

The
WARNICK
FAMILY'S
EMIGRATION

By REED W. WARNICK

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Written to enlighten the descendants of
Anders Petter and Anna Helena Andersson
Warnicke with respect to their family's
EMIGRATION

by
Reed W. Warnick

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Dedicated to

M Y G R A N D P A R E N T S
ANDERS PETTER AND ANNA HELENA ANDERSSON WARNICKE
It was their family that
EMIGRATED

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

As the composer of my account of the Warnick Family's Emigration, I take no credit for the historical facts contained therein. I gained them from other sources--principally from what I found in the Warnick Family History, Volume I. But, not in any one place. You will find in my Emigration History something I learned from a careful reading of all of Section I of that book; also from Effie Warnick Adams' history of Anders Petter and Anna Helena Andersson Warnicke, which contains considerable information that she had researched from various sources; from Ruth E. Swenson's history of Anna Christina Warnick; from Lurena E. Warnick's history of Anders Gustaf Warnick; from Adena Warnick Swenson's history of Inga Maria Warnick Johnson Jorgensen and her daughters; from Erma Warnick Andrus' history of her grandparents Adolph Frederick and Christina Olson Warnick, in which she had relied in a large measure for the information her grandfather had recorded in his journal; from the story of John August and Christena Mari Bengston, by their granddaughters Leaone Foutz Carson and Ethel Foutz Allen, and from the history of Charles Peter Warnick, dictated to and written by his wife Christine Marie Larsen Warnick (my dear mother). This history of my father supplies the most conclusive information of the family's emigration that has been recorded, since it came from one who participated in the total endeavor.

I must also acknowledge the helpful information I was able to garner from Andrew Jenson's Church Chronology, especially since Andrew Jenson, an assistant Church Historian, was a very close and long-standing friend of both my father and mother; so close, in fact, that he was at one time my mother's suitor.

Furthermore, I was enlightened materially in our (Lola's and my) reading of the history of Brigham H. Roberts by Truman Madsen, entitled "The Defender of the Faith." Roberts had emigrated from England the same year that the main body of the Warnicks emigrated from Sweden. He was just about one month ahead of the Warnicks, but followed exactly the same route, using the same kind of facilities that they had done in getting from the place of disembarkment in New York City to Salt Lake City, Utah. The material in Madsen's book is well documented and describes in quite some detail what transpired in the trips across the country. It refers a number of times to a company that followed, being cholera stricken and running into difficulties that required help from a relief train sent back from Salt Lake City. This was the company that included the ill-fated Warnicks. We had not owned this book; in fact, had not heard of it until we received a circular from Bookcraft right after Thanksgiving, and were moved upon to send for it.

What previously unrecorded information I have been able to add to this history came to me by dreaming, direct communication or inspiration--all three in fact--from my grandfather and grandmother, Anders Petter and Anna Helena Andersson Warnicke. For their help, and for them, I am most humbly grateful, as should be all those of their posterity who read this history.

The total credit I claim for myself in this historical endeavor is the gathering together of all the facts, arranging them in their proper order and making them available, in a single document, to interested family members, who may not have a copy of the Warnick Family History, Volume I, or if they have, would never take the time to sort out the information this emigration history contains, as I have done.

In my own contribution I most appreciatively acknowledge the help of my dear wife, Lola, who painstakingly reads and corrects all of my manuscripts, a thing at which she is especially adept, and for her ongoing encouragement.

--Reed W. Warnick

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INTRODUCTION

It was soon after Lola and I had moved back to Utah after a near forty year sojourn in the state of Colorado, that my brother, Merrill, appointed me to be the chairman of a committee to explore the possibility of publishing a second volume of the Warnick family's history. The committee members were one from each branch in my father and mother's family.

After a meeting of the committee at which the matter was thoroughly discussed, it was determined to go ahead with the project. Each committee member was assigned to contact those in his or her family group, whose histories were to be the feature of this new book and to try and procure them at the earliest possible date. As chairman of the committee I was not a representative of a family group and was spared the responsibility of getting the histories from those in my group, so I took it upon myself to write the histories of my parents and of my grandparents, to be used as introductory material in the book. I made a sincere and diligent effort to accomplish the responsibility I had assumed. It took me longer than I had anticipated but I did end up with what I thought to be very creditable histories. I had them typed by an expert typist and made ready for printing.

The response we received from all those whose histories would be required was not encouraging. And after taking into consideration the cost of publishing a book large enough to include all of the history sketches we had planned for (52 in number), where such a relatively small number of copies would be needed, it was determined that a better procedure would be for each family group to publish a smaller book of its own.

Since I had been reimbursed with funds from the family's treasury for the cost of having my two histories typed and readied for printing, I agreed to have enough copies made of both so that all the members of the committee

could be supplied with a copy of each in case they wanted to make them a part of their group's history book.

It was some time after I had had copies of my histories made and sent to the committee members, and was very much involved in preparing for the upcoming family reunion, that I was awakened one night with an uneasy feeling with respect to my parent's and grandparent's histories that I had sent to my committee members. If anything was wrong with them it was most important that it be corrected before they were used in any of the forthcoming publications. My writing of them had been sufficiently recent that I could remember almost verbatim their total contents and I could not think of anything that would need changing, until I received a prompting that the trouble involved my grandparents and my Uncle August. I then recalled that the age ascribed to Caroline, Uncle August's and Aunt Mari's little daughter, had been incorrect in the manuscript of my parent's history when it had come back from the typist and that I had thought I could correct it with the use of my own typewriter. I must have overlooked making that correction. With that conclusion and thinking I could check on it in the morning, I went back to sleep.

As I was getting dressed that morning, my nocturnal exercise of a few hours before came to mind. Even before going to the bathroom to wash my face and comb my hair, I went into my office and took a copy of my parent's history from the file and found, much to my relief, that I had made the needed correction. I put the history back in the file and my mind to rest, thinking that it was my concern with the soon-to-occur family reunion that had engendered my mental unrest of the night before.

It was after the family reunion had taken place and I was enough involved in taking care of our yard and garden that I had quit thinking about histories and history writing, when there intruded into my night's repose another disturbing exercise almost identical with the one I had experienced two or three weeks before. I still felt that it had to do with the histories I had written of my parents and grandparents, and with the first opportunity that came my way to spend the time, I took my copies of both histories from the file in my office and read them meticulously, word by word. There were a few things that I might have said differently, but from all I knew at that time I did not think either of them warranted a rewriting. Having made such a thorough check I was able to convince myself that there was now nothing more to worry about. Even so, I could not keep from wondering, from time to time, especially during my sleepless periods at night, what the reason was for the two attacks of mental anguish I had suffered.

SLEEPLESS NIGHT HOURS

For a number of years it had been customary with me to have my night's sleep interspersed with a period of wakefulness during the early hours of the morning. At first I attributed my sleeplessness to worrying over problems of the day, which accomplished no good and robbed me of my rest. But just a determination that my nighttime worries were doing me no good did not stop them from coming, until I found out that reading helped to soften their sting and reduced their profusion. I soon became a confirmed nighttime reader. Not so long ago, all by nighttime reading, I read the twenty volumes of the Harvard Classics Shelf of Fiction, some twelve thousand pages, in a little less than eleven month's time. But, when my eyesight began to deteriorate because of

developing cataracts, I had to cut down on my reading and spend more of my wakeful hours cogitating. At this time, undisturbed by the distractions that crowd into my daylight hours, my mind and spirit operate freely and effectively. My perceptive ability is the most acute and my memory of past experiences is the most far-reaching and distinct. It is the time when I now do my scripture reading and pondering. And the time when I receive the inspiration and determination required for me to proceed with my history writing which, contrary to what others may think, is to me an arduous task to be engaged in. This is a time, quite naturally, when anyone desiring to reach me, other than by physical means, would attempt to make contact. And so it was . . .

A MESSAGE FROM MY GRANDPARENTS

I awoke that night with a feeling that might be paraphrased in this manner if a telephone were to be considered as a means of communication. "Reed -- your grandfather and your grandmother are on the line and would like to talk with you." I was not disturbed like I had been on the two previous occasions when I had been in communication with my same two progenitors. In fact, I was filled with a feeling of hopeful expectancy, thinking that I would now be able to find out the reason for my previous anxiety and erase the misgivings I had experienced with respect to the histories I had written. I was fully alert and held my mind open to receive whatever message my grandparents had to transmit.

It came in this order. My histories were not unsatisfactory. My grandparents were pleased with what I had written, but I had not dug deep enough to satisfy my own disquieting. "How did my grandparents at that stage in their lives, muster the courage to take their family, leave their native environment and embark upon a journey into the unknown?" That query had entered my mind the first time I had given serious thought to their emigration endeavor and had remained with me ever since, unanswered. They also let me know that Uncle August was much more a part of their emigration undertaking than he had ever been given credit for, and they would like me to make that fact known. I had a feeling that they were helping me as much as they could and that they would continue to do so, but that it was up to me to discover and make known the true story of the Warnick Family's emigration.

MY DIGGING

I began my digging by first reading the history of Uncle August, written by Leaone Carson and Ethel Allen, two of his granddaughters, that is recorded in the Warnick Family History, Vol. I. I then turned in the same book to Effie Warnick Adams' historical sketch of Anders Petter and Anna Helena Andersson Warnick (my grandparents) and re-read it. And so I did with Ruth E. Swenson's history of my aunt Anna Christina Warnick, with Lurena E. Warnick's history of my uncle Anders Gustaf Warnick, and with my sister Adena W. Swenson's history of my aunt Inga Maria Warnick Johnson Jorgenson. These last four historians had relied very much upon what is to be found in my father's history as it is recorded in the Warnick Family History, Vol. I, and with that I thought myself to be quite well informed. Even so, I read it once again.

I then turned back in our History Book to the history of Adolph Frederick Warnick (my Uncle Fred), written by Erma Warnick Andrus, and re-read it with great interest and enlightenment. In her writing, Erma had the advantage of having Uncle Fred's journals in her possession, from which she could

and did make frequent quotations, so that much of her history of her grandfather is, in very deed, a reiteration of his own accounting of his life's experiences. I found a great deal of Erma Andrus' history of my Uncle Fred that is applicable to other members of the family and am sure I will be referring to it a number of times as I proceed with the writing assignment I am now about ready to begin.

After that much reading in a searching frame of mind, which was done in just a brief period of time, I felt that I had gathered together all of the pieces, but I cannot truthfully say that I had them much better organized than they were with me before I started my digging. I was, however, deeply impressed with the manner in which authors of the histories I had just read had responded to the family's good by supplying so proficiently those histories that were required to make the family's first history book complete.

There were two things that impressed me after my re-reading of Uncle August's history that I had not remembered after reading it the first time. So, I read it one more time and gained a feeling that those two things were of some significance in the puzzle I was seeking to unravel. I believed that I had absorbed all of the information that was available to me and, perhaps, if I started writing the story would unfold. A full-scale enlightenment of all I needed to know never did come to me at one time from my grandparents. Rather it was meted out to me little by little as I labored to put it into words.

What you will read in what I am going to write from now on in this endeavor is my version of the Warnick Family's Emigration, wirtten at the instigation of my grandparents and, I believe, with their help and blessing.

THE EMIGRATION

THE BEGINNING

My grandparents, Anders Petter Warnicke and Anna Helena Andersson, were married, some time after their betrothal, Christmas Day in the year 1829. They began their married career by moving into a small, one-roomed house that was situated on three acres of ground. In the way of rental for the little farmstead, Grandfather was required to work four days per week on the landgard's (landlord's) estate. Undoubtedly they thought this would be a temporary arrangement, and that within a few years they would be able to better their situation. Things did not work out that way. They lived in the same small house, farmed the same three acres of land, with Grandfather working four days each week on the landlord's estate, for a period of twenty-seven years.

During that time seven children were born to them, with the first and each succeeding child having to share in the meager accommodations of the small house and the limited supply of substance that the father and mother, by working together, were able to wrest from the three acres of land. Of course, the children, as they grew up, became willing helpers, but that did not enlarge the size of the house or increase the acreage of their farmland.

A number of our historians have described the Warnicks as being honest, hardworking people. That they were. But their hardworking virtue was as much the result of pure necessity as it was an indication of the strength of their character. Had they been anything less than hard workers, they would have starved to death.

The first easement in the Warnick family's ever tightening living situation came when Uncle August arrived at the age where he was required to join the army. His military service lasted four years. It was a rigorous, monotonous routine, but it kept him well clothed and well fed. When he was discharged from the military there was nothing else for him to do but return to the family fold.

It was while Uncle August was serving in the army that the Warnick family was enabled to move into a larger house with more land, but at double the rental cost they had previously paid. They were now required to furnish two men to work four days a week for the landlord.

Uncle August was a well-developed, good-looking young man and when he came home from his military tenure wearing his army uniform, he caught the eye of the family's landlord, who hired him to serve as his coachman and to take care of his horses. Things went well for a time until the landlord began making unreasonable demands on Uncle August's time and labor. He rebelled, and when the landlord was going to give him a beating for his insubordination, Uncle August threw him down and ran away. Needless to say, his job as a coachman disappeared simultaneously. Fortunately, however, he soon found other employment working on the railroad.

At one time when the crew he was working with was encamped in the same place for a spell, there was a girl who came daily to their camp to sell articles of food that her mother prepared. This girl, whose name was Mari Bengston, soon caught Uncle August's eye and later his heart. Two years after they had met he came back and married her. She was from a family of some better circumstances than the Warnicks in that they owned their house and land. But after their marriage, Uncle August, having no other place to take his newly acquired wife, took her back to live with him at the Warnicks. There they continued to live until after their first child was born, when they were able to move into a little house near Mari's family's home and live by themselves.

THE CONVERSIONS

It was while August and Mari were living with the Warnicks that they began hearing about a new religion that was being promulgated in that part of Sweden. Grandfather and grandmother and Uncle Fred were soon converted and became baptized members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the early months of 1860. It was not until four years after Uncle August and Aunt Mari had first heard the gospel message and at a time when Uncle August was recovering from a severe seige of typhoid fever, that he and Aunt Mari were baptized. Other members of the family were baptized at different times when the spirit of the Lord moved them to request it. My father, Charles Peter, the youngest member of the family group, did not become a baptized member of the Church until just before the family was ready to emigrate, when the ordinance was performed by his brother Adolph Frederick, even though it is made known in his own written history that he received a burning testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel when it was first explained to him at the age of ten years.

But whether baptized members or not, once their parents had joined the Church, all members of the family were looked upon as Mormons and were subjected to scorn and persecution by the other people who resided in the same locality, many of whom they had formerly considered to have been their friends.

What I have related about the Warnicks thus far has had more to do with Uncle August's activities than with those of other members of the family. The reason for this has been to disclose some of the training he received that helped to prepare him to assume a most important role in the family's emigration process.

AN URGE TO EMIGRATE

Since they were the first to join the Church, it is only reasonable to assume that the father and the mother were the first among all of the family members to experience a desire to leave their native Sweden and to emigrate to America. It was the policy of the Church at that time to urge all newly converted members, both at home and abroad, to gather to Zion wherever it was possible. Whether Father and Mother Warnick were apprised of that policy before or after they were baptized, we have no way of knowing. But of this we can be certain, they were not long in finding it out.

Another thing of which we can be sure is that Father and Mother Warnick could not long have had a desire to emigrate to Zion burning in their bosoms without making it known to the members of their family. As far as we know, they were then all living together and working together, as had been the case ever since their first child was born, except for Uncle August's two times away when he was serving in the army and working on the railroad. The oldest child, Inga Marie, was not married until some three months after her parents had joined the Church.

THE FAMILY'S RESPONSE

How did the members of the Warnick family respond to their father's and mother's expressed desire to leave their native Sweden and emigrate to America? There is no recorded account of the proceedings of the family council meeting at which this startling bit of information was made known and discussed, but logic and common sense supports the conclusion that it was received by each and every family member, from the oldest to the youngest, like manna from heaven. How could any of them feel otherwise than favorable to an innovation in their manner of living that gave promise of relief from the unrelenting grind that had shackled the family for as long as any of them could remember?

As for how Uncle Fred, the oldest son at the age of 28 and the family's longest standing mainstay of support, next to the father, must have felt, there can be no doubt. He was so much in harmony with his father's and mother's understanding that he had become fully converted to the truthfulness of the gospel almost as soon as they did, and was right then on the verge of being baptized. It might very well have been that the same longing to emigrate to America that was burning in his father's and mother's bosoms was already smoldering in his.

Uncle August was then 25 years of age and, while not as yet a convert to the gospel, was the one member of the family who, on two occasions, had experienced some independence from the oppressive lifestyle with which the Warnicks were shackled. His wife was a girl from a family which, though of humble circumstances, was some better off than the Warnicks. Naturally he longed to be able to provide her with as much as she had left behind when she had married him. Recently they had been able to move into a little house to live by themselves. This was some improvement, not enough to satisfy Uncle August, but enough to stimulate his longing for something more. Then too, he and Aunt Mari were ready to start a family of their own. This would most assuredly cause them to dream of being able to provide their children with something better than they had known themselves. Thus, August's parent's

emigration proposal was so much in harmony with his materialistic ambitions that not even a tinge of religious fervor was required to make him an enthusiastic supporter.

The three younger children, Christine unmarried at the age of 21, Anders Gustaf age 15, and Carl Petter age 10, could not have helped being overwhelmed by the other family member's enthusiasm. Thus, there can be no doubt but what my grandfather's and grandmother's dream of emigration to Zion in the United States of America did, then and there, become a family reality, and its undertaking was begun.

OBSTACLES ENCOUNTERED

Along with their exuberance over the prospects of emigration, the Warnicks were sufficiently practical minded to realize that this great blessing would not come to them by grace alone. It would entail faith, courage, hard work and money. Especially money. And of that they had never previously been able to accumulate any more than enough to satisfy their abject requirements. But they were undaunted. With a new purpose for living and new inspiration, they set out to accomplish the impossible.

They soon found, however, that the gospel did not bring with it an easement in their strenuous material circumstances, but added to them the element of persecution. At the same time, another, seemingly insurmountable obstacle clouded their equanimity. Uncle Fred was called on a mission. He had been the first male child capable of contributing to the family's support, and for a number of years had provided half of the labor that was required to meet its weekly rental payment. This intercession in the Warnick family affairs by their Father in Heaven, so soon after they had become so deeply imbued with the desirability of their emigration, might have induced them to feel that He was not favorable to the undertaking. That thought could have flashed into their minds, but most certainly it did not repose there. What He did require was a reshuffling of their priorities, in just the same manner that thousands of other Latter-day Saint families have had to reshuffle their priorities in order to make it possible for fathers and sons to serve on missions.

There is no mention of this disruption in the Warnick family's pursuits in any of its historical recordings, but I know that it did, for a time at least, give them a serious concern that my grandfather and grandmother did not want overlooked in my accounting of their emigration enterprise, both, I might add, to Uncle Fred and to the other members of the family. Stoically or otherwise, however, the Warnicks accepted their ordeal and, with their ranks disseminated, continued on in an effort to support themselves and to await the future.

AUGUST REPLACES FRED

An immediate development that resulted from Uncle Fred's departure was the movement of Uncle August into the position he vacated as grandfather's first lieutenant which, as events then future were to determine, may have been the principal blessing that came to the family from Uncle Fred's mission call.

Another disruption that took place in the family's workforce came soon after Uncle Fred's leaving for a mission when Inga Maria, the oldest child and

daughter, married. To the members of the family living today, this may not seem to have been an occurrence of particular significance, but having known Aunt Fäster personally and with my understanding of conditions of that time, the loss of her contribution to the family's support was about as much of a disaster as was the loss of the help that Uncle Fred had been able to give.

My account of what transpired during the six years spent by the Warnick family in preparing for and accumulating finances needed to pay the cost of their emigration to as far as Wyoming, Nebraska, where they could borrow from the Church Emigration Fund, will be very brief. So little is known about it and the instigators of my emigration story have not thought it necessary to enlighten me to any appreciable extent. The only recorded account of what the family did during that time, except Uncle Fred's mission reports, that I have run across in my digging is found in my father's history in the Warnick Family History, Vol. I, page 223, from which I quote:

"My father was turned out by his employer, as were other members of the family, unless they would renounce their religion. But this they refused to do and bravely and happily sought a home and employment elsewhere. They found the promise made to them to be true--that if they would serve the Lord, He would lead them into that which was better for them, for they found elsewhere a home and employment, better and more remunerative than that which they had been driven from.

"In a few short years they had gathered around themselves enough property that when they had disposed of it they had sufficient means to bring seven grown people and two children to America."

HELPED BY THEIR FATHER IN HEAVEN

There is one thing in my father's version of what happened to the family during the period of preparation for emigration with which my grandparents are in complete accord, which is, that they enjoyed the help, comfort and encouragement of their Father in Heaven. He had interceded in their behalf significantly on a number of occasions, like when He healed Uncle August when he had been so terribly sick with typhoid fever. If he had passed on, the family's hopes of emigration and a good life in the future would have been seriously impaired. He had sustained them from day to day, given them the strength to do strenuous labor and the wisdom to make advantageous transactions, especially in the disposal of their acquired assets when the time came for them to emigrate.

They were especially grateful to Uncle August. He catered to his father's leadership if something came up in which they did not both fully agree, which was seldom, but he did not wait to be told or advised in their day-by-day, ongoing activities. Grandfather had confidence in his judgment and took comfort in the manner in which he assumed responsibility. After Uncle August had been baptized and received the priesthood, he and grandfather seemed to be in perfect harmony in all of their undertakings and they had the full support of all the members of the family.

The last two years, after many of their most difficult problems had been accomplished and the rays of the emigration sun had begun to illuminate the darkness, with the blessings of the gospel being felt in their lives, was

the portion of the six years in which they had labored to prepare for emigration that my grandfather's and grandmother's version of that preparatory experience was most in harmony with my father's as described in the quotation I have lifted from his written history. Contrasts in the two versions that may have been noted, according to my grandparents' explanation, can be accounted for in the difference in their ages. My father's came from the impressions that had registered in the mind of a quite carefree boy of the ages of from 10 to 15 years, while theirs represented the feelings of two hard-driven oldsters during their declining years of from 55 to 60 for grandmother and from 60 to 65 for grandfather.

WORKED AT FARMING PURSUITS

I have found it nowhere related, but assume that the family had been engaged in working at farming pursuits during that period of time as it had done previously on the holdings of other wealthy farm entrepreneurs. I cannot think of any other industry or line of endeavor that would have been available to them in their part of the country at that time.

The Warnick family had not stopped growing during the six years that it was preparing to emigrate. To Uncle August and Aunt Mari had been born two children, a girl and a boy. Aunt Fäster (Inga Maria) had married Anders Johansson and mothered four children, three girls and a boy. Aunt Anna Christina, who had been betrothed to Johannes Arlekulen, who died before their marriage was finalized, gave birth to her little daughter just a year before the family was to leave Sweden. Thus my grandfather's and grandmother's family had grown by seven, through the instrumentality of their children, in less than six years time, which was as many as they had been able to produce in twenty years when working at it by themselves. In spite of these little newcomers being a liability, or at least a complexity to their emigration endeavor, they were welcomed and beloved additions to their grandfather's and grandmother's fold.

MANY THINGS TO TAKE CARE OF

When the time drew near for the Warnicks to depart from their native haunts in their native land, it seemed that there were a multitude of things that had to be done. They had been wise in not accumulating property that could not be readily disposed of and, when the time came for that to be accomplished, Uncle August, who was an astute trader, was able to dispose of it advantageously. They had received instructions from church headquarters with respect to what they should take with them and what they should leave behind, but having never traveled farther from home than they could walk in a day or two's time, it was difficult for them to make a practical application of those instructions. They were not overloaded with this world's goods, but what little they had was very precious to them, some for sentimental reasons alone, but they soon discovered that there was not much room for sentiment in the comparatively small bundles that their belongings had to be packaged in for making the journey. And the number of these bundles and their size was limited to what they could carry at one time in moving from one place to another.

The younger members of the family, bubbling over with hope and expectancy, found this finishing off procedure a thrilling experience. To their father and mother it was something very different. They found that their

roots had penetrated deeper into the rocky soil of Sweden than they had realized and that it was going to be impossible to pull them loose without leaving some of the smaller, more tender rootlets still in the ground. My grandparents did not have a premonition of their impending demise, but they knew that at their ages in life there was very little likelihood of their ever returning to Sweden. For their children it was a possibility, but for them their leaving then was to be a definite and unalterable goodbye. (Only one of their children, my father for his mission, and none of their grandchildren ever visited Sweden. That eventuality did not materialize until some of their great grandsons were called there on missions.)

MY GRANDPARENTS FEEL THEIR YEARS

My grandfather and grandmother were aware of their having aged faster than their years during the time they had labored to get the where-with-all required to pay for their emigration, but they considered that their debilitation was the result of wear and tear and not from failing health. With the aid and concern of the members of their family, which was so readily available and freely given, they fully expected to make the journey to Zion without unusual difficulty.

There was one thing with respect to their upcoming emigration that my grandfather and grandmother would liked to have been different. It was that all of their family could have been included in this emigration. But it had not worked out that way. Uncle Fred had become more and more involved in his missionary calling as time went on. There was no indication that he might soon be released, and he was not one who would have suggested it even though he had felt a strong desire to emigrate at that time, which he did not. As for Inga Maria and her family, her husband had not been converted to the gospel and would not think of leaving Sweden. And even though Aunt Fäster would have left him and brought along her four small children, which she eventually did, it was felt that with Uncle August's two and Aunt Anna Christina's one, the party would have been too overloaded with small children for the few grownups to care for. Then too, and most importantly, the money that had been acquired to pay for their traveling costs was not sufficient to cover five more people, even though four of them were small children.

At this point let me interpose an observation of my own, beginning with a quotation from Section I of my life's history. "What did my grandparents have that I don't seem to have?" or in other words, "What did it take for Anders Petter Warnicke, at the age of 65, and his wife Anna Helena Andersson, at the age of 60--old people as measured by longevity records of the time--to gather together their family and take all who were able to go; to forsake relatives and friends; leave behind most of their worldly goods; depart from their native land and embark upon a journey into the unknown?" I now have my answer to that perplexing question that has plagued me ever since I wrote that part of my history and I know that it is one of the things that my grandparents wanted me to find out.

Things were quite the reverse from what I had surmised them to be. Instead of two elderly parents dragging along an impassive family of children, it was a young, capable, enthusiastic family of children taking with them and caring for their elderly parents. My comparison might be a little overdrawn,

but in reality it was a full-scale family enterprise, and that it had been ever since it started.

THOSE WHO EMIGRATED

While the names and ages of those who composed this emigration party when it departed from Sweden have been given before more than once in our family's histories, let me again list them here in order to be able to refer to them as I proceed with my accounting. They were: Anders Petter Warnicke (the father), age 65; Anna Helena Andersson Warnicke (the mother), age 60; Johan August Warnick (their third child and second oldest son), age 31; Mari Christina Bengtson Warnick (August's wife), age 24; Caroline Augusta Warnick (August's and Mari's daughter), age 5; John Gustaf Warnick (August's and Mari's young son), age 3; Anna Christina Warnick "Arlekulen" (Anders Petter's and Helen Andersson Warnicke's second oldest daughter), age 27; Charlotta Christina (Anna Christina's baby daughter), age 1; Anders Gustaf Warnick (the family's third oldest son), age 21; Charlotta Bengtson (Anders Gustaf's betrothed), age 17; and Carl Petter Warnick (Anders Petter's and Helena Andersson Warnicke's youngest son), age 16. These were the eleven members of the Warnick family which departed from Sweden on May 1 (otherwise recorded as the latter part of April) in the year 1866.

Other members of the family who did not emigrate at that time, but who came later to Zion, were Inga Maria Warnick Johnson (the oldest daughter) and her four children, and Adolph Frederick Warnick (the oldest son) and his wife Christina Olson Warnick.

FROM SWEDEN TO HAMBURG

My digging did not disclose anything in the way of a description of the first leg of the Warnick family's emigration journey, their travel from their starting place in Sweden to Hamburg, Germany, the place of the embarkation for crossing the Atlantic Ocean to the United States, and my grandparents have not seen fit to enlighten me with respect to that experience. Perhaps it was something so much different than anything they had previously encountered that they did not know how to describe it. It was a journey of several hundred miles (more or less) that entailed travel by both land and sea. While the total distance is not so great, it is reasonable to assume that the Warnicks could not afford the faster, more convenient manner of traveling and that their journey was a long, drawnout, tiresome experience, especially for the elderly parents. This they indicated in letting me know that their stop-over in Hamburg was a trying ordeal. Hamburg was not then the tremendous large city that it is today. Still it was so large as to confuse the Warnicks but not large enough to provide cheap and comfortable accommodations for such a great number of poor emigrants as were waiting there at the same time as the Warnick family. Three sailing vessels left Hamburg within five days before and one day after the Cavour in which the Warnicks sailed. According to Andrew Jensen's "Church Chronology, the cargos of those three ships included 1213 Scandinavian Mormon emigrants. the smallest number, 201, sailed on the Cavour, the least commodious and poorest equipped of the three vessels."

UNCLE AUGUST'S ROLE

Uncle August took care of making all of the business arrangements for the members of the family, which proved to be a patience-consuming and time-killing operation. He was carrying a heavy load of anxiety and concern in just looking out for his own wife and little family. In addition to their small son and little daughter, Aunt Mari was less than three months away from giving birth to their third child. So it is not hard to imagine how difficult the traveling ordeal was for her, and how much his concern for her must have distressed her husband.

In writing so much about Uncle August, I do not mean to infer that the other members of the family were just waiting around with nothing to do. There was a lot of physical work required in moving from one place to another with no equipment to transport their belongings. Gustaf and Carl took care of that. They were two strong young men in good health and willing to work. And the two girls in the family, Anna Christine and Charlotta, were extremely busy. It was not easy to keep the family's clothing clean and to keep things in their proper places when they were so much on the move, and conditions were such that the little ones were more peevish and hard to care for than they would have been had they been staying in the same place for a length of time. My grandparents were careful to let me know that there was no corner or hideaway where laziness or selfishness could lurk in their domestic setup. Truly they were a kind, considerate, united family, one for all and all for one. Or, when it was the father and mother who were being considered, it was all the rest for two.

ANXIOUS TO LEAVE HAMBURG

While waiting in Hamburg, grandfather and grandmother felt that once they were aboard the ship that was to take them across the Atlantic Ocean to the United States that the worst of their troubles would be over. Little did they realize then that they would just be beginning. The ship had three different classes of accommodations for its passengers. For the very elite there were a few large, comfortably furnished staterooms. For those who were not quite so well off but were able to pay for them, there were a larger number of smaller staterooms. These passenger accommodations were located on the upper decks and the fares that were assessed their occupants were so much per room. The accommodations for the third class or poorest passengers were on the lower deck in whatever vacant space there was left after the ship's other cargo was in place. The fares for these poor travelers was a certain amount per person. Thus, the more that could be crowded into the little space available, the greater the revenue that would accrue to the shipowners.

The Cavour was a Norwegian sailing vessel of the smaller order that had seen better days and was soon to be taken out of service, and everything about it, from the condition of its passenger accommodations to the quality of its service, reflected the state of the vessel's deterioration. In overloading the space the ship had available for its poor emigrant passengers, it had the cooperation of the passengers themselves. They were so anxious to be able to leave Hamburg that more of them crowded into the available room on the Cavour than should have done. This overcrowded condition might have been endured without too much suffering had the ship's crossing of the ocean only required two or three weeks' time. But it was to take much longer. Even

about two weeks longer than its anticipated sailing time schedule had prepared for.

EMIGRANTS BADLY TREATED

The poor emigrants had little or no help or supervision from the ship's personnel except in the supplying of them with food and water. Sanitary conditions became deplorable and, when it was learned that the voyage was going to take longer than expected, the emigrants' ration of food and water was reduced disproportionately so that the first and second class passengers would not have to be inconvenienced.

The ship's sailing was extremely rough at times and there was a great deal of seasickness and other sickness as well. Some of the members of the Warnick family, all of whom were in good physical condition when they had left Sweden, even when they had left Hamburg, were sick much of the time. Other than just plain seasickness, they were afflicted with a dietary illness resulting, no doubt, from the inferior quality of the food and water with which they were supplied. This complaint was, in some cases, very serious. So much so that it had caused Carl Peter Warnick, a robust youth of 16, to lose all of his hair by the time the vessel reached New York City, where the debarkation of its emigrant passengers was to take place. This was July 31, 61 days or nearly nine weeks after the Cavour had sailed from Hamburg, Germany, June 1, 1866.

The ship Kenilworth, which had sailed from Hamburg, May 25, five days before the Cavour sailed, crossed the Atlantic Ocean to New York City in 53 days' time, and the Humbolt, which left Hamburg, June 2, one day after the Cavour, crossed the Atlantic in only 47 days' time. The Kenilworth had 684 Scandinavian emigrants aboard; the Humbolt, 328; and the Cavour, only 201. While I have no way of knowing for sure, it would seem to me that the Warnick family had been most unfortunate in having to sail on the Cavour instead of one of the other two ships I have named. It could have been the additional time that was required for the Cavour to make the crossing of the Atlantic or the deplorable conditions the emigrants had had to put up with while on board that was responsible for the outbreak of cholera. It did not occur in the case of either of the other two ships' Scandinavian emigrant passengers, who were a part of the same total group from which the Cavour's 201 had originated.

TRAVEL ITINERARY PREARRANGED

The travel itinerary outlined for the emigrants who had come over aboard the Cavour had been arranged by the Church and was exactly the same as that adhered to in traveling from New York City to Salt Lake City, Utah, by some 3300 Scandinavian and English emigrants who had sailed from Hamburg, Germany, and Liverpool, England, in nine or ten different ships that year. It called for travel by ship to New Haven, Connecticut, a comparatively short distance from New York City; thence by railroad north to Montreal, then southwest along the St. Lawrence River in Canada, across the national border into the state of Michigan, and from there on a predominantly westerly direction to St. Joseph, Missouri. From St. Joseph they traveled by boat up the Missouri River to Wyoming, Nebraska, from where the ox-drawn wagon trains took them across the plains to Salt Lake City.

There were reports of some cases of cholera among the emigrants before they reached New York City, but all of the Warnicks were physically able to disembark and to pass the inspection of the United States Government emigration officials. My grandmother had been very much worried for fear her son Carl would not get by the inspectors because of his hairless head. She had tied a large handkerchief or a muffler over it and his affliction was not noticed.

Some of our family's historians, even my father, seemed to be very much disturbed in finding out that the railroad had only provided cattle cars for the emigrants to ride in. These were not the large 40- or 50-foot cattle cars that are found on the railroads today, but much smaller cars, no doubt on the order of the cattle cars that were in use on the narrow gauge railroads in Colorado when I first moved there. If I remember correctly, they were 30 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 7 feet high on the inside. The cattle cars that the Cavour emigrants would have to ride in were exactly the same as those that had been approved by the Church and used in transporting over 3000 emigrants, in eight or nine trainloads, already that summer. They must have been equipped with some sort of toilet facilities and means for preparing food, even though very crude, that the preceding passengers had been able to get along with. Too, the trains had to make rather frequent stops for fuel and water. Anyway, when so many of the emigrants became sick, which was right after if not before their railroad traveling began, these cattle cars were found to be much better than cars with seats in them would have been, because the poor sick passengers could spread their bedding on the floor and ride while lying down.

CHOLERA STRIKES

My grandmother was not the first of this company of emigrants to die after the train had left New Haven, Connecticut. Within a day or two, at almost every stop, some dead were unloaded. The elder in charge of this company of emigrants and the employees of the railroad were very insistent that the dead be removed from the train as quickly as possible in an effort to control the spread of the disease. Then too, it was in the summer and very warm, and they had no means whatsoever of preserving the bodies for just a short time.

The Warnick family had been most concerned about August's wife, Mari. She had suffered terribly while crossing the Atlantic and was only about one month away from her expectancy. It was thought that she would be the most susceptible to any disease that came along, but even though she was sick much of the time and seemingly at death's door on a number of occasions, she survived the entire emigration experience. She was, however, so nearly spent when the survivors reached Pleasant Grove, that they had to stop there instead of going on to the Sanpete Valley as they had planned.

The cholera struck my grandmother, Anna Helena, the third day after the train had left New Haven. She suffered excruciating pain and sickness for three days and nights before she succumbed, which was the sixth day of August, shortly after the railroad had left Canada and entered the state of Michigan.

NEW INFORMATION REVEALED

At this point in my writing I was stricken with a severe cold and did not feel up to continuing my effort for several days. During that time I had made known to me some things that transpired during the first few days after the Warnick family had disembarked from the Cavour that my grandfather and grandmother were especially desirous to have included in my emigration story, since these things had been overlooked in all previous recordings. Since all I have endeavored to accomplish in the writing of my Warnick family emigration story was done at the instigation of my grandparents in the first place, I felt constrained to accede to their desire in this instance as well, and what you will read in my history from now on for a time will be a telling of some things that happened and impressions gained that most particularly involved my grandparents. They will be related as if my grandmother, herself, were doing the telling.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S ACCOUNT

"While we were greatly concerned with what awaited us when we were to disembark in New York City, it turned out to be very different than we had expected. We were greeted by nice appearing young men in uniforms who told us where to go and what to do. Even though we were a bedraggled, forlorn looking lot, they treated us as people and not a bunch of animals, as had been the consideration shown us by our Swedish government agents and those we dealt with in Hamburg.

"After we had past the inspectors and been qualified to enter the United States, we were directed to a large building to await the loading of a steamship that was to take us to New Haven, in a nearby state, where we would board a train. We entered this building into a large room that was without furnishings except for a row of benches completely around its outer edge. It was already almost completely filled with our fellow emigrants from the Cavour, many of whom we were well acquainted with, but we were not in a mood for visiting and found a bit of space where we could be as much to ourselves as possible. We had been told that there was a large bathhouse adjoining the building we were in, and to take a bath and change our clothes was the first thing we were anxious to get over with.

"This bathhouse had been designed for utility at a sacrifice of elegance and comfort. It consisted of a great number of quite small compartments, each equipped with a wooden bench, a good-sized tub, a washpan and outlets for hot and cold water. It was so much in use when we took our baths that the hot water was as cold as the cold. Even so, it was so much better than anything that had been available to us since we left home three months before that our baths there seemed like pure luxury.

"It was getting on towards evening when we had finished our bathing and had gone through our belongings and rearranged the bundles we carried, and the meagre satisfaction we had had from our breakfast before leaving the Cavour had long since disappeared. We learned that there were eating facilities nearby where food was served to those who could afford to have it that way, and a commissary where some of the more stable food items could be bought by those who wanted to serve themselves, which was our situation, and August and Christina were delegated to go to the commissary to buy us some food.

"They came back with several loaves of bread of two different kinds, some dried, smoke-cured fish, a kind of sausage that had been similarly preserved, and some cheese. They also brought some treats for the little ones. Before we started our eating, Father said the blessing on the food and thanked our Heavenly Father for the great blessing we were enjoying by being in America. No one anyplace on that 31st day in July, 1866, had a more satisfying and enjoyable evening meal than did the Warnick family at Castle Gardens, in the United States of America. This was the first time since we had left our Swedish home when we could honestly say that we had eaten our food for the dual purpose of enjoyment and sustenance, and that each and every one of us had had all they wanted to eat. Never on the Cavour had we had a bite of food that tasted good to us. Our sole purpose in eating it was to keep us alive and even that had been hard to do. After we had all eaten our fill that evening, there was sufficient bread and cheese left over for our next morning's breakfast, which was going to be an early one as we had been notified that the ship that was to take us to New Haven would be ready for boarding after daylight. We slept that night on the floor of the room we were in as we had slept for two months on the floor in the Cavour, but the floor here stood still and did not shiver and sway to the motion of the ship as it had done on the Cavour.

WERE REJUVENATED

"The rejuvenation that was experienced in body, mind and spirit by the members of our family from the time we had disembarked from the Cavour until we boarded that elegant vessel that was to provide our passage from Castle Gardens to New Haven was unbelievable. It could not have been accounted for by two good meals and a bath, although they had been of material benefit. I think it was a knowledge of our being here in the land of promise and that Zion of our dreams was within our reach. Everything seemed to have a different look and a different feel. The vessel we were to travel on appeared fresh and clean and well maintained. Its officers were neatly dressed and the ship was a steamer which, in itself, vouched for its comparative newness and superiority. Our voyage to New Haven was more enjoyable than any other part of our travel thus far, or thereafter, although we did not realize it at that time.

"We did not get a good look at New York as our ship was not to stop there and it was somewhat obscured at times by a low-lying fog, but we could tell that it was a tremendously large city. It was thrilling to watch how this ship seemed to cut through the water and leave a distinct and ever-widening wash behind. We arrived at New Haven in time to transfer our belongings to the cars that were set on the railroad siding awaiting our occupancy. These cars were of the kind that were used for shipping cattle and some of the emigrants complained bitterly at having to use them. But after what we had put up with on the Cavour, we did not find our car too uncomfortable. We did not have all of the space to ourselves, but most of it, and there was as much room as we needed. We found out that our train was to run on a regular time schedule that would bring us to St. Joseph, Missouri, in nine days and nights of travel.

"We enjoyed the first two days of our train ride north into Canada. In places the country, where it was heavily wooded and interspersed with small farms, reminded us very much of what we had left behind in Sweden. We did not have a map to refer to, so we were seldom aware of just where we were. We

knew when we came to Montreal. From there on the direction in which we were traveling changed noticeably as we could tell by the position of the sun.

I BECAME SICK

"It was soon after we had passed through Montreal that I became sick. I knew from the very first what ailed me, and I was terrified. I prayed almost constantly, intermittantly blaming my Heavenly Father for my misfortune on the one hand, and pleading for his mercy on the other. I completely overlooked the three glorious days that we had experienced since coming to America. I kept my condition and my fears from my husband and members of my family as long as I could; but the cholera worked rapidly and I was soon so sick that I could hide it no longer. They were as terrified as I had been and the first thing they did was to engage in fervant prayer, imploring our Heavenly Father to spare my life. My husband and Christina were ever near me doing whatever they could or thought they could to give me the least bit of relief. The most help that came to me through their constant care and concern was from the strength of their unselfish and enduring love. With no thought of their own well-being they were constantly exposing themselves to the same malady that I suffered. I experienced such a surge of gratitude for my dear husband and all the other members of my family, who helplessly stood by suffering a mental anguish comparable to what I suffered physically. All the bitterness that I had felt at first gave way to a spirit of resignation. I thanked my Heavenly Father for all my previous blessings, especially for the three beautiful days I had enjoyed with my family since coming to America. I told him I was now in his hands and was willing to accept whatever he had in store for me.

WE HAD DONE OUR PART

"A short time later, while Christina, overcome with fatigue, was dosing, my Heavenly Father gave me the strength and the mental stability needed to talk to my dear husband and tell him of the change that had come over me. I asked him not to hold onto me any longer, but to think of himself and the other members of the family, to leave me in the care of the Lord. He said that he had already come to the same conclusion, both with respect to me and himself. He said that he would not be there long after I had gone and that it was better we both should go. We had done our part and were becoming too much of a burden on Uncle August and the other members of our family, of which they should be relieved or none of them would survive to plant the seeds of our family in the valleys of the mountains.

"I do not know how long I lived after I had talked with my husband. I had lost all feeling for time. I must have been in a coma for awhile before I passed away as I did not know when I died. The first realization I had of being on the other side was when I saw my husband and Christina removing the old night gown I had been wearing and dressing my lifeless body in my best dress that I had not worn since sometime before we had left Sweden. When that was done, Christina washed my face and combed my hair. Then all of our family but Mari came near and had their last look at my face, as did our neighbors who were in the other end of our car. Mari stood up so that she could see me from where she was standing. She was holding their baby son in her arms who had taken sick.

LOVING TENDER CARE

"After my showing was completed, my dear husband lead the family in prayer. Much of what he said was so sacred and so meant for our family only, that I would not think of repeating it here. One thing that he prayed for that I think I can tell is that the Lord would preserve some members of the family so that it could be reestablished in Zion and that we could have posterity grow up there in goodly numbers to serve the Lord in gratitude for his goodness to us.

"After his prayer my husband was so completely spent that he had to lay down. Christina, August and Gustaf took the blanket that had been my bed and wrapped it tightly around my body. It was long enough to go completely around twice and wide enough to extend from above my head to below the soles of my feet. They then took some cord and drew it together and tied it firmly at the top and the bottom and several places around the body between so that it was completely and throughly encased in two layers of blanket.

"We had been given a form by the railroad to fill out that would list my full name, date and place of birth, the names of my father and mother, what caused my death, and when I had died. That was to be pinned to and left with my dead body at the first train stop after I had passed away. When the train came to a stop, August and Gustaf carried my remains from our car to the platform in front of the little railway station. The Church had made arrangements with the railroad for its section crews to dispose of the dead in a decent, humane manner and to pay a specified amount for that service upon presentation of the certificates telling how and where death had taken place.

"We did not know the name of the station at which my body was left but knew that we came to it some hours after the railroad had crossed the Canadian border into the state of Michigan. It was later determined that it must have been at a place known as Marcella. The date of my passing was August 5, 1866.

AUGUST OVERBURDENED

"Three days later, on August 8, John Gustaf, August's and Mari's three-year-old son, passed away, and Father and Christine were both in the early stages of cholera. The exposure that they had suffered in taking care of me had been quick to act and found little resistance in their overly fatigued bodies and broken spirits.

"This was a terrible time for August. Having to wrest the shrunken body of his little son from the arms of its weeping mother and carry it over and lay it down in front of a railroad station, unshielded from the glare of the sun or the eyes of the inquisitive, was the ultra in his suffering. This was far more difficult for him to do than it had been for him to dispose of the body of his mother in a similar manner. In this instance he was on his own. In the case of his mother, his father was still able to provide an aura of strength and responsibility. Now it was only a matter of time, he was quite sure, until he and his two younger brothers would be faced with the problem of leaving by the way the remains of his dear father and loving sister. He hoped that it would come when they could do it with some degree of care and solemnity. But it did not. Then, too, there was the ever-present concern that he felt for Mari, his dear wife. How long would she be able to withstand the rigors of travel in the face of such distressing and adverse conditions?

"Because of the longer-than-expected time that it took the Cavour to cross the Atlantic, this company of emigrants suffered untold hardship and inconvenience. Had it made that voyage on schedule, these emigrants may have escaped the cholera epidemic as did those who left Hamburg on the Kenilworth six days before and those who left on the Humbolt one day after, but arrived in New York 13 days before the Cavour's passengers.

RUSHING AND CONFUSION PREVAILS

"The Cavour emigrants, of which the Warnick family were a part, were the last to travel by ship from Castle Garden to New Haven, Connecticut, thence north by railroad to Montreal, Canada, and then on predominantly west to St. Joseph, Missouri; the last to travel by boat up the Missouri River from St. Joseph to Wyoming, Nebraska; and a part of the last company of Mormon emigrants to cross the plains from Wyoming, Nebraska, to Salt Lake City, Utah, by oxteam-drawn wagons.

"It was August 11, and our train had made the trip from New Haven in the scheduled ten days' time, but the boat that was to take its passengers up the Missouri River to Wyoming, Nebraska, and the waiting ox teams, had been ready to depart for several hours, and the rush and confusion that August had hoped to avoid was rampant. Father and Christina were thought to be sick beyond recovery, but they had not died so that their remains could have been dealt with in the same manner as had my own and little John Gustaf's. But they were so far gone that the owners of the boat would not permit them to be brought on board. There was nothing else to do, so August left them with a number of other dead and near dead at the railroad depot in St. Joseph.

BAGGAGE DISCARDED

"While August was taking care of Father and Christina, Gustaf, Carl and Charlotta Bengtson had been bringing the family's belongings from the railroad car they had been traveling in over to the boat dock. When the boat people found out that there would be only seven passengers counting the children, they would not allow them to load all of their belongings without increasing the cost of their transportation. Since their father and mother were both dead, or counted as such, the Church representative who was handling the arrangements suggested that they leave behind the two large bundles that contained their parents' things. This was done, not as an intentional serious loss to the family, I am sure, but it so turned out to be. They did not know, but among Father's things was our old family bible which contained some family history that would have been most helpful in tracing our genealogy back further than has been done thus far. With Christine gone, a few precious things of mine that were left may not be considered such a serious loss to my other daughter or my granddaughters, but they had been so dear to me that I had not been able to leave them in Sweden."

After telling of the loss of the family bible and her precious heirlooms, grandmother indicated that I should proceed with my writing as I had begun it. I realize now why she had interrupted me. Otherwise my story would not have included a description of the great joy and sense of accomplishment that my grandparents and the family had enjoyed upon being permitted to enter the United States of America, and the pleasure and satisfaction they had enjoyed during the first three days of their life in this country. Neither

would we have known how she had first accepted her sickness and the transition that took place in her being that gave her the assurance of her Father in Heaven's love and the wisdom of His action. Nor would we have known the manner in which her passing had affected her husband and the other members of her family, and the kind, loving and reverent manner in which they had prepared and made disposition of her remains. Nor would we have had impressed upon us the weight of the load that Uncle August had had to accept and carry in his own and the family's behalf. Without her intercession, these things and the loss of the family bible would never have been a part of my account and my history of the Warnick Family's Emigration would have been just that much more incomplete.

REACH WYOMING, NEBRASKA

When the boat docked at Wyoming, Nebraska, and its passengers were unloaded, there were nine more dead among them. This was a vindication of Uncle August's wisdom in agreeing to leave his dying father and sister at the railway station in St. Joseph. No matter whatever happened to their remains, their mortal agony had terminated prior to their being deserted by their loved ones.

Capt. Agner Lowry's ox-drawn wagontrain was all loaded with its freight cargo and ready to depart. There was not much room left for the belongings of emigrating saints who arrived on the boat from St. Joseph, so it was just as well that the remainder of the Warnick family had discarded what they did at St. Joseph, as they still had more than there was room for in the wagons going to Salt Lake City.

There had to be room made in the wagons for Aunt Mari and little Charlotta Christina to ride all of the time. Little Caroline could walk some with her father, but she too would have to ride in the wagon part of the time. The other four members of the Warnick family would be considered as full-time walkers unless some injury or health emergency occurred.

There seems to exist an opinion of some of the unknowing that those who walked across the plains were unduly penalized or made a greater sacrifice than those who were able to ride in the wagons. Such an assumption is incorrect. Walking was more pleasant than riding whenever one had strength enough to walk. They could walk part of the time in the cooler hours of the day, or when the weather was the most favorable. But one of their greatest advantages was that they could walk ahead, or far enough behind the wagons to keep out of the dust. Riding in jolting, springless, or overloaded spring wagons was very uncomfortable and the dust was frequently so thick as to make breathing the next thing to impossible.

OXTEAM TRAIN DEPARTS

Capt. Abner Lowry's train of immigrating saints left Wyoming, Nebraska, headed for Salt Lake City, Utah, August 13, 1866. Four days later, August 17, Anders Gustaf died and was buried in a grave that was dug in part, at least, by his brothers August and Carl. How he had got that far is unknown, but on account of his sickness he must have had to ride part way anyhow.

One week later, August 24, 1861, Aunt Mari gave birth to a baby boy, who died the same day and was buried in a little grave dug by his father and Uncle Carl. In less than three weeks' time the Warnick family numbers had been reduced by six and two more were to be lost within the next month. The first of these two, Charlotta Bengtson, Anders Gustaf's betrothed, died September 8, and the last one, Charlotta Christina, Anna Christina's motherless and fatherless little daughter, succumbed September 22, 1866. The bodies of eight members of the Warnick family then lay buried in various places across the United States, one in Michigan, one perhaps in Illinois, two in Missouri, two in Nebraska, and the last two most likely in Wyoming. I am sure that it was with some satisfaction to my grandparents that they were all buried in the United States.

MET BY RELIEF TRAIN

The notice in the Church Chronology of the departure from Wyoming, Nebraska, of Capt. Abner Lowry's train does not give the number of emigrants it was bringing, but there were more by far than the remnant of 201 that had sailed from Hamburg, Germany, on the Cavour June 1 of that year. In addition to its passengers it was bringing a heavy cargo of freight. It had been the same with other trains that had preceded it. In fact, they were overloaded. That they would be was known in Salt Lake City, and a relief train was sent back from there under the direction of Capt. Arza E. Hinkley. It had traveled back 450 miles, which would be to some point in eastern Wyoming, before it met the Abner Lowry train, which had encountered some difficulties and had fallen behind its schedule. One of these difficulties was the time that it took each morning to bury those who had died during the night and the day before. The notice in the Chronology says, "A great number of the immigrants died of cholera on the journey." In my father's history he states that, in some cases, whole families were wiped out.

A portion of Capt. Abner Lowry's cargo and a number of his passengers were turned over to Capt. Hinkley's relief train, which enabled the Lowry train to make better time. Still, some snow was encountered before it reached its destination. According to an item in the Church Chronology, part of Capt. Hinkley's relief train returned to Salt Lake City with 87 passengers from Capt. Lowry's train, Sunday, October 7. Another notice reads: "Capt. Abner Lowry's train of immigrating saints, the last company of the season, arrived at G.S.L. City, Monday, October 22, 1866." It had left Wyoming, Nebraska, August 13, the last to ever leave from that far east. The four remaining Warnicks came with that train.

REACH SALT LAKE CITY

My father says in his history that they arrived in Salt Lake City, October 27 instead of the 22, which I think must be a typographical error, as Uncle August's history gives their Salt Lake City arrival date as October 22, 1866. Capt. Lowry was from Sanpete County and his teams and wagons had been provided by the saints from that county, so naturally they would not stay in Salt Lake City longer than it took to unload their cargo. Quite a number of the emigrants they had brought planned to settle in the Sanpete Valley, as did the four surviving Warnicks.

According to my father's report, "they started for Sanpete that afternoon and drove as far out of Salt Lake City to what is today known as 33rd South, where enough grass was growing along the sides of the road for the oxen to feed upon. To one side was a plowed field in which potatoes had been grown that summer. August went over in it and, by scraping around with his foot, found a few small potatoes. He brought them back and we cooked them for our supper. Needless to say, they were greatly enjoyed. They were the first potatoes we had tasted in nearly six months.

"The next day we traveled beyond American Fork and camped for the night near Pleasant Grove. There were Scandinavian people who had settled there. That evening some of them came down to our camp to see if there might be any of their friends or relatives among the immigrants. One of these was a man named Paul Anderson who had just recently built himself a little one-room house that was partly in the ground. When he saw the condition that my sister-in-law was in, because of both sickness and sorrow, he invited us to stop in Pleasant Grove and stay with them until we could find some place to be by ourselves. We had no definite place to locate in Sanpete and it was still three days' travel away, and Brother Anderson's offer was just too good to turn down. So we gathered our belongings together and went with him. His family was kind and hospitable and they were ever after among our dearest friends."

PLEASANT GROVE WARNICK FAMILY MECCA

That was the introduction of the Warnick family to the town of Pleasant Grove, Utah, which became its mecca until its emigration undertaking was completed and to most of them for many years thereafter.

I have not been given anything new with respect to the activities of the four surviving Warnicks during their early years in Zion, so will let those things rest as they have already been recorded. However, there is one observation that I feel impressed to make at this point in my history, which I believe will further substantiate Uncle August's predetermined role in the emigration of the Warnick family to Utah, and that it was as much a call to serve in our Heavenly Father's kingdom as was Uncle Fred's call to serve a Church mission.

From the very beginning he carried a major share of the responsibility of the family's emigration undertaking. In addition to the things that the other members of the family had to worry about, he had an ailing wife and two small children to look out for. When cholera attacked the members of the family, Uncle August participated in the nursing and care of every afflicted member. And when they had passed on and their mortal remains had to be disposed of, Uncle August took care of that. He was the one member of the family that had been the most exposed to that dreadful disease that had claimed the lives of so many.

Yet, in all that has been recorded in our family's histories, and in the enlightenment that has come to me from my grandparents, there is not a single mention of Uncle August suffering one bit of physical sickness, after his recovery from an attack of typhoid fever some two years before the family departed Sweden to come to the United States. It is hard to imagine what would have become of the other members in that distressed family group if Uncle August had been one of the first of them to succumb to the cholera.

THINGS THAT SHOULD BE KNOWN

I believe that the reason I was impressed to write this account of the Warnick family's emigration at this stage in our family's history is because my grandfather and my grandmother Warnick thought it important that their posterity, especially that part of their posterity that has come through Uncle August, should be made aware of the great service he provided under such trying circumstances, that has so beneficially affected their lives, and how deeply indebted they are to him for the blessings they presently enjoy.

In April 1868, President Brigham Young took a contract with the Union Pacific Railroad to do the grading of 90 miles of its roadbed from where it entered Utah on the east, down the Echo and Weber Canyons to Ogden. A great number of men from the valleys turned out to work on it. Among those from Pleasant Grove that went were August and Charles Warnick, and August's wife Mari, who went along to do the cooking for the men from Pleasant Grove. The work that the Warnick brothers engaged in was done on a contract basis, and Uncle August's experience from working on a railroad in Sweden was most advantageous to them. We do not know what the terms of remuneration were, but the Warnicks were certainly prospered in this undertaking. Their job lasted for just about one year, during which time their income was sufficient to permit them to support themselves, to pay all they owed the Church's Perpetual Emigration Fund, and to send several hundred dollars to Sweden to help in the emigration to Utah of relatives and friends. The amount that Charles Peter sent to his sister, Inga Maria, to bring her and her four small children to America was \$300.

INGA MARIA AND FOUR CHILDREN EMIGRATE

From what I gather from the recordings in the Warnick Family History, Vol. I, Inga Maria, the oldest child of Anders Petter and Anna Helena Andersson Warnicke (my grandparents), joined the Church but her husband, Anders Johansson, never did. When it came time for Inga Maria and their four young children to emigrate, Anders would not accompany them. He did not, however, object to Inga leaving and taking their children with her. There must have been some mutual agreement with respect to the dissolution of his and Inga's marriage relationship.

Inga Maria and her four children, Charlote Christine, age 9; Agusta Caroline, age 7; John Alfred, age 5; and Hulda Josephine, age 3; left Sweden in the summer of 1869 and arrived in Ogden, Utah, August 6 of the same year. They had traveled all of the way across the United States from New York City to Ogden, Utah, by railroad. The Union Pacific had been completed to Ogden, Utah, March 8, 1869, just five months previous to their arrival.

Inga's youngest brother, Charles, had come from Pleasant Grove with a wagon drawn by a team of oxen to meet them and take them back to Pleasant Grove. He had procured and partially furnished a small house for them to live in. It took three days to make that trip from Ogden to Pleasant Grove, and it is the last time that Charles Peter ever mentions the use of oxen with respect to any of his activities.

With the arrival of Inga Maria and her children, all of my grandparents' family had left Sweden and come to America but my Uncle Fred and Aunt Christina.

UNCLE FRED AND AUNT CHRISTINA LAST TO COME

Soon after he had been baptized, February 23, 1860, Uncle Fred was ordained a Teacher and called on a mission to preside over the Sventorp Branch of the Church. The date was August 4, 1860. After serving in that capacity for a time he was ordained an Elder and called to preside over another branch of the Church and to proselyte and perform in other church missionary activities. His missionary service continued until the spring of 1870 (nearly 10 years) when he was released to go to Zion. He left Skvode, Sweden, for America, July 12, 1870, and when he got as far as Omaha, Nebraska, his funds were exhausted. He stopped there and found work. After he had worked there long enough to save the needed money, he sent for his sweetheart Christina Olson. She left Sweden, July 31, 1871. She arrived in Boston the 28th of August and took a train to Omaha, where she and Uncle Fred were united after more than a year's separation. Uncle Fred continued working in Omaha until about the middle of October, when they took a train for Utah, arriving in Salt Lake City, October 21, 1871. They stayed in Salt Lake City and were married in the Endowment House, October 30, 1871. The following day they went to Pleasant Grove for a joyous reunion with the other members of the family who had preceded them.

EMIGRATION TOOK TWELVE YEARS

Now, nearly 12 years after Anders Petter and Anna Helena Andersson Warnicke had been converted to the gospel and had been baptized members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and had felt a desire to emigrate to Zion in the valleys of the mountains in Utah, all of the surviving members of their family were living in Pleasant Grove, Utah. The emigration effort had exacted a heavy toll. Both Anders Petter and Anna Helena had succumbed to the cholera while traveling across the United States to Salt Lake City, Utah, as had their daughter Anna Christina, their son Anders Gustaf, an intended daughter-in-law Charlotta Bengtson, a 3-year-old grandson John Gustaf Warnick, a 1-year-old granddaughter Charlotta Christina (Arlekülen), and unnamed baby boy, son of August and Mari who died the same day he was born.

There were at that time (October 31, 1871) living in Pleasant Grove four of Anders Petter and Anna Helena Andersson Warnicke's seven children that had been born to them, two daughters-in-law, and six grandchildren. The six grandchildren were the four children belonging to Inga Maria and two daughters of August's and Mari's, Caroline, who had come with them from Sweden, and Annie, the survivor of two children that had been born to them since they came to Pleasant Grove.

So, that portion of my grandfather's prayer at the time his dear wife had succumbed to the cholera and the dread disease threatened the lives of the other members of the family who were traveling with her, "that enough of them would be spared to plant their seed in the valleys of the mountains, that they would have posterity grow up in Zion," had certainly been answered.

A NUMEROUS POSTERITY

In 1960, my cousin Francis Marion Warnick, a grandson of my Uncle Fred and Aunt Christina, had published a Family Relation chart that included the names of all the posterity of Anders Petter and Anna Helena Andersson

Warnick, my grandparents. The total number was 963. I am sure he made a diligent effort not to miss anyone and the only place that I can tell where there might have been a few who were not included would be some descendants of Aunt Inga's daughter, Augusta Caroline, who had married and lived in San Francisco and was known to have had two children in the early years of this century, but of whom the family seems to have lost all contact.

Of the 963 that Francis had listed, 337 of them were the descendants of my father and mother. As of February 1, 1979, I published a family relation chart that included all of their posterity up until that time and the number had increased as compared to the number shown on Francis' chart to 723 or, in the eighteen years' time, at the rate of 110 percent. If the total number shown on Francis' chart increased 110 percent, then as of February 1, 1978, my grandparents' posterity would have numbered 2022. If the same rate of increase, 110 percent in eighteen years, or 33 percent in 6 years, Anders Petter's and Anna Helena Andersson Warnicke's posterity as of February 1, 1984, would number 2689. Now, if the same ratio of living and dead has continued that prevailed up until the time that Francis made his chart, there are today among Anders Petter's and Anna Helena's total posterity of 2689, 2232 living and 457 who have passed on.

It is quite remarkable that from the surviving remnant of their family's emigration, three men, three women and six children, gathered in Pleasant Grove, Utah, as of October 31, 1871, there are now, in the year 1984, living in the land of Zion and in the fold of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, more than 2000 of their posterity. But isn't it a sad commentary in human relationships and in our family affairs that these more than 2000 fortunate people are almost totally indifferent to the effort and sacrifice of their forebears that made possible the great blessings that they currently enjoy.

OUR GREATEST BLESSING LITTLE KNOWN OR APPRECIATED

Practically all of those old enough to have gone to school among the members of Anders Petter and Anna Helena Andersson Warnick's present-day family know about the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock that happened more than 300 years ago, and of the Revolutionary War that took place more than 200 years ago, but scarcely any of them know about the Warnick family coming to America that happened only just a little more than 100 years ago, and is of vastly greater importance to their lives and well being than were the other two historic events.

How much has the Spirit of Elijah permeated the minds and hearts of those living today of Warnick blood? The temple work for our forebears that has been accomplished thus far has been done by those who have preceded us. There are now, and have been from our family, other faithful temple attenders doing the work for other family's dead. This is an important and necessary activity in the program of the Church and entitles them to a blessing and to our honor and respect, but it does not relieve them from their obligation to seek out, look after, and attend to the spiritual needs of those living in our own families. And our obligation in this respect extends beyond the children in our own households.

I know that my grandparents and the devoted members of their family, our forebears, who shared, suffered and died in the family's emigration endeavor, are concerned lest their family's identity be dissipated and lost in the ever-increasing and emeshing of other family involvements, and that their great sacrifice and service to their posterity will be forgotten. A service, not as massive perhaps, but to their ever-increasing familyship as important and beneficial, as was what Moses did for the family of Israel when he led their enslaved children from the bonds of the Egyptians.

That this account of the Warnick Family's Emigration may enlighten our family members, broaden our family interests and strengthen our family ties, is its purpose and the hope of one grateful and proud to be, Family Member.

TEMPLE ORDINANCES

- The Concluding Chapter in the Warnick Family's Emigration -

It is conceivable, but doubtful, that my grandparents, Anders Petter and Anna Helena Andersson Warnicke, had acquired a sufficient understanding of the fulness of the gospel they had espoused, and the necessity for doing work in a temple in order to enjoy its eternal blessings could have been the spark that ignited their desire to emigrate to Zion. But, most certainly, this knowledge came to them and was an added spur in their determination to put forth every effort and make every sacrifice required to transform their desire into a reality, even at the cost of their own lives, which they willingly gave in order to relieve their children of a burden that might have prevented any of them living to reach Zion and establish their posterity in the valleys of the mountains.

Most certainly the parents of our family, in their present state and with their fuller understanding and appreciation of the gospel plan, know that the work that has been done in the temples for them and their posterity is the crowning achievement of the family's emigration process. If it were not so, they would not have impressed upon me so strongly, after I had completed the writing of my emigration story, the importance of making an accounting of the work that has been done in the temple, making their family a spiritual as well as a mortal entity and uniting their posterity together with an eternal bond.

We know that all of the living children of Anders Peter and Anna Helena Warnick had been able to do their own temple work and had been married and sealed together for time and all eternity in the Endowment House before the building of the Salt Lake Temple had been completed. And, where required, as in the case of my Uncle August and Aunt Mari, the work had been done for their children who had passed away both before and during their emigration.

Just who arranged for the temple work to be done for my Aunt Anna Christina and her betrothed Johannes Arlekulen and their baby daughter, Charlotta Christina, and for my Uncle Anders Gustaf and his betrothed Charlotte Bengston, I do not know, but do know that their work has been done, and assume, at the same time, that the temple ordinances for my grandparents were taken care of as I will now relate.

TEMPLE WORK

The final conclusion to the Emigration chapter in the Warnick family's history occurred April 10 and 11, 1895, when Inga Maria Warnick Jorgensen and Adolph Frederick, Johan August and Charles Peter Warnick, the living children of Anders Petter and Anna Helena Andersson Warnicke, went to the Salt Lake Temple, did the temple work for their departed father and mother, and were sealed to them. At the same time, they did the work for their grandparents, Christian Adolph Warnicke and Ingrid Andersson, and had their parents sealed to them; and for their great grandparents, Peter Adolph Warnicke and Christena Muller, and had their grandparents sealed to them. That is as far back as our Warnicke ancestry is presently known and for whom the temple work has been done, though a diligent effort has been made by other members of the family to trace it back beyond that generation.

A full report of the family's genealogical research and accomplishments up until the Warnick Family History, Volume I, was published is recorded in that book. The effort has not been discontinued and some new names have been found and other interesting information discovered that may be significant in extending the knowledge of our Warnick family ancestry back beyond what we have thus far been able to discover.

BETROTHALS

After taking into consideration what is revealed in my genealogical background and what I have been able to find out from other sources, it is my conclusion that in our family's pre-American history, a betrothal was a more stable and binding determination of a man and a woman's intention to live together as a husband and wife on a permanent basis than an engagement is in our society at the present time. In fact, it would seem to be all that was needed to be done in order to legitimize the connubial relationship of a man and woman and establish them in the bonds of matrimony that was both acceptable to themselves and to the social order in which they belonged.

After being betrothed, it was customary for the girl or woman to leave the home of her parents and to go and live with her affianced in the home of his family. I do not know of any, but there may have been some dissolutions of betrothal compacts, just as there are divorces among the marriages in our time.

It seems that it was legally and socially acceptable for children conceived anytime after a betrothal had taken place and even born before a legal or church wedding ceremony had been performed to have been given the same recognition and have had the same rights in the family entity as the children that were not conceived until after a wedding ceremony had been performed.

MY AUNT FÄSTER
(INGA MARIA)

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I had a very close relationship with my Aunt Fäster (Father's sister) from as far back as I can remember up until her death. During much of that time she lived in two rooms that Father had fixed up for her that adjoined my brother Ben's house and she was in our home almost every day up until a short while before her death. In all of that time I never remember of her being referred to or called by her correct given name, Inga Maria. It was always Fäster or Aunt Fäster, depending on who was doing the speaking.

Aunt Fäster was her parents' oldest child and my father was their youngest. She was 20 years his senior. Still he was her sponsor from the time she left Sweden until her death, and her remains had been laid away in the Pleasant Grove cemetery. As the bishop of the ward in which she was living when she died, Father conducted her funeral service.

From the first money income that Father had earned after coming to Utah, as an 18-year-old boy working on the railroad, he sent \$300 to his sister in Sweden to help bring her and her four children to America. He had also rented and partially furnished a small house for them to live in. He it was who drove a team of oxen to the railroad terminal in Ogden to meet them when they emigrated and to bring them back to his home in Pleasant Grove. He lived with them up until he married and moved into a house of his own, which was only one-half block away from where his sister and her family resided. Except when he was in Sweden on his mission, he was never far away from her and was always on hand when he could be helpful which, poor woman, was not infrequent. Indeed my father was his sister's refuge in time of need ever after she came to this country. He even took into his home and supported for a time her estranged second husband, when he had no other place to go.

Aunt Fäster was not a weakling. She was a strong woman in all respects, mentally, morally, physically and spiritually. It just so happened that her life, from beginning to end, was beclouded with difficult circumstances that were hard to cope with. She was an active member of her father's and mother's household for nearly 30 years before she married, working even more on the farm than in the home. She was living with the family when they first heard the gospel, and was converted at the same time her parents were, but we do not know the date of her baptism. She was also with the family and in full accord with their decision to leave Sweden and emigrate to America, although she was unable to accompany them when the main family group left for Zion. She came at her first opportunity thereafter. Anders Johansson, Aunt Fäster's first husband, was never converted to the gospel, nor would he leave Sweden when she and her children emigrated. In some agreeable manner that I don't know about their marriage relationship was terminated.

Aunt Fäster's four children who came with her to America were Charlotte Christine, Augusta Caroline, John Alfred, and Hulda Josephine. Soon after she came to Pleasant Grove, Fäster gave birth to twin boys, Adolph and Alydia, who died the same day that they were born.

Aunt Fäster was a most industrious woman and an immaculate housekeeper. Even though the walk from her doorstep to the street was only a dirt path, it was said that she swept it as meticulously as she swept the floor of her house. She spun yarn from wool, knitted socks and mittens, carded wool batts and made quilts, and was unceasingly busy all the time until her eyesight got so bad that she was practically blind. She would work just as hard in her garden and yard as she did in her house. Her death was caused by cancer and she suffered terribly before she passed away December 29, 1907, at the age of 76 years and 10 months.

--Reed W. Warnick



INGA MARIA WARNICK JORGENSEN

Born - March 4, 1830
at
FORSBY, SKARABORG, SWEDEN

Married
ANDERS JOHANSSON
April 8, 1860
JORGEN CHRISTEN JORGENSEN
April 17, 1871

She had four children that lived and
two that died at birth by her first
husband, and one daughter that died
at two months by her second husband.

She left Sweden about July 1, 1869
Arrived in Pleasant Grove, Utah, August 9, 1869

Died
PLEASANT GROVE, UTAH
December 29, 1907

My acquaintance with Uncle Fred resulted from three short visits. Two of them were when he and Aunt Christina stayed in our home for a few days on two occasions when they had come up from Deseret to attend conference in Salt Lake City. The other was when my father and mother, with my brother Merrill and I, drove down to Deseret with a team and wagon to visit with them. Even so, I felt more comfortable with Uncle Fred than I did with Uncle August, with whom I had more frequent contacts. From my impressions of them, Uncle Fred was just as jovial as Uncle August was reserved. They may have impressed other people who knew them better, quite differently. In telling about Uncle August I mention the difference in the style of their beards. Uncle Fred's was just a fringe of not too heavy whiskers, attached to the under edge of his jaw bones and the under point of his chin, leaving the full expanse of his face whisker free, except when he might have gone a few days without shaving.

Uncle Fred was the family's contribution to the spreading of the gospel and the upbuilding of the Church in Sweden. It was not made without a considerable sacrifice, both on the part of the family and of Uncle Fred. To the family he had been a mainstay in its support that would be sorely missed, when it was needed most, during the time it was preparing to emigrate. For Uncle Fred it precluded his help to the family and kept him in Sweden for a number of years after the other members of his family had emigrated. Still both felt that their Heavenly Father had blessed them by this intercession in their affairs. Uncle Fred's mission lasted for nearly 12 years during which time he presided over a number of different branches of the Church, proselyted and did whatever was needed in light of his responsibility at the time and the conditions in his field of labor. He also met a sweet, sincere, Latter-day Saint girl, who later became his life's and eternal companion.

Uncle Fred never overcame his penchant for missionary service. After coming to America he and his newly acquired wife, Christina Olson, made their home in Pleasant Grove, and had produced four children, when they felt the urge to move on to a different location. The area around Pleasant Grove was well settled and there was no new land available. They learned that down in Millard County an area was being opened for settlement where land, with good water available, could be had by homesteading. In the spring of 1889 they moved to Deseret, acquired some land, started farming and helped to build up the kingdom in that area. History discloses that the community of Deseret was as much benefitted by Uncle Fred's missionary experience, his generosity and willingness to serve, as he and his family were in the opportunity it provided for them to prosper temporally.

While Uncle Fred's family in Deseret were much farther away from us than Uncle August's family in Pleasant Grove, I became better acquainted with some of my Deseret cousins than I did with those living in Pleasant Grove. I think I can say that I was well acquainted with all of Uncle Fred's and Aunt Christina's children except John, their youngest. He was killed in 1906 at the age of 21 while working in a mine to earn the money he needed to answer a mission call. The ones I knew were Fred G., Anna, Oscar, Parley, and Wilford. All of Uncle Fred's and Aunt Christina's children had good-sized families, and at the time of this writing their posterity is numerous with many very successful and noteworthy representatives.

Uncle Fred was two years older than Uncle August but he outlived him by 66 days, passing away January 29, 1905. He was buried in the Deseret cemetery in the community he had served so faithfully during the last 25 years of his life. Aunt Christina lived on for another 30 some years, during which time I saw her on a number of occasions. She was a quiet, unassuming, sweet-tempered person and ever cheerful. She was that way the last time I saw her, which was not too long before she passed away at the age of ninety-five.

--Reed W. Warnick



ADOLPH FREDERICK WARNICK

Born - October 22, 1832
at
FORSBY, SKARABORG, SWEDEN

Married
CHRISTINA OLSON

They were the parents of six children.
Five married and raised families. The
youngest killed in mine accident at the
age of twenty-one

Left Sweden July 12, 1870
Worked for a year in Omaha, Nebraska
Arrived in Pleasant Grove, Utah, October 31, 1871
Moved to Deseret, Utah, spring of 1879

Died
DESERET, UTAH
January 25, 1905

My acquaintance with my Uncle August extended over a period of four or five years, during which time I cannot say that we became real pals. This may seem strange since the discrepancy in our ages was only 62 years. I came in contact with him a number of times during those years, mostly when, with me in tow, my father and mother would stop in for a visit with Uncle August and Aunt Mari, while on their way back home from a shopping visit to Pleasant Grove, or when Uncle August and Aunt Mari would come out to our home in Manila for a visit with my parents.

The impression I gained of my Uncle August from these contacts was that he was a stern, unfeeling, matter-of-fact old man, with a heavy beard that extended from his chin. His beard was an important mark of distinction since it was so different from Uncle Fred's beard or my father's mustache.

I cannot remember of one single instance when my Uncle August ever spoke a word to me. I think he looked upon me as a nuisance that had to be endured, but better ignored. It was different with Aunt Mari. She always greeted me when they came or we came with a few jovial words in English, which quite likely were the only English words spoken all the time that they and my parents were together. Their usual conversation was in the Scandinavian language, which in Pleasant Grove was a blend of the Swedish and Danish native tongues. Aunt Mari was a fluent conversationalist. She was as free and easy and rapid in her manner of speech as Uncle August was slow, deliberate and taciturn. In fact, she did most of their speaking.

I well remember when Uncle August passed away the early morning before Thanksgiving Day in 1924. It was customary in the Manila ward while my father was its bishop, to have a ward reunion and dinner Thanksgiving Day. Instead of my father calling me to get out of bed and help with the chores that morning, my mother acted in his place, and told me that Uncle August had passed away and that Aunt Mari had sent for Father to come down and assist her and her family in making preparations for his funeral.

He did not get back from there until after we (our family) had gone down to the meeting house and the ward dinner was in progress. His place, next to where my mother sat at the head of the center table, had been left vacant for him. Before sitting down when he came in, he stood at the back of the chair he was to sit in and told why he was late. He also said that he and the members of his brother's family were resigned to his passing and that he did not want it to detract from the pleasure of the ward's celebration.

I well remember all of Uncle August's and Aunt Mari's children who lived to grow up, but Caroline; she died 6 years before I was born. I did, however, know her two children, Ethel and Randle Sunberg. Uncle August's and Aunt Mari's other children, with whom I was well acquainted, were Annie, John, Olivia, Clara, Hulda, Florence, Willard, and Elmer.

My impression of Uncle August at this writing is vastly different from that I gained from my childhood association with him. I now know of his great contribution to our family's current, future and eternal well-being, and I now love, honor, respect and esteem him and am grateful for what he did for me and all others in our family group who desire to take advantage of opportunities he helped to make possible.

--Reed W. Warnick



JOHAN AUGUST WARNICK

Born
November 13, 1835
at
FORSBY, SKARABORG, SWEDEN

Married
MARIA (MARI) CHRISTENA BENGTON
July 3, 1861

They were the parents of thirteen children
(Nine living to maturity)

Left Sweden May 1, 1866
Arrived in Pleasant Grove, Utah, October 23, 1866

Died
PLEASANT GROVE, UTAH
November 4, 1904

It is easy for me to characterize my Uncle Fred as a "missionary" in my grandfather's and grandmother's family, and my Uncle August as an "emigrator," but I am at a loss to know just how to characterize my father. Certainly, he was some of both. He participated in the family's emigration undertaking from beginning to end, and he went on a mission to his native Sweden when to do so entailed a greater sacrifice, exercise of faith and submission than it did for Uncle Fred to accept his call, though my father's mission did not last as long as did Uncle Fred's.

While my account of the family's emigration does not make much mention of him, it is evident that he was a fully converted and dedicated participant all during the entire emigrating process. He did not suffer from the loss of two of his own dear children as did Uncle August, or have a beloved and ailing wife to worry about, but because of his more tender years the pain he endured at the loss of his mother and father, his brother and sister, and others in the family, must have been more acute than that suffered by his older brother August.

It is not reasonable to assume that all of those who played a part in the family's emigration could be equal in all things at the same time. Nor is it or has it been my intention to play one against the other in order to try and determine who was entitled to receive the most credit. I know that from the very first each and every one of them, willingly and anxiously, did all they could to assist in their common effort for their mutual benefit.

Being their youngest child my father must have been especially dear to his father and mother. He tells in his own written history of the happy relationship he had with his sweet mother while at an age when the most help he could give her was to run errands or take messages from her to other members of the family who were at work in the fields, and of how she endeavored to teach him and to influence him to be good. Both of his dear parents must have been terribly distressed when he was so sick as they were crossing the ocean, and how thankful and elated they were when he had recovered sufficiently to be approved for entry into the United States when they had disembarked in New York City.

My father was most responsible for bringing Aunt Fäster and her four children to America who, including himself, accounted for six or just half of the twelve members of the emigrated Warnick family living in Pleasant Grove, when Uncle Fred and Aunt Christina had joined the group October 31, 1871, and the emigrating undertaking had been completed. But, his greatest service to the family came during the years that followed, after he had married his Danish wife, lived in the United Order, filled a mission to his native Sweden, served as a member of the City Council, been chosen as a counselor in the Bishopric and became the accepted leader of the colony of Scandinavian people living in the community of Pleasant Grove, Utah.

My father had been on hand when every one of the emigrating Warnicks had died, who passed away while they were enroute to Zion. He helped my Uncle Peter with the funeral arrangements for his wife, Charlotte Christine Johnson Larsen (Father's niece) when she died, and Aunt Mari with the arrangements for her husband August's (Father's brother) funeral and interment, when he passed away. A few years later Father was there to assist Aunt Mari's family with her funeral and burial. He had complete charge of making the funeral arrangements and seeing to the burial of his sister, Inga Maria. He personally conducted her funeral. What he had done for his other brothers and sisters he would gladly have done for his brother Fred, who died in the dead of winter, had it been possible for him to travel to Deseret and arrive in time for his funeral. After his brothers and sisters had all died, my father lived on for another quarter of a century ever ready to encourage, council and advise those in the younger generations of the family who came to him for assistance.

--Reed W. Warnick



CHARLES PETER WARNICK

Born - April 5, 1850
at
FORSBY, SKARABORG, SWEDEN

Married
CHRISTINE MARIE LARSEN
March 16, 1874

They were the parents of ten children
(Nine living to maturity)

Left Sweden May 1, 1866
Arrived in Pleasant Grove, Utah, October 23, 1866

Died
PLEASANT GROVE, UTAH
February 20, 1931

RETROSPECTION

We know ---- We, the descendants of Anders Petter and Anna Helena Andersson Warnicke know--if we subscribe to the enlightenment that comes with a patriarchal blessing--that we are of a class of favored mortal beings known to both God and man as the Children of Israel. And that we are of Joseph, the most favored of Father Jacob's twelve sons, through the lineage of Ephraim, the most favored of Joseph's two.

With the exception of a few chapters of introductory material covering the creation, the flood and a very abbreviated account of the activities of mankind during the first two thousand years of their existence, the Old Testament portion of the Bible is little more than a history of the children of Israel. From this account, related in prophecy and fulfillment, we learn that the lives of the children of Israel were replete with examples of the Lord's intercession into their affairs. First to warn them, and later to bless or punish them, depending upon the manner in which they had reacted to the warning they had been given and the opportunities with which they were afforded.

LITTLE IS KNOWN

We know very little about our modern progenitors who lived prior to the Emigration, nor does what we know reach back very far. As of now, we have not been able to trace our Warnick genealogy back any further than my great, great grandfather Peter Adolph Warnicke. He was born in or near Stockholm, Sweden, in 1725. Thus he was seven years older than George Washington. It is thought that he was of German parentage. He was designated as a "Sugar Master" which may indicate that he was advantageously employed and possibly quite well off. Apparently, however, the sugar industry did not take hold in Sweden.

His son, Christian Adolph, was born in the same place as his father in the year 1765, eleven years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Judging from the birthplaces of his seven children, he moved a number of times, but lived most of his life somewhere in the province of Skaraborg, where he died at Forsby in 1847. He was designated as a "Wagon Master," but his wagon making must have taken place at the places he lived before he moved to Forsby since his son, Anders Petter, makes no mention of it and he was 47 years old when his father died.

Anders Petter Warnicke's birthplace is given as Fagerberg, Varsas, Skaraborg, Sweden. He was born in 1801, which makes him the same age as Brigham Young. He moved to Forsby some time prior to his marriage as all of his seven children's birthplaces is given as Forsby. His designation was that of a "Farmer." In my emigration account I have already told of him about all that we know.

CIRCUMSTANCES DETERIORATE

After a careful consideration of all the information I have been able to gather with respect to all three of my Swedish ancestors, it is my conclusion that a gradual but definite deterioration took place in the Warnicke's material well being during those three generations of their existence, and that from a biological point of view the Warnickes, or the Warnicke name, at

least, was heading for extinction. In the two generations preceding my grandfather, Anders Petter, there were only two other male offspring who lived long enough to produce children. Whether they did or not, I do not know.

My grandfather was twenty-nine years old before his first child was born. She was thirty years of age before she married. Uncle Fred was still single at the age of twenty-eight when he was called on a mission and did not marry until he was thirty-nine. Uncle August married at age twenty-five which was somewhat on the older side, considering that it was customary then for young men and women to marry when they were quite young. It may have been that the Warnicke family was in such desperate straits at that period in their history that the thought of marrying and having children was too disheartening to contemplate.

In all of the history of the children of Israel, there was not any of them more in bondage than my grandfather and grandmother and their children were in Sweden during the years before the gospel came into their lives. For nearly thirty years, grandfather had had to work four days each week to pay for the use of a one-room hovel to live in and three acres of rocky soil from which to derive the necessities of their existence. There was no schooling for their children except a little that came as an adjunct to their religious activities, with the Bible their only textbook and themselves as their instructors. They possessed a sincere religious instinct, but were members of a state-controlled church that did not provide the means for them to exercise it. They were unable to enjoy any of the niceties of life--no recreation, no variation, and, worst of all, no hope of something better. When, after twenty-seven years and seven children, they were finally able to move into a somewhat larger house with twice as much land as had been in their previous allotment, it was at double the cost--four day's work each week by two men instead of one.

Their deliverance started to take place when the gospel came into their lives. How and at what cost are the things I have tried to relate in my history of their emigration. No Joseph was raised up to keep them from starving. No Moses to deliver them from bondage. And there was no Joshua to lead them into the Promised Land. All these things, with the help of their Father in Heaven, they did for themselves, AND FOR THEIR POSTERITY.

I know that my grandparents are appreciative of what has been previously written and recorded with respect to their tragic emigration experience. And it is not for their own glorification that they wanted this most important accomplishment in all Warnick family history reiterated. It is to let their posterity know, now and forever, that their emigration was not just a father and mother undertaking, but a united family effort with each member playing a part. That, even though the cost was high, the benefit was great and everlasting.

It removed Anders Petter and Anna Helena Andersson Warnicke and their family from the slough of want, despair and religious bigotry, in which they had wallowed in Sweden, and brought them and their posterity to the free land of America and into the light and knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Let that message be proclaimed to all those of Warnick blood that they may realize how indebted they are to their emigrating forebears and how grateful they should be to the twelve that lived as well as to the ten who died, for many of the blessings they now enjoy that are too generally taken for granted.