



Volume 21 — 1989

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SAGA of the SANPITCH



Snow's Lake, Epitthraim Canyon

Courtesy Virginia Thompson



Elk on Wagon Road Ridge - 1988

Courtesy Allan Green

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XXI

Winning Entries
of the

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Selected Pictures and Poems

Sponsored by

Sanpete Historical Writing Committee

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Eleanor P. Madsen, Chairman

Printed by

Universal Impression

Manti, Utah

PREFACE

Sanpete County, with about twenty towns and villages, lies peacefully in a valley surrounded by mountains. Citizens love the mountains and since they are only moments away from them, they jump into cars and jeeps and head for favorite picnic areas in the hills. Within a short time hamburgers are sizzling, steaks are frying and potatoes roasting over an open campfire.

Campfire Tales has been chosen as a theme for this issue of Saga of the Sanpitch. Some writers prefer titles of their own choosing and these are equally welcome.

One can only imagine the countless campfires that have lighted the hills of Sanpete over the years. Before the dawn of history the native Americans lived by the light and warmth of campfires. Campfires also provided the smoke used in their signals of communication.

Campfires have burned for those who worked in the mountains to make them accessible and productive; for our forefathers who made roads, built dams, reservoirs and outlets for culinary and irrigation water and for electric power plants.

Campfires have burned for trappers, hunters, lumberjacks, sheepmen, cattlemen, miners and others in economic pursuits.

Mountains are places of rare beauty and a place to restore the soul in quiet majesty and serenity. Camp—fires burn for those seeking recreation and adventure; for hikers, backpackers, Scout troops, family gatherings and reunions, ward parties, church and civic organizations and sometimes entire communities meet together.

In an article published in "Modern Maturity," October-November 1987, pages 68-74 the author James Trefel comments: "Not only are mountains beautiful, they also provide us with living examples of the way our planet is put together, the way it works. In fact, the mountains of Earth are unique. They are the only mountain chains in our solar system, conceivably in our entire galaxy. As soon as a mountain is born it starts to die. The forces of weather carry it out to sea. Mountains are in a state of constant change; constantly reborn. The restless motion of the earth rebuilds them. Mountains, like everything else on earth are born, live out their lives, and disappear to be replaced by new mountains,"

Is it any wonder that Sanpeter's are drawn, like a magnetic force, to their mountains? Here they surround campfires to talk, think and feel the magnitude of their surroundings.

May readers of Saga of the Sanpitch 1989 catch the spirit and spark of Sanpete's Campfire Tales within the covers of this issue.



CO-CHAIRMEN:

Linnie M. Findlay, Lillian H. Fox,
Eleanor P. Madsen

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Diana Spencer

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT: The Sanpete Historical Writing Committee wish to thank all who have submitted manuscripts and who have given of their time and talents in the production of this volume of the Saga of the Sanpitch, A special thanks to all who have contributed pictures and those who have given encouragement in many ways,

COYER: The front cover features Indians in a canoe in a scene, typical of the small lakes found in the Sanpete mountains. These native Americans were the first to share their legends around the glowing campfire. The painting was done by Larry Nielson, prominent artist of North Hollywood, California, and former Ephraim resident,

ADVERTISING: Radio Stations KMTI and KMXU, Messenger- Enterprise, Manti; Gunnison Valley News, Gunnison; The Pyramid, Mt, Pleasant; The Provo Herald, Provo; Richfield Reaper, Richfield; and Committee members and volunteers, Ruth Amesquita, who was listed as new editor in Volume 20, was unable to continue because of illness and has moved from the area. We appreciate the work she did.

JUDGES

Helen Bailey Dyreng. Helen was born in Sterling, Utah, but has spent most of her life in Manti where she graduated from Manti High School and Snow College. She has continued her studies through BYU and USU. She taught school in Manti Schools. She is married to R. Morgan Dyreng of Manti and they are the parents of four children (one deceased) and a foster son. They have 17 grandchildren, 15 of whom are boys, and two granddaughters. There are two sets of identical twin boys. Helen was one of the founders of the Mormon Miracle Pageant and currently is an assistant director. She is serving as Stake Relief Society President in the Manti Utah Stake and was Utah Mother of the Year, 1988.

Myrtle H. (Cindy) Nielson. Cindy was born in Thatcher, Graham County, Arizona, and graduated from Safford High School. She attended Lamson Business College in Phoenix. She enlisted in the USNR-WAVES- and served for 2 1/2 years, working in the Personnel Office at Treasure Island, San Francisco when discharged. She attended Brigham Young University, and obtained employment in Provo. Cindy married Lloyd Heber Nielson and moved to Ephraim where their five children were born and raised. She moved to Manti in 1972 and is currently employed as secretary at the Manti Temple.

Sherrol Christiansen Snow. Sherrol was born in Mayfield, Utah. Her roots in Sanpete soil run deep. She married MoReil Snow of Manti and they have lived in Manti all of their married lives. She graduated from Manti High School as valedictorian and yearbook editor. She is currently a student at Snow College with special interest in English and writing. She is serving as Manti Utah Stake History Specialist and has compiled an historical, commemorative booklet for the completion of the Manti Utah Stake Center. She is the mother of six children and grandmother of six. She is active in school, church and community activities.

EDITING

Diana Major Spencer. Diana is a native of Salt Lake City, a descendant of Mormon pioneers of 1847. Her home is in Mayfield and she is presently employed as assistant Publication Director of the Utah Shakespearean Festival. She is President of the South Sanpete Board of Education. This year marks the 11th year she has volunteered her services as proof reader and copyeditor for the Saga.

RULES FOR 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 Division. 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 persons 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 the manuscripts. Each entry must be accompanied by one separate 8 1/2 x 11 sheet bearing name and address or 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 lines for poetry and number of words for all other categories written on the first page of the entry.
10. Judges are selected by the Contest Chairmen and members of the Saga Committee. Judges have the right to award or not award prizes or honorable mention to entries. The judges' decision will be final.
11. Entries must be postmarked no later than April 1, 1990. For return of manuscript please include full size envelope and sufficient postage,
12. All entries must be addressed to Sanpete Historical Writing Contest c/o Eleanor P, Madsen, 295 East 1st North, Ephraim, Utah 84627, or to Lillian H. Fox, 140 North 1st West, Manti, Utah 84642.

13. Winners will be announced at a special awards program that will be held for that purpose.

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 1500 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 3000 words,

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

15. The theme for Volume 22 of the Saga will be "Prelude to Sanpete," recounting the life and times of folks prior to their becoming Sanpete residents. Entries not following the theme will also be considered.



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 THE SAGA OF THE SANPITCH**

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Braithwaite Family Camping in Manti Canyon

Front row, left to right: Fawn and Blain Braithwaite. Middle row: Doce Braithwaite, Cleo Anderson, Marie Braithwaite, Bryant Nelson, Lucile Braithwaite, James Braithwaite, Mary Ann Braithwaite, Nora Braithwaite, Gladys Nelson, Lida Braithwaite, Reba Braithwaite, Leah Bessie, DeLloyd Braithwaite. Back row: Tom Braithwaite.

Courtesy Reba Alder

THE POLYGAMOUS ROCKER

NONPROFISSIONAL CATEGORY

FIRST PLACE POETRY

Elaine Parry Murphy

1035 South 500 East, Orem, Utah 84058

You are crowded in a corner
Partially hidden by a plant.
Your design is not contemporary
And nicks and cracks be tell your age.

Looking at you, however,
Your beauty cannot be missed;
The graceful curvings of your arms
The craftsmanship of your legs.

Your back is comfortably sturdy
With headrest intricately carved.
I sit upon your platformed lap
Rocking dreamily in your past.

Carefully created was your life-wood
A century and a half ago.
You were a sanctuary to many women
Nursing babies calling the same man "Dad."

Steadfastly you held together
As the whole world mocked
At the idea of plural marriage
Denying the nature of divine law.

Needful for a period of time,
The faithful saints who could, obeyed.
Zion grew; needy women were cared for
And you remained steady to your purpose.

I like sitting here, unnoticed,
I feel comfort in your arms.
Now, as then, you dispel frustration
As together we rock, to and fro.

Rocker is in possession of author.

MY MOTHER'S WEDDING DRESS

SECOND PLACE POETRY

Jessie Oldroyd

118 South State Street, Box 153

Fountain Green, Utah 84632

With many thoughts. . . almost sacred . . .
I fondly touch my mother's satin wedding dress.
It has a special place in the closet,
Or is neatly folded in a box,
For it is precious and holds many memories
The stitches in the dress are neatly done,
And ever so tiny.
Pretty lace adorns the high neckline
And around the wrist-length sleeves.
The fitted waistline has a bow at the back,
The lovely skirt is trimmed with lace and many beads
Ending with pleats around the bottom.
Oh, so beautifully styled.
I can picture my beautiful mother,
A lovely bride, with light shining in her big brown eyes,
Filled with happiness, joy and promise
As she begins her new life as a wife.
She wore this lovely dress, and adored it.
I too, have worn it, and adore it.
It has a story that will never end,
It carries memories and dreams for us all,
For families are forever
Linked in so many ways.
Mother's Wedding Dress!
So treasured, so meaningful to us all.
Personal knowledge and family members.

THREE CATS

THIRD PLACE POETRY

Joan Sorensen Larsen

Salt Lake City, Utah

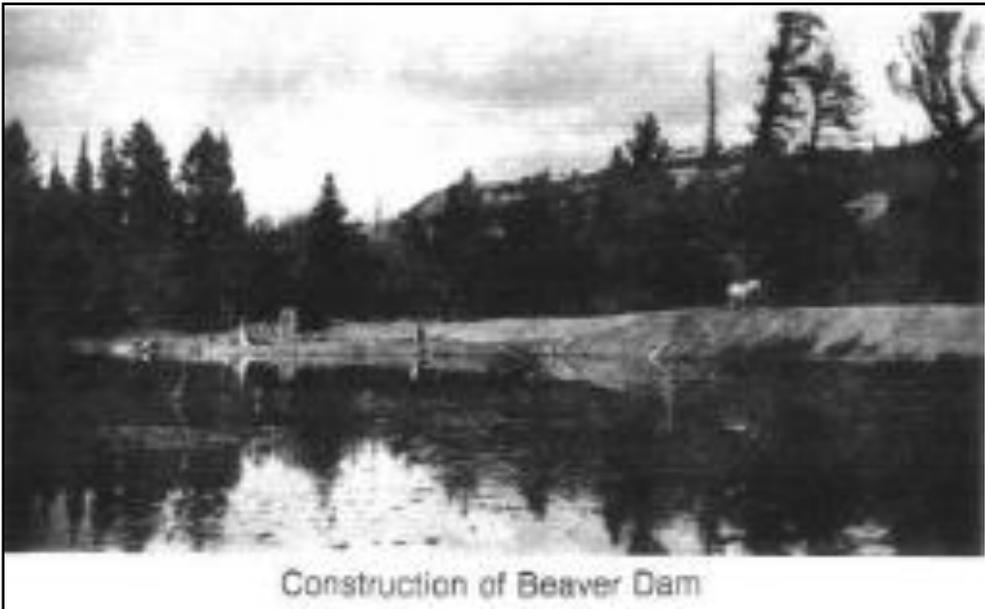
One missed meal—
two,
then threewith
fourcomes fear.

Did anyone see you
as mine?
You never saw yourself that way.

In a small
soft chamber,
silence
displaces you.

Emptiness edges.
Somewhere, lies
a memory
I'm too close
to see.

The other two cats consumed
your share
of the meal.



WILL'S JOKE

FIRST PLACE ANECDOTE

Mary Louise Seamons
1774 South 340 East
Orem, Utah 84058

Will was a saver. Nothing was ever wasted. Perhaps he had learned this from the friendly Indian boys with whom he played as a young lad herding the family cattle in the Big Field north of his home in Mt. Pleasant, or from those who camped in his corral and prepared the offal he had discarded from his slaughtering business into "appetizing" meals, drying the stomachs and crushing them into meal, and roasting the entrails over their campfires. Perhaps it was a result of his early training as one of numerous children of a polygamous father and a conservative mother with limited means. Whatever the reason, Will was frugal.

Once he was with a small group of other men, including his brother-in-law Billy Watson, When they spied a small piece of wire lying on the ground ahead of the wagon, Billy whispered to the others, "Watch Will. He'll stop and pick that up,"

Sure enough. Will, who was driving the team, stopped the wagon, stepped to the ground, and picked up the bit of wire before proceeding on their journey. The joke, however, was on Billy and the others, A short time later a part on the wagon broke, an incident which could have resulted in a costly delay. But Will, taking the length of wire he had salvaged earlier, soon had the wagon repaired, and they were on their way.

Story told by Will's widow and children. Willard Frandsen was born 14 August 1863 at Mt. Pleasant, Utah, and died there 24 May 1933* He is the grandfather of the author.

FIGHT THAT FIRE

SECOND PLACE ANECDOTE

Lois S. Brown
Manti, Utah 84642

Fire! The Temple! The words spread rapidly and created panic. The fire high on the east tower of the Temple must be extinguished! But how?

A bucket brigade from the Brigham Ditch up all those steps was considered and started, but what a trickle that was. Hoses? Problems of all kinds. Then—almost a miracle!

About a year earlier, a salesman convinced a local druggist to buy a fire extinguisher. The device was quite impressive, copper trimmed with brass, standing about two feet tall. It held about five gallons of water with a bottle of chemicals in the top. There was a hose, and when it was tipped upside down the water and chemicals mixed and a stream of fire-retardant streamed from the hose.

In his store the druggist displayed his acquisition and several men purchased extinguishers. Then they planned, hung the devices in their homes, and made a list of all locations where they were placed.

The men had not experienced a fire of proportions that required calling all their purchases into use. But, when the panic button was pressed, fire at the Temple, their plan was activated. Into cars went men and extinguishers. Some of the men were unavailable, so volunteers quickly were found, and away they went.

There was almost a problem when a man asked about their recommends, but the men were on their way to put out probably the most important fire in Manti's history.

Up the steps they went, strong active men, two, sometimes three steps at a time, and soon several streams of chemicals were working on the flames and smoke.

It worked! The magic mixture dealt destruction to the threatening fire. Soon a group of excited men gathered again at the drugstore filling their extinguishers so they would be ready for future emergencies, celebrating their success and discussing changes in plans for future fires.

I was a teenager, and I remember well when my older brother took my father's extinguisher and went with my uncle to help extinguish the fire. I heard their discussions of the event and still have one of the devices.

REFLECTIONS OF BRASS BUCKETS

THIRD PLACE ANECDOTE

Ruth D. Scow

Manti, Utah 84642

There was a time in Sanpete history when almost every family owned at least one or more milk cows. Such a family were the David Christensens of Ephraim, Their house and lot were located between First and Second East on 100 North. This house was a low structure, perhaps of adobe, with a long porch that went across the front. Tall lilac bushes grew nearby.

Every morning after the milking had been done and the milk poured in pans to raise the cream, Mrs, Christensen, or one of her daughters, would scrub the brass milk buckets with wood ashes, a bit of water and lots of "elbow grease." Finally, when the desired brightness was achieved, the buckets were dried with a white cloth dishtowel and carried out to the fence that surrounded their yard. Here the buckets were turned upside down on the fence posts.

People traveling up or down Ephraim Canyon road said they could always identify the Christensen property by the reflection of sunlight off the brass buckets.

THE PEST HOUSE

HONORABLE MENTION ANECDOTE

Marguerite Taylor

190 North Main

Ephraim, Utah 84627

The Pest House was a small adobe house across the street from Charlie and Annie Steven's home in Ephraim, just west of Main Street on Second North. Marguerite Stevens Taylor, daughter of Charlie and Annie, remembers it as an interesting house with lots of funny-looking children staying there. She liked to sneak across the road and peek through the windows. It was fun to watch the funny-looking, red polka-dotted faces of the children inside.

At the time, Marguerite wasn't old enough to read the big signs nailed to the outside walls of the little adobe house. Only later did she learn the meaning of the words, MEASLES, KEEP OUT.

Measles was a common and dreaded disease and needed a doctor's attention. For the poorer families in town, it was also an expensive disease. They didn't have the resources to pay the doctor, even though the charges were minimal. For everyone in the community there was also the problem of contagion.

The problems needed a community answer. Someone suggested that the children should be brought to this little adobe house which became known as the Pest House. The doctor could then attend to all of the afflicted with one call, money would be saved. The problem of contagion was also solved.

Needs of the Pest House, like food, bedding, and supervision, were met by assigning the responsibilities to all the families in Ephraim.

"As a child I saw this small adobe house as a mysterious place with funny, red polka-dotted faces living there and I wondered what had happened to make these children look so different. Now I marvel at the blessings medicine has given us and the memories of the Pest House always remind me that helping and loving our neighbors has always been a basic tenet of our Gospel."

A MOTHER'S LOYE

HONORABLE MENTION ANECDOTE

Glenn Thomas
2850 Monroe Blvd.
Ogden, Utah 84403

The frisky three-month-old bull calf was tethered with a thin rope to graze along the dry ditch bank in the top of our lot at Wales. When under age five, I decided the begging calf was thirsty and needed a drink. The calf, thinking the water was milk, lunged forward and broke the rope. In a moment, being satisfied with the contents of the bucket, he then came at me, butting me to the ground with his head. I helplessly tried to get up to defend myself, but there was no way. With each jab, his sharp horns bruised my tender body again and again. It seemed I was doomed to destruction. I screamed for my mother as loud as I could. She was in the house. It seemed an eternity. Finally my mother heard my frantic screaming. As soon as she saw what was happening, she grabbed the broom and came frantically running. The calf didn't have a ghost of a chance against so formidable an opponent. Mother swung the broom with all her power, hit the calf in the head and almost knocked him down. He ran to the far corner of the lot and stayed there. She picked me up and tenderly carried me into the house. Although my body was covered with black and blue bruises, there were no broken bones, and within a couple days I was once again in good condition. Unintentionally, my older brothers had teased the bull calf into becoming mean.

This was perhaps one of the earliest impressive memories of my childhood at Wales. Even though more than seventy years have come and gone since that memorable day, I shall always cherish this as one of the many loving, thoughtful acts of my dear mother.

CARATAT CONDERSET ROWE AND THE MORMON BATTALION SICK DETACHMENT (1846-1847)

FIRST PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

Mary Louise Seamons

1774 South 340 East

Orem, Utah 84058

Much has been written about the Mormon Battalion's 2,000-mile forced march under adverse conditions; a number of diaries and journals provide further insights into their trials during those trying months of heat and cold, reduced rations, starving oxen, desert sand, and little or no water. Not nearly as much is known about the men, women, and children who left the Battalion, wintered at Pueblo, Colorado, and entered the Salt Lake Valley soon after Brigham Young's main party arrived.

Caratat Conderset Rowe was born in Perry Township, Indiana. He was a member of the Mormon Battalion sick detachment.¹

Brigham Young had endeavored to get assistance from the U.S. Government to help the Mormon Saints preserve their homes in U.S. territories. When that failed, he sought help to move them where they could live apart from those desiring their "extermination." He prayed to the Lord for help. When Captain James Allen arrived at Mount Pisgah on 16 June 1846 and spoke with Church leaders, Young was convinced this was their answer and espoused Captain Allen's recruitment of five companies of Mormon men to serve with the U.S. Army in their war against Mexico²

Most of the able-bodied men were away earning money to help the main body of Saints on their westward journey. Those at Mt. Pisgah and nearby Council Bluffs were mainly men with families, not enthused about leaving them to travel alone.

The Brethren made impassioned pleas to the men to join. Young at one point told the men that if they wouldn't go, he would:

Let the Mormons' be the first men to set their feet on the soil of California. If we want the privilege of going where we can worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience we must raise this "battalion"³

He felt if the Mormons failed to earn the respect of the nation, the further criticism would be their downfall. The men were promised that if they went with the Battalion and obeyed the Lord's commandments and their leaders' counsel, they would not fight against other human beings and would return to their families.

The Army promised \$42.00 per man per year plus pay while in the ranks. A Captain received \$50.00 a month; a Private, \$7.00. They could keep their "arms and accoutrements."

A flag was hung in a tree in front of which 549 men took the oath to serve their country. Church leaders counseled the Mormon officers to treat their men with respect and dignity, as if they (the officers) were the men's fathers, and to wear and honor their temple garments at all times.

On 20 July the new recruits marched four to miles down-river and camped. "On July 21st they started on the march to the tune, 'The Girl I Left Behind Me'."⁴

Caratat was a member of Company A; his cousin, William Howe, in Company D. Another cousin, Manning Rowe, is reputed as also being a member of the Battalion, but his name does not appear on Battalion rosters in any of the companies.⁵

The new recruits marched to Fort Leavenworth where they received their first supplies, then headed for Santa Fe — across the whole of Kansas, a tiny corner of Oklahoma, and into New Mexico. They endured many hardships, particularly after Captain Allen, whom they had come to trust, died at Fort Leavenworth a few days after the company left for Santa Fe. Although some good officers remained over the Battalion, some were not so good.

When the detachment reached the last crossing of the Arkansas River, the commanding officer insisted that most of the families, with some food and supplies, be sent under guard up the Arkansas to Pueblo, Colorado. This was unquestionably "in the best interests both of the families and of the Battalion."⁶

Water was scarce and often impure causing many to become ill. Food rations were cut, and a number of the men were without blankets or warm clothing, having left as much as possible with their families, possibly misunderstanding exactly what they would receive from the Army. It is quite possible their commanding officers were more harsh because they understood the need for as much speed as possible so all could reach Santa Fe before supplies ran out or the weather turned cold. When they did reach Santa Fe, they were greeted by a 100-gun salute ordered by Colonel Doniphan, their supreme commander.

There was much criticism and complaint about Dr. George H. Sanderson who had been appointed surgeon to serve with the Battalion. Sanderson seemed to enjoy tormenting the men who became ill and caused the whole company to travel more slowly. He made them come before him each day to prove they were incapable of walking, then dosed them with medicine from a despised iron spoon. One man complained that he had been given a large dose of laudanum, but was warned by the orderly in charge to get rid of it quickly or it would be fatal.⁷

Caratat's cousin William was apparently treated somewhat the same. When William became ill and unable to walk, Caratat was advised to leave him where he was and move on. Caratat sat cross-legged on the ground beside his sick cousin, his musket across his lap, and refused to leave. Finally the officer in charge ordered that William be lifted into the wagon.⁸ The commanding officer felt he could not keep so many disabled men, so he ordered a sick detachment back to Pueblo.

Some men were afraid they would be mustered out and lose their pay if they went back; their fears proved unfounded. On 17 October, Caratat, William, and the others were placed "on detached service by orders of Captain Doniphan" and remained so until they were mustered out of the Army,⁹

Now the sick detachment traveled under difficult circumstances: little water, short rations, cold and rain, with poor equipment and oxen. Some of the latter died along the way. One day several Battalion members came to camp with thirty fresh oxen. . . followed shortly by some men who claimed to have lost their teams. The Battalion commander told them they could take any of their animals they found. The men left with only four head, leaving the Mormons with thirteen additional teams. Right or wrong, the Mormons felt it was Divine intervention that had provided these animals in their time of need.¹⁰

The detachment arrived in Pueblo nearly a month later and set about building houses and a church, of split cottonwood logs, and a small fort apart from the original site of Pueblo. They passed the winter "drilling, hunting, and having a good time generally: dancing in the church, attending church meetings, and preparing for their springtime journey west. They were first to know the final destination of the Mormons."¹¹

While at Pueblo, a settlement of trappers and hunters in a natural crossroads setting, they left their mark: theirs was the first white baby born in what is now Colorado. They were able to supplement their

meager supplies with "buffalo, deer and elk meat, thereby saving the necessity of killing any of their stock of cattle of which few remained.¹²

Early in the spring—about 15 April 1847—they began their journey west to join the Saints traveling to Utah, heading due north for Fort Laramie, west to Fort Bridger, and thence to Salt Lake. Although they found tracks of the main body of pioneers and knew they were not far ahead, the detachment entered the Salt Lake Valley five days behind—20 July 1847.

Their enlistment had expired on 16 July 1847» They were officially mustered out of the Army and once again came under the command of Brigham Young, the man they had followed for their beliefs.

The empty cabins at Pueblo were never occupied by others,

On 16 August 1847, 71 men, with 33 wagons and 92 yoke of oxen, some horses and mules, left the Valley and returned to the Missouri River area to rejoin the families they had left behind, Caratat among them. - There he married Mary Napier, a demure red—haired Scottish lass; two children were born before they

returned to Utah. Three more children were born in what is now Payson, and their last child was born in Mt. Pleasant, where they went in early 1860, less than a year after its settlement. There Caratat died on 12 February 1904» not quite two years after Mary's death.¹⁴ His cousin William died 25 July 1905 and was buried in Thayne, Wyoming.

Although Caratat and William did not make the long march with the Mormon Battalion, they left a heritage of commitment and loyalty, of responding to the call of their leaders. As B. H. Roberts wrote:

Since the Battalion march has not been equaled by any march of infantry. . . it is not likely ... that the Mormon Battalion march across more than half the North American continent will ever be equaled¹⁵

Caratat and William were a part of that march.

Note: Caratat Conderset Rowe was the author's great grandfather.

END-NOTES

¹. Caratat Conderset Rowe, son of William Niblo and Candace Blanchard Rowe, B. Perry Township, Delaware County, Indiana, 11 May 1823* Mary Loretta Rowe Burnside, "Biography of Caratat Conderset Roue" (unpublished typed manuscript prepared for Mount Pleasant Camp, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, n.d.). Mary was a granddaughter of Caratat.

². Kate B. Carter, compiler, *The Mormon Battalion (Utah: Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, 1956)*.

³. Kate B. Carter, compiler, *Heart Throbs of the West (Utah: Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, 1946)*.

⁴. Carter, 1956, P. 9.

⁵. Burnside*

⁶. B. H. Roberts, *The Mormon Battalion: Its History and Achievements* (Salt Lake City. Utah; Deseret News, 1919). P. 30.

⁷. James S. Brown, *Life of a Pioneer: Being the Autobiography of James S. Brown* (Salt Lake City, Utah; George Q. Cannon and Sons Company, 1900). p. 51.

⁸. Burnside.

⁹. "Mormon Battalion (1846-1847). Service Records, n.d. Film.

¹⁰. John P. Vurtinis, "Colorado, Mormons, and the Mexican War," *Essays and Monographs in Colorado History* (Denver: Colorado Historical Society, 1983)» p. 51.

¹¹. Vurtinis, p. 136.

¹². Ralph C. Taylor, "Pueblo Mormon Village: First Anglo-Saxon Settlement in Colorado," *Colorado South of the Border* (Denver: Sage Books, 1963)f p. 386.

13. Garter, 1946, p. 186.
 14. Family records in possession of author.
 15. Carter, 1946, p. 187-
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MESSAGES

SECOND PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

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The following letter is one of the best kinds of messages to write or receive, Examples of other kinds of messages form the basis of this essay, centered primarily on those connected with electricity.

Dear Ellareave,

We got here about 7:30 this morning, all O.K. and all you want to eat of right good things (to eat) of course that is if you like 'em. I do.

Oh, say, I lost my hat on the way up but I have one now so never mind. As yet I have had nothing to do but eat, sleep, read and keep clean sing and think of you. It is too dark to write anymore now, so good night, sleep tight and don't let the buggers bite.

Yours Harmon

P.S. Write as soon as you can as much as you can.

This message was sent from Camp Cook, a National Guard Camp in the state of Washington on July 8, 1924. It was sent to a girl who was Sweet Sixteen living in Manti* Being a photographer, the sender, B. Harmon Parry, took pictures of the camp showing row upon row of Egyptian-like tents on flat land surrounded by mountains. The pictures also showed men in uniform exercising, filling sand bags, having drills with all kinds of war equipment, sitting on the ground to hear instructions and standing at attention for inspection. They were preparing to defend their home territories in the event of war or other disaster. This action of the National Guard sent a message to their townspeople of their commitment to home.

Harmon was able to return to Manti and marry sweet Ellareave and continue his intense fascination with electricity. Several other people were working on "crystal radio sets" but his was the first one to actually work. He was ecstatic over the messages he could receive from his radio. He wanted to share this wonder with everyone else and he spent much time perfecting his radio set. From old gramophones he obtained speakers and earphones which he then hooked up into the homes of "subscribers" from his home so they could listen, too. At that time the only broadcasts consisted of fights, athletic events, religious sermons and some music. His patrons consisted of the town patriarch, the superintendent of schools, farmers, sportsmen, a bishop and a widow or two. With this diversified audience, Harmon found it impossible to please everyone at the same time and eventually gave up the service. However, when radios were manufactured, these people were his first customers to buy their own sets from his newly established electrical appliance retail and repair shop. Another kind of message.

In the early thirties when the LDS Conference was first broadcast live from the Salt Lake Tabernacle, Harmon set up his radio and huge speakers on the upper level of the front porch of his home on 104 North Main Street. I remember helping fill the lawn and porch with all the benches and chairs we could find, and by

the time the broadcast began even the gutter curb and street were filled with people listening to messages from Mormon church leaders coming over the air for the first time.

His fascination with electricity and desire to share its uses with his acquaintances was a big part of Harmon's life. Without a high school diploma he was hired to teach a class on electricity at Snow College and at the Salt Lake Technical College in 1941-42 as one of the war efforts.

An important message was given by Patriarch Vernon L. Kunz a few years before his death from the ravages of cancer. In part, he was told, "You have a trained mind. At first hand you know the workings of miracles. By experience you are acquainted with television and radio and both are nothing less than miraculous. This knowledge has given you insight into the manner in which the world was created and organized. And from that scientific experience, along with the inspiration of the Lord and the promptings of the Holy Ghost, your convictions, testimony and faith are far beyond that of the average man." What a wonderful message!

Harmon Parry was called into people's homes all over Sanpete to fix electrical paraphernalia. Everyone knew he would make house calls and do the best he could, which usually involved the use of his innovative mind, using things collected and on hand to replace unobtainable parts. His message was loud and clear: "I like doing what I'm doing and if you're pleased, it makes me happy." Sometimes he went the extra mile and replaced an appliance for a customer with one from his own home on a temporary basis, leaving Ella without one for a while. Nevertheless, his customers knew they could count on him anytime, day or night, except when he was fishing or hunting, to use his unusual talent with electricity.

How Harmon would love the present technology in this field. Just think, he could send a letter to anyone by computer since the absence of letter writing in his life sent a message of its own. In his death, he has come full circle, again sending wireless messages.

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EACH MAN TO HIS OWN LIKING

THIRD PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

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Jim, Henry and Elmer Dennis on were honest, hardworking men, and then whiskey gripped them. They were born in Manti, Sanpete, to honest, hardworking parents: James Christian in 1880, Jacob Henry in 1885, and Elmer in 1896. Their father, Jens Dennison, fought in Utah's Indian Wars. Elmer served in France during World War I, and he was the only one to get married. Henry spoke the slowest and Jim was the funniest. Such are the opinions of the men who lived in that era. Stories that are repeated most often around the campfire are about characters that create uncontrollable laughter to a point where tears course down their cheeks, and they clutch their sides trying to suck air into empty lungs before they pass out. To some, the following stories fit that description. Think. It might take a moment to appreciate them!

Jim Dennison walked out of Dee Lowry's barber shop and heard the motor's roar as an airplane flew high overhead. His brother, Henry, followed him admiring the distance above that the plane was flying. He called ahead, "Jim, how'd ya like ta be up with that pilot in that there airplane?"

"Well sir, I'd sure as *#&* hate to be up there without him," Jim replied in his slow deliberate drawl.

The American Legion Hall, now located on Manti Main Street, between First and Second South, at one time was owned by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Jim, Henry and Elmer (also called Skib) were walking down the street and saw the newly installed sign "I O O F" identifying the building,

"By gum," Jim remarked, "I'm sure that's fu'ther than a hunnert feet,"

Jim had been ailing and after postponing a trip to the doctor for weeks, he finally decided he'd better stop and find out what his malady was. After debating back and forth all that time, he found that Dr. G. L. Sears had been called out to deliver a baby and his office was closed. Jim walked across the hall to Dr. Fred Tuttle, the dentist. "Fred, will you pull ma tooth?" he asked.

"Certainly. Which tooth do you need pulled?"

"It don't make no difference. I jus' don't wanna make this trip for nothin'," Jim answered.

Until Elmer left for military duty, all three brothers declared that they had never lost anything in Salt Lake and what's more, they wouldn't waste their time going up there. Then Elmer had to spend a couple of days there. When he registered at the hotel, the clerk asked if he intended to stay Saturday night, explaining that it would cost him an extra \$1.00 for a hot bath.

"No! I e'n have a bath at home," Elmer stated emphatically. "No need a me stayin' over for that."

When Elmer moved his bride into the house where the three bachelors had lived together, Henry and Jim moved to a little wood shack where Manti City Yards are now located. I don't know if they were celebrating or mourning, but they drank too much that night and got sick. Jim staggered down to the pig pen, leaned over the fence and muttered, "Now don't get in a hurry. Just stay back and don't crowd. There's goin' to be plenty for all."

The Dennis on brothers hauled hay for farmers in the valley. They were instructed to haul the second crop off as soon as possible so they could water the third crop over while there was still enough irrigation water to do it. Jim made the decision.

"Well, he c'n make me lope, but I'll be *@£? if he c'n make me trot," and they continued to work at their usual pace.

Jim, Henry and Skib hauled logs from Duck Fork in Six Mile Canyon and Works Sawmill up Mayfield Canyon. They could only pull half a load at a time from the draw on the other side, up to the top, where they unloaded them and went back for the other half. When they got to the top they loaded all the logs on the wagon and came down the canyon.

Jim was weaving down the street past the Millstream Dance Hall when Andrew Judd, a teacher at Manti High School, stopped him and asked, "Are you all right? Are you sure you can make it?"

Jim, referring to hauling two jags to make a load answered, "No, "but if I can't make it in one trip, I c'n make it in two."

Jim, Henry and Elmer (Skib) had three teams and three heavy iron-tyred wagons that they hauled logs with. They were cleaning the corral and there were a million flies. A horse fly bit Jim.

"*#!& you," Jim cussed. "Just for that you c'n all get off."

Jim and Henry were "bringing a load of logs down the canyon when their load slipped and they had to stop and re-adjust it and tighten the chains around it, Henry was in excruciating pain; the load was heavy and the wheel was relentless.

"Jim! Oh, Jim! Step the horses up a step, the wagon's on my toe."

Paul Smith would often stop to talk to Jim on the street when he ran home for dinner from Manti Meat Market* They were neighbors—the back part of their lots had a common boundary line. Weil, Jim," he'd say, "Shall we go home and get something to eat?"

"I don't think / orta," Jim would answer. But he always came.

He helped Paul check the cows and horses to see if they had enough feed and water, while Geneva fried the meat Paul brought with him, unless it was washday, when they had navy beans on a ham bone. She emptied a quart bottle of peaches into a bowl and passed them to Jim. He set it down on his plate and ate the whole quart. After that she dished peaches up for each family member and gave him those that were left—about 2/3 of them.

Jim sure did like fresh bottled peaches!

Elmer died in the Veterans Hospital in May, 1946.

Jim died in July, 1946, and Henry died in 1951. In every man's life there comes a time when a younger generation grows up and pushes the old timer aside. Only their families revere them—but the three Dennis on brothers had no children to carry on their name.

As Jim said, "When the Lord don't want you, and the Devil won't have you—what can you do?"

But there are many friends who still remember the past and laugh with pleasure at the tales Jim, Henry, and Elmer left for us.

LEATHER

HONORABLE MENTION HISTORICAL ESSAY

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When the settlement of Mt. Pleasant, Utah, was settled in 1859» James Porter responded to the call of his leader to build and operate a tannery and a shoe shop for that community. A three-room rock house and a two—room log house for his family to live in were all completed on the corner where the Presbyterian Church now stands on First West and Second South. A long room was built on the east side of the log house for a shoe shop. Here he made leather for harnesses, shoes and boots.

The tannery consisted of six vats over which a roof was built. In front of it was a bark mill, consisting of a huge hopper which held bark that had been stripped from trees in the mountain. A horse was hitched to a tongue which pulled the hopper around and ground the bark fine.

The vats were about four feet square, dug in the ground, filled with water. Lime was added at the right time in the procedure to remove hair from the pelts. After the hair was removed, the pelts were placed in vats of water. The bark of certain trees which had been ground fine was added to the solution to soften the leather.

The hides from beef, calves, sheep, deer, and rabbits, etc. were stretched out in the first vat with lime sprinkled between and water poured over them. Here they were left for four or five days, then they were pulled out of the vat and stretched over a sort of platform where the hair was scraped off with a long two handled knife. Next they were placed in another vat with clear water over them and left for four or five days. Then they were put into another vat of clear water in order to clean off all the lime. Next they were stretched

out straight in two vats until the vats were full. Here they were covered with boards and rocks to hold them down so that when the water came off the hides they would remain down to "be tanned for one month, after which they were taken up and the inner side scraped free of tallow and meat.

Inside the tannery was a place where the tanned hides were tacked up to dry* When dry enough, the hides of the older animals were used for the soles, and those of the calves and sheep for the tops of the shoes. So numerous were the orders for the shoes that he worked long into the night, by a light made with tallow and a rag, to get them completed.

The hair was carefully cleaned and used for pillows. Women would make covers of heavy homespun material, then fill them with the hair. These were used on the floor in front of the fireplace. They made a nice base for a bed when company came and an extra bed was needed.

Many kinds of pelts were made into leather, such as sole leather for shoe soles and soft pelts for shoe tops, boots and gloves. Some were used for harnesses, the heavy for tugs, lighter for bridle reins, straps and lines.

The soft skins of rabbits, weasels, especially the white snowshoe rabbits, were carefully tanned and made into muffs and fur sets for girls that were nice and warm on the hands and ears—so pretty, but they were for only the well-to-do people, as the process was too expensive.

James Hansen and his son Hyrum also made shoes and boots, as well as repairing them. The heavy sole leather was most expensive as it was harder to get.

James Johansen made harnesses, bridles, and saddles. Side-saddles were a specialty for the ladies as that was their favorite pleasure. Owning your own sidesaddle was something all ladies wanted. Horses were easily borrowed, so a young man could easily get one if his lady-friend had a saddle. They were off for an afternoon of pleasure. Often a trip to the mountains was enjoyed by the whole crowd.

James Johansen had a harness shop where he kept the farmers supplied with work harnesses, lighter weight ones for buggy harnesses, and bridles for anyone. A new bridle was a welcome Christmas for anybody,

(I remember the old Tannery, One time we kids ventured over and jumped over the vats for the fun of it. When mother learned of this, she became very excited and warned us of the dangers of the lime pits, how quickly it would burn and consume the flesh. We never went back.

History of James Porter. And Personal recollection

A NEIGHBOR TO SNOW COLLEGE

HONORABLE MENTION HISTORICAL ESSAY

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It was the year 1888 and Andrew and Louise Eyring Thomson were rejoicing over the arrival of their third son, Anthony Wells Thomson. Their family was indeed growing, hadn't they better make plans soon to build a substantial family home. When they went to look for lots, they found one across the street from Snow Academy. This location pleased Louise. She had always dreamed of having more education, and being near Snow Academy might mean in some way a realization of her dreams.

This piece of land belonged to William Bowden. It also happened to be the very lot Andrew Thomson was born on. He was born in a log cabin in 1858. The cabin was in the boundaries of Port Ephraim, which was

built as a protection against Indian attacks.

William Bowden wanted \$700.00 for the land, which was a high price at that time* Quoting Louise, "People said we were crazy to pay such a price for it,, but we have never regretted it, as it is one of the best locations in town."

On the same lot a sturdy cedar tree (Juniper) was growing. Mr. Bowden asked Andrew to keep the tree, never cut it down and so Andrew Thomson kept that promise. That same tree must have been there when Andrew was born in the Fort in 1858. When the L.D.S. Institute of Religion was being built, the family remembered Andrew Thomson's promise, and asked the builders if they would honor that promise and not cut down the cedar (Juniper) tree. They did indeed honor the promise and so today the stately old juniper stands as a sentinel in front of the building, blending the pioneer past with the present.

Andrew built his home, the neighbor to Snow Academy, of strong adobe and brick walls. When they knocked down that home to build the Institute, the walls were still strong and stalwart, A family of seven children, five boys and two girls, grew to maturity in that home. They were conscious of Snow Academy and most of them became teachers. This pleased Andrew and Louise. Louise was especially pleased because now in a belated way, her children were receiving the college education she had always dreamed about and longed for.

Gradually the house across the street from Snow College became quiet. It wasn't a scene of family and friendly activity anymore. The family members now had their own homes, and Louise and Andrew were alone in the big house except for times of family visits. Andrew's health was failing and on May 1, 1922, Louise's beloved husband Andrew died. She was lonely in the home they had built. Her heart was heavy and she needed to reach out to life again.

Many young people needed places to live while going to Snow College. Why couldn't she rent out some of her rooms to these young students? She made the necessary changes in her home and soon young people were again living in the big house Andrew had built as a neighbor to Snow Academy.

Their presence and activity lifted Louise's heart and the greatest thing about it all. . . she was furthering her dream of a college education. She was in her sixties at this time. Buying a piece of land for \$700.00 with a cedar tree, that they had promised to save and most of all that made them a neighbor to Snow College had given Andrew and Louise Eyring Thomson, a rich return for their money. The price had really not been too high, after all.

Look at the marvelous benefits their family had, growing up in the neighborhood of Snow College: education, culture, and an excellent environment. They lived in the very heart of Ephraim where the original settlement of Ephraim began. Life had indeed been kind to them. And now over a hundred years later, on that very same land, stands the L.D.S. Institute of Religion.

The cedar tree stands proudly in front of the building, tall and stately, a true sentinel. A token of an unbroken promise—linking the past with the future; a reminder of all that had gone on in those hundred years being a neighbor to Snow College.

A SAWMILL AMID TRANQUILITY

FIRST PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

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The pigs squealed and scrambled for footing as the wagon rounded a bend on the steep mountain dugway. Dad's calming voice was saying, "Easy, boys," to the sturdy team as they labored to maintain the steady climb upward. The wagon was heavily laden with food supplies, bedding, clothing and minimal kitchen necessities, as well as cream separator, milk cans and buckets. Ma watched nervously at how close the wheels came to the edge of the narrow grade.

The year was 1932 and this was the final load of supplies needed to move the family to C. Canyon for the summer's work at the sawmill. The older boys had helped Dad earlier with numerous trips to set up camps and establish the new sawmill setup. Now they were trailing the milk cows on ahead, as we were moving "Lock, stock and barrel," so to speak. The family raised a couple of pigs each year on table scraps to supply the winter's pork—thus the squealing pigs penned in the rear of the wagon.

To me this was the ultimate in adventure. I was about eight years old and the vastness of all this was hard to comprehend. Ma and I walked most of the way up the mountain to lighten the load, while my three-year-old brother stayed on the wagon with Dad. As it was necessary to rest the team often on the steepest climbs, we had time to gaze over the Milburn Valley we were leaving and point out familiar landmarks. I could trace the path from the house to the spring in the pasture from which we carried all our drinking water. I could follow all the ditches and the fence rows that divided our farm from our neighbors. Looking down and surveying the entire valley I could almost imagine myself being an eagle.

Dad had previously spent countless months building this road (with team, hand plow, scraper, pick, shovel, ten-pound sledge, a little "giant powder" and a hell of a lot of sweat) through Crooked Creek Canyon and on across the summit to where we joined with the Skyline Drive at Cabin Hollow. A couple miles beyond this point we were finally nearing our destination as we left the Skyline Drive and headed down into the South Fork of C Canyon.

It's hard to explain my feeling as we descended into tall timber—I sensed a serene atmosphere mingled with shady, cool, tranquility—almost as if I were entering another world. Even to this day, I experience that same treasured memory each time I stroll down that trail for a visit to the old sawmill set.

These memories originated more than half-a-century ago through eyes of an eight-year-old boy and many of the details have faded. However, I would like to relate some of the things I remember from the five summers spent in C Canyon. The campsite overlooked a small open valley surrounded with pines and aspen. A nearby spring offered a constant, cool, refreshing water supply. Three tents were used mostly for sleeping and storage, while a fourth much larger tent served as kitchen and dining room as well as bedroom for Ma, Dad and three-year-old brother. For this tent Dad built walls and floor from fresh-sawn lumber; this sturdy floor made Ma's task of cooking three meals a day somewhat more bearable. She baked yeast bread, baking powder biscuits or sour dough biscuits every day, not to mention pancakes, pies, cakes and other desserts. There were always eight or more healthy appetites to satisfy.

Ma's cooking was a temptation to anyone in the area, so it wasn't uncommon for sheepherders from

nearby camps to happen by at meal time, and they were always welcome. Some whom I remember were: Call Draper and his brother-in-law, Doyle Robertson, "Shorty" Larsen, "Walt" Ollerton, and Uncle "Hen" Brady.

One must remember, all work was done by hand or horse power! No such thing as a chain saw or fork lift heister. The timber was felled and trimmed with ax and two-man saw. Logs were manually rubbered around and rolled up loading ramps onto wagons with the aid of crow bars and cant hooks. However, logs just above camp could be snaked right to the mill with a horse.

The mill was powered by a steam engine Dad had purchased from George F. Olson. My oldest brother fell heir to the task (or privilege) of operating the big steamer. In my memory I can see him up there turning valves and pulling levers to release the power that got things moving. To a kid my age—man, that was really something! Also I can see Sam-the-ratchet-man on the carriage, turning the log with the aid of a cant hook, setting the dogs, then working the ratchet lever to move the log to just the right position for the next cut, while Bad (pulling more levers) drives the carriage forward, moving the log slowly into the spinning saw blade.

This was when I found my niche in the sawmill business. Dad had told me I would be the sawdust monkey. Well, my first hold of that great big, heavy, iron-wheeled wheelbarrow told me it was not going to be much of a joking matter. But when the sawdust came faster than I could handle, Sam would take pity on men, step down off the carriage and run the load out for me, Boy, that's when I would take advantage and really load'er up! I had to be real careful while dumping over the end of the soft sawdust pile or I'd lose the heavy wheelbarrow over the edge. When this happened, it was impossible for me to get it back and someone with more muscle had to retrieve it for me, I was always secretly glad when Dad had to shut down and take time out to sharpen the saw, replace broken saw teeth or make some other repair.

At various times other people also ventured into C Canyon to harvest timber. Some of the men who hauled their logs to Dad's mill to be sawed into lumber were: John Vance, Uncle Ed Housekeeper, Edmund Cox, Leland Nielsen, Maitland Graham and Lyndon Graham, Their camps were up stream from the mill about 200 yards from our camp. So you can see there was quite a bit of neighboring and comraderie among the camps, I'm sure each of those men could have written some interesting accounts of their activities in C Canyon* Of the men mentioned, only Leland Nielsen is still living.

Now that we've got some of the work out of the way, I'd like to mention some of the fun times. We boys all grew up to be crack shots with the "flippers" we always carried in our hip pockets, so we spent a lot of time shooting squirrels and chipmunks. We had a big German shepherd dog named "Tip." I think he enjoyed the hunting even more than we did. I remember seeing him jump as much as six feet high to catch a squirrel as it went scurrying up a tree.

When time permitted, we went fishing, either further down canyon to the main creek or over the ridge to Silver Creek. We enjoyed evenings around a campfire and in the fall season we roasted pine nuts gathered not far from camp. They were the large cone, small nut variety and were very tedious to shell, but the aroma and jolly atmosphere was hard to beat. We also gathered wild gooseberries, chokecherries and elderberries.

Some other things that left an indelible imprint in my young memory a half-century ago were: seeing the sun rise and set through the surrounding timber; the gentle quaking of the aspen leaves outside the tent and the smell of the pine boughs beneath me as I drifted off to sleep at night; the time the chipmunks found and ate my stash of pine nuts—they shelled all but the empty ones; the night we heard the screech owl in a tree behind camp, I thought sure it was the scream of a panther; the times we sat in the tent and watched

the rain pouring down and the lightning flashing through the timber as the thunder rolled down the canyon fading into oblivion.

All these memories of C Canyon serve to strengthen the feeling that came over me the day in 1932 when I first entered that unique and tranquil valley.

Source: Author's recollection.

THE RUNAWAY

SECOND PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

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Among my memories I recall an unforgettable spring day soon after I had turned eighteen years of age. This was a Sunday, usually a day of attending church meetings and relaxing from the arduous duties of herding and caring for our sheep and from the work on the farm. This particular day was not of this pattern; it evolved into one where the most frightening event of my life occurred.

Early in the morning my father said, "Glen, go over west and move the sheep camp." Then he gave me further instructions. I loved and respected him so did not question his request, even though I felt reluctant to interrupt this one day of freedom. To appease my feelings and make the assignment more enjoyable, I asked a friend, Ray Jensen, to accompany me. He willingly accepted the invitation and helped me hitch the horses, Dolly and Pete, onto the box wagon. We drove over west to the camp, which was down on "The Flat" near "The Wells." Father wanted the outfit moved nearer the hills by "Dream Mine." My brother, Dail, and a friend, Jack Larsen, were working on the farm and joined us when we arrived. We hitched the horses to the camp wagon, clambered aboard, and proceeded to move the camp to its new location. I was the driver.

One of our bridles didn't have a throat latch and somehow this was put on Pete. It was probably pinching his neck and, as we approached the hills, he began to shake his head up and down until he threw the bridle completely off his head. Both horses became quite restless and began to walk rapidly. I immediately realized I would have no control over the team if they should run. I tried to be calm as I said, "Whoa!" then repeated the order several times. The horses slowed down a little when Ray abruptly jumped up and shouted, "What's wrong?" The startled horses made a lunge forward and began to run.

An idea came to me of walking along the wagon tongue until I could jump onto Pete's back, telling Ray to hold the reins tight, while I would grab Pete by the nose, thus cutting off his air supply and compelling him to slow down.

This plan did not materialize for suddenly the horses were running full speed, pulling the wagon and its occupants over rocks and brush.

I almost lost my balance as I walked along the wagon tongue, then the harness which I was holding, slipped to one side and I fell back of Lottie and lay on the single tree and tugs, with my head outward, away from the outfit* I could see the wheels spinning rapidly a short distance from my head. I knew if I should lose the hold on my present position I would undoubtedly be run over and be severely injured, or even killed. I thought, "Well, this is the end!"

Suddenly a thought flashed into my mind, instructing me in what I should do: "Put your feet against the tongue, double up and spring backwards." I had actively participated in school athletics, particularly in running and jumping events, so felt confident I could accomplish this feat.

I pushed my feet firmly against the tongue, doubled up, sprang backwards with all my strength, somersaulted into the air, landed clear of the wagon and was freed from my predicament, and, amazingly, received no injuries. Had I remained in my position on the tongue a few moments longer my fears of serious injury would have been realized.

I quickly began running after the wagon, feeling great concern for the occupants, who were in the enclosed camp wagon which had only a door and a small window as a means of escape.

The horses made a sharp turn, hit a huge boulder and tipped the wagon upside down. Ray had been standing in the door and was thrown clear. He received a slight neck injury. The reach broke when the wagon hit the boulder, but the team continued to run with only the front running gears attached. They ran into a wash and, in attempting to climb out, straddled a large cedar tree. As they hit the tree they stopped with a jolt forcing one end of the neck yoke into Lottie's side, making a big gash.

I looked into the camp wagon and, to my relief, found that Dail and Jack were all right. They had been sitting on the bed and were protected by the quilts and mattress and received minor bruises and injuries. They climbed out and the four of us assessed the damage, loosed the horses, hitched them onto the box wagon and drove home.

We were somewhat fearful of Father's reaction to the accident, but knew we must inform him. I told him what happened, he hesitated and asked, "Was anybody hurt?" I replied, "No." Then Father, placing the blame on himself, said, "That is what happens for working on Sunday. We will never do that again." He kept his word..

The next day Father and a friend, Alonzo Peterson, inspected the wagon to see if it could be repaired for use until the sheep were moved to the east mountains to graze for the summer. Father was amazed that we had survived the accident without receiving serious injuries.

Several years later, in 1927> Father was reminded of this incident, as well as of numerous near fatal illnesses that had plagued me throughout my early life. I had received my patriarchal blessing from Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith, prior to my departure to serve an L.D.S. mission in the Eastern States. My parents had come to Salt Lake City to wish me well and say goodbye. Father was greatly astonished as he read my blessing, that said, in part, "for this purpose thy life has been spared. . ." He had witnessed many of these occasions.

Since that Sunday, sixty-six years ago, the memories of the run away, my preservation and the words in my blessing remain clear in my mind, and I have tried to live a life that was worthy of preservation. Source: Personal recollections of Glen J. Nielson as he related them to his wife, Virginia K. Nielson. He was born in the historic home where he and his wife live. He has been active in church and civic affairs, throughout his life and is now serving as a Patriarch in Ephraim Utah Stake. The related event is one of many recorded in his life history volume.

CHOSEN GRANDPARENTS

THIRD PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Unice McCurdy

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Across from the church and school in Sterling, Utah, for many years lived Hans Christian Hansen, his wife Annie Margaret and their family. Hansens were industrious, having a farm, garden and orchard. They were religious and attended to their church obligations cheerfully. They were able to celebrate their 60th anniversary before Annie passed away.

Grandpa Hansen had many talents. Among them were catching fish and weaving baskets. He had a good singing voice and played the fiddle for family and at functions. He was considered an excellent dancer. Even when quite elderly, he was sought after as a dance partner, even by young ladies.

Grandmother's talents were in the household; she cooked, sewed and kept up all the other duties of a farm wife. They had good supplies to carry them through the winters. She took an active part in visiting the sick to help cheer them up. Any spare time she crocheted. Her favorite place was near the big window to use the prevailing light. I have many pieces Grandma gave to me and some she made and gave to my mother.

Their adobe home had an upstairs bedroom for the boys. It had a marvelous view of the church and school which were just across the road. From up there you could see everything clear to the hills down near the reservoir. There was a basement under the front room, you climbed down a steep ladder with fragrances of apples, homemade cheese and other foods greeting you as you descended. There was a huge black wood and coal stove in the kitchen. It seems like I can remember the fragrances even now from the kitchen, for my grandparents willingly shared their food with other people.

Grandpa's spare time was spent in the corner on the front porch with his bundles of willow whips weaving baskets. His knife was always sharp. He got upset when anyone touched it. When a child reached towards it to hand it to him that meant banishment. He would say, "Begone, until you remember to leave things alone that aren't yours,"

Whenever his supply of willows ran low he would let children go with him to gather more. He tested each willow for imperfections and length. He would bend and flex them until he located ones that met his standard, I remember wondering if God selected people that way. In church they used the phrase, "Many are called, but few are chosen."

These willows were used to create baskets of various sizes and kinds, Nicer ones for Easter, big ones for babies and laundry and small ones for lunch baskets. My sister's Easter basket survived and so did an egg basket Grandma Hansen and my mother had used.

Another memory is of four young children lined up in the shed. Grandpa had found half-eaten apples in the yard. Some had only one bite taken out. There was no twinkle to his eyes, and his face was solemn. He had lined the apples on a ledge and asked, "Do any of you know who done the dastardly deed of wasting apples from my orchard?" Not a sound was uttered, for all were guilty. Then he said, "I'll take care of these, BUT any more wasted apples you'll find will be waiting for you when you get to Heaven." (it was like him to assure us terrified children that we could still get to Heaven,) I never wasted another apple.

There was an old pedal grinder in their yard, Clifford Hansen had a motorcycle and we all pretended when we were pedaling the grinder we were riding on the back of his motorcycle, for he often took some of us for short rides. Generally, we just took turns on pedaling the grinder.

Grandpa and Grandma had cows and cats, Clifford was milker of the cows. Grandma's cats alerted everyone to milking time for they knew to sit in a line and Clifford would squirt milk to each cat. He wouldn't squirt milk to us; possibly he had and had missed and been scolded for a crybaby tattling. Grandma taught us to be kind to the cats. We would hold and pet, but only she could say "scat" and we'd see them run.

A big thrill was when Grandpa would ask Grandma, how many fish she needed for a meal. Any child there could tag along, down to the reservoir with him to go fishing. Along the way he would stop to visit and very casually he would ask the lady of the house how many fish she would use that evening. To him, fish had to be used immediately to be good, not caught and put aside. Then he would proceed on down towards the reservoir where he would select the proper spot to fish from. While waiting to fish he would go through his rituals, first he created his smoke, this was from Star plug tobacco carefully shaved with that sharp pocket knife, into the small square of brown store paper. He would fold the tobacco inside and roll it up, then lick it to seal it, a flick of a kitchen match on his pants and he had his smoke.

Then it was time for the pole and the decision of which spot was best that day. It depended on time of day and other mysterious factors unknown to us. This decided the stories and fishing began. When we had helped count the number of fish he wanted, we would leave to deliver them. Nearly always whoever had been, had some left at their home. I watched and concentrated on which fish I could have if he asked me if I'd take one home.

In the years away from Sterling I forgot his wonderful fishing talent with simple equipment. In 1945. I took my two-ear-old son to meet his great-grandparents. We hadn't been there long when Grandma asked if Grandpa hadn't ought to take us to get some fish for the meal. It was evident she remembered how many times I had been a tag-a-long on his fishing trips.

Grandpa grew the finest asparagus in the world. They were white all but the tip. I've only seen asparagus like his in ads, never in a market. It was our job to help him keep it covered up. Early in the spring we started to watch for it. As soon as it was discovered, we could each have a stalk to chew on. He carefully covered it as it grew so it was white.

When their brother-in-law needed a place to stay, my grandparents took him into their home to care for him. To us, Uncle Hallie's funeral was a wonderful occasion; all the far-away relatives arrived. His casket was packed with ice. Some child discovered this and shared with all the rest of us the coolness of the ice. This was fine until a grownup discovered us. Even though I was barely four and couldn't have reached the ice, as I had some, I was also punished. That ended playtime for us youngsters that day.

They had an orchard, garden, animals, chickens and Grandpa's fish. There were few things, except sugar and breadmaking things, they needed to have cash for to supply their family. Their industrious life set an excellent example for us.

November 14, 1948> Grandma had visited all the sick. That evening she had a stroke and died. Their daughter, Matilda (Hansen) Whitlock cared for her parents the last years of their lives. Grandpa died October 2, 1953* After Grandma died he just waited for it to be his turn to reap his heavenly rewards. Truly they are among God's Chosen People.

MY EARLY LIFE IN THE WALES SCHOOL IN THE 20'S

HONORABLE MENTION PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Glenn Thomas
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One day while tutoring one of my precious grandsons, Jerred Leatherow, he asked, "Grandpa what was it like when you went to school?" I began telling him in fun by saying, "I've spent a lot of time in education, Jerred, especially if you count the four years I spent in the first grade as a student. Whenever I played hookey the teacher sent a thank you note home. I stayed so long in the fourth grade I started to date the teacher. Also, whenever my mother attended a P.T.A, meeting, she did so with an assumed name." This, of course, provided us with a good laugh. I learned long ago that children do well when there is a sense of humor. At that time I had to study hard for everything I learned.

I began school in September 1917 in a three-room school building in Wales, located about one block from my home. The faculty consisted of three teachers. My father was the custodian. There were more than a hundred students in the school. One teacher taught the first,, second and third grades; another the fourth, fifth, and sixth; and the principal taught the seventh, and eighth grades. School began at 9 a.m. However, an early bell was rung at 8:30 announcing to all the people in town that school would begin in half-an-hour. The large bell was located in a bellfry and pulled by a rope. During good weather, all the students lined up in four rows, the younger children in front, the boys on one side and the girls on the other. Complete order was established, then the students marched in to the music of the old organ up the stairs, through the large swinging doors, into the classroom and stood by their desks. Often one or more patriotic songs were sung "before coming into the building. The students stood by their desks until prayer was said.

The curriculum consisted of music, reading, arithmetic, art, grammar, spelling, geography and history. There was no gymnasium. The students played outside when the weather was good and often when the weather was not good. There was some play equipment. The most popular game was baseball. Most of the games we played were seasonal. For example, when the weather was good it was ball-playing. When snow was on the ground, such games as "fox and geese" or choosing sides with snowball contests were well liked; as signs of spring appeared, marble games, such as one we called "perg" or "knuckles," stole the show. Some games played then are no longer known. One of the very popular ones was called, "hit the can." This game was always very exciting, and it made kids tough. Another fun skill game was called "ginny." It would be unwise to play this game now because it required a great deal of open space. Today, modern television has taken kids away from such fun things.

Reading was taught by each student taking turns standing before the class and reading out loud one page from his assigned reader, after he had read it silently first. Students learned mathematics well by working problems in groups at the chalk board. This made it convenient for the teacher to identify each child's difficulties and offer on-the-spot assistance.

There was always assigned home work. After the chores and supper, we would gather around the kitchen table and do our studies. It was common for older members of the family to help younger ones. A large bowl of apples was brought from the cellar and enjoyed together. At times a batch of homemade vinegar candy was enjoyed at the conclusion of the evening. Light was provided by a kerosene or gas lamp placed in the middle of the table. Electric power was not brought into Wales until I was ten years old. Even

then there were frequent times when there was no electric power, Report cards using the A.B.C, way of marking were sent home every eight weeks.

Many years have come and gone since this small school closed its doors forever, and children are now bused to larger schools where improved facilities are offered* However, during the time the school functioned, it produced a quality of citizens that can be pointed to with great pride. Many became eminently successful in their various chosen fields of endeavor. An unusually large number became successful doctors, lawyers, and teachers. Perhaps their greatest achievements, as they matured and became heads of families themselves, are found in the choice, beautiful families they have raised. Almost without exception this has been the case, "By their fruits ye shall know them," after all, is the proven test for success in our way of life. These precious people have found success wherever their ventures have taken them,

I have often wondered what the ingredients were that caused this small school in the little community of Wales to inspire its youth to become so successful. Having been in education in the public schools of "Utah for nearly half-a-century, and worked with thousands of children, I know the answer is simply—love, that spiritual magnetism that draws people together for the working of miracles. This magic quality was breathed not only into the lives of the children by the school, but by the home and church as well. Children always become happy, successful people when given love and encouragement. Then applied in a sincere caring way, love always produces great people.

CHARLIE OLSEN'S FARM

HONORABLE MENTION PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

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My father's farm was not an ordinary farm. It was located about two or three miles southwest of Spring City, and was about 300 acres. My family lived there during the summer months, as there was always so much work to be done. We all learned how to work, and the training I had at home inspired me to carry on throughout my life.

We also maintained a nice home in town, keeping both places going and earning our own living. When fall came and it was time for school to start, we moved back to town. We had a lovely house which had been built just before World War I, a cream-colored brick with a basement, two stories and one of the first bathrooms in Spring City.

I have wonderful memories of both places, but the summer days on my dad's farm mean special things to me and hold memories that I shall never forget.

The house was a three—room adobe house with a large kitchen and two bedrooms. Mother cooked for the farm help, baking huge batches of bread and churning her own butter. We raised all our own vegetables and animals for meat, and always had good things to eat.

My older sisters, Hazel and Lola, were both married when I was still young. Dad had some hired men and sometimes Mother had a hired girl to help out, but Mother depended on me for much of the household help.

Dad's farm was a gathering place for young people, so we had lots of company during the summer months. I will always remember and treasure the good times we had, with the large groups of both young

and older people coming almost every day. They would often walk through the fields to the farm to go swimming in the large pond of fresh water that Dad had "built for the purpose of storing water to irrigate his meadowland. He never objected to their "being there, as long as everyone got along and did no damage to the property. There was little vandalism in those days, and lots of good, clean fun. It was almost like a party every day.

Life was more simple then. There were no televisions, not many cars, and only a few telephones for emergency and necessity, so there was not so much crowded into our lives as there is now, and we never regretted it.

These were the horse-and-buggy days. Even bathing suits were a luxury that we did not have, so everyone came to the swimming hole in old clothes or changed into them when they arrived. The boys usually wore cut-off pants and the girls wore old dresses with big bloomers under them. Slacks for women were unheard of, and people were all pretty modest then.

Most of the time when the crowds came, my mother would have the house cleaned up, and it would look so nice. But because she allowed the girls to change clothes in the bedroom, there would be a trail of water through the big kitchen, where they had run dripping wet. The boys would change out behind the house or in a shed a little ways from the house,

It was great sport playing or swimming in the large, old pond. The depth of the water tapered off from nothing on the grassy side to six or eight feet on the deepest side, where the best swimmers would always go. The water was usually real warm and very enjoyable in the hot sun.

Though my Dad did not allow anything dangerous to take place during these parties, there were a few times when some of the boys got a little eager to show off. One time some of them decided to drive their topless buggy through the pond. A little way out in the water, the buggy got stuck in the mud, and the horse could not move. I remember how scared I was that they would all drown, and I ran behind the house to hide. I had heard my dad and the men talk about quick-sand around the springs that fed the pond, and I was sure it would suck them all down to the bottom. But the boys got out of the buggy and led the horse to dry ground. Of course, they were all wet in their good clothes, and had nothing to change into, but they were all right, and everyone thought it was quite amusing.

Sometimes Sunday School classes came, and sometimes two or three families. Many times I saw my mother take big batches of bread from the oven while a group was swimming, and after they were dressed, she would cut or break up several loaves, spread it with butter and jam and pass it around to the hungry people. My parents were well-liked, and always enjoyed the young kids as well as the older people.

The farm was also a place where many birds came to nest. There were always hundreds of sparrows, and they would eat the grain and the fruit. They built their nests wherever it was to their liking, in trees, sheds, or in the barn. We would hunt for the eggs until we sometimes had as many as two hundred. We would then put them in a box layered with oats, so they would not break, then use them to make mud pies. Sometimes we played a game with them. One person would be blindfolded and another would line up a row of eggs. We would then take turns throwing rocks at them to see who could break the most eggs. It didn't seem a bad thing to do, as there were still many eggs to hatch into sparrows and become bothersome pests.

As fall grew near and it would soon be time to move back to town, everyone worked very hard on the farm. All the grain had to be cut and stacked after the hay was cut and in the barn. Dad had enough crops to keep the thrasher—about a dozen men—busy for at least three days. We had to feed all the hired help. Sometimes there would be as many as twenty people to feed. I had to help mother cook the large meals. We would spread a long table, out, seating sixteen or eighteen at a time.

There were wagon loads of apples to "be picked and hauled to town. It would take days to sort them and pack them in "boxes. Then they were carried to a cool brick cellar under the granary. We had two or three kinds of apples all winter long.

Wagon loads of potatoes were also stored in the cellar. Everything was dug by hand. Potatoes were plowed up and then picked up in baskets and sacked. We had lots of dry beans to pick and shell out. My mother had irrigated and raised a big garden, and she helped until everything was taken care of for winter, before leaving for the house in town for the winter. It is no wonder that she became crippled with arthritis and neuritis in later years.

Also in the fall, two or three pigs were killed. The meat was cured, the lard rendered out and put into Cans. We often had a beef for winter, too, so we had plenty to eat. We had several milk cows all the time, and raised chickens for our eggs and meat.

I was the only girl still at home, so it was my Job to come home after school, build a fire in the coal stove, clean up the house, including the breakfast dishes, then cook supper for the family. Mother would go to the farm early to work.

Dinner usually consisted of potatoes and gravy, home—cured ham, a vegetable of some kind, and sometimes a pudding or a cake. We always had bottled fruit, jam, pickles, etc., which we had put away during the summer. We also had plenty of milk and cream.

One of my brothers would bring the milk cows home before dark, and I would help milk all six or eight of them and take care of the milk. I learned to milk when I was about six years old.

I suppose at the time, I thought I lived quite a normal child's life. I look back now and wonder how we ever accomplished so much and had any time at all to play. We had wonderful friends, and I realize how much environment and associates help to shape a person's life, We did not have the problems that young people have to contend with today; we were kept too busy.

Of course, there were some unpleasant things that happened in my days in Spring City, but I try to think of the more pleasant ones, remembering the beautiful days I spent there, especially on my father's farm, I wish that all kids could be so lucky,

A SHORT RIDE HOME

FIRST PLACE SHORT STORY

Joan Sorensen Larsen

Salt Lake City, Utah

Her father asked, "Vera, can you handle a chore that hard and the long walk too?"

Two tiny arms hugged him. The little girl squealed, "Yes!" and headed for bed,

In late autumn, the mountains above Red Point, a large red finger protruding of cold-grey clay, were abundant with serviceberries, Vera's father picked the small, mealy berries every fall and Momse processed them into the family's favorite jam.

This year, "Vera, almost six, begged to go along, She liked doing chores with her father. Life fascinated him and he liked sharing that fascination with his daughter. They examined webs in the chicken coop while gathering eggs. They explored nests made of mud, grass, and sticks while pruning trees and bushes. They planted buttercups and bleeding hearts for Momse in the fall and watched them bloom in the spring. They chattered back at the squirrel while picking apples and gave him dried apricot pits that puffed his cheeks.

They chased spiders out of the outhouse and found beetles in the bam while milking Brownie, and jersey cow. Chore time was learning time.

Morning's sun warmed autumn's nip, Vera had gotten up early, washed her hands and face, played with her breakfast and was waiting by the back door. As her father approached the porch, she asked, "Is it time to go yet?"

Her dad, just finishing morning chores, scraped the mud and manure from his worn boots on an old piece of iron cemented to the small porch. "Yawp! Grab yourpail," he answered, picking up two large galvanized buckets.

As they headed down the packed-gravel road outside their house, her father took shorter than usual steps. Vera skipped beside him, swinging a small pail that held a simple lunch.

Soon, they reached the foot of Red Point. Her father pointed over two ridges to a third one. "That's where we are going," he said.

Vera's tiny frame flinched at the distance, but being big enough to go with her father outweighed any misgivings. She grinned and commented mostly for her own ears to hear, "We can do it, huh, Dad?"

They climbed to the top of the first ridge. Finding a large flat rock, they sat down to rest. Her father pointed south to Crystal Springs. "There's where I take the cows for summer grazing." A small stream formed where water emerged from the earth, and trickled into a swampy, grassy area. Clusters of scrub oak surrounded it. There, they had often chased water skeeters, dragonfly larvae, polliwogs, and frogs.

"I don't like to feel frongs," Vera said.

"They don't like to feel you either," he said. "They prefer shady spots in warm water."

"Do they like to feel the insides of a can?" she asked, thinking of the times when her older brothers had captured frogs and brought them home.

"No, but they do like to be loose in the yard, especially when we irrigate. They gobble up flies and mosquitos."

Frogs and polliwogs reminded Vera of the tadpoles she and her cousin, Edna, had found that spring by the old water tower. They had hurried home and put them in a muddy water hole under a leaky faucet. Checking later, they found the ducks eating the last of them for dinner. She had called to her father, begging him to get the polliwogs back out. He couldn't. Illustrated, she had splashed water and mud at the ducks, forcing them from their favorite watering hole. She was still angry.

Then her mind moved to summer splashed on heated hands and face. The remembered-feeling of cool mud squishing between hot toes caused a smile. Her father waited while she absorbed her thoughts, then said, "Let's go on."

After reaching the second ridge, they stopped to rest again and her father pointed to the patchwork of red, yellow and green. "It looks like Momse covered the town with her goose—down comforter." Vera looked and laughed as thoughts of the fluffy cover snuggled around her.

"Can you find home?"

Vera looked at the pattern of the streets. They were very straight. The cover made everything look the same. "I don't know," she replied.

"See the old pines across the street from us," he said pointing at two dark, green pine trees towering above the other vegetation, "if you look to them, they will always show you home."

"I do," she shouted as a tiny finger imitated her father's, "but, where is home?"

Her father's hand shifted slightly toward the east. "Right there. Now, where are Matthew, Mark, Luke and John?"

Vera, confused, simply answered, "I don't know,"

"Look a little bit in that direction," her father said, pointing north. Just across the road line, she saw the Twelve Apostles, as a neighbor called her dozen apple trees. Their colors were changing to a golden yellow,

"Oh," she said as her mind converged on the swing that hung from Paul's stoutest branch. She liked to swing high enough to touch the branches and leaves with her toes. Sometimes, she would twist the swing tightly in one direction, then spin wildly in the opposite direction. She would get so dizzy. Once, it made her throw up.

She rested her head on her father's arm, and together they looked. The old tabernacle's white steeple resembled a large goose quill working its way out of the covering. South, a newly constructed church, took a block out of the quilt. The farms formed patterns on the west of town, and on the east, the hills curved around, cuddling the town like a giant arm. Her father moved, they continued to climb.

Topping the third ridge, they found the berry bushes. She ran to them and started picking. Her father caught up to her, and with half a chuckle, suggested, "Let's eat first."

Hungrily, they ate homemade bread and butter with leftover meat, and drank warm milk without talking much. Finally, her father said, "Save this for later," and handed her an apple, pulled from a big pocket in his "baggy overalls."

"Yum!" Vera said as she took the apple, wrapped it in a napkin, and placed it on a rock.

Then, they went to work. Plucking the berries from the short-stemmed clusters was tedious work. Occasionally the girl turned her attention to other matters.

"Why are the berry bushes this high?"

"Did they have flowers in the spring like the current bushes?"

"Why didn't the birds eat them? They ate our red raspberries."

Her father patiently answered the innumerable questions, but always at a steady, berry-picking pace.

They worked several hours before the containers were finally full. Her father checked his pocket watch. "Well, it's time to go home. Momse will be starting to worry," he said, looking at the buckets while brushing his hands together.

Vera turned toward home and looked at the distance ahead of her. Tired, her tiny frame slumped to a large stone. Her father again called, "Vera, time to head home . "

Her legs refused to move. Her body remained attached to the rock. "Daddy," she said, "I'm tired, carry me."

"I can't," he answered as he lifted the buckets, "I have these to carry."

"No Daddy," the child pleaded, "leave the berries and carry me."

"Well, rest a minute," he said setting the buckets back down, "and I'll find a little pony to carry you."

The child watched with a weary interest as he searched around the hill before selecting a dry branch, about one inch in diameter and three feet long. "She's a beauty, brown with white feet, and just your size," he said, picking it up.

He showed the child how to sit astride the branch. With his handkerchief, he made a tiny bridle for her small hands. "Let's go," he said, "but hold on tight in case she gets frisky."

"Wait," Vera said, as she jumped off the make believe pony and ran to the area where they had eaten lunch earlier. Grabbing the apple still wrapped in the napkin, she shouted, "Carry this too! She might get hungry."

They started home, with two tiny legs galloping down the hill in front of a man carrying three full

buckets of berries and an apple.

BEAUTIFUL OHIO

SECOND PLACE SHORT STORY

Ruth D. Scow

Manti, Utah 84642

The boy stopped and stared. What was that coming up the street so early in the morning? Never had he seen anything so colorful. Its wagon wheels were painted red and its box was painted a bright green. Two men occupied the high springs seat above the front of the wagon box. The horses that pulled this strange outfit looked as though they hadn't eaten in a long time and were just tired out.

With a "gee" from the man holding the lines, the horses turned onto the Mayfield Town Square, and after a "whoa" to stop the horses, the men continued to sit on their high seat as though making a decision. With that done they drove to the selected spot, jumped to the ground and began to unload their paraphernalia.

Each man seemed to know what he was doing as they began to put straight iron pieces together in a sort of framework design that looked a lot like a huge spider with silver-colored legs. They also moved a small gasoline motor and a collection of pipes in a "box. These they set under the spider legs.

Then came a circular platform with a railing around its outer edge, all "but in one place. Finally this was hoisted onto the framework and benches were bolted in place with their backs to the railing. Lastly some wooden steps were fitted together and placed by the door opening between the rails.

Then the most magical thing happened! One man began to crank the motor and, wonder of wonders, the platform began to revolve around and around. In a few minutes music began to come from the pipes. Beautiful music, but not loud enough to cover loud squeaks that were heard every time the contraption went around.

Grandma Marie lived just across the street to the west, and had not missed any of the commotion that was happening on the Square. Finally, she, with other townspeople and many children, gathered to watch their first merry-go-round.

"How much for a ride?" one onlooker called out. The answer came above the sound of the music and the squeaks. "Ten cents."

Many children turned their empty pockets inside out, and then ran for home. Others, with a smug expression on their faces, paid the charge and climbed the steps to find a seat on the benches before the platform began to move again. After a ride of perhaps five minutes the homemade contraption stopped and other passengers climbed the steps.

Grandma Marie watched as a larger crowd gathered to await their turn to pay their money and ride. Finally she turned, crossed the street, and entered her home. From her front window she could watch the crowd and hear the music.

She was very quiet as she ate her lonely supper of bread and milk. She was thinking. The year before, she had purchased a glass-enclosed counter in which she displayed small items for sale—pins, needles, hooks and eyes, embroidery floss, crochet thread, sewing thread, ribbons of various colors, many widths of lace, plus pocket knives, shoe laces, and other needful items. All were priced very nominally and saved many a housewife from making a trip by horse and buggy or wagon to the neighboring towns of Manti or Gunnison.

At times Grandma even traded for eggs if the buyer had no money* Thus she had many contacts with her neighbors and friends that she never would have had except for the glass counter and her business enterprise.

Today, listening to the merry-go-round music, she heard one particular piece of music that she just couldn't get out of her mind. She hummed it over and over to herself. It was a beautiful tune. She knew it had words, for she had heard it sung just a few evenings before at a picnic. That night she went to sleep thinking how she could manage rides on the merry-go-round with the accompaniment of her favorite music.

She made her decision. As soon as her morning chores were done, she went to a shoebox she kept hidden and jingled the coins inside. Spreading a red handkerchief on the bed, she emptied her savings into it. Then, hurriedly, she gathered the four corners together in a knot and walked across the street to the merry-go-round.

Here she deposited her treasure in front of the surprised manager and said, "Count this money. I want to ride until every nickel is spent. . . that is, if you will play my favorite tune, BEAUTIFUL OHIO."

And this was how Grandma Marie spent most of that afternoon, and when her last dime was spent she almost walked on air as she descended the ten steep steps and smiled at the manager for his cooperation. She then walked contentedly back across the street, humming:

Drifting down the current of the moonlit stream,
While above the heavens in their glory beam,
And the stars on high Twinkled in the sky.
Singing of a paradise of love divine,
Dreaming of a pair of eyes that looked in mine.
Beautiful Ohio in dreams again I see
Visions of what used to be.

ONCE UPON A SUMMER EVENING

THIRD PLACE SHORT STORY

Nora R. Mickelson

205 East 5th South

Manti, Utah 84642

Toni glanced up from his book. "What is a campfire tale Grandma?"

"Oh, it is like a story or experience that is told around a campfire."

"Is it always true?"

"No, sometimes they are true; sometimes they are like a fish story, stretched a little to make it sound better."

"Do you know any campfire tales?"

"Well let me think—I know a true story about something that happened around a campfire, but it is quite sad."

"Does it have a happy ending?"

"Yes, in a way I guess it does."

"I would like to hear it if it is not too long."

"It isn't real long, Toni, It is a story about my brother Leslie."

"It was in 1919« My brother was fourteen years old. We had a cousin who was about the same age as Leslie. His name was Lyle, and he lived just a couple of blocks from our house. He and Leslie were real close buddies. One Saturday afternoon in late August, Leslie, Lyle, and a couple of other boys named Gid and Terrance left for a camping trip up Manti Canyon. Gid had his father's light buggy, which required only one horse to pull it. The boys put their tent, bedding, food and gear into the back of the buggy and started off for Corduroy Reservoir. When they got to the big dugway, they stopped to inspect the road which had just been widened so that two wagons could pass each other without one of them sliding into the creek bed, which was about two hundred feet below the road.

"The workers had been blasting away part of the mountain and had evidently forgotten to take their black powder with them when they left. Les and Lyle were especially interested in this and filled an old hat with some of it and put a few handfuls in their pockets. Then the four boys climbed back into the buggy and continued their journey up the canyon. When they arrived at their camp site Gid and Terrance unhitched the horse and turned him loose so he could return home as Mr. Sidwel needed him over the weekend. Les and Lyle gathered wood and soon had a cheery fire blazing in the circle of rocks. They pitched their tent under some trees a little way from the fire, made their beds, unpacked their food and proceeded to cook their supper. I guess they may have told a few campfire tales around the fire after it began to get dark.

"Around nine o'clock they threw a few more sticks on the blaze and then Les and Lyle remembered the black powder. They looked in the buggy and, unfortunately, found the old hat with the powder in it, and began throwing a little of it into the fire. It exploded in mid-air. Terrance told the boys that black powder was risky and he thought they should all go to bed. Gid followed Terrance to the tent, but Lyle and Les were too interested in the fireworks to think of retiring.

I guess no one really knows just what happened, but suddenly piercing screams filled the air and both boys were completely engulfed in flames.

"Gid and Terrance sprang from the tent. They managed to catch Les and roll him in the dirt but they did not get the fire out before he was severely burned. Lyle had run to the reservoir and plunged into the water. Both boys were screaming with pain. Gid knew that by then the horse would be halfway home and that the only way to get the boys to town was to get them in the buggy and pull it by hand.

"They wrapped each of the burned victims in a quilt and made them as comfortable as possible, then Gid and Terrance took hold of the buggy shafts and started down the rocky road towards home and help.

"When they reached the 'Cottonwoods,' Leslie could hear the water running in the creek close to the road. The buggy at this point was going quite slow so he rolled himself out of the buggy and into the water. He said later that he thought this saved his life as the cool water eased the pain of his burns. All the way down the canyon the boys kept calling for water. Gid and Terrance took turns going down to the creek in the dark with a small container (probably a can) to get them a drink.

"It was about eleven o'clock when they finally got to Uncle Andrew's house. They sent for the doctor and also sent word to my parents to come quickly. My mother came to my attic bedroom and told me to get up and dress and go with them; something terrible had happened to Leslie. We got there about the same time as Dr. Sears did. He said the boys were in very serious condition and were both burned over much of their bodies.

"I don't really remember how we got Leslie home from Aunt Christina's, but I know he was there the next morning. Lyle died on Monday. It was a very sad time for all of us and especially for Leslie. The doctor gave us very little hope for the first few days. He came every day for a long time. I will always remember Leslie's screams when the doctor would change the bandages. His face looked like he was wearing a

leather mask, it was so brown and wrinkled, but the burned skin gradually peeled off and left his face without scars. Most of his body was scarred badly. His feet were not burned. I guess his shoes had protected them. Mother would ask me to rub his feet when he would get nervous. His burned flesh smelled so bad, I hated to stay by him very long, but I loved him and tried to help him as much as I could,

"He wasn't able to go to school at all that first year, and he only went the next year when he felt up to it* His teacher was Miss Leona Kelley who was very kind to him and helped him a lot with his lessons. He was assigned a seat by a younger boy, Glen Anderson, Glen waited on him and sort of idolized him; they became the best of friends. By the third year after the accident, Les could do about anything he wanted to do. He still loved the mountains, but I think he avoided Corduroy Reservoir,"

"Aren't you glad he didn't die, Grandma?"

"Oh, yes, we were all so very thankful for that, I'm sure there were many prayers offered for his recovery, We thought it was almost a miracle that his face was not disfigured. He lived to be seventy-two years old, and accomplished many things in his lifetime,"

"Did he ever get married?"

"Yes, he married my best friend, Iris Dennison, and they had three children, Verla, Joyce and Lee. He and Iris bought an old home on 6th South and made it into a very nice place. Leslie planted fruit trees and always had a real good garden. He shared his fruit and vegetables with many needy people. He plowed gardens for free for all the widows in his ward. He was a very generous person and so was his dear wife.

"He and his friend Stan Jorgensen were the first mail carriers in Manti. Afterwards he was postal clerk for a long time. Our father, Jim Anderson, was captain of the National Guard in this area, and as soon as Les was old enough, he joined it and served in the military for many years. He became a Lieutenant Colonel in World War II and spent two years overseas. He served as an officer of the Civil Defense Corps and worked with the Fish and Game Department. He was mayor of Manti City for two terms, and he was a volunteer weather reporter. He was a counselor in the South Ward bishopric, and held many other church positions. In fact, he was about the busiest man I ever knew."

"I would like to be a great man like that, Grandma.

Then maybe someone would tell a campfire tale about me."

"I hope you will be a great man, Toni, but just remember that throwing black powder into a campfire isn't one of the requirements for greatness."

SUMMERTIME

HONORABLE MENTION SHORT STORY

Annette Van Laar

22111 River Road

Escalon, California 95320

"Come on, Erma, you gotta move faster than that. You're getting behind," chided her dad as another heap of hay fell from the derrick fork.

She yelled back, "I'm going as fast as I can. Just remember there's two of you down there and only one of me up here."

"Hold your tongue now, young lady, if you know; what's good for you."

She clenched her jaw tight while muttering to herself, "It's so dang suffocating in the top of this barn."

There's prickly hay inside my coveralls itching my skin, and I can't even take time to scratch it." Sweat trickled down her face and dripped off the end of her nose and chin. Stringy stray pieces of hair had fallen out of her tight braids. She'd brush the locks back from her face by twisting her head into the bend of her arm. Couldn't let go of the pitch fork; it'd only slow her down. The hair plopped right back in front of her eyes. It was a losing battle. One snail consolation, if she moved fast enough it created a small breeze that momentarily blew across the sweat rivulets running down her body, and it felt cool. „

"Ernie, Ernie, Erm' Ate a wiggly worm; Wow, you should've seen that little farm girl squirm" her older brother taunted as he dumped some more hay for her to spread across the stack.

"Did not," she screamed. j

"Did too. Ernie, Ernie, Erm; Sat and ate a worm."

"Shut up. I never ate a worm,"

"Did too."

"You two youngsters stop that tomfoolery. Don't you know we've got work to do? Erma, I told you if you want to go up the mountain with me tonight, you'd better behave."

"But he started it," she protested.

"It doesn't matter. Just don't pay no attention to him. Let it go in one ear and out the other, understand?"

She set her jaw even tighter as she trampled, kicked and jumped to secure each layer of hay and settle any loose air pockets. Sometimes one leg would almost disappear as it fell through a spot that wasn't evenly packed. She vented her anger by jumping harder. The hay was springy and bouncy, just like jumping on a big giant bed. But jumping on your bed was forbidden.

"Here's a real special prize for you, Ernie," her brother laughed as he threw up a fork full. Plop, right in front of her feet was a fat, shiny writhing snake. She stopped dead still and stared at the snake while shivers traced throughout her body. Her skin seemed to rise as if snapping to attention. She could not scream or even breathe. Never would she allow her brother the satisfaction of knowing how frightened she was. After what seemed like frozen time, she hatched a plan.

"What's the matter, Ernie, are you scared?" her brother shouted between slurps of laughter.

Summoning up every ounce of courage she could assemble, she slowly bent down toward the snake, squeezed her eyes tightly shut, held her breath and in her bare hand grabbed the snake behind the head. Trembling in terror, she rose up and carried the snake to the hayloft window. Her arm was frigid with fright holding the twisting viper. "See I'm not afraid," she screamed as she threw the snake hard. With perfect marksmanship the snake sailed through the air and landed, splat, right on her brother's neck as he was bending over to reload his fork.

"Don't you ruffians know when to quit? This is your last warning," said Dad. "We've got to get this hay put away before noon, so the horses will have a chance to rest up. *Me* have to leave at midnight, and the horses need to be fresh to travel up to the coal mine. Now quit wasting time and get your job done."

Erma was still trembling. She couldn't even relax enough to savor her moment of victory. Gotta keep stacking. She thrust her pitchfork angrily into a chunk of the dry alfalfa. Choking clouds of sun—dried leaves flew up in a flurry as she swiftly swung the fork in a side arch to distribute and level the stack. Repeatedly she swung with as much energy as she could muster. Thunk, the tines slammed into a crossbeam. The sudden force of the imbedded tines sent her tumbling. She landed with her face headlong into the scratch stack. There she stayed flat on her stomach and started to cry. Tears mixed with sweat and hair and alfalfa leaves

and dirt. Her hurt feelings poured out. "I hate this work. Hate dressing like a boy. Hate working like a man. Hate living on this stupid old farm. Hate this barn, this hay. Hate this summer. All there is, is work. Why can't I be like my sisters and stay in the house and sew and cook and not sweat and not itch. When I grow up I'm leavin' this place and I'm never comin' back. Never. You wait and see. Never."

Later that night Erma and her dad rode on the wagon heading for the mountain. She lay comfortably on the plump patchwork quilt gazing overhead at the brightly twinkling stars in the clear black sky. The night air smelled clean and cool. Clop, clop, clop of the horses feet gently jostled them along. The whole universe was at peace. Erma smiled and relaxed deeper into the quilt. She said, "I love this beautiful country. I'm the luckiest person alive."

DROP THIS MY LOG ON THOSE EMBERS

HONORABLE MENTION SHORT STORY

Lois Ivory Hansen

1448 South 1700 East

Salt Lake City, Utah 84108

There was a chill in the air. On a sharp peninsula jutting out from the steep canyon road, two men prepared a shelter for themselves and an injured companion. Chips were raked together to reinforce the flickering flames of the campfire. The storm had calmed and just a drizzle of rain was falling. Although the crackling thunder had ceased, lightning flashes frequently illuminated the evening sky.

"Drop this dry log on those embers,"

"Brother Mower, you lift his head and I'll put this sweater roll under it. Oh, be careful—the pain must be extremely bad."

"Maybe I should have gone for help, but then, I 60 couldn't possibly get back before dawn and that would be too late."

Lovingly the two men, Brother Cheney and Brother Mower, tucked the available blankets around their companion, Lars P. Madsen. Here, on the "big hill" that dropped down from Cottonwood Canyon into the valley of Fairview, the three men had been guiding their horsedrawn wagons loaded with coal from the Huntington mine, hoping to arrive home before dark* An afternoon thunder storm had left the road slick and set, and the horses high—strung and nervous.

As Bishop Madsen's wagon followed the muddy tracks of his friends, the horses became frightened as the wagon struck a rock and lurched to the right, throwing the occupant from the spring seat into the path of the wagon's front wheel which passed over his body. As the hind wheels were locked, the victim was dragged some distance before they too passed over him. His injuries were critical, a broken back and multiple bruises.

The two men tenderly cared for their companion. They built a fire and adjusted a make-shift tarp over him as a protection from the wind and chill of the evening.

Bishop Madsen was conscious and immediately aware of his precarious condition.

"Oh, my God, hear me," he cried. "My heart sorrows for my dear wife and my little girls. Oh, comfort them."

After the first cries of pain and anguish were expelled, and his companions had made him as comfortable as possible, he asked that they might write down some messages he desired to send to his family.

As Brother Cheney scrounged bits of paper from his personal pack and a charcoal stick, Brother Mower kept the campfire burning and the patient covered and comforted.

"Oh, Sophia, how I love thee. How I grieve for thee. Be brave. When Willie returns from school, he can care for the farm. Encourage him to work hard. It is good land—and ample water. It will provide a good living for all of you.

"Oh, the pain—please, God, give me strength.

"I love my people. Such good counselors, so loving and compassionate.

"The sheep—they will soon need care. Andrew will help."

"I want William to know—he needs me."

"Sophia, dear—our wedding day."

"Lars, you mean today is your wedding anniversary?" Brother Cheney asked as he knelt by his friend.

"You have a wonderful family. I remember seeing those pretty little girls of yours with you at Conference time. Real beauties."

"Twenty-two years—go so fast—not enough time. Oh, God, be good to them."

In a lonely farmhouse some three or four miles west of the town of Mount Pleasant in Sanpete Valley, a loving wife watched for her husband's return. Sophia began again to pace the floor, first to the kitchen window— then to the back porch and back again.

"Here it is our wedding anniversary. Lars should we be here any minute. That roast in the oven will be black, but I did want it to be warm. The girls were so unhappy when I made them eat early. They wanted to stay up for the celebration. Quite a cake Tressie put together. Sophronia and Edith ate more icing than is left on the cake. They wanted to surprise their Dad—and all those paper hearts.

"After my prayer, Ruby insisted that she say another. She said all those things I hadn't dared express—the fear for her dad's safety. Oh, how they all love him. Such a good father. Ruby with her arm in that sling and how he pampers her, changing the bandages himself and feeding her every meal. But she loves it.

"I can hear them now, still awake. Oh, dear, it's almost midnight. No need for me to go to "bed. I couldn't sleep, but I think I'll put on my robe and slippers.

"Two forty-five, oh, I wonder what could have happened to Lars. Oh, I know he would have been home if he could. Maybe the sheep gave him problems. Or maybe— oh, I do hate that treacherous road. The hill is so steep—and, oh, such an awful night. Thunder and lightning are worse on the mountain. Oh, if only he had taken Andrew with him. I hope he isn't alone.

"It's so quiet. The girls must have finally dropped off to sleep. If only Willie were home. I'm glad he's enjoying his school, but if he were here he'd know what to do. He would have gone to look for his Dad. He should be home two weeks from yesterday. I'll bet Marie is excited. Such a happy girl. I love her smile and quiet manner. You can see she's crazy about Willie. I think they're making marriage plans already. Willie thinks he should be a rich man before he gives in to be tied down to a wife and family. Such arrogant ideas. Money isn't everything. A happy home, loved ones around you—that's all that matters."

The mountain air had become colder. A slight breeze made the flames flicker. The campfire required constant refurbishing. Taking his canteen from his pocket, Brother Mower tried to pour a bit of water into his companion's mouth.

"Here, can you drink this?"

"No, oh, no, My strength is gone. Let me rest, no, nothing—nothing more. You are so—so good, May God bless you,"

"Brother Lars—here, let me help. No, don't try to move. Oh, God help us,"

As the first rays of dawn came in sight across the valley to the west, the watchful brethren knew there was nothing more that could be done to help their dying companion. They let the last embers burn away, covered the ashes and lifted the body to the bed of the wagon where the coal had been removed and bedding spread in place. They would take the body to Andrew, He could break the news to the family.

As dawn rose on the farmhouse, Sophia started. She pulled her shawl about her shoulders and walked quickly to the window,

"Look—it's beginning to get light. I keep thinking someone will be coming. Just that long empty road,

"Oh, Sophronia, what are you doing up so early? Please don't wake the others,"

"Mother, dear, they aren't asleep. We all want to be awake when Daddy comes. Maybe we can surprise him with breakfast ready, I'll set the table."

"It is so clear after all the rain and I can hear the cows calling, Jim should be here soon to help with the milking* Hurry and get dressed. These floors are cold."

The five girls gathered around their mother,

"Mother, you ought to lie down—rest a bit. You've been up all night. Oh, joy, I'll fix pancakes."

Tressie tried to get her mother to put her feet up and at least rest on the day bed.

"Mamma, mamma, here comes Uncle Andrew."

"Edith, don't you run outside without your shoes, here, we'll watch him from the window."

"He's so slow. Oh, I hope he has good news."

This was October 10, 1903* Lars Peter Madsen, born in Ephraim to Mads and Ellen Madsen, was six months old when he came with his parents to Mount Pleasant in 1859. His father was one of five Madsen brothers who were among the original settlers of Mount Pleasant. Lars became the first bishop of the North Ward in 1900 and also served as a City Councilman.

He married Sophia Marie Rasmussen on October 10, 1861, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. He was the father of two sons, William Lars Madsen, twenty one years old at the time of his father's death; Heber who died as an infant; and five daughters, Edna, Tressie, Ruby, Sophronia, and Edith.

He was remembered by family and friends as a kind and generous individual, greatly loved by his fellowmen.



Hillary Larsen and his great-grandchildren enjoy some fishing at Snow's Lake in Ephraim Canyon.
Courtesy Virginia Thompson

Tiger, the Bravest Little Dog in Spring City

UPDATE—SHORT STORY

by

Margaret N. Allen

The last two paragraphs were omitted in 1988 VOL, 20 continued from page 91. The story is true and given by Barney Hyde 94 years old.

(. . . it hit him on the head, knocked him down, and killed him,)

The boys said, "There's your little dog. He's dead." Of course I felt very sorry about it. I cried.

One boy said, "My father makes coffins for people. I'll have him make a coffin for little Tig." And I said, "Oh that would be nice." Another boy said, "My dad is a painter. I'll have him paint a sign to put at the head of the grave." I thought that would be very nice.

We got the coffin, put the little dog in it, we dug a hole for the grave and the man came with the sign that said: "Tig the Bravest Little Dog in Spring City."

We put the sign in the ground, put the little dog in the grave and covered him up. The marker remained there a long time to remind us of our brave little friend.



WAGON ROAD CAMP-July 1988. Left to right: Matthew Fuller, Luana Green, Barbara and Glenn Bailey, Jim Custer, Tom Bailey, Bert and Ruth Willden. *Courtesy Allan Green*

A LEADING LIGHT

FIRST PLACE POETRY
PROFESSIONAL CATEGORY

Wilbur T. Braithwaite
58 North 200 East
Manti, Utah 84642

(On Retiring As a Basketball Coach)

I'll miss the sound of "bouncing balls
Thumping down on maple floors,
The smell of analgesic balm
Pervading steamy locker walls,

I'll miss the sight of sweat-filled brows,
Of steadfast eyes set on the goal.
The touch of shoulders huddled close
As hands entwine on vict'ry vows,

I'll miss the taste of championships,
Their zestful flavor lingers still,
And acrid, bitter, sharp defeat
Whose searing flame scorched silent lips.

I'll miss the joys and hidden tears,
Of hearts afire in friendship's hearth,
A leading light in time and space
To live in mem'ry through the years.
Glenn Bailey family camp in Ephraim Canyon 1960
Courtesy Barbara Bailey



Glenn Bailey family camp in Ephraim Canyon 1960

Courtesy Barbara Bailey

CAMPFIRE CALL

SECOND PLACE POETRY

Bonnie Nielson Dahlstrud

P.O. Box 195

Salina, Utah 84654

Huddled near the dying flames of amber,
Voices curse this cold and barren desert.

Horses shuffle, small game dart and scamper,
Coyotes howl, the crescent moon their treasure.
Breezes sift the sand and chill the blackness;
Dim stars try, but fail to light the low sky.
Cowboys boast of deeds, though brave, lack finesse.
Stories grow; some truth, some stretched, some all lie.
The sanded ground, inviting, yields her bed
of crusted earth with hollows etched by time.
With hat cocked over eyes, each rests his head
and dreams of trails to forge and hills to climb
The cowboy's life is rough, and not for all,
For many ears won't hear the campfire call.

ARROPIHE, BROTHER OF WALKARA

THIRD PLACE POETRY

June B. Jensen

575 West 800 South, Orem, Utah 84058

Wagon trains rolled on undaunted
through treacherous ambush, stampeded herds
and torched prairie fires.

Hardy souls struggled ever west. . . .
past watchful eyes of Pawnee and Sioux.

An uneasy kinship smoldered, for both
whites and natives had suffered persecution.

In the desert territory. . .

hunters and wanderers know no boundaries,
only that seeds and cottontails were scarce.

Flimsy brush wickiups squatted on barren ground
in which disheveled, poorest of the poor,
devoured thistle roots and clung to olden ways.

The valley was a hunting ground
with not enough bounties to share.
Parched grass and scant water holes
made survival savage and cruel.
His firstborn brother was an enlightened Chief,
who knew the TRUTH but had reverted backwards.
Arropine, the lesser, counseled Walkara to renege,
The settlement deed, given in good faith
to the hated white-eyes.
In true "Indian Trader" mood,
Settlers' food and friendship were forgotten.
Amid hostile raids and fiendish orgies
carried out for two decades,
Arropine Braves war-whooped the hinterland
and all-out war raged twelve moons.
Before a final treaty, death claimed Walkara,
who was buried with three squaws and six horses.
Then Arropine assumed his coveted place.

Chief Walkara had been baptized. A final treaty was signed in Mt. Pleasant on Sept. 7, 1872. (from History of Sanpete County, published in 1898.)

MOUNTAIN RETREAT

HONORABLE MENTION POETRY

Eleanor P. Madsen

295 East 1st North

Ephraim, Utah 84627

We sit by warm campfire's glow,
Overhead the tall, majestic pine.
By crackling logs we reminisce,
Your hand tucked securely in mine.
A vast expanse of darkened sky
With stars twinkling one by one
Is there in all the earth's full store
The peace that's here as day is done.

MORE THAN FISH

HONORABLE MENTION POETRY

Lillian H. Fox

149 North 100 West

Manti, Utah 84642

"Come with me," he gently said, "you need to get away."
So in our jeep we headed east to find a fishing "bay*"
Happily I went along, who could ask for more?
So here we fished the whole day long, beside a rocky
shore.

My troubled heart was aching, I felt empty deep inside;
A dear one had left me, last week she died.
'Twas hard for me to comprehend the meaning of my tears,
For we had lived and loved each other all our tender
years.

"Why?" I asked the gulls, as they dipped into the waves,
But gulls have no reason or concern for human graves.
Then I felt the water cool and smooth upon my hand,
In all its power and strength, could it help me under
stand?
Was there wisdom in the depths, could it tell me more?
But the carefree laughing water only slapped upon the
shore.

A hundred feet in front of us the fish began to play;
As they jumped their silvery sides caught a crimson ray.
Not one we caught, it mattered not, our purpose was
delayed
To feed our soul, had been our goal, we'd fish another
day.

"Why?" I asked the setting sun, that gives life and light,
"Is there a reason for her death, can this possibly be
right?
The sun only stared at me, her one eye big and bright,
Then drove her smiling face straight forward into
night.

We loafed that lovely day away, then something in me
stirred,
'Twas just a tinkling in my mind, 'twas not a voice I
heard,

But a message came to strengthen me, to help me live and
feel,
It spoke into my grieving heart, in language almost
Real.

"O world magnificent, how great was thy creator?
We come to you, we play our part, in your immense theatre,
We eat your food, we breathe your air, your pulse beats
in our hands,
But we cannot decide our fate, there is a greater plan.
It matters not how long we're here, there is no measured
line.
There's no beginning, there is no end, for endlessness
is time,"

The moonlit waves danced on and on, in rhythm and in
rhyme,

CAMPFIRE TALES OF BUTCH CASSIDY

FIRST PLACE ANECDOTE

Lillian H. Fox

140 North 100 West

Manti, Utah 84642

At the turn of the century, tales of Butch Cassidy were a popular among the men who sat around the evening campfires. One never knew when Butch may appear from the shadows,

Cleon Fox, of Manti, tells the following story about an experience of his father who lived in Circleville: "A group of men were dipping sheep in sulphur water about three miles east of Circleville, The town marshal, "Tiffer" Whittaker, was among them. One evening Butch Cassidy rode into camp saying, "I mean no harm. All I want is something to eat. Put food in a bag for me and I'll be on my way, but don't reach for your gun or you'll never get it out of your scabbard," "Tiffer" motioned to one of the men to prepare the food. Butch took the bag and rode away into the sunset. The marshal never tried to follow him although he knew of the price on his head.

Jennis Allred, of Manti, made this statement: "I know where Batch Cassidy at one time corraled his horses. I can take you, on horseback, to the exact location. It is in a grove of trees on top of the mountain east of Manti. The fences are now in shambles, but can still be identified.

"I spent many years up there," continued Jennis. "I visited with a Mr. Madsen, a cattleman, who worked with another Mr. Madsen, a sheepman. These men told me that they were hired to care for Butch Cassidy's horses. When notified, they trailed the horses to a designated area and waited while Butch and his men completed a robbery. When the gang arrived, with cops on their trail, they quickly traded the worn-out horses for a fresh mount and made their escape. The Madsen men then drove the tired-out horses back to the corral.

"These men often took horses to Hanksville where the gang stopped for supplies. Just how long this corral served the gang is not known, but it must have been over a period of years.

THE COOKIE RANSOM

SECOND PLACE ANECDOTE

Linnie M. Findlay
255 East 1st South
Ephraim, Utah 84627

As told by the late Seymour Christensen.

With a great shout, and whooping and yelling, a small band of Indians came riding recklessly out of the thick Denmark Cedars. The sure-footed ponies raced down off the little hill through the sagebrush, and the Indian riders brandished their weapons as they quickly surrounded the two small boys who were walking down the rutted wagon road between Spring City and Ephraim.

The boys, Charles John Christensen and his brother Fred had been up visiting their grandmother in Mt. Pleasant, and had helped her get in coal and wood and do other chores that needed doing. She had given them a little sack full of cookies, and they were on their way home, walking through the Denmark Cedars there. Those Denmark Cedars were up Pigeon Hollow. It used to be so dense that you couldn't see out for quite a distance. It was like going through a forest, and the road was just a trail.

Charles was the first boy baby born in Fairview. He was possibly ten years old by this time, or maybe not quite that old, and Fred was two or three years younger.

The Indians kidded them, when they could see how scared the boys were. They laughed and talked among themselves, and made all kinds of noise as they pointed to the bag the boys were carrying. The boys handed the sack of cookies to the Indians, and with more shouting and whooping, they raced away again. The Indians were gone as quickly as they had come, and the boys were able to continue on home.

Many years later, when Charles was married with his own family, he used to drive to Mt. Pleasant to visit family and friends there. As they would pass a certain hill as they were going through the Denmark Cedars, he would always tell his children about Fred and himself, and the cookies given to them by their grandmother which gave them their freedom from the surrounding Indians. Information for this anecdote is recorded on a cassette tape, and MS transcript and tape are in author's possession.

THE GREAT BASIN EXPERIMENT STATION

FIRST PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

Eleanor P. Madsen

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If *you* had followed the winding road up Ephraim Canyon some forty years ago for about ten miles, you would have reached a gate with a sign over the top which read "Utah Experiment Station," The gate and sign are gone now. Pillars at the entrance hold a plaque which reads "Great Basin Experimental Range" in keeping with the present name which has been changed many times over the years. Tall pines and stately aspens border the road into the Station.

The interesting history of the area dates back to 1911 when A. W. Jensen, the first Supervisor of the Manti National Forest, with four other forest personnel, drove up Ephraim canyon with a horse and buggy looking for a suitable place to establish an experiment station. The group had previously been to Fairview canyon and to Bluebell Flat and to a place above Kanore Tom's Dugway in Ephraim canyon, but had rejected each of the three places. As they were driving down the canyon, they turned off the road at the spot where the Experiment Station is now located and were impressed with the area. The site was later approved by government agencies and work began.

The Station was "literally carved out of the wilderness." In the ensuing months, trees were cut, stumps pulled, land leveled, fences installed and buildings constructed. The first buildings were the Director's residence, a laboratory building, the Assistant's residence and a barn. The Assistant's residence burned down in 1935> "but was replaced the following year as a CCC project. It is now known as The Lodge. When there was no further need for a barn, it was converted into a tool shed. A greenhouse was next built and was used from 1913 to 1933 for varied studies in vegetation. It has since been used as a dwelling for assistants and employees. The Palmer House, a garage with a second story, and two additional houses with dormitory facilities were the last to be built. An oval driveway, lined with stones with a flagpole in the center completed the attractive location of the Great Basin Experiment Station.

In this mountain setting many dedicated, skilled individuals performed a momentous work that continues to have far-reaching effect in many aspects of man's existence and the resources upon which he depends for a livelihood. The Station has been a training ground for many men who later achieved prominent positions in the Forest Service and other governmental and academic positions. Among these men was A. W. Sampson, who was the first Director at the Station. Mr. Sampson became well-known by the people in the area as he enjoyed the horse racing at the County Fairs and participated in the wrestling and boxing matches during the annual celebration on top of the mountain. Dr. Sampson left in 1922 to become Associate Professor in the Forestry School of the University of Berkeley in California. C. L. Forsling followed as Director. Lincoln Ellison came to the Intermountain Station in 1938. His philosophy of balance equated with the health of the range is best understood in his statement:

"The basic purpose in range management is to maintain the resources in such a condition that it will supply man with a maximum of the products and services he needs, or if the resource is already depleted, to restore it to that condition."

Others who had an impact on the area with their studies were F. S. Baker, W. R. Chapline, C. F. Korstian and many others. A. Perry Plummer who became Project Leader (or Supervisor) in 1946, served for the longest period of time in that capacity and authored the most scientific papers of all the research personnel at the Great Basin. He contributed 38 papers, most of them on an individual basis, with a few being in cooperation with others. From May until November, for 33 years Mr. Plummer lived at the Station with his family and directed the scientific studies of the Great Basin. During part of this time they lived in a tent as the houses were all occupied. He made frequent trips on the D&RG train to Ogden, supervising the office there and later traveling by automobile to Provo where the office was then located. Trips on snowshoes and snowmobiles were made sometimes during the winter months. Pictures taken during that time show snow up to the roofs of the houses.

Prior to his retirement in 1979. Mr. Plummer made two visits to the USSR, representing the Department of Agriculture. While there, excursions were made in rugged built vehicles made by the Russians in which they explored for species of plants that might be used on the Great Basin range.

Some local men were employed through the years to maintain the facilities at the Great Basin Station, Frank Stevens, Paul Hansen and Gary Jorgensen being among that number. They also assisted with some of the scientific studies and research projects.

Daily journals were kept on the studies by the Directors of the Station. Dr. Sampson noted that the initial research program at the Station included nine projects related to grazing and silviculture. Among the officially designated studies, "Protection, Grazing vs. Erosion" was the longest continued and is best known today. These studies resulted in the curtailing of the devastation floods that had caused so much destruction in the early days of the history of Sanpete County. Journals relate the following:

"Because of the success of the early work, few persons in valley towns today can remember any destructive summer flood roaring down from the mountain top. Analysis of watershed problems revealed that problems of range management and grazing practices were inextricably related to it. Research in range seeding continued during the 1930's and 1940's. Progress during this period developed suitable procedures for many large scale projects in range revegetation and also provided a background for important later research. Contributions by Perry Plummer and Neil C. Frischknecht were especially important."

Much of the research at the Great Basin Station since 1955 has been in the game range restoration project sponsored by the Utah Division of Fish and Game and Intermountain Forest and Range Experiment Station.

The Station has not only been instrumental in providing scientific studies in the nation but many visitors from foreign countries have visited the Station and spent time there learning about the area and the research that has been done. They have come from Iran, Iraq, Israel, Rhodesia, Spain, Italy, Russia and other foreign countries. Some were very willing to work. Others expected the work to be done for them. One incident was related by Mr. Plummer during his work with a visitor. After a short time in the hot sun, the visitor disappeared. When Mr. Plummer found him, he was sitting under a tree in the shade and on being approached said, "You take the measurements and I'll sit here and record them."

In addition to the visitors from other countries, officials from Washington, D.C., the Ogden office and

others came for Field Days when they were taken on tours to see the various projects being carried out. A summer school workshop was held for two years for the Granite School District, and training sessions were also held for Range Management Personnel. Astrid Larsen, who spent several summers cooking for the various groups, remembers a group from Christs Church, New Zealand, who spent some time at the Station. Other schools, Service clubs and 4H groups were also welcomed at the Station where they gained first-hand information of the work involved at the Experiment range. Cooperative projects were engaged in with the Utah Division of Wild Life, the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wild Life, the Agriculture Research Service and the USU Agriculture Experiment Station. College courses in Range Management have developed in later years as a result of the scientific studies.

Research still continues at the Experiment Station with most of the work in Ephraim canyon now being done in shrub genetics to improve the strain of shrub forage for the Rocky Mountain Mule Deer. The Utah Division of Natural Resources is doing this in collaboration with Brigham Young University- The Project Leader (or Supervisor) does not live at the Station now, but directs the work from his office in Provo.

A small museum established by Karen Vance at the Station in Ephraim canyon reveals the historic work of the Station, and the Forest Service has established substations along the way up the canyon with explanation of the natural phenomena for those interested.

Wendell M. Keck, author of a research paper, concludes the paper with these statements:

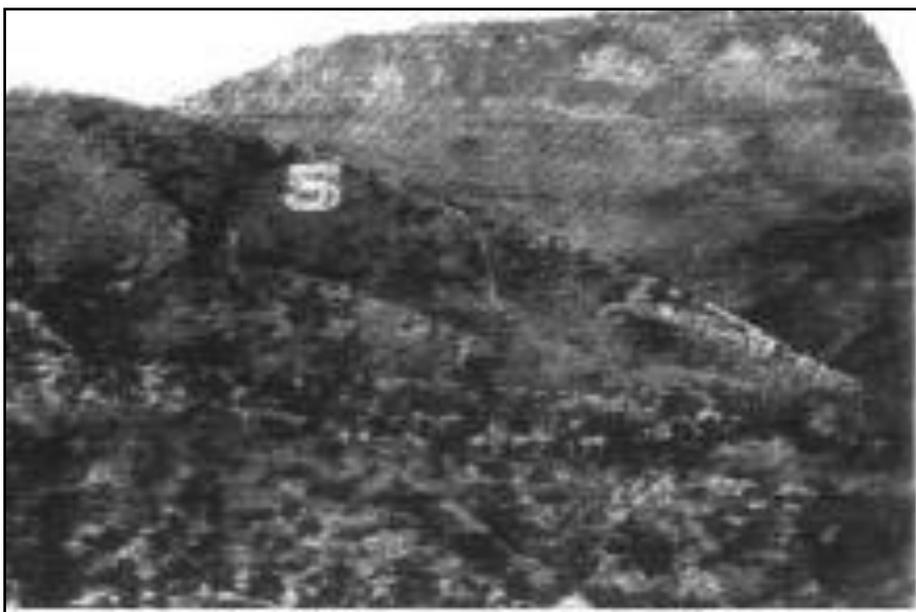
The information developed at the Great Basin Station has been applied in conservation of a great natural renewable resource, in determination of Forest Service policy for the administration of range areas and watersheds, and in training young foresters in certain fundamanetals of their job. Research at the Great Basin Station has been as wide open as the sunny hillsides and plateaus on which it has been done.

Source of Information:

GREAT BASIN STATION - USDA Forest Service Research Paper INT-118, 1972, Wendell M. Keck

THE OTHER 49ERS-Western Epics. Albert Antrei, Ruth Scow.

Interviews-A, Perry Plummer, Astrid Larsen,



Block "S" on Ephraim's hillside
welcomes all to Snow College.
Courtesy Snowonian 1930

STRENGTH IN UNITY

SECOND PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

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At the dedication of the Seventie's Hall at Nauvoo in 1844, under the direction of President Brigham Young, Apostle Orson Hyde gave a lengthy discourse on unity of spirit and action, in which he related the story of an Assyrian King who gave his son a bundle of arrows and commanded him to break them. While the arrows were bound together firmly in a quiver, the attempt to break them was in vain, but when they were unbound and separated, they were easily broken. Elder Hyde likened this to the people of the Church, saying that if they were united, they would be able to stand against anything that could be hurled upon them. He stated that those who remain together can never be broken, but those who have separated may fall prey to wicked designs.¹

Elder Hyde had been closely associated with the Prophet Joseph Smith, and was ordained as an apostle on February 15, 1835 He traveled extensively, both in this country and abroad, preaching and spreading the gospel of Jesus Christ, He was given a special blessing that he be "embued with powers from on high."

In later years, Elder Hyde was called to be stake president of the Sanpete area, and lived in Spring City. A large monument marks his grave in the cemetery, and the home where he lived still stands on Main Street.

My great-grandfather, John Blain, was converted to the gospel in England and came to America as a very young boy. When he was sixteen years old, he began working for Elder Hyde, milking cows with the Hyde boys, and taking care of Elder Hyde's many fine horses. Because of this responsibility, he was given a bed in the large, rock stable where the horses were kept.

One night he was awakened by the horses and got up to check on them. Looking out the window, he saw fires burning in the mountains west of Ephraim and Manti, He knew that this could mean only one thing. Indians were camped in the hills, waiting for morning, so that they might raid the town.

John immediately went to Apostle Hyde and told him what he had seen. The alarm was sounded by the beat of the drum, as was the custom, and at daylight everyone gathered together at the meeting house. Elder Hyde informed the people that there was going to be an Indian raid. He told them not to go outside of town, but to go to the hay meadows west of Pigeon Hollow, and he told them to stay together²

Reading this account from my grandmother's autobiography, I was reminded of the discourse mentioned above, where Elder Hyde had spoken of the blessings that can be obtained by the members of the church staying together and in heeding the warnings of their leaders. Surely, Elder Hyde was inspired in directing the people of Spring City. He had experienced many trials throughout his years of service in the church, and in his travels had gained great stores of knowledge and wisdom.

Grandmother related in her story, however, that some of the men did not choose to obey the counsel of Elder Hyde, and as a result, three men were killed and several injured. Grandpa Blain's brother, William, was shot through the ear. Specific details were not given, but there seemed to be no doubt that what had happened was a direct result of the disobedience to the counsel of an Apostle of the Lord.

Great-grandfather Blain was also a man of great faith and wisdom. He raised his family with the precepts and examples taught by Elder Hyde. He learned to be very cautious and protective, and would sit quietly by the window with his gun, when there was any danger of Indian attack, not allowing anyone in the

house to stir or to build a fire. His family was taught to obey his counsel. Undoubtedly, he not only learned this from Elder Hyde, but also from a courageous and stalwart mother. Left a widow before she could leave England to come to America, she sent John and his two brothers on ahead, earning and saving money to bring the rest of her family at a later time. Isabella Graham Blain was known in Spring City as the "Yeast Lady," who willingly provided anyone in town with yeast to make their bread. The story is told that Brigham Young once came to her and asked for some flour. Her supply was nearly gone, but she gave it to him, and he then promised her that she would never want for food. She later said that this promise proved to be true. She was a kind and courageous woman, from whom the many Blains of Spring City descended.³

I often think of the trials and the hardships under which my ancestors lived, in Spring City, Ephraim, Manti and other places in Utah, in those early days of the building up on the church and the west. I wonder if we may also have to someday sit at our window with a gun, as Grandpa Blain and many others of his time did, protecting our families from those who choose to terrorize and perhaps destroy us, for whatever reason.

If this becomes necessary, I would hope that we will be able to remember the story of Elder Hyde, choosing to heed the counsel of our leaders, and finding strength in the unity which they proclaim.

¹History of the Church, B. H. Roberts, Vol. 7, p. 336.

²Autobiography of Rosey M. Blain Olsen

³Kaye C. Watson, Life Under the Horseshoe: A History of Spring City, p. 3 and The Life Story of Isabella Graham Blain, Blain and Olsen family records.

ONE GLORIOUS DAY

THIRD PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

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Early in the month of October, 1988, I received a phone call from my daughter. Her opening sentence was startling: "Hello, Mother. How would you like to go to Dallas?"

A sudden breathlessness prevented me from answering for a moment, but I managed to say, "For what reason?"

She answered, "You have always been proud of having been born on Theodore Roosevelt's birthday on October 17th, and I just received a brochure from a friend stating that the Theodore Roosevelt Association is planning to celebrate Theodore Roosevelt's birthday on the weekend of October in Dallas. It will be his 130th birthday and it will be your 83rd. You can celebrate them both."

I did not venture to say, "I'll think it over." The thought was so appealing to me that I answered, "I'll go, gladly."

We flew to Dallas for the weekend of October 27th. I can safely state that those were three days of undistilled joy and happiness which permeated our hearts so deeply that the memory will always remain with us, like acrylic painting—clear and unfading. We met kind and gracious people, and learned a great deal more about Theodore Roosevelt.

From the time that I first learned that I was born on Theodore Roosevelt's birthday, I was drawn to him. I followed the course of his life and respected and honored him for the man he was and the vital role he

played in our rising democracy. As he was President of the United States at the time of my birth in 1905» it wasn't long before I could follow his activities in the newspapers, and especially in the illustrated "Leslie's Weekly" magazine, which came to our home.

On September 25, 1898, the United States declared war on Spain. Roosevelt, who was then Secretary of the Navy, resigned so that he could fight. He organized a cavalry regiment which won fame as the Rough Riders that helped to win the war at the Battle of San Juan Hill in Cuba.

Roosevelt was hoisted into fame to become a national hero. At one time, my husband and I were eating lunch in Prescott, Arizona, when we noticed a sculptured monument of a group of horsemen in the center of a small park. Upon closer inspection we found it to represent Theodore Roosevelt and some of his Rough Riders. This gave us a feeling of awe and admiration for those patriotic men who so successfully served their country.

Less than a year and a half after the war ended, Roosevelt, who was the Governor of New York and a candidate for the Vice Presidency of the United States arrived by train in Pocatello, Idaho. He came on a three-day visit that would take him through northern Utah and culminate in one glorious day in Salt Lake City.

The excitement generated by this visit can perhaps best be caught by a line paraphrased from a poem by Sir Walter Scott: "One crowded day of glorious life is worth an age without a name."

A description of the festive occasion of Roosevelt's proposed trip to Salt Lake City is found in the SALT LAKE TRIBUNE, Wednesday morning, September 19» which I quote in part:

The special car bearing the Utah Delegation which goes to meet Governor Roosevelt at Pocatello will leave the Short Line Depot at 9:45 this morning, Sept. 19.

The Governor will be accompanied by the Utah Delegation from Pocatello to Salt Lake. Speeches will be made at Logan and Brigham en route. An address will be delivered by the Governor in Ogden tomorrow night, where the Governor and party will remain for the night, coming to Salt Lake Friday forenoon. An excursion will be made to Saltair in the afternoon, where Governor Roosevelt will speak. The Beach Company is making arrangements to accommodate from 5,000 to 10,000 people. In the evening the Governor will speak at the Salt Lake Theater.

General John Q. Cannon, who conceived the idea of a mounted escort, and who has the matter in charge, said yesterday that he expected not less than 600 horsemen to take part in the parade. He issued the following invitation yesterday"

"From every ex-cavalryman, roughrider and artilleryman, from every ranch man and cowboy, and from every man who being able to obtain a good horse, and knowing how to ride him, I would like to hear as to his likelihood of being present on the occasion and the time of arrival, so that arrangements for stalls, corrals and forage for animals may be made.

The intention is to meet our distinguished fellow citizen with such a body of Western horsemen as shall delight and gladden him by recalling the association and days of his own experience on the plains, and of course it is to be expected that he will want to ride in the column, carried by the finest animal that can be found in Utah."

The suggestion for a uniform is a white hat, blue flannel shirt (no coat), "Chaps" will not be worn, and no side arms.

It is probably that the horse which Governor Roosevelt will be riding as a mount will be the famous spotted Arabian of American Fork. There is also a horse in Layton that is a possibility. The horse selected will be equipped with the Roosevelt saddle, and Governor Roosevelt will be the first man to throw a leg across the saddle.

FROM OUTSIDE COUNTIES

Captain Ben Haywood has been working up the- idea in the southern counties and reports that he has met with great success. He reports that 300 men will come from Juab, Sanpete, Sevier and Utah Counties. One hundred men will come up from American Fork. A large delegation will come up from Tooele County, and fifty or more will ride in from Davis County. Cars have been secured to come up from the southern counties and transport the horses and the riders.

SANPETE REPRESENTATION

Manti, Sept. 18—Sanpete County will be well represented in the Rough Riders' Parade. Mr. Haywood had but to mention the subject until the fever caught the boys, and all want the honor of receiving the distinguished visitors. From the general response, it is safe to say that Sanpete will have from eighty to 100 horsemen in the parade. Many others who will not take horses will go to the city to join in the welcome.

COMING FROM LEHI

Lehi, Sept. 18—Quite a number of people will go from Lehi to Salt Lake City on the twenty-first to participate in the reception for Governor Roosevelt. There will also be a company of Rough Riders. Between twenty and twenty-five will wear the Rough Riders' uniforms.

LARGE PARTY FROM UTAH COUNTY

Provo, Sept. 18—There will be a large crowd from Utah County who will meet Governor Roosevelt's party in Salt Lake, and arrangements are also made to supply Utah County's quota of Rough Riders.

I catch the spirit, the enthusiasm, the excitement that Theodore Roosevelt brought to Salt Lake on that Glorious Day. September 21, 1900. The knowledge of his life's contributions and achievements has remained to sustain me and bring me appreciation and pride for a great man's accomplishments.

THE TRAYS

FIRST PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Hal Edwards
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I can't remember before The Trays.

When I saw The Trays in our home, there was an air of excitement for me, even though I seldom got to see just how they were used.

The Trays were large, black, metal, oval-shaped, and were kept in an equally black cloth bag with a drawstring at one end.

On the bag was embroidered, "Bonne Foi, 1919."

I knew they had something to do with my mother's sewing club, and that when it was her turn to host the group of ladies, The Trays would be in our home for almost two weeks before.

The Bonne Foi Club was organized in Gunnison right after World War I. In those days it was chic to have French names for clubs and other organizations. I was told that the interpretation of the French name meant "good friends," I couldn't figure out why they didn't just embroider "Good Friends" on the cloth bag.

To me, the club was nothing but a bunch of old women, about my mother's age. In reality, they were about 35 or 40 years old, but to a pre-teenager, they were ancient. They met every other Wednesday at Members' homes, where they had a formal opening, and then sat around and sewed on personal items while they exchanged the activities of their families and did some bragging on their childrens' accomplishments.

My mother, Leola Childs Edwards, was a charter member of the Bonne Foi Club, when she moved back to Gunnison after she and my father, Clinton Moroni Edwards, left Washington, D. C., where he received his law degree, and he came back "home" to set up a law practice.

And so the Bonne Foi became one of the town's most prestigious clubs, kept to a minimum membership number and rarely having to replace anyone, because it seemed in those days people stayed put. And while the women were sewing, the hostess spent most of her time in the kitchen where The Trays, those large black, oval-shaped mysterious things that were kept in the black bag, were spread all over the room, on the table, the cupboards, the sink and even the stove.

Once in a while I would get home from school just in time to see the goodies placed on The Trays. This was no sloppy, quick thrown-together repast. This was something which was planned for months in advance, even though the hostess would always tell the ladies. "Oh, this is something I just threw together."

I remember one instance when my mother was going to make small sandwiches from bread from which the crusts were to be cut off. She special-ordered a loaf of sandwich bread from Elmer's Market, which had to be ordered from the Wonder Bread man. When the loaf came, it was the wrong kind. Fortunately for Elmer—and the Wonder Bread man—there was one day of grace before club day, and the next day the square loaf came. But for that one day, Elmer and Wonder Bread were not highly regarded in our home, because it was soon club day and the refreshments had to be just right to be placed on The Trays.

I don't remember that what was carried to the ladies on The Trays was a competitive thing among the members, or that whoever had club the next time tried to outdo the last one. But the refreshments at Bonne Foi Club were important, and The Trays were an indispensable part of it.

After club was over, The Trays disappeared just as mysteriously as they had appeared two weeks before, I never saw it happen, but I knew that the person who would host club in two weeks, on the next Wednesday afternoon club day, took them with her when she left our house.

The old, black, oval trays and their large mysterious black bag have gone, as have the original members of the Bonne Foil My mother, who died in 1986, was the oldest charter member of the club and she still "had club" and went on "club day" until her death at age 91.

In the latter years of the club, The Trays were replaced by some which were smaller, more dainty and colorful. And then, club members, succumbing to easier, more modern methods, met at the Gunnison Senior Citizens Building for a "catered" dinner, and moved into another room for sewing.

Other clubs have come and gone, and other traditions have been involved with their members. But none will ever match the excitement and the mystery of the big, black, oval trays in the large black bag which meant a special day was soon coming to our house.

A GUNNISON VALLEY POET

SECOND PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Jennie Lind M. Brown

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James Fjeldsted, a Danish boy who walked across the plains in 1862, became an outstanding citizen of Sanpete County, Not only did he fit well within the customs of his new country, but he and his Danish wife, Fredericka Tollestrup, raised a family to be proud of—sons and daughters, who became educators, musicians, missionaries for the L,D,S, Church, even a son, who joined the American armed services as a soldier during World War I.

On November 19, 1885, a daughter named Evelyn, was born. As she matured, she became a happy-go-lucky girl with a keen mind and a talent which neither she, nor her family, knew existed. Unfortunately a fall during her late teens left her with a severely injured back. Medical aid, a heavy encompassing cast, and a stay in the L.D.S, Hospital in Salt Lake City failed to heal the young girl's broken bones," She became a cripple, and as a result spent most of her life lying on an uncomfortably hard day-bed, which her father built and placed before a beautiful western window in their living room. Its shelves held lovely greenhouse plants, which continually blossomed because of her constant care.

Though taught by her mother to use her hands in many ways, it was only after she began to express herself in writing, that her life became meaningful once again. As a result Evelyn discovered her unknown, latent talent. Her brother, LeBarth, a teacher in Provo, was quick to realize her potential as a writer. He helped her with words and sentence structure—encouraging her to persist with her talent. Once he wrote:

You really have poetical insight and artistic ability. Poetry has been defined as the ability to employ words in such a manner as to produce an illusion upon the imagination; the art of doing with words that which an artist does with color.

You have that ability. You have a remarkable gift, Evelyn, of creating rhythmic beauty with words.

After seeing the first of her poetry in print, she spent many hours writing and rewriting her poetry. As a result her work soon appeared in many different magazines and other periodicals.

Evelyn received many exciting honors during her lifetime. Vesta Pierce Crawford, editor of the L.D.S. Relief Society Magazine for women, said of Evelyn:

Evelyn Fjeldsted was one of our most respected writers for many years. She had a special way of looking at life, and expressing her thoughts and feelings. The fact that she had very little schooling made her talent more remarkable. Evelyn was a true poet.

In 1974» a short biography of Evelyn and two of her poems, one written for an older sister and titled, "Her Letter," and another, "Swifter than the Weaver's Shuttle," appeared in an anthology of verse printed by the Utah State Poetry Society—its Golden Anniversary of Utah Sings. Another honor was given her in 1975 by the Brigham Young University, when a poem by Evelyn Fjeldsted was read at its graduation exercises. Letters written to her by President Heber J. Grant and Apostle Mark E. Peterson, in appreciation of her beautiful poetry, were cherished by Evelyn and kept always among her choicest keepsakes.

In 1965 a small volume of her poetry titled, "Valley Sketches," was published, and before her death another, which she called "Later." These little books are precious mementos for those who admired her poetry and the valley she loved so fondly throughout her life.

Evelyn passed away on the 1st of March, 1976, when in her ninetieth year. Selections of her poetry were read at her funeral services, a last fitting tribute for the Gunnison Valley Poet.

Following are a few of her poems which express her thoughts about the beautiful world we live in:

THE HUMMING BIRD

From heights of a leaf in the wind,
The humming bird swings through the air
And, sighting a twig once again,
A little bronze statue is there.

Speeding with summer, he brings
A kiss for a flower at dawn;
Then, with a swift wheeling curve,
Like a bobbin with wings, he is gone.

LIGHT AND SHADOWS

As shadows are the darkest
On the brightest day,
So life's darkest hour holds
A light that points the way,

FROM MY WINDOW

I think I could love the little path
That climbs the hillside like a sunlit stair,,
More than all the highways stretching far,
If only *my* two feet could take me there.
I could challenge all the storms of life
If I could walk along with you once more—
If I could go with bouyant rhythmic step
Across the fields where we have walked before.
If someday, I could walk again, my feet
As light and winged as once they seemed to be,
If I could claim the promise, 'They shall run
And not be weary'—then would I be free.

CONTEMPLATION

In earth's harbor one would ever stay
Where thought is anchored to the known.
Like ships adrift, those who embark
Must sail the unexplored alone.
But once to live, is this not proof
That everything—that even hope
Can live again? Believing this
One sees beyond the present scope.
And new life is revealed when seas are crossed
And reassurance brings repose.
The stillness of the deepening night
Brings contemplation to a close,
And this is gained—this new-old thought
That death may give what life could not.

Second verse of CONTEMPLATION

OLD ORCHARD

THIRD PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Eleanor P. Madsen
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The heavenly aroma of a freshly baked pizza may bring nostalgia to this generation as vividly as the tantalizing sweetness of a kettle of blue plum preserves brings to my generation. Sights, sounds and smells are forever imprinted in our memories, I remember so distinctly the sweet fragrance of the white blossoms of an old crab apple tree growing at the place I called home. It grew at the top of an orchard where there were

many fruit trees of all kinds and descriptions, fruits seldom used, some not even heard of in this generation, fruits supplied by the trees my grandfather planted in the late 1800's. Most of the trees were hardy ones that grew readily in the harsh climate and short growing season in Mt. Pleasant, and they produced abundantly, We had few peaches, apricots, cherries and the citrus fruits we are so accustomed to using today.

Each of the old sturdy trees is gone now. The picket fence that surrounded the orchard has been replaced with a new chain link one. I thought the tall crab apple tree, the patriarch of the orchard, would always be there to share its white blossoms each spring. It must have been one of the first trees my grandfather planted as it had grown so tall that my brothers, who climbed the tree, could scarcely reach the brightest reddest apples at the top.

In the fall when the apples were touched with frost and just right for picking, we would shake them down and gather huge baskets full. After the apples were washed and stemmed they were boiled slowly in a big kettle on the back of the black coal stove until they were soft, the pale orange-colored juice was then strained through a metal strainer then again through a flour sack so the last bit of juice could be obtained. After this a like amount of sugar was added to the juice and it was boiled and boiled until it "became a jelly consistency. It was then poured into odd-shaped bottles and sealed with paraffin wax before being stored in the cool cellar.

In the middle of the orchard were greengage and Italian prune trees. The prunes were stoned and bottled or dried in the oven and the homemade dryer in the sun. They were then put in jars and sprinkled with sugar and used in making sweet soups and other desserts. The greengages and the little blue plums that grew at the bottom of the lot kept us busy for many hours after school as we picked bushels of them. They were cooked with about $\frac{3}{4}$ their weight in sugar and made into preserves, stored in large crock jars in the cool pantry or cellar. The pits were a nuisance as we spread the jam on our homemade bread but they added a special flavor to the preserves.

Tucked away in a corner of the orchard was a pot— towatamie bush with small round orange-red plums sometimes called squirt plums because as you bit the plum, the juice squirted into your mouth leaving the dry skin and stone. The pottowatamies, like the prunes and blue plums, were better if picked after a touch of frost. Sometimes they were mixed with porter apples for preserves. I remember the dry, strange taste the little plums left in my mouth as I picked them off the tree and ate them.

There were several kinds of apples in the orchard. The winter permian provided a favorite green apple for eating as it was brought forth from the root cellar in the late winter after the earlier apples were gone. The 20- pounder was a favorite cooking apple, so named because of its huge size.

Rhubarb was another fruit that still grows readily in Sanpete soil; how we watched for the first red shoots of the pie plant (as it was then called). It grew in abundance along the picket fence. As the long red sticks grew to maturity we pulled them and cut off the big green leaves. I loved the tart juicy redness, even though it puckered my mouth as I ate it. In the canning process, we cut the sticks into small pieces, boiled and bottled them. We did about 300 quarts each summer to provide for our family of nine for our season's use. Topped on fluffy hotcakes or waffles, there was nothing better on a Saturday morning. Sometimes the rhubarb was used to make red mush, but I preferred the red mush made with the red currants. I remember the many tedious hours I spent picking the tiny red berry clusters. My reward was the red mush or a bowl full of currants topped with thick cream and sprinkled with sugar. Currant jelly always found a place among the rows of jams and jellies in the fruit pantry. Gooseberries were no less tedious to pick and stem than were the currants, but a gooseberry pie was well worth the effort.

In the 1920's there was time to pick fruit, to preserve it and no restrictions on eating all that bread

and jam with plenty of newly churned butter and tall glasses of rich milk. (No worry about cholesterol in those days.) There was time to sit in the tall grass under the trees and talk or dream. In the spring there was time to find purple violets and in the fall, time to adorn the supper table with a bouquet of yellow goldenrod that bloomed in abundance as it hung over the garden fence. The goldenrod was a reminder that on the first of September my father and mother recited their wedding vows, and many years later that became my wedding anniversary date also.

Those flowers too are gone, but on a fall day, sometimes there is a smell of preserves cooking, a glimpse of some goldenrod against an old fence and all the sweetness and security of those days in the orchard come flooding back and take me home again.

THE SKELETON KEY

HONORABLE MENTION PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

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I once saw a "Keys Made While You Wait" shop where the bottom of a large showcase window was covered with old keys of every size and shape. I asked myself "What marvelous things could those keys unlock?"

My fascination with old keys began during my coed days at Snow College in the small rural town of Ephraim. Most student apartments consisted of spare rooms in the homes of townspeople. I shared three upstairs rooms in such a house, with three other girls. Our landlady was an elderly widow who lived alone in the downstairs rooms. She was kind to us on the rare occasions when we saw her.

There was an outside stairway to our apartment so we came and went as we pleased. There was a fourth room upstairs with windows boarded up on the outside and the door was locked on the inside. The metal doorknob was carved with the image of a coiled reptile and the metal extended downward where the keyhole was. I passed that door several times a day, as did my friends. The mere fact that the door was locked seemed to invite wondering. What could be in there? There wasn't an odor so it couldn't be a body. Maybe a recluse was hiding out and was being secretly cared for by our landlady. Maybe the room was filled with stolen property to be sold later to supplement her meager income. Maybe the room held a coffin and burial clothes that would be needed at a later time. Also, it might be the hiding place of a deranged relative who hadn't been committed to the state asylum. Weeks passed and our speculations continued.

Girls have boyfriends. One night when my friend arrived for our date, he whispered to me, "I have a skeleton key that will fit any lock. Let's see what's in that room tonight." The thought was intriguing, a skeleton key with which perhaps to find a skeleton! After our friends left to go to the dance we gave in to our inquisitive notion.

The key turned the lock and the door opened on squeaky hinges. The room was dark. An electric cord hung from the ceiling in the middle of the room, but there was no light bulb. My friend had a flashlight which he shone around to each corner. The room was filled with GHOSTS, GHOSTS of the past, and cherished mementos valuable only to an old woman. Everything was covered with old sheets and dust. In one corner a yellowed wedding dress hung on a dressmaker form. Next, the light beamed on a handmade baby crib and highchair. One tiny shoe was in the corner of the crib. On a table lay a thick photo album and the first page

revealed a faded photo of a mustachioed, handsome, older man. A wardrobe stood in another corner. It held various items of out-of-style clothing, plus a box containing a hat decorated with an ostrich plume and paper roses. An old pump-organ stood against one wall and a quilt rack, by a window, held a double-wedding-ring quilt and a well-worn crazy-patch one.

Behind the door was a battered steamer trunk. Maybe the real skeleton was inside, but we didn't lift the lid.

In that then unsentimental stage of life, I felt we had intruded where we did not belong. We closed the squeaky door, turned the lock again and hoped our landlady would never know that we had entered the room.

To this day I have some old keys collected and on display in a greenish-blue glass, Ball fruit jar. What the keys were used for has long been forgotten, but the children bring odd keys to Grandma.

THE FROG AND OTHER STORIES

HONORABLE MENTION PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

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The "frog" in Grandpa's neck fascinated children, especially his grandchildren. Sometimes people are denied the opportunity of knowing their grandparents, so I feel it is a special blessing to be able to remember a great-grandparent. The "frog" was a huge growth "underneath my great-grandfather Bruno's chin. In reality, I suppose it was a cyst or a goiter, which apparently caused him no trouble or pain, because he made a game of it. His explanation to curious children was that as he was drinking from a mountain stream, a frog had jumped down his throat and taken up residence there.

Grandpa had a wealth of stories to tell, and children especially were drawn to him because he loved to share those stories with them at every opportunity. While listening to a story, a child could examine Grandpa's "frog" to his heart's content.

Grandpa Isaac Bruno (Ike as he preferred to be called), was of French-Canadian ancestry. As a child, he lived on his father's farm on the banks of the Nishnabotna River in southwestern Iowa. He boasted many times that he could stand in a certain place and throw a rock into Missouri. Actually, I think he could have thrown one into Nebraska, too, as the state boundaries are today. At that time, the family lived on rich farmland in the river bottoms, at a place called McKissick's Grove.

After the death of his father Anthony, his mother Lydia, packed up her eleven children and came across the plains, certainly no small undertaking.

She came first to Utah, but accustomed as she was to the rich, black Iowa, soil, she was not content, and moved on to the Boise area of Idaho. Two of her sons, however, Isaac and Scott, remained in Moroni, Sanpete County, Utah. Grandpa was a teenager when she left, and as far as I know, they were never reunited as a family again.

Grandpa was a thin wiry man, with gray hair and a moustache. In his younger days he was very industrious and hard-working, with no patience for those who were lazy. He was never a man of wealth, but his life was rich in adventure and experience. He had a vivid imagination, which made him a terrific story teller. Children were entertained for hours with his almost inexhaustible supply.

He often took his grandson, Euray Larson, with him to the mountains on camping trips. When their evening meal was finished, and the campfire was blazing orangered flames into the night sky, he would begin one of his tales of adventure: "Did I ever tell you about ?"

There seems to be something magical about a campfire in the mountains at night. In an inky dome of blackness overhead, the stars are sprinkled so profusely that the entire sky seems to twinkle in contrast to the dark earth below. In just such a setting, as Grandpa began his story, the spell was cast, the boy captivated, and the tales could go on far into the night.

One of the most entertaining stories was about the time he was chased by a bear. His claim was that bears could run up hill much faster than they could run down hill. He explained that this was because their front legs were shorter than their hind legs, so Grandpa just kept running down hill as fast as he could go.

He would vividly describe the bear, how big it was, the color of its shaggy coat, its fierce, glaring eyes, and the huge teeth and paws. He would excitedly tell how close it had gotten to him, how he could almost feel its hot breath, and then he would imitate the ferocious growling sounds it made. He would describe his paralyzing fear, and how his heart would almost beat out of his chest as he struggled to run faster, faster, until he was finally able to outrun the bear and save himself. In his unique style, he painted a thrilling picture for a young boy. I'm sure all of the night sounds and the shadows and stirrings of the forest took on added significance in his grandson's mind.

His next tale might be about Indian Jim, who lived at the foot of the mountains near Jerusalem. Indian Jim would go to church every Sunday, dressed in a top hat, a stiffly starched white shirt front, and a black tie and tails. After church, almost every week, he would turn up at Aunt Lib's for dinner. Aunt Lib was Grandpa's sister-in-law.

Grandpa felt an affinity for some of the Indians because he had a half-brother of whom he was very proud. He would often speak about his tall Indian half-brother named Baptiste, and of his exceptional strength. He was equally proud of his two Indian half-sisters, and also spoke often of them and of how beautiful they were.

Another story was about the time when he and some other young men were captured by Indians in a canyon east of Spring City. They were a hostile group, having already killed one man earlier in the day. In all probability, they would have harmed the boys, except for the fact that one of them recognized Grandpa as being one of Isaac Morley's boys and let them go. Grandpa had lived with and worked for Isaac Morley for a time after his mother left, and Isaac Morley was always known for his kindness to the Indians.

Far into his eighties, Grandpa would go with the young men to the Wales Reservoir to swim. He would jump into the water with the best of them, although unable to swim himself. In his eighty-ninth year, he injured his ankle, breaking several blood vessels. His foot became extremely painful, eventually resulting in the use of a cane and finally crutches to enable him to walk. He would not refrain from walking in order to elevate his leg, and continued making his customary two trips to the barber shop daily to visit with his friends. Ultimately, he was unable to get out of bed, and his leg developed gangrene which took his life a few months before his ninetieth birthday.

In addition to the true and imaginary stories Grandpa told, I remember his kind and gentle nature. But I remember best his delight in taking a child on his lap, and telling his stories while the child intently scrutinized the resident "frog."

Memories of the author and other relatives of Isaac Bruno, Iowa Census of 1860, Fayette, Floyd, Franklin, and Fremont Counties, Vol. 9-, p. 713» Madison Township. Post Office—McKissick's Grove.

TWO ROUND TRIP TICKETS TO FOUNTAIN GREEN

FIRST PLACE SHORT STORY

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(With thanks and apologies to Chris Jensen, 'Shepherd Sam,' for his story "Take Her Home To Her Family; Don't Bring Them To Her," The Salt Lake Tribune, July, 1975, page A-3.)

"Ja," explained Jhalmer Jespersen, station master at the Sanpete Valley Railroad station in Ephraim, "der vas someting qvite different dat happened at de station. A little vile before de Creeper he kom in from Manti, Broder Jhalmer, jeg will buy two going-and coming billeter from Ephraim til Fountain Green. And how much vill dey koster meg?"

"For vat in hele void, Jorgen, vill du hal dese tickets to Fountain Green? Your wife Anne Marie has yoost died dead, and de funeral, jeg haf heard, vill be in tree days. So y'y vill du go til Fountain Green? Haf you asked six of de broders to be polar bears, and haf you got all de odder tings arranged for? Jens Gravedigger has told meg du haf bought a grave lot in de new Park Cemetery, so du von't haf to go vay out by de Keskos to bury Anne in de old graveyard.'

"All dat,' replied Jorgen somewhat testily, 'iss none ov your business. It iss only my business. Maybe jeg will tell you more later—og maybe jeg vil not, yoost make out de tickets."

Twice daily, curious townspeople came to the station to watch the train puff in and pull out, smoke belching, the bell clanging, steam hissing, the massive drive shafts plunging back and forth. Having overheard the conversation at the ticket window, the onlookers were more alert and curious than usual. Their interest heightened when Otto G. Olsen pulled his "hearse vagon," drawn by matched white horses, their bridles bedecked with black plumes, up to the baggage car. A coffin was visible through the small windows of the hearse. The train watchers were accustomed to seeing "Otto G" receive from the baggage car the casketed bodies of former Ephraimites who, patriotically, had come home for their final long rest in the peaceful Sanpete atmosphere. But no one had ever seen a body shipped out. Sacrilege!

"Vel! vel!" exclaimed Otto G in his usual highly excited manner, "Vil som ov you broders hjelp lift de casket into de baggage car? Now, yoost a lille more careful der, Broder Nils Potmaker—and vil du, Broder Shingle Pete, lift your corner yoost a lille hoher? Ja, ve know, Broder Jens sondrup, dat du are de strongest man in Ephraim, but vy skal du lift de whole back half ov de casket ven odders would like to hjelp?"

Soon the work was done. Just before the conductor called out, "All aboard," Broder Jorgen Nielsen climbed into the baggage car and sat beside the casket holding Anne Marie.

"By yingo," inquired Otto By-yingo, "Vy skould Broder Jorgen vant to take Anne Marie for a ride in de beggagge car? If dey ver in de passenger car, she could look out de vindows and vatch de sun set in Mt. Horseshoe and see de cows eating and sleeping and doink odder tings in de pastures."

"Jew skal ask Jorgen's sister, Karen Skrook, vot all dis is all about. She vil know, and jeg skal telle all ov you vat is vat," volunteered False Bottom Larsen, known for his craftiness in ferreting out secrets.

But no appeals to Jorgen Nielsen's family or neighbors for information brought plausible answers. They could tell nothing because they knew nothing. Speculations kept the town abuzz until two days later when Jorgen returned on the train with Anne Marie's body. Otto G was on hand to take the casket to Jorgen's home for the customary viewing prior to the scheduled funeral. And the funeral went off very well. The

heightened curiosity in the town caused the bishop to move the funeral from the ward meetinghouse to the tabernacle so that all who desired to attend could be seated. The choir sang unusually well. Broder Jens Peter Jensen said in his opening prayer, as he had said many times before, "Lord, ve do not vant to multiply words before De," and then continued to pray for another ten minutes. The eulogies were fulsome. The only remotely negative remark about the deceased was Lauritz Mormon Preacher's candid statement, "Brodern og Sostem, many iss de time dat Broder Jorgen has told me how good Anna Marie vas to him—how she honored de Priesthood and got up on de cold mornings, made a good fire, and vanned his pants for him in front of de oven. De only tink vat he told me dat he did not like about dis good voman vas dat she would not let de pigs and de chickens run on de porch."

The funeral completed, the procession to and from the new Park Cemetery accomplished with proper dignity, family, neighbors, and friends came to Jorgen's home where he had had the best cooks in town prepare a sumptuous meal. It included chicken fricassee with mashed potatoes, sweet soup, dumpling soup, frikadeller, sweet rolls, soster kag, kaffe kag, and other Danish delicacies customary to a "Mormon wake."

Nearly all had finished eating, but no one had left, hoping for an explanation of the trip to Fountain Green. Broder Jespersen, the station master, at last asked the question that everyone wanted to ask but none had dared to: "At the railroad train station you said dat maybe sometime you would tell me later vy you had shipped Anne Marie to Fountain Green. Maybe now iss de time ven du vil tell us."

Jorgen sat silent for about three minutes—the time seemed three hours to the anxious guests. Stubbornness clouded his face; then there was an expression of relenting, and at last he spoke, loud enough so that all those close to him could hear: "Jeg var not goink to say ingen ting about our trip. But jeg know du would all pester meg og pester meg like dose horse flies pester de horses ven vi cut skunk grass in July so—diss is vy vi har vent til Fountain Green. Jeg tink vat only Hat Stenie, Karen Skrook, Nils Potmaker, og Pig Hansen remember dat Anne Marie vas born og grew up in Fountain Green, Jeg met Anne og married her der ven jeg vas doing carpentry work on Aage Aagaard's new huset. Den vi har kommet to Fort Ephraim to lif.

"Anne still har many friends der from de time ven she yar a lille pige og a junge voman. Also, her family are der—many ov dem. So, jeg t'ot it would be nice of jeg took Anne to Fountain Green to see dem so dey would not haf to kom til Ephraim to see her. All day people came to see Anne at her old home, Efferybody vas happy to see her der, and dey said how pretty Otto G had made her look. Vi had a lille meeting—almost likesom a funeral, og den vi har kom back to Ephraim for dis nice funeral.

"But den beaten ting about dat train trip to Fountain Green vas dat jeg did not haf to haf her family stay at meg huset before eller after de funeral. Der iss her vater og moder og four broders so big som Andrew Thomson's off ox Freck, og two sostem who would render out two crocks ov lard—each vun. Alle ov dem eat likesom Ras Knap's big Percheron horses in plowing time. Og den der are twenty eller tirty ov de small vuns. If jeg had to feed all dose in dat family it would haf been likesom ven de grasshoppers svarmed over de fields last sommer. Der would not haf been vun scrap ov food left in dis town— og maybe not in Manti either."

VELKOMMEN HJEM PETER

SECOND PLACE SHORT STORY

David G. Mackey

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How could a man love two women the same? It was beyond him and yet he knew he did. Peter stood, stretched his arms above his head, and began walking back to the small boarding house. It was an odd looking adobe building with a brick addition on the north side, and a wooden shanty connecting at the south and west ends. Smoke was slowly curling up through the crumbling chimney. Peter knew that it was past the hour Sister Pitchford had said dinner would be on the table, but the warm Nephi sunshine had made the January afternoon a bit brighter. Besides, he felt too cooped up in the house. He just wanted to be on his way home to Manti.

Peter stopped outside the door long enough to knock the crusted snow from his boots before walking in.

"Is that you, Peter?" Sister Pitchford called from another room, "I've set you a plate on the edge of the stove, there's plenty of bread and potatoes, help yourself."

Peter glanced through the open bedroom door as he walked by, and could see the small white-headed woman sitting in a rocker busily sewing.

Peter turned his thoughts to home, It hadn't been easy living the higher law of marriage, but Peter believed that he had been a good provider for his families. Oh, sometimes his wives would accuse him of being more partial to one family than the other. But generally everyone was contented.

As Peter sat down to eat he wondered about Annie Dorthea, his first wife. Today, being a Friday, he could see her baking bread and washing clothes. He chuckled as he thought about her scolding young Joseph for leaving the milk pail where the cats could get at it. She was a good woman!

Peter soaked the hard edge of his bread in the last pool of gravy. He thought that maybe his two families were getting along better. He always prayed that he could treat them equally, God only knew how much he loved --:them.

His second wife, Anna Petersen, was much younger than Annie Dorthea, but they got along like sisters— working and quarreling together. Fortunately, there wasn't too much bickering between his families, but he knew of some homes that were broken up over jealousy. He had built his wives separate houses and they seemed quite satisfied with his attempts to make everything just right.

Annie Dorthea had wanted a fireplace in the north wall and one in the center wall. Anna Petersen wanted her fireplaces in the north and south walls. In the end, each wife had her own house with two fireplaces! When Annie Dorthea had wanted a picket fence built around the front of her house, Peter and his oldest sons built her one. The day he finished Dorthea's fence he went directly across the street and began building a fine picket fence for Anna Petersen.

Peter got up from the table and walked back outside. The sun was getting closer to its destination behind the grey mountains. He picked up an axe from the woodpile and began smashing it down against several small logs. They broke easily beneath the steel blade. Sister Pitchford soon appeared on the back porch.

"Did you get enough to eat?"

"Yes ma'am, and it was mighty good, too." Peter wiped his forehead with the palm of his hand. "Von ting's for certain—I must work hard ven I return to my farm if I am to get rid of this winter fat," Peter smiled as he patted his stomach.

That night Peter entertained a roomful of Sister Pitchford's boarders and several neighbors. First he played his violin, and then his cornet and flute. Later, some of his younger listeners begged him to play his violin while they danced. They pulled the chairs to the edge of the room, and with Sister Pitchford's encouragement, rolled up the small carpet. Before he knew it there were nearly sixteen people in the small room. After an hour passed of quadrilles and other dances, the room was swelling with more people all the time. Peter was not able to put his violin down until after midnight, and he did not get to bed until nearly one in the morning.

Peter lay thinking about the excitement of the evening. He thought Sister Pitchford had probably not been happier for a long time. Peter reflected back twenty five years when they had crossed the Plains together in the same company. The Pitchford's were from England, and although Peter was but a lad" from Denmark who knew scarcely any English, they had befriended him. After arriving in Zion they continued to travel together as far south as Nephi, where the Pitchford's decided to remain. Peter went on to Manti where his brother Ole Hans Westenskow lived with his family. Memories of over half a life time seemed to pass before him and soon he drifted off to sleep.

Peter awoke from a bad dream. As he sat on the edge of his bed, he looked around the dimly lit room and felt relieved. It was larger than what his cell had been, and there were no bars across the window. He walked over to the window and stared out at the cold morning dawn climbing above the east mountains. The cold made him shiver but he remained at the window. He was thinking hard about a lot of things. His family, the gospel, and Sanpete. For some reason he kept reflecting on what his father had told him before leaving the Old Country. "Mormonism, " he said, "will bring you nothing but grief. One day you shall wish that you had never heard of it, and you shall long to be back in Denmark where God meant for you to be."

Peter knew a war was raging and there was no denying it. It was the fiercest anyone had yet seen. The Territory had come up against some mighty big problems right from the start. There had been crop destruction from crickets, "battles with the Indians, and U.S. military troops. But somehow the people had managed to survive all that. Now the latest war, the war on plural marriage, seemed more than even the best could endure.

The Church authorities were in hiding, and as Peter had learned by letter, many of the brethren in Sanpete were rarely seen. Wives were having a hard time explaining to their children where their fathers were. Some of Peter's own children had asked Bishop Jensen if he had sent their papa on a mission, Few people could be trusted anymore. Strangers in town were often U.S. marshals. They were easy to identify because they had a sneaky look in their eyes, Peter thought. Besides, if you looked close enough you would see that they were armed. He had learned a lot more about "Feds" since his arrest.

Peter began to put his things into a brown satchel, He also had a carry-all, which at first had seemed a nuisance, but he was soon grateful he had it. They held a few books, small tools, his musical instruments, and some articles of clothing.

Everything Peter had taken with him to the prison in Salt Lake had been useful. The prisoners had joked that one thing they had plenty of was TIME! Some nights Peter practiced with other brethren who were musicians, and they would perform for assembled prisoners on special occasions. They had been allowed to organize a choir, which sang at Sunday meetings.

Peter knew that he would cherish some memories of his stay in the "pen." Some of the best sermons that he had ever heard were delivered by prisoners. Leading men in the Church and brethren from all over the Territory were incarcerated for conscience sake. Some prisoners had felt it was an honor, and others merely a duty, if not an inconvenience, to serve time for their religious beliefs. Peter had mixed feelings. He only knew that he was glad to be out, and he was anxious to be back home with his families.

Peter?"

"Ya Sister Pitchford—what is it?"

The old woman stood at the base of the steep stairs holding a broom in front of her small figure.

"John Ramsey was by," she said, leaning against her broom. "He wanted you to know the tracks are now clear through Salt Creek and the train will leave this morning at 8 o'clock."

"I'd already decided I would climb around Salt Creek if dat train did not leave today!" Peter exclaimed pointing to the east. He eagerly placed his Mormons "bog into the satchel, and leaped down the hollow-sounding steps. Sister Pitchford handed him a small bundle of food.

"It's not much, Peter, but it should satisfy you 'til noon." Peter smiled as he patted his stomach and stepped out the door.

The Sanpete "Creeper" seemed to take hours climbing up the canyon. It was a cold ride, but Peter didn't feel that he could complain. He was grateful to be on his way home. As the train reached the summit, black smoke blew fiercely from the engine. Everything came to a complete stop. But slowly the train began to move again, down the other side. Peter's heart began to pound harder. "Sanpete at last," he muttered under his breath.

When the train finally reached Chester, Peter was the first one off. Someone tapped his shoulder and he turned to stare up into the face of his oldest son Niels, Standing beside him was his brother Hans. Peter embraced them both, and then hugged his son again, knocking off his hat and matting down his sandy hair with his hands.

"How's your mother—and brodders and sisters?"

"We're all fine father, and everyone is anxious to see you." Hans picked up Peter's bags and placed them in the wagon.

"Come on you two, its goin' to be veil after dark before we get home."

Peter sat between his son and brother laughing and asking hundreds of questions. He wanted to know about their Christmas festivities. Did little Jennie May and Olivia like the wooden dolls he had carved for them? How were things in town? Had the Scandinavian choir been holding regular practices? What about Manti's bands?

Outside Ephraim Peter squinted to see the temple. He thought he could, but it got dark before he was really sure. The road to Manti was very muddy and Hans had to stop the team several times. Hans handed the reins to Niels while he and Peter pushed on the back of the wagon.

"We Danes have learned to drive a team and wagon veil, Hans," Peter said patting his brother's shoulder. "Do ya remember the time ve were crossing the Sanpitch with Brodder Veibye?" Peter began to laugh as Hans nodded that he did.

"And you took us across the deepest hole in the river?" Peter hit the wagon box with his hand and laughed harder.

"Hans sunk us with the vagon, Niels! And poor Brodder Veibye—he nearly gave up the ghost!" All three men were now laughing heartily.

The men continued to exchange yarns as they reached the outskirts of town. Peter could see some small lights coming from the west windows of the recently dedicated temple. Hans suggested that it was probably in President Wells's room. Peter said he wanted to go to the temple as soon as possible. But at the moment his mind was really on his families. How would they receive him?

As the wagon moved slowly up the road, Peter thought the town seemed unusually quiet, Except for an occasional yapping dog, the streets were deserted. Peter's heart began racing as Hans turned the team up the canyon road. He knew that home was only minutes away. His excitement was shortened, however, when Hans said he had to first stop at his place. Peter thought his older "brother was being awfully mean. But he said nothing.

Hans pulled the wagon behind the house, handed the reins to Niels, and jumped down. Suddenly a throng of people burst from the barn and house. They were cheering. Peter was astonished, but his heart was filled with joy. He saw his two wives and several of his children. He rushed up to them and pulled them into his arms. Then he heard the loud, distinctive voices of the South Ward Choir, and Peter realized that it was more than a dream. He knew that he was home at last. And as Manti's silver band joined in with the strains of the choir, Peter knew without any doubt that he was not yet in heaven. . . still short of perfection, but happy all the same.

This story is based on an incident in the life of Peter Westenskow, the author's second great-grandfather. The following account appeared in the "Home Sentinel" on January 23, 1889: Bro Peter Westenskow returned from Uncle Sam's keeping Monday evening. The Manti silver band and the South Ward choir met Bro. Westenskow at his brother's residence and escorted him home, where a very happy time was had, music and singing being the order of the hour. We are glad to see Bro. W. home again."

Source: The History of Sanpete and Emery Counties; "Life Sketch of Peter Westenskow;" the Jens Veibye Journals; Song of a Century, and family stories.

WELCOME CHAPMAN

THIRD PLAGUE SHORT STORY

Linnie M. Findlay

255 East 1st South

Ephraim, Utah 84627

When Welcome Chapman was chosen in 1854 to succeed Isaac Morley as the presiding ecclesiastical authority in Manti, he had already been through much hardship and persecution, and had proved his worth in the fires of adversity.

He was born in Readsborough, Bennington County, Vermont, to parents, Benjamin and Sybil Amidon Chapman. It may have been because he was not strong as a youth that Welcome gave up the trade of cutting stone, which he had learned through an apprenticeship. He became a cook on a fishing vessel that plied the waters along the coast of Maine and in Lake Ontario. "After one of these fishing expeditions, probably in the year 1831, he met Susan Amelia Risley, then in her early twenties. According to tradition, it was love at first sight. However, Susan Amelia's parents. . . objected to their daughter marrying a fisherman, since they did not think the occupation would provide sufficiently for their daughter."

Welcome returned to the stone cutting trade, which satisfied Amelia's parents, and the young couple were married. He was 26 and she was 24. "Life on the fishing boat had brought robust health to Welcome."

Susan Amelia Risley was born 24 August 1807 at Madison, Madison County, New York, the daughter of Eleazer and Amelia Matson Risley. She had been taught well in the skills of homemaking and could card, spin and weave wool yarn and linen thread; make cloth, sew, knit, tat and embroider, and was skilled in braiding straw to make hats. Her education had also included writing and mathematics.

Flax was raised on the Risley farm, from which the family produced linen thread which was woven into sheets, pillow cases, and petticoats, etc, "Each of the Risley girls had one dozen linen sheets, two dozen pillow cases, a feather bed, a pair of pillows and a good supply of clothing in her Hope Chest. The making of clothing required not only carding, spinning and weaving, but also the hand sewing of each article with fine stitching by needle and thread, and it also required the bleaching of the linen articles in the sunshine. After Welcome and Amelia joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, there began to be persecution against them; their friends and neighbors shunned them and looked down on them. Susan Amelia's family had been one of the most prominent and highly respected families in Madison County, New York, and both of Welcome's grandfathers had served in the American Revolution and were among the first settlers of Readsborough. Welcome and Amelia made their home in Hubbardsville, New York, where their first four daughters were born. Their first was a pair of twins, who were named Almira J. and Chestine. Both died in infancy. The next child, also a girl, named Rosetta Anise, was born 5 September 1835* Soon afterward, Welcome and Amelia joined the "Mormon" Church.

Amelia's parents were broken-hearted when their daughter and her husband joined this new, unpopular religion, but continued to give them love and support. The family of Welcome was very bitter, to the point of disowning him and refusing to answer his letters.

Another daughter, whom they named Amelia, was born to this young couple on 20 March 1837. She was about a year old when the family decided to join the Saints in Ohio or Missouri. The two children, Rosetta and Amelia, were the only granddaughters the Risleys had then, and they tried to persuade their daughter and son-in-law to stay, so that they could enjoy the happy association with these dearly loved little girls.

But when they discovered that their pleadings could not sway Welcome and Amelia in their decision, they supplied them with two wagons, two yoke of oxen, bedding, utensils and extra food and clothing. "It was indeed a sad parting, Amelia felt she was leaving her dear ones forever and it was so, she never saw them again."

Shortly after the Chapmans had joined the saints, and had established a comfortable home, violence broke out against the Mormons and they were given but a few hours to vacate their homes, which were to be burned. It was in August of 1838 that the crusade against the Saints in Missouri began, Amelia was expecting a baby in three months. It seemed they had been reduced to one lone horse, named Dolly. What had become of the two prairie scooners and two yoke of oxen, we don't know. Welcome took a chest of clothing the first two trips. On the third trip he took the baby Amelia in his arms and a three and a half-year-old Rosetta and two pillows behind him on the horse. As Welcome left this third time, he said to his wife: 'I'll come back and get you next time, Amelia. In the meantime you can pack the rest of the things and I'll see if I can get some way to take them away before dark, The mob won't start anything before dark.'

"The road led through dense woods part of the way and as Welcome was returning from the third trip in the late afternoon, the sunshine was almost shut out by the thick growth of trees, making it almost like twilight. About a mile from their home he saw a strange object coming toward him down the winding road; because of its queer shape he could not make out what it was. Bears were not unknown to those woods at

that time, but it seemed top heavy for a bear; besides a bear would scarcely be so bold as to remain in the open road within plain sight of a horseman approaching. As he drew nearer, Welcome could see that it was a woman with a heavy burden on her back. He urged his tired horse on to investigate and give aid and presently was shockingly surprised to discover that it was his own wife, Amelia, carrying her precious feather bed. Sliding quickly from his horse Welcome exclaimed: 'Oh, Mother Amelia, why have you done this? Are you trying to kill yourself?' Amelia answered, 'Why Welcome, you surely didn't think I was going to let those old mobocrats have my best feather bed, did you, with me going to be sick in three months? It seemed like you were gone so long this time and I was afraid the mob would come before you could get all the things away, and I knew we couldn't both ride old Dolly and take the feather bed.'"

Welcome expressed his anxiety that she might not go full time before her baby was born, due to this terrible circumstance. However, she went her full time, and when the baby boy was born they named him Joseph Smith Chapman, after the Prophet Joseph Smith. He was born at Far West, Caldwell County, Missouri, on 17 November 1838, in the midst of plundering and scenes of severe hardship and persecution. The Haun's Mill Massacre had occurred on 30 October 1838.

It was interesting to note that this Joseph Smith Chapman was just four days younger than the son of Hyrum and Mary Fielding Smith, born 13 November 1838 in Far West, Missouri, who was known throughout his life as Joseph F. Smith. It is supposed that the two young boys were well acquainted. Both were nine years old when they crossed the plains to Utah, and arrived in Salt Lake Valley with Brigham Young's Company on 23 September 1838. Many years later in Pine Top, Arizona, Joseph F. Smith spoke warmly of his memories of Welcome Chapman.

"The Chapmans eventually settled in Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois. Welcome worked at his trade, stonecutting and masonry, and when the construction of the Temple was commenced in April 1841, he worked on it."

Three sons were born to Welcome and Amelia in Nauvoo. They were Hyrum, Benjamin and Levi. Benjamin died when he was about three months old. "They had established a comfortable home in beautiful Nauvoo, where they were enjoying their friends and neighbors, but they were not to enjoy these fine things for long. Again mobs of violent men descended upon Nauvoo (and) in 1846 the inhabitants were forced to leave their beautiful city and homes, taking as much as possible of their moveable belongings, and crossed the Mississippi into Iowa, The Chapmans settled at first at Garden Grove, Iowa, but must have soon located at Winter Quarters, since their daughter Fidelia was born in Winter Quarters in October, While there, they made preparations for the long journey across the plains.

The Chapmans then had six children, and had lost three in death. They were outfitted for the journey with two ox teams, two covered wagons, a milk cow, grain for seed, and for grinding, beans, garden seeds, cooking utensils, bedding, clothing and a loom for weaving cloth, which Amelia could use with skill. They had managed somehow to hold onto a few precious articles through all the mobbings and moving. Welcome still had a black broadcloth suit and high silk hat, which was the pride of his heart and which was reserved to be worn on very special occasions, Amelia still had her priceless linen, her white wedding gown, her black taffeta dress with a tiny black bonnet to wear on special occasions, when Welcome donned his high silk hat and broadcloth suit.

They arrived in Salt Lake Valley in the fall of 1848, and were able to share some of their supplies with those who were already in the valley, keeping only enough for their own needs and seed for the next spring. Another son, who was named Welcome Chapman, Jr., was born in Salt Lake Valley on 2 October 1849.

Amelia's loom was soon put to good use, weaving linsey-woolsey cloth, which was needed badly by the whole community. Clothing had to be made in the homes with needle and thread, even the boys trousers, jackets, caps, hats and women's bonnets. Winter caps and jackets were often made of fur and animal skins.

The Chapman girls learned to card and spin wool and to sew. They also did most of the housework while their mother worked at her loom. Most of the women and girls owned calico sunbonnets, fitted with stiff slate to hold them in shape and long capes in the back to guard the necks of the fair wearers from the hot sun. A few of them had brightly colored calico dresses which they wore for best and still fewer had black silk dresses which they had brought across the plains, and tiny "boughten" bonnets which were used only on special occasions.

When the mother, Amelia Chapman learned there was going to be a grand celebration on 24 July 1849, and girls with white dresses would be in demand to walk in the parade, she made her white wedding gown over for her daughter. Rosetta and Brigham Young's eldest daughter were chosen to lead the parade and carry the American Flag. Twenty-four girls dressed in white marched and sang in the parade.

Welcome and Amelia Chapman moved to Manti in 1850, where they had been called. "In spite of her family and household duties, mother Amelia Chapman found time to work in the Church and observe social customs of the day. She was president of the Relief Society for several years, and fulfilled the duties of that office with honor and ability."

"It is hard for housewives of today to realize how many things that we consider absolute necessities, that our pioneer women never knew about or if they did, they were unable to get them. For example, the rough wooden floors must be scrubbed with sand (not soap) and also tables, chairs, stools and benches had to be cleaned the same way. What little soap they had for washing clothes and bathing was made from wood ashes and tallow, by a long, tedious process. The pioneers gathered from the soil a form of alkali called 'saleratus,' which they dissolved in water, so that any soil adhering to it might settle to the bottom of the vessel, and then the liquid was carefully poured off, used with sour milk or sour dough as we would use soda as a leavener in making bread.

"All edible plants or weeds that could be used for food were gathered and cooked for 'greens.' Mother Amelia, was an authority on the medicinal properties of many roots, herbs, "berries and plants. She was a midwife, and practical doctor and nurse and was often called by her neighbors for many miles around to assist at births, and to treat cuts, burns, bruises and even contagious diseases."

"July 8, 1854; The High Council of the Manti Branch met to select a Branch President to replace Isaac Morley. (Isaac Morley had been called back to Salt Lake.) They selected Welcome Chapman for president with James Wareham 1st counselor and Warren S. Snow, 2nd Counselor. On July 9» Sunday, the people unanimously voted to sustain these men in these callings.

"A stake was later organized on July 27, 1854» with Welcome Chapman as President, which position he held for eight years.

Amelia Chapman was an excellent cook and housekeeper. President Brigham Young and other Church authorities and official visitors from Salt Lake City often made the Chapman home their headquarters while they were in Sanpete Valley.

Welcome Chapman did not have as many educational opportunities as his wife had, but she willingly taught him, and helped him in many ways in his active public life. In addition to presiding in the Church in Manti he was "chosen as one of the first selectmen or city councilmen as they are now called; he belonged to the first Militia, 1850-1853* and used his stonecutting and masonry skills in the building of the Manti Temple.

He had assisted in the building of the Nauvoo Temple, and after he was released as Stake President in Manti, he was called back to Salt Lake City to assist with the stone work on that great structure. Some of his sons also worked as stone masons on the temple.

The Chapmans were community builders wherever they lived, and they raised a good and honorable family, with seven of their ten children growing to maturity and raising families of their own. Susan Amelia Risley Chapman died at Fountain Green on the 18th of February 1888, at the age of 81, She was laid out in two of the linen sheets that she had made when she was a girl at home. Welcome Chapman, Sr., died at Fountain Green, on the 9th of December 1893. Both are buried in the cemetery at the foot of the Manti Temple Hill,

Information for this history obtained from the Life History of Welcome and Susan Amelia (Risley) Chapman, compiled by the late John D, Chapman, with introductory sheet signed by him, MSS, unpublished.

All material enclosed in quotation marks are essentially direct quotes from this source.

See also booklet, The Manti Utah Stake Center. compiled by Sherrol C. Snow, 1987, printed by Messenger- Enterprise, Inc., Manti, Utah, p, 5-

SPRING CITY CHRISTMAS

HONORABLE MENTION SHORT STORY

Sherrie Ahlstrom Hundley

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The corner streetlight illuminated the already white streets, as they lay shimmering in the evening snow, where a two-story brick house stood on the corner just a block off main street in the little town of Spring City, Utah, In the glowing circle of the light the snow-covered pickets in the fence looked like a line of slender soldiers with extra tall hats, their shadows falling across the blue-white expanse of the yard.

From somewhere nearby came the baa of sheep and the clink of a cowbell, and then a new sound was clearly audible.

"Is that the sound of sleigh bells?" asked Mama, "Could it possibly be Santa Claus coming so early this Christmas Eve?"

"I doubt it," said Daddy, "but maybe it's one of his helpers coming around to check on little folks and their last minute behavior."

I sat quietly listening, wondering. Every year, for quite some time before Christmas came, I had been told that Santa watched little kids, listening at windows or whatever, to find out what they'd been up to. How I hoped I'd been good enough to please him. How I wished that I hadn't run away that time, wished I hadn't quarreled with my sister or crept silently into Grandma's cornpatch last summer and pulled the corn silk from the cobs to make doll dressed. I hoped Santa didn't know about the time I went to gather the eggs for Grandma and broke one, quickly covering it with dirt and chicken dung so that no one would know. Had I been bad for a seven-year-old? Would Santa pass me by?

I had hoped and wished so hard for something special this year—not a doll or a cupboard or anything like that, although that would be nice, but I wanted a car. One of those little cars you sit in and pedal with

your feet—I'd seen kids in those, and I wanted one more than anything else in the world. I hadn't told anyone. They'd only laugh and think that was a dumb thing for a girl, but I didn't care. I guessed I was sort of a tomboy, anyway, loved to climb trees and things. Even knew how to play marbles.

I could feel what it would be like having one of those cars, flying around Grandma's big house on those cement sidewalks. I thought that surely if there was a Santa Claus, that I would get that car. Everyone said he was supposed to really care about kids and loved making them happy. So I figured I'd get my car, because that would make me happier than anything.

The bells jingled again, just as Mama called to come and get my hair done up in ringlets. "It's almost bedtime," she was saying. "If Santa does come around here, he'll go on by and find a house where the kids are asleep. He's got a lot of places to go, and has to get started early. Maybe he won't have time to come back."

I sat down at the dining room table, the same one that had been used as an operating table when the doctor came and took out my tonsils. I could still remember how sore my throat was. It just wasn't true that you could eat corn on the cob the next day, like my cousin had said.

I had lots of cousins and we had glorious times together. We were always playing house and dressing up in Mama's clothes or building paper-doll houses all over the upstairs hallway, or climbing up in the barn, or roller skating on the cement sidewalks. Not all small towns had cement sidewalks in those days, but Spring City did, at least around Grandma's house and down the block both ways to the corner. It was great flying past the straight board fence surrounding the corral, clear down to Acord's house on the next corner. I can remember the clicking of the little steel wheels on my skates as I rolled over the cracks in the sidewalk. Some were pretty uneven, and you had to watch for them or maybe trip and fall on your face. The sidewalks ended at the corner, and beyond that lay the open fields where the grass grew as tall as my waist, and the birds were always singing in the summertime.

But this was winter time. There were no birds singing now. The scene was like an old-fashioned Christmas card—snow-covered roads with sleigh tracks, houses with twinkling lights coming from the windows, and families inside. A few blocks away the splendid stone church stood silent and serene in the winter solitude, its towering spire reaching high up into the clear, starlit night. The few stores in town were closed by now, their shelves almost emptied by Christmas shoppers, and every man hurried a little faster with his evening chores and milking so that he could spend Christmas Eve with his family. Some families waited until then to put up their tree. Some only found them when they arose on Christmas morning.

Our tree seemed extra large that year, half filling the room, in my child's mind. It was so beautiful with its little clip-on candles and silver icicles hanging from every branch. For years after, I would remember that tree, just as I remembered other things about Grandma's house. There was always the smell of baked raisin buns which Grandma seemed never to be out of, a crock full of pickles in the cellar, and food in the burlap-covered ice-box on the back porch. In the living room there were two colonnades attached to glass fronted cupboards holding Grandma's prized dishes and ornaments, some of which now sit in my own glass cupboard. And two old pendulum clocks ticked out the hours and chimed simultaneously.

Just as Mama was about finished with my hair, a light tapping sound came from the big window. I looked up just in time to see a rosy-cheeked face peering in from outside. It was somehow familiar—a red hat trimmed with white, long white whiskers, twinkling eyes. Then as quickly as he had appeared, he was gone.

My heart seemed to jump into my throat and I darted from my chair. Mama ran to the door and called out, "Kerry Christmas!" but when it was all over they found me shaking and frightened under the table, curled up like a little Christmas mouse!

I wondered if there could be some special meaning in my seeing Santa Claus, Did this mean that I had been good or bad? In those days it was not common to see Santa. There were no large department stores where we lived, no parades to usher in the season, no television on which he appeared time and time again. To catch a glimpse of him was something quite rare and special indeed, an experience no child could forget!

Yet my feelings were mixed, I was glad I had seen him, but wondered just how much he knew about me, I knew I could never sleep when Mama came and said it was time to go upstairs, but I went anyway (remembering to say my prayers), I cuddled down in the big feather bed and tried to sleep, I secretly vowed I would never do anything naughty again. I hoped, too, that Santa would remember Mama and Daddy, and Grandma, of course. Daddy had a big blue dump truck and had come up from southern Utah because there wasn't much work. Things had been pretty lean during the depression years, but I never heard them talk about how bad things were, nor do I ever remember feeling poor. We had always been a close family, along with Daddy's folks. His grandparents were also among the early settlers of Sanpete County, as I have always felt doubly tied to this valley.

When Christmas morning came I hurried downstairs and found that Santa had not forgotten me. The car I had hoped for was not there among the presents, but there was a big baby doll and many other things, and somehow getting a pedal-car didn't seem all that important anymore, I will always remember it as being one of my best Christmases, if not the best. It wasn't what or how much I got that was important. It was the feeling I remember of the happiness of our being together, and the beautiful winter day in a place that I loved.

After breakfast, we dressed in our warmest winter clothes, and started walking out through the deep snow to visit our relatives. Trailing through the fluffy, white morning was half the fun of Christmas day, and getting there to see our aunts, uncles and cousins was something not to be missed!

I had never seen a Christmas tree quite like the one at my Aunt Lola's, nor have I since. The long, silver shimmering icicles hung as thick as icing on a cake, and I couldn't help wondering how many hours it had taken to put them on, or who would have such patience.

Going to the relatives' houses was always fun, in winter or summer, I remember the deep, dark well at Aunt Hazel's where the family drew water that came from the cool springs, from which Spring City got its name, and the house where they raised a big family. It seemed big to me then, but now has stood empty for many years, and looks very small.

It's difficult to remember now, all the things about that time when I lived in Spring City, but I do remember the feelings that have stayed with me and the love I have for the people who shared those days with me. The houses are much older now, some empty and rundown, some over grown with shrubs. Some have been well kept or renovated. Barns and fences where we played are either gone or are sagging and weathered. Main Street has had many changes, and the stone church has a nice, big add-on. The schoolhouse stands empty and quite forlorn, and the metal fire escape we used to play on has been taken away.

But if you listen, you can still hear the baa of a sheep or the clink of a cowbell. Birds still warble in the green, summer fields, and the snow lies thick and glittering under the street lights, making fence shadows. People still celebrate Christmas—creating, I hope, beautiful and lasting memories in the life of some child, just as it did for me so many years ago.

Changes come in life—in people, in towns, in everything. But Spring City will always be a beautiful place in my memories. It was there that I learned what families are all about,

A LOVE THAT BEGAN ON A MOUNTAIN TOP

HONORABLE MENTION SHORT STORY

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Ideas for the following story were taken from conversations with a lady who spoke of her adventure on the mountains east of Manti, about the year 1906.

Pete, a forty-year-old bachelor, was in love with Karen, age twenty-four. Karen was an immigrant girl from Denmark, who had joined the Latter-Day Saint Church and come to Manti to make her home. Due to an accident, Karen had a crippled leg and had walked with a crutch since she was eight years of age. She now earned her living as a seamstress and took pride in her accomplishments. Because of her wooden crutch she had vowed to never marry, "Marriage is not for me," she said. "That part of my life shall remain as a closed book," Then one day.

The telephone rang as Karen was leaving for work. She stopped to answer the call.

"Hello, Karen?"

"Yes,"

"I have a favor to ask of you."

"No, Pete."

"No?"

"I have tried to tell you. This can't go on."

"But you owe it to me, one last favor. We owe it to ourselves." Pete's voice faded away.

"Very well. This one last favor."

"The reservoirs in the canyon are practically empty now. I am going up there to close the head gates before winter sets in. It is very beautiful this time of the year. It is better that we go on horseback. Can you ride a horse?"

"I don't know. I haven't tried since I was about thirteen years of age. Perhaps I have forgotten how to ride."

"Riding a horse is something one does not forget. Bess is good to follow my horse. You will have no trouble. I'll be around for you bright and early. Take along a sweater, it may be cool up there."

"I'll be ready and with a picnic."

Karen went to work, but all day her heart was singing. "This will definitely be my last date with Pete," she said, to calm down the excitement she felt. After work she went to the Bee Hive Store and purchased a pair of men's bib overalls.

Pete arrived just as the sun appeared over the horizon. Both horses were saddled. The horse Karen was to ride was a high-stepping sorrel.

"How do I look in men's pants?" she asked,

"Pine, just fine, Bess will probably appreciate your clothing. She is not acquainted with skirts,"

"I always rode bareback," said Karen, observing the saddle,

"Bareback is fine in Denmark's flat farm land but here in the rocky mountains it is better that we saddle up."

Pete held the reins as Karen put her good leg into the stirrup and swung herself lightly into the saddle. Her crutch fell to the ground. He picked it up and started toward the house with it.

"Where are you going with that?" she asked.

"I'm putting it on the porch. Each horse has four legs, I have two and you have one. How many legs do you need? Bess will accept of you but I doubt she will like your crutch."

Karen had a puzzled look on her face. Since she was eight years of age she had never been without her crutch.

"You can walk a short distance without that crutch, can't you?" Karen nodded, "You will be just fine. Trust me. Go ahead now, try her and see how you get along."

Karen gave Bess the reins, a nudge with her foot and up the road they trotted. She laughed as all the joys of childhood came flooding over her, Pete followed, also laughing.

The day was perfect as they made their way up the trails. Pete stopped now and then to close head gates so that the water could accumulate in the reservoirs during the winter storms.

Before the day was over Karen learned some of the reasons why Pete had never married. He had several girl friends, when younger, but other responsibilities demanded his time.

"I was seventeen years of age when my father died," he said, "My mother, with her crippled leg, needed my help to care for the family. Then she died a year later with a disease known as black canker, (in Pete's day, vitamins were unheard of. Black canker was caused by lack of vitamin C.) My nine-year-old sister was left in my care."

"What happened to your mother's leg? Why was she crippled?"

"We don't know. Some disease in her childhood left her leg useless from the hip and down. She walked with two crutches."

"Yet, she married and had a family!" Karen didn't really believe that such a thing would be possible.

"My mother always said that she had three crutches; two were made of wood and the third was faith. Her wooden crutches didn't prevent her from a good life and five children. She worked very hard. Pioneer families had a struggle to live here in those days."

"You had the responsibility of a parent at an early age," said Karen.

"Mary Ann was nine years old when mother died. I cared for her until she married. She and Jim lived with me until after her two children were born. Then they purchased a home nearby. Since then I have been like a member of her family."

"You are lucky to have a sister who cares and shares with you,"

"They are good to me but Mary Ann tells me that I should have a wife and family of my own."

"And Mary Ann is right. You would make a wonderful husband and father. That is why I tell you not to waste your time with me. You know I cannot. . ." Karen galloped up the road.

Pete let her go. Later when he caught up with her she had dismounted near a large rock. Her arms were around the neck of Bess and she rubbed the horse's soft forehead. She was speaking to Bess in Danish.

"Bess is like my pony back in Denmark," she said.

"I thought that you and Bess would soon be good friends." said Pete.

They were nearing the summit in a wide expanse of wild flowers. Pete led the horses to a stream of water, removed the saddles and let them rest and graze in the clean, fresh and stimulating air. Karen spread thick buttered ham sandwiches and homemade apple jelly pastries on a flat rock for them to enjoy.

The road became steep and narrow as they reached the summit and stopped to observe the landscape. "We are now over 10,500 feet," said Pete, "from here we can see across the miles into the state of Colorado on the east and Nevada on the west."

"It is all so vast, huge and awesome!" exclaimed Karen.

"That is true," said Pete. "I like to come up here where I can view the earth as God created it. I feel that I am a bit nearer to heaven. In the valley man has made changes to suit his needs but here I feel that I get a glimpse, perhaps of eternity."

"I am lost in all of this. I feel small indeed," said Karen.

"I know what you mean. From here we are insignificant and our cares and problems are of even less importance," said Pete with a faraway look in his eyes, "troubles that seem insurmountable at home are scarcely nothing from this view point. But come, I must get you home before dark. You may be stiff and sore after all this riding. A hot bath will be relaxing."

Pete and his horse led Karen and Bess back to town. Then he helped her to the porch and to her crutch. He made no physical advances toward her, knowing that if he did she would withdraw in her usual manner.

"Thank you, oh thank you for this wonderful day." said Karen, "This I shall never forget. This world has no end of wonders to explore."

As Pete left they both knew that their lives had met on a higher plane that day, a place beyond earthly cares, beyond physical weakness, beyond age lines, a place where mythical kraken emerging from surging seas could never reach to destroy their destiny.

Karen felt as she did when she joined the church back in Denmark, when the spirit of the gospel was revealed to her, not to be denied. Peace filled her soul, self pity and bitterness were abated and her sense of abandonment faded. She saw her insistence on independence as what it was—a fear against relying on another person. Her crutch was her excuse to avoid this. She suddenly felt alone and incomplete.

"When did this happen?" she asked herself. Was it when Pete left my crutch on the porch and showed me that I could rely on myself, and on him? Was it as he took me to that ledge and gave me a greater view and said it was a glimpse into the eternities, or was it when he told me his mother was also crippled, walked with two crutches, yet led a normal life?"

Karen now felt that there was a possibility—a hope—that she might be capable of marriage, of having a husband, a home and a family. A part of her knew that she could trust Pete, that she was in love. But she could not yet admit it to herself or others.



Livingston family enjoys stories around the campfire while the lamb is roasting.

Courtesy Jessie Oldroyd, Myrie Cloward



Jennis Allred, Manti, and friends gather to talk after bringing their cattle on the mountain.

Courtesy Jennis Allred



Glen J. Nielson with pack horses on Ephraim West Mountain.

Courtesy Virginia Nielson



A LOGGING TRIP AT BLUE LAKE (12-Mile Canyon 1894)
Left to right: Arthur Larson, Winfred Fjelsted, John Modeen, Martin Madsen,
Joseph Kearns, Andrew Anderson, Morten Jensen, Will Leamaster, Joseph
Woolsey, Arthur Metcalf in front on right.

—Modeen Brothers, photographers — From the LaMar Larson Collection



George C. Willardson of Ephraim with a big catch.

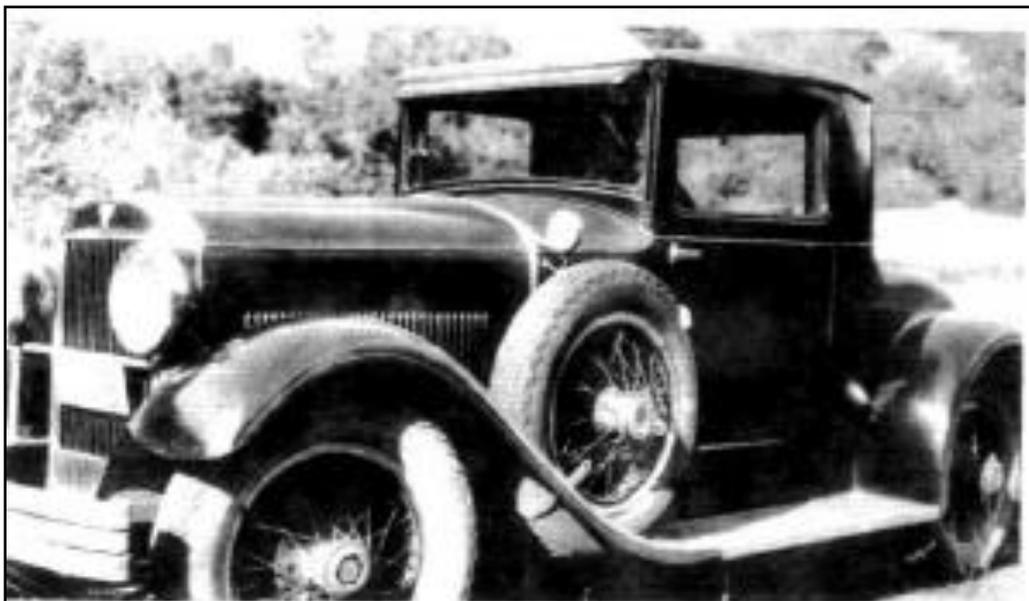
Courtesy Lillian H. Fox



Dorothy Nielson, Olaf Thomasen, Virginia Thompson at Little Pete's Hole
Courtesy Virginia Thompson



Ephraim Canyon 1929, 13 men bagged 13 deer.
Courtesy Lillian Fox



A Hudson with a rumble seat.

Courtesy Jennis Ained



A little deer that strayed down from Manti hills with Ben, Curtis, Parry and Dean Kjar.

Courtesy Eleanor Madsen



Ephraim Third Ward Picnic in June 1988

Courtesy Ross Findlay



Lynn, Julie, Cory and Nicki Poulsen at Ephraim Third Ward outing.

Courtesy Ross Findlay



Kathy Rees and family members on picnic at Maple Canyon 1988.

Courtesy Ross Findlay



DeAnne, Elisa and Chris Findlay explore the wonders of Box Canyon (Maple Canyon, Elisa and Chris Findlay explore the wonders of Box Canyon (Maple Canyon)

Courtesy Ross Findlay



First South Sanpete Stake MIA Girls Camp east of Spring City, July 1967.
 Left to right, first row: Ada Grover, Linda Simonsen, Darlene Anderson, Karen Simonsen, Kathy Stoddard. Second row: Edda Cox, Nora Mickelson, Christine Stoddard, Diane Lund, Leah Hedelius. Third row: Dona Lee Dobson, Carol Cox, Jan Jacobsen, Julie Howell, Janie Howell, Eleanor Madsen.

Courtesy Eleanor Madsen

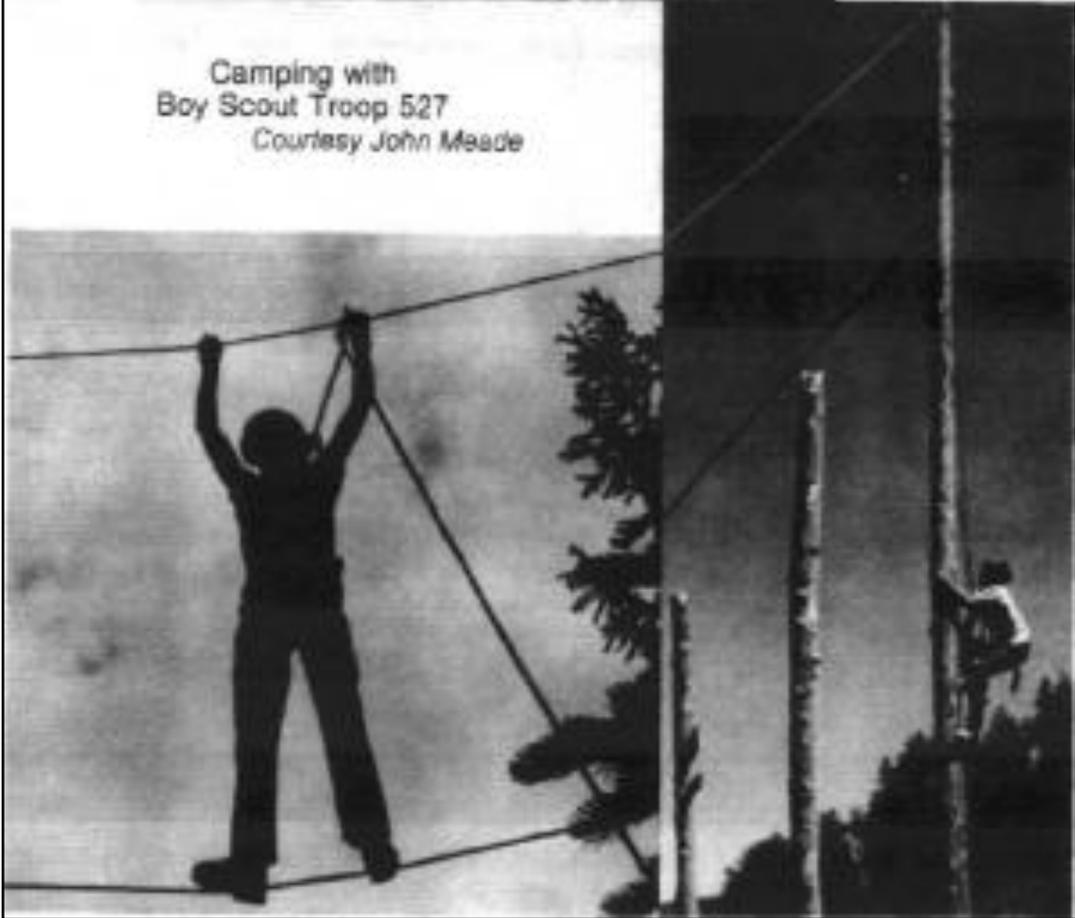


North Sanpete Stake MIA Camp in Fairview Canyon about 1930.

Courtesy Eleanor Madsen



Camping with
Boy Scout Troop 527
Courtesy John Meade





The Rewards of Scouting
Damon Bolli, Joseph Wernz, Stephen Meade
Courtesy John Meade



Boy Scouts in Order of the Arrow Ceremony - 1950
Courtesy Alburn Lyon



Manti South Ward Boy Scouts at Lost Camp - 1958
Courtesy Alburn Lyon

OLD HOUSE

Reva Tennant Jensen
1221 South Speed Street
Santa Maria, California 93454.

Guided by faith through this promised land
a House was "built, hand by hand.
One never thought in eighty three
T'would cycle the years with a golden key?

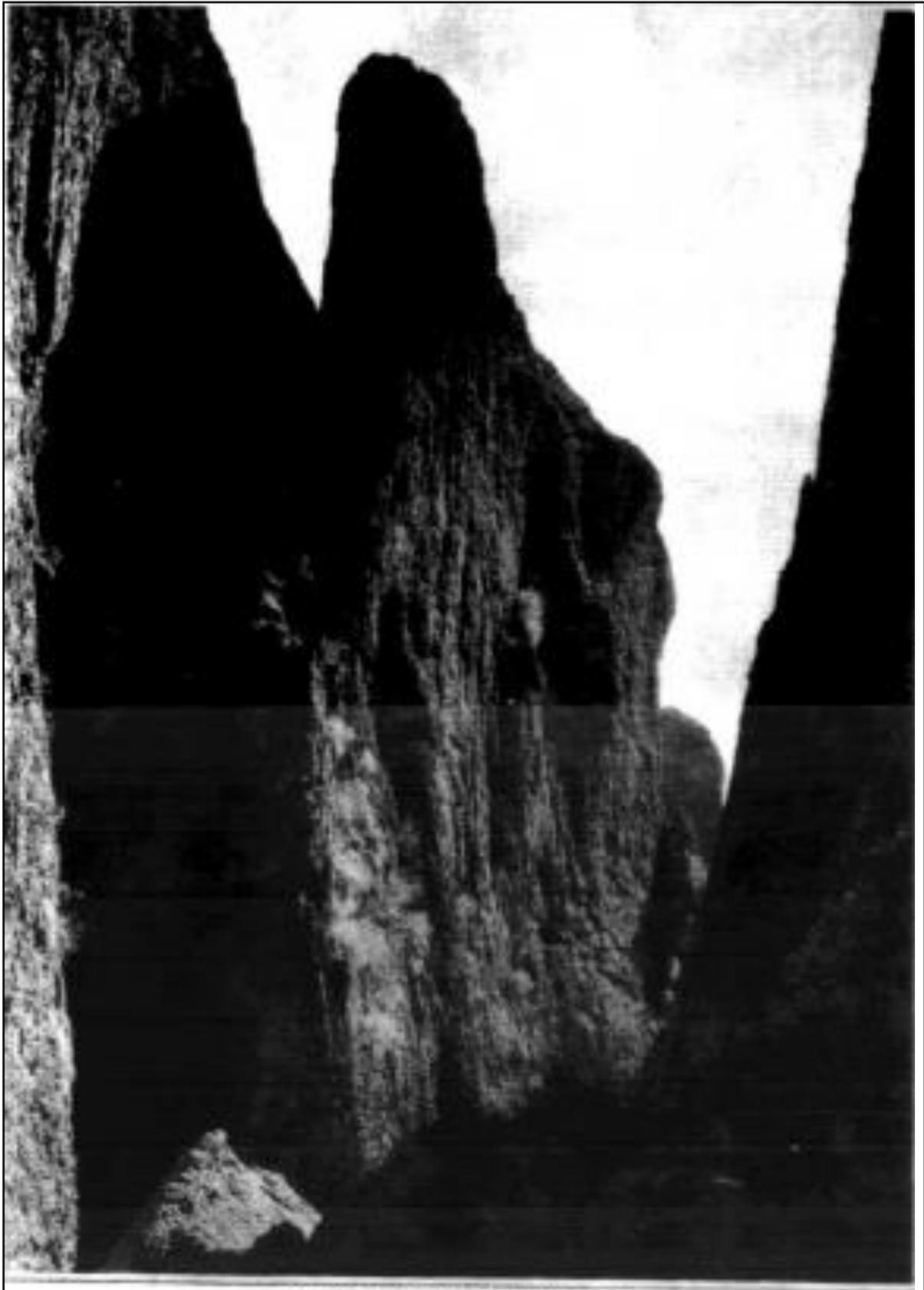
Sheltering all who came to rest . . .
Relatives, friends from east to west
Harboring attitudes — caught not taught,
Let there be wisdom and silent thought.

Voices took on a higher range
A conscience love knew no change.
The old HOUSE like a baptismal font
Stood day by day for use and wont.

Lilac bushes became part of the plot
Apple trees blossomed in the south lot.
Cherry trees boarded the long front walk
And on the veranda, folks sat to talk.

Babies were born, some healthy, some frail.
A bride and Groom went through the Veil.
Oft times there was weeping by a grave.
But the portals of Home kept sad souls brave.

The HOUSE still stands with beauty and peace.
Like a silent prayer heart-throbs increase,
Time never dims where this love grew
This early Heaven. . . this lasting view.



Box Canyon west of Moroni

Courtesy Snowonian 1930