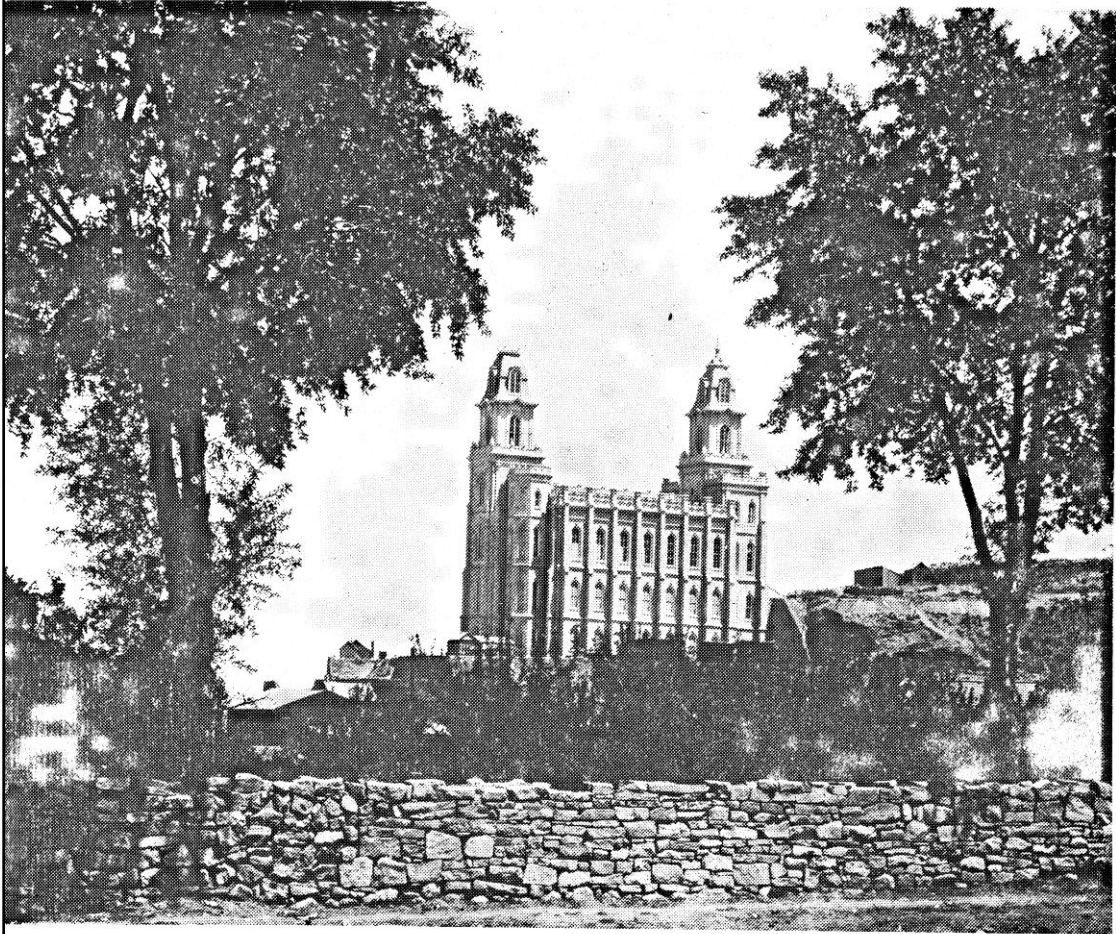


Saga
of the
Sanpitch



Volume 6

1974



The pictures of the construction of the Manti temple were obtained from Mr. Rell G. Francis of Springville, Utah and are part of a priceless collection of glass plate negatives, the work of pioneer Mormon photographer George Edward Anderson. The plates are almost 100 years old, being taken between the years 1885 and 1888.

We feel that in obtaining this group of relatively unknown pictures that this volume of SAGA OF THE SANPITCH will indeed become a collector's prize.

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume VI

Containing

Winning Entries

of the

1974 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Sponsored by

Manti Region of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints

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By

Ruth D. Scow

For Manti Region

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints

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Ephraim, Utah

TEMPLE HILL BEFORE THIS LAND WAS MINE

Wilma Despain
Centerfield, Utah
Professional Poetry Division
Honorable Mention

Hidden there, with covering tugged over by time,
Holding in darkened womb, white, 'oolite' stone,
This prophet, in shield and tongue of 'biblical' days,
Did speak much truth, in majesty and thundered tone.
This secret, formed before I was, eons ago,
A temple would rise, all this he told, about
Those who would rise, all this he told, about
Those who would give their all, and come, from
Far off lands, and unencumbered take it out!
They came, built schools and bridges, spanning tide
Long years before these words were mine to frame.
Traveling no marked trail, no measured mile, nothing
Behind or ahead, all lost to mad mob's scorching flame!
The toilers of the field arose and walked each day
Their tools, their skills and willing hearts, each brought.
With prayers and hefty arms, there rose this 'edifice',
"This place" where miracles of "tested faith" were wrought!
All reigned in busy industry, disquietude, as
Shouts rang, "What will we find in this grey hill!"
The sound of work and persevering was everywhere,
Divine council and purpose drew them nearer still.
Oh thou, who brought their tired feet, from
Homes of grace, rich lands, influence known,
I hurry on to tread the paths well laid for me—
By heavy wheel and 'life blood; of my own!
An ancient warrior, with proud form and stance,
With mantle flowing, with 'glory countenance!'
He knew 'this place' with first, keen prophet's glance
And surely, God gave hearing, to his utterance!
"I come like wind and like wind I go."
Here in this 'saved place', I see God's kingdom grow!"
Nephite Moroni, you came, we surely know and see, that
You did reveal this gift for us, long centuries ago!
Here, hearts still fill in sanctifying hour, in the
"Divinely commissioned class rooms", dearly bought, serene.
Here organ swells paeans of praise, where heads bow low,
And God is pleased, as he views this sacred scene!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Historical Writing Committee wishes to thank the following persons for their willingness, consideration, enthusiasm, and love for their heritage, that Volume VI of the SAGA OF THE SANPITCH.

JUDGES:
(Former Sanpete Residents)

Mrs. Edna J. Gregerson – Author, listed in **DICTIONARY OF THE INTERNATIONAL BIOGRAPHY** for 1974, American Associate Professor of Humanities at Dixie College.

Mrs. Katherine D. Blackham – U. of MO., Former teacher at Moroni High School (Sanpete), teacher at Dixie High School.

Mr. Joseph E. Olsen, Sr. – Author, and outstanding businessman.

STAKE PRESIDENCIES AND REPRESENTATIVES of Manti Region (Sanpete County).

COMMITTEE MEMBERS: Mrs. Eleanor P. Madsen, Mrs. Norma S. Wanlass, Mr. Albert Antrei - Manti Utah Stake.

Miss Jessie Oldroyd – Moroni Utah Stake.

Mrs. Esther Christensen, Mrs. Louise Johansen – Mt. Pleasant Utah Stake

Mrs. Wilma Despain – Gunnison Utah Stake.

Families of Committee Members.

SNOW COLLEGE: President J. Marvin Higbee.

PRINTING: Mr. Ross P. Findlay – Printing and Publishing.

PUBLISHING: Mr. Max Call – Preparing pictures, cover, and manuscript for printing.

NEWS MEDIA: Gunnison Valley News, Messenger-Enterprise Printing So., Mt. Pleasant Pyramid, and Radio Station KSVC (Kim and Charlie).

TYPISTS: Janice Barton
Andrea Graham

VOLUNTEERS: All those persons who have given of their time for the publication and distribution of the SAGA.



TRIBUTE

Pioneering is never an easy task, whether it is building a new empire or marking new trails, following rugged paths as our forefather did, or encouraging the preservation of the history of this precious heritage.

Few have the ability to inspire and direct, to persevere. Some have the insight and understanding to know how to produce, beautifully and well, those things that endure. Some have the stamina and the courage to stand for correct principles and practices, to make choices and decisions that affect for good the lives of others. Some put others above self, letting not the right hand know what the left hand does, counseling with the Lord in all their doings.

In a time when women are reaching for more freedom, for new power, some have sought for ways to serve, to be a righteous influence in the lives of others. Some have taken to heart the words of Paul, “Stir up the gift of God within thee.”

Such a person is Linnie M. Findlay, who, with this in mind, suggested that a book be published to “capture some of the fast disappearing stories of the early period of Sanpete history.” Her idea was greeted with the statement, “Fine, you be the chairman.”

As Chairman and Editor of the Saga of the Sanpitch for the past five years, Sister Findlay has had a single minded devotion to this project. With a keen awareness of what counts in human values, hers has been a “voice with something to say, an individual voice of strength.” She has pressed on in spite of obstacles, dedicating earnest effort to a labor of publishing a book that has reached the hearts and lives of people all over America and in a number of foreign countries, a book that has given opportunity and encouragement to many who have a strong desire to write...to preserve the stories of a heritage as ‘high as mountains and serene as valleys.’

To a pioneer in a new writing venture, to one who magnifies the testimony instilled by worthy ancestors, to one who has dedicated so willingly countless hours of time and tireless effort and inspiration, we express our love and appreciation to Linnie M. Findlay, pioneer of the Saga of the Sanpitch.

Picture with this story: Linnie M. Findlay

WINNERS IN SANPETE COUNTY HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST 1974

DECISIONS OF:

Mrs. Edna J. Gregerson
Mrs. Katherine D. Blackham
Mr. Joseph E. Olsen, Sr.

ANECDOTE:	MOLASSES MONEY.....	First Place
	FAITHFUL TO THE	Second Place
ESSAY:	I REMEMBER GRANDPA.....	First Place
	PIONEERING YOUTH MEETS CHALLENGE.....	Second Place
	HISTORICAL REVIEW-WALES COAL MINE.....	Honorable Mention
POETRY:	GRANDFATHER.....	First Place
	THEY PASSED THIS WAY.....	Second Place
	BIG COTTONWOOD TREE.....	Honorable Mention
SHORT STORY:	DONKEY IN THE STRAW.....	First Place
	WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.....	Second Place
	ONE EXTRAVAGANCE IN 25 YEARS.....	Second Place
	HEAP BURN.....	Honorable Mention
	WAKARA.....	Honorable Mention

PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

ANECDOTE:	COW THAT KEP HER COOL.....	First Place
	COST OFFSET.....	Honorable Mention
ESSAY:	CREEPER, The.....	First Place
	BIG PIONEER STORE, The.....	Second Place
POETRY:	SAGA OF SANPETE COUNTY SETTLERS.....	First Place
	FAITHFUL PIONEER.....	Second Place
	TEMPLE HILL.....	Honorable Mention
SHORT STORY:	WHERE THERE IS PEACE.....	Second Place

SENIOR DIVISION

ESSAY:	GRANDMA'S WEAVING.....	First Place
	MARY ANN SERENE AND UNAFRAID.....	Second Place
	HISTORY JOHN PRICHARD SQUIRE, SR.....	Honorable Mention
	TOGETHER AGAIN.....	Honorable Mention
POETRY:	DREAMS OF A PIONEER.....	First Place
	BRIDGET.....	Honorable Mention
SHORT STORY:	INDIAN STORY.....	First Place
	A STILL SMALL VOICE.....	Second Place
	BROWNSKIN RAIDERS.....	Honorable Mention
	GREEN GROCERY, The.....	Honorable Mention

MOLASSES MONEY

David Rosier,
Mononi, Utah
First Place Anecdote

The eating habits of the early settlers were different than ours. Molasses, for instance, was often used in place of sugar. Some of their rules of conduct were also unlike our own. The Word of wisdom was not so strictly a part of the religion then as it is now.

At one time, when molasses was especially expensive, Grandma became convinced she could not live without that sweetening, no matter what price. She insisted Grandpa go to the molasses maker and buy a new supply. Now, he was a man who watched his money. He knew the molasses maker well, and he also knew his wife's qualms well. Slyly, he agreed to go if Grandma would go along, too.

After an exchange of neighborly pleasantries, the three of them went to the vat of molasses, Grandpa still insisting that Grandma accompany him. The molasses maker chewed tobacco. He spit as he leaned over the vat, hardly caring where the various splashes landed.

Grandma was aghast. "John," she cried, "I believe I have enough molasses at home after all."

"But you said..."

"I can get by, John."

With a twinkle in his eye, Grandpa returned home, his purse as heavy as when he had gone.

Source: Family stories of Lillian H. Rosier.

FAITH TO THE END

Lee C. Larsen
Mt. Pleasant, Utah
Second Place Anecdote

When Brigham Young called families to go to outlying places to colonize, these families would always take with them livestock, seed, and other provisions. There were always a few chickens taken to provide eggs for the family. After laying eggs for some time, most hens get the urge to sit on a nest and hatch her eggs.

When a hen got that urge, she was called a "scrook." Many an unsuspecting child visiting the hen house experienced the fury of a scrook as he reached under her to see if there was a harvest. The unsuspecting intruders usually hurriedly left in tears with faces full of feathers and numerous scratches. Although these scrooks were sometimes a problem, they, nevertheless, were necessary to increase the size of the flock by hatching and caring for baby chicks. When a hen had grown old and fat, she made that supreme sacrifice of being transformed into delicious chicken soup and Danish Dumplings for General Authorities visiting stake conference.

Sometimes for weeks ahead, these scrooks would steal away to a secret, secluded spot and lay their eggs, and when the nest was full, she would set on them until the proud day when she could emerge with a posterity.

It was during the big flood that so devastated the city of Mt. Pleasant that one such scrook attained state-wide attention. It seems that a little straw stack had been in the path of the flood and was floated some three quarters of a mile from its original location. This scrook had stolen her nest in this straw stack. When the straw stack finally came to rest on Main Street, she was still faithfully attending to her duty of sitting on her eggs.

THE COW THAT KEPT HER COOL

Mrs. Dorothy J. Buchanan
Richfield, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Anecdote

Since we were children, most of us have heard about the cow that jumped over the moon, but this cow I have in mind jumped under the moon...or that is, she fell into a cellar, back in those pioneer day, 115 years ago. My great grandfather, Jens Larsen, came to Mt. Pleasant in 1859 and soon began to build his first house..of necessity a slow process. He planned a two room, block adobe house with a dirt roof and cellar. At first, only the north room was built, which the family occupied. Then the cellar was excavated and Jens planned to build the south room on top of that.

Things went along smoothly until one spring day the valuable family cow strayed too close to the cellar and fell into it, but fortunately was uninjured.

Quite a hubbub ensured when friends and neighbors hurried to the spot to offer Jens advice as to ways and means he should employ to get the cow safely out of the cellar. The cow was heavy and the cellar was deep. How could they every manage it? They possessed no tools or mechanical devices to help them. But as pioneers were noted for their ingenuity and skill in many things, there was always a way! The men simply threw piles of hat and straw into the cellar until it was high enough for Bossy to walk calmly out. She was the only one who had not been excited!

COST OFFSET

WILMA Despain
Centerfield, Utah
Professional Division
Honorable Mention

“Oh, Isaac, how can you even think of giving our darling to those savages? You’ve given them everything they have ever asked for, but now this? I won’t let them have my baby, do you hear, I won’t let them!” Almora, Father Morley’s wife was near hysteria as she screamed these words through tightly stitched lips!

“Dear, I have tried to explain to you that it is better to lose one life, no matter how precious, than many.” Father Morley’s voice was hoarse and strained from much pleading with the Indians and with his distraught, frantic wife!

He tried once more to reason with her, but she did not hear him and continued to plead with him to not let those savages have their darling, brown-eyed boy.

Almora, not a stranger to death, heart ache and trauma, was the sister of Eliza R. Snow, the poetess, and just as sensitive and refined.

Patriarch Morley, called Father by his co-settlers of Manti and also by the red men, who saw the love these pioneer saints had for their leader, had had many decisions to make in his life time. He, too, was no stranger to heart ache and had a first-hand acquaintance with all the rigors and tragic things that happened to many of these brave, early day colonists.

He had had his farms, his businesses and all burned by maddened mobs in the East before Manti day; he had given his all for the church, and had come west with the first companies, and then was sent here to Manti as head of the ones there.

This cruel, cold afternoon the Chief of the Indians of this area had come with some of his braves to demand this baby as a token of trust from the 'mericats'. He was stirred up, periodically, by his two renegade brothers, Sanpitch and Arrowpeen, and this time they meant business! His braves hunched down in their blankets for warmth and stared at the ones gathered there with hostile eyes and with ice forming from the steam from their mouths and those of their horses.

After much prayer and deliberation, Father Morley, who had been counselor to the first Bishop of the church in 1833, and had had to make many hard decisions and give his all before, gave his boy to them!

They prayed and despaired for three days, then they saw the big white horse of Chief Walker (Yawderao or Yawkeraw) approaching. They ran to meet the, even though weak and terrified! "We will all be killed now," but they wanted to learn the fate of that baby.

There he was, very, very dirty, but unharmed, from his visit in this bitter weather. Chief Walker indicated with sign language, Indian language, and some English, that, "Father Morley trust Walker, he Walker's friend forever more, no more burning or pillaging and killing. Walker trusted white man, now, because President Morley trust Walker! He had kept his promise to Father Morley, and was baptized a member of the L.D.S. church by his hands!

I REMEMBER GRANDMA

Edith Allred
Price, Utah
First Place Essay

Half-way up the center aisle on the right-hand side of the Mt. Pleasant cemetery, a modest tombstone proclaims to passers-by that Hannah Madsen Aldrich rests here. This fact, in itself, is not startling, but as one reads on, he wonders whether or not the stone cutter has not made an error in his dates. Born October, 1840. Died May, 1942. Nearly one-hundred two years old!

"Bet there isn't another one like it in the entire cemetery," my brother remarks drily.

Long before she became the occupant of this narrow plot of ground, Grandmother was a vivacious teenager in far-off Denmark. Each day she attended school, and life was filled with the magic of living, of loving, of youth.

Then one day in early 1856, Mormon Elders knocked on the door of Ole Madsen's modest home, and the family heard their compelling message and believed. To Ole and Annie Madsen, the message filled a missing link in their lives. Soon they were meeting in the homes of other interested citizens to study the new religion.

In a country in which a state church exists, one is quickly ostracized if he dissents from the established pattern. Old and his fellow converts were well aware of this fact, but they continued to meet secretly until the inevitable leak of their clandestine meetings. Ole's home was bombarded that very evening by irate neighbors and inflamed citizens who pelted his home with rotten eggs and spoiled tomatoes. He knew now that his moment of truth had come. He must leave immediately with his family if he were to save them from further harassment and persecution.

The converts crouched against the walls of the darkened house, hurriedly formulating plans for an early exit. It was not soon enough, however. Their children were driven from school and former friends and even relatives spurned them.

The valiant band of Danish converts made their way to Liverpool, England, where they met other converts and set sail on the ship Horizon with 856 Mormon converts aboard. They arrived in Boston Harbor on June 30, 1856, after eleven weeks of ocean travel. Because they had little or no money, most of them hastened to Iowa City so they could depart immediately for Mormon Country and permanent homes in the Rocky Mountains before winter set in.

Here they built handcarts of green wood. This enabled hundreds of immigrants who had no money for travel by other means to make the trek to Zion. Seventeen pounds of clothing was allotted to each person.

Although Brigham Young had warned the Saints not to leave so late in the season, these poverty-stricken people had little or no choice. The last two handcart companies left in July. The James G. Willie Company on July 15th; The Edward Martin Company with its 756 persons on July 28th. Hannah and her family were included in the Martin Company. Captain B. Hodgett, traveling with an ox team, was told to remain behind the two companies in case they needed help. The companies traveled along the North Platte River, but Hodgett eventually got ahead of the Martin Company which was strung out for miles when early storms slowed them down. Not nearly enough clothing had been allotted to keep the people warm. Had it not been for Franklin D. Richards and other returning missionaries who were traveling by horse teams and who passed the suffering companies and purchased buffalo robes for them in Laramie, Wyoming, probably fewer would have survived the ordeal. As it was, approximately 40 per cent of the Martin Company perished from exposure, starvation, and disease.

When Richards arrived in Salt Lake, he informed Brigham Young of the desperate straits of these late companies. Brigham, in the midst of his October conference, adjourned it quickly, so he could get help to the hapless victims.

The Willie Company was found first. Half of the rescuers remained with this group and half proceeded to find the Martin Company.

Snowbound, with almost no food, their feet bruised and bleeding, and some with feet frozen to the knees or so weak they could not walk, the people waited to be taken in their wagons. In one of her rare conversations about the ordeal, Hannah revealed that some of the members had eaten their own fingers and sucked the blood. When a burial took place, no one looked back, for most bodies were simply buried in snowdrifts and the wolves had found them before the Saints had traveled a block, she said.

Since women, children, and the elderly and sick were taken first, Hannah and her family were taken before her father. As she kissed him goodbye, she expected to see him very soon, but Ole Madsen's hours on earth were numbered. That same night he died of exposure and strain and was buried in a shallow grave by the trail, along with twelve other souls who perished with him. Hannah, her widowed mother, and three small children were thus left to make their way alone in a strange land.

Hannah was now sixteen years old. She and her sister were able to obtain jobs doing housework in Salt Lake City where Hannah soon met a young Massachusetts convert, who had come to Utah with his mother and two sisters. Hannah and Martin were married on December 10, 1860. They became the parents of seven living children.

At various periods they lived in Circle Valley, Chester, Milburn, Indianola, later making their permanent home in Mt. Pleasant, where they became prominent early-day settlers.

There are many things I remember about Grandma. First of all, she was a lady. I never saw her when she was not "dressed up." Perhaps this was a carry-over from her days of poverty and ragged clothing.

At age 98, she had her hair cut for the first time in her life. No one ever saw her without her earrings and her broach.

On her one-hundredth birthday my father brought three new dresses to her home for her to see. She was to make a choice of one for her birthday. Grandmother tried them on and carefully evaluated each one. The she calmly announced, "I'll take them all. I'll pay for the other two myself."

When one of her nieces brought her a beautiful little orchid, shrug sweater for her birthday, she later brought it to my mother and said, "Here, Sena, do you want this grandmother sweater!"

Most amusing was the time one of her nieces insisted upon making Grandmother's burial clothes, much to Grandma's disgust and horror. After they were completed and presented to her, she brought them to my mother again. "Please keep these things. I don't want to see them." By the time she dies twenty-five years later, the moths had eaten the yellowed garments and they could not be used. Even in death she did not have to see them.

When Grandmother became the oldest lady in town, she quit attending the annual Old Folks' Party. This was the final blow to her vanity. The day before the party each year she developed a severe headache which kept her from attending. I never remember her being ill at any other time, although her corns did bother her when the moon changed.

Each Wednesday promptly at one o'clock she made her weekly visit to Sena's. Mother was expected to visit, not to do any housework. Even the children knew enough to visit or go play. Promptly at six o'clock we ate dinner and Grandmother departed for her home.

At Christmas time Grandmother made it very plain to all that she wanted no wool stockings, felt house slippers, or housedresses. Red beads, perfume, hair oil, earrings, or fancy combs were properly appreciated, however.

When John H. Stansfield, prominent Utah artist, decided he would like to paint a portrait of her when she became 100 years old, she willingly agreed. Each day for a week my brother took her on the handlebars of his bicycle to the artist's studio for the sitting. She enjoyed every minute of it.

What was the source of Grandma's longevity? We believe it was her rigid discipline. At 9 p.m. she retired. She ate well, but sparingly. Certainly her good health, financial security, and her ability to look forward were contributing factors.

She lived in the future. If she suffered any scars from her handcart ordeal or the disappointments of life, I detected only one..she sometimes read books and magazines upside down. One week before she died, she became ill. The Doctor said her feet just "wore out."

Sources:

"interview with Hannah Madsen Aldrich" by Grace Candland Jacobsen.

"Ordeal by Handcart" by Wallace Stegner.

Mormon Country by Wallace Stegner.

"Andrew Madsen's Journal" from Mt. Pleasant.

Aldrich Genealogical Records.

Records in L.D.S. Church Historian's Office from Mt. Pleasant.

Author's personal knowledge and acquaintance with Hannah.

PIONEERING YOUTH MEETS CHALLENGE

Leo C. Larsen
Mt. Pleasant, Utah
Second Place Essay

Youth can be counted on to come through. The future is theirs with its many challenges. Despair not. They will meet these challenges successfully. Let us consider a specific challenge that faced the early pioneers and note that the young generation, our modern pioneers, met the challenge.

"It is like all hell is turned loose and led by the devil himself," was one expression used to describe one of the devastating floods that suddenly struck Mt. Pleasant.

Judging from the soil formation of the Mt. Pleasant area and noting the deposits of rocks and huge boulders on the east bench farm lands, there must have been a long history of floods in the area. The first flood that reached the record books was in 1893 and was referred to by the old-timers as the Big Flood. One of the families that had homesteaded a place in the mouth of Pleasant Creek noted the heavy rains, then heard the sickening roar of the oncoming devastating force. They climbed the hill where the Mt. Pleasant electric power plant now stands. There a teen-ager, together with his younger sisters and widowed mother, noted with horror the on-rushing wall of mud, trees, and boulders that must have been twenty feet high. As it came out of the canyon with its deafening roar, less than fifty yards below them, they saw large trees simply up-rooted and tossed end over end downstream. Huge boulders would falter, then give way to the devilish force, and later come to rest in the fields below. A half brother of this family, at the first indications of the on-coming flood, jumped on his horse and rode to town to warn the people of the coming danger. No accurate records have been kept of the damages, but they were almost beyond comprehension. Since that time, the records show there have been twenty floods. There were four of these that were major disasters.

A ten-year old boy remembers one of these floods and describes the horror of it in these words:

“My Daddy and older brother were out on our farm irrigating when we saw this cloud burst on top of the mountain, Daddy sensed that there might be a flood. He told us to hook up old Tillie, our old bay mare, to the buggy and we would go home early. As we neared town we could see people running in all directions and could hear the roar of the flood. We could smell the sickening odor of flood mud. We learned that all the bridges had been washed out except one, which might not be safe to cross. There was a block and a half of mud and debris that had to be traveled before we reached this bridge. Since a few people had crossed the bridge on horses, Daddy decided to try it rather than not get home to Mamma. I grabbed Dad’s arm and my brother held on to me. Added fear and uncertainty of our getting home safely was felt when Daddy looked over the dash board of the buggy and noticed the single-tree of that buggy was bending and said that he hoped the single-tree or some part of the harness didn’t break before we got through the mud. I remember the horror that struck my heart as I silently asked myself what in the world would we do if it did break? How would we get through the mud, and get home? But, that goodness, nothing broke. It was indeed a battle between material strength, animal endurance, and the forces of nature.”

“As we approached the bridge, a big boulder had been deposited in the middle of the road, and old Tillie needed extra urging to pass the big, smelly thing. When we were directly over the channel, I remember how horrified I was as I looked down into that seething, smelly, rolling mass of mud having the consistency of thick brown gravy. Although the peak of the flood had passed, we could still hear the bump of the boulders being carried by the force of the water and mud. Once safely across, and out of the mud, old Tillie needed no urging to move forward, for she took off on a fast trot and we were soon home. Mama was out in the road anxiously waiting for us and all were thankful that we were home safely. I remember vividly that feeling of security as we sat down to supper of salt pork, potatoes and gravy, and fresh vegetables from our garden, with applesauce for dessert.”

When these forces of nature get turned loose there seems to be no limit to the possible destruction. They are no respecter of persons, nor do these forces seem to regard life as sacred. Animals that were in the path of the flood were swept away, And yes, one person lost his life in a flood that swept down Pleasant Creek. He and friends were watching the flood and the flood increased suddenly in volume. He slipped and fell in and was carried to his death. His body was later found three miles downstream clad only with one shoe.

The principle of cause and effect is an ever-present item to deal with. What caused these floods? What caused so much mud, rocks, and timber to be dislodged in the mountains and deposited in the valley? Could it be prevented or the extent of damages be lessened? With the loss of one man’s life, these questions were now being energetically investigated.

With the abundance of luscious grass on the mountain ranges and with the bumper hay crops being harvested in the valley for winter feed, expansion of the livestock industry was inevitable. The coming of the railroad facilitated importing more livestock. By 1893, it is on record that there were five hundred thousand head of sheep and cattle in Sanpete County, and most of these had their summer range on the East Mountains and had over-grazed the mountain range. This, then had destroyed most of the native grasses. The sheep and cattle had trampled the soil loose, and when heavy rains came, there was nothing to hold the rainfall and it picked up the soil and rocks, washing great gullies and further destroying the vegetation on the mountain side.

But time marches on, and one generation profits by the experiences of the past generations and builds upon the experiences and problems of the past. So it was with this flood problem facing the early settlers. The next generation initiated and completed an effective program of flood prevention which was primarily a program of controlled grazing, terracing the steep slopes, and reseeding the mountain range.

So once again, youth met the challenge. They made life and property a little less susceptible to the ravages of nature. Now a new challenge is surfacing that will demand expert "pioneering-ship" from future generations. With spiraling popularity of the vacation summer cabins and with the back-to-nature resources and preventing pollution of the environment faces the generations ahead. Youth will meet the challenge in time to prevent a problem instead of correcting a problem later.

It is not the era or the period of time that designated pioneering. It is the concern, the far sightedness, the determination to forge ahead in hereto-fore unknown and untried avenues of endeavor that designates a person, a group, and a community, yes, a generation as "Pioneers." So the challenge of pioneering passes from generation to generation. A generation saw, and future generations will see, the need to pioneer into the realm of conserving out God-given natural resources to make life safer, better, and more abundant for the unborn future to inherit. The world is in good hands when in the hands of energetic, dedicated, wise youth.

Sources:

History of Mt. Pleasant

U.S. Soil Conservation Service

Verlyn Oldham, Leora Oldham and John A. Peterson of Mt. Pleasant, Utah

Family records of author

HISTORICAL REVIEW OF WALES COAL MINES

Moroni Thomas

Wales, Utah

Honorable Mention Essay

In the year of 1854, the people of Sanpete Valley were gathered at Ephraim for conference because President Brigham Young was to speak. During his address an Indian arose. It was Tabiona, one of five Indian brothers, who claimed ownership of the valley and canyons near the present site of Wales.

In his hand, Tabiona held a black rock which he handed to President Young saying, "Heap burn." President Young examined the rock and asked if anyone in the audience was acquainted with coal mining. One man, John E. Rees said he was and that he knew a man in Manti, John Price who was an experienced miner and also had tools to work with.

These two men were given a special mission to go with Tabiona to prospect for coal. A few days later, they set out in wagon with the Indian. They traveled to the canyons on the west side of the valley. Near the mouth of one canyon was a large grove of cedar trees. Here, without any warning, Tabiona sprang from the wagon and disappeared. The men continue on foot. They had not gone far when John Rees noticed small pieces of coal in the bottom of the canyon. About a mile or so farther, they came upon Tabiona sitting on his

vein of coal. He did not want the white men to touch the black rock and disturb his beautiful canyon. After much talk, he agreed to sell the coal for a few head of cattle and some sheep. The men dug a dugout in the soft surface coal and began their work.

At this time, there was not much sale for the coal but President Young advised them to continue to operate. The when Johnston's army located at Camp Floyd, sent wagons for coal and paid for it with gold.

In 1859, a number of Welsh Saints were directed to what was now known as Coalbed to help develop the mines.

During the years that followed, there was much trouble with the Indians. At the close of the Black Hawk War in 1868, the Indians finally signed a treaty of peace so the people continued to dig coal.

In 1872, John Rees, John Price, Daniel Lewis, and Richard Price sold the mines. The ex-postmaster of Salt Lake City, John t. Lynch and C.C. Perkins organized a company to operate the mines and make coke. Twelve coke ovens were built and expensive crushing and washing machinery was installed. At this time, the mines employed nearly two hundred men. Although this coal was excellent for forge work, the expense of removing the rock proved unprofitable, and the new company failed.

Ex-governor Bamberger went to England and interested English capital in these mines. A new company was formed in 1875, to continue operation, the Central Pacific Coal Co. This company arranged for a branch line of railroad to extend from Nephi to the mines in order to ship the coal to market. Until this time, the coal had been freighted in wagons. The depot was built about one fourth mile south of town, a company store was erected near the depot. The miners would draw the major portion of their wages in merchandise from this store.

To honor the land from which many of them had come, they changed the name of their settlement to Wales at a session of the county court in Manti on September 6, 1869. However, the mines proved unprofitable when a better grade of coal was discovered in other parts of Utah, and operations discontinued. For a number of years various local men leased the mines and operated for local markets. Eventually work ceased, and the abandoned mines were sold for taxes.

January 18, 1907, Henry R. Thomas bought the mines from the county and again local people would lease the mines and furnish coal for surrounding areas.

About 1917, a man named Emmott Annus and his father leased the coal with options to buy. Then followed the bringing in of machinery and water pumps. For several months much coal was sold. Some days as many as 125 mine cars a day.

The coal was hauled in wagons to Chester and shipped by train to different localities. This operation continued for almost a year. The demand for the coal became so great, and in trying to supply the demand, Mr. Annus neglected to clean out all the rock and slate; consequently, the sales became less until this, too, went broke. The for about 15 years, the Thomas' and some of the local people dug coal and supplied the church, school, and most local families.

“THE CREEPER”

Eleanor P. Madsen

Ephraim, Utah

First Place Essay

Professional Division

Too-oot! Too-oot! Too-oo-oot! The clear, low whistle of the Sanpete Valley Train echoed cheerfully from the walls of the high mountains on either side of the silver track as the train made its way slowly, chug, chug, chugging up Salt Creek Canyon into Sanpete Valley. The small train followed along the

banks of the clear stream through tall, green grass in the spring of the year or meandered through glistening, snow-covered hills in winter.

The little train had its beginning when the valley was still new and young. As early as 1875, wise leaders saw a need for a train in Sanpete to haul the “burning rock” to other areas. When Tabiona, an Indian chief, first discovered the coal in 1854, and showed it to Brigham Young, the first coal mine in Utah was developed and this early train played an important part in the distribution of the coal.

The road to the mine was surveyed and partly graded in the 1870’s by residents of Salt Lake City. Later, Simon Bamberger, Governor of Utah, made a trip to England and interested a wealthy English Syndicate in the coal mine and the prospect of a railway to carry the valuable product to other parts of the world.

This new company extended a branch line from Nephi, where it joined the Oregon Short Line Railroad, past Fountain Green and over to Wales, with a spur going directly up Pete’s Canyon to the mine where the coal was loaded on the coal cars. The coal had previously been hauled out by wagon team.

Wales thus became the terminal and all the mail from Sanpete and Sevier counties was distributed from there. A post office was built, also a store and a boarding house. The coal venture lasted only a few years, however, as the “Central Pacific Coal and Coke Company that sponsored the building of the Sanpete Valley railway were insufficient to warrant continued operation of the mine. Consequently, the working plant and coke ovens were abandoned and the narrow gauge railway was taken up and re-located south of the vicinity of Fountain Green to Chester.”

A celebration with brass bands, dancing and public meetings welcomed the train to Chester. It wasn’t long until another extension of the track was made to Ephraim and then to Manti, the train being greeted with happy celebrations. At a later date the track was extended to the Morrison Mine, east of Sterling, for hauling of coal. Small parts of the narrow gauge track that led to this mine can still be seen across the meadows and salt flats.

In addition to the freight cars, baggage compartments, smoker and coal-fired engine, the train boasted a passenger car with twenty four plush seats that welcomed interested travelers for a day’s round trip ride from Manti to Nephi. The train schedule said, “leaving Manti at 7:45 a.m.” It returned to the point of departure about 3:30 p.m.

The “Round house’ at Manti was a terminal for the train. Here repairs were made, engines oiled and greased under the direction of Tom Chapman and Mr. Wood. Here the train turned around for another run. H.S. Kerr was Superintendent and had his office at the Manti depot. An early day train crew were William Watson, engineer; Sam Parry, fireman; George Bradley, conductor; Ray Stringham and John Kennyberg, brakemen. J.H. Hornung was agent in Manti.

The train had a number of nicknames, one was the “Polygamist Central.” It received this name because it was believed that the trainmen signaled the polygamists if Federal Officials were aboard.

Another name was “The Creeper” because of the slow pace which the train traveled. There were a number of reasons for the slow motion in addition to the train not being geared for high speeds. Leaving Manti the train had to cross the swampy meadows to the west of Manti and Ephraim and due to the boggy nature of the ground, if a faster speed were maintained, the cars had a tendency to rock on the unsteady track. There were also stray cattle feeding along the tracks and many time the Engineer had to pull the train to a sudden halt and get out to shoo a cow or a wayward calf off the track when it failed to pay attention to the loud, insistent tooting of the whistle. Sometimes the train would stop and allow the passengers or the crew to hunt a few jack rabbits on the way. Some years the grasshoppers would be so thick in the fields along the track, that they were a menace to safe, fast travel.

Going down Salt Creek Canyon couldn’t be a speedway either as passengers often wanted to stop and gather the long-stemmed, tasty, green water cress that grew along the pleasant stream in the spring of the year. In the fall, the Conductor of the train always obliged the sun-bonneted, overalled travelers by stopping at

“Vicker’s Ranch” half way down the canyon to pick some of the abundant hops from the vines that grew high along the fence. The hops were used for make malt beer.

Two young boys, ages twelve and fourteen thought the “Creeper” was well named. One morning they hitched their buckskin mare to the family milk cart for the daily trip to the farm west of Manti. As they neared the corner south of where the pea factory was later built, the train was just steaming up ready to leave the station. With a chug, chug and a whistle, away it sailed down the track. The younger boy hit the horse with his strap while the older one hung on tightly to the reins, driving as hard as he could. It was a race all the way to the cross road with the boys passing the vantage point and still strapping the horse down the lane and all the way to the farm before finally coming to a halt as the train was fast disappearing across the meadow route, the conductor waving his hat in farewell to the pleased boys.

Sometimes it was fortunate for the passengers that the train was slow moving. It happened once that the baggage care came uncoupled from the engine and the travelers were left sitting awhile as the engine continued on its merry way oblivious to what had happened to its load.

The baggage car that carried the mail was an important part of the early train. Many people enjoyed the walk to the depot to see their letters safely on their way.

In the earliest days when coal was shipped from Wales, kerosene, sugar, salt, molasses, and dry goods were brought back to the Sanpete communities. Later, freight cars carried livestock, wool, and grain from the valley and brought other needed merchandise, thus greatly improving the economy of Sanpete County.

The Denver and Rio Grande railway purchased the Sanpete Valley line in the early 1900’s and shortly after that discontinued the road from the Morrison mine and from Manti to Ephraim. At a still later date, they discontinued that portion of the Sanpete Valley branch extending from just north of Moroni to Nephi. The only part of the Sanpete Valley line now in operation is that from Ephraim to Moroni.

There are still those who remember and have nostalgic memories of the Sanpete Valley railway whenever a long, low, clear whistle is heard across the west meadows.

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Leslie L. Madsen and L.M. Kjar

THE BIG PIONEER STORE

Pearle M. Olsen

Salt Lake City, Utah

Second Place Essay

Professional Division

Some people in Mt. Pleasant or in Sanpete County, Utah, may be unaware of the fact that for a period of over twenty years there was a Z.C.M.I. branch store in Mt. Pleasant, and that it occupied three different locations during those years.

I sometimes heard my father speak of the old store known by that name, and I became interested in its history as I learned that the large red brick building I knew to be the Union Store had once housed the early Z.C.M.I. in the years of my father’s youth.

The Union Store in Mt. Pleasant stood on the present site of the Doughboy monument and the Armory Hall on Main and State streets. It faced south, and I found out that it was the first building erected in town that required a break in the old pioneer fort wall. Some rocks had to be removed from the southwest corner of the big wall in preparation for it.

I had also heard reference to a small store in early days that was called Z.C.M.I. and was on south State street. Still I heard of another location where a store was known by the same name. That building I remembered, but I knew it as a blacksmith shop on the corner of Main and state streets (southwest corner).

My interest was challenged by the various locations known as the early day sites of the store, and research led me to several references recorded by Andrew Madsen, a grand uncle of mine. His daughter compiled his information on early day Mt. Pleasant, and a book was sponsored by the Pioneer Historical Association of that town.

The book was sold for many years by the Association, but has been out of print for years as it was a limited edition. With this in mind I pass information along to share with many who have not had the privilege of reading and knowing about that old branch Z.C.M.I.

The Mt. Pleasant store was organized in 1870 after the pattern of the store that had been established the previous year in Salt Lake City, and named the Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution. The local company was begun with seven hundred dollars worth of stock subscribed by various individuals, among who were: W.S. Seely, P.M. Peel, Andrew Madsen, N.P. Madsen, Jacob Christensen, Niels Widergren Anderson, Peter Monsen, Hans Poulsen, J.W. Seely, Hans Y. Simpson, Mortin Rasmussen, and W.S. Seely was chosen as the first manager and superintendent. Andrew Madsen and C.N. Lund served later as superintendents. I was intrigued by the fact that my grandfather, Niels Peter Madsen, had been one of the first and principal investors.

Business began in one small room of a log building on the east side of State Street at Third South. Anthon H. Lund was a clerk there for a short time. Then the company built a larger, new log building on the southwest corner of the Main and State Street intersection where the drug store now stands. The logs of that new store were chinked with mud and the room was plastered with mud. Outside, above the door a large sign read: "Z.C.M.I."

Charles Hampshire and Olaf Sorensen were the clerks. One spoke English and the other Danish, so customers were understood and helped no matter which language they spoke. The store carried a variety of merchandise and developed a fine trade.

All trading was done at that time by written order or printed due bills for which people traded their produce. The produce was then freighted to Pioche, Nevada, and other mining towns where cash was received for it. Long trips were made with mule or horse teams, and the shorter trips with ox teams. It was seldom that a silver dollar was seen in Mt. Pleasant in those days, and the produce was as valuable as money would have been.

By 1878, it was found that even the mud-plastered building was very inadequate for the volume of business being done. So a two-story red brick building was planned and built on the corner opposite from the one chinked with mud. It later became the Wilson blacksmith shop that I recall.

The brick used in the new store was made at a brick yard west of town, and was mixed with horse power. After the adobes were formed they were covered with burlap and sand until thoroughly dry, then packed and burned for a week or two. Cedar wood from the Cedar Hills was used for burning.

A ladder was placed and men formed a bucket brigade that carried water up the ladder where it was poured over the kiln until the bricks were saturated. Any brick with lime in it would burst and be discarded. The good bricks were tested again by laying them in running water for several days.

Nothing but the first class bricks and other materials were used in building the new store. The huge timbers were hewn with a broad axe, and smoothed with drawing knives. A large basement furnished ample room for the storing of commodities on hand, and at its peak the store carried a twelve thousand dollar stock.

An outside stairway along the east side of the store led to a theatre and dance hall in the second story that served as an up-to-date amusement center accommodating larger crowds than the previously used Social Hall on the church square.

When the term of incorporation of Mt. Pleasant Z.C.M.I. expired, the stockholders decided to incorporate under the name of Equitable Co-op, and sometimes it was referred to as the Co-op Store. Later the name was changed to Union Store and was managed by Andrew Madsen for many years. The building was finally razed to provide a site for the Armory Hall and Doughboy monument.

References:

Personal knowledge of the author.

Gleanings from the book, Mt. Pleasant, compiled by Hilda Madsen Longsdorf in 1939.

GRANDMA'S WEAVING

Eloise C. Monson
Mt. Pleasant, Utah
First Place Essay
Senior Division

Grandma Syndergaard's tapestry of fabrics, carpets, rugs and stories have woven cherished memories in my heart and mind that I shall always treasure. She wove the most beautiful rugs and carpets out of old clothing that had been cleaned and cut into long strips and could not be used for anything else. She also wove cloth out of strands of wool thread, called yarn, that she had spun herself. But her weaving of love, industry, thrift and faith made the most beautiful tapestry of all.

After her children were all married and moved away from home, it fell to my lot to help Grandma since I was the oldest grandchild and big enough to help her. I would help her warp the loom when she was going to weave rugs or carpets. It was no easy task as it meant sitting on the floor back of the loom and holding the many strands of warp tight, while Grandma would them on to a large roller on the loom. It was a tiresome job and took us all afternoon. It was a job I didn't especially like but I loved to hear the stories she would tell me to keep me interested and awake on the job. She would tell me of her early life as a child in Denmark and of her life when she first came to this country and settled in Wales and then Mt. Pleasant. She was a fair young maiden when she became the second wife to her older sister's husband.

Grandma told me that in the early days here in Sanpete the women sheared the sheep. The men would catch the sheep and tie their legs together and place them on a platform so the women could shear them. Grandma would shear the sheep and keep right on working with the wool until she had a beautiful garment. When her first child was small, she would take her with her to the shearing corrals and put her on a quilt in the shade of a wagon box. There she would play or sleep until she needed to be nursed or changed and then Grandma would leave her work and go tend to her baby. Back to the shearing, she would go until the day was done or the job was finished.

One spring, Grandma rode on the running gears of a wagon from Mt. Pleasant to Indianola every day to shear sheep, leaving her three small children in the care of her mother at home. One morning she was unable to work as during the night she had given birth to a baby boy, her fourth child and second son.

After Grandma sheared the wool off the sheep, she would wash it clean and white then lay it out on a clean sheet to dry. When it was dry, she corded it until it was nice and soft and fluffy. Then she would sit at the spinning wheel where she spun it into fine yarn and wound it on shuttles and then onto a reel, where the length and width of the material was measured. Next she put it on the loom where it was woven into a beautiful

piece of cloth. The yarn or material was also dyed by a special process to get the desired color, then dried and pressed until it was smooth and straight.

One special piece of black cloth will never be forgotten. After she had done much cutting, sewing, pressing, and fitting, it became a beautiful new suit of clothes for Grandpa, with coat, vest, and pants. How proud he was to wear this new suit for the first time. The occasion was the dedication of the Manti Temple, May 21, 1888. Grandpa hitched the team of horses to the wagon and took the whole family to the dedication. How proud everyone was of him in his new suit on this special day, and how proud we all were of Grandma for her integrity of weaving fabrics, rugs, and carpets; but even more important was her weaving of memories for us to cherish and to pattern our lives after.

MARY ANN – SERENE AND UNAFRAID

Reva Tennant Jensen
Santa Maria, California
Second Place Essay
Senior Division

The year was June 1816, in Lea, Gloucestershire, England, when Mary Ann Price was born, the daughter of William and Mary Price, well-to-do and highly respected people in that neighborhood. Mary Ann was carefully brought up in the English tradition and educated at Broad Oak Academy, graduating with high honors.

In 1840, she became a member of the “Mormon” church and in the following year, immigrated to America and settled in Nauvoo. Here she formed an acquaintance with Apostle Orson Hyde, to whom she was married, by the Prophet Joseph Smith, in 1843.

In 1852, Mary Ann Price Hyde came to Utah and was for many years her husband’s amanuensis and copied many a manuscript from the Apostle’s dictation, thus assisting him greatly in his active life and work.

Many times Mary Ann proved her stalwart temperament heroically enduring all the early hardships incident to the early pioneers. Early in 1861, she and Apostle Hyde moved to Sanpete, as Apostle Hyde had been appointed Stake President, and that office he held until his death.

Mary Ann Price Hyde was made president of a branch organization of the Relief Society in 1879; she was sustained as president of the stake organization and this position she held up to the time of her death.

Twice a year, Sister Hyde visited every branch, traveling over rough roads in her horse and buggy, offering words of encouragement and advice regarding the work in hand. Largely through her efforts, the Relief Society was able to store thousands of bushels of wheat for any emergency that might arise.

Like Ruth of old she went into the fields to gather the golden grain left by the reapers. Modern harvesting machinery had not been introduced in Utah and grain gathering had ever been an important theme with Mary Ann. Sometimes volunteer boys and girls accompanied her; they came from many areas to be part of grain gathering. They sang as they gleaned. Sister Hyde taught them many Old English Ballads she had sung in her youth. The work went faster when they sang a lilting rhythm like “Johnny’s So Long at the Fair” or “Bringing in the Sheaves.”

Danger from hostile Indians was always present; one never knew when from out of the hills warriors draped in feathers and carrying tom-a-hawks might attack them and one day three hostile Indians did approach the field where the happy group was working. Mary Ann Price Hyde kept her wits and her calm. “Keep singing,” she called to the children and, “Johnny Shand, you run to the wagon and fetch all the lunch sacks.” With sign language, Sister Hyde bargained with the three warriors and they rode off with the sacks of lunch,

whooping a call of victory. Mary Ann quickly packed the children into a wagon and delivered them home safely.

There were no living children of her own, but she was much beloved by all the other children, especially by the children of her husband's family – to whom she had been a mother in every deed.

Her passing away in Manti ended her splendid career but her rare intelligence left its mark on every life she chanced to touch. She was without an enemy on earth, so widely loved and respected, and her departure unto death left heavy hearts but she left goals to reach and truths to teach.

Mary Ann Price Hyde was laid away beside her husband, Orson Hyde in Spring City and her epitaph reads:

Say that I went down to death Serene and unafraid, loving life but loving more,
SONG of which life is made.

HISTORY OF JOHN PRICHARD SQUIRE, SR.

Loren D. Squire
LaVerkin, Utah
Honorable Mention Essay
Senior Divison

John Prichard Squire was born March 30, 1824, in Bainbridge, Geauga County, Ohio. He was a son of Aaron and Elizabeth Prichard Squire. He kept a journal, or diary, from the age of 21 when he left his home in Ohio.

Lorenzo Snow, born in Manua, Ohio, April 3, 1814, became an early convert to the Mormon Church in Kirtland, Ohio, 1836, and began missionary work in his neighborhood. Among families he visited was the Squire family in nearby Bainbridge. He converted John P. Squire and his older sister Harriet, who became one of Lorenzo Snow's wives.

John P. Squire came to Utah with the Lorenzo Snow Company, arriving in Salt Lake City, September 22, 1848. At the October conference in 1849, Lorenzo Snow was called to open up the mission in Italy. He hired John P. Squire to take care of his families during his absence. He returned from his mission August 30, 1852.

October 1, 1852, Mr. Squire left the employ of Lorenzo Snow and left for Manti, where he built a one-room log cabin for the purpose of opening a school, which he did December 13, 1852. He had taught school in Illinois and Missouri the 1 ½ years before coming to Utah. He stated his usual salary as \$40.00 for a 3-month quarter, and he boarded around with the scholars.

This school house was back of the present home 27 to 31 North on 1st West across the street from the present Clyde Merriam home.

A couple of weeks after opening the school, Mr. Squire married Adelia DeMill, December 31, 1852. She was the daughter of Freeborn and Ann Knight DeMill, who was born in Jackson County, Missouri, September 19, 1832. This school room became their home, where they moved the school benches out after school and beds in for family living.

This journal states that he taught school in this building until February, 1866, when illness forced him to close it down. He died April 25, 1872, at the age of 48. They were the parents of 8 children—2 had died, leaving Mrs. Squire a widow with 6 children to raise. Mrs. Squire also raised 2 grandchildren whose mothers had died at their birth: Orson Allen, a son of Harriet Amelia, who died at his birth, and Alice Squire, a daughter of Oliver, the youngest son.

I (the author of this story) started school in Manti the fall of 1904, and got the job of getting the kindling wood and coal (when they had it) in for Widow Squire after school each night. She was 62 when I started this job and I did it several years. At this time, the old school room back of her home was used as a shed to keep her fuel in. I well remember some of the old school benches still in this old school house. The desks were made of logs 15 to 20 inches in diameter, sawed down the middle, with wooden pegs for legs high enough to put your knees partly in under them while sitting on the benches, made of logs 8 to 10 inches in diameter, sawed down the middle with shorter wooden pegs for legs.

I used to play with a sword that hung in a metal scabbard from a peg in the wall. My arms were not long enough to draw the sword without dropping the scabbard to the floor. Widow Squire said her father, Freeborn DeMill, had brought it all the way across the plains to Manti, as it was the one his father Garrett DeMill owned and used in the Revolutionary War, while he served in the Dutchess County, New York, Militia, under the command of Col. Abraham Brinkerhoff.

Widow Squire had a box full of old letters and papers; A pass, No. 3, given to her to attend the dedication of the Manti Temple, May 23, 1888, signed by Wilford Woodruff. She also had the Patriarchal Blessing given upon her father, Freeborn DeMill, by Joseph Smith, Sr., in the residence of Joseph Knight, Jr., in the city of FarWest, County of Caldwell, State of Missouri, February 6, 1839, and signed by Sysander M. Davis, scribe.

She had a number of tithing receipts issued to her during the 90's signed by Bishop W.T. Reid. In 1893, tithing receipts were printed thus:

_____ has paid _____ dollars on tithing account.
Name

In 1894, receipts were printed about the same wording as today:

_____ has voluntarily donated _____ dollars to the Church of Jesus
Name
Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

Following were copies of some receipts:

- June 23, 1893, Adelia Squire has paid 2lb. butter - \$.40
- May 10, 1894, Adelia Squire has voluntarily donated 3 doz. Eggs - \$.18
- May 11, 1895, Adelia Squire voluntarily donated 3 lbs. Butter - \$.45
- March 25, 1896, Adelia Squire, 2 lb. butter - \$.30, 3 doz, eggs - \$.18 = \$. 48
- July 18, 1900, Adelia Squire, 3 lbs. currants - \$.06, 3 lbs. gooseberries - \$.12 = \$.18
- October 5, 1896, John P. Squire, Jr., 1530 lbs. Lucern - \$3.06, signed Bishop H. Jenson.

This journal also reports he was elected to the office of First Lieutenant, Company A, November 18, 1865.

TOGETHER AGAIN

Golden Sanderson
Fairview, Utah
Honorable Mention
Senior Division

Uncle John Erickson was the earliest immigrant on my mother's side to come to America. He settled in the north end of Sanpete County in Oak Creek, a farming community north of Fairview. As I look back on my brief associations with this grand old man, I have held a very tender feeling for him throughout my life. Somehow I knew that Uncle John held understanding and affection for this little boy, Golden.

My uncle was a small man, whiskered face with a pointed beard that extended about six inches below his chin. This gray beard, which was always neat and never shaggy, gave my uncle his individuality. Uncle John Erickson was kindness itself to me. He had a soft, soothing voice. His delivery of words was a little slow and held the interest of Swedish accent. Uncle John had a great influence on the family in the events that follow.

John Erickson was a stone mason by trade. His work was always in demand since early day home building found stone an available building material. His building activities expanded through his marriage to widow lady Acton. This union, with no records as to who owned what at the time, was a great working force with a team of horses, a wagon, a bob sled, a mild cow, and two sons of lady Acton for good measure. This was a rather solid beginning. The log house they lived in still stands in Oak Creek. At this point, life in America and Utah held great promise.

Opening up a rock quarry at Hill Top, Uncle John, with the help of his two step-sons, would quarry out the sandstone in the winter and haul it home on the bob sleds where it was dressed for foundations and building stone. Spring and building activities found Uncle John available for laying stone, adobe and brick. He also had a stock of materials for sale. Fairview has two outstanding buildings that give expression to the great art of those old-country artisans; the Fairview North Ward Chapel, and the Fairview Museum. The arches and detailed work of both of these buildings are a historical preservation of great value. One is done in the horizontal pattern, the other in random pattern. As a boy, I was so fascinated watching the great skill of this stone mason; each move of the chisel, each strike of the hammer, each chip that fell would bring out and expose the sculptured interest. The rock would always break at the selected point.

Uncle John's letters to the folks in his native Sweden told of his business activities and the opportunities in this new and undeveloped land. These letters Uncle sent back to the old country told convincing stories of the Mormon missionaries, religious salvation, and life beyond the grave. They were strong tools in winning converts.

Utah was the place where new religion found sanctuary and freedom of worship. It is a Mormon belief that if a person lives his religion and is endowed in a temple he may gain eternal life. Along with a new religion, Utah was also given the opportunity to take up land under Federal grant.

Records are not available as to the number of children born to my great grandfather and great grandmother. Two sons attended and Erickson reunion some years back that were living in the Northwest. It is my conclusion that the grown children of the family were migrating to America, otherwise, I can see no logic in great grandparents coming to Utah. They were old people when they arrived, perhaps 69 years old. Birth dates show great grandmother to be five years older than grandfather.

With some of the family already over here, the convincing story of the Mormon missionary, the great opportunities in the new undeveloped west, decisions were made. As far as I know, my Swedish ancestors were tradesmen; certainly people of most modest means. A family migration was organized. Sailing from Sweden (no record of the date) was my Great Grandfather Erick Phresson, born in Appsalä, 1818; my Great

Grandmother Greta Lisa Frojd, born Stockholm, 1813; my grandmother Erica Katrina Petterson, born Uppsala, 1841. With Grandmother were her two daughters, Erica, age 12, my mother Louise, age 5, and Aunt Ellen, who was to be born in America. It is not known what the real facts were as to why Grandfather did not come with his wife. It has been stated that he had not been converted to Mormonism and held bitter feelings. It was understood, however, that Grandpa was to come later. As Grandma and the children boarded the boat, little did she know that this was the last time she would ever see her husband. Grandpa never got to America, and there is no record of what happened.

I asked my mother if she could remember about the trip across the ocean. What had impressed her to a lasting memory was the great number of sea sick people, the filthy conditions of the rest rooms and the decks. Here they were, three adults, two children, not one of them able to speak a word of English, leaving their homeland for a strange and unfamiliar land.

It must have been the responsibility of the Mormon Church to meet them at the Eastern seaboard and escort them across the plains. I have thought so much about the great faith they must have held. Transportation was mostly by team and wagon. The weeks of plodding oxen over bumpy, dusty, roads was wearing on the old great grandparents and was expressed by my great grandmother when they arrived at the little log house in Oak Creek. Climbing down off the wagon, looking at the little log house, looking at the undeveloped, raw, untamed landscape; she dropped to her knees, hands folded, face skyward, the simple words, "Heavenly Father." No one in the family is able to put the meaning to those two words. Was she glad to be at the end of the journey where her weary body could find rest? Was the little humble home of Uncle John's disappointing when she must have read about this home to be the dream of her final years? Was it the brush and wilderness that surrounded the few homes of the little village?

Great Grandfather Erick and Great Grandmother Greta never did adjust to the new life. Unable to speak English, their lives were restricted and very limited. They remarked on one occasion that if it were not for the ocean between them and home they would start walking and never stop until they reached their native Sweden.

Life had narrowed around those old ancestors to the point that there was little left but each other. This bond of love and devotion to each other took on greater meaning as time went on. Great Grandmother Greta took sick and died on January 22, 1889. (It is noted that they had got their endowment on November 14, 1888) At the time of Greta's death, the old couple was located in Fairview in a little log house in the east part of town near Cottonwood Creek. To great Grandfather Erick, whatever life seemed to hold for him was buried in the grave in the lower cemetery west of Fairview. Great Grandmother died in January. It was the dead of winter; but each day, without fail, for nearly a month, Erick walked to the cemetery and stood in grief at the grave and returned to what surely must have been an empty house.

In February (the date was not recorded) while Great Grandfather was at the graveside, a sudden blizzard set in—strong, cold wind from the north with much drifting snow. Evening came, but the lonesome old man had not returned. Great concern spread among the townspeople. The travel pattern to and from the cemetery did not follow established roads where short cuts could be found. After the storm settled, a search was made; but drifted snow had piles up covering the landscape with a white mantle of deep soft snow. With the coming of spring, and the melting snow, Great Grandfather was found in a thick bunch of Oak at the edge of town, his body curled up tightly with his back to the wind, his hands clasped together under his chin. As the cold numbed his body into eternal rest, a harsh winter day had given relief to his lonely heart. The Latter Day Saints endowment of the year before must have been comforting as he contemplated his final hour.

GRANDFATHER

(Lars Matthias Christen Christensen)

Elaine C. Southwick

Provo, Utah

First Place Poetry

He didn't visit much; just watched by his gate,
Wishing we'd come.
We scarcely noticed him but felt him solidly there
Like an old trunk you hoped to explore---someday.

At kitchen table, we wondered at his spooning clabbered milk
Into his funnel-mouth,
The sugar-mottled froth clinging to his bristled mustache
Like suds to a scrubbing brush.

He didn't say much; Grandma said it all with her
"Vell dens" and "ust tinks."
But his crinkled-corner eyes followed us
Askingly about.

At family gatherings, scrubbed, square, and smiling,
He dandled the babies on his knees
Counting their spread fingers with
"Tommil-tot, Slick-pot, Long-man, Coolabran,
And Little-bit-of-Spilliman."
His eyes begged out stingy kisses thrown
Emptily toward him.

He'd sooner been in bib-overalls, so-bossing the cow,
Or in the garden
Half apologizing to the weeds before hoeing them.

Or eyes, squinting against the sunlight,
Surveying the needs of the yard grown to half wilderness,
Edging away from him, too.

At church, a middle-seater, smiling, listening, nodding...
Week days, climbing Temple Hill,
Recording hundreds of researched names
Of "Old Country kin' who'd stopped their ears long ago
To salvation.

When he took to bed, silently enduring his gangrenous toe,
We hovered on the edge of loving him,
Worried...aching....

When he took to coffin, shining in his temple robes,
He eluded our belated yearning
To touch him, be part of his peace, show our guilty regret,
Our daybreak love...no longer needed now.

On after birthdays we honored him;
Listening to testimonies of struggles and strengths,
Defeats and determinations,
And of his conversion.
Wishing we'd listened to him, known him,
Understood him and loved him.
Wishing...wishing.

THEY PASSED THIS WAY

Olof J. Christensen
Ft. Green, Utah
Second Place Poetry

O'er prairie lands and desert sands,
The Handcarts creaked their way.
Where white, bleached skulls of oxen
starred,
They seemed to say, they passed this way.

They passed this way, their goal was high,
Yet distant like the starry sky.
They passed this way, the winds might say,
They passed this way, they passed
this way.

They passed this way so long ago,
Thru summer's sun and winter's
snow,
They passed this way so long ago.

On trails grown dim, so long ago,
They passed from day to day.
Beset by cold and hunger, they wended
Their weary way, their long and
weary way.

And sometimes when the lights were low,
They dreamed of trails of long ago.
And gently shed a tear for they,
Who found their rest along the way.

And when the night shades gathered deep,
Within the circled wagons there,
The gleaming stars watched o'er their sleep,
And slumber eased them of their
care.

THE BIG COTTONWOOD TREE

Wilford Wheeler
Fairview, Utah
Honorable Mention Poetry

I wonder how old is that Cottonwood Tree,
 The one in the meadow, the big one you see?
It's stood sturdy and strong since I was a lad,
 And many years more according to Dad,
Who selected and spared it while clearing the land
 And left it a landmark unscared by a hand.
It grew in a grove known only to God,
 And probably Indians who under it trod.
It's stood stately and tall without much acclaim,
 But our family gave it "The Big Cottonwood" name.

It never bows down to wind or to snow,
 But courage and strength seems from it to glow.
It seemed part of our lives and the part we loved best
 Was while under its branches taking a rest.
'Twas out by the Big Tree in the meadow we'd play
 For some of the night or part of the day.
If the Big Tree could talk it would tell many a yarn
 Of cows in the meadow or sheep in the corn;
Or of the howl of coyotes to give me a chill,
 Or of rabbits or deer going over the hill.

Seems happy to stand as a sentinel strong
 For more than a century, I don't know how long.
True to its Maker and never gave vent
 To any harsh feeling or never got bent.
It buried its roots deep in soil that is rich,
 Not far from the head of the river Sanpitch.
With beauty and size I think it would rate
 The largest Cottonwood in all of the state.
Sixteen feet in circumference, eighty feet in the sky.
 It it's not the Monarch, then please tell me why.

SAGA OF SANPETE COUNTY SETTLERS

Remelda Gibson
Tooele, Utah
First Place Poetry
Professional Division

Despite the disadvantages
Of ups and downs and ills,
The dauntless pioneers built towns
In Sanpete County's hills
(they also built the mills).

The farmers followed ox and plow
To till the sage-brushed land.
The women sewed the cloth they spun
And scrubbed their clothes by hand
(the wash board shed the sand).

They churned the butter that was used
Upon the home-baked bread.
They cooked the meals on black stoves that
Were constantly wood-fed
(the coals were flaming-red)

The water for the weekly bath
Was boiler-heated-hot.
The tub was small for a grown-up

But, large for tiny-tot
(they learned to share a lot).

Accompanying a mother's role
In grievous, lengthened labor,
The birth of babes was accompanied
By midwife or neighbor.
(the pain cut like a saber).

Long-gone courageous pioneers,
Immortalized by men,
Through fearlessness and bravery
Are a boon now as then
(and future where and when).

They walked the plains and pulled handcarts
Or trekked a wagon's wake.
They blazed, endured and conquered
For Sanpete County's sake!
(their chain will never break!)

FAITHFUL PIONEER

Sherrie A. Hundley
Orem, Utah
Second Place Poetry
Professional Division

Faithful pioneer,
Trusting God, you left your home behind,
To travel far and start anew,
And only faith as strong as yours
Could take you there and see you through.
Did God intend that you should suffer so?
I do not know.

Hardy pioneer,
Trudging on, you brought your family here—
A place you had not seen before,
And here you built your new abode
And leaned to do God's will.
Life's trails found you, more and more,
 Yet did you say a harsh, complaining word?
 I have not heard.

Blessed pioneer,
Tearfully, I stand beside your grave.
I think about your life and hope somehow
You know the gratitude I feel.
Though in this life we never met,
Your heritage is mine, and so
 I wonder if I'll someday know you well,
 I cannot tell...

Gifted pioneer,
Beautifully, a temple stands upon a nearby hill
Your hands and others helped to make it so.
Your love and talent shows itself
Inside this sacred edifice,
So it it carved upon my heart where'er I go.
 Can I someday be worthy of knowing such a man?
 I hope I can.

DREAMS OF A PIONEER

Ellen L. Tucker
Fairview, Utah
First Place Poetry
Senior Division

The oxen were tired, and the sun was hot.
 The driver was proud of the team he had bought.
Down in this valley so beautiful and green—
 It was the most peaceful sight he had ever seen.

With the clear streams and rich deep soil,
 He would plant and harvest with great toil.
In his mind he could see, the cabin he planned
 To live with his family in this beautiful land.

Indian paint brush flowers and sego lilies too,

Would be planted by his cabin in this land so new.
The laughter of children would adorn his home.
From this great happiness he would never more roam.

This same valley where Moroni had trod,
A Temple to be built to worship God.
There was work to be done by this brave pioneer.
Who had come to this Valley, we hold so dear.

So onward he came, with these thoughts in his mind.
No regrets of the comforts he had left behind.
We thank you dear pioneer, for the blessings we greet,
When we come to our homes in the Beautiful Sanpete.

BRIDGET

Reva Tennant Jensen
Santa Maria, California
Honorable Mention Poetry
Senior Division

Bridget was left in Dunfermline
When John Shand's Guide ship sailed;
"I'll send for you my love, be brave
In truth you'll soon be mine"

A new Religion, a lusty land
Blind faith becoming John-
Since Alex and Charley had written
"Hoot man-gae'aua quick, 'tis grand."

While Bridget prayed and planned
In faraway Manti
The Scots were greeting John.
His cronies from old Scotland.

Alex gave him half his hill
('twas richt mindful O've lad)
N' helped him build a hoose for two
A-fore the winter chill.

Springs fair fields turned brown and gold
They had shared the toil of each day,
Saving coppers
For her journey and wedding briar.

Patience ebbing out with the tide
Bridget cut her raven locks
Sold each braid, filled her jar,
With the converts, she sailed with pride.

Lads N' Lassies steeped in Melodies
With youth, laughter and skills
Devotion, justice and faith
Made Manti a city of trees.

Immortal love of Bridget and John
Relentless in their faith;
Auld Scotlands songs still ring
Their children's children carry on.

DONKEY IN THE STRAW

Norma S. Wanlass
Manti, Utah
First Place Short Story

“Git up here, you stubborn, lop-eared jackass, you,” a hoarse, half-whispered command forced its way out through clenched teeth as Will Arthur Cox tugged on the rope in an effort to get the donkey up on top of the straw stack.

The object of this indignity was the property of a would-be suitor who had traveled from Nephi to court some young Manti girl. This night he had chosen to heap his attentions on one of the Cox sisters, but their mothers had decided that they would all be favored, and they had spent most of the afternoon trying to make themselves the most attractive.

Ed’s toes dragged along on the ground as he rode toward the younger sisters who stood watching him close the gap between them. Of course, the older ones busied themselves nonchalantly about the dooryard while Ed grinned broadly and waved vigorously toward them.

The Indians had raided the settlement of Nephi a few nights before and had run all their livestock off. This donkey came wandering home the next day so, because it was the only transportation available, he rode it to Manti.

He arrived in time to help with the evening chores before supper and had earned the wholehearted approval of the four wives of Father Cox. He planned to sleep with the Barn Crowd in the “Old Cox Barn” for a couple of nights before returning experiences on his trip to Nephi, but now he was the center of a spellbound audience as he told of his experiences on his trip to the Missouri River for immigrants. The girls had to know what the latest fashions were. Did style call for hair piled on top of their heads or worn long? What were the latest dance steps? Could he remember the popular songs they were singing in St. Louis now?

Ed told them what he had observed and then he added, “Hell, they’re just girls, the same as you are.”

The girls giggled and Louisa replied, “I’ll wager their hands aren’t as rough and calloused as ours are, anyway.”

The boys had decided to play a trick on Ed because they were being totally ignored. While he was receiving all the attention they were shoving and pulling, dragging and heaving his donkey up to the top of the straw stack by the barn.

“Black Hawk probably bribed this stupid, onery mule to return home” Hase Clark snorted. “Wonder why they didn’t kill it and be done with it.”

When the donkey was up on the stack they tied it to a shed post and put an ox bow across its shoulder, then mounted a sack stuffed with straw on its back and left it for the night.

Ed left the “Big House” about nine o’clock and walked quickly to the barn. He was thinking about Lavinia’s brown eyes, Emmrette’s tiny waist, Adelaide’s beautiful long hair—and what a flirt Rosalia was. When he came to Manti again he would have to pay special attention to Louisa. She was quite stand-offish. Emily, Sarah Ann and Esther were really cute, but he guessed they were a little too young.

As he walked into the barn a bullet was fired at a know in the rafters above him and he dropped to the floor instantly, whipping his gun out on his way down. Then he heard the snicker of the fellows and he moved forward to be introduced to them. There was Fred, Jr., and Will Arthur, John Hall, Ezra Shoemaker, Haslam Clark, Joe Snow, Elias DeMill, Alma Beal, William Richey, George Pectol, Titus Billings Heber Petty, Frank Beal, Gardner Snow, Luther T. Tuttle, and Andrew Van Buren. Marriage and death were the only acceptable reasons for getting out of the Barn Crowd. Winter and Summer they slept with their clothes on and their six shooters strapped to their waists, ready for any emergency or duty. Will Arthur claimed he had slept in the barn for seven years.

Half past midnight they heard some cussing and swearing outside. Cautiously, Will Arthur made his way to a guard post and he saw Hebe Petty slipping and sliding up out of the creek. He had had a little too much whiskey and had slipped off the bridge into the icy water below. His clothes were frozen stiff, his teeth chattered, and he was shaking with cold.

Will and Ed went after him and put him in bed between them to thaw him out. First he was wet and miserable, then he was sick to his stomach, then he was humble and penitent.

No one got any sleep that night!

Early in the morning Ed went to get his donkey. No donkey! He knew it couldn't have gone very far because he had hobbled it when he turned it loose. He checked with the settlers close by. He looked inside the fort walls a block away. He searched through a sailor's glass (telescope), from the slate hill to the north, swinging it around slowly. Still no stray donkey!

When he got back to the Cox home he asked, "Will, can you go with me and show me a few of the places that ornery cuss might be hid up?"

Will pondered. "Well, I really can't afford the time to just go looking', but I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got to bring a load of firewood out of the mountains today while the Indians are wintering down south. If you want to go with me, we'll keep a close vigil for that animal while we're gone."

"Well, I guess that's the way it'll have to be." Ed remarked.

Late that afternoon as Will and Ed rode into the year on top of the wood; Ed spotted the donkey up on the straw stack, silhouetted against the cold gray sky, bearing the ox bow and straw stuffed sack valiantly.

Ed turned to Will and said, "Will, have you known about this all day?"

"I can't honestly say I haven't," Will answered, "But I do know this, I sure got a good days work out of you while we were on the lookout for the 'ornery cuss', and I want to thank you."

Ed jumped off the wood immediately and went to bring the donkey down. He found a partly filled tub of water so he knew the family was in on the trick too, or had learned about it during the day.

He didn't stay to solicit the attention of the girls after supper, and he took the ribbing of the Barn Crowd good naturedly, but he was gone in the morning before anyone stirred—without saying goodbye.

Emily cried. She was the soft hearted one of the family.

"Well," Will drawled, "I guess we were a little rough on him. Next time I see Ed I'll have to apologize."

Source: Taken from an Auto-biography written by Will Arthur Cox.

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU

Edith Allred

Price, Utah

Second Place Short Story

Seven-year-ole Raymond pushed the kitchen door open. Sure enough there was old Aunt Mary with her feet propped up on a pillow on the oven door. Tears were running down her withered cheeks and Mother's face looked dreadfully sad as she stirred some hot chocolate. Mama was forever making something for that old lady to eat.

"Close the door, Raymond. Aunt Mary's cold," Mother called out.

Raymond closed the door. He spoke thoughtfully to his sister just older than he.

“Why does Aunt Mary come over here every day? Mama says she isn’t really our aunt. We just call her Aunt Mary because she doesn’t have any children. She’s always crying. Sometimes she makes Mama cry too. I wish she would stay home.”

Myrle looked disgusted too. “Mama always makes us go out to play when she comes,” she said. “Sometimes I hate Aunt Mary. Why does she always have to be cold and hungry? Why can’t she laugh just once?”

After a while, Aunt Mary came out of the house. She carried a pail of milk and a loaf of bread. Her white hair was partially covered with a black scarf which she wrapped tightly about her neck with her free hand. Her shabby black coat barely covered her thin body. It was so long that it swept the ground. Her light blue, watery eyes served only to intensify her sad look. The children watched her until she disappeared in the distance. Then they went into the house.

“Mama, why does Aunt Mary come over here every day? You never have time to tell us a story, or read to us anymore.” Myrle looked sad and Mama did look serious too.

“Would you children like to hear a story—a true story?”

“Oh, yes,” they cried in unison.

“All right, I have time to tell it right now. Curl up on the davenport and make yourselves comfortable. I will sit here in the rocking chair. When I finish, we’ll have a little treat.”

“Quite a few years ago,” Mother began in her beautiful silvery voice, “there lived in this little town, a small girl named Sena. This little girl lived with her grandparents because her mother had died when she was born. Since her father had no one to take care of the tiny baby, he gave it to the grandparents to rear; and since the baby’s mother was also Sena, the tiny baby was soon called ‘Little Sena’ by everyone.”

“Peter and Dorothea Mogenson, Little Sena’s grandparents, were hard-working people who believed that their children should learn to work. Even Little Sena had to work as soon as she was old enough. Some days she fed and watered the big draft horses and milked some of the cows when Grandfather had to be away. Sometimes she weeded and watered the garden, picked vegetables, and helped with the cooking. There seemed to be no end to the tasks for her.”

“Grandfather was a very busy man. He worked in the community, helped people when they were ill, and often he helped his grown children to build their homes. Perhaps Grandfather didn’t realize that he asked Little Sena to do so many hard tasks. Often she was sent to tend babies for the grown children while they hauled water to do their washing, or make soap, or even go to dances. Little Sena resented being kept out of school to do these things, because she loved her school more than anything else in the world.”

“Although Grandfather and Grandmother Mogenson were very good to Little Sena, she longed for someone closer to her own age who had more time to listen and talk to her.”

“Across the street from Little Sena’s house lived a very beautiful young lady named Marianne. Little Sena thought she was the most beautiful lady in the world. Marianne had married a young man who was able to give her many of the things she wanted, but she had no children. Perhaps that was the reason that she encouraged Little Sena to come over every time that she could get away. And did Little Sena love to go to Marianne’s house, because Marianne combed her long hair, tied it up with pretty new hair ribbons, made delicious cookies, and loved and pampered Little Sena until she felt like a queen.”

“When the day came that Marianne’s husband had to move to another town and take his wife away, Little Sena was heartsick. She received a few letters from Marianne, but now Marianne was very busy, she had taken three small children to rear—her husband’s brother’s children who had been left orphans. Soon the letters stopped coming, and Little Sena lost all track of Marianne.”

“Years passed. Little Sena was married now and had some children of her own. She was very happy with her little family, because she had never had a brother or sister of her own.”

“One day she answered a knock at her door. A little old lady in a shabby black dress reached out her arms. ‘Little Sena,’ she cried out. Then she burst into tears.”

“Marianne, is it really you? Come in.”

“The little old lady came often after that. Soon Little Sena had heard her long, sad story. After Marianne’s husband had died and the children had all married and gone from home, the youngest one had insisted that she come to live with his family. “Sell your home and property, give us the money, and we’ll take care of you all the rest of your life.” He’d told her.

“The two older children no longer wrote to Marianne. She did not know where they were living, so she accepted the offer and moved to the home for a short time. One morning when she arose, she was taken to the park. When she returned, she found an empty house and a locked door. She sat on the porch until dark. She had no place to go. Finally someone called the police, and they led her from the deserted house and gave her a railroad ticket to her hometown. Since there was no welfare or social security then for poor people, she could only depend upon the people who had once known and loved her.”

Mother’s voice faltered. “And so, children, Aunt Mary found a cold room not far from our house. She has no money, no family, no friends but Little Sena. Would you like me to tell her not to come here anymore?” She knew the answer as she looked into the tear-filled eyes of her young children.

ONE EXTRAVAGANCE IN 25 YEARS

Kathy Lynn Oakey

Ephraim, Utah

Second Place Short Story

The portrait hangs inconspicuously in a gilt frame. Hassard sits with a hand on each knee. Catherine stands beside him, one hand on his shoulder, the other at his side. Both are dressed in black and white—their Sunday best.

That morning Hassard had come in early, skipping his breakfast, so as to only have to come back to the house once, to have that dapper photographer from the city take this dad-burned portrait.

Catherine had gotten up extra early. She had the wash done and bread in the oven before seven.

Now as she waited anxiously for the photographer to come up the walk, she reached above the stove for the sugar bowl. One five dollar gold piece, three silver dollars, a nickel and a two-cent piece—egg money saved for a year. Now the wisdom of having the picture done wasn’t so plain in Catherine’s mind. But then, after 25 years wasn’t one extravagance acceptable.

Sitting in a chair by the table, her mind slipped back to the first time she and Hassard had met. It was in ’51. She and her parents had just arrived from England and joined the Saints gathered on the east bank waiting for the first caravan west of the spring to start.

They had been out about three weeks and Catherine knew most of the girls and a few of the men. They had circled for the night and with the others her age, she was helping with the oxen. Suddenly, they heard the sound of gunshots and frightened shouts from the camp. Herding the oxen before them, they ran for camp. In a matter of seconds the Indians had surrounded them. One particularly fierce brave jumped over the wagon tongue, grabbing Catherine’s hair and unsheathing his knife in one swift movement. At the very moment that the Indian prepared to part her from her hair (yes, indeed, she had assured the children years later, the Indians had tried to scalp the early settlers), Hassard had appeared from nowhere like the proverbial knight in shining armor, frightening the Indian off with his brandished shotgun. Under the circumstances, what could she do but collapse in his arms, letting him kiss her right there in the middle of one of the few known Indian attacks on the

Mormon settler? A fact that still makes her blush after 25 years of marriage that kiss. And that was their romantic beginning.

The courtship which followed was not nearly as exciting, but it seemed perfect to Catherine. He had begun that very evening to try and win her heart and had continued all of the way to Zion. Sometimes he'd help her with the oxen, other times he'd come to supper or they'd just walk in the star-lit evening.

They were married three days after reaching the valley. Looking back now, it really wouldn't seem like much, especially to a stranger; the simple ceremony, a dance after, cookies made from whole wheat flour and cider for refreshments, and finally escaping to a blanket spread in the bottom of her folks' wagon. Not much of a home to begin in but the words of love spoken there made it more comfortable than her featherbed in the tutor house in England ever had been.

Only a week later, they were asked to join a band of Saints going south. And, of course they had gone, being young and inexperienced, not realizing the hardship, or for that matter the joy, that would greet them in the Sanpete Valley.

They had worked hard. Many times Catherine would work all day at Hassard's side in the fields and then make bread at night to the rhythm of his voice reading scriptures. Naturally there had been a baby every two years or so; Hassard Jr., with a wife of his own now. Sarah, too. It didn't seem possible that so many years had passed. Then there were the four tiny mounds out back that made her heart ache even now as if the years had not passed at all.

After 25 years, she really couldn't imagine any place else being home. This piece of arid desert that belonged to the two of them, though it hadn't made them even close to rich, had blossomed like a rose for them. Not only the ground, but also their life had blossomed into one full of rich happiness, now that they were no longer young or inexperienced.

Yes, thought Catherine as she replaced the hard-earned coins in the sugar bowl, one extravagance in 25 years could be excused. Besides, she could look at it for the next 25 years and be reminded. Just then Hassard let the photographer in the front door. She quickly joined them.

The photographer posed them this way and that, making an adjustment here and another there. Finally the pose was perfect.

POOF!

As I complete the dusting, I carefully replace the portrait and I remember too, through Catherine's eyes and because of one extravagance in 25 years.

HEAP BURN

Jeffrey Glade Lamb

Wales, Utah

Honorable Mention Short Story

A lone mud puddle in the whole length of Main Street, Fort Ephraim, Deseret Territory, was blown apart by a set of careless wagon wheels. Whoosh-the torrent of mud flew in tremendous proportion and speckles landed and blended in with his mud-brown skin.

"Ugh" of desperation and a flurry of native tongue that no one yet understood. A wing of the mud torrent fanned Tabiona as he leaned against one of the roof supports of the Co-op Mercantile. He could easily see that he had picked a dangerous time to pay a visit to the White-man, Mormon settlement. Yesterday was not his first visit here but yet he could not understand all about this funny group of hard-working people.

As he had done yesterday and times before, Tabiona had wandered from his camp, and peered quietly, full of wonder at these people. At first the White men had been the terror of his people's lives, but little by little

through their kind actions and smiles, his fear became curiosity and now had been befriended by every Fort Ephraimite to the point where they recognized him by back or walk. Little by little, as fear had been overcome by piece and fragment, Tabiona had learned a small bit of White man tongue and could understand enough to know that now was a very busy time.

Last night he had slept in a hay loft and now today even more than yesterday, the town was a moving thing. Times before Tabiona had spent hours watching the perfect, organized activity of one of nature's and hill. These tiny, busy animals had taught him many great lessons. Now already in morning shadows he found himself in the midst of a large, human ant hill. Wagons, horses, and people darting, hurrying, all doing their assignments quite well and effectively; cleaning, painting, weeding, making their little town ready. Tabiona had understood enough to learn that a man named Brother Brigham was on his way today to pay a visit.

He could easily understand that this Brother Brigham was surely an important man. Potatoes, corn, barley crops were left only to nature's loving care; hay for the winter's cold simply waited until today's tasks were finished and the exciting thing was over. So the town, plot by plot, street by wide square street, was put into order, as fine an order, as a few people could do to a piece of Deseret's arid ground.

Tabiona especially noticed that one place received the most attention, the one humble meeting place that stood at the end of town had been scrubbed through-and-through and over again, a new front gate, the year cleaned and the benches expertly splashed with homespun pine sap varnish and polished new.

The noon-day sun brought Tabiona to wander in search of a better place for shade that the high rising noon sun drove away every day. He felt that the people here seemed to trust him now. Before, at first, as wagons filed, and set tracks upon the valley floor, Tabiona's people were a very frightening, heart shattering image to these pioneers. The pioneers wanted to trust them, for it was their nature to trust everyone, but because of fear and uncertainty they just couldn't. As the settlement began to materialize the illusions of fierce, savage, blood-thirsty, primitive hatred-filled people, little by little left the new inhabitants as they realized that these fearsome people with whom they were to share the valley were truly a very quiet, peaceable and interesting people.

Through the settling of the valley, Tabiona emerged as the one to ask for help, how best to live with the arid land or extreme temperatures, how to bring the very best from the soil he knew so well. That is why he was allowed to sleep last night in Nate Edmunds' hay loft; that's why he could wander about the town and no one would cast an untrusting glance.

By noon, the activity of the ant hill slowed its pace and the people returned to their houses. Before very long all returned by ones, twos, or by families—all returned to the clean, in places varnished, meeting house. They milled and waited one by one and all together. Somehow, Tabiona felt the time had come; this man, Brother Brigham was soon to arrive.

A strange set of wagon tracks marked the street. A swerve to the left and that same mud puddle rested quietly, undisturbed. These tracks led to the front of the scrubbed-clean meeting house and there they ended, the carriage waiting quietly. It must have come while he'd dozed quietly in the shade. A spark of wind gathered up some dust and whirled into all the fury of a miniature tornado and it whipped past him and away. Only then did he realize he was quietly by himself. The early afternoon now found everyone at the meeting house and listening very intently to the proceedings.

He was alone in the shade and the summer wind. Tabiona wasn't sure who or what had arrived to halt the busy lives of these people. Yet for Indian, White man, English man, German-all-alike—curiosity rules all fears and qualms. He walked across town and found himself near enough the building to peer in and catch a word or two.

Still unnoticed, he left his shade and as slowly and quietly as he had been taught, in order to live with nature, he walked nearer the building. A peer and he caught a glance here and there of what seemed to be going on. All were listening quietly, intently, to one man standing before them.

“So this is Brother Brigham?” A tall, bearded man in whose face passed many years. How old he was, Tabiona could not tell. It was hard to judge the age of people other than his own, but despite the years, Brigham’s voice was crystal clear and so very strong and responding and though Tabiona understood nothing, something of a prickly feeling and sort of an understanding came upon him. He could have returned to his shade and slept, returned to his hay loft, or perhaps to his tribe, family and people, for he was a free Sanpitch Indian. But something prompted, almost demanded him to stay, to listen, to try to understand.

Suddenly everyone was singing again, they were always singing even more than his people, but their tones, rhythms, feelings were so different from his native songs. At times they sounded funny to the ear. Quite unknowingly, the meeting seemed to end. A buzz of visiting and greeting began almost immediately and the entire building turned into one entire handshake.

He slipped quietly from the back of the crowd and darted quickly down the street, in and through an alley, and returned to the darkness of a closed barn. Returned to the loft of hay and buried his hands into the dried cleanliness of summer meadow hay and pulled something from its quiet, secret hiding place. Bulky, black, not as heavy as its size showed it should be, Tabiona grasped it and returned again to the dirt floor of the barn. With a deer hide moccasined toe, he paused, drew pictures, and scribbles. His thought patterns showed themselves in the powdery summer dust.

“Should he or shouldn’t he?” always second thoughts. He had observed these people and knew they didn’t use it and that they knew nothing of its existence. If he presented it to them, would they value it, think anything of it, or laugh at his native knowledge of the valley? If he did, how would it, if in any way affect this valley of the Sanpitch that he loved and cherished with his heart? He stretched his imagination almost to the end, trying to picture how any of this would change the people, their way of life, and how in years if the White men stayed here, how would his valley change?

Tabiona must have felt it a good and a wise thing and his conscience burned with confidence. He tucked it under his arm and traced his steps from the barn, back up the street to where the people still milled and Brother Brigham still counseled the people, one by one. Tabiona waited shortly for a lull in the action and then burst himself through the bands of the circle. Finding himself face to face with Brother Brigham and revealing his treasure, in all its splendor. In a foreign tongue, he uttered simply, “Heap burn.”

A momentary silence came over the group. Everyone in earshot froze. The general feeling of happiness and joy melted as ice in the sun and spread to apprehension, uncertainty and fear. No one really knew Tabiona and his people, how they thought, what they desired. Even more, not one person there could communicate well with Tabiona, for even as often as he had paused, wandered in any spot of the settlement, no one had yet even begun to understand his tongue. The cloud of apprehension and uncertainty remained for long, think, slow minutes.

He had blurted enough, just enough for them all to understand; he was very sure. But Tabiona could feel no reaction. “Why” stretched in his mind. His previous qualms raced back in pain. “They really could care less for its blackness and warmness.” He began to fill, with embarrassment, no anger, just he ear tinglingness of embarrassment.

Men are weak and at times very bad judges of people and circumstances and in a flash of weakness, see thing as they aren’t, misjudging time after time. Yet in the weakness of misjudgment the pressure of time folds minds, and corrupts to a finer fraction of weak decision. Brother Brigham spoke under his breath, “I feel we should take special measures with this hostile savage. I was assured that the tribe here was safe and peaceable!” He was a wise, experienced man, but today he had misjudged as he slipped behind several people for added protection.

“Wait, wait just a minute there,” an earnest cry arose from the rear of the tension filled crowd. “Don’t do anything. I know what he means to say. Hold up a minute.” John Price forced his way breathlessly through

the crowd, himself near Tabiona's side. Pausing for a breath he continued, "Look at that rock closely, all of you. Doesn't anyone recognize it?"

Price turned his eyes to Tabiona and calmly reached out towards the rock. AS his fingers reached the coolness of its surface, Tabiona broke into a smile and turned it over to Price. At the signal the tightness of everyone's breath was loosened. Price, realizing his conquest of the situation, again blurted his previous inquiry to the crowd. "Surely someone knows what it is I'm holding?"

"I'll be darned if that don't look like Pembroke pit coal to me," came a slowly spoken answer.

"That is it exactly gentlemen!" no finer strain have I ever seen in all of old (Pembroke) Wales." Price was shaking with an excitement no one else had yet sensed. "Brother Brigham, do you know what this lump of coal could mean to this valley and the Deseret? If there is more like this, a lot more, our young settlement could grow and thrive on coal. We have to look into it! We must find out if there is enough to mine!" Price was insistent.

Brother Brigham nodded, thinking and realizing the utopian of it all. "Yes, oh yes, our young sugar mills, blacksmiths, tanneries, shops, homes, could all use a ton of pure, goo-burning coal. Brother Price, I put you in command of investigating these prospects."

Ever since Price and his family had left his native coal beds of Pembroke in old Wales, he had yet to hold even a small chunk of coal. After the long separation from his love, the excitement of new, unused, unknown beds chilled his imagination.

The crowd was disposed and another session under the direction of Brother Brigham began—except for Tabiona and Price. It was a long, slow process but through a few Sanpitch words from Price and English from Tabiona, hand signs and scribbles in the dust, then Tabiona had understood what Prince wanted.

Early the next day Tabiona was to lead him to the place where more, and more of that coal, like that first deep, black, shining chunk was buried long ago by the hand of nature.

Price's stomach churned, turning over and over with excitement of the sunrise. Tabiona slept soundly and dreamed in his loft of how the black rock might change the stretches, echoes, and shadows of the Sanpitch valley.

Hoofs in the desert paused as the sunrise broke gloriously over the esteemed peaks. The trek had now stretched into mid-morning and the horses were reined to a halt as the vast mouth of the canyon loomed before them. Tabiona took the lead again and the horses remained tied, and the three continued on foot. The silence that the huge canyon seemed to draw from everywhere laid heavily. Grunts of a warning were all the people of different tongues could muster. The very virgin sagebrush here and there gave way to the hardness of heavier leather soles, while Tabiona seemed to follow some path that neither Price nor Rees could quite discover.

"Close, near," was all Price could understand as the party stopped for bearings and breath and then Tabiona was gone. Like a flash of silver lightning, a short appearance and nothing, as if he had been translated to somewhere else. Price stared at the place that only a brief second before had been filled with his form. The silence prevailed, and lingered. There was no clue.

He was gone, that trusting red brother was gone. Who knew the reason why, though a million possibilities were easily brewing in the confused minds. What to do? "Continue on, or to return? He had uttered plainly that it, whatever it was, was close. But can you really believe an Indian who would lead you deep into someplace and then flee like a wounded buck?

Not knowing even where to put their feet, they moved on and at a bend they knew that they needed to go no farther. A black vein ran, visible, touchable, without even a pick or shovel, along the browns of caly and rock. It was coal!

Now came the moment's handshake of brotherly joy and success. A jumping and yelling for joy of the future, a hot flung soaring into the air flashed before him. Tabiona had showed them what they wanted. The vision of two happy Welsh pioneers passed from his mind into a future of his valley.

Settlements growing like mushrooms, these same people struggling to dig a deeper and deeper cavity after the eluding vein of coal. The quietness of the scene blown apart by people, than machines, and society. He cringed with a shiver of a cold gust of wind and a fear for the future.

But the peak of his very most vivid imagination could not comprehend the completeness of the future laying ahead. Perhaps holding his love for the valley close to his heart as he did, he was able to see the long ribbons of asphalt highway that criss-cross the valley now and the speeding mechanical automobiles spewing fumes into the air, clanging machines, billing factories, railways, and towns. Perhaps if in his vision he could have seen what that lump would surely do, he would have gone in search of a springing deer. But instead, the lone mud puddle in the whole length of Main Street, Fort Ephraim, was blown apart by a set of careless wagon wheels.

WAKARA

Melinda Anderson Roth
Cambridge, Massachusetts
Honorable Mention Short Story

“Please let me go, Ma,” Ben pleaded. “None of the other boys have to stay in town. I’ve been taking good care of the cattle all spring. Why does George get to go now? He’ll have all the adventure and I’ll be stuck here where nothing ever happens.”

“No, Ben,” Sister Anderson answered. “You have been a big help watching the cattle, but today I need a man around to help me patch the adobe. It’s been cracking and we shouldn’t have any more frost until fall. George hurt his hand so he can’t help in the fields for a few days and he can’t help me carry adobe so he can watch the cattle while you help me here. It won’t be so bad. Even womenfolk can be interesting if you give them a chance.”

“I could go with George and then we could take them clear up to the east bench where the grass is really long,” Ben suggested eagerly.

Sister Anderson sighed and pushed the always unmanageable lock of hair from his forehead. She knew how much this younger son wanted to be a man. He was proud of his responsibility of taking care of the family cows. They only had five rather poor ones but they needed them and couldn’t afford to have the Indians drive them away. Ben had done a good job but she really needed him at home today.

“I’m sorry, Ben. I really need you today. George will have to go alone. I think he should stay close to town anyway. I don’t like it when you boys wander too far. Brother Brigham has told us not to tempt the Indians by traveling too far from town alone.”

“All right, Ma. I’ll stay,” Ben said with a sigh. “Let me go and tell George. He’s already outside getting ready to leave.”

Ben turned and went outside in the cool morning. The sun was already well over the mountain that seemed to hang right over the canyon road. Ben always thought it looked like someone had cut one side off of it so that they could build a road there.

“I can’t go with you, George. Ma Says I have to stay here to help patch adobe with the girls,” Ben said.

“Sorry, Ben,” George said and he sounded truly sorry. “I wish you could come. I’ve got to go before the cattle go without me. I’ll see you at supper.”

“Sure, see you the,” Ben said trying to sound cheerful. “Don’t let the Indian squaws make you wrestle their sons for your lunch again. You almost most it last time you watched the cattle.”

“I know but it does make them earn it,” George said defensively. “We’re not supposed to be too lenient with them. If they work for what they get then they learn to appreciate its value and Ma’s bread is pretty valuable.”

“You’re right on that one,” Ben said.

“I’ve really got to go now,” George said as he turned. “See you later. Bye, Ben.”

“Bye,” Ben returned. He was almost feeling better but he felt worse as he watched his brother leave. He had to spend the whole day in town helping his sisters when all the men were out doing men’s work. It just wasn’t fair. No one should have to be nine years old any longer than absolutely necessary.

Ben had been responsible for seeing that the Indians didn’t drive off the cattle since he had turned eight. The Indians would drive off unattended cattle and then claim that they had just wandered away and had no owners. The settlers had taken to letting small boys watch the cattle. If someone were attending the cattle, the Indians would leave them alone.

Most of the time the Indians tried to beg from the settlers. Wakara had invited the settlers to Sanpete Valley in 1849, four years before. Sometimes it looked like he had only wanted to provide a closer source of cattle to drive off and horses to steal and people to beg from, for his tribe. Sometimes the squaws would come begging for the lunches of the boys who watched the cattle. If they felt bold, they asked Ben to wrestle one of their sons for the lunch. He usually won, but sometimes he ended up sitting on a rock chewing a blade of grass and watching the squaw and her children eat the homemade bread he and his brother loved so much.

“Ben,” Sister Anderson called from the doorway. “Let’s get started. Day-dreaming won’t get the walls patched.”

“I’m coming,” Ben said as he kicked a clod of dirt. He thought about the dull day ahead and sighed. He much preferred the company and stories of his father. He knew a lot about the Indians. He had been called to be an Indian farmer. That meant he went and helped the Indians plant their small fields. He taught them about farming and about irrigation. They claimed that Brother Anderson could make water run uphill if he needed it to.

Sister Anderson, determined not to spend another winter stuffing rags into drafty holes to keep the wind from swooshing in one hole, whipping around the room and rushing out and other hole in the opposite wall, had already started to gather things together by the time Ben made it back into the house. She showed the two girls and Ben how to mix the adobe to just the right consistency.

“Let the baby help,” Sister Anders said.

“But, Ma,” Ruth wailed, “she’ll spoil everything.”

“No, she won’t,” Sister Anderson said patiently. “I know she won’t help at all but I can’t watch her today and Ben has to help me. Just let her play close to where you are working. We wouldn’t want Wakara to capture her and sell her for a slave would we?”

“Oh, no,” Ruth said emphatically. “He wouldn’t take a white child would he, Mama?”

“Probably not,” her mother reassured her, “but be careful and watch her. You were little too, once, and needed watching. Now it’s your turn to do the watching. Ben, help me carry this, please.”

Ben picked up one side of the large tub full of heavy mud. After he had gone only a few steps the metal edge dug painfully into his fingers and the muscles in his neck began to feel as if they were stretched out too far and might not be able to stretch back. His face twisted from the strain even though he tried hard to make it look easy.

“Let’s trade sides, Ban,” his mother said looking at him fondly. “My arm is tired already.”

“All right.” Ben said dropping his side of the tub so fast that eh almost didn’t get his foot out in time. “If you need to stop, we will. I don’t want you to get too tired.”

Ben did a man-sized job that morning. He carried water to his sisters and adobe to his mother. When Baby Sarah cried, he carried her to his mother for a hug and some motherly help and then he carried her back to

his sisters so that they could watch her. When he had time to rest from carrying things, he held a flat board with adobe piled on it so that his mother didn't have to bend over so far to reach it.

"Get one more small load, Ben," Sister Anderson said wiping the sweat from her forehead with the sleeve of her dress. "I think we can finish this all before I have to get lunch."

"All right," Ben said. He wasn't sure he could carry another small load but he'd never admit it until he had tried.

He walked slowly back to his sisters dragging the tub behind him. AS he rounded the corner of the house, he saw what looked like a lot of men on horses riding towards Manti. He watched for a minute until he was sure they were Ute Indians. He could tell by how they were riding that they were not white settlers and the Utes were the only tribe in the area that had horses.

Ben quickened his step to tell the girls to come back to the house. Usually the Indians treated the Mormons well, largely because of Brigham Young's constant encouragement to the Saints to treat the Indians as brother. The Utes were temperamental and Wakara's band was unusually temperamental. Wakara could help the settlers for months and be friendly as pie and then get up snorting mad because somebody stepped on his big toe by accident. In any case, the Anderson children hurried back to the house as fast as their responsibilities would allow whenever Indians came near. Their most important responsibilities were seeing that the younger children made it home too.

"Ruth," Ben called. "Look out on that rise just south. Can you see those riders?"

Ben panted as he ran up beside her.

"I think they're Utes and we should go in," Ben said with authority.

Ruth clamored to her feet and gazed in the direction Ben pointed. Being more than one year older than Ben, she had to see for herself.

"I can't quite tell," Ruth said squinting and standing on her toes. "They went behind a little hill."

She stood watching the distance for a few minutes. Little Sarah wanted to see too. She crawled over and pulled herself to her feet with Ruth's dress.

"You're probably right," Ruth finally confessed scooping Sarah up in her arms. "I'll take Sarah back to the house, I'm in charge of her. Can you bring Anna, Ben?"

"Of course," Ben said. "Anna, Ma needs a little bit more mud to finish the wall. Those riders are far enough away that if you help me and we hurry, we can carry a tubful back to her."

Anna could be stubborn at times but she nodded to Ben. They both began gathering the adobe that Ruth had mixed until they had covered the bottom of the tub Ben had brought with him.

"That's enough," Ben said putting one last handful into the tub. "You carry one side of the tub and I'll carry the other."

Ben waited just long enough for Anna to grasp the side of the tub. He pulled poor Anna, clutching the edge of the tub, after him so that he could tell Ma before Ruth did and so that he could get Anna back into the house before she realized how close the Indians really were and started to cry. In the four years since Anna had been born, she had established a reputation for herself of considerable not as a crier. Ben didn't want to get her started. She would cry until she hiccupped if she didn't fall asleep first.

Ben pulled Anna around the corner of the house just in time to hear Ruth tell Ma about the approaching Indians.

"They're riding towards town," Ruth said excitedly, "and there are no squaws with them."

Sister Anderson climbed down from the stool. She didn't like the idea of having Indian braves ride into town when all the men were gone. They might only be trying to sell slave children that they had won gambling or that they had stolen or traded from the weaker tribes. She knew that even simple trading with some Indians could still be dangerous. They had destroyed slave children when the settlers had failed to meet their price. She wished her husband was there to help.

“They’re probably just begging,” Sister Anderson said quietly. “You girls go inside. Ben, run and tell the other women in town what’s going on and tell them to be ready for anything. Find out if there are any men in town. I’m afraid they are all out in the fields. Now go and get back here as fast as you can.”

“All right, Ma,” Ben said trying to hide the excitement in his voice. “I’ll be back before you know I’m gone.”

He ran with his message only to find that some of the women had already seen the Indian riders and were gathering their children inside.

“You get on home Ben Anderson,” Sister Sorenson called from her doorway and shook a finger at him.

“I will,” Ben called back. “The Indians are coming; I have to warn the others.”

Ben found that the only man in town was Grandfather Peterson who had been confined to his bed for three months. He was the oldest boy for miles. Everyone else was out working in the fields. They wouldn’t be back until almost sundown.

As he rounded the corner of his house, ten horsemen galloped past him so fast he almost fell over backwards. They pulled their horses abruptly to a halt in the center of town. They had painted faces and wore buckskin breeches and an assorted variety of shirts. They wore their hair long and greased so that it stuck to their heads and had a dull shine to it. They didn’t look like the timid, pitiful squaws that came begging from cowherds. They looked powerful and frightening.

The Indians talked among themselves for a moment. Several women had appeared in doorways. Some had little faces peering from behind their skirts. Ben’s mother spoke.

“What do you want?” she asked. “Who are you?”

“My name is Wakara,” said one of the Indians. “We come for the body of Charles Schumway.”

“What has he done?” Sister Anderson asked glancing toward the Schumway house. Sister Schumway peeked through the curtains in the front window.

“Why should I talk to a squaw?” Wakara demanded. “Where is a man to talk to?”

Ben trembled behind the corner of the house. He hadn’t yet told his mother that there were no men in town. He knew that the Indians admired courage but he didn’t feel brave at all. He was the only man.

Ben stepped out from behind the house.

“I am a man to talk to,” he said as bravely as he could.

Wakara looked startled then eh smile.

“Do you send children to deal with Wakara?” he roared.

The other braves laughed and poked each other with their bows pointing at Ben. Wakara signaled them to stop.

“Give me Charles Schumway,” he demanded.

“No,” Ben said. “Not until he has been tried and found guilty of some offense toward you.”

Ben loved to listen to grownups talk. When the other children chattered and played among themselves, Ben would sit off to the side and listen to his father talk about the Indians. He hoped he could remember enough to deal with Wakara, one of the most difficult chiefs in the area because his mood was so changeable.

“He has offended me,” Wakara said deliberately.

“You know the rules,” Ben said. “Brigham Young told you what they are.”

Ben was running out of things to say. He wished he had stayed hidden behind the house.

“I am tired of being offended,” Wakara said. “I will kill all white people.”

“But you invited us here,” Ben said in desperation.

“I made a mistake,” Wakara replied. “I want you all to go.”

Ben thought frantically for something to say. He remembered a story his father had been telling about a chief more powerful than Wakara. His name was...SSS...Sow...Sow...Soweitte. Ben remembered. He had an idea.

“You have a great chief, Soweitte.” Ben ventured. “He is over you. I ask you to bring him. He is our friend but he is Indian. He will be fair.”

Wakara clenched his teeth. He remembered a day when the first settlers carefully eased their wagons into the Salt Lake Valley. Soweitte had told the tribal council that the Mormons were good. His scouts had already spoken to the Mormons before they reached the valley. Wakara wanted to destroy the Mormons before they even got settled. Soweitte refused to listen to the young, hot-headed chief. Wakara proclaimed that Soweitte was a coward. The older chief flogged the war chief with his riding whip to make Wakara behave himself. Wakara’s companions remembered too.

“We go now,” Wakara growled. “But we will come back.”

He turned his horse and rode full gallop out of town. His companions looked startled for a moment and followed him as fast as they could put their heels to their horses.

Sister Anderson looked at Ben for a moment and then put her arm around him.

“Come inside, My Little Man,” she said. “it’s time for lunch. I’m very proud of you, Son. You stood up to Wakara.”

WHERE THERE IS PEACE

Sherrie Ahlstrom Hundley

Orem, Utah

Second Place Short Story

Professional Division

They drove us out of our home, the hostile mobs who hated the Mormons. We didn’t want to move again, but Papa said we had no choice.

“We have to go westward,” he told us. “We’ll keep on going until we find a place where there is peace. We’ll do anything to find it—anything!”

I was 8 years old when we joined the wagon train with 64 wagons and started for the Rocky Mountains. They said if we could make it there, we’d find a place where we could live as we chose, and no one would molest or harm us. But that wasn’t entirely true. On the way, we witnessed terrible things, as the Indians stampeded our oxen and many people were killed. I cried when I saw them drag an old man from his wagon and kill him.

“Will we ever get there?” I asked Mama over and over again, and every time, she assured me that we would. Uplifted by her kind words of encouragement, I kept on walking, but I didn’t think we would ever find the place we could call home, and I didn’t think the blisters on my feet would ever go away.

It was in 1861 when we finally made it to the place where Papa said we would stay.

“Are we really home?” I asked him hopefully.

“Yes, Serilda, we’re home,” he answered with a sigh, “and we’re not ever leaving again, no matter what.”

No matter what. That sounded pretty final, and it was a good feeling to know in my heart that we could stay, although it didn’t look like much of a place to me.

We settled in Spring City, as many of our relatives were already there, and with 14 children in the family, life was not an easy task for any of us.

We built a house on the edge of town and Papa worked very hard as a farmer, providing all that was possible for him to give his large family. Mama worked right along with him, and we all helped in any way we could to do our share. After awhile, things seemed to be going quite well for us.

“The Lord has been good to us.” Mama would say, “in spite of all the running we’ve done in the past few years.”

I was getting quite grown up, I thought, and our family was happy and still together, and that was the important thing.

But then one day in the hot summer of 1873, my little sister became very ill. She had a very high temperature and was so sick that Mama had to sit with her all the time. In a few days another sister was sick. Mama made us all stay outside and the two little girls lay near death in the house. We really didn’t mind sleeping out under the stars, but we couldn’t help being a little frightened, as it hadn’t been too long before that Mama had said, “Come quickly, Serilda! The Indians are coming again. We must run with the little ones to the meeting house.” So I would gather up some of the younger ones, who were taught never to play too far away from the house, and we would all run together. The little ones thought it a game, but my heart would race with my feet, at the fear of losing my scalp.

Things were better now, as far as the Indians were concerned, but there were other things to worry us. We learned that the sickness my sisters had was Spotted Fever, and that there was an epidemic in town. I was sad when I heard that Mr. Johnson had died with it, not only because he was a good friend, but also because I knew that there was nothing we could do for my little sisters, and that they might die, too.

They did die, a few days later. Papa dug a big grave back by the trees and buried them together. We had to wait and watch from the house until they were covered up before he’d let us go near the grave. We picked sunflowers and bluebells for each one of the girls, and I’ll never forget the way Mama sobbed, while Papa stood with his big, strong arm around her, steadying her shaking shoulders.

We scrubbed the house down and moved back in, but in a few days, three more of the family had taken sick. It was really bad, because we never knew which one of us was going to be next. The days dragged by, as there was nothing we could do but wait. We did all we could to make the sick ones comfortable, but we feared that we had come across the country only to die in our new-found home.

But Mama continued to give us hope, just as she had always done. She kept telling me to have faith, that there was some purpose for our being here, and that God would not let us all perish. So I did all I could to help her and I knew that she must be right.

By the time winter came, the dreadful disease finally died out, taking its toll of the town. Every family lost someone, and out of our 12 remaining children, we lost three more. Papa had built five boxes to bury his children in—built them with love and care, and dug their graves alone.

At first I was very bitter, but now as I visit those five graves under the trees, I have the feeling that this really is that place my father talked about before we left Illinois.

“Don’t grieve, Serilda,” he would say to me. “They have finally found a place where there is peace.”

I learned a great lesson that summer. Some of us are here to test and some to be tested, but no matter what, God has the upper hand. We couldn’t fight that awful fever, any more than we could fight the mobs in Illinois and Missouri. In time, it finally died out, and I think the hatred for the mobs will too, someday. Time changes many things.

INDIAN STORY

Tulula F. Nelson
Mt. Pleasant, Utah
First Place Short Story
Senior Division

Indianola or Thistle Valley as it was called in the 70's and 80's was a beautiful little settlement at the mouth of Dry Creek. It nestled in the crescent shaped valley between the high mountains on the east and the lowland marshes known as the Big Field on the west. Here a few white settlers lived among the Indians. The tall native grass in the Big Field was cut by the farmers on a certain day agreed upon by the men themselves, each taking all the hay they could cut, rake, and haul away. After harvesting, the cattle were allowed to graze through the fall and winter months 'till the snow came. Each farmer fed and cared for his own animals. These precious meadows were well fenced with cedar posts and barbed wire to keep the cattle in and intruders out.

The houses in this valley were note in keeping with the beauty of nature. Most of them belonged to Indians and were built by them. Mud and sticks were the materials used to make the small, lot huts. Willows tied in bunches with rawhide made the pens where a few ponies, chickens, cows, and hogs were kept.

The white people were good to the Indians and practiced Brigham Young's theory, "It was cheaper to feed the Indians than to fight them." So the Indians hunted and fished in the summer and depended on the whites for winter food.

Moroni Seeley owned a ranch in this valley. He and his family lived in a large white house built of rock which was plentiful, but took hard work to build. His corrals were located on a hill near a spring where the clear cool water was available year round. His well-built pens and large haystacks took care of many animals needed for food and a few to sell for cash.

There was work for everyone. Pleasures were few except for games of their own making such as ball, nipcat and hopscotch. There were horseshoes for the men and visiting for the ladies which included quilting bees, rag bees and cording wool, with honey and molasses candy pulls for the children.

Bothilda Hansen, now fifteen years old, must help support herself. She was employed by the Seeley's as a hired girl which included outside chores as well as everything inside the house.

One morning just as the sun was coming up over the East Mountains, the family started on their way to Fairview for a shopping trip. It was necessary to get an early start as the fifteen miles was a good half-day's journey for the heavy work horses and wagon. Bothilda watched them as they drove out of the yard, down the lane and out of sight in a heavy cloud of dust. How she longed to go with them. It would be such fun to laugh and talk with the children. What a thrill to see a store with all the cloth, lace, and shelves filled with groceries, but she must not think of it. She was employed and needed the thirty-five cents a week which she received to buy shoes and a dress for herself.

Finally she turned to her work. First she would water the calves and hogs. It wasn't as lonesome outside as it was in the large empty kitchen. Two trips of water for the hogs and two for the calves. She was glad the chickens could go and return by themselves. The calves and pigs couldn't be trusted to do this. After giving the calves their food of hay, and shorts for the pigs, Bothilda turned to the chickens. It was such fun to scatter the grain on the ground and watch them run in all directions to try to get the most. She would try to fool the old hens so the young chicks could get their share, but the old hens were always where the most wheat had fallen.

As Bothilda entered the kitchen and saw the breakfast table filled with dirty dishes, she realized she must make one more trip to the spring for the house water. She filled the large dish pan with water and set it on the stove to heat. First she must get some wood as the wood box was empty. The cedar stumps were hard to

chop, but finally she had an armful to take into the house. Cedar wood made a hot fire and the dishwasher would soon be ready.

Bothilda was glad there was one biscuit left; she would have that for her dinner and wouldn't need to bake a meal for herself. The sour dough jug was almost empty so she put equal parts of flour and water, stirred it well and put it in a warm place to ferment. Sour dough was a must. Mr. Seeley insisted on hot biscuits every meal. It was hard to make them consistently good because the saleratus*, which they gathered near Manti, was not always the same strength for leavening and the salt brine was never the same strength. That reminded her, she must see to it that the salt brine was replenished. She went into the yard and selected a handful of clear, clean salt chunks from the salt troughs, which she put in the Brine jar, added water and let set for use in salting their vegetables and bread.

Now the water was hot for the dishes. She lifted the large pan down onto a low bench, softened the hard spring water with a dash of suds, made from homemade soap and water, which always stood on the back of the stove for this purpose.

How Bothilda hated this job. The heavy plates, with a thick layer of grease from the fresh fat pork and the black molasses scones made the dishwasher cake with a layer of grease on top. If only she had a soft cloth for a dishrag. This square piece of blue denim was too stiff to get to the bottom of the large deep cups and it was hard to wipe clean and dry the well-worn oilcloth table cover, which had to be used for the family tablecloth.

Finally the dishes were all clean, the heavy milk buckets and strainers carefully scaled and put on pegs in the sun to dry, ready for the evening milking. It was such a relief to wash and rid her hands of the greasy mess between her fingers.

Next the lamps must be filled with coal oil and the chimneys cleaned, the butter churned, the eggs gathered, cleaned, and counted into the baskets and made ready for the trip to the store.

After hanging the coats and things strewn around in the early morning rush, Bothilda was ready to sweep the floor. She looked at the broom made of rabbit brush tied to a long stick. She really needed to go into the field and find a suitable brush, but what was that? A long shadow fell across the unswept floor. She looked up and a large Indian stood in the doorway. His huge size seemed to fill the room as the frightened little girl stood and stared at him. She knew she must not panic as the Indians respected a brave woman, but she was alone and could not understand what he was saying. His tone seemed gentle and his bucket indicated he wanted milk. Bothilda led him across the spacious yard to the cellar, where the milk was kept cool.

Again panic overwhelmed her and she thought of the recent Givins family massacre. She wondered how old the Indian was, as it was the young bucks who, when they got a bottle of whiskey, tormented the whites. There he stood in the doorway, the only entrance into the cellar. Bothilda was at his mercy and the only thing she knew was to be brave.

The morning's milk stood on the shelf, fresh but cool. She took a large pan of it and poured it into his dirty bucket. He lifted it to his lips and tasted it, then poured it back into her pan. What should she do now? A pan stood there with thick cream on it. This she poured into his bucket, the same thing happened again. Bothilda stood limp and trembling, when she thought of the churn. Yes, that was it, the buttermilk! She filled his bucket for the third time. He tasted it, he grunted, and walked away.

After a minute, when she got the courage, she peeked out. He was crossing the fields tasting the cool, delicious and refreshing drink as he lazily strode home.

Bothilda wondered what to do. She was alone. The nearest neighbors were a mile away and she had work to do. When she regained her strength, she started on the large basket of ironing. The exercise of getting more wood helped her to relax; but she kept a close watch.

When the ironing was all put away she sat on the door step. The sun was just setting. Surely the family would soon return. The cool air and rest made her happy as she watched the chickens, one by one, go to roost.

Finally as the last rays of sunlight were disappearing in the west, Bothilda caught a glimpse of a large cloud of dust, and she knew the family was home.

Sources:

*Saleratus is a baking soda the pioneers found near Manti. The salt they made brine from was regular rock salt. They had no yeast or fine salt and only homemade soap.

A STILL SMALL VOICE

Grace A. Madsen

Manti, Utah

Second Place Short Story

Senior Division

It was to be a gala occasion this 22nd of June in 1878. People from Ephraim and Manti had planned a big celebration at Funk's Lake (Palisade Park). At night there was to be a dance in Mayfield.

The sun camp up in a dazzling whiteness. The day was to be hot but the thought of being near the cool water made everyone anxious to be on their way.

Wagons and buggies, full of happy people, could be seen along the roads. My father, Andrew Anderson and my mother, Elizabeth, with their two young sons, were among this happy group.

Arriving at the lake, they met their friends and exchanged greeting. This was a day of news gathering. All, of course, were interested in the Gospel and the testimony of each one.

A fine program, prepared by individuals from each town, was given in the forenoon meeting. Noontime came and as each group opened their baskets and cooked over the open fire, the aroma of delicious food filled the air.

It was a joyous occasion. Many people joined in the games; other just sat around in the shade and told stories. Yes, some of the young boys went for a swim.

Daniel Funk owned and operated a small steam boat. He charged each passenger ten cents a ride to cross the lake and back. Everyone was anxious to participate in this special entertainment. Between Father and Mother the decision was made that Father and Andrew, 3 years old, should go with the first group. Mother and Arthur, one year old, should accompany the ones on the second trip.

The water was calm and very blue. The group waved their hands to those standing on the shore and soon their happy voices could be heard over the water.

After a pleasant time on the water the first group returned. It was time now for the second group of people to get into the boat. My mother took her baby and was going toward the boat when father asked her not to go. She wanted to know why, but again he asked her not to go. Her reaction to this was, "Now that you have enjoyed a ride, why deprive me of the same pleasure?" So she gave a little shrug and got into the boat. She sat down and looked back at my father and was startled to see a deep expression of anxiety on his face. A still small voice seemed to say, "Get off the boat." Before realizing anything, she stepped out of the boat on to the shore. The boat steamed away with thirteen happy carefree people. My mother stood on the shore a little hurt and disappointed.

The boat crossed the lake. When it started on its return trip, a light wind began to blow. Quickly heavy black clouds appeared; the wind gained in velocity, the high waves dashed against the boat causing it to dance and sway upon the water. The passengers became panicky and in trying to get adjusted, too many rushed to one side and the boat capsized. In a few moments thirteen people were floundering in the water, thirteen voices calling for help. Eleven of them could not swim. Two men made it to the shore.

When relatives and friends on the shore realized what had happened, they became hysterical, screaming and crying. Pandemonium broke out. Then for just one moment there was a deep silence. There was no voice to call for help, only the howling wind and the dashing of the waves upon the shore could be heard. Eleven people had met death in a watery grave. Hours through the night and the next day were spent to recover the bodies.

A day that had begun with sunshine and happiness had ended in darkness and sorrow. Mother and Father, like many, many others, drove home in silence. When the children were in bed, Father took Mother in his arms and held her tightly to him. There was little need for words.

While rearing us children, Mother always admonished us to always take heed of that “still small voice.”

BROWNSKIN RAIDERS

Gerald Henrie

Provo, Utah

Honorable Mention Short Story

Senior Division

Sanpitch (now called Sanpete) was first colonized by members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, who left Salt Lake City, Utah, by team and arrived in Sanpete in November of 1849. The first colony settled in Manti in Central Utah and a few years later some members moved seven miles north of Manti to what is now called Ephraim. Previous to the colony going to Sanpete, the deceptive War Chief Walker of the Ute Indians had personally called on Brigham Young, President of the L.D.S. Church, and invited settlers to colonize in Sanpete and when the colonizers arrived, the Ute Indians performed the outrageous and unfriendly act of burning all the grass off the swamps along the Sanpitch River. This act of destruction caused the colonizers to lose a great majority of their cattle that winter through starvation and exposure to heavy snows and cold weather.

A few years after Ephraim had become a peaceful agricultural community, this peaceful atmosphere was suddenly awakened from its slumber when a two-horse, covered buggy was coming toward town from the south and the two white male occupants were surprised by gunshots from Indians charging on horseback toward them.

One of the occupants in the buggy held the horses' reins in his hand and crawled on the tongue of the buggy until he was in between the two horses as the team raced onward.

The team of horses attached to the buggy arrived in Ephraim and the Indians shifted their attack in a yelling pandemonium to the south and west of town.

The cattle herders had heard the shooting and had hurriedly returned the cattle herd to the west end of town. The Brownskins saw that armed Ephraim citizens would soon challenge them if they tried to steal the cattle, so, with rapidity; the Brownskins moved their attack toward an occupied farm house to the west of town and farther out than the herd of cattle.

The occupants in the house saw in the distance that the Indians were coming in their direction and they decided their strategy for survival:--the father and his son armed themselves with guns and took off to the southeast of the house to hide in some bushes, with the purpose of intercepting the Brownskin Raiders with gunshots while the mother carried her baby along a ditch bordered with willow trees to the north east of the home in an attempt to escape into Ephraim while the Indians were fighting with her husband and son.

Five persons were killed by the Raiders:--the man who rode on the buggy tongue in between the two horses pulling the buggy was alive but his partner who stayed in the buggy was killed; the man and his son who risked their lives to save the mother and baby were shot to death, and the mother and baby were found dead.

Reference: I have used Brownskin Raiders, Brownskins, and Raiders interchangeably for the word Indians, and I've told the story extra short because I attempted to tell this raid in the terse, speedy style that it was told to me by Lars Peter Oveson, an early resident of Ephraim; and I have attempted also to have the rate of activity in general match the short, feast competition with which the Brownskins executed the raid.

THE GREEN GROCERY

Venice F. Anderson

Moroni, Utah

Honorable Mention Short Story

Senior Division

Father opened up the first grocery store in Manti; a cooperative firm years earlier preceded this. But our store was called a "Green Grocery."

This store was a typical country store. Raisins, currants, sugar came in bulk, coffee was ground while a customer waited. A pot bellied stove was in the center of the building where surrounding neighborhood men could congregate after work in the evening, gossip, and get news of the day.

We children, six in number, would take turns making deliveries for our customers when small amounts were ordered; otherwise, a one-horse delivery wagon was called into action, with the larger boys taking the job. We all worked and were rewarded with a week's trip up Six-Mile Canyon to the saw mill each summer when the strawberries were ripe and the canyon at it best.

A new tent was needed for these trips. After saving for some time, we were able to purchase a nice new, large one suitable for our family needs. Needless to say, we all rejoiced. It was spotless white with ropes and pegs just ready to be set up.

I can remember Mother having our close neighbors come to see this prize, and rejoicing with us.

The boys had tucked it away in our surrey under a well-protected shed, until Father would give the word, "time to head for the hills."

He was good at regimenting the family, getting us moving at the crack of dawn and earning our vacation periods. Each day I would run down, take a peek at our new tent, which would reassure me of our annual excursion.

One morning the boys came in from their morning chores and said, "the tent is gone." A great wail, and commotion went on through the family; this was tragedy. The first ones to get this frustrating news after the family, were our kind neighbors next door. They too, expressed great concern and anxiety, said they had seen a white canvas hanging over a fence some blocks away. We hurriedly investigated this clue, but it was just a single tarp.

Father reported the loss in the local paper with a reward for its return. This loss went on for weeks, getting closer to our coveted well-earned trip, but still no tent appeared.

One afternoon I was called to make a grocery delivery to these close neighbors, and welcomed the opportunity. I loved their children; we were constant playmates.

It was family wash day on their summer porch, the mother and grandmother taking turns with the hand-driven washing machine. We children played around mostly unnoticed. I happened to see a steel ring lying on the floor attached to a trap door, and I innocently reached down to investigate, saying "What is down there?"

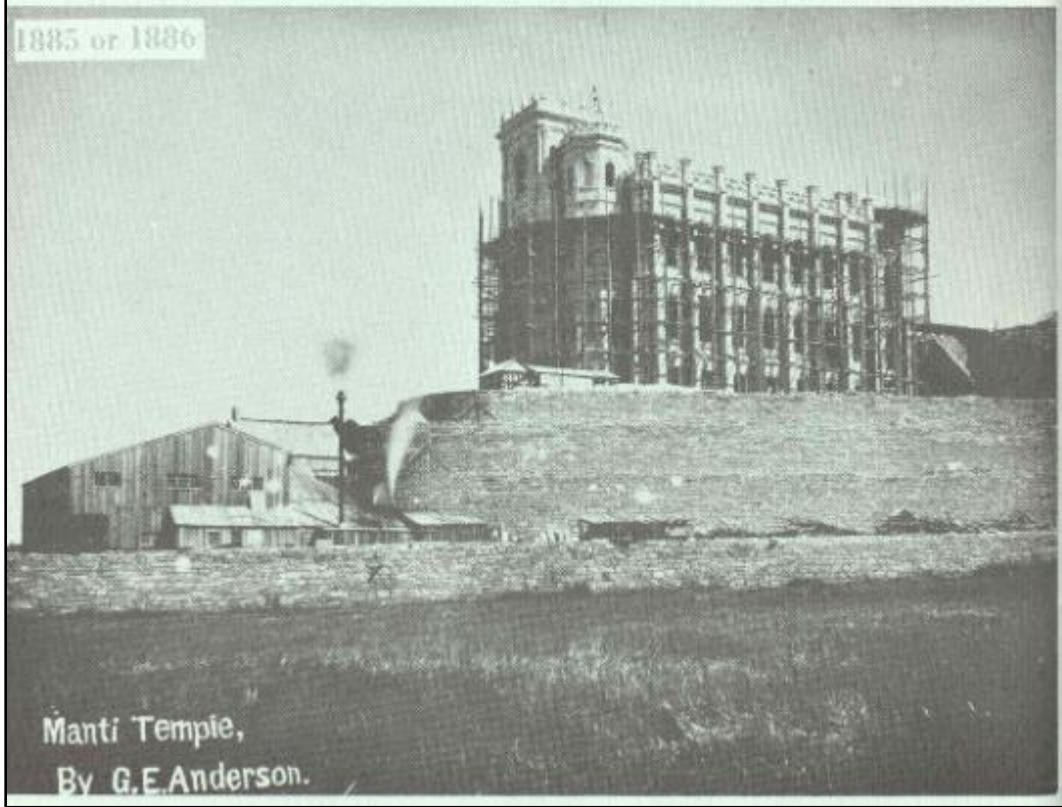
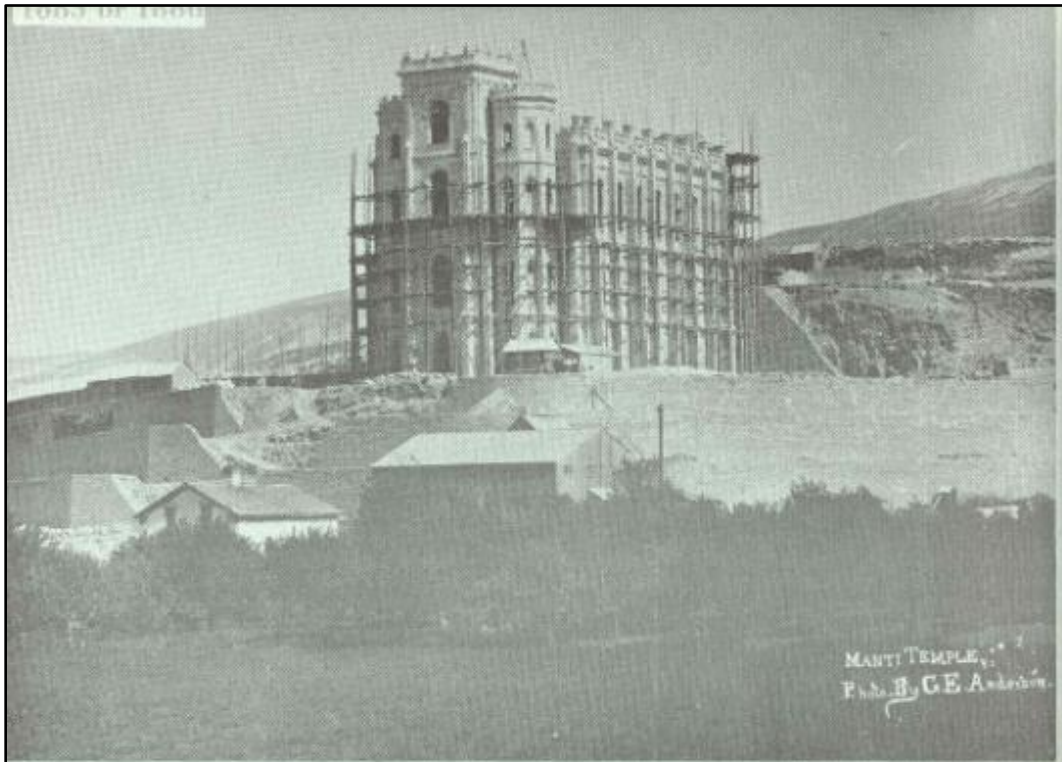
Merely an eight-year-old child, I was stunned and shaken as I started walking the short distance home. I quietly drew my mother to me and said, "Our tent is down in their cellar." This was a sickening shock to us all. Mother decided to take the best and most honorable course. They were our friends and store customers and this might be a child's fantastic imagination. She could have been wrong.

That evening when Mr. X came in to spend his time with his evening cronies, Mother called him to the side and revealed our suspicions as tactfully as possible. He felt sure there was a terrible mistake, these accusations. It was all wrong. The next day after he had gone to work, we could hear hammering and pounding in their quarters, and shortly before noon the co-op delivery wagon drew up and the two women with the driver, laboriously loaded a big box into the wagon. Mother knew the only way for the box to disappear would be with a railroad train.

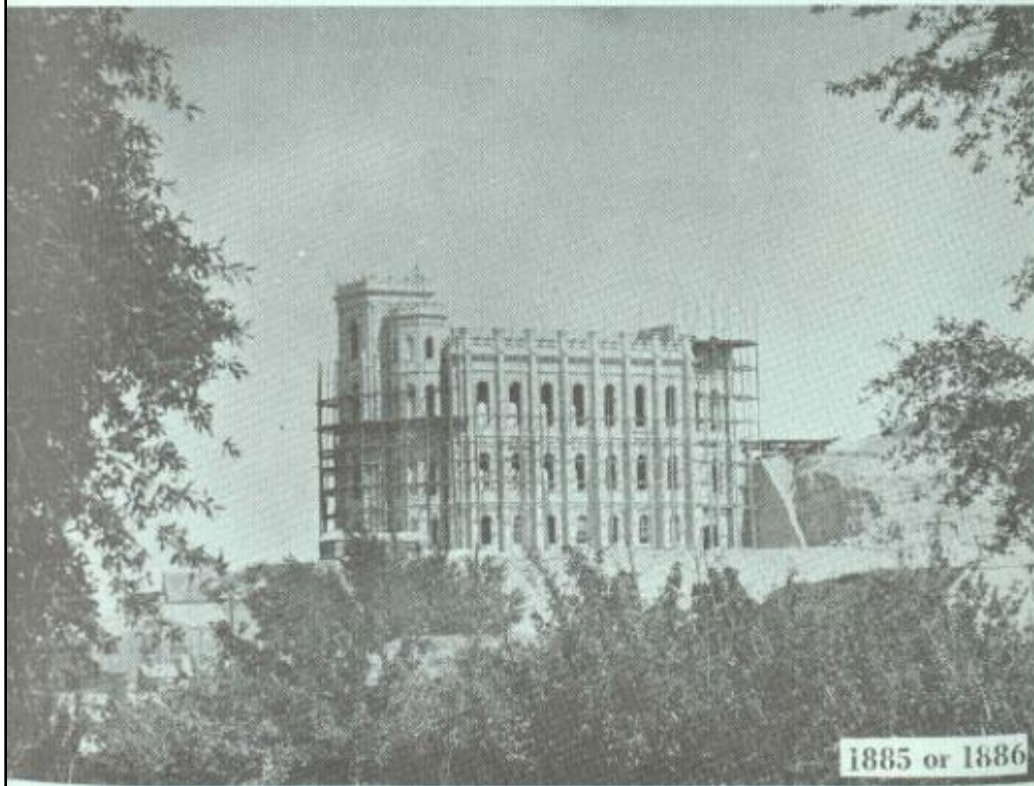
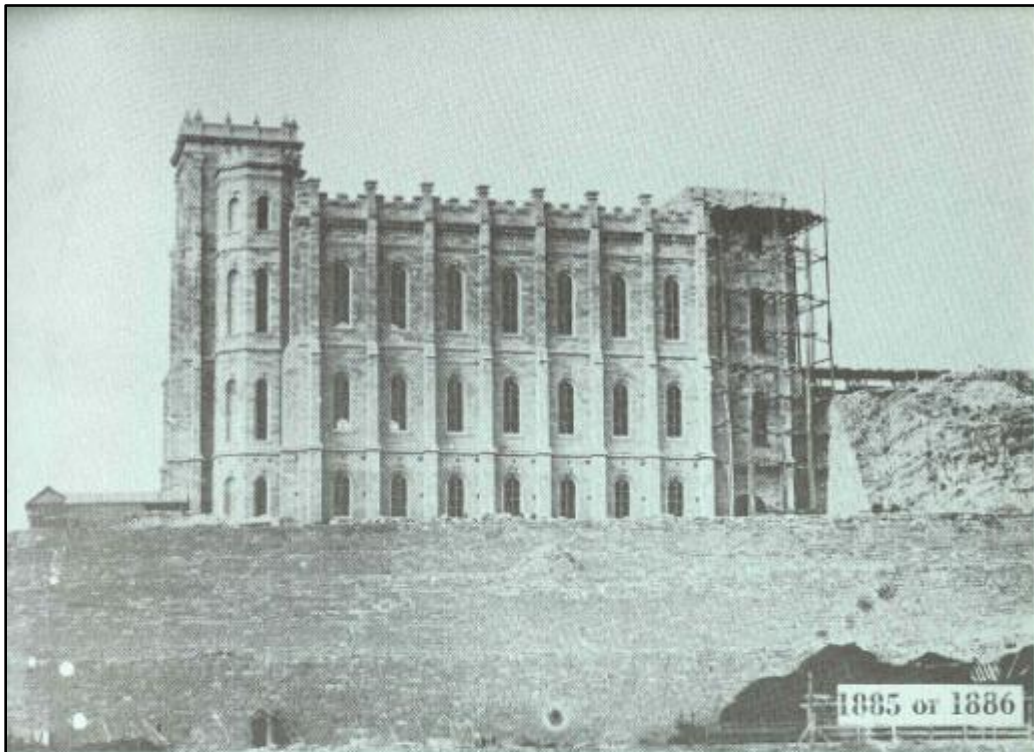
Mother was gentle and loving as long as things were honorable and right, but this was wrong. She clamped her hat on, and followed the wagon two blocks away to the depot. Sure enough, there was the box at the back of the building, as she entered the front door to make a claim. After discussing the situation with the agent, he moved out to look at the box and it was gone.

Poor Mother, resolute, undaunted, doggedly pulled her hat a little closer to her head and with a determined glint in her eyes, walked another three blocks to the co-op store where she found the large white box again at the back of this store.

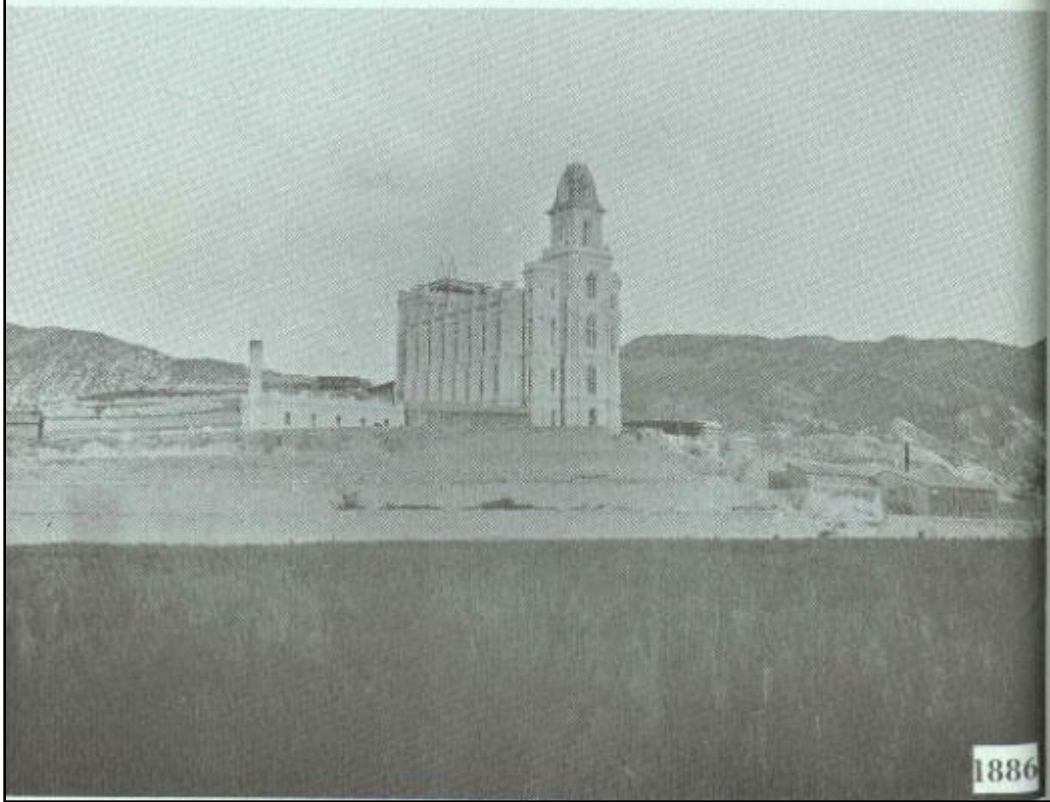
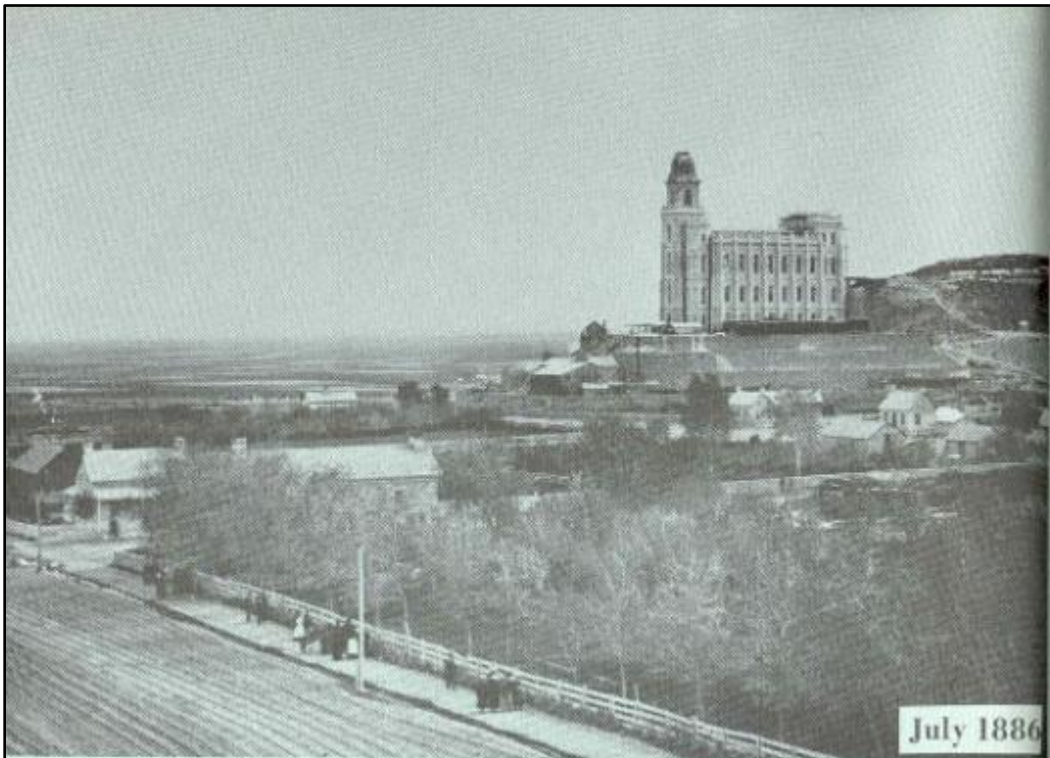
With the help of the town marshal the tent was retrieved, but with a permanent loss of friends. We could have forgiven them; evidently they could not forgive themselves. They soon moved to parts unknown.



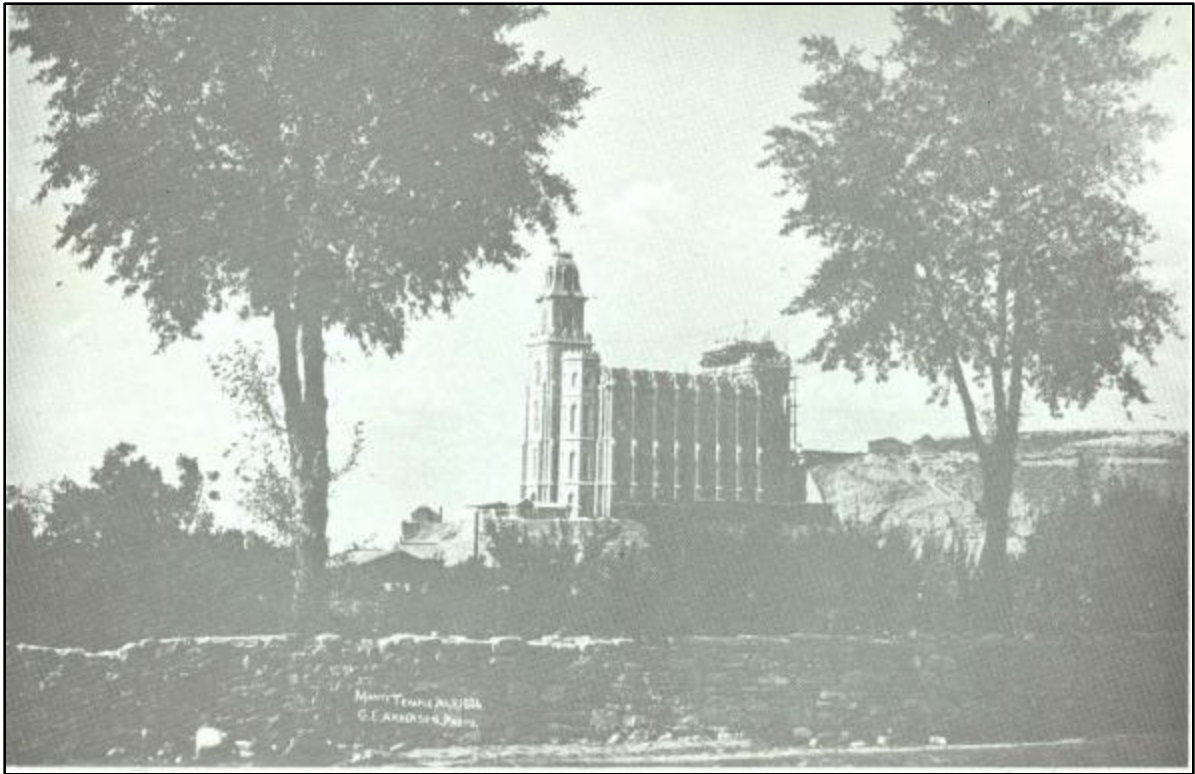
Manti Temple 1885 or 1886 Photo by G. E. Anderson



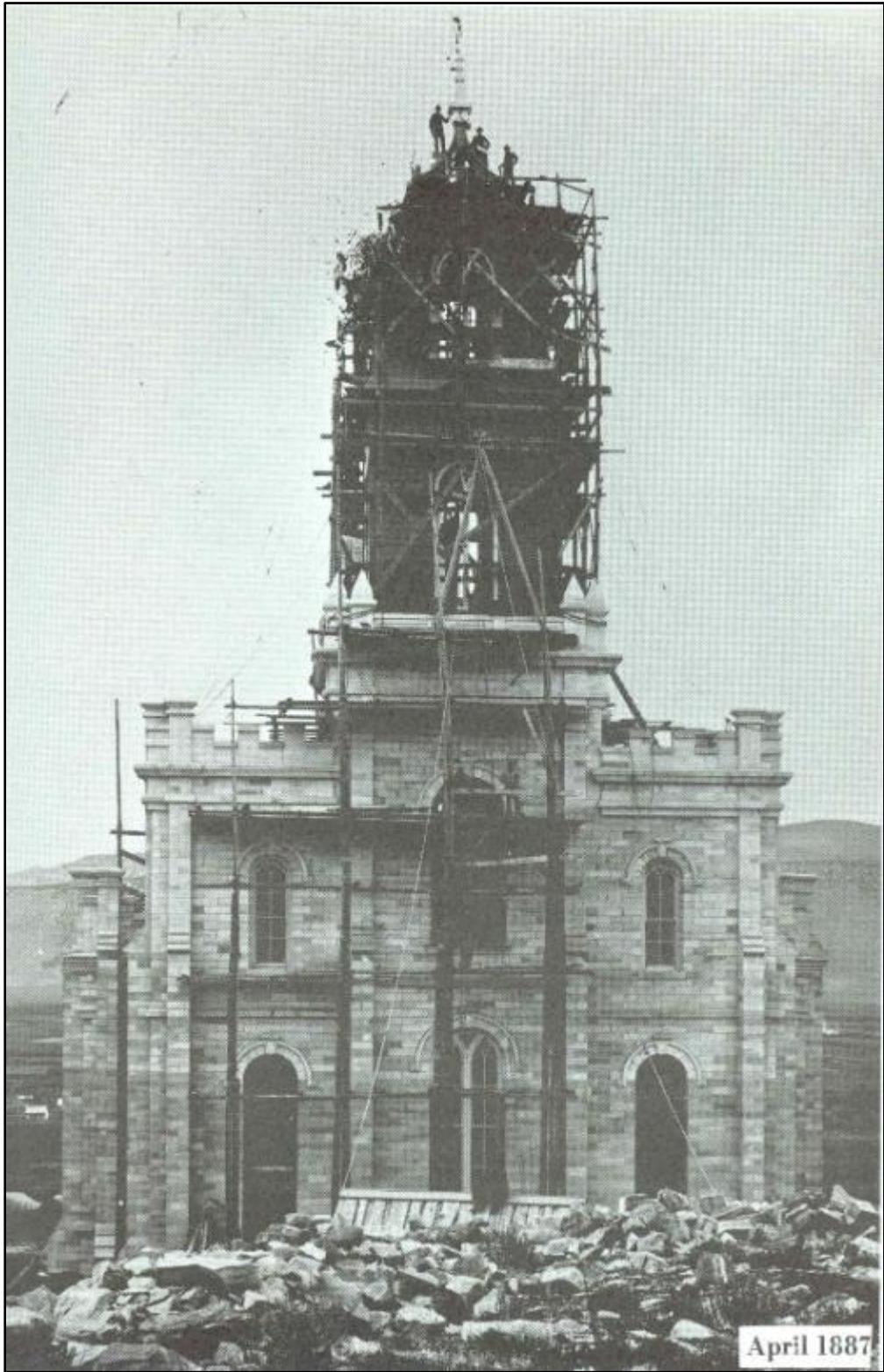
Manti Temple 1885 or 1886 Photo by G. E.
Manti Temple 1885 or 1886 Photo by G. E.
Anderson



Manti Temple July 1886



Manti Temple July 1886



Manti Temple April 1887

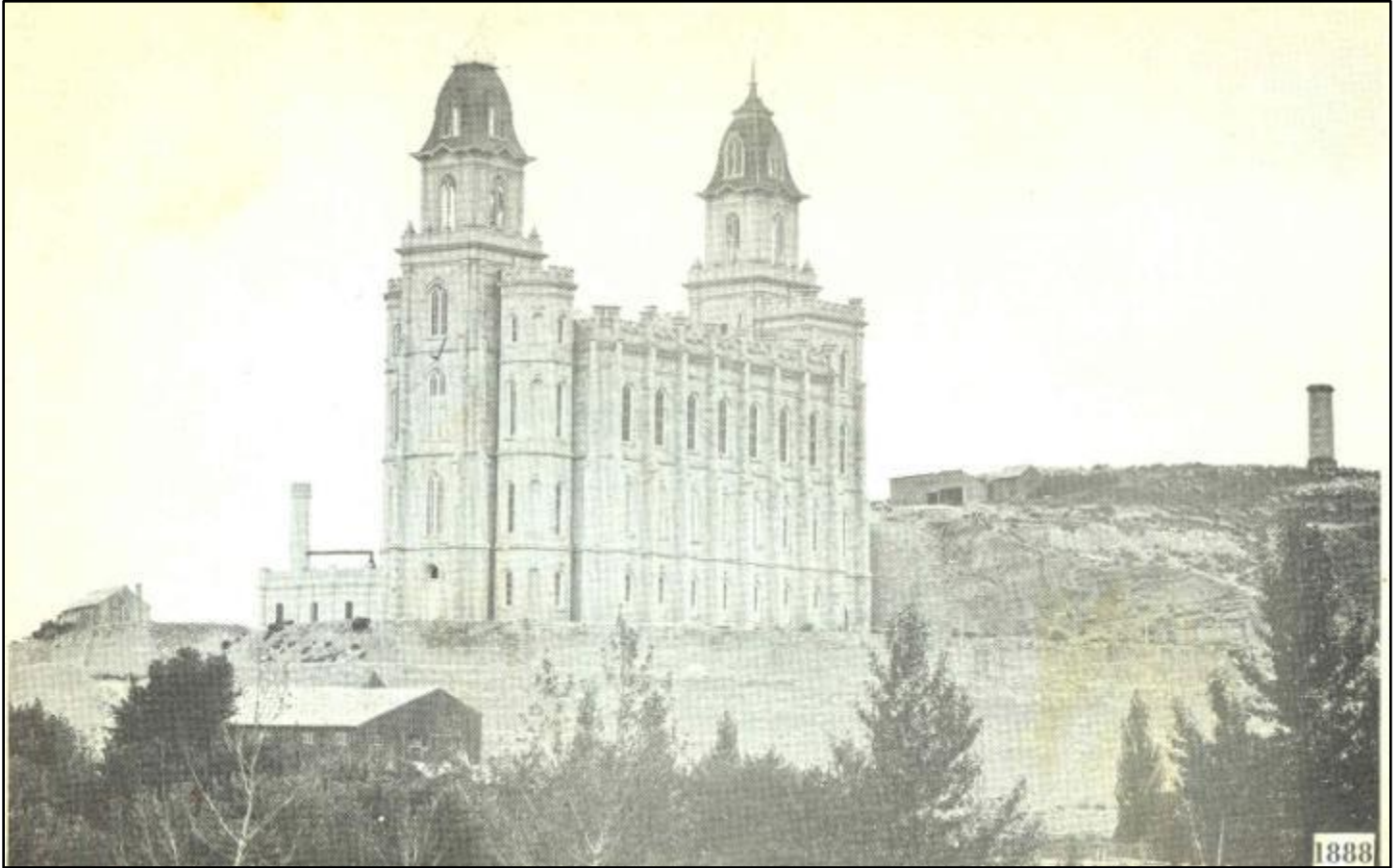


Manti April 1887





Manti Temple 1888



Manti Temple 1888