



Saga

of the



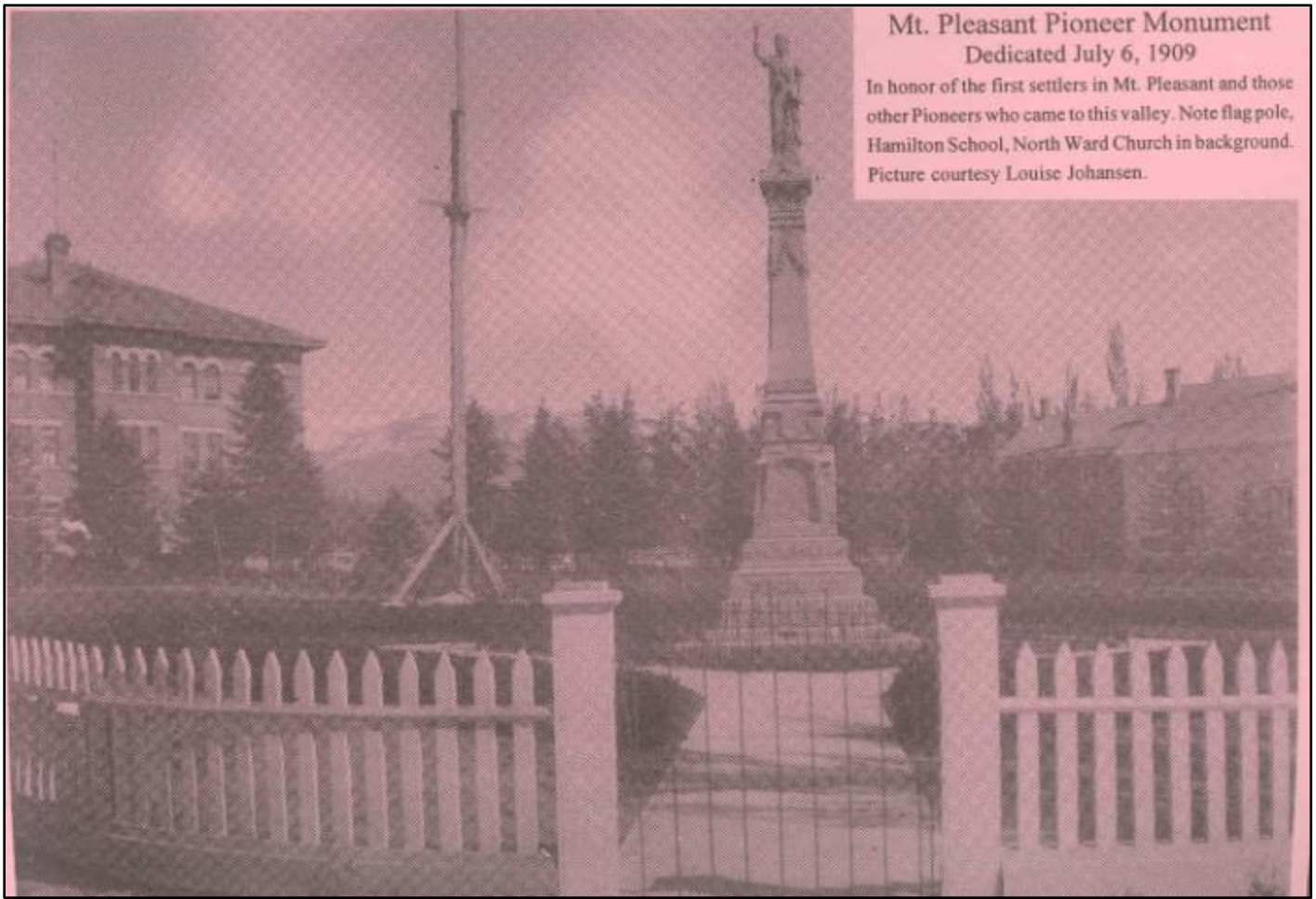
Sawpitch



Vol. 27
1995

**Mt. Pleasant Pioneer Monument
Dedicated July 6, 1909**

In honor of the first settlers in Mt. Pleasant and those other Pioneers who came to this valley. Note flag pole, Hamilton School, North Ward Church in background. Picture courtesy Louise Johansen.



SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XXVII

Winning Entries

for the

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Sponsored by

Sanpete Historical Writing Committee

Eleanor P. Madsen, Chairman

Copyright 1995

Printed by

Messenger-Enterprise

Manti, Utah

PREFACE

We are pleased to add in this year's Saga more histories and tributes to those who made a difference in Sanpete county. The response has been gratifying as many have written of those noble people who have done so much to make Sanpete the choice place it is.

Among those who make a difference are you who contribute and support the Saga year after year that the history of Sanpete might be preserved for future generations. We express our thanks and gratitude. May we all continue to value the past as it shapes our lives for a better tomorrow.

The theme for volume XXVII of the Saga of the Sanpitch will be "**Sanpete Celebrations of Utah Statehood – 1896.**" As we look ahead at 1996 and the Utah Centennial, we hope the Saga can help preserve the significance of this great anniversary year.

Did your ancestors record their thoughts, feelings, or any of their celebrations that heralded the long sought status of Utah becoming a State? Many letters and proposals in the form of Memorials, had gone to the Nation's Capitol requesting the Territory of Deseret/Utah be admitted into the Union as a state. Possibly because of difficult circumstances that existed in this region, leaders here were persistent in their efforts to have their petitions granted. They were finally successful and Utah was granted statehood on 4 January 1896.

What happened in your family, in your town, in your business in 1896? Let's share those stories, anecdotes, poetry, essays and personal recollections in Volume 28 of the Saga of the Sanpitch for 1996.

Eleanor Madsen will continue to serve as chairman of the Sanpete Historical Writing Contest, with committee members as listed.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Sanpete Historical Writing Committee express our appreciation to 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. We are grateful for all who have offered encouragement in many ways.

Chairman: Eleanor P. Madsen

Committee Members: Linnie M. Findlay
Lillian Fox
Norma W. Barton
Louise O. Jensen
Camille O. Lindsey

Treasurer: Buena Fay Moore

Typist: Laurie Ann Jackson

Copy Proof-Reading: Inez Trythall, Linnie Findlay, Eleanor Madsen

Editing: Diana Major Spencer: Diana Major Spencer is a native of Salt Lake City and a descendant of Mormon Pioneers of 1847. Her home is in Mayfield, Utah. She is an English teacher at Snow College. Her volunteer service as proof reader and copy editor for 17 years had been invaluable.

COVER

The cover is a collage depicting a diversity of things that made a difference in the lives of the people in Sanpete. The cover was created by Larue Jennings of Manti, Utah. Larue's roots are deep in Sanpete. She was born in Ephraim and received her early education in Ephraim and Provo schools. She graduated from Snow College and Utah State University and attended school at BYU and University of Utah. She taught elementary education in Manti and Ephraim and taught a special art class at Snow College. LaRue and her husband Bruce are parents of two daughters. They have four grandchildren.

Layout of 1995 Saga: William L. Findlay

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

*Judges: **Nora Rust Mickelson** was born in Roosevelt, Utah. Later, the Rust family moved to Talmage, about 20 miles north of Duchesne. She rode her horse fourteen miles a day to the school to get her education. With no high school in the area, after eighth grade Nora came to Manti and lived with her grandmother and graduated from Manti High in 1930.*

It was here that she met Ernest Mickelson, and they were married in 1936 in the Manti Temple. They raised seven children and at present they have forty-six grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. As active members in the LDS Church, they filled two missions, one in Nashville, Tennessee, and one in Cleveland, Ohio. They were ordinance workers in the Manti Temple for seven years.

Nora has always had a special love for poetry, drama, debating and public speaking.

***Karen Hunt Buchanan** was born in Monroe, Sevier County, Utah, but grew up in Spanish Fork and Salt Lake City. She attended school at the University of Utah and BYU, majoring in Speech Communications and English.*

After returning from a mission to England in 1989 she and her husband left Salt Lake City and built a home in Manti, hoping for a simpler life away from the bustle of the big city. It was like coming home. In 1991, she was asked to chair a new Arts Council in Manti. This was an exciting adventure and from a small beginning has now developed into a viable organization with Ivo Peterson as current president.

***Vern Buchanan** was born in Idaho and lived the majority of his adult life in Salt Lake City. His father was born and raised in Manti. His grandparents lived their entire lives here. His great-grandfather, John Buchanan, served in the Mormon Battalion, then brought his family to settle in Manti in 1852.*

Vern was educated at Oregon State College in Corvallis, and the University of Utah in Engineering. He worked in construction as a carpenter and later as a general contractor. In 1968, he went into microfilm work and operated a service bureau. He also designed microfiche cameras which were marketed worldwide.

Since 1981, he has written eight volumes of personal history, mostly for the benefit of their family. One, "Laps of Memories," was published and sold. They have seven children, twenty-three grandchildren and one great grandchild due in October.

"Sanpete County has always been a part of my life. At retirement, in 1990, we sold our home in Salt Lake City, moved to Manti and built a new one, just right for Karen and me. We enjoy this lifestyle."

RULES FOR SANPETE HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST

1. The Sanpete Historical Writing Contest is open to all Sanpete County residents and former residents.
2. Contestants may enter in the Professional, Non-Professional or Senior Division. Each entry must state clearly the division in which it is to be entered. Each division will be judged in five categories. Anecdotes, Poetry, Short Story, Historical Essay and Personal Recollection.
3. A cash prize of ten dollars will be awarded for first place and complimentary books for other prizes.
4. All entries must be based on actual events, existing legends or traditions of Sanpete County and must be consistent with the time period. 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 copy 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 ½ x 11 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 to be selected by the Contest Chairman 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, 1996. 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 Eleanor Madsen, 295 East 100 North, Ephraim, Utah 84627. Linnie Findlay, 225 East 100 South, Box 56-4, Ephraim, Utah 84627. Louise Ruesch, 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
- e- Well defined plot
- f- Documentation

14. The theme for Volume XXVIII will be "Events in Sanpete Celebrating Utah's Statehood. 1896-1996."



Three of the Indian
Students who
attended School in
Ephraim.
(see story: The
Indians are Coming)

Delma Dee Dickie Ethel Mae Shije Sharra Ann Chischilly



Karen Reenberg Hansen, Picture Courtesy Lillian H. A. Fox

PINK PETALS

Lillian H. Armstrong Fox
Senior Honorable Mention Poetry

Daylight, shimmering through the patterned drapes,
Crisscrosses a design on the polished table,
Where stands a vase of pink peonies
Shedding petals.

Warm sunlight spreads to the bed where she sleeps
Bringing a youthful glow to her delicate cheeks,
Touching the silver-gray curls that tumble
Over her pillow.

She awakes and reaches for her companion
Of ninety-nine years, a wooden crutch
As long as memory this crutch has been a passport
To a mobile life.

In her cold, dark childhood days, she had loathed
The crutch, as she lay for years in gray homespun
Easing the pain of a crushed and
Broken leg.

Now she has outlived self-pity,
She can laugh at destiny,
She is grateful for the strength
This old wooden crutch
Gives to her.

She pushes aside the dainty covers
That match the textured walls,
She rises to her feet and places
The wooden form
Under her arm.

Pausing beside the peonies
She reaches out her aging hands
And bathes them in the fallen petals.
"I always loved pink," she says,
Then she smiles.

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS

Robert L. Jensen

Senior First Place Personal Recollection

The rhythmic count of one, two, three, and four was heard in the orchestra pit, the familiar strains of “In The Mood” filled the hall, and the Armada floor once again began its famous “bounce” as a throng of happy and excited dancers converged on the hardwoods. Do Sanpeters love to dance? You bet they do, and tonight would be no exception.

Oh, but wait a minute, we’re already ahead of the story. It really begins in the spring of 1932. The



Manti High School Band - 1940

Manti, Utah, American Legion Post #31 was organizing a bugle and drum corps for the youth, and a white-haired kid got the thrill of his young life when he was sponsored to become a member by a stalwart Legionaire named Alma C. Peterson. The young boy chose to bugle. Complete bedlam broke out during early 1940 practices, with the twenty-two members’ bugles blaring and drums banging. But in time, a pretty good bugle and drum corps came together. They looked classy marching down Manti’s Main Street in their bright blue silk tops, sleek white trousers, and of course, trademark Legion caps.

The white-haired kid loved that beautiful chrome bugle and he loved the excitement of playing “Semper Fidelis” while marching in a Fourth of July parade. This group of young “Legionaires” represented the Legion and Manti very well and marched in many local parades and other festivities. On one occasion, they traveled clear up to Payson, Utah, to participate in the parade at the local race meet.

A year or two later the white-haired kid got his first trumpet. It wasn’t much. It had already seen hard use and the valves were kind of sticky and slow. There was a small hole in the tuning slide that made it go slightly flat unless covered, but a little chewing gum, if changed regularly, took care of that problem.

Despite all its problems, this old trumpet helped the white-haired kid to eventually work his way up to first chair in the greatest marching band in all the world. Manti High School Band, under the direction of the greatest band teacher of all time, R. Easton Moffitt.

Manti bands always got high marks, both in concert and in marching. They participated in parades all over Utah on a regular basis. They also provided great entertainment by playing concerts on the library steps on many warm summer nights. Traditionally, they gave an early morning salute on the Fourth of July as they traveled around town on a flatbed truck. There is something magic about hearing a band play “The Stars and Stripes Forever” just as the sun is peeking over the mountain tops. The band provided fun and rewarding experiences for a lot of budding young musicians.

Then came the greatest event ever in the white-haired kid’s life, a chance to play in a real dance orchestra! Imagine the thrill and excitement of playing with the Rhythmaires, led by who else? R. Easton Moffitt. Wow, he would be playing alongside guys like McLoyd Erickson (saxophone); Maurice Crawford and Lee Sidwell (trumpets); Glen “Squish” Bown (drums); and Burke Braithwaite (piano). Just imagine!

However, this meant the kid badly needed a new horn. Fortunately it wasn't long in coming. A brand new King trumpet complete with a "Rudy Muck" cushion-rim mouthpiece arrived in time for the first practice. What a beautiful instrument it was with that shiny bell of silver and gold. The valves worked like a dream and the tone quality was superb. It cost over a hundred dollars! Gosh, that was probably most of the money in town! Yes sir, great and exciting things were happening in the life of the white-haired kid.

Everyone loved dancing and the band played regularly all over central and southern Utah. They looked sharp in their brown tweed jackets and bow ties. The music was exceptional and the brass section added a new dimension when they acquired shiny aluminum "waw-waw" hats which provided unique sound effects on certain numbers. A Rhythmaires' trademark was Easton serenading with his violin as he mixed with the crowd on the floor. Another wonderful memory is the band playing its theme song, "I'll See You In My Dreams," as another dance ends at Manti's Millstream on a star-filled night in July.

And then came the war! The dancing world kind of went upside down. There weren't many guys left around and most of the girls were busy making bullets and parachutes, so dancing became mostly a happy memory.

The white-haired kid joined "This man's Navy" and went to Farragut, Idaho, for boot camp. Almost immediately the American Legion bugle experience became important, bugle calls were still used as a means of communications in the armed forces, and the young musician got a special bugling assignment. Each night at 2150 hours he played "Tattoo" over the parade ground's loudspeaker to alert the 15,000 swabbies (sailors) that it was lights-out in ten minutes. Then at 2200 he played "Taps" to signify the end of another day. Playing those bugle calls in the clear, dark night knowing that 15,000 men were listening was a thrill that the kid from Manti never forgot.

The war finally ended and most of the guys came home. A few good men didn't, including one of the best piano players Manti has ever known. We would miss our great friend and orchestra piano man Burke Braithwaite very much. A brief but great musical career had come to a close.

With the war's end came a renewed wave of excitement and happiness. People were glad for peace and anxious to get on with life. War-weary GI's were grateful to be home and out of harm's way. And best of all, dancing was soon going strong again.

Lenny Meyers orchestra, a ten piece band from all over Sanpete, came together in 1946. The white haired kid joined that great band and was once again doing what he truly loved, making people happy with his horn.

Though short lived, Lenny's band was one of Sanpete's finest dance orchestras ever and war-weary people loved it. Every Wednesday and Saturday night throughout the summer, rain or shine, a throng of people danced the night away at Palisade Park. More than once the crowd dashed to their cars to wait out a downpour. After the rain stopped, the squeegees came out and very soon the dance was going strong again. Yes, sir, Sanpeters were enjoying dancing at its very best once again. And everyone who missed hearing Lenny Myers sing "Personality" has just a little bit missing from their lives. Lenny was a great entertainer.

After that wonderful summer, Lenny's band split up and Devon Anderson, the director of Manti High's band program, assembled another good orchestra. The white haired kid was delighted that his orchestra work would continue when he joined the band. Several new guys joined Devon's new band, including Keith Stevenson, a Manti school teacher who played a good alto sax; Dale Whitlock, who hailed from Mayfield and handled tenor sax duties; and Hal Edwards, a Gunnison native who played "a mean set of drums." Dancing was going strong everywhere, and the band enjoyed a long run playing throughout central and southern Utah.

In time, change came into the dancing world and larger orchestras were replaced by small groups. With this change came a good little five piece band. Maude Reid, a well known Manti piano player, and Hal Edwards handled rhythm; Dale Whitlock made up the sax section; and the white-haired kid who was better known as "Cotton," was alone in the brass section. This orchestra was also together for several years and played in many locations throughout Utah.

On New Year's Eve in 1953, the band had a job in the little mining town of Hiawatha, southwest of Price, Utah. It was a "midnight frolic." December 31st came on Sunday that year, so the dance started at midnight. The band was excited as we had a guarantee of \$500, five hundred dollars! Hal did a little math and figured that each score that we played was worth five dollars. Every time we finished a tune he proclaimed, "Well, I just made a five dollar bill." Each member of the band earned \$100 that night, and even though we played until 4:00 a.m. it was a great night. It was the biggest payday the band had ever known!

Well, with the onset of rock music and modern dance styles, a particular era of dancing and dance orchestras had come and gone. A wonderful period of Sanpete's musical history had been written. All of those great dance halls, the Armada, Millstream, Dreamland, Queen City, Palisade, Redmonto, Shady Dell and Purple Haze, have faded into the past. But fond memories still linger, and as the song made famous by Dean Martin says, "Memories Are Made Of This."

Sources: Personal Discussions with
McLloyd Erickson, Ephraim, Utah
Earl Erickson, Ogden, Utah
Jean Hulmc Smith, Provo, Utah
Hal Edwards, Richfield, Utah
Helen A. Wilson, Manti, Utah
Song Of A Century, pg. 86
Manti High School Clarion, 1940
Personal knowledge

A TRIBUTE TO MY GRANDPARENTS

Unice McCurdy

Senior Second Place Personal Recollection

A family who made a difference in Sanpete County, Utah, were my ancestors, Hans C. Hansen and Anna Margaret (Nielsen). Hans was born July 14, 1865 in Fort Gunnison, Utah. Anna was born March 15, 1868 in Manti, Utah. They had ten children.



Hostilities ceased enough in 1870 that Hans's folks decided to move from Fort Gunnison. As they did, Chief Black Hawk's daughter scared five-year-old Hans by picking him up to put moccasins on his feet. Hansen's were fair with everyone. The Indians were friends.

Hans, Sr., discovered rock salt at Redmond. He refined it to sell. Hans had regular rounds to barter and sell the salt. He loaded the salt and young Hans into his wagon for his trips. Being a musician, he took his instruments along. He played at social affairs. He was much in demand. Bartering made for some strange supplies like molasses, farm products and dried fruits.

My grandparents were the kind of people who are the glue in any community. They went about their daily living, setting the example of hard work and honesty and caring for friends and relatives. They took in Anna's father when he needed care until the day he died. When Anna's brother-in-law, Haile Madsen, needed care, he came to the Hansen's to live until he died in 1924.

They obeyed the directives of the church, holding offices when they were asked to. Grandmother was President of the D.U.P. for her term. She taught in Relief Society for many years. They were honest in tithes and offerings.

I have memories of very loving and caring grandparents. They lived peaceful, non-stressed lives. An interesting daily event was to watch Uncle Clifford milking the cows. The cats lined up for him to shoot milk directly into their mouths. The only exclamation I can remember Grandmother making was a "SCAT" when the cats would gather on the porch waiting for Clifford.

Grandpa taught us grandchildren that apples were not to be half eaten and discarded. I have the memory of four of us lined up with some half-eaten apples on a stand. Grandpa didn't ask whose they were or make a scene. He gently told us small children, when we got to Heaven, we would have to finish all of our partly eaten apple before we would have whole ones to enjoy. To third day, I'll often eat the apple core.

Hansen's did not indulge in idle hands. Grandmother had crocheting where it was easy to pick up whenever she had time to sit in her rocker. Grandpa created wonderful willow baskets. I have several, including the egg basket they used. Those who inherited "Brother Hansen's" baskets cherish them. They were works of craftsmanship.

Early spring, Hans went to the willow patches to gather willows as soon as the sap started running. He wanted willows over eight feet long to eliminate splices. He made up a huge bundle as he could handle on his wheel barrow and wheeled them up the bank. It was hard work, for it was on dirt and mud and a steep climb back to the road. Then he returned again until he had the amount he wanted to make into baskets.

He sorted the willows, leaving some unpeeled for decorations. Then began the task of peeling while the willows were still green. He liked to make fancy Easter baskets and had many orders for them. Hans also made utility baskets for eggs and laundry. Some baskets were used for cribs. Many a child had a Brother Hansen basket to carry his lunch in. He could be found in his favorite spot on the front porch peeling the willows in the sunshine. Because he was a good story teller, we children would listen as long as he had time to peel willows and tell stories.

There were lots of chores. Hansen's planted a big garden. They had cows to take to pasture and to milk and butter to churn. They had hogs and chickens with eggs to gather. There was a variety of vegetables, including asparagus which was covered so it was white. In the orchard were many trees, apple and other fruits. There were other crops to care for.

We enjoyed the huge lawn with all the flowers and big rose bushes. The trees were tall, and it was a game to lie on the lawn watching clouds come over the tree tops. Hansen's were an industrious family providing for most of their own needs even round balls of white cheese hanging from the ceiling drying. Apples gave a fragrance to the house whenever the cellar door was opened. There was a structure where blocks of ice cut in the winter were stored. One use was to make ice cream. We were allowed to take turns turning the crank to make it.

When I took our young son to visit my grandparents in 1945 Grandmother suggested Grandpa take us fishing down to the reservoir. Grandpa got his fishing gear. As we went along we stopped at friends' homes to visit and to inquire if they wanted him to bring back some fish. He caught that amount of fish and we delivered them to the families, taking ours to Grandmother to fix for us.

Grandmother Hansen, the day before she died, had visited as was her custom with the families in Sterling, keeping track of any needs some family might have. Grandmother was an excellent nurse. She believed in the power of prayer, but also in the power of cleaning wounds and applying preventative medication as well as lots of loving care. Those days, the doctor was the last resort.

On their trips to visit the daughter living in Washington State, they brought back huge Delicious apples. Each person was given his own apple. No waste of those apples. Grandmother also brought back material to make clothes for us. I remember her having some "corn silk" material, which I chose for my dress.

Hansen's cared for all children, not just their own. A memory is when Uncle Harold and aunt Jen had her niece with them for some reason; maybe she was to be baptized. Somehow it was decided she would wear my new shoes, so I had to wear my old shoes. Grandmother was in charge of life and no way would any child say anything or refuse a request from her. I did not want to give up my new shoes because we did not get new clothing that often, but I did.

Their home in Sterling in 1914 was the William Braithwaite home north east of Sterling. It was above town and was a good place to raise the growing family. Needs changed as the family married, so they traded places with Leon Denison. This place was across from the school and church. The yard was nicely kept and was a gathering place for friends and relatives.

There was a clothes line at the edge of the lawn. When there was squabbling, instead of yells to stop that, as at some homes, we were quietly told there were sacks that could be pinned together and hung on the line; if we couldn't be agreeable we'd be put into them until we tired of squabbling. It never happened.

Uncle Royal and Uncle Clifford were into radio. They stretched wire to our house and to others, as well as over to the church so some programs of community interest could be listened to by all who wanted to hear, when my uncles were home to work the radio.

Election night in 1928, their home was full of people. Our family was there. Politics are usually taken seriously in small towns. Sterling had 400 people. The results started coming in and some tempers flared. Some big, fat man handed me a button. It was quickly taken from me. I don't remember who took it, but it definitely wasn't one my grownups wanted to see on my dress.

Witnessing politics at that level and intensity contributed to my interest in politics. Again the example was set by Hansen's willingness to share their home in election night excitement. Later on in years, my parents drove seventeen miles each way to vote. They never missed voting no matter what level of government the election was about. I learned in 1928 that it was a privilege, as well as a duty, to cast your vote. Just another example of the influence of the Hansen's making a difference in the lives of the people of Sanpete County by being good neighbors.

May 15, 1948, Hansen's celebrated their 60th Anniversary. Still living were two of Anna's brothers, four sons, two daughters, thirty-six grandchildren and twenty great-grandchildren. On November 21, 1948 Anna had a stroke and died. Hans died October 3, 1953.

Certainly Hansen's way of life, their honesty and sharing, contributed much to the character of those lucky enough to know them, helping Sterling to be a peaceful community.

DOWN THE LANE

Jessie Oldroyd

Senior Third Place Personal Recollection

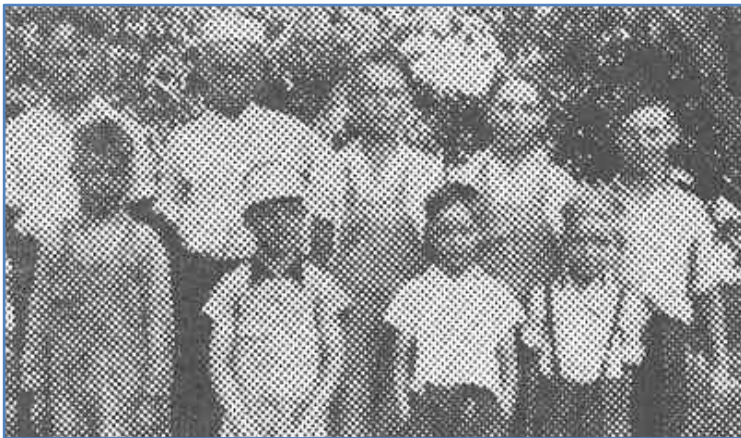
“Down the Lane is still HOME SWEET HOME to all of us who have lived or do live there,” said Gayle Rasmussen, as he told me of his love for the place of his birth. “Down the Lane” is the south part of town and its close area around which several families of boys and girls grew up in Fountain Green.

“Tell me about it,” I asked. “What made it so special other than your birth place?”

“The people and the kids, all were friendly, like one big family. Big places to play, hills, everything was fun.”

The families who lived there were mostly descendants of those wonderful Pioneers, People who MADE A DIFFERENCE. Most of these Pioneer folk came from Denmark. The families included the Allred’s, Anderson’s, Hansen’s, Crowther’s, Christiansen’s, Holman’s, Jensen’s, Nielson’s, Shepherd’s, Rasmussen’s, and Winters. There were many boys in their families and it is they who made the stories.

Boys! What is a Boy? One author tells us. “Between the innocence of babyhood and dignity of manhood, we find these delightful creatures called a Boy. Their creed is To enjoy every minute of every hour of every day. Boys are found everywhere, jumping, climbing, running, and in between they like to eat.” The definition describes the Lane boys, who decided “NO GIRLS ALLOWED IN OUR ACTIVITIES.”



Front row l-r: Gordon Hansen, Clair Nielson, Morris Oldroyd, Carl Rasmussen.

Back row l-r: Cayle Rasmussen, Kay Hansen, Orris Winters, Doyce Crowther, Kenner Christensen (ages 6-14).

Pictuer taken in 1938 by Gayle Rasmussen.
Courtesy Jessie Oldroyd.

Their stories are fun, exciting and awaken your and my memories as we grew up, go back to Memoryland and enjoy their stories, activities and fun. Where was all their modern equipment, their TV, their VCR, computers? They had never heard of them. Did they need them? Of course not, not while they had heads filled with ideas, thoughts, dreams, ambitions. These boys were creative, with exploring minds happy go-lucky boys who loved to do things and be actively involved.

“What were the special things you liked to do, Gayle, you and the other boys?” so, his storied began. “There were a lot of trees in Clarence Hansen’s orchard. Tarzan! That’s what we wanted to be, Tarzan the Great! We could climb any tree, swing from branch to branch. Who could climb the highest, Kay, or Gordon, or Bruce? Maybe I could. We all climbed till time ran out, or we thought of something else to do.

“The Cedar Hill. That was a magic place. We could run, jump, climb over the big rocks, and hunt. Hunt for Indian flint arrowheads.”

“Did you find any?” I asked.

“Yes, quite a lot of them. We compared sizes and sharpness, and wondered just how the Indians used them. An idea, How about playing Indians.” Cowboys, too. That was fun, but we needed horses. So, we made them. Stick horses, we could ride fast, jump off, get bucked off, and get back on again. Our stick horses were the best.

“Then another day we’d think up something else. We all like to play ball. Softball would be fun. We made our own bats out of wood, and our balls were homemade, too. String, lots of string, wound around and tied securely, for we were sure to hit home runs.”

“How did it work?” I asked.

“It was great. We cleaned it all out, and blew it up, tied a know, all ready to go. We chose up sides, and had some fun games. There were Clayton, LaVoy, Kenner, Clair and Willard, oh, all the boys. We played football a lot of times with that old bladder.

“Sometimes we would walk, or hike up Polly’s Peak and play, fighting the Indians. When we were gone very long, our Mothers would get worried and come hunting us.”

“Some of the girls told me about your Merry-Go-Round or Whirligig. They got to ride on that, didn’t they? How did you make it?”

“In Earl Hansen’s corral he had some old wagons, and some had big wheels. We took an axle, secured it in the ground, and put the wheel on top. It would whirl or spin fast, and also dip down or up. They were fast rides. We did let the girls, Doris, Camille, Madge, Marcella, oh, all the girls liked that ride.”

“How about wintertime, what did you do?”

“We built snow houses big enough to get in, the girls could, sometimes go in too. We went to the Cedar Hill to ice skate on the pond. It was a really cold day, but skating helped get us warm. Suddenly, the ice broke in one place and Doyce Crowther fell in. The water was icy cold. How to get him out, fast, was our big thought. We all took hold of a big, long pole and pushed it out to Doyce. He hung on and we pulled him in, his clothes were soaked. We built a big bonfire, took off his clothes, wrapped him in our coats, hung his clothes over the fire to dry, so it all ended well, but, I remember, we were scared.”

“Did any of you ever follow through with your dreams, and grow up to what you maybe, sort of planned?”

“Yes, Orris Winters always wanted to fly. He wanted to be a pilot. Sometimes, instead of playing some of our games with us, he would get a part of a hay rack out of one of our father’s yards and make it into an instrument board where he mapped out plans of flight, marking out the altitude, the speed, weather conditions, everything about a plane and flying. He did follow through. He was in the Air Force during World War II, and also became a Captain for the United Air Lines. He is now retired. We all had responsibilities, learned to work.”

“All the boys have grown up to make a success and find happiness for themselves and families. Gayle was an excellent, dependable and faithful highway patrolman until his retirement. Kay was always ambitious. I remember that he raised rabbits. Every one of our LANE boys has done very well, and we are all proud of each other, and how we prepared for life down the Lane.”

“The girls were sweet and pretty and they had their fun, too. They spent most of the morning with their mothers, learning the things mothers had to teach. Then all the girls would spend afternoons playing

games at each others' homes, or just visiting, giggling making up fun games and stories to tell, and talking about boys."

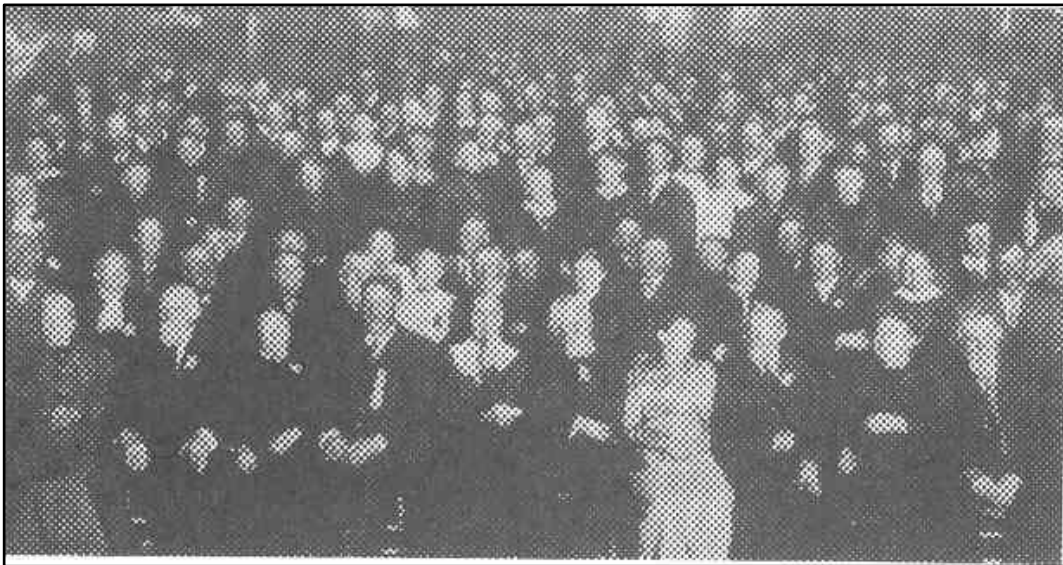
"Down the Lane was a great experience, and a final touch to remember was the sign posted on the corner at the top of the lane. 'Atork Alley! Beware! Drive slowly.' It was put up by two of the grandparents, Niels and Cleo Nielson. These are some of the young folks to remember, and are now "People who make a difference."

Source: Information, courtesy of Galye Rasmussen and Doris R. Boswell.
Story by writer

PIONEERS REMEMBERED

Louise B. Johansen
Senior Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

It is interesting to note how closely tied Mt. Pleasant people have been to their pioneer ancestry by annually celebrating the founding of their home town. Many great descendants have made a difference because of their strong sense of it past.



**Pioneers in Mt. Pleasant
Pioneer Day Celebration**

In February 1909, Mt. Pleasant Mayor James Monson and Bishops Daniel Rasmussen and James Larsen called a mass meeting to suggest the community build a monument to honor the pioneers who settled Mt. Pleasant in 1859. The matter of raising funds was a very important question because they wanted to erect something that they would always be proud of. The city was in no condition to give assistance to the cause, so they invited the descendants of those stalwart men and women to help. Pioneers and their descendants who were available held a meeting and agreed to finance this worthy project without seeking outside assistance. It was agreed to restrict the number who would be regarded as pioneers to those who came here in 1859, that being the first year of the settlement.

It was agreed that they would build a monument at a cost of \$1600 and assess an amount of \$35 to each family whose father's name would be inscribed on the stone. The committee whose honor it was to consummate the work consisted of James Larsen, Andrew Madsen, Daniel Rasmussen, Ferdinand Ericksen and C. W. Anderson. They were as united in rearing this monument as the early settlers were in building the fort wall. They were as united in rearing this monument as the early settlers were in building the fort wall. They were indebted to a record kept that listed the names of the first settlers.

Names appearing on the monument are William Seely, Neils P. Madsen, Rasmus Frandsen, M.C. Christensen, Nathan Staker, Jens C. Jensen, John Tidwell, Hinry Wilcox, Peter Monsen, John Carter, Orange Seely, George Coates, George Farnsworth, Jens Larsen, Peter Hansen, Svend Larsen, Rudolphus R. Bennett, Christian Brotherson, Daniel Page, Neils Wildergren Anderson, Andrew Madsen, Neils Madsen, Christian Madsen, John Meyrick, Jens Jorgensen, Jens Jensen, Peter Johanse, Neils Johansen, Justis Seely, James K. McClenahan, John Waldermar, Christian Hansen, Henry Ericksen, Andres P. Oman, c.P. Anderson, Christian Jensen, James Harvey Tidwell, martin Aldrich, Jefferson Tidwell, Paul Dehlin, Mortin Rasmussen, Hans C.H. Beck, Peter M. Peel, Erick Gunderson, Alma Zabriskie, Soren Jacob Hansen, John F. Fechser, Andrew P. Jensen, William Morrison, Hans Y. Simpson, George Frandsen, Peter J. Jensen, Jacob Christensen, Frederick P. Neilson, John L. Ivie, Christian Neilson Christensen, Isaac Allred, and Andrew Johansen.

It was altogether fitting to remember the labor of those opening up a new country amid the vicissitudes of pioneer life. They made habitable for us this new country and laid a foundation for all the comforts we enjoy today. They suffered extreme poverty and were in constant fear of attack from Indians.

The work was completed and the beautiful monument of white bronze metal was dedicated July 6, 1909. A three day celebration was held, complete with parade, bands, military marches, programs with eloquent orations, dance, and sweet music that filled the air.

After this celebration, Andrew Madsen proposed that a permanent organization be formed. The name of Mt. Pleasant Pioneer Historical Association was adopted, and it was decided that a homecoming would be held annually in March. Continuing since that time to the present, the tradition of honoring our valiant and noble ancestry is celebrated on the last Saturday in March. Many former residents return to celebrate on the beginnings of their home town with the locals.

The past presidents of this organization have also made a difference in making Mt. Pleasant a better place to live and in helping us to remember and appreciate our heritage. Andrew Madsen, an immigrant pioneer, was the first president, followed by James Larsen, James Monsen, O.M. Aldrich, Grant Johansen, Rex Hafen and Bert Ruesch, who is now serving his tenth year.

Programs have been varied and appropriate for the times and occasions by honoring anniversaries of important events that have transpired. Many families have thrilled us with programs by descendant of early pioneers such as Mortin Rasmussen, Justus Wellington Seely, Jens Jorgensen, Lars Madsen, C. N. Lund, Peter Monsen, A.L. Peterson, William Hafen, Herman Beck and James Larsen.

Keynote speakers for our programs have given credit to their heritage for their success and our comforts today. Some of those who spoke and made a difference in our lives were Andrew Madsen, Peter Monsen, John Hasler, Jacob Hafen, C.N. Lund, J.K. McClenahan, Jacob Christensen, C.W. Sorensen, Orange Seely, John Waldermar, John Carter, N.S. Candland, Daniel Rasmussen, A.V. Boand, John A. Blain, Amasa Aldrich, S.H. Allen, Ferdinand Ericksen, James Monsen, James L. Nielson, A.W. Jensen, P.C. Peterson, Webb Green, Andrew Jensen, Leland Anderson, Ed M. Towe, Samuel O. Bennion, S.M. Nielson, President George Albert Smith, Duane Frandson, Mrs. Fannie C. Miles, Gerald L. Ericksen, Clair Aldrich, President Howard W.

Hunter, O.F. Peel, Berkley Larsen, Ray Neilsen, Eugene Peterson, Governor Calvin Rampton, Howard Rasmussen, Victor Rasmussen, Jay Monsen and Louise Seely.

A few events that transpired through the years have served as themes for the programs. In 1972 the Lamanite Generation from BYU honored us with a musical in commemoration of the 100th anniversary in 1975 and our program was a salute to them. The United States was celebrating its 200th anniversary in 1976, so our event expressed gratitude and devotion to our great country. The diamond jubilee anniversary of our pioneer monument was celebrated in 1984 with a slide presentation of events that took place the day it was dedicated. The year of 1986 marked the 90th year of Utah, so we honored our beloved state. Manti Temple marked its 100th anniversary in 1988, and Victor Rasmussen told of inspiring events that took place during its construction. We cannot forget the musical follies put on by Mrs. Ben Staker with our local talent and her outstanding costumes and scenery. For many years the Hamilton Elementary and High School Bands serenaded State Street and welcomed guests as they arrived. In 1993 when our local National Guard was called to the Persian Gulf War, our theme was *My Own America*. Decorations of red, white and blue expressed our love of country as Dave Thomas paid tribute to our service men in song. Tears filled our eyes as fifty war veterans stood and received our applause. Of course, refreshments were a highlight of the day as we enjoyed the good food prepared by willing hands and donations ranged from sandwiches, cookies and punch, to banquets and box lunches.

It has been a source of great pleasure to honor the oldest man and woman who have also made a difference in our community. We revere the memories of these dear souls. Sylvester Barton, Mrs. E.C. Johnson, S.A. Barton, Mrs. Sophus W. Johansen, C.W. Sorenson, Jennie Rasmussen, Marie Johnson, Carrie Jorgensen, James Monsen, Zerome Zabriskie, J.S. Bjelke, Ann Madsen, Laura Watkins, Axel Bjelke, H.C. Jacobs, William Anderson, Maggie Peel, Jacob Christensen, Frans Christensen, Peter Fredricksen, Eliza Staker, Christian Jensen, Emma Knudsen, John Knudsen, Mrs. Levi Reynolds, Peter Monsen, Mary Wilcox, R.M. Bennet, C.W. Anderson, Jens C. Jensen, Emily Coates Averett, Hyrum Seely, P.C. Peterson, Ole Hansen, E.C. Johnson, Ann Nelson, Brigham Porter, O.M. Aldrich, James C. Johansen, Hans Lund, Ella Lund, Jean Syndergaard, Pauline Seely, Nellie Madsen, Hyrum Merz, Edward Kauffman, Mina Stansfield, Abner Rosenlof, D.A. Shelley, Charles Anderson, Myron Johnson, Herbert Norman, Charles Anderson, Minnie Rutishauser, Talula Nelson, Lettie Peterson, Wilford Hansen, Bessie Olsen, Rudolph Larsen, Clarence Ericksen, Mae Seely, Iva Truscott, Anna Gunderson, and Amy Ursenbacjh. Hannah Aldrich and Annie Bortherson lived over a century.

The popular beard-growing contest, kangaroo court, costume balls and grand marches have given way to the changing of times, but the spirit of our celebrations still rings loud and clear in our minds. It may be just a little street where old friends meet, but the sun still shines on our pioneer monument and in the hearts of all who attend this homecoming day.

A special thanks goes to Hilda Madsen Longsdorf who served as secretary of this organization for thirty-five years and was instrumental in gathering information for the history book of Mt. Pleasant from its settlement until 1939.

The day will never come when pioneering is at an end, and so it is good sometimes to look back and remember and appreciate those who have made possible the achievements of today.

Sources: History of Mt. Pleasant
Minutes of Pioneer Historical Association
Personal experiences as a board member

A TRIBUTE TO MAREN ANDERSON HANSEN

Lillian H. Armstrong Fox
Senior First Place Essay



I never knew my grandmother Maren Anderson Hansen. She died twenty-six years before I was born, but like other pioneer women showed great courage, strength, and determination in solving problems. She helped to shape this wilderness area, known as “The Sanpitch” into a comfortable, livable homeland.

Maren was born June 8, 1833, in Sellerup, Denmark. Her family lived in a cottage by the sea and her father was a fisherman by trade. At the age of five, Maren had a severe sick spell, perhaps meningitis, which impaired her left side. She walked with crutches the rest of her life and was unable to attend school.

At the age of twenty-seven Maren met the “Mormon” missionaries and was converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She was baptized in the ocean September 12, 1860. Her conversion so outraged her family, especially her mother that she left home. Being an excellent seamstress, she earned a living for herself and saved a little money to immigrate to Utah. She joined a company of converts who were nine weeks on the ocean in a sailing vessel, “The Albion.” They continued westward by railroad to Far West and traveled the remaining miles by ox team.

Imagine the courage of this young woman, turned against by family, crippled, no education, few acquaintances arriving in a wilderness area threatened by Indians and with no understanding of the English language. These problems seemed sufficient to break the strongest heart, but her faith was strong.

Jens Hansen, also a Danish convert living in Manti with his wife and several children, was asked by his bishop to go by ox team to Wyoming and meet this train of emigrants, many of whom were women, and help them through the mountains and into Utah. Jens brought this young lady to his home to be cared for.

After about a year, with the consent of his wife, Sophie, Jens married Maren in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. He was eleven years her senior. He secured a little adobe house for her two blocks west of his family home in Manti. (This corner is now identified as 196 North 300 West.) This humble home with a dirt roof contained three small rooms, each with a factory cloth tacked on ridge poles for a ceiling. The lot, however, proved to be one of the best, as evidenced by the splendid orchard and vegetable and flower gardens that were later grown there.

Maren, though crippled, became the mother of four children. Her first child, Hansine, died of scarlet fever when a year old. Her second child, Jens Peter, was born in 1866 during the Black Hawk War. Maren often took him to the large stone fort for protection from the Indians. Two daughters, Albina and Mary Ann, were born later.

Maren like other pioneer women, worked hard to help her family survive. At that time, nearly all the necessities of life were “home made,” and Maren never shirked her responsibilities. She hauled water used in her home from the creek two blocks away. Being unable to balance herself with a crutch and a hoe, she crawled up and down the furrows of her garden, planting seeds and pulling weeds. She drove a few sheep to Crystal Springs, about a mile and a half south of town, where she scrubbed the wool in the warm water. Then she spun their wool into yarn, wove it into cloth, and made clothing for her family. She gathered thistle stems and sego lily bulbs to help the food supply when the cupboard was bare. She attended Church callings and made burial clothing for the deceased women of the settlement. She gathered “Sunday Eggs” and sewed clothing for the workers when the Manti Temple was under construction.

Her husband, Jens Hansen, died in her home of pneumonia at the age of sixty-two. Maren followed him in death a year later, dying from black canker, known today to be a lack of Vitamin C. Jens Peter, age nineteen, then cared for his nine-year-old sister, Mary Ann, until she was grown and married to James O. Braithwaite of Manti. Jens peter later married an emigrant girl from Denmark, who was also crippled. Her name was Karen Reenberg, who became my mother. He then replaced the little adobe house with a two-story brick dwelling. A climbing vine, planted by Maren Hansen 125 years ago, is still growing at the north end of this porch.

How proud Maren would be today if she could associate with her many off-spring. Among them are more than a dozen returned missionaries, bishops, doctors, lawyers, teachers, business-men, and worthy, industrious citizens. How grateful we are to her for joining the church and laying a firm foundation for us in this beautiful Sanpete Valley. Thank you, Grandmother Maren, for you life of selfless devotion.

Sources: Personal knowledge

Word of mouth

Family history, Joseph Hansen 1938

Saga of the Sanpitch. Cover picture, Vol 20, 1988

Saga of the Sanpitch. Poetry, Vol 14, page 94.

MY GRANDFATHER, STEAMBOAT OLSEN

C. Hoyt Anderson

Senior First Place Short Story

My Grandfather, whose given name was Andreas Oslen, has always been an important presence in my life, but I have no conscious memory of him as a person because our lives overlapped by less than ten months. It was 1918, the year the Great War ended. He had lived long enough to celebrate Armistice Day and to learn that his only son, Landvig, had survived the conflict in France, but not long enough for me to have any personal memories of him.

Despite his not being there, the evidence of his life surrounded and influenced me from the beginning. Mother had returned to her home for my birth, so I began life in Grandfather's adobe house in Ephraim, which stood on the site at 36 East First South where the South Sanpete School District subsequently built a home economics building. When I was three, my parents moved into the house and it was home to me for most of my first twenty years. There and in his carpenter shop next door, I came to know my Grandfather.

In his living room was a large world globe mounted on a spindle so we could turn it on its axis and imagine ourselves instantly transported to exotic places around the world. On the globe mother helped us locate Landvig, Norway, where Grandfather was born in 1840, fourth in a family of nine children. We traced his travels from there to Mandal, a seacoast town where he became a sail-maker apprentice on the suggestion of his father so that his company would have skilled craftsmen in all of the trades involved in the ship building business.

It was in Mandal that Grandfather converted to Mormonism in 1867 at the age of twenty-seven. We traced his travels to New York City and his two journeys to the Philippines and the Orient. These were working trips he took to earn passage to America for a family of converts that joined the Church when he did.¹

We also traced his route to Salt Lake City where he worked briefly as a policeman and to Alta where he worked in the silver mines before finally arriving in Sanpete County in 1870.

In his living room was an impressive memento of his trip to China, a beautiful lacquered set of drawers featuring a variety of inlaid wood and mother-of-pearl. Also in his room was his extensive private library giving evidence of a man with very wide-ranging interests. His numerous sets of encyclopedias and huge unabridged dictionary and his technical reference books were luxuriously bound in soft buckskin-colored leather. Most of his books had been studied, not merely read, as evidenced by the neat margin notations, many of which were in Norwegian.

On the wall beside his bookshelves was a large oil painting by the Norwegian painter Dan Weggeland. It featured a young newlywed couple crossing a body of water in a rowboat with a distant steep shore line shrouded in heavy fog. This gave me my first and most lasting impression of a Norwegian Fjord.

His photo albums were the kind with thick satin padding on the hinged covers, and the pictures were mounted behind gold-outlined openings cut out of the heavy pages. Most of the actual photos had been taken since grandfather arrived in Sanpete County. From then until he married my Grandmother in 1884, he had been married and widowed twice and had fathered five children.¹ Grandmother had been married and widowed once, but had borne no children.² The cadence of her full name is worth noting. Caroline Jensen Holst Staalsen Olsen.



Andreas (Steamboat) Olsen with wife Caroline and family about 1906.

Back: Johannis, Isabell, Alvinnie, Eleanor

Front: Landvig, Andreas, Caroline, Agnes

A favorite photo of mine was taken about 1906 and represents the net effect of Grandfather's procreative efforts to that day. It shows Grandfather and Grandmother and the six living members of their family. At that time Grandfather would have been 66 and grandmother 52. The children ranged in age from 12 to 23 and included two daughters from his second wife, Gertrude. The youngest member of the family was their son, Landvig, age 12. My mother, Agnes, was 16.

Mother always referred to her father as loving and considerate and as a good provider. But she said that he was not one to become involved in routine domestic activities in the home. She told of the occasion when her mother prepared a supply of food and left it on the pantry shelves for him to eat while she was away for a week. Upon her return the food was still there. When confronted about it he innocently asked, "How was I to know where you keep your food?"

From the time he arrived in Sanpete, his career and interests were focused primarily on his carpenter shop next door to his home. It was a large two-story clapboard structure with a store-front façade. Here he initially operated a furniture manufacturing business, but he gradually converted it into a specialty shop for the construction of burial caskets and hearses. His records show that he sold children's caskets for seven dollars and adult caskets from thirteen to forty-seven fifty. His hearses were sold for five hundred to eight hundred dollars.^{1 & 2}

A large room on the main floor housed several long wooden work-benches and an incredible range of wood-working tools, from five-foot-long hand planes to foot-powered routers and jigsaws, plus an intimidating array of draw-knives, chisels, saws, sanders, shapers and vises. When I first visited this shop at about the age of four, it was being used by a non-English-speaking Danish carpenter whom we knew simply as "the old man." The only two things I knew about him for sure were that he knew how to produce shavings and sawdust that had an incredible fresh wood fragrance and that he didn't like small children under foot while he worked. The word he most commonly addressed to us kids was "skat."

The cavernous room over the shop was used to display his caskets on a series of stepped racks. They were made of wood selected for the beauty of the grain and were built in a variety of sizes and shapes. They were displayed along with samples of linings available in plush, velvet and satin.

A small room near the front of the building beyond the casket display was converted into a summer bedroom for my brother and me when I was seven or eight years old. We slept there for at least ten seasons, but I never became completely comfortable walking past those rows of caskets at bedtime. The worst part of it, though, was that in the still of the night they creaked.

A large enclosed shed adjacent to the shop housed one of Grandfather's beautiful white hearses. It was glass-enclosed with white satin drapery and tasseled velvet cords. It featured burnished brass kerosene lamps and hand-carved fluted corner posts ornamented with gold leaf. The driver's seat in front was like a upholstered open-air throne.

A favorite possession of mother's was one of the many gold medals Grandfather had won for "Best Hearse" in competition at the State Fair. He held patents on many of the design features of his carriages.

As children we were free to play in and around the hearse, and Grandfather left a plush-lined display casket inside. This provided the setting for my brother, Ted, to call me into the hearse one evening at dusk to see what had happened to our visiting cousin, Beth. After we had crawled in beside the casket he solemnly and slowly opened the lid to reveal our cousin with powdered face and hands as quiet and pale as death. My heart skipped a beat before he began to laugh and the "corpse" came to life.

At the present time one of his hearses, which has been carefully restored, is on display in the Carriage Museum at Iron Mission State Park in Cedar City.³ There is also on display at the Fairview museum of History and Art, a replica, in miniature by Lyndon Graham, of the hearse Grandfather sold to Hans Madsen of Fairview.

Grandfather's talents found expression in helping build both the Manti and Salt Lake Temples. He was one of the craftsmen who designed and built the trusses above the large priesthood room in the Manti Temple, patterned after the design of an inverted ship hull.⁴ When I was eight and went to the Temple for baptism, Mother told of her father walking the seven miles to and from Manti each day while he worked on the Temple. She also took me to see and feel the satin-like smoothness of the joints in the hand-rail that he had built for the spiral stairway. To me, that experience was second only to seeing the gold oxen supporting the baptismal font.

Grandfather taught woodwork and drafting at Snow Academy from 1895 to 1907.^{4 & 6} During this same period, he expanded his career interests by homesteading a farm at the mouth of Willow Creek Canyon where he raised peaches and Italian Prunes which he sold in carload lots throughout the State.

Scandinavians are famous for their nick-names, many of which simply acknowledge superficial physical or personality traits. From an early age I had been aware that my grandfather was known as "Steamboat Olsen." I accepted it much as one speaks prose without necessarily knowing the definition of prose. It was simply who he was. His given name, Andreas, was only incidental and okay for genealogical records. Many in the community had no idea why a carpenter and farmer far from the sea, was called "Steamboat." Some believed it was because he had traveled extensively by sea in coming from Norway and going to the Orient before arriving in Sanpete. Other alleged that the name had originated from a proposal to build a boat to ply the Sanpitch River before it dried up. But those close to him knew, and I learned, the real story behind his name when mother unlocked the door to his "Den" to show me what had been the business office and design center of his operations.

The 'den' was a small room partitioned off from the main work shop. There on the shelves and in a hand-made roll-top desk with a maze of cubby holes were his precise scale drawings and designs and his business ledgers in Grandmother's bold clear handwriting. But, most important, here were the clues to an important driving force in his life and the reason for his nickname. On

a specially constructed shelf over his desk was a model of a beautiful ocean liner and in a box inside an old steamer trunk was a prototype of the 'machine' that was to power it.

An elaborate set of scale drawings was neatly folded on a shelf under the model. They showed many cross-sectional views with construction notes and specifications for a compartmentalized 'unsinkable' hull. A patent application with these papers as supporting documents is at present a part of the collection at the LDS Church Historical Museum in Salt Lake City.⁶

The nature of the 'machine' made the name "Steamboat" something of a misnomer, but, once attached, nick-names tend to stick, regardless of the facts. Contained in a cubical box about 18 inches in each dimension, the 'machine' was a very model of the solar system. Movement of one part of the machine would set other parts in motion through a system of weights and counter-weights. Once in motion it would run for a surprisingly long time and Grandfather apparently believed that, with a few more "adjustments," he could nudge it into motion and it would run on its own indefinitely. He envisioned a larger version as the power plant for his ship.

His "den" contained other clues to the driving forces in his life, including extensive journals and notes in his own handwriting and essays dictated to Grandmother and transcribed by her. These made it clear that his dream about his ship and his "machine" in combination with his strong religious convictions, were central to his life. Following is an excerpt from one of his handwritten notes:

My views of what the "kingdom of God" is I have held for a long time. My views about my inventions I have held for a longer time. It has been my life study, I have always thought I should finish my inventions first and then present them to the Church along with my views of what the "Kingdom of God" is. But that is not according to what Jesus says: "The Kingdom First."¹

Grandfather frequently spoke of his desire to return to Norway for a visit, but in 1915 when his son returned from a Norwegian mission, he became even more nostalgic about returning to see his home country and especially his brothers and sisters.

One of his younger brothers, Anton, was a successful and wealthy shipbuilder in Moss, Norway. Grandfather was confident that Anton and his engineering staff would help put the finishing touches on his 'machine' and might be persuaded to sponsor the building of his dream ship. This prospect gave a sense of mission to his trip and crystallized his desire to go. He was anxious to see his projects come to fruition so that he could turn his legacy over to the Church while he was still living.

He departed from Salt Lake City with great enthusiasm and in high spirits on November 20, 1915, and arrived at the port city of Bergen Norway, on December 10 nearly forty-eight years from the time he had left for America. His journal told of the pleasure he anticipated in revealing to Anton his 'machine' and the plans for his ship. Once in Norway he lost no time in traveling directly across the country to Moss. His journal entry for Monday the 13th of December, just three days after his arrival, was as follows:

I unpacked my trunk and just when I had put that famous machine together in Anton's office in came an engineer and shipbuilder by the name of Hall. He is a man of prominence in Moss whom I had aimed to see in relation to my inventions. He seemed to be very interested in the machine and offered to come back for a more thorough examination of its details.

No further entries were made on this subject, but it is not difficult to imagine the conversations that ensued. The impracticality of 'the machine' which, in essence, was a futile reach for perpetual motion, would have been apparent to his brother and his engineers. They made no commitment to assist in its further development, nor did they show any interest in building a ship featuring his design concepts.

Grandfather spoke of his joy in being reunited with his relatives and in finding that time had apparently healed the rift created by his diversion and departure for America. His visit was marred by the death of a younger sister and an older brother while he was there. In April 1916, after attending his brother's funeral, he returned home.



Andreas (Steamboat) Olson

Upon his return he spoke enthusiastically about being reunited with relatives, but he rarely spoke of his ship or of his 'machine.' His dream had apparently died while he was in Norway, but the man himself survived for nearly three more years. After a series of heart attacks, he passed away at the age of 78, the day after Christmas, in that year of the great flu epidemic. Most of that year, large gatherings had been prohibited as a public health measure. His was one of the first public funerals.¹

He was laid to rest in a casket he had made himself and was transported to the cemetery in one of his own glass-enclosed, hand-crafted carriages.

Today there is no physical evidence left of his home or his shop, and the only remaining evidence of his dream is the set of drawings at the Church Historical Museum.⁶ His home was demolished to make room for the home economics building, but now, even it has been replaced by a playground and parking lot. His shop was dismantled board by board and the material, including the square cut nails, used by my parents to build a home of their own. The model of his ship and his famous 'machine' have been lost

Sources: ¹ Anderson, Agnes O. "History of Andreas Olsen"

² Peel, Johanna O. "History of Caroline Jensen Holst Staalsen Olsen."

³ Articles concerning The Carriage Museum at Iron Mission State Park, Color Country Spectrum Outlook, Nove. 3, 1976 and Sept. 4, 1977.

⁴ Rasmussen, V. and Nielson M. The Manti Temple Centennial 1888-1988. Community Press, Provo, Utah, 1988 p. 28.

⁵ Howell, Demont H. The Shoulders on Which We Stand, 1982 p. 48.

⁶ LDS Church Historical Dept. 50 East N. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150-Ref MS 7132, Folder #2.

Anderson, Agnes O. "History of Agnes Olsen Anderson"

"It Happened in North Sanpete" The Mount Pleasant Pyramid September 7, 1978 p 16.

Anderson, Agnes O. Prune Picking in Ephraim in Early 1900.

THE INDIAN, ALMA "SHOCK" BROWN

Ruth D. Scow

Senior Second Place Short Story

The name of the Indian, Alma "Shock" Brown, has been part of my family history since my great grandparents, James "Polly and his wife, Euncie Reasor Brown, bought Shock from some slave-trading Indians in the early 1850's. the Browns paid \$25.00 for this Indian boy. They had served in the Mormon Battalion, James as a private and his wife as a washer woman. They were to be paid by the U.S. Government \$7.00 each per month of service. Their older boys, Neuman and Robert, signed on as teamsters. After marching almost to Santa Fe, New Mexico, they were sent with the sick detachment from the Mormon Battalion to winter in Pueblo, Colorado. They missed the main company of saints under Brigham Young by several days and arrived in Salt Lake City, 29 July 1847. In the fall of 1849, they were called as original settlers to Manti. Perhaps it was with some of their mustering-out pay from the Army that they were able to pay for Alma Shock Brown.

Their younger son, who was born on the way west, liked the name of Alma, so that was the name given him. Maybe the name Shock sounded like his original Indian name.

The Brown children attended school at first in various homes, but when the log schoolhouse was built they went there for their learning. After school and often in the evening, according to their daughter, Eunice Ann, they taught Shock to read and do some writing. He was a nimble lad, always willing to help with any chore assigned to him. At first he was frightened and timid, but he soon learned that the Brown family were his friends.

Aunt Clara Munk Anderson remembered him and often talked about his growing up years. She talked of how he helped the settlers with his knowledge of the Indian language and of his great understanding of

their ways and thinking. She told us often of the Brown family's love for Shock and of his marriage, his work and his death.

History says that Shock often traveled to Salt Lake City with the settlers' wagon trains. In 1866, he went to Omaha, Nebraska, after emigrants. He was trusted by the Indians as well as the settlers. He helped save many lives during the early settlement of Sanpete County because of his knowledge of Indian ways.

Christian Anderson was one whose life was saved. He was a member of the Manti Militia during the early days of settlement. He was also a fighter in the Black Hawk war. The Sanpitch Indians captured him, tied him to a post and were getting ready to kill him when Shock rode up on his pony. He told the Indians that Anderson was a good man and with his talking persuaded him to untie him, thus saving his life. Elva Anderson Christiansen often told us she could remember this and other stories about Shock's bravery, his fairness, and his loyalty.

R. Clair Anderson, my cousin, often told us of a special grave in the Manti City Cemetery and of how his mother would send him to Red Point the day before Memorial Day to gather Indian paintbrushes and perhaps some sego lily blossoms for this special grave. Clair knew that this grave was Shock's. (At that time there were no artificial flowers of paper or plastic, and Clair knew that lilacs or flags would not do. It must be wild flowers.)

Shock was married to an Indian Girl who was bought from the Indians by Judge George Peacock. Her name was Betsy. When their children were named, Christian Anderson was always there to name them. He said, "This is my way of saying thanks to Shock for the day he traded a few words and some trinkets for my life."

As a married man, Shock made his living by herding sheep. History says that he used to climb a steep hill that rises some 500 feet above the nearby valley floor in the West Mountains between Sanpete and Juab counties. From the summit on this hill, he could follow with his eyes the grazing sheep below and thus the hill became identified as Shock's Knoll. It will perhaps continue to be called that name as long as time endures.

Occasionally someone climbs Shock's Knoll. At the summit is a box with a notebook and pencil inside. It contains the names of people who have made the difficult climb to share with Shock the endless vista of sage, rocks, hills, valleys and sky. One can see thousands and thousands of acres of land.

The final chapter of this Alma Shock Brown story is found in the Manti City Cemetery. The register records Plat A, Block 16, Lot 8. The first name recorded is that of Alma Brown, born 1836 in Piute County. He died of consumption 13 August 1886.

The second name is that of Ellen, daughter of Alma and Betsy Brown. She was born 3 January 1883 and died of convulsions 5 November 1886. The third name recorded is Alma Brown, identified as a child whose parents' names and dates are not recorded. He died 15 October 1881 of lung fever. The fourth name recorded is that of Betsy, born August 1847 of Indian parents. She died 15 October 1887, and like Shock, she died of consumption. One of the speakers in my Grandmother Eunice Ann Brown Munk's funeral said, "Betsy died of a broken heart."

A headstone at these graves reads, "The Indians, Shock Brown and Family." There must have been an earlier marker, perhaps a wooden one. But now there is a granite marker. In the halls of the Manti City Complex where the Manti mayor's photographs can be seen, there is this notice under the photo of Mayor Ernest Madsen 1920-1924: "A headstone was procured for the family of Alma "Shock" Brown, the Indian boy bought from slave traders by James p. Brown in the 1850's." On a smaller nearby stone is stamped, 'Alma Brown, Pvt. Utah Ter. Militia, Indian Wars, August 13, 1886'.



**James Polly Brown and his wife Eunice Reazor
Brown**

FERDINAND CLARK, A VALUED CITIZEN

Louise B. Johansen
Senior Third Place Short Story

My grandfather, Ferdinand Clark, was indeed a man of many talents who used them wisely and freely to make Mt. Pleasant a better place to live. He was born in Aarhus, Denmark, on January 23, 1859. At the age of fourteen he came to America with his mother, who accepted the missionaries' call to come to Zion and worship as they pleased. They settled in Mt. Pleasant 1873. Because of his skill in painting, there was a strong demand for his services. He earned enough money to support his mother and saved enough for his brother Waldemar to come later.

Ferdinand was sociable among young and old and loved by everyone because of his kindness, consideration and respect to all. One night at an MIA meeting he met Hannah Christensen. Her black, shiny hair and sparkling blue eyes caught his attention immediately. After a short courtship they were married October 1, 1879, by William Seely at her mother's home in Mt. Pleasant. In the spring they were sealed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake. She was a sweet young bride of seventeen and he was twenty-one and a man of stability. Their marriage was a happy union and they were blessed with twelve children. Ferdinand wanted them all to have two names, so they were blessed as follows. Rosina Abigail, Hannah Christina, Otto Ferdinand, Daniel Waldemar, Hazel Geneva, Heber Chase, Myrtle Elvira, Alonzo Benjamin, Arthur Oliver, Christie Arvilla, Ruth Louise and Reed Quentin. Their six boys and six girls were all born in their home without a doctor. Hannah, Hazel and Heber died as small children, but the rest became very helpful to their parents and successful in life.



Ferdinand and Hannah Clark Family.

**Left to right: Dan, Otto, Ferdinand,
Hannah, Rosina, Myrtle, and Alonzo.**

**They had lost three babies: Hannah
Christine, Hazel and Heber Arthur.**

**Christie, Ruth and Reid were born later.
At this time he was city councilman and
manager of consolidated Furniture.**

Their first home was a one-room adobe house and their furniture was all homemade. Hanna's father gave them a cow and twelve chickens for a wedding gift, and with a garden and fruit trees they managed very well. Ferdinand had learned the trade of painting as a young boy, and because of his excellent interior painting, he was in demand in the surrounding towns as well. His wage was \$2.00 for nine hours of work.

He worked for the Consolidated Furniture Store in Mt. Pleasant for a number of years. In 1892, he and his brother-in-law, Chris Johansen, opened the firm of Clark-Johansen and Co. In 1895 the name was changed to Clark Furniture, and Chris opened up his harness shop next door. Ferdinand was now manager, secretary, and treasurer of his business. This made it possible to give his children experience in working with him. He carried a good stock of wallpaper, carpet, paints, glass, oils and toys, as well as a good selection of the latest furniture.

Ferdinand was called to serve a mission to Northern States in Minnesota in 1883, while his wife and two children managed things at home. In those days the missionaries went without purse or script and they had to rely on the people for food and lodging. Many times, night would come with no place to stay. Hungry and weary, Ferdinand's companion would say, "Brother Clark, this is the last home, sing and I'm sure they will let us stay and give us some food. Ferdinand would stand on the doorstep and sing in his beautiful, clear voice, and the people would be so impressed that they would ask them in for the night and give them something to eat.

Ferdinand's health began to fail while on his mission, so he came home after one year. Although he was not strong, he worked at his trade. He was especially successful in his business because of his expertise in interior painting and wall-papering. He knew how to mix paint colors so that they would harmonize with wallpaper and furnishings. In a spirit of cooperation, he was lenient in extending credit to his customers. He found fulfillment in helping people realize their dreams of comfortable and charming homes.

His originality was evident in the yearly calendars he presented to his customers. They were beautifully painted plates featuring the months and days of the year. His varied selection of hardware, furnishings and toys resulted in an excellent shopping center year round.

Often, as customers approached the front door, the sound of his beautiful singing voice enticed them to enter and browse around. His warm manner and friendly welcome endeared him to all his customers. He seemed to be a natural at public relations. The furniture he sold was the best quality and style of the day. In fact, the store served as a gathering place for friends and neighbors who eagerly entered to see his latest merchandise.

Ferdinand built his wife and children a beautiful new home as soon as he could afford it and kept it painted so lovely inside and out. The artistic wooden fence on the corner lot of Fourth South and Second West was painted to match the house. Many social gatherings were held in the parlor and everyone was always welcome.

Ferdinand loved to sing and was always willing to share his talent. He never missed a choir practice. He sang for every occasion in Mt. Pleasant and surrounding soprano voice they would often sing duets. They would travel by horse and buggy to the different towns to sing. Sometimes it would be storming, but they would go anyway. They brought much happiness to other people.

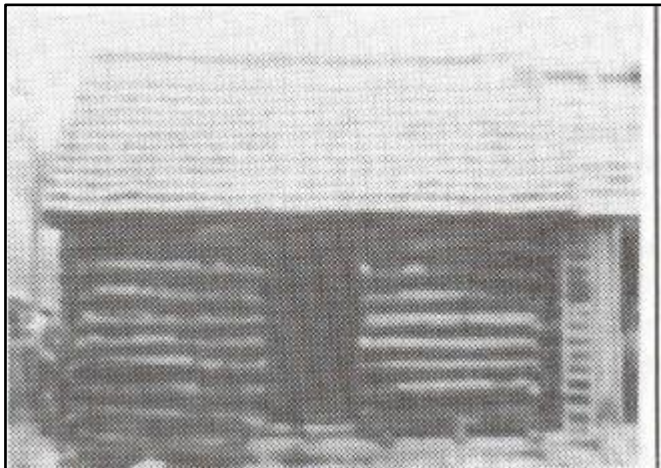
The gospel of Jesus Christ was foremost in his mind and he practiced what he preached. He helped the poor and the widows and was a good neighbor. Besides taking care of his family and business, he held many church offices and served his fellowmen in the community. He was City Justice of the Peace, City Councilman, Superintendent of Sunday School, and President of the Men's Mutual Association, President of the Sixty-sixth Quorum of Seventies and President of the ward choir.

His love for children was evident in the training of his own little ones. As soon as they were old enough to dust the furniture, they were put to work in the store. He took them for long walks and sometimes on the train to Salt Lake when he went shopping for merchandise. He would always have a treat for them when he came home.

He was only fifty-one years old when he died on April 17, 1910, in Mt. Pleasant of heart failure. Mads Anderson gave him a Patriarchal blessing shortly before he died and promised him that his family would remember his good counsel because he had been an example to pray and teach truth and righteousness to them all their lives. His dear wife and children were left to carry on as best they could. The family was able to manage by selling the store and collecting debts owned by customers. All of his children became successful in their various professions and inherited his musical ability.

After his death Neils Peter Nielsen purchased the store and rented it to Frank Bohne for a plumbing shop. Later, he converted it into an apartment for his grandson Neil Hafen and new bride Alice Peel. Neil's mother lived there during the last few years of her life. Then Neil's son Peter and wife Kathy Hafen lived there from 1960 to 1977, until Terrel Seely purchased it for a parking lot adjacent to his grocery store.

The furniture store is gone, but his home still stands as a monument to him and the dear family who lived and loved there.



Log Cabin of J.J. and Mary Oldroyd

Sources: [History Book of Mt. Pleasant](#)

Family history and family group sheets of Ruth Reynolds and Myrtle Bagley

Records of Alice Peel Hafen

Stories by my grandmother Hannah Clark

REMEMBERING MY PARENTS WITH LOVE AND APPRECIATION

Jessie Oldroyd

Senior Honorable Mention Short Story

At one of our family reunions which included the children, I asked the question: "How many of you know what a dugout is?" Immediately hands went up.

"Matthew, would you like to tell us?" His eyes were twinkling with excitement. "A dugout is the place where the ball players sit." True, to children of today, dugouts are just that.

This was a good time to tell both children and adults about our Pioneers, and especially about our parents who are their grandparents and great-great grandparents. I showed them a map of Utah, and we talked about places and distances and years ago.

President Brigham Young often called the people to explore other parts of the state or territory. At one time, the men traveled south; they came upon a small cove with two cool, clear streams sending a large stream of water to the valley below. They saw wonderful possibilities for irrigation and power and reported this to President Young. It was soon decided to start a settlement there. The men returned to Salt Lake for their families. This area was in the central part of the state and would later become Glenwood, Sevier County, Utah.

The first families were Joseph Wall and Thomas Bell, and there were two names you will recognize: Archibald T. Oldroyd and Peter M. Oldroyd. Of course, there were several other families, too. This was in the year 1864. Long time ago, wasn't it? The exact date was January 11, 1864, making Glenwood the oldest settlement in Sevier Valley. The settlement was founded in the spring under the direction of Robert W. Glenn and was called Glenn's Cove or Coe.

The first work was to provide shelters, which were dugouts. These were dug into the side of a big wash that ran through the new settlement. Of course, they were like fairly big holes dug into the earth floor, sides, top, all of dirt. Later, more permanent shelters were built, still like cellars with rock walls and roofs made of logs and covered with willows, grass and dirt. Later, more permanent shelters were built, still like cellars with rock walls and roofs made of logs and covered with willows, grass and dirt.

The dugouts were a necessity and proved to be of great value, for there was danger all around. I'm sure you can all guess what that was. Indians! The dugouts gave the people some protection, and also from the weather.

More families moved in, and the first meeting recorded was held June 5, 1864. Another meeting was held on July 17, 1864 where Elder Peter Oldroyd was appointed as a delegate to attend a convention. Of course, there were many others holding offices, but it is interesting to know something of our own early relatives at that time.

As the springtime and summer arrived, it was necessary to till the soil and plant crops. This tells us something about the land and conditions also. The work was slow and very difficult for the sagebrush and rabbitbrush were six feet high and so thick the men could hardly get through them.

Now, someone we know and love arrived, into this area, and in a dugout, a dear baby boy was born. His father and mother were Peter and Mary Jolley Oldroyd. This beautiful little boy was given the name of his mother's father, John Jolley Oldroyd. He was born on August 9, 1865. He had a very humble beginning, and things weren't easy for his parents, for the Indian trouble had grown worse. The pioneers had very little peace because the Indians were troublesome. Some of them camped near Glenwood and went to the families every day begging for food. Young Black Hawk was the leader. The Black Hawk War started February 9, 1865.

These were very trying times for the settlers, and because of the Indians, many families moved to other towns, especially where there were forts for protection.

The Oldroyd's moved to Fountain Green where there was a fort. Sometime we will go to that part of town and see where the fort was built. The next home our new baby had, we will call him by name, or father, or grandfather, as you know him today, was in a wagon box in the fort. As he grew up, his parents built a log house, and his mother, our Grandmother Oldroyd, lived part of the time at the foot of West Mountain, where she proved up on the land so it could become hers. She had a wonderful garden and orchard. She now had two sons, John J. and Thomas J. and as they grew older, they became a great help to her.

The boys learned to work at an early age. They had chores to do, chickens to feed, eggs to gather, all the chores of Pioneer folks. They helped to raise grain and sheep. Grandmother soaked the straw and made their hats. The wool from the sheep was for clothing and bedding.

From a very humble beginning and very little schooling, my father achieved much and was very successful in all he undertook to do. He fell in love with a beautiful girl, Mary Ann Morgan, daughter of Thomas and Fanny Vizard Morgan. She was born December 23, 1866, in Fountain Green. She was always a religious girl, attended Church, loved the Gospel and her home. Their courting days took the, with friends, to home parties, dances, sleigh-riding, and all the pleasures of that day. Both the Oldroyd's and the Morgan's were Pioneers who came to America from England for their religion.

My father and mother wanted to be married in the L.D.S. Temple. The one open at the time was the Logan Temple, quite a distance away. They went by horse and buggy to Nephi and from there on a train to Logan, taking them two days. There they were married and sealed, February 4, 1886, and came back to Fountain Green to make their home. It was a log house of two rooms and a small room called a shanty, I think they said. They both worked hard with the chores of that day.

In time, they had seven children; two baby girls died at the age of six months, which was a heart-break for the parents and the other children.

Both father and mother gave service in the church, and both loved to sing. My father began his singing in the first youth choir in town when he was about age sixteen. He had a beautiful tenor voice and was a faithful member of the ward choir throughout his life.

Many fathers were called to fill missions at the time, and Mother wanted my father to serve a mission for the Church. He had that opportunity and was called to serve in the Northwestern States. It meant that he had to leave his wife and children. The parting was sad and the separation difficult, but Mother would have no other way. She and the children would work and all would be well. It wasn't easy, however, for Mother was not well and often suffered greatly. Father had to be called home at one time and then return on his mission, so it was difficult and a worry for him, but his faith was strong and he served well. He never regretted serving that mission.

Two more children were added to the family, making four boys and three girls, I being the youngest. My mother died at the age of forty-six, leaving a very heart-broken husband and children. My eldest sister and Grandmother Oldroyd took the place of our mother. Only a few things do I remember about her, for I was but a baby. I have had to learn of her greatness, her love of family and church, and her service to others from my brothers and sisters. I have been told that one of her favorite songs was "I Live for Those Who Love Me." I have found the song and often I sing it.

Through faith, prayer, work and necessity, life went on, but my father was very lonely. He was a co-owner of the Co-op Store, and also a co-owner of a threshing machine. He raised sheep and was appointed to be the Jericho Shearing Corral manager. He worked at this position for twenty-five years. All the workers

admired and respected my father. He was loved by all who knew him, friends, relatives, workers, and certainly his children and grand children, who, whenever we hold family gatherings, talk about the love of Grandfather.

A young lady came to Fountain Green from England to visit with relatives here that she had heard about but never met. Her name was Lillian Hunt Smith. She became the cook for the threshers, and she and my father became good friends. My brother and I often stayed with her in the camp wagon, and called her Lillie. She was a member of the Methodist church and knew little about the Mormons, but my father taught her, converted her to the religion, and she was baptized a member of the L.D.S. Church.

Father and our new mother, Lillie, were married in the L.D.S. Temple November 18, 1914. She brought happiness to my father and made a home and family life for his children.

Mother Lillie was an excellent cook and housekeeper. She was very strict in her beliefs and character, but we all adjusted well, and it was good to be a family, continuing our holiday and birthday parties. Christmas time was always happy, with all the grandchildren coming home to Grandpa's, something we all remember and talk about. She made many friends and loved to entertain, something I'm sure she learned from my father, for he loved having all the families come home, and to have their many friends here often.

My father continued to serve in city and Church. He was appointed Fountain Green City Mayor and served four terms. He loved music and drama, and we often went to Salt Lake City to attend the fine Cultural Arts there. We lived in Salt Lake City while my brother and I attended two years of school.

My father built a beautiful brick home for my mother while she could still enjoy it, and in 1917 he built another new home on Main Street that we all love.

He continued to play the cello in the orchestra, two different instruments in the City band. Self-taught, he was, and loved to sing in the choir, but he was a modest man, and never pushed himself forward, but was always willing to serve. He loved children and they loved him. He also loved to give generously to the less fortunate than he.

A writer once penned, "Every man has two responsibilities which he must face courageously and successfully. The first is to make an honest living and to help others do the same. The second is building a good life. To do these things is a master achievement. The second is building a good life. To do these things is a master achievement." My father filled these two responsibilities well.

His love for his home town was great, as was his love for his country, Church, and people. He and my mothers were persons of integrity and honor, with high standards and ideals. They taught by example. They have a posterity of over 400 descendants, many filling missions for the church, many are doctors, musicians, teachers, parents and homemakers. This is my tribute to my father.

"A rock of strength to lean upon in time of joy or stress;
an understanding and loyal soul with a heart of tenderness;
A mind of wisdom, knowing how justice and love to blend;
a teacher, by example, loving and kind. My Father and My Friend."

I know him best of my parents, for I have known him much longer.

To my mother who gave me life, I thank her. I love her for her goodness, her faith and kindness. She too, was an example to follow.



**John Jolley Oldroyd
and wife Mary.
Children: John
Thomas and Mary
Jane.**

I'm sure God chose an angel from above
So sweet, loving and fair to see,
He called her "Mother" and he gave
This dear angel to me.

To my mother Lillie, I thank her for bringing happiness and joy to my father and to the family, for her ability to make a beautiful home for all of us, and making us her family, for her being the kind of person who made friends and easily became a part of the neighborhood and city. She was and is greatly appreciated by us, and she will still be an important part of our family forever. She gave us love, and we give our love and appreciation to her.



**Lillie Hunt Oldroyd and John Jolley Oldroyd at
family reunion.**

**Pictured are: Connie Livingston, Geneva Ivory
Oldroyd, Lillie and John, Etta Livingston
Schofield, Merrill Lee Oldroyd, Dorene
Oldroyd, Lola Olsen Oldroyd, Jane Oldroyd
Livingston, Laverne Holman Oldroyd, John
Thomas Oldroyd and William Milton Oldroyd.**

I'm sure, God picked the stars from out of the sky
To give her eyes of blue;
He gave her courage, hope and faith,
He gave her happiness,
To last her whole life through.

Remembering my parents brings joy and happiness to me. Their love, their lives are examples of faith, honor, integrity. I will always remember the advice my father gave, especially when asked, for he gave us a right to make choices. These are special, as were many others.

"Do all the good you can, and as often as you can."

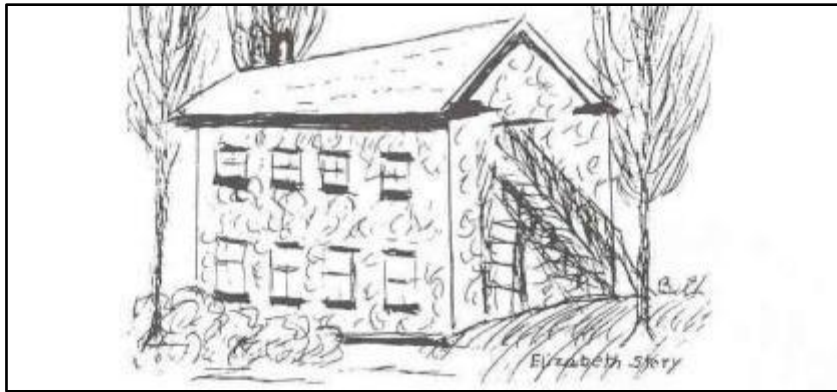
"Learn all you can that is good. Give service and kindness to all."

Sources: Localities-DUP
My history and recollections
Information from family

**SANPETE'S FIRST PUBLIC INSTITUTION
THE MANTI COUNCIL HOUSE
1851-1911**

Lillian H. Armstrong Fox
Senior Honorable mention Short Story

The Council House was the focal point for directing church and civic affairs in the Sanpete region for thirty-six years. This fine old building continued to serve Manti for a total of sixty years. Located on the corner where Main and Union intersect, it was replaced by the Manti Public Library in 1912.



**The Old Council House in Manti 1854-1906.
Drawing by Elizabeth Story.
Courtesy Lillian H. Fox.**

In the year 1849 when the Mormon pioneers were invited to come to the Sanpitch and establish a community, the Sanpitch was a large area including what is now Sanpete, Carbon, Emery and Grand Counties. It wasn't until the year 1879 that the counties were divided. During that thirty-year period, all roads led to Manti and all streets to the Council House.

The first company of pioneers arrived in South Central Utah in November of 1849. After an eventful winter when they nearly perished from cold and exposure, they planned to build a community. On their drawing board was a building large enough to hold public meetings. This was March 6, 1850, four months after they arrived.

They began to construct the building near the gray hill, but when President Brigham Young arrived, July 5, 1850, he advised them to locate the building further out in the valley near City Creek, where water would always be available. Therefore, when the land was surveyed and a township established, Block 56 near the center was set aside for public buildings. The north-east corner of this block became the location of the Council House. President Young had pledged financial help from the Church. In March 1851 Isaac Morley received \$944 from him.

The Council House was built of oolite stone taken from the Manti stone quarry. The stones were rough and not sawed smoothly like those used when the temple was built twenty-four years later. This was the first two-story structure south of Salt Lake City. THE REAR: A stairway leading to the second floor was built on the outside of the building on the south. A fireplace in the south-west corner was large enough to hold several pine logs standing side by side.

Construction began in 1851, and although the upstairs was not complete, the first council was held there November 22, 1851. It was characteristic of Mormon communities to seek amusement with which to

alleviate the otherwise dreary monotony of their arduous toil, so when there were no meetings in session, the towns-folks had a great time dancing on the wooden floors.

Weddings, celebrations and special events took place here. Babies were blessed, priesthood ordinances observed, and burial services conducted, as well as musical productions, dramatical performances and traveling minstrels. Noted speakers and Church authorities spoke from the pulpit. There are people living today who recall attending some of these events, for example Reva Putman, living in Salt Lake City says she recalls attending religion classes while she was a girl.

As time went by, church and civic affairs separated and other buildings were constructed to serve the needs. Among them were the Tabernacle, 1880, the City Hall, 1863, and the Sanpete County Courthouse, 1864.

The Indians attended services in this building. In the afternoon of July 27, 1854, after Welcome Chapman was appointed president of the Manti Stake, with Warren S. Snow his counselor, Chief Walker, along with 103 males and 17 females was baptized in City Creek and following the baptism, confirmed members of the Church in the Council House. Chief Walker was renamed Joseph Walker. It was also here that Chief Arrowpine, who claimed leadership of the Utes after the death of Walker, signed his name with a "X" deeding Sanpete Territory to the Church.

In later history we learn that Chief Black Hawk had attended church in the Council House and was having dinner at the home of Ed Tooth, when he received word that one of his braves had a scuffled with John Lowry, Junior. This event helped trigger the Black Hawk War that lasted three years, 1865-1868.

Many stories could be told about the Council House. It continued to serve the Manti citizens until it was razed in 1911 and replaced by the library. A fine old landmark that had enriched the lives of a people passed away into memoirs and history.

A TRUE POLYUGAMOUS STORY

Ruth D. Scow

Non Professional First Place Anecdote

A certain man from Mayfield was almost daily seen walking toward various towns in southern Sanpete. He never seemed in a hurry, just walking, walking.

Many folks in wagons and buggies stopped to ask him where he was going and always his reply was, "To visit Elsie in Manti, or Abigail in Gunnison, or Agnes in Ephraim."

Finally, the folks at Mayfield, wanting to do a good turn, seeing he needed help, planned a dance in the church hall. With the proceeds they would buy the man a horse that he could ride. The dance proved to be a big fund raiser, and so a horse, saddle and bridle were purchased and presented to him.

A week or so later, the man was seen walking between the towns, no horse, saddle or bridle. A friendly neighbor stopped the man and asked, "What happened to the horse we gave you?"

"Oh, I sold it," the man replied. "I don't need a horse, I have plenty of time."

Source: Ernest James Scow, Manti, Utah remembers his father telling him this story.



Old barns in Manti were built with a firm foundation, still in use in 1995.

MEMORIES FOR MOTHER, MAGGIE MAY PEACOCK BAILEY

Helen B. Dyreng

Non Professional Second Place Anecdote

My mother's favorite month of the whole year was May. She loved the awakening of Mother Nature and the blossoming of spring flowers. She loved the cry of the newborn lambs, the soft feathers of newly-hatched baby chicks, the songs of the returning birds, and the sounds and smells of spring.

Since she was born in May, she was given the name of Maggie May. Because her birth date was on the 10th, very often it fell on Mother's Day. We would celebrate the two occasions with much love and thoughtfulness.

In a very worn, blue plush box with a large decorative cameo on the cover, mother saved every little love note, poem or memento given to her by her family as expressions of love. She cherished them all and could not part with any of them.

While perusing the box, I found a charming and much used, red leather book entitled, An Old Sweetheart of Mine, by James Whitcomb Riley. Inside and on the fly leaf, was written: "To M.M.P. with love, from W.H. B.. as I carefully thumbed through the pages, I found a faded envelope, and inside on worn, brittle paper this poem was written.

To Maggie May

As fair as blossoms on the trees,
As sweet as honey from the bees,
As lovely as a warm spring day,
Is my sweetheart Maggie May.



My heart beats just for you,
Please say you love me too!
Accept this emerald ring.
A joyous wedded life 'twill bring.

Love forevermore,
W.H.B.
May 10th, 1910

After all these years I found another, and perhaps the most important reason my mother loved the beautiful month of May. It was on her birthday in May, her sweetheart, William Henry Bailey had proposed marriage to her.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE MADE A DIFFERENCE

Leo C. Larsen

Non Professional First Place Essay

Who are they? Many! But I should like to mention two who have made a difference in my life. They are those whose name I bear.

Prior to about the year 1900, my mother worked in the home of John H. Seeley, a world renowned sheep and cattle breeder, helping with the house work and caring for the children. She took a special liking to a loving and friendly toddler in the family whose name was Leo, known to perhaps some of you readers of the Saga as J. Leo Seeley. As an adult, he was known for his many sterling qualities. So when I was born, my mother chose to name me "Leo," automatically giving her new-born son a model to pattern his life. And as I grew, I selected a characteristic or two of J. Leo Seeley to follow. So he has made a difference.

Then my father who must have loved and admired his father chose to give me the name of his father, Christian. So as a citizen of the United States and on the records of the church, I was recorded by the name of Leo Christian Larsen. Thus my parents gave me two models to pattern my life. I knew J. Leo Seeley personally, but my grandfather, Christian Larsen, died while my father was in his teens. So I had no personal acquaintance of my grandfather. I do recall a brief statement my grandmother had made that a loving and "close father and son relationship existed between my father and grandfather."

I have wished a thousand times that my grandfather had left a journal or some written account of his doings that I would know of him. But all I had was the unspoken but apparent evidence that he was a good man, a devoted and loving father with a better-than-average work ethic and devotion to righteousness. He became invisible, but non-the-less worthy model to follow.

Now, dear reader, let me ask you, will someone fifty or a hundred years from now look back and say that you had made a difference? Have you left the evidence in a written history or journal so that you will be a tangible entity for them to point to as a person who had made a difference? Or will they need to rely on the unspoken and intangible evidence that you had made a difference in their lives?

I close with a challenge to you to keep a record of your comings and goings, your hopes and your aspirations, your challenges and your achievements, that some one will know why you made a difference.

MY GRANDPARENTS

Ruth D. Scow

Non Professional Second Place Essay

When I was growing up my maternal grandparents, Peter Mikkell and Eunice Ann Brown Munk, built and lived in the rock house on the intersection of Main and Fifth South in Manti. Their four children: Eunice Minerva, Lily May, Clara, Maria, and William, when they married, built or bought homes around the block of Fourth to Fifth South Main and First West. Thus, I grew up within a small radius of grandparents, aunts, uncles, and many cousins, and they became my growing-up world.

My grandparents were Pioneers in every sense of the word. Grandpa Peter was born on the island of Bornholm located in the Baltic Sea, September 21, 1844, and came with his father Christian Ipsen and wife Ane Marie Rassmussen Munk and a younger sister on a sailing ship to Copenhagen. Theirs was the first shipload of Mormon converts to come to the promised land of Zion.

Peter's father had lost one eye when, as a small child, he found a lump of lime. Not knowing what it was, he put it in his wooden shoe and added some water. The mixture exploded and some popped into his eye. All of his life, his sight was limited.

Times were hard, and the Munk family became the brunt of much hatred and antagonism. The cellar for their anticipated new home was filled with water, and it was there that the Munk family was baptized.

After joining the hated Mormon Church, they sold their property and sailed for Copenhagen. There they joined more Mormon converts. This time they took sail for Hull, England, and later rode the train to Liverpool.

During the crossing of the North Sea, a terrible storm arose. The passengers were herded into the depth of the ship and the door was battened down. Now all was dark, and they could feel the ship being tossed they way and that the entire night. Next morning the sun shone, the door was lifted open, and Peter remembered the good feelings they had as their lives had been saved during that awful, dark, prayerful night. He remembered the sight of the ship's deck as he came up the stairs. Boxes of apples had been lashed to the ships railings, and during the storm the boxes had broken open and now the deck was strewn with apples. The ship's captain called, "Folks, help yourselves to the apples." And Peter did.

Taking passage on a larger ship, "Forrest Monarch", and with more converts, they set sail across the Atlantic Ocean. Perhaps they were caught in the doldrums of the Caribbean with no wind to fill their sails, which hung lifeless. Water stored in the hold of the ship became rancid in the heat, and food was scarce. Peter's baby sister became ill, so ill that her mother knew that she was going to die and pled with the Lord to let the baby live until she could be buried on land. She was buried on a sandbar at the mouth of the Mississippi River.

The company then traveled up the river to Keokuk, Iowa, where they spent the winter of 1852-1853 making harnesses for their American oxen, which they planned to buy, but these American oxen knew nothing of harnesses. They understood about yokes and so with the harnesses on, they ran away, and harnesses were broken into nothings. Here they also bought supplies and wagons to continue west along the Mormon Trail to the territory of Deseret/Utah. Peter helped drive the cattle, walking most of the way across the plains.

Arriving in Salt Lake City, President Brigham Young in his wisdom divided these Danish-speaking converts, sending half of the families north to the Cache settlements and the other half south to Sanpete.

They arrived at the Allred Settlement (Spring City) only to find it vacated. The settlers had fled to the Manti Settlement for safety from the Indians. These Danes did find potatoes still in the ground. A dry summer

produced very small potatoes, but they were still food. So the Danes dug potatoes. Arriving in the Manti Settlement in the late fall of 1853, they found refuge with the Millet family in the little fort. That winter Peter remembered eating frozen potatoes and being thankful. Sometimes he watched the little Indian boys as they raced their ponies or swam their ponies in the Warm Springs, always holding onto the ponies' tails to cross the ponds.

The Munk family was assigned the south half of the block between 2nd and 3rd West in Manti. Not knowing about Utah weather, they built their house to have a continuous roof. (*See The Other 49ers, page 78, 479*)

It was a Sunday when John Lowry, Jr. pulled the Indian off his horse. Chief Black Hawk was attending church in Manti when an Indian came and notified him what had happened. Black Hawk immediately left. Grandpa said that the settlers knew the Indians were angry. They had had an outbreak of smallpox and several Indians had died as a result. They blamed the White man.

Early the next morning, Peter and Pete Ludvigson rode their ponies south to gather scattered cattle belonging to the settlers. As they came near where the Nine Mile reservoir is now, Pete Ludvigson was killed by some Indians. He was the first casualty of the Black Hawk War. The other boys scattered because they were unarmed. Grandpa traveled home by way of Pettyville.

In 1868 Peter left his sweetheart, Eunice Ann Brown, in Manti and drove his team of oxen and covered wagon back to Iowa to get emigrants who had joined the church. He bade Eunice Ann goodbye prior to the trip and she often told me that was the last time she saw Peter with a shaved face and without a beard. When he arrived to meet the emigrants, they were not there so he had to wait, and not wanting to waste his time, he got a job with a nearby farmer and thus was able to bring back to Manti a wooden bedstead, a lamp, and a gallon of coal oil.

I asked him about driving the oxen, and he replied, "We went in a company, each driving our own team and wagon, and the wagon ahead of me was taking cured pork back east to sell. The sun was hot, and the fat in the pork melted on the boards of the wagon box. My oxen found the grease tasty and hurried on to the lead wagon to lick the melted grease."

Grandpa and Grandma were married in the Endowment House, November 24, 1868. It took them, along with three other couples, five days to drive their teams and wagons to Salt Lake City. Each young man had his own horses and outfit. In the daytime each couple rode in their own wagon, but at night each two girls slept in the two wagons and their fiancées kept guard and slept in the other two wagons. The reason they went to Salt Lake City that late in the year was that they had to wait until the Indians had settled in their winter campgrounds.

After marriage, Peter Mikkel and Eunice Ann lived for a time with his folks. In fact, my mother carried me in her arms to watch the Indians pass along First West Street to sign the Treaty of Peace with the settlers. Soon they bought the half block between Man and First West on Fifth South where Peter built their first home with a north room of rock and a lean-to kitchen on the south. Here their first three children were born. Grandmother became ill for 15 years, and later their only son William Peter was born.

By that time the Manti Temple was being built, and Grandpa bought refuse rock from the Temple to build onto the east side of their home. There May remembers playing on the rocks.

Grandma Eunice Ann Brown Munk was born 16 months after Manti was settled. Her birth date was March 13, 1851. She attended school, at first, in various homes of the settlers. In second grade, 1857, she was given a "Reward of Merit" by her teacher, A.M. Lowry.

In the 1860's her father was called by the Church to help settle the Dixie Country to the south. It was there he received the letter from President Brigham Young inviting him to come to Salt Lake for the Mormon

Battalion reunion. He invited his daughter to go with him to the City. Grandma was very excited and often told me about the dance in the Social Hall and its starting early in the afternoon, with the dancing stopping while they ate their supper, then continuing on until midnight, then another meal and more dancing. She said the floor accommodated six squares of dancers. After watching the dancers for a time, Grandma Eunice Ann lay down on a bench and sleep took over until her father shook her awake...time to go home.

The Mormon Battalion's first reunion ended with happy memories. All the folks going south formed a wagon train. Eunice Ann remembered going up Salt Creek Canyon. Theirs was the front wagon. Willows had grown tall along the creek road. Someone had built a log cabin in a clearing near the top of the canyon.

As they rounded the trees/willows, they came upon an unexpected scene. Indians knew they were coming and that they were Mormons, because the Mormon men were told to wear their hair Dutch-cut. It seemed there were Indians everywhere. James Polly said afterwards that as the Indians came toward them, he glanced back at his daughter; her face was white from fright.

The Indians wanted flour, bread and other foods from the travelers. They even demanded tobacco. James Polly, followed by a large group of Indians, went in search of someone who had tobacco. Finally they came to an elderly woman from the old country who said that she had a little tobacco. This she divided with the Indians. Now they were content and permitted the wagons to move ahead into Sanpete.

Grandpa bought twenty acres of farmland north of Sterling, clearing the land, and making fences using no wire or nails, but utilizing plentiful cedar posts to each post hole which he dug. He then cut oak cross-pieces to hold the long aspen poles he hauled from the canyon. The rocks picked from his farmland were laid underneath each panel of fence. Often when he felt his oxen were tired from their day's work, he would leave them at the farm and walk home to Manti. Next morning he would walk back to his work at the farm. Occasionally, Chief Arropeen was hosted by Grandpa as the Indian didn't want to climb the hills to the Indian camp.

In 1872 the first deeds were issued in Sanpete County, and Grandpa Peter became the owner of his half block. Now he owned his own home. Grandma remembered after everyone had left the house, she would sweep dirt floors very smooth, and then design a pattern in the dust which was destroyed when the family came home.

People who dealt with Grandpa always said, "Peter Munk's word was as good as his bond," and folks loved and trusted him. He was a good worker and loved the church and the gospel. He lived its teachings all his life. They became a part of him.

At one time his daughter May was given the opportunity to become the president of a women's club (1896) here in Manti. May answered that she couldn't accept the position unless she asked her father. He said, "We came across the ocean, across the United States to Utah and then to Manti because of our beliefs and our religion. We expect you to honor what we have done." Thus May said, "No", and spent her life raising a family and following the church. She became a charter member of the Manti Camp of D.U.P. in 1910.

Peter and his wife Eunice Ann were good, family-oriented people. Their children adored them. The Munk's cared about their children, their neighbors and even stray cats. To have a slice of sister Munk's home-made bread was a real treat.

Aunt Clara often told the story of going across Main Street to play with the Jorgen Madsen children. One day there was a scrap of bright cloth lying in the Madsen dooryard. It was so colorful, and thinking no one cared for it, she put it in her pocket. On returning home, her mother saw the scrap of cloth and asked her where she got it. Clara told her mother that she just found it in the Madsen's dooryard. Her mother said, "Did

Mrs. Madsen give it to you?" Clara nodded her head, "No" "Then we must take the scrap back to the Madsen's and explain." And this they did.

Grandma always had compassion for stray animals. I remember the times I have seen many stray cats lapping up a pan of milk placed in the dooryard. Grandpa always teased her with, "If it was a snake that needed your help you would take care of it".

My grandparents were known for their compassion, their thoughtfulness, honesty and dependability. They taught me about family values and caring for others. They taught me to appreciate the many blessings I had. They gave of their great love to each other, to their children and grandchildren, to their neighbors and friends. Often-times, grandmother told me how on a summer evening the neighborhood group, after a day's work, would sit in their dooryard sharing happenings of the day and singing songs.

Grandma Munk died in 1936; she and Grandpa were married some 68 years. Grandpa died July, 1945, lacking three months of being one hundred and one years old.

Source: Personal remembrances of the author

The Other 49er's, a topical history of Sanpete county, C 1983, pp. 78,479,130,142,339.

Diary written by Christian Ipsen Munk

Andrew Jensen, LDS Church Historian, 1942

Peter Mikkel and Eunice Ann Brown Munk, their remembrances and stories as told to author

THE MANTI TELEPHONE COMPANY

Norma S. Wanlass Barton

Non Professional First Place Historical Essay

An executive committee with power to act on all motions pertaining to the incorporation and securing a franchise for a proposed telephone company met May 2, 1907. A committee consisting of P.P. Dyreng, Stanley Crawford, A.O. Anderson and E.D. Sorensen was named. On motion it was called the Manti Telephone Company.

On May 13, 1907, a Board of Directors was chosen, namely A.H. Christensen, A.O. Anderson, Stanley Crawford, Quince Crawford and E.D. Sorensen.

Upon investigation of the price of telephone material needed to purchase phones, switch-board and complete central apparatus, they found the estimated cost was \$1,500.00.

On May 24, 1907, it was reported that Jacob Fikstad would rent four rooms to the Company in his store building, for \$7.00 a month. The Manti Co-op offered to rent three rooms for \$3.50 per month. They were authorized to rent four rooms from Mr. Fikstad. Stanley Crawford was made manager of construction of the system.

June 12, 1907: A.H. Christensen was authorized to buy 25 cedar posts, thirty feet long for Main Street. The ground men were to receive \$1.50 per day, and the pole men were paid \$2.00 per day.

Applications of Lillian Hornung and Helen Jorgensen were submitted for operators. They were employed at \$17.00 per month for Miss Hornung as chief operator, and \$15.00 to Miss Jorgensen.

September 16, 1907: The question of party lines was discussed. S.W. Chapman, in charge of construction, reported that 73 phones had been installed, 63 of which were connected.

September 18, 1907: All residence phones were made subject to party lines. Anyone preferring an independent line must pay \$1.50 more.

October 15, 1907: The Telephone System has been in operation since September 16, 1907. The subscribers are delighted with the service.

November 12, 1907: Sam W. Chapman reported that he now has 112 phones installed. They are working in the south section of the city now.

December 31, 1907: from a record kept by the operators, there are about 1500 calls passing over the board each day.

April 29, 1908: Manti High School and the commercial Club were given free phone rental until further ordered.

May 22, 1908: Mrs. Bell Brown was hired from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. at \$15.00 per month.

It was agreed to let Sanpete County have five phones in the courthouse at the monthly rental of \$5.00, two phones on each line.

September 14, 1908: Miss Kate Judd was employed for thirty days. If her service is satisfactory, she will be employed permanently. Helen Jorgensen is advanced to head operator at \$17.50 per month.

December 7, 1908: The salaries of Officers and Directors for the past year were finally decided. The President will receive \$50.00, each of the Directors \$15.00, and the Secretary and Treasurer \$75.00.

February 10, 1910: The question of paying to Manti City the license as demanded by them was discussed. We will pay the city license under protest for 1909.

February 11, 1911: Jos. Whitbeck was hired to replace Stanley Crawford, who resigned. He will receive the overdue bills to collect, and pay of \$50.00 per month, when he can qualify.

May 22, 1910: Resident phones are subject to four-party line service.

June 8, 1910: Nels Jorgensen will run his threshing machine for 75 cents per hour for generating power for the telephone plant, until the Electric Light Plant can be rebuilt, as it was recently burned down.

November 10, 1910: When an official goes out of town on company business, he will receive \$3.00 per day, and his transportation will be paid.

July 23, 1912: An offer was accepted from the Manti Theater Company, to lease the northwest room of their building for \$10.00 per month. The salary of Helen Jorgensen was raised to \$22.50 per month. Geneva Jensen was raised to \$17.50 per month from January 1, 1912.

July 17, 1913: Helen Jorgensen, who has been employed since operations began, submitted her resignation. Clara Farnsworth was hired to replace her, under Geneva Jensen.

December 13, 1913: It had become necessary, under the new Minimum Wage Law, to raise salaries of all our operators, and to add another one. Mary Jensen, the relief operator will be paid at a rate according to service rendered. This will reduce our revenue.

May 26, 1916: To the Operators of the Manti Telephone Company:

The company is paying you for your entire time while on duty, and it expects your undivided attention and best efforts to give the best service possible. Social conversation with parties of a private nature, and not directly in line with the proper discharge of your duty, is absolutely and positively forbidden. It has been indulged in the past, and if it is not discontinued, we will be obliged to make such changes as good service demands.

May 27, 1918: The rates were raised as follows: Residences from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per month; businesses from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per month; operators \$27.00 per month for first year service; \$37.50 for second-year service; \$40.00 for third-year; \$42.50 for fourth-year; and \$45.00 maximum from then on.

November 29, 1918: The collector, Mr. Witbeck, must make a report of collections to the secretary not later than the 10th of each month, especially relative to all delinquents. The accounts must be kept alive and in good condition. Also a Directors' Meeting will be held on the third Monday of each month.

September 23, 1921: E.D. Sorensen tendered his resignation after being here since the beginning. He has accepted the appointment as U.S. Surveyor General for the District of Utah. A.O. Anderson will fill his vacancy as a Director.

The following have worked as operators since that time, not necessarily in the order listed:

Myrtle Larsen	May C. Chapman
Leah Bessey (Garbe)	Stella Larsen (Olsen)
Francis Madsen (Warwood)	Helen Braithwaite (Hansen)
Ethel Bessey (Ahlstrom)	Lorna Voorhees (Nell)
Margaret Lowry (Nielson)	Maude Cox (Peterson)

Operators were called "Central." Their byword was "Number Please."

Central knew when a baby was born; often she was the one called to find the doctor. She knew where a fire was burning because she rang the fire siren. She knew who was home and who wasn't and when they would return. If you were lonely, you could call Central and chat. You could always get the correct time of day.

A certain party called a number. When he recognized Central's voice he determined not to tell that person what his business was. Instead he announced that he couldn't help him, his bubble had just burst. Central cut in with "What bubble are you talking about?" She was reminded that it did not concern her.

Vera Keller called Central one evening. She had supper ready but Jesse wasn't home. "Get supper on the table, he'll be home in a couple of minutes. He just passed the Telephone Office on the run." At the coffee shop early one morning, a wager was made by two users that one could call Central and get the big bitch. They bet \$5.00. Francis Warwood plugged a line in without hesitating. In a matter of seconds the big bitch responded with a deep reverberating "HALLOOO."

Alan Smith was in Minneapolis, Minnesota, attending the School of Business in 1952. He was homesick, but knew that everyone would be in bed at 2 a.m. He called the telephone operator and asked for Manti, Utah. She insisted that she couldn't put a call through without a name.

"You don't need a name. Just call the telephone operator."

"No, I must have a name or a number to call."

"Please, just try to call Manti, Utah, for me," he implored.

Finally she did, and he followed every terminal as it swept across country. Then he heard Stella Olsen's voice on the other end of the line. The operator in Minneapolis didn't get a chance to announce that she had his call.

Alan talked to Stella for twenty minutes, learned all the news about home, asked her to tell his Dad he had called, and signed off, his homesickness laid to rest until the next time.

In 1950 the Manti Telephone Company sold the business to Grant and Morlin Cox through Andrew and Mont Miller, who had controlling interest in the stock.

On February 12, 1954, the central operators who had connected all calls since September 26, 1907, were phased out.

The residents of Manti were upset. Our source of information was gone. In an emergency we could never cut a call to get a line. The emergency would be over before we could get any help.

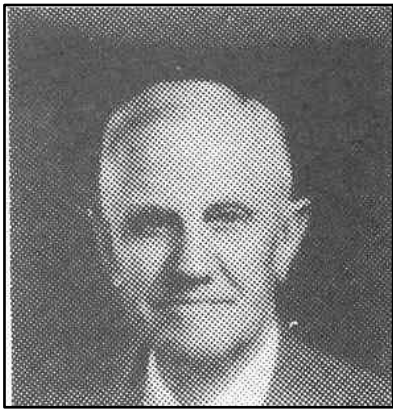
We soon learned PATIENCE, and to cut our conversations short. At one time they were limited to three minutes, then in dire emergency the office could interrupt if one could prove a need. We had arrived!!

Source: All dated excerpts are taken from Minutes of the Manti Telephone company, 1907, in the possession of Morlin Cox. Experiences remembered by towns people who lived in Manti during the years of "Central." Many more could be told.

WILFORD WINTCH, A MODERN PIONEER

Helen Wintch Tripp

Non Professional Second Place Historical Essay



Always ready to try new and seemingly better ways of doing things, Wilford Wintch was truly a "Modern Pioneer."

He was the first Utah livestock man to cooperate with Utah State University in identifying the causes and prevention of "big head" and halogeton poisoning in sheep and brisquet disease in cattle. He was recognized too for his work in range management especially in reseeding, fencing, the distribution of water on his ranches, and for his continuing efforts to upgrade the quality of his livestock. One of Wilford's inventions that saved his sheep from the late spring storms that inevitably seemed to follow shearing was the canvas corral which he would erect around his sheep to shield them from the cold. It would loosely bunch the sheep together close enough to keep them warm but loose enough to avoid trampling. For these accomplishments, Wilford was awarded the first Top Rancher Award given by Utah State University.

For the advancements he made in raising purebred Hereford cattle, Wilford was honored by the Western Livestock Journal as "Cattleman of the Month."

Mr. Wintch's interests were not limited to just ranching and farming. He served as Vice President of the Gunnison sugar Factory and a director of the Utah Wool Growers for many years. He served on the Manti City Council and helped organize and bring the Boy Scouts of America to Manti.

Wilford was born in Manti, Utah, on the 13th day of May 1884. At the time of his birth, large sections of the western United States were still officially classified as "frontier" by the United States Government, a classification they retained until 1890. Wild Apache Indians led by Geronimo were then raiding on both sides of U.S. border. Wilford was six years old when Sitting Bull was killed "resisting arrest" in 1890 and 16 years old when Washakie, the principal chief of the Shoshoni Indians, died. He was 24 years old when Pat Garrett, the sheriff who killed "Billy the Kid" was himself shot by unknown assailants in New Mexico.

As a boy, Wilford and a couple of friends saw some of the "Wild Bunch," Butch Cassidy's gang, when they visited Manti. The boys crouched down and peeked at the outlaws through know-holes and the spaces between the boards of the fence around the family home. It was winter and the outlaws walked up the middle of the street slapping their arms over their chests to keep warm.

Wilford attended school in the one-room stone school-house located west of Main Street on Third South. Mr. N.W. Anderson, the only teacher, taught all grades from the first through eighth. While still in school, a new three-story building was constructed. Wilford and all of his children received part of their

education in the old Red School House. Wilford completed the eighth grade, which in those days was a real accomplishment. It was unusual for anyone to go farther.

As a young man, Wilford contracted typhoid fever. While making a house call to check on Wilford, Doctor W.H. Olstein commented on what a strong constitution his friend Ed "Cuddy" Snow had, who, like Wilford, also had typhoid fever. "Why," he exclaimed, "Cuddy could kill a corral full of men like you!" Then he added, partly to himself, as he turned to leave, "Cuddy died this morning."

When Wilford was young, the struggle between the latter-day Saints and the United States Government over polygamy was being waged. Manti was raided several times by federal officers looking for those practicing plural marriage.

Wilford's father leased the Manti Co-op sheep herd. When Wilford was 14 years old, his father, by buying a few head of sheep whenever their owners were willing to sell, eventually acquired all the sheep in the Co-op herd. The last sheep were purchased from Peter Munk and Mrs. Mae (Arch) Livingston in 1940. They had had sheep in the Manti Co-op herd 85 years at the time Wilford acquired them.

At the time Jacob Wintch leased the Manti Co-op herd, it consisted of 10,000 sheep which were divided into three bands. Jacob handled the business aspects of the entire outfit and managed one of the bands. The other two were managed by Dave and Will Sorensen. The sheep summered in the mountains of Salina Canyon and wintered on the desert from Clear Lake to Wah Wah Valley.

When the Wintches' entered the sheep business, competition between rival outfits was vicious. There were no definite ranges assigned. Federal regulatory agencies like the U.S. Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management did not then exist.

Livestock forage on public lands than was strictly a first-come-first-served proposition. In the early days, speculators grazed enormous herds of sheep on the mountain ranges which could leave them so bare that Wilford on occasion was obliged to chop down aspen trees to feed his horse on the leaves and bark.

Competition for available forage along the livestock trails to the mountain ranges in the spring and to the desert winter ranges was fierce. The first herds on the trail benefited from the best forage; later herds were forced to eat less palatable and sometime poisonous plants.

To bring the numbers of sheep and cattle using the range in balance with the forage available, the livestock men were forced to reduce the size of their herds.

In 1930 Wilford was the "star" in a movie made by the U.S. Forest Service about predators and the damage done by them to domestic animals. The Manti Messenger, in commenting on his brief acting career, reported, "Wilford Wintch, prominent sheep man, exhibited a talent that not even his nearest friends knew anything about. It was a good picture and certainly lost nothing in the part played by Mr. Wintch who received a vigorous round of applause when he first appeared on the screen."

Much of Wilford's success in the livestock industry was due to his astute acquisition and care of the land on which he grazed his livestock. Wilford's first major land was Spring Canyon, an undeveloped mountain range in Salina Canyon. This land, which had been badly over-grazed for years at the time of its purchase, flourished after being fenced and managed by Wilford. By the time of his death, it had become a show place of sound range management. In 1925 Wilford added "Niotche," a section of mountain country on the Gooseberry-Fishlake road to his holdings.

Wilford Wintch with Parley Madsen, another Manti man, became owners of the Wah Wah Ranch in 1930. Noteworthy is the fact that a handshake and a joint bank account was all that constituted the partnership between Wilford Wintch and Parley Madsen. Wah Wah Valley had in 1922 been the location for one of the best known early Western movies, "Covered Wagon." Both the director, John Cruise, and its

leading lady, Betty Compton, were Utah natives. In 1954 Wilford acquired his partner's interest and became the sole owner of the Wah Wah Ranch.

When the Bureau of Land Management was established in 1945, most of Utah's public desert livestock ranges became the Bureau of Land Management's responsibility. During his life-time, Wilford watched Utah's public lands; both forest and desert, pass from complete lack of regulation to total regulation by federal agencies.

For three years in a row, Wilford and Wallace Wintch brought home the Grand Champion Bull from the Utah Hereford sale. National attention fell on the Wintch Livestock Company when it bought one of America's choicest Hereford cows. Their top cows were transported to the Milky Way Hereford Ranch near Phoenix, Arizona, one of the country's top cattle ranches for breeding.

Wilford's grandfather, after crossing the plains, settled in central Utah. Both Wilford and his wife, Evelyn Andersen were born in Sanpete county. They were proud of their family, their son, Wallace, and four daughters, Vera, Alta, Elaine and Helen, and eighteen grandchildren.

Wilford enjoyed watching his grandchildren grow up. He'd often load as many as he could "round up" at the time and load them in his pickup and take them with him up into the mountains to check on his sheep or cattle.

He was a inveterate outdoorsman and loved to fish and hunt when the occasion permitted. He always raised a prize-winning garden, the vegetables from which he enjoyed sharing with his neighbors. At Christmas and other special times, Wilford would butcher several mutttons which he and his wife shared with others.

Manti residents knew they had a friend in Wilford who would willingly listen to their problems or generously help them over "tight spots." He is remembered in Manti as being truly a "MAN FOR ALL SEASONS."

THE LONG NARROW CANYON-BLOOMS

Lois T. Kribs

Non Professional Third Place Historical Essay

The trail they followed to the Sanpitch Valley at the request of the Indian Chief Walker had been rough. A hard rain had fallen on them on their way through Salt Creek Canyon, making the travel more difficult. At every turn it seemed they would be at a dead end. Scouts were sent ahead to search for a trail into the valley before they continued south. When the scouts returned with news the wagons could get through, they continued. Soon they came to a point where they could see the hill on which the Temple would be built. Father Morley said, "There is the termination of our journey. In close proximity to that hill, God willing, we will build out City."

Their first camp was made on the creek, but several of the company wanted to continue south. Seth Taft spoke for many of them when he said, "This is only a long narrow canyon, and not even a jack rabbit can exist on its desert soil." Anyone who has lifted a shovel of soil and rocks in this area can relate to the words spoken and many have left this valley because of this. However the pioneers who stayed and the settlers who came after them have made this valley blossom as the proverbial rose.

Riding down Highway 89 in the spring and seeing the farmers with their modern equipment getting the fields ready for planting, or during the summer and fall when they harvest the crops, remind us of the

importance of the farmer in this long narrow canyon called the Sanpitch Valley. The modern machinery of today is a far cry from the picks, hoes, shovels and sometimes manually pulled plows used to turn the soil in 1849.

After a hard winter and the near starvation of these early settlers and animals, of the 240 head of cattle brought into the valley only 100 had survived by June, it was time to clear, level, and plow the land for planting and to make ditches for irrigation. At this time only one team of horses was able to pull a plow, however, 250 acres of grain were planted that first year.

From the Deseret News, October 19, 1859, "Sixteen to eighteen wagons, from Manti, loaded with tithing produce, principally wheat, brought to the General Tithing Store House," proclaims the industry of these early pioneers in this long narrow canyon the first ten years of settlement.

Farming and agriculture have been essential to the survival of the people in this valley from the first arrival to the present time. Sugar beets were grown and processed into sugar; peas and beans have been grown and canned, but these industries are no longer in operation. Sheep, cattle, horses and pigs have all contributed a great deal to the economy of this county, but perhaps the fine quality turkeys exported from Sanpete are best known.

One crop not mentioned above is potatoes. The farms are very small in this county when compared to other parts of the state and country, however, an Irishman, descendent of a grandfather who homesteaded in Manti in 1853, found he could grow a good crop of potatoes on about 15 acres of land. Each spring he would send an order to a farm in Burley, Idaho, for certified Red Bliss seed potatoes. When they arrived he would cut each potato into pieces, each containing an "eye." After the ground was prepared, rows made for irrigation, and the moon was full, a piece of potato, each with an "eye" was planted.

In good years when water from the Manti Canyon and Funk's Lake was plentiful, a good crop of potatoes was assured, but during many years in the 1930's there was a drought, and by the time the precious water reached the farms west of Manti there would only be a trickle to go down the furrows. Still, hope springs eternal in a farmer, and each spring a new crop is planted with great enthusiasm for a good harvest.

In the fall the big work horses, Star and Babe, would pull the plow down the sides of the row, turning over the brown earth exposing the new "red potatoes." Behind the plow would come several boys, gunny sack in hand, putting potatoes in these sacks. Many school clothes were bought in the 1930's with money earned from picking up potatoes and I still have boys, men, tell me, "I picked up potatoes for your Dad."

The sacks were tied with twine, later to be loaded on a wagon and taken to town. The sacks were then carried down the steps into the potato cellars where they were sorted and put in 100 pound bags to be sold, at the time for a penny a pound. However in the 1930's even the one dollar required for a hundred pounds of potatoes was hard to come by.



Pictures courtesy of Lois Kribs.

For many years, on a few acres of ground, Edward K. Tooth was a one-man industry supplying the winter potatoes for the vast majority of the people who lived in Manti. The industry ended only because he could no longer carry those one hundred pound sacks up and down the cellar steps.

An end of an era and times change, but what has not changed is the importance of farming in this “long narrow canyon.”

Sources: Song of a Century, edited by the Centennial Committee Manti, Utah, 1849-1949.

Tapes recorded by Edward K. Tooth. July 1976.

JOSEPH FRANKLIN (J.F.) MC CAFFERTY PUTTING EPHRAIM ON THE MAP

Roberta Barentsen

Non Professional Honorable Mention Historical Essay

The history is of my Great-Grandfather, Joseph Franklin (J.F.) McCafferty, taken from newspaper and other published articles and the recollections of his granddaughter, Phyllis McCafferty Riley, my mother.

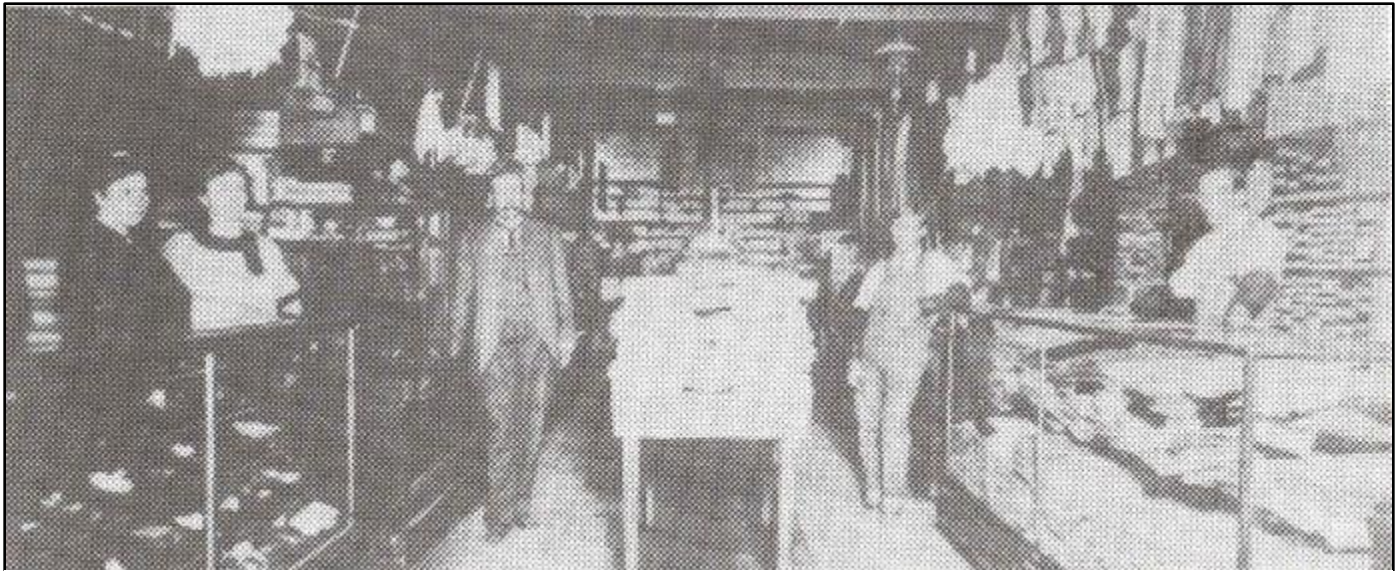
Our knowledge of his history begins when Great-Grandfather Joe (J.F.) McCafferty’s father, Lewis, then seven years old, came to the United States in 1845 with his family from their beloved Ireland. The family stayed only a short period of time in New York City then moved on to Kentucky.

He later married Rhoda Robinson, they had three children, Joseph Franklin (J.F.) (1866) and Hugh Lewis (1868) who lived only nine days. Much of this data was taken from cemetery tombstones by a grandson Silas (Bish) McCafferty and his wife Bessie, who visited old cemeteries in the St. Joseph, Missouri, area without much success. It seemed like a miracle, he relates with tears in his eyes, when they came upon an old private cemetery in Union Star, and there found the graves of Great-Grandmother Rhoda, who died at the age of 25 and her small daughter Martha buried side by side.

Lewis McCafferty, having no way to care for two small boys ages five and three after his wife Rhoda passed away, entrusted the boys to the care of an affluent childless couple, Silas and Alta Enyart. In this home they received love and affection and were given a good education. Joseph graduated from North Western Business Institute, July 1890. He taught school in St. Joseph, Missouri, and after a couple of years he traveled as a salesman to Salt Lake City where he met Anna Marguerite Hansen who was a convert to the L.D.S. church from Copenhagen, Denmark. They were married in August 1895 and lived in Salt Lake City only until 1897 when they returned to her hometown of Ephraim to establish residence.

In Ephraim, The J.F. McCafferty Department Store and the J.F. McCafferty Commercial Photography Shop were great-grandfather’s first business ventures. A few years later, with the aid of Mr. C.J. Fisher and five other leading citizens, he helped to organize the Band of Ephraim, serving as Vice President from 1905 to 1907 and then President of the Bank from 1907 to 1914. One year after organizing the Bank he donated property, and construction was begun on a new building. This structure was completed in 1906 and still serves as home for the Bank of Ephraim. As a businessman and promoter of the town of Ephraim, he conceived the idea of having the girls of the town form a band. In 1914 The Ladies Mountain Echo Band was organized, consisting of twenty-one members, a director, Pat (Parley) Young, and a manager, J.F. McCafferty. This band, composed only of talent from Ephraim, was the only one in the West at that time that marched in street parades and was organized entirely of women. J.F. McCafferty supplied financial help to a number of girls who

were unable to purchase instruments. He also continued to meet the financial obligations of the band as the needs arose.



J. F. McCafferty Department Store with J.F. McCafferty standing left of tables in center of store.

When the young women of the town met for the first time, it was found that not one of them could play a horn. The members were good musicians on piano, violins, harps and as vocalists, but none knew how to “blow a horn.” Nevertheless, the band was organized, and by holding practice almost nightly, Pat taught the girls to play. The original group was composed of girls twelve to nineteen years of age and their “horns”, four cornets, four clarinets, four altos, four trombones one saxophone, one baritone, one tuba, one bass drum, and one snare drum. J.F.’s daughter, Alta McCafferty, was a band member and an accomplished pianist, but in addition to these activities, she is also remembered for playing the piano as the musical accompaniment in the local theater for then silent movies.

Within a relatively short time, the all-girl band was in great demand and did much to advertise Ephraim. “Ephraim’s community pride zoomed,” proclaimed a state paper, “with the spectacular success attained by The Ladies Mountain Echo Band, sponsored by a merchant musician, J.F. McCafferty, who declared that he wanted to put Ephraim on the map.” The band’s first public appearance in a marching parade was in Salt Lake City at the Wizard of Wasatch Carnival. It was reported that all along the line of march the band was greeted with applause, and at the Carnival’s last night it was one of the main attractions.



The Ladies Mountain Echo Band - 1915

Soon the appearances of the band were state-wide, from fruit festivals in St. George in the southern end of the State to celebrations in Ogden in the north and many places in between. The band traveled often either by car or train, and the girls were always chaperoned by local ladies and their manager. There were a number of fine singers in the group, and some of the programs involved both vocal and instrumental solos and ensembles. They played for dances, gave concerts, furnished the music for parties, rallies,

conventions and county and state fairs. The band, however, did have to watch its presentations when playing for dances in the conservative towns where the City Marshall would remind them of their “jazz” tempo.

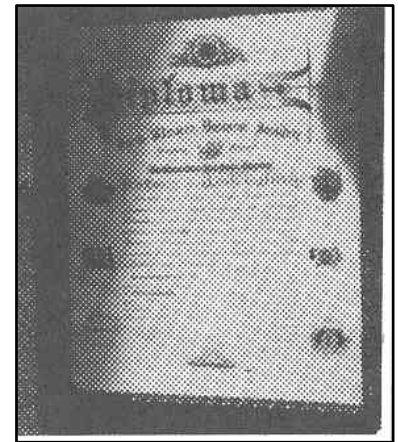
Before a year had passed more girls were admitted until it became a thirty-piece band. Bedecked in white “middy” blouses with huge green bow ties, white hats and skirts, which were exactly ten inches off the floor, the band grew in numbers and later adopted a more elaborate cap-style of fine white wool, lined with green satin and white hats trimmed in green. The story goes that the green color always worn in their uniforms was the influence of their very Irish manager. As time passed, some of the girls went away to teach, attend school, or get married, and for quite some time their places were filled with new members “and the Band played on,” until the director left to study music in New York City and the once famous Ladies Mountain Echo Band was no more.

Their manager, J.F. McCafferty, lived out the rest of his life in Ephraim, comfortable, but under strained financial circumstances. As well as the City of Ephraim, he had been a fervent supporter of Snow College, making generous donations for the development of each. And although he never joined the Mormon Church, he sponsored many L.D.S. families emigrating from his wife’s homeland of Denmark to America and to Sanpete County, which also included financial support while they were getting settled into their new lives. One of these families became prominent in Mt. Pleasant and owned the local jewelry store until around 1950. Through his generous donations, uncollectable accounts of his mercantile store, and poor investments, he took out bankruptcy in 1923.



J.F. McCafferty
Abt 1914

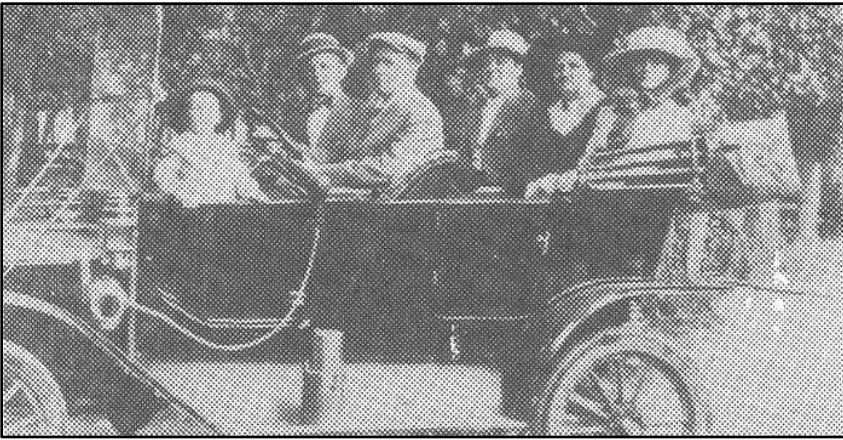
J.F. McCafferty
Diploma from
Northwestern
Business Institute



Courtesy Roberta Barentsen

He is remembered as always being cheerful and happy, usually smoking his pipe or cigar, and never looking back or regretting decisions he had made. One of his most prized possessions was the automobile which he claimed was the third one to be owned in Ephraim. So, of course, he must have enjoyed much attention while motoring about town with family and friends. Over the years he and Great-Grandma enjoyed traveling and many holiday celebrations, but Mother especially remembers St. Patrick’s Day, and one of the prettiest partygoers was Eva Deon Smith McCafferty, wife of their eldest son Silas, who wore on many occasions Anna’s wedding dress and in my mother’s memory “looked like an angel.”

J.F. and Anna had five children, Silas Enyart, 1896; Alta 1898; Charles 1901; Florence, 1903 and Hugh 1908. Three were university graduates and four of them talented musicians who carried on their father’s love of music and of Ireland.



Hugh McCafferty (son), Harley Meyers
(cousin), J.F. McCafferty (driver) two
unknown friends and Hannah
McCafferty (wife).

Sources: Ephraim's First One Hundred Years, (Virginia K. Nielson)
Our Yesterdays, a History of Ephraim, Utah 1854-1979 (Armada Cox)
Personal Records belonging to Phyllis McCafferty Nelson Riley

TOM TURKEY'S DELEMMA

Lorna B. Stewart

Non Professional First Place Poetry

There was a large turkey, a gobbler was he,
Who strolled 'round the barnyard as proud as could be
And told everyone in his gobble way
How he'd like to be free from the barnyard someday.

He said how he'd like to have lived long ago
When his ancestors were all wild turkeys, you know.
He never would never have ever been shot
And carried to somebody's home for the pot.

Now he knows 'bout Thanksgiving and what a big deal
To be the main course at a thanksgiving meal,
But he had to patience for the kind of talk,
And secretly plans for a very long walk
The day before Thanksgiving Day!

Although I like turkey on Thanksgiving Day,
I really can't blame him for feeling the way,
Who wants to be roasted and put on a platter
And placed on a table amidst of the chatter?
For when all those eyes turn upon him and stare
He'll be so embarrassed with nothing to wear!

CHICKEN CREEK

Fred L. Rees

Non Professional First Place Essay

“Come on everybody, let’s go fishin’!”

My father had just come from bailing hay, and with this announcement my brothers and I scattered to gather our respective coats, boots and fishing gear. Once or twice a summer we postponed the drudgery of farm work long enough to participate in the delightful, and for us, competitive activity of fishing for rainbow trout. There was never any question where to go. The destination was always the same, Chicken Creek!

This small, but charming creek is the only fishing stream available on the Gunnison Plateau, a small range of mountains in the heart of Central Utah. Except for the residents of Wales on the east side of the mountain, and those living in Levan on the west side, this peaceful stream has existed in virtual anonymity, all the better for those who define pleasure as an afternoon filled with solitude, while fishing along Chicken Creek’s semi-murky waters.

Where the road first intersects with the stream channel, there is a long, wide valley filled with wild grasslands, small flowered meadows, and rows of aspen trees outlining the western horizon. Here the stream is narrow and shallow, and lazily meanders through the open meadows. As it passes two or three neighboring canyons, it is fed by various tributaries, and then accelerates as the gradient of the stream bed increases in its continuous descent down the canyon. The channel is lined with thick willows, sagebrush, and large pines and one is greeted with their scent while traveling along.

Fallen trees and boulders form quiet pools for fish to take up residence. And if one is brave enough to let his line drift into the willows, he is bound to catch either a fish, or a snag. A full-grown man can just about jump the entire width of the creek, but the usual mode of travel is to deftly step across the protruding stones while balancing the fishing pole in one hand, and bait, gear, and previously caught fish in the other.

Over the years, this small stream has become a favorite for the communities on either side of the mountain, and it is not unusual to see campers sitting around a bright crackling fire after twilight, spinning tales of adventures experienced along its gliding waters. Local folklore had it that Brigham Young once met Chief Walker along its banks to negotiate a peace agreement between the settlers and the bands of marauding Indians that roamed the hills.

As we reached our destination and unpacked our gear, there was anticipation for the contest to begin. The unspoken challenge was to be the one with the most fish! Each of us had a favorite place, and we departed knowing we would not meet again until well after dark.

I had been fishing for several hours with no bite, which left me feeling desperate! Just below me was the affectionately named “river of no return,” a ravine where the canyon floor dramatically steepened, and the river plunged deep into an abyss lined with thick vegetation and an abundance of rocks and waterfalls. Once this ravine was entered, one quickly discovered that the terrain became difficult to traverse, and the only way out was a mile or so down the canyon. But the most dreaded experience on a trip such as this was to report back that one had been “skunked,” that one had caught no fish!

The sun was starting to set on the horizon, and with one deep breath, I plunged into the ravine! Skillfully, I dropped the bait directly above a small waterfall, and let it drift toward the banks of the pool. A sudden jerk on the end of the line sent the adrenalin rushing through me. I waited for one more jerk, pulled my rod back, and reeled in my face-saving catch of the day. The fish was small, even by the standards of this

stream. Measuring six inches at best, it was my reward for several hours of struggle. More importantly, it represented the salvation of my young ego.

I found a small forked stick and slid it through the gills of my “prize,” then maneuvered to the next downside pool, making one last cast before finding my way out of the creek bottom. Shadows were falling fast, and the sun had already disappeared behind that mountain that loomed directly over head. The willows were so thick that I found it would be necessary to cross the creek one more time to position myself for the cast. Picking up my fishing gear and “prize” fish, I pursued my plan to cross on four ragged rocks, one being submerged slightly underneath the stream’s surface. My left foot suddenly gave way on the wet, slippery surface, and my hands shot straight into the air in an effort to maintain my balance! The stick with the lone fish flew backwards into the pool from which it had come only moments before. In an instant, I dove headlong into the frigid waters, grabbed the stick, and jerked it back fast and hard. But, alas, I had the wrong end! The fish slipped neatly from the stick, fell in the heart of the current, and as a blanket of twilight gently covered the closing day, disappeared from sight.

“How many fish did you catch?” my father asked.

“One,” I replied somewhat hesitantly. “How about you?”

To my amazement none of the others had managed to catch anything, and they demanded I produce the evidence proving what I had claimed. I told them of my valiant efforts in the ravine, and of the unbelievable bad luck I had in letting it get away. The look of their faces told me they remained unconvinced, but deep in my heart I knew I’d won!

Several years later, I again found myself submerged in the depths of the ravine. Unable to safely reach dry land, I stood on a precipitous boulder and prepared to cast into a pool several yards downstream. It was a dangerous cast as willows arched over the moving waters, but I had become quite adept in these situations, and felt confident that I could place the bait in the preferred location.

My underhand cast was six inches too long. The fishing line caught the tip of a low-hanging willow branch, wrapped itself around the branch several times, and left my cheese dangling about an inch above the crest of water. It was a tough decision. If I were to reach the entanglement I would become wetter than I desired. And, if I were to cut the line, I would lose time painstakingly retying a new hook, while attempting to maintain my balance upon the narrow and jagged rock which I was perched.

Suddenly, I saw the head of a nice-sized rainbow trout jump and seize the ball of cheese which dangled temptingly. A tremendous battle ensued between the fish and the willow branch (Isn’t it a wonder that no one is ever around to witness some of nature’s unexpected events and many find the story almost impossible to believe upon the retelling?) I finally made my way to the willow branch, amid the constant thrashing of the angry fish, and the sight of the willow being jerked first upstream, and then down. The willow had stolen my thunder, and actually appeared to be enjoying its moment of glory. I managed to break off the end of the willow about a foot from its tip and reeled’ in the fish.

I suppose many such stories could be told by generations past who have trodden the paths of this little-known creek. And memories have been made by a younger generation as well. I have a photograph



Fred Rees and son Jeff at Chicken Creek. About 1981

of my three-year old son reeling in his very first catch from one of my favorite fishing holes.

After an absence of several years, I returned again to partake of the pleasures offered by this small stream in a high valley of the Gunnison Plateau. The fishing pools are no longer there. Following one of the severest winters in Utah history, the melting snows of 1984 turned this quiet meandering stream into a wild ravaging river. Mud and debris swept the landscape for weeks, and effectively changed the topography of the stream and canyon forever. In its aftermath lay a deeply cut gorge, and the surrounding hillside was swept clean of all that was recognizable from those early adolescent years.

Where once there had been waterfalls and calm, resting pools, there was now only racing water. Where once there had been dangling willows, plants, and crowding trees, vast nothingness mingled with boulders, rocks and gravel. What was this strange intruder that had to pompously trampled upon the place of memories past? Had it no respect for tradition, or for future generations that might spend a lazy summer afternoon in the shadows of these canyon walls, fishing pole in hand?

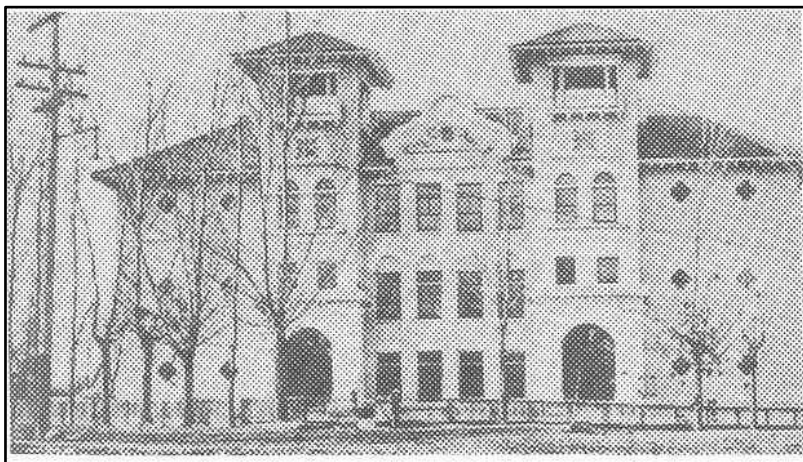
With this painful change in Chicken Creek, a stream I had once known as an old friend, I suffered one of life's little deaths. No longer is the fishing as it had been when I was a growing boy, but the memories that are left will live on forever.

EPHRAIM SCHOOL LUNCH

LuGene A. Nielson

Non Professional Second Place Personal Recollection

I was a very young girl during the depression of the early 1940's. It was then the government arranged many various forms of employment for people to earn a livelihood for their families. One of these worthwhile projects in Ephraim was the W.P.S. Lunch Program. My dad, Feral Anderson, was lucky enough to get a job helping with this program in Ephraim. The program provided a hot dish such as soup, stew, or chili, with milk, crackers, bread, rolls and often an apple for the school children at noon.



**Old Elementary
Schoolhouse in Ephraim.
Here the School Lunch
programs began in the early
1940's. food was carried to
third floor and served to the
children.**

Courtesy Louise Ruesch

One of my fondest memories is going with my dad to the home of Annie (Stein) Thompson. Here the food was prepared by Annie, my dad, and a friend, Maggie Sorenson. The food was put in five-gallon cans and, along with other utensils, hauled in a small express wagon one block west to the old elementary

schoolhouse. There it was packed up three flights of stairs to a vacant room. This room was used as the dining room, and the food was served to the children to eat with sandwiches they brought from home.

This hot lunch program lasted only a couple of years. However, one fall afternoon in 1944 as my mother, Macel Anderson, entered the Manti Sewing Plant where she worked, a friend called her aside. She said, "Macel, last night at our school meeting you were put in as President of the Ephraim P.T.A."

Mom was startled for a moment and then said, "Gee, I can't do that. My husband is always away at work and I work every night here at the plant. I have to take my small daughter to nursery school every day and my other two daughters pick her up and tend her until I get home about midnight."

Anyway, the next morning she sent to talk to the school principal, Glen Bartholomew, to tell him that she couldn't possibly accept the position. "Oh, Macel, you can easily take care of that, he exclaimed cheerfully. "Just get things started and it will work out fine. However, we've got to get the school lunch program started again. The first thing for you to do is to find a couple of good cooks."

"Well, said Mom, "I wouldn't know where to look for something like that, I guess I'll have to do it myself."

She persuaded a good friend, Janet Anderson, to help her. The next few days were busy ones for them. Remo Braithwaite, custodian of the school at that time, joined them in searching every nook and corner in the school for equipment. They were lucky to find a long narrow, warped table, which was just right to hold three shiny tubs. These tubs were purchased at Christiansen Furniture Store, even though such articles were rationed because of its being wartime. The tubs served as dish pans.

On the third floor of the school, there were two vacant rooms. In one of the rooms there was an old coal range and a few cupboards that needed paint and offered only limited cabinet space. There was also one square sink that provided hot and cold water. Down one flight of stairs they found a refrigerator and a couple of small storerooms where they stored groceries such as canned vegetables, eggs, potatoes, onions, carrots and apples. Children brought dishes and silverware from home to donate to the cause. In just a few days the Ephraim school lunch was in action.

Each morning Mom would leave her small daughter at nursery school. She would then stop at the Ephraim market to pick up the meat for the day's menu which Ivan Benson always had ready. Remo always had plenty of wood and coal on hand for them to use in the coal range. Janet would stop at the store and order the groceries needed for the day. The Hi-Land Dairy delivered milk, butter and cheese. A Salt Lake City bread truck supplies the fresh bread.

In those days, many mothers were working and were very happy their children could get a good lunch at school. The number of children eating grew rapidly and soon more help was needed, Astrid Larsen and Edna Jensen were employed.

Mom worked four years at the school lunch, then circumstances at home made it necessary for her to quit. However, the school lunch continued to grow and has become an important project in the school program today.

Source: Personal Recollection
Family History

JOSEPH BURTON MADE A DIFFERENCE

Vernon F. Larsen

Non Professional Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

There was happiness in the Burton family in Yorkshire, County, England, on September 16, 1825. The cries and then smiles of the new-born son proved that the birth was successful and the mother well. They named him Joseph. Little did they then know that his, to be short, life would greatly influence the lives of hundreds, even thousands in far-off America, Utah, Sanpete County and even Mount Pleasant.

Joseph grew upon the family farm, learning the value of work and dependability. It was in 1846, when Joseph was twenty-one years old that he married Eliza Brooks Cusworth from Lockwood, Lancaster, England. Joseph worked hard as a "carrier," one who delivered goods from the depot to the store. He was successful in providing for his family of young Joseph Frend, age 6, and little Martha, age 4.

About this time Mormon Elders, Joseph E. Young and Cyrus H. Wheelock, came to this part of England. Joseph attended their meetings, heard them explain the Gospel, believed it and purchased a Book of Mormon, which he started reading. Soon there were bad stories going around about these Mormon Elders. Eliza, hearing them, worried a great deal. She coaxed her husband not to read the Book of Mormon or have anything to do with the Elders. He told her not to worry and kept on reading his Bok of Mormon. She felt very badly about it.

After retiring to her bed one night she felt she could not sleep. It was very dark as she lay there thinking and praying about her trouble. The room suddenly began to get light and the light increased until the room was light as noon-day. Then the light disappeared as it had come until all was dark again.¹

Eliza considered this experience as a testimony that the messages of the Elders and the Book of Mormon were true. Soon after, she and her husband were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They began making plans to immigrate to Utah where the saints were. Joseph traveled around with a local missionary during the time that they were preparing to go to Zion.

But alas...Tragedy happened!

During the work of Joseph as a "carrier," he lifted bags that were too heavy and broke a blood vessel. In a short time this caused his death, on October 5, 1855. His dying request and demand was that Eliza take Joseph and Martha and gather with the Saints in Utah, and do their work in the Temple and raise the children among the Latter-day Saints. This request of Joseph was now her bonded duty and objective. She made ready, sold their farm for gold, faced the objections of her mother and brothers, and took their passage to Liverpool, England for a sailing trip to America.



Eliza Cusworth Burton
Staker

Under the leadership of a mission leader, Edward Martin, they began their trip on the ship Horizon in 1856. Three months later they were in Iowa, anxious to begin their trip across the plains to Utah. There were delays in getting handcarts to Florence, Nebraska, where the major trip was to begin. There were delays and it was August 27th when it was voted that in spite of the lateness, the anxious emigrants would begin their journey.

Because of the lateness of leaving and the early snows and difficulties on the way, it would be three months before they would arrive in Utah, the last day of November, 1856. They would experience cold, snow and blizzards. About one-fourth of the five hundred seventy-five of the original group would have died from sickness, starvation or cold.

One event on the trip that Eliza handled efficiently was the crossing of the Platt River. It had to be waded. Eliza tied the handcart and Martha to a tree, and then waded across with Joseph. When across she tied Joseph to another tree, waded back, brought Martha across and tied her to the tree with Joseph, and then made the third trip to get the handcart.

The company was snow-bound as they entered the Rocky Mountains. Brigham Young sent rescue wagons to bring them on to Zion where they arrived November 30, 1856.

The Burtons, and others of the company were sent to Pleasant Grove and finally to Mount Pleasant to help complete the settlements in Sanpete County. It was in Mount Pleasant that the Burton family lived and grew up. It was while in Pleasant Grove that Brigham Young introduced Eliza to Nathaniel Staker. Eliza had been a widow since her husband died in England when he was but twenty-four years old.

The families grew. Eliza, now Staker, had four living children. The Staker children and Joseph Frend and Martha grew up together. Joseph Frend met and married Nancy Brooks May 25, 1874, when she was twenty-five and she was seventeen. Martha Burton married George Reynolds. All six of the children of Eliza married and had large families. They were all raised in Mount Pleasant.

Joseph and Nancy had fourteen children, eight of whom grew to maturity. In 1991 a roll call of descendants of Joseph and Nancy revealed about six hundred descendants. The family of Martha and George Reynolds became a large one. Each of the Staker four also had large families. All in all, the descendants of Eliza would number in the thousands.

The descendants of Eliza Buton Staker, born and raised as Latter-day Saints, have proved to be a “mighty host” of faithful Mormons. It is impossible to estimate how many of this “host” have been missionaries, bishops, Stake leaders, Relief Society presidents and teachers or have served in other capacities.



It all stemmed from the request of Joseph in England before he died: “Eliza, go on to America and see that the children are raised among the Saints in Zion.”

Joseph Burton’s influence has been felt and will be felt for generations to come. Joseph has made a difference.

Eliza Cusworth’s Children:

Front Row: Joseph Frend Burton and Martha Ann Burton

Back Row: James Benjamin Staker, Eliza Jane Staker Day, Josephine Staker Farnsworth, Elizabeth Ellis Staker Day

Sources:¹ Eliza Day, *A sketch of the life of Eliza Cusworth Burton Staker*. 1934.

Margaret Burton Stephens. *History of Eliza Burton Staker*. 1991.

Vernon and Susan Larsen. *Joseph Frend burton Came a Long Way*. 1982.

Leo C. Larsen *Life and Times of Nancy Eliza Brooks Burton*. About 1988

Leo and Vernon Larsen *Roll Call of the Descendants of Joseph and Nancy Burton*. 1991

LeRoy Hafen and Ann Hafen *Handcarts to Zion* Glendale California Arthur Clark Company, 1981

Genealogical records in possession of Vernon F. Larsen.

Personal recollections.

ANDREW CHRISTIAN NEILSON JR.
BUILDER, CONTRACTOR, TEACHER, HUSBAND, FATHER

Rober D. Nielson
Non Professional Honorable Mention Historical Essay

He was known throughout Sanpete County, and particularly in Ephraim, as Chris Nielson, Chris, "Mormon Preacher," or A.C. Nielson, Contractor. One of nine children, two girls and seven boys, he was born to Andrew Christian Nielson, Sr., and Maren Kirstine Anderson Nielson on December 23, 1870.

Their home base was a farmstead known as Shumway, located between Ephraim and Manti, just east of the area known as "The Swamp," which was inundated by the Sanpitch River from about October to May of each winter under normal precipitation. The soil was good. Water from the springs and from Willow Creek Canyon was available for good crop productions. "The Swamp" produced good wild hay, mostly "skunk grass", some wire grass and other sedges, all good for livestock production. A pond was created by damming and impounding the outflow to the Shumway Springs. The water was diverted to irrigate adjoining pastures.

Chris was the second eldest of the seven boys. The two girls, Daugmar and "Winey" were older. Antone, "Tunny," the oldest was not robust and died while in his teens. That left Chris, Otto, Lauritz, Canute, Joe and Oscar.

Chris, Sr., and Maren emigrated from Denmark to practice the Mormon religion. When the farming practice was established at Shumway, Chris Nielson Sr., was called to serve a church mission in Denmark. Because of his enthusiasm for the Mormon Doctrine he acquired the name of "Mormon Preacher." This left Chris, Jr. and his brothers, under the supervision of their mother and two older sisters, to run the farm with some hired help. But farming was not challenging to Chris, Jr. Building things was his prime interest. By 1912 Ephraim was thriving community. It needed a safe and reliable supply of culinary water. The Big Spring in the left-hand fork of Ephraim Canyon was tapped and the water piped about five miles to a headhouse on Little Hill, just above the town, where the water was stored. It provided a supply of cold clear water under pressure for serving the residents and businesses of Ephraim. Chris was the main force in building the concrete headhouse.

Chris and his brother Lauritz filed a mining claim in Pigeon Hollow to quarry oolite (fine limestone) for building stone. The quarry, along with the adjacent Parry's Quarry, provided stone for many buildings throughout Utah. Limestone from these quarries was used in the construction of some of the Hearst Castle Complex in San Simeon, California. A loading derrick was built on a siding of the D and RG Railroad near the Pioneer Cemetery to facilitate shipping the heavy stones by rail. It was big business in the early twentieth century. Chris, in cooperation with other Ephraimites built the Social Hall at First South and Main Streets in Ephraim. During the tens and twenties it was the most elegant dance hall in Utah south of Salt Lake City. It was named Dreamland in the late twenties.

Chris, in cooperation with Hans Peterson, John Graves, Andrew Hanson, Parley Hanson, Leo Stevenson, John Johnson and others, started the Ephraim Sanitary Canning Co. Chris also contracted to build the West View Irrigation Canal which conveys water from the Sevier River to the West Bench of Sevier Valley between Axtell and Fayette. This job was finished in 1918 with horses and manpower. No tractors were used, and many Ephraimites with teams of horses were employed.

In 1919-1920 Chris contracted to lay about 4 miles of sidewalk throughout the back streets of Ephraim. Tom Christensen, Clay Quinn, George Thorpe and others were the expert cement finishers. In 1922 Chris

Nielson and Axel Christiansen were the contractors to build the Manti High School, the Mayfield Elementary School and the Ephraim High School Gymnasium. The work was done on schedule and as I recall, at a cost of \$750,000. In 1923 a school house at Clarion, west of Gunnison, was built by Chris. Many of the homes in Ephraim were planned and built: J.N. Hansen's, Ed Thorpe's, Eph Peterson's to name a few.

Along with the building business, Chris and his family operated farms to raise peas for canning,



**A.C. Nielson, Jr., and wife,
Teckla Pauline**

chickens for egg production, and turkeys for thanksgiving. All these enterprises were pursued primarily for the basic purpose of supporting the family.

In 1895 Chris married Julia Christensen, the daughter of C.C.A. Christensen. To them were born Eva Joy and Andrew. Julia died shortly after Andrew was born. Chris then married Teckla Pauline Christensen, Julia's half sister and the youngest daughter of C.C.A. Christensen's first wife in polygamy. Pauline had five sons and one daughter: George, Mary, Robert, Sheldon, Woodrow and Evan.

Chris, with the support of his wife Pauline, insisted that the children learn to work, have discipline, ambition, integrity and a good education in order to make out in this competitive society. He spent long hours under the single electric light above our kitchen table helping us learn to read, write, add, multiply and divide. He taught all his children the importance of skills necessary to do a job and earn a living. He never accepted welfare. But, there was time for play, on Sundays after church and in the evenings after the chores were done, until curfew.

Every member of the family attended college and contributed much in their chosen fields of endeavors:

Eva Joy – A school teacher and artist in Utah and California

Andres – A forest ranger, carpenter and farmer

George – A school teacher and fruit farmer in Brigham City

Mary – A school teacher and outstanding educator at home and abroad

Robert – A state director of the Bureau of Land management, Interior Department

Sheldon – A superintendent of construction for W.W. Clyde Contractors

Woodrow – A school teacher and soil scientist for Soil Conservation Service

Evan – A soil scientist for Soil Conservation Service in the United States and Foreign Service in Africa.

Yes, Chris made a difference. He was still building in 1928, a residence in Mayfield and the refurbishing of the Christiansen Mercantile Store in Mayfield. On July 24th he spent the night dancing with Pauline, his brother Canute (Toot) and Toot's wife, Nora, at Red Monto. On the morning of July 26th, while preparing to get the chores done and to leave for work on the Mayfield jobs, he suffered a coronary thrombosis and died. He was 57 years old. His legacy lives on! He was a special man, a special father!

THE OUTSIDER

Norma S. Wanlass Barton

Non Professional Third Place Personal Recollection

In August of 1926 Paul M. Smith was invited to become a member of the Commercial Club in Manti, Utah. "I was proud to be asked. I had lived in Manti since January of 1924, when I came to make cheese for the Manti Cheese Manufacturing Company."

Manti was one of the oldest pioneer towns in Utah. Everyone worked together for improvement and were proud of their heritage. They wanted progress, and depended upon and enjoyed their fellow man.

In September 1890 a plea was printed in the Manti Sentinel for a chamber of Commerce to handle the problems arising from the entrance of the railroad, the establishment of the Manti City Savings Bank, and the need for a better culinary water system.

The Arrapine commercial Club was organized in April, 1903. It backed all projects promoted by the club: a high school, a Carnegie Library, a municipally owned light and power plant, and the Manti Canyon road, to name a few.

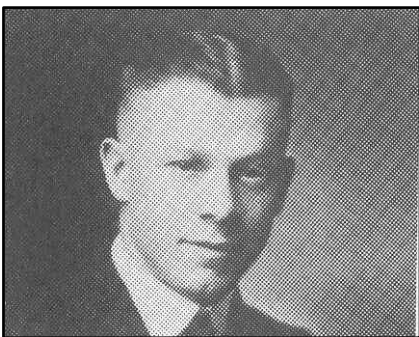
In 1907 Arrapine was dropped from the title, becoming the Manti Commercial Club. It was continuously active until 1940. There were 80 members in 1926, rich men, poor men, farmer, priest, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, anyone who had an invitation, a \$10.00 membership fee, and an intense pride in the City of Manti. They met above John R. Nielson's Shoe Repair Shop on the corner of Main and Union Street.

Andrew Judd was Mayor during 1926-27, and a club member. One night he brought a pair of Levis with a 23 inch waist. He held them up saying he would wrestle anyone who could get into them.

Paul jumped to his feet declaring, "I'll take that challenge." He had to don the Levis on the spot to prove his eligibility.

They wrestled for thirty minutes, neither one able to throw the other one. Finally they called it a draw, announcing that they would continue the match one year from that date.

Paul lived in the Fred Braithwaite home on 295 East 2nd North, and worked in the cheesery on 4th North and 5th West. Each morning he ran to work, home and back from lunch and home at night. He didn't jog, he ran as hard as he could run.



Paul M. Smith - 1926

When the year was up, the commercial Club announced the date that the wrestling match would be held. Interest was high. Some wagers were made. The day arrived. Paul threw Andrew. It was a quiet victory. Andrew had the reputation of being the strongest man in town.

On November 2, 1937, Paul M. Smith defeated F.D. Alder for four year Councilman, on the ticket with R. Easton Moffitt for Mayor. The final vote was 507 to 397 votes. The remark was made many times that Smith "did pretty good for an outsider." To a later generation he was an old-timer, but he was always an accepted one.

HE WAS QUITE A MAN

Shirley Reynolds Burnside

Non Professional First Place Short Story

When I ask my mother, Nida Reynolds, about her great-grandfather, Elisha Jones, she says emphatically, "He was quite a man." After studying his life and journal, I agree with her: he was indeed quite a man. I noticed a closeness to his older brother, James N. Jones as their lives paralleled each other. Elisha was the more quiet, steady open so he lived somewhat in his brother's shadow. After all was said and done, he cast a tall, straight shadow of his own.

Elisha was born in Ohio in 1813, the second of four children. His parents were from Maryland and were hard working industrious farmers. His father never joined any religion but believed the Baptist persuasion. His mother had been a Quaker but was turned out for marrying out of the church. That was not much church background for what was to come. Elisha married Margaret Talbot when he was 17 years old. Life was normal, as the couple lived close by or with his folks.

In early years he had felt concerned about religion, but not until he was 27 years old did he become concerned enough to pray. He then joined the Reformed Methodist. Two weeks after he was baptized, he was elected Class Leader and placed over the branch of about 130 Members.

Two years later, a man named James Dunn came into the neighborhood and told of a people called "Mormons." Elisha read their books and believed the, but his wife was dissatisfied with his reading so he laid it by for a while. His brother James believed the work and left immediately for Illinois with his family, was baptized and stayed for four years. During this time the leader of the Mormons, Joseph Smith, and his brother Hyrum were murdered and the church was driven from Illinois to Winter Quarters. James came back to his father's and stayed all winter.

On 3 March 1847, James baptized Elisha and Margaret in the night time because of persecution. Then Elisha immediately began preparing to go to Winter Quarters with his wife and six children. Preparation was done in great secrecy because of enemies. The mobs had burned out and driven off about 200 Mormons. Non-Mormons had moved onto the vacant properties, but the mob spirit still raged so violently that they burned out and drove them off also.

Elisha and his family arrived at Winter Quarters three days after the first saints entered Salt Lake Valley. His wife Margaret, who was pregnant, took sick with a fever and lay for three months. About this time Elisha was building a log cabin and broke a blood vessel in his breast. He lost so much blood that he could not stand. To recuperate, he lay five months and they lost all of their property. The baby was born in January and died the next July. The family then moved back across the river to Panesville, and Elisha bought some tools and began smithing. He was ordained an Elder in the Mormon religion and also ordained into the Quorum of Seventy. By the spring of 1850 the industrious family had regained enough to go to Salt Lake Valley with an ox-cart company. They arrived 7 September 1850. James had arrived in Salt Lake in August 1849.

Hard work and misfortune still followed this family. They suffered the loss of another child; a baby girl died at one month of whooping cough. There was considerable difficulty with the Indians and Elisha helped lay off the fort on Little Cottonwood.

Elisha then moved his family to Provo and built a four-room house. He notes in his journal that his brother James was living in Provo two blocks from him. Being a hard working, civic-minded man, he served as

constable, acted as deputy sheriff for three years, was elected one of the city council and one of the high council of the church.

At this time the first public announcement from the church encouraging plural marriage was given. Elisha married two more wives and James took three more. Imagine living in a four-room house with older children and add two younger wives the age of or younger than the children. Just that would be hard enough on everyone, but the adversary still sprinkled misfortune over these good obedient people. A son, John, married and died the next day. The first wife Margaret had a child and lay sick a good while and only the mercy of God revived her. Elisha's mother died in Ohio. Then Margaret had a fit and put her foot in the fireplace and burned the toes and top to a crisp. Her foot bled so much; again it was only through the blessings of the Lord that she lived.

Elisha went to the canyon and as he went to get a drink a great stone came down and caught him against a rock. It burst his leg open nine inches, broke his leg in two places below the knee and split the bone five inches, crushing the knee bone. Getting home must have been difficult, but in three weeks he went on crutches into the garden and worked from then on.

A call came from the church to settle new territory farther South. On 9 November 1859, Elisha moved his family to Mt. Pleasant. Margaret's burned foot was no better. The first thing he did was build a cabin at North Bend. On 4 January 1860 the people met and planned to build a fort; Elisha was appointed to oversee the east wall. Two days later his brother James was appointed to be the first bishop of North Bend and Elisha was appointed as clerk.

Elisha lived at North Bend working on the new settlement and preparing to bring his family there. He went back to Mt. Pleasant to help them from time to time. He began to quarry rock for the fort wall on 12 January 1860. These good founding fathers did not wait for spring or summer but worked through the cold harsh winter. By 29 January 1860 he had all the rock quarried and hauled for the east side he was in charge of.

On 8 March he moved his family from Mt. Pleasant to North Bend into the house he built at 100 West and 100 South. There were now twenty or twenty-five houses in North Bend, and Elisha was keeping a record of this place. Across the Cottonwood River, he helped James layup his place (build his house) on 12 March 1860. Three days later he began building the fort wall with thirty men. By 1 April 1860 the wall was up seven feet high with gates to close. Although there was always worry about Indians, life was more secure now to be settled inside the fort.

By June, Elisha was settled enough that he made bellows and began blacksmith work again. Smithing is hard work and Elisha was not a young man; he was 47 years old with three wives to support and numerous children. The word blacksmith conjures up visions of horse shoes and horses to me, but I noticed that he never mentioned anything about a horse but said, "He made bellows and did some iron work." Most iron or metal objects needed in the settlement were hand-made by the blacksmith.

Elisha states in his journal that on 30 June 1860 he "took a tramp in the mountains looking for timber and surveying the road." On the next day he was appointed to take charge of making the road to Birch Creek Canyon and began two days later with thirty-three hands. That road is still in use today, not built by an engineer or a road builder but simply by a get-things-done man helping settle a new territory.

By 13 October 1860 he had finished harvesting twenty acres and got it in the stack. The next day he shaved and dressed a dead man for Dr. Wadds and did not know his name. James's daughter Lucy's clothes caught fire, causing her death the day after 26 October 1860.

The superintendent of the Common Schools came to North Bend 12 November 1860 to organize the School District Number 5, and Elisha was elected trustee number one. Again, he didn't wait for better weather but held a meeting on 25 November 1860 and called on the people to build a school house the next week.

On 12 April 1861 he gave one yoke of oxen to the poor fund to go back to Missouri for the saints.

Life was busy, Elisha was smithing, watching over the school, farming, keeping a record of the church, and his young wife Sarah Ann was adding children to the family. Both he and James were divorced from one of their wives.

Misfortune struck again 12 July 1861 as Elisha was thrown from a wagon. The fall split the bones of his arm and injured him so that he was unable to work for some time. There are no journal entries for six months until 1 January 1862 when he records that the President of the church sent word for the saints to pray three times a day for the government, as the North and the South were fighting as Joseph Smith had predicted.

The people of North Bend met in mass on 18 February 1862 to choose two delegates to attend a convention in Moroni. These delegates' responsibility was to nominate candidates for the coming election. Elisha was one of the delegates. The election was the first to be held under the constitution of the State of Deseret on 3 March 1862.

The next morning his first wife, Margaret, took a fit and fell down in a feather bed and smothered to death. The day after, Elisha started to Provo to bury her. He sent word to their three married children in Provo, Richard, Mary and Sarah, to meet him, but the roads were washed out and the snow was so deep that they could not come. It's interesting that the family could not make it half way but he made the trip by himself. He could have buried Margaret at North Bend, but I imagine that they had decided that they wanted to be buried in Provo so that's what he struggled to honor. He arrived at Nole Guyman's 6 March 1862 and stayed all night, then went on to Provo and buried Margaret. He stayed until the ninth and then started home. He records on 12 March 1862, "At home looking over things and giving the girls some presents."

Elisha hired Adella Cox to teach summer school on 19 August 1862. On 24 August 1862 he gave the people terms of the school and encouraged them to send their children.

On 25 August 1862 his son Joseph was baptized. Elisha recorded eighteen baptisms and confirmations and seven blessings on that day.

Life went on as usual from August until March of the next year, at which time his son Richard, who lived in Provo, had been in Sanpete looking over the area. He liked North Bend and had decided to move there. On 3 March 1863 Richard went back to Provo to get his family. They arrived at Elisha's on 13 March 1863. Richard's wife was dissatisfied and returned to Provo five days later.

My great-grandmother, Mary Melinda, daughter Elisha and Sarah Ann, was born on 23 March 1863 and blessed on 19 April 1863.

On 19 May Elisha and Sarah and the five youngest children went to Provo to visit his married children and their families. This entry looks so simple in the journal, but it was a two-day journey each way by horse and wagon. Also, it was quite possible that this was the first trip to the city for most or all of the children. This had to have been a very special trip and took a lot of preparation. It must have been beautiful in the middle of May and children and mother with shining eyes.

A message came to Elisha on 14 September 1863 that his son Elisha in Provo had been hurt by a log falling on his head and rupturing a blood vessel in his breast. Elisha went to Provo, immediately, at three o'clock, to be with his son. He could stay only for one day but returned on 29 September 1863 with his brother James and they ordained his injured son an Elder in the church. On 12 October 1863 his son Elisha remained helpless and could not move his left arm or leg. His face and eyes were very much deformed.

In the morning of 13 January 1864, Jacob A., a son by his first wife, took sick of rheumatism and died quickly on 31 January 1864. Elisha faced another cold, dreary winter trek as he took his son to Provo to bury him beside his mother. Elisha, the injured son, was still helpless as of 25 January 1864.

The people of North Bend were planning on building a new meeting house and Elisha was appointed as one of the building committee on 1 March 1864.

On 25 June 1864 Elder Orson Hyde was in Sanpete and accepted the resignation of James N. Jones as bishop, he also accepted the resignation of Elisha Jones as clerk. Elisha had tended duties of the meeting house and it was to the square.

James had been called by the church as part of the first group of fifty or sixty families to immigrate to new colonies even farther south. The call was for October 1864 to go down on the "Muddy" river about one hundred miles southwest of St. George, Utah. He took his younger wives with him leaving the first older wife in Fairview.

The two brothers' lives were now separated as Elisha also left Fairview. On 20 September 1864 he offered his resignation as trustee of the meeting house, and A.S. Cora took his place. He sold out his property in Fairview to James Knight and went to Provo Valley by the help of the Lord.

Just one month later in October 1864 he had moved to Heber City, Utah. He began farming and blacksmithing and was soon elected a school trustee. On 3 August 1865 he was appointed to take charge of the hands on the bridge across the river between Heber and Salt Lake.

James did not fare so well; he remained in the "Muddy" settlement for less than ten months. Settling the Muddy was a difficult task, enough to try the faith of the staunchest. He returned to Fairview seriously ill and died soon after on 14 August 1865. On the same day that James, died, Elisha was elected Justice of the Peace of Heber. In the cold of November 1865, Elisha and his son Elisha went to Fairview to drive his herd of sheep back over the mountain to Heber.

A year later, in November 1866, Elisha again went to Fairview; this time he brought his brother James's widow, Caroline Delight Jones, home with him. On 15 December 1866 he took Sarah Ann and Caroline to the Endowment House in Salt Lake where Brother Woodruff sealed Sarah Ann to him for time and all eternity. His first wife, Margaret, was re-sealed to him with Sarah being proxy. Caroline was sealed to Elisha for time and sealed to James for eternity.

These two young wives continued having children and Elisha continued in his "get things done" manner. Besides being a school trustee and justice of the peace, he was a farmer, blacksmith, shoemaker, and the only dentist Heber had, he pulled teeth for everyone.

I can't help thinking that the teaching and example of Elisha's parents had a lasting effect in his life. He stated that they raised the family to work and taught them good morals and honesty, never suffering them to keep bad company. He followed their teachings and became a man of great value to his community, family and church.

He was in Sanpete only five years, but he made a difference with his industrious leadership and hard work.

There stands a lovely monument in Fairview to honor the founding fathers. Elisha's and James's names, among others, are carved in the stone as a lasting tribute of their faithful service to Sanpete. Yes, he was quite a man!

Sources: History of Elisha Jones; History of James Naylor Jones, Junior

FROM THEN TO NOW...A STORY OF GRANDFATHERS

Sherry Savage

Non Professional Second Place Short Story

As I was growing up, I tried to spend as much time as possible in Ephraim. We had a neighbor in Orem who was from New York, and every time he heard that we were going to Ephraim he'd ask, "Hey, what's in Ephraim?" So what was in Ephraim? How could I explain to someone from New York how special Ephraim was? My wonderful "nana and gramp" lived there, and I'd heard such fun stories from my mom about her growing up there, but what else? Why did I, as a little girl and up until now, love Ephraim? I've decided it's because of my personal history: because my grandparents were among those strong wonderful pioneers who began Ephraim; because Ephraim belongs to me in a sense. It's where our roots are, even those of us who did not have the privilege of growing up here full time.

We'll begin our history of Ephraim with my great-great-grandfather Christian A. Larsen. He was born in Denmark on March 6, 1836, the eldest of five children. When he was sixteen, he and his family came to America. They somehow got to Kansas City, Missouri, where they joined the Hans Peter Olsen Co., composed of 550 people and 69 wagons drawn by oxen and cattle, and started west. Their trek across the plains was beset with many hardships. But two years later they finally arrived in Salt Lake City.

Christian, being the eldest, had to go to work for Brother Erastus Snow, who converted him to the Mormon Church. Sometime later Brigham Young sent Christian and his family to Fort Ephraim, which was nothing more than a stockade composed of a few crude log cabins and mud huts huddled together inside a wall for protection from the Indians.

It was here that my great-great-grandfather met and married my great-great grandmother, Mariane Jensen. When he asked for her hand, her father said if he would pay off immigration debts he could marry her, which he did by making and selling adobe bricks. He also said it was the best bargain he ever made! They were married May 18, 1858, in the old Endowment House.

Large pictures of grandfather and grandmother now hang in a room in the Pioneer Memorial Building in Salt Lake City, along with a pistol that grandfather used to protect himself and his family from the Indians.

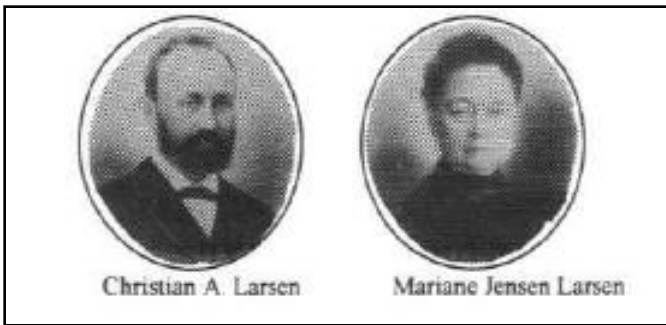
These were trying times for all these strong and faithful pioneers. While trying to clear the land, they were plagued by Indians, and at one time Christian's horse was shot out from under him with an arrow. They were obliged to eat thistle and sego lily roots, along with boiled squash and squirrel, day after day because the crickets and grasshoppers ate all their crops and fear of Indians kept them from hunting wild game. At this time, Christian decided to plant peas instead of grain since the grasshoppers and crickets didn't eat them. This paid off, and he was able to take 700 bushels from his land, which he ground into flour for his family and neighbors.

In 1860 my great-great-grandparents had their first child, born in a dugout in the bank of the creek. Finally, despite floods and bitter cold, he was able to build a stone house which consisted of two large rooms with a huge fireplace. At first they had to walk a mile to get their water from a creek; later on, however, they were able to dig a well in their front yard and put in a pump which provided them with water for many years.

A Co-Operative store was started, and Christian was the director. He was also clearing land he had acquired and trying different crops on them. They gradually acquired a few chickens, and they were able to plant gardens and fruit trees so they could supply their family with nourishing food.

Christian also assisted in bringing many other immigrants to Utah, giving of his meager savings. He was a man of great ambition and keen vision. He started a freighting business, buying produce such as eggs, cheese and butter and hauling it by horse and wagon to Salt Lake City. With the money from the produce he purchased dry goods, and other hard-to-get items and brought them back to Ephraim and sold them from a little store he had started in his home. He assisted in starting the first bank of Ephraim, of which he was Vice President and director. He was a leader in civic affairs, holding the position of postmaster and councilman. He deeply believed in education and helped many students to go to school by allowing them to live free of charge in his buildings.

Christian truly was among those rugged pioneers who helped carve a civilization from a primitive wilderness. A Blackhawk Indian War veteran, a civic leader, businessman, farmer, father and husband, he presided over his land and livestock with the same interest in his old age as he had in his youth, never failing to go into the fields and work hard under the hot sun and freezing snow. He owned 700 acres of land in what is now known as Kane Valley east of Ephraim and another 1200 acres of meadow land west of determination



that finally helped to cause his death on December 20, 1887, at 77 years of age. He never thought that he should retire, and this strong sense of responsibility and determination to never give up or stop working he passed on to his son Christian Larsen, commonly known as Chris, my great-grandfather.

Chris was born September 18, 1869, in Ephraim, the fourth of seven children. We don't know a lot about his childhood except that he worked very hard—since his father depended on his sons to help with all his work. He did often talk about the rough untamed land where wild animals like bear, lions, cougars, and wolves could be found, and how easy it was to get venison—all they wanted because there was no wild-life control.

He talked about how they would take their cattle over the mountains or high country to bring them home for winter and back over the high country again in the spring to take advantage of the good food along the way. He worked very, very hard as a young man and finally decided to break away and see the world. He was very independent and left with nothing from his family except one silver dollar his mother insisted he take. He returned this same silver dollar to her upon his return. He knocked on many doors to find work for a meal. He had many jobs in many different parts of the country until finally home began to seem like the best place to be, and, so sometime in 1893 he returned home to Ephraim.

He met and married Sarah Fredericka Soderberg, a beautiful girl with sparkling dark eyes on November 15, 1893. Chris was a very industrious young man and although he didn't go to school beyond the fourth grade he could read, write, spell and figure with those much more highly educated. He acquired some property on Fourth East and Center Street where a log cabin had been built far enough back so that a larger new home could be built. Chris and Sarah fixed the log cabin up and moved into it while their new home was being built. It stood where the North Stake Center is now, and the little log cabin now belongs to the Robert and Dorothy Stoddard family.

It took two years to build the new home and two children were born in the cabin, my grandfather Evan Chris being the second one. Shortly after he was born, they moved into the new house, a new house with no water, no lights, no indoor plumbing or anything else that made life easy. Still it was better than the little log

cabin, and they were happy to be there. Four more children were born here, all with the help of mid-wives since there was one doctor for all of Sanpete County.

The doctor came by way of horse and buggy and came only in extreme emergencies or occasionally after a birth His charge was \$2 00 a call The mid-wife walked both ways and received \$10 00 for ten days' work, which included caring for mother and baby, cleaning, cooking and laundry

Chris was always concerned about his neighbors and was always willing to share what they had, be it little or a lot They had one of the first phonographs, an Edison with cylinder records and a large morning glory horn It was used for lots of entertainment and dances They also had a player piano which all the neighbors played and listened to, and one of the few phones which served neighbors for blocks around They were also lucky enough to have one of the first automobiles in Ephraim. They also had a pen full of home raised hogs that they would kill and cure with brine and smoke to feed the family and share with anyone who was in need I think perhaps back then sharing with your neighbor was really just a way of life. When things were good for you- you gave, when they weren't so good you received.

Chris worked in the cattle business with his father and uncles and later worked some in the sheep business. While the sheep were lambing one year, he became interested in the poverty flats and purchased about 300 acres. This led to his dream of acquiring water from the other side of the mountains and converting through a tunnel for use on the parched lands of the poverty flats.

And so began years of many heartaches, hardships and broken promises, stolen money, much discouragement and long slow back-breaking, hard work for the whole family¹ However, Chris never gave up and finally early one spring a large fire was seen near the tunnel This was planned to let everyone know that the final touches had been made and they could walk through the 2,680 foot tunnel which was finally completed.

I don't know if any of us can comprehend the sacrifice and hard work of Chris and his family Time and again he put his own money into the tunnel—all his time and all his energy, leaving his own family, especially Sarah, to make do and never receiving anything back But it was his dream and he saw it come true. Many fine crops have been produced and are still grown on the land that was desert before the water came because of this dream.

Chris also purchased through a trading deal a large tract of land in Colorado where for several years the family had been grazing sheep and doing quite well, but due to the depression in 1930, the bottom dropped out of the sheep business and the property had to be let go for taxes since all Chris¹ money was tied up in the tunnel. This property is known as the Aspen Ski Resort and was purchased by Christensen Brothers on a tax sale and sold to the resort for three million dollars—just imagine what it's worth today!

This was hard for Chris, but his motto was "Don" t cry over spilled milk "Nothing was too bad if it didn't affect the family's health."

By this time the stress, worry, strain and disappointments of the tunnel began to affect Chris. He suffered three strokes, two of them while working on the land with his sons. His final stroke came in 1944, right before Christmas when he had taken the train to Salt Lake to visit his daughter. This one affected his memory, speech and power to think ahead He struggled for another year, but never regained his health and



passed away on December 27, 1945. His last words to his sons were, "Well, boys, we did the best we could, didn't we?" And he truly had, passing on this trait of hard work and always doing your best, to my favorite grandpa.

Evan Chris Larsen, although he wasn't a real pioneer, I would like to say just a little about him and his life. I think probably his generation saw more changes than any of us ever will, from horse and buggies to rocket ships. He saw the invention of the radio, television, automobiles, cures for many life-threatening diseases. So much history was made during his lifetime.

Evan was born on November 12, 1896, at 7:00 p.m., delivered of course by the mid-wife since there were still no doctors or hospitals. He was born in the little log cabin I mentioned before. He too did lots of hard work as a young man, such as keeping the smudge going in the smoke-house where meat was cured, milking the cows, herding the sheep, carrying the water, and helping his mother because his father was never home. Of course, this was started at dawn and finished well into the night. Grandpa tells about being only nine years old when he was so lonesome for home.

Another memory he had that stayed with him always was when he was playing "run, sheep, run" one evening and he fell through a straw shed; because of his injury and shock, he contracted Typhoid Pneumonia. It took so long to find the doctor; he had to have an operation to draw the gathering away from his heart. This happened in the fall and it was spring before he was allowed to go outside. He remembered the doctor coming each day and how he would cry because it hurt so bad when the doctor would disinfect the incision and reopen the cavity where a rib had been removed so the draining tube could be loosened, all this without any pain killer Thank goodness we have come a long way in medicine since then.

Grandpa continued to work hard along with his father and brothers. He was by his father's side all the time the tunnel was being built. He was a World War I veteran and worked with the CC Camps, receiving letters for many years after from thankful parents He was a rancher and a farmer—raising sheep, cattle and finally turkeys.



He married my beautiful nana, Myrtle Emma Jensen, on the 29th of May 1918, he writes, "On the 29th of May I decided to take the day off and marry Myrtle!" I'm sure there was more to it than that, but it shows how important work was then—everything else kind of had to be fit in around it.

Nana and Gramp moved around for awhile, but finally settled in Ephraim again They had one daughter and three sons My grandpa was such a special, wonderful man, and I know he became this way because of his father and grandfathers. He, too, passed along so many wonderful qualities to my mom, his daughter Bernell Larsen. I know after reading about these men why my mom never sits down to rest!

Mom and I would also like to state that although we didn't go into much history on our grandmothers and mothers, we know that without a doubt they were the strength behind these men. Without them none of these dreams could have been realized and fulfilled.

I also want to say how proud I am to be a small part of Ephraim and how proud I am of these great men They left such a wonderful heritage for our family. They did so much and sacrificed so much, it makes me feel ashamed that I complain. I also want my mom to know how proud I am of her and all she has accomplished, although she doesn't think so She, too, has left us with so many wonderful traditions and such a

love of family I am truly grateful for the great example she has always been to me and all she has taught me with her kind words and great example, but most of her kindness and love for all of God's creations. I hope that I can pass some of this on to my children.

SANPETE PIONEERS

Linnie Findlay

Professional First Place Poetry

A steady snow, from dark skies in April,
Melts as it falls on rocks and bare places,
But leaves brush and low plants white.
Cold drizzling rain soaks the soft sticky clay,
Making all things wet outdoors.
Did Pioneers shiver in the wet cold-warmth of Spring
As they walked from covered wagons or dug-out hillsides
To lay up cabin logs, or stone for fireplaces?
And what of the children, who had lived on
Scant rations, carefully measured and preserved?
Were they hungry through all that first winter?
Did they hunt for sego lily roots and spring greens
Barefoot, with cold sticky mud oozing between cold toes?
Did April come with warming
With promise of Spring,
And discovery of rattlesnakes
Sharing their hill-side lodging?
Were shoes that had crossed plains and mountains
And the trail-blazing trip to Sanpete worn out?
And rags that had wrapped their feet disintegrating?
Were hides of animals that died in that frozen winter
Used to fashion shoes for those hardy pioneers
Who first came to this Valley
A steady snow falling in April,
Melting as it hits asphalt and cement,
But leaving grass white, and clustering
In white "blossoms" on budding Box Elder trees,
Making all things wet outside.
We look back and marvel
At strength of Mormon Pioneers.

WELL AND LIFE

Camille Olsen Lindsay
Professional Second Place Poetry

The old well, handle and spout
in the top south forty of the pasture
flowed easily in good years
when ground-level water was high
In some years the futile winter storms
didn't feed the water table
with spring run-off and
pumping was hard work
Expend effort produced only a trickle
In good times, with the sun shining
and love caring,
my well is full of contentment
My ability to share flows easily
In low times, depleted with repeated
giving and scarce boosting,
without replenishment,
pumping even a trickle is a chore
So I wait again for winter storms to pass,
and spring run-off to cleanse
Life will be full well again



The second floor has been removed from some older homes in Manti
but the Pioneers built the foundations to last
Picture - Courtesy Lillian Fox

A GRANDMOTHER

Eleanor P. Madsen
Professional Third Place Poetry

She was not acclaimed of men,
Praised and honored with tongue or pen.
Her deeds were just the ordinary kind,
Quiet, little acts of kindness you find
That touch your heart, make a day more sweet,
A word, a smile, a loaf of bread to eat
Who can measure the joy she brought
With no return of favor sought

She was not famous with brush or book,
Expounding wisdom with pretentious look
She was just there when needed most,
With no thought of pride to boast,
Just willing to perform a homely task
To help, to harken, never to ask
Or shatter some long sought goal
But to cheer, inspire every soul

She was one who went her way
Lifting and blessing day by day,
Who made a difference so profound
With soft manner and serenity of sound,
Receiving no accolades or flowers
Only the peace that comes with hours
Spent in service so willingly
Hers, an example for all to see



Ane M Peterson

IRONING THE MEMORIES

Camille Olsen Lindsay
Professional First Place Anecdote

"Will you iron my clothes for Sunday School?" my son, Bruce, asked as he stood before me with a beach towel wrapped around his skinny 12-year-old frame. I went to the closet and retrieved the ironing board and plugged in the iron. I began ironing.

Ironing is a pleasant chore, for it gives time to ruminate, and my mind drifted to the old flat-iron on the black iron wood-stove that stood in the corner of the kitchen in Grandma Bartholomew's house. I slipped into my childhood and another era remote from my mechanized, technical, and fast-paced lifestyle of today. Simplicity was a way of life then.

Grandma Ada Bartholomew was a small lady, and as I remember her, she had long braided, white hair, with the braids wrapped around the back of her head. Grandma always seemed happy and concerned about others, although she lived on meager means. She lived alone, and she sewed and wrote letters to servicemen and missionaries. In one west corner of the kitchen was a stack of letters in a box. Always, there was sewing and the flat-iron on the stove, hot for service at a moment's need. Sometimes, she ironed my lace fringed cotton dresses stiff with starch.

She was sometimes unduly concerned about kids in the neighborhood and often came to our house whenever she heard someone crying. Her house was two away from ours, next to the North Ward Church house, and it had a barn in the block interior behind it.

As I sipped hot chocolate Ovaltine from a porcelain cup and saucer, I never had a hint of the struggles she had with life. She never spoke of Grandpa, Amasa Franklin Bartholomew, and his death in the flu epidemic of 1918, or raising 12 children as a widow. She never spoke of moving her family from Fayette to Ephraim by wagon, or washing, ironing and sewing to pay for food and shelter. She made my childhood days happy and full of memories.

I went to Grandma's house one day to play my clarinet. She smiled through a squeaky and missed-note rendition of "Ave Maria."

We often had peddlers come door to door to sell fruit and vegetables. One day I decided to "make money," so I cleaned out the bottom fruit and vegetable drawers of the fridge and peddled my wares down the street. I must have been four or five. Most of the neighbors gratefully declined to buy. Grandma let me in and gave me two pennies for an apple and then had me sit on her daybed and eat the apple. I was then sent home. She knew my mother would not approve of my business venture.

I remember how important I felt when she asked me to open the trap door going to the fruit and vegetable cellar. The musty odor of damp earth and spider webs made for a creepy descent down the part-wood, part-dirt steps. She always said on my ascent that I had "helped her do something she could not do." I never knew if she was afraid to go down in the cellar or if she was just wary of falling.

Grandma loved to crochet. I can see her in our kitchen corner rocking chair crocheting, even when her eyes grew dim and she frequently lost the stitch. She gave me some of her crocheted pillowcase borders.

Grandma Bartholomew died when I was twelve. Mom woke me up one morning early. Grandma was gone. Gone was her love and my childhood memory-maker, the only grandparent I knew. The little white house and our bigger two-story house have been displaced by progress. Snow College has erected a girl's dormitory on my childhood playground.

"Mom, are you about through with ironing? I'm getting cold!" I handed shirt and pants to an impatient son. The ironing was done, the memories neatly pressed and folded away in a corner of my mind.



Ada Dell Bown Bartholomew – June 16, 1937

A LADY OF NOTE

Dorothy J. Buchanan

Professional Second Place Personal Recollection

Her name was Mabel Borg and it was synonymous with music. When her fingers touched the piano keys, we could hear a definite air and flair. She lived in Mt. Pleasant near the D.&R.G. Railroad tracks with her parents, James and Sarah Borg, and a brother and sister. She practiced diligently and appeared in countless programs.



When she grew older she attended school in Salt Lake City, but she always came back to Mt. Pleasant and gave music lessons during the summer season. I was one of her students, but did not rise to the top like some of them did. I only got as far as the "Fifth Nocturne." By a composer whose name, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten. Many of my friends took lessons from Miss Borg. Amber Hanford was one who was an outstanding student.

Each summer when Miss Borg and her sister, Georgia, returned to Mt. Pleasant, they were invited by my mother to spend an afternoon at our home. Mama never failed to serve chicken salad and cheese-straws, plus her luscious lemon pie. We enjoyed the conversation, the laughter, and the general news. It seemed to me that Mabel always had a smile for everyone. Her personality was delightfully spontaneous.

She and my parents became the best of friends. My father was Bishop of the North Ward, of which Mabel was a member. She always gave benefit concerts for the ward members. Every seat was filled. Mabel had become one of the most noted pianists in Utah. Then came a summer when Mabel did not come alone. She brought a fine-looking man with her named Mr. Jenkins. She had met him in New York, where she had

been studying, and they had married. He possessed an unusually fine voice, and the two of them gave a most impressive concert. The proceeds were to help purchase a grand piano for the ward.

Naturally we were all excited. Mr. Jenkin's voice captivated us. I can still remember two songs that he sang: "Danny Deever," and "Trumpeter, Who Are You Calling Now?" I could feel definite Goosebumps. And Mabel's selections were a treat. The two of them had a rapport that was joyous to observe.

They left Mt Pleasant to go back to New York, and sometime later we received word that Mr. Jenkins had disappeared. He was not only a musician, but a private detective and often went on long trips for his employer. One day, he was called to go to some other country. Mabel went down to the ship dock with him and kissed him goodbye and she never saw him again. It was really a tragedy; they were so much in love. Mabel came right home to Mt. Pleasant and she walked through her father's farm, through the fields. Every day she would walk back and forth and back and forth. Her hair turned completely white over a very short time, and she was so grief stricken that she didn't like to talk about it to anyone.

She hoped for a long time for some word regarding her husband, word she did not receive. He was never found. Everyone sympathized with her and she received many letters and notes and phone calls from friends, but she was never quite the same again.

She established herself in Salt Lake giving private piano lessons and also teaching piano at the McCune School of Music. One of her pupils was a young man from Salt Lake City named Grant Johannesen. They worked together for many years, and Mr. Johannesen gave Mabel credit for giving him his early training. He later went on to study piano with Robert Casadesus at Princeton University and Egon Petri at Cornell University, and theory with Roger Sessions and Nadia Boulanger.

He made his debut at Times Hall, New York, on 17 April 1944. In 1949 he won first prize at the Concours International at Ostend and also undertook his first international tour. Since that time he has traveled extensively and won many awards. He performed most recently in Salt Lake City during the 1994-95 Utah Symphony season.

Mabel's life made a difference. Her influence is not only felt by her many students from Sanpete County, but throughout the world through the superb performances of one who must be recognized as her star student, Grant Johannesen!

DOCUMENTATION:

Personal memory

THE NEW GROVE DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN MUSIC VOL. 11

Ed. by H. W. Hitchcock and Stanley Sadie p. 575

RICHARD NIBLEY, MAN OF MUSIC

Eleanor P. Madsen

in kind consider its power to create an environment," thus wrote Richard Nibley in *The Instrumentalist* (April 1965) He felt the influence of good music and did much research on the power of music, with his writings on the subject being used to influence others in many parts of the world Professor Nibley joined the Snow College Faculty in Ephraim in 1966, and with his wife the former Nadine Monson and three small daughters, Lydia, Melissa and Sylvia, made his home here until he died in 1979. Professional First Place Personal Recollection Tere is music to have riots by and music to behave to and a student body reacts.

He was born in Portland, Oregon, and moved with his family to Los Angeles in what he called "the golden age of California," the 1920's He served in the army in Europe in World War II, lived for years in New



Nadine and Richard Nibley with daughters,
Lydia, Melissa and Sylvia

York City, then returned back to Salt Lake City in 1954, which was the smallest place in which he had lived. Moving to Sanpete was a type of homecoming for Richard, whose mother, Agnes Sloan, was born in Manti to Hugh Russel Sloan and Margaret Violet Reid.

A master violinist, Richard Nibley held a degree from Julliard, and studied violin with Joseph Acnron, Mischa Mischakoff and Edward Dethier and composition with Vitorio Gianinni. He had concertized in Europe and America and recorded for the Voice of America. His work with beginners included appearances at many clinics and the recording of educational TV tapes. His influence continues to be felt

through his beginning violin method, "Step by Step to Violin Playing," and through the hundreds of students who were introduced to great music in his college classes. Professor Nibley worked diligently to bring accomplished performers and outstanding talent through lyceums and other programs to the Auditorium at Snow College, in Ephraim.

Professor Nibley never elevated himself above the level of the people with whom he associated. He was not afraid of work or of doing a task others might be unwilling to perform. He had an ever-ready sense of humor that sustained him and others in time of crisis.

The Nibleys were involved in the planning and production of the Mormon Miracle Pageant in 1967 and served on the committee during its formative years. Other efforts helped the beginning of the Sanpete Historical Society, Sanpete Community Theater, the Scandinavian Jubilee, and Summer Snow; which began as a Baroque Music Festival.

Historical preservation efforts began while the Nibleys were living in Salt Lake City, helping to preserve ZCMTs cast-iron facade, but assumed the forefront when it was necessary to save the Canute Peterson home. This restoration paved the way for determined efforts to save yet another doomed Ephraim landmark, The Co-op Building on the same block. Hurried by the demolition which had already begun, a corporation was formed and enough money was raised to save the building for its final destiny, which was only realized after twenty years and much broader support and cooperation of City, college, and state agencies.

The Cooperative Mercantile Building, now home of the "Sanpete Sampler" stands as a monument to the Nibleys and others who realize the value of historic preservation and who have devoted their time and energies to honoring the heritage and sacrifice of our forefathers, with a place that has become a delight for this generation and will keep the past in remembrance for future generations.

Richard Nibley will be remembered for his music, but also for his work and determination to honor and preserve the historic past. In both, he truly made a difference. Music and the preservation of all the pioneers stood for and struggled for were Richard Nibley's life.

THE INDIANS ARE COMING, THE INDIANS ARE COMING

Elizabeth Jensen

Professional First Place Historical Essay

The Indians are coming! The Indians are coming!

Few statements this simple have elicited such discrepant responses in the span of a couple of generations in the same towns as does this one. During the time settlers had been sent from Salt Lake City to Sanpete County to begin farms and to construct the Manti Temple, this cry of alarm, laced with fear, warned everyone to seek shelter in forts or find other provisions for the protection of residents from unfriendly visits from Indians. In contrast, by the late 1940s, this cry was a compassionate announcement, with strong overtones of love and excitement, that family members would soon be reunited after students' summer visits to their natural parents on reservations

Brigham Young's counsel to feed the Indians rather than fight them and to learn to love them like brothers was immediately heeded, but within a hundred years the counsel had a very literal application. Many families were feeding Indians, and they were loving them like brothers the brothers and sisters they actually were. They were family members Miles and Celia Jensen.

The willingness of Sanpete County settlers to love one another, to share, to work together and to help others who had needs is a legacy that has been conveyed from parents and grandparent to children, from neighbor to neighbor It is one of the foundations of love for Sanpete people. For this reason, it was so natural for families in Sanpete to listen to the request of our Prophet and to open our homes, hearts and schools to the Indian children.

During the years sugar beets were raised in the Sanpete and Sevier County area, many farmers employed Navajo Indians to assist with this chore, which was mostly done by hand at that time. From the early summer day when the beets were big enough to block and thin, there was plenty of back-breaking work to be done in the beets weeding and weeding again, finally ending with topping and loading into trucks bound for the sugar factory Miles Jensen with Indian Placement Students in Ephraim, about 1970.



Miles Jensen with Indian Placement Students in Ephraim,
about 1970

Many full families came to the area for the summer, with children working alongside parents and grandparents or playing along fences or in shady spots while parents worked. Most people were good to these workers, providing them with good food and friendship. Many Indian families returned to the same farms year after year.

As Indian families noticed the educational advantages children experienced in this area, they became interested in finding out how their children could have the same thing. They were also

developing some interest in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and the character qualities it fostered in its members. Some Indian parents got brave enough to ask friends about schooling for their children. From there it was a natural evolution.

Miles Herbert Jensen and his wife, Celia Pickett Jensen, of Gunnison had grown up on farms which had employed Indians for years and had cultivated friendships with some of them during their younger years.

During the time he worked in the sugar factory and through his assignment as president of the Gunnison Stake Mission, it was natural for Miles to become acquainted with more of these people.

A Navajo Branch of the church had been organized in Richfield, with Golden Buchanan as Branch President. Miles Jensen was a distributor for a bread company and had become acquainted with President Buchanan and some of the Indians involved with the church.

In the fall of 1948, as it was time for school to begin, some of the teenage students got brave enough to approach President Buchanan about staying in the area for school. Miles and Celia Jensen took two of the girls, and Miles agreed to help find homes for the others. The first year there were fewer than a dozen students, but it grew rapidly.

Soon after this beginning, President Buchanan was called to be President of the Southwest Indian Mission. A cooperative partnership was established as President Buchanan became acquainted with prospective students and Miles Jensen became responsible for prospective homes. Friends and siblings of students in school here arranged to be included, and within a very few years, Miles was finding homes for Indian students all over the state of Utah, but the earliest years had most of the students in every town in Sanpete County.

Students would come in trucks or, if they could afford it, by bus. Miles and Celia would meet the students, take them to their home for a bath, clean clothes, a good meal, sometimes a night's sleep, and they would be taken to meet their foster family.

Apostle Spencer W. Kimball, who was responsible for church relations with Lamanites and other cultures, became acquainted with this volunteer program in full-blown operation, run by volunteers, coordinated by Miles and Celia Jensen. As he realized the scope of the compassionate involvement of families in the Sanpete area and of the positive impact upon the potential development of the Indian people, he approached the leadership of the church for direction.

In 1954 the L D.S. Indian Student Placement Program was born! Organized under the umbrella of the Relief Society and its (then) current president, Belle S. Spafford, this effort became an official program of the church. Its first caseworker, Miles H Jensen and his wife, Celia, were naturals in this already successful and blossoming project.

He had to sell his bread business, which had been the "transportation" arm of the program, and establish an office in the Church Office Building in Salt Lake City. For awhile, he was the only caseworker for the entire state of Utah.

When large numbers of children began coming each fall, it became awkward to bathe, feed and process them all at the Jensen home in Gunnison. Transportation and arrival times also had to be coordinated, many students needed some basic medical attention, there needed to be a place for students to meet their foster families. So a Reception Center was organized at a Stake Center in Richfield which had showers and lots of room to meet their needs. With help from many volunteers, students got a good breakfast, a shower and shampoo, clean clothes, a medical exam, and off to their homes within a much shorter period of time. The one constant was the bustling central figures of Miles and Celia Jensen greeting children, foster families and volunteers, and helping everything run smoothly

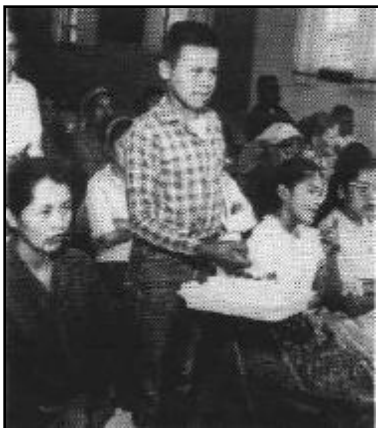
One year a little girl had her shower and it was time to put on her clean clothes. When her suitcase was opened, all it had in it was some carefully folded tissue paper. Her mother had not enough money to provide the little girl with even a change of socks, but wanted her daughter to have something in her suitcase. More importantly, she wanted her daughter to have something in her head, so was sending her off to live with strangers for a year of school.

There are many touching stories to be told about experiences with this Indian Student Placement Program. Many hearts were involved in it. Hundreds of lives were changed because of it. It is a situation which effectively returned leadership back to the Indian Nations to help their native people deal more effectively with the rapidly changing world. Its impact is immeasurable.



Linda was a Navajo Indian from Arizona who lived with several different families while she attended school in Manti. Lilian A. Fox was her third grade teacher. (Photo by Lucien Bown)

According to Mr. Jensen, the main objective of the Indian Placement Program was to train young people for leadership in branches or in other ways on the Reservation. One of the deacons (Wilson) shown in the picture on the left is now Chief of Police of the Navajo nation. The picture was taken, in the Naschitti Branch south of Shiprock, Arizona. The girls playing and conducting for the hymns in the Navajo Branch learned music skills as they participated in the Indian Placement Program.



Nationwide Indian Youth Conference held at Brigham Young University.



Loulla Mahonc demonstrates cooking skills learned on the Placement Program, which she now uses as a Home Economics teacher on the Hualapi reservation near Kingman, Arizona.

MANTI UTOPIA CLUB

Elaine Parry Murphy

Professional Third Place Historical Essay

The culture of Manti has always included opportunities for the citizens to improve their morale. Musical, literary, artistic and sporting events have been included in the agendas of the city, churches, and schools. The Chamber of Commerce has sponsored Fourth of July activities. The city has participated in the county fair, rabbit hunts, and yearly barbecues. Talent shows and community drives for structural improvements or charitable needs have long been a part of the efforts to make Manti an "Utopia."

"Utopia" can be defined as any place, state of being, or situation of ideal perfection. This may not be obtainable, but striving for Utopia seems to be part of the nature of human beings. Many examples could be cited, but this essay is to be devoted to a small group of young, inexperienced Manti homemakers who formed a chapter of a women's club belonging to the Federation of Women's Clubs called the "Utopia Club." Why they chose this organization to belong to is not clearly remembered by the few members still alive today. "It sounded good and it was what we felt the need for," was the answer given to the question asked to the ninety-six-year-old past president of the club.



They wanted a space of time and a place to get away from the cares of hard everyday life, to nurture themselves, to share with dear friends their joys and sorrows, and to laugh and swap recipes for desserts as well as for living. In essence, they seemed to desire a few hours two times a month in a haven where they could feel good about themselves. They were hopeful that this respite would allow them to carry on as wives and mothers, daughters and sisters, and neighbors in a better manner day by day. In this way they could contribute, albeit in a small way, to their community. As stated in the bylaws of the club: "The aim of this organization will be to better our own standards and aid the community as needs arise."

La Villa Henrie Mickelson, formerly the wife of the deceased Royal Henrie, and now the wife of Calvin Mickelson, was one of the charter members of the Utopia Club when it was organized in 1921. The other charter members were Eva Hall, Lilly Boynton, Ruby Merriam, Mary C Miller, and Delia Mickelson.

There was a need for groups of this kind during the seventy-four years that the Manti Utopia Club functioned. It was started soon after the Armistice of World War I. The people were well acquainted with death, taxes, rationing of food, and joblessness. Many living in the area had emigrated from Denmark and Scandinavian countries in an attempt to better their physical and spiritual well-being. They had endured many hardships and were left with deep feelings of concern for others and a belief in themselves. The livelihood of

many came from farming, stock-raising, carpentry, masonry, and shop keeping. They were imbued with the spirit of helping to build a good place to live. They survived the depression, subsisting at times on government allotments of staples such as buckwheat, germade flour, cornmeal, sugar, and lard to supplement whatever they could raise in their gardens.

After the depression came a relatively calm but busy few decades. Outhouses were replaced by indoor bathrooms, and swilling pigs and butchering them in downtown areas gradually disappeared. Nicely stocked and run dry goods, grocery, appliance, bakery, jewelry, and meat shops filled out the main street, complimenting existing structures like the bank, post office, barber shop, churches, and earlier established businesses. Then came World War II and with it fear, separations, deaths, rationing, and war-related jobs like the Parachute Factory and Agricultural Markets. Pre- and post-war public work projects brought new jobs to town life, like the building of the Sanpete County Court House. The dancing pavilions and movie houses helped chase the depression and war blues away and were frequented by many townspeople. Still the always present need for closer contact with homogenous groups brought both men and women's organizations together. Some were church related, some were not.

The Ladies Literary Club began in Manti in the 1890's and is still functioning. It was instrumental in getting the Manti High School established in 1905. The agenda for this club, as well as its membership, differed from that of the Utopia Club, but both seemed to realize that "there is no hope of joy except in human relation" (Saint-Exupery), and in the words of Aldous Huxley, "Experience is not what happens to you; it is what you do with what happens to you."

The six charter members of the Manti Utopia Club met regularly and soon had other women asking to join. In the 1940's and 1950's the club had the maximum membership of twenty-five. There is no copy available of the original by-laws of the club, but Delia recalls the group's activities were to study, have book reviews, quilting bees, and do handiwork. By 1930 the membership of the club had grown from the original five to eighteen. The alphabetical roster included Grace Alder, Ruby Beal, Ellen Braithwaite, Eva Braithwaite, Vera Larsen, Stella Lund, Ellen Maxwell, Katie Maylett, Iretta Merriam, Delia Mickelson, Elizabeth Nielson, Ellareave Parry, Ruth Peterson, Ramona Peterson, Lydia Shoemaker, Rula Squires, Martha Tooth, and Ruby Winn.

Baby buggies used to mark where meetings were being held for those who might have missed a previous meeting or forgotten where the next one was to be held. Husbands looking for their wives also could tell where to find them by seeing a rather large number of buggies parked in a front yard. Children coming home from school and wanting a special treat could also spot the place to go for a piece of angel food cake or some other dessert. They loved the sight and smell and sound of mothers busily engaged in conversation or creating embroidery, crochet, or tatting work which, unknown to them then, would become heirlooms to be handed down to succeeding generations. Sometimes a quilt would be on frames with everyone helping to tie it or to make tiny patterned stitches to complete it. Lovingly made, lovingly given.

Kensingtons were held in the summer time, usually at the city park, where groups of the membership would take turns providing food and entertainment. In the winter, husbands would be invited to a couple of special evenings where "fricadilla" or Danish meatballs and ethnic salads and desserts were served, followed by dancing at the Armada or at the Peerless Chicken Hatchery. When indicated, a fund-raising event would be held to help a family in need or to contribute to the community events.

On the night of March 4, 1955, the charter members of the club met to restore a set of by-laws whereby to set a standard for the welfare of the organization known as the Utopia Club. At this time, it was recorded that the membership should not exceed twenty five and to become a new member said person shall be accepted by two-thirds of the full membership. The minutes of this meeting further state that the members would pay a membership fee of \$1.50 at the beginning of each year to begin March ninth and end March the eighth of following year. There was to be a president, vice president, reporter, and secretary treasurer. One turn of any

specific office was required to any member until all had participated Dues and activities, of course, changed with the times.

Over the years, many of the club members have died or become widows. The meetings had fewer and fewer women attending because of this type of attrition, as well as to dwindling population of the city due to exodus to greener fields Finally on the 23rd of May 1994, six members of the Utopia Club met at the home of LaVilla Henry Mickelson in celebration of her ninety-fifth birthday and also to dissolve the club LaVilla was the only charter member remaining The members present on this occasion, besides LaVilla, were Lillian Fox, Elta Alder, Vonda Merriam, Geniel Douglas, and Ann Buchanan Seventy-four years of delightful companionship, leaving many hundreds of fruitful memories, came to an end. The "not-so-well known" had contributed in a special way to keeping up the morale of themselves and others amidst the ups and downs of community life. A Danish proverb imparts this message: "When there is room in the heart, there is room in the house and its surroundings. " The Utopia Club of Manti was comprised of salt-of-the-earth women with big hearts, who did their best with their experiences. In 1904 Bessie Anderson Stanley wrote her definition of success, which seems appropriate to conclude this essay.

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has enjoyed the trust of pure women, the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by a improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of the Earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has looked for the best he had; whose life was a inspiration; whose memory a benediction.

Sources

Personal recollections of author
La Villa Henrie Mickelson Vonda Merriam
The Other 49'ers

PETER MADSEN, PIONEER

Eleanor P. Madsen

Professional Second Place Historical Essay

He was in the truest sense a pioneer, one lives today, giving his all to the gospel and we could live in peace and security.

Peter Madsen's early life in was born 11 October 1818, prepared him in a family of seven children.

His early education was meager. when six and one-half years of age and was also taught the Lutheran religion. He around. At times he stayed home to help his father with farm work but was fined for so doing.

At the age of fourteen Peter left school and was apprenticed to a farmer where he learned to make wagons and to build farm houses. He received his board but no money.



of those who made all the difference in our paving the way to help build a place where

Thorselund, Holbaek, Denmark, where he for the rigors of pioneer life. He was third

His diary records that he started school learned to "read, write and calculate." He went to school three days a week the year

Peter embraced the gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at an early age when he traveled the two miles to Copenhagen to attend meetings. He was baptized 29 December 1851, then did some missionary work in the vicinity where he lived.

He married Ellen Nielson 9 May 1852, and they saved money to go to America. They were able to save money to also loan money to others for this purpose.

It was difficult to leave his mother, his two brothers and three sisters as he and Ellen joined the John E. Forsgreen Company and set sail for America in January 1853. The voyage across the Atlantic Ocean on the Forest Monarch sailing vessel was rough, with poor food and water and much sickness.

The 293 passengers, half of them children, landed in New Orleans after nine months on the ocean. Peter and Ellen went on from there to St. Louis where they stayed for a month to acquire provisions before undertaking the long trek across the plains.

Peter obtained two yoke of oxen and provisions for the seven people who traveled in his wagon. After five weeks and 300 miles to Kaneshville, the pioneer caravan stopped for six days to acquire more provisions to last them for the rest of their journey.

Peter's diary records that there were many rivers to cross and some Indian encounters with the friendly Indians begging bread and sugar. He also records that he had an accident, being caught with his leg in a rope and being dragged for some distance by the oxen. He had to ride in the wagon for ten days but then was able to walk again, and he walked much of the way to Salt Lake City where they arrived September 30, 1853.

Peter and Ellen came next to the Allred Settlement in Spring City, in December 1853, but due to Indian troubles were advised to go to the Manti Fort. They spent the winter there and then went to Ephraim in the spring where they stayed the remaining years of their lives.

One of the first tasks Peter did in Ephraim was to help build a small fort. Since the people wanted a name for the Fort, Peter suggested that it be called Fort Ephraim. The name was accepted and later changed to Ephraim. Peter helped haul rock from the mountain to build the small fort. He built homes, churches and school buildings, being a carpenter and mason by trade.

His work on the farms in Denmark helped prepare Peter for the difficult task of subduing the sagebrush-covered land, with farm-work being done by hand with the help of the oxen. Ellen worked by Peter's side, grubbing brush, raking hay and binding wheat.

They had four children, Josephine Ephremine, Mads Peter, Ellen Cathrine, and Niels Joseph. Josephine was born and died while they were en route to Utah.

All did not go smoothly at times as Peter had a number of serious accidents which could have taken his life. While building his barn he fell six feet. While sustaining no broken bones, he was in a great deal of pain and was unable to work for some time. Another time he fell under the harrow and was dragged some distance. While in the mountains getting lumber, he suffered a broken arm.

The forces of nature had to be reckoned with, such as an early frost destroying the wheat crop that first year. They planted again and this time grasshoppers invaded the fields, leaving them with only potatoes to eat. They were glad for the potatoes, as some pioneers only had sego roots or dandelion greens to subsist on.

Peter sold a yoke of oxen, a wagon, and some clothing in exchange for wheat, making a trip to Salt Lake City for the exchange. He sowed the wheat with a peck to an acre, but raised a good crop that year.

Many immigrants were still making their way to Utah. Those who were here showed hospitality by taking them into their homes until they could establish homes of their own. Peter and Ellen welcomed a number of families into their homes for a time. They also helped others along the trail by sending a yoke of oxen, a bushel of oats, clothing and other items to them.

Peter continued with his building trade, helping others build homes, constructing wagons, repairing machinery and tools and making weaving looms. He also built fences, canyon roads and dug ditches to bring the mountain streams down into the valleys.

During the Indian war he served as a guard for seven days, with the camp being stationed in Wales. In addition to building and making a living for his family, Peter served as City Treasurer for Ephraim and as a petit juror He was also a stock-holder in six corporations, having to do with cattle, sheep-herding, tannery, sawmill and waterworks.

In 1860 Peter built a home, the first house outside the fort on 300 East and 100 North in Ephraim The lintel above the door read,"P Madsen 1860." This was preserved and transferred to a DUP marker which now marks the location of his first home.

He was called on a mission to St. George in 1879 to assist with the building of the temple and spent sixty-nine days there. He also worked on the Manti Temple for an equivalent of three months, hauling sand and rock and doing mason work. He donated money each month to the temple in Manti and gave funds to the St. George and Salt Lake Temples as well He attended the dedication of the Salt Lake and Manti Temples. During this time Peter also did work on the Noyes Building at Snow College, helping get lumber and rocks from the canyon and doing more mason work

Always active in church affairs. Peter was chosen as the First Counselor of the Stake High Priests and records that he attended many meetings He also went to General Conference in Salt Lake City in April and October for many years

He was very much interested in doing the ordinance work in the temple for his deceased relatives, and with his family went often to do this work, spending twenty-four days there at one time.

He kept in touch with his Scandinavian heritage by attending the Scandinavian Jubilee in Salt Lake City and also attended the State Fair there a number of years.

He raised a large family In compliance with the advice from President Brigham Young, he took a second wife. Catherine Thomson, to the Endowment House in Salt Lake City 21 November 1863 Because of polygamy problems, he had to build a separate house for Catherine, which he paid for with a yoke of oxen, a wagon and some money-\$325 Their children were Thomas Franklin, John Alexander, David Patton, Ezra Seth, and Daniel Fredrick,

Some 70 family members gathered to celebrate Peter's 90th birthday anniversary at his home. A family dinner with tributes and song helped to make the day memorable He received a woolen blanket and bought a new black suit for \$4 for the occasion.

He wrote his autobiography and kept a diary In his last days he writes much of gratitude and thanks to his Heavenly Father that his life has been preserved, stating that he is feeble but not sick, and that he is glad he is able to read, to study, and to prepare himself for the life beyond.

His concluding words read, "I am thankful to God for my life and existence, that I can learn something more for my salvation. I can walk slowly, work a little, I can eat and drink and sleep and see to read and write and understand what I read also. "

Truly this pioneer made a difference in the lives of many and left an example for all to follow.



Mt. Pleasant Pioneer Day - March 21, 1959
(Centennial Program inside North Sanpete Stake House)
Berkley Larsen, Speaker/North Sanpete Stake Singing Mothers in Background;
Christie Coles, Johanna Hafcn, Caroline Jorgensen, (89) Oldest lady, and J. Seymoar Jensen, sitting on
stand

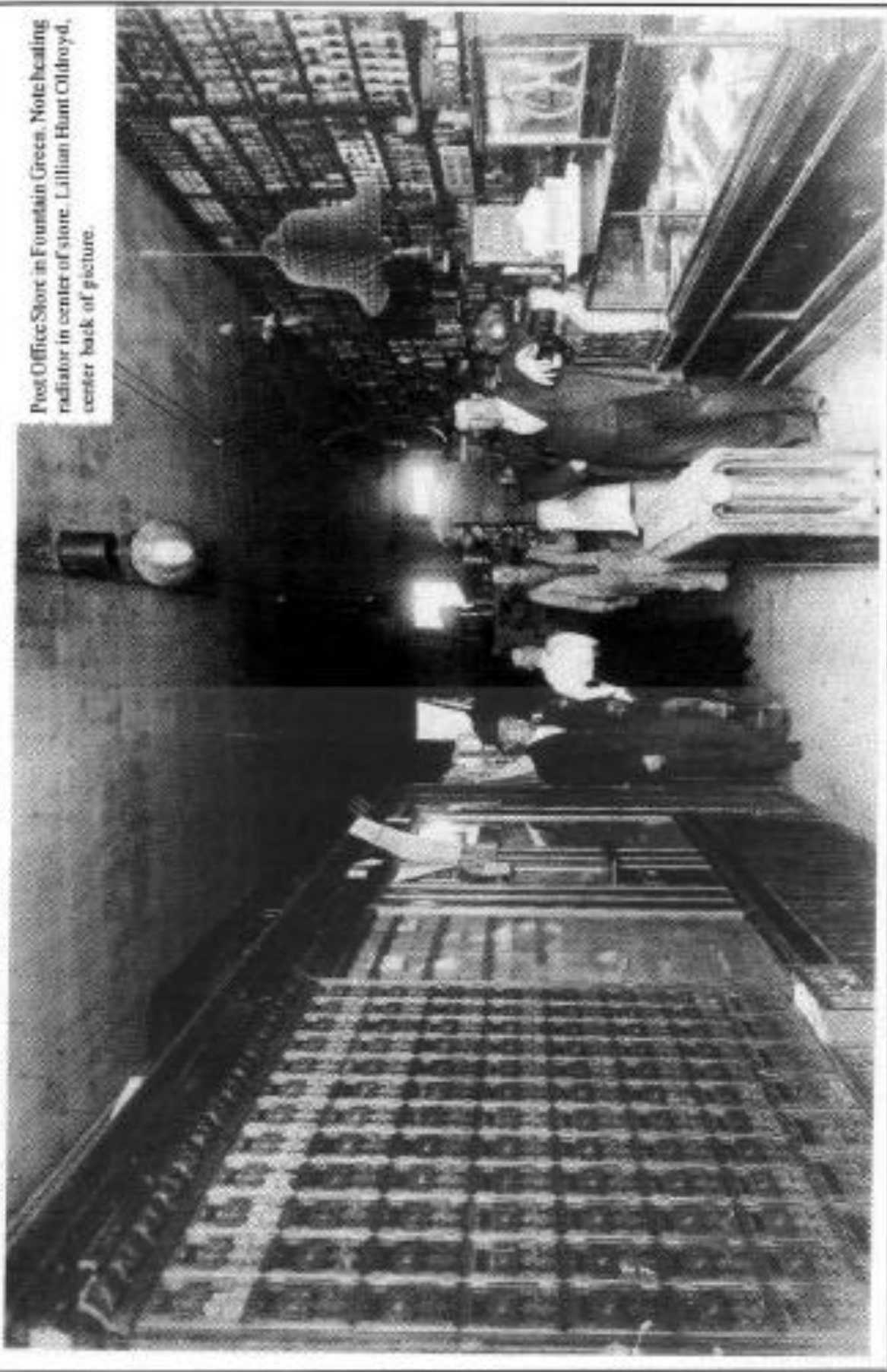


Sawmill, Manti Canyon, George's Fork
(Picture, Courtesy Ruth Snow)



The old Mill in Manti is now under
plans for restoration
(Picture, Courtesy Lillian Fox)

Post Office Store in Fountain Green. Note heating radiator in center of store. Lillian Hunt Oldroyd, center back of picture.



Spring City Public School built in 1899--the fourth school to be used in Spring City. The school was closed in 1959. The Historical Committee are now raising funds to remodel the building in to a Cultural Center for the Arts with future plans for a museum, restaurant and reception center.
Photo courtesy Roberta Sorensen.



The Spring City Chapel was dedicated March 15, 1914 by Anthon H. Lund. A Romanesque Revival design by Richard C. Walkins of Provo. It combines Gothic revival windows with toolled local oolite limestone. It is noted for its fine acoustics. The addition was finished in 1977, a building that has made a difference in the lives of many people.
Photo courtesy Roberta Sorensen



Mt. Pleasant City Council 1896-97

Mayor N. S. Nielson; Recorder, C. J. Jensen; Treasurer, Erastus Kofford; Marshal, Joseph Monsen; Justice of the Peace, Andrew Nielson; Councilors, Hans J. Brown, Ferdinand Clark, H. C. Beaumann, Christian Jensen, William Olson; Judge, George Sutherland.
Picture courtesy Louise Johansen

