The Early Years–Georg Ludvig

Georg Ludvig Groneman was born on May 6, 1823, in Skjold, Vejle County, Denmark, the son of Christian Friderich Gronemann and Johanne Ortman. [Note: He went by his Danish name Georg until he emigrated to America.] His father, Christian Friderich, was a graduate of a teacher training college, a cantor for the parish church, and a school teacher. Georg’s father was christened August 29, 1773, in Lyngby, København County, Denmark, and his mother, Johanne Ortman, was born January 8, 1781, in Odense, Odense County, Denmark, and christened in Sankt Knud parish church in Odense City.

Georg was christened at home the day after his birth and the christening was confirmed in the Skjold parish of the Danish Lutheran church on June 22. His mother was reintroduced into the congregation the following week on June 29.

Georg was the last child in a family of five children. His older sister, Juliane Frederiche Wilhelmine was 13 years old. His two older brothers, Carl Vilhelm and Johan Frederick, were 12 and 7. His sister Cicilia Marie apparently died as a baby.

About a year later, on the 26 April 1824, he was vaccinated against smallpox, along with the other children in the village.

Georg undoubtedly attended the Skjold school, where his father was the school teacher, from age seven as required by Danish law. He studied for his confirmation, which took place in 1838, in the Skold church. During these years he was living with his parents. After his confirmation, most of the young people left to work for farmers in the surrounding farms. We find him in the 1840 census in Skjold, working for a farmer Jens Hansen.

When he was twenty years old, Georg left the little village of Skjold for Snoghøj, in Erritsø parish in Vejle County, where he worked for Johan Frederik Kyster, the foreman at Snoghøj.

Sometime between 1845 and 1848, he visited Vejle City. When he returned to Vejle from Fredericia City in 1848, Georg was a postman, which was considered an honor. His work required him to take mail to the King’s palace.
In 1848 the Prussians (Germans) attacked the mainland of Denmark. The Danes suffered severely in this horrible war. Those who could afford to leave Jutland crossed over to Fyen, the largest Danish island. The war continued off and on for three years. Georg served in the army for three years during this war for Denmark’s independence from Germany.

The Early Years—Andrea Petrea

In the quiet little village of Vejle, Denmark, on the 3rd day of July, 1826, a baby girl was born to Thomas Hansen Petersen Rose and Gjertrud Olesdatter, who lived near the bay which joins the North Sea. They named her Andrea Petrea Rose. Her father was a fisherman. Andrea Petrea was christened at home July 5. Her christening was later confirmed in Sankt Nicolai parish church.

Andrea had three older sisters to play with, Else Cathrine Marie, Maren Margrethe, and Antonsine Louise. Three younger brothers were born in the next few years, Anders Peder, Ole Clausen, and Ole Hansen. It must have been very sad when her baby brother, Ole Clausen died when he was almost ten months old. All of the children were vaccinated against smallpox when they were very young.

According to Danish law, Andrea began school at age seven years and after working earnestly at her lessons for seven years she was considered well prepared to begin the battle of life. The girls undoubtedly helped their mother at home, while the boys worked at whatever jobs they could find in the small community.

Her brother, Anders Peter, later said of their mother, "She trained her children to be God-fearing, learnt us to pray—to know God and to trust in Him and to keep His commandments, but as religion was not generally taught in the family we learnt as other children, but the praying part I never forgot." His mother was a counselor "to many girls in the town. Their parents would send their daughters to her. She counseled them to be virtuous and true and to shun bad company.

Anders Peter described their father as “an honest and true laborer . . . with an inclination for strong drinks” which brought sorrow and some hardship to their family, The family prayed to God for help and their prayers were answered. Their father surprised them by announcing that he had “drunk his last whiskey.” He kept his word until his death. This brought much joy and happiness to their household.

At the age of 14, after being taught the doctrine of the Danish Lutheran Church, Andrea Petrea was confirmed into the church. After their confirmation, Danish youth usually found employment. Andrea left her parent’s home and went to work for a storekeeper named Peder Glud. She suited her employer so well that he kept her for about five years.

One day as she sat working, her attention was attracted by a handsome, well-dressed stranger (the postman). As the gentleman came into the yard a voice told her that he was the man whom she was to marry. When Andrea pointed him out to the girls with whom she worked and told them that some day she would marry him, they laughed at her and told her she was too young and he too stylish for her, but Andrea was very determined and soon got an introduction. The man was Georg Ludvig Groneman.

From her nineteenth year until she was almost twenty-one, Andrea worked at a hotel.
for Mr. Brandt. During this year and a half, she and Georg became very well acquainted. Their son Thomas Rose was born in Vejle on April 2, 1848. He was home christened before he died a half hour later.

Soon war was declared against Germany and Georg was called to fight in the war. Georg left his sweetheart to watch and wait. She returned to her parents and during the time that he fought so bravely she lived at home. Only those who have known such grief can judge of Andrea’s grief when she learned that the two men on either side of Georg fell and that he had received serious wounds in one of the battles. However it was not his destiny to be taken; his mission on earth was far from completed.

After three long years Georg returned with the other soldiers, some of whom were injured. Andrea had difficulty in locating Georg and finally saw on the arm of a man she didn't recognize the beautiful lace handkerchief she had given Georg before he left and which she asked him to wear near his heart. She was afraid he was dead or injured, but suddenly he was by her side. When she questioned him about the handkerchief, he said he had tied it around the arm of another soldier to stop the bleeding of his injured arm.

**Georg L. Groneman and Andrea Petrea Rose**

Soon after his return from the war, Andrea Petrea Rose and Georg Ludvig Gronemann were officially engaged after the third reading of the banns by the parish priest in October 1851. They were married on November 7, 1851, in the Sankt Nicolai parish church, a beautiful old Danish Lutheran church in the center of Vejle in Vejle County, Denmark. Georg was 28 years old, and Andrea, was 25.

Andrea and Georg settled down in Vejle, her home town, where Georg held a number of prominent positions, one of which was a courier to the King. Andrea, being gifted in mathematics, was summoned to the palace to figure for the King. Georg was a good fisherman and loved to take his children and fish near their home.

Soon this young couple was blessed with a daughter. Johanne Frederikke Wilhelmina was born November 26, 1852 in Vejle and christened on January 12, 1853. By this time, Georg identified himself as a carpenter. August joined the family on June 11, 1855 in Vejle, christened on August 19. On January 4, 1858, another daughter, Antonie Sine Louise was born, christened on April 5. She was followed by Thomas Christian on June 5, 1860 in Vejle, christened July 29. All of the children were christened at Sankt Nicolai parish church in Vejle. In the 1860 Danish Census just before Thomas Christian’s birth the family was living in Vejle City. Georg was listed as a journeyman carpenter. His widowed mother Johanne Ortmann was living with them.

**Conversion**

About this time Andrea’s brother, Anders Peter and his wife embraced the Gospel of Jesus Christ and were baptized members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They took care of the Mission Home for a short time, before leaving for Utah in May, 1861.

The Mormon missionaries contacted Georg and Andrea Petrea, and after a few visits Andrea was converted, but Georg was stubborn and didn't want to have anything to do with the Church. In fact, the night before
Andrea was to be baptized he got up in the middle of the night, took his gun from a closet and left. Andrea was frightened and pretended to be asleep but, when she was sure he was out of the house, she arose, knelt down and prayed earnestly that he would not kill himself. Several hours passed and Georg returned, put the gun back in the closet, and went back to bed without knowing she was aware of his absence.19

The next morning, Georg asked her if he could go to the baptism and she answered that he could if he so desired but she was going with the missionaries. Secretly, early that morning she had been prompted to put his white clothes in the suitcase with hers. At the site of the baptism, her name was called but Georg stepped forward and announced that he would like to be baptized first. J. P. R. Johnson was the missionary who baptized them.11, 19, 29 The date was July 20, 1861.29

Georg and Andrea Petrea’s sixth child, Gjertru Johane Catherine, was born March 13, 1863 in Uhre Skov, a beautiful little forest overlooking the city of Vejle. She was blessed in the Vejle Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.30

About the time of their emigration, many Danish saints changed their names to American versions of their names. Thus, Georg Ludvig became George Ludvig.

Emigration

George and Andrea decided to join the Saints in Utah, so they left their families and friends and all their material things, and with their five living children: Johanna Frederikke Wilhelmina, August, Antonie Sine Louise, Thomas Christian, and Gjertru Johane, set sail for Copenhagen on April 7, 1864.13, 14, 28, 31 They traveled with Andrea’s brother, Ole Hansen Rose, and his family.12

The mission leaders chartered the ships and trains and fixed the prices for each person.32

In the beginning of 1864 war broke out in Denmark. Prussia and Austria crossed the Eider River on February 1, 1864, and commenced hostilities against the Danes over Schlesvig-Holstein, the territory between the two countries. This war ended in Danish defeat. A number of missionaries were forced to leave the mission field to take up arms in defense of their country or to emigrate to Utah.33 In the latter part of March, the German Army drove the Danish Army further and further into Jutland. There was danger of the harbors being closed, so the emigrants were ordered to leave as early as possible for Copenhagen.34

At Copenhagen, many of the Saints stayed in a large rented hall. From there they could hear the booming of cannons from the bombardment on Alsan Island. The company had some trouble with the police, who were out looking for deserters.34 Various emigrants kept records of their journey. One of them commented:

We left but few friends, our religion had made us contemptable and degraded in their eyes, this of course made the parting all the easier. We had become strangers among our own people, and we were going now to gather with those who were one with us in faith and in spirit.32

Two groups left Copenhagen in 1864. We are not certain which group the family traveled with.

On April 10th, at 5 p.m., the Swedish steamer L. J. Bager sailed from Copenhagen, carrying 350 emigrants from Sweden and Norway and some from the
Fredericia Conference, Denmark, in charge of Johan P. R. Johansen. George and Andrea and their family may have traveled with this group since Johan Johansen had baptized them.

On April 13, 1864, the English steamer *Sultana* sailed from Copenhagen, Denmark, with 353 emigrants from the different conferences in Denmark, excepting a few from Fredericia, who, on account of the war, had to go direct to Hamburg. This company was led by President Jesse N. Smith, returning home from a successful mission to Scandinavia. Elder and patriarch John Smith left with this company, returning home to Zion. The Gronemans could have been on this ship because they later crossed the plains with the John Smith Independent Company.

These companies of Saints went by steamer to Lubeck, Germany. One passenger said:

> I soon found it was not so pleasurable to go to sea as I had anticipated, especially for those not accustomed to the ocean and in such a crowded condition as we were in.

> We were but fairly out of the harbor when the heaving of the vessel began to cause a peculiar sensation as though my stomach was displeased with its present location causing a feeling that was all together unpleasant.

From Lubeck they took the train to Hamburg, Germany. One of the passengers commented on the trains as follows:

> It was my first ride in a railway train, and that was the case with a good many even among the older people, for in the country from where we came people do not travel much. . . .

> I enjoyed this my first railroad ride immensely.

About 8 p.m. on April 12, they left Hamburg on the steamer *Zebra*. They arrived at Hull about 5:30 and left the same evening for Grimsby, where they arrived at 9 p.m. on April 14. Here the night was spent in a large barn. On the 16th, the other Danish emigrants arrived in Grimsby. They all stayed until 5:30 a.m. on April 21, when they left by rail for Liverpool, arriving there at 2:00 the same day.

> I am glad and lucky that I am among those that shall travel to the mountains. I am lucky that I have a testimony in my heart that I am among God's people. This fills my heart and gladdens my soul. . . . The brethren treat us as if we were foster children. They are always trying to do something for us.

Several of the emigrants wrote about their impressions of England:

> It is very beautiful here in England, the mountains are beautiful, the trees are green and in leaf, the flowers are in bloom and are so fresh. Here is nature's beauty but people just take it for granted. . . . Here it isn't very peaceful. There are many small children crying and disturbing us, so we can't think clearly. We don't have much room; we can touch each other when we lay in our beds.

> When we landed in England we soon found it was a strange land and we were among a people whose language we could not understand nor could they understand us. We were here sheltered in some large warehouses or building of some such kinds but as we now had little more
room and got access to our bedding. We made our beds at nights upon the floor, and had a good rest as our stay was prolonged for several days. As I was looking around in that neighborhood one day and with curiosity beholding what was going on in this new world, I would frequently listen to the conversation between men to try to catch some word that I could understand but in vain, it was all sealed to me. I remember as I was pondering over this strange affair I noticed a rooster, and saw him flap his wings just as a rooster would do in Denmark, and was almost surprised to hear him crow exactly as a Danish rooster would do. I came to the conclusion while men in different lands spoke different languages, that rooster language was the same throughout the world.

Crossing the Ocean

Of the Mormon companies crossing the water under sail, the two largest were transported over the Atlantic in the largest sailing ship used by the Saints—the Monarch of the Sea. This 1,979-ton square-rigged clipper ship was exceptionally strong and fast, built with three decks, three masts, a round stern, and billethead. According to one of the passengers, she was "an excellent vessel, large, roomy, new and clean."38, 39

The company, totaling 974 English, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Swiss, French, Welsh, Irish and Scottish Saints, sailed from Liverpool on April 28, 1864. Elder John Smith, patriarch to the church, presided over the emigrants. His counselors were Elders John D. Chase, Johan P. R. Johansen, and Parley P. Pratt, Jr. Master of the packet was Captain Robert Kirkaldy.39, 40

The Saints were delayed a week at Liverpool on account of the ship's crew being short of sailors.37 Finally, the emigrants were assigned to their quarters and received rations of bacon, meat, peas, potatoes, flour, cereal, pepper, mustard, sugar and vinegar.36

On Sunday April 24, they had meetings on board and also a meeting in Liverpool, where Brothers Cannon, Romney, and Taylor preached, giving splendid sermons.41

On Monday, April 25, the ship was towed away from the dock and into the river, where it anchored so they could get everything in order. A woman delivered a healthy baby boy.35, 41 The following day Brother Cannon and the doctor came on board to examine the passengers. All passed except two Danish families who had to return home because of illness. The Saints swept the decks and cleaned, while the sailors prepared the ship to sail.41
The ship waited in the river another day, waiting for more seamen. Several of the passengers kept journals referring to the voyage. Brother Finlinson noted:

The captain has been off all day trying to get more but has not got them yet. We want about twenty men more. There is a good deal of dancing tonight among the saints. We expect to get off tomorrow. 41

On April 28 the Captain returned with some more sailors and they started to heave anchor about 9:30 a.m. About 10:30 the tug towed the ship out of the harbor a long way into the sea. After they got out a bit a Cornish man, not belonging to the saints, jumped overboard and drowned himself. They passed the Welch Mountains about 8:00 p.m. Already four marriages had taken place on board. The tug boat left about 10 p.m. 41

We had not been long on board this vessel before we learned that we were in a rough company as far as the crew was concerned. They treated the people worse than beasts, if they happened to be in their road on the deck they would kick and push them out of the way having no regard for either women or children. 32, 34

April 29 was very calm, with little progress, only two or three knots. Some more marriages occurred. 41 They spent the day distributing provisions. The Church furnished hardtack, pork, peas and a little white flour, sugar, coffee and a few other things. The ship was to furnish water, which was only a small portion daily. 34

One of the great difficulties that soon presented itself to us was that the ship was altogether incapable to cook for so large a crowd of passengers, and that the men in charge of the kitchen was inexperienced hands who were thus employed, working their passage. Rations was divided out consisting in Oatmeal, Rice, peas and meat and perhaps a few other articles. I think a few shrunken potatoes was given once or twice and coffee and tea was in like manner distributed. Each family was to bring their kettle with what they wanted boiled to the kitchen door and was to have it cooked in their turn, but when it was found that the kitchen was entirely inadequate this rule was not observed. The stronger crowded their dish to the front, while that belonging to the weaker and more modest ones was left behind. It was many days that many got no cooking done at all, but had to satisfy their cravings by knawing the hardtacks of which we had plenty. 32

This condition soon led to quarrels and hard feelings.

Even saints do not want to starve nor see their little ones cry for something to eat. Our condition was most deplorable. The meat we got could be smelled from one end of the vessel to the other when the barrells were opened, it was almost a wonder that it did not explode the same before band, so strong as it was. When we did happen to get our Oatmeal peas or rice cooked as a rule it was not fit to eat being scorched, it not being tended to as the men had not the experience and so many vessels to look after, not the time. For those who had sickness in the
family this condition of course was very trying as nothing could be had such as would tempt the appetite of the afflicted ones. And we had not been aboard many days before sickness made its enroad into many families.  

April Saturday 30--A very calm morning on April 30, with almost no progress. A wind arose creating a rather rough sea during the next few days and the passengers were nearly all sick, unable to eat. Most of them slept a good part of the time. One marriage occurred and one child died. [There was seven on guard last night two middle and upper].

Finally on May 4 the sea calmed and the sick were carried on deck to get fresh air. After two days of recuperation, with the ship nearly at a standstill, a nice wind arose and the ship moved nicely along. Provisions were again distributed. However, the wind ceased and the ship made very little progress, hardly moving. . [May 5, a Danish child was buried this morning.]

Two children came down with the measles soon after sailing. With the close quarters and poor facilities, the disease spread until it became a catastrophe, many children being buried at sea. There was also considerable sickness among the adults.

One of the passengers noted:

It soon became a common thing to have several deaths a day. I think about 60 [41-45 according to other sources] children died which included nearly all the little ones found among us. One old man closed his earthly career on board the ship but I think he was the only grown person who died. The disease among the children was said to be the measles, but why it should prove to be so universally fatal I can not now understand, and is rather inclined to think that it was the scarlet fever, and perhaps both. It was truly a trying time for parents and relatives of the little ones. No sooner was life extinct, but they would put their body in a coarse sack together with a piece of iron and dump them over board without ceremony. The iron being in the sack to cause the body to sink.

Andrea focused her attention on four of her own children who were suffering with measles. Among those buried in the Atlantic was George and Andrea’s six-year-old daughter, Antonie Sine Louise. August, their oldest son suffered with measles about this time and in consequence was a cripple for life. Those were times of hardship, affliction and sorrow, such as must be experienced to fully understand.

Many good talks were given by Brothers Smith and Johnson from Norway. Often the Saints sang songs, played and danced. Prayer was held both morning and evening.

On May 6, Brother Finlinson wrote:

There was some fun on deck with tight rope dancing. There was a child buried 2 months old.

Saturday 7--A splendid wind struck up today. All on board prayed to God last night for wind and we got it today. He heard our prayers. We are going about 8 knots an hour. We had partridge for breakfast this morning. I never enjoyed them better than I did this morning. There is some people looks very sick yet. There is a good deal of dancing on
deck this evening.

Sunday 8—There was no wind this morning. There was a boy buried this morning 7 years of age, of fever and there was a marriage of English people.

We had prayers on deck this afternoon. There was a good wind this afternoon a little in the wrong direction giving us about 7 knots an hour. The Captain was rather frightened of the storm.

Monday 9—Fine wind this morning in the right direction. A boy fell down the hatchway and was nearly killed. A child died today. The wind blew very strong all day. . . It rained all night through and the wind was very strong. The sailors had to take some of the sails in it was so windy. It was like dismasting the ship.41

During the voyage, a seven-year-old girl liked to play on deck in the coil of the sail rope. One day, as it was being unwound, her foot caught and only her mother’s quick action saved her from being dropped overboard. This was a frightening experience for both of them.43

On May 10 a terrible storm arose, tearing the ocean into mountainous waves. The hatches were battened down and no passengers were allowed on deck for three days, adding to the misery of the passengers, especially the sick.42 Brother Finlinson recorded:

Very wet this morning. There was a most dreadful squall this morning. It was like to tumble the ship right over. Boxes was tumbling and women and men tossed in all directions. The water came over the ship sides and continued all day without ceasing . . . There was no cooking, but breakfast. The cook could not stand in the galleys.41

One child was tied to a timber with a rope by his father to keep from being hurled about by the pitching of the ship. An old man had a big kettle of cooked peas, which he sat down to enjoy. Soon he was sliding back and forth under his berth in the peas.44, 45

The next day, a fine wind blew them in the right direction at about 8 knots an hour all day. Another ship sailed beside them all day.41

On May 12 a strong wind broke two jib beams. The sailors had a very long day repairing them. With the ship moving about 10 knots per hour, they were forced to take in some of the sails.41

On Friday the 13th, Brother Finlinson wrote:

Tremendous wet and stormy last night. She went 12 knots an hour and in the morning it blew hard until afternoon. The boy that fell down the hatchway the other day and there was an old man died today that had been poorly for a few days. They were both thrown over board immediately. This evening the vessel heaved from one side to another. There still keeps a good many sick. A child died.41

The strong wind continued the following morning. After giving out provisions, a tremendous storm set in during the afternoon and continued all night and into the next few days. It was too stormy and cold for prayers on deck, as cold as the middle of winter.41

On May 16 another child was thrown
over board. They were close to the banks of Newfoundland and expected to see some ice very soon. The next day the wind remained high and in the right direction. Two or three more children were cast into the sea. A ship from New York passed them. On May 18, Brother Finlinson wrote: \[41\]

The wind changed this morning but a very fine morning. Made very good progress. Some more children thrown over board. I cannot tell how many have died exactly yet. We have been very busy cleaning out the decks and sprinkling lime on to sweeten the berths out.

Thursday 19--A very calm morning; making little progress this morning. About 4 o'clock there were two ice bergs passed us, one about the size of this vessel and the other 60 feet high. They would have smashed us if they had come near us. Some more children died during the day.

Friday 20--A calm morning again very little wind. Busy receiving provisions today. Past two ice bergs this afternoon most bitterly cold when we passed them as cold as Christmas nearly. One child thrown over board today. . . A little toward evening very foggy. We passed a vessel today.

Saturday 21--Very calm still. We passed a good deal of ice and it was most dreadful cold. . . A good deal of the people on board bothered with looseness of the bowels, and some very sick. Still very foggy.

Sunday 22--A fine wind this morning. We passed a steam vessel this morning. She had sailed about three days from New York. On guard from 3 o’clock until morning. Preaching on deck this afternoon. One child thrown over board, Danish.

Monday 23--It was a very stormy night last night to sail very much. The wind continued strong until afternoon then it changed a little. Two more children thrown over board today belonging to the Danes. Very cold still, yet.

Tuesday 24--Not much wind this morning. Very still. They are busy painting and cleaning preparing for New York as fast as they can. . . Another Danish child thrown over board today.

Wednesday 25--A nice breeze this morning. . . Three Danish children thrown over board today. The wind was very much against us this afternoon and very thick and misty. \[41\]

The next few days calm winds alternated with fine winds. Provisions were given out for the last time. On the evening of May 28 land was sighted, “The beautifulist evening I ever saw.” On May 30 they were delayed by a fishing boat. The next day they passed Blasts Island. Finally, on May 31 they saw two islands called Long Island. \[35\] The pilot came on board to guide them into the harbor. \[41\] A brother reminisced:

I think it was about June 1st that our eyes first beheld the shores of the new continent, the promised land, for which home and its comforts had been sacrificed. . . now all who was well enough was cheerful. The long and tedious voyage with all its trials and hardships were complete. Here
before the eye was the green shore of "Josephs Land." It was to us a cheerful sight we thought now the difficult part of the journey was completed, and though yet there were several thousands of miles to be traveled before we would reach our destination, "the valleys of the mountains," it would be a journey by land and being tired of the ocean we hailed the prospects of the change with joy. We were in tow of a little steamer and soon came to anchor in the bay.32

On June 2 a tug came about 10 o'clock and fastened to the ship. It towed the Monarch of the Sea into the harbor, where the ship cast anchor. On the way they passed splendid scenery. The doctor came on board and passed all the passengers.41

In spite of the fierceness of the storm and the fear that the ship would never land, they finally arrived at Castle Garden, New York. Because of the terrible epidemic and loss of life, they were afraid they would be held.p

Several passengers commented on their arrival:

What great happiness there is to set foot upon the beautiful American land, and that Joseph blessed this land to be set aside for some day to be for all the Lord's people.36

We had a ramble through New York it is a nice place and all along as we go it is beautiful to behold.41

After leaving Castle Gardens June 3, 1864, George and Andrea and their family went immediately on board the steamboat St. Johns and, about 6 p.m. that evening, left for Albany 150 miles up the Hudson river.41,48

After traveling all night, the company landed in Albany about 4 o'clock in the morning on June 4.32, 35, 41, 48 Brother Finlinson noted:

It is a beautiful place. Lays on the River Hudson. . . Started from there on the train; there was about 22 cars on the train. We passed some of the most splendid places I ever saw. Pen cannot describe them.41

Another brother reminisced:

After a while we boarded the first railway train in America and though
Every coach was full to its utmost capacity, we were pleased with the cushioned seats and comfortable arrangements found in [this] European railway car. We began to enjoy our ride by rail in this new land where everything looked so strangely different to what our eyes were accustomed to behold. It was only for a time however for we soon found out that this journey soon would become tiresome also.

Already worn out and tired, and some sick among us, and none having for several nights enjoyed a recuperating slumber so much needed for all, and especially for people in our condition, we soon found when the eye got weary of looking at the sights and night approached that the limited space allowed for each did not afford a very comfortable condition for sleep and rest so much needed.32

The group stopped for a little while at Rochester about 5 o'clock in the morning on June 5. It was a very large place on the Genesee River. At 1 p.m. they came to a little town named Buffalo, which lay on Lake Erie River. After changing cars, both people and cars crossed the river on a steamboat and landed in Canada about 4 o'clock. They passed through Brentford at 8 p.m., where they got provisions, and continued on.35, 41

The company was ferried across the St. Clair River to Detroit.34, 35 From Detroit the journey was tedious, with much stopping and delaying for lack of cars since the government was using the cars in the Civil War. Often the Saints traveled in box cars or cattle cars because that was all that was available.49 The cars were furnished with temporary hard seats without any support for the back.32 That night a fire broke out in one of the train cars, which burned a lot of their clothing.35

One morning a little after sunrise they stopped in a village and as they were anxious to get some milk, one of the immigrants went to buy some. While he was paying for it, the train pulled out without him. A wounded soldier took him to the next station about 5 miles away, where the train agent got him on the next train for Chicago. There he was put on the express and arrived in Chicago an hour before the immigrants.34

A passenger wrote:

I sometime think of those times in contrast with our present way of traveling. How impatient we get if our trains do not make close connections, if we have to wait a few hours we think it is very inconvenient, and if it happens that we must wait till next day we consider it outrageous and declare that company ought to be prosecuted for neglect. Not so with us we waited with patience, though many felt weary and worn out with fatigue, few felt that they had a right to complain.

Our train was a slow one being frequently sidetracked to be out of the way of other trains, and thus we were delayed for hours at the time.

Our leaders claimed that the railroad company was to blame for this treatment but how the matter stood we of course had no opportunity of knowing. It was during the war of the rebellion, when everything almost was in an unsettled condition in the United
States, and this condition of affairs may some how [have] been the cause why the company could not furnish passenger cars for us to travel in.

Our condition was uncomfortable on the first train but it became ten fold worse in box cars.\textsuperscript{32}

On June 7, the train passed through Battle Creek, Michigan and along Lake Michigan, arriving in the evening at Chicago, Illinois.\textsuperscript{35, 41} After spending the night in Chicago, they left at 10 a.m. on June 8, this time in passenger cars.\textsuperscript{32} After passing through Oswego, they arrived at Quincy at 11 o'clock on June 9 and crossed the river into Missouri.\textsuperscript{41}

The ruins of whole towns, laid waste by the terrible struggles of the Civil War, were visible along the way.\textsuperscript{34}

On Friday, June 10, after a very wet night, the train slipped on the wet rails and the saints were very uncomfortable in cattle cars. The train arrived at St. Joseph at 8 o'clock and the Saints slept in a shed all night.\textsuperscript{41} St. Joseph, Missouri, was the end of the railroad line.\textsuperscript{32}

St. Joseph was not much of a place at the time when we arrived there. We were dumped off near the Missouri River on the sand. If there was a depot we were not taken to it. Perhaps if there was one, it would have been too small to accommodate our crowd.\textsuperscript{32}

The company boarded a steamboat at St. Joseph and left at 4 p.m., slowly paddling up the Missouri River.\textsuperscript{32} They slept on board the boat all night. It was rather cold, but dry.\textsuperscript{41} The steamboat ran on to a sand bank and the sailors had to work to remove it.\textsuperscript{50}

The following morning they saw 4 Indians, the first they had seen.\textsuperscript{41} After passing Nebraska City, they landed about 7 miles north at Wyoming, Nebraska on June 13 and camped on the Platte all night.\textsuperscript{33, 41, 48}

After landing in Wyoming we were permitted to scatter about among the brush and build our camp as best we could, and every body were soon busy at work. Only few in the company had tents, those who had were considered the rich. The rest built huts by throwing brush upon poles erected for the purpose, and an effort was made by some to have these huts with sumac bushes and other brush in a manner to keep out the rain. But this last effort did not prove much of a success. Our brush houses answered quite well to keep out the sun but when it rained we were in pitiful condition. For it did rain and rained as we had never seen it rain before. . . never had we witnessed such pour down before, nor such thunder and lightnings.\textsuperscript{32}

The tents proved not to be much better: The tent that was so kindly furnished us proved to be of but little good to us as it could not stand the storm and we being inexperienced with tenting did not know so well to pitch it securely. I remember several nights . . . when the storms came up [we] would get up and cling to the poles with all our strength in the hope of holding it secure, but it would be only for a while and then it would go down notwithstanding our efforts. After a while we learned by experience to pitch it more securely.\textsuperscript{32}

One of the first things the immigrants did
was to wash their clothes. A good supply of soap was provided by those in charge. Water was free and plenty and a little wood could be gathered to heat the water.  

The little village of Wyoming, situated near old Fort Kearney, on the west bank of the Missouri River, was the outfitting place for the emigration. The immigration agent, Joseph W. Young, furnished the immigrants with excellent provisions—flour, ham, bacon, rice, sugar, apples, beans, etc., the best that money could procure. Provisions were distributed every other week. The chaplain called them together mornings and evenings for public worship.

We had not been long in camp until we found disease prevailing among our number to an alarming extent. The change of climate and the change in living at the same time being exposed to all kinds of weather brought on sickness. This time it was primarily grown persons that became afflicted. It was by some called the choler. No matter what disease it was it was bad enough, and attacked both young and old, some slightly and others severely, and in quite a number of cases resulted in death.

Crossing the Plains

Before starting on the journey, each family head agreed to pay $60.00 per person. Few saints were able to purchase teams of their own and travel in an independent way across the plains. From Wyoming most of the Scandinavian Saints were taken to the Valley by Church teams. About 170 teams were sent from Utah that year to the Missouri river for the immigrants. The Saints were delayed for several weeks while they waited for the Church teams from the valleys to take the poor to the Valley. When the teams arrived from Utah, they were loaded with merchandise almost to their full capacity, each person allowed only fifty pounds, including bedding and all.

Twelve persons were assigned to a wagon, but every man, woman, and child who was able had to walk. Men and women were expected to wade the Platte and other rivers.

George and Andrea joined an independent wagon train of Scandinavian Saints under the leadership of Patriarch John Smith. It consisted of 150 people and 20-30 wagons, pulled mostly by ox teams, the horses belonging to the scouts and officers of the train. Elder John Smith was the son of Hyrum Smith and Jerusha Barden. His mother passed away in 1837 and soon after his father married Mary Fielding. In 1855 John Smith was ordained Church patriarch by President Brigham Young. Patriarch Smith had considerable experience crossing the plains, having led a company in 1860. The company left Wyoming in July, 1864.

The first stretch of country was the easy rolling plains of Nebraska which were covered with a verdant growth of buffalo grass. The road was crude—just a rutty, dusty, winding, seemingly endless pair of ruts through which those before had labored.

They were joined later by more wagons in charge of Captain Patterson. Thomas Christian Groneman later reminisced:

Coming to Utah we had a covered wagon, drawn by a team of mules. Father was a very good shot with a rifle, he having fought in the war of
1848 and learned to be what they call a sharp shooter. He used to go out and kill game for our company. ... he killed many deer, rabbits and antelope while traveling to Utah. Only seven days after starting, they lost their baby girl, Gjertrud, one and one-half years old. She was buried along the trail in an unprotected grave.

Their hope for better roads was dashed when they reached the Platte River, at Fort Kearney, about 80 miles from Julesberg. The prospects of fording the river were appalling. Little consolation as it was, those who went first usually had the chance to dry their clothes properly, and the agony of fear was not so long-lived. It took two days to cross the Platte. Sometimes it took 20 yoke of cattle to pull one wagon, with water waist deep.

In the first ford there was one entire wagon and the oxen lost, the driver barely escaping with his life. This experience was enough to try the hardiest of men. ... Often, the last wagon to cross would have to continue along with the train, allowing the owners no time to properly dry their clothing. But this was nothing new—sudden rain storms often fell on the weary travelers, drenching them and turning the road into a sea of mud that was as sticky as glue.

After leaving the Platte River the country became more broken. While the road bed was more firm and usually not so dusty, in some places it merged into fine heavy sand, and it was gruelling work to get through. Every morning the travelers rose early, women to prepare breakfast, wash dishes, pack up for the march, etc., while the men loaded the wagons, and yoked the oxen. Every spiral of smoke away from camp, every sound, every cloud of dust meant a potential enemy—the Indian, or a possible buffalo stampede. At night, after the day's arduous labor was done and they were a few more miles further westward, they gathered around the campfires for thanksgiving services and songs before climbing wearily into their makeshift beds. One of their favorite songs was "Come, Come Ye Saints."

Sterling Haws helped guide the trek. After getting his group ready, he mounted his horse and rode ahead to look for Indians and for a place to camp, with plenty of grass and water and, if possible, wood for fires. The group followed closely the wagon tracks of previous companies of saints. Brother Haws recounted:

Sometimes it was a short distance to the next camp and sometimes it was way into the night before we reached camp. We would draw the whole company up in a circle, with the wagons behind each other. Then on one side was [a] gap left to drive the stock in and out of. We would gather the stock in here to catch them and this also served as a protection in time of Indian attacks. After the circle was formed, you would see each family busy preparing their humble meal. After the meal, if weather permitted and [there was] no sight of Indians during the day, there...
would be a meeting or a dance and maybe both. Out in the evenings air on a grassy plot, under a starlit sky, we would gather in a group. Here you could hear those pioneers singing the wonderful hymns of the church or the music and merry making of the dance. It was great to feel that something that gave us determination to go on. After the days tasks were over the relaxation under the clear blue sky and [to] silently commune with the Maker was some thing money couldn't buy. [To] awaken early ready for another day and to always trust to a greater power for guidance and protection . . . is what we gained from our experiences on the plains. “Sacrifice brings forth blessings.”

At night, after a hard day's drive, the women did the washing, mending, cooking, and baking, as well as nursing the sick.

Death in our company was a frequent occurrence and the men being so weary and weak in body that it was difficult to get anyone to dig the graves. Indeed it was generally a shallow hole that was made and there the dead body was deposited of course without coffin, and without anything to mark the resting place of the weary traveler.

The Indians were very hostile that year and signs of depredation committed by them were visible along the road. The few settlers had deserted their sod houses.

One day we passed a house right by the road side, it was burning slowly, and about two or three rods from the house laid a man dead presumably the owner of the place having being killed by the Indians that same day, perhaps not an hour before we arrived on the scene.

The Indians had taken out of the house what they wanted and then fired it. They had emptied the feather beds and the contents were flying round by the breeze. They evidently thought they had no use for feathers, there custom not demanding so soft a bed.

We traveled on so far as could be observed altogether unconcerned. I think it was but a day or two after this or perhaps the same day that we came across a company of eleven teams, that had been shot down both men and beast. . . A company of soldiers just left the spot as we came along having buried the dead all in one tomb. . . Notwithstanding these and similar things I do not think that anyone was afraid in our company. Death with us had become so common, and it seems as though all had become careless and unconcerned by their own toils, sorrow, and hardships.

When the company neared Fort Laramie, the oxen started dying. Before they reached the Sweetwater, they had lost nearly half their oxen and the loads got too heavy for the others. At Willard Springs, the captain of the freight team died and Brother Sharp went 50 miles to a telegraph station and sent a dispatch to Salt Lake City for a metal coffin, 80 yoke of oxen, and provisions. Meanwhile they made a rough coffin. Patriarch John Smith, who had been their captain from Copenhagen and took the Independent Company across the plains, hitched his horse with the captain's, and he
and Brother Nielson planned to take the corpse to Salt Lake City, but the next day they had to bury him because of the hot weather.\textsuperscript{34} Brother Nielson wrote:

\begin{quote}
We drove through Devil's Gate in the middle of the night and buried him at the tree crossing, then when the coffin came, we took him up and put him on the train, but before the oxen and provisions came, we had been without grub for several days.\textsuperscript{34}
\end{quote}

Captain John Smith telegraphed from Deer Creek on September 2: “I am here with 20 wagons, Scandinavians; have lost 20 cattle. Can we get help?”

The message continued:

\begin{quote}
This is an independent company and any who have relatives and acquaintances in Capt. John Smith's company will confer a favor by sending them some 10 or 12 yoke of oxen. We have not received any list from this company, and of course cannot inform our readers who are in it.\textsuperscript{47}
\end{quote}

After traveling over one thousand miles,\textsuperscript{32} Captain John Smith's independent train of immigrants arrived at Great Salt Lake City on Saturday, October 1, 1864.\textsuperscript{47, 48} They rested a few days and attended their first general Church conference. The city and the beautiful temple slowly rising in the desert inspired them.\textsuperscript{42}

**Life in Utah**

George and Andrea left Salt Lake City and traveled to Provo, Utah, arriving the week after the October conference,\textsuperscript{54} where they were met by friends.\textsuperscript{11}

They settled in Provo, where they lived the remainder of their lives.\textsuperscript{13} Their first home was constructed of adobes.\textsuperscript{54} Sage brush, burned in an open fireplace, provided heat that first winter, then wood was used afterwards. They had no stove.\textsuperscript{54} George was a carpenter and it did not take him long to build a home for his family, with the help of his wife's brother.\textsuperscript{11} Utah County, Utah, Land Records show that George Groneman purchased Lot 5 [the northwest corner lot] in Plat 3-A from Mayor A. O, Smoot on April 15 1872. The Groneman home was located at 508 South 300 West.\textsuperscript{57}

While living in Provo, three more children blessed their family. George was born June 24, 1865. Peter joined the family on May 31, 1867, and Ane Andrea arrived on August 7, 1870, making a total of nine children.\textsuperscript{28}

The children attended Mrs. Oakley's school, a little two room adobe house, located between 500 and 600 West on 500 South.\textsuperscript{28} Few scholars had books and the children borrowed from one another.\textsuperscript{54}

George and Andrea’s son, Thomas Christian Groneman, commented on their lifestyle at this time:

\begin{quote}
Our first light was a tin pan filled with grease with a rag . . . commonly known as a greasy bitch. Afterwards we used tallow candles made at home.\textsuperscript{54}
\end{quote}

Their food consisted of potatoes and fish; a little milk, bread made out of bran; shorts made into gruel (flour was scarce), pork and beef when they could obtain it. Suckers and trout were plentiful, also mountain herring, in the early days. The mountain streams were full of fish. Suckers were found mostly in Utah Lake. Beans and vegetables were common. Sugar was not available for years after their arrival. Later, sugar cane was grown. It was cut in the fall and the juice crushed out and boiled into molasses, which
was considered a great treat. Butter was not available in their home for many years, (never until I was about nine or ten years old). However, some of their friends had butter in their homes.54

Sego bulbs we dug and ate merely for change. We were never so poor that we had to eat them. After we came to Utah we in the fall of the year, would go up into the canyons, Provo Canyon, Slate Canyon, and pick service berries, elder berries, wild strawberries, haw berries, [and] wild grapes. We also picked dandelions and catnip and other things like that to use. We made tea out of strawberry leaves.

The Indians . . . were great beggars. The bucks made the squaws do all the begging and the work. They used to camp every year in the lane north of the First Ward pasture. The only shelters they had as I remember were tents. I do remember going fishing one day and catching a trout which weighed about 12 pounds. On my way home I met some Indians and they begged it from me. I suppose these Indians were Utes. 54

After they had been in Provo a while, George bought a pig, or rather he traded his work for one, and from then on they raised their own pork.54

When Thomas was old enough to shoot, he hunted along the shores of Utah Lake for wild ducks, geese, and snipe, and in the mountains for deer and antelope. Rabbits were plentiful in the fields and foothills in and around Provo. 54

The family wore wooden shoes for many years. The clothes were homespun, made by Andrea—coats, vests, shirts, and hats. Later, leather or bullhide boots were worn.54

Thomas worked in the fields as a boy and also gleaned wheat after the cutters got through. He helped yoke the oxen at times. His recollection was that husking bees were not much fun because husking corn was hard work.54 As for farming, he said:

We had no machinery such as we have now. Grain was harvested by means of sickles and cradles. We used wild hay of course, as it was the only kind to be had for stock feeding. It was cut with scythes, and sickles.

My father made his own spades out of wood, covering the blade with a piece of iron. He also made his own rakes out of wood. The plows he bought, I do not know where. He also purchased his harrow. 54

George joined the United Order in Provo. He sold his farm, which was a very small one, and turned in the proceeds to the Order. He stayed in the order only a short time and apparently never received anything back.54

Besides their own children, George and Andrea raised three of their grandchildren—Hanna and Millie Madsen and Emma Gronemann, having lost a daughter and son in their early-married years.28

Social life was not much according to Thomas:

We would have house parties where games were played. I don't remember much about them. . . in my boyhood the snow would fall deep enough to almost cover the fences. I have walked on thru snow when it was deep enough that I could walk over the fences. It was much colder those days than now, in the winter. Perhaps it is because we dress much better,
but I think the climate has become warmer. 54

According to Thomas, George was a very high class carpenter and cabinetmaker and shared his earnings with those who needed it.54

Many beautiful homes were built by the Gronemans, and his son and grandsons were also building contractors.11 George labored on the old and new tabernacles. His foot was frozen while shingling the tabernacle, and this caused him great suffering during the remainder of his life and eventually caused his death.11 George Jr., his father, and brothers erected many fine edifices in Provo, such as the Brigham Young Academy, county schools, old Provo Tabernacle and many of the palatial residences in the city and vicinity. One of the homes that gave him much pride was the "castle" on 400 West and 200 South. George Jr. later recalled that they put 16 coats of varnish on the front door until it was like glass.28

George was a good violinist and often toured Sanpete County, playing for dances and bringing back all kinds of produce as pay. The entire family was talented in music and was taught and encouraged by their father. He served as President of the County Scandinavian Organization and was valiant in raising money to allow others to emigrate to Utah.11

George’s Death and Burial

George Groneman was a High Priest at the time of his death in Provo on August 12, 1905.58 He was buried in Provo City Cemetery.59

Andrea Petrea’s Death and Burial

In spite of all her hardships and suffering, Andrea had a strong testimony of the gospel and was always happy and thankful that they had come to Utah. She spent the last ten years of her life living with her daughter, Anna G. Martin, and on September 18, 1915, at the age of 89, Andrea passed away.16, 19, 60 She was buried in Provo City Cemetery.61

References for George Ludvig Groneman and Andrea Petrea Rose


2. Kongens Lyngby, København, parish register 1641-1806 (Arkivalieronline): Image 217, page 239b (and FHL film 048,307) Year 1773 [2nd column] Births and parents the 29 August was Musicant Friderich Christian Gronemann, new son christened called Christian Friderich. The witnesses were Gaardmand Mathis Nielsen's wife, ____ Anna Pedersdatter, Mathis Nielsen, Niels Knudsen, Mathis Hiulmand, all of Lyngbye. [lines show unreadable text]
3. Groneman family temple record book [an account of family names and births].

4. Odense Sct Knud, Odense, parish register 1742-1797 (Arkivalieronline): Image 412, page 205, Year 1781, the 6 January was Chirurgus [Surgeon] Monsieur Ortman, his child christened and called Johanne. Hans Møller ____’s wife carried her [to the christening], Jomfru Sara Lundhoft ___ hos. The witnesses were Worm Brende____, Belman Skæder, __ : Jørgensen. [lines show unreadable text]

5. 1834 Danish Census (Danish Demografisk Database): Vejle, Bjerre, Skjold, Schjolde Bye, , Degnebolig, 2, FT-1834 [house of the parish clerk]
Navn, Alder, Civilstand, Stilling i husstanden, Erhverv , Fødested
Christian Frederich Gronneman, 59 , Gift, , Skolelærer og Kirkesanger, [1775] school master or teacher and church singer or cantor
Johanne Ortmann, 54 , Gift, , hans Kone, [1780]
Juliane Frederiche Gronnemann, 25 , Ugift, , Deres Børn, [1809]
Georg Ludvig Gronnemann, 10 , Ugift, , Deres Børn, [1824]
Laurs Pedersen, 6 , Ugift, , Pleiebarn, [1828] foster child - relative of mother
Karen Marie Jensdatter, 15 , Ugift, , Tjenestepige,


7. 1840 Danish Census online and FHL film 039,164: Vejle, Bjerre, Skjold, Skjolde Bye, , en Gaard, 20, FT-1840
Navn, Alder, Civilstand, Stilling i husstanden, Erhverv , Fødested
Jens Hansen, 36 , Gift, , Gaardfæster og Selveier,
Kirsten Mortensdatter, 36 , Gift, , hans Kone,
Anders Jensen, 11 , Ugift, , Deres Børn,
Hans Jensen, 7 , Ugift, , Deres Børn,
M. Peter Jensen, 5 , Ugift, , Deres Børn,
Johan Jensen, 3 , Ugift, , Deres Børn,
H. Jørgen Jensen, 1 , Ugift, , Deres Børn,
B. Marie Holgersdatter, 24 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk,
Søren Madsen, 28 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk,
Georg Gronemann, 17 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, [1823] servant

9. 1845 Danish Census online (also on FHL film 039,262) : Vejle, Elbo, Erritsø, Snoghøi, , , 148.2, FT-1845
   Navn, Alder, Civilstand, Stilling i husstanden, Erhverv , Fødested
   Johan Frederik Kyster, 39 , Gift, , Forvalter paa Snoghøi, Sehefeldt sogn
   Ane Cathrine Kyster, 34 , Gift, , Hans kone, ??Jendrup sogn Haderslev amt
   Johannes Kyster, 5 , Ugift, , Deres barn, Heri sognet
   Louise Kyster, 3 , Ugift, , Deres barn, Heri sognet
   Charlotte Kyster, 2 , Ugift, , Deres barn, Heri sognet
   Chrestiane Jacobsen, 17 , Ugift, , Tjeneste-tyende, Eskerod sogn Gottorp amt
   Susanne Marie Nohr, 26 , Ugift, , Tjeneste-tyende, Fredericia
   Ane Frantzen, 25 , Ugift, , Tjeneste-tyende, Heri sognet
   Dorthe Petersdatter, 24 , Ugift, , Tjeneste-tyende, Heri sognet
   Maren Jørgensdatter, 27 , Ugift, , Tjeneste-tyende, Heri sognet
   Niels Peder Mortensen, 29 , Ugift, , Tjeneste-tyende, Smidstrup sogn Veile amt
   Jacob Kohrt, 31 , Ugift, , Tjeneste-tyende, Borbye sogn Kieler amt
   Hendrik Geertsen, 31 , Ugift, , Tjeneste-tyende, Esherod sogn Gottorp amt
   Jens Jørgensen, 26 , Ugift, , Tjeneste-tyende, Heri sognet
   Georg Gronnemann, 22 , Ugift, , Tjeneste-tyende, Skiold sogn Veile amt [1823]
   unmarried, servant, born Skiold parish, Vejle County
   Hans Pedersen, 30 , Ugift, , Tjeneste-tyende, Veilbye sogn Odense amt
   Søren Justesen, 62 , Ugift, , Tjeneste-tyende, Heri sognet


11. Jones, Emma, sketch of George L. Groneman. Typed manuscript in possession of the compiler.

12. Rose, Guy B. Some Episodes in the Life of Anders Peter Rose. Typed manuscript in the possession of the compiler.[Direct quotations are extracted from a handwritten personal ledger which Anders Peter Rose wrote in 1892 and added to February 15, 1905.]


Kart__’s datter? Madssine, Skipper Rasmus Glud, baadfører Johan Christensen Hvitfeldt and ______ Niels Winding’s [wife?], Stad_ Jens:; all in Vejle.[Also FHL 053,706, Bk. 6, pp. 175-176]

16. Kirkwood, Ella. (1897, July). A Biographical Sketch of Mrs. Andrea Groneman. [Recorded in the Mutual Helper, a book of the histories of ward members. A copy was given to Alton F. Groneman, grandson of Mrs. Andrea Groneman by Helen Durrant Sovine, September, 1964. One book was held August 1964 by Inez Swasey, a daughter of Ida Alice Peay Durrant, presently living in Duchesne, Utah.]


18. 1845 Danish Census: vejle, Nørvang, Vejle Købstad, , , Nørregade no. 36 abc, 1, FT-1845 Navn, Alder, Civilstand, Stilling i husstanden, Erhverv , Fødested
   Peder Glud, 57 , Gift, , Købmænd, Horsens
   Christiane Marie Møller, 35 , Gift, , Hans kone, Vejle
   Maren Hansine Magdalene Glud, 13 , Ugift, , Deres barn, Vejle
   Peter Jørgen Glud, 8 , Ugift, , Deres barn, Vejle
   Jens Peter Møller, 19 , Ugift, , Handelsbetjent, Vejle
   Peder Iversen Hansen, 22 , Ugift, , Tobakspinnersvend, Egtved sogn - Vejle amt
   Johan Christian Henrichsen, 18 , Ugift, , Handelslærling, Ebeltoft
   Adolph Andersen, 18 , Ugift, , Handelslærling, Bogense
   Hans Nielsen, 28 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, Skibet sogn - Vejle amt
   Niels Christian Nielsen, 27 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, Gjellerup sogn - Ringkøbing amt
   Anders Marcus Christensen, 25 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, Hover sogn - Vejle amt
   Peder Nielsen, 33 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, Egtved sogn - Vejle amt
   Iver Nielsen Bech, 34 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, Jelling sogn - Vejle amt
   Knud Lauritzen, 32 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, Hvejsel sogn - Vejle amt
   Knud Sørensen, 24 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, Give sogn - Vejle amt
   Jens Peder Andersen, 27 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, Gaurslund sogn - Vejle amt
   Thomas Madsen, 58 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, Andrup sogn - Skanderborg amt
   Peder Johansen, 17 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, Jelling sogn - Vejle amt
   Frederikke Jacobsdatter, 40 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, Nykirke sogn - Vejle amt
   Ane Knudsdatter, 27 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, Løsning sogn - Vejle amt
   Ane Kjerstine Salling, 24 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, Hover sogn - Vejle amt
   Andrea Petrea Rose, 19 , Ugift, , Tjenestefolk, Vejle [1826] servant


Gronemann, christened in the church the 5th April. Parents: Tømrer Georg Ludvig Gronemann and wife Andrea Petrea Rose, 30 years, both of Vejle. Witnesses: Gaardmand Rasmus Jensen's wife from Kjærbølling [Bredsten], the child's mother, Skrædder Anders Hansen from Hostrup, Murer Niels Eriksen and Stenshugger Conrad Dehnhardt, the 3 in Vejle.


27. 1860 Danish Census: Vejle, Nørvang, Vejle Købstad, Vejle Købstad, , Søndermarken. D 39 c, 477-F1, FT-1860
Name: Age: Marital status: Occupation in household: Occupation: Birth place:
Georg Gronnemann ?? 37 Gift Tømrersvend Skjold
Andrea Rose 34 Gift Kone Veile
Johanne Gronnemann ?? 8 Ugift Barn Veile
August Gronnemann ?? 5 Ugift Barn Veile
Sine Gronnemann ?? 3 Ugift Barn Veile
Hanne Ortmann 70 Enke Aftægtskone Odense

28. Biography of George Gronemann [born 1865]. Typed manuscript in possession of the compiler, with note by Heber Glen Harrison [the three children were 2 daughters of Johanna Frederikke and 1 of August Groneman].

29. Vejle Branch Record (Family History Library Film 041,948). Salt Lake City, Utah: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints., Book 1196, 1851-1867, entry 147, p. 175, and entry 147, p. 177, Georg Ludvig, born 6 May 1823 Skjolle, bapt 20 Jul 1861 in Sondermark by Elder J. P. R. Johansen, conf 28 Jul 1861 by Elder L. Jensen. Emigrant. Vejle Branch Record (Family History Library Film 041,948). Salt Lake City, Utah: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.


31. Scandinavian Mission Emigration Record (025,696(3), p. 21, entry 7, Andrea, age 36, wife; Andrea and George Groneman family emigrated to Utah April 1864 (025,692), p. 79; (298,433), p. 29; went to Provo, Utah


43. Stromberg, Bertha Seaman. Swen Erickson and Family, Pioneers of 1864. In The Year of


55. Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. (1849-1885). European Mission Emigration Records (Crossing the Ocean Index), (Family History Library Film 025,690), Salt Lake City, Utah.
56. Utah Immigration Card Index (Crossing the Plains Index). (1847-1868). (Family History Library Film 298,442), Salt Lake City, Utah: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. (reference Journal History of the Church, September 30, 1853, p. 6)

57. Utah County, Utah, Land Records. Plat A. Block 3A. George Groneman purchased Lot 5 from A. O, Smoot, Mayor, on 4/15/72 and filed on 4/15/1872, recorded in Book B, p. 315.


Notes: References at the end of paragraphs usually apply to the entire paragraph.