

Family History Marinus Johan Johansen

Marinus Johan Johansen was born at Iisbjerg, Aarhus, Denmark Nov 1, 1863. Son of Peter Christian and Sedsil Marie Jensen Johansen.

He left Olsted, Aarhus, Denmark, with his parents and two sisters, Birgitti and Annie Ballmarie, June 1867 for the Gospel's sake. They went to Liverpool England and on Friday June 21, 1867 they sailed on the steamship Manhattan, (which was her second voyage), and arrived in New York City July 4, 1867 with 480 saints under the direction of Archibald N. Hill. They continued the journey to North Platte Nebraska on the Union Pacific Railroad 391 miles west of Omaha. There they joined the oxen train of the Independent Company. It was called the Independent Company because it was entirely self supporting, receiving no help from the house colony. No teams were to assist them, as the Saints were concerned with the Black Hawk War, which was Indian difficulties in the south, as it became more serious companies of militia were sent out from the north to protect the settlers. But nearly all the settlements on the upper Sevier and those in Kane County were deserted by their inhabitants, who moved to the older and stronger towns for safety. Grasshoppers destroyed the crops in different parts of the territory. Therefore, no church teams were sent that year to the Missouri River to help the saints, in consequence of which the immigration was comparatively small.

This company consisted of 480 saints, with 50 wagons and 4 oxen to each wagon. They were heavily loaded, hence all were required to walk the 1,400 miles to Salt Lake City. Rules for government were established in each camp and firmly carried out. No swearing was allowed. All assembled for prayers at the call of the chaplain morning and night: at nine o'clock all retired, and at 5 o'clock all arose.

The task of leading these people, who were Danes, is told by Captain Rice. "The people spoke a language that I did not understand and were not accustomed to driving teams of oxen, I had to teach them how to yoke their cattle and hitch them to their wagons. It will be easy to imagine the magnitude of the task I had undertaken. The immigrants would yell 'gee' and 'haw' at the oxen, getting the words mixed up, and say gee for haw and vice versa. The first week we made only 5 to 10 miles a day, but at the end of 2 weeks we could make 25. We were under the necessity of travelling a certain number of miles each day, in order to camp where there was water for the animals to drink. One day we drove to the camping spot, only to find the Indians were already camped there. As we approached the Indians showed no sign of hostility. We fed and watered our oxen and made a roaring fire. Eleven or twelve of the Indians came over and squatted peacefully around our camp fire. We shook hands with the Indians as they left. Then we had our customary evening prayers and went to bed. We pretended to sleep that night but I don't think one of us closed our eyes. We arose the next morning, we thanked our Heavenly Father with overflowing hearts for the protection during the previous night. After breakfast we gave the Indians a sack of flour and bade them farewell. They shook my hand heartily and said, 'you good Mormons.' Scores of incidents might be related in which the Saints have been preserved in a manner almost miraculous from the Indians while journeying to Utah. The secret of their success was the listening to the still small voice that was always with them. Prayer will always be the proper method by which one may obtain a convincing testimony of the truth of this great latter day work."

Although father was not quite four years old at the time, he said he remembered how they would yell "gee" and "haw" at the oxen. His parents paid the steamship and train fares and furnished wagons, oxen supplies and one cow for thirteen people besides their own family. Only

one person of this group repaid them.

This journey across the plains impressed the little lad of four years with sorrow, because it was near North Platte Nebraska he remembered his parents being stricken by the death of his six year old sister Anne Ballmarie whom he called Eleanor. It was because of this he asked me to name my first daughter Eleanor, and I did.

An incident that was near tragedy, he also remembered very well was when a woman choked on a piece of meat and how some of the men in the company took her by the feet and held her downward and shook her until the meat came free.

The company arrived in Salt Lake City, Oct 5, 1867 just in time to attend the first conference held in the great LDS tabernacle Oct 6, 1867. Conference continued until Oct 9th. This structure was just completed on the 8th of Oct. Joseph F. Smith was chosen to fill the vacancy in the council of the twelve apostles occasioned by the apostasy of Amasa M. Lyman.

They came directly to Huntsville, Utah and built a two room house on the same lot where they later erected their home and where he spent the remainder of his life. They had only been there three years when his father passed away. He and his mother and sister Birgitti endured many hardships and privations during these early years at Huntsville, they having come just ten years after the first settlers. Erastus Bingham and Joseph Hardy erected the first cabin in Huntsville.

It seemed to be up to this lad of seven to help support the family so at that age he started to fish the rivers near by, which later became his hobby. He had a knack for fishing, even at this early age. He would go to the river and some time later in the day his mother would come and help him carry the fish home, because he could always catch more than he could carry. These they would sell for ten cents per pound.

In his eighth year he herded sheep and received a sheep in return for his time, and the next summer his wage was a hundred pounds of flour for being the shepherd. He also learned to rob the wild honey bees for their honey.

When he was about fifteen, one of the more severe grasshopper scourges visited the valley, destroying almost everything in their wake. About the only thing they wouldn't eat was the Hubbard squash plants. They had plenty of squash that fall and winter. It was my father's job to keep turning the squash, so they wouldn't rot. Because they received one slice of bread a day and the rest was just squash which was all they lived on until spring. I never knew him to eat a piece of squash. He would always say, "I had enough at one time."

About this same year an epidemic of diphtheria was visited upon the settlers. He told of his mother helping out at various homes and he would go along and more than once he had to sleep with the youngsters that had the disease. He was a hardy person never having a commutable disease in his entire life. He once had a boil under his arm and it was the only time I ever knew him to go to a doctor until his last illness which lasted three weeks.

As he grew into manhood he was always in the wide open spaces hunting and fishing. Which was some of his happiest moments. On one of these occasions he was walking along the river bank when a rattle snake bit him on the shin, not being where he could get at it to suck the poison out with his mouth, he did what the Indians had once told him to do. He rolled up his pant leg and stood in the swiftest part of the river, to just above the bite and let the water run into it, this he did for quite a long time. His leg swelled to twice its original size up to the water mark. He was laid up with a very sore leg for months. At last the poison broke out on the top of his big

toe. The water treatment had saved his life just as the Indians had said it would. At one time he saw Chief Washikie and a thousand Indians camped on the south bench of the valley.

When he was a young man he acquired the gift somehow of extra sensory perception. Many times while out in the mountains, where he spent much of his time hunting, he said he heard, as he described it, a voice distinctly tell him to go home, as his mother was ill and needed him. Always he would pack and go home, if need be in the night, or anytime he received the message, and always it was as the message had stated. His mother was in poor health the last years of her life and they had grown very close together, after her death her son Peter (by her second husband Peter Stephensen came to live with my Father and Mother. He was 14 years old and lived there until he was married.

He also had his life saved more than once in this fashion. On one occasion he had made his bed under a large cotton wood tree and this same prompting came to him and told him to get up and take his bed into the open. In the middle of the night the tree was struck by lightning and split the tree from top to bottom.

By this same perception he recognized his wife to be. Mother had just come from Denmark and one day when Father was passing on a wagon about half a block away, she came out of her house and sat on a bench at the south of the house. At that moment he remembered of seeing the same woman doing the same thing in his dream and telling him she was to be his wife. He went home and got cleaned up and took his violin and went to the Mollerup home to see her. Father could not talk Danish as fluently as she could but he made himself understood. She came to Ogden to work so she could learn to speak English and she worked for the Woodmansees. In a few months they were married, on Nov 30, 1887 at Huntsville.



Most of the land they acquired was covered with brush and trees that had to be removed before any farming could be done. The farms he owned were the best, due to his untiring efforts to make them blossom as a rose. Much of the brush and the trees were used for fuel in the home, as coal was unknown in those days in the valley. The irrigation ditches were models of neatness, no weeds or grass was allowed to hinder the flow of water. His fences were always in order and at no time did he allow his animals to trespass on his neighbors property.

In his youth he enjoyed baseball even though his time was quite well taken up with duties as a provider for his widowed mother. He became one of the outstanding players in the baseball club that developed into the leading team in the county.

What schooling he had, he received in the old rock school house which was finished the same year they came to Huntsville. He also did considerable work on the first meeting house.

Food being scarce during the early part of his life, he became an ardent hunter providing the family and the others with an abundance of fish, venison and other kinds of wild game. He established a record as the leading sportsman of the community. At one time the settlers were molested by bear, especially the grizzly. Various methods had been used to do away with this destroyer, but all in vain. At one time this bear was caught in a trap, but escaped capture by chewing off its foot. This animal continued his depredations in spite of the loss of one foot. He

finally met his Waterloo through the expert marksmanship of this pioneer. I can remember the last grizzly bear he shot. I was about four years old and the school children were brought down to our house to see this 1,200 pound bruin. I remember my brother setting atop of the bear as it lay on the wagon. It was later put on display in Ogden.

His honest was outstanding, no bond or note was needed as his word was never questioned, stated former Bishop Joseph L. Petersen. He was always good to the widows and the needy of our community. In the fall as he sold his grain he would buy our years supply of flour and I can remember as a little girl, going with him to take several sacks of flour and loads of wood to the needy.

He had a long useful life and passed away February 20th 1940 at the age of 76 years 3 months and 25 days, at the Dee Hospital and was interned in the Huntsville cemetery. He was loved and missed by his family and every one who knew him. His children are as follows:

	Born	Died
Maggie Johansen Felt	7 Mar 1889	28 May 1962
Mary Johansen	11 Sept 1890	8 April 1892
Henry Marinus Johansen	10 Aug 1892	29 July 1963
Leo Walter Johansen	7 Mar 1895	11 June 1977
Edgar Andrew Johansen	7 Mar 1998	15 April 1997
Orvetta Johansen Burrows	5 Aug 1901	2 Nov 1996
Vallecita Johansen Hill	23 Feb 1904	19 Feb 1990
Mark Colton Johansen	13 Mar 1906	