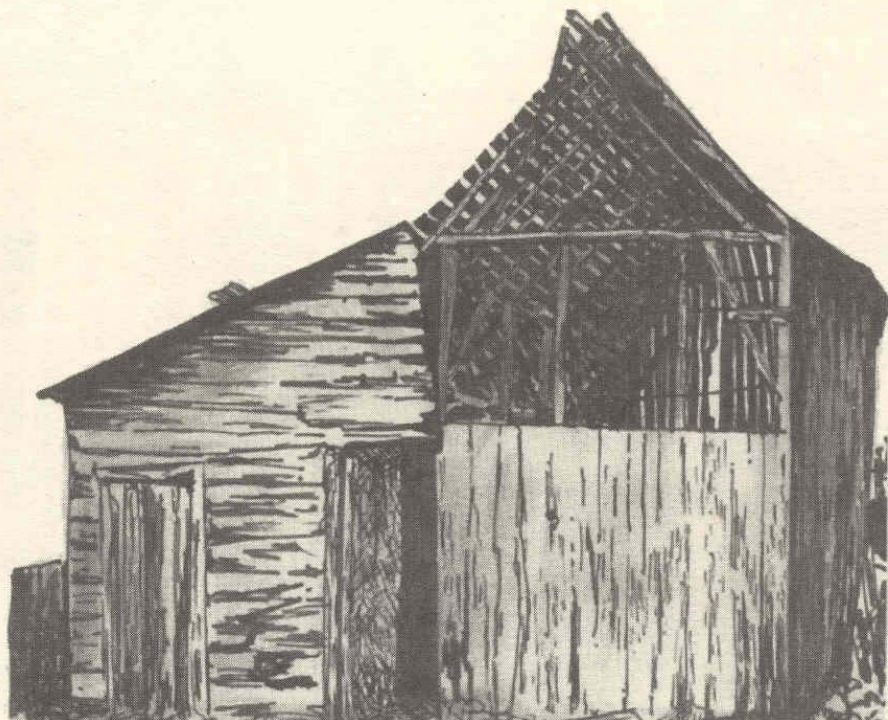
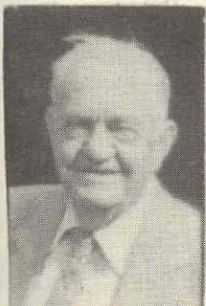
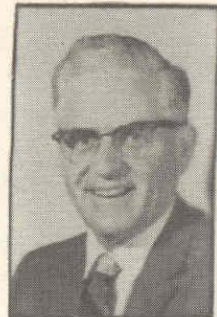
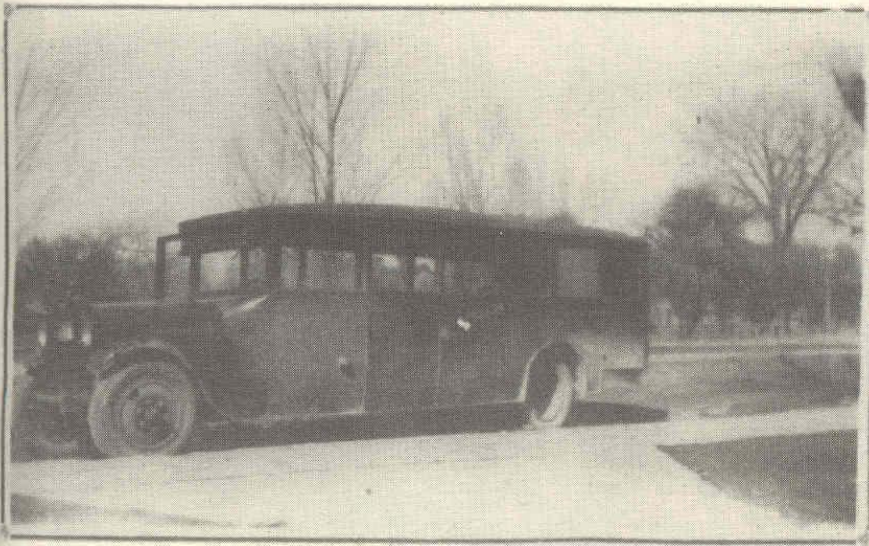
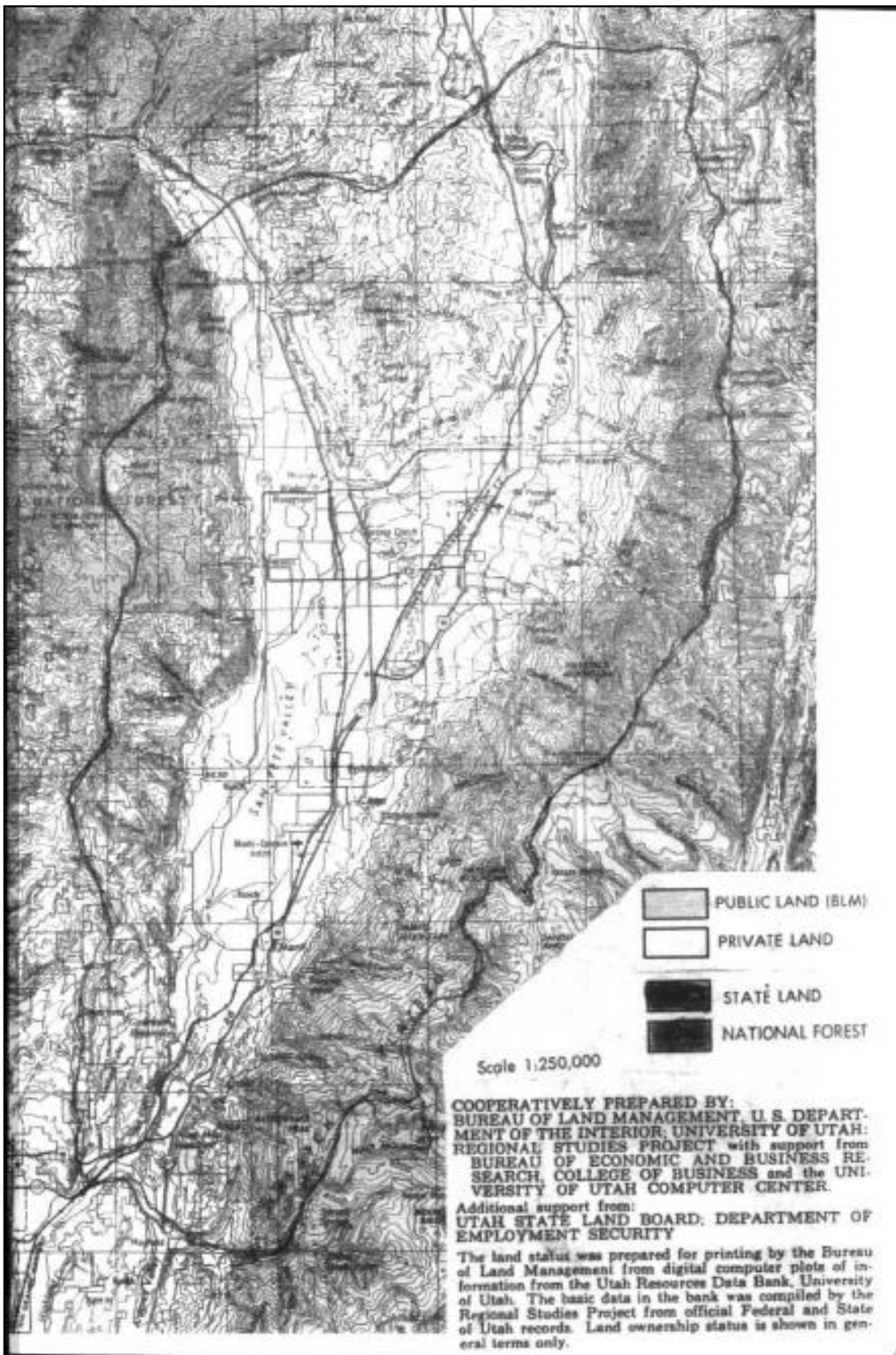


Saga of the Sanpitch Vol. XXX 1998





- PUBLIC LAND (BLM)
- PRIVATE LAND
- STATE LAND
- NATIONAL FOREST

Scale 1:250,000

COOPERATIVELY PREPARED BY:
 BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT, U.S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR; UNIVERSITY OF UTAH; REGIONAL STUDIES PROJECT with support from BUREAU OF ECONOMIC AND BUSINESS RESEARCH, COLLEGE OF BUSINESS and the UNIVERSITY OF UTAH COMPUTER CENTER.

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SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XXX

1998

Winning Entries

of the

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Sponsored by

Sanpete Historical Writing Committee

Eleanor P. Madsen, Chairman

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PREFACE

The theme "People and Places Remembered" for the thirtieth edition of the *Saga of the Sanpitch* summarizes the purpose of these volumes, to record incidents and memories of the past, to invite some nostalgia in recalling those individuals and the places dear to our hearts that they might remain forever with us. We treasure each person remembered and each place as a vital part of the history of our valley, and are grateful to have been a part of this important work. Publishing the *Saga* has been a rewarding experience. We value the friendships that have been made through the years. Our lives are richer because we have known you.

The Sanpete Valley is unique and its people formed from a special mold. As the people have scattered all over the earth, they have taken with them that uniqueness and a special spirit that has reached out to influence many with a desire to come to Sanpete. One educator said, "Once you get the Sanpete dust on your shoes you can't shake it off."

Once again, this volume continues to capture the faith and courage of those who turned the first furrows, hewed the stone, built the bridges, erected the schools, churches and homes. As we read their stories with reverence, may we be ever grateful for our heritage, thankful for the firm foundation they laid, knowing that the history of the past helps point the way to the future. The more firm our roots are planted in the dust of the past, the more sure we can make our way forward. Wherever your footsteps may take you, may you always treasure your Sanpete heritage.

As we reach the conclusion of this history gathering, we approach it with much nostalgia. Beginning in 1969 the first volume was published with a few stories of the past. Since then the *Saga* has grown and attained worldwide recognition as a rich treasury of Sanpete history.

People from Sanpete now scattered over the world, and many who are no longer with us, have written precious facts and memories to make this book an interesting and valuable source of history of the area.

The success of the *Saga* is a tribute to you who have sent your entries year after year to preserve the legacy of Sanpete County, as well as those who have purchased the books to add to your collection. These stories will endure for the benefit of many future generations.

Perhaps another time, another era, another *Saga* will be written. Until then we encourage you to write your own stories, keep your individual family histories and journals and continue to enjoy the thirty volumes of the *Saga of the Sanpitch*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Sanpete Historical Writing Committee express our appreciation and thanks to all who have submitted manuscripts, loaned pictures, done typing, proof-reading, editing, judging entries, and in many other ways given of their time and talents in the production of this volume of the *Saga of the Sanpitch*. We are grateful to all who have offered encouragement in many ways.

CHAIRMAN Eleanor P. Madsen

COMMITTEE Linnie M. Findlay

Lillian H. Fox

Louise J. Ruesch

Camille O. Lindsay

TREASURER Buena Fay Moore

TYPIST Dallin Jay Rees

PROOF-READING Linnie Findlay,

Eleanor Madsen,

Dallin Rees and

Inez Trythall

EDITING Diana Major Spencer

Diana 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 20 years as proof reader and copy editor.

ADVERTISING

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

JUDGES

Edith Willardsen married George C. Willardsen. a native of Ephraim. They moved to Ephraim with their family of three children in 1943. Edith graduated from Snow College and the University of Utah. She taught Elementary school in Ephraim for thirty years. She retired from forty-five years of teaching in 1997, having taught Mathematics at Snow College for the last fifteen years, and was presented a distinguished alumni award from Snow College in 1997. She serves as an ordinance worker in the Manti Temple. She enjoys the hobbies of traveling, fishing and hunting.

Blodwen Parry Olson was born in Manti, Utah, and lived there until she married Phil Olson, a native of Ephraim, where she has lived for sixty years. She graduated from Snow College and attended classes at BYU and the U of U. She taught school in Carbon County for four years. In Ephraim she has been active in Church and Civic organizations. For the past ten years, since her husband died, she has spent some of her winters in St. George. She loves Ephraim and the stones that are written and told about it.

Roland Larsen was born in Salt Lake City and, having grandparents in both Ephraim and Mt. Pleasant, spent much of his time in Sanpete. His mother's family came from Norway and settled in Mt. Pleasant. His father's family came from Denmark and went to Monroe, Mt. Pleasant, and finally settled in Ephraim. Summers were spent at the homes of both grandparents. His parents separated and he attended school in both Ephraim and Salt Lake City. Roland spent his working years as a machinist in Salt Lake and raised his four children there. Most of his children, his 17 grandchildren and five great grandchildren like to come to Grandpa's and go on the mountain. Roland and his wife, Carla, feel like they have "come home."

COVER

The cover this year follows the theme, "People and Places Remembered" and was designed with photographs and drawing arranged by John Kjar.

Mr. Kjar, formerly of Gunnison and American Fork, now lives in Tempe, Arizona, with his wife, Jeralyn, and little son, Andrew. He is a graduate of Snow College and Utah State University. Mr. Kjar is an artist and writer, having poetry published in the *Saga*.

Pictures on the front cover include, upper, Jesse's Bus; Halbert Greaves and Glenn Thomas. Lower, Marzetta Willardson, A. J. Anderson and an old barn. The back cover pictures are the old South Ward Church in Mt. Pleasant; , Anderson Drug in Ephraim, Ludeal Peterson's' home, wkh Ellen Tucker. Lower, Dorothy Buchanan and James Jacobs. Simmons Furniture Store in Manti. Wilma Despain and Talula Nelson.

Inside front cover —Topographical map of San Pitch River Basin --Courtesy Robert Nielson

Inside back cover: *Deed* of the portion of land and country known as San Pete County, together with property, livestock, guns and tools owned by Siegnerouch (Arropine). to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints, dated 23 December 1856, signed by County Recorder and three witnesses.

TRIBUTE

NORMA WANLASS BARTON

By Eleanor P. Madsen



The first volume (1969) of the Saga of the Sanpitch has a short story, a first place winter entitled "Nikki" written by Norma Wanlass. All but four volumes from then until 1996 has a winning entry written by Norma. What support! What dedication in preserving Sanpete history. What a legacy she has left in her writing. Many of her entries were stories about Indians. Others were remembrances of her father and the incidents he told her. She had a great desire to preserve these precious tales of the past.

Every year she did the intensive research needed to make those stories authentic and real. She contacted numerous individuals, consulted information in libraries and elsewhere to accurately document her writing.

She was devoted to the success of the Saga. In addition to writing each year, she served on the committee to organize and prepare entries to be judged. She sold books at the County Fair, helped with the collating and stapling of the early volumes. Wherever there was a need to help Norma was ready and willing.

Her writing reflected the inner beauty that was hers, her compassion, caring for others. She went beneath the surface to deep thoughts and feelings with a strong desire for right and justice, equality among men. She was ever an advocate of men who did not receive the needed recognition.

Norma was a prolific writer, a true historian, a dear friend. We miss her and treasure her writings.

Norma Smith Wanlass Barton died November 25, 1997 at her home in Manti, after serving three years with her husband, Lee Barton, as the President and Matron of the Manti Temple.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING IN COLOR

Elizabeth J. Story

Senior Honorable Mention Poetry

Certainly, there are many, many things about the complex world of my childhood days in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, in Sanpete Valley, which were very pleasant and good. These things are worth remembering. Then there were unpleasant things I choose to forget. I remember innumerable shapes and splendid dyes, and most and best of all the exciting colors.

GREEN GRAY of the sagebrush in our north field, those ancient, gnarled bushes growing there for ages. Who knows how long they were there before I saw them and their color.

PURPLE, soft and so very delicate showing in the iris blossoms along the cemetery fences. So like the orchids with fragile parts, so lovely. They say the iris is the flower of devotion, and I would agree.

CRIMSON-CLAD peonies, bright with iridescent light on the large blossoms on the two bushes in front of our old home, planted by my grandmother in the early days. She must have loved and enjoyed this beauty of bright, iridescent color in her front yard each June. Her birthday was in June as well.

GRAY-BROWN pussy willows in the meadow, the first sign of spring each March. Young farm boys found them near the creek and gathered some of the willows to bring to school for the teacher. It always excited those of us waiting for springtime once more. It was the first hint.

DARK GREEN waxy leaves of the tall poplar trees that came leafing early in spring and made the streets come alive with this new look that lined the streets. The pioneers had this in mind when they planted these trees to beautify their town. It was a sight to behold all through the spring and summer and fall. One could see these trees for miles before one came near the town. They were like green sentinels to welcome the traveler. They were lacy, gray, and elegant in the winter months.

GREENISH-WHITE bushes that had boughs laden with white balls of beauty. The whiteness of the blossoms matched the loveliness of the fragrance in the air all around the bushes.

BLUE, the color of the sky, and it was the color in variations from deep to pale blue that were always in the paintings of the artist John Stansfield, who captured all the blues of the valley, the sky, the water, and the mountains. His paintings were a lesson in using colors well, and his forever blues in every painting that he created so beautifully.

YELLOW roses on the large briar bush by the gate. With petals as soft as the feeling of a silk dress on the skin. The blossoms were small, very much like the wild roses in the field lanes.

It is very true; all color is light, which in turn causes different appearances and hues to our eyes, as it reflects upon our senses and gives us joy.

SHE NEVER LOOKED BACK

Robert L. Jensen

Senior First Place Historical Essay

Because of her love for all mankind, this is a story that needs to be recorded about a remarkable little woman who quietly spent most of her life in Manti doing good for her family, church, and everyone she ever came in contact with. The year was 1876, and at age 24 Annie Christiansen joined the Mormon church. This, despite the fact that her father, a wealthy Danishman, was adamantly opposed to it and forbid her to ever meet with the missionaries. Right from the outset, Annie knew that the work was true and secretly met with the Elders and was baptized.

Soon after her baptism the two young men received notice that their mission was completed, and they began to make preparations for the long journey back to America.

Typical of many converts, Annie wanted very much to immigrate to Zion. She wanted to live and be with her new-found friends. But she wondered how could this happen? How could it possibly come about? She knew her father would vigorously object to any plan to leave, especially if he found out that she had joined the Mormons. She waited and wondered and yearned for a solution.

Finally the day arrived for the departure of the ship carrying the missionaries. Quietly Annie left the house, and with only a shawl over her shoulders she walked the long distance to the docks where the ship lay at anchor. After going aboard, she soon located the Elders and told them of her desire to travel with

them back to Zion. A big problem faced them, however, Annie had no money for passage. The Elders wanted very much to help her and began searching for a solution. They soon found a family willing to pay the fare for her service in helping with their children during the voyage. She was all set!

Then, without warning, the town constable came aboard the ship and told the Captain that he suspected Annie was there and her father had instructed him to bring her home. They were certain that she intended to sail to America, and he was determined to stop her. Annie quietly stepped behind a door and was not discovered. A short time later, the ship weighed anchor and the long journey began. Annie was very excited, but also a little sad knowing that she would probably never see any of her family again.

After reaching America, it remains a mystery just how Annie got to Utah, as she left Denmark with nothing but the clothes she was wearing. However, she was soon located in Manti and began her new life similarly to those who had come before her, simply working long hours to provide the basics for sustaining life. Annie's spinning wheel, wool cords, and knitting needles along with finished stockings - courtesy Ruth P. Jensen

She began seeing Andrew Peterson, who just happened to be one of the missionaries who converted her, and they were soon married. Becoming part of the Peterson family resulted in a rather interesting situation. It seems that Andrew's father liked the name so well that he named two of his sons Andrew. This created all manner of problems, as neither brother knew who was being talked to most of the time. The problem was finally solved when "our" Andrew had the middle name of Overgard added to his name. It also helped when the other brother, a much larger man, was permanently nicknamed "Big Andrew".

Almost from the beginning, life became very difficult for Annie. She gave birth to nine children who had to be cared for, and Andrew's health failed him. He was a skilled rock mason and worked diligently on the Temple for many years. But all too soon Annie had almost complete responsibility for providing for her family. They lived in a very humble adobe house in the east part of town. The home had only the bare essentials, but Annie met each challenge with a strong determination and with the many skills she had developed.

A large garden was planted each year, and she sold vegetables and fruit to earn money. She also raised cows and sold milk, butter, and high quality cheese to help bring in needed finances. In one particular spring season, Annie walked to Sterling each morning and sheared sheep all day. Then in the evening she walked back home, carrying wool to work that night. In the dim light of a small Kerosene lantern she would clean and process the wool and spin it into valuable yarn which she would dye to vivid colors from materials which she collected for this purpose. From this wonderful yarn, she provided much needed items of clothing for her family. Remarkably, through this entire spring of hard work and long hours, Annie was also carrying an unborn child. But never once did she ever complain or utter a harsh word.

Annie was an excellent and very talented seamstress. It was said that she could start with almost nothing in the way of material and turn it into a beautiful and serviceable article of clothing. Many nights she would sit in the dark, and all that could be heard were her knitting needles rapidly clicking as wonderful wool stockings took shape.

This remarkable pioneer developed a very special talent in working with a variety of herbs for medicinal purposes. She was also a self-taught nurse and became very proficient in this work. She helped bring many children into the world and was very skillful in helping with medical problems in the

community. On one occasion, there was talk of amputating one man's leg as he had endured an open sore that wouldn't heal for a long time. Annie asked that they do nothing for a few more days. She went to the mountains and gathered a variety of herbs, of which she made a salve. This was applied to the sore, and slowly but surely it began to heal, and eventually the man's health was restored completely. During her life, she had many similar experiences using a variety of herbs and her skills in nursing the sick back to good health.

Throughout her entire life, Annie remained faithful to her beliefs. She served in almost all of the Church auxiliaries and was president of the Relief Society in her ward for 20 years. Her life was hard and she was constantly confronted with problems that required difficult decisions. Yet through it all she raised her family, who eventually carried on her steadfast traditions. She lived her dedicated life believing in God and the other good things in life and to help her fellow man in every way possible.

Annie's daughter Anna grew up to be a very lovely and intelligent young lady. Though her regular schooling was limited, Annie recognized her abilities and had a burning desire for her to receive additional education and become a teacher. However, there simply was no money to accomplish this. For a long time Annie struggled with the idea of asking for help from her father in Denmark. She finally wrote him and made the request, having no idea how he might react to such a proposal. A little later an envelope came with only the money she had asked for. Annie was sad that no word had come from her father, but she was overjoyed that Anna could receive additional schooling. Anna became a teacher and taught school in Moab for many years.

The envelope from her father was the only contact that Annie ever had with any member of her family after leaving home. This stalwart little woman was a pillar of strength to all who knew her, and despite her undying love for her family in Denmark, she deeply loved and believed in her Church and never looked back at what might have been had she remained in her native country.



Annie Peterson Home Manti, Utah



Annie Peterson about 1926

Documentation:

Andrew O. Peterson Diaries

Personal Memories Mary Peterson

Personal Memories Ruth P. Jensen

DANISH FRIENDS

Vonda Merriam

Senior Second Place Historical Essay

This is an accounting of two special ladies, born in different areas of Denmark, but finding a friendship in Manti, Utah. Nelzina Marie Mikkelsen Peterson was born February 6, 1888, in Aalborg, and Karen Reenberg Hansen was born March 28, 1882, in Skyum. My mother, Nelzina (called Nellie), had a lonely childhood. My grandmother worked as a seamstress to earn their living. Leaving her child in the care of people living in the apartment, she stayed in the homes of rich people until their sewing needs were accomplished. In her spare time she was good to the Mormon Missionaries, doing their washing and mending.

In time, she joined the Mormon Church. Many people were opposed to this religion, so the Elders took mother and grandmother to the ocean at midnight for the baptism.

When John Miller, one of the Elders, had completed his mission and was ready to return to his

home in Utah, he offered to take his converts with him.

He would sponsor them. Grandmother accepted his offer, and she and my mother came with him to Richfield, Utah.

John Miller owned a store in Richfield. Mother was then old enough to help him in the store.

Grandmother continued to sew for people as she had done in Denmark. In this manner she paid back the money she owed him for their sponsorship. One day, Neil Miller, John's brother, came to Richfield for a visit. His family were all grown and his wife had passed away. He and my grandmother liked each other and

were married. He had mother and grandmother sealed to him in the Manti Temple. They made their home in Manti.



Nellie Peterson, John Peterson, Leona Squire, Karen R. Hansen

In Manti, they met Karen Reenberg, also a Danish convert. She walked with a crutch, having broken her leg when eight years of age. She had also learned to be a seamstress and earned her living in this manner. She fell again when fourteen years of age and came to Manti with missionaries while her leg was in a cast. She was crippled all her life.

Karen and my mother had much in common. She had also been baptized in Denmark in the ocean on a cold night, January 25, 1902. Christian Larsen, a missionary from Mayfield, Utah, had sponsored her. She had lived in Mayfield with his family, sewing to pay back her sponsorship.

Annual Conference of the Church was held in the Tabernacle in Manti. People from the surrounding towns came to the meetings. Among them were the Larsen's and Karen. My grandfather asked Karen if she would like to move to Manti where she could find more employment as a seamstress. Karen consented, so a room was prepared for her in the Miller home. From then on she and my mother were the best of friends.

Two years later my grandmother passed away. Grandfather was getting along in years and decided to move to Park City and live with his daughter. Before he left he filled the woodshed with wood, the coal bin with coal and the flour bin with flour. He then gave Karen a bankbook containing all the money she had paid him for her board and room. He told my mother to do the cooking and housework and Karen to

continue sewing for their support. He then left them on their own. They did a good job and loved each other like sisters.

A young man named John Peterson and my mother fell in love and were married February 14, 1906. They moved into a home of their own. Karen moved across the street into the home of John Squire and family. She continued to sew for a living.

One warm day, Karen took her hand stitching into an orchard south of the house where she enjoyed the outdoor weather as she worked. Here she met a man named Peter Hansen who lived in the north part of Manti. He had fine horses and took them out for exercise. He courted Karen and they were married June 17, 1908.

The years went by. My mother had four children and Karen had three. They continued to be friends. Karen had a horse and buggy. She hitched old Sally to the buggy and drove out to pick up Mother. They put as many into the buggy as possible and went shopping, visiting, or just for rides. On Sundays they enjoyed dinners together. We children called Karen "Aunt Carrie" and her children called my mother "Aunt Nellie." I was a grown girl before I realized that we were not really relatives.

Mother's health was not good, and in 1926, at age thirty eight, she became bedfast. Aunt Carrie came and sat with her for hours. Mother passed away November 27, 1927, with her beloved friend by her side.

The years went by. I was busy taking care of my dad and my brothers until Dad remarried. I then worked as a hired girl or as a nanny for other people.

In 1930 I married Edgar Merriam of Manti and became busy raising ten children of my own. When my children were nearly grown, I had the privilege of taking care of Aunt Carrie for five mornings of each week. I did this for several years. At this time she told me about my mother and their great friendship.

I am thankful that I had this time with her. I also value the friendship of her daughter, Lillian. We are the same age and both live in Manti. Now in 1998, we are the only living members of our families.

PRINCESS

Elizabeth J. Story

Senior Third Place Historical Essay

I grew up in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, along with my four sisters. Our parents were Fame and Clarence Jacobson. My father was a farmer and a barn carpenter. He worked on the land in the summer and did carpentry work in the winter. My sisters and I helped with the farming work each summer when there was no school-work to do.

Along with cows and horses, my father owned other animals as well. I remember best his horse "Princess," the black mare he rode that was his pride and joy. He also used her as a work horse. She was a black beauty with a white star blaze on her forehead. She was spirited and gallant and somewhat treacherous. She would kick anything or anyone who came upon her suddenly. My sisters and I were never allowed to ride her. We had to ride the gentle horses. The original owner said she was too spirited for him, but my father loved this young mare from the moment he saw her. He loved to ride her because everyone who saw her admired them. He was so very good to her. As children, we were warned never to get near her when alone. It was the thrill of my young life one day when I was lifted onto Princess in the saddle next to my father, and I smiled when my mother took a photo of us. It was a priceless moment in time for me.

At one point in my father's life when he was young, he worked for his brother-in-law, N.S. Larson, in his livery stable. His job was taking care of the horses and also driving the wagons and buggies. My father understood and loved horses. He always treated them with kindness.

As the story goes, my father's Hamiltonian breed horse started with a male colt that was given to a young stable worker in Manti. It was told that Brigham Young and his men came to visit Manti in the early days, and his buggy was pulled by a handsome pair of these Hamiltonian buggy horses. One of the mares had a half-grown colt which followed along. They said that the colt was lame when they reached Manti. The horses were taken to the stable for the night to be cared for, and Brigham Young told the young man to care for the young colt. After resting for the night, the party came to get the team in the morning. The colt was still ailing, so Brigham Young said he must go on, but told the young man he could have the colt if he would care for him. That was of the Hamiltonian breed, a very fine male horse he would grow to be.

The colt grew to be a fine black stallion, and he was used as a stud horse for his good bloodline. The offspring were all half work horses and half the Hamiltonian breed. The mare that my father loved was one of his later offspring, and she was sold to the friend of my father's in Mt. Pleasant who owned her before my father saw her and bought her. It was a love affair from the beginning for my father and this horse he named Princess.

As I was growing up in the 1920's, my sisters and I helped our father on the farm. I remember when we went to the meadow to get our horses to start the day hauling and cutting hay, father would see his horses and whistle to get their attention. As soon as Princess saw my father, she would raise her head, stop grazing, and come to us across the meadow. She would always answer father's call and come to him any time. He would talk softly to her as he put his hand on her head and rubbed down her neck. It was such an enjoyable time for me to see this absolute devotion of a man and his horse when they were near each other. This was a joy for me to see and to feel. Everyone was aware of how very proud my father was of this spirited black beauty. She was admired by everyone. She was a beautiful horse. He teamed her up with a gentle sorrel mare named Molly, and this was his work team for trips to the coal mine each summer. They pulled the wagons and machines on the farm land. Later he bought two large bay Percheron breed work horses he named Chub and Dora to use as his team, and he retired Princess to be the extra horse and to be his riding horse.

Years passed and my sisters and I married and had families, and we came back home each summer for a visit. At one point, my father said he was selling the farm land and the animals, but he would keep the north pasture for Princess. He said he would never sell her, that they would never use his horse for horsehide coats or send her to the glue factory. Never, never. He took her to the north field pasture where each day he would drive his car out to see how she was. He would take water for her if the creek was dry.

One day he went out to the pasture and looked to the willows where she stood most of the time and she was down. He rushed to her side and found she was dead. She had died during the night. He stood by her and said, "Sometimes I thought you would be the death of me and that I would go first." It was morning and he went back to the car for his shovel and began to dig a grave and to bury her. He had to hurry before the men who scanned the fields each day would see her. They were paid to pick up dead animals. They would also sell them to the hide company, so he had to work fast to get it done.

He started digging right alongside her backbone so when the grave was opened he could take her legs and turn her into the grave and then cover her up with plenty of dirt so the coyotes couldn't dig her up. He began to dig, dig, and dig more and rest a bit for a drink of water.

My mother told us that when he didn't come home for lunch, she did not worry, but when dinnertime and then sundown came and he didn't return, she began to worry. Could it be that Princess has died and he is giving her a good burial? She thought to herself that he must be digging her a grave and it will be a big job to dig a hole big enough to bury a horse and that the sun had baked the earth and she was sure it would be very difficult to dig. She knew that it was his right to bury his horse on his land, but he would have to be sure it was deep enough to contain the odor which would bring the coyotes to gather and cause trouble.

It was past sunset when my father returned home. He was hungry, tired, and sad. He told my mother he had buried the Princess and mother understood why. We all understood why. This spirited, beautiful Princess had been his pride and his joy and had gladdened many years of his life.

JOHN VAN COTT

John Van Cott, grandson
Senior Honorable Mention Historical Essay

John Van Cott, pioneer, missionary, and statesman, ranked high in the lives of the early peoples of Sanpete County, especially the Mormon converts that came from England and the northern countries, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Here in the late 1800s, John served his church—The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Here, briefly, is John's story assembled by an admiring grandson who received John's name at birth. His female line starts May 26, 1665, when Catalyn Jans, a thirteen-year-old orphan girl was collected, along with a large group of other orphans in and around Amsterdam, Holland, and shipped to New Amsterdam (New York City) to help supplement the population there.¹

Several years later, Catalyn met Claes Van Cats, twenty one, an adventurer who had recently arrived. Claes was born in Schoonhoven, Holland, in May, 1641, and came to America in 1662 to flee the constant troubles of Europe. He and Catalyn married on July 23, 1670.² They had four children, Cornelius, Johannes, David, and Annetjie. John's line is from Johannes, the second child. They bought and developed land around New York City and prospered.

Now we drop down several generations to John's parents, Losee and his wife Lovina Pratt Van Cott. (Lovina was a sister of Tared Pratt, father of Parley P. and Orson.) The Van Cats name was now anglicized to Van Cott. Losee and Lovina settled in upstate New York where they bought a farm. Despite Losee's poor health, the family prospered, but Losee died on June 14, 1824, leaving John, ten, as the only male member of the family, with two sisters and his mother, Lovina.



Eventually John met Lucy Sackett of nearby Stephentown, New York, and on September 15, 1835, they were married, and Lucy moved into the home of the Van Cott. John and his family had been exposed to the Mormon religion through Parley P. Pratt (nephew of Lovina), but it had not gone much further than that. With the prosperity the Van Cott enjoyed, life was comparatively easy. In later years John often said that it was their prosperity and good life that made it easy not to join the Mormon church. They believed, but just didn't make an effort. Eventually Parley had the pleasure of baptizing his cousin John, John's wife Lucy, and

his mother Lovina into the Mormon church. Shortly, John and his family had a great desire to move closer to the body of the church, now in Nauvoo.

Before leaving for Nauvoo, he finalized the sale of their beautiful farm and settled all claims with his two sisters. In July of 1845, Parley, returning to Nauvoo from a trip back east, brought with him John, his mother Lovina, and their two children, Martha and Mary.

John, now wealthy, purchased two good wagons with two two-horse teams and hired a driver for the other wagon. In one wagon he put extra supplies that would be most useful to the needy in Nauvoo, and in the other he and his family traveled. In Nauvoo John purchased several parcels of land and when he left for the west he gave these to the church, along with a gift of \$460 toward the completion of the Nauvoo Temple.³

The Van Cott's, along with others, suffered the terrible privations of Nauvoo, but before they left for the west, they had the privilege of renewing their covenants in the temple. As they moved west with the main body of the saints, their problems continued. They crossed the frozen Mississippi River on February 14, 1846, and at Winter Quarters built a one-room log cabin where they stayed over the winter, preparing for the final exodus in the spring.

On the first of June, 1847, Parley and John loaded their families into wagons and moved out. John had again purchased an extra wagon and filled it with extra supplies for future need of the saints. For mutual safety they were organized into companies, and John was made Marshall of the camp.⁴

On August 23, near Independence Rock, Lucy gave birth to a son. They arrived in the valley of the Great Salt Lake on September 25, 1847. Again, John divided his extra supplies. Building lots were assigned that fall, and John's was established on the corner of First South and West Temple where the Marriott Hotel now stands.⁵

John built a small adobe home for his family of five. In 1872 he sold this home and lot and bought a large farm out in what became Farmers Ward. He was an excellent farmer, and has been recorded as growing the first peaches in the valley. In October 1872, he won a territorial first prize for five acres of the best tame grass,⁶ and his homegrown molasses was publicly praised. He entered into civil government, helping develop the city. He was a member of the House of Representatives, served on the City Council, was appointed Street Supervisor,⁷ and was the first Marshall of Salt Lake City.⁸

Following the principles of his church, he had married Jemima Morris in 1851. Tragically, a year later, she died in childbirth. The little one did not survive. On November 22, 1852, he married Caroline Erickson.

In 1852 he was called on his first church mission to the British Mission. With the unexpected death in 1853 of Willard R. Snow, he was re-assigned to Copenhagen, Denmark, where he shortly became president of the mission.⁹ It was here that he first became acquainted with and grew to love the Scandinavian people. Under his devoted care, over a thousand of them joined the Mormon Church and were guided to Utah. From there, most of them were assigned to Sanpete County. While on this first mission, John was contacted by Karl G. Maeser, noted educator. Some say it was John who converted Brother Maeser.¹⁰

On his way home from his first mission, he stopped at Iowa City to help outfit the handcart pioneers before returning home to Utah. All went well with these handcart companies until the Willy and Martin Companies ran into the terrible weather of an early winter in the upland country of Wyoming. John was one of those sent back from Utah to help rescue them.¹¹

In 1857 John's cousin, Parley P Pratt, was murdered by a knife-wielding assassin. Later General Johnston's United States Army, under orders of President Buchanan, caused near panic in the Utah valley. The people were ordered to evacuate, and streams of wagons filled with belongings and citizens fled south. John's daughter Martha and her two children camped part of the summer down on a section of the Jordan River. John was assigned with others to stay behind and, if they were invaded, to set fire to Salt Lake City.

In 1859, John married twice more, Caroline Pratt and Laura Lund (the author's grandmother). Shortly after, he was called on his second mission to the Scandinavian countries. He had tremendous success and returned home in 1862, an honored, respected, loved citizen of Utah with a well-loved family. That same year he was appointed as one of the First Seven Presidents of the Seventies.¹² He had four wives, twenty-eight children, ten of whom died young.

The church remembered John's past experiences and assigned him to preside over the Sanpete region. In those days, few could travel that road and not stop at intermediate settlements. He made the trip many times. He and one of his wives owned a home in Ephraim.¹³ One trip he made in the spring of 1867, and another was from Salt Lake City on September 16, 1868, and included President Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, and George Q. Cannon. At the Point of the Mountain, they met an escort of cavalry, then drove on to American Fork, took dinner and spoke in the bowery. Cheering crowds turned out, and the group stopped at many more towns on the way, ending in Gunnison.¹⁴



Between 1865 and 1881, John spent much of his time in Sanpete County. On April 14, 1879, the Manti Temple was well under construction. At the northeast cornerstone, John Van Cott gave one of the dedicatory prayers.¹⁵

John had lived a full and exciting life, but during 1882 his health began to fail. Dr. Young said his ailments were the result of overwork, illness, and a broken down body. He passed away on the morning of February 18, 1882, and his funeral was held in the Assembly Hall in Salt Lake City. On the stand were Presidents John Taylor, Joseph F. Smith, and Wilford Woodruff. Numerous other notables attended. Also on February 28, 1883, at a general meeting of the Seventies in Ephraim,

Sanpete County, resolutions of respect were offered to the memory of Elder John Van Cott. A much beloved man had returned home.

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THAT KICKING COW

Robert L. Jensen
Senior Honorable Mention Anecdote

It was Friday evening and I was excited. Just as soon as I got that old Jersey cow milked, I would be headed for Bill Mac's theater to see the Buck Roger's serial. As a young boy, milking the cow was my responsibility and our family depended on it for our milk and butter.

Arriving at the barn, I found the cow with her head through the stall waiting to be fed. Good, that would save some time. After giving her some hay, I was soon feverishly milking. I sure didn't want to miss that movie.

Within minutes I had a nice pail of milk and was "stripping" to get all of the cream. Then, without warning, the cow politely picked up her right rear foot and plopped it in the bucket. Was I mad? Yes I was mad. About as mad as a wet hen!

After a struggle I got her foot out of the bucket, and my only thought was to get even. So I hit her with the closest thing at hand—the bucket of milk! When the bucket hit her, I got drenched with milk, and at that same instant she kicked me hard on the shin! Did it hurt? I'll say it did. Well she wasn't going to get away with that, so I again hit her with the bucket. She retaliated by kicking me a second time in exactly the same spot. Did it hurt? Golly, gee, yes, it hurt! Oh, how it hurt, and I was sopping wet to boot. Even worse I would probably miss the movie.

After rubbing that throbbing shinbone a minute, I headed for the house, and as I closed the corral gate I'll swear that I could hear that old Jersey cow laughing at me.

SKATING PARTY ON THE LEVEE

Robert L. Jensen
Senior First Place Personal Recollection

Evening shadows were beginning to appear on a brisk November day. There was excitement in the air. Cars full of fun loving kids were assembling near the public library. Others, many others, were arriving from every corner of town. Even two hayracks showed up ready to go. At the appointed hour everyone headed down the river lane with the levee as our destination. The annual skating party was finally underway. It was hard to say who was having the most fun, the kids hanging out of car windows and rumble seats or those partly walking and partly riding on the hayracks. But one thing was certain, everyone was excited and having a great time, and best of all, it was just starting.

By dusk everyone had reached the levee and within minutes a huge warming fire was burning brightly. It was a beautiful evening for ice skating and the levee ice was perfect—simply a "sheet of glass."

Everyone was busy getting skates on. A few lucky kids had those new shoe skates which were literally a laced boot with the blade securely attached underneath. Wow, how would it be! A couple of guys even had those new tubular hockey skates. But most had the old standard skates that adjusted in the middle to fit any shoe. They also had adjustable toe clamps and an ankle strap to hold them on. Skate keys were numerous and everyone helped each other get their skates adjusted and securely fastened. Somehow, a lot of guys managed to be helping their favorite girlfriend with this task.

Soon everyone was skating, some very fast and sure, while others were rather slow and wobbly. And quite often someone would let out a shriek as they fell and slid to a stop on their bottom side.

Within a short time, goals consisting of clumps of sagebrush were established, and a furious game of hockey was underway. Hockey sticks were fashioned from most anything handy, and the hockey puck was an empty Morning Milk can. Not many goals were scored since most of the hitting was going on from a big pile of kids lying on the ice, but that poor can took a terrible beating.

Across the way, a "pop-the-whip" was in progress. A long line of skaters had joined hands and were skating very fast. Then abruptly they formed a large loop. The skaters on the end, and particularly the last one, really went for a ride and many times this ride was "belly-boost" across a wide area on the ice.

All too soon it was nearly dark, and the ever-present warming fire was a welcome sight. A near full moon was overhead making almost eerie but beautiful shadows everywhere. It was a perfect November night, one that would be remembered for a long time.

A certain skater [who shall remain nameless] noticed a certain girl was watching him as he skated by. He was sure she was watching—a perfect time to make a favorable impression, a perfect time to show her what a good skater he was! Without hesitation he began skating backward in a large circle, gaining speed with every stroke. Was she watching? He was almost sure she was and it was exciting. Everything was just great. Then, with absolutely no warning, disaster struck. With a sickening splash, the nameless skater found himself in the middle of a cattail patch in knee-deep water. It was wet and cold! With little effort—but completely embarrassed, he was immediately back on the ice and headed for the warming fire. Thank goodness for that wonderful fire. It soon had his wet pant legs steaming. And then from out of nowhere, a blanket was thrown over his shoulders. Boy, did that ever feel good, but he was still pretty embarrassed. He sure hoped that not too many had seen what happened. Then miraculously a pair of bib-overalls showed up. They were a little large and had a hole in one knee, but they were dry! A quick change in the backseat of a car solved the wet-pant problem. His socks were soon dry and he was warm again and time was wastin'!

Our nameless skater soon found that wonderful, impressionable girl and asked her if she would skate with him. She graciously accepted, and they crossed arms and slowly skated off in the moonlight. No words were spoken, but he hoped that she had understood his dilemma and, bless her heart, she never once mentioned it. This time he watched closely and completely avoided all cattail patches. As they glided across the ice, hoarfrost billowed up all around them and glistened in the moonlight, giving the appearance of a million fire-flies. This wonderful moment would be forever riveted in his mind, a quiet and beautiful November night and skating slowly along with one of the loveliest and certainly the prettiest girl in all the world. Life in Manti was good. In fact it was great!

From afar came the cry that the chili was ready. The couple skated toward the warming fire which was still burning brightly and was welcome and beautiful. The hot chili with crackers was delicious and tasted as only chili can on a cold winter evening. Hot chocolate was also plentiful and helped to warm

tingling fingers and toes. With tummies filled, the marshmallows came out and many guys meticulously roasted one to a golden brown for that special young lady standing nearby.

Then, with the fire now just glowing embers, it was time to load up and head for town. Everyone was a little tired and cold, but it had been a great time for all. Soon a string of headlights could be seen slowly moving up the river lane. The hayracks, loaded with happy kids, were the last to leave the levee. As they slowly moved up the lane, the first group could be faintly heard singing, "By the Light of the Silvery Moon." "MHS Forever" was clearly ringing out in the clear, dark night from the group on the last hayrack. Holding the hand of that special girl, the nameless young guy was thinking, no place on earth is better than growing up in Manti.

Documentation:

Special memories of the author.

A FUN LOVING FAMILY

Louise B. Johansen

Senior Second Place Personal Recollection

Daniel Rasmussen was a school teacher, as was his good wife, Jenny. Not only did they teach thousands of children in their lifetime, but they took time to listen, nurture, and enjoy their own family. Daniel and Jenny Rasmussen Family -1940 Front: Mary, Jenny, Esther, Bade: Howard, Irvin, Daniel, Paul They were blessed with five children born two years apart. Irvine, Mary, Paul, Howard, and Esther. Along with teaching school, Daniel had a farm so he could involve his children in learning to labor with the soil and animals as he had been taught by his own parents.



Daniel and Jenny Rasmussen Family – 1940

Front: Mary, Jenny, Esther

Back: Howard, Irvin, Daniel, Paul

Jenny had the talent of creating outstanding parties for the children and their friends. When Irvine was a small boy, she planned a party with a theme of nursery rhymes. She had made costumes to fit the characters in the book for each child to wear. The Queen of Hearts served the tarts, and Jack and Jill fetched a pail of water.

Esther remembers a Halloween party her mother planned for her. She had all of the furniture removed from one of the bedrooms upstairs so she could create an outdoor picnic. Large leaves were stretched across the ceiling on strings. Logs from the woodpile that were waiting to be chopped for

fire-wood were brought in for chairs, and a great big tree stump was used for the table. Jenny hollowed out apples for them to drink the sweet cider out of. Daniel made place cards out of big leaves and wrote their names on them with orange paint. They had invented names using the children's initials. Esther's name was "Embalsmed Rattlesnake" because her initials were E.S. "Eyeball Soup" was Elva Seely, and "Alligator Stew" was Alice Seery, and so on.

They took great pride in their children's accomplishments and found time to listen and write down amusing sayings or incidents of each child which are recorded in Daniel's life story. Written in his own words are some of them as follows:

Irvine: Irvine was once a bit slow of speech, but never slow of intellect. He liked the "Liberty Pi Gust" (Literary Digest magazine). He knew his daddy was "up to the tiden optu" (tithing office). We surmise he had overcome such pronunciations at the time he was invited to discuss Wild Life Management before the scientific section of the United Nations in New York City.

Mary: Mary took on the job, as a financial project, to secure and feed starving lambs one spring. She got 26 of them. She gave them all a name, each one beginning with a different letter of the alphabet.

Paul: When were there ever children not thrilled by a "Merry-go-round?" The Rasmussen kiddies were no exception. But one thought his older sister, Mary, was getting too much favor when talking about the "Merry-go-round." Paul wanted to share in it and insisted, "not Mary-go-round, but My-go-round."

Howard: The bunch of pet lambs were let out on the street to graze, and Howard was detailed to herd them. The job was not one much to Howard's liking. His mother felt the need of checking on Howard, and when she couldn't see the lambs, called and asked where the lambs were. Howard was aroused, but resentfully said, "They went that way the last I saw them." They were out of sight.

Another time, Howard was instructed to herd the family milk cows out on the streets near their home to graze until they were full. He brought them back in the corral a short time later and his father asked, "Why did you bring them in so soon?" Howard replied, "It doesn't take me all day to herd cows."

Esther: The family dinner was nearly finished. It often happens that small children want to leave the table before the others have finished. It was so with Esther. She asked to be excused and left the table. After a time, she saw that dessert had been served. Back she came to the table saying, "Please don't excuse me."

The Rasmussen's three sons all became doctors, and Mary and Esther were school teachers like their parents. They all followed the pursuit of excellence throughout their lives as had been taught to them by goodly parents. Esther is the only one living, and at the age of 86, is still very active in the church and

community. She lives in Mt. Pleasant in the family home where she was born. The home was built in 1875 by her grandfather, Morten Rasmussen. It is a beautifully restored home, and is listed in the Utah State Historical Register. Not only has Esther kept the home in the family, but her genealogy books record the family history in detail from past generations to the present.



Personal Recollection:

Daniel Rasmussen History

Esther Christensen's Memories

Lousie Johansen's relations with the family

JOURNEY TO UTAH

Roxie N. Washburn

Senior Third Place Personal Recollection

This past summer (July 1997), I was privileged to visit "Devils Gate," Wyoming. I spent some time there at the monument that is placed on the hill overlooking the "Martin's Cove" where the terrible tragedy occurred with Martin Handcart Company of 1856. As I quietly sat there, many thoughts went through my mind as I remembered the stories that had been told to me as well as the histories I had read. A little later I walked to "Devils Gate," and again these stories came flooding back through my mind.

Lars and Bodil Madsen lived in Svinnenge, Osherred, Denmark, in the old family homestead with surrounding cultivated fields along with their seven children, five sons and two daughters.

Lars was born April 19, 1795. His wife, Bodil Nielson, was born January 14, 1808. They were devout Lutherans, walking nearly two miles each Sunday to attend church in Asmindrup. Then the Mormon missionaries called on them and became regular visitors, teaching and converting the whole family to the LDS church in 1854.

In 1855, the family decided to sell the farm, put some money in the Perpetual Immigration Fund, and emigrated to the United States and Utah. The farm was to be paid for in three yearly payments, so only part of the family could come each year. On November 23, 1855, five of their children left Copenhagen for the long journey. They were Neils Peter, 23, Andrew, Margrathe, Jacobine, and young Neils, just 12. Lars and Bodil's courage and faith must have been very strong to watch their young family depart.

Some months later, Lars, Bodil, and Christian, their youngest child, left for America, leaving their oldest son, Mads Madsen, to finish with the selling of their farm and to join them in Utah as soon as possible. They arrived in Philadelphia, then took the train to Iowa City, Iowa, where they remained for six weeks preparing the necessary items to cross the plains.

In July, they joined a large ox-team company under the command of Captain William B. Hodgett, and started the long arduous trip to the west.

They were camping along the Platte River getting ready to ford the river when the Martin Handcart Company arrived. Filled with compassion, Captain Hodgett's Company took many of them into their wagons, knowing the extra load would be a heavy burden for their own people and exhausted oxen.

Towards the end of October, as they neared the Red Buttes, both companies became snowbound. A



Bodil (Bodel) Nielsen & Lars Madsen

relief company sent from Salt Lake City also became snowbound near Devils Gate, Wyoming. A small group from the relief party finally reached the emigrant company, finding them suffering from the effects of the bitter cold weather and insufficient food. The Martin handcart company, Hodgett company, and a small relief party, made their way on, passing Independence Rock. Knowing Devils Gate was near, they hoped to find refuge and protection behind the rocky ledges. The temperature had fallen to eleven degrees below zero, and food rations

were almost gone. Starved and weary, Lars, sixty-one years of age, became ill and a few days later died. He was laid away as well as could be under the circumstances by his fellow travelers at Devils Gate, near the head of the Sweetwater River and Martin's Ravine. Bodil and young Christian did all they could to help the others who were suffering,

even though their loss was great as well. Each one gave strength and faith to help another.

As relief wagons arrived, the emigrants were quickly given places to ride.

Bodil and young Christian boarded one of the relief wagons, November 9, 1856, leaving husband, father, and most of their belongings behind, and continued their journey to Utah. The two young men driving the relief wagon preferred to go down the Weber River and left the Main Company. They had to cross the Weber River many times. At places the ice was broken and the horses could not pull the load up the bank, so they had to unload and reload the wagon several times. Bodil reached East Weber on December 21, 1856, ten days later than the rest of the Company.

Learning of their arrival, Neils Peter, who was living in Kaysville, drove an ox-team to Weber to meet his mother and brother. They returned to his home (a dugout and a wagon bed) to recuperate for the winter. In the spring, the family moved to Sanpete County, among the first to settle here, making their home in Mt. Pleasant. Though Bodil had lost a husband and all her belongings, she rejoiced at being reunited with her children once again. In March 1857, the oldest son, Mads, left Denmark, joining his family in September 1857.

Once again my thoughts return to the plaque in Martin's Cove Visitor's Center with the name of Lars Madsen highlighted to remind us that he gave his life here seeking the freedom of his religion for all his family.

Source: Family Histories
Madsens of ML Pleasant, Utah

THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME

Elizabeth J. Story

Senior Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

Sometimes life is stranger than fiction. Things happen by happenstance, it seems, for no reason at all, and it happened to me one day and no one would believe me. It happened like this.

It was 1944, and we were in the throes of World War II. We could not drive our automobile because of the gas shortage, so living in Cheyenne, Wyoming, was easy to travel on the train. My husband, Worth, told me that I should take our two little girls, Mary and Leah, on the Union Pacific train to Salt Lake City and on to Mt. Pleasant, Utah, to visit my parents, sisters, friends, and Worth's parents in Moroni as well. My parents wrote in a letter that they would meet me in Salt Lake. They had saved up their gas ration for a while to be able to drive the car to Salt Lake to take us all to Sanpete.

The day arrived and Worth took my daughters and me to the depot, and we boarded the train. Our seats were in a car with some families, but most of the car was occupied by US Service men, or boys, I should say. They were being sent to the Pacific Coast, to be sent to Asia to fight. It was not unusual to find most of the passenger coaches filled with these boys. There were many thousands of them transported by rail, to board the ships and airplanes to the Pacific war.

I was getting my two girls and myself settled for the trip. One young man, seated among many of those in uniform, looked at us and said, "Your little girls are going to be very tired by the time we get to California. H I replied, "I think they will be fine. We are only going as far as Salt Lake City, Utah." His face lit

up and he asked me if that was my home. I told him that my husband and I lived in Cheyenne, but our parents lived in Utah. I also told him my parents would be in Salt Lake City to meet us and then we would go to Mt. Pleasant, their home, and we would stop in Moroni to visit my husband's parents as well.

The boy told me that he had graduated from BYU and then had taught English in North Sanpete High School. He told me his name was Thomas Doxey. He then asked me if I had a chance to read the History of Mt. Pleasant by Hilda Madsen Longsdorf. She used her father's journal for the information. He said he had helped Hilda with the research and getting it all together in proper English and to proofread for her. He worked with her at night for the three years that he was there. He told me he was then drafted into the army.

My parents were there to meet us at the depot. As we were riding home, I told them about the young man I had met on the train. He had said that he helped write the History of Mt Pleasant I asked them if they had bought one, and Mother said she had. When we reached the house, I looked at her book and, sure enough, Thomas Doxey was named in the credits. I looked through the book and said I wanted to buy one.

This unusual meeting was too much for family and friends to believe. As I told each one about talking to the young man on the train trip to Utah, they couldn't believe me. I received similar responses from my husband and friends in Cheyenne when I told them about the book and the young man. Sometimes, truth is stranger than fiction. They didn't believe me. Out of those thousands of young service men who were sent by trains to their destinations.

Many times I have made an effort to locate him, but he may have lost his life in the war. I would like to have been able to tell him that I have the "book" and that I love telling people this unbelievable story. They didn't believe me, but he would, I know.

THE OLD OUTHOUSE

Vonda Meniam

Senior Honorable Mention Short Story

When I grew up, people had a little building in their backyards. They called it by several names, such as outhouse, privy, or simply the toilet.

The bees and flies swarmed around it on hot summer days, and in the winter it was freezing cold. We didn't mind because it was such a necessity.

The pages of the Sears and Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues were used for toilet paper. These hard pages were a far cry from the soft tissue we use today, but somehow I miss the entertainment I got from looking at the catalogues. My girl friends and I spent many hours enjoying the pictures of these books. Here our dreams and wishes came alive as we chose things we hoped someday to have.

"Now look at this What a darling outfit!"

"That's how the man will look that I'm going to marry."

"This is a picture of me in my wedding dress."

Such conversation went on and on.

When it was my turn to wash the dishes, I would make an excuse to go to the outhouse. There I stayed for a long time, hoping that someone would wash the dishes, but that never happened. The dishes waited.

The only bad thing about the old outhouse was keeping it clean, and that was my job. This had to be done every Saturday. I scrubbed the wood with homemade soap and rinsed it with clean water. I filled the holes with ashes from our old kitchen stove to keep the insects away and dispel the smell.

The big boys had fun on Halloween, pushing over outhouses even if someone happened to be inside them.



During the depression years, work was hard to find and our government made jobs for the men. One job was building new toilets all over the U. S. These were much nicer than most of the old ones. The floors and holes were made of cement. There was just one seat, and it had a covering to keep insects away. We called these buildings Roosevelt Monuments, named after our President.

After I was married, we had to use the old outhouse because we did not have a bathroom. I didn't go there to dream and make wishes, I went there for peace and quiet and to try and solve problems. I wondered what was best for my family, how to stretch money, how to keep a peaceful happy home life. With three generations of family living together, there were trials. Sometimes I would get depressed and feel that I was going to explode. Then I went to the outhouse and had a good cry, and soon I felt better. I dried my eyes and walked back into my home, and no one knew that Mom had cried.

STERLING NEIGHBORS

Rose McIff

Non Professional Honorable Mention Anecdote

Teese and Sadie Anderson lived on the farm where Bob Young lives now, and our home was another half-mile further down. The folks always invited me and my brothers, Gene and Clinton Ludvigson, in to get warm on the cold winter days. The two Anderson boys, Burton and Leslie, were usually getting their hair combed when we arrived, and before we finally got to the schoolhouse, the bell was ringing. On our way home, Sadie had a fresh cake almost every day. When we smelled the cake, we ran in, and she was watching for us to come in, having the cake cut. The Andersons were good friends on cold winter nights, and we would visit each other's home for an evening.

The Bradley's, Dennison's, Marx's, and Funk's were good to drop in or help each other with giving each other a hand when needed.

THE OLD SCRAPER

Robert O. Kelson

Non Professional First Place Anecdote

I looked at the old scraper, lying there in the back of the barn. I could not remember how many years it had lain there. It seemed to be almost melting into the dirt, to be swallowed up in the earth. Most of the wood was rotted, the blade worn and bent—not usable anymore, the parts so fragile, like an old man, and not good for work anymore, only good for the memories he could share.

Remembering a photograph that presently hangs in the Malt Shop in Ephraim showing a number of men pausing in their work with teams of horses and scrapers on the mountain road, and remembering being told that my father and two uncles worked on that road, my interest in the old scraper was piqued.

In my mind's eye, I could see a powerful team of horses, leaning forward, their bellies close to the ground, digging their hoofs into the soil and rocks, jerking, lunging, as the scraper dug into the earth. The team responded to each command of the man behind the scraper.

The man had the reins tied together, resting on his shoulders and on the back of his neck. His directions to the team must, for the most part, be verbal, his hands firmly holding the wooden handles that extended up from the scraper blade. He must counterbalance the power of the team pulling against the scraper blade. Sometimes he would have to use the weight of his entire body pushing down with legs and stomach against the device to hold the blade down. Every jerk, every snag of the blade was felt through his entire body.

So many of those men suffered back, leg, and hernia injuries. Yet on they went, building the roads, leveling land, gouging out ponds, digging out footings for houses, and leveling building lots.

The old photograph in the Malt Shop does not show the sweat, the bruises, the physical strain or pain sacrificed by these pioneers. The sweat and blood from numerous wounds was spilled on the earth to be swallowed up by the earth. Let us remember the human sacrifices, and the old folks, twisted and bent and fragile, who made those sacrifices.

SCARY - SCARY

Shirley R. Burnside

Non Professional Second Place Anecdote

One late fall night as a girl about fifteen years old, I stood alone on the road and watched the empty school bus roar out of sight. Being afraid of the dark, the half-mile to get home looked very far away.

I started walking down Beck's Lane in Chester when a shiver went through me: I heard sounds. I stopped and listened. It was many voices, moaning, groaning, and wailing. I had a blanket with me and quickly wrapped it around my head, but fearing the voices would come nearer, I took it off.

I dare not run, and walking was too slow, so I moved at a half run-walk down the loose gravel road, trembling from head to foot. The voices sounded as if they were just above and to the side of me. I looked up, trying to see where they came from, but only saw the half-moon moving in and out of the clouds.

Halfway home, as I neared the bridge, the cries were deafening. I almost turned back, but the safety of home beckoned. The voices faded somewhat after I went past the water.

Next was a short clearing and then the tall trees casting dark long shadows across the road. The trees stood still as I turned into the driveway.

That short driveway seemed miles long, and I felt like I was in slow motion as I stepped on the back porch and reached for the door knob. It seemed that the voices would surely get me before I could get into the house. Then I was inside, the door was shut and I was safe. The voices were gone, never to be heard again except in memory.

Personal Experience

NIGHT ON THE TOWN

Louise F. Seely

Non Professional Third Place Anecdote

It was a beautiful spring day—just right to begin housecleaning. Aunt Hilda always worked from the cellar up, so her first chore was to go through the fruit jars on the cellar shelves, selecting the good ones to dust and place on clean papered shelves. The fruit that hadn't kept well, that was showing signs of fermentation or mold, was opened and the contents poured into buckets to be disposed of later.

With the cobwebs swept down, shelves washed and repapered, floors swept, and stairs scrubbed clean, the room was finally finished, the day almost spent. Hilda looked on the room with satisfaction, picked up the bucket of fruit, but just at that moment her big Plymouth Rock rooster helped himself to a beak-fill of fruit. Hilda changed her mind and immediately poured the contents of the bucket into the chicken trough. This taste of fruit might be a nice change from the handful of wheat she fed her chickens morning and night.

Hilda didn't see her chickens again until evening when she went to feed them. What she saw startled her almost beyond reason. There on the ground lay every one of her chicks: roosters, hens, and spring pullets. At first glance she thought a skunk or weasel had been in her flock. On closer inspection she saw them sprawled in every unlikely position possible: some lying with wings widespread; some lying on their sides, others cramped in strange, grotesque positions with their heads under their bodies; some on their backs with legs straight in the air; and some had fallen across another's lifeless body.

Had she killed them? She knelt down and felt a body. It was warm. Then she realized she had a drunken flock of chickens. She knew just how it had happened—the fermented fruit, of course.

Since the bodies were still warm, her first thought was to cut their heads off and dress them, but she was too tired after her day of housecleaning. So she decided to leave them in the cool night air and finish the job in the morning.

Bright and early the next day she approached the yard and was startled to see the dead chickens up walking around—a little wobbly, to be sure, but up and walking. She gave them plenty of grain and fresh water, and by night they were chipper as ever. Who knows. Maybe they enjoyed their- "night on the town."

The author's late husband, Willis N. Madsem was Hilda Madsen Longsdorf's nephew.

THE HIGH PRIEST FROM SANPETE

Robert O. Kelson

Non Professional First Place Personal Recollection

I saw him in the Manti Temple. He shook my hand at church. I listened to his wisdom born of experience as we sat in the Sunday School class. I listened to him and another of his kind as I sat in the old barber shop.

His walk was more of a shuffle, his back was bent, he was missing a finger on one hand, his raw bones protruded through the shoulders of his shirt, and the heels of his shoes were worn in a slanted way that matched the tilt of his walk. I could see the tendons of his hands, once powerful; now his fingers were bent with arthritis. His hair, cropped close, most of it only on the sides of his head, was not smoothly combed or brushed, but a little disheveled, like a young boy.

The face, though wrinkled, somehow disguised the hardship and disappointments of life. He had led a clean and simple life. His smile, though not broad and toothy, was not false, but warm and inviting. The lips were somewhat tightened, suggesting that there were words that he had not allowed to slip out.

There was a boyish meekness about him, this old High Priest.

His eyes had a sparkle and a depth as deep as hope itself. His wit was quick. His language marked his place of rearing in Central Utah. He was a patriarch in his family. He talked of "patriarchal" blessings and serving the "Lord."

He had been in the World War, had lain in the trenches in France somewhere. I had seen him—the old man—lying in a bed in the Veterans Hospital. He seemed so small, his frame all curled up. In his prime he seemed so big and strong to me as he held the lines of the great team of horses in his hands. The blood vessels of his arms protruded. I could see the muscles and sinews in those strong arms. How I admired them.

His hands, as rough and dry as the ground he worked, were now softened by time away from the soil; so also were his soul and countenance softened by time and the incorporation of the principles of his religion, which now he had time to reflect on, linking them with the many experiences of his life: time to visit with children and grandchildren, time to teach and to share experiences, time to attend the temple, time to listen.

He could tell about how someone got the nickname that stuck with the family for generations. He could tell the harrowing experiences of bringing a load of logs down off a steep grade in the mountain, of holding the hand break, of smelling and seeing the smoke as the wheels of the wagon skidded down the mountain. He could tell of how he lost his finger because it got wrapped up in a logging chain or in the open gears of a piece of farm machinery.

I loved to listen to these and many more stories as he and one of his kind sat in the barber shop.

This old High Priest could be from any number of one of the small communities of "Mormondom." I love this man. Though wrinkled, bent and frail, he has dignity- yes, even a grace- which fully qualifies him for the title of High Priest.

UNCLE SANTA

Shirley R. Burnside

Non Professional Second Place Personal Recollection

Uncle Don Reynolds was a tease. There was a spark in his eyes that meant, wherever he was, there were smiles, laughter, and always something going on. His intelligence and good heart kept the teasing to a fun level, especially for kids.

The one fun thing he loved doing most of all was being Santa Claus on Christmas Eve. He looked forward to this outing all year. He didn't do it for money or anyone's acclaim. It was a private thing for him and his family and friends, and he was careful to keep his outing a secret.

His wife, Erma, and her friend, Carole Hoover, sewed him a wonderful costume, complete with boots, wig, beard, hat and a belt with bells. Being a small man, he made a most authentic Santa when the pillow was secured under his belt. Somehow he did destroy more than one costume on his rounds. Erma kindly repaired or sewed a new costume for him. Erma never saw the children's excitement when Santa visited them; she waited at home. She was truly Santa's helper—Mrs. Santa Claus.

On that night, Don's friends or his brothers drove for him and waited in the car at the houses.

Doors were left unlocked for Santa to come, and come he did. After a knock, he walked into the house, jingling his bells, right into the child's bedroom. If the house was dark, all the better he knew where their bedrooms were. He loved children, and on this night their eyes shone with love for him.

He began his rounds at the appropriate hour around midnight. This was magic time for sleeping kids, but not so for the parents. Most of the time the parents had just got into bed, when they heard the bells, and, of course, the kids were up playing with their toys.

One year Sharon Dyches got a red wagon and Beverly got a trike. After Santa left, they went around and around the house for hours. Finally their Mom and Dad gave up at 6:00 am and went back to bed. One year my folks got a call from a frustrated parent whose child got a drum. Did they know who Santa was? They didn't tell.

It was reported by some children that they knew the real Santa because they felt the skin of his face. Others reported they heard him on their roof

For many years, during the 40's and 50's, friends' homes were visited on Christmas Eve in most of the towns in Sanpete. In later years, after he moved, Don visited some homes on Christmas Eve in Ogden and Provo.

My brother Boyd and I waited for him on Christmas Eve. We lay in our beds almost stiff with anticipation, but we always fell asleep. Then he came, jingling the bells into our bedroom and "HO-HO-HO" to wake us up. He softly talked to us and asked if we had been good. He asked us what we wanted from him, and sometimes he turned and asked Mom and Dad if we had been good. We didn't get out of our beds but lay there in awe. He was so gentle and kind that we were never afraid. We were probably his last stop so he seemed to linger and savor the time until next year.

I still remember the silky softness of his beard as he leaned over and kissed my cheek goodbye. Mom and Dad were there in the background and I felt the room full of love. I knew Santa loved me, I felt it.

After he said goodbye, he raised his arm and waved to us and jingled his bells out the door. All was silent for a few minutes. We were so thrilled and yet sad that he was gone. Boyd and I knew that we were not allowed to get up and see our toys until first light but still, after he left, sleep did not come soon. We knew our toys were under the tree and sometimes we talked until Mom or Dad called out, "Go to sleep."

At school some kids tried to tell me there was no Santa Claus. I firmly declared there was. Soon there were more kids around me, most of them laughing, others earnestly trying to convince me, but I fought them all because I knew.

I still remember and savor the special memories of my Uncle Santa. He was a good man who put forth a lot of effort to make sweet memories on Christmas Eve for many people in Sanpete.

Authors's Remembrance

Nida S. Reynolds

Enna O. Reynolds

THEY PLAYED WITH SPIRIT

Rose McIff

Non Professional Third Place Personal Recollection

The Sterling Martial Band consisted of four original players, two drums and two fifes. The drums were played by Charlie Peterson and Charlie Funk, and the fifes were played by Elmer and Eric Ludvigson. Later on, their boys, Clint, Lafe, and John Lee Ludvigson, came in to help when they were needed.

It was a custom to play and serenade each home at 6:00 am on the mornings of the 4th and 24th of July. They were met by the family going out to meet them. They were at first on a wagon and later on a pick-up truck often with red, white and blue lettering. They were given homemade ice cream, homemade root beer with ice saved in the ice house for such an occasion. "Ham and Eggs."

"Round the Hill," and "Marching through Georgia" were some of our favorite tunes.

When the Utah Centennial celebrated Utah's 100-year-old birthday in 1947, the band was asked to come to Salt Lake and be part of the traditional 24th of July parade and festivities of that year. They were met at the Newhouse Hotel where they were given rooms and served a banquet to honor many grass-root guests. They went through the parade on the pick-up truck playing their wonderful tunes. We were very proud of them.

TREES, A PIONEER LEGACY¹

Mary Louise Seamons

Non Professional First Place Historical Essay

"I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree," wrote Joyce Kilmer many years ago. Like Kilmer, Mormon pioneers must have been inspired by the infinite beauty and utility of the trees they fought to nurture in the inhospitable areas of the West when they first arrived to carve homes and towns at selected sites. One of the first things Brigham Young encouraged the newly baptized members of the "Mormon" church to take with them as they emigrated from their homelands were saplings, seeds and slips from their native flora to be planted around their new homes in Zion. Many followed Young's sage advice and tenderly cared for the living sprigs, even when they faced great hardships. Many early pioneers came from countries which were heavily forested or had abundant lush vegetation, whether edible or not. Their new environments were therefore made more home-like, and the pioneers were able to grow plants that

otherwise might not have been available for many years. Some of these are still evident today as we travel through small Mormon settlements in several states.

Lombardy poplars were planted in many areas to provide wind breaks for homes and farms in desert-like territories. My grandfather², the son of Scandinavian emigrants, planted some poplars along the highway between the Hagerman Valley and what is now Mountain Home when, long before I was born, he and an associate traveled into Idaho to see Grandpa's brother and investigate purchasing some property. Years later, as my family often traveled the same route, I pointed the trees out to my children and told them about their great-grandfather, who died when I was three. Later, the highway was rerouted, eliminating that particular stretch of road. How we missed seeing those stately trees.

Poplars were also planted in groves which furnished firewood for cooking and heating or provided shade and protection for picnicking, still a popular activity. About three miles west of Mt. Pleasant, part of a grove planted just east of the Sanpitch River remains. In the middle of the grove many years ago stood a dance hall where people from surrounding areas gathered to dance or otherwise enjoy themselves. Though I never had the opportunity to participate in these activities, for me the grove holds memories which are part of my pioneer legacy: it was named Fiddler's Green in honor of my great-grandfather, James Hansen, who was the first fiddler in Mt. Pleasant and who provided many "firsts" musically in that locale.³

Across the street from where I was raised stood another pioneer legacy: a beautiful old tree which had been planted as a sapling by Justus Wellington and Clarissa Jane Seely. When they moved west with other early colonizers and were then sent to Mt. Pleasant, they carried with them, in a coffee can, tender saplings from their home in Eastern Canada. They carefully nurtured precious slips, undoubtedly using some of their precious water to ensure that the plants survived until they could be planted at their new home. Other pioneers brought cuttings from trees and plants, seeds and seedlings, from other areas, all of which were protected nearly as avidly as they protected their own lives.

The Seely's Mt. Pleasant tree flourished, growing into a beautiful tree. We children climbed its easily accessible limbs and played with our dolls in its shade. Birds nested in its branches. One day—long after we had graduated from high school, and over a century from the time of the tree's frail beginnings—Mother noticed some workmen by the tree. Realizing they were cutting it down, she ran from the house, protesting that this landmark should be protected, not destroyed. But she was too late as they had already made deep cuts into the trunk, from which the tree could not recover. This living monument to pioneer men and women was forever lost as the tree was felled to "make way for progress." Its demise saddened those who knew its history, who had played on and under it, who had oft gazed upon its beauty and remembered its regal past. This—and many other trees—formed a large part of our legacy from our Pioneer forefathers.

My grandparents homesteaded just north of the Mt. Pleasant city limits. Grubbing the taller-than man-sized sagebrush, a little at a time, and hauling away rocks, some so huge they had to be dynamited before they could be removed from the farm, little by little they cajoled the virgin land to be productive. On this bit of ground they built a one-room house—later adding rooms and "modernizing their home.

Grandma loved working outside—until her death at the age of 82—so as soon as their front yard was cleared of rocks and brush and the



Louise F. Seely, with tree she planted with her sister.

necessary ditches dug to carry water, she planted trees: lombardy poplar, pear, blue plum and sweet prunes for jam and drying, and apple-coddling, early harvest, porter, sweet boughs, red astrachan, and greenings. Soon her trees provided apples from early summer through late fall and on into winter, extra fruits stored in the cool cellar. Later Grandma added gooseberry and currant bushes. Often fruit was produced in such abundance that, after canning and drying enough for family needs when winter winds howled around their home, she could supplement the family income by selling or trading some of their yield.

All this didn't just happen. Grandma, through perseverance and hard work, painfully coaxed her trees and bushes to grow. When her day's labors were finished, she carried water in buckets-- from a stream two blocks away—to the young plants, as irrigation turns only came every eighteen days. Never was a drop of water wasted; her dish- and wash-water was also carried to the thirsty trees. She poured soapy water over the leaves to control insect populations. This was her home; her trees must live.

After Grandma moved from the farm into a small house at the corner of First West and Second North, she again had a large lot on which she grew blue plums, greengages, apricots, apples, and peaches-- along with gooseberries, currants, and raspberries. She had a vegetable garden, much larger than necessary for her own meager needs, the bounty she shared with family and friends. Her son-in-law was fond of horseradish, which she willingly prepared for him.

Grandma loved beauty. At both homes she planted and nurtured beautiful arrays of flowers— among them daffodils, dahlias, canna lilies, glads, cosmos, golden glow and goldenrod. In her in town lawn grew tiny wild daisies. There she also had pine trees and catalpas- and her fruit trees. She never lost her zest for raising fruits and vegetables, for growing gardens—both vegetable and flowers. She savored the beauty and the plenty they provided.

When the pioneers, again under the auspices of Brigham Young, experimented with raising silk worms throughout the state of Utah, Mt. Pleasant was chosen as one of the sites for the project. I remember going to and from school, often crossing to the north side of Main Street so I could munch on a few mulberries picked from the tree branches overhanging the sidewalk in front of Willie Hansen's home, another reminder of the beauty and necessity of such vegetation. The silk experiment, along with several others, failed, but some mulberry trees still survive.

I remember the row of tall, stately pines which grew along the ditch bank between Hamilton Elementary School and the Carnegie Library. On Mondays we ran between them, jumping the ditch, as we hurried from school to Primary, which was held in our old North Ward chapel or the old Social Hall. One day after I had left Mt. Pleasant, children from the nearby elementary school had just returned to classes from recess when one of the trees blew down.. .then another... as a result of high winds; the remainder were quickly removed before someone was injured or severe property damage resulted. Though I was no longer there to enjoy them, I was saddened when they no longer provided protection from the weather and beauty to behold.

At another Seely home across the street from ours, I remember black walnut trees east of the house and an apricot tree which graced the southeast corner of the lot. When Mother was a little girl, she remembers climbing on the fence one day to pick some of the tempting fruit overhanging the walk. Joseph Seely, the owner, rather intimidating to a young child, came from the house and lifted the frightened girl in his arms, holding her aloft so she could pick all the fruit she desired.

In Mother's yard I remember several different varieties of apple trees—none of which remains today. I remember the swings my parents provided for me—and the one they later hung on the black walnut tree for my children and my brother's children to enjoy while visiting their grandparents. (This one

still hangs on the now dead tree.) My swings were usually made from old tires; the later ones were rope with wooden seats. Once my swing on the limb of the old apple tree back of the house hung over the cesspool. We weren't aware of this till the earth caved in, resulting in a gaping hole in the ground; the swing was immediately removed.

In Mother's back yard now there are still some Italian prune and some early apple trees. Sometimes we pick a few to make sauce or uncooked jams, but usually she gives the fruits away. When I was young, I prized the blue plum jams Mother made from the fruit of the tree at the back of the lot, my children remember the tree house they built in the tree. The tree finally died, probably the result of being too full of nails and nail holes which invited insect occupants.⁴

Trees were often planted as memorials. Following World War I, three blue spruces were planted on the lawn of the library in honor of the three soldiers from Mt. Pleasant who died while serving their country overseas. Today few people know their history or why they stand, lonely sentinels of a nearly forgotten era.

Mother remembers one Arbor Day when her father took his two youngest daughters, Louise and Winnie, across the road from their homestead and helped each girl plant a tree in honor of the day and of their people. Nearly eighty years later we took a picture of Mother in front of the then-towering trees. They, too, are gone. When irrigation ditches were removed several years ago, easily accessible water for them was no longer available, and they perished.

In about 1886 the city placed a timber fence around the cemetery. The following spring shade trees were planted in the cemetery. In the late 1930s-early 1940s the cemetery was renovated, the stream running through it was moved into another channel, and a rock fence was built around the sides. Companion trees were planted along the cemetery roads. In the cemetery itself some trees have been planted as living memorials.

Trees serve many practical and aesthetic purposes. They provide shade for the weary, protection from the cold, food for the hungry, beauty for the observer. They provide lumber for building, for making furniture, for heating and cooking, pulp for making paper, memorials for loved ones, havens for birds and animals. Because many of our pioneer ancestors heeded Brigham Young's sage advice, we today enjoy vegetation not indigenous to our desert-like climate. Brigham Young had foresight—Joyce Kilmer used sensitivity when he penned his famous "*I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree.*"

1. Material for this essay comes from Mount Pleasant 1859 to 1939. compiled by Hilda Madsen Longsdorf, published in 1939; It Takes a Heap O' Livin'.... by Mary Louise Seamons with Talula F. Nelson, privately published in 1989; "Trees," by Joyce Kilmer, and memories of Louise F. Seely and Mary Louise M. Seamons.

2. My grandparents were Willard Lauritz Frandsen, b. 14 Aug. 1863, son of Rasmus and Margrethe Madsen Frandsen, and Bothilda Hansen b. 28 Mar. 1866 to James and Johannah Anderson Hansen. They were married on 24 June 1886. Both were born in Mr. Pleasant.

3. James Hansen, b. 24 April 1828 in Gronnegade, Fredriksborg, Denmark, father of Bothilda and father-in-law to Willard L Frandsen.

4. Louise F. Seely (Mother) was b. 19 Mar 1907 in Mt. Pleasant, daughter of Willard L. and Bothilda Hansen Frandsen. She married Justus O. Seely, son of Joseph and Adella Olson Seely, grandson of Justus Wellington and Clarissa Jane Wilcox Seely.

ALMA C. PETERSON

High Man at all Ranges

Nora R. Mickelson

Non Professional Second Place Historical Essay

Alma C. Peterson was born in Nephi, Utah, on the 17th of August 1892. His parents were Christen Peterson and Anna Christina Lasson Peterson. They were Danish converts to the Mormon Church and came to Nephi in the spring of 1885. Alma was the fifth child in a family of eight children, six of whom were born in Nephi. The family moved to Manti in 1895. After a couple of years they were able to buy a home of their own. It was a small adobe house at 396 West 300 South. Two other children were born to them. Christen was a jeweler and a watchmaker by trade, a skill which he had learned in Denmark. He painstakingly taught this trade to two of his sons Clarence and Alma, who served the community for many years as clock and watch repairmen. Christen also taught them the rudiments of mathematics and music. Their mother was a beautiful lady who loved music and had a lovely singing voice.

After Alma graduated from the eighth grade, he got a job as a delivery boy for the Manti Co-op store, which paid \$20 a month. It was hard work, but he was elated to be able to earn some money. He graduated from high school in 1914. Prior to this he joined the National Guard and received quite a bit of recognition as a rifleman. He was one of the fifteen of his company who was selected to compete in the rifle shoot in Ohio and later in Florida. In 1913, members of the National Guard went to the target range south of town to compete with each other in the rifle shoot. The following appeared in the Messenger October 3, 1913:

Sergeant Alma Peterson, high man at all ranges. Prize \$5.00, Corporal Clyde Buchanan second high in all ranges, prize \$4.00. Sergeant Peterson was high at 600 yards, but being high man at all ranges, the next high man at 600 yards was awarded the prize for that range.

Alma's success as a rifleman was sort of a symbolic of the success in other aspects of his life. At this time he wanted to be a good soldier. When trouble started on the Mexican border, Company "F", of which he was a member, was ordered by President Woodrow Wilson to mobilize and help defend our country. He gained much experience about army life from this five month encampment on the Mexican Border. In August 1914, World War I started. On April 6, 1917, the United States declared war on Germany. Alma was inducted into the U. S. Army April 27, 1918. He was in charge of the seventeen men called from Sanpete County, until they arrived at Camp Lewis, Washington. He was also called to drill many of the recruits because of his previous training. They crossed the country by train and the Atlantic Ocean on the British Warship Olympic They crossed the English Channel to France on a cattle boat named Australand They arrived July 23, 1918. From then on it was mostly drilling and hiking across France toward the front line, the Meuse Argonne, battle ground. They were twenty miles of front line, and his division was in the center of the line. The bombardment was continuous. It was almost impossible for the men to sleep. All they could do was wait for the time to go (over the top). The whole sky was lit up from horizon to horizon. The German shells fell among them, wounding a number of men. The advance was slow and costly. I would like to quote a few lines from Alma's Journal.

When I was about halfway to the woods I could hear a shell coming my way. I fell flat on the ground. The shell hit right behind me, threw dirt on me, buried itself under me, but it did not explode. (I thanked the Lord for preserving my life.) I got up, took two steps, and I could hear another shell coming my way. Again I fell flat on the ground. This shell struck close to my side, threw dirt on me, but did not explode. I never felt once that I would be killed or wounded. (But I always asked the Lord for help.) The day's fighting had netted us two miles but we paid the price for our gains. The 28th of September will go down in the annals of the regiment (365th Infantry) as being the hardest day of battle. It was fight for every yard, every minute. This day Ardray Wintch, a neighbor and friend of mine, was wounded and Hyrum Stutznegger, a school pal of mine was killed, and sometime during this battle, Clarence Tuttle, a pal of mine, was gassed.

Alma fought in several battles, but the Battle of Argonne was probably the longest and most important battle of the war. He went (over the top) three times. He arrived home April 23, 1919, and was welcomed by his family and many friends. He had passed his first range or front successfully. He had been a good soldier.

When he was in the service in France, his buddies would often go into some of the towns to drink and party. Alma, of course, would be asked to join them. He always refused. He wrote in his Journal "I always had a mental picture of the girl I would like to be my own, but as yet I hadn't met her. I pictured her as being a little shorter than I, dark complexioned, and with a kind and loving disposition. I wanted to be worthy of her." A few years after his return from the war he found her, Mary Rust, the girl of his dreams. They were married September 26, 1923. They became the parents of five sons. The first one died in infancy; the other four lived to have families of their own, and they and their children are a credit to Alma and Mary. By their fruits ye shall know them. Now Alma was at the "Home front." He was a loving husband, a devoted father and an adoring grandpa. He provided well for his family and there was love and peace in his home.

Alma was a great blessing in his and Mary's extended families. He was always a pillar of strength to his two widowed sisters and their children. His wife's sister lived with them much of the time while she attended high school. He treated her as he would have, had she been his own daughter. When Mary's parents were no longer able to care for themselves, he graciously opened his home to them and they lived there until they passed away.

Alma did real well on the Scout range. He was a scoutmaster of the Manti South Ward troop when they were first chartered. During the years that followed, Alma received his Wood Badge Beads, The Scouter's Award, the Scoutmaster's Key, the Silver Beaver award, and the fifty-year Diamond service pin. He served for fifty-one consecutive years in scouting.

On the community front he was always active. He served as city recorder, clerk of the South Sanpete School District and as a Manti City Councilman. He was fiddler in the Mormon Miracle Pageant for many years. He was a charter member of the American Legion Post 31 and served in all the offices but one.

He organized, played in and directed a dance band, which played not only in Manti but in adjoining towns. Their music was very good and their price very reasonable. They participated in town programs and other special events, always free of charge.

On the social front he scored high. He had many, many friends and few if any enemies. He was as pleasant to the town drunk on the corner as he was to the President of the Bank or any other dignitary. He was as helpful and considerate of the old Danish widow, who could speak no English, as he would have been to his own mother. He saw good in everyone and chose not to find fault with any man.

On the church front he served as Young Men's President, Elder's Quorum President, Councilor in the Bishopric, Bishop of the Manti South Ward for ten years, High Councilman in the South Sanpete Stake for twelve years, and an Ordinance Worker in the Manti Temple for ten years. He was a teacher in the Sunday School, served as a Genealogy Ward Chairman, and was an active home teacher until his death August 14, 1981, at which time he passed peacefully away on his wife's birthday at the age of 88.

One of Alma's favorite quotes was from Benjamin Franklin:

Dost thou love Life?
Then do not squander time,
For that is the stuff
Life is made of.

Alma loved life and used his time wisely and well. Truly he was a High Man at all Ranges.

Sources: Personal interviews and notes from the journal of Alma C. Peterson

EPHRAIM'S FOUR FORTS

Virginia Nielson

Non Professional Third Place Historical Essay

Ephraim appeared to be an extremely friendly, interesting pioneer village when I arrived as a bride in 1933. One day, during a walk, I noticed a layer of stone blocks that appeared to be the remnant of a large structure. These were near an alleyway south of the Ephraim Library. To my surprise, I learned these were the remains of a large fort.

A plan for preservation fell on deaf ears, and the site was soon leveled. I resolved to help preserve pioneer memorabilia and research Ephraim's history. Pioneer journals recorded troubled early days: four forts were constructed for protection against Indian attacks.

Ephraim's history began in 1852. Isaac Behunin was the first white settler. He claimed land for himself, his wife, and nine children. A dug-out, constructed on the north bank of Pine Creek, served as their home for about two years.¹ His plans to farm adjoining land were thwarted by frosts and Indian difficulties; therefore, they moved south Henry Green and other settlers soon arrived.²

The pioneers harvested berries and other plants, fish and game, which had served as the Indian's source of food. They plowed land, made roads, dredged ditches, and erected homes on land the Indian's claimed as their property. Some Indians resented the intrusion and coveted the pioneer's livestock. They made forays upon their property and animals, then began injuring and even killing some pioneers. A critical situation ensued and, under the direction of President Brigham Young, sturdy forts were soon constructed.

Pioneer James Farmer wrote, "Twenty-five men, organized in military order, began construction of the little fort on 7 February 1854. The walls made of rock, processed from nearby canyon walls, were seven

feet high and two feet thick. It included one and one half acres and formed the outside walls for thirty-nine persons. It was completed 1 March 1854. Our home was 15x16 feet. We had our house, cattle, and grain inside the little fort. Our red brethren are very friendly. Some will do a little work. They are living in wickiups, close to our small fort. They are often in our fort and in our homes. We feed and clothe them."³

An unidentified pioneer wrote, "These first settlers built their fort, which enclosed one and one-half acres of ground, partly on the lot where the Ephraim Co-op Store and Tithing office now stands. The walls were seven feet high, and there was only one gate which was on the west side. They also built a number of small adobe and rock homes inside the fort, as well as a meeting house in the center of the fort. This fort later became Little Fort to distinguish it from the larger one commenced soon after."⁴

Scandinavia served as a fertile field for the Mormon missionaries. Many converts were made and baptized, and then planned to emigrate to "Zion". Upon their arrival in Salt Lake City, President Brigham Young directed numerous families to continue their journey southward to Fort Ephraim, known as "Little Denmark."⁵

Pioneer James Farmer wrote, "When these many arrivals of 1854 started coming to Ephraim, it was seen a larger fort would be necessary... This fort embraced the block on which the little fort was built and most of the block immediately north of it. The walls around the fort were fourteen feet high and four feet at the top, but it was only completed to the full height on the north. In many places it was only seven feet high. It had two gates, one on the east and one on the west. In building the walls the builders would take turns, working on the walls, hauling wood and timber and working on the canyon road." Pioneer records relate that a wool rag, burning in a pan of oil, supplied light for the night workmen.

James Farmer wrote of his building assignment. "I have 33 feet, seven feet high to build on the Big Fort." Soren Peter Jensen wrote, "Ephraim was then a fort in which we all lived. The Little Fort was where the Bishop's barn is. The Big Fort started at J.N. Hansen's corner, went one and one-half blocks north, west to Main Street, south one and one-half blocks, and east to J.N. Hansen's Corner."⁶

A photograph inscription states, "Early home of James P. Hansen, Sr. Built on southeast corner of Fort Ephraim, present site of J.N. Hansen home." This home (93 East Center Street), identified, by more than one source, as the southeast corner of the "Big Fort" was leveled in August 1994, and a grassy plot now designates the former home site.⁷

Peter Franklin Madsen wrote, "In 1854 a fort, called Little Fort, was built on one and one-half acres of ground and located approximately three-fourths of a block north of Center Street and 100 feet east of Main Street....In 1855, close to the arrival of many immigrants, who came to Ephraim, the large fort, covering 17-1/2 acres, was built at a cost of \$12,000, (twelve thousand dollars). This fort included all the block east of Main Street and north to First North."⁸

Helen Young, an early teacher, compiled a map of the "Big" and "Little" forts. Wall boundaries and building locations are included. The map depicts a square foot, but the labeled streets and pioneer journals establish that the fort was rectangular. Nevertheless, Helen Young's map is a treasured Ephraim historical record.⁹

An early Ephraim settler, Augusta Dorius Stevens, wrote of the third fort, "A stone wall was constructed around the area where Ephraim's First Ward [10 South Main] and the Ephraim Library [30 South Main] now stands. The walls were about nine feet high and constructed of limestone transported from the east mountains. Gun slots were included along the top. These provided lookouts and openings for guns to be used on attackers.¹⁰ A gate was always locked and guards were always on the lookout for

approaching Indians. This wall was a place of refuge for any townspeople on a moment's notice, when they were warned by Minute Men who would sound an alarm.¹¹ A bag with dried meat and baby clothes was available at all times. This is the fort whose remnants piqued my interest in pioneer history.

The fourth fort was built on Guard Knoll, a hill approximately two miles east of Ephraim on the Canyon Road. Pioneer N.P. Peterson recorded, "The fort was built on top of Guard Knoll, for the purpose of standing guard when the Indians were on the warpath. A clear view of the valley was attained from its top. The walls were nine feet high with large, guarded gate, and holes in the walls to shoot through."

An Indian confrontation that claimed the lives of seven Ephraim pioneers on 17 October 1868 reached its conclusion at the Guard Knoll Fort. The Indians captured the pioneers' livestock and herded them into the East Mountains, leaving some warriors behind to prevent the pioneers from regaining their animals. William Thorp was slain. A plaque that recounts the events of that tragic day was placed on a nearby site.¹²

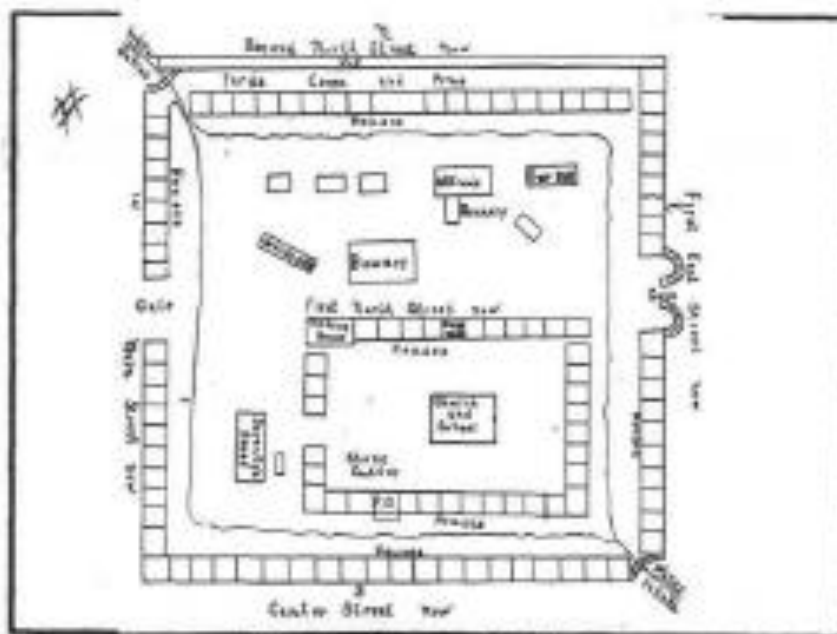
The warfare ceased, except for sporadic attacks, after Chief Black Hawk and pioneer leaders signed the Black Hawk Peace Treaty, 19 August 1866, beneath a juniper tree in the present Pioneer Park (8 West 100 North). A stone monument bears a plaque relating the events that led to the historical monument.¹³

One rainy, spring morning in 1995, a phone call brought an exciting message. The sprinkling system on Calvert Larsen's yard (165 North 100 East), was being repaired and, during the excavation the lower section of a portion of the "Big Fort" north wall was unearthed. Suddenly the sun dispersed the clouds and we were permitted to examine, photograph and exclaim over the verification of the wall's location. The wall showed careful construction and was well preserved. Pioneer men, women and children were deeply involved in developing, and preserving this precious valley. These were not a band of unlearned frontiersmen. Their journals show intelligent, faithful, happy Saints, who had a delightful sense of humor, that lifted them above the trials of drought, frosts, grasshoppers, and Indians. Their stories should be remembered and told.

Documentation and Addendum

1. The location of Behunin's dugout was identified by Alonzo Hansen's father. He stated that it remained visible for many years.
2. Pioneer Henry Green planned to settle near Behunin, but was informed there was sufficient water for only one family, and was asked to move on.
3. Pioneer James Fanner is quoted in Soren Ross' history. His account of completing the Little Fort in one month shows the extraordinary organization of those early settlers.
4. The unidentified pioneer is quoted in *Ephraim's First One Hundred Years 1854-1954*, p 8.
5. Hans Hansen's family arrived from Denmark and was directed by President Brigham Young to proceed south to Fort Ephraim. Upon their arrival, they placed their belongings inside the Fort, then found a secluded place, where they gave thanks for their safe arrival.
6. Pioneer Soren Peter Jensen left an interesting, informative journal. He is the father of Nellie Doke and Harold Jensen.
7. A Picture of the early home of James P. Hansen, Sr., that denotes the later site of the J.N. Hansen home, designated as the south-east corner of the Big Fort, in *Ephraim's First One Hundred Years 1854-1954*, p. 11.
8. Peter Franklin Madsen's writings left an important detailed history of early Ephraim. 9. Helen Young's map gives detailed locations of a variety of activities within the two forts. The important events continue to center around the buildings in the Little Fort, even after the construction of the Big Fort. *Ephraim's First One Hundred Years*, p. 7.
10. The Third Fort remained standing for several years following the signing of the Peace Treaty. Glen J. Nielson remembered the fort and said the gun slots were improperly constructed, making it impossible for the Pioneers to use them.
11. Drums were sounded to give an alarm to all the settlers. Young boys were frequently assigned to this task.
12. Pioneer Neils O. Anderson was involved in the 1868 Indian confrontation. His account is contained in several history books that relate events of the Black Hawk War.

13. Alonzo Hansen's father identified the Peace Treaty Tree, thus enabling it to be attested to by an appropriate marker, erected by the Fort Ephraim Daughters of Utah Pioneers.



THE MAN I MARRIED

Ruth D. Scow

Non Professional Third Place Historical Essay

The kitchen door closed noisily. Ernest, my husband was home. I heard the electric stove switch on and the swish of water as he deftly rinsed the coffee pot. Excitement was in his voice as he boomed, "Anybody home?"

Hurriedly I put my sewing away and headed for the stairs. I could hear him going from room to room. Then he came into the front hall and called, "What are you doing up there?" I came around the turn in the stairs at that very minute and we both laughed because of his loud voice and my being so near. Then, knowing that I was safe at home, he hastened to wash and change his clothes. I began to prepare supper, all the time waiting for him to explain his elation.

Somehow I sensed the change in him. He was acting like his old self again, happy, excited and fun-loving. When Ernest felt good, there was never a dull moment around our house, and tonight was like old times. Would he ever get those clothes changed?

When he had gone to work this morning, he had been discouraged. I knew the work was hard at the mill and that he was worrying about what to do with the farm. All his life he had been a farmer. I mean a good, energetic fanner. He would stay up night after night irrigating so that his land would show no burned spots. He worked hard and the days never seemed to be long enough. One of his favorite quotes was, "I'd rather wear out than rust out," and he governed his life just that way.

All men were his friends, and no matter how busy he was, he always had time to lend a helping hand. Sometimes I felt that he was being imposed upon, but his judgment of the thing to be done made me ashamed of myself.

All last summer he had worked hard on the farm but had made very little real cash. He had taken every job that had come along, spraying for weeds, bailing the neighbor's hay, and he even helped drive their sheep to the market. Still, all he did was pay expenses. In the fall he had taken a job at the sugar factory in order to pay some of our overdue bills. After Christmas, when the huge piles of beets had been made into fine grains of sugar, he came home.

At home he had a few chores to do morning and night, newspapers and magazines to read, TV to watch, neighbors to visit, but time hung heavily on his shoulders. He had nothing that he felt was important to do. This was tragedy in itself. He was ambitious and he loved work. Then one day the telephone rang, and when the conversation was finished he had a job at the feed mill. I was happy. Now he would not worry over wasted hours.

At first he had considerable difficulty because the strings with which he tied the sacks of oats, wheat and barley cut his hands until the skin cracked and bled. At night he would come home with them bleeding and cracked. We doctored them with love, ingenuity, and all salves we had until his hands had toughened to meet the work.

Most nights he came home very tired because he had lifted so many heavy bags of grain. On these nights he would finish supper and then sit in his big easy chair with his feet propped out in front of him and doze through the TV commercials. He enjoyed a good program, but I think the ones that brought the biggest thrills and enjoyment to him were the fights. Watching them he would get so excited that I wondered just how long his creaking chair would hold him.

However, the times that we enjoyed most and loved best would come only on occasions when he was really feeling pert. After our supper had been eaten, all the family would sit around the table feeling full and contented. Then the show would begin. Usually it didn't take long, for now with an audience that really appreciated him, Ernest would imitate, both in words and actions, all the different people that had come to the mill that day.

Here was the squeaky-voiced woman with the few chickens "that were just eating their heads off;" the kleptomaniac of the town, who because of his disease, must be watched away from the cash register; the man who maneuvered his small sacks of grain to be weighed so that the larger sacks could go by; even the little boy with his coaster wagon who had been sent for feed for his rabbits would be with us.

Ernest loved people. He enjoyed talking to them. He admired them for their ideals and their abilities, but always there was some little mannerism by which he identified each. He could talk to all of them about politics, farming, spraying for weeds, religion and so forth. He had an answer for all. A shy child straying into the mill would feel an arm around his shoulders, hear a friendly word, see a smile and perhaps find a piece of candy or a penny in his little moist hand.

My thinking stopped, for now supper was ready and so was Ernest. We bowed our heads while the blessing was said and then we began to eat. He would glance around the table and talk about the weather. We knew all about that subject. Excitement was with all of us, but why, we could not imagine. His blue eyes looked from one to the other of us. His smile included us all. His feet beat a jig under the table.

When the last morsel of food had disappeared and our plates were cleaned, he said very matter-of-factly, "I've leased the farm out for the summer. Now is our chance to take a little trip." I looked at him in amazement. We interrupted with, "Not in that old," and he took the words from us. "I've traded the old

truck off and bought a new car. Mother wants us to see the ocean and I want to see New Orleans, so this summer we are going to do the things that we have been dreaming about."

We all sat there with our mouths open as though a bombshell had exploded. I was speechless. Sure, I had dreamed, but I had never thought that anyone had paid me any attention. My brain reeled!

All this time he had been thinking, planning and saving for me! I felt weak with happiness and excitement. My dreams would become reality. We would plan together. I looked at Ernest with tears of gratitude and love. His grin spread over his face. Marriage is wonderful and to have such a husband to love me—that's the best of all.

See Volume 26 p 39, Saga of the Sanpitch for picture of Ruth and Ernest Scow.

LIDA EDMUNDS WUNDERLI

Leslie Rees

Non Professional Honorable Mention Historical Essay

"She was a wonderful teacher. She taught us to sing 'Oh Dry Those Tears,' a lovely old ballad and I enjoyed it so much." Such were the remarks of Mrs. Clark Keller of Manti as she spoke of Mrs. Lida Edmunds Wunderli, her music teacher at Manti High School in 1914.

Miss Edmunds, as she was known then, was a popular member of the faculty, as evidenced by the following account which appeared in the Manti Messenger: "The fourth year boys are all class. They entertained the girls at a 'spook party' in the old Cook place on October 30, 1914. The girls were blindfolded and hauled down on a hay rack. The boys had kept it a secret and none of the girls knew where they were. They all gained entrance to the house by an upstairs window by means of a ladder. The boys



"Death summons a bright Musician"

had them crawling through low doors then high stepping until they were downstairs where a gypsy told their fortunes—the gypsy being no one else but Miss Edmunds. After everyone had been so frightened they could scream no more, supper was served and games played until the wee small hours of the morning."

Miss Edmunds' stay in Manti was short-lived as she was offered teaching positions at BYU Academy in Provo and the McCune School of Music in Salt Lake City. While teaching piano pedagogy and vocal art at the McCune School, she met and married Fritz Wunderli, an aspiring business man of that city. At the age of 37 she died at the birth of her only child. Tributes were paid her as one of Utah's outstanding musicians and teachers. Following is an account of an article appearing in the Deseret News of November 2, 1926:

"Death summons a bright musician"

Salt Lake City, Utah, Nov. 2—The writer regrets to announce the death of another of Utah's leading musicians, a most accomplished pianist and accompanist, Mrs. Lida

Edmunds Wunderli, beloved wife of F. T. Wunderli, a well-known business man of this city, and daughter of John and Julia Edmunds of Wales, Sanpete County, Utah. The entire community was deeply shocked and grieved when the news of this beautiful and talented young woman became known. Death occurred at one of our local hospitals on October 1, a few hours after the birth of a baby girl, which survives the mother.

The deceased was born in Wales, Utah, on June 27, 1889, and early in life gave unmistakable evidences of unusual musical talents. She received her musical education in Boston, where she resided for upwards often years, studying under Carl Stasny, George Proctor and Charles Anthony. Later she was associated with Harold Henry and Glen Dillard Gunn of Chicago. She also resided for sometime in New York City. Because of her pronounced musical talents she was privileged to associate in the most exclusive circles, both in her home state and eastern cities. Her experience as a teacher of pianoforte was outstanding. She also taught in the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, Utah, as well as hi many of the high schools of her native state and the LDS School of Music. The late Prof. John J. McClellan often spoke of her superior musical ability, as also did Prof. A.C. Lund. Her father John Edmunds, is a native of Merthyr Tydvil, coming to Utah with his parents, the late Nathaniel and Jane Edmunds in 1856.

The mother, Julia Edmunds, is a native of Nephi, Utah, and the daughter of William and Eliza Lamb. A coincidence in the death of Mrs. Wundeli lies in the fact that a sister, Kate Edmunds, who gave great promise as a violinist, died a number of years ago in her twenty-second year.

In addition to her husband, her baby girl and parents, the deceased is survived by the following brothers and sisters: Nathaniel L., William J. and Jennie Edmunds Rees, all residents of Wales, Utah. Much sympathy is felt for the family, especially the husband and parents, and the prayers of all are that He who doeth all things well in His own way may add His comforting blessings. Personal recollections of the author, a nephew, point to three occasions in my childhood: Aunt Lida came to our home in Wales to visit her sister, my mother, as well as the rest of the family. I remember one time when we were eating Sunday dinner, I asked to pass the potatoes. Aunt Lida promptly said, "If you?" I answered, "If you can reach 'em." Another time she pointed to me and said to my father, "Alf, there is music in that head." As it has turned out, music has been my whole life and career. Once at church she was asked to speak and her reply was, "I would rather sing for you," which she did. I fancied she smiled at me and I was so proud, I smiled right back. My only wish is that she could have been a part of my life for a longer period of time.

A FORGOTTEN LEGACY

Lois Kribs

Non Professional Honorable Mention Historical Essay



A barn is a barn is a barn—well, not exactly. The barns in Sanpete County, which were built in the latter half of the 1880's, but are still standing in the 1990's, are very distinctive. The influence of Scandinavian architecture, seen by the rock foundations, is a monument to the ingenuity, resourcefulness and hard work of the early pioneers. One barn of special interest is located on Lot 1, Block 40, Plat A, or in other words, between Second and Third South on Fourth East in Manti, Utah, and at the present time belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Dean Hailing. Barns were built to store alfalfa, wild hay and grain, as well as to shelter farm animals during the harsh winters and hot summers in Sanpete County. A barn, a good strong well-built barn, was as important to these early settlers as the home which housed the family.

It was not uncommon, even until the 1940's, to see a house on the corner of each block and at the back and side of the home a corral full of farm animals, a barn, granary, and, of course, an outhouse. A fence separated each enterprise from the family on the other side of the block who had the same arrangement.

When the Hailing barn was built is hard to ascertain. The first records in the Sanpete County Courthouse show the land was first deeded from Manti City to Peter Lund on January 8, 1872. Agnes M. Stocks bought it from Mr. Lund April 24, 1879, and it was purchased from her by John B. Ruesch, June 24, 1880. John was born in Switzerland and was a convert to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He emigrated to Manti, Sanpete County, sometime before 1880. He married Verena Buehler, also a convert to the Church from Switzerland, in 1883. His family and his daughter's family, Bertha H. and Edward S Carlson, were the owners of this corner lot until it was sold to the Dean Railings in 1982. This lot belonged to the Ruesch and Carlson family for over 100 years.

An early appraisal of the lot shows the barn to be 34' x 34', but it is evident an addition was added on the west side where stalls were built so cows could be fed and milked.

The foundation of the barn was built of river rock and is approximately seven feet high at the main opening on the south side, but graduates to approximately ten feet high on the north side. This was necessary because of the terrain of the land to have the top edge square on which to lay the planks for the upper part. Some of the rocks which make up the foundation are as big as two feet long and a foot wide, but all sizes were used. The rocks were held together by a sort of mortar made of clay and straw (later they had mortar made of cement, or lime and sand with water).

This barn is as tall as a two-story house. The walls above the rock (still in the Scandinavian tradition) are made of vertical slabs of milled lumber of different lengths, some as long as ten to twelve feet, the top plank laid over the plank below. Posts of large cedar trees supported the walls and roof. The roof was probably covered by sagebrush or straw in the beginning, but later a former resident remembers shingles on the roof. An oil painting, made from a photograph taken in 1989, shows a tin roof with a rust spot on the northeast corner. The Hallings have made many improvements since purchasing the property, and this old barn will be a usable structure again.

Vernon Carlson, a grandson of John R. Ruesch, remembers many happy hours playing in this barn in the early 1930's. He said, "The west side contained stalls where four cows could be fed and milked. North of the stalls was an area where the cows could lie down and a large window used to clean out the barn. About two thirds of the east side was used for hay storage. There was a loft above the portion over the stalls for straw and other items of storage. There was a large hay fork mounted near the very top which could be let down through a window to unload hay from a wagon. I remember Uncle Ed Tooth would always haul our hay in. He would unhitch one of his horses to operate the hay fork. The barn was often filled with hay in the summer to last through the winter. It was great fun playing on top of the hay and

sliding all the way to the bottom, but I suppose mother disliked us kids coming in the house with hay leaves all through our clothes. There was always a large rope hanging from the large pole rafter from which we could swing. We could swing from the loft all the way across the barn and if there was still hay down low it was fun to drop into it."

This barn was also a favorite place to play for the grandchildren of Bertha and Ed Carlson. The large rope still hung from the pole rafter on which to swing, but, alas, there wasn't any hay to drop into.

Vernon also remembers the time his older brother, Clair Carlson, climbed to the very top of the roof of the barn and then couldn't get down. Here was a chagrined little boy left sitting on his perch until his dad could find a ladder long enough to reach the top of a two-story barn.

This barn, is distinctive, but also has memories which gave it a personality of its own.

Documentation:

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Deseret News - Salt Lake City, Ut. Jan. 29-30, 1998 - Section B-2, Page 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Halling -294 S. 400 E. Manti, Utah

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Carlson - Spanish Fork, Utah

THE STERLING HORSESHOE TURN

Rose McIff

Non Professional Honorable Mention Historical Essay

The old Highway 89 ran close to the hills on the east side of the valley for many years and down part of the lake road, making a sharp turn at the John Ludvigson home, down the dugway on the north, over the creek bridge and up the south dugway. The creek bottom had a lot of Cottonwood trees, and people at an earlier time would camp there overnight. They often came in wagons or camp wagons. People with horses to trade showed up in the summer and before long, our farmers were down there trading horses, selling or buying as well.

A funny looking outfit we all called the "old tin man" came maybe two or three times and was never seen again. He would mend pots, pans, tubs and buckets. We could sure use him again today.

About this time, construction workers came and started to fill the creek bottom with load after load of dirt. It seemed they would never get enough dirt to bring it up to the level of the banks. A flume was put in to bring the water from the creek through. Another kind of water flume crossed over the highway overhead with the irrigation water going west. This may have been started around the early thirties.

About this time, one summer a circus came to Sterling, the only one I ever knew. They set their tent up in Avard Otteson's big empty field. It was spread around town that a circus had come. They would have animals to show and at evening a play called Uncle Tom's Cabin? by Harriet Beacher Stowe, a famous play with all the characters. I still remember Little Eva, a person in the show. Many seats were set up and filled. I'm sure that there was even an elephant. This wonderful occasion only happened once in our humble town.

Sterling people put on plays under the direction of the YWMIA and the YMMIA. Sometimes the older people took parts as well. There was never a holiday without a children's dance in the afternoon and an older folk's dance at night. There were many people who played instruments, pianos, drums, horns of all

types, guitars, banjos, mandolins, violins, and mostly played for a little of nothing, or nothing at all. I remember \$2.00 or \$3.00 was considered good pay.

Armistice Day was a big holiday with barbeques and dances. Programs were in style then.

EARLY SWISS-GERMAN, SCANDINAVIAN ANCESTORS

Carl H. Carpenter

Non Professional Honorable Mention Historical Essay

In January 1976 Linnie Findlay, of *The Saga of the Sanpitch* Editorial Committee, had an extensive interview with J. Gerald Carpenter, a life-time resident and a second-generation citizen of Manti. This contribution to *The Saga of the Sanpitch* is a compilation of part of the oral history and reminiscences that Mrs. Findlay recorded in her visit with Gerald when he was 86 years old, and two years before his death in 1978.

Gerald could relate his recollections about early Manti with some credibility because his maternal grandfather, Johannes (John) Alder, immigrated from Switzerland to Utah and arrived in Salt Lake City 5 October 1860. In the autumn of 1862 he moved to Manti where he lived the remainder of his life, passing away at the age of 84 on 26 July 1911.



John Alder



Matilda Sophia Schramm

John Alder's first wife, Anna Barbara Alder, died 26 July 1862 in Salt Lake City, and he married his second wife, Matilda Sofia Schramm, a German emigrant on 4 March 1865. Gerald's mother, Matilda Sofia, was their first-born child and was born on 22 January 1866 in Manti. Gerald's father, J. Hatten Carpenter, was an emigrant from England by way of Australia, arriving in Salt Lake City 24 February 1887. On August 1888, J. Hatten visited Manti where he went to the Temple for his endowments, and it was while he was in the Temple that he met Matilda Alder. They were eventually married on 12 June 1889 in the Manti Temple, and Gerald was the first child born to them 23 May 1890.

John Alder was a tailor, and his daughter Matilda was one of the first cooks in the Manti Temple. She was also the first person to sleep overnight in the Temple. She, along with others, would cook and make up the beds for Church Leaders as they came to stay in the Manti Temple for as long as a month. This was during the time of trouble with the U. S. Marshals who were pursuing polygamist church officials in 1888 and 1889. Matilda was also a temple ordinance worker, and often recalled hearing the *chorus of angels* singing at the time of the Temple Dedication.

There was quite a large group of Swiss-German people living in Manti, and they held their own meetings in the old *South Ward Relief Society Hall* for many years (now the site of the Manti Stake Center). Gerald recalled attending many of those meetings as a young boy. The first Swiss-German Saints arrived in Salt Lake City in the late 1850's, and later arrivals were sent to Manti because it was believed by the Church Authorities that there were too many in the Salt Lake area; and, since many were skilled artisans and craftsmen, they were sent to Manti to help work on the Temple.

The early Swiss-German residents had surnames like Alder, Brox, Frischknecht, Garbe, Buehler, Keller, Kenner, and Reusch. Many of these names are still prominent in Manti. Mr. Buehler was a sash and door-maker, and had a shop where Manti Elementary School Playground is now located. The Kenners had a sawmill powered by a waterwheel near the mouth of Manti Canyon for many years. It was later owned and operated by Andrew Anderson and subsequently Andrew Madsen. Andersons would deliver the rough lumber, cement, and nails around town with a one-horse wagon. Rough-hewn lumber was hauled to the Buchanan Planing Mill east of Main Street on First South between Will Nielson's Blacksmith Shop and the Creek. Thad Buchanan's father was a furniture, casket, and carriage maker, and was also one of the early settlers. (Gerald purchased the Mill from Thad Buchanan in 1942 and operated it until 1969.)

The first permanent houses built in Manti were made of logs, but when the rock-quarry was opened up for Temple construction, the lesser grade rock became available for the construction of houses, barns, walls, and many other structures. It was originally intended to build terraces around the Temple Hill using the limestone rock for retaining walls, and this was actually done. However, the decision was later made to remove the walls and plant lawn instead. The rock in the retaining walls was later used to build the high walls on the east side of the Temple; and, the remainder was hauled away by Manti citizens to build houses, barns, and walls, some of which are still standing.

Another early craftsman was Hiram Thygerson (Scandinavian) who was a carpet weaver. He would weave carpets out of old rags and make them about three feet wide and several feet long. He eventually went blind and was called *The Blind Carpet Weaver*. He had a large family, his house burned down, and he had a difficult time before he died.

After the Temple was built, there was considerable interest in the use of adobe bricks for home construction. Hans Peterson (Scandinavian) located an adobe yard in the west part of town. The mud was mixed by a horse going around in a circle, and straw was added periodically to the blend for reinforcing.



Wedding Photo-J. Hatten Carpenter and Matilda Sophia Alder June 1889

Later, J.B. Jacobsen (also Scandinavian) located a clay source about three miles south of Manti and constructed a kiln to bake the brick. It was good quality brick and was marketed throughout Utah.

The interview with Gerald concluded with much detailed information about the construction of the Temple and the landscaping of the Temple Hill, which is well documented elsewhere, and is therefore not repeated here. Although Sanpete County is generally assumed to have been settled by people of Scandinavian descent, the original pioneer company that settled Manti included people mostly from New England, followed later by a group of Swiss-German Saints and a few Scandinavians in the 1850's and 1860's. This is well documented in several histories of early Manti which have been compiled since its settlement in 1849. These histories include *Reminiscences of Early Days in Manti* by Mrs. A.B Sidwell, 1889; *These Our Fathers-A Centennial History of Sanpete County* by Daughters of the Utah Pioneers of Sanpete County, 1947; *Song of a Century* by the Manti Centennial Committee, 1949; *View From the Red Point* by A.C.T. Antrei, 1976; *The Other Forty-Niners* by A.C.T Antrei and R.D. Scow, 1982. and *The Manti Temple*, by the Manti Temple Centennial Committee. Many additional historical narratives have also been included in various issues of *Saga of the Sanpitch* each year since 1969.

Bibliography

*See listing above.

A SECOND CHANCE FOR MARY ANN

Shirley R. Burnside

Non Professional First Place Biography

Mary Ann Smith was born in Banham, Norfolk, England at 25 North Moor, on Friday the 4th of November, 1853. She was truly a Smith, for her mother's maiden name was also Smith. Records show she was attending school at seven years old. She had only one brother who was three years younger.

Living in the cold winters of Banham prepared her for Sanpete County. Banham is a rural area where there is no large industry, even yet. There is cottage industry, such as hat-maker or shoe-maker. There are no orchards in Banham and ironically Mary Ann didn't have an orchard in Sanpete either. The people grew their own gardens with root vegetables doing best and winter broccoli that really does grow all winter and is very good. The people learned to be in the fields at first light. Mary Ann knew how to work.

She joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1874 at age 21. Her parents did not join the church at this time, so she prepared to go to America without them.

When Mary Ann left, she went to the nearest train station, which was Wilby, just three miles away. It was then a 300-mile train ride to Liverpool, where she got on a ship. She came to America and on to Utah with a group of converts and returning missionaries, with Brother Burton as the supervisor of the company.

In Provo, Utah, she met Heber Charles Dye and married him in 1876 when she was twenty-three years old. He being an Englishman and just two months older than she, they had much in common.

Heber and his brothers, William and Sam, took up a quarter-section of land near Wales in Sanpete County. Heber and William built log homes on their property near Silver Creek. Sam lived with them until he married Maggie Reese of Wales, and then they lived in Wales. The brothers farmed their land together, and in winter Heber freighted produce to Salt Lake and other places.

Mary Ann was happy. She and Heber had started their family. The three brothers and their families were a close-knit group. They worked and played together.

Then on a cold, snowy Saturday, February 21st, 1880, Heber was on his way home from a freight trip. He was taken ill with acute pneumonia and died at Tonopah, Nye, Nevada before he could get home or even before word could get to Mary Ann. With heavy hearts, William and Sam went to Tonopah to get their brother, Heber, and his wagon and team. One of the Blackham boys came for Mary Ann in a sleigh and took her to Moroni to his mother's home (John Blackham's) where they had taken Heber. He was buried in the Wales cemetery.

A profoundly shocked and shaken twenty-seven year-old Mary Ann grieved the loss of her Heber. After just four years of marriage, she was alone with a boy, John, 2 years and 4 months old, and she was 6 months pregnant.

She stayed on the farm for a short time, then went to her father-in-law's home in Provo to have her baby. How pleased Mary Ann was when she had a baby girl. She was born May 7, 1880, and was named Elizabeth Ann. Mary Ann often said she would have taken her children back to England if it were not for Elizabeth and William *Dye* who were always so good to help her.

Four years after Heber's death, she married Isaac Anderson Reynolds. He was thirty-five years old and she was thirty-one. They were endowed and sealed the next day June 19, 1884, in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City They moved to a small farm between Moroni and Chester. Isaac was a good man, and Elizabeth tells of a happy childhood. Their first child and only boy, also named Isaac, was born the next summer. A small log building was their first home, then they built a new larger frame home just to the north on their property. The log home became a very good ice house.



**Mary Ann Reynolds - Isaac
Anderson Reynolds**

Isaac was a handsome, gentle man who always wore a generous mustache, dark at first and later grey. Mary Ann was a very small, pretty, dark-haired woman. She took her second chance and made the most of it.

Together they made their life on their small farm. It was a lovely place, flat so it was easy to farm and the Sanpitch River ran through it. There were and still are two artesian wells, a large one for the stock and a small one by the house. Small wild life lived near the water and birds sang to them from the trees by the house. Mary Ann loved the green, damp, meadowland where she now lived. It reminded her of England without the fog. She often thought she was about as close to heaven as she could get.

She and Isaac had three girls after little Isaac, born every three years. Now there were six children in this family. Remaining a faithful family, the children were all baptized soon after they turned eight years old. The second daughter, Edith, was a sickly child and died at age fifteen of dropsy.

To supplement the farm income, Isaac had a milk route. He picked up raw cream or milk from the fanners and delivered it to the creamery with his wagon and team of horses.

John left the farm when he was nineteen years old. He went to herd sheep for Madsen's of Mt. Pleasant. He had been a good worker on the farm, and as the oldest he was an important part of the family. Young Isaac lost his only brother. Elizabeth missed him the most; she cried and cried the day he left, watching the wagon go as far as she could see. John was especially good to his sister. Eight years after John left, Mary Ann's husband Isaac died on a cold winter Saturday, January 30, 1904. He was fifty-five years old. He died of pneumonia and the family thought he got sick because of his milk route. It must have been very cold working with a wagon and team of horses in winter. He was buried in a homemade casket in Moroni cemetery. He had no physical deformities or scars.

Little Isaac was now nineteen years old and he took over his father's milk route and farm work. He took care of his mother from then on. Edith died two years later in March, 1906, at age fifteen. That same year, in June, Sarah married.

And so the roller coaster of good and bad continued as Mary Ann grieved and celebrated life. Isaac married in September of the next year, and Grace married four years later in September 1911. Mary Ann did Edith's endowment in the Manti Temple. Elizabeth was sealed to her mother and Isaac in the Manti Temple February 7, 1917. Grandchildren soon blessed Mary Ann's life, and she stayed in her home on the farm.

Immediately after Isaac and Sylvia were married, they went to separate places to work. She taught school in Beaver, Utah, and he worked at Kennecott for one year. This was the only time he was gone from the farm until his Sylvia died many years later. They both came back after that year of work with money for a down payment on the farm they bought from his mother. Mary Ann stayed and lived with them long enough to enjoy two grandsons. They cared for her eleven years until she died of a cancerous tumor of the stomach on November 29, 1919, at age 66. Her grandson Elmo Reynolds talked often about her reading stories to him from books or comics. That frame farm home still stands today, straight and empty. Only Reynolds people have lived within its walls. After it was sold it housed animals for a while, but now it stands, boarded up, still holding its dull yellow paint, straight, just like its first strong-willed builders.

Mary Ann had a determination for life that kept her close to what she believed. It also buoyed her up for the bad and good times. She made the best of life for herself and those around her.

Personal history of Elizabeth Ann Dye, Nida S. Reynolds, Lucy and Rex Dye.



I-r, Mary Ann Reynolds, grandsons,
Glen Reynolds, Elmo
Reynolds, son Isaac A. Reynolds

ANDREW

Mary Louise Seamons
Non Professional Second Place Biography

Andrew was pensive as he reflected on the past twenty years: his birth at the Madsen farmhouse in Svinninge, the births of his brothers and sisters; the schooling he had received at the village school; laboring

with his father, Lars, on the farm which had been in the family for generations; working for an uncle at a salary of \$1.25 per month including room and board; later learning the carpentry trade, receiving no pay and boarding himself; his faithful attendance at meetings of the Lutheran church in Asmendrup, a walk of about two miles. Then in 1853 the family had heard missionaries who taught the doctrine of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, believed their message, and in 1854 became baptized members. A year later, Lars had determined they should emigrate to Utah and began arrangements for their departure from Denmark.¹

Their home was now a beehive of activity as Andrew, two brothers and both sisters were preparing to leave their homeland. Their parents and two other brothers would follow as soon as business arrangements were concluded. Andrew was reluctant to leave, yet looked forward to joining others of their new-found faith in far-off Utah. He shuddered slightly, partly from anticipation and partly from knowing his life was changing, that he was beginning a new adventure.

Early the following morning, Niels Peter, Andrew, Margrethe, Jacobine, and Niels left for Copenhagen, their father accompanying them to see them off as they left their homeland. There they bade Lars goodbye, unaware that this was the last time they would see him.²

In Copenhagen they joined other young Scandinavians, Knute Peterson being chosen to preside over them, and on 29 November 1855 set sail for Kiel, Germany. Traveling by train to Gluckstad, Germany, they then boarded a vessel for England, spending four days and nights crossing the North Sea, then traveling again by train to Liverpool to begin the final leg of their journey. Andrew and his companions were elated when, before their ship sailed, Apostle Franklin D. Richards came on board to bid them farewell and give them encouragement. Their company consisted of 508 persons, 437 of whom were Scandinavians. Soon all sight of land was lost.

Andrew found the voyage quite unpleasant as their ship wasn't equipped for so many people. Tiers of bunks lined the sides of their allotted space. Boxes were placed in the center to sit on, the passengers also being compelled to eat off the boxes. Beginning on December 19 and continuing for several weeks, terrible storms battered their ship. The captain became so distraught that he forbade any singing or praying on the vessel, but this didn't stop the Saints from fasting and praying silently. Rations were coarse and simple, water ran low because of the length of the journey. Six adults and about fifty children died, the children mainly from measles, and were buried at sea.

Eleven seasick weeks later, they arrived in New York, their lack of English-speaking skills making things quite difficult. Andrew worked on a steamboat at \$2.50/day, later farmed at \$15/month, until the first of June when President Peterson again gathered the company together to sail on a steamboat to Winter Quarters. About three weeks later, they were prepared to continue west, their outfit consisting of sixty wagons with two yoke of oxen and six to ten persons per wagon.

During the first days of their trek to Salt Lake, the unseasoned travelers learned how to handle their oxen, many of which weren't used to pulling such heavy loads. Their route took them through the unsettled west, across Indian lands and prairies where great herds of buffalo grazed. They once witnessed a stampede in which some of their wagons were damaged, one man killed, several persons injured. They were then somewhat impeded as repairs had to be made to their wagons.

Each morning and evening at the sound of a bugle, the company assembled to receive instructions. Sometimes they held dances on the green grass. They laughed and sang the songs of Zion as they walked beside their wagons (only the sick and small children rode). Sundays were reserved to rest and to hold their

religious meetings. They saw few other people, mostly Indians traveling across the valleys or small bands who approached their wagons—all apparently friendly.

After staying a few days in Salt Lake, where Andrew had the extreme joy of meeting President Brigham Young and other church leaders—and being amazed how much he understood, the Madsen's moved to Kaysville, arriving there with one dollar among them—and found very little work. Andrew traded a small cook stove for a yoke of young steers, his portion of their outfit, then moved to Brigham City where he worked as a carpenter for the winter, receiving twelve bushels of wheat and his board for the winter's labor. Another adventure had begun.

In mid-December they learned that their mother, Bodil, and brother Christian had arrived in Utah and that, while traveling with the Hodgett's oxcart company, their father had died and been buried at Devil's Gate, Wyoming, early in November during a fierce blizzard. This came as a complete surprise since they had not heard from their parents since leaving Denmark. Niels Peter brought Bodil and Christian to his home in Kaysville—a dugout and a wagon bed—where they spent the winter. In the spring they all moved to Brigham City where they joined Andrew. Mads, who had remained to complete family affairs in Denmark, arrived early in the fall with a wagon and a yoke of oxen. Together with Mads, Andrew built a dugout which they lived in during the winter. The Madsen's were together again. Happy to be reunited with all of her children, some of whom now had spouses, Bodil never lost faith in the Gospel nor regretted having left her comfortable home.

In the spring of 1857, Andrew assisted in taking a load of flour to Green River, not a particularly pleasant journey. However, he was able to retrieve his father's wagon and his mother's clothes which she had been forced to leave there the winter before. Now he was in possession of the wagon, his assets were slowly accumulating.

Problems soon began between the Mormons and the U.S. government—escalating when two thousand U.S. infantry were dispatched for the Utah territory. The Saints started preparing for any eventuality. Some men were sent to Echo Canyon to prepare breastworks; others, including Andrew and about 100 militia, marched to Soda Springs, Idaho, and camped near Fort Hall for a short while before returning to Brigham City. In late March, 1858, following several false alarms, they were ordered to abandon the northern settlements and move south of Provo. Andrew and his family made preparations and left in mid-April, Niels driving Andrew's wagon to Fort Ephraim while Andrew remained in Brigham City as a guard, a captain often, to supervise the burning of homes and destruction of property should they be disturbed by soldiers.

While awaiting further developments, a band of Indians camped on the creek with the settlers whom they had come to assist. Andrew had scraped some wheat from the mill. This he traded to a squaw for a buckskin and a new red flannel shirt. A local tailor fashioned the buckskin into a pair of trousers which, along with the shirt, was the first suit Andrew obtained in Utah.

In early June, the difficulties with the Government were peaceably settled and the men released to rejoin their families. Andrew, carrying his gun and blanket, walked from Brigham City to Fort Ephraim, a distance of about two hundred miles. He and his brothers then went to work supplying themselves with hay, building houses, and preparing for the winter.

On December 26, Andrew married Johannah Anderson, a young girl from Sweden.³ (She later refused consent for Andrew to marry into polygamy, and he graciously accepted her decision.) In February of 1859 he, along with his brothers, two brothers-in-law, and some other Scandinavians, was called to settle a new community a few miles further north. Thus another adventure began.

Soon after the men arrived at the future town site, they built a fort for protection from the sometimes marauding Indians. About May 12 they returned to Ephraim to bring their families to the new settlement. Later a second fort was built directly north of the first one. Mads and Andrew erected a log house on Andrew's lot north of the fort. The roof of the house consisted of Pigeon Hollow flax, with a heavy coat of dirt placed on top of the flax. The flax had been intended for the manufacture of thread, but the quality proved to be inferior and the experiment considered a failure.⁴

In the early 1860s many—Andrew among them—felt they could better farm their land if they had some horses. So he purchased a span of fine horses, used them for plowing, and eventually made a trip to Salt Lake. Not long after his arrival there, he was notified by an officer that his horses belonged to the government. After disposing of his load, he and the horses were taken to Camp Douglas where Andrew was closely questioned as to how he had acquired the animals. He was released, but his horses were confiscated as the party from whom he had purchased them was not the rightful owner. Andrew had to walk back to the city and make arrangements to have his wagon returned to Mt. Pleasant. Andrew was not the only one who had purchased animals from the horse trader; others who had dealt with him and heard of Andrew's plight, hurriedly left for home, traveling by night so they would not be apprehended. It was later learned that the horses had been stolen from Johnston's Army and sold all over the territory, some hapless settlers having traded all their cattle in exchange.

In September of 1868 President Brigham Young and a number of other church dignitaries visited Mt. Pleasant. A suitable wagon, drawn by four of the finest horses available, was prepared and driven by Andrew and his brother-in-law Rasmus Frandsen. They took the Mt. Pleasant Brass Band to Fountain Green where they met the President's party, then led the procession back to town, via Moroni, while the band, under the direction of James Hansen, furnished the music.

Over the ensuing years Andrew and his brothers worked tirelessly for the common good of the community, some even being called to help settle other towns; one brother paid another pioneer to accept the call from him so he could remain in Mt. Pleasant. The Madsen's were investors in the first steam-powered saw mill, mowing machine, hay bailer, threshing machine, binder and reaper, molasses mill, and piano brought to their valley. Andrew was cofounder and later owner of several mercantile establishments, one of which was the Union Mercantile Company, organized in 1903 by Andrew and his three sons, C.W. Anderson (Andrew's brother-in-law), and Olaf E. Olson. Andrew served on the city council continuously from 1870 through 1892, was the first city treasurer and, in 1877, was elected selectman from the north end of Sanpete County.

In 1874, about nineteen years after he left, Andrew wrote to a cousin in Denmark:

*Mount Pleasant, Sanpete County,
Utah Territory, January 21, 1874
Dearly Beloved Cousin:*

I feel like writing a few lines to you and your family inasmuch as it is too distant for me to visit you, and it is about nineteen years since I was in Denmark. I was at that time a boy, and am now thirty-eight years old. I and the family are in good health. I have never been sick since I set out from Svinne. I married a girl from Sweden when I was twenty-three years old. We have two daughters and three sons living and two sons and two daughters who are dead. The eldest daughter is thirteen years old and the youngest, a son, four months.⁵

I am very well satisfied; and I feel that I have been blessed of the Lord in the forsaking of my

fatherland and in the seeking of a home among His servants and children in the land of America;...a goodly land in which to dwell as well for the poor as for the rich, inasmuch as there is much land here not yet brought under cultivation.

When I first came to Utah, I worked as a carpenter and as a timber man for about three years; after which I went to a new place called Mount Pleasant, where I got me a piece of land measured up, built a home and developed a farm, from which I am now enjoying the fruits. At the present time I own two mules (they are a kind of strong draught animal of great endurance), two horses, a filly, sixteen cows and thinly calves and yearlings, and some sheep, swine, etc. Inasmuch as there is a dearth here on labor help, there is a consequent high day wage,...from two to four bushels of wheat per day, or the equivalent thereof; I have therefore provided myself with various kinds of machinery:...a machine for mowing, it is drawn by two mules or horses; a rake with which to rake hay or to glean stubble and which is drawn by one horse. I have also a reaping machine which mows and rakes into windrows ready for binding; a boy of twelve or thirteen years can sit upon a spring seat and drive the horses for this machine. I have also a part in a threshing machine owned together with my brothers, which is driven by eight horses; it threshes and winnows at the same time. It stands upon two carts; we can therefore, in a short time, move it from one place to another. My wife has three machines, one for weaving, one for sewing, and one for knitting. These are very handy for accomplishing work. I also own part in a saw mill driven by steam,...it can saw from twelve to fourteen thousand feet of lumber per twenty-four hours. I am also part owner in a mercantile store containing wares to the value of 20,000 riks dollars. I am at the present time foreman at this mercantile and am right now busy at sending barley to the railroad which shall bring it to the seacoast, and thence to England. Barley and other grains are very cheap here. I suppose that in Denmark it is quite the opposite.

I shall now give you some information in brief about this Territory; its situation; its fertility. Territory is the same as 'Amt'—or county (rather as province). But the people here have more liberty than they had in Denmark. Each Amt chooses certain men that meet together once a year to enact laws for the welfare of the people.

Utah Territory lies 3000 miles inland from the Eastern seacoast, and 700 miles from the Western seacoast, or California. When we made our journey here, we came by railroad from New York to Florence, Nebraska, 2000 miles; thence we travelled by ox-drawn wagons to Utah, 1000 miles over a desolate and uninhabited desert.

At that time, all our merchandise had to be freighted over this desert, and consequently goods were very costly—in contrast to the present cheap prices; as the railroad crosses right through the country to California, with a spur northward and one southward, and it has been decided to extend it throughout this Territory.

Salt Lake City is the capital. It derives its name from the salt lake situated a little way from the town. The water in it is so salty that from the edge of the lake one can fetch salt just as we can fetch sand in Denmark. In the proximity of the town, there is a hot spring...there are really several; the water comes hot out of the mountain. A bath house has been built there and the omnibus runs there with people several times a day. There are also similar springs near here.

Here in Utah, the mountains are so high that the snow may be found lying on them from one year to another although it is warmer here than it is in Denmark. On some parts of these mountains there are forests, while in some places in them there is coal, iron, lead, copper, gold and silver. In these various places there are several thousands of people laboring to bring forth these various materials and to purify them.

Most of the land under cultivation is very fertile, but there is seldom enough rain here in the summer time to bring the grain to perfection; we have therefore so arranged it that we can bring about the streams that flow from the mountains to water it. I guess that will astonish you, but it is very practicable, and the soil yields in general from forty to sixty bushels of wheat, oats, and barley.

It was because of our belief in the Lord and His holy scriptures that we left our native land. I now close my writings and hope this letter will find you with lots of health and happiness.

Mother and my brothers and sisters are well and prospering. To you and your family we send our most affectionate greetings and ask you to remember us to our relatives, and friends, too, if there are any yet living.

*Yours affectionately,
(Signed) ANDREW MADSEN*

P.S. I herewith enclosed a sketch of the kind of threshing machine and saw mill that I have mentioned previously, maybe it will be interesting to you.

Andrew was an avid reader. Believing in education, he helped erect the first school house in Mt. Pleasant and was treasurer of the first board of education. He remained true to his religion and was always willing to help bring wagon trains of new converts to Utah. In 1861 he became a member of the newly organized Sixty-sixth Quorum of Seventy; he became a High Priest and was appointed to the first Sanpete Stake High Council in 1869.

Actively engaged in agriculture, his first love, and interested in learning new methods, Andrew attended farming and irrigation conferences in Utah and the Midwest, including an irrigation congress held in Albuquerque, New Mexico, the largest ever held in the United States to that time. He accrued extensive land holdings in Sanpete and Carbon counties and, with his three youngest sons, formed Madsen Land and Livestock, a corporation which represented a truly gigantic endeavor. He toiled unceasingly, daylight to dark, his friends often referring to the moon as "Andrew Madsen's lantern."

Fifty years after the settlement of Mt. Pleasant, Andrew Madsen Store - Scofield, Utah instigated a gala celebration complete with the unveiling and dedication of a monument memorializing the first settlers of the town. The accompanying parade was deemed one of the best and was highly praised by the on-lookers. Andrew's daughter Hilda represented The Goddess of Liberty on the city float.

Always interested in reading and preserving history, Andrew wrote extensive personal and community accounts in his records. He often rode his horse across the mountains from Mt. Pleasant to Scofield where he dictated his histories while his sons Neil pecked out the words on his typewriter, using both hands but only two fingers. So that traditions might be preserved for future generations, he organized the Mt. Pleasant Historical Association and served as its first presi-dent.⁶ In recognition of his leadership and community service, he was honored by the Association on 13 March 1915, his eightieth birthday, and was presented with a gold watch.

Once again Andrew contemplated his life and once again became pensive. His had been a long and varied life. The years had been good to him. God had been good to him. He raised an active, ambitious family and had large posterity. He could leave this life feeling a sense of accomplishment and satisfaction. It was now time for him to begin his final adventure. (Andrew died on 6 December 1915 leaving a rich legacy for those who follow.)

1. All information contained in this story was taken from three major sources: an unpublished typewritten manuscript entitled "Genealogy and History of Andrew Madsen"; The Madsens of Mt. Pleasant Utah. Nell Madsen and Pearl M. Olsen, Co-Editors, published by the Lars Madsen Family Organization in 1967; and Mount Pleasant 1859-1939. Compiled by Hilda Madsen Longsdorf. sponsored by Mt. Pleasant Pioneer Historical Association, 1939. Also used were genealogical records.
 2. Niels Peter, b. 17 Sep 1832 was 23; Andrew, b. 3 Mar 1832 was 20; Anne Margrethe (sometimes known as Grathe), b. 29 Oct 1837 was 18; Jacobine (sometimes know as Bena), b. 23 June 1840 was 15; and Niels, b. 29 Aug 1843 was 12. Parents were Lars Madsen, b. 19 Apr 1795, and Bodil (Bodel) Nielsen Madsen, b. 14 Jan 1808. The sons who remained in Denmark with their parents were Mads, b. 20 July 1830, age 25, and Lars Christian, b. 29 Dec 1847, age 7.
 3. Johannah Elizabeth Vindergreen Anderson was b. 15 Dec 1840 in Malmo, Sweden. Her parents were Niels Christian Vindergreen Anderson, b. 4 Nov 1809, in Widorf, Skone, Sweden, and Louisa Linberg, b. 4 Apr 1810, in Oppmana. Skone, Sweden.
 4. Andrew's house, on the southeastern corner of Third North and State, is still in use. Whether it is the original or one built later is unknown by the author. After Andrew died, his daughter and son-in-law, Hilda Electa Madsen and Showman Longsdorf, lived there until their deaths.
 5. Andrew's children were: Hannah L. Madsen, b. 27 Sep 1859; Louisa B. Madsen, b. 10 Aug 1861; Andreas Madsen, b. 15 Sep 1863; Annie Madsen, b. 20 Oct 1864; Emma Madsen, b. 15 July 1866 ; Andrew C. Madsen, b. 4 May 1867; Lawritz L. Madsen, b. 2 Aug 186; Anthon W. Madsen, b. 18 June 1871; Neil M. Madsen, b. 21 Sep 1873; and Hilda E. Madsen, b. 28 Nov. 1877. Hilda was born after this letter was written so was not included in her father's description of his family.
 6. Andrew served in this capacity until his death.
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CARL CHRISTIAN ANTON CHRISTENSEN

Virginia K. Nielson

Non Professional Third Place Biography

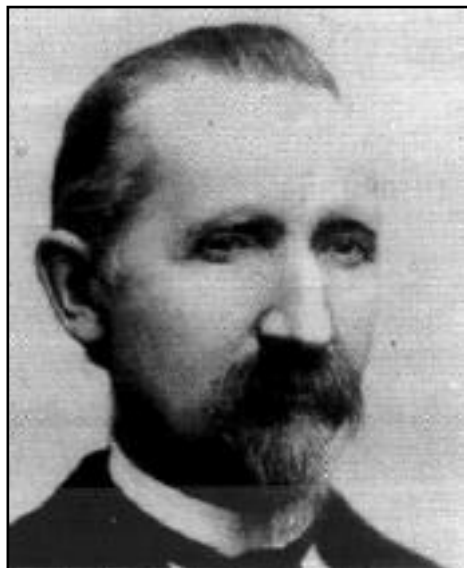
Carl Christian Anton Christensen, known as CCA, in his adult life, was a master story-teller through art. His portrayal of Latter-day Saint history preserved the events for future generations.

CCA was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, 28 November 1831, to Mads and Dorthea Christensen. His father was an unsuccessful businessman, and as the family sank into poverty, the mother took in washings and ironings. CCA cared for his siblings, three younger brothers. His mother had received no formal education, but had an artistic talent and an optimistic spirit. She taught her children to cut designs and toys from paper, to help them become more creative.

At age eleven, CCA's mother placed him in a government sponsored orphanage, to ensure that he would be warm and receive proper food. While he lived there, he was simply designated as #59. He was taught toy-making and other skills, and proved to be an excellent student.

When Christmas season approached, CCA cut out intricate, artistic paper decorations that he placed on the orphanage tree. A visitor, wealthy Widow Ane Sophie Bruun, admired the art work and had the boy duplicate the designs, to prove he was the artist. Widow Bruun realized CCA's potential and had him released from the orphanage to be apprenticed to a carpenter. She also paid to have him attend evening art classes at the Royal Academy of Art for two years. He was later apprenticed to Carl Rosen, a master painter, who gave him lessons in easel, house, and decorative painting. These skills would prove invaluable later, in rural Utah.

CCA's Mother, who had been an active Baptist, was among the first of the Latter-day Saint converts. Her pleas for her son to follow suit, went unheeded until Missionary George P. Dykes patiently taught him the gospel principles. He was baptized 26 September 1850, and recorded, "I felt I was born again" and immediately became a zealous Missionary.



He continued his art classes, and his teacher counseled him to create national art that would exemplify the traditions and cultural history of his nation. This is exemplified in his art. CCA graduated as a journeyman artist in 1853. He was called to serve a mission and was ordained a priest in 1853. This was an enjoyable experience and he was successful, despite hostility threats. CCA revised the Scandinavian hymn book. He developed the gift of poetry, then composed words and music for additional songs. He had a delightful sense of humor that was conveyed in his poetry.

He was ordained an elder and planned to immigrate to "Zion." These plans were halted when he was called to serve a mission in Norway in November 1853. No protection was afforded the missionaries, and he and his companions spent some time in jail.

While imprisoned, CCA studied gospel principles and composed poetry that he wrote on the prison walls. The young missionaries won the admiration of the jailors and were treated with

respect. A district magistrate was converted and loaned money to CCA to leave for America.

CCA fell in love with Norway, and with one of its fair daughters, Elise Rosalie Haarbye. He had baptized Elise and her mother. Elise's stepfather refused to allow the couple to marry, if it meant Elise would emigrate to America.

This mission extended to several years, a portion of which time he served as Mission President. He organized the first branch in Christiana and felt inspired in his assignments. He received instructions in English and, in turn, taught the language to the members. The congregation was so poor, they could not support the missionaries. To provide for himself, CCA painted houses, a baby carriage, a sign and a marbled fireplace.

Elise's stepfather finally gave consent for her to emigrate with CCA and a Scandinavian Company. They traveled by steamer to Liverpool, where they and four other couples were married by a Mormon elder, 20 April 1857, in the harbor aboard the sailing vessel, Westmoreland. The ship's captain hosted a party to celebrate the occasion.

CCA served as the ships' steward and composed a jolly handcart song in anticipation of their future mode of travel. The sea voyage lasted eight weeks; several births and deaths were recorded. Upon their arrival in the United States, the company went by rail to Philadelphia. There was much sickness on the crowded train, and three children and one man died.

In Iowa City they were greeted and given instruction by a church leader. They were housed in several large round tents, then were given three days for preparation to begin their journey. Many of their precious belongings were discarded to conform to the fifteen pounds allowed on the handcarts. Nevertheless, the group left in good spirits, singing, dancing and always supportive of their revered leader, Christian Christensen.

While crossing the plains, they were often hungry and thirsty. Johnston's U.S. Army traveled on the opposite side of the river and, realizing their need, gave them an ox that had an injured foot. This was gratefully received and fed the company for many days.

En route they were preserved from a prairie fire and a collapsing sand bank. Indians were hired to assist the women and children crossing the river. One birth occurred, after which the mother was allowed to ride for one day. Humorous events lifted their spirits and CCA recorded several in his journal. The entire journey captured his imagination.

A group of saints from the valley met the weary, half-starved travelers about one-hundred miles from their goal. They brought baked goods and fruit, a welcome gift. The Christian Christensen Handcart Company arrived in Salt Lake 13 September 1857, with CCA's Danish flag waving jauntily from his handcart.

This company was not greeted by the usual band and cheering crowds. The newspaper scarcely made mention of the event. The United States troops were stationed nearby, and the Saints were awaiting some action. The economy was at a standstill.

Earning a living through painting was not an option. CCA worked at various jobs and was paid with produce and adobe bricks to build a house. He and Elise moved to Cedar Valley where his brother, Frederick, lived, who, with their Mother, had emigrated earlier. The mother died before CCA's arrival.

When accord was reached with the army, CCA was able to be paid in cash for his paintings, but the worldly influence of the army disgusted him. In the spring of 1859, CCA purchased a team of oxen and an old wagon and moved to Sanpete Valley.

He helped build a stone fort in Mt. Pleasant and spent some time in North Bend (Fairview). He painted scenery in Mt. Pleasant and Fairview theaters and in the newly constructed Salt Lake Theater. He earned four dollars an hour for his art work in that important building. He began a life pattern that would continue into the future. Planting in the spring, harvesting in the fall, then traveling during the intervals, painting houses and signs. He continually used his literary skills in writing essays and poetry.

In 1865, a call came for CCA to again serve a mission in Norway. He accepted, even though he had three children under six years of age. He gave each family member a blessing before departing.

Once again he served as Mission President and taught members the English language. He received permission to renew his painting skills by painting portraits, and was pleased with the results.

He attended an art school under a talented instructor, Philip Barlog. This experience had a pivotal influence on his future. During this period he developed a confidence that he could go beyond house and decorative painting. Elise managed the home and farm and survived the Black Hawk War while he was away. When he returned, he brought Elise's mother and stepfather to live near them.

Eleven years following CCA's marriage to Elise, he married Maren Peterson in polygamy. She was a twenty-three year old Norwegian convert who had come in the Christian Christensen Handcart Company. She was living in poor circumstances in Ephraim. When Elise saw the conditions, she invited her to live with them. The marriage was performed in the Endowment House, 30 November 1868. He and Maren had five children.

CCA worked in various places to support his family. He joined the laborers preparing for the Transcontinental Pacific Railroad in Echo Canyon. He painted banners for the Deseret Sunday School and Relief Society which were used in parades or on other occasions. He added to his repertoire the painting of coffins, head boards, flour boxes, blinds and the usual houses. Payment was frequently in produce.

The Christensen's moved to Ephraim in 1870 and immediately put their roots down deep. He purchased about fifteen acres of property and, when land opened for homesteading, in 1875 he filed on 160 acres in Manasseh, west of Ephraim. He built a substantial cabin of sawed logs, a granary and corrals for cattle. (The cabin, which is still in good condition, will be moved to the Historic Square in Ephraim during

1998.) He dug ditches, cleaned and plowed his land, then planted about one hundred acres in wheat, oats, potatoes and alfalfa. The crops were good, except for drought and grasshoppers.

CCA began painting on canvas, and usually did this in the attic of his home or in the granary. The income derived was meager, so he returned to "grubbing sagebrush, digging ditches and the like".

With Dan Weggeland, an artist friend from Norway, he recreated incidents from the Bible and the Book of Mormon. These culminated in a scene of Joseph Smith receiving the gold plates. The paintings were on canvas pieces that were sewn together, then placed on poles that were attached to rollers. They moved vertically, to show one scene at a time. CCA delighted in giving lectures to explain each scene.

In the mid-seventies, CCA began a series of paintings depicting the early history of the Latter-day Saints. This was an ambitious undertaking, as each painting was six and one-half by ten feet. These were sewn onto a backing to be exhibited as a scroll on rollers. He created twenty-three scenes. All but one of these have been preserved and are known as the "Mormon Panorama." Events from Church history had been shown in paintings from 1845, but CCA's panorama was the first to depict Joseph Smith's vision of the Father and the Son. George Manwaring, a young piano and organ salesman, saw the painting at CCA's home in 1878. Under the impact of this scene, Manwaring penned "Joseph Smiths' First Prayer, a loved Latter-day Saint hymn.

CCA and his brother Frederick, who had given him financial assistance, displayed the panorama in Utah and Idaho. These efforts were successful and CCA realized their financial potential. He found he could take his art with its good gospel message to the public as a moderately priced entertainment.

During their presentations, CCA found the older people could add much to his knowledge of early church history, through their testimonies and comments. He would revise his paintings, to have them be in accord with these first-hand experiences. He regretted that he had not begun this pictorial record twenty years earlier, when he could have interviewed many more pioneers who were involved in these events.

CCA's brother and sons assisted in exhibiting the panorama in Utah, Idaho, Arizona and Wyoming. Curtains were always hung on each side of the scroll to enhance the dramatic context of the presentation. The eldest son, Charles John, eventually purchased it and continued showing until motion pictures arrived.

CCA and Dan Weggeland collaborated on other paintings and panoramas, but few have survived. Sanpete's dry climate and the relative's safe storage preserved the "Mormon Panorama."

The highlight of CCA's painting career was working with his artist friend, as they painted murals in the St. George and Manti Temples. Murals were painted on the walls of two of the rooms in the Manti Temple. The Creation Room had been cleaned and received minor repair, but remains as it was painted. The Manti Temple Garden Room was completely repainted by Robert Shepherd in 1945.

CCA's art was only one of his contributions to his Ephraim community. He served on the city council and pressed for improvement on city beautification, as well as purchase of land for a cemetery to replace the old pioneer site.

He was a prolific writer, and frequently chided neglect and short-sightedness, but infused humor so the reader could not take offense. He encouraged the development of schools and parks, as well as local industries. A concern he expressed was that too much was devoted to shallow entertainment.

Charles John, the eldest son, served a mission in Norway. When he returned home, CCA fulfilled another mission from 1887-1889. While there he wrote numerous essays on theology and doctrine. He translated scriptures and wrote for the mission publication. Troublesome news arrived from home. His son, Niels Erastus, was killed in a saw-mill accident, and difficulties had arisen in obtaining title to some of his Manasseh farmland.



Titled: Wheat Harvest in Ephraim



and Harvest in Ephraim.

Copies by Larry Nielson from *CCA Christensen 1831-1912 Mormon Immigrant Artist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, p 47-used by permission.

When he returned home, he made visual aids for the Deseret Sunday School to use in church-wide publications, with the Book of Mormon as the text. Art had seemed somewhat irrelevant, as CCA zealously fulfilled his missions. Now, he realized its potential as a religious, as well as a financial source. Two of CCA's major paintings are in the Manti Temple. One depicts the Temple hill with an Indian encampment in the foreground. The other features the Manti Temple with newly landscaped grounds and elaborate terraces. The latter painting was commissioned by the Sanpete Stake Relief Society.

Farming frequently took precedence over painting, as one of his writings bemoans: "One will most often find the Utah artist in overalls, with a broad brimmed straw hat, in a field, armed with a pitchfork, or other fanning implement in practical work, in order to fill the bellies of himself and his families, instead of following the bidding of Apollo."

With the consent of President Wilford Woodruff, CCA painted a remarkable mural on the interior west wall of the old Ephraim Tabernacle. This portrayed the Angel Moroni delivering the gold plates to Joseph Smith. Painted curtains framed the scene, to enhance the drama. The plaster on the wall deteriorated. Eventually, the mural was removed and the wall was re-plastered.

His literary efforts during the final two decades of his life consisted of a variety of subjects. He compiled theological essays and articles on religious subjects, translated sermons of church leaders, and wrote poetry and a travel guide for Utah. CCA taught a class in drawing, and gave instruction in the Danish language at Sanpete Stake Academy in 1893-1894. He received no pay. He maintained a lively interest in politics, and stumped the area for the Republican party in 1894-1895 in support of women's suffrage and ratification of Utah as a state. In 1896-1897 he traveled in Utah with the panorama, lecturing as a missionary during each presentation. He taught the Danish language again at the renamed Snow Academy in 1899, and encouraged children of immigrants to become fluent in their mother tongue.

Following his recovery from a serious illness in 1900, he experienced a richer fulfillment of his hopes for meaningful service. He was ordained a Patriarch and, during the following years, gave more than one hundred blessings, twenty-one of them recorded in Danish. He assisted with a revision of the Danish Doctrine and Covenants, and was a frequent contributor to the Danish paper, *Bikuben*. He retained a close relationship with his fellow immigrants.

CCA exhibited a painting at the Utah State Fair in 1900 that has probably become his most popular work, "The Handcart Company." He had experienced this event and included the numerous details that he recalled. In 1901, he was assigned to assist Church Historian Andrew Jensen prepare a history of the Scandinavian Mission. This was the highlight of his literary career. Despite the fact that Andrew Jensen served a mission during this period, CCA continued the record. He received no credit when the book was printed.

CCA was quite nearsighted and in later years was plagued by a hearing loss and a kidney disorder. Yet his mind was as clear as ever, and his literary productivity continued. He was traveling and preaching at the onset of an illness that claimed his life, 3 July 1912, at the age of 81. Elise had preceded him in death in 1910. They were the parents of six children. Maren died in 1915. They are buried in the Ephraim Park Cemetery. He was a valiant giant in the gospel cause.

Documentation and Addendum

1. Reprinted from *CCA Christensen 1831-1912, Mormon Immigrant Artist*, 1984, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Courtesy, Museum of Church History and Arts. Used by permission.
2. Inez C. Trythall's family history of crossing the ocean on the sailing vessel Westmoreland, and traveling in Christian Christensens Handcart Company in 1857, with CCA Christensen and his wife, Elise.
3. Manasseh consists of several hundred acres west of Ephraim, originally homesteaded by pioneer farmers. Richard Christensen, a CCA descendent, presently owns CCA's property. This includes the cabin, erected in the early 1870's. It has been used as a granary and was donated to Ephraim City, through the efforts of Fort Ephraim Daughters of Utah Pioneers,. Snow College Building Institute will move the historical cabin onto a historical site in Ephraim. It will then be restored with matching wood taken from a building of similar vintage on the Christensen farm. Dennis Smith, Utah artist a writer, made us aware of the cabin, in his Deseret News Column, in 1995.
4. The Manti Temple Garden Room was repainted by Robert Shepherd in 1945. Each wall was basically painted blue, with lighter shades near the ceiling. The paint completely covered CC A's murals in mat room.
5. During the time CCA was painting murals in the Creation Room, a young woman, Thea Lund, who was assisting in the kitchen, carefully nourished a pink geranium that was placed in a window. CCA noticed how she cherished the plant and incorporated a picture of it nestled among the shrubs and trees, on the right wall of the Creation Room. Thea Lund Henrie is Vonda H. Christensen's mother.
6. A 1910 copy of the Danish hymn book, *Zion Sange*. is in my possession; it contains seventeen of CC A's hymns. These were widely used on two continents.

THE MISSION CALL

Barbara Blackburn

Non Professional Honorable Mention Biography

"Dear Elvira, you are truly a noble young woman; my eternal companion who had blessed my life and that of my three children after the untimely death of Nancy their mother.

"You were as an angel sent from heaven to care for us. Now to be asked to carry on with two additional little ones and without the support of your husband is indeed a sacrifice I dread laying upon your shoulders. However, with your great faith, I know that you can do nothing else. You, yourself have therefore encouraged me to accept this mission call back to my homeland in England to spread the good news among my family and friends there.

"In this year of 1896 others are being called as have fathers throughout the church since it's organization 66 years ago."

When I was born June 1849 in Weston, Parris, England, my parents Thomas and Mary Wallis could have never dreamed what travel and adventures were in store for us. My father was a restless man. He had heard many exciting things about America. He and mother decided that they would leave and make their fortunes in a great new land of promise.

In the summer of 1851, my mother, my father and I boarded the Earl Gray ship in London to set sail for America. After coming around South Africa and traveling a distance of over 16,000 miles, we found that we were not in America, but rather Australia. Someone suggested that we make this our new home. They told us that the government would pay the \$10 for each of our tickets, which would cover the cost of our bed and board. All that the government required of us was that we colonize in the English Domain. There we could work for six months and receive wages. At the end of that time, we would be free to go on our way.

Mother and Father agreed to give Australia a try. We would stay, especially since Mother had a brother and other relatives living there working in the shoe-making trade. This was not by accident, but by design. Our lives have always been guided under the careful hand of a loving Heavenly Father. This was one of the more significant transitions that would change our eternal destiny.

Father worked for a disagreeable, unpleasant man who owned a warehouse on the river front. He had one redeeming quality, however: He was a member of a new denomination known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It was from him that Father learned that the only true and living church had been established on the earth. Father liked what he heard from this man. Soon he and Mother were asking for the missionaries. In December of 1855, they were baptized into this growing faith. Their testimonies were so sure, it brought them great happiness. Because of this I soon embraced the gospel as well.

After living in Australia for twelve years, we pulled up roots again. We were finally going to go to America. This time, going to America meant that we would soon join the saints in Zion. My mother, father and brother Charles, who was born in Australia, and I set sail for America in May of 1863. My younger sister died and was buried there.

Our journey commenced during the Civil War. We had nothing to fear, for as we traveled through the endless miles of water, we were protected by American ships. The owners of the ship we traveled in even gave us special rates because of the war.

We settled in Somersville, California, a town about forty miles from San Francisco. Father and I worked in the coal mines in order to earn enough to make our way to Utah to be united with the saints. Many times I had to work in the mines without my father. As a young lad of only fifteen, I was thrown into a company of those who drank, smoked, gambled and swore endlessly. I believed this church was true. I chose not to fall prey to the temptations around me and did not become a participant.

During Father's absence, an epidemic broke out in San Francisco, name unknown. Most children who caught this disease died within twenty-four hours. My brother Charles, who was only nine, caught the disease and soon died.

Father had had enough. It was time to move on to Utah. We left our home because we could neither sell it nor bring it with us. By team we went to Los Angeles, then San Bernardino, and finally to Las Vegas, Nevada.

The rattlesnakes were so bad there that we often had to turn off the roads for them. Once in the "Muddy Mission,¹ Father discovered a missionary friend from Australia. We were invited to move into one of the homes that had been left vacant at the fort. It was very difficult to make a living there, but we

worked hard in order to survive. After three years of residing there, our boundaries were redrawn by government officials. We were suddenly placed into the State of Nevada. Officials demanded back taxes, but we didn't have the means to pay them. When President Young heard of our situation, he advised us to move back into Utah.

Our prophet had spoken, and we obeyed. Our small colony left our wheat crops, green in our fields, and our homes to whomever came along. As a close neighbor took one look at our homes and field, he said, "This is the hardest luck we've had since leaving Kirtland, Ohio." I hadn't been with the saints in Ohio, but I knew how he felt. It was difficult to leave, but leave we did. To make the journey even more difficult, as we traveled along we discovered that we didn't have roads to travel on. Consequently, the journey was tedious and slow. There was hope and consolation in the knowledge that we were following council from our leaders.

We moved to Mt. Carmel for a short time, but in 1874, when the United Order was organized, we moved to Orderville to join the settlement there. I was given the assignment to haul freight back and forth to Salt Lake City for anything that was needed by the Order. I was also given land to farm and animals to take care of. Father and Mother made shoes for the Order, the trade Mother had learned in Australia. We were all very busy in our new lives. When the Order dissolved eleven years later, I continued to farm and raise sheep for a living. We prospered temporally and spiritually. In gratitude for the blessings of heaven we all gave thanks. The journey had taken over twenty-five years. I have not regretted a moment of it. Today I stand before you ready to accept my call. When a prophet speaks, I will listen and obey. My only regret is leaving my young family without a father. Even that will not deter me, for I know that they are in the hands of our caring Creator. I cannot deny the blessings He wants to bestow upon us. I bid you farewell until we meet again.

TWO CULTURES

Lois Kribs

Non Professional Honorable Mention Biography

The uprising of the Ute and eventually Navajo Indians against the white settlers started in Manti, April 9, 1865. This war eventually spread through the territory from south of Provo to Long Valley in northern Arizona.

Black Hawk, the Ute Indian Chief after whom the conflict was named, discontinued confrontations with the whites in 1867, but it was not settled until a peace treaty was signed in 1868 in Ephraim. Even though this treaty was signed, there were still skirmishes in the Uintah Basin until 1872.

Although they had been invited to settle the San Pete Valley by none other than Ute Chief Walker, there had been an uneasiness between the Utes and white men from the time they arrived in 1849. The white men built fences, barns and claimed land as their own. To the Utes, who had always roamed free, this was an intrusion. The white men had been invited to teach the Utes how to farm, but they were not ready for this way of life, nor did they like it. They felt when they took a cow or a horse or crops from the field, they were merely taking their share of what was produced on their land. Also, the slave trade between the Utes and Navajos with Mexico had been stopped, thus eliminating a source of income. A smallpox epidemic in the winter of 1864-65 had taken many Indian lives, not the least of whom was Chief

Arapeen, father of Chief Yenewood-wood, better known as Jake Arapeen. The Utes blamed the white man for bringing this sickness to them.

As for the white settlers they felt they were being harassed by the Indians who would not try to farm and become self sufficient. It was a clash of cultures that could not be resolved and grew worse each year as more white families moved to the Sanpete Valley.

A group of white men, led by John Lowry, Jr., and Indian braves, led by Jake Arapeen were meeting in Manti on First West, just north of First South, Sunday, April 9th, to discuss the disappearance of some livestock the white men wanted the Indians to return. Instead of solving their problems, an altercation between John Lowry Jr., and Jake Arapeen occurred and the two men had to be pulled apart, after which the Indians mounted their horses and rode away very angry.

Chief Black Hawk was not at this meeting. He had had a long and friendly relationship with the settlers, but he was well aware of the troubles in the valley. Black Hawk had been baptized a member of the Mormon Church and had been a student of Jesse Fox in the very first school in Manti in September 1850.

My great-grandfather, James Farres Tooth, and his wife, Sarah Chadwick Tooth, settled in Manti with their son, James Chadwick, in 1853. They befriended Black Hawk and he them. James and Sarah had previously invited Black Hawk to their home for dinner after the Sunday church service, so when they asked him to come to dinner this day, April 9th, he accepted.

They were eating when several Indians rode up to their home at full gallop. One came to the door and asked for Black Hawk. All the Indians seemed very excited and the animosity of the group was evident. Black Hawk went outside to talk to them and in a few minutes came back into the house to say he must go. He could not be persuaded to finish his dinner and left immediately with his Indian brothers, not saying what had taken place. Thus began the Black Hawk War.



Little did James and Sarah know when they invited Black Hawk to dinner after the church service this beautiful Sunday, events taking place elsewhere in Manti would change the lives of everyone living south of Provo for years to come. I do not find the name of James Farres Tooth listed among those who fought in the war named after his friend Black Hawk, nor do I know of any time Black Hawk came to dinner again at the Tooth residence after this fateful day.

James Farres Tooth Home, 95 E. Union, Nanti,
Where Blade Hawk Had dinner just before
Black Hawk War started in 1865. Picture taken
1915-1920

LON AND MARY BELL SNOW LOWRY

RoseMcCliff

Non Professional Honorable Mention Biography

From the 1900s to the 1930s, Lon and Mary Bell Snow Lowry were contributors in the growth of Sterling in their day. Lon was one of the first janitors of the Sterling Schoolhouse. He was interested in the town and a dedicated Republican. He was appointed Constable and was often seen on his motorcycle around Sterling roads.

This was an interesting time as the old wagon roads were not built for the change to the age of automobiles, which was rapidly coming, especially as Sterling has always been in a recreational setting. Mr. Lon Lowry was up and down the roads trying to slow the cars down. We thought they drove fast, but compared to now, it was slow.

With the people in the area getting automobiles, they were able to take an afternoon for a family picnic or a swim for the children at Palisade. They could also go fishing and have lunch at the Gunnison Reservoir Park, which at one time was a beautiful spot with nice trees planted, lawns cut and watered, and picnic tables, a place or two for a fire. Many people all around the area used this enjoyable place.

This was a time of transition from getting around slow with wagons and horses to automobiles. This new way opened up lots of opportunities for growth, especially in the recreational world. The improvements at Palisade were many, more boats and a nice baseball diamond below the dam which was used by towns of Sanpete. There were games played every week. Bathing houses were built, a small lodge, hot dog stands, a willow bowery with willow tables and seats, which was the place Sanpete County Schools came for a May Day or special day. A dude ranch was built east of the Otteson home and rodeos were held on a small scale set up.

The finest and largest picturesque open air dance hall was built atop the hill west of the lake. The view of Sanpete was spectacular. Music and orchestras were in the most part good music, coming from as far away as Indiana. One of these bands', B-flat base tenor sax player married one of Sterling's beautiful girls, Riva Funk. On a moonlit night, with the reflection in the lake, the view from the dance hall was wonderful.

In these years, many things changed. Mary Bell Lowry was especially interested in the town's Young Women. In the fall of each year, she would take the girls and chaperone them to Roy, Utah, to work for a few weeks during canning season for the tomato crops. She taught them in the YWMIA. Mary Bell also started the first school lunch by cooking food at her home and, with help, she carried it to Sterling School and took the children a nice hot lunch.

One other interesting and exciting beginning around this time was the winter sport of playing hockey on ice, which was started by a group of Manti youth.

A SWEET BARGAIN

Mary Ann Swenson

Non Professional First Place Short Story

He pulled the old cow into the stable, half-mad that no one had noticed her still in the pasture the night before. He had come home later than usual, and more weary, too. Mr. Hunsaker had kept him until

way past dark, hoping to finish cleaning out the shed next to the barn. The night wind outside had whipped the branches of the willow against the wood of the hovel and forced its way through the cracks, making it seem more cold inside than out. The one small lantern made it hard to see if the job he was doing was a good one. He wanted to please Mr. Hunsaker. He knew he was lucky to have the job and it brought in a few pennies that made his life nearly bearable.

Now it was morning, and that meant chores wouldn't wait. Lady was not a patient cow and she let him know he was running a few minutes behind. The cow let out a stream of steam from her nostrils and, making a gruff noise, let Clark know she was not about to make his task an easy one. He tugged on her rope, but his twelve-year-old frame was no match for the cow's enormous torso. "Come on, Lady," he pleaded. She moved reluctantly toward the right side of the stable where he had spread out fresh straw only moments before. He tied the rope to the inside post and grabbed at the worn pitchfork. Heaving fresh hay into the feeding box, he pulled the milk stool close and sat down next to the cow and began to milk. The yellow cat that Mama called the Butterscotch moved cautiously into the barn. She was always there when he began his chore, mewing loudly for a drink. He made her beg momentarily, then pointed the teat in her direction and let the milk shoot right for the cat's mouth. She always got the first drink. It was a tradition that Papa had started when she was only a wee ball of fur in the spring. Butterscotch had never missed a feeding in six years, although she moved a bit slower of late.

Milking was an unconscious task for the boy, and he let his mind wander as the warm white liquid shot out in tiny squirts and hit the bottom of the tin pail, making a swirl of bubbles and foam. He watched it as it filled with milk in continuous rhythm that sounded familiar and brought a strange sort of comfort against the morning. Leaning his head against the cow's warm body, he became intensely aware of how tired he really was. His shoulders ached and so did his arms. He had worked unusually hard the day before, but his efforts had been worth it.

Mr. Hunsaker had been generous and given him eight shiny pennies for the job. Mama had seemed so pleased as he handed them to her. Her smile seemed to match the glow of the fire in the hearth, and he knew she had been as happy with his effort as the money. She looked at him for what seemed to be a long time, studying his face and earnest eyes and then looked at the pennies. She chose the two with the most copper sheen and putting her hands over his she made a fist of his hand, burying the coins deep in his palm. Looking surprised, his eyes darted from the fist to her soft gray eyes. Her expression told him not to argue the matter, and her only response was a reminder that she would tithe the money, that the two full pennies were his to spend. He hesitated; their needs were so great, but her determined smile assured him that this time it was okay. Income for the family had been tighter than the shirt which surrounded his shoulders now. The sleeves edged up his forearm and could no longer be buttoned, and the tails would slip out from his trousers requiring constant tucking. Money had never been plentiful, but since Papa's death last winter things had become even more desperate. He had tried on one of Papa's shirts, but it was so large that it had made Mama laugh and cry all at the same time, and she insisted that his own shirt was a better choice for now. That night she cut the shirt apart and began making a smaller version for Clark. He knew they were both poor and proud, and it made the pennies in his pocket even more valuable. They labored with all of their effort to provide. His Mama felt it was better to have a little that you had earned on your own than to have a handout.

He had worked with the local beekeeper since he was nine and had a reputation of being a hard worker like his mother. The family lived off the land, growing all of their own fruits and vegetables on the

small two-acre parcel. Mama had a fine berry patch that she nurtured almost as carefully as she did her babies, and the proceeds bought a little sugar and other necessities.

Clark listened to the chickens making their familiar chatter in the yard. In spite of their chitchat, he was grateful for them and the income that the eggs brought. Besides, their fanfare meant that it was morning, the dawning of another day, and this one would be the best one he'd had for a long time. He was done milking and he pulled Papa's old boots from his feet. They were so big and dirty that they nearly fell off by themselves, but he was glad to not have to wear his own shoes out into the shed. He reached deep down into his pocket to check for the coins. He fingered their round edges as he sauntered back to the house. It felt good to have some money in his pocket. He mused over how he would make lots of it when he grew up, and buy Mama lots of lovely things. He had seen her eye the lamp in the hardware store, admiring all the dangling pieces of glass the clerk called prisms. Someday he would buy it and have it all wrapped up in fancy paper and give it to her for her birthday.

Last year she cried all day long on what should have been her special day. Papa had died only two weeks before and he knew that she was still unsure of how it would all work out without him. Even though he had not made a lot of money, he was consistent, and when things got bad Clark remembered how he would always convince Mama they would get better. They usually did. He was there when she buried her babies one by one, eight tiny graves in all, at the cemetery near the edge of town. But at his funeral, she looked so alone standing against the November sky, trembling in the wind like a leaf ready to fall from a tall Cottonwood. It made Clark both sad and scared, and he still shuddered when he thought about that day.

He closed his eyes in an effort to block out the memory from his mind. It made him feel queasy down in the bottom of his stomach, like a wound that never really healed. It had only been a few months; a while longer and he might start to get over it all a bit. But for now he still missed Papa every day, sometimes even more. There was so much he didn't understand about the world around him, and who could he ask? Mama was already burdened enough and his older brother, Lyman, was working such long hours that he came home too tired to talk at all. He had feelings he didn't understand, a certain bitterness that would well up in his stomach and claw at his throat, demanding release.

The first time he felt this way was when Mrs. Porter came over to buy raspberries last summer. She wore fancy clothes and smelled of perfume. Even her housedress was better than Mama's Sunday best. She lived across the street and would order berries from Mama at the going rate of seventy cents a case. Mama would spend the better part of the early morning picking and filling the twelve pint baskets. Then when Mrs. Porter arrived, she would eye the berries, hesitating and questioning Mama about when she had picked them. Mama knew, Mrs. Porter knew, and Clark knew that Mama had picked them that morning. Each berry was a dark crimson and so plump they made the saliva in his mouth swirl around his tongue as he peered into the too full baskets. Spring City's climate was perfect for growing berries. The cool mornings and long growing season made a perfect balance to produce the sweet, red fruit. Looking at the berries once again, she would tell Mama that she had hoped to buy the berries for fifty cents a case, that she just couldn't pay the full price, she didn't have that much money. Mama consented. He knew it made him hate Mrs. Porter, yet he knew better than to fuss in Mania's business. It hurt him to see her taken advantage of; he felt helpless and weak. His thoughts were interrupted by Mama's voice calling him for breakfast. He hurried into the house.

Inside it was always warm and cozy, especially close to the old coal stove. He huddled by the fire to warm his body, chilled from February's cold. Mama made small talk while she pulled warm biscuits from the oven. Clark ate three so fast that he barely tasted the first two. Currant jelly dripped off the edges and

on to the table. He loved the taste of the bright red jelly that was both sweet and tart at the same time. He wanted to leave early enough for school that he could stop by the spring in the middle of town. He loved to get a drink of water from the place from which his tiny town had received its name. The water was so cold that it made his teeth hurt and the taste was sweet. He loved Spring City. It was a friendly, cozy place nestled in among rolling hills and tall mountains. People were friendly and most were kind. He knew everyone and everyone knew him. He grabbed his bag and hurried down the street, making his way toward the small school.

The whole day he seemed preoccupied with the pennies in his pocket. It made the day go slow to know he would spend them this very day. He thought about saving them, but let the thought go as quickly as it had come. He checked to see if they were still there twice during math and once during spelling. The only time that he could concentrate on anything else was during art, which he loved almost as much as life itself. Drawing was what he did in most of his spare time. It pleased the teacher and she told his mother that he showed real promise. Drawing was his window to the world. Pushing the pencil he shaded the belly of a horse, perfecting its proportion. He made the mane look exactly like the mare next door. He wanted the legs to appear strong, as if this creature could run forever against a blazon sky. He visualized every muscle, surrounded by soft velvet skin and hair. He worked on the sketch for most of the afternoon. The teacher didn't say anything as he worked through the time for reading. He was most himself with a pencil in hand and a paper beneath it. When the bell rang, it startled him. Snatching his book and bag, he headed for the door.

Outside he admired the clear afternoon sky. It looked especially blue against the snow-covered hills. Celery green sage brush jutted out here and there making the lowlands look polka dotted. The rocky soil showed in places, telling a tale that spring may not be far behind, but the cool air was not convincing. Its bitter cold brushed against his freckled cheeks. He made a game out of looking at how things looked. His teacher told him that was why he was such a good artist. He hurried down the street, passing by the spring at the center of town without hesitation. He loved that water, but his taste buds were in for an even bigger treat. Moving in the direction of the Dry Goods, he bounced along. He could hear the coins banging against each other in his pocket. The tingling made a music of sorts that matched his skip.

The store was tall and boxed shaped. It was made from long planks of wood on both the inside and the exterior. The outside was weathered, the interior a cozy mix of groceries and tools. He loved the smell. He searched the room for Miss Hazel, a tall auburn-haired woman with sparkling blue eyes that flashed a brilliant glow.

Once he had come to the store with some of his pals from school. They had money to buy candy, he had none. He could sense the pain in her face when she realized he could not afford a sugared treat. She offered him a small piece and told him she would pay the price for him. The thought of charity had made his face feel hot and his eyes burn. He shook his head, feeling uncomfortable and silly all at the same time. Unable to make his mouth form words, he blurted out something about not being hungry. He didn't understand about money, why some folks had plenty and some did not, but one thing he was sure of is that he would rather go without than be pitied. He waited outside. Anger and feelings of foolishness made the blood pulse in his head. Sharp pains at his temples made him feel slightly dizzy. The other boys made their purchases and darted from the wooden doors. Their laughter trailed behind them as they headed for the park.

Clark turned to go home. The sound of Miss Hazel's voice rose to meet his stinging ears. The urge to run was overwhelming. He kept walking. She called out again. Knowing that she knew he was within

earshot and remembering his manners, he turned and faced her. She hurried along the walkway to where he was standing. Her dress was pale blue and matched her eyes perfectly. For the first time he noticed her creamy skin and freckles. Her cheekbones were high set and her eye were large and rounded. Bending down to look him straight on, she placed a firm hand on his shoulder. He knew she was sorry even before she told him, her eyes had said that much on their own.

Convincing him she understood took only moments. It was then she proposed her plan. She explained how in the bottom of all the candy bins there were broken pieces and multi-colored crumbs. Each week when she cleaned the bins, she would scrape the bottoms collecting the extra bits and pieces. Not wanting to see the broken surplus go to waste, she poured it carefully into a paper bag. If he could find a way to earn two pennies, she would sell him the bag of candy. It was a much better buy than what was sold from the regular bins. He remembered being ecstatic. Three years had passed since the initial bargain had been made. Each week Miss Hazel would scrape crumbs. Every few months Clark would earn a couple of extra pennies that could be spent at the Dry Goods store. The other boys were often jealous of his bulging bag of value. Occasionally, one would try to bargain with Miss Hazel for the crumbs. She flatly refused, reminding them that she had a contract with Clark for all damaged sweets. Often, he would find a broken cookie or a horehound drop with the tiniest chip. He felt good knowing he earned his way and that what he received was truly his.

Today would be his best day ever. Miss Hazel had been saving all the scraps from the ribbon candy left from Christmas. He searched for her throughout the store. Spotting her near the ribbons, he waited patiently as she waited on another customer. Looking up and seeing him, she winked. Moments later she handed over the finest bag yet. He could hardly wait to get home and show Mama and Lyman. Each piece was accordion shaped and colorful. Even broken it was beautiful and looked like stained glass. Running all the way home, bag in hand, he burst through the front door. Mama grinned as he emptied the contents into the large mixing bowl on the pie safe. As the last piece rolled from the sack, Clark couldn't help but chuckle. There on top of the pile was one perfect piece, a belated Christmas gift from Miss Hazel. He chose a few of the bigger chunks and nestled under the kitchen table. Pulling his drawings from his bag, he once again began to work on the horse he had started earlier in the day. Refusing to bite into the hard tack he forced it to melt amongst his molars. The taste was as sweet and satisfying as he had hoped. Contentment enveloped the room as he listened to Mama softly hum her favorite hymn. Maybe Papa was right. Maybe everything does work out okay after all.

PETE

Ruth Scow

Non Professional Second Place Short Story

Pete was just an ordinary white rooster, but he didn't know it. Every morning he would flap his wings and crow loud and long, as if challenging the other chickens to do any better. He was very proud and each day he would strut around the home lot as if he owned it.

Occasionally, he would walk across the street, but always he kept a weather-eye out for home, as he knew that we were aware of what he was accomplishing. We always enjoyed watching his trips because he would start out so hesitantly, then as he traveled he would gain courage, and if a car came whizzing by he would sidestep very expertly. We pondered how he could tell direction, but always after risking his life to

cross the highway, he would turn around and talk in rooster talk to the fast disappearing car or truck, peck at a few pebbles or blades of grass, and then start for home.

Each morning from our kitchen window we would watch his death-defying antics. Sometimes, if we had to leave before Pete's journey was complete, Betty, our daughter kept us informed as to his travels. Finally she would announce, "He's comin' for home just as fast as he can put one foot in front of the other."

Pete was a very light sleeper and we learned to love him because of his cheerful crow, which could be heard almost anytime, especially at night when all was dark and quiet with most everyone in the neighborhood asleep. Then if we were wakeful, we could be cheered by his "cock-a-doodle-do." Sometimes we wondered if he crowed because of his dreaming, or perhaps he had been awakened by falling off his roost. Nevertheless, he always put much vigor and loudness into his nighttime broadcasts.

Finally, he became such a favorite pet that we spoiled him dreadfully, feeding him crumbs or grain when we knew such largesse was not for his best good. When our kitchen door opened, he would begin to talk to us with his own peculiar cluck-a-cluck sounds and we would try to talk back to him to intimidate him, even though we did not know what we were saying. We grew to love our cheerful rooster and all family members felt he was their friend.

One morning near Thanksgiving time, my husband, Ernest said, "There's just no sense feeding that bird any longer. He is so fat and if we don't soon do something about eating him hell grow so old and tough that we'll never be able to cook him tender."

We knew Ernest was just teasing, but the thought of our rooster's plump brown goodness on our Thanksgiving dinner table was too revolting to even think about. Consternation showed on all our faces, with the result that to this day Pete is fat and crowing. If all goes well he will live to be a hundred.



Estella May Fox 1836-1898
Grandmother of Cleon Fox of Manti
had a stroke.
She lifted her helpless leg with a rope
as she cultivated her garden.
Courtesy Lillian Fox

PIONEER GRANDMOTHERS

Lillian H. Fox

Professional Third Place Poetry

If we could take your lives apart
And know the trials of your heart,
If we could understand you mind,
What noble treasures we would find.
If we could walk the paths you trod
And comprehend your faith in God,
If we could kneel at close of day
And speak the words you spoke to pray,
When guided by God's helping hand,
You searched and found this promised land.
You never thought of turning back
Despite the suffering of the track.
If we could be you for one day,
A brighter beam would light our way.
Then stronger women we would be
When tossed upon life's stormy sea.



Pioneer grandmothers lived in cabins such as this one—still standing on the farm which was owned by Cleon Fox in Circleville, Utah. Picture courtesy of Nedra Armstrong Anderson.

OLD HOUSES

Eleanor P. Madsen

Professional Second Place Poetry

There is something about an old house
That reaches deep within my soul,
That yearns to know the joy, the heartache
The anguish that has taken its toll;

Something that pleads for days long past
To reveal all that's gone before
Searching in the clamor of empty rooms
For answers and wisdom of yore.

I hold old houses forever dear,
With parlor, pantry, pendulum clocks
Pullicomers, a bench by a wall,
An organ, a baby's cradle that rocks.

Old houses are so full of memories,
Of people who have lived there before,
The essence of rose petals, the sounds
Of a teakettle humming, butter churning, more.

I would return to walk again
Tree-lined streets of my home town
Pause once more by a picket gate,
Admire an old house, though tumble-down.

A SANPETE NATIVE

Linnie Findlay

Professional First Place Historical Essay

Since our arrival in Ephraim in 1950, I have often wondered what is required to become a native of Sanpete. And I have wondered what that quality is that would bring five people to us after our daughter gave a 2 1/2 minute talk in the Pullman Branch of the LDS Church in 1962, when it was announced she was from Ephraim. Our family were with my husband on a two week workshop in Pullman, Washington, and had met others whom we had known previously. They had greeted us briefly in a friendly manner, but the folks who came to us after our daughter spoke in that Branch all wanted to send their regards back to friends in Ephraim. That experience, and others since, left me wondering about being a Sanpete native.

An elusive quality, one person suggested it might be partly pride. But that didn't seem quite right. It seems more like a quiet confidence, a wholeness, if you will, among the "old-timers" here, that poked fun at their own failings and at the idiosyncrasies of others, and yet generally had enough of life's goodness that they weren't diminished by these gentle jokes.

Personal difficulty and hardship didn't destroy that quality. Personal physical beauty or wealth didn't change that quality. It may have come partly from remembering who you are and the sacrifices made by those early pioneers who settled these valleys. It may have come from the recounting of those tales. Once someone has lived here and become acquainted with the lore and history of the area, they never tire of recounting endless tales of humor or valor or Indians or grasshoppers or floods or drought, of peas, cattle, sheep, hogs or turkeys.

That quality, once acquired, becomes a part of them so that even if they leave the area, that strength goes with them. My husband and I visited Lillian Fjeldsted in her home in Sandy a year or two before she died. And when we left, we felt we had been at home in Ephraim. Lillian, who worked in the School Office, had interviewed my husband before he came here to teach, and had always been interested in our children's progress in school.

I remember our good neighbors, Elmer and Maggie Sorensen. I often thought that Elmer wouldn't have had to keep going as he did, with one good leg, and one of wood that sustained his weight as he climbed about in his hayloft, or took him where he drove his team of black horses along the highway. Motorists would often crane to see him and point at his pioneer transportation as they slowed their cars so that their children might also see him, as he came and went along the highway. He enjoyed that.

Maggie recalled watching as her father, Jens J. Hansen, carved pieces for a decorative table that still occupies a place in the Manti Temple. She said he had made his own patterns for birds and fruit and other objects. He made his glue by boiling the hooves of dead animals in a large brass kettle in the fire place, letting it cool and straining it through a cloth. She thought he may have learned that method of making glue when he worked on the Manti Temple. He carved dark pieces from an old Howe sewing machine that had been brought across the ocean from Denmark. The lighter pieces were of native wood.¹

I remember LaVon Olson, who on a bitterly cold night responded to what she thought were the cries of a freezing kitten, and set out to bring it in to her warm kitchen. It proved to be a small girl who had slipped between two large snow banks into a ditch, and by the time La Von found her, she had given up trying to get out. Her red coat was nearly covered with snow she had scratched and clawed as she tried to get up out of the ditch and over the deep windrow of snow.²

The late Norma Wanlass Barton, wrote about her father, Paul Smith, who was shocked and angered by the cruel treatment of Sanpete Indian natives when they were moved to the Ute Indian Reservation in eastern Utah. She was a diligent researcher into many aspects of life in Sanpete County, and of people who came here to live. Her writing is tender with empathy as she wrote about a four year old who rode a horse for help for his father, when he was so small he had to be tied into the saddle.³

In a visit with Ruth Scow in 1988, she recalled many things that happened in early Manti. She remembered four trains a day going through Manti, and a "round house." She talked of early diseases, before penicillin and other modern medicines, when the best way to keep from spreading a disease was by quarantine. She told of how students who were quarantined with typhoid would prepare their lessons at home, and then wear a face mask when they took their completed lessons to the teacher and turned them in through a partially raised window. Many families had illness and often a child died from the diseases that

swept the country in the early part of the twentieth century. She also remembered bells ringing when the Armistice was signed and newspaper headlines were printed in Red and Blue ink.⁴

Jesse Fox who surveyed Manti in 1850 and did the surveying for the Manti Temple, included among his students that first school year an Indian boy who later became Chief Black Hawk. When Jesse Fox was captured by the Indians as he was working as surveyor for the state of Utah, Black Hawk freed his former teacher and appointed an honor guard to escort him to his next destination.⁵

In every town and community, there are still many wonderful stories and memories of those who have lived in Sanpete Valley that have not been told. Although I am neither Scandinavian nor Native to Sanpete there are personal ties to the area. Four of our eight children were born here. One is buried here. And a number of my ancestors were stalwarts in the building of the Temple in Manti.

My great-grandfather, John Taylor, watched over the construction of the Temple from the time of Brigham Young's death, soon after the temple site was dedicated in 1877, until President Taylor died in July 1887, less than a year before the temple was dedicated. Three of his sons were listed among those who made substantial contributions in building the Manti Temple. Frank Y. Taylor served as a draftsman, Joseph J. Taylor was a timekeeper, and Hyrum W. Taylor had responsibility with the Machine Shop and Planing Mill.⁶

My Grandfather William Whitaker Taylor, was called as a member of the First Council of Seventy in April 1880, when he was 26 years old. According to his journal, Grandfather visited wards, branches or stakes of the Church nearly every Sunday. He was dedicated to his calling, and was home seldom enough that if he did have an evening he could spend at home, he recorded it in his journal. On 13 July he wrote, "Arranged for Bro. Jens Hansen to convey us to Sanpete." Grandfather did not make that trip to Sanpete. He became ill soon after that entry, and died 1 August 1884, just before his 31st birthday.

So although I can claim no ancestors from Denmark or Sweden, there are genealogical lines that go back to England, Germany, Holland, Scotland, Ireland and France. But as I have looked through past issues of the Saga of the Sanpitch I realize how much my life has been enriched in these 48 years that we have lived among the people of Ephraim, and have come to know many great people from other towns of the county as we have worked with this publication. Perhaps Paul's letter to the Ephesians, said it best where he said they were "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens."⁷ Perhaps that would be the best identity of them all.

1. Personal interview with Mrs. Maggie Sorensen 2 March 1977.

2. Saga of Sanpitch, Vol. 22, p. 125 "Silence in a Winter Evening"

3. Saga of the Sanpitch, Vol. 23, p. 55 "A Journeying Forward."

4. Personal Journal, 22 June 1988

5. Manti Temple Centennial Committee, The Manti Temple. Community Press, Provo, Utah p. 22

7. Ephesians 2:19

SETTLEMENT OF SANPITCH RIVER BASIN

Robert D. Nielson

Professional Second Place Historical Essay

The Sanpitch River, named by the native Paiute Indians, was an important watershed. It was the main source of water for the entire Sanpete Valley. The availability of the water from this river was one of

the major factors attracting the pioneers to settle in the valley. This report is about the entire watershed and the environment as it existed before 1925.

The Sanpitch River was over 50 miles long from its upper northern origin at the summit of the Wasatch Plateau to its confluence with the Sevier River near Gunnison. Its course was varied and its flow erratic, depending on winter storms and snow melt. There were broad areas called the "swamps" where there was low stream flow. The main swamp was as much as two miles wide and extended northerly for ten miles above the narrows near what is now Manti. The swamp supported dense growth of sedges, bulrushes and grasses on the muck soils built up over many years. It provided excellent pasturage for grazing animals after the water receded from the spring flooding. During the flooded period, October to June, and before and after the cold, icy winter, migrating waterfowl were seasonal occupants en route to and from their winter habitats.

The elevation of the Sanpitch Basin ranged from about 4,900 feet at its southern boundary, the Sevier River, to over 11,000 feet above sea level at its northern and eastern origin at the summit of the Wasatch Plateau. Its total area is about 1,200 square miles or 800,000 acres. The area was not covered by cadastral surveys (townships, sections) until after 1900. Some areas in the national forest are still not surveyed. Good aerial photographs now provide the basic information to facilitate resource management. (See map, inside front cover.) The native vegetation, which is determined by climate, temperature, precipitation, soil characteristics, slope, elevation and exposure to sunlight, is naturally varied. Sedges, rushes and grasses were in the swamp areas. Sage brush and other shrubs and grasses occupied the well-drained fertile alluvial soils. Pinion pine and Utah juniper flourished on the lower hills, and Gambel oak, willow, Cottonwood, and scrub maple were on the intermediate drainages, hills and flats. Quaking aspen and coniferous forests occupied upper elevations. Some of the highest peaks are above timber line.

The climate varies with the elevations. The low valley has about sixty continuous frost-free days during June, July, August and September. Summer temperatures may reach 100 degrees, with winter temperatures falling as low as twenty degrees below zero. The average annual precipitation is about eleven inches with most of it coming as winter snow storms and lesser amounts from spring rains and summer thunderstorms. Hail storms are not uncommon.

The Sanpitch River Basin apparently contains no significant mineral resource suitable for exploration under the mining and mineral leasing laws of the federal government. Several limestone quarries near Ephraim were developed and operated.

Was the basin suitable for the settlement and support of a human population? The early Mormons, after reaching the Salt Lake Valley in 1847, soon became curious of what the next valley was like. Scouts were sent out to explore. The Sanpitch River Basin in central Utah was discovered. Its suitability for settlement was declared favorable but only by stalwart, energetic immigrants from northern Europe, who had experience with cool climates and adversity. Families from Denmark, Norway, Sweden and England were encouraged to settle in the Sanpitch Basin. The entire valley was considered available for distribution in "farm style" according to church guidelines. Allotments were distributed in relation to natural features of the terrain and in accordance to the interest of the settlers who had established "squatter's rights." Some settlers had no choice. The alluvial fans at the out-flow of perennial streams were preferred. "Settlements" developed at Milburn, Fairview, Mt. Pleasant, Spring City, Moroni, Fountain Green, Chester, Ephraim, Manti, Sterling, and Mayfield.

Many areas were claimed that were unsuited for agriculture either by irrigation or dry farming. Many areas so "patented" would not have qualified for acquisition and settlement under the federal

homestead laws. The settlements had to be centralized and be particularly concerned about protection from the Indians, who considered the settlements as an intrusion to their territory and their hunting grounds. Fortresses were built in most of the settlements.

But there were some problems. In one case, according to report from old timers, one married settler who had no children was accused, captured and found guilty of molesting a fair Indian maiden. Penalty was administered by modifying his masculinity, and he sinned no more. He lived to an old age.

The settlement population prospered and grew. The need for education was recognized and school houses, as well as churches (some in combination), were built. Snow Academy in Ephraim and the Wasatch Academy in Mt. Pleasant were built and still exist.

The town of Ephraim was settled in about 1857 (sic), mostly by Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes. It was nicknamed "Little Copenhagen." Many of the immigrants had common names, especially the surnames, but were not related. Included in this group were the Hansens, Petersons, Christensens, Olsens, Larsens, Jensens and Thompsons. There were several Peter Petersons and Peter Hansons, so some form of identity was in order. Nicknames were assigned. Pete Petersons were "Petey Bishop," "Long Peter" (he was the tall), "Smiley Pete" and "Stingy Pete." Pete Hansens were "Shingle Pete," "Cooper Pete," and "Baylor (Bailer) Pete." Possibly this had some influence in the selection of "Sanpete" for the county name.

The communities worked in harmony and had common interest. Agriculture flourished. Sheep-raising was the most significant ranching enterprise. Mt. Pleasant became world renowned for its purebred Rambouillet breeding. Fountain Green was known as the most wealthy settlement in Sanpete County on a per capita basis. Ephraim built and operated the Ephraim Pea Canning Factory, as well as the Ephraim Creamery and Ephraim Salt Factory. Most settlements had their own grist mills to process grain products. Limestone (oolite) from the quarry was an important export commodity.

Sanpete Valley was a good place to raise a family, with many opportunities to work on the farms, factories and mills. Opportunities for education and church participation were abundant. But with expanding families, some had to seek employment elsewhere. Families moved out and scattered, which was the case in most towns in rural Utah. For example, seven children from the AC Nielson, Sr., "Mormon Preacher" family of eight sons and daughters stayed in Ephraim. Only eight of the thirty-two grandchildren remained and made Ephraim their home base.

At the present time, many newcomers are moving into Sanpete County to enjoy the scenery, rural culture, educational opportunities, open highways, and countryside with room to roam and relatively inexpensive building sites. A special Scandinavian Festival is sponsored annually by the residents of Ephraim. It is held during the Memorial Day weekend and attracts many who display and exchange homemade items having Scandinavian characteristics. Many who have roots in the Sanpete Valley, but are no longer residents, return for a rendezvous and good visit with friends and relatives. The Scandinavian culture still survives in the Sanpitch River Basin. May it long endure.

INVITATION TO SANPETE

Lillian H. Fox

Professional Third Place Historical Essay

Two years after the arrival of the pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley, Brigham Young was called from his breakfast table to listen to a strange request. Walker, War Chief of the Ute Indian Nation, and twelve of his tribesmen had come to Salt Lake requesting a campfire conference with the Great White Chief of the "Mormonee."

This news must have stunned Brigham Young. He eyed the group with friendly suspicion, but soon sat facing them around a campfire. Six of them were Walker's brothers and half-brothers, the subchiefs Arropine, Grocepean, Ankiwalketts, Tabinaw, Ammon and Sanpitch. The other six were warriors. All were half-naked and painted, having just returned from a raid on the Shoshone Indians further north. Fresh scalps hung from their belts.

Brigham Young had faced mobs in Nauvoo and Indians when crossing the plains, but he had never seen a group more horrifying than this one. The peace pipe was passed around as he listened to an unexpected request to send white braves, squaws and papooses to live in the Sanpitch Valley.

A thousand thoughts raced through Brigham's mind. Was this a plot to trap a company of his people many miles from home? To slaughter them at leisure? To feast on the cattle and seize the provisions they would take along? Brigham had heard many tales of sly, crafty Walker. Could he be trusted?

Walker related a medicine dream to Brigham Young. He told him that he was acting on the advice of his god, Towats. Brigham listened thoughtfully. His people were like a small stream in seas of Indian nations. He had only been as far south as a small trading post near the Utah Lake, named Fort Provost, and he knew very little about the Sanpitch Indians, but he knew that Indians inhabited all the land south of Salt Lake to Tucson, Arizona. Their lands extended from the Continental Divide to the Sierra Nevada's. To the north and east were the Crow and Cheyenne, to the south and west the Utes, Piutes, and Navajo. A merger of any of these nations could mean extinction for the Mormons.

Mormons had faced starvation in the Salt Lake Valley now for two years. They had not produced enough food for their growing population. How could he obtain enough food and clothing to send with them?

"You want not only men, but women and children to come?" he asked. Walker nodded his head. Brigham bided his time. To lose the confidence of this group would be a mistake. He must keep peace at any cost. Then in his wisdom he slowly raised up six fingers. "In six moons, after the crops are harvested, I will send you white men, women and children. They will come to the valley of Sanpete."

This was a difficult decision for Brigham Young, but it was also an opportunity to plant the Mormon Church in the heartland of the Ute Territory. He had envisioned a chain of cities from Salt Lake to the West Coast, but he had never dreamed of an invitation to do so. If this colony succeeded, it would be a step in that direction.

And so it was on November 19, 1849, forty covered wagons with two hundred twenty-four men, women and children arrived at the present site of Manti to begin a new settlement in Zion. To commemorate this historical event a monument was unveiled in Manti, Sanpete County, on June 28, 1997, during Utah's Sesquicentennial Celebration.

This monument can be viewed on Highway 89, near the north entrance of Manti, just below Temple Hill. Three bronze seven-foot figures are mounted on a stone four-foot base. An Indian with outstretched arm is inviting a pioneer couple to come and settle Sanpete Valley.

This monument was created by Jerry Anderson, a former Manti citizen, now living in Leeds, Utah. Mr. Anderson is recognized as an outstanding sculptor throughout the West and has been acclaimed from coast to coast. Much of his work is on display in Saint George and Cedar City.

Nearby is another monument, a single figure representing the Mortal Moroni, a Book of Mormon Christian Prophet. This monument, by the late Avard Fairbanks, was dedicated on July 16, 1983.

Both monuments were funded by volunteer donations to the Manti Destiny Committee, a non-profit historical organization open to all interested citizens.

MORONI FEED COMPANY

Ida O. Donaldson

Professional Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Moroni Feed Company, Sanpete's largest employer, in 1998 celebrates the 60th anniversary of its incorporation. Gross sales of the company are in excess of \$125 million. In addition to the independent growers and their employees, Moroni Feed has 850 employees, with an annual payroll of over \$13 million.

Moroni Feed is a fully-integrated co-operative, including a feed mill, hatchery, processing plant, breeder farms, propane gas, a service station and convenience store, a further-processing plant, a Nutrimulch plant, and a hardware store. The feed mill mixes and delivers over 150,000 tons of feed per year. The hatchery hatches over 5 million turkey eggs annually. The processing plant processes 75 million pounds of Norbest turkey products annually. The breeder division includes six breeder farms located in Sanpete, Juab, Sevier, and Washington Counties, as well as in Oroquieta, California.

A service station was added in 1940. An all new service station and convenience store was opened last October. Included is the propane business which provides propane to the growers. The Nutrimulch division produces and sells over 45,000 yards per year of nutrient-rich soil conditioner made from recycled turkey litter. The hardware store was enlarged with a new addition in the fall of 1996. The inventory includes hardware, veterinary supplies, and many other items.

With such a successful present, it is easy to forget the humble beginnings of the turkey industry in Sanpete County, which began in the 1920's. Several individual farmers tried raising a few birds on their own farms. They grew the grain, hatched the eggs, grew the turkeys and processed the birds themselves.

As the turkey industry struggled to get started, the Great Depression hit. The People's Sugar Company, the area's main manufacturing and agricultural business closed prior to 1930. The Bank of Moroni closed in 1931. Other banks in Sanpete also closed. There was a tremendous need to find a way to make a living in Sanpete.

Members of the Moroni Lions Club, including Dr. W.E. Dice (then mayor), Ernest R. Anderson, Cleon Anderson, Elmo Irons, Rodney Anderson, and Eldon Westenskow, persuaded Utah Poultry to build a modern processing plant in Moroni. This would provide a more expeditious way of processing the turkeys. Eleven courageous and far-sighted turkey pioneer Opera House was first feed mill for Moroni Feed Co.

Manager was bent Monson - Photo, Ida O. Donaldson raisers had a dream of incorporating. They felt that, by working together, they could improve their present conditions and build a financial future for the area. Those men were W.L. Morley, Marion Jolley, Joseph Prestwich, Ray Seely, Jake Anderson, George Faux, Leo Morley, Dan L. Olsen, John M. Olsen, Wilford B. Olson, and William Prestwich. These men formed the association and worked out an agreement with Bent Monson, Moroni flour miller, for the grinding and mixing of their turkey mash on a cooperative basis. The first mill was located in the Pioneer Opera House, which still stands on Moroni's Main Street. Later, the abandoned People's Sugar Company plant, located two miles south of town was purchased and the feed division was moved there in 1940.

Moroni Feed Company was officially incorporated under the cooperative statutes of Utah on January 20, 1938.

The first officers and directors were Leo Morley, president; Ray Seely, vice president; and Marion Jolley, secretary-treasurer. W.L. Morley was the buyer, a position he held for twenty years. Sherman Christensen was hired as bookkeeper. Marlin Cloward was hired to take his equipment to the hay fields in Leamington and Lyndell to chop hay. Albert Cloward worked with Marlin. As more men were interested in becoming members, they were charged a \$1 membership fee.

Royce Johnson, daughter of W.L. Morley remembers as a young child, that her father raised twenty to twenty-five turkeys. About the middle of November, the turkeys were killed, dry-picked and hung in an empty house next door. The heads and feet were washed and left on the bird. The weather was cold this time of year, so they were preserved till they could be sold. Independent buyers would go around to the growers and buy their birds.

After incorporation, W.L. Morley was able to raise 500 turkeys. "This became a family affair," Royce said. "All feeding and watering was done by hand. When night began to fall, the entire family would go into the coop and get the turkeys to bed. Sitting on their roosts, we put turkeys beside us so as to encourage other turkeys to jump up and take a place. When it was dark and all the roosts were full, we would tip-toe out of the coop!"

Don Prestwich, son of Joseph Prestwich, also remembers the early days. "We put a rack on a wagon and, with a shovel, tossed grain from one side to the other as a way of mixing it. Each poult was taken by hand and its beak was dipped into water or milk to help it learn to drink. Now, the poults are just dumped out in the coop. We used to feed the turkeys twice a day. Now, everything is automated and feeders are filled once or twice a week according to the age of the turkeys. At noon we used to pour water on the mash and feed the turkeys wet mash thinking it would help them eat more. We used to slip in barrels of buttermilk and feed the turkeys, as well as shipping in blocks of whey from the dairy processing places. We used to run our turkeys alongside the river and they waded and drank in the river. I remember dipping water out of the river in fifty-gallon drums and hauling it to the turkeys in an old Model T which held three or four barrels." Moroni Feed Company Mill —Courtesy Ida O. Donaldson

From these humble beginnings, Moroni Feed Company has continued to grow and improve with each passing year, surpassing by far the dream held by the early organizers.

JESSE'S BUS

Eleanor P. Madsen

Professional Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Jesse Bartholomew of Mayfield and his bus are a legend in Sanpete County. According to various historical records, Jesse first began his bus service about 1927. He transported high school students from Mayfield to Manti and continued to Ephraim with college students from Mayfield, Sterling and Manti. He also operated a bus bringing college students from Mt. Pleasant and Spring City to Ephraim. The school district paid him for the high school students, and the college students each paid a fee of \$7.00 per month.

Prior to the beginning of college in the fall, Jesse went to the various communities and visited homes of students to solicit their passenger place on the bus. The bus stopped at various points in the communities where the students would gather to board the bus. The Mt. Pleasant bus went down Main Street and out Fifth West to Spring City, and then through Pigeon Hollow back to Highway 89. Many Manti students could be seen running down the streets to Main Street to catch the bus.

Some students drove the buses and paid for their fee this way. Reese Anderson was a driver from Mt. Pleasant. Eugene Peterson, Verl Meyrick and Neil Hafen also drove from there on occasion. Dean Lund and Clisbee Lyman were two of the drivers from Manti. They were careful drivers and always arrived safely.

Jesse had four daughters and two sons. "He was well liked by all the students...always pleasant and good for laughs." A good description of him is given by Bryant Jacobs: "Besides being a bishop, a lumber magnate, a philosopher and an accomplished and rapidly fluent conversationalist, he is also a talented musician, gifted with a silver voice, a most soothing whistle and I'm told a pair of pianist hands."

"Jesse converted a second-hand hearse to a feeder-line bus." At times the bus was a bit balky with a number of means being used to get the bus started on a cold morning. Once, only once, a fire was started near the engine to warm it up. Many mornings the bus was brought to life by a passing farmer with a team, a double tree, and a heavy logging chain."

On April 1, 1949, students missed the first two classes as the bus ran out of gas. It was treated as an April Fool's joke. On several occasions boys climbed out of the bus to push it up a hill, but somehow the students got to school safely and on time. One student recalls a time when the busload was returning home from Ephraim. The bus stopped in Pigeon Hollow, and no amount of coaxing or fuming would persuade it to proceed. It was a cold day, so some of the boys pulled boards from fences nearby and made a lively bonfire. Students climbed out of the bus and danced around the bonfire to get warm while some went for help.

Jesse was accommodating when it came to getting students to extra activities like dances, ball games, and Maple Canyon hikes. One student recalls being taken rabbit hunting on the bus out in the fields. There were many shady picnic spots south of Spring City. One day the girls on the bus all brought picnics, and persuaded the bus driver to let them off near a pretty grove of trees. Here they enjoyed their picnic and walked back into Spring City where a brother of one of the girls took them home.

Good friends were made and many interesting experiences went on in the bus. Quartets were formed and singing sessions enjoyed. Jesse liked to sing "Popeye the Sailor Man," embellishing it with pressing down on the horn at the right time. "Walking My Baby Back Home," was an appropriate song at one time as the bus stalled and it was either wait or walk so the students walked. At another time, a group of girls got left in Ephraim and walked a ways before getting picked up and taken home. Two girls from Manti walked home one afternoon "just to see if they could." Mostly, the students just enjoyed the ride, visiting, once in a while turning to the books,": reading shorthand aloud."

A lot of eating went on in the bus: pickle sandwiches, soda crackers. Some were so attached to the bus they spent their lunch hour there rather than using the lunch rooms provided by the college.

It is not uncommon now to see deer eating the grass along the highway, but in 1931 deer were an uncommon sight so attracted attention if any were seen. The Snowdrift that year stated, "These spring days have yielded all the way from 3 to 12 deer for observation, admiration, love (if you please) from the students riding the bus from the north."

A diversion for the Manti bus riders indicated that one day the bus reached a speed of 50 miles per hour in a race with a '49 Buick.

Apparently the bus did not always sport the drab black color. In 1948 it was reported that "the most colorful, surest sign of fall was the little orange bus scurrying along between Manti and Ephraim."

Boarders and Batchers at Snow College may have had some advantages, but most of those who rode Jesse's bus would agree that it was one of the great experiences of their lives. Lifetime friendships were formed, some resulting in marriage. In spite of the draft from broken windows, too much heat from pipes along the floor edge, and frequent breakdowns, it was a treasured experience, "an ideal setup in which to get an education and a college education."

Days at Manti High School and Snow College were made memorable for students who rode Jesse's bus, which service he continued for some thirty years. Jesse's Bus is featured on the front cover of this year's Saga of the Sanpitch.

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THE DAY I KILLED OUR ROOSTER

W. Dean Frischknecht

Professional Honorable Mention Anecdote

In April 1926, I had just turned six years of age and was back of the house inside our chicken yard watching the commotion going on among our twenty laying hens and the big white rooster. That domineering rooster needed to be taught a lesson.

I picked up a hard clod of earth, an inch in diameter, and with all my strength threw it at the rooster. That clod hit him in the head and he keeled over on his side, not a wing fluttering. Wow! I had killed the rooster.

With tears running down my face, I sped to the house to report the bad news. Grandma Christensen was in the kitchen.

"I threw a hard clod at the rooster and it hit him in the head and killed him."

She calmly said, "Don't cry. We'll just cook him for supper." She grabbed a butcher knife to take off his head, and I lead the way to where the rooster lay.

Grandma reached down with her left hand to grab his head, but when her fingers were only an inch above his head, the rooster flapped his wings and got up and ran.

Grandma laughed and put her arm around me. "You didn't kill him, just knocked him unconscious. I was much relieved, even exhilarated, and laughed with her.

As we walked back to the house she asked, "What have you learned about throwing something at the chickens?"

"That I shouldn't do it."

She counseled, "Your Grandpa Christensen was kind to our farm animals. He hated to see animals abused. Those at our home place were always fed in the morning before Grandpa ate breakfast, and were fed at night before he ate supper. I want you, young man, to be kind to all animals."

HERDING; LEARNING TO "CUT TRACKS"

W. Dean Frishknecht

Professional First Place Personal Recollection.

In the spring of 1931, I was released a week early from the fifth grade at Manti Junior High by my teacher, Miss Orpha Munk, in order to herd our yearling ewes, 170 head, in the hills above our family ranch. The world was in the Great Depression, and people were cutting costs. At 11 years of age, this herding responsibility made me feel a bit more mature, gave me a sort of a "young man" status.

Each morning at 6:30, right after breakfast, my older brother and I accompanied Dad as we left our home in Manti and drove in our family auto to the ranch where we worked all day. We returned home each evening.

Mother fixed sandwiches for my lunch to be eaten out on the range, and I had a jug of water slung from the saddle horn. Those helping with the tail-end of lambing, also with irrigating ate a hot noon-time dinner in the two-room ranch house.

At the ranch we had four high quality saddle horses recently shod for the spring work. The top horse was out of my domain, strictly a man's horse, the other three were safe. There was to be no fooling around when riding. Each day I was well-mounted on a grain-fed horse; however, I took it easy on them in order to conserve their energy.

Dad helped me to adjust the stirrups as short as possible on the adult saddle I rode. He said, "You need to be able to stand up in the stirrups when you're on a ground-covering trot."

Dad's Uncle Jake lived at the ranch and told me, "When I was a herder, I liked to herd the sheep in rough country. There's better feed." This made good sense to me.

Included in the 170 yearlings I herded were 12 black sheep. Range sheepmen include a few black sheep used as "markers" along with the herd of white ewes.

Part of my job was to count the blacks each evening at sundown when I put the herd into a corral out on the range, a mile above the cultivated fields. If a herder is short a black sheep, he knows he has lost a bunch of sheep that day.

One night I counted only eleven blacks. How could this be? Quickly, in the corral, I ran the herd by again. There were only eleven black sheep. The country where they grazed that day was rugged, with several small steep hills at the upper area. That's where I must have not gone around the complete herd. Down at the ranch, just before dark, I told Dad, "I'm out a black. I counted the blacks as they went into the

corral, and again inside the corral. There should be twelve and I have only eleven blacks in the corral tonight."

"Where did you have them today?"

"Straight east of the white-clay knoll in those steep hills."

Axel Peterson from Sterling was helping with the lambing at the ranch and was in on part of our conversation. Dad said, "Axel, this young man is out a black. He must have dropped a little bunch of sheep today back of the white-clay knoll. Will you ride up to the corral with him in the morning and count his herd out of the corral. There should be 170. Then you'll know how many he's out. Then ride up where he had them today and see if you can find them."

The next morning Axel counted 156 as we let those yearling ewes pass between us. I was out fourteen, and much embarrassed about losing the sheep.

Axel rode eastward into the area where we expected to find the lost sheep, and I let the herd slowly gaze in that direction.

In about an hour, I caught sight of the lost sheep playfully cascading down a long ridge toward the herd. Although they were carefree yearlings, and wouldn't have a lamb of their own until next year, possibly they sensed they were lost and were happy to be found. They were a welcome sight. As they came closer I counted fourteen, including the black.

Axel followed about 100 yards behind. When he rode up to me, we both dismounted while we had a little chat. He said, "I saw your horse tracks from yesterday when you went around the upper end of the herd. Your horse tracks crossed on top of the tracks made by this little bunch of lost sheep. Your circle did not go around all the tracks. You didn't 'cut tracks' properly."

"I figured the sheep were all inside my circle but I didn't go far enough."

"Well, it's no disgrace to drop a bunch of sheep, particularly yearlings in this rough country where you can't see the whole herd at one time. That's why you have to 'cut tracks,' which means you have to go beyond the tracks. Make sure all the sheep are inside the circle you are riding."

He could see I was taking it a little hard. He continued, "Now cheer up. We herders have all been out a black and a bunch of sheep. That's why we have blacks; they're easy to count."

As he swung into the saddle to ride back down to the ranch, I thanked him and said, "From now on I'll cut tracks the way it should be done. I'll get around all the tracks."

Reflecting on my mistake, I reasoned, "Do the job the way it should be done. Leave as little as possible to chance."

GRANDMA DIDN'T MAKE COOKIES

Hal Edwards

Professional Second Place Personal Recollection

My Grandma Childs didn't make cookies.

I didn't know that for many years, because from the time I could remember, I ate what I thought were Grandma's sugar cookies. But the word "cookie" was just too frivolous for her. It was a lot like having the President of the LDS Church's General Relief Society with a name like "Candy" or "Poopsie." Cookie was just too silly.

She was not a stern, straight-laced woman. She was just grandma. But as with a lot of pioneer women, she carried over the hard days of both her youth and her life with my grandfather for nearly sixty years throughout her life.

What my grandmother did bake, however, were "cakes." Apparently, that term was used in the days when frivolity was at a lower ebb than now. My grandmother's cakes were one-of-a-kind. I don't mean there was only one, but every batch was the same. I could always count on the same texture, the same sugar on top and the same warm feeling, whether the cakes/cookies were warm or cold. If Mrs. Fields had the recipe for my grandma's cakes, she wouldn't be in bankruptcy now.

When I went off to college at Brigham Young University, my grandma always made sure I had a sack of her cakes/cookies to take back to get me through the week. She didn't make a big fuss, because being fussy was also frivolous. But every weekend I was home (which was every weekend), I would go back with clean clothes, \$12 or \$14 I would earn from playing a couple of dance jobs, and a sack of grandma's cakes.

My grandma was born Ida Victoria Jensen, January 20, 1867, in Gunnison. Her parents, Rasmus and Ingar Hansen Jensen were immigrants, he from Denmark and she from Sweden. They didn't come to America together, but met later. When they married, they lived in several southern Utah towns, but finally moved to Gunnison where they resided until their deaths.

My grandmother was the oldest of four children, and in those days it meant that she took on much of the responsibility of helping to run the house. When she was sixteen years old, both parents died within two months of each other, in 1883. This left my grandma with the responsibility of being mother and father to her two younger sisters and younger brother.

During that time she also "hired out," as many people did, working for practically nothing for people who had a little money to spend on someone who would wash, iron, and tend children. At age 17, on March 7, 1884, she was married to my grandfather, Lorenzo Howard Childs, a man nine years her senior. He had been previously married and had a son, but both had died.

Living in a small southern Utah town was not easy, especially as we compare it with our conveniences of today. I have often wondered, as I have looked at early photographs of pioneers, why nobody smiled. They didn't have a lot to smile about. And perhaps that's why my grandma didn't take to frivolity. Her life was filled with hard work, first helping raise her brother and sisters, and then becoming the mother of six of her own children, two of whom died in infancy.

My grandma had, perhaps, one of the most kind and understanding spirits of anyone I have ever known. As with most pioneer families, she and grandpa had chickens and cows. They had their own eggs and milk, and made butter. And because they lived next door to us, what they did and had was part of my life.

Many times during cold winter days, I would see my grandmother cooking a combination of mash and greens for the chickens, to give them a "hot meal" on a cold day.

One of the most memorable and tender memories I have of my grandma was when she and my mother, along with others from town, would go to the Manti Temple and spend a day. My grandma always left my grandpa's lunch waiting for him on the kitchen table under a clean, white cloth.

Until I grew up and left home, I had never heard of a pancake. It was hotcakes at grandma's and it was more than a treat when she would make them for grandpa's breakfast and I would be lucky enough to get a cold hotcake and wrap it around jelly. I never thought about the frivolity then, but "pancake" was probably as frivolous to grandma as cookies, so she made hotcakes,

My grandma didn't make brown bread or wheat bread. She made graham bread. It was made from whole wheat flour, but it was graham bread. I suppose wheat and brown were also frivolous.

After my grandfather died in 1942 at age 84, my grandmother came to live with my mother and me. Since I was the youngest, I was still at home (age 13) and so I had an even closer relationship with my grandma, probably closer than any of her other grandchildren.

I remember vaguely my grandmother tending me during my father's funeral when I was just under three years old. Hundreds of times I would spend the evening with her and grandpa while my mother would be at a club or church meeting, watching grandpa poke the fire in a small, round stove until he had it red hot.

Grandma loved to read the newspaper, and while she never was much for radio or later television (much too frivolous), she and grandpa had one of those classic, gothic-shaped table radios which gave out more static than anything else. But she was well informed on the activities of the day. She was a staunch Republican and had little good to say about Franklin D. Roosevelt when he was elected, re-elected, re-elected and re-elected. I'm sure many of my attitudes about Democrats and politics came from this strong-willed Republican supporter.

I didn't really appreciate my grandma's personality until shortly before she died. She was terribly introverted and would head off to a back bedroom whenever company would arrive. Going through all of the "oohs" and "aahs" of gushing over company, including her own grandchildren, was just too much for an unfrivolous woman.

I had been married and gone from our home for six years when my grandmother died on September 7, 1958. As with my grandpa, she had a couple of days when she didn't feel well and then she was gone, living to the age of nearly 92.

While I have extolled grandma's cakes/cookies, her life was much more than that. Her entire personality revolved around hard work, making sure everyone else's needs were taken care of, trying to be as inconspicuous as she could, and having a difficult time accepting anything without working for it.

It is no wonder, then, that grandma baked cakes and not cookies. Cakes were made by those who knew what life was about. Cookies were for everyone else.

Sources:

Personal recollections, Gertrude Beck, 121 North, 100 East, Gunnison, Utah 84634 and Norma E. Larson, 540 North, 350 West, Richfield, Utah 84701

LUCY A PHILLIPS-TEACHER-FRIEND

Eleanor P. Madsen

Professional Third Place Personal Recollection

The Lucy A. Phillips Library on the Snow College campus in Ephraim stands as a monument to a remarkable teacher, beloved by all who knew her. She came to Snow College in 1926 after her early education in a one-room school house known as the Oakland School in Hobble Creek Canyon, High School in Springville, and a Bachelor's Degree at Brigham Young University. She taught at Grantsville, Provo High School and Dixie College before coming to Snow, and also earned her Master's Degree at BYU. She later did graduate work at the University of Wisconsin, the University of Washington and other major Universities.



Her first trip to Ephraim aboard the Sanpete Valley Creeper was an experience long remembered. Near Fountain Green she admired the mountains while the train crew hunted rabbits. Nearing Ephraim, Snow and Weber were playing football in a field by the cemetery. The game was tied with two minutes left and Snow on Weber's 20-yard line. Along came a funeral procession. Time-out was called, the internment completed, and play resumed and ended in a tie.

She watched and aided in the growth of Snow College, serving as Chairman of the Division of Humanities which included English, Literature, Art, Drama and Music. In addition to her other responsibilities, she taught English, Short Story, and American literature, as well as being counselor, being involved in extracurricular activities, and supervising the Snowonian. Snowdrift, and Scribbler's Club, among other things.

As I entered Snow College, my first Freshman English class was under her supervision. My first English essay began, "So this is Mss Phillips," and went on to describe the characteristics I found so admirable in her. She seemed a bit firm, but as I learned to know her better, I found that underneath that firmness lay integrity and "a quality of standing for the right, an understanding heart filled with sympathy, love and gentleness."

Many things were learned in that English class about exploring the world through books. Her students learned there was no plagiarism in that class. She must have read every book we ever thought of perusing.

Much had been said and written of her generosity in helping students to get an education, giving freely of her resources so that anyone who had the desire might study and learn. She reached out to many during the depression years, especially, so education might be available. During my second year at Snow, I had the rare privilege of living with Miss Phillips and two other girls while doing my student teaching. It was during this time I learned to appreciate her wisdom, her sense of humor, her fun-loving disposition, and her deep religious convictions. It was a time I learned food tastes better on a warm plate on a cold night. I learned that we shared common likes—"If there aren't tomatoes and popcorn in heaven, it won't be heaven," she said.

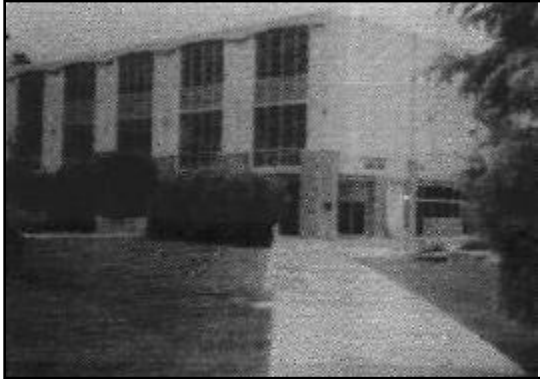
An Easter vacation at her home in Springville, a night she spent at our home in Mount Pleasant, and weiner roasts with students across the street gave such an insight to her ability to mingle with the students, share their fun while also sharing her wisdom, and teaching—whether in the school room or mingling socially with others.

As school days ended and I married and began raising my family, soon I had children going to Snow College and coming under the influence of Miss Phillips. She showed the same concern for them, helping, encouraging, disciplining, praising, teaching.

At last came a time when the chapters of her book at Snow College were closed—a time to leave her books, her familiar office, the halls, the classes—a difficult time with eyes growing dim, looking to a future of dependency on others.

Miss Phillips had often said that she wanted to live to be old just to know what it was like. Her wish was granted: 89 fruitful years. Perhaps those last years were not the best of life, but she continued to do

what she could, to think of others, and to write letters of comfort, encouragement, and praise for accomplishment. She was quick with praise for others, but resisted it in her own life, saying that she "never did anything she didn't want to do."



Lucy A, Phillips Library, Snow College Campus
1998 Photo -Courtesy Ross P. Findlay

It is fitting that the Library should bear her name, that her many students should pay tribute to one who had made such a difference in their lives. At the Library dedication and at her funeral, she was eulogized for her great accomplishments. There was a tremendous outpouring of love from hundreds whose lives she had touched. She had taken so graciously in her stride the recognitions she had received, among them being an Honorary Doctorate from the Utah State University in 1965, a Distinguished Service Award from BYU in 1958, the Ephraim Service Candle in 1953. In 1971 Alumni honored her in establishing the Lucy A. Phillips Endowment Fund to provide scholarships for students in the humanities.

Miss Phillips greatest tributes are in the day-to-day lives of those whom she taught, those who have achieved much, those whose lives were lifted to a higher plane, who are making life richer and better for themselves and others because her life and teachings had touched their lives.

Miss Phillips-friend, teacher- truly, hers was a life of willing service.

Documentation:

Snow College Historical Highlights- Community Press, Provo, Utah

Lucy A. Phillips obituary

Personal Information

ADDENDUM

Through thirty years of publishing the *Saga of the Sanpitch* we have included articles of special interest from time to time, that have not been entered in the writing contest and have not been judged.

This year we are including several non-judged pieces that we feel are important. The first is a story of her house written by Louise Seely, which was not available in time for judging. Mrs. Seely, one of our Senior Writers has made contributions for earlier issues of the *Saga*.

The poem, "Flour Sack Underwear," submitted by Susie Nilsson and written by her mother, Belle Weight, is reminiscent of times when times were hard, and everything was used to make life better.

The late Wilford Wheeler who compiled a book of poems, written primarily for his children and his grandchildren, has contributed much both in poetry and photography to earlier issues of the *Saga*. His son, Clifford Wheeler submitted poems included here for this issue.

MY DREAM HOUSE

Louise Seely
Not Judged

I was excited My sister Winnie was going to take her violin lesson from Mrs. Simpson. All morning I had teased to go; finally Mother said to put on my Sunday dress, to wear my black-patent Mary Jane slippers, to sit quietly wherever Mrs. Simpson directed...and to keep my slippers from getting too dusty.

Winnie was dressed in her best had run over her music, put her violin in its case, and we were on our way. I even carried the violin.

Yes, I was excited. I was going to see the inside of Simpson's beautiful new home. I passed the house often on my way to my sister Fame's and wondered what lay behind the exquisite curtained windows and the elegant front door. Winnie's lesson didn't intrigue, but seeing the inside of the beautiful new home DID.

We walked nine blocks on a hot June day and were there—knocking. A few minutes passed. The door opened I anticipated a royal welcome from Mrs. Simpson. She welcomed Winnie, but as I started over the threshold, she firmly suggested that I sit outside on the steps and wait. My excitement anticipation, and dreams all came tumbling down. I couldn't believe it! I was NOT going to see the inside after all. But I COULD sit and admire the beautiful roses; perhaps when Winnie was finished, Mrs. Simpson would ask me in.

I loved the roses—a dazzling red seven-sisters climber on the west side of the path; a delicate pink one on the east. We had ordinary cabbage roses at home. I feasted my eyes and dreamed about the roses for probably half an hour. Then the door opened and Winnie came out, cool and collected. But there was NO invitation for me to enter. Sullenly I walked the nine hot blocks home beside Winnie...humiliated...hurt.. .and wearing very dusty slippers. I DID NOT carry the violin case.

I still looked longingly at the house as I went by, but it didn't seem so important. I had other interests: school, first dates, the flu epidemic, singing lead in the operetta, falling into and out of love, activities in college student activities and social affairs.

The house was built about 1912 with the distinction of having the first concrete foundation in Mt. Pleasant. When they were pouring the cement, men stood around and said it would never hold up the walls (the concrete was so filled with rocks it actually had added strength). Yet after more than eighty five years, it had certainly stood the test of time.

Owner James Simpson was the station agent in Mt. Pleasant. During the flu epidemic of 1918-1919, he died in the back bedroom, his body taken out the west window and buried the same day. People were so afraid of flu that victims were buried as soon as possible without services of any kind. His daughter once told me she was eight years old, and no one dared to come inside. But one friend did come into the house and held Dorothy while on the front lawn the lid of the coffin was nailed shut. What an experience for a child!

On 10 July 1929 I married Willis Madsen. During our first year we homesteaded in Scofield. Our daughter Man Louise was born on 11 April 1930 at my parents' home in Mt. Pleasant. After Irving with my parents for a year, we rented the Jensen home a block east, but Willis and I wanted a home of our own.

Eighteen years had passed. The house came into focus again. The elder Simpsons had passed away; their family moved from Mt Pleasant and had rented the house to the North Sanpete School District superintendent. In early 1932 it was put up for sale. My interest was rekindled.

We made an appointment for a morning. At long last I was going to see the interior of the house. I remember coming in the back door to a kitchen and dining room filled with April sunshine. The house was large, with twelve foot ceilings, but the sunshine made it seem warm and cozy. Mother Madsen was with us. We decided to immediately to take it—though the price was a little high: \$1,900. We tried to get it cheaper, but Eva held to her price and returned to Salt Lake City.

After thinking it over. Willis wrote an offer of \$1,900. At the same time she was rethinking it and sent us a letter saying they would accept \$1,800. The letters crossed in the mail, so we compromised at \$1,850. Mother Madsen made a down-payment: we were to pay the remainder at 6 percent interest.

The next time I saw the house was at 5:00 in the afternoon, it had changed. Without the morning sun, the house was dark and dreary. I had never seen ceilings so high or rooms so dark. My throat lightened; my eyes filled with tears—but I couldn't let anyone see, after all, I was the one who had wanted the house.

We moved in. What furniture we had seemed dwarfed and wrong for such a big house. April was cloudy and cold; the sun never once came in to brighten my oppression. I was so homesick for my little Jensen house that I couldn't do a thing but mope. I tried to put on a good front, but Willis knew something was wrong. I couldn't work, couldn't eat, couldn't even talk without choking up. Mother and Mother Madsen sensed what was wrong and tried to talk me out of my lethargy, but I was so unhappy I couldn't stand it.

Because I'd always loved making things attractive, I tried hard to busy myself arranging furniture, etc But it was no use. I continued to lose weight. Finally Willis said, "Let's try living here six months. Then if you're still unhappy, we'll sell it" When I knew I could get out of a bad bargain, my spirits lifted, and bit by bit I got back to normal.

We put new cabinets in the bathroom and found some attractive linoleum for the kitchen. Willis went to Scofield often because the Madsen's had extensive holdings there, but it always meant a drinking binge, and I hated for him to go.

So it was in early November 1934. Willis was away. The new linoleum was laid, word came that he was sick and being cared for by friends at Soldiers' Summit in Carbon County. Mother Madsen and I went to pick him up. He was extremely ill but could walk from the car to the bedroom. Passing through the kitchen, Willis noted the new linoleum. That was the last he ever saw of the house.

His illness turned to pneumonia, and everything possible was done for him. The doctor from the CC Camp was called to help Dr. Rigby. We had a registered nurse come from Salt Lake to care for him. He died on Thanksgiving Day. 29 November 1934.

In my sorrow I forgot the house. I thought the end of the world had come...and truly it had...for me.

Mary Louise was expecting Santa Claus and all the things Christmas brings to four-year-old girls, so I went through the motions. A friend came to the house as Santa for her. My widowed mother, Mary Louise and I spent a sad, quiet Christmas. The day after Christmas I couldn't stand the little tree any longer, so I took it out. Mary Louise was too young to grieve and could find pleasure in her new doll and other toys.

I had been teaching two days a week at \$2.00/day. Just before Christmas the superintendent asked me to come back; they needed me. Mother and Mother Madsen thought I should. I think that was the hardest thing I ever did (the faculty had given me a dozen red roses for Christmas, and I almost passed out).

I went back to teaching, feeling slightly better each day. By spring things seemed more normal. I couldn't afford to sell the house, so once again I threw myself into making it a happy, comfortable home.

Willis and I never had a chance to do much with the house, but while I lived there alone and knew I must stay, I had the walls in the living room, dining room and front bedroom painted, and a small garage built. After I married Justus Seely in 1936, we began making changes. We removed the double sliding doors between the living and dining rooms and cut an archway in their place. We changed from steam-heated radiators to forced air heat (I've been told this house had the first steam radiator system). Next we lowered the ceilings to the top of the ornamental windows. We installed one of the first dishwashers in town.

About 1936-1937 we carpeted the front rooms. From Southeast Furniture Company we purchased the same style carpet that was used in the University of Utah women's lounge. We insulated the house, put cement around the front and side of the house, built a garage and driveway west of the house.

When Justus F. was born in 1941, we added soft water. Having been to the Wool Growers' convention at the Hotel Utah, J.O. had enjoyed the soft water so much he bought one before we came home.

We continued to improve something each year. Then in 1952 we made major changes. We redid the kitchen, taking out the pantry and two small windows, replaced them with one large window on the east side of the kitchen, and finished a room in the half-basement (When the foundation was cut through for a doorway, we found how solid the "questionable" foundation was.) The screen porch was removed from the south side of the house and replaced by an office/second living room with a fireplace and two walls of glass; the basement stairway was moved to a corner of the new living room. At last I had a sunshiny room and could "move out" of the dark north rooms.

The house now looked pretty nice, but we needed to improve the bathroom to equal the kitchen and living room, so we installed new fixtures, cabinets, and a big mirror, took out the wall between the two small bedrooms, built in a large closet, had the remaining ceilings lowered, and replaced one small closet with a small dressing room.

Our street pavement had been unsightly for years, so in 1965 when Justus F. was getting married, we put in new sidewalks. In 1966 we put new green carpet throughout the house. I didn't care for it much at first but chose it because I like green and it is an easy color to accessorize. Now I love it. It has been in over 30 years and doesn't even show wear. A sturdy wool/nylon mix, I think it will last through the millennium. But I'm glad. .too tired to redecorate again.

Each improvement made me happier. I love the house better than ever, and worry that I may have to leave it before I die. Now it is others who yearn to see the inside of "MY home."

In days gone by, before the disposable throwaway generation, we saved everything and used it. Flour used to come in cloth flour sacks. We saved them and used them to make all kinds of things. The flour companies cooperated and made them in pleasing patterns so wearing apparel could be made from them.

FLOUR SACK UNDERWEAR

When I was a kid without a care
My mamma made my underwear.
A lot of us and the Ranch's poor pay
Who could afford lingerie?
Monograms, lace and fancy stitches

Were not to be found on my flour sack britches
Just panty waists that stood the test,
Gold Medal Flour across my chest.
But the pants were best of all
With a scene I still recall.
Two bright colored turkeys,
The symbol for hard red wheat,
Right across my seat.
Stronger than a grizzly bear
That flour sack underwear.
"Use it up—wear it out
Make it do or do without."
"Waste not want not."
And I soon learned that
"A penny saved was a penny earned."
So—I made flour sack dishtowels. curtains and
bedspreads wide
All of them tougher than a Hippo's hide.
BUT the thing that was best beyond compare,
Was that homemade flour sack underwear!

Contributed by Susy Nilsson Written by her Mother

I MARVEL

By Wilford Wheeler

As I gazed through my window
I marveled at the scene.
As I looked o'er the valley
Now drab that once was green--

The clouds hung low and somber
In the sky that once was blue.
I sensed a storm was brewing.
'Twas then my shades I drew.

Outside the wind was howling
With an icy. wintry bite.
I placed more wood in the fireplace
And felt 'twould snow that night

Then in the warmth I pondered
In my cozy rocking chair.
As I gazed into the fireplace
With fire all aglare

Then in my mind I wondered--
What can the answer be.
We have so many changes
In the landscape that we see;

From springtime into summer
From summer into fall
And then from fall to winter--
Can you explain it all?

The sunrise in the morning;
The setting of the sun.
No moment's hesitation--
How can this all be done?

I marvel at the snowflakes
No two are just alike.
And yet they make a snow bank
As the wintry blizzards strike—

The sand upon the seashore
Or the rocks on yonder hill.
Or the pounding of the ocean waves
That never do stand still

I marvel at all nature
The earth on which we stand--
Is it all just one conglomerate mess
Or were all things once planned?'

What keeps the earth in orbit
As it makes its daily round?
What keeps all things from tumbling
And falling from the ground?

I marvel at man's birth and life.
To me it is sublime.
I cannot help but know and feel
It's all a plan divine.



Wilford and Merinda Wheeler

INDIAN SUMMER

..By Wilford Wheeler

Oh, what a thrill to be alive
In the Indian summer days
When Mother Nature takes her brush
And artistic skill displays.
When every mountainside and hill
With brilliant colors gleam
And every valley, dale and nook
Fills any artist's dream.

When the fleeting sun sends it golden beams
Shimmering on the maze,
And fills the soul with awesome glee
In a person's wondrous gaze.
Tis nature's grand finale
As she gathers up her cast,
And makes the grandest exit
Of the summer that is past.

Not only just the colors
Of the canyon's brilliant mouth,
But to hear the sound of birds' farewell
As they fly toward the south.
Just to hear the sound of a bugling elk
Or the sight of a fleeting buck
The piercing howl of a lone coyote,
Or the quacking of a duck.

Just to feel the rays of the gentle sun
The soft whisper of a breeze,
To see the signs of fall in the air
Or the aspens shimmering leaves.
But ere long we know the time will come
When the leaves will fall and fade.
It's just as if Mother Nature
For herself a bed has made.

To be known by these Presents that I Josephine (Sieguerouch) of
Miami City, in the County of San Pete and Territory of Utah, for
and in consideration of the good will which I have to the Church
of Jesus Christ of a Latter Day Saints, give and convey unto Brigham
Young, Trustee in Trust for said Church, his successors in office
and assigns, all my claims and ownership of the following
described property to wit: - The portion of Land and Country
known as San Pete County, together with all timber and material
on the same Valued

155,700,00

Ten Horses Valued \$5000 four Cows Valued \$1200 Total 6200

one Bull Valued \$4000 one ox Valued \$5000 one calf Valued \$500 Total 9500

Two guns Valued \$4000 Farming Tools Valued \$1000 Total 5000

Total Amount one hundred and fifty five thousand seven hundred and sixty five dollars \$155,765,00

together with all the rights privileges and appurtenances thereto
belonging or appertaining: I also covenant and agree
that I am the lawful Claimant and owner of said property
and will warrant and forever defend the same unto the
said Trustee in Trust his successors in office and assigns
against the Claims of my heirs, assigns or any person
whome soever

Sieguerouch (Josephine) X his mark

Witness

George Snow

R Wilson Glenn

John Patten

Territory of Utah

County of San Pete

I John Egan County Recorder San Pete
County Utah Territory certify that the signer of the above transfer
personally known to me, appeared this twenty third day of December
A. D. 1856, and acknowledged that he of his own choice executed the
 foregoing transfer

John Egan County Recorder

