



First Winter in Manti
Courtesy Sandra Johnson

Saga of the Sanpitch

Vol. 22 - 1990



Elders George W. Sorensen and Mouritz C. Peterson of Mt. Pleasant. LDS Missionaries in Norway. Photo-courtesy, Eleanor Madsen.



Eva Howell Jensen Photo-courtesy, Eleanor Madsen



Harold Jensen and his grandmother Howell. Photo-courtesy, Eleanor Madsen

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XXII

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

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PREFACE

The theme chosen for the 22nd issue of the Saga of the Sanpitch is "Prelude to Sanpete." We have wanted to bring stories of the lands which contributed their culture and their people to the settlement of these valleys.

In the early days of Utah's settlement, people worked hard to raise the barest essentials for food and clothing, and to provide shelter for themselves and their animals.

Frank Madsen left some writing about the first people who came, and he called it: "Lest We Forget." He wrote of the "the hardships our pioneer forefathers had to endure. They had to build their homes; clear and till the land so as to get some grain planted for bread.

"First they grubbed the brush, then plowed the ground and sowed the grain by broadcasting it by hand. They harrowed with a home-made harrow, laid off the ground, then made ditches from the creek to get water on the land. When the grain was ready to harvest, they cut it by hand by what was called a cradle. They bound the grain into bundles by hand, and hauled it to their homes. Here they made a 'Threshing Floor,' and flayed the grain, removing the straw, and gathering the grain together they sifted it by hand to blow away the chaff. They repeated this method until the harvest was over. The wheat was ground by hand for the bread and cereals."

As progress was made in farming methods, so all phases of life went gradually from meager beginnings to more abundance. And as the first pioneers had been close to basic needs themselves, they remembered how it was in the beginning. In their early celebrations, they were reminded that everyone has some responsibility to make the world a little better than he found it. They were close enough to their beginnings that they could see that what they did each day actually did make a difference.

They remembered, too, the many who had given their lives to establish a land where freedom is a cherished goal. They were familiar with accounts of those who lost their lives coming to the valleys of the mountains, And because life was uncertain in frontier settlements, those who lived here cherished the memory of those who had died along the way, and there was always a subtle reminder, that even those who perished had accomplished much in laying the groundwork for those who came later.

CHAIRMEN'S NOTE:

The following corrections need to be made in the 1989 First Place Short Story, "Two Round Trip Tickets to Fountain Green," by Woodruff C. Thomson:

On Page 100, line 1 and 5» Jhalmer should be Hjalmer. A line is omitted between lines 4 and 5. Those lines of that paragraph should read: "A little vile before de Creeper he kom in from Manti, Broder Jorgen Nielsen haf kom to de ticket vindow and he say, 'Broder Hjalmer, jeg will buy two going-and coming billeter from Ephraim til Fountain Green.'"

In paragraph 2, line 1, vold should read vord and hal should read haf.

On page 101, 2nd paragraph, line 6, sondrup should read Sondrup; paragraph 4> line 4» in should read on; paragraph 5> line 1, first word should read Jeg; and on page 103, paragraph 3 line 1, beaten should read besten.

Dr. Thomson sent in the corrections and generously forgave our mistakes in his paper, with a statement that he understood the difficulty in typing a dialect story.

CO-CHAIRMEN:

Eleanor P. Madsen
Lillian H. Pox
Linnie M. Findlay

EDITING:

Diana Spencer

SCRIPT ASSISTANT:

Norma W. Barton

TYPIST:

Wynn Young

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT: The Sanpete Historical Writing Committee wish to thank all who have submitted manuscripts and who have given of the 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 to those who have given encouragement in many ways.

COVER: The front cover features the first winter the pioneers spent in Sanpete valley, particularly those who spent the winter at the foot of what became Temple Hill in Manti. The painting was done by Sandra Johnson of Mt, Pleasant, a prominent Utah artist whose art is a blend of sensitivity, realism, and romance. She was raised in beautiful Sanpete County, An area that is abundant in open fields, high mountains, lakes and beautiful people. Her love for these gave Sandra the inspiration from which she paints, capturing nature in magical moments that have an indelible impression on our minds, Sandra works in acrylics, oils, and pastels doing landscapes and portraits. Her works are a part of prominent collections throughout the United States,

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.

JUDGES

Elaine Taylor Ketchum was born in Lehi, Utah, but moved to San Jose, California, in early childhood. She attended San Jose State University and received her degree in nursing from Santa Clara County Hospital (Valley Medical Center).

Following service as a Spanish speaking missionary for her church, she married Dr. Robert Ketchum. After two years in Germany with the U.S. Air Force they lived for twenty-six years in Los Angeles before moving to Minneapolis. She and Robert retired to Utah in 1985 and now divide their time between Spring City and St. George.

Clifford McKinney was born in 1903 in Hobart Oklahoma Indian Territory. He moved to Los Angeles, California, in 1911. He entered the banking field at the age of 15 and continued his education with the American Institute of Banking.

He married Ruth Mathisen in 1924. They with his children, Shirley, Farrel and Karen all came into the L.D.S. Church in 1940. He transferred to the First Security Bank in Provo in 1944* He came to Sanpete in 1946 and made his home in Spring City. He was appointed Administrator of the Sanpete L.D.S. Hospital in 1948 and retired from there in 1968. He served as a member of the Manti Temple Presidency from October 1968 to 1972. He claims his heritage in Sanpete County by adoption.

David Rosier, a resident of Spring City has had a lifelong interest in literature and writing. His first published writing appeared in the Saga as a first place essay. He teaches in the English Department at Snow College, where he has taught courses in composition and literature, including Shakespeare, He is also a poet and an organist.

EDITING

Diana Major Spencer is a native of Salt Lake City and 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 12th year she has volunteered her services as proofreader and copy editor 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 of 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 of author, title, first line of entry and the division in which it is to be entered.

9. Manuscripts must be typewritten and double spaced. The number of lines for poetry and number of words for all other categories must be 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, 1991. 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. Pox, 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
- d. Writing style
- e. 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 XXIII of the Saga will be "Cultural Arts in Sanpete." This may include groups, individuals, events, buildings, anything that has contributed to the culture of the area. Entries not following the theme will also be considered.



Three Sisters from England: Mary Jolley Oldroyd, Susan Jolley Smith and Margaret Jolley Shumway. Photo- courtesy, Jessie Oldroyd

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OH, MOTHER THE BAND'S PLAYING

SECOND PLACE POETRY

Lois Ivory Hansen

1448 South 1700 East

Salt Lake City, Utah 84108

Oh, mother, the band's playing and we're missing it.
No, I don't need a sweater. Where's my shoes?
I'll eat later—my hair will have to do.
Hanna, hurry, come on, let's go.

"The Stars and Stripes Forever,"
Oh, that's *my* very favorite.
Daddy is playing his little E-flat.
James Mikkelson's big bass drum is booming.
The Rasmussen boys, Ivan and Lynn, are here.
Cliff Crowther's trumpet is ringing.
Just 5:15 a.m., sun's just up
And the gang's all here.

Prancing horses lift their heads and neigh.
They nod and tap their hoofs in time to the music.
Each animal maneuvers into position.
The crowd is gathering near the tithing office lawn.
Grandma's handing out hot chocolate.

Uncle Murel has brought his boys.
They're going to play the cymbals.
Osmond Crowther, the fine drum major, is blowing his whistle.

Look, Clark's going to play the drum.
Niels Nielson's trombone looks so shiny.
They have four trumpets and two French horns,
But my very favorite is the tuba—
Those resounding deep um-pa-pas, and the high polish on the bell.
This will be a good practice for next week.
Then this great mounted band will inarch and play
Down the streets of Salt Lake City in the 24th of July parade.

Oh, yes, the band's playing and my heart's pounding.
Tears well up in my eyes, spine's tingling, emotions soar.
The breeze picks up the echo and carries it to the far ends of our city.
Oh, Daddy, keep playing, play on and on and on.

THE OLD WATER PAIL

THIRD PLACE POETRY

Wilford Wheeler

Box 226

Fairview, Utah 84629

Please listen my children and I'll tell you a tale
of the long-handled dipper and the old water pail.
Now the old pail was filled with the emblem of truth
when I was a boy in the days of my youth.
From the moss-covered bucket with nice mossy smell,
with the coldest of water from the neighbor's deep well,
It was then carried straight, for that was the rule,
to bring it right back to the old country school.
Then the long-handled dipper was hung by its side,
inviting all children its contents imbibe.
How well I remember when the weather was warm,
at the end of recess to the bucket we'd swarm.
From the long-handled dipper, and it never did fail,
we dipped and we drank from the old water pail,
To quench all our thirst when we were so wet
from playing a game that made us all sweat.
Now through all of the years I remember the tale

of the long-handled dippers and the old water pail.
But of all the cold drinks that I have enjoyed
none will compare with one from the dipper when I was a boy«
But the dipper and bucket, alack and alas,
have long been replaced by the faucet and glass.

SPRINGTIME

HONORABLE MENTION POETRY

Jessie Oldroyd

118 South State St. Box 153

Fountain Green, Utah 84632

'Tis Spring! Beautiful, beautiful spring.
A time of awakening, of rebirth,
A time of joy, to be thankful, and sing.

In winter, one never is too busy
To be awed by the glory of new-fallen snow,
But—come springtime, there is exhilaration, life,
Renewal and growth.

Springtime and warm sunshine,
Little flowers, pushing themselves through the snow.
The budding of trees with their delicate green leaves,
The green grass on our lawns and fields.
The buttercups, the tulips, so colorful and bright,
The fragrance of the lilacs,
All flowers and blossoms, what a lovely sight!
The pretty, dainty daisies, nodding in the breeze.
The return of the birds: the robins, bluebirds
Nesting in the trees.
Ah, the lilt of the meadowlarks!
Almost breathless, I listened, as a child—
Now, again, that same lilting song "This is a pretty little place,"
Lifts my spirit, makes me happy.
The meadowlark, a part of the morning, a part of the evening song.

Life is full of hope, of faith, come springtime.
Our Heavenly Father has given us so much...
The wonderful wonder, the miracle
Of rebirth, awakening, for...

We know there is no death, just a sleeping, then awakening,
So much for us to be thankful for, to appreciate, to share,
Springtime, the beauty of our earth, the joy,
The meaning of it all. The Miracle of Re-birth!

THE VALLEY OF THE SANPITCH

HONORABLE MENTION POETRY

Lillian H. Fox
140 North 100 West
Manti, Utah 84642

In the heartland of Utah
A mile above the sea,
Lies a long, narrow valley,
A pleasant place to be.

On the east the mothering mountains,
With high and lofty peaks,
Sends melting snows flushing down
In rugged rocky creeks.

The streams out through the valley
Flowing to the west,
Into the San Pitch River,
Below the mountain crest.

A series of lateral canyons,
Adorned with scenic gems,
Provide hunting grounds and campsites
Special needs of men.

The days are mostly sunny,
Deep tones of blue, the sky.
The air is fresh and balmy,
With white clouds floating by.

The massive sunsets are fiery
As day lets down the bars,
And when the blazing fires die
The nights are filled with stars.

Away from crowded cities,
And busy thoroughfares,
The San Pitch invites the traveler
To rest and shed his cares.

In the valley of the San Pitch,
With space and native sod.
A templed hill and many churches
People come to worship God.

A TALE OF TWO GUNS

FIRST PLACE ANECDOTE

Virginie K. Nielson

351 North Main, Box 33-7

Ephraim, Utah 84627

An old Henry rifle was the only gun available to Mary K. Nielsen and her family. It couldn't shoot straight or very far; due to this fact their meat diet consisted of easily snared wild rabbit. Deer herds roamed nearby hills and wild fowl were abundant in water ponds over west, but that was out of their reach. Each evening meal never varied, just consisted of the same, repetitious menu, boiled wheat and wild rabbit.

Mary's husband, Andrew "Mormon Preacher" Nielsen, was serving a mission in Europe; her sons valiantly tried to fill his place. One of the older sons voiced the sentiments of the entire family one evening, as he said a blessing on the food. These were his words:

"Rabbit young, rabbit old,
Rabbit hot, rabbit cold,
Rabbit tender, rabbit tough,
Oh! please, dear Lord we've had enough!"

On a later evening as Mary was passing the boys room, one of them was praying for almost everyone they knew, when a younger son interrupted, "Say, ask God to get mother to loosen up and buy us a shot-gun." These words nearly broke Mary's heart. Instead of going to sleep that night she pondered on a solution to that prayer.

Next morning she and her oldest son walked from Shumway to the store in Ephraim, where she explained her problem to the manager. She offered him four dollars, all the money she had, and promised to pay the remainder of the price of a gun in butter and eggs, He considered, then accepted the proposition that included ten pounds of butter and ten dozen eggs.

The manager brought out a fairly good twelve guage shot-gun. It was second-hand and partly rusty, but was highly pleasing in their sight. Shells, black powder, a wad-cutter and other ammunition was included.

Walking those three miles home was the fastest trip Mary had ever taken. That evening the boys brought home two ducks and a fat goose. Thereafter, their meat dishes consisted primarily of wild game, but never rabbit.

The anecdote, written by Mary K. Nielsen, in her journal, was rewritten by her son, Oscar Nielsen. He and his sweet wife, Rinda, were neighbors, and good friends, for many years. He enjoyed retelling this incident, and his eyes twinkled merrily as he did so.

MANTI'S TIN WHISTLE BAND

SECOND PLACE ANECDOTE

Lois S. Brown

95 West 200 South

Manti, Utah 84642

How excited the twelve boys were as they prepared for their final performance of the year. These boys, twelve to fourteen years of age, had practiced all winter, and now they would demonstrate how faithfully they had practiced. Then they would relax and enjoy their promised reward.

The boys had met one evening a week all winter at the home of "Brother Brox." He had provided each boy with a tin-whistle and instructed him how to make music with it. The whistles were of different pitches, and with them and a tunings-fork the master taught the boys how to play. He also instilled a love of music, and at the end of each year the group put on a program for the most appreciative audience in the world, Mr. Brox. Just Mr. Brox!

Their reward was their own satisfaction for having done well, the pleasure expressed for a near-perfect performance, and At the conclusion of their program Mr. Brox would bring out his zither and dancing dolls. The zither was the only one the boys had ever seen. The eight dolls had come from 'The Old Country' with Mr. Brox. They were about two inches tall, hand-carved of wood and hand-painted. Piano wire supported them so they would move easily. They were placed on the sounding-board of the zither, and when it was played the vibrations caused the tiny figures to dance. When the music was soft or slow they would glide and sway. When it was loud or fast they became more animated. What a performance the boys watched! They forgot many things that happened in the 1920's, but they remembered always the tin-whistle band's performance and Mr. Brox with his zither and dancing dolls.

My husband remembers playing with the band.

Ruth Brox, daughter-in-law and George Brox grandson of Mr. Brox. George has the zither and dancing dolls.

MANTI'S OLD COUNCIL HOUSE

THIRD PLACE ANECDOTE

Reva A. Putman

1313 West 600 North

Salt Lake City, Utah 84116

I loved the old rock Council House that once stood on Manti's Main Street. It was built by the pioneers in 1854 and razed about 1911 when the Public Library was built on that corner. Many people felt bad to see it go. It had served the citizens of Manti in so many ways. I attended religion classes there when I was a little girl.

My grandfather, Walter Stringham, helped build the Council House. During lunch hour he hid his hammer under a partly finished floor, and when he came back a carpenter had finished laying the floor and had covered up his hammer. Many years later when they tore down the building he was there to retrieve his hammer. His initials S.W. (Walter Stringham) were carved on the wood handle.

The Council House was a two—story building and one of the first public buildings of that size south of Salt Lake City. It was laid up with oolite stone from Manti's quarry on the gray hill. The stones were rough and not sawed smoothly like those used when the temple was built twenty—four years later.

The Council House faced the east. There were four long windows and two doors on the front, bottom floor, and four smaller windows on the upper floor. The back of the building also had eight windows. A huge fireplace was built in the south end, large enough to stand several pine logs up side by side. When there were no meetings in session what fun the town folk had dancing in this room.

Source: Personal Recollections
Memories of the Old Council House, Elizabeth Munk

THE OLD SANPITCH
HONORABLE MENTION ANECDOTE
Glenn Thomas
2850 Monroe Blvd.
Ogden, Utah 84403

I'm dreaming tonight, with my eyes open wide, of happy childhood memories of the captivating old Sanpitch River as it was long ago. "Don't be too late in bringing the cows home," was the timely advice Mother frequently gave us kids as we started our cows from our home in Wales to be herded along the exciting Sanpitch River. In those years, as this unpredictable and most fascinating stream meandered along the valley floor, luscious green grass grew among the thick patches of tall wild willows that adorned its banks, Here our cows could peacefully graze.

The river area was a rendezvous of excitement for us kids. Our favorite swimming hole was neatly nestled and snugly secluded among the high willows. The large stream was usually kind to us and beckoned us to its grassy shores. Schools of gray, darting minnows could be seen tempting us to catch them, A small log raft met our needs quite well. The kids on it became pirates while the others running among the willows became Indians, At times we simply explored, finding frogs and other living things. Enchantment and harmony were everywhere. Blackbirds with their flute-like voices blended with the meadowlarks perched along the fence line. Wild ducks and geese could be heard chatting and yelping like young puppies in the thick marshes. Glorious symphonic sounds were heard. Truly a time when young human hearts were lifted up and nature's voices sang.

At times the cows were almost forgotten. Yet the simple rules of economics had been well learned. If the cows were not taken home and milked, there would be no milk for mush the next morning.

Today the scene has greatly changed. Yet happy memories linger of this historic and most fascinating river.



HER FIRST CAMPING TRIP

HONORABLE MENTION ANECDOTE

Jessie Oldroyd

118 South State, Box 153

Fountain Green, Utah 84632

It was autumn time. . .colorful, warm, and wild berry picking time, beckoning folks into canyons and mountains. Our Father, John, was a Fountain Greensheepman and loved the out—of—doors and nature, while our new mother, a little lady from England, recently coining to America, had had no camping experience and knew little of the Utah and Sanpete Mountains.

When our father suggested a camping trip up Log Canyon, we were delighted, my brother and I, and also our niece and nephew, who loved to be with us. Grandpa was so special! When fun we would have! Soon preparations were made and we were on our way.

We ran up hill and down, climbed on rocks, climbed the trees, and called out to hear the echo of our voices. Then, there were the berries, service berries and chokecherries. We ate a lot more than we picked to take home, and you should have seen our hands and faces...all stained with the purple and blue sticky juices. Would we ever get them cleaned?

Evening came, the air became cooler, and Father said, "Time to make our beds before it gets dark. Who will be first in bed?"

"Do we have to sleep on the ground?" Mother asked. She was a little worried, but we thought sleeping on the ground was fun.

During the night, a sleepless mother asked, "John, are there bears here in the canyon?"

"Yes, black ones and brown ones," he answered.

Again, "John, Are there lions up here?"

"Yes, and lots of other animals, too," he teased.

"Quiet!" then, "Let's get up and go home. I wish it would come light so I could see where I am going." Yes, our mother was a bit nervous.

We took many trips after that, and always, when in the mountains, our mother would say, "With mountains, it's always uphill or down, and sometimes, animals all around. But, I guess mountains are pretty when you get used to them."

FRIENDS

HONORABLE MENTION ANECDOTE

Talula P. Nelson

61 West 200 North

Mt. Pleasant, Utah 84647

There were two little dogs named "Rusty" and "Butch" that belonged to Ralph's two sons. The two dogs soon became friends. They made their bed in the corner of the dry shed. Butch liked the protection of the bigger dog and the warm bed partner in the cool night. They romped and played. They rode to the farm in Wales in the back of Ralph's truck or in the seat when the weather was wet.

One day Ralph brought home a few bales of hay piled high in the back of the truck. On the very top bale rode the two friends.

When the truck arrived, Ralph jumped out and made his way to the house. Rusty was close behind him. Little Butch was left on the top bale running frantically from one end to the other whimpering and crying.

Soon Rusty saw the plight of his little helpless friend and came back to the truck to assist him. Rusty barked to encourage Butch, but to no avail. The little fellow was too high to feel safe to make the jump.

Grandma watched from her window and wondered what to do, but she decided to leave the problem to Rusty. He jumped up into the truck and barked, looked up to Butch as if to say, "It's all right, just jump down." Soon Rusty jumped up beside his little friend barking softly. They ran back and forth across the bale and looked down, but the little dog dared not try. Rusty jumped down and back up several times to show Butch the way.

Finally, they both made the jump to the truck floor, then safely down to the ground. Then they were off to find Ralph who was waiting with their supper. Grandma contentedly returned to her work.

Personal recollection of the author.

EPHRAIM'S UNITED ORDER

FIRST PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

Virginia K. Nielson
351 North Main 33-7
Ephraim, Utah 84627

The arrival of the railroad in Utah in May 1869 brought an economic problem to the pioneers. An increasing number of non-member merchants were settling in Zion, "threatening to enslave the saints in economic bondage." Church leaders developed a plan to form a cooperative movement. A parent institution or wholesale outlet was established in Salt Lake City. Merchandise was purchased primarily in the eastern markets, housed in the Zions Cooperative Mercantile Institution (Z.C.M.I.), then distributed to various cooperative establishments in the settlements, and thus to control the trade within the communities. The first step took place on October 24, 1868. Within ten years, more than one hundred cooperatives were founded. The Ephraim Co-op is the best remaining example of those early stores.

Transportation to Salt Lake was hazardous and undependable .due to deep snows and other weather conditions and Indian harassment, thus compelling the pioneers to be deprived of numerous needed items.

Diaries and journals relate hardships encountered. Some lived in dugouts for months and slept on canvas and corn-husk mattresses. These stalwart souls could construct many of their implements, furniture and clothing needs. Some wool was available and, at times, even sheared with scissors. This was woven into "Linsey-woolsey" that caused the "boys to yell and complain because these pants and shirts itched and scratched." Girl's clothing was easier to construct. The mothers cut small dresses out of clothing they had carried across the plains. Hats were a necessity and were constructed of braided or woven straw. Bare feet were a common sight. Footwear was difficult to fashion with their meager equipment. There was a great need for a central store.

Mary K. Nielson wrote, "There was a lot of talk about the church, or rather the Z.C.M.I., locating a store in our town and surely that was the best news we had heard in a long time. The next summer the store became a reality and what a celebration the town had." The Ephraim United Order Mercantile Institution opened in 1871 and was fully completed in 1874.

Some of the highest church authorities spent three days in Ephraim, giving excellent instruction on the spirit and essence of the United Order. Members were encouraged to renew their covenants by being re-baptized into the United Order. This ordinance was performed summer or winter, even when ice was present in the creek north of Hans "Rich" Hansen's home (75 W. 100 N). President Brigham Young was re-baptized at this time with other members.

The significant two-story United Order edifice was constructed of oolite limestone and located in a prominent place on the corner of First North and Main Street. An early photograph displays a plaque over the eight-foot double west door that states, "The Ephraim United Order Mercantile Institution." Placed above this was a painted beehive encircled with the words "Holiness to the Lord."

This building was erected as a full-service outlet for the church and would deal only with goods delivered by the parent company or with local products such as beef and mutton from cooperative herds.

The main floor housed a post office on the south side. Produce, farm implements, fabric, books, clothing, factory shoes, and numerous other items, including some luxuries as lace, ribbon and candy, occupied the remaining area.

Merchandise exchanged hands through trade, credit, labor, cash or script that could be used as legal tender in Ephraim. Eggs, butter and flour comprised the common means of exchange. These items needed to be marketed regularly. Market Row on First South in Salt Lake was the primary outlet.

A Mr. Dorious and three young men received a contract to sell the produce. They lined the sides of their wagon with sacks of flour, for "it always remained cool." The eggs were stored in boxes of oatmeal and the butter was placed in the center.

The Co-op was a valuable and popular city center. At one time "this store carried stock valued at \$17,000 and did \$40,000 in business annually" besides buying and shipping grain.

An outside open stairway (that later had a door installed) on the store's south side, was lighted by a coal-oil lamp suspended at the top. This stairway opened into a spacious upper room with a stage on the west end and a balcony on the east. This was the Relief Society Hall, an amusement center and the site of religious and town gatherings. A great variety of activities took place there, church meetings, dances, receptions. Home dramatics, featuring local talent presented "East Lynne," "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and other productions that brought tears, cheers and boos from an appreciative audience. C.C.A. Christensen's memorable panorama and the first silent movies were also shown. The admittance fee was a sack of wheat, potatoes or anything they raised to eat. Canvas curtains divided the room into necessary sections and the teacher with the greatest vocal power received the attention of all.

A complaint surfaced regarding the price of some merchandise. This encouraged other merchants to open stores, but they did not succeed at first. The former Ephraim Enterprise building was one of these stores.

The United Order was comparatively short-lived. Most organizations had been abandoned by 1880. The cooperative plan failed due to customer's unpaid bills. The main floor of the building was rented to the Ephraim Co-op Mercantile Association on February 26, 1883, for \$75-

The title of the building was in Canute Peterson's possession (as Bishop) on April 7, 1887* The Ephraim North Ward Relief Society paid one dollar consideration for the upper floor on the same day.

An Academy, to be located in Ephraim, had been discussed for a number of years by presiding officers of the church and Sanpete Stake. On November 5, 1888, Sanpete Stake Academy held its first classes on the upper floor of the Co-op and continued in that location for eight years. Classes were held on the stage, the balcony and the assembly area. One hundred students varying in ages from 11-35 attended the first year. Although the Academy was a church school, most of the financial support came from local members. The first governing board was the Sanpete Stake Presidency, Canute Peterson, Henry Beal and John C. Maiben.

Following Sanpete Academy's removal to its present location in 1896, the once-proud building lost its position of prominence and faced a dismal future. Most of the doors and windows were sealed with bricks and mortar. The Sanpete Valley Railroad was added to the Rio Grande Railroad to form a junction in 1897. A photograph shows a new title, "The Junction Co-op," atop the store. The elementary school children were meeting in the Social Hall at this time. In 1901 the Salt, Lake Tribune reported a "Creditor's meeting of the bankrupt Co-op was concluded." During ensuing years, legal documents show approximately one dozen ownership changes from 1885 to 1969.

During that period, the area was uncared for until Richard and Nadine Nibley and others recognized the rich and varied history involved there. The Sanpete Development Corporation was organized to restore the entire area, but financial and other problems prevented a culmination of this dream.

The building and grounds received only sporadic care even when they were placed on the State and

National History Register in June 1970» The resulting so-called "eye-sore" brought entreaties from various sources to demolish the buildings and clear the grounds for commercial use.

In 1988 a crisis developed regarding its future. A structure connecting the Go-op to the mill (or Relief Society granary) and used in milling operations was torn down as the first step in a total demolition plan. A time of decision was forced upon those involved.

Quite suddenly a remarkable chain of events, involving available funds and full support from several sources, came together to alter the shelved plans for restoration and renovation.

Snow College Foundation, the Sanpete Trade Association and Ephraim City thoughtfully and diligently united with the Paulsen Engineering and Construction Company in transforming Ephraim Pioneer Square into a center of importance. Major changes are currently underway, albeit the original appearance is "being meticulously preserved.

The ground floor will be occupied by the Sanpete Trade Association's display of arts and crafts. An elevator and wide stairway, will help transform the upper floor into an entertainment center. The attached home will have office space and rest rooms, and fill other needs. In the future, a museum will, hopefully, find a home in the mill to house the precious pioneer artifacts now gathering dust in locked places.

As the new twenty-four glass-paned windows sparkle upon passers-by, we have a promise that the Co-op **will** retrieve its former place of glory and be added upon.

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Early legal documents list the following title holders to the Co-op and, or adjoining home.

1. Ephraim Co-op Mercantile Association, February 28, 1885.
 2. Canute Peterson, (Bishop), April 7, 1887-
 3. Upper floor-Ephraim North Ward Relief Society-April 7, 1887.
 4. Upper floor-Ephraim North Ward Relief Society- May 6, 1901.
 5. John and Johannah Sorensen-December 9, 1912.
 6. P.M. Peterson, Jr., November 14, 1914. He sold farm implements. His family lived in the adjoining house.
 7. Sarah Poulsen-Pres. North Ward Relief Society, released upper story to P.M. Peterson Jr. May 8, 1934-
 8. P.M. Peterson Jr. sold to Evan Erickson, June 12, 1934. He had a car repair shop..His family lived in the adjoining home until about 1955.
 9. Lawrence Hermansen purchased entire corner except adjoining house July 5, 1944. He installed machinery in the southeast corner to steam and roll oats for animal feed. Grain was stored in bins and on the upper floor. This new burden caused the ceiling to sag and the huge beams to crack, bringing a halt to this project. This was the only milling process that took place in the Co-op.
 10. Bank of Ephraim had possession in 1969.
 11. Sanpete Development Corporation purchased site in 1969.
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MANTI'S HISTORICAL BLOCK 56

SECOND PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

Lillian H. Fox

140 North 100 West

Manti, Utah 84642

Block 56 in Manti is prominent both geographically and historically. Block 56 is in the center of Manti, which is near the center of Sanpete, which is the heart-land or center of Utah. Did you know that the north-south, east-west center of Utah lies between Manti and Ephraim?

Let us take a look into history and see how Block 56 came to be prominent.

During the years 1849-69 the western part of the United States was called the State of Deseret. This area extended from the Continental Divide on the east; then after jutting into Wyoming, Idaho and Oregon, it followed the Sierra-Nevada mountains to San Bernardino, California. From here it crossed Arizona into New Mexico and Colorado. All this vast territory was inhabited by Indian nations except the great Salt Lake Valley and a small trading post near Utah Lake, known as Fort Provost. Here members of the Latter-day Saint Church had made settlements.

Two years after the arrival of the Saints in the area, Indian Chief Walkara and six of his brothers asked Brigham Young to send "Mormonee" (men, squaws, and papoose) to the valley of the San Pitch to help the Indians plant crops, build homes and live as white men. Brigham, hoping to keep peace with the Indians at all costs, sent a company of 224 settlers—52 families, 47 wagons and 240 head of cattle—out into this wilderness area, 130 miles to the south.

Despite trials and hardships, there was soon a Sanpete County (boundary lines indefinite), a town named Manti with streets, roads and homes, and a special Block 56. On Block 56 there was a two-story rock building, known as the Council House, a 40 x 60 foot bowery for outdoor meetings, and a foundation for the construction of a temple. There was a 20 x 25 foot school house.

The pioneers, remembering what Joseph Smith said a town should be like, planned to build a temple on Block 56. Later when Brigham Young announced that the temple would be on the hill, this foundation was utilized in the construction of a tabernacle. It is a miracle how all these things were accomplished in so short a time, but the early pioneers were a miracle people.

Over the last 141 years, Block 56 has been known by several names. It has been the "Center Block," the "Middle Block," the "Temple Block," the "Tabernacle Block," and the "City Complex." My family referred to it as the "School Block," for here was located the Elementary School, the Middle School and the High School.

We cannot go into detail but following is a list of events that transformed Manti, a small place in a vast wilderness, into a thriving community:

About 1845. Indian Chief Walker claimed that, in a dream, the Great Spirit told him he would someday invite "The Pale Paces" to live in the San Pitch Valley.

July 24, 1847, Mormon pioneers entered the Salt Salt Valley.

April 18, 1849, Provo was settled with 33 families and 133 people.

May 5, 1849, Chief Walker asked Brigham Young to send settlers to the San Pitch,

Aug. 20, 1849. Chief Walker led Mormon scouts to the San Pitch to explore the land and make maps.

Sept. 1, 1849, The scouting party returned with a favorable report.

Oct. 28, 1849. Isaac Morley led a company of settlers to the San Pitch.

Nov. 17, 1849. After three weeks' journey over rough terrain, the group saw the San Pitch for the first time.

Nov. 19, 1849, The company arrived at the present site of Manti. They camped near the creek and just below the spur of a mountain known as the Gray Hill.

Nov. 20, 1849, The company moved to the south side of the Gray Hill. Here they made 27 dug-outs into the side of the hill for protection from the storm and cold.

Dec. Jan. Feb., One hundred forty cattle died from cold and starvation.

Mar. 1, 1850 . . Jessie W. Fox began surveying the valley for a townsite. One hundred and ten blocks were marked off by putting pegs among the rocks and sage brush.

Mar.. 6, 1850 . . Plans were made to build the Council House on the "Middle Block" but it was not completely finished until 1854.

April, 1850. . . Spotted-backed rattlesnakes crawled out of the rocks and crevices on Gray Hill and invaded the dug-outs. Hundreds were killed, but not a person was bitten.

Spring and Summer 1850 ... Homes were constructed, gardens were planted and 250 acres of farmland cultivated.

May-June 1860 . . A 40 x 60 foot bowery was completed for outdoor meetings.

July 7, 1850 . . Chief Walker brought 700 Ute Indians and many Shoshone captives into the area for a victorypowwow.

Aug. 5, 1850 . . Brigham Young visited the colony for the first time. A cannon was fired from the top of Gray Hill to welcome him. He gave the valley the name of Sanpete and the town was christened "Manti."

Aug. 9, 1859, A good road was completed from Salt Lake to Manti through Salt Creek Canyon.

Feb. 6, 1851, Manti City was incorporated, and the first City Council met in the Council House. Manti was the fourth city in the State of Utah to be incorporated.

What had recently been a settlement in a wilderness was now a thriving community.

In his book, *A View from the Red Point*. Albert Antrei made the following statement:

"That Manti was intended by Brigham Young as an outpost beginning, a nucleus town, for the further settlement of all central and south-central 'Deseret,' there can be no doubt. He visited it often and stressed the religious significance early. Somebody in the Latter-day Saint hierarchy also had a pretty well-developed concept of geostrategy, for once the outpost in Sanpete's Valley rooted, its lines of communication and its logistics with respect to the Salt Lake Valley were secured by the establishment of settlements at two strategic points—Nephi in 1851 at the mouth of Salt Creek Canyon and Moroni in 1859 at the head of the same gateway. Manti was intended to be the second stop on the way to California. It was the first and last settlement between Provo and Tuscon, Arizona."

For the next period of time, with Manti the Mother Community and also the County Seat, the area grew and blossomed. Block 56 was the focal point of all activities, Towns sprang up to the north and south of Manti, In 1851 Ephraim *was* settled with Isaac Behunin the first nan to make a homestead, Fillmore was also settled in 1851. Spring City and Mount Pleasant became settlements in 1852, In 1853 a census was taken of Sanpete County, There were 118 people in Spring City and Mount Pleasant, and 647 in Manti. Gunnison and Moroni were settled in 1859 and. Saint George in 1861, Sanpete people settled Emery County in 1883. All these settlers claim the land under a title known as "Squatter's Rights,"

Four forts were built in Manti as protection from the Indians, They were built in 1882, 1883, 1884 and 1886. One of the fort walls surrounded Block 56. The largest fort, with Block 56 in the center, surrounded nine city blocks.

After the treaty *was* signed with the Indians and the population of Manti increased, public buildings were placed at other locations. In time there was a South Ward Church, a North Ward Church, a City Hall and a County Court House at various locations along Main Street, The gorgeous Manti Temple, dedicated in 1888, stood majestically on the hill overlooking the valley.

As we grew up in Manti, the "Tabernacle Slock" was like a second home. Here we went to school for twelve years. Here we were taught, not only the laws of the land, but the laws of God. Many Prophets of the L.D.S. Church spoke from the Tabernacle pulpit. Artists of many kinds performed here. Before my time there *was* a great celebration for the coining of the railroad into the valley in 1890, and again when the first electric lights were turned on, 1901, When soldiers returned from the wars, there were barbeques and street dancing. There have been ball games, weddings, dances, celebrations of all kinds, and yes, funerals.

A monument of some kind should be placed on Block 56. This is another "This is the Place." 'The logical spot for it is on the corner where the old rock Council House once stood 1850-1906. When speaking about a monument to members of the Utah State Historical Society, someone replied: "A statue, or marker of some kind is long overdue, Manti was the fourth city in all the territory of Deseret to be incorporated. Why hasn't someone done something about this?"

OLD POOR FARM

THIRD PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

Talula F. Nelson

61 West 200 North

Mt. Pleasant, Utah 84647

"Over the hill to the poor house" was a common saying when I was a child. It was the worst thing I could ever think of to go to that two—story, redbrick building with barred windows. I could picture an old, sick, poor person bumping along in the back of the wagon going to the poor house. How terrible it was to bear the stigma of having to go to the poor house.

With the aid of research in an article written by Koleen Peterson for Mt. Pleasant Pyramid* October 16, 1980, to verify names and dates, I record my memories of the old poor farm.

As I look back to the beginnings of "the poor house," the picture changes as I realize its useful and happy days. It was a home for the homeless and added to the business interests of Fairview. The patients were few in numbers, but they built loving friendships and were well cared for.

Back in the 1800's, Sanpete County people saw the need for a place to take care of special people, the elderly and handicapped. Honorable Swen O. Nielson and Thomas D. Rees, county selectmen, were instrumental in obtaining such an institution. In 1895 the Sanpete County Poor House was completed. The patients were cared for under the management of Jordan Brady, who was made superintendent of the poor farm in 1896.

The building was constructed to provide completely separate quarters for men and women. The male and female inmates were served in separate dining rooms, but the food was prepared in a central kitchen. Two stairways with a dividing wall between provided access to the upstairs quarters. Each of the

patients had his own bedroom located upstairs. Bathroom facilities were provided in each section, both upstairs and down.

The building had facilities for 16 to 20 men and about eight women. Each patient had his own room, which was tiny, hardly large enough for a single bed. There were no closets, but each room had a window, barred to prevent accidents.

From their tiny cubicles, the patients had a beautiful view of the Sanpete Valley from three sides and the mountain range to the east.

The aroma of fresh-baked bread on an early summer morn is a vivid memory of Alvin Hamilton, who as a child, spent three weeks each summer helping his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton. The Hamiltons cared for the patients for over 15 years before they retired in 1917

"My grandparents really loved those old people," Alvin recalled as he reflected on the "good times" he had during his summer visits to the infirmary. His grandparents lovingly cared for Timmy DeWitt, a paralysis victim. He was paralyzed after his parents gave him laudanum when he was a baby to induce sleep. The full effects of the drug were unknown then, and little Timmy was left crippled and confined through life to a wheelchair.

Alvin spent his summers helping on the farm where wheat and alfalfa were raised. "We had a good garden and a cow herd," he recalled. "The patients who were able, worked," Alvin said, and this helped create a bond of love between them and the Hamiltons. "When my grandparents left, it was a regular funeral," said Alvin.

Jessie and Lindon Christensen fondly remember how the farm once produced beautiful flowers, a vegetable garden and bounteous orchards. The infirmary was equipped with electricity and a coal furnace which had to be hand fed. Running water came from nearby springs which were shared with two Clement families living nearby. Workers put up their own ice in the winter and stored it underground for use in the summer to keep foods fresh. The ice was brought in and used in the ice box, which was in the men's dining room. Sides of beef were also hung there. Jessie remembers separating the cream with the old separator and taking the cream to town where it was sold. The money was used to buy groceries. The central kitchen on the east side was flanked by two pantries which contained supplies and a place for washing dishes. Some of the women who could, helped with the work. A girl was also hired to do the scrubbing.

Sunday school was held in the side hallway, which had benches on each side. A man named Throll, who was quite religious, conducted the services and led in prayer and singing.

Jessie told of the different ways each contributed to the atmosphere of the infirmary and how each added something. John Follett, a blind man, played checkers on a raised checkerboard, and could also play the violin. North worked as a foreman on the farm even though he was deaf. It was a working farm and contained 80 acres, which raised enough food for all.

Fred, who was a civil engineer, had a breakdown, but read a lot. He was strong and could do heavy work. Taminee was crippled with rheumatics and helped North on the farm and Unice White do the ladies dishes.

Jessie, her brother Paul, and baby sister Ethel lived in the facility with their parents, John H. and Elvina Standsfield, who supervised the infirmary from 1921 to 1928. Jessie met and married Lindon Christensen while she was living at the farm.

Most of the entertainment at the infirmary was self-made and the supervisor, John Standsfield, joked with the patients and kept everyone laughing. Jessie liked the dances downtown and the Rudolph

Valentino movies in the old Laurel Theatre. The LDS Church and other groups would bring Christmas programs to the people. All patients who could, would walk to church. Unice helped the old blind man walk.

John H. Standsfield was an accomplished artist, and many of his paintings were done during the cold winter months after the crops were safely in. During his lifetime, Standsfield did more than 3,000 paintings.

In 1928 Afton and Bertha Christensen managed the poor farm and stayed about six years. Wendell, their son lived there and remembers the first refrigerator that came to Fairview was bought by the infirmary. It was a large unit with a coil on the top. Wendell said, "It was so nice to get a cold drink of milk, and nice to keep things cold and prevent food from spoiling. "

Prior to the arrival of the refrigerator, a cooler, with walls lined with burlap bags soaked with dripping cold water, was used. A breeze would blow through the burlap to keep foods cool. One of the men had the responsibility of keeping the tub on the top of the unit filled with water, which had to be done twice each day.

The furnace was fired with lump coal and the building heated with steam heat. Wendell and one of the men would go to the mines and haul coal for the furnace. The trip took two days, so they would camp out in the mountains overnight.

Wendell's father bought a new Ford 4-door sedan in 1929 and found the canyon road slick in the winter. ' .Then the patients went to Church or to other special events in town, the cars would not be able to make it back up on the slick road. They had to hitch up a team of horses and go down and pull them back up the canyon road.

After the Christensens left, the poor farm was cared for by Lance and Minerva Stewart, who had it less than a year, and then by Mr, and Mrs. John Vance.

The poor farm served as a self-sustaining refuge for the elderly and handicapped for about 35 years before being abandoned in the early 1930's.

In the March 13, 1931, issue of the Mt. Pleasant Pyramid. Dr. W. P. Winters, a Mt. Pleasant physician, summed up a typical Sanpete dilemma when he wrote, "We still say, 'Why have a Poor House?'" He said that the Utah County Infirmary, which he had visited, had cost only \$23 a month per patient and was well kept and maintained. "Why couldn't Sanpete?"

When the poor farm was abandoned in the early 1930's patients were moved into private homes and other quarters. Unice married the blind man whom she had helped to see, and he had helped her to walk.

I watched this stately, two—story, red-brick building near the mouth of Fairview Canyon steadily deteriorate. It served its purpose for over 35 years. The first thing to go was the luscious gardens and outbuildings from non-use and neglect. Then the house itself began to go as winter storms and summer heat took their toll. Pigeons roosted in the attic. The windows began to fall out: an old curtain hung out through the open space and waved in the wind. For a while it became the perfect spook alley for daring young people. Then the chimney fell, the walls began to tumble, a pile of rubble was all there was left for years until it was cleared up and made ready for a new structure in a new era.

Article written by Kolleen Peterson, Mt. Pleasant Pyramid, October 16, 1980.
Personal recollection of the author.

MANTI CITY CEMETERY EPIGRAPHS

HONORABLE MENTION HISTORICAL ESSAY

Vonda P. Merriam
205 West Union
Manti, Utah 84642

The original settlers of Sanpete came to Manti November 19-22, 1849* During the following years until around the turn of the century, many of the grave markers in the Manti Cemetery were made of wood, and they have long since gone. However, some were made of native oolite stone and carved by local craftsmen. This type of limestone was very available and lent itself to the knowledge and skill of the old world stone cutters, or they were made by untrained but artistically skilled pioneers. The headstones were made to record and honor the dead. Their construction became a community need as these monuments were fashioned for neighbors, friends and loved ones.

For a time, the grieving parents and children felt that it would be good to have a verse or a few words of love or promise carved on the headstone. Some stones were cut in an unusual shape, such as a cross, some were tall and others short, but all were the creative work of the stonecutter.

The author of this entry, with her husband, spent hours and days going through the Manti City Cemetery and making copies of the original verses and thoughts that were expressed on these pioneer headstones, some of which are crumbling, while others show lettering that is getting dim with time until it is hard to read. They all tell of love, sorrow, faith, hope, and caring. The spelling and wording has not been changed.

SACRED TO
THE MEMORY
of
PETER LUDVIGSON
SON OF Erik and Mary
LUDVIGSON, Killed by
Indians
April 10th, 1865
Born March 26th, 1845
Weep Not for me. T'wil nought avail
Though in my Youth cut down.
I've only passed beyond the Veil
To wear a Martyrs Grown

Susan Lucretia Petty
Born March 14th, 1834
Died Oct. 20, 1859
Susan benieth the sod doeth lay
To waite the reserection day

As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

Isaac Morley
Born March 11, 1786
Died June 24, 1865
My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Until the angels trumpet shall sound
Then burst my chains with sweet surprise
And in my Savior's image rise.

Luella Adelia Cox Morley
Died June 24, 1865
Our hearts are sad, since thou are gone.
To us thou were so dear
God knows we hope to meet you soon
In a more holy sphere.

Anna J. Molter
Born July 19, 1839
Died July 2, 1910
O death where is thy sting,
O grave where is thy victory?

Rasmus Molter
Born May 21, 1832
Died Dec. 11, 1902
Peacefully be thy rest.

George Percy Billings
Held the plow that turned the first furrow in Utah.

William H. Nielsen

Born Oct. 29, 1868

Died Nov. 5, 1895

A precious one from us has gone

A voice we loved is stilled

A place is vacant in our house

Which never can be filled.

Anna C. Jensen

Born Oct. 17, 1832

Died Aug. 19, 1908

The hearts keen anguish

Only those can tell

Whove bid the dearest

And the best farewell.

Edward Bleak

Born July 8, 1889

Died Jan. 28, 1896

In thy childhood thou art taken

To dwell among the Angels fair

May thy spirit guard thy schoolmates

Till in heaven they meet you there.

Ellen Catherine Mickelsen

Born Sept. 19, 1882

Died Oct. 3, 1884

Dearest child we long to meet you

When we lay this mortal by.

"Where there is no pain nor sorrow

In the spirit world on high.

Mary E. J. Ivory
Born Sept. 10, 1832
Died Jan. 29, 1970
She was a good Latter-day Saint
Loved by all who knew her.

William Alexandra
Born June 9
Died June 9
Our baby lies here to wait
The resurrection mom
The Savior took him home
The hour he was born.

Mary A. Bessey
Born May 23, 1875
Died Jan. 18, 1884
Beautiful, lovely
A fair bud to earth
To blossom in heaven

Anthony W. Bessey
Born May 20, 1861
Died Aug. 25, 1865
'This lovely bud so young and fair
Called hence by early doom
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In paradise would bloom.

Alexander Leonard Tuttle
Born May 15, 1839
Died May 21, 1863
Alex left us in blooming youth
For higher spheres than this
We know his shining soul so pure
Now drinks that endless bliss.

Hanna Finch Merriam Morley
Born May 19, 1811
Died Apr. 16, 1872
Earth has no sorrow, that heaven cannot heal.

Sanford Forbush
Born Nov. 24, 1823
Died Aug. 26, 1896
A beloved father here lies at rest
As ever God, with his image blest.

Samuel Ware
Born Sept. 4, 1824
Died Jan. 24, 1910
They who knew him best
And kept his memory dear
While life shall last.

Alice Ware
Born Dec. 26, 1829
Died Oct. 13, 1867
Farewell my companion
My children and friends
I have gone to the kingdom
Where life never ends
Now free from sorrow
Vexation and care
For naught that can trouble
Can ever come there.

Laura Mickelson
Born Aug. 21, 1869
Died Oct. 10, 1888

Angel Sister

Sweetly, peacefully slumber on
Till the coning reserection dawn
With grace and beauty all immortalised
From this cold tomb arize
To live and be loved eternally.

Ellen Cathrene Mickelson

Born Sept. 19, 1882

Died Oct. 31, 1884

Dearest child we long to meet you,
When we lay this mortal by
Where there is no pain nor sorrow
In the spirit world on high.

Olive Diana Merriam

Born July 18, 1838

Died July 30, 1903

Rest Mother, rest in quiet sleep
While friends in sorrow, oer thee weep.

Here are some epitaphs without names:
As a star is that is lost when the daylight is given
He hath faded away to shine brightly in heaven.

Budded on earth
Blooming in heaven

Jesus said unto him,
I am the reserection and the life.

His words were kindness
His deeds were love
His spirit humbly rest above.

Dear Mother rest in peace
We are coming.

I have fought a good fight
Have finished my course
Have kept the faith.

A precious one from us has flown
A voice we loved is stilled
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.

Dearest loved one, we have lain
Thee in the peaceful grave's embrace
But thy memory will be cherished
Till we see thy heavenly face.

We was a kind and affectionate husband
A fond father, a friend to all.

The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, the guide of youth.

In that immortal shore
We shall meet, and part no more.

The husband of my youth
Lies here in the ground
Awaiting the day for the trumpets to sound
When he will come forth, and join us again.

Free from vexation, sorrow and pain.

Dear father
We are coming
Rest in peace.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR, HOW IT BEGAN

HONORABLE MENTION HISTORICAL ESSAY

Ruth D. Scow
94 West 400 South
Manti, Utah 84642

Many stories have been circulated over the years as to how the Black Hawk War here in Utah began.

John Lowry came to Manti as a pioneer and took part in the first battles fought with the Indians under the command of Col, John Scott. In one way or another, Lowry had been associated with almost every Indian trouble in the early history of the Sanpete area. He had served as Indian interpreter for many years. At times he had been surrounded by the Indians when he knew that one word, action, or look would have cost him his life. He knew he must never show fear, because if he did he would have received no consideration. He was a brave man with the courage the Indians admired.

The Indians who lived in our valley had different notions than we do about their spiritual life. Their elder brother God was good, but they thought if they served Satan through fear of what he might do to them, they would be all right.

In 1864-65 "the Indians were wintering at Gunnison, and many of them died from smallpox, a very contagious disease which they did not understand. They blamed the Mormons for this calamity and in their minds accused the Mormons of working with Satan. They thought they could stop the sickness by killing Mormons in retaliation.

In February 1865, Black Hawk told Lowry what the Indians were going to do when the snow went off. They would kill the Mormons and eat Mormon beef. Lowry went to the Bishop with this information. The Bishop said, "There are not enough of them," but Lowry knew better. He knew they were killing cattle, for he had found the skull of an ox which he had owned. Lowry then talked to the Indians in such a way that they agreed to pay him for the animal by fetching him a horse.

But there was one Indian, Jake Arropeen, who would not accept this peaceable settlement. His father had died during the winter, and this day in Manti he was shouting he would kill Mormons and eat Mormon beef. Lowry tried to get the Indians to make Arropeen stop yelling and let him, Lowry, talk. Just then someone called out, "Look out, he is getting his arrows." At this Lowry rode up to the Indian and turned him off his horse and pulled him to the ground. The bystanders interfered and Lowry and the Indian separated.

Grandpa Peter Munk told me that Black Hawk was attending the L.D.S. Church in Manti that day. An Indian came into the Church, whispered something to the Chief and both Indians stalked out of the meeting. The next morning, April 10, 1865, my grandfather, his neighbor, Peter Ludvigson, and other settlers rode south to gather their cattle and bring them into Manti. About nine miles south of the Manti settlement, Ludvigson was killed by the Indians. Grandpa had loaned him his pistol. He was the only armed rider in the group.

With no way of fighting the Indians, the white men scattered—each man for himself—and Grandpa arrived home by way of Pettyville. A posse was organized the next day, April 11, 1865, to bring back Pete Ludvigson's body. They found it naked, except for his socks, lying face downward in a prickly pear cactus. A strip of flesh had been cut from his back and the story goes that this was roasted and each Indian partook of it— a sure sign of war.

Lowry contended that he thought the Indians started hostilities sooner than they would have done, had he not pulled the Indian from his horse. He was confident that many lives had been saved because this incident put the people on their guard. Quoting Lowry,

These are the facts as to the starting of the Black Hawk Indian depredations. I have patiently borne the stigma placed upon me, for I knew the facts, and to those who still persist in looking upon me as guilty of precipitating the Black Hawk War, I will say this, that I appeal from this decision to a higher court—Our Creator, Who will ultimately judge all men."

Signed; John Lowry

Stamped with the Commissioners of Indian War Records Seal. Grandfather Peter Munk often told this story. He was a veteran of the Black Hawk Indian War. This story is told by John Lowry himself in *Indian Depredations in Utah*, c. 1919.

Sources: Peter Gottfredson, *Indian Depredations in Utah*, c. 1919, pp. 129, 144, 226, 245, 335-358.

The Other 49ers, c. 1983.

Song of a Century, c. 1949.

Grandpa Munk was a veteran of the Black Hawk War (1865-1867); and often told this story to the writer.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD STORE

HONORABLE MENTION HISTORICAL ESSAY

Ross P. Findlay
255 East 100 South 56-4
Ephraim, Utah 84627

An American institution that has given way to the modern Supermarket is the Neighborhood Store. These stores provided close access to various kinds of merchandise used by those who patronized them. Groceries were most in demand and graced the shelves of the neighborhood stores in fairly good supply.

Ephraim had its share of these stores, and in their time they did a thriving business. They were unique in that each had the familiar counter over which purchases were transacted. The clerk controlled the stock and filled orders by request of the buyers. It was considered improper for anyone but the owner or clerk to go behind this counter.

Such a store was equipped with a cash drawer, scales to weigh out goods sold by weight, a pickle barrel and a container for fresh eggs brought in to trade or use as cash. Most stores had counters with glass tops or fronts where candy, gum and other merchandise could be displayed to the patrons.

Some of these stores were housed in a large room in the owner's home. Some were in a separate building next to the home, but still in the neighborhood.

Some stores had an ice house where large blocks of ice were stored in sawdust. This ice was used to cool soda pop or freeze ice cream for special occasions.

Fresh meats were not commonly sold in these stores, but by places of business dealing in meats, known as Butcher Shops. About the only meat in the neighborhood store was canned or processed, like the well-known length of bologna that could be cut and sold by weight. Some kinds of cheese were also sold in this manner.

Occasionally the store would have a stock of bananas that hung from a large hook in the ceiling of the store. Patrons would select the bananas they wished to buy and the clerk would cut them off using a knife with curved blade. Bananas were a real treat and word spread rapidly when a new stock arrived for sale.

Bread was usually supplied by a local bakery when available. In later years, bakeries made regular deliveries to the stores.

Eggs were a ready source of cash and could be traded or sold without a problem. It was always a pleasure to have eggs to trade for some candy or licorice from the glass counter or show case.

Notions were stocked in the neighborhood store and were in demand by the patrons. Writing paper and the familiar bottle of ink were also available.

It was common for those stores in the owners' homes to have a bell attached to the entrance door. This alerted the clerk that someone had entered and needed to be waited on. These neighborhood stores were sort of a "beginning of an American system where many different things were for sale in one place. In Europe, where these early people came from, it was much different. The stores there sold only bakery goods or meat, or sweets, and so forth. The neighborhood store brought together many different items for the convenience of the customers.

Suppliers to these stores were usually represented by a salesman known as a drummer. They had a certain territory they covered and stopped at all the stores to take orders for supplies to re—stock the store. These stores were sort of a neighborhood storehouse. Their patrons looked to them with some

feeling of security that things they needed were close by. Thus frequent trips to the store were not uncommon.

Payment was expected when goods were obtained. However, some store operators allowed charging the amount until a later time. Some patrons had good credit and some had trouble meeting their obligations.

Many times these stores were where neighbors had a chance meeting and discussed the events of the day. With such happenings, the store clerk knew much about the daily activities in his neighborhood.

With several stores in town, people usually had their favorite one and felt at ease in going there. However, it was a new adventure to go to a different store and see what was available and have a new experience.

The neighborhood store has fulfilled its role in history, and the thought brings back many memories to those who patronised these stores in days gone by. This was an easy-going pace, with time for visiting along with shopping for needed commodities.

GRANDMA SITTING

FIRST PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Joan Nay

261 North Main

Salt Lake City, Utah 84103

Someone gave Grandpa a post card once. It pictured a man sound asleep in his boat with the fishing line dangling over the side. The card read:

"Aint's never seen a man, who could worry & fish at the sane time."

Grandpa saved the card, put it on the high shelf in the kitchen above 'his' chair. It was because of Grandpa and the philosophy on the postcard that "Grandma-Sitting" was invented.

The only thing Grandpa loved more than Grandma was fishing. He didn't fish with a vengeance; but in his retirement he enjoyed going out by himself for a day or afternoon in the summer. He didn't like the idea of leaving Grandma alone because he would worry about her—and with good cause. She had a bad heart and diabetes—not that health problems kept her from being any less active. They had also been married 50 plus years, and the worry was natural.

So Grandpa would 'hire' me or one of my sisters to stay with Grandma while he fished. If he went fishing at nearby Nine-Mile Reservoir and would be gone for a short afternoon, Mama would drive us to Grandma's. If he went to one of his favorite fishing spots farther away he would come pick us up early in the morning. Occasionally he would fish at Otter Creek or Koosharem Reservoir. They were quite a distance from Gunnison and he would leave in the wee hours of the morning. Those times we would get to sleep at Grandma's over night.

Whether it was for a few hours in the afternoon or all clay, or even over night, my sisters and. I kept close track of whose turn it was to sit with Grandma. Even though they lived only a few miles away and. we saw them frequently, staying with Grandma was a real treat

Some of my fondest memories of Grandma Taylor are of the days I would spend with her alone—just she and I. Sleeping overnight in the little bedroom just off the kitchen was, of course, best of all. In the morning Grandma and I would fix breakfast and I would, sit in Grandpa's chair—an honor accorded only to

those eating there when Grandpa was not. Sometimes I helped vacuum or hang the wash on the line. I washed windows with hot vinegar water and newspapers, and watched with doubt and fascination as Grandma made cookies from a recipe she made up as she went along.

We would spend part of the afternoon in the upstairs bedrooms, going through all the treasures that accumulate in a house that was home for 10 children. I'd always come home with some precious little treasure Grandma had found and given me.

Also in that upstairs was a trunk full of old clothes. When Grandma's grandmother, Mary Ann Higgins, joined the LDS Church in Scotland, she had been disowned, by her family and dismissed with her trunk of clothes. When she left Scotland., she brought with her across the plains to Utah this same trunk carrying her trousseau. The trunk, containing some of Grandma Higgins' clothes, was handed down through the family until Grandma became its keeper. I have vivid memories of sitting on the floor of one of the upstairs bedrooms at Grandma's, she and I gently unfolding the ruffled, boa, the fur-lined cape, and the heavy dress— all black and reeking of mothballs. Grandma would help me try on the clothes and we would talk about how it must have been to walk across the plains in those heavy clothes, and to get married in the heavy "black dress, as Grandma Higgins was said to have done.

One afternoon while Grandma Sitting, we came upon an old sewing basket with pieces of black ruffled fabric, embroidered in white thread. Grandma and I sat on her bedroom floor and I watched while she hand stitched a ball gown from the black and white ruffles for my tiny 8 inch 'Muffie' doll. Such a stunning ball gown it was!

Grandma Sitting day was over when Grandpa returned. (Looking back, I can't remember if he ever caught any fish. I never recall him coming home with any kind of fish stories about the big ones that got away.) He would sit in his chair and say it was time to 'settle up,' and ask how much he owed. Not that I had to be paid, or even expected it. But Grandpa always insisted on paying, so it was just another bonus for staying with Grandma. He would pull his little black leather coin purse out of his overalls and pay me a silver dollar.

Grandma was always a little embarrassed, I think, at Grandpa's fussing over her. She would tell us quietly she really didn't need anyone to stay with her, that she would be perfectly fine by herself—and she probably would have. But she knew Grandpa. She knew he loved to fish, and she knew he would worry about her. If Grandpa wanted to fish, she would graciously endure the fuss he made at 'hiring' one of us to sit with her. She did it for Grandpa's sake, but my sisters and I were the beneficiaries of all that worrying and fussing. That privilege of Grandma Sitting has given me a sense of my heritage, priceless memories to last a lifetime, and a practical understanding of the philosophy that a man simply cannot worry and fish at the same time.



THE GREAT DEPRESSION YEARS

SECOND PLAGE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Ruth D. Scow

94 West 400 South

Manti, Utah 84642

We were married June 4, 1930, in the Manti Temple. The past two years I had been teaching school at Sterling, grades 3, 4, and 5 and because my position was away from Manti, I signed a contract with the South Sanpete School District for \$60.00 per month for a nine-month period. I had read about the stock market crash of 1929, but here in Sanpete, as was often quoted, "Marry a girl from Sanpete and no matter what happens during your married life, you need not worry, for always she has had it worse."

These worries were not on our minds. That day was happiness and sunshine as we left the Temple and drove our Model "T" Ford Coupe to the south. It was a good feeling to know that now we were on our own, to start our planned honeymoon to the canyons of Bryce, Zions and Grand. The Mt. Carmel tunnel had recently been finished and we wanted to see that wonder, too. Just south of Manti my husband handed me his wallet and said, "Count our monies, and see how much we have." I did, and we had the huge sum of \$36.65.

Highway 89 to the south was a dirt road and gas was selling at 12 to 15 cents per gallon. We had with us a couple of camping beds, bedding quilts and some food to use to ease the budget. Our big assets were our togetherness, our happiness and our enthusiasm for what might lie ahead.

The first night we rented a cabin (\$1.50 per night) in Richfield. Later we found if we brought our bedding and cooking utensils we could rent cabins for 50 to 75 cents per night. This first night we splurged!

The next morning we drove to Bryce. We walked among the colorful pinnacles along a dirt path. The silence was great. We seemed to have the beauty to ourselves. That afternoon we drove to Orderville. Here we rented another cabin (\$1.00 per night).

Rested, after a good night's sleep, we continued on toward the North Rim of the Grand Canyon where we viewed the depth, the colors and the silence of God's work. Hearing from a traveler that gas was more expensive farther on, we decided to forego the pleasure of the view from the South Rim and returned to the silence of the beautiful Kaibab Forest where we spent the night. Next morning there were deer feeding near our beds.

Studying our map we decided Pipe Springs was a must. The fort stood alone among cedars and pines. The tour of the fort was free. Here was real history. Asking about accommodations, we were told we

could camp just anywhere we wanted outside the heavy walls. We pitched our camp by the large pool of water. Next morning we found our beds surrounded by the largest lizards I had ever seen.

We must visit St. George. We asked directions and were told the mailman came daily across a new road to the south, built by convicts from the Arizona State Prison. The road was narrow and dirt, but we had faith. It was a one-vehicle road that led down into a lonely, dusty box canyon. Steep it certainly was, and if we had met that mailman I dread to think what could have happened.

At Hurricane we bought a 10-cent loaf of bread. When we cut it, the crust stayed by itself and the inside of the loaf rolled into a wad of dough. In St. George we found no place to camp, so rented a cabin which cost us \$3.00 per night. Too expensive, but for one night. . .

Sunday we attended church services in the Tabernacle, and the next morning we had the audacity to ask if we could visit the Temple. We were given a personal tour, from top to bottom, of that historic building with only our Temple recommends for security.

Later we headed for Zion's Canyon where we paid no fees, drove up the dirt road to the head of the canyon, and stopped to walk among the towering beauty and awesome quiet.

We saw the honey-candy beauty of the mountain through which the newly finished Mt. Carmel tunnel was carved. We stopped at the various windows to view the beauty of the canyon. Finally we came out once again into the brightness of the sunlight.

We enjoyed another night in Orderville and next morning turned north. It was then we saw the sign "CEDAR BREAKS." We knew not when we would pass that way again, so the Ford turned up that road. We looked at the gas tank when we got to the beautiful colored area and decided we'd better move on.

From the top of Cedar Canyon, the road looked steep, but I had faith in my husband, and when the car began to hug the embankment I did not worry as he began to sing. Always I had enjoyed his beautiful voice and today was no exception, except the way he drove. We followed close behind a truck loaded with logs and the car seemed to hurry faster and often gouged the dirt embankment. Still I did not worry nor did I understand this type of driving.

At the mouth of the canyon the truck turned off the road. Our Model "T" was traveling faster and faster. We did not stop, even at the Main Street. Instead we made a right turn, drove several blocks and the Ford climbed up over the cement curb and stopped. . . right in front of the big window of the Rexall Drug!

A telephone brought mechanics to our rescue. The clutch was gone, the bands were stripped and the brakes burned out. We could get them relined for \$7.00. That, plus a bit left for gas, would not take us home. We were financially broke.

Our alternative was to drive to Milford. Here we visited a couple of days with relatives, borrowed \$5.00 from an uncle and soon arrived in the Mayfield Valley. We had had a marvelous trip!

That summer we lived in a one-room house on a farm. My folks gave us a cow and a brass bed and a new mattress. We had a garden, a horse and a one-seated buggy, and settled down for the summer. In the fall we rented a three-room house for \$8.00 per month, joined the ward choir and were awakened one night by the ringing of the old school bell. A house was afire. The men ran to put it out with buckets of water.

The next year we tried homesteading. We built a two-room, unlined lumber house, hauled water from Mayfield, and farmed. That fall we decided to move to Manti. Homesteading, with its lizards, snakes, and heat, and coal oil lamps, was not for us. Our baby was born that fall with Dr. Sears in attendance (\$25.00).

Because of a bedbug situation in our rented house, we decided to buy a half-acre lot with a two room house and a lean-to for \$475.00. The next spring we were offered a job (seven days each week). My husband was to manage a ranch, and I was to do the cooking for the hired men and keep the house in order. Our wages were \$40.00 per month, but with this sum we paid for our house.

Back home again we had to make repairs on the house. While awaiting the birth of our second child, my husband earned a congoleum rug for our living room by working for \$1.00 per day.

Times were getting harder, jobs were scarce, the banks closed three days and the U.S. Government, recognizing the need for jobs, started the C.C. Camps, the Works Progress Administration, and Manti, with that labor, built the Sanpete County Courthouse and the schoolhouse that was razed in 1987.

A bad drought condition also hit in the thirties and this necessitated the government loaning folks money to feed livestock. There were no fat animals in those years, with the result that the government again came to our aid by buying the cattle, sheep or hogs for \$5.00 to \$10.00 each. These animals were then killed. They were so poor that their meat could not be used, no matter how hungry we were. Also, in this make work project, families of four or five persons needing bedding were given one blanket per family by the Utah Emergency Relief Association (U.E.R.A.). Tax notices in 1931 were form-typed and the amount owed for the various areas in Sanpete County was penciled in by hand.

The government organized a mattress-making project for those in need, and items of food were rationed to the needy. Fish from Utah Lake could be purchased from peddlers for 15 cents per carp. These fish had lots of bones but their meat was welcome, as it changed our diet for a meal.

We borrowed yeast starts and even bread from our neighbors, paying them back later. Mash sacks we could buy for 25 cents a bag. This cloth, thus obtained and washed, furnished dishtowels, aprons, sheets, pillowcases, tablecloths, underwear, curtains, and other needs.

We made wash soap from pioneer recipes. A modern stir-soap recipe was also available. We sewed and wore made-over clothing whenever possible. I made overalls for our boys from the best parts of men's striped overalls.

Those depression years were hard, but almost every family had a flock of hens, a cow, some sheep, maybe a wagon and team, and a garden plot. This helped, for none went hungry. With a bit of knowledge about sewing, cooking, carpentry and farming, we were challenged to use our abilities, talents and creativity in caring for our families.

Not always was it "work with no play," for there were afternoon and neighborhood parties, the Manti Ladies Literary Club, D.U.P., open-air dances at Palisade, Millstream, Cremona, Redmonton, the Bungalow, near home. We could also swim or dance at Crystal Springs. The Manti Theatre was showing moving/talking pictures (tickets were 15-25 cents) with billings that ran the gamut of drama, mystery, travelogues, westerns, news reels or comedies. One night I won \$25.00 at the movie for the lucky number, and with this I bought our first radio. Our world was indeed getting smaller!

MY AUNT SADIE

THIRD PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Lois T. Kribs

195 East 100 South

Manti, Utah 84642

She was born Sarah Tooth, but to everyone she was Aunt Sadie, or just Sadie. She was my Dad's oldest sister; but she didn't just belong to the family, she belonged to everyone in the city of Manti.

Her birthplace, February 26, 1882, was in a two room adobe house, a block from the center of town on the northwest corner of Union and First East. This corner was the homestead of her grandfather, James Farris Tooth, when he arrived in Manti in 1853.

She was the oldest of thirteen children born to James C. and Agnes Reid Tooth, and from an early age she worked alongside her mother helping care for her twelve brothers and sisters. Tragedy, in the form of diphtheria and whooping cough, took the lives of four of the thirteen children at early ages, but the remaining nine lived full and productive lives.

Aunt Sadie went to the Manti public school until she graduated from the eighth grade. She helped her mother at home and "worked out," as they called it in those days, in several other homes in Manti until Dr. Olsen told her she would make a fine nurse and helped her make application to the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City. She entered training in 1908 and graduated in 1911 with honors, despite beginning with only an eighth grade education. After graduation she practiced nursing in Salt Lake City before returning to Manti.

In June 1922, she married a widower, James R. Olsen and became the stepmother of two sons and two daughters. Aunt Sadie didn't have any children of her own, but she raised a foster daughter from infancy and to us, her nieces and nephew, she was more than an aunt: she was often a second mother.

After she and Uncle Jim were married, they moved into a two-story light red, brick home, built in 1900, on the northeast corner of Third North and Second East. For all practical purposes this home became the only hospital Manti has ever had.

From the second story, on the west side of the house, was a magnificent stairway with a wonderful banister, just made for sliding down. Underneath the stairway was a storage area that was well-used in the game of hide-and-seek. The middle room on the ground floor, between the kitchen on the east and the bedrooms on the west, was the "hospital room." The bed was located by the big south window where, while lying in bed recuperating, patients could look out onto the big expanse of lawn and flowers, falling leaves, snow and ice, or the new buds of spring, depending on the time of year they were confined in the "hospital." My turn in this bed was in August when I was 18 and suddenly needed an operation to have my appendix removed. The operation was performed on Aunt Sadie's kitchen table, in an immaculate kitchen, as sterile as a hospital operating room. Afterward I was transferred to this comfortable bed by the window where I could watch the world go by.

When the Olsen's moved into this house, the water was piped in, but there was not a bathroom as we know them today. In the 1920's bathtubs became a luxurious innovation. No more round washtubs in front of the kitchen stove for a Saturday night bath, but a tub big enough to lie down in and the water coming right out of the new faucet on the wall. Aunt Sadie was one of the first to have a bathtub installed in a separate room, called a bathroom.

The meals Aunt Sadie served her patients came in great part from the huge garden she grew each year. No preservatives in her meals. They would be the envy of any hospital patient today. She canned all

surplus fruits and vegetables and even meat - this was before the time of freezers - so these good foods were available all year in her "hospital." Uncle Jim was a beekeeper, and what a treat it was to be at Aunt Sadie's when they would extract the honey from the comb – pure ambrosia.

Aunt Sadie was not only the nurse at the "Hospital," she also did all the cooking, cleaning, canning, and laundry. The laundry was done in an electric washing machine, but the clothes had to be run through a wringer and then hung outside to dry, regardless of the weather. In the winter the sheets were often brought back to the house in the form of stiff white boards.

If she didn't have patients at home and was called to the bedside of the sick, her answer, without any hesitation, was always, "I'm ready, I'll be there." Uncle Jim died in 1936, and before this time he would take her on calls in his horse and buggy; after that, she walked. She accepted a ride if offered, but if the patient didn't have transportation for her, she immediately set out on foot. She never owned an automobile or learned to drive.

Often during these depression years people didn't have money for payment, so she was paid with eggs, chickens, meat, wood, or whatever they could give of value. But many were the hours she took care of the sick without pay. If she knew anyone who was cold, she made quilts and took to them. She baked cookies by the dozens to be included in the boxes of food she would take to those who were hungry. There were few homes in Manti who did not know her helping hand.

Aunt Sadie helped deliver over 1,000 babies. Some were born in their homes and some in her "hospital." The citizens of Manti paid tribute to Sarah Tooth Olsen with a special program and a gift of a platform rocker, and all the children she had helped bring into the world who could attend were present.

She worked with four different doctors during the 43 years of her nursing career: Dr. Henry Stranquist, Dr. George Sears, Dr. Lucien Sears in Manti, and Dr. Nielsen in Ephraim.

After the Sanpete Valley Hospital was built in Mt. Pleasant, the need for her home to be used for patient care decreased, so she sold it and returned to the home where she was born to take care of her mother. During the years she had been gone from this home it too had been remodeled, including the modern conveniences.

Aunt Sadie passed away July 30, 1955» in the home where she had begun her life - a life dedicated to service to others.



DELAPIDATED OLD WAGON WHEEL

HONORABLE MENTION PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Glenn Thomas
2850 Monroe Blvd.
Ogden, Utah 84403

There it lay before me, a weather-beaten, badly scarred, broken-down ancient wagon wheel. Two spokes were now missing, the remaining ones still intact though very loose. These were now deep fissures in the wood of the aged hub. Fortunately for memory's sake, the old narrow rim, though badly worn, was still hanging on. The wheel, long since abandoned, showed most of a century of great "useful service on our small farm in Wales. As I looked at the old, now useless relic, there appeared before me something very beautiful. Precious happy memories moved across my mind as if it were yesterday, even though more than sixty years have come and gone. Suddenly it became real and moving with the three other wheels on a wagon drawn by our team of horses with me handling the lines driving them. All this began at a time in my youthful life when I was not yet ten years old.

In those years, horse-drawn wagons were used to do much of the farm work. Because we were poor, we could afford but very little farm equipment. During the hot summer months, the narrow-rimmed iron bands on the wheels would become loose. To prevent them from coming off, we would drive the wagon into a stream of water. This allowed the wood to expand and tighten the wheels. The old wheel had been used for many diverse purposes. The wagon had been taken into the hills many times to bring home a load of pine or cedar wood that we chopped to heat the stove for cooking and for warmth, bringing forth delightful odors from the burning wood. I recall on one occasion during the winter months, we drove the team into the hills for a load of wood. When the wagon was almost loaded and we were heading homeward, we rolled into a deep gulch while riding in the wagon, tipping it over and doing severe damage. Fortunately we escaped injury by leaping across to the hillside while the wagon was going over. The wagon was badly damaged. I cannot recall who was with me on that occasion. At that time I was about ten years old and had earned the reputation of being a poor driver.

All the hay used for feeding the animals was hauled from the field and stacked at our home yard in town. The old wheel brought back pleasant memories of haying times. Only a few paces from it was a remnant of the long-ago discarded mowing machine. It still had the remains of some heavy wire my brother Lawrence and I placed to make some crude repairs on a broken spring. Brawn by a team of horses, I recall taking the mower into the field to cut hay on numerous occasions after sharpening the cutting blades on an old grind-stone owned by Uncle Wales, that we treadled with our feet while holding the blade against the rotating stone.

As I began cutting the hay, it was fascinating to circle the field with the mowing machine and see the long stems laid low with a clickety-click of the mowing blades, repeating the rounds again and again as the new-mown path grew wider. One never knew what to expect, as on one occasion, I recall a mother pheasant was setting on her ten freckled, brown spotted eggs. Suddenly she ran out into the mowed area, thinking to draw away harm. I drew the horses to a sudden stop. Immediately I discovered the nest. A few more feet of cutting would have caused the nest and eggs to be destroyed. Then starting the horses, I swerved from the course and left a small cluster of standing hay to shade the nest for the mother bird to return to hatch out her precious family.

Because of the hot summer sun, the leaves would soon wilt and fall from the stems of hay. To prevent this from happening, the hay had to be raked only a few hours after cutting. We owned an old horse-drawn, hand-operated hay rake that was used to rake the hay into rows. By using a pitchfork, I then formed the hay into piles for loading onto the wagon after drying.

The mellowing scent of the cured hay as each pile was forked by hand and loaded on the wagon was lovely. Care had to be exercised to ensure a proper balance of hay on each side of the load. It didn't happen often, but I remember on one occasion the load of hay did tip over when my older brother Hy was driving the team. It was an extra large load, the last in the field. I did the tromping and arranging of the load. As we drove over the rocky south ridge homeward bound, a front wheel struck a loose rock causing the wagon to swerve, the load shifted, and over we went. What did we do? We simply rolled down with the hay. Hy seemed to get quite a thrill out of it, but to me it was a very frightening experience. Had we jumped off from the other side, we might have been seriously injured. Soon some other farmers came along and gave us a hand in getting the wagon back in shape, leaving us to reload the hay. However, the most pleasant time came when riding on the soft hay from the field into town, a distance of from two to three miles. When arriving in the yard at home, the entire load was pitched by hand and then tromped evenly on the stack. As I look back through the years, we truly did it the hard way.

About this time we owned a choice saddle horse that possessed intelligence that I have never known in another horse. 'Old Mae' could stop on a dime, and for roping cattle, she was simply terrific. We always felt proud to enter her in races. For a quarter of a mile, she was very hard to beat. However, because of her flighty nature, there were at times hazards involved. I recall one summer my sister Rell and her husband Eb left their son Russel with us for about two weeks. He was then age four and loved to ride 'Old Mae'. One morning during haying time, knowing he enjoyed going with me to the field, I saddled the horse and tied her to the back of the wagon. This gave him a good long ride. The excitement began on the way home when the wagon was loaded. Of course, Russell wanted to ride the horse alone without tying her to the wagon* Knowing she enjoyed munching on the hay as we rode along, it appeared safe to do so.

All went well until we entered one of the well traveled lanes, and two horsemen came along traveling in the same direction. As soon as 'Old Mae' saw them coming, she darted around in front of our wagon, taking Russell for a very wild, fast ride. It was all he could do to hang on. About a quarter of a mile ahead of the wagon, she stopped and looked back. Seeing that the horsemen had taken another lane, she was content to go along on a gentle walk and enjoy her young, youthful rider.

Knowing other horses could come along any moment, I desperately sought to find a way to get ahead of her. Each time I nudged the team to go faster, the pony would go faster. Each side of the long, fenced in lane we were traveling through was covered with small sage brush and deep washes caused by floods from nearby canyons. After careful thought, I conceived the idea to creep up one of the washes for several hundred yards while the horses were walking along the road, until I was ahead of 'Old Mae,' and then sneak down another wash to the road, quickly crawl through the wire fence and head her off.

Because of her clever nature, she appeared to know exactly where I was at all times. As soon as I moved ahead, she gently increased her speed to an easy lope until a short distance ahead of me and then slowed down to a walk. Finally I gave up and returned to the wagon. Upon arriving home, Suss and 'Old Mae' were waiting at the gate. They both looked at me as if to say, "How come you couldn't trust us, wise guy?"

After a short visit with the old wagon wheel that brought back so many happy memories, I wanted to take it along; however, second thoughts urged me to let it stay where it would want to be.

IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OP THE THING

HONORABLE MENTION PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Norma W. Barton
122 West Union
Manti, Utah 84642

Paul M. Smith graduated in 1919 from Wasatch High School in Heber City, Utah. In the summer of 1920 he left for the University of Wisconsin in Madison to learn the art of cheese-making with the promise that when he returned, he would be hired as the manager of the Mutual Creamery in Midway, Utah, at a salary of \$150.00 per month.

They gave him the job when he arrived home a year later, but claimed that they could pay him only \$110.00 a month until business picked up.

"I didn't like it," Paul said, "but I was stuck. I had given up a good job offer in Northern Wisconsin to come home, and I didn't have the price of a ticket to go back, so I worked for a year or two for \$110.00 a month."

"They kept promising me more money, but I could see that they had no intentions of raising my pay. I was working thirteen hours every day, including Sunday, so one day I got mad and quit."

Paul and wife, Geneve, moved to Wendell, Idaho, in the fall of 1923 to make cheese, at \$150.00 per month.

In December when John R. Nielsen called Paul from Manti, Utah, and offered him a job with Manti Cheese Manufacturing Company, he said, "No," without hesitating. A couple of days later when he mentioned it to Geneve, they decided to take a chance on moving again. It was costing \$100.00 a month for their hotel room and \$50.00 for their meals. Of course, they could get a meal for \$.35 but they weren't getting ahead or putting any roots down.

It was Christmas time. Geneve was expecting their baby in February and she wanted to be home when it was born. Paul called Mr. Nielsen and accepted his offer — then he put Geneve on a train to Heber,

In a few days Paul had his business taken care of in Wendell, and he bought a ticket on the Oregon Shortline to Ogden. He had to catch the train in Gooding. It was December 2 3rd and bitter cold. He carried two heavy suitcases to the train station a mile outside of town. When he arrived there, everything was locked up and all was dark, There was nowhere to go to get out of the wind and cold. Finally he heard the train coming.

Paul had grown up around trains, and as this train roared toward him he could hear that it was not slowing down. He stepped out on the track and gave the emergency signal, raising his arms to shoulder height and dropping them to his sides twice. The train had to stop. What if a bridge was out ahead, or a rail or tie was broken? When the passenger train slowed and stopped, he calmly picked his luggage up and climbed aboard.

"Where's the emergency," the conductor demanded.

"Right here. A matter of life or death," Paul answered.

The conductor exploded. "Do you know it's a federal offense to stop a train by using the emergency signal?"

"Well, I'm sorry but I had no other choice. They sold me a ticket over at Wendell and told me I could catch this train here at 9 o'clock tonight. They didn't tell me that the station would be locked up, or that I would freeze to death while I waited for a train that wasn't even going to stop for me."

"No one reported that there would be a passenger pick up tonight," the conductor roared.

"That's what I figured when I heard the train coming," Paul answered. "That's the reason I took care of the situation myself. I wasn't about to go back to Wendell again and have the same thing happen tomorrow night. It's Christmas Eve tomorrow, and if I had to give an emergency signal to be home with my family— well, that's what I did."

"I'm reporting you as soon as we get to our destination. You could go to the penitentiary for stopping a train. You can be sure that you will be hearing from the Federal Investigators very soon."

Paul arrived in Heber on Christmas Eve. He stayed until December 28th and then went on to Manti to claim his job. For the following year each time he saw two well-dressed men in town or at the cheese factory, he was sure they had come to arrest him. Evidently the conductor did not report him. Perhaps it was the season, but he never heard any more about it.

Paul had been making cheese in Manti for about a year. The Manti Cheese Manufacturing Company was a co-op where no person could hold more than \$10.00 worth of stock. This way they could not get controlling interest. Cheese-makers were about impossible to get, so their contract guaranteed them \$150.00 a month or they didn't stay very long.

A member of the Board of Directors came to Paul one day and asked how long it would be until he had someone trained to take his place.

"Aren't you satisfied with the job I'm doing?" Paul asked.

"Yes," the Board Member answered, "but we just can't afford \$150.00 a month. As soon as you have someone trained to replace you, we will let you go and hire him."

"For as long as I want this job," Paul told the Board Member, "there will be no one trained to take my place."

Paul and Geneve liked Manti and wanted to remain there, so in 1929 he bought Prank Cox's interest in the Manti Meat Market on Main Street, and he and Fred Cox entered a partnership which lasted for 17 years. They bought their first home at 159 South 2nd East, Manti, in August 1929. Geneve died in November, 1941. In September, 1943. Paul married Thelma Jacobsen, a teacher at Manti High School.

In 1945 their business partnership terminated when Paul bought Fred Cox out. In 1951, Paul and Thelma remodeled Manti Meat Market, adding groceries and fresh fruits and vegetables to their line. With that, the store's name was changed to SMITH'S Pood Store. He was on Manti's Main Street for 47 years.

In November 1976, Paul closed the doors to SMITH'S Pood Store for the last time. He always did say that his customers didn't know whether he was telling a true lie or a damned lie, but his quick wit and ability to tell a story did much to brighten their day.

MEMORIES OF WORLD WAR II

HONORABLE MENTION PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Sherman Ruesch

2810 So. Camino Ortega

Green Valley, Arizona 85614

Memories are ever so faulty. Forty-five years after World War II, I tried to write from memory about my experiences during a year of occupation duty in the Austrian Tirol and in Vienna. I wanted to tell my children and grandchildren what that strange time was like. I had already written for them (and for my

buddies in our infantry company) an account of a draftee's life in the army from the formation of our division in 1944 until the end of the war in Europe on May 7, 1945. That I did immediately after the war when it was all fresh in my mind and there were plenty of people still around with whom I could check on details.

So last winter I sat at my old portable, secure in the feeling that I could recall all the places we had "been and the important events that occurred, and that I could get the chronology right. It would be a breeze and so much fun to do, I pounded my portable quite steadily for weeks and thought I was well into the meat of the story. Then came a real jolt.

My wife decided to unpack some boxes that neither of us had looked into for years and years, and she brought out a bundle of letters, all the 253 I had written to her in the 18 months I was in Europe. Most of them were about time in the Tirol and in Vienna. I went through them in sequence and then tore up everything I had written. The distortions were awful. My memory had things so out of sync and there were so many things I had forgotten. Then I started all over, and those letters were my guide. Now the occupation story is finished, and I can feel confident that my G. I. buddies won't find much in it that is wrong.

That was a strange time. All of a sudden there was no sound of artillery and no small-arms fire. We didn't have to carry a weapon wherever we went, and we weren't marching down strange roads and worrying about snipers. All of a sudden there wasn't an enemy any more, and that took some getting used to. We were trucked through Munich on our way south. We wound slowly through the rubble — mile after mile of it - that had been that city, and we marvelled at the few forlorn civilians who were still there. Our last and most gruesome reminder of war - it had been a few days earlier - was of the Dachau concentration camp the day the gates were opened and emaciated Canadian prisoners were liberated. Few of us had the stomach to go inside for a look at the gas chambers.

The change of scenery as we headed south was most welcome, Austria wasn't an industrial country and contained few military targets, especially in the Tirol, We felt at first that the war had passed it by. It hadn't, but it took us time to realize how it had suffered. The populace was reduced to women, children, and old men. All the young men had been conscripted, and they were all allied prisoners, lucky ones in camps in western Europe and unlucky ones deep in Russia,

There were other changes. Probably the biggest one was the lack of work for us to do. We had little to do except guard duty on the S.S. troops and other prisoners. In fact, the occupying armies were much more numerous than the prisoners, so in each company we pulled shifts on guard duty somewhat infrequently, and we had lots of free time. And after a few days in Salzburg, most of the companies were sent on guard duty into small villages high in the Austrian Alps. Our first town was Krimml, and as a company we were as numerous as the farm population of the village, The town had no library or movie or any organized recreation, For a while we enjoyed hikes and occasional jeep trips in the high country. Then all we had to do was eat and sleep, write letters and play cards - plus G. I. bull sessions, I kept from going stir crazy with my writing, and that was challenging because I had a French machine for a while and then a German, and the keyboards weren't much like ours.

After a while a few high-point G. I.'s and officers were shipped out and replacements came in. Then the division began moving whole companies to new locations and doing other things to keep us busy. During the months in the Tirol, we must have been in six or seven locations, and some of us were sent on special duty or detached service assignments all over the Tirol, You hardly knew from one day to the next

where you would be and what you would be doing. Besides, there was always the possibility that the whole division would be moved to the Pacific theater.

Most of us tried to learn a little German at every location, and some G. I.'s would reciprocate by teaching Austrian hausfraus some of their G. I. language. For example, it wasn't unusual to walk around a mountain town and hear an Austrian woman greet her neighbor with "Guten morgan, son-om-bitch."

We didn't fully realize in the Tirol the sad plight of Austria after the war. Out in the country, people had enough to eat, and their clothing (lederhosen and dirndls) were of such durable leather and wool that they seldom needed new clothes. It was a different matter in the cities, especially in Vienna. For example, we lived in high-rise apartments next door to an old mansion that was converted into our regimental mess hall. At our first meal after arriving in Vienna, our regular G, I, cooks prepared our mostly dehydrated food. It was hardly fit to eat, so we carried most of it out front to dump in the garbage cans, but very little of it got there. There were almost as many civilians there holding out empty cans, dishes, and even their hands begging for whatever we hadn't eaten. Their clothes were ragged and they were obviously half-starved. A few days later our food was suddenly very good, Austrian women had pled for the chance to cook for us and all they wanted was food for themselves and any left-overs we would give them. Our cooks did very little cooking from then on, and though the food was quite palatable as prepared by the Austrians, we all managed to save some for the waiting line in front of the mess hall.

We were at first critical of this defeated people because we felt sure many of them were dedicated Nazis, but we couldn't keep that viewpoint for long. Many of them were literally starving, and most of the children were seriously undernourished, too. Their husbands and sons and boyfriends were either dead or in prison camps, and many of them would never get back from their prisons. The women struggled mightily to take care of their children, and it seems no wonder that many of them sold themselves to get food and clothing for their children.

There was a brighter side for us in Vienna. The big city had all kinds of recreation and entertainment for the occupying troops, and we had work to do, for a change, as the troops of General Mark Clark's Vienna Area Command. There were castles and palaces and churches to visit, and Emperor Franz Josef's palace had become a wonderful museum. We could see an opera or ballet nearly every week for a whole winter. We could take jeep trips out into the Weiner Wald, and we even found a ranch out there where we could ride horses. One time four of us borrowed a jeep and went on a tour into the Russian zone and across the Danube. That was exciting because we had an American civilian with us as guide and interpreter and were stopped by a Russian patrol. They insisted on seeing our passes. We were all okay but the civilian. He had had to send his passport to the embassy in Rome to get it renewed, and his only other identification was an Austrian card with a big swastika on the front. That excited the Russians who were sure he was a German spy. We had to do a lot of creative arguing in German and with a few words in Russian to get them to release the civilian. The Russians were armed and we weren't.

Our children and grandchildren seem to like these and other stories of World War II, and someday I'll convince them of how old I really am with this story from World War I I was nine years old when word came to Manti of the German surrender. Some of the imaginative high school and older fellows in town cooked up a scheme. They made a life-size image of Kaiser Wilhelm filled with straw. They hauled that up and down Main Street, ending in front of the bank, where they hung it from a post and burned it.

SOUTHWARD HO!
FIRST PLACE SHORT STORY
Annette Van Laar
22111 River Road
Escalon, California 95320

"How long will it take you to get things packed?" asked Mel.

"What do you mean packed? What Things?" answered his wife Erma.

"All of our stuff. We're leaving."

"Leaving? What are you talking about, leaving?"

"We're gettin' outa here."

"Why?"

"I'm fed up. Had enough. I told the boss I wouldn't be comin' back to work."

She worriedly searched his face for a clue that he might be pulling a joke on her. In disbelief she said, "Oh, no, with jobs as scarce as they are now, what are we going to do? And we just bought that car, too. How are we going to make ends meet?"

"I don't know. We'll look around. I'll find something. Anyway, I can always go back to playing baseball." A spark ignited in his eyes as he talked. "I'd be on the go a lot, traveling with the team from town to town* That's no place for a woman with a baby. You'd have to find a place to live. Maybe move in with somebody. I'd send you some money to get by on."

"I figured something would happen. I knew you couldn't hack it much longer at that restaurant. Now maybe you won't be coming home so upset with your boss. I hope we'll all be able to sleep more normal hours if you don't have to work those changing shifts all the time. I hope and pray it'll all work out."

"We'll get along," he said. "Now you get busy and start puttin' things in these boxes I brought home. I'm going to the service station to get some gasoline in the car, put air in the tires, water in the radiator and check out the battery. While I'm there, I'll pick up a tire patch kit. Those tires are smooth as a buffalo nickel."

He was gone. She looked around the little apartment and became melancholy thinking about the uncertainty of their future. She moved as if in a dream. Where should she begin? Perhaps it was all just an illusion. She would blink her eyes and it would all puff away just like blowing out a kerosene lamp. She checked to see if her baby daughter was still sleeping. How peaceful, she dozed with one tiny hand clutching the folds of her little dress where it softly rippled out from the hand-smocked bodice. Erma stood for a moment at the crib, admiring little Annette. The infant's mouth twitched subconsciously, then smiled. Erma tip-toed away and began filling the boxes.

Next morning they were up extra early. Sleep had been sporadic. Anxious anticipation kept them from the relaxation of deep slumber.

Mel teetered, balancing himself on the running board of the 1928 Model A Ford. While juggling the baby crib frame, he yelled to his wife, "Come and give me a hand."

"Hold your horses. I'm coming," she answered.

"Throw me that rope and hang onto the mattress before it falls off."

The large items that wouldn't fit inside the car, the bed frame, mattress, springs, baby crib and its mattress and spring, were being tied on top of the roof. He looped the rope around the metal rod that ran across the front of the radiator "between the large, bulbous headlamps. Pulled each end so as to form a

cross over the beds and tied them to the rear bumpers.

"There. That should hold it. I've got it tight. It's gotta be done just right. I know how to drive so it won't all fly off. It takes skill. Just like throwin' a baseball. You have to aim it straight into the wind."

What a sight. The car looked like a rummage sale on four wheels. Stuffed into the back seat were kaleidoscope-colored patchwork quilts, smooth cotton sheets, feather pillows, terry towels, two plump oxblood leather suitcases, one large and one small, a big brown crinkled leather athletic-style valise, a radio, a small cast iron skillet, an enamel wash basin with matching water pitcher, dish pan, kettle, dishes and flatware. In a shoe box were a few sandwiches, prepared ahead to eat on the way. They were wrapped in the saved waxed paper from bread bags. A couple of cans of condensed milk for the baby and a mason jar full of water to drink. Also onboard, a few baseballs, bats, Mel's beloved baseball mitt, cleats and grey uniform with black pinstripes.

Each item had a story of its own. Even the sixyear old car was purchased only two months previous from a dealer in Salt Lake City. It had cost \$135.00. They paid the full amount in cash, which was extracted from the money they had frugally saved. These were the days when the nation was struggling to get back on its feet after the mighty blow that the Great Depression had delivered.

Erma had worked as a nanny and a Housekeeper while going to Heneger's Business School prior to their marriage. Mel worked a variety of jobs between baseball seasons. Many of these were only temporary. His last job, which he had just quit, was in Ogden at a downtown restaurant. He earned enough to keep his wife and infant daughter fed and living in a two-room apartment. It boasted a shared "modern" bathroom down the hallway. The larger room served as a multipurpose bedroom and living room combined. The smaller room was the kitchenette.

Now they were leaving their little sanctuary with no promise of living quarters nor a vocation awaiting them.

"Well at last we're ready to go," Erma said as she leaned into the stately jalopy. She placed baby Annette on the folded quilt in the back seat. Her fingers brushed across the soft baby coverlet. She recalled the long hours of pleasure she spent sewing on the hand applied animals.

There were fat round elephants, teddy bears, bunny rabbits, ducks, dogs and cats. Each animal was cut from a different piece of cotton fabric. An assortment of colors and patterns in checks, tiny florals, polka dots and solid-colored scraps were used. Every animal was placed on its own square of white and meticulously embroidered. The squares were all connected with bands and borders of flamingo pink. Swirls of hand-quilted stitches meandered through the downy cotton battings. It was a work of art dedicated to her dear infant.

"Are you sure we have everything?" -asked Mel. "Take one last look to check it out."

Erma finished tucking her baby into the nest of bedding. She gazed at their belongings and stopped a moment at the enamel wash basin. Her thoughts drifted back to when her child was smaller. She bathed her in it in warm soapy water. Annette would spank the water, sending droplets skittering everywhere. She would grab the wet washcloth, stuff it into her mouth and suck out the juice. After the water frolic, she toweled her dry in front of the kitchen range, then dressed her small silky body that had been lightly dusted with baby talc. How precious it was to cuddle this sweetsmelling bundle, to rock her in her arms in that tiny apartment while listening to the radio. She remembered how much more pleasant it was to care for her own child than be a nanny to those spoiled rich kids.

Mel climbed into the driver's seat. "Well, let's go." He peered backward over the sheared mohair upholstered seat and began to laugh. "Remember," he continued, laughing, "that iron skillet?"

"I remember it just like it was yesterday," said Erma.

Mel recounted the day. "Remember when you took a stroll pushing Annette in the buggy? You walked down Twenty-Fourth Street hill, turned onto Washington Boulevard and then on into Woolworth's Ten Cent Store. That's where you bought that skillet. You placed it in the buggy to begin walking back home. Annette was so fascinated by it, playing with it. She threw it out of the buggy. It crashed to the sidewalk in an ear-jangling clang. As many times as you picked it up and put it back in the buggy, she kept slinging it out. It's a miracle it's still in one piece."

On this warm day in June, they drove with the windows rolled half-way down, the windshield tilted out. They felt freshly cool as the breeze tousled their hair. The heavily loaded Model A chugged along the two lane highway headed south.

Mel drove cautiously, hoping that the heavy load would not cause a flat tire. Even worse, a blowout would blast the auto completely out of his control. Occasionally, when their bladders signaled, they would pull to the side of the road. At an appropriately selected place, they took a short walk and discreetly relieved themselves behind a clump of sage brush. During the short rest stop, the baby's diaper was changed and placed with the other soiled ones in the enamel bucket. The bucket was nicknamed the "slop jar," Erma replaced the lid of the slop jar while mentally noting that about six of the dozen cloth diapers had already been used. This meant she would need to wash them as soon as they arrived, in order to have fresh ones ready for the next day. It was a daily chore. First she would soak them in clear water to remove the odor. Then, in a tub of hot water, she scrubbed them up and down, repeatedly over the ribs of the washboard while rubbing with a bar of laundry soap. Scrub, scrub until it seemed the abrasive action ground the cloth thinner each time it was laundered. Dunk them in and out of clear rinse water and twist in a wringing motion to expel the water. To the- second rinse water was added a small capful of Mrs. Stewart's liquid blueing. This made the diapers appear to be sparkling white. Then pin them onto the clothesline that was stretched from the top of the kitchen door, across the room to the top of the window on the other side. It was the quickest place to dry the laundry, because of the heat given off from the cook stove. But none dried as fast or smelled as fresh as those hung outdoors on a sunny, breezy day. That was one of life's little joys,

"Oh, oh! We've got trouble now," said Mel. That's one thing we forgot. We didn't dip some rain water out of the barrel."

"Why? What's the matter?" asked Erma.

"The radiator's gettin' hot and steam's spurting out around the sides of the radiator cap. We can't go much farther. It'll blow its top. Keep your eyes peeled for water."

The overheated engine labored to climb the steep grade. It sputtered along belching and steaming.

Erma yelled, "Stop! There's some." She pointed in the direction of a little stream a short distance from the edge of the road.

Mel stopped the car. He pulled a small towel from the side pocket of the door panel, folded it several times to protect his hand, and used it to twist off the scorching radiator cap. The boiling, gurgling water bubbled out and spilled to the ground. He pulled a kettle from their belongings and filled it with stream water to give a cool drink to the thirsty Ford.

"Stream water isn't as good as rain water," announced Mel. "Rain water won't scum up or drop sediment,"

Even so, they counted themselves fortunate. This canyon road east of Nephi and north of Fountain Green can be a very lonely place to be stranded. Now they must get the engine cooled down before proceeding.

"Do you want something to eat while we wait?" asked Erma,

"Might as well, we can't go anyplace."

Later, as they drove through the area known as Duck Springs, just northwest of Moroni, Mel's heartstrings tugged. "Look over there," He pointed, "There's the ballfield. That's where it all began." The unpainted lumber of the grandstand had turned silver-gray, weather-aged, lonely. "That's where I became Moroni's star baseball player," His mind raced over the past dozen years of playing with the minor league teams, of living out of his leather valice, "From here I went to Ely, Nevada, then to Oakland, California and Santa Cruz and San Jose," he reminisced.

He had played shortstop. He was slim and quick. He'd jump like a small cricket springing into action to retrieve the ball, then snap it back, all in one continuous motion. Run fast and slide. He also remembered the many injuries, broken fingers, swollen knuckles, smashed elbow, torn leg ligaments. "I'd still be playin' today if I hadn't torn up my leg. Haven't been able to run good since. Ripped the ligament. Had to lay off."

Slowly driving down Moroni's Main Street, Erma said, "I wonder what your Dad's going to say when we get there?"

"Well, it'll only be a couple of minutes until we find out," Mel answered. He stopped the car in front of his father's house. Pressed the horn. OOOOgah! OOOOgah! No one responded to the honk. "Let's go find out if anybody's home."

Mel knocked on the door, opened it a little, poked in his head and called, "Anybody home?"

His father asked, "Who is it?" He walked toward the door, paused. In disbelief, "Mel, is that you? Well I'll be . . . What brings you here? Who do you have with you? Is this Erma and the little one? Now what's the little one's name?"

"Annette, her name's Annette."

"Oh yes. She's a dandy. You bet." Dad shook hands with Erma, offered his finger for Annette to grasp. He laughed, "That's the stuff. You bet, that's the stuff. Let me see what I have." He reached into the deep pocket of his overalls, pulled out a few shiney copper pennies. "Here, this is for your bank." he said to Annette as he handed them to Erma.

"Say thank you, to Grandpa," Erma admonished her baby. The baby responded by blowing a saliva bubble. They all laughed.

Mel explained their situation.

Dad announced, "You're staying right here. I've got room to share with you until you get a job and a place to live. It'll be just dandy. You bet it will. Welcome home. You betcha, just dandy."

MORTEN'S JOURNEY

SECOND PLAGE SHORT STORY

Jean W. Beckstead

500 East Salem Hills Drive

Elk Ridge, Utah 84651

The sky had turned yellow on his right hand. It had a pale glow and no clouds anywhere as far as he could see. The horses plodded slowly, and now and then the empty wagon bounced on an old rut. "It pulled more smoothly this morning fully loaded," he thought. He was tired. The day had started 14 hours earlier when Uncle Jen's rough hand had grasped his shoulder.

"It's time, Morten. Let's get the apples loaded." He had jumped up eagerly, pulled on his rough clothes and gone swiftly outside to load the wagon. He was taciturn, "but inside he was excited. He'd be alone in the city all day, and he felt some pride, too. His uncle trusted him with this heavy responsibility. If he got a good price for the apples, the winter, when it came, would be easier. Morten had been to the market many times but never on his own.

He'd reached Middlefort at about 8:00 and had jostled for a good place on the street. By late afternoon he'd sold all but a few culls, and he had set out to look around. One of his neighbors from Rojle Mose, who was still hopeful about selling the last of his produce, had said he would watch the horses and wagon. Morten walked down to the harbor. He looked at the ships and in the soft early evening light he had been able to look across the bay to Fredericia where a few lights had started to blink. He'd seen more of the town before, but he liked seeing it on his own. "I'll see more of this world someday," he said. He soon returned to the square and thanked old Nels for watching his rig. He watered the horses and fed them the few apples left in the bed, then clambered up onto the wagon seat. He was strong, stocky in build, a little under average height. As he clicked a signal to the team, he **acknowledged** some disappointment.

"I expected more from this day," he sighed, "No adventure after all," He guided the horses onto the long road toward Rojle Mose.

The road was taking on some of the yellow hue of the sky, A meadow stretched away to the north and ahead the road curved around a long grassy hill to the southeast. Beech trees growing along the ridge of the hill were silhouetted against the sky, which was now taking on orange tints,

His thoughts plodded along with the rhythm of the horses hoofs, but as he passed the edge of the hill, he saw ahead of him on the road two young men. They looked to be a few years older than himself, in their early twenties probably. As he pulled abreast, they called to him.

"Could you give us a ride to the next town?"

"Ya, climb up. What has put you on the road so far from any town this late at night?"

"We're missionaries. We're on our way to take our message to the villages of Fyn."

The men were easy to talk to, and Morten was glad of the company. They belonged to a sect Morten had never heard of. When they reached the farmhouse, he introduced them to his uncle, Jens Larsen was a good man, From the time that Morten had been sent to live with him at seven, ten years before, he had been treated as a son rather than a nephew, Jens Larsen had raised him, taught him to work hard, to appreciate beauty, to show charity. He had shown him a rough affection throughout all the years, and Morten trusted, respected and loved him perhaps more than his own father, whom he did not know as well.

During the early years with the Larsen's, his father's sister and her husband, he had often wondered why he and not one of his older two brothers had been sent to work on the farm. But he had long ago stopped worrying about it. He accepted that Jens had needed help and that the financial condition of his family had made the move necessary. His few visits back to Braendekilde had convinced him that life on the farm with its sprawling, roomy buildings was preferable to the cramped cottage squeezed between the other buildings lining the village street and housing seven children and his father and mother. He now believed he had been the lucky one.

Jens Larsen was a Lutheran minister, but he welcomed the two missionaries with his usual hearty manner and invited them to stay the night.

As they gathered around the big table for soup and bread, he questioned the young men about their message, and they told a strange, fascinating story about revelation being returned to the earth by the Lord who had instructed a young man in New York State to found a new church which taught the principles of God and not the philosophies of men. The Jensens and their nephew, Morten Rasmussen, were intrigued by the message of the young missionaries, who remained in their house several days. The harvest was nearly in and some leisure time was available to talk, to read the Bible and a new set of scriptures the men had brought with them. The total commitment of the new sect contrasted sharply with the detached theology of the Lutheran State Church.

On the 23rd of November, 1851, Morten went into the waters of baptism with Elder Jens Larsen. That the young missionary had the same name as his uncle may have inspired Morten with extra confidence, and soon after, the whole family committed themselves to the new religion and were baptized.

As the missionaries began to convert more Danish people to the new gospel, persecutions by neighbors began to be common. On April 18, 1852, the First Presidency of the Church in Salt Lake City issued the Seventh General Epistle which said:

"Let all who can procure a loaf of "bread, and one garment on their back, be assured there is water and pure by the way, and doubt no longer, but come next year to the place of gathering, even in flocks, as doves fly to their windows before a storm"

This message was reiterated by hundreds of Elders throughout Europe and gave fresh vigor to the desire of many converts to emigrate to America and seek their fortunes with their fellows in the western part of the United States.

Morten Rasmussen was aflame with desire to leave Denmark, Here was the adventure he had yearned for. He saw opportunities before him that he had never dared to hope for before, and best of all, he would be in the company of those who believed as he believed. He wanted to test his strength against the wilderness. Before long the yearning to emigrate had infected the whole family and serious plans were made.

In early December of 1863, Morten, along with his two cousins, Jens and Ane Sophie, set out across the island of Fyn with the necessary 20L in their baggage for passage to America. They journeyed to Braendekilde to say goodbye to Morten's parents and brothers and sister, passed through Odense and Nyborg, ferried to Sjælland and crossed that island to Copenhagen.

Morten's excitement was only barely containable. In a few short days he had seen countryside and cities he had only heard of. When they traveled through Odense they had passed the cottage of Hans

Christian Andersen, already famous for his fairy tales, "Improvisatoreum" and "Eventyn for Born." They had passed St. Knud's church with its Danish gothic spires, and in Nyborg while waiting for the ferry, they had toured Nyborg Castle where the Danish Constitution had been signed in 1282. The travelers knew they would probably not return to Denmark, and they treasured the sights of the rolling hills, the carefully plotted farmland, and the narrow streets of the villages and cities,

In Copenhagen they waited for the group of Scandinavian emigrants with whom they would travel* They tried to see as much of the city as they could in the time they had. Near the harbor they walked through Amalienborg Square hoping for a glimpse of Frederik VI or Countess Danner, his mistress. They walked along the main streets of Copenhagen staring in the shop windows, somewhat bewildered by the noise and the press of the crowds.

Meeting the rest of the Saints, they and 375 souls traveled from Copenhagen on December 26 across the Baltic on the steamship Eideren to Kiel in Holstein, then to Gluckstadt by rail, across the German Sea to Hull and again by rail to Liverpool where they arrived on January 9« It was the usual procedure for companies of Saints to immediately board their ship upon arriving at Liverpool to save the expense of lodging, but the 70th Company, under the leadership of Elder Hans Peter Olsen, was delayed two weeks. During this time fifteen of the voyagers were declared too ill to travel further and were restricted to Liverpool until their health improved. Also during this waiting period many of the children contracted a fever and twenty-two of them died. Morten was glad that he had no children with him on the voyage since the hard conditions seemed to exact such a toll on the young. Morten and Jens watched them load the supplies on the hip: provisions for 70 days with weekly rations to include 2 1/2 lbs. of bread or biscuit, 1 lb. wheat flour, 2 lbs. rice, 1/2 lb. sugar, 2 oz. tea, 2 oz. salt, 3 qts. water or substitutes of 5 lbs. potatoes, 1/2 lb. beef or pork, or 3/4 lb. dried salt fish, 1 lb. wheat en flour, 1 lb. split peas, 1/4 lb. oatmeal. These were the minimums established by British maritime law. Latter-day Saints were also furnished 2 1/2 lbs. Sago, 3 lbs. butter, 2 lbs. cheese and 1 pt. vinegar.

Finally the emigrants were able to board theirship, the Benjamin Adams. The passengers furnished their own beds and bedding and their own cooking utensils, a boiler, a saucepan, a frying pan, a tin plate, tin dish, a knife, fork, spoon and a large vessel for holding water. Morten and Jens were berthed in the fore part of the vessel with the other unmarried male passengers, which was separated from the rest of the passengers by a strong bulkhead. For the first time in his life Morten was glad that he was not a taller man. His berth was a little less than 6 feet long and about a foot and a half wide. Some of the men could not stretch out full length while sleeping for the entire voyage. To a man used to open skies and fresh air, the confinement below deck was hard to get used to as were the smells. The odor of tar was pervasive, but vomit, urine, and sweaty bodies were more unpleasant. Morten spent as much time as he could on deck watching the stretch of the grey Atlantic under the grey skies.

The passage was long but fairly pleasant. The Benjamin Adams reached New Orleans on the 22nd of March. Eight people were buried at sea, six of them youngsters. Two children had been born and nine couples had been married. One of these was a young Swedish man named Anders Wilhelm Winberg, who had bunked near Morten before the marriage ceremony.

On arriving at New Orleans, the emigrants were met by an agent of the church who procured passage upriver. They left the brawling culture shock of New Orleans on March 25th aboard the steamboat L. M. Kennet and arrived at St. Louis on the 3rd of April. The nine days aboard the steamboat were a nightmare. The river was very low and passage was slow. Many of the Scandinavians suffered from the heat, which was already intense, and cholera broke out. Fourteen people died during the short passage.

Morten and his cousins were spared, but they saw .friends become feverish, begin to vomit and purge and die, sometimes within a few hours of the onslaught of the disease. Morten spent as much time as he could on deck but everyone had to help care for the sick.

In St. Louis the emigrants joined another company of Scandinavians who had crossed the Atlantic just ahead of them in the Jesse Munn. H. P. Olsen was designated leader of both companies. They traveled by steamboat to Kansas City and made camp about ten miles beyond the town in order to outfit themselves for the journey across the plains.

Morten, along with each adult, was allowed 100 lbs. of luggage including bed and bedding. Most of the emigrants had spent some time during the sea voyage sewing tents and wagon covers from a cotton twill purchased in England, By the time the company reached Kansas City, Many of them were in trouble financially. Instead of paying \$1.00 for passage up the Mississippi, it had cost Morten \$4.00 and instead of paying \$.25 per 100 lbs. of baggage, it had cost more than \$1.00. *The* price of cattle had risen drastically because of the rush to the California gold fields. A yoke of oxen cost \$75.00 and a cow cost \$45.00. Wagons sold for \$75.00. Some of the company were dependent on the Perpetual Emigration Fund for money to continue the journey.

When the preparations had been made, the men of the company met together. They sustained H. P. Olsen as president. Christian Larsen was appointed as chaplain. Bent Nielsen was chosen wagon master and Jens Hansen camp captain, with P. P. Thomas captain of the guard. The sixty-nine wagons were split into six smaller companies and a captain appointed to each of these: Carl Capson, Andrus Andersen, Peter Beckstrom, Jens Jorgensen, Anders W. Winberg and Valentin Valentinsen. On the 15th of June the wagons rolled out on the prairie headed for the Salt Lake Valley, among the first to set out on the journey that year.

Morten was one of ten men assigned to one of the wagons. The wagons were reserved for goods and most of the people walked the whole distance.

It soon became evident that in the knee—high grass the wagons were too heavily loaded. Some people had ignored the regulations. Brother Olsen traveled to Leavenworth to talk to Apostle Orson Pratt, who resided in that city as Church Emigration Agent. He loaned the company sufficient money to purchase 50 more oxen. Many of the saints were asked to repack and to discard unnecessary items so lighter loads could be obtained.

Morten was appointed to a group of men who went ahead of the train to cut down creek banks so the wagons could cross without delay. At one point they came to an insurmountable bluff on the banks of the Kansas River and had to retrace their steps and take a different route. At still another point along that river they had to swim the teams across and an eighteen -year-old man was drowned during the crossing.

On July 22 they intersected the old emigrant road. The traveling got much easier after that. On August 4th Erastus Snow, Parley Pratt and E. T. Benson and a Brother Spencer met the company as they were traveling east. They spent the night and Apostle Snow gave the Saints a blessing before parting from them. They reached the Platt River the next day and saw their first buffalo. Several were killed and meat was provided for the remainder of the journey.

Soon after this they passed a band of Indians. The Indians killed two of their cows. A band of traders took word of this to Fort Laramie to Lieutenant Grattan, who immediately sent a detachment of soldiers to the Indian camp. Although the Indians offered to pay for the cattle, the commander of the troops gave orders to fire upon the Indians, and in the battle that followed, over thirty soldiers were killed. Until that incident the Sioux had not interfered with the emigrants, but after that the later trains were to

suffer much harrassment. On September 11th and 16th, wagons from the Salt Lake Valley met the emigrant trains, bringing much needed flour and supplies. They camped along the Green River on the 18th of September, resting the cattle and oxen, and on the 5th of October they rolled into Salt Lake City.

Morten was weary, footsore, and poor. But he was young and strong, and as he looked across the desert valley he saw promise and opportunity. He had kept that promise to himself he had made at 17» He had seen a good deal of the world. Now it was time to build and to make his mark upon it.

Postscript:

Morten Rasmussen worked in the canyons above Salt Lake City for three years. By that time Jens Larsen had emigrated with the rest of the family and had moved to Ephraim. He joined them in 1857 and two years later in Ephraim he met Karen Marie Christiansen, who would become his wife on April 1st. On their wedding day they moved to Mt. Pleasant and began married life in one of the huts lining the newly constructed fort in that new village.

RED CLOUD THE FRIENDLY INDIAN

THIRD PLACE SHORT STORY

LuGene A. Nielson

146 East 300 North

Ephraim, Utah 84627

Every summer, from the early 1900's to 1944 a well-known Ephraim man, Anton Anderson, and his son, Ferald, were in charge of a large herd of sheep that was known as "The Town Herd." Several Ephraim men would pool their sheep together and pay a set price per head to have them herded on the mountain ranges east of Ephraim from July to October. There would usually be approximately 1100 sheep in this herd each year. There weren't any good roads, cars and trailers as there are today, so it was necessary to live in tents and have pack horses with special saddles to carry their supplies to the mountains. These horses were also used to move all the food, tent and camp equipment to other camp sites when a greener and fresher grazing spot was needed in order to find sufficient feed for the sheep and horses.

Each year in late August, a special and welcome visitor came by the Anderson camp and would spend at least one night with them. This was Red Cloud, a Ute Indian from Arizona. The light brown pony that was his means of travel was tame, gentle and friendly like her master. Her name was Roxana, which means "Dawn of Day," Her bridle was made of leather straps with a metal bit held in her mouth by two metal rings, to which two long leather straps were fastened. These straps supplied the reins by which Red Cloud could guide her, Roxana would readily respond to a light tug on these reins or a soft-spoken word from her master, indicating the direction and speed she should travel, or giving her a warning of loose rocks, snakes or other dangers along the treacherous mountain trails. The saddle was merely a rope around her neck which was carried back around her body and fastened around several blankets and a few other supplies. These blankets provided a "would-be bed" and protection for Red Cloud when and wherever night would overtake them.

Even though Red Cloud was invited to sleep in the shelter of the tent on a bed of pine boughs with his friends, the herders, he always refused. He chose to spread his blankets under a large pine tree where

he could enjoy the open sky, moon and stars, and listen to the sounds of nature. In stormy weather, when possible, he would seek shelter in caves or under rock ledges. However, in the early morning when the aroma of food reached his nostrils, he was willing to accept an invitation to eat with his friends. He seemed to enjoy the bacon, eggs and coffee, or mutton, sourdough pancakes, butter and honey, and would express his gratitude sincerely. It was a pleasant change from his usual diet of fish, rabbit, wild chicken, berries or other plants that he was able to obtain as he journeyed along from day to day. If he was lucky enough to catch a fish, rabbit or chicken he would build a small fire where, unnoticed, he could roast it while the coffee cooked* Often his luck wasn't so good and his meal would consist of wild berries, such as strawberries, gooseberries, timber berries, pine nuts or acorns.

In his travels, Red Cloud always chose to follow the mountain trails from Arizona to Roosevelt, Utah. He did this to avoid the traffic and find food for his pony as well as himself. He loved the mountains and the beauty of nature. He would always begin his journey early so he would have plenty of time to get to Roosevelt for the Annual Indian Sun Dance where he would participate in the famous Medicine Dance with his many friends that would gather there for this special occasion. The purpose of this dance was to cure the sick. In the dance, the dancers, who were dressed in colorful costume, would dance for two minutes and then rest for two minutes. This would go on for a long period of time and was beautiful and interesting to behold. Many people would come from far and near to observe this fantastic performance which would last for several days. If any of the dancers fell by the wayside or fainted, the Medicine Man would quickly dip a big eagle wing in the dust and spray over them, and while dancing around them, give a special prayer. This procedure was supposed to revive them and restore their health.

Red Cloud related many interesting experiences, stories and meaningful advice to the herders as they visited around a campfire or in the tent or in the shade of a tree. He told them how they could depend on the moon to inform them if and when a storm was approaching. If there was a ring close around the moon, rain or snow could be expected within a day or two. If a ring appeared farther away, then an approaching storm could be judged accordingly. If the squirrels were busy storing pine nuts and acorns under the trees and covering them with many layers of pine needles, a long, cold winter could be expected, and the taller the sunflowers grew, the deeper the snow would be,

He would tell how the beaver, with their sharp teeth, would bite the young trees off and carry them to the mountain streams, where along with mud, they would build dams and form ponds of water for them to live in and enjoy. He would explain how the deer would shed their horns during the winter months and then grow new ones in the early spring. Red Cloud was familiar with all the animals and rodents of the forest. He knew their names and their habits. He understood the foliage, flowers and many plants of nature. He knew where the streams and water holes were located and would schedule his travels so he and Roxana always had plenty for their needs.

Red Cloud always wore a dark felt hat and his pants, jacket, gloves and moccasins were made of buckskin attractively decorated with fringe and beads. He spoke broken English and was interesting to be around. When asked if they could take his picture he said, "Me no feel good with no gun," so he was handed a gun and after he had removed all the shells, he would allow his picture to be taken.

One morning, after the three men had enjoyed a good breakfast together, the herders were in a hurry to pull up camp for it was necessary to move to another camp site. Red Cloud bid them goodbye and with his blanket roll under his arm, started down the trail, at the same time calling for Roxana. The pony was usually quite prompt in coming as soon as her master called her name, but this morning she seemed

to be taking her time. The herders had put hobbles on her the night before and turned her loose to graze with the other horses during the night.

Sometime later, Ferald, having the tent and all the camp equipment snugly arranged into the saddle bags and loaded onto the three pack horses, mounted his riding horse and headed down the trail to find the new camping place. Suddenly, to his surprise, he spotted Red Cloud sitting on an old dry log looking very sad. Roxana was by his side, but appeared to be very uneasy and impatient. When Red Cloud saw the herder, his eyes brightened. He quickly jumped up, and rushing toward the herder excitedly he began to explain, "Me no like white man hobbles. They no come off-buckskin better."

Source: Personal recollections of Ferald A. Anderson as told to his wife, Macel B. Anderson.

BAPTISM IN DENMARK - 1902

HONORABLE MENTION SHORT STORY

Lillian H. Fox

140 North 100 West

Manti, Utah 84642

Three times during the long afternoon and evening Karen prayed fervently for strength and protection. This time her hands fumbled in the darkness for a match; she lit the candle and looked at the clock. It was soon midnight. Anytime now they would come for her. This was January 25, 1902, and she was to be baptized and become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. After months of study, prayer and deliberation, she knew that the church was true as surely as a person knows that he exists. With all doubts removed from her mind, she asked the Elders for membership in their church. She was doing what she felt she must do regardless of consequences.

The Elders were very pleased and told her that if there were no winds or storms to block the roads they would meet her at a place where the North Sea Joins the Limfjord River. They said it would be unwise to take her with them since they were under the watchful eyes of those who opposed their presence in Thisted. They would send someone to pick her up and bring her on the appointed hour.

Sister Jensen knocked on her door. "The time is near," she said. She checked Karen's bundle to make sure all was in readiness. In the bundle were towels, blankets and a large quilt. Karen was dressed in white attire.

Another knock came at the door.. There stood Brother Nielson, a member who earned his livelihood by delivering milk from door to door while his customers slept. He spoke not a word but motioned them to come. He helped them into his sleigh and they drove into the night over a soft blanket of snow. It was a cold, clear night. A slip of moon and a few stars hung in the sky.

When they reached the appointed place, the Elders had broken the ice and were waiting. They had come in a sled borrowed from a member.

Very few words were spoken. Karen was led into the water by Elder Larsen, who was also dressed in white. She was so absorbed in the proceedings that she hardly felt the cold of the water, but she did feel Brother Larsen towering over her like one with majesty.

Brother Larsen spoke a few words essential for the baptismal ordinance and then completely immersed her in the water in the same manner that John the Baptist baptized our Savior Jesus Christ.

Karen was then quickly made dry with the towels and wrapped in the warm blankets and sped away to her home.

The next Sunday Karen was confirmed a member of the church by the Elders as they lay hands on her head and gave her the gift of the Holy Ghost. This was done in the little church with all members present. There was great joy as the members crowded around and welcomed her into the fold.

A few weeks later Elder Larsen announced that soon he would return to his home in Mayfield, Utah. He had served the required period of time as a Missionary, and his wife and daughter were coming to Denmark to visit and then accompany him home.

"If you wish to leave Denmark and make your home in Utah, we will be happy to take you along with us," he said. "I will loan any of you money to pay for your emigration."

These words stirred Karen like the rumble of thunder, "Why not go with him?" she asked herself. "What have I to lose? I can earn my living as a seamstress in Utah as well as here in Denmark." "Yes. I feel that I must go with you," she told Brother Larsen.

A month later Karen made a last visit to her father and step-mother, who lived in Skyum. She went with apprehension. Her only brother had been cold and unforgiving when she told him of her conversion and plans to leave Denmark.

Andres met her at the gate with tears in his eyes, He seemed to have aged decades in the few months since he had come to visit her. "My daughter," he said, "your brother told me. This can't be true..." He paused, searched her eyes and seeing the truth there, turned away with a heavy sigh.

"Fader, I don't want to hurt you, but I must do this. I know this is the plan that my Heavenly Father has for me."

"We will speak no more of it," he said. "Come inside. Olga has prepared food for us. You are home and for this we feel joy."

The conversation was forced and the food tasteless. Olga said little, but she clanged the dishes against the table and her back was stiff with anger. Once she muttered "Mormons are evil. One who belongs to that church must also be evil."

"Olga!" Andres said. She was quiet after that with a look of smug satisfaction on her face for having had her say.

When Karen left, her father said, "You are my child and I love you. I pray that you will change your mind about this. If you ever want to come home, I will send you money, but I will not give you money to leave me. I cannot bear to think of you so far away with the Mormons. Each letter would re-open the pain. Don't ever write to me. This must be a final goodbye."

Karen kissed him with tears running down her cheeks. She loved him deeply and had not wanted to hurt him so.

During her last few weeks in Denmark she packed a few cherished belongings into her trunk. She rolled her featherbed into a bundle and placed it into a large bag. She bade farewell to friends in Thisted. She cried again as she had many times since making her decision. Then she looked toward the future and cried no more.

Source: Karen was my mother.

THEIR WEDDING DAY - 1920

HONORABLE MENTION SHORT STORY

Ruth D. Scow

94 West 400 South

Manti, Utah 84642

Clark Keller found it easy to hurry this beautiful June 30th morning. Today was his wedding day – their wedding day! His thoughts ran rampant with happiness and joy, in anticipation of what the day would bring.

Last night he and Lucile Andersen had made the last final details for this important day, and now it was here. He must walk faster these eleven blocks to her home. He did not want to keep his bride-to-be waiting.

The day was perfect, with sunshine, clean fresh air, blue sky, green lawns, flowers, and trees. The soft morning breeze held promises for the days and years ahead. A neighbor working in his garden called to wish happiness to him and Lucile in their life's journey together. Clark knew this was to be the most important day of his life.

Arriving at the L. R. Anderson home on Manti's South Main Street, he found everyone hurrying and making last minute preparations. Father Anderson advised, "Lucile, you and Clark take the little E.M.F. (EVERY MAN'S FAVORITE) roadster. It's too far for you both to walk and I know you are a good driver, because you have been taking your mother, who is president of the Relief Society, to visit the various sisters in our ward. I know I can trust you again." He finished with, "See you at the Temple!"

There were not too many cars in Manti at that time and Lucile felt trusted and honored that they could take the little car. In minutes they were being greeted by Grandfather Lewis and Grandmother Mary Anderson, President and Matron of the Manti Temple. Everyone they met that morning seemed to welcome them and be glad they had chosen this sacred place in which to be married for "Time and All Eternity." They knew they were both meant for each other and with family, friends and neighbors who had come to show their love and caring, the marriage ceremony, performed by Grandpa Anderson, became even more meaningful.

At the conclusion, with their arms around each other, they walked through the historical rooms, down the lengthy staircase and through the long hall with benches on either side. Grandma motioned for them to come to the west window and whispered, "You'd better hurry. See, a crowd is gathering at the foot of the hill. Looks like they are planning a chivaree. If you want to avoid them, come with me. I have a key to the large doors that open onto the east hill." They followed Grandmother, glad that she had the forethought to help them.

Their car was parked on the south side of the tunnel that led from that side of the temple to the north side. Yes, the car was where they had left it, but it had another occupant, Lucile's brother, R. Clair, who had his arms around the steering wheel. Politely they asked him to move over, or better still, get out, but apparently Clair didn't hear, for he continued to hang onto the wheel even harder. They tried to reason with the boy but to no avail. He was there to stay. He was obstinate. Finally, with no other alternative in sight, they crowded into what remained of the seat.

The car was driven through the arch and so on down the road to the front gates where the waiting crowd was gathered. The car stopped and Lucile in her navy blue wool suit and Clark in his best clothes

were escorted to a waiting wagon/cart affair with a donkey, which belonged to Manti's road maintenance man, who each day, cleaned the streets and gathered up the fertilizer to use on his garden.

Uncle Tom Anderson, assisted by Uncle Elmer Simmons, seemed to be in charge of the affair as the couple were carefully seated on the floor of the vehicle. The Manti band struck up a tune and with John leading the donkey that pulled the wagon/cart, they moved up Main Street, followed by the playing band, several cars, and folks on foot, keeping time to the rhythm of the band.

The cortege stopped in front of Anderson Dyreng's Furniture Store (Simmons Furniture and Hardware) where a chair was brought out for the bride and a wooden box for the groom to sit on. To add to the excitement, the owners and clerks of the Manti Grocery began pelting the newlyweds with vegetables, . . . onions, carrots, lettuce and other greeneries. The procession then proceeded up the street.

Just south of the Presbyterian Church (Legion Hall) the donkey stopped. John Tobler refused to go another foot. He was through. He was going home. Uncle Tom hurried to offer him more money. It would be appreciated if the procession could turn and retrace their way, again through the business section of Manti, but John was adamant. He had done as he promised He would not go any farther. He was going east to his home!

Thus the procession ended. The band was dismissed and the young couple was crowded into the already crowded cars (which was better than walking) and soon they were back at the Anderson home where family members were waiting to congratulate Lucile and Clark and wish them well in their new adventure for the years ahead. A chicken dinner with all the trimmings was served on the south lawn in the shade of tall walnut trees. Lucile's sister, Eunice, later complained, "I sure got tired of carrying dishes of food down and the empty ones up those porch and kitchen steps."

Later, after the guests had gone, another wedding cake was cut into small pieces, each wrapped in waxed paper and tied with blue ribbons. They were to be given to their young friends who would be coming in the evening for ice cream and cake. (These small pieces of cake were to be taken home by each girl and hidden under her pillow. Then, whomever she dreamed about that night, would be the man she was going to marry.)

Clark was owner of a grocery store (located today just north of the South Sanpete District School office) and so for business reasons their honeymoon was put on hold for a week. They then spent two weeks at the Anderson Cabin at Fish Lake. Lucile's little brother, Elliot, accompanied them to carry water from the spring and also the wood to be burned in the black iron cookstove.

Source: This story was told the author by Lucile Anderson Keller. At this time she is almost 94 years of age. She was born in Manti on October 9th, 1896. She is a lovely, kind lady with a great mind for remembering.

THE MILES

HONORABLE MENTION SHORT STORY

Blodwen P. Olsen

130 West 100 South 59-15

Ephraim, Utah 84627

The sun shone, the car ran smoothly, and the miles went by. Signs by the road read: Enoch 10 miles or Hamilton Fort 15 miles. There were blue-and—white markers that simply had a number 18, then 17, 16. That must be the number of miles to the State border. I knew how far I had traveled and how many miles I had to go to journey's end. My thoughts turned to a man I had not known, but had heard and read much about. He built the first odometer or roadometer in modern times; we call it a speedometer. I wonder, could I tell part of his story?

Ap walked by the wagon and counted the revolutions of the wheel with the spoke marked with a piece of red flannel. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," and one pebble in the right hand pocket, ten pebbles in the right hand pocket, and one went in the left hand pocket, ten pebbles in the left pocket, and one went in the top pocket. Ten pebbles in the top pocket meant one mile. It was a tedious way of measuring, but until a better way could be found, this was how it was done. About two hours had passed since Ap had started to count and he had four pebbles in the top pocket.

The train of wagons, cattle, horses, and people was making good time. Today it had been dusty. Tomorrow, "by the looks of the clouds in the sky, it would be mud to traipse through. Ap couldn't understand why it was important to count miles, but Brother Brigham had said it was and Brother Brigham's word was law to the members of this company. He had given William Clayton, as the Camp Historian, the responsibility to record the miles and Will had figured this way of measuring the distance traveled each day. "It's better than guessing," he said.

While Ap thought it was not necessary, he couldn't stand to see all of the counting done by one man. With his usual helpful and congenial attitude, he had volunteered to 'spell' William Clayton in his wearisome task.

The sound of the bugle gave the signal to stop for 'nooning. There were few trees, so most of the travelers sought the shade of the wagons for a little relief from the sun. From the millions of insects, beast nor man could find no defense. The gathering clouds and the oppressing heat predicted storm for tomorrow and that meant MUD. No one could say which was more bearable - the heat and dust or the rain and the mud.

The seventy-three wagons, one hundred forty-three mules, sixty oxen, nineteen cows, seventeen dogs and some chickens stopped for a short rest. As they were close to the river, the cattle had a drink. The pioneers ate a cold flapjack and some leftover meat, probably venison or buffalo. Although the sweet venison was preferred, the buffalo was more plentiful and they were saving their own cattle for the valley. The company did not lack for 'beef,'

The company had left Winter Quarters, a temporary stopping place in what is now Nebraska, April 15, 1847, to find the way to the Great Basin. Brigham Young, the leader, had obtained copies of the maps of John C. Fremont's journeys over this route in 1843 and 1844. He had also talked to some mountain men and anyone who had traveled as far west as the Rockies. With this scant information and the guidance of the Lord, this "battered and persecuted people would succeed in finding a peaceful new home in the tops of the mountains.

Only men were to have been included in this first company of pioneers. They were the ones to lead the way for the many thousands waiting in various camps in Nebraska and Iowa to follow. Because of the ill health of Mrs. Lorenzo D. Young, Harriet Page Wheeler Young, caused by the malaria in the Missouri swamp, she was allowed to accompany this vanguard. To travel with her, Clara Decker Young, wife of Brigham, and Ellen Sanders Kimball, wife of Heber C. Kimball, were also allowed in the company. The original number of men had been 144 to represent twelve for each member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles or for each tribe of Israel, but one man had become ill and had to be excused. Each man walked beside his wagon, with his loaded gun in his hand or in his wagon within easy instant reach. The threats of marauding Indians, or even of some white outlaws, were always present. Although emigrants were traveling to Oregon and California, this company chose to make their own trail on the other side of the river from the generally travelled route.

After the brief stop, the wagon train or the company, as it was usually called, started on the trek again. This time William walked by the wagon, with the red flannel marked wheel and counted. Appleton Milo was glad to be relieved of that task. As William Clayton had relieved Ap at his counting, he said, "Brother Harmon, I appreciate your help, but do you think some kind of apparatus could be built that would measure the miles mechanically?"

Ap replied, "Why? Why bother at all? What difference can it make? You're a good guesser!"

Will looked at Ap and said, "When we have more time I'll tell you why. In the meantime, think about it. Please."

Ap nodded his head. He felt honored to be a member of this first company of pioneers. He had been asked to drive a wagon for Brother Kimball. Ap was a handsome man, well above average height; indeed, he was larger in all ways than most men. He was robust, with dark hair and almost black eyes that seemed to see everything, strong, jovial, fun-loving, sincere and, above all else, devoted to his religion - The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Since being baptized, April 11, 1847, in Nauvoo at the age of 22 he had given many kinds of service - as a missionary, a member of the Nauvoo Police, a body guard to Joseph and Hyrum Smith - and had performed numerous other acts of kindness and helpfulness. He loved his family. When they were forced to leave Nauvoo, he helped his father, mother, three brothers and sister establish a home at Winter Quarters, a temporary stopping place for the Saints on their way to the West.

As supplies became very low, he said, "Pa, I've built a wagon. I'll take it back to Missouri and trade for some food."

His father replied, "That's a dangerous undertaking, but we need things so bad. I hope you'll be in time to save us from starvation. May the Lord bless you and keep you safe."

Ap was determined. "I'll be back with something for all of us to eat. I hope I'll be in time, too."

He went to Missouri, traded the wagon for flour, meat, vegetables, and other food-stuffs, but he was too late to save his mother, who had died and been buried before his return. His sis, Sophonia, died soon after and was buried by her mother. He didn't know now, but while he was traveling with this first company toward their future home in the Rockies; his first-born son would also die and be buried at Winter Quarters by his grandmother and aunt.

Because of the leadership he had shown in Nauvoo and on the trail to Winter Quarters, he had been appointed to be a Captain over ten men on this trip. He was fortunate to have as a member of his ten, Porter Rockwell, an experienced hunter and fearless man. The others were all brave men. There were no cowards in this company.

A good hunter was important. The buffalo roamed these plains by the thousands, so a good hunter could keep the company supplied with 'beef.' One day, Ap estimated he could see 8,000 or more head of buffalo. In every direction, he could see the dark, moving mass of the huge creatures. However, because of these huge herds of buffalo, the prairie was swept clean of any kind of vegetation. The land resembled a dusty desert for miles and miles. Sometimes, the only food available for the pioneers' animals was branches from the Cottonwood or willow trees that grew along the river or streams. The men cut branches for the animals to eat the leaves. Occasionally, a few horses or mules would stray from their herders in search of better food. The morning after Ap had seen the buffalo, two of the best horses were missing and Ap's ten men were assigned to search for them. The men mounted their animals and followed the stray horses' tracks toward the river. The tall grass in front of them seemed to be moving too much for the slight breeze. They halted and raised rifles to fire, when Indians suddenly appeared in the waving grass. The Indians were armed with bows, arrows and some rifles. Their bodies were covered with paint and their only clothing was a scant breachcloth. They acted very menacing. When the white men prepared to fire, the Indians acted more friendly and asked for "'baco."

The pioneers tried to make the Indians understand they were hunting for two lost horses, whose tracks they had followed to this place. The Indians couldn't or wouldn't understand. One impudent brave tried to shake hands with Porter and at the same time grab the bridle of his horse, but Porter reined the horse to make it turn and shouted, "Git," and the Indian did. The men were sure the Indians knew where the horses were, but they could see they would not recover them without blood being shed. Ap shouted, "come on, let's go back. Two horses are not worth the life of one man."

Porter protested, "Let's go after those red heathens. One of us can lick six of them. Don't let them get away with our horses."

Ap, as the leader, said, "No, we are going to catch our company. I know they have started on the day's inarch. We can't afford to have an Indian war here. We have many miles to go in their territory."

They soon caught the train, relieved the men who had driven their wagons for them, and took their usual places, each man beside his wagon.

Tonight, they would tell the story and relax. Finally, the wagons came to a halt; the oxen, mules and horses were turned out to feed, fires were lighted, and the aroma of buffalo meat cooking filled the air. After eating, hymns, and prayers, everyone was supposed to retire for rest until 5 a.m. when they were awakened by bugle call for the day's activities. However, most of the company were young. Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, the leaders, were 45 and the oldest, but the majority were younger, much younger, and they didn't have the Puritan training that Brigham had. These young healthy men gathered around the campfires and played what musical instruments they had. Some sang, and danced although they lacked feminine partners. Some evenings, groups met in one wagon or another for story-telling, card-playing, checkers, quoits, scuffling, dice-throwing, wrestling and some 'confabulating.' A number of the stories were 'men's' stories and the laughter and fun became loud and boisterous. They asked each other riddles such as:

"Who was the fastest runner in the world?" Answer: "Adam, because he was the first in the human race."

"Why do you go to bed?" Answer: "Because it can't come to you,"

"Why are corn and potatoes like the idols of old?" Answer: "Because corn has ears and hears not, and potatoes have eyes and see not."

"What is the largest room in the world?" Answer: "Room for improvement."

The night after hunting for the horses, the men became unusually hilarious and loud. Next morning, the cattle had been fed, meals had been eaten, prayers had been said, and the company was waiting to be called to proceed on the journey. Instead, Brother Brigham called all of them together, took roll call and proceeded to address them in this manner:

"I think I will take for my text to preach my sermon from these words: I am about to revolt from traveling with this camp any further with the spirit they now possess. I had rather risk myself among the savages with ten men that are men of faith, men of mighty prayer, men of God, than to be with this whole camp when they forget God and turn their hearts to folly and wickedness. For a week past nearly the whole camp has been card-playing, and checker playing, and dominoes have occupied the attention of the brethren, and dancing and 'hoeing down' - all this has been the act continually. Now it is (quite time to quit it. And there have been trials of lawsuits upon every nonsensical thing; and if these things are suffered to go on, it will be but a short time before you will be fighting, knocking each other down and taking life. It is high time it was stopped."

He reminded them of their responsibilities of a new home for the beleaguered Saints. He asked them to rededicate their energies to the great undertaking of building a safe place to worship in the ways the Lord had revealed. He admonished them of the importance of finding a home that would be free from the menace of mobs and unrighteous persecution, a place to build the kingdom of God, a location for the nations or the righteous to gather unto. Finally, he put the question to his fellow apostles, "Are you willing to humble yourselves before the Lord and covenant to do right: if so manifest it by the uplifted hand." Each raised his hand, as did each of the High Priests, the Seventies, the Elders, and all of the others in the camp.

The following Sunday was a day of repentance, a renewal of faith, and dedication to the great journey ahead. That day was Ap Harmon's birthday – twenty seven years old - and he had learned a great lesson, because he had been singled out by Brother Brigham and reprimanded, personally, for the unseeemly activities in his wagon - specifically some gambling. At this time, Brother Brigham also said, "I want you to give some serious thought to what Brother Clayton has asked you to do. We know your capabilities. Put them to work for the Lord."

On Monday, Ap took two turns at counting the revolutions of the wheel* The wheel turned hour after hour and the miles traveled were counted and recorded. As Ap walked beside William as he counted, Ap asked, "Tell me why you think it is so important to count these miles accurately. Brother Brigham spoke to me about it yesterday. He thinks it is important."

Will eagerly explained, "I have been appointed by Brother Brigham, our Prophet, to be Camp Historian. You know that. That means I must keep a record each day of the miles we have traveled that day. Also I keep a record of how many miles we are from Winter Quarters and how many miles we have to go to reach our destination. I will tell about what water is available, about the rivers and streams to cross, about the Indians, about feed for the cattle. I'll record everything that I think will be helpful to those that come this way after us. You'll be one of them, Ap. You'll go back for your family and maybe on a mission. Do you think you'll have use for this information? That's why I count the revolutions of the wheel because I'm thinking of you and thousands of others who will come this way."

To Ap this was beginning to make sense. He asked, "Where are you going to put all of this information? On Signs?"

Will explained, "I'll put all of this, information in a book. I'll call it a guide - An Emigrant's Guide - and I'll make it available to anyone who has need of it. Now, will you put that ability you have to helping, really helping, by building a machine that will count these blasted miles for us?"

Ap slowly and thoughtfully said, "I think it is necessary. I've been thinking about some things. Orson Pratt has been asked to figure something out. He is a great mathematician as well as a member of the Quorum of the Twelve. He should be able to think of a way. Will, you give it some thought and I will, too. We'll do something to help you count these miles. We'll meet in my wagon tonight and 'confabulate.'"

That night in Ap's wagon, William Clayton and Orson Pratt came to talk of ways to measure miles. Orson Pratt had the whole thing worked out very scientifically. William had his ideas. What was needed was someone to build the contraption. Ap was the logical one; he was a wheelwright, and he understood mechanics. In his life, he would help build and operate a ferry across the Platte River. In Utah, he and his sons would build sawmills in Sanpete, Pine Valley, and Holden. He would build several homes, the cotton factory in Dixie, many wagons, and he would manufacture furniture. Besides this, he would manage a store, and often take the lead in public and business affairs.

Tonight, he said, "I think I can "build something that will do the job, but I'll need some materials." William replied, "You can have whatever I've got that will help."

When others heard of the project, they volunteered, too - a spare board, a part of a wheel and any unneeded piece of equipment that he might use.

Ap jokingly said, "I'll start tonight and I'll work at night after we have stopped, but you gents can take over my chores of feeding, guarding, cooking and all of those little things." Surprisingly, there were several volunteers.

He knew he would be missed doing chores and had no intention of shirking his work. It was said he could do the work of two men and often did. Usually two men were needed to yoke a team of oxen, but he could do this without help. He took care of his daily chores and worked on the contraption at night. During the day, he yoked the oxen, walked beside his wagon, helped the ten men of his company. He was the captain, his the responsibility to take care of those in his charge, and he would do it. At night, he measured, figured, cut, whittled, sawed, fitted, and worked until exhausted. No confabulating, no storytelling or fun in his wagon these nights. He had a problem to solve that would affect all of the thousands of pioneers who would travel this way in the next 18 years. He didn't know now, but he would personally benefit, too, in the five trips he made across these same miles.

He measured, sawed, discarded. He couldn't make many mistakes; he didn't have material to waste. He tried again, more carefully sawing one disk and notching it, then another smaller one, and fitting them together.

Each morning, William Clayton, asked, "How is the work coming? Have you finished, yet? Let me see what you've done so far."

Ap replied, "Give me a little more time. Some of these things I'm working with are not the best, but I'm making progress."

He worked with the tools he had, carpenter's tools, saws, chisels, awls. He used the materials he had or that others would give him or that he could beg. After he had worked for five nights, he was ready to fasten the contraption to the wagon and see if it would work.

That morning, when Will came to inquire about his progress, Ap smiled and said, "I'll fasten it on the wagon at noon today."

The word spread throughout the company, "Ap's finished whatever it is he's been making. He's trying it out at noon."

When they stopped for their midday rest, everyone was more interested in what Ap and William Clayton were doing than in getting something to eat. Even the leaders came to watch.

On May 16, 1847» Appleton Milo Harmon fastened the contraption to the wagon and the wheel, selected previously because it fit the measurements that had been calculated. Would it work? Would it measure the miles? Would it measure the fractions of miles? Would Will not have to count? What should we call it? How about "Odometer?" "Roadometer" sounds better.

The wagon moved along and the wheels on the odometer fastened to the wheel of the wagon, measured the miles and the fractions of miles.

The men of the entire company threw their hats in the air and gave a great "Hurrah." They patted Ap on the back and shook his hand. Brigham and the other leaders thanked him and then the company knelt in special prayer to thank the Lord for his inspiration, and guidance and none was more thankful than Ap.

At the end of the day, Will counted the notches and recorded the miles traveled. He erected signs on the trail for those to follow, such as this one on a cedar post:

*From Winter Quarters 295 miles
Camp all well, William Clayton*

He published the "Emigrant's Guide," which helped many pioneer companies in their journeys across the plains«

When the U.S. Geological Survey measured the miles the pioneers traveled, they found Clayton's measurements only 60 ft. in error.

Appleton Milo Harmon returned to Winter Quarters for his family. He traveled over the same route again on a mission to England and home. He helped settle Salt Lake City and Dixie. He died in Holden, Utah, at the age of 57.

EPILOGUE

As I approached my destination, I passed the Dixie Cotton Mill, converted, now, to a reception center and theater. Ap had built that building. He had traveled these miles. I wonder how long it took him? What would he think if he could ride beside me?

In his journal William Clayton described the Odometer:

The whole machinery consists of a shaft about eighteen inches long placed on gudgeons, one in in the axel tree of the wagon near which are six arms placed at equal distances around it, and in which a cog works which is fastened on the hub of the wagon wheel, turning the shaft once around at every six revolutions of the wagon wheel. The upper gudgeon plays in a piece of wood nailed to the wagon box, and near this gudgeon on the shaft a screw, a wheel of sixty cogs works on an axle fixed in the side of the wagon, and which makes one revolution each mile. In the shaft on which this wheel runs four cogs are cut on the fore part which plays in another wheel of forty cogs which shows the miles and quarters to ten miles. The

whole is cased over and occupies a space about eighteen inches long, fifteen inches high, and three inches thick.

Applet on Milo Harmon Goes West, by Mabelle Harmon Anderson, Page 13» 26, & 46.

A Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by B. H, Roberts, Vol. 3, pages 163, 177, 182, 183, 100-1.

Under Dixie's Sun, by Washington County Chapter DUP, 1950, Page 72 and 107.

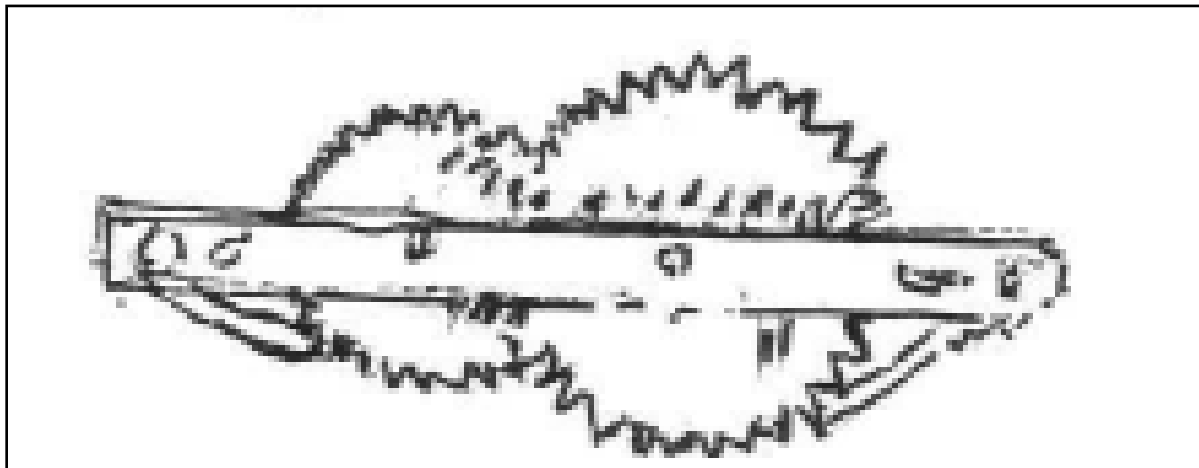
Family Tradition

Appleton Mile Harmon was my Great-grandfather.

All of the events in the story took place, but not necessarily in the sequence in the story. The conversation is imagination.

From a drawing by Gene Allen of Los Angeles who illustrated Appleton Milo Goes West.

The original can be seen in the Church Museum in Salt Lake City.



FIRST PLACE POETRY

PROFESSIONAL CATEGORY

PRELUDE TO SANPETE

Marcella H. Morley

2257 East Candlewood Ct.

Sandy, Utah 84092

How can I leave you, my native land?
The home I've known and loved so well,
These fertile fields my feet have trod,
Can I surrender these for God?

My many loved ones leave behind
That I most likely see no more,
For my beliefs are not their own-
But, knowing truth, I cannot turn. .

I must move on, (Oh, broken heart!)
And join the Saints who westward go.
My lot is cast; I trust in Thee.
Would my kin the vision see!

My deepest hope is, on that day,
When with our Christ we shall be one,
That I may then be joined with them.
Then they may know and understand.



A FISH LAKE SCENE

SECOND PLACE POETRY

Wilbur T. Braithwaite

58 North 200 East

Manti, Utah 84642

In my mind's eye -

I see rhythmic waves lapping on the face
Of rocks at Lava Slide,
Soon earth's dimmers phase out light
As evening's curtains open wide.
Sunset streakings in the west
Are filtered out of view.

Sawtooth Mountain's silhouette
Smiles out in northern skies.
To the south the Saddle rides
A ridge of royal blue.

Trout start feeding close to shore
Nearby a sunken ledge.
With bamboo rod I flex my wrist
And cast a tapered line and fly
Along the moss-free edge.
Pinion shadows merge in one,
A cool breeze whispers off the lake;
Aspens answer with a sigh.
Par hillside lamps and stars on high
Give off ethereal glow.
Like a spotlight on a stage, a rising
Moon intensifies the splendor of the night.

With my natural eye -
I look outside and see a storm with
Snowflakes swirling in the wind - a January sight.
Yet, for a time today* eternity reversed in flight
To when I was a boy.
As then, I marvel now, awe-struck again,
Re-enchanted by the beauty and the joy
Pelt on a July night
Fifty years ago.

ETERNAL CIRCLE

THIRD PLACE POETRY

Eleanor P. Madsen

295 East 1st North 87-5

Ephraim, Utah 84627

From Norway's fjords and Denmark's isle they came,
England, Germany, Wales, lands with foreign name.
They left families, friends, fields, their all
To gather with the Saints, heed the gospel call.

Some perished, buried beneath the ocean waves.
On the plains were left many lonely graves.

But still they sang, "All is Well, All is Well,"
And left courageous stories for us to tell.

At last the promised valley was in sight
They would work and toil with all their might
To grub the sagebrush and tame the land
Build homes, schools, a temple grand.

They were given but little time to rest
As Brigham said, "Go north, south and west"
Obediently they yoked their oxen once more
And traveled where man had not been before.

Some came to Sanpete, started cities here
Artisans, building for us, noble pioneer.
With work, faith, courage and sacrifice
They labored, willing to pay the price.

As youth goes forth from mountains high
To forge new paths across the earth and sky.
Abraham's blessings they now restore
In eternal circle to foreign shore.

Our task now the hope and joy to give,
The blessings, the love, as we live
Worthy one day our ancestors to meet
A prelude to all that is ours in Sanpete.

CASTLE GARDEN STATION

HONORABLE MENTION POETRY

June B. Jensen
575 Vest 800 South
Orem, Utah 84058

The migrating family huddled together
in old-country dark season weather.
With bundled belongings at their feet,
there was no "Godspeed 'til again we meet*"

Mack proclaimed, "By steerage we'll sail*"
while Ane soothed the baby's wail.

Two small sisters clasped each hand
so the shore dimmed on their native land.

Crude bunks reeked with immigrant fare,
yet hope hovered there amidst tearful prayer.
Would the Station be an "Isle of Tears"
and the gate swing shut to confirm their fears?

A trumpet sounded a summons on deck
and all heads bowed to pay last respect.
As the ocean heaved, she groaned aloud
while churning waves claimed a sail-cloth shroud,

Could there be a peaceful sleep
in the black unknown of angry deep?
Ane's hand felt the child's hot breath,
she prayed to banish the thought of death.

The lowest deck was dark and narrow.
Storms and sickness bid each tomorrow.
Yet weary eyes greeted the TORCH held high
as FREEDOM unfurled against the sky.

Through entry pass there was no want to plead
for a tiny grave was the first need.
The quilt wrapped form she clutched ever fast
- "Aye Mack, the night afore last."

THE WATCH DOG
SECOND PLAGUE ANECDOTE
Dorothy J. Buchanan
680 East 1st South
Salt Lake City, Utah 84102

One early evening in the summer of 1897, my Grandmother Larsen was sweeping a porch of her new home in Mt. Pleasant, when she saw a man approaching her. She could tell that he was a tramp» one who went from house to house asking for food. He walked up to her, and before she could utter a word, he began to speak in rapid tones: "Lady, you have just built this beautiful home. Wouldn't you like a watchdog to guard it? I can make such a dog that will add greatly to the attractiveness of your home if you will give me board and room until the work is finished. And I am a fast worker."

Grandmother was somewhat taken aback after that verbal explosion, and hardly knew how to answer. She observed that the stranger appeared to be clean and neat and he spoke in a forthright manner. After a short conversation with him she decided to let him go ahead and create the dog.

The man worked diligently and fashioned a fairly large dog of stone seated on a sheep's hide, also of stone. His legs were firm and straight. Head erect. He was looking fearlessly at the world. My grandparents home was made distinctive by his presence.

Children passing by would often slip into the yard and sit on the dog's back for a few moments. He was noticed and admired by many people.

The home is still standing. It is now know as the Mansion House. The dog is also still standing. He has been a faithful watchdog for nearly a century.

SUGAR FOR SANPETE

FIRST PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

Eleanor P. Madsen

295 East 1st North 87-5

Ephraim, Utah 84627

From the time of the early settlement of Sanpete County, there have been individuals and groups who have taken the lead in developing enterprises which have had far-reaching effects, not alone in the county but in the state and nation. Although some of these industries no longer exist here, they contributed much to the economy and development of the area in their time. Sugar factories in Gunnison and Moroni were among those early industries.

In 1851 President Brigham Young and his counselors published an epistle to the "Saints scattered throughout the earth," pleading for the people to make their own sugar and molasses and asking for companies to come to Utah to establish a sugar-making business. In 1855 sugar was selling for \$1.00 per pound, which was "far more than the starving pioneers could afford."

Bishop C. A. Madsen of Gunnison was one in Sanpete County who led out in developing the sugar industry. In 1875 through the church program, a few pounds of seed were distributed to the farmers in Gunnison for experimental purposes. As early as 1879 Bishop Madsen and others had forty acres of maize and sorghum under cultivation to make sugar, and a cane mill was set up on the Co-op farm. The cane froze three times in June and the maize twice in July. A Gunnison history states, "We had hoped to have been able to present specimens of sorghum and beet sugar at the State Fair, but as long as we have not made any, we shall be very quiet about it."

With the desperate need for sugar, "like Moses and the Israelites the Saints were saved by food from heaven." In August 1855 a hard substance appeared on the Cottonwood trees near Provo. The Pioneers shook the white coating off the leaves and boiled it down to make a sweet brown sugar. Some 4,000 pounds were extracted.

In 1891 sugar beets were raised extensively in Utah and fanners from Sanpete, Severe and Juab counties joined others from Springville and Provo in growing beets and sending them by rail to the sugar plant in Lehi for processing. Three thousand two hundred seventy-five bags of sugar were sacked that season. The vision of the saints had materialized when the first granules of white sugar were spun from

sugar beet molasses. Cries of "Hallelujah" filled the air. Handfuls of sugar were passed around the room and men marveled that white sugar could come from black molasses. President Wilford Woodruff, old and frail, traveled from Salt Lake City to the Lehi factory to see his dream bear fruit. With tears running down his cheeks he said, "This is one of the happiest experiences of my life."

Sanpete County continued to give strong support to the industry. In 1916 the People's Sugar Company was organized. A local paper printed the following:

One of the most successful business meetings ever held in Sanpete County was held at the Elite banquet hall with twenty four men from the county being present. Five thousand acres of beets will be grown for the factory with acreages proportioned to each city in the county. A committee was appointed to secure the acreage and to report each day. . .

Actual work began on the Moroni factory in February 1917. The plant was completed that fall and the first run of sugar made October 20, 1917. Many news articles appeared in local papers encouraging the growing of sugar beets. Beet-growing contests were held. Cash prizes of \$25, \$15 and \$10 were awarded boys and girls by the Sugar Company, as well as a beautiful gold-decorated insignia button furnished by the State Bankers Association. Prizes were also given at the County Fair, consisting of 100 pounds to ten pounds of sugar for the best sugar beets. Farmers were offered cash prizes in amounts of \$1000 up to \$10,000 for best methods and results in raising beets. The slogan was, "Prosperity means sugar beets on every farm."

National recognition was given the sugar beet industry as indicated by a statement from United States Food Administrator, Herbert Hoover:

One of the most vital problems confronting the nation is that of procuring sufficient sugar to meet the requirements of our people and of allied nations fighting our common battle. I therefore earnestly appeal to every farm so situated to come to his country's aid in this hour of need.

In 1916 Moroni had the distinction of having the most modern sugar refinery in the west. For a number of years it made much progress. In 1918 some 20,000 pounds of sugar beets were processed at the factory. The beet sheds were enlarged, preparing for a large tonnage the following year. In 1926 a front page editorial in the Mt. Pleasant Pyramid said, "Grow Sugar Beets, factory Must Have Beets or Quit." That year a severe infestation of white fly caused an almost total crop failure. Drought and other discouragement caused the closing of the Moroni plant in 1937. The plant was sold to Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, the factory dismantled, and the business moved to another state. Moroni Turkey Plant purchased the remaining facilities in 1939 from the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company. After the close of the Moroni plant, beets grown in the area were shipped to the Gunnison Valley Sugar Company. In 1911 beets grown in Sanpete and Sevier counties were processed at a new factory in Elsinore.

The Gunnison Valley Sugar Company was organized about the same time as the Moroni Sugar Company. In 1914 plans were made for a factory in Centerfield and spur was built from the Denver and Rio Grand Railroad to the proposed factory site. A factory was purchased at Waverley, Washington, and the

first carload of machinery arrived in Centerfield in the fall of 1914. The shipment of machinery was completed in 1917 and the new million-dollar plant was completed in time for the harvest.

On September 19, 1919, a huge celebration was held to commemorate the formal opening of the Gunnison Sugar Factory. Promptly at midday the wheels of industry throughout the valley ceased and everyone assembled at the factory. A fine program was held, and dinner and dancing concluded the day's activities. The factory then began its operation.

In the early 1920's the William Wrigley Company of Chicago acquired control of the Gunnison Valley Sugar Company and introduced an extensive program which greatly increased the capacity of the plant. In 1922 Hart J. Sanders became chief chemist at the plant and in 1925 he assumed duties as Plant Superintendent. He served in that capacity until 1944 when he became District Manager. Charles Embley was Dean of Employees. Other veteran plant employees were O. J. Tolck, D. Ray Goates, William H. Parr and Roy Darlington. L. J. Arnold whose service also began in 1922, was Agricultural Superintendent.

The annual tonnage of beets harvested at the plant varied from practically none in 1926, due to the white fly or leaf hopper, to some 120,000 ton in 1946. Developments including segmented seed and modern machinery opened up a new era in the industry. During the booming years, Spearmint was the railroad switch to the sugar factory. Some of the area street names suggested economic growth, ie. "Sugar Factory Lane." A large neon sign was placed at the entrance to the factory in 1929.

Other industries were also benefited by the production of the sugar beets, especially in meat and dairy production, through the use of the pulp, molasses and the beet tops. Additional taxes paid by the industry aided in maintaining schools and roads.

The plant was purchased by the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company in 1940 and additional improvements were made with some 200 men being employed during the campaign. In 1948 the factory opened its pond for fishing. The pond was used as a reservoir for the water supply for the factory. The early hours were reserved for young fishermen, those under 12 years of age. It was a popular place for a number of years.

In 1955 only a third of the normal water supply was available. Few beets were grown. The plant shut down; however, it opened again a year or so later to process a million ton of beets harvested in Sanpete and Sevier counties.

Despite small acreages the Sugar Company continued to operate. After the final campaign in 1960 the Company felt that there were not enough beets to justify continuation. The factory was closed. After that beets were shipped to the Company's factory in West Jordan and later to the plant in Tremonton. The high cost of transportation drove all but a handful of beet growers to planting other crops.

The Company sold the building and property to Frank O'Brien Salvage Company of Spanish Fork. Some of the equipment was removed. Several years later the building was subject to a major demolition effort by the Dee Construction Company of Spanish Fork. All evidence of what was the nucleus of a major agricultural industry in Sanpete Valley was gone. What began in 1914 is now nothing but a memory.

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FOUNTAIN GREEN

FIRST PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

D. R. M. Jensen

361 West 200 North Box 13

Fountain Green, Utah 84632

The first time we saw it, Loueda called it a "horrid little house." I thought there had been some kind of mistake. Maybe she'd been given the wrong address or the wrong town. I hadn't known Fountain Green even existed.

Part of the structure was well over a hundred years old and collapsing. The electrical wiring was scary. The place was a bugs' nest. There was no plumbing. No toilet, except for a stinky old shack out back. I'd never seen one before. I think it's called an outhouse. I'd lived in modern cities, in modern houses with modern conveniences all my life. I didn't much care about the house though. I could build a new one.

I was tired of the pace of the plastic city. I wanted a home where I could live in peace. What were the people like? Would I be free of abuse of power and the threat of gang violence? What kind of wildlife was in the area? Was there a good fishin' spot?

My grandparents' farm in Rupert, Idaho, was small, maybe six acres. Grandpa raised chickens and there always seemed to be a lamb that needed to be fed, tied up under the cherry tree. As a young child, I would sit next to the wall heater in the kitchen and listen to Grandma tell stories about her grandparents crossing the plains with a handcart.

Rees Rees Llewellyn was born the eleventh child of a humble family in South Wales in 1828. In 1854 he married Ann Llewellyn. Both had worked in the coal mines since they were children. At the time of their marriage, neither could write and marked the certificate with an "x" Rees joined the Mormon Church in 1850 and labored for two years as a local missionary, converting many to the faith, including Ann. After their marriage he and Ann continued to work in the mines. Rees acquired some formal education and was appointed timekeeper. By the time they sailed for the United States in 1856, he was able to read and write well.

The decision to come to America meant leaving their loved ones and many of their belongings behind. It was a tearful goodbye when they left their homeland, especially for Ann. She was her mother's only daughter and had been practically disowned when she joined the church. Rees had to promise that he would not take a second wife as was the practice of Mormons at that time. He kept his promise.

The ship Samuel Curling cleared port at Liverpool on April 18, 1856, with 707 passengers, mostly Welsh Saints. Among them were some of Loueda's ancestors, Samuel Brooks and his family. For seven days they had gentle breezes and then storm and adverse winds for the rest of the journey. On May 23rd the ship was towed into Boston Harbor and placed under quarantine until the inspectors came aboard. The passengers and living quarters were all found remarkably clean and commanded the admiration of all.

The pioneers lived aboard ship for a few more days, then traveled by cattle car to St. Louis where they boarded a steamboat for the trip up the Mississippi River to Iowa City. Here Rees learned they would have to make the journey across the plains to the Land of Zion by handcart and built his own. Rees was

chosen as clerk of the company and kept a daily record of the trek. Before departing on June 28th, Rees buried shoes, china and other possessions in order to lighten the load, Rees promised the tearful Ann that he would return and retrieve her treasures. Some years later he did but was not able to find them. He returned to Wales on a mission for the church and bought Ann china and a lovely paisley shawl to replace the ones she'd lost, Ann did manage to bring a few of her pretty things with her. When Grandma was about five years old, Ann gave to her a little gold pitcher that she'd brought across the plains.

Ann was ill during the trip. More than once, heartsick and weary, she became balky and refused to go any further. She sat down on the trail and refused to go another step. She said she didn't care if the wolves and mountain lions ate her and wished she was back in Wales,

As Grandma told me this story about her grandmother, I imagined little Ann huddled beneath a lone tree out on the dry prairie, clutching her little gold pitcher. Rees had to keep up with the company so he left her where she sat. Her tears would fall as she watched the train of handcarts disappear into the sunset.

When the company stopped to camp for the night Rees unloaded the handcart. Rees crossed the plains twice that hot, dry summer. Although the company was on rationed food during much of the trek, Rees, without eating, dragged the handcart back to fetch his balky little wife.

Before they finished their journey Ann's shoes had completely worn out. They took turns wearing Rees' boots. By October 2nd her feet were sore and bleeding. Rees took off his boots and gave Ann the privilege of walking into the Land of Zion wearing shoes as he walked along barefoot dragging the handcart.

Shortly after arriving, Rees and Ann were standing on a street corner in Salt Lake City not knowing what they were going to do, when a man by the name of Ben Johnson came along. He invited the young couple into his home. Here they could remain, he told them, until they could get on their feet and build a home of their own. Rees and Ben became best of friends. Rees was treated as one of Ben's sons. They stood side by side in Echo Canyon when the saints were fortified against the U. S. Army in the winter of 1857.

In the spring of 1858 Rees and Ann went with "Uncle Ben" to colonize Santaquin. Here Rees served as postmaster until the fall of 1859 when Ben asked Rees to help his brother George Johnson make the settlement of Fountain Green. Considering Rees a son, Ben gave him two yoke of oxen, a wagon, a cow and other necessary supplies. In addition to their baby daughter, Rees and Ann brought with them a four-year-old Indian girl named Viret who had been given to Uncle Ben in exchange for meat and flour. Viret was loved and cared for in the Llewellyn home and reared to womanhood there. Rees built a one-room log cabin and moved his family to Fountain Green. A second child, the first girl born in town, was soon added.

His family kept growing and Rees soon built a lovely two-story brick home with three fireplaces. The carpentry work was excellent. Inside, the home was painted with beautiful birds and flowers over the mantel and on the ceiling. The floor tapestry was like velvet. There were two large white verandas. The creek that supplied water to the town ran east of the house through a grassy meadow, Ann took pride in raising chickens, ducks, geese, guinea hens and a special peacock. She made and sold butter and cheese, Rees and Ann were the parents of eleven children, Ann was called "Little Grandma" by her grandchildren because of her short stature. But, Grandma says, she was as broad as she was tall,

Rees held the position of postmaster in Fountain Green and was elected the first president of the town council. He was always active in the community and church and was choir director for twenty-eight years. He served as tithing clerk and was Magistrate of Fountain Green for eighteen years. He became an excellent penman, Rees William Llewellyn, the third child to Rees and Ann, is my great-great-grandfather, Rees William married Sarah E. Holman, the daughter of Sanford Holman and Elizabeth Hanna Allred, the

daughter of Wiley P. Allred, the first doctor in Fountain Green, He made his medicines from herbs that grew wild nearby.

Lulu May Llewellyn was the daughter of Rees William and Sarah E. Holman. Lulu married Ray Whiting, the grandson of Edwin Whiting. Edwin Whiting traveled with Isaac Morley's company who were the first settlers of Sanpete County.

I bought the horrid little house in Fountain Green, I came from the city, not too far away. It took us four weeks with a pickup and trailer. We wore out a set of tires and several pairs of gloves. When we ran out of money and time we left some of our treasures behind. Soon after we settled in I got a letter from Grandma. She mentioned, "Did you know my mother was born in Fountain Green?" I hadn't 'till then.

I've traveled half-way around the world. I've lived in cities on the east coast and the west. I've been in every state in the nation and a couple of foreign countries. Now I live in Fountain Green across the street from Rees' and Ann's old home. It's nice to be home.

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Loueda.

STEERAGE PASS

SECOND PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

June B. Jensen

575 West 800 South

Orem, Utah 84058

Old country staidness followed them to the docks.

Mack led Johanne by the hand and boosted Marie to his shoulder. "We'll sail steerage," he choked. Ane his wife, holding Hans in her arms, moved closer and together the family huddled on the rain—soaked pier.

Tied in shawls, several bundles of all their earthly possessions lay cluttered at their feet.

They had joined the new, despised religion and were immediately disowned and rejected by all family members. There was no Grandfather's hug or Grandma's kiss, no hand-shake or "Godspeed, 'til we meet again." The decision and departure were final.

While the ocean heaved, the people heaved. The bunks below deck were crowded, smelly and completely void of privacy. Through the days the little girls clung to Ane's skirts and slept at night in their father's arms. Baby Hans whimpered and fussed hour after long hour. He wanted nothing to eat and seemed to have difficulty swallowing.

One morning all passengers were summoned on deck to pay last respects to Olga Anders, a wife and mother of a family a few bunks away. Ane shuddered as the plank was tipped to allow the sail-cloth shroud to slide into the waves. She silently asked, "Where could a peaceful rest be in the churning sea?" Her aching arms clutched the feverish baby even tighter. Now and then a feeble moan escaped his swollen throat.

That night she paced the deck and let the moonlight shine full on Han's face to see if he was still

breathing.

In the long weary lines at Castle Garden Station, the land of hope was finally a reality. Passports were checked. Some voyagers were detained for further questioning. Others were held for deportation.

The Madsen family of five stood in the aisle of health check, and heard the officer declare, "Quarantine." A few minutes later the gruff voice called again, "Over here, a burial detail," The father raised his haggard eyes to Ane as she -whispered the sad reply, "Aye, Mack, the night afore last."

The child was buried someplace in New York, but the gravesight became lost to the family. They made their way across the plains and settled in Fairview, Utah.

SILENCE IN A WINTER EVENING

FIRST PLACE SHORT STORY

Linnie M. Findlay

255 East 100 South

Ephraim, Utah 84627

Silence is:

A telephone ringing in an empty room,
The cry of a child in the gathering gloom -
A call of distress when there's no one to hear,
A prompting that comes to a listening ear.

LaVon looked out of the window at the two parallel windrows of deep snow that were piled at the side of the road. She smiled at her two small children who were playing on the rug by the stove, and was glad they were in where it was warm on a cold night like this one promised to be.

As she turned from the window, she thought she heard a faint cry. She looked out again, but could see nothing. A shiver ran through her body as she heard the squeaky, crying sound again, and she hastily pulled on her boots, slipped into her coat and wrapped her scarf snugly around her head.

"Where are you going, Mama?" Camille looked up from her play as her mother opened the door.

"Oh, there is something out there in the cold. It's probably a little lost kitten," LaVon answered. "I'll just step outside and see if I can see it. Keep the door closed, and take good care of Doug," she said to her little daughter.

As she stepped outside, she noticed that it was colder now than it had been when she had been outside a little earlier. She chided herself for being foolish, coming out in search of a kitten that she couldn't see, but she didn't like to think of anything being out in the bitter cold of a winter night. And night would soon be here. It came quickly in the wintertime. She looked all around her, and all she could see was white. Everything was covered with new snow, the clouds had cleared away, and a chill breeze was blowing. Her boots made crunching sounds in the snow as she walked, and she wondered which direction the sound had come from.

Again, a very faint squeaky cry came to her ears, and she turned quickly down the street in the direction of the sound. She noticed the shadows were long and the sun would soon go down. Carefully she surveyed the scene before her, but she could see nothing but white. The large windrow of snow by the sidewalk came up well past her knees, and the pile of snow by the street was thicker and higher.

This winter of 1952 would be remembered as a hard winter all right, with heavy snow falling every few days. City trucks with blades mounted on the front cleared the streets, and sidewalks were cleared with a smaller snow blade pulled by horses. Where the snow hadn't been completely cleared to the surface of the street, it had frozen, and big chuck holes pocked the street and made travel hazardous.

LaVon stopped walking and listened, but could hear nothing but the stillness of the winter evening and some sounds of travel on Main Street. "Well, I've gone this far, I might as well go on to the end of the block," she told herself.

She had just passed the open lot on the corner of the block, when she saw a small patch of bright color between the two long piles of snow. She scrambled over the net. snow bank, and as she got close she could see it was not a kitten at all, but a little girl lying motionless on the snow bank. She was almost covered with loose snow she had scratched and kicked loose as she had tried to climb up from the ditch between the two banks of frozen snow.

Virginia glanced uneasily at the clock and realized it was long past the time that her little daughter should be home from school. She had been called away to help a neighbor in need, and was alarmed when she came home and found that Marilyn wasn't yet home. She questioned the three older children, but they hadn't seen Marilyn. "She likes to find new ways to come home," Catherine reminded her mother.

"I know, but it will soon be dark. Come, let's ask the Lord to help us, and then we'd all better go looking for her." The children gathered around, and they knelt by their mother in prayer.

The children were to look nearby for their younger sister. Virginia would take Margaret with her in the car, and she could go farther. They must find Marilyn.

The mother thought tenderly of this little girl who had been through so much in her seven years. Marilyn had been a sickly child at first, and had suffered from bulbar polio. Repair surgery had helped and eventually she could talk well. But she had learned to entertain herself, and was a pleasant happy child.

She loved to climb, and had climbed ever since she began to move about independently as a baby. She would cling to a chair leg and climb up onto the chair and then to the table top. She would even climb up into the cupboards and to the top of the refrigerator. Outside in the summer, she loved to climb the tall poplar trees that grew by the side of the house. And if the tree swayed a little with her slight weight, it was even more fun for her.

The mother drove the car to the school, looking anxiously up and down each street as she passed, and five-year-old Margaret pressed her face against the cold glass of the car window so that she could help her mother search for her sister whom she loved so much.

LaVon picked up the still body of the child and climbed out of the ditch and carried her across the snowbank to the sidewalk, and hurried back to her warm home. Once inside she quickly removed the wet clothing and wrapped the child in a warm blanket. She noticed that the coat and long white stockings were covered with ice crystals. Camille came to help as LaVon began to rub Marilyn's arms and legs hoping to restore the circulation.

As her body began to warm a little, Marilyn opened her eyes and smiled at LaVon. Her limbs hurt as chillblains tingled in her hands and feet, but she knew she was safe now that she was no longer trapped in the ditch where she had slid between the snow banks. LaVon put her in a chair near the open oven door. Camille brought some dry clothing for her mother to put on Marilyn, and Camille and Doug continued to rub Marilyn's arms and legs.

LaVon took the simmering teakettle from the back of the stove and poured hot water over some ginger and sugar she mixed in a cup. She added some milk to cool the drink and handed the cup to Marilyn. "Here, drink this," she gently urged her. "It will make you warm on the inside."

She picked up the telephone and called the operator again. She listened as the telephone rang, and when no one answered, she asked the operator to call a near neighbor of the Nielsons.

Three Nielson children were sober as they came back into the house* Three sets of eyes filled with tears as they looked at each other. They had looked everywhere and had seen no sign of Marilyn.

Catherine answered the ringing telephone just as her mother's car pulled into the driveway. "Marilyn is safe. She is up at LaVon Olson's," she called joyously to her mother, when she opened the door. The mother gave instructions to her children, so that supper would be ready when their father returned from the farm, and then left to get Marilyn.

It was years later that LaVon recounted the incident. "I've often wondered," she said, "How I could hear that cry from inside the house with the door closed. She was almost half a black away. And I've wondered, too, if Bishop and Sister Nielson know how close they came to losing that child."

Marilyn recalled when it was talked about, that she had chosen a new way to go home. It was exciting to walk along the top of the piles of frozen snow, until she came to a soft spot that let her small body slide down between the two snow banks, and into a ditch that was there. And then try as hard as she could she couldn't get out. She had scratched and dug at the snow as she tried to climb over the snowbank. She had become hungry and frightened as the sun sank lower and lower toward the mountains. She had cried and screamed as loud as she could until she became exhausted. And she thought no one had heard.

And Bishop and Sister Nielson talk gratefully of a great lady with a sensitive spirit who responded quickly to a small cry in the cold of an early winter evening.

This true story was told to the author by LaVon B. Olson sometime before 1983, and verified by Marilyn Nielson Edwards and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Glen J. Nielson. LaVon Olson passed away in May 1990.





**Issac Morley gravestone,
typical of many in
Sanpete cemeteries.**



**Neighborhood store-operated by Hyrum
and Caroline Poulsen.**



**An old grist mill where wheat was ground
into flour-mouth Manti canyon. Photo-
courtesy, Ruth Scow**



**J.B. Peterson house and
store in Manti.**



The Infirmary Near Fairview Canyon . See p. 25. Photo-courtesy, Ruth Scow



The Council House in Manti-1854-1906: W.B. Bowery, Jacob Wintch, A.O. Anderson, Walter and Chris Fredrickson, J.H. Carpenter, Dr. W.H. Olsen, Alex Tennant, Peter P. Dyreng. See pgs. 8-19. Photo- courtesy, Lillian Fox



Junction Co-op in Ephraim. Note glass doors on enclosed stairway. See p. 13. Photo- courtesy, Virginia Nielson



Mansion House in Mt. Pleasant with watch dog still standing-built 1897.



Carved headstones in Manti cemetery. See epigraphs p. 30. Photo- courtesy, Ruth Scow



Anton Anderson with Indian friend, Red Cloud. See story p. 84. Photo- courtesy LuGene Nielson



Franklin Squire, about 3 years old, with baby sister, Nellie, in Pioneer dress. Photo-courtesy, Ina Squire



Mary Jolley Oldroyd, Ft. Green, with youngest granddaughter, Jessie Oldroyd. Photo- courtesy, Jessie Oldroyd



Ephraim High School graduates-1925-after 50 years. Kneeling: Lawrence Poulsen, Halbert Greaves, Newell Madsen, Alden Lund, Othel Carlson, Reed Madsen, Glen J. Nielson. 2nd row: Ward Thorpe, Fern Nielson, Edith Christensen, Onda Kelsen, Marcel Petersen, LaVon Andersen, Marie Benson(teacher), J.T. Jackson, Betha Anderson, Ardell Christensen, Weber Poulsen, Ethel Nielsen, Alice Sessions Willardsen(teacher). Third row: Eudora Nielsen, Josephine Andersen, Stella Hansen, Lillian Wynn, Melba Lindberg, Neldon Jacobsen, Ina Christensen, Maurine Hansen, Curtis Armstrong, Irla Rasmussen, Vera Mortensen. Fourth row: Ralph Peterson, Ralph Nielson, Ralph Thompson, Merrill Thompson. Photo- courtesy, Reed Madsen family

ADA LA VON BARTHOLOMEW OLSEN



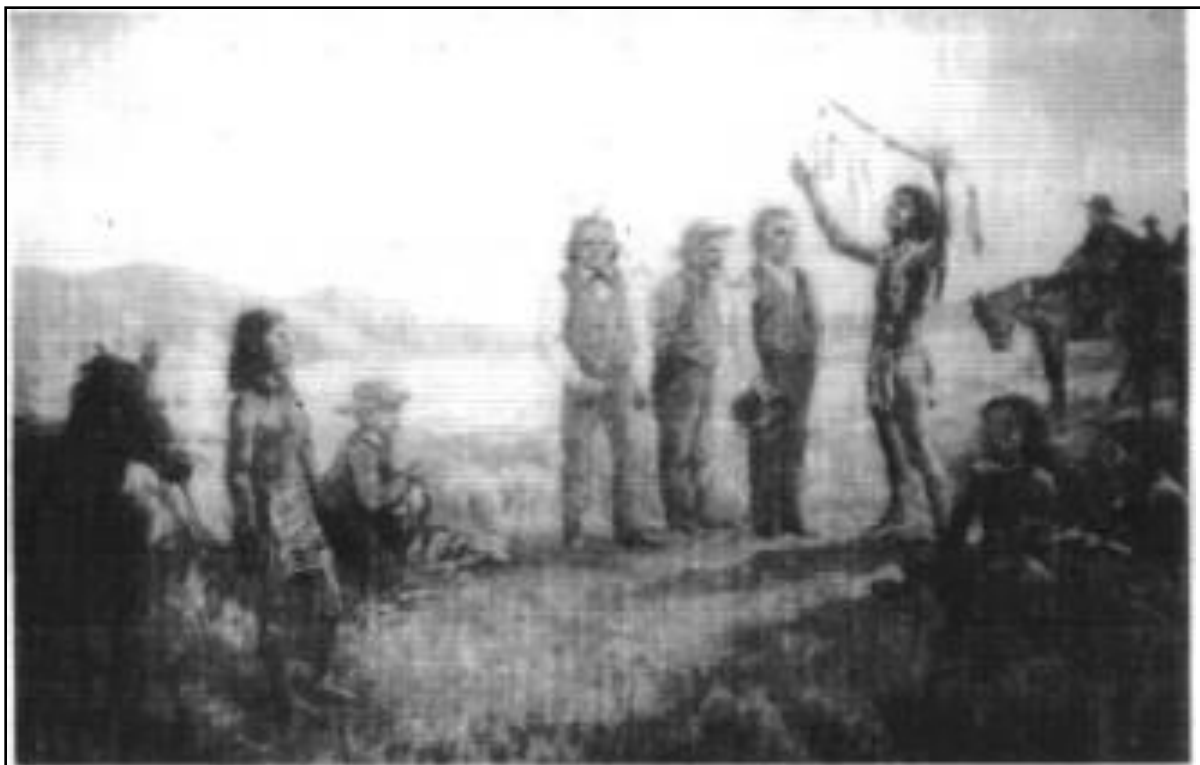
There are some who live among us who selflessly give of themselves to make life better for others. Teaching, acts of service, kindness and thoughtfulness are a daily part of their lives. LaVon was one of them.

We include here a poem she wrote a number of years ago in memory of two sons who preceded her in death. She has now joined them in a happy reunion.

WAITING

For you, Beloved Boys, God makes me wait!
He silenced happy laughter, boyish noise,
Folded your belongings, boxed your toys,
Wiped out your living, clean as a rubbed slate;
Left marble marker only to attest—
Mute marble, hard and cold, set well in place,
Chiseled deep that time might not efface
The evidence of lives long since at rest.
But in my heart you live. From boyhood forms
I rear you, in imagination wide;
By each I place a beautiful, young bride
And hold your children in my empty arms.
The lengthening years are shortening the wait;
Beloved Sons, I'll meet you at the gate!

LaVon 3. Olsen



Peace - with Pioneers and Indians
Courtesy Sandra Johnson



A Pioneer Woman's Washday
Courtesy Sandra Johnson