

Saga of the *Sanpitch*



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Volume 14

1982

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XIV 1982

Winning Entries

for the

1982 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Also

Pictures of early Sanpete

And

Rules for entering

The 1983 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Sponsored by The Manti Region

of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints

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by

Pamela Jensen

for

Manti Region

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints

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A PERSONAL NOTE FROM THE CHAIRMAN

I speak with gratitude for all who have helped with this year's Saga. I am a new chairman. I came into this having no idea what to do; but with the faithful help of committee members, Regional help, stake officers, we have managed to compile what I believe to be a fine issue of the Saga.

This year's entries have been staggering, more than could be hoped for or expected. There were so many to disappoint, and I found it difficult not to extend winners to the 5th, 6th, and 7th place in each category. But owing to the fact that expenses limits me, I was unable to do it. Thank you to all who entered, and please do not be discouraged, and don't hesitate to enter next year's contest.

Pictures were popping out of nowhere, much to my delight. I wanted a good picture section. I have always enjoyed this part of the Saga myself. Thanks to all who sought and found pictures for this year's Saga. I have been thrilled with the efforts of everyone.

Being new, I know that I have made errors, but I am dedicated to this work and will do all I can to help it succeed. For all who helped, I pray your efforts will Be rewarded.

Sincerely,
Pamela Jensen

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Sanpete Historical Writing Committee wishes to thank all those who have given of their time and talents to produce this issue of the Saga. In addition, thanks to those who have submitted manuscripts for this year's book.

Acknowledgement is also given to the Stake Presidencies of the Manti, Gunnison, Mt. Pleasant, and Moroni Stakes for their encouragement and support. Thanks to Vern Chadwick, High Council Advisor in the Manti Stake.

CHAIRMAN - Pamela Jensen

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

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Copies of the Saga may be purchased from the following who donate their services: Lee's Variety, Stubbs Mercantile - Ephraim; Jensen's - Manti; .Nora Lee's Floral, Jensen Drug - Gunnison; Thomas Grocery - Sterling; Mt. Pleasant Pyramid - Mt. Pleasant.

Copies may also be purchased from any committee member.

COVER - "The First Sterling School, "built approximately 1890, Drawn by Pamela Jensen, 4-27-82, as described by Lila Whitbeck, age 82. Mrs. Whitbeck was born in Sterling attended grades beginners to third as well as Relief Society in this building.

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.

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and
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- INDIAN MESSENGER**..... Second Place
Mary Louise Seamons, Orem, UT
- THE TWINS** Third Place
Vida Sorensen, Spring City, UT

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Verla Mikkelsen Marx, Mt. Pleasant, UT

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- MORMON PANORAMA** 2nd Honorable Mention
Marjorie Madsen Riley, Salt Lake City, UT

Due to limited space in this issue of The SAGA, we were unable to print the following winners in the Senior Citizen Division:

- MUSIC IN SANPETE** 3rd Honorable Mention
by Harry A. Dean, Ephraim, UT-
- ALFALFA—THE KING OF SANPETE** 4th Honorable Mention
by John K. Olsen, Ephraim, UT
- EXODUS** 5th Honorable Mention
Lillian H., Fox, Manti, UT..

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SOME FRIENDLY PEOPLE IN SANPETE VALLEY	6 th Honorable Mention
by O. Stanley Allen, Manti, UT	

JUDGES - (All Sanpete Residents)

DONNA PETERSON. A descendant of early Utah families, she was born in Springville, Utah. She has attended college at Utah State University, Brigham Young University in Hawaii, and Brigham Young University in Provo where she received her degree in Fashion Merchandising and Business. Mrs. Peterson is currently working on her Masters Degree from Utah State University in Public Administration with an emphasis on sociology. She is a substitute teacher at Gunnison Elementary School and serves on the Planning and Zoning Committee for Gunnison City. She is married to Douglas Peterson and they are the parents of one child.

KOLEEN PETERSON. Born in Provo, Utah, she later graduated from North Sanpete High School in Mt. Pleasant, Utah. She has attended Snow College in Ephraim, Utah, and has served as President of the Mt. Pleasant Chamber of Commerce. Mrs. Peterson became the managing editor of the Mt. Pleasant Pyramid in 1970. She is married to Jay Peterson and they are the parents of five children.

MARGARET RUSSELL. Born in Escalante, Utah, she was raised in northern Wyoming. She later graduated from Granite High School in Salt Lake City as Valedictorian of her class. Mrs. Russell has attended the University of Utah and Snow College. She is a professional writer who has published in the "Ladies Home Journal" and an anthology of poetry, Utah Things. She has also served as a judge for dramatics and poetry at Snow College. Mrs. Russell has also been President of the Sanpete Chapter of the League of Utah Writers. She is currently Branch Manager of Land Broker Realty in Ephraim. Mrs. Russell is married to Austin Russell and they are the parents of ten children.

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 division Senior Citizen, Professional, or Non-Professional. Each entry must state clearly the division 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, \$30.00; 2nd, \$20.00; 3rd, \$10.00. Poetry—1st, \$20.00; 2nd, \$10.00; 3rd, \$5.00. Anecdote—1st, \$15.00; 2nd, \$8.00; 3rd, \$4-.00. "Honorable Mention" will be awarded in each of the five categories and will be included in the publication, SAGA OF THE SANPITCH, Volume 15.
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 1933. 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. It 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 any 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 entry. The division in which the entry is to be entered must also be on this sheet.

9. Manuscripts must be typewritten and the number of words or lines written on the first page of the 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 entering the Senior Citizen Division must be past 70 years of age and must include the date of birth on their identification sheet.

12. Judges are 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 30, 1983. Entries not accompanied with a stamped, self-addressed envelope will not be returned.

14. All entries must be addressed to Sanpete Historical Writing Contest, Pamela Jensen, Chairman, P. O. Box 66, Sterling, Utah, 84665. They may also 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 is usually the Thursday night of the Sanpete County Fair week.

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 or 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

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. Married women are asked to state their maiden name so they can be more readily identified. E.g. Lillian Hansen Fox. Entrants are requested to give their complete addresses so that writers may communicate with each other more readily.

A RAM IN THE THICKET?

Dana Ekins

1044 Austin Avenue

Salt Lake City, UT 84106

Non-Professional Division, First Place Short Story

"Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou has not withheld thine only son from me. "

Genesis 22:12

Walker. Hannah whispered the name anxiously to herself as she walked slowly from the cradle of the napping baby to the door of the cabin. She pulled it ajar, and peered apprehensively into midday. The view was a mixture of winter and spring—intermittent splotches of mud and snow marred the landscape. Smoke from Indian campfires drew her eyes westward toward their crescent-shaped village where dozens of wickiups of poles and deer hide pointed ironically heavenward. One could hardly describe these Ute barbarians as anything but the devil incarnate, she thought to herself. "They call him Chief Walker, "her husband had explained, "and they say he once tried to kill his old, withered mother by stabbing her in the head with a knife. "Hannah quickly shut the door, turned, and placed her quivering body against the cabin's entrance.

"Where is my faith, "Hannah whispered silently, relaxing and dropping her hands to her side, disgusted with her feelings of helplessness since her arrival in the new settlement .

It was the first of March in the year 1850, three short months since the caravan of Mormons had reached the Sanpitch Valley with instructions from Brigham to feed the Indians rather than fight them. Hannah Blaixley Morley, the only living plural wife of Issac Morley, leader of the colony, feared she would never be comfortable in the cottage of mud and logs surrounded on three sides by seven hundred Ute savages. It was their leader, Chief Walker, his tall, bronze body adorned with ebony lock, who most unnerved Hannah. Or perhaps it was those constant tales of scalps and alien squaws taken prisoner that made Hannah shudder more frequently than she dared admit.

Fitful cries from the baby interrupted Hannah's thoughts, as if the infant could read her troubled mind. *She* walked hastily to his cradle, wrapped the boy in the homespun quilt, and embraced him. His name was Thomas Simeon, and like Isaac of old had been born late in the lives of his mother and aging father, He had curly brown hair, and his large, soft brown eyes laughed as Hannah lifted the delightful child above her at arms length.

"Indians or no Indians, "Hannah thought out loud, "I have my baby Simeon. "Returning the baby to her arms, she sought the large pine rocking chair. Its sturdiness enveloped the mother and her son and soon he was sucking in rhythm with its squeaky rocking.

Hannah dozed as the infant nursed. She might have slept for some time had not the sound of horses—two, maybe three—awakened her. Their hooves made a splashing sound as they sloshed noisily through mud and water, one hoof and then the other beating out a rhythm. At first, half dreaming, she imagined that her husband was returning from the innumerable duties that were his as spiritual and temporal leader of the rudimentary colony. She remained in the rocking chair, relishing the last moments with the baby, when she realized Isaac had had plenty of time to reach the front door. Like lightning searing the day sky, anxious thoughts surged through her now alert mind. She was alone. Any visitor from the settlement would have long since knocked at the cabin door. Immediately she rose to her feet, the baby in her arms, her heart pounding. Should she open the door, exposing herself and her child to whatever unknown danger might lurk outside? Or would it be better to place the board quietly across the entrance in hopes the intruder would become discouraged and leave. Turning, she scanned the small room for a hint of a hiding place, A voice boomed from just outside the door in a low, guttural command.

"Where Morley, "the chief demanded. His white horse startled, jerked its head back. Behind Walker were his squaw and an attendant brave.

Hannah poked her head hesitantly through a partially open door and explained to the Indian, "Father Morley is not at home right now." She hesitated. "But he should be back before dark." Rivulets of sweat ran down Hannah's back as a spring wind crept through the yawning entrance.

She stared at the tall, sinewy chief arrayed in the paraphernalia of the Utes. His aquiline face was framed with white eagle feathers like the fan of a peacock. Bells on either side of the headdress tinkled mockingly. His raven braids were thick; each was enclosed with a copper spiral and metallic brooches hung gaudily from the rabbit fur cloak.

"Me talk to Morley. Me talk to Morley about papoose." Walker's squaw interrupted annoyingly and spoke with consternation in unfamiliar syllables.

Walker continued. "My squaw here. She want curly-headed papoose with laughing eyes." He cocked his head and gazed at the terror-stricken white woman who had grown pale at the merciless request.

"But I must feed and care for the baby," Hannah pleaded, as though the chief might respond to such maternal logic.

Walker's face grew stern as he repeated the request with prompting from the grim-visaged squaw. "Squaw want papoose. You no give papoose to her, we burn houses." Walker grimaced and with finality announced. "We kill your white braves."

Walker reined his mount away from the cabin as if to leave and then, unexpectedly, spun back around to face Hannah. He focused his eyes on the helpless woman, sighed audibly, and spoke,

"We be back at sundown for white papoose."

Again Walker, his squaw and the brave turned the horses away from the cabin. Hannah stared unbelieving at the threesome as they galloped toward their village. She said a silent, desperate prayer and walked numbly into the cabin.

Alternatives raced through Hannah's mind. Her eyes darted around the interior of the small, primitive dwelling, hesitating first upon a porcelain sugar bowl, then a stubby oil lamp as if the answer lay in some inanimate object. Suddenly she knew what she must do. Placing Simeon in the empty cradle she grabbed her calico hat and tied it deftly beneath her chin. Next she took her woolen cape from its hook, wrapped it around her, bundled up the baby and headed for the door. Isaac will know what to do, she thought to herself, the words cleansing her muddled mind like a fresh spring rain. He'll convince the chief not to take our baby. He must.

Hannah made stepping-stones of the patches of snow as she walked quickly towards the cluster of cabins that made up much of the settlement. Just twenty such structures had been built; most of the pioneers called tents and caves in the earth their homes. A school house adjacent to the homes was near completion. As she walked, the picture of the copper-colored chief on the white horse possessed her mind.

She had heard stories of fool-hardy settlers sneaking from their homes after dark to view the pageantry of the Utes following a victory against a rival tribe. Witnesses claimed captured squaws could be distinguished by their closely shaven heads. Around a central fire to the accompaniment of pitiless drums they were forced to dance, each bearing a long pole pointed skyward. Affixed atop the poles, the painted scalps of their husband, brother, father, or son vacillated tauntingly. Where firelight and moonlight rendezvoused, the beams scintillated in rhythm with the ghastly monotony of the barbarous ordeal. Methodically the weakened minds of the squaws were worn barren, like red sand in a strong wind, until tears and sobs gushed forth to interrupt the madness. The painted faces of the Indians grimaced in satisfaction; the fire cast them as picket-fenced ghouls encircling the spectacle. Each sob from a squaw was exchanged for a derisive sneer from a Ute brave.

The monstrous vision permeated Hannah's mind, a dream from which she could not awaken. Her steps became more rapid. The angle of the light lengthened the shadow of her weary body distended by her threatened bundle and warned her of the sun's inevitable departure behind the wickiups and mountains in the west. Sunset had always been her favorite time of day, but this afternoon she longed to be a god who could miraculously eliminate its brassy, crimson hues from the sky. She prayed silently as she walked. Bless my good husband, Isaac, she entreated. Enable us, oh Lord, to find the answer that will save our baby.

Isaac must have sensed Hannah's anxiety as she approached the group of men covered with the mud used to seal the logs, stacked one upon the other to form the school house.

Hurrying to Hannah and the baby, the 64 year-old Isaac, his white hair combed forward to frame his face and cover his baldness queried,

"My dear Hannah," he said, a tone of disapproval in his voice, "what brings you out in the weather so late in the afternoon?"

Suddenly, but not unexpectedly, the effect of the nightmare culminated and Hannah began to cry uncontrollably.

"Chief Walker," she blurted, expelling his name as though it were profane. "Chief Walker and his squaw. They came to the cabin today."

Isaac put his arm around Hannah's shoulder in an attempt to console her now convulsing body.

"But Hannah," he explained. "Chief Walker is our friend. He asked us to come and settle this valley. Why are you so afraid?"

Hannah spoke. "He says his squaw wants Simeon. They are going to take him away from me, from us." Her sobbing renewed, she tried to blink back the tears. Failing, Hannah wiped her eyes with the back of her trembling hand.

"I told him I must care for the baby but he ... he said if I did not give him the white papoose he would burn the settlement and ...," Hannah gasped, "kill all the white braves."

Isaac's face changed from flesh colored to foreboding gray as Hannah's words reverberated in his mind. Destroy the settlement? He repeated the words silently. At first the possibility seemed incredible.

"We will talk to the chief, Hannah." He tried to reassure her. "We will offer him beef. Food. Tobacco to smoke. That's what they want. They want us to give them some food and tobacco. Their winter supplies are depleted." He rambled now, unconvinced.

Turning, he faced Hannah in desperation and searched her pleading eyes. More than anyone in the settlement Isaac Morley knew Walker was a man of craftiness and deceit. A murderer!

"I must think of something, Hannah." Isaac's words rushed. "And I must think of it quickly."

As they hurried towards their cabin together, the fiery colors of evening engulfed the western mountains.

So intent was her thought as she walked, Hannah failed, at first, to notice the solitary white horse carrying the tall Indian, step by step, toward the cabin. The appearance of the chief so soon alarmed her, as it did Isaac. She had hoped they would reach the cabin first. Now they must meet the chief head on, defensively, less desirable.

"Take Simeon into the cabin," Isaac whispered nervously.

Hannah walked obediently to the cabin with the baby, and was swallowed by its gray-brown door. Isaac turned, prayed silently, pulled his shoulders back, and walked with feigned confidence toward Walker. Now he must reason with the unreasonable, the shrewd, cunning master of treachery, who got what he wanted at any cost.

The chief spoke first. "Walker come for white papoose, " he demanded belligerently. "Sun set in west. " He slowly extended his arm and pointed towards the mountains. "Me take baby now to squaw and wickiup. Squaw take good care of papoose with laughing eyes."

"But, Chief Walker," Isaac began, his voice strong but not entirely convincing. He had conversed with the leader of the Utes on many occasions, but never under such circumstances. "Simeon must be fed and cared for by his mother. Hannah would feel so badly if you took the baby from her. She loves him dearly. "

Walker's face grew stern as he spoke through his teeth, his square jaw fixed, "My squaw care for papoose. She feed him. Papoose be all right. Walker never hurt him. "

Isaac spoke in earnest. "We have beef and tobacco, mighty chief. Food for your squaws and braves. " He took a step closer to the horse. "Take these instead of the baby. "

Isaac could see that the door of the cabin had opened slightly. He envisioned Hannah on her knees, her ear to the crack in the door, straining to pick up every word of the confrontation.

"Braves no need food. Squaws no need food. " Walker reiterated, his voice growing louder, "Squaw want papoose. That all. Morley's squaw give papoose to Walker now. "

"Take me instead of the child. Do with me what you want. Morley spoke quietly, "but do not take the baby! "

Suddenly, without warning, Walker jumped from the horse and pulled a knife from his side. Leaping to a nearby tree he thrust the knife forcefully in and out of the bark, over and over, cursing in unintelligible words, like a spoiled child having a tantrum.

Isaac stood back, astonished, while Hannah, who could remain in the cabin no longer, mortified at the display of insanity, burst through the door. She hurried to the side of her husband and grasped his arm while Walker continued to knife the tree ferociously.

Isaac spoke apprehensively to his terrified wife, in low tones, so that the chief would not hear.

"Hannah, it is better that we give the boy to the chief, as difficult as it may be to understand. " Hannah's face grew pale. She said nothing.

"If we do not, we will all be killed, including the boy. Is it not better that one child die than the whole settlement be destroyed? "

Hannah looked at Isaac, her eyes momentarily beseeching him, but she knew he was right. She knew what she must do. Slowly she turned and walked toward the cabin, her seeming calmness concealing the devastation within. She passed through the door and proceeded to the cradle where the child lay. She gently lifted Simeon and held him tightly against her breast, relieved that the tears had finally come. One rolled down her cheek and lit upon his forehead as she stroked his velvet skin. He smiled unknowingly and responded to his mother's touch. She searched her mind for an answer.

"Could there not be a ram in the thicket? " Hannah questioned as she carried the baby through the cabin door.

Walker had replaced the knife in its sheath and returned to his mount. Although his face was seemingly indifferent, Hannah knew she detected a satisfied smirk as she walked toward the heathen, Isaac looking on. She said nothing as he stooped and took the bundle from her, his dark arms encircling the baby like a coiling snake. She turned immediately from his stare and walked to her husband with remarkable composure. It was not until the chief had reined his horse one handedly and headed toward his village that she reached Isaac. She fainted limply into his arms.

Benumbed, Isaac lifted Hannah into his arms and walked to the cabin. The sun had slipped completely behind the mountains; the chill and darkness of night gathered eerily around the cottage like an ill-fated plague. Portentously, the howling of a coyote pierced the air, making Isaac shudder. He kicked the door, gained entrance, and moved toward the "bed in the corner of the cabin. He gently lay Hannah upon it, covered her with the patchwork quilt, and walked to the table. He raised a brown clay jug and poured water into a tin mug. His normally firm hands trembled. Walking again to the bed, he lifted Hannah's head and pressed the cup against her pallid lips. The coldness aroused Hannah and she opened her eyes slowly, not yet comprehending the events of the past few minutes. Color rushed into her face and with it the realization of her baby's plight.

"Hannah, " Isaac begged, finally putting his thoughts into words, "we had not other choice. For the sake of the others and for our own lives. Try to understand. Have faith in the Lord. "

Hannah, unconvinced, did not speak. Dark circles showed in half moons below her red eyes, her body wearied by the lunacy of the day.

"Come, Hannah, " Isaac urged, "drink some milk. Eat some bread. There is nothing we can do tonight in the darkness. We must rest and wait for the morning. "

Hannah had little appetite. She pieced obediently and then arose.

"Perhaps sleep is what I need, Isaac " she admitted simply.

Hannah lay motionless, her hands beneath her head. Sleep did not come easily. She feared her waking suspicions, but dreaded tortuous dreams in sleep. Closing her eyes she envisioned his black hair, parted in the middle, the braids against his brown face, a triumphant grin on his lips. She imagined she could hear the cries of the helpless baby until she lay wet with sweat, the apprehension consuming her. Finally Isaac lay down beside her, grasped her hand and whispered.

"The Lord will choose the right path for our baby, but we must ask for his help. "

At his suggestion they climbed from the bed and knelt beside it. Isaac pled humbly for the safety of the child.

It might have been the crowing of a rooster that awakened Hannah. She did not stir but attempted to sort out the events of the previous day when the sound of horses hooves on frozen ground interrupted her thoughts. Hurriedly she awoke Isaac, jumped from the bed, ran to the door and opened it apprehensively. She had to squint as she peered into the bright light of morning, her eyes adjusting to the sunrise. Nearing the cabin was a single horse carrying two visible riders. Hannah recognized the chief and his squaw as Isaac walked from the cabin to her side. She was unsure of what to do so she threaded her arm through Isaac's, her heart beating frantically. Slowly she watched the white horse near the cabin. It made an abrupt, clapping sound as it walked.

At first Hannah could not see the carefully wrapped bundle in the squaw's arms, but when she realized who it must be, she could contain herself no longer. She walked, then ran, stopping abruptly within feet of the horse. She lifted her eyes and gazed at the chief.

Walker broke the uneasy silence. "Squaw feel bad for white papoose mother. Tell Walker to bring papoose back. "

The squaw, clothed in beaded deerhide, bent down and offered the infant to Hannah who accepted Simeon gratefully, choking back her tears. She lifted the blanket from his face. Except for a few smudges of dirt, the boy appeared unscathed.

Then Isaac spoke. "We thank you, Chief Walker, and your squaw for returning our baby and for thinking kindly of his mother. "

Walker stared at Isaac, then Hannah and the baby, his face motionless. Sternly, without further words, he whipped the horse around and galloped with his squaw toward their wickiup.

Source: Song of a Century, Community Press, 1978.

History of Utah, Hubert Bancroft, Bookcraft, 1964.

Isaac Morley on the American Frontier, John Moffitt.

The Life and Contributions of Isaac Morley, BYU thesis by Richard H. Morley, 1965.

Isaac Morley and Lucy Gunn Morley, Hattie Esplin.

INDIAN MESSENGER

Mary Louise Seamons

1774 South 340 East

Orem, UT 84057

Non-Professional Division, Second Place Short Story

Will was almost a man, and he was trustworthy; he had earned that reputation even though he was not long past his seventh birthday. Now at last he was entrusted to care for his family's cattle and was on his way, herding them toward the big field north of town where he was to watch over them. He was a little shy this first day, but soon he would build his knowledge and skills so he would not feel inadequate. He would prove his parents' trust in him was not a mistake. The day grew warmer, and Will felt thirsty and hot, caked with dirt kicked up by the steadily-moving cattle and mixed with his own sweat. Oh, well, soon they would be near the stream, and he could cool himself off in the clear, watercress-filled water.

Lunch consisted of a slab of his mother's homemade bread with lots of fresh butter and a slice of leftover ham. And, yes, she hadn't forgotten his favorite sugar cookies and the bit of honeycomb to eat together. Will was proud to have his cattle so soon settled, contentedly grazing in the deep wild hay. He, too, contentedly watched the few fluffy clouds in the sky and listened to the happy bird and insect sounds around him.

By the time Will had driven the cattle to the appropriate place, watched them through the day and returned them for the night, he was exhausted. It had been a long day for a mere man, and he had ridden the pony his father had kept especially for him as much as he could stand for one day. Almost too tired to eat, he was ready to curl up on his own feather bed and fell asleep almost before his head touched the pillow—too soon to wake for another busy day.

The summer days passed quickly. The cattle were usually too busy chomping the meadow grasses to be more than docile, thus allowing Will time to explore and to enjoy his freedom. He watched the colorful bluebirds and haughty blue jays, the shiny blackbirds with splashes of brilliant yellows and reds on their wings; he thrilled to the "Mount-Pleasant-Utah's-a-pretty-little-town" cry of the yellow-breasted meadowlarks. He watched as brown hawks and majestic eagles circled lazily, soaring on wind currents; caught their excitement as they dove swiftly toward the earth, catching their smaller prey in powerful talons. He chased groundhogs and chipmunks and sat motionless when the graceful deer surprised him. But most of all he enjoyed riding his pony swiftly across the valley when he had some free time.

Though Will had friends among the other boys herding family cattle in the big field, he made new friends, too: the Indian boys who tended their livestock in the valley. The Wahpitts, in particular, made him feel almost like a member of their family. On days when the cattle grazed quietly, the young Indians and Will rode their ponies between the cedars, across the meadows, through the streams. They fairly seemed to fly like the birds they eagerly watched.

And Will quickly learned enough of the Indian's dialect to be able to communicate with them. Will was inquisitive and wanted to know more about the world around him. Days in school weren't his favorite—though he was proud of knowing how to read and write. He didn't mind going to school during the winter—just across the road from his house—but sometimes, when his mother needed him at home and he had a few minutes of spare time, he sat on the roof of their house, caught the sunbeams in a bit of a mirror and flashed them in the eyes of the teacher in the schoolroom. Will wasn't certain the teacher had figured out just what it was that occasionally nearly blinded him with such brilliant beams, but sometimes he had a suspicion the teacher caught on. Perhaps.

One day was especially good, Will thought. The cattle had been easy to handle, the sun had shone without too much heat, the birds had kept up a constant serenade and Will spent part of the day with the Wahpitts. That is, the day had been especially good . . . until they invited him to share their meal. That's when it had changed! Will had been glad to share someone's meal; he was tired of eating the same old things, so he had eagerly accepted young Wahpitts' invitation— at first. He watched the squaw kneading the black-meal cakes, patting and shaping them, slapping them against her bare thigh and throwing them high in the air until they hit the top of the teepee. She was adept and dexterous as she formed the patties. Then came Will's mistake: he asked what was in the black-meal cakes. Crushed crickets!! His appetite was gone.

During the summer months, as the cattle grazed, Will and the Indian youths taught each other many things. One of Will's favorites was how the Indians searched for bird eggs. They crept in near silence to places where birds might likely have built nests. Ever so carefully they reached under rocks, over branches, in holes, inside hollow trees—usually bringing out the sought-after treasures. Will liked to try to guess what color eggs were in each nest. By the end of the season Will was nearly as adept at finding nests with eggs in them as were his red friends. Seldom did he disturb the birds, even when he reached into the nests under them.

Then one day the inevitable happened: Will carefully reached deep into a hollow trunk near the ground and punctiliously began feeling for eggs. Suddenly, up the side of his arm shot an ugly black snake, startling Will so he forgot about hunting for eggs the rest of the day; in fact, Will never was an avid egg hunter after that!

And so the summers passed. Will spent time with the cattle and with the Indians, learning from both—things he could never have learned at home nor in the classroom. He was glad to leave the valley for a time as the days grew shorter and colder, but he looked forward eagerly to other summers in the big field with the cows and the Indians.

The winters, too, passed quickly. Will helped his parents and studied whenever he had the chance. Someday perhaps he would be able to go to far-off Provo to attend Brigham Young Academy. But his parents would never allow him to spend some money for education in Provo if he did not apply himself to learn all he could from the local teachers.

The summer of 1872, when he was nine, brought more adventures—the Wahpitts boys and Will again riding through the valley, playing among the cedars, and Will learning more of the customs and language of his Indian friends. And he worked hard, took good care of the cattle that were in his charge, reinforcing his well-earned reputation for integrity and hard work. Again in the early fall Will returned the cattle to town for the last time for another season. Will had never been afraid of his friends, the Wahpitts, or other Indians he had met. But for years other Indians had been terrorizing settlers in areas close around them. Will heard many stories of Indian attacks and the seemingly senseless killing of settlers, but had never actually been involved with unfriendly savages.

Now it looked as if peace might finally come between the white settlers and the Indians. General Morrow, Apostle Orson Hyde, bishops from each of the towns around, and Colonel Reddick Allred called a meeting in Mt. Pleasant. They intended to have the Indian chiefs and noted braves in attendance, too. President Hyde, being aware of Will's friendship with the Indians and his knowledge of their language, asked if Will would carry word to the Indian people that a meeting was to be held with the white leaders where,

hopefully, terms, could be agreed upon which would bring peace to the two restless nations. Will readily agreed, mounted his pony, and rode to the Indian camp in the Indianola Valley.

The redmen were also ready to talk peace, so Chiefs Tabiona, White Hare, Angizebl and others who had served under Chief Black Hawk accepted Will's invitation and rode with him back to Mt. Pleasant. There was still much distrust on the part of both whites and Indians. The chiefs did not feel comfortable in the white men's houses nor did the white men feel comfortable having the Indians in close quarters with them. So it was that, after meeting in the social hall for many hours, the chiefs stood on the porch of Bishop William S. Seely's home, the white leaders sat on chairs inside the doorway, and the required signatures or "marks" were made on the documents laid on a table separating them. Peace had been officially declared, but it was a while before the settlers and the red men could live as friends. Will was, however, pleased that he had been a part of such a historic event: to have been chosen to bring the Indians to participate in the events of the day (September 17, 1872). Someday he would have much to tell children and grandchildren.

Though the years passed, Will's friendship with the Indian people did not wane. Later, when Will had his own home at the north edge of town and had established himself as a butcher, the Indians often camped in his corral—always a little unsettling to Will's wife and children. If Will had recently butchered livestock, the Indians gleefully wrapped the discarded entrails around sticks and roasted them over the open fires, a prized delicacy—for the Indians! (Will never forgot his early adventures with Indian food!) And Will's older children for years believed their youngest sister, Louise, had been brought by the Indians, for that was what Will and his wife, Bothilda, had told them when they arrived home from school one day in mid-March of 1907 to find a tiny new black-haired sister. Will had learned to love the Indians and to trust them. They in turn had learned that Will was a man of great integrity and that he could be relied on to keep his word. Will was Willard Lauritz Frandsen, born 24 May 1863, in Mt. Pleasant, son of Rasmus and Margrethe Madsen Frandsen. All incidents described here actually happened to him. He never tired of telling these incidents to his family members.

Other documentation can be found in Mt. Pleasant, by Hilda Longsdorf Madsen, Will's cousin.

Will married Bothilda Hansen, also born in Mt. Pleasant of pioneer parents (James and Johannah Anderson Hansen).

Louise, the youngest daughter, was born in their home where Chesley Christensen and his family now live. She is Louise Frandsen Seely of Mt. Pleasant.

The author is Louise's daughter, granddaughter of Will.

THE TWINS

Vida Sorensen

Spring City, UT 84662

Non-Professional Division, Third Place Short Story

Spring City, Utah—peaceful little valley, nestled on the East by the hills of Sanpete County, from which the "Horseshoe" reigns tall and supreme above them. Below, the farmlands and homes of those who have chosen this garden spot as their "heaven here on earth." Oh! the great and exciting tales that could be told about this lovely, quiet little town I call home.

In the past, oh so many years ago, a young handsome man named Edmund Sahlberg was arduously pursuing the affection and attention of two pretty young ladies, twins to be precise. Hannah and Augusta Sandstrom were their names. This, of course, was during the days of polygamy, and although he was seeking the hand of only one of the two maidens, he eventually succeeded in marrying them both. He married Augusta in 1883, and later took a second wife, Hannah, in 1888.

Times were very hard for a man with one wife and children, say nothing about having two wives and several children. For a few years they lived in Spring City, but Edmund decided he must find better work. He decided to take Augusta and children to Salt Lake City to live. Hannah was taken to a small farm—called a flat—at Clawson, near Ferron, Emery County. Love, and frustrations and family ties always led them back to Spring City where most of their loved ones remained.

From time to time Edmund would go away to work for brief periods, leaving his family in Clawson to adjust to the new surroundings. Their fears were never ended, as they were always very apprehensive about the moves and what the future might hold for them. All fears left every time Edmund would return to them.

As the family of Hannah grew in number Edmund found it harder to supply them with food, and the necessities which a family needed.

In a few years time the family had increased to eight, including the parents. The children—Amanda, Adelaide, Elizabeth, Eva and Pearl, and a baby brother named Ruby, whom they idolized, but he was a very sickly child and could not stay long on this earth; he died at the age of nine with a bad heart.

The following story is presented to you from statements given to me—the author—by an Aunt Adelaide Sahlberg Thompson prior to her death on April 10, 1981.

Our family was very poor. Our first home was a small log cabin, which was very inadequate. The children helped to get the house in order and a livable state. Until this was completed, they would each take a blanket or quilt and retire at night in the old granary that was on the property, sleeping on a little mound of old grain. The mice were scampering all over the place, and occasionally we would sit up and watch a larger animal peering in at us, wondering just who had invaded his domain.

My fondest memories and recollections were when we lived in this little log cabin with a dirt floor; we were restricted with our playing and running around the house, because the dust would cover everything, and in the evenings we were much too noisy. Dad would then sit around and play the harmonica, and we were to sit quietly by and tell him the name of the tune he played. Sometimes we could join in some family singing.

The five girls had to earn their keep and help with the chores. Dad had cows and pigs on the farm, and we were to be the herders. We herded the animals in the day time; it wasn't a very easy job—no fences, and the pigs would get so stubborn and hard to handle. Each night Dad or Mother would count them, and if they were not all accounted for, they would send us out to find the lost ones.

While living on the flat we had to drive to Ferron for our flour and honey, as that was our main supply of food. The honey in Ferron was the best ever. On our way to Ferron in the wagon, we were suddenly alerted that all was not well. A strange barking noise reached our ears, and we scrambled to Dad for protection. Dad called the dog and it came to his side, He immediately put him into the wagon with us, just as a pack of coyotes (about 24 in all) started for the wagon. They ran around the wagon, trying to get one of us. They were starving and eager to get us and the dog. Dad gave a heavy hand to the whip; the horses sped away at a fast pace, and we were safe from the marauding animals that were in search of food.

As young children, our one dread was the Indians, and our fears were compounded one day when Mother told us to hide because the Indians were approaching the door. We were crying and ready to panic, but our calm mother firmly said, "Everyone be quiet." We scampered into all corners of the room trying to find a safe place to hide. But Mother called us to her, as a mother chicken would gather up her brood, and told us to stand close to the door. Our hearts were beating wildly and we could hardly breathe, but we did as we were told.

When the Indians peered through the top half of the doorway scanning the entire room, they could not see us. Little did they know that we were almost within touching distance. We were terrified because of the closeness of these potential enemies, for we did not know if they meant us harm or were only in need of food. Many of the Indians were defiant, unruly and threatened many of the farmers, boasting of their accomplishments.

After the Indians were pacified with the tokens of food my Mother handed them through the doorway, they thanked her and left peaceably.

Our dear Grandma Sandstrom lived in Spring City. She had always been so good and kind to Mother Hannah and the grandchildren. It was while we were still living in the wide open spaces on the flat that we received word that Grandma Sandstrom had died. Poor Mama, she felt so bad and wanted to go back to Spring City for the funeral; but Daddy firmly said, "NO, " for he felt he could easier go than she could. She was left to tend to the chores and watch over us. Father left immediately.

Later that same evening—after our evening prayers had been said—we all were stunned to see the old family rocking chair begin to rock. No one was in it at the time and we all stared in amazement and disbelief. Then our Mother explained to us that it was "Grandma " sitting in the old rocker, rocking back and forth. The rocker had been a favorite of my Grandma Sandstrom's, and Mother went on to tell us that because we could not all go and attend the funeral, Grandma's spirit had joined us. She told us that if we believed in things strongly enough and had faith in our Heavenly Father, things would happen to soothe our minds and calm our fears. I remembered the presence of my Grandma Sandstrom on that evening following her death, for many years to come.

We went to school some miles away, which was located over a very long hill. It was a one-room schoolhouse for all grades. The teacher, Mrs. Cook, came from Ferron, which was about six miles away. She rode to school in a very pretty buggy. The town of Ferron was to the west of our home, and a little town of Molen was to the north.

These were the days of the Wild West; the outlaws Butch Cassidy and his wild bunch traveled day and night past our home. We would see these men on horseback ride past after they had been robbing ranchers, taking guns, ransacking homes, banks, stores and whomever they might meet on the way. Our home was on the path to their hiding places. Robbers' Roost was their favorite hiding spot at that time. We felt very fortunate that they never bothered us, but we were very frightened because they had many guns.

My Mother's brother, Will Sandstrom, and Orson Justesen were sheep herders. One day they found a stash of guns the robbers had stolen and hidden. They brought them to our home. We hid the guns in our house beneath the dirt with some boards over them. My Mother and Father were frightened as much as we were—fearful the robbers might find the guns were gone, and come looking for them.

Dad sold the farm, as the weather and water were washing the ground away. Many ravines were developing and it was no longer profitable for farming.

We moved to Ferron and lived in a dugout under a mountain edge until we could find a house.

We eventually found a house, the first real house we had to call our own. It was the first house as we entered the town of Ferron. In later years I had the opportunity to go back and see the house we had once lived in. There was a family living there, an older couple. We stopped, visited with them and had a good time reminiscing about the old days.

We were very poor and Mother made carpets. I was next to the oldest of the children and I was needed to help with all phases of work in the house and on the farm.

Mother did a lot of canning. She would card wool, and make yarn on the spinning wheel. She made all our stockings and underclothes. Boy, did they scratch! (Itch—itch—itch— all the time.) After several washings the underclothes would soften.

The water was bad for many years. The only water available for use was out of a ditch. This also was used for drinking. We had barrels to carry water in. Each week when the water came down the ditch we would fill the barrels and keep it covered with gunny sacks in order to keep out the bugs. Mosquitos were the worst pests.

There was an epidemic of diphtheria and typhoid fever: most everyone got one or the other. There was only one doctor and it was impossible for him to care for all the sick. They put small yellow flags on the gates for Typhoid Fever and a white flag for Diphtheria so that no one would enter the premises. Several people

died at that time, but we were blessed, for all survived with the help of our Father in Heaven. Our faith surpassed our fears.

When I was nine years old, in 1901, I was asked to help families by washing dishes, sweeping floors, dusting—whatever the chore might be. One family killed a pig and I was given the pig-head to take home. Another family gave me some black satin for a dress. Sometimes I would work weeks for any pay.

Being of a polygamist family, Dad decided that he must go to Salt Lake City to resume his work at Salt Air, and he also had part-time work at the State Capitol and as a guard at the State Prison. This meant that we had to pull up stakes again. Dad wished to be with his other wife and children also. We also were anxious to be with our brothers and sisters of the other family that we hardly knew.

Mother began baking bread days ahead to have enough for the long trip. We traveled in a covered wagon with our dog beside us. It was such a long, tiring trip to even get to the Emery mountains. It rained so hard we had to take shelter in a cave until the rains stopped, for there just wasn't enough room in the wagon for seven of us. We made a fire outside and cooked our meals over it. I remember the bacon frying. It smelled so good and tasted ever so delicious. We had cured and smoked it while we were traveling.

Our one cow was tied to the back of the wagon. We took turns walking at the back of the wagon to make sure that she kept moving along.

In the back of the wagon we carried all our belongings. Among these possessions was a box or trunk-like container, filled with food for the trip. The homemade bread Mother dispersed wisely, along with the other foods so that it would last until the trip was completed.

The rains finally stopped, and the trek proceeded again. A passing glance up the mountainside brought the family to complete attention. Coming down the mountainside, a man approached us. He had long white hair-, and a long white beard. No one could even imagine where he came from. He seemed to appear out of nowhere.

As he came closer, the man said, "I am very hungry, could you spare some bread?" Dad replied, "Well, we don't have very much and we are going a long ways." After some thought, however, Dad decided to let the old man have one loaf of bread.

We were all peeping out through the wagon cover to see what was going on. We could hardly believe what we saw. His clothes were very old and worn. We thought that the man was a sheep-herder. After thanking us for the bread, the old man started back up the mountain. All at once the man disappeared. He vanished before our very eyes, just as he had appeared. Everyone was astonished and could hardly believe what they saw. He must have been a person sent from God, as there was a surplus of bread remaining when we arrived in Salt Lake City.

It was as if a miracle had happened again to the Sahlberg family. We wanted for nothing on the last lap of our trip.

EPILOGUE

The girls all got jobs and enjoyed sharing the love and friendship of the "other family." They all later married. Grandpa Sandstrom then wanted Hannah to move back to Spring City, and she did. They lived there until their deaths. Three of Hannah's children married Spring City boys and made their homes there. Death has claimed all but one of the girls that lived in Spring City. Eva still lives in her favorite spot, where the Horseshoe reigns tall and supreme above.

Life was not easy for the Spring City Twins in those early days. People had to struggle in order to survive—and this they did. It is a heritage we are proud of, and this is only one of many tales that could be told about this quiet and peaceful little town I take pride in calling "Home."

SINGERS

Norma Smith Wanlass

Manti, UT 84642

Non-Professional Division, First Place Anecdote

"A drummer? "

"At our door? "

"In this forsaken place? "

"I don't believe it! "

"Business must be bad in the States. "

"Come and see for yourself if you don't believe me, " Lucia called.

It was the Territory of Utah. 1867.

The salesman stood squinting into the sun when the girls came flying toward him. Suddenly they remembered they must act like ladies and transformed in a split second.

"Come and sit awhile, " they invited. "We'll get you some cold buttermilk—then you can show your wares. "

Excitement built. Mr. Latimer had a Singer Sewing Machine for sale. A wheel turned by hand, made a threaded needle pump up and down through two layers of cloth, stitching them together and locking the stitches. The girls pulled and picked to get them apart but they held fast.

Across the arm was a name plate that read (Isaac SINGER) (1851)

"Please come back at sundown and talk to Father? " Esther asked. "I do hope he'll want us to have a sewing machine. "

At sundown a voice rang through the house, "Father, you're wanted at the door. "

Walter Cox saw a stranger waiting with a small wooden casket beside him. "Yes, what can I do for you? " he asked.

"It's not what you can do for me, " the salesman answered. "I'm here to sell you the most modern invention of our time. It will change your family's whole perspective. You will be beholden to me forever. Here, let me show you this wonderful Singer. "

Walter Cox looked at him quizzically. "What would I do with another singer? " he asked good humouredly. I've got sixteen of the most beautiful singers in the Territory. Their double trio is singing in church come Sunday. "

Mr. Latimer's chin fell. "But—but—we're not talking about the same thing, " he stammered, "let me show you what I mean. "

"No, " Walter Cox said. "I've got all the singers I need, " and he paused for the salesman to pursue the subject.

When he didn't, Mr. Cox said, "Good day to you sir, " and walked away.

Source: A part of Cox History in the Big House, told to me by Howard Cox, about his Grandfather Frederick Walter Cox.

AN INCIDENT

Verla Mikkelsen Marx
250 West 300 South
Mt. Pleasant, UT 84647
Non-Professional Division, Second Place Anecdote

What was that! Mary Ann's eyes went wide with fear, but she knew she had to remain calm so she wouldn't frighten her younger brothers and sisters. The strange scratchy noise came again. What should she do? Her thoughts flew back to early morning and she heard her mother and father giving last minute instructions.

"Mary Ann, Indians were sighted in the hills west of town this morning. We wish we didn't have to leave you alone today, "but this trip is necessary to get flour for winter, so be sure you do exactly as we tell you to. " Mother was putting things in the wagon as she spoke.

Father came in and began giving her instructions on what her duties for the day would be. "Take good care of your younger sisters and brothers today. Make sure they stay close around home. Get the chores done before dark. Make sure the chickens, pigs, cow and calf are locked up tight in their pens at least a half an hour before dark. Then you take the little ones into the house, cover the windows and lock the door. If the Indians come this way they probably won't bother you unless they can see a light. "

Mother and father had left early to get wheat ground into flour, and it always took a full day. They had to travel eight miles to the mill and the horses couldn't go faster than a walk with their heavy load.

Mary Ann surely wished mother and father would get back. To calm her fears, she gathered her sisters and brothers around her on the bed. She would tell them a story.

There was that noise again. This time the other children heard it too. Joe said, "I know, let's hide!" Mary Ann thought that was a good idea, so she turned the washtub over and hid her two sisters under that. Joe and George climbed into the loft and covered themselves with an old quilt. Mary Ann crawled under the bed. Now they could even hear voices.

They all stayed very quiet for what seemed an eternity to Mary Ann. Finally, gathering all her courage, she lifted the corner of the blanket covering the window and looked out. There in the moonlight were her parents, taking care of the horses before coming into the house.

Source: An incident in the life of Mary Ann Christine Jensen Mikkelsen.

MEMORIES

Sandra Ockey
Box 596
Ephraim, UT 64627
Non-Professional Division, First Place Poetry

How well I remember her.
She must have been old even then.
Her thinning, white hair,
Her soft, wrinkled cheek.
How often I pressed my own cheek to hers.
I don't remember hearing her gossip
Or talk loudly,
Or speak rudely,

But I do remember her laugh—
A sweet, ladylike laugh,
Much like the kiss of the sun on the blue mountains.
Such was she.
She could tell wonderful stories,
Stories of yesterday—
Of covered wagons,
Indians and uprisings,
Hardship, hard work, and infinite trust in God.
She, with her beautiful home and treasures,
Speaking of tents, log cabins, and sod houses.
The thirsty finger of the sun often taking the crops,
And the frozen feet of winter covering the land in early fall.
Her words seemed incredible,
But I knew,
Without conscious volition,
That she spoke the simple truth.
A starving baby,
A crying child.
An overworked mother,
An exhausted father.
These things were real—these people were real.
Yes, this beautiful lady,
This cold, hungry child,
Ironically alike
Yet a distance of 75 years separated them.
Memories,
Like the migrating geese,
Are often far away,
But always sure to return.
Downy, soft and warm,
And most important—full of life.
My lady is fun of life,
She is life,
A complicated, yet simple
Mass of memories
Crying babies,
And white hair.

ENVISIONED

Dana S. Ekins
1044 Austin Avenue
Salt Lake City, UT 84106
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Poetry

Moroni

Did your helmet of gold
Reflect the rays
Of a younger lustrous sun
Sons ago
When your sandaled feet
Crushed sun-withered weeds
And your slitted eyes
Saw olive-tan mountains
Behind the un-templed hill?

Did you stand upon its crest
Eyes closed
And envision
Oolite* castle-building
Pioneer arms lifting
One carved cube upon another
Until steeples pierced
The sapphire sky
And heaven sang
Hosanna?

Did you sound
A celestial trumpet?

*The type of stone from which the Manti Temple was
constructed.

SHOCKMAN

Bonny Nielson Dahlsrud
Box 195
Salina, UT 84654
Non-Professional Division, Third Place Poetry

He came, a child, alone, afraid, aware
Of only Indian ways. Captured, beat,
And trusting none, then sold to strange and fair-
Skinned ones. Some called him Shockman, "rabbit feet"
In Indian tongue. Two paths he walked, two

Lives in one. A Ute at birth, a white man's
Son. Obedient, gentle, kind, and true;
Yet from the Utes, he mastered shrewd. Their lands
Were his, their habits known. He traded lives
With trinkets for their dark-skinned, savage hands.
"No shoot, good brave," his words could stop quick knives.
A hero in both worlds, his legend stands.
The Manti people loved him so, with death
He didn't die - but lived through other's breath.

Source: Song Of A Century, p. 46.

Heart Throbs of the West, by Mrs. Kate B. Carter, pp. 154-156.

Author's feelings for Alma Shock Brown, adopted Indian boy of James P. Brown.

THE OLD PIONEER WAGON

Archibald J. Anderson

Fairview, UT 84629

Non-Professional Division, Honorable Mention Poetry

The old pioneer wagon stood in the yards
Its life had been long and hard,
A reminder of the past
Unlocked thoughts in memory cast.

A story never completely told
Of many experiences raw and bold.
In silence it now rested,
Never again to be severely tested.

Wheels now brittle and dry with age
Had rolled through stream and endless sage;
The tongue had held a steady course,
Never deviating from a dedicated source.

Through weather good and bad
It ever pressed onward, for it had
An important journey to make—
Home, destination, success at stake,

Rugged mountains to cross
Behind sturdy oxen and horse,
Violent rivers to ford and reach
The other side without a breach.

Rolling down Emigration Canyon full
Of expectation of an end to push and pull,
A thousand miles traversed, still
A sturdy frame moved with grace and will.

Yet another mission to perform,
An ancient valley to reform.
This time the tongue turned south;
Again it was loaded to feed the mouth.

The trip was short over uncharted trail
That only Indian knew, yet, hail—
Sanpete, a beautiful valley, lay ahead
With all promise a glorious future said.

The wagon rolled to a stop at Temple Hill—
A work well done but still
More need for faithful toil
Moving timber, stone and soil.

A town to erect with streets,
Farms to service where they meet,
Homes to build with families growing,
Harvest to haul, seeds for sowing.

A Temple on a hill—
Spiritual beauty radiating with quiet will,
Blessings to ever bestow with love
From our eternal Benefactor in Heaven above.

With the coining of good road and car
The old pioneer wagon stood useless at the bar,
Now just a memory of the past,
Work and deed in history cast.

TRANSITION YEARS OF SNOW COLLEGE AS REFLECTED IN THE CAREER OF J. S. CHRISTENSEN

Afton Christensen Greaves
1904 Herbert Avenue
Salt Lake City, UT 84108
Non-Professional Division, First Place Historical Essay

When I was young, I thought my father knew everything. There was no subject in school he couldn't help me with— except shorthand (not because he didn't know shorthand—but because he learned Pitman and I, Gregg). I am 67; father died in 1945 at age 61; and I am amazed at his knowledge, and the difficulties he surmounted to acquire it.

Joseph Soren Christensen (J. S. to everyone) was born January 4, 1884, in Mt. Pleasant, the fourth of ten children born to Christen and Phylinda Clark Christensen. This same year, the family moved to Chester to homestead. They built a log cabin (which still stands) where the rest of their children were born—one small room with a sleeping loft! In 1896 when father was twelve, his parents built a spacious two-story frame home.

Everyone worked hard on the farm to acquire life's necessities. In this humble, loving, good, hard-working family, it is difficult to see how he acquired his dream of an education. He began his schooling where all grades were taught by one teacher in one room. He was in the first graduating class in 1901.¹

The following two years he worked for the railroad and herded sheep in the mountains. He always said herding sheep wasn't so bad; although he didn't earn much money, he couldn't spend it, and time was available for study. He herded sheep again, years later, after we moved to Ephraim; I remember visiting his sheep camp in a beautiful grove of mountain trees.

From 1903-05 he attended L.D.S. College in Salt Lake, then served a mission in Hawaii, but was called home early (1906) because of his father's illness and death. Again his education was delayed while he helped support younger brothers and sisters as bookkeeper for Utah Construction Company, and again for the railroad.

He attended Snow Academy 1910-12, where he served as student body president, and graduated in the Normal field, prepared to teach.

During 1912-14, he was instructor and principal in the Chester school. May 28, 1913, *he* married Mary Bendetta Beal in the Manti Temple. They lived frugally to enable him to attend the University of Utah, 1914-1916. It was here that I, their first child, was born. He taught in Magna, 1916-17. He didn't graduate from the University until 1917. The necessary hours completed by correspondence while teaching. His major was chemistry; his minor, English.

They moved back to Sanpete, the area they loved, where he taught one year in Fountain Green. In 1918 they came "home" to Ephraim where his life became irrevocably joined with the life of Snow College.

Five different names reflect its development. First, Sanpete Stake Academy, financed mostly by the Stake;² second, Snow Academy because it had outgrown its name, for students from other counties and states attended;³ third, the Normal school grew in importance so it became Snow Normal College; fourth, Snow Junior College, accredited by the State Board of Education, and Normal graduates received first-class teacher certificates. One year later, March 17, 1923, it became Snow College.⁴

When father came to Snow, he taught high school classes. In 1924 the high school and college were separated; he then taught only college subjects.⁵

Until 1932 it was an L.D.S. school. For teachers, every day began with prayer meeting; these meetings were both devotional and regular business meetings which were opened and closed with prayer.⁶ Faculty members were required to pay full tithing, and live exemplary lives as examples for students. Moral codes for school and church were identical. Faculty members chaperoned dances; often my father sold tickets as well. If we danced too close, he or another would tap us on the shoulder.

When I was young, father took me to basketball games in the old Gymnasium* We stood on the elevated race track where he allowed me to slip large cardboard numbers into slots to keep score. I really felt important!

He attended Utah Agricultural College the summers of 1923-24-25-26, and was awarded a Master's Degree in Accounting. Mother and their three children went with him in 1923. He pitched a tent over a cement platform in a grove of trees (east of the campus where the library now stands). Each tent had an electrical outlet; mother cooked on a hot plate and washed clothes by hand. It was difficult for her, but for me it was an exciting adventure!

His law degree was obtained through correspondence and summer school attendance at the University of Utah. Father's big roll-top desk stood in our dining room (also our family room). I marvel at how he could concentrate in the same room with noisy children laughing, quarreling, playing and talking. When dad was home the desk was open and bulging with books and papers; when he left, the top was rolled down—strictly off-limits to us. In 1929 at age 45 he passed the Bar Examination— after five children had been born!

In addition to his teaching load, he often served as registrar, treasurer, and bookstore manager simultaneously, besides serving on numerous committees.

The practice of soliciting students was initiated early. President Noyes' diary tells of many trips in wagons over dusty roads to speak in ward meetings, at schools, or to students individually.⁷ In father's time, at their own expense, faculty members were assigned areas. Many times mother went to keep him company. Once he took my brother, sister, and me to southern Utah and promised a trip to Bryce Canyon afterwards. Not only did we get to Bryce—but to Zion and to Grand Canyon! This trip was memorable because he was so busy teaching, practicing law, auditing books, and studying that we had few vacations—and little money. His idea of recreation was a long fast walk or attending movies (any kind—they were "relaxing"). He also had an enormous yard east of our house (where Lawrence Hermansen's house stands). He became an enthusiastic gardener, with a huge vegetable garden surrounded by myriads of flowers.

He had degrees in English, chemistry, accounting, and law, so he taught a wide range of subjects over the years. Class Bulletins reveal that he taught chemistry, algebra, English, physical and social sciences, literature, mathematics, elementary and advanced accounting, finance, Pitman shorthand, typing, business English, business law, and theology.⁸ While Snow was a Church school, theology classes were required, and all "worthy" teachers instructed.⁹

He served on many committees, for example: Registration and Petitions, Library, Debates and Orations, Student Aid, Printing and Publicity, Administrative, Credits, Admission and Graduation, Athletics, Student Lodging and Aid, Lyceum, and Discipline.¹⁰ Lee R. Thompson makes the following statements about Snow's transition from Church to State control in 1932-33: " ... Snow College was fortunate in the business office with the knowledge and talents of Mr. J. S. Christensen. He was broad in knowledge, experience, and ability ... " "A common belief of those people who were closely associated with the business affairs was that, without the services of Mr. J. S. Christensen, confusion possibly could have led to chaos. " ¹¹

Financial problems were critical for the 1934-35 year; the appropriation and faculty salaries were drastically cut, causing teachers to leave. Although father's salary was cut in half, his vigorous commitment remained with Snow.

During those busy years, he was First Counselor in a Bishopric, Superintendent of Sunday School, taught an adult Sunday School class for years, was a County Commissioner, City Attorney, and served on many civic committees.

All five of his children studied under him. I took three quarters of accounting and one of business English the year Snow became a State junior college. Father told me I was a "smart" girl, and I was going to earn an "A" in accounting in such a way that no one could accuse him of giving it to me because I was his daughter! He was an excellent teacher and I enjoyed his classes immensely. Many people have told me the same thing—some have said he was responsible for their continuing their education.

Father taught his students not only by word of mouth, but by example. I doubt anyone could accuse him of offending or taking advantage. I have good reason to believe that no one who came to him for help was turned away. I'm sure many took advantage of his generosity and knowledge. He was a truly happy man.

Fern A. Young, a teacher-colleague, wrote this tribute after his death:

Say not J. S. is dead.
He lives each day
That we recall his graciousness,
His encouraging smile,
His hearty greeting,
His frequent jest
And ever-ready helpfulness,
His earnest declarations
Of convictions that were his.

J. S. was, is, will always be
A living force at Snow,
A valiant son who gave
Our Alma Mater the energy.
The drive, the fellowship,
The mellowness of mind
And warmth of heart
That marked his vigorous
And fruitful years.

J. S. is our Leader still,
In office, classroom, Assembly Hall,
And up the rugged mountain trail.¹²

To understand his role and strong commitment to Snow College is to understand much of its history during the twenty-seven years he was there.

*Dee Anderson Business Building.

¹J. Emil Jensen, *History of the Chester Ward 1870-1964*, Art City Publishing Co. (Springville, 1964), p. 157. The photograph is also in my possession.

²Circular of Sanpete Stake Academy, 1888-89.

³Journal of Newton E. Noyes, 1896-1909, (copied by B. Y. U. Library, 1954), April 28, 1900, p. 206.

⁴Ross Partington Findlay, *Snow College, Its Founding and Development, 1888-1932*, unpublished master's thesis, Utah State Agricultural College, 1952, pp. 50, 51.

⁵Findlay, p. 62.

⁶Findlay, p. 27.

⁷Noyes Journal, Aug. 23, 1901, p. 322; Aug. 18, 1907, p. 632, and passim.

⁸Class Bulletins, 1918-1936.

⁹Snow Normal College Bulletin, 1919-20, p. 17; Snow College Catalogue, 1930-31, p. 29.

¹⁰Class Bulletins, 1918-1936.

¹¹Lee R. Thompson, History of Snow College, 1932-1951, unpublished Master's Thesis, Utah State University, Logan, 1966, pp. 26,28.

¹²1946 Snowonian, p. 9.

Personal recollections.

IT'S A MIRACLE

Lois Sears Brown

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Non-Professional Division

Second Place Historical Essay

Tears of frustration gathered in my eyes and an occasional one streaked through the grime gathering on my face as I scraped the soot from the small door at the bottom of the huge black stove in our kitchen. Worse was yet to come! As I grasped the chicken wing and started to sweep the fine soot and ash, I sniffled and coughed and dreaded the cleanup of me and the kitchen that must take place after this, the worst of all possible chores in our home.

I complained and sulked at having to do this task, but I knew Mother could not accomplish all the cleaning that must be done each Saturday. Mother was busily cleaning the small wooden box so it could accommodate the chunk of ice that must go into it. She always did this as it was imperative that the drain be thoroughly clean and empty so the melting ice would not form puddles on the floor. And while the "ice box " was a neat rectangle, ice seldom was. So, as ice was lowered into the box, the ice-pick chipped a corner here and a curve there. These bits and pieces, which should have dropped quietly into the box, always flew and quickly melted into dirty puddles on the floor. The ice, hauled from the river, contained bits of leaves and debris that made cleaning the floor and ice box a slimy job.

There must be a better way! Surely all the girls and women in the world should not suffer this misery, this frustration, the dirt and work that my mother and I experienced each Saturday.

Sunday, I brooded this problem, and Monday as I dipped heavy clothes from the boiling water on the old black stove my anger mounted. The steam turned my face flaming red. Every shred of curl disappeared from my hair. Hot soapy water splashed everywhere, even into my eyes and mouth as I pulled from the water one white shirt after another, and linen table cloths and napkins and dresses and pillow cases. I shuddered to think of the hours of ironing the stiffly starched articles with an iron that stuck and scorched.

As I emptied the boiler I turned to my weary mother and announced that there would positively be no Monday, or Saturday in my home when I grew up. Once voiced my indignation grew. There would be no spring cleaning either. My boys, and my children would all be boys, could work and play out in the fresh air and sunshine all day long, and I would be there with them enjoying some of the things I missed because I had stayed in the house to do the washing and cleaning.

It was decided right then and there that no one in my home would shake rugs and hang them over the line and beat them hour after weary hour. And those horrible upstairs windows that had to be cleaned by sitting on the sill and pulling the window down between one and the safety of the upstairs bedroom would go dirty or vanish. If I washed the windows, I shook with fright. If Mother did them, I stood and whimpered until she was safely in the room again.

The overstuffed furniture that appeared in front rooms of the time was cleaned by hours of pounding the dust loose with a little paddle and then brushing the dirt away. It made me sneeze, and the furniture never seemed to get completely clean. My complaints were endless.

After days of my complaining over my miseries, finally my long-suffering, tired, patient mother became weary of my tirades and demanded to know how I would be rid of all those loathsome chores. I was stumped! I didn't know, couldn't even guess. But some day, some way, these problems must be solved! Perhaps—a miracle?

And it happened! Entirely without effort on my part, hateful tasks of my childhood have vanished and I am living in an age I only dreamed of and desired.

In my kitchen stands my electric stove, soot free, efficient and clean. The refrigerator keeps things cool days on end without dirty puddles and with a minimum of cleaning. The automatic washer and modern fabrics have eliminated washday and ironing day woes. The vacuum cleaner cleans easily and thoroughly. One-story houses and a variety of window styles and window washing equipment have eliminated the hazards of window cleaning.

I have been able to play ball, gather rocks and rake and dig with my three boys (Now how did even that work out I wonder?)

I guess—IT'S A MIRACLE!

FOUNTAIN GREEN THE RICHEST LITTLE TOWN IN SANPETE COUNTY

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Non-Professional Division
Third Place Historical Essay

April, 1920, I was born in Fountain Green, Utah, to Lorenzo and Loie Longson. I was the youngest of seven children. In 1922 my mother was stricken with the flu while she was pregnant; the baby, a boy, was born while she was sick, causing her to die. My baby brother died one month later. My father's sister came here to help him get his life organized and talked Dad into putting me out for adoption. He no sooner signed all papers and let me go and he was sorry he had done so. Aunt Cliff tried to talk him into putting the rest of the children out for adoption also, and he refused. They got into a bitter argument, and Aunt Cliff went back home to Chicago. They never spoke to each other again.

My new parents were John W. and Mattie M. Yorgason. I was very happy in my new home. My father and I had things in common: we liked to play records and sing to them. My father also had an accordion that he played by ear. He would play his accordion and we would sing together. My father was born halfway between Fountain Green and Moroni, and he was a direct descendant of James Yorgason, who was one of the first bishops of Sanpete County. Some of my earliest memories are of my father telling of when he was a boy in Sanpete County, how he herded cows all day barefooted, then bring them home to be milked at night. I loved to sit on his knee and listen.

When I was a small girl, I can -remember the children's dance in the town dance hall, which was located next to and adjoining the show house. The dance hall in recent years was the General Store, run by Mr. Rasmussen before he passed away. The Post Office was then around the corner where the barber shop is now. The General Mercantile Store was located between the post office and Our Place Cafe. The store was

about 25 feet by 100 to 150 feet long. In this store Mr. Rasmussen sold then what we would shop in three to four stores for today. As you enter the store, on each side was a counter and across the back was the meat counter. Across the center of the store were large tables. Between the counters and tables was a aisle for everyone to walk in. The rear 20 to 25 feet was the grocery part; the butcher showcase was the only refrigeration, I believe; the butcher would wait on you and cut the meat you wanted and wrap it for you. Under the counters were big bins with macaroni, spaghetti, noodles, rice, and beans. On the shelves were raisins, salt, soda, spices, flour, sugar, and etc. In those days the basic things were all there were—no bread, cake mixes, vegetables, fruits, hamburger helpers, milk, or eggs. We bought our eggs and milk across the street and made our own breads.

In the center portion of the store were yardage, patterns, buttons, pins, and thread. At the very front of the store were tools, guns, stoves for sheep herders, and other supplies. There were one or two racks full of ready-to-wear clothes.

In those days no one ran to the store for everything as we do now. Instead we went to the cellar, brought up the makings and prepared our own dishes. There were peddlers who all summer went door to door selling all kinds of fruits and vegetables to the people, and the women spent all summer canning the fruits and vegetables, making relishes, jellies, jams, etc. Meat was purchased by quarter or half's and traded among friends and neighbors. The meats were also canned, for there were no refrigerators or freezers then.

Our supply cellar was under our house. We had our coal supply, fresh apples, and all of our canning was kept there.

In 1933 we sold our home to Gladys Winters and we moved to California. I can remember the old blacksmith shop across the street from us. It was awful scary to pass at night. One block west of our house, the Oldroyd family lived. Next to the sidewalk beyond their house was a garage where the city kept the hearse carriage. I passed this shed everyday on my way to and from school. I dearly loved to look through the crack in the shed at the carriage.

Dr. Diaz in Moroni removed my tonsils when I was six years old on our dining room table. My mother was a midwife, and I know several people she delivered. There were no hospitals. Doctors' offices were in their homes. The closest hospital was in Salt Lake City by car; no ambulances. The closest doctor was in Springville.

In 1962, I moved back to Utah upon the advice of my husband's doctor, for his health. I wanted also to spend some time and become better acquainted with my real family and see some of my schoolmates again. I was surprised to find a lot of changes in Sanpete County. When one is born in Sanpete County, you become part of it and vice-versa because the people here are genuine, sincere, hard-working people who care, always ready to help you. No matter where you go, you just cannot top them. "GOD BLESS THEM ALL.

STATEHOOD

Norma Smith Wanlass

Manti, UT 84642

Non-Professional Division

First Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Before admitting Utah to the Union, the United States Congress turned down six statehood petitions from the territory, and the six petitions are only the efforts that got as far as Washington. For 45 years Mormons deliberated, petitioned, politicked and intrigued almost constantly to achieve it.

Why should statehood be successful in 1895 and a failure in 1849, 1856, 1862, 1872, and 1887? The answer, Polygamy.¹

If Congress had admitted the State as in the original petition almost all of Utah and Nevada, as well as large parts of Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California and Oregon, were within the boundaries of Deseret. It took Congress two years to decide what to do. When it finally acted, it rejected the petition for statehood, instead creating the Territory of Utah. As a Territory, the Mormon settlers were less able to control their own affairs than they would have been as a state.²

When the Mormons came to Utah it was still in Mexico, yet part of the problem was that the Mormons had settled the land without authority of the United States government. They granted tracts to their members to farm, and gave vast water and timber rights to their leaders to administer to the community. Because they held their land without title from the United States, some gentiles claimed the property of their Mormon neighbors. This resulted in court battles and street fights.³

Women were given the right to vote in Utah in 1870, the first in the nation to exercise that right. The first votes cast by women in municipal elections in the United States were in Salt Lake City. In the Edmunds-Tucker Act of 1887, Congress revoked the right of women to vote—to reduce the political power of the Mormons.⁴

Stiff new penalties were prescribed for polygamy by the Edmunds Act, and co-habitation with more than one wife was defined as a separate criminal offense. Over 1200 persons were convicted and served time in the territorial penitentiary.

The common law rule that a wife may not testify against her husband was declared inoperative in the case of polygamous wives. Many went to jail for contempt when they refused to give evidence against their husbands.⁵

In 1887 Congress struck the final legislative blow with the Edmunds-Tucker Act. That law:

- Disincorporated the Mormon Church and the perpetual Emigration Company.
- Declared all church property in excess of \$50,000 forfeit to the government, and gave the courts power to ferret out actual holdings of the church, setting aside devices such as the "trustee in trust."
- Abolished woman suffrage in Utah, disinherited children of polygamous marriages, and required all marriages be certified by the courts.
- Required an expurgatory oath of all prospective voters swearing they did not belong to or support an organization which advocated polygamy. Thus, any Mormon would have to forswear himself to vote.⁶

After passage of this Act, the Mormons surrendered over \$1 Million in property to the federal government to facilitate a court test of the constitutionality of the legislation. Temple Square in Salt Lake City was one of those forfeited properties. The church continued to occupy the block, but paid rent to the government.⁷

The Edmunds-Tucker Act was morally wrong when it took the franchise from women. Unjust as it was, the provisions of the Constitutional Convention defining the qualifications for voting could not go into effect until Utah became a state. This legislation was violently in opposition to the Constitution of the United States. This act illegally confiscated the real estate property belonging to the church. Nine years passed before the enormity of the crime was realized.

"Resolved, that all of the real estate now in the hands of the receiver of the 'late' Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and all the rents, issues and profits arising there from, are hereby granted and conveyed to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints." This resolution was approved by the House, March 24, 1896, and signed by President Cleveland, March 28, 1896.⁸ For 42 years Utah had been called wicked. Now they were vindicated.

"Utah is a State"

The click of the telegraph instrument conveyed the news that the people had long been waiting for. At 9:03 A.M. in Utah, on Saturday, January 4, 1896, Utah assumed the robes of State sovereignty.

To other states, statehood came as a matter of course; to Utah it came as a sacred deed of trust put in the hands of the people. The joy was too deep for any outward violent demonstration; but that did not disguise from any looker-on the truth that the people were immensely, intensely moved.⁹

MANTI, HOW WE CELEBRATED

January 6, 1896

Early on Monday morning the booming of cannons, ringing of cow bells and blowing of whistles gratified the ear, or otherwise, with the noise. In every direction flags and bunting met the eye. Uncle Sam paraded the street accompanied by as many noise-makers as could be raked together.

At 11 A.M. the citizens met at the Tabernacle and crowded it to its limits. The meeting was well warmed up by the stove brought from the SPV round house.

—Call to order at 12 P.M. by Master of Ceremonies, Mayor Alder.

- Music - Double Mixed Quartette
- Invocation - Anthony W. Bessey
- Music - "America ", by school children.
- Address - Honorable C. P. Larsen
- Music - Guitar and Mandolin Club.
- Speech - Bishop Win. T. Reid.
- Song - by the Schools.
- Speech - Pres. J. B. Maiben
- Speech - Mrs. A. L. Cox
- Song - Misses Billings
- Speech - Mrs. Adelia Sidwell
- Speech - Bishop Hans Jensen
- Male Quartette.
- Speech - "Pioneers" , George P. Billings
- Speech - Daniel Henrie M.W.V.
- Music - Orchestra.
- Speech - Pres. J. D. T. McAllister.
- Music - Choir, Schools and Audience.
- Benediction - Rev. G. W. Martin.

The Program was carried out in a splendid manner. The speeches were good particularly that of President Maiben. The singing was excellent and the double quartette was all right. There were too many speeches which made the meeting too long, but we scarcely see how it could be shortened.

In the evening the dances were well attended, and a good time was spent by the participants. Altogether the whole affair was a genuine success.

Eddie, son of Judge Cochran had his eyes filled with burnt powder and it was feared that his eyesight would be permanently injured, but he is doing all right under Dr. Morrey's care.

One thing lacking about the decorations was a picture of President Cleveland. The committee secured the services of Oliver Christiansen, to make one, but the work was not considered good enough and it was reluctantly laid aside.

The Sentinel—January 8, 1896

GUNNISON

Inaugural Day at Gunnison was celebrated in a manner which will never be forgotten. The citizens seemed to be out in masses to show their appreciation of the boon of Statehood.

Just before 11 o'clock on the morning of January 6, 1896, commenced the firing of artillery and ringing of the bell while the brass band paraded the streets.

The people gathered at the R.S. Hall and soon filled the building to overflow. The hall was beautifully decorated and the stores, as well as many residences were bedecked with bunting and flags. Large flags were displayed over the R.S. Hall, Co-op, Presbyterian chapel, and premises of W.H. Gribble, Mrs. Julius Christensen and Edmund Sandersen.

The city tendered free to the public, three dances that night. Each hall was thronged and merriment reigned supreme. Last night the smaller children danced at Johnson's.

Gunnison is elated over the prospect of one of her citizens being entitled to the Salt Lake Herald's gold and silver cup, as well as the honor attached if decided, that she has the first born son in the State of Utah. Anton Jensen will send in a claim for the cup in behalf of a son, GROVER JAMES JENSEN, born on Saturday morning, January 4, 1896, at 8 o'clock and ten minutes local standard time, just seven minutes after President Cleveland signed a proclamation of statehood. Mr. Jensen is a Democrat and it is hoped he will be the winner.

Sentinel—January 8, 1896

It is noted that in the regular session of Manti Council Meeting held January 7, 1896, a bill was submitted by Marshal Billings amounting to 25c for flags for decorating on State Day. Bill was allowed. Council adjourned.

Signed—Ferdinand Alder
Mayor

JESSIE WINTCH JENSEN, of Manti, Utah, was nine years old when Utah was admitted to the sisterhood of States. She remembers the gunners and their 45 salutes, the noise, the flag and bunting decorating the Tabernacle and Main Street, the band, the choruses, and the speeches. One speaker explained what statehood meant and this impressed her. It was a somber, joyful occasion.

Mrs. Jensen was the only person I found who remembered this historic day first hand. There were several others whom I contacted—all in their nineties, but they had no remembrance of it.

Mrs. Jensen will be 96 years old on September 24, 1982. She has lived a good productive life, highly esteemed by everyone. Her sense of humor is wonderful, and she considers it a great privilege to vote in all elections. Just think, if you can, of all the changes during her life span.

Sources:

1History of Utah, Vol. I, p. 490, by Wayne Stout.

2Deseret, p. 189.

3Deseret, pp. 189-191.

4Deseret, p. 191.

5Deseret, p. 196.

6Deseret, p. 197.

7Deseret, p. 198.

8 & 9 History of Utah, Vol. 2, p. 8 and Vol. 1, p. 519. By Wayne Stout.

WEST OF HEAVEN

Bonny Nielson Dahlsrud

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Non-Professional Division, Second Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Things don't change much here. Time has been captured in the stillness of the gray dawn, with only occasional reminders of the present: new electric wire fences, ear tags on the cattle, and a pick-up truck nearby.

While the town still sleeps, I wonder how it was when my father was a boy, and his father before him. I'm sure the magic in the sunrise was mixed with the same pastel hues, while the morning breeze danced through the wire grass in the same graceful manner. I imagine they listened to the familiar song of the meadowlark chirping "Ephraim's a pretty little town, " with a calf bawling in the background chorus. I'm sure they must have felt much the same as I do when they saw the miniature temple against the backdrop of distant skies and drank in refreshing gulps of cool, morning air.

I stand here in a quiet pasture below Ephraim, a little west of heaven, but closer than most dare to guess.

Source: Author's reflections while visiting the Nielson pasture.

THE NEW CLOTHES

Sherrie Ahlstrom Hundley

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Orem, UT 84057

Professional Division, First Place Short Story

Mother smiled as she put the last stitches on the blue dress. "There," she said, "that ought to give you enough changes for the school year, if you're careful."

I gave her a big hug. "Thanks, mother," I said. "You make beautiful clothes. I think this one is my favorite."

I held it up to myself and pranced around the parlor. I was so happy that she was allowing me to go away to school. Ephraim wasn't so far from Spring City, but it was the "big city " as far as we girls were concerned. I was to finish my last year of high school there, and if all went well, I might get to go back to Snow College the year after that. When Hope and her mother came and asked if I could go, I really didn't think Mother and Dad would agree; but they did. Being the only girl still at home, I was badly needed to help with things. I came home every day from school and cleaned the house, did dishes, and helped with the milking chores. Mother and Dad were always very busy out at the farm. This would be a good change for me. Though it was my first time away from home, I looked forward to it with great anticipation.

Of course, I would miss a lot of things that I had enjoyed at home. Mother had always allowed us to have our friends there a lot, and we had especially had wonderful times out at the farm. There were many memories to take with me, and I was glad of that.

But I was glad to get away from all the work. Even though we had moved back to town in the fall as we always did, there was still a great deal of work to be done on the farm. It would continue until winter set in. There would be boxes and boxes of apples to pick and sort and then haul to the cellar under the granary for storage. Grain had to be hauled and stacked. Potatoes had to be dug with a hand plow, put in buckets and then in sacks. Beans had to be picked and threshed. Sometimes there were as many as twenty-five men

to be fed at dinner. I wondered how mother would get along without me, but I was excited about going, and nothing would stop me from it, now that she had consented.

I held up the new dress again and thought of all the wonderful things I could do in it. Parties, plays and dates! There were so many new experiences waiting for me.

Mother had shown me how to pack the dresses so that they would not be too wrinkled. It would save a lot of ironing with those heavy irons that had to be heated on the stove. Everything was loaded into the Model T, including my trunk, a sack of coal, and several boxes. It was a full load, with Mother and Dad, myself, and my niece, Wanda. On a warm Sunday afternoon in the early fall, we drove away from the house and headed for Ephraim.

About half way there we approached a very narrow bridge which crossed a big wash. Another car was coming toward us, and just as we reached the bridge, it swerved and crowded us so that Dad had to turn suddenly, tipping us off into the wash. We rolled and tumbled, boxes and trunk flying in the air, and it seemed like an eternity of commotion until we finally came to rest, the car on its top and all four wheels in the air.

I looked around and saw my trunk lying in the water and was frantic about my clothes. I just knew that they were all ruined!

Soon people arrived at the scene and carried the trunk up to the road, where I insisted that it be opened so that we could see what damage had been done. I felt I would just die if the dresses were ruined, especially the favorite one, which I thought I could never do without!

The lid was opened and all my fears were realized. There in the trunk lay a mass of soggy clothes. I was sure that nothing worse could ever happen to me. Mother didn't seem that concerned about them; she was only thankful that no one was hurt. She said she would take the dresses all home and wash them and bring them to me the next week.

I went on to Ephraim with Hope's folks. The first week was miserable for me without my new clothes, but it gave me a lot of time to think about my life, and especially about my parents and all they had done for me. I thought about the wreck and realized how easily they could have been badly hurt or killed. I remembered how frightening it was, rolling over and over into that wash. It was a feeling I would never forget.

As I thought about my family I remembered all the good times we'd had, and the fun at the farm, in spite of all the hard work. Dad had let us use the reservoir for a swimming pool and it was like a party every day in the summer. Mother let the girls come in the house to change their wet clothes, even after she had just mopped the floor. She always had freshly-baked bread, covered with butter and jam, and handed it out to the hungry crowd.

I remembered mother jumping into the buggy when we were in town, and driving "Old May" out to the farm. She'd stop at the highway and look for cars. There weren't many of them and the horse was not used to them. She was always afraid that someone would run into us.

When we didn't go in the buggy, we'd walk the two-and-a-half miles to the farm. The springs around town, from which Spring City got its name, provided plenty of fresh water, giving the landscape its lush, green-carpet look, where birds nested and warbled throughout the spring and summer. Sometimes we'd cut through the fields, running up to our knees in tall grass and flowers, enjoying the fresh air and warm sun.

I would miss all these things while I was away from my family. I was beginning to realize just how much they meant to me, and this feeling grew within me as time went on.

Mother brought the clothes over the next week, just as she said. I enjoyed a wonderful school year and went back to Ephraim to go to Snow College where I graduated two years later. Then I went to southern Utah to teach school and married while I was there, so I was never at home for any length of time again. But I have thought many times in the years since about the many loving things my parents did for me, and I've wondered what kind of person I would be if I hadn't had their generous and industrious example to follow. Descendants of hardy pioneers who came from other countries to join the Saints and build up the Church, they carried on

the traditions of hard work and dedication to the principles they knew to be right, inspiring their children to do the same.

After I married, Dad gave us a cow and a pig, and mother was always sending packages of good things to eat. Sometimes she would send piece goods to make dresses for my two little girls, and I would be reminded of all the dresses she had made for me and the other sacrifices she made for her family. I would remember how important those new clothes were to me when I was young, and then I'd think of how things change as you grow older, and how being away from your family makes you appreciate them more.

Mother used to say, "You have to die to be appreciated, *and I* don't know that it is entirely true, but I know that I learned to appreciate her more and more as the years passed and I was a mother, too. The longer I live the more I know there's a lot more important things in life than having new clothes.

Source: Author's mother's autobiography.

THE CONCERT MASTER

Eardley B. Madsen
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Professional Division, Second Place Short Story

When Malthus said that population tends to outrun the food supply, he must have had a cat family in mind. Our little kittens seemed to generate spontaneously. They came from nowhere and everywhere, in increasing numbers! My mother, a widow, was very aware of this population explosion, and so it was with great regret and many misgivings that she solemnly announced: "We will have to get rid of our tom cat." His frequent forays into neighboring territory with the accompanying chorus of 'cat-calls' in the middle of the night was the 'cause celebre' for this explosive state of affairs. In fact, almost any night of the week, the mournful tunes would come in crescendo from the direction of a high picket fence, accompanied by an adagio echo from the nearest barn. An 'unbiased' report from our neighbors put the cat noise at the pollution level. They conceded to no less than a brigade of cats with two regiments—one performing "The Ride of the Valkyries" on the picket fence, while the other improvised a kettle-drum version of "The Flying Dutchman." It was Wagner gone awry! There were broad hints, indeed, even outright accusations, that our tom cat was the operatic lead as well as concert master to the whole performance! Doubts were expressed as to whether relief could be expected without drastic intervention. In short, they threatened "to shoot the damn cat." And all this, because nature had not synchronized the bio-rhythms of the feline estrus cycle with our neighbors' sleeping habits!

Although the words used by our neighbors in "discussing" the cat problem were colorful, often pungent, and conveyed an auditory sting that left no doubt as to exactly what they meant, I think that accuracy can still be served by continuing the narrative without verbatim quotes.

The neighborhood kangaroo court had pronounced our cat— expendable! Weeks passed before my mother summoned enough courage to face the issue on an operational level. Talking about a pet's demise was one thing; causing it was quite another. The spring morning was bright and clear. She placed our round galvanized wash tub on the lawn and filled it with water. Some bricks were at hand to keep the cat submerged for the required length of time. With the cat inside a securely tied gunny sack, she quickly pushed it under the surface and reached for a brick. The resulting turmoil in the tub was violent. I was stunned. Water flew in all directions. I had hear of Mexican jumping beans, but never had I seen a jumping or flying gunny sack. That burlap bag was jet-propelled. We finally caught the THING, and with shaking hands untied the knot. Tom leaped out. The blur he made on departure suggested a launch for the moon.

Several days later, mother decided to try again. This time she found an old iron stove top which completely covered the top of the tub. We repeated the performance with this "no escape" strategy. I held my breath. The turbulence in the tub shook the ground, then gradually subsided. When all was quiet, she returned to the house. She looked dejected. There was a lump in my throat. I went over to the garden area to find a suitable burial spot. The soil near an apple tree was loose and moist from a recent watering. I dug a grave. The lump in my throat would not go away. I pushed the iron top off the tub, lifted the sack from the water, and gingerly carried it to the grave. Tom slid from the sack in a lifeless plunge to the bottom of the hole. I straightened his turned head in a last gesture and hastily filled the grave.

With such an involvement in life and death, sleep that night did not come easy. Next morning, however, the burden of guilt evaporated. We heard a faint scratching on the kitchen screen door. There sat Tom, his eyes full of mud, his coat wet, bedraggled, and dirty. He greeted us with a faint meow!

We washed the mud from his eyes as best we could, cleaned his fur, and gave him a bit of warm milk. From then on, he was known as "Old Nine-Lives"—sire to many, and Concert Master -extraordinaire!

Source: Personal experience.

THE GRAND MARSHALL AND TWENTY-FOUR SILVER-GREYS ON PARADE

Wilma Morley Despain
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Alpine, UT 84003

Professional Division, Third Place Short. Story

"Grandma, please tell us the story about the first twenty fourth of July parade in Salt Lake City, that was held before you and Grandpa came to Manti, will you please?"

"Oh, you children just read the whole account in that old Deseret News I saved and showed you, just the other day. "

"But it's so much better the way you tell it, Grandma. That newspaper article left out so much!"

"Oh, very well, but don't quit cutting the corn from the cob. I want to get it all spread out and covered with clean cloths before supper."

"Wouldn't it dry faster if you didn't cover it, Grandma?"

"Perhaps it would, but do you want to share it with the flies and bees that are always looking for food?" They all answered as if one voice, "No, no, of course we don't want those old blow-flies crawling over it, but we do want the bees that make our good honey and store it in their hives to get plenty to eat."

David Hyrum looked at his Grandmother with eyes that were as dark as two burned holes in a blanket. He worried about both this Grandma and the one sitting out under the eaves of their log-cabin home. He remembered the day they brought great-Grandma to them after she had fallen down and broken her hip. He worried whenever he examined the lines and cracks that had formed and were still getting deeper on both these loved faces. He started to ask Grandma Whitlock about her mother's accident, but Grandma cut him off: "Do you want to hear that story or the one you asked for first? "

"Tell us both stories Grandma!" they chorused.

"Another day I'll tell you about Mamma's having fell on her way to the pavilion at the Black-Hawk celebration. You must know all about it, and because she never walked again after she had danced two encores with a broken hip. It makes me too sad to bring it all back, especially today when we are so busy. Look at her now, sitting there day after day and unable to raise her hands to brush a fly from her face." The

children were very subdued and silent after this.

Etta Anna Eckersley had been such a vital, beautiful woman and they all felt real sorrow at her paralysis and helplessness.

"Grandpa 'Cap' loved horses as much as your Grandpa Isaac Morley did. His yard was always full of horse traders in Ephraim and Manti, even before he helped settle the City of Ephraim. But Grandpa Morley's horses were all purebreds and so beautiful. After the pioneers had been blessed to find 'This-Is-The-Place' in Salt Lake Valley, Prophet Brigham Young asked Isaac to come to 'This-Is-The-Place' in Sanpete Valley. " This brought questions, too, about why they were sent to another place so soon, after all they had. lost and suffered!

"We'll talk about that another time, too. Let's get on with our first request." She gazed at these beautiful upturned faces.

"The pioneers were so grateful for all the blessings they had enjoyed and for life itself! They decided to show their gratitude to the Lord, and to one another, by having a parade. Everyone helped, just everyone. Isaac was chosen as the Grand Marshall, and he felt this was a great honor."

Isaac sat his saddle so straight and tall, his English progenitors had all been proud and tall as he. They had all longed to stand where few men had ever stood, and they were good colonizers, too.

"Grandpa Morley had curry-combed his silver-grey steed named 'Champ', until its whole body shone and its skin looked like satin. Isaac's hair and clothes shone in the hot July sun, too. Each of the men that Isaac had chosen to ride with him, owned beautiful silver-greys, too. And the grey of their prancing mounts was not all the grey that was evident. The grey in the hair of all twenty-four men only added to the beautiful picture they formed. "

"Were they all soldiers in the war of 1812, Grandma? Had they all belonged to the Nauvoo Legion, too?"

"Yes they did, Thurzan, and they were as proud to be in this parade, as they could be and to have been given this honor." "I hope we can soon have a parade here in Manti, too. " This from Virgie. "We have lots of things to be thankful for, too—especially for the Lord's protection from those terrible rattlesnakes that crawled all over our bedding and cupboards! "

"You are right, Virgie, and how grateful we are and should be that Chief Walker returned our baby that Grandpa had to give them so they wouldn't burn the Fort once more! " Anna bowed her head as tears started to form in her eyes. She didn't want the children to see her cry. They had all been through enough. Now they tried to put it all behind them and go forward here in their new-found, beautiful valley.

She remembered how her father, Wm. Lathrop Draper, had gone back along the trail with Father Morley. All men, red men and white men alike, loved him so much because he was so fair and compassionate as their leader. These dear ones spent one whole Winter at Winter Quarters building and planting for those yet to follow the tortuous trail.

Anna often wondered if their names would have been the most prominent ones in Church history, if they had not been sent out of the Salt Lake Valley so soon after they were established there.

Here she was, way off the subject of her story again.

"As I told you, Isaac and all these men, with their beautiful heads held high as they rode and their beautiful mounts held their heads high and all other did too. Each horse had a large red plume with blue and white letters and ribbons. The letters said, 'Liberty and Truth' and were placed across the front of each horse. They knew something special was expected of them, and they were so well-loved and cared for. Each had been groomed and curried until they shimmered as they pranced in the sun-washed air. "

"Did all the men dress the same way too? " David asked.

"Yes, and all were so handsome with their military bearing, straight and tall in the saddles. They all had an aura of somebodiness about them, but not an arrogant one. Just as Isaac, they all loved all God's creatures

and were unassuming and gentle. That is the real measure of gentility, it must be learned. It is not just acquired. "

"Well now, if you can finish cutting the few ears of corn, I'll start supper. We can't let these important men starve." They all laughed; they all knew that Grandma's meals were a very pleasant experience and they all loved to eat at her house.

As she mixed ingredients for a starch cake and a batch of baking-powder biscuits, Grandma continued to talk quietly to keep these lively youngsters gentled and interested. "I'll get the newspaper clipping from the Deseret News and read those for you again, too. " Anna reached high above her cupboards and brought these treasured documents down. "Now children, I quote: 'The Nauvoo Brass Band followed Grand Marshall Morley and his Silver-Greys. Then two Troops of Bishops (12 in each) came next. They were all bearing Banners, each representing a different Ward. And then Seventy-Four Young men dressed in white and all wearing Gold-Crowns, and all carrying copies of the U. S. Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. Twenty-four beautiful, young, ladies in white with wreaths of white roses on their heads, came next, each carried a Bible and a Book Of Mormon.' "

"We all wish we could have seen the parade. We wish we could have one here. " The children were so enthused that they had not cut much corn during this part of the story and the questions still spilled from their eager lips as Grandma Anna came back to help and urge them on.

"I think you all deserve a prize or surprise, after working so hard to help me. " Grandma continued to praise the children as she passed a plate of dried fruit to them. Scarce dried fruit it was too, and they all loved it. "This treat won't spoil your appetites. It's just an appetizer so you'll eat more. " How she loved these beautiful, intelligent offspring of her devoted children's families. They were so good to share them with her and all were willing to help her at any time.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that Governor, and still Church President, Brigham Young and other church officials came next in the parade. "

"Grandpa Isaac must have been good friends with President Young? " This from Lula, the oldest and the one that never stopped working in all this past hour.

"Yes, darling Lula, he was very close to both President Young and the Prophet Joseph Smith. Joseph and his family lived in Grandpa's home several different times and for months at a time. Your Grandfather's Livingston, Anderson, Draper, Whitlock and their wives were all choice friends of the Prophet. Grandpa Morley cleared land, established a settlement called YELROM (Morley spelled backwards). He gave the Prophet Joseph a building spot and an acre of land to have a garden. He gave him the materials with which to build this home, too. The most important thing he did was offer himself as a prisoner in the prophet's stead, so the mobs would not kill the prophet! ' Grandma seemed all out of breath after this part of her story. It always made her excited as she recalled these perilous times, and this worried David, too. He didn't want anything to happen to this beloved Grandma.

"I believe that finishes the corn. We mustn't waste a kernel. There are many who didn't have as great a harvest as we have. It seems like the more we do for the Lord, the more he returns in full bins and bushels." The children all agreed, heartily.

"I'm sure that's why the mean, old war-loving brothers of Chief Walkara returned Grandpa's baby to him when you came to Manti in the first year." This started another round of questions.

"You are so right, Thurzan. We have been tried so many times, but if we listened to the promptings of the Lord and to those in authority over us, our prayers and dearest dreams have all reached fruition!" Anna was crying again.

"After one whole day of negotiations with Walker's war loving brothers and their savage tribesmen, after they had been given so much of the scarce food and supplies, they had come one frigid, hoary morning to demand Isaac's and Alnora's baby boy! It almost killed his mother, but after the threats of 'We will kill, kill, kill, and burn the Fort again,' Father Morley thought it was better to lose one life than many. He did give these

braves that hunched down into their blankets and stared from drugged, war-bound, savage minds and hostile eyes at this grief stricken group of settlers!"

"After much fasting and prayer, and after despairing of ever seeing that beautiful brown-eyed baby again, they saw the big white stallion of a chief coming across the frozen plain. He was holding Simon, Father Morley's baby, in his arms. As he stooped to hand the baby to his mother and father, he said: 'Father Morley Walkara's friends, Father Morley's God my God now. We burn or steal or kill no more!' And they were forced by Walker to keep this promise! Your Grandfather Morley baptized Walker a few months after this terrible trauma, renamed him 'Joseph Walker', and took him into their home to live. "

"Here come the men from the quarry. They must have gotten lots of stone cut today from the looks of their clothes and faces. Pour some hot water from the reservoir on the stove. Cold water won't take that dust off." The men washed at the washstand and large, earthen, basin outside the door.

The men were so weary that they fell on the little plot of grass that Grandma and her girls had managed to nurse to live. The children gathered around, always eager to hear about the Temple's building and the stone that was cut from a near-by very available hill.

"Yes, I think a celebration for the dedication of the Temple when it's finished, is a splendid idea. We could even have a parade and honor all who come to the dedication! " The children were so glad to hear this.

"Why don't you write Father Morley, who is in Salt Lake to be on the jury of the first murder trial ever held in Utah even before we became a State. Perhaps he could bring some decorations for our float."

"Your Great-grandfather Morley was called from Manti for the first murder trial held in the Valley, and also the very first State Legislature Session after Utah became a State." She thought of how he had traveled all over the counties here as the first Stake President, too.

"Great-grandpa must have been the busiest man around, wasn't he grandma? You've told us of his being in the very first Bishopric of the church as a Counselor to Edward Partridge. Then he was called as the second Bishop ever in 1835, only two years after he was baptized." Anna nodded, looking out the door at those sturdy, tired and hungry men of hers. She was so proud of her father-in-law and her husband and all the men who came with them to this new-found home.

Isaac had always been faithful and obedient to authority and she knew that was why they had been taught to be, too. "We have been so blessed, even if we did have to come way out here to find security when the law refused to protect us in the East!"

While everyone else ate of Anna's good food, she stood on the porch and looked to the mountains and to the spires of the Manti Temple becoming higher each day. What a blessing to have survived the rigors of that great Exodus to the Valley, how wonderful to have come here to stay.

She shed tears of gratitude and happiness, and her walls whispered the echoes of happy voices and laughter from inside her clay-chunked log walls.

She wept again, not of sorrow, but with gratitude, and the wind whispered on the mountains.

Source: The Life and Contributions of Isaac Morley (M.A. thesis by Richard Henrie Morley.)

Family Histories of the author.

The Mormon Drapers by Delbert Morley Draper.

Utah and Her Western Setting by Kate B. Carter.

TWO REPENTANT KIDNAPPERS

Jenny Lind Myrup Brown
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Professional Division, First Place Anecdote

Life with a large family of youngsters in an assortment of sizes offers many challenges for a mother, especially in early pioneer days of Sanpete County. With gardening, washing, ironing and other tasks to keep a mother busy, children were often left to their own devices for amusement. Imagine my grandmother's consternation when two small daughters appeared one afternoon carrying a big black-eyed Indian baby.

Fascinated by its toothless grin, they excitedly explained how they had found it sleeping under the sagebrush where the mother had surely purposely lost or forgotten it. Grandma, appalled at such a pure case of "infant kidnapping," tried to explain they had been very naughty girls by saying, "No mama, even an Indian, would ever leave her baby very long, especially in the hot summer sun, unprotected from straying farm animals."

Not at all convinced of any wrongdoing, the girls were still impatiently trying to tell their mother the baby was now theirs to keep, when a very irate squaw, wailing loudly appeared at the open kitchen door, demanding, in no uncertain terms, the return of her little papoose.

It took all of Grandmother's tact and ingenuity to explain her daughters had meant no harm, that the baby was safe, and even seemed to be enjoying the unexpected attention. Still the mother wailed on and on! Only when offered a gift of fresh vegetables and a loaf of hot bread, did she finally consent to take her papoose and leave. Glaring at the frightened little "kidnappers" and muttering fierce Indian words for their benefit, she indignantly walked away, cuddling her lost child as she disappeared toward the sage covered foothills.

A THOUSAND ACRES OF ICE

Halbert S. Greaves
1904 Herbert Avenue
Salt Lake City, UT 84108
Professional Division, Second Place Anecdote

When I was young, winter was The Time! A hard freeze in December or January would create a thousand acres of ice west of town. A thousand acres? Shucks! Some fellows said they had skated from Chester to Manti—about 12-15 miles!

The Sanpitch River was more like a sheet of water than a stream. No matter that there were dilapidated fences here and there, and patches of dead grass or bulrushes sticking through the ice; there were enough expanses of clear ice to accommodate many groups of skaters playing hockey, steal sticks, pop-the-whip or other games.

Pop-the-whip was the game for dare-devils! Some boy would maneuver a model-T Ford onto a broad expanse of ice and a dozen or fifteen teen-agers would string out behind it, holding hands. The first one would cling to the back of the car. The driver would get the car going 15-20 miles per hour, then cramp the steering wheel right or left and slam on the brakes, sending the car into a swift spin. This made the boys strung out behind whirl around in a great circle, with the last one going so fast he would sometimes go sprawling on the ice.

One Saturday during the winter of 1924-5, a rear wheel of the model-T broke through the ice. Fortunately, the water under the ice was not deep, and the wheel touched ground.

Several of us managed to lift it up and push it ahead far enough to get all four wheels on solid ice and go on with our game.

But some of us had to wade in ice-cold water up to our knees to lift and push the car onto solid ice. I was one of them, but I cannot remember what my mother said when I arrived home with icy pants.

THE EARLY NATIVE AMERICANS
TOOK CARE OF THEIR OLD AND USELESS
Wilma Morley Despain
683 North Main Street
Alpine, UT 84003
Professional Division, Third Place Anecdote

In the early Spring of 1898, some thirteen wagon loads of Pioneers and their furnishings left Moroni, Utah. They had been called by Brigham Young to colonize an early Nevada settlement. All were very early UTAH PIONEERS. There were Morley's, Blackham's, Whitlock's, Bradley's, Windows, Rupe's, Jensen's, Nickolasse's, and Funk's. They were led by their Bishop and Moroni Town Marshall, George Franklin Morley, Sr.

Old Humbug, an Indian Chief in earlier years, knew he was losing his best friends and he wanted to go with them. Bishop Morley and Counselors tried to reason by telling him neither he nor his aged mother could stand the long journey. Humbug would not give up.

"Squaw Mother ready to go to Happy-Hunting Grounds, anyway." But Humbug would not consent to stay nor would he let his young squaw wife go with young white men. Many were the tongue lashings Humbug got from all sides, but they could not get him to unpack. Humbug knew his poor mother could not survive the long journey. He became angry and unruly before the leaders, so in the night he cunningly, quietly, took his mother and secretly buried her in sage-brush just outside of Moroni. (He chose the spot where Moroni Cemetery is now). He left only her head and arms exposed. Then he tantalized her by placing food nearby, but not near enough for her to reach it.

The day before the wagon train was to leave, Mrs. Windows, a prominent mid-wife and doctor of sorts, went to say goodbye to old Mary. She became suspicious when she did not find her in Humbug's teepee. So she asked Mary Jane Bradley to go back with her to look for Old Mary. They found her all right, but she was so full of infection from insect bites and so dehydrated, that they could not help her. They stayed with her until twilight, and just as dusk came down, Old Mary died.

These women, their husbands, and Bishop Morley and his wife Sarah Ann Blackham Morley, took clean white rags and clothes and they tenderly wrapped her in these, for she had "been a loyal friend. The stench was horrible!

They found, to their horror, that Humbug had made his young wife, 'Light-foot', build a high fence around Mary so she could not be seen.

The white men carried her to an old cellar, placed her in it, then caved the whole thing in.

The Natives would not go near there. They always called it "TABOO" after they had learned she was there, and indeed it was TABOO to them, because they believed in EVIL-SPIRITS!

Source: The Mormon Drapers (and Morleys) by Delbert Morley Draper.
Family histories of the author.

A VOICE IN THE DARK

Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan

267 East 300 North

Richfield, UT 84701

Professional Division, Honorable Mention Anecdote

In 1917, the year our country entered World War I, people were beginning to buy automobiles to replace the former horse-drawn vehicles. My Grandfather Larsen purchased a Chandler car that spring. It was long and narrow and contained two fold-out seats, thus giving the Chandler the distinction of being known as a seven passenger car. This thrilled the children.

Grandpa had driven horses all his life, and didn't take time to familiarize himself with the mechanism of the car, as was demonstrated several times that summer.

One dark, rainy night in July, four of us family members were returning home to Mt. Pleasant in the Chandler, after a trip to Salt Lake. The hour was late and we were making slow progress over the muddy roads.

As we entered Fountain Green, the engine started to knock—a frightening cacophony of sounds. We struggled on until the car came to a dead halt directly in front of the (silent) picture show theater. We sat in desolate silence for a few moments, listening to the drumming of the rain. Grandpa suddenly opened the door and strode into the theater. He returned in a short time accompanied by a number of men and boys who proceeded to look under the hood and go into expert action. Grandpa had found the right men!

As we were riding toward home again, I asked Grandpa how he managed to recruit helpers so quickly in a darkened theater. He answered promptly: "I just stood at the back and called loud as I could, 'Say, you young fellers that I know are sitting in this place, my car is stalled out in front and I'd sure be glad for some help.' And I got it."

MODEL T CIRCA 1917

Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan

267 East Third North

Richfield, UT 84701

Professional Division, First Place Poetry

Where has it gone, now that you reach back
Through decades into the far evanescence
To find it?

I can see silhouetted shadows
Cast in the sharp sun,
As we jolted through the dust—
Tall, thin, angular shadows.
We watched them expand and contract,
And could see our heads bobbing about.

We were driving to the Big City
In our new Model T for the first time.

It all rushes back:
Now we are climbing the steep, narrow road
That leads to Payson. Can we make the top?
"Press the low pedal, no—harder, HARDER—PUSH!
Everyone lean forward. NOW! "
The engine coughs, mutters, whispers—and dies.
Reverberating silence.
A seagull flapped its wings close by.

Father became articulate: "Lou, you are the smallest.
Get behind the wheel and steer. The rest of us climb out and push.
All together now, HEAVE!"
The engine sulks but jerkily comes awake.
(The spark plugs are obviously dirty again.)

Mother even assisted.
But in the final tremendous effort
Her new picture hat blew off—
Black silk with gold grape clusters.
It floated lazily over the edge of the dug way
And came to rest on a rock pile 30 feet below.

We started merrily down the hill, but the hiss of escaping air From the front tire proclaimed "a flat. "
Father with his always present vulcanizer, Put a round rubber patch over the hole in the inner tube,
Our job was to aureate the tube with our bicycle pump And replace it inside the 30 3 tire. Everything was
hunky-dory!

Father advanced the gas and the spark. Bobby cranked vigorously Until the vibration began. We were again
moving forward.

All sunshine and glory it was;
The sense of movement, The Day—
The family riling together
In the black, shiny Model T
Gould the air ever be more kaleidoscopic—
Or the world more alive?

THE FAMILY ALBUM

Eleanor P. Madsen
295 East 1st North
Ephraim, UT 84627

Professional Division, Second Place Poetry

On a day when I was home from school,
or a silent, Sunday afternoon,
long years ago, I was allowed to look
at the red, plush-covered family portrait book.
Inside was a quaint music box and tiny key
to unlock the sweet, old fashioned melody
that played the tune over and over again
as the worn pages turned in my eager hand,
searching the images of an enchanted past
for roots to dream upon.

A lady in a blue, smocked dress, ruffled lace,
her auburn hair like mine.
A dark, whiskered man ... It was not so long ago
he put sugar lumps in my stocking toe.
A dear grandmother, small, slight,
her thin, grey hair pulled back tight.
Two little girls in pink and white pinafore,
sisters, in starched petticoats they wore.
A dark-haired baby, his long, white dress
Kept through the years . . . for naming, ... to bless,

I learned each name—Tanta Hannah to Uncle Chris,
imagined ancestral voices on days like this,
re-enacting all their parts and plays
With this old album of yesterdays.

Source: Personal recollections of author.

PIONEER GRANDFATHER

Jewel King Larsen
465 South 100 East
St. George, UT 84770

Professional Division, Third Place Poetry

I see that old, hand-made table with the four, tiny hard-wood chairs;
Then I think of the one who made them, shaping each with such loving care.
In my mind's eye, I see him toiling in his faded home-spun shirt,
Smoothing the wood with gentle touch, softly humming a tune as he worked.

How I long to discern his feelings
As he crossed the great divide;
Know how he coped with the sorrow and grief
When cherished loved ones died.
I yearn to take his hand in mine and tell him how deeply I care;
How much I esteem and revere him and those other brave souls who dared,

I know I shall see him someday;
Talk with him face to face.
I hope I can tell him I carried the torch,
With honor in the race.

Source: The table and chairs referred to in the poem are still in use at the home of a member of the family.

PROUD OF PIONEER HERITAGE

(A Shakespearean Sonnet)

Remelda Nielsen Gibson

439 East Vine

Tooele, UT 84074

Professional Division, First Honorable Mention Poetry

Heart-high in pink and purple eventides,
Where first-out-stars embroider memories
With lustrous pure silk thread, a woman pride
Herself in her inherent qualities.
Her blood and that of noble pioneers,
Whose characters were monuments of worth,
Once filled the urgent needs of loyal peers,
Like vital breath inherited at birth!
Soul-deep in dedicated faith and trust,
She strengthens others with her fortitude.
Ancestral courage rises from the dust
To help create a calming interlude,
That grants her mind the sovereign privilege
Of gilding thoughts about her heritage.

Source: Author's pioneer ancestry

MIRACLE ON HORSESHOE MOUNTAIN, CHRISTMAS EVE

Halbert S. Greaves
1904 Herbert Avenue
Salt Lake City, UT 84108
Professional Division, Second Honorable Mention Poetry

It seemed a losing moment for the sun,
Which sent its winter warmth against the snow
On Horseshoe's crest and endless slopes below.
Across the valley, mountains to the west
Reached up to gather in the lingering light
And cloak the sun in dark, cold night

But then a miracle on Christmas Eve
Decreed that sun should halt in western skies
And wait for giant, silver moon to rises
Then fiery sun and radiant moon combined
To conjure magic with converging rays
And swiftly set the mountain snow ablaze.

NOTE; Christmas Eve, 1928. I was standing on the second floor
fire escape at North Sanpete High School watching the
simultaneous setting of the sun and rising of the full
moon. The snow in Horseshoe's cirque and on its crest
was pink for a few minutes. I have pictured that beautiful
sight in my mind for 53 years.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Sherrie Ahlstrom Hundley
443 North 750 East
Orem, UT 84057
Professional Division, First Place Historical Essay

How fortunate we are to be descendants of a great and noble people—not great, perhaps, by worldly standards of well-known accomplishment, but great because of their courageous and enduring efforts in helping to build up the kingdom of God here upon the earth.

We are heirs to the worthy examples of these dedicated Saints who left their homes in far-off countries and brought us the glorious heritage which we possess. Peter Ahlstrom was one of these.

After having been converted to the gospel as a young man in Sweden, he came with his family to America to join with the main body of the Church. Historic records indicate that he was not only a stalwart and industrious pioneer of Utah, but a spiritual and devout man of God.

While crossing the ocean on an old sail ship, the John J. Boyd, he and over 500 others were called upon to endure many extreme hardships. A fire broke out and nearly suffocated the passengers, and violent storms were encountered most of the way, making the December cold almost unbearable from the time they left

England until they reached America. At one time the ship collided with another vessel and almost sank. The captain was a cruel man who punished his crew severely for their negligence, and it was only through the prayers and faith of the passengers that those who survived were able to endure their hardships and sorrows, for many of their loved ones died during the journey.

They spent sixty-six days on the violent sea and arrived in New York in February, 1856. Only after working at various jobs to earn money was Peter then able to continue the journey west, leaving his father buried in Iowa after an accident while felling trees.

More hardships were encountered in crossing the plains, but determination and perseverance seemed to be present in Peter's character. He and his young wife, Mary—whom he had met on the ship coming to America, walked all the way, carrying their nine-week-old son. Their first child had died after living only ten days.

After arriving in the Salt Lake Valley in 1859, Peter was advised to continue south to the Sanpete area by President Brigham Young. He arrived at Fort Ephraim and went to work helping harvest the crops and hauling wood.

Having no place to live, Peter and Mary built a dug-out with a roof of willows and dirt, and here they made their first home. When summer came he made adobes and built a house. It was only a one-room house with a stone floor, but it had a glass window, and was better than living in a cellar.

However, when the rains came and it was a very long, difficult winter, much of their time had to be spent in the cellar because the roof of the house leaked and they could not keep dry.

As their family grew, so did their problems. Times were very hard and there was constant fear of the Indians. When the Indian War began in 1865, Peter was called to go and serve, as were many others. He was also called to join a group who went to help work on the railroad at Echo Canyon in 1868, where Brigham Young was the contractor. This gave them many things that they had not been able to get before. Peter brought Mary her first stove and many of the badly needed supplies.

He continued his industriousness by building a five-room house and planting an apple orchard. Being a good carpenter, Peter made many fine pieces of furniture for his family and others.

Believing that the practice of plural marriage was a true principle that would bring great blessings, Peter Ahlstrom took a second wife, a girl of nineteen who was also from Sweden. These two wives bore Peter 21 children.

In 1874 he was called to go to St. George to help build the first temple in Zion, which he felt was a great privilege. A few years later, when work began on the Manti temple, Peter was given a steady job as a carpenter and a blacksmith to repair the tools used on the building. He built a shop on the hill which he used all the time the temple was being built. He would work six days a week and then walk seven miles to Ephraim to see his families.

He spent many long hours on the woodwork in the temple, including the beautiful and ornate carvings still seen in the sealing rooms. In 1888 he was set apart as caretaker of the building, where his duties included the supervision of the cleaning of the temple, filling and preparing the font for baptisms and conducting people through the building. He was also in charge of the clothing which was rented out to people for ordinance work. His duties required so much walking and climbing stairs, in addition to walking up and down the hill to his home, that a vacant room was provided for him in the temple where he might sleep and rest. As his health began to fail more and more, his first wife often went to the temple to assist him so that he might continue his work.

Family histories reveal many stories of inspiration regarding Peter's faithfulness, including two incidents which show him to be truly a man of God. These incidents have been authenticated in Church history. They tell of Peter being allowed to witness visions, one of which was later revealed to him to be an appearance of the Angel Moroni.

As we are told in the scriptures, visions are gifts of the spirit, given through the power of the Holy Ghost to devout persons. They are evidence of the divinity of the Lord's work, and come only by faith.

Peter Ahlstrom was surely a man of such faith. He came here with a special spirit and a testimony of the gospel, to which he was true to the end of his days. Surely, he experienced many times of trial and discouragement, as we of today are also called upon to bear in many different ways, yet he believed and lived the following admonition, given to all who believe:

"Ye must press forward with a steadfastness in Christ, having a perfect righteousness of hope, and a love of God and of all men. Wherefore, if ye shall press forward, feasting upon the word of Christ, and endure to the end, behold, thus saith the Father: Ye shall have eternal life." 2 Nephi 31:20

It is by these examples of the faith of our fathers that we of today are also able to endure.

Source: Family histories of the author.

MAIN STREET, 1920

Jewel King Larsen
465 South 100 East
St. George, UT 84770

Professional Division, Second Place Historical Essay

Come, walk with me in memory, down the pleasant main street of Spring City, Utah, as I knew it some sixty-odd years ago. Let us view the businesses that flourished at that time.

Our first stop is at the barber shop to watch Mr. Rasmussen, the barber, as he finishes a hair-cut, rubs Bay Rum into the customer's hair, then combs it into a neat pompadour and smilingly accepts his fee—a shiny quarter.

We next stop at the drug store where various salves and drugs such as Bromo, Quinine, liniment, Castor oil, liver pills, etc, are prominently exhibited on the shelves. Edgar Allred, the druggist is unique, for besides being a friend to all, he is the town dentist, pharmacist and physician. He can set a broken bone, pull an aching tooth, and prescribe medication for everything from headache to gallstones; indeed, Doc Edgar is special.

As we watch, a little boy stands with his nose pressed against the window glass, covetous eyes glued on the bright balloons hanging in the window. In a moment, out comes Doc with a balloon as a gift for the boy, who then smiles happily and runs down the street with his treasure.

We halt and gaze in delight at the splendid things in the window of the next building, The Beck Mercantile.* It is the Christmas season and tinsel, red and green ribbons and pictures of Santa Claus entice the shoppers to enter. Opening the door, we see counters piled high with clothing and toys: tea sets, dolls with eyes that close, tinker toys, erector sets, horses, drums and all the things dear to the hearts of children. Swarms of eager youngsters stand entranced before the fascinating displays, wondering which marvelous thing will be found under the tree on Christmas. Money is in short supply and a child can count on only one toy, so making such an important decision takes much time and thought.

We see before us huge bottles filled with goodies—large all-day-suckers, jelly beans, Boston baked beans and stick candy, to name a few. We watch amused as one little tyke bargains for a penny's worth of jelly beans and a nickel's worth of all-day-suckers and demands that they be packed in two bags—one for each hand. The smiling clerk obeys.

We leave Beck Mercantile and proceed down Main Street to the Anderson Meat Market. As we approach, we see a tiny girl of perhaps four years of age climbing the two steps to the door, proudly clutching an egg in one hand which she hopes to trade for candy, She reaches the top step, stumbles and drops the precious egg. Choking back sobs, the child turns and runs back down the street. There is no egg for trading today.

We enter the market—what is that enormous black and white thing on the floor? It is the stiffened, unskinned V carcass of a newly slaughtered critter awaiting transportation to the cooler. The weather is now cold enough for butchering and we will soon have fresh beef on our dinner tables.

Is that another market down the block? Yes, it is the Blain Market where we can buy almost anything we need to eat, *even* large, juicy oranges to be hidden in the toes of Christmas stockings. John T. Blain, the owner, is standing in the open doorway, his genial face creased in a broad smile as he jokes with a group of teen-agers who have just bounded off the bus after attending High School at Mt, Pleasant. All the young people respect John T.; he treats them as equals and there is no generation gap here.

Let us stop for an ice-cream cone at Baxter's confectionary nearby. I hear they have the best ice-cream in the state.

Oh, here is the Lyceum Theatre—I see Tom Mix is playing tonight in a western movie. Tomorrow night, the floor will be cleared for an evening of roller skating and next week the Jr. High School is presenting an operetta. Then next month in this building, the Old Folks' Committee will host the annual dinner and dance for the elderly of the town, Also later in the season; a magic show and a traveling vaudeville troupe are booked.

We must stop at the Post Office to pick up our mail. There is the usual crowd of people gathered by their boxes, waiting for the mail to be sorted. This is the general meeting place for folks each day where they can greet each other and catch up on all the current news.

There is an elegant house; it is a hotel and is called "The Allred House." Here guests are treated as family and the food is a gourmet's delight.

I would like to stop for a drink of ice-cold water at the spring on the corner. Here, all the young folks gather after M. I. A. on Tuesday nights; many enduring romances have begun at the "big spring," as it is called. Spring Town or Spring City (as it is now known) derived the name from the many springs to be found in all parts of town, so I have been told.

There is another business establishment down the block and across the street. It is a store where anything can be found, from food items to clothing to farm tools. It *is* owned and managed by two wonderful old gentlemen, Baxter and Blain.

As we retrace our steps on the opposite side of the street, we hear martial music coming from the City Building; what can it be? It is the local brass band rehearsing for a concert. We hear the stirring strains of "The Stars and Stripes Forever," with the drum booming out a steady beat which moves us to straighten our shoulders and lift our heads high with pride.

The city workmen are busy on the next corner erecting a huge Christmas tree and piling up wood for a bonfire around which families will gather on Christmas Eve for the annual program and community carol singing. There is no cement on the roads as yet and the deep snow makes fine sleighing, so soon wagon boxes will sprout sleigh runners, horses will be bedecked with bells, and everyone will have a jolly time awaiting Santa's visit. Indeed, Christmas is a wondrous time in Spring City.

We now approach another store which is called "Deseret's, All the newest creations from the big city are tastefully displayed in the window. We see slender, high-heeled shoes with pointed toes, chic pleated capes, sheer blouses over lace camisoles and those shocking new hobble skirts; also in this store we find modish clothing to delight other members of the family.

We complete our journey down main street and stop to gaze in awe at the sparkling white stone tabernacle gleaming before us like a beacon. This spotless, imposing edifice makes us feel very humble and proud of our city and church.

With a jolt, we are back in 1982! Spring City looks very different from the way it was in 1920; but to me, the city will always be as it was in my childhood and those good people now gone will always live in my memory.

*The Beck Mercantile burned to the ground about 1928.

Source: Personal recollection of the author as a child.

MOUNTAIN NAMES REMEMBERED

Eleanor Peterson Madsen

295 East 1st North

Ephraim, UT 84627

Professional Division, Third Place Historical Essay

The early settlers in Sanpete Valley drew strength from the mountains, their "Hills of Home." From the hills came the life-sustaining waters for crops and homes, wild game for food, and lumber to build their houses, schools and churches. As the Indians and pioneers made trails, paths and roads through the cedars, aspen and pine, they identified places along the way, gave them names that were remembered from one generation to another. Eventually, some of these names were inscribed on sign-posts and mark the way for mountain travelers today. Let us ride up Ephraim Canyon with a native of the area and learn some of the names and, perhaps, hear the story of why the names were chosen.

Our first stop is Guysler's Turn. Mr. Guysler was employed at the Great Basin Experiment Station by the government. One day he was driving the station's sorrel team, Sam and Mack, hitched on a buckboard (a buggy with no top and one seat) loaded with provisions from town for the workers at the station. Accompanying Mr. Guysler was Mrs. Peterson, who was to be the cook at the Experiment Station. As they traveled, the horses were bothered with flies. One horse, in an effort to shake the flies, turned his head around and hooked the bit into the harness of the other horse. The second horse started backing and as it reached the turn the buggy tipped over, scattering provisions and upsetting and injuring Mrs. Peterson. With some effort on Mr. Guysler's part and the help of passers-by, the buggy was righted and the provisions restored. The journey continued on to the station. Hereafter, when travelers passed that point on the mountain, the story was remembered and it became Guysler's Turn.

Next, we pass Taylor's Flat, just below the old power house ditch, a few acres of land once owned by George Taylor, A little farther on, just inside the forest boundary, is Major's Flat, named for a Major from Johnson's Army. The Major met and married a girl from Ephraim and lived here for some time. While here he acquired a small herd of sheep and with other small herds from the community he made a camp in this area, so it is always referred to as Major's Flat.

Our guide now tells us that if we take the road to the left we would travel along Dahl's Dug Way. However, this road is now only a narrow horse trail due to forces of nature which have caused part of the road to slip away into the creek below. A man by the name of Dahl from Spring City spent much time and effort in the early years working to make the dug way a safer place for travel. At one time the dug way had a sign which read, "To Emery County."

A short distance from the dug way was an area known as the Black Springs. (A black willow tree once grew near the spring.) In 1915 this was a favorite spot for school hikes and picnics. That year Randolph Jensen took his 6th grade students to the site for an outing. The trip was made with team and wagon with one of the students, Leslie Madsen, driving the conveyance with his classmates to the springs where they enjoyed picnicking and climbing around the hills.

Back on the main road we pass the Pig Pen. A cool mountain spring bubbled here where people and livestock came to quench their thirst. We round the Red Cedar Curve, a sharp turn named for the three big, red cedars which once stood there. Another picturesque spot is Ponderosa Flat. The Ponderosas were planted there about 1915 under the supervision of P. S. Baker, Forester, as a testing area for Utah and Idaho.

Around Hairpin Curve we see a solid mass of quaking aspen trees, called Sampson's Carpet, because from the view above it looks like a huge, green carpet. Lake Hill, the city campground, is enticing with its fishing and pleasant camping area. Another landmark is the Cabbage Patch. Some call it wild cabbage, but it is actually Mules Ear, and the only patch on the Ephraim reserve.

We stop now at Burnt Stump Waters, a favorite rendezvous of early teamsters. Here fire had burned many trees down, leaving only blackened stumps. A stream of water runs under the road. In the days when men traveled over the mountain to Emery County with their teams and wagons to get coal for the winter, the tires on the wagons would get hot coming down the mountain, so this was a favorite place to stop and pour water on the tires to cool them down.

We swing around the S Curve and next arrive at the Great Basin Experiment Station, established in 1912. "It is the oldest research station on forest range and watershed land in America."

As we climb higher and higher, the air is cooler, the scenery more beautiful. No need to say, "Ahead is Bluebell Flat." The solid mass of foot high, blue penstemon in this early July names itself. We are told that this area was once a pasture for a dairy herd in the summer and a ski area in the winter with a ski tow being built there by Walter Hanson.

Our guide now points out Left Hand Fork, a pioneer road not suitable for automobile travel, but an important spot for Ephraim City since the Big Spring, which supplies the city with culinary water, is located here.

Near the Right Hand Fork, paralleling the creek, is Kanor Tom's Dugway. Here the road was very sharp, so in order to get the logs safely off the mountain, Thomas Lund (Kanor Tom) built the dugway that was named after him, one of the earliest places named by pioneer travelers.

Continuing our ride, we cross Simper's Bridge and enter Scotty's Camp, a spot chosen by Lewis Christensen (Scotty Watereye) as a location for his camp while caring for the road grader and a team of horses while he was on duty maintaining the mountain road.

Our journey continues past the Meadows, where a climatic station for measuring snowfall is located, and we catch the fragrance of the tall pines along the Pine Dugway. Our driver makes a hairpin turn up a narrow, rough road to a beautiful, flat meadow, Philadelphia Flat, and stops to relate the story of a young boy, Carl Wilbur, and his widowed mother, who came to Ephraim from Norway to make their home. The mother acquired a small herd of cows and then sold them to some people from Castle Dale. Carl, who was not 12 years of age at that time, had the responsibility of delivering the cows. He was warned to be careful in taking the cows over the mountain since there was a band of horse thieves and desperadoes hiding out at Robber's Roost in the mountains. The boy had a duty to perform so he started on his way with the cows. At dusk he walked into a camp south of Horseshoe Flat, unaware that it was the Robber's Roost. The men took the cows and penned them up, but allowed the boy to stay in the camp through the night. In the morning they turned the cows loose and Carl continued on to Castle Dale with them, then walked back over the mountain to Ephraim again. As he grew older, Carl established a logging business and logged off the benches on Philadelphia Flat. He named it Philadelphia because of his mother's love for the city by that name, a place where she wanted to stay when they first came to America.

We are now nearing the top of the mountain. We pass the Alpine station and make the steep ascent to the Skyline Drive. Detouring across the Skyline we pass John August Lake, named for John August Anderson, who built a ditch about 1896 from the lake that was there. As we go around the Danish Knoll, we see the Swedish Knoll and Cox's Knoll in the distance and drive along Wagon Road Ridge, named by early settlers who

traveled it with team and wagon. Turning around, we go back to the Skyline Drive, and our guide points out the road to Emery County and the Horseshoe Flat where Sanpete and Emery Counties held a grand reunion in 1921. Now we are at Horseshoe, still streaked with snow, where eons ago Red men named this picturesque mountain.

As we make the return trip down the mountain road we discover a few names we have missed—The Dungeon, Willow Creek, Birch Springs—and know that other years and other times will bring more old and new names to enjoy. We know we shall always treasure the names and stories remembered, the beauty that is forever there, the strength that comes from these hills.

Source: [Ephraim's First One Hundred Years](#), p. 75

Personal knowledge of Perry Plummer and Leslie L. Madsen.

AN INCIDENT OF SAVAGE CRUELTY

Wilma Morley Despain

638 North Main Street

Alpine, UT 84003

Professional Division, Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Grandpa George's hands had been hardened by the heat of desert sun, following a hand plow pulled by oxen, from cutting sage-brush to clear the land in Manti, and by turning very available trees into tables and other furniture.

The trials here in Manti were little different from those in Salt Lake Valley, but seemed to be worse to these weary people who had been invited here by Chief Walker (Walkara), leader of the largest tribe of Indians that inhabited the lush valleys in Sanpete territory and other counties.

"You are right, Brother Black, I agree with you fully. Something must and will be done about this cruel problem! I know, you know, of my love for all children. I'm sure you also know the story of my own Grandfather giving his tiny son to these war-loving brothers of Chief Walker?"

"Yes, Brother George, I cannot believe that even red-man could be so demanding and so cruel!" Both men's eyes were wet as they thought and spoke of this savage incident.

"You can see then why this latest trick and maneuver of our red brothers has affected me so! I love all God's creations so much, and especially children. It would have been more than I could bear, or my dear wife either, if we'd been requested to give our son, as Grandfather Morley gave his. He was such a beautiful baby, large brown-eyes and dark, curly hair. Thank the Lord for Chief Walker or he would have been thrown to the ever-waiting wolves or would have frozen to death in this below-zero, winter, weather!"

Horses hooves could be heard on the graveled path and road leading to Grandpa's home. He rose from his chair that was in the corner by the fire place, grabbed his ever-ready musket from above the stone-face fireplace and met the messenger at the door. "What's wrong? Why is your horse so foaming and lathered? "

"Come quickly, Brother George. Arrowpeen is selling more stolen children to the Spaniards passing through. We know it has been happening for some time, but we've never been able to catch him before. Today we saw it with our own eyes! " George followed the messenger outside and sprang up onto his horse that had been waiting and tied to Grandma's one clothes line.

George had seen many cruel acts of these transient tribes traveling through Sanpete, but he had never seen, even as a young boy accompanying his own father and his Great-grandfather Isaac Morley, what he was about to witness with his own eyes, and several of his trusted men saw it too!

As they reached the bowery, they found that the message had been correct. There was Arrowpeen, with face painted in weird design and color, selling Indian boys for one hundred dollars! The girls were bringing two hundred each (and even more) because they made excellent servants for the well-to-do Spanish to take back to Mexico!

George, as afraid as he had ever been, and worried for fear of this confrontation failing, hurried over to observe the selling and bidding! What would my Father, Isaac Morley, Junior, have done? What would Grandfather Isaac Senior have done?

With great fear and trembling badly, he shouted: "Arrowpeen, you and your brother Sandpitch cannot sell one more of these stolen children! Where did these poor little ones come from that you are selling today?"

Arrowpeen uttered a gutters! curse in Indian language, and George understood what he said! Arrowpeen went on with the auction, even promising to throw an Indian woven blanket in for good measure, and to get the Spanish to bid higher!

Father Morley had been a dear friend of Grandpa George's. How he wished he were here now. "Do you understand me?" George was so angry that his eyes were blazing, but so were Arrowpeen's, Sandpitch's and other eyes of their tribe!

The big Indian was very angry now. He spat upon the child he held, and flailed with his Tomahawk as if chopping off the child's head!

He was not convinced as George Morley and Messenger William Black cautioned again and again, and even drew their guns trying to frighten him to give up the child!

"Father Morley and you, his Papoose, should buy them from me. This your fault and Father Morley's fault!" All the white men present shouted a firm, "No, No! We would never sell or barter with a human life!"

At this, Arrowpeen grabbed the child, a little girl, again lashing out with his Tomahawk and threatening Grandpa George Morley, who tried to take hold of the frightened, paralyzed child, to grab her away from those savages!

Arrowpeen took her by the heels and whirled her over and around his head, screaming and chanting war-crys and curses! After swinging her faster and faster he dashed her brains out on the hard, rocky earth! He then threw her battered body at Grandpa George's feet, who stood there also paralyzed with disbelief and fright! He and the other white men could not yet believe the cruel and inhuman act they had just witnessed!

Arrowpeen quickly mounted his pony, and the Indians with him did, too. As they raced away, Arrowpeen shouted, "You Americats have no hearts; you should have bought the child and saved her life!"

Both William Black and George Morley, Sr., became very ill while trying to wipe from their clothing the pieces of that small child's head that had splattered upon them.

They knew that this incident must be followed through, that it would mean more trials and bloodshed, but that they must see that it never happened again in this saved-place called Manti.

Whenever Grandpa retold this story, his eyes were far away, forming the terrible memory-picture that had stayed with him many years. He'd always cry, too; and then looking to the mountain bulwarks that surround Sanpete Valley and Manti, he prayed that nothing like this would ever happen here again, or in other parts of God's world.

In deep gratitude, I too, look to the mountains, these guardians of an early, maligned people, and I too pray, as the wind whispers on these same white-shouldered friends! Because it is happening again in many places of God's garden, and we must help!

Source: Family histories of the author.

A TRICKY BET

Conrad Frischknecht
12225 Shady Wood Lane SW
Tacoma, WA 98498
Senior Citizen Division, First Place Short Story

One bright day in the early part of the century, Peter Meyers of Fountain Green, Utah, met George Bradley, conductor on the Sanpete Valley Railroad, on a street in Nephi.

"Hey, George, how are you?" was Pete's greeting.

"Fine, Pete. How goes it with you?"

"Oh, I'm tolerably good. At least, I feel good enough to be able to outrun you and your train from here to Fountain Green."

"How?" was Bradley's query.

"On my white mare, of course."

"Naw, Peter, impossible. I don't think that you can do it."

"Wanta bet?" asked Pete.

"Sure, how much?"

"Five dollars."

"It's a bet!" said George, and they shook hands on it.

The course of the race ran up the heavy grade of winding Salt Greek Canyon to the 7,000-foot pass through the Valley Mountains. Conceivably, on this leg, a stout horse might have the advantage. Beyond the summit it was all down-hill and would favor the train.

Pete Meyers' white mare was descended from a breed of horses with stamina; she had sturdy hindquarters and was deep chested. It is also possible to dope an animal to enhance its prowess, and who would begrudge the live contestant that bit of advantage?

The other contestant, the train, had a tiny steam engine followed by the tender, which carried a supply of coal and water. There was always a baggage car and coach, and on this day there was a freight car. Unlike the Double Malleys that lugged long trains over Soldier's Summit, this locomotive was no behemoth; and unlike the horse, it had no adrenal glands that could be stimulated, but with much hissing of steam it chugged along reliably.

Illogical as it may be, people are inclined to bet on what they know and like. The people of Sanpete didn't know the racing merits of Pete's white mare from those of Adam's off ox. Besides they loved their very own Sanpete Valley Railroad, held the train crew in high esteem, and were inclined to back the abilities of the train in any contest.

Much as they loved the train, they still made fun of it. Names of the jokesters have not come down to us, but some stories may have been told by a jocular Dane, who gave his imagination free rein. He compared the train's tortuous climb up the mountainside with that of a fast-growing pea vine as it climbs up its supporting fence and dubbed the train the "peavine." The moniker stuck.

At that time railroads enjoyed a monopoly on transportation. Conductors were inclined to be surly; some were grouchy. That was not conductor Bradley's style. He was tall, handsome, affable and accommodating. He promoted business for his employer. People who knew him would want him to win the bet. The engineer on the train, Sam Parry, was a friendly chap. At an uncertain time in the afternoon, as the train neared home base in Manti, he would pull heavy and long on the whistle cord. With the sound reverberated from canyon to canyon, Sam was saying, "Hear ye, hear ye, Manti, one and all. We've made it again. We're back."

Reduced to its barest running gears, the race was between a good horse and the Peavine. And yet, before placing one's last dollar in jeopardy, it might be smart to broaden the equation to include the resourcefulness of wily Peter Meyers. Any wrinkles up his sleeve?

The train stood immobile beside the station but with steam pressure up and ready to go. The sound of the hissing steam made the mare dance. At a weak toot of the whistle, signal for the race to start, the mare bounded forward, cloppity-clop toward the mouth of the canyon.

Conductor Bradley had to busy himself cancelling passenger tickets and attending to his other duties. When he was free to sit by the window, he could not see the horse and rider. Anxiously he peered along the highway wherever it could be glimpsed from the train. The summit was reached and still he had had no sight of the horse.

Now, with the track going downhill, only safety restrained the speed of the train. Finally, and far ahead, he spotted a horse and rider. Yes, the horse was white.

As the squawking brakes brought the train to a halt, Conductor Bradley stepped from the car. There, grinning in glee, stood a man whom the conductor identified as none other than Pete Meyers.

"Incredible, Pete, I didn't think you could beat me," said George.

"Your mistake, George, was that you underestimated me and my horse."

From his hip pocket, George drew a long, black purse that looked like a small sack. He extracted five silver dollars and forked them over to the winner—a Meyers all right enough, but not Pete.

Crestfallen at the ignominy heaped on himself and his train, Conductor Bradley called out, " All aboard, " and the train was soon on its way again.

While in Nephi, Meyers had time to go to the telephone office. He called his identical twin brother in Fountain Green. After telling of the bet, Peter enlisted his brother's cooperation.

"I'll hide, " he said, "when I reach a place where I can't be seen from the train. You saddle the white mare that is a mate to the one I am riding. At the appropriate time ride her hard enough to get her all lathered up. Position yourself where you can certainly beat the train in. Then ride like a wild man to the railroad station. "

What Conductor Bradley said when he found out that he was the victim of a sly bet is a matter for conjecture.

Source: This tale, in its bare essentials, was being circulated as true when the writer was a boy.

TENSE MOMENTS

Vernon F. Larsen

3981 Fruitvale Avenue

Oakland, CA 94602

Senior Citizen Division, First Place Anecdote

Imagine me in 1920, a lone boy of thirteen, perched on a wagon loaded with fifty bushels of loose wheat. The grain had been sold and must be driven to the loading dock at the D. & R. G. railroad in Mt. Pleasant. Daddy would be there unloading another wagon.

I had to cross the main railroad tracks. The horses pulled the load over the first rail, but at the second, the wagon stalled. I got off and discovered that the wooden reach connecting the front of the wagon to the rear had broken and was stuck solidly in the ground. It was impossible for the wagon to go forward.

Suddenly I heard the blood-curdling whistle of an approaching train. Fear gripped me and my heart seemed to stop. Quickly I unhitched the horses. They were frightened and pawed wildly. I calmed them and

tied them to a telephone pole. Their lives must be saved even though the wagon would be demolished and the wheat strewn along the tracks.

The train's shrill warning blast continued. Just then the station master rushed onto the track frantically waving two signal flags but the train roared on. He backed away and suddenly left the track.

I closed my eyes, held my breath, and waited for the crash. Noise from the oncoming train was deafening. I could feel the ground tremble under my feet as the monster came nearer. Suddenly there was a hissing of steam and a screeching of brakes. The huge engine stopped inches from my stalled wagon.

Then I saw Daddy galloping his team to my rescue. He drove his empty wagon beside mine and in minutes the load was transferred and my empty wagon was lifted to safety. I breathed a sigh of relief as that freight train thundered on.

Source: Personal experience of the author in the 1920's.

THEY LOVED THE BIKUBEN

James L. Jacobs
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Ogden, UT 84403

Senior Citizen Division, Second Place Anecdote

The Bikuben Club met every Thursday in the lobby of the Mt. Pleasant Post Office during the 1920's. These were the older Danish immigrants who never learned to read English or who preferred to read the news in THE BIKUBEN, their own Danish language weekly newspaper which came in Thursday's mail. They loved this newspaper and were always there to get it promptly every Thursday.

The club included Charley Shoemaker (Charles C. E. Petersen), Chris Cottonwood (Christian Rasmussen), Pete Poker (Peter M. Jensen), and others. They visited while the incoming mail was being sorted. As soon as the general delivery window was opened, one of them came to the window and asked, "Ska da Bikuben heah?" When his Bikuben was handed to him, his face lighted up with a happy smile. About 50 subscribers lived in Mt. Pleasant at that time.

The Bikuben was published in Salt Lake City by the L. D. S. Church for more than 59 years for the benefit of its Danish converts. When the Danes passed on and the subscription list dwindled, publication was suspended in 1935.

I never knew what Bikuben meant. In downtown Copenhagen I was amazed to find on a large building a sign BIKUBEN with an old style beehive at each end of the sign similar to the one on the masthead of the Bikuben newspaper and the seal of the State of Utah. I went inside and found that this was a large bank and that Bikuben means beehive or bee cabin. This is a symbol of industry in both Denmark and Utah. Then I realized why the newspaper had been named Bikuben.

Back in Mt. Pleasant I talked with families of former Bikuben subscribers. All of them remembered the newspaper, but no one I found knew that Bikuben means beehive.

Source: Early Utah Journalism by J. Cecil Alter
Personal recollections of the author.

SERVICE STATIONS IN THE 1850's

Lillian H. Fox
140 North 1st West
Manti, UT 84642
Senior Citizen Division, Third Place Anecdote

Long before there were trucks, automobiles, motorcycles or campers pulling into Service Stations for gas or oil, there were Service Stations where wheeled vehicles stopped for a grease job—pitch tar was used to grease anything that turned on axles, Manti, being the only town between Fort Provost (Provo) and Dixieland, in the early 1850's had such a supply station.

One of the jobs of my grandfather, Jens Hansen, was to tend a tar pit. He described his assignment as follows:

"In those days the wagons had wooden axles with a narrow strip of iron on the top and bottom of the ends where the wheels revolved. Pitch pine was used to grease these sections. Pitch tar was obtained in the following manner. A hole was dug in the ground large enough to hold a load of wood (pitch pine), which was cut into small pieces and placed in the hole. A small trench was dug in the bottom of the hole and leading to another smaller, but deeper hole close by in which was placed a bucket. The bucket, had a spout which connected it to the larger trench. The pit was filled with the pine knots and ignited, and when well afire all was covered with earth and left to smolder. This roasted the tar out of the wood and it ran into the bucket. "

My uncle, Joseph Hansen made this comment: "I have seen men coming to Manti from Dixie where they would stop traveling for a short time; and having four one-gallon buckets, they would place one at each wagon hub to catch the tar that dripped from the axles. This tar could be used over and over again."

Source: Jens Hansen family history, p. 8. Copy in the Manti Public Library.

THE STRAW HAT

Leo C. Larsen
Mt. Pleasant, UT 84647
Senior Citizen Division, First Honorable Mention Anecdote

The experiences of the early pioneers of Sanpete County often required ingenuity to solve the problems they encountered, Sacrificing some pleasure or commodity was also a familiar experience. My favorite story Grandfather Joseph Frennd Burton told me as a boy illustrates both of these principles.

Grandpa Burton was a typical red-headed, freckle-faced boy who sunburned easily. To help prevent this, his mother Eliza Cusworth Burton Staker put some fresh long-stemmed straw in a box and pressed it overnight. She then wove and fashioned it into a wide-brimmed straw hat. This may have been a little "floppy," but if it had been decorated with a feather or two and some artificial flowers and some ribbon it would have resembled a 20th century design often worn by "My Fair Lady." But the purpose of Grandpa's hat was to keep him from getting sunburned. This it did very well.

Grandpa's responsibility at this time was to herd a small band of sheep out in the open sagebrush pasture. One day he saw two Indians coming his way. He became frightened and wanted to hide. But no place

could he see to hide. So he crouched down among his sheep, and then as the Indians came nearer he laid down flat on his stomach, hardly daring to breathe. The Indians passed him by, not noticing him or molesting his sheep. But the sheep became interested in his fresh straw hat and nibbled on it until they had eaten it all up.

Source: Story told to author by his Grandfather.

A DEADLY AIM

Marjorie Madsen Riley

2003 Lincoln Circle

Salt Lake City, UT 84117

Senior Citizen Division, Second Honorable Mention Anecdote

Stray coyotes that used to roam the cedar hills presented serious problems to sheepmen, for sometimes they found their way to the corrals where they attacked and often killed young lambs. Coyotes had their own distinctive yelps or howls—long, lonely, piercing, unforgettable sounds which could be heard throughout the night and which left one wondering when the coyotes would be striking.

This singular incident was not a typical coyote disturbance. There were no yelps or howls, but it was frightening just the same. We were living on a farm west of town when a long coyote came down from the hills in broad daylight and wandered towards the farmhouse and sheds. We were startled : and half scared to death. Dad went for his old Winchester 45-70 rifle and shot at the coyote several times but just couldn't hit it. As it came closer, we could see that it was frothing at the mouth. Dad shouted that it had the rabies and for everyone to get out of the way so as not to be bitten by the crazed animal. Dad would not back down, in spite of failing to hit the coyote with his rifle shots. So, he picked up a rock the size of a baseball, and would you believe it, hit and killed the animal with the first throw.

Source: Personal recollection of the author.

PIONEER GRANDPARENTS

Lillian Hansen Fox

140 North 1st West

Manti, UT, 84642

Senior Citizen Division, First Place Poetry

I never knew my grandparents,
I never touched their hand,
For their turn on earth had ended
Before my turn was planned.

Or did we meet someplace up there,
Did they know I came,
To this earthly home they helped prepare,
To carry on their name?

Did I spend some time with them,
Did they point the way,
And tell me of my parents here,
And the yard where I would play?

Did they tell me I would open doors,
Where they had carved the knobs,
That I would plant garden seed,
Where they had broken sod?

Did I know they met the Mormons,
And joined the Zion band?
And drove a team of oxen,
Across an unknown land?

I never saw their smiling face,
They never dried my tears,
But often in a quiet mood
I feel their presence near.

Sometimes when I doubt myself,
And reach out for a hand,
I wonder if they transfer thoughts
That help me understand.

I never knew my grandparents
But I believe I'll see
Them waiting by another bridge
That they have built for me.

HIS QUEEN OF THE SOUTHERN PLATEAU

Hugh Brady
Route #1 Box 82
Downey, ID 83234
Senior Citizen Division, Second Place Poetry

It was apple time.
Fairview, his old home town lay calm and quiet.
A man, with bared head, stood in awe at the eastern glory.
'Twas a morning of Nineteen Sixty-three
Her splendor recalled a memory.
She was his Queen of the Southern Plateau.
She sat on her eternal throne, overlooking her vast domain,
Clothed in her most gorgeous attire.
From her gentle, sloping brow, fell ringlets of dark pine tresses.
Falling into heavy folds over her left shoulder.
Among which, she had gracefully tucked a sprig of golden aspen.
Her long gown of ripened grass,
Hung from her waist like rippled brass
At the hem of which, the brown earth rested.
Her lap held a few clusters of scarlet maple.
From a vast expanse of bronze oak leaves, her long, flowing robe
Was designed.
Her kindly eyes of light-green chaparral
Smiled down upon her aging subject.
And bid him welcome home.
Her cool morning breath rested upon his wrinkled brow
As he recalled the days of his youth
Among her maples on the Flat.
He saw again his contented cows on the hillside.
And his little play farm in the shade.
He saw again the sheep as they left their bed-ground,
And the curly lambs playing Follow-the-Leader
On the hillside steep.

The man, he could stand it no longer;
His Love; she would come at his call.
Together, they'd drive up the canyon,
Where the wagons had ground out the soil.
He wanted to bring to his bosom
An armful of flowers, a Goldenrod sheaf.
And touch again, with his finger,
The shimmering aspen leaf.
The man and his wife returned that day
From his haunts of long ago,
To the home of his youth "On The Creek "
In that peaceful valley below.
The trees in the orchard were loaded
With apples so yellow and sweet.
He found an old bucket and gathered it full
For his family treat.
At close of day, he gave thanks as a teen
For life 'neath the feet of his kind Mountain Queen.

Source: Personal journal of the author.

REMINISCENCES

Dewey S. Olsen
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Preston, ID 83263

Senior Citizen Division, Third Place Poetry

My youth was spent on the mountain,
That wonderful Manti mountain
That conceals the rays of the rising sun
Tin the light has fined the valley.

I watched the golden bright moon race
From one dark cloud to a new hiding place,
Just daring me to catch it,
Then disappear for a time.

I marveled as those beautiful clouds
Formed sculptures of various forms,
A beautiful face, a castle, a tree,
Or a lovely scene from yesteryear.

I thrilled as a soft, sweet summer breeze
Caressed my cheek, or ruffled my hair.
And then I watched a sunset glow
And wondered if God were there.

I heard the saucy chipmunk chirp
And saw him flick his tail
As he dashed up a post, then stopped to scold
Before running down the top fence rail.

I saw the gleam from the temple spire,
As the first rays of the sun
Made it appear translucent;
And I wondered if it were real.

I watched the last light of the day
Climb to the Mountain's highest peak,
Tin the topmost point was crowned with gold,
Then vanish into oblivion.

All these events, and many more,
Made my young heart sing.
I closed my eyes and dreamed of what
The next bright day might bring.

And then I knew that God was near,
That the beauties of life were made by Him,

That He is waiting to greet us there
When this life's work is done.

Source: Recollections of the author.

DIPPING SHEEP AT FISH CREEK

James L. Jacobs
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Senior Citizen Division, First Place Historical Essay

Dipping sheep at the Fish Creek dipping corral on the Manti Forest in the summer of 1917 was a noisy operation. The frantic bleating of ewes hunting for their lost lambs, the clanging of sheep bells, men shouting and shaking their tin cans- on-a-wire sheep scarers, and the barking of the sheep dogs as they drove sheep into the corral chute were sounds that could be heard all up and down Fish Creek.

Driving the sheep through the chute was a specialized job. Many of the ewes had been dipped in previous years, so they knew what to expect and resisted so vigorously that they had to be almost carried along the chute. But the skill and energy of the corral workers and the efficient sheep dogs forced the ewes through.

When they approached the sloping metal slide in the floor of the chute, many of the ewes tried to jump across it. But it was too long to jump over, so they always hit the slide, then slid sideways under a canvas curtain and plopped into the dip-filled vat.

The sheep swam to the far end of the vat and climbed up a cleat-lined runway into one of the two draining pens. These pens were made with leak-proof floors which were tilted so the dip solution that drained off the sheep flowed back into the vat to be used again and minimize the loss. When one of the draining pens was filled with sheep, the gate was closed and the sheep coming from the vat were diverted into the second pen while the first pen drained. The pens were used alternately until the full herd had been dipped. Then the sheep were turned out on the range where each ewe could find her lamb, or "mother-up," as the shepherders say.

My job was to see that each sheep was fully covered with dip. Most of them were immersed in the dipping solution when they slid into the vat, but the heads of some were still dry. As they swam along the vat I placed a long-handled dunking tool over their necks and dunked those that needed dunking to get them wet.

The mangy disease of scabies or sheep scab had run rampant throughout the west. This was caused by a parasitic mite that burrows under the skin and causes massive scabrous lesions or scabs. This could be controlled by dipping the infected sheep in a solution containing a chemical fatal to the mites. We used Kreso dip in a water solution to do the job. The dip also killed sheep ticks which live on blood they suck from sheep through their barbed proboscis.

Sheep-dipping was big business in the early 1900's because scabies was so widespread. Several other dipping corrals were located on and around the Manti Forest area, and hundreds of others were distributed over all the ranges where sheep were grazed throughout the western states.

In May, 1904, Animal Inspector D. C. Haniwait of the U. S. Department of Agriculture made a trip to the Manti Forest. He ordered that all sheep must be dipped each year before they could enter the Manti Forest Reserve for grazing. This included more than 200,000 sheep which were allowed to graze on the Manti Forest at that time. Most sheep had been dipped before then, but many sheep owners resented the direct order

to dip their sheep. Most sheepmen agreed to dip, but some who refused to comply with Inspector Haniwait's order were expelled from grazing on the Forest.

The Fish Creek dipping corral was located at the mouth of "C" Canyon on Fish Creek in a northern part of the Manti Forest. All of the sheep herds ranging in the vicinity were dipped in turn by prearranged schedule. As they trailed to and from the corral, the location of each herd was marked by the clouds of dust they raised. The unaccustomed trailing resulted in several of the herds getting mixed with others, which made it necessary to corral and separate the mixed herds.

The improvements included a large log corral with several pens which led into a tapering chute, then to the sunken wooden dipping vat with two drain pens at the end; and two large log cabins, one a bunkhouse for the crew, and the other a cook shack and cook's quarters. Two large, open, rectangular iron tanks were mounted on stone abutments high enough so log fires underneath could heat water for the dipping. A ditch around a side hill brought water from "C" Canyon for use of the camp and to fill the dipping vat. A waste pond below the vat was designed to impound the used dipping solution to keep it out of the creek and prevent pollution.

The tanks were filled with water, and each morning before daylight fires were built under the tanks and the water heated to boiling. This was run into the vat to replace that lost in the previous day's operation and to warm the solution to keep the sheep from being chilled by the dipping. Kreso dip was added at a ratio of one gallon of dip to 70 gallons of water.

Dry aspen wood was used for heating the dip water and to supply the cook shack with fuel. Wood was cut from a grove of aspen on a side hill above the corral and dragged down the slope to the corral by a black mare named Kate and a bay mule named Grundy. These animals could each be turned loose with a drag of logs and would bring them down to the woodpile unattended.

Providing the operation with dip, food and miscellaneous supplies was a big job. Everything needed was hauled by wagon by way of Fairview Canyon in advance of the dipping. The shiny five-gallon cans of dip were piled near the vat. After emptying, the cans were thrown onto a huge pile of rusty cans left from previous years.

The corral was owned and operated by James Larsen of Mt. Pleasant, who also ran sheep. Each of the men he employed was paid \$1.00 for each thousand sheep dipped, and their board was furnished. Two to four sheep herds averaging 1000 to 1200 ewes were usually dipped each day.

The dipping corral was a hub of social activity during the dipping period. Visitors dropped in to observe the goings on, visit with friends, and enjoy good food prepared by cook Annie Swensen and her helper. It was traditional to feed everyone present at mealtimes. Forest Ranger Seth Ollerton and Assistant Forest Supervisor Charles Thorpe came often. Many sheepmen came to look over the sheep in the corral and see if they could find any of their sheep that might have strayed from their herds. Two professional stray gatherers came to locate stray sheep and return them to their owners. I was amazed at the ability of these men —Joe and John Brewer— to spot stray sheep so efficiently. They could look at a herd and say, "There is a Swen O. Nielsen ewe— here are two of Fred Stansfields."

Keeping the dipping operation going smoothly was a problem. Weather, mixing herds, or other factors sometimes delayed the arrival of sheep at the time scheduled. Fishing for native trout was excellent in both Fish Creek and "C" Canyon, and some of the crew went fishing while waiting for the next herd to arrive. The tasty fish were always a welcome addition to the camp menu.

What a thrill it was to catch my first trout in "C" Canyon Creek. I wanted to be sure I got to eat my own fish, so I bit off a corner of its tail so I could identify it. The cook fixed it up special for me and my cup "ranneth over" with pride as I ate the very first trout I ever caught.

Mutton was the meat of the crew. While a mutton was being dressed, I tried to help the butcher —and stood too close to him and he accidentally stabbed my arm with his skinning knife. I still carry the scar, which reminds me of my sheep-dipping days.

After nearly sixty years I again visited the site of the Fish Creek Dipping corral. Time had taken its toll. The improvements had completely disappeared except for one of the iron water-heating tanks. The corral, the cabins, the dipping vat, the ditch, and even the monstrous pile of rusted cans were all gone. But the recollection of that noisy, vibrant activity was still strong in my memory. I could recall the bleating of the sheep, the shouting of the crew, and I smelled again the odor of Kreso dip, the sheep and the corral - and the unwashed bodies of the sweating men who forced the reluctant ewes through the chute.

Source: History of the Manti Forest, Utah

A Case of Conservation in the West by Jay Melvin Haymond
Recollections of the author.

THE CARNEGIE MANTI PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ruth D. Scow

Manti, UT 84642

Senior Citizen Division, Second Place Historical Essay

As a child, I attended the first three grades of elementary school in Manti, in the old white high school building that stood on the corner of the block where the Utah National Guard Armory building now stands. This building of white brick with a sandstone foundation was a three-story affair, and my first years of school were spent on the ground floor in the southeast room, with a Miss Lowry as my teacher.

My second grade classroom was in the southwest corner, and Miss Minerva Munk was my teacher. My third grade was spent in the northwest corner room with Miss Cordelia Anderson as teacher. The high school domestic science classes held forth in the northeast corner of this first floor, and the principal's office was sandwiched in between the two east rooms. Tying all these rooms together was a wide and spacious hall with many wooden steps leading to the classrooms above.

Each day after I had finished my lessons, the teacher's hand would deposit red, green, and yellow wooden pegs, each about an inch long, on my desk. This was my seatwork, and with the pegs I could outline houses, corrals, flowers, and various other ideas.

But it was recess time to which I looked forward, for it was then that my classmates and I were free to choose our own entertainment. We had learned that we could climb onto the sills on the new Manti Public Library building, and from there with a great deal of pushing and pulling we could attain the heights of the rock-embedded foundation. Clutching the walls for support in order to stand on that narrow foundation was frightening as we began to walk "follow-jack" style around the building until we came to the next window opening. Then, one by one we descended from our precarious walk to step nimbly across another sill and then again to climb back to the dizzy height of the foundation. Woe be to the child who was left on the heights when the recess bell rang, for it took considerable manipulation to get a body down to ground level so he could race toward the classroom.

The library/school/tabernacle block was surrounded by a wooden picket fence with a turnstile gate on each corner. However, on the northeast corner they had put the gate just east of the library. We children found we could sit on the cross arms of each gate post, and, with a friend to give it a push, we had individual whirly-gigs. Today I marvel at our creativity and the fact that we were never seriously hurt, although many times my long black stockings were torn and the flesh underneath became blue and very scratched.

As I grew older, the inside of the library took on a great fascination for me. After I had climbed the east steps to the entrance and opened the big front door, there were still more steps to climb. An open door welcomed me to the main room, where there were homemade tables, straight backed chairs and book shelves which held such gems as: Seven Little Sisters, The Bobbsey Twins, Pollyanna, Anne of Green Gables and many

others. I soon found I could go anywhere in this world of books if I checked them out on my library card under the guidance of the librarian, Miss Farnsworth.

The Manti Public Library was built with money given to Manti City by Andrew Carnegie (1834-1919.) His biographers say he came to America from Scotland when he was just 13 years of age. By the time he reached middle-age, and because he had worked and invested in the manufacture of steel, he had become one of the richest men in America.

With his great wealth he had the desire to better mankind, and he used much of his money to build "free" public libraries in various countries of the world and in Canada. In the U. S. he built some 1700 library buildings.

These buildings were his donation to the communities in which they were built on condition that the communities would supply and support the libraries. Three such libraries were constructed in Sanpete County: at Manti in 1910; at Ephraim in 1914; and at Mount Pleasant in 1917.

In researching the Manti Messenger, the following notes were found:

27 May 1910 ... Manti City Council passed a resolution to support a \$10,000 library building. Carnegie, who offered to furnish that amount for the construction of a "free" Manti City Library, was fully supported. The only stipulation was that the city would guarantee a maintenance fund of \$1,000 per year. Representatives of the L. D. S. Church offered to exchange the lot now occupied by the church-owned Council House for a strip of land one rod wide extending the full length of the City Hall block, adjoining the North Ward Chapel grounds. Manti City Council gladly made the exchange.

22 July 1910 ... A Carnegie Library for Manti is now assured as long as the cost of the building does not exceed \$10,000. Payments for the building are to be made on the installment plan of \$2,000 or \$3,000 as required. The building is to be a handsome structure, and when it is completed there will then be five buildings on this school block. They are: The Manti Tabernacle and annex, the red brick and sandstone elementary school building, the shop and rest room building, the white brick high school building, and now the public library building.

6 January 1911 ... The Manti Carnegie Public Library is soon to be finished. It will be a "free" library with reading rooms and a large lecture room in the basement. This building is being built for the use of the people. The building without grounds is valued at \$11,000. The ground was secured by trade with the L. D. S. Church Corporation. Mr. Carnegie gave Manti City \$10,000. The building is to belong to the City of Manti, but they must furnish \$1,000 per year for its maintenance. Estimates are the furnishings, shelving, tables, chairs, etc., will cost from \$1,500 to \$2,000. A library board is to be formed to control and manage the library. This is to be a non-partisan committee to serve without pay. The various clubs in the City are asked to devise ways to raise this money. A mass meeting is called. Later this will be put on the ballot for maintenance.

29 December 1911 ... Manti Public Library is to be formally opened on New Year's Day. Gov. Spry is to be in Manti for the dedication. A public meeting will be held in the Manti Theatre. A. C. Nelson, State Superintendent of Schools and Howard R. Driggs, Secretary of the Utah State Library Association will also be in attendance. The Library building is to be dedicated by President Lewis Anderson.

Because Gov Spry could not come on the first date agreed upon, the date of dedication was changed to January 2, 1912. All business houses were closed, and the day was observed as a holiday. Prominent visitors assisted in giving listeners a literary treat. Musical selections were given by Mrs. Edwardina Parry Cottam, Mrs. Jessie Lund, the Anderson Sisters, and the Manti Theatre orchestra. Invocation was given by the Rev. G. W. Martin. 800 people were present, and as many more could not gain admission. Mrs. Blanche Metcalf was the new librarian.

Thus Manti City obtained the Manti Public Library building, which has been a great boon to all who enter its doors, as each is challenged by the thousands of books on the stacks and also the shelves that line its walls. Its large windows emit light, and the high ceilings give one a feeling of spaciousness. In the northwest corner of the library reading room is the Children's section. This corner, the Manti Ladies Literary Club has helped to sponsor over the years. The tables and chairs are " just right " for children to explore a book or relax with a story.

Referring to the note of 6 January 1911, the Arropeen Commercial Club and the Manti Ladies Literary Club did get behind the City in raising the monies for the furnishings and perhaps some more for maintainance. The Arropeen club is no more, but the Manti Ladies Literary Club, from the donating books, and having "Washington teas " to boost and support the library.

Because of the generosity and kindness of Andrew Carnegie (whom we never knew) and the mayors and councilmen of Manti City since the year 1910 for maintenance and support of the building, plus the many folks who have climbed its steps and opened its doors and their minds to the great cultural wealth in reading, this public library has given much to the people of this area. We cannot overestimate the cultural value of the aesthetic influence it has had on our minds and emotions and even our very lives. We have been blessed to have the heritage of such an institution as the Carnegie Manti Public Library in our midst.

Source: Personal recollection of the author.
World Book Encyclopedia, Vol. III
Manti Messenger

UNION ROLLER MILLS - FAIRVIEW

Hugh Brady

Rt. 1 Box 82

Downey, ID 83234

Senior Citizen Division, Third Place Historical Essay

With the growth of Fairview in population, industry, and businesses such as stores, sawmills, sheep and cattle, the new flour mill company soon felt the need of a mill with greater capacity, one which would produce better flour, operate more efficiently, and meet the competition of larger mills of the valley. It was now about 1885. In consequence of this need, the company secured a new location about 1 ½ miles southwest of town, where a better water power could be developed.

Lumber was now available and on this new site they erected a four-story frame building. Elam's stone burrs and sifter reels were brought to the new building and installed. Additional roller grinders and another sifter were added. A millrace (ditch) brought water from Sanpitch River and Spring Creek to the new steel turbine waterwheel and supplied the needed power.

Through the years of service, grinding and sharpening, the old burrs Elam had brought from the quarries east of Murray were soon set aside and replaced with a new and larger set.

The NEW MILL was now producing a desirable quality of flour, and business was increasing. More wheat was being produced by the settlers and greater demands were being made of the NEW MILL. Newer and better equipment was being manufactured continually, making for greater efficiency.

About 1880 a new "PLAN SIFTER" system had been established at Mt. Pleasant. It was producing even better flour than the old Reel Sifter system, and some of the community's business was going there. As a result of these changing conditions, a new company was organized at Fairview, to be known as "UNION ROLLER MILLS." More steel rollers (grinders) and new Plan Sifters (shaker type) replaced the reel sifters. The capacity of the New Mill increased to 50 barrels per day (1 barrel = 196 pounds). A millwright from Canada, a Mr. Shelby, was obtained to install the new equipment and put it into operation. A new home of four rooms was built near the mill.

Under the supervision of Mr. Shelby, who was retained for some time as the first miller operating the new equipment, Jacob Rasmussen became the second miller of the new system. It was found immediately that the new system required more power than the present amount of water could supply. Consequently a new steam engine was installed to supplement the water power. More wheat storage room was needed, so a large room was added on the North end of the building and the engine room on the South.

The new UNION ROLLER MILLS was now ready to operate at capacity. It was producing three grades of flour, bran, middlings or shorts, cereal (Germade), whole-wheat flour (graham flour), and ground feed for livestock. This feed was then called "chopped feed." The old stone burrs were now used only for grinding whole-wheat flour (now called stone ground flour,) and livestock feed.

As in the days of Elam's first mill, this new operated on a "toll" basis. From each bushel of wheat ground, the farmer received 33 pounds of "straight grade" flour and 14 pounds of bran, the company retaining 13 pounds as toll to pay for the grinding. From this 13 pounds of wheat the miller had about 4 pounds of bran and shorts, 1 pound of "low grade" flour (white) and 8 pounds of "high patent" flour. Grinding of whole-wheat flour and feed was usually paid for at 1c to 15c per hundred pounds. The miller's toll for grinding was sold to the people for cash or sometimes traded for other items of produce. Cash at this time was very often in the form of "store scrip."

It was soon discovered that the revenue from the business would not meet the expenses of the operation. The steam engine required the services of an engineer besides the cost of fuel and upkeep. The problem had to be faced and solved. Water power was the only solution. But the fact remained that at the time it was needed most, the water would be at the low point for the year. To find a greater source of water was impossible; neither could the water be raised to a higher level to produce more power. The answer came through the creation of a storage pond. Therefore, the mill would have to be closed down while the pond filled, and then with a full head of power it could operate until the pond was emptied. This method put the mill out of operation about one third of the time, but did put it back on a profitable basis. And thus it operated throughout the remainder of its life.

Still other problems entered into the matter of successful operation. With only part-time operation and full-time labor and other expenses, the mill had to produce the utmost yield and quality. Thirty-five to thirty-eight pounds of good flour from a bushel of wheat was not sufficient yield. The mill must be made to produce 42 to 45 pounds. This became the miller's problem and was very hard to do. Mr. Rasmussen was apparently having difficulty in this regard. Toward the late '90's the mill was on the losing side again.

As a result of one of the board meetings, a member, Mr. John Walker, was assigned to go to Mt. Pleasant and take training at the mill there. Upon his return he became the third miller. Following a brief period as an employed miller, he and his son, Hans P. Hansen, leased the mill (about 1897). Mr. Walker had the know-how of milling and soon had the institution on the profit side of the ledger again.

About two years later, in the summer of 1899, Mr. Walker found himself handicapped for the need of help. His son had been called on a mission for the Church and he was alone. As a result of this loss, he employed a young man by the name of Lindsey E. Brady to assist him. Brother Walker, as he was known by his

many friends, felt the absence of his son to the extent that he tendered his lease to his assistant on July 1st, 1900.

Mr. Brady, father of the writer, then became the fourth miller at UNION ROLLER MILLS, or Fairview's sixth, Elam Cheney being the first and his son, most likely, the second. Mr. Brady immediately moved his family into the home on the mill property and successfully operated the institution for eight years. The writer, being eight years of age at the time of moving to the mill, lived through many fond experiences and teachings during that part of his life. To him, fond memories of these experiences are most dear and sacred. At the conclusion of this eight-year period, Mr. Brady had acquired a new home and additional farm property. Therefore, he terminated his lease of the mill on July 1, 1908.

Again the lease came into the hands of the Walker family. Brother Walker's son, Hans P. Hansen, took over and successfully operated for the next four years, when the Church again called him to a great responsibility, that of serving as bishop of the Fairview Ward. This new Church calling divided his time to the extent that help at the mill became necessary. Mr. Brady was considered and again brought into the business, this time as a partner. It seemed the mill income did not warrant a partnership, so it was of short duration.

Bishop Hansen was alone again with the mill and operated it until 1922, when he moved to Salt Lake City. It should be noted here that his service to the people of Fairview, as a miller, including time with his father, covered a period of fifteen years at this time. These were his prime years and it can well be said of him that he labored faithfully and hard in the service of the industry and the people of his home town. He will always be remembered as Fairview's most prominent miller and the industry's greatest benefactor.

As Bishop Hansen left the mill, a new lease was effected to Oscar Lundberg, which lasted only a few months. It should be recalled here that to be a successful miller, a man must have the know-how of making flour. Whether this is the reason for the short duration of this lease is unknown to the writer. However, following this broken lease, the mill (now the "old mill") stood idle and in effect its death had come. The few remaining articles within its walls were plundered a little later by men who were working on the new highway between Fairview and Mt. Pleasant. The highway was being constructed by team outfits who used the building and grounds for camp headquarters. Belts and other equipment were taken by these men to repair their harnesses and equipment until there was nothing of value left.

About 1930, following nearly fifty years of faithfulness in feeding the people of Fairview, the property was sold to Andy Peterson, who used it for slaughtering purposes. Shortly thereafter, he tore the building down and used the materials as he saw fit. However, the "Old Mill" home is still standing, but has not been occupied for many years, perhaps not since the time the Brady family left it in 1908.

Source: Personal recollections

Life story of Lindsey E. Brady

Personal interview with Hans P. Hansen, at his home in Fairview in 1959

Flour to Feed Fairview - 1960 (unpublished) by Hugh Brady

THE MANTI HERALD AND SANPETE ADVERTISER

Conrad Frischknecht

12225 Shady Wood Lane S.W.

Tacoma, WA 98498

Senior Citizen Division, First Honorable Mention Historical Essay

THE MANTI HERALD AND SANPETE ADVERTISER

F. C. Robinson

Editor and Publisher January 31, 1867 No. 1 Vol. 1

The above is the masthead of what probably was Manti's first newspaper. It preceded Jakeman's Manti Sentinel by 18 years. It may also have been the first newspaper in Sanpete County. Under date of March 20, 1867, the editor of the Herald tells of having received a copy of the first issue of the Sanpitcher, published by David Candland at Mt. Pleasant.

The Manti Herald consisted of three ruled columns on a single sheet of writing paper. At first only one side of the paper was used. In later issues, the ads appeared on the reverse side.

There is no knowledge of a printing press in Sanpete at that early date. Cecil Alter, in his Early Journalism in Utah, refers to the Manti Herald as a "manuscript" newspaper written by hand and printed by pen and ink. That is exactly what it appears to be.

The best way to become acquainted with a paper is to read it. It is the aim of this paper to minimize comment by the writer in order to maximize space for quotations. All following quotes preserve spelling, capitalization and punctuation of the original:

BY TELEGRAPH

-0-

G.S.L. City 31

Judge Peacock is detained here by sickness.
Wm. H. Hooper is nominated for Representative to Congress for the State of Deseret.

An Act incorporating Manti City Library Association has just received the Signature of the Governor. The health of Gov Young is very good.

G.S.L. City " Mch 22

I "Advise the Brethren of Sanpete to keep their cattle where they will be safe; and not be out alone."

Sig: B. Young

Payson 13th

Bishop Moffitt is mud and storm bound in Payson

G.S.L. City 10th

By a telegram we learn that in G.S.L. City yesterday ,good work cattle were selling at 100 dollars pr yoke, Beef \$10.00 pr 100 lb., Flour \$4.00 pr 100 lb. Oats \$100 pr bushel; the above of course are cash prices.

BY TELEGRAPH

-0-

Provo 17th

Waters high, but bridges still safe. A ferry has been established at Spanish Fork. Bridge still there all right

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE of the MANTI MAIL

Arrives in Manti-Saturdays PM
Arrives in Manti- Tuesdays PM
Leaves Manti- Mondays AM
Leaves Manti- Thursday AM

BABYOLOGY

"You have lost your baby i understand " ! said one gentlemen to another. "Yes poor little thing"! When it was five months old, we did all we could for it. We had four Doctors! Blistered its head and feet! Put mustard plasters all over it. Gave it five doses of rhubarb pills! eight doses of turpentine! And lots of other medicines! And yet after a weeks sickness it died!

How strange!

Scipio, AP 30th

Among a large stock herd driven recently through Fillmore by Gentiles, about 50 head were recognized as being stolen from sundry citizens. The thieves were at once arrested who confessed to the existence of an organized band of thieves through the Territory.

MANTI CITY
NOMINATION

For Mayor.. Luther Tuttle

For Aldermen....J. Shomaker

M.D. Hambleton

For Councillors...S.J. Crawford

N.S. Beach

N.P. Domgaard

FOR SALE

-0-

M.D. Hambleton

A splendid span of brown Mules Price \$300.00 or less.

BRANCH STORE
of the
EAGLE EMPORIUM!!

-0-

The above Establishment is still in a flourishing condition, offering cheap bargains and a variety of good articles for convenient pay. Come on! Come on! Forward! with your oats, butter eggs and Bacon! Cash not refused.

Capt. Neslen, Commanding

SANPETE ART GALLERY..

A. Lund Proprietor. This establishment is a credit to Mt. Pleasant, likenesses are taken accurately and on reasonable terms.

MANTI DRUG STORE

C. C. ORMSBY

Proprietor

Has full assortment of Medicine on hand; and on the alert to prescribe for the benefit of the sick.

SEELY & CO.

Will still take good bacon in their commission business.

Could we see ourselves as others see us, it would from many a folly free us. Then let us go and have our Likeness taken at

JOHNSON & CO.
LIKENESS GALLERY
MANTI

THEATRE - -MANTI

On Thursday Evening next will be presented a very interesting Play entitled...

"The ROSE" of ETTRICKVALE

To be followed by the laughable Farce entitled:

"NO"

Characters by the Company.

MISCELLANEOUS ODDS & ENDS

An empty vessel makes a great sound

-0-

As the old cocks crow, so will the young ones learn!

-0-

They who would be young when they are old, must be old when they are young,'

GATHERING IN VARIETIES

About 90 teams and nearly the same number of Mounted Guards left their rendezvous on Twelve Mile Creek yesterday morning en route for the Sevier to gather in the people with their effects from that exposed region and thus promote the principle of concentration to defeat our enemies—the promptitude displayed in this move reflects great credit on all concerned.

VARIETIES

In a certain Ward not 50 miles from Sanpete County, a congregation was nearly used up one Sunday by a very tedious long meeting, which was kept together by a very long winded windy orator, who got into the wide field of intelligence and lost track of the bars! At the close the Choir mournfully struck up the hymn commencing "and are we yet alive?"

LOCAL

That Social Party!

Some few evenings ago, ourself and other half enjoyed ourselves immensely at the social board of our highly esteemed friend E. Logan, there were quite a number of happy and intelligent faces present and sparks of wit and good humor revolved around the occasion! our host in the Centre! thank you again judge you were right in not being national in your selection of company...Please copy everybody.

Other interesting news items which are too long to quote are here presented in abstract.

In the issue dated February 10, 1867, the paper presents the result of the general election held February 12. There was one contrary vote to amend the Territorial Constitution. The vote for W. M. Hooper, delegate to Congress, was unanimous: 1225 votes in Sanpete and 138 in Sevier.

The county superintendent of schools announced that with the estray funds he had made a purchase of textbooks cheaply. The books had been given to local school trustees who would give them to pupils whose parents were too poor to buy books.

Plans for the construction of a city wall¹ were being formulated. Strange to say, even though the Black Hawk War was in progress, protection from Indian attack was not given as a reason for having a wall. The editor regarded the wall as the "Capstone to the kingdom." He wrote, "Now when we say a City Wall, we mean one of those substantial stone and mortar concerns that will not only enclose but increase the value of

BUSINESS CARDS

Notice

The delinquents in settlement in the estate of J. Lowry Senior deceased are again notified to appear and settle.

Administrators (L. Tuttle
(A. Lowry
(M.S. Lowry

LOCAL

Moroni

Is hopeful and busy, though some people there will have to buy breadstuff of other settlements before next harvest! Bishop B. and associates were very prompt in proceeding to repair the broken telegraph wire in Salt Creek Canyon on the 29th.

ODDS AND ENDS

Why should the Manti girls fear lightning?
Because they are so attractive to be sure!!

JENNING'S BRANCH STORE MANTI.

Has just received a fresh supply of Goods, which for variety, quality and cheapness cannot be equalled in this city.

property immensely and through its solidity and workmanshiplike finish will stand for ages as a monument of credit and Intelligent industry on the part of the builders! "

Information concerning F. C. Robinson is sketchy. The 1860 census lists F. C. Robinson, Manti; age 30; born in England; married to Elizabeth, 11 years his junior. They had one daughter, Sarah. From his paper we learn that he was county clerk and agent for the W.S. Seeley Co. of Mt. Pleasant. Following are two of his editorials which yield some idea, of the kind of man he was:

OUR POLITICS. Is to learn our public and Domestic duties,
then exert every faculty to faithfully perform them.
To do good to our friends and if our enemies will let
us alone, we will let them alone.
We will sustain all good men with small talent,
rather than bad men with great ability.
We will defend Truth, virtue and Good order in
the community.
As wire pulling is our object of contempt we will
try and be upright and aboveboard in all we do.
"Go thou and do likewise." AMEN!

THE "HONOR OT THE THING! " Some few days ago in conversation
with a patron of the "Herald " we happened
to state that we found it rather uphill business to
publish our paper without a revenue! as up to the
present time we have paid all expenses out of our
own private means and though some have expressed
admiration of our poor efforts we have not received
the first dollar to assist us in paying our stationary
bill. However we were comforted by the Gentleman
above refered to by his assuring us that the honor
of the thing was ample remuneration for our labors!
Very well! Brother John, we want some lumber, and
we shall be glad to present you some of our honor
for pay!

Pause a moment. Contrast the poverty of Robinson and his generation with the affluence of today.
What a vast change in men and the times has come about in a century and a quarter! But really has the joy of
living changed that much, if indeed at all!

¹The wall was built but did not last ages as the editor believed. Source: Richard Hansen, Assistant Librarian, Salt Lake Public Library.
Sources: Mr. Wood, Utah Historical Society

Copies of 9 issues of the Manti Herald over period January 31 to May 18, 1867.

A DAY AT SCHOOL

Talula Nelson

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Mt. Pleasant, UT 84647

Senior Citizen Division, Second Honorable Mention Historical Essay

The Mt. Pleasant public school building (later named Hamilton School) was erected in 1896 at Main and First East. It was a majestic, well-built building, three stories high, having twelve large classrooms, four on each floor, and spacious halls and wide doorways. The rich, red brick was made by the Mills brothers, shaped in molds and fired in their kiln east of town. The Matson stone cutters hewed the solid rock that went into stately arches above the entrances, each of the tall windows on the upper floor, and beneath the bell tower. Solid rock slabs also adorned the building above each of the long windows on the other two floors adding to the overall red-and-white grandeur of the building.

Metal block letters formed the words "Boys " above the west entrance and "Girls" above the east, the date "1896" under the windows on the third floor, and "Public School " over the arched entrance on the north; this was topped by the bell tower where the bell hung in its majesty above the front entrance, adding to the stateliness and dignity of the building. The "bungalow roof" with no gabled ends gave it a uniqueness that was in keeping with the splendor of the architectural style. Landscaped with beautiful lawns and stately Lombardy poplars, this enduring building, erected at a cost of \$20,000, served as the public school for seventy-five years.

It was in this exciting new building I started my schooling. What a thrill to go with my older sister, Farrie, to begin my education! The smell of fresh paint, the new desks and clean blackboards added to my shyness as I entered and found my first teacher, the lovely Jennie Jorgensen Rasmussen. She was the kindest person I had ever seen, a delightful first-grade teacher. It was all so wonderful as I formed a line with all the other first grade girls on the east side where it said "Girls." It was unthinkable to try to enter on the west where the boys entered, or on the front where teachers and parents and other dignitaries entered! Here on the east, lined up at the sound of the bell, three abreast in perfectly straight lines, we waited for the sound of the piano. All in perfect step we marched to our rooms. I stood spellbound watching the older pupils march up the steps to the second and third floors, the boys up the north stairway, the girls up the south, keeping perfect step with the march played on the piano by one of the teachers, usually Lydia Hasler. I was quite startled to see a boy snatched out of line for a misstep. He was soon joined by others, and the "awkward squad" was formed. This "squad " was marched up and down the stairs till a perfect march rhythm was reached, even those like Mabel Porter who had handicaps. There was no compassion for the under-developed or the handicapped! The practice of cadenced marching was later abandoned out of fear for the safety of the building as the rhythmic marching by so many students literally made the building sway.

How I loved first grade as I learned the letters of the alphabet and the numbers as we wrote them on our slates! Near the end of the first year we could read from the primer, such a beautiful book with pictures of colored leaves—oak and maple; such a thrill to be able to read their names! I remember, too, the spider on an inside page of the book. The first time I saw it, it startled me. After that, as I neared the part of the book where I remembered the spider picture to be, I gingerly turned each leaf by the merest corner until I had passed the fearsome spider!

The ringing of the school bell soon became part of our lives. At 8:00 a.m. sharp the bell rang. "Old Man" Ellertson always had this job. He would stand with his great silver watch in his hand till the exact minute, then pull the bell ropes with all his strength; again at 8:45 a.m. so we were well warned of the approaching school hour. At 9:00 p.m. he also rang a curfew. We kids knew it was time to quit our game of "kick the can" or stealing apples and get for home or the Marshall would get us!

During the school day a "hall monitor" was chosen from the sixth graders. The monitor usually had a book to read or lessons to do while tending the bell. Watching the huge clock just outside the classroom

across the hall from the bell rope (for the small gong inside the school building), the monitor rang bells signaling the end of one "period" or the beginning of another.

A typical day began with a song, such as "Up, Up in the Sky" or "Good Mother Hen Sits Here on Her Nest." As we progressed to higher grades, we sang "America," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Old Folks at Home," or such. Prayer always followed this opening song. In the first grade it was usually offered by the teacher, in later grades by a student, frequently there was a second song, much enjoyed, and then to work! Arithmetic was first, as it was considered the most difficult subject. Here we learned to add, subtract, and do long and short division. After a half hour of teaching, the teacher made an assignment for homework. Homework was always expected of even the youngest pupils and considered an essential part of their education. Next came a half hour of penmanship. When class started, the teacher would say, "Make two lines, an inch apart, at the top of your paper or slate." Then she started the lesson by saying, "Round, round, straight; round, round, straight; ..." and we would make perfectly round circles and a straight line, staying inside the confines of the two lines. When we became well drilled, we would stand up and shake our hands to keep them nimble and prevent cramps from the laborious tight holds we had held on our pencils or chalk. Then on to e's and l's, now making three lines, or a line between the first two, so the e's would be half as high as the l's. This drill was practiced every day.

When the gong sounded, we were formed in line and marched orderly down the stairs and outside for recess. We would all make a bee-line for the "little houses" in the southwest corner of the school ground. These foul-smelling outhouses were never cleaned. Vulgar, filthy pictures and writings decorated the walls. Two holes were in each bench, a smaller one for the small children. If perchance someone missed the hole, the filth was left to dry of itself. No effort was ever made to clean or remove the wetness. A high fence separated the boys from the girls, but that didn't prevent loud talk coming through from the boys to the girls or vice versa. This "errand" was quickly taken care of, and we were soon out on the playground ready for a game of "Sister Perute," jump rope, ball, or "Nipcat." Often we crossed the street east and jumped the big creek that ran along the Barton lot. At the sound of the bell we again formed a line for the march into the building.

After recess came the dreaded language lesson where we learned to speak properly, write themes, diagram sentences and conjugate verbs. Such a struggle with adjectives and adverbs! Then came a short exercise drill where we bent over, touched our toes with our fingers, "reached to the ceiling," and shook our heads.

History was boring: nothing but wars and the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution of the United States! When the gong sounded for noon, we again formed a line, though never were we allowed to begin marching until everyone had coats, overshoes, and hoods in place. One hour was allowed for lunch. Sometimes we took our lunches and were allowed to eat on our desks in our home room. Then we would finish quickly and start to play jacks on the desk as we were allowed to remain inside at noon though recess was for out-of-doors.

Reading followed the noon hour. Here we took turns reading aloud. I always hoped for a short paragraph as reading was not my best subject. Geography followed. This was great fun for me. I loved to hear of other countries and cultures. The teacher often read the lesson from our books or from "Carpenter's Geography" which was most interesting. The last lesson of the day was spelling, which always ended with a spelling bee on Fridays.

Holidays brought numerous celebrations. Great lessons were taught in these programs. Thanksgiving was a much-looked-forward-to day. How we loved to dress like Pilgrims, read Indian stories or poems such as "Hiawatha," "Miles Standish," "Jamestown," or "Priscilla."

Christmas was celebrated with songs, plays, and poems such as "The Night Before Christmas." Then we loved to dress like shepherds or wise men and participate in the "cradle scene." After two weeks' vacation, we were glad to be back with our new toys to show.

Lincoln's "birthday was celebrated with such songs as "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord," "Tenting Tonight on the Old Campground," "Dixie," and stories of his honesty and great leadership. Washington's birthday brought songs of America such as "Hail, Columbia " and "The Star-Spangled Banner." For these celebrations we looked forward to dressing in white wigs and taking parts such as Betsy Ross making the first flag.

The close of school also brought a program of drills, etc. We would go to the Opera House above the old Union Store. There on the stage we put on wonderful demonstrations of our abilities to act. We portrayed everything from flowers or birds or baby dolls to dragons.

Completion of the eighth grade was the end of our formal education. Most of the graduating class were girls, as those graduating had to pass strict standards of grammar, diagramming sentences, arithmetic, and other required subjects. Since the boys were required to work on their family farms during the fall and spring periods, they often fell behind in their work and could not pass these strict formal examinations. And no exceptions were made! Our class consisted of twenty-five girls and two boys.

Eight grade graduation called for new dresses, speeches and well-planned program with graduating students often going to other towns to celebrate—like Moroni where my eight-grade closing program was held. Here our driver got lost; we had to go back to the school to find our way out of Moroni.

We rode in an open hack drawn by two span or four horses. Burgess Frandsen, one of the students, was the driver. There was only one road leading out of Moroni.

I spent eight years in our beloved building with girlhood friends and choice teachers, such as Jennie Jorgensen Rasmussen, Fannie Candland Miles, Lydia Hasler Candland, Ada Nelson Matson, A. L. Larsen, John Lofgreen, Joseph Hughes, and Annie D. Stevens. Happy are my school-day memories!

THE SPRING

Thelma G. Burnside

Box 267

Fairview, UT 84629

Senior Citizen Division, First Place Personal Recollection

For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. When thou hast eaten and art := full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee. (Deut. 8:7-10)

So it was with the spring on our farm northeast of Fairview. The water bubbled and sparkled and gurgled right up out of the depths of the soil. Cool in summer, yet it didn't freeze in winter—cool, crystal clear and pure spring water.

Mama knew it was pure because she regularly sent samples of it to the Department of Health in Salt Lake City for testing. For her family, she had to be sure.

The spring was in a small valley between two hills. The hill on the south was covered with wild rose bushes and the blossoms, pale pink in summer, filled the air with heavenly fragrance. The bees buzzed from blossom to blossom, gathering sweet nectar from each one. The petals fell into the spring, floating around and around like tiny silken boats. The low slung branches hung down over the spring, shading it from the sun and keeping the water cool.

The "spring house," built of a framework of wood covered with screen wire, sat like a guardian over the water. The shelf inside kept Mama's butter, milk, and cream sweet and fresh for our use and for selling in town.

The overflow from the spring ran into a small pond. Crisp, tangy watercress grew in abundance to add to a tasty salad or to make an even tastier sandwich.

A stream used for irrigation purposes ran from the pond around the hill. It sparkled and jumped in rainbow colors over the pebbles in the bottom of the ditch—pebbles worn smooth and jewel-like from the constant flow of water.

We kids lay belly burst on the ditch bank and noisily lapped up water like a cat, or made a hand cup to drink it from. The bank was covered with golden buttercups. Many a bouquet was picked and tenderly placed in a fruit jar "vase."

Somebody once told me that if I put a hair pulled from a horse's tail into a can of spring water, it would turn into a snake. I gingerly pulled a long black hair from the tail of Old Bess and dropped it into a can filled with the precious spring water. I carefully placed the can under a wild rose bush and kept my vigil over it every day for weeks. Much to my disappointment, the miraculous change never took place. Each time I peeked into the can, all I could see was the same old lifeless horse hair.

The stream widened out where a road crossed it and tiny rivulets branched out from it making a great place to wade on scorching summer days. The stream watered a row of poplar trees. I loved to watch the birds build nests in the tops of the poplars, then scare away intruders with their flapping wings and wild chirping. Some of the nests were attached to the trees at the very top in such a way that they hung down and swung wildly in the wind—but never did they fall. I loved to climb the trees and catch a quick glimpse into the nests to witness the variety of colored eggs.

The orchard grass grew lush and green and tall between the rows of red astrachan apple trees—a perfect place to run and play and hide.

We haunted the orchard from the first pink and white blossoms until the apples formed and grew big enough to eat.

Crouching down in the tall, fragrant grass, with a salt shaker from the house, we stuffed our stomachs with green apples. We didn't care if they puckered our mouths, dried up our blood, or made our teeth fall out (as we were so often warned.) Indeed, sometimes our teeth became so sore they felt like they would fall out.

Papa very often declared that fruit and vegetables watered with spring water and fanned by the canyon breeze that blew over our land were the sweetest and best that could be grown.

That tiny stream of spring water brought life-giving refreshment to a large patch of raspberries, an enormous vegetable garden, and fruit trees of all varieties. Gooseberries and currants grew between the fruit trees.

Mama hired help to pick the berries. Often she carried them to town to sell to customers. Sometimes she took the white-topped buggy when she also had butter and cream to deliver.

Papa picked all the apples himself—early harvest, red astrachan, yellow transparent, Jonathans, and took them over the mountain to sell in Clear Creek and Scofield. He lined the wagon box with straw so the apples had a nice soft bed to ride on. He took great care to make sure that not one apple had a single bruise on it.

On the return trip, Papa stopped at the Albert Christensen mine and bought a load of coal. Oh, how I looked forward to going with my papa so I could sleep out under the stars and feel the closeness of the Heavens and the stillness of the night, broken only by the sound of horses munching hay.

We grew many kinds of vegetables, melons and cantaloupe, sweet and juicy from plenty of water.

Beside the pasture fence, away from the spring and the stream, Mama also had an herb garden where she grew sage, parsley, catnip, fennel, rosemary, oregano, and thyme for use in the kitchen. She carried the water up the hill in a bucket— both from necessity and because she loved having herbs and flowers that much.

Water for washing clothes, cooking, and that Saturday night bath all had to be carried up the hill.

Papa said that next to his family, the spring was the most valuable thing on the farm. God was good and the spring continued to bubble and gurgle from deep inside the earth and it never went dry.

PRUNE PACKING IN EPHRAIM IN THE EARLY 1900's

Agnes O. Anderson

347 South 2nd East

Ephraim, UT 84627

Senior Citizen Division, Second Place Personal Recollection

When I was a young child, I helped my father plant an orchard. We spent many days planting. He dug the holes and placed the tender slips in each hole very carefully so as not to disturb their roots. I would hold each slip while he tamped the dirt around it and at the same time sight it to see if it was straight with the world.

When we were finished there were one thousand prune trees standing in straight rows every way you looked, east, west, north, and south, and diagonally both ways.

This orchard was located southeast of Ephraim, Utah, In the foothills of Willow Creek Canyon where father said it would be protected from the frost.

The trees then received tender loving care, being watered and cultivated. As they grew larger, they were pruned to keep them from growing too tall so the fruit could be picked when standing on the ground.

When the trees started to yield fruit, father picked a pan full and brought them to mother, saying, "Cook them and let us see how they taste." They were freestones and easily prepared. When we saw the rich red juice oozing from the fruit, seasoned with a little sugar, it was a delight to our eyes as well as our taste buds. We knew they were the real Italian Prunes.

After several years when the trees all began to yield, it was September and a busy time in Ephraim. Everyone who wanted employment was hired by father because he needed pickers, packers, haulers, and carpenters. The pickers were usually young men who were taken to the farm in the morning, and with a bucket or canvas bag tied in front of them picked the fruit and poured it into boxes to be hauled to town. The haulers were men or boys who were fortunate enough to have a team of horses and a wagon.

The prunes were packed In the old shop on First South Street in Ephraim. Father had provided long tables which held the prunes while they were being packed. There was a raised cleat on either side of the table to keep the prunes from rolling off.

The packers were young girls or women. An empty crate was handed to each woman. The crates were square with four baskets, smaller at the bottom. A square of silk paper was provided to place between each layer of prunes: the smallest ones at the bottom in straight rows, stem end down, then the middle-sized ones, then a sheet of paper and then a top layer of the largest ones, with a sheet of paper to fold over the last row to keep the prunes from showing through when the lid was nailed on. When each woman had finished a crate

she would call out and I would put a mark by her name thus, 1111, until she had five marks which made it easier to count when it was time to figure up how much she had earned.

The carpenter boy would give her another empty crate and take the full one away and nail the lid on. They were then hauled down to the depot and placed neatly in a railroad refrigerated car to await shipment to William M. Roylance, a fruit dealer in Provo, Utah. This went on for a week or ten days while the prunes were at their peak and until the railroad car was filled.

I don't remember how much the women were paid. Perhaps ten or fifteen cents per crate. It was my job to figure how much each woman had earned and to see that she was paid from the money that had been provided by my father. Father paid the boys and men.

This was a happy, sociable time. The girls and women enjoyed getting together. It was almost like a quilting bee, visiting over a large quilt! Only they were earning a little while enjoying the association of their friends.

Many young people looked forward to this prune-packing time because they enjoyed it so much.

One year there were more prunes than it took to fill one car load, so father gave the extra prunes to a very resourceful man with a large family. This man put the prunes through a lye process to crack the skins and then put them in a dryer he had made himself. He built a framework over a cook stove where he had many shelves. By keeping a slow fire in the stove, the prunes dried. He would move the bottom shelf to the top and move the next shelf down, relaying them in this fashion so they would all dry uniformly. Thus the surplus prunes were put to good use and father had done a good turn to help out a large family.

Prunes are no longer grown in Ephraim as they once were, but at the turn of the century the prune industry was, in this case, a very viable family business which provided considerable employment for many Sanpete residents. The prunes that were grown and packed in Ephraim were enjoyed and looked forward to each year by many people throughout the entire state of Utah.

I am very proud to have been a part of the early prune growing industry of Ephraim.

HOMEMADE BEER

Talula F. Nelson

Box 148

Mt. Pleasant, UT 84647

Senior Citizen Division, Third Place Personal Recollection

Making beer was one of the first things the Danish pioneers did. They were used to it and loved it. Beer was a must in their native land to offset the impure water.

Beer was very nutritious and a welcome treat in their scanty diet.

Making beer was no easy job. It took several days to complete the process. The main ingredient was malt. This was made of wheat or barley. The grain was first cleaned by tossing it into the air, allowing the wind to blow away chaff and seeds. Then it was washed and let stand overnight in water. The soaked wheat was then placed between clean muslin cloth, covered with blankets, and put in a dark place to sprout. When three sprouts or roots appeared, it was ready to brown in the oven, dry, and grind. Nearly every family had their wheat grinders.

A wooden tub was used for beer-making and no other purpose. It was kept clean, free from soapsuds, etc. This tub had a hole in the bottom in which a peg was inserted. Three bunches of straw were tied to fit over the peg, the straw acting as a strainer. The ground malt was then put in the tub and boiling water added, let stand until cool (overnight), then the peg was loosened and the liquid allowed to slowly drip into buckets. The tub was then rinsed, the straw bunches cleansed, ready for use again.

The liquid was warmed and replaced in the tub where were sugar, hops, yarrow, and dandelion roots which had been boiled and carefully drained. The juice was added till the right flavor was obtained. At the right temperature, yeast was added. The yeast was special beer yeast, not the kind used for bread-making.

The sediment from the bottom of the tub was added to a start; a little sugar gave it life. A start was kept alive by adding a little sugar. If for any reason the start did not work, a new one was borrowed from a good neighbor.

When a thick brown foam formed on the top of the beer, it was carefully skimmed off and the brew was ready to bottle. Bottling was a family cooperation; the men folks were called in to help. Mother, using a funnel, would fill the bottle which had been cleaned and readied. The father would pound the cork into the bottle with a wooden mallet. The corks were softened by standing in boiling water. The children would carry the filled bottles into the cellar, stand them on the cool floor ready for the thirsty farmers. A second chore for the children was to gather the empty bottles and glasses from the shady side of the haystack and return them to the kitchen. Later beer was made by boiling the whole malt, draining, then adding sugar and hops. Magic yeast cakes bought from the store were used instead of the everlasting start. Corks were no longer used. The bottles were capped.

Homemade beer contained no alcohol. It was often used for refreshment at Old Folks Parties and dances, being good to rinse down the dust breathed in by the dancers. Dust was caused by mud being carried in on their shoes. Recess was called while the floor was cleaned and dust settled.

Hops and yarrow grew wild in the fields. They were gathered and dried in the fall. The used malt was always fed to chickens or pigs.

The clear, cold, pure water from the mountains often made the men ill. They drank too much on hot days when the hard work made them perspire.

Homemade beer became a luxury for Grandpa to enjoy.

THE MOUNT PLEASANT ROLLER MILL

Vernon F. Larsen
3981 Fruitvale Avenue
Oakland, CA 94602

Senior Citizen Division, First Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

It stood so stalwart and strong at the east end of Main Street. It was once know as "The Planet Mill." When I was a teenager in 1920, it was called "Mount Pleasant Roller Mill" and served our town and surrounding area with food for animal and human consumption. How easy it was for a farmer to take a supply of grain and exchange it for a variety of flour for baking needs. Germade, rolled oats, rolled wheat, cracked wheat and other cereals enhanced many a breakfast table. The plant also milled grain products for animal use, such as rolled wheat, bran and oats.

There was no exchange of money. The fee for furnishing the milled products was handled from a set amount of grain left in exchange for the milling service.

The mill was built alongside of that famous stream called "Pleasant Creek "—only sometimes during flood season, it was not so pleasant.

Water cascading down the eastern hill splashed tons of water over a huge wheel, thus providing abundant energy to operate the complicated mill machinery.

And there were no electricity bills.

To me, trips to the mill were fun. Daddy made such visits twice a year. One day, late in the summer, he loaded twenty sacks of last year's wheat, together with some oats, into our Studebaker Wagon to take to the

mill. All this was to be processed into flour and cereal for home use or into bran, chopped wheat or chopped oats for the animals. I was happy that it was my turn to go with him. I was indeed excited.

From our home on Fourth East it was about a half mile trip. The mill was located at Fourth East and Main Street, just east of the two bridges that spanned Pleasant Creek. The twenty-foot-long bridge that we crossed seemed like a half mile to me. It was frightening to hear the roar down below and to look into that deep gully of swirling water, boiling whitely at the bottom.

The noise of the mill machinery was deafening and seemed to increase in volume as we got nearer. The horses shied and were not sure it was safe to go along the loading dock in front of the mill. Daddy coaxed the team into place and tied them to an iron ring. He stepped across the gap between the wagon and the platform. I climbed down from the wagon, went around to the steps at the end of the dock, and clamored up to join Daddy.

The noise was ear-splitting and everything trembled. When we got inside we could see that the vibration came from the whirling of dozens and dozens of large wheels. Wide belts connected one wheel to another in a puzzling combination. One large wheel and a belt near the ceiling, operated a multitude of wheels and belts below. Then we observed that there was one wide belt reaching to the upper floor. I reason that machinery upstairs must have been bigger and noisier than downstairs. Upstairs there must have been a connection with the master water wheel outside. Customers were not allowed upstairs.

It was eerie to see the ghost-like appearance of everything material. Layers of fine white flour dusted the floor, machines, belts, window sills and every flat surface. The miller was white ... clothes, hair, face and hands. He looked like a phantom.

There were large pipes about a foot in diameter, some metal and others canvas. They apparently were filled with different kinds of milled products. A miller was working at one of these conduits, filling sacks with flour. He would position a bag over a pipe outlet, pull out a wooden stopper and flour would spill into the sack.

Large wooden bins were filled with various grain products; whole wheat flour, graham flour and germade cereal. Bran, chopped oats and cracked wheat filled other bins. I saw the miller pass the bran bin, reach in and take some to eat. I decided to try it too. The bran was coarse, but tasty. I tried some graham flour and liked it better.

The grain in our wagon was soon unloaded and Daddy said it would be elevated to the top floor. From that point, the processing would begin. In a few minutes, pure white flour was conveyed to the first floor. The miller filled sacks from our very own wheat. Daddy insisted that last year's crop of wheat produced better flour. It would be a few months before the new wheat would be harvested and ready to process. Now was the right time to get our year's supply of flour.

From that appropriate pipe we received ten sacks of flour. Daddy put them into our wagon along with a sack of graham for cereal. We also loaded several sacks of bran, and crushed oats for animal feed. Our business at the mill was completed.

We crossed the bridge again and were soon on our way home. We put the animal grains in the granary. The sacks of flour were carried upstairs and stored behind three sacks left over from last year. These three sacks would be used first. All the flour was stacked on a platform of boards which rested on eight five-gallon honey cans. The slick sides of the cans made it impossible for mice to climb to the flour.

We felt secure now. Our supply of flour would last for months. It was evident that even in the 1920's, there was concern for food storage.

Daddy was adamant that we should have a year's supply of flour on hand. This was made feasible through the operation of the Mount Pleasant Roller Mill.

Source: Personal recollections of the author.

MORMON PANORAMA

Marjorie Madsen Riley

2003 Lincoln Circle

Salt Lake City, UT 84117

Senior Citizen Division, Second Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

There were two Latter-Day Saint Church Wards in Mount Pleasant when I was a child, the North Ward and the South Ward. What a division: The Union and the Confederate, no less! Friendships, social affiliations, and competitive events were based on memberships of the two Wards. Should a family move from one Ward to the other, it was as though the move had been made to another town. Loyalty was strong so, of course, I always thought my own Ward the better Ward . . .

I recall with nostalgia the North Ward Meeting House in the center of what was called the church block. The white stuccoed adobe structure seemed large but, actually, it was rather small. Perhaps the tall steeple, the vestibule to the front, and the red brick Relief Society Hall addition to the rear gave impressions of its being larger than it really was. It boasted no spaciousness, no frills like plush carpeting or soft drapery. But it had stature. Somehow, the eight or ten steps leading up to the heavy double doors, the leaded windows, the large steeple bell, and the surrounding poplar trees added dignity to the edifice. Understandably, a sadness came to my heart the day the old North Ward Meeting House crumbled to make way for a new, modern structure.

This meeting house, when construction was completed in 1870, served the church membership of the entire town. Prior to its being built, church meetings were held in the Social Hall, a small 30' x 45' building erected in 1862 on the southwest corner of the church block. This building, complete with stage, really was a social hall, but because of its meager accommodations, only a limited number of people could attend any one function. Stories indicate that crowds gathered early for dances, filling the hall and making it necessary for orchestra members to enter through a back window. Later, the Social Hall was used as a guard house and as town council chambers, as well as for scout meetings and auxiliary church meetings. Eventually, the white stuccoed building was torn down.

Brigham Young, early President of the Church, when visiting in Mount Pleasant, noted the limited accommodations of the Social Hall. Recognizing the pressing need for a new, larger meeting house, he admonished Church members to do something about it. So, in January of 1865, a meeting was called for the purpose of discussing ways and means of erecting a new building. To finance the project, a resolution was adopted assessing each person over 18 years of age \$10. In addition, a tax of three percent was levied on property to help out. And so the meeting house, which eventually was to become the North Ward Meeting House, was born.

The building, which originally had a balcony, was remodeled in 1914. Even so, it had only three rooms, in addition to the chapel proper—the Relief Society Hall and two rooms up the stairs and above that hall, one fairly large and one rather small. Church-goers occupied long, mahogany benches inside the chapel, facing the pulpit and elevated stand for authorities and choir members.

Because of the lack of individual room space, my Sunday School class sometimes convened in make-shift areas of the chapel, with long, heavy curtains being drawn to make for partial privacy. I found it hard to be attentive to my teacher, however, when I could hear voices coming from other classes. And there were times when my Sunday School class was set up in the chapel's vestibule, where I could see the rope which had been pulled to sound the bell in the belfry, a bell alerting everybody that Sunday School would start in exactly half an hour. The bell was rung again promptly at ten o'clock as the doors were closed for the opening exercises.

When I was eleven years old, the Sunday School Superintendency presented me with a book entitled "The First Christmas," by Lew Wallace. Inscribed on the flyleaf is the following: "A Christmas gift from the

North Ward Sunday School for attending every Sunday School session and not being tardy during the year." I was very proud of the award.

My parents had been taking me with them to Sacrament Meeting in the old meeting house at two o'clock on Sundays long before I was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. The Baptismal building, behind the Tithing Office and near Pleasant Creek, has long since gone, but I can still remember the small, unpainted, frame structure. The font in the center, with wooden steps going down, was filled with water from the creek preparatory to the baptismal ordinance. I was frightened when it came my turn to leave the bench, where I had sat with my parents, wearing my pretty, white Fourth of July dress—frightened at the cold, cold water and afraid that, maybe, I wouldn't be completely submerged and would have to be baptized a second time. But then, almost before I knew it, I was a brand new member of the Church.

I attended Primary in the Social Hall every Monday after school. Again, heavy curtains were drawn to form classrooms. Somehow, we had no fancy names for particular classes such as "Bluebirds," "Larks," or "Seagulls." We just moved on to upper classes as birthdays came along.

Sunday School, with lessons on Church doctrines, and Primary, with character-building lessons, were accepted as part of everyday living, just like regular school. And so was Religion Class, which I believe, was a fore-runner of today's Seminary. Grade school teachers taught Religion Classes after school hours and, like Primary, the classes were held in the Social Hall.

Then, all of a sudden, I was a big girl with Primary and Religion Class in the background and enrolled in a "Mutual " Bee Hive class. Our meetings convened in the small room above the Relief Society Hall Tuesday evenings and I was assigned the responsibility of being class secretary. Conjoint sessions of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association and Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association were held in the meeting house chapel the first Sunday evening of each month. Somehow those sessions were extra special.

The North Ward Meeting House and the Social Hall were important meeting places, and so was the big 60' x 80' frame, semi-open air pavilion on the southeast corner of the church block. Quarterly church conferences and Fourth of July celebrations were held in this building. It was fun sitting in the circular balcony, with a good view of the large stand which could accommodate dozens of dignitaries. Should it rain while a meeting was in session, large, wooden covers were lowered over the window spaces, since there were no glass windows. This building, with a seating capacity of 2,000 and known as the Assembly Hall, was built by townsmen during the summer of 1897 at a cost of \$1,300. It was demolished years ago.

Stake Conferences meant attending Sunday sessions in the Assembly Hall in Mount Pleasant and it meant going with my family to Conferences in Fairview, Moroni and Spring City, all towns in the North Sanpete Stake. I loved the beautiful, big, rock meeting houses in those towns. The building in Fairview was remodeled into a more modern structure and the Moroni Meeting House burned to the ground. But the Spring City building, fortunately, still stands.

Quarterly Church Conferences were wonderful, for they meant mingling with relatives and friends whom we had not seen since the previous Conference. And we'd be invited, as a family between morning and afternoon sessions, just as families from those towns would have dinner with us when Conferences were held in Mount Pleasant. Actually, Stake Conferences were almost as exciting as national holiday celebrations.

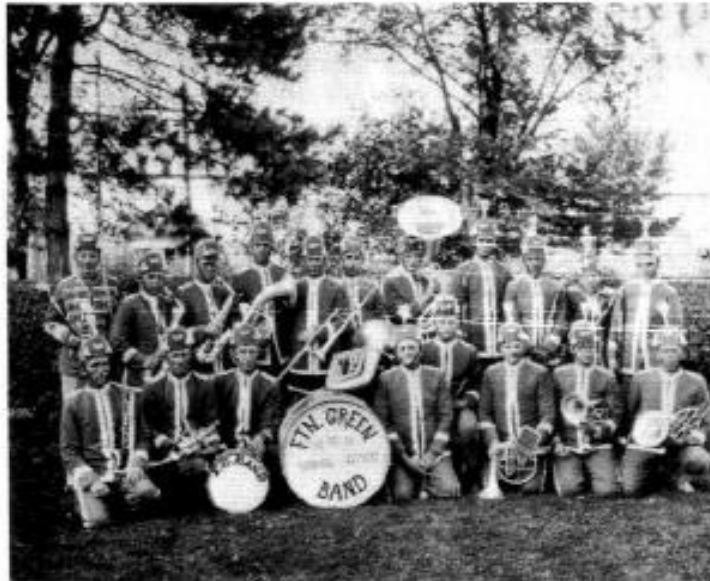
I remember that Brother Joseph F. Smith, President of the Church, once attended Stake Conference in our town. Primary children lined up in a row and tossed flower petals in his path as he made his way from the North Ward Meeting House to the Assembly Hall.

Church practices peculiar to the times are still vivid in my mind. Mamma was a devoted member of the Relief Society, which meant that she attended regular Tuesday afternoon meetings. Also, she was a Relief Society visiting teacher, which meant that she and her companion made monthly visits to homes on their "beats" with basket in hand, making collections for the Ward's needy and poor. Housewives gave freely of

their produce—a dozen eggs, a pound of butter, Mason jars filled with home-grown fruits or, in some instances, a quarter in cash.

The Tithing Office, or Bishop's Store House, a red brick building on east Main Street, was the center of another practice peculiar to the times. For church members were permitted to pay their ten percent tithe in produce. Farmers brought in loads of hay, stacking the hay in a barn to the rear of the Tithing Office. Or perhaps they contributed sacks of grain or potatoes. Church members delivering the farm produce were given proper tithe credit and, in turn, the produce was sold or distributed to the Ward's needy. Papa, a respected church member and a respected farmer, made a point of delivering his choicest produce to the Tithing Office.

In retrospect, I see the old church buildings and I remember church authorities long gone from our midst. And I think of the many lessons which left indelible impressions on those who listened.



The "Famous Wool City" - Fountain Green Band - around 1930.



The Niels Hansen Coal Float on the 4th of July, 1912 or 1914. Mr. Hansen is shown with his daughter, Ruth, and his grandson, Urban S. Madsen.



An early store in Fountain Green with the "Young Sports" of the City. (About 1920).



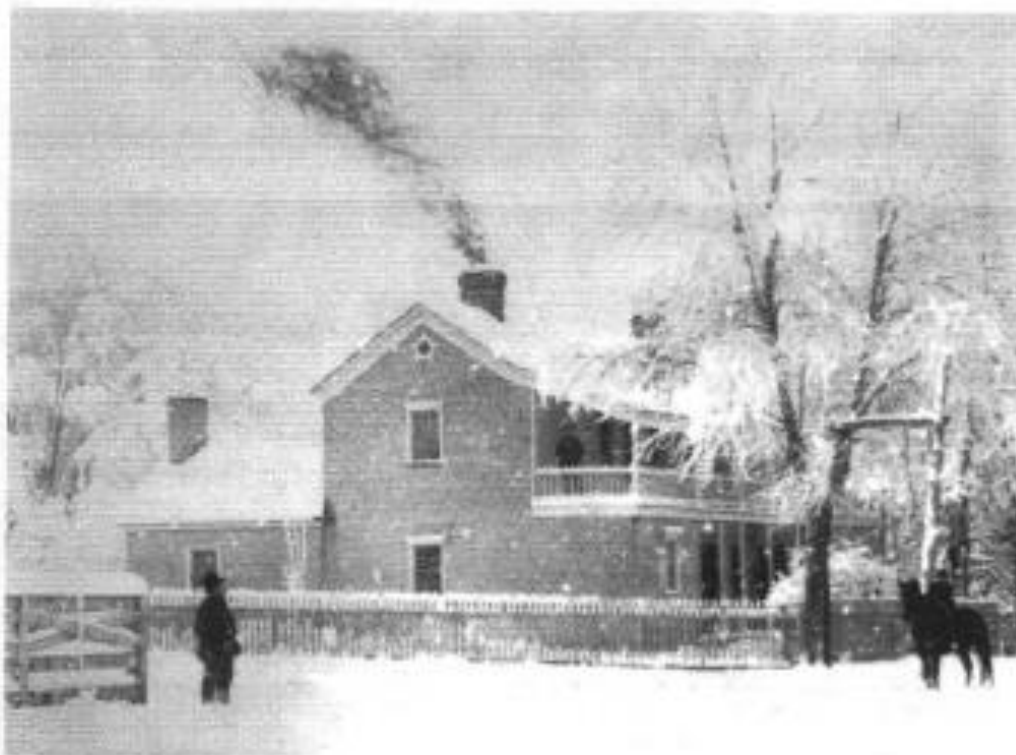
A 4th of July float representing Independence Hall. The young lads are costumed in George Washington style. Sophus Augason is the driver. (About 1920).



An early store, post office, and home in Fountain Green. Hans C. Hansen, commonly called "Hans Tinker", was the owner and operator. The home was built about 1880 and torn down in 1930.



The Sarpete train ran off the tracks in Fountain Green just south of the flour mill, as seen to the right by the trees.



The Henry Weeks Sanderson home and hotel in Fairview. Originally built for his two wives, it was later made into a hotel following his death. His wife, Sarah Jane Sanderson ran the hotel. It stood one block west of the South Ward Church.



Native pine table made by G. N. Johnson in Mt. Pleasant. The table is put together with wooden pegs.



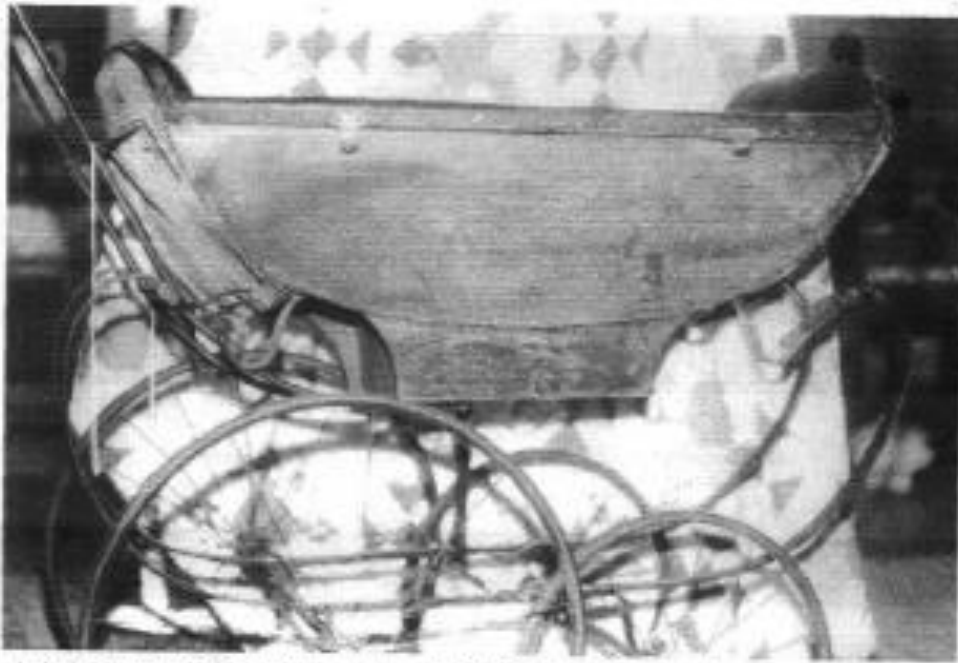
This bell was on the coal train running from Wales through Nephi Canyon. Wales claims to have the first discovery of coal in the State of Utah. Bill Williams was the operator from Manti.



The Wahline sisters displaying early fashions. Wouldn't the boys love a date with these girls?



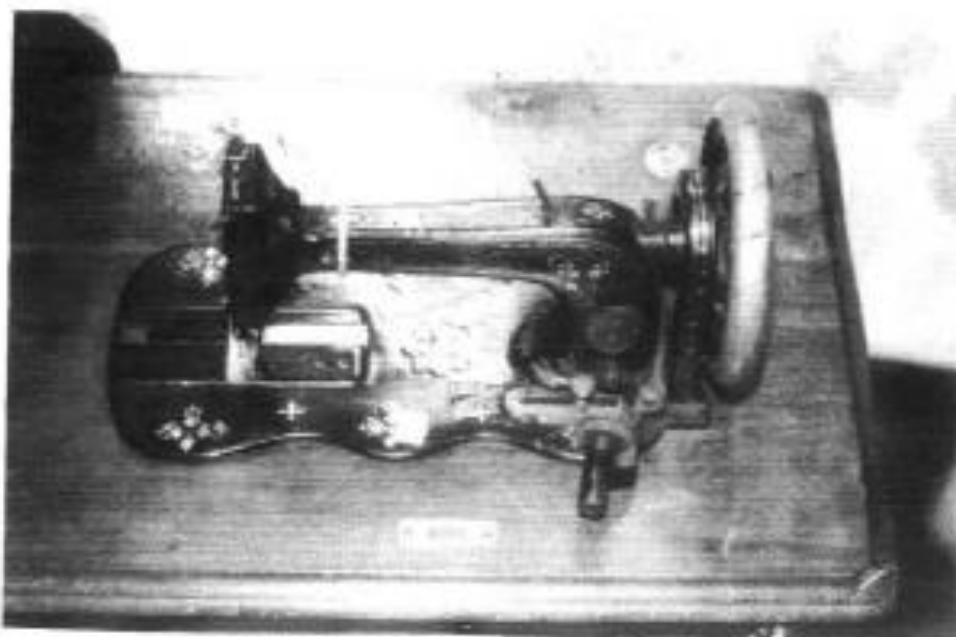
Aury Draper was the first barber in Moroni. This could possibly be his chair.



A twin buggy belonging to A. L. Carlston of Fairview.



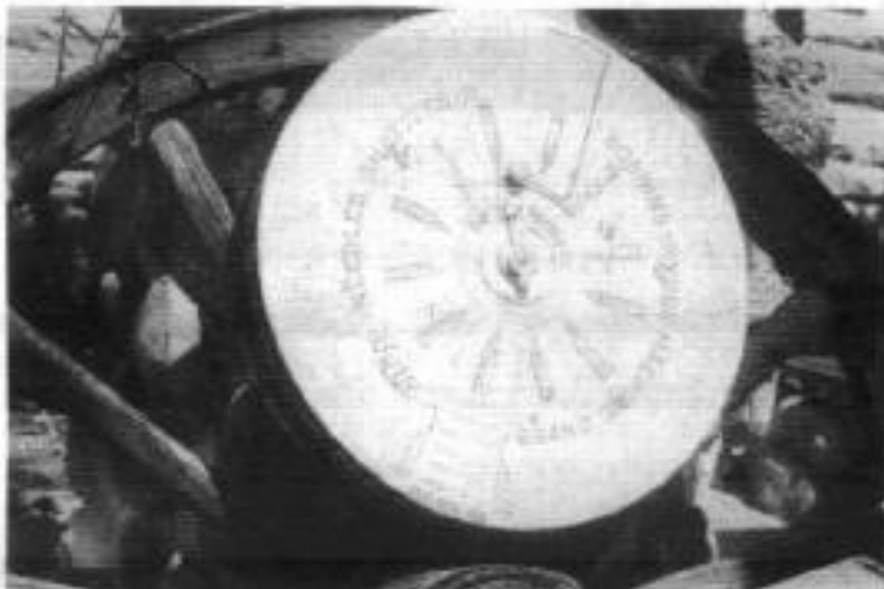
As an infant, A. J. Anderson of Fairview, was whelled many places in this buggy. He later became an assistant at the Manti Temple.



This is one of the first Singer treadle sewing machines. This particular machine is decorated with inlaid mother of pearl.



A Sanpete County water wagon. The wagons were used to wet down the streets and fair grounds before parades and horse races.



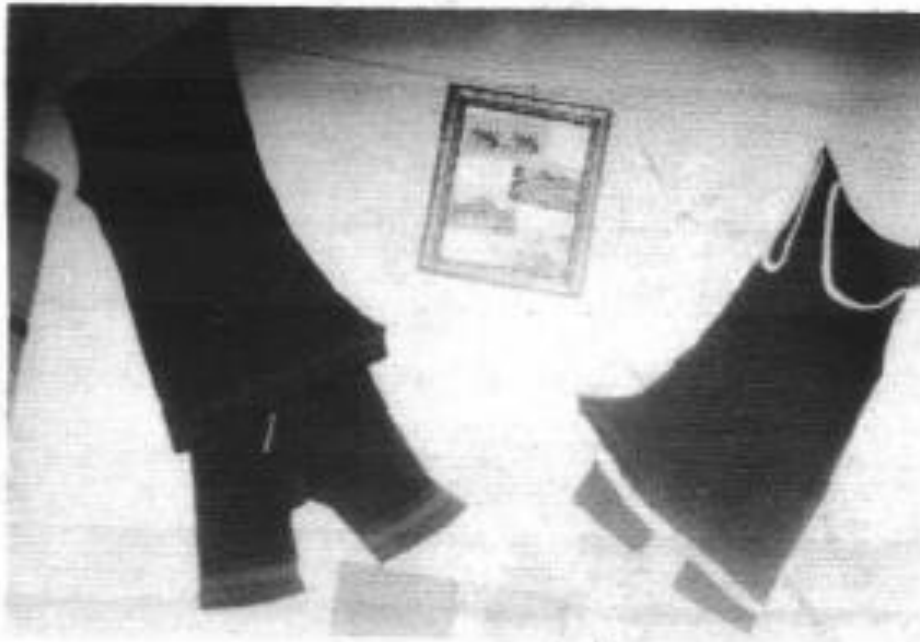
A Boye sewing machine service cabinet for needles and shuttles. The patent was for 1929 and listed over 200 makes of machines. Many of the makes never reached the western markets.



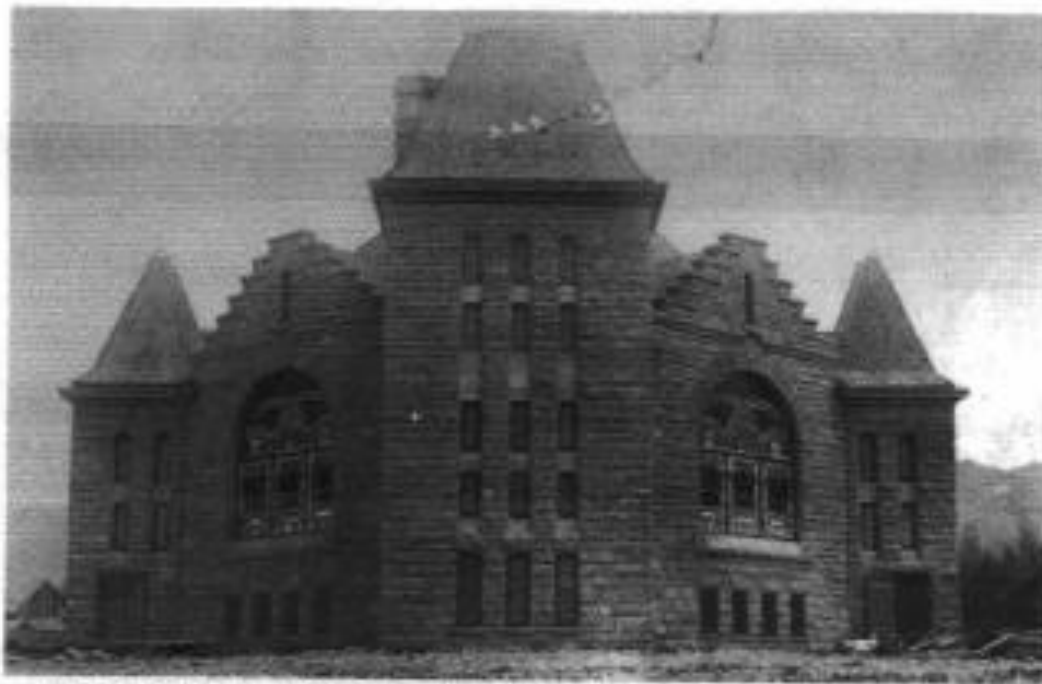
Ornate wooden bed with a straw tick. Straw was gathered right from the fields.



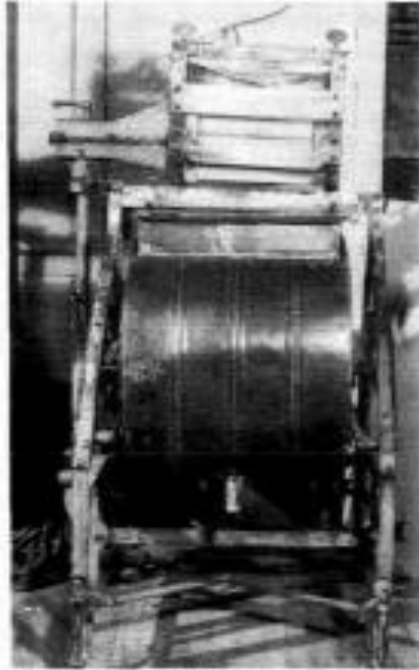
Pioneers used these brass buckets for everything. They never rusted when copper and other metals was used in their making. They were a must for canning over an open fire.



Saltair swimming suits -- approximately 1915.



The old Fairview Chapel--later torn down.



A 1900 Washing machine. This copper tube model was motorized and had an agitating rocking action.



A hand-cranked washing machine. The person cranking, moved a lever back and forth in a regular motion. It took 10 to 15 minutes for each round. It was the drudgery of the 1905-1910 school boy. A wooden plug held the water in and when removed the water ran on the ground. As suds were made by lye soap, eventually any vegetation in its path would soon die. Winston Mower of Milburn remembers the demise of three apple trees in the wash area.



A typical Sanpete County farm outside Fairview, Utah.



The M.I.A. Jubilee on March 26, 1926 in Fairview.



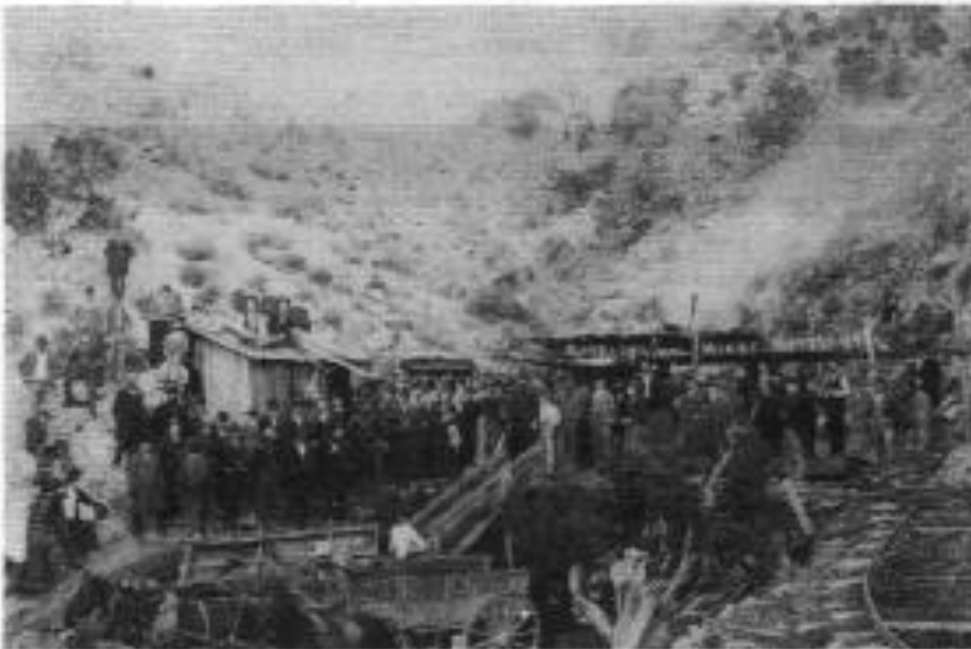
The Ephraim Ladies Mountain Echo Band at the Fairview Blackhawk Campfire in August, 1916.



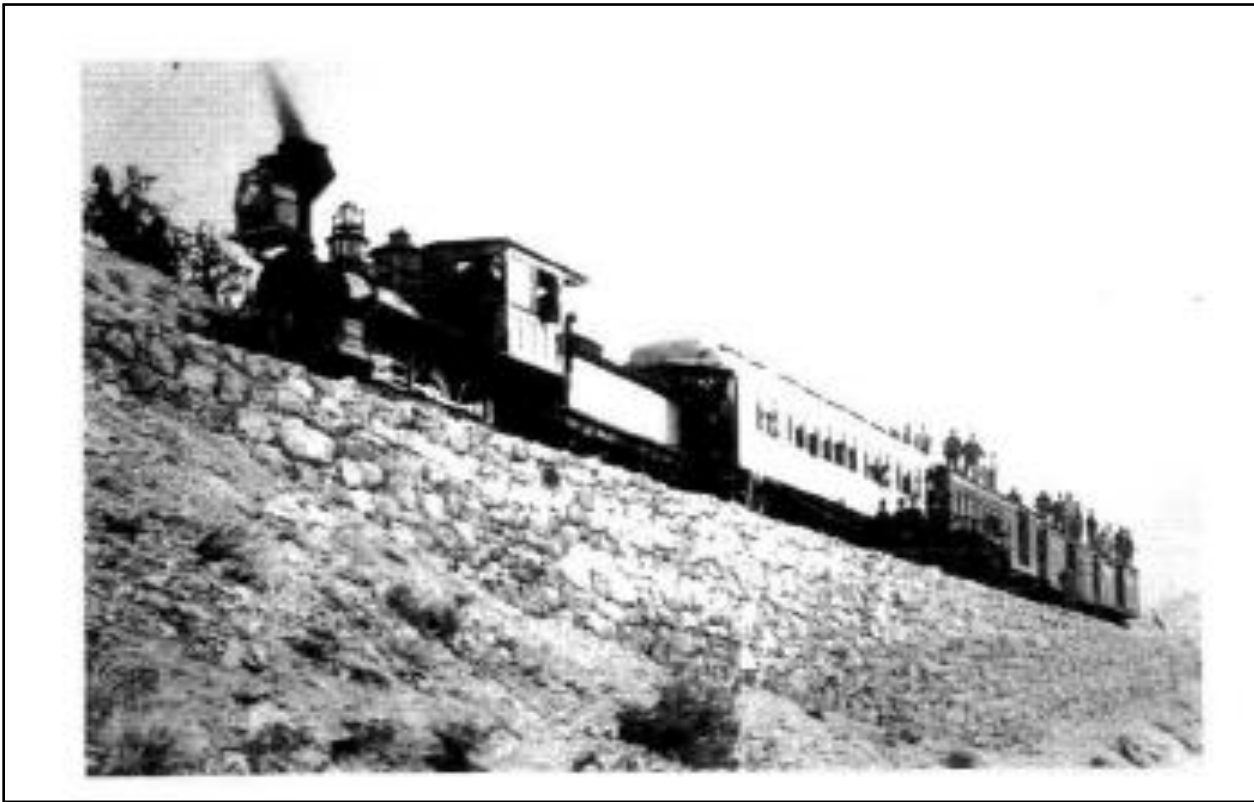
A lumber yard in the Black mountains between Mayfield and Six-Mile Canyon by Sterling.



The first train to the Morrison Mine - November 7, 1894.



The Morrison Coal Mine up Six-Mile Canyon near Sterling. November 7, 1894. Some of the miners were Ole Black, Ray Harmon, and Peter Swensen. Young Charlie Musige was killed working in the mine.



The first train to Morrison Mine on November 7, 1894. Notice the rock work to level the tracks. The tracks are gone now, but the ruts are still visible.

The following article was printed on the back of the above photo.

MANTI

Manti is the capital of Sanpete County and is situated near the center of Utah.

It has a population of 3,000, mostly farmers. It raises annually 100,000 bushels of grain & a million pounds of wool.

It has two railroads the R.G.W. and the S.P.V. which connects with the U.P. in Nephi.

It is the principal shipping point for wool, mutton, and beef cattle, in Central Utah.

It has the finest School house south of Provo.

It has a water system, warm springs and is but a few miles from Funk's Lake and the Gunnison reservoir.

It is a natural Sanitarium.

Coal is found in inexhaustible quantities in the neighboring hills.

The Manti temple is situated on a hill at the North east corner of the city. The building is of oolite, is 171 ft and 6 inches long 95 ft wide, and 92 ft 6 inches to the square. Towers rise from either end, the top of the eastern tower being 175 ft from the ground. Water for the temple is brought in pipes from a mountain spring 2 miles distant. The hill is laid off in four terraces. Which will be planted in trees, flowers etc.



H. P. Larsen's drugstore and the post office in early Ephraim.



An inside view of the Ephraim Dreamland Dance Hall about 1921-22.



An excursion into Ephraim Canyon in July 1924.



The Garrison City Hall and John S. Peterson Dance Hall on the right.



The Good Roads Convention in Ephraim during April 1914.



The Old South Ward Chapel in Manti.



Enjoying a Black Hawk Reunion.



Construction workers on the Manti School.



Glen Gull and George Mills - Fairview Coop heroes



1916 sharpshooter - Notice the Edison phonograph in front.



Fairview Coop Camp



Getting ready to ride



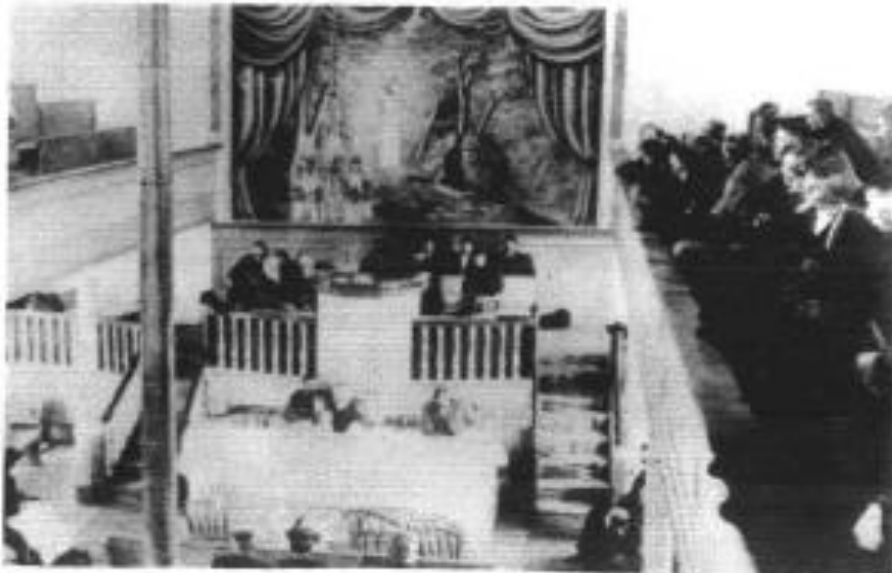
President William H. Taft and Governor Spry of Utah as they visited Ephraim about 1908-1909.



A large crowd lined up to see President Taft and Governor Spry.



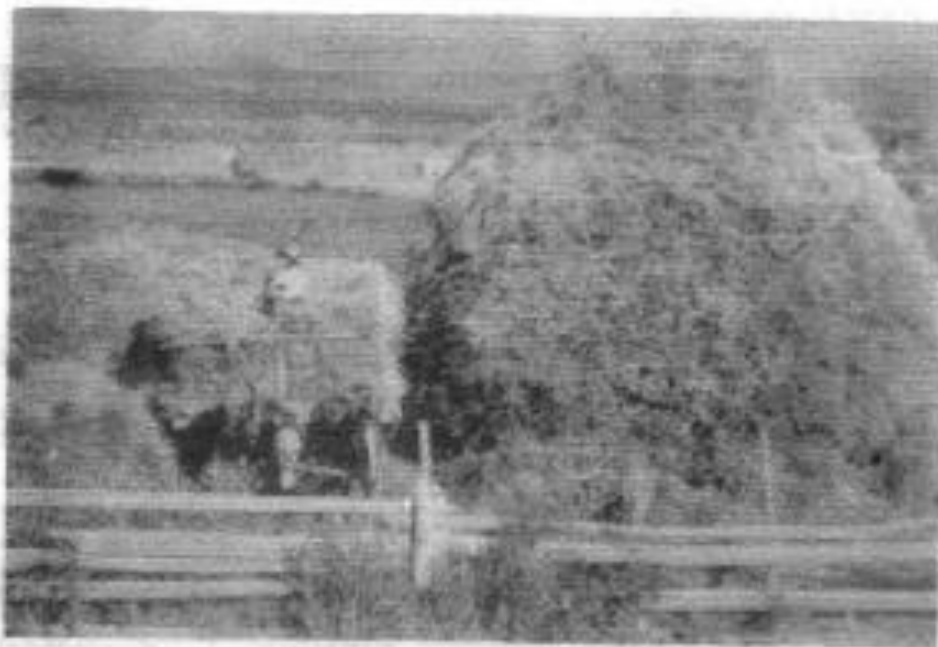
An outside view of the Ephraim Tabernacle.



An inside view of the Ephraim tabernacle about 1888.



"His Queen of the Southern Plateau" --basking under autumn skies in 1963. (looking east of Fairview.) See accompanying poem on page 95.



Lindsey E. Brady of Fairview in 1905. "His Queen of the Southern Plateau" -- see page 95 for accompanying poem.



The Union Roller Mills in Fairview about 1890. See accompanying story on page 108.



Sterling Bovy -- Community Dance Hall, drawn by Pamela Jensen as remembered by Lila Witbeck, situated on the south part of the school lot. The lumber structure was later moved by horse team to Alfred Funk's farm where it was used as a silk barn.