

Saga Of The Sanpitch



Painting by Lawrence Anderson, Gunnison, Utah

Volume 11

1979

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XI

Containing

Winning Entries

for the

1979 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Also

Pictures of grave stones in Sanpete's

Old Cemeteries

And

Rules for entering

The 1980 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Sponsored by

Manti Region of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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By Lillian M. Fox

For

Manti Region of the Church of Jesus Christ of latter-day Saints

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SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

With this issue of Saga of the Sanpitch, another gem of local history is added to our priceless collection. Past issues, the supply almost exhausted, are fast becoming collector's items. For anyone desiring to "sell out", there is a ready market available.

Strangers in Sanpete often ask the question: "What is meant by Saga of the Sanpitch?"

A saga is a long, heroic narrative, a story or a legend. The word comes from a medieval Scandinavian (specifically, Icelandic) historical or legendary prose narrative. It is a story, sometimes poetic, having the saga form or manner, often chronicling the history of a family. It denotes a long, extremely difficult ordeal or painful experience. "Saga" could be applied to any settlement established with personal sacrifice and trials.

For those unfamiliar with the area, Sanpitch is a name given to a small river that drains one of the valleys in beautiful Sanpete County. Beginning in Milburn, north of Fairview, appearing more as a ditch or a creek, the Sanpitch flows southward for about fifty miles, gradually widening its course, until it empties into the Gunnison Reservoir. It is named after Sanpitch, an Indian Chief, who is believed to be a brother of Chief Walker.

Just as the Sanpitch is the result of drainage and underground flow, giving life to this semi-arid region, so the Saga of the Sanpitch seeks the underground flow of human events, unpublished, unknown to most of us, but events that touched the hearts and shaped the lives of men and communities. Like the flowing wells, the essays, stories, poems, and anecdotes continue to come forth to blossom and enrich our lives.

Lillian Fox

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Historical Writing Committee proudly presents the names of those who have given of their time and talents to make Volume XI of the Saga of the Sanpitch, a completed issue. A hearty thank you is extended to all for their willing service, devotion to heritage, and interest in fellowmen.

JUDGES: (All Sanpete residents):

Bruce Jennings, A native of Canada, the family came to Utah when he was seven and settled in Ephraim when he was 14. He graduated from Snow College and the University of Utah, received a master's degree from the University of Oregon. He worked for the Forest Service for four years and then began teaching at Manti High School. He served as principal at Manti High for several years and then went to Snow College, where he taught until his retirement three years ago. He has since been a VISTA volunteer and a part time journalist. He married LaRue Paulson. They have two daughters.

Max E. Aycock, A graduate of Vernal High School, Brigham Young University, and the University of Utah with a master's degree in English. He filled an L.D.S. mission in California. He moved to Ephraim in 1969 and is now the assistant Dean of Instruction at Snow College. He married Sonia Peterson and they have five children. Mr. Aycock is very interested in the study of Indian life.

Diana Major Spencer, A descendant of early Utah families, she grew up in Salt Lake City, graduating from South High School. She earned a B.A. degree from Lake Forest College in Illinois; an M.A. from Longwood College in Virginia; and a Ph. D. from the University of Utah, where she continued as a faculty member for several years. Medieval English literature and the development of the humanities are her major fields of study and the English language (grammar, history, dialects). She became a 'member' of the Bailey family of Jerusalem at the age of seven, and now lives in Mayfield with her husband, Jon F. Spencer, formerly of Richfield.

Note: The judges were granted permission to make slight changes in the essay category to accommodate the type of entries submitted. The decision of the judges is final.

Picture Section. The committee extends a special thanks to Albert Antrei of Manti for the entire picture section and the comments. Mr. Antrei has been a teacher in local schools and now makes many fine contributions toward local history projects.

Cover. The cover picture entitled, **This Old House,** is by Lawrence Anderson. Mr. Anderson, who lives in Gunnison, is a former art instructor at Gunnison Valley High School. Art is one of his hobbies.

Stake presidencies of the Manti, Gunnison, Moroni, and Mt. Pleasant Stakes.

Committee Members: Mrs. Lillian Fox, Chairman, Mrs. Mildred Johnson, and Mrs. Sarah Hougaard, Manti Stake. Mrs. Gertrude Beck, Gunnison Stake. Miss Jessie Oldroyd, Moroni Stake. Mrs. Koleen Peterson and Mrs. Betty Ramsey, Mt. Pleasant Stake.

Secretary & Treasurer: Mrs. Vivian C. Hermansen, Ephraim, Utah.

Typist: Mrs. Marilyn Stewart, Gunnison.

Proofreaders: Marie Sanders, Gunnison and Diana Spencer, Mayfield.

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Note: An index of authors and titles of all materials in **Saga of the Sanpitch,** Volumes I through Volume X, will soon be available. Copies will be found in the public libraries of Sanpete county and with members of the Saga committee.

**WINNERS IN THE
1979 SANPETE COUNTY HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST**

THE SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Professional Division

<u>ANECDOTE:</u>	DOC AND THE HORSE TRADERS	First Place
	FIRST TRAIN RIDE	Second Place
<u>HISTORICAL ESSAY:</u>	LEDGERS	First Place
	CAPTAIN GUNNISON'S FOLLY	Second Place
	INDIAN MARY	First Honorable Mention
	THE GREAT GUNNISON VALLEY	Second Honorable Mention

Senior Citizen Division

<u>ANECDOTE:</u>	THE RIDE AND TIE TRIP THAT FAILED	First Place
	THE ALL-DAY SUCKER	Second Place
	WHAT DID WALKER WANT?	Honorable Mention
<u>HISTORICAL ESSAY:</u>	ISAAC BEHUNIN: EPHRAIM'S FIRST SETTLER	First Place
	THE MANTI LAIDES; LITERARY CLUB	Second Place
<u>PERSONAL RECOLLECTION:</u>	FUN ON A SHOESTRING	First Place
	MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH FAIRVIEW CANYON	Second Place
	MEMORIES OF EPHRAIM	First Honorable Mention
	THE WOOL HOUSE	Second Honorable Mention
<u>POETRY:</u>	YOUNG BOY, OLD "TEACHER"	First Place
	REMEMBER WHEN?	Second Place
	LITTLE MABLE	Honorable Mention
<u>SHORT STORY:</u>	ERNESTS' BOUNTY	First Place
	LITTLE MABLE	First Honorable Mention
	LUXURY	Second Honorable Mention

Non-Professional Division

<u>ANECDOTE:</u>	RIFFLING PAGES	First Place
	A SNAKE IN THE CELLAR	Second Place
	TICK-TACK	First Honorable Mention
	PONDS AND CREOSOTE	Second Honorable Mention
<u>HISTORICAL ESSAY:</u>	LOGS, ROCKS, AND ADOBES	First Place
	MAKING BRICK IN MANTI	Second Place
	ISAAC BEHUNIN, TRULY A PIONEER BUILDER	First Honorable Mention
	FOOD, FIBER, AND FUNDS FOR OUR FOREFATHERS	Second Honorable Mention
<u>PERSONAL RECOLLECTION:</u>		
	THE SIX SEVENTY-FIVE CLOCK	First Place
	OUR FIRST TRIP TO SALT LAKE	Second Place
	WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE CALSS OF 1924?	First Honorable Mention
	THE FLOOD, OR WHEN ALL HELL WAS TURNED LOOSE	Second Honorable Mention
<u>POETRY:</u>	HOLLYHOCKS	First Place
	SLEEPING CIVILIZATION	Second Place
	BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE	Honorable Mention
<u>SHORT STORY:</u>	WASH HANDS, THANK YOU	First Place
	GRANDMOTHER’S TRUE STORY	Second Place
	OH! WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY	First Honorable Mention
	THE APPLE	Second Honorable Mention

RULES FOR SANPETE HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST

1. The Sanpete Historical Writing Contest is open to all interested persons who live in Sanpete County and to all former Sanpete County residents.

2. Contestants may enter in one of three divisions: Professional, Non-Professional, or Senior Citizen. Each entry must state clearly the division in which it is to be entered. Each division will be judged in five categories: Anecdotes or Incidents, Historical Essay, Personal Recollection, Poetry, and Short Story.
3. Cash Prizes will be awarded as follows: Historical Essay, Short Story, and Personal Recollection, 1st, \$25.00; 2nd, \$10.00; Poetry, 1st, \$20.00; Anecdote 1st, \$10.00; 2nd, \$5.00. Third place will be awarded "Honorable Mention" and will be included in the Publication, SAGA OF THE SANPITCH Volume 12.
4. Essay, anecdote, or personal recollection articles must be written on a historical, pioneer, or Indian theme, based on true happenings in Sanpete County during the years 1849 to 1929. Poetry and short story must be consistent with life in that period of time in Sanpete history and must be based on actual events, existing legends, or traditions.
5. All entries must be the original work of the contestant and should be in keeping with good literary standards. Anecdotes and historical essays taken from family histories, or histories of our area or county, must be authentic can fully documented. Source of material for poetry, personal recollection, and fiction, whether written or verbal, must be stated.
6. The entry must never have been published or must not now be in the hands of an editor and other person to be published, or must not be submitted for publication elsewhere until the contest is decided.
7. Only one entry in each category may be submitted by each contestant. Only one cash award will be presented to any individual in one year. A person winning first prize in any category for two consecutive years must wait one year before entering again in that category. He will, however, be eligible to compete for first place in either of the other categories.
8. Three copies of each entry are required. Names or other means of identification must not appear on manuscripts. Each entry must be accompanied by a separate 8 ½ by 11 inch sheet bearing name and address of author, title, and first line of poem, story, essay, anecdote, or personal recollection. Also, the division in which the author wishes his entry to be placed must be stated.
9. Manuscripts must be typewritten and the number of words or lines written on the first page of entry.
 - a. (Winners will be announced at a special awards night which will be held for that purpose.)
10. Former Sanpete County residents who follow writing as a profession, or who have had, or are having any materials published in any book or magazine shall be considered professional writers.
11. Any person who wishes to enter the contest in the Senior Citizen Division must be past 70 years of age and must include the date of birth on the identification sheet.
12. Judges are to be selected by the Contest Chairman and members of the SAGA committee with the approval of the Stake and Regional authorities. Judges have the right to award or not award prizes or honorable mention to entries. The judges' decision will be final.

13. Entries must be postmarked no later than March 31, 1980. Writings not accompanied with a stamped, self-addressed envelope will not be returned.
14. All entries must be addressed to Sanpete Historical Writing Contest, Manti, Utah 84642. They may be submitted to any member of the SAGA OF THE SANPITCH committee.
15. In evaluating the writings, the following criteria will be considered:
 - a. Poetry – Length must not exceed 50 lines
 - i. Message or theme
 - ii. Form and pattern
 - iii. Accomplishment of purpose
 - iv. Climax
 - b. Historical Essay and Personal Recollection, Length must not exceed 1500 words.
 - i. Adherence to theme
 - ii. Writing style, (interesting reading)
 - iii. Accomplishments or purpose
 - iv. Accuracy of information
 - v. Documentation
 - c. Short story – length must not exceed 3000 words
 - i. Message of story
 - ii. Plot development
 - iii. Characters and their presentation
 - iv. Writing style
 - v. Documentation
 - d. Anecdote – length must not exceed 300 words
 - i. Accuracy of information
 - ii. Clarity of presentation
 - iii. Writing style
 - iv. Documentation

Note: Contestants are encouraged to take all reasonable care to submit their writings in conformance with modern rules of English sentence structure and punctuation. However, documented historical information is of major importance.

DOC AND THE HORSE TRADERS

Halbert S. Greaves
Salt Lake City, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Anecdote

Old horses are often called nags or skates. We called Doc a skate because it showed more affection. He was a lovable, cussable old skate, with personality. A small reddish-bay riding pony, he was the slowest, laziest, and had the hardest gait of any pony Father owned, whether trotting or loping. He was often ornery with teen-agers: he could elude me for half-an-hour when I tried to bridle him out in a pasture; but for Father he would stand still as a dog hoping to be scratched behind the ears. With children he was patient and gentle; they could walk behind him, between his front legs, or under his belly without fear.

Talk about smart! If a gate was locked with wire looped over the gate-post and a stationary post, Doc could lift it up and get out; if it was locked with a two-by-four that slid into a slot, he could un-slide it.

In winter, we used him only to ride to our feed-yard about two miles from home. That task gave rise to this incident: About 1919, Father told our hired man he could keep Doc at his home and ride him to our feed-yard to feed the livestock. But during the fall he sold Doc to travelling horse traders. We were angry to think he had treated our pet so cavalierly. We would never see him again! How wrong we were! Shortly before Christmas my next-older brother came into the house shouting, "Doc is back!" We rushed into the yard, and there he was, with harness marks showing on his chest and sides. He had been put to work pulling something, become "fed up" with such indignity, escaped and walked home. From where? We didn't know, but the horse traders were from Nevada. We pampered him until he died of old age.

FIRST TRAIN RIDE

Kathy D. Ockey
Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas
Professional Division
Second Place Anecdote

The people of Moroni best remember Lynn for his sense of humor. Each time he visits, he makes them laugh with the same old jokes that he has used forever and that were old even when he first told them. His sense of humor must have begun early because it was already evident when he took his first train ride in 1917 or 1918. It was also evident that his sense of humor was more developed than his theological knowledge.

At this particular time, he was less than ten and his mother was sending him from Moroni to Salt Lake City to visit some friends. She helped him board the train and, being a little worried about his going so far alone, she talked with the conductor, who agreed to help this little boy who was on his first train ride.

After Lynn was situated, the conductor decided to ask some of the usual questions designed to keep young boys out of mischief on long train rides.

"Well, Sonny, where did you get the lovely golden curls?" He asked innocently enough. But instead of the normal answer of from Mommy or Daddy, Lynn answered not so innocently:

"Oh, the Lord hammered them in."

So much for the educational process that informs little Mormon boys about the mysteries of the heavens.

Source: taken from the life story of Lynn Floyd Peterson.

LEDGERS

Kathy D. Ockey
Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas
Professional Division
First Place Historical Essay

The lamplight flickers and casts shadows on the table. Dr. Franklin squints as he bends over his correspondence. As usual, the Murray Boarding House, with its out of the way location, is quiet now that supper is over. There is no noise to disturb him and if it weren't for the flickering of the lamp, he would have no distractions at all. As it is, the changing shadows hinder his progress. The fact that his eyesight is not what it once was doesn't help matters, but then, his health is not what it once was either. Many things can happen to help men age prematurely.

Just lately, there had been the fight to get statehood taken away. That arrogant Smoot—"a fool," he thought, "going to Congress with his Mormon ideas and ways and expecting to be accepted." Any group of people who would elect him didn't deserve statehood. But the whole mudslinging mess had done nothing more than aggravate his spinal ailment.

Even more recently, there had been that affair at the Yankee mine. The insurance had finally settled and paid on the death of the man, but a suit was still pending on whether or not the mine was at fault in the death. As owner, Dr. Franklin knew that proper safety measures had not been taken, but hopefully on one else knew and it would not come out in court. As it was, the worry had caused a flare-up in his pelvic condition that was still bothering him.

To complicate matters even more, the gospel was not growing here in Ephraim the way it should and that caused him concern. He had written the brethren that he felt the field was ripe here among these Scandinavian people. Since his own wife was Scandinavian and she had accepted the truth so readily, he was sure that her fellow countrymen would too, but he had been wrong. Perhaps she was not as typical of her people as he had thought. For whatever reason the parish here remained small, and few of these "saints" recognized the truth found in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Right now, the brethren were none-to happy with his missionary work here in Central Utah, especially since he had incurred so many expenses with so little reward. This situation didn't help his health either.

Turning from his letter, he stretched his back, rubbing the sore spot as he did so. Absently, he flipped through the contents of his ledger.

Stopping, he picked up a particularly irritating note. He really had to do something about that lady in the Midwest that he met on one of his business trips. She had taken him seriously and was really planning on marrying him when he came back that way again. In this note, she asked for money again because she was not earning enough to make ends meet. He knew now that it had been a mistake to send her some last time when she asked but he had felt so guilty and it had seemed a small enough penance. Now she was even more insistent and he was in another tight spot. He rubbed the spot on his pelvis that hurt.

Next to this unfortunate letter was a message from his daughter, Catherine. She was in California traveling with her mother. Thinking of her made his whole body feel better. She was such a beautiful young woman and she did enjoy absorbing culture and nice things. Thank the Good Lord that she hadn't taken a fancy to any of these Mormon boys.

The relief that he felt was short-lived, for stuck to the back of her letter was the telegram that he had just received saying that another check drawn on the Franklin Mining Company had been returned for insufficient funds. At this particular time, Dr. Franklin's existence was rather hand to mouth, but if he could have seen into the future, he wouldn't have worried so much, for in a few short years, his mining company would strike it rich on Mt. Baldy.

He shut the ledger, placing a letter for a new elixir inside. Stifling a yawn, he climbed the kitchen stairs to the room where he always stayed during his periodical visits to Ephraim.

He kept ledgers for the span of years covering 1898 through 1903. Perhaps his visits started before this period and continued after the last ledger ends. But whenever this last visit was, a dozen or so ledgers filled with correspondence, receipts, and telegrams belonging to Dr. Peter H. A. Franklin were left behind.

For some reason, the ledgers were placed on the backstairs when they were boarded over and made into a pantry. Whether this happened by design or accident will probably never be known. The fact that some of his mining deals could not bear close scrutiny may have been the motivation behind the odd placement of the record of these deals. Or, perhaps the fact that he did strike it rich on Mt. Baldy in January of 1903 caused him to be so busy that he forgot his records. Perhaps it was as simple as the owners not knowing what else to do with them so they stashed them there rather than destroying them.

Whatever the reason, they lay in that rotting, hidden staircase until rural renewal in the form of remodeling freed the records and allowed Dr. Franklin to take his place as a colorful part of local history.

Source: Book and journal entries of Dr. Peter H. A. Franklin, 1898-1903.

INDIAN MARY

Eleanor P. Madsen

Ephraim, Utah

Professional Division

First Honorable Mention Historical Essay

"Her edifice of strength still calms our fears.

She left a lamp to shine through all our years."¹

Mary Thompson, affectionately known as "Indian Mary," did, indeed, leave a light to shine for those who knew and loved her in the community of Ephraim where she lived for seventy years.

At the time when Mary was six months old, she and her mother had been captured by a band of Indians who took them to Spring City. Here they placed the mother and her baby in a wickiup with a guard stationed to watch them so they wouldn't escape. During the night the guard fell asleep and Mary's mother left her on the ground and escaped. No doubt the mother knew if she stayed that both she and the baby would be massacred. No one knows if the mother was able to return to her Navajo people in Arizona.

When the Indians discovered that the mother had escaped, they wondered what to do with the baby. It looked as if they would kill her. It was then that Caroline Thompson Black's husband, Joseph,

offered the Indian a hundred pounds of wheat for the baby. The trade was made and the baby was taken to Caroline's father, Peter Peterson Thompson, in Ephraim where she lived until she was grown.

Mary was a "dear member" of the Thompson family and did much to help them in their declining years. When Mr. Thompson was stricken with cancer she helped care for him in those days, cloth was very scarce and Mary "patently washed all the bandages that were used in the care of the cruel sores." After Peter died, Mary stayed in the home and cared for his wife, Mary Hansen Thompson, exhibiting the same tenderness she had in caring for Mr. Thompson.

A son, Peter Thompson, also lived in the home at the time his first son was born, his wife died. Mary took care of the little boy. "Became his slave," until he, too, died at the age of six with diphtheria. Mary mourned stoically. For weeks and weeks she kept little food in her stomach, although no one could tell from outside appearances that she was mourning.

As Peter married again, this time to Marie Peterson, Mary decided to leave and for a time made her home with the Canute Peterson family and was "much loved" by them.

Later, Mary moved into a small, one room home at 150 East Center Street in Ephraim. Although the room was crowded with many things, it was always neat and clean. A small, coal stove with four lids stood on one side of the room. The stove and pipe were always so shiny you could see yourself in them. A bed, a table, a book case and two chests completed the furnishings. A rack on the back of the door was her clothes closet.

During the early years Mary lived in this home, often Indians would come around begging. She was very sensitive about this and would pull the shades down and not answer the door when the Indians knocked.

Mary was extremely independent and would carry water in a bucket from an outside tap and coal from the pile at the back of her house while walking with crutches. Sometimes, she would let the little boys, Neal and Knute Peterson and LaVor Taylor, help carry the buckets.

Mary had her one leg amputated at the knee when she was young. There are several conflicting stories regarding how this happened. One story states that she was born with a bad leg and developed tuberculosis in it, which caused the need for amputation. Another tells that she was exploring an unfinished house as a child in Ephraim and fell the height of the room, splintering the bones so that they did not heal and had to be removed. A history of Mary says that when Professor Anthony C. Lund, a grandson of Canute Peterson, went to Provo to study music, Mary was sent to care for him. He rented the upstairs of a house. There was no railing around the landing. One night Mary stepped off the landing and fell to the ground, breaking her leg. It was set but would not heal. Finally it had to be amputated.

Even though Mary walked with crutches, she was able to make a living for herself. She became a dressmaker. She was an excellent seamstress and tailoress. She went to the homes where her services were needed, charging 50 cents a day. Many homes in Ephraim were blessed with the skill of her hands as she designed beautiful coats, suits and dresses. May sewed often in the home of P. C. Peterson for the six children in the family. She made suits and coats for the three boys from clothing the father had worn. The boys were always proud to wear anything Mary made for them. The clothes never looked "made over" but were preferred to the boughten suits and coats. At one time she made baseball suits for Neal and Knute who were about nine and ten years of age. They had professional photographs taken wearing the suits.

In addition to her sewing ability, Mary was also an excellent cook. Her dumpling soup was unexcelled. Friends remember that she made the "most delicious divinity they had ever tasted."

Whether it was cooking, sewing or playing, Mary was enthusiastic. She was one of the College's strongest "boosters." There was nothing she enjoyed more than attending basketball games at the college. She had a reserved seat on the front row and was number one in her own private, cheering section. If the opposing team didn't behave just right, she would shake the umbrella she carried at them. Her favorite phrase was, "O you big fool!"

Evan Ericksen and Rulon Peterson were two players on the Snow College team. She was very fond of Rulon and became extremely jealous when he courted and married Maxine Justesen. As the couple invited Mary to their home for dinners, she grew to love Maxine as much as she did Rulon. They became dear friends.

Mary liked baseball and all types of sports. She enjoyed pictures shows. On Saturday afternoon, she and Knute Peterson, a son of P.C. Peterson, "whom she loved as though he were her own," went to the afternoon matinees at the local theater. The films were mostly Western with many incidents concerning Indians. Mary asked Knute's mother not to tell him she was an Indian until after her death. When Mary died, Knute was about 12 years of age and did not know, until she was lying in her casket at the home of Jennie Johnson, that Mary was an Indian. This made no difference in his love for her and he would go often to the cemetery and care for her grave.

In her later years, Mary used to enjoy standing by her curved, wooden picket fence to greet the people who passed by. Whether it was an adult or a child, she enjoyed visiting with him and made many friends through her warm, cheerful personality.

A tribute to Mary from Ethelyn Peterson Taylor has this to say of her:

"When I read in the Book of Mormon about the Lamanites becoming a white and delightful people, I think of Mary. She is proof to me. Her skin was no darker than my olive complexion. She was a distinctive looking, aristocratic lady. My recollections of her were that she always wore a long, black skirt with beautiful blouses and a large, elegant, black hat with satin ribbon and hat pins. Although on crutches, she was regal in bearing, always a perfect lady. She was kind, generous and selfless. Mary was an impressive example of thrift and taking care of one's self. Through the years she saved enough money to pay for her burial expenses. She never knew she was 'deprived.' Mary was a noble, unselfish, intelligent, independent and beautiful character. I shall never forget her."

Mary Thompson was born in 1860 and died in 1930. She is buried in the Ephraim Park Cemetery where many of her friends place flowers on her grave each May time.

Indian Mary is a legend of one of Ephraim's "best loved" citizens. Her life was "one of service and devotion to those who had befriended her."

Sources: ¹Maxine R. Jennings, "A Lamp to Shine".

Jennie T. Johnson and Ethel Thompson Lewis history, "Indian Mary".

Personal recollections of: Ethelyn P. Taylor, LaVor Taylor, Lucille Peterson, Grace Johnson, Rulon Peterson, Olive Thorpe, Ruth T. Langston, and Chauncey Thompson.

THE GREAT GUNNISON VALLEY

Jenny Lind M. Brown

Salt Lake City, Utah

Professional Division

Second Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Tired, travel-worn and probably quite covered with dust and grime, the Abner Lowry wagon train moved slowly into Salt Lake on the 22nd of October, 1866. After weeks of overland travel from Florence, Nebraska, weary members realizing their dream of Zion had finally come true, faced the future with cheerful excitement and thanksgiving.

Among those who traveled farther to the south were my Danish grandparents, converts to the L.D.S. church and just newly married. After a short stay in Manti, where their first child was born, they felt impelled to make one more move to the Gunnison Valley, a broad expanse of fertile farmland. Here they settled and made a permanent home.

Maren, slight of build and gentle in manner, lived the life of a young pioneer wife and mother with courage and sensitivity. Quite appalled by the harshness of winter, she always looked forward to summer-time, forgetting that the western heart, unlike that of her cool, native home, could be just as discouraging. Nevertheless she followed the commandments of Zion's prophet with great faith, knowing if she did, all would be well. Accepting the doctrine of "celestial marriage," Maren shared her husband with a second wife, and then a third, brought eight children into the world, sorrowed at the loss of three small daughters, and passed away herself when only thirty-three years of age. Her short life, filled with heartache and hardship, would surely frighten any of her great-grand-daughters today, yet she was able to create a happy home for her children and instill within them a feeling of love for the spot they called "home."

The following paragraph, taken from the writing of her third child, who was my father, testifies of the happiness he knew early in his life:

"The Great Gunnison Valley! This sounds good to all that helped pioneer the valley, and also to the men and women, who have been reared here from childhood, as I have been. It brings to mind the many days that have been pleasantly spent in the hills and along the river banks, and of our innocent home-life. These thoughts give me great pleasure in knowing and remembering the past as I do. I am happy to see the progress in many ways at the present time, and to realize the blessings which our Heavenly Father has given to all of us, His children."

When I was born, in 1912, many other changes had taken place. Our home had plumbing, electricity, even a telephone; yet my feelings about the great Gunnison Valley are quite similar to those of my father. I, too, feel I had a pleasant, innocent home-life.

Winter, to me, meant struggling to school through icy, drifted snow with my feet unprotected, except by sturdy, high-top buttoned shoes. I soon found it wise to walk carefully in my older sister's footsteps, since wet, cold feet could bring on a horrible ailment called "chilblains," which caused an intense burning and itching all during the long winter day.

I vividly remember one late winter storm, when our Jersey cow was caught down in the pasture with a wobbly, new-born calf. Unbelievably happy, I was allowed to accompany my brother on a rescue mission, helping to pull the little one, tied securely to his homemade, wooden sled, safely back to the barn.

Oblivious to the cold, my thoughts were constantly on the calf, and on old "Bossy," as she bellowed threateningly behind us all the snowy way home.

Our winters were long, too, and dreary; but one glorious day a flock of red-winged blackbirds would appear in a tall, bare cottonwood tree, proclaiming with hoarse voices, "Okalee, Okalee....Spring is here!" and almost simultaneously a brightly colored little meadow lark in a nearby field, would announce with happy abandonment "Gunnison is a pretty little town!" Then we knew spring had surely arrived.

Other birds became a special part of my childhood: the robins, who sang of cheer, yet pilfered ripe fruit from our precious cherry tree; the creek-bottom killdeer, who expertly displayed a broken wing if we came too near her nest; and the swallows, darting high above our heads as they industriously fashioned their mud-daubed village under the eaves of the old Washington School.

Each of the seasons brought special holidays, which seemed to be innumerable months apart. Easter, coming first, meant a Saturday hike to a favorite spot. We children had three choices, the "hat holes" east of town, the cemetery to the north, or the Rocky Point, which jutted upward in the western hills, a barren spot where we stood in awe before a huge boulder which we firmly believed covered the old bones of a primitive Indian man. Each spot, no matter what our decision, was a perfect place to crack our colored eggs before we ate them with thick slices of homemade bread, generously covered with freshly churned, sweet butter.

The Fourth of July began with a burst of gun powder, echoing over and over in the early morning stillness; a serenade at dawn by the city band; a parade, program and other entertainment, followed by a treat of homemade ice cream at Grandma's house. Each event of the entire day remains clearly in my memory, but the most exciting moment came when we girls were dressed fittingly for the day's activities in our newly sewn, ruffled, organdy dresses, and shiny, patent leather slippers. Even the grand finale of fireworks could not compete with the joy of our new "Fourth of July outfits."

Halloween meant carving a grotesque face on a perfectly shaped pumpkin, superstitiously chosen and hidden all during the summer months by its green covering; a walk around the block, through mounds of crisp, newly fallen leaves, and a rapped, "tick-tack" on a neighbor's window from an empty spool, deeply nicked on its wooden rim and propelled by a length of knotted string.

Last and the best, of course, was Christmas, when Santa always made three visits, the first at Sunday School, when each child received a sack of nuts and candy; the second at a gathering of family members, where we all sang carols before Santa's appearance, and the third, silent, unseen on Christmas Eve, when he filled our long, cotton stockings with a hoard of more goodies, and generously left beautiful new dolls or other toys beneath our fragrant, freshly cut Christmas Tree.

It is impossible to mention all those memories, but the one I cherish most is the recollection of my parent's voices: Mama's lovely alto voice as she sang a tender lullaby, "Baby's boat's the silver moon, sailing o'er the sky..." just before I dropped off to sleep; and my father's rendition of an old Danish nursery rhyme, which he sang as he bounced an excited baby on his knee, and which I try to sing today, in atrocious Danish, to my youngest grandchild:

Ride, ride, Ranke,
Hester heder Blanke,
Folet heder Albigræa,
Dem skal, Carlie.
Ride, Paa
Ride, Ride, Ranke!

Yes, Papa, my home-life in our great Gunnison Valley, was just as happy and innocent as yours.

Source: History of my grandmother, Maren (Mary) Christensen Myrup, and of my father, Niels Christian Myrup.
Memories of my childhood.

THE RIDE AND TIE TRIP THAT FAILED

James L. Jacobs
Ogden, Utah
Senior Citizen Division
First Place Anecdote

My grandfather loved the old pioneer way of traveling called "ride and tie." When two travelers had but one horse, one would start hiking and the other would ride. The horseman would ride a half-mile or so at a fast clip, then tie up the horse and start out afoot. The hiker would catch up to the horse, mount him and ride a distance past his companion, tie the horse up and again start walking. They continued to ride and tie until they reached their destination.

Grandpa and I had been logging timber all week on the mountain near Towhead Peak. On Saturday evening we started to ride and tie the ten miles home to Mt. Pleasant for the weekend. Grandpa told me to ride to the forks of the canyon and tie the horse there, and start walking. I decided that was too far for his first walk, so I disobeyed him by tying the horse on the roadside only half way to the forks and hurried on afoot.

I thought Grandpa would find the horse and soon ride past me. He never did. I walked all the way home and worried that he did not come.

Long after dark, Grandpa walked into our home and said, "Golly sakes, boy, what did you do with the horse?" I remorsefully explained that I had ridden a shorter distance than he had told me so he would not have to walk so far. Instead of walking down the road as I expected, he had followed the creek to the forks, so had bypassed the horse and walked the ten miles home.

Next morning my friend took me on his pony up the mountain to the tied-up horse and I rode him home.

I resolved never to disobey Grandpa again.

Source: Personal recollections of the author.

THE ALL-DAY SUCKER

Agnes O. Anderson
Ephraim, Utah
Senior Citizen Division
Second Place Anecdote

It was round and hard and sweet and had a wooden handle attached. They were called "All-Day-Suckers." They were just a penny apiece and would last ALL day long.

It was new and wonderful and of course I would like to try this exciting new confection. So . . . I went to my mother and asked if I might have an egg to buy one. "Please Mother? They last all day. Could I?"

In those days an egg was equivalent to one penny. My mother looked at me thoughtfully a moment and then replied: "My dear, I think you better east the egg." Of course I was very disappointed, but tried not to show it. Then after sizing up the situation she added: "But you may have some honey!"

In those days my folks bought honey in large square tin cans which would set up and go sugary. So I went down in our cool cellar and cut a large chunk of honey, put it on a clean piece of paper, and went out and sat in my favorite place (on top of the gate post) while I had visions of the mysterious treat. The honey didn't quite satisfy my childish curiosity. I was dreaming of the "ALL Day Sucker."

The honey proved to be too much and too sweet, so I climbed down from my perch and went into the house feeling somewhat imposed upon. But my dear sweet mother for all practical purposes must have felt good when she fed me an omelet next morning made from the whole egg.

Sometime later when I was privileged to indulge in this special treat, I found that the "All Day Sucker" did not last ALL Day!

So my mother was right again.

WHAT DID WALKER WANT?

John K. Olsen

Ephraim, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

Honorable Mention Anecdote

The history of Sanpete began June 14, 1849, when the notorious Chief Walker and his horse-mounted warriors (probably his brothers) visited President Brigham Young, the great White Chief, at the settlement of Salt Lake.

Walker told Brigham of the beautiful Sanpete Valley some 100 miles to the south. He told of its livestock potential and of a dream he had had about ten years earlier, of living peacefully with the Mormons. He then asked for men, women, and children to settle there and teach his people how to grow food and live in houses.

In spite of the Walker "invite" and the deeding of Sanpete County to the L.D.S. Church by Chief Arropine (Walker's successor), the Indians never allowed the white man to graze his cattle unguarded. In fact, Walker and his braves stole many cattle from armed, guarded cowherds.

On August 18, 1853, Chief Walker declared war against the Mormons. The causes of the war were known only to the Chief. The fight began at Payson; next day it reached Mt. Pleasant by way of Nephi; and in early August the main disturbance was in Iron County. Here Chief Walker found the settlers moving their personal belongings and even a few houses into Parowan and Cedar City.

It is recorded that then Chief Walker sent this message to Col. George A. Smith, military commander at Parowan. "The Mormons are d—fools for abandoning houses and towns for I do not intend to molest then there, as it is my intentions to confine my depredations to their cattle." He advised the settlers to return and mind their crops, for if they neglected the, they would starve, and be obliged to leave the country. This was not what he (Walker) desired, "for then there would be no cattle for him to take."

Source: History of Southern Utah and Its Parks, Woodbury, p. 137.

Claws of the Hawk, Pearl Baily, p. 132.

Ephraim 100 Years, p. 154.

ISAAC BAHUNIN: EPHRAIM'S FIRST SETTLER

John K. Olsen

Ephraim, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

First Place Historical Essay

My life has covered more than eighty years experience in this Sanpete area, and during that time I have known Ephraim and its history. I personally knew Joseph Horne, one of the original scouts sent by Brigham Young in August, 1849, to explore our Sanpete Valley. He gave me a detailed account of that scouting trip and its subsequent history. Recent research of the history of this area has given me cause for some very definite ideas about Isaac Behunin, Ephraim's first settler.

He was born October 20, 1803, on a large farm in Oswego County, New York. About 1824, he married Maribah Martin, a life-long friend who lived on a neighboring farm. To them were born five children of whom only Isaac Martin Behunin (born September 9, 1831) and William Moroni Behunin (born May 18, 1834) came to Ephraim.

Isaac Behunin joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints just three years after it was organized. From Oswego County the family moved to Kirtland, Ohio, where their child, William Moroni was born and Maribah, his wife, died (1834). Near Christmas time that same year Isaac married Elmina Tyler, another friend of the family. To this union were born ten children, eight before they came to Utah and two after their arrival. Only five of these children left records in early Ephraim, and nothing is said about them after 1861.

The Behunin family with five children reached the Salt Lake Valley in September, just in time to leave with the first group of pioneers to Sanpete (October 28, 1849). Upon reaching Provo, Isaac Martin and William Moroni stopped there and two years later they came to Ephraim. The other members of the family included Isaac, the father; his wife, Elmina; Nancy Maribah, born February 8, 1840, in Hancock, Illinois; Stephen Mosiah, born May 18, 1843, in Hanover, Illinois; and Elijah Cuttler, born November 7, 1842, at Council Bluffs, Iowa. The youngest daughter, Almina, was born at Manti, September 30, 1850.

During the trip from Salt Lake to the Manti Settlement, D.B. Huntington, another of the original scouts to the Sanpete Valley in 1849, informed Isaac that "Pine Creek had more water and the location was better for a settlement than any other place in the Sanpete Valley."¹

The Huntington conversation caused the ex-New Yorker to have a severe case of "farm-fever," an uncontrollable desire for a farm on Pine Creek. In this state of mind, Isaac probably visited Pine Creek several times during 1850 and made definite plans as to where to put his house or dugout, just what land he would farm, and other matters regarding irrigation, ditches, etc. He was intelligent enough to see that time and the Indians would be limiting factors in the upcoming settlement.

Early in the spring of 1851, the six-member Behunin family moved seven miles northeast of the Manti settlement to Pine Creek. There they located west of what is now Ephraim's Main Street between Center and First North Streets. Isaac hauled his belongings down the steep bank of the creek onto the wide

bottom of the eddy room, where the creek's channel turns from a mostly north to a nearly west course, and unyoked his oxen. Here the family was joined by the two elder boys from Provo (1851).

A temporary camp was made by digging into the nine foot high eddy bank and making a long triangular shelf dugout for cupboard and sleeping quarters, four feet above the eddy floor. The excavated dirt was used to raise the adjacent floor about two feet. A shed was built in front of this dugout and was roofed by using their two wagon covers.

Isaac's next chore was to build a yard to control their livestock when not being worked or herded. This was accomplished by constructing two fences from bank to bank across the 60 to 100 foot creek channel. A one-pole fence was built along the steep channel banks.

With the family located in this temporary camp and with a yard to hold the livestock, Isaac and his two grown sons devoted their full time to grubbing brush, plowing, and seeding the virgin soil, plus all other necessary acts to assure grain and produce to supply food for the family.

It was probably the middle of June before they finished the planting and turned their attention from the crops expected to mature that first year. Now their goal was to make the camp in the creek bottom into a more livable home.

This was accomplished by building a log wall on the south and west sides of their present shelter. This formed a rectangular room 30 x 14 feet. A more water-proof roof was next added. The logs for the walls and the material for the roof were found along the creek channel. After the new housing was finished, the men spent most of their spare time grubbing and burning brush in preparation for the plowing of more land.

Isaac's desire for a farm on Pine Creek was not in conformity with church rules, nor did it have any sanction from the Manti settlement. Possibly he kept the idea to himself for fear that some other person would "beat him to it." He was a rancher before a "saint."

By summer of 1853, the Behunin farm consisted of 40 acres. During August of that year, Henry Green and his family came by and expressed a desire to settle. Isaac told them there was only enough water for the Behunin farm and Green was advised to proceed to Manti.

Mt. Pleasant and Spring City were settled in the summer of 1852, in accordance with accepted L.D.S. standards. In 1853, for reasons known only to himself, Chief Walker declared war against all Utah settlers. The results of this action in Sanpete were six persons killed and all the other settlers were driven to Manti where they resided during the fall and winter of 1853-1854. Every burnable improvement left by fleeing white men was burned by the Indians.

A number of important decisions were made that winter at Manti regarding the future of Sanpete Valley. Early in 1854, Isaac probably consecrated (gave) his farm to the L.D.S. Church to retain his good standing in the Church. His was a conflict of church rules and land rules, as the Homestead Law was not written until 1862. There were no land offices in Utah until 1868. Records show that Behunin sold (was relieved of) his farm and water right to a representative of the Mormon Church, Calif Edwards. On Marcy 6, 1854, the Sanpete County Court granted Isaac Behunin the use of the waters of Pine Creek for mill purposes. Incidentally, Fort Ephraim became the fourth settlement the L.D.S. Church purchased before a settlement was made, and, uniquely, it was the only settlement bought from a member of the said church.

Lever, in his history of Sanpete and Emery Counties records that "men from Manti built a one and one-half acre fort astride the irrigation ditch to the Behunin farm on Pine Creek and named it Fort Ephraim." When the fort was completed the Behunin family became pioneers in Fort Ephraim, three years after they first settled there in 1851.

On June 5, 1854, the Ephraim Precinct was organized, claiming all the land and water from Canal Canyon on the north to Willow Creek on the south west of the Sanpitch River. Plans for future Ephraim followed Brigham Young's modification of the Plat of the City of Zion as used in Salt Lake.

During the years of 1854 and 1855, Fort Ephraim was enlarged to include 17 acres, and Fort Manti to include nine blocks. These were the only settlements in Sanpete Valley until 1859, when Mt. Pleasant and Spring City were resettled. Fairview, Moroni, and Fountain Green were also settled that year.

The people who remained at Fort Ephraim moved out of the fort onto their own lots in 1860. That same year Isaac Behunin's water rights on Pine Creek were transferred to Bernard Snow of Manti. Isaac, his son, and Snow built the first flour mill on Pine Creek at 510 East, 4th South, in Ephraim. Tommy Thorpe operated the mill for many years. The first houses were built by Peter Madsen, Henry Thompson, and Henry Beal.

Early in 1861, the Isaac Behunin family, consisting of Isaac, Elmira (his wife), Stephen Mosiah, age 18, Elijah Cuttler, age 14, and Almina, age 11, moved to Springdale. Isaac acquired a farm in the (now) Zion's National Park. In 1872 he sold out for 200 bushels of corn and moved to Mt. Carmel, where he died in 1881. There have been no known Behunins' in Ephraim since 1861.

¹Joseph Horne concurred on this statement. There can be no doubt that D.B. Huntington informed Isaac of this fact on their pioneer trek to Manti.

Sources: Ephraim's First 100 Years, p. 7.

Records of Ephraim City.

Behunin, William Clyde. Letters written to author, 7/17/75 – 8/20/75

History of Sanpete and Emery Counties, W.H. Lever, P. 281, 486, 487.

These Our Fathers, Fannie Thompson Diary, p.77.

THE MANTI LADIES' LITERARY CLUB

1896 TO 1929

Ada J. Eliason

Manti, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

Second Place Historical Essay

It was the evening of November 10, 1896, when twelve Manti women, several of them unmarried schoolteachers, the rest of them, housewives, decided to get together and organize a Club. A Ladies' Club in those days was somewhat of a rare thing, and certainly not too popular with the husbands who thought a woman's place was in the home caring for him (especially him) and the children. But these women felt they had need for something besides church work and the drudgery of housework, and it was time to do something to broaden their interests and improve their intellect.

The two women who instigated the idea were Miss Millie Keller and Miss Louis Keller, both unmarried schoolteachers at the time. The other members were Mrs. William Ellingsford, Mrs. Olivia Burns, Miss Etta Anderson, Miss Ella Hougaard, Mrs. Lodicy Olsten, Mrs. W.K. Reid, Miss Lucy Peacock, Mrs. Mary D. Christensen, Mrs. Christiana Mickelson, and Mrs. Maria Lowry.

No one knows for sure why it was first called the "Bryan Club." Perhaps it was because the charter members were all staunch Democrats, or maybe they were enamored by the 'silver-tongued' oratory of

William Jennings Bryan, at that time candidate for President of the United States. But whatever the reason, when Bryan lost the election to the Republican candidate, William McKinley, the ladies changed the name to the "Manti Ladies' Literary Club." They met every Thursday afternoon, and they studied as well as practiced Robert's Rules of Order very diligently.

There was much opposition to the Club at that time, not only from some of the husbands, but from the Mormon Church as well. Some of the church Officials felt that a Clubhouse was little more than a den of iniquity, and so in order to keep peace in the community, the President of the Temple, John T. McAllister, was invited to attend one of the meetings. President McAllister was unduly surprised to learn that the women were not there for a social gathering, but they were studying literature, government, world affairs, and even better homemaking. He then complimented them on their enterprise, but suggested that they begin every meeting with prayer, which they have done for eighty-three years. From that time on, there was no more opposition from the Church.

In 1901 the Club members realized the necessity for a public library in Manti, and immediately started to work toward that end. However, it was a big undertaking, and it was several years before their dream became a reality; but eventually, along with help from the Commercial Club and other influential citizens, they received a grant from the Andrew Carnegie Foundation, and the Manti Public Library was built. The first thirty-nine books placed in the Library were donated by members of the Literary Club.

Their interests were numerous and varied. In addition to studying good literature, they discussed such subjects as "The Federal Reserve System," the "Problems of National Finance," and the "Promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine." They were also interested in sports, to the extent that they organized their own baseball team. Uniforms? Of course; black bloomers, what else? The results of their athletic achievements were never divulged, but we members of later years, haven't seen any dusty trophies hidden in the Clubroom closet.

Perhaps to appease the displeasure of some of the husbands, they made an extensive study of "Better Homemaking." They learned how to make a better fire in the parlor stove or kitchen range. They learned how to destroy flies, without causing them to suffer a slow death; how good soap should be made; how beds should be made and aired in order to improve one's health and induce sound sleep; how to make a good room deodorizer by burning a little ground coffee with gun camphor. They learned how to dress attractively but also comfortably, and they stressed rules of etiquette and the correct bringing up of children.

As early as 1898 they joined the State and General Federation of women's Clubs and a few years later were instrumental in organizing a District Federation, along with Clubs throughout Sanpete and Sevier Counties. In 1919, the District Convention was held in Manti with the State President, Mrs. E.O. Leatherwood, coming by train from Salt Lake as the honored guest and speaker.

On this occasion, the piece de resistance for the dinner was the proverbial creamed chicken in patty shells. In order that none of the ladies would miss any of the meetings, they prepared the food in the morning and placed it on the radiator of the Church where the Convention was being held, where it would be kept nice and warm until they were ready to eat. Before the evening session was over, the bacteria in the chicken started to take action, and every woman present, except two, one the State President, suffered ptomaine poisoning. Luckily, all recovered, but it could have been the end of the Literary Club had each one eaten more than a dainty portion.

In 1907, a committee was appointed to meet with the city council and suggest that one day a year be set apart as Civic Improvement Day, at which time every citizen would be expected to not only clean and

improve the appearance of his own yard or property, but of the streets as well. This project was carried out for many years and was most successful. It was one of the highlights for the children, because after the work was all done, the citizens on each street would get together for dinner and very often a celebration of some sort.

After the completion of the Manti High School, the organization became very much interested in the education of the young people and so they started a scholarship fund for students who needed financial help for tuition and books.

During World War I, they put forth every effort to contribute and send necessary items to the boys in army camps, both at home and overseas. They rolled bandages, knit sox and sweaters, and purchased numerous items, such as handkerchiefs and checkerboards, and shopped many boxes of supplies to the boy in France.

Early in the 1920's or even a few years before, the membership had risen so there was not room to hold the meetings in the homes, so they rented the rooms above the Manti Grocery for a club room which they also shared with the Commercial Club. While this move improved the situation to some extent, it also had it disadvantages. During the winter months, the President had to be there early every Thursday afternoon and have someone (usually her husband) carry coal and wood from down stairs in order that the room would be warm and comfortable when the members arrived. It was a large room and heated entirely by a black, potbellied stove. It seems she and the other officers also had to perform janitorial service. With only about thirty-five members, each paying \$3.00 per year, there wasn't enough money to hire a janitor. The money had to be used for fuel, utilities, food and entertainment. Every month during the summer, a social was held at one of the homes, usually in the garden, and no one really knows, even to this day, why these socials were called "Kensingtons."

There was no problem of attendance from the years 1896 to 1929. In fact, each member felt that if she missed a meeting, she was missing something very important in her life. The Manti Ladies' Literary Club was an important part of Manti and contributed much to its culture, its education, and even to its economics. From the time it was organized in 1896, its motto has been "Our Hopes the Highest, Living for the Best."

FUN ON A SHOESTRING

Marjorie Madsen Riley

Salt Lake City, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

First Place Personal Recollection

We had very little money to squander on expensive store-bought toys and games when I was growing up. Nevertheless, kids my age managed to survive, and we had lots of fun in the meantime.

A housewife's "shoestring budget" provided for no baby sitters, and that may have been a hidden advantage. Older children looked after younger children, watching carefully as the toddlers rode stick horses or pulled little red wagons. Big brothers showed little brothers how to fly kites made from scraps of wood, newspaper sheets, and string from a ball of carpet warp; how to make play telephones, using empty tin can connected by cords rubbed with resin, and how to rig up tomahawks to look like real Indian war weapons. Big sisters helped little sisters cut out paper dolls from mail order catalogs, showed them how to

blow soap bubbles with empty spools as mouthpieces, and how to fashion soldier-type caps from newspapers. When mothers tended their own little ones, they amused them by cutting out long strings of paper dolls and by folding handkerchiefs a certain way to form make-believe babies swinging in cradles.

Youngsters made their own fun a good share of the time, like playing in sand piles and making mud pies. They learned early that it was fun to perform and to show off. Small girls, perched on foot stools, repeated, "Here I stand on two little chips; please come kiss my sweet little lips." Small boys, standing on chairs, recited, "One for the money, two for the show, three to make ready, and four to go!", then jumped off the chairs. Children thought it was great sport bouncing a ball to the chant of, "One, two, buckle my shoe; three, four, close the door" and so on.

What ingenuity my parents possessed, making playthings for us children from almost nothing and devising simple ways of entertaining us. On rainy days we pestered Mamma until she got the funny paper book from where it was stored on top of the kitchen cupboard. She saved Sunday comic sections for weeks and then sewed them together at the center folds, making a big, bulky book. We spent hours turning pages to look at "Dimples," "Elmer Fogg," "Buster Brown," "Happy Hooligan," "Mutt and Jeff," "Andy Gump," and "The Katzenjammer Kids." And we liked looking at the big tailor's sample book on rainy days, too. The samples had all been removed from the book and we pasted various kinds of pictures on the vacant pages, valentines, cutouts, pretty calendars, picture postcards and school art work.

Papa always saw to it that we had a rope swing fastened to a limb of a cedar tree in the front yard. Unfortunately, our feet wore the lawn underneath down to nothing. We had no hammock swing, but we boasted a chair swing at our house, a high, upright, two-seater painted red and anchored to the ground so it wouldn't jump. Actually, the swing was a mark of distinction and we were sad when it gradually and finally wore out. We always had a homemade see-saw, tetter-totter, or whirly-gig. Sometimes a whirly-gig was made from a hay rake wheel. These contraptions were good for falling "off of," and they were good for collecting neighborhood kids who were just a "whoop and a holler" away.

Papa was skillful with his pocketknife, spending his idle moments carving something or another out of a bone or a piece of wood. He made stilts for the boys and whittled wonderful nippcats (tippy, ginny) and tick-tacks, too, come Halloween time. Boys whittled flippers or sling shots from kinnikinnick (dogwood) to aim at sparrows, and they carved whistles from small branches of poplar trees, whistles that slid back and forth somehow.

Boys always managed to have bows and arrows. They, or their fathers, made the bows from birch tree limbs that had just the right bend or curve. I suspect they whittled the sharp pointed arrows, too, which were shot at crows and blackbirds.

My brothers and sisters and I had the advantage of a private ball park, since we lived across the street from the high school block. There was always a game of rounders going on after school; boys and girls, big kids and little kids, all of whom respected the rule, "over the fence is out." Reminiscing, I was a poor batter and I was a slow runner, so when it came time for choosing up sides, I was far down the line. We had ball bats made from flat boards, with curved handles just right to hold. The bats were great and so were Mamma's handmade balls. She started with a small, worn, rubber ball and then wrapped wool yarn 'round it until it was just the right size'. Next, she stitched the whole thing with large blanket stitches. The ball bounced well and it didn't hurt much if it happened to hit somebody.

Recess time at school found boys playing marbles, sometimes for 'keeps.' What a variety of marbles boys' pants pockets and draw-string pouches produced: agates, steelies, glassies, flints, and small, clay

marbles called scrubs. And, girls played jacks. But “Jump the Rope” and “Hop Scotch” were the favorite recess games for everybody.

Youngsters had to have something to do when they couldn't play outdoors. So, young boys braided whips from shoe laces or from long, soldier fashion and shouted, “Ready, aim, fire, shoot.” Young girls amused themselves by knitting long, thin ropes, with empty spools, small nails and string as necessary materials, and they played house dressing up like big ladies in their mothers' long dresses, high heeled shoes and fancy hats. Everybody liked to play school or store, or so it seemed.

We had a few games in our home that cost money; I guess we got them for Christmas. I remember what the crokinole board looked like, the portable, octagonal table top with net pockets in the corners to catch the wooden rounds flipped with a finger, but I don't remember how the game was played, really. We had a set of checkers and a set of dominos, too. I suspect we played the games “by ear” rather than by technical directions.

Slumber parties needed no scheduling. Neither did bobsleigh rides, for that matter. If Papa were at the reins, we stopped to see our cousins; if my brother were in control of the horses, we could expect sudden halts and frightening whirls on the slick streets. Sometimes, when our parents weren't looking, we stood on the sleigh's back runners, hanging on for our life, or tied our small sleds to the back of the bobsleigh as it was drawn down the road. A wonderful time, to the sounds of sleigh bells.

Once we got to see a traveling Chautaugua show, and occasionally, we saw a silent movie at the Elite picture show house. When the serial, “The Diamond Necklace,” was running, we could scarcely contain ourselves from one Saturday's showing to the next. The loud and spirited piano accompaniment made the film doubly exciting.

My parent's “shoestring budget” did not allow for tricycle or bicycle purchases. My big brother, however, made a fantastic scooter wagon from parts of a worn-out washing machine and wheels from a baby's discarded go-cart. My little brother settled for a hobby horse, no motor, just a lot of foot peddling.

Somehow the ‘shoestring budget’ had its entertainment priorities, providing things which my parents thought were more important than bicycles. For instance, we had a variety of musical instruments in our home, including a wonderful music box, which played a dozen tunes or more, and a zither, which was always needing new strings. And we had choice books to further our love of reading for enjoyment. One book, a dealer's copy of “Uncle Tom's Cabin,” is in my possession at the present time.

What unspoiled, unadulterated fun we had when I was a child: Picking cattails and milkpods, making dolls out of hollyhock blooms, gathering pinenuts, mud-crawling in the Sanpitch River, and hiking in the cedar hills; playing “Run Sheep Run” with neighborhood kids during the long, summer evenings, and “Fox and Geese” in the fields of white, white snow in the winter time. We weren't likely to be bored, what with all our assigned chores, but if ever the “what can we do now?” time came around, we played outdoor games like “Hide and Seek,” “Andy High Over,” “Leap Frog,” “Prisoner's Base,” or “Pop the whip.” And indoor games such as “Button, Button, Who's got the Button,” “Pass It On,” “Simon Says,” or “Heavy, Heavy Hangs over Your Poor Bones.” Sometimes we walked up to the flour mill or down to the railway depot, just for something to do.

I'm amazed, when I think of it now, at how much enjoyment we got from doing simple little things. It was fun climbing up into the “dove house,” which actually was a granary, where doves flew through open spaces to feast on wheat and oats stored therein; it was fun jumping up and down on what was called the “devil's grave” in the cow pasture; and it was fun picking wild cowslips in the meadows on our way home

from school. Yes, what fun, doing the ordinary things like climbing apple trees, or kicking tin cans down the road, or walking the top boards of a fence.

MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH FAIRVIEW CANYON

James L. Jacobs

Ogden, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

Second Place Personal Recollection

Fairview Canyon was a magic place for me in my boyhood, and traveling through it was a special delight. The everyday life of Sanpete Valley was left behind when I entered this enticing world of trees, wildflowers, clear flowing streams, wildlife and pungent odors of pine and sagebrush.

From 1913 to 1928, I traveled through this canyon, which we then called Cottonwood Creek, many times each summer by team and wagon or saddle horse. This was the route to my grandfather's sheep herds, to the coal mine in Huntington Canyon, and to the dipping corral in Fish Creek where I helped dip many herds of sheep.

Travel by horse was so leisurely that the flavor of the beauties and features of the canyon could be fully savored. I looked forward to seeing the special places and objects I loved most, and as I came to them I payed them my devotion and checked them off like milestones.

Some of my milestones were:

.....The toll gate on the old private toll road. This was located in a grove of cottonwood trees along lower Cottonwood Creek. The gate was made of poles. The top pole was twice as long as the gate and on its outer end was fastened a box filled with rocks which was a counterweight to make the gate swing freely. An iron casting was hung on the fence by the gatepost and a large bolt was hung with a rope so travelers could use it to strike the iron so the clang would summon the gatekeeper from his varied pursuits. He would appear when summoned and collect fifty cents for a wagon or twenty-five cents for a saddle horse, then swing the gate wide for the travelers to enter the toll road.

.....The spot where Lars Peter Madsen of Mt. Pleasant lost his life was a sort of shrine and many people would see it as they passed by. As Mr. Madsen was driving down the canyon on October 10, 1903, the front wheel of his wagon struck a rock. This caused the wagon to lurch so he was thrown off and the wheel ran over and killed him. This tragedy was never forgotten.

.....The Spring City prospect was a mine dump from a coal exploration site on the side of the road. Men from Spring City had reportedly dug this out many years before, but the project had not proved to be successful so it had been abandoned.

.....The pipeline which carried water to the Fairview power plant was high up on the south slope of the canyon. Washouts along the pipeline had caused land slips or soil washing whose barren surfaces stood out in contrast to the surrounding vegetated slope. The scars from these washouts were in interesting shapes. I noted that their peculiar shapes resembled certain objects. So I named these scars after the objects they looked like: one was rooster head, another ice cream cone, then a pistol, a pair of dice, and a coal scuttle.

.....A horse trough on the roadside halfway up the canyon was filled with water piped from a very small spring. The willows, sedges and other aquatic vegetation at this spring made me wonder how such plants could find their way up a mountain slope to live with their roots in the water.

.....the sawmill on the creek just below the forks was a fine place to visit. Once I stayed at this mill for most of a day. I helped the mill hands fill the boiler with water. A limber flume brought the water to the mill, and it was hoisted by a bucket on a rope to the top of the boiler. I was invited to share their dinner with the crew and the food was delicious, especially the big kettle of fresh garden snap beans which were cooked with home-cured bacon.

.....My favorite feature of the canyon was a tall, stately aspen tree that grew on the side of the road near the forks. The large trunk was clear of limbs for half the height of the tree. It was always a joy to see this tree because it carried my mother's name in beautifully carved bold black letters on its gleaming white trunk. When she was 18 years old, my mother had reached high from her saddle horse and carved her name on the tree. This was the only tree on which she ever carved her name, and I felt that the tree really belonged to me. While on this same trip she broke a bottle of water on the log cabin in Cabin Hollow and named it "Driftwood Cabin." I was heartsick when I once came up the canyon and found that the tree had been cut and removed in order to widen the road. The image of that tree with the name carved on it will always be cherished in my memory.

.....The horse trail up the North Fork was my route of travel when riding to and from home in Mt. Pleasant to my grandfather's shepherds and dipping corral. This trail was a short cut from the canyon road to the ridge road leading to the north end of the Manti National Forest. The horse feed along this trail was excellent and our work horses grazed here when we camped at the Forks campground while we were hauling coal.

.....The campgrounds at the Forks and at Cold Spring just below the head of the canyon were often filled with coal hauler's wagons, horses, bedrolls and campfires. Most of the teamsters brought hay for their horses, but we were taught that horses should graze the native grass, so we hobbled and belled our horses so they could find the best feed.

.....Water from Upper Gooseberry Reservoir gushed into the creek near the head of the canyon. I thought how smart the Fairview people were to collect water from the other side of the mountain and bring it through a trans-mountain diversion for use of the residents of Sanpete County.

.....Reaching the top of the canyon gave me a sense of achievement, as all the climbing was over. From here the road to Flat Canyon and the Huntington coal mine descended into Gooseberry Creek.

Wagons hauling coal from the Huntington mine made up most of the traffic in the canyon. There were some commercial haulers, but most were driven by men who were getting the year's supply of coal for their own families. It was customary for farmers to go for coal right after their first crop of alfalfa hay was put up. Some men drove their teams all night to get to the mine ahead of others and avoid delay in getting their wagons loaded at the mine.

There was a fine spirit of friendliness and comradeship among the coal haulers. Hearty greetings, friendly chiding and jokes were exchanged whenever they got together. In the evenings on the campgrounds where many of them camped, visiting often lasted far into the night.

The road in Fairview Canyon was a narrow single-track side hill dugway most of the way with double-track turnouts spaced at intervals so approaching wagons could pass. Sometimes traffic was so heavy that the turnouts were not large enough to hold all the wagons and passing became difficult. The empty wagons pulled onto the inside track. When there was not enough room for the last empty wagon to

pull onto the turnout far enough to clear the road, several men would lift and slide the back end of the wagon down off the road to clear it for passing. I well remember the thud caused by the hub of a loaded wagon striking the hub of an empty wagon it was passing when there was not room to clear. It was a relief to finally get through the canyon.

When I was very young my grandfather took me with him on coal hauling trips. He was inclined to snatch a few winks of sleep whenever he sat still, on the stand in church, by the kitchen stove after the cattle were fed, or when riding on the spring seat of his coal wagon as he drove up the canyon. When he dozed I was terrified by the thought that the wagon might run over the edge of the dug way and roll down the canyon slope. I wanted him to wake up and drive safely. I grabbed the horse bell which hung from the end gate rod at the back of the wagon and rang it vigorously to rouse him. This usually woke him, but sometimes I had to poke his awake.

Grandpa trained me to handle horses and be a good teamster when I was a small boy. He and I hauled coal from the mine together, each driving a wagon, when I was eleven years old. I had hauled several loads of coal without incident, but some of the other teamsters felt I was too young to handle a team and wagon safely on the coal road. A delegation representing these men called on my father and asked him to keep me off the road until I was older. When Grandpa learned of this, he said he had trained me well, that I was fully competent to haul coal, and he immediately took me again to the mine to haul another load of coal and show any doubters that I could do it well. Nor more protests were heard.

Camping in the canyon on coal hauling trips was a great pleasure. After the horses were unharnessed and hobbled out, a campfire was built. The smell of the wood fire, especially when sagebrush was burned, made me ravenous. The grub box was opened; potatoes and onions fried in the big skillet, and think slices of roast mutton were warmed up in gravy. Grandpa cut bread like no one else I ever saw. He spread the cut end of a large loaf of grandma's homemade bread with fresh-churned butter, then held the loaf against his chest while he sawed a slice off the loaf with a butcher knife. I never did understand why food tasted so much better in the canyon than it did at home, but it did.

Grandpa had his own method of cleaning the skillet after a meal was over. He heated it on the campfire hot enough to burn out the leftover grease, then poured in a cupful of water which would sizzle loudly and when poured out would leave the skillet clean. The hot skillet and other utensils were handled with a walloping rag, which was a sheep man's version of a hot pad. This was usually an old dishtowel folded many times, which through use had taken on a brownish-grey color. A walloping rag was standard equipment in every sheep camp on the mountain.

What fun it was to sleep in the canyon. The bedroll of denim-covered camp quilts wrapped in a heavy canvas tarpaulin was warm and comfortable. The night sounds were delightful to listen to, the weird whistling sound of nighthawks, the deep toned ringing of horse bells on the grazing horses, the shrill howling of a coyote, and the rumble and creaking of a late-traveling wagon.

One of my best remembered trips was riding bareback down the canyon on the first horse I ever owned. When I was eleven Grandpa gave me a san-tailed bay mare at the sheep camp on Bear Creek. There was no bridle, saddle or rope to ride her with. I found a chain from a coyote trap, wired it around her neck with baling wire, and rode her home alone some 25 miles with pride and joy in my heart.

Another memorable trip was with the Boy Scouts of Mt. Pleasant who traveled the canyon in wagons in 1922 to and from their summer camp at Hog Flat near Cleveland Reservoir. The 45 scouts and nine men who went with them were a jolly bunch. I rode in Byron Hampshire's wagon. Our wagonload of

boys had a nigger-head fight with those in another wagon, throwing the cone shaped black nigger-head flowers at each other.

A hailstorm which stuck with sudden intense fury once gave me a few bad moments. I was driving a team of horse name Fly and Whiskers, and they were a bit spirited. When the hailstones hit, they became very nervous and I was afraid they would bolt. I slammed on the brake, jumped off the wagon, grabbed the bridle bits and hung on for dear life to keep them from running away. The straw hat I was wearing had lost most of its crown so it was little more than a straw brim. My short haired scalp was bared to the pounding of the storm. The pain of the hailstones striking was intense, but I managed to hold onto the plunging horses. But the storm soon ended and the horses calmed down. My head was covered with lumps that had been raised by impact of the hailstones. The sun came out and dried my drenched clothes, and the canyon had a fresh washed look that enhanced its beauty.

What a lovely and delightful place Fairview Canyon was.

Source: Information from Golden G. Sanderson, Director of Fairview Museum.
Personal recollections of the author.

MEMORIES OF EPHRAIM

Olive w. Johnston

Salt Lake City, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

First Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

I was born in a house built by my great-great-grandfather. By the time I arrived, there were lots of fine shade trees and a creek running through the property. The owls at night joined in an eerie chorus of whooo, whooo; and the coyotes in the hills added their weird moonlight calls, and the mourning doves, not to be outdone, chimed in with their to-hoot-ta-hoo!

I was born in the springtime of the year in the little college town of Ephraim, Utah, a town rich in its historical background. My grandmother was one of the first babies born in the settlement. She was always a constant inspiration to me. Not only did she teach me many things, but she saves my life when I was but three years old. She came by the old garden pump where she found me face down in a tub of water and she rolled the water out and the life back into me!

She had a calmness about her and affirm testimony of the gospel which we all felt. Often people called her to their homes when they had serious illnesses. She always seemed to know what to do. She had learned many of the ways to relieve misery and often used cures taught to her family by the Indians. She had her own pharmacy, consisting of countless dried herbs that she prepared herself.

I learned from her how to dry corn and apples, make soap, weave rugs, and sew and knit.

I felt the strength of her faith in the Lord at an early age. As my little brother was eight days old, he became very ill and the doctor feared for his life. Mother called in the elders to bless him and give him a name. Grandma took hold of my hand and said. "Come, we must stand by and add our own silent prayers." From then on I knew my little brother would get well.

May were the hours we spent together reading to each other histories of early church leaders or fairy tales and other fiction.

My grandmother believed true happiness comes from within, and to have peace within, it is necessary to have peace without. She taught us that there was no room for quarreling, being disagreeable or abusive in the home.

My favorite place to play was my tree house high in the top of the old apple tree. Here I would take my dolls and a book of fairy tales and spend many hours in the land of make believe.

In the shade of the old apple tree my father made a swing of wooden poles. It was fifteen feet high and three people could swing in it at once. It would swish way out over the creek. The upright poles were sanded smooth and painted green. Many is the time we'd shinny up to the top. Children came from all over town to swing in our wonderful swing.

In the fall beneath this tree we grated potatoes and made our own potato starch.

I remember in the spring we would go to the swamp and gather wild flowers, wading through the tall grass, often frightening a Bob-o-link or a Red-winged Blackbird from its nest. The Meadow larks all around us constantly let us know with their song that "Ephraim was a pretty little town."

In the winter the creek flooded over the eastern vales, and the fields were great for skating and racing our sleds down the gentle slopes.

It was fun to live in our town. Take Tuesdays, for instance:

Steney, the egg lady, came in her one-horse-drawn cart to collect the chicken eggs people wanted to sell. When she came to grandma's, we kids would make a dash for the house and climb up on the old loom where she used to weave rugs and sit wide-eyed while we heard all of the goings on in town.

Every few weeks Salt Peter would come along in his cart and you could always hear him coming, for he called out his wares loud and clear: "Rock salt, salt peter, Dixie molasses, fresh Vernal hon-n-ey!"

In the springtime the Indians would come to town. The squaws would hang their paposes on the picket fences in their back packs and then would go up and down the street to beg. Mostly they wanted flour, sugar and bread. My mother always tried to fill their sacks with something.

Then the gypsies came in the fall to trade horses, and the gaily dressed and exotic looking ladies went from door to door wanting to tell our fortunes. Fifty cents they charged for a short one and a dollar if they predicted your whole life. I loved to have them come, and so for years I wished I could be a gypsy.

The Fourth of July was the big event of the year and began at dawn with the cannons going off. We would save up spending money for months so we could buy something on the "Fourth." Always this was the time for a new dress, homemade ice cream, root beer and starch cake. Then of course there was the parade headed by Uncle Sam, then the floats came with the Goddess of Liberty and her attendants, then came Miss Columbia, and next, Miss Utah. The business floats were then on display.

After the Parade we met in the old church for a patriotic program. People sang "America" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" with fervor, and we heard what it meant to be an American!

Christmas was special, too. On Christmas Eve we would go to the home of one of the relatives, usually to Uncle Efe's, who had a large rock house with high ceilings. He would select and cut a large Christmas tree. The little candles had to be individually lighted. Such fun! The tree was gay with its strings of cranberries and popcorn. The fire crackled in the big fireplace and we sat around the tree and sang songs. Then Santa came and gave each of the children a little gift.

Uncle Efe and Aunt Hannah were such wonderful people. It was a tradition in their home to always set an extra place on the table at dinner time for anyone who might happen along. Often I was the one who 'came along.'

We were a family of seven: three brothers and my sister and I. My brother just older than I was my very best friend and playmate. We did so many fun things together. One funny thing, though, whenever mother would let us go to the show he would let me walk with him until we got to the Main Street, then I had to walk three steps behind so no one would know he was taking me along. However, once we were inside he would always come and sit by me.

When I was about ten, there was a flash flood in the canyon. We could hear the water coming and it seemed to gain momentum the closer it got to our home. The folks sand-bagged the creek, but the water rushed over them and around and through our house. We finally were forced to vacate and find a new place to live. My father was a very good carpenter, but a small town didn't offer much opportunity and my mother didn't want to go anywhere else to live. This meant my father had to take any kind of work he could find to get by.

When I was a junior in high school my father died. This was a great sadness to all of us. He had such a sense of humor and a way of making the best of any situation. We tried, from then on, to face life the best we could. My sister and I worked in the Ephraim Canning Factory in the summer. When we heard of a group that were going to Roy, Utah, to can tomatoes in the fall, we went with them. It was there that I met a fellow named Norman that I liked very much. The canning company manager said. "You can't make a mistake going with one of the Johnston brothers. They are tops." This proved to be true, and he made what could have been a dreary experience a happy one for me.

I finished college at Snow and also attended one semester at the University of Utah. Then sadness hit our family again. My very dear brother was killed in a mine accident.

I went to Salt Lake to work in my aunt's grocery store after that. Norman and I continued going together and decided it was true love. We heard that two could live as cheaply as one, even in a depression. Elder Melvin J. Ballard said this was so if you loved one another and married for time and all eternity, so he married us and gave us his blessing.

So we set up housekeeping and found we could get along with a struggle and a steak at 11 cents a pound, also free vegetables and eggs from his father's farm. Also, Norman got a job with the United States Steel company.

So life goes on, like everyone else's does. We've had our hills and our valleys. When the depression eased off we finally decided we would try to buy a home, and we found one that seemed just right for us on Simpson Avenue near Fairmont Park. Here we lived for 18 years. During that time we were blessed with four children: two girls and two boys.

Just a word in closing this account, I have met and loved many sweet and wonderful people in the course of my life, and I hope I can live worthy of their friendship.

Source: Newsletter by Linnie M. Findlay.

THE WOOL HOUSE

Lucille K. Allen

Manti, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

Second Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

I was the youngest in the family. Robby was my oldest brother and I loved to be with him. When he was a young man and I was a little girl, he would often take me with him to work at the Wool House. It was a big long building, close beside the railroad tracks.

The trains came by often. As they approached the Wool House it echoed and rattled and shook and made a great noise. It was frightening and exciting. I liked to sit close to Robby and listen. I was not afraid when I was with him. I loved to be with Robby at the wool House. He was big and he was good. He was always good. He was good to everyone.

I loved to run and play in the big building. When the huge sacks of wool were piled high, the sounds were soft and muffled. When all the sacks were gone, it echoed loudly and was hollow. I climbed on the big wool sacks up to the rafters. There I could see the world from way up high. Robby cautioned be to be careful. He knew I could not get hurt as long as I was on the soft wool sacks, but if I should lose my balance and fall I could be hurt. I didn't ever fall, though I was careless at times.

After exploring from the top of the building, it was fun to bounce from one sack to another, bouncing on my bottom all the way to the floor. Sometimes I went head first, sometimes I stood up straight and tall and jumped from sack to sack all the way down. It was quite a climb to get back up to the top. If Robby was not busy he held my hand and helped me up.

I played on the wool sacks till the chugging and grinding train came puffing and blowing it steam, tooting its whistle, putting on its brakes and rolling to a stop. Then I was excited! I ran to the big double doors of the Wool House and stood on the platform and watched the men pour out of the big train. They shouted a greeting to us and headed for the Fielding House, a big building across the tracks where the train people stopped to eat.

After the men had eaten, they came to the Wool House and helped Robby load the huge sacks of wool into the wool car. I knew then that I must not get in the way, but watch from a distance. When the work was all done the men played and talked with me and sometimes one would give me a stick of cinnamon candy.

When the wool car was full and the Wool House was empty, the big building echoed when I ran or shouted. It was very different then.

The work all done, the men climbed into the big train. One pulled the cord and blew the whistle, they all waved good-bye and the train rattled down the tracks and disappeared into the distance. Robby and I locked the big doors, got on our faithful horse and rode home. We would not go back to the Wool House again till it was filled with more wool sacks ready for the big train to come and carry them away.

It was fun to be with Robby in the big Wool House.

Source: Told by Mrs. Mable Simmons, born March 3, 1888.

YOUNG BOY----OLD "TEACHER"

Halbert S. Greaves
Salt Lake City, Utah
Senior Citizen Division
First Place Poetry

Young boys who live in small towns do not know
How much there is to learn by being there
They take everything for granted.

I remember old Andrew and the good moments
We had together about sixty years ago.
He could not speak nor hear; he had to use a cane
To help him walk. He had not learned to finger-
talk
(With the few fingers he had) as some deaf
people do.
And yet we "Talked" with made up sign language:
Gestures, nodding of the head, or shaking it,
Or movements of the eyes, and lips, the face.

I might be trimming grass by our front fence
When Andrew would golimping past, but, on
seeing me,
Stop, smile, make a few gestures and hollow
sounds
About the weather or my work; I would reply as
best I could.
If I thought of something funny I would make
Some kind of foolish gesture and he would smile,
Or laugh in that hollow voice of his.
Or if we talked about some mischief that had
taken place,
He would shake his head vigorously and make
stern
Noises with his thin and hollow voice.

Sometimes my mother would ask me to take
supper
Down to Andrew a few doors west of our house.

I gave no thought to the fact that his home had
only
The essentials on bare floors and walls and
windows.
I could tell, though, that he liked my mother's
food;
His hands, his toneless voice and brightened face
Could make me understand that quite clearly.

Or when my father sent me with a wheelbarrow
Loaded with cedar logs or lumps of coal,
He could make me "see" him keeping warm on
wintry days.

I was glad to see the eyes of an unfortunate old
man
Light up when he received small favors.

Andrew was kind, gentle, happy when treated
with respect,
But I can remember seeing him scold, as best he
could,
In his hollow, toneless voice, shake his cane and
his head
At small boys who teased him when he had done
no harm to them.
I learned much about the old, the deaf, the mute,
the lame
When I talked with Andrew many, many years
ago,
I did not tell him then; I did not know.

But now I know; and now it is too late.

Source: Personal recollections. Many Ephraimites between the ages, say, of 60 and 80, will remember Andrew, especially those who lived in the southwest quadrant of the city. Some specific incidents mentioned in the poem are not necessarily true, but the essence of the poem is very much as I remember my relationships with Andrew (his real name.)

REMEMBER WHEN?

Lucille Allen
Manti, Utah
Senior Citizen Division
Second Place Poetry

We wore high-top button shoes.
We wore long-legged underwear.
We wore long black stockings,
And held them up with supporters or garters.
We wore bloomers that came below our knees.
We wore flannel petticoats.
Women wore shimmies.
Men wore armbands.
Babies wore woolen long-sleeved undershirts.
Babies wore long clothes.
Babies wore "pinner."
We drew water from a well.
We drank water from a dipper.
The drinking water stood in a bucket on the wash
bench or stand.
We washed our hands and faces in a "wash dish."
We washed dishes in a "dish pan" on the stove.
We heated our wash water in a boiler on the
stove.
We softened the wash water with lye.
We washed clothes with homemade soap.
We boiled all the white clothes.
We scrubbed the clothes on a wash board.
We starched the colored clothes and muslin
petticoats.
We ironed our clothes with two or three sad
irons, heated on the stove.
We took a bath in a number three wash tub.
We had no bath rooms.
Our only heat in winter came from a wood-
burning heater
And an old "Home Comfort" range.
Our light at night was from the flames of two coal
oil lamps.

Women curled their hair with curling irons heated
in a lamp chimney.
We made ringlets by putting our hair up in rags.
For every day we wore our hair in braids.
We walked to school.
We learned the three "R's" at school.
We formed a line and marched into the school
room. School started by the ringing of a bell.
We had one room and one teacher for seven or
eight grades.
We sat around the old "Pot belly" stove in winter
to get warm.
We had to crank "Old Lizzy" if we were fortunate
enough to own a car.
We drove to church with a team and wagon if we
didn't own a car.
We obeyed our elders.
We kept the fruit and potatoes in a cellar in the
back yard.
We ate cooked germade "mush" every morning
for breakfast.
We kept a start of "magic yeast." We made our
own bread.
Every family had their own cows.
We made our own butter.
We polished our stove with stove polish.
We polished our shoes with soot from the bottom
of the stove lid.
We had homemade rag carpet on the floor,
padded with straw.
We slept on straw ticks.
Mama had a "feather bed."
Mama's bed was in a corner of the front room.
We listened to records on Edison's phonograph.
I do!!

LITTLE MABLE

Lucille Allen

Manti, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

Honorable Mention Poetry

When I was just a tiny tot,
Way back in days of yore,
I had a little trundle bed
Right down upon the floor
Real close to my dear parents' bed
I could hear my father snore.

I went to play with friends one day.
It was very far away.
I trudged along, in scorching sun,
I didn't stop to play
Till I had reached the Jason home
Where we would spend a happy day.

In a humble little house
This family did reside.

And we did play the livelong day
Down by the river side.
I planned to stay and spend the night,
I was not a bit afraid.

But when the dark began to creep
I longed to be at home to sleep.
I wanted my dear trundle bed,
After family prayers were said.

Ike saddled up his great work horse,
He put me on behind.
I bid them all a fond good night.
We soon were out of sight.
He took me all the way back home
Where I resolved no more to roam.

Source: Told by Mrs. Mable Simmons, who was born March 3, 1888.

ERNEST'S BOUNTY

Ruth D. Scow

Manti, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

First Place Short Story

It would be a great day for me because I was to be baptized and also because I would have the chance to cash-in on all my gopher heads. My cousin Elray and his mother were going with my Mother and me to the Manti Temple. They were to drive their horse and buggy to Mayfield and then ride with us to Manti. As our buggy seat was only wide enough for the mothers, we boys were given the choice of sitting on the floor at our mothers' feet or tiding in the small, box-like space behind their seat. We chose the latter.

Mama awakened me early in the morning. It was June 12, 1917. Hurriedly I pulled my knew pants up over my long black stockings. My shoes had been polished with soot taken from under the lid of our kitchen stove until they did not look like the shoes I had worn just yesterday. Mama had sewn a new shirt

for me to wear. It was “special “for my day. I was so excited I hardly ate any breakfast, and as soon as I finished I grabbed my cap and pulled it tightly over my bright red hair and rushed outside.

A gallon can was standing upright on the back kitchen steps. I checked the lid for tightness because last night some of the “heads” were beginning to smell a bit. A tight fitting lid would take care of that today. Holding the can away from my clothes, I carried it to the buggy and hid it under the seat.

It was twelve miles to Manti and at least a two-hour drive, so we had to hurry. It was a beautiful summer morning. The clip-clop of the horse’s hooves frightened magpies and blackbirds to join the many sparrows flying in the air or sitting on the fence posts. We saw several hawks, and I wished for my flipper and a few rocks. Near the fences, meadowlarks trilled “Utah’s’ a pretty little place.” The day was blue and gold with promise.

Thick, smothering dust swirled up from the road into our faces as the buggy wheels turned. It covered our clothes, but to this we gave a “never-mind.” A shoebox filled with sandwiches wrapped in a clean, white cloth rubbed shoulders with our cans. To have food within reach was too much of a temptation, so we devoured it as we rode along.

Elray had collected his “heads” on their farm in Christenburg, while I had collected mine as I herded cows south of Mayfield. Every morning since school let out it had been my assigned job to take our cows and those belonging to the neighbors to graze in the lanes and along the road sides.

Each day I was intrigued with the little rodents called gophers. I amused myself by watching them poke their inquisitive nose cautiously from their hiding places. If the way was clear they would scurry or dart across the furrows or roads to disappear into other unpretentious holes. Gophers were fun to watch.

One night, Papa told me that the county of Sanpete was paying a bounty of five cents each for gopher heads. He said there were so many gophers that they were becoming a great nuisance, for they were destroying crops. In fact, they were a major problem, and Sanpete County would pay to have them killed. I had an idea. The next time I saw Elray, we plotted together.

The next morning a bucket was a part of the paraphernalia I took with me. While the cows grazed or wandered, I watched the gophers to see into which holes they chose to disappear. Filling my bucket with water from the New Field Ditch, I carried it to that particular hole and carefully poured it in. Sometimes I had to make several trips for water before a dripping, bedraggled gopher emerged. Quickly I killed it with a stick and cut it head off. Some nights I brought as many as five heads home.

Today, Elray’s and my cans stood together under the buggy seat. It seemed a long way to Manti. We passed through Sterling and drove down around the creek bottom and up the other side to follow the road next to the hills. Our legs became tired from hanging over the back of the buggy box. We held our noses when we passed the Stinkin’ Springs, but the countryside was interesting, even if we did see it after we had passed.

Arriving at the Manti Temple, our mothers climbed stiffly from the buggy, and one of them tied the horse to the hitching rail. They dusted us off and wiped our faces free from the grime and dust of the road. Then taking our hands to give us security, we entered the largest building I had ever seen.

It was beautiful inside. Kindly people dressed in white made us welcome and took us to the dressing rooms, where our mothers helped us into white clothing. Afterward we went to the baptismal room. The font there stood upon the shoulders of twelve bronze oxen. Huge paintings covered the walls. I remember the sound of the water and the quiet and good feelings that I had inside of me.

Before we left the Temple that day we climbed the winding stairs, and from there we climbed a ladder to the top of the west tower, from where we got a panoramic view of Sanpete Valley. Mama was behind me, and she held onto my ankles so that I would not fall.

We also walked along the parapet between the two towers. Looking down, I saw that the shade had moved and left our horse and buggy in the sun. Elray's and my urgent need now was to get to the Sanpete county Courthouse and collect the money we had earned.

Mama stopped the horse in front of the Courthouse building and told us, "We must hurry, for we must be getting on home." When we begged our mothers to come with us, they said, "This is your business venture. Now hurry!"

We grabbed our cans and headed for the open door. Inside we asked a man how we could get rid of our gopher heads. He directed us to the clerk, who asked, "How many heads have you got there?"

We answered in unison, "Fifty, in each can."

"Open the cans and let me count them."

We were prepared for this, and with our pocketknives we carefully pried the lids off. Such a stench came forth that the man waved his hands in midair and yelled, "Get those lids back on, and get those cans out of here! I'll take you word for the number."

Back in his office he counted our money into our sweaty, smelly hands. We had never had such riches! Dashing again into the open air, and standing behind the buggy seat, we begged Mama to stop at the bakery. We felt we would be more inconspicuous there, as the odor of the decaying heads had permeated our clothing until we felt like outcasts.

When we sprang out of the buggy, Mama warned, "Don't buy anything like candy, especially if it is sticky." I guess she could smell us too, but what good was money if we could not spend it? We played it safe, we bought Cracker Jack popcorn in packages.

Back in our "seat behind the seat," as the horse jogged homeward, we were left to our own enjoyment of each exciting prize and the beautiful, syrupy, brown-coated popcorn. Somehow, in the removal of the lids and in handling our pocketknives, our hands had become contaminated with the decaying, penetrating smell, which now was transferred to the popcorn.

I don't remember that we became ill from eating those luscious looking kernels, but to this day I can smell and taste them. I was glad to get home, where, after washing and scrubbing my hands, I counted over and over what was left of my hard-earned, sweet-smelling beautiful money.

Source: Personal remembrance and experience

L.D.S. Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation

LITTLE MABLE

Lucille Allen

Manti, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

First Honorable Mention Short Story

When I was very young my family lived in Manti near where the Temple now stands. I slept in a little trundle bed. In the daytime it was neatly made and pushed under my parents' big bed. This made more room for family activities during the day. The foot curtains on my parents' bed hid my little bed so no one knew it was there unless they were around when we went to bed.

I loved my trundle bed where I could sleep close by my father and mother. I was safe there.

One day my mother let me go a long way from home. She let me go down by the river to the home of a friend. The father's name was Ike Jason. He was a nice man. His little daughter and I played all day. I can't remember her name. We had a playhouse in the shade of a big tree. We made mud pies and decorated them with sunflower and holly hock petals and green leaves. They were beautiful. We fed them to our dolls, they were delicious.

We waded in the ditch that emptied into the river, but we didn't wade in the river. It was too big and too dangerous. We built little sand castles in the cool damp sand. We had a play dinner at noon spread on a pretty cloth in the shade of the big tree.

I was to stay all night at the Jason home. We talked about it as we played. What fun it would be to sleep with a friend. We had bread and milk and fruit for supper. It tasted good. When the sun went down and the night came on and the stars came out I began to think of my mother and my father and my brothers and sisters and our family prayers and my own little trundle bed beside my parents' big bed. I became very quiet. I could not hold back the tears. I began to cry. I cried harder and harder. Finally Sister Jason told me if I would quit crying, Ike would take me home. That cheered me up.

Ike went out to the corral and caught his big work horse. He put a bridle on him and a blanket on his big broad back. Sister Jason put a jacket on me, tied my sunbonnet on my head and took me to the dooryard where Ike was sitting on the big horse. She lifted me on behind him. I put my arms around his waist, locked my fingers in his coat and clung on tight. I was on my way home! The music of the horse's feet on the dusty road almost lulled me to sleep. It was a long ride back to my home. I was so happy when I saw the light from the open door.

My parents thanked Ike for bringing me home. My father lifted me down, and gave Ike the jacket I had worn. I ran into the house. I was so happy. I was safe and secure in my mother's arms.

Soon all were ready for bed, prayers were said, my little trundle bed was rolled out and I was tucked under the covers. It was warm and comfortable, and I was home in my own little trundle bed safe beside my parents' big bed.

Source: Incident in Mrs. Mable Simmons' life, who was born on March 3, 1888.

LUXURY

Talula Nelson

Mt. Pleasant, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

Second Honorable Mention Short Story

As I sit here on my patio, enjoying the beautiful morning, I realize I am living in a time of luxury.

Yesterday I went to Salt Lake City. I left home (Mt. Pleasant) about 9:00 a.m., enjoyed a session in the beautiful Temple, met with the family in a café to celebrate a wedding anniversary, and returned home just as the sun was setting.

Today, I am doing my week's washing. As the salesman said, "Touch this button for cold water, this one for hot water, turn on the electric power, then go do something else, read, clean house, or take a nap."

So here I am in my easy chair, ready for a nap, enjoying the wonderful morning, while washing and reminiscing on some of my childhood chores.

"Whoa, whoa," Pa is saying to the horses. "Now you children gather plenty of sticks so mother can cook our supper. I must tend the horses. If we are to get to Provo tomorrow, we must get to bed early."

It has been a long day, leaving at 4:00 a.m. How wonderful it was to climb on those gorgeous rocks east of Birdseye. All too soon Mother called us to come eat, and we had to leave those never-to-be forgotten rocks.

It was just coming dark when we passed through Provo on our way to the Geneva Resort where our cousins had invited us to stay with them for a few days. What a thrill to see the lake so large that we couldn't see across it and to sleep and eat in a real hotel (even if the cook did burn the eggs every morning). How good it seemed to wear our nice dresses, as we had had to wear old ones to ride in the wagon.

Coming home was a treat. Pa came from the butcher shop with two bundles. What a surprise when he opened the first one. It was a loaf of bakers' bread. The other bundle was fresh salmon. We had never heard of salmon other than in a can. Mother fixed it perfect.

We arrived home two days later, tired from the hot, dirty, ride. But we never forgot a once-in-a-lifetime trip to Provo. What luxury!

Sounds like water running from a tap. But, no, it's Pa filling the barrels. He is such a good man to bring our wash water. We are so lucky we only have to go 1 ½ blocks to the big creek. Pa hitches a horse to the lizard with two barrels. It's so easy for him to lift a full bucket of water. For me, a half bucket is heavy and some of it spills down my neck.

My back is beginning to hurt. It's hard for a ten-year-old girl to reach the tub on the bench. I have been rubbing clothes on this board for hours. I am sorry I broke mother's glass washboard. It cracked so easily when I poured hot water on it. I really didn't mean to. But this new metal washboard is so much better. I know it was hard for mother to get the forty-five cents. But it works so well. I am sure there will never be a better way to get clothes clean.

The pile is getting smaller and I will soon be through. Ni, here comes mother with an armful of dirty underwear. She lifts my board forward and pushes the clothes behind it saying, "These will need to soak. Here is an extra bar of homemade soap. The long sleeves and legs will need extra rubbing. How is the new board?"

“Oh, mother, it’s so good! I am sure there will never be a better way to clean clothes. But I wish all the clothes were small like the size 2 for baby. Pa’s big union suits are so hard to wring the water out of. My hands can hardly reach around them.”

Mother is too busy in the house to help me. She has to keep the copper boiler boiling and the wood burns up so fast. Each batch of clothes has to boil at least 15 minutes. Then she lifts them out into the rinse water, then through the bluing water. She has a large bucket of starch where all the petticoats, dresses, aprons, shirt collars and cuffs, as well as tidies and lace-trimmed pillow cases must be starched. I grated some potatoes to make the starch early this morning. Some women use flour, but mother prefers potato starch.

Each time the door opens I can smell beans cooking. Why do we always have beans on washday? Well, I really do like the, especially the meat from the home-cured ham.

It’s 5 o’clock and I am hanging the last of the clothes on the line. It is so cold that my fingers are nearly frozen. My hands look so funny, all wrinkled, from being in water all day.. I must hurry. Mother needs me to help carry the tubs of water out. Every drop must go on a tree or bush, as water is too precious to waste.

It is so hot in this house I can hardly stand it. Mother is stuffing the stove with cedar wood to deep the irons hot. The entire day must be spent ironing. How glad I am for this new set of flat irons with detachable handles. Now I always have a cool handle. No longer will I burn my hands when the cover slips, or is too small on the old one-piece sad irons. This whole tub of clothes mother dampened yesterday must be ironed. There’s all those petticoats with tucks and ruffles and Pa’s cotton shirts, especially the white stiff fronts on the ones he wears to church. Even the 36-inch baby dresses must be ironed. The pretty lace and tucks must lie smooth as the long dress hangs over mother’s lap. Sheets, pillow cases, and tidies are so hard to get smooth. No windows or doors are allowed to be opened, as the cool air will cool the irons. The pile of wood Pa chopped is nearly gone. No heat can be wasted.

“Grandma, grandma! Here is your mail.” My little ten-year-old granddaughter is speaking. “It’s nearly 10 o’clock. Your dryer just turned off. May I help you fold your clothes? Oh, your perma press sheets look like they have just come from the store, so smooth and soft. I’ll plug your iron in just in case you want to touch up the neck and hem of your dresses. The shirts I will hang on hangers. And your soft nylon underwear is so nice to fold and put away. I just love to help with the washing and ironing.” Then she darts away on her 10-speed bike.

Yes, I have attained the “ultimate in Luxury.”

RIFFLING PAGES

Mary Louise Seamons

Orem, Utah

Non-Professional Division

First Place Anecdote

School was one place Bothilda liked to go. Exciting, sometimes frightening, things happened there: Indian raids, boys pulling girls’ pigtails or untying their sashes. Although her teacher was strict and it was often difficult to get to the crowded one-room schoolhouse, Bothilda enjoyed learning to read, to write, to

do her numbers. And Bothilda had another reason for liking school: She was one of the few pupils who owned her own schoolbook.

That book was one of her treasures. She would rather give up her new dress, the one with the pretty bow at the side of the drop waist, or even her shoes which she frequently carried in her hand while walking to save the leather of the soles than to give up her book.

To get to school, east and south of her home,¹ Bothilda had to cross Pleasant Creek, the usually small, docile stream from which Mt. Pleasant derived its name. Several blocks east of her home there was a bridge for wagon and carriages where State Street crossed Pleasant Creek, but the boys and girls in the northwest part of town preferred the shorter route across the creek near Bothilda's home where a pole had been placed for foot traffic with another pole about three feet height for a hand-hold. Bothilda crossed by encircling the upper pole with one arm, sliding her feet carefully along the bottom pole, and, under her other arm, clutching her precious book to keep it from falling into the water below.

Most days this wasn't too difficult for an agile young girl, but in the spring when flood waters from rapidly melting snow above the little settlement rose high enough in the streambed to slosh over the bottom pole, the route became treacherous. One particularly wet spring day as Bothilda edged across the mud-slickened pole, her foot slipped. Grabbing with both hands for a firmer hold, she lost her book. Tearfully she watched the riffling pages as the book floated out of her reach on the crest of the muddy flood waters.

Source: ¹ The home Bothilda lived in at that time was near where the Rex Seely home now is; the school was near the Helen Bohne home.

² Story told many times to the author and to the author's mother by Bothilda Hansen Frandsen (1866-1948), grandmother of the author. Through the rest of her nearly eighty-three years she often said she could still see the book pages riffling, as it floated downstream. Though many other books came into her life through the years, none was ever quite as precious as the one she lost to the stream.

A SNAKE IN THE CELLAR

Ethel Hermansen Madsen
Los Angeles, California
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Anecdote

The brush land east of Ephraim was my childhood territory. The cliffs, Mill Hill, and Guard Knoll were wonderlands for sleighing, hiking, and collecting rocks and Indian arrowheads. The Sego Lilies and Indian Paint Brush which sparkled among the sage were also part of the habitat of many small animals, including a variety of snakes. The rattlesnake with its poisonous bit worried us but did not hinder our explorations. The beautiful blow snake seemed large and threatening. When you met one, it curled up, eyed you with a chilling stare, stuck out its forked tongue and in a moment was gone. The little water snake was harmless and could often be caught by busy boys.

When I was very small, unfinished cellars were used as cool storage places for food. In our cellar there was a large table to hold the flat milk pans until the cream raised.

One day I went carefully down the steps. Mid-way I stopped, amazed. On the rim a a pan, a water snake balanced itself, while it gracefully brought its tail to the top of the milk and skimmed it across the

surface picking up the cream. Deftly it arched its body, and bringing the tail forward, pulled it sidewise through its mouth. Back went the tail for more. God-bye cream. When the snake became aware of me, I received the forked-tongue, beady-eyed treatment before it slithered up the rough wall and out through a small hole. I turned to go away too. "Mama! Mama!"

TICK-TACK

Shirley Anderson Bahlmann
Logan, Utah Non-Professional Division
First Honorable Mention Anecdote

In the spring of 1873, Hakan Anderson built a new adobe house in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, and lived there with his wife, Cecilia, and their six young children. One night he was awakened by a ticking sound. He listened intently, trying to figure out what the sound was. Finally, he jumped out of bed and went outside. When he passed the window, the ticking stopped, so he ran to the other side of the house to see if he could find out why. The ticking started up again. He ran around the house several times, thinking he might find the culprit. Every time he passed the window, the ticking would stop. It was a bright moonlit night, and Hakan's young children were delighted at the sight of their daddy running around the house with his white night shirt flapping around his legs.

Finally Hakan stopped running and began to feel around the top of the window pane. He reached high, grabbed hold of a string, then gave a might pull. A group of boys burst out laughing from behind the woodpile where they were hidden. They had tied a nail to the end of a length of string which was stretched across the roof. Every time they tugged the string, the nail would tick against the window.

Hakan gathered up the nail and the string and, laughing heartily, went inside to tell his family what had happened. He had had as much fun with it as the boys, and after the Anderson family had a good laugh, they all settled down for a quiet night's sleep.

Source: "[The Hakan Anderson Families](#)" by J. Grant Stevenson, p. 43.

PONDS AND CREOSOTE

Vida Sorensen
Spring City, Utah
Non-professional Division
Second Honorable Mention anecdote

My whole universe for some dozen years was in the little town of Wales, Sanpete County. There simmered into my conscious mind that there was a great big frightening and exciting world somewhere out beyond the town limits, which I seldom saw.

Our entertainment was only what we made it. We wanted to learn to swim. We had only the Wales Reservoir and the Sanpitch River, and we were forbidden to indulge in the sport of swimming in the dirty water. We would take cows to pasture near the reservoir, and naturally we were tempted to take a short dip in the cool water. We were usually covered with a very sticky mud, so we called our little fete

mud crawling, because swimming was attest of courage and persistence. The whole experience was such fun!

We were forbidden time after time, never to go near the reservoir or river. The tale had it that any one swimming in the waters would get the dreaded "Seven Years Itch." We were very careful to erase all traces of mud before we headed for home, so there was no evidence to disclose our secret adventure, and bring on any punishment.

One day after a very adventurous day in the pond, I returned home thinking that all traces of my afternoon in the water were erased; and would you believe it, I had mud behind my ears!

Mother called, with a demanding voice, and I knew it was time for the punishment. I was put immediately in the round tub for a scrubbing, and of all things, creosote was added to the water for a disinfectant. I never forgot the scrubbing and reprimand I received. She reminded me that this punishment would be given me again and again if ever I disobeyed and went into that polluted water. Later we teased and tried to persuade her to let us try it again, and Mother would always sing this song:

"Mother, Mother May I go out to swim?

Yes, My darling daughter,

Hang your clothes on the hickory limb,

BUT—'DON'T GO NEAR THAT WATER."

Source: Personal family experiences. Verification of the story was told to me by my mother.

LOGS, ROCKS, AND ADOBES

Afton C. Greaves

Salt Lake City, Utah

Non-Professional Division

First Place Historical Essay

Last summer in Chester, my husband and I visited 87 year old Emil Jensen and his wife, who remember my father and his family well. I asked Mr. Jensen if the log structures in Chester were built as farm shed, or if they had been lived in. He said many were built as homes by pioneers. My father lived in a log cabin until he was twelve, and I wanted to see if it was still standing.

I wondered why the homes of my grandparents and great grandparents in Chester and Ephraim were different. Those in Ephraim were adobe or rock; in Chester, log and frame.

The Christen Christensen family moved to Chester from Mt. Pleasant in the summer of 1884 when my father was a baby. They moved into a one-and-a-half story log cabin, one room on the ground floor with a sleeping loft which was reached by an outside stairway. Visualize going outside on cold winter nights to climb a stairway to reach your bed in an unheated loft! The family lived there until 1896, by then eight children and their parents. Imagine their joy when they moved into a new frame home with four bedrooms, kitchen, dining room and living room.¹ It must have seemed a palace!

I thought of homes in Ephraim, the rock home of my great grandfather, Henry Allen Beal; and the stucco-over adobe home, painted to look like red brick, built by my grandfather, David N. Beal. These homes are still being lived in, as is the 1896 frame home in Chester. My great grandparents, the James Peter Hansen, came to Ephraim from Denmark in 1859. Their first home was a small rock house on the

northwest corner of First East and Center Street. Later he built a larger rock house next to it. Both have been torn down, but I have a picture of them.

Why the differences? The rock quarry in Pigeon Hollow is of equal distance from both localities. Perhaps history can explain it.

In October Conference, 1849, Isaac Morley, Charles Shumway and Seth Taft were notified they were to form the presidency of a company of approximately fifty families to be sent to colonize what became Manti. They left on October 28. The callings consisted of men with varied occupations vital to the founding of a new and self-sufficient town.²

John Beal, Henry's father, brought his family across the plains to Salt Lake in 1850. They then were sent to strengthen Manti. The Sanpete County 1850 Census tells a story. In Sanpete there were two weavers, one joiner, one brush maker, one painter, one machinist, one cloth-dresser, two stone cutters, one mason, one collier, one sailor, three stonemasons, fifty-seven farmers, one carpenter, three shoemakers, three millwrights, five blacksmiths, one Indian interpreter, one gunsmith, two chair makers, four coopers, one merchant, one tailor. We must remember that in 1850 Manti was the only colony in Sanpete. A few people were scattered in the valley, but not many, because of the real fear of Indian depredations.

My great grandfather Beal at the age of fifteen was listed as a farmer; Mary Thorpe Beal's brother, Thomas Thorpe, was a stone mason; my great grandfather Hansen was a cooper who made barrels, buckets, churns, laundry tubs, etc.

On February 14, 1854, about fifteen families, who had abandoned Spring City because of Indians and who had moved to the safety of the fort at Manti, made preparations to establish a town which became Ephraim. Twenty-five men under the direction of Captain Sanford Allred arrived at Pine Creek (Ephraim) to build a fort.³ At age nineteen, Henry helped build this fort and was one of Ephraim's first settlers.⁴ By the end of March they had finished the fort and built enough rock and adobe housing to accommodate their families.

Mary Thorpe Morris crossed the Plains and arrived in Salt Lake City September 11, 1853; five months later a company was called to enlarge Manti. She was in this company. July 4, 1854, Henry Allen Beal and Mary Thorpe Morris were the first couple to be married in Ephraim. They lived in the second house built inside the fort. When trouble with the Indians decreased, he built an adobe house outside the fort, and later a rock house next to it (now 193 North Main Street).⁵

In the fall of 1854, Scandinavian families on their arrival in Salt Lake were sent directly to Ephraim to strengthen the colony. This was typical of Brigham Young's plan for colonization. Immigrants as they arrived in Salt Lake were sent where they were needed. Within two years there were about eighty families, fifty who spoke Danish, the remainder Americans, English, and Welsh.⁶

My mother's history of her Danish grandmother, Bendicta Jeppson Hansen, said that in Denmark all children had to learn a trade before they could graduate from school. So most first-generation Danish immigrants differed from other settlers in that they were craftsmen. Danes were blacksmiths, bakers, wheelwrights, coopers, shoemakers, carpenters, masons, tinkers, etc.⁷ Converts from Sweden, England and Wales also had skills. Arrington says: "From one point of view, the P.E. Co. was simply an organizational device for recruiting and supplying the laborers needed in building the Kingdom." One of the Perpetual Emigration agents stated that "in the selection of those to be emigrated (from England) with Perpetual Emigration Funds, occupation was an important consideration, second only to 'integrity and moral worth.'"⁸

This helps us understand why pioneers were able to build rock and adobe houses in Ephraim and Manti, whereas in most settlements, such as Chester, stone was not used, because they had no knowledge of stonemasonry. When they came to Sanpete, the materials available, skills of the people, and their isolation determined the kind of houses they built.⁹

Adobe houses were easy to build, required no skilled labor, and could be quickly and cheaply built; therefore, adobes were used in Ephraim, even in the first fort. They were fireproof, but didn't weather well unless covered by stucco. Adobes were recommended by Brigham Young.¹⁰

Log houses were not popular in Ephraim or Manti. They were expensive, difficult to build, took a long time, required chinking between the logs, and were fire hazards. More important, Brigham Young said they were "crude-looking and unattractive."¹¹

Recently, my brother and I went inside my grandfather Christensen's log cabin and tried to imagine how it looked when it was lived in. Since the construction was exposed, we could easily see how it was built. Willow branches were nailed vertically to the horizontal log surface to serve as lath to hold the plaster. For the sake of cleanliness and attractiveness, it was then whitewashed. The cabin had front and back doors and a window on each side of the front door. The loft had a small doorway entered from an outside stairway. Some of the chinking between the logs was still visible.

When a new community was to be settled, leaders and craftsmen from established settlements were often sent to help. Just as craftsmen came to Ephraim from the Manti and former Spring City settlements, settlers from Ephraim were later sent to help colonize Mt. Pleasant, Circle Valley, Mayfield and Castle Valley. Ephraim furnished more pioneers to help colonize new places than any other Sanpete settlement.¹²

In Nauvoo, brick had been the favorite building material. Few houses were built of brick in Utah until brickyards were established in the 1860's. Because brick was expensive and required skilled labor, it only gradually replaced adobe, even though it was more durable.¹³

The largest percentage of houses in early Ephraim were built of stone; there was much "float stone" which could be gathered and hauled into town for building purposes. "Float stone" is that which has loosened over the years and is in pieces that can be picked up without quarrying.¹⁴

How does this differ from the settlement of Chester? Manti and Ephraim were settled at the dictate of Brigham Young into small holdings of land were given to the colonizers by the towns' leaders. This was not true in Chester. Originally Chester was meadowland used by colonists of Mt. Pleasant, Moroni and Spring City.¹⁵ In 1869 the United States Land Office was opened in Salt Lake City, making it possible for land in Utah to be privately acquired by homesteading.¹⁶ In 1870 David Candland located a homestead in Chester; others followed. Even though the peace treaty with the Indians was made on September 7, 1872, there was enough Indian trouble that these homesteaders didn't move their families to Chester until 1875. From the beginning it was a town of landowners, a place where cattle and sheep could graze on meadowland, and hay and grain could be raised for food for these animals.¹⁷ There was no group with various skills assigned by the Church to colonize. People came, a family or two at a time, to homestead land. They built with logs near at hand in the only way they could.

Sources: ¹Bessie Puzey, a granddaughter, Mss., "History of Christen Christensen."

²Milton R. Hunter, Brigham Young, the Colonizer, The Deseret News Press (Salt Lake City, 1940, p. 253.

³Ibid.

⁴Bendetta Beal Christensen, a granddaughter, Mss., "History of Mary Thorpe Beal."

⁵Ibid.

⁶ Hunter, P. 253.

⁷ Cindy Rice, "A Look at a Nineteenth Century Village, Spring City," Utah Historical Quarterly, Vol. 43, pp. 211-213.

⁸ Leonard J. Arrington, Great Basin Kingdom 1830-1900, University of Nebraska Press (Lincoln, 1966, p. 97.

⁹ Peter L. Goss, "Architectural History of Utah," Utah Historical Quarterly, Vol. 43, pp. 211-213

¹⁰ Ibid.

¹¹ Ibid.

¹² Peter Franklin Madsen, Mss., "Short History of Ephraim." (1960)

¹³ Goss, pp. 211-213

¹⁴ Madsen.

¹⁵ W. H. Lever, History of Sanpete and Emery Counties, Tribune Job Printing Co., (Salt Lake City, 1898), p. 289.

¹⁶ Arrington, p. 97.

¹⁷ J. Emil Jensen, History of the Chester Ward 1870-1964, Art City Publishing Co. (Springville, 1964), p. 2.

MAKING BRICK IN MANTI

Dana Smith Ekins
Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Historical Essay

Wispy, cirrus clouds made webs in the light blue sky of early spring. The sun had not yet reached its apex, but it was close enough that the only shadows being cast from surrounding scrub oak seemed insignificantly short. The area I viewed boasted little growth; close examination revealed small pea green leaves of weeds that would provide summer feed for cattle fenced nearby. Rabbit brush huddled together in clumps and the whole sight appeared dreadfully mundane. Opening the door of my small blue vehicle, I scanned the countryside with its greenish black mountain background, searching for a remnant that would link this site to the information I had gleaned from local historians. And then I saw the piece of brick, broken and cream colored, lying half buried in weeds and mud. I imagined that same, now dormant landscape, as it must have been some seventy years earlier. I envisioned the sand-colored lot where off-bearers dumped newly molded brick, three at a time to dry in the sun. I thought I could see the molder cut the excess mixture of clay and coal, easily from the mold, only to grab another and repeat the process. My ears strained to hear the shrill, high-pitched whistle of the train from the south which signaled the end of the brick-making day. I saw the deposits of yellow clay, some of which still remained, and I sifted the earthy material through my fingers. Certainly this was the site of early brick-making in Sanpete County.

It was approximately 1900 when Jacob Baltzar Jaccobson, along with Oliver Squires, and Horslay conceived and successfully executed the idea of making bricks from clay. Several attempts to make brick had been made previously, but none had been successful. The discovery of suitable clay three miles south of Manti determined the site for brick manufacturing. Coal to mix with the clay and to fire the kiln was transported from Six Mile Canyon; quaking aspen, also used for fuel and to support the outside structure of the kiln, was obtained from Manti Canyon. The brick-making season ran from May until the end of July and was determined by the weather, the months just preceding May were too wet and cold, and the month of August was too hot for proper brick drying. It took approximately thirty-six minutes to drive a wagon pulled by horses from Manti south to the brickyard. The three-month working season produced about 300,000 bricks.

A balance of two components, iron and lime, was necessary in clay if bricks were to be successfully made. First, the clay had to contain enough lime so that when the bricks were fired they would be hard and as close to white as possible. If the clay contained too much lime, the bricks would crack. Iron in the clay, on the other hand, caused the bricks to burn red. Consequently, selecting clay with the proper amount of lime with not too much iron was critical

After all essential ingredients had been obtained, clay, coal, wood, and water, the brick-making process could begin. Clay was brought to the site of the mixing pit by means of a tongue scraper. This device was pulled by J. B.'s two horses, Dick and Seal, and was an earth-moving implement. Water was added to the clay in the pit and allowed to soak for several hours before slack coal was added.

The shoveler, using a spade shovel, transferred the mixture as needed from the pit to the pug mill. This apparatus, which operated in a circular motion, was powered by one of the two horses, which, when set to motion, continued to walk in a circle until told to stop. The brick-making material was now ready for molding. A turn of the horse-pulled paddle, which was part of the mill, allowed ample clay mixture to move onto the molder's table through an opening dug between the pug mill and the molding area. At this point the molder, who was working below ground alongside the mill, took a big enough piece to fit a three-brick mold which had been lightly sanded inside for easy brick removal. As though kneading bread, he shaped the clay to fit the mold in which the bricks lay end to end, forced the rectangular piece into the mold, and smoothed the side by cutting off excess clay with a piano wire. The molder then handed the implement to an off-bearer who deposited the newly formed brick onto a sandy covered area to dry. Approximately 5200 bricks could be made in a day. This process was repeated again and again until up to 30,000 bricks were drying at one time.

How long the bricks remained in the drying process depended on a variety of factors. If the sun was too hot, the brick would dry too fast and break. Workers covered the drying brick with burlap and sprinkled the area with water from sprinkling cans. (There was no piped water at the site until later.) Bricks which were drying, if left in the rain, sometimes fell apart. It was necessary, then, in order to insure high quality, that properly dried brick be put into the kiln for firing as soon as they were ready.

Specially made, flat-topped wheelbarrows with metal wheels were used to transport bricks to the kiln area. To alleviate the problem of the wheels settling into the dirt when loaded with bricks, wooden plank runways were constructed. The kiln itself usually contained seven arches or sections and each section had a metal door on either side, behind which was placed a grate where coal and wood were burned. When available brick had been used to construct the rectangular kiln sections, the entire structure, with the exception of the doors, was lined with another layer of broken brick. Holes were sealed with mud. A seven-arch kiln yielded about 120,000 bricks. As many as ten arches were sometimes burned.

It was necessary that the fires, which had to be refueled every twenty minutes, be kept burning for from five to six days. During the firing of the brick, J. B. Jacobson remained at the site. Food was brought to him by members of his family in a large basket which had been covered with straw to keep the contents warm. An adobe hut built on site provided shelter and a place for brickyard worker to eat.

On the fifth day of burning, liner bricks were removed to check the contents of the kiln. If the bricks had been heated to the white hot stage, the burning was complete. Water was put onto the kiln to set the bricks and it was allowed to cool for seven days. The kiln was disassembled and the bricks distributed.

Two main types of brick were produced in this process. The pressed brick, or best grade, went through an additional step before being fired. Bricks to be pressed were allowed to dry only over night and were then made smoother by means of a machine called a brick press. Three men-one to put a brick in the

press, one to lower the press lever, and one to remove the brick while another was being put in its place, were required to operate the machine. These bricks were used on the outside of building structures. The common bricks, which were labeled with the initials JBJ, for Jacob Baltzar Jacobson, were used in the brick layers beneath the cover brick. Pressed brick sold for \$15.00 per thousand and common brick, \$13.00 per thousand. Any brick which was broken was termed three-quarter or cull brick and sold cheaply. Some of the buildings made from brick produced at the yard include the Manti Theatre, the Moroni church, the Manti Bakery, Manti Public Library, and many private homes.

It was in 1921 when Jay Cox joined J. B. Jacobson in the brick-making business. These men worked together until 1931 when J. B. died. From that point until the beginning of World War II, Jay continued manufacturing brick with the help of his sons and other local workers. The brick-making era came to a close when the making brick by hand methods had become obsolete. Thus the forty-one year history of the Manti brickyard came to an end.

Sources: Personal recollections of Jay Cox, Elliot Cox, Manual Hansen, Thelma Jacobsen Smith, and Paul M. Smith

Song of a Century, edited by the Centennial Committee, Manti, Utah, 1949, p. 89.

ISAAC BEHUNIN—TRULY A PIONEER BUILDER

Macel B. Anderson

Ephraim, Utah

Non-Professional Division

First Honorable Mention Historical Essay

The Behunin family left their native land, Ireland, in 1816 and settled at Richland, Oswega County, New York, about the time that territory was being settled. It had been necessary for them to leave most of their furniture and precious belongings behind them. As soon as an opportunity was available, Isaac's grandfather returned to Ireland to retrieve these wares and dispose of the balance among the friends and neighbors that were still there. However, his plans didn't work out, for he was lost at sea and was never again heard of. This sad experience brought great anxiety and sorrow to his family and friends.

In the late fall of 1818, Ophius, the father of Isaac, returned home after being away working at a lumber mill for several months. His wife, Nancy Morton Behunin, and their two sons, Isaac, 15 and James, were really glad to have him home again. Nancy was suffering from homesickness for her parents at this time, for she hadn't seen them for a long time. As soon as the waters of Lake Ontario showed signs of coating ice, plans were made and Isaac and his family traveled by sleigh to Kingston, Ontario, Canada, where Nancy's folks lived. They planned to spend Christmas and the holidays there with relatives and friends. It was a joyous time for all of them. Nancy's favorite Christmas gift was a knitted red cap and scarf that had been made by her mother, Mrs. Lords.

One beautiful winter day, Ophius, Nancy, Isaac, James and Mr. Lords, Nancy's father, decided to spend a day on the ice before they started the journey home. Nancy and Ophius had a good time skating, while the boys joined their grandfather fishing where there were holes in the ice. Finally, Ophius, after warning Nancy not to skate where the ice was thin, decided to try his luck at fishing and joined the fishermen. This proved to be exciting until he thought of his wife and looked around to see how she was enjoying her skating. To his horror she was nowhere in sight and they immediately began to search

frantically everywhere. They were led by her tracks to a place where the ice was thin and they knew she had slipped, unnoticed, through the ice into the water. Many people came to the rescue and everything possible was done to find her, but to no avail. It was several weeks before her body was located. When the weather began to get warmer and the ice began to melt, Isaac and James, with heavy hearts continued the search. They got a glimpse of the red scarf their grandmother had given their mother for Christmas, and her body was found frozen to a big log that had lodged at the edge of the lake. The sorrow of the family was devastating, but they were grateful to find Nancy's body, so she could have a proper burial and Ophius and his sons could return to their home at Richland.

A few years later Isaac fell in love and married a beautiful girl by the name of Mariba. They had three children and were very happy, but Mariba's health was very poor, and in a few years Isaac was left alone to care for his young family. They had joined the Mormon Church and the kindness shown them by its members was really appreciated. When the Saints were compelled to leave, and moved to Nauvoo, Isaac and his family were with them. The church brought a great deal of comfort to Isaac and his children and they attended the meetings regularly. One Sunday morning at Sunday School, he was introduced to an attractive girl by the name of Elmena Tyler. She was one of the teachers. They became good friends, and as time went on, their friendship developed into love and they were married at the Nauvoo Temple. This was in 1834, and his first wife, Mariba and her children were sealed to him on this occasion.

Elmena was a natural mother and was happy to take the responsibility of raising a ready-made family. They were fortunate to have a comfortable home to live in, for Isaac was a good carpenter and handy at making furniture and whatever was needed. They lived at Nauvoo for several years. Two children were born to them and they had a happy way of life. The persecution of the Saints seemed to be getting more violent all the time, however, and many were driven from their homes. It was a difficult decision to make, but Isaac and Elmena felt it best for them to leave also, and the trip to Iowa was finally proposed, and plans made to go with one of the companies. Elmena's heart was broken to leave her home and the things she loved so much. There were tears in her eyes as the wagon pulled out of the yard. She bowed her head in her hands and refused to look back, even though she knew they must flee the mob as the other people were doing to find a safe place to raise their families.

The journey of the Saints proceeded onward pretty well for some time. At one place outside an Indian village, the wagon train stopped while the women and children gathered soda that had formed on the large alkali flats. They could use this soda when they had a chance to wash their clothes and bedding. The Pioneers always made their own soap. They had a few spinning wheels to use in making thread, rope and materials, out of which they sewed their own clothing. Flax was often processed to make various fabrics also.

At Council Bluffs it was necessary for Isaac's family to leave the wagon train for a while, and they settled in a small cabin to wait for Elmena to give birth to another child. Sometime later, when she and the baby were able to travel again, they joined another company that happened along, and they continued the journey West.

Many trials and hardships were experienced by the Behunins and the other members of this independent group, as they trudged along their way across the dreary plains in all kinds of weather and many other obstacles. It was not uncommon for the weary campers to wake up in the morning to find that a blanket of wet heavy snow had fallen during the night. It would be a saddened group that would crawl out of their wagons, on more than one bitter cold morning, to discover some of their cows and oxen frozen to death. On one occasion, a little girl who was frail and ill died during the night and her young sister found

her in the morning dead in bed by her side. They were forced to scratch a shallow grave in the hard frozen ground and bury her by the roadside, and then continue on their way.

The group finally did arrive at the Salt Lake Valley and were happy to see many of their faithful old friends on hand to greet them. The Behunins were able to find a one room cabin, and Isaac attempted to make it a suitable home for his large family. Just a few days later, word was passed around that Brigham Young wanted to see and talk with the newly arrived company and they assembled to hear his counsel. He requested them to travel on to the Sanpete Valley and settle the area there. The next day or two found them on their way again. They arrived at the Ephraim area in the late fall of 1852. Most of the people arranged living quarters in their wagons, tents, or whatever they had, but it didn't take Isaac long to decide what to do. He and his sons proceeded to dig a dugout where they hoped to have shelter from the winter weather, which was due at any moment. Many of the other people laughed and kidded them about this.

This dugout was a short distance west of where Ephraim's Main Street is now and two or three rods north of Center Street along a creek that runs southeasterly to a northwesterly course. Many pine trees grew along its banks. In a few days the dugout was finished and the Behunin family moved into a large, warm, dry room with a canvas hanging through the center to provide better sleeping accommodations, and a door made by Isaac for the entrance. They were barely moved in when the first of December brought a severe snow storm, and by candle-light, they thanked their Heavenly Father for their many blessings. As the days passed, the snow kept falling, and by the time it reached four feet, several of their animals died from lack of food and extreme cold. These animals were dragged away from the dugout and were quickly snatched away by the Indians, who would devour them, and then later make long speeches to the white people in gratitude for the meat that had saved their tribe from starvation.

Isaac staked a claim along Pine Creek. He felt that being near the water source, he could provide for the needs of his family pretty well. At various times, however, due to troublesome Indians, they were forced to seek protection for short periods of time at the Fort in Manti, then return again later to their home at Ephraim. At Pine Creek, Isaac farmed 40 acres of land. On March 6, 1854, the County Court granted him the use of the water of Pine Creek for mill purposes. He built the first sawmill on this creek. Soon after, a road was made up the canyon in order to get logs and timber for building purposes and poles for fencing. The living quarters of the Behunins were improved immensely and were quite comfortable for Elmna when she gave birth to another son. They named this child Benjamin.

In the months that followed, the Indians seemed quite unsettled. Often they were seen hovering near, and it wasn't safe to leave the yard alone. When Elmna baked bread they could smell it for miles and came to beg some. Snakes were very plentiful and dangerous and it was necessary to be on the lookout for them at certain seasons of the year. A sad event happened one day while two of the boys were a couple of miles from home tending a few sheep that belonged to Isaac. The one boy became very ill, with a terrific pain in his stomach, and they didn't know what to do about it. He tried to relax as he lay in the shade of a big tree. The pain became so bad that he died. His brother, stricken with grief, and not knowing what to do, covered him with branches and leaves to protect him from the Indians and wild animals, while he ran and walked to his home for help.

Captain Higgins, as he made his rounds on patrol, was a frequent visitor at the Behunin home. He seemed to have his eye on Nancy Mariba. Soon after her sixteenth birthday she married him. He was 36 years her senior and had two other wives.

Trouble with the Indians became very serious and there was an uprising all over the state. At Sevier County, several men were killed and homes burned. Isaac was beside himself with worry. When the roads

were dry enough for travel, he and his family sought protection again at Manti. While they were there, a man by the name of A. N. Billings signed Isaac's 18 year old son, William B. Behunin, and several other young men, to go into the elk Mountain Territory (Moab). This was called a Mission by the church leaders. This territory was occupied by the Ute Indians, and Governor Brigham Young hoped to bring these Indians into the church. This plan did not work out, for the Indians were on the war path and several serious battles were fought. On September 30, three white men were killed. They were William B. Behunin, Edward Edwards, and Wiseman Hunt. Captain Billings was wounded. After many months of bloodshed, Governor Brigham Young was successful in setting up a treaty with Chief Walker and the fighting stopped for a while.

In the late 1850's, Isaac Behunin sold his claim at the Pine Creek area to Callis Edwards and the Behunins moved to the Sanford Allred Settlement on Canal Creek, now known as Spring City. They remained in Sanpete until 1860 and then moved south to an unknown county that had not been settled. Isaac was 57 years old at this time. He had fought in the Walker War and had been involved in many other Indian disturbances. He was looking for a warm, quiet, peaceable place where he and his wife could grow older in comfort. They settled in the Zion Canyon territory at a place called Springdale, and built a home and the needed furniture hoping to take life easy for a change. It wasn't long until the Indians burned this house down, and they had to flee for their lives. They found refuge at a place known as Rockville and, with courage, started again to build a new life. This seemed to be the patter of their lives.

On September 29, 1883, Elmena Behunin passed away at the home of a son, Mosiah Behunin, who was living at Ferron, Utah. Isaac had died previous to this time, May 10, 1881. They and the members of their large families were honest, God-fearing, upright people. They suffered many hardships from Indians, hard work, disappointments, sickness and death of loved ones, and all kinds of trials that were customary in those primitive times. The people of Sanpete can be proud to have the name of Isaac Behunin on the beautiful monument representing the Settlement of Ephraim that is located on the Snow College Campus. This monument reads:

SETTLEMENT OF EPHRAIM...IN 1852 ISAAC BEHUNIN AND HIS FAMILY CAME TO PINE CREEK. BY 1854 SEVENTY-SEVEN FAMILIES HAD ARRIVED. BRANCH L.D.S. CHURCH ORGANIZED, RUEBEN W. ALLRED PRESIDING ELDER. REDDICK N. ALLRED CAPTAIN OF MILITIA. FT. EPHRAIM INCORPORATED AS A CITY 1868, GEORGE TAYLOR SR. MAYOR, AGNES ARMSTRONG SCHOOL TEACHER. PUPILS USED SOFT YELLOW ROCK FOR PENCILS. AFTER INDIAN RAIDS ENDED, EACH MAN WAS ALLOTTED 20 ACRES OF LAND OUTSIDE FORT. HOME BUILT NEAR THIS SPOT HAD ABOVE ENGRAVED ROCK OVER THE DOOR...THIS ROCK READS: "P. MADSEN - 1860". Peter Madsen built his own home and it was one of the first homes built outside the fort. The identified rock was above the door. The monument was built under the sponsorship of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers of the Ephraim Camp. It was dedicated May 21, 1974.

In 1909, the old beautiful canyon of Zion, named Zion's Canyon by Isaac Behunin, was set aside and dedicated as THE MUKUNTUWEAP MONUMENT. Isaac and Elmena had passed away before this time, but some of their children and other members of their large posterity and friends attended these services.

Out of his large family Isaac had four sons and one daughter live to have children of their own; namely, Elijah, who was nick-named Cutler, Mosiah Steven, Andrew Ira, Nancy Mariba, and Isaac Morton. Cutler served as a doctor, surgeon, and dentist in the many communities and towns in the Sevier area where he lived. Buddy Merrill, a great-grandson of Isaac, has been a star on the Lawrence Welk show for many years. Franklin T. Behunin, another Great-grandson of Isaac, has been for some time and still is, supervisor of the well known Mountain Bell Telephone Company of Salt Lake City, Utah. His father was Elijah, a son of Mosiah, who was a son of Isaac. F. Terry Behunin, a son of Franklin T. Behunin, is a great-great-grandson of Isaac. He is manager of the Utelcu Credit Union of Provo, Utah. Several of Isaac's sons inherited their father's sturdy characteristics and continued to be builders of homes and other structures.

A beautiful home of native rock still stands majestically on the east side of Spring City's Main Street. It was built by Isaac's son, Isaac Morton, in 1883 for the Beck family. It is the residence of Mrs. Osmer H. Beck at the present time.

The lineage of Isaac Behunin is scattered far and wide throughout the nation. Wherever they are, they are known to be talented and progressive people.

Source: Information gleaned from Isaac Behunin's biography and correspondence with members of his posterity.

FOOD, FIBER AND FUNDS FOR OUR FOREFATHERS

Lois Brown

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Second Honorable Mention Historical Essay

"Take care of the sheep and they will take care of you." This was the philosophy of the early sheep owners and shepherds who were such important figures in the early history of Manti.

The first settlers knew when they came into this valley they would have to have food, clothing, and some cash when they came, so most of them brought a few sheep to provide these necessities. Many enlarged their small flocks with sheep bought from Mexican herders who were grazing their flocks in the vicinity. During the last part of the 1800's, most families possessed just a few sheep, so a town herd was formed and one or two men would take the flock into the fields or hills to graze.

Gradually some men enlarged their herds as they found that sheep provided not just the necessities, but the wool and lambs could be sold each year to provide the many things needed for the growing families. Some of the sheep owners organized a cooperative herd which functioned for 50 years ending in 1971. During this time the larger owners began to form their own herds. In the early 1930's there were about 125,000 head of sheep owned by people in Manti. By 1890 and for about 60 years, Sanpete had more sheep than any other county in the United States, approximately one-half million. Herds during this time became bigger and bigger, often numbering from 1500 to 6,000 sheep.

In 1891 the first national forests were formed; and the Manti National Forest was established in 1904. This was accomplished as a result of the transient herds of sheep and cows moving from New Mexico and Arizona, grazing the mountain tops all spring and summer to get to Salt Lake and a market. This continual grazing resulted in the mountains becoming so overgrazed that the National Forest was set up to protect them.

The sheep owners made a living from their sheep, but there was a sudden significant improvement in the industry during World War I. Because the army used wool uniforms and blankets, it was considered a patriotic act to raise wool and lamb for the army. Placards appeared reading "Eat No Lamb." The lambs were to be preserved to reproduce and build bigger herds. The price of wool went up to 75 cents a pound.

When the war ended there was a surplus of sheep so the government stepped in and built a stockpile of wool, and eventually, with the slumping military demand, the price of wool fell from 75 cents to 25 cents a pound. The sheep industry was in trouble, and then came the depression. Then the sheep business was in bad trouble. Prices had been so low that sheep owners had borrowed until they were deeply in debt, so the banks took over many of the herds.

By 1941, when World War II broke out, the number of sheep in Sanpete had dwindled to about one half the number that there were during World War I. Again prices zoomed, and sheep, their owners, and herders were considered of national importance because wool and sheep products were again strategic materials.

At the end of the war, the government demand for wool and lamb slackened, and cheaper man-made fibers appeared and captured much of the market of the natural fibers. With the Gatt treaties, the United States entered free trade with the rest of the world, and sheep, along with other important industries, lost out to foreign competition. Then came environmentalists protecting predators! The sheep population continued its decline. The future of the industry was bleak, but whatever happened, sheep and the people who worked with them had helped build Manti, Sanpete, and the United States. They had contributed not just to the economy and defense, but to the history and the development of a segment of the population, the shepherd, or sheep-herder.

The sheep-herders who lived with the sheep and cared for them have a unique place in our history because of the way they had to live in order to care for their very important charges. One or two herders lived in a tent or a canvas-covered "camp wagon" in the mountains or on the desert, wherever the sheep found their food; but it was nearly always far from other human beings. Sometimes these men liked the work, and sometimes they just could not get other jobs, so to support their families they lived away from them, sending home their paychecks, keeping only enough for themselves to buy a hat, some boots, a shirt and a pair of levis.

Roads were bad and transportation slow, so herders rarely saw their families and friends. Owners of the sheep came out infrequently with supplies and to check on sheep and herder. Many of these herders were the "salt of the earth." They did their work, really cared for the sheep, and were thoroughly responsible. But many of the men living this kind of life did develop some strange characteristics.

A dog, a horse, the sheep were their true companions. They cared for them, lived with them, loved them. Of course the dogs and horses had names. So did many of the sheep! Oh, some looked like very certain people, and when that sheep with the particularly white face, much like Lucy's when she had her make-up on, was not at the lead of the herd as usual, there was concern and a search was made for her. Sheep were named after family members, friends and foes, even presidents, prostitutes and prominent religious figures. They weren't just a herd of sheep but a community that the good herder governed with a strong but kindly hand.

Many herders were happy with this life-style, preferred this job to any other, and after only a few days "home" they were ready to go back to the peace, to the hills and the stars and the sun and the wind, and to that small room where they knew exactly where everything was. There really was not enough room in a tent or camp wagon for anything to be out of place. And there were the heavy quilts on the bed that made it feel just right. At the herd they could drop on the bed in dirty clothes and boots. No one was there to nag.

And the stove! Well, anyone who has ever tasted sour dough and mutton cooked on the little wood-burning stove at a sheep camp knows that the food tastes different, better, much better, than any woman can turn out with all the conveniences in her spotless kitchen.

There was the smoky smell about the camp and the crackle of burning wood. There was not one to shout or sulk. Many good men spent good lives with a sheep-herd, happy, useful, and content.

Of course there were other herders, the drunks, the discontents, the discouraged, the lazies. There were all kinds of shepherders in the early days, and around them grew a lore to be remembered.

THE SIX SEVENTY-FIVE CLOCK

Mary Louise Seamons

Orem, Utah

Non-Professional Division

First Place Personal Recollection

The browned, aged legend on the back tells that it is a Cound clock manufactured by E. N. Welch Co., of Forestville, Conn., U.S.A., and faded pencil marks indicate that it cost \$6.75. Another yet more browned-with-age tag pasted to the back gives directions for "setting the clock, and keeping it in order" and identifies it as an "Eight Day Half Hour Strike." How banal they are.

But the clock is not banal. Standing two feet tall, it graces the mantle. Made of dark stained wood, carved into pillars rising at the sides and tiny bell-like shapes standing in near heart-shaped "windows," topped by sweeping curves, it stands for love, and memory, and Grandma.

The glass-paned door is adorned on either side with graceful gold leaf urns out of which grow golden leaves and stems, touched with green and scarlet roses to frame the round face of the clock and the swinging pendulum of brass and enamel. The coils and springs of the workings are clearly visible behind the pendulum and the face, a face marked plainly into minutes, five minutes, and Roman numerals to mark the time. The swinging pendulum produces a soft yet echoing ticking which brings comfort and peace to tired minds of an evening or night, and the tiny mallet mutedly pounds the coil beneath to toll the hour and the half hour.

And in the bottom just below the pendulum and just inside the door rests the key, the key so many times turned, and turned, and turned by Grandma's hand as she wound the two square "pegs" of the clock, softly rubbing the paint from around the "holes" in the face at eight o'clock and four o'clock.

The clock has a personality, too. Stubborn, with a will of its own, it insists on resting "just so" or it will not run, or only run sporadically. Grandma, too, found this to be the way of the clock, purchased when she and Grandpa were newlyweds nearly a hundred years ago. Grandpa made and carved a shelf for the clock, complete with drawer. This he placed carefully, ever so carefully on the wall so the clock would "run right." And later, after Grandpa was gone and Grandma had moved into another house, the little shelf was placed "just so" so the clock would be content.

The drawer, with its knob nearly matching the one on the door of the clock, was where Grandma kept her treasured newspaper clippings and recipes and the tiny brown bottle containing the cataract from Grandpa's operation, the liquid long since evaporated and the membrane turned into a hard pellet. And those things were still intact when Grandma died and I was the recipient of Grandma's clock thirty-one years ago. Though the stand is on a shelf in the closet and the clock rests on the mantle, it has never been as regular as it was when Grandma cared for it.

But the love is there, and the memories and the beauty and the wealth of the "\$6.75 clock."

OUR FIRST TRIP TO SALT LAKE

Rose L. McIff

Sterling, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Second Place Personal Recollection

We were at the Sterling Cemetery. I heard Uncle Lon talking to Papa, "El, let's take the families to Salt Lake on a trip. We have transportation." I listened closely for the answer.

"Well, maybe we could, but I'm not a very good driver yet," Papa replies. With breathless excitement I ran to the top of the Gray Knoll to tell my cousin, who was picking wild snowballs, the good news. I can still see her standing there in her blue dress with a white goose embroidered on the front of it. "LaWaine, all of us are going on a trip to Salt Lake, Papa said! Won't that be fun?" It was Decoration Day, 1924, and I was six years old. We both raced down the hill to tell Clint, Gene and Louis.

Papa had just bought a two-seated automobile, a Model-T Ford, complete with a cloth top having three rectangular glass windows in the back. It had cloth curtains with larger isinglass windows that rolled down in case of storm.

We were proud of our new black car, even though it "kicked" when Papa began to crank it to "shoot it off." Sometimes he cranked until his muscles ached, other times it started right off.

Papa said, "I'm not sure I can hold it down clear to Salt Lake or not." Mama agreed, but added in her worrisome way, "Just so we don't hit into something, or run off some high bank. In this kind of a rattletrap we're sure to get killed."

Papa shook his head. Every time he got it all wound up to go uptown, Mama would remind us, "This might be our last ride."

To this fearful prediction Papa would reply, "If it would stop when I say 'whoa,' like to our work horses, all my fears would be over." With us kids beggin' and hangin' on him, Papa decided we would go in the morning.

We knew Mama had decided to go when she began to put us through the scrubbing process, only more so. My brothers always had to have their chappy, rough knuckles scrubbed and scrubbed, and Mama did scrub them. I remember how they cried. Later she showed her love for them by rubbing cow's cream on their hands.

Mama prepared our lunch the night before. It consisted of homemade bread, "real" butter, bottled sausage, and large sugar cookies. She packed it in a clean bleached and washed flour sack.

Early morning found us filling the radiator with water and agreeing how much easier it was then hitching up the horses; besides, there was a horn to honk.

When both families, numbering nine persons, were packed into the small car, the three youngest children rode on Uncle Lon's and our mother's laps. We were so crowded that LaWaine and I stood on the seat and watched out the back windows. Somehow we broke the stitching around the isinglass windows and folded their corners back to make two holes to see through. By the time we got to Aunt Leon's house, the holes had grown to large ones. When our folks discovered our mischief, we were severely scolded, and I felt very repentant.

Our mothers, who were sisters, were busy talking. Seemed they never got everything said the entire trip. Anyone would have thought we lived miles apart, rather than only one mile.

Many times on the way we stopped by various ditches of running water to fill the radiator. Papa used a gallon can in which to carry the water to the car. We also stopped for gasoline. Gas was perhaps 12-15 cents per gallon at the time.

We were going along pretty well toward our destination when Papa, with his adventurous spirit, stopped a man to inquire, "D you know any short cuts to Salt Lake City?"

"Sure do, take this road here," the man replied. It led us out into the Goshen meadows and swamps. All went well till we came to a creek and found no bridge.

Our mothers said, "Shouldn't we turn around and go back?"

"We certainly will not. We've gone too far," came the reply from the men.

We found a narrow place to cross and two boards, one a decent plank and the other a smaller board. Most everyone got out and walked across the plank. The men thought the women should stay in the car, and lean to the side of the good plank. Our mothers were sure scared, but the crossing was made in safety. We thought our fathers were "real heroes." In my opinion our mothers were brave, too. At noon we ate lunch and were soon on the main road again.

When we arrived in Salt Lake, our aunt, who was expecting us, laughed to see such a jam-packed car. What she didn't expect was our appetites. We could eat and eat, especially "baker's bread." We ate one loaf after another and kept her busy going to purchase more.

The next day we went to the circus and saw the elephants and monkeys. Aunt Leona bought us each a large colored gas balloon. We took the usual rides and enjoyed the sights. I heard a man yelling, so I ran to see why. He was talking about a fat lady and midget. When I looked up to tell Mama of the interesting sight, she wasn't there. It was then I realized I had left her and I was lost! I didn't wander too long until my parents found me. Thereafter, they insisted on holding my hand wherever we went.

The second day we all went swimming at Saltair. The water was so salty it held us up. We were very excited. My brothers never got over the fact that this day they had sum with Jack Dempsey, the world Champion prize fighter. They thought it would be great fun to feel how hard his great muscles were. We enjoyed other sights, also. I had never seen seagulls before, and now there were so many of them, and they were not afraid of me. The Great Salt Lake was the most water I had ever seen.

Clint and Gene went for a ride on a street car called the Bamberger. A strange man said to them, "Let me show you a trick with your money." The boys handed him their two quarters. The trick was, the man kept the quarters.

At home once again, Mama breathed a big sigh of relief as she climbed stiffly from the car and said, "It's good to be back! To take ourselves all the way to Sale Lake was no little thing."

Papa replied, "We sure felt a lot smarter before we left than we did when we got home"

That about summed up our trip. We had seen many great and marvelous things and learned a lot. We knew that "short cuts sometimes prove to be the long road," and that "strangers cannot always be trusted." We knew in our hearts that we would go again if we had the chance. The automobile was here to stay!

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE CLASS OF 1924?

Edith Allred Price, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-four
Requests your presence at its
Fiftieth Class Reunion
Saturday Evening, May Eleventh
Six-thirty o'clock, N.S. Lunch Room
Visiting hour, Five o'clock
\$10 per guest R.S.V.P.

She laid the invitation down. After fifty years her class was finally having its first reunion. It had been fun working on the committee, but one thing bothered her. Would she be the only chubby one there?

"I do have good skin, not too many wrinkles, and my tinted hair does look better than the gray some older people wear. Besides, my husband doesn't like gray hair, and wants me to keep it tinted," she rationalized.

She sat down in the rocking chair with her Stunt Book. It had been a great help in providing information. Almost every girl of any consequence had a Stunt Book in 1924.

The large green-backed volume literally bulged with pictures, dance programs, pressed flowers, clippings, autographs, wedding announcements, love notes, it was all there for all the years. All her life she had been an avid keeper of scrapbooks.

The pictures of the morning and afternoon sessions of the kindergarten were carefully pasted on the first page. Sixty-three sober faced children stared at her, not even a flicker of a smile on any face. She remembered how cross she had felt that day, because she had to stand beside a boy with such a dirty shirt. The two teachers, Misses Mattie Lovell and Viola Whitaker, were also deadly serious, their long black dresses adding to the solemnity of the occasion. Two things struck her about the picture. The children, dressed in white or light colors, looked like an advertisement for Tide. Twenty-nine of the girls wore large fancy ribbon in their hair.

The crossed legs of the children on the front row betrayed the regimentation of the period. All of the children wore high-button shoes which needed polishing. Their hands were all neatly folded in their laps. Several wore little front aprons to keep their dresses clean.

The kindergarten was housed on the first floor of the North Sanpete High School Building, just completed in 1911. The large room provided ample space for the class.

She turned next to the graduation picture of 1924. Nine boys and twenty girls made up the class total only ten of these students were in the original kindergarten picture.

"Where in the world did we lose the others?" she mused to herself. Then she remembered that some had not been promoted, some had died during the 'flu' epidemic, some had moved away, and some were drop-outs and graduates of later classes. New children had moved in, and children from Fairview and Spring City had augmented the class during the high school years.

And now it was 1974!

She gazed at the picture. Evelyn Madsen was obviously the prettiest girl in the class. The lace top of her dress matched the brown of her naturally curly hair. Rebecca Sanderson was pretty, too, and petite Ruth Carter with the big smile. Carrie Rasmussen, Aletha Madsen, and Olive Monson were smiling, too.

She looked at herself in her round-necked black velvet dress. Marge Madsen, Ruth Carter, and Hazel Anderson had all worn this dress for their pictures because a dark dress was a "must" for pictures in those days.

Quiet little Marie Jorgensen, Erva Norman, and Orena Orton looked so shy. It was difficult to get to know them very well, especially when she was so shy herself.

Blond Helen Jones had been her roommate for one year during college, but she had elected to marry her high school sweetheart at the end of that year. Nathan Nielsen was quite a scholar among the boys, and Bea Burns, the class president, had captured him early in the game, or was it the other way around? Whatever it was, Bea was a scholar in her own right. Charlie wall was certainly Mr. Popularity. As for her, she had secretly liked Delmer Tripp, but he was as bashful as she was.

Rulon Rasmussen, John Clark, and Charles Nielson were from Fairview and seemed to have girl friends from their hometown. When one saw the girls they married, she could truly understand why.

Denzil Moss was known to be the best-looking boy in the class, but like Vernon Larsen, he, too, was shy. A very intellectual young man, Vernon spent much time hitting the books, although during his college years she did see him a few times with "lipstick 'round the collar'."

Sheldon Monson, the star athlete from the 1923 class, waited until the 1924 class to be graduated. This made a double graduation for the Monson family, since sister Olive was also a graduate.

She had seen some of the students since graduation. She remembered especially well the day Ina Hasler stepped off the train in a big floppy hat with a cute new boy friend. She looked more beautiful than ever. Arla Simpson she had never seen since that memorable evening of May 11, 1924, and now Arla was dead.

She had often wondered where the rest of these people were after all these years and now she knew, because her job had been to search them out and write a personal history about each one so everyone would be brought up to date.

Sometime before the final date, she had completed the histories. The research had proved to be most interesting. The statistics proved that this class of fifty years ago compared favorably with classes of today, despite the fact that no money was available for scholarships, part-time jobs were nonexistent, 25 cents an hour was top salary for student help, many of the teachers were poorly trained, and a majority of the parents had no money to send their children to college.

The research showed that six members of the class had died by 1974. This was roughly 21 per cent and included Ruth Carter, Rose Anderson, Carrie Rasmussen, John Clark, Marie Jorgensen, and Arla Simpson. All but one member had married, and the combined group had produced a total of 76 children. Only one member had no children.

Twenty-two members had served actively in church positions, one serving as a stake president and several as missionaries.

Nine students were accomplished musicians, four were piano teachers, and all of them gave freely of their time and talent for entertainment purposes.

Nineteen were avid travelers. Two were members of the Century Travelers Club, open only to people who have visited 100 countries. Ten members had traveled extensively.

Ten grads had completed college, but eighteen had completed some college work. Vernon Larson was the only student to complete the PH. D. Degree, and Nathan Nielson completed both C.P.A. and a Law Degree. Masters' degrees were completed by Charles a. Wall, Marjorie Madsen Riley, and Edith Aldrich Allred.

Nine members became teachers. Only one married a fellow classmate, but nineteen married fellow Sanpeters. Nine made permanent homes in Sanpete County, and five made homes outside Utah.

Administrators and teachers who had taught the grade during the 1920's and were still living included Eugene Hinckley, Marcus Cooley, Mildred Buckwalter, David C. Petersen, Margaret Woodward, and Aaron E. Jones. Those who had died included Eliza Jones, Ellis Carter, Miriam B. Nielson, A.H. Anderson, Henry Terry, C.L. Stewart, A.W. Anderson, T. W. Dyches, and Louis A. Petersen.

The largest family recorded was seven children, that of Ellis Tucker Madsen. Marie Jorgensen and Vernon Larsen were the next most prolific parents, with six children each. Two members had twins and the class average was 2.6 children per couple.

The majority of the class was educationally oriented, nearly every member giving his children some college training. Included among the offspring were bankers, dentists, lawyers, government workers, research-analysts, law enforcement officers, and insurance executives. Not a single criminal surfaced in the class, and only two were divorced.

All but three members attended the reunion. It was interesting to hear that the members were so thrilled and excited after attending the reunion that they planned to continue until the last one is unable to attend. Two reunions were held the first year, and three since.

The latest entry in her Stunt Book is a beautifully colored picture of the class which set off the elegant evening dresses, the stylishly coiffure hair, smiling faces, bright ties, new suits, and corsages of the members, and, yes, it is true, only one gray-haired lady appears on the picture. There were a few gray-haired men, a hair piece or two, and three other chubby girls.

Source: Author's knowledge of members, interviews with some, and information from their friends and families.

THE FLOOD, OR WHEN ALL HELL WAS TURNED LOOSE

Leo C. Larsen Mt. Pleasant, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Second Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

In response to an invitation from my grandchildren to tell them about my early life, I pondered for a moment, cleared my throat and began---

"Let me tell you about a devastating flash flood that hit Mt. Pleasant and did an untold amount of damage to property and took the life of one man. It was a day I will never forget. It was the summer of 1918."

"It was like all hell was turned loose. My brother Vernon and Daddy and I were out at the farm irrigating our alfalfa hay. Rain began to fall, and as we took shelter in our barn, Daddy looked toward the mountains. With a very worried tone of voice, eh called our attention to the cloud burst on top of the mountains and told us that it might bring a flood, and a food could mean trouble. He then told us that at about 18 years of age he had witnessed a terrible flood and didn't want to see another. He then urges us

to hurry and hitch old Tillie, our old bay mare, to the buggy while he set the water for the night and we would go home early.”

“In a matter of minutes we were ready to go, and with the crack of the whip old Tillie was off on a fast trot toward home. About half way home Daddy stopped the buggy to listen. We heard the fire bell ringing. In those days when there was a fire or an emergency of any kind, the fire bell was rung to warn the people of the emergency. We could also hear a faint roar towards the mountains and Daddy said he was sure there was a flood and it could be a big one.”

“As we reached the edge of town, we could see people hurrying in all directions, some in wagons, some on horses and others running on foot. A man on a horse came up to us and said to Daddy, ‘Say, Fred, I don’t know whether you can get home or not. They say nearly every bridge across Pleasant Creek is washed out. It surely is a mess there in the center of town.’”

“I was sitting next to Daddy. I grabbed his arm and cried, ‘Gee, Daddy, what will we do if we can’t get across the creek and get home to Mamma?’”

“we were soon at 3rd North. We could now smell the mud. We stopped briefly and talked to the people gathered there. One said, ‘It’s terrible!’ another, ‘What a mess!’ Still another, ‘It’s just like all hell is turned loose, led by the Devil himself!’ Someone said that we might get across the channel on 2nd East by Tobe Candland’s home.”

“As we drove up 3rd North, we learned that the bridge by Tobe’s was the only bridge left and that a few people had gone over it. The road for about one block from the bridge was covered with thick mud, ranging from six inches to a foot deep. I grabbed Daddy’s arm again and Vernon held on to me as Daddy urged old Tillie through the water and mud.”

“As we approached nearer the bridge, a big boulder had been deposited in the middle of the road and Tillie needed extra urging to pass the big smelly thing. When we were directly over the channel, I remember how horrified I was as I looked down into that seething, smelly mass of mud, having the consistency of thick, brown, boiling gravy. Although by now the peak of the flood had passed, we could still hear the bump, bump, bump of the boulders being carried by the force of the heavy water.”

“Even old Tillie was glad to get across the bridge, for she lost no time getting us home. I remember how glad I was to see Mama. She was out in the road waiting for us. She was wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron. I remember that night the feeling of security as we safely sat down to a supper of salt pork, potatoes and gravy, and fresh vegetables from our garden, with applesauce for dessert.”

“After supper Vernon remarked that Daddy surely did set the water for the night awfully quick. Daddy explained that he was worried. He said he was sure when he saw that cloud burst on top of the mountain that there would be another flood like the big flood he mentioned out to the farm that he had witnessed when he was eighteen years old in the summer of 1893. He said he and his mother and sisters and a brother were on their little homestead farm in the mouth of Pleasant Creek Canyon. They were caught in a cloud burst. Soon they could hear a flood coming down the canyon. His half brother, Andrew Peterson, then about twenty-four years old, jumped onto his horse and raced to town and warned the people that a flood was coming. Daddy then said the rest of the family climbed the hill where the Mt. Pleasant electric power plant now stands and watched the flood come out of the canyon. He said it was like a wall of water and mud twenty feet high rushing forward with a deafening roar. Everything in its path was taken with it. Large trees were simply uprooted and tossed end over end downstream. Huge boulders, some as big as a room, were moved and left down on the farm land below. So great and terrible

was this flood that whenever anything is mentioned or anything happens that reminds him of this experience, it strikes horror into his heart and a sickening sensation in his stomach.”

“As we were talking, a neighbor came and excitedly asked, ‘Have you heard the terrible news? Lewis Oldham lost his life in the flood. They don’t know where his body is.’ Our neighbor then explained how she had heard it had happened. According to George Rosenberg (Petersen), he and his wife were visiting the Oldham family, whose home is about one mile out of the mouth of Pleasant Creek Canyon. When the first sounds of the flood reached their ears, they went to the main channel, which is a short distance from the house to see the flood. Soon they discovered that a small part of the flood, which had overflowed the main channel, was coming down a little hollow between them and their house, so they hurriedly found a pole to walk across the small newly formed stream. They were all safely across except Mr. Oldham, and as he was crossing, a flush of much more flood water came and covered the pole, and Mr. Oldham slipped and fell into the now suddenly increased stream. The shock of this sudden emergency in his life either caused him to have a heart attack, or he was so confused he could not act. He merely sat motionless on the thick mud as it carried him down to the main channel of raging water, mud, and rocks. George Rosenberg ran along the bank trying to reach him, begging him to hold out his hand so he could get hold of it and help him out, or grab onto that bunch of willows, but Mr. Oldham just sat dazed and rode the thick mud to his death.”

“One week later the fire bell rang again and the people gathered on Main Street and learned that the battered body of Lewis Oldham had been found lodged against a fence west of town near the D. & R.G. railroad tracks. All his clothes had been torn off his body except one shoe.”

“The death of Lewis Oldham was of course a great shock to the whole community and added determination to public sentiment to do something better about the floods if they could. But what could they do? Back in 1894 a flood dam was built. Shortly after, a small flood came. The dam diverted the flood to the North and South Fields. A law suit resulted and the city had to pay the damages. The dam did not solve the problem, it merely shifted the area of destruction. Over the years, several other projects were suggested, but it was not until 1950 that fifteen agencies in all initiated a comprehensive investigation which resulted in a program of flood prevention. This was a program of controlled grazing and terracing the steep slopes and reseeding the range. As a result of this flood investigation, it was learned that there had been twenty floods since the big flood of 1893, or an average of one every three years. Four of these were major floods causing damages into thousands and thousands of dollars. There four major floods occurred in 1893, 1918, 1936, and 1946. The flood in 1946 was a ‘hum-dinger.’ I will never forget it either. It was the 24th of July. The whole town was ready for a big 24th of July parade. The banks of Pleasant Creek overflowed at the bridge over State Street; diverting the water, mud, rocks, and tree stumps down Main Street. And what a parade that turned out to be.”

“I want to mention before I quit two more things about the flood that I remember vividly. The next day after the flood, we rode around town looking at the extent of the damage where the flood had gone. We saw a straw stack down in the middle of Main Street. The flood had taken the straw stack from the yard of Emil Hafen, and floated it down six or eight blocks unmolested, and even a setting hen ‘scrook’ was still on top devoted to her task of trying to hatch out the nest of eggs she had secretly stolen away. The other was the ‘digging out’ or the ‘clean up’ which was such a tremendous task that Mt. Pleasant City requested help from the State Government. The State responded by sending a group of convicts, as they were called then, from the State Penitentiary. I remember weeks later as we passed over the bridge one day, a uniformed guard with gun drawn was guarding these convicts. I noticed one convict in particular

who was shoveling rocks into a wheel barrow. When he had a load, he picked up a big steel ball that was fastened to a four foot length of chain which was locked to his ankle. He put the ball into the wheel barrow with the rocks and walked over to dump his load.”

“So, young people, you can understand why I will never forget the devastating floods that hit Mt. Pleasant.”

Source: History of Mt. Pleasant
U.S. Soil Conservation Service
Verlyn Oldham, Leora Oldham, and John A. Peterson
Family records and author’s memory.

HOLLYHOCKS

Mary Louise Sorensen
Mayfield, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Place Poetry

They look dead
Dry stalks rustling in the bitter wind,
Curled leaves blown away,
Seeds scattered and gone.

Spring came.
The earth fulfilled its promise to awaken,
Glistening drops of rain,
Warm sun rays gave life again
And the hollyhocks grew
In a lonely corner of the old cemetery.

Once they were planted, tended admired,
As they guarded the head stones,
Like sentries along the picket fence.

Once they were picked
To be placed on a lonely grave
Not otherwise adorned.
Or made into dolls
With long dresses and sunbonnets.
Or seeds gathered and sown
To hide a pig pen, outbuilding,
Or a crumbling garden wall.

They forgave our forgetfulness.
As now, like the neglected graves,
The hollyhocks struggle to survive
In the lonely corner of the old cemetery.

SLEEPING CIVILIZATION

Dana Smith Ekins
Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Poetry

Unknown father of Wakara*
Progenitor of many sons
Your bronzed hand etched no scroll
Circumscribe my member
As these mountains do the valleys
With their gracious grasses gaping expel your
riddles
From earth's selfish sepulcher.

Father of Wakara
Disclose your progeny
Let the ruddy dirt respire
And exhale it noble spirits
Picture him on a barren temple hill
The whiteman's Walker 'gainst starlit sky
That scintillates in time
With chirping crickets.

Show me Sowiette the spokesman
Profile the brave with feathers
In the light of scrub oak fires
That warm his breech-clothed body
And red clay painted face
Let me hear the throated tirades
Of an evil tempered Sanpitch
His bear-like voice rebuking
The scavengers called the Utes.

Let me stand by the famous chief, love denied,
And peer with his through oiled paper windows
At the lacey whiteness of Mary Lowry's gown

(Never lie to an Indian)
And see Judge Peacock, arms akimbo,
Linking Mary and her sister
In a chain called life eternal
The promise fulfilled.

And, Wakara, tune my ears
Let me hear above canyon breezes
That make flutes from alpine aisles
Its tiny whimper
Abduct me on beaded doehide
As Chief Walker did
Morley's curly-headed babe
In ransom for the town named for a hill.

Unknown father of Wakara
Progenitor of many sons
Your bronzed hand etched no scroll
Gone are Sowiette, Sanpitch, and Walker
Weep for their sanguine skin
Listen for their wailing in the wind
Confine them to the reservations of the mind
Sorrow for the sleeping civilization.

*Indian name for Walker

Source: Conway B. Sonne, "Royal Blood of the Utes," Utah Historical Quarterly, Volume 22, 1954, pp. 271-272.

Centennial Committee, Song of a Century, Manti, Utah 1949, pp. 38-39.

BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

Lois W. Prichett
American Fork, Utah
Non-professional Division
Honorable Mention Poetry

I cannot say, "This book is Mine";
Small parts of oh so many lives
I here entwine.

Small bits of heartache, joy and
Sorrow, I have found,
Are recorded in this "Book of
Remembrance" I have bound.

There would be no book were it
Not for those who went before;
Those whose lives I search through
Memory's half-closed door;

Those whose faith, endurance,
Love, have brought me here,
Who built for me the heritage
I hold most dear.

I pray, as I record my life,
And those I helped bring forth,
That they, too, shall cherish and
Immortalize the worth

Of those fine souls whose faith
And trust in the Divine
Enabled us, with grateful hearts so say,
"This life, this land, is mine."

WASH HANDS, THANK YOU

Norma S. Wanlass
Manti, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Place Short Story

"My name Topaddie." The Indian drew the words out slowly, articulating each syllable. When the two speechless children continued to gape in amazement he repeated, "My name Topaddie. Where Cox?"

Suddenly the children realized that they were expected to answer. "You want our Pa or our big brother Will," they stammered.

"His name Walt Cox," Topaddie answered.

"That's our Pa. He's over working on our house," and they pointed toward the West. "you want us to fetch him?"

"Me wait," and he crouched down onto his haunches.

Topaddie's long black hair was braided in two braids, one behind each ear.¹ His teeth were worn and broken, and his face was pock-marked. His only clothing was a shredded kilt and moccasins.² If there had been dark shadows about, and he had been following behind, fear and panic would have given wings to their feet. All of their recollections of life in Manti were full of fear of Indians,³ and their feet flew toward Papa and security.

He was back in a minute, a worried frown on his face, but recognition put a smile of relief across the tanned, line features.

Topaddie grabbed Walt's hand and pumped it up and down in the white man's greeting.

When his exuberance wore off, Walt asked, "Well, old friend, what is it that brings you here today?"

Topaddie's nose followed the smell of baking bread permeating the warm evening air from the brick oven in the dooryard.

Seeing his wistful look, Walt turned to the children and said, "Go tell your mother to hurry supper up. Our old friend, Topaddie, is here to eat with us, and his belly is mighty gaunt."

A big grin spread across the Indian's face, it had been quite a spell since he had eaten.

The supper gong sounded and they walked to where the family was gathering. Walt picked up a bar of yellow, dried, ly soap and motioned for Topaddie to follow him. They went to the irrigation ditch and crouched down. He rubbed the soap on his hands until bubbles frothed up around them, then he plunged them into the water, all the time rubbing them together in a circular motion, front to back.

Then he handed the soap to Topaddie with the instruction, "now you wash."

When they got back to the tables, Walt signaled that he would give the blessing on the food. He bowed his head and began, "Our Father which art in Heaven. We thank Thee for our many blessings." His voice droned on. "For this food we are about to partake of, we ask Thee to bless it to our use that it may do us the good we need in furthering Thy work here upon the earth." Topaddie's stomach growled in dismay. Then finally at the signal "Amen," everyone reached for food. They ate until the plates and bowls were empty; then while the whole family watched in disbelief, Topaddie took the last chunk of bread and sopped the stew pot up. He savored every last bite, then he sat back and rubbed his distended belly, a loud belch of satisfaction and appreciation rolling from his throat.

The younger children began to snicker until they heard a warning grating of his voice, and Papa excused them from the table. He and Topaddie walked up onto the porch, away from the clatter of tables being cleared and dishes being washed.

"Now," Walt asked, "what is it that you want?"

The Indian sat down on the board floor and started telling him of some wagons over near the Green River that had been left by Johnston's Army. He mapped out the whole route, describing and locating the mountain, river and valley, and how far they would have to travel without water. He, Topaddie, would show his friend, Walt Cox, where these wagons were located.

"Topaddie, can you be here this same time tomorrow evening? I will have my answer for you then."

That would be good, Topaddie thought. There would be food again. Then he agreed to tomorrow at the same time and left.

Papa watched him go, then walked to the gong and called his family to return. They gathered quickly, for whenever the signal sounded, it signified an emergency.

He explained Topaddie's offer. The journey would take many days, and would cover many miles. It would be in the mountains away from any settlements. He would have to depend upon his Indian guide to lead him. If their paths crossed that of renegade Indians, could Topaddie be trusted? Would he have any influence against renegades?

All these things the family pondered and deliberated.

On the other side of the coin was the desperate need for the iron and lead that was in those wagons. It had been ten years, 1852 to 1862, since they had left their home in Iowa to follow Brigham

Young to Utah. Everything they owned, they had to mend and make-do, because there was no money, nor any way to bring supplies a thousand miles.

It was Rosalia, one of the older girls who raised the question, "Would we be stealing from the United States if we took these abandoned Army wagons?"

Will didn't think so. "You remember last July, in 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War when the army was ordered back to the States? The Government sold their property at low, low prices because they didn't have time to transport it back to the war front. The property they couldn't dispose of, they just had to leave."⁴

It was Gordelia who came closest to summarizing their feelings. It was she who had the head for business, who didn't let her heart rule her head in these situations.

"I do not trust Topaddie, but only because I don't trust any Indian. We would all feel better about your going if there was a better than one-to-one situation. If you could get someone else to go with you, we would all be relieved. Who could you get? Fred is back to the Missouri River for immigrants. Someone has to stay here and take care of things at home. This automatically falls on Will's shoulders when Papa isn't home."

"Walt, who would you feel more secure in asking? Who is the most knowledgeable of the country and the Indians? Who is the most dependable and has the most know-how when it comes to dealing with Indians?"

"Well, I think I would have to say Archie Buchanan," Walt answered.

"Good. If you can talk him into going with you, we will all be easier in our minds," Will consented.

The next evening Topaddie was there as arranged. He didn't announce himself but crouched down and waited for Cox to come.

Again he smelled Pan-nah (bread) baking and thought Oore-att (that is good).

He walked to the ditch, picked a weed from the bank and rubbed it on his hands, then plunged them into the water. Now when Cox motioned him to wash his moo-nin-ch (hands) again, he could say O-wish-to-pic-qua (it was done).

Archie Buchanan was there, too, and after they had eaten, Topaddie, Archie, and Will followed Walt up onto the porch.

All questions asked, Walt sat back and said, "Well, as I see it, we stand to gain much more than we could lose, that is if we come through it alive. What do you think Archie? Will you go with us? Half of what we bring out will be yours, or we will pay you by the day, whichever you would prefer."

Archie replies, "I have listened closely to Topaddie. I say yes."

"Good," Walt said. "We will each ride a horse and each take a team of horses broken to pull. These will be used as pack animals on the way to the wagons. If the terrain is as rough as Topaddie says, we will only be able to cover 25 miles a day, but ten miles will be a big day coming home. We will have to take all the food and water we can carry, plus my repair kit, and harnesses for the wagons."

"Today is Friday. We will get ready on Saturday, rest on Sunday and be ready to leave Monday morning at first light."

The word noised around the settlement next day. There were those that thought Archie and Walt were out and out "damned fools." Then there were those who thought the risk was well worth the reward. Of course there were the soreheads who wondered why Topaddie took the offer to Walt Cox. "He always got all the plums," they said.

To this Walt answered, "Well, maybe it's because I am a wheel-wright by trade and will know what to do with the iron when I get it. Then again, maybe it's because I get along well with Indians."

Everything went well for a few days. The men ate two light meals each day, breakfast and supper. They cleared a road to bring the wagons back on, cut trees down and cleared brush, even moved rocks to clear it off.

Then Topaddie became grim faced and started scouting a wider area.

Finally Walt asked, "Are we lost, Topaddie?"

"No, we not lost, the wagons just moved," he answered, dead serious.

Walt looked at Archie and they both burst out laughing. Topaddie looked at them bewildered, then he too started laughing.

For three days they searched before finally locating the abandoned wagons.

Topaddie let out a whoop, dropped the reins on the pack horses and raced toward the spot. When Walt and Archie rode up, he was sitting in a wagon all smiles.

"See," he said, "those trees, and that big rock are right where I left them."

It was hard work to get two wagons in running condition. The three days spent searching had put them behind, so they cut their food to one meal and three sips of water per day. They chewed on grass and pine needles to keep their mouths moist. Most of the time they were working too hard to think about empty stomachs, that is until supper time.

While Archie and Walt drove the wagons, Topaddie ranged far and wide for food. When the grade was too steep, all three teams were hitched to the lead wagon to pull it to the top. Then they had to go clear back to the bottom and bring the second wagon up. One day they made only four miles. They gidapp'ed and whoa'd, gee'd and haw'd until they were worn out.

One day Topaddie found a wild raspberry patch. He picked about two quarts, but he warned the others not to eat too many or they would have a big bellyache (Sow-er-per-kang-ge). My, they tasted good. Walt wished he could take some home so the young children could know what raspberries tasted like.

They were finally out of the high mountains when Archie asked, "Hey, what day of the month is it?"

They hadn't thought of time except in the number of miles covered each day, since leaving home. When they figured it out, they determined that they were due back home tomorrow, with a good six days journey left.

Topaddie had snared a rabbit and was roasting it when they reached night camp. He hadn't skinned or cleaned it. To Archie and Walt he gave the meat, then he ate the part that he knew they would refuse as being unclean.⁵ He had also found some wild carrots and onions. There was no question who had kept them alive. The white men yearned most for a glass of cold milk and a flour biscuit, but they never complained to Topaddie.

One early morning off in the distance they saw a band of Indians moving single file toward the mountains. Topaddie said they were hunting meat.

"I'm sure if we can see them, they can see us," Walt said. "But we're in luck, they haven't changed course."

As the wagons rolled into Manti, the word of their coming fanned out like seeds before a windstorm.

When the men arrived at Walt's home, the family was gathering from all directions. Will had sent someone to the Buchanan home and they were coming, too. Oh, what a welcome!

Topaddie was placed on top of a wagon, and everyone joined hands and danced around him yelling, "Three cheers for our friend Topaddie. Rah, Rah, Rah Rah Rah; Rah, Rah, Rah Rah Rah; Rah, Rah, Rah Rah Rah; TOPADDIE.' He was very pleased.

First they washed their hands in the ditch, then blessed the food and thanked HIM for their safe return; then they ate.

To all of this Topaddie said, "Walt Cox say much 'Thank you,'" but he not wash hands very much." He rubbed his hands together in a washing motion while he spoke.

"Well, old friend," Walt joked, "that was because we missed so many meals."

No one will ever realize the value of the iron and lead the men brought home. Many wagons were rebuilt and there was material left for years to come.⁶ And to Topaddie, he would always be a trusted friend to Walt's and Arhcie's families.

Source: ¹Utah Indian Stories, by Milton R. Hunter, P. 16.

²Ibid. p. 22.

³Frederick Walter Cox and His Family (History).

⁴Church Chronology, by Andrew Jenson.

⁵Frederick Walter Cox and His Family (History).

⁶Ibid.

GRANDMOTHER'S TRUE STORY

Leah Hall

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Second Place Short Story

Soon after the settlement of Manti, a grist mill and sawmill with a log cabin in between were built at the mouth of Manti Canyon. John and Archibald Buchanan were the operators of the grist mill. John had brought his wife, Adleine, and one-year-old baby to live in the log cabin. This arrangement made it possible for both men to lodge near the mills.

The Buchanan brothers had received word that their mother was coming to Salt Lake City with the emigration for the L.D.S. October Conference which would be held in that city.

On the night of September 26, 1853, both brothers found it necessary to go to the Manti settlement to make final preparations for their journey to Salt Lake with the Manti folks who were forming a "Conference train." The wagons of people and produce were to leave very early the morning of October 1st. The men finished their work at the mill in the late afternoon. They had been aware that some six or eight wigwams of Indians were encamped across the creek on the little spur of the mountain between Funk's Canyon and Marble Canyon. The Indians were seen moving around, but all was peaceful. Nevertheless, these Indians were a part of John's thinking as he kissed his wife goodbye and cautioned her to bolt and lock the door securely as soon as he left.

This, Adeline did, but she was nervous also. She rechecked the door and peered out the tiny window that was placed high in the end of the cabin. Everything was quiet. There was no movement anywhere except the sighing of the wind through the bushes and trees along the creek bank.

The night was warm for that time of the year, so she busied herself in banking the fire. She had brought the dog into the cabin and now he lay in front of the bed. In the dimness of the room, she thought it a bother to light the rush lamp, commonly called a "slut." She needed no light as she lay down on the bed to hush the baby to sleep.

As she lay there, she was startled by a strange rustling among the bushes outside. The dog perked up his ears, and a deep growl began to form in his throat. Quickly she put her hand over the dog's mouth and whispered, "Be quiet." She was aware of the hairs along his back standing stiffly, as though he sensed danger. The noises caused the baby to waken. Adeline took him in her arms, and he began to nurse at her breast.

She knew they were in danger, and glancing around the room she decided that the safest place for them was the dark corner by the side of the fireplace. She held her hand tightly over the dog's mouth and, carrying the baby, silently moved away from the bed. They huddled close together. Adeline had never been in such a tense situation. She prayed for the Lord's protection and help, for she knew that they were dependent on Him for their safety.

The noise of the approaching Indians became louder. She could distinguish the words, "Mike tkcaboo." They were pounding on the door. The small window next caught their attention as they called, "Squaw, mike squaw!" and tried to climb up the logs to peer into the darkness of the cabin.

The frightened woman continued her vigil, standing in the darkness with the baby on her arm and the dog at her side. How long she stood there she could not remember. Finally, she heard the clop-clop of the horses' hooves and the sound of voices. She listened closely and heard her husband say, "I am sure glad to get home and find both mills standing. I was worried about those Indians, and all the time I have been gone, Adeline and the baby have been in my thoughts."

As soon as daylight came, John and Archibald began to investigate the Indians' visit. They found the mill had been broken into and that flour and grain had been carried off. As they looked toward the place where the Indian camp had been the day before, they saw only the sagebrush covered hill. The camp was gone! The settlers were alerted and assigned guards were sent from the Manti settlement.

The Buchanan's moved to the settlement and a new miller, John Warner, was given orders to grind enough flour for the settlers, to last until the mill could be moved to a safer locality.

Warner, the miller, and William Mills, the guard, were killed October 4, 1853, by Indians, perhaps the same Indians who had haunted the cabin of the lonely woman and robbed the mill only five nights before.

Source: My Grandmother, Adeline Coons Buchanan's personal story.

Author's Note: after the grist mill was moved, the Indians burned the saw mill.

OH! WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY

Bernice B. Keeler

Manti, Utah

Non-professional Division

First Honorable Mention Short Story

"Yes, Papa said we could take Fan and the buggy and take our trip tomorrow," announced Mother. "Really, Maw? Tomorrow? Tomorrow?"

For ever so long Mama and we three sisters had anticipated a trip to visit our aunt, and tomorrow was the day!

Long before the sun was up next morning we were up, bright-eyed and happy. There were many things to be done before we could leave. Chickens and pigs were to be fed, milk taken care of and delivered to neighbors, breakfast eaten, dished done and Papa's lunch prepared because he was in the middle of "haying" and would eat at the field. Then we had to "get ready." We were scrubbed at the kitchen wash basin. Our rolled newspapers were taken from our hair, newspapers that made ringlets fit for a queen. We had slept on them all night, so our hair would be 'specially nice'. Then we donned our clean cotton dresses and long white stockings, and we could wear our Sunday shoes if we were very careful not to scratch or scruff them.

Mama harnessed Fan to the black buggy which we had cleaned and shined the evening before. Excitedly we piled in and were off.

Fan seemed to share our enthusiasm, as she trotted right off at tremendous speed, so we thought. We were going from Manti to Spring City, there and back in one day!

Soon we were up the street, around the curve by the Temple and out on the highway. The day was clear and beautiful, not yet as hot as the July day would become.

We chattered and sang and laughed. Our joy almost matched the birds that flew overhead. Fan clippity-clopped along the road, and we could smell the newly mowed hay from the fields on either side.

It seemed ever so long before we reached Ephraim and rode down its Main Street, and longer than ever before we reached Pigeon Hollow. Then soon we took the turn-off road that led us through the fragrant, low cedar-covered hills, and on and on we traveled. It seemed we had been riding for days and finally there was Spring City before us! What a lovely place, a town nestled in a green-meadowed nook.

Fan was very hot and tired by the time we rode down Main Street, and there awaiting us was that famous trough and that wonderful water flowing from the well our mother had told us about. As we stopped, we jumped out of the buggy and drank our fill, while fan enjoyed her share.

It was only a short ways to Aunt Janet Baxter's house. Oh, what a nice house it was, so big and pretty, with gingerbread trim on the upstairs and downstairs porches and surrounded by lawn, vines, shrubs, flowers and a garden.

Aunt Janet welcomed us warmly. The horse was put up and we entered the house. What a big dining room, and a parlor and a piano! In the kitchen was a pleasant surprise, a water pump right there in the kitchen from which some more of that wonderful water was pumped. "No wonder they named the town Spring City," I thought.

Later Aunt Janet said we might go out to the garden and pick some strawberries for ourselves. As we lifted up the dark green leaves we beheld strawberries like we had never seen before, luscious, enormous crimson berries that melted right in your mouth!

We visited and played with cousins and neighbors in the streets and in their yards while Mama and Aunt Janet exchanged and discussed family news.

After lunch Aunt Janet and Uncle John said we might to uptown to the confectionary store they owned. We were there in a flash and cousin John greeted us. After exploring the store and gazing longingly at the mouth-watering goodies, Cousin John said, "Would you girls like a candy bar?"

"Oh! Would we!"

He continued, "You may have one of any kind you would like. Take your pick."

He brought our maple-nut bars, coconut patties, peppermint drops, cherry chocolate, peanut and walnut crunches and many more bars too good to be true. After looking and thinking and pondering, I chose a Hershey Milk Chocolate bar. Why? Because it was the biggest, of course. I had never had a bar before in my whole life!

“Oh, thank you,” we cried. We could hardly wait to get outside to sample our bars. We bit off a teensy bit and let it slowly disappear in our mouths. We wanted those bars to last forever. Every so often we took a tiny bit just to keep on enjoying, on and on.

After arriving back at the house, Mama suggested that I have a nap because I would be very tired before we reached home. I lay down on the parlor couch and soon everyone else had disappeared somewhere in or out of the house. It was a lazy afternoon, beginning to get rather hot. It was quiet. Bees hummed on the vines outside the door and soon I became very drowsy. Just before drifting off I put my hand on my pocket to check and see if my precious bar was there safe and sound.

As the afternoon wore on, I became warmer and warmer and so did my Hershey Milk Chocolate bar. It softened and softened and grew and grew until it covered my pocket. The it proceeded across my middle, and I went right on peacefully sleeping.

Imaging Mama’s dismay when she came in to awaken me and saw my oozy, brown tummy staring at her.

“What in the world.....!” Mama exclaimed. As I awoke suddenly and beheld the spot, I cried, “My candy bar! My candy bar!” a wonderful experience had just melted away into my cotton dress!

After tears of disappointment were wiped away, we climbed into the buggy that Uncle John had brought around for us. After goodbyes and thank you’s, we proceeded toward home.

To soften the disappointment, Mama started singing and before long we joined in, and would you believe it, before we arrived home my sisters had each broken off a small piece of their hoarded candy bars and had given them to me!

We drove into our yard in the very early evening, tired but happy. After a good clean-up in the No. 3 washtub in the kitchen, in water taken from the copper reservoir on the side of the coal stove, I went to bed, and as I drifted off to sleep I heard myself say, “Oh, what a wonderful day!”

THE APPLE

Elizabeth J. Story

Cheyenne, Wyoming

Non-Professional Division

Second Honorable Mention Short Story

My early years were spent in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, where all my relatives had settled. My father was Clair Jacobson; he was a farmer, a carpenter, and was also very good with animals, especially horses.

Each summer he would make at least two trips up the East Mountains to the old Howell coal mine with his team and wagon for loads of coal for our coal stoves to keep us warm during the long cold winter months.

It was August. I had just been baptized, and this August was my turn to take the long interesting trip to the mountain with my father. Always before, one of my three older sisters had been able to go with him.

Father had a good team of sturdy horses. The black mare was named Princess and the big sorrel was Molly. However, for the heavy long haul my father would borrow an extra horse to help pull the load home. My father's friends told him he was foolish to take the grey mare as an extra horse. She was balky as the result of bad handling and was what was known as a "sour." Father really didn't have much choice as everyone was busy and using their good horses. He felt sure that he would be able to handle her without much difficulty.

The trip started long before sun-up. I was so excited when I climbed onto the green wagon and seated myself proudly on the green spring seat. The night before, we had loaded the wagon box with fresh hay for the horses, and my mother had packed a large grub box for us. It was full of good bread and butter and other good things to nourish us, as this was a two-day trip.

When I climbed into the spring seat at my father's right side, I had a jacket for the cold, my straw hat for the hot sun, and also a small cloth sugar sack of summer apples. They were so good to nibble on along the way.

Soon we were on the road to Fairview. It was still early morning when we reached Flat Canyon in the mountains. The dew still sparkled on the grass and the trees. They seemed to shimmer in the sunlight. I saw two deer out grazing in the meadow, and they bounded off among the trees as we came upon them. I was overwhelmed at the beauties of nature.

As the day grew warmer, I shed my jacket and donned my straw hat as we drove along toward the old Howell coal mine. My father told me of the hardships of building the road to the mine. A large portion had to be dug deep into the side of the hills to make the road wide enough for the wagons.

When we reached the mine, the man in charge took us into the mine to show us what it was like. He had a carbide lamp on his hat, and the mine was very dark except for his light. I have always remembered the damp dusty smell of the coal.

Before setting up camp for the night, my father loaded the wagon with coal. We built a campfire, fed the horses, and had our supper. We made a tent with the tarp and, leaving our clothes on, wrapped up in the quilts under the lean-to tent and slept.

Early the next morning I heard my father talking to the three horses as he hitched them up. He placed the old grey that he had borrowed on the right side of the team with a singletree. We put all our things on top of the load of coal, climbed onto the spring seat, and off we went.

The morning was cool and I had my jacket on, my straw hat in my hand and the half empty sack of summer apples. The road was good and we made good time.

As the road grew more steep the horses had to really pull and work together. As we approached a real steep climb, the borrowed horse began to balk and refused to pull, thus holding my father's team back. The wagon stopped. Father tied the reins and pulled the brake blocks tight on the back wheels of the wagon. He took an apple from the sack, got off the wagon, and unhitched the grey mare. Talking to her while patting her nose with one hand and rubbing her under the hot collar, he fed her the apple. She calmed down and seemed to understand that my father was her friend.

He hitched the grey mare back to the singletree, released the brake blocks, and with the reins in his hands again gave the clicking signal to "getty up." They all pulled and soon we reached the summit and started on the downhill grade. This too was steep, and father would have to apply the brakes to keep the wagon with its heavy load from running into the horses. He would sometimes have to drive close to the mountain side so the wagon would slow down by dragging the side of the hill.

As we approached Mt. Pleasant, I could hardly contain my excitement, anxious to tell my sisters of the trip and the miracle of love that I had seen: of learning from my father the “Art of Gentle Persuasion” for every living thing, even a balky horse, which my apple had helped to persuade.

PICTURE SECTION

Gravestones in Sanpete’s Old Cemeteries

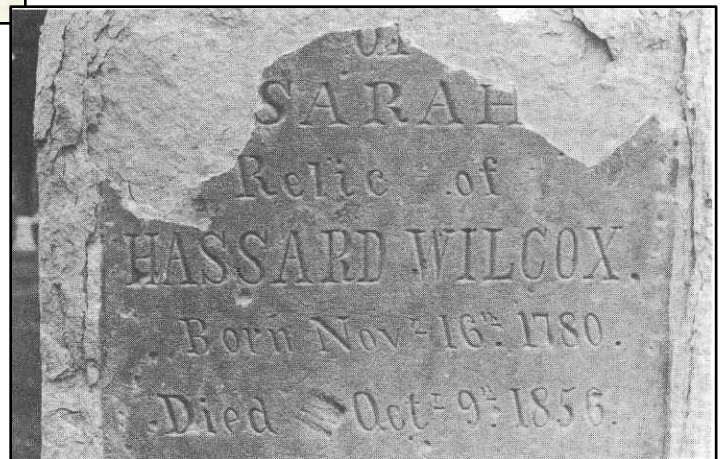
There is history “in that there graveyard,” but it always takes the living to point it out. William Cullen Bryant reminds us all in “Thanatopsis” that after this life, our bodies are entombed in “one mighty sepulchral.” Whatever our material and philosophical differences here, that is where we are joined in some form of ultimate reality.

Sanpete’s cemeteries are among the most interesting story-tellers in Utah, especially the older one at Fairview, both of them at Spring City, the old Ephraim cemetery, that at Wales and the oldest of them all in Sanpete, the graveyard in Manti. The latter was also an old Indian burial ground.



Wandering through these honored grounds of human beings, whose hopes, aspirations, laughter and tears preceded us here, there is much to learn from them.

Sanpete cemeteries reach back into American history is sometimes surprising. When Sarah was born there was no U.S.A., no Articles of Confederation, and no Constitution. Sarah lived all her life either on the fringe of a wilderness or in the wilderness itself. She was not a “relic” of Hazzard Wilcox, however. This is a misspelling. She was a relict, which is an archaic English word for widow. She was a southerner.



Headstone of Sarah Wilcox-1780 to 1856, Manti
Cemetery



The earliest American-born settlers of Sanpete came from the Northeast and south. Orson Hyde, one of the Twelve apostles, was a Connecticut Yankee.

Headstone of Orson Hyde

Isaac Allred was born in Pendleton, South Carolina, also one of the original Thirteen States. There is not "Pendleton County, South Carolina" today. But there is a small town called Pendleton in Anderson County, South Carolina, in the south end of the Appalachian Mountains. When Isaac was born in 1788 the U.S.A. was having its early bumps, just crawling along. Isaac must have known a lifetime on the frontier and was probably acquainted with the Choctaws, Chickasaws and Cherokees. In Sanpete he met the Utes, and one may say Indians were no strangers to Isaac Allred.

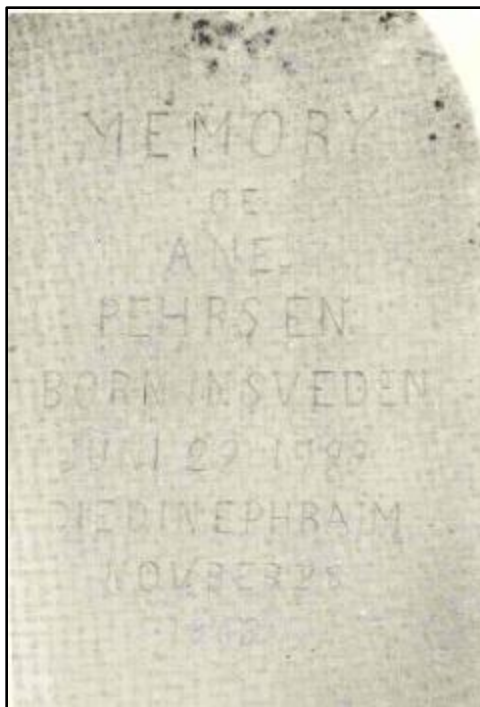
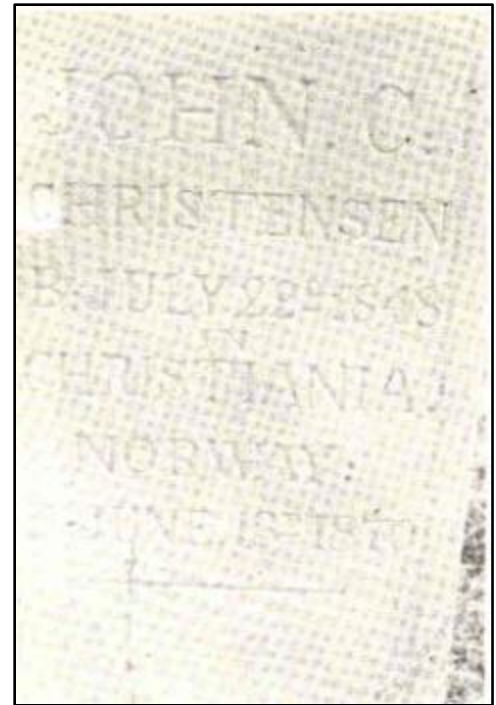
Headstone of Isaac Allred, Spring City Cemetery



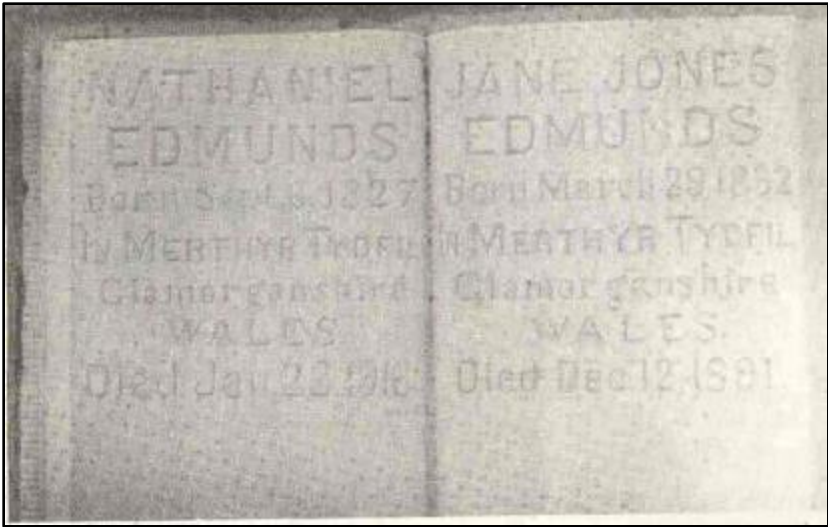


The ethnic composition of Sanpete was first confounded in 1853 with Danish immigrants. English was a foreign tongue to them, and those who erected the stone for Frederik Christensen appear even today to have been a little homesick for the homeland, even 110 years after Frederik died. Obviously, the stone was cut in Danish.

Not only the Danes, but the Norwegians also brought over some wandering Viking blood. "Christiania," where John Christensen was born in 1848, is called Oslo today.



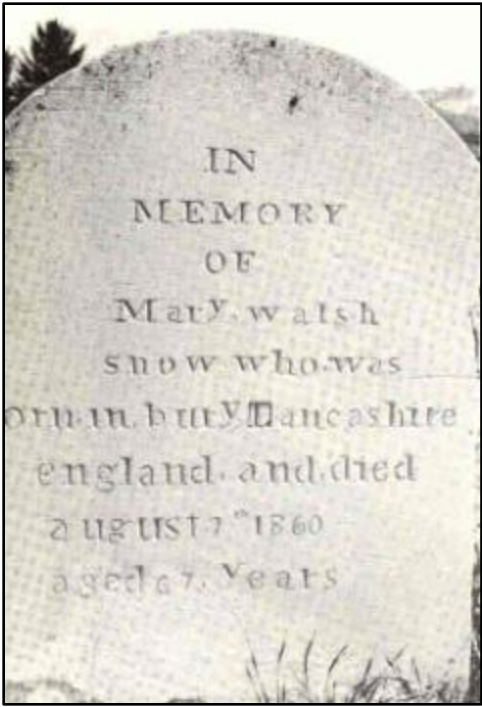
They wrote it as they probably said it: "SVENDEN" was the birthplace in "Juni" 1799 of Ane Pehrson, probably a Swedish variation of Peterson.



From the British Isles to Sanpete came Nathaniel Edmunds and his wife, Jane Jones. Like most of the early Welsh in Sanpete, they were from Merthyr tydfil, Glamorganshire, South Wales. The first mayor of Manti, Dan Jones (1852a0, was also from Merthyr Tydfil. Dan was known as “The Welsh Prophet,” and he was responsible for a good share of the Welsh emigration to Utah and Sanpete.

Headstone of Nathaniel and Jane Jones Edmunds, Wales Cemetery

Mary Walsh Snow, on the other hand, was from Bury, Lancashire, England. She was apparently born in 1793. Scandinavian, Welsh, and English names are predominant in the ethnic composition of the Sanpete cemeteries. What a babel of dialects and languages must the speech of Sanpete have been after 1850, and especially for a while after 1969! Later came the Germans and the Swiss,



whose coming is also evident among the gravestones.



William Dobbie Kuhre gives us a peek at some of the perils of frontier life in 1865 in the story told on this cenotaph at Ephraim.



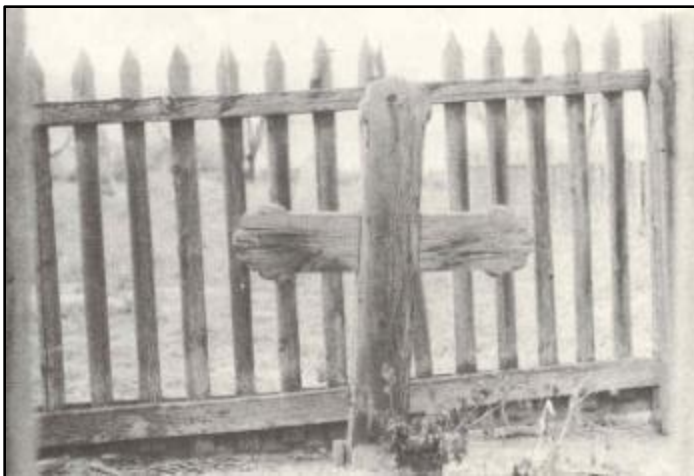
A Child's Stone – Old Spring City Cemetery



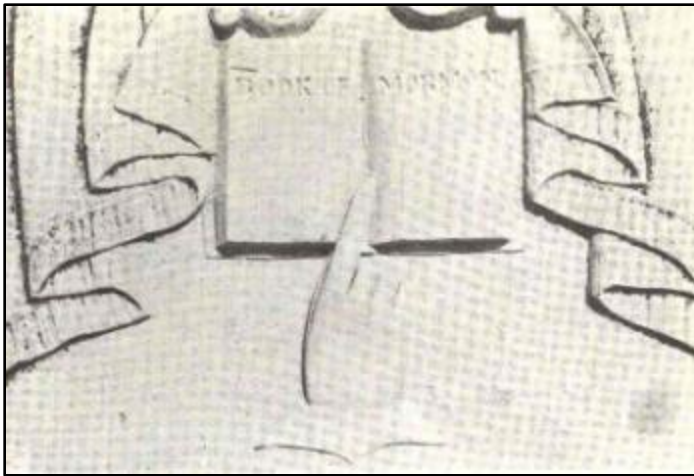
Children were among the earliest dead in Sanpete, and their markers are particularly touching in their innocence and the grief of their parents.



Family lots were once set off by fences. The desire for privacy was a little illogical, but family names and connections have always been a matter of genealogical pride among Mormons everywhere; although the tendency is far from unknown to others, especially among the noble gentry of Europe.



The symbol of the Cross, common among other Christians, is a fairly rare sight in Sanpete Cemeteries.



More familiar as a religious symbol is a facsimile of the Book of Mormon or the Bible, in one variation or another.

Other symbols on Sanpete graves are said to be derived from the Masons by way of Joseph Smith. There is some sensitivity among the L.D.S. people about this, and a common counterpoint is to the effect that the symbols are ancient, preceding the Masonic Lodge by centuries. What the handclasp refers to is usually the hand of a husband, wife, or other predecessor lending someone a helping hand across the “veil.”



A finger pointing upwards seems to be a resurrection promise. A startling variation on this theme is found in Manti over the grave of Albert Smith. Over his grave the finger points downward and one can only hope it means that here is one, Albert Smith, who will rise someday.

“Here rests a Woodman of the World.” Sanpete had its individualists, and some of them affiliated with lodges; none of these brotherhoods lasted many years in Sanpete.





New Spring City Cemetery

Wales Cemetery



Two tombs in Sanpete are of some architectural note. For the most part, however, the early settlers and residents of Sanpete were simple folk without pretension, alive or dead.

In conclusion, Sanpete cemeteries contain the usual, sad doggerel about meeting someone again someday in a painless land, although one marker simply says, "Gone." There is the grave of he who composed the great Mormon Hymn, "We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet," that of one who composed the music, lyrics or both of at least a half-dozen L.D.S. hymns, the grave of a violin-maker who used native Sanpete wood, and that of the Dane who translated the Book of Mormon into his native tongue. There is an Apostle of the Church in Sanpete, and also the remains of the stout man whose labor was the first to break the soil of the Great Salt Lake Valley with the plow.

One supposes there are some scoundrels here along with the heroes and heroines. All lost their children early and they had many of them: "one to grow and one for the crow". They sowed offspring as they did their seeds, and often it took four to have one survive.

They are buried intermingled with friends, family and enemies, and also, in Manti, among Sanpitch Utes; who were neither friend, family nor enemy, but something there they never quite understood; like the weather, the mountains and the deer.

God will sort them out, and may they rest in eternal peace.