friendship with another young Dane by the name of Thomas Christian Larson who worked at the butcher shop but could not speak English.

At this stage I shall cease narration of daily incidents or events that may appear in a history until I introduce you to the person, character, and personality of my mother, Karen Marie Hanson Larson, because we must know a person before we can understand or appreciate them. I first introduce her as my mother and declare her to be the most spiritual person I have ever known.

She came into the world a dimpled fragment of humanity. She was endowed with her mother's beauty of soul and as much but no more of her father's pugnacity than is desirable that a pretty child should have, and to this had been added the best of all gifts, a love of life that sees good in all its days. Sensing it as a power of the spirit it caused her to see that her tongue refrained from evil and that her lips never spoke guile. Do you know a person whose daily ambition and desire is to do good, seek peace, and try to insure the happiness of others? Such was the kind of person she had the good fortune to be born. She had a transparent honesty, like clear water flowing over a stream bed, a purity that washes away all uncleanness and a serenity that makes divinely fresh and lovely all that is seen through your own transparency. Most of what we see in any other person is what we see in our own mirror, so we see the world thru the medium of our own characters. She saw all things and problems that confronted her through the bright purity and clarity of her soul. Therefore, she could go thru life without rancor, bitterness, or feeling of hatred.

She did not want to disturb any other person or do any other thing than was her duty to do, and anything that could be of help to another was a duty. So she grew to maturity, a perfect woman, a lithe and supple body, vibrant with life and a sense of fitness for living this life to its utmost. As she grew and her vision and thinking processes expanded, her feelings and ways assumed more definite form and positive action, that evidenced a resolute character and a soulful desire to do things as her spirit whispered and not as the carnal or natural mind would want it.

When a thing was to be done, it was to be done now. Time was valuable. Mother was not too impulsive to deliberate and plan for good judgment, but once a decision was reached, it had to be carried out with order and power. Had she been born a boy, she could have

been a great field Marshall, combining to a considerable degree the speed and dash of Napoleon, the cool, calculable mind of Count Moltke, the dogged determination of Stonewall Jackson and the kind, sympathetic heart of Washington and Lincoln.

She was not a hermit. She loved people and wanted her life to be colored by theirs. All things were measured in terms of life and their effects upon the hopes, ideals, and human reactions of people. To her, people became the cosmos, and ego was of little moment. Life was real and vibrant, outside of one's self, and not locked with the torso.

Dreams.

She was born a small baby and grew slowly. In her last years of childhood and early years of girlhood, she reflected definite things of youth. She frequently spoke of things divine and declared a firm faith in divine creation of life, now and eternally. She was often called the spiritual dreamer by the family who just thought she had unusual dreams. One morning when about 13 years of age she told the family that something shocking was going to happen because in the night she saw a man hit in the head with a rock and his body thrown into the lake. (A pond by the side of the road to town). They paid no attention to her story but her mother's bachelor brother did not make his daily call at the house. The next day his body was found floating in the pond, his head crushed with a rock. Soon a seventeen-year-old boy, somewhat wild and unruly, was arrested and confessed that the night before the body was found, it being fairly dark, he had walked with the man until they came to a place he thought deep enough for the body to sink. Then he hit the man with a rock, took everything from the pockets and rolled the body into the pond. Thereafter the family called her the "Foreteller" or spirit seer.

While they were working in Copenhagen and Hamburg to earn fare to cross the North Sea to England, she experienced another spiritual forecast. One night in her dream sleep she saw the funeral of an adult and a child. The service was not like a Danish service and the coffin or caskets seemed very strange. Danish caskets were of good depth, had plenty of room for the corpse and were light on the outside. The caskets in this dream were dark brown and quite flat, with scarcely room for the bodies. Within a year, she saw that strange funeral when Uncle Hans's wife and baby were buried in England in dark brown coffins that were very flat.

Mother had another incident remarkable for her foreknowledge of something that would occur, but my statement that mother was the most spiritual person I had ever known need not rest on those incidents alone. Her actions, statements and behavior every day manifested a life near perfect and its thinking, its speaking and its desires were the activities not of the carnal mind or body but of the spirit which is the real life of each human being and is the ultimate personality which survives after death; the real child of God who shall live forever and be judged by its own work and achievements; not as the carnal being of the flesh but the thoughts and acts of the spirit-being to which the body is serving as a temporary home during this stage of our education.

Everything I know I learned from my mother. Not the recital of facts or events. Such things have nothing to do with our knowledge and intellectual capacity. Intelligence is measured by our capacity to think and the thought we think.

She taught me reverence for the Lord, observance of his teachings and conviction that we must act with a pure heart. She taught me many times the joy that came from service to the Lord by helping other people in need and to share whatever I had with others who



had less. Life was a holy right; a trust from the Lord; that women were the givers and preservers of life and must be solemnly respected as sacred; that because of their function of creating and rearing, it became man's duty to guard them and to care for them and help them to be pure and virtuous.

So it was through her quiet, daily living, in conformance with her spiritual thoughts and emotions that I absorbed and accepted my spiritual concepts, unlimited faith therein and my interpretation of them in a firm faith that they are God's words.

Another thing or way about mother was her touching nature and sentiments and urge to help everyone, especially children that were in need. It was so basic in her living that she could not be content until she had done something to help them.

Mother Feeds a Needy Family.

In 1902, I was a companion with Mason Johnson as a Ward Teacher. On our first round in the district we came to a house of \_\_\_\_\_ above the Battle Creek Canal. He was a featherweight, not over 5-feet high and a boozier who never missed a drink that could be got. He had a wife and six children under twelve, with another on the way. When we arrived about 9:30pm we were informed by the lady that the master was away on a drunken spree. We also learned that the children were all hungry, having had no supper. When we left the house Brother Johnson agreed to advise the Bishop of the situation. When I reached home I told Mother about the misery I had witnessed. She cried and so did I. Next morning when I was ready to leave for school, mother gave me my lunch bucket and a flour sack into which she had put a large piece of pork, a pound of butter, some bread and potatoes and a can of tomatoes. I am not sure of anything else. Mother handed it to me and said, "This is food for the children we cried for last night. I am sure you will take it to them this

morning." I answered, "Mother, I would cry if I couldn't take it." She kissed me, I turned to go, and I think she cried again.

When I delivered the sack to their door, Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ asked if I were the boy who had been there the night before. I answered that I was and that Mother sent this over so the children could have something to eat. Then she cried. The children smiled and the ward teacher went on to school with his heart full of praise to the goodness of the Lord and the reverential devotion to his angel mother.

The Hansons Meet Thomas Christian Larson.

I shall now return to the incidents or events of the history of the Hanson family who were living at Pittsfield, Pa., when they met Thomas C. Larson, the young Dane who had recently come there. In going to and from his work he passed the house where the Hansons lived. One evening as he came from the butcher shop, he decided that the people in the little house were Danish, so he went to the door and introduced himself. He found two young men and their sister living there. Since they also wanted company and conversation, they set up a close companionship and plans to come West in the spring were worked out. In due time a party of five souls, namely, Hans Hanson, Martin Hanson, Karen Marie Hanson, the child named Minnie, and one Thomas Christian Larson left Warren County, Pa., by train, for security of their faith and financial betterment, in the land of the golden west. They arrived in Lehi, Utah, in the summer of 1873.

Larson was not a Mormon but in the winter of 1873 he was baptized in a hole cut through the ice, and joined the LDS Church. March 6, 1874 he and Karen Marie Hanson were married in the Endowment House by President Joseph F. Smith. They resided for a time with a relative at American Fork.

After the marriage they and Martin Hanson went up American Fork Canyon and obtained work at a small smelter operated by a German named Hans Brickmeyer. Here they all worked until the fall of 1874 when they came out of the canyon and moved into what later became the upper part of Spring Town now Linden, Utah County. They filed on a tract of good ground a little north of the road which gave the name of String town. Shortly after, Frank Banks made a claim to the ground and the dispute came up for trial and settlement before old man Wadley who owned a tract of land further west, and who was the head Churchman there. At the trial it was conceded that Larson had made a proper claim on the ground; but Banks claimed he had made a filing first. By the time all the evidence was in, Banks admitted he had made no claims or filing but insisted that once he had passed the place and thought it was good ground, but did nothing about it until after the Larsons had made claim of ownership. Mr. Wadley, sitting as the decider for the Bishop, ruled that since Banks was a member of the ward and had some property and Larson was just an immigrant and a new member of the Church brother Banks should have the property.

The Larsons Lived in a Dugout.

Larsons then moved north some distance and made a partial dugout and partial lumber shack in which in which they lived except for a short time in the fall when their first child, Methea was born.

Next, they moved into a home of Thomas Larson's uncle, Hans Johanson. Mother's brother Martin Hanson had homesteader a quarter section of land near the mouth of Battle Creek Canyon. Father and Mother erected a frame shanty on the north side of this quarter section, beside the bed of Battle Creek, just south of Pig Hollow. In the spring of 1877, they bought from Neils Carlsen 25 acres of land covered with sage brush, just south of the frame

shanty, and this became their first and permanent home. Later they acquired about eight acres south of the other land from a man named Archibald. Mother's brother Martin Hanson had built on his quarter section a small building from rock and clay, just east of the 25 acre tract mother and dad had bought. Martin had determined to learn and practice dentistry so he made an arrangement with mother that if she would pay the taxes on his land while he studied dentistry, she could have the land when he became a dentist. This arrangement was kept by both parties.

After the purchase of the Carlson 25 acres, they made a dugout home in the side of a hollow in the land. This had a rock wall with a window in the south side, a rock wall and door in the west end. The north end and east end were dirt, being the bank from the excavation. It had a dirt roof.

In this, they lived until the house was built that became their permanent home for the rest of their lives.

Births of Children.

Having given the history of seeking a home and final settlement of the family, the following statistics are important: The oldest child, Methea, was born in the home of Marie Christensen, father's sister, Oct. 14, 1874; second child, Thora, was born in the Hans Johanson home May 12, 1876; Martha Marie was born in the dugout in the hollow, Dec. 7, 1878; The first son, Thomas C. was born Mar. 2, 1880 in the dugout; Camille Louise born Apr. 2, 1882 also in the dugout; the last three children were born in the permanent home in the following order: George W. Born 22 Feb. 1884, Martin M. born 11 July 1885 and Maude Marie born 19 Nov. 1887.

Life in the Dugout.

While living in the dugout during the building of the permanent home, water was a positive need. The nearest usable water was the flow of Battle Creek about three-fourths mile from home. At that time there were no horses or equipment to use in transporting water this distance so all water, even for wash days, had to be carried from the creek to the house. Since father was at work, mother carried all the water needed at the home by means of a "drak" — a thing made from a piece of hard wood which was shaped and smoothed so it could lay across the shoulders and buckets hung on each end so one could carry as much as they could lift. Thus water was carried three-fourths mile for all purposes.

#### An Easier Way to Get Water to the House.

After several months her brother, Martin the one studying dentistry, came for a visit. He decided with mother that the water should be brought to the home with less burden. Three-fourths mile further up the creek they diverted water from the creek into a ditch washed out by overflow water when the stream was too high. This wash ran down about a fifth of a mile north of the home. Uncle Martin took a pick and mother a hoe. They selected a point on the ditch northeasterly from the house with an elevation appreciably higher. This became the point of diversion. They put a dirt and sod dam in the ditch to back the water up to the diversion point. That dam became known as the Demning. The ground was hard and dry. With the pick Uncle Martin dug loose a narrow strip of ground carefully controlling its direction and slope. Mother followed with the hoe to rake loose dirt up on the lower bank and the ditch was made which there after carried water for culinary purposes and watering the garden; also furnishing water for the livestock.

A permanent home having been acquired and water supply made available, mother's next desire and effort was to get a cow for milk

and butter. With search and inquiry she brought home "Old Cherry" a typical red devon with white horns. Soon the cow had a calf, "Red Cherry." Old Cherry was a gentle cow and helped with the milk and butter supply. Year by year the herd increased with "Lil", "Rose", "Little Beaute", and "Spot" until the herd counted about thirty-five head. During this period several sheep were secured, usually from herds passing from winter to summer range when some sheep cannot stand the journey and are sold cheap. Mother was glad for them as they furnished wool which she scoured, corded, spun and used in knitting sox and gloves for the family.

Grand View Poultry Yard.

The last living successful venture which also played a role in family necessities was poultry. Mother keenly appreciated the value of eggs in keeping a family and also sensed the fact that there is money in the fowl. There were a few hens around, received in exchange for fruit, but mother saw the future possibilities and with father decided on making an egg business with brown leghorn poultry. A start was purchased, incubators were set and in one year the Grand View poultry yard was the equal if not the foremost poultry yard in Utah County. The care and feeding of the chickens was a special care and undertaking of Mother's and it became a thriving business until her health failed.

Conditions necessitated that Mother go through trials and ordeals of such severity that only a heroic, determined, and strongly spiritual person, with an abiding faith in the Lord could carry the cross as unflinchingly as did she.

The dugout in the hollow was in the spring of 1877 occupied by the family. There were no windows nor frames therefore to give light or ventilation and in wet weather the door could not be opened or water and mud would come into the room.

The hard work Mother had to do, besides taking care of the children, cooking, washing, preparing and making clothes, etc brought a severe illness upon her. When Dr. Young was called in, he said she had inflammation of the blood. Nothing could be done and it was most likely she would die. Another doctor was called in. He directed that a hole be knocked through the south wall to furnish light and plenty of fresh air, even if it was cold. Under his care and the blessings of the Lord mother slowly recovered. The house they were building being completed in 1883, the family moved in and it became the home of Father and Mother the rest of their lives.

#### 9-Year-Old Thora Passes Away.

In the fall of 1885, the typhoid fever epidemic came and everyone in the family except Mother, who refused to submit to the fever, and Martin who was a nursing baby, suffered from a severe spell of the fever. Doctor Rogers, the family physician made regular and frequent calls day and night. Thora was the one in most eminent danger and the doctor prescribed a different medicine for her and told the druggist to send it up to the house. He did not send it up, and Thora passed away the next afternoon. When the doctor learned the medicine had not been delivered, he went to the drug store and demanded the reason. The druggist said he did not send it up because he was not sure they could pay for it. The doctor said, "A girl died because of your damn greediness. You will pay for it. You will soon be out of business." Rogers proceeded shortly thereafter to open up a pharmacy and [the other druggist] had to close his store.

After Thora Passed away the other children were improving. T.C. (Chris) was able to get out of bed and reach the cupboard when Mother was out of the house. He had a craving for Danish pickles (ripe cucumbers peeled and pickled). He went to the cupboard and got a pickle saying, "Gigorker de smager sa gode." (Cucumbers taste so good).

Camilla Gets Severely Ill.

Shortly after this incident, Camilla took advantage of Mother's absence and crawled out of bed. When Mother came in she was immediately put back. Soon after she suffered a severe paralysis of the right half of her body. For two days they could not detect any breathing or signs of life except a pulse beat in an artery in the side of the neck. After some months she partially recovered so she could crawl and play on the floor, using her left hand. Her right arm was completely helpless and useless. In time, she learned to walk and use her left hand with considerable skill in a variety of tasks and undertakings.

This affliction was a severe blow to Mother, knowing her daughter would always need care and protection. It was a constant worry and fear. The other children were healthy and capable of working out their problems as they came along, but Millie was different. When Mother was not feeling well or problems came up, she always said to the rest of us, "Take care of Millie."

Uncle "Jack".

In the spring of 1910 Father's sister, Aunt Annie Peterson died in Salt Lake City and left seven children without a mother, four boys and three girls. Mother then took the youngest boy, John ("Jack") S. Peterson to rear and care for, so he became a member of the family, cared for by Mother with the same concern and opportunities as the



rest of the family had received or were receiving. He was given the schooling and training he wanted and in due time became a qualified plumber and an expert hot and cold air mechanic. He made his home with Mother and two of the girls until after Mother's death and contributed to Methea and Millie until he succumbed to a kidney infection. He is buried on the Larson plot in the Pleasant Grove Cemetery.

Father Dies. In April 1915, Father, Thomas C. Larson on his saddle horse was gathering up and driving a herd of cattle off the grain lands and onto the grazing range. The horse stumbled and fell, father landing on his right side and the pony partially on top of him. This accident injured his lung. Breathing became more difficult as the months passed until Dec. 8th when he passed away.

Mother Dies. During the time Mother was in poor health. She had heart affliction and edema, which grew worse as time went on. After Father's death her primary concern was about Millie and she constantly reminded us of our duties and obligations in this regard. Her health continued to fail until Dec. 21, 1921 when she passed away. She was interred in the Pleasant Grove Cemetery beside her husband and near her deceased daughter Thora. Her last words to me were, "Watch over Millie and be good to Leah."

\*\*I have a typed photocopy of this history which I'm sure many of my cousins have, as well. I added a little punctuation here and there and added topic headings to break up the stories a bit. ---Leslie Dicou

Karen Maries 100 års dag fejres i familien

**THOMAS LARSON FAMILY  
ENJOY PARTY IN PROVO**

The family of the late Thomas Larson enjoyed dinner and a social evening Friday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Larson of Provo, commemorating the one hundredth birthday anniversary of their mother Karen Marie Larson. After dinner the evening was happily spent recalling childhood reminiscences and incidents in the life of their mother who was born near Copenhagen, Denmark Sept. 29th, 1844, and came to this country as a convert to the L. D. S. Church when a young woman.

Sons and daughters enjoying the party were Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Larson of Provo, Justice and Mrs. Martin M. Larson of Salt Lake City, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Larson, Miss Camille Larson, Mrs. Maude L. Green and Mrs. Martha L. Peterson all of Pleasant Grove.

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Thomas Larson  
Evanston, Utah

Dear Mr. Larson:

I was so delighted with your letter. You did the best son of your family that has ever written to me.

It is regretful to lose dear mother, she was always good and kind, and generous. The only fault I ever saw in her, she did not go to church. Outside of that, she was one of the best women I ever knew.

When I had my first baby, she came and helped me a wonderful bit. Whenever I have been at your mother's table, she always had the coffee get on the stove. It was so good, it was like sweet and spicy.

When I was 12, I wanted to keep the wood of windows and have been a really great when I was 10 years old that day.

Oh, I don't want a copy of it, but I got what I could to help me when you were here. I have just been a child for the name of Evanston. Your mother always visited her sons. I have a very pleasant time with you every day of my life. I think she married a Mormon who was from Pleasant Grove. Two different times when I went to Pleasant Grove to see my father I was and saw your mother. It was a joyful meeting. I did not have so much about your letter, but he was always kind to me. He was always on the farm writing.

I remain yours affectionately, with love to all

Wm. Williams

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Karen Marie Hansdatter Larsons dødsattest:

STATE OF IOWA - DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA HOSPITAL - STATE OF IOWA - DEATH CERTIFICATE

*Thomas Larson*

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**SERVICES HELD  
FOR MRS. LARSON**

Funeral services were held at the tabernacle Friday last, for Mrs. Thos. Larson, who died from heart failure, after an illness of about nine weeks.

Bishop E. D. Olpin was in charge of the services. A quartette consisting of A. R. Overlade, J. A. West, Reva West and Mrs. Velma Rasmussen furnished the musical selections. The quartette sang "Jesus Lover of My Soul."

W. L. Hayes, F. S. Humphries, Roy West, Alexander Bullock and Bp. Olpin spoke of the good life of the deceased and offered words of consolation to the bereaved. Mrs. Rasmussen sang a solo, "Mother of Pearls," and Alfred Swanson rendered a violin solo "O My Father." The closing prayer was offered by R. D. Wadley.

Sons and son-in-laws of the deceased acted as pallbearers. They were T. C. Larson, G. W. Larson, M. M. Larson, Martin Peterson, Herman Greene and John Petersen.

At the Pleasant Grove Cemetery, where interment took place, John Adams dedicated the grave.

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## MRS. THOS. LARSON CALLED WEDNESDAY

The Lord in His wisdom recalled another of his humble servants this week. After a prolonged illness of nine weeks, Mrs. Thomas Larson passed to her reward Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Larson was 77 years of age on Sept. 29th 1921. She had not been enjoying the best of health for a year or more, and two months ago she suffered an attack of heart failure, which suddenly became so acute that she was confined to her bed. Under careful treatment her heart appeared to improve, but she was unable to overcome the shock and strain and her weakened condition continued to grow until the end.

Mrs. Larsen was the mother of 8 children, seven of whom are still living. They are T. C. Larsen of Provo; M. M. Larsen of Provo; Geo. W. Larsen, Methea Larsen, Camilla Larsen, Mrs. Martin Peterson, and Mrs. Herman Green. Fourteen grand-children also survive her.

She was born in Denmark in 1844. She with her brother emigrated to America in 1872. In Pennsylvania she became acquainted with Thomas Larsen and they were married in 1874. For a time they lived in American Fork Canyon at the time the Miller Mine was famous. Later they lived a short time in Manila on the Hans Joe Hansen property, but moved east of town where they homesteaded. Here she has lived ever since.

Mrs. Larsen was not a woman of public affairs; but one of excellent character and sterling worth; who loved her home, her children and her neighbors, a woman who never forgot a kindness and who believed and lived the golden maxim "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The funeral was held Friday afternoon at the Pleasant Grove tabernacle as we go to press.

# Karen Marie Spoke “Danglish”

An Excerpt from “A Brief History of My Mother”

By George W. Larson

This excerpt was originally entitled “Mother’s Language”

Mother knew and talked well her native tongue, pure Copenhagen or classic Danish. She read fluently from her Danish Bible and from the weekly Danish newspapers, “The Danish Pioneer” and “Bee-Koben.” The former was her favorite paper.

She was well along in her twenties when she came to this country, consequently she never mastered very thoroughly the English language. In her conversation she would often begin with an English word or phrase, followed immediately by some Danish and then throw in her own broken words and idioms, so strangers, unacquainted with her speech habits, often found it very difficult to understand her. Scandinavians with knowledge of both languages had no difficulty, once they caught on to her style. Her own children had no difficulty. They understood perfectly every one of her utterances before they ever attended school and sometimes, I thought, could speak her “mixed” languages more fluently than they did their own native English.

# What’s Cookin’? —-Eating with Karen Marie

An excerpt from “A Brief History of My Mother”

By George W. Larson

This excerpt was originally entitled “Mother’s Cooking”

At some time or other, everyone has longed for some of their mother’s cooking. Our case was no different.

In my days, at least, we generally had plenty of bread, butter, milk, both sweet and sour (clabbered) milk. Clabber was a standard summer dish. We all learned to like it and ate gallons of it. When the butter situation permitted, Mother often placed the full pan, cream and all, on the center of the table together with the sugar bowl.

Another delight was her homemade pork sausage, mixed with onions instead of sage, as most English people use. Salted beef, dried and sliced as thin as our dull knives permitted, made the center for delicious sandwiches. No sandwich spread or salad dressing in those days.

Faggots, consisting of ground liver, seasoned, made into balls the size of an egg, wrapped in unbroken sheath of leaf lard and oven-baked in deep fat, once cooled were always in the cellar or cupboard soon after pork-killing time. “Melk Boller,” her Danish way of saying dumplings in milk, consisted of bread dough dropped into boiling milk and eaten while hot. Modern directions might say “hard on digestion,” but we ate them, enjoyed them, and lived on.

“Sodesupe,” a Scandinavian way to say sweet soup, consisted of sego gruel, sweetened and seasoned with cinnamon, or other spice and occasionally raisins or

prunes added. Mother always made some for every neighbor woman who was confined with a new baby. Funny, but we all enjoyed it.

I recall too, the asparagus patch down by the codling tree. This was Mother's delight—"asparagus;" but I hated to eat it. It seemed slimy and stringy, and I couldn't "go it."

"Frekedella" made much the same as our hamburgers, only with eggs, a little flour and cinnamon or other spice added, instead of the usual onions and mustard as Americans generally serve, were really delicious. "Kjod boller Supe" the Danish name for vegetable soup with meatballs added, was another of her substantial and satisfying dishes.

Mother's "Fry Cakes," her way of saying doughnuts, was always enjoyed by all, family and visitors alike. Securing enough deep fat for frying was often a problem. Anyway, we enjoyed Mother's cooking, plain but substantial food. Plain and substantial were key words in her life anyway.



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