

SAGA Of The SANPITCH



"The Old Granary"
Mt. Pleasant, Utah

VOLUME THIRTEEN — NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHTY-ONE

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

"The Old Granary"
Mt. Pleasant, Utah

Volume XIII 1981

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The SAGA OF THE SANPITCH Volume XIII

**Containing
Winning Entries
for the
1981 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest
also
Pictures of early Sanpete
and**

**Rules for entering The 1982 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest
Sponsored by The Manti Region
of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints**

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by
Lillian H. Fox
for
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Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints
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A PERSONAL NOTE FROM THE CHAIRMAN

I speak with gratitude in my heart to all who faithfully "carry on" the task of publishing the annual edition of the Saga of the Sanpitch. Each year I ask myself, "Will this be the last edition?" My question is answered with a host of willing volunteers: committee members, proofreaders, judges, salesmen, the Church, the press, radio stations, and perhaps most important, the writers. The prize money presented to authors is only a small token of appreciation for their countless hours of dedicated research and writing. I like to feel that we are all a united family of Sanpeters working for a common cause. May you find joy and satisfaction for your efforts and may all who read the "Saga" feel they are sharing a rare treasure of your creation.

Lillian 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 writers who submitted manuscripts to the contest. 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, Mt. Pleasant, and Moroni Stakes.

Committee Members:	Mrs. Lillian Fox, chairman, Mrs. Mildred Johnson Mrs. Pamela Jensen —Manti Stake Mrs. Gertrude Beck —Gunnison Stake Mr. Golden Sanderson—Mt. Pleasant Stake Miss Jessie Oldroyd —Moroni Stake
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Cover; The cover picture entitled, The Old Granary, is by Elizabeth Jacobsen story. Mrs. Story, a native of Mt. Pleasant, now resides at 1513 Madison Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming. The old granary is taken from a water color picture of a granary in Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

Picture Section; There was no theme for this year's picture section. However, an effort was made to select pictures of historical value that are not well known in the county.

JUDGES - (All Sanpete Residents)

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

Marion N. Lee. A graduate of Tintic High School in Eureka, and the Brigham Young University in Provo, she came to Ephraim in 1954. She assists her husband in their variety store, "Mr. Lee's." Mrs. Lee enjoys a broad acquaintance with people in all parts of Sanpete County. Mrs. Lee and her husband, Glen, are the parents of five children and the grandparents of four lively young boys.

Dixie Dorius Bond. A native of Sanpete County and a descendant of Utah pioneers, she is the mother of three children. She was educated at Gunnison Valley High School and Brawley Union High School. She received an A.S. from Church College of Hawaii, a B.S. in Political Science and English from B.Y.U. and an M.S. in English from Northern Arizona University. Mrs. Bond was on the teaching staff of the University of Alaska, Wisconsin, California and Williams College. She has taught high school English for ten years and is presently teaching at Manti High School. In her English program she edits and publishes a student magazine, Generations Sanpete, which focuses on the oral history of Sanpete County residents.

RULES FOR SANPETE HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST

1. The Sanpete Historical Writing Contest is open to all interested persons who live in Sanpete County and to all former Sanpete County residents.
2. Contestants may enter in one of three divisions: 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: Anecdotes 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 SANPITCH, Volume 14.
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 1932. 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 1/2 by 11 inch sheet bearing name and address of author, title, and first line of poem, story, essay, anecdote, or personal recollection. Also, the division in which the author wishes his entry to be placed must be stated.
9. Manuscripts must be typewritten and the number of words or lines written on the first page of entry.
10. Former Sanpete County residents who follow writing as a profession, or who have had, or are having any materials published in any book or magazine shall be considered professional writers. To have won prize money in previous years in the "Saga" contest does not make one a professional writer. The "Saga" is not a professional magazine.
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. 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 April *JO*, 1982. 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. This night is usually the Thursday of the Sanpete County Fair.
16. In evaluating the writings, the following criteria will be considered:
 - Poetry - Length must not exceed 50 lines
 1. Message or theme
 2. Form and pattern
 3. Accomplishment of purpose
 4. Climax
 - Historical Essay and Personal Recollection - Length must not exceed 1500 words.
 1. Adherence to theme
 2. Writing style—(interesting reading)
 3. Accomplishments or purpose
 4. Accuracy of information
 5. Documentation
 - Short Story - Length must not exceed 3000 words
 1. Message of story
 2. Plot development
 3. Characters and their presentation
 4. Writing style
 5. Documentation
 - Anecdote - Length must not exceed 300 words
 1. Accuracy of information
 2. Clarity of presentation
 3. Writing style
 4. 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.

Requests. There has been a request for married women to state their maiden name so they can be more readily identified. E.g. Lillian Hansen Fox.

There has also been a request for the complete addresses of entrants so that writers may communicate with each other.

**WINNERS IN THE 1981 SANPETE COUNTY HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST
THE SAGA OF THE SANPITCH**

PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

ANECDOTE

- ANOTHER ONE FOR RIPLEY..... First Place
Halbert S. Greaves, Salt Lake City, Utah
- THE END OF AN IMPERFECT DAY..... Second Place
Dorothy J. Buchanan, Richfield, Utah
- REQUIEM FOR A SANPETE PIONEER..... First Honorable Mention
Betty Ramsey, Fairview, Utah
- A MODEL T COURTSHIP Second Honorable Mention
Eleanor Peterson Madsen, Ephraim, Utah

HISTORICAL ESSAY

- ISAAC MORLEY..... First Place
Wilma Morley Despain, Alpine, Utah
- SANPETE TRAILS..... Second Place
Eleanor Peterson Madsen, Ephraim, Utah
- THE FAIRVIEW FORT: A VITAL PART OF SANPETE Honorable Mention
Betty Ramsey, Fairview, Utah

PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

- FARMER'S SON, THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY..... First Place
Halbert S. Greaves, Salt Lake City, Utah

POETRY

- FANTASIES RE-LIVED First Place
Halbert S. Greaves, Salt Lake City, Utah
- YEARNINGS ON MEMORIAL DAY..... Second Place
Jenny Lind Myrup Brown, Salt Lake City, Utah
- FORSAKEN Honorable Mention
Jewel King Larsen, St. George, Utah

SHORT STORY

- MY CUT-GLASS LUMP-SUGAR DISH..... First Place
Jewel King Larsen, St. George, Utah
- ONLY LOVE AND FAITH COULD DO IT ALL Honorable Mention
Wilma Morley Despain, Alpine, Utah

SENIOR CITIZEN DIVISION

ANECDOTE

- FLIES..... First Place
Talula Nelson, Mt. Pleasant, Utah
- I CURED THE ITCH PAINFULLY..... Second Place
James L. Jacobs, Ogden, Utah
- SHOES Honorable Mention
Lucile K. Allen, Manti, Utah

HISTORICAL ESSAY

- FAIRVIEW'S FIRST FLOUR MILL..... First Place
Hugh Brady, Downey, Idaho
- SCOUTING ON THE SKYLINE..... Second Place
James L. Jacobs, Ogden, Utah
- WET vs DRY IN GUNNISON..... First Honorable Mention
Merrill Peterson, Gunnison, Utah
- WESTERN SAGEBRUSH Second Honorable Mention
Vernon F. Larsen, Oakland, California

PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

- THE PROCTER & GAMBLE OF YESTER-YEAR..... First Place
Leo C. Larsen, Mt. Pleasant, Utah
- MANTI CREEK IN RETROSPECT..... Second Place
Conrad Frischknecht, Tacoma, Washington
- FROM PORKER TO PORK..... First Honorable Mention
Vernon F. Larsen, Oakland, California
- FACTS AND FICTION ABOUT SANPETE'S JULY HOLIDAYS Second Honorable Mention
John K. Olsen, Ephraim, Utah

POETRY

- DANCES IN THE STERLING SCHOOL HOUSE – 1899..... First Place
Rose McIff, Sterling, Utah
- DO YOU EVER REMINISCE? Second Place
Hugh Brady, Downey, Idaho
- HOMESTEAD PRIORITIES?..... Honorable Mention
Alvin Barlow, Provo, Utah

SHORT STORY

- BUCKSKIN GLOVES..... First Place
Theodore A. Christensen, Denver, Colorado
- THE DEAF SHEEPHERDER..... Second Place
John K. Olsen, Ephraim, Utah

THE BORROWING Honorable Mention
Ruth D. Scow, Manti, Utah

NON-PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

ANECDOTE

A BEAR STORY..... First Place
Norma Smith Wanless, Manti, Utah
SARAH'S SONG BIRDS..... Second Place
Eardley Madsen, Los Angeles, California
A SIGHT TO BEHOLD..... Honorable Mention
Elizabeth Jacobsen Story, Cheyenne, Wyoming

HISTORICAL ESSAY

BEGINNINGS OF SNOW COLLEGE: FINANCES AND PERSONNEL First Place
Afton C. Greaves, Salt Lake City, Utah
THE BUCKEYE COOK BOOK, A BRIDGE TO YESTERDAY... First Honorable Mention
Pamela Jensen, Sterling, Utah
MY MAMMA JENNIE'S JOURNAL..... Second Honorable Mention
Maxine Sorenson Green, Salt Lake City, Utah

PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

PROGRESS ORDERED OUR HOUSE FOR LUNCH (Tie) First Place
Bonny Nielson Dahlsrud, Salina, Utah
OUR HILL (Tie) First Place
Thelma G. Burnside, Fairview, Utah
AN OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH..... Second Place
Mae Paulsen, Ephraim, Utah
SANDING THE SOCIAL HALL FLOOR Honorable Mention
Lillian Winn Fjeldsted, Sandy, Utah

POETRY

WARM PORCHES..... First Place
LaJune B. Leishman, Richfield, Utah
INDIAN CAMP..... Second Place
Bonny Nielson Dahlsrud, Salina, Utah
SANPETE SUMMER..... Honorable Mention
Cindy Nielson, Manti, Utah

SHORT STORY

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN! First Place
Lois Brown, Manti, Utah

THE BISHOP'S WATERMELON PATCH..... Second Place

Carolyn Christenson, Gunnison, Utah

THE BROKEN PARASOL..... Honorable Mention

Lillian Peterson, Mayfield, Utah

NON-JUDGED ENTRIES

Note: The following entries were unanimously considered worthy of publication but were not judged because they failed to meet the criteria of any of the categories.

REMEMBERING . Effie O. Nielson, Salt Lake City, Utah .

A HANDCART SAGA . Virginia K. Nielson, Ephraim, Utah

ANOTHER ONE FOR RIPLEY

,Halbert S. Greaves,
1904 Herbert Avenue,
Salt Lake City, Utah 84108

Professional Division, First Place Anecdote

Believe it or not, I tipped right-side-up a truck that was upside-down. Incredible? Not when you realize that it was a lightweight Model-T pickup, vintage 1921. And I had some unusual help, extra adrenalin. I don't know how much that puddle-jumper weighed, with four small cylinders, no cab, nor other non-essentials. Certainly nothing like the trucks of today.

In early April, 1925, when I was seventeen, our cow strayed from our farm on Little Lane, west of Ephraim. I took the Model-T to look for her. I drove north to Big Lane, not because it was a logical place to search, but because I liked the sweet, fresh smell of springtime water flowing under the Big Lane bridges of the Sanpitch River. During springtime thaw, deep ruts had been worn in the dirt road, and the truck's steering wheel had about five inches of "play," making it tricky to steer, with its pronounced wobble. At seventeen I wasn't a particularly careful driver; the truck got going too fast for the combination of ruts and wobble, jumped out of control—and ruts—and flipped over. I landed under the truck bed, unhurt! I crawled out, looked things over, and decided I could not leave the truck there blocking the road.

No doubt my adrenalin was flowing double, and the rounded grade of the road favored me, for I gripped the frame and, with a mighty heave, tipped the wreck right-side-up and off the road. I walked to our farm, bridled a pony, rode home and told my brother, with whom I lived, what had happened. After checking the ruin, he traded it for another cow, although we found the stray. I remember thinking that he made a good trade, even if I had to milk two cows instead of one.

THE END OF AN IMPERFECT DAY

Dorothy J. Buchanan
267 East Third North
Richfield, Utah 84701

Professional Division, Second Place Anecdote

My grandfather ran his sheep in the East Mountains, near Scofield, for many years. In the early twenties, several of us younger members of the family liked to ride from our homes in Mt. Pleasant, up Fairview Canyon, across scenic mountain land to the sheep camp known as Rock Springs. Grandfather and his herders slept in a one room log cabin, so it fell to our lot to sleep in the wide bunk bed at the window end of the sheep wagon, which we regarded as high adventure.

A feature that especially pleased us was grandfather's sourdough biscuits. He kept his precious "start" in a crockery jar that stood on a low shelf near the door of the sheep wagon. Just before mealtime, all eyes were upon grandfather while he carefully poured a certain amount of the "start" into the top of his sack of flour and deftly mixed the dough, shaped it into biscuits, and baked it in the small camp stove.

We ate the biscuits oven hot, along with sizzling fried mutton, canned tomatoes, store canned jam, and sometimes rice and condensed milk.

One warm day in July, 1921, three of us girls left home before sun-up on our horses, headed for the camp. We knew we had a long ride before us, but somehow, the person who made the noon lunch sandwiches fell somewhat short, and our hunger was not appeased.

Toward the end of our ride we slowed down and began complaining of our weariness and hunger. One of the girls exclaimed, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if grandfather should meet us at the door holding out a pan of his yummy sour dough biscuits?"

We all cheered and tried to spur our tired mounts on until we reached the camp, but no one was stirring, which meant that the men had not yet come in from the sheep.

After tying up our horses, we hurried over to the sheep wagon and noticed that the door was partly open. What on earth was that sticky stuff congealed on the floor and slowly dropping to the ground below? We rushed inside and found that the sour dough had risen to the top of the jar, run over, spilled to the floor, and continued out of the door. Yes, the sour dough "met" us, "but not in the form we had dreamed of.

Source: Personal recollection.

REQUIEM FOR A SANPETE PIONEER

Betty Ramsey

P.O. Box 143

Fairview, Utah 84629

Professional Division, First Honorable Mention Anecdote

The house stood tall and sturdy in the Sanpete morning sun, a work to be proud of, a work in which a man and woman could feel comfortable and protected from the elements and the cares of the world.

How happy they were to be moving into the new structure with their little family. Farm life was good to them and the family prospered and grew. With the years the home place took on new life as the family settled comfortably into their home.

The speeding years soon saw the children leave the nest and make places of their own. Grandchildren came and were greatly enjoyed by the now middle-aged pair.

Soon the couple became old and were no longer able to take care of all the work there was to running the home place. A son and his family took over the farm and built for themselves a new house, and since the parents were now unable to care for themselves they were taken in to live with the son's family. It was a comfortable life in the material necessities, but there was lacking within the couple the feeling of being in their own home which they had established through their own labors.

The old house stood empty and unused as though waiting to see what would be its ultimate destiny.

In not too many years, the old couple left this life, and the children found that in their ever-increasingly abundant farm life, they needed the old house for a storage shed and hay barn. The windows not already knocked out were soon broken and destroyed. Brisk March winds rattled through the old house searching down the hallways and into the empty rooms as though seeking the owners, long since dead.

Through the summer, the verdant fields brought forth bales of hay which were piled into the rooms of the old structure. The cold Sanpete winters through the years took their toll as snow and icy wind rattled the once sturdy structure to its very foundations. The building knew the ravages of time as melting ice and snow tore at its very vitals year after year.

One spring the old house could stand no more and the last of the bricks, placed one on the other in such a loving manner, fell to the ground. Later in the season, the rubble was hauled away and there existed only a pleasant spot under some mature leafy trees to mark the original old home site.

A passerby would see that a house had once stood there, but how could anyone know the joys and the sorrows of those who called it home in bygone days.

In Sanpete, as in all places of the earth, there is a season for all things, a time to live and a time to die. The cycle had completed itself for the original family, and would continue on through the generations into the eons of time on this earth.

Little does the modern visitor seeing the spot reflect on the place, and few who pass that way now stop to think of the tears and struggle the couple had to tame this harsh land.

Oh, modern traveler, as you pass the remains of a once-thriving Sanpete farm, pause to reflect on the pioneers and what they did to make your life what it is now. Whatever the valley is today and becomes in the years ahead is built upon the foundation which the pioneers struggled to lay.

Source: Based on personal pioneer histories of early Sanpete settlers and personal observances.

A MODEL T COURTSHIP

Eleanor Peterson Madsen

295 East 1st North

Ephraim, Utah 84627

Professional Division, Second Honorable Mention Anecdote

Dancing was an important recreational pastime in the lives of the young people in Sanpete County in the early 1920's. The young men in Ephraim would often go to Moroni and Wales to participate in dances there. The Model T Ford provided faster transportation than the buggies which had previously been used by the young people for their courting.

One evening in March, two young men from Ephraim decided to continue their courting with two young ladies from Moroni by taking them to a dance in that community.

The young men filled their Model T with the necessary gas, cranked it up, and were soon on their merry way. The dark clouds overhead and the March wind did not dampen their spirits or cause them any frustration as they drove toward their destination.

Soon big flakes of snow commenced to fall, but the young men continued on until finally the windshield on the car became so covered with snow they were unable to see the road. The early model car had no windshield wipers so the travelers decided they would raise the windshield, which opened from the front, so they could see the road. This accomplished, they traveled onward with a better view until they finally reached Moroni.

As they stopped the car at the girls' home, the young men weren't quite sure about going dancing that night. Two inches of snow had accumulated on their laps during the trip.

Source: Personal recollection.

ISAAC MORLEY

(Affectionately Known as 'Father Morley'

by Red-Man and White-Man, Alike)

Wilma Morley Despain

683 North Main Street

Alpine, Utah 84003

Professional Division, First Place Historical Essay

When Oliver Cowdery and his missionary companions journeyed through Ohio on a mission in 1830, one of their first converts was Isaac Morley. Isaac, a well-to-do farmer, was baptized by Oliver Cowdery and Parley P. Pratt on November 15, 1830. Shortly after, he was ordained one of the first High Priests of the church and set apart as first counselor to the first Bishop of the church, Edward Partridge. Nine years later he was called as the second Bishop of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.¹

All these years he gave much of his wealth for the church, but he once refused to sell one special, productive farm; the Lord's rebuke can be read in the 64th section of the Doctrine and Covenants. But in 1835, while he served a mission in the East with Bishop Partridge, the Lord revealed to Joseph Smith His complete forgiveness of Isaac, and told Joseph of His joy at Isaac's integrity, obedience, and generosity to the church and others in the church.²

Isaac, a proud Englishman, longed to stand where men had never stood and help colonize new areas. He led those settling Far West and was made a Patriarch there.

In 1845 mobs leveled and scorched his crops and burned his beautiful home and cooper shop. Some of his prized animals were stolen and they drove him from his loved land.

Isaac fled to Nauvoo and there started another settlement. He called this new home 'Yelrom' (Morley spelled backwards). They cleared virgin forest and prospered everyone equal in "Common Stock," which later became the "United Order."

His parents, Thomas and Editha Marsh Morley are buried in the shadow of the Kirtland Temple. Here in Yelrom he left his sweetheart and first wife, Lucy Gunn. He was very close to the Prophet Joseph Smith all these years, offering his life and being jailed many times in his stead. The Prophet, his family, and his mother and father lived in Lucy's and Isaac's home for months at a time.³ The Prophet did some revision of the Bible in Isaac's well-appointed and comfortable homes. Lucy and Isaac had nine children born to them there, one son, Isaac Jr., and eight daughters. Of the nine only seven survived, but his eldest daughter married Heber G. Kimball, Spencer W. Kimball's grandfather.

Isaac helped build the Nauvoo Temple⁴ as he had helped build the Kirtland Temple. He left Nauvoo with Brigham Young in 1847. He was at the head of several hundred people on this exodus, too. Lucy, his beloved wife, became ill at Winter Quarters; and because Isaac knew she needed rest, he offered to stay and build and plant for those left behind. His one great desire had been to reach the valley with Brigham; but for the love of his wife, and those suffering and staying behind, he stayed to do much for their comfort. Lucy died here and is buried with others in a common, but very uncommon grave, because the ground was frozen so hard and the Indians and marauders were so near.

Isaac had been a Captain in the war of 1812 and was organized and disciplined. Biographies describe him as a man of keen insight, obedience to authority, and courage to face hardship and hard work. He always exhorted his brethren to diligence, faithfulness and good works. He made many trips back along the torturous trail, helping and blessing and encouraging faltering ones.⁵

Just as he had done when he was building a home for the Prophet Joseph, he built shelters here. While building the home for Joseph and Emma (on land he gave them, and with his own timber and other materials),

he fed them all, even those helping build this home. The Prophet's family lived in it for six or seven years in comparative peace and safety. He did all this and more for those coming behind the first company.

"Push On, Pull On, Push Westward" was his motto. He was a Stake President in Salt Lake Valley, which he reached in early 1848. He was a Patriarch almost all his adult life. He did endowment work on Ensign Peak before the Endowment House in Salt Lake City was finished.⁶

In the fall of 1849 he was again called to leave all he had built⁷ about him. At the Prophet Brigham's request he lead families to the first settlement to be established south of Fort Provo.⁸ This territory, now known as Sanpete County, then included Sevier, Millard, Juab and some other areas. Isaac was called to be the Stake President over all this area.

Isaac named this first settlement 'Manti,' after the city 'Manti' in the Book of Mormon. Isaac accepted this call as he had all others, gladly and without complaints. He was so kind, unassuming and gentle in his manner that all who loved him, red-man and white-man alike, called him 'Father Morley.'

His task was not an easy one; some of his own people tried to rebel and settle elsewhere. Isaac replied each time they made trouble, "Here is where our Prophet told us to stay and stay I will if I be the only family that does!"⁹

With the help of two able counselors, Seth Taft and Charles Shumway, and guidance from the Lord and the Prophet, he led and advised well. During this terrible, cruel winter (the worst ever recorded in Manti), they built dug-out shelters from the grey hill, started a saw-mill, built schools, churches and a Bowery.¹⁰ They also built log homes and managed to clear the ten-foot high drifts of snow to save some livestock they had brought with them. Much of their herd perished, and the Indians would steal these frozen carcasses for food while the Saints needed them for themselves. Chief Walker (Wawkara) tried to control his war-loving brothers, Arrowpeen and Sandpitch, but they stirred up local tribes, and transient ones, so many times that a strong fort was built.

In the spring as the ground began to warm, they found they had dug their dug-outs on a veritable snake pit. They had thought of that grey hill as a protection on its south side. As many as three to five hundred spotted rattlers were killed each day and night. They used pine torches to hunt for them in beds and cupboards, even at night! Everyone was terrified, but not one man, woman or child was bitten by the reptiles, which were just emerging from hibernation, and were at their most dangerous.¹¹

At one time the Indians demanded Father Morley's beautiful, brown-eyed baby boy, promising never to bother them again if he gave him to them. Can we imagine the terror of his wife, Leanora Snow Morley? (She was a sister of Eliza R. Snow and President Lorenzo Snow.) She and the whole settlement were horrified and begged Father Morley not to give in. But being at the head carried much responsibility for the safety of his people. Father Morley tried to reason with his wife that it was better to lose one life than many. He gave his darling to the Indians and the whole village prayed and fasted for three days. The Indians brought him back, very dirty, but unharmed and dressed in buckskin and moccasins; His skin was tinted with tea and herbs, making it a deep brown. Because Father Morley had trusted Walker and the braves enough to give them his son, Walker promised that they would never steal or kill again. Father Morley baptized the big, handsome chief not long after this and took him into his home to live and renamed him Joseph Walker.

Isaac was a staunch Presbyterian until Pastor Sidney Rigdon baptized his whole family in 1828, into the Campbellite church. But until Isaac heard the message of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he did not find satisfaction, freedom to worship as his conscience told him to, nor the desired education about God and his relation to Him. But after becoming a Mormon he felt fulfillment. He remained a loyal, industrious member and colonizer until his death in June, 1865, at North Bend, Utah.

He traveled with Brigham Young all over Southern Utah from April to June, 1852. He was postmaster of Manti at that time. Isaac Morley was a contemporary of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and also of Brigham

Young, who often said of Isaac's many sermons that they were very humble and timely: "His words are like apples of gold in pitchers of silver." ¹²

Isaac walked from Missouri, where he'd been sent by the Prophet on another advance mission, to the dedication of the Nauvoo Temple. He was at the dedication of the Kirtland Temple before this and helped perform some of the ordinances introduced there. He witnessed much that transpired there when the keys of past dispensations were restored. His Temple Apron, used in Kirtland and Nauvoo Temples, hangs in the Manti Temple President's office today.

Sources:

¹Parley P. Pratt, Journals; Gospel in Action by Romney; Doctrine and Covenants Section 110; Encyclopedia Britanica.

²History of the Church, Vol. 21, p. 302.

³Many entries in the Prophet Joseph Smith's journals verify this. Also Andrew Jensen's journals.

⁴Gospel in Action by Romney, pp. 113-118.

⁵William Clayton's journal, pp. 14-16; Cleland and Brooks, pp. 60-63; Hosea Stout, op. cit., pp. 8-11.

⁶Deseret News.

⁷Brigham Young's journals, April 26, 1849

⁸Deseret News, Salt Lake City, July 20, 1926; Andrew Jensen's journal, Vol 1 - x, p. 277; Isaac Morley's journals.

⁹Family histories and diaries, by Cordelia Morley Cox, Larene Ipson, and Vera Morley Ipson; Levi Hancock Diary.

¹⁰History of Manti, by Andrew Jackson Judd, Brigham Young Library; Brigham Young's journal, April 1, 1847.

¹¹Treasures of Pioneer History, by Kate B. Carter; Mormon Doctrine, by Bruce R. McConkie, p. 504; Brigham Young's journals; Many newspaper and D. U. P. accounts.

¹²Romney, February, 1852; William Lund, Church Historian; Brigham Young's journal, April to October 1852-54.

SANPETE TRAILS

Eleanor Peterson Madsen

295 East 1st North

Ephraim, Utah 84627

Professional Division, Second Place Historical Essay

On a lonely spot or road somewhere between Birdseye and Indianola, a sign reads, "Sanpete County." Traveling southward on this asphalt highway, the air seems a little more fresh, the sky a bit more blue, the snowflakes a trifle larger, the landscape more vast as it reaches toward the surrounding hills.

If one continues to travel south to Axtell, forty-three miles as the crow flies, this is the bounds of Sanpete County where some fourteen thousand people enjoy the peaceful, serene atmosphere of this valley in the center of Utah.

It was here in the early 1850's, in the quiet little communities of Mt. Pleasant, Ephraim, Manti, Wales, Moroni and Gunnison, that the Petersons, Kjars, Madsens, Reeses, Lunds, Birds, Rasmussens, Prices and other pioneers came to tame the land, build homes and raise families that would one day let their "light so shine" that others would recognize their worth and acknowledge the many who had made this corner of the earth so great and beautiful.

Many exciting events have happened on these highways and in these little communities in the 100 or more years since these ancestors arrived from England, Denmark, Wales, Germany and other foreign countries. Roads and walks have changed. Many have been erased and new ones have taken their place. The earliest paths were mere trails with two wagon ruts to follow. Later, the roads were graveled and then became the cement or asphalt highways we have today.

Early traveling was done with a team of horses and a wagon or with a horse and buggy. In the 1920's the Model T Ford came into use. This was followed by modern cars and an increase from the twenty or twenty-five mile speed limit to seventy miles, then back to the fifty-five mile-per-hour limit.

Perhaps the first routes from the pioneer homes led up through Fairview, past the Indianola flats into Salt Lake City by wagon team to the Endowment House for performance of marriages. That early generation also traveled southward to Manti and to St. George, at the extreme southern end of the state, to help erect the temples there. Later, many of them went by horse and buggy to these temples to be married.

The wagon ruts or a one-horse track went to many places within the county. The first generation traveled east and west of the small towns and found farmland, covered with sagebrush, to be homesteaded, a place where they could build a log cabin, plant grain, alfalfa and potatoes...places like "Manasseh," "Johnstown," and "The Farm," close to the hills. Others in this generation bought farm lands and toiled from daylight to dark to make the lands produce food for their livestock and a living for their families.

Early trails led also into the mountains and to the desert. Men and boys followed small herds of sheep or cattle to green pastures, tramping the hills, walking miles and miles to care for their flocks.

As the second generation grew, some of them stayed with the farms, some left to pursue other occupations, but the roadways to the farms were always well traveled. Sometimes trips were made in a wagon box filled with straw, sometimes in a buggy or on a favorite gentle horse. In winter the bob sleigh was a most used means of transportation. Whatever the mode of travel, there was always singing of happy songs or telling of stories and happenings of the day.

These ways may have been designated as the "Work Trails," paths that were traveled day in and day out, rain or shine, thoroughfares that established patterns of industry and thrift for another generation to follow.

There were fun highways also, a deviation from the work that was so needful. There were roads that took young fishermen down the river lane, out to Nine Mile, up Six Mile...other courses that hunters used to explore the Blue Ridge, Horseshoe, North Fork, Willow Creek, the Blue Slide, the west hills. Eyes shone with excitement when the deer hunters brought home a six pointer and hung it proudly where all could see it.

There were hikes and picnics, at Easter time and on special Saturdays, to Guard Knoll, the Candland Ranch, Gunnison Reservoir and Maple Canyon, over dusty trails, through scrub oaks, marshy swamp and rocky hillsides.

There were trips to basketball and football games, excited cheers for Pep and Rastus as they were exchanged between Manti and Mt. Pleasant. There were streets where young people marched, playing a drum, clarinet or cornet in gay parades along the Main Streets of the communities. There were hidden trails for fun, through the barnyards, over the fences, under the bushes, from one lot to another as neighborhood children played "run sheep run." Other well marked lines were on a baseball diamond in the pasture lot, or through tall grass, trodden under the hedges, where busy hands set tables for a little doll's tea.

Dancing was an integral part of life for all generations. Fiddler's Green, Dreamland Hall, Millstream, The Barn were some of the places where young and old danced until it was strange that the floors didn't give way under them. Here again, the buggy, the early Model T Ford and later, modern cars traveled the happy roads to where the crowds were.

In orchards, tall grasses lay flat where young people walked in search of violets in the spring or picked prunes, greengages and apples in the fall. Footprints led along the picket fence, across the street or up the block to the neighbor's houses. They followed down the street to the church, where on Sundays families walked, talked, sang and prayed together.

Along with the work, the fun and the worshipping also came the learning, avenues that directed active minds to the stories of Gene Stratton Porter, Edgar Allen Poe, Poems of Longfellow, Edna St. Vincent Millay,

Eugene Field, that made students aware of scientific facts, ways of doing things better and learning more of the world, terraces that led to foreign countries, to fairyland, to the moon and the stars.

The feet that tromped sidewalks from home to school were eager, running feet, kicking their way through thousands of autumn leaves piled high under tall, bare poplar trees, or romping through drifts of snow in tight-buttoned shoes or high rubber galoshes.

Later, these students ran to catch Jesse's bus that traveled the old highway through Spring City, down Pigeon Hollow, toward Ephraim and Snow College, with song and ceaseless chatter making the ride merry, a route that led to making new friends, widening the passageway, finding a bigger world.

There were so many pleasant roadways, but some had bushes with thorns blocking the way, many had deep ruts in which to fall or rocks and boulders to be surmounted. Each generation had streets where sorrow walked with them, where hardships were dark companions, where they walked alone.

All of these were the paths through Sanpete County that went around and around, through the valleys, over the hills, into the homes and schools, along grassy walks and rocky ledges. Each generation learned to know them well and followed them. The first generation followed until their steps were slow and their eyes too dim to see the way. The second and third generations still follow the well marked roads, while the fourth generation now learns new ways to go, a faster pace to follow, leaving long white highways in the sky.

Many have followed the continuous roads that stretch beyond the little sign marked "Sanpete County." Whether they return in actuality or only in memory for an occasional walk along familiar paths, the highways and byways of Sanpete County are trails that will endure forever.

Sources: Sanpete County Clerk's office—county population

Family History

Personal recollections of the author

THE FAIRVIEW FORT; A VITAL PART OF SANPETE

Betty Ramsey

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Fairview, Utah 84629

Professional Division, Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Tourists traveling through Fairview have been heard to say, "This village is quaint." Quaint it may be compared to other towns in the country, but the face of the town has undergone a complete change since its founding.

Fairview, as many of the other towns, was once a fort and all the citizenry lived within the enclosure for protection from surrounding hostile Indians, venturing out only to tend their animals and crops.

When the city was first established in 1860, work was begun on the fort which was eventually to house all the activities of the people. The fort when completed circled a full city block with rock walls ten feet high, two-and-one-half feet wide at the bottom, tapering to one-and-one-half feet at the top. On the south side, a row of log houses stood shoulder to shoulder, forming the wall and adjoining the rock walls at each end. A small gate faced the east and an open passageway only wide enough for one person to get through was left between two of the homes in the south wall. There were also two large wagon gates in the enclosure walls.

With the increase in population of what was then called North Bend, a row of houses was built from north to south inside the fort. A few houses were also built in other areas. Between the center of the fort and the west wall, a large log schoolhouse was built and also was used as a church and an amusement hall. A road

circled the fort within the walls and another ran from one gate to another and also across the center of the fort from north to south.

Because of Indian troubles, the fort was abandoned for six years, and when the residents returned in 1866, the fort required some additional work. At that time, the south wall, which had once been made up of houses, was replaced with a strong rock wall. The wall facing the west was made higher and two bastions were built at the southeast and northwest corners. Portholes in these structures allowed all activities along any wall of the fort to be observed so that the alarm could be given if danger threatened.

In a short time settlers began to build outside the walls, but all stayed close for safety; and when the bass drum sounded, they took shelter within the safety of the fort.

With time and the march of progress, the old fort fell to make way for more modern structures. The buildings fell into disuse and decay or were torn down as the town took on a look much like that of other small towns throughout the country.

The fort lives on today only in the writings of early settlers or their descendants who have preserved stories of their ancestors' lives. To history buffs, the fort is of interest as a part of early Utah, but the average traveler down the city's main street is unaware that the block which now houses a car lot, homes, and cafe, was where the east wall of the fort of Fairview once stood.

That fort, and the forts of all the other towns in the valley, was an integral part of the life of early Sanpete. It and the others served their purpose well in protecting the early settlers from Indian raids and allowing the settlements of the valley to take root and grow into what they have become today.

Sources: Unpublished Day and Coombs History of Fairview
Material in Fairview Museum
Conversations with Sylvia Miner and Golden Sanderson

FARMER'S SON, THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY

Halbert S. Greaves
1904 Herbert Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah 84108
Professional Division, First Place Personal Recollection

My father was an enterprising man. During his life of more than sixty years he tackled a wide range of vocations to support a large family. Farming was one.

Most farm equipment used in 1923, when I was fifteen, is obsolete now. I shall discuss two: the Jackson-fork¹ and the self dump rake. I shall add some memories of the coal-delivery wagon. My father was also a coal dealer.

The Jackson-fork was associated with one of my most detested jobs, alfalfa stacker in a barn almost entirely closed in. Getting the alfalfa into the barn was a three-man, one-horse chore (sometimes two horses).

The man-jobs were assigned by age; the oldest of the three brothers still living at home operated the Jackson-fork. The fork, with its four long, curved tines, had to be manipulated by hand to an exact spot on the load of alfalfa where it would be forced down into the hay to get the maximum load and to keep the load-level even. The second-oldest brother drove the horse that pulled the cable attached to the fork so it would ascend by a system of pulleys to the track along which it would be pulled into the barn and dumped where it was to be stacked.

As the youngest son, my job was to keep the hay evenly spread out. The barn became hotter and hotter as the stack rose higher, and the alfalfa dust became more dense in the narrower spaces under the

sloping roof. I was allergic to the dust; my eyes and nose would "water," my mouth become drier and drier; my body, the roof of my mouth, and the palms of my hand would itch more and more. It was hard work, and I had to work fast, for my oldest brother worked fast, hoping, I suppose, to get each load into the barn in time to get a drink of water and sit in the shade before the next load arrived from the field. The hotter the barn became, the more I would sweat. The combination of dust, sweat, itching, and hay fever produced a level of misery I have not often experienced. It was a fine day when I graduated to driving the team and a great one when I became old enough to handle the Jackson-fork.

The Jackson-fork was also used to unload wild hay in the meadow-lands; but instead of being suspended from a track, it was suspended from the long arms of derricks. My favorite was the crane derrick because it was graceful and picturesque and swiveled smoothly. No doubt it was so-named because its swinging arm pointed upward cautiously. The derricks with arms suspended by a chain looped around the upright-pole and those with the arm suspended under a cross-bar looked gawky to me.

Unloading wild hay with Jackson-forks swinging the hay over and above the haystacks was more picturesque and pleasant than unloading Lucerne into a barn. The hay was fresh and fragrant in the open air; it was not as dusty as alfalfa, and it required considerable skill for a man to build a stack that contained 20-25 tons of hay, without a barn to hold its sides in place.

I note, as I take nostalgic drives south and west of town, that some old-fashioned crane derricks are still standing proud and graceful, colorful landmarks to remind us of many decades of "putting up hay." I hope they continue to stand for many decades 3 more. But I suppose that eventually they will disappear, just as the one-time great and beautiful sentinels of Sanpete, the Lombardy poplar trees, have almost disappeared.

Delivering coal produced misery almost equal to that of stacking alfalfa, although it was a different kind of misery. The heat and sweat were the same, for the steel railroad cars that brought the coal to town drew the sun's heat like a magnet draws iron filings; and we had to load the coal from the cars onto our steel-lined coal wagon. The sides of the cars must have been at least five feet high, so this required bending, lifting, and heaving the heavy scoop-shovel full of coal up and over those sides. But the coal dust didn't make my body itch and my eyes and nose water as the alfalfa dust did. It made me black and grimy and my spit black, when I was able to spit. We had a saying that is still used under certain conditions: "My mouth's so dry I could spit cotton."

The heavy coal made my arms and back ache. Some of it came in big lumps which could be loaded and unloaded with gloved hands; some was fist-size "nut" coal which we shoveled by scoop shovel; and some was "pea" coal and "slack," smaller than a fist and some of it smaller than marbles. Much of it was a mix of chunks larger than "nut" but smaller than the big lumps.

During the summer of 1923 I was told that I could have my own team and wagon. I was so pleased and proud that one day I decided to work hard enough to equal the output of my older brothers. (I still suspected that they weren't sure I was going to become a good worker). I worked hard and fast, and I did equal the usual output of my brothers. I loaded fifteen tons, delivered them to various places around town, and unloaded the coal into sheds or coal rooms in the basements of houses. Thirty tons of coal heaved in one day was probably as much as I ever handled when I became older. But I paid a price. I worked too hard, and became too tired. The next day I felt dopey; my oldest brother asked me if I had worked too hard the day before. When I said I supposed so, he sympathetically said there was no need to work that hard. I felt richly rewarded. The fact that he had NOTICED my tonnage, commented on my weariness, and, in this way, acknowledged that I might become a passable worker was as satisfying as the magic words of praise we sometimes remember for a lifetime.²

Working in the hay-fields could sometimes be fun. I remember how much fun I had one day when I had been left alone in one of father's meadows to rake windrows into hay-cocks³ The recently cut wild hay, with patches of timothy and blue-grass here and there, smelled sweet and fresh.

The sun was shining, the sky was blue, there may have been a few fleecy clouds; blackbirds, crows, and magpies kept me company— far enough away from me to consider themselves safe from any kind of attack. The blackbirds may have sung a few sweet melodies, with trills and flourishes, and meadow larks told me, perhaps, in what is still, to me, the most appealing of all singing commercials, that I would sleep that night in "a pretty little town." At least, let us suppose that those were the idyllic conditions on that fine summer afternoon, for they would have made the day perfect.

The hay had been mowed and raked into windrows to "cure." It was my job to rake it into cocks for loading with pitchforks onto hayracks.

Alone that day, I decided to have some fun by making an immense cock, enough to provide more than half-a-load of hay. A full load usually weighed about a ton.

The rake used then was a self-dump rake, with a row of curved tines between two wheels that were five feet in diameter and nine feet apart.⁴ It had a driver's seat on top. The horses were trained to straddle the windrows as they pulled the rake to the place where the driver "tripped" it by stepping on a pedal and causing the tines to flip up and leave the hay in a pile.

I raked hay from all directions until that cock was probably big enough to provide 10-12 minutes of pitching time for two men. Its diameter must have been as wide as the hayrack was long. It was a masterpiece of teen-ager foolish fun.

I can't remember what my brothers and my father said when they saw it. Since the oldest one didn't like to squander time he may have said I probably wasted half-an-hour horsing around; the one three years older than I, with the rivalry that sometimes prevails between brothers nearly the same age, might have mumbled that that was about what you'd expect from a dumb kid brother. My father? Well, he could have removed his felt hat, scratched his head—and chuckled quietly. He was like that. I believe he knew that fun on the farm was almost as important for teen-agers as learning how to work. I wish I could thank him for the lesson and the fun, but he has been gone for fifty-six long years.

Sources:

¹ I am aware that the Jackson-fork is still used on some Sanpete farms for stacking baled hay. An interview with Reuel E. Christensen, April 1981, provided this information.

² On April 9, 1981, I noted that the ancient coal-storage sheds used by my father and another coal dealer are still standing alongside the short railroad spur tracks. These sheds always contained a supply of coal to fill orders at any time of the year.

³ When I read this paper to my wife, she didn't know that a hay-cock is a small pile of hay.

⁴ A nine-foot rake could pick up two swaths of hay, each one four-and-a-half feet wide—the width of the cutter-bar on a mower. These are some of the exact bits of information provided to me by Reuel Christensen. My thanks to him.

FANTASIES RE-LIVED

Halbert S. Greaves
1904 Herbert Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah 84108
Professional Division, First Place Poetry

Remember youthful dreams, hopes and fears
That you have kept alive throughout the years;
Look back when old—and then, behold!
The world of youthful magic reappears.

X X X X X X X X X X

Long ago, on a morning in July,
I walked in valley meadows west of town
And saw a silver cloud rolling down
The valley floor. It blotted out the sky.
Then I set my teen-age fancy free,
And the cloud, which had enveloped me,
Became a monster—as in stories I had read—
And I pretended to be filled with dread.

In that playful mood, I closed my eyes
"Expecting" to be seized, but to my "surprise"
The monster gently kissed my hands and face
With moistened lips and left me in my place.

Decades later, where dry path met snow
On mighty weather-maker, Mount Rainier,
(As it is called by people who live near)
I watched a great fog down below
Rushing toward us up the mountain slope.
My young son, with childlike fear and hope,
Asked, as fog and night advanced: Will we lose our way
And be unable to go back by light of day?

But it moved fast to where we were and past,
And left us standing there in silent awe
As the flimsy curtain that we saw
Concealed the massive mountain from our view
While we marveled at the magic nature knew.

That was the way the valley-monster came
When rising sun beat down and kissed
The cool, damp meadows west of town,
Creating there a faint, friendly mist
To rise and greet the cloud and so proclaim
That heaven and earth together, as a team,
Can give a young boy's mind a timeless dream.

I watched it float away over fragrant fields of hay
Until it left the valley at the southern end.
But to this day I revel in the blend
Of fantasy and ecstasy I've known
For sixty years as mine and mine alone.

I could not ride the wind into the sky,
Nor, like Pegasus take wing and fly;

I could not touch a rainbow with my hand.
But I could see, feel, and understand
How beautiful our fields, sky, and land
Can be in moments such as those, too rare,
Though I was very young. But I was there
To see the silver, earth-bound cloud sweep by—
Then look up to see a blue, cloudless sky!

NOTE: I "moved away" from Sanpete twice, first in 1925, and again in 1934, after having returned to live there for more than three years between 1929 and 1934. Hence, I do not know whether the ground-cloud I have described is a fairly common occurrence. I suspect it is not.

YEARNINGS ON MEMORIAL DAY

Jenny Lind Myrup Brown
239 Hampton Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah 84111
Professional Division, Second Place Poetry

Musinia, shining mountain,
Ancient realm of the vanquished ones;
Fountain of ferned pools of water,
Home of antlered deer and fawn.
Protect old haunts and hidden pathways:
Honor distant, silent drums!

Musinia, regal mountain,
Visioned by the pioneers;
Source of strength for those who labored,
Source of life for virgin fields.
Remind me of their toil, their sorrow:
Help me understand their tears!

Musinia, white domed beauty,
Reflecting light from skies above;
Rouse once more forgotten wonder,
Guide me to my childhood home.
Stay, oh, symbol of my yearnings:
Guard forever those I love!

NOTE: I was born in Gunnison, Utah, to Linda Fjeldsted and Niels C. Myrup. Though I have spent much of my life in Provo and Salt Lake City, I have often returned to Gunnison during the years my parents were alive, and still visit there as often as possible. My yearly trip on Memorial Day is a special time in my life; this poem tries to express my feelings about beautiful Musinia, the Indian's shining mountain, and the love I have for my childhood home.

FORSAKEN

Jewel King Larsen
465 South 100 East
St. George, Utah 84770
Professional Division, Honorable Mention Poetry

The great house stands in silent disrepair;
Blind eyes focused on the past.
The battered door hangs limply on one hinge;
The once brave roof sags sadly in despair.

A metal fence that once kept children in,
Leans drunkenly against its crumbling base.
The apple tree that children loved to climb,
Its leafless limbs creak dismally in the wind.

Long years ago, a young man brought his bride,
To enrich their life within these sheltering walls;
Children came, the old house echoed with their cries;
Now it seems to sigh with grief it cannot hide.

A family once had joy and pleasure here;
Some sorrow also rounded out its time of use,
But now the young have flown, the parents gone;
Not one is left who held this house so dear.

There is no object in this world so sad,
As a once-proud dwelling from which life has fled.
Could it but speak, what stories it could tell,
Of thoughts and deeds and folk both good and bad.

Source: This poem was written about an old house that stood in Spring City when the writer was a child.

MY CUT-GLASS LUMP-SUGAR DISH

Jewel King Larsen
465 South 100 East
St. George, Utah 84770
Professional Division, First Place Short Story

As I sit contentedly in my own little home, awaiting my son Lars' return from work in the fields, I note the hand-made pine table laid with a white cloth, my cut-glass lump-sugar dish gleaming in all its splendor in the center; I gaze through the window at the growing vegetable garden, corn filling the ear, beans climbing to reach the sun, tomatoes beginning to show the first blush; I smile and remember .

My dear husband, Jens Larsen, son Lars and I, Anna Jensen Larsen, were converted and baptized into the Mormon Church in 1863 by a fine, young missionary, whom we called "Elder Mortensen," who called at our home in Støherup, Denmark.

As did most converts at that time, we yearned to immigrate to Zion; thus we sold our home, furnishings and livestock to get enough money to make the long trip. It was very hard to see strangers moving into my home—using my treasures. There was one thing I could not part with, a wedding gift from my mother: a cut-glass lump-sugar dish.

We set sail early in the year of 1864, across that wide, forbidding ocean. Soon a storm hit, battering the ship with waves as high as a tree, wind shrieking madly as it tore at our clothing. Many became ill, some died. I felt crushed with anxiety.

"Do you think we will live to see America?" I asked Jens tearfully.

"It seems that God has forsaken us".

But as we knelt to pray, asking God's help through our trouble, a calmness came over me, I knew He heard our prayers; that He loved us and would lead us safely through the storm.

After weeks of sailing, we sighted the beautiful shores of America, but little did we realize that our voyage was only beginning, that the hardest part lay ahead. We had scant knowledge of the English language and found it hard to communicate.

We traveled many miles in a covered wagon, over mountains and valleys, through cities and villages until we reached St. Joseph, Missouri. There we had to prepare for the long, hazardous trek west. Our money was nearly gone now. There was scarcely enough left to buy supplies, nothing to buy a sturdy wagon and team of oxen. There was one hope left (how I feared and wept at the thought): the backbreaking, hand-blistering hand cart.

We had no choice but to discard all unnecessary goods, and clothing to make room for much needed food. I refused to part with my mother's gift, the cut-glass lump-sugar dish, so wrapping it snugly in my extra change of clothing; I tucked it safely away in the cart.

At last we began that long, hot pilgrimage across the plains to Utah territory. Lars, being a strong, healthy boy of nineteen, did more than his share of the work, pushing the cart until his hands were raw.

One mile- two miles- I must not stop. Twenty miles- thirty miles- only a thousand yet to go. We watched our food supply dwindle and our health fail, but still we plodded on.

Jens complained of a headache, and then a raging fever consumed his wasted body. One morning I realized that my beloved husband would never live to see Zion, and that night I was forced to tell Lars, "My son, your pa is leaving us."

There was no time to mourn, I knelt once more by the lonely grave of my loved one, and then choking back sobs, I took my turn on the cart. We sang "Come, come, ye Saints, no toil or labor fear," with heavy hearts. When it seemed that our burdens were too heavy to bear, we asked God's help; then we felt His sustaining love and courage was renewed.

We ate Sego roots and berries. Sometimes Lars was lucky with a snare, catching a fat rabbit; but we even ate wood-chuck when nothing else was available. We drank herb tea, steaming hot from our campfire, said a prayer and pushed on.

At long last we reached the Salt Lake valley, only to be directed to Sanpete, over a hundred miles farther south to the settlement of Manti. We spent some time there, but Lars thought we should settle permanently at Ephraim, ten miles north where other Danish immigrants were congregating. They called it "Little Denmark." Oh, how sweet to hear our native tongue again; what bliss to reach the end of the line. Ephraim was a beautiful sight to me- We Were Home!

Lars built this small house in the south east corner of town where we have lived for the last twenty years. My bones are beginning to ache; I am growing old and my eye-sight is not what it once was, but my memory is fresh and my spirit is still young.

Lars met a lovely widow from Denmark at church last Sunday. He seemed quite taken by her sweet face and manner. Her name is Stena Christensen (a good Danish name). I wish he would marry her; he works so hard and has so few moments of enjoyment. He has taken good care of me all these years and should have a life of his own. If he should marry, perhaps I could hold some grandchildren in my arms before I die. I would love to have a daughter and I dream that someday a beautiful granddaughter will cherish my cut-glass lump-sugar dish. Who knows? They say dreams do come true.

This cut-glass lump-sugar dish is today a cherished possession in the home of one of the family members.

Source: Story told by Lars to his daughter who is the author's mother-in-law.

ONLY LOVE AND FAITH COULD DO IT ALL

Wilma Morley Despain

683 North Main

Alpine, Utah 84003

Professional Division, Honorable Mention Short Story

The preciousness of heritage is very dear, especially to all Utahans' and those of us who have enjoyed the fruited blessings here in Sanpete County.

Dear Sanpete Colonizers, All: Your unselfishness, your faith, your love of liberty, your spoked, slow-turning, wheels gave us wings to carry your "love-gift" around the world. And to those who were gone, before this gift of the Gospel-of Jesus-Christ-of- Latter-Days was carried across furnaced, stretching-plain, and over cliffed mountain peaks was carried in crucible of faith to Utah and to us.

Father Morley left his tired and discouraged (and some very doubtful) colonizer families to head a detachment trying to find a better trail through Salt Creek canyon. Another group led by 'Thop' Shoemaker went in another direction.

The wind-chill, and cruel lashings from it, were almost more than the men could bear. Father Morley even found himself doubting that Chief Walker (Walkara) had ever had that vision about white men coming to the Sanpitch. But the Chief had told it to him more than once, and the first time told it before President and Prophet Brigham Young, when requesting him to send 'Americats' (white men) to teach the members of his tribe to plant and build.

"Surely, a pagan, Indian Chief would not be able to make up the story he'd told." Walker (this is anglicized from Walkara) became very ill in 1845 and claimed he beheld a vision. He said his spirit was taken to heaven, but his body remained warm 24 hours as it lay in a lifeless state. As his spirit ascended upward, Walker said he saw a band of angels, but they would not speak to him.

After a time he saw God, who called him Panna-Carra-Quinker, which signifies 'Iron Twister'. God told him that he could not remain in heaven because he still had a special mission to perform on earth.

Many friendly white men were revealed to Walker in this vision and he saw them moving onto the land of his people. Walker was commanded to be friendly and to live in peace with these white settlers, for they would educate and make his people happy. These were the thoughts of President Morley as he climbed over boulders and brush. Falling and stumbling over the rough terrain, he murmured, "He'd better take heed to the

commands in that vision and treat us fairly, after all we've been through to try to get to his people. He must mean what he promised because he made several trips, in several successive seasons, to beg us to come. He offered virgin land to us free of charge". He was a good chief and took care of his people very well. It was his war-loving brothers, Arrapeen and Sanpitch, who worried Father Morley most.

In 1849, after Parley P. Pratt's exploring party had returned from South Sanpete, the idea of sending people to colonize there was presented to the general assembly at Stake Conference and approved unanimously.

This was when Father Morley was again called upon to give up his Salt Lake holdings and go as the leader of the thirty families who were sent to settle the first settlement south of Fort Utah (now Provo). He chose Seth Taft and Charles Shumway as counselors. It was they who objected to taking the twenty more families in their company who had just joined them at Fort Utah. Isaac knew it would strain some of their food and other supplies, yet these new families had skills and some supplies that they did not have.

Isaac dropped to his knees at this point of his reflections, praying for guidance, strength and wisdom to be able to carry on and get his people to a new 'this is the place' after all the sufferings and losses they had already had. They had already had one death and he was sure they were being followed and watched by cunning Indian warriors, very curious and hungry, too.

They had left Salt Lake October 28, 1849, with Chief Walker acting as guide, who later became a loyal and dependable friend of Father Morley and who was baptized a year later and taken into the Morley home and re-named Joseph Walker.

When neither scouting party in Salt Creek Canyon had returned as darkness overtook these weary, some almost hysterical saints, they made camp. These tired people knew the dangers that darkness almost always brought and were very worried about their leader and the other scouts who had not returned.

Something terrible must have happened to them, but soon they heard the hearty laugh of 'Thop' Shoemaker and were really relieved as Father Morley's cheerful voice rang out on the other side of their camp.

Later they found that this bitter and sleepless night for some, was the night that for the first time Mormon families had pitched tents and camped in Sanpete valley.

Early the next morning Father Morley asked Shumway to scout the trail that Walker had shown them, and he discovered Shumway Springs and suggested to President Morley they make this their permanent settlement. No vote was taken until the next day when President Morley called a council, telling them of his night-long prayers and that he did not feel satisfied that this was the right place. He had the same feeling and prompting he'd felt about using Walker's trail entirely, fearing an ambush might have been planned by his cruel, hostile brothers.

Pointing a prophetic finger to an eminent grey hill rising and jutting in the distance, he said, "There is the termination of our journey in close proximity with that hill. God willing, we will build our city there."

There was much opposition among the men, especially from his one counselor. Some influenced their women folk and said it was a poor choice.

Seth Taft gave vent to his opposition and feelings. "It's only a long, narrow canyon here. Not even a jack-rabbit could exist in this barren desert soil!" Quite a few of the saints agreed.

Father Morley, always fair, very kind and unassuming said, with great self-conviction, "This is our God-appointed abiding place, and stay I will, though but ten men remain with me." He also promised that if all would labor and prayerfully unite, they would soon see waving grain, cool streams and tall trees. "At last ..., we have been led to the promised land!" he exclaimed, and many took up the cry and chanted with him.

Nearly all were in agreement to stay because they had great faith in Father Morley's judgment. The church, only nineteen years old, was still having growing pains to get needed materials that different areas could supply.

"Hadn't Father Morley been on the front lines, passed through flames of death, maddened mobs, hardships from persecution, and hadn't he given thousands of dollars for the up-building of the kingdom?" Isaac was a wealthy man in pre-Nauvoo days, and he had been a very close friend and confidant of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Some of the newest travelers did not know how much he'd already done so that is why they kept asking these questions and repeating over and over his accomplishments as advisor to the Prophet Joseph and to Brigham Young since the Prophet Joseph was murdered. After much talking back and forth, nearly all agreed that this was his "inspired" choice and was good enough for them.

Isaac, now 64 years old (44 years older than the church), had been chosen for so many important positions because he had learned obedience and had been called to these positions by two living prophets.

After locating near a creek (later called City Creek), some still wanted to move as far south as where Gunnison, Utah, is today. President Morley still stayed with his first decision. "We behold here the stake driven by Parley P. Pratt in his exploration of this valley. This is our God-appointed, abiding place."

Most of the company felt Father Morley's spirit and considered his speech "little less than inspiration!"

On November 24th the Presidency requested every family to locate south of "Temple Hill" for protection from the bitter wind and snow that fell so fierce and deep. All but five families complied with the Presidency's request. Some did not want to carry water the 150 yards from the creek to a better-sheltered camp, but they stayed in the open to their sorrow.

In the dug-outs sculpted from the hill, the colonists were much warmer and were fairly comfortable.

Even the Indians testified that this was the worst winter ever experienced in that area. Many died and a lot of their livestock, so needed and so precious, died, too. The Indians fell upon these frozen carcasses and used them for food. This kept the savages from much hostility and stealing and begging.

The terrible frosts had turned this whole valley as brown as the hard-faced old Chief Sanpitch and his warriors. They had to scavenge for food and the poorer tribes died by the dozens from lack of food.

One blizzard after another, all through January 1850, laid such deep coverlets and blankets of snow, but did help the new-found valley-home for having water for good crops the next summer.

The snow was so deep that they could not uncover enough grass for the browsing of the livestock they did have left. Coyotes and wolves regularly attacked the weak and starving ones.

A supply train trying to come to their aid became snow-bound in Salt Creek Canyon, and Father Morley, now 65 years old, and a party of men kept going back and forth on improvised snow-shoes, all those miles, to carry enough supplies to keep his beloved fellow Saints alive.

Oh, what a debt of gratitude is owed by those of us who belong to these sturdy, industrious, faithful, people, who all this time were suffering, yet building a few buildings with nearby logs from the canyons. A school house was one of the first priorities. Education was, and has always been, so important to our people.

President Morley traveled, at Chief Walker's request, to his camp where they had suffered much death and a measles epidemic, too. Father Morley (so-called by red-man and white-man alike) gave them from their scarce medicines and food for the sick.

The thermometer recorded below-zero temperatures many times, but finally got up to 39 degrees after many weeks, and the Indians never left them in peace from their persistent begging and pillaging and threatening all through this first-winter's terrible trials!

In addition to all this, when the ground began to warm, they found they had dug-out on a veritable snake-pit! Big spotted rattle snakes crawled from this grey hill into beds, cupboards, and pantries, every available place that felt warm. They were just emerging from comatose state (their most dangerous time because they strike wherever they feel warmth and not from seeing their victims). Many of the terrible, dangerous vipers were killed, hundreds of them, hunted and killed by light of pine torches, even at night. But again the Saints were protected and not one man, woman or child was bitten.

My own little grandmother told, in her writings, of finding one lapping the cream from a precious, very scarce, pan of milk. Thinking only of no cream or butter for her hungry ones, she grabbed that viper and literally strangled it with her two work-worn, tiny, hands!

Oh, you who had suffered humiliation, insults, deprivation, deaths, driven from well-ordered and cherished homes and loved ones, driven from County to County and State to State, ... could anyone ever doubt your faith in and for the truth? Could anyone not cherish all their lives, could they abuse and take lightly and unappreciated the fragile, precious gift you carried to them over unmarked, unending miles of treacherous, barren plain and insurmountable peaks?

Can we, who enjoy the fought-for comforts and fruited, golden joys of blessings, ever repay, in word or deed your unselfish sacrifices and labors?

Could money ever buy liberty and freedom? NO, it cannot be bought but it helps support both 'life-necessary,' important privileges.

I reverently thank you, though never in this life could I repay you in enough gratitude and appreciation. I thank you again and again for my home in the mountains, for this 'granary' of plenty. I do declare my ever-increasing love and gratitude and delight for the fertile place of knowledge and culture that you helped build with suffering, dangers, misunderstandings and money that had been so hard to get.

All of my bright tomorrows, and those of any who are beneficiaries of your important part so willingly given, so these 'love grants' can continue, all depended on you pioneers.

We do bow our heads at the foot of all the edifices that bear your signatures. The lonely grey hill, that once held and gave warmth to my loved ones, the templed spires that reach into our hurtful-blue skies, the industries started at such cost here in our productive, "beehive-hum, valley. The valiant ones who served the America that you helped rebuild for us, both in military protection and all other ways.

We cannot count the ways, not in word, song, pageant, symphony, lectures, books, or legions of other ways, but we all can help record your valiant deeds for those who have not hear of your twenty six day, arduous, pain-filled, fearful journey to this valley home in Manti, named by Isaac, from one he'd read about in the Scriptures.

We live and enjoy our freedoms here in the tops of the mountains, resting in the shadow of your love, never forgetting who we are and those who have, and are still, pioneering for freedom's sake just as you did when you were forced to go. We pray that God will go with them now, again, who are striving for America in her latest agonies.

If faith in God, by those who were front-line trained for generations, can prevail and human-dignity be considered again, then we will continue to be a beacon, a haven, in many Nation's wildernesses. For in God we trust, just as you did so many years ago.

Sources: Stories written and told by word of mouth by my own grandparents and parents. *Note: Father Morley, President Morley, and Isaac all were names used to address Isaac Morley.

FLIES

Talula Nelson

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Senior Citizen Division, First Place Anecdote

Crickets were not the only pest the early settlers had to contend with—I remember rattlesnakes, grasshoppers, tarantulas, scorpions, mice, frogs, lice, mosquitoes, bedbugs, and flies, flies, flies. I remember seeing the back porch covered with flies; the walls, ceilings and screen door were black with the creatures. They would filter through the old screen door which hung loosely on its hinges. The cat hole was an easy way to get to the place where it was warm and smelled of food.

As the nights became colder, the kitchen was filled with flies. The ceiling was black, windows were a favorite roosting place, and partly opened cupboards invited them inside. When a drawer was opened a cloud of the pesky things greeted the opener in the face. They spilled over into the living room and bedrooms. It was impossible to sleep after daylight; babies and sick people had to be covered with mosquito net.

Women would arm themselves with towels, dish clothes, or aprons. They would pull the blinds down to darken the room and start to drive the flies from the house. The corner farthest from the door was the starting place. They would shoo and swing their weapons until they came near the door. Someone would swing the door open and the rush was on. After this the house would be fairly free of flies for a few hours.

Dinner time was a family cooperation—plates were placed on the table upside down, sugar and butter dishes were covered. Two or more children would each get a long willow with leaves and wave them over the table as the food was served. It was no surprise to see a fly dive into the soup or gravy; a spoonful of food along with the fly was considered enough of the contaminated food to discard.

Long strips of sticky fly paper were hung from the ceilings. Fly catchers of all sorts were tried with varied success. Not until fly spray was used, corrals were moved out of town, firm screen doors were tightly hung, and the cat hole was plugged did relief finally come. Now the lonely flyswatter is the only reminder of the pesky fly.

I CURED THE ITCH PAINFULLY

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Senior Citizen Division, Second Place Anecdote

During a summer vacation while I was in high school, I herded sheep on a Sanpete mountain range which contained several ponds for watering sheep. The dams that formed these ponds needed fixing, so a man was sent to my camp with a team of horses and scraper to help me repair them. He did not bring a bedroll, but slept with me, according to the prevailing custom.

My bed-partner scratched himself frequently. One morning he rolled up his sleeve, showed me red blotches on his arm, and announced, "I believe I have the seven-year itch." This gave me a shock, and my body instantly started itching.

I soon had evidence that I had indeed contracted the itch. This was only a short time before I was to return home to start school, and I worried that I might infect my family with it. So I planned to cure this malady.

When I left for home on horseback, I took along a can of diluted Kreso sheep dip and some wool from an old quilt. Along the trail I stopped at a beaver pond and took a good, soapy bath. Then I soaked the wool with sheep dip and gave myself a thorough rubdown, and let the dip dry.

My skin tingled, then began to burn and turn fiery red. Then I realized the dip was not properly diluted, but was so strong it burned me painfully, especially on the tender parts. Riding was painful, so I walked most of the way home.

The dip treatment cured the itch. I arrived home smelling like a freshly-dipped sheep, but I was happy that my family was not exposed.

The strong smell of dip soon faded, my burned skin slowly peeled off, and my life happily returned to normal.

Source: Painful recollections of the author.

SHOES

Lucile K. Allen

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Senior Citizen Division, Honorable Mention Anecdote

Did the pioneers have shoes? Yes, they did have shoes—comfortable, well fitting shoes.

When new villages were being established throughout Utah, craftsmen were called by church authorities to help with the industries of these new places. One such man was Daniel Allen. He not only helped in building the town of Manti, but he was called to help in many other towns in Utah. He lived in the Twelfth Ward in Salt Lake City, Big Cottonwood, Provo, Manti, Pleasant Grove, Parowan, St. George and Escalante. His business in Manti was one block west of where the Center Ward Chapel now stands.

Brother Daniel Allen tanned the first leather in Utah. He was very skilled in the art of tanning leather and in making harnesses and boots and shoes. He moved to Manti in 1854, built a tannery and followed the business there for one year. He then sold out to Warren Snow.

Daniel was small in stature, but his size did not in any way lessen his ability to work. He made many shoes and boots and was praised for the excellence of his product.

A joke was once told about him, which goes something like this: "He was making a pair of boots for a very large man. One day the man came into the shop to see how Brother Allen was progressing with his boots. He looked around the shop, but could see no one; however, he could hear a muffled tap, tap, tap. Listening closely, the man noticed that the sound seemed to be coming from his boot. He peered into the depths of his huge boot and to his surprise there was Brother Allen inside, clinching the nails in the sole of the boot!"

Daniel Allen was a skilled craftsman and many people walked in comfort with their feet in the shoes he had made from his own tanned leather.

Sources: Family History

"Death of a Faithful Veteran, Sketch of the Career of Elder Daniel Allen" by Edward Wilcox.

FAIRVIEW'S FIRST FLOUR MILL

Hugh Brady

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Senior Citizen Division, First Place Historical Essay

One of the most important essentials of the Saints as they began to inhabit Utah was the matter of grinding their meager supply of precious wheat into flour. Although water power was available for each village or hamlet, there was the problem of steel for the manufacture of roller grinders, pullies, and wheels. The problem was temporarily solved by fashioning great stone Burrs (grinders) from the hard Granite stone found in the canyons near Salt Lake City.

It was springtime of 1867. The black form of the majestic "Old Mount Nebo" was dimly silhouetted against the faint eastern horizon. The jingle of one well-worn spur at his boot heel kept constant rhythm with the clop, clop, clop of the feet of his faithful animal as they struck the dry earth along the road to Nephi. The crisp air of the early spring morning was invigorating to both man and beast, so they were making good time. The CHENEY RANCH near Mona was already a couple of miles behind them.

At the end of his day's journey, the Cedar Hills west of Fairview would be silhouetted against the rapidly fading western horizon. This day would then join his many others of the past and be recorded only as a memory. The trail ahead would take him south to Nephi, thence eastward through Salt Creek Canyon. Leaving the wagon road as it turned south toward Manti at the head of the canyon, he could take the old Indian trail over the low mountains to the little pioneer settlement he was seeking. Thus he could save time; but because of Chief Black Hawk's marauding bands he had already decided to take the longer route and stay with the wagon road through Moroni and Mount Pleasant.

As Elam pondered and traveled the road ahead and its possible dangers, he reminisced about his recent conference with President Brigham Young, whom he knew so well and loved and highly respected. He had profound faith in his Prophet Leader. President Young had, in the past, counseled him to enter the covenant of plural marriage and to secure property at Mona, which he now loved and had named CHENEY RANCH. He had faith in President Young's present counsel: that a FLOUR MILL at Fairview would be a successful venture, and that it would help sustain his growing family. As he recalled the Indian problems at Cheney Ranch, he envisioned the safety of his family within the walls of the fort at Fairview. This thought gave him courage and determination. Elam did not fear the Indians for himself, but longed for the safety of his loved ones.

Upon his arrival at Fairview, Elam lost no time. The next day he visited and conversed with a number of the leading citizens of the community as pertaining to his interest. He was encouraged, favorably impressed, and without delay, he purchased land west of the village where water could be diverted from the Sanpitch River to power the mill. Upon completion of the details of his transaction, he again faced the trail to the ranch at Mona.

As he traveled the long and lonely road, his mind was busy with plans for the future. He envisioned a prosperous business and a future home at Fairview, where his family might enjoy the blessings of safety, education, and the pursuit of religious activities. Yes, he must work hard and fast while the summer lasted. He would leave the care of the ranch to his family while he would concentrate on the new enterprise.

A few days later, Elam again found himself with plenty of time for meditation and planning. With his yoke of oxen and wagon, he was on his way to Little Cottonwood Canyon, a few miles south of Salt Lake City, where he could obtain granite stone from which to fashion the BURRS for grinding the golden wheat into flour. Being a builder and blacksmith he could do his own work. On his return trip he bypassed his family to take the shorter route through Spanish Fork and Thistle Canyons.

The summer days were long and arduous as he chiseled the hard stone into shape and brought logs from Dry Creek Canyon for his building program. Quoting from his grandson, Aaron Cheney; "Grandfather (Elam) quarried out the stones and hauled them to Fairview; shaped them into burrs, making the irons and wood to fit them. He built a mill-race from Sanpitch River to the pond and excavated the spillway and built the 'overshot' water-wheel which supplied the power for the mill."

By mid-summer of 1868, Elam had built a "log house, about 250 yards southeast of the mill and brought his family from Mona to live in it."

By harvest time of that same year, the mill was ready for operation. And as the farmers threshed their wheat, they brought a portion of it to the mill where it was ground into "whole-wheat flour" and a toll retained by the miller for his service.

Elam Cheney soon became known as a leading citizen; honest, upright, progressive, and generous, he won the respect of everyone. People without wheat or money were never turned away from his mill without flour. Even the Indians received and loved him for it. On one occasion when the Indians had begged and acquired a goodly supply of flour, they went to the mill, where the miller kept a supply of sugar for sale or barter, to trade some of their whole-wheat flour for the much desired sugar. The good miller offered them flour, but they wanted sugar. "All right," said Elam, "You take the flour and I will take the sugar, or, I will take the sugar and you take the flour." To this proposition, the old Indian replied: "All time you take sugar. You no say me get sugar no time."

Within a period of eight years, Elam enlarged his building and added sifter equipment to enable him to produce the finest of white flour which could be separated into various grades.

About 1876 or 1877, Elam sold the mill to a company of Fairview men, Bishop Peterson, Ed Terry, Willis Howell, and Peter Sundwall. Thus we find that Elam Cheney was the founder of a "successful venture," as President Brigham Young had predicted.

In conclusion, the writer would like to pay tribute to this noble pioneer, Elam Cheney, in recognizing his great sacrifices, untiring efforts, honesty, devotion, and integrity in founding and pioneering this important industry of Fairview. His many blessings to the people of Fairview have never been recorded and perhaps never fully understood and appreciated. However, the townspeople have erected a monument in his honor on the City Square. His living monument is evidenced by a vast and honorable posterity.

Source: Flour to Feed Fairview (unpublished) by Hugh Brady.

History of Martha Taylor Cheney by a grandson, Wm. W. Brady.

Correspondence and personal interview with grandson, Aaron Cheney.

SCOUTING ON THE SKYLINE

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Senior Citizen Division, Second Place Historical Essay

Boy Scout camping trips were never better than those we Scouts of Mt. Pleasant enjoyed in the mountains east of town in 1920 and 1922. The five-day trips each August were filled with high adventure and great scouting activities. Hiking, swimming, fishing, nature study, games and sports, and practicing Scout lore in a choice mountain setting were thrilling and stimulating.

The first trip included thirty-two Scouts of Troop 1 – the North Ward boys - and a number of men officiating. Soren M. Nielsen was scoutmaster and Ray Riley was his assistant. Daniel Rasmussen of the stake presidency, Bishop H. C. Jacobs, and several other men assisted with the trip.

Teams and wagons to haul us and our gear to camp were furnished at no cost by Joseph Seely, Daniel Rasmussen and Amasa Scovil. We rode in the wagons on our bedrolls and tents by way of North Creek to our camp. We walked up all the steep hills to spare the horses.

Camp was set up on Hog Flat - a rich mountain meadow surrounded by a forest of spruce, fir and aspen trees. Tents were pitched on the fringe of the forest. "Pine bough beds" were made of evergreen branches piled deep, with the tender tips up to make springy and fragrant mattresses. Clear spring water, abundant firewood, colorful wildflowers, fresh mountain air and scenery, lush forage for horses, and stately trees made an ideal setting for the camp. Cleveland Reservoir furnished excellent swimming, a five-minute walk away. Log seats were placed around a fireplace circle where campfire programs were held. The camp was named "Camp Heber J. Grant to honor the Church President.

A bugle call at six each morning summoned everyone to a flag-raising ceremony to start the day's activities. These were carefully planned to promote scouting principles and provide enjoyment to all who participated.

On Tuesday a hike was made to the top of Seely Mountain.- Here we repeated the scout oath, law, and motto while we viewed the beauties of the mountains. On Wednesday we visited the Larsen coal mine and had scouting lessons on the mine dump. Everyone went fishing on Thursday and caught speckled trout in the mountain streams, On Friday we returned home by way of Gooseberry and Fairview Canyon.

Each day we studied hard to learn more about scouting and qualify for advancement in the scouting program. Twenty-five of the boys passed tests to make them tenderfoot scouts, and several achieved second class rank.

Both Troop 1 and Troop 2 from the South Ward participated in the 1922 trip. Many brought their fathers along, so there were 65 boys and men in the party. J. Seymour Jensen served as camp director, Harold Oliverson was scoutmaster of Troop 1 with Evan Madsen as assistant; Calvin Christensen was scoutmaster of Troop 2 with Marvin Anderson as assistant. Frank Bonne was chief cook, Harry Ericksen was butcher, and R. W. Weech was photographer. Additional teams and wagons were furnished by Bruce Seely, Byron Hampshire and Glair Jacobsen.

Some of the boys in the party, identified from a photograph were: Nelson Aldrich, Ray Aldrich, Waldo Barton, Willie Barton, Elvin Bills, Ray Bonne, Allie Christensen, Earl Christensen, Theodore Christensen, Robert Ericksen, Boyd Hafen, Lynn Jensen, Ray Jorgensen, James Jacobs, Ralph Jacobsen, Kermis Johansen, Floyd Larson, Evan McArthur, Chesley Norman, Arley Munk, Nathan Nielson, Edgar Olsen, Owen Olsen, Paul Rasmussen, Paul Reynolds, Theodore Reynolds, William Reynolds, John Rosenberg, Carlton Seely, Ray Seely, Theron Seely, Clayton Sorenson, Miles Sorenson, Gordon Staker, Charles Wall, Wendell Wall, Aristol White and Perry Wright.

We were organized into patrols of eight Scouts each. The patrols competed with each other in learning scout lore, in passing advancement tests, in games and sports, and in giving stunts at the evening campfire programs. The patrols were named for animals or birds. I was a member of the Beaver patrol, and we worked like the beavers we were to be the best patrol in camp.

To qualify for tenderfoot rank the Scouts had to know the scout law, oath, sign, salute, motto, care and history of the U.S. flag, and tie nine required knots. When one of the boys learned to tie the difficult carrick band knot, he danced around the camp chanting repeatedly, "I can tie the carrick band."

We also learned safety rules, first aid to the injured, signaling by Morse code, semaphore and wigwag, how to use knife and axe properly, to cook on a campfire, to read maps and to use a compass.

Forest Ranger Merrill Nielson, who was stationed at nearby Lake Ranger Station, and Deputy Forest Supervisor Serrin Van Boskirk took us on a nature hike and taught us to identify many native plants. I still remember the beautiful columbine, bluebell, paintbrush, elderberry, wild geranium, niggerhead, and the names of the trees in the forest. These men also showed us how to fight and prevent forest fires, and to keep from getting lost in the woods.

Food never tasted so good. Cook Frank Bohne and his helpers were experts at preparing camp meals. They served mutton we got from a nearby sheep herd, beans, potatoes, and all the trimmings, including gallons of Dixie molasses we spread on bread for dessert. We ate each meal like it was to be our last one.

Swimming in Cleveland reservoir was a special delight and we all swam every day in our birthday suits. Swimming races were held, and some of the boys passed tests for advancement, including qualifying for swimming merit badges.

There was one crisis. Senior Patrol Leader Theodore Christensen supervised the boys while they were swimming. One of the swimmers came running up to Theodore with tears streaming down his cheeks and cried, "We can't find Paul anywhere. He must have drowned." There was a frantic, fruitless search for the missing boy, then the boys were ordered to dress and return to camp. There in his tent, on his pine bough bed, Paul was found peacefully sleeping.

Foot-races were held daily on the smooth slope of the reservoir just above the water level, which made an ideal racetrack. A baseball game was played with the boys against their fathers, and the boys won by a small margin. We leaped and rolled and tumbled in a large sawdust pile which had been left by an old sawmill.

After supper each night everyone gathered around the campfire for a program. There were stories and recitations, appropriate talks by the leaders, and peppy stunts acted out by the patrols. But the part I enjoyed most was the lusty singing of songs. We sang patriotic songs, church hymns, and many of the lively songs from the Boy Scout Songbook. We always bellowed forth our favorite ditty, which ran something like this:

HO FOR THE SLUM

(Tune: I am a Utah Man, Sir)

When you've hiked a half a hundred miles your legs begin to shake,
And your stomach caves together with an awful empty ache,
When you pull up by the campfire in the evening with your chum,
There's nothing does the business like a pot of steaming slum!

Chorus: Ho for the slum, boys! Mulligan tra la la la,
It sticks to your ribs, boys, tra la la la la la la la.

Throw in a hunk of bacon and the laces from your shoe,
A bottle of sarsaparilla and a pound or so of glue,
Rice and bread and breakfast food, a cherry and a plum,
Season it with castor oil and you'll have a bully slum!

Chorus

Throw in a chunk of meat boys, potatoes cold or hot,
Grab a piece of sweitzer cheese and chuck it in the pot,
Jelly, beans and pie crust, prunes and spearmint gum,
Stir it with a crowbar and you'll have a bully slum!

Chorus

Someday I will be old, boys, my hair'll be falling out,
My joints will all be squeaking with rheumatiz and gout,
However that may be, boys, the day will never come,
When I fail to do my duty by a pot of steaming slum!

One night after taps had been sounded by the bugle, a piercing scream came from one of the boys. When he crawled into bed, one of his bare feet had landed on a clammy, wiggling salamander. But the excitement soon died down, and all that could be heard was the clanging of distant horse bells and the whirring of nighthawks.

The only casualty was suffered by Scoutmaster Soren Nielsen. He rode his horse "Cap" to round up the horses to prepare to return home on the last day of the first trip. He rode too close to another horse, which kicked him so severely that a bone was broken in his foot. So he rode home in a wagon with the boys, and Ray Riley rode Cap home.

Everyone loved these trips and profited from them. Even now they are recalled with deep feelings of pleasure and loyal friendship.

Source: Personal recollections of Theodore Christensen, William I. Barton and the author.
Mt. Pleasant Pyramid, August 13, 1920
Improvement Era, October 1920 p. 1057-1060 and October 1922, p. 1059-1060.
Photos

WET vs DRY IN GUNNISON

Merrill Peterson "Died July 11, '81"
Gunnison, Utah 84634

Senior Citizen Division, First Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Gunnison was the last town to go dry in Southern Utah and many of the old timers are still talking about those days. As a result, Gunnison was a prosperous city and also a populous one. People from all parts of Utah were attracted to Gunnison. They came from near and far, by buggy and horse, train or car - if they were fortunate enough to own one. There were three hotels with meals and lodging, two cafes, two livery stables, and three saloons, all filled to capacity every day. I was a "newspaper boy" for the Salt Lake Tribune at the time, and I'll never forget the Trib called Gunnison (population 1,000) "Little Chicago."

Why was Gunnison the last town in the state to go dry? I have heard a lot of pros and cons during my recent research. Gunnison had been "wet" before this time. Those that wanted the sale of liquor by the drink were called "wets"; those that were against the sale were called "drys." It was up to the local population to decide. One had to be at least 21 years of age to vote to determine whether Gunnison City should have saloons and liquor by the drink for the next year or so. This was a hotly contested election. Politicians were busy getting the "dry" voters to vote "wet." Some of the "wets" had to be sobered up to get them in shape to vote "properly." Some of the "dry" voters tried to vote in both districts and on both sides of the street. Many wagers were made on the outcome of the election.

According to the Gunnison Gazette, December 15, 1916, and from other records, the last election for wet or dry in Southern Utah was held in Gunnison on June 29, 1915. It was a tie. There were 163 votes cast for and a like number against the sale of liquor by the drink.

The recorder of Gunnison City recorded in the minutes: "By proclamation of the Mayor, Joseph Christenson, be it duly posted July 7, 1915, that said city limits of Gunnison City be dry."

This action by the City Council brought a lot of contention from the "wets." Marinus Beauregard, contestant for the "wets," brought suit against the City Council: Marinus Beauregard contestant versus Gunnison City Council, to-wit Joseph Christenson, Mayor, John M. Knighton, Axel Modeen, Moroni Childs, E. L. Swalberg, and W. H. Gribble, councilmen, and Neil Sorenson, City Recorder. The case was tried before Joseph H. Erickson, Acting Judge. No defendants of Gunnison City entered in the case, except the defendant, E. L. Swalberg. After the Hearing, the case was decided in favor of E. L. Swalberg and against the contestant Marinus Beauregard.

It was then appealed by the contestant to the Supreme Court of the State of Utah on October 16, 1916. The Supreme Court reversed the decision of the District Court and demanded a new trial.

In the new trial, E. L. Swalberg filed a stipulation in the case, consenting the case may be heard on December 4, 1916. The result of the election was hereby set aside, vacated, and annulled. The headlines read: THE TERRITORY OF GUNNISON CITY IS WET!

But while the trials were going on, Gunnison was dry. That was from October 1, 1915, to December 9, 1916. After all other towns in the State had dried up, Gunnison was still wet for a period of 60 days. That made Gunnison the last town in the State to go dry. Gunnison was really "Little Chicago" then, when no one could buy a drink in Salt Lake City anymore. On February 8, 1917, Governor Simon Bamberger signed the Prohibition Bill for the State of Utah.

Source: Gunnison Gazette

Gunnison City Council minutes

Court Records at the Sanpete County Court House

Personal recollections of the author

Note: The author finished this article for the "Saga" contest just one week before he passed away, March 28, 1981.

WESTERN SAGEBRUSH

Vernon F. Larsen

3981 Fruitvale Avenue

Oakland, CA 94602

Senior Citizen Division, Second Honorable Mention Historical Essay

There have been songs and stories written about the purple sage, but if you have never seen it, smelled its sweet odor or sampled its bitter taste, you will never appreciate the true nature of Western Sage. It is native to Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada and Northern California. In some desert places it flourishes as the only living plant.

Explorers, pioneers and travelers walked through it, rode through it, smelled and made bonfires with it. Its leaves and tiny flowers seem to lend a purple hue to the distant landscapes. Nevada is proud to be called "The Sage Brush State," and has adopted it as the state flower.

There is evidence that the Indians used sagebrush for medicinal purposes. Mormon pioneers made similar use of it. They gathered the blossoms and leaves, dried and stored them in cans. These would be brewed into a strong tea. It was a bitter concoction, but was used for fevers, colds, headaches and various ailments. My grandmother claimed sagebrush tea was a "cure-all" for many illnesses. She used a concentrated solution of it to dye cloth.

It is pleasant to crush a stem of sage and enjoy the tangy odor and fresh spiciness that lingers on your fingers. This evokes memories of a pleasant stroll through the sage and wild flowers on a warm spring morning in the foothills of Mt. Pleasant.

When we lived for a while in Chicago, little did we realize the absence of the odor of sagebrush until, on the way home to Utah, we passed into Wyoming on the train, and the breath of air we caught was redolent with it.

Pioneers used to say that an abundant stand of sagebrush meant good potential soil for farming. If that were so, then the twenty acres of undeveloped land east of Mt. Pleasant that my father bought was exceptional. The brush was two to six feet high, but the terrain was very rocky and had the appearance of being at one time a glacier deposit. The brush must be cleared and the rocks removed, in order to grow crops on this land.

From a railroad salvage yard, Daddy bought an old iron rail about twelve feet long. It weighed several hundred pounds. He fastened chains to each end and hitched up a team to pull it. As -46- the horses dragged the rail over the field, it pulled the sagebrush up by the roots. Once in a while the rail seemed to bounce up and would then leave large accumulated piles of sage brush. This process was called "clearing the land." But other procedures were required. The piles of sage must dry and then both brush and rocks be removed, before the land could be plowed. Rock fences still outline some sections of farm lands showing how ingenious farmers were in making good use of otherwise worthless rocks.

But our essay concerns only the sage. Removal of the piles of dried brush was accomplished in several ways. First was to haul large loads on a hay rack and store it in our yard at home. Some piles were left in the field to be hauled into town later. It seemed such a waste that some were destroyed in the field with large bonfires.

The stack of sagebrush at home served many and varied uses, not the least of which was to start fires in the kitchen stove each morning. Wood and coal were always stored by the stove, but there was also the sagebrush supplement. A little supply was available in one side of the wood box. Each morning the fire box would be filled with four layers of flammable material, including crumpled pieces of paper from Sears Roebuck catalog, a nice layer of fine sagebrush with its crisp dry bark, covered by pieces of dry wood and then topped with a layer of small pieces of coal. When the paper was lighted, a roaring fire resulted immediately. The dry sage seemed to be the important ingredient.

Several farm tasks each year decreased the size of the sagebrush stack. These included fires for making laundry soap; cooking tubs of culled potatoes for cattle feed; making brine for curing fresh pork and heating tubs of water at pig-killing time to assist the butcher in scraping bristles from the carcass of the animal. In each of these processes the old iron tripod played its important role, as did the large Wash tubs. The tripod (a circular iron frame) was arranged and supported about twelve inches above the ground with its three iron legs. A tub was placed exactly level on the frame of the tripod. I remember seeing Daddy use his carpenter's spirit level to see that the equipment was level. The water in the tub needed to be brought to the boiling point. I remember bringing armload after armload of sagebrush to fuel the fire under the tub. The brush burned rapidly, but there was plenty to keep the fire ablaze. The burning sage emitted its distinctive odor and scented the entire area.

The cooking potatoes became soft and mushy for cattle feed. The brine made from rock salt and water would be tested with a raw potato to check its concentration as it boiled. When the potato floated, the brine was ready for curing the meat. The mixture of fat and lye had to be boiled until its consistency was ready to be poured into vats for cutting into bars of soap.

In those early days at home, sagebrush was our handy, economical and almost inexhaustible source of energy. Our extravagant use of it did not interfere with the national economy.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE OF YESTER-YEAR

Leo C. Larsen

Mt. Pleasant, Utah

Senior Citizen Division, First Place Personal Recollection

As the correct amount of the "New & Improved" laundry detergent, manufactured by Procter & Gamble, was measured into the automatic washer, I asked myself, "I wonder how and when this giant corporation first began operation?" This opened the flood gate, and childhood memories of long ago came rushing to the present. I recalled the first commercial laundry soap I had seen. It was a sample box that Procter & Gamble had placed in the new electric washing machine that had been delivered to our home a quarter of a century ago. Then my mind flashed back to still earlier years when as a self-sustaining family, Mama made our own laundry soap.

Soap-making at our house was usually a late spring, once-a year operation. As a lad it was my assignment to assist my brother in preparing for this important day. Early in the morning we took the blackened wash tub, hanging on a nail on the side of the granary, and set it on a steel tripod which Papa had fashioned out of a discarded steel wagon tire. This was merely a round iron rim a little smaller than the bottom of the tub. It had three legs about a foot in length which permitted a fire to be built under the tub to heat the contents. After this was all in place, a supply of fuel was needed. This we took from our year's supply of kindling that was neatly stacked in the wood shed. We placed it near at hand to be used when all else was in readiness.

Mama then assembled the ingredients needed. This included all the unused lard, kitchen grease and other animal fat that had accumulated during the winter. She carefully weighed it and then measured out the correct amount of water and other ingredients. Then she warned us kids to stand back. Apprehensively we watched as she opened the correct number of cans of Rex Lye and carefully poured them into the tub, constantly and gently stirring as she cautiously mixed her special recipe for home-made soap. Then the fuel was placed under the blackened tub and the fire was lighted. The contents of the tub must not fluctuate in temperature. It must not boil too vigorously, nor it must not be allowed to cool. Constant stirring and frequent skimming was necessary to assure that the end product was smooth, clear, and without foreign matter. It was a long, cautious process.

After hours of careful attention, the solution had become the correct consistency, which was thick and "gooie," and Mama said with a sigh, "It's done! We'll let the fire die out, cover the tub, and let it stand overnight."

The next morning the tub was removed from the tripod and turned upside down on a four foot square board, and the solidified, but soft, contents removed. This was cut into squares and set on a board in the sun to cure and dry.

As a reward for helping Mama, she let us each autograph a bar of soap by scratching our names in one of the squares. To us it was as great an honor to have our names "engraved" in a bar of Mama's home-made soap as to have had it chiseled in a slab of marble.

When the soap was dry, it was boxed and stored ready for use on the weekly Saturday wash day. It was my assignment as a lad on that morning to grate a bar or two of this soap into a powder. To do this I used a gadget Papa had made which was a discarded rolling pin with a piece of galvanized tin nailed around it that had been punched full of holes with a large nail. This was placed on a frame with a hopper over it and a crank

attached to turn the cylinder. The soap was placed in the hopper; and as the soap came in contact with the sharp edges of the tin, and as the cylinder turned, the soap was grated into powder similar to today's "New & Improved" detergent and was easily dissolved in hot water.

These and many other recollections rushed through my mind as I stood watching this "New & Improved" detergent do its duty. I wondered if, in truth, it was any better, or even as good, as Mama's home-made soap of long ago.

I wondered again, perchance did a "Johnny Procter's" mother and a "Billy Gamble's" mother pool their resources and expertise in soap-making and form a company to make soap for other people which later became known as Procter & Gamble? If Mama had done this, I wondered what the name of Mama's company would have been. But even so I would emphatically say today that Mama was the "Procter & Gamble" of OUR FAMILY of yester-year.

Source: Personal recollection of the author.

MANTI GREEK IN RETROSPECT

Conrad Frischknecht

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Senior Citizen Division, Second Place Personal Recollection

I grew up on the banks of Manti Creek near the mouth of the canyon. I think of the creek as consisting of watershed, surface stream flow and subterranean underground flow to the swamp. The creek, like Mother Nature, nourishes life. I think of her as feminine. Most of the year she was calm as a babbling brook, but after a heavy rainstorm in the early part of this century she could be a destructive, rip-roaring hellion. That's what she was the day I first remember her.

That was in the early 1890's when I was about four years old. As I stood watching the flood, three men on horseback came up the canyon road. Finding the sturdy low-slung bridge deeply submerged, they hesitated. Then I saw the most dare-devil act that I have ever witnessed. Choosing the slightly protected lower side of the bridge, they plunged their mounts into the torrent. Thanks to good horseflesh they made it across the stream and continued up the canyon. At about that moment a hornet or drowned-out yellow jacket stung me on the neck. Bawling I ran for home, bare feet splashing the soft mud.

Scared as I was of floods, I am still a little puzzled to know why I got close enough to a flood to get dunked in it. It happened shortly after the sedimentation dam at the mouth of the canyon was built. There was a flood and my brother, Wilford, and I wanted to see what was happening at the dam. We entered the area through the earthen spillway. The reservoir created by the dam was brim full. We stood watching the nearby whirlpool created by the outlet tunnel capture small pieces of driftwood. Suddenly the wetted bank where I stood gave away and down I went into the muddy water. I resurfaced where I went down and clutching my brother's outstretched arm I climbed out. I didn't want my mother to know how careless I had been so on the way home I talked Wilford into sneaking dry clothes from the house. I changed in the cow shed.

At Manti in the 1890's, two cow herds were driven to pasture daily. The herds were made up of milk cows and some dry stock. One herd was driven to the cow range which was located at the end of the Brigham Field Lane. The other was made up in the upper part of town and was driven into the canyon. We kids who did the herding were paid at the rate of 10 a head per day for any neighbor's stock. We had lots of time to play. On warm days we would shed our clothes and get into the water. When the current became strong enough to

carry a single boy downstream we would hold hands, forming a chain with two tall boys, Ed Jensen and Elmer (Gus) Anderson, on the ends of the chain.

In pioneer times there were no regulations governing the use of the watershed. It was free and open. William Henry Peacock used to drive his band of brood mares into the canyon in February. Till the new grass grew, there was dry bunch grass below the ledges on the steep sunny slopes. Sheepmen jockeying for position drove their bands of lambed-out ewes into the canyon before the feed was ready.

The inevitable result was extremely heavy runoff at snowmelt and destructive floods following heavy summer rains. Before the sedimentation dam was built, high water carried heavy loads of sand and gravel to the first point where the creek bed flattened. As the channel filled, there was serious flooding. The city hired men with teams and scrapers to keep the channel open. Because stream flow was highest at night, it was necessary to work nights. Some of the men wore hip boots; others, including our neighbor, Hyrum Dennison, waded in the icy water in work shoes. That activity gave rise to the unsightly hump just west of the new high school.

The watershed provided considerable work. One of my first jobs on the forest was helping Francis M. Cox dig up small spruce trees. These we planted in what was then the barren triangular tip of the cemetery. How tall those trees have grown!

My most poignant recollection of Manti Creek dates back to June 14, 1906, the day that Neils Rasmussen was drowned in it. He had been hired to keep the divider of the two creeks free from driftwood. Accidentally he fell into the smaller south fork. He had no chance for survival. Word of the tragedy spread immediately. I hopped onto a horse and went galloping downtown. My first stop was at a crossing near the Jorgensen home, west of Main Street, where men and boys on horseback were watching the stream for a corpse. After an unsuccessful pause, we rode on to lower observation points. West of town we were stopped by a barbed wire fence that crossed the creek. As we watched, a body hit a submerged wire and was flipped into view. If my memory is correct, it was Henry Mackay who rode into the stream to recover the body.

High water flow was not all bad. Excess water made it possible to cultivate more land. Sanpete was known as the bread basket of the state at that period in time. I recently read that one unprofitable shipment of wheat grown in Sanpete was made to Liverpool, England. One evening when our family was out for a buggy ride, we counted 21 stacks of unthreshed grain on a single farm on the east side of the highway between Shand's Knoll and Ephraim. Production on that farm today is skimpy because of water shortage. Shrinkage in the water supply resulted in abandonment of the highline Patton and Madsen ditches.

Actually there is less good land available at Manti now than at the turn of the century. The swamp has been creeping outward. Acreage on both sides of the railway track, a short distance north of Manti, has changed from first-class land to swamp. The reason for this change is not entirely clear, but it may be due to increased subterranean flow to the swamp due to changed management of the watershed.

And what will the future of Manti Creek be? Much of the vegetation on the watershed is of poor quality. Future population pressure may make it economically feasible to eradicate trash vegetation that consumes precious water and to substitute profitable species. Then, too, geneticists may be able to splice the genes of highly nutritious plants upon those of swamp grasses.

Experience tells us one thing: whether the creek behaves like a beneficent, grand old dame or a holy terror will depend on how wisely the watershed is managed.

FROM PORKER TO PORK

Vernon F. Larsen

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Oakland, CA 94602

Senior Citizen Division, First Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

I remember it well, my ninth birthday, November 8, 1915. *Our* neighbor walked slowly up the path to our house carrying a twenty-two rifle in his hands. As children we were frightened of guns, and had been taught they were dangerous. Then we remembered what had happened last year and was about to happen again. Daddy was prepared. He had dug a large hole in the back yard and built a wooden platform in front of the wagon shed. He had brought our wooden barrel from the granary and placed it in the hole, leaning the edge onto the platform. These preparations were in anticipation of this day when one of our pigs was about to transformed from "porker to pork."

The neighbor, a professional butcher, carried two sharp knives together with ropes and pulleys that Daddy called a "block and tackle." He said that with this equipment, any man could lift heavy objects by himself. He called it "mechanical advantage." The neighbor had a cup-shaped device with sharp metal edges. It would be used to scrape the hair off the pig. Because the hair was bristly and hard, it would have to be soaked in hot water. Daddy had prepared for that, too. We got the often-used circular iron tripod, filled a laundry tub with water and set it on a sagebrush fire. The tripod held the tub about twelve inches above the ground, so there was ample room for a blazing fire. The water must be boiling by the time our butcher needed it.

During the summer Daddy had insisted that the pig be fattened, so each day a double portion of wheat bran was added to his regular diet of skim milk and kitchen leavings. The pig got real chubby. Now the daily chore of feeding an extra pig would be eliminated, but it offered little comfort. We disliked what was about to happen. As we hid in the house we heard a sharp shot. Daddy said this was necessary so that the butcher could drain the blood from the animal.

Soon I ventured to the wagon shed. There was the pig lying on the platform. The butcher had placed hooks into each of its hind legs and was dunking it into the barrel of boiling water. He dunked it in, pulled it out, dunked it again, and finally determined that the bristles were softened sufficiently. He used the cup-like scraper vigorously and soon there appeared a clean white carcass.

It was then that the butcher hung one of the pulleys from the block and tackle onto the cross-beam of the wagon shed. He fastened one end of the equipment to each hind leg of the animal and began pulling on the free end of the rope. I then understood what "mechanical advantage" meant. He easily raised the carcass from the platform to a free-hanging position. I felt tiny as I stood beside the huge animal. It towered about two feet above me and its head nearly touched the ground.

As the butcher took one of his sharp knives and made an incision into the front of the pig, I ran into the house. When I returned, many things had happened. The insides had been removed and the butcher was washing the pig inside and out. I became interested. By removing the backbone, the carcass was divided into sections. These included the two hind leg cuts that when cured would become hams, the two front legs to become what we called "shoulder meat", and the two large side pieces which would become bacon. From each side of the carcass the ribs were separated, later to be enjoyed as spareribs. The pig's head was severed and lay ready for special use. All these parts were then placed on a large table in the granary where the work of processing and preserving would begin immediately.

The first job was to trim the surplus and bumpy portions from the large sections. These pieces would be used for sausage. The fat was placed in a container to be "rendered" into lard. Even though it was November, it was necessary to begin at once to cure the six larger sections for winter use.

First the meat must be saturated with strong salt brine. The brine was made by heating a tub of water over an outside sagebrush fire. Several pounds of rock salt were added as the solution boiled vigorously. When a potato would float on the salty brine, the solution was ready. The wooden barrel (so important in our life) was thoroughly cleaned and brought to the cellar. The six pieces of meat were packed into it. We used buckets to transfer the brine from the tub to the barrel. The meat was completely covered and must remain so for days until each piece was thoroughly saturated.

Now to make the sausage. The meat scraps from the trimming process were put through a meat grinder. Mother let me turn the grinder while she inserted the meat, always careful that her fingers did not mingle with the scraps. The ground product was mixed with salt, pepper and sage, ready now for the stuffing process. The end of a cleaned intestinal casing about an inch in diameter was stretched over a little hornlike fixture. The meat was pressed through the horn into the casing. As it began to fill, the meat was pressed still more firmly into it. Yards of one-inch diameter tubes appeared. About every twelve inches, the long tube was twisted in such a way that links were formed.

While the sausage was being made, the pig's head had been boiling in our large copper boiler on top of the kitchen stove. When it was thoroughly cooked, the head was removed. The meat was separated from the bone and put through the meat grinder. It was mixed with salt and pepper and placed in round twelve-inch pans. A dinner plate was pressed on top of each pan and a heavy flat iron put on top to press the meat into "headcheese."

The pleasant task of sharing some of our "goodies" with relatives and friends began. In each of several gift packages, we enclosed some sausage links, a piece of liver, some headcheese and a portion of fresh spare ribs.

I don't know how my parents knew when it was time to remove the pork from the brine barrel. It was lifted from the brine, loaded in the wagon and transported to grandma's "smokehouse." Grandma did what she called "custom smoking" of meat for the community, earning extra money for this service. The smokehouse was a tower like structure about twelve feet high and six feet square. It was built on a rock foundation and was constructed to hold fire to produce smoke. The meat was hung carefully on hooks inside the smokehouse and the top was closed. A fire made of dry apple tree limbs was used to produce smoke that saturated the meat.

While the smoking process was going on, we returned home to "render the lard." The copper kettle was filled with fat scraps that had been trimmed earlier from the larger sections of pork. The contents were cooked until they were rendered. The crystal clear grease was then poured into half-gallon cans, and when cooled, it became snow white lard. This was used in recipes calling for shortening. Sometimes we used it on bread instead of butter. When it was fresh and properly salted, it really was quite a tasty spread. Townspeople often came to our house to buy cans of this lard for their use.

When the smoking process was complete, we removed the pork from the smokehouse. It was light brown and had a tangy inviting odor.

We were conservative in our use of pork. It was not healthy to eat too much. The fatter portions of the side meat (bacon) were used first, as were the fat sections of the large pieces called "shoulder." When these were gone and winter came, we began to use the choice lean meat from the hams. I guess this is what was meant by eating "high on the hog."

Our family found that this "porker" and a second one, produced adequate meat for the entire year. It lasted through the next summer and into fall. During the summer, we would be fattening other pigs for the next year. We were now more keenly aware of what it meant to go from "porker to pork."

Source: Personal recollection of the author.

FACTS AND FICTION ABOUT SANPETE'S JULY HOLIDAYS

John K. Olsen

Ephraim, Utah 84627

Senior Citizen Division, Second Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

I remember the way we celebrated the Fourth and Twenty-Fourth of July before Ephraim's first automobiles, owned by Mike Hermansen and L. M. Olsen, came to town. In those days most folks stayed within a few miles of home for want of ways to travel. Each community had its own brand of celebration. Everybody thought it was their patriotic duty to properly celebrate these two holidays, and they tried hard to 'fail not.'

Community pride stimulated a celebration in even the smallest towns of Sanpete. Around the turn of the century it seemed that the main moving force to get plans started was a well-advertised celebration in Salt Lake, or Provo, or even Ogden. Excursion trains carrying passengers would travel to these cities from various areas of the state.

I remember how excited we local kids were when Ephraim decided to put on real big celebrations on these July days. Always, we boys made our plans to attend from early morning to time for chores at night. We did not want to miss one bit of excitement and had to be present for all happenings: the parade, the meeting or program, the races, pulling matches and even the afternoon dances. We had saved what money we had been able to earn, and the popcorn, homemade root beer, and candy pieces were enjoyed enthusiastically.

At the day's close, after a wonderful day of enthusiasm and participation, we trudged homeward or rode with our parents in the buggy, a two-seater (which had lost its white top) pulled by my father's pride ... two bay mares. We were tired but happy as we wearily fed the chickens and gathered the eggs, milked the cows, fed and watered the livestock, ate bread and milk for supper and finally tumbled into bed.

All workers on farms and in town were given the day off from working on these days—that is, all but the sheepherders. They were forced to stay on the job because there were, according to reports at that time, a half million sheep in Sanpete County. The ranges were overcrowded and there was quite a bit of stealing of livestock. The fact of the matter was that there were more men and boys tending sheep than in any other line of work.

I remember some of the things that happened and a few of the stories of what the herders did to get to the celebrations. These two holidays were hard for most sheepherders to pass up. The following inscription was carved on an aspen tree in Fairview Canyon:

John Briggs

July 4, 1899

Lonesome as L

At 1 p.m.

Chased by a bear

Not so lonesome after all

In Ephraim Canyon, along the old Ephraim-Orangeville road was carved:

Joseph Poulson

July 24, 1899

This name was found carved on twelve trees in the same area. About a mile up the road was another carving on no less than fourteen trees:

Wilford Rasmussen

July 24, 1899

At the time, the "Kesko" cattle were summered (grazed) on the west mountains and thousands of sheep, also, Sanpete cattle and sheepmen used both the east and west mountains on which to run their livestock during the summer. Sheep were herded on the west desert in the winter. To find range for the sheep and cattle in the spring and fall were our most trying times.

While our cattle were grazed on the west mountain, one July 3rd, a shepherd came to Wales and told Henry Lamb of cattle thieves he had seen on the mountain. Lamb asked Hy Coats, who at times resided in Chester next to the John H. Seely ranch, if he had heard about the thievery.

According to a story told by Clive Coats of Gunnison in 1934, Hy had arranged with Andrew Peter Olsen (Kesko) to investigate the matter of thieves on a trip to the mountains planned for July 4th. On this trip they met Henry Lamb, who asked Kesko, "What do you think about all the cattle thieves on the west mountain?"

Kesko replied, "If you boys would stay home there would not be any thieving."

There were several versions of the same story afloat about the east mountain, too. One story was that three strangers were seen driving a large bunch of cattle, some of which looked like "Kesko" cattle, somewhere near the old Ephraim-Orangeville road, where it crosses the top of the mountain. Perhaps the thieves were headed for Joe's Valley.

When the story was told to Kesko, he never let on that he had heard the story before, "but listened very earnestly to their story and then thanked them sincerely for their interest in his cattle and promised them that he would send two of his boys to the mountain the next day (July 24) to investigate the matter. Upon hearing this, the herders said, "If your boys see our sheep will they kinda bunch them for us?"

I was one of the Kesko boys who was sent on this trip. When we returned to the valley that evening we reported to our father that we had not seen the thieves nor any of the cattle. We had not even seen any cattle tracks. However, we had seen two herds of sheep without herders, so we had obligingly remembered the herder's request and had bunched both herds together.

Another time I talked to two men from Wyoming who spent the 4th and 24th of July at the Ephraim celebrations. They were from Lone Tree, Wyoming, and told me about the 'shootout' they had had with the sheepmen of that area. Now they had the Wyoming range, but did not have the money to buy the cattle to stock it. Thus, they decided to go to the Arizona Strip and buy a small, mixed herd of cattle and then spend the summer trailing them back to Wyoming. I have no doubt in my mind, that by the time they had crossed the valleys, ranges, and mountains between Arizona and Wyoming, their herd was much larger than when they had begun their trek.

As I remember back to my younger days, those holidays that came in July attracted everyone as 'honey draws flies.' Holidays at that time were hard to come by, so they were enjoyed and appreciated. We really looked forward to them, for they broke the monotony of our hard farm labor during the summertime.

Source: Personal recollection of the author.

DANCES IN THE STERLING SCHOOL HOUSE - 1899

Rose McIff

Sterling, Utah 84665

Senior Citizen Division, First Place Poetry

When you played the fiddle for the dances long ago,
Every foot-heel kept tapping to the rhythm of the tow,
And the swirling skirts and flounces, if you had an eagle eye—
(It was one I cultivated)—a glimpse of ankle you could spy.
All musicians need some priming, with a little mountain dew!
Then the dancers yelled for favorites—and yes, you called them too!
With "Allemande right, and allemande left, and then old dosie-doe,"
The chicken hopped in and out to the fiddle and the bow.
All it took was one loud call
From Eric or Elmer, "Balance all —
To the Gents promenade once and one-half" —
Our feet's give out, but we won't quit yet.
Sand tables made the bed for our babies now to sleep,
And a grey-haired grandma or two—
fixing vittles and stealing a change to dance
When the coffee was set to brew!
But the fiddle and the bow kept the music sweet
And the calls were answered by willing feet—
The moon went down and the sun came up soon
And folks scurried for chores to do before noon.
But they sang a little tune as they went their way,
With an "allemande" to chickens and a "dosie" to the hay.
The milk sang a tune as it splashed in the foam—
And the dancers and the fiddle and the bow went home.

Source: From the history of Elmer W. Ludvigsen (1880-1976)

DO YOU EVER REMINISCE?

Hugh Brady

Route #1 Box 82

Downey, Idaho 83234

Senior Citizen Division, Second Place Poetry

As I sit in the dusk of eventide,
My mind in reflective mood,
I live again the joys of youth
And the days of my childhood.

Do you, dear friends, ever reminisce?
And let your thoughts retreat
To the paths of youth and yesteryear,
You tripped with nimble feet?

And as you sit in your easy chair
With feet cocked up just so,
Do you recall how you used to dance
Some sixty years ago?

As you hear the North wind whistling,
And you know it's cold outside,
In your memory can you hear the sleigh bells,
And the laughter of those who ride?

Do you remember the old dance hall,
And the Drug Store across the street,
The gang on the corner singing,
My Adeline so sweet?

With its rocks and ruts and sand,
The high Spring seat of that old wagon
As you rode to the Shepherd's Land?

Now wouldn't you like to be young again,
And meet your dear old friends,
To live again, the joys of youth,
And believe that fun never ends?

Now you who are old and gray like me,
Who live so far away;
Don't dear old Sanpete memories,
Call you all back home to stay?

Source: Personal recollections.

HOMESTEAD PRIORITIES?

Alvin Barlow
Provo, Utah 84601
Senior Citizen Division
Honorable Mention Poetry

The conflict grew as our children grew
Between the corner lot where-in the sandbox stood
And flower beds we planted there close by.
We thought they would be compatible with our little brood.

We soon found our tender hearts could not deny
The little ones the happiness they found
With furry kittens from our neighbors' surplus stock
Or the joy in coaxing home some shaggy hound.

The sand flew high as kids and pets romped happily
The flowers bruised and trampled as the fun went on.
We never dreamed the day the plot would stand there empty
After all the little ones had played their games and gone.

Young unschooled parents, learning as we went along,
Reluctantly gave up the flower bed.
We allowed the new generation their priority
And watched their sun-bronzed faces bloom instead.

A pause of summer, the flowers bloomed again.
Then came the grandkids through the garden gate.
Wise grandparents, seasoned now with life's experience,
Resolved the conflict; again the flowers had to wait.

We laughed, and laughter echoed laughter,
As barefoot they built castles in the sand.
I close my eyes in retrospect and see
The imprint of a little foot or hand.

We wept, silent tears that wash the soul,
As quietly we tried to keep the hurt inside.
So much we loved about the old homestead
Seemed to die the night that grandma died.

The sandbox?
Well no one comes to stir and toss it now
Except an occasional summer wind or rain.

The conflict?
Resolved now in the lonely corner lot.
I guess I'll plant some flowers once again.

BUCKSKIN GLOVES

Theodore A. Christensen
371 Eudora Street
Denver, Colorado 80220

Senior Citizen Division, First Place Short Story

Day dawned bright and clear on the Andrew O. Madsen farm as his son, Evan, and I hitched Queen and Prince to the front running gears of the farm wagon on which, the night before, we had tied securely several hundred pounds of rock salt. We had been assigned the task of hauling salt to the summer range.

Of course, this would be more like a holiday for us and a welcome relief from the back-breaking job of weeding the sugar beet field all day.

Perhaps one of us could have handled the assignment to haul the salt, but Uncle Andrew knew his boys. This would be a great experience for us because we enjoyed working together, since we were more like brothers than cousins. My Uncle might even have been the original author of the buddy system used so universally.

Within two hours we were in the foothills. Our pace slowed considerably as we began to climb the steep road into the mountains. One could hardly call it a road—a trail, maybe. That is why we had used only the front running gears of the wagon. In places the trail was very steep and rocky, and we were glad we had two heavy work horses to do the pulling. Frequent rest periods for the horses lengthened the travel time, and it was midday before we reached the slopes of "Tow-Head," the name given by the early Danish pioneers to this bald prominence in the Wasatch plateau framing the border of the Sanpitch Valley.

Experience gained over many summers of grazing cattle in these mountains had dictated the strategy now used in locating the "salt-licks" high on the mountain side, because it forced the cattle to graze up and down the grassy slopes between the salting grounds at the top and the springs and creeks at the bottom where they watered.

During our descent, after unloading the rock salt, we stopped at Cold Spring to eat our lunch. Paradise couldn't be more beautiful and peaceful than this sylvan retreat, and Evan and I took full advantage of it before we headed for home.

It wasn't until we were safely back at the farm and the horses were unhitched, watered, fed, and curried, that Evan discovered he did not have his leather gloves. He was crestfallen. Where had he lost them? They were not ordinary gloves. They were real, honest to goodness buckskin gauntlets with leather fringe and brass stars. And besides, they were his Christmas gift from his Dad.

Uncle Andrew, the wise man and good that he was, reasoned that the most logical place the gloves would be was at the spring where we had eaten our lunch. So, he excused us from another day of work in the sugar beet field and sent us back to the mountains to find the priceless gloves and to teach us a lesson as well.

Golly, two holidays in a row. Wow! How lucky can you get? But this time the transportation would not be the same. We would ride double on the oldest, most gentle horse on the farm. He was a work horse so there would be no saddle. We would ride him bareback. We mounted, Evan in front and I behind, and started out on a trot. But that gait wouldn't last for long. The old horse (I have forgotten his name) didn't know how to lope, only how to walk and trot. We soon slowed him down to a walk for our own comfort. The weather was perfect: cool canyon breezes blowing into our faces. By comparison, we asked ourselves, what would it be like in the beet fields by now, especially with a hoe in your hands? (Well, you get the picture.)

Before the sun was too high we were in the scrub-oaks, then in the aspens and finally in the pines. And, about noontime, we found our little spot of Paradise again beside that cold spring of water. Everything was just the same as we had left it the day before. Yes, even the gloves were there on a rock ledge above the

spring where Evan had placed them. You have never seen a more excited and happy young man when he slid off that horse and bounded for the spring and his gloves.

A lazy hour sprawled out on the grass beside the spring, eating the lunch which my Aunt Rozina had prepared for us, would prove to be the "icing on the cake" before that adventurous day would end.

But you can't loll around in luxury all day when you have evening chores beckoning you to get moving, and a hot August afternoon for you as soon as you emerge from the cool comfort of forested canyons. Mounting up, we turned old "What's His Name" towards the valley for our long trek home with Evan's hands safely ensconced in those priceless gloves.

Do you know that riding downhill, without a saddle, is a lot tougher than riding uphill? Well, it really is, as we found out before our day was ended. As soon as we left the cool shade of the canyon, the hot sun began beating down on us as if intent on cooking us alive. By that time, too, the back of that old horse seemed to be getting broader at every step, and we were sure we would likely be split in two, right down the middle, any minute. Finally, when we realized that we had gone through all the punishment we could take in one day, we dismounted from our upright position, then remounted, but in a semi-prone position on our stomachs, with Evan's head and arms hanging down on one side and mine on the other, with our arms around each other's legs in order to balance so we wouldn't fall off. We had tied the bridle reins around the horse's neck because he knew the way home.

It seemed a much longer ride home, but riding at a slow gait, we were safely home in a couple of hours. Neither of us had fallen off the horse in spite of our precarious positions, and considering everything, we were not too much the worse for wear. However, that evening we did prefer standing to eat supper.

The highlight of the whole experience was to look on Evan's radiant face as he displayed his precious buckskin gloves to the family. The gloves were like the prodigal son. They were lost, now they were found.

Source: Recollections of the author.

THE DEAF SHEEPHERDER

John K. Olsen

Ephraim, Utah

Senior Citizen Division, Second Place Short Story

The 'teen years,' 1910 to 1920, have often been called 'those good old days' because that was the time when most ranchers in the livestock business were making money hand over fist in such epidemic proportions as to be called 'more wants more.'

The Olsen Livestock Company, whose place of business was listed as Ephraim, Utah, was one of the many ranch outfits that caught the fever. Their 1600 acres on the floor of Sanpete Valley (one of the best livestock counties in the world) was not enough. They needed more room, another ranch in a better location; and they needed it NOW!

After looking at ranches in Grass Valley, Rabbit Valley, Long Valley, Castle Valley, and Burnt Fork, Wyoming, we (the Olsen Livestock Co., of which I was a stockholder) settled for Hoop's Meadow, a 555-acre, fenced cattle ranch. This land was bare of all improvements except a one-room log cabin built to the square.

Hoop's Meadow is located nine miles southwest and above "Post Office," called Lone Tree, Wyoming. It is not in Wyoming, but just over the Utah-Wyoming state line in Summit County, Utah. The real advantage of this area, spoken of as the Henry's Fork, was that it was strictly 'Cattle Country.' No sheep were allowed. This was a result of an agreement between the ranchers and the sheepmen in the Henry's Fork area after a Shootout in the 1890's.

We started out on our 'dream ranch' with cattle. Soon we had increased our acreage to over 1,000 acres of owned land and two sections of leased state-owned land. In our land buying was the Whipple ranch which was located about four miles east of Hoop's Meadow but on the Wyoming side of the state line. Albert Whipple, the sole male heir to the ranch upon the death of his father, was killed in the cattlemen-sheepmen Shootout.

After about four years, two of the ranchers changed to sheep. The next year we stocked our layout with sheep. Then, leaving only twenty head of cattle at the ranch, we trailed the others to Sanpete, via Vernal, Duchesne, Colton, Schofield, Oak Creek, and Fairview.

Our dream ranches now proved to be a real nightmare, because none of the owners wanted to live on them. For this reason we were forced to employ a foreman who brought his family with him to the ranch, and naturally he wanted to be at the ranch headquarters at least once each day.

One day this foreman (that's what those guys that operate the other fellow's ranches are called), wrote me that he had employed a real good sheepherder, in his early thirties, clean-shaven, alert, friendly, intelligent, and with many abilities. Only this sheepherder was deaf.

I thought to myself, a deaf sheepherder in that cattle country which is loaded with both two and four-legged coyotes, just doesn't make sense, nor would he be a profit-making possibility. I must go to the ranch at once. The next afternoon at Lone Tree I told the foreman I was going up to the sheep and would be back to talk to him in the morning.

I found the new herder at his camp and introduced myself. His answer was, "Oh, you are one of the big moguls. Just call me Dave."

To this I replied, and at the same time turned partly away to look at the sheep, "No, let's say I am an interested owner who can still herd sheep."

"Mr. Olsen, you will have to look at me so I can see what you are saying." It was then I discovered that Dave could read lips if there was sufficient light. My suspicions as to Dave's abilities were beginning to disappear, but what about the coyotes out there in the dark?

Dave seemed to be following my thinking, for he asked, "Why don't you stay in camp tonight?"

I informed him that this was my intention and when finally we were in bed, Dave said, "We'll leave the lamp burning so I can see you talk. Remember to turn toward me ..." The day had been rather long and I was tired. Soon I dozed off to sleep and Dave put out the light.

Toward morning it happened. The dog let out a bark and then came the coyote howl. Almost before I could get myself awake, Dave was out of bed. He grabbed his loaded gun, stepped to the door, and fired two shots in the direction from which the howl sounded. Then all was quiet.

Dave lighted the lamp and I asked him how he could hear the coyote. He smiled as he answered, "I heard both the dog and the coyote by vibration."

Now, if I hadn't gone to Lone Tree, a distance of 600 miles, from and to Ephraim, I would still have my doubts about a deaf sheepherder who heard by seeing and feeling. I would never have believed this special skill could have been accomplished, but it was done. To this day I marvel at Dave's abilities and talents.

THE BORROWING

Ruth D. Scow

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Senior Citizen Division, Honorable Mention Short Story

Peter Munk and Eunice Ann Brown were married on November 24, 1868. The reason for their being married so late in the fall was that the Black Hawk War was still in progress. They had planned an "Endowment House" marriage but they had to wait until the Sanpitch Indians had settled in their winter camp. By this time of "late" fall, there were five couples who wanted to have the 'knot tied' in the proper manner. As a small wagon train they started out, each boy with a team of oxen and a wagon to make the trip (five days) to Salt Lake City. At night the girls slept in two of the wagons and the boys took turns standing guard in case of a surprise raid.

On the return trip the matter was different, as each married couple had their own wagon and team. Upon arriving in Manti, Peter and Eunice Ann made their home with Peter's folks. During the winter Peter built a one-room rock house at what is now (1981) 502 South Main. Later he added a rough, lumber lean-to onto the south side of their house.

Medicine was hard to get in those early days of settlement, and while they were in Salt Lake, Eunice Ann and Peter had bought a package of tea to go on their cupboard shelves to be used in case of stomach sickness or an occasional headache. After moving into the new house, Eunice Ann found that 'tea' caused an unexpected problem.

Mrs. Hansen, a neighbor, just loved a cup of tea of *at* morning, and every few days a knock would come on the Munk door. Upon opening it, there stood a Hansen child, saying, "Please can we borrow enough tea so Ma can have a cup to relax on?" or "Only enough for a cup. This morning Ma is not feeling too well." The borrowing continued every few days, and the amount in the package kept getting smaller and smaller.

Eunice Ann consulted Peter about what was happening to their tea supply, and they decided to take their tiny savings and buy one pound of tea and label it "Mrs. Hansen." Soon came the usual knock and, "Ma feels so poorly, she thinks if she had just one cup of tea she could start her day." A teaspoonful was borrowed.

At last came the day when the new pound of tea was all gone. As usual the knock came. "Ma needs just a bit of tea. She has such a bad headache." Eunice Ann went to the shelf and returned with the empty package. She said, "Tell your Ma she has borrowed herself out of tea. When she returns the pound of tea she has borrowed I will be glad to loan it to her again."

There were no more 'knocks' of an early morning and the borrowing of tea never occurred again.

Source: As told to Ruth Davenport Scow by her grandmother Eunice Ann Brown Munk.

A BEAR STORY

Norma Smith Wanlass

125 East 2nd North

Manti, Utah 84642

Non-Professional Division, First Place Anecdote

Back before the Wasatch Plateau east of Sanpete Valley was designated as a National Forest (1095), the early settlers of the area depended upon the mountains to graze their cattle and sheep during the summer months. There was no private ownership recorded, but for the man who arrived first there was squatters' sovereignty. On Lemon's Bench, near Swen's Springs, there was anxiety and worry when the cattle owners found that a bear was killing their calves. No amount of guarding or stalking its trail revealed the culprit, and finally the cattlemen sought help from pulpit and pub.

One tipsy imbibor of the juice listened thoughtfully while others offered their solution to the problem.

"I'll get yer bear," he boasted, "if you'll gimme \$2.00 and the bear skin."

"How're you gonna do that when a perfeshenal tracker hasn't seen hide nor hair of the beast, be he brown or black?" unbelievers questioned.

"As I see it, brown or black makes no difference. All bears like honey and I aim to take some a those whiskey kegs over there and punch spikes slantwise from the outside to the inside around the keg. Then I'll put honey in the kegs, and when the bear sticks his head in and tries to back out, the spikes'll stick in his neck and he won't be able to get out."

"I sure wouldn't a thought of anythin' like that," one listener offered.

"It's so simple, it might work," another mused.

"Well, if you ketch that killer bear we'll give you \$2.00 and throw the hide in, too," the cattleman promised.

When his plans were completed, the social outcast informed his employer and they started up the canyon on their quest. They set the kegs out and early the next morning they checked them, but to their disappointment there was no bear with an oak head. He had stuck his paw inside the kegs repeatedly and licked the honey off until it was gone.

There was just one consolation. The bear had been so busy all night long that he had forgotten to kill a calf.

Source: A story told by a herder for the Cattlemen's Association, Robert Johnson, of Manti, Utah.

SARAH'S SONG BIRDS

Eardley Madsen

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Los Angeles, CA 90045

Non-Professional Division, Second Place Anecdote

It seems a bit inaccurate to say that Sarah walked into the classroom. I rather think she 'flowed in,' because each step brought the flesh forward in a harmonic curve that ended in diminishing ripples as she arrived. Her 'no nonsense' policy was proclaimed by the sheer size of her arm, and words were quite unnecessary to maintain discipline. On her arrival, the noise level dropped to a vanishing point. The sobriquet

"Sarah Fat" seemed well deserved or, at the least, descriptive. I looked at my skinny arms and then at hers, and wondered about growing up. Intimidation must have a great deal to do with size.

It was Sarah's music class, however, that left its mark in my nervous system. She loved to sing, and she liked boys and girls who could sing. My introduction to the mysteries of two-part harmony began when she divided the class into two groups, which she called Bluebirds and Robins. A special class for Canaries, the fortunate few who could sing a solo part, was for a future time.

Sarah's ability to divide the class into Bluebirds and Robins was demonstrated with the precision of an electronic computer. With a dispatch that brooked no middle ground, she assigned the students here or there as befitted their talents as 'Bluebird' or 'Robin.' Indeed, the feeling came over me that one of life's desirable goals was to be one of Sarah's Song Birds. But to my dismay there were two of us left over. With a thumb under her chin she mused - we were certainly not Bluebirds, nor Robins. In a flash she had it - we were Crows! Her announcement of this new group increased my bewilderment. How could she use the raucous squawk of a crow in a song? The answer was not long in coming. After arranging the Bluebirds and Robins in appropriate positions, she pointed a reproachful finger at the door. "The Crows will go out into the hall and close the door until the class is over."

Now, I have no quarrel with letting the punishment fit the crime, but in this case it did not serve as a remedy. I am still a Crow!

A SIGHT TO BEHOLD

Elizabeth Jacobsen Story

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Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001

Non-Professional Division, Honorable Mention Anecdote

In the early days before the turn of the century and up until 1903, the sheep owners and cattle owners of Sanpete could graze their flocks of sheep or their herds of cattle on the Wasatch Plateau east of Sanpete County absolutely free. Then in the winter they would move the herds down from the mountain pastures to the East Desert — or to the West Desert. The West Desert was Jericho where most of the Mt. Pleasant livestock were taken. The sheep were herded by young men from Mt. Pleasant, some of whose families owned the livestock. It was a pleasant job for a young man to spend his summer on the mountain and to have his own horse and sheep-camp wagon, with a white canvas cover for his shelter and, inside, a stove and table and bed.

Each herder had his sheep dogs to help him control the herd. In the morning there was much work to be done and also in the evening to get their herds bedded down for night time, but in the afternoon there was time for the herder to spend as he pleased while the sheep were resting in the shade of the trees. Some boys rode their horses, some rested and some spent hours foolishly carving names on the lovely white barked Aspen trees with their pocket knives; but there was one boy from Mt. Pleasant who did not waste his time or talent. Each afternoon he got out his paints, brushes and turpentine and painted lovely things — birds, trees, horses, small animals and his dogs and sheep and the lovely mountains and streams. Then at the end of the summer when it was time to bring the herds west to Mt. Pleasant and over to the West Desert, they all came with their sheep-camp wagons down to the valley.

Some wagons and herders were not needed on the Desert. Many of the camps were left in Mt. Pleasant until needed again in the springtime the next year.

The young herder I most admire was the one who had painted lovely things on the entire space of his new white canvas wagon top. Both outside and, would you believe it, inside as well. It was truly a "Sight to Behold."

This painted wagon was pulled into the Madsen ranch barnyard, and needless to say, the artist was very proud of his work. Everyone came from far and near to see it - it was very colorful and I, for one, wish I could have seen it. It should have been saved along with many other lovely things from the past which we have lost.

BEGINNINGS OF SNOW COLLEGE: FINANCES AND PERSONNEL

Afton C. Greaves

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Non-Professional Division, First Place Historical Essay

In February, 1888, Stake President Canute Peterson called a meeting of the Bishopricks of Sanpete to discuss the establishment of an academy. After expressing their thoughts about lack of money to build grade schools for their own children, and disagreement as to its location, everyone agreed on the need. President Peterson concluded the discussion: "I am not so anxious that it should be Ephraim as that it should be somewhere, and if President Woodruff ...says (it should be) at Mt. Pleasant or Manti, I will still assist with all the power I possess."¹

Ephraim was selected. Stake First Counselor Henry Allen Beal's "Romance with Snow Academy" began.² He knew his life lacked something. He was aware of vast differences between people—some were polished and had book knowledge; and he knew this was what education could bring. On one occasion he said, "We want our young people to go to school. They need to learn how to read, write and cipher. Furthermore, they should learn the importance of dressing up; combing their hair and shining their shoes."³ Until his death on February 21, 1911, he devoted vast energy to the Academy. He helped locate the first site of the school, was chairman of the Building Committee, and after the death of Canute Peterson, was sustained as President of the Snow Academy Board of Trustees.

At a quarterly conference held at Mt. Pleasant, the Presidency of the Stake (Canute Peterson, Henry Beal, and John Maiben) and the five ward bishops (William T. Reid, James Allred, C. A. Madsen, John W. Irons, and Christian N. Lund) were sustained as a Stake Board of Education. "This Board...decided that...Society Hall in Ephraim, be used for the school, and authorized President Maiben to take immediate steps towards procuring a principal. It was decided that funds...be raised by donations of the various wards of the Stake."⁴ This would be difficult, considering the shortage of money in the area.

They acted fast—November 5, 1888, Sanpete Stake Academy opened doors to 121 students from eleven to 32 years of age, with Alma Greenwood as principal and instructor for the Intermediate Department, and Carrie Henry as teacher of the Preparatory Department and Ladies Work. The circular announcing the beginning of the Academy was four half-pages in length, including the cover. Authority was granted to give instruction in Preparatory, Intermediate and Normal Departments, defined as follows: "The branches taught in the Preparatory Department are parallel with those of Seventh Grade in the Public Schools. This course is offered especially to those who have passed the school age, and whose educational opportunities have been limited... Students graduated from the Intermediate Department are eligible to the High School or Normal Department."⁵ The Normal Course will "prepare the student for the profession of teaching; its value is equally great in qualifying for duties of life."⁶

The Academy was designed to teach what was essential to their pioneer existence, to make up for the absence of education in many of their lives, and to build a foundation for further education for the young. It began "upstairs in the building now part of the Hermansen Mill at Main and First North Street...The school room... was lighted by hanging coal-oil lamps."⁷ It was one room with a stage where shows, dances and programs were held. The stage and the large room were used as classrooms, separated by a canvas curtain. Two stoves heated the room and the stage.⁸

Hunger for learning soon made more space necessary. In 1896 the one-room North Ward School House was secured.* After it was repaired, new school furniture was provided at a cost of \$300,⁹ raised by donations. Later another room was added to serve as an office and a classroom when necessary. Still students were turned away. When the Commercial Department was begun, it was housed on the second floor of the Progress Market (west side of Main Street between Center Street and First North); the dressmaking department was on the second floor over the Ephraim Market (the east side of Main Street between Center Street and First South).¹⁰

They had found ready-made space, scattered, but usable; but finances were always a critical problem. From 1888 to 1900 the Academy was financed by tuition, assessments, and donations. Tuition in 1888 was so low it seems startling today: Preparatory Department, per term \$4.00; Intermediate Department, per term \$6.00.¹¹ During 1895» tuition served as the sole source of revenue. The five teachers willingly responded, receiving only the little tuition paid by students. Karl G. Maeser, Church Commissioner of Education, said their service would be credited to the teachers as a mission.¹²

Again in 1898 the Church made no appropriation; consequently, teachers left for other positions. Noyes, determined the school would not close, hired three 1898 graduates from the Academy to teach for a pittance—William G. Barton and Thomas A. Beal (Henry Beal's son). Barton's total salary for three years was \$1,200. His training was less than a high school education!¹³ Interesting entries from Noyes' Diary show the precarious financial condition they were in: "Through an oversight the General Church Board has not made an appropriation for our Academy," he wrote in 1898. "Teachers received only part of their pay." They sold the Academy's piano to pay John Johnson (a teacher) so he "might meet some of his *Later it was called the North Ward Chapel, pressing obligations."¹⁴ The piano had been purchased earlier that year with proceeds from a concert by H. E. Giles and an opera he produced.¹⁵ in 1900, Noyes "secured a loan of \$150 for M. E. Christopherson. He will purchase a piano for the amount and for the favor will allow the Academy the free use of the instrument this year..."¹⁶ Another time when the school was about to be closed for lack of funds, E. C. Willardson bought one of the school's pianos for \$600, and the school was able to carry on.¹⁷ Custodial work became part of the educational program. "The financial condition of the Academy will not justify employing Brother Larson (the janitor) any longer," wrote Noyes. "I will have to do most of the work. Brother T. A. Beal will make fires in the Business Department."¹⁸ According to Fannie Thompson, the students helped: "Our physical education consisted of doing janitorial work. Two girls remained after school each night and did the sweeping and dusting... The boys hauled the wood from the mountains, sawed and cut it, which was the only fuel then used, made the fires and kept them replenished, took down and cleaned the stove pipes when necessary, and helped the girls when their services were needed in moving benches."¹⁹

In spite of their financial difficulties in the bleak year of 1898 they had the courage and foresight to plan for a new building largely financed by assessments and donations of money, labor and materials. At a meeting on January 21, 1899, "the reports of the financial canvassing committee were read. The people of Ephraim have subscribed \$7,400 for the erection of the New Academy ."²⁰ The first contribution given was \$45 by the students themselves.²¹ On Sunday, March 24, 1901, President Beal suggested that the sisters of the North and the South Stakes* give the Sunday eggs to the Academy. The story has it that the hens put forth special effort on these days.²² in the northern Stake, the deacons collected weekly nickel funds—five cents from each member of every family that could possibly pay.²³

Henry Beal was on a committee to collect means from well-to-do men of Sanpete.²⁴ Principal Noyes reported that some individuals contributed as much as \$500 or more and in return a perpetual scholarship for the family was given. (Some of these scholarships were used until 1931)" Vera C. Erickson remembered that her father, Andrew Christensen, was impelled by Henry's importunity to write a check for \$500."²⁶ The Building Committee canvassed each family in Ephraim soliciting for the Academy. During one meeting \$300 was promised by those present. "I subscribed \$35, (said Noyes) the most subscribed."²⁵

Teachers and students worked on Academy grounds planting trees, removing dead ones, and leveling the land.²⁸ Bardella Beal Evans (Henry Beal's daughter) said, "As a student at the Academy from Sanpete Stake was divided into North and South Sanpete Stakes in December, 1900. 1906 to 1910. I observed my old father laboring on the campus. The "beautification of the campus was dear to his heart."²⁹

It took ten years for our forefathers to build the Noyes Building, but they built better than they knew. It has survived several general remodelings, but the exterior remains the same— simple and beautiful. I like the understatement of an entry in the Noyes Diary, "The architecture of the building is not gaudy, but the general arrangement is quite satisfactory..."³⁰ Satisfactory indeed. In my sentimental opinion it is still the most attractive and dignified building on campus.

Consider the magnitude of the achievement of those educational pioneers who had the foresight and determination to create an institution to provide for those who came after them, something they themselves did not have—an opportunity for an education.

Its reputation can be read in the lives of its graduates.

Sources:

¹Deseret News, April 27, 1963, p. 16, "Stake Leaders Agree to Locate Church School at Ephraim."

²Merrill D. Beal, Henry Allen Beal A Sanpete Valley Pioneer, p. 69, V. W. Johns Printing, Garland, Utah, 1971. ³Ibid. , p. 70.

⁴Circular of the Sanpete Stake Academy, First Academic Year, 1888-89, p. 2.

⁵Circular of the Sanpete Stake Academy for 1898-99, p. 8.

⁶Circular for the Snow Academy 1900-1901. (New name for Academy.)

⁷Snow College History and Development, prepared by: Members of the Scribblers' Club Under Direction of: Lucy A. Phillips, 1976-77, p. 73. "Mrs. Fannie Thompson - Home-coming Speech," Oct. 29,

⁸Ibid. , p. 74.

⁹Journal of Newton E. Noyes , 1896-1909, copied by B. Y. U. Library, 1954, September 19, 1896.

¹⁰H & D., p. 27. (Same source as in footnote 7).

¹¹1888 Circular, p. 2.

¹²Ross Partington Findlay, Snow College, Its Founding and Development, 1888-1932, unpublished master's thesis, Utah State Agricultural College, 1952, p. 86.

¹³H & D., pp. 82-83, Speech by William G. Barton, October, 1956.

¹⁴Ibid., May 25, 1898.

¹⁵Noyes Diary, Feb. 13, 1897 and Jan. 26, 1898.

¹⁶Ibid., Sept. 6, 1900, p. 235.

¹⁷H & D., p. 29. (Contributed by Lyman Willardson, son of E. C. Willardson.)

¹⁸Ibid., April 12, 1899, p. 144.

¹⁹H & D., p. 76, Fannie Thompson speech.

²⁰Ibid., Jan. 21, 1899, p. 132.

²¹Findlay, p. 43.

²²Noyes Diary, March 24, 1901, pp. 277-78.

²³Findlay, p. 43.

²⁴Noyes Diary, April 18, 1901, p. 283.

²⁵H & D.. p. 30.

²⁶Merrill D. Beal, p. 78.

²⁷Noyes Diary, Sept. 22, 1902, p. 405.

²⁸Ibid., April 16, 1903, p. 436.

²⁹Merrill D. Beal, pp. 94-95.

³⁰Noyes Diary, Jan. 23, 1899, p. 132.

THE BUCKEYE COOK BOOK, A BRIDGE TO YESTERDAY

Pamela Jensen

Sterling, Utah 84665

Non-Professional Division, First Honorable Mention Historical Essay

After the death of a loved one, it becomes eventually necessary to sort through the things left behind. A friend was proceeding with this task one afternoon when she found the Buckeye Cook Book. A thick, white volume, it became immediately apparent that here was something beyond price.

There was no date in the recipe book, as the title page was gone. It contained, however, recipes in the handwriting of a grandmother, Maren Hansen, of Manti. Mrs. Hansen was born in Denmark *in* 1833 *and* died in Manti in 1885. During the last years of her life, she wrote with a shaky hand, but her recipes in the Buckeye Cook Book were firmly written. A reasonable assumption is that when Maren Hansen emigrated to America in 1862, she purchased the volume in the east and brought it west. The book had possibly been in print some time before this acquisition because the illustrations have a mid-nineteenth century flavour.

Utensils represented include sad irons, milk strainers, fireplace kettles, and "one boiler for clothes, holding six gallon, with copper bottom of all copper."

Actually, the 1,276 pages in the recipe book contain an unbelievable concentration of information. There are, of course, recipes, but in addition chapters are offered on the arts of marketing, taking care of the sick, dressmaking, grooming, menu-planning, party-giving, the cutting and curing of meats (which I am copying for my personal benefit), care of "the cellar and the icehouse," and a wonderful hodge-podge called "miscellaneous." Here are a few samples from the miscellaneous section:

To prevent hinges from creaking,—Rub with a feather dipped in oil.

To prevent pails from shrinking,—Saturate pails and tubs with glycerin and they will not shrink. (Assuming they are made from wood.)

Lost Children,—Label children's hats with the name and place of residence so that, if lost, they may be easily returned.

To Temper Lamp Chimneys,—Lamp chimneys and glass-ware are made less liable to brake by putting in cold water, bringing slowly to a boiling point, boiling for an hour, and allowing to cool before removing.

A Cheap carpet,—Make a covering for the floor from the cheapest cotton cloth. Tack it down like a carpet, paper it as you would a wall, using a paper with designs and figures. Let it dry, varnish with two coats of varnish, and with reasonable usage it will last two years.

Cranberries—Keep under water, in cellar, change water monthly.

Money—Count carefully when you receive change.

Bedbugs—Destroy with quicksilver and white of an egg.

Youth is best preserved by a cheerful temper.

Zinc-lined sinks are better than wooden ones.

Regulate your clock by your husband's watch.

It was amusing to me to note that the author seemed rather discouraged with the current crop of hired "girls." She said, "in all families whose style of living demands help in the household duties, the management of servants is the great American puzzle. 'Girls' come and go like the seasons, sometimes with the weeks. The one who is 'such a treasure' today packs her trunk and leaves her mistress in the lurch tomorrow, or, if she happens to have a conscience and works on faithfully, she becomes the mistress of the house and runs the household in her own way, her employer living in mortal fear of offending and losing her.

The medical section tells us that pennyroyal tea is for colds; glycerin for chafes, burns, chapped hands or sun scalds. Jaundice should be treated with the yolk of an egg, raw or slightly cooked. Babies should not be weaned during hot weather and preferably not until after the second summer. Thrown casually in with the other hints is a paragraph containing instructions for the care of a body when death has been by hanging. "Cut down the body without allowing it to fall, place on face, press back tongue with finger to allow any accumulation to escape from the mouth..." Excuse the interruption, but yuk—and let's turn quickly to the "Art of the Toilet."

The following recipe is for the healing of complexion problems. "Blanch one-fourth pound best Jordan almonds, slip off the skins, mash in a mortar, and rub together with best white soap, for 15 minutes, adding gradually one quart rose-water...When the mixture looks like milk, strain through fine muslin." A Professor Erasmus Wilson, of London is quoted as being opposed to the practice of washing hair. He advised that it should be kept clean by brushing.

The opening paragraph of the Housekeeping section advises us that "if girls were taught to take as much genuine pride in dusting a room well, hanging a curtain gracefully, or broiling a steak to a nicety, as they feel when they have mastered one of Mozart's or Beethoven's grand symphonies, there would be fewer complaining husbands and unhappy wives."

The next paragraph cautions that the lady of the household should have a "comprehensive" understanding of household duties because "girls" are "quick to see and note the ignorance of the incapacity of the housewife, and few are slow to take whatever advantage it brings to them."

The recipes in the book are marvelous, calling for pints of cream and dozens of eggs as if the larder were full of such items, which, of course, it was. The recipe for Lemon Ice-cream begins, "To two quarts sour cream that has soured quickly, take one of sweet cream..." A little gratis information on eggs informs that Ostrich eggs have an agreeable taste and keep longer than hen's eggs. The "eggs of the turkey are almost as mild as those of the hen; the egg of the goose is large but well-tasted. Ducks' eggs have a rich flavor.

The Buckeye Cook Book is truly a treasure among treasures, and I am so grateful for the privilege of being allowed to thumb through its pages. It is not, you see, just a link to my friend's past, but to the yesterdays of each and every one of us.

MY MAMMA JENNIE'S JOURNAL

Maxine Sorenson Green

Salt Lake City, Utah

Non-Professional Division, Second Honorable Mention Historical Essay

It might be well to mention that I do not endorse or advocate the use of the recipes and cure-alls found in this manuscript. The stomachs of our dear pioneer ancestors were probably lined with rawhide, and because of the hardships they endured, the spirit could not be dented even though in illness the cure was usually not as bad as the cure.

All through life, one is constantly reminded of the role personal heritage plays in influencing and shaping the way life is lived. My mamma Jennie's collection of treasures in a hard covered notebook supplied our family with unusual recipes, bits of wisdom to live by, anecdotes, "old wives tales," and an abundance of "sure cure" remedies. Mamma Jennie's Journal is one of the priceless treasures affectionately guarded by my sister, Wanda S. Bachman, as she restores the old pioneer home in Ephraim.

At one time the "wonder cures" and "receipts," as they were called were serious business and because of our fanciful imaginations, prayers, and sincere faith in method, ingredients, and God, the concoctions seemed to perform miracles.

Mamma and Papa had little money. Instead they were endowed with nine children which required us to live a well-planned, frugal life. Dr. Nielson, the town practitioner, was not needed except to deliver the babies, unless a family member accidently broke a limb. All of the children had the round of childhood diseases. It seemed that as soon as one recovered from mumps, another would break out with measles. The quarantine sign would come down and within a few days, another would go up. Mamma used her journal and the old family doctor book as a reference. With tender loving care, she seemed to be able to pull us through our aches, pains, and maladies. If she could find the symptoms in the medical guide, she was sure to find a cure in her magic journal. For colds on the chest and tonsillitis, it was robust mustard plasters and a rag dipped in pungent coal oil, wrapped tightly around the throat. Of course an ample dose of castor oil or Epsom salts was sure to speed recovery. The "cure for croup" or "How to Whiten and Soften Hands" was entered in the journal between the "squash pie" recipe and "How to Make Picallili." Bits of wisdom were penned in wherever a small space had been available. Grandma's asthma cure consisted of soaking brown paper in saltpeter water, drying the paper, and burning it at night in your sleeping room. Watkins liniment was in plentiful use when one of papa's favorite horses came down with distemper. It was also used by family members by diluting one tablespoonful with water and drinking to cure a cold, stomachache or diarrhea.

One of grandma Sorenson's favorite receipts was titled:

"Liniment For Man Or Beast"

8 ounces pure turpentine

8 ounces best vinegar

2 beaten eggs

Shake in bottle and apply plentifully with a piece of flannel cloth until cured.

Grandma guaranteed her "Dressing for Beautiful Hair."

1/4 pint castor oil

1/4 pint beef marrow

1 tablespoon ammonia

1 teaspoon cinnamon

Rub on and leave on- the head one night, then wash off.

I was never brave enough to try it, so I'm not sure what the guarantee covered.

For Shiny Hair

Wash with grandma's homemade lye soap, then rinse in freshly caught rain water or freshly melted snow.

Summer Complaint

1 teaspoon black pepper dissolved in 1 cup cold water. Drink it fast. If this doesn't work by nightfall, try 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper. Hold the nose and swallow fast.

Common sense was important in cooking, and substitution of ingredients in lean times was necessary in order to make a meal. Lard sprinkled with salt was often spread on bread when there was no butter available. A spoonful of molasses added to the lard made a delectable and nourishing treat. The pumpkin pie recipe in Mamma's journal called for carrots if pumpkins were unavailable. It emphasized that the milk called for must still be warm from the cow. If eggs are not to be had, add 1/4 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda and whip more air into the batter. Although it will not be as toothsome, the children will not know the difference.

The Cabbage Patch-Bean Soup recipe had a humorous notation at the end. "Eating beans and cabbage together can cause an after odor for people who are inclined to be gaseous. It is best to cook and eat this food on Saturday when not going to church." Grandma's sage advice to new brides was: "Don't spend too much time primping for looks; and after marriage, you don't need books. Churn the butter, knead the bread; When your man gets home, see that he's fed."

Source: Verbal and recorded material from my mother, Jennie Blain Sorenson. Many of the items were handed down from my grandmothers, Caroline Justensen Blain, and Annie Tuft Sorenson.

PROGRESS ORDERED OUR HOUSE FOR LUNCH

Bonny Nielson Dahlsrud

Box 195

Salina, Utah

Non-Professional Division, First Place Personal Recollection (Tie)

The old house is coming down today, the shingles, beams, and all. It's called "progress" — at least the construction men said it was. I'm not so sure I like progress. It takes huge bites, and slowly chews with its mouth open wide so all can see. This house has been a home with rocking chairs, and double beds, and a varnished dining table with a large leaf for the grandkids. We even carpeted the stairs last fall in a shagged, mossy green that buries bare toes and cushions tired feet. Baby Anne likes to bounce down those steps on a pillowed diaper. She'll miss this house, unless she's too young to remember. I'm not too young. I won't forget anything about it. Not even the cellar windows cobwebbed and smudged with coal dust. The small window's cracked and has a hole from the neighbor boy's BB gun. I never liked that show-off kid. He had a strawberry cowlick, and big, yellow teeth. He's away at college now: he doesn't know our house is coming down, or how hungry progress is.

An office building with cedar walls will crowd out our kitchen. It won't smell like oatmeal cake or dumpling stew again. Instead you'll smell fat leather chairs that still squeak from being new, and a secretary's musk perfume that doesn't blend well with leather. The clank of typewriter keys and telephone talk will replace bacon's sizzle, the steam whistling from the old teapot, and the snap of fresh green beans. There'll be ball-point pens instead of forks in the drawers. For progress devours all, and never stops to wipe its mouth.

The closet where I kept my thoughts and matchbox cars will go. My Tarzan tree and pirate nook will be lapped up along with our rock garden. And progress will lick up my own name, scrawled in cement, beneath the basketball net.

Source: Author's reflections while seeing an old neighborhood home torn down.

OUR HILL

Thelma G. Burnside
Fairview, Utah 84629

Non-Professional Division, First Place Personal Recollection (Tie)

The kids in town may have had their movies and an occasional dance, but we had our hill, the most wonderful thing on the farm east of Fairview. It offered endless learning experiences and just plain fun the whole year round.

A path led from our dooryard up through the alfalfa field to the hill. A little patch of morning glories, the only ones on the entire farm, grew alongside the path. Papa was always saying he would have to get rid of them, and it made my heart hurt to think he would want to get rid of anything with such heavenly fragrance.

Our hill was just plain awesome to those of us who lived nearby. We could hardly wait for spring to come so we could begin our search through the dead leaves under the squaw bushes where tiny yellow and purple violets pushed their brave little heads up through the damp, moldy earth. A toothpick holder or a tiny discarded bottle made the perfect vase for this first bouquet of springtime.

The golden buttercups made a special gift to take to "teacher*" before school closed for the summer. A quick dash through the sagebrush just as the sun peeked its head over the mountain top gave us all of those sweet smelling cups of gold our small, eager hands could hold.

Indian paint brush grew among the sagebrush, too. And a rocky spot was the perfect garden for incomparable bluebells... so blue they blended perfectly with the blue of a cloudless sky.

Sego lilies swaying on their long stems brought to mind bedtime stories of Great-great Uncle Brigham and our other pioneer ancestors. We dug the bulbs and tasted the sweet milkiness that had helped sustain those hardy folk of not so long ago.

Larkspur, forget-me-nots, and myrtle all grew in profusion, and how we loved each smiling blossom. We gathered bouquets for the animal graveyard where the bones of our beloved animals lay bleaching in the sun. Old Sue, Nellie, the cow, and the dog with the porcupine quills in his nose...all had been a special part of our lives.

Then there was the grove of oak brush that made the perfect playhouse. We swept the leaves away from the center to make kitchens, bedrooms, and living rooms. It was our mansion, though furnished only with an old discarded stove, orange crates for tables and chairs, or cupboards to hold our broken dishes—dishes too broken to use in the kitchen at the house, but nevertheless still beautiful to us. And what a place for baking mud cakes and pies...almost good enough to eat.

One day we found a horny toad and ran fast to Papa to show him the baby prehistoric monster. We were terrified. We just knew it would grow up to become a huge dinosaur, that there were still some left on this earth, and that surely they had their beginning right there on our hill.

Papa assured us the toad never get any bigger, that it wouldn't hurt us, and that we shouldn't hurt it either because it ate all kinds of bugs and insects. We obediently took it back to its home under the same sagebrush on the hill where we found it.

There was a beautiful white lily that bloomed only at night. When we saw one ready to burst open, we'd gather around it at dusk and, as the night hawks swooped closer and closer, sit squat-legged to watch each tender, delicate petal break loose and slowly spread out into full bloom. Then, next day, when it began to wither and die, we would pick it and suck the nectar from the stem, just as we did the honeysuckle that also grew on our hill.

On extra warm days, or whenever else we were allowed to, we donned old clothes and "swam" in the irrigation canal that ran around the bottom of our hill. The ice cold water, fresh from nearby canyons, made our teeth chatter wildly until, finally we dared each other to jump in and quickly get wet clear up to our

necks.

When there was no water in the canal we walked barefoot over the polished pebbles and waded in the little pools left standing in low spots. And, of course, we always planted lots of willows. We'd break one off, stick it in the sand, and it never failed to grow.

The wild roses on each side of the canal leaned over the stream making a sort of tunnel. Water on our feet and a bower of wild roses overhead was a sweet, cool, fragrant experience to be savored again and again.

In the fall we picked the red and yellow hips left by the roses, threaded them for necklaces and made ear bobs to hang over our ears.

We didn't ever have any "store-bought" gum, but kept a supply of pine gum picked from the pinion trees. The small round smooth balls made the best kind for chewing.

We watched the robins build their nests in the low branches of the cedar trees, waited patiently for the turquoise eggs to hatch and carefully fondled the tiny birds until they left their nests and flew away. Naturally, the parent birds protested vehemently with flapping wings and angry loud chirps, all of which we ignored.

For special times, we gathered sagebrush all day long and piled it as high as we could throw it. When dusk settled upon us, we ran up the hill and set the brush on fire. The sky lit up as far as we could see, and our hill glowed in the darkness.

"Hide-and-seek" and "Run-sheepy-run" were favorite games to play until the fire died down and only red ash remained. Then came the most fun of all...sitting and talking by the last faint glow of the embers. Finally, it was off to the house to make honey candy or pop corn and play indoor games until Papa shoed us off to bed.

In the winter we sleighed down our hill and through the orchard using a dishpan or any old piece of tin we could lay our hands on. Sometimes we even tried our luck on a pair of old skis.

All winter long and into early spring, the hill continued to shower its pleasures upon us until, at last, the snows melted.

Then it was spring and time, once again, to begin picking the wild flowers on our beloved hill.

Source: Personal recollections of the author.

AN OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH

Mae Paulsen

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Ephraim, Utah 84627

Non-Professional Division, Second Place Personal Recollection

Next to Christmas, no holiday was more eagerly anticipated than our gala Fourth of July with its bellowing cannons and marching bands.

As soon as school let out and June was here, we started counting down the days. Among us girls, conversation centered on the new dress each of us would get. Would it be pink or yellow or blue? Would it be organdy or voile? Would it be trimmed with ribbon and lace? Or else, what pretty young woman would be chosen for the coveted title of Goddess of Liberty? Who would be her attendants, Miss Columbia and Miss Utah? We argued for our personal favorites.

How we looked forward to this great day? This year proved no exception.

On the night of July 3, neighbors stayed up until 2 or 3 in the morning putting the finishing touches on floats. My older brothers had gone to town and were permitted to stay up all night. My sister Lola and I got to sleep out on the back lawn. We gazed up into the heavens and watched the twinkling stars, sleeplessly

anticipating the events of the morrow. And then our heavy eyelids finally closed only to be abruptly awakened by the first roar of the cannon heralding the crack of dawn and the arrival of the glorious fourth. We listened with bated breath from that first loud rumble until the last echo faded away in the distance, only to be repeated at 2 or 3-minute intervals for the next half hour.

Now dressed in our beautiful new dresses, black patent leather shoes, straw hats with a little floral bouquet in front and a ribbon band that ended in streamers flowing down our backs, we hurried toward town, our new shoes squeaking as we walked. We must not miss the 10 o'clock parade.

The streets were already lined with people when we reached Main Street. The stores all had their little booths outside decorated in red, white and blue bunting, and were selling soda pop, ice cream cones, Mother Goose popcorn, hamburgers, hot dogs, and candy. My sister and I each had 250 to spend. For what treat should we part with our precious coins now clutched more tightly in our hands? The aroma of the hamburgers was particularly enticing. With a hamburger we would still have a dime left over for something else, or should we blow all our money on a prized banana split?

Now the parade was actually coming. We strained our necks to see between the people who were standing in front of us.

The band was playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever." We could hear the sound of bugles and the fifes and drums. First came the veterans of World War I marching three abreast, the one in the middle proudly carrying Old Glory waving in the breeze, the two on the sides their bugles held high blowing out the tune. Now the flag was passing us. Quickly our right hands moved up over our hearts, and we breathed a little deeper and uttered a silent prayer and thanked God that we were Americans and citizens of this great land.

Now came the dignitaries, our town mayor and the members of the City Council, or the City Fathers as they were often called, waving their hands profusely first to one side and then to the other to the bystanders by the sides of the road.

Next came all the beautiful floats, each one vying for the coveted prize of First Place and the \$15 reward. We watched with rapt attention as each one passed by us. One carried the Goddess of Liberty standing on a raised platform just a foot higher than her two attendants, Miss Columbia and Miss Utah. How beautiful Miss Liberty looked in her long white gown drawn in at the waist by a gold braided cord and her train following behind, with her arm stretched high holding the golden torch.

Another float depicted the land the pioneers came to with its rough hills and sagebrush. Another depicted the end of the Black Hawk War and the signing of the Peace Treaty. Then came the church floats carrying Primary and Sunday School children, showing Utah's best crop. Then the Snow College float passed, a slogan on its side saying, "The Fount of Truth and Knowledge since 1888."

On a brightly decorated float sat Uncle Sam on a box all dressed up in red, white and blue with his stovepipe hat. What an impressive spectacle he made!

Now we see the buggies drawn by little ponies, their bridles all decked up in gay colors. Following the buggies came the fringed-top carriages that carried the pioneers dressed in their native costumes: the women in their long full skirts and tight fitting bodices with pretty ruffles around the neck and sleeves, the men with their long white beards dressed in their dark suits and hats resting their hands on their pearl handled canes. How proud we were of them.

Now came the brass band, the piano player jazzing it up as they played "Yankee Doodle." Last but not least, the Indians and Cowboys passed by: the make-believe Indians all dressed up in their war paint and native costume riding on ponies, their bows and arrows in their hands, and the cowboys riding on spirited horses carried until their coats shone in the noon-day sun.

Then into the old Tabernacle to hear the special July 4th program. The moment we entered the chapel our eyes fell upon the pulpit all draped in red, white, and blue. From there our gaze traveled to the beautiful white shining beams tied in bows of red, white and blue bunting. How beautiful it all looked! The Mayor

welcomed the people and the guests who made yearly trips back to the old home town for the celebration. The town's most talented soprano sang "America," putting into her song all the love she had for her native land. The mayor introduced the speaker; he gave a patriotic talk and extolled the virtues of our great country.

Before the speaker was through talking, we were anxious to get out to the street to see what was going on outside, and to spend our last few pennies, if we were fortunate enough to have any left.

As we walked out the chapel door, we could hear the bang-bang of fire crackers as they exploded all over town. When we girls were least expecting it, some mischievous boy would throw a fire cracker at our feet. The more we screamed and the higher we jumped, the harder the boys laughed.

Now tired and weary, we trudged home for a bite of lunch and to rest our aching feet. We shared our experiences and a bit of our popcorn with our parents. After eating and resting for a little while, back to town we walked with an extra 10 or 15c given to us to spend by an affectionate older brother. To the ball game we went between Ephraim and a neighboring town. After the game was over, we turned our weary footsteps toward home, ate a supper of bread and milk and then to bed. It had been a glorious day and we were already planning for the next Fourth of July as our eyelids slowly closed and sleep overcame us.

Source: Personal recollection of the author.

SANDING THE SOCIAL HALL FLOOR

Lillian Winn Fjeldsted
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Non-Professional Division, Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

As I left the dentist's office a few years ago, I glanced up at the windows of the old Social Hall. They made me think of a dying queen, for certainly that hall had been the "Queen" of the dance halls for many years. But not now. The windows had wooden slats across them, and tattered paper patterns hung there. As I gazed upon them, I remembered the story, told to me by my brother, of how the floor of that hall was sanded.

The hall had been completed and the floor was now ready to be sanded. The men who furnished the finances for the construction of it decided to get a group of young boys to do it for them. The boys were promised a free dance for doing it.

When the day for the sanding came, between fifteen or twenty boys showed up ready to work. They were each given a block of wood the size of a sheet of sandpaper. Then down on their hands and knees they went, sanding the floor as they moved down the floor together. When their sandpaper wore out, they were furnished another one. It was some job!

When the floor was finished, it was swept and corn meal was scattered over it. Then the boys had a great time making it slick and shiny. They removed their shoes and in their stocking feet, slid up and down the floor. Some of them did it in their bare feet. They tried to out-slide each other. This is probably the only time that using this floor as a "sliding rink" was ever legitimate, although most everyone must have had the urge to take a running slide across it.

The day after the sanding was finished; a free matinee dance was given for all the young people of Ephraim. What a time they had! Hy (Hyrum) Anderson was there to teach and call the dances. He taught the waltz, the Two-Step Polka, the Virginia reel, and a Quadrille.

The music for the dance came from the accordion of Mart (Martin) Christensen. He had an accordion that he pushed and pulled with both hands. It had only one scale with a couple of extra notes, a couple of bass

notes, and two chords. There was no keyboard, as we have on accordions today, but he pushed on buttons to bring out the melodies that he played by ear.

What a memorable afternoon! That group of young people had the honor to be the first to dance in the Social Hall.

After the sanding and the first dance, thousands of people danced on that floor.

Source: This information was told to me by my brother, Lloyd Winn, who participated in both the sanding of the floor and the dance.

WARM PORCHES

LaJune B. Leishman
640 West 1st Avenue
Richfield, Utah 84701

Non-Professional Division, First Place Poetry

No one is sitting on the porch now. The old man
Is gone. He won't be back. And the people
Living in the house are too busy
For porch-sitting. The motorcycle,
Parked where the chair rocked,
Says that. Often I sat with him —
The old man — sat while sun-baked bricks
Warmed our chilled bones. Mine chilled by a
Blustery spring, his by a more permanent frost.
Sometimes we shared our porch warmth with neighbors
Passing by. "Hope it don't rain. Got all my hay down.
Or children climbing the rails.
"I'm the king of Bunker's Hill,
Come and catch me if you will."
Or the family, gathering to show the old man
His posterity. "Gonna be bigger than your dad."
When he felt like it, the old man
Talked. He talked about his father —
The one who built the porch — how he came from Denmark
With a new faith and a new love. And how,
For his faith, he walked to Manti to build a temple,
And how, for his love, he built the porch.
The motorcycle, parked on the porch now,
Is cold. I shiver when I see it.
Porches, warmed by sun and by love are for people,
Not things.

Source: Written about the porch on an old family home in Sanpete County upon seeing it as it is now and remembering how it was "then."

INDIAN CAMP

Bonny Nielson Dahlsrud
Box 195
Salina, Utah 84654
Non-Professional Division, Second Place Poetry

The crouching, chanting, brown-skinned, women pause
To brush back heavy strands of dusted hair.
One dabs stained quills on weathered skins and draws
In savage style. Another mends a tear
In beaded moccasins. Sun dries raw meat,
Rough tanning hides, and cracks the thirsty ground.
Some small boys gallop through sagebrush and heat,
Loud war whoops mimicking the eerie sound
Of battles hell designed. A withered chief
Once young, once proud, sits silent, head bent low.
He does not feel the scorching sun, just grief
And yesteryears. Some skulls of buffalo
Support the babies strapped to boards, hands curled.
Primitive cradles — A primitive world.

Source: Heart Throbs of the West, by Mrs. Kate B. Garter (Excerpts from different Indian camp scenes)

SANPETE SUMMER

Cindy Nielson
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Non-Professional Division, Honorable Mention Poetry

The sun beats down upon the field -
Shrinks water as it passes by
In the irrigation ditch
Beneath the cloudless sky.

No breath of wind with welcome cool;
Heat rays arise from the parched ground.
The farmer, in his face, concern
Scans helplessly his crops around.

Not long and it will be too late;
Not long, the summer's work for naught.
(An earlier drought two years ago
Though over is not yet forgot.)

The days grind on, with changeless heat,
Fear mounts within his heart.
Then subtle change one day is seen:
A single cloud, alone, apart,

But bringing hope - "We need the rain" -
And bringing smiles to all.
The tension dims, and life resumes
As rain begins to fall.

Source: Sanpete tradition and personal experience.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN!

Lois Brown

Manti, Utah 84642

Non-Professional Division, First Place Short Story

George stepped from the chugging, blowing train and onto the platform of the station in Manti, a tiny town in central Utah. He carried two suitcases, one containing his clothes, the other his books and medical equipment. As he looked around at the people who had met the train, he wondered just what these Mormons were like and how a small town in Utah compared to the other towns where he had stopped.

George was a young doctor from Rock Island, Illinois. He had lived near the bustling city of Chicago all his life, attended school there, finished his training at the busy Cook County Hospital and decided that he did not want to spend the rest of his life as a city doctor. So, when his medical training was complete he had packed what he considered most essential, bade farewell to his loving but bewildered family, and boarded the train going west. George's mother had always assumed that he would practice medicine somewhere near Chicago, so when he announced that he was heading west with no particular destination in mind she was horrified. He had graduated at the top of his class so the opportunities open to him were many, but he was turning his back on all his family, his friends and the many opportunities near his home and was going—west, just west.

When George arrived in Manti he had been traveling west for several months. He simply bought a ticket that would take him to some town by nightfall. There he would leave the train, find a hotel, a meal, visit the local drug store if there was one, prepare to leave on the next train and go to bed.

At a little mining town in South Dakota where he had stopped for the night, there had been a smallpox epidemic and no doctor. When people with whom he visited found that he was a doctor they begged him to stay and help them for a day, a week, a month—just to please help them. So he did. He stayed until the epidemic was over, then he left a grateful little town that would long remember the handsome young doctor who had saved them from catastrophe.

This had been the pattern of his trip west. He spent a few days, a week or weeks helping where help was needed, then moved on. His scrawled notes went home, "Dear Mother, I've been here for a week, and while there is need for a doctor here this is not where I wish to live. Love, George."

Now, here he was in Manti for the night. He inquired for a place to stay, and carrying his two cases he proceeded to Main Street and a place to spend the night. He smiled as he thought of what his small dainty mother would say if she met him. George was the same husky six-foot young man who had kissed her good-

bye, but he had let a dark beard grow and his hair was in need of a cut. His clothes were wrinkled and dusty and his bags were beginning to be quite battered.

After George had cleaned up a bit and had a meal, he walked along Main Street wondering about the Mormons who lived here and if they would be friendly to a young Presbyterian doctor from Chicago. He passed a group of young men loitering in front of a store and some of them nodded and smiled, so he turned back and spoke to them, and soon they were visiting as young men can, regardless of religion or background. Soon they all knew a bit about this pleasant young man who was just traveling west.

George had an eager inquiring mind and questioned his new acquaintances about the region. He found the young men stimulating, and they liked George and began suggesting that he stay in Manti for a while because the doctor there was getting old and his training had not included the new drugs and procedures available in 1900. George said he would sleep on it and turned away.

"Where are you going to do this sleeping?" the young men asked.

"Oh, the hotel." Doubtless some of the loneliness and homesickness was reflected in his manner and voice as he left the group, and to these young men he presented a lonely figure as he walked up the street in his shabby disheveled clothes. They talked about how they would feel if they were in a perfectly strange place, alone, living and eating in hotels, and then they went happily to their comfortable homes and families.

John, one of the men, went home too, and when he woke in the night he thought of the circumstances of this young man compared to his own. John had finished law school and was practicing in Manti and living at home with his parents, two younger brothers and four sisters, and his life was good and he was happy. How different must the young doctor feel in his drab lonely hotel room.

At breakfast the next morning John told his family about the doctor he had met and immediately liked, and how he wished he would stay in Manti, but he was sure he would not. Then watching his mother closely has asked, "Mother, would you mind if I brought Doctor home to share my room for a few days. I'm sure sleeping with me would be better than where he is. I can't help wondering how long it has been since he had a really good meal like you cook. Would you mind? I'll help you with any extra work he causes. I really like him and feel sorry for him."

"Well, he is a total stranger. We really know nothing about him, and here are all your sisters, young ladies, do you think it would be wise?"

"Maybe not entirely wise, Mother, but it would really be a kind thing to do, and I think he has some strange ideas about Mormons that need changing. He will probably stay only a day or two, and just think how much better his impression and memories of Manti and the Mormons will be if he comes to our nice home than if he remembers it from that dingy old hotel."

Now John had gained an ally, his father, who had been on three missions for the church and felt that any missionary effort was worthwhile.

"Well, yes, John, if you feel that way about this young fellow, go get him and his things and let's make him welcome."

So it was settled. John rushed to the hotel where he found George looking at the people moving along the street. "It's settled. We want you to come and stay with us for a few days. Get your bags and let's go."

George hesitated, but not for long. It all sounded too good to be true. He was missing his home and his family desperately and wondering if he had been foolhardy to take off and just travel west as he had. So he went home with John. They walked into the front room where John's father was getting ready to go to work.

"Dad, I want you to meet Doctor." This established the name that the family and the townspeople of Manti would call George. His name was Doctor.

Doctor spent the morning with John or his father in the business section of Manti meeting many of the businessmen of the town, visiting the stores and going home at noon with John to dinner. And what a dinner! John's mother had gone to great pains to prepare a meal that any young man would relish, and Doctor

enjoyed not only the meal, but also the association with John's family. The four girls had worked hard all morning preparing for this young man, and they appeared at the table looking their best in spite of the cleaning and cooking which had involved them most of the morning. Magnola (Noly) sat across the table from Doctor. She was quiet, gentle, and pleasant. Clara teased, while Blanch and Vera, the kid of the family, flirted openly with the young man.

Before the meal was over there was a quiet rap at the door, and a nervous young man asked if he could see the doctor. When Doctor went to the door, the young man begged him to come and see his son who had been ill for a long time, and the family doctor had admitted he simply could not find what the trouble was. So Doctor visited his first patient in Manti. Then came other patients, and without really making a decision he found himself involved in the health of this small town, in this family with whom he was living, with the young people who were John's and Noly's friends. He talked of moving on but everyone begged him to stay. After a week he said that if he were to stay longer he would have to make some other living arrangements. He could not "sponge" on his new friends any longer, but the entire family insisted that they wanted him to remain with them, so it was arranged that he would stay, but only if he paid as he would any place. So all was arranged and the parents were pleased and amused at the change in the girls as they vied for Doctor's attention. Their manners as well as dress improved, but it soon became obvious that Doctor was interested in one, Noly, and she simply seemed never to be at her best. She was self-conscious, blushed, and often left the room in embarrassment when she felt she was competing for the attention of the young man for whom she felt such an attraction.

The romance blossomed. Doctor's practice grew. Noly became more bold. She began to torment Doctor about how he really looked behind all that dark hair on his face. They laughed and were finally at ease with one another. Then one night when the young people were all going to a dance, Doctor said, "John, would you bring Noly to the dance? I have a call to make first and will meet you ' as soon as I can." So it was arranged.

When John and Noly arrived at the dance a tall dark haired young man approached them. It was queer; he looked so familiar, still—. It was not until he took Noly's arm and said that he claimed the first dance that she realized that the well-dressed clean-shaven, handsome young man was Doctor, and she knew what she had suspected ever since the day he moved in with John, that she was hopelessly in love. That night their future was settled. George's long trek west had ended. Manti was his home, Noly was his wife, the people of Manti were his patients and friends for the rest of his life.

Source: Author heard all parts of this story often as Noly, Doctor and John talked and laughed and remembered.

THE BISHOP'S WATERMELON PATCH

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Non-Professional Division, Second Place Short Story

Andrew ran across the newly reaped wheat field. It felt dry and prickly on his well-conditioned bare feet. Sweat dripped down his face. It was then he realized where they were and stopped short. "Hey, Chris! I know where we can find a fine watermelon patch," he said as he pulled up the one strap which held up his worn trousers.

"Andrew! That would be stealing," said Chris, forming his lips into a frown.

"Oh, they won't mind if we eat just one. I'm thirsty," said Andrew as he ran in the direction of his delectable dream.

"Wait for me!" called Chris, and his eleven-year-old legs soon leaped far ahead. Sometimes it was no advantage being only seven, Andrew thought.

At the top of the rise, there it was. Andrew had never seen as large or as many watermelon in all his born days. Chris looked around and when he was sure no one was in sight told Andrew to choose the best one. At last Andrew thumped one that sounded hollow. Chris found a large rock and the melon was dropped onto it. It burst open and they sat down to enjoy their plunder.

They had just finished the last juicy mouthful and stretched out under a large oak tree when all at once a voice seemed to come from nowhere. "Hey there! What are you doin'?"

Andrew felt the hairs on the back of his neck rise to the top of his head. There was Jim Whitlock on his black mare staring down like a cocky rooster.

"Nothin'," said Chris, his face turning bright pink.

Jim laughed. He spied the rinds scattered about and sat upright on his horse. "You're in Bishop Olsen's melon patch and I'm goin' to tell your Ma." With that he pulled up the reins, forcing the snorting horse's head high in the air. He turned and fled.

Andrew looked at Chris. The grandeur of the moment had turned sour as a pickle. Ma would be tough to reckon with, thought Andrew. She would not take this lightly.

"Let's go to the stream," suggested Andrew. Chris followed along in silence. The penny bugs were skipping across the shimmering water, making ripples as their feet moved magically along. Their movement, however, brought little wonder today. Andrew thought about facing the Bishop. Ma would surely have them make up for their crime. She had often said, "When a wrong is committed, things must be settled before the sun goes down." Andrew knew they were doomed.

After what seemed several hours, Andrew felt his stomach gnaw and growl. They continued in silence, however, until they crossed the last field and caught sight of home. The smell of fried chicken met them.

"Ma's cookin' supper," Andrew said with a sideward glance at Chris whose head was bowed.

"Ah, I'm not hungry," he said, but Andrew wasn't fooled - chicken was Chris' favorite.

"Maybe Jim didn't tell Ma after all," Andrew said hopefully.

"He told her," said Chris. He kicked the dirt and nodded toward the doorway where Ma's silhouette stood like a fearful sculpture,

Her hand whirled in a circular motion, "Turn right back 'round," she said. "You'll get no supper until you've made it right with Bishop Olsen." She disappeared through the door as suddenly as she had appeared. There was no arguing with Ma.

"Come on Andrew," said Chris sullenly.

Andrew felt his stomach hurt a little. He was sure it wasn't just hunger. "Let's play on the shale hills," he suggested, pretending light-heartedness. Chris seemed equally eager to forget the duty. The boys rolled and skipped down the incline a few times, but Andrew didn't enjoy it as much as he thought he would. "I'm hungry," he said at last.

"Me too," replied Chris. He made a design in the sand with his toe. "I guess we'd better go see the Bishop before it gets dark."

They crossed the public square through the prolific sagebrush. Andrew felt as if his heart would burst from his chest. Having Chris walk ahead helped a little. They soon came to the street and Andrew recognized the Bishop's buggy in front of his second wife, Hannah's house.

Chris knocked lightly on the door. Then he turned as pale as a pan of milk. "What if he answers?" he asked, his voice rising in pitch.

Just then the door opened. It was the Bishop himself! Andrew jumped "back several feet and his heart leaped up to his throat. "What can I do for you boys?" he asked from behind his heavy red beard.

The boys were invited in and Chris began. "We've come because, ah, well ah..." He twisted his shirt in his hands.

"Yes, what is it boys?" The Bishop looked solemn.

Chris tried again. "Well, you see, ah..."

Andrew could stand it no longer. "We didn't know it was your patch, Bishop," he blurted out.

"No, we didn't," Chris added eagerly.

"Oh, I see. You two have eaten one of my watermelons have you?"

Chris hung his head and nodded. Breathlessly, Andrew awaited the response. A big smile instantly covered the Bishop's good sunburned face and he exclaimed, "God bless you boys!" He generously patted each boy on the back. Andrew thought Chris' eyes would pop. "You've done the right thing. I am sure it was extremely difficult to come here and confess as you have done, but I promise that the Lord will bless you for the effort." Then he called, "Hannah, go down in the cellar and get these boys some melons."

Andrew felt like a hero all the way home as he and Chris carried a watermelon under each arm. He began to whistle. What a fine Ma we have, he thought. And what a Bishop!

Source: [The Hard Rich Soil](#), by A. H. Christenson, pp. 9-10,

THE BROKEN PARASOL

Lillian Peterson (deceased)

Mayfield, Utah 84643

Non-Professional Division, Honorable Mention Short Story

"Oh! My little girls, what have you been doing? Have you been up in mother's old chest, spoiling her old relics? There is my most cherished of all, broken to pieces!"

"Why, that old, faded, ragged parasol! What is that good for? Why do you cry because I have broken the handle? Look, the silk is all faded and rotten."

"Come out into the garden, dearies, and I will tell you a true story about that most cherished of all my possessions."

Long, long ago, away off in dear old Denmark, lived a fine, intelligent man with keen blue eyes and a sharp witty tongue. His broad, high forehead showed his reverence and trust in a Supreme: Being, while his genial smile bespoke the love of his fellowmen. This man's name was Peter, and he was beloved by all who knew him.

For his wife, he had a mild, sweet, lovable girl named Dorothy. She, too, was very religious, and as the little ones came to them, they were very anxious that they should know the ways of life and salvation.

When Mary was eight days old, she was taken to the Priest to be christened and baptized. For long months they had dreamed of this wonderful day. At last it came, and when the ceremony was performed, they felt that something was wrong. It did not correspond with the teachings of the Bible.

About this time everybody seemed to be dissatisfied with the teachings of their ministers and were going from one church to another, trying to find the best. This discontent lasted until Peter and Dorothy had five children.

One day their friend Rasmus came in very excited. He said, "Have you heard the news? Some missionaries from America, calling themselves Mormons, are preaching in the next town, telling the people

that a young fourteen-year-old boy has had a vision. The Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ had come to him and given him a golden book with a new religion written on it."

Peter and Dorothy became very interested and decided that Peter and Rasmus should go to the next meeting and hear for themselves. As they went, Dorothy sought the Lord in prayer and asked that they might know the truth.

So impressed was Dorothy, that she took her knitting and decided to wait up until Peter's return. About twelve o'clock he came, and a new light was in his eyes.

"Oh, Dorothy, I believe we have found the truth at last."

They sat until morning marveling over the wondrous story.

Next evening Peter and Rasmus stayed at home with the children while Dorothy and Caroline went to the meeting. When Dorothy returned, her face was radiant with new life. She had found her God. So strong was the blood of Israel in her, that she recognized Him at the first call. So thankful were they to receive the truth, that they went among their relatives spreading the glad news. But what was the matter? On almost every hand ridicule and abuse met them.

Dorothy's brother and sisters sought valiantly to rescue their baby sister from what they thought was witchcraft or a snare laid by Satan.

Soon the spirit of gathering came upon them and they planned to leave all and go to America. This enraged her brothers so much that one night they gathered a mob and came to kill Peter so that he could not take their sister into the great unknown America. As they came to the door demanding Peter, Dorothy met them and held them there while Peter slipped out the back door. But where should he go? Everywhere the mob!

Suddenly he saw the old, black wash kettle, and tipping it, he slipped under it. He was none too soon, as the mob rushed around the house threatening to kill him, could they only find him. But the Lord blinded their eyes and he escaped. Failing to get hold of him enraged them so, they broke all the windows in the house. Baby Hannah, asleep in her crib, was covered with pieces of broken glass, but not one piece pierced her little body.

From then on, it was impossible to stay in their loved home. Their relatives were enemies, their friends, and strangers. Soon their beautiful home and farm were sold. At last the packing was done and the time to say goodbye had come.

What heartaches for them all, when the children were forced to leave one cherished toy after another. Just before handing the key to the new owner, Baby Hannah ran back, grabbed up her pretty purple parasol and clung to it frantically. "Well, keep it, dear, if it will comfort you any." And so amid tears and sighs, it began its long journey.

Soon they were upon the rolling waters. All the new scenes and friends made the children forget their homesickness. Not so with the gentle Dorothy. The worry and care of the children, the poor food and the constant motion of the ship began to tell on her delicate constitution, and as they journeyed on, she became too weak to leave her bed. With sinking heart, Peter watched her decline.

All journeys end, no matter how long, and this was no exception. As they reached St. Louis after sailing up the Mississippi, word was passed that the Government Inspector was coming. This ordeal was the fear of all. It meant that the well were forced to go on, and the sick were taken to some quarantine hospital to die alone among strangers, or recover as best they could. The horror of this seized Dorothy, and begging Peter to assist her to put on her clothes, she grabbed her sun bonnet and drew it well down over her face. Mary brought her mother a bowl of broth and bread. When the Inspector came, he passed by with, "Well enough to eat. You can pass."

Poor Peter could see that our Heavenly Father would soon give her a pass into His Celestial Kingdom. Gently carrying her to her bed and calling the children, he held her in his loving arms until her spirit took its

flight. Even the solace of mourning was denied them. Everyone must leave the ship at once. Caroline and Rasmus watched and comforted the children, while Peter had Dorothy's body removed to an undertaker's for the night.

Being a stranger and overcome with grief, Peter was so long getting back that the station doors were locked and his trunks and things had not been checked and taken in. Leaving the children with his friends, he walked the platform through the long night, in a drenching rain.

Next morning Dorothy was laid to rest in a little graveyard in St. Louis.

Peter hired a horse and buggy, and took the children out to bid their mother goodbye. They surrounded the grave and knelt down, while the grief-stricken father prayed, as only one can pray who has found his Gethsemane.

After this last, sacred farewell, the journey across the plains was begun. The loss of their mother's help worked many hardships upon the children. Little Hannah was ill for a long time, and as Mary held her in her lap, upon the high spring seat, that parasol protected her little body from the scorching rays of the sun.

At last Zion was reached and a new home begun. In this home all were reared to manhood and womanhood.

One by one they left their father's house to begin one for themselves until even Hannah had left and had three small ones of her own to love.

But life is uncertain and soon Hannah lay on her death bed. Before going she gave her few treasures to her little ones.

To her namesake she gave the faded parasol, saying, "Take this, and when life is hard and hope is gone, it will be as a message of comfort from your mother."

"Oh! Mama, how sorry I am that we broke it. No wonder you cried."

"Well, perhaps it is best so. Each of you take a piece of ivory from the handle for your treasure box, that in the uncertain future it may be an ensign of hope to you."

Source: Personal writings and journals of the deceased.

REMEMBERING

Effie O. Nielson

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Judges' Note; This entry was not included in the judging because it does not meet the criteria of any of the categories, However, the judges unanimously considered it worthy of publication.

When I was but a wee small tot
We had a big house with a garden plot
We had horses and pigs and chickens too
We had cows that would stand by the gate and moo
Sometimes ole Bess would like to stray
Sometimes it was Mollie that wanted to stay
We had to get them rain or shine
Like the cows quite often we'd take our time
And dark tho it was when we got to the gate
We had to milk them no matter how late.

I liked this house with lilacs and trees
I even like our neighbor "Weze"
Her name was Louise but we called her that
She always had time to stand and chat.

In the summer our barn was clear full of hay
When Dad wasn't around we'd romp and play
We knew it wasn't the thing to do
It left only stems for the cows to chew.

We had trees by our granary where the birds would sing
We had Blue Birds and Robins and Meadow Larks too
They each had a song they were singing to you
The Meadow Lark said "Utah is a pretty little place"
The Robin said "I like this space"
The Blue Bird sang "Happiness dear"
The Black Bird said "Spring, Spring, Spring is here".

And Spring was here for sure we knew
The wind, then rain, then skies of blue
The snow was melting with mud everywhere
The smell of growing was in the air
Little rivers of water ran down our lane
All this made the Duck Spring pasture green again.

When the sun came out and would dry one spot
Out would come stilts, and Ginnie and marbles the lot

All nine of us kids would really plot
Because games at our house were seldom bought
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We'd play kick the can and run sheep run
We'd really make that ole place hum.

We'd work hard our family of nine
We were up long before the sun would shine
We picked up rocks on the dry farm so
The binder could harvest and the grain could grow
I plowed that ground with horses four
All alone on that dry farm in days of yore.

Old Alice and Doak and Florie and Don
The slightest noise and Boy! they were gone
The run aways I couldn't count
But that didn't stop us we grabbed the chance to mount.

I remember this one time we were hauling hay
My brother Perry who liked to play
Threw a turkey wing and it hit the rack
The horses jumped and I fell flat
When they heard the sound of that loud crack
Away they went bumping over the furrows
I was bouncing around like a head of long curls

I'd get up and fall down trying to get to the reins
You'll never know all the aches and pains
They ran till they came to a gate that was closed
I sat there trying to get composed
My Dad ran up half scared to death
He started to laugh but was out of breath
I was mad and crying it wasn't funny
But I soon melted down cause he called me his honey.

One other time I remember well
For my Mother for a minute it was a living hell
We were loading sugar beets the last of the day
Dad had two span of horses to pull it away
The lead span was fastened with a big long chain
So we could take them off when they got to the lane.

My Dad called out "Come on Doak"
And you know what, that darn chain broke
Away they went and came right around
Where we had all gathered and started to clown
We all scattered, but Mother ran to grab Evaneal
Ole Florie hit her and she really keeled
The horses four and the double tree
Went right over the top of that baby wee
They kept right on going across the farm
We couldn't believe they had done us no harm.
We'd ride like the wind on a clear summer day
Too short was the noon hour we had to tromp hay
Our lunch hour was spent mostly with a nap or a swim
Sometimes I'd get in trouble clear up to my chin

We'd rob bird nests, and fight and kill rattlesnakes
We'd read and embroider and dream of dates
I'd build mud houses and dress angle worms too
There were various things this family would do.

The farm had some sheds, a tin granary and all
We even had a silo tall
A house, one room, with a well so deep
Our dad would pump water for all his sheep.

My dad had a shop where time I liked to spend
I'd take all his nails and flatten the end

Sometimes it looked like a knife or a fork
To me it was a real mastery of art
Sometimes I'd fashion a real fine spoon
Now that's what we did with spare time at noon.

The sugar beets, Hum-m-m-m
We blocked them, thinned them, weeded and topped
Then over again, it just didn't stop
We worked with those things all summer long
Come fall and the harvest we were glad they were gone.

We picked up potatoes and helped thrash the wheat
We had to do it, we all liked to eat
There wasn't much we didn't do

My sisters seven and my brothers two.
We had one little brother I should mention to you
That God decided to keep on his crew
He was born in May and died in June
He really left us all too soon
He was the first of all so we knew him not
But if he had lived you could bet all you've got
He'd been right in the middle for some mischievous plot
A tease and a joker like the brother we've got.

We got our lickins Oh! yes sir-ee
But there was love and respect
Right down to the wee

Yes - I liked that house and its family tree
With all the work that a family can be.

Source: Personal recollections of the author's childhood.

HANDCART SAGA

Virginia K. Nielson
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Historical Essay

Judges' Note; This entry was not included in the judging because its subject matter fails to meet the criterion of "true happenings in Sanpete County." However, the judges considered it worthy of publication.

"Young men, my advice to you is to marry a girl from Sanpete. No matter how hard it gets, she's seen it worse!" This admonition was given by Elder J. Golden Kimball in his distinctive, high-pitched voice, as he traversed Utah and Idaho, on his Latter-Day Saint Stake Conference assignments.

Many Sanpete settlers had, indeed, experienced difficulties that had sorely tried the souls of these stalwarts in Zion. The trials of these pioneers dated years before their advent in Sanpete.

In 1855, their native lands, Scandinavia and the British Isles, were in the throes of great economic distress. Poverty was widespread. In addition, mental and physical abuse was heaped upon new converts by fellow townsmen. Even small children were stoned, rotten-egged and forced to leave school. Proselyting missionaries made fervent pleas for converts "to gather to Zion." Their intense religious zeal gave the westward movement great impetus.

There were also trials in Zion that year, with a devastating drought, followed by a grasshopper invasion. Then came the severe winter of 1855-56. Hundreds of cattle froze or starved to death. The Perpetual Immigration Fund had been reduced to a dribble through depletion of Church revenues. Some leaders recommended a cessation of foreign immigration during 1865.

President Brigham Young replied, "The cry of our poor brethren in foreign lands is great. The hand of the oppressor is heavy upon them. They have no other prospect on earth through which they can hope for assistance." He returned to a plan he had earlier envisioned —the handcart.

Without oxen to be fed, or stray, they could start earlier, and travel faster than with a heavily loaded wagon train. Word was sent abroad, "Let them come, on foot, with handcarts." The converts received the word with joy. They could travel from their embarkation point, Liverpool, England, to Salt Lake City, for \$45.00.

Most were poor; their only real treasure was their indomitable faith and courage. They rejoiced in anticipation of pushing or pulling a handcart to Zion. They realized the journey across the ocean and plains would call for physical strength and fortitude.

Five long weeks were spent on the Atlantic Ocean. Each voyager was given detailed advice, with prayer to be their watch-word. The usual events in the cycle of life continued: babies were born, marriages performed, and death was a frequent visitor. Finally, they reached Boston, thence travelled by rail to Iowa City, Iowa.

Five handcart companies departed in 1856. The first three reached Salt Lake Valley with only the expected degree of hardship and loss of life. Two later companies, the ill-fated Willie Company, who came on the sail ship "Thorton," and the Martin Company, who sailed on the packet-ship "Horizon," were delayed for various reasons. Theirs was a different story. Their leaders were Elders James G. Willie and Edward Martin.

These last companies found, to their dismay, that no word had been received of their coming to Iowa. Few tents, or handcarts, were ready. Nor was there seasoned lumber available. During a month's delay, the women constructed tents while the men labored over the carts. The fragile, hastily built, two-wheeled vehicles were the width of the wagon wheels, in order to roll them more easily in the ruts of earlier trail makers.

Some of the men were offered employment for the winter; a few accepted. The companies had great confidence in, and love for, their two captains, Willie and Martin, who had consented to lead the groups to Salt Lake City.

The handcarts were completed and the group swung merrily on their way, unaware of their rendezvous with tragedy. They were ridiculed as they passed through villages, walking and pulling their carts. The weather was delightful, the roads were good, and they were happy to be this far on the pilgrimage. They sang and waved gaily to their mockers.

The Willie Company arrived in Florence, Nebraska, on August 11; the Martin Company on August 22, merely eleven days later, but sufficient to make a tragic difference in the outcome. They paused for the final one-thousand mile journey, unusually late in the season.

The immigrants were unacquainted with this new country, and its treacherous climate. They relied on the counsel of leaders who had previously crossed the plains. All of these, except Elder Levi Savage, were in favor of moving on. He advised establishing winter quarters for this group, that contained so many women, aged, and children. His wise counsel to defer the trek, was swept aside by an eagerness to reach the Valley. These Saints had faith the Lord would protect His own, and Indian Summer beckoned invitingly.

In the beginning, there were no great difficulties. Fort Laramie saw the Willie Company on September 1; the Martin Company arrived several days later. The expected supplies were not at the Fort, so rations were reduced. A buffalo herd caused the Willie Company's cattle to stampede, with a devastating loss of thirty head, cattle that were desperately needed as draft animals and for food.

In the arid desert, the carts began to warp and collapse and the axles wore through. They were patched with strips of leather from boots and pieces of tin from their meager supply of utensils. The creaky wheels were greased with bits of precious bacon or with soap.

A plea for assistance was sent to Salt Lake City, with two fast-travelling missionaries who passed by. The two companies continued to travel about ten days apart. They grew exhausted and weak due to insufficient food, but they plodded on. In early October, winter set in. Progress was slow and soon provisions were nearly depleted. Smaller grew the allowances. Strong men became weak. Women and children suffered terribly as blizzards raged, and snow-covered mountains had to be climbed. In the face of freezing weather, a

portion of bedding and clothing was discarded, when it was needed most. The load was too heavy for these poor way-farers to bear.

Every day took its toll of lives. Graves were dug in the snow, for the frozen earth was unyielding. Fathers denied themselves food so their families might survive, but the strain proved too much for their frail bodies, and they quietly died, as a candle flame that has been extinguished. Desolation reigned.

The Willie Company found some protection near a clump of willows, and there they camped, no longer able to erect their tents or decently bury their dead, too weary and weak to move further in the ten inches of snow. The Martin Company turned off the road and found refuge in a ravine, near a bend in the Sweetwater River; here death took such a heavy toll the place was like an overcrowded tomb. They had not completely despaired, and there was still a flicker of hope that the messengers would be instrumental in their deliverance.

In Salt Lake City, it was October 4. General Conference had convened. President Brigham Young received word of the stranded Saints. He halted the Conference proceedings and took practical and vigorous action, organizing rescue parties to leave on the morrow. He made preparations to receive the afflicted ones as they arrived in the Valley. The audience responded as true Saints would.

The heroism of the rescue parties must rank among the noblest of deeds. Numerous horsemen and wagon-loads of supplies left early the next day, but met a blizzard of such proportions they became blockaded. Captain Willie, and a company who had braved the continuing storms, appeared on two worn-out horses, to inform the rescuers that if help wasn't given at once, there was no need to come at all. He guided the rescue team to his party, and then directed them on to the more sorely afflicted Martin group.

Two young men, Joseph A. Young and Steven Taylor, arrived as an advance guard of the rescuers. More welcome messengers never came from the courts of glory than these brave couriers, who brought hope, as well as pitifully inadequate provisions.

Deaths continued during the rescue of the beleaguered people. Tents were erected, but another blizzard burst upon the sufferers, flattening the coverings. Nevertheless, these people had received a new lease on life, even though one-fourth of the company had perished, and they had three hundred miles of the most difficult terrain yet to conquer. The weakest were placed in the supply wagons. Some continued to move handcarts along paths made by rescue wagons moving forward and backward to make a trail. These were later discarded.

The 433 survivors of the Willie Company arrived in Salt Lake City on November 9. The last of the Martin Company arrived on December 1; between 135 and 150 deaths had occurred. Even the rescue entailed hardships, but the compassionate aid given to these half-starved Saints gave compensation.

Wagons carried all arrivals to the Tithing House area, where loving hands cared for their immediate needs. They were then conveyed to homes in Salt Lake City and surrounding areas. Some came to Ephraim, Moroni, and other towns in Sanpete, where they remained true to the faith all their days.

Surely there is no parallel in history that is filled with more devotion to a cause. These "visible Saints" helped carve out a new civilization. What a priceless heritage, what a magnificent legacy is ours.

God bless their memory.

Author's Note: Martin's Cove, a hollow at the foot of some cliffs near the Sweetwater River, where the immigrants sought shelter, has since become part of the Sun Ranch. This is invisible from the road; cows now graze and drink there.

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The J. S. Peterson hearse The hearse was used in Gunnison Valley from about 1900-1930



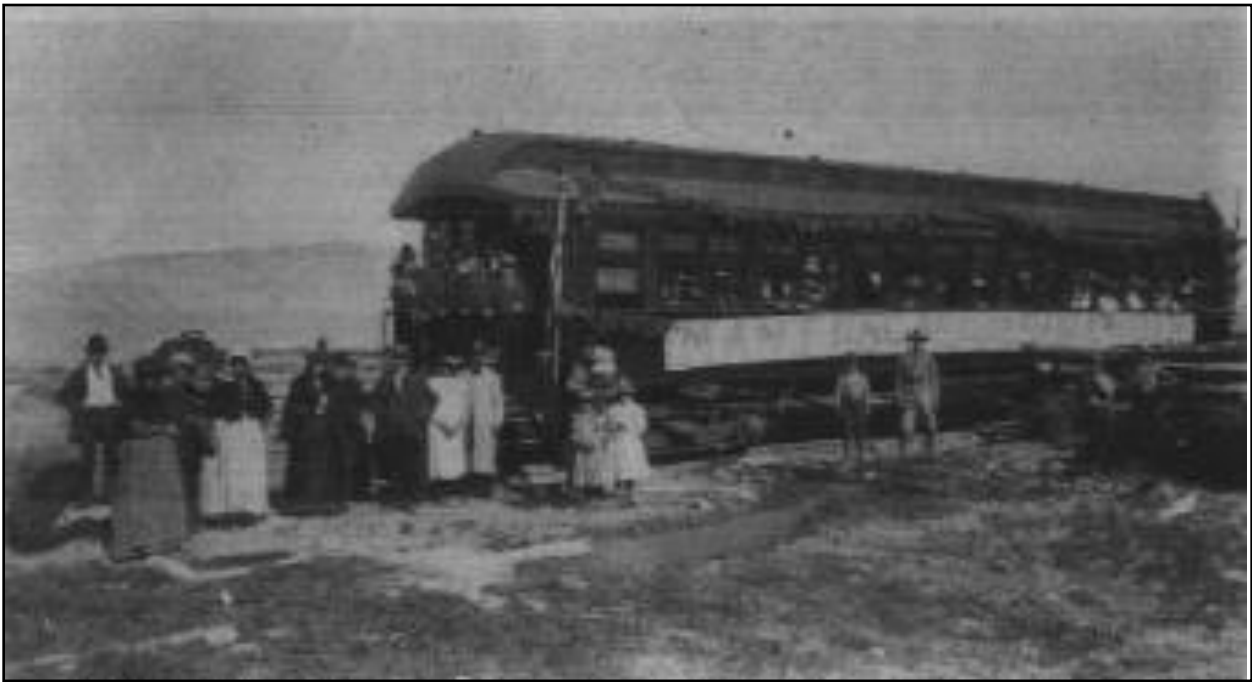
The J. P. L. Breinholt monument yard in Ephraim, Utah



The original burrs of the first flour mill at Fairview, Utah. They were made by Elam Cheney in 1867.



**ISAAC MORLEY - Sanpete
Pioneer**



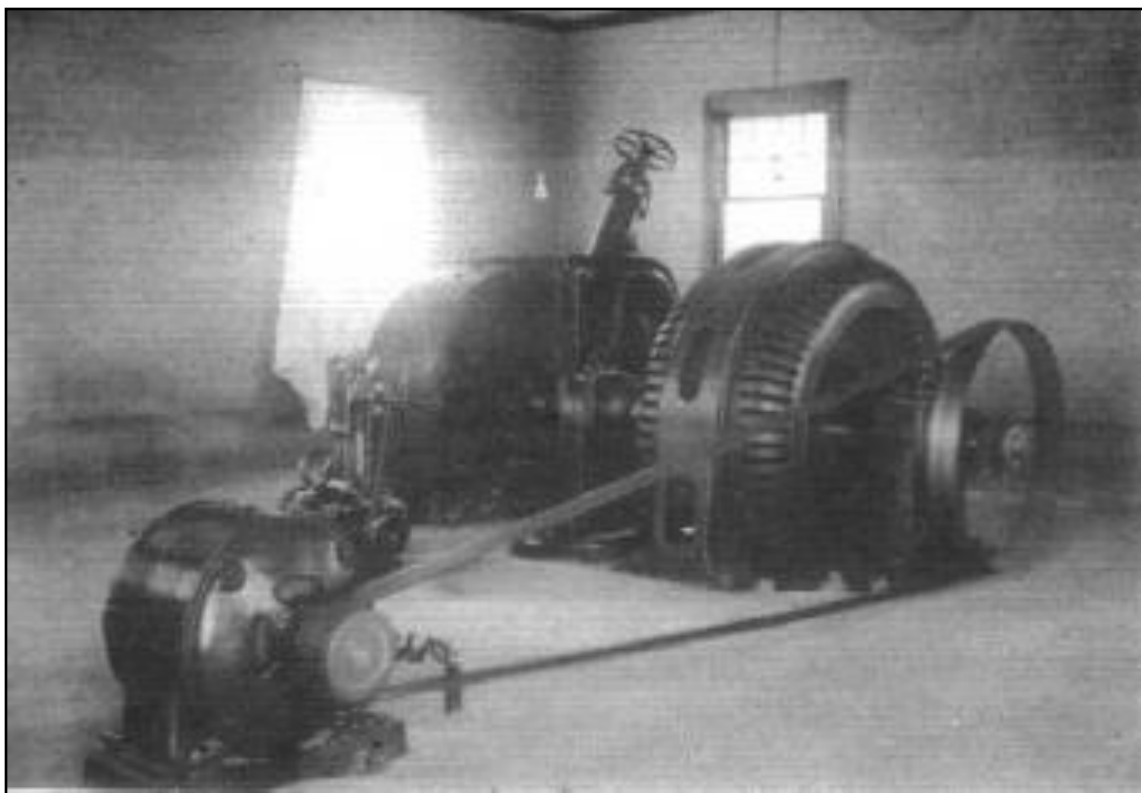
Manti Scandinavian Choir en-route to Palisade



The Band and townspeople of Ft. Green gathering at the train station to bid goodbye to the soldier boys of World War I – 1917.



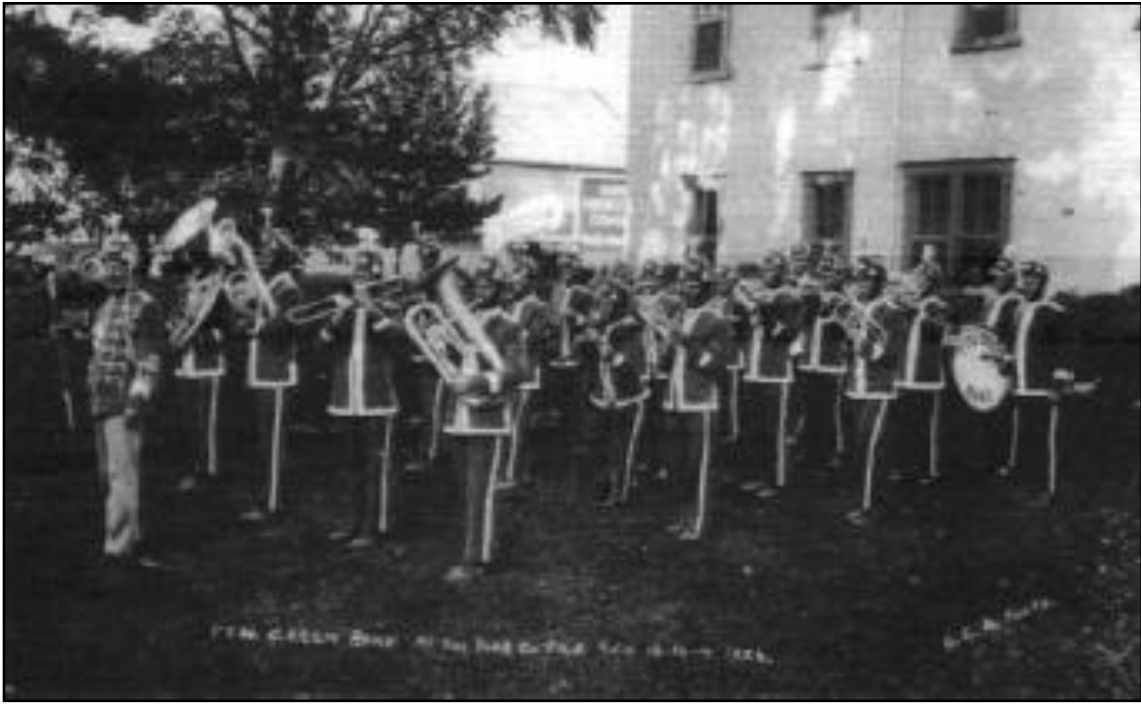
1910 – The Ft. Green Power House, James Guymon, manager.



Generator inside the Ft. Green Power House



July 4, 1903 – Goddess of Liberty, Truth, and Justice Caroline Nielson (Johnson), LaVina Jensen (Agaard), Martha Draper (Edler).



Ft. Green Band at the Juab County Fair – September 1926



Sanpete County Co-op, Mt. Pleasant, Utah - 1910



Dee Lowry's Barber Shop in Manti in the early 1900's



Box Canyon up Moroni's Maple Canyon about 1910



Jennie Allred herding sheep on Highway 89 near the Manti Temple.



The Lars Johnson home located on the Duck Springs Road between Moroni and Ft. Green - 1895



The Lars Johnson home in 1910