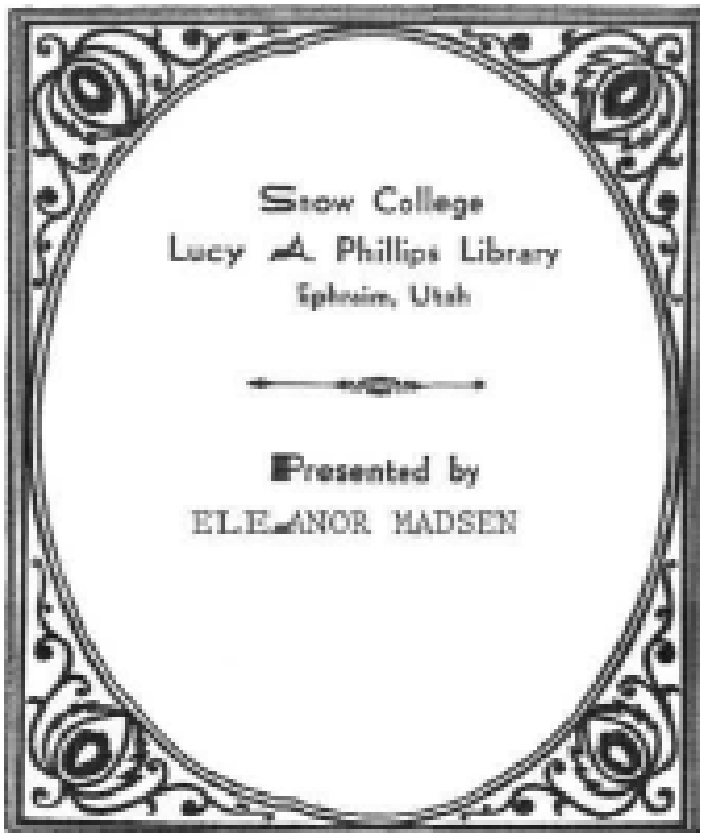
SAGA of the SANPITCH

VOLUME 16 1984

To Maudie from Louise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Presented by
ELEANOR MADSEN

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XVI

Containing

Winning Entries

of the

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest – 1984

Also

Songs of Yesterday

And

Pictures of Early Sanpete

Sponsored by
Sanpete Historical Writing Committee

Printed by

Valley Printing Co.

Salina, Utah

PREFACE

As we present Volume XVI of the Saga of the Sanpitch we do so with gratitude that more precious events from our heritage of the past are being preserved; that stories, poems, essays, anecdotes and personal recollections have been submitted and published once more.

As the time for the 1984 contest drew near, the possibility that there would be no Saga of the Sanpitch this year was very much in evidence* Pamela Jensen, chairman for the two previous years was moving to Nevada* Before leaving, she called a meeting of the Historical Writing
Committee to organize the 1984 contest* Much interest was exhibited, but no one was ready to accept the responsibility of Chairman*

The old saying, "Three heads are better than one," proved true as the three Chairmen met and decided that the Saga must continue* By dividing the responsibilities, we felt we could do it.

There are still many stories that have not been told, many excellent writers who have not been published, an ever increasing circle of readers who look forward to adding another volume of these choice bits of the past to their collection. Nearly 1000 copies are sold each year to persons in the United States and foreign countries*

We appreciate the entries submitted for this year's contest and realize the effort that is expended in the preparation of these manuscripts* The publication of every entry is limited only by cost.

It is our sincere desire to see the Saga continue to accomplish its original purpose of "preserving some of the fast disappearing stories of Sanpete Valley" and to continue to keep it a book of high quality at a minimum cost.

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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.

COVER

"Collective Memories," the cover is a graphic rendering by Mardene Thayne. Mardene, daughter of LeMar O. Hanson, lives in Ephraim with her husband, Royce, and their children, Zachary and Kirsten* A graduate of B.Y.U. in Elementary Education, she also did extensive study in Graphic Design. She has worked as a graphic designer and as a teacher and
Art Curriculum Director at a private school in Provo. Special thanks are given to Virginia Nielson for providing the historical items for the rendering.

ADVERTISING

Radio Station KMTI, KMXU, Manti; Messenger-Enterprise,Manti; Gunnison Valley News, Gunnison; The Pyramid, Mt. Pleasant; Committee Members and Volunteers

JUDGES

LOA CHENEY. Mrs. Cheney was born in Salt Lake City and moved to Fairview, Utah, in 1949 when she married Reed Cheney. She graduated from the University of Utah with a B.A. degree in English/Language Arts. She has done graduate study at BYU, USU, and the U. of U. She has taught English
at North Sanpete High School for 30 years. The Cheneys have two daughters and one son.

ELAINE BURNHAM. Mrs. Burnham grew up in Idaho, graduating from the College of Idaho. She did graduate work at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, And the University of Utah, completing an M.A. at the U. of U. She has taught English part-time at the U. of U. and Snow College, and full-time at Snow College.

H. DIANE POULSEN TITZE. Mrs. Titze was born in Spanish Pork, Utah, and raised in Salt Lake City. She earned a Bachelor Degree in English and Communication from the University of Utah. She has done graduate work at the University of Utah, Utah State University and Brigham Young University. Her teaching credentials include both secondary and elementary certificates. She taught for five years at Cyprus High School in Magna, Utah, and for two years in Eugene, Oregon. Mrs. Titze, with her husband,
Peter, and their three daughters, have made their home in Gunnison. She is active in church and community organizations.

WINNERS

1984 SANPETE HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST

THE SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

ANECDOTE

STORM ON THE MOUNTAIN	Honorable Mention	Eleanor P. Madsen

HISTORICAL ESSAY

HISTORY CARVED ON A CELLAR WALL	First Place	David Mackey
THE WITCHERY OF WORDS	Second Place	Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan DR. CHARLES H. BIRD,
EARLY DENTIST	Third Place	Eleanor P. Madsen

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

REMEMBERING, AN OLD WEATHERED ROPE	First Place	Yulene A. Rushton
A BOY WENT FORTH TO SCHOOL	Second Place	Halbert S.

POETRY

THE BURNING CHRISTMAS SNOW ON HORSESHOE MTN	First Place	Halbert S. Greaves
GOD'S SKYLINE HOME	Second Place	Wilbur Braithwaite

SHORT STORY

THE WARNING	First Place	Blaine and Brenton Yorgason

NON-PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

ANECDOTE

A DISSENTING VOTE	First Place	Norma S. Wanlass
PEDDLER'S STOP	Second Place	Marjorie Madsen Riley
TABBY	Third Place	Conrad Frischknecht
THE SMOKE HOUSE	onorable Mention	Lillian H. Fox

HISTORICAL ESSAY

BUILDING THE MANTI TEMPLE	First Place	Conrad Frischknecht
FIDDLES AND FIDDLERS	Second Place	Mary Louise Seamons
NO JUSTICE FOR AUDREY	Third Place	Elizabeth J. Story
SO THE WATERS CAN FLOW	Honorable Mention	Martha Rae Olsen
SANPETE RABBIT DRIVES	Honorable Mention	James L. Jacobs

PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

THE PETTICOAT STORY	First Place	Ruth D. Scow
MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER	Second Place	Marjorie M. Riley

POETRY

GYPSIES	First Place	Marjorie M. Riley
HOMETOWN	Second Place	Elayne T. Anderson
ODE TO NATURE	Third Place	Dewey S. Olsen

SHORT STORY

THE WHITE WOMAN	First Place	Ruth D. Scow
THE PIANO AND THE CIRCUS	Second Place	Mary Louise Seamons

SONGS OF YESTERDAY

TITLE	CONTRIBUTED BY
PAR AWAY ON THE HILLS	Rose McIff 71
THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE BEYOND	Jessie Schofield
THE CROCODILE	Rita Rasmussen
HERE COMES THE SANDMAN	Bernice Keeler
FALLEN LEAF	Anna Jensen
MAMMY'S LITTLE ALABAMA COON	Ruth J. Peterson
THE FOX AND HIS DEN-0	Ruth D. Scow
GRANDMOTHER'S OLD EASY CHAIR	Cindy N. Bartholomew
HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING	Mary Louise Seamons
HOME SWEET HOME DOWN ON THE FARM	Scovil & Merriam
I WANDERED WITH A FRIEND	Rose McIff
I WISH I WAS A LITTLE ROCK	Charles Clark
THE SAILOR'S SONG	Vera Wintch
I'LL GET ALONG SOMEHOW	Lue Mills
I'LL REMEMBER YOU LOVE IN MY PRAYERS	Anna Jensen

I'VE GROWN SO USED TO YOU	Talula Nelson
THE LETTER EDGED IN BLACK	Anna Jensen
OH I HAD SUCH A PRETTY DREAM MAMMA	Opal Frandsen
THE OLD APPLE TREE	Donna Peterson
WHERE THE SUNSET TURNS THE OCEAN'S	Katherine Jacobsen
A WINTER'S NIGHT	Lillie Thomas
MY PRETTY QUADROON	Vida R. Sorensen
SALVATION FULL AND FREE	Winona Zwalen
LOVE IS CALLING	Julia Thorpe
THE LITTLE LOST CHILD	David A. Smith
OLIE OLSEN	Margaret Riley
OH STOP AND TELL ME REDMAN	Jeannie Slaugh
BOUND GOES THE WHEEL	Reba B. Alder
SOMEBODY'S WAITING FOR ME	L. & D. Ludvigson
TRAMP IN THE RAIN	Ona Anderson
TWO BABES IN THE WOODS	Riley & Madsen
TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUB	Dorothy Blackham
TWO LITTLE BOYS	Rasmussen & Bailey
WHICH ONE TO KEEP	Mildred Sorenson

A STORM ON THE MOUNTAIN

Eleanor P. Madsen
Ephraim, Utah
Professional Division
Honorable Mention Anecdote

Early fall snow storms are not uncommon in Sanpete Valley. They often come unexpectedly, creating unforeseen problems for farmers and livestock men in the area. In the fall of 1906 an early, devastating storm occurred, with the following incident taking place, as related to family members of Mouritz C. Peterson.

On a well-remembered day in early October, Mouritz was tending sheep in a place known as "Little Horseshoe" on the range of mountains above Fairview, Utah, The sky was overcast. Suddenly, huge flakes of snow began to fall. Mouritz' blue denim jacket was soon wet from the storm as he made his was over the low hills to make sure his flocks weren't straying, then sought the comfort of the camp wagon.

Later in the day, his companion herder, who had been to town for supplies, arrived at the camp on his horse. Mouritz was glad for his company as the snow kept falling through the night. By morning, men and sheep were trapped in three feet of heavy snow. The sheep were discernible only by the vapor that rose from their bodies as the cold snowflakes lighted on the warm wool.

Food must be provided for the sheep, so for three days Mouritz and his companion cut down aspen trees. The herd chewed hungrily on the leaves and the bark until there was little left of the meager fare.

When the snow had settled, the men mounted their horses and started breaking trail down the mountain. The sheep were anxious to follow and follow they did, two thousand head, going single file down the winding road. When they reached the bottom, the sheep were so hungry, they scattered up and down every street in Fairview, eating every green thing they could find.

Source: Personal Recollection of Mouritz C. Peterson
as told to David L. Peterson, his son.

HISTORY CARVED ON A CELLAR WALL

David Mackey
Manti, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Historical Essay

As a young boy I remember following my father down stairs to watch him tend the furnace. There was always an aura of mystery enclosed within those cellar walls, something frightening to a young mind. My father gracefully clanked iron against iron while stirring the hot clinkers. But I would quickly tire of the routine, and with a head full of concocted images, closely investigated my surroundings.

The dimly lit room offered two routes promising adventure: the coal bin or the fruit room. I usually stayed near the stairway, however, and it was there I discovered marks etched along the wooden door frame. I suspected that my older siblings had been their creators, until my father explained that the initials were carved by people who had lived in the house before us.

The building of our house was started in the early 1870's. Eventually its walls were graced by a salmon-red brick, as were several other homes in the surrounding neighborhood.

One afternoon, as we sat enjoying one of Mother's fine Sunday dinners, Dad recalled some of the history of our house. His father, Henry Mackey, had told him how the famed Matt Warner of the Robbers" Roost gang used to stay with his Christiansen relatives who lived in the house at that time. Dad's father had

grown up in the rock house directly west of our present home, and as a boy of nearly ten, had a few scrapes with Warner. He was beaten up by the older Warner boy occasionally.

Our neighbor, Ray Hoggan, could remember Howard Cox telling about Matt Warner staying around Manti.

According to Dad, a Peacock family was responsible for doing the most work on the house. Finally, the Burns family entered our conversation, and it was they who immediately interested me. I had previously discovered that Mr. Burns and two of his children were responsible for carving their initials in our cellar. In 1905, J. Milton Burns, a native of Mt. Pleasant, was appointed Manti City Marshal. He and his family set up residence at our house. It had a large lot, a good sturdy barn, corrals, and a granary east of the house. In 1906, J. M. Burns was elected sheriff of Sanpete County. He served three terms in that position.

Sheriff Burns, as he was respectfully called, had followed the path of his father who had also been elected sheriff of Sanpete County* However, on September 26, 1894, the elder Burns had met a tragic death while in pursuit of Morn Kofford and Peter Mickle, two members of the Robbers' Roost gang. They had stolen a herd of sheep and were running them in a canyon above Spring City. During the chase, one of the outlaws turned and shot Burns with a rifle Undaunted, the wounded man returned fire and succeeded in hitting one of his assailants. Sheriff Burns, Sr., died while the murderers traveled on to Orangeville and forced a sleepy doctor to dress the injured outlaw's wounds at 4 o'clock in the morning. They continued their flight north, and although their fate was not ever known, a rumor circulated among local officers that one of the men was killed in Arizona some years later. The Burns' boys made a life's pursuit to apprehend the men who had killed their Father.

J. M. Burns' life paralleled the life of his father perhaps in too many ways. After serving as Sheriff of Sanpete County, he returned to Mount Pleasant and became deputy sheriff. It was about 1921 when Mr. Burns moved with his family to Castle Gate, where he was town marshal and special agent for the Utah Fuel Company.

On the evening of June 15, 1925, a black man named Robert Marshall, approached Officer Burns as he stood leaning against the railing of a nearby bridge. Burns acknowledged the colored man by saying, Hi, What are you doing out this way?"

The grim expression on Marshall's face revealed trouble. Suddenly he pulled a pistol from a paper sack and fired two shots in rapid succession. Burns tumbled to the ground while Marshall fired three more shots. He kicked Burns and hit him with the butt end of his pistol, shouting, "Take that, Whitie!"

Before leaving the scene, Marshall stole Burns' gun, $40.00 in currency, and a money order payable to the North Sanpete Bank of Utah for $100. Two young boys witnessed the ordeal and quickly reported the shooting.

Marshall's dislike for Deputy Burns stemmed from an incident which had occurred two weeks previously. Officer Burns had seen Marshall looking around the post office. Marshall wore a gun. Burns removed the gun from Marshall's possession, and the black man held a grudge. After the shooting, Burns was placed in the Castle Gate Hospital. His intestines were so riddled with gunshot that not much could be done. On June 16, 1925, at 10:00 p.m., J. M. Burns passed away. The community immediately responded to the shooting death of Deputy Burns. Rewards were posted for Marshall's arrest, and on the morning of June 18, a black man named Gray reported that Marshall was sleeping in his shack north of Castle Gate. The Sheriff gathered a posse and promptly had Marshall in custody. Upon arrival at the county jail in Price, the arrested man was taken by a group of irate citizenry, their voices screaming, "Kill the Nigger!"

The mob formed a long line of cars and drove towards Wellington. About 2 1/2 miles outside of Price, the mob stopped and assembled near a group of large cottonwood trees. Between 800 to 1,000 people gathered for the proposed "lynching party." Some even brought picnic baskets. Robert Marshall was hanged twice. He recovered from the first attempt, but was pronounced dead after the second. This was the fifth lynching in the state of Utah and supposedly the last in the West.

Later, a thorough investigation was made to bring those responsible for the lynching to justice. District Attorney Fred W. Keller, a Mantian who had made his home in Monticello, was appointed by Governor Dern as the Prosecuting Attorney for the State of Utah. He was assisted by O. K. Clay. Although eleven prominent men of Carbon County were indicted in the case, they each plead "not guilty." After thirteen days of trial, a decision was reached - lack of evidence. All charges were dropped.

Former Judge F. W. Keller was outraged by the hypocrisy displayed during the trial:

"The past thirteen days this court has called 125 witnesses. How can these people who testified demand others to uphold the laws of the United States of America, to give equal justice to all races, live next to and around the men involved in the lynching? They can't help but think about these men moving about free as a bird after having committed an act which is even unlawful in the eyes of God... I am ashamed at the disgraceful mockery of the law and order which has resulted in the affair right from the beginning, and the manner in which the State has been held up to ridicule. May God have pity on you."

Marshall J. "Milt" Burns' body was returned to his home town of Mount Pleasant for burial on Saturday afternoon, June 20, 1925.

Sheriff Burns was one of the best known peace officers in south-central Utah. Just as he had etched his initials JMB on our cellar wall, he left his mark as a courageous law officer on the history of the American West. Source: Personal experience and family lore.

The Manti Messenger. July 19, 1925.
The Lynching of Robert Marshall, by Steve Lacy,
Castle Press, 1978.

THE WITCHERY OF WORDS

Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan
Richfield, Utah

Professional Division
Second Place Historical Essay

During my lifetime, I have always been attracted by words—the wonder of words, the excitement, the impact and possessiveness of words, the pure witchery of words, which Mr. Webster defines as "irrestible fascination."

My favorite quotation on words is from Lafcadio Hearn, a Japanese-American journalist and author, as follows: "For me, words have color, form, character; they have tints, tone, personalities* I am affected by the whisperings of words, the eccentricities, the weeping and raging, and rioting of words, the rustling of the procession of letters, the tenderness or hardness, the dryness or juiciness of words—the interchange of values in the gold, the silver, the brass and copper of words."[1]

I am ever grateful for my "Sanpete Words," the words of home, the impressionable words of my youth. Of necessity, I have space to discuss only a few of these words of mine. There are many that could be mentioned. The words I shall speak of here bring clearly defined pictures and impressions to my mind, some amusing, others soothing and gratifying, a few disturbing but tender. I am partial to the catch-in-the-throat words like Hilltop, Horseshoe, Horse Heaven, Fiddlers' Green and Ras Andersons.

Hilltop is a place where the panoramic view appears before us with an impact, especially when traveling southward from Spanish Fork Canyon. Suddenly, the white and blue crest appears above the hill, then in another second it emerges in its entirety, a resplendent and comforting guardian to most of our North Sanpete valley. When passing at that point, I usually leave my car and take time to view that always stirring and familiar scene. This quotation comes to me:

"I am the master of all I survey.
My right there is none to dispute."[2]

The words Horse Heaven seem to whisper to me of some magic sanctuary, a haven of peace and quietude. I have never knowingly seen it, but my mother often spoke fondly of it, which captured my fancy. A scenic spot situated in the east mountains not far from Mt. Pleasant, it was a favorite spot for young people and families to visit and enjoy in past years. Sometimes the trip was made on horseback, but when a picnic was planned, or berries were to be picked, the group usually went in a horse-pulled wagon. Here is an entry made in my mother's diary, dated September 8, 1898:

"Today the boys invited us to go berry picking, so eight of us went up to Horse Heaven where we had a nice time. We sang songs, ate melons, grapes, and berries. Then we decorated our wagon with the golden leaves of autumn and started home."

Fiddlers' Green conjures up a rustling of words—a large lumber dance hall in Moroni. It was easy to reach by horse and buggy, or the new cars that were becoming numerous in the early '20's. The picnic goodies were spread on large wooden tables in splendid array. Everyone circulated and visited. There was a lot of wholesome laughter. A dance at night ended the festivities.

I must mention another summer retreat, that of Ras Anderson's. It was a small pond of water surrounded by tall trees. The whole thing is done in bright emerald green in my memory, probably because of the shimmering water that reflected the trees and foliage in sunlight and shadow. A worn sign near the gate announced the name as being "Rainbow Fishery," but to us it was always Ras Anderson's* I think many of the Mt. Pleasant youth learned to swim in that pond. Two worn, mossy boats were tied up near the shore line for the purpose of fishing for Rainbow trout. I remember our class going there for a glorious outing on the last day of school. We journeyed down Shady Lane, west of town, amidst a combination of odors—wild roses, intermingled with fresh meadow grass, shiny new green willows that flourished along the stream, plus the usual dust of the road which we did not seem to mind. We sat on the back of a lumbering hay rack and dangled our legs, completely oblivious to the woes of the world.

Leaving place names, I'd like to mention just three people's names that stir me and are written indelibly in my memory book. Some names are strikingly euphonious, which thought brings to my mind the names of two men—Caratat and Conderset. I have often wondered where their parents found those unusual names. Caratat Rowe, a member of the Mormon Battalion, settled in Mt. Pleasant in or before 1861. He later moved to Mountainville. Conderset was his son. These men were true pioneers who blazed trails, grubbed brush, fought Indians, lived ingeniously, and literally chopped and dug their way to a stable form of living.

They were often in the company of Peter Gottfredson, a young man who was not afraid to involve himself in the struggle for survival that was necessary in those days of beginnings. He took everything in his stride and many of his experiences seemed stranger than fiction.

I think most of us are familiar with Peter Gottfredson's book that he edited and compiled, entitled Indian Depredations in Utah. It is a priceless gift to us; it relates incidents and information that existed in the early years of settlement, largely from first-hand experience or primary sources. Many people had the experiences, but so few of them wrote them down or kept any kind of records.

In his introduction to Depredations. Peter Gottfredson said: "I had a companion by the name of Conderset Rowe who could talk the Indian language nearly as well as the Indians themselves. It seemed that he enjoyed the companionship of the Indians as much as he did the whites, which drew me into their company more than I otherwise would have done."

Because he was a Black Hawk Indian War veteran, Peter Gottfredson was able to spend time in the Soldiers' Home in Sawtelle, California. While there, he decided to write his autobiography for his family. This included a valuable account of his pioneer experiences while living in Sanpete and Sevier Counties. Amazingly,

he typed his manuscript laboriously on half sheets of type paper and bound it into a good size book representing hundreds of hours of work. I have been fortunate to read that book, owing to the kindness of Mrs, Adele Jensen, his daughter, who resided in Richfield, I should like to add one word from this Gottfredson book to my list of fascinating words. It is a coined word, completely original, and yet imbued with character to fit the situation. It challenges one's imagination. This is the quotation: "In a few days I was sent over to the Sanpitch River to herd sheep with Cataret Rowe. When it was time to put in the grain, I quit herding and went grubbing and burning brush for Oscar Winters. We camped in a field about three miles from Mt. Pleasant. Our food was mostly, as we called it 'Guttamagrowly. It consisted of hard bread cooked in bacon grease and water. I had an appetite like a wolf and could eat anything I could get and all I could get of it."

The words and connotations I have chosen continue to be of rewarding interest to me. They are meaningful, nostalgic, and glow with life. They strengthen my appreciation for their "irresistible fascination, "—the Witchery of Sanpete Words.

[1]Lafcadio Hearn by Elizabeth Stevenson.
[2]William Cowper.

DR. CHARLES H. BIRD, EARLY DENTIST

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

A span of mules and a freight wagon was a strange price to pay for some dental tools and a brief training in dentistry, but such was the case for Dr. Charles H. Bird, one of the first dentists to practice in Sanpete County.

No thought of such an occupation was in the mind of young, ten-year-old Charles as he walked by the side of his mother across the plains to Zion in 1864. At that early age as he picked up buffalo chips along the way and put in his mother's big apron, his blithe spirit was eager for the adventures of a new land. Although he was sometimes teased by his playmates for his English brogue, he made friends easily and soon was included in their games. One day while playing crack-the-whip-on-the-ice he was thrown from the end of the whip, an accident that later was to alter the course of his life and lead to his profession.

With Charles' growing years came family responsibilities, shared with his mother after the death of his father, working to till the soil, plant and harvest the crops. It was while he was still in his teens that Charles acquired the span of mules and freight wagon and began freighting to southern Utah and Nevada from Nephi where he lived.

With the new business Charles now felt that he had the means to care for a wife and family, so on February 1, 1874, he married Alice Ann Evans in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. They had nine children, one of whom died in infancy.

The couple had been married only four years when the injury which Charles received on his leg as a boy grew worse and developed into tuberculosis of the bone. It was necessary to have the leg amputated, and it was only through the faith of his family that his life was spared. After recovering from the long months of suffering. Charles knew he couldn't continue freighting with only one leg. He must find another way to make a living for his family. So it was that the opportunity came to trade his mule team and wagon for dental tools and training. *The* training was limited since his instructor soon left Nephi.

It was a difficult time for the young man and his young wife. If he was to be successful as a dentist, Charles knew he must learn more about it. With Alice Ann as his partner and office girl, together they read the

instructions, interpreted the dental literature from the Dental Cosmos, solved problems and worked out techniques in dentistry. During his early practice, Dr. Bird became acquainted with the Clawson brothers in Salt Lake City, who sent him literature and informed him of new techniques and new phases of dentistry.

In 1879, he opened his first office in one room of the John Vickers home in Nephi. He later moved to a larger, better-equipped office on the west side of Main Street and then to an office by his own home. While living in Nephi he traveled through Sanpete County, publishing notices concerning the days and hours he would be in the various towns in the county. People came to the designated homes where the dental work was done.

Prior to Dr. Bird's visits to Sanpete, a Dr. Richards is reported to have been the first dentist in Manti. His office had a sign above the door which read: "Teeth extracted with pleasure, without Pain and without Price." He said the pleasure was his, the pain belonged to the patient, and he performed the operation free.

Another early dentist in the county was Charles Whitlock. His dental parlor was in an old harness shop. "He would stop mending a harness any time to pull a tooth. There was no anesthetic in those days and if the tooth broke it was just too bad. After pulling the tooth, Dr. Whitlock would wrap the pinchers in a piece of leather, all in readiness for the next patient."

Through work and study, Dr. Bird's techniques and equipment were greatly advanced over these earlier methods. His patients had confidence in him and praised his work. His mother was one of his strong supporters, allowing him to experiment with her teeth. The first dentures he made were for her. He, no doubt, did a good job since she wore the same plate throughout her life.

In those early days of dentistry, a tooth could be pulled for 25c, filled for 50c and dentures made for $8 to $12, with platinum, silver, aluminum or tin bases being used. Many home remedies were used for the toothache which was so prevalent then.* A piece of cotton, saturated with oil of cloves or lemon extract, was often used to fill an aching cavity." A swollen gum or jaw went along with the toothache. "It was not until the pain could be endured no longer that the patient finally had the aching tooth pulled. Dr. Bird, like other early dentists, was available all hours of the day or night to relieve this suffering.

He felt the need for good dentistry and trained four other young men in the profession, two of whom practiced in Manti and Ephraim, Charles W. Bird, Ernest Evans, J. Albert Booth, and Otto Nielson,

Dr. Bird received his Territorial certificate July 18, 1894« It is filed in the Sanpete County Recorder's Office in Book 32 of Miscellaneous Records page 123.

It is significant that Dr. Bird moved to Manti to begin his practice in 1896, the year Utah won statehood. He practiced in Manti for twenty years and acquired the name as one of the best denture technicians of his day.

While in Manti he continued traveling through Sanpete County doing dental work and also continued to do work in Nephi. His youngest son, Dr. Myron Bird, often accompanied him on the trips and did the cooking and housekeeping for his father, which "consisted mostly of opening cans and frying meat."

Dr. Bird's dental office in Manti was upstairs above the Tennant Confectionery. The office usually held much charm for the grandchildren, except when they had to have cavities filled. This seemed to take hours, but, with the promise of an ice cream soda at the confectionery fountain when they were finished, they endured.

Those who knew Dr. Bird have said that he was a very kind, patient, sympathetic Ban and always made friends with his patients in the dental chair. He was acclaimed as an example in fortitude as he stood on an artificial (cork) limb and trod the dental drill with his good leg all the years he practiced.

Members of his family remember that he was admired for his personal vanity* He was always faultlessly groomed, shoes shined, clothes in perfect order, moustache clipped and his derby perched jauntily over his right eye as he left his home for the office.

Dr. Bird moved to Farmington in 1916 and practiced dentistry there the last twelve years of his life, with the exception of a two—year interval in Salt Lake City. At the time of his death in 1927 he was one of the oldest practicing dentists in the State of Utah.

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The Shoulders on Which We Stand. Fairview Museum of History and Art and Snow College, funded by Utah Endowment for the Humanities, 1982, pp. 52-53. Demont Howell, Editor; Golden Sanderson, Project Chrm.
The Golden Quarter. Ephraim History, published by Community Press, Provo, 1981, p. 90.

REMEMBERING.....AN OLD WEATHERED ROPE

Yulene A. Rushton
West Valley City, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Personal Recollections

The mind does wonderful things. It is able to memorize a moment in time for one to recall and relive—perhaps a magical memory from childhood, taking a person back to when days were slow and the whole world seemed special. The huge old barn towered above the other buildings on Grandpa Anderson's homestead in Fountain Green, Utah. It was built about 1912 of good pine, hauled from nearby canyons. Standing about 35 feet above the ground, it was large enough to hold 20 tons of hay piled in loose stacks. A long rope tied to the rafters was used with a pulley of steel and a hay fork, which hung in the center of the very top of the barn, to move hay from wagons into sweet-smelling piles. This rope created a magic memory to be part of me Forever.

One side of the structure was built to house the horses and cattle in stalls with mangers where they ate. Doors opened into a big part of the barn where hay was piled. Above the stalls was a loft which stored all sorts of treasures, such as old collars and harnesses, dusty and cracked with age, a broken sickle and other rusty tools, cowbells, a cradle, bedsprings used for an occasional hired hand, hidden nests where chickens laid brown eggs, old liniment bottles, tin buckets full of spider webs and sentimental junk. From the top of the loft I could see forever, so I thought, through the open ends of the barn, into the neighboring yards and fields, even to the downtown stores, way in the distance.

Grandpa continually cautioned us, "Stay off the haystacks," He was a good-natured, kind fellow, but very protective of his animals and their feed. In spite of Grandpa's warnings, Grandma was an easy mark for our coaxing and pleading. She took our word when we promised, "We'll play in the barn, but we won't get on the hay!" We intended to keep our word, but somehow temptation usually got the better of us and our promises were broken. 1 think she knew the truth, but chose to ignore it and let us have our fun.

There were three or four of us who always played together. One had the job of being "lookout man" to watch for Grandpa and other intruders. One stood down below to throw the rope up, and the remaining one or two climbed up the long silvery ladder leaning against the warped rafters, to take a turn playing "Tarzan."

"Look out below! Here I come!" My fingers tightened around the long stout piece of old weathered rope. My small hands made it hard to get a good grip just above the large knot. The tickle in my tummy began even before I left my perch high above the hay. Then oh, that feeling of flying through the air, whooshing sounds in my ears, pigtails trailing behind and legs dangling, gulping deep breaths of summer air fragrant with smells of new-mown hay, old leather and fresh manure. The mixture of odors was magic to my mind.

The horses, noisily chomping on hay with their big stained teeth, seemed to be whinnying sounds of disapproval. We imagined that they were telling us to get off their hay. A squawking red hen often voiced her disgust at our antics.

My wild ride was always the same as I swung from the loft, way across to touch the toes of my scuffed up shoes on the far side of the rafters, back to touch toes on the loft, then to the center of the barn where I let go of the rope, dropping about 10 feet right into the middle of the haystack and down deep inside. Then I scrambled to get out of the soft but scratchy piles, and for a few seconds it was my prison. As I wiggled ray . way to the top, I was always afraid that Grandpa would come stomping in just at that moment and catch us with hay leaves stuck to our skin and in our ears, doing the very thing he had forbidden us to do.

Occasional loud whispers could be heard. "Are you watching for Grandpa?"

"Don't let him catch us or we'll really be in trouble!"

"I want another turn!"

"It tickles my stomach!"

We each took several thrilling turns. The watching and the anticipation of catching a glimpse of Grandpa in faded denim overalls coming through the corrals made our secret adventure double exciting* In those days I was a bit of a rebel and forbidden things seemed more fun. It never dawned on me that we were being terribly dishonest.

We always ended our eventful afternoon by patching and covering the hole in the hay where we had landed* then we swore each other to secrecy so we wouldn't be found out. The bunch of us resembled a group of monkeys as we picked hay leaves out of each other's ears and off our clothes.

That night I would lie in the big brass bed memorizing how it felt to swing on that forbidden rope. I was storing magical moments away in my mind to be relived later. Even now, if I close my eyes tightly, I can recall a time when days were slow and all the world seemed special. I can relive the feeling of flying through the air, pigtails trailing behind me, legs dangling, and I can remember how it felt to have a tight grip on a long, stout piece of old weathered rope.

A BOY WENT FORTH TO SCHOOL

Halbert S. Greaves
Salt Lake City, Utah
Professional Division
Second Place Personal Recollections

"There was a child went forth every day
And the first object he look'd upon that object he became,
And that object became part of him for the day or certain part of the day
Or for many years or stretching cycles of years."

Walt Whitman, "There Was a Child Went Forth"

* * *

There was no grass, no lawn in front of the old white school-house when I first went to grade school there. There was no playground equipment, no baseball diamond. Sometimes with concealed affection, we called the building the white prison, although the brick walls were really creamy—yellow, off-white so to speak. Trim and entrance-ways were white.

I shall describe it briefly as I remember it. It was somewhat odd-looking, for its four sides didn't face north, east, south, west as most buildings did then and still do, and it had some unusual windows. The main entrance for the upper grades faced northeast, the kindergarten and first grade entrance faced southeast, entrance to the principal's office and the janitor's room faced southwest, and the second and third grade entrance faced northwest.

Many years ago I was told that the building was placed ske-wompus like that so all classrooms might get some sunshine some time during the day. But it must have been confusing for both teachers and pupils, for a teacher couldn't point to the chalkboard (we called them blackboards then, though some were green) and say: That's north, south, east, or west.

The building wasn't quite square because two wide stairways led to the second and third floors from the northeast entrance, although one short, narrow stairway went down three or four steps to the first floor from the southeast and the northwest entrances.

All classrooms had large windows that were raised or lowered to air-condition the rooms, which were light and bright and—in sentimental retrospect—cheery. Some rooms also had windows (the unusual ones) that were meant for embellishment and perhaps good luck (though reluctant students would have doubted that) for they were shaped somewhat like four-leaf clovers. They were small, perhaps two feet wide at the widest points, could not be opened, and were placed in walls that had no "real" windows for the admission of light and air. The glass in those shamrock windows was green. They were supposed to be pretty, no doubt, and I thought they were.

Because the first-floor classrooms were below ground level, exterior window ledges were close enough to the ground for young people to sit in them by day or night for one purpose or another—take you choice. Girls played jacks in them.

The square towers sat atop the building toward the front, above the main entrances. The glory of the west tower was a big bell that was used to summon children to school. Its bong, bong was loud enough to be heard throughout most of the town. The bell-ringer would climb a ladder that extended up from the third floor to the attic, and there he would grasp the bell's dangling rope and pull hard enough to give its voice an imperious tone. Better hurry, or you might be late.

Sometimes mischievous boys would find a way into the building at night—perhaps on Halloween when it meant mischief, before its conversion to trick or treat. They would give the rope some tugs and scoot out of the building before the town marshall came to chase them out.

The grand old building had another bell, one which was used by the principal four times each day—morning, recess, noon, and recess again. It was a hand-bell with a clang that sounded strident and demanding. For about five minutes before class-time the principal would emerge from his office and with his big hand make that bell clang so fast and loud that every pupil in the neighborhood could hear it and would stop playing, loitering, teasing, flirting, or fighting in time to get into line, ready to march into the building when Sarah Peterson, the music teacher for lower grades, started to thump the old upright piano that was somewhere on the second floor. A little before my time. I'm told, L. S. ("Lute") Dorius organized a small band that played for the students when they marched in and out.

But let's leave the building and look at its surroundings, merely bare ground for the first four or five years I was there, and a pipe fence that extended along the north and east edges of the school yard. I don't remember when that fence was removed nor when grass was planted in front of the building.

I must have been in the fourth or fifth grade when some playground equipment was installed south and southwest of the building: a set of three or four high swings, a slippery- slide, an overhead traveler, a set

of teeter-totters, and a giant stride. I was surprised and elated to see such wonderful equipment installed for us, just to play with. What more could anyone want? Wonderful beyond belief! Just to play with!

The giant stride was my favorite. I haven't seen one for decades. Architecturally, it was a little like a maypole, with an upright iron pipe anchored in the ground and five or six chains suspended from a wheel on top of the pipe. At the bottom of each chain was a handle shaped a lot like a stirrup. A boy or girl would grab each handle, which was high enough above ground level so we wouldn't drag our feet as we ran and swung out and around the center pole. Sometimes when a swinger would reach the outer limit of his circle, he would let go of the handle to see how far out he could jump. Sometimes he might fall down and scrape his knees, but that was a small price to pay for such exhilarating fun. Sometimes one swinger would be permitted to wrap his chain around the chains of the others and get a free, high, fast ride from the momentum built up as they ran around the pole and unwound him with great speed.

The traveller, with its horizontal overhead ladder that we swung along with our hands, the slippery slide, the teeter-totters, and the swings were tame compared with the breathtaking giant stride, except when a foolish daredevil older boy would go so high on a swing that he might go all the way over, or at least so high that he might fall out and get hurt, as a couple of them reportedly did. Or when a boy and a girl would stand up in a swing, facing each other, gently swinging and thinking how bold and exciting it was to be that close to each other before they were old enough to "go out together."

A little later, probably about 1917, the School Board acquired enough property in the center of the ten-acre block to accommodate a baseball diamond—hardball, not your sissy softball that became popular later (unless ay memory has played an old-age trick on me).

Center field was out by Albert Johnson's lumber-yard shed, and right field was south, close to where Archie Anderson's corral had been before the ball diamond was created* Left field was a short distance south and west of the giant stride.

When we could round up enough boys after school or on a Saturday, we would name two leader-type players to "choose up sides." One way of deciding which captain got first choice was for one of them to grab the bat below its center; then the two captains would alternate hands climbing up the bat. The last one to get two or three fingers at the top got first choice of players for his team. The players chosen first were a bit smug because their obvious abilities had been recognized, while those chosen last probably wondered, glumly, who their real friends were. It was agonizing to wait and wait and be chosen last. "I can play better than that dumb Joe, so why was he chosen before me?" Wounded egos may have healed by now.

The grandest thing that could happen to a batter was to hit the ball over Albert Johnson's shed, for it would take the center fielder so long to climb over the board fence east of the shed and find the ball that the batter might have walked around the bases twice before the ball could be put back into play.

I was a fairly good batter but cannot remember whether I ever hit a home run over the shed* But I can remember that one time when I was about fourteen or fifteen I hit the ball hard enough to make it come within two or three feet of landing on top of the old gymnasium (it was fairly new then) south of the main building. To me it was better than a lumber-yard home run. I was proud of it for years, and I have remembered it more than sixty years.

There was a boy went forth, •••••• Ah-h-h-h—the old days were good days for that boy*

THE BURNING CHRISTMAS SNOW ON HORSESHOE MOUNTAIN

(1928)

Halbert S. Greaves
Salt lake City, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Poetry

The gentle snow concealed the Horseshoe peaks
And sheltered them from rays of midday sun
Until the snowfall ceased when day was done.
The evening sun set western skies aflame
And sent its waning warmth against the snow
On Horseshoe's crest and endless slopes below.
Across the valley, western mountain peaks
Reached up to gather in the lingering light
And cloak the flaming sun in frigid night,
But Nature chose that wondrous Christmas Eve
To stage a miracle in western skies:
The sun stood still until the moon could rise.
Then fiery sun and silver moon combined
To conjure magic with converging rays
And set the ermine Horseshoe snow ablaze.

Notes For the minute or two when the snow on Mt. Horseshoe was pink, I was standing on the second floor platform of the fire escape at North Sanpete High School where I could see the top of Horseshoe Mountain and the slopes of the great cirque below.

GOD'S SKYLINE HOME

Wilbur Braithwaite
Manti, Utah
Professional Division
Second Place Poetry

The night falls swiftly, silently
On Skyline's nestled, east-slope lakes.
A shifting breeze blows aimlessly.
A native trout, fresh larva takes.

From Miller's Flat to Ollie's Pond,
A calm envelopes snow-banked peaks.
A coyote calls its mate to bond.
An east-bound jet paints ribbon streaks.

From Musinea to Horseshoes' bend,
God's night-time lights begin to glow.
Celestial stars soft streamers send
From far-off worlds to all below.

Night's darkness masks arrays of flowers.
The rich, black soil has nurtured fair.
White columbines grace needle bowers.
The wind-bent pines have sheltered there.

A full moon over Heliotroop
Casts silver beads on Baldy's cape;
While Perron Reservoir on Skyline's loop,
How mirrors back in oval shape.

Buck Ridge and Logger are serene,
The deer and elk have bedded down.
North Pork and Jolley's, summer green,
Are waiting now for night to crown.

On Twelve Mile Flat faint campfires gleam,
Their blue-green flames are ebbing out.
These nature lovers soon shall dream
Of wondrous beauties here-about.

In northern skies the dippers nod,
Yet the North Star will never roam.
Steadfast it points us up to God,
From His terrestrial Skyline home.

THE WARNING

Blaine and Brenton Yorgason
Orem, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Short Story

The ribbon of road stretched off into the warm June moonlight in that year of 1889, running toward Fountain Green, Sanpete County, Territory of Utah, and I followed it blindly, not even thinking which way I was going. I was churned up. Fact is, I felt awful. I'd had my first real fight with Ida Mae Sorenson, and it truly looked like everything was over between us.

Now understand, Ida Mae Sorenson meant a great deal to me, falling only behind my family in being the beneficiary of my feelings and emotions. Nor do I think that's much different from folks everywhere who have families and who grow up and fall in love.

My Pa, Jons Soderberg, who is a Mormon polygamist, a bishop, and a mighty knowing man besides, says a child is given a family as a point of reference. What I think he means by that is that this is an awful big

world, filled with all sorts of folks with all sorts of problems. It's pretty difficult trusting any of them completely.

With a family, however, it ought to be different. In a family everybody loves everybody, so everybody can be completely trusted. When a kid grows up in a good home, no matter how big his troubles are, he knows he can always turn back to his family for love and support. That's what my family is like, and that's what I think Pa means when he talks about a family being a point of reference.

For instance, my family is mighty big, and what with Pa's three wives and three houses, it is sort of spread out. Still, us youngsters, no matter which of the wives is our mother, all call each other brother or sister, and the other mothers are both Aunt so-and-so. We think of each other as family, too. If one has a problem and the others hear about it. why we all just naturally come a'running.

Pa says the bunch of us are especially handy to hint. If one of us sees or hears that the Federal marshals aremaking a raid to catch themselves a certain plurally married bishop, (which plural marriage became illegal two years ago when Congress stuck their pious and interfering noses into religion and passed the infamous Edmunds-Tucker Act), why then Pa just naturally gets a prompt and fair warning. With that in mind, it's easy to see why Pa makes the unreasonable brag that the more wives and kids he has, the safer he is.

So as a family we're close, mighty close. It gives a body a good feeling, just knowing there are a few folks out there who love and can be depended upon. As far as I've ever been able to tell, there isn't any trouble too big that a few of us Soderbergs can't handle it.

Anyway, when kids first become adults, they fall in and out of love pretty regular. It's painful, but Pa says it's also necessary, for that is how a person discovers who truly and completely loves who.

Once that discovery is made, trust is established, two folks pair off and ultimately get married, and the family as a point of reference is established again. Then those two can sort of let their hair down in front of each other. They each see the other's true person, and they love and trust in spite of all the superficiary daily annoyances.

Then when kids come along, they too feel the trust, and as they grow they always know there is at least one place where they can find security and support.

As far as my relationship with Ida Mae was concerned, I suppose I was still learning who really loved me and who I could trust. But now I was in misery, for all along I'd had such good feelings about that little gall. I'd been certain as death and tithing that I loved her, and here I'd learned that I couldn't trust her at all! She'd turned against me like I was kith and kin of Governor Lilburn W. Boggs, (the good Christian gentleman who had issued his extermination order against all Mormons in Missouri back in 1838), and that was about the same as saying I was linked up personal with the devil. It made a feller want to lie down and lick his wounds, it pained that bad.

"Well, ol' boss," I growled, "reckon you and I ain't needed too badly here in Fountain Green* Not after tonight. Suppose we take these supplies and get on up to the herd and...."

And that was when I realized that I had accidentally ridden home. I hadn't meant to. I'd meant to leave town and strike out for Zene Hill's sheep camp up in the Uinta Mountains where I worked as camp tender. But now that I was suddenly to home, the thought of my feather tick was too much, and I couldn't turn away from it.

Of course the house was dark, for it was near two in the morning, but I put my old horse in the corral, took off the saddle and rubbed him down, and then I headed for a few hours of real comfortable sleep.

Carefully I removed my boots, and then quiet-like I opened the door, stepped into the inky blackness of the room, closed the door and latched it, and silently threaded my way past the table and chairs and over to my ladder. With my boots under my arm I went up and into my loft, careful to make no sound that would disturb Ma or my younger sisters, who slept in the bedroom directly below me.

For a moment I thought of lighting a candle or lantern, decided there wasn't any point in it, stripped off my duds, and hit my knees for a quick good-night to the Lord.

I reckon it could be said that 1 was a praying man, for off and on through my young life I've had to lean pretty heavily on the powers of the Almighty. I believe in prayer, I've had many of mine answered, and yet lately I'd noticed that my prayers were getting scarcer'n ducks on a desert, and were mighty thin on content when I did say them. Seemed like I was just too all-fired busy, and there were too many things going on, for me to take the time to pray.

I did pray at night, I mean usually, but every time I did, it made me think of something ol' Zene Hill had once told me. "Prayers," he'd said, "are like telegrams. Most folks send 'em at night so's they can get the low rate. The Good Lord probably answers 'em the same."

Gave a body something to think about, it did, especially happen he was interested in a real powerful answer.

But that night I wasn't, though truly I should have been. I was just miserable and tired and feeling worse than a calf with the slobbers about my fight with Ida Mae, so I whipped through my prayer, pulled back the covers on that big feather tick, crawled in on the side where I always slept, twisted my pillow until it was comfortable, snuggled down under Ma's soft sheets with my back to most of the bed, closed my eyes, and,...

And suddenly a soft arm came out of nowhere, snaked itself around my shoulders, and Instantly an altogether too feminine body snuggled up against my backside!

Well, for an eternity or so, I froze up solid as Hans Tucker's pond in January* Then a soft and torrid voice that I'd never heard before started whispering a whole pile of sweet nothings into my ear, and I realized that I was In real trouble. "Oh sweetheart," this sultry whisper continued, and I could feel an awful lot of warn breath In my ear and on the back of my neck, "I'm so glad you changed your mind and came over. I've been terribly lonely!"

Well, even while I was having myself a sudden shivering fit, my mind was doubting what she'd said. It truly was. The way this woman shined up to folks, even perfect strangers, my own self humbly included, I couldn't imagine that she'd ever had a lonely day in her entire life. Not one.

"I haven't slept a wink all night," the woman's voice purred on, whispering but doing it in a sweltering way that made a plain old ordinary whisper seem like the dullest sound in the whole world. "I've spent the entire night just thinking about you, darling, and missing you."

Now that I could believe! It was obvious as big red apples on a little green tree that she'd spent hours building up to what she'd said. It surely weren't no spur of the moment speech. Trouble was, I hadn't been given equal time to come up with a rebuttal, and I was still speechless and immobile as an Egyptian mummy.

"And this loft is so awful," she cooed and pouted all at once, "tight and cramped and untidy. It just isn't what I'd expected. I'm so glad you came to make it comfortable."

Well, saying such things about my room was plain rude, and it made me mad! That there was a fine loft, with the best fixings Ma and Pa could provide. Besides that, it was mine, and I wasn't about to let no female hussy go running it down. I was just ready to tell her so, too, but then her hand slid down onto my chest and her fingers started to caress, and of a sudden rooms and rudeness were altogether forgotten. I was out of that feather bed faster'n chain lightning with a link snapped.

"Who...wh...who are you? I whispered haltingly.

"Why dear, I...I'm your new wife."

I caught my breath. "L...lady, I ain't got no wife, new or otherwise!"

There was an instant of total silence, and then that loft of mine was pierced with the doggondest scream a body ever heard. It was so loud it would've driven a whole pack of wild wolves to suicide. I even gave it some thought my own self.

Instead, however, I controlled my shaking fingers, struck a match, and tried to light my lantern, with all the while that lady screaming like a scrub calf caught in a briar patch.

I finally got the lantern lit, dropped the chimney down, and my chin near broke a hole in the floor it hit it so hard.

There was this- woman, a total stranger, kneeling in the middle of my bed, with my covers wrapped up tight around her, screaming that I'd attacked her.

Well, I saw and heard that, saw that her eyes had saucered up big as barn owls, saw the cavernous pit where her mouth had probably once been, saw that she was still yelping like a run-over sheepdog, and suddenly I realized that I was standing there all exposed in my red long-Johns, the ones that had one of the rear drop-seat buttons missing. Worse, I was gracing the vision of some strange and likely evil woman whose morals weren't no straighter'n a willow in a high wind.

Quick as I could, I grabbed up my covers and threw them around my unclothed form. Then I realized that the screaming had grown abruptly worse. I looked, and discovered to my horror that the quilt I had whipped around me was the selfsame quilt that had originally been covering the frantically screaming woman* Now, of course, she was screaming more but covered with a great deal less, and that was a purely naked fact.

For an instant I considered sharing my quilt, for from the sudden way she was huddled down she did appear to be mighty cold. However, right off I knew that would never work, not her and me together under the same quilt again. No sir, Ma hadn't raised no foolish children that lived in my loft. Happen I tried that, I reckoned there'd be a lot worse than screaming going on. Why, I'd be about as welcome under that quilt with that female noise-maker as a polecat is welcome at a Sunday School picnic.

So, being the wise and true gentleman that I am, I settled on the next-best course of action. I picked up my trousers and started climbing into them. That done, I figured I could give my quilt back to the stranger in my bed and we'd both be happy.

I'd have done it, too, but just as I was firing to do so, I saw Ma come churning up the ladder with her broom raised in her hand. The sight so unnerved me that I dropped the quilt, and quicker'n scat that woman was off the bed and onto the floor, with them covers up and around her once more.

By cracky, I thought, that lady could certainly galvinate. She'd got under that quilt faster'n a lizard off a hot rock. I'd not seen anything move so swift and shameless since Euphemistic Lynn Barnes had gone to treat hissaddle gall in the dark and got the undilluted sheep dip oat of the medicine chest instead of the soothing, comforting bear grease.

Then that woman, now that she was once more covered, commenced to screaming again, and I decided that her resemblance to Euphemistic was even greater than I'd first supposed. My recollection was that he'd hollered some too. "What is it?" Ma gasped as she tried to adjust her eyes to the light from my lantern. "Who is it, Cordelia?"

Then she saw me, her eyes hardened, and I knew I was about to become buzzard bait. Without hesitation Ma was onto me, whacking me with that broom and joining her screaming with that of the woman Cordelia's, and instantly my room was noiser'n an empty wagon running fast on a hard froze road.

"Ma!" I screamed myownself, and about then Lucille and LaRue were up that ladder and they were screaming too, and both of them little female wildcats who had always and heretofore been my sweet little sisters, had also lit into me and were biting and tearing me further asunder with every passing mouthful.

"Ma!" I yelped again. "It's me. Hyrum! Ma, it's your son!"

At that Ma slowed down enough to look, saw that I was telling the truth, gasped, and then her lips thinned down with anger and she started swinging that frightful broom again.

"Hyrum, you...you...." she sputtered angrily. "Well, this is awful! What on earth are you doing in bed with Cordelia?"

Well, I thought of several answers, but I didn't give them because I was too busy ducking Ma's swinging broom and pulling my legs out from between my sisters' fiercely chomping teeth. Why, the whole up-scuddle made a feller wonder about what I'd said earlier concerning families and love and trust, and about kinfolk

coming to the rescue whenever there was trouble. If this was what it was like to be rescued, then I never wanted to be involved in such a horriferous and extricative event again.

"Ma," I yelled frantically, "it's my bed and my room. I don't even know this woman! And I surely didn't mean to go climbing into bed with her! Now doggon it, leave me alone!"

That must have done it, for Ma suddenly stopped and stepped back and looked at me. Then, as I winced from the loss of a major portion of left thigh to my sister LaRue's dripping jowls, Ma reached out and pulled both LaRue and Lucille away.

"For heaven's sake, Hyrum, I...."

It was impossible for either of us to converse, however, for Cordelia whatever-her-name-was was still carrying on noiser'n a strong wind blowing over an empty barrel bung.

"Cordelia!" Ma finally shouted, "will you please be still!"

That did that too, and for the first time in what seemed like a hundred years, my room got quiet.

"Well!" Ma asked, stern as I'd ever seen her.

"Well what?" *I* countered.

"Well what are you doing here?"

"It is my room,"

"Maybe so, but you are supposed to be at the herd."

"I came home to pick up supplies. Besides, who is this woman, and how'd she come to be in my bed?"

Ma looked strangely at me, looked down at Cordelia and then back at me again, and it seemed, thank goodness, like maybe her eyes had finally been opened. "Well for heaven's sake," she declared. "You wouldn't know, would you."

"No Ma'am," I agreed quickly, "I surely wouldn't. Please meet your new Aunt Cordelia. Cordelia, meet my son Hyrum."

Well, I was shocked, to say the least. You'd think Pa had him enough troubles with three wives and every marshal in the territory after him for having them. Of course with Pa a body could never tell. He seemed to like trouble, and maybe even to thrive on it. He also liked wives. Like I've said before, my Pa has maybe three interests in this world; the Church, making money, and lovely women, and they don't necessarily fall in that order. And no doubt about it, this new wife of his was lovely.

"When was this decided on?" 1 asked.

"While you were at the herd. I guess no one's had a chance to tell you. Polly, Victoria and I got telegrams from Jons while he was in hiding in Salt Lake City, telling us about Cordelia and asking our approval. We talked it over, decided in favor of it, and sent him word of our decision. Cordelia came into town with Jons tonight on the train. 1 told her that since you were away, she was welcome to stay here until Jons could find her a better place. She seemed quite happy to accept, and she dearly loves your room."

Well, I looked down at Pa's crouching new wife, Cordelia, recollected what she'd said about my room whilst she was snuggled up against my back, she knew right off what I was remembering, and sudden she was redder'n a fiery sunset after a dust storm. That did my heart good, seeing her embarrassed. Sort of put the two of us on equal footing, if you know what I mean.

"Aunt Cordelia," I declared magnanimously, "I'm pleased to make your acquaintance* You are most welcome to my cramped and untidy room. Whilst I spend the night outdoors where the air is not so stuffy, I would be honored to have you stay here."

Aunt Cordelia got redder, but then politely and very subdued, she replied. 'Hyrum, I...I'm sorry about...about……Well, I accept your hospitality with pleasure. And now,well, I can tell that your room is much more spacious than 1 had at first supposed. Thank you."

Ma gazed from Cordelia to me and back again, somewhat confused I imagine, the little girls sat down on the bed and started to giggle at Cordelia huddled on the floor in Ma's quilt, and we were all finally starting to smile when of a sudden there was a terrible pounding on the door.

"Open up in there! Hurry it up! Open up or we'll break down the door."

"Who is it?" Ma called.

"Never you mind, lady. Just open up and let us in!"

"Ma," I whispered, "I gotta get out of here."

"But...but Hyrum, what have you done?"

"Ma, it's not me! It's got to be the marshals, looking for Pa!"

Ma gasped. "Oh my word!" Then suddenly she was angry again. "Well, I won't have it! I simply won't! They'll not tear apart my home like they did poor Polly's last year. Hyrum, I'll get the door and will do my best to keep them busy. Cordelia, you take Hyrum's shotgun there—you do know how to use it, don't you?"

"I do," Cordelia declared, rising to her feet with the quilt still firmly in place.

"Good. Let's hope you won't have to. Hyrum, please load it for her* You little girls get into your beds downstairs. Quickly. Now Hyrum, as soon as the gun's loaded, you get out that window. I've seen you do it for Ida Mae, so I don't imagine you'll have too much trouble now."

Well, I grinned. It's purely amazing how much a mother's apt to know about her kids. And mine was a wonder, I'll tell you that. "Okay, I'll go. And Ma, thanks for understanding."

Ma looked up at me, reached up and softly touched my face, and then she hugged me* "I love you, Hyrum," she whispered, and then she was on the ladder and going down.

Quick as I could *I* grabbed a handful of shells, loaded two into the scattergun, handed both gun and extra shells to Cordelia, saw that Ma was downstairs watching me, saw too that she was holding Pa's pistol out in front of her, and I saw finally that her hands were very steady. Feeling proud as punch of that little lady who was my Ma, I grabbed my boots and shirt, waved and smiled at her and at Pa's new wife, Cordelia, blew out the lantern, and I was out that window and gone.

I heard the door open around front, I heard Ma's cool voice order those marshals to stand tight, I heard Cordelia's firm voice echoing Ma's, and I knew Pa had got him another good woman. I was glad there were still some around. Gave a feller like me a little hope, happen things continued to stay sour between me and Ida Mae.

Instantly those men around front were quieter'n a used—up feather duster, and I waited to hear no more.

Thanking the Good Lord that I had a family I could trust and depend upon happen there was trouble, I was off and away across our night-dark pasture, my bare feet making no sound at all as I ran.

By cracky, I thought to myself, grinning as I ran. Pa's brag had been good again. Looked like he'd surely have his warning.

Source: Yorgason, Mary Caroline Johanna, "Day Books,"
3 Vols., 1888, 1889, 1890. Fountain Green,
Utah Territory.
Yorgason Family traditions and legends.

It is unknown which of James Yorgason's sons came home unexpectedly during that summer night in 1889, nor is it remembered which "new wife" shared the foregoing experience with him. No one remembers with certainty, and Mary in her Daybook for 1889 says only: "my brother came home from the herd and in the dark climbed into bed with Pa's new wife, There sure was a ruckus, and I don't know who was most surprised."

A DISSENTING VOTE I

Norma S. Wanlass
Manti, Utah I
Non-Professional Division 1
First Place Anecdote

The Black Hawk War had not been officially ended. But that was only a matter of formality, we conceded. Life had been so peaceful for so long that we were sure there would be no more trouble with the Indians.

Papa advised us to wait another month before we hiked I into the mountains east of Manti. Well, we waited and nothing had happened, so Papa gave his permission for us to take the day and hike up to where our sweethearts were cutting timber for building up and improving Manti.

We packed enough lunch for two meals and started off in the morning. It was about four miles, with the canyon road crossing the creek five times before we finally reached their camp.

Indians were hiding under a bridge at the foot of a hill just inside the mouth of the canyon. They had determined to ambush anyone that came up the road that day.

Jane Reid, Christena Anderson, Susan Henrie, Liz Johnson, and Sarah Ann and Emily Cox were laughing and talking as they walked along unsuspecting. NOTHING HAPPENED!

They arrived at the camp in time for lunch. The Cox boys, Edwin, Will, Arthur, Byron, Frank, and Fred Anderson and Luther Tuttle were bantered by the other men, but they took it good naturedly. They knew the others were envious and would have liked to have shared in the delicacies the girls had brought them.

About 3:00 in the afternoon they started back down the canyon.. It didn't take nearly as long to walk down as it had to climb up.

A few days later the girls learned that their lives had been spared because one of the Indians had recognized two of Frederick Walter Cox's daughters.

To carry out a deed all the Indians had to vote in favor— if one dissented the act could not be executed.

One of the party had refused to go along with ambushing and scalping the girls because F.W. Cox was his friend.

PEDDLER'S STOP

Marjorie Madsen Riley
Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Anecdote

Kids of our family looked forward to a fruit peddler's stop like we looked forward to a Fourth of July celebration. It's a wonder, however, that any peddler survived the ordeal of his stop.

We ran fast to summon Mamma when we saw a peddler's horse-drawn wagon pull up at our front gate. The peddler was smart enough to know that the "lady of the house" made the purchases and we were smart enough to know that unless Mamma bought something, we got no free samples. Climbing up onto the hub of a wagon wheel, lifting the canvas side curtains and peering at the crates of berries and the lugs of peaches and pears was really exciting; to have Mamma share with us the fruits she was sampling was even more exciting.

The peddler always thumped a big watermelon with a finger before knifing a plug for Mamma to examine—noting its ripeness and texture and tasting the sweetness of its flavor. And there was a good deal of looking and feeling going on, for Mamma wanted to make sure the fruit had "stood" the trip from Utah County in good shape. She accepted no bruised or wilted produce. Finally the selections were made and Mamma took a crate of this and a lug of that and she sent one of us kids to the house to fetch her coin purse and to get receptacles to hold the purchases.

That evening, after Papa finished his farm chores, we delved into thick slices of juicy watermelon. And the following day, Mamma was "up to her ears" bottling fruit in a hot, hot kitchen to store for a cold, cold winter.

Source: Personal recollections of the author.

TABBY

Conrad Frischknecht
Tacoma, Washington
Non-Professional Division
Third Place Anecdote

Tabby was a Sanpitch Indian boy living in or near Manti soon after the town was settled. The Sanpitches were a poor, miserable lot, looked upon with scorn by the more competent and successful Ute Indians. They possessed few if any horses. That confined them to a limited area in which to eke out a precarious living. They were Digger Indians, obtaining part of their food from roots. In the winter of 1849-50 (the winter of the deep snow and the bitter cold), it was the frozen carcasses of the Manti pioneers' domestic animals that saved some of the nearby Indians from starvation.

Life for some Indian children was hard. Tabby's lot was especially harsh. He seemed to be detached from relatives. His clothes were made of rabbit skins; he had no abode, and regular meals were not available to him. Mostly he had to scrounge as best he could for food. Roots, especially those of nutritious cattails, were available to him. A delicacy in the spring was the sweet, juicy bulb of the sego lily, In season there were squaw berries, wild currants and gooseberries, service berries, choke cherries, acorns, and pine nuts. Indian rice grass was a mainstay and was abundant until grazing by the white man's livestock robbed the plants of their seeds. Birds, insects, rodents and other small animals furnished protein. Sometimes Tabby begged a handout from townspeople, but little did his white neighbors realize how desperate the task was for Tabby to keep skin and bones together.

Each day as the sun sank low in the sky, Tabby gathered wood and built a fire to warm himself. After the fire burned low, he scraped the coals aside and lay on the warm ground for a night's sleep. One morning, when there was frost on the ground, he was found cold, stiff, and dead.

Source: Mrs. Adelia Sidwell, Manti pioneer.

THE SMOKE HOUSE

Lillian H. Fox
Manti, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Honorable Mention Anecdote

Ding-aling-ling, Sound of the alarm clock. Bad pulled himself out of bed the second time during the night; to make his way to the smoke house and refuel the fire. With several hundred pounds of meat dangling from the hooks, the smoke must be kept constantly flowing. A week later these hams would be replaced by others now soaking in tubs of brine in the granary. The brine was made by dissolving rock salt in water and adding a small amount of salt-peter, a drug-store product used widely in food preservation.

Not far from our house was an apple tree and under the tree stood the smoke house. It was made of lumber and about six feet square and five feet deep. Over the top was a heavy canvas, or tarp, fastened to a narrow board. This could be rolled aside for the opening. Several rows of poles were near the top and on these were hooks to hold the meat. In one corner of the floor was a tub-sized hole connecting with an outside trench. The trench was about two feet deep and fifteen feet long. At the end of the trench was the firepit. The trench had to be long enough for the heat from the firepit to dissipate before reaching the meat. Both the trench and the firepit were covered so that no smoke would be lost as it made its way to the smoke house. Apple tree wood was a preferred fuel as it gave the meat a sweet flavor. Dad made small wooden tags, burned a number on them and tied them onto the pieces of meat for identification. He kept careful records. Woe-be-it if Brother Jensen took home Brother Peterson's meat!

Dad cured meat, not only for our family but for many people in surrounding towns. He did this every fall for perhaps forty years, having learned the skills from his pioneer father. For many families this was their winter meat supply. It kept well hanging in cool cellars or outdoor sheds. About the year 1920 meat markets began providing fresh and cured meat and people gradually discontinued this type of meat processing.

Source: Personal recollections.

BUILDING THE MANTI TEMPLE

Conrad Frischknecht
Tacoma, Washington
Non-Professional Division
First Place Historical Essay

In the early days of the Church, Mormons gathered in a New Zion to build the Kingdom of God. Building the Manti Temple in central Utah was a giant stride toward that objective. Faithful Latter-day Saints strove—and strive— to achieve an exhalted place in heaven. Their scriptures require them to perform certain rites and ordinances in the Temple of the Lord. They have to build temples.

In pioneer times the Church was also confronted with a pressing temporal problem—population pressures. The Priesthood was required to preach the gospel to all kindreds, tongues and peoples. Missionaries met with signal success at home and in Europe. In companies of a hundred or more, a steady stream of converts poured into Utah Territory. Vast as the open spaces of the West were, arable lands were soon occupied, leaving none for newcomers.

At Manti, each family was allotted 20 acres of farm land, a two-and-a-half acre city lot, and in some instances five acres of pasture. It was impractical to divide these subsistence homesteads.

Next to agriculture, mining was the most important industry in the West, but President Young would have none of it.[1] Instead of mining, the authorities started what was virtually a new industry—the building of temples. Simple, inexpensive, but adequate structures were not what they had in mind. They had read about the Temple of Solomon. They, too, would build a House of the Lord, to be the best constructed, grandest structure they could build.

At a conference in Ephraim on December 4, 1873. President Young stated that a temple would be built in Sanpete County. Naturally, Ephraim people wanted it in their town and suggested the site where the Bank of Ephraim now stands. Manti's choice was the tabernacle block.

At another conference in Ephraim on June 25, 1875, several speakers, including President Young, stated that the temple would be built on the stone quarry hill in Manti.

On the morning of April 24, 1877, President Young requested Warren Snow, of Manti, to go to Temple Hill with him. Standing where the southeast corner of the building would be, the President dedicated the site for the temple. He told Snow that the Prophet Moroni had dedicated that site for a temple.[2]

Five days later 100 men and boys were on the grounds ready to prepare a site for the structure. Before beginning, they knelt in prayer. As much as 50 feet of rock hillside had to be removed. The stones were used to build four terraces about 35 feet apart, six feet wide at the base and tapering to two feet, and each 935 feet in length.[3] An observer remarked that a European would conclude that preparations were being made to build a fort upon the hill.

Preparing the grounds did not require extensive planning but the building project did. Careful plans for the architecture and finishing of the Temple were being made while the site was being prepared.

Stakes in Juab, Millard, Beaver, Iron, Washington, Sanpete, Sevier, Piute, Garfield and Kane counties were organized as the Manti Temple District. Each bishop in these stakes was requested to report how much his ward would contribute in labor, money, and goods on a monthly, quarterly, and yearly basis until the temple was completed.

William H. Folsom was chosen to be architect and superintendent of construction. Canute Peterson was his assistant, with the special duty to raise funds.[4]

Financing the project was a herculean task. To President John Taylor, successor to Brigham Young and his associates, practical economists, belong much credit for success. The basis of the undertaking was the faith church leaders had that members would donate time, contribute money and goods, and that the poorest among them would share anything they possessed. A family in Emery County demonstrated that faith when they gave their only milk cow.[5]

The already weak economy of the territory was badly hurt by the prosecution of polygamists. Many business leaders were in jail or in hiding, little money was in circulation, and the economy was inadequate for a job as big as temple building. The authorities created an adjunct economy which was designed to supplement the existing one.

They issued tithing scrip which was backed by the good faith and credit of the church. The scrip circulated as money and could be used for purchases in the Bishop's Storehouse and also sometimes substituted for legal money.

At that time much tithing was paid in home-produced commodities. The facilities of the Bishop's Storehouse were expanded to handle contributions to the Temple Fund; at Manti, hay barns, granaries, storage space, and corrals for livestock were built.

Goods in the storehouse included all kinds of livestock, poultry, hay, grain, flour, butter, eggs, cured meat and vegetables, wool, yarn, and clothing (new and used). At one time the storehouse contained a range of goods from a yellow dog hide to a wagonload of butter which had been donated by the Greenwood United Order.[6]

To help the building fund, the Relief Society sold rugs and carpets woven from old clothes* Bread for temple artisans was made from wheat which had been gleaned by children. Eggs laid on Sundays were contributed. Many people gave a few quarts of milk weekly for making cheese.

To pay for goods from the storehouse, temple workers received wages for a ten-hour day: $1.25 to $2.00 for common labor; $2.50 to $3.00 for stonemasons and carpenters and men with teams; $2.00 to $3.00 for quarrymen; and $5.00 for master masons. Deductions were made for tithing. Payment was mostly in scrip; hard money had to be reserved for things that could not be bought with scrip.

Other preparations included operation of a sawmill, supervised by Lewis Anderson; a rock crusher, under the charge of Edwin Works, to make sand out of sandstone; shelters for stone cutters, and a carpenter shop, heated in the winter and equipped with more than 40 wood-working machines. Peter Ahlstrom supervised the carpentry. A separate building housed the steam power plant.

On April 14, 1879, the four cornerstones were dedicated by John Taylor, representing the First Presidency (southeast); Bishop L. W. Hardy for the Aaronic Priesthood (southwest); Canute Peterson for the High Priests (northwest); and John Vann Cott in behalf of the Elders (northeast).

Sandstone quarried at the Red Point, south of Manti, was used for the foundation* Most of the oolite stone for the superstructure was quarried from Temple Hill, but some came from the Perry Brothers' quarry north of Ephraim. Much of the lumber was red pine harvested in the nearby mountains; some came from Spring City. Interior finishing lumber was the best quality Ponderosa pine from the Panguitch area. Black walnut and birds eye maple were imported from eastern states.

Workmanship on the temple was the best that highly skilled workmen were capable of doing. The seeing eye was a prominent Mormon symbol* "in ancient days of art, builders wrought with greatest care for the Gods see everywhere," as the poet said.

On one occasion a mason setting a cracked stone in the backwall was told by the master to remove it* The workman replied that the defect would be on the inside and not visible. The master mason replied, "Three have already seen it. You, me and the Lord."

In 1886 the builders of the Temple received a scare. Sheep and cattle owned by the church were being confiscated by the U.S. Government under the provisions of the Edmonds-Tucker Act* So might the Temple also be taken. A twelve-man holding organization headed by J. B. Maiben, Luther Tuttle and Hans Jensen was set up. Title to the Temple property was transferred to this organization on June 25, 1886.[7]

Christian Madsen supervised the making of tables and benches* The decorations in plaster of Paris were handled by Charlie Bird. Artists who painted the murals were John Hafen, John Fairbanks, William Weggeland and Ephraim's C. C. A. Christensen. The paintings in the world room were later re-done by Minerva Teichert, those in the garden room by Robert Shepherd.

For the finishing and furnishing of the Temple, President Wilford Woodruff (who had succeeded Taylor) called for small (25c or more) churchwide contributions. Small sums came from many stakes inside and outside the territory, including Liverpool in England, Germany, Switzerland, and the Sandwich Islands, and others. The total cost of finishing and furnishing the Temple was $991,991.81. Sanpete Stake gave $274,815.05.

The dedication of a temple is as essential as is its masonry. A party of about 60 high churchmen and others left Salt Lake City by train to attend the dedication of the Manti Temple. From Chester, which was then the terminus of the railroad, they were taken by team and wagon to Manti. The yards and streets of the town were full of the wagons of thousands of people. Due to a shortage of hay, horses had to be herded onto pastures.

Private dedicatory services were held May 17, 1888, by a few high churchmen, with Wilford Woodruff offering the dedicatory prayer Public services were held on May 21, 22, and 23 and were attended by those with tickets. Lorenzo Snow offered the dedicatory prayer at the first public service.

Before the opening exercises on the 21st, A. C. Smythe played sacred organ music by Mendelssohn. When the music ceased, many people turned their heads to see where the sound of sweet singing was coming from. Since no singers could be seen, they concluded that they had heard a heavenly choir. Peter Willardson, Peter F. Madsen and William H. Folsom were some of those who declared they had heard a heavenly choir. Walter Cox, Rhoda Smith and M. F. Farnsworth testified that they had seen a bright halo enshrouding several of the speakers. Others bore testimony that they saw the spirits of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and Jedediah Grant.

The building of the Manti Temple displayed the character of a pioneer people. They were undaunted by back-wrenchinglabor, were self-disciplined, and they went without some of the current necessities of life to achieve future well-being. They were strong in their faith, united in a common cause, and persisted until the job was finished. Surely any Diety who may have been watching was well pleased with the Latterday Saints who built this temple.

Sources;
[1]President Young supported the lead, zinc, silver mining venture at Minersvilie in the 1850's, but opposed all other mining proposals.
[2]The temple properties consisted of 27 acres of land given to the church by Manti city, the improvements thereon and the cold spring which the church bought from William K. Barton for $2,500 less a donation of $300.
[3]In 1907 when the temple grounds were landscaped, all but a few feet of the bottom terrace were removed.
[4]President Young is quoted as having said, "Bishops, if any should ask what the wage is (sic) let the answer be not a single dime."
[5]Later a bachelor gave the family his cow, providing he could eat with them occasionally.
[6]Other entries in the temple day book: 82 pounds pork, 1,117 pounds meat, 424 dozen eggs, 248 pounds chicken, 62 sheep, 1,006 pounds of flour.
[7] J. B. Jacobsen made the motion that returned the temple to the church on July 27, 1925.

Source: A History of the Manti Temple, a thesis at
Brigham Young University by Glenn Stubs.
Note: M*y* father, Conrad Frischknecht, and grandfather, J. J. Ruesch, both worked on the Temple. In 1907 when the temple grounds were landscaped, 1 tended mason on the retaining wall and blasted big stones on the grounds into more manageable pieces.

FIDDLES AND FIDDLERS

Mary Louise Seamons
Orem, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Historical Essay

Music was an integral part of Mormon pioneer life. Those who had musical abilities were as desperately needed crossing the plains and in the early settlements as were the farmers, the blacksmiths, the other craftsmen so necessary to the survival of a people. Musicians provided the much needed respite from work, the relaxation after a hard day's trek or labor in the fields and shops, the solace and comfort for those losing loved ones. These early musicians were many-talented and generous with their skills and vitality. Theirs was a special responsibility.

One such man was James (Jens) Hansen[1] : fiddler, singer, director, architect. James was born 24 April 1828 in Gronnegade, Fredriksborg, Denmark. His musical talents became apparent when he was very young and his job was to herd geese. The long days spent following the lazy birds gave him time to develop his talents. He had a melodic voice and loved to sing; often he made up his own music and lyrics. He longed for a

violin, but the family income was not sufficient for him to indulge in such luxury, so he made his own. It was a beautiful instrument, and he used it for many years.

James married Sophia Larsen on 10 August 1851.[2] A year and a half later he and his wife joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints [3] and made plans to go to America to join the Saints.

Their first child, Hans, was born in 1852.[4] Sophia's health was broken by this event, but she was determined to go to Utah. In 1855 they left their homeland and joined a company comprised mostly of young Scandinavians. When they reached St. Louis, Sophia gave birth to a tiny daughter.[5] After a long rest, she felt ready to continue on to Utah.

As the wagon train traveled, James played his violin in the evenings so the weary travelers might dance; his singing was a welcome and reassuring sound during the day's trek. His ailing wife loved music, too, but was unable to join in the dancing. The long journey proved too much for her, and she died just as the wagon train began its descent into the Salt Lake valley.

When they reached Salt Lake City, James purchased some land, built a house, and married the two Domgaard sisters, Elizabeth and Johannah,[6] who had traveled to Utah in the same company and who had cared for his ailing wife and babies. When news reached Salt Lake that Johnson's Army was coming, James traded his land for a span of mules and a barrel of flour.[7] (This plot of ground is believed to be where the Union Pacific Railroad station/Utah Historical Society building now stands.)

After a brief stay in Goshen, James, with his two wives and several children, moved on to Mount Pleasant, having been called by Brigham Young to help colonize the new settlement where his musical abilities were greatly needed. Arriving in Mt. Pleasant in March of 1859, James was appointed to work on the north wall of the fort. When the fort was completed, other families moved into its protection.[8]

James' life was not to be free from sorrow. On 13 May 1859 his two-year-old daughter was drowned in Pleasant Creek, the first child to drown in the new town.[9] They buried her tiny body in a grave just outside the fort (west of State Street across from the North Sanpete High School building), later transferring it to the new Mount Pleasant cemetery south of town. On 4 April 1863 James married a young Swedish girl, Johannah Anderson.[10] Four of their ten children died in infancy.

> September 12th (1865), President Brigham Young and a number of the apostles and elders visited Mount Pleasant. A suitable wagon, drawn by four fine horses, was fitted up and driven by Rasmus Frandsen and Andrew Madsen, taking the Mount Pleasant Brass Band to Fountain Green, where they met the party. Coming back by way of Moroni, they led the procession and furnished the music. James Hansen leading the band, among others who were members,, were John Waldermar, Daniel Beckstrom, Andrew Beckstrom, Andrew Anderson, Bent Hansen and Mortin Rasmussen.
>
> Andrew Madsen's journal records: "When we reached Mount Pleasant, the band gave great stress to their music and the chords were clearly sounded. Many people were out to meet the party and were formed in lines extending over three blocks on both sides of Main Street, cheering our leader and his party as they passed between the throng of people. Large arches had been made for them to pass under, many large banners, and a number of smaller ones were displayed, all giving honor to the occasion. As they neared the home of our Bishop, where the party was first escorted, they were met by the Sunday School children, lead by Superintendent H. P. Miller. They sang the favorite song of the Latter Day Saints, 'We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet,' and never before had we heard such beautiful singing. There was a meeting in the bowery. . . President Young . . . spoke only a very short time. The other principal speakers were Elders Orson Hyde, D. H. Wells, George Q. Cannon, Joseph H. Young and

Wilford Woodruff. After this enjoyable meeting, they continued through the city, accompanied by our brass band and a mounted guard . . ."[13]

Later the field north of town was given to the band, hence the name "Brass Band Field," as it was known.

James had a good memory and a talent to pick up melodies Often he heard a catchy tune, jotted down a few notes, went home and added parts for different instruments. His voice, when matured, was equally as good as when he was a young boy in Denmark, and his rich tenor renditions consoled the bereaved and brought joy to those around him.

His home was used for orchestra and band practices. He taught dance lessons there to those who wanted to learn or to improve their skills, He received no pay.[14] it is interesting to note that, even though his family learned to love music and to have a great appreciation for their talents and used them well, his children were not allowed to play the organ that was in their parlor; that privilege was reserved for their father alone.

James Hansen died in Mount Pleasant on 12 September 1899. His brother, Bent Hansen, Sr., had purchased the first buggy hearse used in the city, and James' was the first corpse to be taken in it to the cemetery.[15] Thus a life of service and music for his family and the people of Mount Pleasant was ended.

About three miles west of Mount Pleasant a grove of Lombardy poplars had been planted near where James' last house had been—-after Brigham Young instructed him to become a farmer, one talent he was never able to really develop. In that grove a dance hall was built, one much used by the people of the area for many years. The grove was called "Fiddler's Green" in honor of the man who had given so much of his life for the enjoyment of others: James Hansen, first musician in the now-growing community of Mount Pleasant.

1 Family records; his father was Hans Jensen and his mother was Ane Kirstine Rasmusdatter,
2Family records.
3James was first baptized on 16 April 1853 in Denmark by C. C. A. Christensen.
4Family records.
5Ibid.
6Ibid.
7Family tradition.
8Hilda Madsen Longsdorf, Mount Pleasant 1859-1939 (Salt Lake City, Utah: Stevens and Wallis, 1939),
p. 47.
9Ibid. p. 62; also family knowledge.
10Family records; she was born 4 January 1845 or 1846 in Kornheddinge, Kyrkheddings, Malmohus, Sweden, daughter of Andrew Nielson and Boel A. (Bothilda) Persson.
11Longsdorf, p. 55.
12Ibid.. p. 82.
13Ibid.« pp. 126-127. Author's note: Rasmus Frandsen and Andrew Madsen, mentioned in the account, were also great-grandfathers of the author, as was James Hansen of whom this account was written.
14Ibid., p. 63.
15Ibid.. p. 181.

NO JUSTICE FOR AUDREY

Elizabeth J. Story
Cheyenne, Wyoming
Non-Professional Division
Third Place Historical Essay

In the evening of a day in May in 1900, a messenger from the City Marshal was sent to the livery stable in Mt. Pleasant, Utah. The messenger said that the marshal wanted to hire a driver, a team of good horses, and a small dray wagon. There was a wooden coffin to be hauled to Richfield, Utah, and it must be done in haste. It was a 70-mile trip. The marshal wanted the driver to come as soon as possible.

The driver hitched the team to the dray wagon very quickly and soon was pulling up in front of the city jail. There two men lifted the wooden box into the wagon. It was so long that the driver now had to sit on the box to drive. A letter was given to him to present to the City Marshal of Richfield. It would explain everything. The young seventeen-year-old driver was understandably horrified when he learned that in the box were the bodies of a young woman and her infant daughter. He knew he would travel as fast as the horses could, without making too many stops. It was an unpleasant trip for the driver, who had many questions about the deaths.

It seems that Audrey had arrived in Mt. Pleasant only two short years before* Her parents and family in Richfield were happy for her marriage to the boy from Mt. Pleasant, where she would go to make her home. They were pleased to know that her in-laws were a wealthy family.

Audrey found out very soon after she arrived at the home of her in-laws with her new husband that his family was not happy to see her. They had planned that their young son should marry a daughter of one of the more wealthy and important families in the city. The mother-in-law was most adamant and made every effort to show Audrey that she was not loved or wanted in their family. She was expected to do most of the house and garden work. They became very abusive to her. She told her young husband that his mother was not good to her and had often threatened to do harm to her. She told him she was very frightened. He would not listen to her complaints about his mother. He told her never to find fault with his mother again.

One day, in desperation, Audrey went to the home of their ward bishop. She told him of her fears and how abused she was. Now that she was expecting her first baby, she was really afraid. The bishop listened to her story about her unhappy life. He told her she should try harder to please the family and that after her child arrived, things might very well be better for her. But he told her that if things did not change for the better, she should tell him and he would have a talk with her in-laws and give them some advice.

After her baby girl was born, Audrey tried hard to understand why the family still did not want or love her. She now had not only herself to defend, but also her little one. She wanted to take her baby and go home to Richfield, but it was impossible. She never had a good chance to go back to talk to the bishop. She had now become terrified for her life.

It seems that Audrey's mother-in-law had heard two gun-shots and had gone to the barn to find both Audrey and her infant dead, with the gun lying by their bodies. When they arrived, she told the members of the family and the marshal that there had been no one else around the barn all day. She said that Audrey must have shot the child and then herself. They all agreed that she was right. The family told the marshal that they did not wish to have the bodies laid to rest in their lot in the city cemetery, and that they would pay the cost to have the bodies taken to Richfield and let her parents take care of the burial. The marshal told them he would get someone to haul them to Richfield, but first they must put them in a wooden box and get them to the jailhouse. The family gave him the money, and he left to get a messenger on the way to the livery stables. It must all be done before the night darkness was over.

There came a day in May many years later. The blossoms were flowering in those old apple orchards again as they had every spring since pioneer days. It was now 1920. The city was growing. It had changed in

many ways since 1900. New homes and stores had been built. There was some news revealed to the good people of Mt. Pleasant that sent a cold chill throughout the city. Everyone knew the older woman who lived in the big red house. She had passed away during the night. Before she died, she called the members of her family to come near her bed. She felt she wanted to tell them something. She made a death-bed confession. She told them it was she who had fired the fatal shots from her husband's gun that killed Audrey and her child. She had followed them to the barn and cornered them there. After that, she placed the gun near their bodies. She wanted now to be forgiven for all she had done, and then she passed away. The members of her family decided to tell everyone what they had just heard from her lips.

There had been "no justice for Audrey" for a long time, but now she had been found not guilty at last. Gentle people gathered to talk about the revelation and felt sadness and regret. There were pink and white apple blossoms in the sunshine. There was fragrance and poetic justice in the air on this lovely day in May.

SO THE WATERS CAN FLOW

Martha Rae Olsen
Ephraim, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Honorable Mention Historical Essay

A long time ago when our country was being purged by a great depression and the best meal to get was a bowl of bread and milk, there was a small town in Utah called Ephraim, Here a young boy was growing up and quickly becoming a man. The year was 1932 and anyone who had a job that earned more than aching muscles and callouses was lucky to have that job. And if that job involved helping the community and saving unknown trouble for others, it was a job worth doing well and one to be proud of.

During this time the young boy's father was one of the irrigation watermasters in Ephraim. And not unlike our present times, one of the duties was to clear the Ephraim Creek of debris every spring to prevent flooding. Now Ephraim Creek comes out of the east canyon, wandersthrough town and crosses Main Street from behind the City Hall, west, between the present Doyle's Hardware store and the Liquor store, then meanders on across the valley.

During the early years of the 20th century, Ephraim Main Street had been updated from the wooden bridges that provided passage for vehicles to cross the street. A forty foot wide cement strip was laid down the center of the road, putting a cap on the part of the creek in the area from the bank to the theater. However, wooden footbridges were still in place.

To clear the creek of debris a crew of four or five single-handed men and three teams of horses pulling earth plows, made of wood with steel blades, worked all day. In one day they could clear the creek out from the Johnson home on 195 South 400 East, to the divide west of town.

This young boy, just fifteen years old, spent most of his days working from dawn 'til dark on the family farm. But this year his father needed him for a few days to help dredge out ditches, particularly Ephraim Creek. You see, no one could handle his father's team of horses like the young boy. It was said that he could just talk to the horses and get more work out of the team than most of the men who could drive them. So he harnessed up his team and set out for a full day's work.

There were many places along the creek where you could get a team of horses with a scraper in the creek and drive them for a ways before the creek became too small and the men had to clear it out by hand. One of the places that was wide and deep enough for a team to dredge was the stretch of creek going under Main Street. Now this was much like driving through a tunnel: there was light at the end of the tunnel and enough light coming in through the drains in the ground above that the horses could see where they were

going and didn't get scared.

Of course, in the olden days almost everyone knew how to drive a team of horses. But it took a real skill to get a team of horses down in the creek and drive them through an underground culvert and at the same time guide a scraper over the rocks, loosening debris so that it would float on out of the culvert. But our young hero did it! It was a job that you kept your mind on while you were doing it: it was hard work that took patience, and a good pair of hip boots. The young boy would go slow, taking about ten feet at a time, giving the debris plenty of space to float down the creek ahead of him. To do this one stretch of the creek took maybe thirty minutes, if you didn't have to go through it again. Sometimes it took more than one trip to get it cleared out sufficiently.

When the debris came out of the culvert, the men would be there to shovel and pitch it onto the bank, later to be hauled away.

This gave quite a feeling of accomplishment to the young boy as he drove those horses out of the culvert and into the sunlight. He felt like he'd really done something, Not only had he earned $5.00 a day for him and his team, but he had cleared out the creek so the spring runoff could flow freely across the valley. He was a man.

For just a few years this means of dredging took place in the Ephraim Creek, but soon had to give way to modernization. The cement Road was widened to meet the new cement sidewalks. The cement cap on the creek was expanded across the whole section that went underground. A cement bottom was put on the creek raising the creek bottom, making it too small for a team of horses to pass through.

Many precautions were taken during these years to prevent flooding: the Lake Hill Dam, the Settling Pond Dam, and Beaver Dams, but none any more important than clearing the ditches.

And so it was during the Depression: folks ate their bread and milk, boys became men, and the community slept soundly because they had worked together, all so the waters could flow.

Source: Personal recollections from the life of Vern
J. Olsen, the author's father.
The Log book of Ephraim Irrigation Company,
1920-1936.

SANPETE RABBIT DRIVES

James L. Jacobs
Ogden, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Jack rabbit numbers in Sanpete County fluctuated greatly in the early years of the century, and they periodically built up to epidemic proportions. In peak years they caused severe damage by invading fields and eating alfalfa, sugar beets and other crops. Some haystacks were so deeply undermined by rabbits eating the hay that they fell over.

Farmers, sportsmen, and the townspeople in general used every means possible to reduce the numbers of marauding rabbits. Entire communities planned and carried out rabbit drives to save their crops from destruction. The drives provided the sportsmen the thrill of hunting as well as protecting the interests of the farmers.

Rabbit drives were started about 1910 and were continued at intervals until the early 1940's. Drives were held throughout the County, from Fairview and Fountain Green to Gunnison. They varied in size from a few men on small drives to several hundred people on the large drives.

There were also many observers that came to witness the proceedings, enjoy the excitement of the drives, and a few rabbits to take home.

There were several kinds of rabbit drives. On small drives the participants walked in a line through rabbit country and shot those they scared up. Sometimes two lines of hunters walked toward each other and drove the rabbits back and forth. More often, drivers formed a large circle and all walked toward the center, shooting the rabbits that ran out of the circle between the men. Shooting was done only in a direction away from the circle so there was no danger of people being shot.

The most successful and popular drives were those where the drivers circled a large area of land and drove the rabbits through a tapering chute into a holding pen where they were killed with clubs. The chute was formed by two rabbit-proof fences built in "V"-shape. At the point of the "V" was a gate between the two fence wings which led into a net wire holding pen. On the large drives the line of people forming the circle was many miles in length and the drivers were widely spaced at the start of the drive.

Guns were not permitted on some of the larger drives, but on others, guns were used to shoot the rabbits that broke back through the line of drivers. As the drive progressed, the line of drivers shortened so the drivers came close together, and the shooting was stopped so there would be no accidental shooting of the participants.

On some drives in later years held west of Manti and Ephraim, two lines of drivers were formed. The first line included men and boys carrying clubs which drove the rabbits forward. The second line was made up of men with shotguns that shot the rabbits that ran back through the first line. The shooters carried the rabbits they shot until they were picked up by horsemen that patrolled the line leading pack horses. When the pack bags on the horses were filled with rabbits, they were taken to a road and emptied into trucks that hauled them to a central location.

A classic example of a large rabbit drive was one held about 1922 between the towns of Mt. Pleasant and Spring City in which the people of both towns participated. A joint committee was organized to plan and direct the drive. Lyman Aldrich was chairman of the Spring City delegation, and John K. Madsen was in charge of the Mt. Pleasant members. The committee selected the site for construction of the "V"-wing fences and holding pen on the east side of the road between the two towns on land owned by "Fat" Hansen of Spring City. Plans were made for building the facilities, arranging finances, recruiting people to make the drive, and supervise the activity.

On the midwinter day when the drive was held, hundreds of men and boys carrying clubs came to take part in the drive. They had been directed in advance to have the older and less vigorous people form the beginning of the line close to the driving chute where there would be less walking, and the younger and stronger drivers were sent to the more remote locations. All the land between Mt. Pleasant and Spring City, from the foothills to the road between the two towns, was included in the huge circle of drivers.

When all drivers were in place, they started advancing toward the killing place. The drivers were spaced far apart at the beginning. so they zigzagged back and forth as they advanced to flush the rabbits from their hiding places and keep them moving forward. Rocks and sticks were thrown to head the rabbits in the right direction and many dogs helped to keep them from escaping through the line. Most of the rabbits moved forward, but some hid in the brush until the line moved past them, then leaped from their hiding places and dashed away to safety.

A coyote was rounded up with the rabbits. For some time he ran back and forth through the milling rabbits seeking a way to escape. In desperation, he finally ran full speed toward the line of people. Several of them tried to club him, but he dodged his pursuers and dashed through the line untouched. However, it is reported that two coyotes were killed by clubbing in one of the Fairview drives.

As the drivers advanced, the line grew shorter so the drivers were closer together and there was less space for the rabbits to escape through. The rabbits became more excited as they were confined in a smaller area, so they ran and dodged continuously and many attempted to break back through the line of drivers.

Whenever a rabbit got close enough to the line to be hit with a club, an attempt was made to club him. Many rabbits were killed trying to escape through the line, but hundreds of them ran, dodged, and jumped through the line unharmed.

When the line of drivers advanced into the end of the chute between the two fences the drivers were so close together that they formed almost a solid wall as they walked forward shoulder to shoulder. As they advanced down the narrowing chute some men dropped back to form a second line, and finally a third line was formed. But rabbits were hard to hit when running in desperation, and many still broke through the line. A rabbit ran toward one boy, who dropped to his knees to stop the animal, but it leaped right over the boy and got away. The last few rods of *±he* drive, where the rabbits were being driven through the gate into the holding pen was a bedlam of rabbits in panic, jumping, running, and dodging with the drivers behind them forcing them forward.

When all the rabbits had passed through the gate into the pen, the drivers with clubs were admitted and the gate was closed. On the far side of the pen the rabbits were so concentrated that they were piled three or four rabbits deep against the fence.

The actual killing was not pleasant. Most of the rabbits were killed with one well-aimed blow of a heavy club, but some that were injured gave shrill, heartbreaking cries. Some with broken legs or other injuries had to be clubbed several times before they died.

In the fever pitch of excitement, some clubs were swung recklessly so they hit people instead of rabbits. No one was hurt badly, but several of the participants resented the carelessness which caused them to be struck by a club.

Some of the rabbits managed to dodge the clubs for some time, but they eventually met the same fate as the others, and it was not long until the slaughter was over. There was a great letdown in excitement when the rabbits were all dead* It was a sad sight to see the thousands of bloody carcasses which moments before had been so alive and active.

It was estimated that 5,000 rabbits were killed in the drive. Most of them were loaded into bobsleds and hauled into the towns, although many were taken in smaller sleighs and packed away on saddle horses.

It is reported that a drive between Spring City and Mt. Pleasant about 1914 took 4,500 rabbits, and shortly after that a similar drive killed 3,000 rabbits. In later years a drive west of Manti and Ephraim killed an estimated 8,000 rabbits.

A large percentage of rabbits taken in earlier drives were used as chicken feed, but the people ate many of them Some truckloads of rabbits from later drives were sent to Salt Lake City as food for needy people. After fur farms had become established, truckloads of rabbits were fed to foxes and mink.

Recollections of rabbit drives are strong in the memories of the people of Sanpete, especially those that swung the rabbit clubs.

Source: Mount Pleasant by Hilda Madsen Longsdorf, 1939, P. 198.
Personal History of Golden G. Sanderson, p. 21.
Personal recollections of Fred and Delbert Thompson of Spring City, Doyle Peterson of Sterling, John Nelson of Gunnison, Glenn Thomas of Wales, and the author.

THE PETTICOAT STORY

Ruth D. Scow
Manti, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Place Personal Recollection

Minerva was happy as she hurriedly prepared for her second day of school in the little one-room rock schoolhouse located just one block west of the Manti South Ward Assembly Hal. From her house she had to walk six blocks to get there. Another reason she felt happy was that today was her birthday! She was six years old!

Yesterday, Mama had walked with her to show her the way to school, but today she was old enough to walk to school alone. She whirled in excitement. It was such fun to see her new petticoat flare out around her small body. Mama had made the petticoat especially for her. It was made of cloth called linsey-woolsy and the skirt was gathered onto a waistband. (Mama had measured around Minerva's waist so that the waistband would fit just right.) On it, she had sewn a button on one end and made a buttonhole on the other, so that Minerva could dress herself. Especially did she like the bright-red, fancy stitches that Mama had sewn around the bottom of the skirt. Minerva whirled again. Today would be a wonderful day!

She quickly slipped on her dress and Mother helped her fasten the buttons down the front. Then with a skip and a smile Minerva draped her shawl around her shoulders. She was ready to go. She kissed her parents, sister May, and baby Clara, goodbye. Quickly she ran up the path to the gate, where she turned and waved to her watching family.

As she walked north along Main Street she heard Mama call, "Remember, you must not play along the way. You must hurry if you are going to get to school on time."

With that admonition, Minerva tried to walk faster and just skip dace in a while. Finally, she increased her pace until she was running. Then she heard the schoolbell. She knew Brother Scott, the teacher, always went out into the schoolyard to ring the bell, so the children, who were almost there, would harry faster. She found herself puffing and sometimes stumbling. It was so hard to hurry.

She was crossing the creek when she heard a "pop" and as the buttons flew her new petticoat fell down around her ankles. What could she do? It was a long way back home and she would miss school for today. She mustn't stop. Thinking fast, she stepped out of the skirt's encircling folds, gathered the petticoat in her arms, and raced on, to arrive just as her teacher was closing the door.

The other students were in their places behind their homemade desks as Minerva quietly sank onto her thick board seat. She tried to sing with the other children. but her breath came in short gasps* She had hurried so fast! She listened as the children bowed their heads in silence as the morning prayer was said*

She watched as the older children began to recite their lessons. She was grateful they came first for it gave her time to catch her breath. Slowly she reached for her slate with its dangling eraser cloth tied on the end of a string. The slate hung from a wire on the side of her desk. Holding a piece of white limestone she was ready to write her numbers, but her petticoat was in the way.

As she pushed it aside she was aware of its softness. Oh, she was tired! Even her feet hurt as they dangled above the floor. Her seat was just too high. Once more she touched the comfort of the petticoat and glanced around the room to discover that everyone was busy and no one was paying her any attention. Slowly, her arms came to rest on her desk and her head dropped to her petticoat's softness. Minerva was fast asleep!

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

Marjorie M. Riley
Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Personal Recollection

She was proud, yet humble; generous, yet thrifty; exacting, yet gentle and warm. Sister West—Emma was her name, but we always called her Sister West— was our nearest and dearest neighbor, and every member of our family loved and respected her. She and Brother West lived across the street, just a stone's throw from our house in Mount Pleasant, and we wore a diagonal path from the corner of our lot to their front gate.

The Wests' two-story frame house, one of the finest in the town, boasted everything nice, as did their yard. There was a fancy, ornate, black iron fence to the front, and cement-bordered flower beds 'round and about. A big cement porch next to the kitchen offered welcome shade, and board walks, scrubbed clean as floors, leading to the wash house and chicken coop, added a special atmosphere. There were beautiful vegetable gardens and long rows of raspberry bushes and "pie plant," all free from weeds.

It was such fun, I thought, swinging and playing on their iron hitching rod, and turning the bell on their front door, a bell which had its own special "ding-a-ling." It was even fun scraping dirt off my shoes on the metal foot scraper to the rear of the house.

I liked running over to Sister West's house, understanding full well that I was to "mind my own business" while I was there. Reminiscing—I liked roaming from room to room, noting the neat and well-stocked pantry shelves, and peering into the white, white bathroom. I liked feeling the plush carpeting on the stairs, and at the same time, secretly wishing I could slide down the highly polished banister. I liked fingering a pretty dish sitting on the big sideboard, and occupying a chair in the kitchen, eating one or two of Sister West's sugar cookies, and playing with the checkers which were kept in a small wicker satchel. But, most of all, I liked helping Sister West with the dishes. I was very careful as I washed, dried and put them away.

The parlor of the Wests' house was so fascinating to a little girl like me. Usually the room was closed up tight, reserved for times when they had special company, or for occasions when folks were in town for a funeral. I was ever so excited when I was invited into the parlor to listen to their player piano. Brother West sat down at the handsome instrument, proceeded to insert a music roll into place and adjust a couple of buttons. Next, he pumped the lower pedals to bring out the sound, loud or soft, fast or slow. My favorite records, as I remember them, were: "Come Be My Rainbow" and "Listen to the Mockingbird."

The intimacy of the Wests' home was far reaching and, even though Sister West was much older than Mamma, the two were the dearest of friends. They saw each other every day, visiting, consulting about making soap or drying fruit, exchanging recipes, inquiring regarding each other's state of health, or maybe just "passing the time of day." I'm sure a lot of town news changed hands during their daily get-togethers. The two women always exchanged birthday gifts, and 1 remember a set of six dinner plates, white with gold trim, which Sister West gave Mamma. She comforted Mamma when Papa died in 1929, just as Mamma had offered comfort to her when Brother West died in 1921.

The Wests' family was quite encompassing, above and beyond their own family of five children, and it varied in size from time to time. To begin with, there was Grandma Hayward, Sister West's mother, who lived with them for several years. Grandma Hayward had a special church assignment which she considered rewarding and satisfying. She baked and provided the bread used in sacrament meeting services.

Occasionally, "roomers" occupied space in the Wests' home. A Mr. Sandstrom, who contracted the building of the North Sanpete High School, once had a room there, as an' amateur photographer, he took a picture of my sister and me posed in front of the West's house, and one of my brother dressed up in a new

knickerbacker suit and looking like he had just stepped from a band box. The Wests had lots of company, especially when Spring City or Chester relatives came to Mount Pleasant for Quarterly Conference or for shopping.

"Auntie Allen," Brother West's stepmother, and mother of Dr. Samuel H. Allen, prominent early day physician, lived in the "little house" to the west for a while, a house just as neat and well-kept as the big house. It could tell some interesting stories, I'm sure, with the number of folks who lived there at later dates. Some boys from Fairview rented part of the "little house" when they attended North Sanpete High School. Mamma used to send my sister and me over to the batching quarters with freshly baked bread and cookies. Needless to say, we were their favorite little girl friends, Brother and Sister West had long lists of church and community responsibilities. Sister West was a very devoted Relief Society member, having served in the presidency and, also, as a teacher for fifty years. She covered her "beat" at the time when Relief Society teachers made their calls with basket in hand, making collections for the Ward's needy. Usually the baskets were filled with "Sunday eggs." Sister West valued her pioneer heritage, and when the Mount Pleasant Historical Society was organized in 1910, she was named a director, a position which she held for twenty years.

Her husband's income came from his farm in Chester and from various other sources. He served as a Justice of the Peace, and was in charge of the Tithing Office for a long time. Also, he and Dr. Allen became co-owners of a drug store on Main Street in 1889« He was a City Councilman. He was also a veteran of the Indian Wars, a service which, eventually, entitled his widow to a small monthly pension.

He served in the North Ward Bishopric for years. As a church authority, he occupied a place on the stand at church meetings, and frequently, he fell asleep as he faced the congregation, irritating his wife considerably. My parents selected this man, whom they respected, to bless me and give me my name.

The Wests were sticklers for certain observances. Every morning, members of the household, including folks who had stayed overnight, turned their chairs around with backs to the kitchen table, and knelt down as Brother West offered a morning prayer. There was no deviation from this established practice. Neither was there a deviation from the practice of hanging an American flag from their front porch on special patriotic holidays.

Emma Allred (West) was born in Ogden, Utah, on October 15, 1875, and reared in small towns throughout Sanpete and Sevier Counties before settling with her husband in Mount Pleasant in 1895. She was a middle-aged woman when I, as a little girl, first crossed the street to her home. There was no generation gap between us.

She was a tall, straight and slender woman. Her hair had a natural curl, just enough for fluffing at the forehead. I remember the clothes she wore around the house— long calico dresses, tie aprons and high laced shoes, plus old-fashioned sunbonnets if she were in the garden. She dressed in fine clothes as she mingled socially or attended church functions, and I remember how stately she looked with high, lace collars neatly tucked and shirred. She wore a fancy hat and carried an umbrella as she walked briskly down the sidewalk, a few paces ahead of her husband. She pinned a beautiful gold watch to her shirtwaist, and I'm sure she checked it periodically as she listened to church speakers go on and on.

Sister West was a fine housekeeper, and she excelled in various arts and crafts. In cool weather she threw a wool shawl over her shoulders, a shawl which she herself had knitted. She was a good quilter, and she and Mamma went to many "quilting bees" together. Also, she and Mamma often accepted the assignment of hanging white bunting around the pulpit to the front of the meeting house prior to a funeral service.

Her handwriting was fancy but easy to read. I treasure a valentine postcard which she addressed, proceeded to attach a one-cent postage stamp, and send through the mail to a little girl who lived just across the street. "Valentine Greetings from Mrs. West," the message read. The card was postmarked February 14, 1916.

Throughout the years of my childhood and on to adulthood, I respected Sister West because she commanded respect. I loved her because she was a dear, sweet, wonderful woman. I felt a distinct loss when she died September 18, 1934.

Source: Personal recollections of the author.
The "Mount Pleasant Pyramid" obituary column, September, 1934.

GYPSIES

Marjorie M. Riley
Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Place Poetry

Gypsies:
Trains of wagons,
Greasy tents,
Horses with long, shaggy fetlocks.

Slowly they crawl to the outskirts of the village;
Carelessly they push their mixture of belongings
To the dusty ground.
The horses, unfastened from their trudging loads,
Saunter down the lanes.

Boys of the village cry,
"The gypsies are come! The gypsies are come!"
For they see the smoke steal upward
From struggling brush fires
Near the hills.

The village women bolt the out-side doors of their houses;
Daring boys run to the streets, dogs barking at their feet;
Small children peer through high picket fences.
They wait.

But the gypsies are secluded in their tents,
Squatting on heaps of worn blankets;
Holding strings of bacon in their grimy hands;
Piling gaudy beads and brass bracelets
Into heaps.

Tomorrow they will creep through the village,
Bribing the women,
Trading their wares with the men;
Frightening little children -
And the next day they shall be gone.

Gypsies:
Trains of wagons,
Greasy tents,
Horses with long, shaggy fetlocks.

Source: *The* author's recollections of the time when gypsies roamed through the villages and countryside's.

HOMETOWN

Elayne T. Anderson
Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Poetry

I'm proud when I think of my old hometown,
But remembering brings tears.
Beep in my heart I am a child again,
Re-living those wonderful years.

I am back walking childhood's path again
With friends now gone other ways.
The echoes of war and worldly care
Had no part in those golden days.

I've walked tree-lined streets to the graveyard,
Played ball on the old school lot,
Waded along the creek by the cliffs
When a hike made us tired and hot.

I've seen the glories of bluebell in blossom,
Pished from Snow's Lake crystal clear.
Skied with the wind by Taylor's Flat,
Heard the frightened hoofbeats of deer.

I've sung hymns in the old Corner church
In the cool of a summer eve,
Mourned in the sweet-scented quiet
When the loss of a loved one would grieve.

I've seen moon-shadowed pines on Horseshoe.
It was so special just being alive
As I touched the very edges of heaven
On breathtaking Skyline Drive.

It seems childhood must last but a moment,
And a memory is all we can hold.
Yet in the eyes of each friend from the past
There is joy as each story's retold.

There isn't a neighbor, a house or a street,
As I have traveled the years around,
But is there in this place dear to my heart
Back home in my old Home Town.

ODE TO NATURE[1]

Dewey S. Olsen
Preston, Idaho
Non-Professional Division
Third Place Poetry

What did the warm wind whisper to those tall poplar trees,
As they bowed their acknowledgment in the brisk evening
breeze?
Did it whisper words of love, with a promise to return,
As the leaves giggled gleefully in the late evening sun?
What did the flower say to the busy honey-bee,
As it offered its bounteous gift of pollen and nectar,
free?
Did it whisper words of love, with a promise of greater
yield,
When the bee came again across the meadow to the field?
What did the tall grass whisper to the early morning sun,
As the first rays burst upon it, on a lovely morn in June?
Did it nod a loving welcome, and accept its warm embrace,
And invite a kiss of love from that brilliant shining
face?
If we knew the various language that our mother nature
speaks,
What a kiss of love we'd recognize in the breeze upon our
Cheeks.

[1]Inspired by the memory of the tall poplar trees of the past.

THE WHITE WOMAN

Ruth D. Scow
Manti, Utah
Non—Professional Division
First Place Short Story

The spring of 1850 brought hope and enthusiasm to the Sanpete settlers who had managed to survive the winter. Now with warming days they could begin to break the ground and plant crops; also they could begin to build permanent homes. Some had spent the long, dreary months of winter in wagonbox homes or in earthen dugouts, or even in caves dug and cut into the south side of the gray hill that protruded into the valley. Even the Indians, who had survived the winter by eating the frozen carcasses of the settlers' cattle, felt that "they had never had it so good."

One day in early spring, Chief Walker and his many warriors arrived in the settlement of Manti with their reminders of victory: the scalps of their victims, plus live prisoners, young and old, from the defeated tribes. The warriors pitched their wickiups between the gray hill and the creek that brought water to the Manti settlement.

To have the Indians among them alarmed the settlers. Much of the time the Indians forced their captives to march in a large circle and carry aloft, on long poles, the scalps of their loved ones who had perished in battle. Round and round they marched, at times emitting cries and wails of remembrance. The settlers wrote that they felt like "the mouse in the lion's paw," as told in Aesop's fable.

One little Indian boy with no one to care for him managed the best he could for food, but at night-time he waited until the fires of the Indians had burned into embers. Carefully he scraped them off the warmed ground, and where it was, he made his bed for the night. One morning, the settlers found his frozen, emaciated little body lying on the cold, cold ground. The settlers did what they could to alleviate the suffering of the Indians, their families, and the prisoners, always careful to not upset them, but always to show compassion.

Brigham Young was aware of conditions in the Manti settlement, and he sent a man, a Dr. Richards, to help. The SONG OF A CENTURY says the good doctor did help the settlers, without money and without price. In fact, the sign over his office read: Teeth Extracted with Pleasure, Without Pain, and Without Price. He then proceeded to explain it this way, "That the pleasure was his, the pain belonged to the patient, and he performed the operation FREE,"

One day the doctor was not at home. An Indian warrior by the name of Brockley stopped at the doctor's office for help in treating his papoose, who had *a* bad case of the measles. The Indian medicine man had performed over the child according to his knowledge of potions and the art he had of healing, but to no avail. Faced with this dilemma, Brockley, who was a proud man, felt his faith slipping from the Indian ways and figured his only hope was to humble himself and go to the white man's doctor.

Mrs. Richards, the doctor's wife, did not know quite what to do, yet she did know somewhat of her husband's methods. Thinking to help, she gave the Indian a vial of mild medicine.

Hushing back to his teepee, Brockley gave the medicine to the suffering child. Soon he noticed a strange happening; the toes of his little boy seemed to be changing color, and, yes, they were turning up! Brockley became alarmed, excited, and angry. He thought his child was dying. It was the white woman's fault. He was certain that she was to blame. He became very, very angry, and in his rage, he began to yell and scream as he grabbed a large knife. Thus armed, he sought the white woman.

Mrs. Richards heard the commotion and angry yelling and ran from her house, dodging in and out among the settler's dwelling, with Brockley following. Finally, trembling with exhaustion, she came to the James "Polly" Brown cabin with its split log floor and newly finished lean-to room, Mrs. Brown was peeling potatoes when she heard the ever growing noise of yelling plus explosive grunts. Then nearer, she heard heavy breathing and the hurried footsteps of her neighbor. The outside door was open to let in the summer breezes, and through this door Mrs. Richards stumbled, pleading, "Save me, save me!"

Glancing quickly around the room, Mrs. Brown erased from her mind the chance of hiding her friend behind the clothes that hung from wooden pegs along the wall, or even hiding her under the bed* Thinking fast, she motioned Mrs. Richards to stand behind the door that opened into the lean-to In front of the door she placed her chair.

Once more she picked up the pan of potatoes, the peeling knife and a bucket and sat herself again on the chair, when the upset Indian, still brandishing his knife, entered the cabin, he found a calm Mrs. Brown peeling potatoes for her family's noon meal.

Hurriedly he glanced around the room. Mrs. Richards was nowhere to be seen. He stooped and looked under the bed, Finding no one there, he used his long knife to push the clothes along the wall. Then turning to Mrs. Brown, he demanded, "Where is she, the white woman? Where is she?"

Not speaking, Mrs. Brown raised her hand in a gesturetoward the door. Thinking Mrs. Richards had gone that way, the distraught Indian raced through the doorway, through the lean-to, and spent the balance of the day searching among the willows and brush that lined City Creek. Finally Brockley's anger subsided, and

feeling tired and discouraged he once again entered his own teepee, where he found his papoose much improved.

Notes My Grandmother told this story to me, and her other grandchildren, many times* She always emphasized that her mother, Mrs. Brown, was honest and did not want to tell Brockley a lie* It was the Indian who misunderstood her gesture*

Other sources: SONG OF A CENTURY, Manti Centennial Committee, 1949, p. 17.
Early Manti, Mrs. A. B. Sidwell (An original Manti pioneer), pp. 19, 20,

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THE PIANO AND THE CIRCUS

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

Willard and Bothilda had long known the importance and joy of music. Bothilda's father, first musician in Mt. Pleasant, had inspired in his children a love for music. Although they had an organ in their home as they were growing up, none of the children had been allowed to play it; the privilege was reserved for their father. Yet he taught lessons to others, for which he received no pay. How Bothilda had longed to touch the ivory keys, to pump the bellows with her tiny feet, to accompany herself as she sang the songs of Zion in her sweet soprano tones. But that was not to be until she could afford an organ in her own home when she was grown. Yet the desire was there.

Willard, too, had known the joy of music. How he and Bothilda enjoyed dancing together, or sitting quietly listening to the lively tunes played by the orchestra when the two tired of the activity of the sometimes-all-night dances. Music was such a lovely part of life,

One day John Hasler, then town musician, had approached them offering to sell them an organ. Soon, he told them, there would be pianos available. If they later wished to have a piano, he would allow them to trade back the organ as partial payment.

After much discussion and planning, the Frandsen's decided their children deserved the privilege of learning to play and of having music available to them in their own home. An agreement was reached with Mr, Hasler, and the organ had been delivered. They had been ecstatic. Payments had been made regularly, and the organ was now solely theirs: paid for through their diligence and frugality. They forgot about the piano.

Time passed. The children grew, and new ones were added to the family. As each reached an age of teachability, Bothilda helped them, as best she could, pick out simple tunes on the organ. Coordination was important, as feet and hands must move in unison. If they forgot to pump the pedals, soon the organ sighed, and no more sound was emitted. They learned to keep pumping, even when not pressing down the keys.

Sometime later Mr. Hasler again approached the Frandsens.

"I've been able to arrange for three pianos to be shipped from the east. They'll arrive in Salt Lake City on the train, then freighted by wagon here. Are you still interested in one?

Surprised, Willard and Bothilda needed a while to talk it over, to plan how they could pay for it, to decide if they could afford it.

"Of course we're interested. But we'll need a little time to work things out. How soon do you need to know?

Well, I can give you a few days, but, quite frankly, I'll need some time to arrange for another buyer if you're not going to take it. I had to pay cash to the company before they would ship them way out here."

How could they manage it? What could they do to pay for a piano? The amount Mr. Hasler had quoted seemed reasonable enough, but things hadn't been too prosperous for their family for some time. They had

nearly lost their farm through a poor business deal, and they barely seemed able to meet their obligations. Could they afford another payment? But could they afford to deprive their children of this opportunity either?

Bothilda proposed that she raise chicken, geese, turkeys, and ducks, sell them to townsfolk and supplement what Willard could make. Willard said he could "hire" to herd sheep during the winter. They agreed they would take the chance and buy the piano.

Willard walked the long, dark blocks to Hasler's house after the evening chores were done. Mrs. Hasler opened the door.

"Sorry to come by so late, Sister Hasler, but I need to speak with Brother John if he's at home. It's rather important to us."

"Of course. I'll call him. Won't you come in, Brother Will?"

Uncomfortable, Willard stood just inside the door, hat in hand, while he waited for Mr. Hasler. After responding to a friendly greeting from John, Willard blurted out, "We want it!"

"That's fine, Will. It should arrive soon. I'll let you know as soon as I know more. I'm glad you made the decision to get one. The Candlands and the Seelys are getting the other two. With all the musical talent in your family, I'd hate to see your children go without one." Hasler's strong Swiss accent soothed and reassured Willard that the Frandsens had made the right decision.

A bargain was struck, sealed with a handshake. Hasler knew that Willard's word was a good as any document ever written. His integrity and honesty were well known to the townspeople.

Several weeks passed, Bothilda began seeking buyers for her fowl. She offered them killed, plucked, singed, cleaned, and delivered for fifty cents each. As word spread about the high quality and quick delivery, she got more customers. She involved the children in her project. They just as well help earn the piano; it would mean more to them if they realized the struggle it took to meet the payments. The Frandsens didn't have the money the Candlands and Seelys did; the latter would probably pay cash for their pianos the day they were delivered—if they hadn't already done so,

Willard sought out those he knew might need a herder. He made arrangements to winter the Barton sheep on the desert. He wasn't pleased to be away from home for so long, but he was pleased that he hadn't had to search too long for employment. His ambition was also well known to the townspeople.

By the time the piano arrived, the Frandsens had a small down payment saved. Mr. Hasler had told them he would finance the remainder for them, knowing they would be paying him $50 a year, after the crops were harvested and sold, until the agreed-upon amount had been paid.

The day the piano arrived was an exciting one for the Frandsens, They had not told the children it would arrive so soon, but had kept it a surprise, at least for the ones who were in school,

Maggie was first to arrive home that afternoon. She couldn't imagine what the huge crate was doing in the front yard. Bursting through the door, she found her parents admiring a lovely new piece of furniture: an upright piano. Of dark-stained oak, the handsome instrument seemed to have been made for the inside wall of their parlor, Maggie, first to play on the shiny ivory keys, felt a shiver of delight tingle up her spine. What fun she would have once she had a chance to take the lessons Mother and Father had promised when they recruited the aid of their children in raising the money for it.

Farrie, Talula, and Lucille reached home soon after, with Edgar not far behind: the whole family, grouped around staring reverently, it seemed, at their treasure—-the gleaming piano now standing in their parlor, a tribute to Willard and Bothilda's interest in providing "quality" experiences for their children.

Next came lessons. These, too, had been arranged with Mr. Hasler. One morning every few weeks, on a regular basis, he came to the Frandsen home in the morning—early enough to give the children their lessons before school. Bothilda, too, wanted to learn all she could now that she finally had such a fine musical instrument of her own.

It wasn't long until they fell into a regular routine. Mr. Hasler would arrive, teach each of the children in turn, then sit down to one of Bothilda's breakfasts, prepared with great care, using only the best food

available. Mr. Hasler, his Swiss accent strong, often told her, "You fix the best food I've ever tasted." And he asked her for "just a haffa cuppa coffee," then proceeded to fill the cup to the brim with the rich, think cream provided by their jersey cow.

Bothilda continued to prepare her birds to be sold and delivered. She sewed, knitted, crocheted, and quilted for others to supplement their meager monetary income so the payments on the piano could be made. Willard herded sheep in the winter, spending long, lonely months away from his home. In one letter he wrote: "I went to bed with my eyes full of ashes and my belly full of burnt bread." Bothilda cried herself to sleep that night. In the summer Willard took his baler around the valley—one year he even went to Scofield across the mountain in Carbon County—baling hay for others, returning home only long enough to harvest his own small crops, which Bothilda and Edgar cared for in his absence.

Then came the year Bothilda and Willard had worried about. It was time for the yearly payment. The hay crop that year had been light and the price of cattle and sheep down. Money was scarce everywhere. Would they be able to make the payment? Would they be able to keep the piano that had come to mean so much to each of them? They thought it over individually. They discussed it together.
They worried over it. But no solution was provided.

Then one day Bothilda saw Willard, standing on the boardwalk in front of the house, talking with two strangers. Soon he came into the house, smiling broadly.

"Well, we can meet the payment on the piano. The Ringling Brothers circus is going to be here . . . on our farm."

Bothilda was nearly as excited as the children. The planning and anticipation that followed Willard's announcement were almost as much fun as they knew the circus would be.

Days before the show, people from all over Sanpete County began arriving: in wagons, in buggies, on horses, even on the train. The streets of Mt. Pleasant became small, teeming villages as tents were set up and covered wagons backed to the sidewalks. Some campers brought a cow for milk; some, chickens for eggs and meat. All brought eagerness and activity. The excitement was contagious.

The Fraudsen garden spot became a sandwich stand. The Frandsen children sold milk and eggs to strangers. Bothilda baked bread, pies, and cakes for the crowd of relatives and friends that filled their home. Willard worried about the campers near the farm; each night after everyone else had
retired, he made his "rounds" to make certain all fires were completely doused and all gates securely fastened.

Finally the great day arrived. The children were up before sunrise, almost before their parents; none of them had slept much the night before. Breakfast was hurriedly prepared and eaten. No one wanted to miss seeing the circus train pull in at the station, nor the performers and animals as they came off the train, nor the parade with its vibrant clowns, steam calliope, gaudily-uniformed brass band, horsewomen, and animals of many strange and exotic varieties. How Willard, Bothilda, and each of their children thrilled when the gaily-dressed circus barker shouted: "FOLLOW THE PARADE TO THE SHOW GROUNDS," and they knew he meant THEIR FARM.

Bothilda was as eager as her children to see all there was to see at this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, experience all there was to experience. But first she made certain the children were all settled, informed, and involved. Then she, too—Willard by her side—did as much as she possibly could. Each of them thrilled at the threering performance. Each was awed by the strange displays in the sideshows. Each had their fill of pink lemonade, a rare treat, as citrus fruits were not easily obtained in the small town. All was done on Willard's "family pass" provided by the circus managers. What a wonderful, tiring, exciting, exhausting day they all had.

But the excitement was not over when the performance ended and the spectators dispersed. Long into the night the Frandsens watched the tents come down, the animals put back in their cages, and the long procession wend its way back to the railroad station headed for its next engagement. When they finally

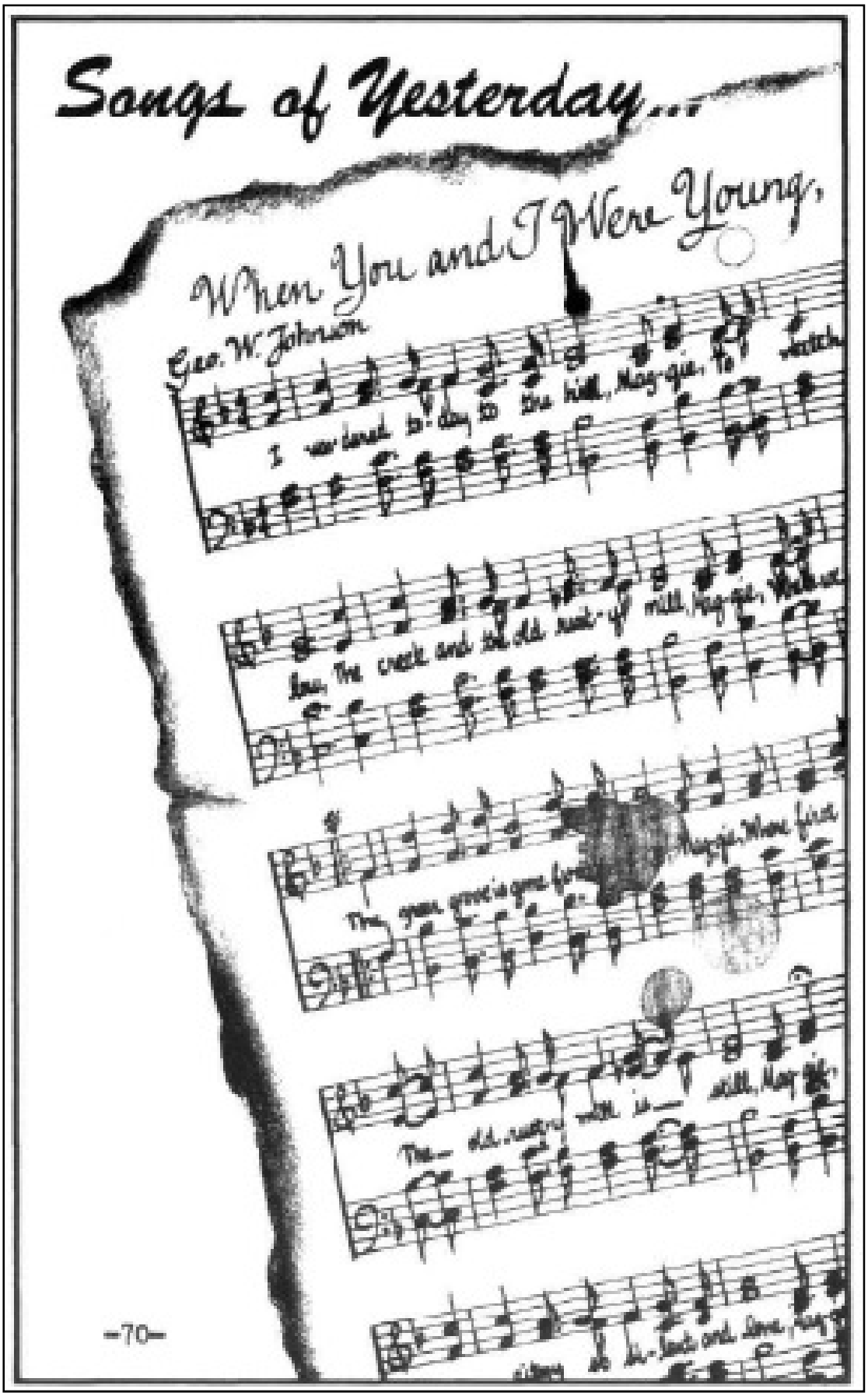
crawled, exhausted, into their beds, sleep evaded them—pleasantly so, there was much to savor in their thoughts and dreams.

Slowly the temporary villages disappeared, too, leaving behind piles of food, apple peelings, potato peelings, and one large pile of beans; Willard's pigs had food for days. The children searched the ground for nickels and pennies; they had memories to last them a lifetime. Willard and Bothilda no longer worried about the payment for that year; it was taken care of. But what about next year?

Willard Lauritz and Bothilda Johanna Hansen Frandsen, both children of first settlers in Mt. Pleasant, were grandparents of the author. The story of the piano and the circus—as well as many other stories savored by the author—were told her by her grandmother. Many of these memories were also gleaned from the author's aunt, Talula Frandsen Nelson, of Mt. Pleasant.

Concerning the reference to Bothilda's "tiny feet,"
as an adult she wore a size 3 1/2 shoe.

John Hasler, prominent musician in Mt. Pleasant followed Bothilda's father, James Hansen, from about 1869 on, providing music for all occasions.


Songs of Yesterday...
When You and I Were Young,
Geo. W. Johnson
-70-

SONGS OF YESTERDAY

Music has always been a vital part of our pioneer heritage. Sanpete County has been recognized through the years for its many outstanding musicians and has attained national recognition for musical contributions. Early settlers to these valleys brought with them music they had been taught in their previous homes; also, other songs were learned from time to time. Each family had its own favorite songs: fun songs, story songs, love songs, etc., handed down from generation to generation.

These songs have all become a part of our heritage and have great meaning in our lives. We have included this year, in addition to the winning entries in the writing contest, words of old songs submitted by readers of the Saga. Due to the large number of songs received, we have been unable to print all of them and space does not allow for the printing of the music for the songs. We hope you will enjoy reading these songs and singing them.

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FAR AWAY ON THE HILLS OF OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE

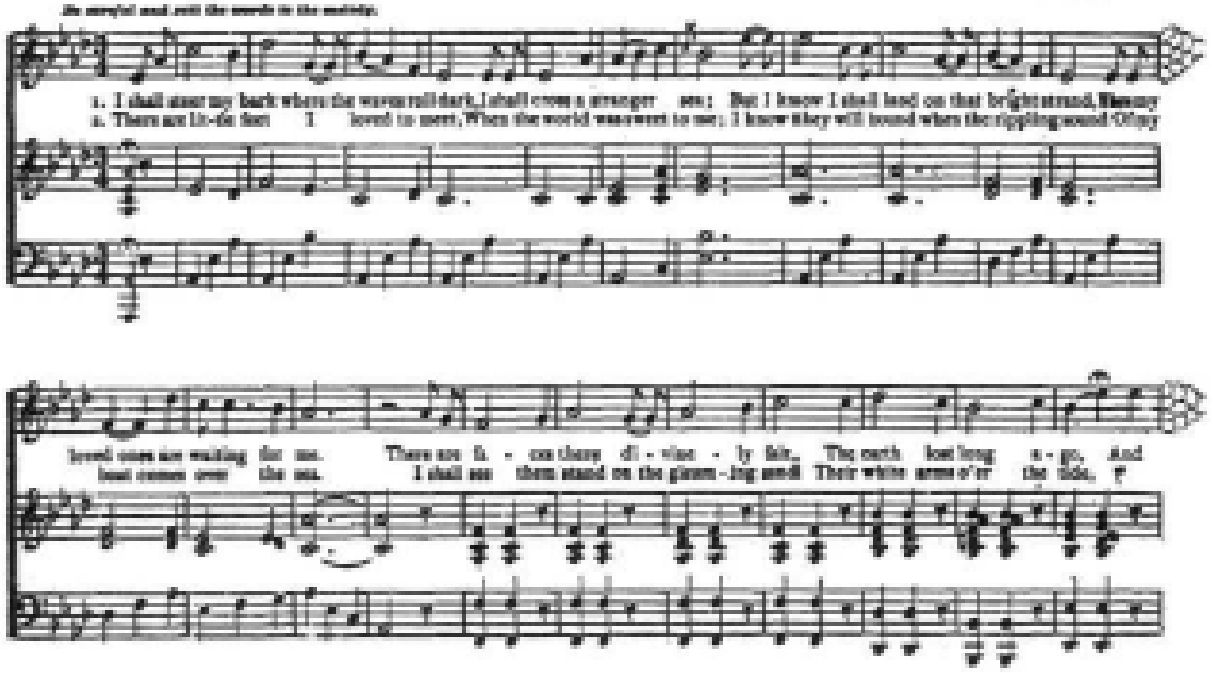
Far away on the hills of old New Hampshire,
Many years ago we parted, Ruth and I.
We parted and I left her broken hearted,
In the old New Hampshire village far away.

She clung to me and trembled while I told her
And pleadingly she begged of me to stay.
Now my heart lies buried with her,
'Neath the willow in the old New Hampshire village far away.

Chorus
Now the sunshine lingers there and the roses bloom so fair
Where together in the wildwood we would roam.
In the village church yard near,
Sleeps the one I love so dear,
On the hills of my old New Hampshire home.

Submitted by Rose McIff, Sterling, Utah.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE BEYOND.



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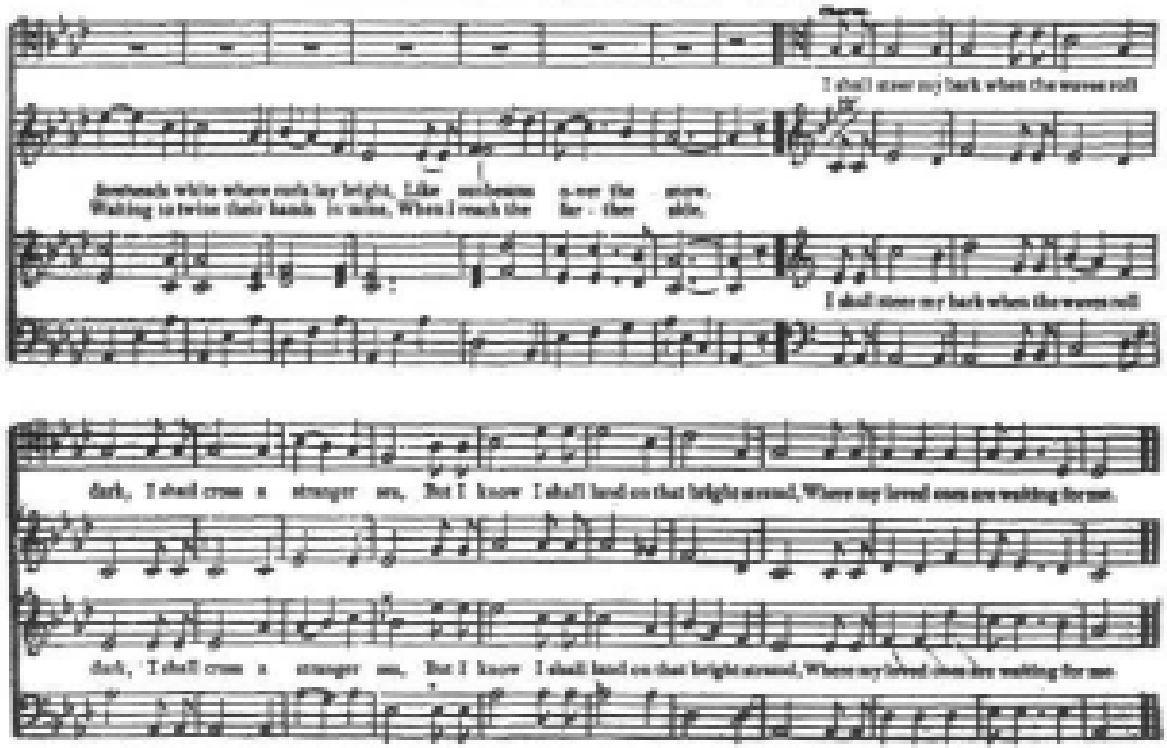
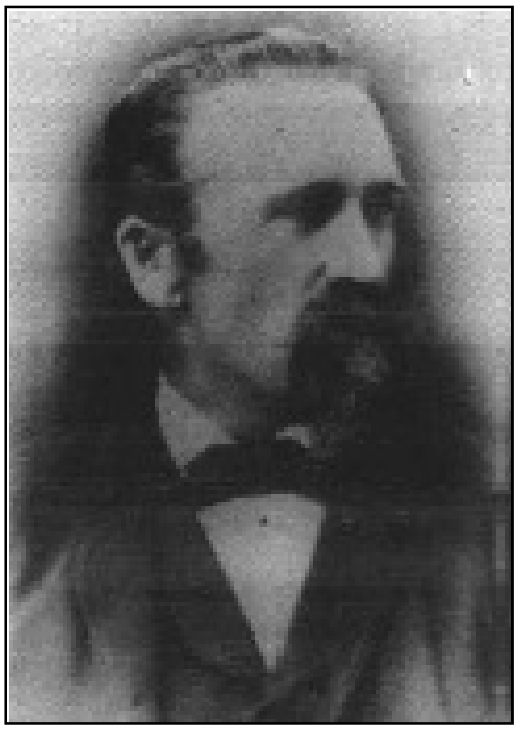




John Hasler (1830 - 1909) of Mt. Pleasant established a boarding school for music students, directed a brass band, let ward choirs for 17 years, taught organ and piano lessons, sold pianos and organs. Photo courtesy Jewel Sorenson.

George Brox was born in Rhineland in 1860. He and his Zither and his "German" band were highlights of music ppreciation in Manti around 1912.
Photo courtesy "The Other 49ers."

W. Henry Terry – A native of Spring City, he was a graduate of Utah State University and Brigham Young University. He attended the New York School of Music and Art. He taught music in North Sanpete High School for many years.

LeRoy J. Robertson, native Ft. Green (1896 - 1979) was internationally known composer, was a Professor of music at BYU and University of Utah. His symphonies, concerts, oratorios were played around the world.
Photo courtesy Wanda Roberto, (sister)

THE CROCODILE

Come all ye landsmen and listen to me, for to tell you a tale I'm bound:
What happened to me by going to sea, and the wonders there I found.
Shipwrecked I once was off Peru, and cast upon the shore;
So I resolved to take a cruise, this country to explore.

And far I had not scuttered out, when close long side the ocean,
I saw something move, which I thought at first, was all the earth in motion.
But when I came up close long side, I found it to be a CROCODILE:
And from his mouth to the tip of his tail, he measured five hundred mile!

This crocodile, I could plainly see, was not of a common race;
For I had to climb a jolly high tree, before I could see his face.
But when he lifted up his jaw, perhaps you may think it's a lie,
It reached above the clouds four score miles, and his nose nearly touched the sky.

When up aloft in a tree so high, it blew a gale from the south;
And I lost my hold and away I flew, BANG INTO THIS CROCODILE'S MOUTH.
He quickly closed his jaws on me, and 'e thought he'd grabbed a victim;
But I popped down his throat, don't you see, and that was the way I tricked him.

I traveled on for a mile or two, till I got into his mow,
And, rump eggs I found not a few, and a thousand bullocks in store,
Of life I gave up every hope, in grub I was not stinted;
And in this crocodile I lived ten years, very contented.

This crocodile, being very old, one day, alas, he died,
He was three years in getting cold, he was so long and wide;
His body was some five miles thick, or somewhere thereabouts,
For I was some six months or more, in cutting my way out.

But now once more I've got on earth, I've resolved no more
to roam;
In a ship that passed, I got a berth, and now I'm safe at
home;
But lest my story you should doubt, should you ever pass
the NILE,
Just where he fell, You'll find the shell
OF THAT WONDERFUL CROCODILE.

Chorus
Ri tit fal diddle all de diddle all de day, Re tit fal
diddle all de day dum. (Repeat)

Submitted by Mrs. Rita Rasmussen, Moroni, Utah,

HERE COMES THE SANDMAN

Here comes the sandman
Stepping so lightly
Tripping along on the tips of his toes
And he scatters the sand
With his own little hand
In the eyes of the sleepy children.

Go to sleep, my children,
Close your sleepy eyes
The lady moon is watching
From out the dark blue skies.
The little stars are peeping
To see if you are sleeping
Go to sleep, my children,
Close your eyes, goodnight.

Submitted by Berniece Keeler, Manti, Utah.

FALLEN LEAF

Far beyond the lonely prairie where the noble forest lies,
Dwelt the fairest Indian maiden ever seen by mortal eyes.
She, whose eyes were like the sunbeams,
Daughter of a warrior chief
Sought to cheer their home in Autumn
And they called her, "Fallen Leaf,"

"Cross that prairie waste there traveled, all alone one
summers day
Came a hunter lone and weary from the long and lonesome way*
Weeks went by but still he lingered.
"Gentle, Fallen Leaf," he cried.
And with looks of love she promised soon to be his woodland
bride.
Then one summer's day he wandered 'cross the prairie waste alone ,
Long she watched and long she waited but his fate was *never* known.
With the summer's leaf she withered. With the autum leaf she died.
And they closed her eyes in slumber by the river's flowing side*

Chorus
Fallen Leaf, the breezes whisper of thy spirit's early flight
And within that lonely wigwam there's a wail of woe tonight.

Submitted by Anna Jensen, Fairview, Utah

MAMMY'S LITTLE ALABAMA COON

Go to sleep my little Pickaninny
Brer Fox will get you if you don't be good.
Slumber on the bosom of your old Mammy Ginny.
Mammy's little Alabama Coon.

A-loo aloo- aloo aloo aloo
Underneath the silver southern moon.
Rock-aby hush-by, Mammy's little Alabama Coon

Submitted by Ruth J. Peterson, Manti, Utah.

THE FOX AND HIS DEN-O

A fox set out on a hungry plight,
And begged the moon to give him light,
For he had many miles to trot that night
Before he could reach his den-o, den-o, den-o.
For he had many miles to trot that night
Before he could reach his den-o.

At last he came to the farmer's yard,
Where the geese and ducks declared "twas very hard
For their nerves to be shaken and their breasts be mur'd
By a visit from Mr. Fox-o, fox-o, fox-o.
That their nerves should be shaken and their breasts be mur'd
By a visit from Mr. fox-o.

He took the gray goose by the neck
And swung her quite across his back.
The black duck dried out, "Quack, quack, quack,"
But the fox was off to his den-o, den-o, den-o.
The black duck cried out, "Quack, quack, quack,"
But the fox was off to his den-o•

Old Mrs. Slipper-Slopper jumped out of bed
And out of the window popped her head,
Crying, "John, John, John," the gray goose is gone,
And the fox is off to his den-o, den-o, den-o.
Crying, "John, John, John," the gray goose is gone,
And the fox is off to his den-o.

John went up to the top of the hill
And blew a blast both loud and shrill.
Said the fox, "That is very pretty music.
But, I'd rather be in my den-o, den-o, den-o."
Said the fox, "That is very pretty music.
But I'd rather be in my den-o."

At last he came to his own nice den
And his fat little foxes; eight, nine, ten
Cried, *"My* good luck, there's a good fat duck
With her legs hanging, dangling down-o, down-o, down-o."
Cried, "My good luck, there's a good fat duck
With her legs hanging, dangling, down-o."

Submitted by Ruth D. Scow, Manti, Utah.

GRANDMOTHER'S OLD EASY CHAIR

The old easy chair by the window does sit,
As it did in the years that have gone,
It looks as it did when together we met
To sing when our labor was done;
"Twas in this old chair that Grandma would rest
At eve, from the toils of the day,
Of all in the house she liked it the best,
'Twas her joy as she grew old and gray.

The floor is all worn where it rocked to and fro,
For 'twas used ev'ry day in the week;
And when grandmother died the old chair seemed to know,
When 'twas used its old rockers would creak;
And not once, since that day when we laid her to rest,
Has it folded a form in its arms;
But it seems to us all the most hallow'd and blest,
Of the homestead and all of its charms.

It was given to her on the day she was wed,
And 'twas always her joy and her pride;
And when to her home as a bride she was led,
The old chair was placed by her side;
But its cushions are faded that once were so bright,
It no longer is strong as that day,
'Twill not stand very long in the old window light
For 'tis steadily passing away.

Chorus
The old easy chair, it stays by us yet,
And it stands in its old corner there,
And dearly we love it, we ne'er can forget
Our grandmother's old easy chair.

Submitted by Cindy Nielson Bartholomew, Gunnison, Utah,

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget,
For the dear little dimpled darling
Has never seen Christmas yet.
But we've told her all about it;
She opened her big blue eyes
As if she understood it,
She looked so cunning and wise.
What a tiny little stocking;
It doesn't take much to hold
Those little pink toes of baby's
Away from the frost and the cold.

I know what we'll do for the baby;
I've thought of the very best plan.
We'll borrow a stocking from Grandma,
The longest that ever we can.

We'll hang it by her dear mother's,
Right here in the corner so,
And write a letter to Santa
And fasten it right to the toe:

"Now here's the baby's stocking
"That hangs in the corner here.
"You never have seen her, Santa,
"For she only arrived this *year.*

"But she's the dearest little baby,
"And now, before you go,
"Please fill it right up with goodies,
"From the top right down to the toe.

Submitted by Mary Louise Seamons, Orem, Utah,

HOME SWEET HOME DOWN ON THE FARM

When the toil of day is over
And the crowds are going home,
Far beyond a distant city
All my thoughts begin to roam.
Back to where the flowers are blooming
And where all is peace and rest,
Back amid the scenes of childhood,
With the ones I loved the best.

1 can hear the church bells ringing,
And the birds sing loud and clear,
By the river I am wandering
Arm-in-arm with Julia dear
Over the hills and through the valleys,
Love has never lost its charm,
Back amid my childhood,
Home sweet home down on the farm.

Chorus
Just a field of new mown hay,
Just a cottage by the way,
Just a mother dear to keep us from all harm,
There's a sweetheart waiting, too,
With a love so fond and true,
Just a dear old-fashioned country
Home, down on the farm.

Submitted by Prele B. Scovil and Vonda Merriam

I WANDERED WITH A FRIEND

I wandered with a friend one day along the country road
And viewed again the scenes I used to know.
As each familiar spot we passed, it called to mind again
The happy days of childhood long ago.

When we passed the school playground I turned to him and said,
"Mow what's become of my old playmate, May?"
In childish glee we oft times vowed when we grew up we'd wed.
I turned to hear my old friend softly say, "Like a star when
it falls from the heavens, she's gone from her friends
and her home.
She's turned from the sun-kissed meadows 'neath the city's
white lights to roam.
If a child she could be at her dear mother's knee, there'd
be rest for her broken heart.

I met the girl I loved in school 'mid scenes of dazzling
light,
There were marks of sorrow on her pretty face.
She said, "I have everything that wealth can ever buy,
But what is wealth when love and hope have fled?"
And even as she spoke these words a star fell from the sky-
I turned to hear my old friend softly say, "Like a star. ..
(Repeat above).

Submitted by Rose McIff, Sterling, Utah.

I WISH I WAS A LITTLE ROCK

I wish I was a little rock
A sittin' on a hill.
Not a doin' anything
But just a sittin' still.

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't even wash!
I'd just sit there a thousand years
And never move—-by gosh!

Submitted by Charles Clark, Spring City, Utah,

THE SAILOR'S SONG

They say that a fellow who follows the sea
Should never have girls on his mind,
For when he goes sailing, there's bound to be wailing
At leaving his sweethearts behind.

Alice is over in Liverpool,
Jenny's in old New York,
Lena is over in Amsterdam,
While Bridget is born in Cork.
Julie is somewhere in gay Paree,
With nothing to do but court,
With Mollys and Pollys and Susys and Dollys,
There's a sweetheart in every port.

Submitted by Vera Wintch, Manti, Utah.

I'LL GET ALONG SOMEHOW

When the moon shines on the valley
It leaves me with a sad and lonely heart.
It was there you made a promise
To be true
You said that we would never part.

But I'll get along somehow,
Now that you have left me all alone.
Remember the moon, dear,
And that I can't forget
You said I could call you my own.

But I'll find another some day
One who will always be a pal.
I feel so blue, dear, when I think of you.
But I'll get along somehow.

Submitted by Lue Mills, Sterling, Utah.

I'LL REMEMBER YOU LOVE IN MY PRAYERS

When the curtains of night are pinned back by the stars.
And the beautiful moon leaps the skies,
And dewdrops of heaven are kissing the rose
It is then that my memory flies,
As if on the wings of some beautiful dove
In haste with the message it bears
To bring you a kiss and affection and say;
I'll remember you, love in my prayers.

I have loved you too fondly to ever forget
The love you have spoken to me;
And the kiss of affection still warm on my lips
When you told me how true you would be.
I know not if fortune be fickle or friend,
Or if time on your memory wears;
I know that I love you wherever you roam,
And remember you, love in my prayers.

When the angels of heaven are guarding the good,
As God has ordained them to do,
In answer to prayers I have offered to Him,
I know there's one watching you
And may its bright spirit be with you through life
To guide you up heaven's bright stairs,
And meet with the one who has saved you so true
And remembered you, love in her prayers.

Chorus
Go where you will, on land or on sea,
I'll share all your sorrows and cares;
And at night, when I kneel by my bedside to pray,
I'll remember you, love in my prayers.

Submitted by Anna Jensen, Fairview, Utah,

I'VE GROWN SO USED TO YOU

On an old-fashioned homestead
Sat a couple old and gray.
They were on their way to
Three score years and ten.

With the light of love still burning
In the same old lover's way.
Unto his wife these words I heard him say-

When your eyes so bright have lost their light-
Your voice so dear no longer here,
When you're called home and I'm alone
I won't know what to do.
If the Master knew how I'd miss you
I wonder if he'd call me, too.
Tw'd break my heart if we should part,
For I've grown so used to you.

Submitted by Talula Nelson, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

THE LETTER EDGED IN BLACK

I was standing by my window yester' morning
Without a thought of worry or of care;
When I saw the postman coming up the pathway
With such a happy face and joyful air.
He rang the bell and whistled as he waited,
And then he said, "Good morning to you, Jack.
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me
As he handed me that letter edged in black.

With trembling hands *I* took the letter from him.
I broke the seal and this is what I read,
"Come home, my boy, your dear old father wants you,
Come home, my boy, your dear old mother's dead.
The last word that your mother ever uttered was
'Tell my boy I want him to come back.'
Hay the angels bear me witness, I am asking
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in black.

Submitted By Anna Jensen of Fairview, Utah.

OH I HAD SUCH A PRETTY DREAM MAMMA

Oh I had such a pretty dream Mamma
Such pleasant and beautiful things,
Of dear little nest in meadows of rest,
Where the birdie's her lullaby sings,
(Repeat last two lines)

A dear little stream full of lilies
Crept over the green mossy stones,
And just where I lay, its thin sparkling spray.
Sang sweetly in delicate tones,
(Repeat last two lines)

I saw there a beautiful angel,
With crown all bespangled with dew.
She touched me and spoke, and I quickly awoke,
And found there dear Mamma was you.

Submitted by Opal Frandsen, Mt. Pleasant, Utah .

THE OLD APPLE TREE

The old apple tree in the orchard, lives in my memory.
It reminds me of my pappy.
He was handsome, young and happy, when he planted the old
apple tree.
Then one day, pappy took widow Norton out on a jamboree
And when he took her back at sun up, Brother Norton
raised his gun up in the tree.
When the neighbors came after Pappy, up in the tree was he.
They took a rope and strung him by the neck
And they hung him, to a limb of the old apple tree.
Oh, they buried him out in the orchard, out of his misery.
They put the apples in a basket, chopped the tree down for
a casket
And my poor pappy's gone with the tree-Say goodbye-say goodbye.
Say goodbye to the old apple tree.
If my pappy had of known it, he'd be sorry that he growed it,
'Cause he died on the old apple tree.

Submitted by Donna Peterson, Sterling, Utah.

WHERE THE SUNSET TURNS THE OCEAN'S BLUE TO GOLD

When the busy day is o'er
And the sun is sinking lower
Then I seem to see a dear old southern home.
And the years roll away
I'm a child again at play
With my playmates in the woods we used to roam*
And at eve my Mother's there

Listens to me say my pray'r
And I feel her kiss as in days of old.
But now Mother's old and gray
Waiting for me far away
Where the sunset turns the ocean's blue to gold.

Chorus
Oh! the old church bells are ringing
And the mocking birds are singing
As they sang around the place in days of old.

And though I am far away
All my heart has been today
Where the sunset turns the ocean's blue to gold.

Submitted by Katherine Jacobsen

A WINTER'S NIGHT

As the snow was falling, falling.
On a bitter winter's night,
I and little Mary watched it,
Wrapping all the world in white.
Came a little robin red-breast,
Hungry, shivering and in pain.
We fed and wanned the little stranger,
And he paid us with a song.
Robin learned to love *my* Mary,

Mary loved him back again,
And at night we'd hear him tapping,
Tapping on the window pane.
Mary died and left me lonely,
And they laid her 'neath the clay,
And the snow that falls upon her,
Mourning melts itself away.
Robin went and lay beside her,
Sang his most aspiring strain,
And at night I hear him tapping,
Sadly tapping on the pane.

Submitted by Lillie Thomas, Sterling, Utah.

MY PRETTY QUADROON

Oh I'll ne'er forget when I met
Sweet Cora My Pretty Quadroon,
I see her dear eyes shining yet,
As we vowed to be true 'neath the moon,
Her form was exceedingly fair
And her cheeks like the wild-rose in June
And the ring-lets of dark glossy hair
Were the curls of my pretty Quadroon.

So happy were we for awhile
Like two love birds we dwelt 'mid the bow'rs,
And the sweetness of Cora's bright smile,
Seem'd to rival the blush of the flow'rs.
But happiness fades like the rose,
And before the next full of the moon,
The grim reaper knocked on our door,
And took Cora, my pretty quadroon.

Farewell to Kentucky's green shade,
Farewell to the green clover fields,
Where Cora and I often strayed,
My sorrow will soon be forgot,
And my heart will find rest in the tomb,
But my spirit will fly to the spot,
And watch o'er my Pretty Quadroon.

Chorus
Oh my pretty Quadroon
My flower that faded too soon
My heart's like the strings on my banjo
All broke for my pretty Quadroon
My heart's like the strings on my banjo
All broke for my pretty quadroon.

Submitted by Vida Reese Sorensen, Spring City, Utah,

SALVATION FULL AND FREE

(Sung at the dedication of the Manti Temple)
by
Lula Greene Richards & Thomas Durham

0, our fathers long departed
From your homes upon this earth!
Sons and daughters now are seeking
Name and date and place of birth
Yes, the spirit of Elijah
In your hearts and ours hath burned!
Hearts of fathers and of children
To each other have been turned.

Let the intent grow more fervent,
And this work of love increase
Till each spirit now imprisoned
Through redemption gains release.
Till each link shall be established
As the records are revealed
And all faithful souls repentant
Shall have been baptized and sealed*

Till our gracious Father Adam
And our fearless Mother Eve
With glad song of full salvation
Their true children shall receive.
While each one now humbly serving
Wins a glorious place and name
As the fathers and the mothers
Shall their sons and daughters claim.

Father, God, and Christ our Savior
Haste the time that Saints may stand
Mortal, still be pure communion
With their friends of Spirit land
And the glory of the Highest
May we be prepared to see
And to render praise in anthems
Of salvation full and free.

Submitted by Winona A. Zwalen

LOVE IS CALLING

When the world seems dark and drear
Shades of evening hovering near
When sunshine kisses the morning dew
I am always thinking of you

Love lies resting in my heart
Awakened by your sweet thought
Never dreaming I never knew
Love was hidden there for you

Fold me gently into your arms
Your heart-beat radiate sweet charms
Gall me dear and smooth my brow
Love is calling, calling now

A tower of strength within your soul
A beautiful story you did unfold
Painting a picture of a happy life
When love will reign above all strife

Your soul reveals a love devine
Pouring forth a musical rhyme
In the distance your voice I hear
Love is calling come ray dear

Submitted by Julia Thorpe, Axtell, Utah,

THE LITTLE LOST CHILD

A passing policeman found a little child,
She walked beside him dried her tears and smiled.
Said he to her kindly, "Now you must not cry,
I will find your name for you by and by."
At the station when he asked her for her name,
And she answered "Jennie," it made him exclaim:
"At last of your mother I have now a trace:
Your little features bring back her sweet face."

"Twas all through a quarrel, madly jealous she,
Vowed then to leave me, womanlike, you see.
Oh, how I loved her, grief near drove me wild."
"Papa, you are crying," lisped the little child.
Suddenly the door of the station opened wide.

"Have you seen my darling?" an anxious mother cried.
Husband and wife then meeting face to face:
All is soon forgiven, in one fond embrace.

Chorus
Do not fear my little darling,
And I will take you right home.
Come and sit down close beside me.
No more from me you shall roam.
For you were a babe in arms.
When your mother left me one day.
Left me at home, deserted, alone,
And took you my child away."

Submitted by Davida Smith

OLIE OLSEN

It's Olie they all call me Olie
And I just came from Norway,
I arrived in New York and I finds me no work,
So I thinks I'll go west right away.
I buys me a ticket Saint Paulie,
And I gets on a very fine car,
The conductor comes round and said Olie,
You must get on the immigrant car.

I gets off the train at Saint Paulie
And I had but one fifty cents,
I buys me a quart alcoholie
And on a big jagger I gets.
When a man in blue coat and brass buttons
Said Olie come go long with me,
Well he kicked and he pushed and he cuffed me
And he locked me up with a big key.

Next morning they took me to the court house
And they stood me before Judge Green,
Those fellers all whispered together
And I was made acquainted with him.
This is Olie the hobo from Norway
They will feed you on salt fish they say,
Well they gave me ten days on the rock pile
And I thinks I'll remember that day.

Chorus
Then it's Olie they all call me Olie
And I don't see how they find out my name,
For I never tell any of those fellers
But it's Olie just the same.

Submitted by Margaret Riley

OH STOP AND TELL ME REDMAN

Oh stop and tell me Redman
Who are you, why you roam
And how you get your living
Have you no God, no home?
Mid stature straight and portly
And decked in native pride,
Mid feathers, paint, and brooches
He willingly replied,

"I once was pleasant Ephraim,
Who Jacob for me prayed
But, oh, how blessings vanished
When man from God had strayed.
Before your nation knew us,
Some thousand moons ago,
Our fathers fell in darkness
And wandered to and fro.

And since have lived by hunting
Instead of work and arts
Until our race has dwindled
To idle Indian hearts.
Yet hope within us lingers
As if the spirit spoke
He'll come for your redemption
And break your gentile yokes.

And all our captive brothers
From every clime will come
And quit their savage customs
To live with God at home.
And joy will fill our bosoms
And blessings crown our days
We'll live in pure religion
And sing our Maker's praise."

Submitted by Jeannie Slaugh, Spring City, Utah.

ROUND GOES THE WHEEL

I'm going to sing a noble strain
And you a history give,
To teach you all from infancy
The way we all should live,
First a child should understand
Old Father Time to steal,
So swiftly on, not stopping
Our life will turn the wheel.

When I was a lad the age of ten
I often played the wag,
And many a threshing now and then
On my back and shoulders had.
My master said, "You naughty boy
I'll quickly make you feel
How can you thus your time destroy
My cane shall turn the wheel."

When I was in love not long ago
I never shall forget it
The lessons I have taught and seen
I ought not to regret it.
When I ask her if she'd marry
And our love to family seal
"Of cash you've not enough," said she
"For money turns the wheel."

Now when you're married you will find
The truth of what I say.
You'll find your wife will speak her mind.
And will have her own way.
Should you come home late at night
And into bed steadily reel
Why, then, of course, I need not state
The tongue will turn the wheel.

Now make the most of every hour
And every minute small
The present is within your heart.
The past beyond recall.
So in the future every day
Old age will on us steal.
So let's be gay, for who can say
When time will stop the wheel.

Chorus
Round, round, round, round goes the wheel.
Click, clack, click, clack* Life is but a reel,
In joy or in sorrow,
In peace or in strife,
Round, round, and round goes the wheel of life

Submitted by Reba B. Alder, Manti, Utah.

SOMEBODY'S WAITING FOR ME

It was in a concert garden and the fun was at its height.
All was joyful and the drinks began to flow.
From a table in a corner a young man slowly rose
And he said, "It's growing late boys. I must go."

Oh, you have a sweetheart somewhere, one of them joyful said
"Is she handsome, Jack, Pray introduce us, too."
"If you'll follow me," he answered. "I will show her to you
boys,
She's the only sweetheart that I ever knew."
Then he lead them to a cottage, pointed through the
windowpane,
Where a gray-haired woman sat with bowed head,
"She's my mother, she's my sweetheart, she's the one I
meant tonight,
So you see I told the truth boys, when I said,

Chorus
Somebody's heart is sad,
Waiting so anxiously.
There's a light shining bright,
From the window tonight
For there's somebody waiting for me.

Submitted by Lafe and Dorthella Ludvigson, Sterling, Utah.

TRAMP IN THE RAIN

Oh, the night, it was dark and stormy
When along came a tramp in the rain.
He was making his way to some station
To catch a long distant train.

"May I sleep in your barn tonight, Mister?
For it's cold and wet on the ground,
And the cold north wind whistles around me,
And I have no place to lie down."

I have no tobacco nor matches,
So I'm sure I can do you no harm.
I will tell you my story, kind Mister,
For it runs through my mind like a charm.

It was two years ago last summer.
I shall never forget that sad day,
When a stranger came out of the city,
And said that he wanted to stay.

That night as I came from my workshop,
I was whistling and singing with joy.
Expecting a kind-hearted welcome
From my dear loving wife and my boy.

But instead I found there a letter.
It was placed in my room on the stand.
And the moment my eyes fell upon it,
I picked it right up in my hand.

Now this note said my wife and the stranger
They had gone and had taken my son.
How I wonder if God up in Heaven,
Really knows what that stranger has done.

Submitted by Ona Anderson, Wales, Utah,

TWO BABES IN THE WOODS

Oh, say do you know that a long time ago
There were two little babes their names I don't know
Were stolen away, on a bright summer day
And left in the woods, I have heard people say.

And when it was night, so sad was their plight
The moon went down and the stars gave no light
They wept and they sighed, they bitterly cried,
Poor babes in the wood, they lay down and died.

And when they were dead, the robins so red
Carried strawberry leaves and over them spread
And sang them a song, the whole day long
Poor babes in the woods, poor babes in the woods.

Submitted by Phyllis Riley, Mt* Pleasant, Utah, and Thora Madsen, Manti, Utah.

Elementary School Building built in 1908. Constructed of yellow brick three-story building at First East and First South in Ephraim. It was demolished in 1964.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE

An old man gazed on a photograph
In a locket he'd worn for years.
His nephew then asked him the reason why
That picture had caused him tears.
Come listen, my lad, and I'll tell to you
A story that's strange but true,
Your father and I at school one day
Met two little girls in blue.

One little girl in blue
Won your father's heart,
Became your mother, I married the other,
But we have drifted apart.
That picture was one of those girls I said,
And to me she was once a wife
I thought her unfaithful,
We quarreled, lad, and parted that night for life
A fancy of jealousy wronged a heart,
A heart that was good and true
For two little girls never lived better than they,
Those two little girls in blue.

Chorus
Two little girls in blue, lad,
Two little girls in blue,
They were sisters and we were brothers,
We learned to love the two.

Submitted by Dorothy Blackham, Moroni, Utah.

TWO LITTLE BOYS

Two little boys had two little toys,
Each had a wooden horse,
Gaily they played each summer day,
Warriors both of course,
Then one little chap had a mishap,
Broke off his horse's head,
Wept for his toy, then cried for joy,
When his little comrade said,
"Did you think I would leave you crying,
When there's room on my horse for two,
Climb up, Jack, we'll soon be flying,
To the ranks of the boys in blue.
When we grow up we'll both be soldiers,
And our horses will not be toys,
And it may be that we'll remember,
When we were two little boys."

Long years have passed, the war came at last,
Boldly they marched away,
Cannons roared loud, 'mid the great crowd,
Wounded and dying Jack lay,
Then out came a cry, a horse dashes by,

Out from the ranks of blue,
Galloped away, to where Jack lay,
And a voice rang clear and true,
"Did you think I would leave you dying,
When there's room on my horse for two,
Climb up, Jack, and we'll be flying,
To the ranks of the boys in blue.
Oh, I say, Jack, you're all a tremble,
Well perhaps it's the cannon's noise.
But I wonder if you remember,
When we were two little boys?"

Submitted by Kenna A. Rasmussen and Hazel A. Bailey, Fountain Green, Utah*

WHICH ONE TO KEEP

There were two little kittens, a black and a gray,
And Grandma said with a frown.
It would never well do to keep them both.
The black one we'd better drown.

Don't cry my dear tiny Bess,
One kitten is enough to keep.
Now run to nurse, it's growing late,
And it's time you were asleep.

The morning dawned rosy and sweet.
Little Bess came from her bed,
The nurse said, "Go to Mommie's room,
And look in Grandma's lap."

"Gome here," said Grandma with a smile,
From the rocking chair where she sat,
"God has sent you two little sisters,
Now what do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment
With their locks of yellow and brown,
"Grandma," she slowly said,
"Which one are you going to drown?"

Submitted by Mildred B. Sorenson, Manti, Utah.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Elayne Thomson Anderson was born in Ephraim, Utah, a daughter of T. L. and Esther Lund Thomson. She was President of Snow College Student Body as she graduated from there. She received her BA from BYU* She has had her writings published in the Improvement Era and in anthologies. She and her husband, Rex Anderson, are parents of four children.

Wilbur T. Braithwaite is a native of Manti, Utah, and is the basketball coach at Manti High School. He received his degrees at Utah State University and at the University of Michigan* He is a very versatile person with abilities in writing, music, and sports, as well as human relationships. He and his wife, Jane, are parents of five children and two grandchildren.

Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan was born in Canada. Her parents, H. C. and Alberta L. Jacobs, moved to Mt. Pleasant, Utah, when she was three years old, where she spent her happy, growing up years. She graduated from the B.Y.U. and taught in Spring City and Richfield. She married Robert D. Buchanan of Richfield, who is now deceased. She has two daughters, six grandchildren, one great-grandchild.

Lillian Hansen Armstrong Fox was born in Manti, her father a native pioneer and her mother from Denmark. She attended local and state schools and received a Master Degree from B.Y.U. She taught school for 34 years. She married Ned Armstrong and he died in 1960. They had four children and 17 grandchildren. Later she married Cleon Fox. She has been chairman of the Saga 1977-81.

Conrad Frischknecht was born in Manti of Swiss parents and has lived most of his life in Sanpete County. Upon retirement from ranching at age 78, and after the death of his wife, he resided in Salt Lake City for ten years. He is currently living with his daughter in Tacoma, Washington.

Halbert S. Greaves was born in Ephraim, 1907. He is a graduate of Ephraim High School, the Univ. of Utah, Northwestern University, and the University of Wisconsin where he earned his Ph.D. He has taught in Utah high schools for four years, at Utah State University for six years, and at the University of Utah for twenty-nine years. He retired in 1975. Mr. Greaves is also a retired U. S. Navy officer. James L. Jacobs lived in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, from 1908 to 1932. He is a graduate of Utah State Univ. where he received a Distinguished Service Award in 1959. He has been an officer of the U.S. Forest Service for 40 years.

David Mackey was born and raised in Sanpete County, He has lived most of his life in Manti, Utah. He is presently attending Snow College in Ephraim, Utah David is the son of Glen and Caraleen Mackey.

Eleanor P. Madsen was born in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, and attended school there, as well as at Snow College. She is currently a news correspondent for the Ephraim-Enterprise and has been co-editor for Ephraim's history, The Golden Quarter.

Dewey S. Olsen was born in Manti, Utah, Dec. 30, 1897 to James R. and Mary Goldie Stringfaam Olsen. He is a graduate of Manti High (1916), and married to Louise Kunzler (1923). They are currently living in Preston, Idaho.

Martha Rae Olsen is a daughter of Vern and Nell Olsen of Ephraim. She is a graduate of Snow College and Utah State Univ. in the field of Education. She is presently living in Ephraim.

Marjorie Madsen Riley is a native of Mt. Pleasant and a graduate of North Sanpete High and Snow College. She earned her BA from the Univ. of Utah and her Master's degree from the Univ. of Denver. She served as librarian in the Salt Lake City schools for 30 years.

Yulene A. Rushton was born in Fountain Green in 1937 and resided there until the age of four. She has spent many summers with her grandparents, Joseph and Katie Anderson. She has four children and eleven grandchildren. She has published in the "Ensign" and in national publications.

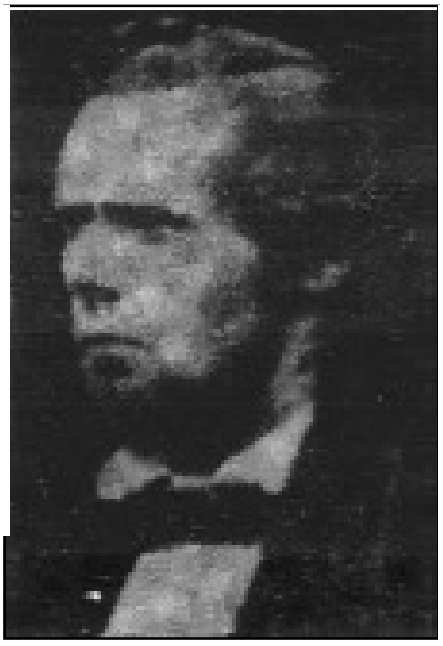
Ruth D. Scow, a Manti native is one of the most knowledgeable persons in the area on pioneer history. She was a coeditor for Sanpete County's history, The Other 49'rs. She was chairman for the Saga 1974-76. She graduated from Snow College and Utah State Univ. with a BA degree. She has been Librarian/Media Coordinator of Manti Elementary and Manti High.

Mary Louise Seamons was born and raised in Mt. Pleasant, a daughter of Louise P. (Madsen) Seely and the late Willis Madsen. All of her great-grandparents were first settlers in Mt. Pleasant in 1859.

Elizabeth Jacobsen Story was born June 11, 1916 in Mt. Pleasant, Utah. Her father was Clair Jacobsen. She is married to Worth Story. She is currently living in Cheyenne, Wy. Norma Smith Wanlass is a graduate of Manti High and has affiliated with B.Y.U. through extension classes. She has been a consistent contributor and First Place winner in the Saga. She and her husband, Jackson, are parents of two children and have seven grandchildren.

Blaine and Brenton Yorgason. well-known for their numerous books, were born in Fountain Green, Utah..Both are graduates of B.Y.U. and are employed by the Church Educational System. Both live with their families in Orem, Utah.

A.C. Smyth (1840-1909) - Director, Manti Tabernacle choir for 15 years. He taught at London conservatory of music. His compositions won international competition and were widely published in England.
Photo courtesy - Harry A. Dean



William Fowler, (1830) - 1865) - Author of "We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet" was a self educated man. He played the violin, sang, taught and composed music. He was bom in Australia in 1830, buried in Manti 1865.
Courtesy - Song of a Century

RULES FOR THE 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 either Professional or Non-Professional Divisions. Each entry must state clearly the division in which it is to be entered. Each division will be judged in five categories: Anecdotes or Incidents, Poetry, Short Story, Historical Essay, and Personal Recollection.

3. Prizes will be awarded as follows: Cash prize of ten dollars for 1st place, and complimentary books for other prizes.

4. All entries must be based on actual events, existing legends or traditions in Sanpete County during the years 1849 to 1950 and must be consistent with life in that period of time.

5. All entries must be the original work of the contestant, in keeping with good literary standards and must be authentic and fully documented.

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.

8. An author's biography of not more than three sentences or less will be required for the publication, and should be submitted along with the entry.

9. 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 8½ x 11 inch sheet bearing name and address of author, title, first line of entry and the division in which it is to be entered.

10. Manuscripts must be typewritten and double spaced and the number of words or lines written on the first page of the entry.

11. All entrants, 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.

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, 1985. Entries not accompanied with a stamped, self-addressed envelope will not be returned.

14. All entries must be addressed to Sanpete Historical Writing Contest, Eleanor Madsen, Script Chairman, 295 East 1st North - Box 87-5, Ephraim, Utah, 84627.

15. Winners will be announced at a special awards night that will be held for that purpose. This is usually the Thursday night of the Sanpete County Fair Week.

16. In evaluating the writing, the following criteria will be considered:

Poetry - Length must not exceed 32 lines
1. Message or theme
2. Form and pattern
3. Accomplishment of purpose
4. Climax

Historical Essay and Personal Recollection - Length must not exceed 1500 words
1. Adherence to theme
2. Writing style (interesting reading)
3. Accomplishment of purpose
4. Accuracy of information
5. Documentation

Anecdote - Length must not exceed 300 words
1. Accuracy of information
2. Clarity of presentation
3. Writing style

4. Documentation

Short Story - Length must not exceed 3000 words

1. Adherence to theme
2. Writing style
3. Characterization
4. Well-defined plot
5. Documentation

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

Entrants are requested to give their complete addresses so that writers may communicate with each other more readily.

LaVar Jenson. native of Ephraim, studied and concertized from Kentucky and Michigan to San Francisco. He taught piano in New York for 28 years. He is "resident piano artist" on special emeritus status on the Snow College faculty of applied music. .

Photo courtesy "The Golden Quartet'

Harry A. Dean, Professor Emeritus Snow College Music Department, Director Manti Utah Stake Choir, composer and translator of LDS Hymns and historian.

Photo courtesy "The Golden Quarter" Ephraim History.

TUESDAY, NOV. 8 1927

Manti Theater

MANTI, UTAH

GUNNISON LIONS

"FOLLIES"

"IN COMEDY WEDDING REVUE"

ALL MALE CAST

"SEE THEM STRUT THEIR STUFF"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PART I

BALLET DANCERS—I. L. Henrie, Elmer Nielsen, Dr. S. S. Kuns, Grant Chidester

CHORUS GIRLS—Kenneth Peterson, Gail Jensen, Uhlan Swalberg, Max Edwards, Robert Gledhill, Dwain Anderson.

Flappers of 1776 .... G. E. Anderson and Bert Madsen
Miss Utah .... L. G. Rosenvall
Miss Atlantic City .... Clayton Watts
Miss Palm Beach .... A. M. Peterson
Miss Los Angeles .... Fred H. Jones
Flappers of 1927 .... [illegible] Williamson, Henry Kunz, Anton Willard
Spanish Dancer .... LeRoy Whitehead

PART II

Father .... J. M. Knighton
Mother .... L. D. Bardsley
Butler .... Ira Overfelt
Caterist .... J. C. Peterson
Old Maid Aunt .... O. L. Malmgren
Charlie Chaplin ...... W. B. Childs
Twin Sisters ...... E. L. Swalberg and Byard Taft.
Negro Nurse ...... George Francis
Baby Sister .... C. R. Bekley
Two Black Crows ....
..Lloyd Olsen and Rulon Mansfield
Aunt Belle ...... Adolph Peterson
Uncle Henry .... Chas Ferre
Jeremiah .... Niel Sorensen
Grandfather ... Finlay Christiansen
Grandmother .... L. N. Gledhill
Madam Schuman Heink ....
.. Keith Thronson (Mt. Pleasant)
Mary Pickford .. Kenneth Peterson
Naughty Boys ....
..Howard Childs and Loren Lund
Tom Mix .... Byard B. Taft
Henry Ford ....
.... Andrew Nielsen

Mrs. Ford .... S. E. Duggin
Irene Castle .... Bert Madsen
Col. Lindbergh ...... L. H. Johnson
General Pershing, D. H. Whittenberg
Pola Negri .... Clinton Lundeberg
Geraldine Farrar ....
.... George Squire (Mt. Pleasant)
Specialty .... Harold Bradley
President Coolidge ....
Mrs. Coolidge ..Hyrum Christiansen
John McCormack ....
Ernest G. Branger (Mt. Pleasant)

BRIDAL PARTY

Bishop .... Royal D. Madsen
Groomsmen ...... D. H. Wittenberg
.... and L. H. Johnson
Bridesmaids ....
.... Grant Chidester, Gail Jensen
Flower Girls ....
...... Elmer Nielsen, I. L. Henrie
Ring Bearer .... Dr. S. S. Kuns
Bride .... A. M. Peterson
Groom .... GUESS WHO ? ?
Train Bearer ...... Uhlan Swalberg

Pianists—Misses Edna Sorensen and Alda Metcalf
Directress—RUBY B. ALLEN

Presented by MYRTLE M. [illegible]CULAW PRODUCING COMPANY
Headquarters, Greeley, Colorado.

Sponsored by —————LIONS CLUB————— Gunnison, Utah

RESERVED SEATS .... [illegible]

GUNNISON LIONS FOLLIES 1927 - Front row seated: L to R - Jack Metcalf, Ernest Swalberg, Gus Gledhill, Max Edwards, Dwane Anderson, Gail Jensen, Ulaw Swalberg, Grand Chidester, Glen Blusew, I.L. Henrie, Elmer Nielsen, Ben Childs, Dr. S.S. Kunz, Clint Edwards, Kenneth Peterson. 2nd Row - L to R - Leo Gledhill, Parley Christiansen, Julius Duggins, Dr. J.A. Hagan, Leno Rosenvall, Leslie Kidman, Aymer Peterson, Fred Hones, John M. Knighton, Hyram Christiansen, H.W. Cherry, LeRoy Whithead. 3rd Row: L to R - Floyd Beck, J. Clayton Watts, Fletcher Peterson, O.L. Malmgren, Chas. E. Embley, George Frances, C.E. Anderson, Henrie Keams, Terry Villard, Darwin Anderson, J.C. Peterson, Andrew Modeen, Orville Hansen, Delora Sorenson, Alda Metcalf Peterson, Clinton Lundeberg, Bert Madsen.
Back Row: L to R - Howard Childs, Don Lund, Mathew Mansfield, Lloyd Orson, Royal D. Madsen, Ira Overfeld, D.H. Whittenburg, Lynn Johnson, Charles E. Ferre, Neil Sorenson, Adolph Peterson, Byard Tuft.

Photo courtesy Gladys Allred

MARSHALL BAND OF MORONI - The first band in Sanpete County. 1st Row: George Simpson, Ames Bradley, Thomas Morley, Henry Jolley. 2nd Row: Moroni Bradley, Peter Anderson, Mills, Joehl Childs, William Syme.

Photo courtesy "These Our Fathers"

Sadie Thomas pictured with the first organ in Wales. She was 85 years old in August 1975. The organ was made in Salt Lake City.

Photo courtesy Ruth Scow

Mozart Larsen and a violin of his father's, Rasmus Peter Larsen, Moroni, who made over 100 violins of native Sanpete wood. One of his violins was played in the Lawrence Welk orchestra.

Photo courtesy Ruth Scow

THE ORIGINAL FOOTWARMERS - Sterling Poulsen, Phil Nielsen, Henry Sorensen, Lee Curlew, Evan Christensen.

Photo courtesy Mazie Willardsen

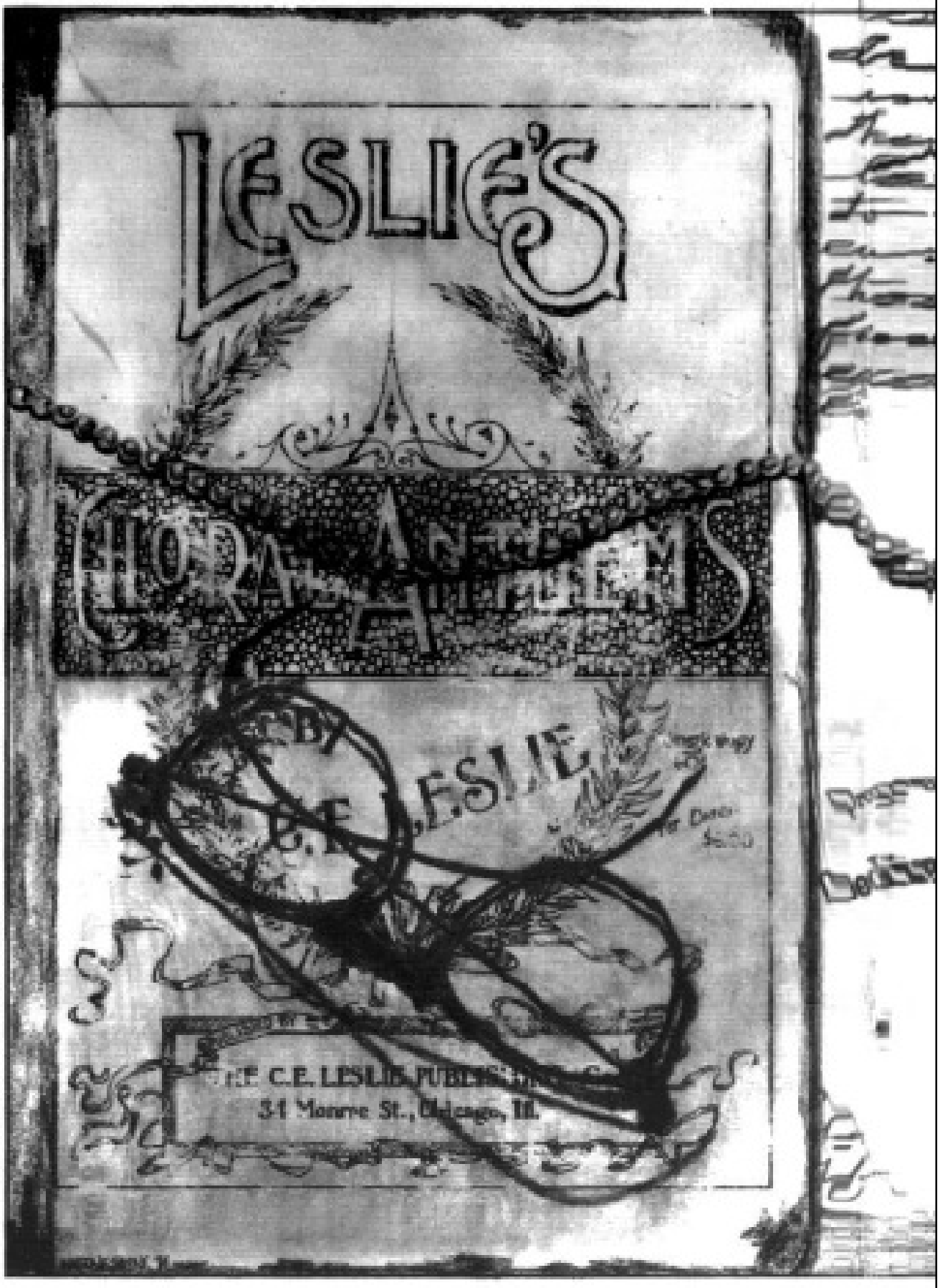
GUNNISON VALLEY COMMUNITY ORCHESTRA

Photo courtesy LaMar Larson

GUNNISON STAKE CHOIR 1949 - Back Row - Bonnie Mellor, Alice Hansen, Berdella Whitlock, Wilma Despain, Twyla Jensen, Nancy Jensen, Johanna Peterson, Celia Bartholomew, Gilbert Fjeldsted, Merrill Whitlock, Marvin Fjeldsted, William Riggs, Milton Bartholomew.
Middle Row - Rebecca Anderson, Mrs. Delmar Higham, Jean Fjeldsted, Gladys Nielson, Unita Last, Verdis Whitlock, Ruby Fjeldsted, LaVeryl Larsen, Elvera Demill, Lester Hansen, Bill Butler, Delmar Higham.
Front Row: LaVona Smith, June Lovell, Caroline Willardsen, Merle Hansen, Veda Winn, Verda Johnson, Kate Willardsen, Deon Peterson, Lawrence Jensen, Frank Bradley, Keller Christensen.

Photo courtesy LaMar Larson

CENTERFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
Photo courtesy LaMar Larson


LESLIE'S
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C.E. LESLIE
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