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GRAND BALL

TO BE GIVEN IN

PETERSON'S PAVILION

Friday evening, April 3rd, 1903.

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

1st Year Normalists of the Snow Academy

PROGRAM

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JUNIOR PROM
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VOLUME 18 - 1986

MAY 4

*Ann Francis Anderson
to J. C. Larson*

*James Anderson
and
Mrs. John Anderson
and your presence
at this reception of
daughter*

*at Anderson's Hotel
Thursday evening
January 10, 1903*



928

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CLUB

DANCE

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No picture of the Cremona is available, but LaMar Larson has furnished us with this sketch. Band platform at west end, two refreshment booths joined to east end of the dance floor. The dancers are missing. Visualize young, lovely girls as part of the sketch. With their beautiful long dresses, dance program in hand, swinging and swaying to the classic dance tunes of yesteryear.



"Footwarmers" Sterling Poulson, Alphonso Nielson, Henry Sorensen, Charles Wall and Evan Christensen. Courtesy LaMar Larson

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XVIII

Containing

Winning Entries

For the

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest – 1986

also

A Special Section on Dancing in Early Sanpete

With

Pictures

Sponsored by

Sanpete Historical Writing Committee

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By

Eleanor P. Madsen

Chairman

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Committee

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Mt. Pleasant, Utah

PREFACE

As Volume XVIII of the Saga of the Sanpitch is now published, we look back over these eighteen years and feel how fortunate we are that so much of the past of our rich heritage in Sanpete County has been pre-served. We are grateful for the stories, essays, recollections, anecdotes, and poetry that bring nostalgic memories of a life that was. . . pictures of a colorful past. Each issue of the Saga is unique as it has been changing, growing with the times, moving through the years, delving into Sanpete history from 1849 to 1950. As we read we live again experiences we have known, legends we have heard, and thrill to new discoveries from the past, each punctuated with tears, laughter or amazement. This year in the pages of the Saga we relate to the theme of dancing in Sanpete and recall all the good times, the light-hearted, happy, fun times. We are pleased with the many who responded to the theme of dancing in Sanpete, These winning entries are published in the various categories in the usual way, A section containing some additional information and pictures on dancing in Sanpete concludes the volume. We regret that we are not able to publish every entry. We do appreciate the time and effort of those who entered the historical writing contest and encourage you to continue to write. We feel that each additional volume of the Saga brings new writers and new readers. Libraries and historical groups, as well as individuals, request the Saga each year. We are delighted that the elementary and middle schools in North and South Sanpete are now using the Saga in their history classes.

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

Lillian H. Fox

Ruth D. Scow

Eleanor P. Madsen

TREASURER - Linnie H. 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; Jessie Oldroyd, Ft. Green; Jensen's Buy Way Foods, Moroni.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Sanpete Historical Writing Committee wishes to thank all those who submitted manuscripts and who have given of their time and talents and helped in any way to produce this issue of the Saga of the Sanpitch.

COVER

The cover brings nostalgia to those who remember old-time dances. It was designed by Mar dene Thayne, who now lives in West Jordan, Utah, with her husband, Royce, and children, Zachary and Kirsten. Mardene is a graduate of BYU and has worked as a graphic designer and as a teacher and art curriculum director at a private school in Provo.

ADVERTISING

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

JUDGES

ROSS P. FINDLAY, Mr. Findlay was born in Smoot, Wyoming. He attended Utah State University where he received his B.S. and M.S. degrees in education and social science. He did graduate study at the University of Denver, Washington State University, and Springfield College at Springfield, Massachusetts. He was with Snow College for 27 years where he taught social sciences and was registrar and dean of students.

RUTH PICKETT ROSS. Ruth grew up in Gunnison, Utah, and graduated from Gunnison Valley High School in 1924. During the following year, she kept the books for the Peterson Garage in Gunnison. She graduated from Snow College in 1927 and taught school in Centerfield 1927-1928 and in Gunnison during 1928- 1929. She graduated from the University of Utah in 1951 with a degree in elementary education. She taught school in the South Sanpete District for 28 years, 26 of them in the Ephraim Elementary School,, She is the mother of two sons and two daughters.

EDITH WILLARSEN. Edith was born in Fairview, Utah. She graduated from the University of Utah with a B.S. degree in education and a minor in English. She taught in the South Sanpete Schools for 30 years,, She has taught mathematics in the special services department of Snow College for the past four years. She has resided in Ephraim since 194.

EDITING

DIANE MAJOR SPENCER. Diane is a native of Salt Lake City, a descendant of Mormon pioneers of 1847. She lives in Mayfield, works for the Utah State Department of Social Services, teaches classes and workshops in writing and literature, writes for the Utah Shakespearean Festival and serves on the South Sanpete Board

of Education,, 1986 marks the eighth year she has volunteered her services as proofreader and copy-editor for the Saga.

RULES FOR THE SANPETE HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST

1. The Sanpete Historical Writing Contest is open to all Sanpete County residents and former residents.
2. Contestants may enter in either Professional or Non-Professional Divisions,, Each entry must state clearly the division in which it is to be entered. Each division will be judged in five categories: Anecdotes, Poetry, Short Story, Historical Essay, and Personal Recollection,,
3. A cash prize of ten dollars will be awarded for first place and complimentary books for other prizes .
4. All entries must be based on actual events, existing legends or traditions in Sanpete County and must be consistent with the time period.
5. All entries must be the original work of the contestant, in keeping with good literary standards and must be authentic and fully documented.
6. The entry must never have been published or must not now be in the hands of an editor and/or other person to be published. It must not be submitted for publication elsewhere until the contest is decided.
7. Only one entry in each category may be submitted by each contestant.
8. Three copies of each entry are required. Names or other means of identification must not appear on manuscripts. Each entry must be accompanied by one separate 8 1/2 by 11 inch sheet bearing name and address of author, title, first line of entry and the division in which it is to be entered,
9. Manuscripts must be typewritten and double spaced and the number of words or lines written On the first page of the entry.
10. Judges are selected by the Contest Chairmen and members of the Saga Committee. Judges have the right to award or not award prizes or honorable mention to entries. The judges' decision will be final.
11. Entries must be postmarked no later than April 30, 1987. Entries not accompanied with a stamped, self-addressed envelope will not be returned.
12. All entries must be addressed to Sanpete Historical Writing Contest, Eleanor Madsen, Script Chairman, 295 East 1st North, Box 87-5, Ephraim, UT 84627.
13. Winners will be announced at a special awards program that will be held for that purpose. This is usually the Thursday night of the Sanpete County Fair week.
14. In evaluating the writing, the following criteria will be considered:
 - Poetry: Length must not exceed 32 lines.
 - a. Message or theme
 - b. Form and pattern
 - c. Accomplishment of purpose
 - d. Climax
 - Historical Essay and Personal Recollection: Length must not exceed 1,500 words.
 - a. Adherence to theme
 - b. Writing style (interesting reading)
 - c. Accomplishment of purpose
 - d. Accuracy of information
 - e. Documentation
 - Anecdote: Length must not exceed 300 words.
 - a. Accuracy of information
 - b. Clarity of presentation

- Co Writing style
- d. Documentation

Short Story: Length must not exceed 3,000 words.

- a. Adherence to theme
- b. Writing style
- c. Characterization
- d. Well-defined plot
- e. Documentation

Contestants are encouraged to take all reasonable care to submit their writing in conformance with modern rules of English structure and punctuation. However, documented historical information is of major importance., Entrants are requested to give their complete addresses so that writers may communicate with each other more readily.

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HALLEY'S COMET

Talula F. Nelson
Mt. Pleasant, UT 84647
First Place Anecdote

Rides in straw-filled bobsleighs with plenty of quilts and warm rocks on our feet were a very delightful experience of my girlhood. Our voices rose in song and laughter as the crisp air stung our faces while the horses trotted over the snow covered roads.

It was just such a bobsleigh ride in 1910 when i a group of us teenagers were on our way to attend a dance at Snow College, when we had an unexpected experience. Mid-afternoon found us on our way. 1 We left Mt. Pleasant, then we passed Hop-Doo-Hill, on through Spring City and into Pigeon Hollow, when the sun began to sink out of sight. We snuggled deeper into the quilts and sang louder as we missed the warmth of the sun.

Shortly after the sunset, a beautiful "star" with a long, fan-shaped tail appeared just above the horizon.. Someone said, "It must be a comet!" We all sat quiet and subdued. To us, comet meant earthquakes or the end of the world. The silence was broken only by the weird sound of the sleigh bells as they fell on the slow-moving horses. The driver was too overwhelmed to keep his whip in action. How could anything so beautiful be a forerunner of such awful things to come?

After some concern about whether to turn around and return home, we proceeded to the dance. The atmosphere was tense. The music seemed out of place at first with so many telling strange stories of calamities to come.

The night passed. The next day came and went with no hint of destruction. As evening came, the i beautiful comet reappeared just above the horizon in the western sky. For days it returned. Then one day, it did not show; and we felt a bit relieved that the world was safe again.

On November 2, 1985, I was invited to join the Halley's Comet Club. We met at the Lafayette Ballroom of the Hotel Utah for our first club party. We enjoyed a nice program, saw Edmund Halley pictures in 16th century costume, and we were tested on our ability to identify cars of 1910, dry goods of that year, and advertisements,, Prizes were given. After refreshments, a group picture was taken which was published in the December 16, 1985, edition of Time Magazine. We were then escorted to the Hansen Planetarium where we enjoyed the history of Halley's Comet. It was a thrill to be there after 76 years and to be reminded of that eventful night when I saw Halley's Comet in 1910.

SPECTACULAR RUNAWAY

James L. Jacobs
1052 Darling St.
Ogden, UT 84403
Second Place Anecdote

RUNAWAY! People who heard that word shouted, rushed to where they could see the runaway horses and join in the excitement they created. Runaway horses were the way of life in the early 1900s

when horses were used for so many activities. Most runaways were by teams hitched to wagons or other conveyances or farm implements, but saddle horses also ran away. Runaways could be caused by anything that startled horses: a train whistle, a dog barking, or a paper blowing across a road. Horses not fully broken were especially vulnerable, and some horses were so runaway-prone that they could never be trusted.

Of the many runaways I witnessed, the most spectacular was by a team pulling a wagon down east Main Street in Mt. Pleasant. Electric light poles were then located in a row in the center of the street, so it was divided into two road. The horses were running frantically down the north road.

As the horses approached State Street, they apparently had a difference of opinion as to which way they should go, as the left horse tried to turn left. This pulled the team out of their roadway so they were running right in the middle of the street, headed directly toward a light pole,, When they reached the pole, they straddled it with each horse running on his side of the pole.

There was a terrific crash as the wagon struck the pole. I thought the pole might stop them, but it did not even slow them down. I was amazed to see the harnesses stripped off both horses, and they continued running down the street at full speed. The wagon was badly damaged by its collision with the pole, but the horses appeared to get away without injury.

Source: Recollection of the writer

SEVENTEEN NICKELS AND A DIME

Ruth D. Scow
Manti, UT 84642
Third Place Anecdote

One thing the people of Sanpete County were not lacking in the decade of the 20s was dance halls or places to dance . Some were outdoors and some were indoors . A dance ticket per couple to dance at Palisade from 9 p.m. to midnight, or even to 1 a.m., was only \$1, but money was hard to come by in those days; and in Manti, a neighbor, Jim "Beelit" Petersen, drove a two-seated, four-door Maxwell car which would carry five passengers or more to and from the Palisade dance hall for 25 cents per person. Many times we girls who didn't have dates but wanted to go to the dance used "Beelit's" transportation.

Then came the night I had a date with a boy from Ephraim. Everything went well as he stopped for me at Manti. The night was beautiful with a full moon. As we parked the car, we felt a cool, soft breeze blowing up from across Funk's Lake. Hand in hand, we climbed the hill and the steps to the dance hall, which was built on top of the hill west of the lake.

I stood aside while my date stopped to pay our ticket. As I watched, he laid a handful of cash on the counter for the ticket collector to count. Next thing I knew my friend was turning his pockets inside-out, and consternation was written all over his face as I heard him say, "I know I had it when I left Ephraim."

Stooping, he began looking at the ground in front of the ticket window. The money was recounted. "Yes, all you have is 17 nickels and 1 dime. Perhaps you could borrow a nickel?" At that, one of the onlookers stepped forward and dropped a coin onto the cash piled on the counter.

Now we were free to enter, and we did have a good time that night. The oak floor was polished

to a shiny, slippery perfection by handful of cornmeal. The orchestra was playing a romantic tune, "Moonlight and Roses," as I was whirled away by my partner to begin an evening of delightful dancing, friendship, and fun.

Source: Personal experience of the author.

WALTZ TO THE RESCUE

Lois S. Brown

Manti, UT 84642

Honorable Mention Anecdote

How excited John was when he left Denmark to come to America as a Mormon convert! It was 1862 and John was just twenty when he and his parents settled in Manti.

John's father was a prosperous farmer; and although John did not want to be a farmer, he worked with his father on the farm as he had done in Denmark. So life in this little town was bad enough, but it was not the chief problem. That was--fun! John was just not having any. He was learning English but finding it totally inadequate when he was around young people. What good did it do to learn grammar when what he wanted to say was, "Let's take a walk," or "Can't we sing some songs I know?" And girls! That was the biggest problem of all. A date with a girl who spoke only a language he didn't understand was embarrassing, boring, infuriating— even disgusting. So much for girls!

So John spent his spare time practicing on his father's accordion, and he took a few flute lessons, tried to make a life for himself by himself. Then something happened that turned his life around, and that was, strange as it seems, the waltz.

Dancing was "the general and most common way for the people to amuse themselves. In that I could heartily participate (and without knowing the language) though I was not accustomed to the dances they used here."

In Europe the waltz was the fashion, but people in Manti were just becoming aware of it. When they found that John had learned to waltz at dancing school in Denmark, some of the young people asked if he would start a waltzing schools. He hesitated, "I reluctant concented to do, one of my main reasons for not wanting to was that I could not talk or understand the language „ But Brother Andrew Nielson in whose house the school was, acted as interpreter, it went of very well, and I finally felt that it was good to be in Zion."

WHAT A DIFFERENCE

Sherman H. Ruesch

1561 East 6015 South

Salt Lake City, UT 84121

Honorable Mention Anecdote

We were married in June 1936 and spent the summer working on the farm for \$50 a month. In September we went from town life and its conveniences in Manti to rural life in Axtell where I had a

contract to teach for \$85 a month as principal of the two-teacher elementary school. Our new residence was a one-room stone house with a frame lean-to on the north side serving as a kitchen. There was no indoor plumbing and no refrigerator. We had my mother's old coal stove, a green studio couch and a maple table with two chairs that we bought from Christiansen's in Ephraim, a copper boiler from A. O. Anderson's in Manti, a chest of drawers and a cedar chest. Our washtub was stored behind the stove, and we had several orange crates to hold utensils and dishes and groceries.

Our dining-living-sleeping room had one light hanging from the ceiling, as did the lean-to. The floors and walls were bare, and there were no blinds or curtains on the two windows. The holey screen door provided lots of entries for insects, so we hung numerous fly-catching strips from the ceiling.

Behind the house to the north—probably 15 steps away--was the one-hole Chick Sale "meditation" shack. Next to it and fewer than 10 steps away was the well. I never could pump it enough to get rid of the muddy brown color nor the taste of epsom salts, so the Neilsons down the lane (they had indoor plumbing) let us haul clear water from their well. What a difference today!

THERE IS A TIME TO LIVE AND A TIME TO DIE

Conrad Frischknecht
12225 Shady Wood Lane SW
Tacoma, WA 98498
Honorable Mention Anecdote

In the early days of Manti, a marauding band of Ute Indians camped nearby the settlement. Before leaving, they built a stockade by setting posts close together on what was to become the Temple Hill. In it they incarcerated three old squaws whose only short-comings were age and incapacity. They were cast off as useless and were condemned to die from thirst, hunger and exposure to the elements.

Fortunately, the pioneers discovered them in time and fed and cared for the doomed women.

Source of the anecdote: Mrs. Adelia Sidwell, Manti pioneer.

Comments: The behavior of the tribe is consistent with the manner in which so-called primitive tribes handled the problem of their unproductive, old and sick members. The Indians may have been "unloading" the burden of the three squaws on to the white man. By the time of the Manti settlement, the customs of the Indians and their balance in the land where they lived had already been put under considerable strain by the advent of the White Man's march toward and settlement of the West

A PIONEER MOTHER

A. J. Anderson

P.O. Box 155

Fairview, UT 84629

First Place Historical Essay

In the early spring of 1866, the citizens of Fairview had mixed emotions. They were happy spring had arrived, making possible another planting and eventually a crop which they needed. The birds had returned from the south and their beautiful songs early in the morning were extremely pleasing to the ears. Some animals were quietly breaking their winter hibernation, eagerly searching for something to eat, while others shedding their extra winter coats were glad to be about their normal activities. A new year with all its promises, challenges and problems was slowly emerging with each warm day „ The snow was receding along the benches and the landscape was taking on a greenish hue. The winter had been harsh and seemingly long, with few breaks in the inclement weather.

The community had been in existence for six years. It had a beautiful setting as it nestled close to the mountains on the east and was flanked on the west with cedars. Its elevation was 6,000 feet above sea level, which gave the feeling of being near the great outdoors. During this period in time the houses were springing up outside the fort. Each year new pioneers arrived to swell the population. The fort, which was built in the spring of 1860, was inadequate in view of the new danger which now presented itself. The Sanpitch Indians were returning each day in small groups from their winter quarters to their spring and summer hunting grounds along the headwaters of the stream known as Sanpitch. This had been their ancestral summer home from time immemorial.

It was apparent the Sanpitch Indians were on the war path and eager to cause trouble wherever they could. Hardly a day passed without word, by mouth, coming that some pioneer had been ambushed and in many cases tortured and killed. It appeared the summer months would be an all-out war for survival between the pioneers and the Indians.

In their style of fighting they were ready and willing to give the war their best try. On March 12, General W. S. Snow arrested nine Indians, including Chief Sanpitch and Chief Ankawakets, at Nephi and placed them in jail in Manti. On April 14, Indians imprisoned at Manti broke jail; three were shot by the guard and the others were pursued to the north toward Mt. Nebo, April 18, Chief Sanpitch was killed north of Moroni by the posse that was in pursuit of him for breaking jail.

On April 15, in the midst of this excitement, Helena Rees Anderson gave birth to a baby girl in Fairview. She and her husband, John, had lost their first child a year or two before. This precious new daughter was blessed and named Agnes Janet Anderson.

Throughout the general area the war was gathering momentum each day and the pioneers were under constant threat for their lives. The Indians were no respecter of persons. All they looked for was an advantage in their favor where they could commit their act of destruction and be able to escape unharmed. The community, because of its location, was subject to serious trouble. The Indians were getting more daring each day and conditions showed no visible sign of getting better. The month of April wore to a close, and the month of May found conditions becoming more precarious and alarming as time went on. It was decided by the community council that for the safety of the women and children, they should be moved to the fort in Mt. Pleasant, which would provide more protection and security.

Inasmuch as the Mt. Pleasant fort was located six miles to the south, it would take careful planning to insure their safety as they traveled south. At this particular time, the roads were poor, muddy and almost impassable. They were not much better than just a trail. The transportation was limited to walking, with an occasional vehicle pulled by horses or oxen.

About the middle of May, a small caravan of women and children left Fairview going south toward Mt. Pleasant. They were under heavy guard. Some were riding, but most were walking. Helena Rees Anderson, a young mother in her twentieth year, was typical of the other young mothers. Helena had her month-old daughter carefully wrapped in a blanket, and the only conveyance she had was her two legs. As she held her child close to her, she walked along the dim dirt road, alert to the fact that at a minute's notice the Indians could come rushing out of the cedars to the west and challenge them for their lives.

Little did she realize that the baby girl she was carrying would become, in the far-off future, a maternal grandmother of a United States Senator from Utah, serving with distinction in the halls of Congress .

She did know the journey was long, rough and dangerous . Each mile was harder to take, but with the determination and courage of a pioneer mother, it was worth every step of the way.

As the little caravan came in view of the fort which straddled Pleasant Creek, it must have been a welcome sight. The women and children stayed at the fort until the late summer when the crisis was over for the foreseeable future. The Black Hawk Ware continued on until September 7, 1872, when General Morrow signed a treaty with the Indians at Mt. Pleasant.

I have always felt the unsung heroes in the settlements of Sanpete were the pioneer mothers. They carried much personal responsibility for the welfare of their families, which they discharged with grace and honor. They were the women who stood firmly behind their husbands with self-reliance and courage to meet every unknown situation that developed in this new and primitive valley. Many times when food was scarce they would go without in order that their children might have something to eat. They nursed a sick child or member of the family when no medical help was available. They gave encouragement constantly to their husbands to strengthen them in their many responsibilities. The pioneer mother was a sacred institution in herself. She went the extra mile to improve conditions with what little was available. She gave thanks for her blessings through rendering service to the poor and unfortunate. She was always ready to improvise when emergencies demanded extra effort and skill. Her many acts of self-reliance and personal fortitude were seldom reported. She was the heart of the home and in some cases the foundation of the family. She instilled in her family the virtues and traits of character that bring eternal happiness and joy. The pioneer mother played a vital role in this valley which we call home, a role which we should always remember and hold dear.

THE SABBATH--A DAY OF REST

Vernon F. Larsen
3981 Fruitvale Avenue
Oakland, CA 94602
Second Place Historical Essay

"You boys hitch the bay team to the hayrack. Your Uncle Henry will help you load the rest of the hay from the lower ten acres next to the highway. We will begin work on the upper twenty next Monday."

My brother Leo and I responded quickly to Daddy's orders. It would soon be quitting time. Saturday seemed such a long day. Tomorrow would be Sunday,, Just rest, clean up and go to Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting. No more work for us until Monday.

The hay was loaded. Daddy unharnessed the other team and turned them loose to rest and graze in the field until Monday,, All four of us climbed up on the load of hay for the thirty minute ride from the farm to our home in Mt . Pleasant ,,

It seemed good to get home. We drove the loaded wagon to the red barn, unhitched the horses and did the .chores. We were tired from a hard week's work in the hay field. It had been hot. We felt sticky and dirty. How good it would feel to get cleaned up and refreshed,, Mama had supper ready for us. We had only to wash our face and hands before sitting down to eat. Daddy let Leo and me have our turn first at the wash basin. While we were washing, he picked up the water bucket, went out to the hydrant, and brought in a pail of fresh water.

After our evening meal, it was time to prepare for the next day--the Sabbath,, This was important to us. The Ten Commandments told us to "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." This was one commandment that we enjoyed keeping--a day of rest.

One of our tasks was to collect all our Sunday shoes and get them polished, ready for the morrow; Leo and I sat down with the polishing equipment and proceeded to make the four pairs shine.

While we were at this job, Daddy was going ahead with his weekly shave. We always enjoyed watching him. His first job was to get his straight blade razor as sharp as possible. With his left hand he would hold on to the leather razor strop and with the razor in his right, he stroked it back and forth to give it the edge he desired. We wondered how he kept from cutting the strop. He seemed expert in the process., After a few strokes, he would pull a hair from his head and check the razor's ability to split the hair. With this test he could tell when the *razor* was ready for use. He would then lather up his face with a brush and soap from the shaving mug. Daddy was very efficient in shaving his face, with never a razor cut.

Before we went to bed, our Sunday clothes were readied for tomorrow. Clean, freshly-ironed shirts were placed on hangers. Our pressed suits were also made readily accessible.

It was time now for our regular Saturday night baths. The reservoir on the large coal stove was full of hot water. Daddy had brought in the kidney-shaped copper boiler which was then filled with water and heated on top of the cook stove. I brought in the galvanized wash tub. Leo and I were accorded first dibs at the bath. With a large pan, we dipped hot water into the tub. Cold water was added to get the bath to the right temperature.

Leo and I rolled into bed feeling clean, refreshed and ready for the best sleep since last Saturday. Morning came. We arose, did our chores, ate our oatmeal breakfast, and were soon ready to dress up in our best Sunday clothes. We ,felt dignified as we donned our white shirts, blue ties and navy blue suits. We were proud of our newly polished shoes. The morning was pleasant as Daddy, Mama, Leo and I took the six-block walk to the Mt. Pleasant South Ward Chapel. Sunday School always started "promptly at ten in the morning." Once inside the chapel we took our seats in the section reserved for eleven-, twelve-, and thirteen-year-olds . Mama and Daddy took their places in the parents' class section.

The owner of our butcher shop, Harry Erickson, was superintendent of the Sunday School and conducted the opening exercises. We sang "Welcome, welcome, Sabbath morning. Now we rest from every care. . .Holy Sabbath, day of prayer." The opening prayer was given by a neighbor boy who was about sixteen years old.

In preparation for the Sacrament service, the Congregation was led in singing "Jesus once of

humble birth, now in glory comes to earth." It was then that a six-year-old girl came to the pulpit and led the congregation in repeating the sacrament gem, "While all these emblems we partake, in Jesus' name and for his sake, let us Remember and be sure our hearts and hands are clean and pure."

After the passing of the Sacrament, we listened to the two two-and-a-half-minute talks given by boy and a girl from the eight-year-old class. Then came song practice. We sang with expression, "Do what is right, let the consequence follow. God Will protect you when doing what's right.

It was then time to separate for our individual Classes. The parents remained in the chapel for their lesson. We went downstairs to our regular Classroom where our lesson was about the Sermon on the Mount. Our high school principal, C. L. Stewart, was our teacher.

After class, we reassembled in the chapel where We sang, "Sing we now at parting, one more strain of praise; to our Heavenly Father, sweetest strains we'll raise." The Sunday School superintendent called on our former neighbor Mauritz Peterson to give the benediction.

It was hot now as we walked the six blocks back home. We took off our suit coats and carried them in our arms. At home we enjoyed a quick lunch of bread, butter, radishes, and cold homemade Head-cheese, topped off with a generous serving of ice cream that had been prepared the day before.

Our Sacrament meeting was scheduled to begin at two o'clock . The walk back to church was not so pleasant now. It was hot summer. Even the chapel was hot. Some of the older sisters brought their fans and used them vigorously. The worship service was conducted by our Bishop Ac L. Peterson, the town bank teller. During the service we heard from a youth speaker, a boy two years older than I. The Ward choir sang one of my favorite hymns, "Each Cooing Dove." I especially enjoyed watching and hearing Daddy and the rest of the men in the choir when they chimed in with "and sighing bough." Our stake president, Adolph Merz, gave us an inspirational sermon. After the service, we walked home again.

It was now time to get down to a sense of reality. The Sabbath, a day of rest, was at an end. We changed into our work clothes and did our evening chores. We had bread, milk and cold headcheese for supper . We retired early in order to arise refreshed for the beginning of the first day of a long week in the hay field. How could we ever stand it for six more days? Our enjoyment was to look forward to next Sunday, the Sabbath, a day of rest.

A HISTORY OF A MONUMENT YARD

Lillian Winn Fjeldsted

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Third Place Historical Essay

One of the first grave monument businesses in Ephraim was started, owned, and operated by my grandpa, J. P. L. Breinholt. He was well prepared for this type of work. He had been trained as a mason in his young years. He had worked on the Manti Temple for eleven years, carving away at the oolite limestone that went into the building of the Temple. According to his journal, he was there from the laying of the first stone to the laying of the last stone. He also assisted in the building of the stone steps that were used to run from the bottom of the hill to the Temple and other stone work used there.

His journal also states that he assisted in building most of the rock houses and other rock buildings in Ephraim, so he was well prepared for stone work,

His first monument yard was started just back of his home, which was in the middle of Third South and Main Street, Here he built a shed for shade and care of his materials,. I remember a big gray sandstone wheel cm which he kept his chisels sharp,, Sometimes he let his grandchildren turn it for him. My brother was big enough to sit on the seat and reach the pedals that made the wheel go round as the chisels were sharpened. He chiseled and decorated the gray sandstone he used for monument bases . The sandstone for the bases came from a small underground quarry Grandpa owned. It was situated just east of the highway, on a little rolling hill near Pigeon Hollow. The stone was all underground. To get the stone out, they would clean away the dirt, bore several holes in the rock and fill them with a fuse and black blasting powder. Then the holes were covered with very wet mud and the fuses were lit. Everyone stepped far away until the explosion went off. This would crack the rock so it could be pulled out in large pieces and hauled to town. Now it was ready to be shaped up to hold the more expensive stone monuments.

Grandpa was fussy about finishing off the sandstone bases. He left no sharp edges. He gave the edges a corrugated look and rounded the corners with a special design. Grandpa was a meticulous craftsman. He carefully traced, with pencil, the lettering and designs to go on the more expensive monuments of granite or marble. These monuments had to be shipped in from far-away places. Grandpa made two moves from his first yard. First he moved to the lot where the Tithing Office Building stood. Here the children, on their way to and from school, would stand with their faces up against the fence, watching his mallet and chisel at work. Next he made his last move to the corner of First South and Main Street.

His son, Wilford Breinholt, who had joined his father in his trade, also built a home there.

Grandpa worked in his monument yard until his death in 1923. Uncle Wilford carried on with the business and trained his son Frank in the art of stonework. After Uncle Wilford's death, Frank took over the business and moved it to Price, Utah. There it left the Breinholt family after Frank's death.

Sources: J, P. L. Breinholt's journal, Lloyd Winn's personal recollections, and author's personal recollection, A picture of P. P. L. Breinholt in his monument yard was published in the Saga, Vol, 13, 1981.

BLOCK M

Norma S. Wanlass

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Honorable Mention Historical Essay

As important as it has been to all generations of youth growing up in Manti, it is strange that in the years of the Manti High School, which held its first graduation exercise in 1909, that there has been no reference to the history of the conception of the Block M overlooking Manti, made in the M.H.S. Clarion. Perhaps Manti High School has become too cosmopolitan to care.

There are some who argue that Gunnison had a G on the hill west of their town before Manti did, Manti, Ephraim, and Gunnison were so competitive that if one had something, the other worked to get one bigger and nicer.

Reva Tennant Jensen, Class of 1919, however, does not agree that competition is the determining

factor. Manti and Gunnison were fifteen miles apart, each isolated in a world of their own because of conditions of that period, which took awhile to get any factual news and verify it „ She thinks that by that time one, or the other, wouldn't have cared.

Manti High School Alumni members that were asked to voice their opinions feel that we imitated the Y above the campus of Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, or the S above the Snow College campus in Ephraim, Utah¹

In the History of the Class of 1919, written by Mrs. Jensen, she states that the M was on the Temple Hill, now called Duncan's Hill, looking out to the south and west over its domain. We can find no other verification of this, written or verbal, although logic could certainly have placed it on Temple Hill. At that time high school students packed their lunches and hiked to Devil's Ribs and Temple Springs for their outings, which passed over or around Temple Hill.

If this were so, why was the location changed to the "face" of the mountain east of Manti in 1929? The only answer to be found is logic again-- the M could be seen more clearly from where it still stands today.

In 1927, the Junior Boys formed the High Life Club as a means of striving for quality activities for both social and public service affairs. In 1923-29 their by-laws were changed to include both Junior and Senior Boys. Quoting from the M.H.S. Clarion of ,1929, page 50, "In order to belong, a boy must not only foster school spirit, but must be an abstainer from the use of alcohol and tobacco; chivalrous to the ladies, and cooperate with all those working for the betterment of the school." The club was guided through 1928-29 by Gerald Ottosen, "Big Chief;" Chesley Eliason, "Little Chief;" Winston Crawford, "Claws;" and Theron Clinger, "T.N.T."

In chemistry class, with J. Carlyle Munk, teacher, they were discussing any and all possibilities for projects to sponsor. Mr. Munk suggested a Block M on the face of the mountain east of Manti. He knew surveying and engineering and agreed to be their faculty advisor.²

They had to get permission from the Manti High School and an easement from Frank Cox, the property owner. Although there is no record in the Sanpete County Recorder's Office, Mr. Cox stipulated that if the school started the project, they had to agree to its yearly up-keep or it would revert back to its original state with no strings attached.³

In the fall of 1928, the High Life Club hiked up through Will Brown's Orchard carrying the surveyor's tools and all other equipment needed. They chose the center point of the most level place and began to survey the M at a 45° angle. It was surveyed to cover a quarter of a block, 1 acre, or about 209 square feet.

There was no free time from class work granted for the project „ They had to do it after school or on Saturday, Everything had to be carried—there were no student drivers and very few automobiles. Usually they took wieners to roast over an open fire. There were no springs, so they carried water or soda pop.^{3a}

Some students not in the HLC Club soon became enthusiastic and hiked up to gather rocks, grub brush from the mountain side, and chop piñon pines down where needed.⁴

Rex Carlson and Wilbur Cox helped to survey the M, while others gathered boulders about 15-16 inches to outline it. One was all they could carry at a time. When all the rocks were gone from the face, they climbed up over the top to find more on the other side.⁵

It wasn't completed that first year so they went back in the spring of 1929 to finish it. Double lines, 10 feet apart, were laid out and the brush grubbed out between.⁶

In 1930, the Class of 1932 hiked to the M, through Brown's Orchard as before. They carried 5-gallon cans of whitewash, two fellows carrying three cans between them, one on each side holding to a bail, and

5-gallons on the outside to balance themselves. That was the first year the M was whitewashed,, They hauled more rocks to fill in the outline, working hard all that Saturday to get the job done. They found empty gallon cans indicating that oil had been burned in them; however, there is no written record or recollection of the M being lighted until many years later.⁷

From then on, every year that the weather permitted, there was a sojourn to the Block M to clean and whitewash it as agreed to. In 1942 the school holiday was called May Day, but without knowing exactly when it happened, it was shortened to "M" Day.

In the fall of 1931, the Class of 1932 set gallon cans up for the first letter lighting held at Manti High School. For a week they collected gallon cans from the Pea Cannery and contacted all gas stations requesting that they hold waste oil for them. They hiked, carrying the oil in 5-gallon cans, up Manti Canyon road to Brox's Campgrounds, then up the north slope to the gravel pit. That first year the Seniors placed their S up under the ledges. Then in sequence came the J for Juniors below it, the S for Sophomores third in line, and the F for Freshmen below it, on top of the gravel pit. The Senior's S was judged the best. From that day on, the wiener roast and letter lighting were combined and became an annual affair⁸ At first, everyone hiked, a mass migration of the student body; then for those who preferred not to hike they took school buses. Now if the students can't drive a car, they won't go. The fact that the bridge crossing the creek to the campgrounds has been torn out makes it inevitable that part of our history will eventually be phased out, unless the bridge spanning the creek is rebuilt .

In the early 1960s, Robert Keller and Edwin Jensen lighted the M on the 4th of July as soon as it was dark, at the same time that Manti City was setting fireworks off in commemoration of our country's independence Day. They had gathered 400 Salmon cans from the garbage dumps, outlining the M with them, filled them about 3/4 full of burner oil that is used in furnaces , then poured gasoline on top to fill the cans. Old brooms were used for torches, running from one to the other to light theme.

The second year, Stanley Duncan, Drew Peterson, and Byron Harris helped Robert, and he repeated what good help they were.

The third and last time, Robert lighted the M alone. There were some who complained to the Mayor of the City fearing that the mountainside would go up in flames. Robert decided that he wouldn't light the M again. There was too much criticism for the time and work he put into it.⁹

Those members of the Class of 1978 who were assigned to clear and whitewash the Block M had carried out their tasks and found that they had whitewash left. They went into a huddle and without discussing it with their faculty advisors, 19 decided they wanted to do something different that year. They scattered and when they returned they were all carrying a boulder as big as they could lift. They cleared an area about fifteen feet across and ten feet long and outlined the numbers "78" to the left of the Block M, and whitewashed them. They had no idea that it would be an ongoing thing. In fact, they were fearful that they would be ordered back up to the M that night to remove them. Everyone seemed pleased—nothing negative was heard¹⁰

On one of the following years, the students couldn't get up to the M because of mud and bad weather. The Junior Class then became responsible for changing the numbers to their graduation instead of the Senior Class.¹¹

For instance: The year '86 has held its honorary position to the left of the Block M since M Day of 1985. On M Day of 1986 the Juniors changed the numbers to 87 when the Class of 1987 will graduate. Tribute will be paid them for the full year.

Now, you have all the available information concerning the Block M that has occurred since 1919.

You must draw your own conclusions about their authenticity; there are no written records known. If anyone has more than you were able to get from this essay, please contact me with proof and we will get permission to print a correction. Good luck!

¹Opinions of Grant Cox, Evan Nelson, Max Larsen, Winston Crawford, and Lyle Larsen, all members of the High Life Club and the Class of 1929.

²From an interview with Grant Cox and Evan Nelson taken in 1983. ³Maude Cox Peterson, daughter of Frank Cox, property owner, verified by Grant Cox and Evan Nelson interview.

^{3a}Grant Cox, Evan Nelson, and Wilbur Cox.

⁴Wilbur Cox, Class of 1930,

⁵Wilbur Cox, Class of 1930.

⁶Evan Nelson and Grant Cox, 20

⁷Lucien Bown, Class of 1932.

⁸Lucien Bown, Class of 1932.

⁹Robert Keller.

¹⁰Earl Wheeler, Faculty Advisor; Larry

Mickelson and Russell Nielson, Class of 1978.

¹¹Earl Wheeler, Faculty Advisor.

I have talked to many people since 1983 while trying to get information about the Block M; however, I would particularly like to thank Vera Wintch, historian for M.H.S. Alumni Association for her unrelenting help. To everyone else, you know who you are. Thanks!

LANDMARKS

Ray Paulsen

Ephraim, UT 84627

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Some of the landmarks that existed in Ephraim when I was a boy are gone.

Ephraim Creamery. There was the Ephraim Creamery west of town. The Creamery was a boon to the community and the surrounding area because it provided a market for the surplus milk and cream. I remember how we liked to go down there and watch the workers make cheese and butter. Sometimes a worker would cut off a piece of well-matured cheese and give it to us to eat. It was delicious.

Each morning families with cows would put their surplus milk in either five or ten-gallon cans and set them out in front of their houses. The milk cans were collected by an employee of the Creamery known as "Wild Bill," who drove around the town in a wagon pulled by two fast moving horses. He yelled so loudly and the milk cans rattled so noisily that any farmer who was late in getting his cans out to the road was put on notice that Bill was near.

Later in the day, Wild Bill would bring the milk cans full of whey back to their owners. This whey was a by-product of cheese-making and was a valuable food for pigs. He also brought bricks of cheese and butter ordered by the farmers and, every two weeks, a check from the Creamery for the milk supplied',

Pea Factory. Then there was the pea factory located down the big lane west of town. This had a big impact on the community during the summer months,, It not only provided a good cash crop for the farmers, but provided supplemental employment for many others in the town.

The farmers who raised peas could cut them at harvest time, load them on their hayracks, and haul them to the pea factory,, That's when the kids would have a great time. As the wagonloads of peas were pulled down the town streets , the kids would run after them pulling as many pea vines as they could grasp off the wagons. Some of the more kind-hearted farmers would throw armfuls of vines to the excited children,, Other not-so generous farmers would either goad their horses into a mad gallop or grab their pitchfork and threaten any child who ventured near their wagon. Some farmers lost as much as one fourth of their load before reaching the factory.

The marauding children did not waste their spoils. The pods were picked off the vines, shelled, and the tender and juicy peas were eaten raw; or, sometimes, they were simmered with freshly-dug new potatoes in white gravy sauce and enjoyed by the whole family. The shelled pods, aided by a tiny stick, became canoes to be raced down the irrigation ditches. Even the vines were fed to the cows. Those vines that made it to and through the pea factory were stacked and aged as silage, which was distributed to the pea-growers in proportion to the peas supplied the factory.

The Depot. The Ephraim Depot burned to the ground a number of years ago, but what memories it holds for me,, When we were young, it was an exciting event to go to the depot and watch the train come in. We would hear the train's shrill whistle as it approached, and when it pulled into the station, the big engine belched forth columns of black smoke.

An old hack driven by one of the townspeople would stop at the depot each day when the train arrived and pick up the mail and any passengers who wanted transportation to town. When I was a boy, the hack was drawn by a team of horses. Later this was replaced by a motor vehicle.

When World War I started, a number of our young men were called into the armed forces. Most of the townspeople went down to the depot to see them off. It was a cold, stormy night and a tearful occasion as our young men left for the war which was supposed to "make the world safe for democracy."

Another occasion for visiting the depot was to take our wool down to be shipped on the railroad. There were corrals next to the depot where animals were held before shipping and many residents took lambs and other livestock there to be transported by rail.

Finally, when we took a trip to Salt Lake City or Provo, we would go to the depot to buy our tickets and wait for the train,, A train ride, when I was a boy, was never boring, but truly a much-anticipated and exciting experience,

Time has brought changes to Ephraim. Many of the old landmarks are gone. But they remain ever vivid in my memories.

Source: Personal recollection.

MEMORIES, MAYFIELD, SANPETE COUNTY, UTAH

Rhoda Scow Duval
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Honorable Mention Historical Essay

My paternal grandparents immigrated to the United States and to Utah from Denmark. They traveled by sailing ship, train, and ox team to Salt Lake City and from there, to the little settlement of

Ephraim. And then on to Mayfield, Utah. This made it possible for me to be born and raised in the beautiful Arrapene Valley (Mayfield) with its lush greenery in summer; its bright, vivid colors in the fall; the quietness and beauty of its snows of winter; and the greening of its landscape in the spring. I loved the peaceful, quiet beauty of its setting; the clean, fresh air; the mountain breezes that swept down from the canyons of an evening; the blue sky; the bright colored rainbows that appeared after a summer shower; and the knowledge it was HOME, Today I rejoice at my rich heritage and I give God credit for bringing me to this beautiful land.

Mayfield was settled in 1873 and was first named after the Indian Chief Arropene,, Later, because it was so beautiful in the month of May, its name was changed, Always I have enjoyed the name Mayfield. To me it sounds like beautiful springtime with myriads of flowers blooming everywhere. One of the most exquisite flowers of the valley is the wild rose. To it I am very partial. It blooms in the month of June along the creek banks and along many fence lines.

This town is built at the mouth of Twelve-Mile Canyon which is twelve miles south of Manti. To the west are low white hills (West Hills) with the First Point Hill to the south. The hill to the north and east is called the Mill Hill, named for the flour and grist mill that stood at its base. This mill was powered by a huge water wheel. It was fun to ride in my father's wagon when he went there to exchange his wheat for germade and flour for our family,, I did enjoy watching the kernels of grain being ground by the large mill stones.

I have traveled extensively in Europe, Canada, Alaska, and our own United States; but I have never found a town as unique as Mayfield in the way the town is laid out. This is because it is divided like two benches with the Twelve-Mile Creek and the flat land between known as the Indian Farm, There are two small dugways which you use as you enter or leave the town. The north side of the town has always been called "The Order," for it was here that its early settlers lived by the rules of the "United Order." The south part of Mayfield was called the "Other Side." Here I spent a very happy childhood, being raised by my grandmother, as my mother had died when I was very small.

I attended school in the large, square, two story brick building known as the Lincoln School. It had four large rooms with two grades in each room, thus making eight grades. A large bell, with a deep resonant tone, hung in the cupola or belfry. Its ringing called us to school in the mornings and dismissed us from school in the afternoon. It told us when it was time for recesses and noon. It was rung for curfew every night at nine by the town marshall and all of us children knew it was then time to clear the streets and go home.

This bell was also used to alert the town in case of a fire. Many times I have been awakened from my sleep by its wild pealing clamor, as it called the citizens to grab their empty buckets and form a "bucket brigade" in the *hope* that the fire could be put out before too much damage was done.

Our rock church also had a bell, but it sounded different. It had a lighter, more shrill tone. It called us to worship every Sunday morning, and also to church meetings. It was here that the Mayfield folk held their dances and town parties.

Another sound I remember was the whistle of the D. & R.G. train as it steamed into the Gunnison Depot. Its sound wafted clearly over the west hills. This made it possible to tell the time of day, and we set our clocks by its whistle. We always had "fun" days as we celebrated the various holidays of the year, especially the Fourth and the Twenty-fourth of July. The preparations began days before, as parades, programs, children's dances, sports on the green, etc., were planned and scheduled. Always there was

popcorn, candy, root beer, and other goodies with each little girl appearing in a brand-new dress. This she wore as "best" for the rest of the summer.

These celebrations were held on the Square in the south part of town. After the chores were done and the smaller children put to bed, the day was climaxed by a dance in the evening for the grown-ups.

Another fond memory is of the many times I walked over to "The Order" side of town to shop at the general merchandise store which consisted of one large room with a lean-to for storage. The building was of lumber and was owned and operated by F. G. Faatz and his family. It was truly a treat to go there, press my nose against the counter glass and buy "penny pieces"--sometimes chocolate coated, which were a child's delight, A penny or an egg would also buy a small sack of candy in those days.

I remember many of the settlers who were sent by the Mormon Church to colonize Mayfield, These folks were staunch in their faith and really hard workers. Some of the homes they built are standing today.

In Mayfield, most everyone seemed to have a nickname, i.e., Hy Twin, Chris Elsie, Frank Dinky, Hummer, Chrissy Hill, Curly Andrew, Curly Rastus, and Peter Grow, to name just a few. I can recall, laugh, and remember each one of these folks and their kind and amiable ways. Even the town and the nickname of "Maytown."

Mayfield Canyon is part of the Colorado Plateau and is "Oh, so beautiful!" When I travel in from the south, I can see the Musinia Peak (nicknamed Mary's Nipple) for miles ahead before arriving in Mayfield. It is a big thrill for me to know that home is so near. When I leave to return to my home in California, I always look back for a last glimpse of the Mayfield Valley with its beautiful mountains and peak. There is sadness in my heart. I know I am leaving friends.

Sources: Personal reminiscence of the author;
Gunnison Valley Memory Book, p. 64; and
Sanpete County Fair Book, 1973.

THE CHOICE PEOPLE WHO CAME TO SETTLE SANPETE

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Honorable Mention Historical Essay

I continue being amazed, plus historical records are adding new evidence about the truly exceptional qualities of the people who came to settle Utah, and especially Sanpete, Valley, during the first several decades of Mormon migration to that area.

In my personal history, the source of these people was Denmark, but of course there is equal evidence of the stirring qualities of those who came from England, Scandinavia, and other parts of Europe. It was not only the nationality of these people that made the difference, but a singular sense of courage, faith, and devotion that dwelt in all of them.

Almost immediately those who were converted were condemned by their fellow countrymen. They were despised, discriminated against, reviled and pushed aside. Their property lost value on the market. They became aliens in their own land. Instead of succumbing to the pressures, they turned their eyes and their hopes toward that faroff land in the barren desert of Utah.

Even the people they were about to join had already been cast out of their own country as fugitive outcasts, pursued, at times, by units of the army of the United States.

During one decade in the 1850-60s, more than 9,000 people of all ages left Denmark and came to Utah. The hardships of crossing the frigid seas in winter, and the tiresome crossing of the Great Plains in makeshift wagons, hand carts, and on foot, was a supreme sacrifice in itself. Many lost loved ones out of their families.

When the Danish people got to Utah, they settled mostly in Ephraim, 'which was called Little Copenhagen." As far as my grandparents were concerned, that stop was only temporary, although they liked Ephraim. They were told to move south to Arapeen Creek, which became known as "Twelve Mile," and start a new town. It must have been hard to make this change. When Grandfather, Peter Christian Scow, saw the small valley tucked among the hills, he said, "It looks like a washbowl."

The several families who settled in the small valley named it Mayfield because of something appealing about the fields in the springtime. They had to bring water in ditches out of the narrow canyon beside the creek onto the higher bench lands on either side. It was a tremendous task to start something from nothing, to build the ditches, clear away the sagebrush and cedars, cultivate the land, and spread the water for the crops, and at the same time to build the homes, gardens, fences, school, church, and the other buildings needed to get a place to live.

In the midst of all this toil, they were told to build a temple in Manti., This took almost superhuman effort to quarry the stone, move it to the site, shape it, and then to raise it up onto the temple walls. The building cost a million dollars in money, of which there was very little available.

Such a remarkable transformation of the desert waste into a place with comfortable homes, good schools, roads, water supplies, and the means to enjoy life came only through the remarkable spirit of a people of superior morale. I would like to show just how magnificent these people really were, from the beginning.

In spite of the hardships, there was harmony in the common effort. There was joy in the first attempts to create such amenities as dancing, music, social contact, humor, and the ability to make the desert blossom as a rose.

From the very first, there were leaders capable of facing the difficulties. They could provide the spirit of worship in the homes and the places where the people came together in various meetings. They felt and expressed a feeling of thanksgiving for the blessings they received. Their social life sprang from good fellowship whenever the opportunity presented itself.

Christmas Day was one of great joy and a spirit of giving. Family groups would get together and pass out gifts to each other. Children were encouraged to perform little songs and acts. Besides this, the L.D.S. ward got together for a big party. All the stories of the birth of Christ were told, and some members had the gift of making the stories into a momentous event. Each person, young or old, who could perform with a song, recitation, droll story, or acrobatic dance, would entertain in the meeting, and there was a full day of rejoicing.

The long stretch of winter cold and wet weather was broken up by church and community parties. For days the preparations were underway. All kinds of cakes, puddings, breads, meats and tasty kinds of dishes were made ready for the big social event. Early in the forenoon the folks would gather at the church house, which was cleared for action. First, there would be a program and then the festivities would begin.

Always they could depend on Pete Swen to play some rousing old tunes on his accordion. Kate

Willardson and others liked to provide music on the piano. Some of the ladies had good voices for solo songs. Merrill Whitlock had a deep voice and everyone enjoyed his singing. My father and others formed a quartet. Some of the ladies were gifted with mimicry and would provide a funny routine. You could expect Marinus Thompson to perform on his drums. There would be many others who would reminisce of other times and events. The feeling of fellowship and unity was evident among the people.

When the eating started, it could last for two hours or longer. Tables were piled high with all kinds of tasty dishes as each lady had a specialty which needed to be tasted. There was no need to stop eating, except that the music would start up and every type of dancing; known to anybody was put into action. Waltzes, schottisches, quadrilles, foxtrots, two steps, Virginia reels, and several dances brought over from the old country would keep the people whirling on the floor.

The dancing would continue as long as anyone had any energy or could think of another step. When exhaustion slowed them down, they could eat again or sit and visit over old times. The men would have to go home to do the chores, but they returned. The evening was started by eating, if anyone was still hungry, and then someone would think of a musical number or a story and then dancing began.

The young children, wrapped in a coat or blanket, went to sleep on a bench near the wall. Nobody wanted to stop until they were tired out. When the hour of total fulfillment came, they cleared up the dishes and bundled up the kids to go home.

The 4th of July was a day that brought out all the fervor of patriotism in the people. Streets and stores were lined with bunting and flags. There would be a parade. The best entertainers were always prepared with a long program of songs and stories. Some great orator, such as Clinton Christensen, aroused the best feelings of the people. One could count on a lively baseball game, at which the Mayfield team usually excelled. The young people were sure to go to a dance and strut to the music of the O Wy Hee Six, or some other good orchestra.

July 24th was similar to the 4th, except that the parade would feature the pioneer wagons and costumes. There would be long programs in the meeting house, a baseball game, and another dance. The young children would have a kid dance in the afternoon, with Kate Willardson and Marinus Thompson furnishing the music.

Three weeks, between the 4th and 24th of July, were reserved for camping trips into the mountains. Usually they camped at Twelve Mile Flat, or east of the "Nipple." Old friends and relatives would come from Emery to meet Mayfield and Gunnison people from Sanpete. Romances usually thrived then and good times and much visiting was enjoyed.

One cannot say too much about the quality of the people in Mayfield. The Forest Service started in 1907 to protect the values on the mountain, and Parley Christiansen was chosen to be the first Ranger to put the new program into effect in Twelve Mile Canyon. One of Parley's sons, ElRay, became a general authority in the L.D.S. Church. Another son, Woodruff, became head of the music department at USAC in Logan.

A long list of people, if a "Who's Who" had been kept, would show notable leaders in education, business, county government, engineering, athletics, forestry, salesmanship, and many other fields.

The school in Mayfield produced some unusually fine students. I remember in 1916, some 12 to 15 six-year-olds started schooling. We had a very nice teacher named Grace Anderson, whom we all loved. She started us off with a genuine interest in reading and a desire to learn. We had a rather stern principal, Clinton Christensen, who instilled in us a healthy respect for discipline. We had good teachers all the way through Manti High School. In those days there were no special programs put out by the Government, no

school lunches, nor any incentives to help the teachers. In spite of this, I think that our class members could have faced any modern-day class in a showdown in spelling, reading, grammar, arithmetic, or any basic subject with full honors. , Of all the students in that class, there were no dropouts, no troublemakers, and almost all of them graduated from high school.

Mayfield was always a town that was blessed with good athletes, especially those fast on foot. The Que Whitlock family had several boys who could outrun anyone in the neighboring areas. This led to an interesting baseball team that usually won from the neighboring towns on holidays or special events,,

Uncle Alma once told me a story, which I think is true because he was with the team. Mayfield had gone to Gunnison to play a special game, and, as usual, they won. This raised a big fuss and Gunnison demanded the chance to win at something else. The manager of the Mayfield squad liked to put on a good show so he called for attention and said, "I challenge Gunnison to a foot race . In fact, I will line up seven men from the Mayfield squad in front of you. You may pick any one of those seven men and he will beat the best man in Gunnison." (This infuriated Gunnison, It was like waving a red flag in front of a bull.) They chose Heber Clinger, who was really a fine athlete, and he won the race. The ensuing uproar almost turned into a fight.

Besides the Que Whitlock family, which moved to Axtell to take up some land, there were other fine athletes. The Hans 3ogh family had boys who were very good athletes. They lived on "The Order," as did several Hansen boys who were good, On the south, or "Skinnygite" side of town, there were LaMar Anderson, Reed Willardson, and several others who were hard to beat in a contest.

On a warm spring day, or an idle afternoon, when the Orderites and the Skinnygites got together, they would start bantering each other and soon a contest would start. There would be footraces, standing broad jump contests, arm wrestles or some other game of skill. They all liked to show off, and it made a fine show. Basketball was another game in which Mayfield excelled for a few years* When the M-Men leagues started up in the L.D.S. Church, we had several boys who made a fine record in the sport. Cleo Bogh, Orin Whitlock, Earl Michaelson, Blaine Anderson and others always put on quite a show. The Mayfield Ward would win the local league and then come out with wins in the regional meets. In two years, they were included in the "All- Church" final tournaments.

I should turn back the pages of memory a little because of several things which I am sure were important in the lives of the people. When I was in my early school years, it was interesting to stand around the post office just after mail was distributed. Then, when the newspapers and magazines came out, Arthur Campbell, Chris Pamburg, Fred "Julius," Nels "Joe," and others would start to interpret the headline news. Arthur Campbell, who would have made a good radio commentator, gave the crowd a clear understanding of the events of the outside world.

Nearly everyone, including the women, had a nickname and they were seldom called anything else. Our family had a reputation for the enthusiasm with which they danced. Grandfather was known as "The Trader," because he was always trading horses.

I saw the first automobile that came into Mayfield, and rode in it, I saw the first movies and the first radio that came into town. All these marked the milestones on the road to progress. Though there were limited resources in that small valley, it could not hold the blossoming of the many talents that came from the exceptional pioneer stock. In a few generations, they had ripened like the seeds on a flower and had blown away.

Those who remained in the valley have rendered great service by making the record of those notable events, which began with the first settlers.

When the archives are opened in some miraculous days, the researcher will glow with joy and write upon the scroll the words, "This is the way that it was, and these, the folk of Mayfield Valley, are the people who made it happen there."

Source: Personal reminiscences of the author.

LITTLE LUELLE TURNS EIGHT

Reva Luella Tennant Jensen
1221 South Speed Street
Santa Maria, CA
Honorable Mention Historical Essay

It was great to be seven and belong to a primary class that was called upon to do extra things for the North Ward, probably because our class was known for doing things well and willingly. We gathered Sunday eggs to add to the pennies, nickels and dimes that went toward our building fund for a new chapel; we made Easter baskets filled with homemade cookies, abs , and cinnamon rolls and delivered them to widows in our ward.

The greatest calling we received was in the summer of 1907; we were invited to be at the Manti Temple to help clean and polish the oxen, the winding stairs, and the throne room0 I had never seen a winding stairway with gold-plated bannisters, so when I was assigned to start at the bottom of the steps, I was excited and I wanted to do my very best. None of the girls had been in the House of the Lord before. There it stood high on a hill, a thousand steps leading to the front door. Children often played on the steps, never thinking they might have the opportunity to go inside the beautiful temple and see the unusual rooms and the furnishings. Our teacher, Sister Davenport, instructed us what to wear, what to bring and how to conduct ourselves. We left our shoes in the vestibule; each girl was given a whisk broom, a dust pan, and a dust cloth. Sweeping, dusting, polishing a stairway might not be exciting to many girls , but I thought it was very important and I felt privileged to be in the HOUSE OF THE LORD doing a small part of the work needed there.

When we reached the top of the stairs, a door opened onto a balcony that crossed the building to the east tower. As we walked along the white walkway, our teacher had us pause and look at the valley below. "What a beautiful valley," she said. "This valley was selected by Brigham Young just as he selected the hill for the Manti Temple, and your grandparents came in covered wagons and settled here in the fall of 1849. Notice the range of mountains on the west, and to the east the towering Wasatch Mountains and the precious valley in between. This valley is a special valley, blessed by the hand of promise. Please girls, never forget this !"

At the end of the balcony, a door opened under the east tower where a long flight of stairs took us down to the arch, the great arch hewn out of the hillside. It connected the magnificent white building to the remaining hillside. Our voices echoed; even whispering resounded as we walked on through the arch..

It was another year before I was baptized in the font where the oxen I had helped polish surrounded the water,, I climbed the steps to the kingly chair to be confirmed an official member of the CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS, This was a very special day, my birthday, when I became eight years old.

The holy hands upon my head, the reverent prayers echo in my mind. They have been a guiding light, a comfort and a blessing.

Children today are not privileged to be baptized in the temples. When I remember what it meant to me, I feel sorry for children of today.

DANCING AT FIDDLERS' GREEN

James L. Jacobs
1052 Darling Street
Ogden, UT 84403
First Place Poetry

In our youth we rowed boats on Ras Anderson's pond,
And the swimming there was supreme,
But the thing we enjoyed more than anything else
Was dancing at Fiddlers' Green.

We braided the maypole and played fox and geese,
Caught trout in the clear mountain streams,
But nothing we did was half as much fun
As dancing at Fiddlers' Green.

In the hills we picked pine nuts and chokecherries, too,
In rodeos, rode bulls that were mean,
But no other sport raised our spirits as high
As dancing at Fiddlers' Green.

We danced at the "gym" and the old Armory Hall,
At Moon Winks the dancing was keen,
But nowhere else did we get the same thrill
As dancing at Fiddlers' Green.

We two-stepped and one-stepped, did fox trot and waltz,
And the shimmy we shook in between,
Did the Charleston and mixers with grand right and left,
When dancing at Fiddlers' Green.

But the old days are gone, now we rock in our chairs
And remember the times in our dreams,
When we whirled and high-stepped with such beautiful girls,
While dancing at Fiddlers' Green.

Source: Vivid recollections of the author.

THE OLD DANCE HALL

Wilford Wheeler
1084 North State Street
Fairview, UT 84629
Second Place Poetry

Come on down, come one and all
Next Saturday night to the old dance hall.
Now choose you a partner and don't stand still
Come dance with the gang in a plain quadrille;
A waltz, a two-step, a fox-trot, too;
But don't miss the dance, whatever you do!

We'll hire a fiddler and he'll fiddle all night
And we'll play and dance by the coal oil light.
We'll just pay a ticket of twenty-five cents
The ladies won't pay, but only the gents.
Bring all your children and bring out your wife
Come join with us for the time of your life.

Now when we gathered on Saturday night
And the lights were lighted but not too bright,
Now to start things out without any flaw
The fiddler tuned up with "Turkey in the Straw,,
We'd all choose a partner and join with all
And listen and swing to the caller's call.

Now bow to your partner and do--si-do
Now swing your partner as round you go.
Now pass your partner, take the next pretty maid
Now swing her around, then all promenade.
Then as we danced and listened to the call
The caller would call, "All circle round the hall."

The music would change without a note false
As we all changed partners and joined in a waltz.
Then someone would say, "Please play one with pep,"
Then we'd choose someone else and do the two-step.
But if things slowed down or started to drag
It was either a fox-trot or else it was rag.

The Honey Bee Schottische, the Virginia Reel, too,
Were popular then as the old Button Shoe.
And as the fiddler played and someone would sing
And the dancers would dance, the old hall would ring.
At the stroke of midnight, how we hated to part,
But the memory still lingers strong in my heart

DESERTED CABIN

Enola Mangelson
Ephraim, UT 84627
Third Place Poetry

The door complains on a cinnamon hinge
Of shingles drooping too low,
Of vibrant life, once viewed within
Through a window pane's bright glow,
Now maimed by escape through its jagged hole
And wafting old weeds to and fro.

Whose rough-shod feet paced the flip-flop board?
Whose laugh through the mottled chimney soared?
If you'll listen, you'll hear
From the chirp in the eaves.
And the gossipy chatter
Of tattle-tale leaves.

THE PETERSEN LOT

Nora R. Mickelsen
Manti, UT 84642
Honorable Mention Poetry

It was in eighteen-ninety or thereabouts that
Christen Peterson Holm
Decided upon a little plan to keep his children
home.
For he felt that youngsters might go astray if left
on the streets to roam.

So he built a tall swing and a whirligig thing and
a dance floor thirty feet square

And his children invited their neighborhood friends
to enjoy some evenings there.
Some would dance and some would swing and some
would spin on the whirligig thing, and music
would fill the air.

They didn't require an orchestra to accentuate
the beat.
Just a harmonica or a lone violin would set
fire to their feet.
And the eager crowd would clap long and loud for
a favorite tune repeat.

The sound of the youthful caller's voice would
resound from the nearby hill,
"Take your partners now for the 'John Paul
Jones, or "Pair off for the Rag
Quadrille."

They would schottisch to the tune of "The Honey
Bee," and swing their partners wide.
They would "heel and toe," and waltz through the
"Rye" with their lassies by their sides..
There was scarcely a dance that they did not try
or a tune that they did not know.
And when the musician played "Home Sweet Home,"
they were always loath to go.

Now many a friendship which started there bloomed
into a sweet romance,
And many a lifetime partnership began at a
Petersen dance.
And later they would tell their children of the
wonderful "mile high" swing.
And the dances they danced on the pine plank
floor, and the marvelous Whirligig thing.

And they would also tell their children of Christen
Petersen Holm.
The kind, generous man who came up with a plan,
To keep his children home.

Source: The stories told to my husband by his father Andrew Mickelsen who married one of Christen's daughters.

MOUNTAIN LIFE

Gregg C. Anderson
15 East Center Street
Fairview, UT 84629
Honorable Mention Poetry

I watch a busy beaver as
He works upon his dam.
I see a proud, defiant ewe
Protecting her small lamb.

I watch a deer go bouncing by
On tireless spring-like legs,
I spy a tiny bush bird as
She's caring for her eggs.

I hear the gentle whisper of
A playful mountain breeze,
I stop and read the writing on
The quaking aspen trees.

I watch a snail crawl slowly out
Of its protecting shell.
I combat sticky, biting flies
Sent straight to me from Hell.

I see a groundhog scurrying
Into a hole nearby.
I watch dark storm clouds roll across
What once was clear blue sky.

I see the lightning bolt streak t'ward
The unsuspecting trees.
I hear the **deaf'ning** thunderclap
That gives me wobbly knees.

Now there's not much to do up here
But there's a lot to see.
And that's why herding Grandpa's sheep
Is bearable for me,

Source: Experience of a fifth generation sheepherder on the mountains east of Fairview.

THAT MEMORABLE DAY

Vernon F. Larsen
3981 Fruitvale Avenue
Oakland, CA 94602
First Place Personal Recollection

The moment I woke up, I said to myself, "This is the day!" It would make a drastic change in our lives. People down town had made the change months before. Now it was our turn. About eight o'clock in the morning, three men arrived in a truck and stopped in front of our house. We couldn't see just what they had in their pickup. One man came directly to the house and started to examine the roof. He then came inside and inspected the ceiling and the walls. Just why he tapped them so hard we did not know. A second workman carried a roll of wire, unrolling it as he walked from the truck to the house. Soon the men congregated beside the large pole that had been erected on the street the week before. One climbed up the pole with an end of wire in his hand and attached it to a green glass-like fixture on top of the pole. They then stretched the wire from the pole to the side of the house and began working it into the attic. We were not aware of just what they did, but within an hour they called to us and said, "It's finished."

We rushed into the kitchen and there it was! A wire hung down from the ceiling into the middle of the room and on the end was a bright crystal globe. It was the first electric light globe that I had ever seen close up.

We waited until night, and then what an experience! Daddy took hold of the globe with his left hand and turned a little switch with his right, all at once the kitchen was a blaze of light — every corner of the room lighted up! We examined the little curly wires inside the light globe. They were white hot. How could they stand up under such heat? We had heard that Edison had experimented for years to make this possible. As we looked at the light, we appreciated more than ever the genius that was Edison.

Now what a change! In Mt. Pleasant during all my life until this time in 1914, our two kerosene lamps had been indispensable. They were especially important when I had school home work to do. Sometimes I studied late at night with the lamp on the table near my books. More often I did my work in the early morning before the rest of the family got up. Lighting a lamp at that time was not an easy job. It meant feeling for the matches on the table by the bed and reaching for the lamp. Then I had to strike a match and lift the glass chimney to light the wick.

The wick was made of tough felt material about a quarter of an inch thick and six inches long. One end of the wick was inserted into the wick holder and could be adjusted with a turn screw on the side of the holder to raise or lower it. This end of the wick had to be trimmed carefully and adjusted just right; otherwise, the flame would not burn evenly. The other end was lowered into the bowl of kerosene at the base of the lamp. A glass chimney was placed at the top of the wick holder and held, firmly with four prongs.

A great deal of effort was needed to keep the lamps in good working condition. Each Saturday was "lamp cleaning day." Chimneys were soaked and polished, wicks replaced or trimmed, and the bowl refilled with kerosene. This task could have been done anytime during the week, but I remember it as a Saturday chore.

We felt the lamps were convenient. They could be moved from one room to another, or from one location to another. By thus moving them, we could see clearly in any part of the room. At the time lamps seemed adequate; but now with electricity, life had taken on a bright new dimension.

Outside we used three lanterns. One was placed on a hook inside the barn, one was on a pole to light the yard, and the third we carried wherever we went. When we milked the cows after dark, it was comforting to have the faithful lantern positioned above the central manger. Daddy warned us about the danger of starting another fire like Chicago had suffered.

Things were different now--no more reaching for matches to light the lamp in the morning—no more moving the lamp from one part of the room to another--no more dark corners and no more weekend cleaning and adjusting. This change was a big event in our lives - -HOW WONDERFUL!

We kept the kerosene lamps just in case something went wrong. We continued to use our lanterns in the barn and corral. We thought the town dairymen extravagant to have electric lights right in their barns. It seemed luxury enough to have electric lights in our very own house.

FAULTY CONNECTIONS

Norma S. Wanlass

Manti, UT 84642

Second Place Personal Recollection

They had planned carefully, Paul Smith had to be to work Monday morning at the Manti Cheese Manufacturing Company. They had discussed going to Manti by train but couldn't make, connections. The Heber Creeper arrived in Provo, usually by 7:00 a.m. if they weren't hauling sheep that had to be watered. Then there was a twelve-hour lay-over before boarding the D & RGW train to Sanpete, which was scheduled to arrive in Manti at 6:00 a.m.

Paul's biggest problem, however, was to get to Heber from Manti to bring Geneve and 2 1/2 month-old Norma back, if they returned on the train.

That's when Paul bought a Model T Ford. He paid \$35 for it. With that they could haul their household possessions with them, then use it to gather milk for the Cheese Company. The Ford didn't have a muffler. The exhaust made so much noise the passengers couldn't hear one another. There wasn't a windshield and in 1924 there were no heaters in cars. If lucky, they could average 27 miles an hour. Gasoline was 11 cents a gallon but everyone had to pump their own. Pumps were operated by muscle power, not electricity. Paul left James Chapman to clean up at the creamery, and started for Heber at 4:00 p.m. Saturday. He arrived at 10:30 that night.

They left the next morning at 10 o'clock, as soon as the sun had warmed the air--it was April. It was fun and exciting to be together again. They bought gasoline in Provo, then ate sandwiches and cookies and drank lemonade as they rode along yelling at the top of their voices to be heard. In Nephi, they filled up again, then drove on.

Late in the afternoon Paul felt uneasy—he had expected to be home by that time but couldn't recognize anything, and he searched his memory for a reason why. Then he realized he hadn't made the turn in Nephi through Salt Creek Canyon.

The sun was getting low and it was getting cold. Paul piled more quilts in the front seat and kept going. Geneve held Norma against her all the way, for body heat to keep her warm.

After awhile, they saw a town. They looked everywhere for a sign identifying where they were. Finally Paul stopped and asked a man on the street.

The stranger looked at him in disbelief and asked, "Where you from, up North?" When he realized

that Paul wasn't joking, he answered, "You're in Gunnison, Sanpete County."

"How do I get to Manti?" Paul asked.

"Go back to Nephi and take the other road up Salt Creek Canyon," he answered.

"I don't want to go back; I just came from there. We've got a 2 1/2 month-old baby with us, and it's late and getting colder every minute."

"Well," the man replied, "there's a road of sorts between here and Manti. It has only been a road since 1922,, It may only be a trail part of the way. They've been constructing and re-constructing it in sections for fourteen years,, You must go slow. Part of it is gravel, some dirt, and there might even be stretches of concrete."¹

Then as an after-thought, he asked, "Oh, do you have enough gasoline?"

"We filled up in Nephi, but we'll need more to get to Manti," Paul answered.

"Take your wife and baby in where it's warm and have my wife get her a hot drink while you fill up with gasoline,' he offered.

Geneve got Norma ready for bed. They put a heavy cardboard in the right front windshield to keep the wind out.

O-o-o-o-h, it was cold! They crawled along until they reached Sterling, then drove down through a deep wash at the north of town and on toward Manti . His nameless friend at Gunnison had warned them to get a run on Lowry Hill at the south end or they would never make it to the top,, The number of times one had to try was the criterion that determined how good, or bad, a car was. Paul tried three times before they made it.

They reached home at 2:00 a.m.

There were varying opinions when people in Manti voiced their views during the week—from foolish, foolhardy, luck of the Irish, or they were certainly watched over by Someone Higher Up.

For anyone with Paul's and Geneve's background, it could have been any or all of them, with youth thrown in for good measure.

¹Utah State Road Commission, Construction Project Log Record.

THE POPLARS

Elizabeth J. Story

1513 Madison Avenue

Cheyenne, WY 82001

Third Place Personal Recollection

The early pioneers of the territory of Utah must have studied their fate so very well that they knew that the new settlements in the arid west could not grow without the aid of the spiritualizing force of beautiful, tall, green trees.

Every company of pioneers would bring seeds, bulbs, and young cuttings to plant in their new settlements. Most of these people had come from countries where forests and trees had grown for many generations. They were used to trees.

The only trees found when they arrived were the native trees such as Pine, Fir, Spruce, Cottonwood, Cedar and Birch. These trees did not transplant easily to the valley floor where they settled down.

There was one man--his name was John Reading--who is said to have planted some of the first trees. He planted the very first Lombardy Poplar tree in the Salt Lake Valley in the year 1862.

The pioneers probably first heard about how easy it was to plant the Lombardy Poplars at the General Conference of the LDS Church in April 1864, It seemed to be a good tree for the arid west if it were planted near a stream such as the irrigation ditches,, It seems the church leaders encouraged the planting of these trees for their, beauty.

It is tempting to signify some religious significance to these trees. A New York paper in the early days printed that the Lombardy Poplar was known as a Mormon tree0 It seems that the pioneers left no record of such admonitions. Some felt they were Gothic spires on a landscape virtually barren of conscious Gothic symbolism. It seemed to the pioneers it was nothing more than a good plant with which to tame the vast desert However, the Poplar rows may somehow have served as a good substitute for "hedgerow" in the English landscape. These tall trees also served as a visual sign of the settlement, a welcome sign to the tired travelers as they arrived. The trees could be seen for miles away.

Poplar trees are easily propagated from a small sprout from the roots or a small twig with at least four buds. A tree can be pruned and planted in the soil. These little starts or "sceous" will grow very rapidly when they are planted in good soil, with lots of warm sunshine and near water. They are said to like to have their feet in the water, which was the reason they were planted along the ditch banks that lined the streets in all the settlements. This in turn produced tree-lined streets, which truly added to the beauty of the towns and cities.

It is interesting that almost all other trees, such as shade or fruit trees, were planted inside the yard fence for protection.

The Poplar tree grows very fast and reaches enormous heights for a tree, but they do not have a long life span. They last much less than a hundred years.

There was an early pioneer, W. C. Stains, a tree lover and an expert on beautiful trees. To him goes the honor of many of the early trees. He was responsible for many trees brought in. They said that many trees were brought in via California and had been shipped by way of Cape Horn. There were many brought in from the Missouri River as well. Trees were very important to settlers.

The famous artist, Paul Cezanne, did a lovely painting he named the "Poplars." And it is said that Homer P. Martin, a well-known artist, painted a row of Poplars under a blue sky near the River Seine with the tall Poplars reflecting into the water of the river. This was called "Harps of the Winds," It is true that all the French Impressionist painters like to paint these beautiful trees.

The poet Henry Pratt wrote a poem about these trees; he called it "The Poplar Trees are Happiest,," I am inclined to agree with the artists and poets. I love the Poplars. They are indeed a part of my youth. In my memories of home I can always see them; they are there in the deep recesses of my mind0 I can see their dark green heart-shaped leaves. I can hear their branches slapping in the wind0 I can smell their fragrance and I can feel the warmth of their fire wood as well. They will always be a part of my life.

When I was a child, we lived in an old pioneer home that my grandfather, Sorn Jacobsen, built in the very early days of Mt. Pleasant. It was my father, Clair Jacobsen, who told me about his father planting the trees. My father was six years old at the time and he remembered that a wagon loaded with small tree starts and other flower bulbs and fruit trees and such had come to town and everyone

was to go pick up his share of plants and take them home to be planted. Thus my father, as a boy, remembered the day the Poplar trees were planted on our ditch bank in front of the old home. He planted eight trees.

In the 1880s, when my father was a child, he remembered when these Poplar trees were planted and he watched as the trees grew to be very tall and green and elegant,, Years later the trees were matured and at their most beautiful best when I was a child growing up in Mt. Pleasant in the early 1920.

There came a time after the 1920s when the trees were beginning to show many dying limbs. They were mostly ending their life span of fifty years, and also most of the trees were infested with the dreaded tree cankor. Some trees in the town were cut about one-half way down on the tree and for the next few years the tree would be full and green again, until those short limbs in turn began to die as well, down to the trunk.

Our trees along the ditch bank, my father cut completely to the ground. Each year he would cut one tree and use it for firewood. The Poplars made good wood to burn in our stoves to cook our food and to keep us warm during the winter.

After the large tree had been cut, it was dragged into the yard by a team of horses. There, in the yard, my father would cut up the tree0 He sawed the large trunk in foot-long slices; and then with an axe, he would cut these large pieces into small, stove-size pieces. The wood was pretty and white with a really good, fresh smell. The pieces were nice to feel and to handle0 After all the small pieces were cut, he would then measure a very large circle on the smooth ground. There, many pieces were laid side by side. The small end out would be laid row around row until the wood pile was built as high as the reach. Then the rest of the hundreds of pieces were piled in the center of the neat wall of wood. My father's wood pile was a work of art. He was a very creative craftsman and builder. He took great pride in his wood piles made of beautiful white fresh wood.

The Poplar or genus "Populus" is a European tree. They are plentiful in Italy, France, and Germany. They line the river banks such as the Seine near Paris and the Rhine in Germany and many other places.

The Poplar tree was first found in Persia, and there are some records of the tree being grown in many places in the Far East. They say that the discoverers took them to Italy, where they flourished and were named the Lombardy Poplar by the Italians. It is said that Napoleon saw the trees on his invasion of Italy in 1794. He brought the fast-growing tree back home to France because he needed the soft white wood for the gun makers for his armies. From France the tree was taken to all the European countries; and in the 1700s, it was brought to America along with many other kinds of plants and fruit trees. In 1864, the Church began encouraging the planting of Poplars in the settlements for their beauty. It was the beginning of a very big accomplishment. There were many, many trees planted in a short time over a very large area that reached all the way from Nevada to all parts of Utah, Idaho and Arizona and settlements in western Wyoming. It was an amazing accomplishment for those farmers, miners and all the citizens in all of the towns and cities built by the early settlers.

There is a very beautiful row of Lombardy Poplars at the west entrance of the Utah State Capitol. It is well worth seeing,, It is an emotional, spiritual experience for me to view them. Standing near these trees once more, I see their aesthetic beauty, I see their dark green shining leaves, I smell their fragrance and hear their music, like "harps of the winds," and I feel their warmth. To see these trees again is truly spiritualizing. I will always love the "Poplars."

Sources: personal recollections, Church history books and Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

A CHILDHOOD MEMORY

Lillian Winn Fjeldsted
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Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

One of the most memorable days of my life was the day that Joseph F. Smith, president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, came to visit our area.

The Primary leaders decided to have the Primary children walk out to the cemetery to greet him as he came to town. We were to bring all the flowers we could get to scatter before him as he came into town.

President Smith and his partner finally arrived in a horse-drawn buggy,, I was impressed with his long beard, longer than any I had ever seen. We sang a couple of songs and then started back to town.

We stopped on the street where the city building now stands. President Smith got out of the buggy to shake hands and greet everybody. There was such a large crowd gathered there that he started shaking hands with both his right hand and his left hand.

Now, I had been looking forward to shaking his right hand, which our teacher had told us had shaken hands with the Prophet Joseph Smith, Jr. I had been so impressed with the story about Joseph Smith, Jr. , and I was determined to shake his right hand. Imagine my disappointment when he handed me his left hand. I immediately ran to the end of the line again and patiently awaited another turn. This time he put out his right hand and my childhood dream came true.

I didn't realize until years later that President Joseph F. Smith was probably only four or five years old when his father, Hyrum Smith, and his uncle, Joseph Smith, were killed at Carthage Jail.

Source: Personal recollection of the author.

GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART

Martha Rae Olsen
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Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

Dreamland Hall was all aglow. The mirrors that lined the walls reflected the dancers; and the singing sounds of Eldon Sorenson, Charlie Wall, Evan Christensen and the Footwarmers Orchestra filled your head. The piano player was a great big guy who really enjoyed his job. The old piano stool would rock back and forth with him as he kept the band in time. The megaphones sang out all your favorite tunes as the floor rocked with the Charleston, Foxtrot, Jitterbug, the Quadrilles, and that all-time favorite— the Hesitation Waltz.

Those who were not dancing stood in little groups and talked or lost themselves in the romance of the dimly lit dancehall.

Charles and Maggie were out on the floor showing off all the steps they knew. They could really dance, and Charles would twirl Maggie around the floor until they were the envy of all who watched.

Suddenly, the elastic in Maggie's bloomers broke and they fell to her ankles. There was a gasp from the crowd,, Maggie paused but a moment to step gracefully out of the bloomers and toss them under a bench Then away she swirled as if it was all part of the latest dance step.

There was the man that would call the dances. He was a big man with a good loud voice. As he would call out the dances, he would tap his foot in time to the music. Some of the boys would always sneak up to the side of him and put chewing gum under his foot.

Alt and Erma never missed a dance. If there wasn't a dance scheduled, they would find some reason to have one. One year during Rambouillet Days in Ephraim, an extra large crowd had gathered at the school grounds where they used to show the sheep and small animals. Alt thought it would be sad if they all just went home after the show. So Alt and his brother Howard hired an orchestra, rented the Dreamland Social Hall, got Erma and the women to fix up some refreshments and put on the biggest dance you have ever seen» It was free to everyone, and everyone was most certainly there., They sure went all out for those things and always had such a good time.

One time they had a costume dance and Alt went as Lil' Abner. He put on his ragged levis and a rope for a suspender. And sure enough, while Alt was out there dancing with Erma, someone crept up behind him and cut the rope that was holding up his pants.

Erma especially loved to dance on the spring floor in Manti. That floor would give when you danced and if you didn't stay with the beat and keep your feet moving, it wouldn't be just your feet that were on the floor. It was really fun.

The open-air dancehalls were especially nice. Everyone liked to dance in the cool night air. The one at Palisade was really wild. Someone always got thrown in the lake, Erma used to sell hamburgers out there, and when business was slow she would run over to the dance floor and get in a couple of dances, She even won a dance elimination doing the Hesitation Waltz.

There was always an air of excitement as one readied for a dance. Men put on their best suits or nice sweaters,, Women ironed their best dresses. More than one dress was ruined by a hot iron in those days Dresses were made out of a rayon material, and if the iron was too hot you were surely looking for a different dress to wear before you were out the door.

The dance hall was heated in the cold weather with a "hot blast stove." It was the center of attention when you weren't out on the dance floor. Erma's friend, Afton, had a gorgeous red dress, It was made of chiffon material with pleats in the skirt and scallops around the bottom. She looked absolutely radiant as she floated around the floor. But she too snuggled up to the stove to get warm this night, and her dress melted into flames. Those around her worked quickly to smother the burning, and she was a very lucky lady, although her pretty red dress hung about her legs in shreds.

Some married couples got together for party dances, After dancing the night away, they would gather at one of the couples' homes to eat and party. If a couple didn't show up to a party dance, all the ones who did would cascade upon their house and get them out of bed to fix breakfast for everyone. So no one dared miss a party dance.

Yes, dances in the 1920s and 30s were very special to a lot of people. It brought folks together. Everyone danced with everyone, the old with the young. It didn't matter as long as you were dancing. You certainly knew who your partner was, and you hung on tight.

And then came the hour when that familiar music began to play. You would find your date and dance the last dance of the night to the tune of "Goodnight, Sweetheart."

Source: Personal recollections of Erma S. Nielson as told to the author.

THE PLAMOR DANCE HALL IN EPHRAIM

Ethel Thompson Lewis
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Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

Because of the interest in dancing felt by four fellows --Anthony Hansen, Sheldon Nielson, Ned Armstrong, and Spencer Douglas--an open air dance hall was built in Ephraim in the spring of 1933. It was located on Second South and one-half block west of Main Street on the south side of the street .

The weather was getting too warm to continue the dances being held at the beautiful Dreamland Hall. Hereby the plans for an open air dance hall were conceived.

These energetic young fellows wanted to have good, long- lasting concrete for the dance floor. So they did research work to find which material would be best for their use. The sand they got was hauled in from the river bottoms in Chester. The gravel was crushed blue granite boulders taken from the creek bed east of Ephraim. They ordered a car load of cement which cost 90 cents a bag The floor was poured in 15-foot squares .

There was a prize given for the one who could come up with the best name for the hallo Robert Thompson won, giving the hall the name of "Plamor." He was given \$10 for his prize . Ten dollars was quite a bit in those days ,, The "Plamor" received its name on Friday, June 9, 1933.

Over the years, many special bands were brought in for the music. An Ephraim band including different combinations of fellows was established-- such as Cannon Thomson, who played the trumpet; Rex Christensen, the saxophone; Merrill Christiansen, the guitar; Leland Frost, the piano; Evan Anderson, the saxophone; Joel Jensen, the trombone; Dean Christensen, the drums; Lyle Peterson, the sousaphone; Morris Thompson, the drums; Sterling Poulson, the banjo; and Grant Harris, the trumpet. "Bus" Anderson from Mt. Pleasant played the trumpet; Elwood Draper of Moroni played the tenor saxophone and his brother Emmert the alto saxophone. There were times when these fellows tried to imitate the Guy Lombardo band.

The amount of money to give the bands for their services was generally geared on a 60 to 40 percent basis, depending on the size of the dance group. Sometimes each musician would get only \$5. When one of the orchestras came from Price, they generally had to guarantee them a certain amount, sometimes \$100. The leader of the orchestra from Price was Italian; his name was Ralph Ma Latch Chee.

By now most of the towns in areas near to Ephraim had open-air dance halls. Our orchestras played at their dances and their orchestras played at ours.

Music that was popular at that time and still causes us to tap our toes in reminiscence of beautiful and delightful music included melodies such as "Poor Butterfly," "I Love You Truly," "Stumbling," "When You Wore a Tulip," "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," "Sweet Georgia Brown," "I'm In Love With You Honey," "Jeepers, Creepers," "Chicago," "Tipperary," "Comin' Round The Mountain," "How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down On The Farm," "Barney Google," "Five Foot Two, Eyes Of Blue," "Saint Louis Blues," "Sun Down," "When The Moon Comes Over The Mountain," "Spring Time In The Rockies," "Blue Moon," "Down By The Old Mill Stream,," Most often, the dance was concluded with "Goodnight Sweetheart.'

Tickets to the dance were 50 cents a couple. There were some who had complimentary tickets. The dances were held on Friday nights. Many times the moon shone on the dancers, which added to its enchantment, as was the case on numbers of occasions when couples enjoyed watching the dance while

listening to the music while parked in their cars or sitting on the grass.

There were folks designated to go out and encourage these would-be dancers to come inside and enjoy the dance in its full measure.

It would not be unusual as one danced by to hear a fellow singing in low sweet tones in the ear of his "sweetie."

There were couples who came from towns surrounding Ephraim to enjoy the dancing at the "Plamor," as Ephraim couples went to their dances.

Dancing has a way of drawing people together in thoughts and feelings,, At the "Plamor," dances were traded in a way so everyone could take part, finding that our social dancing is for the sake of companionship ,, When we dance, we relax and find that dancing brings relief from the sameness of everyday living.

The "Plamor" gave a special feeling to so many people, causing romances to bud, to bloom and to blossom, and leaving impressions that have continued for these 53 years.

We give thanks and appreciation to its four thoughtful and energetic founders--to "Tone" who is still with us and to "Shelley," Ned and Spencer who have passed on.

Source: Personal recollections of "Tone" and Blanche Hansen, Shirley Nielsen, the author, Cannon Thomson, Ruth T. Langston, Reed Thompson, Leland Frost, Marlin Nielson, and Horace Brienholt.

CRY IN THE NIGHT

Lois S. Brown

Manti, UT 84642

First Place Short Story

Wind whistled around the corners of the house. Snow turned to sleet and settled against windows as George glanced at the clock. It was nearly midnight and the storm was getting worse. It seemed unusually severe for so early in November.

"Why does this storm upset me?" George wondered. "After all, severe winter storms are to be expected in Utah, even in early November," But, in place of going to bed as he usually did at this time of night. George decided to read just one more chapter.

In the back of George's mind, he knew his concern was caused by the possibility that he might have to go out in the storm. He was a young doctor, and he had enough experience with his relatively new car in the early 1900s to know that even with the crank he would never be able to start it on such a night. And there were several babies due in the coming weeks, and babies seemed to come at the most inopportune times.

"Well, why borrow trouble?" George mumbled to himself. "I'm sure the car won't start, so maybe I should not even try it. It would be quicker to just walk. That little car is wonderful, sometimes, but maybe I should have kept my horse for such nights,,"

George read on. He enjoyed reading, but tonight these other thoughts kept intruding,, "It's the wind, and the sleet against the window, I guess ." He turned pages as he remained in his comfortable chair, half worrying, half reading, and always listening and hoping the storm would abate.

The sound of the doorbell shattered the comfort of the room, and with a sinking feeling George moved quickly to the door. When he opened it, he was greeted by an unkempt, distraught young man who began to speak before the door was quite open.

"Are you the doctor?"

"Yes,"

"Hey! I'm in trouble! Big trouble! Will you help me?"

"Why, yes, if I can. What kind of trouble are you in? What's the big problem?"

George's mind and imagination were racing. "Was this man in need of money? Was this a hold-up? Was he trying to evade the law?"

But, before the doctor had time to wonder further, the young man was explaining, between gasps for air, "The problem is, two things—my wife is sick--she's bad, real bad, and we don't have any money--and--oh, my God, it just gets worse. I can't explain cause she is out in the car, and it's cold and, . . ."

Tears spilled suddenly, drowning words,, He tried again to explain but all George could understand was "Cold! Sick! Scared!" Sensing that the young man, really just a boy, had reached the breaking point and that further explanations at this time in his desperation were impossible, George interrupted, "She, your wife, is sick, and out in that cold car in this blizzard?"

"Yes! We need help! But, where can we go? If we even could get a quilt, it would help. But who? Where?"

"Well, first of all, let's get your wife in here and get her warm and see what the problem is and how best we can deal with it."

Part of this problem was different from any George had encountered before. He had been taught how to cope with medical emergencies, and that seemed to be at least part of the young man's problem. "Yes! Yes! Please, oh, please!, the boy pleaded. Then in mounting desperation, "But, the money. Did I tell you we don't have any?"

"We'll talk about money after we take care of the immediate emergency."

"But, there's no place I can get any right now. But, please help her, I can't--! haven't--! won't--" and he broke down completely and sobbed hysterically.

Shaking, sobbing, looking imploringly at the doctor, he took a step toward the door, the picture of despair and indecision.

"Go! Go quickly," George urged. "Think how your wife feels out in that cold car, alone, afraid, Hoping."

While the young man was gone, the doctor hurriedly stirred the fire and added coal. Then he gathered blankets, filled hot-water bottles, found clean towels,, In the course of his looking, he opened drawers and cupboards, turned lights and taps on and o f f and made enough noise to awaken his wife.

She descended the stairs in her robe and slippers just as the young man carried his pallid and shivering young wife into the house The patient was placed on the sofa, and the doctor and his wife and the young husband proceeded to do all they could to get her warm so the medical emergency could be investigated.

When the doctor had made an examination and asked questions, he decided the next step in the treatment was some hot food. This young couple not only did not have money for a doctor, or even a quilt, but what little they did have had to be spent for gas to get them to their new job, so both of them had been going hungry.

By morning, after food, warmth, rest and medication, the young woman had color in her face and

could smile and talk a little „ Although the doctor tried to persuade them to stay a while more, they said they simply had to drive on to meet a deadline. So, the doctor counted out some pills from a big brown bottle and told the couple what had to be done. He assured them that the illness could be serious, but that it was not as they had feared, fatal.

"You must get your wife to a place where she can be kept warm, and you must see that she eats, takes the medicine, and if she is not better in a couple of days, you will have to get her to another doctor,, Do you think you can manage that?"

The young man took the medicine and listened attentively to the doctor's orders, then, in the stricken voice of misery he mumbled, "Yes, when we get to Provo we can manage, and now we can make it there."

"But," sobbed the miserable girl, "we can't pay you until we start getting paid,, And your bill? What has all this cost? All night--both of you—and food, and warmth, and medicine, and the doctoring, and this blanket? I will get well. I am sure I will! We are. going to be all right, except now we are in debt. " She could not go on.

The husband assured the distraught girl that he could manage, that he would take care of her. Then, turning to the couple who had given them so much this miserable night, he said, "I will pay this bill. I'm sure you saved Jane tonight; and I will pay, however much it is, and no matter how long it takes, I will pay you!"

"Still so much trouble ahead for this poor pair," the doctor thought,, "No home, no money, sickness, a bitter cold morning following the miserable stormy night, and still a long drive in a cold undependable little car." His heart really ached for them, yet what more could he do? They were determined to go on together, so what right did he have to even fight the idea?

"There is just one more thing," he thought and then said. "Well, go if you must, but let's all just forget about any payment for anything that has been done here tonight,, I don't need the dollars represented by what has been done as much as you do. So, just forget it. Go and good luck,, You deserve the luck and happiness you are looking for, and it will just make us happy to feel we have contributed to it."

Smiles, real joy lit the two young faces. Mumbled thanks, tears, bundling up, confusion, and they were gone.

The weary young doctor and wife looked at one another and smiled, then watched as the car, isinglass curtains flapping in the crisp cold air, sputtered and coughed away.

Then, methodically they proceeded to clean up a totally disordered living room. And in the process they found on the table near the sofa a small scribbled note of thanks, and folded in it was a small cheap ring, the girl's wedding ring. She seemed determined to pay what she could for the help she and her husband had received this night.

The ring was put away, and George and his wife felt so sorry for the tiny sick girl, but admired her determination to pay her debts,, "But, of course, as soon as we hear from them, we will send them the ring.'

Years passed, and no word came from the night callers. The doctor's wife put the little ring in a box where it remained, except when she felt depressed or miserable about her life. Then she would take out the ring and slip it on her little finger and know deep in her heart how good her life was , and she would stop in her busy life to offer a tiny prayer, "Please, God, wherever they are, please let them be well and happy. And warm!"

Source: The doctor's wife showed me the ring and told me the story.

FROM DEPUTY U.S. MARSHAL TO FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

Conrad Frischknecht
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Second Place Short Story

This story is about a game of hide and seek as it was played by Rasmus Clawson, a deputy U . S , Marshal; Hannah Joe Christiansen, a young, beautiful widow living in Mayfield, Utah; a few of Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch; and a Sanpete sheriff. It takes place in the 1890s, and in the background are Mormon polygamists, many of whom were in prison, having been convicted of violating the Edmunds-Tucker Act (which banned plural marriages; the Act preceded by some years the revelation which put the church seal on monogamy as the sole acceptable form of marriage).

Hiding polygamists was a challenge to loyal Mormons. Most people participated, and hiding places were numerous and well concealed,, Whenever a U.S. Marshal, or a stranger who might be one, was seen, a warning went along the grapevine and people went into hiding. When the all-clear signal was given, the polygamists came out of the woodwork and resumed life as usual.

A marshal could not conceal his presence, but he could make it somewhat inconspicuous. Most polygamists in Sanpete County lived in the larger towns. Deputy Marshal Clawson's home was in one of them, Ephraim, but he made his presence less apparent by spending much time in Mayfield, which was small and somewhat remote.

It was there that he met and ingratiated himself to Hannah Joe Christiansen, She was newly widowed, and Joseph Christiansen's death left her with sheep and cattle to care for.

Managing livestock is a man's work and Clawson offered to help Hannah. That he was an officer and should be constrained by the duties of office to be honest may have been a reason she accepted. Also, and very important, he should know how to transact business.

In truth, many of the men selected by the Federal Government to govern Mormons during Territorial days were not noted for integrity; and some were rascals and tormentors. Clawson contrived to get himself appointed the legal administrator of the Joseph Christiansen estate. He oversaw the shearing of the flock and delivered the wool clip to the railroad station in Manti, Utah, and received payment for the wool.

In the absence of a complete written or oral record, it becomes necessary to imagine how and why succeeding events took place. Suppose.

After receiving payment for the wool, Clawson reversed his role in the game of hide and seek. He quit seeking for polygamists and went into hiding with Hannah's money, and Hannah Joe had to engage in the game of hunting for the deputy marshal and her money.

Probably Clawson did not plan to abscond with the widow's money, but intended only to use it as a bankroll for winning a pocketful of money for himself, after which he would deliver the wool money to its owner.

He knew that some of Butch's Wild Bunch were holed up in Provo, surmised that they would be well supplied with dollars and anxious to gamble for more.

He found the outlaws and, as he had guessed, they were ready to play poker, The game lasted several days. When it was over, Clawson had lost the money. He told the gangsters that it really belonged

to a widow and begged them to give him back at least part of what they had won. No, when they played poker they played for keeps!

They did offer to help him out of his trouble. They had plans to rob the bank at Telluride, Colorado, If he wanted to help pull off the job, they would cut him in on the loot.

Clawson sized up his position. He had absented himself from his duties as marshal; sooner or later Uncle Sam would be hunting for him. Stealing the widow's money was an offense that could put him in the penitentiary. If he helped rob the bank and was caught, the worst that could happen to him would be to be put in the penitentiary. If he were killed, that would end everything. Joining the outlaws seemed the easiest next step.

It was not long until Cassidy's Wild Bunch, aided by Clawson, robbed the bank at Telluride. In the getaway, Clawson was wounded; but he managed to gallop off with the others. The gang aimed for the safety of their Robbers' Roost hideout in Wayne County, Utah. They needed to ride as fast as horseflesh could carry them and as long each day as human stamina could endure. The wounded man was not equal to the test, could not keep up, and wanted attention for his wounds.

In camp one night, the Cassidy Bunch had a talk among themselves. They were in grave danger of being caught or killed by a posse. They decided Clawson was expendable but that he must not be left where he could fall into the clutches of the law and testify against them.

When the robbers reached the Colorado River, they executed their plan,, They pulled the wounded man from his horse and dumped him into the river, The robbers hurried on with the money and Deputy U.S. Marshal Rasmus Clawson floated downstream like any flotsam and jetsam.

The story does not end with the exit of Clawson. On paper, he was still the legal administrator of the Joseph Christiansen estate.

Hannah Joe appealed to the District Court to have Rasmus Clawson removed as administrator of her late husband's estate, and to have herself appointed in his stead. The court issued a citation demanding that Rasmus Clawson appear in court to defend his position as administrator. Joseph Judd, Sheriff of Sanpete County, hunted for the missing man. Unable to find the deputy marshal, the sheriff served the citation on Clawson's wife in Ephraim.

On May 9, 1898, Judge Jacob Johnson issued a decree in which he declared that Rasmus Clawson was missing from the State of Utah. The decree removed Rasmus Clawson as administrator and qualified Hannah Joe Christiansen in his place.

When the game of hide and seek had ended, at least one person, Hannah Joe, found a measure of satisfaction ,, Three Ephraim men who had served as Clawson's bondsmen were required to pay the Christiansen estate \$3,200.

"In Mayfield, women were known by their own and their husband's given names.

Sources: This tale in its essential details was told to me by Lloyd Christiansen of Manti. One of Lloyd's sources could have been Matt Warner, one of Dutch's gang, who in later years lived openly in Manti. The writer's imagination supplied the missing pieces as indicated. Mr. Christiansen graciously provided me with a copy of the citation for Rasmus Clawson to appear in court to defend his position as administrator of the estate of Joseph Christiansen. Also given me was a copy of the decree of the District Court issued by Judge Jacob Johnson removing Rasmus Clawson as administrator of the Joseph Christiansen estate and appointing Hannah Joe Christiansen in his stead.

THE DECISION

Mary Louise Madsen Seamons
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Third Place Short Story

Anne had an important decision to make. It was time. Once more Niel had asked her to marry him. This time he was emphatic: "I can't wait any longer Anne. If you're not going to marry me, I'm going to have to find someone else."

Anne and Niel had gone together for years. knew one day they'd marry. Now Anne was 26, Niel nearly 27. Where had the years gone? Was this the time? Perhaps he was right. Several times they had planned to marry. But the time had never been quite right to. Was it right now. . .or did her mother need her still?

When Anne was just 15, her father died of brain fever, leaving her mother with eight children, ranging in age from 20 years to just 3 months.¹ Anne's two older sisters left home--May worked in a boarding house; Belle got a job in a millinery store--leaving Anne to help their mother with the four younger brothers and the baby sister. Candace had taught her daughter many things , including caring for the sick and pulling teeth,, Anne had worked in the fields with her mother, had tended the younger ones while her mother worked for two years as city treasurer or performed her duties as secretary of the Relief Society (1882-1891) or cared for the sick. She had helped her mother raise the boys and little Bessie, teaching them the value of work, of getting an education, of helping their mother financially when they were able.

Now two of the boys were miners, one was working for a farmer in Mt. Pleasant, and the youngest was nearly 14. . .would soon be seeking work. Even Bessie was growing up; she was 12 now.

Anne had experienced ups and downs during these years, good times and bad--good times outdoors camping, fishing (she enjoyed doing that year round), playing ball; good times attending parties and dances; good times on dates with other fellows, But most of all, the good times had been when she was with Niel; he was the basis of her best memories.

Niel was also prominent in some of her not-so-good memories, . . .particularly the night about a year ago when she had broken her arm.

A special celebration had been held at the opera house; she had gone with Niel. The pavilion was being remodeled, and they wanted to see what the workers had been doing, so they climbed the ladder to the loft to check the progress. Niel, being a gentleman, preceded Anne up the ladder. Anne preferred this to having him follow her up the ladder. (Heavens! He might see her ankles!)

They had gingerly stepped on the evenly spaced rafters, easing themselves to where they could look down on the dancing couples below. From their vantage point they could see their friends and family members dancing to the lively music, or the slower, more romantic tunes. They watched for awhile; then, tiring of not being a part of the dancing crowd below, they began edging their way back toward the ladder. Still the gentleman, but unable to resist teasing. Niel said, "Well, since I came up first, I guess I'll go down first."

Horrified, Anne sidestepped Niel, attempting to get to the ladder first so she wouldn't be embarrassed. But she stepped too quickly and lost her footing. Down she fell., ,, .between the rafters, through the ceiling, onto the piled-up benches below. She lay quite still.

"Oh, my God! I've killed my sweetheart!"

Nile could hardly get down the ladder fast enough. In an instant he was beside her, feeling her pulse, checking her breathing. Their lovely evening of celebration had turned into a nightmare for them both.

Anne's arm was broken; her ribs and side were torn and bruised. She ached all over by the time help arrived. The doctor set her arm and monitored her recuperation. When the cast came off, her elbow was set in a permanent "ell;" the doctor said she would never comb her own hair again, much less do the myriad chores a wife and mother would be expected to perform, (Would Niel still want her?) Her mother was adamant: "Well, he will, because she is going to use that arm!" Then Candace proceeded to make her prediction come true.

Sending the boys to the yard, she had them dig angleworms. These she put in a can and set it close to the stove where they could ferment and become a sort of oil. When the oil was ready, Candace had one of the boys hold Anne around the waist and pull on her while Candace rubbed some of the oil on Anne's elbow, then massaged the offending joint while pulling on Anne's forearm. Though Anne tried desperately to be brave, she couldn't prevent the tears from forming, from running down her cheeks, as her mother and brother sought to help her regain use of her arm. The pain and suffering had been worth it—she could use her arm again, she could comb her hair. It had taken the full year.

Now Niel was becoming more and more impatient with Anne. They both knew they wanted to be married; yet Anne still felt a loyalty to her mother. Niel was beginning to take on more responsibility as a partner with his father and brothers in expanding their Madsen Land and Livestock holdings in both Sanpete and Carbon counties; he was being pressured by his family to move to Scofield and take care of the mercantile store they planned to open, as well as to keep books for the diverse holdings they were acquiring. And Niel wanted Anne with him. He didn't want to be isolated so far from home without her as his companion. Besides, he never was a very good cook, and he certainly didn't want to live on his brother Anthon's cooking!

Then the two young people had decided on a summer wedding. Plans were formulated; Anne looked at bridal dresses. The guest list was even written. But it was not to be.

Two of Anne's brothers were working in the Winter Quarters mine in Carbon County. A few weeks before, one had been injured in an accident at the mine—a good excuse to come home for a few weeks to recuperate and get some of his mother's good home cooking before going back to Scofield where he and his brother Dave were batching. Around noon on May 1, 1900, word was received at the telegraph office in Mt. Pleasant that there had been a terrible explosion affecting two of the four mine shafts at Winter Quarters and that many of the miners had been killed. David's body was the first one found; he was just 21.² None of them soon recovered from the shock; Candace never did. She mourned for her boy, though she maintained her cheerful disposition and shared her healing powers with those around her. Once more, Anne's wedding was delayed.

Dare the young couple make further plans? Would anything else happen to prevent or postpone their marriage? Should they really get married? Or was this marriage simply not to be?

Anne lowered her head to her crossed arms, closed her eyes, and thought. She said a silent prayer: "Please, Help me know what to do. I love Niel so very much. But I love my family, too. Can Mother get along without me now? I have tried to be the help she needed. Is now the time to leave and start a new life? Please help me know."

Candace had assured her daughter that she was perfectly capable of taking care of herself and the

children now» After all, they were nearly grown. And Niel had been more than patient. Hadn't Candace chided Anne, taking Niel's side? Anne had retorted often enough: "You always take Niel's part. You won't take mine!" But Candace appreciated Anne's sacrifices and frequently told her so. "Yes," she had told Anne, "now is the time. He won't wait forever."

Anne lifted her head. It seemed as if she were outnumbered. But it was what she wanted, too. Her eyes glistened with tears--happy tears,, She knew what her answer would be. She could hardly wait until Niel came by as he always did in the evenings. This evening would be different.

Carefully Anne dressed in her prettiest frock and took extra pains in combing her hair. She whirled around the room as if dancing in Niel's arms. Breathlessly, she stopped in front of the mirror one more time before going to the parlor to greet her soon-to-be-husband. As expected, Niel was elated, and they immediately started making plans. This time they were certain their wedding would go as planned and they would "live happily ever after."

They would be married in January in Carbon County and spend their honeymoon in Scofield where Niel had built a pretty little house with a big bay window. The back of the house was dug right into the hill, one part being a kind of cellar that was always cool a place to keep foods from spoiling. There was a lean-to kitchen, a big living room--with the bay window—and three bedrooms. Anne couldn't have been happier. She longed to see the house for herself; Niel had described it in minute detail, and it would soon be hers, theirs.

Once again their plans came near cancellation. But this time they decided nothing was going to stop them from getting married—not even the measles epidemic. So, on New Year's Day of 1901, the determined young couple climbed aboard the train and went to Provo They were met by a local buggy driver and taken to the home of Apostle (and Senator) Reed Smoot. Apostle Smoot greeted them cordially, visited with them briefly--then, "Well, this isn't what you came here for today. o<, to make small talk with me." And to his wife, "Come, Mother. Seems as if this young couple has waited long enough. You be the witness, and I'll perform the marriage." The Smoots even provided the bride with flowers.

Without further ado, after modifying the license that had been purchased in Price to make it legal in Utah County, Apostle Smoot performed the ceremony they had so long awaited. They really were married.

Their trip to Scofield seemed much shorter than the one to Provo had been. In no time at all, it seemed, they were "home." As Niel picked her up to carry her over the threshold of their new home, Anne was delighted to see the surprise Niel had prepared for his bride. The house was decorated with streamers and flowers--expensive in Scofield--but nothing was too good for his wife. Hanging from the chandelier in the living room Anne spotted two tiny china cherubs. . .symbols of Niel's love for her.

This time nothing had stopped them, though measles had come close. Anne's decision had been right.³

Author's Note: Anne and Niel had three children: two girls and one boy. They lived for many years in Scofield, then moved to Price where the children received their high school education,. Niel was successful in many ventures. He was instrumental in acquiring the land and developing Scofield Reservoir. He was co-founder of several businesses, including a car dealership and Eastern Utah Electric in Price. He was active in politics and was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in San Francisco two years before his death of cancer in December of 1927. Anne outlived him by 38 years. Their son, Willis Niel, died of pneumonia on Thanksgiving Day of 1934. The two girls, Alice (Pannier) and Johannah (Hafen) died in 1979 and 1985, respectively.

Sources:

¹Father was Joseph Wilcox, b. 9 Oct. 1847, at Council Bluffs, Iowa; d. 30 Dec, 1888, in Mt. Pleasant, Utah. Mother was Candace Blanchard Rowe, b. 24 July 1851, at Camp Creek, Iowa; d. 28 Aug. 1908, at Mt. Pleasant, of cancer,, Children: Mary Margaret (May), b. 5 Sep. 1868; Isabella (Belle), b. 1 Jan. 1871; Annie (Anne), b. 8 Nov. 1873; Joseph William (Wm. J.), b. 9 Oct. 1876; David, b. 9 Nov. 1879; Benjamin Franklin, b. 28 Aug. 1882; Hyrum Woodruff, b. 21 Jan. 1886; Bessie Janette, b. 28 Sep. 1888. All children were born in Mt. Pleasant, Utah. Niel M. Madsen (christened Nielson Moroni) was b. 21 Sep. 1873, at Mt. Pleasant; d. 23 Dec. 1927, at Price, Utah, of cancer. Son of Andrew and Johannah Elizabeth Anderson Madsen.

²One hundred ninety-nine were killed in the explosion at Winter Quarters.

³Other sources used were taped interviews with Johannah Madsen Hafen, made in Mt. Pleasant during 1984 and 1985; Hilda Madsen Longsdorf, Mt. Pleasant, 1939; a short, unpublished history of Candace Blanchard Rowe Wilcox, written by Hilda M. Longsdorf in 1926; U.S. Census, 1900; family records; The Salt Lake Daily Tribune, May 1900; and a photocopy of the marriage certificate of Niel and Anne.

RUSTLING UP SOME RADIO PROGRAMS IN 1928

Ruth D. Scow

Manti, UT 84642

Honorable Mention Short Story

In the spring of 1928, I graduated from Snow Normal College in the field of education. I had been hired by the South Sanpete District Superintendent, Edgar T. Reid, to teach 3rd, 4th, and 5th grades at Sterling, Utah, for the huge sum of \$60 per month, with a contract for nine months teaching and pay. For this, my first year of teaching, I felt lucky to have such a job.

At that time, there was only one radio in Sterling,, It was a long, box-like affair with a round speaker that stood on top of the radio. Everyone thought it amazing at that time, that sounds and singing, and speaking voices could be carried by airwaves to just that one house.

This radio set belonged to Clifford Hansen, who had earned it by working for a furniture and radio sales company in Gunnison, Utah. For his pay he had obtained the Atwater Kent radio.

Clifford's interest in radios came after his brother, Royal, had returned home from attending an electrical engineering school and had brought his textbooks home with him, Clifford loved challenges and spent much time poring over these textbooks, experimenting with what he had learned for himself. Especially, he had the desire, after folks had admired his radio and the messages and music it was able to bring into Sterling, to share his radio with his neighbors. Why couldn't he, . ,?

Most families had phonographs--Edison, Victrola, Brunswick, etc., and every phonograph had a speaker. Also, there were trees, poles, fences, and wires he could use. Why not try?

The first wire went down the hill and across the street to the Andrew Funk home. (I can still see Mr. and Mrs. Funk and their daughter, Lydia, sitting around the phonograph enjoying the then popular "Amos and Andy.") Whatever the Hansens were playing on their radio, if they remembered to turn a switch, was reproduced on the Funk phonograph. What worlds of sound and enjoyment it opened for them!

Eldred Olsen, one of Clifford's friends, began to wish, and Clifford told him, "If you will get four poles and some wire, we can bring you the same programs we are listening to on our radio."

Poles 15 feet in length could be had with a trip to the mountains, but the wire? That presented a problem. Finally, after much searching, Eldred was able to buy a burned-out motor for \$2.50. Their project could proceed. Setting the poles on each side of the two streets that were between their two houses, the

boys strung the wires along the fences and then over the poles across the streets, along more fences until the Olsen house was reached, and their Silvertone (Sears) phonograph was hooked up.

The burned-out motor had also given the boys enough wire to install another wire back to the Hansen house. With another turn of the switch, Mrs. Phoebe Olsen could visit with her friend, Mrs. Annie Hansen, and when they were not talking they could hear the strike and tick of the Funk's clock. The women marveled at the ingenuity and knowledge of their sons.

Folks on the west side of Utah Highway 89 began to complain. Why could they not have the same advantage to listen to the Hansen radio? Another idea was born in Clifford's mind. There were telephone poles. They could be used to carry a wire across the highway.

These developments began to annoy the Manti Telephone office. Conversations among patrons were suddenly accompanied by various kinds of music and voices. They could even hear the voices of "Amos and Andy" in the background.

Consternation reigned in the office and some people were ready to have their telephones disconnected if things didn't change. It was indeed a mysterious checking job for the telephone employees.

Finally, the mystery was solved when the wire was discovered going up the telephone pole and across Highway 89 to another pole, and hence into a tree branch. No need to look farther. From that time on, the residents of Sterling west of the State Highway 89 bought their own radio sets.

HE WASN'T INVITED TO DINNER

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

I am grateful to Peter Gottfredson, a resident of both Sanpete and Sevier Counties in Utah's early days. Peter was not only an intrepid, knowledgeable pioneer, but he wrote down his experiences for everyone to share.

The following is an incident that he relates in his autobiography:

"In the spring of 1863, I hired out to Caratat and Conderset Rowe to care for their dry stock in Thistle Valley. In June, they went to Mt. Pleasant for supplies and left me there alone for two days. Towards midnight I heard something making a racket above the shanty, which was made by leaning two long cedar posts against two trees and covering it with cedar boughs. I raised up in bed and looked through the brush covering to see what was making the noise and saw a big grizzly bear digging and eating roots. Soon, he came around to the front of the shanty, which was open, and I crawled under the bed covering and lay as still as I could, but my heart thumped so hard I was afraid he would hear it. He came into the shanty, Our food and cooking utensils were tied up in a sack and sat against a cedar post. He rooted the sack out and down the front about a rod. He could likely smell the food in the tied sack. He came into the shanty again and sniffed around. He stuck his nose under the bed and lifted it and my feet up a few times. I had a little sawed-off shotgun in bed with me, but I knew it would have been foolish to use it. It was loaded with bird shot. Finally, he went back above the shanty and dug roots as before. I remained in bed watching him through the brush. At day break he left, praise be!"

SHE DANCED ONCE TOO OFTEN

Wilma Morley Despain
683 North Main Street
Alpine, UT 84003
Honorable Mention Anecdote

Anna Etta Eckersley was a beauty of a girl with deep set, large eyes like pools of dark, brown jewels. She had had a difficult life because of leaving her beautiful, well-ordered home in England to come to America for the gospel's sake.

She embraced this precious gospel without her family joining, too, came across the ocean, and landed alone and lonely in New Orleans.

Her money lasted only as far as New Orleans, and she worked for her passage as far as Omaha, Nebraska. There, too, she got a job and worked harder than her early, quite wealthy years had demanded and was sick most of the time. She married while working here, but her husband, John Crompton, became ill also, and she lost him and two tiny girls at birth from overwork and improper food. It took her many months to get enough to pay her way to Utah. But people loved her so much for her cheerful, talented life and many tried to court her.

Wm. Lathrop (DOC) Draper, a prominent man, whom the City of Draper was named for, seemed to be the most persistent. He was older than she and fell in love with her dark beauty, her beautiful singing voice, and her vibrant and never-ending enthusiasm and faith in the gospel.

They married, had several husky sons and daughters and a very busy life of service to the church, musically and otherwise. They sang together in duets, quartets, double quartets, and choirs and choruses.

Anna's body was as exquisite as her beauty and she could sew such lovely things. She even tailored men's suits. She dressed beautifully and was in demand for every program. Her specialty was dancing (they called it "step-dancing" then).

As she hurried to the large Chautauqua tent where the programs were all held, she caught her foot on an exposed, above-ground tree root and fell very hard and was hurt very badly!

She managed to limp into the tent, went up on the stage of wooden planks covered with old carpets, did the numbers with her family, sang with her husband, then did three dances she'd been asked to do and also responded to several encores !

As she left the stage, she collapsed. The whole crowd was in shock and amazed sorrow when they found out she had danced with a broken hip!

She never danced or walked again and was unable to take care of herself the rest of her life, even to brush a fly from her face.

Her daughter, my mother's mother and my grandmother, Anna Maria Draper Whitlock, tenderly cared for her the rest of her life. She lived past 80 years of age with this good care.

DANCING IN EARLY GUNNISON VALLEY

Jenny Lind M. Brown
239 Hampton Avenue
Salt Lake City, UT 84111
First Place Historical Essay

The following poem was written in memory of James Peter Fjeldsted, my grandfather and one of the earliest musicians of Gunnison Valley.

FOR A DANISH BOY

Bed down the tired oxen; enjoy your rabbit stew,
Watch the shadowed bushes for a skulking Siouxo
Slip silently away beneath the stars and rising moon
To listen to the fiddlers and their lively campfire tune.
Think of the long trek forward—the mountains and the streams.
Pray each night for safety,, Pray God will answer dreams.

James Peter, my mother's father, left Denmark in 1862 with his father, Lars Peter Fjeldsted, his stepmother, a sister, and two younger brothers; another child died near Albany, New York, and was buried there. James, only twelve, was fascinated by the pioneer fiddlers, who entertained members of the wagon train each evening before bedtime,, He loved their lively tunes, especially when some of the younger folk felt inclined to join with the musicians in their version of an old-fashioned square dance,, Some nights, when he was completely worn out, he would snuggle inside his coarse homespun bedding and drift off to sleep dreaming of the day he, too, would own a violin. In 1870 an early history of Axtell reported that Lars Peter Fjeldsted and his son James herded cattle for the Sevier Valley Co-operative Company along Willow Creek,, They took up land, cleared brush, tilled the soil and planted their treasure of precious seeds. No one in the family ever gave me the exact date, but it was about this time that James was able to acquire his first violin; his dream on the plains had come true.

It was not long until he, with his inborn love of music and his natural talent, began to accompany the first choir, which, had been singing with no piano or organ. Next he began playing for valley dances—one of the earliest forms of entertainment for the settlers, old and young alike.

After his marriage to Fredericka Tollestrup in 1875, he became more adept on the fiddle and earned the affectionate nickname of Jim Fiddler; soon his family of boys and girls became known as Jim Fiddler's children.

The first dances in the valley were held in private homes — a primitive dugout or a log cabin. They were known as "corner dances" since no other space was available. The dances, of course, were very simple and the dancers few in number.

My mother, born in 1878, was only a child when her parents, and older brother moved from Gunnison to Centerfield. They were in the "field" in 1882 when the first public building was built--a small log structure with a dirt roof, wooden floor, two small windows, and a cobblestone fireplace. The building was used as a church, school house, and for social functions. James played for many dances held in the "meeting house," the name most commonly used by Centerfield residents. One of the most

popular dances was called a "wood dance." The Bishop, Christian A. Madsen, would schedule a dance in payment for a load of wood hauled and split for a widow with a family of children, or for logs to be burnt in the stone fireplace. Any type of square dance, or even the lively Danish-Slide-Off, was permissible, but a waltz was frowned upon, very definitely, by the bishop because he felt it was too worldly, even evil, for his young charges. In fact, at that time many of the settlers termed the waltz a "dog dance."

Often James would fiddle away until the wee, small hours of the morning, or until the exhausted dancers were ready to leave for home. Eventually, as time passed, other men began to play: George Saunders, who strummed the banjo, and Chris (Hale Tinker) Madsen, accordionist, but each of the three musicians played alone, never as an ensemble.

At a later date another form of dancing became popular with the younger group. My mother liked to tell her daughters about a dance that was very special to her. All the girls wore frilly white aprons over their dresses and each carried a small, fancy bow, carefully stitched to match her apron. During the evening a young man would buy, for a small sum of money, the bow that matched his special girl's apron. When each young man had his bow, a GRAND MARCH took place and then--wonder upon wonders-- the company danced a beautiful waltz, signaling the end of the dance. But that was just the beginning of the fun. Each girl had invited her partner home for a special midnight lunch. Mother said that was the night our father asked her to marry him!

James Fjeldsted was instrumental in helping another musician to play. William C. Mellor, who lived in nearby Fayette, loved music. At first he tried to play on a homemade fiddle, but with very little success. Eventually he was able to send to Philadelphia for a \$60 violin. After taking just one lesson from James Fjeldsted, whom he admired, he began playing for dances in Fayette. His fee for playing was usually one dollar, but if the dance lasted throughout the night, he would ask to have the fee doubled. Admission for those who came was usually any kind of produce in season, or 25 cents for the more affluent. With little other entertainment available, William's dances brought enjoyment to the settlers at Fayette for many years.

James, with his love of music, encouraged his children to study and become musicians. Fred, the oldest son, was Dean of Music at Snow College for several years, while James and Ricky's youngest daughter, Elma, became an accomplished pianist, teaching more than one hundred young people to play the piano. When about sixteen, she began to play with her father at the valley dances.

In a history written by Gilbert Fjeldsted, a nephew, he said, "While I was in the eighth grade, my Uncle Jim and his daughter, Elma, played for dances in the Centerfield Ward Church building. They let me play cornet with them, so we became a trio with Uncle Jim on the violin, Elma at the piano, and Gilbert, myself, on the cornet. I'm not sure I improved their music, but they made me feel like one of them; and playing gave some good experience, for which I, was truly grateful."

There were other groups who played in Gunnison and Centerfield throughout the years, of which I am not aware, but as late as the depression years, when my grandfather had been dead for at least ten years, members of the Fjeldsted family were still entertaining at local dances with a small orchestra comprised of his youngest son, Byron; Orion Myrup, his grandson, and other Gunnison and Centerfield musicians.

I was twelve years old when my grandfather passed away, but I still remember, with fondness and nostalgia, the twinkle in his eyes when he brought out his treasured violin to entertain the family with his "lively fiddle" music.

DANCING THROUGH THE HARD TIMES

Yulene A. Rushton
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West Valley City, UT 84120
Second Place Historical Essay

Those who came in generations before me danced their way through life. It was the main form of entertainment in small towns for decades .

There's a great difference between then and now Dancing today seems to be any wild movement done with a beat, although not usually in time with anyone else on the dance floor. Oftentimes, dancers look like a gathering of idiots, dancing only with themselves. They hardly ever touch another person. The more wild and jerky the movements, the more into the music one is considered to be.

Not too many years ago, dancing was an art. People danced with each other, their feet keeping time and their bodies swaying smoothly with the rhythm of the music. They held each other, perched in a graceful position as they glided across the floor to the melodious strains of a beautiful waltz or a snappy foxtrot. The polka was a delight because it was impossible for anyone to dance without a smile on their face. A lot of space was needed because they really moved in perfect time with favorites such as "Roll Out The Barrel" and "Pennsylvania Polka."

Everyone's memories differ. Each person has a variety of things which make lasting impressions. I want to relate what my parents, Ewell and Mary Jensen Anderson, remember about dancing in the late 1920s and through the 1930s. Those were days of the great depression and times were hard, but dancing helped them get through it.

In Sanpete County almost every town had its own dance hall, but the "Old Bungalow" in Moroni seemed to be everyone's favorite and always drew a large crowd. Students from Fountain Green, Freedom, Moroni, Wales, Chester, and Jerusalem all went to high school at Moroni High. They took special interest in the town dance hall, located on Main Street at the east end of the business district. The school hosted dances after the ballgames, but any special dance such as a Junior Prom was held at the "Bungalow."

Everyone looked forward to weekends. There was a dance every single Saturday night and on every other occasion that could possibly be used as an excuse. Any holiday, or even an election day eve, would find a goodly number of townspeople down at the dance. Dancers shuffled through sprinkles of sawdust which made the whirling and twirling easier. Often the hall was decorated with crepe paper streamers draped across the ceiling and twisted about the stage where the dance band was grouped.

Local talent always provided the music. Most towns had their own dance band but one of Sanpete's favorites was a group who called themselves "The Revelers" (meaning to take great pleasure or delight, merrymaking or noisy festivity with dancing). They made fantastic musical sounds and never seemed to tire of performing. Those who danced to the "Revelers'" music claimed they were every bit as good as the famous bands of the big band era, but reasoned they never made it to the top because they didn't have the right connections. Nevertheless, they were the best of the small-town dance bands . Band members changed from time to time, but some stayed with the original group for as long as it existed. Through the years some of its members were Ken Rasmussen and Cliff Crowther on trumpet, Glade Anderson, Lynn Rasmussen, Gayle Rasmussen and Howard Ivory on saxophone and clarinet. Lydia Guymon and Geraldine

Allred played piano, Ivan Rasmussen was on drums. Other members consisted of John Guymon on bass fiddle and Monte Kellett also on saxophone. There may have been others (apologies to any band member not listed).

The Christmas holidays meant seven dance nights in a row, starting with Christmas night and ending on New Year's Eve. The price of admission was 50 cents, a half day's wage when jobs were available. Girls were admitted free, Mother said she remembers ironing all day for her aunt Blanche Johnson or sometimes for Melba Morley just to earn enough money so she could give her brother Gene the money for a dance ticket.

Some went as couples, but it was the custom at that time to go as a single and come home from the dance with someone. The big question was always the same, ""Who did you go home with last night?" Girls dressed in formals and guys wore suits and ties. My mother boasted owning six formals which she traded with girlfriends so they would always have something new-looking to wear. If there weren't enough boys to go around, girls danced with each other. Nobody thought anything of it. They all had fun. When the mellow sounds of "Goodnight Sweetheart" floated through the night air, everyone knew the dancing had come to an end. Even after the melody ended, couples lingered, swaying back and forth with arms wrapped around each other, not wanting to end the wonderment and the magic of another musical adventure.

Dad said he never remembered a dance being cancelled because of the weather. When a howling snowstorm hit, one of the town men hitched his horse to a small wooden box-like snow plow and paths were cleared so people could still walk to the dance. There were some cars and they seemed to go better in the snow than our modern cars do. Often a Model T chugged into town, stuffed to bulging with people whooping and hollering, "Let's dance!"

The only time dances were called off was when an epidemic of flu or contagious disease raged through the town. One time in particular when the whole town was quarantined for Scarlet Fever, they held a dance anyway. Doctor Dice lived just up the street from the "Old Bungalow." Everyone who wanted to dance lined up at his house to be checked. Dozens stood in line; and upon having their throat looked at, if no redness was starting, they were admitted to the dance. Those whom Doctor Dice considered suspicious had their throat swabbed and went home.

An evening filled with music and dancing could work wonders. It gave new and unexpected energy to a tired body, provided determination to a sagging spirit, furnished a fresh outlook on life, and improved an attitude. It could help put off a problem, mend a broken heart, or sometimes cause one. Though unnoticed, it was good exercise to burn off calories, and sometimes caused blisters and aching feet.

When Mother tells me about dancing during depression days, I'm almost envious,, Not of the hard times, but of the fun they had. Days will never again be slow enough to enjoy things as they did. In these hurried times of the '80s, I think we're missing the joy of living.

Wouldn't it be fun to anxiously await a Saturday dance and have nothing better to do on the night of a holiday than to gather with friends and loved ones, kick up our heels, clap our hands, and grab a partner to whirl away the hours dancing to the music of the "Revelers". . .at the "Old Bungalow". . .

Source of information: The memories of Ewell Anderson and his wife Mary Jensen Anderson who danced for years at the Old Bungalow, and from Ken Rasmussen who played trumpet for many years with the "Revelers"

WHITE MAN DRIVE COWS

Linnie M. Findlay

Ephraim, UT 84627

Third Place Historical Essay

Warm dark eyes danced in merriment as two Indian youths watched the strange sight of covered wagons toiling down the slopes of Big Mountain toward the desert of the Great Salt Lake, "Whoa, Gee, Haw"--the boys giggled and then convulsed in laughter as one said, "White man drive cows!" They slipped away through the brush close to the foothills, and began the long run that would take them to the place in Spanish Fork Canyon where Walkara and his surly band of warriors were assembling. The boys were tall and lean, and had learned to run as they had learned to walk. The canyon where Walkara waited must be reached as quickly as possible, and the young Indians paced themselves for the long distance,

As they thought of Walkara, they remembered the many times he had returned from the west with bands of horses for his tribesmen, They thought he, too, would be amused when he learned that the white men came driving cattle.

But Walkara was not laughing as the Mormon Pioneers came into the Salt Lake Valley in July of 1847. With his band of seasoned warriors, they planned to destroy the first group of pioneers as soon as they arrived in the valley. He resented the inroads being made into the valleys and rivers traditionally used by the Indians, and he believed that if this first group was destroyed, these mountains and valleys could be kept as Indian hunting grounds..

But even as he spoke, inciting his warrior to a frenzy, waiting for action, an older voice spoke out against him, Sowiette, who had become civil chief of the Utes, while his father, Chief Ora, still lived, was friend of the powerful Chief Uinta farther east. He told the assembled braves of the persecution and hardships that this group of Mormon Pioneers had endured^ These people who had been persecuted much the same as the Indians had been persecuted must have a place to live. "They, too, have need of sanctuary from their enemies. They come in peace." Furious, as he saw the braves softening, Walkara branded Sowiette as a coward. Sowiette seized his riding whip and soundly thrashed the younger Chief. What could have been a massacre of those first settlers faded as Walkara sulked in his tent for several days.

And the Indians watched as the white settlers began to spread out upon the land and plow the soil and irrigate, And when with Walkara, Sowiette visited with Church officials in Salt Lake City, he was remembered as "King of the whole Utah Nation."

It was sometime later that Walker called on Brigham Young for young men to join the Utah warriors in a raid against the Shoshones. Brigham Young counseled Chief Walker to give up his warring ways and live with peace in his heart. Walker was furious and vowed he would fall upon Fort Utah and kill all the white settlers. Once again, Sowiette acted in defense of the Mormon people, and told Chief Walker, "When you move against the fort, you will find me and all those who follow me inside of the Fort defending,"

At least one other time there is a record of Sowiette speaking in defense of the Mormon settlers. How many more times he acted in their defense can only be imagined as the fiery war chief, Walker, or Walkara, vacillated between friendship for, or destruction of, the pioneer settlers in these mountain valleys.

It was in the mountains near Manti, when most of the men were away from that little settlement, that Chief Walker, dressed in war paint and full of anger, urged the warriors to fall upon the women and

children and kill them. If the women and children were destroyed, he was sure the men would leave. The Indians would drive off all of the animals and burn the houses.

Again, the voice of Sowiette was raised in opposition. "Let all warriors who are squaws, who would go with Walkara and kill women and children, go." Then taking a stick and drawing a line on the ground between the two chiefs, he added, "Let those who are brave warriors and who would fight like warriors, come across the line to Sowiette." One by one, the Indians crossed the line, leaving Walker humiliated and defeated once more.

So, at least three times, Sowiette stood in defense of the white settlers, even though, according to Indian Agent Henry R. Day, he bore no love for the Mormon people. These are recorded times. There may have been other instances that have not been written down, where Sowiette used his influence to prevent the Indians from destroying the white settlements.

The Indian practice of capturing and selling children from weaker tribes proved a hard custom for the settlers to deal with. At first, Brigham Young allowed the Mormon settlers to trade for the children, under a regulation that they would be cared for and educated on an apprenticeship basis. Historian Orson T. Whitney recorded that the settlers in Salt Lake Valley "were not much molested by the red men . . . , although several Indian children were ransomed the first winter by the settlers at the fort to save them from being shot to death or tortured by their merciless captors."

With the enforcement of the law forbidding Indian slave trade, and this means of capital gain cut off, Walkara led his braves in raids against the settlers in what has been called the Walker War.

In 1865, Indian Agent O. H. Irish invited Brigham Young and some of the other leaders of the territory to meet in Spanish Fork, with the Chiefs of the Indian Nation to propose a treaty that would move the Indians to a reservation in the Uintah Basin. Although they did not want to leave the land of their fathers, Brigham Young advised the Indians to sign.

After several days' deliberation, venerable Chief Sowiette, now aged and steeped in wisdom led fourteen chiefs in placing his mark on the treaty. All signed except Sanpitch, who left to join forces with Blackhawk, who, even as the treaty was being signed, was raiding and burning white settlements and killing the settlers.

The move to the Reservation proved very hard for the Indians, but perhaps less severe than continued battles for land would have been. And many years later, there were those who still remembered and found merriment in recounting how they had watched as those first pioneers in covered wagons had driven their "cows" down the east mountains into Salt Lake Valley. And as the barren desert was made to blossom by the thrift and industry of those Mormon Pioneers, peace Chief Sowiette, compassionate Indian Statesman, is remembered for his great contribution in making it possible.

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BARNSTORMING IN SANPETE

David Mackey

Manti, UT 84642

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

The "Roaring Twenties," according to many old timers of Sanpete, were some of the county's most prosperous years. Times were good, they say, and a carefree spirit seemed to prevail everywhere. Locally, the sheepmen had lots of money, which served to carry both economic and political clout throughout the state. For entertainment, crowds gathered for dances held twice a week at Palisade Lake. The Republican Party, a dance step called the Charleston, and Prohibition each influenced the American way of life.

In Sanpete, the attitude of success and prosperity was intensified during the Summer of 1920 when a most unusual sight was seen--a "birdman" and his "aeroplane,," The Manti Messenger recorded the strange event on the front page of its issue for Friday, July 30, 1920:

AIREOPLANE FLIES OVER MANTI

Early Sunday morning of this week people of Manti experienced the first thrill of having a birdman fly over our city. The machine was piloted by Lemar Nelson, a native son of Manti, and was enroute from Richfield to Ephraim.

Mr. Nelson and his flying partner are visiting various parts of the state giving flying exhibitions and taking passengers into the air. This week they have been at Ephraim and have made a number of flights over Manti.¹

The second aeroplane to visit the county met an unfortunate ending. The Messenger reported the event under the heading "Areoplane (sic) Comes to Grief West of Manti," in its October 29, 1920, issue.

The plane was piloted by Rex Smith of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, and his passenger was H. C. Fuller of Denver. The pair had been in Ephraim taking people for rides; and then on Wednesday morning, October 27, they decided to fly to Gunnison,, West of Manti, above the marsh lands, the pilot noticed the plane was low on oil and the engine began to heat. Wanting to get re-fueled in Manti, he swung the plane toward town, but unable to make it that far, was forced to land in an open field. The plane's one wing struck the earth which caused the propeller to tip into the ground.²

Glen Mackey remembers the day the plane crashed. He was almost eight years old when as a student at the Manti Red School the word was sent out across the playground and through the halls that an aeroplane had gone down west of town. He was with a group of boys who ran down First South, across the railroad track, and then cut off through the fields from Walker's Lane. As the boys ran in a southwest direction across the golden frost-covered fields, they observed people along the lane who were also frantically rushing to get to the crash site. Half of the town appeared to be going to the meadow ground of Ferd Christensen's, where the plane had landed.³ The muddy road must have been busy with horses, wagons, bicycles, and one or two daring autos.

Farmers feeding their cattle in nearby stock yards were probably the first to arrive at the scene. After seeing the object drop from the sky, the curious men must have incredulously asked the pilot, "What happened, did you fall?"

When the boys reached the yellow-tan plane, they noticed that many people were writing their names all over the oil-skin covering.⁴ Everyone stared at the plane with fascination. At first, they apprehensively ran their hands across the brass trimming attached to the plane's edges, hoping the machine wouldn't try to fly off.

Glen Mackey's friend, Albert, picked up the broken propeller that lay beneath the plane's nose. The boy carried the one-and-one-half-foot-long object back to his home for a souvenir. In about 1963 Glen Mackey returned to the barn once owned by his friend Albert's family,, He found the broken propeller in the wooden structure that had been a favorite boyhood gathering place-, Mr. Mackey has the brass part of the propeller in his possession today.

Eventually Mr. Smith returned to his wrecked plane, He was dressed in a typical pilot's outfit for the period, something like knickerbockers with leather leggings. The man's little mustache couldn't hide the sick expression that engulfed his face when he saw the ink and pencil signatures that covered his prized possession. The twelve-to-fourteen foot plane was probably hauled into town on a hay wagon and then sent to Salt Lake by train or on a truck.⁵

Apparently the plane crash was only a temporary setback for pilot Frank Smith because he was back in Sanpete for the 1921 County Fair. The fair committee, under Glen A. Jensen and David Shand, focused the publicity on "Frank Dormant, Stunter, and Rex Smith, daring aviators doing their 'DareDevil' stunts on a swiftly moving areoplane (sic)."⁶

The air show seemed to attract more attention than the other activities planned for the fair: a livestock and agricultural exhibit, the ram sale, twenty fast race horses, the two big bands, a fireworks display, the nightly wrestling matches, bulldogging, roping, and riding.

On the opening day of Sanpete County's Eighth Annual Fair, Wednesday, September 7, 1921, a large crowd of people turned out for the occasion. A dense mass of spectators lined up around the plane. Manti Messenger editor S. Peter Peterson described the take-off:

When the propeller was set in motion to "warm up," such a cyclone was set in motion at the rear of the machine that dust, hats, fleeing children, excited mothers, and befuddled dads were, set whirling to the rear and the sides to the great amusement of their more fortunate companions.

The machine took off with a majestic sweep not unlike the soaring of a great eagle which spreads its wings and sweeps into the air with apparently no effort.⁷

After the aircraft circled the Fair Grounds a few times, stunter Frank Dorbant climbed on top of the plane. At an elevation of nearly 200 feet, the man began a series of wild stunts. When he suspended himself upside down by his feet, a roar of cheers and applause rushed forth from the grand stand. Next, Smith and Dorbant strapped themselves into their plane and flew straight up into the sky. Then suddenly the machine began tumbling over and over into the loop the loop, shot out sideways, then backwards, and up and down. The confused audience really became alarmed when the plane began to nose dive directly toward them in the stands only to turn upward again and out over the grateful crowd.

The half-hour air show was followed that evening by the finest fireworks display that had ever been seen in this area. The display lasted one hour and fifteen minutes and ended with a grand finale of a huge "Red Cross" and another of the "Stars and Stripes," while the band played "America" in the background.⁸

The next day, fair visitors still had the aeroplane on their minds. When the plane was not in the air taking passengers for fifteen-minute rides, it rested on the ground where the pilot explained how the machine operated. Although the rodeo featured the phenomenal 12-year-old cowboy, George Fisher, and his brother, Ernie, the air show seemed to dominate all conversations.⁹

J. Hatten Carpenter, recorder at the Manti Temple, went on top of the west tower of the temple. He watched the people walking into the two tent shows and riding the ferris wheel and merry go round. He "saw the horse races and aeroplane maneuvers overhead as it flew around. They charge \$7,50 for a ride of three persons," he reported.¹⁰

On Friday, September 9, the last day of the Sanpete County Fair, the activities included a speech by Governor Charles R. Mabey--and, of course, the much talked about aerial exhibition. Once again, the stunts thrilled the crowds who turned out en masse to witness the wild show in the sky.

After the 1920-21 birth of barnstorming in Sanpete, residents more easily identified with the occasional buzzing of aeroplanes that followed. Yes, those wonderful men and their flying machines invaded skies where only hawks and crows had been seen before. Their presence reminded rural folk that in a way, they, too, were keeping pace with a changing society.

¹"Aireoplane (sic) Flies Over Manti," Manti Messenger, July 30, 1920, p. 1.

²"Areoplane (sic) Comes to Grief West of Manti," Manti Messenger. October 29 , 1920, p. 6.

³Recollections of Glen D. Mackey, April 1986, Manti Utah.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ **Ibid.**

⁶"At the Sanpete County Fair," Manti Messenger, September 3, 1921, p. 6.

⁷"One Big Day of the Fair is Left," Manti Messenger, September 9, 1921, p. 1.

⁸ Ibid.

⁹"Exhibits , Race Program and Entertainments to be the Best Yet Had," Manti Messenger, September 3, 1921 p. 1.

¹⁰The J. Hatten Carpenter Journal for September 8, 1921, p. 29, Brigham Young University Library.

TITHING CLERK

Eleanor P. Madsen

Ephraim, UT 84627

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Although C. N. Lund held many responsible positions in civic and church capacities, I remember him best as he sat in his high-backed arm chair at the roll-top desk with record books and dipping pen in his hand at the Mt. Pleasant Tithing Office.

He was there at the office at 1 p.m. the Saturday I was born and walked the three blocks to his home where my parents lived to see his new granddaughter.

He was there during some of my growing up years . I often ran across the road from the Hamilton School to see him. He always had peppermint drops or long pieces of horehound in his pocket for me.

For about two decades he managed the affairs of the tithing office. The earlier years must have

been very demanding on his time and energy. Produce--vegetables , hay, grain, eggs--and many other commodities were brought to the tithing office as a precious tenth by the faithful Saints . The produce had to be weighed, stored, or distributed (under the direction of the ward bishop). The livestock had to be fed and watered. Careful records had to be kept. In the early 1900s, tithing was paid in cash rather than in kind. C. N. Lund continued to keep the records for the Mt. Pleasant wards for many years until that duty was assigned to a tithing clerk in each ward.

There were short intervals of time in these forty years when he left the office to attend to his duties as a State Legislator or to serve as President of the Scandinavian Mission. At the time of his mission in 1896, he wrote in his journal, "I turned the books over to my brother Hans."

As I read between the lines in his journals, I found that the position as tithing clerk was the job that sustained him, that gave him the constant income he needed to provide for his ten children (two others died in childhood). Although he held other salaried jobs, such as president of the Mt. Pleasant Co-op, Justice of the Peace and other elective offices, they were not a source of continued income,, The salary for tithing clerk was meager, but it was dependable. His journal reads, "In the summer of 1881, I received employment as Tithing Clerk. I was very thankful for this job as I was not able to do hard work. I started here in August and continued from that on."

Subsequent entries in his journal indicate continued work in that office. He served three terms as mayor of Mt. Pleasant, commencing in 1882, and served prior to this as city councilman and city recorder. In 1882, he wrote, "I continued my work in the tithing office and all went pleasantly."

In 1894 a journal entry says, "I was employing at the time Brother E. Cliff in the tithing department; and as I found no work of any consequence, I took charge of the department in order to earn enough to support my family. I now attended to this labor and to my duties as bishop [over the combined Mt. Pleasant wards] and my time was constantly employed."

His department was the building and yard from what is now State Street to 1st East and Main Street to 1st North. The Tithing Office was one of the first buildings built inside the fort. A history of Mt. Pleasant says, "Orange and Wellington Seely had the contract to get the logs for the building out of the mountains east of Mt. Pleasant and others were assigned to bring them down from the mountain. It was a small building, part of a complex of barns and granaries for storing tithed products and livestock." This building was later torn down and another one built in its place. The area was known as the "Tithing Yard." In addition to the building, the block was used to stable horses while men attended meetings. The town cowherd was corralled there for a time An early record says, "There were immense well-filled hay sheds and granaries and many cattle corralled there," In 1918 the sheds were destroyed by the flood and a yard was established west of town.

Other records describe the second tithing office, or "Bishop's Storehouse," as being a "brick building with two administrative offices, a vault for storing records, a storage room and a cellar for produce with a common architectural blueprint."

From 1915 to 1921 there are frequent references in C. N. Lund's journal to his employment at the office. A 1915 entry is recorded thus: "During the winter I attended the duties connected with the tithing office and also the public school." (He served for 35 years on the North Sanpete School Board and for a number of years was a member of the Snow College Board.)

The last entry with regard to his work in the office was made in February 1921: "After finishing the annual tithing account the latter part of January and all during February, I was troubled with a severe cold and general weakness in my body. On the 13th of the month (January) I passed the 75th milestone."

His steps were slow and his breathing difficult as he walked those three blocks to the office each day during those last weeks in April. His last public address was given at a funeral on April 24. His obituary, published in the Mt. Pleasant Pyramid, Friday, May 6, 1921, says, "No death for some time in this city has more deeply stirred the hearts of all the citizens of Mt. Pleasant, for he was loved by practically every soul and had worn out his life in loving service."

Christian Nielson Lund was no longer at his desk in the Tithing Office. The tithing yard and the Bishop's Storehouse are gone now. The building remained useful for many years after it was no longer used by the tithing clerk. In 1942, an entry in the journal of C. N. Lund's daughter Mathilda says she attended a North Sanpete Stake Relief Society Board meeting at the "tithing office."

C. N. Lund was an influential pioneer in Mt. Pleasant, coming there in 1869. He was on the last sailing vessel that ever carried Mormon immigrants over the Atlantic. He crossed the plains with the last ox-team train that came to Utah with the Mormons.

Many other significant facts of his life could be told, including his leadership of North Sanpete Stake as President for 15 years, his service as Patriarch, and the hundreds of sermons he preached. His position as Tithing Clerk was symbolic of his unassuming character. He filled each day with the task at hand, doing his job with precision and skill, not searching for prestige or wealth, but using time and energy to reach out, to help wherever there was a need. He was dependable, sure, a man of integrity, a humble Tithing Clerk.

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MY MOTHER'S KITCHEN TABLE

Julia Ann Reynolds

P.O. Box 151

Elsinore, UT 84724

First Place Poetry

My mother's kitchen table,
Neatly covered with a cloth,
Has seen so much more of life
Than soup with meat and broth.
There have been babies placed upon it
To kick, and smile, and goo.
And many diapers have been changed upon it, too
Many family meetings

Have taken place thereon,
With tears of sadness, tears of laughter,
And many times a song.
Many prayers of thanks for blessings,
And prayers for guidance, too.
Meals fit for kings have passed across it,
Also meals of need and strife
Many deep discussions by Mom and Dad,
And plans for happiness, and betterment of life
It has always been a haven
To come to from the cold,
With hot, homemade bread and butter,
And much, much love to hold.
We kids have grown and gone now,
But always in our hearts,
We know we can return there,
With grand- and great-grandchildren,
And old and new sweethearts.
To feel the love and laughter,
And happiness it imparts.

THE TALE OF JIMMY RIDDLE

Sherrie Ahlstrom Hundley
443 North 750 East
Orem, UT 84057
Second Place Poetry

There once was a man and they called him Jimmy Riddle,
And he made fine music when he played upon his fiddle.
Yes, he played for the dances in the Spring City Hall,
When the people came to hear him they surely had a ball
He'd take up his fiddle and he'd lay it 'cross his knee
And the music that he played was as sweet as it could be
Everybody started tappin' and a-movin' just so,
While Jimmy kept 'em happy with his fiddle and his bow.

"Let's go, Jimmy Riddle!" they would holler out loud,
And he'd play all the louder just to pacify the crowd,
The fellers and the gals were a-swingin' and a-swayin'
While Jimmy and his band kept a-pickin' an' a-playin'

He could play all the tunes that they wanted him to play:
And he'd play on for hours 'til the early light of day
From a waltz to a two-step, a polka or quadrille,
Everybody kept a-dancin' until they got their fill,,
"Hurray, Jimmy Riddle!" you could hear the people shout,
There were all a-havin' fun and there wasn't any doubt
That Jimmy and his band had the whole place a-jumpin'
For the feet were a-flyin' and the blood was a-pumpin'!

"Keep it up, Jimmy Riddle!" they would holler out loud,
And he'd play all the better just to pacify the crowd.
The fellers and the gals were a-swingin' an' a-sway in'
While Jimmy and his band kept a-pickin' an' aplayin'!

No doubt, you know some fiddlers of whom you'd like to tell,
And maybe you were thinkin' that they played mighty well,
I've done a heap o' livin'--met some people in my time,
And I've heard a lot of music that wasn't worth a dime,
But the man called Jimmy Riddle, who came from Italy,
Just keeps playin' on forever within my memory,
For in all my days of dancin' and travelin' o'er the land,
I have never heard the likes of Jimmy Riddle and his band!

From personal knowledge of the author's mother.

LONE CEDAR CANYON

Ruby Nielsen Riggs
821 West 1280 North
Provo, UT 84604
Third Place Poetry

Purveyor of floods,
Bringing a wall of water and debris
Covering nearly ripened fields
With rubble, rocks and trees.

Giver of Yule trees,
And wood to keep us warm
Big cedar logs with bark intact
To be chopped and carried in to burn

Road to Grandma's
And trail each spring for sheep,
When herders gave the orphan lambs
For us to raise and keep.

Commonplace canyon,
Your mountains didn't soar,
But you played a part in our destiny
That we'll remember evermore.

DECORATION DAY

June B. Jensen
575 West 800 South
Orem, UT 84058
Honorable Mention Poetry

I recalled my first visits to her grave
when I was proud to place a wreath
of hand-made paper flowers
and hoped the rain wouldn't ruin them.
Years passed before she meant more to me
than a dim mound in a weed-choked old cemetery,,
Then I read her story. . .

"In my earliest memory
a Grandfather stood waving his hat
to our departing family«,
Prairie miles made goodbyes final.
Oxen bellowed their fright on a
ferry crossing the Platte while my
father's soothing voice calmed
both beast and child.
The weary, plodding wagon train
didn't halt for baby brother's birth."

Her days in "the valley" were filled
to the measure of her creation
with crazy patch quilts, feather ticks
and hand-knit socks for a dozen children.
Her home nursing skills included buttermilk
to cool a fever and egg poultice a sore throat MUST,
A miracle of grease and ashes boiled together
became white soap for washings.

Threshers boasted, "Wait 'till we get
to Sister Steven's for chicken and squash pie."

Yesterday I stood beside a grassy plot
and counted the manifold blessings
between those days and mine.
Her years had stretched to nine decades
when finally her hands were stilled,,
A lilac-scented breeze bore

this remembered bit of wisdom.

"A place for everything and everything in its place."

I lovingly and humbly whispered "Is legacy or challenge mine today?"

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

Wilma Morley Despain
683 North Main Street
Alpine, UT 84003
Honorable Mention Poetry'

I'm surprised I'd wax sentimental
About our old wooden butter churn.
Why? Because it was my luck
To have to turn and turn.

From first splish splosh of golden
Curds, much slower I would turn
A few backward strokes to gather
Soft gold from that plump churrn.

It was always waiting for me,
It made me often fume and burn,
Still, I loved those gold kernels
That came from that fat old churrn.

So very tenderly we'd lift it,
Work with paddle, salt and mold,
Then drink cool buttermilk that came
As bonus, from that pure gold.

A POEM FROM THE PAST

Mabel L. Anderson
Manti, UT 84642
Honorable Mention Poetry

Charles William Luke, a native pioneer born in Manti in 1857, just four years after his parents had come from Manchester, England, was my father. I did not know him very well because he died when I was a little girl; but from my mother and from old letters, books and poems he left, I became acquainted with him and came to know him for the sensitive gentle nature he had, a man who loved poems which he read, collected and wrote. His diaries and account books had a poem or verse on about every page. When moved, he wrote a poem.

Nearby lived his cousin and best friend, George Luke. His parents, too, came from England and the two families lived one block apart; so George and Charles were constant companions in work and play. Cash jobs were not plentiful, and when they heard of jobs offered in railroad construction in eastern Utah and Colorado, they went together to earn a little money to help their families. I am sure it was in the spirit of a great youthful adventure they left Manti, not knowing the tragedy that was soon to come from it. They had not been on the job long when an explosion killed George. Charles was grieved and he had the sad task of bringing his pal and cousin home for burial. He expressed his deep grief in this poem:

LIFE'S BITTER COST
by Charles William Luke

It was in the year 1880 on the 23rd of October
We rode from home quietly and sober
When we had traveled a week and a day
We found ourselves far, far away
We went to work on a mountain side
Down which flowed a rippling tide
And beautiful scenery of tall pine trees
That wavered to and fro in the breeze.

We had not been long in these wilds
Ere we flitted away some two hundred miles
We then went up on a mountain
Out of which flowed a clear fountain
And there we camped among the trees
Building cabins by degrees
But alas, the sad change of a single night
How it did my mind derange to see the sight!

It was on the sixth of December
It was a scene that I will long remember
The sun rose bright and clear
As did the boy I loved so dear
As for myself, I was ill, so I lay abed
And before he left he kindly said:
"Shall I remain with you today?"
I answered "No" and he went away.

As I lay alone I saw a form
It was the form of him that died that morn
I jumped from my bed all in a fright
And the apparition vanished from my sight,
I thought to myself, "I'll go upon the grade"
Preferring the sunshine to the shade
In an instant, quick as thought
Before you could speak, there was a shock!

When some cried out "Help! Help! Some men are killed"
And the air with heartrending cries seemed filled

For the release of one who lay
Under that frozen mass of clay;
A bank had fallen and proved the fatal blow
Of him who now lies mouldering beneath the snow
I held him while his life blood ebbed away
And thought of the mother who taught his lips to pray
Alas! the change; alas, life's bitter cost!
Oh, the sadness since that noble boy was lost!

Ah, it is hard to part with a friend
One on whom you could implicitly depend
And one who never betrayed his trust
Believing God will reward the just»
But he did not look into the future with a frown
But loved the truth for the sake of an Eternal Crown
-But perhaps God hides some souls away
'Sweetly to surprise us on the Resurrection Day.

Although probably lacking in poetic merit, I think the poem expresses the deep feelings Papa had and also tells one of the tragic tales of pioneer life.

YOUR WORLD

Wilbur T. Braithwaite
Manti, UT 84642
Honorable Mention Poetry

Your world becomes my world.
The glow from your joys and triumphs
 is reflected back to me „
This is the easy part of having
 your world part of mine,
For it magnifies and intensifies
 my satisfaction in living.

Sharing your heartaches, struggles,
 illnesses and misfortunes is quite another matter;
Invariably the pangs of your pain
 reverberate within me, admittedly in lesser degree, yet still biting.
When your life is less than whole, I too
 feel fragmented because you are part of me.

This thought then occurs:

If my world is also part of your world,
I would like to have my struggles, illnesses,
and misfortunes reflect back into your life not as pangs of pain, but as rays of hope and faith that
time will heal raw wounds, and ultimately heartache will turn to joy; and from weakness there shall
emerge strength. Such is the paradox of life.

THE ARMORY HALL AS I REMEMBER IT

Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan
267 East Third North
Richfield, UT 84701
First Place Personal Recollection

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet".

—Lord Byron - "Childe Harold"

Bent R. Hansen was an expert builder, and an entrepreneur, generally . When he saw the need of a good dance hall in Mt. Pleasant, he built the spacious, oblong brick building on State Street — the Armory Hall. I remember when it was being constructed. We children often stopped by to watch the workers. We saw them lay the sub-floor in a diagonal pattern, then put the stout hardwood floor on top. That floor had intensive and extensive use through the years ahead. After the building was finished, I experienced a feeling of pride when I first walked inside and saw the attractive oblong mirrors hanging at intervals on the north and south walls . The colorful decor, the modern steam radiators , the sizable orchestra stand at the west end were all admire do A balcony was built at the east end from where onlookers could comfortably view the scene. Benches along the north and south walls were often occupied by proud parents .

There was also a square balcony attached to the east wall , outside, just above the front double doors. It extended across the sidewalk. A railing was built around the edge. I saw Captain Soren M. Nielson, resplendent in military uniform, and heard him give a farewell speech to the assembled citizens upon the departure of the Mt. Pleasant National Guard Unit to help combat the trouble our country was experiencing with Mexico .

After the Armory Hall was built, Mt. Pleasant became a dance-oriented town, to a great extent. And did we dance! On November 11, 1919, I wrote in my diary: "I must go and press my new blue dress because tonight is the big Armistice Ball in the Armory,"

"Armistice is a thrilling day,
We celebrate in style,
A year ago we made them pay
And Fritzie ran a mile."

Here is another entry, dated December 28, 1919, "What a terrific holiday season we have just had, I went to nine dances in succession, with the exception of Sunday."

During the 'Teens and Twenties, dances were held almost every weekend. We had an excellent orchestra led by Henry Terry, Other members were George Squires, Ernest Staker, and Milton Ericksen; Gladys Ericksen (Seely), and later, Amber Hanford (Riddle) were the pianists. They were popular players for most of our dances, and also in nearby towns. The special music for the young was "Rube & Dube," an out-of-town orchestra. When we knew they were coming, the dance was already a success. My favorite piece they played was "Tuck me to Sleep in my Old 'Tucky Home."

The trombones blared, the saxophones wailed, the clarinets covered a wide range of pleasing notes, the bass drum reverberated with power. We fox-trotted, two-stepped, waltzed, pivoted on the corners, "charlied," and a few daring boys even "shimmied,"

The Turkey Trot had become passe' and jazz was the "in" thing--"Oh, let me give you a warning, we won't be home until morning. In the lovin' land of jazz." Paul Whiteman was the Jazz King of the hour.

We were just plain lucky to have a multitude of catchy, exciting and fascinating tunes during those "dance years." Many are still played and savored—"Girl of My Dreams," "Whispering," "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary," "Sleep, Sleep, Sleep," and all of Irving Berlin's courting songs that he wrote to charm his beloved Ellen Mackay, Some examples are "Always," "Remember," "All Alone," "What'll I do?" After Carrie Jacobs Bond published "I Love You Truly," I recall that many of the male dancers were tenderly singing the words to their partners while this popular waltz tune was being played.

At that time, the procedure of the dances differed considerably from the present-day style. The couple who came together danced the first dance with each other. After that, they parted, as was the general custom, and it was free choice of partners. The boy walked up to the group of girls who were sitting or standing together and asked the young lady of his choice, "May I have the next dance?" After dancing for a few minutes, the orchestra usually gave us a short break while we strolled around the hall and visited briefly with other couples, then clapped for an encore and continued dancing for another short period. The orchestra made those decisions and often varied the length of time according to the popularity of the tune they were playing.

We have various kinds of dances. Matinee or "kid" dances were given in the afternoon on holidays or other special days. The N . H . S , Junior Prom was a festive event with lavish decorations created by the students. It was held for two different nights. Dance programs were used for that function, I still have my program. Church parties were held for farewell and welcome home missionaries.

It wasn't just the young people that danced. Many "married folks' dances" were held. The Pioneer Dance was a big event. The old-fashioned dances stirred up the crowd, with a caller giving directions. Some of those dances I remember were the Quadrilles, Schottische, Danish Slide-off, Polka, Varsouvienne, Virginia Reel and the Trolley Hopsie, We young people often joined in but were not as skilled as the older people. I remember how I enjoyed seeing my parents dance together,, "Swing your lady, curtsy right--back and forth and promenade."

An elderly dance enthusiast, Hyrum Seely, was always an attraction at those married folks' dances, **He** could kick the highest, whirl the fastest and step-dance the liveliest of anyone. At times, the dancers would move back and give Hyrum plenty of room to do his special brand of entertainment, Strictly solo His eyes would shine and his feet would fly. He never failed to receive several rounds of applause. He reminded me of a peppy "Uncle Sam" with his sparse chin beard and wiry frame.

At those dances, people would bring a great amount of luscious food and set it on side tables--rows of pies and cakes, piles of cookies and doughnuts, Danish beer, bowls of sweet soup. Everything tempting.

By far, the most important person in the dance hall was Will (Willie) Hansen, the manager. He was Bent R. Hansen's brother. Affable and charismatic, yet he was alert to the business of the evening, and nothing escaped his observation. He usually stood at the door and greeted everyone. On occasion, he would announce the dances--"Take your partner for a waltz," or "The next dance will be ladies' choice." Then again--"There will be three more dances." He stopped the music in the middle of the dance and scattered shaved wax on the floor, pushing it forward with a long handled wide mop. This repolished the floor and made the dancing more enjoyable. He also opened or closed the high windows with a long wooden rod to ensure good ventilation.

After Will announced the last dance, the original partners scrambled to find each other for a last swing around the hall. Usually the tune was "It's Three O'clock in the Morning," but occasionally, if the hour was late and the orchestra members were a bit weary, they'd rush through "Home Sweet Home." We would scatter in all directions.

In the winter season, we would usually walk over toward Main Street. A small red light was burning on the corner of Main and State. As we drew nearer, we could see Fred Averett holding his large copper warmer filled with hot tamales wrapped in corn husks. He made the most tantalizing tamales it has been my good fortune to eat. We'd buy the tamales for a quarter apiece and stand in a small circle on that freezing, but delightful evening, and devour those delectable offerings. Somehow, I have always associated this little ritual with an Armory Hall dance.

After the dancing craze pretty much died down, interests and customs shifted, and the Armory was used for other things, too numerous to mention. Here are two examples: Pete Poker's candy shop was housed in the old Opera House, but when the building burned down, Pete moved his shop to a room in the northeast corner of the Armory. After that shop closed, it was used as a garage for the City Fire Engine.

The Armory is still standing and is being used commercially. I am grateful that this sturdy building remains a reality. It brings back nostalgic memories and echoes of those times when "joy was unconfined," and we chased "the glowing hours with flying feet."

A TALE OF TWO CEMETERIES

June B. Jensen

575 West 800 South

Orem, UT 84058

Second Place Personal Recollection

A wiener roast at the Bench farm in the foothills east of Fairview was a special party of the Season. If we couldn't afford to buy winers or marshmallows, no matter; we could always roast potatoes or ears of corn. We noted the good crop of pinenuts on nearby pinyon trees. That would call for another trip to the hills the next weekend.

That particular night was Halloween; and after we enjoyed the roasted food, the group decided to trek across town to visit the two cemeteries. It was a long dark walk, past the last houses of the Brady, Cox and Sanderson families. We stepped carefully over the bridge across the Sanpitch River or "Crick," being sure to turn the right bend in the road past a hay field. A turn to the left would take us to the west hills' dry farms.

The old or "lower" cemetery always seemed darker and colder. Maybe that was because of the

older graves with weather-beaten, lichen covered, leaning headstones. In some places, the ground was sunken around the headstones and in other places, there were gopher holes,, Foot markers for the graves are still used there. Veterans of the Blackhawk War lie at rest,, There are also immigrants from other lands and third-, fourth-, and fifth-generation ancestors.

In the old cemetery, the Anderson marker with a huge round ball on top, shining in the moonlight, was a temptation, so we dared one another to climb it.

No visit to the lower cemetery was complete without our looking for the burial spot of Matt Helean's hand. A story is told that when his hand was severed in an accident, he just threw the hand away. He suffered such pain and agony in the stump, that he recovered the hand, gave it a decent burial with a marker, and his arm stopped hurting.

The most famous site is the common grave of John Given, his wife Eliza and four children; John, Jr., Mary, Anna and Martha. That family had built a cabin with a willow shanty in Thistle Valley. Marauding Indians drove their cattle away and massacred the parents and youngsters. They ripped open feather ticks and covered the bodies with feathers.

Several decades ago, some graves were lost in the northeast section of the old graveyard due to flooding by the Sanpitch River. That was one reason for the existence of the other cemetery where the final resting places there are high and dry.

The "upper" or new cemetery is high on the west hills overlooking the valley. The sound of lonesome wind rolling tumbleweeds over the ground greeted us. There seemed to be more stars shining on that cold Halloween night. Buried in that burial place are numerous close relatives and soldiers from both World Wars. The seven tiny graves in a row on one family plot always brought a lump to my throat. How could folks stand to bury seven babies?

We were young and carefree those many years ago and didn't realize the memories in the making, our priceless heritage, and the privilege it was to grow up in a quiet little town boasting two cemeteries.

The Givins Family: On the grave marker and a plaque placed by Utah Veterans of Blackhawk War, the name is spelled GIVINS. On a State Historical marker placed by DUP in Thistle Valley, the name is spelled GIVEN .

A TIME FOR GROWING UP

Sherrie Ahlstrom Hundley
443 North 750 East
Orem, UT 84057
First Place Short Story

The ornate, wooden clock stood on its shelf in the kitchen and chimed out the early morning hour. Outside, a large old bobsled, drawn by a pair of gray horses, eased up in front of the Olsen house in Spring City, its brassy bells jingling on the leather straps of the harness as the driver pulled them to a stop. The snow lay in deep, soft mounds on the ground, but the sun promised to be pleasantly warm for a winter day. The children in the sleigh huddled close together, warm with anticipation. This was the day of the Spring City rabbit hunt.

Most of the men and boys had already gone to the fields outside of town. Orland was taking his young children in the sleigh, the snow too deep for their small legs and the distance too far. He had also

promised to take along his young sister-in-law, Grace. She was twelve, older than the other children, but she had never been on a hunt before. She had only heard about it from her brother Doyle who was older than she was. He had been going for several years and called her a tom-boy for wanting to go. He had colorfully described the hunt to her—the gathering of the large crowds of people outside of town, the rounding up of hundreds of rabbits and herding them into a V-shaped wire pen, the final blows that would do away with the bothersome pests.

"It's cruel," Mama had said, "not a very pleasant thing for a little girl to watch." But Grace didn't feel like a little girl anymore. In fact, she felt quite grown up, even if no one had noticed.

"Now Rose," Papa said, "you know that we only kill those rabbits because we have to. They're ruining our crops, and they're a real menace." Grace wasn't sure she knew what a menace was, but she did know that Papa would be there helping out, as he always was, wherever he was needed.

She hurriedly put on her coat at the sound of the sleigh bells, slipping the large black buttons through their holes. Her warm boots were already on her feet and a knit woolen hat covered her copper-colored hair and some of her brown freckles. She hated her freckles. There would probably be a lot more of them after today, with the bright sun shining on the snow, but she'd just have to endure them. It wasn't worth staying inside just to have pretty skin. Her two older sisters had pretty skin, but then they had dark hair like Mama's and they didn't get freckles. Grace had inherited the red hair and sandy complexion from her father and his Norwegian ancestors, and the freckles just naturally came with it.

Grace grabbed her mittens and ran through the door just as Orland was calling, "Hurry up, Gracie girl, if you're goin' with me!" She climbed into the sleigh as the whip cracked loudly above the horses and the sleigh moved sharply ahead. The children were snuggled down on a bed of prickly straw and covered with a heavy patchwork quilt, but Grace sat next to Orland on the seat so she wouldn't miss anything.

The team lurched forward in a spontaneous response to the "hee-aw" of their driver, and the sleigh jerked forward on the snowy ground. Soon the horses were moving in an easy, steady gait and the bells jingled and jangled musically to the rhythm of their feet. The sky was as blue as a robin's egg and there was an exhilarating sharpness to the winter air.

Somewhere between Spring City and Mt. Pleasant a large crowd had gathered.

"What are they doing?" Grace asked.

"They're dividing up into teams," replied her brother-in-law as he reined the horses in and pulled them to a stop. "Looks like they're about ready to start rounding up those furry little beasts!"

He pointed to one of the groups. "That's the married men over there, and this other group is the single men's team." He laughed his usual hearty laugh. "Bet the singles will win," he said. "Us married guys can't run worth a hoot or we wouldn't have got caught!"

Grace threw him a silent look, but a group of men broke into a round of robust laughter, just as the hunt began.

Orland urged the grays along, heading toward the area where the wire fence would come together. The kids giggled and snuggled down closer, while Grace held a little more tightly to the seat. The people began to spread out, some on horseback and some driving teams pulling sleighs, others walking, hawing and flailing their arms like scarecrows in the wind.

Rabbits appeared from everywhere! It was unbelievable! Never in her wildest dreams had

Grace imagined so many rabbits in one place. They hopped about in a furry frenzy, their tall ears laying back in frantic fear, their feet making quick tracks in the sparkling snow--only to be deliberately and

finally obliterated by the oncoming crowd of determined hunters. Grace watched until it was over. But Mama had been right; it wasn't a pleasant thing to watch those poor little creatures being over-run with no chance for escape. Still, she knew that Papa had been right, too. The rabbits were a problem and something had to be done with them. She almost wished she had stayed at home with Mama and her little brother, Garn. He was still too young to go on the hunt, but it wouldn't be long until he would be part of it like the other boys, and he would remember it as an exciting and adventurous part of his life.

Only now did Grace slide down into the sleigh and crawl underneath the quilt with the other children, but it was not because she was cold.

Orland had also been right. The single men were the winners. That meant that the married men would have to give them a dinner. They would furnish the food, cook it and serve it, then clean up the hall to get ready for the dance.

Oh, yes, there was always a dance. That was the best part of any activity around Sanpete County! If there was anything Sanpeters loved to do, it was dance! They held a dance for every occasion, every holiday, and just because it was Saturday. It had become a way of life with them.

All the way home Grace tried to get her mind off the rabbits and think of more pleasant things. There would be a children's dance in the afternoon, as the kids liked dancing as well as the grown-ups. The girls would wear their pretty dresses that their mothers had made and the boys would polish their shoes with stove black and slick down their hair. Sometimes the boys just stood around and looked silly and then the girls would have to dance together, but sometimes the boys would ask Grace to dance. The boys seemed to like Grace, in spite of her red hair and freckles.

The horses whinnied and blew steam through their noses as the sleigh came to a definite stop in front of the house. The children tumbled out and ran to the kitchen to get one of their grandma's cinnamon-raisin buns. There were always buns or something good in her cupboard. The children knew, and found them quickly, running off to play with their hands and mouths full, and with no more thoughts of the rabbit hunt.. It was just another sleigh ride.

For Grace it had been more than that. It had affected her deeply, she wasn't a kid anymore. Seeing those little animals clubbed to death was something she didn't enjoy. The younger kids hadn't minded at all, but a young lady was more sensitive to that kind of thing.

She walked through the house, still thinking about the dance and wishing that Mama would let her go with the grown-ups this time. She had heard about how they scattered corn-meal all over the floor to make it slick; and then as soon as the orchestra started playing, everybody danced, even the old people. It was always a special occasion, and everyone had a good time,

"Too bad you can't go," teased Doyle, "but you're still just a baby!" And then Grace would have to chase him around the house until he took it back. But she guessed she was really getting too old for that, too. She just wished he would stop calling her a baby and teasing her so much.

Mama seemed glad to see her. "Well," she said enthusiastically, "did you have a good time?"

Grace pulled off her hat and felt the damp hair around her face. "It was fun at first," she said, "but then. . ."

"I know what you mean," Mama replied, helping her off with her boots. "After my first hunt, I didn't go anymore. I decided it was a job for the men and boys." She put her arm around her daughter and said warmly, "Come with me, dear, I have something to show you."

Grace followed Mama into the big downstairs bedroom, the one with the big bed where in later

years Grace's two little girls would be born, and where Mama--on the 16th birthday of one of those girls--would slip peacefully from this life.

It was a nice room, the sun shining in through the south window, emphasizing the beauty of the flowered carpet. Another clock ticked loudly on the dresser and gonged simultaneously with the one in the kitchen. Grace loved Mama and Papa's bedroom, although she had a nice one of her own upstairs. Hers had doors that opened onto a balcony where she could walk out and look at the stars, or down the block, or up to Main Street.

Mama came over to Grace and helped her out of her every-day wool dress,, Then she went into her walk-in closet and brought out a pale pink dress and held it up to Grace. It was made of soft georgette material and had large puffed sleeves. The skirt had lots of gathers around the waist and soft flounces over the hips. The front panel was white with threads of gold running through it, showing off the dainty scallops around the neck.

Mama slipped it over Grace's head and buttoned it down the back.

"Oh, it's so pretty!" exclaimed Grace, touching it gently to feel of the pink softness,, "Is it for me?"

"Of course," returned Mama, pleased that she liked it, "I finished it while you were out rabbit hunting." She smiled, but hesitated as she saw the look of dismay on her daughter's face at the mention of the rabbits. Then she said softly, "I thought you might like to wear it to the grown-ups' dance tonight."

The look on Grace's face was one of unmistakable joy. "Oh," she cried, "do you mean it? Can I really go?"

She flung her arms around her mother's neck and gave her a squeeze.

"How did you know I wanted to go, Mama?"

Mama smoothed the ruffled, red hair and brushed her hand softly over the freckled cheek as she spoke, "Little girls don't stay little girls forever. And lately I've noticed that this little girl is getting quite grown up."

She gave Grace a hug and helped her out of the new dress, then handed her the old one.

"Now, my quite grown-up girl," she said in a somewhat different voice, "I could use some help with the dinner. Your father will be starved after chasing all those rabbits. And besides, the kids have eaten all the buns."

Grace hurried into the kitchen as the clock struck noon. Seven hours to wait until the dance would begin,, How could she ever wait? She wished the clock would tick faster. . .time goes so slowly when one is trying to grow up, How could she know that in later years the clock would stand on that same shelf in her own home, ticking away the years almost as fast as it now ticked away the hours, and she would wish that it would slow down Nor could she know how the memories of those days would go with her into her life. . .the helping in the kitchen that taught her so many useful things in raising her own family, the crock of pickles and bottled fruit in the cellar, the many beautiful quilts Mama made, the dresses for little girls all these were things that Grace would carry into her world, influencing the lives of her children, her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and making them better.

Grace finally did go to the dance. Her diaries show that she might have attended two hundred dances or more in her lifetime. She probably never went on another rabbit hunt, her freckles are all but gone and her hair is no longer red; but she carries on in the tradition of her family in continuing to be useful and busy, and sharing many valuable memories of her past with her family.

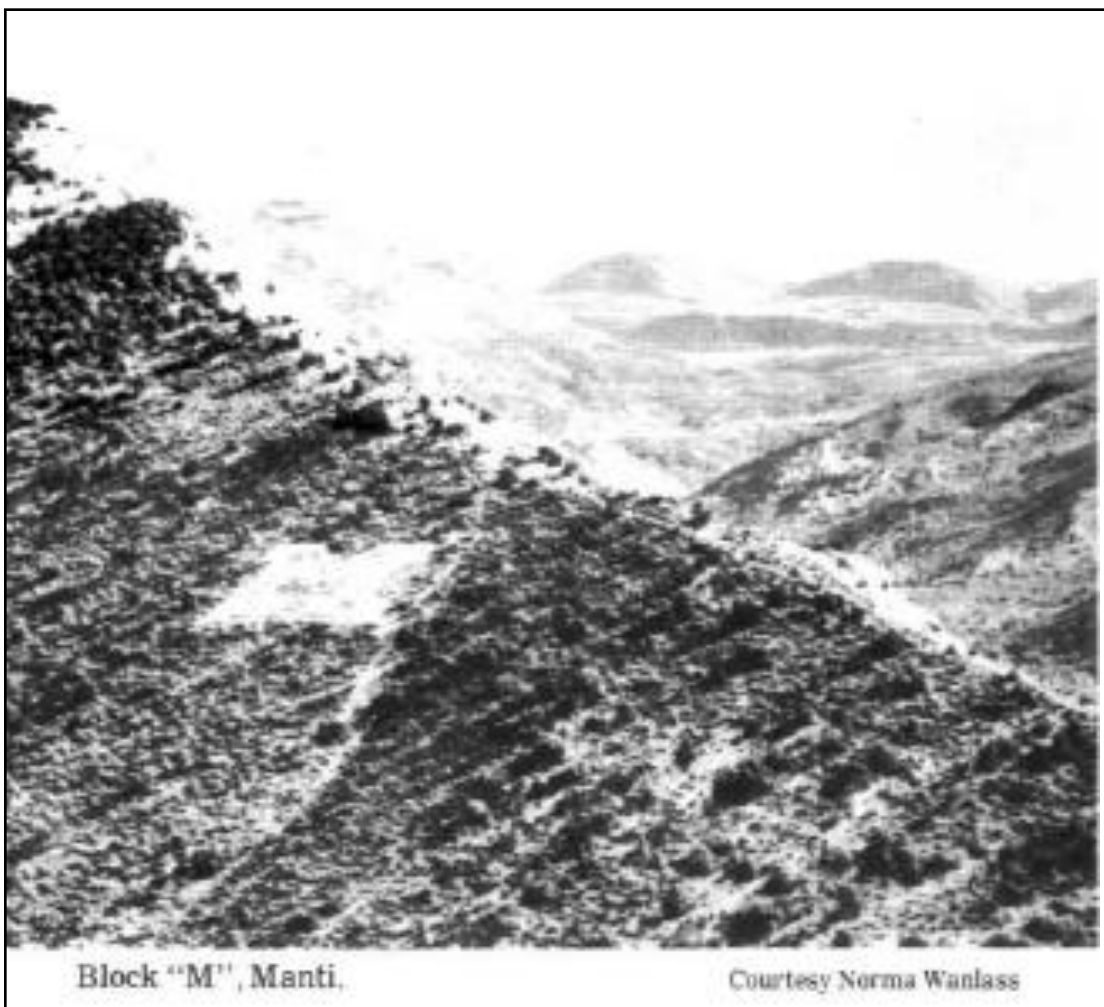
The old clock has also carried on. Given to Mama and Papa on their wedding day in 1892, it watched over the family while babies were being born, children were growing up, weddings were being planned,

sick ones were tended to and loved ones were dying After both Mama and Papa were gone, it rested for a few years, but was once again restored and placed on its shelf in Grace's home, and is still ticking and chiming away the hours and the years of her family, after nearly a hundred years.

Though it is not a living thing, it seems to have a spirit of its own, reminding us that changes in life cannot only be endured, but also used to make our lives better, and that there is a time for all things, whether we are growing up or growing old.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven; a time to be born, and a time to die, a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance; a time for war and a time for peace. That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past."

Ecclesiastes 3:1-15





**"Come Dance With Me" Jessie Evelyn Oldroyd and her brother,
Merrill Lee Oldroyd.**

Courtesy Jessie Oldroyd, Ftn. Green

Spencer W. Kimball, former President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had this to say about dancing: "The properly conducted dancing party can be a blessing It provides opportunity to spend a pleasant evening with many people to the accompaniment of music. . .It can create and develop friendships which will be treasured in later years. Alternatively, it can become a restricting experience. Well-ordered dances provide favorable places, pleasing times and auspicious circumstances in which to meet new people and to enlarge circles of friends. . .They can be an open door to happiness. In an evening of pleasurable dancing and conversation, one can become acquainted with many splendid folk. . ."

There are many accounts of the pioneers, as they crossed the plains, setting up camps and dancing at eventide. They danced to ease their cares and sorrows and to change the monotony of their daily travels. After they reached their destination in the valley of the mountains, they soon found a place to dance together. As they moved out into the territory to establish homes and communities, dancing became an accepted way of life.

Arriving in Sanpete, the idea of dancing continued, in their own homes, a bowery, their meeting-houses, or their schoolhouses. Always, folks have danced for fun and as a means of relaxation and self-expression. Thus, we have gone from pioneer times with their circle dances to today's "rock and roll."

Manti

History tells us that the settlers danced as soon as they found suitable locations,, In Manti, the upper floor of their oolite stone City Council House (built in 1854), reached by an outside, enclosed stairway, was the first real dance hall in the settlement.

Eunice Ann Brown Munk, born in Manti in 1851, told about the dances in the Council House in the 1860s. She said, "The large upstairs room was lighted by homemade candles placed in holders along the walls; and woe to the girl who, wearing her very best dress, sat or stood under the dripping candles."

She remembered one night during intermission a group of young folk, waiting for the orchestra to return, stood in the center of the floor. Then it was that one young man reached into his pocket and produced a large, washed, raw potato. From another pocket he pulled a pocket knife. He then proceeded to slice the potato and offer each one a slice as refreshment.

One Danish emigrant in Manti built a large dance floor in his orchard, also a large swing and a whirligig to furnish entertainment for his family, relatives, neighbors, and friends. Music for the dances was furnished by Jens Peterson and his son Jim.

During this time a rock barn was remodeled for a dance hall. It was known as Grier's Hall and for many years was the center of Manti's recreation. Later Tuttle's Hall and Thorton's Bon Ton became popular. H. P. Larsen was the first dance caller in Manti; and we hear of such dances as the Quadrille, Mazurka, Schottische, Heel-and-Toe Polka, the French Four, etc.

In 1896, N. H. Felt built Felt's Pavilion, located on Main Street between Second and Third North on the west side. This hall was popular for many years and for many kinds of recreation including dancing, traveling theatre performances, and even a roller-skating rink.

Felt's Pavilion was replaced by the Manti Armada (1910), William McFarlane operated and later owned this building, located in the rear of the Manti Theatre on Main Street. People came from near and far to enjoy dancing on the spring floor of the Armada which would sway according to the movement of the dances.

For a number of years, the dances in the Armada were begun and ended with prayer and no rowdyism was permitted. Smoking was controlled by providing a special room for it. Rules were beginning

to be more relaxed, but "Bill Me" still believed light should be seen between dancers. More waltzes and round dances were permitted, but still popular were the Shoemaker, Chicago Glide, Varsouvienne, Two Step, Trolley Hopsie, Virginia Reel, and the Swatry (A Share of Eternity, Book One: "Oh, Ye, Who Dwell in the Dust," 1906-1918, John Grover Kelly, p. 28).

In the 1930s, the Apex Hatchery, 5th South 65 West, Manti, became a dance hall where 15-20 couples could dance at one time. The incubators were on the lower floor and the top floor was of well-polished wood.

Mt. Pleasant

Dancing was always a part of life in Mt. Pleasant with James Hansen organizing the first three-piece orchestra with Fiddler Nielson and John Waldemar. In 1859, Talula Nelson writes, dances were held in The Bowery which had a dirt floor, which no doubt felt good to some folks with "bare feet and broken shoes as they often danced until morning."

The Social Hall and the ZCMI Co-op buildings had wooden floors, pot-bellied stoves, and benches. Dances were held on Friday nights after the Opera House or Madsen Hall was built. Elaborate decorations were used for holiday dances. The ladies wore long, beautiful dresses. The men wore "store-bought suits."

In 1912 the Armory Hall was built by Bent and Will Hansen and later Fiddler's Green or Riverside was an attraction with many young people riding in the "Hack" to attend the dances.

Pete "Poker" of Mt. Pleasant owned a candy store. He always came to the dances with a supply of Sen-Sens (breath knockers) to sell to the young men, or they could buy from him a nice box of candy to give to their favorite lady friend.

Spring City

Like other pioneer communities, the first settlers of Spring City, or Spring Town as it was called, used their homes as dance halls and social centers. In 1860 a meetinghouse was built to serve for religious and social gatherings. Then two more "social centers or dance halls" were erected in the southeast part of the town.

When Danish families were sent to Spring City by President Young, they built a "Danish" meetinghouse out of adobes which also served as a dance hall. In 1870, the old "Hudson Hall" was constructed by Abram Acord, Lars Nielsen, and William Hudson. It was the center of the town's recreation until the turn of the century. The "Old Blue Hall" and the Allred School House also served as dance halls, The "Old Blue Hall" or "The Old Opera House" was built by the Spring City Brass Band. After its construction, the Old Blue Hall became the scene of every large social event including wedding receptions, concerts, bazaars, traveling shows, home dramatic presentations, weekly dances, old folks' parties, political rallies, roller skating, and the first movies--even an Indian show came to the Old Blue Hall during its 25-year duration. Beginning in the 1930s, the Victory Hall on Main Street was a favorite place for dancing with nearly everyone in the community participating. It was constructed by John R. and Enid Baxter.

Chester

In Chester, an old rock building was used for school, church, dancing and other public gatherings until a dance hall was built. The dance hall stood near where the new church now stands.

Fayette

William C. Mellor loved music. With the help of Guard Doxford, he made a fiddle out of a dry goods box on which he played for dances. He began saving his money and when he had \$60, he sent to Philadelphia for a violin. It was shipped by train to Juab and William went, in wintertime, by ox team to get it. He took one lesson from James Fjelsted of Gunnison, His fee for a dance was usually \$1, sometimes \$2 if the dance lasted all night. The music from this excellent violin brought joy and happiness to the people of the valley for many years.

For admission to the dances, squash, potatoes or other kinds of produce were accepted in lieu of 25 cents cash. When no money was taken in, the fiddler took his pay "in kind." On payment of his ticket, each gentleman received a number. The floor manager, under whose supervision all dances were held, called up eight numbers for each dance-- enough for two sets of quadrilles. The lucky men took their partners; and when all were in position, the music started. The manager was highly respected and misbehavior was not tolerated. He saw that everyone had a chance to dance. No person under 16 was allowed, but dances for the children were held on Christmas, New Year's, and on the Fourth and Twenty-fourth of July (Gunnison Centennial History, pp. 57-58).

Axtell

The arrival of the first train of the D. & R. G. Railroad, June 13, 1891, ended Axtell's semiisolation and made easy contact with the outside world a reality. As the Iron Horse came puffing down the track, people from miles around were on hand to welcome the great event. Little children screamed, horses bolted, and men and women wept for joy. That evening a gala celebration was held in Axel's Hall--a favorite gathering place on the upper floor of the store building. Here the rafters often rang with merriment as both old and young feasted, danced, and visited throughout the years (Gunnison Centennial History, p. 74).

Fountain Green

In Fountain Green, the first dance hall was on Main Street. It was a log building and was used for school, church, and other gatherings as well as dances. A second building used for dancing was built in the late 1800s. It had a spring floor and featured an orchestra composed of Parley Allred and Peter Oldroyd on their violins. The next building was bigger and better. This was a frame building with a tower top. The orchestra stand was on the west end of the hall. A fine orchestra played for the dances there and in the surrounding areas, even traveling to Emery County.

Then came another hall which was also built on Main Street near the old one. It was a brick building, with a gallery on the east end. The seats around the hall were always filled with spectators. The orchestra was composed of five members.

Devona Crowther picked the name for this orchestra: "The Revelers," meaning "noisy merry makers." They played for many programs and dances. Jessie Oldroyd summarizes their playing, "O, yes, there's a world of dancing, many types, each with its own rhythm, style, artistry, and beauty. We could have danced, danced, danced all night."

Milburn

In 1875 homesteaders came to the Milburn area. In the late summer, of 1902, a huge flood came from Dry Creek Canyon. It swept through the small community, destroying homes and property. After this, the people moved out to their farms and the village was never incorporated as a city.

Prior to the flood and their moving, Milburn dances were held on the top floor of a store near the school house. Many folks from miles around came to enjoy the dances there.

Fairview

In settling Fairview, all was not work, for there was the dance--and that reacted as magic on young and old. As soon as the schoolhouse was erected, dances were held. All thronged there in homespun, barefoot or with shoes, on to do the waltz, the schottisch, polka and quadrilles. Dance tickets were paid in produce, vegetables, wheat, meat or a load of wood. Whenever a new family arrived, the young men of the town went willingly to work on a house for them. A dance would be in the offing for those who helped (These Our Fathers, p. 124).

The town of Fairview had quite a reputation for holding good Saturday night dances. The popularity of the dance held until World War II, but the abrupt decline in favor since that time seems to be permanent.

One of the earliest dance halls in Fairview was the old Eclipse Pavilion. The building served as dance hall and post office for many years. It was eventually replaced by the present dance hall that was built on the same site. Both buildings were just east of the Floyd Young Drugstore on Main Street.

During the early years, dancing was a major social event. The Saturday night dance drew nearly everyone in the valley and as many came to watch as to participate. Dignity and grace were the order of the day, and the waltz was king. Jack Pearson used to boast that he could dance the waltz with a glass of water on top of his head without spilling a drop. The dances never got out of line because the hall was lined with spectators whose whispered conversations and pointing kept young men from holding the girls too close and thereby going down the road to moral decay. I must mention, however, that the bolder males were not above taking a drink or two before the dance in order to bolster the ego and gain enough courage to ask the girl who always seemed unapproachable. She was the one who was bound to be held closer amid the whispering and pointing. I rather suspect, however, that all the girls enjoyed the holding close and the whispering. Besides, the bold swain was likely to throw caution to the wind after the dance and take the girl to the drugstore for an ice cream soda (Personal History of Golden G. Sanderson (1977), pp. 26-27).

Sterling

When the first settlers moved to Sterling, they built a recreation hall called the "Bowery," because it had a roof of pine and cedar boughs which were placed on top of larger limbs of aspen and pine. Supporting the roof were eight 10-foot cedar posts, one on each corner of the eight-sided octagonal building. It had a wood floor and a wood frame siding to the height of about four feet.

Above the siding were wide windows without glass or screen. Inside, there were hinged, light-weight wall sections which could be swung down to close off the window opening. A wide plank was secured to each of seven sides for a bench or seat. The eighth side had a large double door.

Personal interviews in the 1950s point out the uncomfortable chill for spectators on cold night dances. This, even though there were two large, black, round, wood-burning, pot-bellied stoves inside to furnish heat.

The Bowery was built before the turn of the century and dances were held there as late as 1912 (Merritt Bradley, History of Sterling, p. 120).

Ephraim

Dancing has been an important form of recreation since the early settlement of Ephraim. Before radio or television, people depended on their own resources for entertainment and dance halls flourished in every community.

Fern Tew remembers her parents, Christopher and Lilly Bosen Larsen, telling that an all-night wedding dance was held for them at the home of a neighbor by the name of Tilby, who lived just north of the Bosen home on the Canyon Road. Another memory special to the Larsens was some years earlier when everyone went outside to see the electric lights come on for the first time in Ephraim. Even though by today's standards, lights were scattered quite sparsely through the city, it was a beautiful sight to see actually accomplished. A dream that the people in Ephraim had worked so hard to attain.

The Peter Swalby Hall (located where Snow College Library now stands), was at one time a barn and stable for horses that traveling salesmen used. In the early nineties, Peter Swalby bought the barn and converted it into an Opera House and Dance Hall.

The upper story of the Co-op Store building was also used as an amusement hall, "with a stage at the west end of the room and a balcony at the east end.

Another dance hall in Ephraim was known as the J. P. Milestrup store building. (This was after the Swalby Theatre and Dance Hall were in use. There were some very good dance halls in the early 90s.) A man by the name of Mortensen bought the store building and converted it into a dance hall. At that time, Jens Fidler played the violin, and Mart Christensen, the accordion. Dances were held nearly every week. In those days, dancing was the main amusement.

In the early 1890s, a dance floor was built by Jim Larsen in his garden under the apple trees. There were also some large shade trees where poles were placed from tree to tree and swings were hung. The music was furnished by Jim Larsen playing the violin and one of his daughters playing the piano. They sold homemade ice cream for refreshments.

In the year 1897, Ezra Madsen and Andrew L. Thorpe erected the "Opera House" where traveling theatre companies came and put on shows. This was also used as a dance hall. Then someone built a dance pavilion just east of Matilda Schultz's home and the Christiansen Furniture store on South Main. It was entered via the driveway between these two buildings. Folks danced there for some years, and this building was used for a season to show silent pictures on the screen. It was also used for wedding receptions, then as a banquet hall, and later as a roller-skating rink.

In 1911, a group of prominent Ephraim men erected the "Social Hall" at Main and 1st South. When this hall was finished, it was said to be one of the nicest dance halls in the state and was given the name "Dreamland Hall." It was still in use in the early 1950s. It had full-length mirrors around the walls, which gave dancers an air of elegance. Also, it gave girls a chance to catch a glimpse of themselves in their pretty dresses newly bought as they were twirled around the floor by their dancing partners.

Alonzo Hansen of Ephraim remembered the three-day celebration when the road from Ephraim to Orangeville was completed in 1921. Hundreds of people came from both sides of the mountain. There were programs, sports, sociability and dancing. A dance floor was built especially for the celebration, and an orchestra was on hand to furnish the music. Orchestras in the early days were often made up of just violins with accordion or piano. In recent years, full-fledged dance orchestras, with both string and wind instruments are hired for special occasions. In recent times, "record hops" are held, where recorded music replaces the live orchestra except for "special dances"—Prom, New Year's, Christmas, etc..

Dances at Snow College were held upstairs in the Noyes Building for a number of years, and dinner dances have been held in the cafeteria. Recreation halls in the present church buildings, including the Institute Buildings, have been used for dancing, as well as school gymnasiums, where "sock and pillow dances" are held when the floors need protection.

Square dancing has always been a popular form of entertainment. Merritt and Jessie Bradley of Ephraim have instructed many classes over the years and have encouraged couples to keep alive this traditional dance form. They are known to say, "Anyone who can learn to walk can learn to square dance" And with the love of dancing, traditionally held by people of Ephraim, this might be true of all kinds of dancing.

Mayfield

In the early years of this 20th century, Mayfield residents met neighbors and friends who had moved to Emery County at Baseball Flats on the White Mountain in Twelve Mile Canyon.

The folks from both Sanpete and Emery Counties came by horseback, buggy, even wagonloads, to bring their families to this once-a-year meeting place. Here they visited, played games, ran races, sang songs, and danced to celebrate their holiday of perhaps a week's duration.

In "The Corner" between Step-Flats and Musinia, three brothers--Pete, Andrew, and Hyrum (Swen) Anderson—owned and operated a sawmill, Pete enjoyed dancing and played the accordion. Soon the brothers conceived the idea of building a dance floor, which they did. Many a weary traveler or mountain visitor brought their camping equipment and enjoyed dancing of an evening in the clear, cool, mountain air.

Wales

Early dancing in Wales as in other Sanpete communities was done in the homes and in The Bowery. Later, dances were held in what was known as the "Common House." In 1891 a social hall was erected. Railroad ties were gathered and sold for 25 cents each to buy lumber from a Spring City lumber mill to build the hall. An annex was added in 1904, In 1939, Wales Town sponsored a W. P. A. project and an open air dance floor was constructed (These Our Fathers, p. 216).

Moroni

Moroni was always a favorite spot for dancing through the years. "One of the modern dance halls of the county was built in 1890 by Daniel Nelsen, Peter, James, and Lewis Swensen, This building was known as the Pavilion until it was purchased by the city during the Fenton Draper administration. At this time the name was changed to the Old Bungalow. The building was remodeled by the city and presented to the church, . ." Church, school, and town dances were held here,, Many couples also recall fond memories of this favorite place **when** their wedding dance was held. Helena McKinnon recalls that dances were held **in** the old opera house on the west corner of Main Street prior to the time the Old Bungalow was built (These Our Fathers, p. 205).

Centerfield

The Centerfield Opera House was destroyed by fire in October of 1927. It was built of brick in 1909 and was one of the largest in that town. It was built, owned, and operated by Peter C. Jensen

and his son J. H. Jensen. In the rear was a large dance hall, a portion of which was set aside for pool tables. In the front part was a refreshment parlor, and a barbershop was maintained in the south front room.

The Centerfield Opera House was built by Albert Okerman in 1909, The brick part of this two-story building was made in the old Brick Yard. Much of the carpentry work was done by local help in exchange for dance tickets.

Dances, including masquerades and other novel balls, drew large crowds from neighboring towns. Many pleasant memories were associated with this building, and the citizens felt a nostalgic regret when it was consumed by fire (These Our Fathers, p. 174

Gunnison

The second public building erected in Gunnison was built of logs sawed through Buncess Mill and whitewashed on the inside with clay from Chalk Hill. The 20 x 40-foot room had a door between two windows on the south side, spacious rock chimneys at each end, a floor of boards, benches made of slab lumber. Christmas evening 1861, the folk of the valley had a grand gathering in which old and young greatly rejoiced—dancing, singing, and reciting.

Johansen's Hall, for dancing and other entertainments was built about 1896. It stood west of the corner reserved for the Gunnison City Hall. The Johansen family made up the orchestra (Gunnison Valley History, pp. 29, 55) .

The settlers of Gunnison crowded their days with work but they never lost sight of dancing to relieve the strain of hard work. It was said that Mads C. Anderson played for them at Hog Wallow, and Lorentz Dastrup from Richfield seemed to pack his personality into his violin as he sawed away with such vigor the people could not resist his invitation to dance. They danced anywhere—in the schoolhouse, in any home that was large enough; and, no doubt, outdoor dancing was popular in those days .

The J. S. Peterson dance hall was a popular amusement place in the early part of this century. To attract patrons from other communities, for example, Mr. Peterson contacted a Sterling resident and offered him "free" dance tickets for every buggy-load of dancers he could send from that town.

Sanpete's Open-Air Dance Halls--1920s-1940s

Open-air dance halls in Sanpete were Joyland, Moroni; Plamor, Ephraim; Palisade, Sterling; Cremona, Gunnison; Moon Winks, Mt. Pleasant; Greenona, Ft. Green; Rainbow Gardens, Fairview; and Millstream, Manti.

Cremona (Gunnison), a local open-air dance pavilion, was built in 1929 on the corner between 2nd and 3rd South and Main Street with the express purpose of keeping the young girls and boys at home instead of them driving to public dance halls.

Dances were scheduled each Tuesday and Friday evening. Music for the opening dance was provided by Terry's Moon Winks orchestra,, Admission was 75 cents per couple and extra lady was 25 cents with no mention of extra men.

July 4, 1929, Audrey Larsen, Mayfield, won a \$10 goldpiece for naming this Gunnison Stake Recreational center "Cremona" after the Stradivari violins. Although Cremona appeared, then disappeared, within a decade, it contributed immensely to our generation. Cremona was a shared social experience--one more bond in a lifelong friendship. All patrons were the beneficiaries of Cremona,, Edward L. Christensen,

Orem, said, "It will exist in our minds and hearts as long as one of us breathes and remembers."

Palisade (Sterling) was an open-air dance hall built on the top of the hill west of Funk's Lake (Palisade Lake) about two miles east of Sterling.

It had a beautiful location where one could see for miles and miles. The dancers enjoyed the cool mountain air from Six Mile Canyon coming across the shimmering water of the lake as well as the lights of various Sanpete and Gunnison Valley communities; they could even count the number of cars along the highways. In this romantic setting, they danced under a star-filled sky with often a full moon.

Palisade was built by Manti boys who had returned from service in World War I. It was named for a dance hall in New York State they had visited as they were returning to their homes in Sanpete.

Millstream, built by William McFarlane, was located a half block east of the Manti Tabernacle where the waters of City Creek splash over the rocks with happy trickling sounds, thus keeping rhythm with the orchestra. This was a popular dance hall for a number of years.

Also of importance was the dance floor built on the second floor of a rock barn at Crystal Springs, one mile south of Manti. Here the warm waters of the swimming pool framed by tall Lombardy poplars also furnished enjoyment for the dancers. Fountain Green's open-air dance hall was constructed in the 1920s and was called "Greenona." Here the orchestras always played a special last dance—"Home Sweet Home" or "Goodnight Sweetheart"—as a closing number.

Some folks in Moroni recall the spectators (mostly ladies) leaning on the lattice fence that surrounded Joyland Open-Air Dance Hall. They stood there for many hours watching the dancers. Many would park their cars on the street at an early hour in front of the dance hall so they wouldn't miss seeing everyone who came to the dance. Dancing in Moroni was big entertainment whether inside the dance hall or on the sidelines.

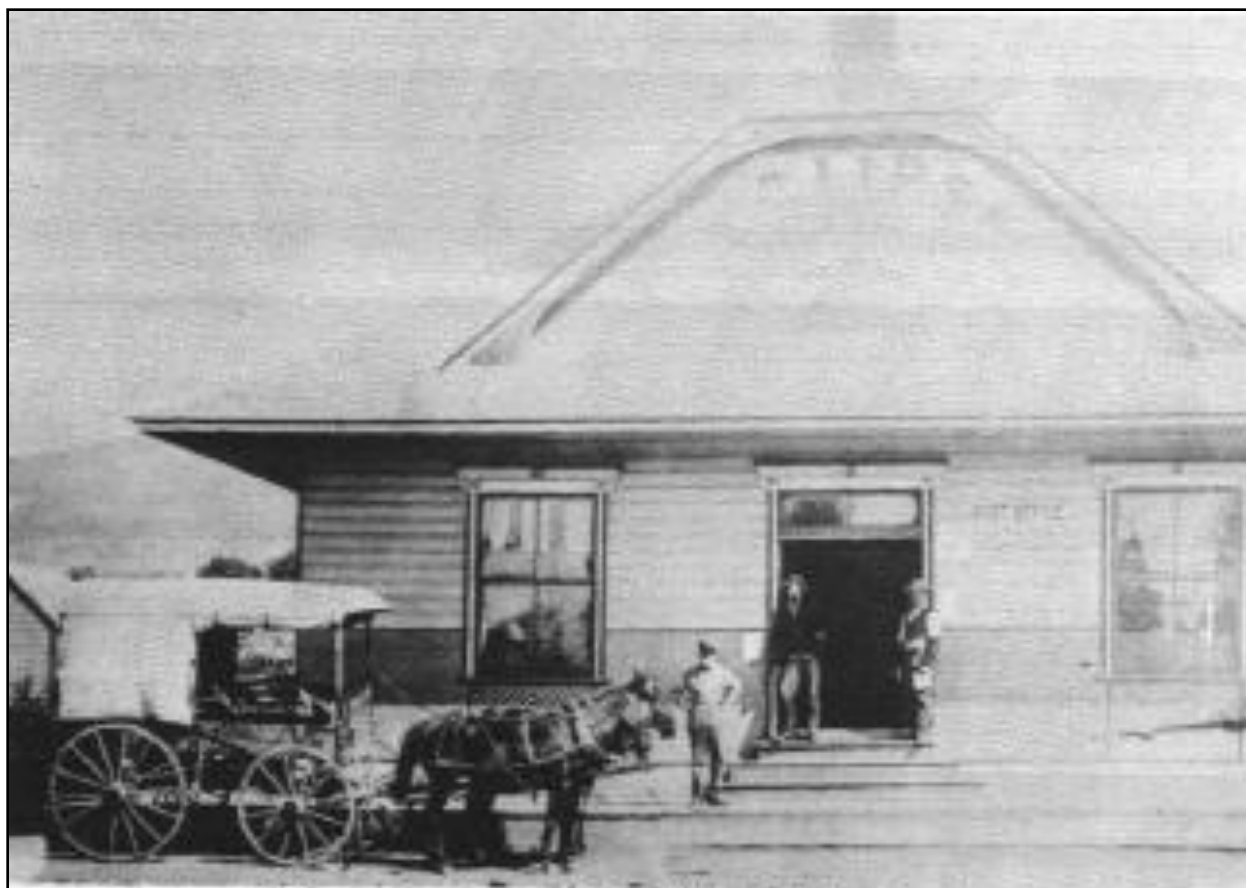
Orchestras

One of the Sanpete open-air dance bands is still playing, John Guymon of Moroni, who played with the Revelers at Joyland and other dance halls says, "The 'Revelers' are still (1986) playing for dances!" He also noted that favorite waltzes such as "Stardust," "Goodnight, Sweetheart," and "Pagan Love Song" still delight their dance patrons and bring both tears and smiles to those who have waltzed to the "Reveler" dance music for 50 years or more.

The "Footwarmers" orchestra was led by Alphonzo (Phil Nielson), who was born in Manti and through a correspondence course learned to play the organ and piano. He also learned to read music and had the ability to "play by ear." He was always friendly and soft-spoken. He derived pleasure from providing enjoyment for others.

Howard Larsen's memories (Gunnison) of the Footwarmers' years are delightful. He said, "Everybody on the circuit loved Phil and they thought he was the greatest and most wonderful piano player they had ever heard. He had a natural rhythm."

Edward Christensen concludes his remembrances of the "Footwarmers Band" in these words: "The Footwarmers did indeed have a soul and heart as big as their leader's." They played hundreds of dances by donating their time to organizations, missionary farewells, soldier farewells, etc. If a dance was poorly attended, it was all the same to Phil. He never quarreled with dance managers about finance.



Fairview Eclipse Pavilion, 1928. (Where Fairview dance hall is now).
Courtesy Opal Barton



Manti Pavilion Hall, between 2nd-3rd North-Main Street.
Courtesy Moyal Anderson



Centerfield Opera House, 1909. (Built by Albert Ockerman).
Courtesy LaMar Larson



Main Street, Fountain Green, about 1900. Dance Hall, center,
pointed roof.
Courtesy Ivin Rasmussen



Character Ball. First row: Ella (Christiansen) Ivory. Second row: Agnes Christiansen Christensen, Charles Smyth. Third row: Katie Jensen Anderson, Joseph Anderson, Art Anderson and Mary Coombs Holman.

Courtesy Clair Ivory



Spring City Victory Hall, Baxter confectionery on south.

Courtesy Uarda Blackham



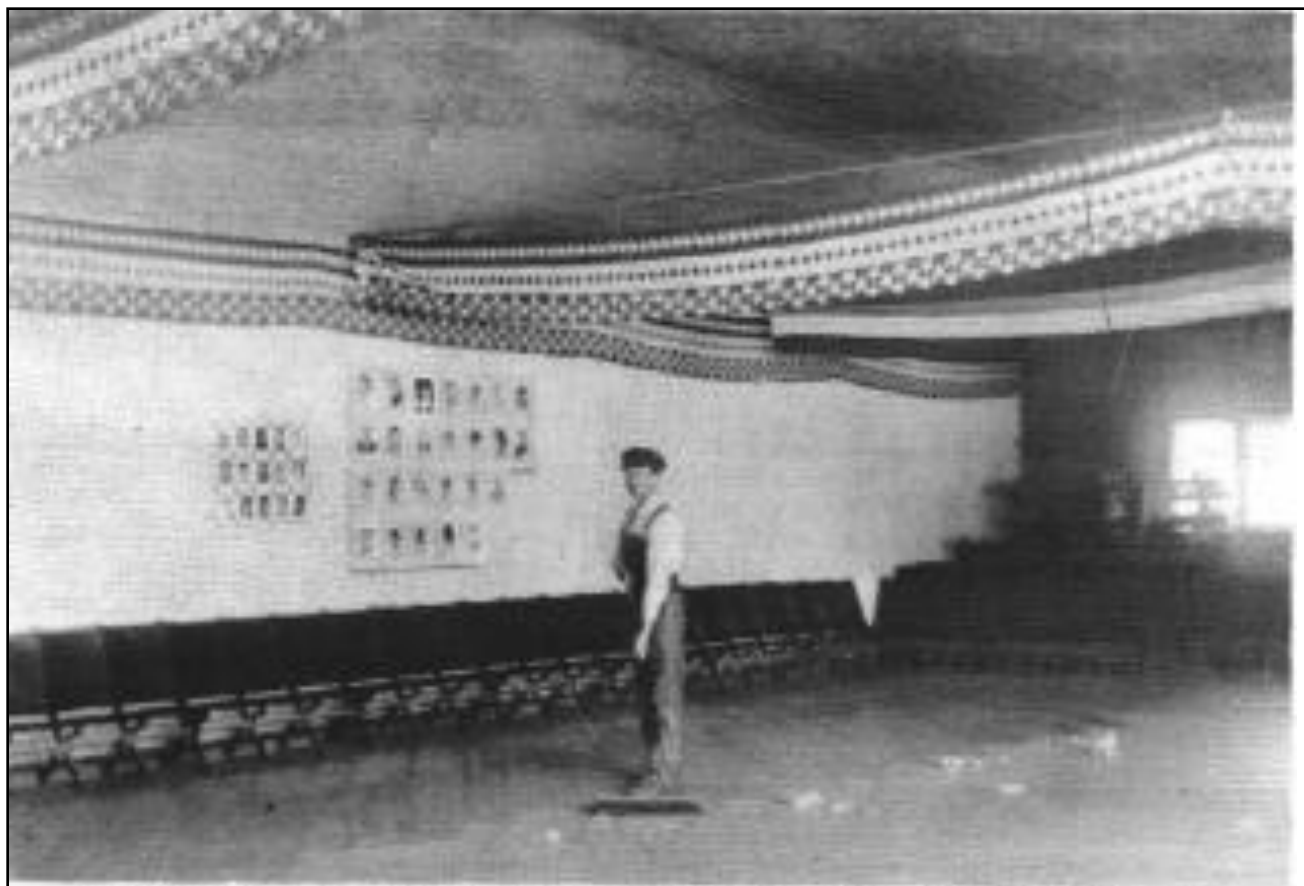
Prom at Dreamland Hall, 1931.

Courtesy "Snowonian" pg. 68



Old Store, upper floor dance hall, Milburn. Verga Rae Stewart (on rock).

Courtesy Wilford Wheeler



Interior of Fountain Green Dance Hall, 1918. Ivin Rasmussen,
Custodian. Courtesy Ivin Rasmussen



John S. Peterson dance hall.

Courtesy LaMar Larson



Maypole Dance, 1927.

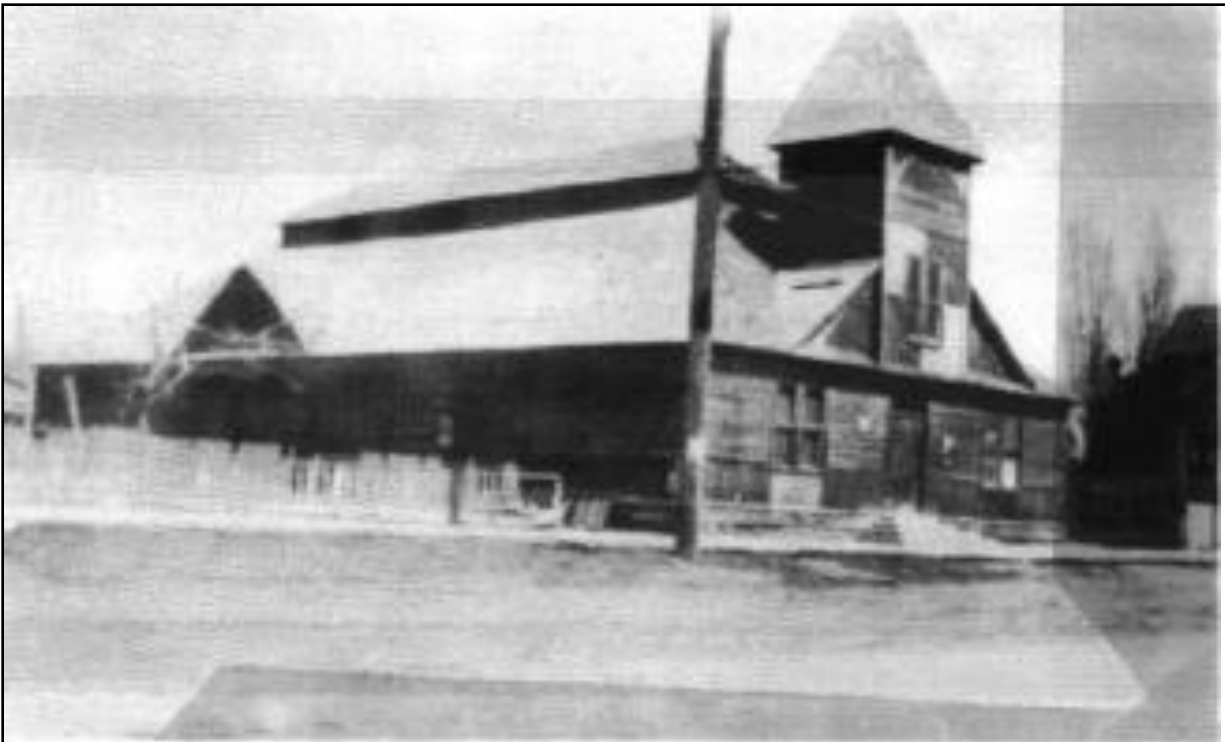
Courtesy "Snowonian" 1/2 58



Manti South Ward Assembly Hall, 1900. (Benches piled outside prior to wood dance.)



The "Revelers" 1930. First row: Gayle Rasmussen, Lynwood Rasmussen, Glade Anderson. Second row: Paul Peterson, Clifford Crowther, Victor Rasmussen, Alan Mikkelsen, Doyce Crowther and Ethelyn (Allred) Bailey. Courtesy R.L. Rasmussen



Old Bungalow, Moroni.

Courtesy Geraldine Johnson

MILITARY BALL
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ARMORY, JUNE 28, 1904
MOUNT PLEASANT, UTAH
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Junior Prom

Class of 1924

EPHRAIM HIGH SCHOOL

March 9, 1924

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FRANKLIN PETERSON
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WILFRIED KNIGHTS
VICE PRESIDENT
EUGEN BERGMANN
REC. CLERK
- CHAIRMAN OF PROM COMMITTEE
DITH NIELSEN
FRANK LINDEN
PAUL NIELSEN
EDNA L. JO
KIMMOT MADSEN
- CLARK ADVISORS
HILLY PETERSON

Order of Day

PROGRAMME
1924

Junior Promenade

March 23
P. M.

- Masters List
Theron Thomson
Nora Anderson
Leonard Young
- Refreshment Committee
Freda Bailey
Chairman
Verna West
Pearl Olson
Larilla Anderson

The Pleasure of the Company of Yourself and Lady
is Desired at a
GRAND ACADEMY BALL.
To be given at the Society Hall, Friday Evening, April,
13th, 1924.

Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock prompt. Tickets
COMMITTEE
Edwin Olsen,
Aunie Peterson,
Eira Christensen,
Caroline Jensen,
Dora Lowry

- Lawrence Johns
President
Evelyn Madsen
Vice-President
Pauline Anderson
Secretary-Treasurer
Lincoln Thomas
Reporter
Charles Schultz
Athletic Director
Morrill Green
Vice-Master
Alta Rasmussen
Assistant Vice-Master
Sarah Sorenson
Flower Teacher

