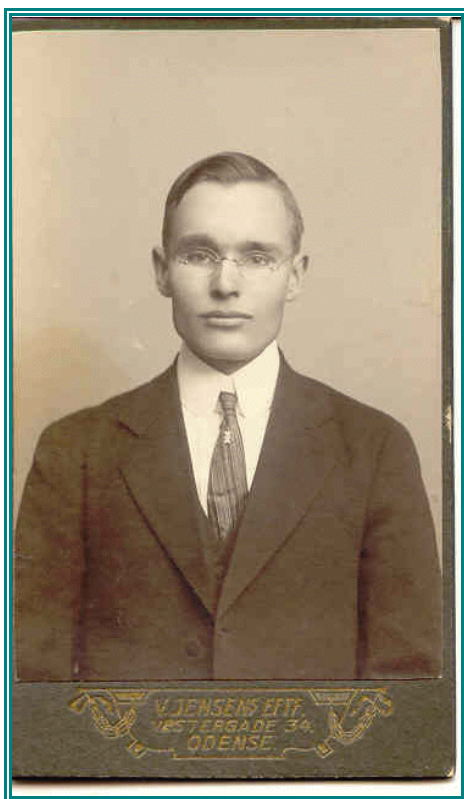


UPHILL - BOTH WAYS



Volume 2 - Leamington, Utah ©

James A. Jensen

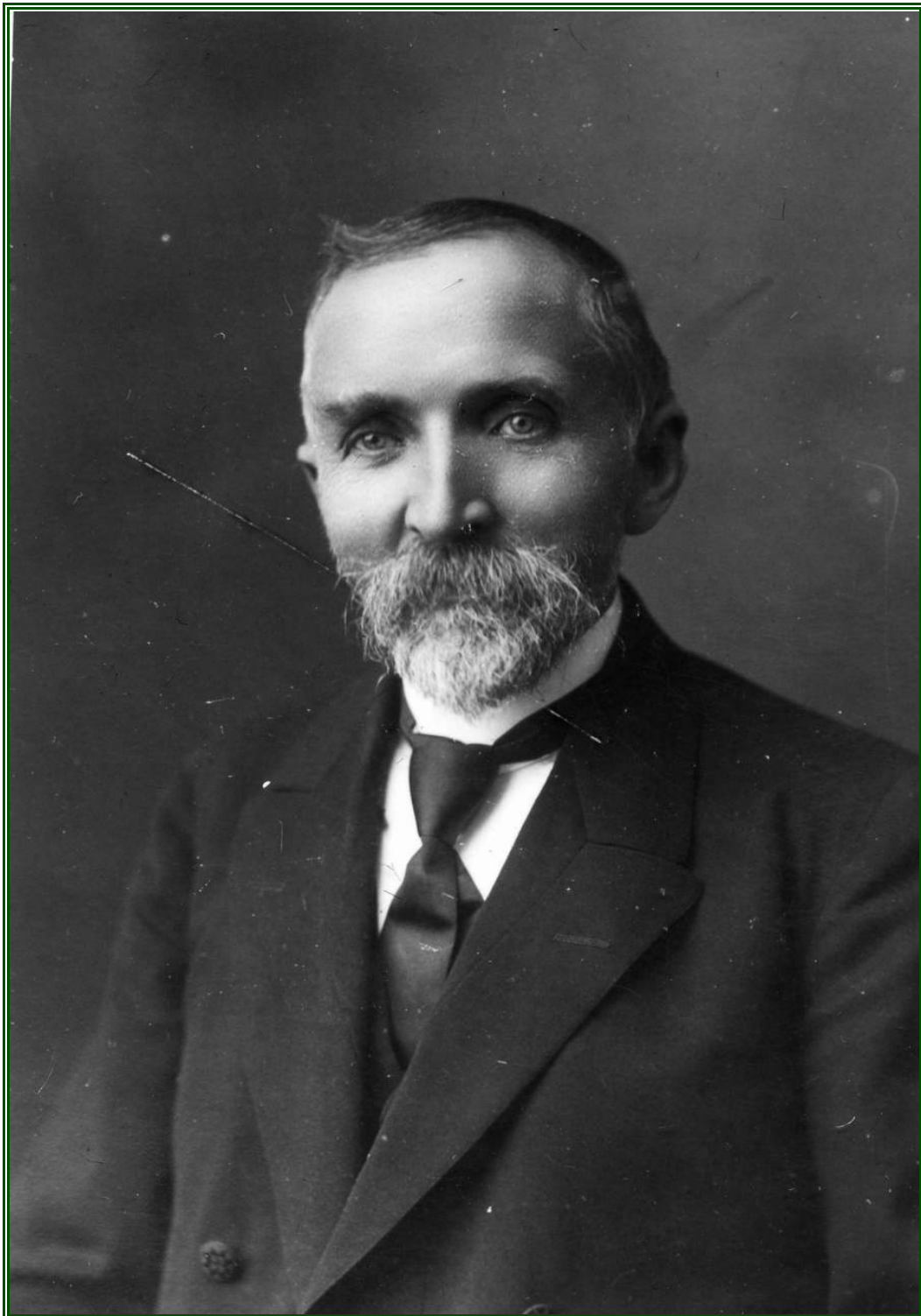
(posthumously - 2002)

&

James R. Jensen

- Dedicated to Jens Jensen

- Who also dared follow a new love



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Introduction

"Here beginneth the tale of Sir James Alvin, explorer extraordinaire...."

Well, this wasn't actually written by Chaucer but the story might as well have come from his works or the Decameron. Bacchic's got nothing on this unschooled genius man who eventually became "Dinosaur Jim", a creation of himself, he thought, though his "Little Marie" shaped him more surely than ever he dreamed. Let's start at the beginning. Somewhere along the line, I will personally appear but for the nonce, I'm not even on the horizon. I'll give him about five volumes' head start.

In August, 2002, I went to Provo to talk to mom about estate planning. I had an ulterior motive: I wanted to get samples of Dad's writings that I had seen in his upstairs studio in pendaflex folders in a banker's box that was labeled "**Jim's life (in chunks)**". He's been dead a few years now, and this was the first visit to 2821 North when Mom allowed me to invade the sanctuary that she protected for her Jim. Like a goose lamenting long the death of its mate. His chamber reminded me of an acetic monk's, closed to all but the worthy. This time she allowed me to explore without restriction the stuff he had produced and created, things she previously guarded jealously. The experience was mind-boggling.

You have no idea of the riches I saw, the astonishing wealth of stuff, the range of incomplete projects, the uncompleted idea sketched out but not created. I was staggered by the third day. This man wasn't human. A Mini-Michelangelo. He must not have slept much. It was exhausting to just look in his boxes and drawers and shelves and binders, seeing the residue of the most extraordinarily creative person I have personally known. He had a constant blizzard of ideas, he wrote things down, he sketched things on the back of used envelopes and scrap paper, labeled and dated them and moved on. Ideas and plans flowered in the bed of extraordinary creativity that flourished inside of his soul. Astonishing man. The last straw was to open another drawer and discover that it, too, was filled with dozens of unlabelled boxes of 35 mm slides. Aargh.

I can tell you this: it is impossible to construct a comprehensive picture of this man's creations and plans and observations and collections and experiences. As I intently examined his things, opening envelopes, looking at pictures, flipping through binders and loose papers, I could see the outlines of the man but only because I was somewhat familiar with much of it. But while I could grasp the outlines, I can not set them down in such a way that you could grasp them. His

dimensions are too great.

I can not imagine what I am going to do when the time comes to dispose of that estate. Mom won't do it now for sentimental reasons. A forty-year accumulation of enough stuff to fill 4,300 square feet is frightening. Most of it came from Dad who swelled and burgeoned with ideas and plans and insights. These ideas required equipment and supplies so he bought it all. He bought tools, tables, brushes, wood, metal stock, drawers, tables, shelves, books, photo equipment.

This volume is created from two sets of documents. One set is mine, the other is his. To get things started I provide an introduction to my ancestors - who happen to be his, too. A thumbnail sketch follows, telling things that he shared with me that don't appear in his own stories. In the rest of the volume his stories and mine are braided together. He told stories skillfully, constructing them carefully in colloquial language, leading to powerful emotional responses and marvelous belly chuckles that he shared. Starting with the mystery of the King Birds in the morning and handfuls of thousands of "red-gold lady bugs". I revel in the richness of his stories and discover him for the first time.

I was surprised to experience the truth of what my wife told me: I must have acquired my writing style from him. When I picked up a hardcopy draft of this book this morning and started reading near the end, I could not tell whose writing I was reading. Our styles are indistinguishable. So I will insert his middle name "**Alvin**" or my middle name "**Rondo**" at the end of a chapter title where the writer has changed so you readers don't get disoriented. Middle names are necessary because we are both "James".

A caveat is in order: the things that I previously wrote about him and sent to you for Christmas 2001 were based on my memories and some intense research. Now that we have dad's own words, "hidden up to come forth in this latter day", I discover that in some instances my version is inaccurate. Obviously he's right, but please understand that my story is an accurate representation of the memories that were laid down in my gourd, aging over time. I leave the two versions side by side but don't be distracted by mine. (LATER: Actually, I discover that **SOMETIMES**, he was **NOT** right. Go figure and take your choice....)

It is a wonderful thing to take his personal, as opposed to professional, writings and compile a book. This appears to be the one arena that vanquished him. Otherwise, whatever he took on, he bested with confidence and a flourish that most of us don't experience in more than one arena, and that only if we are lucky. The world of print was a foreign world. He was adrift. He needed

encouragement and assistance that I had available, but which I couldn't provide. My dance card was full. He wouldn't have accepted the help anyway. Just look at three or four frustrated editors from Harper & Row, Co, and others I don't know, who attempted to work with him to publish the manuscript for The Road To Chilecito that was only published when he was dead. He could not fight then with Tom Rich, and the editor Kay Dimmick who jointly got the job done for him, in spite of him. Thank you both for your excellent work. That was mom's charge from dad near his last days: get his manuscript published. In typical fashion, she did.

In the same manner, this book had to be published posthumously. I don't understand why he was unable to prepare a coherent organized manuscript that started with A and ended with Z. His stories evolved in a most problematic manner. Instead of each new story standing on its own, which is how they appeared to have started, they ultimately assimilated each other as he wrote. In the end, I had to dissect manuscripts to tease out the unique elements. It surprises me. He was capable of writing stories that capture one's imagination, yet he couldn't construct an organized book out of them.

I had an advantage over him. I learned about printing, layout and editing a long time ago. In 1957 I learned printing at the hand of Rolly Thomas our landlord who lived next door to 3 Auburn Terrace, Waltham, Massachusetts. Rolly, an old sailor with scarcely clad girls plastered all around his basement, who served me orange sodas every time I visited, worked for the Atlantic Register in town and had a treadle-powered, platen press in his basement with dozens of cases of moveable type. Like my dad, I was touched by the tail end of a dying manual trade. I learned to set type by hand from California Job cases. These tiny strips of metal with a letter on the end had to be set upside down and backwards in a metal device in the left hand. These letters were outfitted with letting and spacing as appropriate to create evenly spaced words, lines and paragraphs. I even pried some type and had to laboriously sort and re-file it in the job case. The culmination of this training was setting and printing a 24-page book in two colors - black and green- nearly smashing my hand many times between the bed and roller as I chased print stock.

Then I became a copy boy for the Hearst syndicate in Boston, walking into a camera the size of a room, seeing three-story tall web presses, all kinds of smaller flat bed presses, and linotype machines. As a copy boy I ran about town, hung out in ad agencies, learning about layout and design, color separations, fonts, letting, ruling, etc. Later I spent 3 years as a grunt in a book bindery, working on an 18-pocket pocket-collator, hot-melt binder, saddle-stitchers, folders, sewing

machines, paper cutters, and smashers. At Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana I was an associate editor for an international journal of linguistics for three years.

While on the faculty at the University of Michigan Medical school, I landed a contract with my anesthesiologist boss for a pharmacology text from Sarah Boardman at Little Brown & Co. That ended when the good doctor developed acute glomerulonephritis and had to go onto kidney dialysis. Later when I chaired the publication committee for a national professional association, I managed three national professional publications. So I learned things about printing and books that could have helped dad. Yet he would not accept the assistance help I offered. While I was still in graduate school, he did ask me to edit some professional papers for him but he could not tolerate anyone speaking ill of his creations so I stopped doing it. He was never nasty to me, but it was obvious my scarce time was wasted.

This volume became the introductory volume to the series I started in 1999. That project will consume the remainder of my life. This introductory volume is entitled "Leamington" because it is about dad, his ancestors, childhood and teenage years. It takes his life up to the time he meets "Little Marie", his wife-to-be. The second volume in the series which was distributed in for Christmas 2001, is entitled "Naples" and is undergoing a profound overhaul. It is a mirror image of "Leamington". It tells the story of Marie's ancestor and her childhood and picks up her meeting of dad in Toole, Utah. The difference between Leamington and Naples volumes is that the Naples volume goes beyond their meeting and tells the story of their getting married in Seward, Alaska before World War II. It traces their peregrinations between Seward, Alaska, Vernal, Utah, Naples, Utah, Honolulu, Hawaii and Hanford, Washington up to 1946. I appear in that volume in 1942. The third volume which is to be released to you kids for Christmas 2002 in company with this unexpected treasure-trove is entitled "Vernal" and is the story of me on the 2 acre farm in Vernal getting me to the age of 9. Volume 4 which has been started is entitled "Seward" and gets me to age 14 when we moved to Boston. Volume 5, also started, is entitled Boston. The stories that dad wrote are inserted into these volumes in chronological order.

Extra! Extra!

That's what newspaper boys yelled when trying to sell newspapers, verbally advertising the latest exciting news. In this instance, the news is Aunt Ruth, dad's youngest sister. She was born 13 years after dad and she and I have been

exchanging emails for a year now. I have "mined" her memories and she's shared them freely. The result is collection of really fascinating history and details about the homestead and Leamington and the family. Dad was obviously gone by the time Ruth was 6 but her stories and memories flesh in some of the details dad provided below. You'll find her memories in the Appendix - Ruth's Memories. Enjoy them and they'll give you more flavor of the homestead.

Dad's own Table of Contents

While rummaging through his manuscripts at 2821 North in the summer of 2002, I stumbled across several versions of a Table of Contents that he prepared. It was a thrill to find them. I had no idea he had prepared them. It was as if he was standing behind me, smiling, knowing how exciting it was for me to see it. I picked the one dated "08-04-94", the most recent of the lot. It turns out that this four page document contains the only coherent summary of his life that I've seen. In the list of items, there are a host of references to things that he did not manage to write about, so I scanned the document and include it here to provide those tidbits. The notations are his own. He made check marks to show that he had completed writing each story but I could not find all of them. He also made notes to himself as reminders about what he had decided he wanted to do next.

Note the interesting fact that his method of organization is precisely like mine. Perhaps this is the only way anyone can write a personal history but it is pleasing to see that he, too, did things by time and space. And it is immensely pleasing to find his Tables of Contents because they clear up an enormous amount of uncertainty.

This volume includes all of the stories I could find up to the point on the first page where he notes "I Leave Home." The remainder of his stories are distributed in the proper time sequence amongst the volumes I have written.

✓ Done

08/04/94

Dad - Brooderhouse, streaming about Dinos

file: Hopeful

FIRST DRAFT OF OUTLINE FOR JIMS LIFE

At Home

✓ Mother

✓ Earliest recollections, killing bedbugs, going barefoot

① ✓ The buggy, first banana, first icecream in paper cup

✓ Discovery, bee attack, ladybugs on mountain (already written)

✓ The BUGGY

✓ The orchard, planted by Gpa Jensen

~~✓ ANOTHER~~

✓ Grandma Hansen, Uncle Hans & aunt Leola

→ use First

Grade school, skip third grade, begin violin lessons

Dad & me to Fool Creek canyon

✓ The Marvelous Model T (already written)

✓ Life saved on Hawk Cliff (already written)

5 years. Pete Carlson

High School, plays, operetta, fun, fun, school bus trouble ✓

✓ The Chickens and predatory cats (in curse of horses--)

✓ The Marshals chevy wrecked on a cow (already written)

✓ Mechams bees: Jim & Lee chicken boil Leamington time in the Depression

✓ Horses; curse of horses in my youth. (already written)

I begin collecting fossils and Indian artifacts

My House, made from brooder house, my collections in it

I take correspondence class in Taxidermy, mount pigeons

enlarge { James; Instruments, cameras, camping

enlarge { ✓ Hillbilly Band, Lost in Tumbleweed Trap (already written).

The Well, pulling thousands of gallons up out of it

✓ The Railroad; first job off farm (already written)

Cutting juniper posts with Darryl Moulton

I LEAVE HOME

University of Utah fall quarter

966 East, 13th South, Aunt Lottie

enlarge Tabernacle Choir, Zions trip, Cornwall-Condie

enlarge See America First; I travel all over the U.S. hitchkiking

{ Buy first motorcycle, with suicide clutch, \$57.

{ Tabby Mountain, motorcycle and Timp hike--Heber & back

Garfield Smelter, shift work, lose end off big toe

BYU fall quarter, flunk chemistry for third time

Buy second motorcycle, blooie pipe, WOW!!

{ Mercur, West Dip, Resolute, Snyder mine on ridgetop

Q. S. P. P. { Company boarding house with colorful bindle stiffs

{ Tooele Smelter, meet MARIE

{ Courting Marie ^{6 weeks} in Mercur, up Mercur canyon w/blooie pipe open

{ Make arrangements to go to Alaksa to seek my fortune
so I can marry Marie.

TO ALASKA

The Mount McKinley, Alaska Steamship ship, the Lynches *Dick Lanyon*
Les Rafter and hopeful pioneers

Mile 20, Seward, Alaska, Alaska railroad. Mountain Goats

Anchorage. Bob Couchers cousin puts me up then I stay
at pig farm to help out. To Mantanuska for pigs.

Going to Panama, at Seward Les Rafter diverts me, I stay

{ Money sent, Marie comes to Alaska on the SS Alaska.

{ Our wedding, and honeymoon at Lake Kenai Lodge.

{ Defense industry reaches Seward. I start building home.

{ Marie expecting, goes to Utah, I remain to finish and sell
house. In Fairbanks for fossil ivory on Dec.7, 1941

BACK TO UTAH

Jim to Utah to join Marie, Salt Lake and machinist school
at University of Utah.

I begin painting, my first pastels given by Marie.

{ Remington Arms, Rondo born, Mar.31, 1942, Dick May 28, '43
{ Hanford Wash. on Manhattan Project as machinist.

TO HAWAII

{ Jim to Mare Island, then to Pearl Harbor machine shop
{ Joe O'Leary and reefing, fishing casting etc
{ I paint series of tropical flowers in pastel and embroider dragon
on pajamas for Marie

BACK TO UTAH

Jim back to Utah, repairs washing machines for Joe Parent
Mechanic for Calders Creamery, Roundhead
✓ Driving truck for Wycoff, Wycoff smash up, (already written)
✓ Trashing the Blue Lycoming into a mountain (already written)
Peyton Machine shop
Dress business, do custom made hand painted wearing apparel
Ceramics business, teach classes, fire students work
Peyton machine shop again

BACK TO ALASKA

Jim to Alaska, take Art Schaefermeyer with him. Longshoring
Marie and boys join Jim in Home Brew Alley
✓ Encounter with an otter (already written)
{ Church established in Seward, Presiding Elder
{ Baptize children, bless and marry people
✓ Blood on the Snow (already written)
✓ Death of a young hunter (already written)
Square Dance club and Junior Swingers
The Great Clam Digging Expedition (already written)
Boulder in bedroom, narrow escape (already written)

Annual Fur Rendezvous in Anch, sell many paintings

Seward Sanitarium, native friends, families on river

✓ Family nearly lost on Resurrection Bay (already written)

Death of hand-gun Cook on Resurrection Mountain, recovery of body

Yukon River expedition, visit native friends families

TO HARVARD

Leave Alaska for Harvard, Marie stays in Utah while Jim works all summer in Nova Scotia, Marie drives loaded truck from Utah to Mass. Exhausting ordeal for her

Work at Harvards MCZ, var. field trips, Florida, Wyoming, Texas
Mounts Kronosaurus, dinosaur for Princeton

Church involvement, The Cox family

Recreation: swimming on Cape Cod, antiquing, Miss Scammans ancestral home in Maine. Get first edition of Book of Mormon printed in England (after first ed. in Palmyra)

Annual Fur Rendezvous in Anchorage, selling many paintings

BACK TO UTAH

Jim leaves Harvard for ~~BYU~~ to begin natural science museum *BYU*

✓ Miracle in New York, strange happenings (already written)

Enlarge → BYU chapter a long one with many dinosaurs involved and a lot of international hoopala.

Church involvement, High Councilor, Bishop of BYU 8th Ward

Jim retires at 65

cap. & center
The motorhome years. (oh boy!)

✓ Evil spirits at old pony express ranch (already written)

✓ Flowers from Heaven, Jiggs, Nevada (already written)

Put over 100,000 miles on motorhome, sell it in 1992

LATER:

Are you getting tired of these "Later's"? I am, But they can't be helped. I have had to hunt and dig to claim all of the images and stories and bits of history that were buried at 2821 N. Since my writing has continued, each new cache of materials requires an overhaul of the previous text. It has happened again in 2003.

When I spent 2 weeks preparing mom for admission to an assisted-living center, I had ample time to rummage through the drawers and cabinets and files again. This time I went to the bottom of each receptacle, going through each page and photo one at a time. The number of items is considerably less that last summer. However, there is a sufficient quantity of things to justify the creation of three totally new volumes and wholesale modification of two existing volumes. UBW now looks like this (for 2003 at least....):

Volume 1 - Introduction

Volume 2 - Leamington **(Revised)**

Volume 3 - Naples 1923 **(Revised)**

Volume 4 - Mercur **(New)**

Volume 5 - Seward 1940 **(New)**

Volume 6 - Naples, Salt Lake City, Hanford, Pearl Harbor, Naples **(New)**

Volume 7 - Vernal

Volume 8 - Seward

Volume 9 - Boston

The three new volumes were created by extracting the relevant information from Volumes 2 and 3 and interlarding those elements with the new materials collected in 2003. They create for you kids a clear sense of the time intervals and geography of the budding romance that the principals were headed toward when they were born in their tiny farm houses.

And Still Later - 8-7-04

I continue to search for details and information for UBW, attempting to include as much information and as many details as I can find. In addition to searching through documents, I took an unexpected turn, unexpected because it

was outside of the pattern taught by mom and dad: I have reached out to my extended family on both sides of the genealogy chart, to mom's brothers (all of her sisters are gone) and to dad's two surviving sisters (of four).

I went on-line and searched for the phone numbers of dad's two surviving sisters, Doris and Ruth. Ruth lives in Barstow, California and Doris lives in Bountiful, their families raised and moved on. Doris, the sixth of the seven children born to Dorothy, is 13 years older than I am, and Ruth, the baby, is 12 years older. As a child I obviously viewed them as "old" people, but today am surprised at how close I am in age to both of them, particularly Ruth.

Isolation Preferred

As I've written over the last 5 years, I keep referring to a peculiar feature of my childhood which derived from my parents' own peculiar feature. It is time to give the reader some examples. In a nutshell, mom and dad did not really enjoy spending time with other people, whether relatives, neighbors, church members, or the public. They didn't. If you look back and carefully examine your own experiences with them, I predict that many of you will be able to identify instants where they did appear a bit abrupt as you were leaving, evidence of stiffness in their manner of telling your good-by, glances at their watch in the late evening. a moment-too-long before they accepted an invitation to attend a dinner or reunion. As much as they liked you -and they did genuinely like you- they just couldn't wait for you to be gone. I'll give you several examples which could be multiplied.

First, I must enter a caveat: I am not being critical of mom and dad when I tell these things. I am reporting the evidence I adduced from the laboratory of my life with them, and from their interactions -particularly as reported by them after events were over- with other people. This information is provided so that others in the families who might read this may get an insight into their own experiences with Alvin and Marie. If this isn't relevant to your experience, disregard it. They were sound, reliable people. Who liked best of all to be alone with each other.

A good place to start to observe the full development of this pattern is dad's retirement in 1983-4 (can't remember which). Looking back, I think I perceive the full expression of the trait described above, a startling, what I consider abnormal, pattern. When dad retired, they sort of retired into 2821 N,, raised the draw bridge over the moat, mounted guards in the turrets, closed the windows, turned out the lights, and sat alone. Dad kept himself busy creating up in the studio, and mom pattered around in the house and yard, feeding dad and putting him to bed at

11:30 p.m.. Outwardly they seemed normal. But they had a citadel, siege-mentality.

They did go to church, they did have contact with neighbors and some contact with their family, so they appeared too an outside observer to be integrated normally into society. But they weren't. I observed this trait in passing during the years, not really forming a specific diagnosis rather noting the evidence. As I have examined that evidence more closely, forming a pattern of the data, I have become convinced that they were closet troglodytes (cave dwellers!). They preferred their own company to that of others. They quickly tired of people and attempted, usually successfully, to conceal their impatience to get back to their pursuits that were always solitary. They did not hunt or fish alone or with friends, they did not have dinner with the neighbors (The Jewish Aarons family was the sole exception and did become the closest thing to 'family' that I recall them having.) they did not involve themselves in any activities other than the formal ones put on by their congregation.

One of the most revealing bits of information is their preferred past-time during their active years after retiring: traveling -alone- in their motor home, parking overnight in K-Mart parking lots and KOA's. They logged something like 150,000 miles (I discovered a detailed log of their travels while poring through dad's documents in the studio. I was amazed at the number of places they went to. Two of their favorites were Death Valley where they went three times, and the Olympic Peninsula where they parked on the beach during heavy squalls enjoying the winds and rain and waves.)

They were loners, even when they were with other people. Oh, both of them were capable of engaging in sparkling conversations, enjoying recounting their travels and accomplishments, but note: they were at their best when TELLING you things, not listening. They usually couldn't wait for people to be gone so they could close up the castle. I know. I saw it from the inside.

Ruth and Doris

To relate this isolationism to myself, let me give you some shocking data:

I have only seen Aunt Doris and Ruth 2 times in the last 15 years.

Two times. How does that strike you? These are my dad's sisters. The last time I saw them (this is 2004) was 1998 at dad's funeral. The before that was at the Jens Jensen Family Reunion in Leamington in 1988. I don't recall having any contact with

either of them after leaving SLC in 1967 and 1988. Two contacts in 35 years ain't much, is it. Of course, the major reason for this drought is myself. I've simply followed unthinkingly in the pattern of mom and dad.

It is important to enter another caveat here: The extended Jensen family has never done anything to offend me. No one has pushed me aside, no one has made me feel bad, no one has done anything to offend me. Nor do I feel any animus to any of the family. So the reason I am a troglodyte is because I was trained that way. But I am changing this. There are still years that I can have contact with my paternal relatives and will do so, aunts and cousins.

What is interesting to me, now that I am receiving photos and information from Doris and Ruth, is that they did have contact with mom and dad during those years, but mom and dad never talked to me about them. Let me emphasize: mom and dad were never anything but positive about Doris and Ruth if they ever talked about them, but for their own reasons that I don't know they seemed to prefer to isolate themselves from the rest of the world. Mom and dad just didn't talk about their family so I never understood what sort of connection they had. I know they loved them but the paucity of contacts was puzzling. I still don't understand.

I visited dad's best friend, Harold Hegyessy in American Fork in 2002, and that started the chain of events that led to my deciding to contact dad's sisters to I telephoned Ruth in early 2004 and started a correspondence that is a pleasure. She gave me her E-mail address so we exchange posts regularly and it enriches my own life immensely, as well as providing grist for UBW. Ruth, who served as a clearing house for me, provided E-mail addresses for Doris, Ray Vogel (son of Viola who was 1 year older than dad), Connie Watkins (daughter of Viola), and Joey Zezulka (son of Wanda, who was 2 years younger than dad.)

In addition to just communicating with them again after many years of isolation, I went to them specifically to seek any information I could find about dad, photos, diaries, and anecdotes. Remember: Doris and Ruth were dad's little sisters. Doris was 11 years younger than dad and Ruth was 12 years younger, so both of them have clear memories of him up to age 18 when he left home for good. Of course, when you subtract their ages from 18, it's obvious that they were little girls at that time he left, Doris being 7 and Ruth 6.

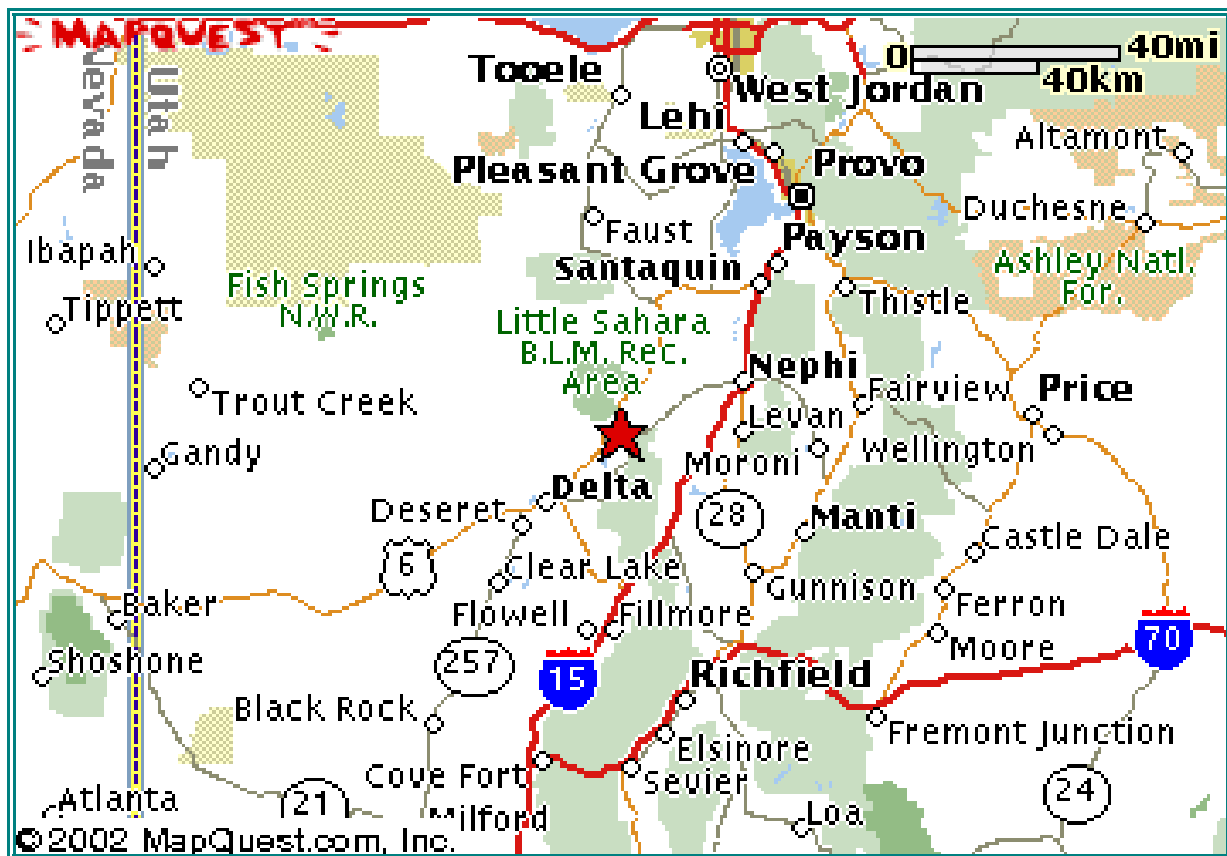
I am inserting the information I receive from each of them about Alvin in this volume. I've debated whether I should break it down and try to insert it in chronological order. The problem is that dad didn't attach any dates to his writings so I don't have a reliable calendar to use. Rather than pretend that I know where to place Ruth's and Doris' anecdotes, I will compile each of their material into

individual sections and then insert each with a heading that indicates who provided the information.

The other element that I am adding to this volume is derived from the work Doris did -I believe- to transcribe and print copies of Grandma Dorothy's journals and writing about her beloved Alvin. I will place the three elements at the end of this volume as appendices that provide additional "color" about Alvin that will fill in spaces around his own stories.

Leamington in 1967

I want to place Leamington geographically, and give you a view of the old homestead. First, here's a Mapquest map of central Utah with a **bright red star** - ★- showing where Leamington is located. The town of Delta, which is to the south west a short distance, is where dad attended high school. Tooele to the north is where he met "Little Marie" while he was working in the Anaconda Smelter.

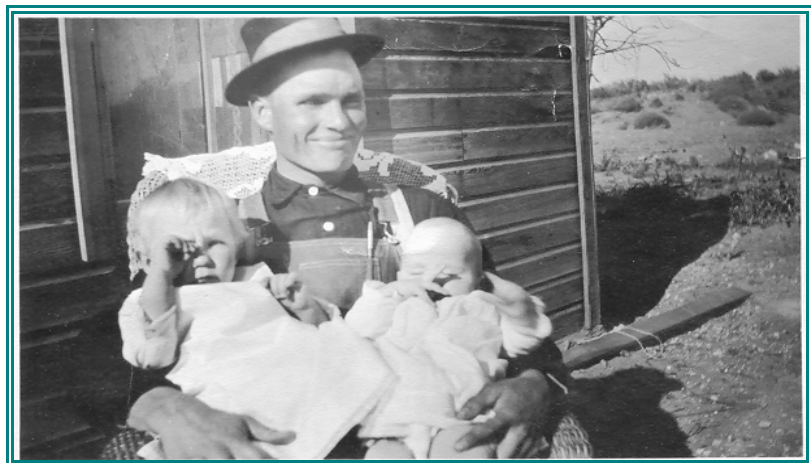


The next four images are pictures of the homestead that I took when I visited it on a day trip with mom and dad in 1969 after I had returned from the Peace Corps in the Brazilian Amazon. Dad drove down in his huge yellow Chevrolet Bel Aire with the 400 cubic inch engine. I know it was late spring because we picked several paper grocery sacks full of asparagus that grew profusely along the irrigation ditches, ditches left over from dad's childhood. Dad told some stories of what transpired on the farm.

When we drove into the farm I was impressed by the craggy trees that lined the drive into the house, and lined the irrigation canal behind it. They were silver maples that were more than a hundred years old because they had been planted by his own grandfather. When dad was a boy, the trees had some size but were considerably smaller than these.



This photo shows Samuel Peter, dad's dad, sitting in front of the same house. Notice how barren the land was, covered with sage brush, no trees at all. Grandpa Samuel holds Viola, and Alvin (right) when he was a few months old. This is the original one room structure. The



addition of three rooms hadn't been built yet. It is the lighter colored section in the first photo. Grandpa obviously liked his babies. His shirt was always buttoned up.

The drive was still dirt, weeds between the tracks worn by the tires of vehicles which were motorized instead of horse-powered. The house was deserted. No one lived there, and hadn't for many years. It burned down later so these photos are some of the few that show what it looked like at the end. The house itself was unlocked when we visited. I went in.. Four small rooms. That was all there was for the two parents, Virginia (who died in the irrigation ditch as a young child), Viola, Wanda, Ruth, Doris, Alvin and Ivan (who died of sickness at age 10). No wonder that Alvin was banished to a brooder house behind the house, which would have been to the right in this photo. That shed was gone. Turns out we had seen it on our way to the house. Sitting in a farmer's corral as a shed to store tack or feed for livestock, covered with manure. When you got close to the house you could see the seams in each of the walls demarcating where the new rooms had been added. I marveled that a family could live in so few rooms and in such little space. The brown structure in the right of this photo, behind the house, was added years later and was used as a store room of some sort. It was not part of the original homestead.

This photo shows the large alfalfa field, the silver maple-lined irrigation ditch running along the left of the property. We were out on the north end of the farm looking south to the house. This field had a story. He described how as a



teenager he was assigned by his dad to come out here in this field to do a particular task, one that he knew how to do and could do alone. But something happened and he ended up not getting the task done. He finally laid down in the alfalfa and went to sleep. Later his dad, who couldn't see Alvin from the house went out to investigate. When he found dad asleep, dad apparently woke up upon hearing foot steps or grandpa's comments, but grandpa didn't get angry. He just went back to the house, leaving Alvin out there with his conscience. This is where the "string out" happened reported below by dad.

I felt dad's ambivalence about our visit that day, as if he was not really sure he did the right thing in taking me down there. Perhaps it was a pensiveness born of memories he hadn't experienced for a while, memories that pressed down on him. For example, at one point he became concerned about finding the site of the root cellar that they had used when he was a kid. It was located to the north of the house, at the end of this driveway. He rummaged around intently, purposely, fixated of discovering where it was. He was determined to locate it, as if it was a bearing, a compass fix that he needed to set him straight with the universe. He found it, though to me it wasn't much of a thing to see because it had been filled in so was level ground. He triumphantly scooped up a metal thing and waved it in the air and said, "See this? It was such and such." He was happy at that instant when he found his lodestone.

Later I asked him to stand in front of the house so that I could take his picture with it. Specifically so I could show it to you at this time. That is true. Don't not believe me.

But look at him in the next photo. Was he happy to do this thing? Was he joyous and proud and happy to stand there in front of the house he lived in until he



was 18? I didn't think so then and don't think so now. He consented to stand there, but it was an obvious imposition. Unlike Marie who had lived in three different houses by the time she was 18, dad had only lived in one. His downward glance suggests something not entirely positive about his experience of the moment. The yellow car was his hot Bel Aire. He took me to Portland in it one time and we nearly went off the road in the Blues between LaGrande and Pendleton that winter day. He recovered somehow and kept on going, hardly slowing. Wild man. Extraordinary man.

Here's another photo of the house. Somewhere along the way the homestead had been converted into a stock pen, an area where cattle were loaded

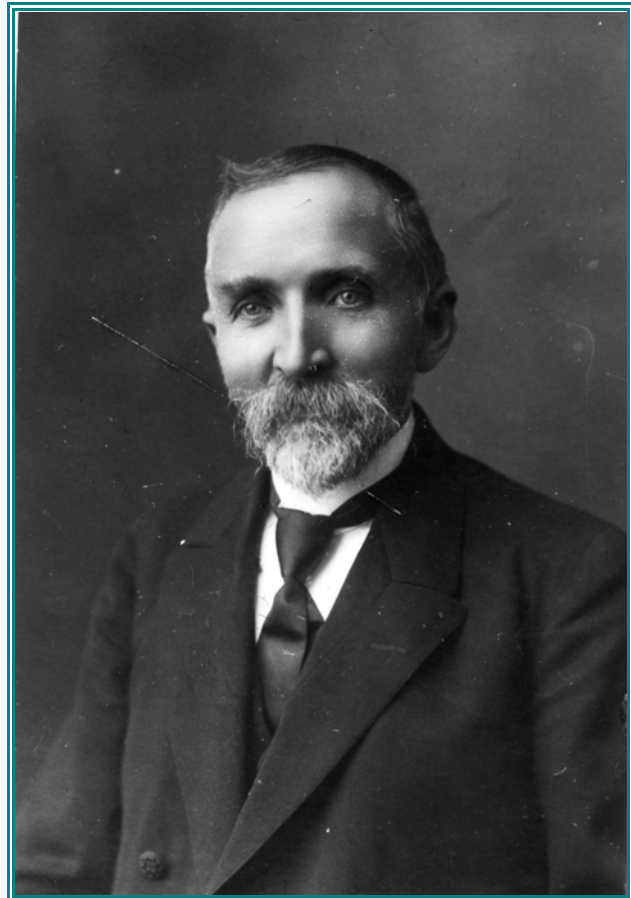


up and shipped to a slaughter house. The proof is in the foreground of this photo. To get this shot without the yellow Chevy I had to ask dad to move it, or to get his permission to move it. I wanted to show the front of the house without any interference. The property had been let fall into disrepair, junk lying everywhere. Perhaps it was that which upset dad. He didn't really show unhappiness in his words but it was evident that he was bothered by something. I think I too would have been unhappy to see my childhood home converted into a feed lot.

James Alvin's Ancestors

Jens Jensen and Matilda Johnston

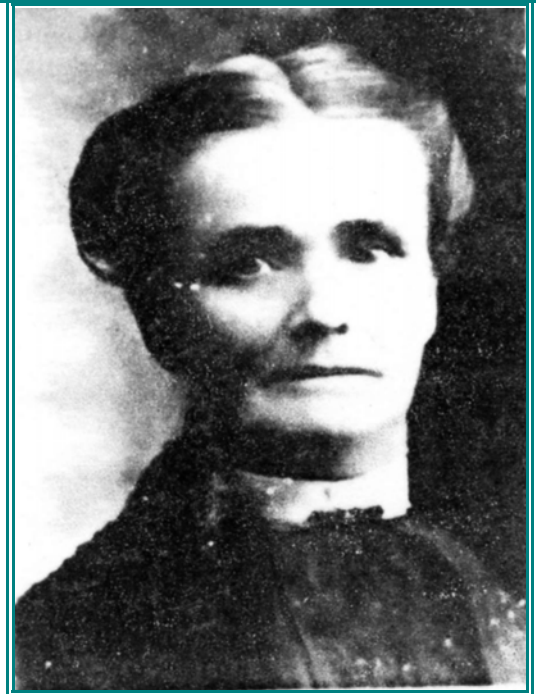
Denmark produced gorgeous people, some of whom wandered across the Atlantic ocean in search of something. Jens Jensen, an only surviving son who was born in Denmark on Jan. 16, 1854, was one of them. He was smitten by the "American Religion", as Tolstoy referred to it, and emigrated to Leamington where he was one of the last settlers. He married Matilda Johnston in Salt Lake City on Jan. 04, 1883 and produced five kids, one of them being Samuel Peter Jensen, the father of my father, i.e. my personal paternal grandfather.. Here he is, a handsome, obviously pleasant, humorous man, looking directly into the camera's eye.



The photo on the next page shows his extended family, a fascinating lot of handsome people, people who looked not all there, people who looked like they'd shave a deal pretty fine, some who didn't really look like the family, and some who would probably as soon take your head off as talk to you. Jens is the third from the left on the front row, more serious and a few years younger than in the above photo but obviously the same Jens Jensen who had the courage to take up his world goods and leave Denmark behind.



Jens was polygamous, a mighty brave thing to do if you ask me. I really can't understand why either husband or wife would willingly consent to a marriage relationship where there were more than two adults, sex aside. It's tough enough with just two. Jens first took Mary Jane Nixon to wife on Jan. 5, 1881. Two years later he married Matilda Johnston of Edergole Farm, Tyrone, Ireland on Jan. 4, 1883. He apparently preferred cold January marriages so must have had control of his senses.



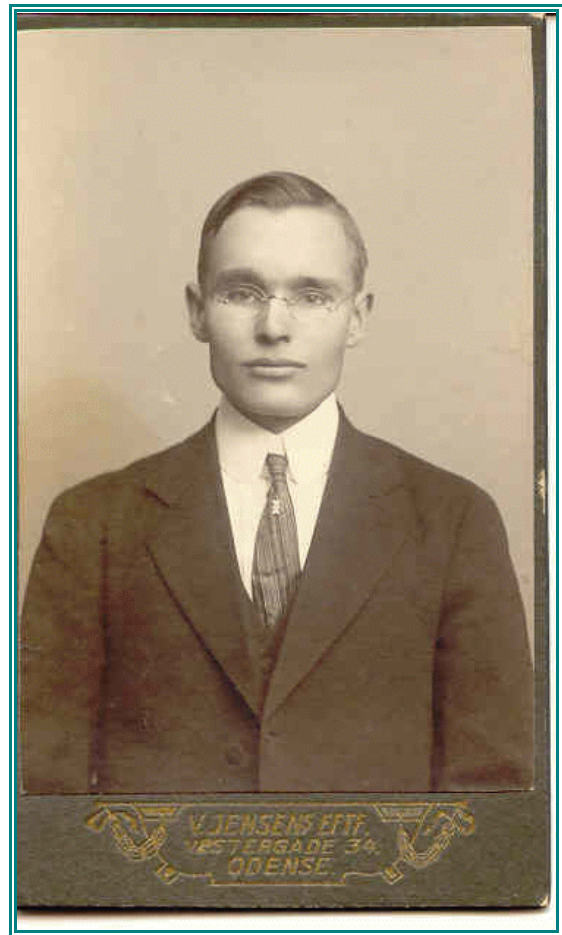
My paternal grandfather, Samuel Peter, was the child of Jens and this Matilda. His wife Dorothy Hansene Hansen was also born of immigrant stock. Samuel, the sober gentle scholar - and Dorothy, the fiery woman. In the barren isolated town of Leamington. Here's a sketch of both of them before you spend some time with Alvin in his stories.

Samuel Peter Jensen

Samuel, a retiring self-effacing man lived on some of the last arable -but just barely- land in the desert valley, high in the foothills near the end of the irrigation canal. He had, literally, a hard row to hoe. Samuel was a natural scholar. He taught himself languages down there in the desert. For entertainment, he translated a book in one language to the other. Samuel kept an orchard for cash and was rigidly honest. When a man bought a bushel of apples from Sam in January, he knew that the last apple would be as good as the first

Sam was the first generation born in Leamington, Millard County, Utah on July 21, 1889, to one Jens Jensen who had the temerity to leave old Denmark for the new world, apparently in thrall to the new world religion. His wife was Matilda Johnston. He spoke Danish but did give his off spring in the same gift. First generation folks in those days did their best to shed the traits and residue of the "old country", lest they be denied good jobs or looked down on socially by anyone - especially in a small town. From what I hear, the town of Leamington had some pretty venomous people, perhaps a characteristic of all small towns where people live in each other's front rooms and pockets.

Samuel Peter died in 1953, when he was 63, when were living in Seward. Sam spent his entire live in Leamington, and didn't leave it often. So I didn't know



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him well. Dad told a few stories about him, so I have an idea about what he was like. My general impression is that Grandpa wasn't a very happy man. That isn't to say he wasn't. In fact, he probably appeared to be satisfied with his life. But it seems to me, two generations down-stream, that he was totally out of touch with his reality, that there was an absolute mis-match between his mind and temperament, and the farming setting he found himself in. It wasn't because the life was hard. He was tough and knew how to survive, and did that well. And it wasn't because the foothills only had marginal land and water problems. He dealt with those problems. It seems to me that there was a much deeper difference. He was a quiet, natural scholar who belonged in a college library. Not a dry sandy farm surrounded by cattle and generally un-educated people. That isn't to say that he was superior to them because he didn't feel that way, but the difference in interests and natures made him a fish out of water in that desert setting.

For example, in this picture, grandpa holds a whale vertebrae on his farm. My dad sent it to him from Alaska. He kept it around. How many farmers in central Utah would have any interest in a whale vertebrae? And how many would even keep the darn thing around if some fool kid sent it to them? Not many. Not many. A natural curiosity about and love of everything filled his soul. New information of any kind thrilled his quiet soul. I understand that.

Grandpa was the source of my dad's love of this wonderful world. His dad poured that love into him by taking him out into the mountains, explaining and discussing. Trips up into the mountains with a book on the geology of the area were excellent sources of learning. They instilled a deep love in his son for this magnificent world.

The major thing I think my dad would have changed in his dad was his deference. Samuel Peter would never cross or contradict anyone. Even when dad thought he should. In school, grandpa did not take dad's part. That was hard on dad when other dads would take the part of kids who were real troublemakers.

Dad told about getting into trouble at school for fighting. His version of the



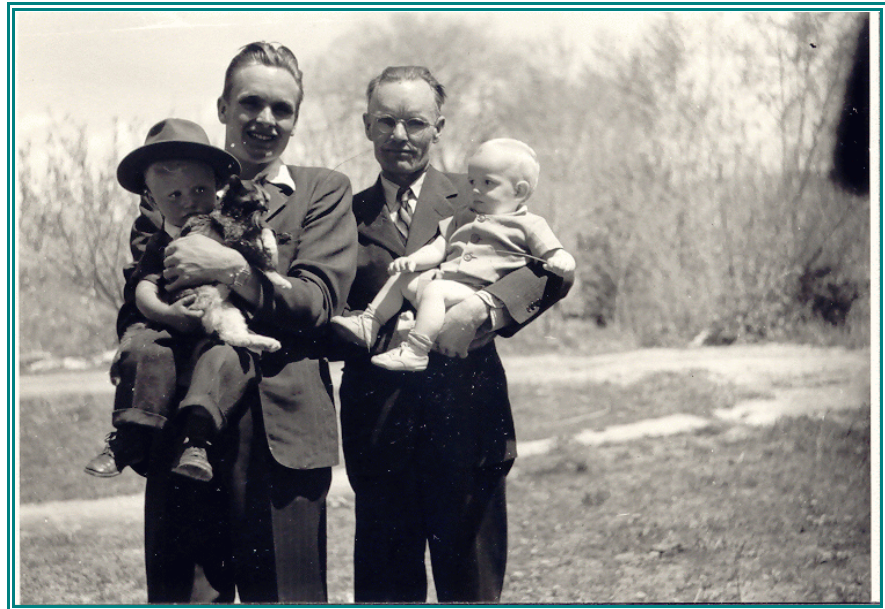
story is that the kid he fought with was a known bully and trouble maker while he wasn't. This probably wasn't the first time dad had been in trouble for fighting because the principal called him and his dad and the other kid and his dad to the office for a conference. During this conference, the bully's dad stoutly defended his son against the troublesome Alvin. In response, Samuel did nothing. He seems to have allowed as how Alvin probably could be more tolerant or some such thing.

While Sam was being a good citizen, he disappointed his son, undercut him, and undermined his respect for authority. Dad never got over it. He was bitter about that - and probably a whole set of similar situations. This is one of the reasons I told you kids -at least Nancy and Julie- that you better not start any fights, but if a fight was started, you were welcome to dive in and defend yourselves. I would defend them in any setting - as long as they didn't start it. So Julie attacked the boy who made fun of the "main-streamed" handicapped boy because he couldn't defend himself. If the principal had called me in to discuss it, I would have cheered for Julie. As it was the principal basically congratulated Julie for having the courage to take such action.

Sam would loan tools and equipment to neighbors. When they were returned, they were sometimes broken. The neighbors usually did not offer to mend, or pay for mending. Other times, people complained that a device they borrowed, like the large tank sprayer for spraying fruit trees, didn't work well. So Sam would fix the problem. That was the way Sam was. He sounded like my mom's mother who was as self-effacing.

Grandpa wore long sleeved shirts. He kept his collar buttons buttoned. His face was solemn. He did smile, but he was generally quiet and never boisterous. His voice was soft. He worked as postmaster of Leamington for many years. His books were among the best in the state. Meticulous details were cared for without ever a mistake. Money was always honorably accounted for.

This picture seems to have been taken when I was around three, judging from the size of the baby, so we were living in Naples, probably before dad took off and left us for 3 years. This is a unique photo because it shows all of the surviving males in the first three



generations of this Jensen line. Great

grandpa Jensen was the sole male representative of his family to come to the US, Samuel was an only surviving son as was Alvin, who had two sons. Four of the five are in this photo.

Grandpa went to Scandinavia on a genealogical mission. He spent three years there. His time was spent in Sweden, Denmark and Norway. While he was there, he was able to follow one of his own lines back to the 1000's in Denmark because they merged with some royal lines for which there were detailed genealogies - though between you and me I bet they are specious in some details. I've seen several of the letter that he sent home to Dorothy. They were as quiet as the man.

Dorothy Hansene Hansen

Down there in the desert Dorothy could scald a cat with her words. But my dad never in my hearing spoke derogatorily or critically of his mom. I had no idea she was caustic. The only story he told, several times, was about her hair. She had hair that hung below her hips. He'd describe how she brushed it each night, one arm extended miming with the other a brush passing along the hank of hair at which point she'd have to extend her grip out to the next length of hair where she'd complete the brushing. Dramatic image. Dark hair. She had visitations or visions and foresaw sorrow for certain of her children and was right. Fire in her eyes.

Dorothy was born on October 1, 1890 in Salt Lake City to Hans Christian Nielsen Hansen and Hansena Jorgensen. She and Sam were married in the Salt Lake city LDS Temple on July 1, 1914. She died on July 30, 1939 when dad was 21 years old. Dad said he was logging at the time of her death in the mountains above Heber. He knew she had passed on because she stopped to visit him for a period of time, as he was resting in a grove of trees, even though he didn't know her death was imminent.

Sam and Dorothy produced James Alvin and always called him Alvin. Dad's aunt Lottie, the daughter of another of Samuel's father's three wives, still referred to him as Alvin when I visited her at her home in "The Avenues" in the mid 1960's in Salt Lake City, wearing an enormous wig that she thought no one could tell was a wig. Struck me as so funny. My 6 foot 3 inch dad called "Alvin". That was the name of the chipmunk.

A cousin told colorful stories about Dorothy that I liked. She was fiery. She lived a life her own, telling any one and every one, apparently, about whatever was on her mind. I didn't learn that from dad. It was while I was standing by his pine casket in a receiving line that Cousin Connie Vogel went on about how fiery grandma Jensen was. I didn't have a clue. I had never heard such a story. I did



have the sense that she was a strong personality and that she had become enthralled with "The One and Only" who appeared in the Utah desert while dad was a kid. Dad had told me about that personality while we were on Dry Mesa in 1972.

But I didn't understand what Connie explained about grandma. She apparently abdicated her faith to some extent in her determination to follow this new prophet. Dad had told me that story years before so it wasn't a shock. He, too, used the term "The One and Only" as he described how this man identified himself, and how he became a source of contention in the home. He described how his dad attempted to counter the influence of this man. At a meeting in the house, grandpa asked what is the fundamental prefatory question to ask any preacher:

"Where did you get your authority?" A simple, elegant, devastating question from a quiet retiring man who understood what he did. But it didn't work.

Dorothy actually moved away from original beliefs, at least for a while. That may have resulted from being ostracized by the community for her outspoken harshness. My own mother told me several times in the last years that she finally stopped going to Leamington with dad because all she heard from the local people she didn't even know was how nasty his mother had been. Since church and mainstream community were probably about the same back then, ostracization by one was equivalent to rejection by both so there would be no reason for her to not embark on a separate path.

You can really see the fire in Dorothy's eyes sitting in this photo with her siblings. She was a beautiful woman - and had no fear. She was too much for gentle Sam.



James Alvin Jensen

Samuel Peter had a tough row to hoe and managed to sire a small tribe, typical for agrarian families of the time. James Alvin was born in Leamington, Millard County, Utah on August 02, 1918. He spent the first 18 or so years on the farm, being moved out of the family home with all of his "stuff" and into a brooder house when he was about 14. He struggled in Delta High School taking 5 years to nearly finish a four year curriculum. He said he had failed the first year so had to stay an extra year to make up for it but in the end when the time came to prepare for graduation, it turned out that he still didn't have enough credits.

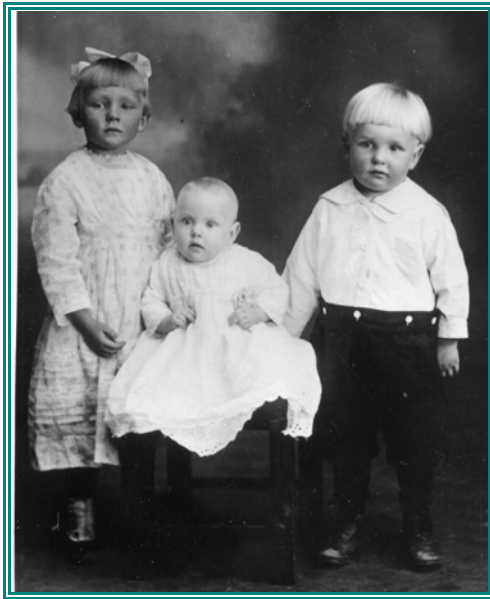
Samuel owned a quarter section of land but it was sandy and had insufficient water so he wasn't able to make a living from the land. He was forced to take employment for wages so worked for the railroad and as postmaster. Dad was the only surviving son so the majority of the burden for chores around the farm fell on his shoulders. It's odd to realize that at this instant because he never said that. He never complained, but you will see that it's true when you read his stories below. He was the one that did the bulk of the work around the place. He started as a young child to help his dad take in hay, and eventually did most of the work himself. He had to haul all of the water for the cattle and household, he had to go out in the desert every year and bring in all the winter fire wood, he had to take out the orchard, etc. He worked hard. I imagine that his sisters helped but his stories suggest that the heavy work was his to do and he had no brother to help. He came to intensely dislike working on a farm. I understand now why we had no livestock on our farm in Vernal.



Figure 22 Original house

Alvin and His Sisters

Sam and Dorothy had seven children. Virginia died at age two and Ivan died at age five. So dad had four sisters and no brothers: Viola, Wanda, Doris and Ruth who persecuted him as much as he persecuted them. This first photo shows Viola with dad when he must have been around 6 months old.



This second photo shows Viola, Alvin (right) and Wanda.

The third photo shows dad around age 6-7 years.



While he was trying to finish high school, the coach, Pete Carlson, took an interest in him. He took dad aside and talked to him about making something out of himself. Then he fixed dad up to work on the grounds at the University of Utah to pay for tuition so he could study geology. In those days one could register for college classes without having a high school diploma.

The following page is a family group sheet with Samuel Peter as father. Dad is a child.

HUSBAND JENSEN, Samuel Peter						Husband JENSEN, Samuel			
Born 21 July 1889		Place Leamington, Mllrd, Utah				Wife Hansen, Hansene			
Chr. _____		Place _____				Ward 1.		Examiners: 2.	
Marr. 1 July 1914		Place Salt Lake City, S-Ik, Utah				Stake or Mission			
Died 21 May 1953=		Place Salt Lake City, S-Ik, Utah							
Bur. 24 May 1953=		Place Leamington, Mllrd, Utah							
HUSBAND'S FATHER JENSEN, Jens			HUSBAND'S MOTHER JOHNSTON, Matilda						
HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES									
WIFE HANSEN, Hansene Dorothea									
Born 1 Oct 1890		Place Salt Lake City, S-Ik, Utah							
Chr. _____		Place _____							
Died 30 June 1939		Place Salt Lake City, S-Ik, Utah							
Bur. 2 July 1939		Place Leamington, Mllrd, Utah							
WIFE'S FATHER HANSEN, Hans Christian Nielsen			WIFE'S MOTHER JORGENSEN, HANSENA						
WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS									
SEX M F	CHILDREN List Each Child (Whether Living or Dead) in Order of Birth SURNAME (CAPITALIZED) GIVEN NAMES	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	WHEN DIED
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY MONTH YEAR
1	F JENSEN, Virginia Matilda	20	June	1915	Leamington	Mllrd	Utah	-----	16 June 1917
2	F JENSEN, Viola	26	Feb	1917	Leamington	Mllrd	Utah	15 June 1911	-----
3	M JENSEN, James Alvin	2	Aug	1918	Leamington	Mllrd	Utah	VOGEL, Conrad	-----
4	F JENSEN, W anda	22	June	1920	Leamington	Mllrd	Utah	17 May 1911	-----
5	M JENSEN, Ivan	11	July	1923	Leamington	Mllrd	Utah	MERRELL, Marie	-----
6	F JENSEN, Doris	6	Feb	1929	Leamington	Mllrd	Utah=	----- 1911	-----
7	F JENSEN, Ruth	10	Aug	1930	Leamington	Mllrd	Utah	ZEZULKA, Joseph Francis	3 Aug 1928
8								26 June 1916	-----
9								GREENLEAF, James Louis	-----
10								29 Jan 1953	-----
11								WISEMAN, Wilford Alma	-----

