

The Life of Torleif Severin Knaphus

December 14, 1881-June 14, 1965

As my life's work, my religious belief, and my place of abode became different than that of my ancestors, I will write a little and briefly touch upon my life's history so that my descendents may know the reason for these changes and learn something about the place where my childhood was spent and where my ancestors lived.

I remember well our home on the Western Norway by the highway leading from Haugesund to points of interest in the Hardanger fjords. Our house was red-trimmed in white with heavy grass on the mud roof. There were beautiful mountains and many lakes around our place where we used to fish and swim and when we talked or laughed it echoed back to us from the rugged hills across the lakes and in the still atmosphere we clearly heard the chatting and quarreling of the people who lived over there.

I remember when we children were playing games, watching the beautiful color and forms of the floating clouds. The midsummer night when we were playing and dancing around the big bonfire from the golden glow in the west, changed to a cool lemon color in the north eastern sky.

I remember when we planted and sowed, and when we cut the hay and carried it home on our backs. In the day we told the time by the shadows in the mountain slope, and in the evening by the height of the golden glow on the mountain peaks.

I can never forget when Mother called the sheep down from the green pasture height up in the cone-like mountains by our place to the north. Every goat, cow, and sheep had each an individual name and when mother called they immediately came. Either it was for an afternoon snack or to be tucked in for night. Neither can I forget on the Sabbath day when we went to church which stood on a green slope at the south end of a long narrow lake called Vatsvatnet, which lies near our place to the east. And as the people came rowing out with their different colored boats, chatting and singing and the majestic mountains to the east with the birch wood on the lower slopes and the different painted farm homes below all reflected in the still clear lake. It was wonderful to see.

Around this lake are homes and estates whose saga and history was known for hundreds of years back. When I was a young boy, I had heard tales like this: Long, Long ago there came to Eike in Vats a great man whose name was Alf, so from that time on it was called Alfseike in his honor.

About 130 years ago, across a deep little lake by our place to the south lived a man with his family whose name was Lars. He was a tailor by trade, noble and widely known as a folk dancer, who was a descendent from this noble man I have just mentioned. We heard folks saying that after the services in the church were over and the folks still were gathered on the church lane, Lars danced for them and his feet were frequently seen over the heads of the crowd. After a short happy life, Lars died leaving his wife and five children: Martha, Bjorn, Jon, Astred, and Anna Martha. Eight weeks later another boy was born whom they called Lars. As the children grew up, Bjorn became a schoolteacher and at a young age, immigrated to America and

so did his sisters Astred and Anna Martha. Jon married and moved away, so the responsibility of keeping the family fell on Martha and Lars. From his early youth, Lars was known as an active energetic fellow. Besides working the place, he proceeded in buying and selling and once as a substitute he was teaching school. But then there was a little well-built girl, Liv Alfseike, who would not go to school and as her mother insisted she answered, "I will not go as long as that big dummy is teaching." So we see that she already had noticed the man that became her future husband.

On the frequent trip Lars made, he saw that the soil by the Knaphus Hill was good, so he took a life lease on a part of this wonderful land and called it Knaphus, and this is how our name began. He built a low stone fence all around it. He drained and cultivated it in such a manner that it became widely known and was highly recommended as an example to be followed.

The girl from Alfseike had returned from where she had worked for 12 years. With their combined earnings they built an addition to the place and were married.

And again my thoughts go back and I remember the many cozy winter evenings when we children were playing games, helping mother card the wool when she was spinning and carding and father was making new wooden shoes for the next year. Sometimes those winter evenings the west wind was so strong it nearly lifted the house from the foundation. While the rain and hailstorm was beating against the wooden shutters on the windows.

It was one of those cold winter nights, December 14, 1881 that I was born. Mother had been sick in labor pains for 48 hours and when I finally arrived I was blue-black and laid as if dead. The mid wife filled a tub with ice water and put me into it and picked me up and spanked me hard, but I did not respond and again laid out as dead. Then the mid-wife got mad and threw me into the tub of ice water and picked me up by the feet and spanked me with all her might and then the fight began.

I remember faintly when my older brother and father left to work the fields, I had things under control. I remember mother making our meals, bringing drinks out to our father in the fields and helping him with the work. I remember as small boys we helped father break stone for the fence around our place.

When I was about 7 or 8 years old, something unusual happened which had a meaning or prophesy or something of great worth later to come. I had gone to bed upstairs. It was quite dark—it seems I was just falling to sleep as part of the room became light and then above eight or nine feet ahead of me stood a handsome man dressed as one of the highest military rank. His suit was a beautiful light gray with a narrow line of red by the seams. He had fine golden ornamentations on the shoulder and the braid bent from his left shoulder to the right hip. He stood firmly as if on the floor although he was one foot above the floor. The room was low, about 9 feet in the center, sloping down to about 3 feet to either side so from where he stood, part of his body was above the ceiling or roof. It was clear and light as mid-day, all around him. I could see the ceiling and rafters, but farther away from him it was dark. He addressed me in a nice way, saying: "Will you go to your family, friends and relatives to preach repentance?"—

And as he swung his long beautiful sword, he added this word “if Noble” and I quickly said I would.

As a young boy I tended our sheep in the hills just beyond our farm, and I think it was there I first discovered my love for art. My mother had given me a bound book with blank pages in it, that I might draw while I was on the hillsides. She had noticed my interest in nature’s beauties and encouraged me to draw what I saw. I kept this book hidden from my father, fearing he would think it a waste of time, but I found great joy in expressing myself even then in those elementary drawings.

Mother had a love and tenderness for our animals. She gave each sheep a name and as she called their name they would come to her from a distance. Every evening as they came down from the hills, she was there to greet them with a pat on their head.

While in my early teens I fought my older brothers and I remember how my father laughed when he saw I had things in control. I fought every boy in school which did not run—and every gate on the roadway I jumped over, instead of walking through.

At the age of 14, I managed our farm, as my father and older brothers were off doing a big job. I cut the hay with a syth and carried it home on my back, enough for three cows and twenty five sheep. Then I took an apprenticeship in a paint shop in Haugesund. A year later I had my own paint shop in Olan in the Hardangerfjear. While there on a trip to Oyfjard to do a graining and figure painting on old drinking covers, I stayed in an old historic log house built about 800 years ago. In the center of the room was a huge fireplace surrounded with tables and benches of old design. The beds were in the walls and there was a big opening in the center of the roof. As we were feasting with neighbors and friends on the tender spiced roasted reindeer stew, the old drinking jug was passed around and it must have had a great similarity with ancient times.

I answered the urge of my Viking Ancestors and went out to sea as a Merchant Seaman. It was exciting and hazardous. Our boats sailed north of our country around Iceland and down as far as Liverpool, England. I had some outstanding experiences during that time.

Then after I had spent about two years as a sailor, I finished my apprenticeship in decoration painting so I could get my masters slip and become bonded and could have my own business. At the same time I took painting lessons.

In the spring of 1901, I was working there as a master mechanic. I was also a swimmer in the track meet society there and in the tournament of that season I won first place; also first place javelin throwing, first in discus throwing, first in hammer shot, and second in high jump. Later that season, I was selected with two others of our athletic club to represent Haugesund in the tournament for all of Western Norway which was held in Stavanger that year and I won 2nd place for javelin throwing.

During the festival later that evening, I told some friends that from that time I would spend all my strength and physical courage for art. So towards 4 o’clock that night I took my bags aboard the big coast liner going to Oslo. I went down to the fishing dock and stayed too late. The

afternoon the following day, after a long swim to catch the boat, I went on deck and went over to the Captain and bought a ticket from the town Christianson, which the boat had just passed. Then I went to sleep for a full day and night.

I got a job as a foreman in a little painting establishment. I met a talented young artist who was also from Western Norway and we stayed together.

From my work I used to walk home with a man, Harman Christopherson, who worked with me on a big job. He seemed to have a liking for me and often asked me to come to their place and get a room from them, which I later promised I would do. My friend, Olau Tjithas also moved in with me. Besides our art studies we regularly attended meetings, concerts, and lectures of various kinds. This man who was a good singer, insisted that we go to a concert. He plunged us to the floor and held his fist against us demanding us to buy tickets to a concert held in their church. So not to be rude, we bought tickets from him and went to the concert. This was the first Mormon Concert or meeting I ever attended. We also later attended some of their meetings and it was easy for me to see and understand that this was the only true Church of God.

About 2 ½ months later, in February of 1902, I asked for baptism. So we walked in the 2 inch ice, crossed the terrain covered with snow, slid down over the snow and into the three feet thick broken up ice and then on the broken up ice I undressed and was baptized. –Since then I have never wavered in the assurance of the truth and my faith in the gospel.

I studied three years in the best art school in Oslo, Norway, and was promised a Roman Scholarship in 1906 if I would stay, but I had joined the Church and had decided to come to America.

This biography is not complete and ended at this point in his life. The following memories of him are from a few of his children:

My Early Remembrances of Dad---by Kimball Knaphus

I can remember when I was 3 years old. We were living in Central, a small town half way between Richfield and Monroe, Utah. Dad, Mom, Harold and I lived in a small two room house, with no electricity or water. Dad and Uncle Andrew were partners in a house painting company. They would go out every day to surrounding towns to calcimine the interior of the farmers' homes. Some times they would go as far away as Salina to the north and Joseph to the south. The closest town was at least 5 miles, and that was quite a trip because the transportation those days was all horse and buggy. I can remember the time they painted the benches in the Central Meeting House and I walked over to watch them paint. I must have sat on one of the benches, because I can still remember how they both got after me, and how Mom got after me when I got home for getting paint on my clothes. Mom was always working in the church. I remember the time President Joseph F. Smith shook hands with the entire primary. Dad and Mom were really proud of Harold and I. Dad was always a great admirer of the Presidents of the Church, and

especially of President Joseph F. Smith. He later made sever hundred small plaques of him when the president died.

I remember when Andrew was called on his mission to Norway. They split their partnership. Dad always wanted to become an artist, so he decided he would go to Paris and New York to study in the Art Academies, which he did. We stayed there in the little old house waiting for him to come home. I remember that Aunt Rose lived in Provo at that time and was expecting her fourth child (Jim), so Mom, Harold, and I traveled to Provo to help her for a while and meet Dad when he came home from Paris. When the train came in, Dad had been sleeping. He stretched out in his sleep and extended his leg out through the window. He hustled us away from the train in a hurry as he was completely out of money to pay for the broken window.

The L.D.S. Church was building a temple in Hawaii in 1915 and about 6 months after Dad came home from Paris, he and J. Leo Fairbanks left for another long stay of about 5 or 6 months doing the sculpture work on the baptismal font, and other art work on the temple. He told us how he could go out hiking in the mountains just a short distance away from the city, and pick all the wild fruit you wanted. He also tells about the contrast of the city of Honolulu at that time and the way it is today. There was just one theatre in town, it had a dirt floor, the seats were just planks on stumps of logs, and it only operated one night a week, on Saturday. There were no paved roads, but the native people were mostly all full-blooded Hawaiian people at that time. I remember when he was going to come home, he had written one of his few letters about six weeks before we finally heard that he was to arrive in Salt Lake. Mom really worried because at that time the German submarines were sinking many U.S. ships. When Dad arrived back here in the States, the Church paid him off in \$20 gold pieces; he had a big sack of gold. I guess they felt well off, as they bought a home in Salt Lake, and it really seemed like a mansion after living down in a little two room shack in Central until I was six years old. It had 4 rooms and the electricity was in, and we soon started to remodel. It was really a great day when we got the plumbing put in the house. We were living there on Sixth East I remember when Dad had to go up to the Capitol and register for the draft, for World War 1. We were all very anxious for about a week, till we go the good news that Dad was too old, and we had three children and Mom was pregnant, was expecting our sister Grace.

When we lived there, Dad and Mom had their first tragedy. The Diphtheria epidemic was going around town, and Harold and I were both sick as could be with this killer disease. We were both in the same bed, and I remember the early morning that Harold died. Dad and Brother Hovic had been praying for him all night. It was a great tragedy for all of us.

Dad kept working for the Church, as the Church was building another temple now in about 1919 in Cardston, Canada, and Dad had been commissioned to model the oxen and the baptismal font. These jobs kept him away from home a lot, but we always seemed to make up for it when he was home, as he always liked to go out in the mountains for a hike, which really pleased me. I remember when I was 10 years old, we had just moved up on Redonda Avenue, Dad and I went on one of our longest hikes. We thumbed rides up Parleys Canyon, almost to where the Mountain Dell Reservoir is, and then we took off straight north and hiked straight west to our home. It was a long, hard hike on a cold November day. I was very impressed with Dad that day as we kneeled in prayer about five times during that day. When we arrived home that night,

Mom had given birth to her fifth child, my brother T.M. Since then I have realized why he had been praying so much that day. Soon after this, Dad got another job on the Canadian Temple, a large relief or plaque on the exterior of the upper part of the Savior and the Samaritan Woman at the well. Similar to the one on the Edgehill Ward, only much, much larger and finished in cast stone so it can stand the weather. He was away several months working on this job. I remember while he was away on this job, I had to go with Mom on the street car with her to the Cottonwood Maternity Hospital, as her sixth child, my sister Marie was born. Dad was working in Canada at that time.

Dad was always an ardent church worker, always attending all of his ward meetings, and also the Scandinavian Meetings that were held in the Assembly Hall. When we first moved into the Sugar House Ward, our Bishopric consisted of LeGrand Richards, Bishop Alex Curtis, 1st Counselor and Oren Woodbury, 2nd Counselor. They asked Dad to be a Home Missionary. He accepted the call and worked very hard at this job with his companion Brother Linnabauch, a good old cement worker. Dad's main hobby and work in the church was his great love to do genealogy work. He was always writing back to Norway or having a Norwegian friend or missionary helping him extend his chart. For many years, his Family Chart was mounted on the wall up in the Church Office as a show piece, as one of the most complete records at that time. We always had our home evenings on Monday evenings. Mom would read the scriptures to us, and Dad would tell us stories of the missionaries coming to Norway and of the truthfulness of the gospel. I always respected him.

Writings of Olive Miller-----

My memories are so many, and varied of our wonderful Dad, it is hard to know where to start.

How handsome and strong he was. His blue-black shining, wavy hair. His fair, fair complexion, that burned so easily on our excursions to Saltaire. And what a powerful swimmer! He and his Norwegian friends, the Abel and Paul Paulsen's, and relatives too, would compete in contests for hours on end, then take we children "way out" floating. He liked to show his strength to us in the home, too, by his many hard and fast push-ups, often with one of us perched on his back. He agilely walked up and down the front stairs on his hands. In his studio he moved much heavy equipment, as if it were feathers. And how he liked to hike—take long walks. He not only participated in sports, but was a great fan too. It was a special treat and honor to be singled out to accompany my dear father to the wrestling matches, or the ski jumps at Ecker Hill.

He often went against mother's rule of no sweets before a meal, by bringing us home a treat of a candy bar, or a sack of candy, 'til one day she made him promise to do it no more.

He loved people, and spoke good of all. He enjoyed his family and friends, liking to play games with them in the evening after a hard day's work. The achievements of each of his children were a special thing to him, and he in turn made each of us feel the most esteemed. Never once did I accompany Dad on a trip, or walk, if even just across the street, that he didn't speak to someone,

or they to him. I always felt that he must personally know everyone in the city. He never turned down a panhandler, and there were many times he was in terrible need himself.

All of us were admonished to “save” the genealogy records first in case of fire. We laughed and ridiculed about it, but were proud of him and his great accomplishments. His testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel was strong, and he bore it often and with conviction. He was diligent in his various callings, and read and re-read the scriptures. Always setting a good example for us.

As he expected good from all, he usually was rewarded with the same. His love for beauty was instilled in all of his children. He was unable to master the mechanics of driving for observing the beauty of the landscape as it passed by. He was not mechanically inclined in any way. I remember one time his falling and breaking his ribs, as he had received a shock putting in a new light fuse.

He was endowed with extra sensory perception, which was a marvel to all each time it was displayed.

I remember his various studios being on Regent Street, the Templeton Building, the one he owned on Richards Street, the one on Main between South Temple and First South on the west side of the street and the one on Broadway. He also had one on Richards Street on the west side up close to the Utah Woolen Mills either just before the Templeton Building or just before his own place on Richards Street. In the summertime he had a cab pick him up in the wee early hours of the morning, would work till it got too hot, then come home and lie down in the basement bedroom for awhile, and return and work in the evening.

All that I view around me is more beautiful, and appreciated, because of the great artist and man, my father. Sometimes when viewing a sunrise or sunset with heart catching awe at its beauty, I feel he is there beside me enjoying it too, as those two times of the day he especially liked.

-----Olive K. Miller

T. S. Knaphus After his Daughter Grace's Birth

The first time I remember Dad was when I was still the baby of the family. Dad and Mother had taken the 3 kids on one of their excursions to the Wasatch Springs. Dad loved to swim and he would float on his back and work with us till we had confidence to be on ours. He would then put his feet under our arm pits and all the Knaphus's would form a human chain and he would tow us all over the pool. Dad loved athletics and in this respect he would sometimes show off. This day I remember him walking on his hands around the whole pool. All the time Mother wanted him to stop. She was afraid he would slip and injure himself. Dad loved us and would spoil us terribly. If one of us would spot him getting off the bus, we would run up to the corner and meet him and he would carry two of us home while another would be hanging on a leg. Then while Mother would be finishing dinner, Dad would rough us in the front of the fire place.

Dad was proud of Mother and we always had a lot of company at our home. He would always bring her lovely presents, which was usually more than he could afford. I remember one year he gave her a lovely set of silver for her birthday and at the time he wasn't working steady. Of course Dad's work as an Artist and Sculpture wasn't ever very steady.

The only time I remember Dad being cross with Grandma was right after he had been working in Canada for about six weeks doing the art work in the Temple there. He had worked very long hours and had accomplished the work in record time, and so as a result had made very good wages. Dad wanted very much to take Mother on a trip to Yellowstone Park. Mother had never been out of Utah in her life and up to this time Mother and Dad had never left we children home and gone on a trip together. Grandma talked mother out of it and refused to tend us if they went. This was about the time Marie was a baby. Dad felt guilty that he had gone on so many jobs for the Church without Mother. He had worked on the Hawaiian Temple and never did he take Mother with him. She always stayed at home and kept the home fires burning.

Right before the birth of my sister Irene, Dad was given a grant to go to Chicago to study art in a famous school there. I never did know the name of this school. He was going to give this chance up though because Irene was due to be born right after the time he entered school. Mother wouldn't let him give this chance up. I remember him calling up at the hospital to see how she was and the luxury everyone thought at the time this was.

Dad really believed in the law of consecration. That you consecrate your time, talents and everything that the Lord gave you to the building up the Kingdom of Heaven. Almost all the time he was doing art work for the church, usually for a very minimal wage. He would work long hours. Many times even after the money was all spent. If the work did not satisfy him he would say "I won't do this work for the Lord if it is not the best I can do."

While he was out of work, the Sugarhouse Ward was in the process of building a new chapel, and he offered as our family's donation a large frieze for the front of the chapel. He spent many hours, weeks and months on this. During this time he had no other work and no means to support his wife and six children.

Sometimes he was criticized very much by friends and even influential people for spending so much time and money on doing his genealogy work. Dad had a strong testimony of the salvation of the dead. He always said it was this principle of the gospel that converted him to the L.D.S. Church. One day while he and I were talking, he told me before he ever thought of spending a penny of any pay check, he would pay this tithing, set aside another five percent for genealogy and another five percent to give to the poor. He would always give to every beggar on the street and to all the widows in the ward. There was a widow that lived across the street from us, Mrs. Newman. We had their family over to eat about every other Sunday. Many times Dad would take baskets of groceries over to them and when we went to Liberty Park, Lagoon, or Saltair, we would invite them to go along. Of course Dad would always foot the bill.

Dad lived as he believed, not as he knew was practical. He had a great testimony in the gospel. I feel that it was a great privilege to have him as a Father. He would bear his testimony to us

often. How through his faith and prayers his life was saved on the fishing boats as a young man. How he felt the power of the devil while he was studying art in Europe; how his roommate joined in with the devil and the literal fight he himself had with him and how through the power of the Priesthood he shook off this evil power. Dad would often fast and pray when our family had problems and with a large family there were a lot of problems.

The great love we as a family have for our father came about, I think, by his keeping our family intact after the sudden death of our Mother. Mother was killed the day before Dad's 50th birthday. We ranged in age from 15 months to 20 years. There were so many people who wanted to adopt the youngest three but Dad would rather have given up his life than one of us. He took Jack, the baby, to work with him most every day except for the time Jack was seriously ill with a kidney disease. Many times he would be called home from work by the neighbors to settle a grand fight between we children. He tried to be Mother and Father to us and did a fair job of it too, but the waste of food and clothing during this time was terrific, and how he stood it and some of the things we would do is beyond any degree of patience I could ever muster up. There were many times situations came up with his family of seven children that most men would have buckled under the strain and would have been tested beyond their endurance and would gone off the deep end. Dad remained true to us, to Mother, and to the Lord, and because of this we owe him a lot. I hope that we and our children can carry on with his work in the gospel so this great man's efforts will live on always.

---Grace K. Humphrey

My Remembrance of Dad—Torleif S. Knaphus—By Marie James

Dad represented many things to me and my heart overflows as I recall them to mind. The quality I think of first when my thoughts turn to him is optimism. He was the most optimistic person I ever knew in my life. In the middle of despair he would always see a bright side and point out that things always work out for the best and that the Lord will bless us if we just trust in his judgment. The next characteristic that I associate with him is kindness. In all my days with Dad, I never heard him say an unkind thing about anyone to me. He was kind to everyone; first of all, to we in the family; those in the church; our neighbors; his business associates and the people on the street. Everyone seemed to love him, and I'm sure it was because he loved all of them. He had a kind jovial word and a warm hearty handshake for everyone. His friendliness was never-ending. As a little girl or a grown woman, I had the same thoughts as we walked down the street together in the center of town. "Why, he knows everyone in town!" He either stopped and spoke, or tipped his hat to nearly everyone he passed. His humor was a refreshing thing about him. He loved to "yest" as he called it. He loved humor coming his way and could spontaneously give it out in his cute Norwegian way. He was a real story teller, and when we were young he so often told us long descriptive stories of when he was out at sea in the raging storms in the Fjords of Norway, or when he sailed to this country and came to Utah as a new convert to the Church, or when he went over to France to study art in the big gallery there and then went up to Norway to see his dying mother, but got there too late. He told me many stories of his childhood and when he cared for the sheep on their farm, but I remember most the fish stories of when he was out on the fishing vessels and the dreadful cold they had to endure. He

often pointed out his mother's love and concern for him which was the reason he gave it up and left the sea. I have a mental picture of his physical strength and his athletic inclinations. He was robust in stature and his endurance always amazed me. He was a beautiful swimmer and loved to hike in the hills which he did often and he was the fastest runner I had seen. But the quality that seemed to shine out most brilliantly of all was the deep faith he had in God, his conviction and testimony of prayer, and the trust he placed in them concerning all matters. This meshed together every other side of his nature and made him what he was. He was the same to everyone—never putting on airs to anyone or back-biting to others. He was sincere and genuine and always seeing the best in everyone.

He was a hard worker and loved his art and sculpture work very much, but he knew how to play and relax too. We often and regularly did things as a family. We never owned a car but went more places together than most families that did. I remember outings at Liberty Park, going to Saltair on the little train and taking a big lunch with us. The fun we had all floating together and how hungry we were after. We went to Lagoon also on the Bamberger Train and went for hikes together. So many evenings we played games together around the table. He loved games of all kinds. He loved the friendship it provided and the challenge. Almost no one could beat him in Checkers or Rook.

I remember hearing how Dad and Mother met. He had arrived in Utah late in the year of 1906, and early in 1909 as he was painting a picture in the Temple Grounds in Salt Lake City, he met Emilia Christensen (she was called Millie). Her family lived in southern Utah and she and her sisters were up in Salt Lake working. They became friends that day and mother was courted that summer by Dad and on the 23rd day of November 1909 they were married. Their first residence was a little duplex on Linden Street. Uncle Conrad and Aunt Rose (mother's sister) lived in the other side. Mother and Dad moved down to Central, Utah where Dad and Andrew, his brother, were partners in a little painting business. They left for Europe at the same time on the boat together, Dad to study art in France and Uncle Andrew to serve a mission in Norway. Mother and Aunt Myrtle lived together while they were gone, with their small children. Since they were sisters and the men were brothers, they were very close. Uncle Andrew was the only other member of Dad's family that ever joined the Church.

For a happy jovial man, Dad had many hardships throughout his life. Working at such an early age when he was a boy, his conversion to our faith when he was a young man—and how his family, particularly his brothers, wanted no part of it, or much to do with him because of his baptism. Then his coming to this country and mastering a new language and different customs and ways. His career in art was not an easy one, and it didn't always provide adequately for his large family because it was spasmodic. He needed to be away from home quite often and was not at home when some of we children were born. The loss of Harold, when he was five years old (Dad's second child) was very hard for him. He died of diphtheria. Mother's sudden passing away in 1931, left him stunned for quite awhile. There were 7 living children then, 6 at home as Kim had recently married. Jack, the youngest, was just 16 months old. With all of these obstacles, Dad maintained a good balance throughout the years, setting a good example for us, providing a living, wearing a smile and meeting each situation logically and optimistically giving an abundance of love to each of us.

He loved mother very much. They had a close relationship and when she died, he remained single for eight years before he remarried. He did the best he could to be father and mother, but that would be difficult for any man with a house full of young children.

He kept company with a few women that we thought might result in marriage, and then in the Spring of 1940 he married a young woman, Rebecca Marie Jacobson. There were adjustments for everyone to make, and as we look back on it—they had the most difficult. Courage must have been their strongest quality. For a 23 year old woman and a 58 year old man to start a life together with a house full of difficult age children that were not her own—I'm sure that was not easy. It doesn't come natural to mother children almost your own age (2 of his children were older than her)—and we needed mothering badly. I'm sure we didn't always react the way the Lord would have us act, but as time passed the family blended nicely together. Dad truly loved Marie and it was plain for all to see. He did many little tender things to buoy up her spirits and make her feel his adoring love. I think he provided strength and security for her and for many years they knew real happiness. They had 6 children—beautiful and brilliant. Three of the boys fulfilled missions for the Church; two went to Dad's native homeland.

In all, Dad had 14 children—8 boys and 6 girls. For 50 years he sat around a dinner table with his own young children, much of the time a good many of them. Providing the food for that table, hearing of his family's problems, and bearing up under the strain of the noise that always goes with a young family. How a man's patience can endure that for that length of time, I have never known.

His pride in his children was sweet to behold. Always praising their accomplishments and bolstering their egos, making each one feel the most special of all.

He loved his art work, and as he entered his studio he usually shut the rest of the world out of his life and was a master at what he was doing. Most of his earnings came from his sculpture work and his work was done for the Church. He was close friends with many of the Church Authorities and with the First Presidency of the Church. They came to his studio often to approve his work. I remember him having a close association with President George Albert Smith and his family, President Heber J. Grant and President David O. McKay. Brother John A. Witsoe was a personal friend of his and he loved his mother like his own. Dad did many great works of art that will outlive most of us. Among the outstanding ones are: the beautiful "Handcart Monument," of the pioneers crossing the plains, which stands on Temple Square; the Angel Moroni Monument that is on top of the Hill Cumorah in Palmyra, N.Y. depicting the Angel appearing to the Prophet Joseph. He did several baptismal fonts in the Temples—the one in the Cardston Temple was his favorite. He also did the friezes around the Cardston and Mesa Temple and helped with the one in Hawaii. His statue of Moroni on top of the Washington D.C. Stake House is beautiful, and the "School Children's Monument" paying tribute to the flag which stands in front of the City and County Building is his work. Many more statues and busts and plaques or friezes adorn the communities because of his wonderful talent.

He was never the slightest bit boastful about his accomplishments and was always very modest about the publicity that was given him in the newspapers regarding his work.

Dad's conversion and conviction of genealogy was unbelievable. As soon as he was introduced to the church back in Norway, he started to gather names and dates concerning his ancestors, knowing he must acquire a record of them before he left that country. He was dedicated to searching out the information of his kindred dead and he always was interested in more than bare facts—he wanted to know what kind of work they did and something about their lives. I used to say to him that when he got over to the other side he would know his ancestors as well as he did his children and they would rejoice with him for the opportunities he had provided for them. His genealogy work provided an interesting hobby for him as well as it being such a valuable work. He loved it and it stimulated and intrigued him. He researched some of his lines back to the 12 and 1300's. LeGrand Richards, one of the Apostles, spoke at his funeral and said, he knows of no single man in the church that has done more work in genealogy than Torleif Knaphus. We all felt this was a deserving tribute for his approximately 56 years of research work.

He passed away at home following a year or two of weakness and ill health at the age of 83, on June 14, 1965. We were grateful he didn't need to go to a hospital because he dreaded that. He kept desiring to go to his studio to work, that he might complete his large monument for the Los Angeles Temple grounds, which he was unable to do. One time when I drove him to his studio, soon before his passing, he didn't have the strength to climb the stairs and needed to sit and rest when half way up. The thought came to me, that he wanted to die among his clay as well as his urge to accomplish this last thing of art. I recall the day before his death feeling an urgency to visit him, and saying to my children that I knew I had to get there. We did drop in and had a lovely visit with him. That evening as well as always, he was interested in others, asking my boy John if he had a job for the summer and suggesting people he might contact concerning one. He would not let the conversation dwell on him too long—just saying he was fine. With learning of his grandfather's death, John said, "I'll always remember that in my last conversation with Grandpa, he was interested in me."

Many paid beautiful tributes to him. He had lived a useful, full life, never wasting a day. His was a life full of serving others and making people happy.

-----Marie James

Dad wrote the following at the very close of his life, so we have added this as his last testimony.

"As I in misery recall the days of faith that onward I strived to do right and provide the daily needs, then in gratitude I recognize that there has been a light brighter than mine to guide me, and a hand stronger and richer than mine to provide and protect me. A mind richer and greater than mine to plan this, my life, to see me through these many years."