

SAGA  
of the  
SANPITCH

VOLUME  
17  
1985

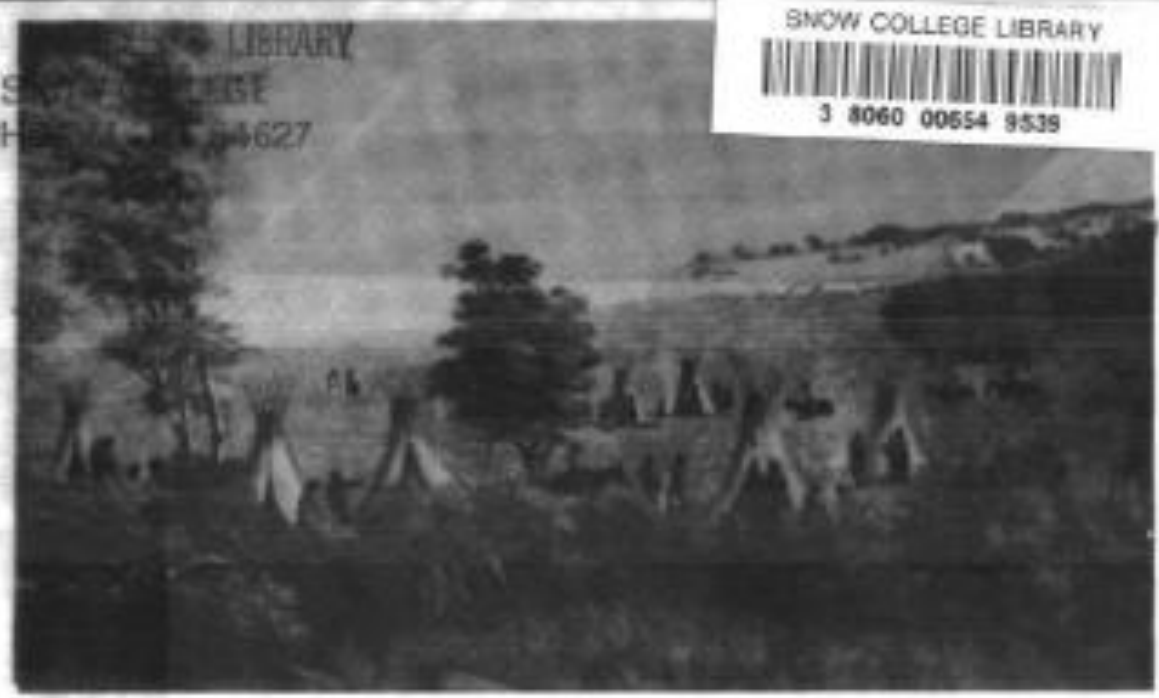


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### SAGA OF SANPITCH

A massive hill of stone, a valley carpeted with sagebrush and dotted with scrub cedars, a colony of Indian tipis clustered close together . . . this was the quiet scene in Sanpete Valley before the coming of the Mormon pioneers. Campfire smoke curled skyward, while Indians deftly stalked their prey, and mountain streams reluctantly yielded fish for food. So it was, and so it had been for decades and centuries.

Then, in 1849, a band of pioneers, led by Isaac Morley, made its way to this valley, now browned by November's frost, with winter imminent and sure. Cradled by mountains, the valley was punctuated with a projecting stone mound toward which the caravan made its way, for Brigham Young had said that this was to be their destination.

These valiant seekers had been part of the great westward movement in America, and they were now set upon the colonization of this appointed place. Though few in number, they undertook the grim task of pioneering a harsh, strange land; theirs was to be a constant struggle against drought, grasshoppers, poverty, and sickness. It was under the protection of what is now called Temple Hill, the settlers sought refuge from the relentless onslaught of that first bitter winter, huddled in caves beneath stone ledges. But driven by the devotion they shared and the common cause that bound them together, they proceeded to establish a settlement, and very early began thinking about building a temple.

In August of the following year, President Brigham Young, while on his first visit to the settlers in Sanpete Valley, pointed to the stone hill and prophesied that one day a temple should stand upon it. His companion, Heber C. Kimball, further testified that this temple should be built of stone quarried from the very heart of the hill.

Twenty-seven years passed; the colony grew. On the morning of April 25, 1877, President Brigham Young said to Warren S. Snow as they stood on the Manti Temple site, "Here is the spot where the prophet Moroni stood and dedicated this piece of land for a temple site, and that is the reasons why the location is made here, and we can't move it from this spot . . . at high noon today we will dedicate this ground."

Courtesy Mormon Miracle Pageant Program — 1984

**SAGA OF THE SANPITCH**

**VOLUMN XVII**

**CONTAINING**

**WINNING ENTRIES**

**FO THE**

**SANPETE HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST – 1985**

**ALSO**

**A HISTORY OF THE MANTI TEMPLE**

**AND**

**PICTURES OF THE TEMPLE**

Sponsored by

Sanpete Historical Writing Committee

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by

Eleanor P. Madsen

Chairman

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Committee



PREFACE

Volume XVII of the Saga of the Sanpetch is now a reality. Again, we are grateful that bits of the past have been remembered, researched and written so future generations may enjoy the experiences of those who have lived in Sanpete Valley.

Each year fascinating history is recalled. Stories, anecdotes, essays, recollections and poetry are preserved for a new generation, tying the present and the past. We find a common ground in the realization that love and laughter, grief and *fear*, are shared alike in every generation.

Many of the Saga writers are past 70 years of age. Some are past 80 and 90. How precious it is to have their "golden memories," We are pleased, also, for the younger perspective on those "early days." It is rewarding to see the careful research and detailed documentation which is so important in the preservation of history.

As co-editors, we have again divided the responsibilities this year. We feel that the Saga is continuing to grow in popularity. We hope others will develop the love we have for this book that it may continue to serve its purpose.

Sadness has touched our lives this past spring with the loss of our secretary-treasurer Vivian C. Hermansen. She served faithfully for nine years, beginning in 1976. She was very careful and precise in taking care of the records and finances. She was always willing and ready to help wherever she was needed. We enjoyed her association and appreciated her help. We are grateful her life touched ours.

A special section of this volume includes a history and pictures of the Manti Temple, It contains early accounts of the construction, a review of the changes made through the years and a description of the remodeling and the re-dedication. Stories relating to this sacred edifice conclude the section.

CO-CHAIRMEN

Eleanor P. Madsen

Ruth D. Scow

Lillian HO Fox

TREASURER - Linnie M. Findlay

EDITING - Diane Spencer

TYPIST - Rae Ann R. Tibbs

SCRIPT COMMITTEE

Norma Wanlass

Martha Olsen

## DISTRIBUTION

Lee's Variety, Stubbs, Inc., Ephraim; Jensen's Dept. Store, Manti; Jensen Drug, Gunnison; The Pyramid office, Mt. Pleasant; Thomas Grocery, Sterling.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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. Thanks, also, to all who have submitted manuscripts for this year's book.

## COVER

A pictorial arrangement of the Manti Temple through the years is designed 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 BYU 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.

## ADVERTISING

Radio stations KMTI, KMXU, Manti; Messenger-Enterprise, Manti; Gunnison Valley News, Gunnison; The Pyramid, Mt. Pleasant; committee members and volunteers.

## JUDGES

**SUSAN BURDETT**. Susan was born in Ogden, Utah, attended the University of Utah where she received her B.A. in English in 1971 and her M.A. in English in 1973. She is currently completing her work on her doctorate in English at the University of California at Davis. She teaches at Snow College.

**JOHN HENDRICKSON**. Dr. Hendrickson was born in Berkeley, California. He attended Hartnell College, A.A.; the John Hopkins University, A.B., M.A.; Florida State University, Ph.D. He did postgraduate studies and was research associate at the University of California. He taught at Florida State University, Middle Tennessee State College, California State Polytechnic College. He has been at Snow College since 1965 where he teaches English and Spanish.

**MARY ANN CHRISTISON** Mrs. Christison is assistant professor of ESL and director of the International Student Program at Snow College. She received her B.A. in Theatre Arts - Spanish at Utah State University and two M.A. degrees in Speech Communication and English at the same university. She is completing her Ph.D. at the University of Utah. Mary Ann is the author of several textbooks and numerous professional articles in the field of second language teaching. She travels throughout the world as a language consultant and an academic specialist for the U.S.I.A.

Rules for the 1986 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest are the same as listed in Volumes 15 and 16 of the Saga of the Sanpitch.

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## SAGA OF THE SANPITCH COMMITTEE



Ruth D. Scow, Linnie Findlay, Eleanor P.Madsen, Norma S.Wanlass, Lillian H. Fox

## **SKINNY-DIPPING ON EASTER**

June B. Jensen  
575 West 800 South  
Orem, UT 84058  
Professional Division  
First Place Anecdote

Several girl friends and I were overcome with April spring fever. That accounted for our foolish, spur-of-the-moment decision to go skinny-dipping on Easter Sunday in the Sanpitch River which runs west of Fairview.

We placed our clothes and picnic lunches carefully on the bank. In our underwear, we dared one another to be first into the cold water. All went well for a while until we heard the pounding of horses' hooves. The town's ruffians, who were also "Eastering," had discovered our plight. They raced their horses so close to the bank that clods of dirt fell into the water and made it muddy. They threw our clothes up into the high willows nearby and ate our lunches.

During all of that time we kept ourselves submerged in the water, up to our necks. We didn't dare to get out. At intervals they called names and threw rocks and sticks at us. The harassment went on for hours. One of our tormentors found a nest of water snakes, which he tossed, one at a time into the water. Those snakes swam by leaping up into the air and down, not merely wiggling along. That was a terrifying sight I shall never forget.

Finally, when darkness came, the rowdies left. Half frozen, we scrambled out of the Sanpitch, found our clothes, and staggered home.

---

## **SHOES OR TITHING**

Jewel King Larsen  
465 South 100 East  
St. George, UT 84770  
Professional Division  
Second Place Anecdote

Emily looked thoughtfully at Arthur's worn shoes. "Oh, why can't shoes last longer?" she thought. "What shall I do? Shall I pay my tithing or buy shoes for Arthur? I saw a pair of shoes at Johnson's Merc. for fifty cents that would do for a while, but if I neglect my tithing, I doubt I can save enough to pay it later. Money doesn't go very far."

The year was 1902 and Emily had just returned to Spring City, Utah, from Nebraska where she and her husband, John Hardin had worked on a ranch, John recently died from a heart attack, leaving Emily a widow for the third time in ten years with the sole support of children Arthur, John and Maud.

Collecting her family of fatherless children, Emily returned to the tiny house in which she lived before her marriage.

To support her children, Emily washed clothes for families in the town. She always paid her 10 percent tithing before even food was purchased, but now Arthur needed shoes.

After a sleepless night, Emily scurried to the Bishop's storehouse to pay her tithing before temptation conquered.

"I know the Lord will provide," she told herself. "He has never failed me yet."

Arriving home, Emily was greeted by an excited Maud.

"Ma," Maud cried, "a man brought this letter just after you left. He said it is very important."

A telegram was a dreaded thing, and with trembling hands Emily slit the envelope, reading it once, then again. The telegram said that if Emily would contact the bank at Salt Lake City, a draft of five hundred dollars would be sent to her, a legacy from a relative in Switzerland who had recently died.

Sinking to her knees, Emily gave fervent thanks to the God she loved and served so humbly

This is a true story of my grandmother as told to me by my mother.

---

### **GETTING TOGETHER WITH YESTERDAY**

Wilma Morley Despain

683 North Main Street

Alpine, UT 84003

Professional Division

Third Place Anecdote

Papa's blacksmith shop was not under a spreading chestnut tree, but it was under a huge, very old poplar that shaded most of our back yard in hot afternoons. The limbs were perfect for climbing and for tree-houses and for men to gather under while Papa shod their horses.

It was a popular place because Papa knew all about horses, repairing machinery, harnesses or even knowing what to do for sick horses and other animals.

Most children now think horseshoes are to hang over doors, to bring good luck, and that horseshoe nails are for making rings for their fingers.

There was no electricity then. It was always hot in Papa's shop, with a fire blazing, white hot, on the sturdy rock and cement hearth. A large hood was supposed to take all smoke and heat outside, but it still hung heavy as I stood pumping the big bellows that blew the fire and kept it from burning low or lazy.

Papa heated the shoes in the fire, lifted them out when ready with a big pair of tongs. They would spit and protest when he dunked them into a bucket of cold water after shaping them to fit, just so, on each horse. He used a big sledge hammer to do this. Some times he had to trim the hooves of each horse for a perfect fit. He did this with a huge, flat knife with a curved handle.

I was afraid to watch him pound the long horseshoe nails into the horses' feet, and a few times (but very few) a tiny bit of the nail would hit the quick of a foot,

Then the horses would whinny and squeal and try to get their foot away from Papa, but he knew how to hold them between his knees and on his leather apron so they could not get away,

Papa has been gone many years and so has his shop, but, oh, Papa, I remember the lessons taught there by you and of feeling so secure because you were so strong.

---

## THE B.R.G.s

Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan  
267 East 300 North  
Richfield, UT 84701  
Professional Division  
Honorable Mention Anecdote

Shortly after the turn of the century, a number of Mt. Pleasant young women organized a club called the Betsy Ross Girls, better know as the B.R.G.s. Their objective was to do needlework, as the name implied,, But I am sure that a great deal of sprightly conversation accompanied their stitching, for those young ladies were attractive, personable, and well informed.

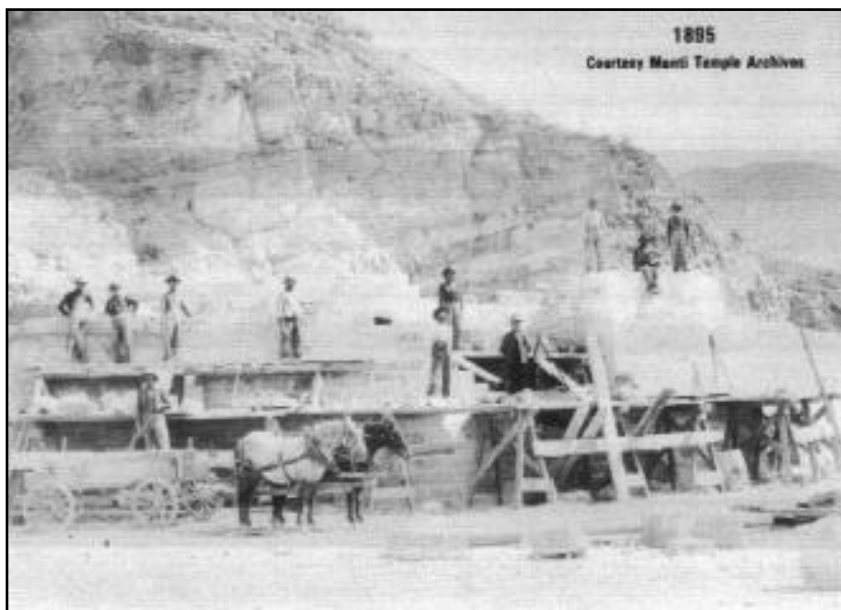
They had a custom that each one presented a silver demi-tasse spoon to a member when she became engaged to be married. The name of the donor was engraved in the bowl of the spoon. As my mother was one of the first to be married, she received several of those precious spoons. I loved to polish them and read each name0 Often, mother would relate information about those friends and some of their activities in the B.R.G.s.

Subsequently, I married and had a home and family in Richfield. Many years later, I met a charming lady from Marysvale named Mrs. Etta Bertelsen. In the course of our discussion, she told me that her mother, Marie Syndergaard Long, was raised in Mt. Pleasant. I recognized her name as a good friend of my mother's and one of the B.R.G. girls. This discovery pleased us both.

I then told Mrs. Bertelsen that I had a silver spoon with her mother's name, "Marie," engraved in the bowl. I could hardly wait to witness her happiness when I took it to her.

The next time we met, Mrs. Bertelsen opened the conversation by saying, "And NOW, I have a silver spoon for YOU!" She handed me a spoon engraved with my mother's name, "Bertie." We were two delighted people — grateful that we were able, after those many years, to make that rewarding silver spoon exchange.

Courtesy Manti Temple Archives



## COURTHOUSES OF SANPETE COUNTY

Eleanor Peterson Madsen  
295 East 100 North - Box 87-5  
Ephraim, UT 84627  
Professional Division  
Third Place Historical Essay

The Sanpete County Courthouse is an impressive building, now, a newly remodeled structure. The white oolite stone and modernistic architecture blend in "artistic workmanship in a solid and well constructed monumental building, a credit to the people of this valley."

Many years have gone and there are few who still remember the first buildings on the courthouse block. Just a month after Sanpete County was organized as one of the first twelve counties in the state, the first court convened March 30, 1851. It was held in an old schoolhouse, a one-room rock building that stood on the northwest corner of the present courthouse block. Judge George Peacock presided.

Although the times and buildings have changed, purposes remain about the same. One of the prime purposes in enlarging the courthouse in 1985 was to provide more space and more adequate jail facilities. A parallel is seen in the report given in the Deseret News for April 4, 1860.

### SANPETE COUNTY JAIL

The number of lawbreakers having increased to such an alarming extent since so many reformers came into the territory, it has been considered necessary by the County Court of Sanpete County to build a jail for the accommodation and safekeeping of prisoners and thieves and others accused of crime,, An appropriation has been made for that purpose and the work commenced and so far advanced that there are two cells nearly or quite completed. The building is 25 by 30 feet, two stories high, built with walls three feet thick-- estimated cost \$4,000,

Shortly after the jail was built, the County seat was moved to Moroni, June 6, 1864, George W. Bradley was appointed Probate Judge. By an act of the Legislature, the County seat was moved back to Manti January 16, 1865, and W. F. Maylett was appointed Probate Judge.

During this time, the first building erected to serve as a courthouse was under construction at Manti.

It was built of adobe, grooved and plastered on the inside of the 18 by 20 ft. room at a cost of \$850. This one room served the County until 1873 when an additional room, built of stone, was added at a cost of \$800. In 1878 another room was added and a porch built on the west side at a cost of \$700. In 1885 the first vault for the safekeeping of records was constructed. It was built of rock with a cement floor and was 12 x 14 x 8 ft.

The building stood where the present Manti Post Office now stands and extended north to cover part of the present lawn.

In front of the courthouse was a railing with hitching posts where customers tied their horses while they transacted business at the courthouse.

A familiar scene inside the building was the recorder, sitting on a tall wooden stool by a high wooden desk, copying by hand (with pen dipped in an ink well) the various instruments brought in for recording. He wore long, black sleeves, fastened at the wrist and upper arm with elastic, to protect his white shirt as he

worked „ A visor shaded his eyes from the glare of the hanging light bulb; Prior to 1901 coal oil lamps were used for light. Other offices were similarly equipped.

Deed records as early as 1855 are found in the Recorder's Office. One of particular interest is the deed from Chief Arropine (Siegnerouch) to Brigham Young deeding "the portion of land and country known as Sanpete County, together with all timber and materials on the same, valued at \$155,000.00 . ."

It seems that there is always need for expansion and the facilities in the small courthouse were becoming inadequate for the growing community. In 1894 there "was much agitation for the building of a new courthouse." The Ephraim Enterprise for January 27, 1894, printed the following:

The county court at its session next Monday will again consider the advisability of building a new courthouse. It looks as if the future location of the courthouse would be at Ephraim,, This city is the natural location for the county seat. „ ."

A committee was appointed to investigate and draw plans for a new building, but the people decided they couldn't afford a new courthouse at that time. Instead, \$2,000 was appropriated to remodel the old courthouse. A courtroom and Assessor's office were added to the second floor.

With this new addition this old courthouse served its purpose well for 41 years. The Manti Messenger for March 8, 1935, reported that ground had been broken for the new County Courthouse which was to cost about \$90,000. Since it was to be built on the same property as the old building, it would "necessitate the removal of the old school building and the county jail."

The jail, constructed of red brick from the Red Point south of Manti, stood just east of the first courthouse and has a story of its own to tell. Some of the inmates housed there were the polygamists who suffered early persecution because of their beliefs. At one time Clinton Bouvang, who played the guitar and sang well, was requested to go into the jail and sing songs all night to the prisoners.

Probably, because the jail was so well constructed and ho doubt to allay costs of the new courthouse, the entire cell block was moved into the new building. Alburn Lyon, a custodian in the new courthouse, said it was his opinion that the cell block (all heavy metal) was lowered into the ground on to a cement base and the basement was built around it. After serving well for some fifty years, the original jail has now been converted into scrap iron.

The new modern, mechanized detention quarters are controlled on panels in the county law enforcement dispatch office.

The old schoolhouse served a long and colorful history, being used as late as 1928 or after by the County Treasurer and Assessor for a room in which tax rolls and notices were prepared.

The Ephraim Enterprise for October 25, 1935, describes the enthusiasm of the people and the problems that were encountered as the courthouse construction was begun.

Impressive and colorful services marked the laying of the cornerstone of the new Sanpete County Courthouse at Manti Friday. Culminating a courthouse drive lasting over a period of three score years, the occasion marked the completion of the foundation structure and the beginning of the walls which are to be laid with Sanpete's magnificent white oolite, cut to a near marble smoothness.

Six county bands in gay uniforms maneuvered and played in the parade preceding the ceremony. The cornerstone was laid by Frank Maylett, Chairman of the County Commissioners.

The article explained that a long extended drought preceding the depression made the building of the courthouse with its attendant tax burden an impossible venture. After months of planning, interviewing and

figuring how to make the project work and how to make it fit into the government outlay, a system was devised, obstacles overcome and the foundation commenced. The building started in the spring with an appropriation of \$17,000 from the FERA for excavation and quarrying,, The labor was supplied by men on relief rolls and materials were quarried in the Sanpete quarries and the timber hauled from "her own mountains ." The estimated eventual cost was \$145,000 with only a fraction to be borne by the county.

The courthouse when finished consisted of a basement and two stories, with 174,900 cubic feet of floor space. It was 98 percent fireproof. The custodian at that time estimated that "there is sufficient equipment and space for 75 years" in the fireproof vaults in the Recorder's, Treasurer's, and County Clerk's offices. Although it seemed adequate at the time, all three vaults and an additional basement vault were filled from ceiling to floor with books and records at the time the additions were made now fifty years later,,

As we visit the courthouse today we see more working space, larger vaults, two court rooms, a modernized room for law enforcement officers, convenient rooms for the Extension Service and many other features that add to the beauty and feasibility of the building,, The jail is provided with a day room for special activities and an outdoor area that makes a place for exercise and fresh air for the prisoners. A quarter of a block gives the needed parking room for the constant flow of traffic to the courthouse. A history of the courthouse would not be complete without a reminder of those who have opened the doors, recorded the deeds, issued the tax notices, assessed the property, written the marriage licenses, sat on the judge's bench, governed the affairs of the county and provided innumerable services throughout the years. The names of those who served in county government in the courthouse through the years are too numerous to mention, but they will long be remembered. They have been part of the growth process, the progressive spirit that has made the changes, that has supplied the impetus for the advancement from the one-room adobe building to the magnificent structure that is our Sanpete County Courthouse today.

1. Manti Messenger, April 16, 1937.
2. Inventory of County Archives of Utah, p. 6.
3. Early Manti - Mrs. A. B. Sidwell (written about 1889).
4. Deseret News, April 4, 1860»
5. History of Sanpete and Emery Counties - W.H. Lever.

6. Alburn Lyon - personal reminiscences.
7. Ephraim Enterprise - October 25, 1935.
8. Deed Records, Sanpete County Recorder's Office - Church Transfer, p. 107.
9. Ephraim Enterprise - January 27, 1894.
10. Manti Messenger - March 8, 1935.

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## **KAREN TOLLESTRUP**

Jenny Lind M. Brown  
239 Hampton Avenue  
Salt Lake City, UT 84111  
Professional Division  
Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Born August 10, 1831  
Died December 24, 1867

Peaceful be thy silent slumber,  
Peaceful in thy grave so low,  
Thou no more will join our number  
Thou no more our sorrows know.

My great-grandmother's grave is marked by a lovely, old stone engraved with this wistful little verse, but even today the cemetery where she lies is arid in many spots, quite unlike those in the beautiful, green country she left for the sake of the gospel. Each year as we drive to Gunnison on Memorial Day to honor our dead, I think of Karen, whose life was so short, and select my loveliest flowers for her, thinking of the day she passed away leaving a husband and four small children.

I am very proud of my Danish ancestry. When I was a young girl someone would often mention my name, remarking how different it was. I would laugh and think it fun to say, "Oh, I'm Danish. What else could I be with grandparents named Myrup, Fjeldsted, Tollestrup and Christensen?" Today I realize my Scandinavian heritage means much more to me than having an interesting Danish name.

Denmark is the smallest of the Scandinavian countries. It consists of one large peninsula called Jylland (Jutland), and several smaller islands where many Danish people live. My ancestors came from Thyland and Vendsyssel, northern provinces which are separated from mainland Denmark by the blue waters of the winding Limfjord.

My daughter, Norine Hansen, filled a mission to Denmark in 1960-62. She tells of the fjord as it appeared to her:

The blue, sparkling Limfjord of Denmark is not as spectacular as the fjords of Norway, but it is very beautiful. Though it transverses the entire tip of Jutland, it is a changing body of water. . . now only as wide as a river, now appearing to be a lake of great size, now white water rushing through a narrow channel, yet always deep enough to carry great ships on their way to the sea. The Limfjord is an integral part of Denmark, supporting many people, who live along its winding waterways.

In Andrew Jensen's "History of the Scandinavian Mission," he wrote about this part of Denmark in 1861:

There is an ancient saying that the north side of the Limfjord was the north side of righteousness. . . greater numbers have been baptized here according to its population, than any other place.

There, where the waters of the North Sea surge against the ancient shores, Danish families have lived for centuries on farms or in little hamlets. Many gave their farms descriptive names such as 'Solskin,' which means sunshine. Karen was born on a little farm named 'Fulgsang,' which is Danish for bird song. I like to think that she was often aware of the skylarks soaring high above the green fields, singing their melodic, distinctive song.

My maternal grandmother Frederikke Tollestrup Fjeldsted, remembered her mother as a small girl with fair skin touched by a rosy-pink glow from the cold northern winds; her eyes were expressive and matched the blue of springtime skies.

In 1850, when Erastus Snow was called to open the Scandinavian Mission, Karen was nineteen years old and not at all interested in missionaries who went from door to door preaching the doctrines of a new religion. Still on the 1st of January, 1854, she married Niels Christian (Christensen) Tollestrup who had been converted to Mormonism in 1853 by Ferdinand Dorius, a native Danish missionary. This dedicated Elder later emigrated to Utah, settled in Sanpete County, and became an outstanding citizen of Ephraim. Perhaps his sincere testimony touched the heart of Karen for eventually she, too, became a "Mormon."

Christian A. Madsen, who also emigrated to Utah, only to return to Denmark as a missionary, was instrumental in convincing Niels that he and Karen would be wise to join other Danish families in Utah,



especially those who had settled in Sanpete County, or "Little Denmark." However, Niels felt they were not financially able to leave at that time. In the spring of 1861 their plans were made to leave Denmark for Liverpool, England, where 955 other members of the church—English, German and Scandinavian--would be boarding a large ship, "Monarch of the Sea," for the ocean voyage to America.

Karen and Niels were now parents of two little daughters. One, named Yette, had been born in Vrejlev; the other, Frederikke, named after the coastal city of Frederickshavn, would become my grandmother., Her name soon became shortened to Ricky, and thus she was known throughout her life.

Another child, a son, Parley Peter Pratt, was born in 1859. His parents' names and his birth were recorded in the Asted Parish records; however, they were listed as "Mormon," signifying they were not Lutheran. His death wasn't there.

Karen, mourning over the loss of her only son, had never quite regained her health., Though she was excited about going to Zion, she had mixed emotions about leaving her homeland and the baby's small grave. Weak and still quite ill when they reached Liverpool, Niels sympathetically carried her aboard the Monarch, with their little girls trailing behind. On the 16th of May, 1861, the ship lifted anchor for the voyage to America.

While the girls amused themselves, Karen rested, soaked up the warm sunshine, ate well, and soon began to smile again. By the time the ship had reached New York, where they were welcomed by Apostle Erastus Snow in their native tongue, she felt well again and the excitement about Zion had returned. Four months later on September 12, their wagon train reached Salt Lake. With gratitude, Karen held Yette and Ricky in her arms, thanking her Heavenly Father for their safe arrival.

Trained as a stone mason Niels found work dressing stone, which he told Karen would be used in the temple dedicated to the Lord. Karen was often lonesome, but spent her free time watching the surrounding mountains. Long ago she had accepted the fact she would never see the ocean again; now she wondered if the mountains would someday become as dear.

Not until 1863, after Karen had given birth to Niels Christian Ephraim, did they begin their journey to the south. As they traveled, Karen was amazed at the mountains. Would they surround Gunnison, too? When they finally reached their destination, Niels was excited to see the wide valley with its green fields, but Karen had eyes only for Mt. Musinia, the Indians' shining mountain, feeling its beauty would give her strength for the hard days ahead.

Captain Madsen welcomed them with open arms, hot food and shelter, but in just three days Niels had built his own dugout. It was a simple shelter, true, and theirs, marking the beginning of a building career for Niels C. Tollestrup throughout Gunnison Valley.

In 1865, Karen gave birth to her last child, Albert Nephi. The most trying difficulties to worry Karen now was the harrassment of marauding Indians. They had been friendly at first with the newcomers, but as more settlers arrived and more lands were cultivated, the Indians became bitter. Under the leadership of Chief Black Hawk, they constantly attacked, burned and pilfered, causing thousands of dollars of damage to property and livestock. After several deaths occurred among the settlers, Brigham Young gave orders for Fort Gunnison to be built. Karen was frightened of any Indian, and repulsed by the fighting; even living within the confines of the fort was a time of trial.

Previously Karen had been busy with her children and her garden; now she found she had much free time. She taught the girls to sew and to cook Danish food, but the little boys, too young to be trusted, were a constant worry. Sometimes, when the summer days were hot and dry and the wind seemed to blow constantly, did she think of her native home so green and cool? In the autumn, when the Sanpitch River almost ceased to flow, did she dream of the surging sea and the beautiful Limfjord?

It became apparent in the fall of 1867 that Karen was not well. Soon she was no longer able to care for her family. Although Niels did all in his power to help her, Karen Christensen Tollestrup, born on a little Danish farm, died on Christmas Eve in Gunnison, Utah.

Ricky was just ten years old when her mother died. She remembered her death with sorrow and often told her own children how sad and lonely that Christmas Day had been.

Today when I cook Danish dumplings, frikadeller or sweet soup, I sometimes think of my lovely greatgrandmother. Though her life was short in our valley--not even five years — she bequeathed much to her many descendents. When I stand before her grave, read her touching verse and remember her courage, I want to say, "I love you, Karen."

Resources: Family records and Danish research.  
The Gunnison Memory Book--1959

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## MY WORST OR BEST FOURTH OF JULY?

Halbert Greaves  
1904 Herbert Avenue  
Salt Lake City, UT 84108  
Professional Division  
First Place Personal Recollections

I do not know for sure how old I was. I do know I was old enough to be mischievous but not old enough to have good sense, although I acquired some that day. I had persuaded some druggist to sell me small amounts of two chemical powders and some capsules. Out of deference to parents who now have boys about the age I was then, I shall refrain from naming the two chemicals even though my escapade was mild when compared with dozens of exploits shown on TV every day.

I had been told by some other mischievous boy, I suppose, that the two powders, when mixed in a capsule, would explode with a loud bang when thrown against a hard surface — like the cherry bombs we hear occasionally. It was a "neat" way to scare girls or other young boys we didn't like. Or maybe even an unsuspecting friend, just as a practical joke, of course — or as it proved to be for me, an impractical one.

So, with mischief in mind, I made my little bombs, maybe six or eight of them, a day or two before the Fourth of July in 1919, give or take a year or two. Early on the morning of the Fourth, before the men of the celebration committee had signaled with their annual cannon-shot boom that it was time to get up and begin to celebrate, I crawled out of my bed, which was almost as big as my bedroom. My trusting parents had permitted me to lay a crude board platform under a backyard apple tree, place a cot on the boards and cover the entire space with a makeshift canvas "tent" that allowed me to have all the cool, fresh night air and all the privacy a young boy could want.

The cool night air? Ah, yes, the night air even in July is more than cool in Ephraim, and on that morning of July fourth when I got out of my snug bed a little before dawn, it was cold enough for me to wear a coat, probably one left over from a suit one of my older brothers had outgrown.

I retrieved my little bombs from wherever I had hidden them, put them in the right front pocket of the coat and took off to commit mischief.

My first and only target turned out to be an open bedroom window on the second floor of a house close to the sidewalk, across the street and one lot west of our home. One of the family daughters, who sometimes worked for my mother and who was several years older than I, slept in that bedroom,, I don't

know whether my aim was good enough to send the bomb through the open window or merely to hit the wood exterior of the house close to the window. But I know it exploded with a big bang, for I thought I should get away from the scene as fast as I could in the hope that no one would see who had thrown it. Maybe I could get back to our own yard and hide in my bed. I tried. I could run fairly fast for my age, and I made it to our yard in great haste.

But by that time I had lost all interest in hiding in my outdoor bed, I ran into the house through the kitchen door, hoping and whimpering for my mother or father to come to my aid. My mother came. (She was probably taking the first steps toward preparing breakfast and also the roast beef, fresh bread, and potatoes mixed with creamed garden-fresh peas she always cooked for our July fourth noontime dinner to entice her family away from the sidewalk booths where we could buy popcorn, candy, ice cream and soda pop.)

But back to my need for aid—first aid, as it is called. The little bombs that remained in the right-hand pocket of my coat jostled against each other so hard that they exploded, all of them! They ripped the right pocket area of my coat to tatters, burned through my pants and underwear, and flayed the outer layers of my skin over an area that was surely several inches in diameter.

The prank I have just described was trivial but mischievous—downright mean, in fact—one that might better have been erased from my memory long ago, except for three lessons it taught me, lessons that have, I hope, been useful to me. First, I was humiliated by the fact that mischief I had intended to conceal had been revealed. I would not forget my chagrin over that. Second, the pain I suffered from the burned flesh on my right thigh undoubtedly made me remember that "playing with fire" is a dangerous pastime, not a jolly one as I had meant it to be. The boomerang effect of my prank proved to be a good teacher.

The third and the best lesson I learned edged its way into my memory bit by bit, deeper and deeper, over a span of years. For occasionally during periods of solitude and meditation, I remembered how a wise mother handled the incident. When I tore off my coat and pants and mama saw the raw flesh on my burned thigh, she quickly went to the medicine cabinet where she kept a large can of Watkins Petro Carbo Salve (I believe I have remembered the name correctly, for during my youth I used it many times), gently applied it to the open wound, retrieved some clean cloth from the rag bag and with the deft skill learned in rearing a family of two girls and six boys (I was the youngest), wrapped my thigh in a soothing and beautiful bandage, I say "beautiful" because she had been well-schooled in the art of applying bandages and balm, both real and psychological, to hurt flesh and spirit.

If she scolded me, I suspect she did so as gently as she applied the bandage to my thigh. I do not recall even a gentle scolding, I had been punished enough. I had learned some lessons I would not forget. I would remember that she loved me and had cared for my wound without adding to my misery and embarrassment by chiding me. Physical pain and mental torture might yet help to redeem this foolish, wayward son, who, in the bright light and shame of exposed mischief knew he had let her down. Isn't it logical for me to suppose that thoughts like these must have gone through her mind, along with some wonderment about the great variety of trials and troubles a large family could create? Multiply by eight the worries caused by one child and you get a big bundle of worries indeed. The real wonderment is not so much that each child survived his or her own dangers and disasters, but that my mother survived them all.

I did not run in the annual footrace later in the morning of that Fourth of July and win a whole quarter as I had done more than once in previous years and as I did again in future years. I won something far more precious than silver or gold, a memory to add to many others that feature a wise and caring mother—a Mother's Day mother.

Is it unreasonable for me to feel that that Fourth of July was the best one I "celebrated" during the years when I was growing up? Most certainly, that painful, tainted, lovely Fourth of July was the one I have remembered best.

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## **DOING YOUR BIT**

World War I Years in Mt. Pleasant

Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan

267 East 300 North

Richfield, UT 84701

Professional Division

Second Place Personal Recollections

Kaleidoscopic memories surge through my mind when I recall those busy years in Mt. Pleasant during World War I. I am grateful that I retain mental pictures of another era that is significant in our historical world.

On a sunny day in August, 1914, Mama and I were preparing lunch at noon for my father who came from his work downtown at that time. However, he was a few minutes late that day, which was unusual; but suddenly he hurried into the room and stated in excited tones, "We've just had word that Germany has declared war on Russia. I'm afraid we're in for real trouble." And he was definitely right. Our lives changed perceptibly. New patterns and problems engulfed us, as was true of the whole country. We were frequently urged to direct our vigorous energy toward the War Effort. The Red Cross became activated, where many women met to roll bandages and do necessary sewing and fashioning of medical supplies. We were aware of how much the European Allied countries needed our help and we heard many sad stories of privations and casualties they were experiencing.

In school, we sewed many grey flannel petticoats and underwear suits for needy Belgian children. Every Monday morning we bought a twenty-five cent Thrift Stamp and pasted in our small booklets until we acquired \$5.00 which we were supposed to save until we had enough to buy a \$50.00 Liberty Bond.

School boys were directed to gather fruit pits, grind them up and burn them into charcoal which had marvelous power of absorbing gases in the cannisters of soldiers' gas masks. Another task that Mt. Pleasant boys were assigned was to collect spokes from old wagon wheels, sand them well, then scrape them with broken glass to make them very smooth, and finally, whittle them into knitting needles for the ladies to use.

For most women owned large knitting bags equipped with knitting needles, yarn, and items of clothing that they were frequently knitting for soldiers. Thousands of socks, sweaters and scarves were sent overseas. This gathered momentum after the United States entered the World War on April 6, 1917. We were all thrilled to know that General Pershing made the remark, "Lafayette, we are here!" when he landed the first troops in France.

Now, we had to redouble our helpful efforts. Flour and wheat were badly needed by the troops and Allies. We experimented using substitutes for white flour by using corn meal, oatmeal, graham flour and some people even tried grinding up alfalfa leaves to mix with other ingredients to make a rather questionable type of bread.

I have a letter which gives us an idea of the importance of wheat and the action that was taken to acquire it. The letter came to my father who was Bishop of the L.D.S. North Ward, and is as follows:

### **UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION**

**Kansas City, MO**

May 28, 1918

Bishop of the Mt. Pleasant North Ward

Dear Sir:

I wish to express unto you my appreciation for your promptness in replying to the letter sent you by the Presiding Bishopric and General Board regarding the sale of wheat owned by the Relief Society of your ward.

There has never been a time when wheat was so valuable. The crying need of the hour is food. The manner in which the Relief Societies responded to the call is indeed highly commendable.

You can be assured that the wheat will be used in the manufacture of flour for the Government to be used for our soldier boys or our associates in the war.

Thanking you very much for your cooperation in the matter, I am,

United States Food Administration  
Agent, D. F. Piazzek

Then there was THE PLEDGE, which was a big hurdle for us children,, Our principal came into our school room one day with a paper in hand and made a short but fervent speech about the pressing need for everyone to save sugar, after which he read a pledge that he felt all patriotic children should sign and passed it around the room. The pledge stated that each one of us would abstain from eating candy for a six-week period. I was a choco-holic and loved candy in any form0 Could my patriotism go that far? After the class, one of the boys approached me and announced that he didn't think that I could possibly keep that pledge. The next day he brought me a box of those thrilling Pink Lady Chocolates to my home and told me that if I could keep the pledge the box would be mine at the end of the six weeks. I knew he was enjoying tempting me, but I decided I'd accept his offer by giving the box to my mother and instructing her to hide it until the time was up0 Of course she collaborated, and I passed Poker Pete's candy shop with averted face. But how I did enjoy those Pink Lady delights! (I even treated the donor to some.)

Young men of certain ages were required to register their names and important information, and they were given an oblong metal badge to wear showing that they had conformed. Men were drafted, others enlisted, but when a group of soldiers left to go into training for war, many townspeople assembled at the depot and gave them a rousing sendoff, though I remember seeing tears shed.

Organizations prepared boxes of goodies to send to the boys overseas. I have a postal card picturing a street scene in Paris, from where it was mailed on February 26, 1918. It was addressed to the North Ward Y.L.M.I.A. and bore the following message: "I wish to thank you for the box you sent me some time ago. It was a real treat. Best wishes. P. C. Jensen."

Musically, it has been said that World War I was a "singing war" in the United States,, Phonographs of various types were becoming popular around that time. Tin Pan Alley was purchasing patriotic songs in great numbers, and sheet music was constantly rolling off the presses. We knew the words of most of the songs and sang them in school, at parties, in the streets on moonlit evenings while we strolled along--in fact, almost everywhere,, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" and "Over There" were two great favorites; also "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight." I could produce a giant list. It was special fun to hear and sing some humorous songs such as "Will Dey Let Me Use Mah Razor in de War," and "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down On The Farm?" I often think of one line which has always impressed me as being distressingly true: "I don't know what this war's about; but, by gosh, I'll soon find out."

BYU President George H. Brimhall composed a beautiful patriotic song entitled "Old Glory," which our school class usually sang in our morning opening exercises,, It was a favorite.

President Heber J. Grant taught himself to sing just one patriotic song that had great appeal, called "The Flag Without a Stain." He proudly sang it on many occasions, usually by request.

We had numerous bond rallies" where people pledged to buy as many bonds as possible., We'd often have leading people from other cities give urgent pleas for help At times we would have a band play and always patriotic songs. I'd like to give a few lines from one song, which I think are apropos:

What are you going to do for Uncle Sammy?

What are you going to do to help the boys?

When you're far away from home, fighting o'er the foam,

The least that you can do is buy a Liberty Bond or two.

We had new words and phrases emerge as an outgrowth of the war, some of which are still in use today. Such words as "camouflage, "Ace," "slacker," to name a few. One phrase stands out because of its frequent use and strong appeal-- "Doing your bit." A "bit" adds up to a great amount if consistently given.

On that sunny day of November 11, 1918, my brother and I were enjoying a moment of inertia by lying on our stomachs on the warm earth at the beet dump between Moroni and Mt. Pleasant where we weighed beets. Suddenly, a cacaphony of sound exploded around us. A long procession of cars hurtled by bearing dozens of people shouting, singing, honking. We heard the strains of "It's Over Over There."

On the back of the last car, tall, red painted letters spelled out the word PEACE!!

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## WINDSWEPT

Bonnie Nielson Dahlsrud

P.O. Box 195

Salina, UT 84654

Professional Division

Third Place Personal Recollections

I don't visit the old house anymore. No one does. It stands quietly empty,, Cobwebs cling to the dusty windows. Walls crumble, a fine sand sifting from the aged bricks. The porch sags to one side, while the steps creak against their own weight. Weeds choke the brittle grass. The whole place smells of desertion.

I used to go there. When grandma was alive, the house lived also. The windows shone. The porch bore a swing. I used to munch hot applesauce cookies and chase my shadow on the velvet lawn. The place smelled of fresh baking.

On holidays, the whole family would visit the house0 The steps were strong then and could hold the men while they discussed farming, or the children as they scurried in chattering groups. Shutters didn't creak when the house was windswept then. Walls didn't crumble. Laughter bubbled from the house. Tears were dried there. Memories were made. The place smelled like magic.

I used to mow the grass for grandma. It took me a long time because I was small and not near as strong as I was confident,, But no weeds threatened her yard then. We'd pull them when they were tiny, grandma and I0 After, we'd swing on the porch and sing songs while grandma snapped peas. The place smelled like contentment.

For a while, after grandma was gone, the family took care of the house. The women would clean, the men tend to the yard work while they talked investments, and the kids would play red-rover on the lawn. But the lawn wasn't velvet anymore. The sky wasn't as blue overhead. Weeds were bigger than grandma and I ever let them get. There were no peas to snap. Nobody felt like swinging. The place smelled like change.

I came with dad the day the real estate man hammered the "For Sale" sign in grandma's yard. The lawn needed mowing and I was stronger now, but my eager confidence was gone. There was no singing. Dad and the man talked about land values while I walked around the place,, The placed smelled unfamiliar.

Last time I drove by I couldn't see the "For Sale" sign because of the weeds. I didn't want to see the house. It had died. We had let it. Part of an era had faded and once happy memories were less vivid. randma's house was windswept. Just like bits of my past.

Source: Author's recollections and feelings from childhood after seeing deserted houses in the area.

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## **A BIT OF HEAVEN**

Yulene A. Rushton  
4120 West 3100 South  
West Valley City, UT 84120  
Professional Division  
Honorable Mention Personal Recollections

Our trip began with me sitting between two brothers in the back seat of an old blue '35 Plymouth. We were headed for the only place on earth, where I felt totally loved and accepted. As we rode along I visualized Grandpa in bib overalls and flannel shirt, and Grandma in a patterned apron with deep pockets that held safety pins, a hankie and peppermints. They would be sitting on the front porch waiting for us to arrive. These thoughts were pure pleasure, but the ride always seemed to last forever.

Trips to my grandparents' home came often, so I memorized landmarks along the way. Each was a sure sign that we were getting closer to our destination. Our journey started in the little smelting town of Garfield, Utah, and took us through the southern end of Salt Lake valley. When we reached Point of the Mountain prison, it meant that we were well on our way. It looked dreadful with bars on the windows and high wire fences. Mama and Daddy were quick to comment on the crimes that had put people there, trying to impress upon our young minds the importance of being good.

Near Provo we held our noses, passing stinking "Geneva Steel Works," then watched for a three story faded yellow brick building just off the highway, tucked against a hill, which Mama called the "Old Folks' Home." Living there were poor old friendless people who had no money and no family. In summer they were outdoors in wheelchairs or hobbling around on canes. I wished we could take them all home because to me each one represented a grandma or a grandpa.

The halfway mark came next, "Pork Ro-She," a resort where we sometimes stopped to swim. As we came to Santaquin I waited to catch a glimpse of a little white house with two willow trees weeping together in the yard. They were the most beautiful trees in the whole world, but I wondered why they were so sad. Serene Mona Reservoir and the town of Nephi came next. Our drive through Nephi Canyon wound and twisted, stirring up butterflies in my tummy. The high point of our ride was coming over the last hill and down into the sleepy little town of Fountain Green, with its quaint houses, winding streams, and neat gardens. We had arrived at the place I thought was heaven.

The car turned off the paved highway and up the dirt road, past the church house and the grade school with a bell in its tower, built in pioneer times. We came to the little log cabin where my brother Jay was born. I could see it just ahead, the two-story brick home, tall under big trees with branches looking like they were holding hands over the roof. Not far from the house stood the towering barn, fenced corals, and the vegetable gardens. Sprawling lawns around the house were bordered by a neat wire fence with, a fancy gate

that boasted a handle which had to be pinched to open before one could enter. And there on the porch, just as I knew she'd be, Grandma stood to wave her hankie. I saw her wipe a tear. We ran into their waiting arms, Grandma squealing a funny little laugh and Grandpa chuckling way down in his chest. She held me at arms' length and remarked, "My, just let me look at you. I believe you've grown since three weeks ago." I felt ten feet tall whenever she said that. She passed out kisses, saying, "You must be hungry!" We followed her to the kitchen and ate like we had driven five hundred miles instead of only one hundred and ten. After clearing up the dishes, we all moved into the living *room*. By then it was getting dark and sometimes other company stopped by to visit.

The grownups conversed about things like last night's thunderstorm, the hay crop, Margaret Edmunds health, and Evan Bigler's new baby pigs. Grandma helped us draw with pencils and paper and Grandpa took turns holding each of us on his foot, chanting a funny little sing-song, hoppity gallopity, hoppity gallopity, woah! He bounced us up and down, pretending to give us a ride on his make-believe **horse**. My turn ended as he laughed heartily and threw me up in the air. We looked at catalogues, story books, and old pictures albums. Sometimes I just rested against Grandma's plump body, listening and feasting my eyes on all the curious things in the comfortable room. Gifts given on special occasions hung on the walls, and some occupied a place in the china closet or on the buffet. A silk pillow with a poem about "Mother," sent home by an uncle from an island in the Pacific, was in that room for years. The smell of Grandma's house was special, like gingersnaps and smoke from a coal burning fire. It made me feel good and I loved it.

When our young heads began to nod, we were scooted off to bed, past the coats hanging on hooks at the bottom of the stairway, up the narrow stairs, and into the chilly bedrooms directly above the living room. Even in summer the nights turned cool.

Coal and wood heated the house and cooked the meals, so there was usually a fire burning in one of the stoves. In the ceiling directly above the sturdy brown heater in the living room was a two foot by two foot vent which let warm air flow up into the bedrooms. This floor vent played a very important role in my memories of Grandma's house. After we were tucked into the soft beds, I lay listening to the dull hum of voices, the squeak of Grandpa's rocker and an occasional outburst of laughter. The safe comfortable feeling, the smell of the bedding, the feather pillows, and just being there was an experience of extreme pleasure. Sometimes in the night I thought I dreamt of bears, but would awaken to find it was only Grandma and Grandpa in the adjoining bedroom snoring a strange duet.

I was awakened by sounds of the poker clanking in the stove as Grandpa built the morning fire. Always, I could hear a rooster crowing "Good morning" to the fresh new day. Warm air soon started to flow up through the vent; and before long, warm smells of breakfast followed. The delicious aroma of fried home-cured pork and hot biscuits interrupted our dozing. Slipping out of bed and dressing quickly, we followed irresistible smells down the stairs and into the kitchen where Grandma was preparing the huge breakfast meal Grandpa needed for strength to work a hard day in the fields. We sat down to a cloth-covered table, bowed our heads in prayer, then watched in amazement as Grandpa began his meal. What a feast it was! Pie or cake and milk still warm from milking, cornflakes drowned with sugar and thick cream, then meat, eggs and hot biscuits. To finish off his breakfast he had "Million Dollar Pickles," home bottled sweet ones. We never had things like that in the morning at our house, but it wasn't hard to coax us into following Grandpa's example. We ate till we were stuffed.

For the next day or two I was made to feel no less important than a princess who had ridden into town in a golden coach pulled by six white horses. The time was spent delighting in gathering eggs from the hen-house, watching Grandma make soap, swinging for hours in an old tire swing that hung from a tree outside the kitchen door, caressing and petting velvet petals of pansies from the flower beds, or walking a mile to the store for a bag of penny candy, being careful not to step on cracks in the sidewalk.



It seemed to me that I was such a good girl because Grandma never ever got mad at me. At home everyone did.

Joseph and Katie Anderson were **wonderful** grandparents. No matter how many times I visited their home or how old I became, I still had the feeling of total acceptance and love. The memories they made possible were truly a bit of heaven.

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### **THE D. AND R. G.**

Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan  
Professional Division  
First Place Poetry

Cheers!  
"My dears .  
Do you recall  
The excitement of it all?  
The dust, the cinders?  
The firmly stuck "winders?"  
The red plush seats?  
The purchased treats?  
The paper cups, the tempting drink.

Of water at the tiny sink?  
The slow ascent up Hilltop's height-\*—  
Then dashing down? What pure delight!  
The goose-bump thrill to hear the whistle  
As we neared the junction town of Thistle?

These vivid thoughts come back to me  
When I call to mind the D. and R. G.

## PORTRAIT OF A POISON COW

Halbert Greaves  
1904 Herbert Avenue  
Salt Lake City, UT 84108  
Professional Division  
Second Place Poetry

About the time when I was ten or twelve  
We had an old red cow my father called  
Strychnine—  
Because she was so poison-mean,,

She always knew she could outsmart a kid like me.  
Sometimes when I would put the stool down  
And sit, and place the bucket on the ground,  
She'd stand still, pretending to be peaceable.

But when I reached to try to take her milk,  
She'd sidle leftward  
And move her rump just out of reach,  
Then turn her head and look at me as if to say:  
Don't fool around with me, you little squirt.

But if I got her in a corner where she couldn't  
move like that  
She had a bag of tricks to justify her name.  
(That sounds a little like a pun, doesn't it?)

At other times she made me think she'd changed  
her ways  
And look contented while I milked--for about a  
minute,  
Just long enough for her to calculate  
The length of her tail and the distance to my head,  
Then, with the speed of an arrow" and the sting  
of a whip,  
She'd wrap that tail around my face.,,  
It hurt. She would savor her success  
And glare at me again, triumphantly, maliciously,  
joyfully.  
Now and then she'd let me milk just fine,  
Almost down to stripping time;  
But when I began to think I had her tamed,  
She'd snap her right leg up  
And fast as a hummingbird slap it down again  
And kick the bucket--near the top, inside.  
  
And splatter milk all over me.  
  
My father had a flair for naming cows."-

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## OLD SONGS

Eleanor Peterson Madsen  
295 East 100 North - Box 87-5  
Ephraim, UT f 84627  
Professional Division  
Third Place Poetry

Come, let us sing the old songs  
We sang in days of yore,  
The old, familiar love songs,  
We sang so often before,  
Let's gather around the piano,  
With mother at the keys,  
Sisters' alto and soprano,  
Blending notes with ease;  
Brother's tenor and Father's bass  
Join in the sweet melody  
As we sing now together  
In such perfect harmony.

Come, let us sing the old songs  
Filled with treasured memories  
Of love blossomed in the springtime  
Beneath the silver poplar trees.  
We danced away the evening hours  
With waltzes, quadrilles, and minuets  
In Dreamland Hall or Fiddler's Green  
Precious times we won't forget  
Old songs, like old friends,  
Grow dearer with the years.  
Let us sing the old songs  
Filled with happiness and tears.

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## FLOWER WEED

Bonnie Nielson **Dahlsrud**

P.O. Box 195

Salina, UT 84654

Professional Division

Honorable Mention Poetry

Dandelion flower in morning gold  
parades with breezes,  
while chubby hands hold her proud and high.  
And young girls' voices wonder why  
she isn't sold with roses.

Her peppered frills are child's perfumes and more  
than spiced enough for sneezes,,  
Soft ruffles pour from liquid stems  
and fashion pleats with jagged hems  
that new buds tore while dancing.

Dandelion weed in scorched, drab brown  
bows her tired mane  
to shed her gown, while shovels rip  
her *frazzled* skirt from lifeless hip  
and crush her down, no encore.

Teenage girls now understand why the rose,  
pink but unashamed,  
models sheer clothes of frosted dew,  
costing more than the cheap, yellowed hue  
that gloved hands chose to strangle.

Source: Author's recollection of the dandelions that she gathered as a child from Ephraim's ditchbanks, lawns, and fields, and her confusion as to why these "flowers" were considered weeds,,

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## THE COUNTRY DRUGGIST

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

There was a drugstore in our town--  
A wondrous nook.  
I loved to stand for hours  
Just to get a closer look  
At the druggist — an amazing man--  
Who made Sundaes, splits and pills;  
Pulled teeth, lanced boils and treated all  
Our illnesses and spills.  
He had a walrus mustache,  
Plus an elegant goatee —  
His head was bare and shiny—  
Not a hair that you could see  
He wore enormous glasses  
Riding on a bulbous nose  
With a face both blithe and genial  
And glowing like a rose.  
I sometimes had a penny,  
That I spent inside his store,  
To him a penny's worth of goodies  
Meant a whole handful — or more.

Let us share a thought for those druggists of old,  
Who care for all folks in need;  
Let's remember their skill, their care, their love  
They were heroes without armor and steed.

This poem is based on a real person whom I knew in Spring City.

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## TOO MANY ACRES, BUT NOT ENOUGH FREEDOM

Wilma Morley Despain  
683 North Main Street  
Alpine, TIT 84003  
Professional Division  
Third Place Short Story

Reverend William Lathrop Draper, the man the City of Draper, Utah, was named for, was an ambitious man and very thrifty and quite well to do. He was a banker in England before coming to the United States and a minister of a large congregation of another faith. He paid taxes here in 1813.

His son William "Doc" Draper had been reared in a good religious home, and also was of good breeding and man of faith,, After he had come to Utah and had established a nice home in Draper, a settlement in Salt Lake Valley, he was sent to another "This Is The Place" in Spanish Fork.

The town grew and some of the settlers felt that Spanish Fork was becoming too crowded, so "Doc," as he was affectionately known by all who knew him, was one of the first early colonizers of Moroni, Utah. Here he established a nice home (for those days), but after being there for some time he was attracted to the lush and fertile land west of Moroni, with its belly-high grasses and vegetations growing wild.

So he moved once more, again building and fixing comfortable living quarters for his large family. He became known as a "homesteader" or squatter. A homesteader was one who, after living a number of years on new, uncultivated land, was then declared the owner. Doc wanted to name his new land Draper, like the one named for his father, but postal authorities said it would be too confusing. So they named their new acres "Freedom."

All the years after he joined the Mormons, William or Doc served in many important capacities, lawwise, churchwise and otherwise. He was known as a very honest man in all his dealings. One of his husky, ambitious sons who was named for him became a homesteader on land north of his father's and was called Doc, too, for he could heal the animals who needed him and also people asked his advice on many health problems and other problems,too.

Now, Grandpa Doc valued his membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints more than life itself, but he also believed that "fair is fair" and he was fair and honest as the day is long.

The man who succeeded him as the bishop of their ward suddenly decided that the acres of well cultivated and farmed lush-land that Doc had improved and homesteaded were very attractive and desirable--also profitable.

'We'd like to acquire your farm for the upbuilding of the Church in this area, Brother Draper. We'll give you a fair sum, but we know of your many contributions to the Church and of those of your families, both here and back east, so we expect you'll feel the same about giving up this land." The bishop and his counselors were smacking their lips over the good refreshments that Grandma Draper, Doc's wife, had offered them.

"I'm indeed sorry, Bishop, but I've reached the age where I'm determined to make a permanent home for my dear wife and the children that are still home. No, I will not sign my life's dream away» You are asking too much this time!" Docwiped tears from his eyes and so did Grandma. The Bishopric could not believe what they were hearing!

"Well, Brother Draper, this calls for some drastic measures to be taken0 You will hear from us and we will see about this. It may even be taken to the First Presidency,, They will intervene in behalf of the saints in this part of God's vineyard!"

They rose and left very abruptly as Doc called to them, "Well, Bishop, I guess you'll need someone to intervene, but I've worked hard all my adult life to help build up the Kingdom and to Rebuild our America, lost

to mobs and unfair government. This little corner of it is my vineyard and here I'll stay, God willing, until He calls me home." Grandpa was very angry and so was the bishop!

"We shall see, Doc." He didn't call him "Brother" now, as he climbed into his luxurious buggy with the fringe on top. "We shall see. Perhaps you do not realize that I could ask for your membership to be stricken from our rolls!" Grandpa gasped,, "You don't mean you'd try to have me excommunicated? You surely wouldn't go to such lengths, would you?" Grandpa was pleading now. He was always talking about how proud he was to belong to the true church He was forever talking about the Mormon funeral he wanted and of wanting to be buried in his temple robes.

So many people were so upset over this issue and rallied to Doc's support. All his family did, too. They demanded a hearing also, but the bishop would have none of it and **EXCOMMUNICATE** him they did!

His brother Parley was visiting. He worked for President Brigham Young. He left immediately for Salt Lake on horse back to try to reason and plead for his dear brother, but to no avail. He spent many hours in the saddle, riding there, went and filed a claim at the state land office, and camped overnight where the Hotel Utah now stands to also let his tired horse have a night's rest. He did go to the First Presidency about this grave, unfair attack, then started home on the long journey back to Moroni, feeling very sad but very angry, too.

He told his brother Doc and his father that no one even offered to help them. They had said, "We are very sorry, Brother Parley, but a bishop's court decision cannot be reversed or altered, *even* by the First Presidency. Not at least until the offender has been proven worthy and apologized, can he possibly be reinstated!"

Parley said, "It breaks my heart for you, Doc, after the way you've supported and given and worked for all the authorities. Parley was really broken up at the cruel way his brother was being treated. He had met the bishop and other officials at the Point of the Mountain. They, too, were on their way to Salt Lake City to file a claim for the same land! They were very angry that Parley had been there ahead of them.

When Parley reached home his horse was all lathered and give out. Kind hands took his reins and rubbed his horse down and put a blanket on him. Parley, not even taking time to rest, took a fresh mount. It was very frisky and afraid of Doc the way Parley had dressed him before he paraded him through the streets of Moroni.

He had tied Doc's hands behind him, tied a red kerchief around and across his face, making him look like a real western desperado who would have been treated this way if he had been readied to be hanged.

The whole valley was up in arms, almost hysterical in trying to support and plead Doc's cause. Because of their regard for him they brought food, did his chores and reminded each other how he had healed their sick animals and helped each family in many ways.

The bishopric may just as well have hung Doc. When they saw how much he was loved, they almost wished they hadn't bothered to see this thing through When they saw how ill Doc became and how it affected his family, they could see this robust man failing and losing his spark and enthusiasm.

But after all this, the Presidency called him to go to Rockville, Washington County, to help the poor, unqualified settlers there. Doc, so used to being obedient, accepted this call as he had all others; but after the terrible things that had been done to him, he had to be released because he was too old and too ill to do the demanding, hard work that such calls required. He would never ask anything of others that he could and would not do himself.

He came back to his loved Sanpete and only after several years had passed, very sad years, did anyone try to make right the wrong.

Stake President Isaac Morley, Sr., found out about this travesty sooner, and had known how Doc was suffering; but because of his heavy duties and being gone so much of the time, had never found out that the

authorities had never reversed this sad affair. He traveled the whole stake, which encompassed all of Sanpete, Millard, Juab, and other counties, and all of Dixie. He came to Moroni to hold a stake conference and was shocked at the state Doc was in. He traveled by horse and buggy and paused in many places to give patriarchal blessings along his way. He immediately gave Grandpa a blessing.

He told the new church president and authorities about this incident and they called a meeting at once, requesting Grandpa and family to join them. The first matter of business was to reinstate Brother William Draper's membership and assure him that his life-long desire would be honored, that he would be honored with a worthy and meaningful funeral service and that he WOULD be buried in his temple robes, which he prized so much.

What a joy this was to his whole large posterity and to the settlements around Moroni. They kept their promise, too.

He is buried in a lovely spot, a plot of his loved land in the shadow of the beautiful mountains and Box Canyon that he knew and loved so well. It is fenced with a high, beautiful linked-chain fence, through the caring efforts of two grandchildren, Erma and husband Earl Livingston, Fay Draper, Pearl Madsen Olsen. Other former residents acquired ownership, water rights and held fund raisings to help save and preserve this quiet place for Grandpa and his own.

In May 1886, William Lathrop Draper, Sr., Doc's father, died in his eightieth year. He was buried here in this precious, hallowed place along with two of Doc's children. In only one year, May 2, 1887, Doc joined his father in his last sleep and at last was sure of his never being threatened again of losing his beloved Freedom."

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### **CHOKED IN BED**

James L. Jacobs  
1052 Darling Street  
Ogden, UT 84403  
Non-Professional Division  
First Place Anecdote

As a small teenager I helped a sheep herder and camp tender trail a herd of sheep one spring from the desert to the lambing ground.

One stormy evening two horsemen friends of the herder came to our sheep wagon and ate supper with us. As they had no beds, they were invited to spend the night, even though we would be sleeping five in a bed.

To enlarge a sheep wagon bed, it was customary to move the sideboard about two feet forward over the table and fill the space with horse blankets up to mattress level. The men then slept crosswise of the bed as it could accommodate more bodies that way.

When visitors stayed overnight in sheep wagons, the men always slept "head and tail" fashion, alternating heads and feet; as legs are smaller than shoulders, less space is needed when sleeping that way.

I was placed in the center of the bed when we retired, with the feet of big men resting close to each of my ears under the quilts. My folded coat was my pillow, and my head was pressed against the wall at the end of the wagon.

When the men relaxed in sleep their feet stretched the quilts across my throat so tightly that I was choked. By kicking, I roused my bedfellows so they would pull their feet up enough to relieve the pressure on my throat so I could catch my breath,, But when they again dropped off to sleep, their feet again stretched the



quilts across my throat and choked me, so again I kicked the men awake and gasped for breath. This went on all night dozing--choking--kicking--gasping for breath.

What a relief it was when morning came, the choking stopped, and I could breathe normally again.

Source: Recollections of the author.

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## **THE AGE OF INNOCENCE**

Lillian H. Fox

140 North 100 West

Manti, UT 84642

Non-Professional Division

Second Place Anecdote

My parents had a large Family Doctor Book which they kept under lock and key. When someone in the family became ill, they brought forth the book to find the symptoms of the illness and then administer the appropriate soothing poultice. After they found the helpful material, the book was returned to its hiding place. We children had been taught that storks brought babies and our parents did not want our innocent minds polluted with the revealing information that the book contained.

One day, when I was about nine years of age and left alone in the house, I searched until I found the key. With trembling hands and feelings of guilt, I brought forth the book and proceeded to study the pictures within. Finally, I turned a page displaying a picture of a nude woman. This picture was in colors and put together in layers, one upon another. The top picture was her skin and under the skin were other parts of her anatomy, Then I came to a picture where a beautiful baby was tucked away in the folds.

I was shocked and disillusioned. Never had I dreamed of such a thin. Quickly I returned the book to the hiding place, locked the door, replaced the key and ran outside to sit under the apple tree and think. I never told anyone of my misbehavior and I never forgot the experience.

Later, when I was in the sixth grade, the Public Health nurse, Sadie Olsen, called all the girls in our class together and showed us pictures of a similar nature and gave us a lecture about such things. I felt rather sophisticated that day as I had already discovered the wonderful secret of life in our Family Doctor Book.

Source: Personal experience of the author.

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## **CHRISTIAN MUNK'S TRUE STORY**

Edna M. Nielson

Non-Professional Division

Third Place Anecdote

On my father's seventieth birthday, April 4, 1951, Stanley and I invited all my sisters and brothers to our home to a turkey dinner,, When we were through, I asked my father to tell us something about his life that he hadn't told us before. He told us this story that even my mother hadn't heard:

“When I was a boy about fifteen years old, a man I knew gave me a gun. I went into the mountains to herd sheep with this other fellow. The coyotes, bears, and lions preyed upon our flocks. We were many times

alerted by the noise of the sheep milling around in the night. So we would get up and with our loaded guns in our hands, we went out around the sheep to scare off the intruder.

One night we heard a loud noise. The man told me to go around one side and he'd go around the other. That night it was pitch dark. I had to feel my way around. I was so scared. Kneeling down and putting my gun on my knee, I shot. Then I went back to camp and went to bed. The next morning, I went out and followed my footsteps that were in the mud, and there, to my great surprise, laid a great big, black bear, I had shot it right between the eyes, and it had been just ten feet away from me.

Now that is as true as I live.

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## **THE FINAL TREATY OF THE BLACK HAWK WAR**

Talula Frandsen Nelson  
P.O. Box 148  
Mt. Pleasant, UT 84647  
Non-Professional Division  
Honorable Mention Anecdote

Willard Frandsen, my father, was nine years old when Brigham Young came to Mt. Pleasant to make a peace treaty with the Indians,, The prophet asked Will to go with Orson Hyde and others to Indianola where a number of Indians had made their homes.

Will could speak the Indian language quite well as he had played with Indian boys while herding cows in the fields outside Mt. Pleasant. Will loved the Indian boys that lived there with their parents, and agreed to go. He had a great deal more love than fear for the Indians.

Brigham Young gave him a blessing and promised him a safe return if he would ask Chief Walker to come to Mt. Pleasant on a certain day and sign the treaty. Will delivered the message and returned with the desired answer.

On September 17, 1872, Chief Walker with his braves rode into town on horses. The Indians stopped under a large pine tree at the William H. Seeley home (where the Relic Hall is today). The white men stayed inside the house opening a window. After a handshake and a friendly greeting, the Indians made their mark on the document. This was the final and last treaty of the Black Hawk War.

Source: Personal recollections.

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## **CLARION, UTAH**

Conrad Frischknecht  
12225 Shady Wood Lane SW  
Tacoma, WA 98498  
Non-Professional Division  
First Place Historical Essay

Early in this century, large numbers of Jews driven from Russia by pogroms and fleeing from eastern European cities settled in the eastern United States. They found work as pushcart vendors, small storekeepers or piece workers for long hours at poor pay and lived in tuberculosis-breeding tenements.

Associations existed to help steer Jews from the eastern seaboard cities to other parts of the country.<sup>1</sup> At the same time many immigrants began to dream of the soil.

A well-traveled student of agriculture at Pennsylvania State College by the name of Benjamin Brown wrote an article which appeared in eastern newspapers and in which he extolled the life of the farmer as being ideal--deriving an honorable living from the soil, a partner with nature,, Brown knew Scandinavian and German immigrants who were prosperous, happy farmers. "Far vuss nit mir?" Why not we Jews too?

On January 10, 1910, some 150 Jews from Philadelphia and New York organized the Jewish Agricultural and Colonial Association and chose Brown as president. The membership fee was \$350; many had to borrow the sum and others did not make their contributions.

Brown and an engineer were sent to Arizona, New Mexico and Utah to find a site for a new colony. The one chosen--it had to be virgin soil--was on an alluvial bench seven miles southwest of Gunnison, Utah, and west of the Sevier River. The choice fulfilled several requirements: land was cheaper in the West than in the East; the site was too far from New York to make giving up and returning home easy; it was not a place where farmers could turn to being hotel keepers; the State of Utah promised an irrigation system (Piute Reservoir Project) that would serve the colony; there was a railroad through Gunnison; wealthy Jews in Salt Lake City could be appealed to for support; and Mormons, calling themselves "Children of Zion," could be counted on to be friendly and helpful, not least because both groups had known persecution.

In August, 1911, the Colony contracted to buy 6,080 acres of land for an average \$11.20 per acre, with a water right of 2-acre-feet per acre at \$35 per share ,, The down payment on the land was \$6,815.20. The colony was to be a model which would call Jews back to the land after 2,000 years. They named it Clarion--clear call.

In September, twelve young men, armed with pistols and supplied with tents and good equipment, arrived in Clarion to prepare for the following, larger migration. They had been misled about the climate and suffered through a cold winter, with snow blowing into their tents. Nevertheless, spring planting of wheat, oats, and alfalfa totaled 1,500 acres.

The men were paid \$15 per day and lived a communal life. Someone cooked, someone hauled culinary water from Gunnison, others plowed fields and removed rocks or started building the houses (or shacks) to house families when wives and children, plus other immigrants, joined the colony.

Spring was late and then was followed by dry weather The promised irrigation water did not come and crops suffered. The new canal could not hold water and broke. Also, upstream users took more than their share of the water, even when the canal was policed; unscheduled checks found gates open that should have been closed. The Colony sued the State for \$14,250, the amount of the lost crops, but got nothing, nor any satisfaction from an appeal to the Legislature.

By fall there were 23 houses and the Colony numbered 60, which included the families of most of the original 12. By that time, also, all funds had been spent and there was a debt of \$3,788.13. In Salt Lake City, a new corporation, the Utah Colonization Fund, Inc., was set up to replace the old one. The 152 individual contracts, with an estimated value of \$45,000, were transferred to the new fund. With this backing, the leaders planned to float bonds amounting to \$150,000, paying 4 percent. Brown went East to raise money, armed with an enthusiastic letter from the Governor.

Jews in Salt Lake City raised \$5,000. The Mormon Church, engaged in helping members exiled in Mexico, could give only \$500. In Chicago, Julius Rosenwald of Sears Roebuck Company promised to buy one half of the unsubscribed bonds if the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society would purchase the other half. The Society refused. Discouraged, Rosenwald contributed \$2,500.<sup>2</sup>

Though the land had originally been sold to the association, the understanding was that each family would move to its own 40-acre tract and farm individually rather than communally. The new Fund held all

property and the State would not consider resurveying the land or changing the original agreement.<sup>3</sup> The colonists realized that a fatal mistake had been made and that the greater diligence and superior ability of some would not be rewarded. After a hard day's work in the fields, the men sat up long hours in abrasive debate over what management should or should not do. Hard feeling, divisiveness and weakness resulted.

Nevertheless, they did not give up and, thanks to the support of Governor Spry, were granted by the Land Board delays in making payments.

Another setback hit them in the summer of 1913 when a cloudburst struck in the night with high winds and torrents of rain. The storm was followed by a new sound, that of rushing water. In the morning they found that rain, wind and flood had flattened the crops and filled the fields with rocks. A beneficent nature had shown its other side and destroyed wheat for bread and seed. The colonists were the chief sufferers in the valley.

Culinary water was still a problem. There were no springs or streams. Raw canal water was not usable and a cistern built to hold it for settling broke soon after filling,, Wells of 100-foot depth yielded poor water. Only the well on the Lieberman farm had good water and it thus became the community well.

By autumn of 1913 there were 33 houses and a combined church and school. Children were taught in Yiddish and English and there was a choice of specifically Jewish or international-socialist study.

Filled with both hope and doubt, the colonists clung desperately to the ideal of a farmer's life. The sore trials of climate, water problems and poor crops made them doubt they were in the right place. World War I was approaching and cities were offering jobs paying wages which allowed a richer life. Some colonists left Clarion, but new ones arrived to pursue the dream.

There were happy days, such as the Sunday morning they climbed into wagons and went into the mountains to gather firewood. Overcome by the marvels of nature, they shouted, sang and danced. Brown, filled with a divine presence, mounted a stump, raised his arms in prophetic stance, and extolled the goodness of God0 They had a glorious day, though not much wood was gathered.

A picture of well-being belying their financial state was shown to visitors. An official high in the forestry department reported finding the men busy in the fields and women in their homes made attractive with flowers. Vegetables and trees were growing. First-crop hay was beginning to blossom, attended by humming bees0 The visitor wrote in the 1915 issue of the Breeders' Gazette that Benjamin Brown was a modern Moses who had led some of the Children of Israel from the tenements of the cities to a land of milk and honey.

J. W. Gribble of Gunnison promoted a banquet at which Jews and valley residents exchanged compliments. At the dance which followed, the Jews watched wistfully, feeling out of place.

In 1914 the Land Board served notice on the Utah Colonization Fund that it owed \$60,000 and payment had to be made by January 1, 1915, or the board would take steps to make collection. On November 5 of that year the Land Board revoked water rights. The lands at Clarion were offered for sale at public auction on January 18, 1916.

The court-appointed receiver for the colony believed they owed \$75,000 in addition to that owed to the state, bringing total indebtedness to \$500,000 or more. The appraised value of buildings, livestock and equipment was only \$14,000. The board permitted the improvements to be sold separately, with proceeds going to the colonists' creditors. Colonists were allowed to keep their livestock, which many sold to pay for fare to Los Angeles or elsewhere. Only some half a dozen families hung on to land and livestock,<sup>4</sup>

Some reasons for the failure of Clarion are obvious, chiefly the unsuitability of the site.<sup>5</sup> Rainfall averages eight inches a year; 2-acre-feet of water per acre is inadequate. Irrigated land requires twice the labor of other land and must be twice as productive to be competitive. Most Clarion lands are not rich enough to produce grains profitably,, The soils produce good crops of alfalfa, but with hay selling then for \$5.00 a ton,

40 acres was too small a farm to support a family decently,. Most of the colonists were tradesmen untrained in any kind of farming and the women were not skilled in such tasks as bread-making.

The writer asked Ben Brown why the Colony failed and he answered unhesitatingly, "We failed because of our religious differences,, Some of us were orthodox Jews; others unorthodox0 We were unable to unite in a common cause."6 Asked why he stayed, he said, "I stayed on principle to demonstrate that Clarion was a viable project.'

Only a small fraction of the 3,000 acres the Jews cultivated is now in use. There are remnants of foundations, of ditches and furrows. Two graves, one a child's, are disappearing into a hillside.

To many of the failed farmers, the painful loss of their hard labor and precious finances was nothing compared to the shock of realizing that the dream of being prosperous farmers in the Promised Land had vanished like a rainbow.

<sup>1</sup>Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society; Baron de Hirsch Farm School.

<sup>2</sup>The Society believed the colonists needed \$600,000 to keep the project viable. Thus, it refused to subscribe and also told Rosenwald of the Colony's precarious financial situation.

<sup>3</sup>Proceeds from public lands such as those the Land Board sold the colonists were dedicated to public school funds. The Land Board was constrained to keep this in mind. Both the Land Board and local merchants believed the Colony was secure due to backing by wealthy Jews.

<sup>4</sup>Some immigrants still in the East lost whatever they had contributed without ever seeing Clarion.

<sup>5</sup>Brown complained to the writer that the Land Board had promised the colonists the best land on the west bench, but in fact non-Jews received much of the best land.

<sup>6</sup>Compare the dedication and success of Mormon pioneers sent by Brigham Young to even more difficult and hostile places.

#### Sources

"Clarion, Utah: Jewish Colony in 'Zion,'" by Everett L. Cooley, Utah Historical Quarterly, Spring 1968.

"Virgin Soil," by Isaac Friedland, one of the Clarion colonists; translated from Yiddish by Dr. Louis Zucker and with the cooperation of Professor Robert Goldberg following Dr. Zucker's death. The translation was seen to completion in large part thanks to the persistence of Lament Nielsen who grew up in Clarion and still farms there.

Recollections of the author who bought land formerly owned by colonists Plonsky, Lieberman and others; who farmed in Clarion; and who was a director of the Piute Irrigation Company for 40 years and president part of that time.

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## **BAND OF ACCOMPLISHMENT**

Norma Smith Wanlass

125 East 200 North

Manti, UT 84642

Non-Professional Division

Second Place Historical Essay

For the brides-to-be it was a romantic interlude, a chance to get away from the cold, wearisome winter. The older folks concluded that what we saw was the light at the end of the tunnel, the warm sunny climes of St. George. But the all-important goal was to be married in a temple for time and eternity, in the first and only temple dedicated in Utah at that time. The Logan Temple (second) would not be completed until May 17, 1884.

For the grooms-to-be it was a challenge—which not one among us could pass up. We knew it would be a hard trip—but we couldn't wait until the weather was warm; there was far too much work to be done at that time. Everything to sustain life. The cutting, laying up of stone, and building the L.D.S. Temple in Manti;

shearing sheep of their wool and making our clothes; plowing, planting, irrigating and harvesting our food; and hauling wood from the mountains for constructing and heating our homes.

In the afternoon of a bright, crisp Monday, the 15th of November, 1880, we started our journey to St. George, expecting to be back home by the first of December. There was Charles (Charles Adelbert Cox) and Ellie (Sabra Ellen Stringham), age 18; Vet (Sylvester Hulet Cox) and Mary (Mary Ellen Parry), age 18; Brig (Brigham James Peacock) and Eleanor (Sarah Eleanor Cox), age 20; Bert (Albert M. Tuttle) and Lue (Lucia Isabelle Cox), age 20; Hart (Horton Tuttle) and Mandy (Amanda Cox), age 20. Those answering to the name of Cox had one thing in common, the same father, Fredrick Walter Cox.<sup>2</sup>

We were a happy, excited group when we started from the Big House on first north and first west in Manti. There were five Conestoga Wagons, the same as those that had brought our families across the plains in the early 1850s, all drawn by a team of horses. Each of the five girls took a load of flour to sell. It was packed in hundred-pound sacks and would pay the expenses of our trip.

Huge sacks filled with hay were tied to the wagons, and grain boxes built along the sides were filled with oats for the horses. The water barrels were lashed to the wagons, also. It was the first rule of survival.

Bert took a quarter of beef; he did all the frying. When we camped at night the beef hung from a tree. During the day it was wrapped in a sack and layed between the quilts in a bed. We had a sour dough start, eggs buried in the oats to keep them from breaking, a slab of salt pork, a bag each of dried beans and cornmeal, and sorghum molasses. When we could get milk, the motion of the wagon churned butter and gave us buttermilk to drink.

Campfires were built in the morning and evening. Fires were made over a trench in the ground filled with rocks about six inches in diameter,, When we cooked breakfast we always made extra biscuits and fried too much pork. That way we didn't have to stop to prepare lunch.

Every morning we were on the road by six o'clock while it was still dark. We rested the horses at noon and stopped for ten minutes of each hour.<sup>3</sup> When the wagons halted it was usually a signal for the girls to retreat to any place most hidden from view. We formed a circle facing out, fanned our skirts wide making a curtain, and each one took her turn inside the circle. Although it was never discussed, these long skirts were the security women needed when traveling with men in wagon trains.<sup>4</sup> We expected to travel four miles an hour, covering about 36 miles per day.

That first night we camped at Peacock Springs south of **Sterling**.<sup>5</sup> The fellows took care of their teams and built the fires, then we all walked over to the home of John L. and Serena Peacock. We decided to combine our evening meal and twelve of us enjoyed our supper together, but the company was the most pleasureable. We had such a good time reminiscing, laughing and singing before we had to say goodnight. Morning always came so early.

When we were back at the camp everyone loitered about the fire. We were unusually quiet after having spent such a lighthearted time in the Peacock home. Then Vet relieved the tension when he announced that there was safety in numbers; especially when their little sisters were watching their brothers' every move. Each girl decided to sleep alone in a wagon box and the fellows would sleep under the wagons. They wrapped the rocks in gunny sacks, replacing them with cold rocks in the fire, and took them to bed to keep warm. The fires were banked and after calling goodnight to one another, everything was quiet.

The "Wake Up" call came too quickly but we were on our best behavior, so we didn't make too much fuss. The first thing to be done upon arising was to stir the fire up and heat water for a cup of barley coffee or Brigham Tea.

"Ellie, have you got the water on?" Charles would call out.

While the girls prepared breakfast, each fellow fed, watered and harnessed his own team. A horse

would eat all that was put before it, so we cut the amount of hay down and fed them three hands full of oats twice a day. If there was a spring or running water the fellows filled the barrels with fresh water each morning,, When the horses got too heated from pulling, they weren't allowed to eat snow. We had to give them small amounts of water from the barrel,,

While the biscuits baked, flour had to be added to the sour dough so there would be a start for the next meal. When breakfast was cleaned up, we dug the rocks from the fire and divided them into five piles, one for each wagon, then we doused the fires. Heat rises and after wrapping the rocks we put them under our feet for warmth. Wrapped in our capes and robes with our feet on the rocks was pleasant for awhile, but soon they cooled off.

The second night, Tuesday, November 16, we camped at Willow Bend, south of Salina and east of Aurora.

On the third night, Wednesday, November 17, we made it as far as Richfield. Mandy was sick.

The fourth day, Thursday, November 18, was a bad one with wind and snow. We had to go to Elsinore for a load of hay, then we started to Jo town (Joseph) where we stayed in a vacant house without a door. At least we could be inside out of the wind. To crowd around a fireplace was really a luxury,, Ellie fainted away when she started to get warm. Lue stayed with her to keep her warm.

On the fifth day, Friday, November 19, we made it to the Narrows in Clear Creek Canyon. The red slick rocks were straight up on both sides. Over the years the creek had cut a place wide enough to scrape a wagon through, but it snowed and was a very cold night. Eleanor, Mary and Handy slept together from then on for warmth.

On the sixth day, Saturday, November 20, we reached the rest camp on Pine Creek Ridge between Cove Fort and Beaver. The freighters stopped there when they were taking supplies to the silver mines.<sup>6</sup> For eight or nine miles we had shoveled snow in the pines. If ever there was a place that tested our wisdom and endurance, that was it. If we had any doubt that we had made the right choice in our mates, that would have been the place to back out. But as we would find out, there were more trying and exhausting times ahead in our lives together«

On the seventh night, Sunday, November 21, we camped at the Buck Horn Springs near Paragonah. Our plans were to rest on the Sabbath Day, but we worried that we might freeze to death and be found in the spring by freighters.

On the eighth night, Monday, November 22, we camped at Cedar. One of the fellows said, "You will hear the Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star Band."<sup>7</sup>

On the ninth day, Tuesday, November 23, the sun was warm on our backs and upturned faces as we soaked it in. We camped south of Kanarraville,, Our spirits soared again.

On the tenth day, Wednesday, November 24, we drove into St. George on a dugway during a heavy rain storm with lightning and thunder all about us. Eleanor was petrified! She crawled under a mattress before she would go on.<sup>8</sup> We stayed in an old house that was owned by Sister Vance, a temple worker.

Because of the extreme cold, all of the girls began their monthlies at an unscheduled time and we had to wait a week before we could get married.<sup>9</sup> Vet, Charles, Bert, Brig and Hart went to Santa Clara and hauled wood for the Vance boys,, We had pulling matches and bet home-made wine on the outcome. Hart's team won.

We had no trouble selling our flour. For each hundred pounds we were paid \$3.00, an unheard of amount in any other location.<sup>10</sup>

The girls used the time to get ready for the return trip to Manti, washing clothes, cleaning wagons-- anything that would make them look better and be more comfortable. We were going home as man and wife so each wagon was to become a bridal suite.

It was Eleanor's 21st birthday on November 30. Mary surprised her with a cake while we sang "Happy Birthday." Mary had lived in St. George before her family moved to Manti where her father became master mason on that temple.<sup>11</sup> She had visited with friends and been given enough sugar to make a small cake. It had been a long time since we had had sweets or fruit,,

The next morning, December 1, 1880, we were married in the St. George Temple. The girls wore white dresses that were made alike; we had all spun the yarn for them. The fellows wore white hand-made shirts and long Johns (drawers) to be married in,, There were no white pants,, We wore white wool stockings; there were no white shoes.

For our wedding supper Sister Vance brought baked beans and pickled grapes. Nothing could have tasted better. We sat around the fireplace in her house and were content.

Our honeymoon was spent traveling to Manti. We started the next morning. The first night we camped at Anderson's Ranch, just before we reached Toquerville. The second day we pushed and pulled up the Black Ridge. It was very steep! The journey home was made in six days,, Our goal had been accomplished. We twisted our gold bands round and round on the third finger of our left hands to remind us of that. We were very happy to see our families again, especially to be with them at Christmastime. Now life began in earnest.

<sup>1</sup>Church Chronology, by Andrew Jenson.

<sup>2</sup>List of children and birthdates, born during polygamy to six wives, found in the History of Fredrick Walter Cox and His Family,

<sup>3</sup>All information related to horses and wagons given by Edgar Merriam of Manti.

<sup>4</sup>"Women's Diaries of the Westward Journey," by Lillian Schlissel, pages 98-99.

<sup>5</sup>Trip to St. George, the people involved, daily travel schedule, and other interesting information given by Charles Adelbert Cox, one of the brothers married on Wednesday, December 1, 1880. He wrote the account on a brown paper sack when he was 81 years of age for his son C. Ross Cox of Manti.

<sup>6</sup>From the history of Julius Jensen, a Utah pioneer who freighted to the silver mines.

<sup>7</sup>Taken from a letter received from National Climatic Data Center, Asheville, North Carolina., dated January 1, 1985.

"NCDC has temperature records for November and December, 1880 for Coalville, Fort Douglas and Salt Lake City, Utah. The images of the old weather recording forms are stored on microfilm,, Recordkeeping in Utah did not really get organized until 1887. There are no records for Manti and St. George. The records that we do have for 1880 are a rare find."

I chose to quote from the Coalville observation made by Thomas Bullock because it verified the accounts given by Charles Adelbert Cox even though it was from a different area in the state.

November 17, 1880. No. wind at 2 p.m. V. cold.

November 21, 1880. Myriads of Stars

November 22, 1880. Myriads of Stars.

Coldest November in 15 years except November 31, 1871.

<sup>8</sup>Eleanor's fear of the wind related in the History of Sarah Eleanor Cox Peacock by her children Wilbur and Helen Peacock.

<sup>9</sup>The word "monthlies" taken from the South Sanpete Public Health Nurse Sheran Boynton.

<sup>10</sup>Taken from Silver in Sandstone, Celebrating the Silver Reef Centennial, printed in the Salt Lake Tribune on January 2, 1977.

"Silver in Sandstone! That cry awoke two slumping towns, one Gentile, one Mormon, some 75 miles apart: Pioche, Nevada, and St. George, Utah whose economic doldrums lifted because they now had a market in which to sell her surpluses of farm, garden and orchards — and vineyard products."

<sup>11</sup>Mary Ellen Parry born to E. L. Parry and Ann Parry at St. George was the first white girl born in that place. Found in a history written by her daughter Emeline C. Jewkes.



## HEALERS AND HEALING

Mary Louise Madsen Seamons  
1774 South 340 East  
Orem, UT 84058  
Non-Professional Division  
Third Place Historical Essay

Healers and healing have been revered since the beginning of recorded history,, Superstition, old wives' tales, herbs, faith--each has at one time or another been significant in the history of a people. Those who have had success in healing have been held in high esteem by their fellow men. Medicine as we know it today is relatively new, though evidence indicates that much was known about surgery and healing even during the reigns of Egyptian kings whose tombs have revealed much to our knowledge—yet leave much more to be learned.

In Scandinavia as recently as the seventeen and eighteen hundreds, the village apothecary, under instructions from the government, stocked such things as droppings from horses, cows, and goats; sap from trees for treating pneumonia; sap from fir trees for gall bladder; droppings from geese mixed with beer and drunk for treating yellow fever; rattlesnake fat for treating redevye; sacred springs (water); and herbs of all kinds^ some of which were helpful and are still used.<sup>1</sup> Patients were bled as cures for a variety of illnesses, many of them fatal--possibly due to the loss of blood.

Dentistry in Scandinavia, probably elsewhere as well, was mainly performed by the "wise old women" of the parish. Later, in America and other countries, local barbers were also local dentists, this being true within the memories of some still living.

Hospitals were more feared than sought. There was no adequate care for the sick, or hospitals that could really be called hospitals, until around 1750 in Scandinavia. Other countries followed similar timelines. Also within the memory of old and young alike is the development of serums to protect citizens from diseases such as smallpox, whooping cough, diphtheria, typhoid, measles, and, more recently, the dreaded polio, sometimes called infantile paralysis.

Some people resorted mainly to treating their own illnesses rather than seeking help from those with possibly less knowledge than they. Others sought help from friends, neighbors, or family members who were reputed to be "healers." One such sought-after family was that of "Aunt Candace" Wilcox.<sup>2</sup> Aunt Candace, her brothers, and her oldest daughter were all consulted by myriad sufferers because of their reputations.

Candace Blanchard Rowe was born 24 July 1851 at Camp Creek, Fremont County, Iowa. Her father, Carat Conderset Rowe,<sup>3</sup> was a member of the Mormon Battalion; her mother, Mary Napier,<sup>4</sup> was a Scottish emigrant. Both were converts to the newly established Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly known as Mormons, and traveled with other Saints to Utah in 1852. In 1860 the Rowe family was called to settle in one-year-old Mt. Pleasant; there in 1867 sixteen-year-old Candace married Joseph Wilcox.<sup>5</sup> By 1888 they had eight children-- four sons and four daughters. On 30 December 1888 Joseph died, leaving Candace to rear their family, ages ranging from twenty years to three months. Candace was equal to the job.

Aunt Candace, as we all loved to call her,. . .was a ray of sunshine wherever she went. . .she was especially sought for in the sick room, as she was very gifted in the art of caring for those in distress. At one time it was proposed by the ward that she be sent to take training to become a professional nurse. The people all wanted it so, but her health at that time did not warrant the strain.<sup>6</sup>

Candace had the power to make people feel better just to have her with them. When she was so sick she couldn't go, they would plead, "Oh, Aunt Candace. If you will just come and sit with me, it'll help."

Her brother, too, was noted for his healing powers. It was said that he could stop the flow of blood. At one time he was called on to help a man who was bleeding profusely. He couldn't go, but he told his caller, "You go. And when you get there, he'll be all right."

He could mesmerize snakes, making them docile and harmless. Soon after Joseph's death, baby Bess was sitting on the floor when her mother entered the room. Glancing at her baby, Candace was startled to see a snake coiled in the infant's lap. Terrified, she grabbed her child; the snake fell to the floor,, Candace's brother stepped out from a hiding place, chuckling. Candace, finding nothing amusing about the incident, "gave him the very old dickens" and warned him never to do such a thing again.

Candace's daughter, May,<sup>7</sup> also had a reputation for being a healer. Whenever May visited her sister, Anne,<sup>8</sup> in Mt. Pleasant, everyone they knew "had to have a treatment." Out came Anne's ironing board for the "patient" to lie on while May proceeded,, May also made a salve, known by the family as "Aunt May's green salve," with which she reportedly healed many. The story is told of one fellow who had been wounded during World War I. The wounds simply wouldn't heal, regardless of what the doctors tried, and they were about to give up. But May's green salve healed him.

And May was a spiritualist, and even attended seances. She had a little Indian spirit she called Bluebell. Whenever May was down in the dumps, she called for Bluebell to talk with her. She gave her great-nieces and nephews spirits to talk with when they were lonely or bored.

May liked alfalfa and barley teas. When she came to Mt. Pleasant to visit, she always went away with her year's supply of alfalfa and barley straw. She was a great believer in health foods and kept her body trim and firm., She was a woman born before her time, a woman who would have been right at home among the current food faddists and physical fitness proponents.

Anne, too, was a healer of sorts, though most of her healing was done through the use of herbs and readily available ingredients,, She relied on such old standbys as castor oil and cod liver oil. Castor oil was given to the children when they got sick. Through bribery and cajolery they were usually won over to taking the foul-smelling/foultasting stuff. But it often didn't do the patient much good; it came back up before it got down. "Scott's Emulsion" was not a favorite remedy as far as Anne's children were concerned either, though today there is a rebirth in the use of cod liver oil as a remedy for arthritis and other ailments,, It may be purchased in a variety of flavors, not the "horrible-tasting stuff" Anne's children took.

A more appealing remedy was "onion syrup." Whenever a family member had a cold, Anne got a large onion, sliced it into a bowl, and sprinkled a little sugar over it. When set on the warming oven for several days, a syrup formed: juice from the onion mixed with the sugar. Though this was a remedy used by many early settlers in Utah, there are those today who have never heard of it.

Lung colds and pneumonia had one thing in common Anne always made mustard plasters to treat them. A little dry mustard mixed with flour and water, perhaps a bit of sugar, was spread on a cloth, topped with another cloth, and placed either on the chest or the back of the patient. Oil was first rubbed on the skin to keep it from blistering. When Anne's son, Willis,<sup>9</sup> was battling pneumonia in 1934--the year before the first "miracle drugs" made pneumonia just a "bad cold"--Anne knew her mustard plaster would cure him. Although she felt the doctor silently laughed at her for wanting to use a mustard plaster, she didn't feel the doctor was any more knowledgeable than she. Anne certainly wasn't the only resident of Mt. Pleasant to believe in mustard plasters for illnesses involving the lungs.

Perhaps the most unusual remedy used by the Wilcox family was angleworm oil. When Anne, being ~

courted by her soon-to-be-husband, Niel M. Madsen,<sup>10</sup> attended a celebration at the opera house in Mt. Pleasant, the two, being curious about the view from the half-finished loft, climbed the ladder to look around. When they had seen all they wanted, Niel teasingly told Anne, "Well, since I came up first, I suppose I should go down first." Anne, being a modest young lady not wanting to chance having Niel see her ankles as she climbed down the ladder, stepped around him, intending to get to it first. Though she didn't get to the ladder first, she got to the main floor first: she fell through the ceiling, landing on the benches below and breaking her elbow. When the cast was removed, Anne's arm remained in an ell shape. The doctor told Candace that Anne would never be able to comb her own hair; Candace retorted that Anne would use her arm again, then proceeded to prove herself right.

She sent her sons to the garden to dig angleworms. These she put in a can which she placed close to the stove till they fermented and became oily. Then, having one of the boys hold Anne around the waist and pull on her, Candace pulled on Anne's arm while rubbing some of the angleworm oil on the injured elbow. Tears streamed down Anne's face each time the procedure was repeated, but the arm was straightened so that one not knowing it had ever been stiff was unaware of the trauma and pain Anne had gone through to be able to use it at all. The pulling? The rubbing? The angleworm oil? Who really knows what actually healed the arm.

Anne's greater claim to fame as a healer—one not tried by her mother, her sister, or her uncles--was dentistry. Most of the time her practice consisted of helping little ones about the age of six pull their loose teeth. The usual procedure, if the tooth were loose enough, was to loop a string around the tooth, pull the noose tight, and either tie the string to a doorknob and slam the door or have the patient--or the "dentist"—give the string a quick jerk. A dime or a quarter from the "doctor" soon had the patient feeling fine. Anne's practice wasn't limited to children, however. She had a pair of forceps, reportedly horse forceps, which she used to pull teeth that were not quite so loose. Rather than go to a medical doctor—or the barber—people preferred going to Anne, perhaps because of her gentleness.

One day her brother-in-lawll came to her, In great pain, his jaw swollen and wrapped with a cloth, he moaned, "Anne, you've got to pull my tooth!"

"Oh, Anthon, I can't pull your tooth,, I can pull them for kids, but I can't possibly pull your tooth."

"You've got to. It's killing me, but I'm not going to any doctor!"

Anne finally agreed to try. Anthon pointed out the offending tooth; Anne got out her big forceps and started to pull. She pulled. . .and pulled. . . and pulled. Just as she was about to give up, the tooth finally came out. Anthon reached in his pocket and brought out a dollar bill. Over Anne's protests that she couldn't take his money, he said, "Well, it was certainly worth it to me to get that thing out." That dollar was perhaps the most Anne ever received for her dentistry, regardless of how many teeth she pulled.

Today many of the "old" remedies are being studied in greater depth. Many are proving to have the qualities attributed to them long ago by our "unenlightened forefathers." The Rowes, the Wilcoxes, and their kind are gone—with them many of their "cures." Medicine has evolved through the ages to a very knowledgeable science; yet there is much more to be learned. Who are we to say they didn't know what they were doing when we speak of the healers and healings- of by-gone years?

<sup>1</sup>Notes from Scandinavian history class, BYU,1981-82.

<sup>2</sup>Candace Blanchard Rowe, b. 24 July 1851, at Camp Creek, Fremont County, Iowa.

<sup>3</sup>Caratat Conderset Rowe, b. 11 May 1823, at Perry Delaware County, Indiana, son of William Niblo and Candace Blancard Rowe; d. 12 February 1904, at Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah.

<sup>4</sup>Mary Napier, b. 13 March 1824, in Dunbarton, Scotland, daughter of William and Jennett Gillies (Janet Gillis) Napier; d. 4 March 1902, at Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah.

<sup>5</sup>Joseph Wilcox, b. 9 October 1847, at Council Bluffs, Pottawatomie County, Iowa, son of Elisha and Annie Pickle Wilcox; d. 30 December 1888, at Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah.

<sup>6</sup>Quoted from a short, unpublished history of \* Candace Blanchard Rowe Wilcox written by Hilda Madsen Longsdorf, dated 17 March 1924.

<sup>7</sup>Mary Margaret Wilcox, b. 5 September 1868, at Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah, daughter of Joseph and Candace Blanchard Rowe Wilcox; d.3 February 1959, outliving three husbands,, She was always known by family and friends as May.

<sup>8</sup>Annie Wilcox, b. 8 November 1874, at Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah; d. 30 November 1965, at Provo, Utah County, Utah.

<sup>9</sup>Willis Niel Madsen, b. 8 June 1903, at Scofield, Carbon County, Utah, son of Niel M. and Annie Wilcox Madsen; d. 29 November 1934, at Mt. Pleasant, Utah, of pneumonia.

<sup>10</sup>Nielson Moroni Madsen (always known as Niel M.), b. 21 September 1873, at Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah, son of Anders (Andrew) and Johannah Elizabeth Anderson Madsen; d. 23 December 1927, at Price, Carbon County, Utah.

<sup>11</sup>Antho William Madsen, b. 18 June 1871, at Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah, son of Anders (Andrew), and Johannah Elizabeth Anderson Madsen; d. 12 September 1923.

Author's note: Most of the information about the healing powers of the Wilcoxes and the Rowes was obtained 27 October 1984 in a taped interview with Johannah Madsen Hafen, granddaughter of Candace Blanchard Rowe (*great-grandmother* of the author). Johannah died at Mt. Pleasant, Utah, 29 April 1985 This essay is dedicated to Aunt Jo.

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## THE WARM NEST WITH DRAFTS

Lola P. Adams

911 East 800 South

\* Orem, UT 84057

Non-Professional Division

First Place Personal Recollection

I'm remembering the world into which I was born and which was my whole universe for some dozen years. By then there simmered into my conscious mind that there was a great big frightening and exciting world somewhere out of the city limits of Ephraim, Utah,, Yes, somewhere out there beyond that five miles of boastful cement highway was another world. That highway was the pride of the natives. We used it for our promenade drives, our courting rides and our welcome home mat. When we saw the sign, "Five miles to Ephraim," it gave us a good warm feeling in our tummies, and by the time we had passed the landmark row of trees by the cemetery, we knew we had indeed come home.

My universe was composed of three wards: North, South, and West. To West Ward, which was the most prominent, belonged the tabernacle in which they held stake conferences. Stake conference was the medium through which the youth became acquainted with people (mostly boys) from the surrounding towns. Now to the south of us was this town (I'll not mention names, but it has always been our town's rival). It seems to have this strange malignancy that whenever the boys went in that direction to a dance or game or after girls, they always came back looking like they had been in a big fight. Yes, even our town marshall, Joe Mons, had sons involved in this. Now Joe Mons lived just across the street from us . You know, he was the first one that made me aware that water cost money--silly, imagine water costing money. Since then, I know that you can pay any price and never find a clear, crisp, cold drink that is as good as one from a fountain at Ephraim.

Whoa, back to the wards--then there was the South Ward. They had a new chapel, brick if you please, and they seemed to be a ward all of their own. Had it not been for our annual spring excursions which led up through that no man's land of empty houses and dry rocks on our way to the oasis of our time, the power plant (where we could wade in the cool stream, eat our lunches, and then race back to see who made it home first), and the fact that school was in the South Ward, this ward would have remained foreigners to my world.

Then there was the North Ward, MY WORLD. This ward was later known, as "Up on the Rez," an area where the holdouts of civilization held sway. However, this was a strange society and just the men prided themselves on being Indians. I never met an Indian squaw up there, although I was sometimes called "The Queen of the Rez." I'm sure the North Ward Chapel was the first one built. I believe it was adobe underneath the cracking plaster. There was one large room for general assembly which was divided into classrooms by curtains pulled in place on wire frames. Sometimes the wires got caught and we could see, *as well as hear*, the next classes. One medium-sized room to the east was for the parents and further east was one for young people. The cozy, slant-roofed room to the back was for the kids. It had a round-bellied little stove and little red chairs that we could | sit on as we listened to our teachers.

The men who conducted the Sunday School and administered the Sacrament looked large and out of place in their Sunday suits, and their hands bore the signs of hard manual labor.

Right across from our church was the pride of all, Snow College, with its magnificent auditorium with velvet curtains and Venetian blinds. But better still for children, it had smooth cement walks all around it--no children ever had such a roller skating rink! You could start coasting at the east gate and go all around the building down to the west gate, and with a few extra strokes, you could coast all the way to Main Street,, Of course, you had to puff your way back, but it was worth it.

When going to school, we kids cut kittycorner from the north gate of the college to the south gate by the gymnasium. I don't believe I knew that blocks had square corners, as we always went kitty-corner.

Summer in Ephraim for small children was a veritable paradise,, There were large creeks and irrigation ditches to swim and mud to crawl in. When I view these same swimming holes now, I am sure they have all shrunk, as they are barely big enough to mud crawl in now. We ate rose-leaf petals from the wild rose bushes that grew along the banks of the creek, and later in the fall made necklaces from the seed pods of these roses which were round and red. We picked currants--later this was work when we sold them for fifty cents a gallon to the more prosperous citizens. We raided the fields for sweet, tender peas, dug new potatoes, hunted for eggs in the hay, picked pear apples from Will Buck's, golden sweets from Flossie's, and Clyde's tomato apples from Willie Larson's (from the lot across from us), and "pottame wattame" plums. We ate them until we were sick--castoria was an unheard of thing and entirely unnecessary. Everything was nice and warm. We could sleep out under the stars, a legacy for kings, as we had no fear of anyone molesting us. Our doors were never locked,, We felt secure in the knowledge that we children were a very important part of our parents' world and love. Innumerable and assorted baskets were made from the green and purple burrs and mudpies and mud houses, all four walls made of mud bricks with mud furnishing-- just plain joy, *joy* and greatness.

Everyone herded cows along the roads and ditches, and we could take our lunches and eat them under a cool (shady) bush. There must have been weeds along the streets then, as now, but I never saw them.

When the shocks of grain were stacked in winrows, we would make long tunnels of them and crawl through and play in them, pretending they were houses.

One summer, there was a traveling Chautauqua which played in a big tent by City Hall, and Blackhawk Days with tents and wigwams and Indians, and the county fair, which was another big event with its displays and rides and always the money went too fast.

How nice it was that we had sidewalks and nice light streets and our own skiing hill up to the lime kiln--no charge, no special costume required, all types of skis from barrel staves on up and then to come home to an oven dinner of baked stuffed carp fish.

The celebration of the year was the Fourth of July. Oh, the ecstasies of waiting in the cool, soft dawn to hear the Boom! Boom! Boom! of the cannon. Thrills raced up and down one's back in anticipation of the joys of the day—new white organdy dresses, blue or pink ribbons, rosettes and rows of ruffles, new shoes which would invariably wear blisters on our feet before the day was over. Either we bought them too small or they were hard on feet used to running bare. Then to town—all the stores had outside booths and red and white and blue bunting draped on them and we bought balloons and ice cream sundaes. For a very special treat, we went into Anderson's Drug or Bart's Confectionary where we sat at small round tables and watched the huge fan whirl around on the ceiling making it cool and elegant. We were served our sundaes and malts and--heaven of heaven!--sometimes even banana splits in pretty crystal dishes. There were guns and firecrackers and a show, baseball game or rodeo in the afternoon, that is, if we had saved enough money for a ticket or could beg some more from our parents or our big brothers. But to the children, the parade was it. Large wagons decorated and draped, pulled by the beautiful horses with decorated tassels on their bridles that rustled as the horses impatiently tossed them about in their efforts to rid themselves of them. Once I remember the queen of the parade was Sister Young—about 75 years of age.

On Saturday afternoons everyone went to the matinee. We pulled our smaller brothers and sisters down there in a red wagon and we were fascinated by the continued melodramas where the hero or heroine was left dangling over a cliff. Mr. McCafferty's violin would throb out its plaintive tones or Linc Thompson on the piano would accompany them. Then there were the Our Gang Comedies, and one time, I won one of the prizes — a doll, Topsy, the colored child,,

Our industrial world was the pea cannery, and here, regardless of your strata of society, everyone aspired to work. Of course the bosses worked in the offices, but, aside from that, preference was given to the farmers' families — a rare thing. Later in the fall, as the silage ripened and the farmers hauled it home to their livestock, we had a fragrance in town--not sweet, but well remembered.

We all had our own shopping centers. Ours was Kinnikinik's. Never did people who bought eggs have them so fresh. They came direct from the hen, delivered by youths whose watchful eyes waited for that one more egg to make enough to buy a ten cent package of stick candy. At a very early age we could run to the store, our parents trusting to the help of the clerks to get what we wanted and put it on the bill. We always got a sack of candy extra for going,, One of ray happy memories was when I was allowed to pay the bill, and sometimes Mr. Hansen gave us a box of chocolates. I was the favored errand girl. I didn't mind going as I had a horse to ride and could tether him to the sign boards and run in.

After the first dozen years my childhood world changed. The town and I changed and I suffered the pangs of growing up, and gained an awareness of the limitations of me and my town with the five miles of smooth highway leading out somewhere to a challenging and different world. But always Ephraim was a good place to grow up in—where intelligence was given prominence, honesty was a virtue, love of family a must, and respect was given to those who led in all walks of life; and for ourselves, these became traditions.

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## CHILDHOOD DAYS OF SUMMER

Mae Paulsen

256 North 300 East

Ephraim, UT 84627

Non-Professional Division

Second Place Personal Recollection

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood." And none are more dear than the fulfilled days of summer. The last month of school always seemed endless. I can see myself now gazing out the classroom window and longing for school to be over, longing for freedom to roam around our big yard, to ride with Dad to the field on the hayrack, or just to take off my shoes and socks and wiggle my toes in the warm, brown earth.

Somehow the days on the May calendar would finally run out,, On the last day of school, we usually went just long enough to clear out our desks, turn in our books, receive our report cards, and confirm that we had been promoted. My memories of many such mornings are, no doubt, intermingled, but my mental pictures are clear and vivid: As I walk out the classroom door, my teacher tells me she has enjoyed having me in her class and bids me goodbye. "Have a good summer! And find time to read. ' I quickly brush away some tears which, uncalled for, come spilling down my cheeks,, "Goodbye!"

Dashing away from the school grounds with my friends, I join in the chant: "No more pencils, no more books. No more teachers' cross-eyed looks," at the same time, wiping away the last of the tears. Overhead the sky is blue, with two or three fluffy white clouds playing a lazy game of "peek-a-boo with the silvery-bright sun. The air is filled with the songs of birds; apple trees are in bloom with cluster upon cluster of gorgeous white flowers. I breathe deeply and thank God for the gift of being alive and free in springtime.

Now I'm home again,, I pull off my shoes and socks, put on my old clothes, and run out into the yard to play. How good the dirt feels to my bare feet. Until school starts in the fall, I am not to don my shoes again, except on Sundays and to go to town to celebrate the Fourth of July.

One of our most pleasant experiences in the summertime was to go swimming. We had two favorite swimming holes,, One was the creek that angled across the road about 1/2 block east of our home and the other was in the flume around the corner. We really didn't swim, we mud-crawled. At first the water was high, muddy and swift, but later in the summer it became a slowly moving stream, clear and blue, cleansed by the many pebbles that lined the creek bottom.

The flume was near Clarence Peterson's corrals. Here the big wooden dividers sent one stream north and one stream west. On both sides of the divider grew beautiful pink wild roses which formed a protective wall, shielding us from- curious passersby, and sending out their sweet perfume. We lay lazily in the flume and breathed deeply of their lasting fragrance.

How clearly and fondly I remember the playhouses we built in the cool shade of the apple tree as the days grew warmer. Our table was an old pasteboard box, but our tablecloth was something to behold. When mother was a young girl, she had made several wall hangings that now lay folded in the top drawer of her dresser,, How beautiful were the roses, morning glories, and sweet peas all etched in bright colors on elegant purple velvet,, After much coaxing and begging, Mother reluctantly let us take one of these artistic pieces to grace our table,, How proud we were to display it to our playmates. On this magnificent table set with pieces of broken china for plates, our little bits of homemade bread and sugar lumps became the most delicious meals imaginable.

Another delight was to jump and romp in the new-mown hay that Dad piled high in the barn. We

would grab hold of the "trip rope" which, when it was not in use on the derrick, was tied to the top of the rafters; and, then, swing back and forth only to land on the hay. What fun! More than once, while romping in the hay, we discovered an old hen sitting on her nest where she had hidden her eggs, with two or three little chicks peering out from her fluffy, outstretched feathers. How proud she was of her babies,, It reminded me of a queen on a throne.

We were always looking for eggs out in the hay. Discovery not only meant eggs for breakfast, a rarity we seldom enjoyed, but it also meant a piece of candy around the corner at Kinnekenick's store. I can still picture old Mr. Olsen, with his long white beard, holding our eggs up to a light bulb that hung suspended on a long cord from the ceiling, to see if our eggs were fresh. If they passed his inspection, we could trade an egg for a stick of licorice, an all-day-sucker, or a piece of horehound candy. *How* good those little bits of sweet tasted to our candy-hungry mouths.

The capstone to fun-filled summer days were the nights when we and all the neighbor kids would gather around the telephone pole to play out. We played "Hide and Go Seek," "Draw A Magic Frying Pan," "Kick the Can," "Pomp Pomp Pull Away," "Here Come the Jolly Butcher Boys," "Crossing the Plains," and my favorite of all, "Run, My Sheepy Run." Scratches and bruises sustained climbing over fences or crawling through old chicken coops and corrals were hardly noticed in the excitement of the game. Moving as silently and as stealthily as a hunter stalking a deer, we sought to allude our pursuers and creep back in the direction of the pole. But when our leader called, "Run, My Sheepy Run," we mustered all our energy, running pell-mell to reach the pole before the opposing team. If we succeeded, we got to hide out again. How I loved those long, happy summer days. But when the days grew shorter, the evenings cooler, and the nip of frost was in the air, my heart beat faster as I imagined I could hear the clang-clingclang of the school bell.

Source: Personal recollection.

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## PA

Talula Frandsen Nelson  
P.O. Box 148  
Mt. Pleasant, UT 84647 t  
Non-Professional Division  
Third Place Personal Recollection

Pa was the kindest and most loving man I have ever known. His great love for his family and kindness to animals and people less fortunate than himself are the reasons for which I remember him most. His children had a very happy childhood.

I remember the great fun we had on Saturday evening. Mother would give us a bath in the tin tub by the kitchen stove. Then dressed in long, warm underwear, we were ready for a romp.

We loved to get Pa to play "Hide and Seek." It was exciting when Pa would hide the baby, Winnie, about a year old. He could find the darnedest places to hide her and she loved it. One time he stood her in the window and pulled down the blind. She stood very quietly. It was impossible to find her. Another time he took the linen from the dresser drawer, put her in the empty drawer and slid the drawer back into place. We hunted and hunted. Someone said, "Where can she be?" She heard and said, "Here I am!" which added to our fun. He would hide her under a rug, under Mother's long skirts or on his lap under a pillow.



We also loved to play "Hide the Thimble," Mother's hair was a favorite place to hide it as she sat knitting and enjoying the fun. She preferred "Hide the Clock" as we would have to be quiet to hear the clock tick- so we could tell where it was hidden.

Very often while we were playing in the warm room, it was snowing outside. Pa would take the broom and sweep the steps as we had to go to our bedrooms upstairs on the outside stairway. We were soon warm again between linsey-woolsey sheets.

Pa built a sleigh for us kids to ride in. He would hitch Old Roan to the sleigh and make a large circle around inside our 160-acre farm. He would make the first trail to avoid rocks and brush. Then the faithful horse would follow the trail and we would spend a happy day driving and enjoying the beautiful winter day. The sleigh had a nice seat for two or three of us, the little ones by our feet. Mother would have heated rocks to keep our feet warm. With plenty of blankets, we were always warm and comfy as we spent many happy days going round and round the farm.

Pa would flood a piece of ground with water to make a skating rink for us to enjoy. He felt it safer to skate on the flooded ground than on the Andrew Jensen reservoir which may have thin places of danger.

We loved to walk the pole fence that Pa had around his farm. He didn't say so, but we knew he put the largest pole on top to make it easier for us to walk on them.

Pa had horses he would let us kids ride horseback. He would put a good bridle and blanket on each horse. He felt saddles were dangerous. He used a good surcingle to hold the blanket firm and give us a strong hand hold in case of need. We loved to ride through the fields and often he would take us with him and Mother into the beautiful mountains. This was very special to us, as it meant a good long ride and a delicious picnic somewhere in the shade.

The 24th of July was usually spent in the mountains. Church members would take their families and spend the day at Durfee's meadow. What a thrill to look back down the dusty road and see the long string of wagons coming, making a great dust as they traveled. When they reached the meadow, they formed a circle as the pioneers did. Here the women sat on wagon tongues and talked while the men played "Horseshoes" or followed trails on hikes. Then a good meal of dutch oven cooking was served. It consisted of spring chicken, carrots, potatoes and peas from gardens followed by cakes and pies, if you had room. If not, they were set out to be enjoyed all afternoon,, Pa was always in the center of it all, tending horses, fetching water from the spring, building fires and really enjoying the day. He was good at pitching horseshoes, playing ball and watching the dutch ovens.

Pa loved his mother. Often he would hitch the horse to the buggy and let Farrie or one of us younger girls take Grandma to visit Dorothea Monson, a friend she knew in Denmark and with whom she had crossed the ocean and plains. They both settled in Mt. Pleasant, one in the far south-west part of the city, the other in the north. They loved to spend a day together. When we called back for Grandma, we were always rewarded with a piece of cake or pie.

Many a Sunday afternoon he would hitch a horse to the buggy and let me take friends to visit girls in Spring City. He would let us, as we grew older, take the team and bob sleigh. With plenty of sleigh bells ringing, we would take in the town, swinging corners on the slick snow. One night, he let my brother Ed and a few couples take the team and sleigh to go to a Snow College dance. As we traveled we were delighted to see Haley's Comet in the western sky. What a thrill!

How proud I was when Pa went to church! He was not a church-going man but sincerely religious in his convictions. On days when Pa was to take care of the Sacrament, he was there. Mother would carefully bake bread on Saturday, making sure it was light and good. She would choose a loaf, cut all the crusts away, then slice the beautiful white loaf and place it on a napkin tying the four corners together,, She had it in a nice white

bag, ready for Pa to take to Sunday School and again for church. What a thrill to see him and another Elder make their way to the children where I sat. The beautiful white bread was always special. Then he came with the silver pitcher in one hand, the cup with two handles in the other. The cup was passed to members who took a sip and passed it on. As it came to the end of the bench, Pa would carefully refill it and pass it to the next row of people.

Pa loved the Indians and gave liberally when they came begging,, He had a gallows where he butchered beeves and hogs. The Indians would come for the entrails and parts the white people didn't use. We loved to watch them as they cleaned and hung them up to dry, using Pa's wire fence for that purpose. The stomach was thoroughly dried, pounded into powder and mixed with their flour or seeds, then baked in a loaf. All the parts were dried and used.

When Pa was a boy he loved the young Indian boys. They played together in the fields while he herded cows,, He enjoyed watching them eat the summer apples, carrots, tomatoes and sandwiches he would give them from his lunch. His mother wondered how one boy could eat so much. But when the Indian boys invited him to eat with them and he saw their mothers roasting grasshoppers and shaping cakes on her leg above the knee, he lost his appetite and ran home.

One day they were hunting bird nests. The birds used old tree stumps to build nests. The boys would run fast to get to the stump first. The Indians usually made it, but one time Pa got there first. He thrust his hand into the hole; a large black snake jumped out beside his arm. Pa ran in fright] The Indians had a good laugh as they loved to play with snakes and tarantula.

Pa never overworked a horse. He had horses in his pasture he had never used, just kept them because he loved them. Pa loved his children. His grief was uncontrollable when his youngest son died, age nine months. Pa was good to his mother. He was good to his father, always giving him a bottle of home-made beer when he came to visit. Pa was good to everybody, like the time he bought a whole load of peaches from a discouraged young man who couldn't sell them. Pa, in turn, was loved by everybody, his family, his neighbors, and his friends, especially his Indian friends—all who knew him.

Source: Personal recollections,, Family history,,  
Sacramento goblets mentioned are on display in the Mt. Pleasant Museum.

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## COMFORTING AND CURING

Lois Sears Brown  
95 West 200 South  
Manti, UT 84642  
Non-Professional Division  
Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

Sadie and Nolie! Just the mention of those two names comforted, soothed and helped cure the sick, the injured, the frightened for over fifty years.

Nolie (Magnola Hougaard Sears), the doctor's wife, and Sadie (Sarah Tooth Olsen), a trained nurse, performed an invaluable service to the little town of Manti. The work and dedication of these two women provided medical service that was not always available to inhabitants of small towns. They made it possible for the people to get medical attention and comfort promptly, and for the doctor to render services that could not have been provided otherwise.

Each of these women regarded it as her duty to keep medical attention within the reach of everyone in Manti and several nearby towns. This meant that the phones at the Sears residence were attended at all times of the day and night. Not only did Nolie attend the phone most of the time herself, she also kept a list of the places the doctor was going in the order they would be visited. Thus, she could usually locate him within minutes.

When an emergency arose and the doctor was involved elsewhere and simply could not be reached, Sadie took over. Her long years of training and working with doctors made her well able to cope with many emergencies.

In the days when horses had to be harnessed, and later when the undependable car had to be cranked, it was often quicker to bring a patient to the doctor in an emergency; hence, the doctor's home was an emergency room, and the doctor's wife was often the attendant. When a sick or injured patient was brought in and could not get the doctor's immediate attention, Nolie and Sadie performed some of their greatest services. If Nolie felt unable to cope with the situation, Sadie could be there within a few minutes. The two women gave what aid they could, and they comforted the patient, his family, his friends. Then when the doctor arrived, they assisted him.

When the patient had been cared for, Nolie attended to the necessary cleaning, attended to the needs of the usually overtired doctor, prepared food for him, kept the house clean and quiet so he could rest, answered the phone and took messages.

Nolie's husband, Dr. George L. Sears, practiced in Manti for fifty years, and her two sons, Lucien and Dick, for shorter periods of time. During this entire time it was Nolie to whom people turned when in need of a doctor. She could almost always locate one .

During most of this time there was no hospital in Sanpete, and when an emergency operation was needed, or when a woman in labor needed more facilities than were available in her home, Sadie turned her home into a hospital. Here the doctors operated or delivered a baby and Sadie assisted. Then she cared for the patient twenty-four hours a day, devoting her entire effort, skill and time to the task.

Most babies were delivered in the woman's home. The woman called Sadie when labor started. Sadie went to the home, prepared the woman, the bed, the room. She boiled the ever-needed water, and called the doctor when he was needed.

There were other duties to be performed. "Before an operation there were gowns, masks, towels, sheets, bandages, sponges--a huge pile of linen to be sterilized in the temperamental kerosene sterilizer in the doctor's basement. After the surgery this same linen had to be washed, ironed, folded (just so!), carefully wrapped, tied, and labeled, ready for the next surgery. These chores Nolie did. They were part of her life and her work.

The services of Nolie and Sadie made Manti a better and safer place in which to live, helped to make doctors better doctors and more available to the people. The lives of these two women were lives of comforting and curing. I remember well these two women and the work they did well.

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## THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC OF 1918

Vernon J. Larsen  
3981 Fruitvale Avenue  
Oakland, CA 94602  
Non-Professional Division  
Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

I was up early that morning, trying to straighten the house and take care of the other three members of our family, who were bedfast with the 1918 death - dealing influenza. Even as a boy of eleven years, I had to assume full responsibility. My mother, father and brother had been clown for several days. The epidemic was ravaging the nation, the state and the community. Many lives had been lost. The medical world felt helpless and attempts to curb the disease proved unsuccessful.

There was a tap on the window. It was Uncle Henry Burton, who had been milking the cows and doing the outside chores. He motioned to the door and shouted, "Grandma sent some food."

I went to the door. He handed me the morning's milk. Grandma had sent a kettle of beef stew and two loaves of home-made bread. Uncle Henry said that our neighbor Bill Larsen had died last night. What a shock! We were so close to his family. He also reported that three other townspeople had died since yesterday and the death toll in Mt. Pleasant was rising every day.

Henry was wearing a white gauze mask over his nose and mouth. This was recommended as one possible safeguard. Public meetings and gatherings were prohibited. Schools were closed. Every precaution was being taken to prevent the spread of the "flu."

I brought the food into the house and prepared breakfast from the home-made bread, milk from the cellar and the hot beef stew. We were certainly thankful.

The milk Henry had left was placed in the cool cellar for the cream to rise and be added to the cream I had accumulated. I now had five gallons that must be delivered to the creamery.

After putting on my gauze mask, I loaded the cream can on to our little express wagon and began the seven blocks to the creamery. At the creamery, the manager took a sample of the cream with his pipette and tested it. He determined the percentage of butter fat, took the weight of the can of cream and calculated the money due me. I then started homeward with the empty can in my express wagon and the treasured check tucked safely in my pocket.

On the way home I felt sick and dizzy but I struggled along, knowing full well that I had caught the "flu" bug. Upon my arrival Mamma said that I had a fever and must go to bed. Now how could I take care of the rest of the family?

Life became seriously difficult. With all of us down, care of the sick became almost impossible. Getting a little food was burdensome. Someone must get up, prepare what was available and get right back to bed. Even the task of taking care of bodily waste in a two-room house with no bathroom was a monstrous job. Refuse accumulated and the atmosphere became unpleasant,,

Now we really depended upon Uncle Henry. Each morning and evening he did the chores and left the milk on the doorstep, along with a bucket of water. Grandma continued to send food. The news of additional deaths daily was terrifying. On several occasions we saw the Jacobs Mortuary hearse, with its two white horses, pass our house. Death had claimed other victims from our neighborhood,

In spite of the sorrow around us, we felt blessed. We were being provided with food, fresh milk and water. Uncle Henry was taking good care of the animals. Days passed. We weathered the sickness. Finally one by one we were freed of the fever and we were well again. There had been no after-effects. Our family was intact,, No one missing, but we felt sorry for the families that had lost one, two or even three members to the

treacherous epidemic.

Source: Personal recollections of the author.

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## **AN ODD INCIDENT ON THE OLD D & RGW**

Sherman H. Ruesch  
3431 Enchanted View Drive  
Salt Lake City, UT 84121  
Non-Professional Division  
Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

My memories of the D & RGW branch line through Sanpete County go back to the time after World War I when I pulled my coaster wagon to the depot, loaded with two wooden 50-loaf crates of fresh bread that were destined for Marysvale or Panguitch or Ruby's Inn or Tropic. That was one of my daily tasks at my father's bakery. I got to know the depot agent and the Moffats and the section hands and others who lived nearby.

Later on—it was about 1929—I had another recollection of the D & RGW when I was a student at school in Salt Lake. This was when I was homebound for the holidays with other students. We had fun on the train talking about and looking forward to Christmas at home. On the way back to school after the holidays it was a different story. We were tired of parties and ready for the winter quarter at school, so our talk was desultory and we napped a bit until we got to Thistle and stopped to await the arrival of the cars coming from Price and Helper. Meanwhile, we passed the time watching other people in our car. There was one very attractive young lady on the opposite side of the aisle and two seats in front of and facing us .

All the seats were turned so four people sat facing each other, only the seat opposite the girl was vacant until we picked up a salesman at Mount Pleasant. He was pleased, to put it mildly, to find a seat facing the beauty. He had the line of an experienced traveling salesman and went to work quickly, intent on impressing her. He really was doing well and made us envy his skills. I think Wallace Wintch and I were seated together.

Our attention to the tete-a-tete made us forget the other train. So did everyone else. And the Price section came sneaking up behind us and hit our section with a bang that almost threw us out of our seats. The salesman lurched forward until his head almost touched the girl. He caught himself just in time to avoid that problem, but not in time to close his mouth, wide open with amazement at the sudden jolt. Result, his upper and lower plates fell into the girl's lap. The look of horror on his face and the startled expression on hers were something to see.

In a flash the salesman scooped up his store teeth and sprinted from the car. We didn't see him again until the train pulled into Salt Lake and he slipped back to pick up his valise after we left the car. I've always thought that was an unusual memory of our old branch line of the D & RGW, but it seems even funnier now that I have to watch my own plates.

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## **SANDHILL CRANES**

Sherman H. Ruesch  
3431 Enchanted View Drive  
Salt Lake City, UT 84121  
Non-Professional Division  
First Place Poetry

-1-

From our rocky outcrop near the crest  
of a blueberry hill facing Denali,  
we saw storm clouds boiling up the north face  
of the mountain, reaching for its peak.  
Then came flights of sandhill cranes,  
thousands on thousands of great rangy birds  
departing the tundra expanses of the North Slope,  
and heading for the milder hills and plains  
of the Southwest.  
In undulating, pulsing formations numerous and varied,  
they flew toward the Great One,  
calling softly and musically to each other,  
secure in instincts of course and direction.  
Of a sudden, this time, they hit  
the massive turbulence surrounding Denali.  
Sense and purpose were lost in aimless flight,  
cries becoming shrill and frantic and angry.  
Where are the leaders? Where are the leaders?  
After a long time one group re-formed,  
rose higher and higher in a tight spiral,  
finally heading out over the storm  
and toward their winter haven. Other groups followed,  
and we soon lost sound and sight of that  
September migration,,

-2-

We move comfortably within known horizons,  
in our valleys of content, when winds and waves  
are calm and paths are clear,,  
We move with whatever ebbs and flows  
surround us, scarce observing where we are  
and if our meandering is progress or aimless circling.  
Truly the world--its fads and foibles--  
is too much with us. Not thinking  
where we go or why, not caring,  
we waste our days in idle chit-chat,  
ill-prepared for new thoughts,  
new vistas, new horizons.

World, we have need of leaders now.  
Strain your ears to hear if any come

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### **GLORIFY THEIR NAME**

Lillian H. Fox  
140 North 100 West  
Manti, UT 84642  
Non-Professional Division  
Second Place Poetry

Sage brush filled a valley between two towering  
crests ,  
The Indians named it Sanpitch  
when white men traveled west.  
Shaped like a giant arena, stretching sixty miles  
or more ,  
With mountains parting here and there  
And opening like a door.

Chief Walker asked that Brigham send folks to tame  
this land,  
Did these pioneers then envision  
the awesome task at hand?  
Did they see the streams dividing, spreading outward  
like a fan  
Bringing water to their thirsty crops  
among the rocks and sand?

Did they see homes, schools and churches, where  
children laugh and play  
And a college where the young folks  
gain of knowledge day by day?  
Did they see a towering temple reaching upward to the  
sky?  
Where aircraft and satellite,  
now go drifting by?

They came with pick and plowshare to dig the virgin  
sod,  
They came with skill and self-reliance  
and a mighty faith in God.  
They did not come for fortunes, wealth or shining

gold,  
They only hoped to plant the seeds  
of things we now behold.

So let us bow in reverence and glorify their names  
And honor them within our hearts,  
and in our halls of fame.

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### **WITH OR WITHOUT A "P"**

Martha Rae Olsen  
P.O. Box 18  
Ephraim, UT 84627  
Non-Professional Division  
Third Place Poetry

A reunion in Ephraim is really a treat,  
There's no telling how many cousins you'll meet.  
They come from all over, the young and the old,  
To renew past kinship and leave no tale untold .

Now my Danish ancestors were really unique,  
They settled in Sanpete—the good life to seek.  
Their surnames we honor, they passed them on down,  
And it seems I'm related to half of the town.

Now the Thomson name is in a bit of a mess,  
No one is sure just how to spell it, I guess.  
Some put in a "P" and some folks leave it out ,  
But we all are related, there isn't a doubt.

When we all get together and add up the facts,  
And all of those Danishmen get in the act,  
We go back in time, to find Dorthea A.,  
With a "P" in her name came to the USA.

Then son, Andrew, didn't have one, or so we are told,  
Could it be in hard times that our "P" was sold?  
But on down the line "P" shows up now and then,  
And no relative can tell just where it has been.

So the saga of Thomson will last an eon,  
Our family reunions will go on and on.  
And no matter what, you're all cousins to me,  
As we all carry on—with or without a "P."



Sources: Family records;

History of Andrew Thomson, first son of Dorthea Anderson & Thomas Nielson, written by grandson Woodruff Thomson.  
Memorial Services for Dorthea A. Thompson

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## GROUNDCHERRY DRESSES

Ruth D. Scow

94 West 400 South

Manti, UT 84642

Non-Professional Division

First Place Short Story

The kitchen door opened and Minerva called, "Hurry, May, Papa has the oxen yoked, and as soon as he gets the calves back in their pen, he is ready to go to the farm. He wants to get there before the day gets too hot . "

May hurriedly planted a kiss on Mother's cheek, grabbed her sunbonnet and the sack lunch, bolted for the door, and raced down the path to join her two sisters, who were already seated in the wagon. Soon Papa was in the wagon, too. Waving his whip above the oxen's back, he talked to Bill and Ball, as he guided them southward along the road to the farm. It was a beautiful day. Golden sunshine and billowy white clouds floated across the wide expanse of sky. Segoe lilies, Indian paint brushes, daisies and other wild flowers grew among the brushes alongside the road, but the girls seemed unaware of all this beauty. They had a problem, a worrisome problem. They needed new dresses, which Mama said they couldn't afford. There was no money even to buy the cloth.

Last night, after supper, they had sat on the kitchen steps and talked and wondered and planned as to what could be done so they could earn enough extra money for the much needed dresses. It was then that Papa came up with an idea. . .pick and dry groundcherries. All the fruit trees planted in Manti were still too young to bear fruit,, If the cherries were picked and dried, later they could be soaked in water, sweetened with molasses or sugar and then cooked to make an excellent jam. Papa was sure this dried fruit could be sold. . .and their monies. . .new dresses!

Groundcherries grew wild in patches of bushes all along the roadside south of Manti. The plant was an annual, which seeded itself from year to year. Each plant was perhaps 18 inches to two feet in height and had an abundance of green leaves, which hid plump, six-sided, veined pods. Inside each pod was a small greenish cherry, about the size of a marble. To get the cherry, one had to break or pop the pod, from which the one small cherry could then be taken.

Papa stopped the wagon near a large patch of bushes and helped the girls unload a wooden bucket, various baskets, and other paraphernalia under a nearby cedar tree. As he was leaving, he called out, "Take care of yourselves until I get back this afternoon. Watch out for snakes, and don't smash the bushes. You can sit in the shade of this tree and pod the cherries when you get tired. The important thing is to get the pods picked while you are here." And with that he drove out of sight.

The girls' enthusiasm ran high, but as the sun became more hot they moved more slowly. Stooping to pick the pods was back-breaking work, but soon the girls had a bucket filled with pods. The friendly cedar tree furnished shade, and the girls rested while they opened the pods and dislodged the one small cherry inside. At first, the cherries rolled around in the bottom of the bucket, but soon more were added and the

bucket began to fill. Lunch was a respite from the bending and podding, but soon the hard work began again. Pick, pod, pick, pod, until the sound of wagon wheels told them it was time to go home.

Papa praised their accomplishments as he carried the bucket of cherries to the wagon. Riding home, they admired their day's work, but heads nodded to the jolts of the wagon as it moved toward Manti.

After a cool drink of water and a slice of homemade bread, the girls began to sort the cherries to take out all bits of leaves, stems, or whatever had fallen among the cherries. Then the cherries were put in a soda water solution to soften the skins. Finally, they were spread on the roof of the granary shed to dry in the hot sun. Each day they were inspected, rolled, or turned, so that the cherries dried evenly,, Each evening after a hot, tiring day, more cherries were added to the collection on the roof.

Every morning the girls found new patches of waiting groundcherry bushes,, Each night after spreading the cherries on the shed roof, the girls almost fell into bed because they were so tired; yet, the next morning they were ready to go again.

As the cherries dried to a hardness so that they would keep and not mold, they were put in a flour sack. Finally, the day came when the sack was almost full, and the girls cast around for a market to buy their product; but no such market was to be had in Manti.

Then came another bright idea. A young couple were planning on going to the Endowment House in Salt Lake City to be married. Yes, they would take the dried groundcherries with them and sell them to Z..C.M.I., and yes, they would buy some cloth for dresses with the money they received.

The girls were excited, but the days of waiting were slow in passing. In those days, it took almost five days to reach Salt Lake City, and then there was the marriage and the return trip. Finally the girls' patience was rewarded.

Yards and yards of cranberry colored cloth were unfolded before their eyes, and that was not all: there was thread, and also many, many matching glass buttons, each with a metal shank with which to sew them onto the dresses . The fashioning of patterns came next, and with the neighbors help the dresses became a reality. The buttons looked very nice, for they were sewed down the front of each girl's dress. Soon the sunburns and the backaches were forgotten as the girls attended church and parties , wearing the beautiful new dresses they had earned.

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## **THE DANES FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES**

Lillian H. Fox

140 North 100 West

Manti, UT 84642

Non-Professional Division

Second Place Short Story

"Wake up Karen; dress quickly and help Geraldine into her clothes. Everyone in the settlement is ready to leave. Our wagon will be number seven in the line," called Charlotta as she tried to hide her emotions.

"Where is Hans?" asked Karen rubbing her eyes .

"Your brother is outside helping Pa yoke the oxen. Our wagon is packed with everything it can hold. Please hurry ,,

This was December 15, 1853, in the Allred Settlement, later known as Spring City, Sanpete County, Territory of Utah, One hundred eighteen settlers, mostly Danes, were fleeing for their lives . Brigham Young, President of the Mormon Church , had sent word from Salt Lake City for the people to move quickly to Manti where they would find protection from the Indians . War Chief Wakarah (Walker) and his braves were

attempting to exterminate the pale faces from these hunting grounds, and the smaller settlements would be first under attack. In 1851 the Indians had deeded the valley of the Sanpitch to the Mormon Church, but Walker had no intentions of honoring the deed. Brigham Young also alerted the Manti people of the plight of the Allred settlers and asked that they assist them in every possible way.

Manti was about twenty miles to the south. Although it was isolated from other communities by a distance of nearly a hundred miles, it had survived for seven years and now had a population of 647 and two forts for protection. The "Little Fort," built in 1852, on what is now court house square, had been abandoned in the summer of 1853 when the "Log Fort" was erected. (Both of these were later abandoned for the "Big Rock Fort," 1854, across the street south.)

Brigham Young, whose leadership and wisdom were seldom questioned, had sent Danish immigrants to the Allred Settlement as they arrived in Utah. Here they could be with others hale and hearty as themselves. The Scandinavians were accustomed to long cold winters, frozen earth, and to making a living from the soil under difficult conditions. Their homeland was in the far north, land of the midnight sun, where northern lights flashed upon giant icebergs floating in towering waves on windy seas, and where the blood of Viking warriors once flowed in their veins. These people were stalwart and determined.

"Why do we have to leave here, Mama? Pa has worked hard to make this little house warm and safe. He has two guns and he can. . ."

"Don't ask questions, child, "Do as you are told," interrupted Charlotta. Then she said to herself, "How does one explain to a child that the food supply is exhausted, that the Indians, also fighting for survival, are cruel and savage, that they may destroy our homes and us at any minute, that peace and brotherhood are only dreams?"

Karen and Geraldine were dressed in all the clothing they owned. Charlotta took one last look around her house and the things that must be left behind. Then she grabbed two dolls that she had hidden under the trundle bed. "Here, take these," she said, "I was making them for Christmas gifts but goodness knows what Christmas will bring. You may as well have them now."

The girls hugged the dolls as they climbed into the covered wagon; here was something they could hang on to amid doubts and fears, then the girls found a place among the pots and pans while Charlotta, heavy with child, sat beside them. Pa, Jens Hansen, tucked a red down quilt around them. This quilt, made by his mother in Denmark, had given comfort to their lives wherever they traveled. It crossed the ocean in a sailing boat, the Forest Monarch, as winter storms tossed them over the heaving waves. It softened the seats in this wagon as they bumped across hot, dry plains, and again when they journeyed the rocky terrain as they made their way from the Salt Lake Valle.

"Giddy-up," called Jens in broken English to his oxen; then he added, "Gee," which meant, "turn right." The oxen probably understood these words as well as he. They had been purchased from English speaking traders in Keokuk, Iowa, while he was struggling to say any word in this new language.

The wagon wheels spun in the icy snow and groaned under the heavy load. The faces of the oxen were already coated with frost from puffing the crisp, cold air. A few cows and sheep trailed the wagon ahead of them and further back someone's chickens clucked in protest as they ruffled their feathers. Soon they pulled out and the settlement was deserted.

Before they rounded a bend in the road, a call came to circle the wagons. Men, women and children climbed from their seats and met in the enclosure. Looking back at the settlement, they beheld it in flames. The Indians had lost no time in setting fire to homes, sheds and haystacks. The men had planned to return for the hay and other valuables but now all were going up in smoke. Ruben Allred, leader of the group, offered up a gracious prayer in their behalf, thanking the Lord that they had escaped. He compared their flight with that of the Children of Israel in Egypt, and the Saints who fled from Nauvoo, and said that if they remained faithful

the Lord would continue to protect them. Then he asked that everyone keep a watchful eye on the bushes and trees along the wayside,,

The road to Manti had been cleared of some of the brush and trees, and now the streams were frozen, making traveling a bit easier. However, a larger stream in what is now Ephraim had running water under the ice. Here they decided to camp for the night. Some of the men proceeded to build a bridge over the stream, while others gave food and water to the animals. A third group remained on guard. The women built camp fires and prepared food for the hungry group. The food consisted mainly of dried venison and frozen potatoes served from large skillets.

The next morning a pale wintry sun crept over the mountain as they moved on toward Manti. Later in the day the sky became dark and snowflakes began to fall. It was then that the scouts discovered a band of Indians, on horseback, following the wagon train. Everyone was alerted but told not to make trouble unless the Indians made the first move. As the snow fell faster everyone's nerves became more tense. Only recently as they made the trip from Salt Lake, they had found a wagon tipped over, the grain scattered and three Bodies mutilated. Soon the sound of the wagon wheels were swallowed up in the deepening snow and the occasional mooing of cows and the bleating of the sheep were all that could be heard. The faithful oxen pushed steadily onward, the wagon wheels turning, and turning. . .

By four o'clock in the afternoon the snow was a foot deep, progress was slow and the caravan looked like a moving snowdrift. Then came the wind, like a giant eggbeater, whipping the storm into a fury. Some drivers thought they should stop before they lost their way.

"Hello! Hello!" came the voices of men. A group had come from Manti to help them through the drifts.

"The Lord be praised," cried Ruben, "our lives have been spared again." The words were repeated from wagon to wagon. Then someone began singing in a loud clear voice, "Come, Come Ye Saints," and the entire company took up the refrain:

Come, come ye Saints, no toil or labor  
fear; But with joy wend your way;  
Though hard to you this journey may appear,  
Grace shall be as your day.  
'Tis better far for us to strive, Our useless  
cares from us to drive;  
Do this and joy your hearts will swell—All  
is well, all is well!

When the help arrived from Manti they saw no more of the Indians who had been following them.

It grew darker and night was settling around them when they arrived in Manti. The gates of the "Little Fort" opened wide and large kettles of hot soup hung over camp fires. Never had food tasted so good, and never did a group of people feel more relieved.

There were not enough cabins within the small fort for all the families, so the larger and more sturdy wagons remained on the outside. These were lined up close to the fort walls and used as homes for the remainder of the winter.

Jens Hansen, my grandfather, and his family occupied one of the cabins.

"Will this be our home now?" asked Geraldine as she looked around.

"Yes, dear. We must be grateful to be out of the storm and near others where the Indians will be less likely to give trouble,,"

"But the roof is made of willows and the snow is coming through. There is no floor, just dirt."

"Pa will mend the roof, and when spring comes we will have another place to live."

"Say your prayers and thank the Lord for your blessings," interrupted Pa, who had no patience with complaining. To him this was an undesirable weakness and could not be tolerated, even from a child.

That winter there were no outright confrontations with the red men, but people were often ambushed if they ventured into the open, and many were robbed of their cattle and horse.

The only food the Hansen family brought with them was a pan of frozen potatoes. For the next few months, frozen potatoes served three times a day with smutty wheat and bran was the usual fare. The Manti people were also short of food supply as the grasshoppers had taken most of their summer crops. Insufficient clothing, however, caused greater suffering than the pangs of hunger. Under these conditions, on March **30**, Charlotta gave birth to her fourth child, a girl, who was given the name of Dorthea. For people who had known the comforts of life in Denmark, this environment must have been very difficult.

When spring arrived, many of the Allred Company returned to the settlement and rebuilt their homes. Others moved back about seven miles to the creek where they had built a bridge and called the stream Cottonwood. Here they built homes and a fort in February 1854. The name Cottonwood was dropped and Fort Ephraim came into being.

Jens Hansen remained in Manti where he raised a large family. His descendents are now scattered throughout Utah and in many places in the United States .

Andrew Jensen, an assistant Church Historian, paid the following tribute to the early Scandinavians of Utah: "No strain or race has contributed more to the upbuilding of this great western section than the Scandinavians, with their sturdy, hardy traits of character that make men of high purpose and dependable will a splendid reserve power. It made them fit into the great task of building an empire where skill, toil and pluck are the requisite."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>These Our Fathers, Daughters of the Utah Pioneer.

Family History of Jens Hansen, Joseph Hansen, 1938. A copy in the Manti Library.

Song of a Century, Centennial Committee of Manti, 1949.

Utah in Her Western Settings, Milton R. Hunter Stories told by my father, Jens Peter Hansen.

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## THE CASKET WITH THE WINDOW

Martha Rae Olsen

P.O. Box 18

Ephraim, UT 84627

Non-Professional Division

Third Place Short Story

I was just seventeen in 1898, the year father left on a mission for the LDS church to the Northern States area. I being the oldest had the responsibility of the farm as well as the household chores. Mother was expecting her eighth child in five months so she needed extra help in the home, and there was all summer to look forward to the farm work.

My brothers were a big help on the farm, Orrin being fifteen and Silery thirteen, and even Emmanuel did what he could at eight years old. There was the plowing, the irrigating, and the harvesting of the hay and grain. This was not going to be my idea of a good time. But I loved father and the respect I had for him was going to show in doing what had to be done while he was gone. I dared not question his words or rebel against

the responsibility put upon me. And the fact that I was a young lady made no difference in the pattern my life was to take in the years to come.

I felt bad that at times I had to lose my temper when the boys lingered or complained. I knew it was hard for them to work so much and especially to have a big sister always on them to work harder and forget their foolishness. But if a water fight broke out while making a dam, or a wrestling match in the hay took a few minutes out of the working day, I tried to overlook the undisciplined action of the boys.

Besides looking after the farm, we had a vegetable garden on the north side of the house, and an orchard of apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, a strawberry patch and currant and gooseberry bushes on the east side of the house. These all had to be cared for and harvested. Mother always insisted on canning a good supply as well as drying what we could not can. We had a few cattle, horses, and chickens to feed and care for also. We were a typical family just trying to survive the best we could. Father made sure everything was in order before he left. I had been working side by side with my father and brothers since I was born and I knew father trusted me with keeping everything going while he was gone.

Olive was the oldest girl younger than I, at age ten, and she was a great help to mother in the house. Eva was five and Erda just two, so mother had her hands full. But with Olive's help we managed quite well.

We made a game of gathering the vegetables and picking up the fruit off the ground when it fell from the trees. The little girls would scream with delight or sheer terror, I'm not sure which, when they squished a rotten pear or apple in their bare toes.

Mother took time to sit in the shade when the afternoon sun was hot. Not long she sat, for there seemed to always be an abundance of things to keep her busy. But as she sat near the hawbush and red plum tree under the shade of the cottonwoods, she would smile and almost laugh at her children trying to help out as they giggled thinking the work was a game made up just for them, or as they played teeter-totter and other childhood games on the old pole fence that ran in front of the house. Yes, we were comfortable : there in our sturdy rock home and its surroundings.

As harvest season drew to an end I watched my mother become pale and tired as she got closer to the birth of her baby. Deep inside me I was scared but dared not let my feelings show, I had been around for the birth of the other six children, but so had father,, I knew well how fast Augusta Stevens, the midwife, would get here when the time came, but somehow that wasn't much comfort,, I think I realized just how much father was missed.

Education was important,, Father insisted that we go to school while he was gone. So we were washed and combed and sent to school. I started teaching in the Normal School, and mother was so proud that I could earn a respectable living and enjoy it so much. I did love the children and wanted to teach them all that I could. I wanted each of them to continue their education and prosper in our community. And since Snow Academy was completed ten years now, almost everyone had the opportunity to further their education if possible.

On September 24, 1898, my little sister Sena Iona was born. She was a lovely baby and so happy. As I held her in my arms I felt the tingle in my heart of the mother I hoped to someday be. Having been so busy with the life of my family, I had not yet stolen the heart of a man to build a life with, although I did have my eye on a certain local boy.

Everyone seemed to be getting pneumonia that fall, and in December my darling baby sister contracted it and died on the 29th day of that month. And though we were called to bear this hard trial while father was gone, we drew on the strength of each other. And through this time I realized it was my mother who really was strong and kept the family together and the work moving along. She supported father through all his activities during her life and especially while he served this mission.

Sena Iona was buried in the cemetery that was about one mile north of Ephraim. But little did I know at that time what was to take place years later.

Father served an honorable mission and returned home August 7, 1900. On November 5, 1901, he was elected as a city councilman and appointed chairman of the cemetery committee. He was authorized to purchase ten acres of ground near the city limits for a new cemetery. It was his privilege to draw the plans and have the ground surveyed and laid out. Under his direction, trees and shrubs were planted and roads and walks between the lots were made which in time developed into a beautiful place.

Not long after this father called me to go for a ride with him. This was a memory I shall always hold in ray heart, for father and I shared that day an experience that most proper young ladies never had.

We rode in the wagon out to the old cemetery and there father dug up dear Sena Iona's grave. Mother had purchased the casket with the window in it as had so many folks in those times. Father stood and *gazed* at the babe he had never held and yet had mourned so for while in the far away state of Iowa two years hence. Her little body was still perfectly preserved. I felt his pain as he spoke softly and held me close for what seemed a fleeting moment. He told me of his strong feeling of urgency to move her body into the new cemetery and how his heart and mind would never rest until he had seen his precious childc We were father and daughter sharing a moment that my siblings were not to know of for years to come. We then moved Sena Iona to her present grave in the new cemetery. Many folks moved their loved ones at this time, but I'm sure none felt as I did that day.

Returning home I looked on with comfort in my heart as father held his newest daughter, Leota, born in October 1901, and later as he played with his last son, Lorenzo, born in September 1904.

Yes, it was a hard but good life in those early years in Ephraim and my heart is content as I think of the reunion we will surely have one day in a place not far, and hopefully not much different, from our old hometown.

Sources: Personal recollections of Geneva C. Anderson Olsen. History of the life of Joseph Emmanuel Anderson, Ephraim's First One Hundred Years 1854-19-54, Personal recollections of Eva R. Anderson .

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## INDIAN STORIES

Talula Frandsen Nelson  
P.O. Box 148  
Mt. Pleasant, UT 84647  
Non-Professional Division  
Honorable Mention Short Story

Bothilda, about 12 years old, was living in Indianola as a hired girl for the Moroni Seeley family. The family had all gone to Fairview to shop. She was left alone to clean the house and do chores. She had just finished carrying water up the hill from the spring for the pigs and calves and was busy washing dishes when a knock came to the door. She looked up and saw a large Indian standing in the doorway with a bucket in his hand.

She knew he wanted something, but she was not able to understand his language. She had been told to give the Indians food when they came begging, but what he wanted in his bucket was a puzzle to her. Finally, she thought of milk,, Yes, milk was what he wanted, so she led him to the cellar across the big dooryard and down the steps . She turned and looked at his large form. It filled the doorway, the only entrance to the cellar, and she knew she must satisfy him. She must be brave, as Indians respected women who were brave.

She reached into the cupboard and took out a pan of fresh warm milk she had just strained and placed there to cool. He tasted it and poured it back into her pan. Then she took a pan with thick yellow cream; again he tasted it and poured it back. She felt herself getting panicky, but knew she must not show it. She looked Around. He was talking fast in his native tongue. The only thing now she could think of was the Givens' family massacre. She knew the Indian braves were mean if they had liquor,, What would she do?

Finally she saw the churn and as a last resort filled his bucket with fresh buttermilk,, This was it! He lifted the bucket to his lips and with a satisfied grunt turned and went up the steps. When she finally composed herself, she ventured up the steps. He was crossing the field, stopped and drank again of the delicious cool buttermilk. She was relieved as she poured the milk he had refused into a pan for the chickens. Elizabeth had just finished mixing bread and set it to raise overnight, washed her hands in the tin washbasin and opened the door and threw the water out. But instead of the water landing on the ground, it went right in the face of an Indian. She was shocked and nearly overcome with fear, as he was on the farm and Indians were not always friendly. She grabbed a towel and asked him to come in while she did the best she could to dry his face, hair and coat. She could see he was very angry blaming her for her rudeness, not listening to her apology. Johanna, her sister, saw the need for quick action. She grabbed a plate of cookies and offered him coffee to go with them. This surprised him and he accepted the treat. After a few more cookies and some to take with him, he left. The women knew it was better to feed than to fight the Indians, but were more careful where they emptied their wash water.

Ann was home alone with her children on the farm. Her husband had gone to the mountains to get a load of coal. It took two days for the trip. Their farm home was three miles from town, and times like this she worried about Indians. Often Indians would walk through the fields to other towns and beg at the farm homes. They were mostly friendly but occasionally they would steal or even kill. It was hard to trust them. Ann always kept food ready to give them. She didn't mind when the men were home but this night she was alone with small children.

It was well after dark and she was getting the children ready for bed when the door knob rattled and turned. She stood frozen, but when it stopped and no one came in she relaxed and went on with her work. It turned again, this time she was sure, so she armed herself with the stove poker and went bravely to the door. She grabbed the door knob and opened the door. There stood the pet horse. He had become lonesome when the other horses were gone and came to the house for company.







1924

Courtesy Lillian Fox

## A TEMPLE IS BUILT

A massive hill of stone, a valley carpeted with sagebrush, dotted with scrub cedars, a colony of Indian tepees, clustered close together. . .this was Sanpete Valley in 1849 when a group of 225 men and women, led by Isaac Morley settled in a place they called Manti, named after one of the cities found in the Book of Mormon.

Under the protection of what is now called "Temple Hill," the settlers spent that first winter huddled in caves and dugouts beneath the stone ledges.

Although the people were few in number, they undertook the grim task of pioneering a harsh, strange land. There was to be a constant struggle against drought, grasshoppers, sickness, and poverty. Yet, as early as 1854, they began thinking about building a temple.

When President Brigham Young and others were making the location of a settlement at Manti, Heber C. Kimball, then in the First Presidency, made the prediction that a temple would be built on "Manti Hill" and that the rock from which it would be built would be quarried from that hill.

In a conference held at Ephraim December 4, 1873, President Young announced that a temple would be built in Sanpete County; and two years later he said, "The temple will be built on the Manti stone quarry."

The Board of Trustees of the Latter-day Saint Church received the deed conveying the land on which the temple was to be built from Manti City" and the ground was surveyed and laid out in April 1877 by Jesse W. Fox, Surveyor. He was assisted by Truman O. Angel and William H. Folsom, church architects. At the time of the dedication of the St. George Temple, April 6, 1877, Edward Parry was called to be the Master Mason at the Manti Temple.

It was on April 25, 1877 that President Brigham Young and Warren Snow went to the spot where the temple was to stand. There is a legend that at that time President Young said, "Here is the spot where the Prophet Moroni stood and dedicated this piece of land for a temple site; and that is the reason why the location is made here, and we can't move it from this spot; and if you and I are the only persons that come here at high noon today, we will dedicate this ground."

The site for the Manti Temple was dedicated that day by President Brigham Young. Directions were given to start preparing the ground for the mason work. Five days later 107 men and 17 teams were there ready to begin the herculean task of "removing a mountain."

In order to excavate 50 feet or more on the east side of the building, to loosen the ground, and to make it easier to move, "tunnels were driven in some 20 to 30 feet, then wings were made forming a T in which were placed altogether over 375 pounds of gun powder." This was all the black powder available in Utah Territory at that time. Double rows of fuse were run for perfect ignition. The tunnels were then refilled and the fuse lighted. Hundreds of tons of debris were loosened in this way.

Now the hill could be plowed and scraped and made ready for construction. The plowing and scraping took two years. The rock that had been loosened by the blasting was used in the construction of terraces, four in number. Each was 16 feet high and 6 feet thick at the base, tapering to 2 feet at the top, resembling a solid fortification .

By 1879 the people of the valley were anxiously waiting the laying of the cornerstones. On April 14, after music by the Nephi brass band, President John Taylor proceeded to lay the southeast or principal corner stone. Records were then deposited in this corner stone in a zinc case. Lorenzo Snow gave the dedicatory prayer. This was followed by the laying of the cornerstone on the southwest corner. Presiding Bishop Edward Hunter, his counselors and several local church authorities laid this stone,, The dedicatory prayer was offered by Bishop L. W. Hardy. The northwest cornerstone was laid by President Frederick Walter Cox of the High

Priest Quorum of the Sanpete Stake and his counselors, and by Sanpete Stake President Canute Peterson and his counselors, assisted by other stake presidents. The dedicatory prayer was offered by President Peterson.

The northeast cornerstone was laid by the presidencies of the seventies and elder's quorums. John VannCott gave the dedicatory prayer.

The work on the temple now commenced and progressed rapidly during the first three years of construction. The people were devoted to the cause and anxious to spend their time and energy in the erection of this house to the Lord.

The struggle and sacrifice during the building period is best told from incidents recorded in pioneer journals and handed down from one generation to the next. Some of the temple workers walked the miles from Mt. Pleasant, Spring City, Ephraim and Sterling to Manti each week to work on the temple. Andrew Christian Nielson, "Mormon Preacher," a stone cutter, walked five miles each day to the temple, put in a day's work and walked to his home at Shumway each evening.

The men's hands would become so sore from the rough work that it was common practice for them to rub mutton tallow on their hands at night and then wear the hand-knitted socks on their hands so they would be ready for another day of work.

Money was scarce but the people were generous with what they had. A Mr. Jones from Emery County, when called on to give a donation, gave his only cow which was needed for his family. Later, a cow was provided him by a bachelor who asked in return to "eat with the family once in awhile."

The women helped provide food and clothing for the men as they worked, as well as supplying donations for the temple construction. One lady in Manti, Marie Rath, was an experienced cheese maker from Germany. Each Monday morning women would bring two quarts of milk to Marie. She would make cheese and take it to the tithing office where donations were accepted.

Children did their share by gathering "Sunday eggs." Some \$117,000 was raised through the gathering of Sunday eggs. The children also gleaned wheat from the fields to be donated or made into bread for the workers.

As the men worked and the building grew, scaffolding was built and anchored to the walls by means of small holes made in the wall and later filled with rocks made to fit. The materials used were within easy access. The buff colored stone used in the foundation was quarried from the hills south of Manti. The oolite stone was obtained from the quarry east of the temple and from the Parry brothers' quarry east of Ephraim. Most of the lumber used was red pine from the local mountains. Some came from the mountains east of Spring City and some from Panguitch. The black walnut and bird's eye maple used for the banisters and circular staircases were imported from the eastern part of the United States.

A lumber mill with steam power was built at the base of the temple hill. At this mill the lumber was planed, shaped and grooved. The rocks were cut at the quarry and transported by wagon, after being fastened under the wagon frame,, A double pulley with chain was used to hoist the rocks into place after they were pulled up the hill on a "stone boat" by mules. A story is told about the Parry mules that were used in this operation. One morning the mules could not be found, so it was finally decided to go to the hill without them. There at the foot of the hill were the mules, ready to be hitched. They, too, must have been "serious about the work."

Only the best rocks were used in building the temple. Edward L. Parry, Master Mason, inspected each stone to see that it was cut to the right dimensions. One day he noticed that a worker was about to place a rock that was slightly cracked in the wall,, When Mr. Parry approached the worker about it, the worker said it was such a small crack it wouldn't make any difference, and it could be on the inside so no one would ever know about it. Mr. Parry told him there would be three people who would know: "You, me and the Lord."

Jens Christian Jensen was another who devoted his time and service in the temple project. He built a blacksmith shop at the foot of the hill and did the iron work, including that used for the baptismal font.

There were rock cutting shops on the northwest side of the hill. Here the stones were cut to the right size and evened and trimmed with a hand chisel and mallet. The steady "click, click" of the stonecutter must have been a pleasant sound to the people for miles around who heard its rhythmic beat each day. Another shop was built at the foot of the hill for crushing stone into sand. The stone was soft and made good cement. Cabins also were built close to the hill to house the workers during the construction.

As the exterior of the temple was finished, workers began the interior. Although many of the tools the artisans used were primitive and of their own making, the quality of the work is hard to match even today. Among the most remarkable features are the two circular staircases,, Each is 90 feet high with 151 steps, according to John Henry Nielson, a temple recorder,, The staircases were designed by William Asper with the assistance of Joseph Judd. The staircases are located on the two west corners of the building and extend from the main floor to the landings near the top of the tower. They have no center support but are so designed that each of the steps supports the next one above it.

There are three main floors in the temple. The upper floor is a large assembly room. The other two floors include instructional rooms and a baptismal room. The artistic work on the ceilings and walls was supervised by Christian Madsen and Charles Bird. The murals in the instructional rooms have a unique beauty and a symbolic meaning.. Original murals were done by C.C.A. Christensen, John Hafen, John Fairbanks, and Daniel Weggeland. Other murals were added later.

During the finishing and the final furnishing, President Wilford Woodruff gave all the members of the church the opportunity to contribute anything from 25 cents upward. Cash donations came from Utah, Idaho, England, Switzerland, Germany, and many other places. The total cost of the temple and its furnishings was \$991,991.81. Sanpete Stake contributed \$274,815.05.

The temple was now finished and ready for dedication. A private dedicatory service was held at the temple May 17, 1888, where the dedicatory prayer was offered by President Wilford Woodruff. On May 21, 1888, wagons, buggies, and horses filled the streets. Hundreds of campers filled the meetinghouse square, the tithing yard and other places around the city of Manti. Saints came from all over the temple district to attend the long-awaited temple dedication. Public services were held for three days, May 21, 22, and 23, in the main assembly room of the temple. The dedication was a time of great spiritual manifestation, a time when angel choirs were heard by some of the people. It was a glorious time as the Saints saw the temple completed and ready for ordinances that could now be performed there.

Prior to the actual dedication a group of church leaders met in the celestial room of the temple and chose Daniel H. Wells as president and Anthon H. Lund as assistant with Moses Farnsworth as recorder.

Successive temple presidents have been Anthon H. Lund (1891-1893), John D. T. McAllister (1893-1906), Lewis Anderson (1906-1933), Robert D. Young (1933-1943), Lewis R. Anderson (1943-1959), A. Bent Peterson (1959-1968), Reuel E. Christensen (1968- 1973), and June W. Black (1973-1978). Wilbur W. Cox was set apart as temple president in July 1978 and has served to the present day.

Temple matrons have many responsibilities and have played an important part in seeing that things run smoothly,, Matrons who have served in the Manti Temple are Minerva W. Snow (1888-1896), Catherine Ann Conover (1896-1906), Mary A. C. Anderson (1906- 1916), Abigail T. Shomaker (1916-1933), Mary S. P. Young (1933-1943), Clara M. Anderson (1943-1959), Mary Peterson (1959-1968), Vonda H. Christensen (1968-1973), and Thelma U. R. Black (1973-1978). Leonora B. Cox has been the matron since 1978.

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When the completed temple was dedicated, the grounds outside were still covered with rocks and

sagebrush. It wasn't until 1907 that approval was given by the First Presidency of the church for landscape improvements. At this time the original terrace walls surrounding the grounds were removed with the exception of the lower one "which was lowered by one half and the hill was graded to cone shape." Tons of rich soil were hauled upon the hill and covered the once solid stone bed, making it possible to plant lawns and flowers.

Before the beautification program commenced, the climb up the hill to enter the temple required strength and fortitude. Loren D. Squire, who went to the temple to be baptized the day after his eighth birthday, January 3, 1906, describes it this way, "My father had taken my mother and I to the foot of temple hill on the west end of the hill. . .Mother and I started up a zig-zag trail from the road up the steep, rock-covered hill to the west end of the temple. At each corner of the zig-zag trail was a cedar post set in the ground and a **1 1/2** inch rope was anchored from post to post as a rail to help those climbing the hill. After reaching the temple we went inside where we were guided to a room for me to change into white clothing ready for baptism."

There was need for better steps than the zigzag trail. A beautiful, elaborate stairway was constructed, leading from the street level and connecting with the roadway surrounding the temple on the west side. The stairway was 20 feet wide with retaining walls on either side and with square pillars at each landing. These pillars were fitted for electric lights. There were 125 steps with nine landings. Including the cement and iron, there was a total of 2,500,000 pounds of material in the stairway. It took four months to construct.

The stone stairway bordering the southeast driveway and leading to the east entrance of the building has 80 steps and is also a magnificent piece of work. In 1940 the west steps were torn out and lawn was planted. Other lawn was added later on the south slope of the hill.

During the time L. R. Anderson was president of the temple, he told of a vision he had. The experience was related by Glen A. Nelson of Manti who was hired by the Oakland Construction Company to use his truck in building the south parking lot. Glen said, "President Anderson put his one arm around me and waving his other hand back and forth, he said, 'Brother Nelson, some day this will be the most beautiful spot of the entire temple hill. I don't know what it is that's going to happen. You will live to see it, but I will not, but there will be thousands of people come to this hillside. . . I will not see it but you will.'" Glen thought in his mind that it must be the gathering of the ten tribes or some such event during the millenium, but he concluded, saying, "Now I know he envisioned the Mormon Miracle Pageant which his own son, R. Clair Anderson, was instrumental in starting, which sees over a hundred thousand yearly come to the spot L. R. Anderson was talking about."

Each temple president has assumed the responsibility of keeping the temple well cared for and has made those improvements which the First Presidency has approved. Changes have come slowly or in phases. Parking lots have been improved and constructed. Electric lighting was installed in channels which were miraculously left in the original construction. The exterior lighting of the temple has "created a nightly beacon, visible for many miles across the valley floor."

Another miracle is the temple spring, which is situated about a mile east of the temple. The flow of the spring has increased as the temple needs have increased.

The annex on the north has also gone through many changes,, Extensive remodeling between 1935-1940 provided more space for records, offices, a cafeteria and service rooms. Later, a reception room was added and a heating plant was moved from the basement of the annex to a building immediately east of the temple. A visitor's center was built to provide information and to serve as a missionary tool. Members of the church from Manti and surrounding communities have also availed themselves of the services at the center in the use of materials and films.

In 1946 considerable cleaning and renovating were done in the building. The murals in the Garden

Room were painted and the mural paintings on the east and west walls of the Font Room were completed by Robert L. Shepherd of Salt Lake City. In 1949 the murals in the World Room were painted by Minerva Tiechert of Cokeville, Wyoming.

The changes that have taken place have been of interest to all who have been close enough to observe and to participate in a unique way. The temple hill has been a part of the lives of the people. There were those who gathered pigweeds under the hill as a means of survival. Older residents remember gathering sego lilies, sweet Williams and Indian paint brush from the hill behind the temple. Others have found precious arrowheads left there long ago. A few people recall the "Temple Hack" that carried visitors and temple workers up the hill. Children who grew up in Manti and surrounding communities before 1960 have fond memories of rolling Easter eggs down the temple hill, sleigh riding or skiing from the "smokestacks" behind the temple to the east down to the President's home and memories of riding their bikes or cars through the tunnel. Most of all they remember climbing all those steps on the circular stairs to the tower on the day they were baptized in the font that rests on the backs of the twelve bronze oxen.

Whenever travelers return to Sanpete Valley, they know they are "home again" as they catch the first glimpse of the temple from many miles away. It is a beacon that guides their lives. We can never know or fully appreciate all the sacrifice made by those who built the Manti Temple. It is a guidepost in our lives — a temple for the eternities.

Sources: Temple on a Hill by Glen R. Stubbs.

"Building the Manti Temple" by Conrad Frischknecht from Volume 16 of Saga of the Sanpitch, p. 34.

Program for Mormon Miracle Pageant - 1984.

Messenger-Enterprise, June 13, 1985, page B-7.

The Pyramid, July 9, 1981, Vol. 89.

The Manti Temple, published by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

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## THE MANTI TEMPLE REDEDICATION

The summer of 1985 was a period of rejoicing and humble, inspiring moments for the people living in the valley of the Sanpitch and surrounding areas. The historic Mormon Temple, towering above Highway 89 was rededicated. This 97-year-old building had been closed for nearly four years for needed repairs and modernization. Great care had been given to preserve the unique architecture of the pioneers who first constructed the building, simultaneously enlarging, restoring, and making necessary changes. When the doors were again opened, the multitudes who came to witness the new splendor had feelings of satisfaction and awe. Great were their expressions of admiration and gratitude; happy were those who had been involved.

Events leading to this day had not been easy. Evelyn McNeill, writing for the Pyramid in 1981, stated, "Plans for a greatly expanded Manti Temple building program were already on the drawing board when Wilbur Cox, Manti, became president of the temple on July 30, 1973."

After reviewing the preliminary plans, President Cox reported that he had some serious reservations. In a hearing with the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormons), President Spencer W. Kimball stated that his desire was to enhance but not supplant the work of the pioneer artisans. As a result, new plans were developed. The doors of the Manti Temple were closed October 1, 1981, to begin work that would renovate utilities while preserving the architecture. This was expected to take 18 months to 2 years.

But nearly four years later the church announced that the gigantic project was completed and an "open house" would take place June 6, 7, and 8, 1985, to be followed by a rededication.

As the time approached for these services, local and state publications blazed forth the news in bold print: "Built in peril, renewed amid goodwill. . . Glistening, 'new' at 97, Manti Temple rededicated," stated the LDS Church News of June 23, 1985. The Mount Pleasant Pyramid and The Manti Messenger-Ephraim Enterprise covered many pages of detailed accounts. These accounts have been helpful in preparing this report.

During the open house sessions the temple hosted 40,308 visitors. These sessions were scheduled for church membership and non-members alike, and people came from near and far. Many endured waiting in the sun outside the temple of up to two hours in 90-degree temperatures. At times, the long line of visitors extended downhill to the highway. Volunteer guides and ushers, as well as security personnel, came from Gunnison, Manti, Ephraim, Snow College, Mt. Pleasant, and Moroni Stakes to assist in escorting the crowds who came in a steady stream. When all events were concluded, President Lee Barton of Manti Stake announced that volunteers had assisted with ushering the crowds.

Part of the renovation project was the enlargement of parking areas, the installation of a new sprinkling system, the planting of trees and the building of a fence around the temple property. These projects, along with the already sloping lawns and abundance of spring flowers, added to the splendor of the setting.

The heating and cooling systems were replaced and an elevator installed. The water system, nearly a century old, was also replaced. The renovation process included fire protection, new electrical wiring, expanded offices, dressing rooms and in some places new stones were cut to repair sections of the rock walls,,

Visitors found the north entrance to the building greatly changed. The former annex had been replaced by a rock addition. Stones for the new addition were taken from the same nearby stone quarry that had provided the original building material. Care was taken to match every possible detail.

A new exterior entrance was provided on the south side of the building for the baptistery section and for four refurbished sealing rooms. The baptismal font, resting on the backs of 12 life-size cast iron oxen (representing the 12 tribes of Israel) was given a new stainless steel liner. Wes Wright of Salt Lake City did painting and additional murals in the baptismal room. He painted the dome above the font and the many different stars and heavenly constellations in addition to the murals on the south wall. All of this area was now self-confined through the new door (second window from the west) .

The huge doors on the west of the building, facing the valley, were made available for use. The "open house" tour included the baptistery area, ordinance rooms, the assembly room, several of the sealing rooms, the nursery, laundry, cafeteria, and the men's and women's dressing rooms. There are now six new sealing rooms, making a total of ten, two of which are accessible from the spiral staircases.

A high point of the tour was climbing one of the world-famous circular stairways that had been closed to the public for many years,, These two stairways, located on the west corners, made of imported black walnut, rise 90 feet in graceful spirals. The polished railings and banisters form a symmetrical coil, perfectly plumb from top to bottom and self-supporting. Visitors were told that there are very few such staircases in America, and two of these are found in this temple built by pioneer craftsmen with rudimentary tools when Manti was little more than a wilderness village. One such staircase, found in England, is made of iron. It would be difficult to match these staircases today, even with the improved tools available.

Visitors were awed by the workmanship of previous craftsmen, their work now highlighted by new paint, carpets, chandeliers, and drapery. There were many complimentary remarks concerning the color choice and variety of textures used in the new carpeting, drapes, and wall coverings. Muted tones were selected to enhance the serene atmosphere of the temple. An interesting observation was the decorations on the woodwork throughout the temple. No two rooms are alike, since the carvings are the handiwork of various craftsmen. Each man was assigned to finish a room in his own particular style.

It is also interesting to note that the pictures on the walls of the Creation Room, painted by C.C.A. Christensen, are painted directly on the walls. Over the years the plaster has pulled away from the walls in some areas. In order to preserve this fine art, the workmen carefully glued the plaster back onto the walls by the use of hypodermic needles. In the Font Room and the World Room the art work was painted on canvas and needed only to be cleaned.

Another interest was the new carpeting in the Celestial Room. A remnant of the original carpeting, laid in the room a century ago, was found in a Manti residence., The decision was made to produce an authentic reproduction and the remnant was sent to a mill in England, one of the few in the world with a loom capable of producing the required 27 colors and shades.

Many women were elated as they recognized their handwork on one of the thirty chairs and an altar in the Sealing Room. Sixty-four Manti and Ephraim women were occupied for a full year completing the elegant needlepoint.

One of the rooms featured a valuable handwoven Persian carpet, donated to the church several years ago by Mr. and Mrs., Milton Barlow of Chevy Chase, Maryland. This lovely Persian carpet, known as an Isphahan, has a "Tree of Life" design and is a lovely addition to the temple, even though it was made early in this century and not during the 1870s and 1880s when the temple was built.

The renovation contract was awarded to the Zwick Construction Company, Salt Lake City, with the help of Emil Fetzer, the church architect.

Many original articles of century-old furniture were restored and others obtained and refinished. Among them is a valuable grandfather's clock. There are now sixty-five pieces of such furniture throughout the building. This work, along with new furnishings, carpeting and draperies, are of the Eastlake design, which was popular in the United States around the period of time when the temple was built. All the furnishings were installed under direction of Florence S. Jacobsen, Director of Arts and Sites in the Church Historical Department.

The Manti Temple is one of the few temples remaining in which the endowment sessions are conducted by temple personnel rather than by use of more recent film presentations.,

Following the tour, many visitors stopped at the visitors center, manned by missionaries, to ask questions and practices relating to the function of the temple. Many visitors also asked about the Mormon Miracle Pageant, which is presented for ten evenings each July on the Temple Hill. This pageant, now in its 19th year, attracts up to 120,000 visitors each summer season.

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## THE REDEDICATION SESSIONS

Plans were under way in April 1985 for the temple's solemn dedication services scheduled for Friday, June 14; Saturday, June 15; and Sunday, June 16 .

Three dedicatory services were held each day at 9 a.m., at 11:30 a.m., and at 2:30 p.m.—making a total of nine sessions. Baptized members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, eight years and older, who lived in any one of the Manti Temple 27 stakes, and who desired to attend the dedication ceremony, contacted their ward bishops for an interview prior to being issued a non-transferable ticket to the services. The free tickets were issued for a specific seating area within the temple., Those drawing a white ticket were seated in the Priesthood, or Solemn Assembly Room, with a capacity of 1,500 persons. These people entered the temple through the west doors at their allotted time. Those with blue tickets entered the north door and were seated in other rooms throughout the building, making a total of 1,800 people in each session. Closed-circuit television made it possible for attendees in the various rooms to view the proceedings. A blue cloth was



attached to the wall back of the speakers' heads to prevent their white clothing from blending too easily into the light colored walls by powerful television lighting equipment,, Each session of the dedicatory services was planned to last about one and a half hours. A total of 20,000 people were in attendance during the nine sessions.

Due to failing health, Church President Spencer W. Kimball was unable to attend the rededication. Second Counselor Gordon B. Hinckley conducted most of the sessions. He was assisted at times by President Ezra Taft Benson, Elder Howard W. Hunter, and Elder Thomas S. Monson. Members of the Council of the Twelve and other church authorities were in attendance and often spoke to the audiences. In all, 32 authorities were present at one time or another, giving the congregation a spiritual treat. At each session the Dedicatory Prayer was read, word for word.

A special addition to the sessions were the choirs who had been rehearsing for long periods of time and who came from the 27 temple stakes to render their voices in song. The 100-voice choir from the Manti-Ephraim Stakes sang at the first session; the Moab, Blanding, Blanding West and Monticello Stakes at the second session; the Hinckley, Gunnison, Salina and Monroe Stakes at the third session; the Nephi, Nephi North and Fillmore at the fourth session; the Moroni, Mt. Pleasant and Durango, Colorado, Stakes at the fifth session; Price, Price North, Wellington and Helper at the sixth session; the Delta and West Delta at the seventh session; Richfield and Richfield East at the eighth session; Snow College, Huntington, Castle Dale, and Ferron at the final session,, All choirs sang several hymns and all sang the beautiful song entitled Dedication.

Church authorities spoke words of praise, comfort, and wisdom to the crowds assembled in the temple. President Hinckley said that this makes the fifth time in the history of the Church that a temple has been re-dedicated. Others were the Mesa in 1975, St. George in 1975, Hawaii in 1978, and Logan in 1979. He said that soon the new Freiberg Temple of East Germany and a temple in Sweden would be dedicated, making a total of 34 temples in use throughout the world. He also said that another 14 are in various stages of construction or planning.

"I marvel--I never get over marveling," President Hinckley resumed, "at the dedication, the sense of mission, of these early pioneers, and the compulsion they felt to provide a suitable place for these sacred ordinances to be performed. I see magnificent workmanship, wrought with rudimentary tools. . .They did it out of appreciation for the fact that they needed a place of sanctuary, a house of retreat, and a place of peace to come to reflect on the things of eternity."

"We may build stronger, taller buildings, but none on the face of the earth more beautiful than these temples, of which this one is a preeminent example,,

President Hinckley offered the dedicatory prayer, which was repeated in each of the following ceremonies,,

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## **SISTER GORDON B. HINCKLEY'S STORY**

Brimming with emotion, Marjorie P. Hinckley, wife of President Gordon B. Hinckley, told the first session at the rededication of the Manti Temple June 14, 1985, of the commitment and sacrifice of her grandfather, who gave his life in service on the temple.

In 1885, at age 21, her grandfather, George Paxman, came to Manti to work on the temple as a carpenter, bringing with him his new bride, Martha Elizabeth Evans, 19. They had just been married in the Logan Temple.

Later, a child was born to the couple. "These were happy times for them," said Sister Hinckley. Two years later tragedy struck.

Paxman hung the huge east doors of the temple on a Monday. That night he suffered a terrible pain, explained Sister Hinckley. He died four days later of a strangulated hernia, "caused by his all out effort to get the doors in place."

Sister Hinckley's mother was born eight months after Paxnian's death. Sister Paxman never remarried, remaining a widow for 62 years.

"I love this holy temple," Sister Hinckley told the quiet congregation. Eyes of many glistened with tears as she told the faith-filled story of just one frontier craftsman who had sacrificed so much in helping to build this pioneer temple.

Source: L.D.S. Church News, June 23, 1985, p. 3.

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## HENRY, THE PEG-LEG MAN

Henry John was a professional singer and harpist in the country of Wales. He played for royalty, playing and singing as only an expert could. He traveled from village to village and from city to city performing. Finally, with a wonderful woman who had a beautiful singing voice, they entertained almost every night.

One day, misfortune came to Henry, and he lost a leg in a crusher while working in the coal mines. After this, he was unable to continue his profession. It was hard for him to get around on his peg-leg.

In 1870 he heard the Mormon missionaries and joined their church. He came to Utah and finally to Wales in Sanpete County, where he found it hard for a harpist and a singer to find work. He was getting older, the language barrier was causing him problems, and with the handicap of his peg-leg finding a job was almost impossible.

When a call came out from the leaders of the LDS Church that men were needed to work on the new project of building the Manti Temple, Henry went to Manti, Twelve days later one hundred men knelt in prayer at the site to ask for guidance and help in accomplishing this great work.

Up temple hill he hobbled with his one peg-leg and his one good leg. Ropes were attached to posts to help Henry and others needing help up the hill. Here he worked, sitting in the same position all day, chipping with his chisel the rock that had been quarried and hauled to the brow of the hill. Sometimes he pounded the rock chips into fine sand to be used in mixing the mortar for cementing together the huge blocks of oolite stone in the temple walls.

The stonecutters and masons were of various ancestry. Some of the workers walked from Ephraim to Manti each Monday morning and returned home on Saturday night. Henry also traveled at times to Wales, Utah, when his week's work was done. Some workers stayed at the old Templeton Hotel, and others used tents for their homes away from home.

Sometimes the stakes were requested to furnish their workers with provisions and supplies, one month's rations at a time. While these men were away from home, local people helped to sustain their families. The laborers worked an average of ten hours a day, six days a week.

Henry's greatest asset was faith in God and a desire to do His will. Therefore, he steadfastly accepted his job at the temple and continued his work with a will that never faltered.

He was always happy as he sat *day* in and day out for long periods of time chiseling rock for the temple. Workers watched him with pride and with a little awe and confusion at how diligently he sat, patiently and without complaint, chiseling rock, watching the progress of the majestic edifice, as each rock he cut helped to take form in the massive structure.

There were times when his fellow workers would look at Henry's one remaining leg and comment on his abilities and persistence. Henry laughed good naturedly and said, "Look you, now, I won't always be like this. On the resurrection morning, when my grave comes open, I'll take the first boat to England and get my leg. It is promised in the Good Book that our God will make us whole and again perfect, then I'll race the best of you,"

This story of Henry John is told by Vida ReeseSorensen, Spring City, Utah, in Vol. 9 (1977) of *Saga of the Sanpitch*, pp. 68-75.

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## A HEAVENLY VISITOR

That there were many beautiful manifestations at the Manti Temple all the saints have heard and believed with joyful faith. The following incidents have never been published, although often related to those who come to the house of the Lord at Manti.

Brother Peter Alstrom, the janitor of the temple, was appointed to take visitors over the building. A few days before the dedication, while upstairs busy at work, a terrible wind storm came up and he hurried downstairs to close the windows. As he came to the first of a series of three rooms, he saw a man in the center of the room dressed in dark clothes, with his back turned to him, looking curiously around the room. He walked ahead of Brother A. down the stairs, through the open door, going leisurely through the second room, looking about him as he walked along; then down the stairs to the third room, all the time keeping ahead of the janitor. Brother Alstrom had not taken time to speak, for he was anxious to get the windows closed, then he intended to ask the stranger how he got in there, for these rooms were kept locked. Stepping down into the third room, Brother A. looked around for the man, but he was nowhere to be seen. Unwilling to believe himself the victim of a hallucination he walked to the only other door of the room--which was always kept locked—and tried it; it was still locked. Where did the man go? Certainly he did not know then, nor does he know now. A thorough search followed, hut nothing more was ever heard or seen of the man. This occurred before the temple was open, and there were but one or two other brethren inside, none of them having access to these rooms.

The night after the dedication was a dark, rainy night, filled with sudden gusts of wind and beating rain,, After Brother Alstrom had retired to rest he happened to remember that the window in one of the rooms was open a little. He sprang up and ran down the stairs to close the window; opening the door of the sealing room he was surprised to see, standing above the altar, a personage clothed in white robes, a brilliant light surrounding him and filling the whole room. For the first time in his life the good man was filled with an unreasonable, unaccountable feeling of fear. Shutting the door hastily behind him he ran upstairs, and throwing himself on his knees, he asked God to take away the foolish fear that had taken possession of him. Instantly he was calmed and filled with the peace flooding the room.

In the morning President Wells asked him about the matter and then remarked, "None need fear to see an angel of the Lord; that there are angels in this place we can have no doubt, but it is not given to everyone to see them."

The Young Woman's Journal, Y.L.M.I. Associations, Vol. 1, Salt Lake City, Utah, April 1890, No. 7, pp. 213-215.

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## BISHOP FARNWORTH'S VISION

Brother George Farnworth, who is bishop of Mount Pleasant, Sanpete County, is a very faithful, earnest laborer in the cause of truth, and had, about the time of the "Manti Temple dedication, a very singular and instructive experience.

For some length of time previous to the dedication of the temple he was greatly exercised in his mind as to his own kindred and the work to be done for them. He had no records, no names. Yet he knew he had relatives, for he was the only one of his family in the church. The dedication of the temple and the work set a going there, naturally increased this anxiety and longing for knowledge on the part of Brother Farnworth.

He started from his home in Mount Pleasant to visit Manti shortly after the dedication of the temple, and what then occurred to him we will let him relate in his own words:

"The Morning of the 16th of July 1888" about 10 o'clock while I was traveling between Pigeon Hollow and the Ephraim grave yard I felt a very strange sensation such as I never before experienced. Under this influence I went along and chancing to raise my eyes, it seemed that right in front of me there was a vast multitude of men; to the right and a little in front stood a large man about the size of my father, who weighed two hundred and forty-two pound. This man waved his right hand towards the multitude and said:

"These are your kindred! And we have been waiting, waiting, waiting! Waiting for your temple to be finished. It is now dedicated and accepted by our Father,, You are our representative, and we want you to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves. You have had the privilege of hearing the gospel of the Son of God; we had not that great blessing,"

As he ceased, I looked at the great concourse and realized that they were all men, and thought it strange there were no women,, I tried to recognize some of them but could not as I knew none. The thought came strongly into my mind, "How can I find out their names, who and what they are?" Then a voice seemed to answer in my ears,

"When that will be required, it will be made known."

I felt while looking at them, "O shall I be worthy to help them?" whereupon I found tears were rolling down my cheeks and in the humility of my soul I shouted, "God help me!" adding aloud, "God being my helper / will do all I can" and it seemed as if the whole host shouted with one voice, "Amen!"

I could stand it no longer, and cried aloud, while wiping my face and eyes . After I could control myself, I looked ahead and all had gone.

During all this time, my team were going ahead at their own gait, but I had got no nearer to the multitude. Some of these men had white and some had dark clothes on. All their heads were uncovered.

By the time I came to myself I was at the Ephraim graveyard, and was so weak that when I reached the house of a sister where I sometimes stayed, I felt too overcome to go further, but tied up my team and went into the house to rest.

My sincere prayer is, "God help me to do all I can for them!"

No one could describe the pleasure and exquisite joy that filled the heart of the Bishop at the heavenly manifestation given him. The sequel was yet to come.

Arrived at the temple, he related his experience to President Wells and others. It reached the ears of Brother Frank Farnsworth of St. George who was then a recorder in the temple. He went to Bishop Farnworth and told him that in searching for his own genealogies while on a foreign tour he had found many Farnworths and although not his own kindred he had still felt the impulse to gather their names and did so. "Now," he added, "you are welcome to these names for they are evidently your own kindred."

Could words express the flood of delight that poured over the good man's whole being, to know God had so richly blessed him? None but those who have passed through similar experiences. To this day Brother Farnworth is melted to happy tears whenever he relates his vision and its quick fulfillment.

At once he began the joyful work, bringing his daughters over to help him, and hundreds of that vast multitude have already received the blessed temple gifts at the hands of their faithful descendants. His own work of course has been for the males. Hence his seeing only men. He is still daily at work in the temple carrying out the glorious mission given him.

Some may say, "Well, I have done for all those whose names I can get." To such I would say, be not so satisfied, but, like the brother whose experience was related to me by President Joseph F. Smith, keep on after you are all through, He said that there was one brother who would get a few of his names and do all he could, then would sorrowfully say, "Well, I guess this will be the last." But faith, energy, and perseverance would bring a few more,, Another time, months perhaps, would elapse, and behold he had a few more. Then another rest, more again. And so on until his list was swelled into great proportions. Verily, we as Saints shall have the desire of our hearts granted; and if it is a knowledge of our forefathers we shall have it if we live, pray, and work for it. Try it, my young friends and great shall be your reward and your blessings. Amen.

Source: THE YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL, Y.L.M.I Associations, Vol, 1, Salt Lake City, Utah, April 1890, No, 7, pp. 213-215.

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## THE RATTLESNAKE STORY

Toward the close of a bright spring day in 1851, while the families were still living in their warm dug-outs in the south side of the gray hill, they were aroused from their haven of temporary security by an ominous warning. The hill, which had provided protection against the bitter blasts of winter, suddenly assumed a threatening aspect.

Throughout the hours of this eventful day, the rays of the warm spring sun penetrated the rocky surface of the hill. As the last of the warm rays were cut by the western mountains, the unsuspecting pioneers were startled by weird hissings that seemed to come from the bowels of the earth. Horror was on the faces of the women, and in the eyes of little children there was fear-- pathetic and helpless. Alert and ready to protect their families, the men prepared quickly to meet a foe, which had appeared unexpectedly in great numbers.

From the cracks and crevices in the rocky hill, from holes in the ground and from caves under slabs of stone crawled hundreds of long, gaunt, spotted-backed rattlesnakes, hungry and eager to strike. Hissing weirdly, and with rattlers in constant motion, they bared their poison fangs and moved in a fearful wreathing mass into the little settlement for the kill. Hideous as an octopus, this army of snakes, released by the heat of the spring sun from the comatose state, alert and eager to strike, hunted out their human enemies and engaged them in one of the strangest battles recorded in history.

The life-and-death struggle which ensued continued through the darkness of several nights, lighted here and there by flickering pine-knot torches, for the snakes retreated into their holes at dawn, and then returned to the attack at dusk. With the weapons at hand the settlers fought the loathsome invaders. The night rang with shouts of caution and encouragement as the defenders struck death blows with stones, clubs, knives and guns, while the attacking reptiles, poison hidden under their flashing fangs, hissed as they coiled and struck.

In the darkness, snakes crawled everywhere. On the south slope of the gray hill they lay in coils on the paths; they crawled under the woodpiles, into the dwarfed under-brush and under wagon boxes. Into the dug-outs, hissing, they moved, where they coiled in wood-boxes, tool-boxes, cupboards and beds. To seek out

these fearsome intruders, the men carried the torches; and in the flickering light of these crude beacons, they strove to annihilate them. On the precipitous, loose surface of the rocky hill, they slipped and stumbled, often bruising themselves. As they bound up their bruises, their determination to subjugate and bring under control this wild, unconquered region grew stronger. The rocky hill, which appeared to hinder their progress, was in reality a severe but beneficent task-master, for it aroused in them an invincible determination to fight the battles of pioneer life and win.

After the first night of the nauseating conflict, three hundred gaunt, spotted-backed rattlesnakes lay dead. For several nights the unusual encounter continued, until the hordes of reptiles were exterminated, and marvelous as it may be, not a man, woman nor child was bitten. Grateful for the outcome of this experience, which had impressed them with the fact that success in the work of building their Zion could only be won by eternal vigilance, the Saints gave thanks to God for their deliverance from this terrible menace.

The pioneers had overcome the rattlesnakes, but a veil had been drawn between them and the gray hill, from whose rocky bosom the plague had issued. The hill, with its caves and holes, was no longer an alluring refuge. The valley was green, and it beckoned charmingly. Accepting the invitation, the settlers moved away from their protecting "dug-out."

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## CHIEF WALKER AND HIS INDIANS

Aroused to greater effort and imbued with the ideal of eternal progression, the pioneers ventured out into the valley, where they made new homes in log cabins, the timber for which was brought down from the mountains. Throughout the early spring, while the industrious settlers were building their new homes, they were surrounded by the Sanpitches, a tribe of low-grade Indians, who had remained near the Whites during the strenuous winter, living mainly on the carcasses of cattle that froze or starved to death. These idle natives showed no signs of hostility toward the settlers as they moved from their dug-outs into the log cabins along the nearby creeks. The outlook for the new settlement, in the greening valley away from the rocky point, appeared brighter.

About the first of July the complexion of the situation changed, causing the colonists to again turn to the gray hill for aid and protection. At this time, the fierce warrior-chief of the Utes, Walker, and 700 of his tribe, fresh from a successful raid against the Shoshones, came into the valley. Proudly exhibiting their trophies of war, they pitched their "wickiups" in a large semi-circle, east and south of the settlement, and then commenced a demonstration of savage pageantry, which brought torture to their helpless captives and foreshadowed ill for the little band of pioneers.

The victorious Walker, proud and haughty, was not to be trusted; even though it was upon his invitation and profession of friendship that the pioneers had come into his country to make their homes. At any moment he might treacherously attack the new settlement, whose crude log huts, few in number, would provide small protection against an attack by an overwhelming number of savages. Realizing their perilous situation, the dwellers of each humble hut sent forth fervent prayers to the Throne of *God* asking for protection and guidance.

An invitation from the exultant Utes to witness their victory ceremonies was accepted reluctantly by the Whites, who had no interest in the savage demonstration, because they feared a refusal would excite the ill-will of the powerful chief. In the scalp dances which the pioneers were thus compelled to witness, the prisoners, mostly Shoshone women, were forced to dance, carrying the bloody scalps of their slain kindred. Amid the shouts of derision and savage laughter of their captors, the hapless prisoners, wailing in low, agonized sobs, danced. The haughty chief and his war crazed followers taunted not only the helpless

prisoners, but also the invited guests. Boasting of their feats in arms, their prowess in battle, and their power to destroy whom they would, the arrogant savages spoke with contempt of the weak, unprotected settlement, threatening to destroy it as they had done Shoshone villages.

The settlers were saved from this threatened destruction by the wisdom of Brigham Young, for the leaders of the victorious Utes remembered that the great white leader had not made war upon them. His people had fed them and treated them with kindness, Because of this policy, the hints of torture and threats of annihilation thrown out by the proud chief and his men were not carried out. The danger, however, of an assault by this howling band of savages was still present, and threatened to flare up at the least provocation. To protect themselves from an attack which might come at any moment, night or day, the pioneers decided to build a fort. But of what? They were surrounded now, not by weak Sanpitches, but by powerful Utes. To procure logs from the higher elevations, the men would have to leave their homes unguarded for long hours and subject themselves to the dangers of being ambushed and slain. The dilemma in which they found themselves was indeed serious.

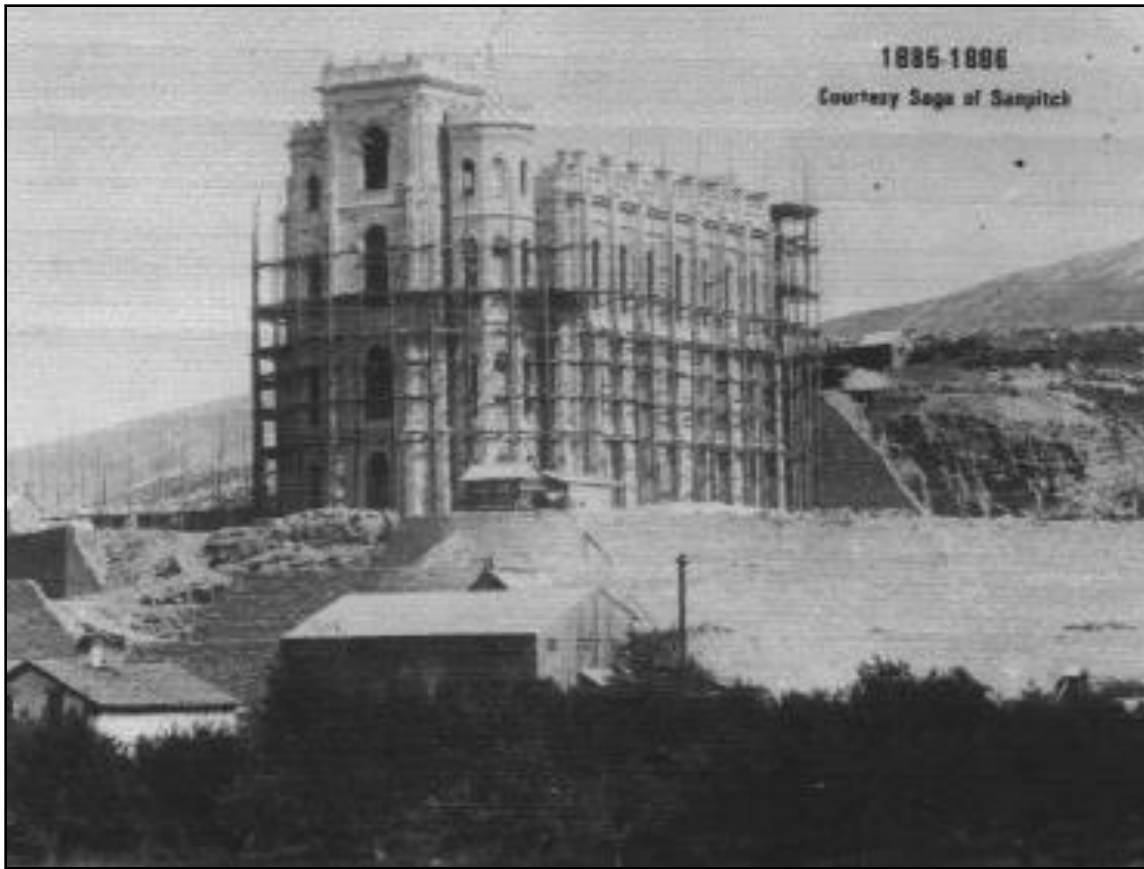
While debating the problems of constructing a fort, one of the men suggested that stone from the gray hill might be used to build the walls. This idea was well received. The stone was of good quality and nearby, and the men could guard their homes while at work on the fort. The suggestion was acted upon immediately, and soon the men were at work quarrying. Within a very short time, a strong stone fort, the walls of which were eight feet high and two feet thick, had been built. Later in the summer of 1854 a bigger and stronger fort was built of stone, and in 1866, when Chief Blackhawk went on the warpath, a stone fort was built around the Tabernacle Block in Manti. These forts, built of stone from the gray hill, protected the settlement from destruction by hostile Indians from the beginning of the Walker War in 1852 until the close of the Blackhawk War in 1867.

In view of the fact that serious trouble developed with the Indians, the pioneers were thankful they had made their settlement near the gray hill as advised by their leader. They believed the forts constructed of stone from the lowly mountain had saved their lives, and that the inspired leadership of Brigham Young had been vindicated.

During this early period the value of the gray hill as a source of fine building stone became known throughout the country. From its well stratified and evenly bedded deposits of Oolite stone, beautiful cream-colored blocks were cut, not only for private and public buildings in Manti, but for some of the more pretentious residences in Salt Lake City. Into the magnificent Salt Lake Temple went two large tablets of this stone, and in the year 1852, William Ward, a sculptor, carved a block of it for the Washington Monument. As the valuable deposit of Oolite stone was developed, the gray hill assumed added importance, and became known as the Manti Stone Quarry.

Source: THE MIRACLE OF THE MOUNTAINS by William H. Peterson, 1942, pp. 6-15.

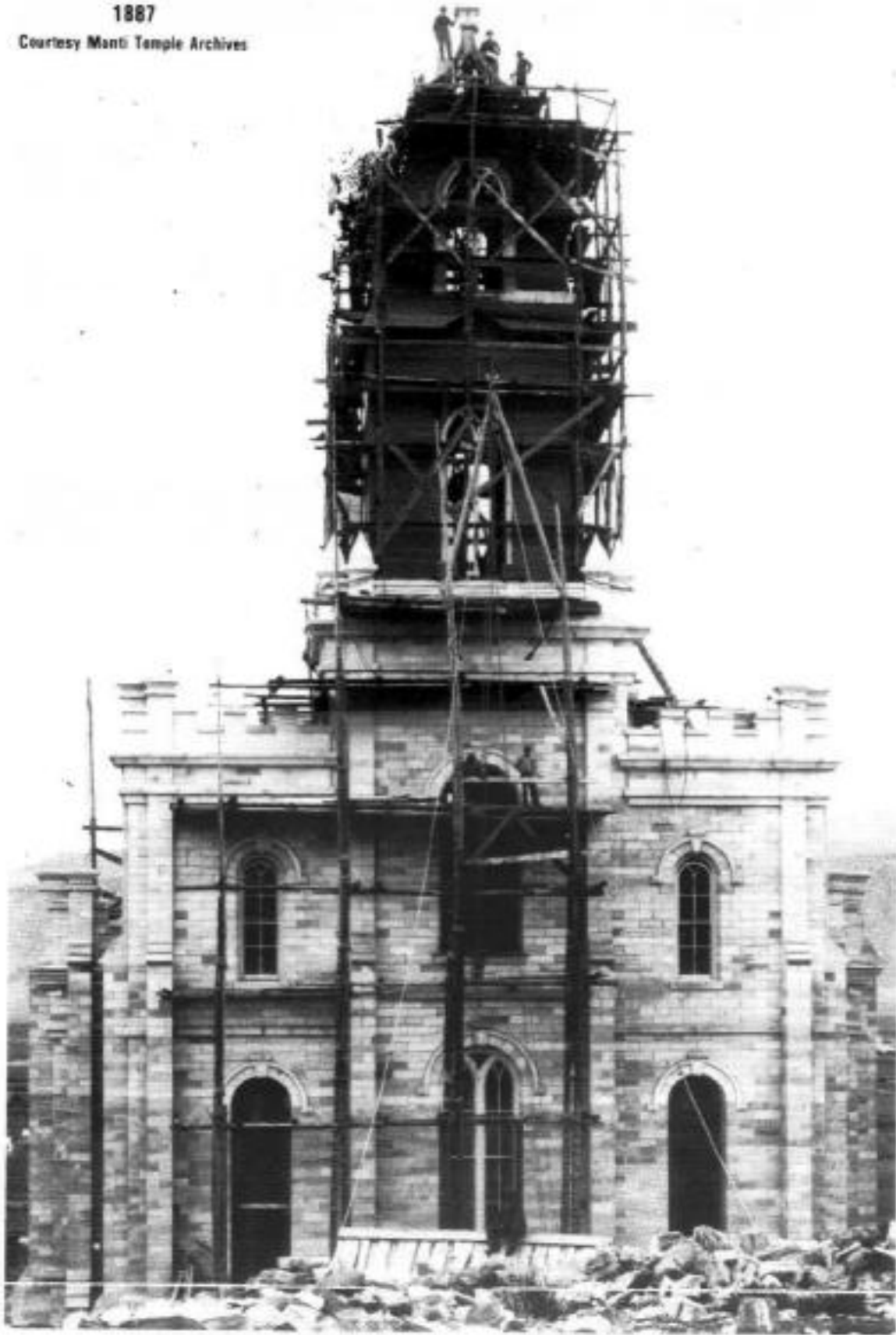
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1887

Courtesy Manti Temple Archives









1940

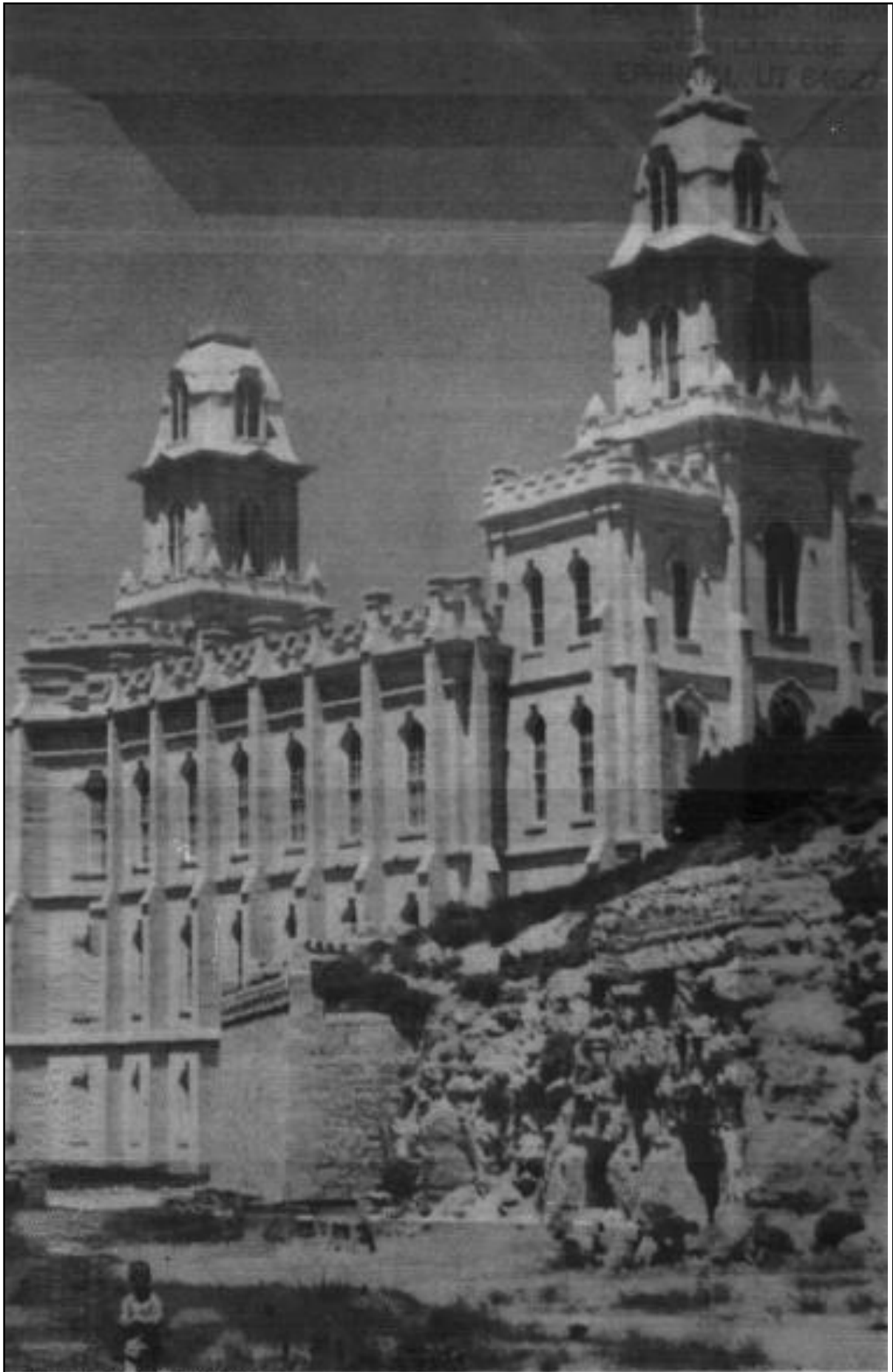
Courtesy President Wilbur W. Cox



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Courtesy L.D.S. Church





Courtesy Wilbur W. Cox

