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SAGA
of the
SANPITCH
Volume 19 - 1987

THE WHITE AND GOLD—Words and Music by Miss DeLoe.

On flag of white and gold, to the crest on it, for we about all will
 A story ever is told in each alumnus face which we love so well
 A tale of love and youth and the spirit for truth is our ben- e- ple dear;
 Oh Snow-as white as light rich as gold, pure and white To be seen you is our fond prayer
 And that is why we love to see you wave a- bove,
 Our dear Snow-Col- lege, the fount of truth and know- ledge, that's where we seek
 The gol- den hours of life: With- in that sac- red tem- ple, as friends we all be-
 come, and seek to make the hours with true- ty rife; And when in fu- ture
 years, we look back o'er the pages, and ponder o'er our deeds and strug- gles
 old, we shall by we'll re- mem- ber and miss of all we'll treas- ure Our
 college days so bright with rays of White and Gold.

2- Oh e-ternal O:is and White, for you we'll fight, we'll watch and pray;
 We'll guard you with our might, and keep you bright by night and day;
 'Till our hearts like you will be as pure and free, and full of cheer;
 The Snow's purest white and the sun's golden light, these are our endless
 forever dear;
 They fill each precious hall and brighten every well of [Chorus]

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XIX

Containing

Winning Entries

Of the

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest – 1987

With

“Memories of Snow College”

Honoring its 100th Anniversary

1888-1988

Sponsored by

Sanpete Historical Writing Committee

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By

Ruth D. Scow

Chairman

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Committee

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PREFACE

Each year the Saga of the Sanpitch grows more precious and has more value in the eyes of those who feel a nostalgic link with the past. Bits and pieces of Sanpete history that have been preserved only in the minds and hearts of those who remember are on the printed pages in the now 19th issue of the Saga.

The past year has been memorable in the life of the Saga- as copies have been bound, microfilmed and original copies placed on the shelves of the Utah State University Western Library for greater preservation. Copies over the years have been placed in other state universities and colleges as well as in a number of other State Universities. The Saga is also being used in Elementary and Middle School Utah history classes. We are pleased with the recognition the book is receiving wherever people enjoy reading.

This year our theme is "Memories of Snow College" in recognition of the 100th anniversary of that great institution in 1988. The response to this theme has been very gratifying. We regret that we cannot publish each and every special memory that has been written and submitted. Snow College is very dear to the hearts of all who have received learning through its doors. It is basic to the economy of Sanpete County. Its cultural influence is felt near and far. The faculty and staff who have served there through the years as well as those who now serve, have added great dimension to the lives of the students and others. To express the deep feeling and appreciation we have for Snow College cannot be said in so many words. It can only be some of the bits and pieces of history that is preserved in the Saga down through the years.

Lillian H. Fox
Ruth D. Scow
Eleanor P. Madsen

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Sanpete Historical writing Committee wishes to thank all who have submitted manuscripts and given of their time and talents in the production of this volume of the Saga of the Sanpitch. We are grateful to those who have contributed pictures and all who have given encouragement in many ways. A special "thanks" to Snow College for pictures of the presidents, and the campus.

COVER

The cover features the Noyes Building on Snow College campus. It was designed by Mardene Thayne, who lives in West Jordan with her husband Royce and three children. Mardene is a graduate of BYU and a graphic designer. She has been 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

LA RUE JENNINGS. LaRue was born in Ephraim, Utah. She graduated from Snow College and from Utah State University with a Bachelor of Science degree in Education and minors in Language Arts and Fine Arts. She taught in the Sanpete School District until she retired. Since then she has been a part time teacher at Snow College. She is married to Bruce Jennings and is the mother of two daughters.

BERNICE BARTON KEELER. Bernice was born and raised in Manti. She attended Manti schools and graduated from Manti High School in 1926. She attended the Brigham Young University in Provo. She taught kindergarten and first grade then returned to B.Y.U. where she received an AB degree in Music and Drama. She returned to teach in Elementary and High School for a total of 25 years. She married Paul Keeler. They are the parents of six children.

LEONA (LONNIE) FETZER WINTCH. Lonnie is a native of Salt Lake City. She graduated from the University of Southern California. With a Children's Bureau scholarship she studied in the graduate school of Social Service Administration/ at the University of Chicago for one year. She was the recipient of an Honorary Degree from Snow College in June 1987. Some of her poems and expository writings have been published. She and her husband/ J. Wallace Wintch/ had three children.

EDITING

DIANA MAJOR SPENCER. Diana 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. 1987 marks the 9th year she has volunteered her services as proof reader and copyeditor for the Sacra.

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 May 1, 1988. 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
- c. 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.

WINNERS

1987 SANPETE HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST
THE SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

NON-PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

ANECDOTE

HOW PIG KEPT HER APPOINTMENT	First Place	Ruth Scow
FIRST TRIP TO THE CITY	Second Place	Cleon Fox
A BUGGY RIDE FOR CHERRIES AT JERUSALEM	Third Place	Glenn Thomas
A BUGGY EXPERIENCE	Honorable Mention	Roxie Thursby Johnson
NO CHILI TOMORROW	Honorable Mention	Vernon F. Larsen
CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT	Honorable Mention	Leo C. Larsen
THE MISSING DOLL	Honorable Mention	Unice McCurdy

HISTORICAL ESSAY

THE SILVER WEDDING	First Place	James L. Jacobs
BUTCH CASSIDY IN MT. PLEASANT SEVENTH GRADE AT MORONI CITY HALL	Second Place	Mary Louise Seamons
THEY ARE ALL THE SAME PLACE	Third Place	Vic Frandsen
EARLY TIMES IN MAYFIELD	Honorable Mention	Norma S. Wanlass
TEACHING AT SNOW ACADEMY	Honorable Mention	George C. Whitlock
CREATIVE WRITING IN 1926 to 1930	Honorable Mention	Esther Coombs Durfey
THE FAIRVIEW CITY DITCH	Honorable Mention	Leo C. Larsen
		Lowell Brady

POETRY

A PORTRAIT OF SANPETE	Honorable Mention	Norma Vance
WARM SNOW	Honorable Mention	Martha Olsen
TO FIND THE GOAL	Honorable Mention	Pearl P. Hall

PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

THE WARM NEST WITH DRAFTS, Pt.2	First Place	Lola P. Adams
THRESHING	Second Place	Talula F. Nelson
OLD SNOW DID IT AGAIN	Third Place	Glenn Thomas
EDUCATION, RECIPROCATION, LASTING RELATIONSHIPS	Honorable Mention	Leo C. Larsen
HARVEST TIMES OF LONG AGO	Honorable Mention	Mae P. Paulsen
SNOW COLLEGE-MY DOOR TO TODAY	Honorable Mention	Jan C. Wells
IN PRAISE OF SNOW COLLEGE	Honorable Mention	George Cleon Whitlock
THE TRAIN WHISTLE	Honorable Mention	Katie D. Maylett
INDIANOLA	Honorable Mention	Gladys G. Allred

SHORT STORY

THE ARRIVAL	First Place	Ruth D. Scow
THE KRAKEN	Second Place	Lillian H. Fox
A PICTURE OF ROSE	Third Place	Lois S. Brown
PIONEER TREES AND FLOWERS	Honorable Mention	Talula F. Nelson

**PROFESSIONAL DIVISION
ANECDOTE**

GOOD SHOT	First Place	Halbert S. Greaves
A SECRET SNOWBALL	Second Place	June B. Jensen

HISTORICAL ESSAY

THE LEGEND OF "PETE POKER"	First Place	Yulene A. Rushton
AUNT MARION	Second Place	Reva Tennant Jensen
ONE MAN'S DREAM	Third Place	Jenny Lind M. Brown
PURPLE LILACS	Honorable Mention	Eleanor P. Madsen

POETRY

MEMORIES OF FLAT CANYON	First Place	June B. Jensen
BLESSED BIRTHRIGHT	Second Place	Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan
LOVE'S SPRINGTIME NEVER DIES	Third Place	Wilbur Braithwaite
WE THE PEOPLE	Honorable Mention	Eleanor P. Madsen

PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

SIGNS OF THE TIMES, TEENAGERS, 1920	First Place	Halbert S. Greaves
SNOW ACADEMY 1902-1905	Second Place	Eleanor P. Madsen
PERPETUATING PARADISE: SNOW COLLEGE, 1935-1937	Third Place	Briant S. Jacobs

SHORT STORY

EVA, SPRING, AND LITTLE GREEN ONIONS	Honorable Mention	Linnie M. Findlay, & Scott W. Findlay
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HOW PIG KEPT HER APPOINTMENT

Ruth D. Scow
Manti, Utah, 84642
First Place Anecdote

We called her Pig. We had fed, watered and pulled weeds for her all summer in anticipation of having a variety of pork for the winter. She had cooperated beautifully until now she had a sleek black hide with a band of white that extended around her fat middle. She was a large body, weighing some three hundred pounds.

The day had been set for her demise. The morning she was to have been loaded for her trip to the slaughterhouse, we could find no one with time enough to help load her on our pickup truck. Finally, we decided to leave her in her pen while we attended a funeral in Ephraim.

When we returned home, our children met us with the information that Pig had been seen by the neighbors, sauntering leisurely up our south street. Quickly we organized and each one of us went in a different direction to search for her, because she was our winter's meat. No luck. Finally we called the police department. Yes, they had had reports of such an animal wandering along the streets in the east part of town. Many callers were upset, because, at times, the pig would stop and root around their favorite plants.

The police drove in the direction the telephone calls indicated, until they located the wandering pig. They then managed to turn her around in the direction from which she had come. She trotted agreeably alongside the car, often cutting corners, until they were almost to Main Street. Then she decided the church looked interesting, so continued her trot to the south entrance, never minding that she was wet and muddy from the recent rain and her diggings. At the door she stopped.

Just then a truck with a stockrack turned the corner to pass the church. The police hailed the driver to a stop. He would help load the pig, but could not solve the mystery as to who was the pig's owner.

The truck was backed to the curb, where they could easily catch and load the pig. It was then that they found that a pig has very few body parts that one can hold onto. . . ears are too short, snout too dangerous, legs too strong and slippery, and the tail not adequate for stopping and holding such a large animal. The pig squealed and kicked mud in every direction, but finally she was loaded and secure.

Now where? She belonged to someone. Their final decision, as they looked at their disheveled uniforms and clothing, was to leave her in the truck, and park it on the street. Surely the pig would be claimed before nightfall, and she was.

Pig must have known of our worrying about getting her loaded, for she had managed by herself to accomplish what we had not been able to do. She was now ready and waiting to be hauled to her appointment.

FIRST TRIP TO THE CITY

Cleon Fox
140 North 100 West
Manti, Utah 84642
Second Place Anecdote

Years ago I had a neighbor whose name was Ephraim, but known to everyone as Eef. Eef was growing older and had never been to Salt Lake City, so I invited him to go along with me.

Our first stop was the City and County Building in Salt Lake. As the elevator rose to the twelfth floor, Eef grabbed the operator, a lady, by the arm and hung on. Elevators in those days were not operated by the visitors.

On the top floor, he clung to me as we looked around, but refused to get back in the elevator. I finally convinced him that there were only two ways to get back to earth - jump or ride. We remained in Salt Lake a few days, staying with relatives. We visited many places of interest, but the highlight of his trip was riding the merry-go-round in Liberty Park. I could hardly get him off the galloping horses. He wanted to ride all of them.

One evening, I took him to the Capitol Theatre where Sally Rand was featured in a fan dance. She was very discreet, being careful that the fans did not expose her naked body, but Eef sank lower and lower in his seat until I thought he would disappear. I think he only opened one eye the remainder of her dance.

One day, my aunt served a platter of candy, setting it in front of Eef. He never passed it around, but ate all the candy himself. The next night at dinner, she said, "The one who eats the most potatoes gets the largest piece of cake." Eef heaped his plate with potatoes and had to let the cake pass by.

On the way home, Eef made me promise that I would never tell anyone that we had been to a Sally Rand show.

I often wondered who had the most fun on that trip - Eef or I.

Personal Recollections of the author.

A BUGGY RIDE FOR CHERRIES AT JERUSALEM

Glenn Thomas
2850 Monroe Blvd.
Ogden, Utah 84403
Third Place Anecdote

We always looked forward to going to Jerusalem or Freedom, two small fruit-growing villages that no longer exist. They were nestled at the foot of the west mountains about three and four miles north of Wales where we lived. Old Kate was hitched to the dilapidated one-seat buggy. A sack of grain for bartering was taken because money was scarce. Mother with three kids in front and me in back in the "monkey box" as sentinel. She feared a runaway. The first glimpse of dust from a moving vehicle, regardless of the distance, I reported. My brother Hy was the driver. He immediately drove to the fence line and tied Old Kate to a post where she dozed peacefully until the car passed.

Upon arriving at the chosen orchard, we shimmied up a tree and began filling our bellies with

cherries, while mother visited. Even when we settled down to picking,' it was one cherry in the mouth and one in the bucket. At noon, a delicious picnic lunch was enjoyed. We were always hungry. In late afternoon we headed homeward.

The work had just begun. Bottles were washed in a tub outside, and wood was chopped for cooking the fruit.

Repeated trips were made as each kind of fruit ripened until five hundred bottles of delicious fruit were prepared to feed our large family. Today, with sadness in our hearts, Freedom and Jerusalem are gone forever, leaving only happy memories of once beautiful, productive orchards.

A BUGGY EXPERIENCE

Roxie Thursby Johnson
71 West 1st South
Preston, Idaho 83263
Honorable Mention Anecdote

Back in 1933, Alta Beal had a good, tame, faithful horse named Kit. Her folks also had a small buggy which Kit could pull, so Alta and three of her girlfriends Melba Dorius, Alice Olsen, and Roxie Thursby decided to use the horse and buggy and go on an overnight trip to the mountains east of Ephraim.

Alta's father harnessed the horse and hitched it to the vehicle. The four teenagers were soon on their way.

All went well on the journey up the canyon. They decided to take the Black Springs Road as it wasn't so public.

Next morning when they prepared to leave for Ephraim, they realized how little they knew about harnessing a horse and hitching it to a buggy. They finally started on their way, but found when the road led downhill the shafts went straight in the air, and keeping Kit between them was quite a chore. Roxie volunteered to take over the driving and the other three dragged behind on a rope, hoping to slow the buggy down. Old Kit did her part too by holding the buggy back with her rear end. Believe me, it was quite a sight!

When they reached the main canyon road, people who passed this strange looking parade nearly passed out laughing.

The horse, buggy, and teenagers managed to return home safely, very grateful that all turned out well.

From personal recollection of the author

NO CHILI TOMORROW

Vernon F. Larsen
3981 Fruitvale Ave.
Oakland, California 94602
Honorable Mention Anecdote

Screaming sirens, clanging bells! I jumped out of bed just in time to see the Ephraim volunteer firemen and truck whiz past our house. Ivan Hansen, my roommate, and I dressed quickly and rushed out to follow the truck. We were shocked. We could see flames billowing up from the Snow College campus. We ran the block and a half and soon saw the firemen rushing around, attaching hoses and doing their best to put out the fire. Flames were shooting up from the small building in front of the administration building. Immediately I yelled, "It's our cafeteria!"

A crowd soon gathered. We were surprised to see our home economics teacher, Fern Magelby, standing pale and frightened. What had happened? We soon found out. I was serving as Miss Magelby's cafeteria business manager. Together we had planned chili and beans for lunch tomorrow. She remembered putting a large kettle of beans to cook on the main hot plate in the kitchen.

"I forgot to turn off the power when I left last night/" she gasped, now almost crying.

Ivan and I tried to comfort her. Soon Quentin Anderson and Marvin Draper were on the scene. The four of us boys were Miss Magelby's assistants in the cafeteria. It was my job to take care of the finances. My three friends managed the physical facilities, arranging the furniture, clearing up after lunch and getting ready for the next day. The four of us were registered members of the home economics class. We studied about foods, carried on laboratory work and helped prepare for the cafeteria lunch each day.

Now there would be no chili for lunch tomorrow, in fact no lunch at all. As male cooks, we continued on in the class but our duties in the cafeteria were postponed until the building could be repaired. That would be months in the future.

Personal recollections of the author

CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

Leo C. Larsen
1416 South 1300 West
Salt Lake City, Utah 84104
Honorable Mention Anecdote

Many students attending Snow College in the late 1920s, out of necessity, "batched it" in an attempt to make do their limited finances. Two such lads were living modestly in a one room apartment.

The one lad had been awarded a janitor job of sweeping the class rooms. On this particular Saturday morning he had gone to clean the rooms. Before leaving, he had placed on the stove, to cook, a kettle of dry beans with a portion of salt pork. He asked the other lad to take care of the kettle of beans.

The other lad needed to go to the school library to study. After completing his study, he meandered home. As he neared the entrance to their room, he wondered why the window was dark. Had the blind

been pulled down? As he opened the door, a puff of smoke engulfed his being. He immediately slammed the door shut.

"Oh no!" he groaned, "I've forgotten about the beans." The pot of beans had burned. He took a deep breath and stumbled across the smoke filled room to an outside door that opened to a balcony and watched the thick black smoke come billowing out. The neighbors thought the place was on fire and called the volunteer fire department.

The smoke finally all cleared out, the fire department was dismissed, and the assembled neighborhood went back to their homes. The boys surveyed the situation to find a lump of melted aluminum filled with charred beans and bacon. They noted that they could write their names on the table, the walls and anywhere in the smoky, greasy residue. Their clothes that had been kept in the clothes closet had even become smelly. For months after, as they turned the leaves of their smoky books, they were reminded of that unforgettable Saturday. Personal experience of the author and his roommate Verl Johansen.

THE MISSING DOLL

Unice McCurdy

P O Box 91112

Anchorage, Alaska 99509-1112

Honorable Mention Anecdote

I skipped, hopped and jumped as I raced towards the store that school morning to gaze at the doll I wanted for Christmas. I had told everyone that Santa would bring me Elsie. I have forgotten why I named her Elsie.

It had seemed ages since the tantalizing toys and dolls had been put in the display window. Our noses had practically melted the window at the wonderful display. As soon as I saw the blonde curly-haired doll in the cornflower blue outfit, my heart was lost to her.

At my favorite viewing spot I was dumbfounded. The doll Elsie was missing. She was GONE! Thieves had stolen her. Big tears rolled down my face. My older brother said he could not see why I was crying over a doll, that she hadn't been mine anyway, and there were other dolls.

Blubbering when I arrived at school, the kind teacher told me often Santa loaded special toys for special children early, and for me to wait to see because she knew we were both special. As much trouble as I got into, I didn't feel special, but Elsie was.

Time dragged until Christmas morning. The others tried to get me to select another doll. I looked and looked, but I'd given my love to Elsie.

After a very restless night, Christmas morning arrived. After our prayers and breakfast, dad finally opened the front room door so we could see what Santa had given us.

There under the tree was my missing Elsie. Indeed just as my teacher had said, my special doll had been brought to me by Santa. She was no longer missing.

THE SILVER WEDDING

James L. Jacobs
882 East 840 North
Orem, Utah 84057
First Place Historical Essay

It seems city people like to visit small towns, but the thought of living permanently in a community without sidewalks doesn't cross many urban minds. While a country community with its friendly people and calm atmosphere has definite appeal, the opportunities are too rural and deprived for those who find comfort in the finery of a real city.

This attitude was no different four generations ago. Visitors from Salt Lake to Mt. Pleasant at the turn of the century made the same incorrect assumptions about lack of refinement in a small town. The casual city visitor often missed the secret that folks who enjoyed the pleasures and "Wholesomeness of life in Sanpete County did not have to give up the refinement generally associated with the city. They did not know that near front doors were sterling silver trays used to receive engraved calling cards of women who came to visit the lady of the house. And those who thought everything was done with country simplicity would have been knocked over by the formality and grand style of the Sanpete celebration evidenced at the party honoring the silver wedding of Bishop and Mrs. James Larsen.

Jim Larsen had been self-supporting since his youth when his father died and he left home to avoid becoming a burden to his stepfather. He had held several jobs, including construction of the railroad track in Spanish Fork Canyon. He established a freighting business, primarily to haul freight from the terminus of the railroad at Star, north of Nephi, to towns and mines in the southern part of the state.

Jim had fallen in love with seventeen-year old Eliza Maria Tidwell and planned to marry her, so he set about accumulating a wedding stake through his freighting business. When he came home from a freighting trip to the mining town of Silver Reef, he found that Eliza was attending a dance accompanied by his rival. Jim went immediately to the dance and stole Eliza away despite the protests of her date, and took her home himself. Then he hauled her in his wagon, drawn by his team of oxen, on an eight-day trip to Salt Lake City, where he and Eliza were married in the old Endowment House.

His hard work continued to pay off. Having acquired three farms and three daughters, Jim and Eliza planned and constructed on south State Street in Mt. Pleasant their showplace home. It would be brick, have three stories, stained glass windows, columned porches to support verandas, and fine furnishings. The town artist, nicknames "Peter Painter," had painted pictures of landscapes and seascapes/ floral and fruit designs on the walls and ceilings of the dining room and parlor. It was furnished with birdseye maple furniture and fancy chairs inlaid with decorative materials.

The house was known by many as "the house with the dog" because of the cement statue of a canine erected by the southeast corner of the home. This dog has been a source of interest to visitors and townspeople who visualize the dog as standing guard against all intruders. Its appeal to the children is less philosophical. They cannot resist riding on its back and climbing all over the indestructible animal.

To celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of this marriage, which had produced its fourth daughter and final child, Jim and Eliza planned a celebration befitting their lives and union. It would be formal but warm, include a wide range of friends, offer the best food and drink, and last the entire evening. The date was July 28, 1906-twenty-five years after their wedding to the very day.

The guests were invited by printed invitations. On the day of the celebration, many arrived in

carriages or buggies and stepped from their vehicles onto a dressed stone unloading platform which was provided for their convenience in front of the home. The yard was tastefully decorated with wires strung over the large lawn so Japanese lanterns could light up the banquet tables where the guests were to dine. The guests were announced, then directed to the table containing a punch bowl and finger foods with an invitation to drink, munch, and mingle until time for the banquet to be served. Miss Edith Larsen daughter of Jim and Eliza, presided at the punch bowl.

When the time arrived for dinner, the guests "were seated and Mr. Christian W. Sorensen was introduced as master of ceremonies. He called on Professor Dan C. Jensen of the Utah agriculture College at Logan to pronounce an invocation and blessing of the food.

An elaborate banquet was served to 140 plates, but between each were toasts and entertainment. Those giving toasts offered more than wishes for future health, happiness and prosperity. They retold parts of Jim's and Eliza's lives, having prepared their remarks in advance so nothing noteworthy would be overlooked and nothing would be repeated by any speaker. Stake President C.N. Lund, for instance, told of the church activities of Bishop Larsen, including the two years he left his wife and two daughters to serve a mission to Georgia, Florida and Alabama. Banker N.S. Nielsen related stories about Jim Larsen's early life. Bishop Daniel Rasmussen gave the story of the romance of the Larsens. At least eleven prominent men toasted and talked throughout the evening.

The entertainment was equally varied. A mixed quartet sang frequently. Mrs. Pickerel and Mr. Maiben played the mandolin and guitar. Mt. Pleasant Mayor James Monsen sang several solos. A male quartet presented a number of popular songs. Instrumental selections were performed by Miss Eloise Anderson and Miss Winnie Candland, and vocal numbers by Mrs. Tressie Quinn and Miss Beatrice Ericksen. The exact number of performers is not known, but a minimum of fifteen participated.

The Larsens received numerous beautiful presents, with those made of silver being most in evidence. Among the silver gifts were an inscribed bowl, artistic teapot, two sugar bowls (one for lump and one for fine sugar), cream pitcher, candlesticks, and a tray.

After the toasts and gift presentations were completed, both Bishop Larsen and Eliza responded. They expressed their appreciation and pleasure for the sentiments and compliments that had been given, for the musical program, and the thoughtfulness and generosity of the guests for such fine gifts.

This 1906 silver wedding celebration of James and Eliza Larsen spared no detail in planning and execution, and those who had attended similar social events in cities found it equal to few hosted in "towns with sidewalks." The house still stands, although it is now used as a bed-and-breakfast hotel and a photo studio as well as a residence. And the cement dog still keeps watch over the home, portraying high character with his poised head and dignified posture. He is familiar with the benefits of life in a small town, and he has also seen celebrations to rival anything the city can offer.

Sources: Memories of the Larsen Family.

The Intermountain Republican, S.L.C., July 30, 1906.

The Deseret Semi-Weekly News, S.L.C., Aug. 2, 1906.

It is with deep respect and profound gratitude that we publish the winning Historical Essay written by James S. Jacobs. Mr. Jacobs had prepared the essay for submission to the Historical Writing Contest just prior to his death. It was entered posthumously and judged without this identification for the contest.

Mr. Jacobs has been an ardent supporter of the "Saga." Many of his excellent writings are found in the "Saga." We will greatly miss his contributions.

Mr. Jacobs was born in Canada but came with his parents, Henry C. and Alberta Larsen Jacobs to Mt. Pleasant as an infant and lived there until 1932. He was a graduate of Utah State University where he received the distinguished service award in 1959. He served as an officer of the U.S. Forest Service 40 years. He was an active member of the LDS Church. He died Feb. 26, 1987.

BUTCH CASSIDY IN MT. PLEASANT

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Second Place Historical Essay

There is a common fascination in hearing about and sharing legends that exist concerning outlaws. Some entered these ranks through unusual circumstances surrounding their activities, not through a conscious desire to become outlaws or even to break the law. Some were simply seeking excitement. One of these was Butch Cassidy, about whom much has been written but little is actually known. Also little known is that Butch once stayed in Mt. Pleasant.

Born Robert Leroy Parker in Beaver, Utah, in 1867, Butch spent most of his early life in Circleville on his father's ranch. A group of horse thieves and rustlers made their headquarters near Circleville, and when they moved on, one—Mike Cassidy—remained behind to work as a ranch hand for Parker's father. From him young Parker learned many valuable skills: riding, roping, branding, and shooting. From him young Parker also acquired part of his later-famous (or infamous) name.¹

When Cassidy eventually got in more trouble with the law and headed for Mexico, he left his rather large herd of cattle in young Parker's hands. Soon after, Leroy made his first slip into lawlessness by stealing some horses. Knowing he would be in trouble with the law, he left for Colorado where he worked in the mines and made another acquaintance among the lawless ones—Matt Warner.² These two teamed up for the Denver and Rio Grande train hold-up at Grand Junction and the Telluride Bank robbery in Denver.

Parker then spent some time in Wyoming working as a butcher. Here he picked up the rest of his well-known name.

Butch (young Parker) was a hard worker and served his employers well. It is legendary that he never "swiped" anything from a company he worked for, and most employers considered him one of their best men. He also earned a reputation for being a friend to the unfortunate, a somewhat latterday Robin Hood. Many friends, acquaintances, and even strangers helped him when he was hiding from the law. One such incident apparently took place in Mt. Pleasant.

James Hansen, a native of Denmark, had built a home for two of his wives at the corner of Fourth West and Main.³ It consisted of three wings, one each for these wives and children, and a central area which served as the dining room/family room for all three living wives and their children. The upstairs was never finished.

North of his home James had a livery stable where he provided horses and buggies to those affluent enough to hire them. It was in his capacity as liveryman that Hansen likely came in contact with the notorious Butch Cassidy. Not much is actually known of their relationship.⁴

There is no indication of the time period—or even the authenticity — of their contact, but it

must have occurred prior to Hansen's being told by Brigham Young that he was to move to a farm and become a farmer. (He followed the Prophet's admonitions and moved to a small log cabin about three miles west of town, an area just east of the Sanpitch River which later became known as Fiddler's Green due to James' musical talents and his fame as a local fiddler.)

Cassidy was probably on the run from the law. What he had done is unknown but supposedly had to do with a robbery not far distant. He or a mutual friend probably contacted Hansen and made arrangements for Butch to hide out in the Hansen home, though the entire situation was never mentioned by any of Hansen's children — those who lived in the house or those who lived with their mother (Hansen's third living wife) in a small house just east of the larger home. It is evident from this lack of knowledge on the part of the children that a great deal of secrecy surrounded the event.

Parker (or Cassidy) stayed in the unfinished upper portion of Hansen's home where Hansen or one of his wives—very possibly Lizzie who had no children of her own—provided him with life's necessities and kept his presence deeply hidden. His stay lasted approximately two weeks. Where he came from and where he went remains unknown, blending into obscurity along with much of the rest of his life and death.

Did Butch Cassidy hide out in Mt. Pleasant? Were other outlaws ever secreted there? It is unlikely that anyone today knows for certain. But the fascination of sharing tales of outlaws remains.

1. Most of the information about Parker/Butch Cassidy and others comes from the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers lesson manual, lesson for February, 1987, "The Lawless Ones."
2. An uncle told the author that he had been introduced to Matt Warner (Willard E. Christiansen) by her father. Christiansen had changed sides and spent the last thirty-five years of his life serving as deputy marshall, justice of the peace, detective and night policeman in Price, Utah, where the introduction took place.
3. Hansen had lost his first wife just as their wagon company entered the Salt Lake Valley. He then married two sisters, Elizabeth (Lizzy) and Johannah Domgaard, also Danish converts to the LDS Church. The house was built for these two wives. He later married Johannah Anderson, a Swedish convert, and built a small house for her and her children just east of the main home. This house still exists, also. Lizzy cared for Hansen's motherless children but had none of her own. Both Johannahs had children fathered by their husband. The main house is currently owned by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Staker who, while extensively remodeling and modernizing it, have kept the original structure and tone of the home intact. It is on the Utah State historical registry. Because of the stories circulated through the years, the Stakers keep pictures and other memorabilia of Butch Cassidy in one upstairs room.
4. James Meyrick lived across the street from the Hansen home and told several people of the contact between Hansen and Cassidy, among them the present owners and at least two of Hansen's granddaughters from whom the information contained in this account was gleaned.

SEVENTH GRADE AT MORONI CITY HALL

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Third Place Historical Essay

In 1915 Moroni was getting an addition to the school building to hold the new four-year high school they were to have, and to hold all grades from first through twelfth. The north part of the elementary school building had been torn down to make room for the new building, so some students

must find housing elsewhere while this building was being constructed. The seventh grade, with Nathan Faux as teacher, was to attend that year at the large room in the upstairs of city hall. I was one of the forty-three or so students in that room. I have just listed from memory forty-three, which I believe were all.

The twenty-two double-seats took a little more than the north half of the room. The furniture that went with that room was piled in the other part of the room. The room had two pull-chain lights, but the electricity was turned on in Moroni only from dusk until dawn, so we didn't use the lights. A big stove in the center of the room supplied heat in winter--too much to those who sat near-by and too little to those farther away. There was no water in the building, so we carried water from the pump in buckets to the room. A long-handled tin dipper served as drinking cup for all.

There was no paid janitorial help, so the boys took turns a week at a time doing what had to be done. In winter this meant going in the dark to get the ashes taken out and the fire started in time to warm the building.

Downstairs were three rooms: the north was the jail. It was a very interesting place in the early fall. It had graffiti of drawings, verses, names and addresses, and all sorts of writings. Some of this was what we would call pornography today. We did not know that term. We were going in there too often. The teacher found where we were getting too much of our education and had us wash it all off. Then the marshall was asked to keep the door locked. All that accumulation of art, literature and geography was lost to posterity.

The big south room served as office for mayor, city council, clerk, and recorder, and not frequently, but sometimes, as the court room for Justice of the Peace Frank Hansen. The middle room became the Moroni City library, where Mary Stark had the library open three-to-eight on week days. We often went there at the end of school.

On the days when court was held, a large group of men would gather ready to enter the court room at 1 p.m. Then, there was no radio, no TV, no movie theatre, no much-of-anything to entertain the townspeople. They enjoyed trials.

We students often teased Mr. Faux to let us attend a trial. He was reluctant, and letting us go was probably against his better judgment. But one day he announced, "I have permission for us to attend a trial. So at 1 p.m. you may go into the courtroom until after the trial, then come back to your classroom." So at one we went there. As all the seats were taken by grown-ups, we stood or leaned wherever there was room for us.

Soon Judge Hansen announced, "Court is now in session. We have as our first case Thomas .Mr., will you please stand. You are charged with public intoxication and disturbing the peace by fighting. What is your plea?" Tom replied, "Well", I guess I done It." "Answer 'guilty' or 'not guilty'." "Guilty" "I hereby sentence you to a fine of five dollars, or one day served in Moroni City jail for each unpaid dollar."

Tom brought a few coins from his pockets, and several of his cronies gave him a few more coins. But it was not enough. Poor Tom! He had no child in our grade, but he did in the next lower grade. Nearly all of us knew him, and felt so bad. I would gladly have paid his fine had i had the means. Tom was so repentant and distressed. He was trembling.

"Judge, here is part of it and I will get the rest for you by tonight. I will borrow it or sell something." So the judge told him, "Have it to my home by six tonight. Case dismissed. Our next case is that of William . Will the accused please come forward?"

Will was standing by the door, but instead of coming forward he walked out the door. "Officer, bring that man back in here."

In a minute or two the marshall came back with Will. Will was not repentant as Thomas had been.

He had a big grin on his face as he asked the judge, "Well, Frank! What the hell you preachin' about? And who are all these kids? What did they do?"

Judge was angry. "Will, you are still drunk!" "No, Frank. I ain't drunk. Honest I ain't." "Officer, lock this man in jail and see that he has no access to liquor. This trial will be postponed until this time tomorrow."

The marshall took hold of Will's arm. Will pushed him so hard the marshall nearly fell. Judge spoke, "I deputize you, and you, and you, and you, to help the marshall lock this man up." (He was picking on what he thought were "solid" and capable citizens.) "Well, Frank. Don't bawl about it. If you feel that way I will go." So Will, the marshall and four apparently unneeded deputies marched from the room. We were then dismissed to go to school.

We could hardly wait for recess to go look through the jail window to see Will sprawled on the mattress, apparently sleeping off his drunk.

When the teacher got ready to read from Call Of The Wild, just before dismissal of school, he told us that he wanted to apologize for taking us into that "distasteful mess." But he needn't have. Through these seventy-one years, no other lesson we had that year has remained so clear in my memory

THEY ARE ALL THE SAME PLACE

Norma S. Wanlass

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Manti, Utah 84642

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Coolidge Race Track,
School Section Race Track
Race Track Meadow,
They Are All the Same Place

A Town Meeting will be held
13 March 1900 at
Manti City Hall.
Shall We Build a Race Track?
Contact O. F. Coolidge

One woman attended the meeting, but in the answers she gave, the men understood that silence did not give consent.

Argument No. 1-

A race track is the best investment we can make for a good relationship with the Indians.

Rebuttal No. 1-

The war with the Indians is over. We don't fight them anymore. They are our friends.

Rebuttal No. 2-

There is more than enough work to do without taking time for making bets and racing horses.

Rebuttal No. 3-

Nothing is for sure. There is a loser and a winner to every contest. When you lose, it takes food out of our children's mouths and shoes from their feet.

Argument No. 2-

We will build the race track on a School Section set aside by the State of Utah for the benefit of the schools. Proceeds from the races will pay property taxes and help to educate our children.

The women conceded, not because they consented, but that the climate in the homes in the community would remain calmer.

The race track was built down at the end of what is now known as the Pea Cannery Lane, probably called the road to the Cow Range then, which stretched out to the north, and west to the Sanpitch River. It was a half-mile oval track running from north to south, with horse stalls and a ten-foot-high wooden fence along the south side and to the west. From where the fence ended on the west, a grandstand looked out toward the east. A six-sided Judges' Stand, sloping to a point on top, was located just north of it. It was open along the north and east boundary lines. Double doors opened from the south side so that wagons could be drawn through them. It was called the Coolidge Race Track or the School Section Race Track, and today (1987) it is still referred to as the Race Track Meadow.¹

One day a townsman came from the fields. He had talked to a traveler with an open buggy pulled by a single horse, feeding along the side of the road. He called his horse "Big Enuff," a gangling, awkward, lanky, shaggy, sway-backed animal that was as big as a work horse.²

Traveler: "I hear that you have a race track in your town."

Townsman: "Yes, we have a half-mile track."

Traveler: "Any fast horses hereabouts?"

Townsman: "Probably as good as any in the state."

Traveler: "Do any bettin'?"

Townsman: "I've won my share."

Traveler: "How would you bet on my horse, "Big Enuff?"

Townsman: "Just like you didn't have one."

Traveler: "What if I told you he could outrun anything in these parts – and sweeten the pot \$100 to prove it."

Townsman: "You'd have a lot of takers!"

Townsman: "How far can your horse run?"

Traveler: "A mile."

Townsman: "Nope; too far. Your horse would have to lie down and rest."

Traveler: "Three-quarters of a mile then?"

Townsman: "Your're on."

The townsman returned with a delegation from Manti. They set the race immediately for 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Excitement soared! The Indians began arriving with their ponies on Wednesday. Distance of the race eliminated most of the entries, but not the bets.

The traveler took \$1,000 with him when he got out of town Sunday evening. Manti citizens screamed fraud. That was the way the traveler made his living, the way he elevated Big Enuff's winnings into a fortune.

At least one Black Hawk Encampment was held at the Race Track. The Indian War Veterans came, pitched their tents, lighted their campfires and relived their experiences. Indian veterans came too, and they raced their ponies, played games of chance, and participated in competitive sports. Then all adjourned until the following year when their annual reunion would be held again.³

The Sanpete County Fair Association was formed in 1914 and the County Fair had its beginning within the city limits. We can safely assume that Coolidge Race Track was discontinued at about that same time. Alex Barton became the first owner of the Race Track Meadow after its demise.

For many years there was evidence of the track, the high board fence and the grand stand, to remind the farmers as they went to their fields each day of the incidents that got better with the telling.

1. From interviews with Edwin Carpenter, who is 90 years old, and Cal Mickelson who is now 89 years of age.
2. A story told to me by Thomas Hougaard whose father, Louis Hougaard, told him.
3. As told to me by La Villa Mickelson/ who attended the Black Hawk Encampment with her grandfather, Ezra Shoemaker, as a young girl many years ago.
4. Taken from the Sanpete County Fair Book for 1986, an entry of the Sanpete County Fair Board dated Sept. 8-9, 1914.
5. Information given by Bernice B. Keeler, daughter of Alex Barton.

EARLY TIMES IN MAYFIELD 1910-1930

George C. Whitlock
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Honorable Mention, Historical Essay

Much has been said and written about the great migration of the Mormon Pioneers to Utah to escape the intense persecution they received in the Eastern States. Along with their supreme effort to conquer the wilderness was the remarkable evidence of faith among the converts from the Scandinavian countries and England in the latter part of the last century.

Many of those people were from Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. They found refuge in Sanpete Valley, among others who understood their language. Under the influence of the L.D.S. Church, they made heroic efforts to learn the English language so that they could become members of a society that would endure, and of a country that would come to recognize their worth.

The strange mixture of their customs and the way they put their ideas together in the English language which was totally foreign to them, caused much difficulty and often resulted in some really hilarious stories about them. It is well that so many of these stories have been preserved. The melding of all these various and adverse factors brought forth a society in which the standards of education, music, production of art, morality, devotion to a cause, and of honest government has seldom been equaled in any other part of the world.

It is my purpose at this time to relate some of the history of the second generation of these

pioneers in Mayfield. The scraps of memory which supply the details to me are still fresh in my mind. I feel a certain kind of nostalgia as I put down many of the events that occurred in the small Mayfield Valley from about 1910 to 1930.

The people in Mayfield had survived the hard struggle to make a living out of their harsh environment. Problems with irrigation were much lessened after their fight to overcome the wild flooding that rushed down out of the mountains in the early part of the century. Destruction of the plant cover by the enormous herds of sheep which ravaged the slopes was put under control when the Forest Service was organized in 1907. The floods gradually subsided so that the irrigation structures could be maintained.

Still, life was very difficult. Electricity had not come yet, and automobiles had not been seen. All labor had to be done by hand and horsepower, such as ditch cleaning, the planting and harvesting of crops, and the bringing in of the winter's fuel supply. All household duties, such as washing, ironing, making of clothes, building of furniture, and beautifying the home, occupied most of their time. It was a tribute to them that they could keep their morals so high and develop such fine types of entertainment.

Some of the families had to leave Mayfield because there was not enough water for their needs. Those who stayed managed to establish the excellent schools and build up the culinary water system, so that they could have good drinking water piped onto their lots and into their homes. Public buildings provided for church and community affairs: buildings provided for church and community affairs: dances, stage plays, and a variety of good programs. The young people were encouraged to participate in social programs and athletic events.

At first, the grain had to be threshed by horse-powered machines, but this was cumbersome. Then, two steam-powered threshing machines were brought into town. Both could move themselves to different jobs. The "Old Woodenhead," as it was called, was heavy and slow, but it could do a good job. The other was smaller and was called "The Tin Can." There was much rivalry between these two machines, and I remember how, as boys, we had a great many arguments as to the relative merits of these two machines.

The language barrier had been broken down so that everybody could understand each other. There was still enough of the old tongue left so that it was quite funny sometimes to hear the way people said things. Mimicry was a fine art, and it was generally possible to get a good laugh out of a droll story if it was told in the tones and mannerisms of an old Swede or Dane.

One holdover from the old customs from Ephraim was the habit of nicknaming everyone, so that they were seldom called anything else. Among the men, the sons were called after their fathers' first name. Thus, we find such names as Orse Julius, Fred Julius, Nels Joe, Hydy Joe, Angus Fred, Freddy Mort, Malvin Keggy, Andrew Rass, and many others. Sometimes a son was called after his mother, such as Chris Elsie, Joe Lizzie, or some other trait that distinguished them, such as Curly Rastus, Curly Andrew, Johnnie Slick, and Chrissy Hill.

These names were so well known that a man's formal name was seldom used. When the men got together in their idle time,, sitting in the shade by the Post Office, or perhaps in the warm sunshine, depending on the weather, they would spin off some great stories on themselves or on another. If a man could bring up some trait, or unusual anecdote with a reference to the old country, he was sure of a good audience.

The women had a different way of nicknaming their friends. Usually the wife was called after her husband. Thus it was common to hear about Nory Orse, Margret Fred, Lizzie Julius, Emmy Nels, Emmy Rastus, Viola Mort, Annie Hy, Annie Mike, Mary Ed, and many others.

One of the most respected and most quoted women was Hanner Joe. She had a penchant or talent

for noticing and understanding the young people around town. Quite often she would meet the child's mother and tell her some things that were quite complimentary about outstanding things the child had done in school, in some activity, or some other talent. Hanner was never vindictive, but she was outspoken and she had a keen mind. Quite often a mother would encourage her child with some of the things Hanner Joe had said.

Another woman who was often quoted and imitated was Annie Hy. Annie was one who enjoyed a highly dramatic situation. She enjoyed plays and shows which portrayed strong emotion. Quite often the groups in Mayfield would put on a special performance, such as a stage play. She would take the part of the heroine. As a result, many of her utterances tended to be somewhat dramatic. This naturally provided good opportunities for mimicry and imitation, if someone thought it was a little highbrow.

Emmy Rastus - actually Anderson - was a woman who deserved a lot of credit. For many years she had directed the Primary group of children. Her influence on a whole generation of children during their formative years in religious and social matters can hardly be overestimated. The fact that Mayfield always had such a gentle group of young people may be partly attributed to this type of training.

Annie Mike was another who had many friends and admirers. She was a widow during the last twenty years of her life, but she had an unflinching sense of optimism in spite of many difficulties. She lived on the upper part of the long street that runs up the canyon and she had three daughters who lived in the lower parts of town. Almost every day, rain or shine, and even in blustery weather, she would take the long walk down to town and back up the steep slope until she was about ninety years of age. Always, she would stop along the way to visit with the various women. In her bright, vivacious way she could cheer up any one who seemed depressed. Often she would be invited in to visit.

There were various ways to bring a little cheer into a hard life. One of these was to do something special. When the women got together for a "coffee klatsch," my mother would say, "Let's have a can of salmon." She would send me out to gather the eggs and take them over to the store to trade them for a can of the Red Sockeye Salmon, which Aunt Snobie and Aunt Kate both liked. The daily fare of common food did get a little tiresome.

The smell and taste of the salmon evoked dreams of gourmet foods, and with it there would be fresh hot bread, honey from the comb, and then a dish of fruit along with a warm Danish sweet roll. Grandmother had always been one to dream a little since she had come from Denmark.

My mother, Ida Whitlock - also known as Idy Frank had a lively gift of mimicry, which she had learned from her mother. She would go into town to spend a few hours at the store or along the street, visiting. When she got home she would repeat, verbatim, whole conversations she had had with various women in the same voice and mannerisms of those women. This was most entertaining and gave a good summary of the day's news. She was especially good at doing Hanner Joe, and so we children became well acquainted with the views of this woman.

When several of the ladies came together, it didn't take much to start a show. Soon the various characters would start saying something. If one just sat quietly in the next room, or closed the eyes, it would soon seem that Hanner Joe, Annie Hy, Millie Lute, Stell Parley, and Yan Canyon John were all in animated conversation. This might go on for hours and the women sometimes got to laughing until the tears rolled down their cheeks and they had to hold their sides.

The changes that have come over the valley have made life a good deal easier. Electric lights, washing machines, electric irons and better ways of cooking have made their work a lot easier. Automobiles, radios, telephones, and moving pictures made great changes in entertainment. It was

possible to travel farther than to Gunnison, Manti, or Ephraim. Events in the state and nation became more important.

It was no longer necessary to depend on a can of salmon for gourmet food. When families got together for a big dinner, there would be such a variety of pies, cakes, meats, puddings, and other food that one could not get around to taste them all. One speciality was mince pie, made from a Danish recipe. Another was the sausage.

I was about fifteen years of age when I first saw Salt Lake City. The things I saw and heard roused my interests until I knew I had to gain a college education to move out into the world. This was true of my friends, also.

To those who have passed this way, there is a gentle feeling of nostalgia for the things they remember, but none would turn back the pages of time to give up the marvelous advances we see before us. The problems are vastly more subtle and dangerous, but that is the price of progress. We can appreciate it better if we recall the way it was in the old days .

Source: Memories of the author

TEACHING AT SNOW ACADEMY

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Honorable Mention Historical Essay

"When I finished my second year of teaching in Fairview in 1904, I was asked to go to Snow Academy as assistant teacher in the Kindergarten Normal (Education) Department, which was being added to the Snow Academy program." My mother Ellie Day, received her teaching Certificate in 1901, at the age of eighteen. She was hired by the Juab Board of Education to teach at Mills, Juab County. She taught all eight grades in one room there. She then taught for two years in her home town of Fairview.

in her history she goes on "It was through President Newton E. Noyes that I got this chance to go to the church school. I attended the special Sunday School Kindergarten Summer school in Manti in 1899. I was then given the responsibility of organizing the Kindergarten classes in all the Sunday Schools of Sanpete Stake. I was only sixteen years old. Newton E. Noyes was the Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools when I began this work." The stake comprised all of Sanpete County and they traveled by horse and buggy from Fairview to Gunnison, Manti, Moroni or Fountain Green. Sometimes they left home at 2 a.m. in order to get to their destination for Sunday School.

This offer to teach at Snow meant a big change in her life. She could complete the kindergarten course and teach, too. The only reward she received the first year was tuition for herself and her sister, Dora.

She enrolled in the Kindergarten Normal Department. There were only three girls, Grace Staker, Laura Brotherson and Ellis Day, enrolled in the theory classes the first year. Her classes came in the afternoon; in the morning she had practice teaching with a large group of children in the kindergarten. Before long she was taking charge of them and by November she was directing the group, telling stories, teaching songs, etc.

She wrote, "I surely enjoyed my association with faculty members and students, the spirit of the school was wonderful. There is something different about a church school. The spirit of the Lord is there and a study of the gospel in a school brings a feeling of oneness not felt in other schools."

As a member of the faculty, she enjoyed working with some very fine people. Newton E. Noyes was President of the school. Some faculty members she remembered were: William G. Barton, George and Frank Christensen, E.J., Ephraim and D.G. Jensen- Mahonri Thompson, and Thomas Peel. Petra Anderson taught sewing Florence Tingey cooking and Edith Waltch, who had been trained at BYU, taught kindergarten. Mother was her assistant. She enjoyed working with Miss Waltch. Soon they became fast friends.

She began taking singing lessons from Frank Christensen, the music teacher. He soon had her singing solos and in duets and quartets. She sang in the school choir all the time she was at Snow. When she graduated in 1906, she sang a solo in the commencement exercises.

She attended special school programs and dances. The kindergarten had several parties during the year. They were the jolliest she ever attended. They invited faculty members and their partners/ and they all had a good time. These activities added greatly to her enjoyment of life at school.

When she returned to teach in 1905 her brother, Eli and her sister, Dora attended Snow, too. Her salary from the school was tuition for the three of them, plus \$12.00 a month.

This turned out to be a busy year for her as Edith Waltch developed a heart condition, and mother had to take over a lot of the work in the department. There were the three second-year students, plus about ten first-year students in the kindergarten normal course. There were days when Miss Waltch could not teach at all and Mother would have to handle all classes and have full charge of the children, too. Sometimes the three seniors would go to Edith's home and have their classes, which she taught from her bed.

Somehow Mother pulled through and graduated from the Kindergarten Normal work at Snow Academy in the spring of 1906.

"As spring came on, it was clear to see that Edith would not be able to teach the next year. I was offered the position of principal of the Kindergarten Normal Department of Snow Academy, with a salary of \$60.00 per month. However, I had to go to summer school in order to get additional schooling, she wrote.

Petra Anderson, the sewing teacher, and Mother decided to go to San Francisco for summer school. When the big earthquake destroyed San Francisco in April, 1906, they changed their plans and went to the University of Chicago. There she registered for Kindergarten Theory and Practice, Evolution of the Kindergarten, and a course in teaching music to children.

She soon learned that the west was behind in methods of teaching. She learned to use large blocks, sewing cards, beads, etc., which she had never seen used before.

My mother told me many times of the exciting trips and wonderfully new and interesting sights she saw in Chicago that summer. She rode an elevator for the first time, she visited art museums, Marshall Fields big department store, the Pullman Car Works, the stock and railroad yards, the Italian "ghetto" quarter, and Chicago's Chinatown. She rode on large boats on Lake Michigan, and visited the mighty Niagara Falls.

One interesting experience was her visit to and tour of Hull House. Meeting and having "tea" with the famous Miss Jane Adams, who explained her philosophy of helping the underprivileged, was an outstanding event in Mother's life. At that time Hull House was a large well-furnished school.

When she returned to Snow that fall, she ran into problems with some students because she introduced new methods she had learned at the University of Chicago.

She explained that we must always advance in education, and that we need to learn the best way to do things even if it did mean change. At Christmas she received a summons from Ida Smoot Dusenberry of BYU, who fairly bristled because she thought Mother was belittling BYU methods. After talking for awhile, Mrs. Dusenberry felt much better and told her to go on using what she had learned that summer. Word to that effect was sent to Snow and things went smoothly for the rest of the year.

She and Florence Tingey had a lot of fun with some of the senior boys. However, President Noyes frowned on members of the faculty having dates with students, so their fun was somewhat curtailed. They did dance, have parties and enjoyed the life of the school. She had learned to play tennis and enjoyed playing with faculty members and students. It was another busy year. There were seniors, juniors and Sunday School training students--in all over thirty, in the department.

She closes this part of her history. "In April 1908, we were notified of a change in Church policy with regard to Kindergarten Normal work. It was decided to have all kindergarten training in Utah centered at BYU, and put work in Juarez Academy in Mexico, and in Knight Academy in Canada. This was a blow to our department at Snow, but we could do nothing about it. The girls taking the course shed a few tears, and so did I." She and some of the girls kept in touch over the years and in 1965, she and five of them met for a reunion in Mesa, Arizona. She was offered, and took, the chance to go to the Juarez Academy in Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico, and introduce the kindergarten work there.

Ellis Day taught one year at Juarez Academy. Then on June 2, 1909, she married Leslie M. Coombs, whom she met in Mexico. He died February 7, 1917, and she returned with her three children, Esther, Dora, and Leslie, to her parents home in Fairview.

In January 1918, she was offered a position in the elementary school at Fairview. She began going to BYU summer school and, she took extension and correspondence courses to get the necessary teaching certification. She graduated from BYU in 1946. She taught in Fairview schools until she retired in May 1948, at the age of sixty-five. She taught for thirty-seven years in church and public schools. She died September 4, 1981, at the age of 98.

Mother always remembered with pleasure the happy time teaching at Snow Academy, and never tired of telling her children and grandchildren of her experiences there.

Sources:

1. Coombs, Ellis Day, History of My Life.
- 2, Recollections from conversations with my mother.

CREATIVE WRITING IN 1926 to 1930

Leo C. Larsen
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Honorable Mention Historical Essay

The Centennial Celebration of Snow College will be celebrated in May of 1988. It is appropriate that the Saga of the Sanpitch has suggested the theme "Memories of Snow College" for the 1987 edition.

In reviewing the contents of past editions of the Saga, one will note that a goodly sprinkling of former students of Snow College have contributed articles to the publication. Some of the professors

in the English Department in the 1920's were Lucy Phillips, Fern Young, and Dicie Brimhall. They taught classes in journalism, short stories, poetry, essay writing, and vocabulary building.

Due to the creative writing talents of some of their students prior to 1926, these professors deemed it advisable to organize, with a few of the outstanding students of their classes as a nucleus, a writers' club. Accordingly, in the school year of 1926-1927 a creative writing club was organized, named "The Scribbler's Club," with the following statement:

"The purpose of the club is to foster creative writing. Membership is gained in this club by submitting a manuscript of sufficient merit to grant admission"

Jewell Rasmussen, a student from Spring City, was president of the club during the school year 1928-1929. Leo Larsen was president, with Edna Braithwaite, Verl E. Johansen, and Hazel King as assistants, for the school year 1929-1930. At the beginning of the school year 1928, there were only three bona fide club members, but under the energetic leadership of Jewell Rasmussen the membership increased to about eighteen.

Manuscripts of worth and prize-winning articles that were written during the school years of 1926 to 1930 are worthy of note and some of them are here listed. Space will not permit printing any of them nor will space permit listing all of them. However, some that were published in the literary edition of the 1928-1930 editions of the Snow Drift will be listed. Apologies to those not recognized.

All students were encouraged to participate in essays sponsored by businesses, churches and clubs, such as the contest sponsored by American Chemical Co., from which Eardly Madsen received a check of \$500.00 as first prize winner for his essay on chemistry. Also, on a religious subject, Ethel Hermansen won first place in the contest sponsored by Heber J. Grant, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. She received autographed scriptures from President Grant. Ilene Oldroyd was also a winner.

Contests in the categories of short stories, formal essays, informal essays, and poetry were some of the annual activities that the college sponsored which were participated in by members of the school and the Scribblers Club.

The formal essay contest was won by Royal Brown in 1928. His essay, titled "Man's Search for God," is a masterful paper tracing the different cultures and different periods of civilization as they made their search for their god. Other formal essay winners were "Problems of Evil," written by Vernon Davies, which was "a criticism and also an approach to a rational treatment of the problems of evil." Chell Edwards's formal essay, "Such is Progress," treated the central idea that "we are all struggling up the hill of life beckoned by the desire to succeed." Ben Bagley wrote an interesting essay on "Our Changing World."

In the informal essay contest, Bruce Jennings won first place in 1928 with his ever-popular essay, "The Gentle Art Called Shaving." He said he became knowledgeable, somewhat, of the art of shaving when but a toddler. He wrote:

When father's face was covered with soft 'froth' which he scraped off with a bright blade, I came to know that leg-grabbing antics were not in order.

Ha describes his first shave when he practiced shaving with "froth" and a paring knife. Bruce has many other articles to his credit. Another prize winner was "Feather Beds." Bruce became a professional news reporter.

Others receiving prizes in informal essays were Bessie Taylor and Leo Larsen. Bessie's essay, "Fishing," written in 1929, told of her family's fishing experiences. It is true to life. Leo's essay of 1930, titled "Alarm Clocks," tried to imagine the condition of the world if there were no alarm clocks to start the world

moving each morning. Verl E. Johansen wrote a commendable sports article, "Mathew's Triumph." Verl's aspiration was to become a sports writer for the Salt Lake Tribune.

Hazel King is a noted author who was a student at Snow in 1929-1930. She has contributed to several important magazines as a professional writer. At Snow she wrote the prize-winning short story, "Afraid of Himself." This told of the conflicts youth often experience due to feelings of inferiority. It points out the part adults and peers have in improving one's self image. Lapriel Crabb's short story, "Rhapsody in Love," is a beautiful love story. It was also a prize-winning story.

Lucy Phillips taught a great lesson in her article, "On Training Colts." The things she learned in her girlhood days as she was training her pony "Pus" she put to use in her later years as a professor at Snow. The analogy is conclusive. Oats and kindness can train colts and also change the rebellious uninterested youth to a happy and useful life. This was her philosophy, which made of her a successful counselor of students. The soliloquy, "Peekin In," written by Lillian Hansen, should be read by every boy or girl who has had thoughts of running away from home. It would hopefully change their thinking. Relia Shaw's "New Version" of Romeo and Juliet told of a modern Romeo, as a western cowboy, on a balcony, catching his Juliet with his lariat and attempting to bring her to the balcony to woo her in his modernistic western style.

Fern Young taught classes in poetry. The many beautiful, emotional, and thought-provoking lines of poetry were distinctive products of the class and a reflection of the literary skills of the students of Snow College. Space will not permit including any of these poems. However, a few of them will here be listed by title and author. *If* these poems were all printed they would present an interesting display of talent.

Anna Laura Staples wrote "The Secrets of Life" and "Lovers of Life." "The Query" was penned by Euray Anderson. Euray also sketched outdoor action pictures of western motif. Bruce Jennings again displayed his talent, this time with his poems, "Give Me Love" and "Life." Edna Braithwaite wrote "The End of Day." Fern Young, as teacher of the class, penned many beautiful poems illustrating different meters and forms of poetry. A host of these poems can be read in the editions of the Snow Drift.

These students and professors that acquired recognition at Snow and all other students that are attending or have ever attended have contributed to the success of the school and have done much to make the world a better place in which to live. They have also added to the quality that has characterized Saga of The Sanpitch as a source of rural history. The increase in enrollment at Snow College indicates the ever increasing radius of the respect and need that has been created for Snow College. The Centennial Celebration in 1988 will manifest this influence and present a picture of a growing and necessary entity in the heart of the state of Utah.

Source of Information include the Snow Drift volume V and VI 1928-1930. Personal recollections and feelings of author.

THE FAIRVIEW CITY DITCH

Lowell Brady

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Manti, Utah 84642

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

When the pioneers settled Sanpete, they found a river flowing through the valley which they named "Sanpitch" after the Indian tribe who occupied the land. The river flowed in a southward direction at the foot of the west mountains.

Many streams flowed into the river from the mountains on the east. In time, towns sprang up, each located on the banks of a stream. As the population grew, an increasing amount of land came under cultivation, and finding irrigation water became a problem.

Fairview was the first town in the northern section of the county to devise a plan for taking water from the river. To do this, they dug a ditch known as City Ditch. Construction of this ditch makes an interesting story.

There were two fine men living in Fairview by the names of Amasa Cox and Warren P. Brady. These men were interested in digging the ditch, which would greatly benefit the farmers, but they could not agree on how to get the job done with the equipment available. The Oliver Chill Plow, with a wooden beam and drawn by horses, could not do the work.

For some time, the two men argued back and forth with no solution to the problem. Finally, Amasa Cox left the scene and went home. Warren Brady, feeling that he was left alone with the task and expressing dissatisfaction, sort of indicated that Amasa was a quitter. But Amasa was not a quitter, he had gone home to devise a plan of his own.

First, Amasa cut down a pine tree that grew in his yard. The tree was about fifteen inches in **diameter**. A section of this tree was to be used as a plow. In trimming the tree, he left two sturdy branches, one on each side of the trunk, conveniently located to be used as plow handles. Next, he drove a crowbar through the nose of the trunk to be used as a dowser.

He returned to the scene of action, which was located where Highway 89 now crosses the Sanpitch River, ready to go to work.

The improvised equipment worked very well. A cleavage was placed at the end of the log and four oxen were used to pull the plow through the rocky earth, as oxen could pull more slowly and more steadily than horses. A beer bottle, partially "filled with water, was used as a spirit level to determine the slant and direction the water was to flow.

The Fairview City Ditch, three quarters of a mile north, in the western section of the town, still provides water to farms and gardens. The main source of the Sanpitch River is about fifteen miles north from Fairview.

When I was a bare-foot, ditch-wading, pool swimming, carp-fishing boy, the City Ditch was a haven where I escaped from the cares of the world. Source: This story was told to the author, a grandson of Warren P. Brady, by Newell Cox, a year or two before Newell's death.

A PORTRAIT OF SANPETE

Norma Vance
RT 1 Box 168
Fairview, Utah 84629
Honorable Mention Poetry

Rugged mountains guard our valley
While providing a wrap-around view.
Majestic trees, minute wildflowers,
All live to give beauty to you.

The world's best perfume counter
Is in deepest woods of pine.
Sometimes the scent is so heady
it bites the nostrils fine.

Streams slowly and magically wind
Like ribbons in a drawer.
Linking arms with neighbors
Since the journey will be far.

Then the pace quickens--others join
And with bold anticipation
They race on to the sea--
The ultimate destination.

From palest gray to sunset's fiery glow,
The sky is an ever-changing kaleidoscope
As our lives also jostle to and fro,
This Great Arch offers much hope.

Yes, these mountains, streams and sky
With their special attributes--
Exalt our minds and spirits
With beauty we are privileged to view.

WARM SNOW

Martha Olsen
P.O. Box 18
Ephraim, Utah 84627
Honorable Mention Poetry

Snow in the past was more than a college,
Much more than buildings, professors and knowledge

It was a place where wishes and dreams could start
Where new friends and memories entered your heart.

Dances in the ballroom, a hike to the "S."
The music, the drama, and sports were the best!

There's been a few changes over the years.
New teachers and buildings, a badger that cheers.

There's a swimming pool and computers now,
The dances and fashions are different somehow.

Waterfights still divide the boys from men,
I think students are younger than I was then!

But the spirit, the pride and warmth you see,
Is a feeling of coming back home to me.

Oh, it's no longer nineteen thirty-seven-
But my Snow College is still part of heaven.

TO FIND THE GOAL

Pearl P. Hall
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Ephraim, Utah 84627
Honorable Mention Poetry

The road was long, but everyone knew that.
Oh yes, the wagons rolled ever on,
But in the people's hearts was Freedom's song.

So hard the way, and often footsteps faltered.
Along the trail someone started and then sang,
"Praise be to God," their voices to Heaven rang.

"Praise the Lord," at last the end's in sight.
The westward way is coming to an end.
For these pioneers it appeared a road without any bend.

Ahead the mountains loomed an azure blue.
Distance can be deceiving to the weary soul,
But beyond those distant peaks lies your goal.

And there nestling is the valley you'll call home.
Your faith in God has provided you the way
To where men's hearts and minds will know they've
found the brightest day.

THE WARM NEST WITH DRAFTS, PART 2

Lola P. Adams

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First Place Personal Recollection

I'm remembering the world into which I was born and which was my whole universe for some dozen years. In that world we were not bound by the limitation of a car or a driver. We could explore all of our known world on foot.

Then I liked:

To run after the pea wagons and shout "gimmee some peas" and we'd pull them off the load or they would throw some off to us--never did it enter our minds that to the farmer, peas were money.

The smell after a rain, an earthly smell.

New bread and butter with slices of green onion or radishes fresh from the garden.

Our nice smooth sidewalks.

Our lights in the middle of the streets and the fun we had at night playing "run sheepee run," "finger molasses," "duck on a rock," and "allegee allegee outs." What puzzles my mind now is how Mother ever let us come back into the house after we had run through all the corrals or how we had any clothes that were not torn after all the fenceclimbing and wire-fence pulling-through."

When we all waited for the lighting of the candles on the Christmas tree--they burned down too quickly.

Our horse back rides up to the experiment station, taking short cuts along the power lines where we watched the loads of wood come down the canyon.

To be the first ones out at recess to get the best spot for "ginny" or one of the broad-silled windows at the high school to play jacks on.

To sit and drink "Mormon Tea," hot water with cream and sugar in it.

The walks down west to the creamery and to see the magpies. (Do you remember the year we all got prizes for the most bottles of dead flies we brought to school? Prizes were penny candies.)

To go up to Uncle Jim's sheep camp and have pans of piping hot sourdough and big pieces of mutton fried in deep fat in a big, long-handled fry pan. (Funny how they kept the mutton wrapped up in a cloth and in the bed, even in the summer.)

Our alarm clocks, roosters crowing in the early dawn. Peering into the windows of the hat shop under the bank, where there were many beautiful things like the fragrance of velvet.

The clean, quiet library where Mrs. Johanson reigned, and to read all the books of the stories of Oz and many others.

Our trips to Crystal Springs, where we had lunch and soda pop and rented those awful, faded, baggy, disinfectant-smelling suits.

To jump and play in the wheat bins in the granary, such a ticklish feeling as the kernels seep through your toes, and then go with your dad to the mill and watch the wheat ground into flour. The flour was almost yellow and it went home to fill the wooden flour bin in the kitchen. That bin always reminded me of a pain in the neck--this pain we often got if the bin was low and we had to over reach to get the flour and we received a sudden, sharp and painful sensation.

To run out when Jimmy Sellar's covered meat wagon came by and see the rows of meat hanging on

the sides of the cab on the back.

The goodies of our Scandinavian ancestors: Fairy cakes or flap jacks--fried bread dough, Johnny cakes, hot from the oven, sweet soup made of prunes and raisins, thickened with tapioca and flavored with cinnamon sticks, sego red mush, egg bread, toast dipped in eggs and milk and fried, Danish pancakes, thin egg and flour pancakes, "Grunco," a rich creamed soup made on a ham bone with generous portions of Grunco, parsley-like greens which the oldtimers grew in their yards, adding cream and thickening at the last moment, "Ebbleskebers," a small apple-shaped rich egg pancake, baked in a special pan, Danish dumplings in chicken broth, and liver and onions simmering in a rich brown gravy.

At threshing time, I loved to have a good seat on top of the fence with a big red apple to eat while I watched the big monster devour the stacks of grain.

Liked to watch Joe Mons dress down the pig and clean the "innings" for sausages and get the bladder which we made into a football--once I even dyed one red. Then the house was filled with the delicious smell of fresh sausage and pan hause, and head cheese and pork chops. And then I liked to be the one to take the pans of fresh pork to the neighbors. This was generally portions of bacon, sausage, and tenderloin, and we'd get a dime or a quarter for it. I remembered when we sent some to Jennings when they first came from Canada—they sent it back saying they did not need charity. They did not know that this was a custom and it was certainly one way of having fresh pork at different times, as others killed their pork and sent it around. There would be big barrels of pork curing in the cellar with a big rock on top to hold the meat in the brine.

Grandpa Peterson impressed on my mind the importance of voting. Had he been at death's door, Peter Taylor would go strutting down the street, swinging his cane on his way to the North Ward to vote.

I loved to hear the new phonograph records, and when Frank Mons got a new player piano, the neighborhood all enjoyed it.

Loved to go by town on our way home from school when the stores had their Xmas things out — always we waited for this event right after Thanksgiving.

Loved the big pans of rice pudding on wash days.

Before going to bed, on a first-come, first served basis, slices of bread covered with thick cream and sugar — the later you came home, the thinner the cream. We didn't stay out late!

I loved the smell of coffee and cake time. They were one and the same — good Danish hospitality. Even bishops then drank coffee. It was a rich, warm friendly time, only as a child I hated the endless cups to wash.

Then I hated:

To hear the mother cow cry for her calf when Yens Sondrup would take it away in his truck. Dad always explained that God put all things on this earth for His children, but baby calves just didn't seem right.

The smell of the sheep when they came in big herds to Bert Yern's to be separated into the owners' herds as they came off the mountains. Greasy dishwater — either inefficient soap, water too hard, or we dawdled too long at the hated job.

The stubbed toes and blisters on the heels, one from wearing shoes and one from going without shoes too long.

Sometimes there would be a rash of dog poisonings and then there was much crying and much blaming.

Hated when big brothers threw the hay on the load carelessly and the leaves went down your back.

Dad laid his forkfuls down carefully.

Hated that our shoes wore out too soon.

Stories of the world coming to an end, ponderous Bible scriptures read by unthinking teachers to too-young ears.

I hated nicknames. Many times they were used as jests to taunt kids. You see in my family, first there was Peter Taylor Peterson, my grandfather. Then came Oscar Peter Peterson which was shortened to "Occi Pete Taylor." I carried a grudge in my heart toward a person I had loved and revered because he said when meeting me in a city, "This is Occi Pete Taylor's daughter." However, this soon passed and in high school, I signed all work in art, that is, "L. Pt. Taylor," If you can't beat 'em, join 'em!

There were still many natives in our town while I was growing up, and I believe all the bachelors lived in the North Ward. There was, forgive me if I use nicknames as I knew them by no other, Orson and Andrew A Ha, Bill Buck, who wore a big black bearskin coat and a beard and spent many a night at our house talking to Grandfather and telling hair-raising tales of Alaska, and I listened from my favorite haven which was on the rungs of the front room table, which was also my favorite haven when the thunder roared and lightning flashed.

It was cold in the winter, the snow crunched under our feet on our way home from the show. Our hair set in water waves froze on the way to school. I'm sure Mother's cup mortality rate was high as we used to put cups out on cold nights, full of milk, sugar, vanilla or lemon and cream, if we were first, and let them freeze overnight--made good grainy icecream.

We felt we were the cultural center. Our Dreamland Hall was magnificence itself. We were proud of Melba Kotter's beautiful voice and her black velvet dress with the beaded snake all down the front of it. J. N. Hansen's store with dream windows and inside were carpets and mirrors and beautiful clothes and a feeling of richness and fragrance. And Thorval's, with pretty furniture.

As children, we wondered about the old neglected graveyard out north. We were apprehensive of that boarded up church south of the college--we whispered that there had been some other church in Ephraim.

We hated to walk up the back stairs of the drugstore, down the long dark hall to the dentist and the medicated smell of the unknown. Walking to town alone on a rainy night, quiet, quiet streets where the sound of the train whistle would be forlorn and eerie.

We were apprehensive of a few old homes rumored to be haunted. I didn't like the sound of the siren which replaced the old bell. In awe of Dr. Nielson, who was sort of old-world and so business-like and immaculately clean.

We whispered about:

The local bootleggers. We all knew who they were and we laughed about the tricks they pulled to fool the local "revenouers."

About one father of a large family who ate all the cream off the milk himself. And another rich man and family who ate onions and salt with their bread and milk—imagine, too stingy to let his family have sugar on their bread and milk.

When new people moved in and the kids told of how many places they lived in. Thought it might be nice to be from several places, not just one.

On Armistice Day, all the students made hats and arm bands out of crepe paper and paraded around the block, past the college, down the Main Street and the band played and after, the best class of

marchers and hats won a prize of some sort. And the World War veterans were there also, marching and very prominent. I can always remember Maiben Thompson, how proud and energetically he marched! We, his students, had a trick which I'm sure did not fool him at all, but it worked. We knew that if we could get him involved in telling us his war experiences, we would not have our lesson or test as scheduled.

Fall was a solemn time. We walked home from school on the streets with the big trees. Sometimes they were ankle deep with leaves and you could rustle and shuffle them with your feet.

Remember the first radios when all the neighbors and relatives stopped in at nine p.m. to listen to Amos and Andy.

Yes, my beginning world was very small, but important ideals were stressed, intelligence and accomplishment were of prime importance. It was important to be in a school play and always the big theater was full and we'd look out through the holes in the curtain to see if our folks were there, and they usually were. My, how important it was to us that they were there.

THRESHING

Talula F. Nelson

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Mt. Pleasant, Utah 84647

Second Place Personal Recollection

Threshing day was as exciting and thrilling as the 4th of July, and as festive as Thanksgiving Day. For days, we children waited for the great day when Pa would say, "The threshers are coming."

Exciting preparations began. First, all the grain sacks were carefully inspected and the holes mended. The granary was carefully cleaned and all mice holes covered with pieces of tin obtained from old tin cans. It was fun to follow and help Pa as he moved from the granary to the grain stack. Everything must be in order for the big day. Mother was busy, too, getting food cooked for the crowd with enormous appetites.

Finally the big day arrived. We were all up before daybreak not wanting to miss a single thing. After a quick breakfast, we went with Pa to the stock-yard where the grain bundles had been carefully stacked. We didn't have long to wait, as a threshing day always began early. The shrill whistle of the giant steam engine told us they were turning into our lane.

The spark-filled, black smoke that came from the great engine stack was more exciting than fire crackers on the 4th of July. No blast of dynamite from the Blacksmith's shop was ever louder or more startling than the whistle of that huge steam engine. When the engine, followed by the mysterious looking separator, came into view, it was as thrilling as any Ringling Brothers Circus Parade.

Jim Thompson guided the procession between the well-placed grain stacks. Everything stopped at his command while the men dug holes in front of the wheels of the separator. Then it was eased into the holes to withstand the vibration when the threshing began. This also lowered the platform for men to stand on while they fed the bundles into the hungry machine. We found the meaning of the riddle: "What eats and eats and never gets full?"

Next the whistle blew a signal for each man to be in his place. The great engine was started and the regular "chuck, chuck, chuck" sound told us the grain would soon be coming from the separator. Pa with his men would be there to catch the precious kernels in sacks and carry them to the wagon; then at the

granary the sacks were emptied. In no time, everything was running in good order. Each man knew his job. The man stacking the straw always got the worst of it. The poor guy was often covered as the straw blower moved right and left. The mischievous chaff would crawl under the red 'kerchief he tied around his neck and itch his sweat covered back.

Now it was time for us kids to check out the kitchen. No Thanksgiving dinner equaled the aroma of roast beef, boiling vegetables, dried apple pies and the enormous coffee pot on the back of the stove.

Finding all in order here, we dashed back to the threshing. We were never able to stay in one place for long. At 12 o'clock sharp, the loud whistle blew and everything stopped. We dashed back to the house to see the men come in for dinner. The wash basin was outside, supplied with plenty of hot water, soap, and towels. Here the men laughed and talked and played practical jokes. The poor straw man was usually the victim of their fun.

Long tables were set out in the shade under the trees, as it was cooler. The kitchen was staffed by the women preparing the food. It was always our job to get long willows with leaves. We would wave these over the tables to keep as many flies off the food as we could.

The men seemed to eat so much, we kids were sure there would be nothing left for us. But there was always plenty. A second table was set for us and the "hangers-on." The neighbors far and near gathered to watch the threshing and stayed for dinner.

A brief rest and we were back watching the granary fill. There was always a wagon close by where every 10th sack was placed to be taken the next day to the tithing office. We loved to go with Pa to the tithing office with the grain. C. N. Lund, Tithing Clerk, received it and gave Pa a receipt. He always said such nice things. Sometimes he reached into his pocket and found a piece of peppermint candy for each of us.

Mother was waiting at home for our return. We took our straw ticks off our beds, and at the stack we stuffed them with clean sweet-smelling straw. What fun this was to sleep on a new straw tick so high we could almost touch the ceiling and listen to the squeaks every time we moved. Threshing time is one of the highlights of my childhood memories.

Source: Personal recollections

OLD SNOW DID IT AGAIN

Glenn Thomas

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Ogden, Utah 84403

Third Place Personal Recollection

To attend Snow College was an impelling desire I almost constantly had on my mind but it appeared to be impossible. During the hot dry summer of 1931, the drought and swarms of grasshoppers destroyed nearly all the crops on our small farm in Wales, leaving only stems of alfalfa which the animals would not eat. In addition to this, the depression was in its worst stage. We sold all but one of the few cows we owned to the government for twenty dollars each because we had no hay to feed them through the winter. This money was used to pay the taxes.

There were no jobs available except to work on the farm with no pay. Fortunately our one milk cow gave birth to twin calves that fall, which gave us an abundance of milk and butter. We raised a mutton that

I killed for meat. The government distributed some free surplus wheat that had been sprayed and could be used only for feeding livestock. This did not, however, become available until winter. Thus our three horses, cow, calves and pig along with a few chickens were saved from starving. We butchered one pig for meat. Thirty bushels of wheat was our total harvest which was taken to the mill and made into flour. Mother always felt secure when the old flour bin was full. She was then a widow. She also saw that there was always a good supply of bottled fruits and vegetables for winter. My younger brother, Lawrence, was then herding sheep for thirty dollars per month. This small amount was used for farm and home expenses.

The year before, I attended the BYU. In those years, one could qualify for a teaching position in the elementary schools by having two years of college. However, teaching jobs were extremely difficult to obtain. Less than 45% of those going into the teaching field that year were able to get jobs.

Dollars were scarce, and banks were closing everywhere. I was dead broke. My sister Sarah was a teacher and sacrificed a great deal in being willing to send me twenty-five dollars per month.

I was extremely happy the day I enrolled at Snow College. I found President Knudsen, the faculty and the students extremely warm and friendly. Most of the twenty-five dollars went for tuition and books. Other students were in similar financial circumstances. After a desperate search, the cheapest boarding quarters in Ephraim were obtained with three other students. This meant all my share of food would have to be brought from home. I simply had to return to Wales, a distance of about ten miles, every weekend to obtain a box of food.

Two other students from Wales, Reta and Lee Rees, attended Snow, but often they did not go home on weekends. At times, I obtained a ride from a friend, Nat Anderson, who taught school at Sigurd. During bad weather he did not come home. During these times, I had to travel alone. It was a severe winter. On these occasions, on a Sunday afternoon, I would leave home regardless of the weather, and walk with a box of food under my arm. Marvella, my thoughtful sister, and her good husband Mont Anderson lived on a dairy farm they rented, which was about two miles en route. The road would often be muddy. She would top the box with goodies. I would then straddle a horse back of Lee, their son, who was then about age ten, to the Chester-Ephraim junction where I would thumb a ride into Ephraim. It must be clearly understood this effort was no big deal. During those times, many people were doing similar things.

My bed partner was Maben Christensen from Mount Pleasant. He supplied us with germade mush from his father's mill. We had a bowl of mush every morning for breakfast. Rich Jersey milk that we carried in a small bucket was purchased from two old maid Scandinavian sisters for five cents a quart. We took turns cooking; at times it was a disaster.

Complaints to the cook resulted in doing the dishes. My social life at Snow was meager. At times I walked a girl home from the public library. Dancing was my first love. However, nearly all the school functions and dances were held on Friday nights. These wonderful events, of course, were missed even though they were free. When time would permit, a good card game of hearts was enjoyed by the four of us.

My prime goal in going to Snow was to get good grades. It was absolutely necessary to do so in order to get a teaching position.

Several of my teachers at Snow were simply outstanding. Even after fifty-six years, and having attended the three other major universities, they remain in my memory the same. I cite William Barton, who planted a love for history lasting throughout my life. Another was H.C. Snell, who motivated me to want to apply correct psychological principles in life. Last, I refer to Mary Williamson, a very difficult old maid teacher, who taught me how to be good in the teaching process. She insisted on our memorizing the

fundamentals of how children learn and applying them in our teaching. This inspired me during my teaching career to seek out the best methods of learning possible.

For forty-five eventful years, fifteen as teacher, and thirty as principal, I labored in the public schools. There are many wonderful, dedicated teachers who accomplish marvelous things in our schools. Yet, there is still much to be desired. Many children receive so much criticism, failure and discouragement in school that their selfconfidence and sense of worth are damaged. With such anxieties and frustrations, the thinking process becomes damaged. Blindly they strike out their rage, discouragement, or withdrawal and become drop- outs, drug addicts, and teen-age pregnancies.

This deplorable problem caused me great concern. It occurred to me that by identifying the things that can be trusted in psychology as to how children learn and grow, then reducing them to real simple terms and formulating a statement of philosophy that even children could understand, the school could be organized in a much more meaningful way. This I was able to do after much study and research. The simple statement, adopted, after long careful study, was as follows: School should be a pleasant place where every child feels valued and successful and loved and where every one concerned works together to build programs that meet each child's individual needs. I then reduced all this to two simple words that say it all; love and respect for all children. Space does not permit a listing of the basic psychological principles.

After applying these sound principles to my own life, and with great help from teachers, we began rewarding children for good behavior. We began looking for only the good things in every child. Much encouragement and frequent praise was given. Every child felt proud to be able to make valued judgments of his own behavior. Discipline problems were quickly reduced. The children's academic learning advanced. Frustrations among teachers diminished. Every child felt successful. Hate, mistrust, and anger were not always replaced immediately. However, improvement was amazing. For ten years the program was improved upon. It was deeply gratifying for parents, teachers, and students to witness the change in children's lives.

Because of the desire to try the program in another school, I requested a transfer. The program was introduced at that school with the same amazing results. The school became a great joy for everyone. The program has only briefly been stated in its simplicity. I know it can be the solution to many of the basic problems in our schools today. Many teachers, hundreds of parents and students in the schools where it was practiced would attest to its success .

During my last year before my retirement, 1976-77, I was kindly rewarded by the Utah Congress of Parents and Teachers by being chosen the outstanding elementary school principal for the year.

I often think of those wonderful teachers at Snow that built blazing fires of interest in me to seek out correct teaching principles, make them a part of my life and to apply them to the lives of children. Countless former students of Snow would attest to these and many other inspiring teachers that changes their lives for good. Yes, OLD SNOW DID IT AGAIN.

EDUCATION RECIPROICATION LASTING RELATIONSHIPS

Leo C. Larsen

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Salt Lake City, Utah 84104

Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

Snow College was founded as an institution of learning. It was not always the professors that did the teaching. The students often motivated each other in productive and sometimes strange endeavors and social activities. Sometimes cupid was actively at work in some strange manner and accomplished some unbelievable results. Sometimes it took the twist of reciprocation, but it was all in fun, as was the case in this experience of some Snow students. Some social ties were initiated and solidified.

The author and his roommate, as typical batching students, could hardly be termed good housekeepers. Unmade beds, dirty floors, and a dishpan full of dirty dishes was the norm as they hurriedly left for early morning classes. This was also the way their room looked on this particular weekend as they left for their homes to obtain more home supplied food, such as mother's homemade bread, salt pork, a bag of potatoes and perhaps a cake, as sustenance for another week or two. Upon their return to their room in Ephraim dreading to face the uninviting job of cleaning their room before the start of the next week of school, they were astounded by the sight that greeted them. The bed was neatly made, the floor scrubbed shiny clean to the extent they actually learned that there was a design in the linoleum, and the dishes were washed and neatly placed in the cupboard.

Who could have been so kind? It could have been the girls who lived nearby. "Bless their hearts," the boys exclaimed. But as they made ready to retire for the night, something strange appeared. The bed spread was pinned to the blanket. The boys then proceeded to remove about 45 to 50 pins, only to find that the blanket was also pinned to the bottom sheet. After removing 150 to 200 pins, the boys were finally able to get into bed. It was hardly a normal night's sleep for the boys, as they were trying to fathom the events.

Morning came with the usual hurry-scurry to get to class on time. But wait! More pins, needles and thread had also been at work. As they tried to put on their school trousers, their feet were abruptly stopped at the bottom end of the trouser legs—sewn tightly shut. The boys wondered what mothers had been so efficient in teaching anyone to sew such a fine seam. With their trousers on they attempted to thrust their hands in the pockets but--Oh No!-- the pockets were also sewn shut. The conclusion, for sure, it was the girls in the nearby apartment who were the culprits. They probably wanted to receive some attention. Could they have chosen this method to attract the attention of these two bashful boys?

Now what were the boys to do? First they must know for sure who it was and of course thank them. But what else? Reciprocate and good(?) deed? Surely that was the thing to do. But how? Would it be reciprocation or revenge? For one thing sure, if the girls wanted attention--attention they would get. After some thought-provoking sessions the boys came up with the following:

They obtained about 15 feet of flexible 1/4- inch rubber tubing. When the girls were all away to class, the boys invaded the girls' quarters and placed the rubber tubing in the middle of the bed, between the blanket and the bed spread, then back under the bed to a window left open one inch for fresh air. That evening their alarm clock was set for 3:30 A.M.. They quietly went to the open window with water and a bicycle pump with the air hose and plunger removed. The outside end of the rubber tubing replaced the air hose. They filled the pump cylinder with water, and with the aid of the plunger they forced the water

through the rubber tubing to the middle of the bed. This was repeated three times. They then quietly returned to try to sleep before time to go to school.

The boys were awakened, not with an alarm clock but by squealing and laughter coming from the girls' apartment. It began, they learned later, with each girl accusing the other of the wet bed. Upon investigation they found the rubber tubing and found that it led to the open window. They easily guessed who the culprits were. Well, they had achieved their goal all right. They had attracted the boys' attention.

This eventually culminated in a close, lasting relationship between the parties involved. In return the boys did many really helpful things for the girls. They were an emotional support for them, also, as they talked over some of their problems together.

Revenge, Reciprocation, Education? Whatever category the reader wishes to place it, the final result was a lasting relationship of marriage.

Personal Recollections of the author

HARVEST TIMES OF LONG AGO

Mae P. Paulsen

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Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

Ever vivid are my images of harvest times in Ephraim when I was just a child; ever poignant are their meanings.

Harvest times meant lovely Indian Summer days, with beautiful bright blue skies and cool mornings and evenings; it meant horseback rides into the mountains where aspen and maples were turning to gold, crimson and rust, letting us know that they were still there.

Harvest time meant flocks and flocks of birds heading south, hoping to find a new home before the cold winds of winter stung their wings and halted their flight; it also meant the sound of school bells with groups of excited children--boys with their newly trimmed hair and girls with their curls and ringlets--listening to the crickly crackling sounds they made as they walked over the dry, fallen leaves on their way to school.

Harvest time meant seeing my father sitting on the plow and yelling "Giddeup!" to Fan and Gwen, as the Old Sulky turned over the rich brown earth in preparation for next spring's seed. It meant the woodsy smell of pinenuts (gathered by older brothers) roasting in the oven of the old black kitchen stove; and it meant popcorn popping in the wire popper. As we moved the popper across the stove, it seemed there was some kind of magic that turned the little dry kernels into crunchy, fluffy balls of white.

Harvest time also meant hunting. I remember my brothers cleaning and oiling their guns, and then cleaning and oiling them again as they anticipated opening day. Out in the field and on the streams, I can still hear the blasts of shotguns as hunters filled their quotas of pheasants and ducks. And in the foothills and mountains, I can hear the cracks of the rifles as the hunters pursued the wily elk or deer, not only to replenish their larders, but to satisfy their urge for adventure or, in the invigorating air of autumn, their love for the great outdoors.

But harvest time meant more than all these things. It meant also lonely, brown withering corn

stalks stretching up to the sky, their plump, yellow roasting ears already gleaned, with but a few wormy ones to grace the stem. It meant dozens and dozens of squash and pumpkins staring up at us, now uncovered by Jack Frost's devastating hand. I remember gathering them in and saving the biggest, roundest ones to carve as Jack O' Lanterns for Halloween. It meant piles of red apples in the orchard, and gunny sacks bursting with potatoes. It meant seeing mother with bushels of tomatoes (traded for by Dad for new, threshed grain) to can; and later, climbing down the cellar steps with her to view all the wooden shelves filled with row upon row of bottled fruit and vegetables. How pretty the peaches, pears, apricots, cherries and tomatoes looked in their clean, shiny bottles. I felt secure when mother explained that when the cold winds blew and the barren ground lay blanketed with snow, there would be food on the table for our family of twelve and to share with others.

Harvest time also meant father with needles and twine preparing the canvasses to put in the old binder, as he got ready to cut the grain. It was fascinating to follow the binder in the field and to watch the big scythe cut the grain, gather it up with its rolling canvasses, bunch it together, tie the twine around it, and finally push the fluffy, yellow bundles out onto the ground. I never ceased to marvel that it could tie the knots around the bundles all by itself. Sometimes I helped my father and brothers stand groups of bundles upright against each other, or to "shalk the grain" as we called it. The shalking protected the grain from rust or summer storms that sometimes came before it could be hauled and stacked by our granary to await the time of threshing.

Threshing! Harvest time, perhaps most of all, meant threshing. Before the big event, we swept and cleaned and readied the granary, which was divided into separate bins for barley, wheat and oats. One threshing day, I and the other younger children woke early, jumped into our clothes, gulped down our usual dish of cooked germade or oatmeal, and ran out into the yard. We climbed up onto our favorite spot on the corral fence for a ringside view, -straining to get the first glimpse as that wonderful machine—that miraculous contraption that could somehow turn the golden bundles into grain and straw—came into sight. It was pulled by a tractor and had its long feeder chute tied down securely on top. The tractor had yards and yards of belt wound around a great wheel. The belt was unwound and connected to another big wheel on the thresher. The feeder chute, with its pulleys that went round and round to carry the bundles of grain into the machine, was set down alongside a stack of grain. Then the chute that carried the straw was set into position to blow the straw where my father wanted the straw stack to be. Finally, the pipe through which the grain kernels came down was set in place.

On the ground, my brothers, with the heavy clamps on the magic machine, attached empty gunny sacks to each of the dual ends of the grain kernel chute. With all in readiness, the crew captain shouted, "Let's go!" Our hearts raced with excitement. Two men on the grain stack began to pitch the bundles onto the feeder chute and in a few minutes the straw started shooting out the other end. My brothers watched the sacks as they filled up, routing the grain from one sack to another by pulling a lever. As sacks were filled, they hurriedly carried them into the granary, emptied them into the proper bins, and returned for more.

The men who worked on the threshing crew were strong-muscled, toughened by toil to do a real day's work. They wore blue, bibbed overalls and long-sleeved shirts, buttoned up tightly around their necks to keep out as much of the flying chaff as possible. Often they'd pull their handkerchiefs up over noses and mouths to keep the dust from literally clogging up their throats. The very air they breathed was full of it.

We sat on the corral fence, our fascination never waning, until the last bundle of grain from the last stack had gone through the machine.

Threshing day was exciting for us children, no matter what; but for father it was either satisfying or discouraging when he cupped handfuls of kernels from the granary to determine whether they were nice and plump or dry and withered. So much depended on the nature of the harvest.

Harvest times in Ephraim have come and gone, but memories remain, poignant with meaning.

SNOW COLLEGE MY DOOR TO TODAY

Jan C. Wells

1853 Lampton View Dr.

Riverton, Utah 84065

Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

It was like having a chance to get into a time machine and set it back to a period of my life when things were full of wonder. I shifted gears in the little yellow truck and slowed down so I could take in everything. The frat house, where the 'frat rats' lived, still stood on the corner, across from the U.B. where you could always find some action. The sign on the grass in bold letters read SNOW COLLEGE 1888. It was like coming home. . .

Moving into the dorm at Castilleja Hall that fall, up two flights of stairs and all the way to the end of the hall, I wondered where in my nineteen years of life I had accumulated so much. Having five younger sisters should have prepared me for dorm life, but it only helped ease the shock a little. Learning to share living quarters, especially bathrooms and kitchens, was probably one of my greatest educations I received at Snow. At the end of two years I had about ten or twelve new sisters.

It was fall, with the leaves just turning colors and a nip in the air, but for me it was like spring. Everything was new. I saw doors opened that beckoned with untried experiences. New friends, new community, and exciting college life. Watching shepherds moving their sheep down the street in front of the Noyes building was a new experience for a city girl. Taking rides to see turkeys, even going to a square dance in a new turkey shelter brought broadening horizons.

Classwork was harder than I had expected. It took a new level of self-discipline to stay on top of assignments. Professor Milton Armstrong was one of my favorite instructors. Taking chemistry for three quarters in a row my have led to my downfall without his extra help and patience to get me through the tough parts. He managed to even make chemistry fun by telling us funny stories once in awhile. Studying at the library was something I just assumed you did in College, but at Snow I found that if , " you were serious about studying there you did it before 7:00 p.m. There was never a problem finding a distraction when I couldn't study or concentrate.

I usually enjoyed staying on campus, even on weekends. There were plays, concerts, or musicals being performed often. It was a highlight of my life to learn the Messiah and perform it in the Manti tabernacle at Christmas time. I enjoyed the stomps and other dances, usually held in the ballroom on top of the Noyes building. One costume - party and dance in the cafeteria around Halloween was especially fun. It was exciting to be part of Badger football and sing "By the Light of the Moon" with the other fans in the stadium on warm fall afternoons.

Seasons changed, snow fell and it seemed a time for more serious schooling. Everyone was busy getting ready to enjoy the holidays. We would go to the Cow Palace and bowl a few games when we had

a chance or catch a movie in town. Winter was cold in Ephraim. Walking across campus would be a challenge on snowy, blustery days. With those days came more chance for serious reflection on the direction my life was taking. Driving into the valley and spotting the Manti Temple across in the distance gave me a feeling of peace and usually rejoicing that I was almost home.

I love springtime anywhere, but there is something about it on Snow campus that really made me have a sense of freedom and well being. New leaves and blossoms on the trees brought out the students to the lawns and sun. The girls' dorms were bustling with water fights, car washers, and studious girls studying on towels in bathing suits. Baseball games on the Snow field managed to draw a crowd of us to cheer on our team. I loved learning to play golf on the big lawn and then later trying my luck at the new course at Palisade Lake. Games of flag football and barbecue parties seemed to pop up at a moment's notice. 'S' Day came and we all climbed the mountain to whitewash the block 'S'. It was extra hot that day. Most of us came back wearing as much white as the rocks.

Graduation came in late spring. We marched down the streets of town in our caps and gowns toward the football stadium. It was a special thrill to hear President Spencer W. Kimball give our commencement address and later have the privilege of shaking his hand.

Packing up and loading belongings down those long halls and two flights of stairs seemed a job I longed to avoid. It was hard to face leaving my second home all my sisters, friends, and mentors. It was difficult to pull out of town with the sun shining and everything green and beautiful, knowing I was going on to new unexplored destinations. I grew up in two years at Snow College. I found out what kind of a person I was deep inside and where I wanted to go in my life. It was hard to let those wonderful years be closed and to push forward.

I shifted gears again in my little truck. It was time for me to pick up my husband so we could return to our four children, waiting at Grandma's house. I turned the truck and headed back to the future to where the decisions and direction I had chosen had led. Snow College is a place that will always hold a warm spot in my heart. It is where I found myself and learned that life is most exciting if I am looking constantly for doors to open. May that tradition continue for another hundred years!

IN PRAISE OF SNOW COLLEGE

George Cleon Whitlock
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Mesa, Arizona 85203
Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

Oh Flag of White and Gold
To the breeze unfold
We cry, All Hail!

That emblem of learning seemed almost out of reach to me in 1927. My friends and I stood then, on the brink of that dark chasm, The Great Depression Although we did not realize what it would mean, we did know that money was virtually unobtainable. We developed a skill at getting along without it.

Blaine Anderson and I were determined to go to Snow College that fall. I have often wondered how

we got the money to pay the tuition and the other expenses. I had worked on the pea-viner and had made a few dollars, but it took all the loose cash I could find just to enjoy the pleasures of youth. Of course we had to take in the dances at Redmond to and Palisade Park, where we would dance like whirling dervishes. Then there were the occasional dates and picture shows. It was impossible to live in a vacuum.

Nevertheless, we managed to pay our entrance fees. We found a family in Ephraim who would rent us an attic for a small sum, so we could "batch it." We then hauled a wagon load of wood from Mayfield for our fuel. We stocked up on food supplies from home. There was no stopping us. We just shouted, "Here we come."

Snow was then a small school of about 250 students with only one school building, "Old Main"- the "Noyes building"- and the gymnasium, but the spirit was there. We seemed like one big, happy family and everyone was glad for the chance to get an education. At age 17, a few obstacles did not matter. We signed up for all the courses we could.

The best teachers are those who inspire a student to reach out for that glimmer of light which seems just out of reach. At Snow, the teachers were all very good, but the one I remember best was Lucy A. Phillips. She understood young people, and there was a glow about her enthusiasm that made students try to reach a little beyond themselves.

Miss Phillips taught one class that I remember very well. It was called "Creative Writing." At first it seemed a little beyond my understanding, and I would sort of hang back and listen. She assigned us to write an article about a fictitious person, and that person had to become real to us. In some way we had to make the reader feel that this person had certain qualities, such as being a villain or a hero, without actually saying so in direct words. The mental picture of such a person was to be such that he, or she, would fit nicely into a dramatic story. The reader should then feel an affinity for that person, such as love, scorn, spite, sympathy, or some other emotion that would cultivate the readers' interest.

This class left me with a sense that there was a great deal more to be learned about the subject. I also found that the teacher's words were worth pondering, and that a lot of what she had said would keep coming back to me. In a few years I wrote her a letter in which I said that I was just beginning to understand her meaning, and I thanked her.

Miss Dixie Brimhall was another fine teacher. She taught a fine class in literature, grammar and other special matters regarding language. Heber C. Snell taught a very thoughtful class on the scriptures. William G. Barton was a strong teacher in history, philosophy, and related matters. Other teachers gave us special knowledge.

I took one class called "Naturology" from Henry Pederson. This was a forerunner of botany. Although I did not realize it at that time, the seeds were being planted which would start me on the plan for my life's work in the Natural Sciences. I followed this up with a career in the U.S. Forest Service for 35 years.

I can't forget Fred Fjeldsted, the leader of the music department. I got into the Glee Club and never left it during all the time until I finished College at Utah State. Mr. Fjeldsted was a big man and he was strong. We used to laugh sometimes, when he sat down at the piano. If the stool was not close enough he might just pull the piano up to him. Glee Club was a joy, whether it was practising a rollicking sea chanty, a classic march, a rich harmony from an opera or any of the favorite arrangements sung by choirs everywhere.

There was time for recreation also. I tried out for the football team and although I was lightweight

then, and inexperienced, I managed to sprain my ankle and get banged up. Dancing lessons in the gym, the regular college dances, playing tennis, and other games made the companionship of the fellow students such a real pleasure.

One of the most important activities for the student body was the assembly hall program. Frequently, fine guest speakers were invited. One of these who left such a deep impression on me was Dr. N. A. Pederson from U.S.A.C. in Logan. He built his theme around the words of Shakespeare, where Hamlet says to Horatio, speaking of the challenge his father's ghost has placed before him. These words were, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in thy philosophy." The speaker drew a mighty picture of how our life's aims may seem to be thwarted and cut off at times, but we can never feel that there is not a greater challenge, or a way to reach it. Over the years these thoughts have helped me through many tough spots.

Snow College has grown to such an extent that a broad field of studies is now available. The campus has grown to many buildings and the student body is much larger. Yet, the students may still fervently sing as we once did:

Oh, you banner so bright,
Rich as gold, pure as white,
To be with you is our fond prayer.

THE TRAIN WHISTLE

Katie D. Maylett
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Manti, Utah 84642

Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

What was that? I heard it again! A train whistle? Yes it was a train, reminding me I was in California many miles away from my home and the familiar sounds of the trains at this time.

We don't hear a train whistle in the night, or the day. We do not have a train coming or going from our town. What a loss!

Years ago we had five trains daily: a passenger train and a freight train from the north, and a passenger train and a freight train from the south. A fifth train, a combination passenger-freight train ran between Manti and Nephi each day. We had two railroad stations and two agents. There were eating places located near the depot where meals were served for the travelers and train crews.

There was an hour stopover at Manti. The train from the north sported a larger engine than did the one from the south. When the trains reached Manti, the engines were changed. The larger engine then headed back north, and the smaller engine proceeded back south to Marysvale. The changing of the engines was done in the railroad yard. A railroad track called the "Y" was used. This was north and west of the depot. Horse drawn hacks met the trains, one for the Eagle Hotel and one for the Savoy Hotel.

My it was fun to go to the station and see the trains come in, puffing and blowing to a screeching stop.

Today I remember being a passenger on the north- v. bound train going to Salt Lake City to visit my cousins there. I loved to ride on the train and to hear the vendor as he came through the train calling, "Popcorn, chewing gum, candy and jelly doughnuts."

I remember Daly's red Maxwell truck with a load of ten-gallon packers of ice cream to be shipped to the neighboring towns. Ice cream was shipped every other day.

The trains brought many exciting moments from the outside world to Manti. I remember the time the train came in bringing a theatrical troupe of actors and the scenery for the shows to be held in Felt's Pavillion. The trains brought to Manti traveling salesmen with their suitcases full of samples. The local hotels provided sample rooms, so the salesmen could display their merchandise.

I remember the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints missionaries coming home from their missions that had taken them to faraway lands with their different customs and languages. Many students came home from school, while others went away to school, all traveling by train. Once I remember the sheriff had a prisoner. The man had his hands fastened behind him. The sheriff was taking him to the Sanpete County jail that was behind our courthouse. There he was locked in until his trial.

I remember the day very well when the Utah National Guard had been called to active duty and they were leaving by train. They were going to camp San Luis Obispo, California, for extra training and from there to the war zones.

The railroad played a big part in the defense of our country, carrying personnel and war equipment. A parachute factory was established in Manti. One of the reasons for placing the factory here was the feasibility of the railroad. The materials and supplies to manufacture the parachutes were shipped here by train, and the finished parachutes were shipped by train to wherever they were needed. The train also brought in extra workers and personnel that were needed.

During the war years and several years after, the railroad was very useful; then automobiles became a source of transportation and the passenger train to and from Manti was discontinued. Then some years later the freight trains were replaced by large trucks and truck lines. So now we do not hear a "train whistle."

INDIANOLA

Gladys G. Allred
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Manti Utah 84642

Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

When I was a child, my parents owned and operated the Gribble Store in Gunnison. My father often went on business trips to Salt Lake, where he met with people from Canada and California, who purchased his cattle and grain. Sometimes, I was permitted to go with him.

We boarded the Sanpete train at the station about a mile east of Gunnison and traveled to Thistle, where we stayed overnight in a large, white brick hotel.

The next day, we met the train as it came from Price, and continued on to Salt Lake.

The most exciting part of my trip was through the northern section of Sanpete County, now known as Indianola. Here, the train passed through an Indian village. Indian children were lined up on both sides of the track, waiting for the train.

The engineer slowed the train and gave a toot of the whistle, warning the Indians to clear the track. The frightened children, some carrying pet dogs or cats, scurried to their huts or wick-i-ups. From here, they waved to the passengers on the train and I poked my head out of the window to wave at them.

THE ARRIVAL

Ruth D. Scow
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Manti, Utah 84642
First Place Short Story

The wagon creaked to a stop. Sarah Jane stirred and rubbed her eyes. Most every day since starting on the trek from Iowa, her job had been to herd the cows, but this morning father had said, "Neuman can herd the cattle today and you can ride in the wagon." What a pleasure it was for her to rest her feet after walking all the long weary miles across the plains to Salt Lake City and then to follow President Brigham Young's directions, to pack up and move again, to settle Sanpete Valley.

The jolting and bumping of the wagon lulled her to sleep, but now as the wagon stopped she was wide awake. This was the moment that she and her family and the other settlers had been waiting and walking and riding toward. She could hear the voice of Father Morley, their leader, "This is where we stop. Make camp." Silently she watched as father laid his long rawhide whip on the wagon seat, placed his hand on the rump of the nearest ox, jumped to the ground and then disappeared alongside the wagon.

Such excitement Sarah Jane had never felt before. Always she had heard the words, "Move on," until they became part of her life. She hoped that they could stay here and have a permanent place to live, her heart pounded with the thought that this place could be home. Quickly she crawled over boxes and bedding to the high front seat of the wagon where she could see the Sanpete valley and know the feelings of excitement the settlers had in arriving at their long-anticipated destination.

The afternoon sun was having trouble getting through the heavy gray clouds that hung like a huge blanket above the West mountain. The valley to the east, north and south was surrounded by mountains and they looked cold and lifeless. The big cottonwood trees that grew along the banks of the creek were brown and bare, while the rabbit brush and the sagebrush near the wagons were so tall she could reach her hand to touch them. Dry leaves rustled and scurried before the south wind, warm and sultry against her face.

"Everyone out! This is the place!" Sarah Jane heard the words and a feeling of loneliness and homesickness came over her. They had traveled so many miles and moved so many times, but today - she had no time to think. She must help Mother with the children and also help her to get needful things unpacked, while Father and her older brothers unyoked the oxen and herded the cattle away from camp so they could search for dry grasses that were hidden among the brush and rocks along the creek.

Father soon had a campfire of dried leaves and twigs, smoking at first and then brightly burning, while Mother was getting the sack of flour to make biscuits. "Sarah Jane, take that brass bucket and bring me some water from the creek. I need to wash these dusty pans and also I need some for the biscuits. We'll have no milk until that dratted cow gets something to eat."

How hungry thirteen-year-old Sarah Jane felt. She was happy, but with all this fresh air, the smell of the wood fire, plus the idea of food made her even more hungry. She could hardly wait until the supper of boiled potatoes and biscuits baked in the iron kettle was done. Excitement was all around her as the settlers called to one another. Even Molly, their cow, bawling for her lost calf, sounded exciting but lonely.

For several weeks her family and the other settlers had been traveling south to find this valley of the Sanpitch Indians. Chief Walker, with some of his braves, had ridden their ponies to Salt Lake to pow-wow with Brigham Young, to get his consent to send white men to teach them how to plant and take care of themselves. Deep down in his mind, the crafty chief also thought about the ponies and cattle the settlers would bring with them.

In Sanpete, they had stopped at Shumway Springs, where they argued where to make a settlement. Finally Father Morley said, as he pointed to a hill in the distance, "There is the end of our journey. In close proximity to that hill, God willing, we will build our City." (It took three days for all the settlers to arrive at this conclusion and perhaps that was the reason history says, "The first pioneers arrived in Manti on November 19th", while others say, November 22nd, 1849.)

Finally supper was finished and the few dishes were washed. Tired "good nights" were said and everyone climbed wearily and thankfully into their own wagons. It seemed that Sarah Jane was asleep almost before her head hit the pillow. She was tired.

Morning seemed to come too soon. Sarah Jane opened her eyes and blinked at the whiteness of the morn. Everything was so quiet. She could hear Father and Mother whispering to one another. Outside all sounds were muffled and stilled. Saying to herself that it was too early to get up, she snuggled farther down into the warmth of her bed and pulling the covers over her ears and under her nose, she tried to sleep again. Then she heard the neighbors moving around, but these sounds were also muffled. What was wrong?

Carefully she brought her hand from under the quilts and raised the wagon cover far enough to look out. Now she understood about the sounds. Snow was everywhere. . .lots and lots of it! It was white and deep. Where did it all come from? How could so much fall in just one night?

Sarah Jane could not stay in bed. Quickly she dressed, threw her shawl around her shoulders and climbed down into the snow. In some places where it had drifted, it was almost as deep as she was tall. The wind was coming from the north with a bitter sting. All the world seemed a cold fairyland, with the tops of the brush poking through the white frosting. The sky had cleared, but the wind kept the branches of the trees swaying and dripping huge chunks of snow on the ground.

Many of the settlers were trying to get their campfires started. Father and the boys searched to find dry leaves, bark and twigs. Clearing a place in the snow and kneeling on one knee, Father pulled his dry flints from his pocket, scratched them together and a tiny spark dropped onto the bark. It flared and died out. Again Father struck the flints together. Another spark flew, and with cupped hands he blew the spark to life. Soon he had a bright flame burning. An occasional flurry of snow fell and set the fire to sputtering, but with the addition of extra wood the blaze was large enough to give warmth.

When there were plenty of coals, Mother began to prepare breakfast. This was a slow affair because the smoke kept following her as she circled the fire in a vain effort to keep it out of her eyes. Finally breakfast was ready and the blessing on the food was said. Then it was that Sarah Jane who heaped her plate with potatoes and several biscuits, only to have Mother remind her, "Your eyes are bigger than your belly."

Sarah Jane helped clear the meal away and even helped with the dishes. It was something to do. Her badly worn shoes became sodden and her feet cold and wet, but as she hurried between the fire and the wagon she tried to forget her discomfort in the fact that all the settlers were cold and many of them were wet. She reminded herself that she was a pioneer. She would help her folks make a new home.

After checking on the livestock and gathering wood for the day, the men of the camp gathered to

see what plans they could make for their families' welfare and housing. One man said, "Looks like the only thing we can do is stand our wagon boxes on end, side by side, and stretch wagon covers over the top. Later, when the snows are melted, we can go to the canyons for logs to build cabins. We might even be able to use these cottonwood logs." This suggestion brought forth pros and cons.

At last Father Morley said, "Let us move to the south side of that hill to the east. There we will be protected from the icy blasts of the north. We can dig caves or dugouts into that hill and they will be warm and dry and we can hang our wagon covers over the openings to keep out the cold and storms."

Sarah's father nodded his head in agreement as she thrilled with the idea of living in a cave until spring came. She could do so many things to help, but for now. . . she wanted to get started toward that cave.

Note: Sarah Jane was the daughter of James "Polly" and Eunice Reasor Brown who came as original settlers GO Manti, Nov. 19, 1849.

Sources:

Account told to author by her grandparents.

ISAAC MORLEY ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIER, John Clifton Morley, p.39.

SONG OF A CENTURY, Manti Centennial Committee, c. 1947, p. 12.

MICHAEL REASOR AND ANNA HERBERT DESCENDENTS, Eunice Ann Cox Herbert, c. 1968, pp. 2-3.

THE OTHER 49ERS, Sanpete County Commission, c. 1983, pp. 25-30.

THE KRAKEN

Lillian H. Fox

140 North 100 West

Manti, Utah 84642

Second Place Short Story

(Note: Many people immigrated to the United States from Europe during the period 1840-1900. With them came customs, traditions, and superstitions. Some of their culture stayed with them for years. My father told me of a woman in Manti who was accused of being a witch.

Over 9,000 Danes came to America from the small country of Denmark. Some of them located in Wisconsin, but another large group moved to Utah and helped settle Sanpete. The following story is about my mother's early life in Denmark where many superstitions prevailed.)

Far north in Denmark, in the month of March, daylight hours lengthened but there was no let up in the wintry weather. Blizzards and crushing storms swept over the land as lightning ripped through black clouds and thunder shook the earth.

The Skagerack and Kattegat were like wild beasts in distress as mad winds lashed the waters, driving them into towering waves. Giant icebergs broke apart and were tossed upon the shores. The storks returned from the south, but their large bodies were blown about the sky like sheets of paper. Fishermen feared to cast nets and farmers had difficulty getting onto rainsoaked fields; seeds rotted in the boggy earth. The only store in the little village of Skyum ran short of supplies and people became hungry and ill.

Everyone was discouraged and some folks turned to old rituals to drive away the evils that had befallen them.

One day a young man mounted on an old work horse came trotting into the Reenberg yard. "Tell Inger Marie and Frederick to come to the churchyard this evening," he said. "The young folks are gathering to drive away the evil curse that hangs over us. "

"It's about time that someone did something," said grandmother, who happened to be outside. "I'll tell them. They'll be there."

Inger and Frederick returned home later in the evening, every nerve in their bodies excited.

"Clap your hands, stomp your feet,

Let your arms fly, high

Vanish hags, vanish trolls,

Melt into the sky," chanted Inger Marie, as she marched around the kitchen, waving her arms.

She actually frightened little Karen who hid under the table.

"There was a woman there," continued Inger Marie, "a stranger who led us in old-time chants. She told us that a wicked old hag, hiding somewhere in the shadows, is responsible for all our troubles. She wants us to find her, that she may be punished."

"Nonsense," replied mother. "old hags of that sort died years ago." "They could return." declared grandmother, defensively, as she crossed herself.

"Grandfather, what is a Kraken?" asked Frederick.

"Don't say that word!" exclaimed grandfather. "No one has dared speak of it these many years. We were told that if we ever breathed its name, it may return to haunt us."

"Well, what is it? A man down in the churchyard was talking about it," replied Frederick. "I could not hear all that he had to say."

"Well, then the spell is broken, and I may as tell you," replied grandfather. "A kraken is the most terrible of sea beasts. It is a creature whose back measures a mile and a half in circumference. As it floats on the crest, the sailors have mistaken it as they have mistaken a whale for an island. It has arms like the tallest masts of ships, and with these it siezes the greatest vessels and pulls them down into the waves. When the kraken sinks, it creates such a whirlpool that all ships nearby are sucked under and the crews drowned. The kraken's presence in the sea also curses the land. Homes are destroyed, crops refuse to grow, and people die."

"That's it. That's exactly right. There is a kraken!" said grandmother, twisting her gray curls.

"I'm going to the seashore," said Frederick. "I'm going to look for a kraken. I don't believe -"

"Hush thy lips, son, and mind your elders. Stay away from the sea until we can find a solution for these problems," said father.

After a while, the weather became calm and conditions in general improved, but grandfather became ill and had a cough.

Grandmother burned incense and strong spices to chase away the evil influence.

"If only I had not spoken of the kraken," said grandfather. "I could be outside now, helping with the farm work."

"Many of our neighbors are ill," replied grandmother. "There is something, somewhere."

"It's out there, under the waves," said grandfather, not knowing that he had consumption (T.B.), a contagious disease transmitted from one person to another.

Grandfather became pale with bright red spots on his cheeks, and his breathing was difficult.

Grandmother treated him with all known remedies, putting mustard plasters on his chest and hanging a chain of spices and dried toads' legs around his neck. Her neighbors told her that plants gave some evidence or "signature" of what they could cure. For example, the flower known as the Canterbury Bell, were so arranged as to suggest a throat, so she ground these petals and fed them to grandfather. The next day, she packed rags into the cracks and corners of his room to exclude the fresh air and keep out the evil.

In spite of her efforts, grandfather continued to grow weak and thin. Finally, he received last rites, and death's dark flag was advanced. Grandmother left the room to sob and cry and all the family moaned at his passing. Now, the entire family would be dressed in black clothing.

So ended the life of my great-grandfather Kristensen about one hundred years ago in a little village named Skyum, in Denmark.

A PICTURE OF ROSE

Lois S. Brown
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Manti, Utah 84642
Third Place Short Story

"Mom, why don't we take that funny old picture down?" I asked my mother one day as we cleaned her bedroom.

"Oh, no! I could never do that. That's my sister Rosetta."

"Yes, I know that, but it's all so funny.

Look at the way her hair is fixed, and that high-necked huge-sleeved dress. And her skin. Why, it's just white with shell-pink cheeks. Nobody looks like that. She looks more like a doll. And Mom, that frame! It's as big as the picture. All that white and gold—and besides, it looks grungy!"

Mother stopped cleaning, and with cleaning rags still in her hands, she sat on the bed and looked at the picture and then at me. She looked, and thought, and tears formed in her eyes. Then, with a sigh she pulled me to sit down beside her, took my hand in hers and said, "You are still just a child, but maybe I can make you understand. I'll try to help you see what I see in that picture, and why I keep it there." "You know that Rosetta was my sister and was just two years older than I and she died."

"Yes I know that but you had another sister and two little brothers who died and I don't even know their names or what they looked like. But you keep this funny old picture. I think you would like to think of this sister--well--different/ in different clothes and more natural make-up. And that hair! That can't be the way she looked. You told me she was so beautiful."

"Oh did I?"

"Yes, that day in the cemetery when we put the rose on her grave. You showed me the rose on her beautiful tall white grave stone, and you said she was as beautiful as the rose on the stone and in her name."

"Well, she was beautiful. Everyone thought so and she was so in love and so happy."

"But she looks sad."

"Yes, that too," Mother replied as a tear escaped and ran down her cheek.

"You see, my dear, she was ill, very ill, when that picture was taken. She had a bad heart, and she couldn't do the things her friends did. But, there was Lee, and he loved her anyway, and they were planning

their wedding when she had that picture taken to give to him. They knew what might happen, and they were afraid, but hopeful. They prayed and hoped they would have a wonderful life together. We all did.

"Rose had to spend so much of her time in her bed or on the sofa by the front window. Oh, Pa took her out in the buggy, or sometimes she sat on the big front porch when the days were nice.

"Lee taught school in Mayfield, and that was a long trip on horseback, so he stayed there all week and just came to Manti on week-ends. Saturday mornings our home would hum with excitement. Rosetta must get ready for Lee's appearance.

"With two curling irons, one heating in the kerosene lamp while the other was in use, she and I managed in about an hour to create that hair-do you think is so outlandish. Then Rose would put on one of her beautiful white dresses, so long and full that only the toes of her shoes could be seen, and with lace, gathers and tucks enhancing the beautiful lines on the high neck and long full sleeves. Mother taught me how to tie a butterfly bow in the sash of pink or blue ribbon. You can just barely see it in the picture. Then we pinched her cheeks and lips to make them appear rosy and healthy.

"Finally, quite ready, Rosetta lay on the sofa by the front window. And Lee would come bounding up the path, young, handsome, and in love. He would throw open the door, gather Rose into his arms and smother her with kisses and hugs. If the weather was good he might carry her to his buggy, and they would go for a ride. I was sure nothing in the world could be more beautiful and romantic than these young lovers. I felt certain that God would see that nothing happened to hurt them—and deep in my young heart I wondered if any man would ever love me as my beautiful sister was loved.

"Saturday nights Rose and Lee sometimes went to a dance. Though Rose could not dance, and Lee never did either. They watched the dancers together and went home when Rose was tired. At home they talked, held hands, even kissed and hugged when they thought they were alone. They read to one another, sang, looked at stereopticon pictures and planned their wedding. It was to take place in the spring. Talk of a wedding upset our parents greatly. They talked to the young couple together and separately, trying to convince them it was foolish to plan marriage until Rose's health improved. They knew that was just a happy dream, but they argued that Rose was so young that they could afford to wait. But they failed to change the plans of the great love that continued to grow—and spring marriage plans continued.

"Pa was a photographer, and he took pictures of Rose. She was so lovely and we all wanted to remember when she was so young, so beautiful and so in love. So, for Christmas she took the picture she liked best, that one there in my bedroom, and she bought the prettiest frame she could find that frame you think is so ugly, and she gave it to Lee for Christmas.

"As winter broke and the spring appeared, the excitement of the wedding grew, but Rose became weaker and paler, but was sure the good weather and Lee's love would help her to overcome her health problems. And then she became ill, really ill, and the wedding plans had to stop, or as Lee said, 'pause.' Still he was sure they could resume. With his great health and strength, exuberance and love, he just knew he could give some of it all to Rose, and they could have a life together. So they planned, and hoped and prayed--until one night as he left, Mother said she could see discouragement in the sag of Lee's shoulders and concern in his eyes. Was he finally facing reality? Before he was to come the next week-end, Rose was dead.

"Lee was frantic! She could not be dead! He would not let her die. They had promised to live and love together. No one could take her from him like this. But she was dead, and they buried her, and Lee went back to work. But he was hurt and sad. He often brought his grief to Rose's home where he and Rose's family could share their memories, and their grief.

"When school ended, Lee quit his job and went away to further his education and to see if he could find some way to put meaning into his life again.

"Years passed and other problems took our attention. Our family was large, but we never ceased loving Rose--and Lee. He had so nearly become a part of our family, and he kept in touch and said he was going to return to Manti to live.

"Eventually he did, when he had finished his education and married. He still came to our home, and still talked about Rose, but he never brought his wife with him, and, although we had known he would marry, had wanted him to, it would have hurt to see that other woman where rose might have been. "Then one day as I walked down the street, Lee's wife stopped me and asked, 'You are Rose's sister, aren't you?'

"Yes."

"You look like that picture of Rose Lee has. Would you like it? Lee won't get rid of it, but if you came and took it he couldn't blame me. It would really solve some problems for me--for us.

"So I went home with her and took the picture and hung it in my room. When I married I brought it with me and have just let it hang in our bedroom, and I look at it, and I remember Rose and Lee and their love, and I just never thought much about taking it down. Everything happened so long ago. Maybe I should move the picture if it really appears so old and funny."

"Oh, no, Mom! I've changed my mind. It's beautiful."

So the picture hung in Mother's room until the house was sold after Mother died. Mother and her family are all dead. Lee and his family are dead, but there was a touching love story that my mother told me, and now maybe I alone know about it, and I can't forget it!

Events my mother and her sister often talked about.

PIONEER TREES AND FLOWERS

Talula F. Nelson

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Mt. Pleasant, Utah 84647

Honorable Mention Short Story

Today, we took a trip to one of the most beautiful and pleasant places we have ever seen, the mountains east of Mt. Pleasant. We packed a lunch and started early. The morning sun shone on the thick sturdy oaks as we neared the mountains. We recalled the strength of the mighty oak, as nuts gave us much pleasure as we separated the cups from the seed and visualized the beauty they would give to our wreaths and bouquets we were planning for Christmas. We reached down and gathered some of the rich soil, let it pass through our fingers and made our minds up to return and take some home to our ferns and house plants.

We traveled on over the smooth paved dug road in our high-powered car, watching the scenery change in a beautiful panorama of green, so many shades of green, from the delicate yellow of the aspen to the heavy dark shades of the white and yellow pines; here and there a blue spruce would stand alone in its native symmetrical beauty and we knew the right tree had been selected to be our state tree, Utah's own Blue Spruce. We passed groves of aspen, 'their tall white trunks crowned with a quivering mass of perfectly shaped leaves always moving in the light breeze.

Flowers lined the roadside, more kinds than we could find names for. Patches of bluebells vied with their lavender friends for the crown of beauty. Wild climbing peas wrapped themselves around any neighbor plant or bush next to them, wild beans and lady-slippers found their niche, the tiny birds-eye seeking a place in the morning sun, the sturdy black-eyed susan could be seen in many places, sometimes covering an entire hillside with their yellow gold shining in the sunlight. Near the top of the mountains we drove our car in the shade of beautiful pines. As we sat down on a log to make ready for a short hike, we saw a mother sage hen with a dozen or more baby chicks coming out of the thick underbrush. She paused a moment to look at us, then with a cluck led her chicks to safety back into the brush.

The saucy blue jay with- its beautiful long tail feathers and topknot headdress flew from branch to branch over our heads. The busy woodpecker sounded each tree trunk for its breakfast of bugs. While we rested, we gathered wild gooseberries and strawberries and enjoyed their delicate flavor. Patches of chokecherries, their long stems of white flowers, promised us a treat of jelly and jam if we would return after the first frost and gather their fruit. Service and squawberry bushes were loaded with fruit just for the taking.

We started our hike in the deep shade of the pines. We found the beautiful white columbine; we were excited as we talked of its being our national flower, and Utah's white was most symbolic to us. We talked of its many colors, each state having its own red, white, or blue. Our hike led us out of the pines into a clearing of giant sage brush; its pungent smell delighted us and we gathered some to remind us later. As our trail led us through the brush, we began to find flowers. We left the path and rushed in all directions to be the first to find Indian red paintbrush, larkspurs, daisies, and the beautiful state flower, the Segoe Lily. We tasted its roots and we were reminded of its lifesaving qualities, iron and protein which the pioneers needed so much to supplement their diet. Here and there we saw a dandelion, yarrow, and hops and even peppermint plants, all of which the early settlers used for food, medicine and flavoring. We were amazed as we reminisced how the Lord had provided for their needs.

We hiked onto the top of the hill. As we looked out over the crest, there before our eyes were acres of blue delphiniums, a breathtaking sight, the heavenly blue covering the valley and hillside. As we watched a moment, we saw three large elk raise their heads in the middle of that flower garden. They soon sighted us and laid their big horns back on their shoulders and pranced away in the opposite direction. We said little as we made our way back to the car. The beauty of the morning had overwhelmed us; words were not available to add to the experience .

In the car we hurried along through more trees, shrubs, bushes and flowers. We came to the top of a hill; over the summit we found ourselves on the banks of the most beautiful lake we had ever seen. Its length could not be judged as it disappeared behind the next hill. We realized how the clear pure mountain streams were fed the year around and felt secure by this promise. We paused long enough to have a battle with horemint (nigger head).

Evening was approaching and we found a camp sight near a stream. The pure cold water quenched our thirst as we drank deeply of the pure goodness. As we started our fire and arranged for our dutch-oven dinner, we smelled the smoke of our neighbor's fire; someone suggested maybe Indians had camped here on this very spot. We all agreed. The mountain trout in the creek would be food for them. Just then, a squirrel ran by. Chipmunks were everywhere. The beaver dam told us they were plentiful. Other small animals darted here and there, some coming close enough for a crust of bread. We knew the mountain produced plenty of meat for its native people. Adding to our excitement a timid deer came out in the clearing to get good grass before retiring in the dark forest.

As we ate, our conversation turned to the pioneers Someone said, "I remember grandma's flower garden. It was scrubby, not too well kept, as her efforts and hard work had to be in the fields and garden. But a few choice plants she always kept. Her old fashioned pink moss rose struggled for existence, but its fragrance was never to be forgotten. How I loved the smell of that rose. She kept a plant of lavender, this she picked and dried to put among her handkerchiefs and linens. The fragrance permeated her house, how it thrilled us children when she took from her pocket a hanky and we caught the delicate scent of lavender."

Old Man was a plant the men wore in their buttonholes when they went to church or to a dance. How grandma loved her flag, a blue flag now called Iris. A few sweet peas were planted by her garden fence. The stately hollyhock grew in their door yard. Lilac bushes covered her gateway; how we loved to play hide and seek and get in among those sweet blossoms. Her flowers gave us many hours of fun. How we loved to make dolls from the hollyhock with their parasols and many petticoats. Chains from the jointed grass that grew nearby, the giant pie plant leaves made hats the same size as our mothers wore, and the snapdragon would always open and close its mouth as we wished it to. A few flowers were in her window. How she nursed and carefully protected her white, pink or red geraniums In her south window sills she had other plants, such as fushia, petunias, Martha Washington and ivy.

Her herb garden consisted of chives, sage and dill. Hops and yarrow grew everywhere, giving flavor and vitamins to her homemade beer, cheese, and pickles.

I remember the fields: how we loved to gather wild flowers in the sagebrush from early spring to late summer as we watched the cows. The meadows were always full of cattail which we would have to wade through the swamps to gather. It wasn't so bad except when a leech or bloodsucker would fasten itself to our legs and feet. The slender willow furnished us jumping ropes and stick horses. Often an uncle would make a whistle from a willow. We would march as if we were Sousa's band. Wildrose berries and milkweed furnished us beads, and baby dolls in a cradle, and snow balls from their seed.

The beautiful red-winged blackbird was master of the meadow. The musical call of the meadowlark, swallow darting here and there, the bluebird and robin lined the fences, the mournful call of the mourning dove and the eerie hoot of the owl added to our pleasure of the meadows.

I remember the many trees, the tall Lombardy poplar, which was a landmark for Mormon towns all through Utah, Nevada and Idaho. Its quick growing made it useful for shade, and its soft wood was made into spoons, butter molds, stools, and water troughs; even chairs and other furniture were made from its wood. It was used for kindling. Its long straight trunks made good fences; how we loved to walk these pole fences. It was such fun to climb to the top of these tall trees and look out over the countryside. The hardy cedar trees were ornamental as well as useful for firewood. The native cottonwood tree lined the irrigation ditches and creeks and gave welcome shade to animals. Their long stems of cotton were a beautiful sight to see .

The wide-spreading Carolina poplar tree was planted near the house--its wide-spreading branches made a cool summer kitchen for the overheated housewife. The men used its cover for sleeping quarters.

How I remember the good apples we used to get in grandma's orchard. The huge Sweet Bough, the Red Astican and Red June. Yes, and the Coddling and Early Harvest, Rhode Island Green and Pearmain Pear Apple and Twenty Ounce and Porter. All these and more were found in Mt. Pleasant orchards. Stealing apples was a main sport for young people. None cared, they had plenty and we went mostly to our own orchards. Many of the apples were dried for winter use. I remember grandma telling how she carried a basket of dried apples to Eliza R. Snow when she went to be married in the Endowment House.

Plums of all kinds, the Greengage and Blue Plum were used the most. Potawatomes were gathered from the fields and dried along with other plums. Gooseberries and Red and Black currants were found in many orchards. Under the trees were planted the good nutritious plant called Caraway used in soup. This early green was a treat in the spring, along with rhubarb pie and ground cherry jam.

I remember a couple of cherry trees along the sidewalk by Brother Cliff's home. He had a near nursery in his lot on First West by the big creek. Here he propagated and grafted trees and supplied the town. Main street was an orchard at one time. Four tall Lombards stood alone after the fire; these gave welcome shade when parades went by, and also to visit under when friends met.

Dad, tell us about the parks. "Mt. Pleasant planted and cared for a beautiful park where the old fort stood. Here we enjoyed baseball and picnics. It gave way, much to our unhappiness, to North Sanpete High school in 1910. It was surrounded by a board fence which provided elevated seats for the ballgames. Fourth and 24th celebrations were held in this shady park. Black Hawk encampments enjoyed its spacious shade. We loved it. Another park south of town gave way to the state road and CCC camp. A small part of it still stands for people to relax and enjoy picnics. The cemetery was well planted and cared for and the trees gave shelter to people when they met in times of sorrow or on Decoration Day and when friends met for a welcome visit.

"The beautiful Mulberry tree planted in the early 80's still stands on the Sybil Hansen lot. It provided food for silk worms. Its beautiful leaves made many table decorations. The majestic sycamore stands on Ruth Jones' front yard; its large leaves have been seen going through main street at a high rate of speed when the fall winds carried them. Three beautiful evergreens were planted on Main street to honor three soldiers who gave their lives in World War I. They are: Ralph Brady--drowned; Jacob Hafen--died of pneumonia; and Mervil Zabriskie--killed in action in the Aragon Forest in France. Two rows of native pines grew on the church ground. They gave their welcome shade to people who wished to visit after church. Many trees grow in Mt. Pleasant: Flowering Catalpa, Hawthorne, white Birch, Locust, Flowering Plums, Weeping Willow, Red Maple, Horse Chestnut, Blue Spruce, Ponderosa, Cedar, and Black Walnut."

We found ourselves far into the night, the fire was almost out, the dutch oven empty. We had a wonderful day enjoying nature at her best and reminiscing about trees and flowers in the early days. They must have been beautiful.

Surely our pioneers came into the most beautiful and productive place in the world. Every want was supplied. Truly, they were led by the hand of God into a land choice above all others.

GOOD SHOT

Halbert S. Greaves
1904 Herbert Ave
Salt Lake City, Utah 84108
First Place Anecdote

In one way, what was true of me in my early teens was also true of my friends: we played tricks on each other, on neighbors and other people: sometimes harmless, or mischievous, or mean. One time I was deliberately bounced from the high end of a high teeter-totter and landed on my head. I was out cold for awhile. But no one ever tried to shoot me. I shot myself.

I was about thirteen, old enough, I thought, to have a single-shot gun; my older brother had a

repeater. I coaxed until father paid a neighbor five dollars for a gun--a poor gun, a bad bargain. The firing pin was defective and the gun often failed to fire. But one summer afternoon about 1920, when a couple friends and I walked east of town to shoot gophers, it worked too well. Once! In mid-afternoon some rain fell, and I rested it on my right foot to prevent rain from falling into the barrel. Dumb? You bet, even for a thirteenyear old.

But I knew it was "not cocked," and somehow one of my fingers touched the trigger, ever so accidentally, and the defective gun fired. I thought / had surely shot a hole through my foot or shot off a toe; my foot hurt and, after removing my shoe, we discovered a hole through the sole-- and a bloody stocking. Helped by my friends I hobbled or was carried home where my distraught mother took care of my wound and quickly found out how lucky I had been. The bullet had indeed gone through my shoe, at the base of and between the second and third toes, destroying only some flesh and blood.

How could it have missed the bones? I have never known how!

A SECRET SNOWBALL

June B. Jensen
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Orem, Utah 84058
Second Place Anecdote

The dirt road down the lane to my house had about two inches of mud under heavy new snow. For that reason my friend parked his truck at the top of the lane so he wouldn't get stuck. He "walked" me the remaining distance to my home.

My Dad's barn stood by the roadway about halfway between the lane and the house. It had weathered a half-century of winters with heavy snow, so no one paid any attention to the sagging timbers and weather-beaten boards banging loose in the wind.

On that particular night, my friend and I were returning from a High School basketball game between North Sanpete and Wasatch Academy. We were filled with enthusiastic school spirit, the RAMS having won the game. In a jovial gesture, my friend scooped up a heavy, wet snowball and threw it at the barn as we passed. In that instant the roof of the barn, laden with snow, collapsed with a loud crash. We were stunned. How could a snowball cause such a disaster?

My Father was a stern man and unintentionally evoked fear in some young people. Like a scared rabbit, my friend hurried back to his truck and home. I went in and quietly to bed.

Early the next morning I watched my Dad put on his boots, a vest, coat, cap, mittens, and reluctantly go out to do the chores. In a few minutes he was back in the kitchen shouting, "The barn caved in during the night, but the cows are all right." He had stationed them in the stable the night before. I decided to let well enough alone and kept the secret of the snowball for more than twenty years.

THE LEGEND OF "PETE POKER"

Yulene A. Rushton
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First Place Historical Essay

In terms of modern slang, Pete Poker could best be described as a real go-getter, an ambitious ornery go-getter! He was known to townfolk not by his given name, Peter Jensen, but by the nickname folks gave him in the days when he spent much of his time in the pool-hall playing poker. He loved gambling and playing cards, so much that he acquired a name for it and became a legend in his own time. Many articles printed in past issues of the "Saga" have made reference to the memory of Pete Poker.

As a great-grand-daughter, I became fascinated by his name and the tales I had heard about my notorious relative. His life was anything but dull, and it would take perhaps volumes to give a complete account of his sojourn here on earth. He's been gone now for fifty years, but he's still remembered by many who are still living. Pete Poker will always stand out in memory as one of early Sanpete County's most memorable residents.

Peter Jensen was born near Aarhus, Denmark, in a small place called Bjerling Judland, on August 17, 1850. He was next to the oldest in a family of eight children born to Mads Jensen and Maren Jacobsen Heideman.

When he was about two years old, he was taken by his father's sister to be raised. This aunt and her husband had been unable to have children. Their name was Peterson. They were quite well off financially, and Peter had most anything he wanted. In his own words, he told of being treated like a pet. When he misbehaved, his aunt and uncle threatened to send him back to his father and mother. He came to fear the name father and mother the same as a child today might fear the "bogy man."

When Peter was six years old, his father was baptized into the Mormon church and was preparing to sail for America. He wanted his whole family with him, so he and a missionary stole Peter while the uncle was busy in the fields.

Mads Jensen and his large family sailed to Liverpool, England. From there they set sail for America and were on the ocean for nine weeks and four days.

Shortly after arriving in America, they were able to join the Handcart Company, which came across the plains to Zion. On their long journey, when Peter got tired of walking, his mother encouraged him to ride his stick horse. That trusty horse carried him most of the way. In fact he wore out several horses, and a new one would have to be fashioned with an appropriate piece of wood found along the trail.

While going through Nebraska, Peter was sent to a farmhouse to ask for milk for his sick brother. The owner of the farmhouse wanted to buy Peter and offered Peter's father \$200.00 in gold. Of course the offer was refused, but Peter said he was wishing that his father had sold him.

The Handcart Company arrived in Salt Lake City on September 13, 1857. The children attended school there that winter.

In the spring of 1858 the Mads Jensen family move to Goshen and lived there in an old mud fort. They stayed until April of 1862, then moved to Mount Pleasant. There they took up farming.

Peter's formal education consisted of reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic.

When he was nineteen he left home because he and his father were having trouble getting along.

He was extremely ambitious and could always find a job. He worked for both the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads and at Promontory Point. Peter hauled lumber in the canyons east of Salt Lake City. He also worked on a farm for a Bishop Kesler from 1869 to 1871. His pay was board, washing, mending, and five dollars a month.

Next he worked at freighting into East Canyon and then went to work in Nevada, burning charcoal for a smelter. He and a pal staked out a mining claim, but because of financial backing, had to give it up. The mines and smelters in Ely, Nevada, were his next employment, and in 1876 he was employed irrigating a farm in White river valley. He then worked for three more years in the mines in Tybo, Nevada.

In 1879 he returned to Mount Pleasant. He was nearly twenty-nine years old when he started dating a sweet young thing by the name of Ann America Truly. She was only sixteen years old, barely more than half his age, and was working in the town drugstore. Her parents were both dead and she was living with a sister.

On May 8, 1879, Ann and Pete were married. The following month,.. on June 23, Ann gave birth to twin sons. She named them Peter and James. James died when only a few hours old and the other twin, Peter, lived for ten days, until July 3, 1879. Ann and Peter lived a long life together and gave birth to eight other children, raising seven of them to adulthood. A son, Mark Americus Jensen, died in a tragic accident when he was twelve years old. An accidental fall between two box cars took his young life.

Pete Poker continued to be ambitious and industrious. At one time he ran a saloon in Manti which allowed gambling. For this he was ex-communicated from the church. Later he was offered his membership back, but declined. After his death, his daughter, Ruby Poulsen and a son, Edward (Ted) Jensen, did the necessary work to have him re-baptized and all his temple work done.

He was a strict and stern father. His son Bill remembers being tied to a tree in the yard for punishment, and left there for the goats to bunt.

At various times he left home to herd sheep in Colorado, Utah and Idaho. At one time he saved enough money to buy a small herd of sheep. Dogs got into them and killed most of them. That ended his career as a sheepman.

He drank a lot and his wife finally gave him the choice to give up drinking or get out of her life. He got out and didn't return for three years. The turning point in his life came when he was involved in a scuffle with a drinking buddy. Pete was shot. The bullet went through his right shoulder and narrowly missed a vital artery. He went home again and tried to lead a different kind of life.

He bought a candy store next to the dance hall and ran it for many years. Pete always demanded payment in cash. Others were accepting eggs for pay, but not Pete Poker. He was not very trusting of people and wanted to see profits immediately.

He was exceptionally clean. People remember him as a short man, always wearing long-sleeved shirts and trousers that were held up by suspenders. He had stern blue eyes and light brown hair. His prominent feature was a huge nose, unmistakably covering a large part of his face.

Pete loved to congregate with other Danish immigrants every Thursday in the lobby of the Post Office. They visited while they waited for their newspaper, The Bikuben, to come in the mail. It was printed in Danish for the benefit of those couldn't read English or those who simply wanted to read things written in their native language. (Bikuben means Beehive.)

A large garden was always planted at the home of Pete Poker. He absolutely would not allow weeds to grow in his yard or garden. The raspberry patch was immaculate, and Pete loved to share his produce. He and Ann always preserved and stored much of what they raised for winter.

People who ate at his home were treated to a lavish table set with Ann's good cooking. "Eat what you want, but don't waste an ounce," he often roared. "There will be no food wasted at this table. You will eat what you put on your plate." He watched the children like a hawk to see that not a crumb was put to waste.

He was downright ornery with his grandchildren. He cursed when his wife gave them treats. She could hold her own against his ornery disposition, but cautioned the children to get rid of their treats before Grandpa came around. Sometimes she would take a grandchild to a downtown store to buy fabric for a new dress or shirt. Pete must have given Ann an allowance because she always seemed to have money of her own to spend on whatever she wished.

The last few years of Pete's life he had only one tooth in his mouth. He cut everything in tiny pieces and ate with his knife. He would even balance a single pea, tilt the knife, and let it roll into his mouth.

Stern and headstrong as he was, Pete had a compassionate and kind side to him. This was evident when a grandson, Ted, was bedfast for a long time with a bad heart. Pete bought the boy a new gun and other things he desired. He sat by his bedside for hours playing board games and keeping him company.

On occasion Pete would tease Ann. He'd say, "Aw c'mon, give me a little kiss," to which she'd reply, "Git away, you silly old fool!" They'd giggle and he would wink at her, smiling an almost toothless grin. They both seemed to enjoy teasing each other. The grandchildren watched with amazement because it seemed so out of character for both.

Pete and Ann were deeply concerned when the bank in Mount Pleasant closed and they lost all the money they had deposited there. They had been so careful with their money. Lucky for them, all their savings were not lost because Ann had money hid in almost every container in the house. Pete would watch Ann closely as she sat in a rocking chair, pouring a jar full of coins into her apron and listening for the pleasant tinkle of money being stirred by her fingers. She would take a handful, raise her arm, and let the coins drop slowly back into her lap. This seemed to soothe her, and she often made her little ritual last a long time.

In Pete's declining years he was badly afflicted with arthritis. He lived to be nearly eighty-seven years old. He spent many many hours in his old age whiling away the hours playing solitaire-a fitting past-time, but not a grand finale for such a colorful character who lived a lifetime sporting the unusual name of Pete poker.

He was able to accomplish what each of us is striving for: To somehow live a life which will be remembered by many. That he has done.

Source:

1. From a personal history dictated by Pete himself to a grandson, LeRoy Poulson
2. From the recorded memories of two granddaughters, Mary Jensen Anderson and Yvonne Poulsen Jensen.
3. From a personal interview with Pete Poker's son, William L. Jensen, who resides in a Rest Home in Denver. William (Bill) is now 94 years old, but still has a sharp mind. He was able to verify all the things in this life sketch of his father.

Note; Please, anyone who has a picture of Pete Poker. . . Please share it with me. I tried very hard to obtain one to include with this account, but was unable to do so. I know there are some in existence and I'd love to have copies. Thanks.

AUNT MARION

Reva Tennant Jensen
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Second place Historical Essay

Marion stood with tearful eyes looking out of the bus window until Dunfermline vanished from view Old Abby, sacred Old Abby, the last to fade. But her proud heart would not linger long on the days of her childhood in Scotland. She was on her way to America for two reasons: she had found a new faith, one that taught her where she came from, why she was here, and where she was going. Her beloved Andy, the only sweetheart she had ever known, would not join this new faith. He could not understand it, nor would he try. His heart was bent on going to America and making a fortune, Marion would not marry out of her faith, for she was convinced it was the true Church.

Then word came that her brother Alex, who had settled in Manti, Utah, some years back, needed her help. His wife Sarah was very ill in one room and his 13-year-old daughter crippled with rheumatic fever in the next room. (Today we know this as Infantile Paralysis.) His son Alex had just moved back to the old home with a little girl 21 months old.

Marion sailed from Glasgow in an old ship. The Wiscassit, not the best of ships or the safest, but after seven weeks on very rough waters she was in America.

By the time she reached Manti, Alex's wife had died of pneumonia. Alex Jr.'s wife had died in child-birth with her second baby and there stood a wee bit of a child needing a mother.

"This is Aunt Marion," Papa said, and her arms extended. Her smile and beautiful face became my joy, my guidance and my loving friend. With tender care, patience, exercise and prayers. Aunt Marion had Grandpa's daughter Margaret on her feet learning to use her legs. Papa had taken a job with the state and was away more than he was home, and I was becoming the daily little helper. By the time I was five, I was turning the churn, icing the Scotch shortbread, peeling the vegetables for the broth and frying the Finnie Haddie.

Every spring Aunt Marion and I put on our bonnets she had made and hiked to the hills to gather sage brush. She would steep this native weed and use it for the hair. In the fall we left hand-in-hand for the woods where pine trees were growing. There we gathered pine cones in a heavy gunny sack. We brought them home and roasted them in the oven until the pine nuts easily popped out of each cone.

One cannot dance the Highland Fling without a kilt. In no time we were dancing partners each wearing authentic Scotch Kilts. Such a perfect teacher, such great fun!

Soon neighbors learned of this wise and kindly woman whom they could call upon for council or help in time of trouble. Her knowledge of the use of herbs saved many in times of illness: lemon juice and honey for bronchitis; mustard plasters for pneumonia (3 parts flour to 1 part dry mustard moistened with water); Seena Tea for constipation; a collar of lamb's wool for a sore throat; Epsom salt bath for sore feet, just to name a few she recommended. Her blessed influence extended through the entire community, and she was also a PEACEMAKER who walked in the light of Angels.

An old writer once said, "The Scots transported from their own country are always a distinct and separate body from the people who receive them." So it was in Manti, for there were many emigrating

Scots settling in this western virgin land. Since education was always important in Scotland-i.e., a school at every church, a Schoolmaster to teach grammar and Latin in every village-all who immigrated were schooled to some degree and above the average influx into the United States.

The tie that bound them to the old country kept them bolstering together in the new land. On these occasions Aunt Marion dressed me in my Sunday frock and always took me along. I sang "Annie Laurie," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Coming Thro' the Rye" with all the Scots. The New Year was the greatest: "Hogmanay" was called, which really meant first footing, calling on your neighbor and friends wishing them "Guid New Year." Refreshments were served at each house. It might be Kipper, Finnie Haddie, Scotch shortbread, scones, or porridge of oats, but the last foot to cross the threshold in the New Year must not leave empty handed, or that house would have bad luck the rest of the year. We left singing "Auld Lang Syne," which means "the days of long ago." The Scots love the past and it is retained in all their festivals.

As I grew older, Aunt Marion would say, "Wee lass, it's your turn to lead in prayer tonight." In blessing Papa, Grandpa and Margaret, I would say, "And please bless Andy." She would stop me and say, "You are not to bless Andy." "But you do," I replied. "Yes, I do, and I always will," she would say, as tears clouded her deep blue eyes. Then I asked her to tell me about Andy. She answered, "Yes you ought to know. We were sweethearts. We danced the Highland Fling together. We walked the banks of Loch Lomond, the bonny bonny banks of Loch Lomond, made promises and planned a home on Moody Street within the sounds of the bells from Old Abby. We wandered in the highlands to gather Scotch Broom. Our hearts were in tune as were our loyalties, but life takes one on different paths. Andy wanted to go to America to make his fortune. I had found a religion that had meaning and purpose, so we parted, each on a different highway. No, I am not sorry, I have found joy and happiness in serving others. I will always love Andy. But you are not to pray for him. Someday you will have your very own special one. Keep your virtue for him. Remember, no one wants a soiled peach."

We talked about Jesus over and over. We read the Beatitudes, what wonderful words. Aunt Marion would say, "What wondrous thoughts to live by. Carry them in your heart and never doubt the divinity of Jesus Christ."

The stories of Dunfermline, the legends of Loch Ness, The Lamp-Lighter, the piping contests for the tartan-clad bagpipers or the gathering of each clan, all fascinated me, but the evenings I remembered all my life were the lessons and the love of the Savior Jesus Christ.

Whispering autumn leaves were falling the day Aunt Marion lay gravely ill. Her sister-in-law Jane came down from Provo to care for her because Margaret with her crippled arms needed help. I sat on the stoop by her window with a heavy heart. How could life go on without her? Trying to cover my grief, I answered Margaret with a sharp retort and the words echoed in the bedroom. Aunt Marion said, "Jane, go tell that lass to mind her manners, and tell her I love her, and please, Jane, open the shutters a bit more. The birds are in the red apple tree and they are singing. . .Auld Lang Syne."

Note: October 20, 1913, she died. "Loving life, but loving more song of which life is made."

ONE MAN'S DREAM

Jenny Lind M. Brown
239 Hampton Ave.
Salt Lake City, Utah 84111
Third Place Historical Essay

Frederick J. Fjeldsted, son of James P. and Fredericka Tollestrup Fjeldsted, was born in Gunnison, Utah, on the 11th of August, 1872. Like other members of the Fjeldsted family he loved music and became an outstanding musician in Sanpete County serving for ten years as head of the music department of Snow College.

Recently my husband and I paid a visit to the Utah State Historical Society, now housed in the old Denver and Rio Grande Depot in Salt Lake City. Waiting for the Library Division to open, we admired several beautiful handcrafted quilts on display, then noticed a hall where the inner walls were decorated with many pictures depicting the history of the world-famous old Saltair Resort, which opened in the year of 1893. Imagine my excitement when I recognized my Uncle Fred among the members of the band directed by R. Owen Sweeten. I knew my mother's brother had been a member of the pavilion dance band while attending the University of Utah, but had never seen the picture before.

Making the study of music his life's career, Fred was also a student at the BYU, the University of Southern California, and after his marriage to Edna Gundry, the Chicago Conservatory of Music, where he studied advanced music and became a member of the brass section of the Conservatory's Symphonic Orchestra.

In 1919, according to a letter written by his mother, Fred opened a music studio in Manti, where he taught a large class of vocal and advanced piano students. His sister, Elma Fjeldsted, a talented pianist herself, assisted Fred by teaching the beginning piano students who had enrolled for lessons.

Later, after receiving his teaching certificate, he taught music at the Manti and Gunnison elementary Schools. Though only a young student, I still remember how he taught us to perform well by saying, "If you want to be a good singer, open your mouth, say the words distinctly and stay on pitch." One song we learned I will never forget; in fact, I wonder if the little tune might still be echoing around the spot where the old Washington School stood before it was demolished. Later in my life it became one of my children's favorite bedtime songs.

I've something deep down in my
pocket, A nickel, a nickel all
shiny and new. I really don't
know how to spend it, Oh, what
would you do if 'twere you?
Perhaps I'll buy me some candy,
Or maybe an orange, or apple,
or two. I really don't know
how to spend it, Oh, what would
you do if 'twere you?

In 1924 Fred accepted the position of Dean of Music at the newly named Snow College, or Head of the Music Department, as it was termed at that time. Acting in that capacity he worked with students of

voice, band, and string instruments. He was also in charge of musical activities, both on campus and in the community. Under his direction, four operas were presented at the college: "Ermine," "Bohemian Girl," "Priscilla," and "Martha," a beautiful opera in four acts, first presented far away in Vienna, Austria, in 1847.

One of Fred's students, Melba Kotter Armstrong, likes to tell of her experiences at Snow College. Mrs. Armstrong, a regional and national winner in the Atwater Kent Auditions in 1930, won first place in the women's division at Ephraim, went on to win at Salt Lake City, then traveled to San Francisco, California, where she was honored by winning fifth place in the Western States Regional Division. She is still active in music today, singing at many musical functions, as well as the Ephraim Choral Society's annual production of Handel's "Messiah." In speaking of her former teacher, she remembers him with fondness and respect:

"Fred Fjeldsted was a very knowledgeable musician--an unforgettable character of my youth. His training enriched my life to the extent that music has been of great worth, and paramount in all my endeavors. Though warm and friendly, he had a severe firmness that made us know we must excel.

I shall never forget the time I had been chosen to sing one of the leading rolls in "Bohemian Girl." He had set up a rehearsal which interfered with a special date I had accepted. When I informed Mr. Fjeldsted I would not be at the rehearsal he reminded me, kindly but in no uncertain terms, of the honor I had received in being chosen for the part, and then added, "You will be at the rehearsal at seven, I'm sure." Needless to say I was there.

I remember his study and the mirror on the wall. Often he had me face the mirror so I could see myself singing. He made singing fun! We did many lovely things under his instruction--operas, programs and assemblies here at Ephraim, and numerous programs at high schools all over the state. Each year we did a "Night at the Opera" where each student performed a nice aria from an opera. It was a wonderful way to learn the classics. In 1930, when I won first place in the Atwater contest here in Utah and 5th in national competition, he could not have been more pleased if it had been himself. At that time his wife, Edna, honored me by arranging a lovely tea in their home, inviting my friends and family. They were wonderful people . "

While living in Ephraim Fred was active in the affairs of the LDS Church, as well as the community. He organized and directed the Scandinavian Choir of the North Sanpete Stake. He was also a member of the Stake Sunday School Board and an ordained temple worker at Manti.

Fred was the father of three children Lane, Margaret and Russel, who was born on the 10th of October, 1932. Though the baby's birth seemed normal in every way, his mother became very ill and passed away later that day. This was one of the first of many unhappy events of Fred's life. When he was replaced at Snow College at the age of sixty it seemed impossible for Fred, at his age, to find another position equal in fulfillment. After an operation at the Salt Lake LDS Hospital and an illness at Mt. Pleasant, he passed away on the 15th of November, 1965, leaving a void in the musical circles in Sanpete County.

In speaking of his funeral services held in the Gunnison Stake Center, Mrs. Armstrong mentioned how pleased she was to have been asked to sing, "Though it was a small thing to do for my old teacher, I felt he would be pleased, and I was honored to be numbered among his friends and those he loved."

PURPLE LILACS

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

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

There are still a few purple lilacs filling the May air with their fragrant perfume, but like the ruffled hollyhock of a by-gone era, the lilac has become an "old fashioned" flower and is not seen too frequently anymore.

In the early 1900's, purple lilacs bloomed everywhere. The poet, Amy Lowell, writing in 1925, described it this way:

"Lilacs in the dooryards

Holding quiet conversations with an early moon;
Lilacs watching a deserted house
Settling sideways into the grass of an old road;
Lilacs, wind-beaten, staggering under a lop-sided shock of bloom
Above a cellar dug into a hill.
You tapped the window when the preacher preached his sermon,
And ran along the road beside the boy going to school.
You stood by the pasture-bars to give the cows good milking
You persuaded the housewife that her dishpan was of silver
And her husband an image of pure gold.
You are everywhere.
You were everywhere. . .

This hardy shrub, with its crisp, bright green, heart-shaped leaves, is loved throughout the world for its fragrant flower clusters. The lilac is a native of Eastern Europe and Asia since the 16th century. The lilacs were brought to America by the early colonists before 1700 and many varieties were cultivated in the New England States. Famous lilac gardens were seen in New York, Massachusetts and other eastern states, as well as in the renowned Lemoine Gardens in France. As Amy Lowell expressed it, they "were everywhere."

Sanpete County, too, was part of that "everywhere where lilacs grew and flourished. Converts from the east no doubt brought starts of their precious lilacs with them across the plains.

The lilacs are symbolic of the tenacious pioneers who planted them in our valleys. Nearly every yard had a lilac bush. They needed little attention and were able to withstand the harsh environment. They have survived with little care through the years.

At the bottom of the lot where I live, one lonely little bush persevered year after year although it received no water except the welcome rain to nurture its struggling roots. Yet, each year it proudly displayed its purple blossoms until it was finally cut down by the heavy machinery that made way for a road there.

Purple lilacs were a fascinating part of my childhood. There were several large bushes in the back dooryard. It seemed that my whole world each spring was filled with that sweet fragrance. These tall lilacs shaded the summer house of lath where I played. Always small clusters would center the little table where the dolls sat for tea with their tiny toy cups and saucers.

Across the fence by the summer house was a grass pasture. On the far side by the neighbor's high board fence, four lilac bushes grew. They must have been fifteen feet tall. Their leafy branches provided shade on a warm summer day when we played ball on the grassy field. There were also lilacs across the street on the neighbor's lot, two long hedges that almost touched at the top as they swayed in the wind. This walk was such a cool, secluded place to play dolls or hide and seek or just to sit and read or talk.

As I watch for the first buds on the lilac hedge across the street from my home today, I am reminded of other days as we sat under our lilac bushes and peeled juicy peaches or cut the yellow corn for drying or bottling. I remember too a bench under the bush where two sat enveloped by the sweet perfume of the purple clusters, lilacs in a crystal vase on a dinner table, a basket of the blooms on a pulpit at church, a little girl in a swing between two lilac bushes.

Yes, lilacs were everywhere, and many memories are mingled with their beauty and fragrance, but the most vivid memories are those on Decoration Day. There were few other flowers available in those early years with which to decorate the graves of loved ones. A few years the lilacs bloomed too early or too late, but most of the time there was an abundance of the favorite flower.

The family would rise early on that Decoration Day, May 30th. Bushel baskets would be brought out and filled with the purple lilacs. The baskets would be put on a little coaster wagon, and we were ready for our walk of three blocks to the city cemetery. The older boys would pull the wagon and the girls would steady the over flowing baskets.

There were many graves to be decorated in the Mount Pleasant cemetery—grandparents, great grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins. On each grave we placed a loving bouquet of purple lilacs, which was placed in a quart jar or tall juice can. This was set in a hole dug in the firm earth to hold it securely. The containers were filled with fresh water from the rock fountain in the center of the cemetery.

We knew where each grave was. . . a great grandfather, who had come from Denmark and crossed the plains was buried near the stone fountain. West of him was an aunt who had left her baby for a grandmother to raise. Then there was the lot with a tall tombstone under the walnut tree. There were six granite markers here. Across the path there were five more graves. We learned each name as we carefully placed the lilacs in their containers, then moved on to a great grandmother's grave. She was the first to join the church. The baskets were almost empty now. There were two graves left, way up in the southeast corner of the cemetery, two cousins, with no one else near enough to remember them, but they, too, must share our lilacs. One had died in California of smallpox and was buried here in a closed casket. The other young man died from injuries in a mechanical accident in the sugar factory.

It was almost noon now and the sun was getting hot, but our task was completed, the graves were decorated. We would come back later in the afternoon and maybe tomorrow and give the lilacs more water so they could last a little longer. Now we made our way home with the little wagon and the empty baskets, one wilting cluster left in the bottom. I held it close to my cheek and breathe its sweet fragrance.

MEMORIES OF FLAT CANYON

On the Mountain East of Fairview
June B. Jensen
575 West 800 South
Orem, Utah 84058
First Place Poetry

I must return. . .
To breathe of pungent pine
step softly on layered leaves
hear the axe to a windfall
feast on food from a grub box
and whisper, "I'm here."

In my absence. . .
Sunrise glistens on moist grass
columbine and lupine bloom
thunderheads billow over peaks
aspens tremble in gypsy wind
rains drench, snows drift, campfires die

I am renewed. . .
The timbered hush is salve for soul
I smile to hear small scurrying feet
as creatures store for winter need.
In the healing calm
my hurts and troubles wane.

BLESSED BIRTHRIGHT

Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan
267 East 3rd North
Richfield, Utah 84701
Second Place Poetry

Raw winds tore the rigging,
And shook the weakening spars
Of the good ship, MARY ELLEN,
Beneath the misty stars.

Danish Jens and Maren clung
To their berths in deep despair.

The North Sea was a monster
Growling fiercely in his lair.

"Can we survive," they wondered,
"In this bitter wind and cold?"
As the monster breathed his strongest,

Sending waves into the hold.

Praise be! The ship reached land.
And the two knew they were blessed--
My great grandparents headed
For a new home in the west.

After years of wishful thinking,

Wondrous moments come to me:
This balmy day I sit on deck
Of a ship on this same North Sea

You were here, Jens and Maren.
And I speak now, gratefully,
For your God-given crossing
On this then tempestuous sea.

LOVE'S SPRINGTIME NEVER DIES

Wilbur Braithwaite
58 North 2nd East
Manti, Utah 84642
Third Place Poetry

There is a wistful song
That echoes in my mind.
The strains are low and soft, dear;
They're here and then they're gone.
A lilting melody
Across the ivory keys
That tells the age-old story
Of love's grand harmony.

The song that I am singing
Calls back to days of yore.
The melody keeps ringing
With mem'ries' treasured lore.
Of summer's night-time magic,
The rainbow hues at fall,
For life's new surge in springtime,
And love's clear poignant call.

You make my life complete, dear,
By sharing joy and pain.
Your faith and understanding
Dispel my doubt and fear.
A touch, a smile sublime,
Bring days a golden glow.
Your upward-reaching spirit
Gives new found strength to mine.

Gray winter clouds are forming
Earth's cycle to unfold
As time moves on unceasing
With changes unfortold.
Yet one thing never wavers
Amidst the shifting skies,
My love remains eternal,
Love's springtime never dies.

WE THE PEOPLE

Eleanor P. Madsen
295 East 1st North
Ephraim, Utah 84627
Honorable Mention Poetry

We, the people,
Yet unborn that September day,
Celebrate this Bi-centennial year
Of the birth of our Constitution,
The rights we hold so dear.
History books here remind us
Of great men who led the way,
Madison, Franklin, Hamilton,
Who strived, day after day after day
To form a pattern for all time,
Seeking for laws to
Pondering over words and issues,
Making our freedom secure.
Lines grew deep on their faces.
They almost gave up in despair.
A great power guided their actions
As they bowed their heads in prayer.

So it was framed, two hundred years ago
To protect and preserve our rights,
Provide for the common defense,
Uphold justice with a nation's might,
Insuring domestic tranquility
And promoting the general welfare,
Bonding the states together
Under three separate branches there.
Then all was completed and finished,
Ratified by the thirteen states.
It was shaped, polished, amended,
And still stands, invincible and great:
A Constitution, ordained and inspired,
Governing in times of peace and wars,
Securing a blessing for us and posterity
Under America's stripes and stars.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES, TEENAGERS 1920

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

For all generations, the transition years from boyhood to young-manhood are filled with: Excitement? Adventure? Ecstasy? Disappointment? Ambition? Frustration? Dreams? Hopes? Fears? Friendships--lasting or fleeting. Some people remember them with regret, distaste, indifference; others with happiness and gratitude; a touch of humor; pleasure; nostalgia! Characteristic episodes, similar yet dissimilar from one generation to another mark the way. Four especially have teased my memory for decades.

1.

Time was when a man or a young man could walk into any barber shop and get a shave; not in recent years, but fifty years ago and before that. I first did it about sixty-four years ago when I was fifteen. Impressions of that important occasion-- come clear, some vague--still linger in my mind.

I must have acted casual about it; after all, I was fifteen and everybody knew that a young man of that age must shave. I probably walked into the shop stiffly self-conscious, climbed into the chair a bit awkwardly and announced in a pretentiously self-confident voice that I would like a shave. The barber may have been slightly amused but too polite to show it. He tilted back the big, soft chair, got out a clean white towel, soaked it in hot water, wrung it out and draped it around my "beard," leaving my nose clear for breathing. The hot towel was meant to soften the whiskers. M-m-m, it felt good, and even better when applied to my face after the shave.

The straight-blade razor was honed on an oilstone and vigorously stropped on both rough and smooth sides of the leather strop until it could cleanly cut a strip of paper. A teenager should get his money's worth on his first barber shop shave, and I have sometimes wondered whether this impressive performance was meant partly for show. I have also wondered how leather could sharpen a hard piece of steel. But show or not, it worked: the phrase "Sharp as a razor" was well-conceived.

Then the shave. The barber lathered my face with velvety soap applied generously with a soft brush and then rubbed fairly vigorously with the barber's fingers to further soften the whiskers. Then he guided the *razor* skillfully, carefully over my face and the upper part of my neck, being especially careful not to nick the skin below my nose, for a cut there can bleed a long time.

After the shave and a gentle once-over cleanup with the razor, my face felt lightly skinned and had acquired, perhaps, one or two tiny nicks (Young faces are tender) to which the barber applied some styptic powder. It stung a little but stopped the emerging droplet of blood.

Then came the wonderful hot towel again and the tingling, fragrant lotion gently massaged and patted over the shaved areas. How good it all felt, and how clean, sweetly pungent and manly it smelled.

I had grown up a little during the ritual and probably said, trying to be casual, "Thanks," as I paid my bill--fifteen or maybe as much as twenty five cents. Who remembers the refrain, "Shave and a hair-cut six-bits?" As I strolled out of the shop, I wondered whether the first person I met would notice that I had just had a barber shop shave.

2.

Another premier event for a teenage boy about 1920 was the acquisition of his first suit with long pants. I got mine when I was a freshman at Ephraim High School, and I made my long-pants debut at a social or cultural event held in the third floor auditorium of the Noyes Building at Snow College, where matinee dances, concerts, lectures, and other programs were often held.

On a visit to my married sister in Salt Lake, I had acquired my new suit, and my pride had been elevated by a friendly neighbor who said it was good-looking—knowing, surely, that I hoped he would notice it and approve of it. Perhaps he had been primed by my sister.

It was the custom for most boys to that era to wear knee-length knicker-bockers until they were about fourteen. Some beat the time-table by (all college and high school classes (except those in physical education) were held in the Noyes Building in 1920. In the fall of 1924, Ephraim High School was moved to the building that stood on the corner of First South and First East. The auditorium in the center of the third floor of the Noyes Building was remodeled out of existence many years ago) year or two, but I did not. Still I was no longer a boy; I was a young man. I was fourteen.

A first public appearance in long pants was to be cherished and remembered. I did both. My friends pointed out my handsome new brown suit to each other. My pride was elevated again and I walked a little self-consciously for awhile until I became accustomed to my new finery. It took a few appearances for me to get the feeling that I was no longer being noticed as a teenager who had recently grown up enough to wear long pants.

3.

About the time I acquired my long pants, I learned to dance, almost by chance. Some hopeful planning, however, had preceded the big event. During the summer the windows at Dreamland Hall were opened to let in the cool night air. They also let out the beautiful music. "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" was my favorite; I still remember the words. We lived a block away from Dreamland, and several times during the summer I stood by our front gate listening and yearning. We had picket gates and fences then.

Sometime in the fall I went to the dance, hoping I would learn how to dance. But I was too uncertain, too shy to try. As I stood on the sidelines, I must have looked wishful, hopeful, sad, forlorn, miserable, or scared, for eventually a girl older than I came to me and asked if I would like her to show me how to dance. (What was her name? I wish I could remember her name.) I said yes, or nodded my head. No doubt she told me where and how to hold her, where to place my timid hands. And away we went.

Well, we tried. We walk-danced around the perimeter of the beautiful hall. I was fearful that we would collide with experienced, skillful dancers if we strayed into their midst. How embarrassing! Around and around the perimeter we walked, she backward and I forward, until the orchestra mercifully released her from her well meant mission. (Was her name Helen? That name has drifted into my mind many times since 1920). Eventually I "mastered" three or four steps that I used for foxtrot music. If I whirled in one spot for six or eight complete turns, I did the whirling with my right foot, the pivoting with my left. Obviously I was right-footed as well as right-handed. I may have tried to reverse the whirl a few times, without success. Perhaps my tutor (Helen?) needed to give me another lesson, more advanced than the first one. But two or

three years later, when one of my high school teachers volunteered to teach me to waltz the right way, my own version of waltzing was so set in its ways that my feet never quite remembered the right way.

4.

Small-town teenage boys of the early twenties sometimes went to dances "stag," sometimes with dates. Some girls too went with or without dates. Dateless girls were likely to go in groups of three or more. Nearly everybody walked, for cars were a rarity and some cars were parked under shelter for winter months since there was no anti-freeze to deep radiators from freezing up; some were jacked-up and placed on blocks to keep the weight of the cars off the frail rubber tires.

Hence, stag boys and girls without dates would sometimes pair off to walk to the girls' homes after the dance. Similar arrangements were often made on Sunday nights after church. "How strange and quaint," today's teenagers might say. But on such a night I knew I had taken the last step I needed to take to become fully matriculated in the school of growing into young adulthood. I had kissed my walk-home date goodnight.

After church, one of my friends and I had engaged two girls our age in teenage talk outside of the meeting house and then walked home with them, probably, for it was understood in those days (or so I had been told) that you didn't try for a kiss until the second, third, or _ ? date. It was also understood that you would say goodnight at the front gate or front door unless you were invited to "come in," which didn't happen on the first date. Well then, as we stood by the front gate, the beauty and charm of my young lady emboldened my heart, my teenage heart, and I asked if I might kiss her goodnight. She said yes, or nodded her head, and the lovely walk home was concluded with a kiss. Not a hug-and-a-kiss, just a kiss. A sampling of ecstasy was enough! How else could I have remembered it for sixty-five years?

SNOW ACADEMY 1902-1905

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

Second Place Personal Recollection

Mathilda's days at Snow Academy in Ephraim began August 31, 1902, as she stepped down on the wooden platform from the steps of the black, noisy train. She and a friend, Elvena Rasmussen, had boarded the train in Mt. Pleasant. Now, they walked hand in hand as they followed the rumbling baggage cart carrying Mathilda's large metal trunk the one long block to the Rasmussen home. Elvena's father, Fred Rasmussen, was the depot agent. It was with his family that Mathilda was to board this first year away from home.

She was soon settled comfortably in an upstairs bedroom with her new red trunk. The trunk held two new wool skirts, one for Sunday, one for school, three new blouses, several ruffled petticoats, a long flannel nightgown and her heavy winter underwear.

With the Rasmussen family and the three young men boarders, there were thirteen at the long, dinner table. Mathilda, two of the Rasmussen girls, and the three young men all attended Snow Academy. They played ping pong in the large room at the Sanpete Valley Depot or gathered there in the evenings.

with other young people to talk and sing. Their joyful voices could often be heard far down the railroad track as they sang the favorite songs of the day: "Where the Silvery Colorado Winds its Way," "Green Fields of Virginia," "The Valley of Kentucky" and others.

Mathilda registered at the academy for eight subjects. Some of her classes were held in several buildings since the Noyes building was not completed at that time. She regretted the time lost in going to and from classes which were more than two blocks apart.

One of the classes Mathilda registered for was geology. During the school year the group made a field trip to the Sterling Coal mine with a horse and buggy. There they sang to the mine workers and inspected the different strata of coal and soil and studied the formations with the light from the little carbide lamps they carried.

A little notebook in which Mathilda kept a diary of her school years leaves out the struggles with Psychology, English Literature, Pedagogy, etc., and reveals only the fun times, the romance and some of the heartache, those experiences closest to the heart of a young college girl.

The second year at Snow academy, Mathilda lived with her cousin Mary in a rented apartment. Excerpts from her diary that year read:

"Oct. 15, 1903. It rained all day. At night we went to Young Ladies' meeting. It was just fine. A lady spoke on buggy riding on Sundays, keeping late hours, etc."

"Oct. 18. I joined the basketball team, played center and sometimes guard. Did I play? William G. Barton said one day, 'You play like you study. You put your whole soul into it.' We played a lot of games in Ephraim and on field day we played in Nephi."

"Nov. 6. Founder's Day. We all went to the Academy. I marched with John Grey. We went over to the new Academy first. Beal talked. Noyes talked We sang and then went down to the tabernacle had a fine program. . . We then went home to dinner."

"Nov. 13. School. At night I went to Manti in a hack with Jake Thompson. There were 8 others. We had a lantern in the hack. I danced nearly every time. Was treated to soda water and candy. Had a ' daisy time. '"

There was just one day off for the Thanksgiving holiday, with school again on Friday so Mathilda didn't go home. She records:

"Nov. 26. Played basketball awhile. Mary, Annie, Elzada, Katy O. and I were down to Dolly's for Thanksgiving dinner. We had soup, duck, chicken, cranberries, celery, parsnips, cake, pie, fruit, etc."

After "examinations," Mathilda did go home to Mt. Pleasant December 24th for the Christmas holiday and continues her school diary in January:

"Jan. 5. School. Roy was over tonight."

"Jan. 6. School. Roy was over."

"Jan. 12. School. At night we went sleigh riding."

Her diary indicates the type of entertainment young people pursued during their leisure time those years:

"March 27. School. At night I, Mary, Elzada, George, Will went down to Delbert's. We played 'Dutch wedding,' 'Measuring ribbon,' 'Lead,' 'Ringit- E-shoot.' Ate apples and went home."

"April 10. A crowd of 30 came to our house. We sang songs, played games, 'Pleased, Displeased,' 'Throw the Towel,' etc. Ate lunch and went home."

Many lasting friendships were begun at Snow academy. a special treasure from those years is a well-worn autograph book in which teachers and students penned their thoughts and wrote little verses reminiscent of days at the Academy. A few of those in Mathilda's book were written with beautiful penmanship in the following manner:

"Dear Student:

I hope you will always be able to image the profitable teachings you receive in the Academy and that these teachings with the many others you will receive may lead you to a beautiful and succesful life.

Your Teacher,
Newton E. Noyes."

"Dear Student:

Do not spend an idle moment Use all your time in books Intellect is the finest powder To improve a lady's looks. Your friend and teacher,

Mahonri Thompson"

"In your struggle for the best
Persevere and you will be blest.

In our little home life as 'Pantry Queens of the Gray Stone Front' I have learned to love and respect you. Do not forget me nor the alarm clock.

Tressa"

"Dear Mathilda,

When years and months have glided by And on this page you cast your eye Think of me kindly and do not forget That wherever I am I remember you yet.

Your friend and classmate
Claude Kelsen"

"My Dear Classmate:

We may write our names in albums We may trace them in the sand We may chisel them in marble With a firm and skillful hand Soon each name will fade away Every monument will crumble Like all earthly hopes decay But dear friend, there is an album Full of leaves of snowy white Where no names are ever tarnished But forever pure and white. In that book of life, God's album May your name be penned with care And may all who have here written Have their names forever there.

Your friend
Ruel Griffith"

"Dear Student:

Always remember that purity of conduct, gentleness of disposition, and nobility of character, are among the choicest jewels that can possibly adorn the female form.

J.Y. Jensen"

All the days of learning, the nights of friendship and fun must have an end. On May 24, 1905, Mathilda, along with 16 other students, received her diploma from Snow Academy.

The commencement week was a gala one, with activities each day, programs in the evenings, a student ball, an alumni program, banquet and ball, commencement day, and the day following, a field day. All the events were printed in a monogrammed program with gold lettering and tied with gold and white cord.

As she graduated from Snow Academy, Mathilda concluded her diary for 1905 with the following:

"It was not the same girl who came to Ephraim that day in August 1902 as the one who was there for commencement in May 1905. I was the same at heart, just polished a little by the beginning of my new education."

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Personal Recollections of author.

PERPETUATING PARADISE-SNOW COLLEGE 1935-37

Briant S. Jacobs

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Provo, Utah 84604

Third Place Personal Recollection

When we fifty-two seniors from North Sanpete High School entered the Kinema Theater in Mt. Pleasant on a balmy evening in May, 1935, to be graduated, we believed our highest destiny was being fulfilled. All about me were newly-pressed suits, frilly, gauzy formals, lilacs and iris, and a fragrant white gardenia for my date, valedictorian Norma Nielsen, whose long blond hair and billowing white dress made her smile even more radiant. The motto on our graduation announcement read, "Tonight we launch; where shall we anchor?" Our chorus sang, "Blessed be our pathways 'till we meet again," and the address to the graduates as they stood on the threshold of life was by Fayette Stephens from Snow College. His message? Other than those responsible for his coming, who could calm down enough to hear it? After all those long years of work and anticipation, I was almost giddy with the realization that I had now arrived exactly where I should be. But who was there with whom? Can I remember the words to the song when I'm shaking so? Where are my parents, and what delicious events might happen afterward?

This one evening climaxed the boyhood paradise which had been mine, surrounded as I was by mountains which protected and inspired me while walking beneath clean-washed stars which dazzled with their purity. Yes, WPA and NRA were also real, but not for me. The last of four children living at home, I was

blessed to be surrounded by affirming beliefs, security, trust, love, the exhilaration of beauty in her various forms, the endless excitement of inwardly learning and growing, and the keys to the family car in my pocket. My theme song for these formative years was Manna-Zucca's stirring words as I sung them with other tenors in the Charles and Ella Schmidt chorus:

I love life and I want to live,
To drink of life's fullness,
Take all it can give. . .

In my naive innocence I knew I had arrived, and I was grateful. But where to from here? Decisions decisions. Because she had had a mastectomy before I was born, my mother's level of wisdom was deeper than mine: our years together might indeed be short, so why not stretch them out now as far as we can? Agreed. So Jesse Bartholomew's lumbering, lurching orange and white bus became the umbilical cord which connected my paradise at home to my newly-discovered, newly-earned paradise at Snow. And life began anew.

Predominantly, bus life was a necessary boredom early-morning naps, last-minute reading, small talk and teasing, and cold noon sandwiches in my black lunchpail. Usually the morning trip to Ephraim was drab, but often during late winter afternoons we watched deer sunning themselves on the slopes of Pigeon Hollow, while the silhouette of Nebo against the long afternoon shadows across our valley yielded serenity and awe.

Boyd Rasmussen, our joking, good-natured student driver, parked us just north of the Noyes Building next to the Manti bus, often the only two vehicles there (student cars were unheard of, and, luxuriously, faculty had time to walk). Snow's campus consisted of two buildings, Noyes, and the yellow-brick gym, with the playing field to their south. Religion classes were taught by bent but venerable Newell K. Young in the ward chapel across the street north (only years later did I learn that he was then still living in polygamy). The new LDS Institute a few blocks south of the campus was completed the next year.

Our President, I. Owen Horsfall, was slowmoving, urbane, soft-spoken, always the gentleman scholar-administrator, a worthy representative of the University of Utah which for the last four years had controlled the former LDS church academy. While I believed that all of the faculty except Elmer Smith were Mormons, President Horsfall and his warmly supportive wife, Nora, were not; often I wondered how they spent their Sundays. Smiling, considerate, likeable J. S. Christensen watched over the school accounts and the cash register in the tiny bookstore, assisted by quiet, efficient Elna Stevenson. Petite Naomi Rich splattered the floor of the library with her quick, mincing foot-steps as she hurried to remind us with index finger raised to her lips that librarians and studying students had rights which we talkers should honor.

My first registration was indeed a tender moment: what to take now, or later, if at all. Obviously I needed help, which was abundantly volunteered by Harry Dean, who only the previous year had replaced rotund Mr. Fjeldsted as the entire music department. Never before or since have I received so much help, possibly because he enrolled me in band, orchestra, chorus, harmony, plus private vocal and violin lessons. But from this moment my love of music was necessarily expanded to include my love for this dynamic man who both shared my love for music and intensified it. How often he conducted us with violin in one hand, bow-as-baton in the other, smiling, teasing, joking, seldom scolding, until we gave forth what he convinced us we could. What memories radiate over the years from that top-floor southwest corner room which he pervaded. Here just before noon of a sun-filled October day, we sang those songs which have ever been his

every time we have sung or heard them. What a reassurance to have the Prayer of Thanksgiving, which he taught us, reappear in the new hymnal:

We gather together to ask the Lord's
blessing. He chastens, and hastens his
will to make known. The wicked oppressing,
now cease from distressing, sing praises
to his name, he forgets not his own.

But during those October afternoons, he so arranged his affairs that at the crucial hour he was near his home radio listening to the world series, always his next-best love.

What names he taught all of us, names we shall love and live with as long as our ears hear: Verdi's Grand March from Aida, Gilbert and Sullivan's timeless spoof on authoritarianism and self-righteousness with Royal Andreason as the Mikado himself (Aha!). And what could be a greater spoof than the round-faced Danishman Arden Petersen pretending to be Nanki Pooh, yet he wore no straight-haired wig like the others, but only his abundant tight curls and rosy-cheeked makeup. What delight.

Best of all was Professor Dean's choice of Handel's Messiah as our major challenge. I believe he was the first director in Utah to produce this indispensable worshipping masterpiece outside the tabernacle on Temple Square. And with what wonder Salt Lake City welcomed us as we sang Handel's majestic anthems over KSL, with appreciative comments at a special banquet by Earl J. Glade, manager of KSL; Mark E. Petersen, editor of the Deseret News; and Oscar Kirkham, director of Church pageants. How vividly I remember that at any moment I expected the heavens to open up for all of us to be translated instantly into eternal glory. When gradually I realized that it was not to happen, how bitter was my disappointment as if we had been cheated.

Sands of the hourglass sift, to my dismay, but two more debuts must be paid. Thanks to Helen A. Nelson, I became "Lord Fancourt Babberly, from Brazil where the nuts come from" (otherwise Charley's Aunt). And one day as the cast of this timeless comedy sat on the stage behind the drawn curtain discussing our lines, words came out of my mouth which had been shaped by my hometown speech patterns, automatically and innocently. Slowly, quietly she turned to face me full-on: "Young man, tune your ear; don't say 'git.'" What a shocker, but precisely the sharp embarrassment I needed to monitor my mouth from that day to this, in gratitude.

Lucy Phillips was away during my freshman year so I never knew her as a teacher; however, I can never forget her editing pen's slicing into oblivion an entire page of my precious, priceless essay, "On Onions." At what a high price I thus learned from her the meaning of the word redundancy. But it was her colleague, tall, thin Fern Young, always dressed in somber tones, no make-up, sandy-red hair in a bob, with a somewhat shy manner and a shy smile--it was she who loved with sustaining passion the literature I had flirted with in my adolescent puppy-love without deeply understanding or possessing it. All unknown to her, it was she who, against my past patterns and inclinations, inspired me to forsake music for literature. It was she who assigned us still-wet, greenish youngsters Thomas Hardy's "Hap," with its brutal denials of our unchallenged generalizations about those mysterious forces which shape and control human destiny. After our having wrestled with the poem alone, at home, she confronted us with the poem the next day in class by first smiling, then pausing, then saying, "You didn't understand it, did you?" But slowly, patiently, skillfully she taught us to see Hardy's world through his eyes until finally, in some small degree, his world

began to assume some resemblance to our own. Thus I grew, revelling in my newly found insights and understandings.

It was Fern Young who, before a mixed class, had the temerity to write on the board, "The Rape of the Lock, by A. Pope," to my astonishment, even horror. My earlier paradise had been inviolate, in part because of its communally-accepted dichotomy: some words among us were known but never spoken or written; others could be spoken but never written; some words were spoken to some people, never to others. For me finally to accept Pope's "Rape of the Lock" as a sophisticated but delightful satire and to cease resenting her exposing us publicly to such a loaded word was another major step upward into new freedom and tolerance. It was she who guided and persuaded me first through Hardy's *Return of the Native*, then through Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones* (which at first attempt I found unreadable), until I earned my own insights into the novelist's depiction of life and subsequently into my own. More than any other teacher it was she who helped me meet and digest the intellectual and artistic challenges of my second paradise until they became so much a part of me that I could use them as steppingstones toward my future awareness and growth.

How can I, one student possibly speaking for many, ever repay such substantial debts — debts which until now have never even been acknowledged? The half century intervening between her deeds and this page have brought to her death and a dormitory north of the campus named in her honor. To me these five decades have brought a sense of shame from permitting myself to be so entrapped by my own so-called busyness that I never acknowledged in person my considerable debts to Fern Young and Helen A. Nelson and Harry Dean and all the others who taught me. They all led and moulded and inspired, but they are gone; still there is time for those of us who survive to count our blessings of aspiration, beauty, serenity and love which they gave us and which form the many-tiered halo circling two words: Snow College.

EVA, SPRING AND LITTLE GREEN ONIONS

Linnie M. Findlay and Scott W. Findlay

255 East 100 South

Ephraim, Utah 84627

Honorable Mention Short Story

Perhaps there is no season more welcome in Sanpete than those first warm days of spring, that brief period of renewal when the icy grip of winter begins to ease away. And who shall say what particular event brings to each one of us the certain assurance that at last, spring will come and bring with it a joyful spirit. It's that season of the year when the cool wind competes with the longer days of sunshine, and we can't be certain that winter is over, but there are indications that it is going.

Each person probably has his own special indicators that Spring is on the way. Perhaps for some it would be blue and white and lavender crocus peeking up through the snow on the warm side of the house, or the first robin hopping about on the grass that shows a slight green in the border. But for me, one of those symbols has to be little green onions. Not the kind that we've been able to buy all winter in the grocery stores, but the first shoots of the multiplier onions that were left in the ground during the long cold winter, which are fairly bursting with life and flavor out under the apple tree.

Even while the snow still lies in patches on the north side of the bushes and before the bees can be heard buzzing contentedly by the plum blossoms and forsythia, the little green onions have sent out strong

roots, and their white bulbs are lengthening, so that one or two would furnish a brisk and pungent addition to soups or salads.

In pioneer times, before vegetables could be purchased every month of the year in the supermarkets, new green onions were a welcome and flavorful addition to the meal-time staple of bread and milk. Those folks who had onions in their gardens usually had plenty for their own use, and could share; or they might send a child to the store with a freshly cleaned bunch of green onions to trade for some necessity, or a treat for the child.

My start of multiplier onions in Ephraim came from our good neighbor, Eva Anderson. She was living alone when we moved next to her on 3rd East, and a nice bunch of onions grew near her outside water-tap. The onions and a few little clumps of rhubarb were all that were left from what had at one time been a large, productive garden, when her parents and brothers and sisters all lived in that stately rock house.

And each year as the onions begin to produce, even before the last of the carrots have been brought out from under their deep covering of leaves, a flood of memories comes back to me. Memories that began on a farm in Ioka, in the Uintah Basin, when I was the child who took some bunches of cleaned onions in a little cloth salt sack over to Murphy's store. Memories of riding horseback past the brown fields, and through the sandhills and sagebrush and cedars to where the roads forked and I saw the big dog-like animal, larger than a coyote, sitting on its haunches and half snarling at me, as I took the other road on down to Upalco. Memories of how I tried to be brave as long as the wild beast could see me and then, after we had crossed a couple of sandhills, how I urged my horse to run as fast as he could until we reached the first homes in the little town of Upalco.

Springtime green onions bring many memories of Ephraim, too. And memories of my good neighbor, Eva, and of my family. And for a time, it seemed almost like Eva was part of our family, as the boys got wood and coal in for her, and often listened to her tell of the experiences she had had as she grew up in the same house where she then lived.

We knew families where she had gone to help when there was a new baby, or where she had gone "to help an older person, who was no longer able to do for herself. And as she talked about the people she had worked for, she thought of the happy times, and she would tell us of those that she had laughed with. And one of her springtime jokes was that she was certain Spring was just around the corner, but we had to find which corner.

We missed her when she moved down to the Senior Citizen's housing, and I secretly mourned as I thought how hard it must be for her to have to leave all of the things that she had grown up with and had lived with all of her life. But she was glad for the heated apartment, and philosophical about those things that she couldn't use any more, and the life that she couldn't change.

A letter dated November 4, 1984, written by one of our boys, when we were in Hawaii Serving as missionaries, expressed how we all felt about Eva:

"Dear Mom & Dad,

We received word last night that Eva passed away at the hospital in Price. I don't know any details except that her obituary said she was 91 years old. Eva had quite a role to play with our family. She was a good neighbor in that she helped others and was not afraid that asking for help from others would damage her friendships. _Maybe she knew that by asking for help she would actually endear herself to us all the more. I remember the times she would stop by to visit or come over to eat. She always wanted to pay me

for getting in her coal and wood. She was an exceptional cook, especially with bread. Bishop Poulson and I were her home teachers for a few years (along with the McQuarries) and I remember the pride she felt at having served a Stake Mission For a couple of years I went to her house on Christmas morning to watch her open her presents to help her feel more excited about it. Looking back now, I think she really knew what Christmas is and how to celebrate, even though she was often alone. She loved children and delighted in their words and actions. She loved the Lord and the Church and I don't think there is any doubt that she loved us all. Her passing is hard to bear, but her life and influence truly live on with us and help soften the loss. If not before, I'm sure she now knows how much we all loved her, too."



Auditorium and Dance Hall third floor Noyes Building, 1989-1951. Courtesy Snow College



Noyes Building at Snow College, 1903.



Alma P. Greenwood
First President
Snow College
1888-1891



George Christensen
Second President
Snow College
1891-1892



Newton E. Noyes
Third President
Snow College
1892-1921



Wayne B. Hales
Fourth President
Snow College
1921-1924



Milton H. Knudsen
Fifth President
Snow College
1924-1933



L. Owen Horsefall
Sixth President
Snow College
1933-1936



James A. Nuttall
Seventh President
Snow College
1936-1953



Lester B. Whetren
Eighth President
Snow College
1953-1956



J. Elliott Cameron
Ninth President
Snow College
1956-1958



Floyd S. Holm
Tenth President
Snow College
1958-1974



J. Marvin Higbee
Eleventh President
Snow College
1974-1982



Steven D. Benson
Twelfth President
Snow College
1982-

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(Note) Information for the Biographies of the Presidents of Snow College was taken from SNOW COLLEGE, History and Development prepared by Lucy A. Phillips and from SNOW COLLEGE, 1888-1932 by Ross P. Findlay. Renee Peterson, Secretary to President Bennion prepared information on the current President.)

ALMA GREENWOOD

(Information about Alma Greenwood was obtained from Newton E. Noyes. See LAP note, p 163) Alma Greenwood was chosen by the General Board of Education for the LDS Church to become the first principal of Sanpete Stake Academy, with Carrie Henrie (Payne) as his assistant. He served as school administrator until 1891, when he returned to American Fork to enter private business.

Mr. Greenwood was born in American Fork, Utah, October 18, 1854. He received his early education in American Fork and his high school and college education was completed at The Brigham Young Academy in Provo, Utah, and he taught for several years at the Millard Stake Academy. He served a three year mission in the Territory of Hawaii, and was married to Melissa Brown. They were the parents of four children. He died at his home in Delta, Utah in 1929.

GEORGE CHRISTENSEN

George Christensen who became the administrator of Sanpete Stake Academy for one year, beginning in 1891, was born in Aarhus, Denmark, and emigrated with his parents and older brother to the United States and settled in Ogden, Utah in 1873. He attended school in Box Elder and Sanpete Counties, and graduated with a Bachelor's degree from Brigham Young University. He took advanced study at the University of Utah and at Central University, Indianapolis, Indiana.

In December 1890, he married Dorthea N. Mogensen and they were the parents of three children. He was called to be President of the Sandinavian Mission in 1898; his wife and youngest child died in 1899. In 1902 he married Frances Elizabeth Ellison, and three children were born to them. He was admitted to the Utah State Bar in 1904 and served in the Supreme Court of Utah, and in the United States Circuit Court.

He later became Mayor of Mt. Pleasant, Utah; County Attorney in Sanpete County; and in 1928, became the first President of the Association of District Judges of Utah.

NEWTON E. NOYES

For 29 years, (1892-1921) through good years and years of great discouragement, Newton E. Noyes was an inspiration to all who were associated with Snow College. He was a man who sat down with Church Leaders to discuss the needs of the school; or, when there was land to level or trees to plant to improve the campus, he would be there working with the students. He was able to get a new Academy Building and Gymnasium completed; saw a great increase in the number of students and as student numbers increased, so did the faculty, and the curriculum was correspondingly enlarged. The course of school work advanced from Preparatory and Intermediate grades to College work.

He had a love for music and led out in raising funds to purchase a piano for the school, which later had to be sold to help to meet teachers' salaries during one dark period. He initiated the first Founders' Day and

encouraged the first campus newspaper; the name of the school was changed to Snow Academy, and later to Snow Normal College. About the same time, the administrator's title was changed from Principal to President. Snow College Student Body was organized with a constitution, and many other innovations and improvements were made during his administration.

Born in Fillmore, Utah, in 1864, Mr. Noyes attended schools locally, and graduated as Valedictorian of Brigham Young Academy in 1889. He taught in the L.D.S. University for two years, attended summer school at the University of Chicago, and the University of California, and received a BA degree from the University of Indiana and MA from Columbia University. He became Principal of Ephraim Seminary for ten years and was in the Sanpete Stake Presidency eleven years. He married Mary Beal in 1904, and they were the parents of five children.

WAYNE B. HALES

Building on the groundwork laid by Principal Noyes, Wayne B. Hales came to Snow College at a time of transition. Under his administration (1921-1924), the name of the school was changed from Snow Normal College to Snow Junior College, and one year later to Snow College. In 1923 the school was accredited by the American Association of Junior Colleges, and awarded associate certificates of graduation. High School grades 11 and 12 were deleted and a training school organized. The Utah State Board of Education accredited the school for training teachers. Carpentry classes were deleted from the curriculum and science laboratories were added. Snow College district was enlarged to include Wayne, Sevier, Millard and Piute Counties. Stake presidents or their appointees became members of the local governing board. This plan continued until the College was transferred to the State of Utah.

Dr. Hales was born in Spanish Fork, Utah in 1893, and attended school there and in Eureka, Utah before attending Brigham Young University, where he received an AB degree. He was awarded a MA degree from the University of Utah before coming to Snow, and attended the University of Chicago and the University of California and received his PhD from the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena. He published a number of scientific papers and became a professor of Physics at Weber College, and later at Brigham Young University. He married Belle Wilson in September 1916, and they were the parents of six children.

MILTON H. KNUDSEN

In 1924, at a time when the LDS Church was divesting itself of most previously sponsored educational institutions, Milton H. Knudsen became the 5th President of Snow College. During his nine year tenure, the school was recognized in the National and in the North Western Accrediting Associations, and was named a preparatory school for medicine. Tennis courts were built and the campus was enlarged and beautified. President Knudsen urged his students and faculty to live with high ideals, and he set the example, as he continued his education during the summers, and on a one year leave of absence from Snow College. William G. Barton was acting President while he was away. Also, during this time, Snow College became a State Institution.

Milton H. Knudsen was born in 1881 in Provo, Utah, and attended schools there. He filled a LDS mission to Norway, and graduated as Efficiency Student from Brigham Young University in 1917. He taught at BYU and received his MS degree from Ames, Iowa, in 1920. He did research and teaching at the University of

Wisconsin while he was doing advanced study, and worked for the U. S. Department of Agriculture collecting crop data. He consistently received honors in science, and was a leader in student affairs in the schools he attended.

He married Vivian Cram in 1905 and they were the parents of 10 children. He became a Mission President in Norway, and translated and published books and pamphlets in Norwegian, including the Doctrine & Covenants.

I. OWEN HORSFALL

The sixth President of Snow College, I Owen Horsfall, came from Cornell University, where he had been an instructor in the Mathematics Department. In 1933, when he came, the school was still adjusting from Church to State ownership, and his administration was marked by physical improvement at the school, as well as changes that effected the student body and faculty. An orientation system was established; scholarship and scholastic achievement was emphasized, certification requirements of teachers was raised, and added importance was given to student government.

Dr. Horsfall was born at Ocean Side, New York, May 20, 1885. He attended schools in Salt Lake City, including the LDS High School and the University of Utah, where he graduated in 1908 with an AB Degree in Mathematics. He began teaching in his junior year, and continued to teach to help finance his education. He became head of the Mathematics department at LDS High School, and studied in Chicago, and at Cornell where he received his PhD in 1932.

He served a mission for the LDS Church in Syria, Turkey, and traveled a great deal in the near East and in Europe. He was married to Nora Pendleton, and three children were born to them. He left Snow College in 1936 to become Director of the Extension Division of the University of Utah.

JAMES A. NUTTALL

During seventeen years administration at Snow College, James A. Nuttall was part of many changes. Some were at his direction, others were outside influences where he used great wisdom to adjust those circumstances he could not change to benefit the students and the school.

In 1937 juniors and seniors of Ephraim High School were brought to the campus, and Snow College again became a four-year Junior College. New buildings and improvements at the school included: a gymnasium (with the old gym converted into a well equipped science building), a lighted athletic field and campus, an equipped college farm, a radio station, a remodeled administration building, two dormitories, increased departmental facilities, the beginning of a new auditorium and improvements of streets and walks around the campus. Plans were underway for a new cafeteria, a girls recreation building and additions to the vocational arts department. President Nuttall guided the school through the "great depression," and the agonies of World War II. He piloted Snow's fragile craft when it became a Branch of Utah State Agricultural College in Logan in 1951. President Nuttall was born August 4, 1892 in Salt Lake City., Utah. He attended school in the Alpine School District and in Provo. He received his BA and MA degrees from Brigham Young

University, and did advanced study at the University of California. He married Leona Bunnell in 1917, and eight children were born to them. He served as Superintendent of Schools in Somerset, Colorado, and in Emery County, Utah. He left Snow College in 1953 to accept a U. S. government appointment in Iran, under the direction of BYU.

LESTER B. WHETTON

As a branch of Utah State Agricultural College, the title of the administrator was changed from President to Director. Lester B. Whetton began his duties at Snow in March 1953, and was formally installed as Director in May of that year. He came aboard at a turbulent time for the School. Senate Bill 39 proposed that Snow College be returned to the LDS Church. The bill passed both houses, December 15, 1953, and the Governor approved. Then followed a State-wide referendum when the popular vote approved State support for junior colleges.

Also during his term at Snow, the auditorium was dedicated; additional property on the south side of the Snow College block was purchased, with one of the homes to become the President's home; and a fund drive began for a girls dormitory, to be Fern Young Hall. The Snow College Farm was combined with Utah State Agriculture Experiment Station; animals, acreage and buildings were upgraded; and a reciprocal agreement was reached with Nephi Dryland Field Station. Also, Snow College was accredited as a two-year institution, and the high school classes were taken to Manti.

Director Whetton was born in Garcia, Mexico in 1904 and attended schools there, and later at Brigham Young University, Provo, where he received AB and MS degrees. He did advanced work at the University of Chicago, and also taught in Chicago. He became Superintendent of Schools in Colorado and did further study at the University of Colorado and Colorado A. & M. He came to Snow from Mesa Junior College in Grand Junction. He and his wife, Kate, had two sons and a daughter. He left Snow to become Dean of the General College at B.Y.U.

J. ELLIOT CAMERON

In July 1956 J. Elliot Cameron became Director of Snow College and he was able to add strength and stability to the school as it adjusted to the changes that had begun earlier. Under his direction, the building program at the school began to expand, additional property was acquired, and upgrading of the Campus and College Farm went forward. Although he was at the school for just two years, his influence was felt in many areas.

Director Cameron was born in Panguitch, Utah in 1923, graduated from Springville High School and Branch Agricultural College in Cedar City before entering the armed forces where he served as a Hospital Administration Specialist for four years during World War II. After the war, he graduated with Bachelor and Master's Degrees from Brigham Young University. He began teaching in the Alpine School District and was principal in Duchesne, and South Sevier. He came to Snow from South Sevier where he was Superintendent. He has been a member of many professional and community groups, and has served in many leadership positions in the LDS Church. He left Snow in 1958 to become Dean of Students at Utah State Agricultural College and later at BYU, and became President of the Hawaii Campus of BYU. He presently

serves as Church Commissioner of Education. He is married to Maxine Petty and they have four living children.

FLOYD S. HOLM

In 1958 Floyd S. Holm was chosen by his fellow teachers to become the 10th administrator of Snow College and he responded to their faith in his ability with dignity and enthusiasm. He set about bringing to a reality ambitious additions and further expansion of the Snow College Campus. At least a dozen buildings were added, or remodeled to be more effective. A third city block enlarged the land area of the campus, plus peripheral property was annexed. A larger staff was hired to teach at the school, and the curriculum offering was similarly enriched.

In response to the challenge felt by Russia's Sputnik launching, schools across the nation were assisted financially by the US Government. Snow College was one of those schools. In return, a larger clerical staff was needed to complete government reports that had to be submitted regularly. Computers and memory typewriters made their debut to assist in speeding up record keeping and related activities.

Director Holm regularly encouraged his faculty to further study, and he set the example, obtaining his doctorate in 1965. In recognition of his achievement, his title was changed to "President." President Holm had a loyal faculty and staff, and one of them, Mr. Lee R. Thompson, became acting President for three different terms during the President's absence. Because of ill health, President Holm felt it was best that he should resign in 1973. He later joined the faculty of SUSC. In his funeral service it was said that he did not wish to be remembered for the bricks that were laid, but rather for the increased educational opportunities that were possible with the enlarged campus.

Floyd S. Holm was born in Palmyra, Utah, in 1914, and spent his early life in that area, graduating from Spanish Fork High School. He worked in the mines in Utah and Nevada for three years, and graduated from Brigham Young University in 1940 with a BS degree. He received an MS degree in 1951. After a few years in California as a personnel representative, he returned to Utah and Idaho where he spent the rest of his life as an educator. He was teaching psychology and sociology at Snow College when he was chosen as Director. He married Hazel Tippetts and they are the parents of four children.

J. MARVIN HIGBEE

The eleventh President, J. Marvin Higbee, came to Snow College from Odessa College in Texas in 1975. He came with previous experiences as a teacher and administrator in the Church Education System, and as an administrator and professor at the University of Texas and the Permian Basin in Odessa, Texas, a school which he helped to develop. He belonged to many professional, civic and church related organizations. He has written pamphlets and books, and has produced educational television films. He has traveled extensively in the interest of education, and served in the National Guard and in the U. S. Navy.

Campus beautification moved forward, and the planned activity center was brought to completion during his tenure. He had a President's home built away from the center of the campus, and the former home was put to use in the continuing education program. The Development Office began to play a major role in

school operation, and the former L&M Trailer Plant was purchased for an enlarged vocational center for the school. One of his stated goals was to see the college play a larger role in fulfilling the needs of both the pre-school and post school elements of the population.

J. Marvin Higbee was born 23 Dec 1932 in Kellogg, Idaho. He attended elementary and high school in Orem, Utah, and received a BS Degree in Physical Education and Health and Recreation, and an MS in Counseling and Guidance in 1961, both from Brigham Young University. He was awarded an EdD from the University of Southern California in 1965. He is married to Ethelyn Goodrich and they are the parents of 8 children.

STEVEN D. BENNION

To strengthen her academic and vocational mission and recognize well-motivated students in an honors program, has been one of the goals of President Steven D. Bennion since he arrived as the President of Snow College in 1982. He has worked to strengthen ties between Snow College and the surrounding communities and to provide better recognition of distinguished alumni and others. The organization of the Snow College Foundation Board makes it possible to provide more personalized service to students, giving them the opportunity to grow academically in a great learning climate, as well as to be involved and gain confidence through leadership experience.

To understand what we know as "The Spirit of Snow College," which is more than a composite of all of the administrators, faculty, staff, and students who ever attended—an elusive quality, hard to define but very real—has been the goal of all of those who have come here in leadership positions. President Bennion is adding to that "Spirit" as a great number of people: students, faculty, staff and community members plan for Snow's one hundredth birthday in 1988.

As he looks forward to the beginning of the next one hundred years, President Bennion believes that a major priority needs to be the completion of some critical remodeling of four different facilities; the launching of a new campus center (student union), built to complement the Noyes Building with a Scandinavian motif; and the strengthening of selected academic programs.

President Bennion was serving as Associate Commissioner for Planning in the Utah System of Higher Education before he came to Snow. He attended schools in Salt Lake City. He was active in student affairs, and graduated with honors from the University of Utah where he majored in political science. He earned a Masters degree from Cornell University in public administration, and a PhD in 1977 at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. He worked for ten years in the administration of the University of Wisconsin before returning to Utah. He is married to Marjorie Hopkins and they have five children, four of whom are living.

TO THE FOUNDERS

A garland we would weave
For the Founders of Snow College.
We would gather old memories,
Inspirations and dreams-
Flowers of old hopes realized,
Branches transplanted from
Sanpete Stake Academy,
New-rooted in many places-
Branches that bore fruit in varied fields
Of faith, of love, of high endeavor-
Branches that have received recognition
In the high places and in the lowly walks of life-
Branches that have grown into something
Of power and lasting beauty.

A garland we would weave
For the Founders of Snow College.
We would gather for you the gratitude,
The love, and quiet appreciation
Of all the devotees that have followed
In that long procession,
Beginning in the Sanpete Stake Academy,
Advancing with stately, measured steps,
To our present institution,
Snow College, our Alma Mater.
Joyfully and hopefully we shall add to these
The sweet perfume of the flowers
That are to come-
The future accomplishments
Aspirations and dreams
Of Snow College.

Fern Young—1933



968 used as cafeteria, Union Building, Maintenance Building. Courtesy Snow College

SNOW ACADEMY. CERTIFICATE OF RECORD.

FIRST SEMESTER, 1905-1906.

NAME Ellis Mary

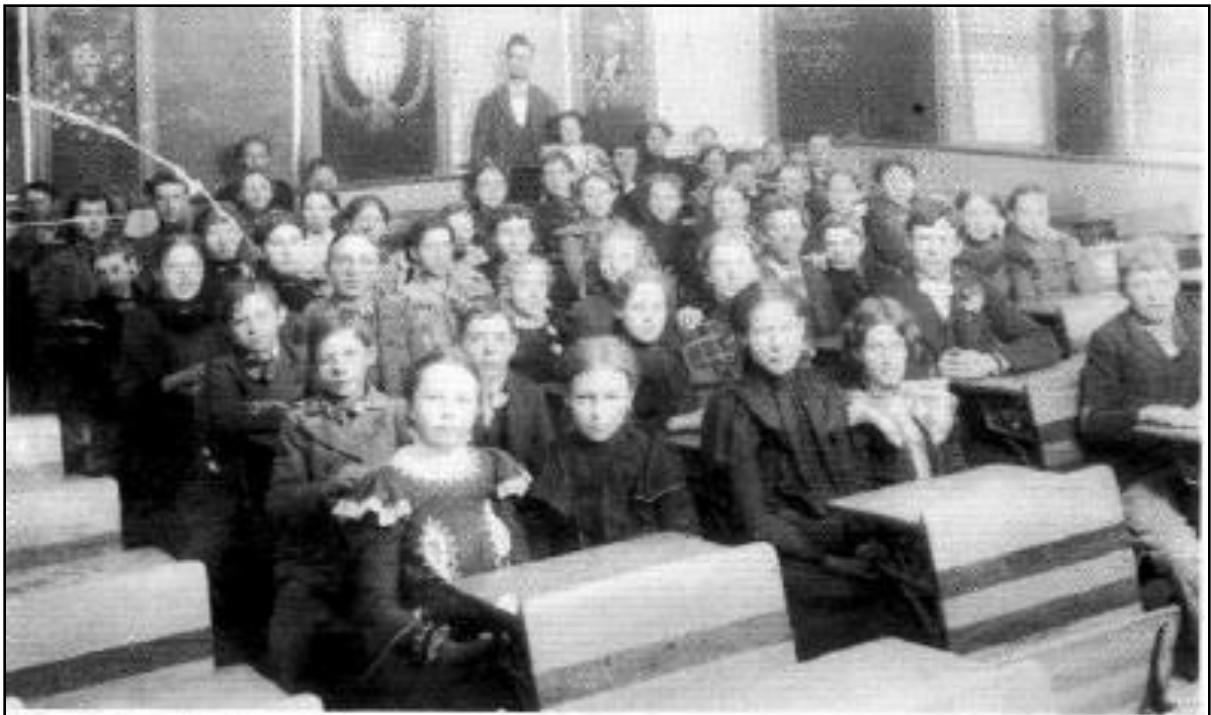
*SUBJECT.	Times absent	Times suspended	† Mark
Penmanship			99
Order			100
Kindergarten Practice	4	—	A
Kindergarten Theory	1	—	A 90
Advanced Rhetoric	1	1	A 90
Church History	2	—	A
Hist of Education	2	2	A 92
Eng Literature	2	—	A 74

Attest:

WM. G. BARTON,
Secretary of Faculty

* A description of the subjects is contained in the circular of 1905-1906.
† Marks—A, marked excellent. B, thoroughly satisfactory. C, good.
D, fair (mediocre) E, failed.

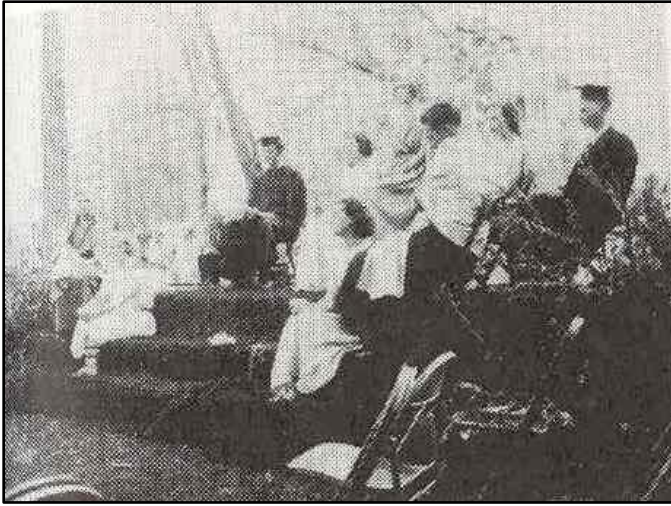
M.E. 71



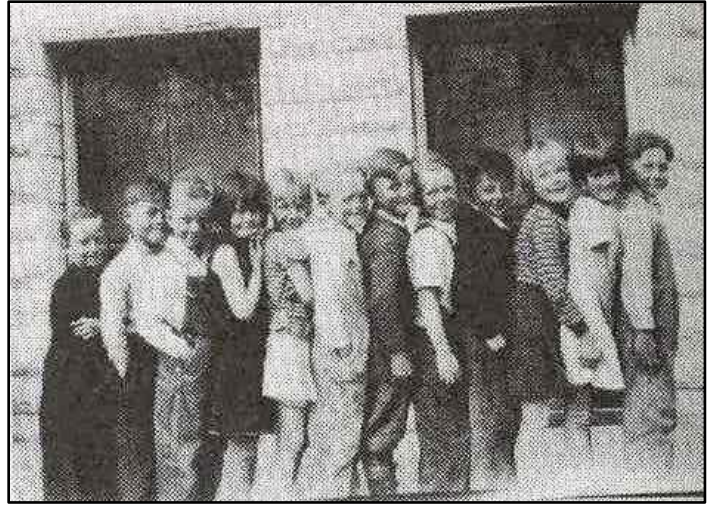
Future Snow Academy students school days - Mt. Pleasant about 1900. Courtesy Eleanor Madsen



Snow students: Cleah Robertson, Regina Symes, Ruth Nielson, LaRue Jensen, Montez Stevensen, Leon Christiansen, Vilate Jacobsen, Jessie Oldroyd, Luris Allen, Venada Martin, Carrie Hansen, Alta Jacobsen, Reed Lasson. Courtesy Jessie Oldroyd

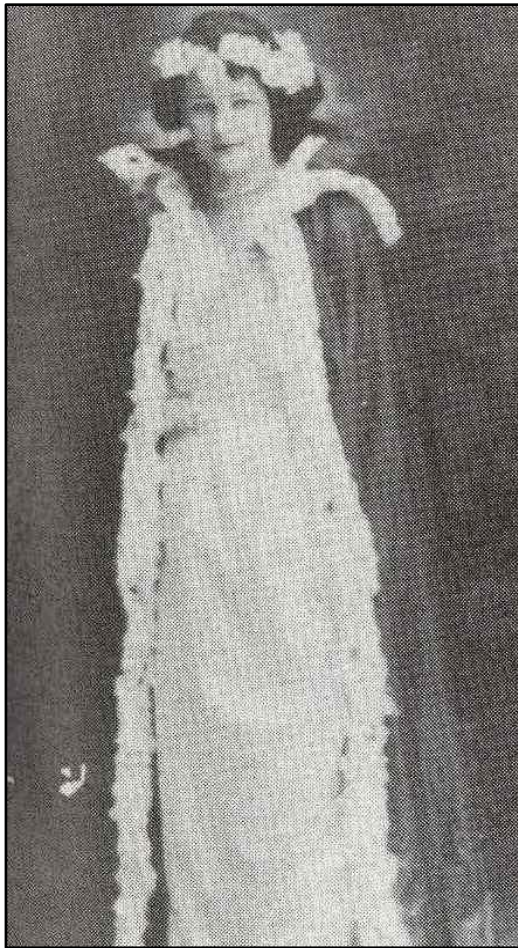


College Founder's Day 1933

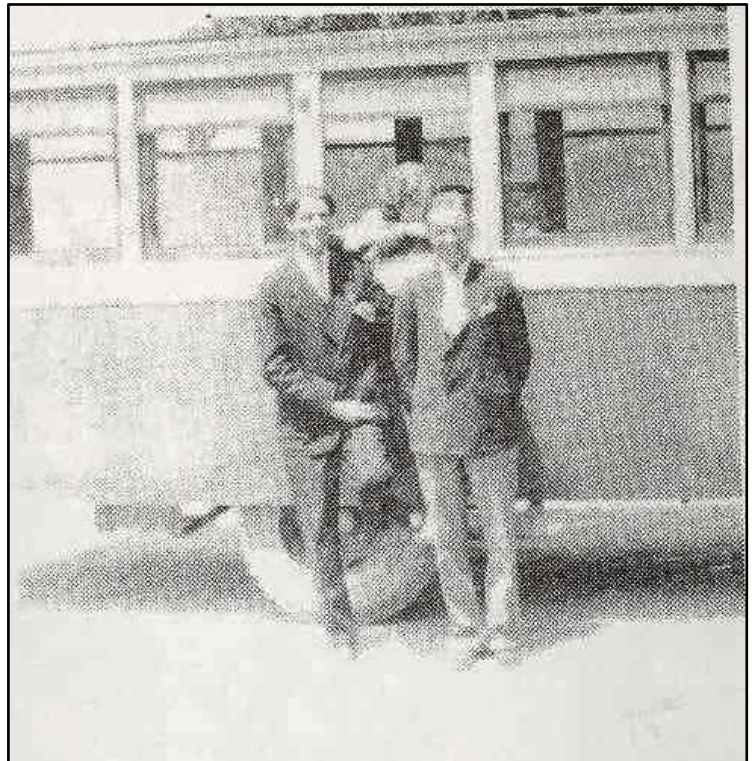


First Grade students Snow College Training

School 1933



1923 Queen of Snow Girl's Ball Else Johansen



Sanpete's County's first bus line 1929. Owned and Operated by Jess Bartholomew, Ernest Scow, Don Lyman, Naomi Christensen. Courtesy Ruth D. Scow.



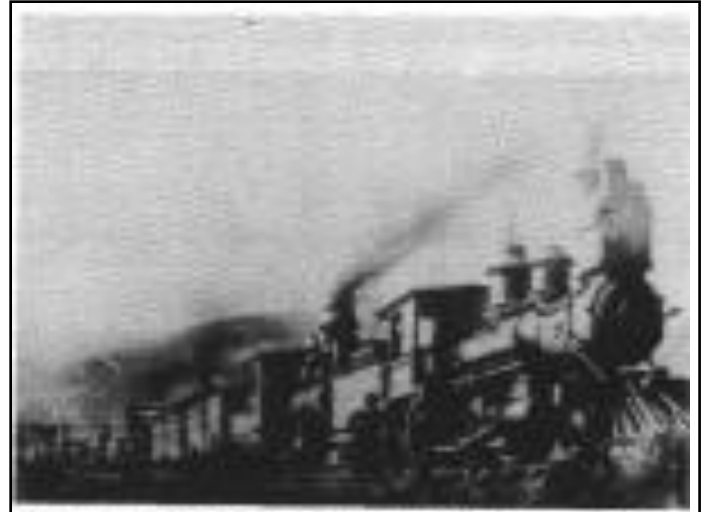
Gannon Sugar Factory Centerfield, Utah 1920. Courtesy Lamar Larsen



Peter M. "Pete Paker" and Ann America Truly Jensen and their children: Hugh, Ruby Ann, John F., William L., Edward, Charles M. Courtesy Yulene M. Rashton



Gelbble Store Gunnison July 4, 1891. Courtesy Gladys Allred



Sanpete Valley RR to Manti 1893. Courtesy Ruth Scow



Interior view Keller Grocery-Manti, Clark Keller, owner, Phyllis Keller, customer, 1923. Courtesy Carol K. Lowry

Words by
Doris N. Larsen

SNOW COLLEGE ALMA MATER

Music by
W. Mcloyd Erickson

Our voice - less sing - ing in high - ly chu - rus. Sing of Snow

Col - lege de - light - ened so that - tached to our mem - ries

as we go on thru the years. The '60's

on the hill - side. In Spring - time please - ing white

God's Sing
of sig - ning times in ay - tude pro - claim how

...sing fight----- We'll 'ere t. proud of our Al - ma Ma - ter

Where - er - er we may go we'll sing

at her fame. Al - ways hon - or her name.

Real to our be - lov - ed Snow

Our voi - ces Snow

