

T I E T J E N T I M E S

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FAMILY NEWS

Reed Stevens, son of Merrill and Evie, returned in June from a hawaiian mission.

Amy Black was able to spend a couple of weeks with her sons, Steve and Garth in California this Spring. Garth recently was married and served a few months in the Army Reserve at Fort Ord.

Warren and Ruth Child, Blanding, Utah, have a new daughter born in August.

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HISTORY OF ERNEST A. TIETJEN

(by his daughter, Loris T. Child)

I will tell you a few things that I remember hearing my folks tell me. Then I may be able to get some facts from Albert Lyman because his father went among the Indians with my father.

Father came to these southern settlements alone before he married my mother (his second wife, Emma Christiansen). Then on one of his trips back to Santaquin he married my mother. Then he came down here alone again, but soon sent back to Santaquin to get his wives. He was called by the Church Presidency to marry the second time.

He left Santaquin with Aunt Emma, Joe (his little boy) and Mother. Mother rode at the head of the oxen on a pony and would carry Joe with her on her saddle. Father brought two teams (at the same time) to St. George for a man there. Two men with their teams came and traveled with Father until the first Sunday. Then they went on, but he would not travel on Sunday. But he got into St. George as soon as these men did and had no trouble on the way.

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AUGUSTA TIETJEN MONK

Augusta was born in the lumber house her father built in Ramah, N.M., the country of big pines, on the 2nd of April, 1894. She moved with her parents to Bluewater, a long valley in the shadow of Mt. Taylor. They had a log cabin at the foot of a hill until Augusta's baby sister, Loris, was born; then they moved into a fine adobe home their father built. Augusta was five years old and, as she and Loris were the only children at home, the two little girls grew up depending on each other and loving each other. They made hollyhock dolls and played in the shade of the trees their mother planted. Augusta had a china doll she kept carefully on a shelf when she wasn't playing with it.

She enjoyed having her little sister with her, and as they grew older, Augusta enjoyed having Loris going along, so that Augusta often was entertaining Loris as well as her partners and friends at parties and dances.

She visited with her older married sisters when her mother took the two girls to Kirtland, N.M., and Wyoming. She was fifteen when she spent the summer in Kirtland helping her mother can fruit. She made some lifetime friends there. They traveled from Bluewater in the wagon. Her friends still (1959) remember her gaiety.

She liked to work in the house and always coaxed her little sister to quit climbing trees and "be a fine lady", read great books and poems. Augusta was above average in her school work.

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They went to St. John's in Arizona. I do not know whether they stayed there very long or not, at this time. I know that they had to go back to St. John's (from Savoia, near Ramah) because the Indians or outlaws got so bad. They became well acquainted with the people of St. John's. Their mission home was Savoia at first. I think the older girls were born there. Then they moved to Ramah. I do not know whether my father was the presiding Elder while he lived at Savoia or whether it was Luther Burnham. I know the two men with their families lived there. Then when they moved back to St. John's, they lived there awhile, then they moved and lived at Windmill ranch for awhile. It was while they were there that some outlaws came and drove off their mules and horses then a posse was formed at St. John's to follow them and retrieve the animals. All the men gave up the chase when they got near the White Mountains near Albuquerque, but father. The outlaws had dropped the give-out animals all along the way but when nearing the mountains they still had a few. Father followed them up into the snow and they left the few remaining animals and run afoot on up the mountain. Father got the very last animals and took them back. (This was after he had a shooting battle with them.)

Then they moved back to Ramah, where Father was first counselor to Bro. Lewis, until he moved to Bluewater. He moved his first family to Bluewater first and later Mother moved over there. Laura went to Bluewater and stayed with Aunt Emma for a visit once. I have a letter that Father wrote to mother while he was in Bluewater and mother was in Ramah. He tells of him and Joe working for \$15.00 a month and that he was sending her some flour and groceries with a man with a wagon going to Ramah by way of Wingate. Father came over here and traveled about among the Indians with Lyman. The people here knew him well. He traveled preaching, with Chris Christiansen (nicknamed Chris Lingo). Do you know if he traveled with Jacob Hamblin? Once he went among the Indians (it seems that it was the Zunis) and made willow baskets and his companion traded them to the Indians for the baskets full of corn.

The newspaper (Deseret News) had a picture of Hunchback Charlie's wife where she joined the Church. It said Joe Tietjen (my uncle) had baptized Hunchback Charlie. I always thought that mother told me that Charlie was the only Indian Father ever baptized. I could be wrong. Do you know?

At one time Father had a lot of cows that he and mother milked, on the mountain some place, and made condensed milk.

Father went to Salt Lake City and was sealed to his parents. I think he walked part of the way. Laura has that story. It took him three months to go there and back to Bluewater. When he got there he was so ragged that he felt badly. A man that owed father twenty dollars met him on main street, took him into a store and fitted him out with all new clothes and shoes and gave him a gold watch. Father was to the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. I do not know whether Aunt Emma O. was with him or not. Then he and his three wives were called to have their second anointing in the Salt Lake Temple. I may have the date of him and Aunt Emma, but Laura has the paper with the date of mother and Aunt Amanda and father. Mother stood for Amanda.

Augusta Tietjen Monk (Continued)

One day she decided to climb a tree and hit the big ring they used to call the men to dinner. She asked Doris to help her. She got up all right and hit the ring. The men started coming and Augusta was afraid of getting down. (Continued on page three)

She made Doris (who was then considered a tomboy) quit laughing and help her so the men wouldn't come and see her climbing around in the tree; it would have embarrassed her; she wanted to be a lady at all times.

She was a determined person about her own accomplishments. Doris said Augusta studied the piano with tears running down her cheeks because it was difficult for her, but she wanted to play, so she wouldn't quit. She learned to play hymns and some more difficult music beautifully.

She married Benjamin J. Monk in the temple (Salt Lake City?) on the 1st of June, 1916, when she was 22, and went to live in Wyoming. They lived a short time in Bluewater, perhaps later. She raised geese and chickens and tried to make a nice home. She had three children who grew to maturity--one baby girl, Ruth, died.

She was a refined person, she laughed gently and was kind, both in manner and speech; often seemed unable to understand or cope with associates who had a tactless manner. She was a sacrificing person rather than a demanding one. She disliked any bickering in her family and was as the Man of Galilee said, "One of my lambs."

SKETCH OF: Emma O. Tietjen's Mother *Tietjen*
Taken from "Treasures of Pioneer History" by Gary Tipton

Joseph H. Erickson, my father, was born December 18, 1864 in Oslo, Norway and was the youngest of seven children born to Englebret and Olena Olsen Erickson. Not much is known of his father except that he was a hard working man and was baptized into the Mormon church a few years before he died. Grandma Erickson's grief was deepened by the drowning of one of her little boys.

When father was about two years old his mother decided to join a company of emigrants coming to Utah which she had been told was a "Land of milk and honey". She wished to bring her children to Zion to mingle with the members of the church which she had embraced. So she sold her home, and what jewelry and silver she had to get the means for the long journey. When they reached Denmark, where they were to embark, she found to her dismay that she had not enough money for all of them. So, she was obliged to leave her two oldest daughters, twelve and fourteen years of age, behind until she could earn enough in her new habitation to send for them. They went back to Norway and stayed with neighbors and friends and worked for their living until the time came -- years later, for them to come to Utah. (Note: The two girls left were Albertina and Emma O. Solomon Peterson went there on a mission and later married Albertina. It was he who helped finance their trip to Utah. Their father, who died before they left Norway, was tall and good-looking and his wife loved him very much. From New York, after a long arduous trip on the ocean, they traveled by train westward to Council Bluffs which was as far as the railroad went. Here they were met by wagons from Salt Lake to take them on to their destination. My father, who was the baby, was desperately ill and couldn't endure the jolt and rumble of the wagon, so Grandma had to carry him.

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She walked all the way, sometimes holding an old black umbrella over him to keep off the blazing sun, for it was summer now and the heat on the plains was almost unbearable. When her arms ached she would suspend him from her back in an old shawl much like the Indians do. She trudged along, day after day, and sometimes became so tired that she lagged far behind. The captain reproved her and urged her to let the child die because no one felt that he could possibly get well. She was told that she was only retarding their progress by hanging on to him. She refused, of course, and assured them that she would make out all right if they cared to go on ahead without her.

When the company arrived in Salt Lake, Grandma and her children were sent south to Provo to make their home. Father was better and recovering fast. Their first home was in an old, deserted school-house. Grandma hung old pieces of rugs over the broken windows to keep out the cold, for now it was early fall. Before very long, however, they moved south to Santaquin where they had a more comfortable home. Here they lived for several years and endured more hardships.

Grandmother worked from daylight until late into the night weaving carpets, for she had brought her own loom from Norway, and, also, her spinning wheel. She also took in sewing and washings to earn enough to support her small children and save to send for her daughters as she had promised.

Father was well and strong now and helped his mother all he could. Grandma sheared the few sheep she had while he held them down for her. Then she would wash and card the wool that she later spun into yarn. He herded the family cow in the rugged foothills of Santaquin and in the fall gathered great sacks of dry oak leaves which he dragged home for the cow's winter feed. His bare feet became very sore and often would bleed from picking his way over the sharp rocks and through the brush. One day he came upon an old campground and found a half-empty can of molasses - the first he had ever tasted. He was so delighted that he took it home for his mother to taste and she promised to buy some the first chance she got.

While he was yet a small boy, the family moved to Richfield. His mother had married again and had another child. The journey to Richfield from Santaquin required several days travel and they camped overnight at various places along the way. Father walked the entire distance driving the cow and a couple of calves. He was accompanied by a little Indian boy his own age, who was on his way to New Mexico.

In Richfield the family joined the United Order and father was given work at a small wage, for he was considered just "half" a man and he had to wear a little homemade uniform. To enable him to attend school for a time, he was allowed to stay with Mrs. Clara Young,

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widow of Brigham Young's son, Joseph A. Young. At her home he did the chores, milked the cows, carried wood and ran errands for his board. Here he acquired his first pair of shoes.

His school days were not so pleasant to begin with, as he had to fight with nearly every boy his own age before he could live in peace. They somehow made him feel that his Norwegian family was not quite as good as those who spoke English more fluently. Grandmother always had a brogue. Then, too, her second marriage proved to be an unhappy affair - so much so, that she left her husband and once more had to go it alone. They suffered extreme poverty at times. Father said he was quite a big boy before he discovered that his mother killed eggs, for she would always pretend that she did not care for them so that one of the children could have her share.

A few years later, father went to Monroe, Utah, to live with his sister, Annie, whose husband owned the flour mills both here and at Elsinore. At these two places he was given plenty of work. He learned to butcher and was handy with a gun, keeping the mills free of rodents. He was allowed, on a few occasions, to accompany freighters to far-off Pioche, Nevada, where they exchanged mill produce for other commodities. These trips were a great thrill for a boy of his age. All this time he was growing tall and lanky. Before very long, his mother, too, moved to Monroe, and they lived in a small cottage behind the mill which was situated a mile or two above Monroe on a hill. Here Grandma lived until her death at the age of eighty four.

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Dear Relatives,

Because the Tietjen family is comparatively new in America, you understand the difficulty facing all of us in finding our genealogy. Doing the work ourselves from this continent, or paying researchers, is an expensive and tremendous job. It is also rewarding. Work is being accomplished. New names have been added to our charts within the last month.

As we read over our family stories, let us realize the hardships our ancestors bore when they chose what seemed the most important for them and for us. Can we make a sacrifice, too, and search out their identities?

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A philosopher once observed,

"As a rule, the solution of any immediate problem lies immediately at hand."