

*Saga*

*of the*

*Sanpitch*



Volume 5

1973

**SAGA OF THE SANPITCH**

**Volume V**

**Containing**

**Winning Entries**

**for the**

**1973 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest**

**Sponsored by**

**Manti Region of the**

**Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints**

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**By Ross P. Findlay**

**For**

**Manti Region of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints**

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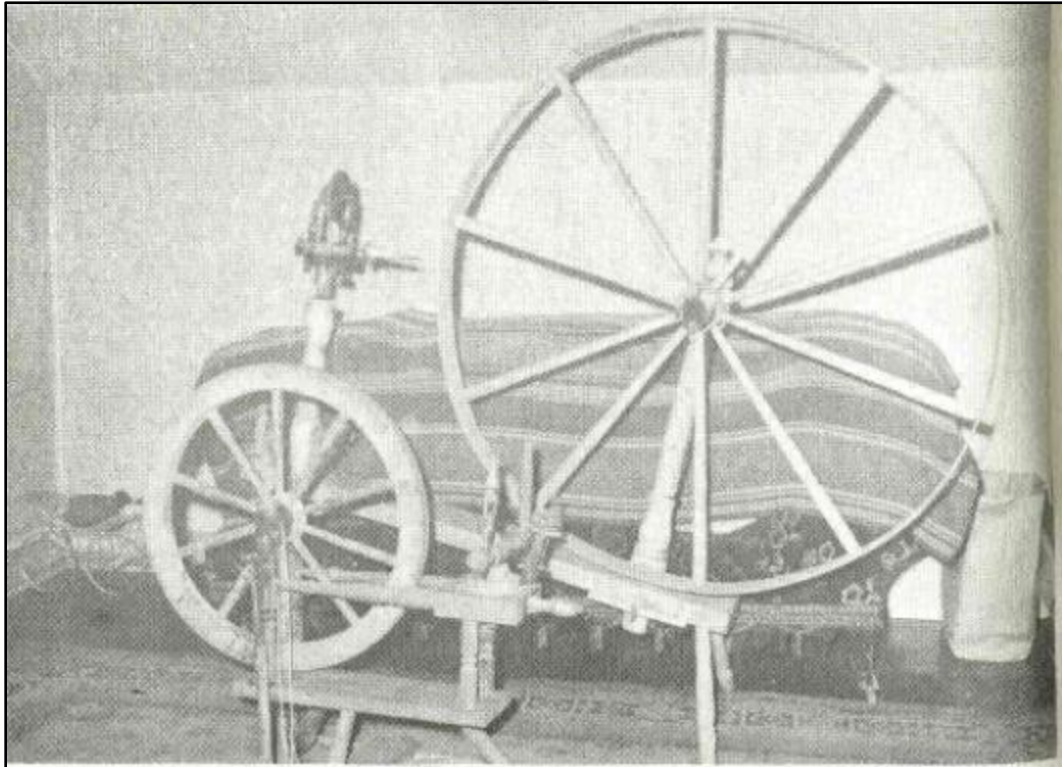
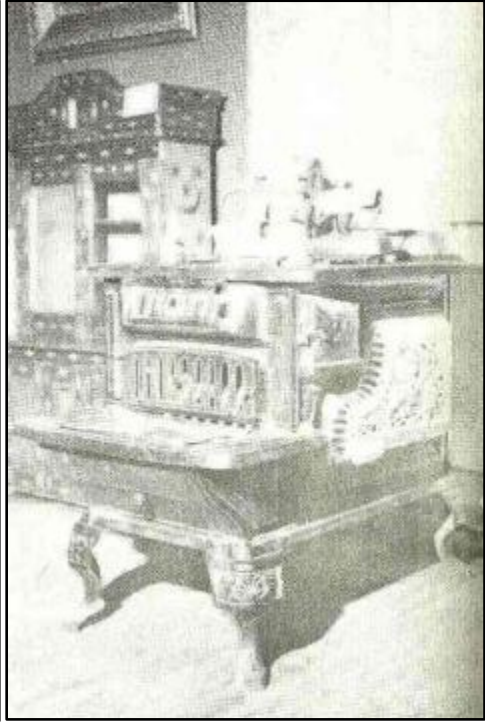


### **REMNANTS OF A PIONEER PAST**

Our thanks to Mr. Clifford McKinney of Spring City for the cover pictures and the old-time 'binder'. Mrs. Ruth Scow of Manti contributed 'The Fence' in the first of the book; The spinning wheels belong to Miss Eva Anderson of Ephraim, and Mrs. Reva T Jensen illustrated her essay with the picture of the funeral. Other interior pictures from that early period were taken by Mr. Golden Sanderson, curator of the Fairview Museum and loaned to us by Mrs. Eda Anderson of Fairview.

The carpentry class pictured above was instructed by Mr. Andreas Olsen, who taught at Snow Academy from 1895-1907, and who won a number of gold medals with his skill in making caskets and hearses. He also owned a prune orchard in Willow Creek, and employed many girls preparing fruit for shipment from Sanpete each fall. These pictures were contributed by Mrs. Agnes O. Anderson of Ephraim.

We are grateful to each one for their contribution that makes this issue of the Saga of the Sanpitch more valuable.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Entries for the fifth volume of the Saga of the Sanpitch were judged by Dr. Briant S. Jacobs, native of Mt. Pleasant and professor of English and Literature at B.Y.U.; Dr. J. C. Moffitt who served in the schools in this area, was for a long time Superintendent of the Provo School district, and is now associated with the World Education Organization; and Mrs. Carol Lynn Pearson, former Snow College faculty member, world traveler, and well known author and publisher. We appreciate their professional assistance.

Pictures in this issue are "Remnants of a Pioneer Past", and we placed them throughout the volume with the hope that they will bring pleasant nostalgia as we recall those days, not really so long ago, when transportation was four-footed and iron wheeled, and the few luxuries were lovely and well made.

Our thanks to Mr. Clifford McKinney of Spring City for the cover pictures and to Mrs. Mabel Anderson and President Vernon L. Kunz for the picture and tribute to President R. Clair Anderson. Other pictures are acknowledged on another page.

We are grateful also to all those Volunteer workers who assist each year with the publication and distribution of the Saga. We appreciate the support of the Stake Presidencies of the Manti Region and to Committee Members, Mrs. Eleanor Madsen, Mrs. Norma Wanlass of Sanpete South Stake; Miss Jessie Oldroyd of Moroni Stake; Mrs. Louise Johansen and Mrs. Esther Christensen and Mr. Stanley Anderson of Sanpete North; and Mrs. Wilma M. Despain of Gunnison Stake.

Also, for his unfailing help, wise counsel and direction our thanks to Ross P. Findlay for printing and many other details in getting the book published; to Scott Findlay for printing and assisting with assembling, to Charles and Kathleen Findlay for their help; to Max Call and his staff at the Manti Paper office for their expert assistance; and a special red-letter thanks to Miss Sharon Vance for typing the manuscripts.

--Linnie Findlay, Editor

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### COUNTY HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST 1973

DECISIONS OF: *Mrs. Carol Lynn Pearson*

*Dr. Briant S. Jacob*

*Dr. J. C. Moffitt*

#### POETRY

*Only the Saga Knows*-----*First Place*

*The Old Manti Mill*-----*Second Place*

*These Hills Are Mine*-----*Honorable Mention*

#### ANECDOTE

*Court Case*-----*First Place*

*Ingenuity*-----*Second Place*

*The Old Council House*-----Honorable Mention  
*Joe Isn't Home*-----Honorable Mention

**ESSAY**

*Touches On Time*-----First Place  
*Lest We Forget*-----Second Place  
*The Red Stone Fountain*-----Honorable Mention

**SHORT STORY**

*Stocking*-----First Place  
*The Fence*-----Second Place  
*Hello New Worl*-----Honorable Mention

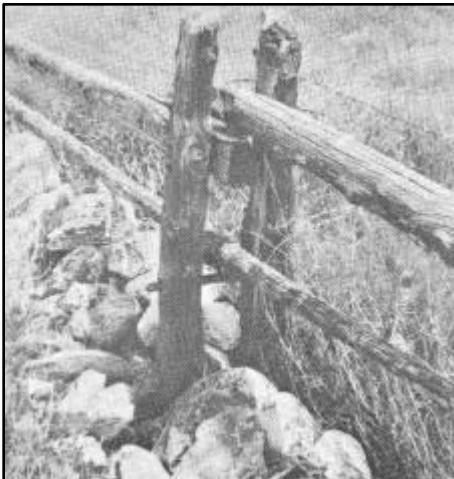
**PROFESSIONAL**

*Calico Hope*-----First Place Poetry  
*A Certain Weekend in 1895*-----Honorable Mention

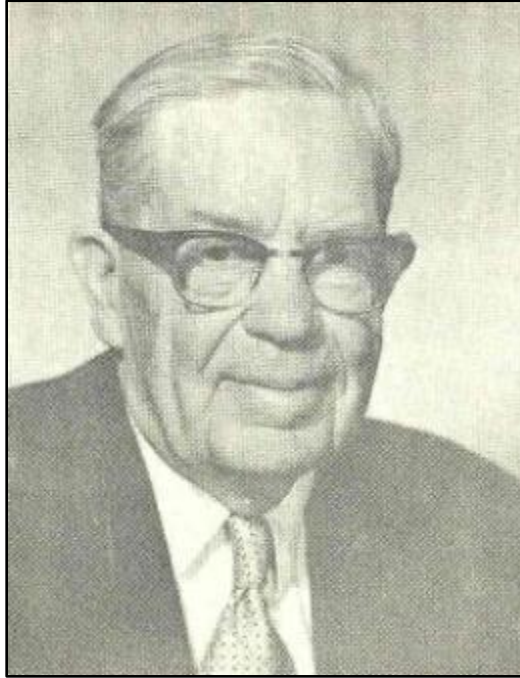
**SENIOR CITIZEN**

*The Apple Tree Swing*-----Poetry  
*Loved By All*-----Essay  
*Manti Temple Anniversary*-----Essay  
*Do Not Forget Them*-----Poetry

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## TRIBUTE

God the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, had again spoken to Joseph Smith in the backwoods of New York State. Angels visited him. A new Prophet and Seer had been divinely commissioned and called. The gospel was restored in its fullness and purity after a long night of spiritual darkness.

The Joseph was gone—a martyr to the cause. Another leader interpreted the will of the Lord and with covered wagons and handcarts, through the streams and rivers, dirt and grime, and sometimes snow; they came to the Rocky Mountains. Again through the might Prophet Brigham Young, they responded to the direction of the Lord, and finger-like they fanned out into Utah, Idaho and Arizona to form colonies. Our own Sanpete County was one of them. The valleys welcomed them to peace and home.

This period was one of hardship. But the challenges were matched by faith and works. Testimonies abound in the hearts of the descendants of those patriots of both God and country. Compilation and preservation of these testimonies became the goal of those who sponsor the printing of the SAGA OF THE SANPITCH.

We dedicate this volume to a statesman, historian, a son of pure pioneer heritage and a great spiritual leader, who gave tireless effort and inspiration to this publication through the years. God bless the memory of our friend and brother who, by example and dedication, helped to link us solidly to the past, that we might be better prepared to interpret the present and appraise our own future destiny. We salute you, and assert our love for you, R. Clair Anderson.

--Vernon L. Kunz

## **ONLY THE SAGA KNOWS**

Janell Harris  
Pleasant Grove, Utah  
First Place Poetry

How does it feel  
    To walk where footsteps  
        Faded into dust –

Where hearts were stilled,  
    And dreams lie twisted  
        Into broken artifact;

To pass the tilted tombstones  
    On a quiet, windswept hill  
        And stand unbowed, unbroken, unsuspecting,  
            Where they fell?

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## **COURT CASE**

David Rosier  
Moroni, Utah  
First Place Anecdote

Usually when people of our times think of pioneers, we remember the sad and dramatic things that happened to them, along with the sacrifices they made. But not all of their existence was sad. Once a fountain Green man and his six wives were summoned to Provo to face charges of polygamy. Then they arrived at Provo, the man sent his wives into the cemetery to rest in the shade of the trees while he went on into town.

In court the judge asked him if the charges stating he had six wives were true. When he answered that the accusations were based on truth, the judge wanted to know where the wives were.

“In the cemetery,” the man replied, “every one.”

The judge, taking pity on the man, dropped all charges against him and let him go free.

Reference: Family stories of Deneice Guymon Blackham.

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## INGENUITY

Eleanor P. Madsen  
Ephraim, Utah  
Second Place Anecdote

It was a bright May morning in the late 1800's. Dan left the house early with a bucket in his hand and a determined look on his face.

At the near-by corral, Dan threw a blanket on the back of old Prince and put the bridle over his head. As he did so his older brother, Dave, who lived across the next fence, called to him, "Where do you think you're going so early?"

Dan answered abruptly, "Just up in the field."

"Can't do any farming up there yet, it's all too wet, and boggy," said Dave.

"We shall see. We shall see." Dan responded.

Momentarily, man and horse were jogging along the rough road toward the upper field.

Dave and Dan were homesteading ground in the fields west of Ephraim on the edge of the swamp. The spring runoff from the Sanpitch River made the ground in that area so wet and swampy that it was almost impossible to get on the land to plant anything, but Dan had an idea. He planned to make it work.

As Dave went back to mending the fence, he shook his head in disgust, muttering to himself, "Wonder what he had in that bucket anyhow?"

The sun was warm on Dan's back as he reached the field. For a minute he looked ruefully at the wet, soggy earth. Then instantly, he turned around on the horse, looking over Prince's tail a bit dubiously. Setting the bucket in the crook of his left arm, Dan gave the horse a firm pat and for the next half hour the horse went up and down the field with Dan dropping the potato pieces in the holes made by the foot prints of the horse.

References: Story told by Dan's son.

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## THE APPLE TREE SWING

Elva A. Christiansen  
Manti, Utah  
Honorable Mention Poetry, Senior Division

It was evening time at the close of day,  
Night shadows were creeping –  
Hiding the sun's last ray.  
The Lilac bush – its perfume rare,  
Blended fragrance with those blossoms fair.

Two blue birds in the branches high,  
Were chirping good night lullabies  
To three baby birds snug in their nest.  
When all creation takes its rest.  
Apple trees blooming that had crossed the plains;

They were hearty seedlings  
When they came with ox train.  
A pole had been placed  
Between the branches wide;  
An extended rope fastened both sides.

Many children's laughter one could hear  
As they swing to and fro with seldom a fear.  
More than three score and ten  
Have these trees sent forth apples bright  
Delicious to taste  
Touched by sun's light  
For those who sit in our apple tree swing.

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### **A CERTAIN WEEK END IN 1895**

Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan  
Richfield, Utah  
Honorable Mention Essay, Professional

In my keepsake chest I have many items which I hope my children and grandchildren will someday enjoy as I have done. Chief among these treasures is a brown and grey notebook opening horizontally, which has on its cover the picture of a round faced little girl holding a solemn-eyed cat in her arms. Under the picture in faded ink is the name of the owner of the notebook, my mother who was 13 years old in that year of 1895.

Clearly, this is a school composition book, neatly written in a flowing Spenserian Script, with the index of its 17 selections carefully recorded on the inside of the cover. Evidently most of the compositions were reproductions of stories and essays which had been read in class under the direction of the teacher, Mr. George Christensen. Some of these selections are, "Robert Bruce and the Spider," "Christmas Carol," "The Boy and the Wolf," etc. The one exception to this pattern is an original composition by my mother entitled, "A Trip to Ephraim."

As my mother's family had relatives in Ephraim there was considerable visiting back and forth between Ephraim and Mt. Pleasant, particularly in the summer season. The trip, itself, was a definite undertaking. It was a gala day for my mother and her family when they drove to Ephraim to visit and spend the night. (They never thought of attempting to return the same day.)

When all of the family made the journey, they rode in Grandfather's white topped surrey, but after the advent of the D & RG Railroad in 1890, when a child was allowed to go alone, he was privileged to travel "on the cars."

I open this notebook to page 16 and re-read the faithfully written account of my mother's trip to her beloved Ephraim as follows:

## “A Trip To Ephraim”

“I left Mt. Pleasant at about 6:41 and arrived in Ephraim at about seven o’clock on Saturday night. I went to see my cousins, Miss R.D. and Miss M.D. who were at the depot to meet me. I stayed at their home that night, then the next morning was Sunday so we went to Sunday School. Then after Sunday School we went down to Miss R and M’s house and had lunch. Then we all went to our other aunt’s house and played on the lawn until dark when we had ice cream and enjoyed ourselves playing more games. We had a very nice time and went to Miss R and M’s and retired for the night.

The next morning, Monday, a lot of boys and girls among whom was myself, decided to go into the field for haws. We started at about nine o’clock and reached the lovely meadow at about 10:30. We were all very tired from our walk. It was a large meadow in one corner of which was an old long house, but nobody lived in it. There were also two flowing wells, so we drank all the water we cared for. In the southwest corner of the meadow was a large haw grove. We went down to the grove and when we reached there it was about 11 o’clock. We spent the rest of our time until noon hunting for a place to eat our lunch. We finally found a suitable place and when we had finished our lunch we all went out and played games for about an hour and a half, such as hiding seek (sic) and so on. Then we all went out and picked haws. We filled our baskets and put them in the log cabin. We then went to our uncle’s corn patch and got all of the corn we could carry. When we came back there were two buggies waiting (sic) for us. So we put the corn and the haws in the buggies, climbed in and rolled away to town. When we reached there we were all so tired that we retired early to our beds for the night.

The next day I bade farewell to my relatives and friends after such a good time. Miss R. D. and Miss M. D. accompanied me to the depot from where I left Ephraim on the cars and returned to my home.”

Can you hear it, the thunder of the train wheels and see the black smoke pouring from the funnel of the steam train on the narrow gauge D & RG Railway? Can you envision it grinding to a stop and stand panting at the station while a young, blue-eyed girl throws her arms around her cousins, “Miss R. D. and Miss M. D.” in appreciative farewell, amid exciting laughter and conversation intermingled with perhaps a tinge of sadness at the moment of parting?

As we know, this account was written for a school assignment, which in those days meant a somewhat formal style, but to me, this is holding a mirror to a segment of life in Sanpete County, Circa 1895. What delightful reflections it throws upon our stream of consciousness—the fun loving, gregarious young people with their active games and happy times, when life was seemingly uncomplicated and slow tempo—way back 78 years ago.

Reflectively, I close the shabby notebook and glance again at the girl and her cat. These covers contain an account which provides insight and understanding of the era in which it was written. I am especially grateful for the glimpse it gives into the early life of one who enjoyed haw picking in a lovely meadow.”

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## THE FENCE

Ruth D. Scow

Manti, Utah

Second Place Story

“Grandpa, please tell me a story about when you were a pioneer.” This was my very favorite time of day and I looked forward to it with great anticipation. Grandfather (Peter Mikel Munk) had just finished his afternoon nap. I followed him out of the house to the south porch where he sat down on the old chair that waited there. I settled myself on the steps; Grandpa cleared his throat, stroked his now whitened beard and began.

“The Indian camp was located in the little valley,\* named after the Indian Chief, Arapeen. This particular valley was a part of the reservation that was given to the Indians by the white man. Here was located a small lake that was mostly kept alive by the spring run-off from the surrounding hills. To the south and east of this lake was a small spring from which flowed a stream of water that meandered its way to the lake, thus furnishing the Indians with fresh, clear water. The nearby hills and mountains supplies wood for their fires and fresh meat to roast or jerk. Often I could see smoke spiraling into the sky.

The settlement of Manti was new and its enterprising settlers had been pushing their ownership of the acres in all directions. Ike Allen began to homestead some sixty-two acres of hill and brush land that was just two rows of hills west of Arapeen Valley. Because of the nearness of the Indians he sold his land to me.” Grandpa seemed to anticipate my next question for he answered. “No, I didn’t pay too much for it. I got it real cheap. “

“I had two oxen, Bill and Bawl, to help me. Often after working them all day I would feel so sorry for them that I just couldn’t drive them the five miles home to Manti, so I would tie them to my wagon, which I always kept filled with a plentiful supply of grass or hay, and then I would walk to Manti, returning on foot to my farm for my next day’s work. Many times as I yoked my oxen in the morning I would notice that the remaining hay in the wagon box seemed to be pressed down into almost human shape.

“Each noon I watered my animals and returned to my wagon where I could let my oxen eat, then stretching myself out in the shade of the wagon I would eat my lunch and rest for an hour.

“Sometimes after I had satisfied my hunger, there would be a sandwich or biscuit left over. These I would rewrap and slide under the edge of the hay thinking I might eat them later. May times these leftovers were forgotten when quitting time came.

“The strange thing about it was that I seldom found that food again. Of course I could always blame that on my hungry oxen or on the curious, friendly squirrels. And then on morning, because I had a great deal of work to do, I walked to the farm soon after daylight. There on the sweet-smelling hay in my wagon box lay Chief Arapeen enjoying his sleep before he climbed the hills to his camp.

“Without saying a word to him, I just moved quietly so as not to awaken my unexpected guest. Later, as the sun rose over the mountain, I looked to the east and saw Arapeen climbing to the crest of the hills. Now I understood about the pressed-down hay and the disappearing food.”

“Bud didn’t Chief Arapeen ever say anything to you about his sleeping there or about the food, Grandpa? Didn’t you ever say anything to him?” I asked.

“No, Ruth, I never did. Nor did he say anything to me. We just understood one another. I respected him and he respected me—as simple as that.”

“But Grandpa, how could you do all the work and walk all those miles to and from the farm?” I just couldn’t pass up the chance for another of Grandpa’s stories, and I listened closely as he continued.

“Our three eldest children were girls, and they were needed at home to care for their mother who was sick most all those years. They had to do the housework, so really, I had no help on the farm only as I could exchange work with my neighbors. But wait—once I did have unexpected help; haven’t thought about this in a long time.

“When I took over those sixty-two acres there was no fence around them, and if I was to control my crops and maybe, someday my cattle, I had to have a fence. At that time, nails were all hand-make and wire was not heard of in our frontier settlement, so I was forced to use the materials at hand. There were plenty of cedars that could be cut and trimmed for posts. A few trips up Manti Canyon gave me long pine poles, and in the lower hills was a plentiful supply of scrub oak.”

I was following Grandpa’s words very carefully. Now I phrased another question. “How could you make a fence with just poles of pine, cedar posts, and oak limbs? How could you fasten a fence of them together so that your animals couldn’t get through?”

Grandpa chuckled at my question. “Well, I could dig post holes. The only thing about that was that I had to dig them large enough so that two cedar posts could be set side by side about twelve inches apart. I knew just where I wanted my fence to go. After stepping off sixteen feet I dug another post hole and set in two more posts. This I did until I had all my posts in line.

Next I needed some short lengths of oak to reach the twelve inches between the two posts. With my “T” shaped auger, with its one and one half inch bit, I bored two sets of holes in each set of posts, being careful to get the holes directly opposite each other. Through these holes I pushed and fitted two-foot lengths of oak. Now each couple of posts looked like miniature ladders.

It was simple now for me to lift those long pine poles to rest on the oak crosspieces and from there to the next set of posts, forming regular panels of a most substantial fence. Building my fence two poles high, I then filled in the space under the bottom poles with the large rocks I had to move to make my acres productive.

“It took you a long time to cut and haul all those posts and pine poles and oak, didn’t it, Grandpa?” I questioned.

“Yes, child, I worked on that fence each fall after my crops were in and until the heavy storms of winter came. It took a long time and lots of hard work. I cut the posts in the length they grew, and always tried to cut the tallest, straightest partially dry pine poles; but those oak—they really took time and patience.

“I remember one day I had used the last of the oak. Before I left the farm that night I knew that I would have to return early next morning and, with Bill and Bawl, spend a day in the foothills cutting oak.

“Before sunup next morning I was at the farm and had the oxen yoked ready for this work day. In that early morning light I saw movement on the hills to the east. Three persons were walking down the hills. This was unusual. Watching closely, I discovered they were three Indian squaws, each carrying a burden in her arms. As they came closer I saw that each was carrying oak limbs cut just the proper length to go between my posts. Upon reaching my unfinished fence the squaws then dropped their burdens, and without a word they turned and started back the way they had come.

“I knew that Arapeen had seen my need and now was showing his understanding of my problem by sending his three wives with the materials I needed. As I think about it now I know that Arapeen trusted me, and I am sure I trusted him. We were friends.”

\*Arapeen Valley later became known as funk's Lake. Today (1973) it is known as Palisade Park.

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### **CALICO HOPE**

Margaret B. Shomaker

Roy, Utah

First Place Poetry, Professional

Through salt pork and flour days,  
Over sand, rock and rutted trails  
Ridged by wooden wheels  
And rag-shod swollen feet,  
My grandparents came  
To this sleeping sagebrush land.

Pigweed and sego lily roots  
Where cradled in grandmother's patched apron.  
Bending over a buffalo-chip fire  
She stirred the brass kettle  
Cooking leaf and root  
To still gnawing hunger.  
Here Sanpitch waters soothed  
Their parched throats.

Flint-tipped minutes ticked  
Where silent arrows flew  
To strike warm flesh.  
Grandfather dug graves,  
Watched wandering cattle  
Munch the meager grass.

Torn, calico hope,  
Mended with Psalms, and light,  
Gloved their threadbare days  
In a one room cabin  
There family grew.

Then night curtained their hours,  
Here under a sunbonnet sky  
Surrounded by pines  
They sleep.  
I watch the shadows moving  
In the heavy grass.

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### **STOCKINGS**

David Rosier

Moroni, UT

First Place Story

I

1867

It is strange to be in this wild place that no one calls home, where even this water place has no name. They call such "God-Forsaken," but surely we are not forsaken by Him. And then Maria rose from beside the

water place and went toward the creeping train of covered wagons moving slowly and more slowly over the dry grass on the endless stretch of plain.

A strand of sun-streaked hair came down from inside her bonnet and fell across her tanned face. Her lips were cracked, her high cheek bones above hollow cheeks. But her eyes held a soft and loving peacefulness.

As she came closer to the wagons, she could hear the weeping of a woman. Without need to be told she knew why the woman wept. A child was dead, another death from measles. Already many children had died, and many others were lying in makeshift beds in the wagons, suffering, gasping for air.

But one, she hoped, slept peacefully. Her little Anson had been asleep when she left him to go for water at the stopping place, his bare feet coming beyond the covering of the woolen blanket. She was relieved to see him sleep. At least for this moment he could be unaware of pain. And his forehead, under a pile of golden curls, could be cooled.

He is a good child, she thought. And she remembered long ago an old woman telling her that sometimes there are children born so good that they seem not to belong to this earth, but are angels incarnate. And these children, the woman said in an all-knowing way, “shanna li’ past chil’hood, ‘efore God wants ‘em back in Heaven. She remembered too, that she had laughed at the old superstition. But she had never been able to forget it.

Once, when Anson was four, she and Wilbur had taken him to a fair that was crowded with poor people. As they stood to watch a juggler perform his act, Anson, sitting high on his father’s shoulders, saw that a little boy next to him on another father’s shoulders was barefoot.

In his childish way, Anson looked at his own feet clad in warm stockings and shoes and said, “Mama, his feet are cold.” The parents of the other child heard him and laughed nervously. Anson kept repeating “His feet are cold,” over and over. To avoid embarrassing the young couple, Maria and Wilbur took Anson to another place, but still eh said, “His feet are cold.”

And later, when they accepted the story of the Mormon missionaries and prepared to make a long journey to Utah, Anson asked why they were going away from his friends and toys. “It is God’s will,” Maria had answered simply. Anson never questioned this answer. Instead, there was a soft glow of light that seemed to pass through his eyes, giving him a strangely aged look of understanding.

Maria had seen the light in Anson’s eyes many times before. Always when he was told something that would be beyond his years, something of divinity or of kindness, his eyes shone with wisdom. And Maria shuddered in uneasiness. There was something about this child of hers she could not understand. She prayed she might know what he knew, and still she could not reach the deepest part of his soul. Some children, she remembered again, are too good for this earth.

So they sold all they had—even clothing, except a few pieces which they took with them, and these had become thin from wearing. And they began their journey.

When she came to the wagon, Anson was still sleeping, the child was resting peacefully. He is an angel incarnate, she thought.

But the bouncing of the wagon became worse as the oxen pulled it over rougher ground. The boy in the wagon stirred, made a low crying sound, and awakened to twist and turn in fever.

Maria dipped a cloth in the cool water and laid it across Anson’s forehead. But in his writhing he could not keep it there. His fever was climbing. Maria tried to hold him in her arms, but he could not be still.

Finally, in desperation, Maria cried, “Wilbur, stop the wagon! We’ve got to stop!” And moments after their wagon stopped the company came to a halt. Too many were sick to go on.



Together they held their burning child in their arms; together they prayed God for his release. And for a moment his fever broke and he gained himself again.

"Now I would give everything to be away from this, to be where Anson would be well," Maria whispered, tears flooding her eyes.

From his father's arms, Anson looked at her. "It is God's will," he said. She saw the light pass through his eyes, and she fell across her child and wept.

Again Anson slept. When he awakened, his fevered eyes sought Maria. "Mama," he said, "My feet are cold." Then he lost himself in fever and chills.

Maria took his two small feet in her hands. She wished with all her heart that she had something to put on them. Then she prayed that God might send something for him to wear. And then she cried at her little faith; even Anson knew that was not God's way.

When it had grown dark Anson's turning became stilled. His breathing became softer and softer, as a gentle wind blowing first through an entire fir, and then through a single branch. And then he was silent.

They tore the ends from their wagon to make a little casket, and they wrapped him in the woolen blanket. But when another day had come and they dragged themselves onward Maria felt still the coldness of the little feet in her hands. And turning to her husband she said, "When I have yarn, I shall knit stockings for him, and when I am put in the earth, they shall be put in with me."

## II 1887

In a one room log school in Moroni, the teacher raised her head and looked in the direction of the current commotion. "Matthew!" she said sharply, and looked sternly at the repentant little boy. "Have you completed your arithmetic, Matthew?"

"No, Miss Rand."

"What then should you be doing, Matthew?"

"Arithmetic, Miss Rand."

"You shall have to do it later. It is time for spelling now. Children," she said, raising her voice, "today we shall have a spelling bee."

Miss Rand stood up beside her desk while she waited for the children to form teams. She was tall and dark. Her fine features were made coarse by her severe hairstyle, and the stern look she perpetually wore. Her landlady, Sister Maris, as everyone called her, repeatedly told her she ought to be young and happy while she could be. But Eliza firmly believed youth and joy were not for teachers. So she remained strict and distant.

When the teams were formed she began the spelling bee. In a short time there were only three students standing. She looked at a chubby, freckle-faced little girl and said, "Teacher."

"Teacher, t-e-a-c-h-e-r, teacher," Belinda replied.

To a shy red haired boy Eliza said, "Stocking." The word made her think of her widowed and childless landlady, the obsessed one, she was called. For every newborn child in the town she made a pair of stockings, explaining she could not bear to see a child with bare and cold feet.

"Stocking," the boy said, "S-t-k-i-n-g, stocking."

"That is incorrect, Albert." The boy took his seat. "Stocking." She said looking at Matthew.

Again she thought of Maria, and the strange charge the lady had given her. When she was dead, she had said, she wanted a little pair of white stockings that she kept safely in a handmade jewel casket in a drawer buried with her. Because she had no one else, she asked this promise of Eliza.

“Stockings, S-t-o-c-k-i-n-g-s, stockings,” Matthew said.

“You must listen more carefully, Matthew. The word was stocking—singular. There is one more word on the list. Belinda, spell ‘firefly.’”

After Belinda spelled the word correctly, Eliza said that they would now make sentences using the words on the list. She called on Albert to make a sentence using “Teacher.”

Before he could think of a sentence, Matthew called out, “The teacher looked in amusement at the firefly wearing stockings.”

All the children laughed. Eliza hit her desk with a long wooden pointer. “Matthew! You must not speak out of turn!”

The children were still laughing. Eliza felt like screaming and like crying. But she sat very still and said quietly, “Class dismissed for recess.”

There was a great commotion as the children hurried to the door. And Maria said her child was angelic, Eliza thought, He must have been the only angelic one ever born. She thought of Maria’s insistence that there was the light of Christ in her son’s eyes. Often, in the school room, Eliza had looked into the eyes of her young students to see if they too had a strange light of wisdom and understanding in their eyes. None did.

Slowly she went to the door of the school. On the porch there was a big bucket of water with a single dipper from which the children could drink. But every child wanted to drink at the same time.

From the door Eliza saw Belinda sink the dipper into the bucket and lift it to her mouth. The Matthew said, “I want to drink first,” and grabbed for the dipper. Belinda held tight to the handle, and the water sloshed out and back into the bucket. Matthew tugged one way and Belinda the other. Then Matthew gave a hard pull and hit the bucket of water. It swayed, then tipped over on his feet.

“Matthew Corby! Look at this!” Eliza cried. “Go home, Matthew. Go home.”

She looked at the suddenly saddened little boy. His eyes were big and pleading and his shoes and stockings were soaked clear through.

Eliza felt a tinge of regret, but she could not retract her orders. She pointed to the house across the dirt street from the school. Reluctantly, Matthew turned and dragged himself out of the schoolyard.

Maria sat in a rocking chair with a year-old child on her lap. She hugged the child, and watched the older one playing at her feet. Maria was old—older than her years, and her eyes in her thin face gave her a look of unconquerable sadness. But at this moment when happy children were near her some of the sadness faded into longing.

My dear God, she said within herself, help me to understand why some mothers must lose children, and why some children must lose mothers. Help me to know Thy purpose in unnatural separation.

She looked about the room. There were streaks of dust here and there, places missed when a busy man brushed over them. Luke Corby could not do everything alone. This house misses a mother’s touch, Maria thought. She was glad to be there, to care for the children while their father worked.

Slowly the door beside her opened, and Matthew looked around in into the room. “Are you here, Sister Maria?” He asked, looking at her.

“Matthew! Aren’t you home a little early?”

"I had to come home because my shoes got wet," he said, coming all the way into the room. Then, before Maria could ask any questions, he said cheerfully, "Hey, what are you making for supper?" He went to the stove and opened a kettle.

"Bread pudding," Maria said. She smiled at Matthew.

"Take off those wet shoes and socks and put them by the fire to dry. Then you'd better go and get more wood for the fire.

When he came with the wood, Maria laid the sleeping baby on the bed near the stove and put the wood into the fire. She stirred it with a stick and saw sparks fly from a rusted place in the chimney.

Then across the room, she made her long apron into a basket and put some potatoes into it. She took a pan to the rocking chair and sat down to peel potatoes. She looked at the baby on the bed and screamed.

The curtain at the window behind the stove was red with flame, and the bedding near the sleeping baby was beginning to burn. She jumped from her chair and picked up the child. "Matthew," she cried. "Go outside!" She reached the hand of the middle child and hurried outside, screaming for help. The children began to cry.

People ran from everywhere when they heard the shouting. The children bust from the school and men came running from the town.

Maria looked at the three children, and was satisfied that none were hurt. Then she looked at Matthew's bare feet.

"Matthew! Your stockings!" she cried. She put the baby on the ground and went to the door of the burning house.

"No, Sister Maria!" Matthew shouted. "Don't go back!"

By this time the men had come from town. "Maria!" some called, "Maria! Come back!" But she only knew of Matthew's bare feet.

She chocked in the smoke-filled room, making her way to the stove, where the fire was hottest. She grasped for the wet stockings and felt them in her hand. Turning, she made her way toward to the door. The flames were on the wall, eating at it as if they were hungry dragons. The wall seemed to glow red. She heard the breaking of wood in a hideous, groaning, all-engulfing sound. Then she felt the heavy wall crush her strength.

#### IV

Eliza Rand sat in the big room in Maria's house dazed, unable to comprehend the rapidity of change. A candle glowed in the room, and by its dancing light Eliza saw the vague forms around the bed in the corner of the room. But even when the people moved, she could not see the lump the small body on the bed must surely have made. They carried Maria here, down the hill from the burning house.

There was a stirring on the bed. "She's regaining consciousness," a nursing one said. The people around the bed moved closer. Eliza came from her chair to the bedside.

Maria opened her eyes. Very softly and breathlessly she said, "The stockings," and looked up at someone over her. There was silence, and a moment later she said, "Eliza?"

"I am here," Eliza said, kneeling beside her bed. "You shall be all right."

"No," Maria whispered. She closed her eyes.

Eliza bit her quivering lip. My Father in Heaven, heal her she silently prayed. Heal her as Jesus healed. Maria spoke again. "Eliza, the stockings. Bring them..." Her voice faded away.

Quickly Eliza went to the drawer and brought the little white stockings to Maria. She put them in the thin, weak hand.

Maria turned her gray head to look into the dimly lit room. "Anson," she breathed.

The group around the bed turned together to see the figure by the door. The nursing one, who knew of Maria's child, spoke shakily into the dark to the little figure in the doorway, "Come closer, child."

Very slowly and sadly the child came further into the room. Maria knew him first. "Matthew," she said, trying to extend her arm to greet him. "Eliza," she said moving the hand in which she held the stockings, "for Matthew."

Eliza grasped Maria's hand. "For Anson," she comforted.

"For the child." Maria pressed the stockings into Eliza's hand. Her eyes closed, and she was quiet.

In time some of the group filed out into the night. Eliza, not knowing where she walked, went out after them. On the hill she saw a misty and strange glow from the smoldering wood of the house. She stepped into the blackness of the night.

It seemed from nowhere there came a sob. The sound brought Eliza into her full mind. She looked at the place the sound came from, the same place the flickering candle shone through the window of the house onto the cool ground. There, curled, lying on the ground was a child.

"Matthew?" Eliza asked quietly. Startled, the little boy drew back. She knelt down and drew him closer, and felt his cold feet. She held out the stockings. "For you," she said.

She looked into his face. And she thought she saw a light pass under his tears and through his eyes.

Reference: Family records of Deneice Guymon Balckham  
Personal knowledge of Charlotte Hardy Bradley

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## THE OLD MANTI MILL

Nora Mickelson

Manti, Utah

Second Place Poetry

The builders, Sidwell and Spicer are gone,  
And so are the Millers, Becker and Lund,  
But the four gray walls of the mill remain  
In a wild rough spot at the canyon's mouth.  
Just four walls where once were ground  
The grist's brought by farmers from miles around,  
From half a score of country towns;  
Some located north and some south.

A few loads of stone have been hauled away,  
Leaving the northeast corner free  
To stand or fall as the case may be.  
(If it falls there is no great loss)

The millrace is dry and the flume is gone.  
The rusty old wheels no longer turn.  
Apart lie the "French Burr" grinding stones  
Which were purchased from Iceland at considerable cost.

The aspen shingles, once sturdy and strong,  
Having long since yielded to the wind and rain  
Are scattered like leaves on the rocky terrain.  
The doors and the windows are woefully bare,  
The red pine floor boards are splintered and gray  
And have holes where the square nails have given way.  
A few have been pried up and carried away;  
No doubt to kindle a poor man's fire.

No longer the sounds of "Gee," "Haw," "Whoa",  
Are heard floating down to the creek below,  
As the wagons are backed to the big north door,  
To be emptied and filled again.  
No longer is heard the piercing din of hard wheat hitting  
The metal bin.  
Or the resonant voices of country men  
Inquiring after the price of grain.

Now only the note of a pigeon's coo.  
Or the buzzing of bees in the chimney flue  
Disturb the gray squirrels in the cellar below,  
Unless some boy passing casually by  
Throws a rock through the high window at the rear,  
Or maybe some lovers or drunks park near  
To finish a tete a tete or a beer  
Away from the public eye.

One day as I climbed to the attic space,  
It seemed I could see the things that once took place.  
Water running through the old millrace  
And the wheels and stones turned as of yore;  
And I thought I heard the miller shout  
Directions to those driving in and out  
As he separated the sacks of bran and shorts  
From those filled with "Becker's Best" High patent flour.

As ecstatic tremor seemed to surge through the mill  
As if each stone and timber felt the thrill

Of being productive and useful still,  
Thought the uprights shook under the strain.  
For a moment only I felt the change,  
Then nothing of movement or sound remained,  
But a bit of wisdom that I gained  
Returns to my mind like an old refrain.

“Life is not measured in years, but in deeds,  
And only that person or thing succeeds,  
That functions to fill another’s needs.”  
This truth I learned from the pioneer mill,  
Which eulogizes in stone and clay  
The achievements of the builders of yesterday,  
And in its silent spectral way  
Leaves us a challenge still.

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## JOE ISN'T HOME

Gerald Henrie

Provo, Utah

Honorable Mention Anecdote

My father’s eldest brother told this story to me about he and his father who lived in Manti, Utah, during the Blackhawk Wars from 1865 to 1868:

“I was around 9 years of age when my father picked me up one Autumn morning in his buckboard which consisted of a four wheeled carriage that was minus a seat, and possessed a solid board platform attached to the vehicle with a boxed-in-enclosure about ten inches high. Our baggage was a hand-plow and two lunches. Anyone had to have a keen sense of balance to stand up in this vehicle while the horses traveled, especially if Dad considered the travel urgent – necessity!

We traveled to Dad’s field to the north of lower Manti nearly to the swamp-area where we unhitched the horses from the buckboard and attached them to the hand plow. “Be my Indian Scout and always watch the Smoker on Temple Hill. Keep your eyes wide open for any Indians that you might see and alarm me immediately in case of danger!” Dad told me as he started to plow.

Dad was coming up the field on the second lap when the Smoker on Temple Hill began belching spiraling smoke signals. I ran with all the speed I possessed, told Dad, and we yanked the double tree bolt from the hand plow, raced the horses to the buckboard and quickly attached the tongue and doubletree bolt. “Lay flat on your back with your head to the front of the buggy and hold tight with your arms around my legs and we’ll be ready for flight!” Dad shouted.

No sooner had I attached my arms around his legs than he cracked his whip, and believe me, those race ponies of his were moving faster than I ever want to travel that way again—particularly when we hit an unabridged irrigation ditch! Every time we hit one of these too many irrigation ditches my body would bounce up between Dad’s legs and I’d have to hold on like a clam to keep from being thrown out of the buggy. Never once during our homeward journey of flight in the buckboard did Dad ever let his race horses slow down and

all my prayers were answered in this trite expression, “We really are going like the clatter wheels of hell!” Every time we hit another irrigation ditch Dad would glance down to see if I was still in the buckboard and each time I saw his glance, I said to myself, “Dad! No more buckboard rides for me!”

Dad brought me home and I told my story to Mom and the family and they were grateful that we hadn’t been killed by the Indians. I asked mother and the family, nonetheless, after that if they saw Dad coming in his buckboard to tell him, “Joe isn’t Home!” Mom nodded her head and said, “We’ll slip you out the back door, Joe, next time we see Dad coming in his buckboard and we’ll tell him. ‘Joe Isn’t Home!’”

Reference: The senior member of this story helped organize militias in various towns throughout Sanpete County so that their citizens would be better prepared to protect themselves against Indian attacks; he spoke the Indian language, had been a member of the Mormon Battalion, and he was active in the pursuit of stolen stock taken by the Indians as the following letter addressed to his sister in San Bernardino, California, attests; “Manti, Sanpete, July the 11, 1868...” “We have had war with the Indians for three years. (The Indian Wars were later named the Blackhawk Wars and extended from 1865 to 1868.) It is quite a pull back in this County (Sanpete) in the loss of stock! Yesterday, they stole horses and cattle; the night before we failed to catch them.”

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## **MANTI TEMPLE ANNIVERSARY**

Lenore G. Denison

Manti, Utah

Honorable Mention Essay, Senior Division

This year, May 21, 1973, marks the eighty fifth anniversary of the completion and dedication of the Manti Temple in the tops of the mountains and a beacon to all the world.

“The Master Artist who molded the Wasatch Mountains surrounding Sanpete Valley must have loved beauty and put an extra measure of it in his work that day. He made these mountains high and rugged and strong as he tapered them off near Manti, leaving a mound of ivory stone extending out into the valley.”

On the day President Brigham Young dedicated the hill as a site for the building of a temple, April 25, 1877, he said, “Here is the spot where the Angel Moroni stood and dedicated this piece of land for a temple site. That is the reason why the location is made here and we cannot move it from this point.”

About five days after this some 100 men began the work of excavating the hill. The workmen knelt in humble prayer before breaking ground for the construction of a holy edifice that was to cost a million dollars and take eleven years. The work of cutting down the solid stone to a base upon which the Temple could stand required the labor of large groups of men for nearly two years.

According to a history by Francis M. Cox, Jr., “Only one blast was fired to loosen the hill so it could be plowed and scraped down to its present level. This work was done by hand and by ox teams. They used all the black powder that was available in Utah.” Then on April 14, 1879 the corner stone’s of the building were laid and dedicated. It took nine years to construct the building. All the materials except the banisters were obtained locally. The building rock came from the hill, the sand was ground sandstone quarried from the north end of the hill. The lumber, ninety percent red pine, came from Canal Canyon.

William Henry Peterson in his book, “Miracle of the Mountains” says: “The building of the Manti Temple was in very deed, a marvelous accomplishment. Most of the Saints on whose shoulders the responsibility was placed were in moderate or humble circumstances. Pioneers to the valley and converts from many lands, and like the followers of the Master, they were not of the aristocracy of the earth. Of such as they had, and of their labor, they gave freely, eggs, butter, cheese, lumber, cloth, cattle, horses, sheep, hogs



and a great variety of handmade articles, all produced by honest toil, poured into the bishop's storehouse to pay the cost of construction." Thus it was that a million dollar project was completed by a people who had little else than willing hands to accomplish this gigantic task.

Finally the long expected day of the public dedication approached. For a number of days prior to May 21, 1888, all roads leading to Manti were crowded with teams bringing people here. In the early house of the appointed day they began to gather on the hill east of the temple until the hillside was covered. At 9:30 a.m. the doors were opened and more than 17,000 people crowded into the upper room which is accessible from the east steps.

Apostle Lorenzo Snow had charge of the services. After the choir sang "Lord We Come Before Thee Now" Elder Snow offered the beautiful prayer, giving God all praise and honor for His goodness, for the restoration of the Gospel, and for the privilege of building a temple unto Him. His blessings were sought for all who worked in the temple, for all who entered there, that God would accept of this house and protect it always.

During the three days of dedication Heavenly manifestations were heard and seen by many. Just as Professor Smyth was about to conduct the choir, another choir was heard in another part of the building. It sounded angelic and many turned their heads to listen, no doubt the building was acceptable unto the Lord. Endowment and ordinance work began on May 29, 1888, eighty-five years ago this May.

There were no electric lights in the Temple until after 1900 so other means of lighting was employed. The lights atop the towers now shine like a beacon in the blackness of night, guiding airplanes and other traffic on their way.

Bright beds of pansies attract the gaze of those who visit the temple this time of year. Later colorful geraniums and petunias grace the walks around the temple grounds, landscape with sloping lawns and a wide variety of trees and shrubs.

At the Visitors Center, where many travelers stop to inquire about the stately building and its purposes, thousands of tourists register, from every state and many countries of the world.

Children and adults alike, traveling toward Manti, watch for and exclaim, "I see the Temple!" as they catch a glimpse of the Manti Temple many miles away.

References: Temples of the Most High, These Our Fathers, Story of the Manti Temple, History by Francis M. Cox, Jr., "Miracle of the Mountains" by W.H. Peterson, Research and personal experience.

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## HELLO, NEW WORLD

Mabel L. Anderson

Manti, Utah

First Honorable Mention

Johanna walked through the lush grass to the leafy patch of silver birch. She breathed deeply of the freshness of the washed morning air, heavy with the perfume of jasmine and honeysuckle. There was a still beauty that seemed to epitomize the calm pattern of her life. She was happy and satisfied living in the beautiful Lakeland country of Sweden. Approaching the woods she noted the wild strawberries were ripe and suiting words to thoughts called to Amanda and Augusta who were playing nearby. "Girls, the berries are ripe. They must be picked today. Go to the house for baskets."

She walked on until she reached the little bay where the gentle water of Lake Malaren lapped the reed-fringed shoreline. A swan was afloat to perfect the scene. Greta who helped on the monthly washing day was already there. In the old rock washhouse she had steaming copper tubs of water for soaping, scrubbing and boiling of the clothes which they would take to the lake for paddling and rinsing, then hang them on lines or lay them on the sweet-smelling grass to dry snowy-white.

Greta was singing at her work and Johanna joined in the old Swedish Folksong.

“Did you have a happy midsummer eve, Greta?”

“Oh, that we did, we danced and sang all night long.”

“So did we. It is a day I like when we welcome the summer so precious in this land of long winter nights. It seems one cannot soak up enough of the sun. To go indoors at all seems a waste. It is such a festive holiday too; the houses look so gay with flowering branches around their doors and inside the perfume of lilacs and blossoms so lovely.” After cleaning the house and days of preparation I thought I would be too tired to really enjoy it, but like Christmas, there is much joy in the preparation and the hard work is gone in the festival I felt like a girl again as we decorated the maypole.”

They scrubbed in silence for a few minutes.

“Shoemaker Mattsson is in Uppsala today? Asked Greta.

“Yes, he took shoes to sell to the shops. Next month he shall go to Stockholm. He has some fine orders. Perhaps I will go with him.”

“Ja, Stockholm is such a grand city. I was there one time. A white city and so many streets of water. I would like to go there once more,” sighed Greta.

“That you shall,” replied Johanna, “Dreams will come true. There are great cities all over the world. It would be good to see, but to live...no, I never want to leave Krusenberg and Lake Malaren.”

“Have you no dreams then, Fru Mattsson, to go to America as so many of our countrymen are?”

“No, Greta, No!” This is my home. Do you know, Greta?” she went on, “that this part of Sweden where we are living is the very cradle of Swedish civilization, the Svears from whom we got our name lived here, from here Vikings sailed to all parts of the world, and in Uppsala, just a few miles away Christianity began in our country. It is a good land.”

Two pair of busy hands worked most of the day. As they were finishing Johanna heard Jon Calling “Kom Kosin In”, his clear childish voice floating over the land and echoing faintly in the hills, and she knew the cows would obey that call and come to be milked.

Anders had not yet returned when she reached the red house with a white trim situated on a light elevation. From her porch stop she could look over the rolling acres of green farmland to the wooded hills for a backdrop, hay drying on fences, an occasional cow or horse could be seen grazing knee-deep in the fodder-rich meadows; the cabins of the peasant workers dotted the land here and there. In another direction she could see the venerable old mansion of Krusenberg in its park and formal gardens with an avenue of magnificent trees leading to it, and beyond—the lake.

Upstairs in the shoemaking shops she could hear her husband’s helpers finishing their day’s work on the fine dancing pumps for the baroness or riding boots for the baron on whose estate they lived, or the sturdy working shoes needed by the farming peasants.

Her life was that of a busy Swedish housewife. The long bread pole in the ceiling on which hung circles of rye bread evidenced baking days at the huge brick stove, occupying one end of the kitchen. Brass and copper pans hanging above were shining after their midsummer polishing. She spun and wove all the clothes for the family, and their huge supply of linen. Candles must be made and quilts.

To Johanna it seemed she had lived at Krusenberg always. She had been born at Alsike Suken the parish nearby. She remembered the day when she had been walking the meandering paths between Alsike and Knivsta when a beautiful young lady in a pony cart had come along..a girl not much older than Johanna. She stopped to visit. Her name was Theresa, bride of the young baron, and so the new mistress of Krusenberg. They Chatted along and became friends at once. The baroness asked her if she would like to come and work for her. Her parent's consent secured, she had come to live at the big manor house to be companion, personal maid and friend to her beautiful young mistress.

Romance had come to her when tall handsome Anders had come to work on the estate. He was attracted to Johanna and soon asked her to be his wife. Baron and Baroness Cedarstrom shared their joy and after the ceremony in the old 13<sup>th</sup> century Alsike Kyrka gave them a wedding party in the manor house to which all the folks in the country roundabout had been invited; fiddlers played and the old ballroom resounded to the rhythm of dancing feet. Theresa had given Johanna her dowry, trousseau, wedding outfit and the customary crown of myrtles which all brides in Sweden wore. They had been given a house for their own.

Johanna stopped reminiscing as she prepared supper which was ready as the sound of hoofs was heard, and Anders rode up. He kissed them and from his pocket brought little gifts. He had a big bundle of flax from which Johanna would spin shoemaker thread.

After they had eaten and the children had gone out to play Anders sat thoughtfully gazing out of the window, then picking up the old Bible he read for a time in silence...then aloud...

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people."

"My dear, I have known since you came home you had a problem."

"I was crossing the Swan Park when I saw a small crowd gathered. I walked over and two men were talking. They were from America, ambassadors, Johanna, of a new religion. They told of a new American church founded by a young man who had had a vision, who had talked with God."

"Surely, Anders, you did not listen to them."

"Yes, I did, and their message has given me serious thought."

"But you are happy in our Lutheran church?"

"I have been, but I must hear these men again. I shall go to Upplala tomorrow and look for them"

He arose early and was gone before the household was awake. Johanna hoped this further investigation would show him how ridiculous were the claims of these men. The day seemed very long. Bedtime came and she popped the children into their sofa beds, then sat under a tree to await the return of her husband. When he finally came he joined her and together in the lingering twilight of the night they talked. Anders had become convinced the message of these men was right. Johanna's arguments, pleas, and tears availed nothing. The rest of that summer he read, studied and went to Uppsala or Stockholm to see the missionaries. Sometimes he came back with the frightening news that the missionaries had been arrested or driven out of a village. To Johanna this seemed disgraceful and she worried about Anders's association with such people. All these things she hoped would change him, but they seemed to make his faith stronger, and on a beautiful September day in 1871 he was baptized in the River Fyris in Uppsala into the Latter-Day Saint Church. The Baron and Baroness were aghast.

"Before it is too late, Anders, you must realize the folly of this. You are fooled and misled," they pleaded, "Give up this madness now."

"No, I am sure very sure it is right. I also know I must eventually leave here and go to Utah."

Seeing Anders was determined they tried to persuade Johanna.

"If Anders is taken in by these imposters, let him go, but you and the children stay with us."

Johanna hardly knew which way to turn. Sleepless nights and worried days marked her existence. She loved Anders and couldn't bear to think of his leaving without her, but she could not leave so much that was dear to her to journey to an unknown people in an unknown land for a religion she could not understand.

"Oh, why does life become so mixed up," she thought. She didn't want to see the men, Elders, Anders called them, who had been responsible for all the unhappiness of the summer that had started out to be so perfect.

As autumn came on crops had been gathered, fruit picked and stored, the smell of apples penetrated the house. AS she thought she spent hours walking about the ground among the bronze and golden leaves, a winey, spicy scent was in the air. Christmas would soon be here and both at home and at Krusenberg Manor preparations went on apace...animals were butchered, cakes were baked, the houses scrubbed and decorated with firs and evergreen bough. She tried not to let her unrest spoil the holidays. AS winter wore on during the long nights they huddled around the "Kakelugns" (the white porcelain stoves) and after the usual sagas and stories were told to the children she and Anders would talk. She listened with only half-opened ears as he told her the story of Joseph Smith and his message, as he read to her many passages from the Bible to show that what he taught was true. But her pastor from the old parish church would also come and talk and quote passages and her mind was in turmoil. But a strange thing happened. She found an unaccounted for serenity come over her as she listened to her husband while the Minister's arguments brought forth arguments from her.

"I will see your Elders," she said one day, to the great joy of her husband. They prayed together, peace came to her home, and another September day one year from the time of Anders' baptism she and her two eldest children Jon and Matilda were baptized in the cool, clear waters of her beloved Lake Malaren.

"We must now prepare to go to Zion," Anders said, "Because the Baron and Baroness disapproved so much of what we have done I feel it best we leave Krusenberg now rather than stay here under the strained relationship. I can secure work in Uppsala."

It was with heavy hearts, nevertheless, that they left Krusenberg. Johanna often went to the woods or lake to shed a few tears. One day Theresa found her there and they cried together. The parting was a sad one..." So unnecessary" protested Theresa.

In Uppsala they secured a little flat near the great University. Here the children were fascinated by the life that whirled around them in a college town. They would take trays with glasses of water and stand on the paths where the students in top hats and swinging canes would pass. Curtsying they would ask, "Here students, would you like a drink of cold water?" Often they would take a glass a drop a coin on the tray to the delight of the children. The awing Renaissance Castle on the hill was another Mecca for adventuring.

The boat on which their passage was booked had been delayed at it was just as well. Johanna was going to have a baby so they decided to remain there until after its birth. Anders had good work that would raise money for their passage. A frail baby girl was born, but with care she seemed to grow into a healthy child. Again a date was set for their departure.

"Please," pleaded Johanna, "I cannot go without seeing my father and mother once more."

Her parents now living on an island of the Stockholm Archipelago too sorrowed for a daughter and family they thought lost to a heathen religion.

"Goodbye, dear misguided ones. May God protect you," said her father, his face so sad as he leaned heavily upon his cane.

As the boat left the island Johanna's mother stood on the shore and waved a white tablecloth as a banner of farewell. This they could see as long as the boat was in sight of the land, getting smaller and smaller until it was only the size of a handkerchief. Always, all the rest of her life Johanna would see the tablecloth waving in her mind's eye...a sad farewell to parents she would never see again.

By train and boat they went from Stockholm, via Copenhagen and Hull to Liverpool to join other European Saints on the steamship "Wyoming," Each of the children was given a piece of baggage to carry, little Clara being responsible for the box containing her father's high silk hat (which he never again wore in the rough pioneer country to which he was going but which came in handy for local theatricals.) Amanda carried the brass bucket of odds and ends needed for the journey...two bundles that were feather beds and a green wooden box contained all else they would bring of their old home to the new.

The voyage was rough, all were seasick, but worst of all the baby Othalia seemed to contract some malady, "Oh, dear God," prayed Johanna, "Is this a punishment or a test? Please don't let my baby die so we need to bury her in the ocean. She is too tiny to be put in that vast expanse. I won't ask for her life if she was only loaned to us for a while... but don't let her die on the ocean." Her prayer was answered.

The long ocean journey was over. Landing at Castle Gardens was so strange. Johanna felt deaf and dumb. She could understand no one, no one could understand her. People passing by glanced only casually at the immigrants with their baggage and bundles huddled in the small park at the pier. This was a commonplace sight in New York. It was very hot, a heat they had never felt, but it was good to be on immoveable earth again.

"Can we get milk?" Johanna asked, "Milk and fruit and soft bread for my children." This was secured and they had a little feast sitting among their belongings.

"Our first meal in our new country." Said Anders. Johanna thought of the last milk they had tasted. It seemed long ago.

A short delay then began the long train journey across America. The children were fascinated by the great country they saw going by the train windows. The last of August they arrived in Salt Lake City. People were friendly but Johanna could only wearily smile her friendliness back. The baby had been sick all the way and three terrible days after their arrival she died; with heartbroken resignation they buried her, but with gratitude that they could bury her in the ground. It seemed to Anders that when he changed his Swedish dalar for American dollars it was so little he had left and it took the last to bury his baby. He was offered help by the emigration authorities but he refused saying all he wanted was an opportunity to work. That he got. Never in his 78 years on earth did he learn the phrase...Something for Nothing.

Leaving the tiny grave they journeyed to Sanpete County the mecca for Scandinavian Saints where Anders could get some farming land. The journey south was long and tedious. Johanna was anxious to get settled, get a roof over her head, and have her things about her.

They passed through pretty little towns and saw crops being taken off fields. But this country was so different from her homeland, "Shall I ever get used to it? Can my faith be strong enough to make me accept all this without looking homeward?"

When they reached Mayfield their first concern was finding shelter for the winter. Anders assisted by Jon dug a large cellar. Across one end they built bins for grain. On top of the grain they put the feather beds. As she unpacked the green box memories were awakened in her as she handled the intimate things from her old home.. the heavy linen, a glass sugar bowl...blue sprigged china...each object a link with some happening there. In one corner Anders set up at last some small shoemaking equipment he had brought so in spare time

he might ply his trade and soon in this new land he was known as he had been in the old...Shoemaker Mattsson.

"Look, all you can see of our house is just the chimney sticking out of the ground. It is funny to live under the ground. Why do we, Father?"

"Someday we will have a fine house above ground," Anders promised.

Johanna came out of the dugout. Once more she stood in the doorway of her home. She looked at the barren sagebrush wastes stretching to rugged mountains for a backdrop, occasionally the sagebrush gave way to newly-broken farmland; here and there a log cabin or another chimney out of the ground denoted a neighbor. Born in a forest Lakeland would these gray stretches and red earth ever become home? A vision of another land far away came to her. "It was good, and beautiful," she said... then silently said a prayer. "This is the place where God has led us, where my children can grow strong and free in the faith we have accepted. This is my home now, my country, the only homeland my children will really know. It too, will be a good land." She opened her arms to the blue skies and peace came to her soul and she knew all was well. She would not longingly look back again, she promised, as she fervently exclaimed "Hello, New World."

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## **DO NOT FORGET THEM**

Lenore G. Denison

Manti, Utah

Honorable Mention Poetry, Senior Division

Tribute to Grandfather, James Keeler  
Pioneer of 1849

When they started on their journey  
Out across the trackless plain  
Grandpa Keeler was among them  
Knowing not what he would gain;  
Only that he loved his leaders,  
Joseph Smith, then Brigham Young,  
Chose to honor and obey them  
'Til the journey here was done.

He was numbered with the faithful,  
Stalwart, brave and true, and then  
When the call came from his country  
For volunteers, five hundred men,  
Though a young man in his twenties  
He was quick to say he'd go.  
But again heeded council  
When the Captain answered, "No"  
You are needed with the company  
To help protect those who remain.

Will you now continue onward  
'Till the promised land you gain?  
So he helped the lone and weary,  
Lightened many a heavy load.  
Tho the plains were bleak and dreary,  
Courage, faith and hope bestowed.

Perseverance was rewarded  
When they reached the Great Salt Lake,  
Far away from persecution,  
It was theirs to freely take.  
Then another call was heeded,  
For this, no doubt, his life was spared;  
Three missions to the Sandwich Islands,  
His great faith the natives shared.

Now he's gone we won't forget him,  
Nor the trials he passed through;  
For his memory lingers near us,  
Bringing joy to me and you.  
So our heritage we'll cherish,  
Love and honor his good name;  
We are now his true descendants,  
May we emulate his fame.

References: Journals of James Keeler; Life History by Daughter, Alice K. Hatch; "My First Mission" George Q. Cannon; Church Chronology by Andrew Jensen.

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## **TOUCHES ON TIME**

Wilma Morley Despain  
Centerfield, Utah  
First Place Essay

Like a mill-dam opened, some of my prized memories of early childhood flood the beaches of my valley home today.

Here in this, one of few, quiet places where whine of freeway has not reached suburbia, I look into my valley and see simulated cowboys and Indians playing at pioneering. They do this one day a year to commemorate the day our brave settlers of so long ago reached this oasis, this haven from persecution of mobs, of being driven from county to county and from state to state.

The day Brigham Young, a second Moses, looked down upon another valley and said, "This Is The Place! This is the place at last, where the devil cannot dig us out!"



These loved ones, who have never really left us, needed more room, more land and more products that could be supplied from new areas, new land, to complete the economy and provide jobs for all.

This 'second place' for many of my own, this valley was not founded or settled by men, or Mormons, who felt they were "Holier than thou," but by those who were 'thrifter.'

There was no 'placed domesticity' waiting for them here, they had to build it and dig it out of a vast sage plain that had giant steps that fell from the mountains.

Then, as now, the compensations of just seeing 'this place' of wild beauty, of unbroken silence, of lilac mountain guards, with white shawls upon their big shoulders, was pay enough then to those who endured until they found it.

Like all pioneers they had heard the clock of history stroke and they had counted the strokes, every one!

There were told to 'go,' and they did just that, with little else but willing hearts and their new found faith.

Though time of year was premature and in the dead of winter, they started their new homes at sacrifice in lives and equipment, and finances.

They were cold, hungry, and in despair many times. Yes, some even dared to doubt, but they beat their doubts into plow shares and plowed them under the desert earth. They used dung of cattle and buffalo for fuel when snows were so deep that they could not log from nearby hills.

Their adobes, made of prairie mud and sod of valley were called 'desert marble,' their hard packed dirt floors were swept with corn husk brooms. Their floors, like their adobes, were concrete hard because they were baked by desert wind and sun.

They heard the fluting of the frogs and the whine of desert insect that rose from belly high, lush grasses in summer. They heard the lonely howl of wolf and coyote, and other animal predators, who also hunted to seek out a living in winter.

Barbed wire did not ring their portioned out land then, like protective moats. Fences were not used until land grabbers and homesteaders killed off most of the cowboys and turned them into ranches. Herds roamed at will and everything was shared.

Against odds of nature they planted, they reaped and they succeeded.

They learned to hold the water, after high places had released it from winter storage, then turned it into ditches and furrows to relieve the blistered earth, all this they did at a given time and given day for their water turns.

They built on firm foundations from nearby logs and from stone from 'soon to be' holy, oolite hill. They built schools, Temple, churches, homes until it became the most beautiful city in the world, to them, and not in just the west. The courage of ordinary people built an extraordinary city in spite of all these hostile elements!

Like Samson, in his blindness, they were of the blind who will not see any fault in what they love, and they forged ahead in spite of all the obstacles that they should have seen, and given into.

This "second place", this unbearably picturesque valley, came to me, not on a silver platter, but on hard won land made livable to tools used by my own. Land preordained to be kept hidden and saved for those who would pay the price.

I have not many and landmarks in my great-grandparents world, they take me too far back and many have been lost to us through neglect. Such lovely homes and businesses, Temples built in Nauvoo and Kirtland. Land and homes in Far West and Quincy and many more things that had been theirs.

Wealthy, they left it all behind or had given it to the cause of freedom to worship as they chose. They left it to carry this new found, precious gift of life and light to me and mine. We say we are grateful for it.

But can our gratitude for all the aforementioned be portrayed in one day a year, in parades where bands play, where marchers march with proud step and stance and chests out like proud, strutting, pewter pigeons?

It is well to honor them publicly, it is only proper that we do, and to sing and dramatize their brave deeds, but what of the writing of these stories, tributes and eulogies to their fair names? What about the research required for their history and genealogy? It can be lost if told only by word and action.

Can the precious rooms of my dear, little grandmother, Anna Maria, be staged, with proper props, in pageant? These rooms she flavored as her rose petaled sachet bags flavored her handkerchiefs and under things. Could it ever portray her poetry of lace, quilting, rug-making, beaded gloves and expert seamstress sewing and tailoring? No, it must be written down, for those who come after, to cherish and remember.

Can spotlight show her leaning figure as it bent above the flame to make food sweet for loved ones, even in later years with her fine old hand and pain disabled knees?

Can beauty queens on floats show her gentility, inherited and incurable, and given freely to others? Those she walked like a queen in her hand sewn calico gowns, her crown was of ebony streaked silver when I first remember her. She was wrinkled even then, like a folded bulb, but her dark eyes and gentle laughter kept one from noticing that she was not as young as she sounded.

Can simulated trials and hard labor portray her fashioning buckskin gloves from deerskins tanned by her own hand? By her working salt and the animal's brains into the bloody hides and then twisting and chewing until it was soft?

Can I, one of the keepers of the keys, one of the beneficiaries of this unique legacy, ever write enough or light an eternal flame that is worthy of their love, their sacrifices, that the years cannot consume? These treasured memories that hearts and minds should not jettison, were given us by love's largess. Neither time nor rust can destroy them if we will keep them alive by writing and telling about them.

Sometimes, in the placid sweetness of my life, and of writing of and reading the dear pages about my forebears I wonder if they came west to join their new found religion or to endure it? They smoothed the way and our duty and way is clear. We should celebrate, yes, but also teach reverence, respect and humility for the ones who have gone before.

I try again to establish the present and the present moves on because before I can say, "I am," "I was!"

The wind has magic in it, the air is full of birdsong because I hear the sweet shower of notes from them as they rise, to greater heights.

Magpies fly about and return, like ranging dogs, to check on me, for they are sure that I am lost too!

The sky is so hurtfully blue, with sun at summer solstice, and the days still roll across from canyon to canyon.

Being a woman of all seasons I should not cling to each one and dread seeing them creep back and forth and watch the sun slowly creep southward again with fear of cold blast. Why?

Because even in winter months my valley can keep gulping sunsets that are literally fired on high.

This desert Eden of mine where these same indescribable unmatched anywhere, western sunsets will be mirrored like re fire in the same tumbling streams that mirror deer that gather to drink from the banks.

My little Grandma, my Maternal Love, used to say, "The latch string is always out, but for times when we need to pull it inside for safety and for solitude and rest."

On a day like today she left her valley, her mountains, a tired little lady, but very well content. She just pulled in the "latch string" and went to sleep.

So let it be here in our valleys, that is where peace begins, at home, and may we, in all our grasping and getting remember what we have got, by preserving it, preparing for those to still come, with welcome on the mat and "latch string never pulled in!"

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## LOVED BY ALL

Reva Tennant Jensen

Santa Maria, California

Honorable Mention Essay, Senior Division

Ethel Mae was looking as dark as the clouds that covered the May sky, her face pressed against the windowpane watching the rain fall in torrents. "Oh, Mama," she cried, all our plans are spoiled, it's May Day and no school, our whole freshmen class had planned a field day to the Devil's Ribs, and now we can't go."

"I suppose you had planned to take lunch for both Leslie Lee and yourself, and were stopping at the Temple Springs for water cress, and you had carefully selected where you would carve your names in the sand caves."

"Oh, Mama, how did you guess? Were the caves there when you were growing up? And did you go there with Papa and carve your names in the sand walls of the caves?"

"Yes, my dear, the caves were there and they will be there long after this rainy day, and you will have another chance to have your picnic, I am sure. Don't worry, today is a good day to open Auntie's old trunk and see what one can find. I have been wishing you would ask to read Aunt Marion's diary. It is like reading a history of the past pioneer generation."

"Mama, I do not feel in the mood for old history. Please think of something else."

By this time Mama had the scrapbook laying before Ethel Mae and pointing to an old picture, an inside view of the Tabernacle, a photo of a funeral with the casket ring in the center of the picture and written in gold letters among the flowers was the name "ETHEL". A glance from her daughter, "Mama, who was dead? That is my name." "Yes, my dear, you were named after that person, and look, at the right of the casket is your great-grandmother, Mary Artimisa Lowry. Seated at the organ is Professor A.C. Smyth, You sing some of his hymns at Sunday School. He was a wonderful musician. There is Edgar T. Reid and Brother Brox, who ran the power plant in Manti Canyon, and Bishop Peterson and John B. Maiben, and noticed the pipes on each side of the room, extending from the big iron stoves. They burned wood and coal that was the way they used to hear the Tabernacle. This picture is priceless for it shows the dress of the day, ladies and little girls alike wore long dresses, with not only one petticoat underneath their skirt, but two and sometimes three. Material would range from cotton gingham to paisleys and for best, Sunday going to church dress, many wore buff velvet and fine taffeta. Look at the hats, Paris turbans trimmed with lace and bows of ribbon, pearls and feathers, all the work of Henrietta Cox who operated the finest millinery shop and made many fo the hats you see in this picture."

Tell me about the one we cannot see, the one in the casket."

"Well, she was the most beautiful bride this town had ever seen, the kind of beauty touched by a certain fragile quality with a quiet splendor of spirit, married to a young man of much promise, a handsome musician, a brother to the man you see in the picture, Edgar T. Reid. Immediately after the marriage, Clair

Reid and his bride, Ethel, were called to fulfill a mission in the Samoan Islands. They were looking forward to a bright and happy future, both very excited about this new venture. They arrived safely on the Island and their missionary labors began in June 1898. On March 29, 1899 a son was born to them at Apia, Samoa.

During the summer Ethel was ill more or less most of the time so her husband, Clair, finally decided to send her home, as three L.D.S. Missionaries were leaving about that time. In fact, he planned to bring her home, but under her most earnest request and solicitation he consented to remain and finish his labors in the Mission field.

On the long ocean voyage her condition grew worse and gradually she failed. By the time the ship reached San Francisco it was doubtful if she would live long enough to reach her home. From San Francisco telegrams were sent to Dr. and Mrs. Allen of Provo to meet the train at Ogden, which they did and her parents were also notified by Dr. Allen and they were at her bedside as soon as she was off the train and in the home of the Allen's.

Ethel was conscious to the last and recognized her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Lowry, and Clair's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Reid. She died before they could get back to Manti in a sweet peaceful sleep. Mrs. Reid, Clair's mother brought the baby to Manti with her and cared for the precious little one. The sad news of his wife's death did not reach Clair Reid for many weeks, as there were no cable connections with the Samoan Islands and a mail steamer did not leave San Francisco for another week."

The last drops of rain mingled with rays of sunshine peeping from spiraling clouds, marking the end of a slow day, but matching the mellowed mood of a disappointed Ethel Mae.

"Oh, Mama, I could cry. What a sad story. Why didn't you tell me this long before now?"

"Well, you were too young to understand or appreciate what sacrifice and true devotion meant. Stories are sorta like the puddles you see in the garden after the rain. They reflect truths that are not seen before."

"Look, Mama, the newspaper clipping pasted on this age old page, let me read it to you. 'Manti, Oct. 30. The people of Manti were called upon to perform the last rites over the remains of SISTER ETHEL LOWRY REID, who was laboring as a faithful Missionary in far off Samoa. Together, she and her husband, Clair, labored in love and diligence, each ministering to the comfort and blessing of the other and their labors in the Mission. The funeral services were very impressive. Apostle George Teasdale represented the authorities of the Church and Elders Wood and Stringham, of Salt Lake City and Elder Clayton of Provo represented the Samoan Mission. All these brethren spoke of cheer and comfort to the bereaved and eulogized the departed. Each of the Elders praised the noble work of Brother and Sister Reid. They told of her forbearance under sore trials during the late Samoan War. President Canute Peterson, John B. Maiben and J.H. Woodskow spoke of Ethel's beauty, beautiful within, as well as beautiful to behold. The singing, under the leadership of Professor A. C. Smyth, was exceptionally sweet and touching, the floral pieces profuse and lovely. Friends came from all parts of the state.

As the coffin was being lowered into the grave, a puff of wind sent a shower of leaves over the hallowed spot, which lent a poetic charm to the sad occasion. Sister Ethel Lowry is gone from us, but her memory, her noble life will live long with the young and the old of her native town, Manti. For she was LOVED BY ALL.'"

Ethel Mae closed the old scrapbook, her eyes filled with tears. "Mama," she whispered, "I would like to so live to be loved by all."

Mama only nodded her head, but in her thoughts she remembered...' Only the Earth and the Mountains live long. It is not how long we live but what we accomplish with what we had.'

## THE RED STONE FOUNTAIN

Louise B. Johansen  
Mt. Pleasant, Utah  
Honorable Mention Essay

A favorite meeting place for friends and relatives from far and near, especially on Memorial Day, was the red stone fountain in the center of Mr. Pleasant cemetery. Surrounding this artistic fountain were shade trees and benches making the cold, crystal clear water even more inviting and desirable.

The fountain was a work of art sculptured by loving hands out of civic pride. This pride was acquired by the sacrifices, courage and faith of the Merz brothers who had immigrated to this country from Switzerland with a widowed mother because she believed the beautiful story of the gospel of Jesus Christ as told to her by Mormon missionaries.

The red stone fountain was loved and cherished for many years as was shown by the frequent visits of families who came to this hallowed spot to honor loved ones. Some of the elderly folks would come early on Memorial day and spend the entire time spinning tales of the good old days in their native country. Stories of the sacrifices and courage it took to leave loved ones, perhaps forever, to come to the land of Zion strengthened each other's testimony.

Young mothers with large families found real enjoyment and relief as they drank the good clear water carried to the fountain from a spring in the southeast corner of the cemetery. Especially did they enjoy the compartment for washing hands and faces of the little ones who had been playing in the dirt while their mothers had been hoeing weeds to make places for fresh or paper flowers.

Without the love, faith and sacrifice of Susannah, mother of the Merz boys, this fountain would never have materialized. Susannah Merz was given the money to come here by an elderly lady who had saved her life's earning to come to Zion and then decided she was too old. It was only enough to bring herself and the two youngest children, Sussie 6 and Hyrum 4. The two older children Adolph 10 and Emelie 8 were placed in an orphanage until this dear mother could earn enough money to send for them.

The mother and two small children sailed for six weeks on the U.S.S. Nevada where their quarters were below water level and caused them much seasickness. They arrived in New York in 1882 and came to Salt Lake City by train. Conrad Keller, one of the missionaries who had visited their home in Switzerland and told them of the restored church, met them and they traveled to his home in Manti in a wagon pulled by a team of horses. There they were given all the comforts of home until Sister Merz could establish herself. A few years later she moved to Mt. Pleasant where she lived in a little frame home with a dirt floor. The cracks in the roof let the moon and stars wink through at night and buckets would have to be set around to catch the rain, but it was home sweet home. The Indians were friendly when they moved to Mt. Pleasant but the old fort, which comprised a full block with Pleasant creek running through the center, was still intact. Sussie worked for an old lady who still lived inside the fort and this helped her mother considerably because she was washing, ironing, and doing housework where she could to earn a dime. Sussie and Hyrum were fascinated with the

holes in the walls of the fort from which the muskets were fired to protect the earlier Mormon families from the Indians.

It took seven years of toil before Sister Merz could earn enough money to send for her son Adolph. He had learned the trade of sculpturing in stone for grave markers while in the orphanage. Soon after he arrived in Mt. Pleasant he set up a business known as the Mt. Pleasant Marble Works. He sculptured many grave markers from the same kind of white oolite stone from which the Manti temple was built. They found this stone in a quarry in Pigeon Hollow and Lewis Johansen, better known as "Lewis Napoleon" helped them haul it to Mt. Pleasant by team. Soon they had earned enough money to send for their sister Emelie. She had been taught the art of a fine seamstress in the orphanage and used this talent in sewing for many families which helped to upgrade the living conditions of the family. How wonderful it was to be reunited as a family once again.

Adolph and Hyrum wanted to do something nice for the wonderful friends in their own community so out of civic pride and love of fellowmen, they conceived the idea of a drinking fountain to be placed in the center of the city cemetery to refresh the stranger, friend, or foe within its gates.

Looking around the valley for material to build it with they found some red stone east of Moroni City Cemetery. A large stone weighing better than a ton was brought to Mt. Pleasant Marble Works by Lewis Johansen (Napoleon). The wagon was driven close to the hill where the stone was rolled onto it with the help of crowbars. Everything from this point on had to be done by hand. They placed the stone in the back yard of their business establishment and built a shelter over it to keep the hot sun and rain off their heads while they worked. The stone was not hard, but it was very dirty, and consequently it was necessary to sharpen the steel instruments very often.

The fountain was sculptured to represent the stump of a tree with the bark and knots chiseled in to resemble real wood. It was built with two compartments, one for drinking and one for washing hands. The drinking water came from a bronze lizard's mouth in a continual stream and went back into the ground. The washing compartment formed three petal shaped bowls with the center one for washing, the others to enhance the beauty of it. The bowls were made of a separate stone and mortised into the tree stump.

In order to shape this large square stone into a natural looking tree stump and get the shape, length and width they wanted, they had to use a single jack (hammer) and chisel to rough it down to shape, and this required going over it many many times.

At first they used a pointed chisel, and as it smoothed down they used a blade chisel and a seven pound wood mallet. John A. Matson, an employee, assisted them for five months of painstaking hours before their dream was realized. This work was all done free gratis with no cost to anyone except the kind hands who built it.

The fountain was removed when the cemetery was placed under perpetual care in 1965 with new roadways, lawn and sprinkling system, but it will never be forgotten as a very favorite spot in Mt. Pleasant cemetery by those who enjoyed it for so many years. This beautiful old fountain is soon to find a new home, close to the spot where it was created at 32 South State. It will be placed on the lawn of the Pioneer Historical building where it will again refresh the passerby, the friends and relatives from far and near who visit this historic place. It will stand as a symbol of craftsmanship as well as of courage, faith, love, and civic pride of the Merz brothers, Adolph and Hyrum from Switzerland.

References: Information for this essay was told to the author in detail by Hyrum C. Merz of Mt. Pleasant who fondly remembered each detail as his daughter Florence Peacock verified. Brother Merz will be 95 years old on July 29, 1973. He still lives alone, attends church, the Temple, and drives his own car.

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## THE OLD COUNCIL HOUSE

Norma S. Wanlass

Manti, Utah

Honorable Mention Anecdote

“Satan triumphs again.” Declared the pessimist when lightning struck the Council House.

“Nay,” thundered President Young. “Tis the Lord’s way of telling you to move the settlement of Manti from the stone quarry to the Tabernacle Block.”

So in the fall of 1854 the Council House was rebuilt on the Northeast corner of Tabernacle Block. Each family was asked to donate so many days of labor.

This time it faced East instead of West. The stone walls were again laid up, four long windows and two doors on the front, and four windows to the back. They used the same door and window frames. A hugh fireplace was built in the south end, large enough to stand several pine logs up side by side.

Walter Stringham helped lay the floor of the upper room. Dinner time came and he set his hammer on a sleeper and went home to eat. When he returned the floor was finished and his hammer was safely locked inside.

What was he to do? The hammer he had borrowed from Augustus Dodge who was leaving Manti. It would take months to get one from Missouri.

Walt told Augustus of his dilemma when he said goodbye.

“My friend,” Augustus offered, “if you are living when the Council House is torn down, keep an eye out. If you find the hammer...it’s yours.” Then they clasped hands warmly and he left.

Fifty-six years later Walter Stringham learned that the Council house was being razed. Fascinated he watched; remembering. Then he saw the hammer just as he had left it, the initials A.D. burned in the wood handle. It had laid there during all Church Meetings, Business Meetings, Day Schools, Wedding Dances, Missionary Farewells, socials, concerts, and contests that were a part of the “Comings and Goings of the early Sanpete Settlers.”

References: “Memories of the Old Council House of Manti” by Elizabeth Crawford Munk, “History of Walter Stringham,” presented to Daughters of Utah Pioneers by Myrtle Judd.

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## THESE HILLS ARE MINE

Eleanore P. Madsen, Ephraim, Utah

Honorable Mention Poetry

These hills are mine.  
In their shadows I have grown.  
From Towhead to Mooseneiah  
I claim them for my own;  
The Maples and the Aspen groves,  
Horseshoe, streaked with waning snow,

The Danish Knoll and Bluebell Flats  
Where walk the soft-eyed doe.  
These hills are mine,  
Echoes, a hundred summers old.  
By rocky ledge and Pidgeon creek,  
Head-feathered red men, bold,  
Hid their plunder, pitched their tents  
By the ponds, John August Lake;  
Made their trails over the ridges,  
Watched the sleeping forest wake.

These hills are mine,  
Where sound of wood and steel are one.  
Lean, straight father with his axe  
Toiled in the fingered, summer sun.  
From the sawmill to the town,  
He guided oxen with their heavy load,  
Giant logs of balsam, spruce and fir,  
Along a ridge called Wagon Road.

These hills are mine,  
Where roamed the transient sheep.  
The eager lad, with willow staff,  
Trailed his flock up the canyon steep,  
Along the quickening, crystal stream.  
He brought the lamb to the campfire bright  
At the coyote's cry, in the half-sound,  
Half silence of the leaf-still night.

These hills are mine,  
Where wind and rain and thunder speak,  
And lightning's jagged thrust in silver gray  
Leaves charred earth and muddy creek.  
These hills are mine, my hills of home,  
Where wind-carved choirs sing,  
Blue Penstamen and fragile Columbine  
Tell my heart it's always spring.

References: "Ephraim's First One Hundred Years", Leslie L. Madsen

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## LEST WE FORGET

A.J. Anderson  
Fairview, Utah  
Second Place Essay

In the early days of the Church in Sanpete, earnest effort was made to establish permanent settlements along crystal-clear streams that usually flowed gently, but sometimes violently, from the canyons that ringed this beautiful valley. Many times the settlement would nestle along a cottonwood lined creek that silently meandered down across the sagebrush bench that basked in the glory and the dignity of the ever-present mountains. As the life-giving water drained from the melting snow and the unfailing springs high in the mountain tops, a sense of reassurance pervaded the feelings of those who were searching for a place to sink their roots.

During this period of quiet colonization in the valley, small settlements with a dozen families, more or less, gradually came into existence. Often these Pioneer homes would cluster around a small school-house and a place of worship, indicative of great love for education and for the Word of the Lord. Always the homes would be near fields where the men would work from dawn to dark, happy in the knowledge that ability to work, and freedom to work and to worship were blessings far beyond the measurement of monetary value.

A recollection of Sunday morning in these Pioneer homes will reveal the honest character of these sturdy settlements that flourished over a century ago. As the first flicker of light emerged from the ever-rising sun the morning chores had to be done; there were cows to be milked, animals to be fed, a stream of water to be turned, breakfast to prepare. Each member of the family had a certain responsibility that he, or she, must not shirk. And as the head of the household, usually a Priesthood bearer, called his family together for the morning meal the chairs were quietly, but quickly, turned their backs to the table. As each one humbly knelt in reverence in the family circle the sure, strong voice of father conveyed the personal supplication of each to their Heavenly Father. The conversation at breakfast revolved around assignments and involvements that each anticipated in the coming meetings. As each would take his place in a buggy, wagon or bob-sleigh they were grateful that well-fed horses provided dependable, inexpensive transportation.

The Sunday meetings: Sunday School, Sacrament and Priesthood, always presented ample opportunity for individual spiritual growth. The fact that each one had a certain position to fill, a certain part to play, a special calling to honor made him feel the importance of urgent service to others. The standard works of the Church—the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, Pearl of Great Price—four priceless books of divine scripture, furnished a firm promise for study and discussion. Each member prided himself on the number of scriptures he knew by heart. Each Priesthood bearer worked energetically to vindicate his possession of the Priesthood of God. Each meeting, as it took its rightful place in the affairs of this sacred day, impressed its solemn purpose upon those who were searching, through the Spirit, for light and truth. And no Sunday assembly was complete until each absent member had been accounted for and proper provision made for his welfare. The warm endearment that surrounded these Sunday gatherings made each family feel a special loving relationship to other families of the settlement. And as each Sunday service would come to a close the families would return home with a fervent desire to live and honor the covenants they had renewed that Sabbath day. As the evening meal was being prepared by mother the men would attend to the chores, happy in the knowledge that work was one of their precious blessings. Supper afforded a rich opportunity for

the family to discuss what they had been taught that day and to individually pledge themselves to a righteous course of personal behavior for the coming week. After the evening meal was over, the dishes washed and placed in the modest cupboard, the family would assemble around the organ to sing the Latter-day Saint hymns with all the vigor and strength they possessed, giving thanks to our Heavenly Father, their hearts filled with sincere appreciation for His many blessings so freely bestowed. As the shadows of the night darkened and the lamp light slowly dimmed, the sleepy children, with prayers said, would slip away to bed with the sweet assurance that all was right with the world and another day would surely bring its rewards.

Then as father and mother would pause to read another chapter of choice scripture before retiring father would tenderly take mother's hand in his and softly say, "Darling, it has been a happy day." Somehow the cares and worries would vanish and hopes for the future were bright.

This was the golden age in family relations when trust was seldom betrayed and when faith in the Gospel and its saving principles was unquestioned, when family happiness was the central aim of each family member. It was an age when each little settlement was half a day's ride, by horse, from the next. It was an age when self-reliance, predicated upon an unwavering faith in a living God, was the common denominator that made worthwhile things happen. It was an age when the distance from the all-wise Creator was never farther than your desire to serve Him with all your might, mind and strength. It was an age when the power of the Priesthood was used with such frequency that faith in administration was made manifest. Through the years the ever rewarding life of little settlements, many times removed from the main-stream of society, has slowly receded before consolidation, good roads and fast cars. The fast pace of modern civilization tends to weaken the solidarity of the Latter-day Saint unit. But, in spite of noticeable change which crowds in around us with consistent force, yet we sincerely realize those divine virtues, lived so well then, are just as important for our happiness today.

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