

# Lane Joseph Bertelsen

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I would have liked to have known this great, great, grandpa of yours. He sounds like a really fun smart guy. Thanks for writing this essay. I had to keep smiling when I read it! Great job!!

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Lane Joseph Bertelsen was born on August 2, 1897, in Monroe, Utah. He died on October 19, 1981, in Marysvale, Utah where he lived most of his life. Lane's grandpa was from Denmark and was among the first to travel to Salt Lake City after hearing about the Church and then later moved south to Monroe to settle. Lane is my great, great grandpa on my mom's side. My grandma grew up in Marysvale just up the street from him and she shared all her favorite memories with me.

The home Lane grew up in was a hotel. Since his house was a hotel, they had a doctor living with them. The doctor lived in one room and saw his patients in another room. They had other people rent out the rooms too. The house is still there and every time we go to Marysvale we drive by to see it.

My grandma described Lane as extremely funny, intelligent, inventive, patient and adventurous. Because Grandpa Lane was so adventurous and smart, he got bored easily and had many different jobs throughout his life. He raised racehorses and turkeys, he delivered mail by airplane, he was a mechanic with his own shop, he was a miner and he fixed TVs and TV towers.

One story my grandma told me about his sense of humor was that one-time Grandpa Lane was stuck at a red light, when the light turned green his car would not start. The person behind him kept honking at him, so he went to the person and politely said, "Why don't you go fix my car and I will sit here and honk at you."

Lane was known for his inventions and how smart he was. One of the things he built with his dad was a roller coaster. He also fixed cars and had a car lift in his garage when my grandma was a kid. The garage is still there in Marysville but is now a restaurant.

One day somebody was in town giving plane rides. Lane paid the man to do a bunch of plane stunts. That's when he really got into airplanes. Lane started to collect parts to build a plane. He had to travel all around the country to get the parts he needed, and he traveled by train. He finished building his plane in Texas and he had to fly it home. He got a few tips from other pilots he met along the way but mostly taught himself how to fly. He followed the train tracks to get back home. Once he flew 100 miles in the wrong direction because he didn't know how to turn the plane around.

Lane was very adventurous. My grandma told me a story about one of his adventures from 1923. Lane was flying his plane and it caught on fire. He was able to fly it low enough so he could jump out. Lane jumped off the burning plane and did a beautiful dive into Taylors Lake in Texas. He then claimed to be the champion high diver of the world. After that he crashed his plane twice more. On the second time he couldn't fix it, so he sold the parts and moved on to his next adventure.

I think Lane was so interesting to write about because we are both very funny. I think Lane is so unique because he loved to fly, and he was super smart. Lane was a very good man. My grandma was lucky to be able to spend a lot of time with Lane. I am proud to be his great, great granddaughter.