

JOHN & INGER'S DNA – FRANCIS - Part 2

Diane Johnson Stokoe

4 hrs

I feel sure that the answer to dad's problems came in finding another good wife and a stepmother for his children. "Get ready children, I have someone I wish you to meet tonight. She is to be your new mother." This came as a great shock to us because we were unaware that our father had any matrimonial intentions. Francis Madsen, the lady of his choice, was living with two companions in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vern Johnson in Provo. We were dressed in our Sunday best and were taken to her home to be properly introduced. We were told that the marriage was to take place soon. The period of adjustment came hard for us kids and I am sure it was hard for our new mother. We never felt we could call her "mother" and so adopted the title "Aunt Francis." [Francis was just shy of 34 and Alfred 39, when they married on March 12, 1924--a year after Murl died and less than a month after Robert Earl passed away.



Judy Tolley Such a kind, sweet, and beautiful Grandma.



[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

2 hrs · [Sandy](#)

The Madsens were as prominent and illustrious a family as were the Holdaways. A life sketch written by Eunice Madsen Nelson describes the family. Francis' grandfather Hennings was born in Virket, Isle of Falshe, Denmark in 1821. He went to work on a large state consisting of a spacious house, ample yard, adjoining grain fields, pastures and peat bogs owned by the Peter Larson family. He and their daughter, Karen Marie Hansen (1828-1866), were married on November 12, 1847. When their first child was born, (Peter H., Francis' father pictured) Karen's brother asked to be the child's God Father. When he was old enough to leave his mother, Lars Peterson took him to the estate to live. He sent Peter to a private school taught by Lutheran priests. Besides reading and arithmetic, each boy was required to learn a trade. Peter H. studied animal care and farming. The Peter's mother, father, his sisters and brothers lived nearby, probably in a tenant house. The entire family was interested in art and music. Peter played the cornet and the trombone.

Peter's uncle, Hans Rassmussen, wanted him to accompany him to America. He visited his mother to discuss it with her. She said she was investigating Mormonism and that if she decided to convert she would take the entire family to America. Karen and Henning were baptized in 1866 and the next year they left for the Rocky Mountains with children: Peter 17, Rasmus 15, Hannah 10 and Christian 7. The ocean voyage took nine weeks and Karen was sea sick the entire journey. Her health did not improve so Peter H. did most of the cooking and helped his father and Rasmus with the stock. On October 17, 1866 she died in Echo Canyon.

It was very cold on the mountain top and the rule was that when a death occurred the body was immediately prepared for burial. Hennings wrapped his wife's body in a clean white sheet while Peter and Rasmus dug a shallow grave in the frozen ground. By now it was snowing and the rest of the company had yoked up their teams and were moving on. The bereaved family laid their mother in the prepared grave and filled it with frozen clods. The wolves were howling in the distance so the boys laid heavy rocks over the grave in hopes that the wolves could not molest the body. Then they hooked up the team, got in the wagon and drove off. When they looked back they saw wolves gathering around the grave site.

[Seen by 10](#)

Sheila Ericksen and Judy Tolley

6 hrs · [Murray, UT](#)



The Danish immigrants arrived at the fort in Manti a year to the day from the time they left Denmark. Brigham Young sent them to Sanpete County where there was farm land and other Danish settlers. As there were two other Peter Madsen's living in Manti he inserted an H. in his name in order to get his mail. Towns people had already started calling him Peter Hennings Madsen to identify him from the others.

Andrew Nelson had been called on a mission and his wife Meta and her three children needed help caring for their farm and livestock. So young Peter lived with Meta and the children until the fall of 1868. His compensation was "one half of the increase in animals and my board." He served as a guard in the Black Hawk War and went north to work on the railroad grading in Weber County. In 1870 Peter returned to Manti and filed on a piece of land. He bought an adobe house and married Karen Marie Hansen after a three-week courtship. Madsen was a teacher, a musician, an artist, a politician, a successful farmer, and a stockman. He stood 6 feet tall and weighed 175 to 180 pounds. People commented that he was as straight as a military man. In later years he had such good posture that they claimed that if they saw him from the back he looked like a much younger man.

In March 1898 he was called on a mission to Denmark where he served for five months but the cold and damp climate did not agree with him. He became ill and returned with some relatives he had converted. Madsen believed in higher education. All eight of his children attended college. Francis spent a year at ACU and a year at an Art Institute in Chicago. When she returned she was hired to teach at Manti High.

Comment

[Seen by 15](#)

3Sheila Ericksen, Judy Tolley and Laraine Johnson Kent

Diane Johnson Stokoe



Karen Marie and children including Francis (upper left looking down) who was born March 23, 1890. Francis' mother used herbs, teas, Indian Root pills, simple poultices, hot baths and home remedies to treat family illnesses. Once she called in a healer who used priesthood blessings and oil successfully to treat an injured nerve in her husband's foot. Otherwise, he would have spent the rest of his life on crutches. Francis took her father to Salt Lake for cataract surgery which restored his failing eye sight. He died from influenza nine months before Francis and Alfred married.

Francis' sister recalled that after a visit to Provo, her mother returned feeling depressed. "I had felt so blue today," she told Eunice, "I stepped into the kitchen and just now felt Father's (Peter's) hand on my shoulder. I turned around and he was gone. I feel better now!" Karen Marie passed away peacefully December 6, 1932 -- eight years after this experience and eleven years after her husband died.

Newspaper clipping:

Peter H. Madsen has made farming the occupation of his life, in which he has been quite successful, having a fine farm of 180 acres and a nice residence just north of the Temple. He is president of the Manti Co-op, Sheep-Herding and Wool-Growing Institution, and a large stockholder. Mr. Madsen is a representative farmer of Sanpete county, and an honorable, upright man. On December 12, 1870 he married Karen Maria Hansen, the daughter of Jens and Sophia Hansen. Their children include Cora D., Nelson, Antoinette, Luella, Eunice, (daughters pictured below) and sons Orson, Frances and Stanford.



Karen Marie center with youngest daughter Francis far right.

[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

4 hrs

Dad was rather a strict man and commanding in his ways. . . He always has been a very hard worker and always had his work caught up. He used to say, "Crowd the work Dean but don't let the work crowd you." I am ever grateful to him for teaching me how to work and work hard and to take pride in what I do. "When you plow a furrow, plow it straight my son. Anybody can plow a crooked furrow."



[Ted, Alfred and Kay with Alfred's prize cow.]

Besides his family dad took a lot of pride in his horses. He always drove the best teams in the community. He was a master in training horses to pull and in minding him when he spoke. Many times, I

have been stuck in the mud with the team pulling a heavy load. Father would come and pick up the lines and would yell at the team in a loud commanding voice, calling them by name and away they would go. The horses would lunge forward with all their might and the wagon would be pulled out of the mud. This not only happened with me but with other people in our community. Dad could drive their horses better than they could drive them. He had a cheerful happy disposition. His code was "Work hard, play hard and give life the best you have, no matter what you are doing."



Comment

Seen by 17

Noel Ericksen Thomas Who's in the picture?

Diane Johnson Stokoe Photo of May and June, Alfred's prize horses from Ted's collection that he shared for the John Johnson video. I have no information on who's in the buggy. Maybe Alfred with his dad or a friend.

Diane Johnson Stokoe

The summer following his marriage in 1924, father bought Harold and I an old Model T Ford bug. This was a car with the chassis of an old Model T with a homemade body over it which looked like a bug. It was only a one seat affair. But we had a lot of fun chasing around in it. The following April Harold and his friend Wes Jorgensen took off for Washington and Oregon in the bug. They must have run into some kind of trouble in Oregon for they disposed of the car and went on into Nevada where they found employment in the mines for a couple of years. . .

About a year and a half after Dad and Aunt Francis were married there was another son born to the family on August 15, 1925. He was given the name "Edward Dale Johnson," this name was taken to honor Edward Hatton, who we all called Uncle Ted. The event happened while I was on another camping trip up the canyon with some friends from this end of the ward. [Dean took this photo of little brother Ted on right, with Bob) just before leaving for his mission in November, 1928.



Photo of my uncle Ted (Wanda's husband) and his friend Bob whoever that was!

Comment

Diane Johnson Stokoe Wonder why Francis named her first-born after Alfred's brother-in-law? The Hatton's lived in Provo where they owned a meat store. Julia raised little Robert Earl until his death. Was it Julia and or her husband Ted Hatton that introduce Francis to Alfred?

[Manage](#)

Noel Erickson Thomas asks: "Who's in this picture?"

[· Reply](#) · 23h · Edited

Diane Johnson Stokoe

In the spring of 1927 I was operated on at the old Aird hospital for a hernea on my right side which affliction I had carried for about 10 years. Father not having the necessary cash, had to borrow the money from Uncle Ted Hatton for the operation. . . I was a good student at Lincoln High School and very active in many different fields. I was in the school play and was chosen for the debate team. But due to my position as captain of the basketball team I was encouraged by my teachers to devote my energy to that activity. I was Vice-President of my Freshman class and became President my senior year. I had the honor of giving the welcoming address at graduation exercises in the spring.



My first date with Jessie Farley was an Easter Sunday Picnic at Saratoga. Morris Clinger and I were going in his father's car. In the mean time Harold sent me into Provo with his girl-friend and I should have had plenty of time to get back. But luck was not with me for just as we got to Provo the motor died and try as I would I couldn't get the darn things started. Finally I took off running all the way home, a distance of about five miles. This is the longest distance run I have ever made before or since, without stopping. I made it in time and was ready to leave with Morris. I spent a nice day at Saratoga with Jess.

[2Mandy Spice Johnson and Laraine Johnson Kent](#)

Comments

[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#) My son Brian Belov played varsity basketball and runs marathons. He and son Andrew ran the Half Marathon in St. George on Saturday.

Laraine's Sons [Jeff Kent](#) & Seth played basketball. [Mark Kent](#), played on Brighton's hockey team! [Michael Kent](#) was quarterback of the football team. His son Drake is also an athlete. Must be in the genes!



Dad was captain of the Lincoln High School Basketball Team



November, 1928 – This picture was taken just before the three of us left for our missions. Clyde Sumsion to England, Weldon Taylor to Ohio, Dean Johnson to Australia.

Diane Johnson Stokoe

9 hrs · [Sandy](#)

After mother's death I lived with Uncle August and Aunt Ruth for a few days and was treated like a son. Uncle August paid me \$15.00 a month to help milk his cows during the winter. . . I continued to work for him for many years and he encouraged me in my church activity. He provided much help and inspiration and perhaps sparked a fire as I developed a burning desire to go on a mission. In September 1928, while working on a country road project with our Bishop, Spencer Madsen, I asked, "How are you fixed for missionaries this fall?" He replied, "We will see what we can work out." My dad had agreed I could go after the farm work was all done that fall.

Joseph B. Keeler gave me my patriarchal blessing: "You were born in this day for a wise and glorious purpose and your parentage was ordained of God. You merited this through your good works in your former home—that other world; for you were faithful and true in that life. . . Your work will not always be at home, but in other lands and climes . . . You have the gift of faith, disease will be overcome by your administration, even the winds and the waves will be subject to you in time of need. Evil spirits will be rebuked. . . I confide you to your Guardian Angel. You have heard his still small voice whispering to your soul. . . Follow his whisperings and you will always be led into paths of safety."

I received my call to labor in Australia October 18th, 1928. My farewell party and Testimonial was held in the Lakeview Church. On November 27th at 10:00 A.M. my folks, Uncle August and Grandpa Johnson accompanied me to Salt Lake to bid me farewell as I left by train for San Francisco. . . We arrived in San Francisco on November 28th and sailed aboard the S.S. Sanoma at noon on November 30th. Dinner was served at 1:00 p.m. I was sea sick by 3:00. I could not eat supper and was sick all night. With the coming of dawn my sickness left me and I was all right for the rest of the voyage.

Like

Comment

[Seen by 17](#)

3Sheila Ericksen, Noel Ericksen Thomas and Laraine Johnson Kent

Comments

[Linda Jones Cook](#) So handsome!

[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#) I vaguely remember Dad talking about "calming the seas." I think it happened on the voyage to Australia. Everything else in his blessing is well documented including this account, written at the request of his Mission President and then copied into his journal:

[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

There was laboring in the South Australian District of the Australian Mission with headquarters at Adelaide, five Mormon Elders: Elmer S. Palmer, Alva E. Jensen, Therice H. Duncan, Dean A. Johnson and Joseph F. Durfey. On the night of July 21, 1929 at the conclusion of Sunday service a very pronounced manifestation of the power of the Priesthood was given. As the day's activities had progressed there had been felt among them an unusual influence, one which was not conducive to a full enjoyment of the Spirit of the Lord. At the conclusion of the evening meeting, President Palmer called upon Elder Durfey to offer a closing prayer. As he arose, he was seized upon with a power which so weakened his system that he could scarcely stand. With considerable effort, he pronounced a brief benediction and then left the hall. He went out to the sidewalk hoping to free himself of the disturbing feeling. As he walked back and forth in the narrow passageway behind the church, he did not obtain relief. Rather, the darkness seemed to become even more dense. Elder Durfey felt certain he was possessed of an evil Spirit and struggled desperately to call upon the Lord to relieve him. He was conscious of the presence of his father, who had been dead some years, walking at his side, vainly trying to assist him.

Failing in this effort, he entered an apartment at the rear of the church and went up the stairs to his bedroom, where he knelt and attempted to pray. After exercising all the power in his being, he concluded his prayer, left his room and went outside. He was leaning against the rear wall when Elder Johnson found him. After explaining his condition, Elder Johnson assured him that he too had felt this influence, although apparently to a lesser degree. As they talked, the tension became even more severe. Returning to their lodgings, they met Elders Palmer, Duncan, and Jensen and discussed with them the unusual conditions which was felt by all of them.

Elder Johnson writes: "Having previously planned a trip to Gawler, we expected to leave immediately

after the meeting. Elders Duncan and Jensen had been sent to call a taxi. Elders Durfey, Palmer and myself found ourselves alone in the flat. There was at this time a loud, dull whistle blowing at the freight yards about a mile away which added to our dismal feelings. All the time the evil power was gaining a stronger hold on our bodies. It became so strong that my whole body was cold and I trembled with a power I could not control. My face became pale and as I looked into Elder Durfey's face I saw it was twitching. He held no power over his chin. Elder Palmer, seeing this condition said, "Something is going to happen."

We all felt the same. As we all had experienced a dull feeling coming on for a week, Elder Palmer, who presided, said "come we will administer to you." I was so weak I could hardly stand up. As I anointed his head with Holy Oil, there was some power trying to hold me from doing it. I stood cold and shaking from head to toe for about one-half minute. At least there was a little new life entering my body that loosened my tongue and lips so I could speak. But my words were broken and I could scarcely finish. All the time I was anointing, my hands seemed to be knocked from his head as if being done by some human power. When I finished anointing, the room was black to my mortal eyes and a cold, dull feeling seemed to paralyze my body. I became almost stiff. Then Elder Palmer and I, with much courage, placed our hands upon his head to seal the anointing. Again, the bones and nerves of my body began to tremble and the cold, stunning feeling went through my system as if it were being carried by a high voltage of electricity. When Elder Palmer rebuked the evil spirit the first time, I felt it leave the head of Elder Durfey, go up through my arms and out of my body. At the same time, I heard the door of the room give a dull rumble. The sealing went on for nearly ten minutes, during which three distinct times were the evil spirits rebuked, and three times did I feel the terrible overwhelming power let loose of my body, and three times did I hear the dull rumble at the door. The third time the spirits were rebuked, I felt new life enter into my body. I became calm and quiet. I was still very weak. Just as we said, "Amen," the dull sound of the whistle stopped. . .

Elder Durfey, had been in the mission field only four weeks. After the blessing, he stood up and in a calm clear voice, said: "For one month I have been asking the Lord in prayer that he would use me as an instrument through whom the power of the priesthood might be manifest. I know that this is the gospel of Jesus Christ. . ."

I was in hopes that Elder Palmer would tell us not to go to Gawler. I feared something would happen to us while on our journey; something that might result in the death of one of us. But trusting in the divine care of God we bid goodbye to Elders Palmer and Duncan. One hour later found us safely at our destination. I know that it was only by the power of God that our lives were unharmed. I bear testimony to all that may read this that it is true. I know that God hears and answers prayers. He acknowledges the administrations performed by the power of the priesthood. I know that the divine priesthood holds the power to rebuke evil spirits. I seal this testimony to all that may read it in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior.

[Linda Jones Cook](#) All I can say is wow -I have chills throughout my body. The priesthood is truly a gift!

[Laraine Johnson Kent](#) Dad told us of this experience. The power of the priesthood is real.

[Connie Jones Cameron](#) I read this experience at my Moms house just a few years before she died. What a powerful example of the true power of the priesthood against the forces of the adversary. Uncle Dean was truly a powerful servant of the Lord. I am so grateful he was a prolific journalist as we have the privilege of reading and strengthening our own testimonies. Thanks Diane for sharing.

[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

2 hrs · [Sandy](#)



March, 1929 - Elders Manwaring and Johnson enjoying grapes in Adelaide.

The trip to Gawler mentioned was the first trip I made into the country to perform missionary work. We stayed there until August 2nd without much success distributing tracts and other missionary materials, then returned to Adelaide on August 3rd. We made another country trip to Mt. Gambira on September 9th, a distance of 300 to 400 miles from Adelaide. We went to a little village called Kalangadoo, which was in the old sheep country, in the southwestern part of South Australia. It was a very beautiful village of 300 inhabitants. We stayed at a sheep station called "Wattle Range." This consisted of a large ranch of several thousand square miles.

It was while I was here that I spent a few days helping to round up the sheep, and we also went kangaroo hunting for a couple of days. While at this sheep station, I helped tear down an old shack which was used for a dining room for the sheep herders. I helped rebuild it and it became quite an orderly place for feeding those who worked at the station.

While doing this work, we had many wonderful gospel conversations, and these people became acquainted with Mormonism. I think there was much good accomplished. I enjoyed the kangaroo hunt very much and was successful in killing three. I had the hides tanned, made into rugs, and brought them home with me. I also shot many rabbits on this trip. . . I continued my missionary labors in the field until

October 27, 1929, at which time I was appointed District President of the South Australian District. I served in that capacity for a year and was then transferred to the Victorian District with headquarters at the city of Melbourne. Once again, I was appointed District President and served in that capacity until I was release from the mission field.

Diane Johnson Stokoe

10 hrs



Tuesday, landed in San Francisco, went shopping, went to the Fox Theater. Called up the folks on the phone. What a wonderful thrilling experience to hear the voice of my father and Francis again. Two days later we boarded the train for Salt Lake City, Provo and home. I arrived in Provo about 6:30 P.M. on January 26th and was met at the train by father, Francis, Nathan, Leila, and Ted. What a happy reunion to again be home with my family. When we returned to Lakeview my brother Harold, his wife Lola, [married July 17, 1929], Uncle August and Aunt Ruth, and Grandpa Johnson were there to spend a happy evening. We talked far into the night and I told them of my missionary experiences. Even after the company had departed and the family had gone to bed except Francis and I, we continued conversing until about 2:00 A.M. I now became more close to her, and felt that she had indeed taken her place in becoming a real mother in our home.

To return to farm work, milking cows, hauling manure, etc., was a vast change from missionary work, and quite an adjustment for me. There was a large welcome home party given in my honor the week following. It seemed that hundreds were there to welcome me home.

Like

[Seen by 20](#)

6Sheila Ericksen, Judy Tolley and 4 others

Comments

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Corinne Johnson Young Lots of happy memories with these 2 wonderful grandparents.

Linda Jones Cook We were left out a little as we were way up there in Provo. I do remember grandpa stopping by on occasion for coffee with mom.

Diane Johnson Stokoe

21 mins · [Sandy](#)

During my mission all financial matters and practically all the letters received from my family were taken care of by my stepmother, Francis. It was during my mission that I realized the great responsibility she took on when she assumed the duties of a mother in taking over father's family. I admired her for her courage and am ever grateful to her for her kindness and help. She always had an even temper and never raised her voice in criticizing us.

Four years after I returned, another son was born to father's family. Concerning that birth Ted wrote: "Kay was born on April 23, 1934, at 5:00 A.M. at the Crane Maternity Home in Provo. Mother wanted a baby girl but was pleased with the baby and named him Kay Francis."



Once I complimented Grandma on a picture that hung in her living room. Francis had carefully placed small dried wild flowers on a background of milkweed, then framed her creation and secured it behind glass. She replied, "I'm so glad you like it Diane. The older boys didn't think much of my art work. Once one said to me, 'If I couldn't do better than that I wouldn't try!'" Kay must have gotten a heavy dose of Madsen DNA from his mother. Francis had a beautiful flower garden behind her house. Kay planted his own small garden behind her lattice fence and added a fish pond.

Kay grew up paling around with nieces and nephews that were close-in-age including Harold's son Arlen who lived with Uncle Nathan. Arlen worked on Nathan's farm while Kay worked along-side Grandpa and Ted on their farm across the street.

Photo taken at the Johnson Family Reunion in 1950



Kay & Arlen stand upper right in this 1950 Family Reunion photo. Below them, Paul Taylor, wife and child. Below them see Morris Clinger and Uncle August on the end wearing a wild tie. His story is posted in Part 3 – Alfred’s Children. He was a widower having just lost his wife when this photo was taken. His daughter Nanalee wrote: “Mother passed away on July 4, 1949 at the age of 58 in an automobile accident in Provo on the way to the 4th of July parade. Daddy, Arlene and Arleen’s baby son Kent, were also in the accident. Arlene received a fractured pelvis but all the others survived.”

Diane recalls: Our family was at a movie in Provo when someone came down the aisle paging Dean Johnson. Dad went out and was told to go to the hospital immediately. As August’s family had just been in a serious accident. Upon arrival he was told Aunt Ruth had her little grandson seated upon her lap. She bent over him to protect him from the impact and was killed in the crash.

Uncle August remarried a little over a year after this photo was taken. He met Beatrice A. Henderson in the mission field in West Virginia while serving as a young missionary there. Aunt Bee was a wonderful cook. Her Christmas morning spreads were simply amazing. They lived in his home which was a little north of Grandpa and Francis house. She took good care of him until he died at the age of 81.