

## **Journal of William Harmon Larson**

Son of Ola Larson Johanna Neilson

Written by himself and copied by his wife, Margaret Ellen Sharp Larson

Re-typed in 2013 by Katie Ferguson Morgan, gg granddaughter of William

I was born in Pappauni Canterbury, New Zealand the 29<sup>th</sup> of May, 1882, at six o'clock in the morning. Son of Ola Larson, who was born in Sweden the 8<sup>th</sup> of March, 1846. My mother, Johanna Neilson, was born in Sweden on the 12<sup>th</sup> of October, 1843.

My father, thinking that New Zealand offered better opportunities for a nurseryman, sailed with his family to New Zealand in June, 1874, in a sailing vessel which took four months to complete the voyage.

They resided in New Zealand for a period of eleven years, during which time four children were born. Following are the members of my parents' family:

Elida...born 9<sup>th</sup> July, 1864  
Sigred Louise...born 30<sup>th</sup> Jan., 1871  
Hulda...born 26<sup>th</sup> June, 1872  
Alfreda...born 8<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1874, died 20<sup>th</sup> Jan., 1904  
Nellie Marie...born 28<sup>th</sup> Apr., 1877  
Amy...born 10<sup>th</sup> July, 1879  
William Harmon...born 29<sup>th</sup> May, 1882  
Alfred...born 2<sup>nd</sup> Sept., 1884, died New Zealand  
Mabel...born 18<sup>th</sup> May 1886  
Minnie Aurora...born 17<sup>th</sup> Mar., 1889

The three oldest children were born in Sweden. Alfreda was born on the ocean, near the "Cape of Good Hope". The next four were born in New Zealand and the last two were born in Utah.

My father was employed as head gardener for a large place which was afterwards used by the Governor of New Zealand, as his summer residence. My father worked at this place until he joined the Mormon Church October 6<sup>th</sup>, 1878, when he was thrown out of employment. Father was given a recommendation that he was a very good gardener, but that he was a Mormon, so the recommendation did not do him any good, as no one would employ a Mormon.

Father then engaged in the making of baskets, which he worked up to quite a flourishing condition.

This business he sold to my Uncle James when he left for America.

Our sister, Elida, went to America four years before the family went.

When we were ready to leave for America we set sail out of the Port of Littleton on the 16<sup>th</sup> of July, 1885. We stopped at Wellington for a few hours, which is on a North Island, which we reached after sailing 2 ½ days. We left there and reached Auckland on the third day of our voyage; we remained there one night. Next morning we started again on our voyage and passed the Friendly Island, where some natives came out in boats to the ship. They were naked except a girdle around their loins.

Three weeks after leaving Auckland we reached Honolulu, which was our next stopping place, and is the largest city in the Sandwich Islands. These islands were seceded to the USA in 1898. Between the

Friendly Islands and the Sandwich Islands is the Equator, which we crossed. This place is very hot. We stayed at Honolulu five hours and then set sail for San Francisco, California, arrived there after sailing one week. I forgot to give the name of the vessel in which we sailed in as far as Auckland. It was Manipouri. There we changed to the Steamer Zelandia, in which we finished our sea voyage. We found a place in San Francisco at which we intended to stay for only a few days until the money came, which had been promised to be sent us here, from my brother-in-law, Nils Hansen, who had married my sister, Elida, who were in Logan, Utah, USA.

Brother Porter and family and Charley and Peter Oleson were with us all the way, and accompanied us to Utah.

We waited a week in San Francisco for the money, much longer than we expected.

During the time we stayed in San Francisco, my father and some of my sisters visited the Golden Gate Gardens and the Palace Hotel, which are very popular places to this day. June 1<sup>st</sup>, 1898, we left San Francisco and started for Utah on the train. We arrived at Logan, Cache Co., Utah, August 20<sup>th</sup>, 1885. After much trouble we got settled and papa started on his trade of basket making. The first two weeks in Logan we spent at my sister Elida's in the 7<sup>th</sup> Ward.

My father was very discouraged in coming to Utah, when someone told him a man wanted to see hi at the ZCMI. Upon hearing this my father went there, and found the man that wanted to see him was Brother I.D. Haines, a clerk in the ZCMI. He told father that he had a house that he could rent and he could pay the rent in work. This was glad news to us, so the next day we moved what little we had to the new house on 1<sup>st</sup> street. In the house was some old furniture which Brother Haines sold to us very cheap, it was good stuff and we were very glad to get it as we had very little.

(Kind Reader) I am writing this as I am told it by those who remember our experiences. I was so young at the time, I could not know or remember these things. This may be the cause of mistakes and blunders.

While we lived in this house my father was making baskets out of wild willows, in the cellar. We were in this house one month when my father got a chance to move into a place more in the center of town. This was an old adobe house with a shop in front of it. It was in the center of a main block, and afforded a better place for my father's business. We moved into this house. We lived 8 months then were forced out by Mr. Ricks, the renter of the place.

Father now had to hunt another place to work in; at last he succeeded in getting the old Co-Op store. This place was afterwards torn down, and a new building erected in its place, which is now the City Drug Store.

About this time my sister, Mabel, was born. Some time after her birth my mother took my sister, Louise, and myself, then about four years old, to Conference at Salt Lake City. While there she visited Grondlands. We spent two very pleasant weeks in Salt Lake City. I was so small at that time that I can't remember much about it.

When we got home we learned that the folks had made arrangements to move to a house on the Island, farther down the street, as the rent was cheaper and where my father could live with his family in the same house. Perhaps I ought to say that the Island is so called because the Logan River branches out above into two branches and joins again below.

The place we now moved into was a large concrete house owned by Brother Brown. There was quite a large shop in front with a hall to the side of it, a kitchen in the back and other rooms above. We rented this place for \$8.00 a month. My father moved his basket business here and started making baskets again.

I will now tell of my personal experiences. In 1890 when I became 6 years of age, I started to school to Miss Hoving, in the Sixth Ward school house. Here I went one year. The next year I went to school to Miss Moreheads school in the Lindquist Hall. Then the year after that, I went to the Woodruff school, so called after President Wilford Woodruff. I went there two years. During this time while I was going to school, my father, with O.D. Haines, started a nursery, my father having been in the Nursery business before making baskets.

They soon had quite a flourishing business. They had a small Greenhouse and besides raised a variety of vegetables.

In the fall they sold out to John E. Carlisle and Joseph E. Wilson, who hired my father as foreman. Shortly after this, we moved into a large frame house, just south belonging to John E. Carlisle. This place they moved their Nursery to. This was in the year 1890.

It is now 1899, and after 9 years of growth, the nursery is quite a business; but to continue with my own experiences. I left off where I attended the Woodruff school. The next two years I attended Miss Hoving's school from which I graduated from the 8<sup>th</sup> grade.

Ever since I was big enough to do anything I have worked in the Nursery during the summer months with the exception of the winter of 1895-96, when I worked all winter.

But I am running ahead of time; I must go back to the year 1893. When I was 11 years old, on April 6<sup>th</sup> of that year, I went with my mother and sister, Nellie, to the Dedication of the Salt Lake Temple, at Salt Lake City. Up to this time I had been too small to take much interest in the religion my father had embraced, but now I began to take more interest in it and to study its principles and have continued to ever since.

And now I can say, that I know this is the work of the Lord, and that I have had many testimonies of the same. I have seen the sick healed by the power of the Lord.

It is now a long time since I have written in my Journal, but I will try to remember, as well as I can, the events that have transpired since or during the meantime.

On the 10<sup>th</sup> of December, 1894, I was ordained a Deacon in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by my father, and was diligent in that Quorum of the 1<sup>st</sup> Ward of Logan City. The next year I was ordained 1<sup>st</sup> Counselor to the President and was also appointed librarian in the Y.M.M.I.A.

In the summer of 1892 I went on a canvassing trip with my father in the interest of the Logan Nursery. We visited the following Counties: Bear Lake and Rich. The settlements we visited were as follows: Lake Town, Garden City, Meadowville, Fish Haven, St. Charles, Bloomington, Paris, Ovid, Mt. Pelier, Dingle and the Hot Springs.

I spent two weeks of pleasure up in that country and came home and went to work. I worked hard and bought a bicycle which cost \$35.00, and have the same wheel in my possession at the present time, February, 1901.

I went on an excursion to Salt Air Beach in 1898 and 1899.

On the 16<sup>th</sup> of April, 1899, my father went on a Mission to Sweden. While he has been away I have had to work hard for a living. But I expect father home again this week. I hope to earn enough this summer to keep me in College this coming winter.

On the 2<sup>nd</sup> of April, 1899, I was ordained a teacher in the Church. During the winter of 1900 and 1901 I went visiting in the Ward with Brother Alfred Swinyard as a companion. I was ordained by W.B. Preston.

I think we did some good, and I know it did me good and helped to strengthen my faith. I was very sorry we had to give up the work on account of the sickness of Brother Swinyard's wife.

I was ordained a priest the 3<sup>rd</sup> of July, 1901.

In the spring of 1901 I went out teaching with Brother Joseph C. Knowles.

By September I had earned enough to keep me in school during the coming winter. I went to the B.Y.U. College and took the first year business. When school was out for the season, I again worked at the Nursery, this time making clothes baskets at 45 cents a piece. I made about 160 baskets and did some outside work besides, making in all about \$128.00 which was almost sufficient to keep me in school the following winter.

During the Christmas holiday I made baskets with which I paid my tithing. I also made some root grafts for Professor J. F. Miller, my Brother-in-law.

On the 10<sup>th</sup> of February, 1903, I was ordained an Elder and received my endowments in the Logan Temple February 12, 1903.

I was set apart as Secretary to the Y.M.M.I.A. of the 1<sup>st</sup> Ward, February, 1901, and hold that position at the present time (1903).

In the spring of 1903, on leaving College, I went to work on Professor Miller's farm at Collinston, Box Elder Co., Utah.

The money that I made there, I used in keeping me in the College year. This made my third year at the college. While here on the 20<sup>th</sup> of January, 1904, I received the sad news of my sister, Alfreda Kotter's death at Brigham City. This news made us feel so terrible.

On the 10<sup>th</sup> of September, 1901, I became a member of the 1<sup>st</sup> Ward Choir and on the following November I joined the Stake Tabernacle Choir. I have tried to attend regularly these offices.

(This is the last of my Darling Will's Journal. I will continue my darling Will's life story in my life story.)  
Margaret Ellen Sharp.

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Katie Ferguson Morgan is the daughter of Craig Ferguson, who is the son of Beverly Larson Ferguson, who is the daughter of Frank Larson, who is the oldest child of William Larson. This journal was re-typed from a copy in Frank's Book of Remembrance, in possession of Katie Morgan in 2013 (259 East 1500 South, Kaysville, Utah 84037 morgancew@gmail.com).