

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume III

Containing

Winning Entries

for the

1971 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Sponsored by

Manti Region of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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By Ross P. Findlay

For

Manti Region of the Church of Jesus Christ of latter-day Saints

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PURPOSE

Looking at three years of publication of the Saga of the Sanpitch, we wonder if it is accomplishing what we hoped that it would. It was to capture some of the fast disappearing stories of the Sanpete Valley during the early period before 1888 that the contest began. The entries that have come in are priceless bits of local heritage that have been shared with people from all over America, and with some in foreign countries.

Financially, it has been a success. This year we were able to award a scholarship of \$35.00 per quarter to a Snow College student. This scholarship was presented by Snow College to David Rosier, a promising young writer from Moroni.

And so this year of 1971, we again pay tribute to that heritage that is uniquely Sanpete. The native pride that mixes with a goodly concern for all people, that is also humility that can accomplish many things.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Our sincere gratitude to three Sanpete natives, who served as judges for the 1971 contest. Dr. Woodruff C. Thomson was born in Ephraim and received his early education here, graduating from Snow College. Dr. Thomson is a member of the faculty of the English Department of Brigham Young University. Working in the same department at Brigham Young University, Dr. Byron Gassman is also from Ephraim, also a graduate of Snow College. Dr. Alonzo J. Morley hails from Moroni, and is a professor of Speech at B.Y.U.

A special thanks, too, to Miss Lucy Phillips who gives constant encouragement during each year's contest.

Our cover pictures this year are taken from the paintings of noted Utah artist, Max H. Blain. Mr. Blain was born in Spring City and has spent most of his life right here in Sanpete. He loves the outdoors and has become well acquainted with the beauties of the valley and surrounding hills.

This year Mr. Blain is retiring after 41 years of teaching art in the North Sanpete High School and Jr. High, where he has shared his love for the beautiful with all who have come under his guidance. Well known in Utah art circles, Mr. Blain has exhibited in many shows throughout the Western United States and also in the east. A conventional artist, he prefers landscapes, with most of his scenes coming from the familiar mountains and valleys in Sanpete.

We also express appreciation to Miss Karen Sorensen who typed the manuscripts, Mr. Ross P. Findlay for printing and assembling, and to members of the Committee, comprised of Miss Jessie Oldroyd of Fountain Green; Mrs. Wilma M. Despain of Centerfield; Mrs. Norma Wanlass of Manti; Mrs. Eleanor Madsen of Ephraim, also to Mr. Stanley Anderson of Spring City and Mrs. John S. McAllister who helped us in Mt. Pleasant. Also our grateful acknowledgement of the help and encouragement of Stake Presidencies in the Manti Region, President Vernon L. Kunz, President Lamar B. Stewart, President Ralph Blackham, President Roger Allred, and to our Regional Representative Phil D. Jensen of Provo, Utah. Also a special word of gratitude to those volunteers who assist with assembling and distributing the book.

Linnie M. Findlay

Editor

SANPETE COUNTY HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST 1971

DECISIONS OF

Dr. Alonzo J. Morley

Dr. Woodruff C. Thomson

Dr. Bryon Gassman

POETRY: BLACK HAWK’S PROMISE.....Second Place
 LET THE HILLS REJOICE.....Second Place
 THE MILLING STONES.....Second Place

ESSAY: OF MARIGOLDS AND PIONEERS.....First Place
 THE BENCH HOUSE.....Second Place
 SOUNDS OF THE 70’S.....Second Place

SHORT STORY: SPARK OF LIFE.....First Place
 ROOMS BEHIND HER HEART.....Second Place
 THE SACRIFICE.....Third Place

PROFESSIONAL CATEGORY:
 CALICO BILL.....Poetry
 ACRES OF FREEDOM.....Essay

OF MARIGOLDS AND PIONEERS

David Rosier,
Moroni, Utah
First Place

Once, on a fragrant, cloudless summer evening, I rested on a narrow strip of lawn bordered on either side by bushy marigolds covered with orange and crimson blossoms. But I looked across the bush toward the towering mountains, and my mind wandered over the beauties of those lofty peaks and valleys. Then I guessed how many travelers might have been entranced by their breathtaking stroll into the past until at last I imagined how the barren valley and purple mountains had appeared when settlers first blinked in the Sanpete sun.

Then these thoughts faded, I returned to the present, and my gaze fell to the low, bushy row of flowers beside me. I saw the tapering stem rise from rich soil, divide into leafy branches, and climb skyward again to hold its ruffly layered blossom above the foliage. A tiny breeze stirred the floral bush. The plants bent under the weight of their heavy blossoms, and I saw the yellow underside that lies close to the ground. The stems there were thick and sturdy, holding the fern-like leaves firmly in place. But one branch was shorter and yellower than the others. I supposed it was younger. If so, its smallness was easily explained, for the plant was blooming, making seeds, and therefore insuring the future of its kind.

The breeze became stronger, the flowers bent further, and I saw the soil in which they grew. It is the same soil in which the parents of this generation lived, and their branches and roots are now part of the deep, rich earth. The plants beside me had grown on the foundation built by that preceding generation, and they, upon their parents, and so it had always been in the long life of this flower garden. I knew that one day the plants near me nodding in the breeze would be part of the past and of the earth, providing a foundation upon which their own seed would grow.

I leaned back and perceived the plant and cycle in its entirety. The roots I saw hiding in the past, the leaves and stems basking in the present, and the blossoms preparing for the future. I saw the dead past supporting the living present upon the foundation laid by the past, and I saw the future building upon the juices of the present and the past. I saw the present draining the life forces of the past and conceiving its own kind for the future. And I beheld the eternal cycle of life.

I closed my eyes and thoughts left the colored flowers and returned to pioneers and wagon trains. Surely, I thought, if anyone has possessed courage and nobility, it was that group of homeless wanderers. In a hostile land they built homes and churches, and planted their crops in soil reluctant to support life. I envisioned them and saw sweat on their brows and calluses on their hands.

Then I glanced again at the marigolds and thought how very much like people and flowers are. The pioneers are gone now. They are the soil and foundation upon which I, the leaves and stems, am growing. From the soil the plant gets its substance for life. From my pioneer heritage, I get my home and employment, my thoughts and actions, my life substance. The marigold relies on its orange ruffled blossom that grows from the flowers of the past for the future of its kind. The future, the blossom, of my race, too, depends upon the knowledge and ability I glean from my foundation in the past.

I thought then of the parades and speeches and songs with which the memory of our pioneers is celebrated. How frivolous they are! They create only vague ideas of men with beards and muskets and women with bonnets and churns plodding behind a creeping covered wagon. But his remembrance of pioneers does not honor them. They are not here to hear the music and the words. If I am to truly honor those noble ones, I can but build well upon the foundation, upon the past, which they laid, thus giving to their mortal lives eternal purpose and fulfillment.

Suddenly I knew that it is so in all nature, in every cycle. Those things done long ago for present good cannot be repaid. I can only build firmly upon their past my present for someone's future. And that is the lesson of marigolds and pioneers.

CALICO BILL

Dorothy J. Buchanan,
Richfield, Utah
Professional Category
Poetry

My grandmother often told me
The story of Calico Bill.
I'd listen in wide-eyed silence,
With a special "goose-bump" thrill.

We'd sit in her big square kitchen,
By the old Majestic range.
With the carved clock ticking loudly.
(It was brought across the plains).

"In early-day Mt. Pleasant,"
She'd begin with an exciting air,
"My father beat the Big Drum
That warned of an Indian scare.

Often, some livestock was stolen,
Which caused a most upsetting day,
Wondering if these hostile red men
Would ever allow us to stay.

There was a certain Indian
Who was known as Calico Bill.
He'd come to town, but left his horse
Tied back of that first low hill.

He'd walk slowly through the village,
Up to the log cabin store,

And purchase a yard of calico,
Or sometimes a fraction more.

Then he'd return to his pony
By another chosen trail.
Gazing furtively about him
At every yard and corral.

Soon, we began to notice
The fact that after he'd gone.
There would be a raid on the livestock
The next night, sometime before dawn.

We tested this out a few times.
And each visit worked out the same.
So we all knew that Calico Bill
Was the spy we were to blame.

So one day when he walked softly
In moccasined feet through our town,
The men were ready for him—
On their horses they gathered round.

And drove along beside him—
Never a sound was made,
We watched the party disappear
Behind the hill's smudged shade.

The men returned at daybreak,
Riding wearily and still.
But never again did we see him--
The man known as Calico Bill."

SPARK OF LIFE

Lora Nielson,
Ephraim, Utah
First Place
Short Story

It was a very warm mid-October day in the year of 1865. High above little Fort Ephraim a big black hawk circled and hovered in the thin blue air. Young Chris Sorenson looked up at the glaring sky, patted his mount's sweaty neck and murmured to the long-legged horse. Sparky's ears twitched back and forth as if he were listening. The gangly, leggy youth and the ungainly gelding sauntered slowly toward the walls of

Ephraim's fort. Chris related to the horse his sister's upcoming wedding, and another important impending date, his own birthday. In but seven days Chris would be twelve years old. That age meant many things to the boy, one of the most important being his birthday present from old "Cap" Whitlock. The old gentleman had promised to give Sparky to Chris when he became a man—when he turned twelve.

"Only seven more days, Spark, and you'll be my very own," Chris whispered, as if it were a treasured secret shared with only the horse.

Sparky sneezed. He blinked his big, brown eyes. Chris laughed and bent his freckled cheek against the roan colored mane.

Just then old Cap Whitlock and Chris's mother appeared. Cap waved at Chris.

"Chris, my boy, I need to use Sparky to complete my team" the old man saluted the pair. "Blake is due in Ephraim sometime this afternoon. Your mother asked me to drive my wagon to Manti to pick up your sister, May. I'm sure she'd want to be here when Blake arrives. Anyway, your Aunt Della isn't so poorly that she can't spare the girl long enough for her own wedding!"

Chris literally slid down Sparky's clammy side. Sparky twitched all over and laid his broad nose on Chris's shoulder.

"Sure Cap, you can borrow Sparky. He's still yours—for a week anyway," Chris grinned.

Cap looked fondly at the pair—a dirty boy, growing right out of his trousers, with long light bangs flopping over his forehead. A horse, thin and gawky, with a long light brown forelock partly covering a set of large, moist dark eyes.

Sparky nudged Chris's shoulder. Chris scratched the hairy chin. The boy and horse, man and woman walked toward town, leaving little puffs of dust behind them, trailing like disturbed fairies, then returning silently to their beds.

"You know, I sure hope Blake makes it back," Chris blurted out with the innocence of youth. "Old Black Hawk sure is making a lot of trouble lately." The eyes of his mother clouded with concern for her future son-in-law.

Cap, seeking a new train of thought, said, "Well, I hope he brings words of instruction from the Brethren. We are quite removed from them way down here and we have had lots of trouble."

As if he hadn't heard, Chris continued. "Course, Blake loves May 'un May loves Blake. He'll make it."

Cap smiled softly at the belief and trust of the naïve young. Ah, the bliss of youthful doctrine—love conquers all. Even now? Even when hate, killing and trouble occur daily between the white settlers and the Indians? Cap remained silent with his pessimistic thoughts and patted Sparky's neck, his big worn hand laying beside Chris's paler, smaller one.

Cap hitched Sparky beside the big husky mate. Chris helped buckle him next to the mare, then stepped back, waiting.

"Can I go too, Cap?"

"I don't know, my boy. There's been so much...." How could he separate the matched team? "Climb aboard son. We'll be back before your mother misses you." Needing no second invitation, the lad scrambled up beside Cap. Cap clapped him on the shoulder, and the wagon rolled beyond the fort walls toward Manti.

Aunt Della seemed to be perfectly well, yet she insisted that she needed constant care. The dedicated care May had given to her maiden Aunt seemed to have worn her, yet she brightened beautifully when Cap and her little brother arrived, for they were going to take her back to Ephraim and Blake. She

was ready at once to return to Ephraim. Aunt Della partly wrapped her own shawl around her pointed shoulders and struggled over to the wagon, too. It was conveniently decided to take the old lady back to Ephraim with them. Aunt Della obviously only wished to be present for the wedding—she needed no care.

The ride back seemed as quiet as the ride up, except for Aunt Della's complaints, yet Cap remained alert. His quick eyes continually scanned the foothills. It all seemed still-warm and still. Sparky was nervous, and it was he who started to snort and quiver.

Cap spotted the Indians at once, but before he laid his whip to the team, Sparky had jerked the husky mare into a tearing gallop. The small band of Indians raced toward the wagon, showering screams and arrows. Chris's eyes grew wide and he, instinctively, slipped closer to big Cap. The women in the back were thrown down to the floor of the wagon when Sparky had leaped ahead. Aunt Della gasped and screeched.

The wagon thundered and careened behind the horses. In spite of their burden, the team managed, with tremendous speed, to keep well ahead of the tough "squaw" ponies. Cap forced Chris under the seat for more protection. There, he could feel the sharp lashes of the horses' tails bite his cheeks like a whip. Aunt Della fainted. May pulled her into the corner and buried her face against her aunt's breast.

Cap lashed the horses and the wagon clattered on. They pulled away from the Indians except for one wiry, small pinto. The animal kept at their side, like a gnat forced on by greed. Cap turned, looked at the painted pony and its rider's evil face and bow. Calling for all they had, he urged his flying team onward.

Suddenly a shaft buried itself in Sparky's right shoulder. The horse never faltered. Terrified, Chris stared at the arrow, rising up and down with Sparky's mighty strides. Rich, red blood splattered from the wound. The arrow seemed to quiver and pulse, as if it were a beating heart, sucking the blood from the animal.

"Sparky!" Chris screamed. His cry was entirely lost amid the thunder of the hooves and wheels, yet the horse's pointed ears flapped back. The blood flowed back in the whipping wind and painted Chris's face. He felt the sticky, warm wetness on his lips. He choked on the taste of the war, sweet blood and sweat, mixed with his own salty tears. The arrow kept pulsing and drawing more and more blood.

Another arrow flew from their pursuer. Cap cursed and yelled.

"Boy, I've been hit!"

Blindly, Chris climbed up. With eyes full of tears and terror, he jerked the arrow. It came out, with a gush of blood. Chris gripped the bloody arrow in his hand for a stunned second, then opened his fingers. Cap sucked in his breath sharply, gritted his teeth, and beat the horses mercilessly. Chris fell back into his protective nook.

The walls of the fort loomed up. The persistent Indian fell back as the wagon shot through the gates. Behind the wagon, the gates were slammed shut. People and more people massed around the wagon before it had reached a complete stop. Chris stumbled from the wagon and struggled through the crowd to get to Sparky. Repeating the horse's name over and over, he seized the arrow, which quivered as if alive, and pulled. It wouldn't come loose. It was as if it had lodged itself in the heart and had become part of it. Chris pulled again. It wouldn't come out, as Cap's had.

Among the people, Blake was there. He gathered the terrified May into his arms. Aunt Della was still deep in a swoon. Flocks of men concerned themselves with Cap and his wound.

"You're safe! You all made it! Thank God you're safe!"

Chris buried his face in Sparky's foamy neck, shaking. The horse's eyes in the big, drooping head were no longer big and sensitive. Now they were unblinking and blood shot. Chris's fingers dug into the horse's coat, flecked with huge drops of blood and foam. He felt a hand on his shoulder. Cap and his mother were at his side, full of concern and comfort. His mother, weeping with joy, cried, "Oh, Chris, son, thank God you're all safe."

The horse crumpled, lifelessly, into a pool of blood at Chris's feet.

LET THE HILL REJOICE

Nora Mickelson,
Manti, Utah
Second Place
Poetry

Where the Sanpitch River circles to the east,
And the Wasatch Mountains to the west incline,
A mountain spur juts out onto the land,
And on its brown an oolite temple stands.

If rocks had tongues, or hills could reminisce,
How eagerly I would listen at your feet,
Oh, Temple Hills, and you would tell at last,
The kaleidoscopic history of your past.

For you could tell of people now extinct,
Who climbed your heights in search of food or foe,
Who fought upon your slopes and perished there,
Or fled, to live and fight again elsewhere.

Perhaps you would tell of one whose sandaled feet,
Moved cautiously along your cedared crest,
Moroni, ancient prophet, scribe and seer,
Uttered prophetic words, "There will be a temple here."

You waited through the long and fruitless years,
When only savage cry of man or beast,
Or scream of preying bird above the waste,
Disturbed the echoes of your loneliness.

Do you recall the day the wagons came,
Out of the north, bearing beneath their bows,
Brown bearded men, and fair faced women too,

Whose anxious eyes appraised the bleak November view?

And as you watched them come, so weak they seemed,
Were these the builders of which you had dreamed?
What chance had they against the bareness,
Of such a hard and hostile wilderness?

They nestled at your side; you heard their prayers,
And saw them struggle against fearful odds,
Pain, hunger, hardships, ever deepening snows,
And fear of massacre from Indian foes.

But with the help of Him who's cause they served,
They bore their burdens well and persevered,
Until a second prophet on your summit stood,
A second dedicatory prayer was heard.

The prophet blessed you, and the valley too,
The mountain to the east, the fertile sod,
That here might be a place of peace, of love,
A fitting spot to build a house to God.

Then came the craftsmen and the artisans,
The sound of hammer against chisel rang;
Out of your bowels they chipped the creamy stone,
And blade bit wood and walls were made aplomb.

The aged sought to help, as did the child.
The poor gave freely of their meager store.
Each Sunday egg, each pint of milk or cream,
Brought nearer the fulfillment of the dream.

And when it stood complete against the sky,
You heard an angel chorus from on high.
Can mountains reminisce? Can hills rejoice?
Now eagerly the thousands came to hear your voice.

ROOMS BEHIND HER HEART

Wilma Morley Despain,
Centerfield, Utah
Second Place
Short Story

Everyone was staring, whispering, too. They all thought that she must be out of her mind! Well, maybe she was, but Susan brave, cheerful girl that she was, surmounted this problem as she had many others in her short eventful life.

There she stood, in our one and only department store, surrounded by a large group of Indian women. She had only urged them to take their turn in paying for their bright trinkets and yards of plush, velvet cloth and other purchases. What was wrong with that? It must seem wrong to a lot of people who had pushed and shoved their way to the front in order to get waited on before "those Indians"!

Some of these gaping people had never seen this happen before and neither had they ever seen that many Indian mothers holding different aged children and babies in their arms, while this beautiful white mother stood there, the only one, with her child in a little harness chair and strapped to her back.

Susan ignored the amused giggles and snide remarks that bounced from group to group all over the store. She really did not think it so funny, though, nor did she care that they seemed to. She was going to be considerate and fair to these Indian workers who were brought here each year to do the hardest and most menial work in the best fields. Her family all needed and appreciated their help, but anyone not needing it always made a wide path to avoid them, said they smelled and were dark and dirty. Yet the town's people were glad for the money they put back into the town businesses.

"Perhaps their skin would be the color of ochre, too," she muttered to herself..."if they lived in the open, if they cooked nearly all they ate and had to lean for warmth above the bright flame of a camp fire, maybe they would not smell so nice either, if they had to bathe in streams, and by hanging big buckets of water over themselves to shower, without any sanitary facilities and many times even denied the use of public ones.

Just yesterday she remembered the horror on a friend's face as they walked up a side street and saw one of the older women simply squat down on the edge of the sidewalk, with full velvet skirt billowing all about her, then rise and walk on unconcerned that she had relieved herself in public, and did all this without a backward glance!

No, this was not right, Susan agreed with Nan about that, but it was the way they had been forced to live and the way they had been trained to do. "Haven't you noticed Nan, how they even cut the seat from the overalls and pants of their babies to let their young stay clean and dry?"

"Yes, I have!" Nan answered angrily..."That is wrong too, being here among our young people the way they are, and letting them see their heathen ways!"

Susan by this time had noticed that she was talking to herself and that everyone else was noticing, too. She felt a little embarrassed; they would think she was more odd than they had at first.

As she left the store the Indian women, not having dared to speak to her, bowed slightly and smiled, (guarded smiles they were, eyes downcast) but the smiles were warm and seemed to say through gleaming white teeth, "Thank you white lady for treating us like human beings."

Why? Why did these people so gentle now, with dark beauty of both eyes and skin have to guard their open, innocent smiles? They were God's children, too, and loved by Him even if their skin was dark.

While going in and out of stores and other places of business she kept remembering the wonderful Indian friends of her parents and of her grandparents before them. Some so loyal they would have given their lives for her folds and others who had befriended them. Up through the years she had learned and remembered many of the stories and legends, and many of them had many white people involved in the lives of the Indians.

Suddenly she became aware of the time. She had not realized how late it was. How long she must have daydreamed and wished over the counters of things which she longed for, but could not buy while Jim was still in school. "But soon Tommy," she whispered several times to her baby still in his little harness and still on her back, "When your Daddy gets his first job after graduation, I'll be able to have some of these things again. Then you'll think your Mommy is the most beautiful girl in the whole valley. I'll buy all those toys and things for you, too."

She hurried to where she had tied her horse. Old faithful Percy seemed cross and nervous and she felt a twinge of guilt when she realized how long she had left him tied there in the flies and without a drink.

Jim would be worried and a little cross, too. He did not like her to be out on the little traveled country roads this late, especially when she had the baby with her. How he loved this precious bundle on her back!

She hurried to untie and mount old Percy's fat, comfortable back. It was not easy to do with Tommy's weight, too, and the bulky packages in the saddle bags made it harder. She was anxious and in a hurry to get home to her Jim, he was an easy man to want to hurry home to.

As they rode she talked to Tommy telling him this, and how she loved them both and how good his Daddy was to them. As she talked she felt his little head come to rest against her back. She knew then he had fallen asleep, exhausted but contented from his exciting afternoon in town. His nap had been aided by the swinging, cautious but hurrying step of old Percy. Susan settled down to enjoy the ride and began her reminiscing again.

She was remembering all the wonderful times she had had in this beautiful restful valley, this place they always hated to leave when summer was at an end and it was time to go away to school again. This cherished place where they had found each other, here where their first love began and blossomed. Here also they had married and known final rapture of such joy!

True, her parents had begged them to wait, they loved Jim too, but they felt he should have at least part of his education before he took on added responsibility. They reasoned that she was so young and needed to have more schooling, although most girls did not get an education at that time, they wanted her to.

But their love could not wait and she had never been sorry, not once! And since they had their plump, blonde darling boy to teach and cherish and care for, she was even more sure they had been right in not waiting. Jim loved him, too, with a fierce protective love. His father love was almost second to the adoration of his grandparents and everyone seemed to enjoy him and his canny, cunning antics.

They were always planning and plotting to make their home here in the valley when Jim was through school, and they had never stopped wanting to, not even when they found each year that a whole summer's hard labor did not pay wages enough to see them through the school year. It was becoming more apparent each summer that they would have to seek employment elsewhere if they planned to earn enough and not have to go in debt.

Each year it was harder to say goodbye to their sheltered quiet place. Living in the city was all right for those who liked standing in crowded places and in line for hours, but they wanted and enjoyed a slower pace where they had elbow room. Where they were known by everyone, where they could move about freely without noise and confusion. How she wished this summer would never end, "I'd like to stay here forever," she mused aloud, as she patted that dear little leg of her boy.

"I'll wager that is just the way the poor Indians felt when they were forced and almost driven from their homes by the early settlers come," she decided as she jogged along. "They had loved their lands and homes and the nomad lives they led hunting and fishing."

Her grandparents had been called here to help settle this rich valley; her grandfather had been called as their leader. How the people seemed to love him. Everyone called him Father, including the Indians. Some had fought them, some had killed some of the first white men, but all loved and respected her grandfather after they knew him, and he loved them as a brother should and taught and helped them all he could.

Why couldn't people live more like that now? All these terrible wars and rioting and destructions and killings in the world and in the cities! Why can't people just live and not only let others live, but help them to live also? She thought these dark thoughts as they trotted comfortably on, and she resolved there that day that Tommy would be taught to respect all people, and treat them with courtesy and at least treat them as well as he himself would like to be treated.

When she was just a girl and her grandparents were still alive she remembered how enthralled she always was when they visited and how when the day's work was done, and when over large bowls of freshly popped corn, they would gather around the old fat heater, made hot by fresh faced, cut logs of rich pine, and hear these stories of Grandpa's in the long winter evenings.

One story always made her cry, (or want to) and it made tears come to her Grandfather's eyes and voice, and made his voice quiver with emotion whenever and how often he told it.

He had been a pioneer most of his life; even before he came west he had given up rich farm lands and pioneered in several eastern states. He had held and did hold here, many important positions and had come to this loved valley as the leader of the people and had settled and tamed and named this dear, loved valley of Manti.

It was winter when they arrived here at the call of President Brigham Young and the invitation of the Indian leaders. The winter was so severe that they lost many animals through freezing and starvation. The cruel weather and shortage of food caused many of that first company to lose their lives, too.

The Indians, used to scant food and hardship were so hungry in this terrible winter, that they would steal the dead, frozen animals and eat them to sustain life. They preyed upon the saints and did many other things to make the trials of these weary people much worse, even threatening at times to take their children if they did not give them all the supplies they demanded!

This hurt and frightened the people and her grandfather very much, because these Indians had been pleased to have them come and had been such friends to her grandfather. Yet in their desperation and hunger they threatened the very lives of the people that had been kind to them and that he was responsible for.

One bitter day, just at twilight, Father Morley, after a very trying day of doing all he could to relieve the suffering of his people and also after meeting and trying to satisfy the demands and make peace with the Indians, heard a great noise and saw the big white horse of the Indian Chief standing just outside of the rawhide door of his dugout! The big horse was pawing the frozen ground, and the cold was so bitter that

ice was forming from the steam as it left the horses nostrils. "Oh, what could they want now after all I gave them at our long meeting today?" he almost despaired.

The Indians, looking very fierce and unfriendly, hunched low in their blankets to try to find warmth. They demanded that white Father give them some more flour, more molasses, and his baby boy, just like that, and in that order!

With shocked disbelief and with grave concern her grandfather tried to reason with the, but he wanted to shout, "NO! NO!"

They just sat there, those savages, used to waiting for their prey and adept at the element of surprise and ambush, and after many dire threats to his people, and after much pleading from her grandmother and others do not let the baby do, with much misgivings even after deliberation and prayer, he let them take his baby!

Fearing that he might never see his little one again, yet knowing the alternative if he did not meet their demands, he tenderly kissed that baby and took it forcibly from his wife's arm!

All night he tried to explain to her and console her, telling her he could not let others lose their lives and their children, too. He was their leader and being dedicated and loyal to his calling he felt he must risk one life to save many and not bring more bloodshed and anguish to his weary people!

The following day and night were spent in prayer and agonizing with these heart-stricken parents. Everyone was in mourning and prayed constantly as each hour dragged on as one day, then two passed without a word of their darling!

Had he been killed and eaten by those hungry red men who had refused to listen even to their chief? Had he perished in the cruel cold and been thrown to the wolves and coyotes who were there close by, waiting, always waiting for something to die or become too weak to get away from them.

They could hear them there while they waited, all day and night with their bright eyes and singing their mournful frightening songs!

On the morning of the third, sleepless and grief torn day, the big white horse of the Chief could be seen coming across the frozen plain! Quite a few horsemen followed and fear gripped at the hearts of the settlers! "They are coming to finish what they began, we will all be killed!" some cried. Those who could gather strength and courage ran to meet them anyway, and there in the arms of the chief was the baby, very dirty, but otherwise seeming none the worse for his unusual and perilous visit!

Their earnest prayers had been answered! The Indians had not harmed him! God had walked at their side again and heard the pleas for his return! Thanks be to God!

The air was filled with happy exclamations of wonder and thankful praise!

The Chief said, indicating in sign language, that white Father good friend, had trusted him. .his friend he would be forever more and that promise was never broken to her Grandfather!

"Oh, what agony they must have suffered," she thought as she hurried old Percy a little faster. She would not have done it, she would never have given her Tommy to anyone, let alone those early day savages! Thank goodness they were tame and peaceful now; even if some did still have to live like savages pushed off on to unproductive land or barren reservations.

She felt Tommy stir and move his damp head from the moist spot to a dry one on her back. My, how she loved that little boy! No one, not even her grandfather or father could have loved their children or felt like she and Jim did about Tommy!

Just then Percy swerved, frightened by one of the tiny animals that habited these cool, green country lanes. She was thrown to one side with the heavy load on her back and try as she would to keep

her balance she could not! She clung desperately to the blanket under Percy's saddle, tried hard to pull herself up so she could grasp the saddle horn, but she could not right herself! Just then another curious squirrel, with his tail high over his back in a definite question mark, skittered across the road, looking right and left and then running directly into the hitting Percy's foot! That did it!

Percy, with his unbalanced load and sensing Susan's fright, broke into a run!

With the baby twisting on her back Susan could not regain her balance, and with a great thud she hit the hard-packed earth on the much traveled road, landing with her one leg and her baby under her!

Tommy, being awakened so abruptly began to scream and the louder he screamed the more Susan panicked, but it also made her pain more bearable. She thought her baby must be hurt very badly. His cries and screams made her heart feel a thrust of pain each one and then he would sense her terror and the scream became louder and louder! When she tried to turn over the straps holding him so firm to her seemed to cut into her burning ribs like sharp, hot knives! What could she do? How would she ever get help out here? She kept trying to roll and finally she did get to one side, but even then she could not rise or untie the harness straps that held her baby fast!

By now the pain was becoming more than she felt she could bear! She began to pray that she would not lose consciousness and lie there too long! Those tight straps could choke her darling if he kept fighting and screaming and holding his breath!

Poor little boy, what a way to wake and find himself and her voice praying, broke and she began to sob as she tried over and over to reassure him!

It seemed like hours!

Oh, how long after dark would Jim miss them and come to look for them? Where was he? Surely he should be in from the fields by now!

She was starting to chill and almost to despair, when to her unbelieving eyes, and only partly conscious mind, she thought she saw bright colors dancing before her. What was this next terror to be? It looked like the color of the skirts that the Indian women had worn in the store that morning!

Now she thought she saw more coming from every direction toward them! The colors were the same and as bold and colorful as those she had seen the Indian women buy in the store this morning!

It could not be possible, yet she called hopefully to them. Even that weak effort cost her such pain and her voice being so weak she guessed they had not heard her. But she was sure someone was near, "How delirious could she get?" "Of course they couldn't be way out here by now!"

That was the last she had been able to remember later when she went over and over it so many times. As she awakened again she started up with a cry that caught and stayed there in her parched, aching throat!

They were here, she must be dreaming, those same Indians that took her Grandfather's baby, and they were taking her Tommy now, lifting him from her back!

She called out as she thought of her grandfather's baby again! In her extreme pain and near delirium she knew that it was all happening again and to her darling boy!

Fighting them with every ounce of strength she could muster, she screamed, "No, no you cannot have my baby...kill me...kill all of us but leave my baby for his Daddy!" It seemed there were legions of them everywhere!

When she regained consciousness again... she knew Jim was there! No other arms could ever hold her, or feel like these arms did. She tried to get up but he gently pushed her back, saying, "Darling lie still...the Doctor will be here soon, we did not dare to move you but everything will be all right."

“No...no,” she gasped from hot, parched lips...“They have our baby! They have our Tommy...the Indians have our little boy! Go after them, I will be all right...save Tommy, bring back my little boy!”

Jim’s voice was still very tender but very firm, “Don’t excite yourself dear..Suzy be quiet...there are some Indian women here, thank goodness they are. If they had not come when they did little Tommy may have smothered or choked, but they got here just in time and helped him and you, too! Look over there and you can see them with him.”

“No, no! Go after him...please Jim...bring my baby back!” Slowly she tried to turn in the direction he was pointing slowly and painfully her head did turn just a little, she could vaguely see the bright colors again and it looked like one woman was holding and cradling her baby and then she heard her crooning the most haunting lullaby she had ever heard! It did look like one of the women she had helped that very morning, but she was so far away and her head and back hurt so much as she lay back exhausted!

She then realized that someone was bathing her forehead and lips with something soft, cool and fragrant! When she stirred and tried to ask about the baby again, her Indian friend said, “We are so glad we came when we did, so glad we could help you who took time to be kind to us today!”

She went on to gently tell Susan that she was bathing her head with soft leaves from plants that they gathered by the roadside. She had moistened them with water from the clear stream nearby, telling Susan that their camp got all the water they drank and used for other things from this cold rushing stream. “Because we had nothing else to give you for pain we chewed and gave you the juice we got from plants along here, too. They have been used for years for medicine by our tribe and others, to help the sick. We have used them but so did our Forefather for many, many moons before the white man came.”

As Susan lay there, knowing now what good hands she and her baby had been in and knowing that he was all right and that she would soon be, she uttered a grateful prayer to her Maker but her words were interjected all through with other words that kept running through her mind. Sometimes they were very clear as if whoever spoke them was standing by her side, at other times her pain would dominate and they seemed so faint and far away.

“It must be the drug or the bump on my head, or...the pain..” and she would drift back again to merciful half-consciousness. But the words kept coming, sometimes very loud then so far away, but always the same compassionate, gentle tone, and so emphatic!

Then she saw the eyes that accompanied that voice, eyes that were somber and piercing, but so understanding and gentle they were. When she saw them the pain subsided as if their dark compassion would look through her...and yet they were smiling in encouragement and love.

Things became a little clearer now, ...“Why they were eyes as dark and as beautiful as the eyes of the Indian women had been this morning as they smiled their guarded smiles at her as if to say, “Thank you white lady for treating us like human beings.”

“Of course they were human beings and God’s children too, and He loved them even though their skin was darker than some!” ...Then someone stood before her...with arms outstretch, as if to gather all these Mothers into them, both the fair one and those with skin of bronze.

She could hear Him saying for now she was sure it was the voice of a man, as He spoke He smiled with those all knowing eyes...they did look like the eyes of the Indian mothers though,...“In as much as ye have done it unto the least of one of mine, ye have done it unto me!” ...“Jim, Jim, did you hear...?” and her voice trailed off again in a sudden gasp of pain...!

BLACK HAWK'S PROMISE

Janell Harris,
Wales, Utah
Second Place
Poetry

The wiley old Chief, Black Hawk
Stood silent, in the sun
To await his only "white-man" friend,
Bishop Kearns, of Gunnison.

His broad, muscled shoulders
Which were usually proud,
Were now bent in agony;
His black head was bowed.

His "fair and square" heart
Was stricken with grief,
As he faced his conviction
In sad disbelief.

The one solemn promise
He had earnestly made
To Bishop Kearns,
Must now be repaid.

He had given his word
That the Kern's family name
Would always be safe
When trouble came.

Then one day in Manti
As the sun went down,
The Chief's own grandson
Rode into town.

He was beaten severely
And driven away,
Thus starting the trouble
Of that tragic day.

Next morning, near the mountain
In a canyon narrow,
The Bishop's son fell
With the force of an arrow.

Now old Chief Black Hawk,
His promise broken,
Must offer his own life
As payment's token.

When the two friends met
On a quiet mound,
The chief bared his bosom,
Without a sound.

But Bishop Kearns
Sadly shook his head.
"That would not bring back
My son," he said.

"Let us end this war,
make the fighting cease,
and live together
as brothers, in peace."

Adapted from the story "Black Hawk's Promise,"
in "A Story to Tell" by Deseret Book Co. and mentioned by other sources in Sanpete history.

THE BENCH HOUSE

Eleanor P. Madsen,
Ephraim, Utah
Second Place
Essay

Part of the past, yet, built for the future; too, an aristocrat among the rock houses of Manti – "The Bench House" as it was called, when it opened its doors in 1887, has a history as colorful and intriguing as its quaint little balcony opening into an upstairs bedroom on the second floor.

Like many other pioneer homes of the period from 1868 to 1888, the stone of which it was built was brought from the Manti Temple quarry. We can picture George Bench at the quarry breaking the stone into building blocks with his heavy hammer and steel wedges, loading it into the well-worn wagon, pulled

by two horses, for the ride across town to the lot on third south and Main Street where he carefully fit the rocks together with a mortar of white sand and lime.

In his biography, George Bench wrote, "I was married to Jane Horton in 1863 and we began to build a home."

Since George was born in Southampton, Hampshire, England, he no doubt patterned his house after the fine English dwellings which he saw each day in the place where he lived as a boy.

The front wall was made of stone, broken with a hammer. More time and patience was required in putting up the side and back walls of the house since they were made of rock which George chiseled, making each piece smooth and even as he painstakingly laid one on top of another building into the walls.

There is nothing definite on just how many rooms George finished that first year, probably just one or two, enough to make his dear Jane comfortable before he left for Missouri to assist in bringing immigrants to Utah.

After this expedition was completed, work was again resumed on the house and more rooms were added to provide for a growing family.

Bricks, stone, mortar and lumber are only the shell of a house. The people who build, who add the chairs, tables and beds, who make the rugs, quilts and doilies, each become a part of the house. The laughter and tears, the songs and stories make the house a home. So George and Jane Bench and each of their ten children from Eliza to Jennie are an integral part of this house.

In the early 1880's we can picture the Bench family, seven girls and three boys, scampering through the high-ceilinged rooms or gathering around the long table in the big kitchen eating freshly baked bread, recently taken from the large oven in the black, coal stove. Fresh milk, with thick cream, yellow pats of butter and jars of plum preserves were brought from the cool earthen cellar. A trap door in the one corner of the kitchen was lifted with a rope handle and opened to the stone steps that led to the cellar.

Water for the Bench home was piped from a "settling tank three blocks up the street." What a task it must have been to keep the reservoir at the back of the stove filled and to heat the water for the never-ending piles of dishes and the clothes that were boiled and scrubbed for that large family.

With constant demands on the meager income of the Bench family, George realized that added funds were needed as well as more work to keep his sons and daughters busy...to teach them the important habits of industry, honesty and thrift.

The location of the "Bench House" was such that it could be commercialized and made into a rooming house and a public eating place. Jane was an excellent cook and the older girls could help her. The younger ones could wait on tables and take care of the guest rooms. More rooms were needed, lumber was plentiful now, so the sound of the hammer began to ring again, early and late, as the Bench house expanded.

There were no idle moments for Eliza, Esther, Emma, Mary Ann and Ella. The intricately carved bedsteads needed daily dusting. The straw ticks must be shook and smoothed the heavy china water pitchers in their white bowls must be filled with fresh water. The kerosene lamps on the little tables must be polished and the wicks trimmed. There was an endless amount of work in the big house with its fourteen rooms. Even Clarice and little Jennie took their turn with the heavy, black flatirons, heating them on the kitchen stove to keep the many full skirts and stiff shirts looking their best.

With all the work, there was also time for fun in the Bench house, time for little girls to sit under the new apple trees and play with rag dolls...time for boys to play follow the leader along the new rock fence that surrounded the Bench lot...time for prayers...stories from the big, leather Bible after the toil of the day.

As the children were learning and the house was expanding, other developments were also taking place – more building – a livery stable to provide transportation for the growing community, work for the Bench boys and money for every increasing needs. George Jr., Frank and Wilford cared for the horses and kept the four-wheeled, black-topped buggies looking their best.

The “Bench House” was a vital part of the community as many traveling salesman and members of Theatrical companies found hospitality and comfortable lodging there. Jane’s cinnamon buns, pastries and other excellent foods were enjoyed by many notable guests. George’s participation in the theater mostly as the villain encouraged the traveling actors to stop at the Bench hotel.

This was the “Bench House” in 1888. Many exciting events have taken place since that date..Weddings, funerals, fires. The Bench families have gone. Others have moved into the house, have taken from and added to its structure and surroundings, but this was the beginning, the foundation upon which an old rock house was built and gained its fame. This is a house typical of the pioneers who lived in Manti, people who built with faith and sweat, those who left part of their vibrant spirit, their honesty, their indomitable courage within the rock walls of a house...”The Bench House.”

References:

Song of a Century – pg. 140

History of Utah – Andrew L. Heff, pg. 124

These Our Fathers – pg. 31

History of Sanpete and Emery County – Lever, pg. 101

Biography of George Bench, Sr. – DUP

LaVyrle Larson

Wilford Frishknecht

There Lou Hickman

ACRES OF FREEDOM

Pearle M. Olsen,
Salt Lake City, Utah
Professional Category
Essay

A small plot of ground, once a part of a hayfield on a hillside plateau in Freedom, Sanpete County, Utah, has drawn attention to the area and to its historical significance. Near the high end of the village street lies a fenced and well-kept cemetery. It is an attractive place but has not always been so; indeed for many years its identity and future were uncertain.

Turkey flocks and shed now occupy the surrounding fields, and even the sites of former houses are turkey-pulverized. Little evidence remains of the large yellow rose bushes and pink moss roses, the lilacs and flags (iris), the hollyhocks and bachelor buttons that once grew along hard-packed earthen walks leading to about thirty houses. Some of the tall cottonwood and locust trees still stand along sides of the street. The skeletal remains of once-thriving orchards are but shapeless shadows of beauty.

Former residents, Fay Draper and Erma Livingston, born and reared there, recall how the air-borne fragrances of Freedom’s blossoming fruit trees reached them even when leaving Moroni with horses heading toward home. People from all over the county bought cherries, apples, berries, and melons from the fruit growers of Freedom.

The village had a strange and interesting beginning, and knowing about it adds color and character to the settlement that was and is the cemetery oasis that is.

On August 6, 1878, William Lathrop Draper, and a younger brother, Parley Pine Draper, each filed with the United States Government on 160 acres of land in Section One, Township 15 South Range 2 East, to obtain land and water rights for the support of their families. Two years later on September 10, 1880, another and older brother, Henry Draper, filed on 160 acres in the same section.¹

Those grants formed the setting for a new village with surrounding farmland. The three brothers named the place Draper, but were asked by the postal authorities to change the name to distinguish it from the town of Draper in Salt Lake County. They decided to call their settlement Freedom, and the story of their choice determined by early struggles dates back to still earlier years.²

The three Draper brothers were sons of William Draper, Junior, for whom the town of Draper had been named in 1852.³ During the big move south in 1858, William and his family left Draper and acquired land in Spanish Fork, Utah where they made ditches and planted crops. William became a successful farmer, and during the seven years he lived there he served as the first mayor, a justice of the peace, and the young town's legal advisor.⁴

After crickets destroyed the family crops for two years and those of others as well, food prices rose prohibitively. Wheat was five dollars per bushel and other items were proportionately high. Coal was as yet undiscovered in Utah, and wood for burning was scarce in the Spanish Fork area. Regarding this William wrote, "I decided to sell out and immigrate to Sanpete where we got most of our foodstuff from. So in the fall of 1864 I sold my property for less than what I put into it."⁵

The next spring (1865) William moved his several families south to Moroni, only to find little available ground left. He was never able to buy more than fifteen acres of good land there. Other settlements in Sanpete had more fertile soil, and it is hoar to understand why William chose to go to Moroni where alkali and the earlier comers automatically limited the availability of good land. And years later when William's married sons followed him to Moroni after unsuccessfully trying their fortunes elsewhere there was no fertile soil left for them.

William Lathrop (Doc) Draper, after joining his father and brothers in Moroni was anxious to acquire enough property and water to support his growing family. He learned of land west and north of Moroni that had been used by a few people as if they owned it. But finding that the land was open to entry, Doc built a cabin there, intent on acquiring title to it. Protests from the interested parties in Moroni only made Doc more resistant, and he reminded them that they had no more right to use the land than he had to occupy it.

To establish his rights Doc asked his younger brother Parley to make a fast ride to Salt Lake City and file on that property. Doc furnished him with a good horse, and Parley, being a fine horseman made the trip in one day. The next day he filed on the land for both of them, and after a day's rest for him and his horse he began his ride toward home. He met people from Moroni on their way to do what he had done, and they were furious.

Returning home they persuaded Doc's father to help them induce Doc to relinquish his right to the land. When they arrived at his cabin he met them, carrying a gun. His father asked him to lay it down and discuss matters peaceably. Doc said he would like to talk to his father but had nothing to say to anyone else. After his father stepped from the vehicle Doc ordered the driver to turn around and keep moving without looking back until out of rifle range. Speedily the driver did so, and his report only increased anger against Doc. Threats were made about criminal proceedings, but it turned out that no one was anxious to

attempt such a thing. However, there were ill feelings and a few serious repercussions resulting from Doc's determination.⁶

Doc could not understand why people who already owned good property in Moroni should begrudge him and his brothers the right to have land of their own. He withstood pressures of public opinion and courageously continued to develop his land, encouraging his brothers to do the same. Then other families moved into Freedom buying honesties. The village gradually took shape and in view of its stormy history the name of Freedom was very appropriate.

Within seven years after Doc obtained the land his four month old baby boy and a five year old daughter died. He decided to bury them on his farm. By that time William, Doc's father had moved to Freedom to spend his last days near his older sons, and on May 28, 1886, he died in his eightieth year. He was interred near Doc's two children. The very next year, May 2, 1887, Doc himself died and was the next one buried in the new cemetery.⁷ And thereafter the residents dying in Freedom were buried there until the graves numbered seventy-five.

As younger people left and older ones joined those in the cemetery the village suffered a gradual decline. In time the farmland containing the burial plot passed into the hands of new owners. Cattle used the area for a bed ground. Then in 1926 one of Doc's sons was authorized by the residents to obtain title to the cemetery site, and the deed was made out in his name. A barbed-wire fence was erected but proved to be inadequate protection against four-footed strays.

During the 1930's turkey growers from Moroni saw the value of converting some of the Freedom property into housing and feeding quarters, and piece by piece they acquired ownership until by 1970 most of the original land was owned by Moyle and Howard Blackham of Moroni.⁸

In the spring of 1963 ten former residents of Freedom met at the cemetery to make plans for its care. They cleaned as they talked. Delegates contacted officers of the Freedom Irrigation Company and they agreed to provide tax-free water if it was not wasted. Contacting the Sanpete County Commission resulted in a culvert installation and a graded, graveled entrance to the cemetery. Erma and Earl Livingston donated a full share of their water right to guarantee permanent water. Fay Draper paid for pipe, and those three took the initiative in making personal contacts for additional funds to complete the restoration projects. There was a wonderful response and plants, trees, shrubs, and grass seed were bought or donated.

Since the planting project began Fay Draper (a daughter of Doc's youngest son) has faithfully driven from Salt Lake City to Freedom, and back to water – weed – and plant in the cemetery during the growing season. Earl Livingston, the husband of Erma Taylor (another granddaughter of Doc's) assisted Fay until his death in 1968. Her brother Neal is now helping by doing the heavy work.

After the time planting was begun a high wire-linked fence and a sturdy gate were erected and a tool house was later added next to the fenced portion.⁹ It also stores folding chairs that invite summer visitors to sit and relax while in contemplation of the history of the burial ground and the turbulent beginnings of the small village on acres of Freedom.

Bibliography:

¹ Records of Sanpete County Recorder: Book 26—pg. 34; Book A2—pg. 333; Book 91—pg. 247.

² The Mormon Drapers, by Delbert M. Draper, pg. 101.

³ Ibid., pg 79.

⁴ Ibid., pg 78.

⁵ Autobiography of William Draper, JR., pg. 13.

⁶ The Mormon Drapers, by Delbert M. Draper, pg. 103.

⁷ Ibid., pg. 103

⁸ Records of Sanpete County Recorder (in summary of records).

⁹ Notes and Records of Freedom Cemetery Association.

THE MILLING STONES

David L. Kjar,
American Fork, Utah
Second Place
Poetry

Grinding untended near Manti town
Run two gristle milling stones,
Rounding on edge as they move apace,
Knowing not the wheat is gone.
Heedless fall grains of the stone away,
Piling up a sandy mound.
Slowly they turn through the autumn day,
Grinding with a mournful sound.

Warner and Mills lie close by the stones,
Speech and laughter hardly stilled,
Life quickly taken by Indian foes
Whose cruel passions thus had willed.
Wasted and spoiled were their lives as they
Fell like tiny grains of stone.
Silent they lie through the dying day,
Though their spirits glad have gone.
Slowly the sand of their lives has ebbed
With the tide from life's vast shores;
Now these two souls of earth's ills are shed,
Free to walk with God once more.

SOUNDS OF THE 70'S

Janell Harris,
Wales, Utah
Second Place
Essay

The first body of settlers to enter the Sanpete Valley didn't hear the percussion of a sonic boom or see a jet stream across the sky. They didn't turn on television to hear the weather report, or to find out where the Indians staged their last uprising. They couldn't pick up a telephone receiver to call for assistance or direction, to communicate with officials in Salt Lake City, or to chat with loved ones across the

country. They didn't hear the latest songs coming from a stereo sound system. The only blasts they heard came from the rifles they carried for protection and procuring food. They had to watch and listen for signs of weather changes and Indians. Communication could have been day or weeks away. Their lives were dependent upon their ability to be alert and prepared for anything. Their music came from lusty pioneer voices, or from a treasured wooden fiddle, or some other instrument, carefully saved and carried from the homes they left behind.

Other sounds they heard were made by the wind, wagon wheels, the constant plodding of hoofs, a young man whistling or an occasional bird; the hiss of an arrow or an anguished cry, the sound of an ax or shovel clearing the way.

The pioneering era of Sanpete slowly drew to a close during the 1870's. The sounds of Indian attacks and marauding had ceased. With the signing of the peace treaty in September 1872, the sounds of Black Hawk, Chief Walker, Arapeen, and other such names no longer chilled the blood nor summoned drum rolls night and morning throughout the small inadequate forts surrounding each settlement.

Building sounds echoed across the valley. Substantial cut-rock homes replaced dugouts and dirt-floored cabins. Churches, schools and business firms began to grow. Road improvements, irrigation projects and industry were welcome sounds.

Through optimism, faith and courage, the colonists had conquered the unbroken wilderness and overcome the tragedy and terror of the Indian wars of the 50's and 60's. Through sacrifice and endurance, they had survived the suffering of scant supplies, grasshopper plagues, and the fiendish elements. Through heartache, hunger and sickness, they had learned to take advantage of every natural resource available to furnish all that they had to eat, wear or use.

Early Sanpete women had to be resourceful. They made clothing from wagon covers or bed ticks. They had to shear the sheep, then card the wool, and spin and weave it into cloth. They made dyes from such things as dogwood, rabbit brush and kinnikinick bark. They made lye by soaking ashes, made soap from drippings, and brooms from rabbit brush. They found nourishment for their families in pigweed greens and sego bulbs. They made home remedies for sickness, rugs from worn out clothing, gleaned wheat, carried water and scrubbed and whitewashed.

Business was done by trading – a wagon load of wood for a theater ticket, or crockery for grain. In these days communication was made difficult by a barrier of five different languages. Land could be obtained for a filing fee of \$1.25 for squatter's rights. A midwife charged \$3.00 to care for a mother and child for ten days, and wheat was called "gold". Furniture was hand-made from wooden pegs and slabs.

The sounds of prayers came daily – not for comfort and ease, but for courage and strength to overcome difficulties; prayers of thanksgiving and gratitude for the blessings they shared. Their heavy burdens were not easily lifted. They had to work hard and depend on each other for sustenance. They were bound together with desperation and cooperation.

Amid the scrub cedar, sage brush, and stony ground, they built their homes, plowed their fields, and made their stronghold. At last a prosperous civilization began to grow in Sanpete.

The first essential for every settlement was a meeting place, for church services, school, for civic and cultural development. The sounds of worship were foremost. The Relief Society organization was always on hand to give assistance wherever it was needed. No community was complete without the sounds of a choir, band, or orchestra. Social gathering was imperative. These hardy souls found relaxation for tired feet and aching backs by dancing at the end of an exhausting day. Every settlement had a theater group to

add to the entertainment. By using wagon covers for curtains, and ingenious props, scenery and makeup, their productions helped to enlighten and enhance public spirit.

Despite trial and hardship, missionaries were sent out, and men went to their country's military aid.

New settlements were founded during the 1870's. A railroad approached the valley, bringing it closer to the outside world. A telegraph tapped messages from distant places. Mines were in operation, and factories and mills were producing lumber, flour, silk, rock salt, sugar and molasses.

Rounds of immigration came into the valley from England, Denmark, Wales and Scandinavia, to help in the colonizing, bringing with them sounds that helped the growth and development of Sanpete; tanners, blacksmiths, gunsmiths, cabinet makers, wagon makers, and shoemakers, miners and millworkers.

In April, 1877, hundreds of saints stood in silence at the sound of a prophet's voice dedicating the temple site. The sounds of ground being broken, of workers digging, blasting, and pounding, bounced off the dusty limestone hillside, as they molded a structure with designs that architects have not been able to duplicate.

Along with the 70's came the sounds of a recreation site; a resort called Funk's Lake, bringing with it the sounds of boating, dancing and picnicking. Ice cream was served in the valley for the first time.

Industrious sounds made this valley. Sounds of clearing land, planting crops and trees, milking cows, churning butter, spinning wool, and teaching children to read and write. Sounds of constant building – factories, mills, and council houses, where laws were made such as punishment for profanity, responsibility to the Indians as a people, to teach and guide them; to beautify their surroundings, improve sanitation, support education, and to protect their water supply from pollution.

In honor, faith and integrity our fathers learned to live united, with common ideals of love, reverent speech, clean surroundings, and good education.

From these noble, spiritual souls came teachers, doctors, lawyers, artists, musicians and other influential people of outstanding achievements.

There was no place for idleness in building a prosperous community. Each one took his part in building social equality, cultural refinement, civic responsibility, and wholesome recreation; laying a foundation and setting a worthy example for future generations to follow.

From horse-drawn carriage to fastback super charger-tallow candle to total electric living-from destitution to prosperity, came a new generation, through industry, thrift and initiative.

Take time to listen on a quiet hill on a thoughtful afternoon, or stop sometime on a country road, near an old log house, or a lonely cemetery. As the wind whispers softly, you may hear the echo of a hundred years.

Sources:

"These Our Fathers", published 1947 by Sanpete Chapters of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

THE SACRIFICE

Mary Louise Seamons,
Twin Falls, Idaho
Third Place
Short Story

On the last night they were to spend in their home in Stockholm, Sweden twelve-year-old Johanna Anderson, her brother Peter, Lena (Peter's bride), their mother and four of their seven brothers and sisters were seated around the fireplace. But Johanna was unaware of the conversation around her. As she watched the flames in the fireplace send dancing shadows across her mother's face and the faces of her brothers and sisters—faces she may never see again—her thoughts wandered to another night a few weeks earlier, the night Peter had first told them of his decision to go to Zion.

Going to Zion had been Peter's dream for five long years, ever since the two Elders had first told him of the gathering place of the Saints in the tops of the mountains. Now that dream was to become a reality.

Johanna had listened, fascinated, while Peter told of his plans. How exciting it had seemed! Then came that wonderful moment when she had been asked to go! And her mother had consented!

Of course she had wanted to go, but still—oh, it was so hard to say goodbye to her family and all she loved so well here at home. It would be over early tomorrow morning, and she would be on her way across the ocean, away from her home and family—perhaps forever. Even though she loved her brother and his bride dearly, she would miss all this that was so familiar to her.

That night she cried herself to sleep.

The next morning they rose very early and ate their late breakfast in Sweden. The atmosphere throughout the meal was a pleasant one, yet an air of sadness hung heavily upon them.

Their last goodbyes were equally sad.

Peter held his mother close. "Farewell, Mother, and do write. Try to follow as soon as you can."

"Oh, how can I let you go so far? It will be lonely without you, Peter. But do take care of your sister. Remember us often, and don't let anything happen to you on your journey."

Then she turned to Johanna.

"Here, Johanna, is a little gift I made for you. Open it when you have left the harbor, and remember—this is a symbol of my love. When you reach any crisis in your life, look at this and think, what I would do if I were in your place. Goodbye, my darling."

"Thank you, Mother. I'll remember what you've always taught me, and I'll try to do those things that would make you proud of me."

The first few days aboard ship were exciting and pleasant for the young girl. Then one morning Johanna awoke to find a cloudy sky and a tossing ship. This was the first storm they were to encounter while on this ship, but it was by no means the last. Most of the passengers were seasick by this time, but Peter and Johanna were hungry. They asked the captain's permission to make pancakes in the galley. This was a real treat for Peter for he had been a chef in their homeland, and now he could lend a familiar touch to this ship which was to be their home for yet a while.

Johanna sat on a shelf and held the bowl of batter in one arm, curving the other around a pole so she wouldn't lose her balance, while Peter held the griddle over the fire. One by one the other passengers came in to see what smelled so appetizing. Peter made more batter, and they all had pancakes. After this on all stormy days Peter made pancakes for the entire company.

Feeling homesick and sad after this episode so reminiscent of home, Johanna went to her berth soon after they had eaten. She was looking over some of her keepsakes when she remembered the package her mother had given her as they left Sweden. Opening it she found a red coat. She thought back and could see her mother as she sheared the sheep, washed and carded the wool, spun and wove it into cloth, dyed it, and finally cut and sewed the garment. She loved the coat all the more to know how much work and love her mother had put into the making of this beautiful gift. She couldn't know then what a

dramatic part this coat was to play during the trip across the plains. For now, it was packed away to use when they reached Zion. There were many cold days when she was tempted to wear it, but she overcame the temptations and kept it packed.

When they finally docked, it was in the harbor of New York. They bought supplies and a prairie schooner with what money they had. Then they signed up with a company of Saints to cross the plains. Johanna lovingly and carefully packed her red coat in the big trunk at the rear of the wagon.

Their trip, at the beginning, was just as many other trips across the plains have been. With the help of each one the trip was made as pleasant as possible. Though they suffered hardships and discouragement, they rose above these challenges and traveled on toward Zion and their new homes. They had heard stories about savage Indians from other travelers, but Johanna had never yet seen one.

Then one day, after they had been traveling for some two months, a small band of Indians rode up to their wagon. Over the leader's shoulders was thrown something of a bright red hue. There was something familiar about it. On closer inspection Johanna had the sickening realization that this was her coat. But it couldn't be! It wasn't possible! Her coat had never been taken from the trunk since their arrival in New York!

She ran to the trunk and searched it carefully for the coat. It wasn't to be found! Flinging herself across the trunk, she began to sob. Peter, rushing to the rear of the wagon, gathered her close in his arms. "Please don't cry little sister. I know it was wrong—and cruel. But let me tell you a story."

"One day about a month ago this same band of Indians rode up to the wagon train, threatening the lives of the men. I knew they liked bright things, and all I could think of was your coat.

"I knew the coat was your going away gift from Mother and how much it meant to you. I also knew that you were saving it until we should reach Zion, but there wasn't anything else. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me?"

We this, perhaps, a crisis such as her mother had foreseen?

That day it was difficult for twelve-year-old Johanna to forgive—and to understand, but as the years passed and brought real heartaches, she realized that a coat—even a red coat—was a small sacrifice to make for a dear brother's life.

