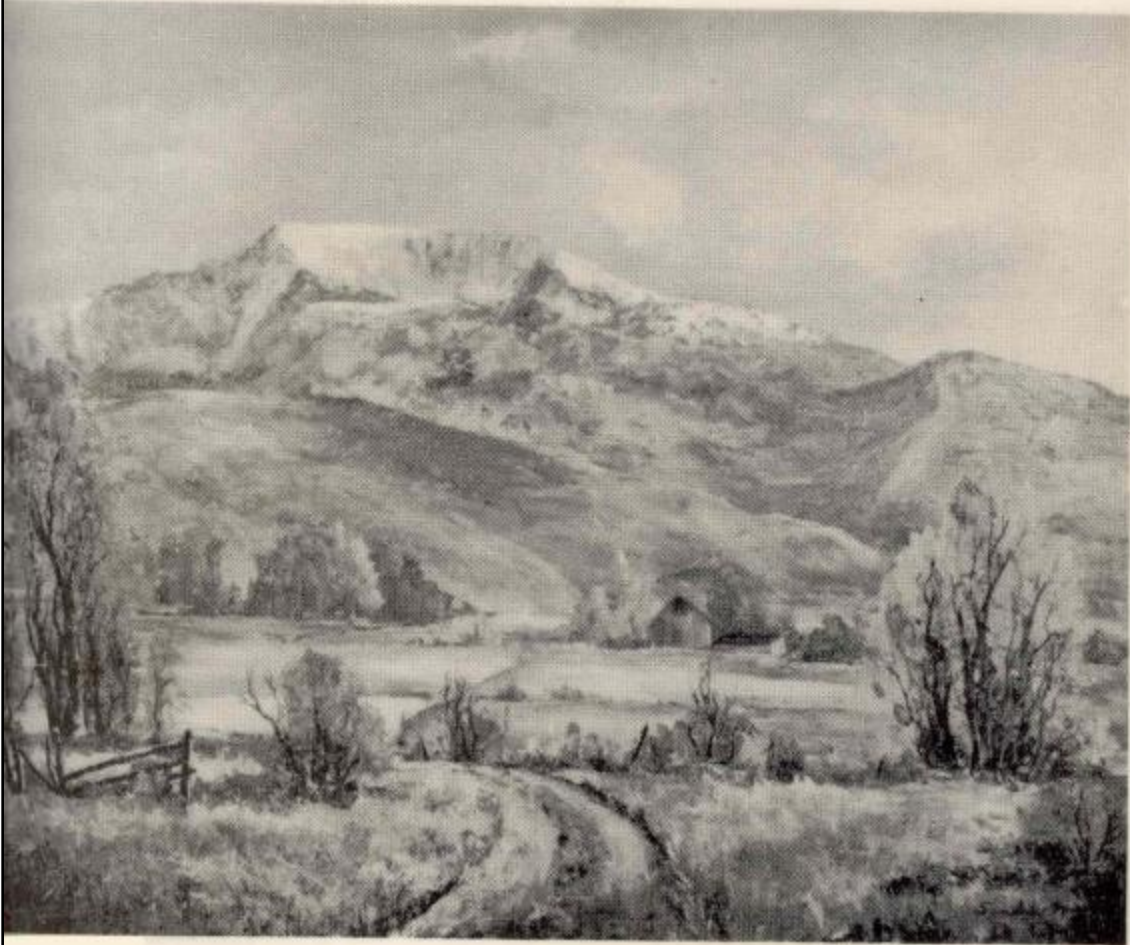


Saga of the Sawpitch



Volume 12 1980
painting of Horseshoe
by Sandra Johnson, Mt. Pleasant, Utah

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XII

Containing

Winning Entries

for the

1980 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Also

Pictures of transportation in the early days of Sanpete

And

Rules for Entering the 1981 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Sponsored by

Manti Region of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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By Ross P. Findlay

For

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

Printed at

Snow College, Ephraim, Utah

PERSONAL NOTE FROM THE CHAIRMAN

In its beginning, the history of Sanpete County is different in some respects from other areas in the State of Utah. Sanpete was settled on request of the Ute Indians. Here is how it came about:

WALKARA'S DREAM

Whether fact or fantasy is anyone's guess but the story is told of the Great Indian Chief Walkara (Walker) having dreamed that Indians and Mormons were living side by side in the valley of the Sanpitch.

This may have prompted Walkara to take six of his brothers, also Chieftains, with him into the Salt Lake Valley and ask the Mormon leader, Brigham Young, to send settlers to the Sanpitch. They arrived in Salt Lake on June 9, 1849 when Salt Lake was a settlement of only two years.

Imagine these chiefs sitting cross-legged around the campfire passing the peace pipe from hand to hand until it reached Brigham Young. Brigham was not only surprised but stunned by this strange request. Would he send settlers to the Sanpitch Valley, land of the Utes, to teach the red men how to plant crops and build homes?

Brigham, whose policy was to accept the Indians as brothers in the House of Israel, listened and then consented. His followers were only a handful of people within a sea of Indian nations. But to divide the flock and send part of them a hundred and thirty miles to the south with only one small outpost, "Fort Provost," along the way seemed like the actions of a foolish man. However, as he looked into the faces of these terrifying warrior chiefs, he raised six fingers and said, "In six moons I will send settlers to the Sanpitch Valley." Peace at any cost was better than war.

On October 28, 1849, 224 pioneers left Salt Lake in covered wagons and headed south into this little-known, trackless wilderness. Mormon scouts had reported the region so forbidding that it couldn't support a rattlesnake.

Arriving on the 19th of November, 1849 near the present site of Manti, the entire company camped beside the creek. However, "Father Morley" advised them to move to the south side of a hill that projected out into the valley, no Temple Hill. Here they would be better protected from winter's northern blasts. Most of them burrowed into the side of the hill making small rooms known as dugouts. Here they spent the winter.

The Indians living in the valley were in desperate circumstances. Their diet consisted of wild vegetables and smaller mammals including rabbits, crickets, and grasshoppers. Their clothing was usually the rabbit skin blanket. Their dwellings were of poor quality, some of them were a type of teepee, constructed of ten to fifteen poles covered with buffalo or deer skins. Others consisted simply of a shade made of brush piled on a framework of poles. These were called wickiups.

In spite of a cold and trying winter, in which men and cattle perished, when spring came the pioneers moved from their dugouts into the valley. Here they built homes and planted crops as Walker had requested. The settlement survived, grew, and in time became the city of Manti. Walkara's dream was now a reality.

Sonnet of the Sanpete, 1849

Inside wickiup of stick, stone and earth,
Indian mother crouches hiding from storm,
Newborn papoose, keeping safe and warm.
Son of mighty Chieftain, son of noble birth,
Inside wickiup of stick, stone and earth.

On hillside in a dugout white mother rests,
Newborn manchild pressed to her breast.
In strange home on hillside in hole in the earth.

Indian child, white child, in harsh cold weather
Each learned to speak language of the other.
One dressed in homespun, one clad in leather.
Leaping through the sagebrush, playing in the sand,
Fishing in the Sanpitch, make believe brothers.
Heap big playmates, always seen together.

Lilian Fox

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Historical Writing Committee thanks all of those who have given time and talents to this issue of the “Saga”. They also thank the ninety-one writers who submitted manuscripts to the contest. Although only half of them can be published at this time, hopefully they will appear in future editions. Getting information into written form increases our knowledge and adds to the rich heritage of Sanpete’s history.

Thanks to the Stake Presidencies of the Manti, Gunnison, Moroni, and Mt. Pleasant Stakes.

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Judges (all Sanpete residents):

Phyllis Greener. A native of Gunnison, Utah, she is a graduate of the Gunnison Valley High School and the Brigham Young University. She has been a teacher on the secondary level for 16 years. Most of her teaching was in English and Library Science. She is an avid Civic worker, particularly in the crusade of establishing a city library in Gunnison. Mrs. Greener and her husband, Dallas, are the parents of three sons, Glen and Phil of Salt Lake City, and Paul of White Plains, New York.

Eunola Mangelson. A descendant of Utah pioneers who settled Mormon colonies in Mexico, she came to Ephraim in 1951. Her husband accepted a position as Professor of Chemistry at Snow College. She is the mother of nine children and a graduate of Brigham Young University with a degree in English and Library Science. She has worked 11 years as Assistant Librarian at Snow College.

Betty Miller Ramsey. A graduate of Modesto, California High School, she attended the University of California majoring in languages and literature. She taught L.D.S. Seminary six years in California and served as substitute for three years in Mt. Pleasant. She wrote a newspaper genealogy column for three years in California. She worked as reporter and associate editor of the Mt. Pleasant Pyramid in Sanpete county for five years. She was the winner of several state-wide awards in press competition. She is a member of the Utah Press Women and National Press Women. She is married to Earl Ramsey and they are the parents of two children and six grandchildren. They live in Fairview.

Note: Since Betty Ramsey had entered the contest as a professional writer before asked to judge the contest, she declined judging the Professional Historical Essay and Professional Anecdote categories. Mrs. Mildred Nielson of Fairview was able to judge these categories in her place. We wish to thank her for helping in this capacity.

Cover: The cover picture entitled, Horseshoe Mountain, is by Mrs. Sandra N. Johnson of Mt. Pleasant. Mrs. Johnson paints lovely pictures of outdoor scenes in oil as well as portraits.

Picture Section: This year's theme is early day transportation. Jessie Oldroyd was instrumental in collecting these photos from all areas of the county.

SANPETE COUNTY HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST 1980

THE SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

ANECDOTE

An Anecdote (King Family)	First Place
Ritual	Second Place
A Broom That Swept More Than Cobwebs	Third Place

HISTORICAL ESSAY

Newspapers of Sanpete County	First Place
Land Ownership In Early Fairview	Second Place

PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Social Showcase	First Place
I Could Never Forget the Chautauqua	Second Place

POETRY

A Legacy of Faith	First Place
A Piece of Paper with a Name	Second Place
Deserted	Third Place

SHORT STORY

God Blessed the West	First Place
Katie's Feda Bag	Second Place

SENIOR CITIZEN DIVISION

ANECDOTE

His Overland Would Not Whoa	First Place
A Fiddler's Fee	Second Place
Lightweight Champion	Third Place
On the Lighter Side	Fourth Place

HISTORICAL ESSAY

Indians and Settlers in Sanpete	First Place
Sanpete's Weather Signs	Second Place
The Sheep Industry in the Early History of Manti and Gunnison	Third Place
From Burr Mill to Water Wheel to Electricity in Ephraim, Utah	Fourth Place

PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

A Glorious Fourth	First Place
Manti's First Electric Lights	Second Place
Buck Fever	Third Place
Aspen Graffiti	Fourth Place

POETRY

Pioneer Widow	First Place
The Old Wagon Wheel	Second Place
The Tale of Della's Pig	Third Place

SHORT STORY

Cloud Burst Climax	First Place
The Ghosts of the Old Pioneer Cemetery	Second Place

Fish, the Last of the Big Ones

Third Place

NON-PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

ANECDOTE

Hans Hansen's Nick-Name

First Place

Open Air Dance

Second Place

President Brigham Young Comes to Sanpete

Third Place

An Indian Scare

Fourth Place

HISTORICAL ESSAY

Black Hawk and His War

First Place

Sowiette, Political Chief of the Utes

Second Place

Homespun Recycling

Third Place

PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Cottonwood Canyon and the Tollgates

First Place

The Fourth of July Show

Second Place

I Look Back

Third Place

POETRY

Black Hawk's Warrior

First Place

The Unbroken Line

Second Place

Oak Creek In Summertime

Third Place

SHORT STORY

Bothilda's Reverie

First Place

The Secret of the Old House

Second Place

The Unwanted Visitor

Third Place

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 the three divisions: Senior Citizen, Professional, or Non-Professional. Each entry must state clearly the division in which it is to be entered. Each division will be judged in five categories: Anecdote or Incidents, Poetry, Short Story, Historical Essay, and Personal Recollection.
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 SNPITCH, Volume 13.
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 and 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 wished 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.
10. Former Sanpete County resident 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, 1981. 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. Winners will be announced at a special awards night which will be held for that purpose.
16. In evaluating the writings, the following criteria will be considered:
 - a. Poetry – Length must not exceed 50 lines
 - i. Message or these
 - 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.

AN ANECDOTE (KING FAMILY)

Jewel King Larsen
St. George, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Anecdote

The King family arrived at Fort Ephraim in the spring of 1855. The family consisted of Eleazer, Sr., Eleazer, Jr., his wife Mary Caroline and seven children. The youngest and only son, Samuel, was born at Council Bluffs, Iowa, where the family stopped while on the journey across the plains to Deseret.

While gathering wood in the foothills above the fort, Eleazer, Jr., found an Indian squaw, ill and unconscious, who had been abandoned by her tribe. Taking her back to the fort, Eleazer and Mary Caroline nursed her back to health. While convalescing, the squaw became friendly with the King children, especially Samuel, who was a bright, lively, three-year-old. After regaining her health, the Indian woman returned to her tribe.

Some weeks later, Samuel, disobeying his parents about leaving the fort, wandered off into the brush chasing rabbits. He strayed farther than was safe, for an Indian brave on horseback swooped down upon the terrified boy, snatched him up and swiftly rode off to his village with the screaming child.

The squaw who had been nursed in the King home belonged to this same tribe and when Samuel was brought into the encampment, immediately recognized him.

Waiting until the Indians had settled down for the night, she stole into the tepee where the tired child slept and, muffling him in a blanket to prevent his crying out, carried him all the way back to the fort into the arms of his frantic parents.

By her heroic action in returning Samuel to his parents, the Indian woman repaid the debt she owed then for her life.

Source: Story told by Samuel's parents and sister to my father, Alonzo King.

Story is included in the Samuel Eleazer King history and documented in the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Annals.

RITUAL

Betty Ramsey
Fairview, Utah
Professional Division
Second Place Anecdote

The half-moon hangs high in the western sky, casting its wan light over the sleeping village. As you open your door and move into the street, no one stirs.

Your footsteps and the rushing waters in the irrigation ditch which runs across the front of your yard are the only audible sounds.

The mountains stand pale-washed in the moonlight as they guard the valley.

Here and there over the slumbering town lights glow: the one left on all night in the school house, a single glow in a small house where parents care for a sick child, and the ever-glowing light of the sub-station.

Not a dog barks; the town peacock noisy in the daylight, is strangely quiet; and even the wild pheasants from the outlying meadows are stilled as slumber lies across the valley.

It seems a setting from a science-fiction movie, as the sleeping village lies inert and lifeless in the eerie beauty of the star-studded night.

Is there a threat in the calm and peace? No, all will spring to life and back to normal with the coming of first light. Then, why do you alone move silently though the city streets while all about you sleep?

As had been going on for over one hundred years in ever-so-many small Mormon towns throughout Utah, you move off to begin a ritual as old as the settlements in Sanpete County.

As your ancestors through the years have done before you, you shoulder your shovel and move off to take your weekly night irrigation turn.

Source: Personal experiences of the author.

A BROOM THAT SWEEPED MORE THAN COBWEBS

Wilma Morley Despain

Alpine, Utah

Professional Division

Third Place Anecdote

Grandma Elsie Margret Poulson Anderson would share anything she had with any one in need, except her husband. She was a personable woman, but very proper and quite sharp-tongued to anyone who was not. An expert cook and housekeeper, her home shimmered, it was so clean and polished.

A very nice home it was, and well built and still standing in Ephraim, Utah. Grandpa Peter was a successful man, good provider for his large family, perceptive and quick, but quite easily taken in by others.

One night, sitting in their cozy kitchen, someone knocked. "It's yust about time for Brudder-----, but he's late for his supper tonight, yet."

It was Brother ----, a bachelor and frequent just-at-supper-time visitor, but even when inconvenient Grandma said, "Vont you sit and sup, Brudder ----?" Known to be prosperous too, Grandma said of him many times, "He's so shrewd and pinches his coins so hard. He must ha' the first ones he earned."

After greeting, Brother ----- seemed disappointed that supper had been cleared away. He sat by the warm chimney, shifting first one way then another.

Finally, "Brother Peter, the brethren sent me." He looked at Elsie Margaret as if to tell her to leave the room. She did leave, lighting a lamp and carrying it with her.

"Brother Peter, the brethren think it right and proper that you share your nice home with another wife!" He sounded so important. "They suggested -----, she's young and can bear you young'uns to ease your load in your old age."

Grandma had left the room, but had left the door ajar, listening with ear pressed close. She let out an enraged gasp. Throwing the door wide, she ran out and grabbed her corn-husk broom! With stinging whacks she drove this bold bachelor from her home!

"You take yourself a wife you selfish man! You practice what you preach and leave my husband and home alone!" She followed him clear around the house swiping at the shocked and sheepish man as he hurried to the gate. "You sweep your own door-yard first!" she screamed as he ran faster and faster!

NEWSPAPERS OF SANPETE COUNTY

Eleanor P. Madsen
Ephraim, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Historical Essay

“When the last editorial is written
And the ink is smoothly dried;
When the papers have been folded
And addressed and wrapped and tied;
When these two who stood together,
Though days were dull or bright,
Will have closed the office door at last
For the long, eternal night;
May the thoughts and words and phrases
Of the things they dared to say
Be their unquestioned ‘press card’
In that land of endless day.”¹

This poem might well be a eulogy to all the editors of early Sanpete newspapers. We picture two toiling together with laborious hand methods, the only available tools in those early days before the turn of the century, when every letter was set separately, all the inking done by hand, and the press operated by hand or foot power.

The old print shops are now forgotten as newer and faster methods have replaced the archaic one. Even the Linotype is now becoming obsolete as more modern, electric machinery performs many tasks with minimum effort for the editor and his staff.

Survey after survey has proven that no other medium is so thoroughly read or listened to as the hometown paper. Indeed, since April 24, 1885, when the Home Sentinel, the first newspaper published in Manti by James T. Jakeman,² residents have eagerly scanned local publications for personal and social items, odd bits of national and state happenings, and other copyrighted material. Three items taken from the first editions have a bit of humor for the reader today.

“Salt Lakers are having strawberries and cream and our Manti, more rain.”

Ft. Green Items: “The stores of this burg are paying 6 cents per dozen for eggs and 42 cents per bushel for wheat.”

“Wide brimmed hats are very fine as substitutes for umbrellas in the sun’ but people do say they are out of place on the front seats of the theatre. He (she) whom the coat fits let him put it on.”³

Within five years two other local papers appeared. In June, 1890-, James T. Jakeman issued the County Register in Ephraim ⁴, and in November, 1890, A.B. Williams and J.M. Boyden published the Mt. Pleasant Pyramid. ⁵ In 1891 the Ephraim plant was purchased by M. F. Murray and Company. The name was changed to the Enterprise ⁶ by which it was known through the management of ten editors, Ward Stephensen, John Christiansen, Fred Jorgensen, W.E. Thorpe, Oscar Neilsen, a. E. Britsch, Nephi Christensen, Curtis Mitchelson and Roscoe C. Cox. ⁷ Mr. Cox began publication in 1925 and was editor and manager for 35 years, the longest period for any of the publishers. ⁸ The plant was located first in a building at 30 East Center Street. It was later moved to the basement of the Ephraim Bank building and then to 56 North Main (Roscoe Cox Home).

The Mt. Pleasant Pyramid was purchased from Mr. Williams and Mr. Boyden by Burke McArthur in 1911. Mr. McArthur bought the first Linotype machine in Sanpete County, and continued to make improvements in the plant until it was modernized throughout. About this same time, he also purchased a permanent home for the paper, the building which it now occupies. ⁹

“The price of the local paper was combined with the needs of those concerned in Sanpete; it was printed in kind; in terms of so much hay, so many potatoes or so many cords of firewood.” ¹⁰ Rates of subscription listed in the Mt. Pleasant Pyramid Friday morning December 29, 1912, were: one year - \$1.50; six months - \$.75; three months - \$.50.

Editorials played an important role in the early newspapers, serving to arouse interest and to motivate the people to action on local issues. They also helped shape policies and form public opinion on vital matters, proving that the ‘pen is mightier than the sword.’”

Mt. Pleasant also had a small newspaper called The Call, which was edited and published by Christian N. Lund, Jr., in a plant on the south side of the street at about 270 West Main. Mr. Lund operated his plant first in Salina, then in Mt. Pleasant for a total of about ten years before moving to Salt Lake City, where he continued in the newspaper business with a paper entitled The Progressive Opinion, which maintained a circulation in Sanpete County for many years.

The Home Sentinel in Manti with J. T. Jakeman, Manager, and Dan Harrington, Editor, was re-named The Sentinel in 1890 when H. H. Felt leased it. On October 13, 1893, under lease to Joel Shomaker, the paper acquired the title of the Manti Messenger, which has continued since that time. ¹¹ Other publishers to the year 1929 were J. L. Ewing, Peter A. Poulson, M.A. Boyden and S. Peter Peterson. ¹²

An item from the January 26, 1894, issue of the Messenger gives an insight into law enforcement in the city.

“Sleigh riding has been the order of the day for some time. Some of the boys were a little too fast to be within the limits of the city ordinances last Sunday and as a result were fined on dollar each.”

A rival paper in Manti, the Sanpete Democrat, was first issued in June, 1898, ¹³ and in 1902 was known as the Sanpete Free Press with L. A. Lauber, publisher. It sold for \$1.00 per year. ¹⁴ A local item in the January 7, 1902, edition reads as follows: “The rabbit hunt on Monday between Manti and Ephraim resulted in favor of Ephraim by a score of 186 to 155....”

In the south end of the county, the Gunnison Valley News recorded this item:

“The great event came when a man named Camp came with a press and started a local weekly, which he called the Gunnison Gazette. It was housed in a little building that stood on the north side of Center street next to the school lot. After a short while, in 1909, he sold it to Nephi Gledhill. It was an old Washington hand press. It took the family to get the paper out. The children would go after school and set type. When the bank building was finished it was moved into that basement.”¹⁵

In 1919 the paper was transferred to Howard W. Cherry, who modernized its operations and changed the name to Gunnison Valley News. Subscription rates were \$2.00 a year and \$1.00 for six months.¹⁶ Many issues of the paper that year carried items of soldiers returning from World War I. the paper for July 4, 1919, gave a detailed announcement of a patriotic program followed by foot, auto and horse races, boxing, baseball and dancing, saluting the soldiers with the greeting: "Welcome, Soldier boys, the town is yours. Let'er bust."

Prior to the editions of the local papers in the various communities in the County, the readers of early news were able to obtain the Daily Deseret Evening News, which began as a weekly journal in 1867. "It contained a variety of material, including speeches, lectures on scientific subjects, messages from church heads, legal notices, local news, messages from the settlements reporting their progress, etc. It was always part of the settlement. It gave the people a sense of contact with the world, a basis for comparing their lives with that of other settlers and made them feel part of a large and important body. Everybody read the News."¹⁷ In this News, September 22, 1883, there appeared "more than two columns of the full size newspaper, the names of all the stake presidencies and ward bishops for all the organized stakes of the church."

The Salt Lake Weekly Herald (Tribune) also found ready circulation in Sanpete County,¹⁸

In listing early day publications, the Snowdrift, with Roscoe C. Cox as its first editor, provided happenings and literary contributions from students at the College as well as being a media for training and developing of talents in the news field.

The local papers were a powerful force in uniting the thoughts and actions of the people in the communities. In giving due credit to the editors and publishers of Sanpete newspapers in the 44 years from 1885 to 1929, we are aware that they put the good of the people before their personal gain. First and foremost was their love of the work, hearts that felt and understood the pulse of the community, men who dared crusade for a better world, sometimes unappreciated, sometimes misunderstood, but never ceasing their efforts for the printed page until that final copy was edited. These hands that set the type, turned the presses and folded the papers will not be forgotten. Their words will echo and re-echo from the yellowed, brittle pages, reminding us of conflict, tragedy, of joy and faith and hope, of life, as it was in our Sanpete towns through these years.

Sources:¹ Christie Lund Coles, "To Mother and Dad", Newspaper clipping.

² These Our Fathers, p. 36

³ Snow College Film Library, Home Sentinel, 1885.

⁴ W. H. Lever, History of Sanpete and Emery Counties, p. 287.

⁵ These Our Fathers, p. 103.

⁶ W. H. Lever, p. 287.

⁷ These Our Fathers, p. 86.

⁸ Armanda Cox, Personal information.

⁹ These Our Fathers, p. 103.

¹⁰ Albert Antrei, "The Salty Old Press of Sanpete County", Enterprise, 1979.

¹¹ Mt. Pleasant Pyramid, December 29, 1912.

¹² Antrei.

¹³ Song of a Century, p. 123.

¹⁴ W. H. Lever.

¹⁵ Sone of a Century, p. 123.

¹⁴ W. H. Lever.

¹⁵ Snow College Film Library, Sanpete Free Press, January 7, 1902.

¹⁶ These Our Fathers, pp. 156-157.

¹⁷ Snow College Film Library, Gunnison Valley News, May 2, 1919.

¹⁸ These Our Fathers, pp. 156-157.

LAND OWNERSHIP IN EARLY FAIRVIEW

Betty Ramsey
Fairview, Utah
Professional Division
Second Place Historical Essay

The American dream of each man owning a piece of land of his own came slowly to the settler of Sanpete Valley. Out of necessity the first Fairview inhabitants, as well as those of several other valley towns, lived together for protection within the walls of a fort. However, from the earliest times of the settlement, each Fairview man who helped with the building of the fort was designed a parcel of land on the outside to farm or to use as pasture as he chose. The distribution of these 20-acre plots was handled by the bishop.

The first land parceled out was south of the fort, and soon became known as the Big Field because a fence encompassed the one large area. Within the Big Field each man tilled his own acreage, and in the fall a day was announced when the public could pasture stock within its confines in the daytime until all the crops were harvested. If the crops were not all harvested by this date, each man was responsible for keeping the animals out of his part of the field. At night stock was taken out of the Big Field until all the crops were gathered. After all the farmers had completed the harvest, the livestock was allowed to stay in the Big Field both night and day.

As late as 1900 most of the family land in the Fairview south area was used by all for pasture and fall grazing. Early settlers had no title to the land. Later, under the Homestead Act, a man would file a homestead claim on 160 acres, several parcels of which were claimed by other individuals. After he received his homestead allotment, the person would deed ownership to the claimants of land within his 160 acres. Those who received the titles were required to pay the expense incurred by the one who filed the homestead claim, but the homesteader received no money from the transaction for himself.

Henry Mower most probably was the first person to file a homestead claim near Fairview. His quarter section was southwest of town and included his home place where now only four trees stand at the spot once occupied by the home, and some of the trees of the orchard remain on the property.

For the city itself, the land records of Sanpete County show that 300 acres were granted to the townsite of Fairview by the President of the United States, Ulysses S. Grant, to George Peacock, the Sanpete County Judge. Judge Peacock deeded it to others.

As people gained legal title to their land, they began to fence their part of the Big Field; and individual ownership of land on a larger scale began to take place. Some private landowners today can trace their ownership within the family back to the early days of the Big Field and the cooperative efforts from which that ownership evolved.

Private ownership of land in Fairview was a decidedly different process from that found in most other parts of the west, where the pioneer laid claim to a certain piece of land at the time he settle it; but today the casual observer would notice no difference.

Fairview and other valley residents are individual landowners just as are other citizens of the United States of America.

Sources: These Our Fathers, DUP, p. 123, published Art city Publishing Co., Springville, Utah, 1947.
Unpublished history of Fairview by Day and Coombs, based on LDS Church records.
Personal knowledge of Heber J. Mower, Fairview, Utah.

SOCIAL SHOWCASE

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

Whenever I return to Ephraim, I look at Dreamland Hall* with contrasting feelings, my heart filled with pleasure, my mind with regret. The pleasure flows from memories of wonderful, carefree, exhilarating dances I attended there during my teens and later, the regret from knowledge that the beautiful Hall long ago fell into disuse for dancing.

I have lived long enough to know that every generation creates its own life style, that scientific and technological changes are inevitable accompanied by social, economic, and cultural changes. And I know it is futile to argue that social-recreational customs of the decade 1920-1930 were better or worse than those of 1970-1980. Nevertheless, everyone has rich and cherished memories, some sad, some happy; and I shall always maintain that my friends and I who danced in Dreamland Hall during some of its great years as a dance hall had grand times in a setting that was elegant for any small town. My wife, younger than I, makes the same claim more strongly than I do. (She was more nimble-footed than I.)

Why was the Hall so special that I describe it as “elegant”? Perhaps, as we grow older we romanticize and idealize the pleasures of our youth. Remember this if you read on. In my mind, the Hall was elegant and beautiful, with its highly polished hardwood floor and its lovely mirrors around all four sides, especially north, west, and south. Dancers could catch glimpses of a rainbow of colorful dresses, of themselves, their partners, and others while whirling and twirling on the floor. I wonder whether any other dance hall south of Provo could match it.

The fold-up spectator seats, installed about six inches above the level of the dance floor, around the mirrored walls, added a touch of folksiness to the dances, for parents and friends could sit there and watch the girls in their long, “formals” and the boys in their suits as they glided around the floor. I don’t recall any “grubby” clothing from those days, for although we had but little money, we dressed in our best for dances. And parents or other old folks, maybe forty or even older, often joined in the dancing. Some of the best dancers belonged to the older groups.

The spectator balcony added a little flair to the Hall. It flanked both side of the orchestra shell at the east end of the Hall about 12 or 15 feet above the level of the dance floor. It wasn’t used a lot; most spectators sat around the edges of the dance floor.

Between January and June several special dances were held, commencing with the one on December 31, which spilled over into the New Year. The orchestra didn’t play “Home Sweet Home” until one or two

o'clock. And even at such late hours we listened to its sweet notes with regret and pulled our partners closer, as the lights were dimmed a little, for the goodnight dance.

Valentine Day was special. The lovely mirrors often were decorated with heart-shaped valentines, and for many young couples the spirit of Cupid flew around the Hall shooting "little arrows in the air" on that night.

For the romantic Junior Prom, usually held in March, the beauty of the Hall was enhanced by the decoration committee of the high school junior class. A network of tiny wires was strung criss-cross a few feet above the tallest dancer (so they couldn't reach them), and colored crepe paper, pink, blue, green, yellow, sometimes purple and gold (the high school colors), interspersed with white, was twisted or looped around the wires to make a perfect lattice work ceiling over the entire floor, but far below the high ceiling of the Hall. It was a cozy, heavenly fairyland to our young eyes, for they were filled with stars.

Many girls had new "formals", they were also called dresses, sometimes, but some had to be satisfied with old ones remodeled: new bodices, sashes, bows, ribbons and lace to make them look new. Some of the boys could afford NEW SUITS. Seated around the Hall were proud parents who came to watch their handsome sons and beautiful daughter dance, and to watch the junior class execute to the music of the "Triumphal March" from Aida, two abreast, four abreast, split and go two ways, the maneuvers of the promenade.

Sometimes the college and high school sponsored "joint" dances. And didn't some of the high school girls who danced with college boys think they were big? A little uppity, some of us thought. And some of the high school boys made so bold as to dance with college girls. ("Yes, sir, that's my baby; no, sir, don't mean maybe; yes, sir, she's my baby now.")

The annual high school Girl's Day dance came in April. It was a time of suspense for many boys who wondered whether they would be asked by their favorite girl friends or whether they might not even be asked. And if some boys were habitual switchers, some jealousy, dates or spite-dates might be made or not made. It could work both ways. For girls it was sometimes traumatic. How, for example, would a very popular girl choose from among several boys she had dated, and how would a girl not all that popular decide what to do? Not everything came up roses in those rosy days. Have broken hearts had time to mend by now, in almost sixty years?

Memories of customs flood my mind: Boys and girls often going alone to the dances, but dating-up to go home; girls standing in a cluster in the north-east corner of the Hall waiting, and often hoping, for a partner; the rush the boys made to get their names on the program-cards of the girls they wanted to dance with most; the excitement girls felt when their cards filled up fast; always dancing at least three times with your date, if you had one; parents sitting in the balcony and on the benches around the floor; the orchestra blaring sometimes from the dance floor itself but sometimes from the shell on the balcony; the coal stoves that kept the hall warm in winter; and others to suit the memories of other old-timers.

During my high school years (1921-1925), the grand Hall was busiest during the Christmas holidays. Ballroom dancing was POPULAR then! There might have been six or more dances between December 21 and 31. The owner of the Hall deserves to be named here because of the great pleasure he helped to provide for so many people for so many years. Older Ephraimites will remember J. N. Hansen, not only for his management of Dreamland but also for his fine department store half-a-block north of the Hall. A significant part of the history of Ephraim? You bet! (I can still 'see' Mr. Hansen during intermission lightly sprinkling

powdered wax, which looked like corn meal, on the floor to restore some of the polish that had been danced off.)

When Snow College was under Church ownership, college dances were strictly chaperoned; faculty members took turns checking to make sure college students danced with decorum. The chaperones would lightly tap a young man on the shoulder if his right arm reached too far around his pretty partner's waist or if light could not be glimpsed between his suit and her dress; and, my goodness, if he actually pressed his cheek against her, the firm shoulder-tap would be accompanied by a frown.

The commencement dance was the most sentimental of all. We knew we would never, never again have that much fun coupled with that much sadness. I can still remember wondering why graduation was called commencement when so much that had been so wonderful suddenly came to an end. We didn't want to say goodbye to the past; yet, if the truth were known fully, some of us undoubtedly relished the prospect of new worlds to conquer.

During the summer months, the Hall was seldom used, for the nights' were too warm and work on the farms too hard, an occasional dance for some special event such as the Fourth or Twenty-fourth of July or Labor Day. Yet I can remember, when I was too young to dance, standing by the gate of our picket fence, a full block away from Social Hall, and thinking how sweet were the strains of "I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the air" as they floated through the air of the warm summer night. How I longed for the day when I would be old enough to dance there; and how I sometimes dwell nostalgically now, on memories provided by Ephraim's splendid social showcase. But again we realize that always we must accept changes that come tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow changes to all of us, to our customs, to showcases and deep-down delight of yesterday, too lovely ever to forget.

Sources: Personal recollections, my own and my wife's, in addition to a verification conversation with Maurine Hansen Mickelson, daughter of J. N. Hansen

I COULD NEVER FORGET THE CHAUTAUQUA

Dorothy J. Buchanan

Richfield, Utah

Professional Division

Second Place Personal Recollection

"The Chautauqua starts this Sunday. I can hardly wait. The whole family is going, and many of my friends have tickets. Papa is working hard to have people come. Mama is making me a new middie and skirt to wear. She says the Chautauqua will be something new and different." This quotation is taken from my diary, dated May 18, 1917, when I was living in my home in Mt. Pleasant. I was twelve years old.

And the Chautauqua came! It proved to be even more exciting and rewarding than I had dreamed of. Produced by the Ellison-White Chautauqua System, the programs took place in a large round circus like tent which had been erected between the Public Library and the North Ward Church. We sat on wooden, slatted-back folding chairs, and I seem to remember that a temporary wooden floor covered the enclosed ground. Special classes were conducted for children on the outside lawns. I have a clear picture of a pretty blond young lady conducting games for younger children, which I watched briefly. For the first time, I heard the

song, "A tiskit, a tasket, a pretty yellow basket. I wrote a letter to my love and on the way I dropped it, I dropped it. A little girl picked it up and put it in her pocket." During the song, the children played a game similar to our old faithful "Drop the Handkerchief."

The Chautauqua was a cultural movement in America that influenced the lives of millions of Americans. The first Chautauqua was held on the banks of beautiful Lake Chautauqua, New York, in 1874. The movement had its beginning in a religious camp meeting which grew into an Assembly for the study of the Bible and Sunday School methods. Gradually the course of study was expanded until it included the whole field of education. Music was also part of the cultural advantages offered to those who made an annual pilgrimage to Lake Chautauqua for a ten-day offering of lectures, music, and a dramatic series.

It was not long before the spirit of the movement spread to nearly every city and village in the whole nation. Many Utah towns embraced the opportunity to sponsor the Chautauqua. The traveling, or circuit Chautauqua sent lecturers, bands, and others to appear in the Chautauqua. They had an established route which would take them from one community to another until they made the entire circuit up and down the land.

The book, "America's Musical Heritage," by Burk, Meirhoffer, and Phillips, gives us the following information about the Chautauqua:

The Chautauqua, held for one or two weeks during summer months, was regarded as a holiday festivity in each community, with everyone planning for weeks ahead for the big enterprise. It was a festival, convention, picnic, school, and religious gathering all thrown into one. It was a movement which did much to give a unity of thought to the leading political, social, economic, religious and educational problems of the day.

While looking recently through an old cardboard file of my father's, I found an envelope marked "Ellison-White Chautauqua," and after reading its contents decided I had discovered a veritable treasure. It dealt with the setting up of the big Chautauqua in 1917. It was sent by a Mr. Ericksen of the Ellison-White system, and written to my father. The last paragraph is as follows:

There never was a time in the history of our country when greater good could be done than the bringing of men with the messages of this great war. (Note that the U.S. had declared war less than a month before the Chautauqua date, April 6, 1917.) You are to be congratulated on the way this country has taken hold. The bringing of some of the moving minds of the world who are now in the Chautauqua, and are working in harmony with President Wilson's plans, will not be a waste of money, at least other communities do not regard it as such. I hope that you and your townspeople will not be disappointed.

Other material in the envelope consisted of notations giving the price of the tickets, Adult season tickets, \$25.00; Student tickets, \$7.50; Children's tickets, \$5.00. After reading all of the contents of the

envelope, I had a picture of the Ellison-White procedure. In order for them to bring their programs to Mt. Pleasant, a certain number of citizens had to agree to sign a contract guaranteeing the Ellison-White system a certain amount of money in case the ticket sales did not bring in the required amount. Fortunately, this list of names is included with the material. There are many names I had forgotten, but they brush aside the cobwebs in my mind after many years have passed, and emerge to present vivid pictures of faces and personalities, most of them long gone. They represent a most heterogeneous group, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, the plumber, the teacher, the dentist, the preacher, a substantial cross section of the inhabitants of Mt. Pleasant, Utah, U>S>A> It is evident that the people were hungry for this promised cultural climate and were willing to gamble on its success. For a special bonus, I am going to give you that list of names, as follows:

J. W. Cherry, Burke McArthur, Dr. D.D. Tebbs, A.L. Petersen, W.W. McKirahan, I. E. Jorgensen, F. C. Jensen, W. Lyle Allred, Chas. Musig, Ed Johnston, O. F. Wall, Fred Rasmussen, Miss Winifred Jensen, W.P. Winters, Capt. S. M. Nielson, R. B. Norton, Miss Irene Nielsen, A. D. Christensen, Amasa Aldrich, Miss Hilda Madsen, Louis A. Petersen, A. C. Wall, R. W. Weech, g. W. Brand, George Christensen, Robert H. Hinckley, James W. Anderson, John S. Blain, A. U. Miner, Miss Ruth B. Mitchell, Horace Feraday, Mrs. A. Crane, Mrs. H. C. Beauman, Mrs. O. F. Wall, Daniel Rasmussen, Andrew Nielsen, O. M. Aldrich, C. W. Burquist, Henry Ericksen, J. J. Nichols, J. M. Boyden, O. N. Clemensen, J. M. Johnson, H. F. Wall, E. W. Wall, Mrs. R. L. Madsen, Mrs. James Larsen, Geo. M. Clemensen, Roy L. Malmsten, S. D. Longsdorf, G. R. Nielsen, E. D. Miller, V. L. Johnson, H. C. Jacobs, O. Joy Harney, Ross McArthur, Mrs. Harry Ericksen, Harold Whittaker, John K. Madsen.

I am grateful that I can remember some of the programs of the 1917 Chautauqua. One of the bright spots is of Mr. Julius Caesar Naphe, a personable Italian gentleman, who spoke freely and humorously of some of the vagaries of our American language, as he viewed it. He demanded to know why we contradict ourselves so frequently. For example, he had made a purchase at a small shop and noticed, after he received his change, that he had been given too much money, which he promptly returned. The shopkeeper, who was happy about this unexpected honesty, exclaimed, "Sir, you are a square man. I hope you will come round again." They Mr. Naphe asked his audience, "How can a man be both 'round' and 'square'?" The meaning of "square" in that day was distinctly complimentary, not the connotation we have today.

I have a vague memory of a man in military uniform giving a spirited oration. The substance has not remained with me, but I was impressed. I do remember a young man singing two war songs, "Tipperary," and "There's a Long, Long Trail." Patriotism was at a high pitch at that time.

One of my happiest recollections is of the Fisk Jubilee Singers with top billing in the United States. They made their place in music when they appeared in the World Peace Jubilee in Boston. These negro singers were sent by Fisk University in order to raise money for their school. They were so successful that they raised \$150,000 in three years. They possessed a certain charismatic quality that inspired their audiences, and ours was no exception. I felt exhilarated, uplifted and renewed, which I feel applied to all listeners. When the audience was asked to join in singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," the response was instantaneous and

complete. We sang with verve and spirit. Our glances met and swerved in the delight of the moment. The welkin rang!

Now let us turn to my diary again to June 11, 1920, when the next Chautauqua that I remember came to Mt. Pleasant. Again I quote: "The Chautauqua has been going for a week. Today is the last day, I am sorry to say. I hate to see it end. It has all been so wonderful, so many good numbers. One of my favorite programs was the Zigler Company. They had two violins, two cellos and an organ and a piano. It was perfectly grand! Most of my friends and relatives came. The weather was just perfect, thank goodness. I'd like to describe some of the other numbers, but Mama is calling me to do the dishes."

I must mention one presentation that remains firmly in my mind in that 1920 Chautauqua. It was a stage play, a comedy, produced by the B.Y.U. The leading lady impressed me as being most charming and beautiful. Her name? Miss Alice Ludlow, later to become Mrs. Ernest Wilkinson, who resides in Salt Lake City at the present.

The traveling Chautauqua probably reached its height about the time of the First World War. After the close of the war, the automobile, the movie, the radio, and improved roads came and people began to seek other avenues of instruction and entertainment, and the Chautauqua declines. However, the original institution at Chautauqua, New York, still flourishes and is a nationally recognized cultural center. Every summer courses in music and the arts are offered. The hymn "Chautauqua," or "Day is Dying in the West" was written for these meetings, and is included in some hymn books today. This last verse expresses the Chautauqua spirit:

Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the Universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.

The voices and echoes are gone, but for some of us who lived in Mt. Pleasant at that time of the Chautauqua's, roseate memories remain. I could never forget it.

Source: Personal recollection

America's Musical Heritage, by Burke, Meierhoffer, and Phillips.

A LEGACY OF FAITH

Jenny Lind M. Brown
Salt Lake City, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Poetry

Courageous girl, who walked the plains,
You left a legacy
Of faith and prayer, true love of God
A heritage for me.
You died so many years ago,
Yet I am taught your' near;
If love could ask one miracle,
I'd seek to bring you here.

Your toil-worn hands I'd gently hold,
I'd rub your aching feet
That stumbled over rocky trails
(I walk a grass-lined street).
I'd give to you my choicest food,
A robe soft as a cloud;
Each precious moment that we shared
I'd cherish, and be proud
To whisper as I held you close,
"I love the gospel, too.
Help me, I pray, to keep the faith
That meant so much to you!"

Source: Written about my great-grandmother, Karen Tollestrup, who walked the plains as a young mother in 1861.

A PIECE OF PAPER WITH A NAME

Eleanor P. Madsen
Ephraim, Utah
Professional Division
Second Place Poetry

A piece of paper with a name was all I knew,
Mixed with fragments of half-remembered tales
From yesteryears;
Thin whisperings of broken ice and hallowed
words,
Of fevered lips and rationed food, ocean winds
Against white sails,
The tread of footsteps lost to creaking wagon
wheels.

Dorte Kirstine, her name a legacy to hold,
For generations yet unborn, to be recorded
In their books
As one who answered and obeyed the call,
As Joseph, in the sacred grove so long ago.
Faith I cannot touch.
A piece of paper with a name, buried on the plains.

Source: Family history and Book of Remembrance of Mouritz Peterson.

DESERTED

Melba S. Payne
Provo, Utah
Professional Division
Third Place Poetry

The fence zigzagged most crazily
Around my old homestead.
The gray gate squeaked as I passed through,
And walked dispirited.

The high rust-colored brick-my home.
With windows gaunt and tall.
The apple tree beside the door,
For climbing-I recall.

Unchanged the powdered cottonwood
Still stands beside the walk;
Reminding me of days she wore
Her cotton-seeded frock.

The old square well is weatherworn,
The wooden bucket and chain askew,
The empty look of the lopsided barn,
All add to this lonely, deserted view.

Source: My mother passed away in our home on North Main Street in Fairview in 1921. The home was empty for a few years and it was during this time that I was inspired to write this tribute to my old home.

GOD BLESSED THE WEST

Wilma Morley Despain

Alpine, Utah

Professional Division

First Place Short Story

“Take a lady by the hand, lead her like a pigeon, make her dance the weevil wheat ‘till she loses her religion.”

“I’ll step her up to your weevil wheat, I’ll step her up to your barley, I’ll step her up to your weevil wheat ‘till she bakes a cake for Charley.”

“Mother, who are you singing about, who’s Charley?” asked Isaac as he kept time to his mother’s singing, with the paddle of the churn.

“Shucks, that’s just words to a tune we square dance to, Isaac, but there are several Charley’s here in Manti, though.” She came to take a turn at the churn.

“How can there be so many people with the same name and how can mothers have lots of children and children only get one mother?” Isaac, Jr., asked all in one breathe as he leaned on the back of her chair.

“Honey, you ask more questions in one breathe than any of my children ever did. By the way, did you have a nice time at the party yesterday, and did you remember your manners and thank Mr. Porter?” She brushed a long lock from his eyes. “look like you need some barbering again.”

“You always answer my questions with questions and change the subject, too. No, I admit I didn’t thank Mrs. Porter.”

“Why didn’t you, Isaac? I’ve tried to teach you manners,” she said, not a little displeased.

“Cause the girl ahead of me thanked her and Mrs. Porter said, ‘Don’t mention it,’ so I didn’t.”

“Mrs. Porter was just trying to be polite, too,” she laughed.

“How can you tell when people are telling the truth, Mama?”

“You just remember to do that, dear. Truth is truth and can be found only when men are free to pursue it. What did you ask me, dear?”

“Oh, never mind, you always answer my questions with questions!”

“We have had trials, Isaac, but even with ones as terrible as the spotted hissing rattlers coming from within our shelter hill, we have been blessed!”

“Why did Brigham Young say, ‘THIS IS THE PLACE’ and then send us to this one?”

President Young did not send us, God did. We were just told to ‘go’ and we did!”

Lucy clipped stray locks from his forehead as he churned. “Sanpete was settled as an act of faith. We rejoice that it is our own now, and that the people love your father so much that they call him Father, too.” She thought, he has worked so hard to gain everyone’s trust, including the Indians’!

“Is that why he made me give the pony back to the Indians?”

“Yes, because you did wrong in giving only one blanket for the pony. You knew, the Indians knew, and your father knew, it was worth more than that, much more!”

“Is that why Papa said, ‘The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away?’”

Lucy hid the smile that threatened to burst. “He wants you to be honest in all dealings, whether with white men or red!”

They heard hoofs on cobblestone and ran to see if it were friend or foe. Father Morley and John Lowry hurried in. "How can they claim to want us here?" Isaac, Sr., said over tented fingers as he sat in his chair in fireplace corner.

"Let me go for the Chief, Isaac, He'll know what to do. We're in real trouble," John said as he paced.

"I agree, but it is too much to ask of you," he worried.

"No, I want to do it. They claim they want peace and even the same God, yet they won't even try to speak the language of peace!"

Father Morley had noticed Isaac, Jr., by this time. "Son, run fast and bring the cows and calves home. Tell everyone you see to do the same."

"Let me go find the Chief, Father Morley. The Chief knows how much you've done to keep the peace!"

"I'd do more John, even give him my boy again, if it would help."

Lucy stopped churning and cried in disbelief, "What are you saying? How could you offer our boy to those savages again? He is older now and would know the danger!"

"Lucy dear, I trust in God, and in my Indian brothers, as much now as I did then!"

"The Chief loves the boy and would return him unharmed."

"Not those savages," she gasped. "They'll kill him and all of us too!" She started to the door as if to follow and shield her son.

"Lucy, where is your faith?" he came and held her; "that faith that smoothed and made low the mountains and led us wet, to peace?" He patted her. "God will not let the city of Manti be stopped any more than he did the Book of Mormon city of Manti!"

"I'm sorry Isaac, I spoke hastily"; but the hurt and anger lingered in her eyes.

"Will you let me go? I can get help from 'Cap' Whitlock as we go through Ephraim. He speaks their language and has helped keep peace many times."

"Brother 'Cap' has not recovered from the arrow he took coming to Manti for a midwife. He would have been a great help, but is not able to travel," Father Morley said as he paced.

"Let me go," John said urgently.

"I accept your offer. Call the men together. We must negotiate. Have scouts go to the canyons for the loggers. Lucy, help spread the word and the alarm. Have the women gather peace-offering gifts!"

John's horse nickered a welcome as he mounted. "Don't worry; we'll make it, as we always have." He called back for Father Morley to come choose who he wanted with him, and as he did, Father Morley reached for his musket over the stone mantel and his hastily shed coat, muffler and cap.

"Can't you tell me more, Isaac?" Lucy pleaded.

"Not now, dear. It's serious and every minute counts. Tell everyone to prepare for the worst."

"You're as back as Isaac, Jr., says I am, at not answering questions," she muttered.

"Gather all the blankets, flour and bacon you can, but no potatoes. We need them for seed. Bolt the shutters and stay inside after you bring what you can to the Bowery!"

As they reached the door, the gust of rain that greeted them made Isaac, Sr., say, "This long awaited rain would come now, when the men need good weather to travel!"

They saw their daughter Emily standing there with her friend George Franklin, and Lucy screamed, "Emily, your new serge will shrink!" She was tense and worried. "Don't you two have enough sense to come in out of the rain?"

George Franklin, very embarrassed at being caught with his arms around Emily, and not a little afraid as Father Morley hurried so fast, “I guess I’m going to find out what happens when I kiss a girl right under her father’s nose!” Sheepishly, he held his arms in front of him as if to ward off blows.

“No, my boy, you’re going to find out what happens when you kiss a pretty girl right under her own nose!” her father chuckled riding away at break-neck speed.

George Franklin was so relieved at not being scolded by Emily’s father that he swooped her up in his arms and kissed her again, fiercely this time and right on the lips!

Father Morley was right; he did find out what happened when he kissed a girl, really kissed her! He felt as if he had taken wings. He felt giddy and he was to remember this first real kiss all the ensuing years, too. Emily, red of face and not a little angry, too, reminded him often, in all their years that followed, together.

Lucy tried to sound upset, scolded half-heartedly, but she was pleased at George Franklin’s interest in Emily. He would even be good enough to someday be father of the smartest grandchildren in the world! “Emily, hurry and help! Don’t stand there like a ninny!” She hurried about gathering everything to be put out of sight.

“Emily, go crate the chickens, I’m not letting those savages have my old hens!”

George turned to help Emily. “Please George, will you carry the scythe and hay cradle into the house?” She scanned the road for Isaac, looking worried.

“What’s wrong, Mamma? What happened while we were picnicking?” They both asked questions at once.

“Another threat from those renegade brothers of Chief Walker, that’s what!”

“Don’t worry, Mamma. The Chief loves Papa. He won’t let them harm us. You remember how he brought Isaac back and promised to never make trouble again!”

“I trust the Chief, too. It’s his brothers and their transient friends that have stirred all this up!” She was yelling at the top of her voice, both trying to make Emily hear above the din from the hen house and from near hysteria.

“George Franklin, thank you. Now you must see to your own securing at your place.”

He left, telling them to “stay inside and bolt the door!” He did want to save the things he had brought to America after he joined the Church, and then on down here when he followed Emily to this rattlesnake, Indian-infested place. His horse, ready for action after having stood tied all afternoon, objected when he tried to rein him in to see what was going on at the Bowery.

“John Lowry has volunteered to go. We need two good men to go with him.” George Franklin’s hand shot up. “Thanks, my boy, but we’ll need you young whippersnappers to move at a clip to reinforce and defend the Fort if our gifts and peace mission fail.” There was finality to Father Morley’s voice and George knew that what he said was Gospel around here.

The women came with food, blankets and trinkets. How they hurried, these sturdy women, and they were Lucy’s first concern. Work-worn and not as genteel-looking as in pre-Nauvoo days, they could be gentle when someone needed gentling, because gentility is inherited and is all but incurable.

Prayers and goodbyes were hastily said as Lucy, her eyes dark as two burned holes in a blanket, gathered these women into her wagon, piling them in like many “blackbirds in an open pie,” and delivered each one home. She pinched her aching eyelids tight on the throb of a growing headache. Many women would lie sleepless this night and all the nights their men were gone.

She looked at this jade-green plain with lilac mountains guarding. She thought, "How beautiful. Even the cactus flowers were as showy as Hibiscus back home. No! They would not give up. They had suffered too much for this wild, empty country that both touched and alarmed her.

"We are helping to write history on this clean, unspoiled virginity of land!" She urged her horses on, for she and all the women had seen at gut level what happened to those caught unaware!

They waited, prayed and all but despaired many times. "So cold for this time of year," everyone said.

The men traveling the slippery, dangerous trails thought the time long, too. They dared not stop, sleep, or dry themselves by a fire. All felt they had been watched and followed from first day out. They knew each day could be their last.

The third day was the last for one of John's men. Indians attacked and killed him and wounded John. John, always optimistic, and expert in many ways, almost gave up. He thought of turning back, but he did not, even when Brownie, his other scout left him alone. On the ninth day John realized he had been traveling, in the severe blizzard in circles, when he saw the camp hidden off the beaten trail. He approached with caution, wondering why they had not been heard or captured. "Perhaps they have been drinking to keep warm," he thought as he weaved and stumbled into their camp.

"Yes, there was Red Hawk, Little Bear and all the others, his friends. Why did they stay so silent, not moving one inch to help or welcome him?" he mused.

He looked for Walker (Yawkerraw or Yawder-ao), the big, handsome War Chief! Weak from loss of blood, from lack of food and half frozen, he started toward the largest Tee-pee or tent.

He mustered all his strength and started to walk past the hostile-looking warriors. "If I can just get to Walker before they get to me!" he hoped, but a big buck tripped him. He fell with a thud and lay limp and helpless upon the frozen ground.

"Why, they were actually hostile!" he thought as he lay prone. Their hostile looks, venom-filled, were sapping more of his vitality and his hunger overcame him as he smelled what was sputtering, as it roasted over the campfire. Just as he felt he could endure no more, he saw some drawing their knives. Others were taking their bows from their quivers and he knew he must act more alert or they would finish him.

He tried to rise and said with all the strength he could muster, "If you shoot first, there are seven dead Indians in this gun chamber and ammo pouch! And I'm a swift ammo-loader!"

It was then he fainted. When he awakened he could see the flame flickering and thought he still lay out by the open fire. He felt numb, but as he moved he could feel no broken bones, and that they had not harmed him, yet.

He knew he had been moved inside and that he must be a prisoner. He could see the shadows from flames, exploring the walls that held him, and, expert craftsman that he was, he could feel he was being watched. Cautiously, he turned his head in the direction he felt drawn as if hypnotized. "Chief Walker, thank God you are here, you have saved me from my turn-coat friends out there!" He was trying to stand.

"Walker no save Lowry. Lowry not friend any more. He steal more land everyday. Lowry thief!" he spat upon the tent floor.

"Chief, you know I am your friend and that I do not steal!"

"Naw, no friend. Lowry speak with forked tongue!" He started to rise from his bed of fur skins.

Lowry was praying silently and wishing more and more that his old friend 'Cap' Whitlock was here to explain and speak more distinctly. He went on, "Chief, you invited us to come here, to take land and to teach red man, white man's ways of farming!"

Chief Walker, as if to assert his chieftaincy rose to his full height, walked to the opening, raised the flap, and stretching his arm in the direction Lowry had come, pointed and said, "GO!"

Lowry could not believe what he was hearing. He had known of the War Lord's terrible temper, but this? He knew if he did not obey he would be turned back to those war-hungry warriors again, so he rose, groped his feeble way to the opening. He could see that these same braves had stripped his horses and were dividing his blankets and all the gifts he had brought, including his prized pack saddle.

He screamed with rage as he lunged forward to try to recover some of these precious things.

"Chief Walker, your men are the thieves! They are stealing all the presents I brought you!" They seized him, at a gesture from Walker, tied his hands and feet with rawhide thongs, tied them to his neck and stretched him spread-eagle upon the cold, hard-packed earth.

He lay there for hours, not moving, for he felt the thongs tighten as they began to dry.

Several hours later as the Chief walked among them, he seemed to see for the first time all that Lowry had brought. He ordered him released, pointed toward the Fort and said, "GO, while there is time!"

"Your braves will laugh at Walker if he send Lowry out to die without his gun and blankets!"

"Go white thief!" Walker commanded again as several eager warriors united Lowry and shoved him toward the fire, drawing long knives again as they did this.

"Please Chief, please help me!" Lowry was pleading for his life now. "I'll give you all the gifts that Father Morley sent and he will send more if you will be his friend. He is your friend and wants to smoke peace pipe and talk about beef!"

At last he seemed to make Walker really hear him, though the big Indian still looked confused and unsure, as if in a state of shock or hypnosis.

"Did Father Morley send you?" He shook Lowry with powerful grip. "Why you no tell me, Walker, that Father send you?"

"I tried to, Chief," but Lowry knew he had avoided mentioning from whom he came for fear if they killed him they would know right where to go to attack.

"Father Morley, Father Morley send you?" John shook his head vigorously in the affirmative. Walker went on, "Father Morley white Chief. He Walker's friend, he baptize Walker, he my brother. His God, Walker's God, too! Let Lowry go!"

The Chief, really in command now, stood at full, proud height. "Leave Lowry along!" he screamed through tightly stitched lips. "Lowry brave man, come alone to see Walker! Give him furs and food!"

"Heap good furs for white Father," he boasted as if saying they were earnest money or promise until they could meet. "Give Lowry his gun and blankets. Now you go!"

John, happy and relieved, did "GO," with an escort to protect him from the wild ones that attacked on his way to see the Chief.

The trip did not take as long on John's return. The weather cooperated, the sincere promise from Walker that he would control his brothers and would meet in "Mantee" for settling the dispute; all made the journey more pleasant.

John felt so elated he forgot his misery and dangers. "We just may be home free one more time!" he enthused, knowing that Walker's envious brothers had lied and stirred the big Chief to act as he had. They had also given him much too much of a root drug they used for getting psyched up for raid or battle.

These nomads going through were to blame, too; yet they did not hesitate to pasture their stock on the bottom lands just greening with tall, belly high grasses.

He heard the shouts of welcome, though they seemed to come from far away. "These have been bitter days and I am blessed to be alive!" He wept; they were the first tears he had shed. "What's wrong with me? Have I lost my mind?" he asked of himself aloud, and as he thought he heard, "Accept Christ as the way because there is none other way under heaven whereby man can be saved." (2nd Nephi: 31:21)

He was sure now that in his weakened condition, he was delirious! The voice, so deep yet so soft, continued, "I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me and I in him, bringeth forth more fruit, for without me ye can do nothing." (John 15:5)

"Yes President and Patriarch Morley, you were right. Yes, as you said, the color of skin does not matter when we believe and serve the same God. Yes, President Morley, we really do speak the same language even when unspoken!"

"Thank you, God, for giving me this beautiful moment. Thank you for touching, with loving hand, the spirit and heart of the former savage Chief, my brother!"

John was babbling and muttering all this as he reached his arms to be gently lifted from his foaming, lathered horse!

Source: Family Histories, Diaries, History Books, Doctrine and Covenants, Genealogical Records, by mouth of those who knew and loved these characters before this land was mine.

KATIE'S FEDA BAG

Melba S. Payne

Provo, Utah

Professional Division

Second Place Short Story

The late November air was heavy with impending rain or snow. Katie Hansen and Rebecca Jensen were walking slowly home from school. One of the ten-year-olds had a problem and the other one was advising her. "Just tell yer Ma you won't wear that smelly old thing. It's mean of her to make you."

Each time Katie thought of the asafetida bag that was hanging around her neck, under her dress, she got in an awful mood. Why couldn't her mother be like other mothers? Why did she have to stick to those crazy old pioneer customs anyway? She thought of the copper bracelets her mother wore around her wrists and how they seemed to make the blue veins show up along the back of her hands, and her knuckles look large and bumpy. She thought now of their arguments and how her mother always won with the words, "It's because we love you, Katie, and we don't want you to get sick. Now put it on, please." She warned her again that with so much flu around they must not be careless.

Katie had been so busy with these troubled thoughts she had hardly listened to Rebecca who was saying---

"Use some spunk kid. Well, here's your gate, goodbye." Then she added as she walked on, "See you in the morning, minus the garlic."

That's what it smells like! Garlic, only worse, thought Katie. As she went into the house she decided to think of a plan to get rid of it.

That night when Katie went to bed, she put a stinky little bag in a small tin box and placed it under her bed. "At least I can take it off at night," she told herself. "Mother hasn't checked me for a long time."

She lay in the dark trying to figure a way out of this unhappy situation which seemed to get worse every day, yes, even every hour! Maybe I should talk to Daddy, she thought, remembering how kind he always was, especially sometimes when he held her on his lap and ran his fingers clumsily through her long hair. It was then he would get a faraway look in his eyes and say, "You have hair like your mother's, honey-soft and golden." Katie knew that it was her angel mother he was talking about and not this new mother who always broke in on these precious moments, saying, "Thomas, you are making a baby out of Katherine. You will never let her grow up." It was then her father would put her down and be his everyday self again.

Katie wiped a few tears on the soft white sheets as she thought about her mother whom God had taken away and she had gone to live with Grandma. But Grandma soon left, too, and her father brought her back home again; only it wasn't the same anymore because she had a new mother.

Now she lay in the dark thinking about a lot of things, feeling guilty, too, because of the way she had talked about her mother's old-fashioned ideas. "She is a nice mother, though, and I'm sure she really does love me," Katie said to herself.

"I can stand the sulphur and molasses she give me, but this Feda bag she makes me wear--," she whispered in her pillow. "Oh dear, I'm so tired."

She tried to sleep, but many thoughts tumbled into her mind so fast she could hardly separate them. Today in History class they studied about the Indians and how many of them wore medicine bags around their necks and how the heat from their bodies gave a more strong and awful smell. Tommy Carter reported on this big superstition and Katie thought he looked at her the whole time.

How good Rebecca is to stand by me, she mused. Some of the kids don't like her. She uses bad language and she sure is a tomboy. She can climb higher than some of the boys. She catches pollywogs and ice-skaters in her bare hands, and she almost never breaks a sparrow's egg when she blows it out for an eggshell necklace. "Yes, she sure is a good friend," she murmured, "and I surely need friends right now."

Musing this way, a tired little girl finally fell asleep. It was a restless sleep, though. She dreamed that a big fat rat carried off the little bag, box and all.

In the morning when she woke, she hurriedly felt under her bed and found the box with the smelly contents safely tucked inside. "Oh gosh," she said aloud, and with a tired sigh she dressed herself and tied the bag neatly around her neck under her dress and went downstairs.

Her mother noticed the tired look on her face. "You don't look very good this morning, Katie. I don't think you are eating enough." Then she added, "I fixed your lunch as I'll be over to Church most of the day. We are quilting. Oh yes, wear a scarf this morning; it's been raining." Katie took a bite of her toast and a spoonful of cereal. She put on her coat and scarf, picked up her lunch bucket and hurried out into the damp morning air. She noticed how the leaves lay in soggy little patches along the walk.

When Katie reached the corner she heard Rebecca calling. "Hey! Wait up for me." And when she caught up with her, she continued. "Did you do anything about--?" She saw the strained look on Katie's face and stopped short, then finished consolingly, "Never mind, you'll find a way."

They walked on in silence for a while with Katie trying hard to keep back the tears. "After all, it's not so bad," Rebecca ventured. "She won't make you wear it forever."

It was then that a wild, desperate look flared up in Katie's eyes as she said, "I've got to do something, Rebecca, anything. I'll just run away!"

"Don't be a crazy kid," schooled Rebecca. "Just ditch the thing." As she said this, she kicked a smooth white rock by the side of the ditch just as they entered the school grounds.

"That's it!" she said excitedly. "A rock." And stooping down she dug the rock from where it was embedded in the damp brown earth. Katie saw a scooped out place in which to drop a messy little "Feda Bag" where no one would ever find it.

Rebecca replaced the rock, put her arm around her friend, and giggling a little they went on into the school building.

The hours dragged slowly by for Katie. At noon she remembered her scanty breakfast and hurried to the lunch room. Her mother had fixed her favorite, head cheese sandwiches. Somehow she just wasn't hungry and gave them to Tommy Rees. He was happy to have such yummy sandwiches and that delicious cherry pie, too!

After school Katie stayed to help the teacher. She cleaned the black boards and watered the plants in the window, stopping for a minute to admire the pretty pink geraniums. She wanted to take a lot of time so she wouldn't be noticed by any of the teachers or students when she stopped to remove a certain rock out by the ditch bank.

"It's time to go home little one," said the janitor, putting his head in the doorway. "I just want to finish cleaning my desk," answered Katie, "then I'll be leaving, Mr. Mower." After she cleaned out her desk, she sat down to rest. "I'm so tired," she said aloud, "and so sleepy, too." She put her head down on her desk and went quickly off to sleep.

When she awoke it was very dark. She felt the hard desk under her cheek and realized where she was. She was frightened now and wondered how long she had slept. "It gets dark early this time of year," she told herself as she got to her feet. Her legs felt like lead as she moved across the floor to where she knew the door to be. Her head ached and her throat felt hot and dry. She found her way down the stairs to the big front doors which luckily could be opened from the inside. As she pushed open the doors, she felt the cold night air against her hot face. How good it felt. As she walked on she remembered the rock and what was lying beneath it. She got down on her knees at just the right place and felt all about her.

"The rock," she whimpered, "I've got to find it." Suddenly the white rock fairly gleamed in the dark. She moved it away and clutched the little bag in her hot hand. She tried to get up but just felt too tired and so she lay back on the wet leaves and weeds that line the bank.

"She's run away, I'll betcha, and who could blame her? The poor kid, having to wear that stinky old thing all the time." In all this pent-up fury Rebecca told Mr. Hansen of the events of the morning.

"My poor little girl," Mr. Hansen said as he turned to leave the Jensen's where he had come in search of Katie. His little girl never stayed away after dark and it had been dark for a long time now.

"Maybe she lost her stupid old charm and is afraid to come home. Shall I come with you to find her?" she added. Mr. Hansen mumbled a "No, thanks," and walked quickly away.

As Mr. Hansen walked hurriedly on toward the school and to where Rebecca had told him to go, he had a feeling of resentment, a resentment of his wife's mania for old-fashioned customs. Why had they made their little girl suffer so? As he stepped across the ditch he saw Katie lying in a little heap on the bank.

"My Feda bag," she murmured, "I've lost it. My Feda bag."

"That's right honey, and you won't ever have to wear it again," he told her emphatically. "That's a promise and no one will ever break it."

“It’s the flu for sure,” said Mrs. Hansen as she tucked a feverish little girl in bed. Her hands felt cool on Katie’s hot brow. They also felt strong and firm and somehow Katie felt they would always be there when she needed them. With a feeling of drowsy security she slowly started to go to sleep as she heard her mother say.

“Well Thomas, I guess we had better use more modern methods now. It’s a sure thing that old smelly bag didn’t keep our little daughter from getting sick.”

Katie could almost feel her father’s satisfied look and she just knew he had a gleam in his eyes which was there when he was pleased with himself for some special reason.

She finally dropped off to sleep with a delicious feeling of being loved, and wanted for sure.

Sources: Family Story

World Book Encyclopedia, asafetida is a gum-like drug with a strong disagreeable odor. It was used in medicine as a sedative. The drug was also worn as an amulet around the neck to prevent contagious diseases. It has an odor stronger than garlic.

HIS OVERLAND WOULD NOT WHOA

Victor Frandsen
Springville, Utah
Senior Citizen Division
First Place Anecdote

Back in 1913, my uncle, Jens Peter Peterson, was a prosperous farmer in Moroni. He perhaps felt a bit jealous of the five automobile owners in town, so he told his neighbors, “I hear that they have a new kind of car up in Provo, called an Overland. I am going up and get me one.”

He bought an Overland. The dealer helped him bring it back to Moroni; then the dealer went back on the train. But Uncle felt he knew all about driving it.

About every home owner had fences around his property, as the cows were gathered into groups and taken to the pasture each morning and returned each evening. So people kept their gates shut.

One morning after ‘cow time,’ Uncle decided to run to downtown on an errand. As there would be no cows likely to pass, he left his wooden gate wide open. Aunt Ellen saw it was open and went and shut it.

Uncle came around the corner to drive in. When he saw the closed gate he panicked. He drove through the gate, pulling back on the steering wheel and yelling, “Whoa! Whoa! Darn it, Whoa!” Boards from the gate flew far. He continued to handle the car as he had long handled his horses, and went on through the corral gate, knocked over the pump, sent the drinking trough spinning, and on into the ditch, with the front of the car poking through the fence into the neighbor’s garden.

Neighbors, including my dad, rushed to his aid. Uncle sat there, even using profanity, which was unusual for him. He declared, “It can just sit there and rust away. I will never touch it again. I will stick to my horses: they know what to do when you tell them.” A bit later he had changed his mind and declared he would sell it to anyone who could fix it up.

After some cooling off and discussions with my Dad and others, he decided to have it repaired and again drive it. The repaired car served him a long time.

Sources: Author was present at the event and it was discussed many times at his home.

A FIDDLERS' FEE

Talula Nelson
Mt. Pleasant, Utah
Senior Citizen Division
Second Place Anecdote

Hans Hansen, with several other young men, was on his way to work on the Temple in St. George. Hans had taken with him his most prized possession, his violin, to make his evenings less lonesome. They stopped at the "Nielson Place" in Richfield where they could get meals, beds, and accommodations for their teams.

As the evening wore on, Hans enjoyed the company of the Nielson family. Eventually he brought out his violin, played and sang, enjoying it when the family and his traveling companions joined in the singing.

Soon friends and neighbors came in. Hans, being equal to the occasion, fiddled some dance tunes. By this time, he was enjoying the Nielson daughters, especially Mina, the youngest one. She was beautiful and full of life. Her dark hair and brown eyes caught his glimpses as she whirled past him. Next morning as Hans was hitching up his team ready to pursue his journey, his thoughts were on Mina. He planned to stop here on his way back and see her and propose marriage.

Mr. Nielson came to him and asked him to stay over a day as he had planned a party and needed music. Hans said, "No way." He had taken the job and meant to keep his word. Nielson tried every way he could think of to persuade Hans to stay over. Finally, Hans said, "If you will let me marry Mina I will stay." So the bargain was made for a future date.

The dance was a huge success, the crowd jolly and noisy. At midnight Hans made the announcement that they were being married right now. Mina agreed. They got the bishop out of bed. He performed the ceremony. They returned to the dance and danced until morning.

LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION

Halbert S. Greaves
Salt Lake City, Utah
Senior Citizen Division
Third Place Anecdote

The Model T Ford, the famous "flivver" of the early part of this century,¹ "to a few million people who grew up with it, practically was the American scene."² It put America on wheels, as the saying goes. It was the new, undisputed champion of mobility, even though it was a lightweight when matched against such heavyweights as the elegant Pierce Arrow (with its headlights mounted in the fenders), the "Dependable Dodge"³, the handsome Hupmobile and other splendid pioneer cars more fancy and expensive than the Ford.

It was literally a lightweight (as we shall see). On one of the July holidays, Fourth or Twenty-fourth, 1925, one of my friends was permitted to use his father's two-seated, open-air flivver to drive from Ephraim to the dance in Moroni. Four or five of his friends crowded into the car.

After we reached Moroni and turned west onto Main Street where the old dance hall was located, we were flagged down by some Moroni teenagers whose Model T had gone off the road into the deep borrow pit at the side of the road. They couldn't drive it up the steep slope, and they couldn't push it up. They asked us to help push. But somebody suggested that with our load of fairly strong teenagers added to theirs it might be easier to carry the lightweight champion up to the road. Somehow we all found a piece of the car to grasp, lifted it off the ground, and walked up the incline and set the car down gently on the graded gravel road.

The Moroni boys surely thanked us as they climbed into their car and drove off; and we hopped into our flivver and merrily drove the rest of the way to the old wooden dance hall on Moroni's Main Street.

Source: ¹The Model T was replaced by the more sophisticated Model A in 1928.

² A phrase from "Farewell, My Lovely," by Lee Strout White, co-author name for Lee Strout and E. B. White.

³ An advertising slogan used by Dodge Brothers during the early period of American automobile history.

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

John K. Olsen
Ephraim, Utah
Senior Citizen Division
Fourth Place Anecdote

One day at a burying in the old Pioneer Cemetery near Ephraim, Otto G. Olsen, the undertaker, was talking to Old Man Kesko. He said, "When shall I come and get you?"

Kesko replied, "Oh, you won't need to bother. I live so close that I can easily walk up here."

"After you're dead?" answered Otto G. with excitement in his voice.

"No, NOW!" said Kesko.

When Johanes, an old man, who lived in Ephraim, was 93 years old he was asked how old he was. To this he replied, "That I can't remember but you can ask my mother. She was there when I was born."

Old Man Kesko in his later years attended the funeral of his friend, A. C. Nielsen, commonly called "Old Mormon Preacher." After the funeral, Kesko remarked to Dr. Otto Nielson, a son of the preacher, "I have only caught your father in one lie."

This was a terrible statement to make especially at this particular time and the doctor asked, "What was that?"

"He promised to speak at my funeral and now he has died first," replied Kesko.

When Grandma, Annie Marie Iverson Olsen married Christian Christiansen, I wondered just how much this marriage would increase my relationship to Matt Warner of the Butch Cassidy outlaw gang. Matt Warner was christened Erastus Christiansen. He was the son of Christian Christiansen and was born in Ephraim in 1864. I was already related to him through his cousin, Mr. Emma Christiansen Olsen, the wife of Ole K. Olsen, my half brother.

My four cousins, who were full brothers, spent their lifetimes known by the following names: Ole Miller (Ole C. Jensen), Little Pete (C. Peter Jensen), Chris Cellar (Chris Jensen), and Joseph Jensen.

When I was old enough to begin school there was no kindergarten and a child could enter school right after his sixth birthday, regardless of the time in the school year.

My birthday came on the third Tuesday in April but mother was advised by the school trustee to let me start the day before which was the third Monday.

When I entered the schoolroom the first question the teacher asked was, "When is your biethday?" Without a thought and like any child of that age, I answered, "Tuesday, April 16th", but my mother told me to tell you it was yesterday."

IF YOU WANT THE TRUTH ASK A CHILD!

INDIANS AND SETTLERS IN SANPETE

John K. Olsen
Ephraim, Utah
Senior Citizen Division
First Place Historical Essay

As early as 1844, John C. Fremont told of the Great Basin by saying that it was peopled miserably and sparsely, and that the humanity there appeared in its lowest form and elementary state. The Indians he spoke of were depressed in single families without fire arms, and were eating seeds and insects, and were digging for edible roots. A few of them were of a higher degree and lived in communities near a lake or a river that supplied fish. The Sanpitch Indians who occupied this area had many of these characteristics.

The Ute Indians, of which the Sanpitches were a branch, first got horses in the early 1800's and this ownership divided them into two classes. Those with horses, guns, and blankets became wealthy and domineering, while those without walked, and were exploited and even became or were sold as slaves.

The history of Sanpete began June 14, 1849, when Chief Walker and his Ute warriors on horses visited Brigham Young in Salt Lake City. Walker told the Mormon leader about the Sanpitch valley to the south and of a dream he had had about the Mormons. He then asked for men, women, and children to come and settle in this choice valley to teach his people how to grow food and live in houses.

Brigham Young agreed to send four scouts to check the potential of the valley. These scouts, on their visit to the area in August, 1849, found that Pine Creek (Ephraim Creek) had more water and was the best place in the valley for the settlement that would be made that fall. However, with winter coming on when the settlers arrived, their leaders decided that the gray hill (Temple Hill) jutting out into the valley offered the best place for protection from the wintery blasts.

November of that year found fifty families with their worldly possessions entering the quiet, peaceful valley of the Sanpitches. It is difficult to conceive of more dire circumstances for both man and his domestic animals than those that led the pioneers to Manti where they arrived on November 19, 1849.

The next three years in Sanpete were without major events regarding new settlements, but in 1851 Isaac Behunin moved his family to Pine Creek, some seven miles north of the Manti settlement.

The next three years in Sanpete were without major events regarding new settlements, but in 1851 Isaac Behunin moved his family to Pine Creek, some seven miles north of the Manti settlement.

This move was not made on President Brigham Young's call, nor did it have the sanction of the saints at Manti. It succeeded only because Manti was the only settlement in Sanpete County for Sheriff Nelson Higgins to police while he courted Nancy Behunin, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Isaac.

After the arrival of the Danes in December of 1853, the fort at Manti was too small to accommodate all the settlers. Thus in the spring of 1854, settlers from the Manti fort traveled north to Pine Creek where they built Fort Ephraim. Fifty families participated in this move. In 1854 and 1855, because of the great numbers of emigrants who had arrived at these settlements, the forts were enlarged and remained the only settlements in the Sanpete Valley until 1859.

Around the time of the building of Fort Ephraim, Behunin was relieved of, or sold, or consecrated his farm and water rights to the L.D.S. Church. Workmen from Manti built a one-and-one-half acre fort astride the irrigation ditch to the Behunin farm. Fort Ephraim became the second permanent settlement in the Sanpete Valley.

If these settlements were truly a try for coexistence, they were foreordained to fail as both Walker and President Brigham Young had ulterior motives. Chief Walker surely knew that the Indian squaws did all the work while the "bucks" led a life of leisure, busying themselves with hunting, fishing, and fighting (if they could find someone to fight with). Furthermore, Walker had a plan to get the pioneer's cattle. Brigham Young had plans to get possession of the Great Basin by claiming its water and its small acreage of arable land without paying rent or buying the land.

These ideas along with events in Utah County caused Walker to declare war on the settlers. This war began at Payson, on July 7, 1853. Next day it spread to Mt. Pleasant, and by August the main disturbance was in Iron County. It was there that Walker told Col. George A. Smith that he did not want the settlers to leave the country because then there would be no cattle for the (the Indians) to take.

Before Christmas of that same year the Utes and all the Sanpete settlers corralled at Fort Manti and in January, 1854, the Indians burned all burnable material left at Mt. Pleasant and Spring City.

Chief Walker died at Meadow, Millard County, on January 29, 1855, and his brother Arropine became chief of the tribe. He followed the policies of his predecessor, that of taking the settler's un-herded cattle and horses, many of which he drove off from under armed guards.

The period from 1850 to 1859 seems to be a period of local history not discussed. At this time all land divisions and rules were Church controlled. Polygamy was sanctioned and Brigham Young was appointed

Governor of the Utah Territory. From the first there was an awesome cultural gap between the settlers and the Indians. The Indians resented being displaced by the change.

The Indian agents and some Indians complained that the settlers took over the Indians' hunting grounds and that their cattle ate the Indians' grass seed (bread). Also, the settlers drove away the wild game which left the Indians with only three choices: beg, steal, or fight. Thus, stealing and other expressions of anger led to bloody reprisals on the part of the Mormons. For this reason, Black Hawk, who was raised with the whites, consented to lead about 300 of his warriors into battle for control of the Sanpete and Utah valleys.

The Mormons were a very close, social and economic unit based on the principle that all men were equal and all must share alike. This policy, if followed, completely eliminated the Indians. Had the proposal been made by squaws, the chances of success would have been materially enhanced.

It seemed that the Mormons were convinced of the inferiority of the Indian race and therefore didn't accept the Indians as their equals; thus, there was little real companionship on either side. Prior to 1852, no visible Indian program was put into effect other than benevolence. They seemed to think of Indians as not being civilized, and this was a vital factor about behavior of the settlers toward the Indians.

From the time of the arrival of Johnston's Army in Utah in 1858 to about 1861, there was comparative peace between the two groups. Then trouble began to brew. The U.S. Indian agent didn't see "eye to eye" with Brigham Young. At this time President Lincoln cancelled all Indian rights, and also their land rights in favor of moving the Sanpitch Indians to the Uintah reservation. Brigham Young also wanted the Indians moved away from the settlements. The U.S. Indian agent and the L.D.S. Church general authorities had wanted this done since 1852, but Brigham Young had held out the hope of co-existence. This was the chief cause of the Black Hawk War.

All land divisions were Church controlled until 1869 when the U.S. Land Office was established in Utah.

When Black Hawk became Chief of the Sanpitch Indians and saw the growth of the settlements established in 1859, he had a change of heart. He knew at that time that coexistence between the Indians and the white settlers was doomed to failure. Then came the Black Hawk war which began with an altercation between the Indians and John Lowry in Manti, although the settlers were conscious that the Indians had been preparing over a long time for war.

A truce for peace came on June 7, 1865, at an Indian reservation at Spanish Fork, but nothing came of it. The war raged on with many killings on both sides until a treaty of peace was finally signed between the two rivals at Strawberry on August 19, 1869, when hostilities ceased.

On June 10th, 1866, Chief Black Hawk was wounded at Rocky Ford, eight miles Southwest of Salina. It was then he quit the fight. He was a very intelligent man. But after this time he had a decided character change. He was not vain, nor did he exhibit a "Caesar's Complex" for glowing strategy as did Walker in an earlier era (1853-54). He accepted with grace, at Rocky Ford, the fact that he was beaten. In this he attained great nobility.

Black Hawk left the warpath abruptly in the fall of 1866. He even went so far as to help arrange a peace parley with many still hostile chiefs. It was his influence that brought the peace talks to a final conclusion.

In 1866 Black Hawk retired to the Uintah reservation, and although wounded, he took up farming and was reported at the close of the season in 1869 to be the most industrious Indian farmer on the reservation.

Still stranger and more appealing were his last endeavors. When he felt ultimate weakness creeping over him, he resolved to go to every town he had injured in his militant days and ask their forgiveness. This he

did and then retired to Spring Lake, near Payson. It was here he was born and it was here he died in the fall of 1870.

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J.M. HYNend, Salt Lake Tribune, 3/14/1979.

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Black Hawk War, by Culmsee.

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SANPETE'S WEATHER SIGNS

Ruth D. Scow

Manti, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

Second Place Historical Essay

The calendar said March had arrived. As I looked out the window, the ground seemed to be sprouting robins, some of them pulling worms from the ground while others were strutting, listening, or flying about with great abandon and freedom.

It was a beautiful morning with the sky all blue and the sunshine golden. It was a morning that made me feel like Sanpete was the best place in the world to live. Even a meadowlark trilled, "Sanpete's a pretty little place." All this, plus clear, fresh smelling air; I could not blame the robins for their fluttering and chirpings.

As I watched their seeming ecstasy, I thought of the verse I had learned as a child:

The north wind doth blow

And we shall have snow.

What will the robin do then? Poor thing!

He will sit in the barn

And keep himself warm,

And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!

I had learned from my years in Sanpete that even though today was almost perfect weather-wise, that the south wind would blow and that a storm would follow. Long years ago Grandpa Munk had told me so, for he had spent his lifetime, almost, watching and observing our Sanpete skies.

One sure item of conversation when folks in Sanpete stop to talk is the weather, for from one end of the county to the other the weather is extremely variable. They might talk of snow piled high along the

Fairview-Indianola road and marvel at the bare ground in Gunnison or Axtell. Always, Sanpete weather is interesting and worth talking about.

Very early in my life I was taught the old nursery rhyme,
Sky red in the morning
The sailors take warning.
Sky red at night
Is a sailor's delight.

And I soon learned that tomorrow would be a good day.

Sanpete's weather has always intrigued me from the time I was a little girl lying flat on my back in my father's alfalfa patch watching the big, white, billowy clouds silhouetted against the bluest of blue sky, to the many times I have walked to school and felt the moisture in the air, seen the blackness of the sky in the southwest and known the gray above me was so low that I could almost raise my hand to touch it.

It seems that my entire life has been influenced by the weather: its temperature, windiness, wetness, dryness, clearness, cloudiness. All have challenged me with what I must wear, where I could go, and even what I could do. Because of it, I have met many disappointments and made many great discoveries.

Once I heard that the reason Brigham Young sent the Danes to Sanpete was because they came from a northern European country where the winters were long and hard, and thus they would know how to build strong, warm houses and also know how to prepare for winter.

My great grandfather, Christian Ipsen Munk, brought his family to Sanpete from the Danish island of Bornholm in the Baltic Sea. They were members of the Forsgren Company and sailed to the port of New Orleans on the ship "Forest Monarch." Their youngest child was buried on the sandbar at the mouth of the Mississippi River. They arrived in Salt Lake City on September 30, 1853. Five days later, they, with the other Danish emigrants, were on their way to the new settlement of Manti in the land of the Sanpitch Indians.

They entered the Sanpete valley by way of Salt Creek canyon and stopped at the Allred settlement (Spring City) where they were welcomed and helped dig potatoes for the winter food supply.

On December 15, orders were received from President Brigham Young to leave at once and go to Fort Manti with their families, food stuffs, and portable belongings. They arrived in Manti, December 16, 1853, where they lived with the Millet and Joe Allen families. The spring of 1854, Christian was assigned an acre of land in the southwest part of Manti.

Living in this arid region was quite different from living on an island. The Manti settlers had already come through their first two winters and Christian had been told of the three feet of snow that fell on the original settlers just a few days after their arrival in Sanpete valley. Christian Ipsen knew about snow.

In Bornholm, the snows came in such large amounts as to completely cover the houses, thus making it possible to sleigh ride over their roofs. The only way they knew where the houses were, was by watching the smoke rise from the chimneys. Because of the heavy winter storms, the women did the family washings just twice a year, in the fall and in the spring.

Christian was a cooper by trade. He could make wooden buckets and wooden tubs, and he also had knowledge of building a house equal to any weather that might come. To do this he built his new house of adobe with thick walls and a south exposure to catch the warmth of the winter sun. Two front rooms divided by a hallway, with a door leading to an enclosed stairway to the attic, faced the street. Joining the house on the west was the wooden granary, followed by his workshop, the woodshed, chicken coop, pigpen, toilet and a door to provide entrance to the orchard and garden to the north, behind the buildings.

Nest was a tall, dark, musty-smelling, barn, subdivided to make stalls for two cows and the winter storage of dried hay. Each building had its own wood shingled roof, which joined the other roofs. Running the full length of all the buildings was a cobblestone walk or path. Now let inclement weather come! Christian knew all chores could be done and the livestock tended.

Often as I listened to Christian's son, my grandfather, Peter Munk, tell about when he was a little boy, it seemed his stories always included the weather. Many times I sat with him and Grandmother on their kitchen porch of a summer evening and listened to his stories of the weather signs he had learned to watch for over his many years in the valley. He was always mindful of the whims of nature and of the fact that most always it influenced his activities, whether he was planting potatoes or leaving his oxen at the farm for his tomorrow's plowing or harvesting.

He had learned to watch and listen, and in doing so had become somewhat independent of some phases of the weather by means of his methods of weather forecasting. "A gray sky meant a storm was coming. A wind from the south would be followed within three days by a storm from the north. A ring around the moon was a sure sign of storm and if inside this ring, stars were seen and counted, they would tell the number of days before the storm arrived." Sometimes he would caution, "Better tell the folks to cover their tomato plants again tonight, for always it is colder the third night after a storm."

In Grandpa's more than one hundred years of living, he knew and watched any variation from normal. He knew that when a weather change was imminent, the atmosphere hangs out a sign: "See that smoke coming from Madsen's chimney and notice how it falls to the ground. We're in for a storm, for that is a sure sign a storm is on its way."

He watched the clouds also for weather signals. If they were wispy and high, billowy or layered, they told him about the weather. He knew that clouds tell a great deal because of their shape, color, and the amount of sky they covered. Rising clouds meant clearer weather; two layers moving in different directions indicated unsettled weather.

Aching corns or other pains were guides for predicting bad weather. He even said that birds seem nervous and do not seek their nests prior to a storm and that cricket's chirp faster as the temperature rises. Whatever a man is or does, depends in some measure upon the weather or upon the climate, for weather is the condition of the atmosphere during a short period of time and climate involves in atmospheric conditions over a long period of time. Our Sanpete weather has had a tremendous influence upon our settlement patterns, our economy, the kind of houses in which we live, the clothes we wear, and even the food and crops we grow.

Grandpa said that if the groundhog saw his shadow on February 2nd, we would have another six weeks of winter. He also said, "If the top of the mountain is showing above the fog which comes after a storm, it is a sure sign that the storm is not over."

John K. Olsen, a lifetime resident of Ephraim, said that if sheep or cattle are frisky and wants to jump or play overly much; their actions are a sure sign of storm, as animals seem to have an uncanny sense of weather.

"If you watch them," explained Ed Andreason, a retired sheep herder, "you can tell when a storm is coming. If sheep are grazing on a flat or plain with no protection, they will start toward higher country, the hills, a canyon, or a ravine that will afford protection. On the West Desert, where our Sanpete sheep are herded for the winter, the atmosphere can be 'clear as a bell' and the wind will begin to blow from the southwest. Perhaps it will blow for a week and quit. Then a storm will come."

Grandpa had great wisdom about the weather. He would make his forecasts, and we grandchildren learned to listen and depend upon his forecasts. He knew that weather made us hot or cold, wet or dry, happy or unhappy. He would caution, "Better take a wrap or coat with you for it feels right for a storm" or "It will be raining before you get home." We followed his instructions and felt secure in his forecasts. We knew for a certainty that he cared about us and loved us.

Sources: The author's personal experiences.

Conversation with Jessie W. Jensen, Manti, Utah

THE SHEEP INDUSTRY IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF MANTI AND GUNNISON

Conrad Frischknecht
Tacoma, Washington
Senior Citizen Division
Third Place Historical Essay

Mrs. Jorgen Madsen, Manti pioneer, said that the original settlers brought but few sheep with them. The deep snow and bitter cold of the winter of 1849-50 that decimated their cattle would have done no less with their sheep. The result was an inadequate supply of wool to make clothing. As their clothes wore out they found it necessary to cut up their wagon covers to make wearing apparel.

Providence was with the settler. Word reached the settlement that "a man who was trailing a bunch of Mexican sheep to California was lost, his supplies were gone and eh was nearly starved. He wanted to trade some of his sheep for provisions."

The presence of a bunch of Mexican sheep near Manti in the middle years of the nineteenth century requires an explanation. The lost shepherd was doubtlessly on, or near, the Old Spanish Trail which passed through Salina. During part of the nineteenth century, hostile Indians closed the direct route from New Mexico to California. Hence travelers used the Old Spanish Trail. Beginning at Santa Fe, it ran through Moab, Utah, and on to the Old Mormon Crossing on the Green River. It proceeded to Castle Valley, thence south to Ivie Creek where it crossed the Wasatch Range and followed Salina Creek to the Sevier River. From there it proceeded roughly along the present Highways 89 and 91 to California. There are reasons to believe that it was an old Indian trail. It was the longest overland route to the Spanish missions and goldfields of California, but the easiest and safest. In *Men to Match My Mountains*, Irving Stone tells about early travel on the trail. In 1841 the Workman-Roland group was the third overland party. Besides the leaders, it consisted of about twenty men and some of their Mexican wives. They carried along a bunch of sheep for food. By the end of 1849, 8,000 people had passed over the Old Spanish Trail. Doubtlessly this explains the presence of the lost shepherd near Manti.

Mantians traded the shepherd provisions for sheep and bought as many as they could. Many families acquired a few sheep. Mrs. Kate Carter, a famous Utah pioneer, wrote: "the women were soon very busy shearing sheep, washing wool, carding, spinning, weaving and knitting."

Salaratus was skimmed off the alkali beds southwest of Manti to aid in cleaning the wool. It cut the grease and fluffed the wool. Incidentally, a market for salaratus was found at the Provo Woolen Mills. The

market for salaratus didn't last long because it was difficult to harvest the minerals without scooping up soil. However, the exchange of wool for blankets and cloth continued.

Among the early Mormons, cooperation was the road to success. As early as the middle 1860's the Manti Co-op Sheep Herd was organized. Jacob Keller, Sr. was the manager with his brother, Conrad, as herder.

Even though some of the people had cared for sheep before, they had much to learn under the new conditions. Abundant open summer and winter range was available, but sheep management on the farm and on the ranges were vastly different operations. Sheep preferences for feed differ from cattle. They require more protection from predators and have their own peculiar diseases: scab and sore mouth. Sheepmen were apt learners. To cure sore mouth they mixed pine gum and mutton tallow which they applied successfully to the afflicted sheep's' mouths.

The second operator of the Co-op herd was James Crawford. He pastured the herd in the mountains in summer and on the desert in Castle Valley in winter with marked success. The migration of the shepherd and his family with his flock is as old as the Bible. In Utah, it was only the herder, often a hired man, who migrated with the flock. James Crawford set the pattern for future Manti sheepmen to follow.

Eventually, Crawford pulled his sheep out of the Co-op herd and mixed with a bunch which his brother, W. G. Crawford, had leased from Walter Cox. In this manner the Co-op herd was the seed flock from which many family flocks were formed. Surnames of some Manti families who ran sheep are: Anderson, Barton, Bown, Braithwaite, Crawford, Christenson, Hall, Kenner, Lowry, Larsen, Lund, Madsen, Miller, Mellor, Maylett, Munk (Ernest and Chris who once ran 15,000 head), Olsen, Parsons, Shank, Tuttle, Vorhees and Wintch.

The Gunnison Co-op herd was organized as early as 1869. In summertime during the Black Hawk War, Jake Yaka herded the flock in the hills northeast of town. His hideout from Indians was a dugout, the top of which was level with the ground. After Indian raids, townspeople with rifles went out to search for Jake, expecting to find him dead. They always found him much alive and the sheep safe.

After the Black hawk War, Andrew Fjeldsted leased the herd. The usual terms of the lease were: two and one-half pounds of wool to the head and six lambs per one hundred. Fjeldsted established a camp along the river between Gunnison and Salina and wintered the sheep in the valley. He ran out of feed before spring and suffered heavy losses. At that time it had not become customary to limit the lambing season to the more moderate spring months. Losses were sustained among winter-born lambs.

The next operator of the heard was Julius Christenson, son of Harmon Christenson, who had 200 herd to mix with the Co-op herd. Sheepmen learned through experience that the Indian rice grass, the brush and forbs to be found in the hills, furnished more nourishing feed for the sheep than the salt grass and hedges found growing along the river.

Before the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad was built into Sanpete, wool intended for market was hauled to Juab, which at one time was the terminus of what is now the Union Pacific Railroad.

Sheep were kept for their wool except for the few that were slaughtered for food. Ewe lambs were saved for breeding. Wethers were kept for their wool until their worn out or broken teeth rendered them unthrifty on the range.

James Bown was foremen for B. F. Saunders of Salt Lake City, who was one of the big livestock men of the West. In 1890, E. J. Kearns and Henry Robins of Gunnison became affiliated with B. F. Saunders and M. R. Parsons to purchase wethers in the west to be marketed in Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas.

Wethers bought in the spring of the year were grazed north along the Wasatch Range to the Mormon and Oregon Trails, which were followed east. At Deertrail, Colorado, they were loaded on railroad cars to complete the journey. On the market, wethers brought \$2.00 to \$2.25. Trailing saved about \$1.25 per head.

Bands of 6,000 wethers were trailed by two mounted herders and a camp tender. The Green and North Platt Rivers had to be forded. The sheep were kept off water until very thirsty. They were rushed to the stream at the point where the drift of the current was to the opposite bank. Kearns said that of 42,000 head of sheep which he forded one year, not a single sheep was drowned.

Sheep avoid deep water. James Crawford had a ram that would lead the flock into a stream if a man on horseback went on lead with a pan of oats held low to induce the animal to follow.

The Wasatch Mountains provide some of the best sheep pasturage. The east and west deserts offered winter feed which makes possible a year round range operation. These public lands were free and open until the Forest Reserves were established in 1903. What a golden opportunity! Western livestock men capitalized on it with vigor.

Even so, the industry was beset with many problems that had to be coped with. Sheep diseases, especially scab, had to be treated. A bad storm could wipe out years of careful husbandry, as could a money panic or economic depression.

The sheep industry was a boon to the economy of Manti and Gunnison. It provided jobs for herders and sheep shearers. In the fall of the year, sheep outfits had to be prepared for winter. Blacksmiths were busy shoeing horses and mules, setting loose tires on wagon wheels, and making other repairs. Money received for wool and mutton sold in the East made possible a higher standard of living in the West.

Livestock men had the will to survive all of their troubles. Their efforts paid off. At one point in time, Manti was said to have had the highest income of any town in the United States. That was a distinction that came to Fountain green in World War I because of high prices for sheep and wool.

Sources: Personal recollections

Heart Throbs of the West, by Kate B. Carter

Men to Match My Mountains, by Irving Stone.

FROM BURR MILL TO WATER WHEEL TO ELECTRICITY IN EPHRAIM, UTAH

Mary A. Hermansen
Gunnison, Utah
Senior Citizen Division
Fourth Place Historical Essay

Many years ago there was a little "Burr" mill in Ephraim. It was located straight north across the creek from "Guard-in-Knoll." These Burr stones were a special, herd type of stone found only in Burr, France. They were chiseled so as to be large, flat, and round. The flat sides were corrugated, with a little crevice cut in one side of one stone. The flat sides were put together and by an agitating motion the wheat was ground. When the flour was fine enough, it went through the crevice and was ready to be sacked. These stones were made in many sizes, ranging from 12 to 60 inches in diameter. Milling flour with this method was a slow process.

The families who owned this Burr mill later sold it to Niels Thompson. It wasn't long before Mr. Thompson decided to build a larger, up-to-date mill. The site he chose for the new enterprise was a little further north and a little further east of the Burr mill. It was built close to the hillside so it could have the force of power from the water to operate it. This modern mill soon caused the Burr mill to become obsolete. This second mill was known as the Climax Mill. It was organized with stockholders and a board of directors. After a few years the business was about to fold. Ollie Larson, a heavy stockholder in the mill, asked Marcus Hermansen to come to Ephraim from his home in Escalante and meet with the board of directors and consider taking over the mill. Mr. Hermansen did this and decided to lease it for five years. After Mr. Hermansen got the mill running, he found it to be badly in debt to the farmers. This created quite a disturbance, and he felt he could not go on under those conditions. The stockholders called another meeting and after much discussion they sold controlling interest to Mr. Hermansen. He was very successful and was soon able to buy the mill.

In 1913, a group of men decided they wanted to purchase the mill. They were Ben, Fred, and Clyde Rasmussen and their brothers-in-law, Warren, Tyre, Lars Nielsen, and Clarence Thompson. They formed an incorporation and engaged Niels Hermansen, son of Marcus Hermansen, to be the miller.

Ephraim usually had high water in the spring and bad floods in August. In August of 1913 there was a severe flood, bringing down huge boulders, and heavy, thick mud filled the millrace and the mill basement with water. When this was drained and the debris cleared away, it was found to have caused some sinking, which threw the mill out of balance. The company decided it would be better to move the mill into town and use electric power.

Niels supervised and worked at dismantling the machinery and reassembled it in the new location and building on Main Street, just one block north of the Bank of Ephraim. When the mill was ready to be put into operation, Mr. Hermansen, who after selling the mill had moved to Gunnison and built a small "grist" mill on the corner of Second South and First East, knew he had left his heart, as well as many friends, in Ephraim. He made arrangements with his son Niels to exchange positions. This change took place January 1, 1915. Niels moved to Gunnison to take over that mill and Marcus moved his family back to Ephraim. Within the next eighteen months he was able to buy the mill from the company and renamed it the Ephraim Roller Mills and Elevator.

Upon the death of Marcus Hermansen in 1934, his youngest son, Lawrence, bought the mill stock and ran it for many years until it closed.

Source: Personal recollections from my father-in-law, Marcus Hermansen, from my husband, Niels Hermansen, and from my own experience in living up the canyon beside the old Climax Mill.

A GLORIOUS FOURTH

Vernon F. Larsen
Oakland, California
Senior Citizen Division
First Place Personal Recollection

On that July 4th morning, the sun came up with a bang! The neighbor boys had set off five of their largest firecrackers all at once. My brother and I realized that this was to be holiday, in sharp contrast to the days working in the hot hayfield. We scrambled out of bed and added to the excitement of exploding our limited supply of noisemakers. Soon the entire city was awake and the noise abated, evidence that the usual chores of a small farm community continued, holiday or not.

While we lit our firecrackers, my mother had been in the garden picking green peas, and scrabbling under the vines for little new red potatoes, a significant part of the July Fourth noon meal. My father had already killed a chicken and dressed it ready for mother to fry.

At our house, holiday preparations had been going on for days. The mixture of root beer extract, sugar, water and yeast had been sealed in bottles to provide a beverage treat. The two-gallon ice cream freezer mixed cream, eggs, vanilla and sugar into a frozen delight that was now packed in ice and blankets in the depth of our cold root cellar. Polished shoes were lined up ready. Freshly pressed trousers were laid out neatly with white shirts, ties and new dress straw hats. If there had been girls in the family, mother would have made each of them a new dress. We were ready.

We walked ten blocks to town, being passed by a rider on a handsome prancing horse, a horse-drawn buggy and a Model "T" Ford, all decked in red, white and blue trappings, all hurrying to take their places in the parade line-up.

In the center of town a colorful crowd was assembling, men and boys in white shirts, women and girls in bright-hued organdy dresses and ribbons.

Temporary bunting-decked booths lined the side-walks. My brother and I each had thirty-five cents to spend. How to choose from among the displayed goodies! Should we buy a red and white popcorn ball? A box of cracker jack? An ice cream cone? Or should it be a cold soda pop? A colored balloon or a patriotic button for our lapel?

Before long, we were slowly licking ice cream cones, clutching bottles of cream soda pop, searching in the cracker jack boxes for prizes and keeping tight hold of the string attached to the inflated red balloon. Only fifteen cents left of our allowances!

Here come the parade! First the City Band blaring Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever", then the National Guard Officers toting large American and State flags. Next, a brightly decorated Model "T" Ford carrying the Mayor, his wife and a prominent State Senator, our speaker of the day. There were bands, High School, Military and Scottish Bag Pipe, interspersed with dozens of horse-drawn buggies, horsemen and brightly decorated floats furnished by town merchants. Riding on the floats were prominent citizens, pretty girls and flag waving children. Children also rode decorated bikes, trikes, and wagons, some dressed as historical characters, and all smiling proudly.

Now comes the fire truck, the firemen throwing handfuls of wrapped candy chews to the children along the street. What a scramble!

Off to the Town Hall to hear the patriotic speeches. The National Guard Band played a medley of marches and stirring tunes. Then there was a prayer petitioning God to bless the leaders of the nation, the state, the town and all citizens. The town soprano gave her interpretation of the "Star Spangled Banner." We were filled with pride that we lived in America!

The Mayor welcomed us and listed the town improvements that had taken place since he took office. He introduced the State Senator, who described the writing and adoption of the Declaration of Independence. He told us to be proud we were Americans. But it was hot, and as children do, we wriggled and impatiently waited for some of the freedom we were hearing about. It was a relief to get into the fresh air.

We greatly enjoyed the ten-block walk home to our traditional Fourth of July noon meal, fried chicken, creamed new potatoes and peas, ending with a large serving of homemade ice cream, refreshed further with a glass of tangy root beer.

After dinner we returned to the afternoon of sports held on the vast lawn of the church grounds. The Master of Ceremonies had a bright arm band and a shrill whistle. He used an orange-colored megaphone to announce the events of the day.

The first event was a foot race for children five and six years old. The little ones lined up, tense and eager. Parents stood by anxiously. The whistle blew, they scampered to the finish line, and the first three to cross were spotted. Prizes of twenty-five cents, fifteen cents and ten cents were awarded to the winners. Next was the race for seven and eight year olds. I can't remember if my brother won or not. I was too excited about my own group of nine and ten year olds. I came in third and proudly added the ten cents to my remaining fifteen cents.

Race events continued, including all ages, adults and a group they called "old folks." There were special events such as sack races, three-legged races and relays. Dunking for coins in tubs of water at one end of the lawn was a dripping success.

At three-thirty the crowd transferred to the park for a ball game with the town north of ours, some by car, horseback, buggy or shanks mare.

For our family the ball game held little appeal. The day had been long. We were hot and tired. Chores were waiting, so we went home to get them done early enough to go to the band concert and fireworks in the evening.

After changing into work clothes, we fed the horses, cattle, pigs and chickens; then we milked the cows and gathered eggs. As we worked at these tasks, we heard cheers from the ball park, reminding us the celebration was still on.

We had our supper of bowls of bread and milk, cold pieces of fried chicken, and dessert of homemade ice cream. We changed back into good clothes again and for the third time walked to the center of town.

The High School band was assembled on a platform in the church grounds. We brought blankets to spread on the lawn and relaxed to enjoy the music. We had an excellent view of the fireworks touch-off point in the neighboring school yard.

The band played some patriotic anthems, but as the sun went down, we were thrilled by the soft tones of "Just a Song at Twilight", followed by sentimental favorites, "Drifting and Dreaming", and "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair", and were saddened by the old war tune, "Tenting Tonight."

A tremendous explosion shattered the peaceful moments, followed by another and yet another blast, alerting us to the fireworks display. Showers of sparkling stars burst upwards and fell in brilliant umbrellas

down again. The crowning touch was a huge replica of the American Flag in brilliant color; then, spelled out in fiery yellow, appeared the giant letters, "GOOD NIGHT."

We went to bed remembering the joys of the day, a little apprehensive of the 5:00 a. m. rising time in the morning. We were comforted with the thought that in twenty days out hot work in the hayfields would be again interrupted by another gala event. We would be celebrating the arrival of Brigham Young and his company into Salt lake Valley, as it had happened on July 24, 1847.

It had been a "Glorious Fourth." We knew we lived in a land choice above all lands and that the aim of our government was to provide "Liberty and Justice" for all.

Source: Personal recollections of the author.

MANTI'S FIRST ELECTRIC LIGHTS

Stanley Brox

Manti, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

Second Place Personal Recollection

The date, March 17, 1901, has long been remembered in our family because two events of importance occurred that night; the lights went on in Manti for the first time, and the plant's first operator, my father, George Jacob Brox, had made previous arrangements to have his seventh son, Gilbert, born on that very night of initial electrical operation.

(Perhaps we should have taken more seriously the significance of that historical night, and christened the newborn, "Kilowatt." Nevertheless, it can be said that our March 17th brother turned out to be a "powerhouse: of a musician, and a "bright light" in our lives.)

The first plant was of a rather primitive hydro-electric design, with a Westinghouse generator and a Pelton water wheel. Its original location was about one-half mile above the mouth of Manti Canyon. Some ten years later it was struck by lightning and burned to the ground.

Father was instrumental in its reconstruction at the same location inside the National Forest boundary, which was at one time the site of the Brox Picnic grounds. Forest Ranger Ed Cox selected the location and designed the convenient recreation area, but due to Government cutbacks on recreation funds the Brox Picnic grounds was eliminated in 1954.

It is of interest to note that the first Power plant was not municipally sponsored or owned. It was built as a private venture by the enterprising pioneer industrialist, Stanley Crawford.

Those first feeble electric impulses traveled over an antique transmission line up above the old gravel pit on the south canyon face, and down over the "M" hill to the east. It reached the center of town on lines leading down First South.

During bad wind storms, the lines would blow together, short-circuiting the power and disrupting the power service. It would be necessary for whoever was operating the plant, either Father or one of us boys, to shut the plant down and climb up over the hill and ledges until we found the trouble. Then we'd walk on to town to notify the city lineman. In a severe storm this wasn't a pleasant task.

Father operated the original, the rebuilt, and the present installation for 31 years, from 1901 until 1932.

I remember his “raising the hair” on the backs of our young necks as he would recount early encounters, around the turn of the century, with such friendly forest folk as timber wolves and coyotes as he daily patrolled the light ditch. This ditch of water was taken from the creek, three miles above the plant site. It wound around the side hills to the bulkhead where it entered a pipeline quite a distance above the power plant site. The fall of the water from that point to the power plant created enough pressure to energize the generators.

My six brothers and I learned the intriguing business of producing power for Manti City. We all took our individual turns at the plant to relieve Father so he could return home and have one good hot meal a day. This was after the power plant went into an “around the clock” type of operation.

Now, it seems almost unbelievable that Father did not operate the first power plant for 24 hours each day. And there was a good reason for it. The people of Manti had no need for it! At first there were no electric appliances. No electric irons, even. All the consumers needed electricity for was lights.

Father was there at sundown and in the “wee” hours before dawn to start things humming in order to make light for the darkened homes and streets of early Manti.

Source: Personal recollection of the author.

BUCK FEVER

Edgar Merriam

Manti, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

Third Place Personal Recollection

They year was 1915. I followed my father about our yard, watching his every move as he made ready for the annual deer hunt. All the time I was wishing that I were old enough to participate. I saw him polish his gun, count the bullets, mend the tent, roll up bedding and extra clothing, and fill the grub box with roast beef, eggs, homemade bread, butter, cheese and other goodies that mother had prepared for him.

At sun-up the next morning, I was awakened by the creaking wheels of a buckboard as it stopped by our front gate. From my bedroom window I saw father pile his supplies onto the buckboard among those of several other hunters. Then he mounted Nell and joined the procession as the group rode toward the hunting grounds in the mountains west of Manti. The air was filled with laughter and jesting in anticipation of the coming event. The hunting season would begin the following morning at sun up.

Later that day, as I played in our yard, father returned to town with a man whom they called “Will,” father entered our gate as Will went on up the street. Mother, shaking the flour from her apron, joined father as he fed and watered the horse. Curiously I listened to their conversation that went something like this:

‘What brings you back so soon? Is anything wrong?’

“No, nothing really.” (Father was a man of few words).

“Did you forget something?”

“No, no me. I just rode back with Will. He forgot something.”

“it must have been mighty important to bring you back to town.”

“Ya, it was important.”

“Did you get the tents put up?”

“The tents are up. Everything is fine.”

“Well, what is it then?”

“Will came back for his gun. He thought he had taken it from behind the kitchen door. Instead of a gun, Will had brought along his wife’s broom!”

Source: I faintly remember this experience, but as long as father lived he never tired of telling this story to his family and friends.

ASPEN GRAFFITI

James L. Jacobs

Ogden, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

Fourth Place Personal Recollection

The white trunks of aspen trees growing along roadsides in the mountains east of Sanpete Valley are covered with names and other graffiti carved by knives of former visitors. People who traveled or worked there seemed to have had an irresistible urge to establish their status by leaving their names displayed on these stately and attractive trees for future visitors to see.

When trees were properly carved, the knife cuts were formed into black scars that remained in vivid contrast to the snow-white bark for the lifetime of the tree. If cuts were too shallow, the tree healed them up so no scar was left. Some inexperienced carvers had cut channels clear through the bark down to the wood, and these caused such large scars that the carvings were almost illegible. But most carvings were made properly by competent and experienced carvers so the carvings became permanent and attractive.

In the early 1900’s all travel was by horseback or horse drawn vehicles, which was slow enough to give travelers ample time to observe and reflect on the great collection of carvings they found on the trees. There was also time to add one’s own name while the horses were resting or while they were stopped for lunch. The names of entire families, father, mother and children, were often left on trees as evidence that they had been in the mountains. A family trip to visit a sheepherding father or to fish in the mountain streams made it possible for them to record their names on the biggest tree they could find. In areas most frequented by people, tree trunks were so covered with carvings that there was scarcely any bare surface left within reach.

Carvings varied as widely as the people who made them. Most names were formed of large block letters, but there were many styles, kinds and sizes of name carving. Some names were made in beautiful script instead of the usual printed letters. Lon Larsen was one who used uniform, flowing longhand made with real artistic quality. Another who left his name in fine script was Orange A. Olsen, a Forest Service officer who has a ranger station named for him in Joe’s Valley on the Manti Forest.

Most carvers were content to leave only their names or initials, but some added their addresses and the dates the carvings were made. The oldest I recall was dated 1890, while other dates showed continuous carvings from then right up to the time I herded sheep, from 1922 to 1927. Many indulged their artistic talents by carving a wide variety of pictures which included everything from horseshoes to teepees, houses, snakes and human hands. There were more pictures of people than anything else, especially voluptuous ladies and virile men, and many likenesses of horses, bears, and various other animals.

Many sentiments were expressed in messages left for future visitors to see. Some of these read, "All sheepherders are crazy," "Hate these blating woollies," "Lonesome Joe," "Killed a bear." In one area there were many short poetic verses, most of which were somewhat ribald in character.

Some carvers thought it smart to counterfeit the names of well-known celebrities, so when one found "Daniel Boone," "Tom Mix," or "Woodrow Wilson," it was understood these had been faked and were not authentic signatures.

During the years I herded sheep I was fascinated with the carvings, most of which had been made by sheepherders. In the long summer days, sheep shaded up from mid-morning until late afternoon, leaving the herders free for many hours in the middle of the day. So what could occupy their time better than tree carving!

Andrew Tidwell was the most prolific carver of all the sheepherders on the north end of the mountain. He sometimes carved his full name in large letters, but at other times he shortened it to "A. Tid." But in most places only his initials were found, on hundreds of trees along roads and trails and back in the boondocks where only sheepmen and hunters usually go. No one filled up a tree trunk like he did. He would ride his horse up to a tall tree, stand up in the saddle and carve "AT" as high on the tree as he could reach, then place another initial under that one and repeat it all the way down to the ground. I counted 28 "AT" initials in a column on one tree, and there were many more like it.

The regular camping places where sheep camps were located year after year were known by well-established names, many of which were carved on trees at the camps. "Little Bear," "Beer Spring," "The Jumpoff," were some of the names. But "Honeymoon Camp" was my favorite. It was so named because a sheepherder once took his bride there right after they were married. It was an ideal place to spend a honeymoon and get a sheepherder's salary at the same time. But there was a problem. The bunk on which the honeymooners slept was made of aspen poles with rawhide strips crisscrossing each other for a mattress. The groom had slept alone all his life, and it was difficult for him to get any rest cuddled in the arms of his affectionate bride. After several restless nights, the groom solved the problem. While the bride was not looking, he tightened the leather strip running down the center of the bunk. This raised a slight ridge down the middle with depressions on each side. Thereafter when the bride fell asleep, the cuddling was ended as she slipped off the ridge onto her side of the bed, and the groom slept soundly on his side, happily remote from her cuddling arms.

To relieve their loneliness, herders would often ride to the neighboring camps to visit and have dinner together. On Sundays two or three herders would catch a mess of trout and have a joint fish fry at one of the camps. It was customary for all to leave their names at all camps. I once wrote down the names on the trees at Harve Spring Camp. These were: Lynn Averett, Wenzel Brewer, Dan Christensen, James Jacobs, Loftin Johnson, Lon Larsen, Hans Lund, Howe Lund, Ray Lund, Bruce Madsen, Chet Mills, Liandro Serrano, Andrew Tidwell, Kenneth Tidwell, Aurel Winkler, Montel Winkler, Owen Winkler, Irl Wilson, Peter Woolsey and Shirley Zabriskie.

Not all aspen graffiti were manmade; bears also left their marks. It was rumored that a bear would claim his home territory by reaching high on a tree and marked the bark with his claws to show that this area was owned by a large bear. I doubted this, but I did see hundreds of trees deeply marked by the claws of bears that had climbed them. There were then very many bears in the mountains. A marauding bear ran amuck in the sheep I was herding one night and killed or mortally wounded 42 sheep on their bed ground. We

used bear grease rendered from bear fat to keep our shoes oiled. Sam Pierce was employed as a bear hunter and killed more than 100 bears in 1916 on the Manti Forest area.

Most carvers left their names on many trees, but two men told me they had each carved their names only once. One was Ernest Winkler, whose name I found near Commissary Spring where he had carved it as a boy. The other was James Larsen, whose one carving was in a grove of trees on top of the mountain. He carved this while his sheep were marooned in deep snow from a severe early fall storm, and he was waiting for help to rescue them. A team of horses dragged a fir tree through the snow to make a trail the sheep could follow off the mountain, strung out in single file.

Recently I found a forgotten carving of my own name on a tree near Silver Creek. With it was the date, "Sept. 9, 1924," and the comment, "114 fish." I remembered carving this on my way home to attend school after herding sheep since early May. Another herder and I had gone fishing before I left the herd. The legal limit was then thirty fish per day with two day's limit allowed in possession. I was bringing home, packed in grass in a gunny sack tied behind my saddle, my sixty fish and those the other herder was sending home. So the "144 fish" were six fish short of the 120 we were entitled to.

The tree carvings gave a taste of history to visitors at a time when the leisurely pace of horse travel made it possible to see and admire them. Now that motor vehicles whisk people through groves of trees so rapidly, they do not take time to observe and add to the carvings as they did sixty years ago. And many people contend the carvings destroy the beauty of the picturesque aspen trees. So the day of the popularity of aspen graffiti is past.

PIONEER WIDOW

Edith A. Allred

Price, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

First Place Poetry

Her long black coat swept the ground
Like a snow plow making its return trip.
Her broad, flat shoes squished
Through the slushy streets,
The rowdy wind defying her efforts
To hold the coat together.
It whipped the loosened strands
Of her white hair
Across her thin face,
Slapping the cheeks to a dull red
In its frenzy.
The faded blue eyes,
Stung by the bitter cold,
Blurred her vision
As teardrops trickled

Down the wrinkled channels
In tiny corkscrew icicles.
She paused beside a half-opened gate,
Her stiff fingers grasping the wire handle
Of her tin pail
Inside,
The light beamed cheerfully.

Source: A pioneer woman who came to my home.

THE OLD WAGON WHEEL

Olof J. Christensen
Fountain Green, Utah
Senior Citizen Division
Second Place Poetry

The Old Wagon Wheel was shaped like a gate
And swinging to and fro,
It dreamed of ruts and winding roads,
And the scenes of long ago.

Wending its way to the storied west,
O'er prairie and mountain and streams,
The Old Wagon Wheel turned round and round
And measured the miles in its dreams.

Once, it was sturdy and strong and bright,
And carried its load with pride.
And the sturdy oxen strove with all their might
And turned the wheel in their stride.

But that was ever so long ago, and memories
Dim like a firelight's glow,
And many a moon has ridden the sky,
O'er the prairie lands since days gone by.

Old Wagon Wheel, Old Wagon Wheel,
As you swing to and fro,
Remember and love and cherish,
The people and scenes of long ago.

THE TALE OF DELLA'S PIG

James L. Jacobs
Ogden, Utah
Senior Citizen Division
Third Place Poetry

A very greedy pig was owned
By mother's cousin Della,
He always ate more than he should,
That greedy little fella.

The granary door came open;
He ran with all his speed
To get inside and find some grain
To satisfy his greed.

He gobbled grain as fast as sin.
How much that pig could eat!
He thought this was hog heaven,
And it was his big treat.

He was in pain and misery,
And rapidly grew worse,
There wasn't room to hold it all,
And so his stomach burst.

When Della found him lying there,
She thought that he was tired;
But when she took a closer look,
She saw he had expired.

The tale of Della's greedy pig
Became our family guide.
At every family meal, we told
How pig from greed had died.

He ate so fast and ate so much,
It looked like he would burst;
Then all at once he got real dry,
He had an awful thirst.

He waddled over to the creek,
And my, how much he drank,
With water he filled all the cracks,
Then lay down on the bank.

The grain got wet, it soaked up fast,
And then began to swell.
It swelled to big the pressure grew;
He really wasn't well.

When anyone took too much meat,
Or grabbed the biggest fig,
Then he was told, "Hold on there, boy!
Remember Dalla's pig."

"Don't take three spuds or too much cake,
Or pie that is too big,
We don't want you to up and burst
Like Della's greedy pig."

When we relive our childhood,
And ride in our old rig,
We always laugh and tell again
The tale of Della's pig.

CLOUD BURST CLIMAX

Ruby S. Pritchett

Provo, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

First Place Short Story

The little mother, being heavy with child, awakened early, facing the many tasks of the day. The charge of rearing her three small children and doing the farmyard chores fell upon her thin shoulders. Her husband was away most of the time, herding sheep on the summer range in the distant mountains. She picked up the bucket as she heard Bessie, the cow, mooing for her bag to be relieved of her morning portion of milk. The dawn was slowly pushing back the blackness of night, but she noticed ominous dark clouds still hugging the mountains. The crow of the rooster and the grunt of the pigs broke the sound of silence.

The morning chores completed, she turned her attention to the vegetable garden. She wished to rid it of the choking weeds and to turn the rich black earth before the glaring sun blazed in the heavens.

She appeased her children's morning appetites and began the household agenda for the day. Standing at her ironing board, she felt a stifling, heavy inexpressible feeling. Something must be wrong! Stepping to the open door, she heard a roaring, rushing sound. Looking toward the creek that skirted her property, she saw the willows that lined the creek bed were swaying to the ground. Looking back to the farmyard, she couldn't believe the sight that met her eyes. A wave of black mud, rocks and debris was cascading toward the house. She shouted to the children to come to her. Looking out toward the street, she saw a wall of floodwater racing down the road. Instructing her oldest son to hurry across the street to higher ground, she gathered her two youngest, one under each arm and began trying to beat the rushing water before it overtook her. As she reached the middle of the road, it hit with terrific force. Suddenly she felt as if she were up to her knees in molasses. Struggling with each step, she went down on one knee. Panic stricken, she struggled against the thick mud. Looking up she spotted a man on a white horse galloping toward her. He scooped up the children, then reached down and helped her to her feet. She battled her way to the opposite side. As she looked back the sight was appalling and unbelievable to her. Amid the chocolate-colored mud were squealing pigs, flopping chickens and even a small bawling calf, all being swept along with the boulders and logs as the flood raced on. She looked toward her house; her vegetable garden was completely enveloped. The logs and rubbish were being caught and deposited along the fence.

Suddenly she remembered the dark clouds of the morning, realizing they had emptied their contents with fury onto the mountains. The downpour deluge had gathered into streams and the once-clear sparkling creek that tumbled and splashed its way over a bed of polished stones, had gathered the rushing streams, as a magnet pulls iron filings, had filled its banks to overflowing, rushing down the canyon walls, spewing into the small village.

Looking up into the heavens with silver tears spilling down her cheeks and uttering a silent prayer of thanks for their safety, she gathered her small children to her.

Realizing how uncertain life can be against the sudden catastrophes of nature, she held her little brood closely as she saw the devastation around her and asked for strength to rebuild, grateful for the opportunity.

Source: Personal recollection of the author's mother, Mrs. Bell Sanderson, of a flood in Fairview in the summer of 1916.

THE GHOSTS OF THE OLD PIONEER CEMETERY

John K. Olsen
Ephraim, Utah
Senior Citizen Division
Second Place Short Story

At the turn of the century there was a very common superstition that all graveyards were inhabited by ghosts who slept by day but were very active come nighttime. Those ghosts were of special interest to the young folks of Ephraim with whom I associated. This fear of ghosts was kept alive by many parents as a means of controlling their offspring. Their threat of "If you don't o as I say, I'll give you to the ghosts", brought immediate compliance in almost every case.

I lived on our farm north and west of the city. On my way to or from town I had to pass the old Pioneer Cemetery, but that fact did not trouble me. I accepted it. I was mature enough to know that most events have a reason for happening, and also I knew that most ghosts were most prevalent at Halloween time. As this holiday approached I heard more and more real or fanciful stories regarding ghosts. It seemed to me that the other kids began to become interested in me and the fact that I passed the cemetery so often.

One night, just west of the cemetery, I brought my horse to a stop by yelling, "Whoa, whoa!" several times before I reached down to undo the wire that held our farm gate closed. My horse did not seem to understand because he kept shifting our position, and perhaps I even said several other words. Suddenly I was startled to hear voices coming from the cemetery. I am frank to admit that these voices scared me and I hurried for home. I decided that the safest thing to do was to not tell anyone about my fright, but to stay home nights.

A short time thereafter Jim, my brother, came to me and proposed that we go to town that night. Thinking there would be safety in numbers, I decided it would be safe to go with him.

At the gate those voices from the graveyard were again heard. To my surprise Jim said, "Those ghosts scare hell out of me when I am alone, but for some strange reason I would like to see a ghost tonight." So he, too, had heard the ghosts.

Jim's presence buoyed me up and made me feel just like he felt. "I, too, would like to see a ghost tonight," I answered. Right then and there we agreed to investigate. At first we whispered as we communicated with each other. The ghost voices whispered back. We talked more loudly and again the ghosts answered. Now we knew the secret, for the voices we had been hearing proved to be the echoes of our own voices coming from one place in that old cemetery.

We pondered this knowledge, if those ghosts didn't leave the graveyard, then it was fear of ghosts that left us.

Maybe there were never any ghosts there at all. For since the spring cleaning of the old Pioneer Cemetery in 1907, those ghostly voices have never been hears. What caused the echo has never been explained and the mystery has never been solved. After that date all has been peace, quiet, dryness, and serenity in that fenced-in land of the dead.

FISH, THE LAST OF THE BIG ONES

Hugh Brady
Downey, Idaho
Senior Citizen Division
Third Place Short Story

During the 1870's very little water of the Sanpitch River, Cottonwood and Oak Creek canyon streams was used for irrigation. These streams were alive with large native trout, and some of the early settlers used fish traps to catch them for food. My father, Lindsey, a young lad at Fairview, loved to fish and take home a nice string to help feed the family of thirteen.

To illustrate the circumstances of many pioneers of that time, I find the following quotes from my father's Life Story very interesting:

"As a boy, I endured many hardships. When I was seven (1873) until about eleven or twelve, I had to help herd cows on the hills west of Fairview. A horse was hardly known. So I had to chase cows all over those hills in bare feet. My feet became so calloused a sliver could hardly run in them. At times I had such big cracks in my heels they would bleed something terrible."

"It was nothing to see bare-footed children at the children's dance on the 14th of July. I have danced many times in my bare feet. Many children were bare-footed in the winter time. I remember some of my cousins going bare-footed all winter long. Leather was so high most people could not afford to buy shoes."

"I never knew what it was to have underwear. My clothing consisted of one thin shirt and a pair of Linsey pants which had been woven on a home loom from wool spun on a home-spinning wheel."

"These days of hardship and trial were not without their pleasures and happiness. When I was still a small boy, I spent a lot of my time fishing when not herding cows. Cottonwood Creek was a favorite stream. From my home, I would fish up-stream three blocks and back to a point one block west of our home. That was as far as I dared go because of Indians."

"A little later, President Brigham Young made a treaty with the Indians. After that, I spent many happy hours fishing up and down these beautiful streams."

On one of these days when two cousins were with him, a great big one took the bait. When the second one hooked on, he broke his pole in the landing process. It was with real pride that he raced home to show these beauties to his parents. But his anticipated joy cooled when he saw the displeasure and questioning look on his father's face.

To make sure his son had not stolen them from the fish traps, the kindly father asked to look at their mouths. Noting the marks where the hooks had been taken out he said, "I don't see how you could get those big fish out of the water. You just stuck the hooks in their mouths and pulled them out again to fool me."

"Oh no, Pa! With this one, I broke my pole and had to pull him out by hand."

"Come on, son, let's go see that broken pole."

After questioning the two cousins and inspecting the broken pole, the father was made happy and the son exonerated.

Some twenty-five years later, about 1902, when Lindsey was the miller at the flour mill south of Fairview, a great storm struck the Milburn and Oak Creek area. With tense anxiety, he watched the constant lightning and thunder. A disastrous and devastating flood was imminent. He could only watch and wait and hope.

A little before nightfall, an ocean of slow-moving mud engulfed a small field just below the mill. Atop this mass of mud and debris, hundreds of beautiful trout were dead or dying. Thousands more were entombed in this great flood of liquid earth. For many years thereafter, no fish of any consequence could be found in Sanpitch River. And the real big ones were gone forever.

Source: Life Story of Lindsey Edmund Brady and biography of the author.

HANS HANSEN'S NICK-NAME

Virginia Nielson

Ephraim, Utah

Non-Professional Division

First Place Anecdote

Nick-names formed an integral part of early Ephraim culture. Numerous settlers carried the same or similar name; therefore, the appellation bestowed a definite identification on each recipient. Even the settlement was fondly referred to as "Little Denmark."

Most names reflected a keen sense of human nature, a trait that aided these pioneers to endure the trials that may have overwhelmed less stalwart souls.

Hans Hansen's nick-name had an unusual origin. In Denmark he and his wife, Ana, saw persecution rear its ugly head following their baptism in 1853. They sold most of their possessions and engaged passage on the sailing vessel, "Fortice," to cast their lot with other Saints who were seeking a home in Zion.

The vessel had limited space; therefore, each immigrant family was provided with a list stating the baggage allowed. The Hansen's and their young son, James, spent hours among their belongings in decision-making, hoping to facilitate their journey and new life. Surprisingly, a can of dark green paint was classified as a "necessity," and tucked into a trunk corner.

Eleven weeks were spent on the stormy Atlantic, and after enduring great difficulties, they arrived in Salt Lake in 1854. President Young immediately assigned them to help settle Ephraim, so they obediently drove their ox team 130 miles south.

As soon as the oxen were unyoked Father Hansen took his family a short distance from the Little Fort and, kneeling in prayer, poured out his heart in gratitude for their deliverance.

In 1862 he erected a stately two-story home south of the creek. Each door was artistically decorated with the precious green paint. No other home possessed such a touch of luxury! Consequently, Hans Hansen received his nick-name and was thereafter called Hans "Rich" Hansen.

He was "rich" indeed, in spirituality, in character, and in his righteous posterity, in addition to the painted doors.

Author's Note: the stately white house still stands at 75 North 100 West. It is listed on the State Historical Register and is under consideration for the National Historical Register. President Brigham Young and other prominent church leaders were frequent guests in this historic residence. The Indians and whites congregated on the east lawn in 1868 and signed a peace treaty under a tall pine tree. Baptisms were performed in the creek fronting the house in pioneer days.

Hans "Rich" Hansen's granddaughter, Gladys H. Sparks, has lived in the home the greater portion of her life. She is carefully preserving it for the Hansen posterity.

Source: Hans "Rich" Hansen's biography written by granddaughter, Jennie Hansen Hansen.
Personal interviews with Hans Hansen's grandson, Alonzo Hansen and Hans Hansen's granddaughter, Gladys Hansen Sparks.
Utah's Black Hawk War by Carlton Culmsee.

OPEN AIR DANCE

Norma S. Wanlass

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Second Place Anecdote

They were young and vibrant. Paul Smith came to Manti to make cheese for Manti Cheese Manufacturing Company. Geneve joined him after their baby arrived. It was summer, 1924.

The farmers cooperated that morning and had their milk waiting in the cans when Parley Peterson came to pick it up, so Paul separated the whey, pressed the curd, and pressure steamed the huge milk vats, floors and walls early that evening.

"Let's go to the dance out to Palisade," Paul suggested while eating supper.

"Where's Palisade?" Geneve asked.

"Oh, out between here and Sterling, nestled up in the hills to the east. A few ex-army buddies decided to build a dance floor out there when they got home from the war. They put it on top of a hill looking out over the valley to the west, and Palisade Lake to the northeast."

"It's really popular. They bring bands in from all over the state. On a dance night the road looks like Chicago going to a baseball game."

"What will we do with Norma? We can't get a baby tender this late," Geneve asked.

"Take her with us," Paul answered.

They acquired permission at the Canteen to put their baby on a shelf in a box, out of the way. Then they went to the dance.

Oh, they had fun! They would dance two or three dances, run to check on the baby, then hurry back so they wouldn't miss a single dance.

Norma never fussed. There might have been one slight difference when Paul and Geneve claimed her. Her face and hair seemed to have a fine coating of hamburger grease. She glistened like a new copper penny.

Source: A story told to the author by her father, Paul Smith.

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG COMES TO SANPETE

A. J. Anderson
Fairview, Utah
Non-professional Division
Third Place Anecdote

The little band of Mormon Pioneers had survived the severe winter of 1849-1950 in Sanpete. The members of the colony in this primitive land were looking with such anticipation to the first visit of their beloved Prophet.

The opportunity started to materialize on the last day of July. That afternoon, the Prophet, with Elder Heber C. Kimball, and several other leading brethren of the Church, started south with their horses and carriages. The first night, they encamped at the Cottonwood Settlement south of Salt Lake City. The next day, they spent most of the time on the road to Fort Utah, no Provo. About 11 a.m. the following day the party started for Peteetneet Creek, now the site of Payson, making the journey of 18 miles by evening. After breaking camp the next morning, they found the road in a fairly good condition until they reached Nephi, but the six miles up Salt Creek Canyon were rough and slowed them down, so they encamped for the night at the last crossing of Salt Creek. The next morning, August 4, 1850, Brigham Young entered Sanpete for the first time. At noon the company halted at a large spring where they had lunch and rested briefly, then pressed on to arrive at Sanpete Fort, no Manti, about 7 p.m., where they were saluted by the firing of a cannon.

Brigham Young and his party spent the next three days at the Sanpete Fort, in a most enjoyable manner. They held meetings in the School House, a sawed-log building, twenty by twenty-six feet, built for school purposes and public worship.

Leaving Manti on August 8th, President Young and his party, by comfortable travel, were able to reach Salt Lake City on the 12th of August.

Source: The author is indebted to Preston Nibley, a former Church Historian, for facts and dates.

AN INDIAN SCARE

Esther C. Durfey
Bickness, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Fourth Place Anecdote

Swimming was a very popular pastime with the young boys of Mt. Pleasant. When they could not go to the Sanpitch River where there was plenty of water, they damned up a large hole in Pleasant Creek. The bed of the creek was deep, the banks sloping, and there was a clear place close to the water surrounded by tall heavy brush, so it was well isolated. The pool of water was large and deep.

In the spring of 1865, Indian trouble in Sanpete intensified. The Indians killed a man in southern Sanpete; they ambushed a sheep-herder in Herd House Hollow, now Milburn Meadows; and the Givens family was massacred in Thistle Canyon.

In 1866, the Indians got so threatening that the people of North Bend were ordered to move to Mt. Pleasant for the summer. That was the year the people built the North Fort in Mt. Pleasant. The block on which the North Sanpete High School now stands was enclosed with a twelve foot wall. The beating of the drum and a flag raised on a pole was the signal to all outside the fort that Indians had been seen and an Indian attack was expected.

In the summer of 1866, a large group of North Bend and Mt. Pleasant boys went swimming in Pleasant Creek. They were naked, their clothes lying on the banks of the creek. Suddenly the old bass drum boomed from the public square and the flag was seen flying. An Indian attack somewhere! Did they stop to dress? No! No! They grabbed their clothes and ran for town as fast as their legs would carry them. Yes, they dressed at the edge of town and went on, thankful that hair and hide were safe on their heads.

Source: This incident was written by my grandfather, Eli A. Day, in his autobiography.

BLACK HAWK AND HIS WAR

Virginia K. Nielson

Ephraim, Utah

Non-Professional Division

First Place Historical Essay

The Black Hawk War is regarded, in folklore, as having its origin in Central Utah in 1865. Some labeled it "The Sanpete War." An incident in Manti did ignite the "tinder box" into a flame that branched east and west, from Vernal to the Utah-Arizona border; nevertheless, the trouble began with earlier incidents.

Young Black Hawk had a happy association with the youth of Sanpete. This same agile Indian who played ball and astonished spectators with his skill in sports became a fearsome figure in 1865. Many settlers were forced to live in suspense because of his dreadful exploits. His magnetic personality gave him leadership over Utah tribes. He was most prominent, although others "distinguished" themselves.

One summer evening Black Hawk and some companions went to the supply store at Indian Farm in Spanish Fork. Bill Berry, the manager, was away so the Indians helped themselves to an abundant collection of supplies. Berry discovered the informal "requisition" and set out in pursuit with Alma Durfey. They overtook the offenders near Payson.

Durfey commanded Black Hawk to stop; instead, the Chief attempted to fit an arrow to his bow, but was hampered due to his overloaded pack-horse. Berry was unarmed, but leaped off his horse, grabbed a big brass bucket that Black Hawk had taken, and thrust it upon the Indian's head. Dazed, he fell among his assorted plunder.

Payson men came to Berry's aid, the goods were recovered, and the Indians released, humiliated and vengeful. Black Hawk soon withdrew to the Manti-Ephraim area, his chest probably seething with anger at the indignity of his proud head whacked by a common bucket. His plan to unite many tribes in warfare began to take form.

In Sanpete, the Indians were suspicious and angry. Rumors loomed that the White Council in Washington was planning to appropriate native land rights. Congress, in 1864, had passed a law abrogating Indian land titles and calling for their compulsory occupation of the Uintah Reservation.

The whites, upon arrival in Sanpete, assumed possession of the choice land sites along streams. They used the roots and wild seeds; the game, too, was becoming scarce.

Small-pox had taken a heavy toll in an Indian band near Manti. The red man believed the settlers were in alliance with evil spirits, thus causing the deaths. In their superstitious anger, some planned to stop the deaths by killing those responsible.

On Sunday, April 9, 1865, some leading Utes met with prominent Manti men at Jerome Kempton's to discuss a recent rash of cattle stealing. John Lowry and Archibald Buchanan acted as interpreters. An amiable settlement seemed near. All that interfered was one irreconcilable Chief, Jake Arropeen. He was ambitious, hot-tempered, and refused to listen to peace overtures, but loudly attempted to incite other tribal members to anger. Lowry finally became exasperated and told him to be quiet. Suddenly someone shouted, "Lowry, look out. He's going to shoot!"

Before Arropeen could attack, Lowry swiftly jerked him off his horse, talked to him sharply, then let him go. The "peace parley" broke up in anger.

Arropeen rode to the home of James Tooth, where Black Hawk was sitting down to dinner following attendance at sacrament meeting. Arropeen enlisted Black Hawk's support, and the Chief stalked out of the house, breaking all ties with his former friends. He soon bundled the squaws, children, and old men into the mountains to leave his warriors unimpeded for the forthcoming altercation. He struck abruptly in an attack upon Manti men at Twelve Mile Creek, killing Peter Ludvigson.

The Indians had assumed the role of warrior, and dictated the basic plan of warfare, a stealthy approach, then a surprise attack, stealing horses and cattle.

The animals were vital to pioneer survival, for transportation, hauling loads, growing crops, and carrying messages, as well as supplying food. Their loss paralyzed all progress at intervals.

A hastily assembled, ill-prepared standing army made a valiant attempt to fight these resolute thieves. Then abruptly, terrible atrocities were committed in Thistle, Marysvale, Ephraim, and other sites, in addition to the recurring loss of precious livestock.

Apostle Orson Hyde expressed his sorrow and chagrin following the Ephraim massacre. The defense system he had organized had failed. The pioneers had ignored his instruction to be constantly prepared for such an emergency. The Apostle then warned them of disfellowship for continued disregard of the Church leader's admonitions.

Settlements in Sanpete were sparsely populated. Some hamlets that participated in battles could not raise more than a dozen able-bodied men.

Pioneering was now rendered doubly difficult; not only men, but women and children were enlisted for defense. Many boys ten or twelve years old played an important role as look-outs or in beating the warning drum. The settlers had to till the fields, build canals, homes, churches and schools; they now also were forced to construct forts and constantly stand guard over villages and livestock. They sought for aid from Camp Douglas but were denied, so formed a minute "Nauvoo Legion." So many men served in defense that little grain was raised or improvements made during these troubled years.

The Indians knew the mountain passes and trails and could fade out of sight or ambush the whites as they groped rather blindly through this unfriendly wilderness. The pioneers were baffled by this elusive foe whom they would pursue for days, then return home exhausted and empty-handed.

The attacks became so threatening and damaging that the Church leaders required settlers to vacate smaller, isolated villages. All inhabitants were driven from twenty-seven villages and three entire counties.

Parts of others were also temporally abandoned during the war years. Frequently the pioneers had lost all their horses and oxen and were unable to move until assistance came from neighboring communities or the Utah Militia. Seventy whites were killed and many wounded during the war.

The Sanpete area was given a heavy quota of teams to go east and bring immigrants across the plains. These valiant pioneers met this assignment despite local problems.

President Brigham Young had a way with Indians. They said he spoke "with one tongue," and he used bread and beef instead of bullets. He was far sighted, his emphasis was on righteous living and justice. He turned the minds of the people above revenge, but counseled constant vigilance and adequate preparation.

He instructed the ousted settlers to carefully tear down houses and buildings and bury the logs for later use. The timbers had usually been laboriously squared, dove-tailed, and fitted at the corners. This labor had to be accomplished in haste, under guard.

Chief Black Hawk left the warpath abruptly in 1867. He had received a severe injury during an assault and had lost his ability, or desire, to continue the war. In that year he travelled to the Uintah Reservation and, half-abashedly, indicated he was inclining toward peace.

Jacob Hamblin was grave and gently-voiced but fearless and was an important factor in peace transactions.

Following negotiations, Black Hawk agreed to call tribal leaders together, for they had appointed him as head chief. Then, in a strange, symbolic gesture, requested that his hair be cut, for he had vowed to never have it touched while he made war.

The first peace treaty was signed in Strawberry Valley. The pioneers had finally triumphed!

In Fort Ephraim on August 19, 1868, Black Hawk and a number of chiefs met with white leaders in a bowery south of the First Ward school house. Apostle Orson Hyde presided.

Many of the younger braves were unruly and defiant, using threats and boasting of their dreadful deeds. Black Hawk calmed them, giving assurance of the Mormon's friendship. Promises of gifts and the realization of the pioneers' rapidly growing numbers had the desired effect upon the Indians.

The company adjourned to Han "Rich" Hansen's lawn, south of the creek, under a tall pine tree. The Indians passed the peace-pipe and even the good Mormons participated in the ceremony. Indians received blankets, pieces of bright calico and plugs of tobacco. They proudly donned their blankets despite the heat of the day, and thereafter, are believed to have kept their promise of peace. Some outlaws and adventurers continued sporadic ambushes until 1892.

A peace treaty was also signed in Mt. Pleasant on September 17, 1872.

Chief Black Hawk's character assumed heroic proportions when he was weakened by a wound and sought for peace. He retired to the Uintah Reservation and became one of the most peace-loving and industrious farmers.

In 1870 the Chief made a surprising resolution to visit every settlement where he had caused injury and seek forgiveness. He and some companions set out on this peace path. Settlers escorted them from one location to the next, to honor as well as protect him. Black Hawk said if he had known the Mormons as he did now he would not have made war.

Following this sentimental journey, Black Hawk returned to his birthplace, at Spring Lake Villa, in a critically ill condition. White settlers watched with interest as tribal members cared for him until his death. Mournful Indians, that day, carried his body on a horse, south-east, through the oak and sagebrush toward the mountains.

This humble funeral procession aided this once might chieftain on his journey to the happy Hunting Ground, a peaceful, quiet termination for a man who created some of the most stirring chapters in Inter-Mountain history.

Sources: Books: Utah's Black Hawk War, by Carlton Culmsee.

Orson Hyde, by Howard H. Barron

Indian Depredations in Utah, by Peter Gottfredson.

Personal Interviews with Alonzo Hansen and Gladys H. Sparks

SOWIETTE, POLITICAL CHIEF OF THE UTES

Linnie M. Findlay

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Non-Professional Division

Second Place Historical Essay

“That the Mormons and Indians lived as peacefully together as they did is a tribute both to the skill of Brigham Young and his lieutenants and to the wisdom of tribal political chiefs, such as Sowiette and Knaosh.”¹ The foregoing evaluation of the settlement of Utah by Conway Sonne, seems to be borne out by many historians of the early Utah period.

It is written in those histories, that Chief Ora, father of Chief Sowiette, Walker, Sanpitch, Arapene and at least twelve other brothers and half-brothers, was shot in the back because he had refused to send his warriors with the Timpanogas Utes in a raid against the Shoshones. He had close relatives in the Shoshone tribe.²

Mr. Sonne states that Walker and Arapene buried their father in Ute tribal fashion, with his horses, weapons, and possibly a squaw or two. He says further that “the mantle of tribal authority now fell on both Walker’s and Sowiette’s shoulders. There is a suggestion that Wakara may have been a favorite of the old chief, and that Sowiette, who was already actively governing civil affairs of the tribe, assumed even greater influence in his sphere. Under this dual leadership came most of the tribal subdivisions.”

There is not much recorded about Sowiette, except in brief sentences in accounts of the daring and colorful younger war-chief, Walkara, or Chief Walker, as we know him. Orson F. Whitney, in his History of Utah, quotes Lieutenant Gunnison, who seems to be referring to Chief Ora and Sowiette: “. . . A late chief (of the Utahs) acting on the plurality law, left about thirty sons, most of whom have small clans under them. His true successor is a fine, brave Indians with a largest band immediately around him, and he exercises control over all whom he chooses. He is a friend of the Mormons. A half-brother of his named Walker has become rich and celebrated for his success in stealing horses from the Mexicans. He has a large drove of cattle, with many followers.”³

In a letter to his brother, Orson Pratt, who was serving as a Missionary in England, Parley P. Pratt wrote on 5 September 1848 of an Indian visit to the pioneer settlement in Salt Lake Valley, and referred to Sowiette as “king of the whole Utah nation,” and he said of the Indians, “They were good looking, brave and intelligent, beyond any we had seen on this side of the mountains.”⁴

Henry R. Day, Sub agent, wrote on 2 January 1852 to Lea Luke, Commissioner of Indian affairs: "All these tribes before mentioned acknowledge Walker as their war chief and Sow-er-ette as their head civil chief, but the majority of the tribes obey the mandate or council of their civil chief, Sow-er-ette, including Walker,"⁵

Most of the historians of the early period of the Mormon settlement of Utah give an account similar to the one recorded by Merlin G. Christensen:

"When the first company of Pioneers came into the Salt Lake Valley, the Ute Indians were camped in Spanish Fork Canyon....a council meeting was called to decide what course they should take...the young warriors, led by the hot-headed War chief Walker, wanted to raid and massacre them before they became established. The old chief, Sowiette, was opposed to killing the settlers."⁶

Mr. Sonne gives this account, quoting partly from Tullidge's Quarterly Magazine, April 1884:

"As political chief and leader of the more conservative element, Sowiette...opposed Walker's plan. He advised the belligerent warriors not to molest the Mormons, but to live in peace with them. His argument was that perhaps they had, like the Ute Nation, been driven to the Rocky Mountains for security. This view of the pioneers Sowiette had obtained from his scouts who had already 'interviewed' the pioneers. " Quoting from Tullidge: "At length the controversy ran so high, and the implication of cowardice having been cast at the old peace chief, Sowiette in his indignation and royal wrath took his riding whip and flogged the war chief Walker to make him behave himself."⁷

It seems that the first encounters that the Utah Indians had with Mormon settlers were friendly. According to Orson F. Whitney, on July 27th, just three days after their arrival in the valley,

"the Pioneer camp was visited by Indians, who traded with the Pioneers, exchanging two ponies for a rifle and a musket. The red men were quite friendly, and seemed very anxious to trade."⁸

However, there is an account of a skirmish between the Utes and Shoshones over a horse on 31 July 1847. This seems to be the first account by the Pioneers of bloodshed in the valley. Orson F. Whitney says:

"It seems there was bad blood between the two tribes, owing to the Utes coming over the line from the valleys southward to trade with the settlers, a privilege which the Shoshones, who claimed the land where the camps were situated, desired to monopolize."⁹

Jim Bridger described the Indians as war-like in a report synopsis by LDS Church Historian William W. Clayton; and Gustive O. Larson comments that the

"initial settlement in the Salt Lake Valley was a fortunate choice for the Mormons for it lay as a no-man's land between the rich Shoshoni borders in Weber and Bear River Valleys and a favorite rendezvous (of the Utes) in the valley of the lake names for them."¹⁰

Orson F. Whitney says:

“Settlers in Salt Lake Valley were not much molested by the red men,” although “several Indian children were ransomed the first winter by the settlers at the fort to save them from being shot to death or tortured by their merciless captors.”¹¹

Before the pioneers had been long in the valley, the leaders were encouraging the people to keep a guard around their cattle, and they were cautioned not to sell guns or ammunition to the Indians, or allow them to steal from them.

The Indian practice of capturing and selling children from weaker tribes proved a hard custom for the settlers to deal with. At first, Brigham Young allowed the Mormon Settlers to trade for the children, under a regulation that they would be cared for and educated on an apprenticeship basis. According to a history compiled in the 1940's by a team of WPA researchers¹² who made an inventory of Sanpete County archives, it is possible that one of the underlying causes of the trouble with the Indians during the Walker War may have been the effort of the settlers to enforce the Indian Slave Trade law, which prohibited the settlers from buying the Indian children. Enforcement of this law is believed to have fired the flame that erupted into the Walker War.

Some records that in 1850 the Shoshones ambushed a party of Utes in the mountains. Walker and Arapene smoked the war pipe and organized a raiding party, and Chief Walker called on Brigham Young asking that some of the young men of the settlement at Fort Utah be sent to assist the Utes in their retaliation against the Shoshones. Brigham Young would not listen to his request and urged the warlike chief to cease fighting and bloodshed.¹³

“Sowiette, when he heard of their plans, urged them to stay home and heed the ‘big Mormon Chief’s’ counsel. Walker turned his back on peace talk; nothing Sowiette could say would stop him.

How many raids Walker made against the Shoshones at this time is not known, but the grisly account of their triumphal celebration in July is recorded by Peter Gottfredson, O.F. Whitney, Conway B. Sonne,¹⁴ and possibly others.

It is suggested that possibly this rebuff by Brigham Young may have caused Walker to become sympathetic to a proposed attack against Fort Utah. Again Chief Sowiette advocated peace. Although he, too, realized that white encroachment was taking up lands and forests and streams that had been the domain of the Indians, still with all the dignity and statesmanship of a great moral leader, he advocated peace. Walker argued that they should destroy the whites beginning with Fort Utah or the Indians would eventually be destroyed. Tullidge reports that as the argument flared between the two chiefs, their followers were almost evenly divided. It is recorded that Sowiette, in a gesture of friendship to the white settlers, said, “When you move you will find me and my men inside the Fort defending.”¹⁵

Sowiette is said to have gone so far as to warn Isaac Higbee of the danger and offer his help if an attack came. It was sometime later that Fort Utah was attacked and young Joseph Higbee was killed, but for the time being the warriors who followed Walker contented themselves with fighting elsewhere.¹⁶

Another account is given of Sowiette intervening in behalf of the white settlers, this time in Manti, as Merlin G. Christensen records:

One day at Manti when most of the men were away at work, there were but women and children and a few men at the Fort, and

Walker, spoiling for a row, put on his war paint, and (demanded) the settlers deliver to him the two most influential men in the settlement. The demand was denied; Chief Sowiette called a council of tribe. Walker, (told) how (the settlers) were taking their land and water from the. The great majority seemed ready to massacre the whole settlement.

Then old Chief Sowiette again intervened in behalf of the Mormons, He opposed Walker, already in war paint, With eloquence and force Sowiette pictured the cowardice and shame of great chiefs and braves slaughtering "Squaws and papooses." At the climax of his speech the elder leader drew a line and said, "Those who want to live in friendship with the Mormons let them follow me." Such a formidable number of staunch warriors crossed the line to his side, Walker dared not attempt a raid, but went off to sulk for a few days.¹⁷

I have found nothing recorded about the old Peace Chief, Sowiette, after he led the Indian Chiefs in signing the treaty that would move the Ute Indians to the Reservation in the Uintah Basin. The treaty negotiations were begun at the Indian Farm in Spanish fork on 7 June 1865, when Colonel O. H. Irish, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Territory presented an abstract of the treaty. During the discussion which followed, Chief Kanosh rose to speak. He referred to himself as just a "boy," and wondered what Sowiette, now an old man, thought about the treaty. He spoke of his confidence in Brigham Young, and asked what he had to say about the Treaty. He said that Brigham Young had always spoken the truth and had been their friend, and that Colonel Irish had spoken with one tongue, although some Indian Agents and spoken with two tongues. He said further that the Indians "did not want to sell their lands and go away; they wanted to live around the graves of their fathers."¹⁸

Sanpitch spoke next and bitterly opposed the treaty, and after him Brigham Young counseled the Indians to sign the treaty and accept the provisions guaranteed in it for their benefit. Chief Tabby counseled the Indians to take time to consider and not to act in haste. It was two days later, on June 9th, the venerable old Chief Sowiette led fourteen chiefs in making his mark X on the paper. Chief Kanosh wrote his signature, and Chief Sanpitch did not sign.

An Indian leader talking with Mrs. Lydia Sorensen of Manti, following a meeting he had addressed at the annual U.B.I.C., held in the 1930's at Fort Duchesne, stressed that Brigham Young's acceptance of the Indians as a people with something to contribute was the real basis for the good will that most of the native people felt for the Mormon colonizer. And Mr. Marinus Jensen, in his History of Provo, makes a statement in which those who have read the few facts that are available about the early Indian Statesman, Chief Sowiette, generally concur:

"In rearing monuments to those who have rendered service to Utah, may we not someday remember the noble red man, Sowiette!"¹⁹

Sources:

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2. Sonne, p. 49. Taken from Utah Historical Quarterly (Oct. 1933), p. 127.
3. Whitney, Orson F., History of Utah, Footnote, p. 397.
4. Sonne, p. 51.
5. Treholm, Virginia Cole and Maurine Corley, The Shoshones, Sentinels of the Rockies, p. 127.
6. Christensen, Merlin C., A Driven People Settle the Far West, p. 168.
7. Whitney, p. 398
8. Whitney, p. 338
9. Whitney, p. 345.
10. Larson, Gustive O., Outline History of Utah and the Mormons, p. 144.
11. Whitney, p. 368.
12. Inventory of County Archives of Utah, Sanpete #20.
13. Sonne, P. 111.
14. Sonne, p. 115.
15. Jensen, J. Marinus, History of Provo, p. 60.
16. Gottfredson, Peter, Indian Depredations in Utah, p. 36.
17. Christensen, p. 184.
18. Roberts, B. H., Comprehensive History of the Church, p. 148.
19. Jensen, p. 60.

HOMESPUN RECYCLING

Marsetta Willardson

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Non-Professional Division

Third Place Historical Essay

She sat at her treadle machine, a plump short woman who wore her smile as most of us wear out clothing. It was the first thing she put on in the morning, the last thing she set aside at night.

She was sewing baby clothes for her expected little one, her feet and legs so swollen her small daughter sat on the floor working the pedals up and down, up and down with tiny hands. Two taps of the mother's foot meant to start; on tap signaled a stop.

She possessed the patience of a tom cat stalking a wild canary. To keep the child contented she would sing, "Pony Boy" and "Fallen Leaves." She answered all questions straightforwardly whenever plausible, forming a foundation of great loyalty, honesty and love between the two females, a togetherness seldom equaled.

Other children in her family consisted of three boys.

Money was scarce. She had the reputation of being a skilled seamstress, becoming the recipient of boxes of hand-me-downs. Everything was welcome. She checked each article for future possibilities, filing it in her creative mind.

She tried the dresses on her little daughter, making a game of "Fits" and "Don't Fits." After mending, washing, and ironing with a heavy stove iron, she dressed her child and sent her out to play.

When her daughter started to school, the children reminded her very plainly she was wearing clothing they had formerly worn.

One afternoon she came home dragging her feet, traced of tears on her face that had unsuccessfully tried to wipe away with her petticoat.

Had the teacher been cross, a friend's feelings hurt? Surely not a valuable book misplaced. Things couldn't be so bad that a hug, kiss and wet washcloth wouldn't mend this broken little face.

When quarried, the child confessed the reason for her unhappiness. She hadn't wanted to seem ungrateful or vain. She promised not to cry next time.

Why this had blown into such importance, the mother failed to comprehend. She put herself in her daughter's place and immediately understood. She did some serious mulling. Taking the problem to bed, she lay sleepless for hours. She must use the clothing. Weren't there some ruses to disguise the former ownership? She dyed flour sacks for quilt-block trimmings and quilt backings. Why not dye the clothes a darker shade or another color? She could turn some. The inside was brighter and often had a different weave.

She slept fast so she could arise early to start her campaign of "The New Look."

Although short, she possessed unexcelled energy. She could scarcely wait to do the dishes and throw up the bed covers. After school the children would have to finish the house-work. An argument of opposition would flair. She'd deal with it as it arose.

She selected a tan wool dress, arm-eyes worn, collar frayed and dog-eared beyond repair. She began snipping seams, conjuring and rejecting ideas. Why not make a jumper? Her daughter could wear the white blouse beginning to wear down the front. A bit of used lace whipped on the collar and cuffs would restore it to life. She dyed the jumper material a bright red.

Each penny saved was a personal triumph for and not against the world and its scarce times. Life became more of a dare that she accepted adding a few tricks of her own for spice and laughter. The brew was started. She kept it alive with additives so exciting that the challenge remained with her the rest of her life. "Waste not, want lean," became her workable motto.

When the children scrambled through the back door from school, they were unable to tell if it were pickle-canning, vinegar-pie or dyeing time. They soon learned it was dyeing time; the large blue granite kettle filled the back of the stove. Next to it was a length of broom handle of many hues. Their mother used a lot of vinegar to set the dye. In earlier days, the dyes were set with chamber-lye.

Keeping an alert eye on the dye pot, she cooked good food on the range or in the oven so the fuel would serve a double purpose.

She tied and dyed when she had a failure, making the material spotted. It was by accident. She re-dipped the streaks and spots, one at a time into the dye pot creating a different and pleasing result.

She had an instinct for color combinations and coordination of patterns and textures. Ruffles added at skirt bottoms or sleeve ends lengthened as well as improved beauty. A set-in-belt lengthened a growing girl's waist line, a remnant of flowered material cut in an empire yoke gave inches at shoulders, bust line and stretched the dress to fit in the waist, armholes, and length.

Pockets! They appeared everywhere, covering a mended tear, a dye streak, seam or as a trim. She even placed one on a sleeve saying, "It will be as handy as a pocket in your underwear."

She used newspapers or brown wrapping paper to make her patterns. Sometimes she picked the seams of worn clothing adding inches and subtracting her, there for a proper fit.

She added a cuff to a sleeve or sewed a piece of matching material. To camouflage the seam, she embroidered fancy stitches, adding a few to the yoke, collar, pocket to create the feeling of an original design. Sometimes she became over-zealous. Lazy daisies would bloom in the most interesting places.

She loved buttons and held a deep regard for those she snipped from uniforms. Her button box, a round tin with a battered lid, was a child's delight. She didn't string like buttons together but seemed to know the fun and interest created when she asked her children to find buttons of a certain size and color. It was searching for buried treasures in the old button box.

Buttons were sewn on sleeves, pockets, bodices, over seams, and even to dress hems. Her hand-stitched button holes were the work of an artist. Regardless of size, from large coats to tiny baby clothes, there were not "Pig-eyes" among them.

Years quickly passed. Her eldest son was graduating from high school. There was money for his clothing, with the exception of a new shirt.

A dear friend dipped deeply into a cedar chest and found a vintage shirt of her husband's. It was made of the finest striped cotton but presented a problem. It was a large shirt made to be worn with celluloid cuffs and collar.

The two women ripped its seams, cut it to size and used the unworn shirt-tail of a bleached and boiled white shirt to make the collar and cuffs. They had created a forerunner of the shirts today. After her son overcame his reluctance, he decided it was the best looking shirt he had ever owned. Once again, necessity triumphed.

Her talents for sewing and designing clothes did not go unappreciated. She gave her time helping other women adjust patterns, choose the right fabrics and, of course, shared her dye pot. She was a self-taught recycler who loved her work.

Sources: Author's personal experiences.

Her sisters and nieces.

A letter from her friend, Mrs. Walter Jones.

COTTONWOOD CANYON AND THE TOLLGATES

Hugh Brady

Downey, Idaho

Non-Professional Division

First Place Personal Recollection

In 1882 all four of my grandparents were called from Fairview to a settlement mission in southern Colorado. It was there my parents became acquainted, married and later moved back to Fairview. This pioneer company consisted of nine Fairview families. They journeyed through Dry Creek Canyon, near Milburn, because there was no road through Cottonwood Canyon at that time.

Shortly thereafter, a shorter route to the mountain resources was developed. This route pretty closely followed the winding creek of the Cottonwood to the summit. As the early settlers came into North Bend (Fairview) and began building their adobe homes, they discovered great stands of Balsam and white Pine timber in Cottonwood Canyon. A sawmill was soon set up at the mouth of the canyon, a venture in which my grandfather played an important part. As the supply of nearby timber diminished, a logging road fingered farther up the canyon into the uncharted area, and the sawmill relocated accordingly.

For awhile the mill was operated on the little tributary coming from the Bear Flat area. Then, because Blind Fork was boxed in by very steep walls, it was bypassed as the next location for the mill. Burnt Fork was the next site, where a small area was cleared out. Then the trail was extended to White Pine Fork, where a vast area of large White Pine covered its north slope. The mill operated at White Pine Fork for several years until that tributary became a wilderness of dead stumps. Then a fire cleaned out White Pine of almost all vegetation. But White Pine would not surrender. A new growth of young trees and shrubbery, including raspberry bushes, soon covered the fertile, moist soil.

At White Pine the great pile of sawdust, waste slabs, and edgings became a playground for children while grownups camped at the site and spent the day among the prolific raspberry bushes. I remember spending one such day there with my parents in 1909 while I was summering at the Cow Camp near the Fairview Lakes, across the divide from this beautiful section of the Cottonwood.

After White Pine was burned out, the trail moved up the canyon to Vance's Fork, then to Left Hand Fork, and finally reached the summit.

Through these many years, the trail became a rough and worn wagon road on which boulders and steep pitches made hauling lumber very difficult and hazardous. But these noble pioneers knew how to use the rough-locks on their wagons and avoid the rocks to aid them in going down the steep and rugged places.

This memorable old road with its many bridges and turnout places was constructed by hand labor and horse power to provide access to the beautiful range land where sheep and cattle by the thousands might harvest the luscious feed, and where the abundant timber and coal fields of Carbon County might be tapped to provide food, clothing, shelter, and fuel for these great pioneers of the valley of the Sanpitch.

This road, which followed the course of the dazzling, dashing mountains stream, was just wide enough for one horse-drawn vehicle. It soon proved inadequate for the traffic between Sanpete County and Castle Valley. To care for the numberless wagon outfits that traveled this rugged thoroughfare, a new road had to be built and maintained. To provide the necessary means a tollgate was set up in the canyon a little way below Blind Fork. A small house for the keeper, Hans Carlston, was erected wherein he was stationed to collect toll from all who traversed the road. The toll was fifty cents per wagon.

At the bottom of this deep canyon, the snow came early and lasted long. To lengthen the annual service period, a new road was constructed, about the turn of the century, on the south face of the canyon wall far above the canyon stream. This was an arduous, costly task, requiring many months of hand and team labor. A new tollgate and home were constructed about a mile within the throat of the canyon. A small fruit orchard was planted on the warm, sunny slope just Christensen. Tolls were fifty cents per team, twenty-five cents for saddle-horse and fifteen cents for animals.

When the road was completed, it was maintained as a toll road for many years before it was taken over by the county. The home, gate, and orchard were then abandoned, eventually becoming skeletons, reminders of days gone by and dreams fulfilled.

Little did my grandparents dream, when they left Fairview for Colorado by way of Dry Creek Canyon in 1882, that today (1980) there would be a wide, hard surfaced road all the way through Cottonwood and Huntington canyons, linking the valley of the Sanpitch with Castle Valley, over which they returned in 1895, though it was not then hard-surfaced.

And now, too, White Pine Fork is again a beautiful forest of timber. And so it is, "The Lord works in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

THE FOURTH OF JULY SHOW

Elizabeth Jacobsen Story
Cheyenne, Wyoming
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Personal Recollection

Even now I become emotional and fearful when I remember the 4th of July show in 1920 when I was a child growing up in Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

It was the glorious 4th of July celebration and I was five years old. This year I had been chosen along with many other South Ward Primary children to put on costumes and ride on a horse-drawn wagon in the 4th of July parade this early morning.

My mother had dressed me in an authentic costume for the occasion. I was wearing long socks, high-buttoned shoes and an off-white coat with a bertha collar trimmed with fine lace. The bonnet I wore on my head was a lovely blue bonnet which was trimmed with blue ribbon bows. It tied under my chin with two steamers of blue ribbon. All the costumes and children were adorable. We were an excited group of young children really having a great time.

Then it happened. There seemed to come out of nowhere some riders on horse-back who looked exactly like wild Indians with feather headdresses and all. They rode close by the wagon and were whooping and hollering like Indians. Then one of them came close to our wagon and grabbed me about the waist and dragged me from my place on the wagon onto his horse, and we rode off. I was screaming and kicking and struggling with all my might and all the time remembering tales of Indian massacres and torture that I had been told. I was absolutely terrified. When eventually the Indian imposter let me down into the arms of a strong bystander and I was asked my name and who my parents were, I could not speak a word. I was hysterical. When somehow my father found me in the crowd and I felt safe again, I could not speak, but only softly at first.

Today at present I have found in an old photo album with pictures taken by Kodak in the 1920's a small picture of the two men dressed as Indians and myself dressed as the little Pioneer Girl. I do not look too happy in the photo about the whole thing, but a thought now occurs to me as I recall this day. Yes, I had really been the star actress this day. I had played the role of a frightened little five-year-old Pioneer girl as if it were for real, and even though I had been an unwilling actress in the dramas, I had played my part very well without any rehearsals. It must have been the best performance of my life on any stage or in all the other parades I've been in since. I had played my role with feeling.

I, along with the other actors, had pleased the watching crowd in this 'The Fourth of July Show.'

Source: Personal recollection of the writer and from the things told to me by my mother, Farrie F. Jacobsen, many times.

I LOOK BACK

Lois Brown

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Third Place Personal Recollection

“Oh, Manti doesn’t change. It is still just the same.” I smile and nod at these remarks as friends long absent drive hurriedly down Manti’s Main Street. They are right! Manti Main Street still stretches all the way from Temple Hill and the curve at the north to the big house and the curve at the south. The business district is still about three blocks, and homes still line the street from the business district to the curves. This my friends see and then drive on.

I see these same things, but I also look back and I see Main Street when we were very proud of the narrow cement in the middle, while at each side there was mud or dust, depending on the season. Ditches and wee-and-grass-covered ditch banks lined the street. Smooth sidewalks stretched from one end of town to the other, and we skated for fun and transportation. To and from school, the library, the stores we skated, sometime alone, often in crowds, racing, falling, shouting a warning to unheeding pedestrians along the way. Schools and business houses posted signs, “Please remove skates before entering.”

I look back at a school block with a stately old red rock building with two big arched doors. Over one door is inscribed “Boys,” over the other “Girls,” and I see children lined up by grades waiting to be marched in straight lines to musical accompaniment into the building. I see a wooden fence around the entire block, and I feel again the exhilaration of walking around the entire block without touching ground. I also feel the chagrin as I look down at a torn dress caked in mud as the result of failure to successfully negotiate passing another fence-walker coming from the opposite direction. There were two sets of revolving gates usually loaded with small children waiting for a free ride as people turned the gates in order to go into or from the school block. At the north side of the library was an iron pipe once used for hitching horses, then used as a piece of playground equipment. Children swarmed over the bars executing all kinds of gymnastic feats, small boys with short hair dressed in over-alls, and girls with braids and dresses, showing yards of petticoats and bloomers and long cotton stockings as they whirled around the bar.

I see the interesting places where I stopped on my way to and from school. Parry’s corner had as many as fifty grave-stones on display. Some were tall and graceful, others massive, and some had a carved angel or a baby or a lamb, and there were such beautiful verses! I wonder what became of the stone I picked for my grave as we paused to wonder and admire?

We crowded in awe around the blacksmith shop, entranced as the blacksmith in his leather apron “bent iron,” handled red or white hot metal, lifted the horse’s hoof, trimmed the heavy toe nails and nailed an iron shoe right onto its foot! We also loitered at the harness shop where the harness-maker with his strange and interesting tools plied his trade amid the smell of grease and leather.

As I look back I see stores in many of the same buildings that now stand on Main Street, though several have been more recently built. The faces of the buildings have changed and inside the stores have changed even more. In place of today’s quietly efficient computers there were huge ornate and noisy cash registers. There were long counters behind and in which most of the merchandise was displayed. Clerks stood ready to find your purchases, wrap them, and accept payment. In the grocery store a huge stalk of bananas hung from the ceiling and there was a large round cheese under a glass cover. The grocer would slice a tiny bit for you to

taste before he brought down the heavy knife at exactly the spot you indicated. Pickles stood on the counter in a big jar, and you could buy one or many. There were barrels and boxes holding beans, cranberries, dried fruit, all sorts of foods, and with a scoop your sack was filled with any amount you desired. Cookies stood in boxes, and with sack in hand you could buy one from this box and two from that mouth watering array. Women brought their eggs and butter to trade for other food, and sometimes for money which they could hide away and save for some much wanted frivolity that husbands deemed unnecessary, in this world of yesterday where women usually had only the money a husband gave her. The big pot-bellied stove in the grocery store was a place not only to warm cold feet and hands but also the spot to pause and exchange bits of news or gossip.

I look back with nostalgia at the confectionary stores in Manti where we congregated after school, before and after movies and dances. To the "little kids," the penny-candy counter was a never ending marvel. There were so many tasty things there that it was a lengthy chore to choose how many chocolate mice, nigger-babies, big round suckers or colorful jaw-breakers could be purchased with the few pennies tied in the corner of a "hankie" or with a couple eggs, sometimes stolen from Mon's, or even a neighbors', chickens. If we could afford a real treat, we could watch Dick Daley dip his chocolates, wait a few minutes and buy a fresh chocolate and pop it into our mouths on the spot.

A super-treat among the boys was when they, after they helped with the freezing, were allowed to lick the dashers of the ice-cream freezers when the stores made their own ice-cream, it was scooped from the container into a cardboard package while we watched and gloated if it was heaped so high the container would hardly close. For a special Sunday treat, if we had fifteen cents, we could sit at the little round tables in the stores and eat from a fancy glass dish with a dainty round silver spoon the ice-cream topped with fruit, marshmallow, nuts and cherries.

I can still see the big bright-colored globes in the windows that designated the drug stores. As you stepped inside these stores a pungent odor of drugs assailed your nostrils, and you could watch the druggist prepare and fill your prescription using his interesting array of paraphernalia, mortar and pestle, delicate scales and heavy dishes of all sizes and shapes; and later when you had taken your medicine, you could bring back the glass bottle and the druggist would give you a nickel. The bottle would be cleaned, sterilized, thoroughly dried and used again. These drug stores contained drugs, a soda fountain, a couple of ice-cream tables and chairs, a cigar counter, a few cosmetics and little else.

On the streets during the early years of this century there were horses and the various buggies and wagons they pulled. Two horse-drawn carriages I especially remember are the hack that went along the street to pick up people who needed a ride to the Temple and the beautiful lace white hearse with little glass vases for flowers. For as long as I can remember there were a few cars, though during my childhood they were very few. It was a real privilege if someone took you for a ride in those early cars that sputtered and coughed along the street at tremendous speeds, maybe fifteen miles an hour!, after being laboriously started with the old iron crank accompanied by some very colorful language. These early vehicles with their running-boards and various posts and knobs made it possible for bicycle riders to hang on to the car and so get an energy free ride. Some of the more fleet of foot and daring youngsters even hopped onto the running-boards and rode and then jumped off near the desired destination.

Many of the homes I remember occupied a quarter block with every bit utilized by the house, barn, corral, pig pen, chicken coop, and "out-house," and sometimes an ice house. There was a garden, fruit trees, berry bushes, asparagus patches, some Lucerne growing for the cow, lilac bushes and tall trees where the big

swings hung. There were fences completely around every lot; picket fences, board fences, wire or iron fences. They were necessities because someone's horse or cow, pig or lamb was always breaking through or jumping over its fence, and an animal always headed for the best garden in the neighborhood and could demolish it in not time; so fences were built and children were taught to shut gates.

I look back and see people on the side-walks and they look very different. Men in hats and heavy overcoats and women in hats, gloves and dresses are walking to work or to the post office for their newspaper and the mail or to do their shopping.

I look back and remember Manti's Main Street, these things and so many more. It is the same, but, oh, so very different. I see the places where we worked, studied, played. Sometimes I see through rose-colored glasses, often through cloudy grey ones, the homes where my friends and relatives lived and I know they are simply old shabby houses to most people now; they are part of Manti history to others. To me they are memories as I LOOK BACK.

Source: From memories of my childhood in Manti in the early years of this century and from old pictures.

BLACK HAWK'S WARRIOR

Bonny Nielson Dahlsrud

Salina, Utah

Non-professional Division

First Place Poetry

Proud and tall, his cheekbones smeared with death paint,
He waits upon a stolen horse for white men.
Fatigued from riding, he's wounded, weak, and faint
But listens and waits with the strength of ten.
His coal eyes squint, then blaze with hate. He flings
His tomahawk hissing through morning sky.
The war cry echoes, fresh blood flows and stings
Flared nostrils. He watches his victim die
Then rides away on land he claims his own.
His weathered bones, his savage blood need rest.
He rides through dust, through night, through hell, alone.
Braves cheer him though a beaten man at best.
He rips flesh, scalps a man, but when he's done
He cradles, rocks and gently soothes his son.

Source: This poem is consistent with the tradition that Sanpitch Indians, after stealing a horse (along with acquiring a gun and blanket), were instantly Piute Indians. As respected Paiutes, most of them were prized warriors of Chief Black Hawk himself.

THE UNBROKEN LINE

Afton C. Greaves
Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Poetry

Oh pioneers of long ago---

You left your fertile valleys green,
And all you knew,
To come to parched and desert land
Unknown to you.

You struggled hard to make a home;
Your faith was strong.
Your hold was firm with power of truth;
We hear your song.

We love your hills, your homes, your fields,
Your people, too.
You taught us well, example strong;
We're bound to you.

The love we feel so warm and bright
Grows stronger yet;
We owe you much, our pioneers—
We know our debt.

We live for years away from here;
The earth we comb,
But coming back is always good
For this is home!

Our view of Horseshoe tells us that
We're home at last!

Your blessings reach us every day
From distant past.

The Manti Temple comes to view;
It softly gleams.
You helped prepare for future time,
Gave us your dreams.

The mountain great and Temple shrine
In quiet repose—
They stand for ages guarding well
Beyond life's close.

This holy house of the Lord we see
You worked to build,
Brings love and joy and pride in you;
Our hearts are filled;

Gives hope to the young for future dreams,
When here they're wed;
And strength to the old, devout and true,
For years ahead.

And here my love and I were wed
With vows divine,
Our years, our lives are joined with yours
In unbroken line.

OAK CREEK IN SUMMERTIME

Marzetta Willardson
Ephraim, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Third Place Poetry

Today I slip into my youth,
Morning sun upon my hair,
It is warm and comforting
To feel the joy of being there.

My cousin warns, "Watch the path
For ground holes deeply hiding."
I fling my arms in the air,
Knee the horse I'm riding.

Who cares about uneven ground?
The cows can munch 'till dark,

We have home-made bread and cheese;
The whole wide lane is park.

Laughing, we tie our horses
To the willows by the creek,
Wade up to our pantaloons.
There's not a soul to peek.

We splash and play 'till noontime,
The cows feeding by the track.
Oh, when it's June in Oak Creek,
My memory takes be back.

BOTHILDA'S RIVERIE

Mary Louise Seamons
Orem, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Place Short Story

Bothilda stretched her short frame tall to reach the clock. Carefully she dusted the intricately carved surfaces. As she went about her work her thoughts were of earlier times. She remembered the Indian raids when she had been younger and had attended the small school in Mt. Pleasant. Those were the years when the beat of the drums sounding the alert struck fear in the hearts of the settlers. Then the boys and the teacher quickly pushed the benches against the only door in the school building and covered the one small window with the girls' coats, while the smaller children crawled under the benches, holding back sobs and coughs and sneezes, to wait until the prowling Indians had checked out the quiet school, along with the other buildings in the settlement, and had gone off raiding in some other part of the valley. As soon as the "all clear" sounded, school was dismissed, and the children hurried home. Her mother was always nearly to the school by the time Bothilda scurried into the refuge of her arms.

Her thoughts had been drifting, and she had almost forgotten to dust the legs of the big, round dining room table. That would never do. Still....

She remembered the day she had seen the buck tormenting the Indian girl, just about Bothilda's age, who was walking up the dusty road, fearfully watching behind her. The Indian buck was probably drunk and

had thrown his rope over the girls' head, tightening the noose around her arms and waist, forcing her to follow his pony as it trotted up the street. The girl, unable to keep up, had fallen, and the buck had dragged her along the road. Bothilda remembered how her mother had told her to forget the incident as there was nothing they could do. Forget??

Bothilda had grown up in the pioneer settlement of Mt. Pleasant. Her home was near the banks of Pleasant Creek, which ran through the center of the town. The stream, usually calm and pleasant, had claimed the life of her father's oldest daughter, a baby who drowned during the first year the settlers had lived there. Bothilda wished she had known her, but....

The dusting done, the rooms swept, and the water now heated on the stove, Bothilda carefully filled the dishpan, put in the homemade soap to make just enough suds, and began washing the dishes. When Bothilda was just nine years old, she had gone to live with her grandmother in the little home her father had built for his mother-in-law near his own place. She had had to help take care of her grandmother, but she had enjoyed it and had learned a great deal from Grandmother Nielson, not the least of which was how to knit. Laboriously, Bothilda would knit the ball of yarn, learning the various stitches as her grandmother instructed her. Then, when Bothilda had gone to bed for the night, Grandmother unraveled Bothilda's work so Bothilda would have yarn to practice with the next day.

Then Bothilda had turned sixteen and had gone to Indianola to work for the Moroni "Rone" Seely family there on their ranch near the west hills. Bothilda loved the Indianola Valley where she could spend her free time riding one of the horses the Seelys kept in the corral. How she loved riding, her long auburn hair streaming out behind her as she gave the horse his head and galloped through the meadows with some of the other young people who lived in the valley. Occasionally, some of the young Indian boys would ride with them, though Bothilda was careful not to encourage their friendship too much. Who knew what....

Bothilda, though she had had to work hard, as did the other pioneers, young and old, had enjoyed her life so far. There were times she liked to reminisce about her life so far, her home, her mother, her grandmother, her school days, times such as now when she was alone in the house, the Seely's having left early that morning to visit at the other side of the valley, the usual all-day visit. They had asked if she would like to go with them, but Bothilda had many things she wanted to get done today. Besides, if she got her work done quickly, perhaps she would have time for a ride through the valley before the family got back from their visit.

Bothilda's thoughts turned again to Indians as she went about her chores. This time she thought of the strange Indian buck who lived near Indianola. It wasn't only the white people who thought him strange; the young squaws teased him when they met him, so he now carried a club which he swung wickedly when one got too near him. Bothilda couldn't remember ever having heard of him hitting one of them; they were agile enough to get out of his way, besides being careful not to get too close. The white girls didn't tease him, but they didn't get too near him either. And he didn't speak their language, so they couldn't communicate with him that way.

The Indians didn't raid much anymore, and President Brigham Young had counseled the settlers to feed them rather than to fight them. His counsel had been wise, and Bothilda's family as well as the Seely's had heeded it. Still.....

Bothilda had done the breakfast dishes and swept the kitchen. The bread was baking in the oven, and she had mopped the floor. The sun was shining brightly outside the window, and Bothilda hummed a little tune as she began mending the small pile of stockings in the mending basket. Suddenly she realized the sun

had disappeared and she was not alone. Looking cautiously over her shoulder, she saw what was blocking the sun's rays: the Indian buck she had been thinking about a little earlier. He moved silently and stood in the open doorway with a bucket in his hands, thrust toward Bothilda. Bothilda knew the Indian liked milk, and there was plenty of it cooling in the pans in the cellar. She quietly took the Indian's bucket and started down the stairs. Too late she realized he was following her, blocking her only means of escape should she not be able to discern his demands. She knew she couldn't let him know of her fear, so she hesitated only briefly, then continued on down the stairs, bucket in hand.

Carefully Bothilda skimmed the thick, rich cream off the largest pan of milk and poured the milk into the Indian's bucket. Taking the bucket from her nearly trembling hands, the Indian raised it to his lips and tasted the cool, sweet milk. Bothilda saw the disappointment in his eyes before he handed her back the bucket indicating that she had not given him what he wanted. What could he want? Perhaps the cream?

She replaced the milk in the pan and put the cream into the bucket in its place. Again the Indian took the bucket and raised it to his lips. Again she saw the disappointment, this time with just a hint of anger, in his eyes and reached for the bucket once more. What COULD he want? He wouldn't have brought a bucket unless he wanted something specific, something she wasn't sure she could think of. Was he beginning to raise the club....ever so slightly? What could he want? It couldn't be the bread nearly done in the oven upstairs. He wouldn't have brought a bucket for that. It wasn't the milk nor the cream. What was it he wanted?

Tears were beginning to form; she couldn't let him see her fear. Remembering the bread in the oven she also remembered that they had churned butter the day before, and the buttermilk was cooling in the big pan in the corner near the fruit shelves. Could that be what he wanted? It was worth a try!

Cautiously, she again took the bucket from the Indian, poured the cream back into the container near the milk, and poured the buttermilk into the bucket.

Breathing a silent prayer ("Please let it be what he wants, Father. I need Thy help! I'm alone. The family won't be back for hours yet!"), Bothilda once again handed the bucket to the waiting Indian. Once again he lifted the bucket to his lips. Once again he tasted the contents. Would he be satisfied?

As quietly as he had come up beside the window, he now turned and left. He HAD wanted the buttermilk! And she had been led to think and not panic. Even though she had never heard of the old buck hurting anyone, she couldn't be sure he wouldn't have harmed her had she not found what it was he wanted. His size and his guttural language, and the fearsome club he carried, would frighten anyone, especially a young girl, home alone, with no hope of anyone returning until late in the afternoon or early evening.

What a tale she had to tell the family, what a tale she had to tell her children, and grandchildren to be over and over again throughout the more than sixty-six years to come, and what a story to reminisce over and over again through the coming years. Never again did Bothilda stay at home when the family left, even for a short visit!

Source: Bothilda Hansen Frandsen (1866-1948), grandmother of the author, related each of these incidents time after time to the author, the author's mother, and other members of the family. Each incident happened to Bothilda during her early years. Her half-sister was the first child drowned in Pleasant Creek before Bothilda was born. Bothilda's father was James Hansen, early musician and architect in Mt. Pleasant for whom Fiddler's Green was named, an immigrant from Denmark who had been baptized by C.C.A. Christensen. Her mother was Johannah Anderson, an early convert to the LDS Church, an immigrant from Sweden, and the fourth wife of James Hansen.

THE SECRET OF THE OLD HOUSE

Joy H. Clarke

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Second Place Short Story

It was an exciting day when the children discovered the secret of the old house, a secret that had its beginning fifty years before.

In the late 1880's when the Manti Temple was nearing completion, William H. Folsom, temple architect, decided to build a home of his own. The site now designated as the corner of Second West and Third North streets appealed to him. Luther T. Tuttle, who owned the entire block, was willing to sell that particular corner, so the purchase was made.

Building materials were plentiful in the form of nicely cut rocks that had not been quite right for use in the Temple. These were available to anyone who wanted them. William hauled a good supply down to his newly acquired lot. Taking into consideration all possible needs of that time, he built accordingly. The result was a sturdy rock home that served various owners well for many years.

Among those who owned and enjoyed it were William H. Folsom, John C. Witbeck, John E. Metcalf, and Mary C. Dahlin, a plural wife of Metcalf. Mary retained ownership from September, 1908, to April, 1936.

At that time Clarence and Pearl Miller were looking for a place, and this house, with its large comfortable rooms seemed to be just what they needed for their three lively children. (Three more were to come later.) So they bought the old home, which was for sale again, and settled down to a comfortable family life.

One rainy day the children were feeling very unhappy at the necessity of staying indoors.

"There's nothing to do," gloomed eight-year-old Delray.

"We could play hide-and-peek," suggested Marlin, who was just two years younger.

"That's a little kid's game," Delray objected. "And besides that we've lived here in this old house for two years, and could find all the hiding places with our eyes shut."

"Let's do play it," begged tiny Lynette, hopping about excitedly. "I know some good places to hide."

"Oh, I'll just bet you do," scoffed Delray. Then sensing his little sister's disappointment, he relented. "I guess we might as well. At least it's something to do."

Their mother, busy in the kitchen, rejoiced that they had found a way to content themselves.

Interest grew as the game progressed. When Marlin's second turn came to be "It", Delray glanced around desperately. Where could he hide this time? They had already used all the good places. Suddenly he thought of the coat closet, perfect! Marlin was almost through county; he'd have to be quick. He made a dash for the closet, arms outstretched to part the coats, and came up hard against the wall. The next instant he almost collapsed from fear. Part of the wall had given away! But fear quickly turned to surprise as he found himself staring into a tiny secret room securely hidden under the sloping stairway.

"All eyes open, here I come," finished Marlin, but Delray neither heard nor cared.

The part of the wall that had swung out at his headlong thrust had formerly been a space between two shelves. His father had removed them to make room for coats, unaware that they concealed and disguised a hidden door about thirty inches square.

"I see you," sang out Marlin and ran to touch the goal. But something was wrong. Delray wasn't coming.

"Delray, what are you do-----," Marlin's voice trailed away as he joined his brother. "Wh—what is it? He whispered.

"It's a room—a secret room." The older boy spoke in awed tones.

Lynette now joined them, which provided the signal for action.

"Mama! Come here, Quick!"

"What are you kids up to now," Mother stopped short.

"It's a room, Mama, a secret room," the boy explained excitedly.

"It sure looks like it. But there's not much light. Let me get one." Even Mother's usually calm voice was a bit shaky.

When the light was shined into the space, it revealed a small room, possibly four by eight feet in size. Marks clearly indicated that the floor had once been covered with a homemade rag carpet. Fragments of the carpet still remained in places. Higher up on the wall a narrow strip of plaster and lath had been removed to provide fresh air and a bit of light. The door was held tightly in place by a stiff spring, perhaps twelve inches long, which was secured by a heavy wire. A "button" fastening, made of wood, had been placed so the door could be locked from inside the room.

Excitement mounted as the tiny room was carefully examined. Childish imaginations conjured up many possibilities. Was it a robber's hideout? Had they used it as a place to conceal their loot? Or had it been a place where the pioneer owners of the home hid from the Indians? Maybe they kept their food supplies there so the Indians wouldn't see and demand them. It was with a great deal of impatience that the children awaited the return of their father from his work.

"Well, what do you know about that?" was his comment after being practically carried to the new "find." He examined the room thoroughly.

"I'm sure this was built in when the house was put up," he concluded. "Probably it was used by the owner, when needed as a hideout, during polygamy times."

"Then it wasn't a robber's hideout?" There was a tiny note of disappointment in Delray's voice.

"No, son, I'm afraid it wasn't," his father answered, understanding the boy's feelings. "I don't think the robbers were that troublesome around here. But this little room served a more important purpose. It provided a place for good, honest men to slip into and escape imprisonment when they were being hunted down."

"For what?" the boys wanted to know.

"For just living their religion."

"Then it was exciting, after all." Now that he understood, Delray was willing to accept the change in purpose.

"Oh yes, I'm sure it was exciting enough for anyone in those times."

"I'm glad," declared Lynette, who didn't fully understand. "I wouldn't want to live in a robber's home." As for the boys, they agreed that secret rooms were fun, whatever their reason for being.

Sources: Personal knowledge of Mrs. Clarence Miller and Mrs. Calvin Mickelsen, Title Records, Sanpete County Recorder's Office, "Song of a Century", Manti Temple Golden Jubilee booklet

THE UNWANTED VISITOR

Leah B. Hall

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Third Place Short Story

It was a beautiful warm August morning, and Mary was busy preparing breakfast for her ten children. Her husband, Peter Ahlstrom, had already eaten his breakfast earlier because of his work as carpenter on the building of the Manti Temple.

Mary had been converted to the Latter-Day Saint Church while living in Denmark, and had later come to Utah with a group of Saints. Previous plans had been made for the young couple to be married upon her arrival.

This particular morning, Mary felt really good, as though she had not a care in the world. Her heart was light and gay. She felt especially happy to be here in Utah with her husband, her children, and many of her friends. She loved this beautiful Sanpete Valley, surrounded by its tall, serene mountains, and she enjoyed watching the Temple which was being built on the hill. Each day the building grew higher as block after block of white oolite stone was carefully placed one upon the other.

Peter had just recently built a new log cabin on "Temple Row" (Second East Street) for his wife and family. It was her joy to watch from her small west window the daily growth of the stately building.

Her children must get the chores done. She called them. My, they were sleepy heads! Even now she could think of a dozen different jobs that were waiting to be done.

She glanced at the table, set with much care, even to a white tablecloth. A loaf of newly baked bread, some butter, and a small jar of wild currant jelly challenged their appetites. The cracked wheat mush was cooking on the stove. Quickly she walked to the lean-to-room she called her pantry for milk and cream to complete the meal.

This room had a dirt floor which could be cooled by sprinkling it with cold water. One window cut high in the north wall gave adequate light and allowed cool breezes to come into the room. The furniture consisted of a hand-made table, a chair, and a cupboard which held her small supply of food.

She walked toward the table where last night's milk had been put in a small round shallow milk pan to raise the cream. What had happened? There was no cream on the milk! Her thoughts raced, and she found herself getting angry. Which one of her family had dared skim the precious cream off the milk?

Cream was a treat, and to have a spoonful on a bowl of mush was a luxury to be desired. Again Mary asked herself, where was the cream? Was no one to be trusted? She watched her children's faces and manners as she told them, "No cream today."

She felt guilty for her suspicious. She told them what happened to the cream; no one had an answer. The next morning it happened again, the cream was gone!

The third morning the pan of milk had a thick layer of rich yellow cream on it. The fourth day the cream was again missing. This had to stop! Mary decided that tonight after every one was asleep, she would go into the pantry, light a small candle, and wait to see who came.

About midnight there was a slight, slithering noise near the table, yet she could see nothing. Walking slowly she moved closer; curled around the pan of milk lay a large rattlesnake with head raised and its forked tongue flicking up the cream. Mary ran for Peter, but when they returned, the snake was gone.

When she told the children about the thief, they became excited, and ran into the pantry, even getting down on their knees to see the hole under the log wall through which the snake had crawled into the room.

Peter immediately began making a new floor which must be tight and solid enough, so that nothing could crawl into the room again, and nothing did. From that night on, the midnight intruder, or thief, never was seen again.

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

Oxen Team and covered wagon, pioneer day transportation



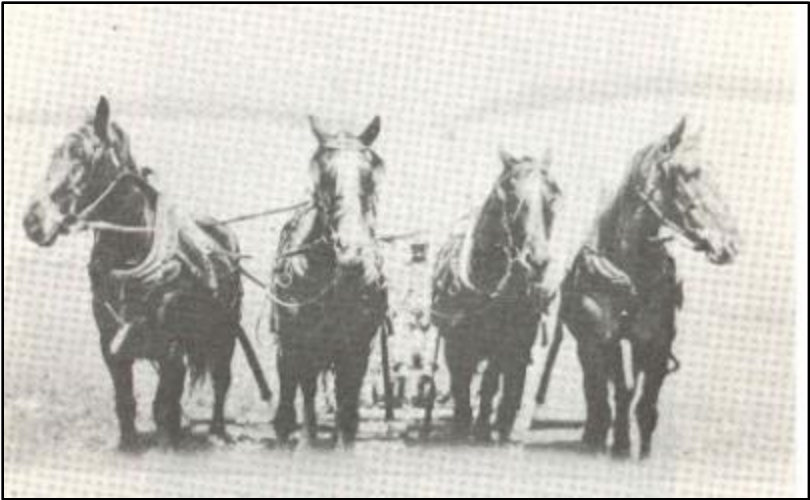
A sheepherder, his dogs, and his camp wagons.

A ride in a cutter sleigh.



The Surrey with the fringe on top.

Plowing with a four-horse team in Moroni





Getting an early start for a young horse-riding boy.

The Nielsen brothers of Moroni on an early bicycle.

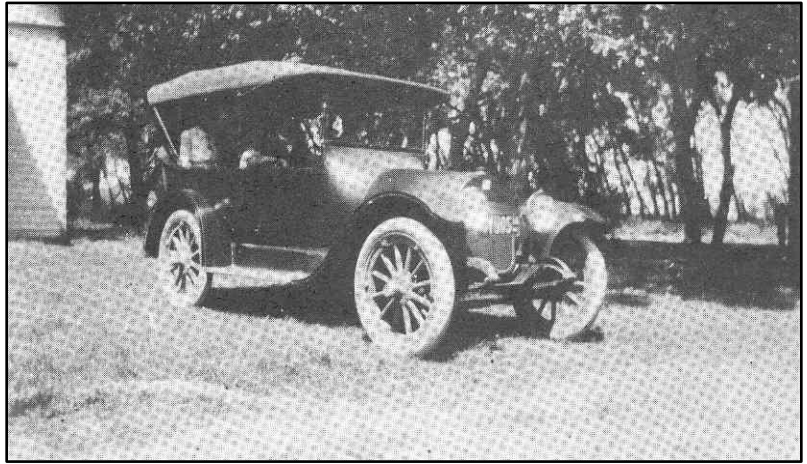


An early airplane

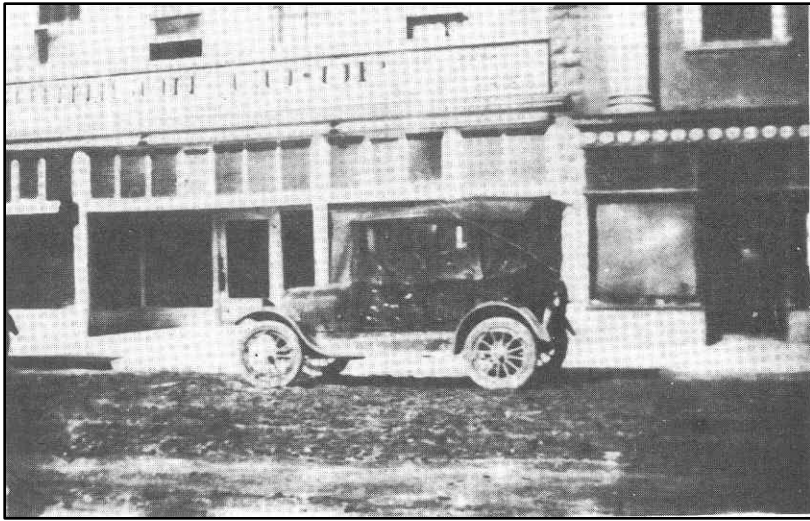


For winter, mountain passages, try snowshoeing with your supplies on your back.

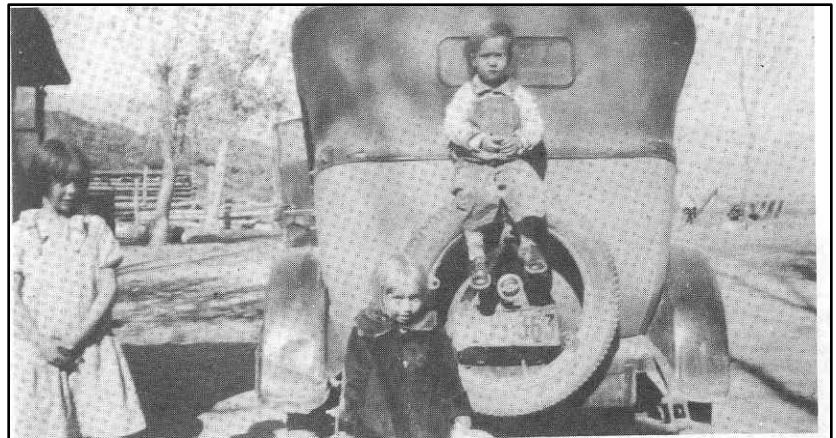
A 1916 Buick owned by Charley Carter.



Cars in an early parade down Fairview's Main Street.



An early car parked in front of the Gunnison
Co-op
on
Gunnison's Main Street
about 1917.

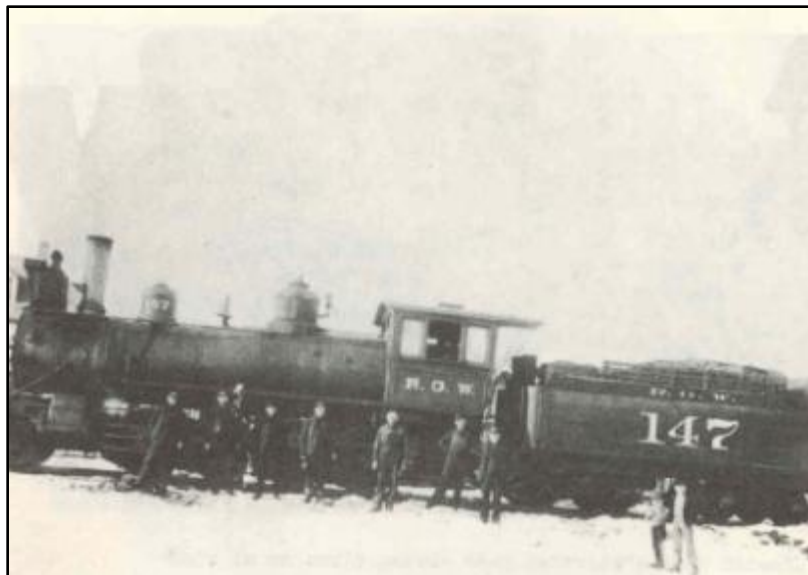


A back view of a
1926 Chevrolet



Repairmen's transportation for the
Sanpete Railroad tracks.

Sanpete Valley's Rio Grand Western Train, 1920's.



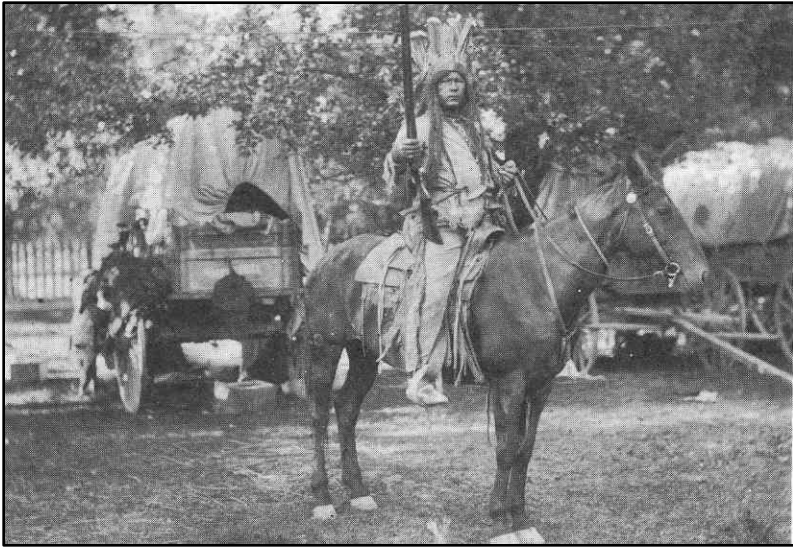
Front view of the Sanpete Train



A Fourth of July Float in Fountain Green



The A.J. Aagard store on Fountain Green's Main Street about 1898.



An Indian Horse rider near Fountain Green.

The Deseret Coke and Coal Company Tollgate in Cottonwood Canyon, Sanpete County. This was the old road going up from Fairview.

