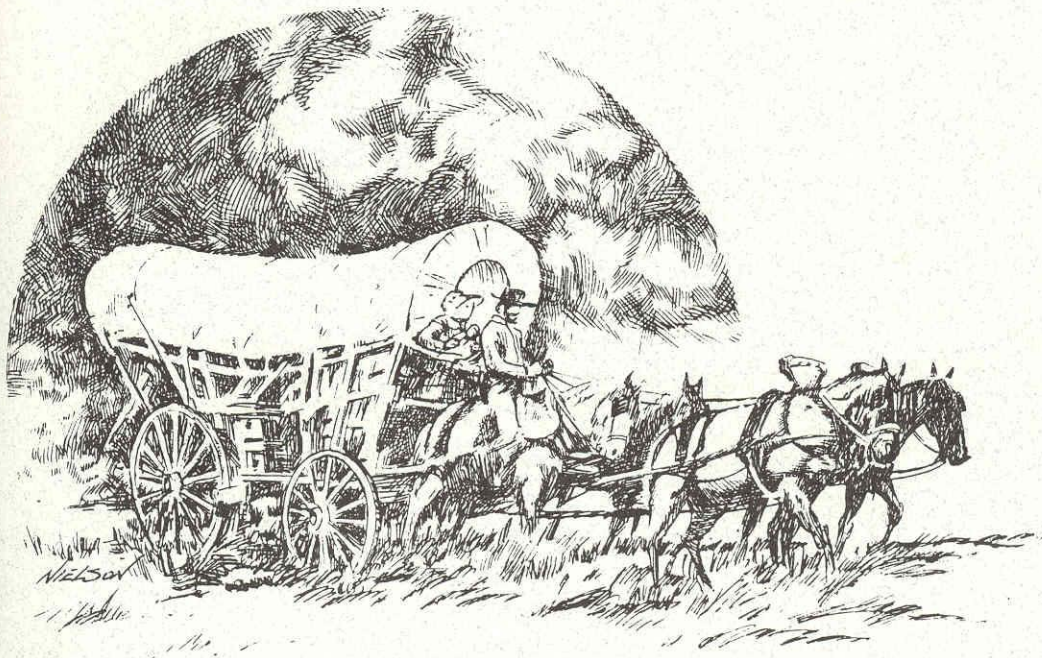


Saga
of the
Sanpitch



Sesquicentennial Edition

Volume XXIX

1997

23rd January 1843

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*I have been informed that you were...
I am sure that you will be...
I am sure that you will be...
I am sure that you will be...
I am sure that you will be...*

*...will be...
...will be...
...will be...
...will be...
...will be...*

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XXIX

Winning Entries

of the

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Sesquicentennial Edition

Sponsored by

Sanpete Historical Writing Committee

Eleanor P. Madsen, Chairman

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Manti, Utah

PREFACE

The purpose of the Saga of the Sanpitch has always been to preserve the historical happenings of Sanpete County. This Volume 29, with a theme of “Ships Sails, Ox Teams and Handcarts” is designed to support the Sesquicentennial Celebration of the Pioneers who first entered Salt Lake Valley in 1847. We are dedicating this issue to the early Pioneers of Sanpete Valley who sacrificed so much and made possible the good life we have today.

A Pioneer is one who leads the way through an uncharted course. Thus, there are many pioneers in every generation. We are mindful of each one. We honor all who give needed direction, who lead us on to something higher and better.

Many of our early Pioneers came from European countries by sailing vessels and crossed the plains with ox teams or handcarts. After arriving here, they brought water from mountain streams to barren soil, plowed, planted and cultivated. They built homes, schools, churches, and temples. They struggled and persevered under difficult circumstances. Many gave their lives-the ultimate sacrifice. They set a pattern of honesty, integrity and work, for us to follow. We honor them best by walking in their footsteps, planting seeds of courage, continuing to build where they laid the foundation and marking the way for future generations.

This issue of The Saga contains stories of many of these Pioneers. There are unwritten stories of many more. We hope these stories will represent all Pioneers and reflect the spirit of this Sesquicentennial Year.

The theme for 1998, Volume 30 will be “People and Places Remembered.” It may be our final volume. We are hopeful that you will choose to include stories of your ancestors. Many who made their contributions to the early volumes are no longer with us. We express appreciation to all who have helped in any way to make the Historical Writing Contest, and the Saga of the Sanpitch a success.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Sanpete Historical Writing Committee express our appreciation to all who have submitted manuscripts, loaned pictures and in many other ways have given of their 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	Linnie M. Findlay Lillian H. Fox Norma W. Barton Louise J. Ruesch Camille O. Lindsay
TREASURER	Buena Fay Moore
TYPIST	Amy Hodapp Shaleen Willmore Linnie Findlay
FINAL PROOF READING	Inez Trythall
EDITING	Diana Major Spencer

Diana Major Spencer is a native of Salt Lake City and a descendant of Mormon pioneers of 1847. She is an associate-professor of English at Snow College and lives in Mayfield. She has given invaluable service for 19 years as proof reader and copy editor.

COVER

Cover pictures for this Sesqui-centennial edition of the Saga of the Sanpitch are by artist, Larry Nielson, Ephraim, Utah.

JUDGES

David Rosier teaches English and Humanities at Snow College, where he serves as English Department Chair. He lives in a pioneer house in Spring City, which he enjoys restoring. His other hobbies include music and writing.

Darrell White was born in Ephraim, Utah to Jack White and the late Hazel White. He is a graduate of Snow College and Southern Utah University. He received his Masters in Elementary Education and Administration endorsement from Utah State University. His Masters Project was in creative writing in first through sixth grade. He has taught school for 16 years in North Sanpete School District, currently serving as principal at Spring City Elementary School.

Many opportunities have come to him in the North Sanpete School District, including serving on many reading and writing committees. He served as committee chairman on writing the Districts' twelve reading and writing belief statements. He has spent a lot of time writing many grants for the school.

Darrell is married to the former LuDean Strate of Spring City. They have six children, ranging in school next year from 4th grade to a senior in high school.

Kaye C. Watson is a native Pennsylvania and has lived in Spring City for 17 years. She attended school in Pennsylvania and Maryland and where she received valuable writing training from a talented high school teacher. She also has taken classes at LDS Business College and BYU and has worked for the Utah Air National Guard, where she met her husband, Dennis Watson. They are the parents of two sons.

After moving to Spring City she helped with the research and photo collection and served as Editor for the book, Life Under the Horseshoe, and has written for the Pyramid, been Secretary of Spring City Preservation Commission; member of County Tourism Task Force; Utah Wool Growers auxiliary Secretary; and tour guide for Spring City. She is also a Postmaster Relief Clerk, and has been active in her Church, serving currently as Family History Consultant and Library Staff Trainer.

ADVERTISING

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

RULES FOR THE SANPETE HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST

- 1- The Sanpete Historical Writing Contest is open to all Sanpete County residents and former residents.
- 2- Contestants may enter in the Professional, Non-Professional, or Senior Division. Every entry must state clearly the division in which 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 will be awarded 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 original work of the contestant in keeping with good literary standards. They must not have been published or must not now be in the hands of an editor and/or other persons to be published. The entry must not be submitted for publication elsewhere until the contest is decided.
- 6- Only one entry in each category may be submitted by each contestant.
- 7- Three copies of each entry are required. Names or other means of identification must not appear on the manuscripts. Each entry must be accompanied by one separate 8 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 the 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 to award prizes or honorable mention to entries. The judges' decision will be final.
- 10- Entries must be postmarked no later than April 30, 1998. For return of manuscripts please include a full size envelope and sufficient postage.
- 11- All entries must be addressed to Sanpete Historical Writing Contest, c/o one of the following:

Eleanor Madsen, 295 East 100 North, Ephraim, Utah 84627;	Linnie
Findlay 225 East 100 South, Ephraim, Utah 84627;	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:
 - a. Poetry: Length must not exceed 32 lines.
 - i. Message or theme
 - ii. Form and pattern
 - iii. Accomplishment of purpose
 - iv. Climax
 - b. Historical Essay and Personal Recollection: Length must not exceed 1500 words.
 - i. Adherence to theme
 - ii. Writing style (interesting reading)
 - iii. Accomplishment of purpose
 - iv. Accuracy of information
 - v. Documentation
 - c. Anecdote: Length must not exceed 300 words.
 - i. Accuracy of information
 - ii. Clarity of presentation
 - iii. Writing style
 - iv. Documentation
 - d. Short Story: Length must not exceed 3000 words.
 - i. Adherence to theme
 - ii. Writing style
 - iii. Characterization
 - iv. Well defined plot
 - v. Documentation
- 14- The Theme for Volume XXIX will be **People and Places**. We hope to learn more about the special spirit that is typically **Sanpete**.

HOME ON THE SEA

Louise B. Johansen
Senior Second Place Poetry

The ship Horizon became our home
For six long weeks or more.
And no hearts could be more thankful
When we reached the promised shore.

Our daily tasks were much the same
As while living on the land—
Caring for our children
With this faithful, cheerful band.

For we were sailing forth
To worship as we pleased.
Our children did not understand
As they played and laughed and teased.

Sometimes we got so seasick
On the deck we had to lay.
We moaned and groaned and heaved
'most of the night and day.

When sickness overcame our loved ones
And they were laid to rest
In graves of the mighty ocean,
Our faith was put to the test.

Our prayers often calmed the troubled sea
And we knew we were doing what was right.
We loved the gospel our missionaries taught us,
So we strove with all our might.

The ship was far from comfortable
As it rocked us to and fro.
But it was better than the wagon trail
We were forced to know.

I'll always treasure memories
Of our home upon the sea
For it gave us hope to live
In the dear land of the free.

HERE WAS A MAN

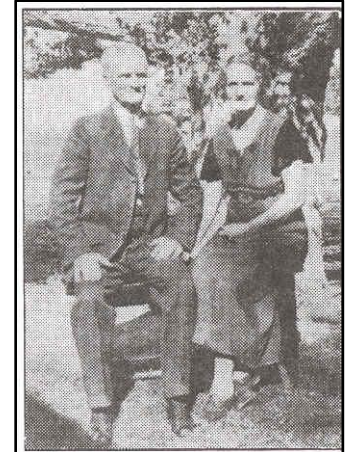
Leslie E. Rees

Second Place Senior Historical Essay

“No summit, this mountain top...just a place to straighten the back, take a clean breath, survey the view that suddenly is so vast...just a quick rest and then upward again.” Such was the basic plan of living for Alfred J. Rees. His philosophy for living must have been, “It isn’t where one lives, but how one lives,” for he never really left the town of Wales, Utah.

Alfred John Rees was born in his father’s log cabin in Wales, Utah, on August 19, 1874. Little is known of his childhood, but no doubt he experienced all the joys, trails and problems of a small pioneer town where everything was homemade, even the recreation activities. One of the earliest recollections of his childhood was told by his sister, Helena Bunnell, of Spring City. She said, “When Alf was a young boy, he would walk over to Mt. Pleasant to take organ lessons from Professor Hassler. He stayed with the Hasslers in their home for their weeks, learning to chord and improvise on the organ.” He had a great love for music at a very early age.

Young Alfred was baptized on April 8, 1883, by T.D. Rees and confirmed a member of the L.D. S. Church by William F. Thomas. He was made a Seventy and set apart as a missionary in the Salt Lake Temple Annex by Apostle Anthon H. Lund. After his mission to New York, he served in the Wales Ward WMMIA, was ward organist, and served in the bishopric for 22 years.



*Alfred J. Rees and Sarah Jane
Edmunds Rees*

Alfred married his true love, Sarah Jane Edmunds, in the Manti Temple, March 14, 1900. Children of the marriage included three boys and five girls: Theodore, Leslie (Lee), Alfred John, Jr. (Jack), Verda, Margaret (Reta), Leila, Lida, and Julia.

After attending the Brigham Young Academy, the school room and education became A. J. Ree’s profession. In 1902 he accepted a teaching position at Ricks academy in Rexburg, Idaho, but after a year, he moved back to Wales as principal of the Wales School, where he spent most of his teaching career. One year he served as principal of the Chester School as well. In 1910 Rees was elected as superintendent of Sanpete County Schools, a position he held from 1910-1916 when the county was divided into North Sanpete and South Sanpete School Districts. Rees maintained his office in his Wales home and visited the schools from Indianola on the north to Axtell on the South, a journey and school visit he managed twice a year by horse and buggy. Rees’s salary as superintendent was \$800 per year. Elections were held to choose the superintendents. Records of these elections are on file in the county records in Manti. His opponent in the election of 1910 was Edgar T. Reid, whom he defeated by a vote of 2,638 to 2,603. In 1912 he ran against Heber Olson. The result was Rees 2,751, Olson 2,165. Again, in 1914 Rees defeated James Anderson 2,898 to 2,794. This was the last school election on a county-wide basis.

The 1914 election was the last. In 1916 Rees returned to teaching in Wales. In his later years he served as a principal and teacher in the Jordan School District for six years.

A.J. Rees served as president of the Wales Town Board for many years. During his tenure many improvements came to Wales, among which were the improvements of the water system, building of the road over West Mountain to Levan, installation of hydrants, telephone service provided by Moroni Telephone Company, and electric power from the Big Spring Electric Company.

Along with his many activities as an educator, civic and church leader, Rees was a farmer and a cattleman. He was a member of the Moroni-Wales Cattle Association. The members often used him to stand up for their causes, many times with government people and forest rangers. He was not afraid to fight for good, honest causes. The cattlemen of the area were quick to recognize this quality in him and they used him as their spokesman.

In a tribute to him, one of his sons wrote, "I remember how prominent he was in our town of Wales, how he helped people with their legal work, sat with sick people, preached funeral sermons, directed the ward choir, acted as president of the Moroni-Wales Cattlemen's Association. People would sit up and take notice of him because of his way of commanding respect."

On a cold spring day, March 6, 1945, he fell from a horse, striking his head on the frozen ground. He never regained consciousness. He literally "died with his boots on." A.J. Rees had lived seventy well-filled years of service to his fellowmen. As Loran Rees said, "To me, A.J. Rees was a pillar of strength for the people of Wales, Utah, and in my book no man has been able to fill his shoes."

MOTHER MANTI

G. Arthur Carpenter

First Prize Non-Professional Poetry

Cities have personalities, like a warrior, cold and hard,
Or a delicate princess, polished and proud.

Manti is Mother—nurturing, caring, selfless—from her womb
I saw life's first light.

She was born in the chill of November
Of great travail and sacrifice,

Grown to majesty in simplicity—small in stature, large in virtue,
Powerful in lowliness!

An islet of constancy in a turbulent world—

A rock of refuge, a balm for the heavy heart; we visit her
And come away renewed;

Her smile, the temple;
It shines down upon us protectively, tenderly as we sleep.

The hills are her arms; they enfold us and draw us safely
To her bosom soft.

The meadowed valley, her lap, where we once played and durst now
Lay our head in trust and peace.

Each scattered child she numbers, a maternal bond,
That no force can break.

MOTHER MANTI, to Thee all hail, honor, and veneration!

ONE OF CLAIR JAKE'S GIRLS

Elizabeth Story

Honorable Mention Senior Historical Essay

I was one of Clair Jake's girls, along with my three sisters and our mother. My dad was Clarence Henry Jacobsen and my mother was Farrie Frandsen Jacobsen. My sisters were Olive, Christy, Katharine, Maude and myself, Elizabeth (Beth).

I remember my dad telling us about the winter of 1917. This was before my youngest sister, Maude was born in 1920. He told u about the fear of the war in Europe and the influenza epidemic that was in every country of the world. Even in our town, they were ill; many were dying. It was very contagious and much feared by all. He told me that he also was afraid of getting exposed to it himself.

He told me about having a sore foot that had become infected, and that he found it necessary to get his foot into a small tub of hot water with some Epsom Salts added. He said for a week he was feeling very ill as he sat by the kitchen stove with his feet in the hot water. After a week, his foot began to heal, and he also ws not feeling so ill and weak. He later remembered that he must have had the influenza himself then. First my mother became ill, than I became ill. Then in the next few days, all five of us were ill. Olive was nine years old, Christy was seven, Kate was five, and I was one.

Dad now had to set up two beds in the room. We were all very ill. He said "There he was , on his own to care for us." He had no medication, and with just his own common sense, he would have to win this race with death. He told himself that he would do everything that he could. He told us that he knew he could not sleep or rest. It would take every skill he had to keep us alive. The first thing to do was to keep the fires in the stove going to keep the room warm night and day. Then go get us to drink some water as often as we could. He would let us get out of bed when nature called, and then back to bed and under the covers we went. He held a cold cloth on our foreheads to comfort us, and all the time he talked softly to us to let us know he was there, that it was okay, and that it was going to be over soon. He gave us courage to live.

At times he would have to leave us to tend to his chores, to feed the cow and milk her morning and evening, to feed the chickens and gather the eggs, to fill the wood box and to get two buckets of coal for the stove. Before he went outside, he would put me in bed between my two sisters. This would keep me calm and warm. This went on day in and day out and night time as well. He could not sleep, just short catnaps in his chair. He was in "the fight of his life," he said. It took tremendous courage for him to care for us for so many days and nights, nights when he was not sure that his wife and our mother would live until morning. She was very ill, weak and helpless, he told us. He wasn't at all sure she would live. He just kept on giving all of us water real often. He said that I could not drink from a cup, so he would hold me in his arm and spoon feed me a little mild and often some more water. It was very important that we all had plenty of water.

Dad's sister, Rene Larsen, left a large bowl of Seggo pudding at the door step one day. It was sweet-creamy and it was just the right thing to get us to start eating a little. He said he was so grateful for her kindness to us. We were then past the hard days, but we had a long way to full and final recovery. He said he saw me showing signs of recovery and only then he felt he could save my life. He had come so close to

losing me, he said. He told me I had to learn to walk all over again. I had forgotten how to walk, and I did learn to walk and later to talk. The hard days were over. He had been able to save his girls and his wife.

Dad's sisters, Rene Larsen and Zina Madsen, would come to the house and leave food that they had prepared for us at the door step, and they would look into the window and see that we were all right. Dad held me up to show them how ill I was and they would shake their heads and they would leave. Dad was alone again to care for his girls, but he learned to use every ounce of strength and courage to save our lives. He was grateful that he had had the flu first and that he was not ill along with the rest of us.

It was years and years later when I was older, and now a grandmother in fact, that I read the history of the Madsens of Mt. Pleasant. I read about the Frandsen family to whom I was related. They had a daughter, Bertha Frandsen, and she was born in June 1916, the same time I was born. She lived in Delta, Utah, and I never knew the family. It was said she died in 1917 at the age of one year. She and her family had been hit hard with the influenza epidemic. Her young life had been cut short, only one year of life. I could relate to her with sadness in my soul. She did not have these eighty years of life that were mine.

Once again, I am feeling grateful to my dear dad for all that he did for me in all his years. He was always there for me and my mother and my sisters as well. I envy his courage and his loving care that he gave to us and to many others in his life time. He lived to be 92 years old; one more week and he would have been 93. He was a real pioneer, born in Mt. Pleasant to parents who were early converts to the church from Denmark. He was the twelfth child of his parents. I envy his courage in hard times. He faced life well and found his reward. I like it very much to have been "One of Clair Jake's Girls."

THE COW BELL

Vonda P. Merriam

Honorable Mention Senior Historical Essay

One evening, in 1923, mother told me to go out in the road and wait until I heard a cow bell. After a while I could hear a bell tinkling but it was so dark I couldn't see anything. It wasn't long till the mysterious sound revealed itself. It was Uncle Dave, Aunt Geneva, and three of my cousins coming to visit us at our home. They had traveled from Orangeville to Manti in a sheep wagon drawn by one horse and a milk cow whose bell signaled their arrival. I ran into the house to get the rest of the family, and we all waited anxiously out front as they completed their journey. It was a real treat to have my cousins' visit. You see, I had only five cousins and didn't see any of them regularly. So, when Jay, Mildred, and Cecelia arrived, we were ready for some good old family fun.



*Two aunts taking a ride in the early '90's
Courtesy Vonda Merriam*



Unusual Team mates – Horse and Cow pulling Covered wagon – Courtesy Vonda Merriam

Not long after they arrived my cousins and I rushed off to participate in one of our favorite pastimes. The Old Lake Ditch, formed from the lake in Palisades, was not far from our home. We quickly threw on some old clothes, which in those days acted as swimming suits, and jumped in the ditch. Over the next few days of my cousin's short visit, we spent many hours of fun at the Old Ditch. In the evenings we would gather around the piano and enjoy Uncle Dave's grand singing voice, as well as the beautiful singing of the rest of the family. They had a wonderful gift for singing, and we enjoyed having them share their talents with us. We had a great visit with them until it was time for them to make the trip back to Orangeville.

Time passed and I hadn't thought much about that visit until one day in 1994. On that day Ray Peterson, my cousin's son, came to my house and told me that he was writing a history of the Peterson family. He said that he was looking up relatives and finding out as much additional information and anecdotes as he could about this heritage. While preparing the history, Ray had collected some old pictures of the family. Among them were some pictures of his grandfather James Peterson and others that he hadn't been able to identify. As Ray interviewed me about the Peterson family history, I slowly thumbed through the collection of photographs enjoying the shared memories depicted in them. One of the pictures seemed oddly familiar to me. I studied the picture for a time and then it hit me..the cow bell..., and I could almost hear again the distant tinkling of the bell. There were my Uncle Dave and Aunt Geneva sitting in the front of the sheep wagon with my three cousins, my childhood friends, riding in the back. The old horse and the milk cow seemed as familiar as the family. After all those years had passed, I remembered clearly the night my mother had asked me to listen for the cow bell and felt the excitement again of the visit.

The memories stirred by the picture caused me to ask Ray if he would mind my making some copies of the picture. He didn't mind at all. Soon after his visit, I took a copy of the picture to Price, Utah, where Cecelia Bryner, the youngest girl in the picture lived, and she told me more about my Uncle Dave, Aunt Geneva and the old familiar sheep wagon.

Uncle Dave was an easy-going, jovial fellow who seemed to take life as it came to him. He was a hard-working man who held many different jobs in his lifetime. Each summer he would work at the Jewkes Saw Mill up Joe's Valley. He would take his family with him, so every year they would load the sheep wagon with supplies, hitch the horse and cow to the wagon, and away they would go to the sawmill. Their beds were made of pine branches and most nights were spent sleeping under the stars. When the weather was bad, the whole family would crowd into the sheep wagon. The cooking was done outside and the wagon acted as a kitchen. Aunt Geneva was a quiet, fun, and very caring woman. She would milk the old cow for drinking milk, as well as for buttermilk and butter to be shared with the other families at the sawmill. Cecelia had many fond memories of those "summer vacations" and the great times spent with family and friends at Jewkes Mill (which still exists today).

I still have the picture to this day and often share the memories with those I love. To me life is about those moments and creating many special family memories as we go along. May we all produce volumes of love for those after us to enjoy.

Memories of Vonda Peterson Merriam.

Parts of the story by Cecelia Bryner of Price, Utah and Ray Peterson of Provo, Utah

Pictures in the Saga related to this story:

Two aunts taking a ride in the early '90's-courtesy, Vonda Merriam

Unusual Team mates, Horse and Cow pulling covered wagon-courtesy, Vonda Merriam

TRICKS—NO TREAT

Lois Kribs

First Place Non Professional Anecdote

Halloween – the year about 1929 – time for trick or treat. Well, not exactly – more a time for just tricks. Outhouses were pushed over, buggies were hoisted atop barns and, less aggressively, windows were soaped.

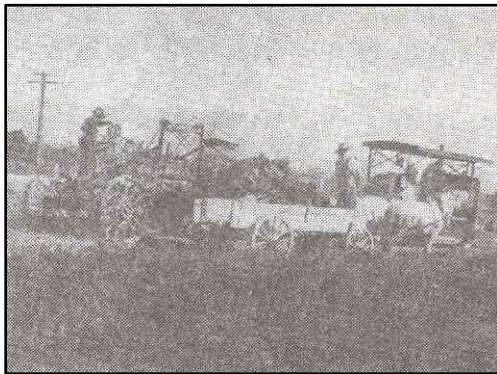
This was a beautiful Halloween night, cold and crisp and light from a harvest moon, just right for four boys of high school age to pull a few tricks.

Waiting east on First South, what did they find but a wagon right by the side of the road; a trick just waiting to happen. Quietly two boys took hold of the tongue, two boys pushed from behind, and down the road they ran. A block west was a big irrigation ditch. Turning the wagon around, they pushed the back wheels into the ditch, leaving the tongue pointing to the moon.

Next day at recess, the boys wondered how their handiwork had been received. Quickly they ran from the school to take a look. There was Ed Tooth surveying the sight of his wagon in the ditch. He saw the boys and said, “how about pulling my wagon out of the ditch and taking it up to my corral.” “Sure,” said the boys, “glad to.” All four boys took hold of the tongue and soon had the wagon out of the ditch and running back up the street they had just run down the night before, all the time thinking he is sure to give us a quarter apiece for doing such a neighborly deed.

As they deposited the wagon back at its rightful home, Ed said, “Thanks boys, now next year don’t put my wagon in the ditch.” Thoughts of the expected quarters melted away to be replaced by, how did Ed know they were the ones who put his wagon in the ditch? Probably because he had done the same thing when he was their age.

Source: Memories of Lois Tooth Kribs – Facts by Max Hansen



Loading dirt in early 1930's. Light wagon in the ditch. – Courtesy, Lois Kribs



Manti Eating House about 1912. West of Train Station Depot. Courtesy, Lois Kribs

THE CHECK THAT WOULDN'T GO AWAY

Robert L. Jensen

Second Place Non professional Anecdote

In the spring of 1946, four young entrepreneurs converged on Gunnison anxious to achieve success. Allen Olson opened his service station, Frank Peterson a five and dime, Robert Jensen opened rocky Mountain Sporting Goods, and Keith Anderson, the only Gunnison native, engaged in the banking world at Gunnison Valley Bank.

A close friendship soon developed between the group, and they often met at Gunnison Drug to chat. They always "flipped coins" to determine who would pay for the drinks. One particular day Jensen lost, and found that he was a dime short in having enough to pay the bill. He handed Don Buchanan, who worked at the drugstore, the change and told him he would bring the dime in. "Not on your life," exclaimed Don. "You're not leaving this store until this bill is paid." Jensen knew he was jesting and went along. "Very well." He said. "Give me a counter check and you'll be paid," Whereupon he wrote a check for 10 cents which was promptly put in the cash register. Within 15 minutes, Jensen tried to retrieve the check and was informed it had been banked. Hmmm, something didn't add up here, but just what?

Almost daily for the next several months, Jensen received calls about the check, but each time he tried to collar it, the check had always just been used for change or sent to the bank. It "bounced" a couple of times, and Jensen really heard about that.

The one morning as Jensen opened the store it happened! There just inside the door laid the elusive check. It was finally recovered. It was tattered and smudged and almost the entire back was covered by endorsements. So like every good soldier, the check that wouldn't go away was finally retired from service.

Personal experience.

LIGHTNING

Clara J. Degraff

Honorable Mention Non Professional Personal Recollection

Early one Sunday morning on a gloomy day, I was standing at our north window in Manti. It had rained some during the night and there was lingering lightning. The ominous clouds to the east were dense and black. Suddenly there was a bright flash.

"Mother, lightning just struck the Temple!" I exclaimed. Mother didn't even look up from reading the paper. "No, it didn't, dear. You're imagining again."

But I could see some wisps of black smoke from the east tower! Grabbing a coat as I ran, I jumped on my brother's bike and began furiously pedaling. It was a good mile across town, and then the Temple Hill to climb. I left the bike at the bottom and ran up the roadway, breathlessly climbing the stone steps to the top. The Temple was always carefully locked, but now the huge east doors stood open. I darted in, and then went left up the stairs. I continued to climb quickly until I reached the bottom of the tower. In the little room, I could hear voices from above, but I didn't go to the ladder.

Immediately a man came down, facing me as he carefully negotiated the rungs. His face was completely black, his hair covered with soot. I recognized him, despite the grime. In a little town, everyone knows everyone. And his affairs. This man was certainly not a recommend holder.

"You don't belong in here!" I was very blunt.

He smiled, white teeth in stark contrast to the soot. “Neither do you, honey,” he shot back, “The fire is out.”

“Oh, that’s wonderful. I saw the lightning strike the Temple, then saw a little smoke, and knew this wonderful place was on fire.”

“I did too. I was outside, saw the bolt, and ran over here. Good thing I live so close. Gathered up two neighbors as I came.”

“How did you get in? These east doors are always locked.”

“The watchman happened to be up here when it happened. He unlocked and we all ran up the stairs. He found a fire extinguisher and we got it out right away. The hole isn’t really that big.”

As I had reached the top of the hill before going into the Temple, I had glanced north. The highway to Ephraim was black with cars, bumper to bumper. To my young eyes, it looked like the entire town was coming. Now, people were pouring onto the grounds from every direction, all of Manti converging, too.

“We had better get out of here. I don’t want anyone else recognizing me, and anyway I need a bath.” Wagging his finger under my nose, he told me, “I’m quite sure no kids are going to be welcome!”

He ran down the stairs. But the first of the newcomers, some of the firemen, were coming up. I was scared. Seeing a small door, I ran across the room and went through this door closing it tightly behind me. There was a lot of commotion in the area I had just vacated. I could hear people shouting and talking, much shuffling and jostling, some even forced against the door in front of me, thumping as they bumped.

I’m going to be in here a while, I told myself. I looked around the little room. It was painted stark white and there was nothing at all in it except one small, very white altar. I sat down on the floor, noticing some dust. Well, no matter, that would brush off.

The bustle continued behind me. I heard a loud voice take over, shooing people back down the stairs, ordering someone to keep everyone away. This voice undoubtedly belonged to a fire chief, for he directed men to climb into the tower, chip away charred places, and make sure there were no sparks to cause further trouble. I could hear the hiss of water, this man directing his helpers to wash out the hole thoroughly.

“Wet everything down good,” he shouted emphatically.

Finally, the turmoil subsided. I could hear footsteps going back down the stairs, and the noise of what I thought must be a big hose being pulled away. Then it became completely quiet. I gingerly opened the door. Water lay all over the floor, half-inch deep, but no one was there. I carefully closed the door behind me and started for the stairs. Looking down, I saw them completely clear. I ran down, took the next flight, and ended up in the huge room from which I could escape. When I reached the few steps before entering, I could see the room was jammed with humanity. I glued myself to the wall and tiptoed down the rest of the way. Fortunately, all those near the door were talking excitedly to each other, their backs to me. I quickly slipped into the crowd. There were even some other children visible. I inched my way toward the open door, reached it safely and fled outside.

People milled around out there too, the whole area filled. Cars were still coming down the highway, no one going north, everyone coming to Manti. I went up on the hill a little way and studied the tower. There was the hole! The lightning bolt had struck the tower very high up, almost to the top, and there was now a gaping hole, very black around the edges with smoke smudges up the side. What a terrible sight!

I trudged down the stone steps and the hill to my bike. Men were preventing people from going up to the building; cars completely filled the roads as far as I could see. It looked like the whole of Sanpete County who had wheels must have come. I had never seen so many cars or people in one place before in my short life. I climbed on the bike and pedaled home.

As I rode, this time leisurely, my mind churned. How could this happen? Why would the Lord allow the Temple to burn? He could have turned the bolt away. I was very glad the damage was so minimal,

knowing the Temple would open on time the next day as usual. It's important functions would not be disrupted. I often went to do baptisms for the dead, and I had been baptized for myself in that same font previously.

Arriving home, I gave my family a full report. Mother chastised me for going up there without even telling her, and I apologized. But she knew I was impetuous and quickly hugged me.

"But how could this awful thing have happened?" I asked her. She just smiled. "Don't worry, honey. The Lord knows what He is doing. This will turn out to be a blessing."

It was. Mother was a Temple worker and she told us often, in the weeks that followed, how the attendance had improved markedly, many people coming whom she had not seen in many years, people telling her each time she worked how the fire had awakened them to their responsibilities.

I sometimes thought about the man who had been the first to get there. I even worked for him a while in my teens, wondering if he remembered the upstart who had chided him about being where he did not belong. I never did hear about his changing ways. But maybe he did. I hope so.

THE LEGEND OF THE LEDGES

Roxie N. Washburn

Honorable Mention Non Professional Anecdote

As a young child growing up in Wales, Ralph enjoyed hikes and picnics up the canyon and behind the ledges. The rock ledges come almost together like giant gates, leaving just room for the stream bed and a narrow road. It was always exciting to know that his family was going to make a trip up the West Mountain for a load of wood to use for their winter heat. Lunches were packed while the team was harnessed and the wagon made ready, wheels greased and brakes checked before making the trip up the steep dug-road. After the wood was loaded and the picnic lunch enjoyed, the team was once again hooked up to the wagon and they were ready to start home.

The trip home was slow because of the heavy load for the horses to pull going uphill so the wagon was stopped often to let them rest. It was also hard for the team to hold the wagon and load back going down the hill so the brake would be used to slow them down.

Ralph became anxious as the sun began to go down behind the Mountains, he began to tell his father to hurry faster before it got dark and the ledges closed and locked so they couldn't get out. You see the older boys had been teasing him that the ledges closed and locked if they didn't get out before dark.

THE DEAN JONES HILL

Carl H. Carpenter

Honorable Mention Non Professional Anecdote

There were two places on the outskirts of Manti where we learned how to ski in the 1940's. The large, round-topped hill east of the Temple was one of them and was locally called, "The City Trail." The other was, "The Red Point" south of Manti where Highway 89 curves southwesterly toward Sterling. Both were challenging hills for beginners, but the Red Point was especially difficult because it was more densely covered with juniper trees, and steeper with longer runs. The "Sheep Trail" was an extension southeastward from the Red Point for about one mile and also zigzagged through the juniper and scrub oak, which meant that one had to have complete control or he or she would end up in the tree tops. Near the west end of the

Red Point on its north side was a very steep hill which had been cleared of junipers. It made an ideal slalom run as there was plenty of room to criss-cross back and forth to the bottom. It was also a good downhill run for those daring enough to take it straight down. However, for those doing so, there was a surprise awaiting them when they hit the bottom of the hill because it suddenly went from a steep 45 degree slope to zero slope or "flat." Unless you were ready for it, the momentum would sit you down on the seat of your pants.

Legend has it that the first person to make the downhill run without mishap was Dean Jones (Bill Jones, the plumber, was his Dad). Thus, the hillside was named "The Dean Jones Hill." When you could challenge the Dean Jones Hill and make it to the bottom on a downhill run without crashing, you were considered a pretty good skier. I remember the feeling of exhilaration as I safely made the downhill run for the first time. I also remember witnessing many spectacular crashes on The Dean Jones Hill, more than one resulting in broken limbs. East of The Dean Jones Hill was a shorter, but steeper hill, which was a branch of the Sheep Trail. The top of this hill was crossed a little jump before descending the hill. This was my favorite run because of the jump at the beginning of the descent.

There were no ski-tows or lifts at the Red Point. Thus we had to "herring-bone" up the hillsides which was hard work. It would take about one hour to "Herring-bone" up the Sheep Trail, and about five minutes to ski to the bottom, finishing at the Dean Jones Hill.

One day I decided to make a run down the Sheep Trail after school. I got to the top, and as I started my run down I caught the edge of my ski and crashed. I looked down at my skis to see that I had broken one of them. I was upset, not because of the broken ski, but because I had determined not to waste it. I believe I was the first and only person to ski down the Sheep Trail and the Dean Jones Hill on one ski!

CAMPING WITH MOM AND DAD

Jessie Oldroyd

Honorable Mention Non Professional Anecdote

"It's fun to go camping with Mom and Dad," we heard this young man say. We wanted to hear more from him, so our conversation began.

"Tell us more about trips," we asked. "Where do you go, and what fun things do you share?"

"Mom and Dad are both from Sanpete, so they know the best places to go. They used to like to go to the sheep camps. In fact, Mom still likes sour dough bread and mutton. Now we like to go to the canyons. We've been to maple and Log Canyon, and last year we had a great trip to Huntington Canyon. It was very pretty, and in places, like a forest. Want to hear about it?" So the story began:

"Going with family is special because we get to know each other better. We become real friends. There are six of us, our parents, two boys, two girls. This was an overnight trip. During the day we had fun hiking, climbing hills and racing in the valleys. We chased rabbits and squirrels, but we don't like bears, lions or snakes.

"It was getting late. Dad called, 'Come on, boys, let's build that big bonfire. Mom had good things to eat.'

"We all carried lots of wood, had a good bonfire, roasted marshmallows, sang songs; then it was time for bed. Tomorrow we wanted to do and see everything, and we just about did.

"Bedtime and darkness. All was quiet. The Paul called out, 'Dad will bears hurt you in the night?'

"Sure, they will tear you to pieces.'

"All quiet! Another voice, Jerry's. 'Dad, how about lions, do they roam around at night?'

"They do! Go to sleep.'

“Silence..deep silence! The black darkness crowding in.

“Suddenly, everyone was awake, screaming, hurriedly dressing, just anything to grab. The forest was on fire, flames about to touch the sky, or so it seemed. We all carried lots of dirt, how I do remember. We stamped out the flaming coals and poured water on them.

“Breathing time again, and father’s voice, ‘Who started this fire? It could have been a big, big forest fire.’

“I spoke up. ‘I did, Dad. I’m sorry, but I was so scared. We all were. You said a fire would keep the animals away, so I got up in the night and piled on wood. No one heard me. Dad, which would you choose to lose, all your family, or the forest?’”

“The ANSWER? You guess. All’s well that ends well.”

LET’S TAKE A RIDE

Lois Kribs

First Place Non Professional Historical Essay

The completion of the Deseret Telegraph Line through Sanpete County, December 28, 1866, brought direct communication from Manti to Salt Lake City and through there to the entire commercial world. Sanpete was known as the “Granary of Utah,” and the telegraph brought valuable information on the prices of grain, wool and cattle, thus advising the people when to start by team or horseback with their produce to Salt Lake City and the mining towns of southern Utah and eastern Nevada.

Coal fields, discovered in Wales in 1859 by John E. Reese, were the only source of coal in Utah. In 1874 another coal field was developed within the county borders at Fairview, and a third coal mine was discovered in Six Mile Canyon near Sterling by Henry Thomas in 1887. The discovery of these coal fields were the impetus for railroad magnates in the early 1870’s to build a narrow-gauge railway from Nephi to Wales. Sanpete County was now connected by rail to the outside world.

The Sevier Valley Branch of the Rio Grande Western Railway was begun at Thistle in June 1890 and completed to Manti, a distance of sixty miles. It opened for traffic January 1, 1891.

The railroad was well equipped with modern coaches and shipping facilities. What had once taken weeks to deliver by teams of horses and wagons could now make the trip to Salt Lake City in a few days with a vast amount of tonnage of grain, wool, sheep and cattle. On the return trip they would bring finished goods greatly desired by the early settler.

Manti was the halfway mark between Salt Lake City and Marysvale (Marysvale became the end of the line when the track was completed). The train stopped in Manti twice daily, and this stop became known as the place for refreshments, especially at the “Eating House,” a big home across the track west of the depot building. In the early 1900’s, the “Eating House” was run by the Moffitt family and provided much needed employment for young men and women after 1890 and well into the next century.

With the advent of the railroad, a new industry was born in Manti. A conveyance known as the “hack” was used to haul passengers and freight from the railroad depot to the hotels, as well as numerous merchandising establishment.

Luther T. Tuttle was a moving force in the advancement of a better life for the early citizens of Manti. He was one of the people responsible for establishing the Manti City Savings Bank, incorporated in 1890. Tuttle and Company owned the Tuttle Hotel as well as several other types of business. Needless to say, Mr. Tuttle owned a hack, in fact, he owned more than one.

About 1911, when Ed Tooth was 19, Mr. Tuttle hired him to drive his hacks. There was a serviceable one to haul freight and a “fancy hack” that Ed described as being comparable to the “surrey with the fringe on top.” This was the hack Ed took to the depot to meet passengers. Many salesmen, or “drummers,” as they were called in those days, came to town on the train each day. Also, many Temple workers came to Manti to stay for weeks at a time and needed transportation to their destinations. The hacks were busy each day when the trains went through Manti. There were many passengers and a great deal of freight to be delivered.

In the fall, at election time each year, Mr. Tuttle would have Ed drive around town with the fancy hack and pick up anyone who wanted to go to a polling place to vote. This was a great service, as well as an exciting ride, because most Mantians did not usually have an occasion to ride in this most special of all hacks.

Lever, W.H. History of Sanpete and Emery Counties, Ogden, Utah 1898

Salt Lake Tribune, Sunday, February 5, 1956, pg. A-17

Tape recorded by Ed K. Tooth, July 15, 1977

FAITH IN EVERY FOOTSTEP

Virginia K. Nielson

Second Place Non Professional Historical Essay

Ten handcart companies that were church-sponsored crossed the plains to reach Salt Lake City from 1856 to 1860. The ninth company was led by Captain Daniel Robinson. My paternal grandmother, Ann Elizabeth Jones, then eleven years of age, with her mother and siblings, was a member of that party.

In the Endowment House, on December 27, 1869, nine years following Ann’s arrival in the valley, she married John Kirkman, who, as an eight-year-old, with his family, had been a member of the 1856 ill fated Martin Handcart Company. John and Ann Kirkman are my grand-parents; their son, Laurence Gomer Kirkman, is my father.

Neither of these dear grandparents ever spoke of their difficult 1300 mile journey, even though we enjoyed a close, loving relationship. We were completely unaware that Grandmother Kirkman had reached the valley via the handcart route until a list of familiar Jones family names was discovered in a handcart history book. It included quite complete records of all ten companies, and the names of Ann Elizabeth Jones, her brother Gomer Jones (my father was named for him), and other family names are on the 1860 Daniel Robinson company roster.

Their reticence to speak of the handcart experience is puzzling. Perhaps it was due to their perception that it was too scared to divulge publicly. Or, could it have been that they were aware of the side spread criticism of the handcart plan, its leaders, and in particular, the Martin and Willie Handcart Companies?

Portions of the following incident, relating to the handcart criticism, have been frequently quoted, but not in their entirety. Nor has Frances Webster been acknowledged as the man who so majestically asked that the verbal attacks cease.

William R. Palmer was present when those powerful and faith-promoting words were pronounced. He recorded the following:

I heard a testimony that made me tingle to the roots of my hair.
It was in an adult Sunday School class of over fifty men and women.
Nathan T. Porter, then principal of the Branch Normal School in Cedar

City was the teacher. The subject under discussion was the ill-fated handcart company that suffered so terribly in the snow in 1856.

Some sharp criticism of the church, and its leaders, was being indulged in, for permitting any company of converts to venture across the plains with no more supplies, or protection, than a handcart caravan could afford.

An old man in a corner sat silent and listened, as long as he could stand it; then he arose and said things which no person who heard him will ever forget. His face was white with emotion, yet he spoke calmly, deliberately, but with great earnestness and sincerity. He said in substance:

I ask you to stop this criticism. You are discussing a matter you know nothing about. Cold, historic facts mean nothing here, for they give no proper interpretation of the questions involved. A mistake to send the handcart companies out so late in the season? Yes. But I was in that company and my wife was in it too. We suffered beyond anything you can imagine, and many died of exposure or starvation; but did you ever hear a survivor of the company ever apostatized or left the church, because every one of us came through with the absolute knowledge that God lives, for we became acquainted with Him in our extremities. I have pulled my handcart when I was so weak and weary from illness and lack of food, that I could hardly put one foot ahead of the other. I have looked ahead and seen a patch of sand or a hill slope and I have said, 'I can only go that far, and then I must give up for I cannot pull the load through it.' I have gone on to the sand and when I reached it the cart began pushing me. I have looked back many times to see who was pushing my cart, but my eyes saw no one. I knew then that the angels of God were there. Was I sorry that I chose to come by handcart? No, neither then nor any minute of my life since. The price we paid, to become acquainted with God, was a privilege to pay, and I am thankful I was privileged to come in the Martin Handcart Company.

Mr. Palmer continued his narrative:

The speaker was Frances Webster and when he sat down there was not a dry eye in the room. We were subdued and chastened lot. Charles H. Maybe (Maybey), who later became the Governor of Utah, arose and voiced the sentiments of all when he said, "I would gladly pay the same price for the same assurance of the eternal verities that Brother Webster has."

The criticism ceased years ago and the historic handcart plan is viewed in its true light. No event in history is filled with more loyalty or devotion to a cause. Those courageous pioneers found that when you are involved in the work of the Lord, the obstacles before you are never so great as the power behind you.

Hafen, LeRoy R., and Ann W. Handcarts to Zion

Several Ephraim and Sanpete Citizens have ancestors who were members of the handcart companies of 1856-1860.

Sharp criticism of the handcart plan occurred during my youth. I felt unhappy, for the words seemed to be directed at my grandparents

who were part of that journey. I knew them. They were perfect examples of faith, love, patience and never faltered.

Webster, Jackie. The William R. Palmer account of Frances Webster's words, given to Miriam and Angela Allen.

STRONG CONVICTIONS-THE SNOW FAMILY

Rose McIff

Third Place Non Professional Historical Essay

With love and a grateful heart, I study the epic of the movement West: the exodus from Nauvoo; those heroes of 1847-1869, the Mormon Pioneers. Crossing the United States, leaving homes and loved ones, they came in ships, ox-drawn wagons, handcarts, or walking over deep stone-covered cliffs, rocks, rivers and streams. They went hungry, had sickness, plagues, war, Indians, and buried their dead or left them. They were blessed with a special spirit. They sang, "We'll find the place which God for us prepared." They danced quadrilles, warming heart and spirit.

The first of the Snow Family to America was Richard snow, born in 1607, and his wife Anne of Gravesend, England. They came on the ship Expedition to Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1632. Their five sons is where most of the posterity comes from today.

Gardner Snow, my great-great-grandfather, was born in 1793, and great-grandfather James C., his son, was born in 1817. They had many experiences before arriving in Manti and Pettyville. They were both born in Chesterfield, New Hampshire, in the same old Snow home which still stands well preserved today. The home was built in 1762 by great-great-great-grandfather James I.

In 1818, the family moved to St. Johnsbury, Vermont, only a few miles from the Joseph Smith home. Land there was purchased and a home was built. The style at the time was to build a long kitchen where the folks could dance when neighbors came to call. Two fiddlers played, one in each end of the kitchen. They didn't necessarily play the same tune, but it did not matter.

Gardner was a cooper by trade, which was the art of making wooden churns, barrels, tubs, and buckets. These items were in great demand. The soil was rich and potatoes turned out 500-600 bushels an acre. The cows and hogs were not fenced in, but came to the house every night. With no matches, fires were built with flint rock and a substance called punk, taken from rotted elm tree. The inside would catch fire quickly. There was a lot of wildlife there and people were protected by carrying a lighted stick of fire, especially at night.

Uncle Levi and son Erastus Snow, lived in a nearby village; also brother-in-law, Winslow Farr, a devout citizen of a northern village, lived nearby. One day, he had a visit from Orson Pratt and Lyman Johnson, two Mormon missionaries. This was in 1832. A school building was arranged for their meetings. The people packed in. They said they had come 800 miles to be there. They had been led by the Spirit. They wanted to



*Third Great Grandchildren of Gardner Snow – 1995 –
Courtesy Rose McIff*

teach the everlasting gospel as taught by Jesus Christ. They proclaimed they had been blessed with THE GIFT OF HEALING AND THE WORKING OF MIRACLES OF THE LORD'S PEOPLE IN THESE DAYS.

Elder Pratt went home with Mr. Farr where mother Farr was ill and had been for seven years with a liver condition. "Do you believe you can be healed?" asked Elder Pratt. Sister Farr said, "I know God can heal me if he wants me to live. I believe." He prayed and commanded her to be healed and she was, in the twinkling of an eye. She called for clothes, dressed herself and sang PRAISE TO GOD with her family the rest of the night. This healing caused a great sensation in Charleston and St. Johnsbury.

The entire Farr Family was baptized in the Clyde River. In 1832-1833, a large number of the Snow Family in the New England area were baptized. Some were given the priesthood as well as baptized Gardner and wife Sarah, their children James and Warren, Uncle Levi and wife, and cousin Erastus' brothers and sisters all were baptized. Some were given the priesthood as well as baptized. Gardner and sons cleaned out the Snow barn and it was used for a long time. The barn stayed up until 1914.

The Snow's were eager students of the new-found gospel. Each Sunday, Gardner and son James, went to Kirtland Temple to hear new commandments, which included the Word of Wisdom and Reproach for Obedience. James was chosen as a member of the Third Quorum. Patriarchal blessings were given to Gardner and James by First Patriarch Joseph Smith, Sr. This blessing is in James' own book which I, Rose McIlff have.

As Far West, Gardner and Sarah H. lost their last child to mob violence. He had been left in the dirt and rocks; a grave could not be made. Later, a monument was built with his name and left at ADAM-ONDI-AHMAN. James and Eliza Carter Snow lost their baby girl in the same place the next day as a result of violence.

At Isaac Morley's Camp, Illinois, the Relief Society was organized, with Lucy Morley as President, Sarah Hastings Snow as First Counselor, and Sister White as Second Counselor. They knew the first thing to do was to gather pieces of cloth and get a quilt made, there was such a great need. A fund for the Temple was started, \$0.01 a week. In this camp, there was a lot going on. James was always careful to keep records of everything – blessings, people's death, and matching the next of kin, graves seen to and so forth.

The year 1844 brought the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. During the year 1846, there were 300 graves at Winter Quarters. The mobs kept the saints from harvesting their crops. President John Taylor, as he went past the homes and tents, heard music coming from the homes and said, "The Lord of Israel is with us."

Going ahead were Erastus Snow and Orson Pratt, entering the Salt Lake Valley on July 1, 1847. On July 24, Brigham Young and Saints gazed at the extended valley with an expression of satisfaction. "THIS IS THE PLACE." They did find the place for their weary feet. "The Predictions of Joseph Smith would be realized."

Gardner, Sarah, William and Warren S. Snow went to Manti and invested in city property. Warren S. was made Brigadier General of the Sanpete Military District. President Brigham Young and Warren S. Snow dedicated Temple Hill for a temple to be built. James went to Provo. They loved it there. She would wash James' suit nightly and have it done by early morning. She was a constant companion. Brigham Young asked James to take a second wife, but he didn't want to. A wife was picked, Jane Cecilan Roberts, my great-grandmother. James was upset with this arrangement.

James was the Captain of Police and was an elected surveyor of Utah County. He surveyed the towns of Provo, Heber City, Orem, Spanish Fork, and pond Town, which was later changed to Salem Town. James and Jane Cecilan Roberts Snow went to Sanpete and helped settle Pettyville in 1873. He was the bookkeeper and secretary of notes and land surveyed in Sterling, laying it out in 1880. James went with George W. Petty to points in Southern Utah. James and Jane built a home in Sterling. They truly worked well together as both

were mature leaders. Some very good years were spent here. They had eleven children. James and Eliza Ann Carter had nine children. Their posterity is numerous.

May we, their descendants hold high the torch and build as well as they did upon the rock of faith, the legacy left to us.

Pictures in the Saga related to this story:

Third Great Grandchildren of Gardner Snow – 1995 – courtesy Rose McIlff

ADELIA BELINDA COX SIDWELL

Ruth D. Scow

Honorable Mention Non Professional Personal Recollection

In reading Manti's Song of a Century, I came upon many stories of early Manti history written by Adelia B. Sidwell. As a young girl, I remember going with my friends Ellis and LaFae Sidwell to Grandma Sidwell's home to listen to her stories of long ago.

She was born December 2, 1841, in Lima, Illinois, a small settlement near Nauvoo. When she was only three years old, she remembered the mob burning the entire settlement of Lima. They were forced to flee to Nauvoo for protection. Then once again she and her family were driven from their home at gun point and forced to leave that beautiful city.

Her stories included accounts of living along the banks of the Mississippi River with insufficient clothing, a lack of food, sickness and death until they could organize themselves to begin the trek west. She tells of walking across the Pottawatamie Indian lands and how kindly they were treated because the tribe understood their suffering.

They crossed the plains in 1847 with the Charles C. Rich Company, arriving in the Salt Lake Valley October 3, 1847. Not yet six years old, she tells about crossing the Platte River when she and some friends discovered some pretty stones, but their fathers refused to take rocks to haul in their wagons. Later they learned these stones were moss agates and were valuable.

The winter of 1847-1848 was spent in Salt Lake. With early spring, her father planted crops north of the settlement in an area known as Sessions Settlement, now bountiful. They remained in this area long enough to raise two crops, and even though she was only six years of age, she helped save the crops from destruction by the hordes of crickets. Her father made a wooden paddle she used several hours a day smashing crickets. In the autumn of 1849 they were called to go south to the valley of the Sanpitch Indians. They arrived in the Sanpitch valley, in the settlement now known as Manti on November 19, 1849. From the time they received the call, it took them one month to arrive in Sanpitch from Salt Lake. The following May she assisted in killing the hosts of rattlesnakes slithering from the rocky hillsides.

Her parents remained in Manti a little over ten years, during which time she was a robust, active girl with an appetite for books. She made it a point when she read a bit of news or history to look up the area in her geography book or map. She was very inquisitive, always asking questions such as what actions were produced by each part of the earth's surface. She exhibited so much intelligence that a family offered her room and board in Salt Lake in order that she might attend school in that area. Her father objected to the plan, what he termed a "waste of time," but her mother insisted that she be allowed to have the opportunity to develop mentally. Others came to her support and finally he consented. On a supply trip to Salt Lake, he took her along in the wagon behind his ox team.

There she attended school for six whole weeks, not long, but long enough to teach her how to study and learn how to teach. Putting both gifts to practice she became a successful teacher before the age of

sixteen. In 1860, moving with her parents to Fairview, she taught school until 1864. During this time she engineered entertainment for her ward, organized dramatic clubs, wrote plays, and memorized many of Shakespeare's and Sir Walter Scott's works. She married George Sidwell of Nephi on 13, April 1864. He operated a sawmill east of Ephraim, so they made their home in Manti where they became the parents of nine children.

They enjoyed nineteen years of marriage when her husband George met with a fatal accident. His foot was severed at the sawmill in Joe's Valley on September 21, 1883. Fate took nearly all the property her husband's foresight and untiring efforts had accumulated, leaving her a widow with eight children to raise. She and her children struggled for existence on the boulder-strewn quarter-section of sagebrush land at the mouth of Manti City Creek Canyon.

In the 1870's suffrage was given to the downtrodden females of Utah, a new field for her ever active mind. She industriously studied the laws of the land and territory of Utah, so that she could intelligently cast her vote. Not slow to see the inconsistencies in the laws, she often brought it to the attention of the lawmakers, asking them to make those amendments. In 1884, when the women of Utah were disfranchised because "they had revolted against their husbands," she became an active suffragette, almost a belligerent one. She found sisters of the same heart and mind, and with them organized a Suffrage Society. Manti soon became a hotbed for women's rights.

Almost single-handed she built their adobe home, when her oldest son Gideon was seven. She cleared the land, planted crops of grain and alfalfa and set out fruit trees and flowers everywhere. As children, my friends and I would visit the Sidwell home. Having to wait for the second table to eat (our parents ate first), we would go exploring. It wasn't uncommon to find iris plants or vines known only in the valley growing among the sagebrush on the hillside and up in Funk's Canyon. She had planted flowers all over the land where crops could not be grown.

A favorite story I remember was the night she heard the chickens putting up a terrible racket. She awakened her two sons, grabbed her heavy apron and ran for the coop. Arriving in the coop, she found the source of the trouble was a bobcat looking for his supper. When her sons finally arrived with a club, she had found it necessary to choke to death the bobcat with her apron strings in order to save not only her life but the lives of the chickens.

During the forty-one years of her widowhood, aside from wresting a living for her big family, she served as the president of the Primary for several years. She taught a Sunday school class, always walking to and from her home for all of her assignments.

We own a great debt of gratitude to her for the many stories and writings we have today. Had it not been for her efforts, much of the history of that period of time and the information on the early settlement of Manti and Sanpete would have been lost. Our research finds that in 1854, little paper was available for the quorums to record minutes, nor candles for light to record those minutes, making it more important than ever that we have her writings.

She died a.m., Wednesday, December 3, 1924, but her stories and writings will live on forever. Thank you, Adelia Belinda Cox Sidwell.

Author's Remembrances

Biography of Adelia B. Sidwell, obtained from Reginald Sidwell – a grandson.

Manti Messenger, Aug. 1924, Obituary and Funeral Service.

THEY CAME BY SHIP AND OX TEAM

Roxie N. Washburn

Honorable Mention Non Professional Personal Recollection

The year was 1861. Grandfather Nelson, Augustus Gustave, or A.G. as his friends called him, was just ten years old. He, along with his family, lived in Norrvinge, Malmus, Sweden. The Missionaries from the Latter-day Saint Church had found and converted them to the Gospel. They soon found it difficult to remain among those that didn't accept this new religion, so they sold their farm and home and booked passage to America.

The ocean trip was long and tragic. They spent three months on rough seas and many storms. Their health was soon impaired by lack of good food and enough drinking water. Measles broke out among the passengers and quickly spread among the children. Augustus grieved with his parents and family as three of his brothers and sisters were lovingly wrapped in blankets and carefully slipped into their watery graves, at night to spare the family and others watching as their loved ones slipped away. One sister, Mary, was left almost blind, while Augustus and his brother Nels recovered their health.

Arriving in the United States, they made the trek by ox team and wagon across the plains to the Salt Lake Valley. They soon found their way to Mt. Pleasant, arriving here in 1863. Augustus helped his father as they made use of the knowledge and experience they brought with them from Sweden to till the earth, taking up farm ground here in Sanpete Valley.

Their trials with the Indians and nature were much the same as those of their neighbors. Augustus continued to grow in both stature and knowledge.

On 19 April 1876, Augustus and his bride-to-be, Ann Catherine Porter, made the two-day trip by wagon and mule team to Salt Lake to be married in the Endowment House. Augustus's sister Mary accompanied them. Ann carried a basket of dried apples and plums to Eliza R. Snow, whom she admired very much.

Augustus soon took up a quarter-section of land three miles west of Mt. Pleasant, called the Bottoms, with Christian Peel. Chris took the south half and A.G. took the north half. They each built a log house and a log granary on their half, hauling the logs by ox team from the mountain east of town. They carried water from a spring at the bottom of the hill until a pipe could be driven into the ground to make a flowing well. This flowing well still has a good stream of delicious cold water.

The well produced enough water for home and garden as well. To keep milk, butter and eggs cool, a box was placed over the water with a burlap sack wrapped around it to absorb the cold water and allow fresh air to cool and circulate. This "cool box," as it was called, was used for many years.

Pigs, chickens and garden produce helped their food supply, as well as grain that was raised on the rich, fertile fields. The large meadows were ideal for cattle. This, the "Old Farm," provided well for Grandpa's growing family. As the log cabin became too small, they added four rooms of brick to the front of the log house.

A one-room school house two miles west of their home was welcomed by the family of twelve children. They all had a great desire for education.

About 1900, Grandpa Augustus was stricken with rheumatism, so they built a beautiful brick home in town at First north and Fifth West, where they spent the remainder of their lives. During these years, Grandpa saw a good opportunity for his growing boys to go into the sheep business. He directed them and helped with what he could from his "rocking chair," used in place of a wheel chair as he became unable to get around. As the business grew, they became known as the "Nelson brothers." Their faith and strength have left a great legacy to continually growing posterity

BORN IN 1897

Sharon B. Stauffer

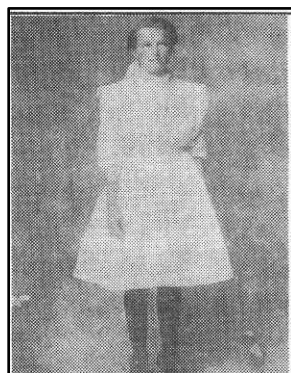
Honorable Mention Non Professional Personal Recollection

It's hard to believe all of the changes that took place in a person's life when they were born in 1897 and lived 90 years. Before my mother, Nora Velma Tidwell Brotherson (Velma), died shortly after her 90th birthday, she could vividly recall changes she had experienced in her life. These were hard for me to believe. To mention a few: airline jets, space ships, radio, television, and computers. As a young girl growing up in Mt. Pleasant in the early 1900's, did she even dream of such wonders?

Velma was born March 31, 1897. She was the fifth of nine children born to Jonathan Harvey Tidwell (Harv) and Antomina Oman Tidwell (Mina). Her first home was a log cabin at "The Bottoms" (a settlement along the Sanpitch River between Mt. Pleasant and Moroni). Her father farmed forty acres of land there. Her memories of the Bottoms were the meadow larks, the spring where they got their water, and the good bullberries that her mother used to make jam and dumplings. After the family moved to Mt. Pleasant, she liked to go with her father to the Bottoms to haul hay and take care of the land.

Her first home in Mt. Pleasant was a two-room log house one block west of the highway and a block north of the ball park. As a child, she would herd cows outside the park and loved to run the fences around the park. At home her job was to pick potatoes, tromp hay and carry water. Velma would go with her father to the old Zabriskie farm all day and tromp hay. When they came home at night, nothing tasted better than her mother's homemade bread, butter and jam. She would often comment on the fact that she had seen Haley's Comet twice, the first time when she was 13 years old and the second time when she was 89 years old.

She attended Hamilton School and North Sanpete High School. At age 78, when she told me her history, she fondly remembered her favorite teachers. Her teachers at Hamilton School were Cora Ward, P.M. Nielsen, J.W. Anderson and Milon Anderson. Her teachers at North Sanpete High School were Mrs. Ryan, Mr. J.M. Boyden, C.L. Stewart and Mariam Nielson.



*Velma Tidwell (Brotherson)
age 12 pictures courtesy of
Sharon Stauffer*



*Velma Tidwell (Brotherson)
would have celebrated her
100th birthday this year,
1997*

When she was fourteen years old, she went out and did housework for \$2.00 or \$2.50 a week. Her sister, Della, worked at the Progress Mercantile Store in Mt. Pleasant. In 1915, when Della got married, Velma took her job at The Progress. How could she have known this was the first step in her career in merchandising? In 1940 she opened a dress shop of her own next to the Overland Hotel. It was called the

Overland Dress Shop. Then she moved to Main Street and opened a shop called Velma's Dress Shop. After moving to Salt Lake City she made her living as a "sales lady" for J.C. Penny's (where she worked for 10 years), Auerbach's, Castleton's and the Pairs

In her history she wrote, "While working at the Progress, I remember the day the Armistice was signed. We rode the fire engine around town. Then we went in Ronald Nielson's car to Moroni and clear to Ephraim. There was a long row of cars celebrating the end of the 1st World War. When we got back, you couldn't tell who we were for the dust."

Life is not easy, and Velma had her share of struggles and hardships, but she had developed many character qualities that made her a survivor. She attributed some of these to her parents and her pioneer heritage. She always spoke of her parents and grandparents with honor and respect. Her father, Jonathan Harvey Tidwell, was a farmer. He had to sacrifice and work very hard for his family. Her mother, Antomina Oman Tidwell, sold eggs for \$.15 a dozen, butter for \$.15 a pound and chickens for \$.30 a piece to the Old Oman Hotel in Mt. Pleasant. Antomina was a very good seamstress. She sewed all her children's clothes, sewed for other people, and made beautiful quilts. Her grandfather, James Harvey Tidwell, eldest son of John and James Smith Tidwell, as a very young man crossed the plains, driving a team of oxen for a widow and her family. He also assisted other pioneers to reach the Salt lake Valley. He came to Utah in 1851. He came to Mt. Pleasant in June of 1859 and helped settle that community. Her grandfather, Aaron Gustove Oman, came from Sweden and arrived in Mt. Pleasant in October of 1861. He was a drummer in the first big brass band in Mt. Pleasant, known as the John Hasler Band. He was a sawyer in charge of phases of construction of the Manti Temple. He devoted much time and effort to this position.

Velma's children and grandchildren always enjoyed her stories of growing up in Mt. Pleasant.

Velma Tidwell Brotherson died in Salt Lake City, Utah, on July 18, 1987, and is buried in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Taken from the personal history of Velma Tidwell Brotherson

Pictures included in this story:

Velma Tidwell (Brotherson) age 12, Courtesy of Sharon Stauffer

Velma Tidwell (Brotherson) Would have celebrated her 100th birthday this year, 1997

A SHORT ACCOUNTING OF TROUBLES AND TRIALS WITH THE INDIANS

Given by Eunice Warner Snow in Provo, Utah, August, submitted by Udell Snow Anderson
Honorable Mention Non Professional Personal Recollection

My brethren and sisters, one and all at this reunion:

It was requested last August at our meeting that I get upon the stand and tell some of the trials I had in Manti, Sanpete County, with the Indians. I felt that I could not speak in public on such a trying subject as that is to me, but I do feel it a duty I owe to my family and also to the war veterans of this reunion.

The Indians were very troublesome from the first of our settling. As we were on their land, they were mad. They would drive off our cattle and kill them to eat, and they said it was as much their right to take our cattle without our consent as it was for us to live on their land and not get their consent. We had a great many hard things to bear from them, but when they began killing our brethren; our hard troubles were of a more serious nature.

On the fourth day of October, 1853, my husband was killed by the Indians at the edge of Manti Canyon while he was tending the grist mill. Mr. Warner, my husband, owned one-third of the mill at the time he was killed, and it fell his lot to attend to the mill and grind the wheat for the people of Manti. The mill was

situated about one mile from town. He had taken a number of men with him as guards until the day he was killed. It seemed there was not one that was willing to go with him. A man by the name of William Mills offered to go with him as he needed some wood. He said he would take his oxen and cart, and while Mr. Warner was grinding a grist, he would go out close to the mill and get some wood. Mr. Warner would not let him go alone, so they both went out a short distance from the mill. But before they went, my husband filled the hopper with wheat. He had taken his gun with him every day. He had killed two rabbits the day before, and I had them cooking for his supper when the word came that he was killed.

We thought they were killed in the morning. We heard the reports of the guns that killed the two men, but we paid no attention to them as we had heard the same the day before when my husband killed the two rabbits. Soon after dinner a young man went up to the mill for some flour. There was no one to be found around the mill. It was running with all the speed it had, but no wheat in the hopper. He knew something was wrong. He came to town as fast as he could come and told the condition he had found the mill in.

They found their bodies a short distance from the mill. The cattle were also killed with poison arrows. The Indians were in ambush waiting for an opportunity to do their work. Mr. Mills, the man that was with my husband, did not belong to our church. He was stripped naked and so was my husband, all excepting his garments. There was not a hole in his garments. I was not allowed to see him as he was so badly disfigured in his face. The Indians told us after they tried to make peace with some of our people that Mr. Warner fought desperately and did kill one Indian.

The Indians would come to our house with my husband's gun. One day two of them came to our door, and one had my husband's necktie on his bald neck and the other one had his pocket rule that he always carried with him and also his penknife which was very useful, containing a number of articles such as a button hook, and ear spoon. They had broken them all up and were showing these things to my father and mother at the table. I grabbed the knife and started for them. My father saw me rise from the table, and he caught me in his arms and carried me out of the room. This happened only a short time before my son was born. He was born six months after his father was killed. My father said I would never be any whiter when I was dead than I was when he took hold of me to carry me out of their presence. It was more than I could stand to see the black imps with my husband's things displaying them to me and laughing because they had caused me to be so mad.

I felt that nothing would satisfy me in the least only to kill some of them. That feeling grew on me, and I found it would not do to cherish such a feeling. I prayed as earnest as ever I could for the Lord to take that terrible feeling from me, but it has never entirely left me. I have no love whatever for the beings that caused me so much trouble at that time. If they ever become a white and delightful people, I do not think I shall have a hand in helping that work. The Lord and I only know what I have suffered from them.

There were four large Indians came to our house to kill (tell) my father to go with Walker. They were painted and armed for their work. My father was one of the President's counselors at that time. The Indians called him a captain, so they picked on him to go with Walker, but they could not agree about who should commence the work. While they were contending among themselves, Arropine rushed in. He had heard of these four Indians coming down to our fort, and he knew they were mad. He told the Indians that if they touched my father, he would have every one of them killed. He preached to them quite a little time before he could get them quiet, but they went off when they got ready. Arropine was a half brother to Walker, next in command, and he was a good chief. At that time we were perfectly in their power and they knew it, but the Lord overruled them and we were saved from them.

I had the satisfaction of beating on one of them on day. I happened to be left alone, and a tall young buck came and stood in the door. It was a very war, day in August.

I motioned for him to go away, but instead of going off, he came in and shut the door. He then asked me for some bread. I paid no attention at all, but got out of my chair with my baby in my arms and opened the door. He asked again for bread. I was mute as before, and he got mad and slammed the door shut again. I was pretty mad by that time, so I left the door shut, laid my baby on the bed and took a piece of wood that held the window up. His shoulders were bare, and I wore that piece of wood out on him. I could talk and understand almost everything they said. He laughed at first when he saw me get a stick. I warmed his shoulders good and told him one of us was going to lose now. He tried to get his blanket from around his hips to his shoulders, but I did not give him time. He squirmed and cried like a baby. I wore the stick out on him and then opened the door and told him to go. He went howling to their tents which were in sight of the fort where we lived. He told Arropine a pitiful story. Arropine soon came to see what the matter was, and I told what the fellow had done. He said it had served him right. The Indians always called him a squaw after that.

My son that I speak of is here with us today playing the drum in the Martial band. I will say here I have passed through all the persecutions with the Saints in my youth, but there has never been anything as trying to me as the Indians have been to me.

I will close by thanking my Heavenly Father for his protecting care over us all. I hope that I am worthy of a name in His Kingdom, and I ask an interest in the prayers of my brethren and sisters that I may be faithful to the end of my days in the gospel. Amen.

--Eunice Warner Snow

SCANDINAVIAN

Merilyn Fox Alexander

Second Place Non Professional Poetry

Ruth nee' MAY crossed the ocean from England to the new world. She came with her father, step-mother, half-sister, each girl twelve. When they arrived, they all worked to get money to travel to Utah. The girls were fourteen when Father thought they'd earned enough.

They had to wait weeks at the congregating place on the Mississippi,
Due to the fact that the wagon train was
Waiting for returning missionaries.
By the time all was ready, Father did not have money for two oxen.
They joined another family and Father's chore was to help drive.

The owner's family had preference riding in the wagon.
When it rained, Mother rode as well, but the girls walked.
They wlked almost the entire way to the Salt Lake Valley.
Ruth wrote about the trip, but never dwelt on the "hardships."

She told about funny things, like the brother who heard a noise
And called, "Come out, or I'll shoot?" three times.
There was no answer, so he shot. It was only the breeze in the trees.
And when there was a storm one night, the tent fell down and scared them.

I believe the teen-agers thought this was a “big long camp out.”
The wagon train consisted of sixty wagons; those in ten wagons spoke English.
All the other wagons were filled with Scandinavians.
The older boys carried the girls piggy-back across the river.

Back and forth across the Platte went the wagon train.
Forth and back went the girls riding on the boys’ backs.
When I was fourteen years old, I would have liked to do this.
Wouldn’t you? I’m sure the boys liked it, too.

When the wagons arrived in the valley, most of the English speaking stayed in Salt Lake City, where there was already an established colony.
Many of the Scandinavians were sent to “Sanpitch” County to help.
Indians were still raiding the families there.

Ruth May wrote in her journal, “Later I was caught in a Fox trap,” meaning, Jesse Williams Fox, Jr., whom she married in a few years. If my gr-grandmother had spoken Swedish, Norwegian or Danish, she might have married one of them, and I would have been Scandinavian!

MY TREK

Jann J. Anderson
Honorable Mention Non Professional Poetry

Like Nephi of old,
My native land I left behind
To journey across great waters
To a place on earth divine.

Like a blind man stretching forth his hand
To find his future way,
I knew not the land I sought,
But steadfastly went on my way.
For the love of God I chose this trek,
Leaving family and friends to march forth
But for all of the hardship, frustration, and pain
I began to know of my great worth.

Refined by the fire of the prairie’s hot sun,
Drenched by the heaven’s cold tears,
Scarred by the sharp edges of wagon-wheel ruts,
Realizing and reconciling all my fears;

Finding a home where God would have me plant
My feet on pure gospel sod,

Marked by the footprints of those who came before
Each of them holding to the "Iron Rod",

Making a home where my children could grow
Free from the torment of others,
Where they could worship their God in love
Esteeming all men as their brothers,

A place on this earth where our lives may be lived
Practicing our chosen profession,
Be it a farmer or wheelwright, teacher or clerk,
Having children in rapid succession,

Living lives of service to our people and our God,
Growing with each task that we perform,
Watching the desert blossom as a beautiful rose
In spite of life's many great storms.

Yea, I started on my way for the love of my God
To a new life of hardship and toil,
A life so worth living, so precious, so right.
I'm so thankful to be sent to this soil.

WINTER

Jessie Oldroyd

Honorable Mention Non Professional Poetry

Winter is COLD, uncomfortable, with icy winds that blow.
Winter brings Jack Frost who freezes our nose and toes.
The roads are slick, often dangerous too,
Travel and walking aren't easy, Oh, how true.

Wintertime is HOME, friendly, cozy, and warm.
Books to read, good food to eat, songs to sing,
Family togetherness, away from cold, travel and harm.

Winter is FUN, so many things to do,
Ice-skating, snowmobiling, tobogganning, skiing, too.
Sleigh-riding, The children's way,
Or, how about the family horse, and a fancy sleigh?

Be artistic. Build a snowman out on your front lawn,
Dress him fancy, or be a comic,
It really isn't hard.

Winter is BEAUTY, with fields of white, untouched snow,
With diamonds shining, sparkling from sun's bright glow.
Icicles, like frozen sparkling tears, hanging, dripping from the eaves.
Clouds of fluffy white snow, covering the branches of the trees.

Winter snow brings sleep and life, covering the protecting seeds, bushes, trees,
They shed their beauty for a time, their blossoms and their leaves. Winter brings the life-giving water for all
plants, animal and human life.
Then there is an awakening, a promise, a God-given gift.
Eternal life!

Who sees a comrade pass to God's unknown, and frames the question, "Why?"
"Ask fertile fields of verdant growing wheat
How do earth's harvest year by year repeat?
Life follows death, the cycle is complete.
Death is life's pause, but is not its defeat."

Winter is many things...Winter is cold, fun, beauty, water, protects life,
Life is eternal,
We will live again.

JOURNEY

Clara J. De Graff

First Place Non Professional Short Story

"Come on, girls. Let's go see if we can find some berries, like the ones we saw on the river the other day," Sally Ann urged. Her two friends agreed, and the three started away from the trail going south.

"How far is it?" one of the girls asked.

"About a mile, I think," Sally Ann rejoined.

They chatted as they walked, Sally Ann thinking how nice it was to have a change from the daily grind of walk, walk, walk, make camp, help with meals, clean up, sleep – then do it again the next day. Her friends gave up after a little, however, and went back to the train. They told Sally Ann the river was obviously more than a mile away, and they didn't want to continue. She nodded, telling them she would go on for awhile and then catch up with them. She did walk clear to the river, and it was well over the mile she had anticipated. But it was worth it. Berries were everywhere. How she enjoyed eating something fresh, for their fare, although good and nourishing, was always much the same. The men did hunt from time to time, bringing in fresh game, but there had been nothing like this for months. She munched as she filled her basket. Time breezed away; the shadows were long when she decided it was time to get back. Climbing out of the small ravine where the river ran, she walked rapidly now feeling a little tired. As twilight came, she looked for the dust of the train but could see nothing but the wide open spaces, with the sun sinking rapidly. She concluded the camp was already established, it was late, and went on.

As darkness descended, Sally Ann finally realized she had walked much further back than she had come. Where was the camp? She searched for the evening cooking fires, but it was too dark to see any

smoke. There were no glimmers. She turned toward the west, walking rapidly, watching anxiously as she went, making sure she was heading toward the last fading light. At last she had to conclude, I'm good and lost! There were a few clumps of bushes here and there, and she decided she had better choose as good a spot as she could find to spend the night, hoping she would not get cold, for although the days were hot, it cooled way down at night. With no blanket, it could get miserable. Finding what looked good, she sat down, searching the ground for protruding rocks which would interfere with rest. They will be out looking for me, she reassured herself. She took off two petticoats to use for cover, hoping to sleep warmly. Weariness soon won and she slept soundly.

The sun was just up when she awakened. Stretching, she looked everywhere, hoping for some sign of the wagons or a searching man on horseback. There was nothing anywhere. Well, they are going west, that's for sure, and I do know which way that is. I'm going on an oblique, back toward the river, for I know I'm lost because I came back too far yesterday. She walked all day, eating berries constantly, for there was nothing else. AS the day waned, she knew she must have water and turned toward the river. The willows along its bank were not far away now. I'll just go along the river from now on. There will be berries, and I won't have to worry about water. The wagon master said the train would be going due west this week, but would hit a bend in the river later. I'll find them, she told herself stoutly. The water was wonderful, and she did find more berries. Those in her basket were about gone, and as long as light lasted, she picked into it.

Oh, I do hope Mommsy isn't terribly worried. After all, I am sixteen. Poppa will be furious though.

Again, she slept soundly. The following day she did as she had planned and walked along the edge of the prairie close to the river, where she could watch for a glimpse of the wagons or any searchers who might be out. The next day was the same, as was the following one. She often felt very lonely, sometimes filled with anxiety. She even thought what would happen if they never did find her, or she them. By the fifth day, she wasn't even sure how many days it had been. Soon a week had passed, and the berries were petering out. She felt the lack of solid food now, not being able to walk as far each day, and she bedded down well before dark.

One morning, she awakened to dim light and could hear a faint sound. What was it? Not a horse; no sound of talking. Getting up, but keeping in the shelter of the trees, she moved in the sound's direction. Then she saw them. Two Indians, kneeling at the river, drinking, holding their ponies' reins behind them. She retreated quickly, but stayed close enough to see where they went. She certainly did not want them to see a lone girl clear out here! She heard the horses then, coming toward her. She darted into a dense bush, crouching down, terrified. The two men passed within a few feet of her, but they were talking animatedly to each other and quickly climbed up out of the ravine and galloped off. She climbed after them, watching them out of sight once she was near the top. That day, she stayed below the prairie rim, hoping fervently they or other Indians would not come. When night came, she found a small opening in a dense clump of bushes and cleared it out, putting brush in front of a makeshift entrance, before settling down for sleep. But this night was not restful. She awakened often, listening carefully for any sound, but there were none except those of sleepy birds in the treetops plus chirping insects.

In the morning, she moved the brush away and prepared for another day of drudgery. Where, oh where, are the wagons? After washing in the river, noting how dirty her clothing had become, she longed for the comfort of her wagon. Sighing, she went back to her bed area, combing her hair with her fingers, then re-braiding it as she walked. She sat down to finish this task, looking for some stout grass to tie the end. The, another sound!

Frozen, she listened. Indians? If so, it sounds like just one. She didn't move as she heard the movement coming closer. Finally, she saw it and gasped. A very large, grey wolf. It saw her and immediately crouched, its ears forward, and Sally Ann was frantic. She knew if she got up and ran that awful beast would

charge! Looking around, she did see a stout stick within reach. She grabbed it, hoping this poor weapon would protect her. There were no good-sized rocks in sight. The animal continued to advance. At last, it stopped, but it was too close for comfort, and it soon resumed its crouch. Her heart nearly stopped as she knew very soon it would charge. She raised her club.

A shot rang out! Sally Ann nearly jumped out of her skin. The wolf jumped too, falling within feet of her, very dead. Jumping up, she heard the crashing of a horse through the trees. What a beautiful sight! Here was a young man, dressed entirely in buckskin, but not an Indian, and how good he was with his gun. He jumped to the ground.

“Are you all right!” he demanded, breathless.

Sally Ann was frankly crying.

“Oh yes, I’m just fine. But I was sure a goner if you hadn’t come just when you did. But wait a minute. You aren’t in our train.”

“No. I didn’t recognize you either. Are you in the Mormon one?”

“Well, I was, until I got good and lost. Where did you come from?”

“Remember seeing a train on the south side of the river? We are heading for Oregon. Out two trains have been travelling along, about parallel with each other for weeks. You get ahead, and then we do. But yours left the river a while back. Haven’t seen it lately.”

“Neither have I,” she replied drily.

“Come on. Here, I’ll boost you on the back of my saddle. We’ll have to cross the water, keep your feet up as high as you can. It isn’t very deep right here.”

Gratefully, she followed his direction and they rode to his wagons. He told her he had been out looking for some stray cows, and decided they must have crossed the river in the night, so he did too. She silently thanked the Lord for her rescue and His protection. As they neared the wagon train, they found the missing animals and herded them along in front of them. She was very thankful to be with people again. Her benefactor lifted her down from the horse; then the women of the train took over, helping her with a bath, gave her clean clothes, and fixed wonderful food. She had eaten some jerky on the way, which had given her needed energy, her escort apologizing that this was all he had, she assuring him it was most welcome. After a week of nothing but berries, the jerky was heavenly. She washed her own clothes gratefully, thanking everyone profusely for their kindness.

That evening Josh, the man who had found her, took her to talk with the wagon master. This bewhiskered, stern, older man heard Josh’s report in silence. Then he scolded Sally Ann for her foolishness, telling her crossing these plains was very serious business and everyone had to obey the master, on this train, him. She nodded in silence. Then he told her she would travel with them until they made contact with her own train. She nodded again and thanked him as he left.

“Whew!” she told Josh as they walked away. “He certainly is the boss.”

“That he is,” Josh laughed. “We all do exactly as he orders, and how he loves to order. But that’s all right. He does know what he is doing, even if this is his first experience on the trail. He used to be a soldier, as if you couldn’t tell.” Sally Ann laughed for the first time since her ordeal began.

She joined Josh the next morning, feeling comfortable with him, although the women had made her welcome. He was assigned to the herd, which was kept well back of the train. He walked all day with Sally Ann, leading his horse. They talked and talked, telling each other of their lives. She learned he was twenty, from Kentucky, and although this train was headed for Oregon, he really wanted to go to California. He had joined this group hoping he could find a way to leave them and go further south along the way. He told her he would go clear to Oregon if he had to, and then he would make his way to California from there. She told him about going to Salt Lake City, and finally he wanted to know all about the reasons for stopping there. He

told her he had heard it was a desolate place, one no one wanted. She just smiled. In the days which followed, she walked each day with him. When he had to use his horse to round up straying animals, he often took her along. The young girls in the camp teased Sally Ann about her “conquest,” and she just rejoined with, “Gotta pay him back for finding me. I help him with the cattle.”

One day he asked her about her religion and she told him how her family had been converted and how the Church had been persecuted, and were now leaving the United States to make a new home, “In the land no one else wants. We just want to be left alone.” He asked her many questions and she offered to let him read her copy of the Book of Mormon. He took it and she chided him about being able to read. He laughed and told her his mother had seen to that. He could write and figure, too – so there. During the days following, she often saw him reading, every night on his bed roll by the light of a small candle.

Many days passed, but at last they saw wagons on the north of the river. They were a day’s journey in front but Josh told Sally Ann he would deliver her, assuring her they could easily catch up on his horse. Thanking everyone for their care, Sally Ann and Josh crossed the river and, riding hard, caught the wagon train before dark. How grateful everyone was that Sally Ann was safe, her father even hugging her without scolding. She presented Josh to everyone and they asked him to spend the night. He agreed.

The next morning she saw him talking with their leader. He came to her afterward, a big grin on his face.

“Salt Lake it is for me, too,” he told her. “There are a lot of trains going that way to California. I can hire on one, and get down there that way. I’ll ride back across the river, tell the boss what I am going to do, get all my gear, and back I will come.”

Sally Ann was very glad. She liked this young man.

They entered the mountains the next week and soon were in the foothills of the Great Basin, the big lake shimmering in the west. People from the settlement below soon joined them and escorted them to the fort where Brigham Young met them. What a thrill it was for Sally Ann to meet him. She introduced Josh and was pleased to see he was impressed. President Young later asked their group to go to Parowan for settlement. All agreed and the wagons were again on a trail. But this time there were settlements to go through where they were warmly received. Josh often commented on this, wondering why it was.

“Mormons understand and love each other,” Sally Ann told him. She was delighted he was accompanying them again. They had talked about his staying in Salt Lake to await an opportunity to go to California, but he had decided it would be best to stay, work a while, and then go on. When they reached Parowan, he stayed with her family, helping them as they started on the land assigned them, getting a rude cabin built, taking care of daily chores. On Sundays, he went to Church with them. But he asked no questions. He and Sally Ann continued good friends. One day, he talked about the cabin he planned to build someday and told Sally Ann she needed to get some quilts made. What for, she had rejoined, and he replied that she knew what quilts were for. Both had giggled.

Then a day came when he announced he was leaving. He was going to the Virginia area because a man down there needed help. Sally Ann watched him ride off with a sinking heart. She knew she felt attachment to this young man, but she also knew she might never see him again.

Two years passed, much hard work, and good progress. Josh never did write once, but several times someone passed through who knew him. The report was that he was doing well and that everyone thought highly of him. Then one spring day, a beautiful horse came up their lane, ridden by a buckskin-clad fellow. Sally Ann, now a very beautiful young woman, was excited that Josh was back. On Sunday, he was asked to teach a class and Sally Ann was amazed to hear him accept. Then he explained that the book had converted him he had been baptized, and he had been teaching the elders in St. George.

The next morning he took her with him west of town. He was staying and the Bishop had assigned him a nice piece of ground. He showed her around, telling her with excitement what he planned. But he would not let her go near the place after that. The summer passed. Sally Ann saw Josh on Sundays only. The rest of the time he announced he had work to do.

On a lovely fall day, he came in a buggy, announcing he had something to show her. He took her to his land, and there was the cabin he had always wanted. He took her through its rooms, only three, but there was a nice loft, and told her he had made it so it could be added to later. She exclaimed over everything enthusiastically.

“You like it then?” he asked.

“It’s just beautiful!” she told him.

“Did you get any quilts made?”

“Of course. I have six. I’ve made some feather pillows, too and collected all the towels I could get, and Mommsy says I have enough dishes and pots and pans to feed an army! Will that do?”

A huge smile on his face, drawing her into his waiting arms, he said softly, bending his head, “Very nicely!”

FOOTSTEPS TO ZION

Virginia K. Nielson

Honorable Mention Non Professional Short Story

Each era has encountered its own trials and tribulations. These have frequently been entrusted to ordinary persons who lived extraordinary lives of faith, sacrifice and sheer endurance. The episode of the historic Mormon Migration to Salt Lake Valley, beginning in 1847, leaves an eloquent record of heroism and unselfishness. This is the most stirring epic of the West and of America.

The Mormon pioneer’s dream was to carve a spiritual civilization out of the wilderness. They were Saints in deed, as well as in name. My paternal great-grandparents and their families were part of that great drama as it unfolded, one hundred fifty years ago.

From the beginning of the movement to the Salt Lake Valley, the Church had made tremendous effort to assist the Saints who were without means to make the long journey across the plains. Ox teams and wagons had been purchased at Council Bluffs, or sent from the valley, to transport the needy to their new homes.

Then came the severe winter of 1855-1856 when hundreds of cattle were frozen or starved to death. The wagons and equipment used in past journeys were worn out and the Perpetual Emigration Funds were nearly depleted. President Brigham Young wrote to Franklin D. Richards, President of the Church Mission in England, regarding the emigration plan:

We cannot afford wagons and teams, as in the past. I am constantly thrown back upon my plan to make handcarts and let the emigrants’ foot it. A great many of them walk now even with teams, which are provided. Without oxen to stray, or to feed, they could travel faster than wagon trains.

Further information and instruction was given, and President Richards made plans to have the 1856 emigrants travel across the plains using the handcart method. The Saints in England received the word with joy. They were informed that upon their arrival in America, they were to take the train to Iowa City, where handcarts would be provided.

By the first of June, over four hundred emigrants had arrived in Iowa City. They were divided into two groups, one led by Captain Edmund Ellsworth, the other by Captain Daniel D. McArthur. They were provided with handcarts and several ox-drawn wagons to carry tents, provisions and equipment, and departed two days apart, on the ninth and eleventh days of June.

Upon their arrival in the valley three and one-half months later, they were greeted by President Young, his counselor Heber C. Kimball, Captain Pitt's Brass Band, and most of the people in Zion. They had encountered the expected difficulties, including several deaths, but rejoiced in accomplishing their goal.

A third company departed June 28, under the leadership of Captain Edward Bunker. This was known as the "Welsh Company" because it was composed almost entirely of converts from Wales. Some of that assemblage was members of my paternal grandmother's family (Ann Elizabeth Jones). They reached the valley with success, and a recorded comment from one of the travelers was that the handcart method would be used for many years to come. That was not to be, for the handcart plan was discontinued in 1860.

If these three companies had been the last of that season, all would have been well, but, during July additional Saints arrived unexpectedly from England. A great demand for ships sailing to American ports, had created a scarcity that caused a delay in the Church leaders' abilities to obtain proper transportation for those anxiously waiting to leave. The packet (sailing) ship, Thorton and Horizon, were finally chartered and departed from England near the end of May.

Iowa City was totally unprepared to meet the needs of these new arrivals. There was no seasoned wood or material for tents. The necessary supplies were hastily assembled, and men and women worked tirelessly, building handcarts and dewing tents. The necessary supplies were hastily assembled, and men and women worked tirelessly, building handcarts and dewing tents. This situation created almost three months' delay in the company's departure, causing them to meet with disaster.

Two companies were formed, one, under Captain James Willie, and the other with Captain Edward martin. My great-grandparents, Robert and Mary Lawson Kirkman, and their six young sons were part of the Martin Company. Their son, John Kirkman, who is my paternal grandfather and eight years old at that time, recorded a poignant account of that tragic journey.

Robert Kirkman was born 1 January 1821 and Mary Lawson on 26 February 1823 in Lancashire, England. They were among the early converts to the church and, after their conversion, belonging to the same branch, formed an acquaintance, which ripened into love, and were married 1 January 1845. When they left England on 25 May 1856, they were the proud parents of five little children. A sixth baby boy, Peter, was born to the Kirkmans on 9 July 1956 in Iowa City.

As was usual with saints in foreign lands, they had a spirit of gathering to Zion. Many of the English Saints had heard that some of the pioneers had walked beside the oxen in the wagon trains across the plains, and when President Young suggested they form handcart companies, with a few wagons to carry supplies, hundreds of Saints were anxious to emigrate, especially when it was stated that they could travel all the way from Great Britain to Salt Lake City for \$45.00. President Young's advice was to start early and all would be well.

My father and mother, with their five little children, Robert 10, John 8, Joseph 6, Hyrum r, and James 2, left their native home in Lancashire on 26 May 1856 to start their eventful journey. After five long weeks aboard the sailing vessel, Horizon, we finally arrived in Boston, thence traveled, by rail, to Iowa City, arriving the last day of June.

On our arrival there, the Saints found a shortage of handcarts and tents; consequently, we were delayed until more could be provided. Five handcart companies left for Zion in 1856; the first three had encountered many hardships, but made the journey fairly well. The last two, the Willie, which left Iowa on August 19th, and the Martin which left September 3, suffered untold hardships, almost beyond human endurance. It was this last company that my dear father, mother and family traveled in.

Elder Levi Savage advised the Saints not to undertake the journey so late in the season, as he knew the dangers that would be met, but he was over-ruled. He said, "What I have told you is true, but I will go with you and help you all I can."

My father had been offered a position for the winter, so decided to stay in Iowa until spring, but the Saints came to us so many times to see my parents and urge them to travel with them, so, after taking it over with Mother, he said, "Well, We'll go with them, live or die."

We started on our perilous journey of 1300 miles with 576 Saints, and before we had been on the road a third of the distance, the handcarts broke down, being made of unseasoned wood, poorly put together and overloaded. An early winter set in, progress was slow and soon provisions began to give out. Smaller grew the allowance, causing strong men to become weak and women to suffer terribly. Blizzards raged and snow-covered mountains had to be climbed and, in the face of freezing weather, bedding and clothing had to be discarded when it was needed most, for loads were too heavy. Every day took its toll of lives, and graves had to be dug in the snow.

Before we left Iowa, my dear mother had given birth to a son, Peter. She was naturally weak with the care of a nursing baby and five other children. Father was weak from want of food, having denied himself for us. The terrible strain of the journey was too much for him and one night, on 11 November near the Sweetwater, he passed quietly away at the age of 35. Our little baby brother died the same night. They built a fire to thaw the ground so a grave could be dug, the, with my baby brother clasped in his hands, they wrapped him in a blanket and laid him tenderly away.

My darling mother had to take up the journey alone with her five children. Provisions were almost gone, desolation reigned. The company passed off the main road to what was named Martin's Ravine, to escape the terrible blizzards and storms, for we had little clothing and had given up all hope. Death had taken a heavy toll and the ravine was like an overcrowded tomb. Such was the condition when word was received that help was on the way.

President Young, learning of our condition, sent an advance guard of two young men, Joseph Young and Stephen Taylor. More welcome messengers never came from the courts of glory. Soon help came with food and clothing.

[Joseph Young knew the emigrants, some he had converted. What he saw made him weep, for there were nearly two or three hundred who desperately needed help and only two of them. These noble young men remained with the Saints, helping them cross icy rivers and plod through deep snow.

[A council was held to discuss whether to winter at nearby Devil's Gate, but the possibility of supplying a small city of suffering person during the winter months was formidable, so they moved on, buoyed up with a desire to meet the other rescue parties.

[The Hodgett Wagon train that accompanied the Martin Company was also snowbound several miles back on the trail. Their suffering was somewhat less because they had some provisions and shelter.]

We were still 500 miles from Salt Lake in the dead of winter. It seemed those who remained had received a new lease on life, for on fourth of the company had passed away during the journey.

After arriving in Salt Lake City, which was November 30, 1856, we were met by William Clyde, with an ox team, and taken to Springville, staying one night with the bishop of American Fork and receiving great kindness. Next day we arrived in Springville, and how kind those people were to us half-starved people. Some of the children's feet were frozen so badly they had to lie down all the while. My little brother, James, lost half of both feet. Others lost toes from frost-bite and suffered greatly. The good people of Springville will never be forgotten for their kindness to us.

Father Bird, who was our family doctor, came to our home every day for months and dressed the wounds, with the help of mother and others who supplied our needs.

[The church gave a generous plot of land that had a cabin on it to the Kirkmans, to help them adjust to this new life.]

In the spring of 1857 Mother married Charles Hulet. He was a fine man and provided us with a nice home and took good care of us. Mother had two children by him named Margaret Ann and Mary Frances. He died in May 1863. Mother married a third husband, Joseph Wood Cook, but was divorced from him before their child, Viola, was born.

Mother was good, kind and devoted to her family, full of faith and, in spite of all her suffering and sacrifice, she never uttered a word of complaint. There was one thing she could never endure and that was the sight of a handcart. It brought back such sad memories of the past and she could never be induced to join a handcart parade.

Her life in Springville was of the noblest. She took part in the church work and was loving and sympathetic to those in need.

[Mary Kirkman served as the first Primary president, until she was abruptly released when her daughter married a non-Mormon! She was also very active in the Relief Society.]

She passed away 10 Mar 1899 at the age of 76, after a well-spent life. She was the mother of nine children and has a large posterity. She is buried in the Springville cemetery near three children and our step-father, Charles Hulet, who was so kind, helping us in a time of need.

Mary Lawson was disowned by her family when she joined the church, in England, and decided to go with "that bunch" to America. She never saw nor heard from her parents again. She was a tiny woman, merely five feet tall, but filled with boundless energy. She was a meticulous home-maker and an excellent cook. She received little schooling during her youth in England, and was not a skilled writer, but she read the scriptures constantly.

A highlight in her life was her attendance with a grandson at the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple, April 6, 1893. She developed a severe heart problem that eventually caused her death, but she had faithfully attended church each Sunday even though she returned home quite exhausted.

My grandfather, John Kirkman, was devoted to the Gospel. He was one of those faithful handcart pioneers whose testimony never wavered. He married Ann Elizabeth Jones, 27 December 1869. She died 22 May 1919, from diabetic complications. They were the parents of ten children; my father, Laurence Gomer, was their third son. John served as a home teacher, a high Council member, a Stake Patriarch and a Salt Lake Temple ordinance worker. He died December 27, 1930, at the age of 82, leaving a priceless heritage for his posterity.

Tears have been shed by his progeny as we have read his graphic account of the handcart experience, but our lives have been enriched and a greater appreciation for our wonderful heritage has emerged.

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THOMAS MORGAN, MAN OF FAITH AND COURAGE

Jessie Oldroyd

Honorable Mention Non Professional Short Story

To my grandfather, Thomas Morgan, I pay tribute for his faith, courage, and integrity to face the many difficulties during his lifetime, and to face them with love and strength of character.

I never knew my grandfather. He died before I had that opportunity, but from my family, older brothers, sisters, father and mother, I've learned to love and respect him for his many fine qualities of character, his willingness to serve, work, and accomplish all he did.

Thomas Morgan was born in Forest of East Dean, Gloucester, England, 23 May, 1830, to Elizabeth Morgan from Coleport, Monmouthshire, England. As a baby he never knew his father, but when he was nearly two years old, his mother married Edward Coleman. They had three children, and Thomas was happy to be in a family. This family life, however, was short-lived for his step-father was killed while working in a coal pit, leaving his mother and three small children to care for and support. At this time Thomas was only nine years of age. Being the oldest, he had to go to work in the coal mines. Later, his half brother, George, also went to work at Edge Hills Lodge. The boys had no opportunity to go to school, so their education came by way of working, without learning to read, something they always regretted.

Now that they were here meant sharing and willingness to help those in need.

One –half of the company had no means to pay their passage farther than New Orleans. These people traveling together had become close friends, and not one of them wanted to be left behind, and no one wanted them to be left in what they called the "wicked gentile city", to suffer the cold charity, and besides, times were hard, even there—few jobs, people begging for bread.

With mighty effort, President Phelps succeeded in getting them all off. How? By sharing. All were willing to help. Those who had the money loaned to those who had none, until they would be able to repay. No one was left behind. They only remained in New Orleans for twenty-four hours, then were on their way to St. Louis.

Reaching St. Louis, these voyagers needed food, shelter, and employment. The saints provided these newcomers with help, showing their willingness to serve, being charitable and friendly. The new saints remained here for the summer, then prepared for their journey, crossing the plains.

Again, the families of Morgan, Coleman, Smith crossed the plains together in the 8th Company with Captain Milo Andrus, assisted by John S. Fulmer. The 8th Division consisted of 452 souls, 48 wagons, 262 oxen, 60 cows, one horse, and one mule. They had weathered and survived the voyage across the big sea the Atlantic Ocean, then the Mississippi River by way of steamboat. What would the plains be like? The unknown? It would not be easy—more rivers to cross, the dry, hot dusty plains, wild animals, yes, and the Indians. Frightened sometimes? I'm sure they were. What courage, faith and bravery they had! Some died along the way, and were left in shallow graves. Sorrow and hardship were theirs, but they made the best of it, being happy in their pursuit, singing songs, dancing under the light of the beautiful moon, encouraged by the thought of soon reaching this new and strange land, yes, The Promised Land. I can imagine and almost hear my grandfather and the other people singing, "Come, come ye saints, no toil nor labor fear—but with joy wend your way."

The company arrived in Salt Lake City, October 24, 1855. Having traveled by sea and land since November, they were looking forward to a little log cabin they could call HOME; to the privilege of working, planning, planting, harvesting, and building, to the opportunity of learning more about their new religion and following their leaders and their Father in Heaven. They were a thankful, strong, loving people!

The Morgans were sent to Santaquin to settle; the Colemans and Smiths were sent to Tooele. The Morgans and the Vizards were all baptized in England, but on arriving in Utah, President Brigham Young advised the Saints to be re-baptized because of many records having been lost.

My grandparents, Thomas and Fanny Morgan, had been a part of all the groups traveling together. What of them now? As I studied their histories in the group of travelers, I yearned to know more about these two people, dear to me. They built their log cabin, they tilled the soil, they attended their Church, they gave birth to two children, Thomas J, and George Morgan, while living in Santaquin. In 1860, a daughter was born in Moroni, where the family had moved due to Indian troubles. Her name was Eliza.

The real home for the family came next, in Fountain Green, "Our mountain home do dear," where five children were born, one of them being my mother, Mary Ann Morgan (Oldroyd). Their fine home, for that time, still stands, with a stone marker over the front door reading, "ERECTED 1875, by T. Morgan." It is now owned by Merline Morgan, wife of the late Vurl Morgan, the grandson of Thomas and Fanny Morgan.

My sister, Mary Jane, told me about my grandparents. "I didn't know my Grandmother Morgan, as she died before I was born. But our mother told me she was a lovely lady, very petite, big brown hair. She was a wonderful, caring mother, and homemaker. She died at the age of 53, her death hastened by the sudden death of their fifth child, Charles, who was killed in a sand pit, November 17, 1883. She died two years later.

My dear Grandfather was now left without her, a lonely man, but with faith, strong testimony, and courage. He had learned this since early childhood...fatherless at age 2, a new step-father at age nine, helping to earn a family living, working in the coal mine, at age nine; then a second step-father, hearing of the new religion and being baptized, coming to America at age 24 and beginning his own family. He was a member of the Indian War Militia.

Again, I write from the history of him by way of my family. Grandfather was an expert farmer, loving to work in the soil, to beautify his home and surrounding. He was very hard worker, preferring to work than to rest. My folks said he would often, when it was his turn to irrigate his lot, stay up all night to be sure everything was well watered, or would even sleep a little by the side of the ditch, ready to turn the water when needed.

According to my family, "He had beautiful flower gardens, fruit trees, currant bushes and gooseberries. His barn was always full of hay. He raised grain for his animals and chickens, horses and cows."

My sister, Mary Jane told me, "I liked to hunt the eggs for grandfather and to go to the store for him. Often, when passing his home, I'd go in to help him if I could. He was very lonesome, but always busy.

"I remember when I was about 10 or 12 years old, the grasshoppers were destroying all the crops in the lower fields, south of town, Fountain Green. The call went out for all men, women, and children who could work, to meet in front of the Aagard store, bringing pieces of rags or old coats to drive the grasshoppers into a deep trench. It seemed like billions of the bugs. Then the men poured coal oil on them and burned them. What a croaking time, but it saved the crops. It reminded me of other pioneers and sea gulls."

Another story I liked to hear about, "Grandfather liked to come to our home. Our parents, Mother being his daughter, always welcomed him and loved to have him come, and so did we, his loving grandchildren.

"We had a little wooden tub, not so little, but every fall, when it was pickling time, we filled it with lots of vegetables. We children were to help chop them all, but one, the onions, we did not like to do for it hurt our eyes. Grandfather, the sweet man he was, would say: "I will do all onions." He had a little chopper with five knives, and he'd chop, chop, chop away.

"Since we had cows, we'd churn the cream into butter. Grandpa always took his turn. Up and down would go the dasher as he counted 50 numbers.

"Guess what we like to do? Raise the dasher a little, and with a spoon, scoop us a little of the good, sweet cream to eat. What was really good, a special treat, thick cream and sugar on a slice of Mother's home-made bread. Our children today like it too, excepting those who think they should count the calories once in a while."

My sister, Luella, used to tell me about Grandfather: "He loved to tell us stories and to sing to us, all his cute and favorite children's songs. When I was still a little girl, he would bounce me on his knee and swing me on the end of his foot.

"We thought he was so handsome with his pink and white complexion, gray hair and blue eyes. He had a wonderful singing voice and he loved rocking and singing the babies to sleep."

I was told that he was very hard of hearing in his later years. He always wished he could read. That would have been so helpful for him, but he was so appreciative of all his blessings. He was a very kind, loving old gentleman, and we all loved him very much.

Hearing all these things, I seem to know him well. How I admire him. THOMAS MORGAN, MY grandfather, I honor, respect, admire and love. I pay tribute to him and his memory.

Also, I pay tribute to all members who came with the Clara Wheeler Company who had faith and courage to leave their homeland and come to America. A great people!

They left their homes, loved ones all.
Going forward into the UNKNOWN to heed their Father's call.
Little did they know or understand the hardships, trials, and burdens
They would have to bear.
If we ask, we would hear them say:
"Our faith, courage, determination, with our heavenly Father as our guide.
We will go forward, with prayers in our hearts,
We will get to Zion.
We will succeed!"

150 years – Sesquicentennial - 1847-1997

Documentation: Fountain Green Ward Record,
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The Thomas Morgan, Fanny Vizard History by Mary Jane Oldroyd Livingston with information from the BYU Library.
John J. and Mary Ann Morgan Oldroyd History
Researched and written by Granddaughter, Jessie Oldroyd 1997
Thomas Morgan, Born May 23, 1830.....Died November 22, 1908 in Fountain Green, Utah
Fanny Vizard Morgan, Born august 4, 1832.....Died April 28, 1886 in Fountain Green, Utah

ROMANCE BY FIRELIGHT

Lois I. Hansen

Honorable Mention Non Professional Short Story

Christian Christiansen looked into the eyes of his 16-year-old daughter, Karen Marie.

“My darling, you know that all your mother and I want is for you to be happy.”

“Oh, I know that ,Papa, and I know how wise you are and how good. I love you and I love the gospel. I want to do what is right. Brother Peterson is so good. His little Sally is a darling, and I think I could help Jens to love me, but I just don’t feel right about it.

“Sarah Ann, my very best friend, tells me she is happy. Her marriage to Brother James, even though he has two other wives, has been joyful. Sarah says Mable, his first wife, knows how to do everything and is helping her learn to sew. But I just can’t feel that this is right for me. Do you think we could do one thing?”

“Dear Karen, of course, you know I would do anything for you. What do you want?”

“Take me to Ephraim. I know that is a lot to ask. It will take days to get there—more than a hundred miles. But if I could just see the Jensens and the Sorensens—those dear folks from Odense—just once, then I would know. I could marry and be content.”

“Well, if that is your wish, and you will help your Mother to get everything ready. I will make plans for us to go. We’ll trade some wheat for a new horse and our wagon wheel needs a new rim.”

As he lifted Karen’s chin and wiped away her tears, he promised, “We’ll try to leave a week from today. Let me see my girlie smile.”

It was early fall of 1858. Ephraim, a small town just east of the Sanpitch River, was the setting. Romance was in the air. The big bonfire crackled and sputtered. There was a festive mood as the early settlers gathered their wives and children closer to the fire. Music wafted over the breeze as Hans drew his bow across the strings of his fiddle and Sarah Jane picked up her skirts and gathered the youngsters to begin tapping toes and clapping hands to the rhythms. These pioneers, most from the far away land of Denmark, loved parties. The night was young and they were excited, for a wagon had just arrived from Salt Lake bearing saints from their homeland in Denmark. Many had stories to tell of loved ones left at home.

Among the newly arrived were Christian and Ane Margrethe Christiansen, with their 16-year old daughter, Karen Marie. They had left their home at Lunge on the Island of Fyn in the spring of 1857.

Looking across the blazing fire, two sets of eyes met. Lovely Karen saw in the firelight the strong, robust young Danish native Morten Rasmussen. As he bent to add a log to the embers, his eyes beheld the girl of his dreams. A thrill passed over him as he silently breathed, “This is the girl I want to marry.”

Karen Marie, as she tossed her dark curls and coquettishly dropped her eyes, murmured, "This is the one I've been waiting for."

This was the exciting beginning of a romance, to be culminated with marriage and sealing in the Endowment House in the spring.

The gospel of Jesus Christ had brought these young people together. How did it happen?

One day as young Morten delivered freight for his uncle Lars Jensen on the Island of Fyn near Odense, he met two young Mormon Elders, Jens Hansen and William Anderson. He stopped his cart and invited them to ride. As they told Morten of their work and shared with him their religious message, he became very interested. He asked them to return with him to the home of his uncle where they proceeded to tell the family the thrilling story of Joseph Smith and to leave them a Book of Mormon. Lars Jensen, his daughter Carrie and his son Jens, along with Morten, were baptized in November 1851, just five weeks after Morten's eighteenth birthday. On December 23, 1852, they left Copenhagen and crossed the North Sea and arrived at Liverpool, England, where they boarded the ship Jessie Manm with about 500 Scandinavian saints for their voyage to America.

Their trip was most difficult. After a voyage of about eleven weeks they landed at New Orleans, where tragedy befell them as the young daughter of Uncle Lars, Carrie, died from the many hardships and discouragements. They continued their journey up the Mississippi to St. Louis. They purchased supplies, including two cows and three yoke of oxen. With Morten acting as driver, they joined the H.P. Olson Company and began their journey across the plains.

The company was stricken with cholera and many lives were lost. On October 5, 1854, nine long months after leaving their homeland, the company arrived in the Salt Lake Valley.

Karen Marie's trip was much easier. She and her parents left Liverpool in April 1857 on the ship Westmorland under the leadership of Matthias Cowley, arriving at Philadelphia on May 31, 1857. Along with 300 Saints, they boarded the train for Iowa City. Here they organized a handcart company known as the "Christian Christiansen Company," Karen Marie's father.

The weary travelers moved along slowly every day, stopping only long enough to eat and sleep. They caught up with Johnson's Army along the way. One surprising thing was that the Army assisted them by providing them with an ox which they slaughtered and shared. The food helped sustain them along the way.

They were afraid of the Indians, but found cause to be grateful to them as a group of Indians helped them to cross the river. They later learned that when Johnson's Army came to the same stream and became bogged down with their heavy wagons and artillery, the nice friendly Indians stole the Army's horses. The company arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on September 13, 1857.

Karen Marie was an only child and had been given many advantages in education in Denmark. However, after the family joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, it became very difficult for her to continue her schooling. Her friends scorned her, called her names, tripped and ostracized her until she was forced to leave her classes. She was taught at home and she learned to speak and read English. She continued to write in Danish.

Karen had an interest in music and cultivated the skill of singing and playing the organ. She often led the singing as the missionaries conducted their cottage meetings.

They were in the Salt Lake Valley for a short time before their eventful trip to Ephraim. During this time, Karen was pressured with many opportunities for plural marriage.

After Karen and Morten's marriage, Brigham Young called them to help colonize the new community of Mount Pleasant. Morten assisted in the building of a fort on the banks of the Sanpitch. Their first two children were born here, Martin and Sophia, the first boy and girl born in this new settlement.

One wonders what the Lord had to do with bringing those two young missionaries to Morten whose Rasmussen line carried the gospel to President Howard W. Hunter.

LIFE OF KRISTINA MARIA NIELSEN CHRISTENSEN

Elaine O. Larmore

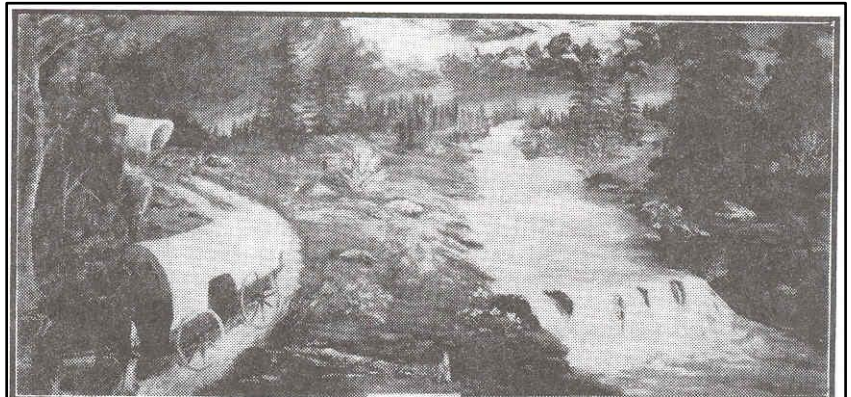
Honorable Mention Non Professional Short Story

Kristina Maria Nielsen, daughter of Jens Peter Nielsen and Elsie Christensen, was born July 23, 1847, just one day before Brigham Young and company entered the Salt Lake Valley. She lived in the little village of Lyngaa, Aarhus, Denmark.

Her father was the village schoolmaster, so Kristina was given a good education for those days. When she was nine years old, a young girl came into the family, who was to change the whole course of their life. This girl was a convert to the Mormon Church, and because of her religion she had been driven from her home. Now Father Nielsen was a good-hearted soul, and when the girl came to his home looking for shelter, he took her in and gave her a home with this family. Mean while, the missionaries were out looking for the missing girl. While passing the Nielsen home one day, they heard Kristina singing, "How Firm a Foundation," a song taught to her by the Mormon girl, which had become Kristina's favorite song. The missionaries entered the home and were happy to find the missing girl.

Mother Nielson was very hostile toward the missionaries and told them they were not to speak of their religion in her home. During the evening, a sudden storm came up and the Missionaries were unable to leave, so they were given shelter for the night. Before going to bed, they left a number of tracts on the table. Now mother Nielsen was a very curious woman, and after everyone was in bed, she read all the tracts. She became so interested in the Church, that soon the whole family was baptized. They were the second family to join the L.D.S. Church in that region of Denmark.

As the years passed the Kristina grew into a young lady of sixteen, her parents decided that she was old enough to make the journey to America. In May 1863, she began her trip across the Atlantic. Her parents followed her to America fourteen years later. It must have taken every ounce of courage and faith she had to leave her beloved home and family and depart, alone, on such a long journey! Crossing the ocean took five weeks. Kristina landed in New York, then traveled west to Florence, Nebraska, where she joined the Sanders Company of immigrants going to Utah.



Kristina Maria Nielsen Christensen, 16 year old girl in front of wagon, arriving in Zion. Painted by Elaine O. Larmore, 1997.

Each morning before the sun was up, Kristina arose from her bed beneath the wagon. There was no room to sleep inside, since every foot of space was packed with tables, chairs, clothes, plows, scythes and spades, as well as canvas bags of wheat and oats, all the things they would need in their new home. Day after day she walked beside the wagon train, a long, slender line of moving wood and canvas slowly inching its way across the empty valleys and through the racing rivers.

As she trudged silently across the blistered earth, which cracked beneath her feet, the mountains were just a dream. About the sixth day on the trail, a young man's voice broke into Kristin's thoughts. "are you tired Kristine?" Looking up, she recognized the driver and realized in her musing, she had fallen behind her own wagon. "A little tired," she said "more hot then tired though!" The driver encouraged her to climb up on the wagon and ride a bit, as the trail was smooth and easy there. She rode for most of the afternoon listening to Lars' pleasant chatter, and dozed a bit, rousing when Lars announced, "The trail is getting rough here. The horses will need all their strength for it." Kristina stood up. "Can you make it okay? I can't stop the wagon."

"I'll make it," she said, and she jumped. Her long skirt caught on the wheel of the wagon and flung her body to the ground under the heavy front wheel. As it passed over her chest she cried out. She tried to roll from beneath the wagon just as the back wheel rolled over her back and she fell into darkness. It was impossible to get medical aid for her, but she was administered to by the Elders and promised that she would be made well, go on to finish her trip to Utah, and she would live to see a great posterity.

They made room for her in the wagon and cared for her through the night. The next morning at sunrise as the wagons pulled out, at the first lurch of the horses and the wagon bouncing over the rough terrain, Kristina cried out with excruciating pain and asked that they stop the wagon train. Grabbing the side of the wagon, slowly she pulled herself up. "I will walk," she said—which she did the greater part of the journey, suffering much hardship and pain, often being unable to keep up. Kristina had made the friendship of a young girl who walked with her to keep her company. The scouts would ride back from time to time, to check on the girls. There was not the same fear then of Indian trouble as had been the case in times of the earlier pioneers; however, on one occasion a group of Indians swept down upon the girls, taking Janie, the lovely long, fair-haired girl and riding off with her, Kristina being left unharmed. The company travel was delayed and scouts were sent out to search for the missing girl, but she was never found. Telling about the incident, Kristina always became tearful—her heart aching for Janie and her family. Kristina, with the Sanders Company, entered the Salt Lake Valley on September 15, 1863.

Kristina lived a few years in Salt Lake City. She met and married Neils Clemenson, and two children were born to them. Neils had married in polygamy, so when difficulty with the U.S. Government arose, it was necessary for Kristina, who was the second wife, to give him up, and they were divorced. Not long after, she married John Nicholi Christensen. To this union were born nine children.

Kristina and Nicholi settle in various towns in Sanpete County and eventually moved to Centerfield and lived there the last fifty years and raised their family. She lived a full and useful life, one of many hardships. Faith, courage, hard work and determination were her standards. She instilled these gospel virtues into the lives of her posterity.

Her family lovingly referred to her as Grandma Nicholi.

At the age of 96 in the wee hours of the morning, on January 5, 1944, Kristina closed her eyes in eternal sleep, her life's work done. She left a great posterity numbering 218, consisting of 11 children, 46 grandchildren, 110 great-grandchildren, 46 great-great grandchildren and 2 great-great-great grandchildren.



Kristina Marie Nielson Christensen with her all female six generations shown in Ripley's "Believe it or Not." Courtesy Elaine O. Larmore

Robert LeRoy Ripley, in his famed book, Believe It or Not, said as he placed the all female, six generation picture in his book, “Mother Christensen was truly a most wonderful woman!”

SALES FOR CHURCH AND STATE

Robert L. Jensen

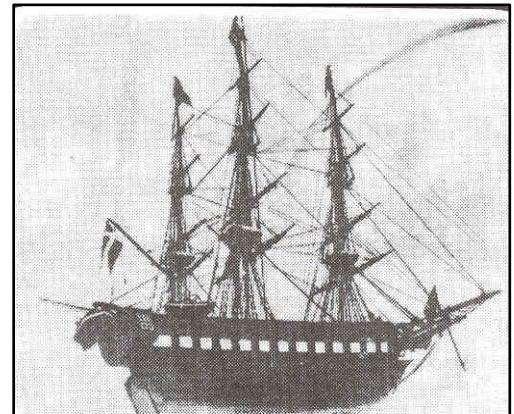
Honorable Mention Non Professional Short Story

It must have been an electrifying experience to be called to serve a mission for the church during general conference by President Brigham Young. The year was 1865 and Hans Jensen and 20 other Sanpete men were called to labor in the Scandinavian countries. Nearly all of these stalwart pioneers had been settled in Sanpete for only a few short years at the time. They had worked very hard in building homes, clearing land, developing irrigation systems, and constructing outside buildings to protect their animals and precious farm crops. Most had been quite successful, and life was good, though still very uncertain in many ways. After receiving the call, very little time remained before they were to depart. Thus each man began working diligently in preparing for the journey and getting everything in order for those he would leave behind to take care of things in his absence.

The appointed hour arrived and the group left in May 1865. After ten weeks of strenuous travel, they arrived in Copenhagen. Mission President Carl Widerborg welcomed them and immediately called them to an organizational meeting. Each missionary was assigned a companion and a working area. It must have been amazing to Elder Jensen when he was assigned as a traveling elder under Elder C. Christensen and his field of labor was Aalborg—the area where he was raised. He still had many relatives living there and immediately traveled to the small village of Hou where he visited family members. He was well received and answered many questions about Utah and “our teachings.” From there he traveled to Hals where he was born and raised. Upon seeing the countryside again, his thoughts immediately turned to his youth. Life was simple and enjoyable and centered around harvesting hay, feeding livestock, mending fences and building necessary farm buildings. He could almost smell the fresh-cut hay. He had many fond memories of those earlier days.

From there his thoughts turned to his experiences serving in the Danish Nave. At age 18 he had been called to serve the Danish King when war had broken out with Germany. He was granted permission to serve in the Navy and after three weeks of basic training became a crew member aboard the Danish Frigate Bellona.

This large fighting ship had a crew of 355 men and boasted 24 cannons on deck and 36 below decks in the battery. Hans learned his duties rapidly and soon became a skilled seaman. He was assigned to the gallant yard, the highest working point on a sailing ship and a very dangerous post, which he consistently handled very well. His general quarters station was a deck cannon. His first tour of duty resulted in patrolling hostile waters in the North Sea for almost a year. At this point, a weapons armistice was reached with Germany, and Hans went home thinking his naval career was over. But within six months hostilities once again broke out and he was called back into active duty. Commander Sten. Bille, skipper of the Bellona, specifically asked for Hans as a crew member again. This was certainly a tribute to a good young sailor. He was again assigned to the top



*Fregatten "Bellona" som kirkesbib I Sct.
Jorgensbjerg Kirke*

gallant yard and also vice commander of cannon #7 in the battery. As a sailor for the Danish King, his experiences were many and varied and would prove to be invaluable in the years ahead.

During the next three years Hans and the other Sanpete missionaries traveled extensively and held numerous meetings and conferences throughout all of Scandinavia. They were very successful in bringing many people into the Gospel. Almost without exception, as these people joined the church their one desire was to immigrate to Zion.

It was under this setting when Hans and the other five remaining Sanpete missionaries would be released after serving some three and on-half years. Hans was also given the huge responsibility of organizing and leading a very large company of emigrants to Utah. The next two months were exceptionally busy obtaining travel permits, collecting money and buying needed supplies and equipment. Hans and the other missionaries traveled extensively to have everything in order for the long and difficult journey. By mid-June everything was ready and the emigrants started to assemble. About 150 arrived from Norway and Sweden. An additional 500 Danish people were ready. After numerous short delays by police inspectors and other problems, the ship carrying 630 emigrants left for England on June 18, 1868.

We had barely settled into our seats when the intercom on the aircraft came to life. Ladies and gentleman, welcome to Sesquicentennial Flight 1997. I am your captain Stephen Young. We are presently cruising at 530 knots at our assigned altitude of 34,000 feet. As you know this flight will retrace the exact route of the large company of emigrants who came to Utah from several Scandinavian countries in 1868 under the able leadership of Hans Jensen and several other Sanpete missionaries. We will fly non-stop to New York City going directly across North Platte, Nebraska, and Benton, Iowa, which were two important departure points for these emigrants. Remember, these pioneers were traveling by oxen and wagon over this vast plains area. As we cover the area from Chicago to Detroit and on to New York, please not that they traveled by train. What a wonderful treat this must have been for them after the long ocean voyage. We will refuel the aircraft at New York City and will be on the ground for about an hour. The second leg of our flight will span the Atlantic ocean to Liverpool, England, where we will again land and refuel. Our final stretch will be from Liverpool to Copenhagen. The aircraft is equipped with many safety devices and radar will be tracking us every single mile. So please do not be concerned about your safety. For your convenience the aircraft has in-flight movies, study/reading areas and other forms of entertainment. Meals and snacks will be served regularly on our trip. If you need any help please contact one of our flight attendants. Our trip will cover approximately 7000 miles and we will be flying about thirteen hours, and remember that each mile we cover, every single one, was also covered by those brave people many years ago under very hard conditions. Now relax and enjoy this unique opportunity to relive some of our great pioneer heritage.

Hans stood on the fantail of the ship and watched closely as the Danish seaport faded in the distance. He was probably hoping that he had not forgotten anything important and what must be accomplished in England prior to the long voyage to America. He watched intently as the ship sailed past Leso and Skagen and then around Jutland. The last bit of Denmark he saw was the Hans Holms lighthouse and fire. He knew that

had it been nighttime the fire in the lighthouse would have been burning brightly. At this time of day, only a thin wisp of smoke was seen. He was reminded of his days serving on the Bellona when he saw this famous old landmark again. He had sailed past it many times during his naval experience. He was a little sad knowing this was probably the last time he would ever see it.

The ship arrived in Liverpool, and immediately many logistic problems arose. People had to be located in hotels. Collecting additional money and money exchange was necessary, and clothes and other personal belongings had to be moved. Hans and the other missionaries worked day and night to get everything in order. On June 13th all of the emigrants, including 200 more from England, boarded the frigate Emerald Isle, the ship that would take them to America. This made a total of 830 emigrants. The group was immediately divided into thirteen wards, complete with presiding officers and teachers. As with any such church group, organization was vital even down to a historian. Elder F. D. Richards came aboard and dedicated the ship to "safely carry the Saints over the waves," and on the afternoon of June 20, 1868, the ship weighed anchor and the long ocean voyage began.

The first 10 days were typical of most ocean voyages. Many people became sick; others confused by aboard-ship conditions, such as close quarters and shortages of many things. But these were happy and Resourceful people and they adjusted rapidly. Dances were held and choirs were organized. Meetings were held regularly both in Danish and English to instruct the Saints on the teachings of God. Schools were started to teach the English language to the Danish people.

On July 1st, only 10 days into the journey, tragedy struck. A small child died from a brain disorder. A large meeting was held on deck and Hans talked to the people in both Danish and English so all could understand. His message was about the workings of the Lord with the children of men. The child was the very sadly "set into the sea."

The earlier sailing experience of Hans Jensen soon became a valuable asset to the emigrants. He knew how a large ship operated and what to expect from the captain and crew. He met regularly with Captain Gillespie to discuss problems, such as shorting the passengers of water rations and keeping crew members away from the passengers. Such meetings made life about ship much better.

In mid-July a measles outbreak occurred. Disease such as this was dreaded by everyone aboard, since it was very difficult to control under these circumstances and little medical control was known. Seventeen young children and two adults died from the disease and were buried at sea. At the peak of the outbreak, fifty-one were recorded. A little later a fever broke out and claimed more lives. Despite these difficult situations, the people remained faithful and dedicated to what they believed in.

That famous seaman Jargon, "Land Ho," rang out from the watchman on the main mast. It was August 11th and land had been sighted. What a glorious day. The long voyage was over and everyone sang and praised God.

Again, much work and planning began for Hans and his companions. Sick people were transported to hospitals, hotels were located where people could be lodged, money was exchanged, and personal belongings stored. Logistic problems were very difficult in New York, but local Saints helped out and everyone worked together and all were soon traveling by train toward Detroit and Chicago. From there they continued west to Council Bluffs. From this point the balance of the trip to Zion was by wagons pulled by oxen and mules. Prior to leaving, almost endless preparations would be completed. Companies were organized, vast quantities of supplies were collected and made ready, and wagons and animals were double checked to be certain they were ready.

Excitement was in the air when the first wagons started rolling. Only days into the trip, those same problems that accompanied every wagon train across the plains were also present with this large company. People became sick and several passed away and were buried along the trail. A little girl broke her thigh.

Hans was able to set it and then gave her a blessing, asking the Lord to be with her. Animals became lame, which was always a serious problem. Food was scarce and had to be carefully rationed out. Despite the problems, however, everyone remained optimistic. They were making steady progress Gospel meetings and singings were a nightly affair and everyone knew that at the end of each day they were closer to Zion. On September 25, 1868, the company drove into the tithing yard in Salt Lake City. They had safely reached their new home. They were finally in Zion. The long trip had taken three months and twelve days to complete. Thirty-six people had died and were buried at sea during the ocean voyage. Of these, thirty were young children. Absolutely nothing can compare to standing helplessly by on the deck of the ship watching as a small bundle slips quietly out from under the canvas and into the depths of the sea. An additional ten people lost their lives while crossing the plains. Indeed, life on the plains had been very hard.

What made these strong, faithful people do what they did, take the risks they took, leave loved ones and friends knowing they would probably never see them again, move to a strange new land with different customs and languages, build homes, develop towns, clear lands for crops, build irrigation systems, build schools, chapels and temples, and live happily together and work for common goals and objectives? They did it because they believed in the lived the teachings of the Gospel. These are our pioneer forefathers, those gallant people who settled the valleys of the mountains for us today. We cannot, we must not ever forget them.

Picture included with this story:

Fregatten "Bellona" som kirkesib i Sct. Jorgensbjerg Kirke

Life writings of Hans Jensen

Marinehistorisk Selskab, Royal Danish Naval Museum

Marines Bibliotek, Royal Danish Naval Museum

MANTI'S RIVER LANE

Ruth D. Show

Honorable Mention Non Professional Short Story

The River Lane begins at the intersection of Fifth West and Fifth North in Manti. Today it is a hard surface road to the KMTI Radio, and from there it is graveled and kept in order by the Sanpete Road Department. It crosses the Sanpitch River, then goes around a hill becoming a county roadway.

Growing up, I thought the name sounded romantic, never realizing the important part it played in the lives of the people of Manti. In the early 1870's it was the main road from Wales, where the Railroad stopped, to Manti. The road ran along the west side of the valley across the Sanpitch river bridge and up the River Lane. It was the oldest road through Manti and continued south into Southern Utah.

A neighbor of my parents, Henry Maylett, told of the constant traffic on the Lane. It continued day and night, and freight wagons, buggies, horseback riders, and the hack driving back and forth from the Wales depot to Manti delivering its passengers who worked on the Manti Temple. The supplies for the building of the Temple were hauled over the River Lane.

Entertainment was also found before crossing the Sanpitch river bridge on the River Lane when Charles Patten homesteaded land around Alex Barton's pond. He installed a merry-go-around, and Ferris wheel, and had boats and a half-mile race track. Many of the fastest horses in all of Utah were brought to this track. Tow such horses were named Dudley and Pigeon. It's hard to believe this happened over 110 years ago.

Some of the land owners along the River Lane were Tan Crawford, W.T. Reid, Jim Barton, Fred Cox, Edward E Fox, Robert Boyington with his brothers Tom and John, Will Lowry, C.W. Luke, and John Crawford.

I remember as a teenager the old adobe house, called the Fox House, which stood vacant and abandoned just east of the River Bridge at the end of the lane. It was surrounded by large poplar trees. Today you can still see the tree logs, though the old house is long gone.

The road through the wet pasture land was constructed of cedar posts laid side by side then covered with two feet of dirt. The old wooden Sanpitch river bridge was destroyed by the floods in 1983. Today there is a good cement bridge wide enough for two cars to pass at the same time. There are also weirs that regulate the river water, enabling the flooding of the surrounding acres of swampland.

Sometime ago, I heard Lee Barton tell the story of the time when he was just five years of age. His father tied him to his faithful horse, sending him on his way down the River Lane in order to get a message to his family regarding an emergency. He sent his young son alone down the highway, across the river bridge, and on the River Lane to his home in Manti.

Another interesting fact about the area of the River Lane is how Dodge Canyon received its name. Augustus Dodge was a scout for the group of pioneers trying to reach Manti. This party had reached the head of Salt Creek Canyon when a freak snow storm stopped them. They were in desperate straits when Gus Dodge and an Indian Scout named Tabanaw started out on snow shoes to get help from the settlers of Manti. Dodge made it as far as Sanpitch River. He had broken one of his snow shoes someplace along the trek. Struggling for miles, walking with only one shoe, exhausted, bloody and unable to go on, he sent his Indian friend on to Manti for the necessary help. In his honor the canyon was named.

Twice a day my father rode "over the river" and traveled the River Lane to feed our cattle. It was always fun to ride along on the wagon during the summer, but during the winter I never wanted to go due to the freezing cold. In my mind I am still able to enjoy the fresh clean air, feel the peace and quiet of the summer day, smell the fragrance of newly mown hay, see the milling sheep herds being separated before going to pasture on the West Mountains. Often I hear the song of the birds, but nothing like the thrill of the meadow mark as it seems to say, "Sanpete a pretty little place." A romantic at heart, I think the River Lane is still a wonderful road and fun to travel remembering yesteryear.

Manti History – 1958, by Fannie Kenner Anderson and Andrew Jackson Judd.

Merrill Maylett; Manti, Utah.

Author's personal remembrances.

AN UNFORGETTABLE MOMENT

Dorothy J. Buchanan

First Place Professional Anecdote

Jack Summerhays came to Mount Pleasant like a bombshell. He was handsome, very bright, and he taught music like a master. People were fascinated by him. He had an interesting personality and soon became friendly with the people in Mount Pleasant.

The only thing was, he couldn't find a place to live, and above all, he wanted a place with a modern bathroom. Few homes in Mount Pleasant had such luxury. He wanted a bathroom because he was a great bather!

He finally found a house and was able to live with Mr. and Mrs. Auer Proctor in the east part of town. The house had a nice bathroom with a narrow, high window at the west side that really enchanted him. The word got around that he bathed in the night.

This was an interesting item for some of the teenage girls in Mount Pleasant, so one night a group of four or five of them got a ladder and decided to watch Jack at his bath. They had barely started up the ladder when someone made a noise and Jack heard it.

Guessing that someone was eavesdropping, he called, "Come in girls, the water's fine." The girls were upset and quickly hurried down the ladder and away.

Although he left Mount Pleasant at the end of the summer, the story of Jack's bath always brought a laugh.

How do we know this story is true? The 91-year-old writer was one of the young girls!

Jack was the son of Joseph William Summerhays, who crossed the plains in 1866 by covered wagon, and Mary Melissa Parker, who came to the Salt Lake Valley as a young child with one of the handcart companies. This family established the well-know Summerhays Music Company.

(The above information came from Carol Jean Summerhays, a longtime music teacher in the Salt Lake City schools. Jack was her father's uncle. Carol Jean remembers Jack as a fun-loving, rather dashing person. On his 95th birthday he sang for his guests in his still beautiful tenor voice.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON DRIVE

Camille O. Lindsay

Honorable Mention Professional Anecdote

Sunday afternoon, 1997

The phone rings and a wee voice says, "Grandma, can I come to your house?" The answer, of course, is, "Yes."

Time is always on the move. A quick 65 mph trip to Spring City, and my grandchildren are safely seat belted and eager for the adventure to Grandma's house.

As I started home the back way, through Pigeon Hollow, my mind jumped back to other more leisurely trips I had taken on the bumpy, dirt, back roads. I remembered the dirt farm road going down to Dad's Rambouiller Barns in Little Pigeon Hollow. It was on this road I learned at five years old to negotiate turns on a tractor geared to "compound." The "whoopy" road stretching north with its dips and washboard bumps was always a thrill as dad would speed up and slow down through the washes.

I suppose the times I savored my rides the most was on Sunday afternoons. After church, a dinner of mutton, potatoes and gravy, and a quick nap, Dad would ask if anyone would like to go for a drive. I usually did because, along with the scenery, I always enjoyed the true life, a bit stretched, stories dad would tell about when he was growing up. These Sunday afternoon drives were usually taken with members of the family; Aunt Esther and Uncle Clayton Peterson, Aunt Beth and Uncle Clifford Peterson, and occasionally with the neighbors across the street, the coaches at Snow College.

We always took the "touring" car, not the rattling truck, and the speed was slow. We wound out way up Little Pigeon Hollow, around White Hill and then to the road that intersects with the Spring City road. Often we would stop to enjoy spring flowers, comment on Sanpete jackrabbits, and watch the deer as they grazed among the new lambs and ewes in the 40-acre fields up against the mountains. Sometimes we would stop at the Ram Barn to throw hay cakes in the mangers and hang on the fence to watch the white Collie-Shepherd dog stalk and work the old muttons. There was always a bit of town talk about who was doing what—nothing malicious. Comments about, "It will be a good year;" "the feed is coming up;" "the turkeys and sheep should do okay come fall," came up repeatedly.

Slow, deliberate living, good family and friends, recognition of the small and friendly, feeling of belonging, being loved and accepted, all contributed to an inner quietness. I supposed that we were categorized as one of "Sanpete's Sunday Drivers."

Somehow, I longed to slow my life down again and enjoy these emotions, this time with my children and grandchildren. But they were eager to be at Grandma's house. I wondered if they would ever learn to enjoy leisure hours and notice the small of the world as I did, growing up.

We sped toward home on the sweeping curve into Ephraim. I started to become a little annoyed with the "Sunday Driver" in front of me. I had to slow down to 25 mph. As I passed the older model "touring car," I glanced to see Aunt Beth and Uncle Clifford out for a "Sunday Afternoon Drive." A Sanpete tradition still lives!

THE OLD WAGON WHEELS ROLLED ON

Lillian H. Fox

First Place Professional Historical Essay

I have read many pages of history pertaining to the settlement of Sanpete County, but this year, because of a family reunion, my attention was drawn to the Sanpeters who crossed over the mountains and helped settle Emery County, often called Castle Valley. Many of these people used the old wagons that had rolled them into Sanpete for this new adventure.

In 1849, the first white settlers arrived in Manti. In July 1850, President Brigham Young made his first visit to Manti. He gave the new community its name and also named the surrounding area Sanpete. The Sanpete boundary lines were indefinite and included what is now Sanpete, Emery, Carbon, and Grand Counties. For twenty-one years (1850-1871), this entire area was under the auspices of the Sanpete Stake of Zion. People were encouraged to move out and homestead the land.

Traveling over the high mountain range into Castle Valley was a problem. Building dug ways and shoveling snow on a road which was little more than wagon tracks was dangerous. The mountain passes were so steep that the travelers were obliged to hang heavy logs on the upper sides of their wagons to keep them from tipping over. At times they hitched a yoke of oxen onto the rear of the wagons to hold them on the trail. The only tools they had to work with were shovels, axes, hammers, crowbars, and grubbing hoes. Those who chose to travel through Salina Canyon found the inclines to be safer, but required twenty-one days to make the trip.

My father had three-brothers who moved with their families into Emery County. Their mother, Sophia Hansen, being a very stern and determined woman, told them that they could not move into such a barren wasteland. They honored her wishes until she passed away in 1899, then they moved on. Then their father visited with them, he was told of their poverty and hardships, but he was also nourished with tails of success and happiness punctuated with fun and laughter.

In her book Ferron Creek, copyright 1989, Wanda Snow Peterson gives us insight into the early days in Castle Valley. Her stories are something like this:

In earlier days the families in Emery County gathered at evenings and laughed until their sides ached as they spun tales of their growing-up years. They could mimic the broken English of immigrants in tone and pitch, but never a word was said in derision or scorn. The jokes they told were kind, showing an understanding of the foibles of human nature, the easily made comical renderings of English from people learning a new language.

When Brigham Young died, the people asked whether he had been called home for his reward or if he was being chastised for having sent poor people to settle a barren land such as Emery County.

Mrs. Peterson also tells how Ferron got its name. The summer of 1870 was hot and dry when Augustus David Ferron led his government surveying crew into Castle Valley. They paused on the bank of a large stream where Augustus flung himself onto the bank and sank his mouth into the cool water. Then two of his party sneaked up behind him and lifting his feet shoved his head into the stream.

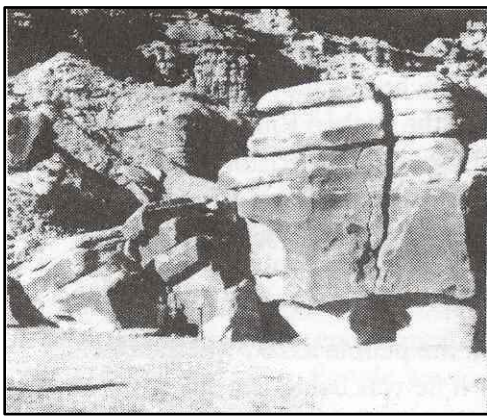
“You blasted Englishmen,” he sputtered.

“Aw, com’on Auggy,” the men said. “Here’s your chance for fame. If you’ll let us dunk you we’ll name this stream after you.”

“Go ahead if you think you can.”

With a splash, Ferron was thrown into the deepest part of the stream and Ferron Creek was named. Later, the town nearby was also named Ferron.

Another story tells about a mother living in a dugout in the side of a mountain for nine years. Here she raised her nine children and all survived.



Inside a large mound of rock on the Desert west of Molen Robert Armstrong found his grandfather’s name carved 110 years ago. Courtesy Lillian H. Fox



***Railroad Rock near Molen, Utah
Names carved within the rocks.
Courtesy Lillian H. Fox***

About ten days before the family reunion, October 12, 1996, my son was out riding around with no particular reason in mind. He found a deserted road leading out of Ferron that took him to a mound of rocks somewhere in the vicinity of Molen, which is now a ghost town. He climbed around in the huge rock pile and there he found the name of his grandfather, Jens Peter Jansen 1886, carved on a rock wall.

(There were other names also carved on the wall, names of men who helped build the first railroad through Utah.) I am sure that this was his grandfather’s name and that he carved it. Our family history tells us that he was herding sheep on the east desert in 1886 when he was eighteen years of age. His name has been there one hundred and ten years and the family did not know it was there.

Dozens of stories have been written by Sanpete/Castle Valley citizens who have kinship. These stories are tucked away in journals and family histories. Collectively they would make an interesting book.

I believe that my father used the old covered wagon that brought his parents into Sanpete as his “home on the range.” Wheels from this old wagon were in our yard as I grew up, and until about five years ago when someone helped himself to them. They have inspired me to write the following verse.

Wagon Wheels

Wagon wheels, wagon wheels,
Rolling, rolling on,
Across the plains through the sun and sleet,
You laid tracks from and deep.

Wagon wheels, wagon wheels,
Salt Lake City was your goal.
But Brother Brigham met you there,
“Roll on the Sanpete,” you were told.

Wagon wheels, wagon wheels,
You helped Sanpete settle down,
Now roll across the mountains high
And help establish Emery towns.

Wagon wheels, wagon wheels,
With spokes worn to the bone,
In Castle Valley’s open space,
You finally found a home.

Sources

Ferron Creek, It’s Founders and builders, 1989. Wanda Snow Peterson.

History of Sanpete and Emery County. W.H. Lever

Song of a Century, 1849-1991 Manti City.

TWO SHIPS THAT SAILED TO ZION

Eleanor P. Madsen

Honorable Mention Professional Historical Essay

It was 1864, a year of decision for Mouritz and Dorthea. They had been converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-Saints and had been baptized several years earlier.

The decision they had made would have a profound effect upon them and all their descendants for generations to come. They had decided to leave their homeland in Denmark and come to America.

In Liverpool, England, Mouritz and Dorthea boarded the clipper ship Monarch of the Sea, the largest sailing vessel to transport Latter-day Saints to America. There were 974 passengers in the company, housed on three decks. The sailing vessel measured 1979 ton and was 223 feet long, not quite as long as a Boeing 747, even though the ship was relatively small in comparison with modern vessels.

The group preparing to sail that spring of 1864 was well organized, with a President and counselors in the definite pattern of shipboard living established by the Latter-day Saint Church. It required good sanitation practices, spending time on deck in the sunshine when the weather was good, religious services, prayers, instructional classes, reading, and needlework.

With the zeal felt for the new-found gospel, the emigrants often took advantage to teach the principals to the officers, the crew, and other passengers, so the work progressed and many more were converted.

Problems of overcrowding created a climate for disease. One solution for the overcrowding was for betrothed couples to marry. There were many marriages on board, many, many babies born, and more than 40 deaths during the voyage, the bodies being cast into the sea.

Water was stored in barrels which often caused the water to turn black. Foods listed for those sailing might have included beef, pork, beans, potatoes, soup, fish, and hard tack biscuits.

During storms the quarters were hatched down to prevent water from flooding the hold. Being hatched down was terrifying to the occupants. They could hear the creaking noise of the ship, the flapping of the canvas, and the whistling of the wind through the shrouds and rigging as they lay in their berths. This was accompanied by the children's crying, the retching of the seasick, and the waves crashing around the boat.

It was a long, difficult voyage, but Mouritz and Dorthea knew they were doing the right thing by heeding the Prophet's call to "Come to Zion." They endured the hardships without murmuring, trying to buoy up the spirits of other passengers aboard.

They landed in New York. A later entry from the Church Immigration records says, "Relating to Captain Wm. B. Preston's church train of 50 wagons, drawn by oxen, consisting of about 400 passengers, left Wyoming, Nebraska, July 8, 1864. They passed Ham's Fork Sep. 7. All well."

Although Mouritz had sung the words to the beloved hymn many times with his company, he now wondered if all was well. Just a few days before they were to enter the valley, August 31, 1864, his beloved Dorthea was overtaken by illness and fatigue and was buried in an unmarked grave along the way. But Mouritz must continue on. He arrived with the company in the Salt Lake Valley, September 15, 1864. He then, with a number of other Scandinavian Saints, made his way to Mt. Pleasant, Utah, where he spent the remainder of his life.

Four years later, Mouritz and Dorthea's twin sons, Fredrick and Carl, age 22, left Denmark and boarded the sailing vessel [Emerald Isle](#), 11 June, 1868 to sail to America. This was the last sailing vessel to carry Mormon immigrants across the Atlantic Ocean. The journey lasted 56 days.

Immigration records related "No emigrant company received such a harsh treatment as did the Saints aboard the [Emerald Isle](#). Officers and crew were abusive, a mate molested a young woman, sailors threatened violence, water became unfit to use." "It was a ghastly voyage," recalled N.P. Nielson. They suffered 37 deaths, and during the quarantine in New York, 38 sick persons were taken ashore. Hans Jensen (later Bishop of Manti South Ward) was captain and leader.

Christian N. Lund, who also came on the [Emerald Isle](#) from Denmark, recorded in his journal, August 11, 1868: "We beheld for the first time the shores of America, the harbor of New York with its lovely villas and mansions on the hillside peeping through the green foliage, pleasure steamers crossing and re-crossing. I was overjoyed. I found a secluded place and offered gratitude to the Lord for leading us safely to see the land hallowed by Him to bring forth his work in the latter days."

Friday they landed at Castle Garden and started the same evening by rail, traveling through the Eastern and Western states, touching Omaha, Chicago, and other cities. They arrived at Fort Benton and camped at a place on the Platte River. They were met August 25th by Church ox teams and taken on to Utah with John C. Holman as Captain. They entered the valley September 25, 1868, with 62 wagons and about 650 immigrants. A number died on the journey.

Fredrick records that he walked half of the way across the plains. He and Carl and C.N. Lund and other immigrants went on to Mt. Pleasant, Utah, where they made their home.

What great sacrifices these noble ancestors made as they left their native land where forefathers for generations past had lived and died, leaving all as they endured that difficult journey across the sea and plains to Zion.

One day a great-grandson sailed back across that sea to bring the gospel to those who were left in that land of Denmark. As Fredrick, Carl, and Christian came on that last sailing vessel coming to Zion, so this great-grandson traveled as one of the last missionaries to go by boat across the Atlantic to carry the gospel message to Denmark.

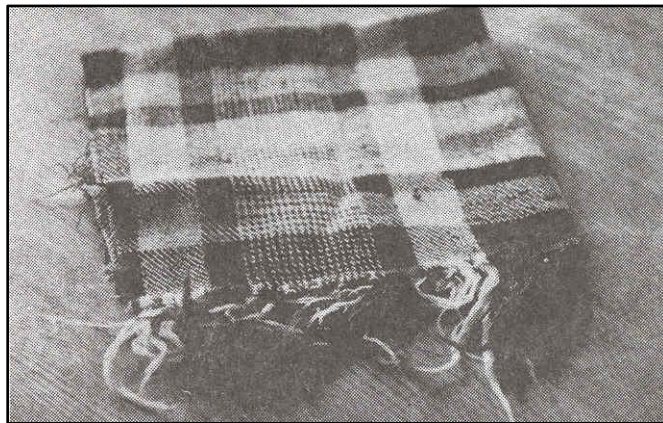
So the conversion process continues as other great-great-grandchildren now fly swiftly to the shores of their ancestors. We shall not forget the two who sailed to Zion.

A PIECE OF WOOL CLOTH

Lillian H. Fox

First Place Professional Poetry

A piece of wool cloth
From an old bed cover
Has a fraying fringe on two sides,
But this small sample is somehow ample,
To tell a story of my grandmother's life.



A piece of Wool Cloth – Courtesy, Lillian Fox

She walked with a crutch,
Drove her herd of pet sheep
To a warm spring where the water flowed free.
She scrubbed their coats with home-made soap,
Removing the dust and the flea.

Her children held the hoofs and the heads
Of the sheep, as she sheared and bagged their fleece.
She carded the wool with a wire-toothed tool.
A notched stick was her spindle, her fingers were nimble,
As she wound the thread onto a spool.

She sat at her loom in the corner of a room,
Carefully weaving an artistic design
The black threads of the woof, the white threads of the warf,
Were all perfectly placed into line.

These moments of peace provided release
From her world of work and strife.
There was a rhythm and a rhyme in the intricate design
That wove pleasure into her life.

This small piece of cover made by my grandmother
When Sanpete was a new settled land
Is a link to the past, and I feel at last
That I have been touched by my grandmother's hand.

BIRTH OF A GRANDMOTHER

Camille O. Lindsay
Second Place Professional Poetry

You come, my little one
Through water and blood
And I am born again
A grandmother.

Concealed feelings from
A long time ago—
The movement in the womb
The touch of soft baby skin,
And
The crying and cooing.

You come,
And the ancestors delight:
Mothers are there
Fathers are there,
Linking the future to the past, body and spirit.

You come, my little one,
And all the generations in heaven
Rejoice your birth,
And mine.

TWO TOWERS

Wilbur Braithwaite

Honorable Mention Professional Poetry

Two towers command the valley scene
Through winter grey or spring time green;
White sentinels viewed from afar
By midday sun or midnight star.

Reminders of far days long gone
When covered wagons inched along
To find haven under cliffs;
Fierce winter winds blew knee-high drifts.

Half-shelters turned to notched log homes,
Then changed again to oolite stones
As a master craftsmen chiseled out
Communal towns there and about.

Two towers rose high, though pioneers
Faced famine, pain, and battle fears;
A crowning jewel on crested hill,
A monument of strength and will,

A temple linking, now and past,
Each member of the human cast

In one great plan of unity
Advancing through eternity,

As God's own purposes unfold
With challenges and joys untold
For children sent to earth by Him
To conquer self and vanquish sin.

Two towers reach up, yet rise from one
Foundation as they seek the sun.
Two hearts afire with flame sublime
Therein entwine 'til end of time,

Fulfilling human destiny,
Expanding like infinity.
A vibrant, living miracle—
Two souls united by love's call,

Two towers command the village scene
Through winter grey or springtime green,
Reflecting a celestial light
To guide out footsteps day or night.

DORTHEA'S JOURNEY

Eleanor P. Madsen

Honorable Mention Professional Poetry

She left her home on Denmark's Isle,
Bid farewell to friends and family,
Crossed the ocean's wide expanse
In the sailboat, Monarch of the Sea,
Where wind and wave were calmed
Through prayers of faithful Saints.

Safe on America's shore at last,
She used her time to prepare
Wagon covers, quilts, and food,
Rations to last the many miles

Over desert, streams, and hills,
Across the plains to Zion.

She walked beside the wagon,
Carried her baby in her arms.
With buffalo chips she made a fire.
Told stories, sang songs of joy
Within the wagons' circle,
And rested her weary soul.

Through rain and snow, bitter winds,
Her footsteps never faltered.
On and on to the Sweetwater,
So near to her destination,
Tired feet could walk no more,
They must go on without her.

Journey's end was now in sight,
Another path she must follow.
Her faith and courage we'll remember
As we turn the pages of her journal.
She gave her all for the gospel's sake,
Grandmother Dorthea, faithful pioneer.

A GIANT OF A MAN

Linnie M. Findlay

Second Place Professional Short Story

We didn't ever really know him well, but we knew him when we saw him, and from what we learned about him, he seemed a giant of a man. We knew that he was called "Pete Briggs" by many who knew him.

Sometimes he would accept a ride to Ephraim from the Temple in Manti at the close of the day, and we learned a little about his dedication and his faith in the work that is done there. When we wondered how he got over to the Temple in the mornings, he told us that he had walked. Asked how he would get home if he were not offered a ride, his answer to that, too, was that he would walk.

As we became acquainted with some of his descendants, we were fascinated by the story of this man who had become so independent, and yet was so gentle. They tell us that he was not so big physically, but in my mind, he still stands tall and strong, and fully able to tackle any problems or difficulties that might arise. From what we have learned, he began early to carry heavy responsibilities. When he left his native Denmark to come to America at the age of eight years, he did not know, nor did his mother, that Elder Jeppson, the LDS missionary who was to accompany him, would not be coming at that time.

Andrew Peter Peterson was born 2 March 1869 at Fredericia, Vejle, Denmark. He was the second son of a family of six, born to Anders Peterson and Maren Hansen. The children were Hans, Andrew Peter, Magdalena (Lena), Hansena (Sena), Lauritz (Lewis), and Minnie Henrietta.

Anders Peterson was a section foreman on the railroad, and he lived with his family in Section House 3 about 3 miles out of Fredericia. The train track was just off the hill, and there was a road crossing the track which had gates that had to be closed when the train was due—to stop all traffic. It was Maren's job to see that this was done. At night she would go down to the tracks and close the gates, then wait until the train came along. She would wait, waving her lighted lantern to say all was well. Then after the train had passed, she would open the gates again.

Anders Peterson died 9 July 1876. Maren and her children had to leave Section House No. 3, but the railroad officials were kind to her. They moved her and her family into Lunderscow, and gave her a job as a janitor at the railroad station. She would clean the station and when the trains came she would clean, sweep, mop and dust the train cars. It was very hard work cleaning and polishing passenger cars. The benches were all of wood and ran lengthwise along the sides of the cars.

At first they lived in an apartment house with three other families. Each family had two rooms. The owner also had a shop, as he was a carpenter, and his stable, where the cows and animals were kept. The house was located quite a distance from the depot and Maren had a long way to walk each day, going and coming from work, so she moved into another house closer to her work.

They had this house to themselves, but the children were left alone and had to care for each other all day. Occasionally they got into mischief. There was an orchard nearby and they would sometimes go over

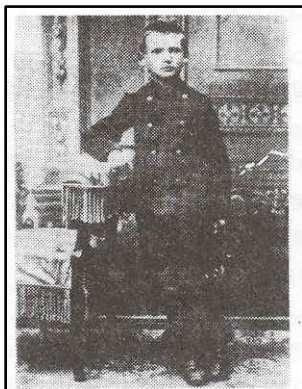
there and help themselves to the different fruits that grew there. One day Peter got caught by the owner. He didn't say much to the boy, but he told his mother and she surely told him.

Maren worked hard all day, but if she ever heard of a meeting being held by a missionary of the LDS Church, she was never too tired to go. When she went to these meetings, she took Hans or Peter with her. Later in his life, Peter said he thought she already belonged to the Church before her husband died, and that he did too, but that he got in with the wrong crowd and didn't follow its teachings.

Maren's folks were quite unhappy about her joining the LDS Church, but they didn't quit coming to visit them. Missionaries called often on the family, and in 1877, about a year after Anders died, this good mother had saved up enough money to send one of her children to Utah. Hans was to have come, but at the time, he had a job (herding cows), so Peter, who was eight years old at the time, was to go in his place. He was to travel with a missionary by the name of Elder Jeppson.

When it came time for him to go, his mother got the day off. She received a pass from the railroad for them, and they went from Lunderscow to Aarhus by train, stopping at Kolding. Here they got something to eat and had their pictures taken. They arrived at Aarhus just minutes before the ship sailed. They started raising the gang-plank as they got on and Maren had to rush to get off. After the ship had sailed out, she received word that the missionary, Elder Jeppson, had not received his release, and so Peter was on his way to Utah alone. He was the only passenger on the ship from Aarhus to Copenhagen. There a company of Saints got on the ship.

Eight year old Peter Peterson as he prepared to sail for America – picture taken at Kolding Denmark-Courtesy, Leon Olson



Maren H. Peterson taken at Kolding, Denmark-Courtesy, Leon Olson

Eight year old Peter didn't know anyone on the ship at all. He said they sailed to Copenhagen, and from there they traveled by railroad a short distance. He didn't remember how far. They then sailed to Hull in England, and then to Liverpool. And then to America.

While crossing the ocean, there was a family by the name of Henderickson who had a little boy about the same age as Peter, and also a little girl. The two little boys became acquainted. This family was coming to Moroni. While crossing the ocean Mr. Hendrickson died and the mother and children came on alone.

While the company of about seventy-five members were waiting in New York for arrangements to be made to come on to Utah, they went on a sightseeing tour, but the company was too slow for the two little boys, so they started on alone, and of course, became lost. Toward night a policeman found them and took them back to the company of immigrants.

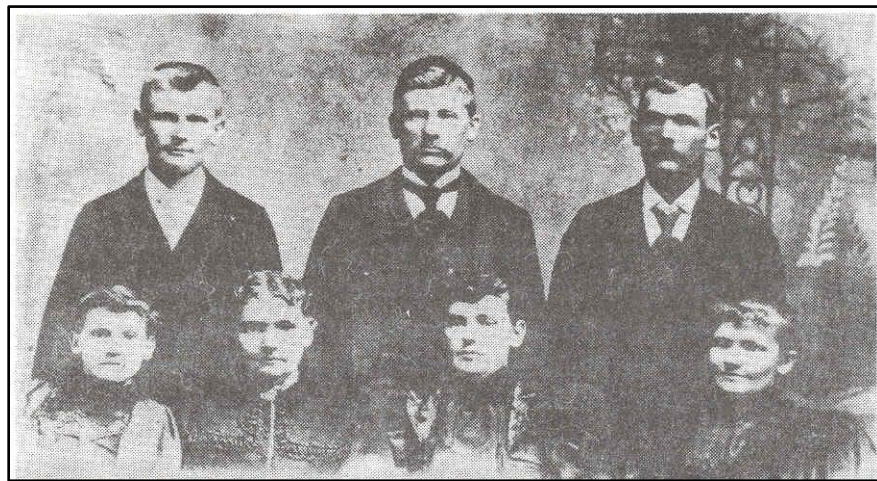
They came to Salt Lake by train and then to Nephi, where they stayed for two or three days. A Mr. Peacock from Manti came to get a large group. Peter rode as far as Moroni in a wagon with one horse. It was dark when he arrived in Moroni. Mr. Peacock let him out in the street. He saw a light and went to the house, where he was welcomed, fed and housed for the night. The missionary he was searching for, Sern Simonsen,

was in bed asleep. He had been a friend of Peter's family in Denmark. He was caring for the lady's farm work while her husband was on a mission. They stayed that night with Mrs. Peter Lauritzen. This was in the latter part of October, 1877.

That fall Brother Simonson got married and moved to Ephraim, and they took Pete with them. Brother Simonson drove an ox team and a wagon loaded with hay and the cow was tied behind the wagon. Peter and Mrs. Simonsen walked from Moroni to Ephraim. The boy carried a large wooden chime clock and Mrs. Simonson carried her dishes all the way. Peter lived with the Simonsons until the next summer, and they were good to him.

Peter's oldest brother, Hans came over to America the year after he did, but he only came as far as Ogden. All the saints in Denmark wanted to come to Zion where you were safe.

The following year, 1879, his oldest sister, Lena, came. She came to Ephraim and she also lived with the Simonson family when she first arrived. When his mother and the other children finally arrived, "Pete" was working in the fields. Mrs. Knute Peterson sent Olivia Peterson to the fields to tell him that his mother was here. He said that was one of the happiest days of his life, even though the children had the measles.



***Family of Maren Hansen Peterson
Lauritz (Lewis), Hans, Andrew Peter (Pete)
Minnie Henrietta, maren (Mother), Hansena (Sena) Magdalina (Lena)***

That spring he went to Lars Poulson's to stay with them and help with the work. He stayed until 1883. Brother Poulson had a bunch of cattle, and Pete helped herd and tend them on the swamp. He stayed there for several years until he got tired of that work. He went to work for Bennet Larson in 1883, and after a year or two went to work for Dr. John J. Briggs. It was while he was working for Dr. Briggs he was given the nickname of "Pete Briggs."

In 1877 he went to herd sheep for John Cherry. This occupation he carried on for many years, both winter and summer. He never left for one day for over five years. He started with John Cherry, then worked with Andrew Christensen for seven or eight years. He and the other boys would get dates and take them to Christensen's home to dance. They had a big special room for just that purpose. They had great fun. Music was provided by Mort Christensen playing accordion and by "Fiddle Yens."

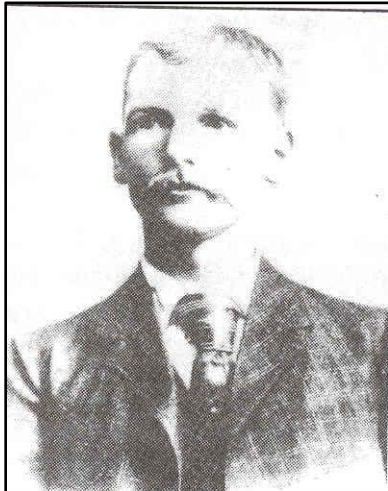
He met the girl who would become his wife, Annie Christina Peterson, the 22nd of September, 1892. They were married 9 October 1895 and in December of the same year they went to the Manti Temple and

were sealed to each other for time and all eternity. When they were first married, they lived in a small home which belonged to David Madsen. The Madsen's also lived in the same house. Earl was born in this home. On April 26th 1899, they purchased a home from Martin and Diantha Christensen. This was a small three room adobe house, with a lumber shanty built on the back. An open water well was located just a few feet north of the shanty, and east of the kitchen. This home was located on the east part of the lot where the new home was built. In this home, four of their 5 children were born.

Their children were, Earl, who married Deon Lay on 21 April 1937; Ila, who married Rasmus Ali Olsen on 20 January, 1920; Reva Christina, born 31 May 1902, who died as an infant; Ralph, who married Frances Berniece Livingston on 6 April 1927; Glade, who married Harriet Geneva Copley on 14 June (?).

During World War I, "Pete," worked for his son-in-law, Ali Olsen on the Dairy farm North West of Ephraim. Just before the war ended in 1918, the big dairy barn burned to the ground. Pete later worked for "Pete Bishop" (P.C. Peterson) in the rock Quarry. He assisted in building the Pea Factory in Ephraim, and worked there as a mechanic for ten years, 1930-1940. During that time he also worked for Peter Justesen, farming and working with the sheep.

After Pete and Annie Christena were sealed in the Temple they continued to do Temple work whenever he was home. They were very interested in genealogy work and he continued in this great work after her death in July, 1944, often walking to and from Manti. He would stay for three sessions until the last year, when he cut down to two because of his health. At the time of his death he had done 6,663 names that he had recorded, just since Stena's death.



Andrew Peter Peterson

Pete had no formal education. He was taken to school one day when he first arrived here. The teacher, L.M. Olsen, told him to go home and learn to talk, then return. Pete told him he'd never return and he didn't. He read constantly—the church books most frequently, but all kinds interested him. He wrote a neat, concise hand and kept a record of the names of people for whom he did temple work and the date, in a book used just for that purpose.

He seldom missed a meeting, and was always prompt, never late.

He had many serious illnesses, including major surgery, but recovered in spite of the serious nature of the illness. He continued to herd sheep for about twenty years. Then worked for the railroad, then in the quarry, then helped erect the pea cannery and worked there for a few years after it

started.

Sources: From notes written by Ila Mary Peterson Olson, Mother of Betty Alila Olsen Erickson and Leon Olsen, who has the original records.

Taken from four different accounts, which seem to have been written pretty much by Ila Mary Peterson Olson.

Andrew Peter Peterson was the second son of Anders Peterson and Maren Hansen Peterson Wickman. Peter is the Grandfather of Bety Alila Olsen Erickson. Grandpa told Leon that the place he came to when he first came to Moroni was about where Chester is now. (B.E.)

ADDENDUM

From time to time in the 29 years of publishing the Saga of the Sanpitch, we have included articles of special interest that have not been entered in the writing contest, and consequently have not been judged.

This year we have decided to include to non-judged pieces, because they seem important. The first, a tribute to lone-time Ephraim resident, Hayley Anderson, was prepared by his son, Val Jo Anderson at our

request. Many stalwart citizens of our valley finish their work on this earth each year, and we miss them, and know that our lives in Sanpete will be a little different now that they are gone.

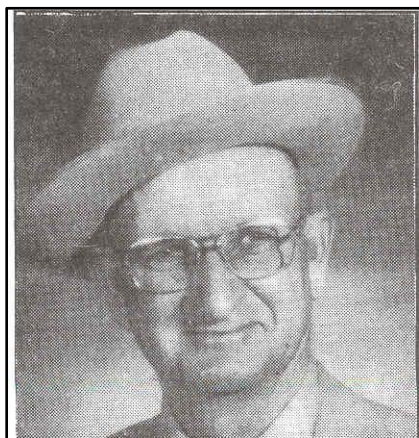
Because of his long service to the youth, particularly Snow College students, we believe Hayley might be representative of many others who have left us this year. While we think of our Pioneer ancestors and thank them for the great heritage they left us, it is important in this sesquicentennial year, to remember those who have lived with us in this generation, and by their living pass on to us an anchor in our lives as part of that heritage.

The second article, prepared by Blodwen Olson, seeks to identify a number of people who may not have been properly recognized for their part in preserving and restoring the old Co-op Building into the useful, beautiful facility that it now is, as it stands proudly on the corner of Main Street and First North. It, too, is part of the heritage of this valley. Built by the first quarter-century pioneers of Ephraim, the Co-op is a reminder that when the Pioneers built for their Church and Community, they used had tools and skills that are unmatched in our time.

A TRACTOR AND A SMILE

A tribute to Hayley Anderson,
Prepared by his son, Val Jo Anderson

The image of a man in bibbed overalls and a straw hat on a little red tractor, roaming the back streets and yards of Ephraim, will evoke in many Ephraim residents the memory of Hayley Ellery Anderson. With his passing on March 9, 1997, Ephraim lost a devoted citizen of 79 years and a living link to time and ways now past.



Hayley Anderson

Hayley spent most of his life as a farmer and turkey grower in Kane Valley. He had a love and respect for the land and enjoyed seeing the fruits of his labors with each passing season. Besides crops, he raised most classes of livestock. He often said farming was a hard and unpredictable lifestyle, but he felt the farm was the best place to raise his most cherished and productive crop, his children. There he taught a work ethic. It was a simple life where one's word was his bond. It was a dad day for him and his family when health issues forced him to sell the farm. His gardening and tractor work allowed him to maintain his farming interest and link to the farming community.

With the age of modern medicine came modern miracles. Knee replacement surgery gave renewed vigor to his crippled legs and gave him a chance for a different career. He became the Chief of Security at Snow College. As much as he loved farming, he often commented that he wished he had had the college job earlier in his life. He was very sociable by nature, and this job allowed him to be a friend to thousands of people through the years. He loved the students and developed what came to be known to many close to him as puppy-dog syndrome. In his travels around campus he was always finding stray students who were lonely or troubled and needed a smile and someone to talk to and be with. From 5:00 in the afternoon until 1:00 a.m., you could always find him with one or more students tagging along. A heart attack in 1980 forced his retirement. Leaving the college was one of his most unhappy times.

Throughout his life he was an active member of the LDS Church and served faithfully in many callings. He was very interested in community affairs and active in restoration efforts in the Ephraim Pioneer Cemetery. He spent many days there weeding, planting and watering trees, trimming mature trees, and taking care of graves. His pioneer heritage was alive in his heart and very dear to him.

He and his devoted wife Grace kept busy in the retirement years with gardening, rock hunting, and always caring for a few animals. Through the years he built a very loyal sweet corn clientele who will dearly miss the golden August harvest and accompanying visit with Hayley. Living with and liking people was his strong suit in life. It was impossible to be near him for even the briefest time and remain a stranger. His personality was engaging and friends were made easily. To meet him was to like him; to know him was to love him. Those who knew Hayley have fond memories of the man with a tractor and a smile.



Hayley Anderson with unknown with lap full of produce.

THE EPHRAIM CO-OP – THE REST OF THE STORY

Boldwen P. Olsen

In the 1990 and 1996 editions of the Saga of the Sanpetch, histories of the Ephraim Co-op Institution and the Relief Society granary were published.¹ They were extensively researched, comprehensive, and well written by Virginia Nielson. How these buildings became the useful and attractive edifices they are can now be told.

For twenty years, after the abandonment of the buildings known as “the old mill,” many people and organizations had tried, with limited success, to preserve and restore them for some useful purpose. The adjoining home, known as the annex, had been owned or rented by families and finally rented by Snow College students. The Sanpete Development Corporation and the Sanpete Theater organization succeeded in purchasing the property from the Bank of Ephraim. By heroic efforts consisting of personal contributions of money, many hours of volunteer work, and grants, new roofs had been put on the buildings. Further improvements were at a dead stop.

In 1989, the Sanpete Trade Association (STA) became interested in the possibility of restoring and using the larger building to display and sell their home-produced arts and crafts. STA, Ephraim City, and some interested citizens contacted the Community Impact Board (CIB) with a well-prepared application for funds to restore the building for this useful purpose. The CIB explained that for them to be able to help, Ephraim City had to own the property. Because of this recommendation, the City, with some creative financing and development money, obtained title to the property.²

With ownership by the city, help from the CIB became possible and the preservation and restoration a genuine possibility. To expedite this action, the city decided to organize a committee. Robert Stoddard, a member of the city council, was persuaded by the Council and by others to be chairman and select a group to be known as “The Ephraim Square Board” (note a). Some of the most persuasive of these people was Dorothy Stoddard (Robert), president of STA, and Kathy Peterson (Steve), a professional artist and member of Central Utah Arts Council and STA.

The Ephraim Square Board was given the responsibility to “oversee all construction and future operation of Ephraim Square.”³ The Ephraim Square originally included the Co-op Building, Relief Society granary, and the adjoining land. Actually, the task was more than a renovation project. The buildings at times had been condemned, declared unsafe, and beyond salvation. They had to be stabilized and made secure from the basements to the roofs.

A board was selected, the first meeting held on December 6th, 1989. At this meeting, all board members except one expressed the opinion that they would be more enthusiastic about demolishing the buildings than preserving them. However, each one pledged his/her support and promised \$1,000 or more to the project. Some eventually gave much more. Meetings were held every two weeks or oftener as needed. Mayor Warnick, Gwen McGarry, Ephraim City Council representative, and Alan Grindstaff, the Ephraim City manager, attended all of the meetings and were enthusiastic supporters and participants. Alan acted as secretary and consultant on contractors, suppliers, and so forth. Their work and assistance was very valuable.

A sample Agenda for the meeting held August 14, 1990, at 3:30 p.m., at the Snow College Development office, follows:

1. Call to order.
2. Approval of August 1, 1990, minutes.
3. Report on tables and chairs.
4. STA's gift. (Chairs and tables)
5. Custodial services.
6. Report from the organizing of fund Raising Committee chairpersons.
7. Report on property by Senior Citizens Center.
8. CIB meeting, assignments, proposals, presentation.
9. Costs of completing project--\$350,000.
10. Other
11. Suggested date for next meeting: Wednesday, August 19, 1990.
12. Adjourn 4:30 p.m.

Early in the planning, Alan Roberts, architect, an expert in restoration of historic buildings, was engaged. Craig Paulsen was employed as chief contractor and work had begun.

The need for money was always present. To match and be eligible for the expected CIB grant, financial backing was needed. A plan was formulated for a gigantic fund-raising project. As plans evolved, Clair and Winona Erickson consented to supervise this effort. They recruited sub-chairpersons and assigned them people to contact. These names were taken from an extensive prepared list of possible contributors. Contributions ranging from \$5 to \$5,000 were accepted from approximately one hundred fifty residents and former residents of Ephraim City. The names of these donors are on a plaque in the foyer of the annex of the Co-op. Almost \$50,000 was collected, which was the amount needed to obtain the grants from CIB.⁴

Money was not the only issue. As work progressed on the buildings, problems which had not been foreseen had to be solved. These included whether to lay new floors or refinish the old ones, where to put the elevator and walkways, how to use the space in the annex, how to arrange the kitchen and offices, and what to do about the blinds, rugs, and so forth. Each meeting was filled with discussion. The number of hours spent investigating, planning, making contacts with workers and others, and worrying can only be estimated. Countless decisions were made which were usually unanimous. Over all, Bob Stoddard presided with his special knowledge of finances, involving many people in a valuable and interesting project.

Each board member was given specific responsibilities. Besides successfully directing the fund raising, the Ericksons accepted the job of arranging for the restoration of the grand piano. Bud Sanders had the responsibility of the furnishings, and Clair Rosenberg was in charge of the landscaping, which, incidentally, he

did much of himself. Kathy Peterson was to plan the best way to use the Relief Society granary for the Central Utah Art Center and all questions pertaining to art. Alan Grindstaff took minutes of meetings, prepared agendas, and investigated and reported various bids on work and materials. He also kept records and dispensed the money. Blodwen Olson investigated the metal works of the fences and signs, was liaison with STA and DUP, and wrote a proposal to the City involving the Sparks home.⁵ All had the obligation to donate and help raise money. Other responsibilities were assumed as needed. Although some duties were assigned, everyone shared in the decisions and cooperated very well as a team. Every meeting was a pleasant, invigorating experience.

The City Officials and members of the board met with the CIB at a luncheon on July 11, 1990, to again appeal for assistance. A meeting was held with them again in August of 1990. At this meeting, an expertly prepared application was presented by Bob Stoddard, and this proposal was accepted wholeheartedly by the CIB. The money was now available!

As soon as the buildings were habitable, the STA organization became a tenant of the Co-op building and it was again serving its original purpose of being a store. STA occupied the ground floor. The sign on the front was painted by Kathy Peterson to resemble the original as near as possible. The sign with a beehive above read, EPHRAIM COOPERATIVE MERCANTILE INSTITUTION. The Utah State Fair donated some interesting and useful antique display cases that were used by STA to display their products in an attractive manner. STA is a profitable and successful enterprise. The spacious upper floor is rented to patrons for receptions, dances, meetings, concerts, luncheons, family reunions, and other acceptable activities. It is reached by two stairways, one from the store and one in the annex. An elevator is also available. A modern kitchen, storage, and office space completes this floor.

The Central Utah Arts Council has made an attractive art center of the old Relief Society granary. Many beautiful and interesting art exhibits are held here. In the basement are facilities used for various art classes. The original beams and some of the unique stonework have been utilized in the charming interior of the building. It is topped with a duplicate of the original cupola. To the east is a surfaced parking lot. The grounds are landscaped with flowers, lawns and a period metal fence surrounds the front of the buildings. There are walks and ramps for the handicapped into both structures. They are owned by the City, but STA, and CUAC pay a rental for their use.⁶

As the work on the project neared completion, Mayor Warnick asked if the board would or could be persuaded to make the Ephraim Square more complete by doing some work on the Pioneer Park located across Main Street from the buildings being preserved. The two log cabins had been vandalized, the Sparks home, historic Hans Hansen home, was for sale. A Main Street entrance to the park would make it more attractive and available. The parking lot by the Senior Citizens Center needed to be surfaced. To obtain these objectives, it would be necessary to acquire some private property. The most expensive was purchased from Evelyn McNeil. Other land obtained by donation or reduced price was part of the Remo Braithwaite lot, the land back of the Towne Theatre donated by the Lund family (Rodney Anderson, Mt. Pleasant), rights of way donated by Chris Alexander, Chuck Wheat, and Doyle Larsen. The City replaced an old lumber storage shed for the TV people with a metal one. These acquisitions made it possible to straighten the park boundaries to provide a Main Street entrance. The park was then enclosed with an attractive slatted link fence. With the cooperation of Senior Citizens, the square board, and Ephraim City, the parking lot was surfaced.

The Sparks family sold the Hans Hansen home to the City at a greatly reduced price and it became an integral complementary addition to the park. The house was painted; the grounds landscaped and further improvements are now being made. It is home to available DUP and donated antiques and relics. More are needed. The pioneer cabins were roofed; the floors repaired, and secure windows and doors installed. For extra protection, a metal fence with locked gates was built around them.

Finally, on May 29, 1993, the project was dedicated. It seemed that phase I and phase II of the Ephraim Square had been completed. What will phases III or IV be? Among those present at the dedication was a representative from ZCMI. He was very complimentary of the authenticity and beauty of the project and stated it was the best in the State of Utah of a Cooperative Mercantile Institution. He presented a plaque to be on display in the building. The Mayor accepted it for the City and also stated that because of the creative financing, the borrowed money from the CIB would be paid back by interest earned on grant and donated money. The project will not be a cost to the taxpayers.

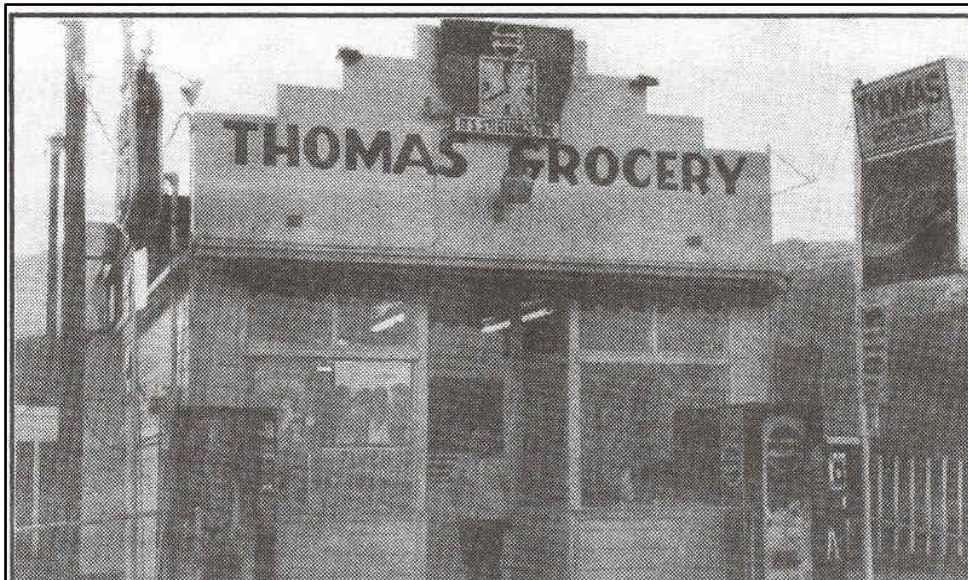
Bob felt that work had only begun to make Ephraim a true example of its Scandinavian heritage. As an example of what can be done to attain this goal is the Crouch's (Fat Jack's Pizza) beautiful restoration of the Social Hall (Dreamland). As the city has obtained the entire adjoining Garth Thompson property⁷, it could become an interesting addition to the Ephraim Square. The wooden granary might become a wonderful place to display Pioneer crafts and works. Other property on Main Street adjacent to the Pioneer Park would enlarge the park and make the entrance more spacious. A project like this one is never finished. Everyone interested has visions of things to be done. May they be accomplished?

It is impossible to enumerate all of the work, hours of anxiety, planning, and, yes, money that went into this project, give credit to all of those involved.⁸ Recognition should go to those who with their own finances and work preserved the buildings when nearly everyone wanted to demolish them. Thanks to STA and CUAC for making use of the buildings; also thanks to those who had the vision to begin the Pioneer Park.

However, Robert Stoddard deserves more praise and gratitude than I have words to express or ability to give. He, with his abilities to negotiate and inspire, and his dedication to getting worthwhile things done, is responsible for the success of Ephraim Square. Thanks, Bob!⁹

Sources:

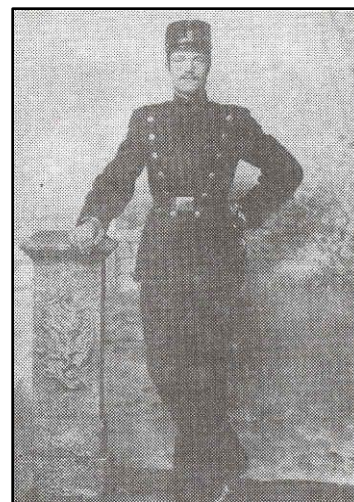
- a. Personal recollections and minutes of meetings of Ephraim Square Board from Dec. 6, 1989 to August 1994. Ephraim Square Board Members: Robert Stoddard (Chairman), Kathy Peterson (Steve), Clair Rosenburg, Bud Saunders, Blodwen Olson, Clair and Winona Erickson, Mayor Warnick, Gwen McGarry, Alan Gridstaf
 1. SAGA OF THE SANPITCH, 1996, pg. 13-18, pg. 13-23
 2. Planner of Robert Stoddard, Jan. 1989. Presentation to City Council and CIB (Community Impact Board) Artistic rendition of present condition and renovated condition and floor plan.
 3. Minutes of Ephraim City Council 1989
 4. Records of Clair and Winona Erickson. Grand Piano was donated by the LDS. Church, with the understanding that it would be restored and used. Daynes Music Co., and Alonzo's Antique and Refinishing did this work.
 5. Sparks home, formerly Hans Hansen home, called Rich Hans Hansen.
 6. Agreements on file in City Hall.
 7. The old Tithing Office, lot, and granary.
 8. Some others who did work: Mont Daniels, Ben Gordon, Jay Cluff, Ephraim City Employees, Jessie Burch, Zeph Coutoure, Clair Erickson, Clair Rosenburg, Many others. I apologize to anyone who should have been mentioned and isn't.
 9. Robert Stoddard died after a valiant fight with an infection on May 5, 1994.
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Thomas Grocery in Sterling, Utah. Related story: pg 61 in Volume 28 Saga of the Sanpitch 1996

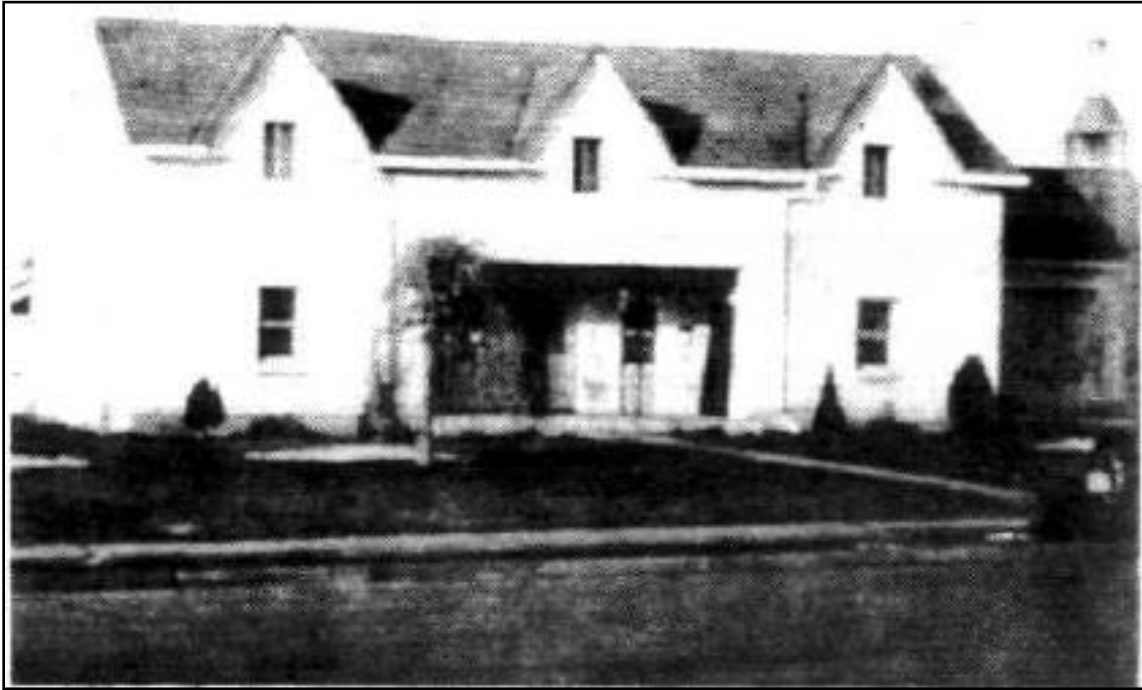


Karen Rosenberg Hansen, Md: Jens Peter Hansen, Manti 1907; children: Levi, Lillian, Donna. See story, The Black Cloak, Vol. 9, pg. 112, Saga of the Sanpitch. Courtesy: Lillian Fox



Anders Anderson from Thisted Denmark visited Karen Rosenberg in Manti about 1903. She says: My step brother, Anders wanted me to come to U.S.A. Courtesy: Lillian Fox

**James Hansen home:
382 West Main St., Mt. Pleasant, Utah**



Built by James Hansen for two of his wives, Elizabeth and Johannah Domgaard Hansen. Each wife had her own wing. The middle of the house was the common area where family meals and other activities were held. The wives shared chores, including caring for the children. Elizabeth had no children of her own but raised the two children of the first wife (Sophia) who, tradition indicates, died as the wagon company they were with entered the Salt Lake Valley in mid-1854. Later moved his families west of Mt. Pleasant. A small home was later built for his fourth wife Johannah Anderson Hansen.



James Hansen, Original pioneer, (1859) an early musician in Mt. Pleasant. Built his first violin while tending geese in his native Denmark. Choir leader and singer, he played both stringed and brass instruments. Fiddler's Green was so named because of his musical abilities. (Picture, courtesy Mary Louise Madsen Seamons)



Johannah Anderson Hansen, fourth wife of James Hansen. Born 4 January 1845 in Skone, Sweden. Died January 1920 in Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

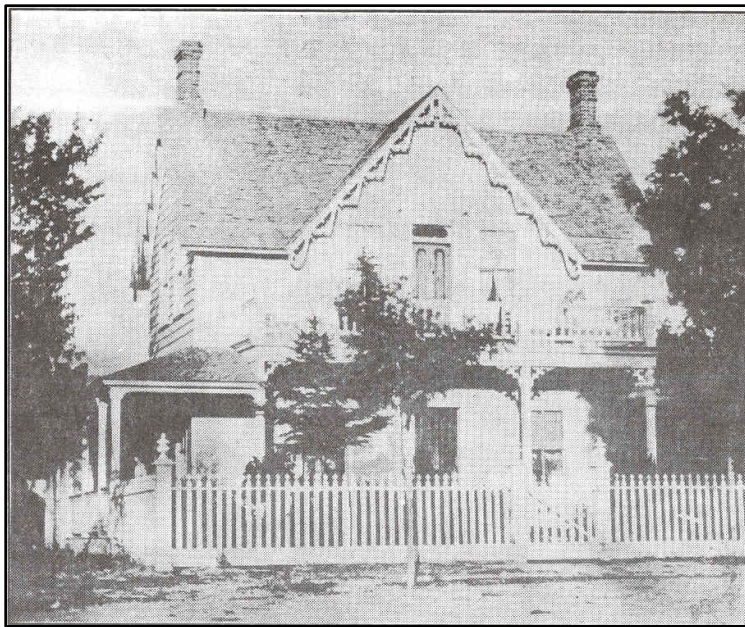
Two Handcart Pioneers and their Family



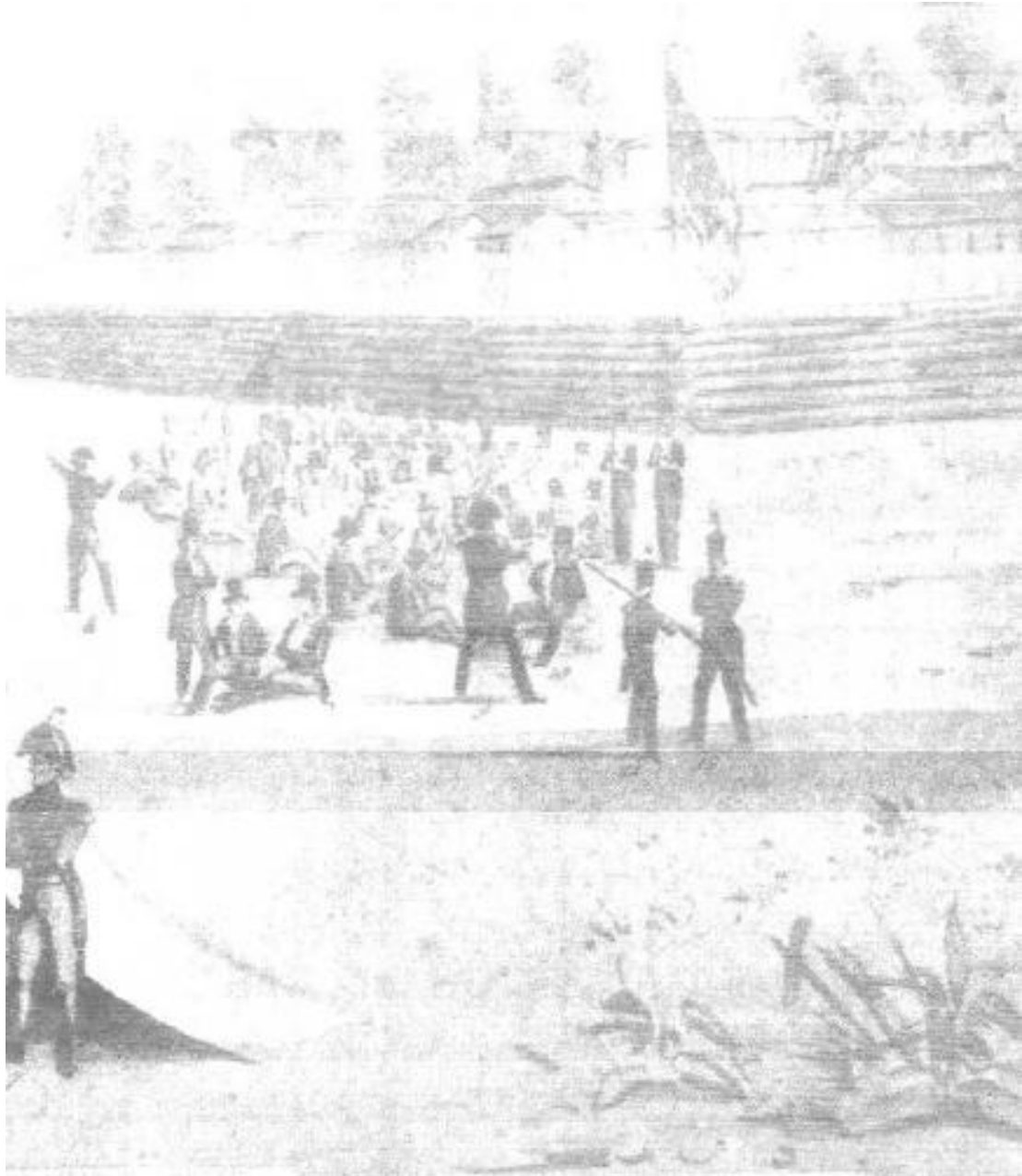
Two Handcart Pioneers and their Family. John Kirkman an eight year old member of the 1856 Martin Handcart Company, and Ann Elizabeth Jones Kirkman, an eleven year old member of the 1860 Robinson Company. They are grandparents of Virginia K. Nielson. Her father, Laurence Gomer Kirkman, is seated, far right.. Courtesy Virginia Nielson

Andrew Madsen Home

296 North State in Mt. Pleasant



Built soon after the settlers were permitted outside the fort. Note gingerbread trim, balcony and two porches for enjoying the twilight hours in less hurried time. Home now occupied by Penny and Matt Hamilton.



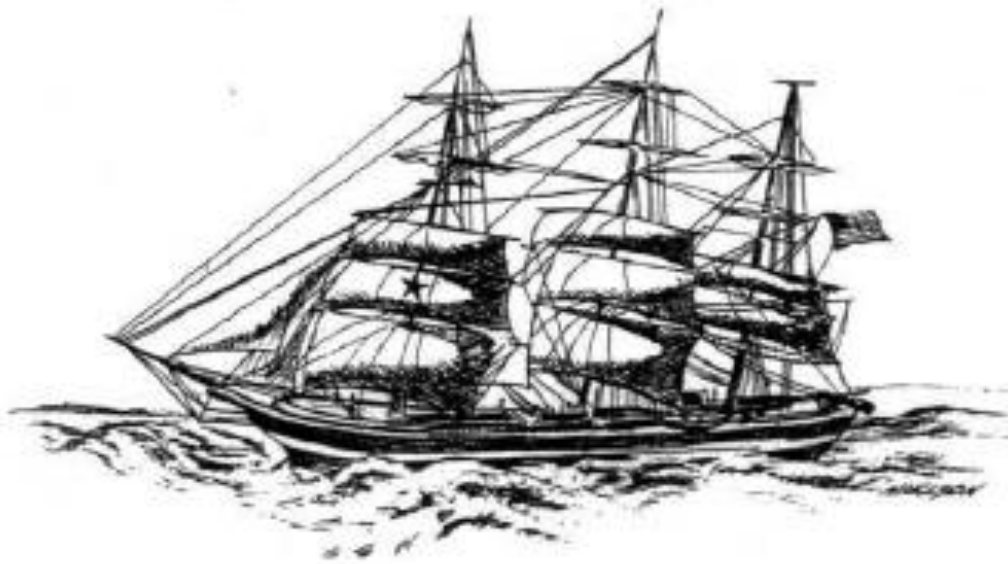
DE LUCE & CO. ENGRAVERS
WASHINGTON

Published by J. S. Brown and Company, 1836.

STATE OF MISSOURI IN THE FALL OF 1836.

BY H. B. SWEET

*My dear Sir, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst. in relation to the State of Missouri in the fall of 1836. I have the pleasure to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I shall be glad to hear from you again in due season. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
 Yours,
 H. B. Sweet*



“Ship Sails, Ox Teams and Handcarts”

