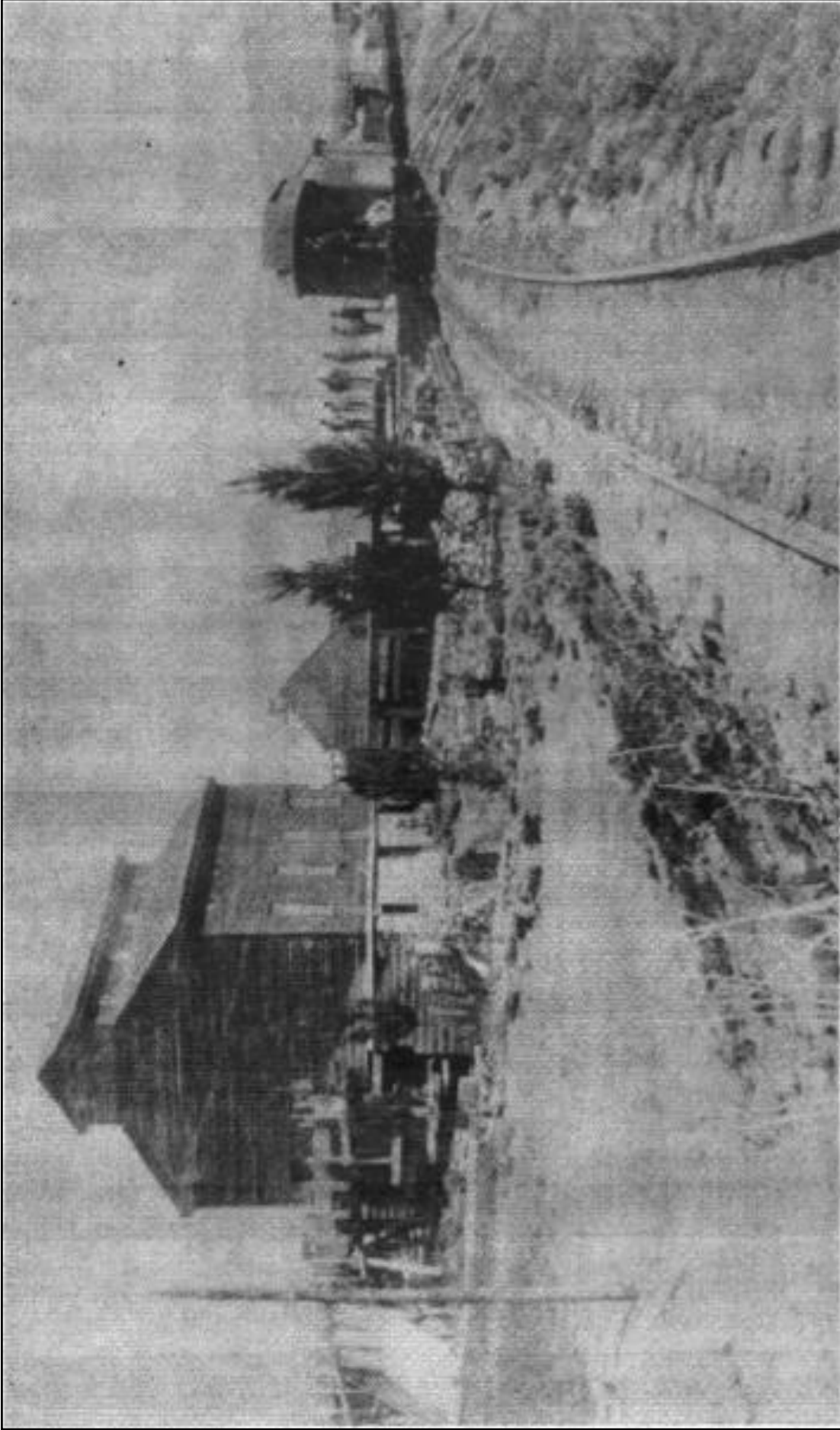


SILVER SUNSETS  
Vol. 25



1993  
Saga  
of the  
Sanpitch

CHAS. NELSON



*Flour mill with farm house near Fountain Green, and Sanpete Valley Railroad with train.  
(Courtesy, Jessie Oldroyd)*

**SAGA OF THE SANPITCH**  
**Volume XXV**  
**Winning Entries**  
**of the**  
**Sanpete Historical Writing Contest**  
**Selected Pictures and Writings**

**Sponsored by**  
**Sanpete Historical Writing Committee**

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**Linnie M. Findlay, Chairman**

**Printed by**  
**The Universal Impression**  
**141 South Main**  
**Manti, Utah 84642**

## PREFACE

Silver Sunsets might suggest the ending of a day, a final period of time, the closing of an era. As we look at people and events that have disappeared from the Sanpete Scene, we think of hardy pioneers; of breaking soil and building the first small cabins; of Forts and Indians; of Ghost Towns and abandoned mines; of name changes that have come to the towns that are still here.

The story of Pettyville, on pages one and two, written and researched by Rose McIlff, fits into this category. Also, the article about names and name changes of early Sanpete settlements, near the end of the book, researched and submitted by Lillian Fox, is a good example of what we might think of as a silver sunset, although many of the towns still function, but with another name than at first.

With the theme for 1993 of "Silver Sunsets," we had thought perhaps this would be the final volume of the Saga of the Sanpitch. However, we have been strongly encouraged to continue the writing contest, and to publish the Saga of the Sanpitch, because of its value as a primary source of history.

So, for another year, we have chosen a theme of "People who made a difference." We hope that those who write for 1994 will reach into their own families and tell the stories of those who have made a difference in their lives; those who have made a difference in education; those who have made a difference in the community. Our hope is that some of the noble deeds of unsung heroes will be revealed. There are many who have lived their lives out of the limelight, who have lived with courage and faith and positive joy, and who have inspired their posterity with strength to meet the challenges of life.

As late as 1950, one of Ephraim's long-time residents was still rising early and walking to the Temple, and then if he didn't find someone he could ride home with, would walk home again. I'm sure there are many, who never served in high callings as well as those who became leaders, who gave the very best they had, and thus deserve our honor and respect. They left for us a great heritage.

We have been working on a comprehensive index of the early volumes of the Saga of the Sanpitch, and have been impressed again with the wide variety of the material covered; of the great support that came from our readers, right from the first; and from the stature of those who have made written contributions. We hope to have that larger index completed and available next year.

Eleanor Madsen, who has been the most recent chairman, and who was involved from the very first, is now serving as a Missionary for the L.D.S. Church in Salt Lake City. Ruth Scow and Lillian Fox who have both been chairmen of the contest as well as members of the committee, both have serious health problems at home, and both are heavily involved in other phases of Sanpete History. Lillian still serves as a member of the Saga Committee, and both continue to give support and encouragement. Norma Barton and Jessie Oldroyd have given service each year since the beginning. Three new committee members this year are: Camille Lindsay, Louise Jensen and Buena Fay Moore, all from Ephraim. Buena Fay, great-great-granddaughter of Ephraim's first settler, Isaac Behunin, serves as Secretary Treasurer.

Many others, those of you who write and those of you who buy the printed copies, as well as those who give support in many other ways, make this publication possible.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Sanpete Historical Writing Committee wishes to thank all who have submitted manuscripts or who have loaned pictures, and in other ways given of time and talents in the production of this volume of the Saga of the Sanpitch. Many have offered encouragement in many ways. We are grateful.

CHAIRMAN: Linnie M. Findlay

COMMITTEE: Lillian H. Fox  
Norma W. Barton  
Louise Jensen  
Camille Lindsay

TREASURER: Buena Fay Moore

EDITING: Diana Major Spencer

TYPIST: Rebecca Lindsay

## **COVER**

The cover for this year was created by local artist Chad Nielson, who sent these comments with his drawing: "The inspiration for these images came from experience. When a plow is put into the ground, within minutes of its use the surface becomes a silvery luster. If the plow is left out in the rain for even a few minutes rust begins to dull its surface. The allegory of the plow to this publication is in the purpose of existence, to glean the knowledge and wisdom of those who have so much more experience. In other words, rather than letting these things go to the grave, and by using the experiences of these people we are keeping their plows shiny.

"The back cover was drawn from the west side of the temple. The spires glow in the late afternoon sunlight, the shadows are long. While standing there you realize you are in the shadow of the great ones who built this edifice. [It is] their idea of a shadow of a celestial world."

## **ADVERTISING**

Radio Stations KMTI and KMXU, Messenger-Enterprise, Manti; Gunnison Valley News, Gunnison; Pyramid, Mt. Pleasant; The Provo Herald, Provo; Richfield Reaper, Richfield; Committee members and volunteers.

## **EDITING**

Diana Major Spencer is a native of Salt Lake City and a descendant of Mormon Pioneers of 1847. Her home is in May field. She teaches English at Snow College. This year marks the fifteenth year she has volunteered her service as proofreader and copy editor for the Saga.

## JUDGES

Susie Walser was born in Lovell, Wyoming, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lon Johnson. After graduating from B.Y.U., she married Kenneth Walser. They are the parents of five children and have 16 grandchildren. In 1981 they moved to Sanpete County. Susie taught school at Gunnison Valley Elementary until she and Kenneth left on a mission to England in 1990. They reside in Mayfield.

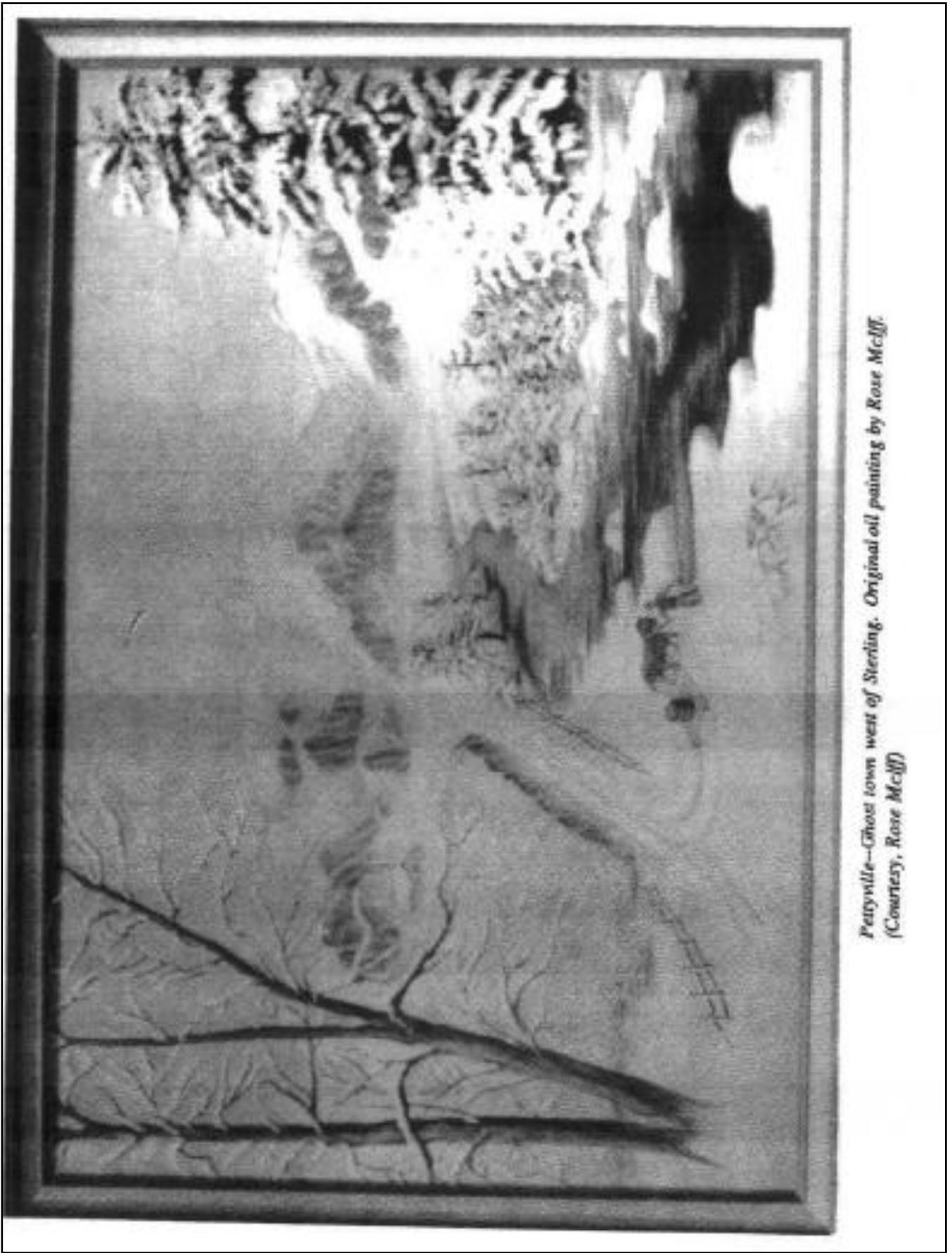
Verna Scow Christiansen was born in Mayfield, Utah. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Scow. Verna graduated from Manti High School and married William Christiansen. They operated the Mayfield Mercantile for many years, and still reside in Mayfield. They are the parents of four children and have 52 Grandchildren and great grandchildren. Verna is known for her dramatic reading, book reports and writings.

Carolle Denton is the wife of Donald W. Denton of Sterling. She was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota. She moved to the Salt Lake Valley and was converted to the L.D.S. Church in 1946. Carolle and Don are the parents of eleven children and one foster child; grandparents of forty-four grandchildren and three great grandchildren. She graduated from a four year fine arts course in 1965, and BYU in 1981. She is a talented writer and artist and uses her talents in the service of others. For three of the last four years, they have been in South Africa, serving on two separate missions for the LDS Church.

## RULES FOR SANPETE WRITING CONTEST

1. The Sanpete Historical Writing Contest is open to all Sanpete County residents and former residents.
2. Contestants may enter in the Professional, Non-Professional or Senior Divisions. Each entry must state clearly the division in which it is to be entered. Each division will be judged in five categories: Anecdotes, Poetry, Short Story, Historical Essay and Personal Recollection.
3. A cash prize of ten dollars will be awarded for first place and complimentary books for other prizes.
4. All entries must be based on actual events, existing legends or traditions of Sanpete County and must be consistent with the time period. They must be authentic and fully documented.
5. All entries must be the original work of the contestant in keeping with good literary standards. They must not have been published or must not now be in the hands of an editor and/or other persons to be published. The entry must not be submitted for publication elsewhere until the contest is decided.
6. Only one entry in each category may be submitted by each contestant.
7. 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 1/2x11 sheet bearing name and address of author, title, first line of entry and the division in which it is to be entered.
8. 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.
9. 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.
10. Entries must be postmarked no later than April 30, 1994. For return of manuscripts please include full size envelope and sufficient postage.

11. All entries must be addressed to Sanpete Historical Writing Contest, c/o Linnie Findlay, Box 56-4 Ephraim, Utah 84627, or to *Louise* Jensen, 420 South 100 East, Ephraim, Utah 84627, or to Lillian Fox, 140 North 100 West, Manti, Utah 84642.
12. Winners will be announced at a special awards program that will be held in August for that purpose.
13. In evaluating the writing the following criteria will be considered:
  - Poetry: Length must not exceed 32 lines
    - a. Message or theme
    - b. Form and Pattern
    - c. Accomplishment of purpose
    - d. Climax
  - Historical Essay and Personal Recollection: Length must not exceed 1500 words.
    - a. Adherence to theme
    - b. Writing style (interesting reading)
    - c. Accomplishment of purpose
    - d. Accuracy of information
    - e. Documentation
  - Anecdote: Length must not exceed 300 words.
    - a. Accuracy of information
    - b. Clarity of presentation
    - c. Writing style
    - d. Documentation
  - Short Story: Length must not exceed 3000 words.
    - a. Adherence to theme
    - b. Writing style
    - c. Characterization
    - d. Well-defined plot
    - e. Documentation
14. The theme for Volume XXVI will be "People who made a Difference," celebrating the 26th anniversary of the Saga of the Sanpitch. As we look forward to 1994, Volume 26 let's be thinking about those wonderful people who lived in these valleys and left us a great heritage, those who made possible the comfort and peace that we now enjoy.



*Pettyville--Ghost town west of Sterling. Original oil painting by Rose McCliff.  
(Courtesy, Rose McCliff)*



## THE STORY OF PETTYVILLE

Rose McIff

Senior Division First Place Essay

The village known as Pettyville was settled in 1873. It was located one mile west of Sterling following the Sanpitch River as well as the Red Hills from the Gunnison Reservoir north to within one mile of Highway 89 south.

Fifteen families came from Manti, Ephraim, and the Dixie country with their leader, William George Petty, to settle a town. William George Petty was called as their Presiding Elder and then in 1877 he was called to be the first Bishop; hence the town was named after him.

The land was part of the Indian Reservation, so the colonizers had squatters' rights only. Indians were plentiful and lived along the river bottoms. The old county road was originally an Indian trail. If you follow this old county road, you will come past the old cemetery and to the heart of Pettyville where the Olsen families had corrals and the last home there.

The Olsen's were in the area for four generations and founded a great tradition of the joy of planting, growing trees, flowers, gardens, orchards, and especially creating a homey atmosphere in and around a house. Those left still have the same gift. The men mostly responsible were Bishop Louis Olsen and his brother Dave. They planted the two-acre hillside into peach trees, and a half acre of raspberries and gooseberries. The trees were watered with spring water, which was plentiful at that time.

The people worked hard on the land, using any tools they could procure, caring for their families, putting their faith in God, and striving to live their best.

Homes were constructed of slate rock found in the local hills. The narrow rock vein was soon exhausted, so cobble rock and mud were shaped into homes. Some people made their own adobe each on his own plot. One building was constructed for church, school, and recreation. People danced here and loved it. Pettyville children were taught by a man named Riley.

The first log cabin was built on the old Hans Denison place just east of the Gunnison Reservoir.

Indians never quit roaming the Pettyville area for many years, begging for cloth, meat, and bread. Along the river, they dug holes, made fires, and cooked grasshoppers, crickets, and gophers.

Danny Funk found a makeshift box containing bones and Indian trinkets, which he restored to its place. After a flash flood, a big rock fell and uncovered the place along the red hills.

A store was erected in Pettyville by Silas Atwood not long before the railroad came. It was located on the Elmer Ludvigson lot up the little dugway from the creek bottom going south. When the store ceased to be, the floor was dragged up to the Eric Ludvigson Sr. house just up the lot and used for Elmer Ludvigson's and LaPreal Snow's wedding dance.

The first child born in Pettyville was Susan Barton, born August 14, 1874. The first boy born was Charles Larsen, born 1875.

In 1881, the people decided to build a new town where on higher ground water was more accessible. The land was surveyed by James Chauncy Snow. Quite rapidly people moved up to Sterling. There were also



graves moved from Pettyville for a time and a number of families lived on their farms. One of the homes is still occupied.

Sources: Interviews with Ada Bennett, Don Olsen, Erma Pickett, Royal Hansen, Eldred Olsen.

Pettyville History of James Snow

Sterling History, *William George Petty (Courtesy, Rose McIff)*

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## GRANDPA MAKES QUILTS

Lillian Fox

Senior Division Second Place Essay

My husband, a farmer by trade, did other things after the fall harvest was gathered in. One fall a friend gave him a large bag of cloth, Sherpa by name, made from Dupont Dacron polyester with acrylic backing. This material imitates sheepskin and looks like the woolly winter coat from an old ewe. He was delighted with this bag of creamy white pieces and said that he was going to make quilts.

I was teaching school at the time and had to hurry on to my class. "What shall I do first?" he called from the doorway.

"Take the quilt from your bed, lay it on the floor and find pieces to make a quilt that size. Then cut the pieces straight and sew them together," I answered.

I forgot about the quilt until I returned home in the afternoon. When I opened the door, I found the house transformed. In the place of the kitchen table there was a carpenter's bench and tools scattered about the room.

"What is going on?" I inquired.

"A quilt," he replied.

"With all this?"

"The pieces have to be squared off, don't they?" he asked, holding up the carpenter's square, "and they have to be straight," he added pointing to a straight edge. "It is easier to measure with this twenty-foot roll-up tape. This knife and cutting board do a better job than your scissors."

"Are you going to have a quilting bee?" I teased.

"What's that?"

"Put your quilt on the frames. Then invite your friends to come for an afternoon. While they tie the quilt prepare a luncheon for them," I answered.

A few days, later he had borrowed quilting frames, and that evening I helped him set them up in the living room. Again he used his carpenter's tools to square the corners. We tacked the lining to the frames without stretching it out of shape and spread a wool batting over it. Then on went the pieced top, and the edges of this were also tacked to the frames.

He didn't have a quilting bee, but tying the quilt was no problem since making square knots was all part of his experience as a farmer. He worked quickly and the rows were even and straight. In my spare time I bound the edges of the quilt. After that, he made thirteen more quilts of various materials and sizes. He purchased bright printed flannel for the linings. One day, his friend, a newspaper reporter, took his picture as he held up his finished quilt.

In January he received a call from a lady in Brigham City, asking him to display a quilt in an annual quilt show. She had seen his picture in the newspaper. He willingly responded to her invitation, and when we went

to see the display his quilt was on a rack outside of an Indian wigwam which was set up in the center of a large auditorium. This was appropriate for a quilt with a fleecy wool appearance.

In another corner of the room we found about a dozen quilts that men had made. Some of them were made from three inch blocks carefully sewn together by hand.

Our grandchildren enjoyed sleeping under these warm quilts, and they often said to him, "Grandpa, when will you make us another quilt?"



*Clean Fox sewing fleecy, fluffy quilts for grandchildren.  
Picture, Bruce Jennings. (Courtesy, Lillian Fox)*

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## **SONG OF A CENTURY 1849-1949**

Lillian Fox

Senior Division Third Place Poem

A tribute to Manti's Centennial History Book

Sing to us, book of by-gone days:  
Open wide your pages and let us see,  
The miracle of Manti and Sanpete,  
And how they came to be.

Sing of this land called "The Sanpitch,"  
Tucked away in Utah's breast,  
Of rattlesnakes and wick-i-ups  
And painted Indian breasts.

Sing of the dauntless Walker,  
And all his fearless braves,  
Whose conquered hearts turned to stone.  
We tread now on their graves.

Sing of adventurous pioneers,  
Leaving homes beside a salty lake,  
Digging roadways into this wilderness,  
Replacing poverty with faith.

Sing of slabs of oolite stone,  
Buried in a pre-blessed hill,  
Creating a temple in the dust,  
With naked hands and human skill.

Sing of roadways spreading out  
From Manti, the mother town,  
Into the rugged Sanpitch vales  
Where a network of cities now abound.

Sing out! O Song of a Century:  
Sing into our hearts and souls,  
That we may raise our standards high,  
To match their lofty goals.

Help us light their torch of faith,  
To guide our faltering steps,  
And glorify the dreams they dreamed,  
And magnify our debts.

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*Workers and Guards at the Manti Parachute Plant about 1944.  
Front: L-R Homer Braithwaite, Glen Nielson, Gene Braithwaite,  
2nd row: Vertis Nielson, Max Larsen, Tom Chapman, Hyrum Christofferson, Ellis Miller,  
Earl Braithwaite, Edgar Merriam.  
3rd row: Robert Bown, George Anderson, Fred Wintch, Averil Larsen.  
Back row: Eugene Tuttle, Gerald Anderson, George Peterson, Lucien Bown.  
(Courtesy, Vonda Merriam, Lillian Fox)*

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## **CATS AND HATS**

Rose McIff

Senior Division First Place Personal Recollection

Living in Sanpete County is a rare privilege. As each new season arrives with its color, the country becomes an artist's paradise, and this is especially true of Sterling, Utah. The Cottonwood and birch trees still follow the creek as the water winds its way to the red hills west of town.

My home was on a hill overlooking such a view along the old Sanpete County Highway 89, only a few blocks away from the railroad tracks. Cars were quite scarce in the twenties and thirties. More horses and wagons were seen, with an occasional buggy or two. That is why we would wait for a strange car to go by and wave to those who passed.

Elmer Ludvigson and La Preal Snow Ludvigson were my parents. They worked hard on their 40-acre farm. The people on the west side of Sterling were neighborly, visiting back and forth. When Mother baked fresh bread, pie, cake, rolls or cookies, we would invite our neighbors to come and enjoy them with us. At that time, she would go out on the edge of the hill and wave a white dishtowel. They would respond by waving another dishtowel, meaning they would be over soon.

Many folks came to visit us, especially in the summer. Our relatives from the city would often come to visit. They loved everything that was on our farm. My Mama's cooking was a special treat to all. They loved the cream and butter and also the cured ham. Papa really entertained them. This was always by request.

Some of Papa's relatives worked for the railroad. They had railroad passes and could ride the train and get off near the Gunnison Reservoir. From there they walked to our home. After the chores were done, we would have a show. The people would sit on our porch steps and the stage was the lawn in front. The children always had a cat show. The two requirements were to dress them in doll clothes and newspaper shoes on their feet. The cats would act very funny with their shoes on. Children would especially laugh. Papa would then auction off the cats.

The next game involved everyone. Papa would call one at a time up to get a hat. Then he gave each a famous name to act out. He would tell about that person, such as the Wall Street Millionaires, the Rockefeller's, the Vanderbilt's or various Hollywood celebrities, like Jimmy Durante, Will Rogers and Wallace Beery. Later Papa played his violin and we had a sing-along.

If darkness came, we would move the games and entertainment inside. We would move all of the little rugs out of the way and we would dance to the music of Mama playing on the piano, while Papa played the violin. If the kids were uninterested in dancing, we would find Uncle El Smith and watch him swallow silver knives. This was a joke, however, but he never let on for many years as to how he did it.

Mama had a hobby of collecting hats. She would collect all kinds: large, small, strange and beautiful. They were decorated with feathers, lace, ribbons, veils and brass dots. With every change of season, Mama would have to have a new hat with a new coat or new dress. If she did not have a new hat, she would not go anywhere. She just had to have a new hat!

I would ride into Manti with my Mama and Papa regularly. Papa would go to the Dee Lowry Barber Shop, and Mama would take my hand and we would be on our way. It was like there was a magnetic force that drew us towards Mrs. Wilson's Millinery Hat Shop. We would look for the perfect new hat for Mama. Papa always made sure that Mama had enough money to buy any hat of her choice. With my being involved with my mother's hobby, I grew to love and appreciate each new hat.

I have these hats today that my children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren still play with. They sing and dance and put on performances just like we used to do. They have learned to appreciate the history of the past and value our ancestors who have gone before.

These memories help us to realize that we do not have to have a lot of money to spend quality time with our family and friends.

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## **A TALE OF MANTI**

Reva Tennant Jensen

Senior Division Second Place Personal Recollection

My tale will tell you all about the quaint folk I remember who wandered in and out the dusty streets of the village of Manti.

Long ago before our time, big Indian Chief Walker proposed to my grandma. They say when she refused, he threatened war the next day, so that night, without asking her dad, she hastily married her brother-in-law.

I remember a dear old lady with a hump on her back who lived by the creek in a funny little shack. She'd give you pie or cake if she could, if you brought her the winter wood.

I recall a tall man with beard who used to travel, stopping at every place he hit and ask, "Do you need your ax sharpened up a bit?"

There was quaint old Susan with such a kind heart that her nephew would stay on with her forever. He and his Auntie, Susan, were such pals that she never believed that it was her money he wanted.

The best soul known about was old "Ta" Christensen taking the same route day after day. He traveled each road, talking loud and long until dusk came. He spoke his mind freely cussing and discussing in his unassuming way. If "Ta" were here in the T.V. age, he'd be the best announcer on the air.

I remember pretty maidens galore, who had never been kissed, and were content to live in their single bliss. They banded together, and were known as the "hopeless club." Men dared not to intrude.

There was Arnold Shears 'n Wilf 'n Charl, and a score of others with no wives at all. It was very puzzling why these unattached men didn't mate up with some hopeless woman.

I could ramble on and discuss much more. The old village echoes with tales.

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## **HEAP BRAVESQUAW**

Rose McIff

Senior Division First Place Anecdote

Midwife Nancy Jane Kenner and husband Dr. Samuel T. Kenner lived in Pettyville.

On one occasion when the men had gone hunting, leaving the women alone with the children, Nancy heard something. Looking through the window, she saw a small band of Indians and a chief circling the house. Quickly she hid her children, telling them to stay put, and she would scare the Indians with her butcher knife, locking her door with the old-fashioned latch which opened from the inside. Unfortunately, the door had a hole in it. Just as she locked the door, she saw the chief's finger come through the hole. She refused to let him in, and he tried to open the door. She raised the butcher knife to scare him away, shut her eyes and came down as hard as she could. She heard one loud yelp, opened her eyes to see the Indians leaving, and an Indian's finger on the floor. At that sight, she fainted. Luckily she had one child old enough to help her.

Early the next morning, the Indians came back. She was very worried what they would do; however, they came peacefully and knocked. Mr. Kenner went to the door expecting plenty of trouble; instead they requested to see "Heap brave squaw that would dare cut off finger of chief." She came out to receive the praise as each man filed by taking a turn saying, "Heap brave squaw," "Heap brave squaw."

## **LOST BUT NOT FOUND**

Ruth D. Scow

Senior Division Second Place Anecdote

The Great Depression was in full swing. Actual money was very scarce. We had grown a good garden. We had traded our wheat from the farm for fifty-pound sacks of flour. Our cows furnished our family with milk, butter and cream, and we had an occasional egg from our few chickens. Food-wise we had plenty to eat for the winter. We bought sparingly in needs from the stores. Our boys were small, and I found myself ripping out seams of worn overalls to sew small items of clothing for the children. It took money to buy shoes and other needful items for our growing family. Not very often did we have an extra nickel to afford, even the newly introduced "Milk Nickel."

My neighbors found that I could cut their hair, mostly for free, but occasionally I would be offered a small fee. One such occasion I remember: my cousin had asked me to cut her hair. When I finished, she made the motion to pay me. I was shocked. I didn't want to charge her, my neighbor who was always kind and thoughtful of me. To admit that even the coin she held toward me could be used in buying a small treat for the children, I said, "No," and motioned her outstretched hand away. However, I thought to walk with her a little way toward her home, moments spent diverting me from my housework and sewing for a while, and this I proceeded to do.

North of our house was a large farm irrigation ditch, and our sidewalk was grassy as we passed the neighbor's shed. Behind the shed were large burdock bushes. As we passed the shed, my cousin once more offered me the coin she held in her hand, but I stayed with my resolution not to accept it. Then all at once, it slipped from her fingers to the ground. Was that a whole quarter lost? I hoped not, but I was devastated. My cousin continued onward to her home. Money was lost when we could have made use of it. I determined to come back later to search. I told the children about the loss, and they helped in the search, but that real silver quarter was never found. All of us were saddened with visions of what that coin could have bought for us.

Source: My family's remembrances.

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## **MEMORIES AND FACTS**

Reva Tennant Jensen

Senior Division Third Place Anecdote

### **LETTERS RECEIVED AFTER READING THE SAGA**

My mother kept a letter written to her in 1888 from the Samoa Islands telling of her missionary work among the beautiful brown people. Four daughters were instructed to never let that letter get lost.

After she passed away, I was privileged to keep the letter. We girls often wondered who wrote the letter! All we knew was that it was Signed "Ethel Mae," and through forty years we never found anyone who knew Ethel Mae or where she came from.



Through a story written by Reva Tennant Jensen in the Saga of Sanpitch. I learned after 100 years that Ethel Mae was my mother's dearest friend. Ethel Mae Lowry, a cousin to Reva, died in 1889.

Margaret E. Rydman, Las Vegas, Nevada

In Manti in 1879 my grandmother, Sarah R. Nielson, was ironing seven shirts a week for Reverend Martin for fifty cents a week. I never knew his full name until I read in the Saga of Sanpitch a story by Reva Tennant Jensen, that his name was Reverend George W. Martin. My grandmother ironed with a hand iron heated on her coal stove and she kept the shirts pure white. Her fifty cents a week helped keep her husband on a mission to Denmark. Thank you for telling me the full name of Reverend Martin.

Ethel Lewis, Ogden, Utah

During the long cold winter in Sanpete, Charley Tennant would drive to the Sanpete River and cut large blocks of ice and haul them to an empty barn and store them between layers of sawdust. This kept the ice all summer and supplied Grandpa Tennant's confectionery with all the ice needed to make ice cream. When Grandpa followed his own recipe, the result was most delicious. I always tried to be visiting by Aunt Maggie at that time and be on hand to lick the dasher.

Mrs. Anna Lou Nye, Provo, Utah

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## **THE STORY OF *THE SAGA OF SANPITCH***

Ruth D. Scow

Senior First Place Short Story

The theme for his twenty-fifth volume of The Saga of the Sanpitch. "Silver Sunsets," seems aptly chosen. During these 24 years this little annual magazine has accomplished much in telling many personal histories that have been written by Sanpete residents and former residents. Its winning entries have recorded over 2600 pages of our history that would never have been written—poems, essays, anecdotes and stories (all documented)—had it not been for the Saga. Also, it has recorded over 800 winning entries and reproduced over 550 precious, one-of-a-kind pictures of Sanpete County's past.

In 1969, when Richard and Nadine Nibley formed the Sanpete Development Corporation to preserve the old Ephraim Coop building, it seemed logical that if citizens of Sanpete County generally were remembering their pioneer heritage, the possibilities of restoring the old pioneer building might be greater.

So at the conclusion of a visit to the home of Ross and Linnie Findlay by Stake President Vernon L. Kunz and his counselor, R. Clair Anderson, Linnie asked if it might be a good idea to have a writing contest about the early settlement of these valleys. As he walked out and closed the door, President Anderson replied, "Fine, you be chairman."

It was a challenge, and Linnie enlisted the help of Eleanor Madsen. President Kunz was often called on for guidance as Linnie and Eleanor visited each Stake Presidency and High Council in the county. Some suggested that the writing of this type of history should be left to the Daughters of the Pioneers, but the majority thought that contributions by the men might also add a good dimension.

Ross Findlay printed the first issues of The Saga at Snow College, with full support and encouragement of the late President, Floyd Holm. Sanpete South Stake loaned the first money for prizes and to pay the typist, and everything else was volunteer. Dr. H.B. McQuarrie provided the first cover picture.

When the contest was announced, there were just two or three weeks before the deadline for submitting entries for that first volume. Still, eleven entries were submitted, and judges were selected from former residents of Sanpete County. Nine entries were chosen for publication. With sale of that first volume at cents per copy, the money was repaid to the Stake, and a small scholarship was presented to Snow College. There was a little money left for another year, thus the Saga of the Sanpitch was born. In this volume is also a rare listing of 126 nicknames that were used to identify the people of Ephraim.

Linnie and her husband Ross, with help from others, were the stabilizing leaders of the next four volumes (1969-1973). She said:

When my husband and I came to Sanpete, we discovered here a quality that seemed to be unique in this area . . . a local pride mixed with a goodly concern for all people. A humility that can accomplish many things that would lie dormant in other places. It is a quality we have been trying to define, because Utah and the west is full of pioneers, their descendants and many stories, but there is something that makes anyone who has ever lived here proud of his heritage.

Called by the Stake Presidency, Ruth C. Scow became the chairman of the next three volumes (1974-1977). Volume 6 (1974) showed pictures taken from glass-plate negatives photographed by George Edward Anderson. Rell Francis, Springville photographer and collector, donated copies made from these negatives. These copies showed the construction of the Manti Temple (1877-1888). Thirty-one winning entries were included in this volume.

Volume 7 (1975) contained photos of all the early schoolhouses in Sanpete, with a great variety of winning entries (including a report card, hand written, dated February 27, 1857). That year there were so many entries that in order to get the winning ones published the print of the Saga was reduced.

The theme for Volume 8 (1976) was "Sanpete Celebrations." This year the format was enlarged to accommodate a Senior Division. Most every Sanpete town was represented. Included was a beautiful "Certificate of Marriage," which hung on a wall of a house in Chester. The lady of the house agreed to lend it. She lifted it off the wall; Max Call of Manti, took its picture, and it was returned to its owner that night.

Lillian H. Fox became the chairman of the Saga committee for the next five volumes, 9 to 13, (1977 to 1981). The pages of the Saga have always been held together by staples; thus several of these volumes had reduced size print, but the stories they told of sacrifice, humility, dedication, caring and sharing with neighbors, and their love of God was greatly shown. Among the photos reproduced were Sanpete's old church buildings.

Volume 13 contains the story of Isaac Morley (Father Morley) who led the first settlers to this Sanpete Valley. This entry was written by his great-granddaughter Wilma M. Despain. Another entry, "Fairview Fort," was by Betty Ramsey. There were other exciting, worthwhile, and well-written entries.

The volumes of the Saga now began to gain national recognition as an example of volunteer work that records history of an area year after year. All entries cannot be published; however, a copy of all unused entries is filed and hopefully someday will appear in print. The knowledge they contain is priceless.

The cover of Volume 14 (1982) has a line-drawing of Sterling's first school-house. The artist chairman was Pamela Jensen, Sterling Utah. She says, "This year's entries have been staggering, more than could be hoped for or expected . . . even the pictures were popping out of nowhere, much to my delight . . . I have

always enjoyed a good picture section." She then thanked all who had entered the writing contest and had taken the time to find pictures.

Pamela continued as chairman for 1983, Volume 15. "It isn't often a person gets the opportunity to say thank you in print, but I can and do thank the Saga committee for hours of tireless work, the printers for keeping expenses down, the stores who give us donated space, and especially the writers who search through old documents, histories, and remember to put those stories down on paper in such a way as to make us live, see and feel the past."

Volume 16, (1984) was copyrighted by Eleanor P. Madsen. Pamela had gone with her husband and family to live in Nevada. Eleanor wrote that now they were at a loss as to whether the Saga was to continue. Then they remembered the old saying, "Three heads are better than one," so the three previous chairmen, Eleanor, Lillian, and Ruth decided that the Saga must continue. By dividing 1983 responsibilities they felt they could do it. And again they did. 1983 was Sanpete's disastrous water year. Albert Antrei wrote an essay, "The Neverlasting Hills," published but not entered in the contest.

In 1985 the Manti Temple was rededicated. Besides the winning entries of that year, the Saga also had a section telling the history of the Manti Temple plus many Temple pictures. Inside the cover was a picture of C.C.A. Christensen's famous painting that hangs in the Temple. This painting, done in the latter 1850's was of the Indian campground in the forefront and the bare gray hill that juts down into the valley in the background.

Eleanor and her co-chairmen again divided their responsibilities. "We feel that the Saga is continuing to grow in popularity. We hope others will develop the love we have for this book that it may continue to serve its purpose!"

Volume 18 (1986) had for its cover a collection of varied dance programs and entertainments from Sanpete County. It included some 115 pages. Mardene Thayne was the designer. This year it was noted that "each additional volume of the Saga brings new writers and new readers." Historical groups and libraries, as well as individuals, look forward to each new addition. Even the elementary and middle school in South and North Sanpete are using the Saga in their Utah history classes.

Eleanor P. Madsen continued as chairman, with Ruth Scow and Lillian Fox as committee members. Linnie was the treasurer with Diana Major Spencer as editor; Rae Ann R. Tibbs was responsible for the typing.

This was a happy book of dancing, entertainments, open air dance halls, and orchestras, all of which brought to the reader memories of the past. This was the year the Saga related to the theme of "Dancing in Sanpete County." The winning entries were published in their various categories in the usual way. A section giving some additional information and pictures on dancing in our County concludes the volume of 138 pages, thus preserving the fast disappearing stories of this Sanpete Valley.

Volume 19 (1987) had the theme, "Memories of Snow College" in recognition of Snow's 100th anniversary. "Snow is very dear to the hearts of all who have received learning through its doors. It is basic to the economy of Sanpete County. Its cultural influence is felt near and far. The faculty and staff who have served there through the years, as well as those who now serve, have added great dimensions to the lives of its students." This volume contains 39 entries plus 19 Snow College pictures, including photos of the presidents of Snow.

In 1988, Volume 20, the chairman found that more help was needed so three chairmen were selected: Lillian H. Fox, Eleanor P. Madsen and Ruth C Scow. Linnie Findlay continued as treasurer and Diana Major Spencer was editor. The script committee was Norma S. Barton and Martha Rae Olsen. The judges were from Ephraim. As usual, the entries were written about various Sanpete topics and came from Preston, Idaho;

Tacoma, Washington; Mesa Arizona; Mt. View and Santa Maria, California; and from Salt Lake City, Orem Monroe, West Valley, Sandy, and Richfield, Utah, plus entries from almost all of Sanpete's towns.

"Campfire Tales" was the theme chosen for Volume 21 (1989). Larry Nielson did the cover, which depicted two Indians in their canoe. He also contributed a line drawing of a runaway on the mountain. Written entries were very interesting and challenging, making for worthwhile reading. That year winning entries numbered 42, with 31 photos, and 137 pages. All this was a great addition to Sanpete history and to the Saga volumes which had gone before.

Volume 22 (1990) had as its theme "Prelude to Sanpete." Eleanor was again chairman with the same committee members. It told of the folks of many different cultures and countries, and also from the eastern United States and their efforts to conquer the untamed wilderness. The cover painting was by Sandra Johnson, "First Winter in Manti."

Volume 23, (1991), with the theme, "Cultural Arts" paid tribute to all the folks who have made our lives better, who have touched our lives with their words, their music, their paintings, their teaching and their skills. The cover of this volume is a graphic reminder of our Cultural arts and blessings here in Sanpete. There were 41 winning entries and 51 pictures.

Volume 24 (1992) had as its theme "From Peas to Parachutes and Hats to Harnesses." This volume was about ancestors who found much happiness in their work and learned that their lives were satisfying to them because they were creating industries and building businesses for future generations. They were learning, growing, building, and watching their dreams come true. The cover depicts the diversity of businesses that existed in the early days of Sanpete. The artist is Ned J. Ericksen, Moroni.

This year, 1993, Volume 25 has the theme "Silver Sunsets," in commemoration of a quarter century of historical writing about Sanpete County. Many of its authors have died, but they have left their remembrances, their thinking, their style of writing for all of us who love this county and its people.

With the publication of this little annual magazine history has been preserved in stories, anecdotes, historical essays, and remembering, for those who come after. The pictures are also a kaleidoscope of Sanpete people, their thinking, doing, enjoyment—in fact their lives.

The Saga of the Sanpitch has come full circle with a quarter century of publications. Linnie Findlay is again the chairman of Volume 25 of the Saga of the Sanpitch. Her work with the Saga spans 23 years.

Appreciation is due all the many contributors who have entered this contest over die years. They have done a great service to future generations. To have a complete set of these volumes makes for a collector's item. Long live the Saga of the Sanpitch!

Source: Personal remembrance and involvement.

Twenty-four volumes of Saga of the Sanpitch.

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*DUP Pioneer Monument #52, erected June 17, 1938.  
(Courtesy, Ruth Scow)*

## TENNANTS CONFECTIONERY

Reva Tennant Jensen

Senior Division Second Place Short Story

It is rewarding and refreshing to drive down Main Street in Manti, to listen to the silent echoes coming from the pine trees, the old church tower, the walls of the dear old library, the mountain stream that used to flow back of Tennants' Confectionery. There is a melancholy reflection in the waters that bounce over the many pebbles and brush. The echo ringing in the air brings voices from one's youth from across the school ground.

"Hi! I'll meet you after the last class at Tennants'—Be there!"

"Hi! Be in the second booth at Tennants' at 8:30. I have a surprise for you." (He was going to ask her to marry him.)

"Hi! This is Geneva at the switchboard. Please send up a hamburger and a chocolate sundae—and charge it. Oh, please hurry, I'm starving."

"Hi! Mable, I hear you are going to marry the new doctor in town. You have been caught flirting!"

"Say, let us go see Aunt Maggie. I have a big problem. Aunt Maggie over at Tennants' is always so helpful. She helps all the kids with problems."

Yes, one thing for sure, Tennants' Confectionery was the gathering place for the young and the old.

As you entered the door facing West Main Street, the show case at the right was filled with a variety of chocolates, caramel, black walnut, vanilla, chocolate covered cherries. On the shelves in the back of the counter, fancy jars were filled with jelly beans, conference drops, red pepper chews, and gum drops, not to mention peanuts, walnuts, bonbon drops and licorice.

Uncle Ell, everyone called him Uncle Ell, his full name being Alexander Tennant Jr., was the owner, manager, fry cook, and ice cream maker—always ready to give a helping hand and greet everyone with a smile. Aunt Lucy, his wife, made the chili, the buns, the pies and had time to sing in the church choir.

Carol and Maggie were the bright spots behind each counter, serving the best chocolate ice cream sodas and malted milks one could ever imagine!!!

The Fourth of July was the greatest day of the year as the big parade marched down Main Street; flags floating, bands playing, town folk sitting on the sidewalk curb full of enthusiasm, fun and laughter. As the band reached Tennants', marching to Verdi's "Grand March," Glen dropped his baton. Breaking rank, he ran across the street to kiss Delia and was back in line of duty before anyone noticed. At that point Uncle Ell was serving each band member root beer. Everyone was licking ice cream cones as fast as Carol and Maggie could scoop them up. HURRAH for the Fourth of July!!!!

The janitor for Tennants' was a roustabout. No one knew just where he came from. Named Shorty, he was a little fellow with a misshapen body, big hands and feet, but a willingness to work and an honest heart. Shorty kept the Confectionery clean. Charl, Uncle Ell's brother, said, "He's a bum with bees in his bonnet," maybe because he hummed while he polished the hardwood floor. Bill Bailey said, "He is so ugly he must be a lost circus clown." Uncle Ell kept him in overalls, fed him and paid him for his work. The first week in January Carl and Shorty would go to the Sanpitch River to cut blocks of ice to store for the making of the ice cream. It was always a mystery how this ice would keep all summer packed in between layers of sawdust. In the top of a barn across the street it was kept, but it never melted. There was always enough for the next batch of that delicious, hand-made, hand-packed ice cream.

With the windows of time, shades of illness, the youth leaving for jobs, ups and downs, changes that every life must know, Tennants' closed its west door. The echo of laughter, the memory of sweethearts in booth two, the sound of the rippling creek, the taste of the chocolate ice cream soda, the timeless beauty of Sanpitch Valley, the friendships that never die, left a spiritual message still echoing from the old church tower, unquenchable truths that will echo on and on.



*Follies Party 1923-24.*

*Thelma Smith, Vilate J. Halliday, Evelyn B. Lomax, Christy Parry, Two girls from Provo, Virginia Lund Jensen, Bernice Braithwaite Anderson, Ireta Henrie Strate, Beatrice Brown. (Courtesy, Ruth Scow)*

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## **WILLIAM GEORGE PETTY PIONEER OF PETTYVILLE**

Rose McIff

Senior Division Third Place Short Story

Pettyville, a ghost town of Sanpete County located one and one-third miles west and south of Sterling, was named after William George Petty, original Sanpete pioneer of 1849, who was born September 3, 1831, in Henry, Tennessee and died February 15, 1921, in Emery, Utah.

George's son William Arthur had some things to say about his father: "George was Albert's eldest and greatest son. Greater, because he was a pioneer most of his life. He lived twenty years longer than his brothers. He was a servant of the public. He had a greater posterity. He was a leader of church and state."

When George was four years old, his father joined the church. At the age of eight, George endured the persecutions with his family as they were driven from Far West, Missouri. When George was between nine and fourteen years old, his family lived in Nauvoo, where he attended church and school and also helped make wagons and guns with his father.

George was taken ill when his family was living in Nauvoo. His parents carried him into the temple on a quilt where he was baptized for his health, after which he was able to walk out by himself.

George was a drummer boy in the Nauvoo Martial Band, under Major Duzzett. He was acquainted with the Prophet. He saw Joseph Smith on foot, also riding a favorite horse. He saw him wrestle and jump with the young men of Nauvoo.

Many times George listened to powerful sermons by the great men of the church. He witnessed the mobocrats against his people, persecution and destruction, and finally the murder of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. From all this, George received a burning testimony of his faith, which remained with him as a beacon light, and was the foundation of inspiration during his public career. He was a good speaker.

George spent his sixteenth birthday in Winter Quarters. Then he helped the Petty family move to Great Salt Lake Valley. At the age of eighteen, he was called a Nauvoo pioneer in Sanpete County. When he was 22 years old, he married Susan Lowry. After her death he married Adeline Voorhees.

George was his father's "right-hand man." William Arthur, son of George, says his father was voted the county assessor several times. He participated in the Walker War of 1853.

When the Black Hawk War came, he went to Rabbit Valley to protect settlers, learning to speak the Indian language, interpreting in their behalf many times.

The church called George to Elk Mountain Indian Mission (now Moab) to preach the gospel and teach the Indians to raise grain. He travelled 100 miles south to trade with the Navajo Indians. In 1861, George became an original Dixie Pioneer, presiding as Elder at Shunesburg and later helping to organize Springdale and Rockville.

While in the Dixie Country, George learned to grow cotton, card, spin and weave cloth. He learned to tan cowhides, and make boots, using wooden pegs as nails. When the bottom of the boots wore out, he made shoes for small children from the tops. He also started making chairs and bed posts and bedsteads using rope for bed slats and rawhide for the bottoms. He made violins, and his boys played them for dances. He built and operated a grist mill at Kannarraville, Utah. He learned the blacksmith trade. He made washboards by crumpling sheets of steel and copper. When George returned to Manti, he ran the grist mill and became a stone-cutter on the Manti Temple.

George Petty was the first presiding Elder at Pettyville, having helped to settle the town which received his name. In 1877, a ward was organized in Pettyville, and George W. Petty was the first Bishop. He served for seven years.

With his knowledge of Indians and their language, he was called to St. Johns, Arizona. He traveled over bad roads to help settle trouble between the Indians and Mexicans who were stealing cattle and horses from the whites.

George helped survey Castle Valley and settled in Emery County. He was instrumental in extending the canal out of town. He served as Bishop for six years in Emery, and County Commissioner for four years.

Industrious and a devout Latter-day Saint, living the law of tithing and other principals, he lived simply but nobly. He lived to be ninety.

Albert Petty, George's son says, "Father died and later in the week, my mother died, lying in the Emery Cemetery side by side. Father had cut a beautiful head stone with his own hands."

George's posterity includes twelve living children, 114 grandchildren, 135 great-grandchildren.

Source: Petty Family History. Manti Library  
Personal Interview with Mrs. Gary Petty,  
Emery Sterling History



*William George Petty Family.*

*Front row: Susan J. Anderson, William George, and wife, and Myrtle A. Jensen.*

*Back row: Delbert, Diantha Jones, 'Lon,' Angeline Barton, George A., Elizabeth Christensen, Will, Margaret Oliver, and Franklin.*

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## **THE LAST DANCE**

Vonda Peterson Merriam

Non-Professional First Place Anecdote

When I was growing up in Manti, we made up our own fun without the use of commercialized playthings. Of course, there was the "picture-show house," and every Friday right after school we would dash across Main Street to see the matinee.

The grown-ups had their own recreation to create. One thing they especially liked to do was dance. My parents, John and Nellie Peterson, belonged to a crowd of about eighteen couples and each took a turn having the dance at their house on birthdays.

When it was my folks' turn, Mother pulled up the carpet and took out the straw padding. She scrubbed the floor and let it dry while making wax chips from large candles. She then called us kids to slide the chips around the floor to make it slick.

In the evening, the crowd would come, some bringing buggies with babies, and all carrying food. The music would start with Dad playing the guitar, Uncle Jim the violin, Jim Stewart the harmonica, and Edwin Carpenter and Alma Peterson the mandolins.

At midnight they stopped to eat and to take care of the babies that needed tending, and then they commenced dancing until morning. Everyone then walked to their homes, singing or humming without the noise of cars, for there were none.

After Mother died in 1929, we didn't have any more dances at our home until dad remarried and moved. It was his birthday on Valentine's Day and, for a surprise, my sister Ella and I went down to the empty house and got the floor ready for dancing. Edgar Merriam was my partner and we fell in love that night as the string orchestra played waltzes, "two-steps" and quadrilles at the last dance the old crowd held in that old house.

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**SATURDAY NIGHT OUT**  
**(Or Horses, Cement and Knees)**

Lois T. Kribs

Non-Professional Second Place Anecdote

I was eighteen the summer of 1910. It was Saturday. Some friends and I had rented a buggy from the Livery Stable to take our girls to a dance in Ephraim that night. I had been down to the farm all day cutting and raking hay. I was riding my old horse, Babe, hard to get home to take a bath and get cleaned up before the boys picked me up.

I was almost home, the corner of Main and Union, when I saw the new sidewalks that had been laid. Just then my friends pulled up in the buggy and we talked of the new improvement. I walked Babe up on the new surface by the bank building. Babe had never walked on cement. I had never ridden a horse on cement. When I spurred her to go she made a lunge, but her feet went out from under her and we both went down with Babe on top of me. The boys got out of the buggy, took her reins, got Babe back on her feet and helped me into the buggy to ride the rest of the way home. My knee hurt, but I brushed the pain away in my hurry to get ready to pick up the girls and go dancing.

When my friends brought me home my knee was swelled twice normal size and they had to carry me into the house. Funny, but it hadn't hurt too much all evening while the music was playing. I didn't sleep much the rest of the night. In the morning Mother called Doc Nelson to have a look at my knee. He said it was out of place. He had my 90 year old Grandpa Reid lay over my chest to hold me down, told me to hang on tight to the rungs of the brass headboard and gave me a cloth to grit my teeth on. He then took my leg in both hands and gave a "yank." My knee went back in its socket, but "oh the pain." I was on crutches for a while and had plenty of time to admire Manti's new cement sidewalks that summer, but I didn't ride Babe on that surface again.

Source: Taped conversation with Edward K. Tooth, July 1976 (Born July 8, 1892 Manti, Utah)

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**A TURKEY TALE**

June B. Jensen

Non-Professional Third Place Anecdote

There was a small, family-owned turkey farm and processing plant in Milburn. About a month before Thanksgiving, several part-time jobs were open for men, boys and young girls. We rode the bus from Fairview to begin work early in the mornings.

The black-feathered turkeys were kept in a holding pen until the men rendered each one senseless with a knock on the head. They were each hung by the feet on hooks, on a rotating belt, powered by an electric motor, to go around and around. The workers stood alongside the belt and pulled feathers out as fast as they could as the turkeys passed by. The object was to strip the turkeys of body, tail and pin feathers with all speed. The workers at the end of the conveyer belt dressed out the bodies with like speed and prepared them for shipping.

I was standing by the rotating belt and when "my" turkey was right in front of me I started to pull out some feathers. He raised his head up, looked at me, gave his head a jerk and a large clot of blood hit me in the face.

I never plucked another turkey.



*(Courtesy, Earlynn Nielson)*

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## STAIRWAY TO SUCCESS

Louise B. Johansen

Non-Professional First Place Poetry

North Sanpete High School means a lot to me  
For it was there in 1939 I received my degree.  
My mother went to school there, too,  
Back in 1913, when the school was brand new.

My mother danced the cake walk,  
Had only one school dress to wear.  
After only one year in college  
She taught school ably and fair.

I danced the 2 and 3 step  
And wore made-over clothes.  
But better teachers and classes  
No one ever knows.

I lived with my Grandma Clark who was 78.  
She thought 9 o'clock was staying up late.  
The 8 o'clock bell rang each day  
To let us know school was an hour away.

Our principal, C.L. Stewart, took care of us all,  
Taught classes and make up the absent roll call.  
If anyone was tardy or absent for a day  
To his office we would go, and for our sins repay.

But it was heaven . . . the teachers loved us so.  
We wanted to please them, most of us, you know.  
We had a rowdy few, I still remember well.  
Now they are our Bishops, I am proud to tell.

My husband and our children  
All went to this same school  
Where they were taught the basics  
And to obey the golden rule.

This school's had many scholars  
In every category  
And many students' names  
Will go down in history.

The old school's been replaced  
With a modern one-floor scheme.  
But I'm glad we had to climb the stairs  
To realize our dreams.



*Manti 4th Grade, Fannie Kenner as teacher. (Courtesy, Ruth Scow)*

## PIONEER POEM

Linda Powell

Non-Professional Second Place Poetry

Under a BLAZING SUN  
Feet torn and bleeding  
every step of the way.

Our little handcart  
pushed farther and  
farther into the West.

To test every sinew,  
stomach and smile.  
However, there were  
Black berries, choke cherries  
Sego lily roots.  
So little food,  
(moldy bacon and measured flour.)

frequent storms  
threatening and clearing.

Fear of Indian raids.

BABY and Mother are  
in the next wagon.

Grandfather frozen,  
wrapt in mother's  
Black and Blue shawl,

laid in a shallow grave.  
(A silent tribute to TRUTH)

Our Love for Heavenly Father  
showing us the way.

Isaiah 11:9

"For the earth shall be full with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters  
cover the sea."  
(Based on pioneer diaries.)

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## **FROM THE HAYLOFT**

Lorna M. Stewart

Non-Professional Third Place Poetry

From the hayloft I can see for miles  
Around the countryside—  
A more pleasant view I could not find  
No matter how I tried.  
The valleys wide, the mountains tall,  
And snuggled in between,  
The rooftops of the county town  
Can now and then be seen  
Among the graceful treetops  
Swaying softly in the breeze--  
I drank my fill of beauty  
And put my heart at ease.  
The hawk and eagle soaring high  
Above the fruited plain,  
Scanning all the earth below  
Surveying their domain.  
A little puff of cotton cloud,  
The wide blue sky above,  
And all around and in between  
Our Heavenly Father's love.

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## **SILVER SUNSET**

Annette Van Laar

Non-Professional Honorable Mention Poetry

Slick silver sun  
slithers through the icy sky.  
Platinum light  
radiates pristine wealth  
as it trickles to earth.  
Hanging icicles burst forth  
glints of flickering diamonds.  
Like tinkling trinkets they chime  
as they break and crash below.  
Hush,  
savor the symphony  
of glacial baubles crackling

and crunching underfoot.

Slowly sift fingers  
through frigid mounds of frosty white,  
cascading the precious gift  
of winter jewels. Frozen crystals  
cling to eyelash and glove.

The setting sun illuminates mountains  
painting them glacial castles  
of brilliant gem stones.  
Iced ponds  
shimmer in glassy finery.  
Sprinkle magical moonbeams.  
Chilled pearls softly cover  
Sanpete in slumber.

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## **PEACE ON EARTH**

Shirley Reynolds Burnside  
Non-Professional Honorable Mention Poetry

I stand and gaze about me  
And I feel a deep peace  
I see and feel how pleasant  
How beautiful, so simple—  
A peace created in another era.

My husband and I stand together  
His arm outstretched pointing  
Showing me sites where  
Ancestors built new homes--  
Here, their first choice.

Different couples, but all belong  
To a part of the same family tree--  
Some homes marked only by a lilac bush  
Some left partially standing  
Some re-modeled and still in use.  
The years of toil are evident  
In old established trees  
A well built house that stays cool

The large garden spot—  
And many loving families who come.

The years of absence are now evident  
A tree stands grey and dead  
The garden spot high with weeds  
A new view where the bam once was--  
The absence of an old dog hobbling about.

Still, there is peace on this spot of earth  
A peace that can be felt  
One that strengthens and comforts  
And remains for all who come--  
To this Sanpete family farm where there is  
Peace on earth.

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## HAIKU

June B. Jensen

Non-Professional Honorable Mention Poetry

Dancing dragonflies  
skimming the shining surface  
with gossamer wings.

Rainbowed waterfall  
cascading down granite cliffs  
misting velvet moss.

Golden aspen leaves  
whirl and curtsy in ballet  
a final encore.

Weeping willow tree  
waving lengths of green chiffon  
in capricious breeze.

Old fashioned rose bush  
marking my childhood birthdays  
with pink happiness.

Eerie evening sound  
drifts near through trembling aspen  
as horned raptor hunts.



*William Livingston at Crystal Springs, south of Manti, about 1906. (Courtesy, Vonda Merriam, Lillian Fox)*

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## **MANAGING THROUGH CHILDHOOD**

Shirley Reynolds Burnside

Non-Professional First Place Short Story

Managing was a way of life in the 1920s. It was no different in Sanpete, as money was scarce for everyone. How the people managed or lived by their own special abilities is most interesting.

The Reynolds family had been in Sanpete since 1884, having bought their farm from his folks. They were established and happily organized. Mother Reynolds, Sylvia, ran the house efficiently; father, Isaac, worked hard and was good-natured. There were four handsome boys, Glenn, Elmo, Jay and Don. My story is about Elmo. He played mostly with his older brother Glenn, and there was time most days for play and room to find something to do.

The farm is in the meadowland south of Moroni and is a tidy thirty-six acres. The Sanpitch river runs through it and willows grew along the banks, especially on the east side of the farm. Many small animals lived there—rabbits, squirrels, ducks, fish, birds and muskrats. It was cool and green in the summer and Elmo spent many enjoyable hours playing there. Later, he and Glenn had a trap line and caught and sold beautiful muskrat furs.

There were trees around the house and the boys spent lots of time climbing in the trees. They each carved a phone into a limb of their tree, working hard to make them realistic, even with two bells like the phone they knew. Then they pretended to call each other and talk. They played marbles, baseball and basketball; high jumped, vaulted, drove cars and pitched horse shoes. Elmo made play hay derricks that worked on the same principle as real ones with ropes and pulleys. Later in life after he was married, for a short time, he made real hay derricks for farmers to earn extra money.

In the winter they would ice skate on the ponds nearby. There was a small pond on the farm or larger ones south of Chester and by the bridge between Chester and Wales. Elmo learned to ice skate very young,



and the boys played hockey for hours at a time. At night they had skating parties, building a fire on the edge of the ice to get warm. They came in wet and cold but had good times.

They liked to name their animals. Some of the cow names were Rose, Tillet and Stub. Dogs, cats and kittens were too numerous to remember names. Isaac taught Elmo how to ride a horse by putting him on the work horses. He was riding alone by six years of age. His first horse was a white mare named Ada. When he was sixteen years old he got a brown mare named Maude. One afternoon he went to the pasture to catch her, but she was ornery that day. Elmo saw it coming in time to lift his head, though not quite far enough to avoid getting kicked in the chin. He was out cold from 4:00 until midnight. The doctor's X-ray showed a cracked jaw. He was very sore and had a big scrape mark but healed very well and rode the horse without any other incident.

His father did not like sheep but, one summer they had two lambs named Pinky and Molly. Elmo was about seven years old and the lambs were for him and his older brother. They were staked on the ditch bank by the garden to eat, and the boys led them to get a drink. Glenn always raced with his lamb, and Elmo, being younger, fell and was dragged by the rope on the lamb. He remembers having a skinned nose most of that summer.

Flies were more than plentiful. Everyone was looking for a way to get rid of them. Marve Anderson, who ran the show house in Moroni, decided to trade kids a show ticket for a small bottle of dead flies. Kids worked hard all summer and Elmo went to the show every week. He found that watermelon rinds worked best to attract the flies, but it was messy to pick them up after being squashed by the fly swatter.

The family made their own entertainment and they were a close-knit family. They had what we now call family night two or three times a week. They made goodies such as cookies, cakes, donuts, or ice cream and candy, delicious candy, fudge, taffy, honey candy, penuche and divinity. We make divinity now only if we have an electric mixer, but then it was beaten by hand. It was quite a job, but everyone took turns with a cloth wrapped around the handle of the spoon to protect the hands. It turned out soft, fluffy and delicious. Sometimes someone was assigned to read a story to the family or they played games like hide the thimble, pin the tail on the donkey, or hot and cold. Many times they decorated the house, usually with a string strung across the front room or from window to window, and decorations hung on the string according to the occasion. Elmo loved these nights and was usually the last one to go to bed.

He liked to carve wood. He carved objects, but also used this talent to make games, toys or whatever he wanted or needed. He still carves beautiful objects today.

Twice a year there was the mud to contend with. It was thick, gooey, oft-times ankle deep, bottom-of-the-valley, clay-type mud. One day, Mother and the boys had walked through the fields east to Chester to visit Grandpa Martin. They walked on the railroad tracks to keep out of the mud, but from the tracks home was the unavoidable mud. For some reason, Elmo had the most mud on his high-top shoes and everyone kept telling him to clean them. He got so frustrated that he sat down, took the shoes off and threw them, hitting mother with one. By the look on her face as she brought the shoe back, he knew what to do. He quickly put the shoes on and headed for home.

School was quite a new experience for Elmo, especially since he had been primarily with family. On the first day of school, he just wanted to go home. The first grade teacher was very kind and helped him to get acquainted. After that he enjoyed school and did well. The first few years the school bus was a covered wagon pulled by horses. The top was made of wooden bows completely covered with canvas. There was a small glass window in front for the driver and a slot for the reins and the door in the back. In the winter a small kerosene heater was used in the middle of the wagon with the children sitting on benches along the sides. Isaac

Reynolds was the bus (wagon) driver. In those days the driver bid for the job and furnished the transportation, horses or car, to go the two and a half miles to Moroni. Next Vernile Jensen from Moroni got the bid. He drove a black 1924 Dodge four-door car (all cars were black then). He came out from Moroni to get the children of the three families. The car had a silent starter and you really could not hear it start up. Then Rudolph Larsen from Chester drove his truck with sides like our vans now. The sides and top were a heavy fabric with a shiny black waterproof layer on the outside. Benches were on both sides and the door was in the back and a step. The only window was in the door and towards the front by the driver. It was much faster than horses.

There was work for everyone to do. Mother even helped in the field at times and the boys helped her with her work. Sylvia had been a school teacher but now devoted all of her talent and energy to her family. Elmo remembers carding sheep wool for quilts. As the wool is carded, it becomes a square with one side gradually thinning. He learned how to place the wool on the quilt backing by overlapping the thin side of the wool on the thick side.

The family worked hard and they were self-sufficient. They raised their own wheat for flour and barley and oats for the animals. Their cash crop was sugar beets, with the factory just a mile and a half north. They grew their own vegetables, and mother always had some flowers in the garden and in the yard. There were chickens, enough to sell eggs, and milk cows, eight or ten usually, enough to sell cream. After family needs, the skim milk was fed to the pigs and some to the cats. There were usually two sows and fifteen to twenty piglets, which were sold, except those saved for meat for the family. Many times it was arranged with another family to take half of the meat during warm weather. Beef was killed only in cold weather. All the animals had to be fed and watered and eggs had to be gathered. These were the boys' chores and during school the chores had to be done before and after school every day.

In fall, father and older brother Glenn went north to the Orem bench to pick fruit. They were usually gone a month, but came home on weekends and brought fruit home for the family. Elmo and mother did all the chores and the family was busy bottling fruit.

There was a smoke house, where they cured and smoked their own meat, and also an ice house. In winter they hauled ice from the Wales reservoir.

The food cellar was outside, behind the house. It was a large room built a few steps down and over a small, flowing well. This was a natural cooler and kept everything very well. The family worked together and filled the cellar every fall with bottled fruit, jams, jellies, vegetables, smoked meats and even eggs.

There were always wood to chop and coal to bring in. There were two wooden boxes behind the stove in the kitchen, one for wood and one for coal. Each day before evening, these boxes had to be filled which was the boys' chore.

Summer was time for hauling hay, grain, wood and coal, taking care of new animals, watering crops and thinning beets.

So managing life went on in its continual round until . . .

In the spring of 1929 when Elmo was in the eighth grade, a new family moved into the Winters' Ranch a half a mile north. It used to be Doctor Winters' ranch, but he had passed away so this 200-acre ranch had been vacant for a few years.

They were the Swain family. Father was Arthur and the mother was Elizabeth but everyone called her Lizzie. There were three cute lively girls, Eunice, Nida and Cecil, and two fine boys, Melvin and Dean. The two families became friends right away and remained so. My story continues with their daughter Nida.

The Swains had moved often. They came from Price and the ranch was very different from the mining town. It was March and it had thawed and was so muddy that they got stuck going down the lane. There was

no electricity or water in this farmhouse and it had only three rooms. Lizzie was not very happy, but the kids liked it better than the last farm at Price. The first year was difficult; everyone but Nida and brother Dean was sick. Lizzie was pregnant and had the baby early so he only lived eight days. The family was steadfast and looked forward to and worked together for better days, managing with what they had and what they knew.

There was time for play and girl games. Nida played mostly with her younger sister Cecil. They played paper dolls, cutting the dolls, clothes and furniture out of the mail order catalog, then spreading them out on the bed where they would play for hours. Other times they would make clothes for bought paper dolls and color them. The color combinations were outrageous, but the girls thought they were beautiful. They played dolls, especially the little ones. Big sister Eunice spent many hours making clothes and furniture for them. The doll houses were cardboard boxes divided into rooms. They also played movie stars and house and store. They made mud pies and cakes and gathered rose buds or petals or berries and put them in old bottles with water. The bottles were so pretty and then they played store and sold them to each other, the only problem being the bottled flowers soured in a couple of days.

Nida was very shy and didn't like school. The move from Price was very upsetting for her. One of the ways Lizzie helped the family manage was by her talent for sewing. She could sew anything. The kids would show her a picture or even describe what they wanted, and she could sew it just as they wanted. In those first hard years, Lizzie made under-panties for Nida out of flour sacks. She crocheted an edging around the legs and dyed them pink, but even so when Nida played on the swings, the other kids saw her different panties and yelled, "Flour pants-flour pants." One summer she got new white shoes for the 4th of July. In fall, they were still good so Lizzie painted them black for school. They had to be redone every 2 or 3 weeks because the paint cracked. Nida rode the same school buses as Elmo. School lunch began in high school years, just a bowl of soup. The kids went to the kitchen to get it and took it to a desk to eat. It tasted so good after dry sandwiches every day. In high school home economics class, Nida learned how to cook. She had to get Sunday dinner for six weeks. Her mother told her she even had to kill the chicken, but Lizzie gave in and the chicken was killed for her. Lizzie helped her make bread, cakes and other good food. Lizzie was a good cook.

There was work for everyone, the usual chores just like most other families plus some turkeys. In fall, the family all helped pick the turkeys to sell. They also raised sugar beets, which Nida remembers the back-breaking work of thinning in the spring. The girls herded the cows in the summer and each family had their own bull. When the bull was young it was gentle, but when it got older it became ornery. Lizzie always kept track of the bull and had Arthur trade it off for a younger one when it got older. The girls helped with housework, washing, cooking and doing dishes. Arthur usually had a hired hand or at times many, plus the family, so there were lots of dishes to wash and wipe. All the work, or chores, had to be done before play.

The family did not like cereal, so breakfast was usually ham or bacon, eggs, bread and butter, jam and milk. Sometimes the bread was steamed or hot cakes were made. The kids had to wash before breakfast and it had to be face, neck ears, hands and arms. The noon meal, which was called dinner, was the main meal of the day, and the whole family plus the hired hands always ate together at the table. In summer, Lizzie cooked ham, chicken or pork and potatoes and gravy, vegetables and dessert. In winter, beef was the usual meat. The night meal, called supper, was usually bread and milk or fruit and bread.

At night the family played games, usually card games, or read books. At Christmas time, the kids put a bowl under the Christmas tree for Santa to fill, instead of hanging up a stocking. One Christmas, Arthur got the family a game board that had fifty-four games to play on it. He was so excited to give it to them and they had so much fun with it for years. Birthdays were always remembered with a birthday cake and a special meal.

There was a big wicker rocker in the kitchen by the stove. This was the favorite spot for everyone. One day, big brother Melvin was sitting in the rocker, but he went to get something. Nida seized the opportunity and sat in the chair. When Melvin returned and saw her there, he got mad and tipped her and the chair over and it broke. This scared Nida so much that she made her mother laugh, but the chair was beyond repair.

When Nida was about fourteen years old, Elmo's mother told Lizzie that he thought Nida was cute. She had never thought of him as a boyfriend but now she looked at him differently. He was good looking and had such good manners. He helped her brother Melvin by talking him into staying in school and graduating.

He began to come to her house to see her without the rest of the family. He walked along the ditch that ran through the fields between their houses, or sometimes he rode his bike around on the road. Nida didn't like the sound of the coyotes howling at night when he went home alone.

As they dated, they went dancing often. There was a dance at Chester every Wednesday night, and Moroni and other towns had dances on Saturdays. They had so much fun dancing twice a week almost every week. They went to the movies and of course there were the family get-togethers. Elmo worked for Arthur at times, so he was there for dinner those times.

These two families managed through the hard times and these two married and melded the two families together forever. The Swain family later moved to Payson to stay. The Reynolds family name continued on in Sanpete as the couple made their home in Chester.

Sources: Personal knowledge of Elmo and Nida Reynolds.

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## **THE PRETTY PAPER BOX**

Elizabeth Jacobsen Story

Non-Professional Second Place Short Story

When I was a very young child, I remember my mother telling me about the pretty box that she kept under her bed throughout her childhood. It was filled with all her treasures, her letters, and everything she wanted to keep safe.

The box had a sketch of a pretty store front on it, and the name "Marshall Fields Store," Chicago Illinois. This was a store that sold clothing, shoes, and many other things. I loved hearing about the beautiful clothes, jewels and lovely things that were displayed for sale there. It was always intriguing to me.

Mother told me about the pretty red coat she received in the box when she was five years old. Her uncle, Jack Watson, had given it to her when he and some other young men had returned from Chicago. They had gifts for all the family. There were dresses, coats, and other pretty new things. It was such a pleasure for those in the family to have ready-made things, for they had always made their own clothes.

Jack Watson was one of the five young men who cared for the lambs that were shipped to Chicago in five box cars on the train. The railroad tracks to southern Utah had just been laid in 1891. It was possible now for the sheepmen to transport their lambs by boxcar to Salt Lake City and then on east to Chicago to the stockyards, where they were sold to buyers from the slaughterhouse.

Jack and four other young men were asked to ride in the boxcars with the animals to keep them safe. One man rode in each car. They had to get the lambs out of the cars for water and food at a stop in Nebraska, and get them loaded again without any injuries.

It was their responsibility to take care of the livestock, and to take care of the cash when the buyers paid for the lambs. The boys each carried their good clothes with them in a bag. They would change into those for the trip home in a passenger car on the train.

Before these boys went to the railroad station to go home, they went to up town Chicago to the stores. They wanted to buy gifts for their wives or girl friends and for the little children in their families. They also bought new clothes for themselves. They must have been five happy young men who boarded the train for home with all those lovely boxes of gifts for their loved ones. Most of them had never had ready-made clothes before. My mother said she remembered, as a little girl, how delighted she was to see the little red coat her Uncle Jack Watson had brought for her in the pretty box.

Through the years, I remember doing things vicariously for my mother. When she could not be some place she wanted to be, she would send me there instead. I would come home and tell her everything I had seen and remembered. I always felt really privileged to act for her, and I would try to remember every detail to tell her.

My mother's brother, Ed, had passed away, and was buried in the Moroni cemetery. She had not been able to go to the cemetery with the family. One day she asked me to go to the cemetery and see his grave and headstone. My mother-in-law, Mary Story, helped me find the grave. It was near the graves of his wife, daughter and grandchild. It was on the Jensen lot. The Jensen's were his wife's parents. I stood near the graves and tried to remember other stones and names. When I later told my mother about it, it seemed to be just what she needed to comfort her. I loved doing things for her and my dad. I always wanted to please them.

Many years later, my husband Worth and I and our three children lived in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Worth was the mayor of Cheyenne. It was necessary for him to go to the bank in Chicago to sign bonds for the Cheyenne Water Project. I was able to go with him. While I prepared for the trip, I thought of the Marshall Fields Store, and that I would now have the opportunity of seeing it. I was thrilled thinking about it.

I saw that lovely store in downtown Chicago. It was a beautiful store and I tried to remember everything so I could tell my parents. I later wrote a letter to them in Utah, after we returned to Cheyenne. My mother was happy that I had done it for her as well as for myself.

I recently learned that the Fields family had sold the store, but it has not been changed. It is still a beautiful store. Many things have been added during these many years. It is now a Chicago landmark.

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## **NEILS RASMUS PETERSEN**

Norma S. Wanlass Barton

Non-Professional Third Place Short Story

Neils Rasmus Petersen was born June 2, 1858, in Tystrup, Soro County, Sjaelland, Denmark and christened in the Lutheran Church. As was their custom, he was confirmed October 16, 1872. Confirmation was a ceremony declaring that teenagers had become adults.

A month later Neils R. left school to work on a farm. While he was away working, his parents met the Mormon Missionaries. His mother felt the truth at once. Later she became quite ill and Neils's father came to talk to him about her condition.

"Neils, I think your mother wants to become a Mormon," he said. Neils was at an age when he wanted everyone to like him and his family, and to take his place socially with his friends and relatives. He knew the stigma attached to Mormonism, and felt that the shame was too much for him to bear.

He went to the stable where he chopped straw for the cows, closed the door and knelt down and prayed. "Lord, please take my mother's desire to be a Mormon away from her. But if it is the truth, give all of us the knowledge of it and the courage to accept it." When he rose to his feet, the weight and darkness had lifted. He and his family were baptized in 1874.

He continued to work on the same farm, and was ridiculed because of his new religion.

At the young age of 17, he was called to serve a local mission in Copenhagen. In 1876 he received a letter telling him to go to the Island of Bornholm, south of Sweden. Neils was called to be the President of the Bornholm Branch. The persecutions they suffered made stronger ties between the investigators and members.

Neils's family emigrated to the United States in 1876 and 1877.

After nearly five years of missionary work, he bade his many friends and relatives in Denmark goodbye, and set sail on July 5, 1880, for America and Salt Lake City, Utah.

Among the group awaiting him was the H.P. Hansen family, whom he converted in Skyttegaard in 1878. Jensine Caroline Hansen, whom Neils had taken a liking to, was there and romance budded.

When Neils arrived in Manti on August 7, 1880, he helped his parents on the farm and herded sheep to pay the money back he had borrowed from H. P. Hansen to emigrate to Zion.

The building of the Manti Temple and a Tabernacle had commenced simultaneously, putting a double burden upon the people.

In 1881, he began work in the Manti Tithing Office as assistant clerk. Neils Christian, their first child, was born December 29, 1881.

It was on April 15, 1884, that Andrew J. Moffitt deeded a home and property to Neils R. Petersen, described as being the west half of Block 79, located at 201 East 100 North in Manti, for the price of \$275.00.

Kirstine (Kesty) Margaret was born there on January 4, 1885. Over the next five years, three more children joined their family circle: Jessie Caroline born December 9, 1887; Erastus Henry born May 2, 1890; and Grace born on March 7, 1892.

In 1887, Neils R. was promoted to Tithing Office Clerk over all of Manti, including those who were building the *Temple*.

Many of the Saints had been gathered from the countries of the old world through means furnished by the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company, a company organized for the gathering of the poor. Neils R. Petersen helped many Danish emigrants financially. After they arrived in Utah, some lost their faith, and with it all sense of honor, and ignored (heir obligations. In most cases he was never reimbursed.

Ida was born in October 1894 and died in June 1895 with measles. David was born and died the same day, August 19, 1896.

Jensine's brother, Hans Hansen, had two little girls who were left motherless when quite young. Margaret and Evelyn. The Petersen's took them into their home and cared for them. Hans came as often as possible from Salt Lake to see his little girls.

"We the undersigned, Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints hereby certify that on the Eighth day of May 1904, Neils R. Petersen was duly chosen and appointed Bishop of the Manti North Ward." He was ordained and set apart by Anthon H. Lund. "In testimony whereof we hereunto subscribe our names, on this day, the 26th day of May 1904. Signed Jos. F. Smith, John R. Winder, Anthon H. Lund."

On July 19, 1907, their beautiful young daughter, Jessie Caroline, age 19, died. The cause of death was heart disease.

On January 5, 1908, Bishop N. R. Petersen asked his congregation if they would support him in building a meeting house for the Manti North Ward. So it was that fifty-nine years after Manti was settled and twenty-

one year after the division into two wards, the South and North Wards, they started breaking ground on May 5, 1908.

In a letter from the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, they granted \$4,000 to the ward for the new chapel, with the condition that \$2,000 be raised by the ward for every \$1,000 given by the church. It was to be expended before the church gave their \$1,000.

The building took three years to complete at a cost of \$27,808.64. Six thousand dollars was given by the church and \$21,808.46 was raised and donated by the saints of this area.

July 2, 1911, a Fast meeting was held in the new chapel. It was the first function held there. Bishop Petersen spoke these words: "What a great pleasure it gives me to hold meetings in our new home. But how much better I would feel if it was paid for and dedicated."

Bishop Petersen mortgaged his home on Second East and First North to help pay for the chapel so that it could be dedicated.

On November 5, 1911, with Bishop N. R. Petersen presiding, the dedication of the Manti North Ward was conducted.

Bishop Petersen spoke about how happy he was to greet the saints in their beautiful new home. His heart was full and he expressed gratitude to the Lord for its erection. His greatest wish was that it would be used and the saints would receive the good from what had been sacrificed to get it.

He then told about the erection of the building: the committees that were formed, the meetings held, and the willingness of the people to respond whenever asked. When they started, they had no money. All they had was faith and a willingness to accomplish the task.

A house-warming was held the latter part of June. They continued to use the chapel until it was paid for and it could be dedicated.

"We are now in a position to turn it over to the Lord. I cannot express all that I feel, so please just accept my thanks, and the blessings of the Lord for your sacrifice and all you have done .... Donations were in various sums which ran from five cents up to \$1300.00. Quite a wide range between donors, but we cannot judge who has done the most. Each gave according to their means and the Lord knows. I have never seen a meeting house reared by the Latter-Day Saints where people have responded more willingly or more cheerfully and more promptly than have ours."

The financial statement was then read, seconded, and accepted unanimously by all those present.

On February 6, 1914, Annie E Petersen, age 31, wife of Neils C. Petersen, died leaving three small children, four-year-old Rachel, Ralph N., age 2, and a new-born son, Hatton. It was only a few hours until Jensine had them. She moved Neils C. and his children into a room in their home for their belongings and to sleep in. She took care of them as if they were her own. Hatton was a frail baby and he died on July 17, when he was six months old. Rachel and Ralph lived with their grandparents until Neils C. moved to Sterling to work on a farm after he remarried.

On August 11, 1917, Neils R. purchased a lot cornered from the home they were living in, described as Lot 4 of Block 63.

It appears that Neils R. began to build their new home on Block 63 in February, 1919. When Neils C. moved his family to Sterling, there was no construction started. When they returned to Manti in 1922-23, Neils R. and Jensine were settled in their new home.

A letter dated August 30, 1923, to Bishop Neils R. Petersen reads: "Dear Brother: The Stake Clerk has notified this office of your release as Bishop of the Manti North Ward. You have presided in the neighborhood for nineteen years, serving the ward faithfully as its Bishop. Yours has been a labor of love, kindness and

mercy, and your name no doubt, will be held in affectionate remembrance by all with whom you have labored: your kindness and helpfulness to all classes has been felt, particularly the poor and needy. Your brethren in the Gospel, THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC, C. W. Nibley."

The people of his ward loved him very much, and to show their appreciation, they presented him with a gold watch. The inscription read: "E. Howard Watch Co. presented to Bishop N.R. Petersen by the members of Manti North Ward, Dec. 18, 1911."

Neils R. Petersen mortgaged his home on September 20, 1927, as security for the purchase of a confectionery store known as the DO DROP IN. They made candy and ice cream and were renowned in the area for their confections. But Neils R. was unable to pay their mortgage off and the mortgagee foreclosed on their home. Neils R. and Jensine deeded their home to Fannie E. Daly on November 11, 1930, in exchange for a deed to the DO DROP IN located on Lot 1, Block 76 from Fannie E. Daly. Neils R. and Jensine moved into the back of the store with Erastus and his family.

On August 31, 1930, those new members of the Center Ward gathered at the remodeled Manti Tabernacle for dedicatory exercises. Remarks by Stake President L. R. Anderson reported that the Tabernacle had been remodeled to serve three purposes: as a Ward Chapel for the Manti Center Ward, as a Stake House, and as a Seminary Building.

The boundary lines of the divided North and South Wards placed Neils R. and Jensine in the newly formed Center Ward. Neils R. was devastated. The building that he had nurtured since its origin was no longer his home, but he looked ahead to the growth of the area and the church.

During the Depression of the thirties, everyone was experiencing difficulties. Milk sold for five cents a quart but few had a nickel to pay for it. Fortunate was the family that owned their own cow. Neils R. was hired to be the custodian of the remodeled Tabernacle.

On December 9, 1931, Neils R. Petersen died, with what was diagnosed as a bad cold.

For I was hungered, and ye gave me meat:  
I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink:  
I was a stranger and ye took me in:  
Naked and ye clothed me:  
I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me:  
And the King answered saying unto them, Verily I say unto  
you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of  
these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Matthew 25: 35-42

After her husband's death, Jensine lived with Erastus and Ruth. Erastus had trouble with his heart and had to sell his store.

On February 26, 1883, a Warranty Deed had been recorded from Soren P. Petersen to Neils R. Petersen, containing 1.56 acres, designated as Parcel 2, located at the South end of Manti City limits, with a home located thereon.

Jensine C. Petersen deeded to Grace P. Christensen on August 9, 1936, 1.56 acres known as Parcel 2 of the Manti City Survey. Grace P. Christensen then deeded to Ruth M. Petersen, that property known as Parcel 2, on December 9, 1937. Jensine lived with Erastus and Ruth the rest of her life.



One night Jensine couldn't sleep. She wandered around the house and then woke Erastus and asked him to sing to her. After a few hymns, she asked him to sing "Myn Little Grimer Lamb" (My Little Pet Lamb), he sang it in Norwegian, which was very much like Danish. While he was singing she slipped quietly from this life on August 31, 1937.

Neils R. could not have accomplished all that he was called to do without the support and hard work of his helpmate, Jensine Caroline.

For I was hungered, and ye gave me meat:  
I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink:  
I was a stranger and ye took me in:  
Therefore, ye have done it unto ME.

Most of this information was taken from Neils Rasmus and Jensine Caroline's History.

Dedication of the North Ward was found in the History of Manti North Ward Chapel, 1908-1973.

Records recorded of property located in Manti City were found in the Recorder's Office, Sanpete County Court House.

Cause of death for their two young children is in the Manti City Cemetery records.

Information about the Center Ward was in Mormon Tabernacle, Manti, Utah 1879-1979.

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## **LIFE STORY OF SOREN ANDERSEN AND DAUGHTER, ANA KJERSTENA**

Louise O. Jensen

Non-Professional Honorable Mention Short Story

Soren Andersen was born 14th of May, 1801, in Astrup, Hjerring, Denmark. In the year of 1828 he married Ana Marie Jensen in Denmark, and to this marriage were born six children. Erastus Snow brought the gospel to Denmark. Soren Andersen heard the Gospel and was converted and baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on June 10, 1839, in Denmark. This caused a dispute between him and his wife, so he took his daughter, Ana Kjerstena, who was fifteen and also believed in the Gospel, and immigrated to America in the year 1854. They crossed the Atlantic Ocean in the ship "Benjamin Adams," which sailed from Liverpool, England, on January 22, 1854, and arrived in New Orleans March 22, 1854. They then went on to Westport, Jackson County, Missouri. He crossed the plains with the Hans Peter Olsen handcart Company, arriving in Salt Lake City, October 5, 1854. He settled in Ephraim, Sanpete County, in 1856.

When Ephraim was first settled in 1854, it was called Cottonwood. In 1856 some of the brothers, together with Soren Andersen, went to haul rocks to build a fort around the houses which were then built. This fort was called Fort Ephraim. The horses, oxen, and cows were corralled within the fort at night for protection against the Indians. In the daytime the cattle were herded outside the fort. The men on the inside would climb up to the watch towers and look through the portholes to protect the men herding the cattle. Sometimes these herders could not reach the fort in time and were killed by the Indians. Soren Andersen was assigned this duty many times.

When Ana Kjerstena was twenty-one years old, she married a young man who was also a convert to our Church, Jens Nielsen, Engager. They made their permanent home in Ephraim, Utah. Ten children were

bora to them, five girls and five boys. Their home was typical of the early pioneer homes, with the strongly built fort nearby as a refuge from the Indians who persistently lurked about and at times rushed down upon the settlers with intent to raid and destroy. The men were constantly on guard, and never dared to go far from the settlement.

Ana Kjerstena's oldest daughter, Maria Kjerstena Nielsen, was the first girl to be born in the old Ephraim Fort. She tells of many times as a girl when she and her mother had to take the small children and hide from the Indians in a cellar near their home. This cellar was located on the old Hans Bosen place where James Andrew Olsen and his wife Katie used to live. The address is 285 North 4th East. The responsibility of pioneering not only fell on Ana Kjerstena and her husband, but on their children as well. It was a hard struggle to get just the bare necessities of life.

The adobe houses were built along the inside of the fort wall, and they were made from mud mixed in the ground and placed in molds. These were dried and put together in the walls, with mud in the cracks. The roofs were made of hewn logs. The adobe houses were usually one or two rooms with a fireplace instead of a stove. There was a grate on which the iron or copper pots were hung for cooking. The table and chairs were made of the logs, and the beds were made with pegs along each side and end, with rope woven across on which straw mattresses were placed. The floors were dirt, and most of the dishes were made of tin.

The open space inside the fort wall was used for wagons. Everyone lived close together, and everyone worked happily together for the good of each other. The pioneers' clothing was of their own making. The men's pants were made of canvas, and the children's garments were made out of cloth known as "factory" cloth. Shoes were either wooden or made of cowhide, which was tanned and made into moccasins with the hair left on the outside. The children went to school in this type of shoes. When the wagon covers and bed ticks were worn out, the best parts were made into articles of clothing. These, in time, wore out and the people had to look elsewhere for something to make clothing from.

Ana Kjerstena, along with the other women in the fort, did all the shearing of the sheep. She taught her girls to card the wool, spin the thread, and knit the clothing for the family. Nearly every home had a spinning wheel. The cloth was closely measured and made very plain to save on material. For dyes, berries and rabbit brush were gathered, making different colors for the materials. For lye, wood ashes were placed in a large barrel and water was poured over it. This stood for some time and then the water was poured off. This made a lye that could be used for making soap for scrubbing floors and other uses around the homes. Brooms were made of rabbit brush, which was gathered. Wheat was ground in coffee mills to make graham bread; milkweed, sego lily bulbs, and wild spinach were used for greens. Potatoes, eggs, poultry meat and wild berries comprised their food. Molasses and honey candy were considered luxuries.

Inside the enclosure of the fort, church meetings and school were held, as there were no special buildings built for these things. Candles were made for light, and these were made from melted tallow and pieces of cloth. A candle burned only one night. The remedies used for sickness were not candy-coated when one pretended to be sick. Ginger with molasses was given for colds. Senna tea was given for a laxative. Sagebrush tea was a tonic. Assafedity bags were hung around the throat when contagious diseases threatened. Consecrated oil was also kept inside the homes. When babies were born it was usually to cheers and tears, due to lack of a doctor's assistance. The Elders were called in many times in case of serious illness.

In 1856, Soren Andersen married Hannah Nielsen, who was born May 12, 1834, at Lindalse, Sovenborg, Denmark, and died May 1, 1873 in Ephraim, Sanpete, Utah. She bore him six children; two died at birth. In 1860, Soren Andersen was called by Brigham Young to help settle Circleville, in Piute County, Utah. He lived

there for two years, but the Indians made it so miserable for them that he moved to Salina, Sevier County. There he stood guard for the Black Hawk War in the years 1865 to 1867. Here a narrow trail was built through the canyon. Because of its narrowness, only one man and horse could come up the trail at a time. The Indians would lie in wait for the man and shoot at him when he came up the trail. Many lives were lost this way. Also, the Indians made raids upon the people in Salina. The people tried to save their cattle, but the Indians knew the canyon too well, and would make it back to the canyon and be there in time to shoot the white man as he came up the trail looking for the cattle.

In 1874, Soren moved to Sterling, being among the first settlers there. He lived in a dugout. Later, he built the first house in Sterling, Utah, which was a one-room log house with a dirt roof. At the time Sterling was settled, the Indians had signed a peace treaty ending the Black Hawk War. The Indians still camped in the foothills and begged for food from the settlers, who always shared their small rations with them to keep peace. Later he moved to Nine Mile with his daughter, Dianthia, the eldest daughter, and Erastus, Joseph, and Peter, homesteading 160 acres. The Highland Reservoir now covers his original homestead. This was about two miles south of Sterling.

Fort Ephraim was settled in 1854 by members of the Allred Settlement by immigrants from Scandinavia. Thus our fathers who grubbed the first brush, broke the soil, raised the first crops, and prayed in the first Church were pitting their courage and endurance against a raw and forbidding land. About 1885 Soren Andersen located permanently in Centerfield, Utah, where he resided until the time of his death, February 18, 1901, then making him nearly 100 years old. His long life was due to some extent to his great care of diet, and leading a clean, exemplary life.

His daughter, Ana Kjerstena, passed away on October 27, 1914, at Ephraim, Utah at the age of seventy-seven years. She was a faithful Latter-Day Saint, and a good wife and mother to her husband and children.

Source: Taken from the Record Book of Katie C. Olsen.



*Soren Anderson, Ana Kjerstena Anderson (Courtesy Louise Jensen)*

## **MY RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF GRANDPA C.C.A. CHRISTENSEN**

Robert C. Nielson

Non-Professional Honorable Mention Short Story

I was not quite four years old when Grandpa died, but I remember the stately, well dressed, soft-spoken, kind old man with a grey beard who was "short of sight and hard of hearing." He came to our home quite often from his house a block away to visit with his youngest daughter, Pauline, and his four grandsons and two granddaughters.

You see, my father, A.C. Nielson Jr., had chosen two of C.C.A.'s daughters, one at a time, to be his wife. In 1894 father (we called him Papa) married Julia, second daughter of C.C.A. by his plural wife Maren. They had two children, Eva Joy and Andrew. Julia died soon after Andrew was born.

On November 15, 1901, Papa married Teckla Pauline, my mother, and C.C.A.'s youngest daughter by his plural wife Elise. They had four children by 1912: George, Mary, Robert, and Sheldon. Woodrow and Evan had yet to be born.

Much has been written about C.C.A. His reputation as an artist, composer of verse and hymn, and especially his dedication to teaching and promoting the Mormon faith will live on.

I learned considerable about Grandpa from my mother. When Grandpa would come to visit, he would bring the latest issue of Bikuben, the weekly Danish newspaper published in Salt Lake City to which C.C.A. was a regular contributor of news and verse. They would have "Pearl Tea" (hot milk and flavoring) and converse in Danish, along with Hans Haarbe, Mother's Danish, bachelor cousin, who lived with us and helped do the gardening and chores.

Grandpa was always "dressed up." I never saw him in any other attire. He was a gentleman. It was quite apparent from Mother's reports that her father was primarily interested in the artistic aspects of living, in using his special talents and skills in promoting good will to others, and in teaching and doing missionary work for the Church.

Grandpa did much of his painting in his studio at his home, which was next door to us on Third South and Main Street, in Ephraim. Mother said that Grandpa, with his creativity and imagination, concocted many of the pigments he used by blending colors from fruits and berries, flowers and fungus, rusts and soils he gathered from nature.

According to Mother, families were important to Grandpa and no doubt his first concern, but he didn't hesitate to take off on a mission for the Church when called by Church authorities. He would leave the farming and hard physical labor to his sons and daughters under the supervision of his wives, especially the family of Elise.

In plural marriage with his wife Elise, his first wife, they had six children: three daughters Elisa, Diantha and Pauline, and three sons Charles, Frederick and Erastus. With his plural wife Maren, they had five children: two daughters, Anne and Julia, and three sons, John, Hyrum and Parley.

They all were raised to adulthood, much to the credit of good mothers and strong family ties. It was Mother's belief that her father, C.C.A., could not have carried out his ambitions in Church programs and artistic pursuits without the special support of his wives and sons and daughters.

I am proud to be part of the C.C.A. heritage. Long may his tribe endure.

His remains are monumented at the family grave plot in the Ephraim Cemetery.



*C.C.A. Christensen ca 1895, at about age 65. (Courtesy, Robert Nielson, Grandson)*

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## **AN ERA FADES INTO MEMORIES**

Herald A. Vance

Non-Professional First Place Personal Recollection

The little girl's eyes grew larger as she stared at the monstrous, black steam locomotive rumbling down the tracks toward her. The ground shook beneath her as the scream of the whistle and screech of brakes shattered the quiet of the small Sanpete town. The girl was in no danger, however, as she was well out of harm's way, and this was no more than a regularly scheduled stop for the Denver and Rio Grande passenger train.

In fact, this had almost become a daily ritual for the pretty little five-year-old with long, wavy black hair. She would watch and wait with anticipation for her chance to wave to the stately engineer as the massive machine rolled by. From his window he would wave back as he slowed the mighty engine to stop for passengers and mail at the station a couple of hundred yards further on. There was also an encore as the caboose went past. She favored the man in the caboose as he seemed to have more time to be friendly.

One might say she had a ring side seat for the drama that presented itself daily as the tracks were just across the street from her home. Sometimes her father would take her with him to the station to mail letters and let her drop them through the letter slot in the mail coach. She always felt a chill in her spine being so close to that big black monster.

The year was 1935, the location was Fairview, Utah, but the scene might have been repeated in any town along the Marysvale Branch on any given day for more than 90 years. To a youngster, nothing in the world could be more awe-inspiring than a close-up view of that enormous hulk of steel and steam, with power seeming to ooze from every rivet.

My own memories of the trains that frequented the branch line running from Thistle to Marysvale are from a more distant perspective. I grew up near the north end of Milburn Valley, about two miles beyond sight of the railway. However, I could hear very clearly the sound of the whistle, the chug of the engines and even

the clickity-clack of the rails when the atmosphere was just right. As a young boy I used to enjoy trying to identify the sounds and signals to determine just what was taking place, even though all was hidden from view.

The passenger/mail train passed through Milburn at 5:00a.m. daily on its southbound route and returned again at 5:00 p.m. heading for points north. One could almost set his clock as it whistled at the crossings.

Figuring out the maneuvers of the freight trains was a bit more challenging. As the track came into Milburn it made a wide semi-circle, skirting the foothills to begin its ascent over Hilltop. Often the heavy laden freight would have difficulty in making this steep grade and a helper engine was sent down from Thistle to assist. I learned to identify the sounds of those "lone engines" as they turned around at the Y south of Milburn. In my mind I can still hear, the short whistle blasts, the starting up and stopping of the engines, then finally the slow, steady, laborious chugging of the combined engines as they mastered the grade.

In wet and snowy weather, it was common to hear the engines spin out on the slick tracks. I could hear the engine rev up rapidly, then fade out as the engineer relaxed the power on the drivers. The tracks then had to be sanded and new attempts made at getting the heavy load moving again. Finally, after numerous tries the steady chug would resume, then slowly increase in speed indicating success. Eventually the sounds would all fade away in the distance. Seeing this in the mind's eye was nearly as entertaining as if it had been seen firsthand, and entertainment was vital to a small boy growing up in isolated Milburn those days when television was unheard of, radio was rare, and automobiles were few.

When I reached school age and was permitted to venture a few miles from home to visit a friend who lived near the tracks, I experienced those close-up thrills previously mentioned. A popular sport was to place nails, pieces of wire, or if we felt real rich, a penny on the rail. Then after the train had passed, we would rush in to retrieve the strange-shaped treasures created in the flattened metal. To add thrill and chill to the event, we might sit under a railroad bridge and, amid the clatter and roar, watch the train passing overhead.

In late summer when grass and weeds were tall and dry, it was quite common to see fires starting along the tracks after a heavy loaded freight had gone by. The powerful puffing of the engine blew cinders into the air with the smoke, and many were still alive when they fell to the ground. If the train crew saw the fires in time, they would stop and put them out, but the local farmers learned to keep a watchful eye. The trains also took a toll on livestock that strayed onto *the* track at the wrong time. I recall one time a couple dozen head of sheep bedded down on the track—the results of that encounter left a gory scene.

One time several freight cars were derailed near Hilltop, spilling tons of corn and damaging a number of new Ford cars en route for delivery to Lasson-Norman Ford dealership in Mount Pleasant. A few Sanpete residents were able to get a real good new car deal from the freight damaged Ford shipment. Local farmers were permitted to salvage the corn, and a few of those living nearby soon had most of it hauled away via scoop-shovel and wagon. After the salvage and clean up, there was still enough corn scattered along the hillside to keep the squirrels happy for months to come. This also set the stage for an interesting ten-mile hike for a Fairview scout troop. In addition to filling a hiking requirement, the scouts learned about safety and the need for keeping things in good repair.

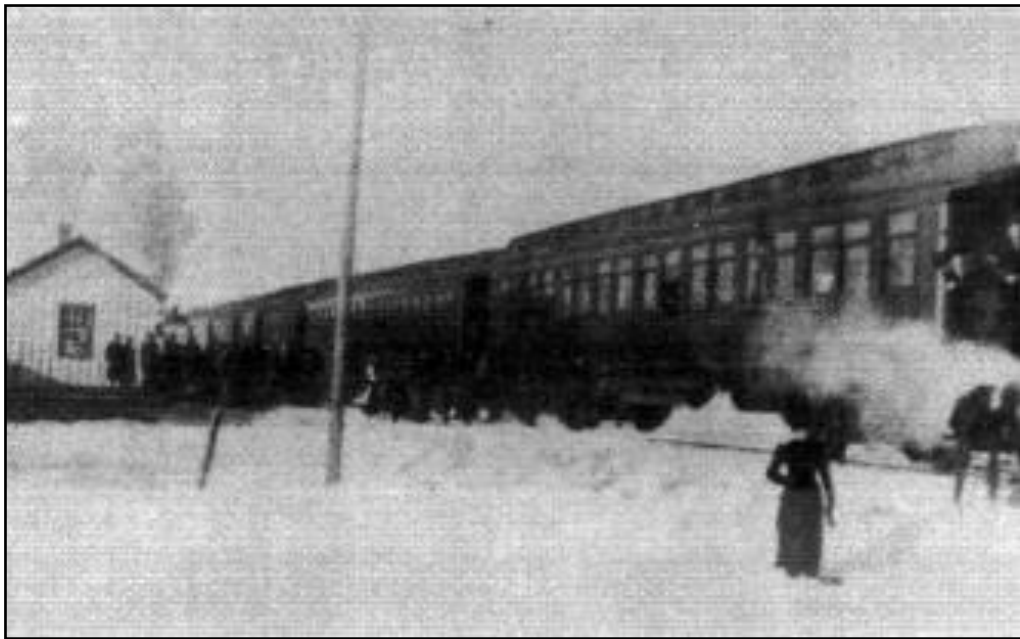
Much can be said of the important part the railroad played in the building of Sanpete County, as well as helping to fill everyday needs of everyday people for nearly a century. This brief account comes from only a small part of one person's childhood reminiscence.

While we cling to these and many other memories from long ago, we are saddened by the recent loss of our railroad. This important part of our history and heritage met its demise due to the Thistle floods of

1983. Our railroad is gone forever! The rails were removed the summer of 1987. The loss of rail service was a terrible blow to the economy of both Sanpete and Sevier counties. Another sadness is the fact that children along this route will never again witness the power generated by the Great Iron Horse or experience the thrill of waving to the engineer and to the patient man in the caboose—seeing them return that wave with a friendly smile.

Oh! And whatever happened to the little black-haired girl from Fairview? She was that special kind of child who seemed to win the heart of everyone who knew her: happy, studious, sort of torn-boyish and very energetic. She grew prettier with every passing year and emerged a beautiful young lady. As years passed she married and became the mother of five adorable children. Today she is still a very striking lady, though her black hair is streaked with grey. Her many talents include poetry, music, composing, writing and professional decorating. She is a loving wife, mother and doting grandmother. Among her treasured memories of childhood, she can envision the huge, black, steam powered locomotive as it rumbles and screeches to stop at the station just beyond where she is standing. How do I know all this? I married that sweet lady 45 years ago!

Source: Author's personal recollections.



*D. & R.G. Passenger Train at Fairview Depot. (Courtesy, Herald Vance)*

## RECOLLECTION OF MOTHER

Anna Lou Nye

Non-Professional Second Place Personal Recollection



*Reva T. Jensen ca 1983.  
(Courtesy, Anna Lou Nye)*

My mother, Reva Tennant Jensen, will be 93 on August 30, 1993. She was born and raised in Manti, Utah. Her heritage and ancestry mean more to her than I can begin to put into words. She was born to Alexander and Luella Tennant, and two years later a sister, Lucille, was born. Reva's mother died of childbirth, leaving the two little girls without a mother. Alexander had a brother, Charles, and a sister, Maggie, in Manti, and along with an Aunt Marian, the little girls were raised. (Reva has wonderful memories of her childhood and her family in Manti.)

As long as I can remember, mother was always writing, always clipping sayings and articles from books and papers and magazines. She would have her "collection" all around the house, a poem could be found in a cookbook, a story in the Bible, a note about someone in a storybook. I could be rummaging through a drawer in the desk and come across scraps of paper with her thought or poems or whatever on them. Sometimes they were just in her apron pockets. As I was growing up with my two sisters, I can remember Mom taking classes in writing and poetry, and we would wonder why she wanted to do that, why she wanted to sit at her desk and write, why all the papers and books scattered around? It took me years of growing up to know why. (She still has writings here and there in her home now.)

Mother has kept so many important and wonderful memories alive, so much history of Manti and the people who lived there. She has written about her Aunt Marian, her father, Aunt Maggie, Uncle Charles, Big Chief Walker, a diary of her graduating class of 1919. My father was also a Manti native. His parents were Julius and Annie Jensen, who had 10 children, and Mother has written histories and tributes about most of them. She has written about her grandchildren and her great-grandchildren. For instance, when my son lost his little 3 1/2 year old girl to an accident, Mom wrote:

### OUR ANGEL

We once had an Angel  
Her name was Vickie Lynn  
She filled our home with beauty  
And made the moments sing.  
Soft brown curls framed her  
Beautiful little face  
With violet eyes and lashes like lace,  
Tiny hands so dear to touch  
Moments we loved so very much.



But angels only stay for  
Such a very little time  
They are needed up in Heaven  
In that never-ending line  
Of treasure, fleeting treasures  
Who passed our way.  
Why couldn't she stay  
Just another day?  
We do not question that  
God knows best  
But we ask for courage  
To meet the test.

Mother wrote of many things that happened to our family, both good and bad. But her words were always beautiful. In 1981 my husband and I decided to collect all of Mother's writings and put them into a book as a surprise for her. It took a lot of effort to collect and type them and fix the spelling and punctuation (Mom is known for spelling words the way she thinks they should be spelled and putting her own form of punctuation in). We had copies of the book made for all the family members. It is indeed a keepsake. This past Christmas, 1992, Mom had her own book made of the stories and poems she has had published, many of which have been printed in the Saga of Sanpitch over the years, namely "The Big Chiefs Proposal," Second Place, Vol. 2, 1970; "The Diary," Second Place, Vol. 2, 1970; "Little Jens," First Place Story, Vol. 4, 1972; "Loved By All," Honorable Mention, Vol. 5, 1973; "Mary Ann—Serene and Unafraid," Second Place, Vol. 6, 1974; "Aunt Marian," Second Place Historical Essay, Vol. 19, 1987; and from the magazine The Improvement Era. March 1938, "The Same Language." The writings and poems go on and on. One of her latest is "In Memory of Adrian," my father, who passed away in 1983. They had been married for 63 years at the time of his death. (Dad always thought her papers and notes around the house were messy, but he loved what she wrote.) Part of her tribute to Dad is:

Adrian walks beside me still  
My every need to fill,  
His love is my crutch, and my guide,  
His success my joy, and my pride;  
The greatest of gifts,  
Oh Love so dear,  
He is constant and rich  
And always here.

This wonderful collection of Mother's will always keep her history and heritage alive. Her love of Manti, and being there to help build the history and record it for those who follow, is a keepsake for everyone. She lives in Santa Maria, California, and most every spring comes to Provo and spends a month or so with us. We always have to drive to Manti and ride around town as she points to this house and that house and tells us "so and so lived there," or "that house was haunted." We always stop at Grandma Jensen's on 4th North and take a picture. We stop in and visit with Lynn and Edda Cox, and always go to the cemetery with flowers so she can remember all those she loved so dearly and wrote so many poems and stories about. She is still writing, and

still living alone in her home, and still driving her 1963 Chevy Caprice. She is the Matriarch of our family and always will be.

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## A TRUE ROMANCE

Winona Erickson

Non-Professional Third Place Personal Recollection

Peter Greaves Sr., the founder of the Greaves family in Ephraim, arrived there in 1856 and remained there for the rest of his life. In 1858 he married Elizabeth Motley. Nine children were born from this union. Peter Jr. (my grandfather), was the oldest son and this story is about him and my grandmother Catherine.

The Greaves family was well established in Ephraim when Catherine Mortensen, who had immigrated from Denmark with her parents, came to work at the Greaves home. Peter Jr. was of marriageable age and, although engaged at the time, it must not have been with the full approval of his mother. Elizabeth was quick to see in Catherine a good wife for her oldest son. Peter Jr. in turn, showed little sign of seeing Catherine as anyone more than just someone who helped in the home. As the story is told in the family, Elizabeth proceeded to try to remedy the situation. It is not known if Catherine was aware of the intended result of the following plan, but that she accepted it is known. Perhaps as an attractive and intelligent young girl, she desired to improve herself, or maybe she felt an attraction for Peter Jr. and was willing to do something about it. At any rate, Elizabeth made arrangements for Catherine to go to school in Salt Lake City and become a lady. Elizabeth helped her by finding a place for her to live where she could work and earn her board and room. One of the stipulations as related to me was that when she returned home she was to purchase a new hat and dress and wear them on her return.

On the appointed day, young reluctant Peter was sent to meet the former house girl. Catherine got off the train and started up the street to the Greaves home to show Elizabeth what she had accomplished. Peter Jr. proceeded down the street to meet her when his attention was drawn to an attractive girl wearing a beautiful dress and a red plumed bonnet. His first observation was to wonder who the attractive woman could be and he was most surprised to learn that it was Catherine. Apparently the scheme worked because Peter Greaves Jr. and Catherine Mortensen were married on October 9, 1882. They became the parents of nine children.

When his older children were still young, Peter Jr. built a home on what later became known as the Greaves block and raised all of his family there. Elizabeth's assessment of Catherine seems to have been



accurate because she became known as Aunt Trena and was loved by many.

Source: Information concerning dates were obtained from History of Sanpete and Emery Counties. All other details are from personal and family recollections.

***Niels (Dad Niels) and Hannah Anderson, Mayfield***  
***"Always drank Shillings brand coffee. He would drink no other brand. Then came the day Shillings could not be purchased in Mayfield. Hannah had to buy "M.J.B. "At home she poured the coffee into a Shillings can. That night at supper her husband remarked, ' This is the best coffee ..."***  
***(Courtesy, Ruth Scow)***

## AMERICAN REMOUNT ASSOCIATION

Norma S. Wanlass Barton  
Non-Professional First Place Essay

The automobile did much to destroy all that had been accomplished toward the program of horse improvement in Utah. Overnight the automobile changed from the rich man's plaything to a poor man's necessity.

Seeking to unload their horses while it was possible to realize a fraction of their value, ranchers began dumping their breeding stock.

Too late it was known that this wholesale disposal was premature. With the outbreak of World War I, the government developed a sudden demand for cavalry mounts. Practically none were available. The unloading had been so complete that the year 1918 found only five registered thoroughbred stallions in the entire state of Utah.

Finding a similar condition over most of the United States, a group of Army officers met in France and formed the American Remount Association, which was to guarantee that with the future need, horses suitable for Army use would be available.

Plans were outlined to Congress by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and a program was launched to place high class stallions in the hands of breeders, cost free, no strings attached. The owner of colts sired by such stallions were under no obligation to sell to the War Department.

First of the Remount Stallions to arrive in the State of Utah was Marse Henry, in 1921, assigned to Major G.R. Henderson at Joseph, Utah.

The year 1922 saw an additional influx of highest quality stallions. Major Henderson said, "What was doubtless the greatest horse ever produced in the state was a gallant little mare whose registered name was Volcruza, sired by Voladay out of Cruzinda, but the name every old time racing fan remembered and honored her with was Red Wing. Evan Beck of Mt. Pleasant, Utah, had her for a time and she was virtually unbeatable on the race track." Plodder was assigned to Samuel L. Aiken in Castle Dale, Utah.<sup>1</sup>

Remount stallions were always thoroughbreds. Thoroughbreds to a horseman means that the sire and dam and all the horse's ancestors are registered and can be traced back to one of three horses, Matchem, Herod, and Eclipse.<sup>2</sup> Therefore a thoroughbred can be a racehorse, but a racehorse is not necessarily a thoroughbred.

Horse breeders were allowed to keep Remount stallions for four years, then they had to transfer to another stallion.

A Remount Stallion had to be a minimum of a certain number hands high. A hand measured four inches across the palm of the hand behind the fingers. Most people didn't carry a yardstick or tape measure, so they measured a horse at the withers, one hand placed above the other, four inches to the hand. Sixteen hands equaled  $4 \times 16 = 64$  inches or 5 feet 4 inches tall at the withers.

Too much white in the color was frowned on. There is an old rhyme:

Four white feet and a white nose,  
Cut off the head and give him to the crows.<sup>3</sup>

A breeder was allowed to collect \$15.00 breed bill using a Remount stallion. If a Remount stallion died, he had to be buried within the city limits, in a hole at least six feet deep. He had to have a marker at the top of the grave giving the name, sire and mare, and any other pertinent information available.

Over the years Paul M. Smith had six Remount stallions: Cockalorum, Fullon, Porter D., Moby, Kearsarge and Heuvelton. Fullon died in 1938 while he was in Manti. Alan, twelve years old, had been digging a place in the back yard, intending to build a club house there. He had a hole dug about 8 feet square and 2 feet deep. Paul hired Bud Bench and Clair Henningson to finish digging the hole to a depth of 6 feet.

Merriam (Pose) Anderson brought one of his work horses and pulled Fullon's corpse to its final resting place. Geneve and the younger children scattered straw in the bottom of the hole. She filled a gunny sack with straw for a pillow for Fullon's head. Nels Christiansen made a marker for his grave with the necessary lingo on it.

That spring and summer it was a daily ritual for Kathryn and Marilyn to place flowers on Fullon's grave. Sometimes it was dandelions or lilacs, iris or bleeding hearts, whatever was available to a two-year-old and a five-year-old child.

Paul was so proud of Kearsarge. He was the grandson of Man O' War. The first time Helen Otteson saw Kearsarge she exclaimed, "Lord, he's gorgeous." That became a family by-line. When anything was special or most beautiful, we remarked, "Lord, it's gorgeous." That said it all. That was the ultimate.

When the Remount Association disbanded, Paul bought Heuvelton in November 1949. Now he was his property. He didn't have to return him to the government.

During World War II, Paul Smith had three stars in his front window, one for his son Alan Paul Smith, U.S. Navy, and one each for two horses that served in the Cavalry. He raised them and trained them, and sold them to the War Department. One was called Twenty Grand and the other one was Bingo. Twenty Grand went to Nebraska from Manti and became an officer's mount. They were both "gentle broke" according to specifications. For several years Paul knew the whereabouts of Twenty Grand. He was much loved by his officer/owner, and died at an old age for a horse. Stars for horses? Why not? They served their country well. And horses were so much a part of the Smith kids' lives.

1. Introductory Information found in the Salt Lake Tribune. "Race Horses DeLuxe" by Neil Murbarger, Sunday December 2, 1951.

2. Thoroughbreds. Story and Pictures by C.W. Anderson, 1942. Page 7.

3. Thoroughbreds. Story and Pictures by C.W. Anderson, 1942. Page 18.

Personal Recollections of the Smith Kids.



**Heuvelton-by Hi-Jack out of Maid of Honor. Foaled June 8,1934. Transferred to Lexington Remount Area October 15, 1937. (Courtesy, Norma W. Barton)**

## HE SPOKE IN DANISH

Lu Gene A. Nielson

Non-Professional Second Place Essay

My great-grandmother, Bertha Katherine Jonasen, was born January 1, 1850 in Staun, Denmark. She was the daughter of Anders Christian Jonasen and Johanna Marie Olsen.

At the age of twelve she realized she was not satisfied with the teachings of her church, the Lutheran Church. As she grew older it began to trouble her a great deal.

In the year 1879, she and Lars Peter Anderson, also a Lutheran, were married. Bertha expressed her feelings about the Lutheran Church to her husband, who gave her a Bible to study. After studying the Bible she realized she needed more than the Lutheran Church could teach her. It was at this time she heard of the Mormon missionaries in Denmark. Oh, how she hoped and prayed they would be able to find her. Her prayers were answered, for the missionaries visited their home.

The missionaries gave Bertha a tract which she and Lars studied and enjoyed. It seemed to clarify many questions which had troubled her for such a long time. Although disowned by their families, she and Lars joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on May 14, 1884. The missionary who baptized them was Thomas S. Lund from Ephraim, Utah.

Shortly after their baptism the missionaries were released. Bertha and Lars left their beloved Denmark with the missionaries, for Ephraim, Utah.

They suffered many trials and hardships. It was very difficult for them in a new land because they could not speak or understand the English language.

Bertha had always had a great desire to hear an Apostle of the Church speak. During her first year in Utah, Apostle Joseph F. Smith came to Ephraim to speak in the tabernacle. A Danish friend, Mrs. Jensen, urged Bertha to attend. She was hesitant as people often are when their great opportunity comes at last. Moreover, she did not know the language. Of course, she went.

As the Apostle arose, her wish seemed about to be fulfilled save that he would not be comprehensible to her. As his first words fell upon her ears, she was alone in a world in which there were no other persons. In the utter stillness and aloneness, an ecstasy ran through her and filled her so that there was room for nothing save this complete feeling.

One other person was in this heavenly solitude and that was the speaker glorified behind the pulpit. His language was simple, clear to her mind and his tones and pronunciation most musical.

Afterward, speaking in Danish, her friend asked, "How did you like it?"

"Beautiful. More beautiful than anything I have ever heard before—the message—and the language ... In Denmark even, they do not speak such beautiful Danish!"

The other paused and looked at her. "No," she said, "it was not Danish he spoke. It was English. There were some things he said that I did not know the words myself."

"It was changed for me then. God changed it into Danish for me."

Source: Personal recollection.

Testimony given by Bertha K. Anderson (age 89) to Dr. Otto C. Nielson in 1939.



*Bertha Katherine Jonasen Anderson, age 83, center figure, with fondly members, Antone, Bertha and Mary, daughter-in-law.  
(Courtesy, LuGene Nielson)*

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## EARLY HISTORY-BUSINESS-INDUSTRIES IN OUR TOWN

Jessie Oldroyd

Non-Professional Third Place Essay

In the beginning, a green, pretty valley nestled at the foot of the Sanpitch Mountains, and the majestic Mount Nebo to the north was just waiting and ready for new pioneer settlers. It was March, 1859.

Into this fertile valley came George Washington Johnson and his son, Amos Johnson, having been sent by the leaders of the LDS Church, to explore this valley for a settlement for the early pioneer people. There must have been sagebrush, trees, and other bushes, but to the west, green grass, green fields, fed by a fountain of clear, pure water—Fountain Green, they thought. What an appropriate name for this valley, soon to be a settlement, a home for the home-loving people.

The Johnsons' home, at this time, was in Santaquin, then called Summit Creek. Mr. Johnson was born in the state of New York. He later moved to Nauvoo where he was caretaker of the Temple. His travels and experiences were varied, so that when he came to the Utah area, he was well equipped to start new settlements and to be aware of the Indians and dangerous situations at that time.

In July 1859, Mr. Johnson and his son again returned to this valley, at that time, Uintah Springs. They secured the help of Albert Pettie, surveyor from Manti, and a plat for the town was chained, and the name, christened Fountain Green.

In August Mr. Johnson, with his family, returned to the town site and built the first log cabin. It was located on the corner of the present Irvin P. Oldroyd home.

More settlers came, the little town grew, and in May 1862, Fountain Green was organized as a ward with Robert L. Johnson as Bishop, a position he held for twenty-one years. His wife, Polly Ann Johnson, was the Relief Society President for about thirty years. Bless her!

These early settlers, like those of other early settlements, brought with them from their homelands skills, abilities, talents, and building ideas for their new homes. They used these talents and abilities, with their personal characteristics, ambition, desires and ideals to build a safe place to live, to grow, to develop and to succeed. A city where other fine people would like to live . . . thus a growing, thriving community. It is said, "Necessity is the Mother of Inventions!" How true! For as the city population grew, many things were needed:

more homes to be built, church buildings, school, place for entertainment, food to be raised, clothing to be made. All these things were brought about by these industrious people . . . with talents of helpfulness, cooperation, loyalty, desire to improve . . . thus, industries and businesses thrived as did the people.

Soon there were sawmills, flour mills, store, brick-making, dairies, yes, and hotels . . . many people going through needed a place to stay overnight, and meals. Whatever was needed was begun, and done well.

**SHEEP INDUSTRY:** One of the earliest industries was that of sheep and wool . . . naturally needed for food and clothing as well as a livelihood. The sheep industry in Utah was started from the small bands of sheep brought across the plains by the early pioneers, and gave both the men, women and even children opportunity to work and to do their best. Sheep had to be shorn of their wool. Women washed, carded and spun the wool . . . many activities to be engaged in.

One of the first to raise sheep here in this new community was Anders Jensen Aagard, known as Andrew James Aagard, born January 15, 1844, in Denmark. When he was 16, the family joined the Church and came to Utah in 1860, and in 1863, to Fountain Green. Mr. Aagard married Anne (Ane) Jensen who was also born in Denmark.



*Andrew James Aagard &  
Anne Jensen Aagard  
(Courtesy, Jessie Oldroyd)*

Mr. Aagard began his work as a farmer, and in 1880, he, along with James Yorgason, started in the sheep industry. Mr. Aagard started the business by trading his watch for one black ewe. The ewe had twins nearly every year. Soon, other men became involved in the sheep and wool industry, and how it did grow.

In the early years herders were usually paid about \$10.00 to \$20.00 per month, and their supplies consisted of molasses, bacon, sourdough bread, and mutton . . . their food. Wool was about 61/2 cents a pound.

Flocks increased and soon a Co-op herd was organized. Names of the big sheepmen in town included the Aagards, Cooks, Jacobsons, Jacksons, Jensens, Neilsons, Oldroyds, Olsens, Livingstons, and others.

The city also grew. Beautiful homes were built, several stores, a big school house, an opera house, amusement center, and people continued to be cooperative as they became more prosperous.

During this time, many other industries were built up. With farming, the equipment needed, as well as many other needs, created the need for blacksmiths. Horses had to be shod, and wagons and all farm equipment had to be built and kept in repair. Spring and fall were very busy times for the sheepmen and farmers. The blacksmith shops were busy, and the blacksmiths, skilled in their work. Children and adults liked to linger at the doorways to watch the smithy at his work.

The poet Longfellow paid tribute to these workers and the lessons they taught. His poem was often read and often memorized by the children. A few of the lines are:

#### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under the spreading chestnut tree, the village smithy stands,  
The smith, a mighty man is he, with large and sinewy hands.  
Week in, week out, from morn till night, you can hear his bellows blow.  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge, with measured beat and slow.  
Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, on through life he goes.

In Fountain Green, the first Blacksmith shop remembered was the Sam Samuels Shop, about 180 West Center Street. His home was where the Perry-Carolyn Christensen home is now, and his shop just east of his home. One granddaughter lives in Fountain Green, Ella Samuels Cloward. The shop was a most active place, and Mr. Samuels was interesting to watch. His shop was operated from about 1890-1920.

Two smaller shops were believed in operation a period later: the Bert Hansen's, in the south west part of town, near the Wiley Lane, in operation about 1920-30; and the Jacobson Shop, of which little is known, but thought to be located near 300 South 100 West.

The latest and best-known blacksmith shop was the Peter Clinton Oldroyd shop, on Main Street, south of the Despain home. The shop was built about 1910 and served the public until 1934. It was built by the father, Peter Oldroyd, for Clint just after his marriage to Sarah Agnes Draper. This couple now have two living children, Mable Walker, and Loujean Anderson. One son, Lowell, and one daughter, Ilene, are deceased, as are the parents.

Booth Cook made this statement: "Clint was an expert blacksmith, and kept very busy helping farmers and sheepmen with their equipment, keeping all in prime condition, as well as providing many jobs for adults and children alike, who were in need of that kind of help. He could repair all kinds of machinery, and invent some odds and ends of smaller equipment."

**THE SAWMILL AND FLOURMILL:** About 1865, Bernard Snow built the first sawmill, and in 1867, the first flourmill. This mill was burned down in 1871, and about 1890 a new mill was built. Those involved in the new mill were A.J. Aagard, Lewis Anderson, Ole Sorensen, James Yorgason, and others.

For many years, the flour was shipped to many markets throughout Utah . . . considered the best flour, so it was a profitable business.

Niels Hansen, known as "MILLER HANSEN" due to his work, bought the Fountain Green mill in 1904 and ran it until 1918, when he was sixty years of age. He sold the mill and went to work for the D and RGW Railroad as a station watchman and express agent. He was also a coal dealer.

Mr. Hansen was born in Enslev Koldt, Denmark in 1858 and came to Utah July 5, 1880. At the present time he has three grandchildren living in Fountain Green: Hyrum Dee Hansen, Beth Anderson, and Rachel Syme.

**HOTELS:** Hotels and meals were much needed at this time, and Fountain Green supported three hotels, all of which are standing today.

**THE PIONEER HOTEL** was built by Bishop Robert L. Johnson and his wife, Polly Ann Johnson, in 1862. Today it is the home of the late Urban S. Madsen Family, located at 100 West 300 North.

Across from this hotel was the Bishop's Storehouse the home of the late Lynn and Ida Oldroyd.

The second hotel was the **SOREN AND CAROLINE LOFT CHRISTIANSEN HOTEL**. Mr. Christiansen was born December 26, 1830, and died in Fountain Green March 18, 1922, at the age of 91. His wife was born in 1836 and died in 1899. Both were born in Denmark. The home was later owned by their son, Bishop Christian John Christiansen, and then by Joseph R. and Hilda Christiansen. It is now owned by Ralph Green and wife Idonna. It is located at 88 South 100 West.

The third hotel, **THE FOUNTAIN GREEN HOTEL**, was built in 1905-1907 by Carl and Christina Jacobson Anderson. Later it was owned by their daughter, Alverda A Llewellyn, and now by Shirley L. Moss, as family homes, not a hotel.

There were many other businesses: the Livery Stable, Ice House, Confectionery, horses; all were owned and operated by Hyrum and his wife, Ada Carter Anderson. The Anderson's son, Raymond, gives the following information: "Father owned and operated an ice house, so necessary in those days. I have his big ice saw,



eight feet long, used to cut ice at the Cedar Hill Pond. They also had thirty horses, cutters for fun winter rides, and surreys . . . 'Surrey with the Fringe on Top!' They had a store, meat market and the popular Confectionery."

Remember the Confectionery, you folks? Such a popular place on Sundays, after dances and picture shows. Ice cream cones, 5 cents; banana splits—big ones, twenty-five cents; strawberry soda water, five cents for a bottle or a glass. Of course, all the other goodies, too.

Meet Eliza Maria Bischoff Anderson, owner and operator of several successful businesses. She accomplished many things in her lifetime, finished school. She taught school, married John Anderson in 1888, and they started their own businesses: a post office in their home for sixteen years; a grocery store; a hotel for four years; and a furniture store. She was active in the ward organizations and choir. Much of the work she had to do herself, for her husband died at an early age, thirty-three.

Mrs. Anderson was born in Big Cottonwood, Utah, in 1867. She died in 1923.

THE BRICKYARD: The natural clay deposits of this area made it possible to produce a brick superior to any other found in the state at that time. The bricks were used here, and many carloads were shipped to the Eastern States each year.

The man to thank for this industry is John Green, grandfather of Reed Green of Fountain Green. John Green was born in England in 1835 and immigrated to America in 1854 and to Fountain Green in 1859. Here he had his own yard, fine clay, and lime kiln. Some of his bricks are still standing in homes, and particularly in sheds about town. He died here in 1917.

CARPENTER: A skilled and talented carpenter was Andrew Peter Anderson, grandfather of our Avis Anderson. He was born in Sweden in August 12, 1860. He married Selma Charlotte Anderson, also born in Sweden. In 1887, they, with their two daughters, came to America. He was a carpenter, builder, and the city sexton for many years. He had a large lumberyard and was an expert at making coffins.

Avis remembers her grandfather, and how she loved to climb on his big piles of lumber. She also well remembers his little black purse, and how he would take it from his pocket and give her a nickel. She felt rich. The home still stands, down the lane about 10 West and 450 South. It is now owned by the three sons of granddaughter Elaine Fahrni, and is used as a summer home for their families.

There were many other industries to learn about: the dairies, garage, service station, and the stores. All important, all doing so well. However, our time is short, so, till later, we've learned much about the early history of our town and its wonderful people. The learning helps us to appreciate our city, and its choice people. We owe them much for all they did that we now enjoy.

**Sources: THESE OUR FATHERS**

**Interview with relatives and citizens in town.**

**My own Fountain Green History**

**The Mary Aagard sheep history.**

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## **SAYING GOOD-BY AT THE NURSING HOME**

Camille Olsen Lindsay

Professional First Place Personal Recollection

The whole of it took, two hours, the transfer, I mean, from hospital to nursing home. And then it was done. You sat stoically in the back seat of the car looking at familiar sights and not comprehending any of them. At one point you even closed your eyes and fell asleep. The turn-off to Spring City, where we trailed

the sheep in the spring down to the pastures above Johnny Armstrong's farm, we passed without comment. Then we went by the junction going to Moroni. We stopped to let a herd of cows cross the road to new pasture and you watched with attention as a man rode a horse in front of the car. I wondered what your mind's eye might have been discerning. As we passed the dirt road that went east to the old ram barn, I thought I saw a glimpse of recognition. The yards have been torn down and nothing remains of former use, only the road going up.

Ephraim came into view as we travelled the slight curve. Men were putting up a new sign: "Welcome to Ephraim — New Industrial Space Available." And then the cemetery. Your head never turned to view your mate's resting spot and the headstone, your name engraved without death date. Your eyes were closed as we went by home and started toward Manti. The white oolite Temple stood out in front of the November brown grasses and sagebrush on the hills. We went through Manti and toward the Gunnison Valley where about a half century and a quarter ago you rode with your family to Ephraim from Fayette in a wagon. The Nine Mile Reservoir was low on water, but there was not the usual comment from you about how dry the year was and how hard it would have been on the sheep this year. You only looked at everything and nothing.



*LaVon B. Olsen and daughter, Camille.*

Mayfield is a small, insignificant, almost forgotten community with gas stop and grocery store. The school, long consolidated with the nearby town, was around two bends in the road. Newly painted, this structure renovated into nursing home was our destination, and your final earthly home. Your eyes did not recognize the familiar structure, and the only emotion you showed was the fright of falling as we lifted you from the car to wheelchair. The bumps produced by cracks in the sidewalk clacked as we wheeled you into the nursing home. Still there was no comprehension in your eyes and you seemed calm and resigned in the wheelchair, yet there was an air of dignity about you. The big screen television caught your interest.

After papers were signed and a quick tour of facility given, the time for good-bye came:

"Mom, are you alright?"

"Yes."

"You are going to stay here. Is that okay?"

"Yes, if you say so."

"You need some special care now, and these people can give you that care."

Your dark, brown eyes caught mine and I bent down to kiss you on the forehead.

"I love you, Mom."

"And I love you."

Your whisper came back, as your gnarled hand was placed on my cheek. I had felt your hand so many times before: when I was sick with rheumatic fever, as I said good-bye to go on a mission to France, and when I left for Idaho and a new life with my husband. I looked in your eyes again, those deep-set, brown, understanding eyes, and I understood all the wisdom and learning of your years. For a small moment you recognized the exchange.

I turned to leave you; eyes filled with tears; the warm sensation of your hand still radiated on my cheek.

It was only two hours and then it was done.

## CYCLING FEELINGS

Wilbur T. Braithwaite

Professional Second Place Personal Recollection

Today is May 16, 1989. My memory of a certain morning in June, 1945, has not diminished with the passage of nearly forty five years.

My bedroom was located on the northeast corner of our home. Often early rays of sunshine focused through the east windowpane, slowly waking me up with their warmth and light. As a boy of nine or ten, many years before that morning in 1945, I remember being aroused in such a fashion (also during the month of June) to a beautiful sight. An apricot tree full of white blossoms and singing robins attracted my attention. The scene had a special quality only living art can possess. My mind, as well as physical body, awoke in awe to the mystery of life, its balance, the predictability of a sunrise or change of seasons, the obvious structure of the world. Silent questions engulfed me: "Am I experiencing reality or only dreaming in a semi-conscious state? Who am I? What is the purpose of all life, not just mine?" — Answers came swiftly and naturally from a child-like faith: "Life is eternal, just as the seasons come in unending cycles bringing blossoms on apricot trees, filled with robins returning to their summer home. A Higher Intelligence created this fascinating, incomprehensible universe, and all of life is part of His master plan. In essence, we are children of God."

Ten or so years later while at home on a convalescent furlough from the U. S. Army, my deep sleep was broken again, not by the gentle warmth of the morning light or the singing of robins, but by a cry of pain, or more accurately a wail of sorrow, from my mother's walls. Instinctively, I knew what had happened. A messenger had knocked at the door and had handed her a telegram reading: "I regret to inform you that your son Burke has been killed in action."

Although mother lived for several years thereafter, some say she died not from a chronic rheumatic heart condition, but from a broken heart. Be that as it may, she carried on, showing a greater measure of love for her husband, children, grandchildren, relatives and friends. Yet all of us saw a new sadness in her eyes from that morning on.

Not only did the crash of a B-24 (Liberator) bomber into the Pacific Ocean off the Island of Samar near the Philippines leave a wreckage of crushed wings, fuselage, gun turrets and tail parts, but also strewn in wake were dashed hopes, aspirations and dreams for most of the men who manned the plane.

A son who is gentle, considerate and brave fills a mother's heart with appreciation and grateful pride. His letters were optimistic, filled with humor and the joy of being alive, despite living in a world gone berserk and fraught with constant danger.

A happier post-war era had awaited him with its opportunities to explore many possible professions, a chance to expand his already multiple talents, to enter into marriage, and to fulfill his great promise of leadership and service.

Such thoughts brought feelings of remorse to me on that shock-filled day in June. Shortly after, when personal effects came home in a U. S. Air Force packing crate, my eyes did not really want to read the letters of commendation from his commanding officer, or the citation from General of the Air Force, "Hap" Arnold. My hands did not want to touch the Purple Heart, or look at his tropic-weathered personal wallet. I reluctantly opened a gift from a concert-goer in Sioux Fall, South Dakota. Burke had been a featured piano soloist with the South Dakota Symphony Orchestra while stationed there as an Air Force instructor before he volunteered for combat duty. A card read: "To fan the flame of genius."

Now today, after nearly forty-five years, the mental wall protecting my once fragile psyche has eroded away with the passage of time. As I feel the Purple Heart, read old letters and citations, earlier pain has been replaced by strength and faith. Feelings experienced as a boy peering out of a bedroom window at a blossomed apricot tree are reinforced from a lifetime of experience as being based upon truth. His 6' 1" slender frame, brown, curly hair, happy eyes and lasting smile were only the earthly home of an eternal spirit. A body that flew through cloud formations over the Pacific Ocean in WWII was coupled with a soul now progressing through an unknown sky somewhere beyond what many call the "veil." The strains of music that flowed so beautifully from his supple, strong fingers, have lasting, ethereal quality; the hands moving across the keyboard were surely meant to play another day at another place.

In a letter home, Burke once quoted the author A.J. Cronin, who said in *The Keys to the Kingdom*:

"There is an inescapable feeling of belonging to God that strikes at me through the darkness. The deep conviction under the arranged, measured, implacable movement of the universe that man does not emerge from or vanish into nothing."

Now at last I know more fully the meaning of those comforting words.

Seasons cycle like a ring,  
Endless fall, eternal spring.  
Summers come and winters go,  
Blazing sun melts crystal snow.

Earth's own patterns plainly tell,  
Feelings that the heart knows well.  
Childhood trust returns again,  
Humbling the minds of men.



**Burke Braithwaite-standing 2nd row from right. with crew of B-24 "Liberator," during W.W.II. Killed-in-action June 18, 1945. in the Southwest Pacific Theatre of Operations.  
(Courtesy, Wilbure Braithwaite)**

## AN EPHRAIM HOME

Linnie Findlay

Professional Third Place Personal Recollection

As I walked past the handsome old rock home on 1st East and Center Street in Ephraim, some memories stirred of the folks who owned that home when we first came to live in Ephraim more than forty years ago. I thought about the home, and the people who lived there, and how, in a sense, this home represents to me much that is good and permanent in Ephraim.

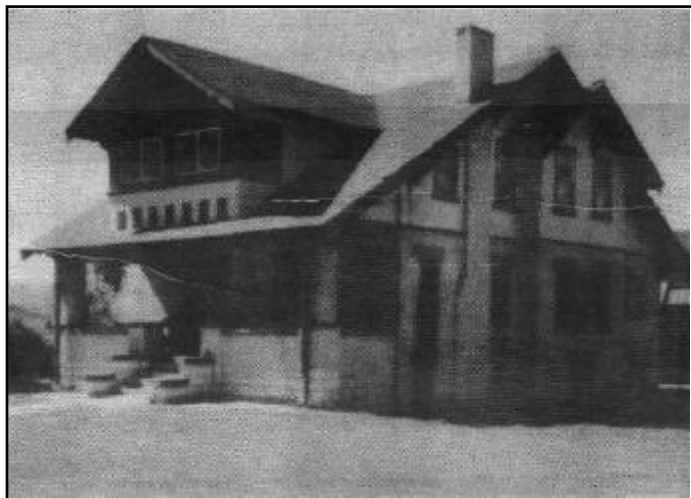
A new roof over a front gable, which became necessary when a strong wind blew an old tree over that part of the house, blends with the rest of the structure. Crumbling cement steps and walks have been replaced by solid cement, and it looks like the home has been well cared for. We are told that a new heating system is needed, and probably new electrical wiring and plumbing. But if these needs were taken care of, the home would again be useful and continue to add its stately permanence to one of Ephraim's principal streets.

When we came to Ephraim, we rented a basement home from J.N. Hansen, who lived in that home. J.N. Hansen was a retired merchant and had apparently been successful, both financially and in his dealing with people. He was well respected by his associate, and we came to understand part of the reason why.

The basement we rented from him was cool when it was hot outside and stayed warm when early fall Sanpete nights grew cool. A beginning teacher's salary in Ephraim in 1950 was \$200 per month. We saved a little, paid \$35.00 for a month's rent, made modest church donations and the balance went for living expenses for my teacher husband, myself, and our three small children.

We knew it would be necessary to store food for winter, so we used all of the money we could spare for fruit, vegetables and canning equipment. Cooking, baking and canning with the electric stove provided some warmth in our home, but as the days began to be cooler, we talked of our need for fuel for cold months ahead. So far we were quite comfortable.

It was probably early October when J.N. Hansen came to visit us. The house was cool. Mr. Hansen inquired about our situation and told us where we could go to buy coal. My husband left for school, and I took the children outside to be warm in the fall sunshine.



***J.N. Hansen Home.  
(Courtesy, Kathy Olsen)***

Later that afternoon, Mr. Hansen came again. This time he pulled a little red wagon loaded with chunks of coal. We were able to build a fire in our little heater, which warmed us, but we were warmed more by his gentle caring. His was a gentleness and caring that symbolized what Ephraim has come to mean to us, as we have found that same spirit in abundance among the descendants of the pioneer settlers who still live here.

The house has changed hands many times since Mr. Hansen and his wife have died. Sometimes it has been a house for a family. Sometimes it has been a dormitory or fraternity house for students. It seems right that it is a place where people live.

Rumor says that home will be removed. It is sad to think another reminder of the quality of life enjoyed

here will be demolished. Especially in a town like Ephraim, where the pioneer heritage is recognized and where annual celebrations honor the Pioneers who left that heritage.

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## **YEARNING FOR YESTERDAY**

Mary Kathryn Leeding

Professional Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

Having grown up in what we poignantly refer to as "the days of innocence and simple pleasures" in Sanpete County, my friends and I relish reflecting on those days. Now in our more mature years, we have lived diverse lives in our areas. Yet, when we are together, our conversation invariably turns to the lives we shared when young. Some of us played together as preschool children; at the latest, we met in kindergarten and enjoyed friendships throughout thirteen years of school.

There were, between 1984 and 1990, seven of us living in the general Salt Lake area. We formed a club, "The Mt. Pleasant Belles," and met monthly for lunch at restaurants of our choice. We paired up for concerts, plays, lectures and other events of interest. At the time we graduated from North Sanpete High School, we sang with the high school chorus, "When You Come to the End of a Perfect Day," and unsuccessfully tried to hold back the tears because we knew life would never again be the same for us. That summer a few of us went away to work, and in the fall we embarked on our freshman year of college. Four entered Snow College, two enrolled at Brigham Young University, and one at Utah State University.

By the time we were halfway through our sophomore year the United States entered World War II. We married our boyfriends, and those in the military moved to far-flung military bases. At war's end we accompanied our husbands while they completed college degrees and later settled in the cities where they found employment. We kept in touch but met only occasionally when our paths crossed during visits to our families, and then what happy reunions we knew! Some successfully juggled dual roles of raising families and careers, while others were full-time wives and mothers.

In later life, with changes confronting us, such as retirement or the death of a spouse, those of us who had lived away from Utah migrated homeward to be near relatives and friends. First one and then another returned, so that in 1984, the original seven were together again. Although most of our parents were deceased, our connection to our home town remained a strong force and we returned for special events such as Pioneer Day, Memorial Day, and sometimes came back simply because we were lonesome for it. We drove to North Sanpete High School and stopped for awhile to remember our teachers, favorite subjects, school clubs, assemblies, afternoon student body dances, and the wonderful proms, senior balls and sports events. We relived our excitement, which was amply rewarded, when Spring City students joined us in our sophomore year and Fairview students as juniors. Driving farther on, we were impressed with the new high school. We speculated as to what it would be like to be students there today. We drove around town, reminisced about former residents and recalled events those memories inspired. On one such visit, we called on Seymour Jensen, who had been our teacher and, later, principal of the high school. Memories spilled over one another. Parked across the street from our childhood homes, we observed changes made by the new owners and wondered about the present occupants. We were alert to city improvements and signs of new construction, and sighed when familiar landmarks were gone. Young men from Moroni, Ephraim, Manti, and Nephi were our beaux, too, and we remembered them and the good times we shared as we drove through those towns.

Days of innocence: What does that mean? To us, it means that times have changed. Modern technology ~ television with satellite transmission, the ease of air travel, computer science, "the age of information," as it is sometimes referred to — has advanced with dramatic strides. On the other hand, through the miracle of the media, distressing accounts alarm us that the moral fiber of the nation, and perhaps the world, is regressing. It is crystal clear that humanity is suffering for it. With us, it poses a bittersweet paradox: while we acknowledge and appreciatively enjoy the benefits derived from scientific and technological advances, we are, at the same time, longing for the moral fiber that characterized yesterday. During our youth, cheating on school exams and homework assignments were rare occurrences. When it did occur, teachers and school administrators wisely counseled the students and took necessary disciplinary action. Compared to the present, there were few cases of fraud, embezzlement, and other crimes in the national business community. Crimes of violence were rare. We remember that without fear we left our doors unlocked, even overnight. We walked anywhere in town, day or night, without fear for our safety. If we lost a possession, it was usually returned. We trusted local merchants and vendors who came to our doors to offer quality and an honest price. People were willing to help one another. There was support in the community.

As we became teenagers and began dating, modesty in dress, speech and deportment was the norm. Being moral was definitely "in." Parents taught that if girls hoped for young men's respect, we had to earn it. Boys expected to protect and respect girls. It created a wonderful sense of freedom! A mesmerizing fact that our parents conveyed to us early in life was that consequences resulted from choices. Free agency applied to making choices; consequences followed, depending upon the choice. This provided a grounding in reality we did not forget.

It would be unrealistic to imply that we grew up in a Utopia. But it is obvious that life was more gentle and standards of integrity were honored, as opposed to being questioned, weakened or cast aside as prudish or only as crutches for the weak.



*Leona Squires, Christeen Squires*  
(Courtesy, Vonda Merriam, Lillian Fox)

Simple pleasures: What are they? As children we climbed trees and played in tree houses. In summer, we sailed cucumber boats bearing hollyhock dolls down the irrigation streams. We waded in irrigation ditches and swam in City Creek. On balmy evenings we played outdoor games under the street lights, such as Kick the Can, Follow the Leader, and Run Sheep Run. When we became teenagers, we created most of our good times by having taffy pulls, popping corn, playing games and going to Saturday matinees.

Many families picnicked at the power plant or in the meadows west of town. Our family's favorite spot was in the shade of a large hawberry tree whose branches formed a canopy overhead. While a watermelon chilled in an icy brook, my father cooked dinner in a large iron skillet over a campfire. Mother and my older sisters, who had baked rolls and cake, relaxed in the shade. I alternately ran and strolled down the country lane, feeling the warm, loamy soil ease between my toes. The aroma of wild roses that draped their lush foliage over the fences filled the air with a sweet, intoxicating perfume.

As a woman, the first oil painting I purchased was one of those wild roses. It hangs in my bedroom and takes me back in time to the feel

of sun-warmed earth, the fragile beauty and scent of the roses, and the sounds of family laughter drifting across the sunset meadows.

It is true that our world was smaller in those days. Travel was somewhat limited. There was no television. Radios came into being during our youth and afforded entertainment and news broadcasts, but without viewing events as they happen or within hours, they seemed a world away. Our lives were less complex. Often, on summer evenings, families relaxed on their front porches and invited neighbors who were out for a stroll to linger and visit. Popular family vacations were camping trips in nearby mountains. Men and boys fished, women and girls hiked, gathered wild flowers and rapturously gazed at breathtaking scenery and wildlife. Over an evening campfire, we toasted marshmallows, told stories, studied the night stars and basked in family togetherness.

Members of our group visited or lived in some of the country's largest cities, interacted professionally and socially with very sophisticated individuals, and learned foreign languages and cultures. Some became entrepreneurs with their husbands, creating successful businesses. We feel a lively sense of gratitude that our early training provided a strong, sure foundation which enriched our lives and gave them purpose wherever we were. We like to think that perhaps we brought to those complex environments a refreshing sense of personal freedom, our love of nature and family values. We also like to hope that the home that first introduced us in our youth to the joys of prudent living and simple pleasures has retained its integrity and beauty and that our yearning for yesterday has a basis in present reality.

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## BONDING

Camille Olsen Lindsay  
Professional First Place Poetry

I've seen the ewe  
return for miles  
to find the  
lamb  
in the last place  
she saw it.  
And the lamb stayed.  
Sometimes in quiet  
I return for miles  
through my mind  
to associate with past

notable experiences,  
going back  
to explore feeling  
and happening.  
In memory I find  
a warm touch,  
enveloping arms,  
and heartening laughter  
in the last place  
I saw it.  
And I stay.





## **SILVER SUNSET**

Eleanor P. Madsen

Professional Second Place Poetry

It was only a dream those years ago,  
But what a joy to watch it grow  
From a few small creative pages,  
Now a treasure for the ages.

A dream, as we worked through the night  
Folding, stapling, doing it just right.  
Pondering, writing, wondering a bit  
How to make the words and pages fit.

How to judge, what printer choose?  
Who would win and who would lose?  
The days and years rolled into one.  
Where keep the books as they were done?

Who would help at the County Fair  
As people looked for the Saga there?  
Who would give service in every town  
To see that books were placed around?

Somehow the answers all came out fine.  
Stories, essays, written line by line  
By those anxious to preserve the past,  
Truths remembered, that would last.

The dream became a great reality  
With a message for everyone to see,  
As the book traveled over many lands  
Each year with more and more demands.

Saga of the Sanpitch, we salute you.  
Within your precious pages, it is true,  
Are many memories of yesterdays gone by  
A dream realized, silver sunset in the sky.

## **SANPETE SYMPHONY**

Linnie Findlay

Professional Third Place Poetry

What were the symphonies they'd bring,  
Those humble folk, who worked to break the sod?  
No flute, or reed, or bow, or quivering string,  
They bowed in supplication to their God.

Their gnarled and work-worn hands, calloused  
To supply their need, had known a gentler time.  
Friends, family, homes of grace and polished  
Furniture, and ease, were left behind.

But still they sang, they lifted high  
Their voices to the Lord in prayer and praise,  
And felt a sweet assurance in their lives,  
When fear and lonely sorrow filled their days.

Strong, gentle mirth, the stories, oft retold,  
Relieved the sameness of their daily toil.  
And lined and sunburned faces, young, yet old,  
Acknowledged harvest from the stubborn soil.

Truth pours down the ever-widening years,  
To honor lives well-lived in care and tender love.  
The melody they followed through their tears,  
Was harmony of courage, wisdom from above.



*Church group at George Bench Hotel, 1895.  
Back: L-R Paul J. Nielson, Mr. Hoggan, (Father of Mom Hoggan), Conrad Frischknecht, Sr.,  
Peter Westenskow, Jr., C.F. Carlson, Carad Stutzeneker, Andrew Mickelson.  
Also pictured: Mary C. Nielson, James M. Anderson, Minerva Munk, Bertha Carlson,  
Josephine Shears and Nettie Alder. On the front row is Henry Wintch, George Bench and  
88 Hyrum Denison. (Courtesy, Ruth Scow)*

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## THE MOUNTAIN STANDS

Wilbur T. Braithwaite

Professional Honorable Mention Poetry

The mountain stands aloof

calmly surveying the commotion in *the* fields,  
on the highways, and about the towns of the  
valley floor below.

The mountain is asleep

so soundly that even a lonesome coyote's call  
is heard from miles around, and the splash of a  
jumping rainbow trout sends out sound waves  
that are clearly audible across the length of a  
long alpine lake.

The mountain is alive

in late spring as heavy run-off from her stretching  
heights cascades along a narrow channel hurling  
jeep-size boulders off battered limestone walls.

The mountain is ablaze  
as maples, birch, oaks, and aspens parade their  
fashionable fall colors - reds, greens, browns,  
and yellows - against a backdrop of a purple slope  
and azure sky.

The mountain is alert  
to the movement of moisture-laden clouds, enticing  
them to her silver-white peaks for destruction and  
disintegration amid staccato bursts of lightning  
and the tremulous roar of raging thunder.

The mountain stands alone  
through the icy test of winter, the eternal promise  
of spring, the glories of summer, and the fulfillment  
of fall; cycling through the seasons of her life,  
changing constantly and yet, paradoxically, the  
epitome of constancy itself.

The mountain will attest  
to the natural simplicity, beauty, and goodness  
of life *as* perceived by a hiker ambling up a  
wildflower strewn ridge; or as felt by a rappeler  
perched on her highest pinnacle, thrilling to  
a flaming sunset filtered through a misty vapor  
screen.

The mountain can atone  
for human weaknesses born of too many days spent  
in man-made settings of asphalt streets, neon  
lights, high-rise buildings, and darting, honking,  
automobiles.

The mountain stands  
the haven for the soul.



*East mountains with Manti LDS Temple at left center.  
(Courtesy, Lucien Sown)*

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## **MISSED CUE**

Elaine Parry Murphy

Professional Honorable Mention Poetry

Carmen, so quiet, living in your own small space  
Which you so seldom shared.  
Your life ended a number of years ago  
Your eulogy was spoken to but a handful  
In the smallest room of the mortuary.  
At a public auction your possessions had been sold:  
    A large collection of books,  
    Your only "home-companions."  
    Hundreds of sets of salt and pepper shakers  
    Empty - as your life must have been.

I remember our last visit  
As I was attempting to learn from you  
The kind of gift those of us who worked with you  
    Should buy for you.  
Weak and worried as you were,  
You said, "Bath powder."  
I said, "What brand?"  
Your eyes glimmered momentarily and you said, "Emeraude."

"Emeraude," you repeated, "is my favorite."

Excusing myself, I went to the Pink Shop.  
Oh, how I wanted to cover your shoulders.  
A bed jacket and bath powder, too?  
Not enough money for a jacket and Emeraude.  
Instinctively I felt the need for warmth upon your shoulders.  
A bed jacket and cheaper bath powder I bought.  
When you opened the gifts I knew regret,  
The light went out of your eyes.  
You had revealed something of yourself to me  
I had neglected the essence of your cues.  
You should have had your Emeraude  
And my arms.

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### THE PATTERN

Sandy (Ockey) Christensen  
Professional Honorable Mention Poetry  
-Dedicated to Linora Lyons-

Her fingers were gnarled and knotted.  
Silver flash — Twisting, looping, knotting,  
Hooking marshmallow white petticoats and tiny lavender bloomers.

"Now for her hat!"  
Ten mischievous pink-cheeked faces peeked beneath green-edged  
bonnet brims and  
round red stocking caps. "Would you like to buy one for  
your girls?"

Nothing but lint.

"That's O.K., you can pay me later, I know where you live!"  
Rolling, dancing, pink popcorn laugh — Infinite faith and trust in  
brown puppy soft eyes.

He was her life.  
Chair back, feet up, snoozing, T.V. watching, T-shirt type of a guy--  
Sweetest man you ever met. Bottomless bag of dum-dums.  
God-fearing and morally straight,  
Together could conquer year after year of private trauma and

turmoil.

She had the biggest heart —  
and the weakest.  
His health was up and down, like his blood pressure.

Summer passed to fall and she became ill.  
Doctors, hospitals, surgery. She lay helpless but hopeful.  
Always cheerful, never complaining,  
fragile flower,  
aging, wilting. Unjustly gripped in pain.

The shadow of death crossed her humble door and took  
a child. A grandchild.

Unsatiated, October harvest, the Reaper returned and demanded  
all.

Gracefully, lovingly, she passed to immortality.  
Leaving him —

and us,  
A tangled skein of lavender memories, silver crochet hooks, and a  
home made,  
Hand made,  
pattern for dolls...  
...and for life.



*Ray and Linora Lyons  
(Courtesy, Joy Lyons)*

## CONNECTION

Camille Olsen Lindsay  
Professional First Place Anecdote

The cloth in the old wool suit must have been forty-seven years old and the last time it was worn was when my older brother Russell wore it to pass the sacrament in 1945. That was only the week before he had tragically and accidentally died in our old garage at the end of a knotted rope. Why had the old suit been kept all these years, first in the bottom of Mom's cedar chest and later in a basement closet? It was probably a made-over suit from Dad. Mom was always altering clothes for our family because that was the way it was done in those days when people were frugal and dirt poor. Most of them lived during the Depression, and remembered.

The suit re-appeared one Saturday evening on the body of my twelve year-old son who almost filled its form. Its double-breasted style was again coming into trend and it didn't look altogether old-fashioned. The pants were a little long on the bottom.

Grant asked, "Mom, can I wear this suit to church tomorrow. It almost fits and you promised me I could wear it when I could fill it."

"Well, you know that it is old and maybe out of style. The kids might make fun of you."

"I don't care, Mom," he said quietly. "It was Uncle Russell's."

"I'll have to take up the bottoms of the pants," I agreed.

So the needle and thread and wool pressing cloth were found and the old wool suit was altered one more time. It didn't take long, the alteration, and when it was finished, it fit well.

As my son slipped into the newly pressed suit, he said, "Oh, this is warm, Mom."

Then I knew why the old suit had been kept. It was to make the connection—the connection between the generations, and so another twelve-year-old boy could pass the sacrament.

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*The article written by Lillian Fox about names and name changes of towns in Sanpete County seems to fit the theme, "Silver Sunsets." Most names of existing towns in Sanpete County have been changed at least once. Some early towns, as well as mines, etc., have faded away. This article is considered to be of sufficient historical importance to be included in this issue.*

## NAMES OF SANPETE'S EARLY SETTLEMENTS

Lillian Fox  
Non-Judged

As we celebrate the 25th anniversary of our unique Saga of Sanpitch, it is interesting to recall the names of the early Sanpete settlements and find that many original names have faded away into the Silver Sunsets.

**Manti settled in 1849. (The Sanpitch, Sanpete Forts 1852, 1853, 1854).**

When Indian Chief Walkara appeared in Salt Lake and asked Brigham Young to send settlers to the Sanpitch, there were no other white communities in all the territory of central Utah. The Sanpitch was a large area, boundary lines indefinite. The new settlement became known simply as "The Sanpitch" home of Chief



Sanpitch and his followers. In 1850 Brigham Young named the new colony "Manti," a name found in the Book of Mormon and suggested by Isaac Morley. Brigham Young also changed the name "Sanpitch" to "Sanpete." Manti was a lone settlement for five years while forts were constructed for protection from the Indians. This area was then called "The Sanpete Forts."<sup>1</sup>

**Ephraim settled in 1854. (Pine Creek, Cottonwood Creek, Fort Ephraim, Little Denmark)**

In 1852 Isaac Behunin drove his covered wagon to a lonely spot on "Pine Creek" and began a Mormon town. Here he built a dugout and claimed forty acres of land where he spent the winter with his wife and nine children. Toward the close of 1853, he moved to the Manti Forts due to Indian troubles. In 1854 some of the settlers went north to "Cottonwood Creek" (formerly Pine Creek) and built houses. This fort was known as "Fort Ephraim." Many Danes joined with them and the place was often called "Little Denmark." In due time the name "Ephraim" was adopted, a Biblical name.<sup>2</sup>

**Manasseh**

"There was an Ephraim, so there was also Manasseh." In the day of naming, "Manasseh" was a land of grease wood and shadscales, skirting the foot hills, across the Sanpitch and west of Ephraim. A few families living there were self-supporting. In the Bible, "Manasseh" was a son of Joseph, tribe of Israel.<sup>3</sup>

**Spring City settled in 1859. (Canal Creek, Allred Settlement, Little Copenhagen, Spring Town.)**

In 1852 Brigham Young asked James Allred to take sons and their families and settle the area known as "Canal Creek." In time this became known as the "Allred Settlement." Then forty families of Danish converts were sent to join the Allred Settlement and the name to "Little Copenhagen." This name proved inappropriate, so it was changed to "Spring Town" because of a spring that flowed in the line of traffic. Due to Indian troubles, the settlement was abandoned and the people moved to Fort Manti for protection, hi 1859 many of them moved back to reestablish the colony and the name of "Spring City" became official.<sup>4</sup>

**Mount Pleasant settled in 1859. (Hambleton, Pleasant Creek.)**

In 1859 many Danish immigrants who had come to Fort Ephraim, decided that "Pleasant Creek" was a suitable location for a new colony. They presented Brigham Young with a petition signed by sixty Sanpete men, and Brigham Young consented, providing they would build a fort and live in it. The new colony was named after Madison D. Hambleton but later changed to "Pleasant Creek" and then to "Mount Pleasant."<sup>5</sup>

**Fairview settled in 1859. (North Bend).**

The tract of land six miles north of Mountain Pleasant and below the mouth of Cottonwood Canyon was settled on request of Warren P. Brady and John Cox with permission from Brigham Young. James N. Jones was chosen to lead the company. The townsite of "North Bend" changed its name to "Fairview" in 1864.<sup>6</sup>

**Milburn settled in 1875. (Dry Creek, Herd House).**

Milburn is situated six miles north of Fairview (elevation 6400 ft.) and at the far north end of Sanpete. Due to lack of water it was known as "Dry Creek." For a number of years it was used as a herd ground for the people of Fairview and was known as "Herd House." In 1875 Richard Graham took up the first homestead and named the area Milburn.<sup>7</sup>

**Indianola settled in 1873. (Thistle Valley, Indian Hollow).**

Located in the northern end of Sanpete County, this was the home of a tribe of Ute Indians and called "Indian Hollow" by the settlers. Early colonists of Fairview and Mt. Pleasant used the valley for summer pasture and livestock and called it "Thistle Valley." Later the name was changed to "Indianola" to recognize the Indians.<sup>8</sup>

### **Mountainville settled in 1886.**

"Mountainville" was located on the north end of Sanpete County and on the west slope of the mountain range. Caratat Roe was one of the first settlers. Farm lands were acquired under the Homestead Act, and water rights incorporated under direction of Apostle Orson Hyde. The school closed in 1920 and children were transported to Mt. Pleasant by a bobsleigh.<sup>9</sup>

### **Fountain Green settled in 1859. (Uinta Springs).**

"Fountain Green," located 28 miles north of Manti, was a favorite camping grounds for travelers going to Salt Lake from Manti and was then known as "Uinta Springs." Clear springs of water flowed eastward from the west hills. George W. Johnson was called from Santaquin to start a colony known as "Fountain Green."<sup>10</sup>

### **Moroni settled in 1859. (Sanpitch, Mego, Little Rome, Duck Springs).**

In 1859 a party from Nephi led by George Washington Bradley, selected this location for a colony in the lowlands along the Sanpitch River. Originally, it was called "Sanpitch," for the local Chief of the Utes, then called "Mego" after another Indian. Later the place was called "Duck Springs" because of so many lowland springs. When homes were built on the seven hills people called it "Little Rome." The name of "Moroni" finally became official, derived from the Book of Mormon.<sup>11</sup>

### **Chester settled in 1877. (The Bottoms, Chesterfield).**

This small fanning community between Ephraim and Moroni was once known as "The Bottoms" because it is a green bottomland meadow. David Candland named it "Chesterfield" after his home in England. The U.S. Post Office shortened the name to "Chester" in 1877.<sup>12</sup>

### **Wales settled in 1859 (Coalbed)**

This community, located south of Moroni by John E. Rees, was named after the Ute, Tabinaw, who showed him a vein of black stone and said, "Heap burn." Rees recognized it as a coal vein. In 1859 fifteen Welsh families settled there to dig coal. In 1866 Chief Blackhawk drove them out but, they returned later to continue digging. They changed the name from "Coalbed" to "Wales" after their homeland. In time they found farming to be more profitable.<sup>13</sup>

### **Pettyville settled in 1873.**

"Pettyville," located two miles west of Sterling was settled by George Petty and fifteen families. The land was owned by the Indians and the group had only "Squatters' Rights." Homes were constructed of slate rock from nearby mountains. A road now goes through an old cemetery. In 1881 the people moved to Sterling.<sup>14</sup>

### **Sterling settled in 1872. (Six Mile Creek).**

William D. Funk and Daniel B. Funk were the first white men to locate land claims in Sterling. They moved their families there from Manti, six miles away, and called the place "Six Mile Creek." Later the name was changed to Sterling because of the sterling qualities of the people.<sup>15</sup>

### **Gunnison settled in 1859. (Hog Wallow, Kearns Point, Chalk Point.)**

A party led by Jacob Hutchinson settled the area they called "Chalk Point," and then "Kearns Point" just west of the present town of "Gunnison." It was later called "Hog Wallow," due to the watery, soft ground. The name used today is in honor of Captain J.W. Gunnison, who lost his life with six of his men in 1853 when attacked by a band of Piutes.<sup>16</sup>

### **Fayette settled in 1860. (Warm Creek)**

Six miles northwest of Gunnison on Highway 28 lies "Fayette," first known as "Warm Creek" because of the warm spring one mile to the east. In 1860 the name was changed to Fayette, honoring the town in New York where the LDS Church was first organized.<sup>17</sup>

### **Centerfield settled in 1877. (Skin Town)**

Gunnison was settled—but looking south across the Sanpitch River, a wide expanse of unclaimed valley came to view. Finally water was brought to this area and a community gradually developed. It was known as "Skin Town" until later named "Centerfield" because of its central location.<sup>18</sup>

### **Mayfield settled in 1873. (Aaropeen, Arrapine)**

When Manti was established, the distance southward was measured off and designated as Six-mile, Nine-Mile and Twelve-Mile. Here at the mouth of scenic, celebrated Twelve-Mile Canyon the little community of "Mayfield" was established, named after the natural beauty of fields of flowers in the month of May. Until this time the area was an Indian Farm Reservation known as "Aaropeen," or "Arrapine Valley."<sup>19</sup>

### **Dover settled in 1875.**

Over the hills north of Gunnison, and around the "Point" on Highway 28, the horizon assumes an interesting oval shape. West of the Sevier River the landscape is dotted with farms showing where the community of "Dover" once existed.<sup>20</sup>

### **Clarion settled in 1911.**

Located west of Centerfield, this settlement was an effort by urban Jews, but failed by 1917 through the lack of water and agricultural skills. The word "Clarion" denotes the call of a trumpet, or any sound resembling it.<sup>21</sup>

### **Axtell settled in 1874. (Willowcreek)**

A small community on Highway 89, midway between Gunnison and Salina and just north of the boundary line between Sanpete and Sevier Counties, is "Axtell," settled by farmers from Gunnison. First known as "Willowcreek" it was later named after Axel Einerson, an early settler.<sup>22</sup>

### **Christenburg settled in 1891.**

An early statement of water claims in relation to land reads, "'Christenburg' is situated in both Pettyville and Gunnison precincts." The valley lies east, north and south of Chalk Hill. It was so named after the Christensen brothers (Julius, Theodore and Titus) who first took up land here. The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Depot was located here in 1891.<sup>23</sup>

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*This sweet poem, submitted by MarKay L. Turner, with comments by Karen L. Jennings is representative of many in our area who answer to the honored name of Grandmother.*

### **MYRTLE EMMA LARSEN, OUR FRIEND**

MarKay Larsen Turner

Non-Judged

She was "our Nana" who opened her home and her heart to all 13 of us. We were more than wanted whether we came for an afternoon, a weekend, the summer or even longer. The cookie jar was always full. She always whistled while she ironed. We always heard, "Shut the door!" when we'd run in and out. She taught us all "unconditional love" before there were words to describe it. She taught it to our parents first, then they taught us, as did we. May we remember her ways and teach them to her great-grandchildren as skillfully.

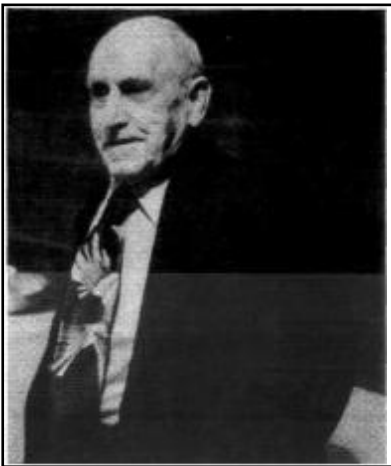
You can only have one mother, patient, kind and true.  
No other friend in all the world will be the same to you.  
When other friends forsake you, to mother you will return.  
For all her loving kindness, she asked nothing in return.  
Sweet Jesus, take this message to our dear mother up above.  
Tell her how we miss her, and give her all our love.  
Your life was love and labor, your love for your family true.  
You did your best for all of us, we will always remember you.

This poem is dedicated to "our Nana" by MarKay, her second grandchild. She watched her dad (Hial) and uncles and aunt respond to their mother with a lifetime of love for their kids. What a legacy we each have to have known love in its purest sense.

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### **CONRAD FRISCHKNECHT**

Conrad Frischknecht, a long-time resident of Sanpete County, who passed away last January at the age of 102 in Tacoma, Washington, was one of those who was generous with his contributions, both in his writing, and in his praise for the Saga. Mr. Frischknecht was a school teacher, a sheep man and cattleman, with a large ranch in Gunnison and Clarion. He also served as a member of the Utah State Legislature from Sanpete



*Courtesy: Lucille Bilello. Conrad Frischknecht taken when he was about 92 years old.*

County. Excerpts from a tribute prepared by Eleanor Madsen to be read at the funeral of Mr. Frischknecht follow:

"In the past 13 years , Mr. Frischknecht has had 15 of his writings published in this annual publication, with over half of them winning a first place honor. All of these were written after he was 90 years old. His writings covered a broad range of early Sanpete history from one end of the county to the other, from Fountain Green to Fayette . . .He was anxious that the story of Sanpete be told as it was... He wanted to show the impact individuals can have on the world as we work day by day; to show that we can make life better for others. His writings as well as his life say, 'There's never a time to quit. Don't ever give up. There's always something great to be done. You can do it if you're 23 or 103!'"

The Saga will miss the writings of Conrad Frischknecht, but we are for his persevering spirit shining through.

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## PHOTOGRAPHS



*Update: Central Utah Wool Company, Manti, Utah.  
(Courtesy, Vonda Merriam, Ruth Scow)*



**Ernest Munk Family, Manti.  
(Courtesy, Ruth Scow)**



**Pioneer Day 1959, Mt. Pleasant, Utah  
Board Members L-R: J. Leo Seely, Grant L. Johansen, Harold Hansen, David Jorgensen, Theodore Madsen, Daniel Rasmussen, O.M. Aldrich, James Monson (front), Johannah Hafen, Minnie Ruitishauser, Tina Nelson, Olive Pritchett and Talulla Nelson.  
(Courtesy, Louise Johansen)**



*Front row: L-R Biggs Monsen, Tom Christensen, John Seely, Harold Hansen, James Monsen, Loftin Johnson, Charlie Wright, Henry Brady, Leo Seely, Otto Clark, Frank Pritchett.  
2nd row: Seymour Jensen, Grant Johansen, David Jorgensen, Dail Averett, Jay Hafen, Grant Brotherson, Daniel Rasmussen, John Monsen, O.M. Aldrich, Ervin Brotherson, Frank Swensen, Orange F. Peel, Bruce Seely, Frank Seely, Azel Peel and Lawrence Seely.*



*George Edward Cook Family Fountain Green  
(Courtesy, Euleda Cook)*



*Edith Virginia Justesen Cook*



*George Edward Cook*



***Fountain Green Co-op  
Courtesy, Jessie Oldroyd, Blaine Yorgason)***





*Fountain Green House, Courtesy, Jessie Oldroyd*



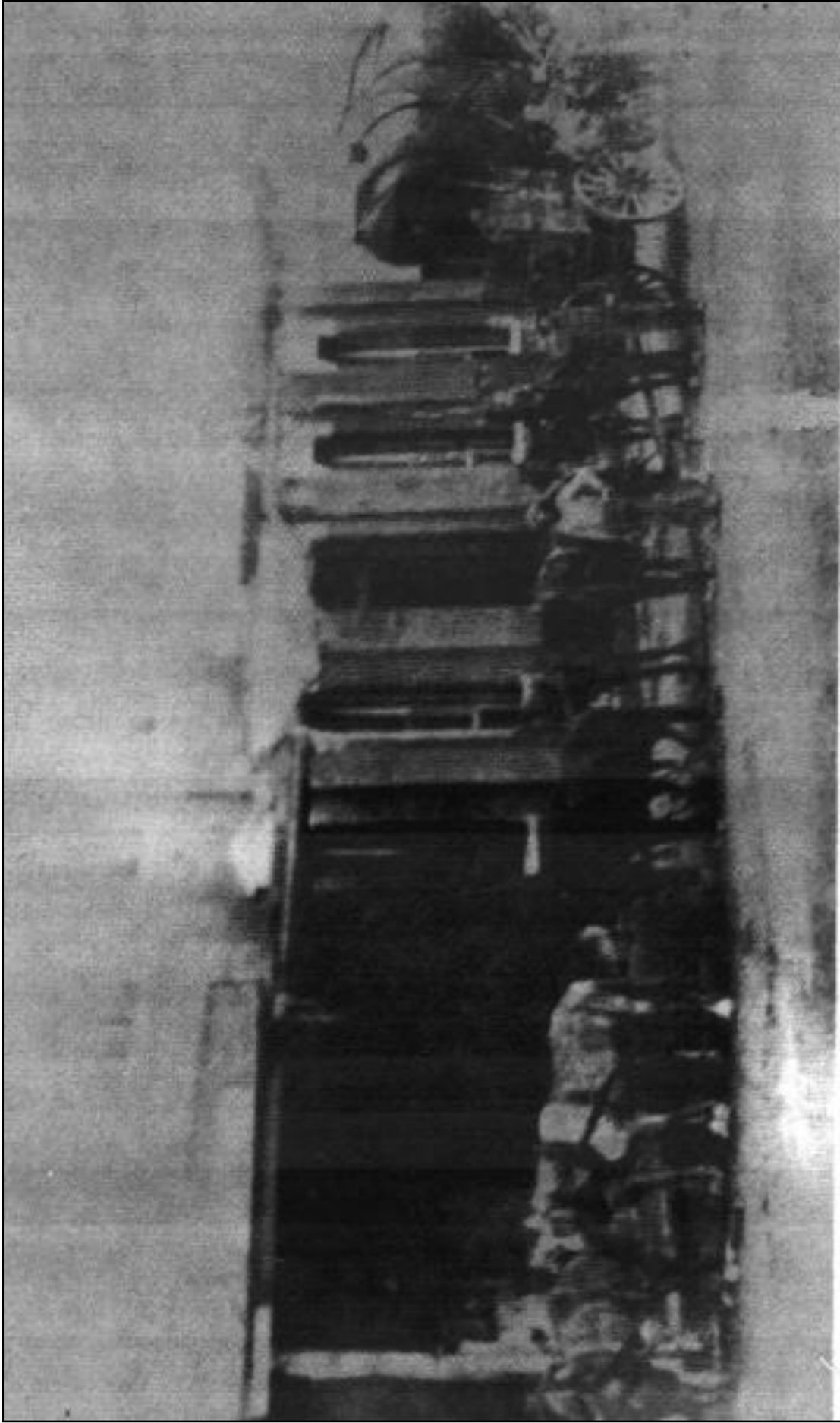
*A. P. Anderson with glass cases he made to protect crepe paper flowers at funerals and at cemetery on decoration day. (Courtesy, Jessie Oldroyd)*



*Peter Clinton Oldroyd, blacksmith,  
with child. (Courtesy, Jessie  
Oldroyd) Old Oldroyd*



*Old Oldroyd Blacksmith Shop in Fountain Green.  
(Courtesy, Mrs. Lowell Oldroyd, Jessie Oldroyd)*



*Freighting with the Scow Brothers (J.E. Conrad and Peter H. Scow from Mayfield, Utah) between Eureka, Utah and Tonopah, Nevada, 1901. Note ten two-horse teams.*

