

**BIOGRAPHY
OF
ARVILLA BERNICE WANGSGAARD**

18 Octobert 1954

I, Arvilla Bernice Wangsgaard, am the daughter of Thomas Wangsgaard and Barbara Race, being born the 12th day of March, 1907, at Mountain View, Wyoming, in a log cabin. My Grandmother, Melissa Race, being a mid-wife, delivered me.

I have been told by my father that I named myself. Names were put into his hat, my hand placed in the hat, drawing out the names.

At the age of 3 months I journeyed to Ogden, Utah, by train with my parents to visit my grandparents, Grandfather and Grandmother Wangsgaard. During this visit my proud parents went to the studio, there we had a group picture taken of we three. This picture I have.

My Father tells me I was given a blessing in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Of this I have no record.

As I grew I remember visiting at the home of my Father's oldest sister, Aunt Inger (Ingerborg) as we called her, who also lived at Mt. View. Also his brother, Uncle Chris (Christen) Wangsgaard, a resident of Mt. View. Aunt Inger had a large family, 9 in all, 8 girls and 1 boy. There were three girls near my age. We had wonderful times together. We played on the lawn, more like boys than girls, pulling grass, making hay stacks of the grass and fences of store twine. Aunt Inger and Uncle John Pfisterer had a large farm.

I would drive with my parents to visit Uncle Chris and Aunt Annie in a buggy, two beautiful horses pulling it. They too had a large farm, cows and chickens. I enjoyed our visits to Uncle Chris more during the winter. Dad and Uncle Chris each had a bob sleigh. We would ride over the snow which covered the fence post. The men folks shot jack rabbits. One summer Dad worked in the mountains. We lived in a covered wagon. Mother would fish with me at her side and we would pick wild strawberries and raspberries.

Mother and I walked to my Aunt Minnie (Dad's sister) Taylor's many times during the summer. Also we went to see Grandmother Race and Aunt Arvilla (mother's sister).

During my 5th year we moved to Hudson, Wyoming, a coal mining town. Here I spent my first two years of school. While in Hudson my Dad worked as a coal miner and city policeman. Uncle Geo. Race had a grocery store in Hudson, Wyoming. While at Hudson Father and Mother separated. Dad moved to Lander, Wyo. Mother and I went to the oil wells out of Hudson to live with Aunt Ethel (Mother's sister) and her husband

and their little girl, Evelyn Hillsinger. Mother helped Aunt Ethel cook for the oil crew. I spent the summer there. I was 8 years old at this time. Dad visited me several times during the summer. One day in Sept. Dad came supposedly to take me to Lander to buy new clothes for me. He and mother quarreled about it. Dad finally won out taking me in an open no top model T Ford, some man driving. We never stopped for his riding over rough roads. I fell asleep and was put in the back seat. The driver hit a terrible bump throwing me into the air, almost missing the car when I came down. Finally after miles of travel over sage brush we came to Cheyenne where we cleaned up, had breakfast and took the train to Ogden. We stayed with Aunt Carrie and Uncle Chas. Hindercliff for two weeks until Cousin Mable recovered from the chicken pox. Mabel's mother, Aunt Annie, was a widow, one of Dad's sisters. We lived with Aunt Annie a year. Dad worked in a grocery store.

One day in June Dad came home and said he had a new mamma for me. After a couple of weeks I was moved to a new home with a new mother out in West Ogden. I attended Grant School until the West Ogden school was built. On September 13, 1916 (according to family group sheet it was 3 Sep 1916) Dad and I were baptized into the L.D.S. West Ogden Ward. The baptism was done in the Weber River. My S.S. teacher in this ward instilled within my sole the love for the gospel.

While residing here Dad went into the express business. At the age of 13 we moved to Smith Valley, Nevada, where Dad had taken up 160 acre homestead. We lived here seven years. I had my 6, 7, 8 grades and 4 yrs. of high school. Those were trying years of hardship for my folks but lots of good times were enjoyed. Community picnics and dances. Everyone knew everyone else.

After three years of homesteading Dad sold his homestead and bought an improved place, 80 acres, three miles away. Here he raised Lucerne (alfalfa) and milked 12 cows.

My high school years were a glorious time of my life. I helped my dad milk, feed calves and pigs day in and day out, my being the only child old enough to help. During the summer I helped in the hay-raking and bunching and driving derrick. My folks were good to me, never saying no to my going to all the entertainment in the valley. We as young people usually went in large groups, distance meaning little. We traveled from 20 to 60 miles to a dance, danced all night or until 4 and 5 in the morning. Lots of times dances would be held in the larger homes. Had a good many boy friends. They kept me well supplied with candy.

In March, 1925, my senior year, my folks sold out and moved back to Ogden, Utah, leaving me with my girl friend (Mildred Newell) and her parents to finish school. Mildred's cousin, Walter (Bud) Isador Newell, son of Walter Newell and Nell (Betty) Newell, was my steady during my senior year. Our graduation was the last of May. 1 June, 1925, Bud and I were married in Reno, Nev., by a Methodist Minister.